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Glimpses

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Glimpses

Senior Project submitted to
The Division of Languages & Literature

By Duncan “Puce” Hanrahan

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York
December, 2017

This is dedicated to two.

Michael Ives

an advisor, the man who kept me in this college

&

Cole Amorello

(1998-2016)

a part of me more than any other

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!

awn

mind fractured and out crawled a man
he strode and he waved back the dark
carrying a torch that said
spirit in the licking flame
a neon sign diffused through fog
loud on the highway so a rumbling truck
burdened by its freight,
power-wiping bucket loads
off its glass eyes,
could see a mile out
and know to carry on through the umber
for at least
until the flame chokes on stark cold and
quashes
and the umber seeps off through the night
like brown dye in ink

occasionally along the way
in the bottom depth of dark
the truck stops and the driver steps out
to curse the road and hike his pants
he could spit up vile, thrash, and shout but
there won't be another light
until the mind fractures
and out crawls a man with a torch

glimpses

i.

moments of lucidity are
when the sky shows itself absolute
a word stripped of its signifier
dismantling the platonic form
allowing perception of the sky
as this sky as it is
wiping a slate clean of a noun phrase
and its noun components

my brief glimpses into something i'd call madness
are the world of things baring itself
naked and harsh

be a lamp

i.

the soul centers the fabric's orbit and oxygenates a void
bodies being textiles that will crumple and fold
suggest evidence of a nucleus
radiating an echo of the primal glow

ii.

an iris gossamer shades a halogen bulb
stamps out a phosphene imprint
that reads
a flush of midnight mauve
lit by its soul exudate

iii.

the iris meditates on its incandescence
on a strict regimen of copper wire
locking form to films and wisps
and the practiced purple
blooms into amethyst

waning

interstates to madras
and salem and nashville

jammed with herds of old people
flocking to the path of totality

some with radios some in silence
one talking to his wife

this is my last chance
to see the moon cover the sun

and then my brain will close
and a dark disc block all light from me

he will turn over, vibrate
emulsify into a milk

slip through the molecules
his body an icy rock

projector

souls incubate in some ambrosial compound
vibrate and cook until it quivers
and the soul feels out the physics of the space

through its mechanics it realizes it's in a pond
and at that moment its frequency amplifies
and vaporizes into a transient tone

received by a melody of stars and planets
its malleable transmissions tune
to a wavelength pre-package of

quirks and flavors and certain spins
traceable such that the degrees of the planets
in relation to the sun and earth

are charted by certain inclinations
by curious sciences and alternative measures
to draw the schematics of stardust

from

Robinson Jeffers writes that man is a nerve ending
of God his mission to find and to feel
If man is a nerve ending of God
his home is pain and pleasure
and his operation to inform the neuron
and if one were to meet it
what a neuron it would be
for it would feed on avarice
of the penthouse broker
and generosity of the street walking alms
grace of the monk in movement
weight of men at war
nothing but impermanence
the pain sweeping across a body
as weeping sweeps across the world
each of us plays the other but in shifts
and must these in ratio concoct
one neutral sense born of feeling all things
a comprehension utterly infinite
the nerves assemble into life's color
the furnace of a white hot neuron
to which the sole response is wonderment
it comes from a beholding of being

funny fever

somewhere in the back alleys
of human interactions shaded
rooting seedy dealings
two eighth graders instigated
an exchange of money for terror
a bill for a bag of bud
ill omen of purple nug chewed up
in a slide damp and dusted
stifled cackles
impish precession celebrating
the inoculation of a psyche
laced with wet
commanding a boy
into a morgue of rotten cypress
leaves like licking flames
curling branches into wrought iron
grafting a metal web of gates
one thirteen-year-old sentenced another
to a mentally ill cacophony of cars
like liquid beetles stuttering
down stop motion road the
kid's mind glitching dropping frame rate
convinced his body is a piece of silly putty
stretching
and he's going to snap
into a film of hyper realities
a human son of a father
all fours on the lawn
eating grass like bubblegum
chewing cud like human cow
a leather strap grows around its neck and
sprouts a bell that gives
one ding
that grows
into reverberations
triggering the body to stretch like silly putty
and snap every day
for the rest of a human life
and scattered throughout a mile radius
four parents' hearts skip a beat
unsure why

