

g-point Almanac

Kevin Varrone

ixnay press
Philadelphia, PA
2000

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Cover by Kevin Varrone

Grateful acknowledgment to *Outlet*, where portions of *g-point Almanac* have previously appeared.

ixnay chapbook supplement #5
ISSN #1526-3983

Edited for online archival May, 2010.

ixnaypress@gmail.com
www.ixnaypress.com

*How I wish I could stop, sleep, substitute this intermittent awareness with better,
melancholy things spoken in secret to someone who doesn't know me.*

Still, how I nearly felt in the midst of all that looking.

As our eyes become accustomed to the darkness, thousands of things emerge from the shadow, are revealed, and take on a precise shape. Good Lord, where are we?

6/21

A lamp that was the moon
was the moon question mark illuminated—?
arc a jester interregnum (pause
arose)

inter pluvia
inter intempesta
nox et prius prima lux

enter into this proximity
and apparent lack this
ecliptic apex a
weak spot in the almost a
weak spot in the absolute and absoluteness
of sky

6/22

Approach exerts more pressure than conjunction.
Results: walking great circles
through quarks and quicksand filling RAM cache, Zapf
Chancery and the subsequent crumbling of solid earth

6/23

Things suggest other things
in succession (a pause, something) a string of pearls
inside a string of clams
living inside lives lived and inside those
a candy surprise (the moon's a gobstopper)
(the moon's an opening—a pause
horizon) a tiny phenomena
opening its shutter on a keyhole
charmed with 80 fragments and an apse
snatched from decay

6/24

Rising smell
and the smell of things rising and sorrow
and reckoning a body
its intricate choices.

This is a caveat on marigolds.
Here is some Chinese cabbage lore.

“Hi. I’m a pillar.”
How are you morning star/
How are you the morning star?

Though painted with buttermilk and water,
are these the selfsame, self-centered mythologies?

6/25

Tiny courtships performed
in absentia panoramas
 revolve, reverse, mirror
 ennui: vacancy
makes him look everywhere

6/26

In a dream I was building
I was building in a dream
 a tower
to deceive the future on a variety of subjects
most notably autobiography and you, of course,
 were a statue.

Search as I did, question the expressions
on your face you bore no marks no mementos
of this moaning about reconciling the moon
and unreconcilable chronologic vacuums (a pause,
a rose-like dawn) you took my hand in your own
and intoned a ternary
of ibids in infinite loops of dogma and amor: *Hic
lapis est subtus te, supra te et circa te*

6/27

Cuckoo, cuckoo I
have captured you to tell the future

6/28

Forty drops of lavender,
forty ounces of oil:
needless to say
(in this most pastel, most lyrical millieu)
(i.e., garden or patio)
headless and heedless
the vowels are deceivers,
my fingers are horses.

What if cusps are endless strings
of 0's and 1's (a purl-stitch)
in real-time, a stone
rolled against logic, logically
saved and saved as and saved as a copy
v.1, v.2, v.3, v.4, v.5, v.6, v.7, v.8, v.9
ad infinitum

6/29

Did Castor heft Pollux
or Pollux,
 Castor
across the X & Y
 axis
of the nether-
lands and July?

Sun spins in the sky,
forty herbs substitute for martyrs
on the fire

6/30

Today wears yesterday's dress
to confuse the rest of the week
("Don't worry little flower
I'd never do that to you."):
perils that weary
eyes symbolize tears which symbolize
sources of untold agony
which, under their nomes de plume,
were foods of the gods

7/1

In a dream you unfastened your gates
remote from wind and far from rain;

and although you were pleasuring
your internal flesh in the free air
I cast a pebble in the lock;

and although I came to your vulnerability
with a handful of basil and knowing
better is a dinner of herbs where love is
than a stalled ox and hatred,
my kisses pursed carnivorous,
my fingertips pinched like claws

7/2

Mad, sad, glad, auspicious, dogged, biting.

