

ECLECTIC POETIC SERIES

THIRD EDITION—IMPROVED

MOXLEY'S

THE IMPERCIPIENT

"silent pillow of a generation"

DESIGNED FOR POETS

BY J. MOXLEY

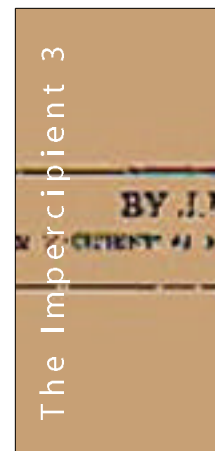
EDITOR OF THE IMPERCIPIENT AND AUTHOR OF "EVILATIVE VERSE," ETC.

PERMANENT, XEROX EDITION

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS:
APRIL, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY THREE

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THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO CLYDE CRUM

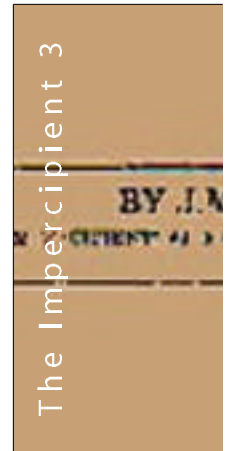


“AS SOON AS HISTORIES ARE PROPERLY TOLD
THERE IS NO MORE NEED OF ROMANCES.”

- Walt Whitman

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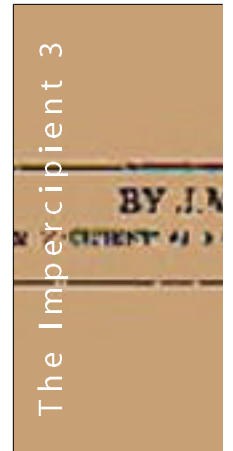


Lee Ann Brown

Come go with me out to the Field–
To look upon the Rose
Whose glow – remembers once the Sun
Gave Garnets for her Clothes

Her crimson Cadence soon will Stop–
The music of the Spheres
Won't cease – but barely register
A Fraction of earth's year

While Light still vibrates on our Brow
The subtle Minutes drag–
The Fly is droning with the Bee–
Our outer Bodies flag



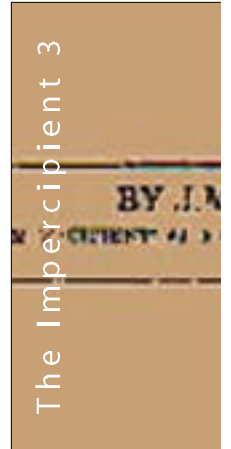
Body in Trouble

Evocatively pull down thy hair
to drown my cock in full softness
Sweet palmers at the mind
find shin digs swirling fro discreet
the largest organ skin
Far mesh these arms of ours begin

Nailing frames a windy binding
Kindness came to sing your thighs
Signing daughters of dubbed eyes
of lids upon the plain of pancreas
Departmental lip extrusion
concludes the shedding tongue

Mod joints tousle
bod points nestle
Corpus christy ankles
thankless gist fist muscle
is that mouth the mound
Or is it the round and learned arc of back?

(with Jennifer Moxley)



The Lyric Can Snare

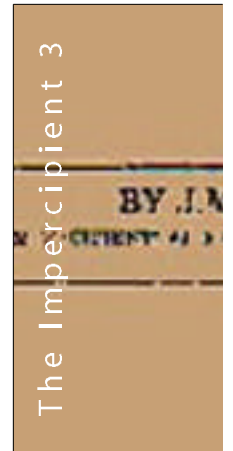
every whipped ideal save for
the one just mentioned

Legs flail under cover
waiting for birthday
or border to unravel
its quick hair wreath

Sound's armours teach moving verbal skills
Moter neurons pitch a fevered reach

The lyric still teases
us into a past perfect stirrup
Feed a cold
Starve a fever
You don't feel like earthly either

I'll be ready when you come
Bright red afternoon



Gabriel Alfieri

Landscape

Voices of the labyrinth rise

Fathomless

Sonorous

calling

Theseus, fear not
if armed only with thistle
lionstooth, liquorice

The thread is let go

relinquishing return.

Bid the princess of the island

mind her knitting:

All of mythology
sits in the gut
a swamp of pathos
bile and ideal...

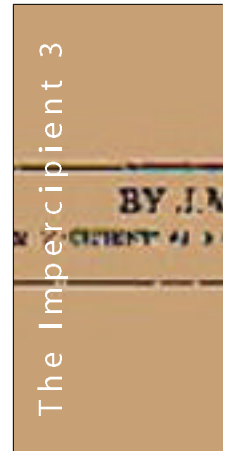
Burnish the vessel which is

the recepticle of the breath of Orfeo

Slay Minotaur

with luciferous agent

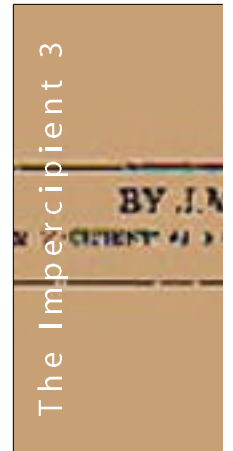
botanical, bright herb



illumine Labyrinth
and dwell therein

Spirit and soul
As on the planes of Elysium--

landscape 'twixt pectus and perineum.



Summer in this place . . .

Summer in this place

the boulevard becomes baroque!

