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“Landscape (landscape!)” —Charles Olson

I.

The grounds are empty, and I am possessed
to the detail. Slits of feeling not my eyes open,
I cannot see, and overcome notes
of practice rooms that blur hot trees as music.
Several moments of mind like this grow tight.

Sun is held in all the wood and still
I fail to blaze
myself with you in thought and being
not caught up, inglorious, plunk at cloud.
Bench slabs warm and soothe my thigh muscles.

Some dismissed musicians congregate.
It is private still! wires vision to shouting,
to a woman watering flowers
on a balcony of thought cramped up to mine.
If a bird enters now,
or someone lugging a cello budes
my desire that has possessed too much not my own,
out of the it of I behold
a marionette unfixd to dance,
slumped to the window wet with moonlight.
Where are the empty grounds forever. Why
the sudden shift to mind and sound closed up its case?
Then, with the entire seeming surface why,
rustling its broad exotic leaves like money
on hot school pavement: music from practice
rooms eliminated by thought: thought made music
redundant as loss in a ghost crew?

2.

That stuck overhead monkey waits for
following baby ones. The guesthouse lawn
glistens with bellycoins
and, as far as the garden goes,
it smells of guest sweat, and streets of lurch,
sky of unsifted gardens, trees of more monkeys.

Guard's stick beats lampposts
to rid gardens of monkeys curled
in sleep around the lampposts. A three nights' stay
in an oversized register recorded,
you go home where electricians crowd
the hot weather, just them, no music stuck
in the ear, awaiting transport
as if in a frontier shadow.

The night is an overall slick, something
head watchmen steep their minds in. I
catalogue nothing—stumbling—
two tightly sleeping on a couch.
As though all is becoming.
Can I love it.

3.
Overripe peaches spill from black gallons.
Screens with childhoods' insomniac mouths
Open upon them bulge and leach.
Pines sag on heaven loose strings.

It is a night when a sheet will do.
When the mind still enough to think, thinks
foremost what it sees,

faint verse hallways of light,
unsticking wings from stickbodies,
grasses clung to.

From marshland glimpsing myth,
I catch a swan's wings refolding
at the belly's contact with water, fully
recollected sensation. Being equivocal
with a percentage of absence one can take.
Kitchen light
above the sink left on, dawn
in the kitchen window breaking,
jars of saved fry oils flecked black below the sink—
light and dark qualified to make time poor.

Outside, wild chives push up through sandbox corners
in the yard between kitchen and dream pond.
Thought so a faint taste,
just where it was left,

in a child's mouth. In retrospect,
an ore scrap slid down the heap and to and fro
a world fit for a runaway
waiting at latched storms, emerged.

4
Or add on to gowns a frill, add on to fear
a bedside lampshade.

In Tim's leather Bible,
A reading finger on undulate verse
dismantles a tree fort, feels a fault,
a family one, and yanks
at the dark planks, sunk and rotten around their nails.
It was a zippable book, a cross
fastened to the pull. Pastor gave out
tickets good for pony rides
for well-memorized verse. *By day it seemed plums bung
in the deadend about
a tree house without
the rough sketch of a tree to surround them.*

*Over hard land
Without swiftness or soaring, I was
Led or loved.*

To the sea.
A child exhales,
her mask billowing
a bit. Vague
life.
From the rails of a ferry, boys in winter's
black jeans catch fattened gulls barehanded.

This or then. A mouth on a screen.
A forest so dense all distant views grow prevented.
Until one stumbles, and a range is found
broken across to give passage
to streams and rivers, to a certainty
with which we could predict the occurrence
of others. As a child, I am staying
in my own bed. The dressing glass
attached to the dresser, has a photograph-
stuffed Almighty oval edge.