stale

seven faces
fashioned from flat planks
congregated like
aimless debris
drawn into orbit
of mars
or some inhospitable
gaseous sphere
eighty percent anoxia
fifteen percent horse tranquilizer
five percent waking sleep

passing a year of life
skin softened into cushions
eyes sinking into tunnels
into dim caves
calcium bodies
absorbing stimulus
saline solution seeping
through pores of a sponge
stable flatline of cartilage
wretched, clawing
fingernails grow as a fungus
where there is no light
yet something
ferments

diary entry

it creeps into the peripheries
the smell of crack
cropping up on pallid fish
one at 69th st station
one wobbling straight out of fishtown
down the car on the MFL
a leather woman
like a drawing of a human on a morass
eyes marked with crumpled plastic bags
a body of hide and rubber tubes
drawn in a picture of desperation
tracings of the street's shops
she offers tires where there are no wheels
a whole town misplaced on the map
peopled with cracked streets
derelict houses are cargo boxes
home for the doll the dog ripped in half
neither loved nor left
these people worn into things
zoned into recesses
neither loved nor left

it is fall

when the days seem
to step your feet for you
a diligent march on
heavy earth coming into frost
trees dry and let their leaves
long down

It is Fall
we weep at loss
balk at it and
wilt into mourning
sorrow marked by black
a color born in winter's deep night
but leaves go without sorrow
that's what makes them float
and not drop

It is Fall
and there is light to the day
though dim and brief
and marching into dead cold
an acceptance not a forfeiture
of things flying south

||

glimpses

ii.

all space is positive
populated by
more than particulates
flitting through it

a man without eyes
doesn't know color

what do we not know
for the lack of an arcane organ

our mother

her hello
filters from the horizon

and you may part your eyes
from your vision
where she distributes
her presence

her face shifts
through innumerable aesthetics
archetypes, stories
that cannot be fabricated

the entity behind our eyes
the neurons sewing dreams
that our mother is a metaphor
our family a kindred soul

arrived at the same place
at the same time
in an unprecedented scheme
of all things

she will guide you
when you are ready to go

hum

in an airport
the conveyor belt stirs
diseases in
slow circles
baggage revolves
around a life
some spend all theirs
rearranging dust
sentences fabricated
from fridge magnets

the nature of sinking

the iris emits light
directly proportionate

to internal amplitude
the ball of the eye

a pure orb
sees and cannot help

but reflect
a mark of death

over the icy night
the water in our boat

will crystallize
into dark freight

we will submerge
and fail to breathe

the unwitching eye
will only reflect the depth

the nature of sinking
is that it's alright

to "13 Ghosts II"

what when the world is a wall
settled still from unbreath

what when the world seals
and carbon dioxide fills its rooms

what when the world divorces
all pursuit, left alone

what when everywhere tells a man
he is a chair

what when he wants to reject the pattern
but this is the pattern

so be it he will sit
as other men may be men

conjure their own energies
artificers of some grapple

but for this one man
a chair will suffice

it calls to him a settling
it relieves him of a life

the world is outside
the chair is right here

what when inside a resignation
you may sit through life

skyview apartment — fifth floor

MAN, 40, wall of windows some records and needle skipping nighttime heavy on this city
somewhere in east philly

MAN, 40, framed by celestial vacancy a black blanket woven over one-story buildings his neck
must crane to remember warehouse and junkyard patches cut up by gutters

MAN, 40, present a child slowly swallowed its days forgotten punctuated moments practically
invisible in a run-on sentence redundant descriptions every entrance into the same room every
morning exactly where night left

MAN, 40, no history a bare wall's cornice a table of tacks anonymous possessions no history
eyes beholdings a slideshow of irrelevant photographs no history

MAN, 40, ice sings down glass amber slips in logs pop and sputter a flame grows six inches its
safety invites a sleep

MAN, 40, a disease coils its roots into a tumor it grows a personality that begs to sink it pumps
tar sludges down the blood it sucks fire from the room

MAN, 40, walls bend in and windows shrink to the size of fingernails arrhythmia casts a brick
onto his chest manual breathing fear of black lack of dreams fear of soiling the bed going in
alone dead phone

MAN, 40, do not disturb sinking down respecting the killer and expecting the elders stockholm
syndrome to a poison looking down the cellar peeking through the bulkhead