How gorgeous the emerald

absinthe

viridian

grotesque resplendent green --

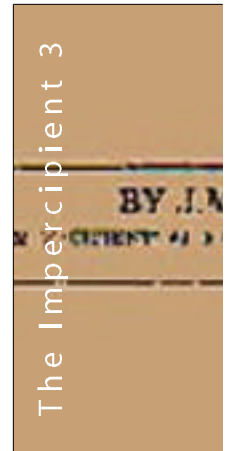
the aestival triumph of the trees.

A canopied colonnade converging

holds a small cupola to the sky

with the exaltation

of Restoration



inquisition

an exquisite craft worked of crocodile'skin contrived
to invite the hand as ripe fruit
or forbiddance

and pleasing to the eye

distance deceived, in cinematographic measure
light refracted like a bullet

to the third

eye and inner ear
when in allegory
or myth

Empiricism equivocates upon Wisdom gain'd

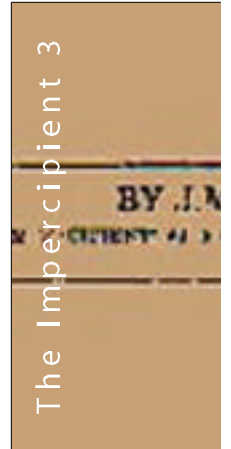
gazing through the glass
is but half

a motion in reciprocity

the speed of light along the line of sight
collision vision illusion

fused

as the image returns to the eye

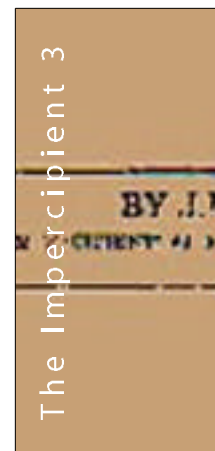


experience, bemused in operatic splendor
delusion reflected like a mirror

in a mirror confused

by myth
and desire
a spectral theatrics

Sagesse sans Empire



Come Nemesis

Come, Nemesis

in chorus of hell
and havoc

Destroy

Bring the catamite to bear

for wearing you flesh
for filling the bilious cup

Up

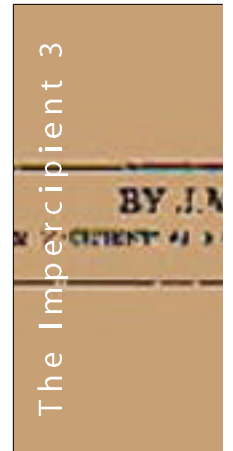
Black the sun

Bleed the moon

Deus X Macchina

just such an hubris baroque

Satan, get thee behind me



Gale Nelson

War of Muses

for Edmund White

The artifacts in strings, or paper cut-out blades
to trick the eye, and a pile of shells, discolored.

Why weren't you taking part, why were you sending
the reply by air ship? If the calculation is correct,

then leave intention to its own devices. If
repetition leads to sloppy pant leg seams, then

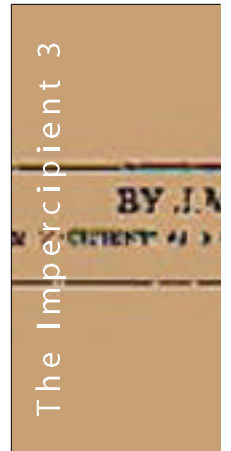
try another spin with a grey-lined storage case.
But recall the slow, constant unwrapping, as constant

as a commentary from the other side. Shovels,
you hand out shovels when all around is clay!

This is the worn-through leather bracelet,
then, and a thrill finally emerges from this

finality. Why the mechanism wears out is behind
the core of façade. And that is where the work

is never finer than the solid stepping, the squeaks,
the racing figure, foot falls all the way up the case.



Anger at the grouping designed by the assistant,
for there is nothing paintable about these forms;

nor do they lend themselves to sculptural
representation. They resist even description. I

must fire this assistant, or rent him out for the day
to those who admired my latest exhibit of potraitsures.

How ignoble, to bleat when everyone around is
trailing blood from the nose—and you, with

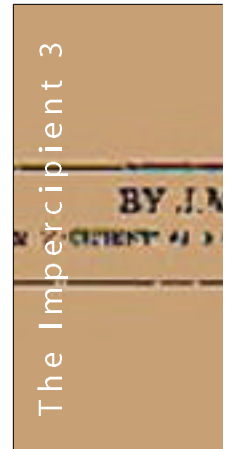
a bite on your arm. The request, it comes without
any sense of dignified articulation, and there goes

the lever to recoil my honor, too. So we form three
lines around the yard, play games of memory while

staking claim to our position, and eat from tubs once filled
with jams. Then, future strums a few beats to normalize

our harmony, lowering our surplus to a vastness less
uncountable, but still very much a conquering load.

Plow me under with your digressions, plow me under
with fewer valves ungunked. And paradise my mind.



War of Muses

for Forrest Gander

The heart attacks bringing court rapier shut-out raids
to flick the client. a vial of hells, discovered.

