

The Pines Volume Three

The Knights of Columbus



*Come down into the basement, sons*

*We have something to say*

*into the basement*

*with them climbing out of the windows, come down*



eve

flat      The air      it rings out      or  
ear      In human lamp

all cutting wind  
who if      either one

it draws

do we  
get together

just to assault

those

inside

The crashing of the wind  
is a stilly sound  
upon the post. Beams of animal light  
saddle-sew our ears  
to the ground. Who wree them  
crashing in tare kingdoms, injurious  
on the coiling stem. Come crashing  
through the objects.

I swear the first girl taken to the rocks  
was the wrong one to have taken.

A great fire on our side reflected.

The lake retreats beneath its ice

leaving us our skin to land    torn

for the newish smallish beam    the lit

briquettes of the elderly

Two hands will not relax from fits.

The fragments suddenly coalesce, and do not quit.

An invalid, trying up the stairs,

won't open, seasonable flowers.

The need to fist the door, the floorboards.

Out of season,

boots must be left at the door.

Freeze yourself on the cross,

with stereos crushed mismeasure

beneath you, in flames. Fellow slighers,

undressed.

We need to be cut,

shredding the saving there can be.

performative or

lick

lick

the gaze

from

the gland

the gland

Pine the chaff

rip

the flock

plug

set

rug

dote of the dose

set

the puber

nose

The puber

scab

scab

set

viscous

What was supposed to be sky high

was brutally low –

cathedral of benevolent voices.

*All* was stained, all strychnine.

The siding, brown, there was,

and *thank you*.

The cup, the swallow, bread. We are crackers

*interminably. And so perhaps there must be two.*

Thrown

from the performative porch

Get your licks in  
and unlace. Plead for weapons  
to arrive down the icicles – in a clear fist  
balling the wood.

Animus turned to the inside.

The inanimate could not be held  
against us.

Get your licks.

The branches, unarming breast,  
bought in the gazebo  
from a thin Levin.

...

The lampposts are light, writes mummy, and jump

the period of quicksilvering    teeth    wooden frames

of the window and the insomniac    green, you are

getting older    igniting, smallish lines, be prized    the fix of the town

and scene, variably    numbered, in apathy    Squares

Candlelight drapes the roofline,  
settled in the populations. Babies tear ribbons  
away, losing them in the grass,

dead grass.

He tunes his eyes to a still point,  
bunched in a rattle.

Hung bulbs of mutton

is the rebel horn

just below, no way  
you could have read the hunting  
of a single one –

He fell out of rind –

Scoop him back. It is

just below, turning raw,  
glorified in its wick of thorns.

post

rites

my

den

o

ree , you are

getting

small

and

numb

Snow fortified with iron,

lifted to the waist.

A royal hall, amen

A mountain

across the road from the lake. Take

your old age across the road

A lake

and wait there for us.

Put this in your mouth. Put it on your tongue.

Put it under your tongue

around the block, hung over the railing,

wet articles arranged in absentia.

asper us, bristly

down china

land and

airy is

hoary an

pale an

uber scent

i go to velvet  
and wool

Raw fish

sliced on the window sill.

Don't tell me what your friends are

buying.

We have strung  
a map of things  
across our bodies,  
improperly. A map  
we've made,  
from pictures.

The soil,  
removed. A bulb  
budding in a kiva,  
with a ladder to  
the overhang.

Rising,  
a bull budding,  
a laddering.

Cream  
we are after.

What we wander away  
from. Breath on  
the contra. Inside  
the wheat, are we booby?

Trapped?

A map of emerging dominion    beneath

a pile of overcoats    We make our pictures, and promote them

fearing the dawn of the pit    What we wander away from

The ground has removed    a body going in. It hits the lips

and curls    around the bulb

hang

in lilies wing  
beside us

and point  
up

nightly

up a lily

at our  
heads

up it has strong scent

turn out the walls  
hey

out out

yourself

then

smash the glass  
pull your hand away

glass  
beneath  
th soil

across the curtain, raze

our bodies slowly  
As in into

His mother stood a glowing lamp  
that lit the dark bronze bark –  
slender, with black lines  
running from ankles to neck.

