



# Werewolf Weather

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*Thanks to the editors.*

# Werewolf Weather

## **Nights by the Encyclopedia**

I loved you then, mostly for your tacos. They were like  
small victories in the second Boer War (or Tweede Vryheidsoorlog).  
I read *The New York Times* for the typos and  
occasionally would run,  
like a fool I know,  
to the feed store to get more tangerines. And nothing could  
quench our thirst for history

as explanations drifted through the streets like two discarded newspapers.

My path of snow that runs through night  
could it be said that we were in love  
she announced to the room as if asking for more salsa

as the television removed its clothes.

And what voices were so busy polishing our eyes  
for another day of symmetry where the mountain sleeps?

## **Desire**

Las Vegans plumb the deep,  
our weeklies hum like earth's icing at the edge of  
oligarchy. Indolent companions, the voyage  
navigable and glistening.

Who notices  
what objects grieve me?

Billiard ghoul, haunting tapas  
quit Comcasting.

Lunar exile is a solitary and million wheeze.  
Write about archers.  
Surfeit of splay Americans.  
Ill voyagers.

You resemble another evening  
with stiletto ailments to where  
the loaded hell of your mouth  
yawns big as Wednesdays.

My drops of gypsy stars  
blow it upward into birds.

What hissy fit  
lent night this scrabulous query

cusps that polystyrene moment  
blows it upward into birds?

## Sortie

Frequently the ice  
where thinnest weeps  
another drop

upon  
the  
page

lest we seize and  
die  
before knowing.

Perhaps a shrug  
from the sun  
would melt that woe  
yet  
there must be  
some mathematics, brother.

I can feel your  
breath, says the reader.  
Whatever,  
says the bulb.



## Humans

Racing to and fro,  
Take a moment, think about Neufchâtel  
Cheese, anything to breathe

Time is coming at you  
Like a Cycloptic train, and the  
Rain, neverending, runs

Leave tomorrow for the  
Bees, inconsequential are the  
Changing leaves

And their children, the chronically  
Worried, grew up to be  
The moon's executioner

Li Bai said he was a  
Peach tree, but now I'm reading  
Frank O'Hara again, and

The heart, not the ears  
Most clearly hears the song,  
Which isn't in Kafka

You can only get that  
Here, spring's delicious clarity,  
Manet's *Olympia*

Our ancestors nursed  
Each night with a fire  
Pacifier, and just

Consider this, in an Arthur  
Sze poem owls quiver.  
I'm not one to document

Aimlessly, these matters  
Are important and

Hallelujah for dues,  
Meanwhile a dragonfly with  
An erection, mulls becoming a poet.

## **These Decibel Selves**

Submarine hooves. The bright darkness  
Is welded, too. There is no good  
Reason for these words. My hands are plush  
Heavens to reveal wild eyes. We sandpaper  
The echoes to release operas in their wood.  
Air, envy the window. Moon, shark  
The sky. Our tongues are  
Unleavened bread that  
Peer out from between moments.  
Night wraps its wounds.  
Made of secrets, as if locked inside a safe, hear  
Your watch's final forest.  
All the world ignored that purring  
While outside the storm passed,  
Citing us for living shyly.  
The silence in my veins is a corduroy  
Civil war. Midwestern as a dyslexic  
Car. Another ticking memory shows  
Its movies in our blood.

## Exiles and Asthmatics

As they float inside your poem.  
That we should give praise  
For these icebergs blue  
And rejoice in their *teeth*  
Says the Kingfisher,  
Astride the Empire State building.  
Bless this walking through the desert  
Hand in hand with my reason  
With the insomniacs who  
Batting Kafka eyelashes  
Load the ark with every known creature  
From my dream of gourmet  
Cameras, where we

Preciously await faith's unveiling.  
Holding your hand inside  
This paper museum  
My kaboom and cerebral  
Map. That we were witness  
To that throbbing Vegas  
And wrecked their caviar castles.