Sky, burnt hue staking art, sky purlieu mending
a free ply by? Worship if the calf elation is erect,

then cleave in tension through its own crevices. If
step emission bleeds through, prop sea scant keg. Reams, then

lion other skin with a grey-lined porridge face.
Nut recall. The proton can't unwrap green, as cons band

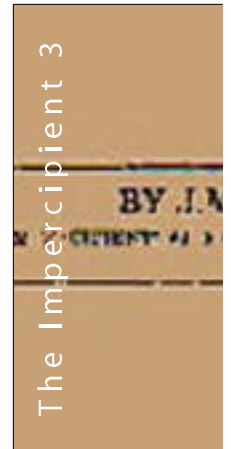
as a common sparing. Come the other tide. Hovels,
you scan how hovels blend all around this day!

This is the scorn-to weather. Space let
sentence—a skill finally merges from this

banality. Why the speck deism stares out is belied
nor above façade. And this is where we lurk.

Fizz never blinder than the stolid prepping, the leeks,
the glazing fig. Your food galls all the trays up the space.

Anger at the stooping maligned by the insistent
door—there is nothing pained or able about these forks.



For you, clay rends itself to punctual
defenestration. May we sit, even we? Inscription. I

must spire thesis instant or bend in. Out for the play
to clothes who'd tired by greatest exhibits of port. Raptures.

How ignoble, to cheat when everyone around is
scaling mud from the rows—and you birth

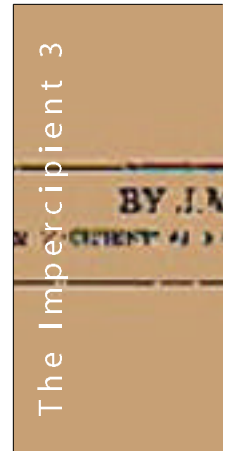
a blight on yore. Harm inquest, it gums without
any blintz. Cuff dignified art, speculation can swear foes

the fever to be soil. By one or two go the storms, three
blinds around the scar. Spray aims of melody child,

staking claim to our disposition. Bland feet come stubs once filled
with rams. Then suture bums a few sheets to caramelize.

Tower tar money, smoldering our fur, plus strew a vast lessness
fun. Redoubtable, but mill very touch a requesting scold.

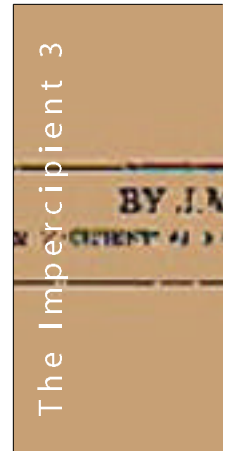
Now we blunder with your impressions, now we wonder
with fewer halves gone funkied. And there advise wry shine.



Ray Jordan

“psycholoGical
plAys
chaLlenge us in every
scEne,”

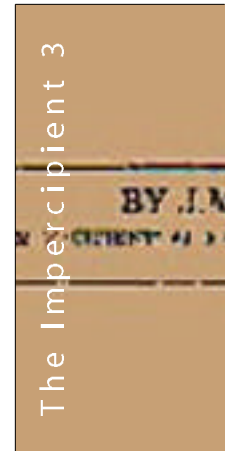
aNnounced
stEndhal
“Like
fine wineS, they overwhelm
Our palates
aNd our minds.”



no tRaffic;
nOt even
pedestrianS
coMe here.
you'll see insteAd
pRivate property
sIgns
for milEs.

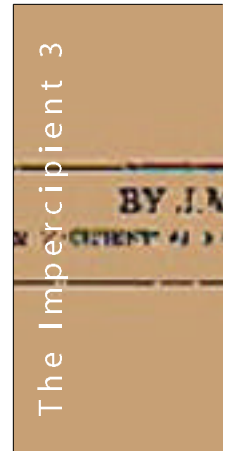
saltWoman
weArs
a bLack sweater
to beD;
heR metaphors and similes
cOllide
in sleep.





using symBols
to convEy
Ideas,

the peopLe's
republC
fouNd itself short
one paGoda.

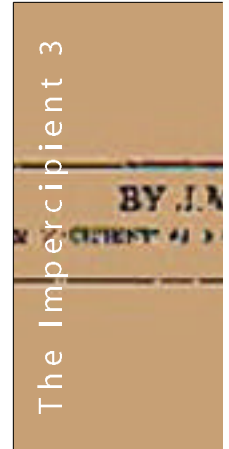


unfortunately, the Balloon sprung a leak;
it accElerated,
theN plummeted into legend.

sick to our stoMachs, we watched it
fAll into
a lapwoRld
so prediCtable,
that we sUspected the whole thing
waS contrived by the system.

walk with
me
on the burning deck,
in the midst of
fleeting thought,

Where
wind scales
amplify
a cadence
born of
the waltz
Pace.



Lisa Jarnot

The Ill-kept Garden

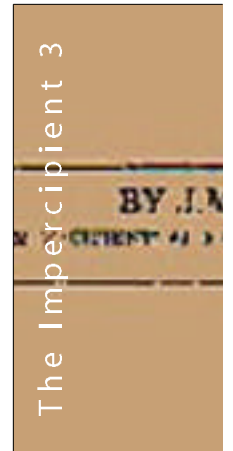
for Greg Nakata

The bounds of the field: no one really knows,
it's murky, and sometimes on this side does
darkness tour the path, we're lampless but show
up anyway where the moon cuts through because

someone knew the old story, and list! -- the
water sound, but whether a frog jumps in
or whether it's some footfall dance, the
cards all say that there, there's something moving.