She burns the ice  
with her figure. The covers  
call against you. Leave her alone.

She should be in bed,  
or in the bathroom, at the window,  
her hand on the roll,  
staring motionless into the leaves,  
where her sons ran  
to the edge of the rocks.

Throttle her neck  
in the glass leaves.

A must reforms along the pipe

on each and every chest it droops; eat it.

Turn the perfect, yellow stem

into a perfect, lightful wench will make us older.

As for death; eat it.

who wants the beast of spring?

it's gaining

light catches another hole

it's gaining

Moving in lazaward dress

Somewhere, someone has been torn  
and taken.

It is bitterly cold. Everyone's legs  
are exposed,

stretched weakly with pulled-skin,

that fashionable meat.

some things

age adjacent

the heights  
try

to  
wary all  
our things

along the edge

February comes as an offcut  
from a broader stretch  
curtailed. The light of it  
limits the harbor of the trees, the men  
who fight to grab ahold of the offshoot  
falling into the streets. Collarbones break  
in February. The light of it recounts  
the pier we stood on looking out  
at the bar. Decisions bud  
the reasons why we shatter. Ribs  
keyed into the holes  
knocked out of the cement, legs  
lining the curb. February lists  
into the parting walls. The light of it  
improves nothing. When you demand a knife  
I will demand the primary cut,  
beside the breast, not into it.

Adam hopes for something, an extra

onstage. It is Adam.

He has an annealing shine.

Before his time, he sounds.

He is destroyed. Adam is honor.

It has the layers of a mountain. It has  
a raccoon's body. Some things  
are year after year. Is this  
a knightly oak? The quartz  
splashing under the wooden column?

Hey, tail the unshoveled turf to shine

the new testament of his balding head held power

of the spinning lights above material fell from his hands

Do you wonder what  
isis is?

ark lights turn  
out the eels

they absorb it

peak  
and pull away

low hum

is is

low is in is

Glory is tongue is

What is what glass

lip elders

across the curtain faces

in the cold



The grass made the water flat

The hair that dies? Divorce.

2. "Green"

3. The community of the year, Gold

4. A human of the lamp

6. A hole of advice, and a satisfied coat

7. Nativity, window and wall

8. Night: our cutting sings with whom?

I saw you guys at the show. I tried to wave.

We were murdered in the streets.

The glow of shedding skin. Mine

is eating my hand.

By the shape of moving through,

my frozen lord, I saw him

on the other side. We tried to wave. We tried

to shout his name through the oaks, lost in their scars.

The tombs. I saw you

on the other side, I saw you standing

on the stair. We stood beside

a pile of coats. We were murdered in the hall.

Our blood was iced. We saw him

on the other side. Our voices were lost

in the winter air. Taken.

We were not reflecting, we were glowing.

It is one not the light that passes over the dark  
wall wheel, absorbent. Thus it is remote, a test of guilt.  
Who possesses our mouth? It says,  
I observe my surface I observe its surfaces.

head  
in  
a bouquet

wind  
in

the bouquet Who hung

a shepherd in  
the bouquet in

hung

glow  
    ering  
under  
    lord

of verdigris

his name: rough oak

    in the tombs

all

in all ice

    by winter    taken

The windows of the house have all been broken  
by our bad behavior. The woman inside the house  
is reaching for your bill, though –

Don't give it to her.

And those, they are broken, over there.

Are they for sale?

Tell us once again  
not to get our blood on the windows.  
To withdraw from the murder of our friends,  
set out down the boiling road.

Thought it was winter?  
No.

*As for bared trees.* Heavy wood.

The branches make the lead

clear. Decorative fog,

House-relating light. Deer

arrive to common applause,

green clouds trembling

as a flash above the vetch (internal

winter, shower

and meteor). Stomachs

tremble (in the wide reason

wherein its width, and sugar)

We eat them saints    our blood

in the exhibition we expected    to murder our friends

and light their fame behind the lattice    the heat

bore down – we recoiled a tabling ache cannot ache us

Collapsing in the exhibition

I expect she shakes.

Do you.

Murdered in the excess.  
Bright phosphorus across our skin.