MAN, 40, familiar basement boiler room hums a lethargy soak into bedrock doors closing and
lights pass dim vents seeping closure

MAN, 40, wished for nothing lived for nothing passed to pass a life stretched thin through dark
into a plastic tourniquet

glimpses

iii.

i'm afraid of the tear in this fabric
afraid I can see it
and some others can see it
and some even slip through
uncertain of any way back
or of what kind of ride they're on
but there's a notion
that lies innate and speaks
in recoilings and blinks
and pulls on your organs
like ropes in a belfry
sounding a signal to flee
maybe it's one long slide
you spend a year of your life
staring at a machine screw
and another
being a toasted paint bucket
absolutely broken
and without faculties as a bucket
to decide to stop being the bucket

in misery i trust a sheet

i'm a quiet thing to die

i'm going to tuck
my head and go

will you practice
someone else's song

mine has written a rest

weatherworn

A Tibetan bowl used to sing
ice melting into a pond

it sang train tracks
and big locomotion shaking
the big bay
stippled with heavens

it lathed these into copper
folds and folds of night
a nocturnal year
feeding on chemicals

it wove into the bush
vines growing into its eye
as the bowl sang of underneath
the earth

these chemicals saturated
until the colors blew out
the blacks stained
and the white burned through the film

its pitch rose to the ring of all things
and the bowl sang of nothing

now the bowl has been resigned
to a windowsill
it has rung out and choked

this is the spirit of a man
clean the bowl
take it on a walk
so it will sing

III

0 * **Wednesday**

dawn crept up
quickuh than i reckon
3 a horse in a hog race

* an' our Sal's hooves are always salted
* she was sold as broke but
6 * she still a Belgian draft y'know

* so we Johansens cleared the briars on then north hill
penned 'er an' ran 'er done, up an' back
9 * till she was soft fuh saddle

an' broke 'er out in pa's style
he nevuh flipped the calenduh past 1985
12 cause by then men got softuh than horses

* switchin from twelve-gauge tuh twenny fuh grouse
* pa still loads his Ruger Red
15 * ovuh unduh and ten ounces heavyuh

he kept everythin old as long he could
* got his eighty-eight GMC on disc brakes
18 and the freezuh in the ice house

* like the amish nevuh heard of rumspringa
* an half up tuh Dresden
21 w'aint wired fer electrics

an' you spot then loose hog by the
size of then jam
24 it's got stoppt in then street

eitha or, dawn crept up early
* eitha or—i read that in a kirkegard novel
27 kept in the outhouse strange enough

always thought outhouse readin should be light
and kirkegard got a way of writin solid bricks
30 i swear hes layin bricks not words

NOTES (*)

- 0 *“Wednesday” is derived from Old English “Wōdnesdæg” and Middle English “Wednesdei,” meaning “day of Wōden,” where “Wōden” is a cognate of the Norse theonym, “Óðinn,” which has been popularly anglicized as Odin.*
- 4 *Epsom salt gel is sometimes applied to horse hooves to draw out infection, reduce inflammation, and alleviate soreness.*
- 5 *An equestrian tames or breaks a horse before it's safe for riding.*
- 6 *Belgian draft; gigantic horse used for tilling and towing. Notoriously difficult to break.*
- 7 *Johansen is the Scandinavian surname of this farm's family, most common among Norwegians.*
- 9 *Soft; tired/calmed. An old-fashioned method of breaking a horse is to run it until it's too tired to buck when the trainer bridles the saddle.*
- 13 *Gauge is the size of a shotgun barrel's inner diameter, nominally expressed as the number of lead balls each just fitting that diameter required to make a pound. Twelve-gauge shotguns are heavier than twenty-gauge but supply longer range. Over time, upland game hunters favored lighter weight guns with faster handling properties.*
- 14 *The Ruger Red Label was a double barrel shotgun introduced in 1977 and discontinued in 2011. Initially popular among upland hunters as a reliable all-American working man's tool, it was revered for its craftsmanship, but eventually decried and dropped for its rising manufacturing cost and derivative market price.*
- 15 *Over & Under double barrels gave way to auto-loaders. Many double barrel models were discontinued by most leading distributors in 2014.*
- 17 *Disc brakes have been replaced by dual-circuit hydraulic brakes in contemporary trucks.*
- 19 *Rumspringa is a year-long rite of passage for Amish adolescents between 14 and 16 years old during which they experience the world outside their community. It ends when they choose Amish baptism or integration into society over the other.*
- 20 *Dresden is a town (pop. 2,000) in Southern Maine's Lincoln County and home to this farm.*
- 26 *Either/Or (1843) is the first published work by Danish philosopher, Søren Kierkegaard, which outlines the philosophical structure of a life as the evolution of man's hedonism into commitment through his stages as a selfish aesthete and as an ethical human being, rent by an encounter with despair.*