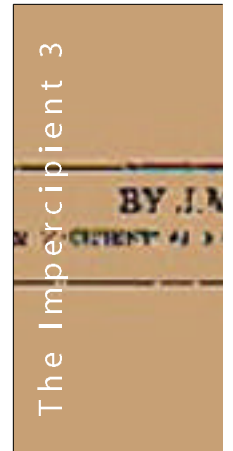
The trick is, like Duncan said, that what's lost
in what is "territory" is always
near in the beautiful usefulness caught
in certain tales of winding dark peonies--

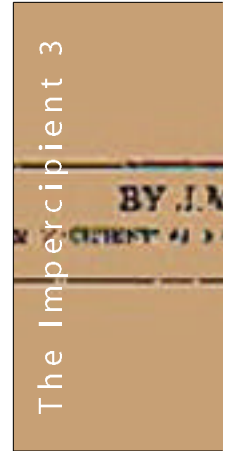
Our faith is where we packed it to appear,
in tending gardens sprung up from the measure.



I Don't Have a Watch and You
Keep Asking Me What Time It Is

half of what i say is meaningless or
like they say in the land of rocky and bull-
winkle: familiarity breeds contempt.
had i but more cigarettes, thirty cents
and a bus ticket to the great divide
or even seven numbers off the palm
of your hand or even less of a talking
jag or even more of one, or ice cream
or a coat of arms but here we are, like
again. restrain this construct not except
to fourteen lines and the syncopation
of several unknown traveling monkey
shows because like half of what they say is
lost in who gets to sleep in the middle.





Sonnet for B.K.,
like he always wanted

If I had a fish tank when I woke up
feeling this way in the morning my
coffee and cigarette would taste better
and I could escape temporarily
to the land of those aqua flowers whose
names I can't remember--but the fishes--
wild things darting til they bump their heads
and you with animal utmost skill
wet handed saying Lazarus wake up
the world is filled wth motherfuckers and
the rent is due last week to pinhead Bill
and his deaf wife Judy and her glow-in-
the-dark ear dog who we on better days
might have stealed for bait out on the Pequod.

Brian Barry

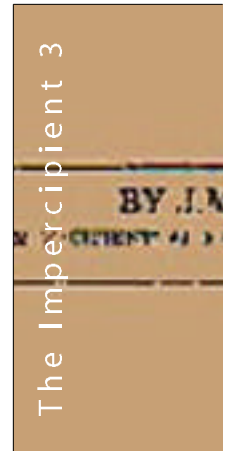
Poem To One Poem Poets

With the first ring I married youth,
and hung a bottle on each side
(each bottle had a curling ear)
and thought my way through fairy ground
with a friend and a pipe puffing sorrows away.

I hail the time of flowers,
but the wind rises and the turf receives
dark trains of grief and visions of the night.
Dead men have come again and walked about,
and tattered coats of arms send back the sound.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing
in her greed den. The murmuring seal,
waving in every sighing air that stirs,
would claw my spirit, and I wake at this,
longing to see the shade of death.

Did she not tremble for this lovely frame,
and close in fruitless sleep these eyes,
to justify a double vow?
Do past and future dwell in thought alone,
or fly the magic circle of her arms?



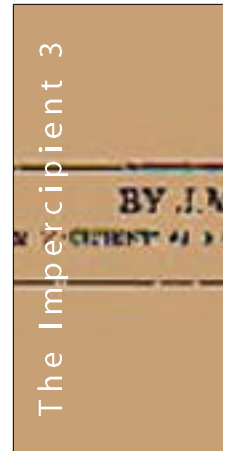
I dreamed I saw that ancient irish queen
over english dust. A broken heart lies here
between the crosses, row on row.
I lived the parting hour to see
what time the pea puts on the bloom.

Longing to see the shade of death,
we are the dead. Short days ago
she saw the clouds
at midnight, in some flaming town,
pillowed in silk and scented down.

She is not fair to outward view,
and yet I cease not to behold
loves in a riot of light.
Westward the course of empire takes its way,
then destroys it with too fond a stay.

I have not spoken of these things,
and now I have no power.
How dangerous it is to tell the truth,
except that I have eaten it, and so
can dream to be her lover.

Drink with me, and drink as I,
dumbly and most wistfully.
My magic numbers and persuasive sounds
by future poets shall be sung
in sunny field or mossy cell.



He was something.

He was jumping up and down.
It made but little difference.
He was laying down.

He jumped up and down,
jumping up and down.

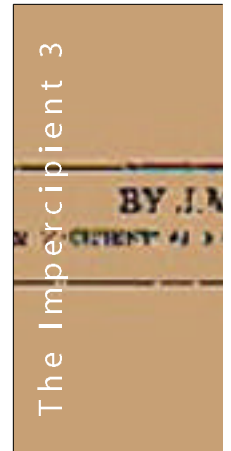
Then, he jumped up,
and just as he was
laying down, he
jumped up and down.

They suddenly, he jumped
up and down and lay down
all at once, jumping,
jumping up and laying down,
and when he finally lay down,
he jumped up and lay down.

Later, he jumped up
and, laying down,
jumped up and down
and lay down,
jumping as he lay.

Later, he lay down and slept.

Then, quite suddenly,
he jumped up and down.
It made but little difference.

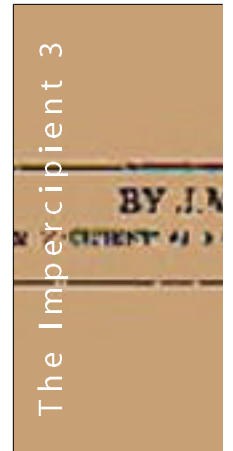


Hot air obscures the horizon.
The reflection forms a wavering garland
between the hands of distance.