I'll sign this lesser declaration:
If it rains today it will do so for twenty more

7/3

Out of the broken sequence
morning chokes on
its own logic pencil
over rubbed-out pencil writings
on civil and nautical dawns
notes on etymology:
was the moon like pencil
over rubbed-out stanzas
of broken logic
a forest of broken stanzas
a stand of common objects?

This is among the ways I have come to convince myself
I am not lost in a forest,
for the trees,
when they fall, make sounds ominously
similar to science

7/4

What holds constellations
is conductors, kite string, some love
of routine, measurable intimacy, fixity
and plexiglass, and, lastly,
their conjoined eschewal of national holidays

7/5

In a dream shard or shared
narrative I
was quoting
you
were quoting
we were simultaneously doubling
and undoubling one another.

I have traveled from elbow to fingertip
and seen on your face, your slapped cheeks,
the beginnings of the fifth disease.

7/6

Among the impossible borders of a city
morning with all its silences in tow.

Sum of parts encroaching
unknown prescience
foreshadow conjuncting
as-of-yet hindsight

7/7

Variegated phenomena seem.

Having crossed an imaginary line
in the sky vicariously between
rise and set
there appear to be intervals
of time-like items,

strange light and unexpected bells —
a church following
persistent rain

7/8

Horizon clearly defined:
six degrees, three
calling day the other night.

Nearness,
the vespertinity
of its orbit:

there is nearly moonshine
in your lamp

7/9

Still-distinguishable, in the pre-
T-storm nautical twilight pearls

are ghosts of footsteps
on sidewalks which are ghosts of staves

7/10

If time had four legs
it would be a newt and not a serpent
but O how many
calamities and O
how many griefs
get their name by traveling in flocks

7/15

A pause arose

a sliver shows its lining
before leaving for a storm.

Rain christens apples
or if lavender
these books might never mold

7/16

Peculiar habits
gather invariables: rain
again full of walnuts
or some other aphrodisiac

7/17

The eyebrows
of rowhouses frown
with crows

7/18

Repetition of what is sought: form
meant to scare doesn't work
in the mis-taking (a.k.a. dawn):
crows are merely pigeons
merely figures
excavated from architecture
via linguistics

7/18a

A pause, a hand
 left
tied to an apple,
 a loop
something slipped.

Cover everything
with mulch and soak in tears
or fever,
 and your red delicious

might not
when you look back
fall away

7/19

Twist the hemisphere,
sprinkle it
with cayenne:

keep the constellations at bay

7/20

If you save me from this dragon
I will save you from that dragon

7/21

If ill-starred
poor drainage maybe
to blame the omission
is top
calling the middle
back: parts
affected (rubbed with balm
mint or rosemary) smart
and cease
if one believes in something
believe space
spelled awkward in the stars
might escape
light risk

7/22

Three footnotes mark
this constellation: the musician

in Brunswick, 1284,
could be Orpheus or Elvis,

his gyre strung with latin,
his torturous aorta
harping on the consequences
of renegeing on the promenade

7/23

Are there algorithms to forgetting?

New address
new lease (a pause in the river).

Phone me in this hemisphere;
raise your veil, please,
if you see me coming

7/24

Don't overcook boredom,
a ripened fruit is like a searchlight.

Fahrenheit furthers
zodiac discrepancies:
morning's fertilized with a mist
of fish emulsion

7/25

The flounder has his crooked mouth
from making faces at the sermon.

Saints and saviors
cause rain on these axes

7/26

Sediment. Salve.
A meta
of bodies colliding
and the first cervical vertebra

on which an asterisk rotates
 like an asterisk
a saint
 a day

7/26a

Rain resolves to adieu —
snatches of aria
repeat
 bell-peal
train-bellow
 on the roof
a smoker's cough.

There are things. Ignore the heart.
The earth is perceived.
There are no visual obstructions

7/27

Saints, much like humans,
perspire. They are 95% water.

