



# Inshore Seeds

William Allegrezza

*Argotist Ebooks*

Cover image by Jukka-Pekka Kervinen

Copyright © William Allegrezza 2011  
All rights reserved  
Argotist Ebooks

# Inshore Seeds

## 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.





## 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  
medium being the same  
by narration  
present  
before us

the manner of these objects  
the objects the same  
another personality

the

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 3

recombination i  
the letters  
turning

i (and you should repeat i for yourself)  
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

and

i  
would not stop  
stop if i could  
i recombination

## 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

## Acknowledgements

Some of these poems have been published in the following places:

*narrative (dis)continuities: prose experiments by younger american writers,*  
*Dusie,*  
*Counterexample Poetics,*  
*Eoagh,*  
*Fieralingue,*  
*Marsh Hawk Review,*  
*Ekleksographia.*

I would like to thank the editors for publishing the pieces.



## 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>.