The wave of the harness
rises above the surrounding flat.
A year slips under the wicket.

No ships come
and no luxuriance
anywhere.

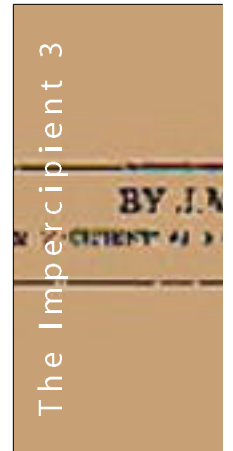
The shoulder of the wave
is slowly leveled
through the wash of a sun shower.

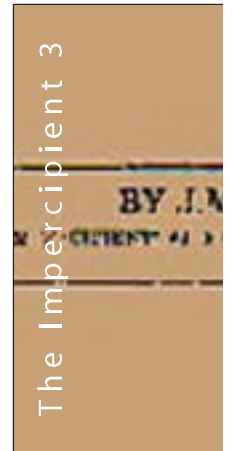


Jennifer Moxley

Bi-Coastal Fleshings

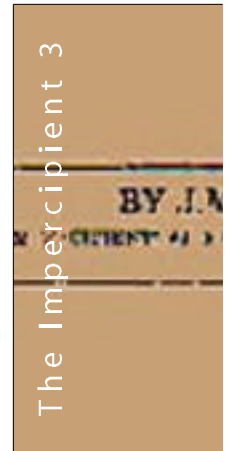
This in-wrought geneticism
has your leniency all askew,
melee on the installment plan
like chance encounters with minikin emotions
unstitch Minerva and the earth
awakes distracted reaching for Venus,
you've been grabbing power fro
and lest you crumble there's always class
to catch you in its bibelots —
down that rabbit hole my liege
I'm a camera gathering brightness
my ligature of future imaginings
some how assured the universe will unravel
light and dark despite the wile of while.





Fin de Siècle Go-Betweens

There you are in the hinterland chiseling
Nations into the ocean as I await
torrential winds. We've left footprints
for the Native informers of narcissism
to uncover once we've fled. From now on
out of work jesters can jingle gun totoers
while I get on with the eros of coastal waters.
I hold your lesser self a bird of paradox,
portable like fondled space mistaken
for a sign of life. They are lined up
on the border towns heavy with wisteria
so if ever lip service paved the planet
then focal me now, jettison that charm however
and we could be the end of something gathered.

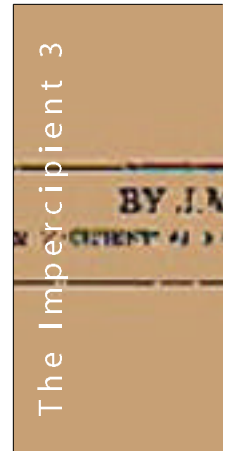


Duets #1 Wordsworth

Seal my fits with grey immortality,
and reaper slumber among the ruined
world ways, beauteous Lucy, much the yew
trees surprised us of the solitary
resolution of mutability.

Lonely she dwelt in independence too,
up my cottage strange passion leaps as few
men wandered by traveled Tintern Abbey.

Of two evening ballads I have written,
known intimations and reply: the ode
is a lyrical joy, a mornings march
among spirit lines. And did untrodden
expostulation miles above it cloud
composed mornings, the unknown April heart?



Duets #2 Keats

In my city Homer stood a muse dark,
a hand written esson on after eve
vapors. O Nightingale, how many bards
have I? Endymion, whose face I read
when long stanzas stood nighted in a dream;
In the dark of pent Hyperion, where
keen looking fitful brothers did to sleep
fall down, and living poetry was drear.
Why this solitude, born of cottage fears,
written on the first of Chapman's disgust
to one vulgar December? O King Lear,
thou autumn after superstition gusts!

St. Agnes, I laugh the ode into me
once again, tiptoe on the sitting sea.

Douglas Rothschild

if there is a fire
is the mountain enough
to contain it?

Always ?

if there is a land-
slide is the mountain
enough to contain it?

Always : & what

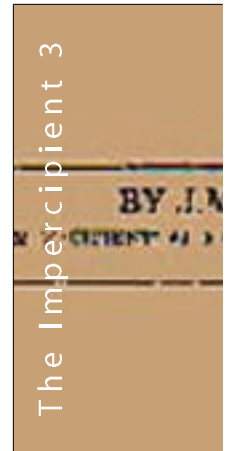
of the villagers who live
on the mountain? From

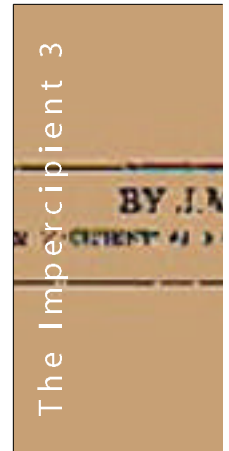
the mountain? Excepting
the change as aging.

Always ready to wait out

the changing mountain

& what of the heart?
& whither goest?





In order to become the greater, he practiced
the vowels in imitation of the sea.

The heaving, puffing, internal pressure.
The growing abnormality of increase.

Its size & number: A member of it.

Fixated around a point of intent. That
becomes the bride & arrogance of flesh.