Each little bird now in  
That spring-like yard  
A piano key upon which I play  
What sounds like rain.  
Exiles and asthmatics,  
On birth's label  
What obscene ingredients  
Wear out the corduroy typewriter?

## **Mystic Sweet Receiver**

Peer into the apartment: where you'll find  
that now your cheap cigar just isn't possible

Scientists have proven that beaches and teacups,  
no longer considered to be desperate acts,

never answered the census and yet, each whorl  
of your finger.

I've come to crawl across new rugs, there

is a map of where you left me out in the rain  
in that microscopic city of tarts.

Matador of subtlety  
cross over to the wax figure James Dean

and resuscitate American vertigo,  
classify the new discoveries, behind a

gentle curtain of rain, here where  
concussive night

its octane decadence  
ratifies our inflatable languages.

## **Wichita Lineman**

If the Wichita Lineman is still  
on the line, shouldn't we get him  
down? I mean what kind of  
sad commentary on our society  
is that when a close personal friend  
of a recognized country music  
star like

## Normal on the Mediterranean

Make it easy on yourself  
raise the energy level of this engagement, the  
stiff will answer the phone

Those wonderful innocent fingertips  
will traverse the steppes of such  
fabulous Katherines

wearing ouzo overcoats  
unbeknownst to hush

the Big Man and his materialistic laughter  
shoves it.

Could there be some more ice to go with my  
blonde vacuity?

We, all so very normal, seem disgraceful, adrift upon  
the tempestuous furniture of our imaginations

making out with a Howitzer  
*faites vos jeux, messieurs*

its gleaming fur suffers in the exact same shade of blue as the sky

The unsymbolic Denmark of its weight  
fulmigates in apparent brilliant implosions and

as the light is poured  
disloyal sardines and their effete claustrophobias  
compose, in the parallel fictions of their speech

a particular, and certainly awful, look but we are immune to their  
invisible intoxications:

With our typewriter teeth, adrift upon the  
HOW ARE YOU of this holy apostrophe

I do get it, they'd rather dance, as if.

## **On My Tongue**

Orange do a dance as the chair in  
which I sit, horrible shipwreck, swells like childhood to swallow my robbed  
eventual roses.

Legs cross: I concur.

However, an overheard conversation, flawless and perfect,  
is a shining cache  
a renegade science.

But how to describe your ice? In your geometry lurks televised lightning.

Your aesthetic no mere words. Legions of Tuscan baristas.

Gloating, your skin riffing, definitely.

Your great paradoxes like wings

ply the air with such lush karate.

## **Cormorant**

Speaking slowly over  
the wide water  
such black wings  
like soft hands  
upon the nape  
of the water's neck  
stretch out over  
each syllable each  
ripple in the  
surface that glistens  
black and cold  
like the eyes  
of a snake.



## **Clocks**

Check your horologe before you miss the train she spoke, and I listened because of these words that she used, but to me, she continues, poetry is to be found only in the grilled sandwich consisting of slices of corned beef and Swiss cheese with a layer of sauerkraut on rye bread with you on some subtle day between Tuesday and Thursday in the time of day that follows morning: her name is synonymous with any of various mixtures of clay and oxides of iron and manganese, used as a pigment.

Her mind was that that could be hammered, or rolled, or extended into various shapes without being broken, a child of fragmented grammar. I spoke to her of various machines and compared her to them while in bed together. I enter her again and again repetitively, a fast ship moved by oars or lateen sails, or both, used along the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, having reverted from domestication to the original or untamed state.