33 * eitha or, dawn crept up early
 * ma down I-two-ninety-five South fuh Portlan' an' Franklin
 * up I-ninety-five North fuh Banguh, all pitchin markets

36 * fillin in fuh Katie and Jenna
 * who left the berry patch with warm stroke
 * what we call a first timuh's heat stroke

39 * made me thinkin of night priuh
 * not half a clock ago
 * ma said let em off the next day

42 * that I could take care of market
 * an' pa could fill in too
 * let them birds get a sleep er two

45 * pa di'nt say a word he just sat
 * pickin at the table cloth
 * he woulda had me fuh that one

48 * tellin me idle hands
 * makin no ends meat
 * don't shoot the shit shoot the cow

51 * pa deliberated though
 * said she'd be pitchin in Banguh
 * and Lord'd have Franklin pitch in Portland

54 * on account of him bein an aesthetic
 * 'stead of a ethical an' pa teachin him
 * to learn a commitment the earliest mornin demands

57 * eitha or, pa din't have near half a hello
 * to the fewcha folk down there, makes sense
 * they learned a new language wasn't his english

60 * plus he'd had a mind aftuh chores fuh
 * the paths an' the South Wood 'fore sunrise
 * 'fore the birds flown down intuh its seams

- 32 i. *Interstate-295 is an auxiliary route in Maine spanning 53 miles East to West, from West Gardiner to Scarborough.*
- ii. *Portland, a city in Southern Maine's Cumberland County, lies an hour south of Dresden. It is the state's social and commercial center.*
- iii. *Franklin has been the Johansens' farmhand for seven years.*
- 33 i. *Interstate-95 is the East Coast's main highway, running from Miami, Florida to the Houlton-Woodstock Border Crossing between Houlton, Maine and Woodstock, New Brunswick.*
- ii. *Bangor, a city in Central Maine and the seat of its Penobscot County, lies an hour and a half North-East of Dresden.*
- iii. *Portland and Bangor host local farmers markets every Wednesday, where the Johansens set up stands weekly to sell their produce.*
- 34 *Katie and Jenna are the farm's two apprentices who are offered training, room, and board for their labor, and replaced whenever they may choose to leave.*
- 37 *Priuh [sic]; prior.*
- 52 *Aesthetical [sic]; aesthete; the self-centered stage of man's life, according to Kierkegaard in Either/Or.*
- 53 *Also defined in Kierkegaard's Either/Or—Ethical; the stage of man's life when he commits to societal integration and commitment itself.*
- 56 *Fewcha [sic]; future.*
- 55 - 57 *The idiolect habitual to our speaker and his pa has them out of place in Portland, Maine's metropolitan capital.*
- 59 *The south woods border the farm's southern field on the East and South.*
- 60 *Ruffed grouse roost in the canopy of tall, mature hardwoods, and fly to the ground at sunrise, where they can be found navigating interstitial timber seams into cover brush.*

dustin off on the dirt he cleared
*
63 * breakin fast on the cluff that sprung up
* pa a quick one deceptionly layin paths like traps

an' layin down the law fuh the house
66 guessin he the lawmakuh cause he so quick
an' crackin on Franklin specially

ma thinkin he comin down on Frankie
69 harduh than Sal an' Frankie gettin the
worst of the whip

prolaby cause Frankie passes on good looks
72 an' makes a grump out of pa who says
Frankie gonna learn despair 'fore he gets a "ethic"

sure Frankie always hounded with the worst whip
75 made tuh scrub the rotten syrup out the vat in the saphouse
then pa accidennally locked the main house doors

*
78 * Frankie said he turtled up in the sack tuh sleep but
* mosquitoes eatin through that easy
* he enned up on the outhouse floor with a constellated face

81 * eitha or, dawn crept up early
* bowels had me rushin
* like a wild dabblin in a feedlot

