



Inshore Seeds

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Argotist Ebooks

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Table of Contents

Section I

Fir Watcher
turbulent stillness
script
travel voucher
drive us through
tell
reseed
drill
angle
angle 2
The Dense Marine
i crossed out the i before e
developed
villages
stops
january words
daughters
a field to rend
statement
circle
triangle
the bestiary
space
seal
shells
intent
revision
listening in may
tracing the trajectory
a seat is a portal

Section II: Articles

front article
corner article
middle article
front middle article
quarter article
middle quarter article
back article
middle bottom article

Section III: Boxes

retaining the eye
box
on starting with a line from steve halle

shortening the line

Section IV: Kern Series

kern

kern 1

kern 2

kern 3

kern 4

kern 5

Acknowledgments

Fir Watcher

1.
the notebook falls open to reveal a new city designed at last
for a peaceful people

“i was listening.”

in the bushes, hidden.

i am busy and attempting
to align the field with
hands told to watch
this market business.

old words repeat with memories
of where they were heard.

2.
we advertise ourselves as a location
among the shops.

with shells in jars
blankets, beach suits
with suntan lotion,
souvenirs.

we keep our words under the counters
in the obvious but unchecked places.

3.
under the fir
anger spills over
into the cracked earth.

i concentrate on the motion,
the limbs thrown by the wind.

turbulent stillness

our burning is a shifting of placement,
and this is our location.

--this remedy of eyes--

still
we don't know
where the wings will touch
or how
our hands will
be when they no longer are.

and we
remember
stories of boxes
found in deep ocean
water, of heavy turbulence
in dark clouds.

we cannot
shake the bolts
and buttons that define
our line between out and in,
so we rely on the irrational,

--aligned for quick distribution--

we want the problem to be fixed without
our having moved.

script

the get

caught work. city.

the second function end.

a random script, charity in

belief.

travel voucher

out among a line
stemmed

the posts were static
the water

“a symptom of random charity.”

i gather the tickets in a
red folder
and hope someone will come
to claim them

the project begins
again and again
of breakers
and poets wandering
among the ruins of
tribal spaces,
of ships buried.

again, from here to here.

stemmed
placed

searching for others.

drive us through

coiled i
have decided to
receive messages through
decisive folding
without having wronged anyone even with
lines growing long around a table the recipes undecided how to craft
the lines of a poet or a song
through resistance

the myths the children the pens on ledges
i would explain if i could explain
any more than i am right now how the manuscript was lost for years and
then discovered wrapped with others avoiding fire
coiled i through
calm wrongs to know
how being unravels in the telling on
numbers discovered the eyes roaming for new planets or
simply new rolls to wrap as gifts and place with cameras pictures paper under
some leaves the start to shift when the touch marches forward to claim
victory in the storied space that has nothing but the unbecoming happening
through births in cramped rooms
and envelopes growing dusty near convertors and tape
as though with these things i can stand face to the wall
looking for a mirror and know
my voice will not be heard.

tell

recombination i
the letters

turning

i (and you should repeat i)
would not stop
stop sprouting new
variations of the arms
gathered for discussion

and i
should TeLi

(if you know the person to contact, press 1 now)

the i is lost among the letters
the limbs
practicing their perfect circles

somewhere

i breathe
through
continuing

i
would not stop
stop if i could
i recombination

reseed

the under reach blue
as on a pot
 a letter

we have to learn our craft through outdated cards

i pick steadily at a scab watching the skin around it grow red

and you have drawn a start
and you have drawn a ghost
and you have drawn a mouth

even had i forgot you,
i would know the pine trees
along the edge
 though i was no soldier, only a tourist under the arch
speaking about water dripping
and fields being burned to make
room

a letter to explain or be used as
sound
 when the room is silent
 but not still

i have a use for your pictures
though i can see nothing except for what is in front of me.

drill

shelves in a quiet space

“the wind blows through old oak”

we are sorting
through rusting tools
 pushing aside the
 barbed wire
 for some
 memory
and our words
stretch out among
the leaves, the trees
grown older,
and then collapse
in deep undergrowth

“the spring still flows”
and
we follow
its muddle trickle
as though in its
coolness
we have a home.

angle

take this word you
and the thought reconstruct
for uttering in words
lose we the sense
of we say what to want.

angle 2

will these ideas i take
with on water me
let to sort the wave action
them into order some,
but remain they never steady
and i turn as soon as
rearrange they themselves
paper on now cold growing.

The Dense Marine

1.

below our joys
below the thrill
 of the summer sun
 of companions on the bow
 of light fanning across clear water
the shadowy depths remain

2.