## Histoire du Cinéma

I remember seeing *Star Wars* for the first time,  
but it wasn't like seeing *Breathless* for the first time.  
I was breathless when I watched *Raging Bull* for the first time,  
but I was a raging bull when I watched *Clueless* for the first time.  
I was clueless when I watched *8 1/2* for the first time.  
I was 8 1/2 when I watched *Snow White* for the first time.  
I was snow white when I saw *Halloween* for the first time.  
It was Halloween when I watched *High Noon* for the first time.  
I remember seeing *King Kong* for the first time.  
It was in *The Apartment* that I saw *The Searchers* for the first time.  
In *Modern Times*, a *Taxi Driver* should consider *The Graduate* and  
go *Singin' in the Rain On the Waterfront* with *The African Queen*,  
instead of this route I took classes with a *Psycho* from *Chinatown* on *The Grapes of Wrath*.  
Someday I'll be *An American in Paris* but  
for now *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?* *Rocky* and *The Wild Bunch*  
rode in on *The Streetcar Named Desire* to fill their *Jaws*  
with *The Best Years of Our Lives*.

## Werewolf Weather

Venezuela, sweet lightning  
Perhaps you were too busy with your pistachio practice  
Meanwhile, the trees—abuzz with symphonies.  
Dark chargers roam the countryside like Venezuela,  
Which is where we left off.  
I'm trying to explain that the situation is dire.  
Have a certain pride  
Mysterious soul, smiling, you get around.  
Laocoön warns of impending commercial breaks.  
Free from the burdens of oratory  
Clara rides along and, en route to  
Tomahawk, joins Johnny in "Oh, What a Forward Young Man You Are."

Would it be counterproductive  
To keep an accurate account of receipts and disbursements  
Just as Washington kept his farm account?  
Some artisans propose a shrug.

Spiffy thoughts of Bosnia  
Won't suit us here in this sweltering climate  
Where the shelves of lunacy,  
Nearly collapsing, hold all your fireworks

Every first edition.

## **Wind Oak Fire Moment**

Look how coveted Finland  
Starves the opera tower

Felling famous dismantled surfaces  
Exact in their screens, that hush and silk

Behind the nimble glass couch hide  
Suitcases of hope, where a fork in the road  
Sends forested messages home.

Could it be that these ripened reminiscences  
With their ringing meanings

Are a raft upon which we world:

Where the palace of morning, in its suit of  
Entrances, forever entrances?

## **A Belief in Canoes**

Blue jeans  
there  
carry such  
high  
wires.  
Where the  
darkness,

its

world

dreams the  
ease  
with which,

stretched  
out over the  
eye,

beam  
these  
dire  
times.

Expansive  
empathies won't

but we  
love you  
*Colorado says*

(she goes under)

now we can,

let's talk about

snails in the country  
the green jade  
of Keats

our invisible canoes.

## **Comrade District Attorney**

What else would you like us to  
do? Comrade District Attorney,  
you take them. Even in that  
firing-squad you're wearing  
I can almost see your conscience.  
Comrade District Attorney,  
get up. The engine no longer  
runs like mud on headlines and  
the fight is in the last round.  
As for the other one he's a fake,  
you'll see, it's what makes  
our re-enactment believable.  
Comrade District Attorney,  
stretch out in the palm of my hand  
where the nail sprouts upward  
for the believers.

## **Mind Rib**

These compass keys  
Hang a wreath of fire on your door

The gyroscope spinning your days takes  
Extra-terrestrial smoke breaks  
An animal nuzzling awareness

Shadows unfolding, content to

Explain nothing.

Knitting a poem from  
Sea water

The hieroglyphics of the spine  
The formula of man, waking

Between languages.

## **Transatlantic Fuss**

The certain sameness  
a beingness, to achieve endlessness

a certain exquisiteness  
must lower anchor into it  
a summer hammockness

to escape cityness  
and you take a lot of it  
the quotient of mysteriousness  
once divided by that meanness

but generally, the quiet day  
bears our nostalgia on its barge  
illumines our features  
scrofulous and exact.



## **United States Whip Company Complex**

But we, and the very tops of our hills  
O, and if only for chance moments  
But she shot me directly in the twig  
And I'm a big dummy for believing it  
But in those days even the music boxes.