84 feel like the whole wood's awake
bet the grouse flown down early like they had market too
pa prolaby picked the best day tuh shoot on intuition

87 some mornin got its men and women makin moves
some mornin just a minute aftuh night
like the whole woods nevuh slept

*
90 * kirkegard pokin out so i gas the lantern
* readin him you can't mess around with the fat
he got more of it than ma's prize sow

- 62 *A cluff is a group of clover, an early succession legume that is one of the first plants to grow on cleared land. It is common around road beds, planted as a cover crop in fields, and a staple of the ruffed grouse early morning diet.*
- 63 *These paths double as a network connecting parts of the south woods and an evocation of clover luring ruffed grouse.*
- 76 *Sack; sleeping bag.*
- 78 *An insulated structure.*
- 81 *Dabblin [sic]; a dabbling is a type of shallow water duck that feeds primarily on the surface of the water.*
- 88 *A gas lantern hangs from a hook next to the door inside the outhouse.*
- 89 *Most of Either/Or is illegible to our speaker, so he considers it fat; it's something that can be excised.*

like gunnin deer 'stead of bird
 *
 one clean shot fills the pot
 93 *
 you best aim fuh parts particularly portant

thankin tuh pa fuh the help heuh
 *
 he musta read the whole thing then marked the x's
 96 *
 underlined kirkegard's kill shots

first one i seen been marked heavy
 folded page an' penned down
 99
 "In addition to my other numerous acquaintances,

I have one more intimate confidant
 My depression is the most faithful mistress I have known—
 102
 no wonder, then, that I return the love."
 *

pa been given a rough up guessin
 life stormed on him, weathered him like rock
 105
 i respectin him though sometime respect terrifyin
 *

holy hell someone sleepin on the market
 *
 Frankie's crew cab gone but GMC sleepin in the garage
 108 *
 the lord'd have us on a draught fuh this
 *

the postman goes by snow rain heat an' gloom
 but they just passin notes while the farmuh grows
 111
 by draught and permafrost and quakes out west

*
 hell ma practicably a seismometuh shed be
 the first woman tuh tell a quake
 114 *
 she'd call in WGME and put 'em onto it

no sleepin on that, got an umbilical tuh the world
 an' at all time at least some island out there awake
 117
 so motha earth nevuh sleepin on 'er baby

they callin 'er that way in the fields
 white an' pink carnation gown an' pickin weed masterly
 120
 like a ma be fixin diapuh an sewin up the soil

- 92 - 93 *As you only need one deer's worth of venison to feed a family, you need read only one well-chosen sentence of Either/Or to satiate your philosophical appetite.*
- 95 - 96 *Pa has studied Either/Or and marked remarkable passages.*
- 102/103 *Our speaker leaves the outhouse for his bed.*
- 105/106 *He straddles the ware-and-produce house's east wall, just west of the garage and mechanics cellar.*
- 107 i. *Frankie's truck is normally parked parallel to the east wall of this stock house.*
ii. *The GMC, also a crew cab, is one of the Johansen's two trucks large enough to transport stock for the farmer's market.*
- 108/109 *Our speaker steps in a puddle of brake fluid where Frankie's truck would be parked.*
- 112 *Seismometer [sic]; seismograph. A device that measures the details of an earthquake.*
- 114 *WGME-TV is the CBS-affiliated television station serving southern Maine.*

dawn cryin to 'er like a child
 when i was one she'd pick crop ovuh me
 123 * pa was the one had me on the bottle

same one tuh be pickin up aftuh the place
 twixt spottin leaks in tractor tires an' thens in faucets
 126 trackin its spray tuh mold unduh wallpapuh

keepin house as best he keepin mind i guessin
 someone gotta keep this spotless fuh clean thinkin
 129 * while ma an' Franklin spreadin Reemay

an' Lord if he don't take that Ruger tuh my head
 fuh what i just had done on his floor
 132 black oil boot tracks showin my rush tuh the kitchen

were pa in there they be leadin right tuh caution tape
 outlinin a crime scene investigation
 135 of a boy died by disobedience