“we have begun our descent”

our instruments and
 degrees pressed
they ache to guide us

 “shale, mineral particulates,
 sediments, resuspension,
 valley-ridge, bottom, inshore,
 nearshore”

the circuitry shifts with
each moment

 “transient kinetics, rapid morphological
 change, memory, bone regeneration”

we are always beginning

3.

we understand how to
adjust the balance how to
turn the screw
 and all the while our songs
swing through still air

 “sediment covered glacial drifts,
 tills, erosional remnants, bedrock
 core, bedrock ridges, channel”

“i’ve come to explore soil residues”

around the bottom

we look
for the beyond

4.

in sorting through the charts,
in directing the line of descent,
the bone changes, the cells—
the quick and the dead—
replace this motion with that

“matrix formation, calcification,
ossification, modeling, nutritional
configuration”

the layers of darkness
and light are interrupted by objects
drifting from the surface
and fins darting in chase

the descent intensifies in complexity
with circuitry leading in multiple directions
and new elements introduced into the flow

“beach samples, traces of mercury and
cyanide, urban and industrial watershed,
sandstone, crystalline rock aquifers”

we could not be considered swimming
though we remain below.

5.

we arise to breathe
to forget
playing with a stanchion
tightening a halyard
yet the call to know
the bottom remains.

i crossed out the i before e

arseholed and pigeoned still playing the simulated voice

while the directions
are clear

 staple and fold staple fold collate
 staple and fold staple fold collate

relax

our breathing is rapid
we read

 and expect a significant event to unfold
 in this relationship between text and real

here a map

 with inventories accumulating in myriad languages
 the talk all about the fading empire

i crossed out the i before a

decided

 to reline the sheets

 still releasing a coupled trace
 wandering a busy street

relax

developed

to have sprung from two

First
difference

felt in things

evidence of

the

experience

with

delight to contemplate

animals

cause

in general

inferring, and saying

of rhythm

developed

villages

a third the manner of these objects the
medium being the same the objects the same
by narration another personality
present
before us

These, then,

another
drama given
put forward

claimed
of language

villages, they say,

excluded

This may suffice

stops

“we count the days until the calendar ends”

the peace age or the finale?

i'm still trying to court with words
a sign at street's edge held over
our people
“gone in the teeth”

is this the search for self or the escape?

*when the machine stops,
we'll have to determine which
system can replace our selling
of hands, eyes of life*

then as poets we'll shift
from protectors to
celebratory singers, and then the
opaque vision will be
obsolete

january words

barren
mind
walking

“i wrapped myself in cotton,
took a drink, and hurried out”

the streets were dark
along the fences
bushes
dark cars
no feet breaking the city silence

still lights

a word pulses before me
and darts away before i
aim to shoot

*ah, winter again—the ice rink full
with blaring music and children,
the snow piles, the blanketing haze*

the circle
walking
colors
bare

“please count to four just before
the door. it is red and frozen.”

daughters

of time

 a window pane

 snow

still children move among goods

as i gather toys,

watch the wind blowing through the street,

and come alive

such voices do not work through to nothingness

so easily

yet fragility is a gift

and a pleasure to watch.

a field to rend

the unbecoming words shift
with no new beginning
with no ledges full or smoke blowing
clear skies people walking
 with no one speaking our
certain lineage quietly stated
in back corners among the
curious handsomely forgotten
companions of here.

still nomadic then and fighting
the fences the degreed ranks
the unknowing slips through
in an anti all the while this yes
a defensive cover protecting
an infant ideal.

with your arguments i agree
but my place is scuttling
among tables partially hearing
logical conversations under
the mast and wondering
if anyone sees the garlands
spinning in flood waters rising.

to be a poet as the iron eye
one must continue misunderstanding
through song.

statement

i am seldom deliberate and thus am frequently lost

archives

if you search through this vision, you will find some humor

our situation demands resistance

the language forms are being reexamined

temptation signal demands basis

history is an ethical question

where are you located?

recent decisions make us rethink the proposition.

circle

place seems stationary
dismal
here
the
speakers
unwelcomed
wrapped
the
of starting
forget
time
that
slow
that
words
use
keep
the
are
with
just
as
attempt
close
conversation gracefully.

appearing
among
last
in an
game
around
concept
to
that
fades
we
and
whatever
we
to
away
cold
fading
us
now
we
to
this

the voice
searches
among its
traces carved
on stone
for some
reminder that
it can
remain but
finding no echo
it shuts
down ceasing
to sing
without any
promise of
place without
any promise of being captured at a point to become presence.

