

# Intermezzo V

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music thinks the river  
this clam shell sings its desk

pitch bent mind time

want to stop  
go for a walk

(today is not it)  
no rules apply  
just sit there  
be lost

the road is a map  
facility is nothing  
the world is a figment of music

pitch in a swamp is a bird on a cattail  
an embodiment of the absence of itself  
an image of duration bereft  
or innocent or prior to any notion of pulse  
or specific rational value

heap deep jam rut  
sob brain solo stride

remove quantification  
focus on reality  
for a change  
don't count  
roll a clam shell down a level plane

redwing blackbird on a bare tree top

deer at the end of the field

the pen is painfully blue

(today I cleaned my room

arranged my tapes in three neat little stacks)

carrying a sack of gold

a bird flutters through the sun

the dragon

is language itself

the risen throne

the corridor

in tinted eyes

one day the osprey  
tried to burn myself up  
was alarmed to be walking barefoot  
but the lion turned away

no causation  
only isomorphism  
sinew at other sunsets  
increment  
through matrix  
trace result  
sand paper  
stones

time

blunders ahead

clouds arrive

as threatened

the wizard

inverts

his desert

of grid mounted objects

an owl with scrolled eyes

a crone on a hill

a chessboard and a chairback

a monk on a prone wheel

yet another Monday morning  
hippo in the ditch playing clarinet

bought a rootbeer out of a machine  
two scrambled and an english, tea

no view now  
elf ore

the rose's thorn is the cowl of the receder

lizard on the face of a clock  
squadron  
of fluorescent lights in the sky  
the wanderer  
in the house of fire

soon

the stone

would draw thunder

the lion in my wall

unravel

lick her side then

step behind the house

amber deepen

llama wool

iris ask'd

solstice into

open olive lakes

nascent arid tactics

everything cold

is colder

the blankness of my walls

the honey jar

the white knight

doomed in the forest

the crank in the roof

turning through the window

the bird exterior

flitting about

the interior crowd

of everyman

words on a recent radish

the snow had disappeared  
but the weight of it had not

lighted windows  
hung there from another mind

dyes gray violet  
blows on the bass drum  
muffled

oblique voice  
circle voice  
more than one  
monologue in the world

the ground wind sees  
emphatically the sound of creaking house

drifting away on a seaweed covered surfboard  
through his left hand as orange  
the cat sleeping on my ankles  
the fox crisscrossing the field  
my shadow on the down road  
sliding through the splash

a striking music  
of such murders  
I do not scream  
twice

we turn a corner  
in stop frame motion  
and hear  
the reflection

a thing lit  
in spite of the stillness

stinging distinct chord

crushing with my shoe  
a such beetle like thing  
spins the blades  
of Jack the Ripper  
attacked by a cavalry of leaves

it is violet now and I am not  
der Mond scheint  
the time

it was a mailbox  
a rather black clothed  
marionette being shaken

a cube stretch, dark  
in the oblique sun

mir soll's  
recht sein

insidious green  
violets  
the numbers reduced irretrievably  
to little dots that flash  
the bridge  
densely mirrored  
receding into

a crow in the distance  
to tell them through the middle  
to see how far reaching

but the troll said (and hungrily  
too) I'm going to eat you

the sound  
stopped

it's not a door, she says

it's a false assumption, she says

an impulse of the tree

within this field somewhere the sun

a small road in the nether regions

an edge more or less complicated

by the motions of the whole distance between

the oak leaf jumps from road to puddle  
the stone track sits on a wool blanket

two dragons swallow each other  
there are no other criteria

the journeyman builds his own river