* he be fumin worse than this glycol-etha
 fresh out the crew cab's hydraulics
 138 guessin Frankie fixed his up fer a leak i stept in

but no soul still livin in this house right now
 from pa's tuh Franklin's the beds been 'bandoned
 141 left tousled like dawn crept up

an' they musta been rushin tuh follow the day
 considerin the lamp knockt off the bedside
 144 an' the stem broken in two like it been upside a skull

eitha or, house been roused
 ma not sleepin Franklin not sleepin
 147 pa not there

prolaby up 'fore he slept since he takin over
 * Frankie's toil rollin reemay, rotatin coops
 150 * an' double wirin the sty tuh keep farrow from squeezin through

- 123 *Our speaker was tended to by his father more than by his mother.*
- 129 *Reemay is a brand-name row cover—a translucent, flexible fabric spread over crop to protect them from cold, ill weather, and insect infestation.*
- 136 *In a hydraulic brake system, glycol-ether brake fluids are stored inside a master cylinder. When the brake pedal is pressed, a pushrod drives the pistons in the master cylinder, which forces brake fluid out of the reservoir, into a pressure chamber, towards caliper pistons that apply force to the brake pads which push against the rotor and cause the vehicle to brake.*
- 149 *Franklin was supposed to remove Reemay from a row of sweet peas. Rolling it up into a ball to stow for later is usually at least a two-person job.*
- 150 i. *The Johansens' pig pen is made of fence and post, not newer hog panel which has a wire mesh with a smaller check size towards its bottom preventing any piglet's escape. Double wiring a fence would yield the same effect.*
- ii. *Farrow; a litter of piglets.*

153 maybe the ansuhs turnin up in South Field
that plot turnin bounties out of till
maybe Katie an' Jenna turned bedsick tuh ready fuh market

156 * maybe today been saved by two South Cabin soljuhs
sickuh than swine with bush foot an' as stubborn tuh use em
but a sight through they window clearin things up

159 them sheets stiffuh than sleep
an' the girls lookin rigid like they been put down
had me gunnin down South Field fuh the sty in the wood

162 * normly you hearin breathin or
snufflin and mud play
once you hit the edge of the wood

165 but there w'aint
all the hog clear left
prolaby lookin fuh freedom and black trumpets

168 * i clear pissed
but i w'aint about tuh call no one
cause the coop been wheelt to a new bed

171 * which meanin pa took em quickuh than five meanin
he prolaby balled up the reemay quickuh than four
an' dragged it up North Plot fuh the beets an' cabbage

174 * he deep woods somewhere on a real spree
pheasants prolaby beggin he let em go
but that Ruger out there clippin wings

177 * oh Lord may not have us on draught
but he let the fuckin pigs loose
ennerin me inna one man hog callin contest

180 * racin inna wood squealin down path
halt on hearin a mess in the brush
crept up on the hot spot low down tuh wrangle

- 155 *Bush foot, the predominate player in mortality rates, is infection of the hoof.*
- 162 *The Johansens' pig pen is located east of South Field immediately past the South Wood treeline.*
- 168 *Portable chicken coops divide plots of old crop and beds of new soil that need fertilization.*
- 171 i. *North Plot: A northern plot of South Field for crops to be planted in late Summer.*
ii. *In New England, Beets and Cabbage are planted in August.*
- 173 *Alongside grouse, pheasants are a popular game bird for upland hunting.*
- 177 *Hog calling contests judge candidates' hog calls based on their artistry and efficacy in luring pigs to approach the caller.*
- 179 *Our speaker believes the disturbance to be caused by an escaped pig.*

but them brush was silent of swine
 one step more an' out flew a plume of pheasant
 183 all urgent rockets launchin up tuh nowhere fast

well if the grouse parked so close tuh camp
 then where in the how is pa
 186 one round off that Ruger clears the canopy

anotha mess in a bush next door
 one step triggerin a second plume
 189 * an' Lord's thunduh in two rounds

heart near popt, world flared in a dilatin second
 a pheasant life left its body which slaps the ground
 192 the canopy shiverin and dustin away

two rounds off that Ruger cracks the sky
 cloud soakin up true red dawn
 195 like Lord's cotton swabs on blood

* an' Odin in the middle of the way
 standin large like one of then's deities
 198 * a lincoln of a man his norse head moose-long

"Mornin. Pick 'er up an' relieve me."
 shruggin his shoulduh bouncin a wreckt arm
 201 * gesticulatin a flannel sling at that Ruger unduh the other

this man miracle makin outa hip shot
 "Day dawnt on ya early, Søren.
 204 As fer you, fer us all. Night dint last long."

tradin the grouse fer his girl takin it sweetly
 * the grouse flipt an' wings spread like Christ
 207 * "Guessin. You takin trips down South Ridge er sumpin?