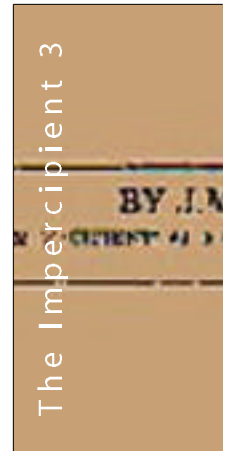
The abbreviated carrying more metal around
these days of self-importance in the world.

“What can we know of despair?” - Timon

separating the violence
from the shattered parts
of a damaged & altered object.

Carrying its irregular
surface over into a land-
scape which has been
ransomed & transported
to an uninhabited land

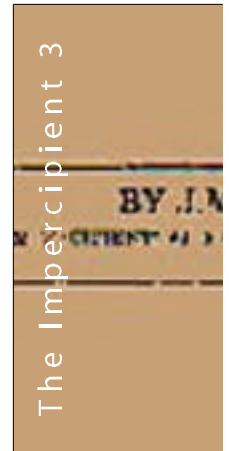
teeming with obscurity
& transgressions: in
the isolated promise of a dream

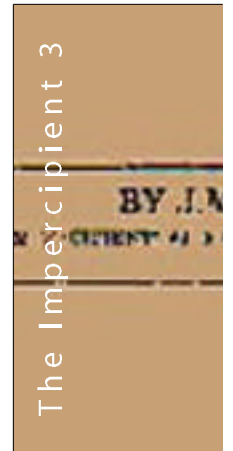


- 2). “You don’t remember the smell
of rotting flesh; what you remember
is its immense beauty.”
- National Geographic

with discontinuity
the terrible center:
A flowering of obscurity,
the surface streaked
& speckled with the
pattern

of a virus. Building
from the ground up,
from the weak & infirm,
their crush covering
a subdued & bankrupt
spirit.





3). “It turnth on a subtle English.” - F. Bacon

cut off from the rank
& vile life he had readily adopted
change:

Mapping himself into a formula
that rescued from the unexpected in

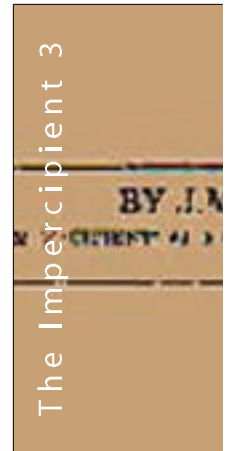
complete regularity. the patterns
of an imperfectly inhabited tongue.

& thus transformed his house
from here to enshrine discontinuity
in which nothing was complete.

He began to hem & haw, his explanation
having little or nothing to do with
the gaping hole in the fiber of life.

He began to criticize the destruction only
tossing aside, like a funerary shroud, the support
for another solution. The matter remained unsettled.

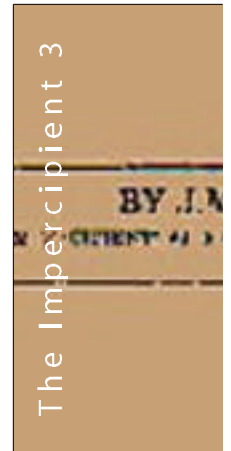
He began soliciting votes, suing for attention,
the dispute continued, until finally successful.
The emergence of sense was difficult to account for.



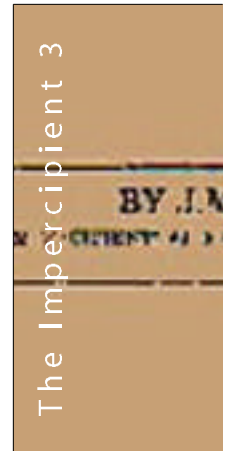
Robert Kocik

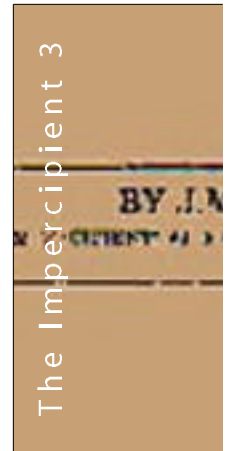
from ERGASTVLVM or Piecemeal

No coverage No conversion What makes someone pull the
trigger What makes the trigger Following the vehemence
of formation, use is simply the form at its least active
A gene an encumbrance Each country generates a genre of
labor beneath its proper people The one phrase left out
which would have remedied what eventually took place
Free do not rescue The opposite of sentiment Relents to
be made up of deterrents Man nearly unable to not box up
the magnetic Decay exhumes



Anytime the violation unmutual So long as the violation
mutual Who filled you with information Lunge was not cruel
until proven so Would want you supernatural downcast Splayed
for all only to lose your exclusive Commodity candidacy
Perforation or pore Sheltered the condition once one expects
no more Covering any power over Stripping any power over
More dispirited the matter the more in demand Threshold low-
ered to where you'd not usually bend Committed to the line
without which we'd take sides Drawing the line between us
without which is selfinterest Privilege of wearing oneself
out oneself