By morning
when dew is on the grass

two hundred years may have passed
and that pub you planted in your garden

will be infested with statues
minus their axes (i.e., heads)

7/28

In a dream
or perhaps a rainstorm,
I pressed my finger
against your flesh

(the *ilium*, asterisk
of your symmetry)
without license.

Although I was an old man with lavender bones
and you a caryatid
your flesh (though made from some aggregate stone)
seemed to give just a little

7/29

Some believe milk extinguishes disaster;
me, I reiterate:

If you save me from this dragon
I will save you from that dragon

7/29a

The S's are beauty
for a day, stars
whose inflorescence trumpets
brevity less in constellations
than burlesques

7/30

Perhaps if he had come as a swan
instead of a swan song

she'd have overlooked his phosphorous deficiency
and let go of her porch

(or was it a tower? portico?
[your almost-mythic

stoicism in tow])
instead of throwing the apple

(towel?) of discord
at my ill-at-ease, my oddity

7/31

The swan turns out to be a goose;
the golden egg, an apple.

I'm still, however, a hedgehog
for you vulgar latin—
taking back the sky, at last,

so we can fix your hip rest

7/31a

(the caryatid
as it turns out,
is a telemon)

8/1

Morning but not so:
apple, pomegranate—
light
made stone and stone in turn
made shadow and shadow.

Dawn will not pose among the pronouns

8/1a

Naivete comes to this point:
only one earthworm
per square foot of the soul;

surely that is deficient

8/2

Everything, forever, now—
even here (not *here*), floating
in this map become a city,
navigable grid, devoid of instinct,
I cannot find my tall building
among the tall buildings

8/3

The goose may be on the other foot.
The past is a grasshopper, telling
a monument to the gullibility of constellations:
unlike mythology
there's nothing heroic (and very little fruit)
in the fall of story: stones and stones
may make their bones
but statuary have plenty of earthworms in their souls

8/4

I've swallowed all the aphids to protect our wine.

Grass is dry, sailors take warning:
sirens reek havoc on etymology

8/5

Though no snow,
the shape of a basilica in the rain;

though no two alike
there seem a million flecks of mica
in the skyline

8/6

Conversation? Dialogue?
Words. Words. Words
across a platform
(How does my?
Well. Well. Well.):
“plain speech.”
A train comes. It isn't yours

8/7

Iamb if an
apple pining
before its own shine.

Pared to bits
the apple answers vice
with avarice

8/8

Mum's the word,
fish emulsion, the cure.

I refuse to swallow the monkey
and answer amor
pro bono with quid pro quo

8/9

Echo pines for reverb, reverb
for itself—
needle and pins
of said narcissism is that neither
sees the forest for the trees

(dawn acts like prose
among the marigolds)

8/10

The unsaid sung
by a choir of signers.

Haven't you ever been enchanted
by chard?

Let's flee extinction for another city,
one that can't be encircled
with a bull's hide

8/11

Flash in
the pan where pan is
panorama & flash
what the lens luminols
between & in between:
ELI & GROCERY:
Eurydice.
This must be all

8/12

Remember the strangeness of your life:
music of the dumb, soundless
language, reduplications.

Of the 200 words in this minute
none were what I came here to say

8/13

The caryatid was once a katydid,
the quagga a zebra.

Jiminy, then, has a twin
history as asterisk and cricket—

both distant expressions
whose etymology has been thrown off course

8/14

Time is a footnote.
Twenty-four is just too many hippopotami for one day

8/15

The assumption was flawed:

only the dreamt
came up empty
despite constant moisture;

stimulation added stress to stress;

and although your footprints in the grass
seemed dactylic,
the off-rhyme of midheaven
and Tivoli converted Martyrs
into art (coquettish, grayish blue), Copenhagen
into the hereafter, and death
into a pleasure garden
opened to the public, 1843

8/16

I swallowed an hourglass
in place of the monkey
and read the firmament
with a 102° fever

8/17

Type two error has occurred.
You'll be on your own today

8/18

In a dream of plethora and jealousies
you asked if it is fair of us
to say *flaws*
of these anathema
is it fair to say 'the tanks and skyline
share a plane and dissolve (waxen)
in some depth-of-field anomaly?'