* Prolaby dint see its slope we a throw from tree line."
 Ruger weighted like it empty, laid it tuh rest on a log fer all the work it did
 210 "Mornin had its thorns but they w'aint the briars.

- 189 *Lord's thunder in two rounds; the sound of two shots let out Pa's double barrel Ruger. He has shot at the pheasants.*
- 196 *Pa was named after the Norse god, Odin, fabled to be the god of royalty, battle, frenzy, healing, death, the gallows, knowledge, sorcery, poetry, and the hunt.*
- 198 *The Nordic skull is characteristically elongated.*
- 201 *Odin's left arm is in a sling, its hand swollen with shattered bones, meaning he shot the pheasant one-handed from his hip.*
- 206 *Odin suspends the bird upside down, ready to clean it.*
- 208 *Throw; a stone's throw.*

The day meant somethin else for me.”
 *
 213 pa lay’n bloodied soles on Christ’s wings
 his good hand poppin with blood chokin up on a leg

has me complicit, chokin the otha
 “You clear right pa. Lord oughta be cursed.”
 216 pa’ starin down at the bird, maybe past it

lookin underground at the workins of things
 *
 219 wincin at pain er whatevuh it was, he saw big an’ he was gone
 til his chin go up meanin we heave

the legs pop out they sockets an’ in a slough of filament
 *
 222 featha an’ carcass unsheathin the pink gloss of breast
 *
 “Day’s still long to reap, Søren. Bunk hand’s just that.”

“Where the whole of them hog pa I near pissed I seen em gone.”
 offerin the breast towards pa so he snap the neck
 225 an’ decouple the spine from back tuh tail
 *

a black blur of his Helle out the pocket
 cut sudden as its start by a flashin of blade
 228 “Don’t get tossed ‘bout that. Gave me a bit of they trouble—“

*
 Helle shine slipt into roughage severin wing from ligament
 like he a butcha workin on bone
 231 fastuh than i can tell

“Yuh mother sow had me down—but she in a new pen now.
 This breast is good for keepin. Hand’s a-howlerin.
 234 To the icehouse, Søren.”

his frame lean an’ cold bone
 like he livin Win’er in August
 237 a furnace burnin last embuh of any fat

lookin like Lord shaped him from these exact wood
 carved his muscles rugged with South Ridge granite
 240 lay’n tracks fer ambuh blood outta roots of a upenned maple

- 212 *Odin pins the bird's wings with his boots to ground it for quick removal of its carcass.*
- 221 *After carcass removal, the bare breast is left attached to the neck, head, spine, and wings.*
- 222 *Bunk; slang used in Maine in reference to something broken, useless, or otherwise poor.*
- 225/226 *Only the wings are left.*
- 229 *A popular Norwegian brand of hunting and utility knives.*

his leatha field coat fringe red an' white with tailuh'd
*
243 * redbellies and eastern milk tail from the brush
* he huntin grouse fuh food an' snakes fuh sport

he best at scentin up fear er guilt
246 an' both are fillin up in me so i best tuh confess
"Pa, no harm, but this mornin was a flurry.

Had me missteppin through a pool of glycol-etha
249 an' takin it with me in house.
On my life I'll get cleanin' it up."

swearin it er not guessin it a mattuh of my life eitha or
252 but i'll clear piss if pa dint shake it off
no this er that, i got none of the whip

"Well, then ya probably noticed the GMC
255 yer ma s'posed to ride.
Brake pads seized against the disc, see.

Overheated til it had the friction surface peelin.
*
258 * Got to scroungin an' whipped 'er up with a booster
* but the reservoir cracked from this week's heat spell,

renderin 'er useless. That had my time borrowed."
261 "Huh, guessin i was thinkin it from Frankie's cab
considerin' I dint near touch the garage."

Pa palms me the raw bird
264 shoulders the Ruger, packin up
an' beckonin to follow

"You a straight marvel, Søren.
267 Heedin on duty's call,
tendin' on life's details.

No matter them how small, no matter how short yer rest.
270 Ya got yer mind hooked up where most lost theirs.
As yer a early riser, yer a early bloomer too."