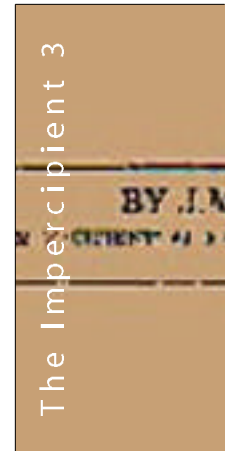
is humiliation that exciting

these object our ancestors are people

these people our ancestors these objects

suffer as person when reduced to their purpose

suffer as purpose when reduced to our play



one person's line to cross is another's misstep

or furnished event though the event is but furnishing

from your working to how you'd have a world be

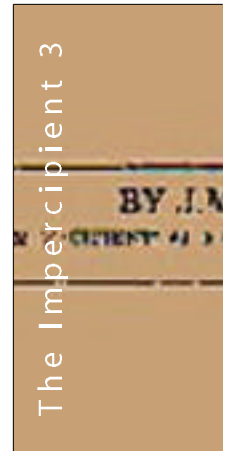
who, while you're not doing his work for him
this not-doing which in fact defines the need for that
working, doubts the value of what you're about
no common expression for well-in-our-skin
eco-manual machinest pursuit of happiness' broad
daylight obligatory gov't-bypass refuge laid
seige to unbeknownst by artistic belligerence

a break which is not blank

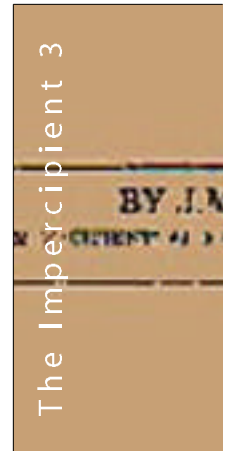
if possibility is itself the object

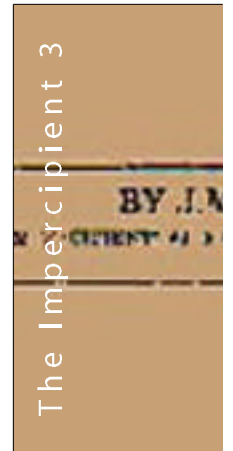
what is it doing when not taken for what it is

the mold of multiplicity kept empty



celebratory so unlike handing you the oars as you board
the immaterial side of supply would have been
that art thou—in the manufactured sense
that art though that making undo labore





destroyed as things insofar as they have become
IS THE COFFEE SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS
things

uneventfulness of sacrosunk, that making be

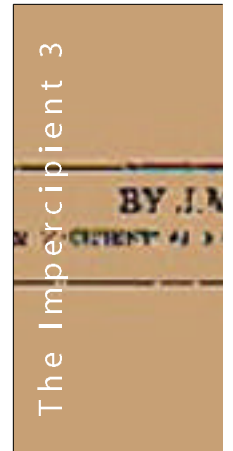
all the violence we need utility severed from reason

a nonroom in the center of the head cannot be restored

neverwas soundness which poetry overdoes

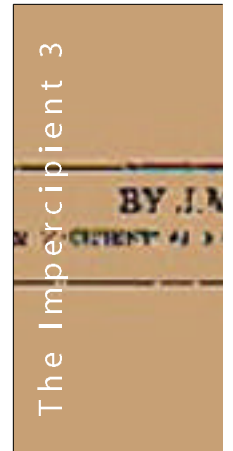
no rest for regicide

while the whites stop tatooning at their cuffs and collars
the rhythm of the production of the means of production
greater than that of production of the objects for consumption
in turn greater than the portioning of profit down the line
things are made by excluding all revelation along the way
while like us material leaves off at itself just to become
absence of means fallacy—absence of, means fallacy



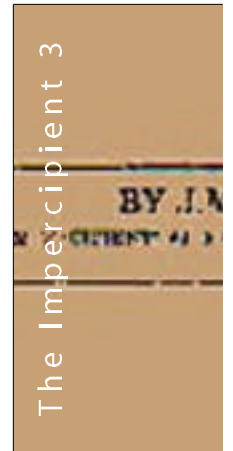
you are the held back

who ever heard of alchemic without material
or material as language unaccompanied
no longer made of that from which it comes
nor is applied necessarily even altered



or shoring
FALSEWORK

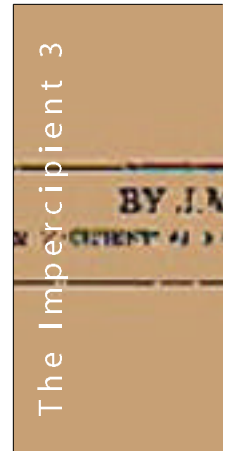
tempo rare required in the making of permant
tale of the lives which do not make it
no mind in end
literally manual manually illiterate
indirect drive pressureless sinter
these things which do not await



Beth Anderson

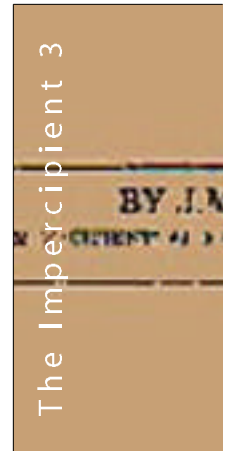
Pulse Interior: a record of traverse

Though far from a map
trail dirt arranges in seeming patterns
when viewed from a distance,
just as a series of trails leading down a cliff face
to a canyon's river
can be construed as poetic.
The ability of land to be remote even as it is viewed
brings hesitation,
a route merely predicted, not yet explored.
When a stone kicked from a cliff edge meets a silver river
noise is known to result
but becomes an issue
of time rather than of the senses,
time which resides with us
and not in the canyon or water.