In the dream there was tea and you, of course,
were nibbling cathedral windows

8/19

“Quince tree, birds, light, snows,
rain, everything”

8/20

Rhumblines drawn first,
geographical features
hung in the net of lines,
winds, directions, all
the hidden signs
of the new nostalgia
(i.e., technology)

8/21

Orange smell
of tea
tin
:
two Stella
D’Oro
S’s.

A lamp that was
a question posed
as the moon
in a clandestine pantomime

8/22

“The golden girl
was a white heron
and the water gilded her”

8/23

The orrery turns out to be an abacus

8/24

Cuckoo, cuckoo,
what will you do?

8/25

Swallow an hourglass,
the celestial is as good as anything
to block your colon with

8/26

Saw the owl, not the spider:
trim your ginkgo,
memory often resides
below the belt

8/26a

One can swallow a glass piano,
gallop stallions through midnight
and shut one's curtains upon the world;

we cannot dip our fingers in the same river
however and since Copernicus
no one can thrice deny the sun

8/27

Morning left foothills
in the fireplace.

Vexed with dogma
and dog memory: nothing
specific, faint sense of home

8/28

Having never finished anything, morning answers
another bell, flummoxed, overcast,
without a tense or conjugation to be had in the sky

8/29

The katydid sings torch songs
and the owl has maidenhair in his mouth;

a sprig of rosemary on the flame
flavors everything with forgetting.

(The curtains are really an arras)

8/30

If the past is architecture, cornices
will always find their niche,
swallows will return to Capistrano, the sun
to the center, and Copernicus
(who will only eat oysters in months containing the letter 'r')
to his early morning strolls
along Manhattan Avenue
where he has risen to the status of an alchemist of sorts

8/31

Statues of saints
won't bring doves to your columbine,
acanthus to your corinthian,
an abacus to your doric,
or mathematical certainty to your ions—
but they may stand symbol
that miracles still come from dust

8/31a

“But I thought, there are enough forms
in the world. Everyone wanted
to make shapes and I thought
there were enough shapes”

9/3

Surely this land is forgetting.

If lost follow steeples,
hold true streets
run alphabetically. North
still and South

some solace

though sky's been run through
and the stars are out to get you

9/4

Incapable of escaping
remorse, Orpheus
blamed the adder,
blamed her, neah,
like a child, blamed
fate & typography and glanced back
over the shoulder while climbing
ladders in the orchard,
suffering a bout of tinnitus or vertigo
(which have little to do with height
and much more to do with ennui or de ja's)
and losing, in one fell swoop,
balance and a red delicious,
and heard silence ringing in reply
to his antiphonic O

9/5

The aorta is an arrant knave.
The heart a rash and bloody deed.

Stab it for a posterity.
Prune to blossom. Proceed

9/6

Let this forgetting be.
This written, these heads, ours
filled with cinema
seagulls and cellos
and this incessant lack of rain

(a pleureuse's aria turns the corner);

somewhere someone lives here

9/6a

The terms were lost as terns in translation.

Let the bodies fall. Others. Others. Others.

9/7

Let's ask morning all we can
ask of morning that it remember
how to begin again

9/8

The seagull turns out to be an egret,
the heron, an elegy

9/9

Copernicus is equal parts
saint and scientist,

constellation & alchemiste.