Our cataclysm, our accessories  
On a mission narrowly averted  
Two precious self-portraits  
Swabbing at our duhs, these  
Excruciating thingies  
But she kicked me in my speaking part  
Squarely in the script  
Should we be sitting still for portraits  
Else moment-to-moment shrugs?  
Autumn is such degradation  
And I Europe and you do, too  
Like we were nothing, birds are kind of not  
Friendly, look they fly away.

## **On Your Person**

You can't wait to hear what  
the celebrity apprentice will  
do next. Appalachians buzz  
the terrace, askew with belief.  
O, the lake is flooded by  
now, but we're going to be  
A-OK. Schubert's Piano Sonata in  
F Minor tiles our morning in  
calm. Silence can't put a price-  
tag on atmospheric, but we  
gendarmerie certainly try.

## **Baby Devils**

Unattributed feelings sprout  
yes, you know it well, how they  
shout

these shopworn hooks  
(midnight in the laundromat)  
and the looks you sometimes get

although the projectionist  
wants science fiction  
and people just want presidents.

My beef with body doubles  
how they resent direction  
you know they want the lead:

I mourn surface tension  
its sloppy assault on the senses.  
Put this in parentheses  
that all my words

those baby devils  
part like daffodils  
at the first sign of attention

and for all their flighty nonchalance  
act untoward.

## **Overt Phenomena**

But that they paint the room in terrors

and win at MEANWHILE,

still intrigues, their history-making

in the breakfast quadrant

while totally obscene, there are some who,

planet Earth in tow,

still gourmet oohs and ahs.

## **Aglow**

Barbara reminds Fred of  
Marco Polo's advice to Genghis Khan:

*The inferno of the living is not something that will be; if there is one, it is what is already here, the inferno where we live every day, that we form by being together.*

His reply:

*That vestibule in Piraeus  
was maximal horizontal camouflage upon that  
journey to repair your perspective, well*

*we are those precise drawers that hold your pity,  
collecting  
sleep's littlest pieces.*

## **From Promontory of Liminal Field**

These embarrassments of elocution

The worn and morose grooves of existence  
in their refrain

light the bee-eater's exclamations  
like cigarettes

the sting of speech  
plasticity of your rapid  
confusions

whereby brute morning accordion-like  
sweats, collects as rivers in the  
chest

as a pimple of amber encases  
Paleolithic flight from

promontory of liminal field in

endless sessions

the wing extends  
its razor  
millions of summers ago

meanwhile incalculable exits

open each night  
the moon's Braille curtain.

## **Metaphysical Thermometer**

Truant from sorrow  
and fast circumstances, in  
a word intention

.

What we love was  
anywhere lucky, those  
schizophrene flags

.

We press our  
bodies, cloud-absent  
hungry as silk for  
twilit looms

## **Dining With the Yeti**

Poetry as ultimate taxidermy  
Metaphor has grown tiresome to the other diners  
But our plates are confessors.  
Pass the asparagus  
No one knows we're here  
Surrounding us, the snowy margins of the page



## Letter to the Editor

Lying in the hammock of the new issue  
at least the beautiful fountains work

Is Indiana the mill of the gods?  
I think it is like a doorway to impossible mythologies

*stringless cabs, terracotta deer*

Because we secretly admire your no-hands  
lower anchor into liberty.

You could take more chances.

Because it moves.

## **Exposé**

We mean the meaning unseen. Easing insistence like weasels leaving freedom. Else evil exists exasperated, entering elsewhere. Eyes incite entrance ever after. Epigrams escape elaborate cages, line escarpments on ice easels. Afterward empires appease trustees, circumvene. Evenings we wean indulgences, etch escargot elands, tease exciting eyeteeth. Ebonics whispered near earwigs embrace embroidered emus. Emoticons enact esoteric effigies. Even expressive evidence erodes evangelical excursionists expecting exposition. Expect extinction.

## Summary

Nevertheless, when both he, and she, decided to slip into something more correlative, they suddenly felt awkward when she finally saw his conjunctive adverb.