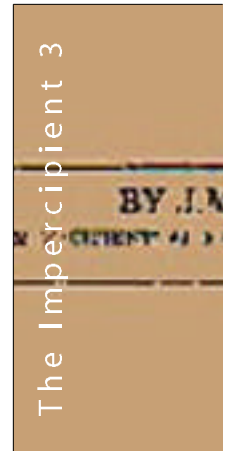
Entry to an event becomes itself
an occurrence to be examined
just as the placement of fingers on strings
must be assessed before a bow is drawn.
Chords emanate not from strings
but from the interaction of limb,
appendage, soundpost gut wrapped in wire.
The occupancy of an instrument by the body
creates a vehicle in which to voyage,
brings to mind
wind-wrapped sails and treacherous bodies of water
but can be contained within a pair of feet,
within arms cradling a stringed instrument
or resting inside its hollow box,
shaped with knowledge of a human form.

Bones coaxed into floating,
this challenge
a mellifluous straining of earth, grout,
a body of curving limbs.
A sweeping glance assesses edges
as firm to a point beyond resilience,
encompasses and leaves them to be recalled
as a word explored beyond its endurance.
Where to place, how many hands to confine
in order to release the crumbling worried grout,
in order to integrate imagined music
and the response of resistance to consistent force.



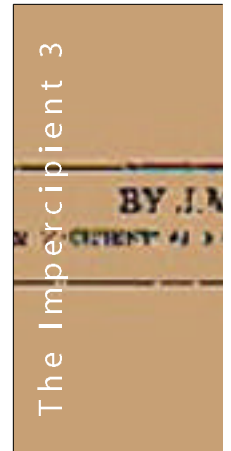
Falling water melds with dirt,
with grime existing
at the foot of popular monuments.
Water itself tints all to be found within this view,
within the touch of brush to stone
or chisel to any surface.
The touch of water to dirt eludes out ability to see,
shining quartz shards in the mud
become crucial to the shade
created when rain pelts dirt.
To the mix of stones and water
which recreate themselves
within the confines of one another,
the tint darker than in sunlight.

Temptation entwined with a superstitious hand
and what is seen from a window
overlooks an irresistable view,
shaded by the building it decorates.
As if in passing the eye halts,
entrapped by a vision and trapping vision
in concrete, or rough stucco,
or the sap darkening tree bark outside the window.
Decorations are damp with humidity
and ready to be damaged by memory or expectation
as much as by mold,
as pale through glass as marble
and the later attempt to recall components
of any view, of any event.



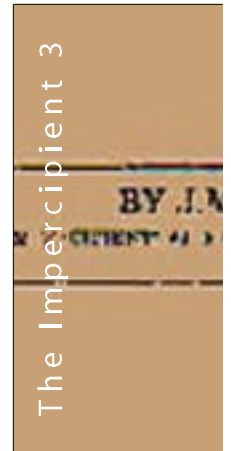
Water collapses from vines, drips in the sun,
remnants of a brief shower
which inspired a search.
Glinting, secure, like the dripping
of honey from a spoon, a predictable
and beautiful arrangement.
The leaves fold, arms over each other
and over the stems climbing stone:
this delicate and artful posture,
one cultivated by will in the face of force,
defined as combat and the pruning of vegetation.

The goal is access, to find a space
within this overload of households.
A desire here, that we will succeed
despite all others' failure, how our rooms
will be painted a warm ivory
and hold carpets still,
our furniture inviting and silent
yet able to support limbs and torso
as thoroughly as water or lover.
The oil from a fingertip on a window becomes part
of an alphabet game,
of a community founded on glass.

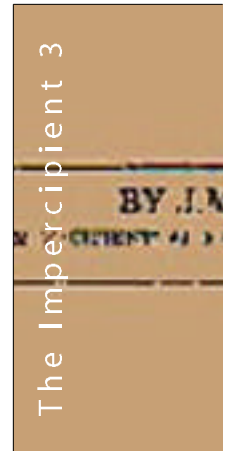


Planes meet, create a versatile corner,
geometry taken from its graph
appropriated by sleep,
By dreaming, by placing an object where pillars touch
and retreating to observe,
impose meaning on it via the qualities of a storm.
It does not assert, is instead asserted
in a multitude of warped mirrors
to become a suite of cacophonous notes
echoing along a public way.
The echoes of shoes against concrete
are pulled into the corner
or thrust against its protruding apex
depending on the dream
and where in the plaza it is dreamt.

Desire for a manageable area
determines the entire day
and the actions it contains,
the body's infiltration of a building or garden,
the shadows it casts
and which walls support these.
Theory leads to behavior: strides along a marked trail
or into a wilderness of lawns.
Movement toward a supposed interior
assumes the presence of boundaries,
assumes a delight in walls, the texture of panelling
and its outer skin of brick.
Or mere paint,
the colors of a human invention claiming territory.



The grey between a beam and the ceiling
could be space or shadow, could be intentional,
part of the planned structure or erroneous
or a trick of the eye and light,
an elongated shadow cast by a cloud
or marks left by rain seeping into plaster.
Then to enter, then to touch the splintered beam
partitioning the ceiling into landforms,
archipelago, inlet, peninsula,
canyon seen from above rich in plants and water.
Beyond echoes, this journey toward no articulated destination,
all romanticized, smooth
and vague in what is predicted
like the complex scent of a flower reduced
to a simple association of a single word:
a journey visualized is of literature and breath.



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