The saints dig graves beneath the dark  
lattice of the gazebo. Bricks of the elders,  
by the over-elders

along the walls.

Our holes meet murdered  
with the others. Our blood  
making the window freeze, discharging

the torn inside, filling our voices with air.

The polish in us  
reflects on the other side. Everything

eats our hands

transmissively. We can

eat them back.

take leave

and fit

a monstrous rising ventricle

lowers the blue mark

to the floor

inter

the star

light

is pierced

in here

twigs, canes, or reeds  
hold the light  
high

ornament

fore before the deer lap  
sides

show a side  
through

the lake king

martyr to the bottom

of each

over-cup  
We are en twin  
ex shape  
the storm

She's on the floor of the garage,  
convulsing. Let's steal her eyes  
and feed them

to the rabbits

a body of raccoon    a slip of ice

I saw you

I tried to wave

Your bright knee –

They bite down –

Let seethe

The chaffy does he bleaches her the quality  
of the ripple makes the flocking  
and the wool liked as the state of leather plug  
and pine says go back to the bull  
and state where rests the beast of the bay  
heart marked out by the one rugosa  
-nodding banneret

*after Liz Phair, 1994*

Which shouts the feather or spring?

Was it slower

in many ways / It starts to thicken

positive / The animals of speed / Government meat

The articles were stolen, are you

surprised / All night, another expedient

Was it slower in many ways / It starts to thicken

Embrasures of ice on the mountain cages  
empty in the willows, tape around the trunks  
of trees cuz twiggy flips the covers off.  
Do not remain here without me. Bound  
by fascination – you will surely scrape away.

aria      ash in      us

we act

in order to

feel      the corn

or      all

rounded

faces      in the lace

accumulate

an edge



A trail, you see these neighborhood alders to flap format  
windows to drop (to tiny points) to be suspended, to enter to  
follow the elements, motion to pile, curtailments to be  
bounded, to sink light, interior to scrape, to clean up blood, cuts  
celeriac, funnel to scatter, to register to blow (off) to scatter, to  
press (on) to crust (over) traffic, birds' feet pen, ink, wet paper  
(veined) the snowing of towns to enter with snow along  
indistinct roads sink to the step the sky has nettles to settle  
bounded to scatter, to register veined articles (wet) arranged in  
absentia uncertain solidity in hopes of legible to trace a slow slush

Nicety drives the destroyed around

the block and talks it down the mountain (on fire

spreading) furtively unrolling a long hibiscus tongue

to take it off. Imagine how many cut that form

in dull though floccose coverings broken on the dashboard

How many broke that nicety called strange, Lone Ranger, stranger

Who owns the point? The martyr    beneath  
the lake    for the excavator.

As for us, it is impossible to be an opposite  
scar:

is made of that storming, formally taken.

Did something like *damping off*?

It was winter, no?

Then freezing. My hand

is being eaten. My hands are being eaten.

Perfect in The South Pacific.

rashing till s s on

light s on us

ly s w rs

o

can ne ther find

nightly  
away, blade away

Come rash

And if we age sude,

let us

, and

heave

Receive the spit  
in all our mouths. Speak,  
it thinks of you

the surface  
of our collected glass  
the second earth

kind sparrows  
screaming (something  
that you think it is)

arms pulled back  
to a concentrate  
absorbed by the wooden frame

The traction of those  
stung by the deer fence  
along the walk

drop their pants in the castle

Slowly raise yourself  
from where you've been pressed.

Enormity connects the components. Above,  
fresh gingerhammers, twelve earthly branches.

If a person must test the stair in memory,  
add these on: landslips, winter decorations,  
and the cross.

In the neighborhood of the new boy's god.

The line trembles, the wind  
surrounds our shouts, remains.

They are thinking in blades worth,  
roused to content in the a.m.

Would the body have fallen  
if there had not been estrangement.

It would have risen into the exacerbating lights,  
equipped  
to lose oneself in the crush,  
taken immediately from their bodies  
and given a cherry knot.

Would it have hung there  
like it did, from a beam  
hanging from an arch,  
gracing the dancers' heads  
walking insuspiciously past.