Therefore, as long as she kept subordinating herself to his main clause, her climaxes reached nearly subjunctive proportions.

Moreover, he thought that by straddling her subordinating gerund phrase, he could bring her, and not merely himself, to conjunctive adverb.

Furthermore, her idea of a sudden linking verb caused his premature interjection to explode, producing inside her an interrogative past participle.

Consequently, after their descriptive adjective, they relaxed upon their meditative antecedents and she seemed to him then, in silhouette,  
beautiful as a personal pronoun.

## **Nest of Forevers**

Between my heart and lungs a tape recorder spools

the tiny rhythms of an exotic psalm withering.

There is a logic to all the excuses sprouting

like dust upon the panes of glass encasing curios

in a pawnshop where the longest day of the year

is a half-priced reminder to fuggedaboutit.

I'll go back to dreaming that I'm yours.

Watch a single black cloud sign its name in the sky.

## **Not So Wild West**

Ferrari thought, baroque thought:

beneath the surface,  
models in leisure suits flatten cities.

We'll sift among them, our gills billowing.

Lips chap, happy vampires.

Look up, notice the light  
in which a great ship is riding.  
Will it brave the deep and take us  
over dormant lacquered waves?  
Of what do I speak?

The receptor cells quake.

Taking in the last hours  
businessmen roast on spits.

Worry is my tequila.

## Prohibition Vignette

In cheetah-skin horror

The heft of embers  
as words melt  
(O, their impropriety)

A lyrical chain-link fence.  
Just out walking my  
chimerical self-deification.

II.

Turbocharged beach  
in memory seems kindly

shriek of jets above  
tractor the sky  
in crimson plume

a cloud Kilimanjaro.

Poetry as ammunition  
a song I must

chew.

## **The Accuracy of Niagara Falls**

The hysterical footsteps of the modern

*everything is poetry*

it is bad

*is it*

rather that than it's bad, isn't it?

You see, grapes even reflect the days

ignorant rubies, autumn's locomotives

these colored lights disappear.

I must seem to you like sugar

actresses without genius, tumultuous

after-pasture cows on their way to burgers

think about your actions riding into the air

I love the soul's armor : although random

majestic milk trucks and the suburban contradictions

aren't at the library to define attractive

because

so the heart cymbals clang do cymbals clang no crash

so many people staring down into pavement what is there

there is a scene in Titian I could describe

but I'd rather stay with you here inside

the negligent mane of Mexico

where we forgive each other our Sanskrit curtains.

My hands! My hands! They're perfectly calm.

Art does need an operation, he says

the most substantial mammoth ever found

is capable of a submarine subtlety but these paradisaal conundrums

reel endlessly ashore.



LARRY SAWYER curates the Myopic Poetry Series in Wicker Park, Chicago. He also edits milkmag.org with Lina ramona Vitkauskas. Poems and reviews have appeared in publications including *Action Yes*, *Chicago Tribune*, *Ygdrasil*, *Court Green*, *Tabacaria (Portugal)*, *Paper Tiger (Australia)*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *MiPOesias*, *Shampoo*, *Skanky Possum*, *Range*, *Versal (Holland)*, *Jacket (Australia)*, *Van Gogh's Ear (France)*, *Vanitas*, *Verse Daily*, *VLAK (Czech Republic)* and elsewhere. His first full-length collection *UNABLE TO FULLY CALIFORNIA (Otoliths)* is available on lulu.com, of which David Shapiro writes: "I like even the quasi-Romantic dislocations here: 'There is a beauty to ice / only a statue understands.' I'm not a statue, so I only partially understand, but that should be more than enough for Sawyer's uncanny picnic on no grass ... seemed as real as the Bronx, and I couldn't stop thinking: I am so lucky that this poetry is so good."

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Poet and cartoonist GARY SULLIVAN shares his international music library and more at Bodega Pop (<http://bodegapop.blogspot.com>).