What's in a name
is in it

and these pirouettes

of vowel & consonant
cannot remove the chicken from the fowl

9/10

The meanderings
may unfold as salamanders

9/11

Encroaching,
the slow unfolding

routine:

a length of velvet corridor

this time of technicolor

hollow air and yes

someone (pause) lives here

somewhere

9/12

Bury a spoon or miracle

out back

to sell your shingles

or entire house

9/13

Kenosis, plerosis a profundity

of almost non-existence (a pleureuse

passes along the orchard wall): something ends,

something else begins in between

a tendon, a tendril, an aperture, a glitch

in the slide show or projection (a mime

documents the instant), pixels dissolving

into pixels naked between outfits

and all around catastrophes & triumphs

continue

9/16

Inside this small world
there's a smaller world

an inner heaven
inside midheaven

inside the earth
there's a smaller earth

smaller and inner and unleavened

9/17

I vowed reciprocation of salvation
not knowing I was both
dragon & weasel

and death

a mirror, my undoing
my very own
stare

9/17a

The monkey turns out to be used
rhetorically in scientific recesses
(i.e., experiments)

9/20

Somewhere a tender crux of skin
where slight perspiration brailles
where everything cannot be stored w/out loss
where they've not yet received the memo
on separation of chance and fate
where this should be known
about decay:

what's left

is what remains

when nothing's left

a body falls from coordinates in a rainstorm
a seemingly absolute
sky which falls to reveal degrees in degrees

9/20a

The pleureuse lies hoarse in the orchard
(this *must* be all)

9/21

With morning
the world
of order

over-
cast, but what is

cast
and O

what is over?

[Days in Absentia (7/11 – 7/14)]

Dis-even flowers
flowering, unflowering, flowers
requisitioned in shining fragility

(the impish monkey steals a rose)

•••

Devils collect unpronounced syllables
which—in this tardy cluster—
are blasphemes

•••

Conspicuous double ss of blossom.
Though destitute of perianth (though purists
might eschew this inflorescence),
AXIS + APPENDAGE (condensed
from sublimation) = FAIREST PART.

What of the reigning spirits? Statues? Streets?
listless in vain—mist
to rain, rain to mist
(adverbial would be a lie).

How many licks to the center of a tootsie?
How many skulls in the totem of the spine?
Where here is the summer of your discontent, Luke,
La Main Froide?

•••

Blood vessels radiate
from concavities, the heads of daisies.
Out of joint, time
a thumping sound is detected
(a thumping sound goes *bumbum*):
the ends of ellipses incise inward

•••

Garbage trucks sound like white elephants; the post-its
may turn out to be Swan Lake.
Typos half-heard as melodies
are drizzled, subtitled, time to? to
 woo a day—too wet
 —out of its container

a constellation amputated from proper sky

(yet one might reach
 as if there
 it
 (still? ever? really?)
 was
 it
 was

•••

Biphasic & dopplorable;
subcaerulean & hircinus.

Left foot. Right foot. Streets run.
(Pitch in proportion to velocity.)

Bells again. Mute flourish. Far-off train.
Chance of rain.

Bells! in all of this?

(the heron is misread as a herring)
(a rhesus monkey sleeps with the fishes)
(an impish pause dies of loneliness)

Notes

Epigraph #1: Fernando Pessoa, The Book of Disquiet.

Epigraph #2: David Markson, Wittgenstein's Mistress.

Epigraph #3: Fulcanelli, The Dwellings of the Philosophers.

6/21

"Inter pluvia...prima lux." Very roughly translated into Latin from: between rain, between the dead of night and before first light.

6/26

"Hic lapis est subtus te, supra te et circa te." From Fulcanelli, The Dwellings of the Philosophers, translated by Brigitte Donvez & Lionel Perrin: "The stone is beneath you, above you, in you, all around you."

8/19

"Quince tree, birds, light, snows, rain, everything." Joseph Cornell, describing his back yard in Queens, NY.

8/22

"The golden girl
was a white heron
and the water gilded her."

Federico Garcia Lorca, "Casida of the Golden Girl," translated by W.S. Merwin.

8/31a

"But I thought, there are enough forms
in the world. Everyone wanted
to make shapes and I thought
there were enough shapes"

Laurie Anderson, in Bomb magazine, Fall 1999, Number 69.