The body was left in the park, to suck,  
or as some have said, entertainment.

elders

ill be

as

old back

s not

'twas given the materials to construct    color    can, cannot  
disappearing into the coats to wave the mass of terrible friends  
back into the overflowing welkin    Lower half  
betraying upper half returns, then dies    Prudence in the swings

err not.

be  
arch,

in the park,  
enter in

Asperous Bristly aculeolate? Pineux, “the chaffy, the hirtellous and the lanate does he who was bleached make? Especially cili of the ciliolate? Especially quality of the ripple of the flockiges, the cotonneux and the glandulaeres and the glanduliferous and the wool of the cotton liked, as for plug to the state and that glumac of the bullate of the leather the small ones, hispidulous where? With stickiness, he is the behaart, him especially, it is the especially pilose especially sericeous of the behaarte of the setiferous rugose of the especially penicillate especially especially setose of the papillose of the paleaceous lepidote of the nodose behaarte and the hirsutulous, the puberulous and the pannose, does he make? As for pilosulous that when from other things the? The puberulent scabridulous, the spinous of the scabrous and the spinulose to make that and that? The strigose of the setulose make? The strigulose velutinous tomentose especially especially verrucose especially especially and from the wool especially especially in viscous arrival characteristic of the villosulouse of the villose of the verruculose of the tomentulose of the samtige of villous quality. “The

s mother s  
ark bronze ark ñ  
lender, lack

her fig e covers

in the bath the window

less in leaves  
her sons

rot her

the fecund earth

am I  
in it

pulled in a peak

of collected action

convulsing or

We were inside the levee. You took out  
the leaves. We were hiding within  
the skirt. Saint Mary –

Your face  
took multiple contusions to replace.

Exhaustively, the buried child.

They put a hand upon our heads  
in the bedstraw. Old as father, leaning  
forward through the palms.

Crouched in the shrubbery, churchside.

Where were you?

Resting the vision  
of the hanging body, and its brushing,  
a tongue from its mouth

as an arrow  
indicating the pilgrim,  
wearing an unwelcoming dress.

We retire to Hawaii. We tire

The sound of the father's voice, asking us

We retire into the man caves

Faces emerge from the chest in the afterglow

The father's voice echoes across the tile

The timeline seems of the mesh

Boxes filled with weights

The mother's voice

Comes across the street, through the oak

And sword. I swear through rain

The substitute will dye your hair

She says, I will divorce you in the dye

Things to do after death:

Adopt the quartz. Treat the quartz.

Perform under lights.

The eastern part of estress

joins the land by the throat?

What does this material concern?

The classroom congeals,

the slippery curtain. Our surfaces

eat the gram.

Moisture is only hot matter.

Back beneath the dark donation    the holes

align to meet our eyes    The disc is making the window tear

changing our voices : glowing :

Bleach us, bleached across our skin.

Bleach us falling for our hands.

am

dies,  
prop . Am  
ma

oil,

in

th lad  
hang

bud  
ring

we wand  
B eat on

we

rapped

And if we manage to persuade the elders

that they should let us in

They will be joined, and overtaken

Give us our meal, our glow as says

Let us not hold back You are going to dye

is not the color of heaven

gain. Again  
it was the bombing of

bers of

,

A bouquet hangs over the head of our baby

In order to force our fingers in

It is windy, a censer of lilies swinging

A girl walks by, comes over to our side

Who hung that raccoon there

The raccoon bell

King                we are, chrome rabid

King                we are, and out at night

Swings with amplitude over the Nativity

To the sisters, to the youngest, is it not your time, somewhere

Night tightly contained beneath the pinning of a cloche

Up against the walls

You were a shepherd

The stars enlarge as falling snow

The stars rise as

The wind picks up, pulls a lily loose

Unbundles a loose selection

Lowers to our feet the load

Our heads up against the windows of the house

Has a tail, has a strong scent

and the scent to make us last, in ruin

You may not relax in this dressing cross  
from raveling fits. This place won't curve  
its unseasonable flowers.

The floorboards keep sliding  
out of season,  
or in the crowd, from the stereo.

We need to be so cut to cry.  
So beg the switch, this is the end  
in only what saving there can be.



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