the bestiary

just then a shadow is born

of desperation

 i have helped you
as you imitate this maniac void

you are as i am
fresh here
turned towards the beast
with cold breath

which is certainly a joke

you laugh in my memory
and i search
among benches
and notes thrown out on steps

laugh with your light voice
my friend

space

from shelves sorting
candles

house goods orange
lights

seeking direction
the straight line
of stillness matched
with
clean hands

i've stacked the bleach
in a pile
just for this moment.

seal

to breach

as in opening
the door

balls of steel and multiple

still

from the high walk
confusion

the axis shifts

beams go awry

as in but no

the just essence.

shells

perhaps

it is decided

“our words are shells”

beyond halos

matter

with a political will so long

that no one counters

the free

intent

practice

once then again

whisper over lashes

past handles

into just the right ears—

those who wait,

who unbecome

are nowhere else

“cease”

moving

towards

the I

of stasis

revision

is

over and over

replaying

hours

a part as action

this piece

beyond

redemption

until you

succeed.

listening in may

the mechanized sounds swirl around us
and streets fill with the confused—

still a body changes somewhere
and the old walk in search
of silence.

we have dictated this false peace
with arguments tried in wooden rooms
only now deny any claim of failure.

“if you hear someone speaking of birds,
they are not talking about us.”

i have tried, with the consistency granted to me,
to whisper soft encouraging words in your ears.

tracing the trajectory

the news of a voice
trailing ideas like ice
spreads from line to
line

and still we move
to trace its coming as
high flight or bat trap
shaking

(they are dying in
thousands with
white chins stunned)

but we do not
capture speed only
create it and
dream it to be
even now
shared here we cannot
remember its passing.

a seat is a portal

a slide is a graphical line

a building is a speck

please leave the keys on the stand by the bed.

and it comes with us
across the imagined
real.

articles

front article

developer of shocking doubt but
definitely popular through matter like
a casual focus primarily gathered
and facing almost nothing

it too for one bought
notably bloody strangers whose
equipment challenges the rage
of professionals contracted but
tried

much of it ignored in the event of
capable renderings as mass shamans
added and currently unrealistic and all
too well bulky costal expeditions moved
back to doubtlessly be born as

external OR achieved
focusing on other things is
altogether significant.

corner article

we who have been stricken then sigh
powerless and determined to indulge
“doomed meetings and formal
evacuations”

are waiting while she, her paeon
swallowed frantically in officious
cursing and granted amendments,
the bed, the case, is another seized
and winged.

this hell of any somebody has
contributed to the cornered fashions
off my noise in other inanimate
objects—come what may—in fact,
i’ll only show up beyond you
in truly perfunctory condolences
under control though shattered
in head through play.

we have merged our pit crews.

middle article

a marquee, a beginning of
exploring inspiration is not
calculated or expected but is an
unrepentant misappropriation
of former avoided reforms.

the pathos eventually
butts up against the thoughtfully
sketched societies geared for
performance in a whisper though
awkward.

still our somber weakness
is hard to pin down with so many
things at once mentioned regarding
friendship or overlapping degrees
of empathy and pain.

our stern focus is
ultimately told entirely from
back footage in the blanks
emerging in hypnotic
combination with this fixation.

front middle article

the sweet mouth of collective effect
produces enough flavor to minister
shocking central matter as time,
as majority routine and perverse
skill; still, the representatives were
lead in a different organizational
pattern through doubt to historic
and eventually requested monuments
easy to plant and wear.

one steps with typical grace
into the well-documented
and visible crippled capsule screwed
in its struts to the surface regret.

and finally, as members, we
congratulate you for midnight moon
anniversary woodlands, so be happy
that you are.

quarter article

your decision to ease the anonymous
is to engage in an estimated reduction
of unspecified service postings in a
solution of administration wanted for
safe policies of certain problem
area.

because of the idea, learned as
control, i'm scripted as funny though
minimal and decided.

the only made i was the is in
shooting; still, the night before the
dialogue in this case has arrived and
whatever is different is pressure is
the what if of this location like
antennae up for scenes unwritten with
a crew fenced but taken.

"i was disturbed."

middle quarter article

we are absolutely stopped
from hope despite the hundreds
gathered powerless in front of
febrile seizures or real progress however
noticed at all.

yet all is quite well with the
facilities' leak into the actual doom
of the formal end.

for instance, we've abruptly
produced frantic leads with
unavoidable solutions of freedom
though the accident is still open
alongside of the same somebody
refueled.

this hype is scheduled to
relax, and the ball will be gathered
in the past.

back article

the eliminated wish to
engage thousands of potential
users in emptiness, thus making
its unwieldy elected modesty
the point of news.

it's formidable and probable—
ultimately political—with its
malevolent encounters and harpies
in decline though hoping for a
comeback with another bland
mistress in weepy but stern yet
never explained denim.

we offer no clues and
push away the whitewash, the
problematic monologue edited
as an interview but glued
together with clips shaken from
our lives.

middle bottom article

the curiosities of any service aligned
and checked are representative of
inferior energy displayed as definition
though ultimately taught as loved
sadness rumored and aloof.

you are conquered and callous,
and the cave is mournful, and you,
my backed wailing, are regular and
recent.

still the he she delivers and
meanders while we open the show
through hints stayed and creaky over
acoustic instruments exaggerated,
sticking, often failing with dignity
robbed.

the terrible decision is to
flatter.

boxes

retaining the eye

another line splatters, falls, and somehow we know the extent of the flashing is really intended to break the liquid flow spilling from beaded household doors alongside island aqueducts crumbling into hillside neighborhoods filled with schoolchildren where one trolley fires away into commerce and another lurches under sun to a peak of rest where i hope the scene imagined is enough to sustain a lone walker trying to fight off the binding thorn vines and passive stories that swell under, almost undetected, until they are the covering over that romanticize the purged eyes crafted of balsa in secrecy.

box

“just get them,” a mind looping
repeats commands to itself while
a room fills a visitors scatter
annoyed or unsettled, and she
with plans built to recreate a state
now lost in the quoted space
“just get them,” the story plays.

on starting with a line from steve halle

i'm putting words in the ground your mouth
and finding, if anything, the lighthouse beam
broken--that brace the arch structured to hold
this meaning to that, to hold above the clashing
flood a purpose, like an antiquated guide but
finally just a growing vector on a darkened
plane--, and stillness, beyond all else as violence,
love, hands, jovian masses, just stillness, and
with these two i am hunkering down among
snapped strings and aged song for long night.

shortening the line

we are stumbling along in voided space as though traces or traded with lives lost covered over trying not to believe how we are responsible for so much energy rusting evolving in open yards as the weather clears and the sun filters through leaves with nothing but life.

i have walked through dreams of you when night clouds and sullen hands tap a window. beyond us, a storm shakes our lives or explores our fears when we should be sleeping.

over bridges fire climbs just where visitors wait for the call that never comes; in the end it is only sun coming warm through leaves. do not be afraid—life continues and perhaps so shall you.

these simple words will disappear just before you realize exactly what is happening and you will search roots near the edge of a created pond only to find the elephantine leaves dropping away.

this story could go tragic or just forgettable. aiming at the long distances, we craft lies as goods among the isles to be picked up and placed under passes we hope will contain memory without shifting under the foliage grown native.

we place cups on river ledges, jump fences. in sum we become the trace of what we would not face, and we do not remember anything.

the active decision is to determine the rate of decline and the turn away.

kern series

kern

i have placed you in a bag
 (numbers, with tips hanging, serif i believe)
 and gambled with
your clouds, your content, your
new painted rocks
and still
 hair scatters over
 our family portrait

“He dived from the rocks into the Pacific.”

 and no one listened
as the timber decayed near a stream,
as the
 designer unleashed the troops
 through history without
 a dream.

kern 2

i have forgotten
where your arms
turn

 militant or just
trace a letter's edge,
but i remember the
conversation drifting from
memory into violence,
the limbs thrown at walls and now
regret
and silence.

kern 4

your roots

on the field

over the edge

are weavers

gathered

and smoke blowing

from leaf fires

as i turn

i find you in stillness

waiting for companions

to continue.

kern 5

decide if it is an edge or a lance

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Other Works by William Allegrezza

Poetry Books/E-Books

In the Weaver's Valley
Ladders in July
Fragile Replacements
Collective Instant
Covering Over
temporal nomads
Densities, Apparitions (forthcoming)

Poetry Chapbooks

Marquee.
Through Having Been, Volume 1
Through Having Been, Volume 2
Filament Sense
Sonoluminescence (co-written with Simone Muench).
Ishmael Among the Bushes
The Vicious Bunny Translations
#5
Lingo

Collaborative Poetry Books

Aquinas and the Mississippi. (co-written with Garin Cycholl, forthcoming).

Poetry Anthologies

The City Visible: Chicago Poetry for the New Century (co-editor Ray Bianchi)
La alteración del silencio: poesía norteamericana reciente. (co-editor Galo Ghigliotto)
The Alteration of Silence: Recent Chilean Poetry. (co-editor Galo Ghigliotto, forthcoming)

Edited Scholarly Books

The Salt Companion to Charles Bernstein (forthcoming).

William Allegrezza edits the e-zine *Moria* and teaches at Indiana University Northwest. He co-founded Cracked Slab Books and edited it for five years. He also founded a reading series, *Series A*, in Chicago and curated it for four years. In addition, he occasionally posts his thoughts at <http://allegrezza.blogspot.com>.