- 242 *Nine species of snake live in Maine, including the brightest: Northern Redbelly and Eastern Milk, from whose skin pattern Odin's coat fringe derives its red and white.*
- 243 *Normally grouse are hunted for sport more than food, considering it's uncommon to collect more than a dozen in a season.*
- 257 *Brake boosters can be installed on a vehicle to modify a disc brake system into something as effective as a hydraulic brake system.*
- 258 *The same heat spell that has Katie and Jenna catching "warm stroke."*

273 walkin with pa like walkin with a wizard
always eitha makin everythin from nothin
or solacin in silence

276 “A man’ll live to forget,
struggle or ease, there’s beauty.
You best rise an’ face the hardest mornin.

279 An’ if ya left yer bed early enough
yer rewarded with the sunrise
remindin ya everythin in order.”

282 * the wood all dead silence
sumpthin bout it
finally givin the cue tuh rest

285 * but middle of the rest
sumpthin bout it ringin
like ears aftuh switchin off a genny

288 “Even when ya feel somethin like a fetus
an’ the walls’re closin in,
there is beauty.

291 An’ in our fortune it’s nothin but
in these woods a throw out the front door.
My connivins had me lay its paths schemin on a lure for game,”

294 speakin of, he packin that Ruger shell fresh
‘case we blessed with dinner on top the lunch on hand
or ‘case a snake tuh be dealt with an’ pa bouta collect a new trophy

297 “but they a regular attraction for more than easy shot.
These paths are for a man to walk with *himself*.
These woods got muses from emergence to root.

300 * Spirit’s heard easiest in silence.
Its frequency is anxious,
concentrated, cleans the body like ginseng,

285 *Genny; slang for a generator.*

300 *Cleansing properties are attributed to ginseng by some.*

which may start ya reelin like a repellant.
Ya may press yer mind to think over it
303 but, after 'nough walking,

ya find comfort in its dependability
ya feel the sudden invigoration of a fed flame
306 * like a damper come unstuck and opened.”

hopin that's warmth enough tuh face the icehouse
cause August w'aint this cold 'fore now
309 half expectin' pond steam tuh roll uphill

“I've come to reckon my name, Odin, a deceptive amulet
from the god chief of then kin yers and mine,
312 * derivative of 'wodaz' meanin prophet.

On one hand it's my sightly gift, speakin literal too.
On the other it could curse me a hermit over the hill
315 * 'cause other words it birthed would have me known as

* mad, frantic, furious, by thens ancesters
* an' possessed by all others. As it were prescribed to me,
318 life been a meditation on madness.”

pa bettuh fuhgot to prop the garage door
while unduh the GMC cause he talkin like his head filled
321 like the glycol-etha snaked its way up his nasal

he always the cleauh calm aftuh wicked weatha
even 'fore its passed, like not a drop get him
324 guessin the storm inside the man so he at home in the real thing

“Now, don't hear me out as a concluder
cause if ya livin ya got figurin to do
327 but this figurin i done and resolve to act upon

as my final figurin.
Seers were diagnosed bunkly
330 by a bunch of citizen doctors:

- 306 *The airflow through a wood stove feeding the fire is regulated by a lever called a damper.*
- 312 *“Wodaz” is a Proto-Germanic adjective, the root of the theonym, 'wodanaz,' which derived the Old English “Wōden,” a cognate of the Norse theonym, “Óðinn,” which has been popularly anglicized as “Odin.”*
- 315 *“Wodaz” was substantivized into adjectives in Old Norse, Old English, Middle Dutch, and Old High German...*
- 316 - 317 *...From which such definitions as these, listed, can be derived.*

mad for seein what others maynt.
Well, don't the whole of Lord's litter got this issue—
333 born with separate eyes for damn sake.”

fragmentated by its gnarl bough and wisp
glimpse of stone dome lurkin in the wood
336 like a chapel tomb outta seventeenth century

ice fog in sight now,
driftin unduh pine,
339 crystal curlin tuh trunk

* “Mine're burdened by its beholdins
* of the pageless book
342 * followin the final period.”

the icehouse got an arctic bubble round it
stiffens trees tuh crackt statues
345 a radius of suspended life still 'cept floatin dust

slaps me out my thought
beggin eyes open, bewitchin senses,
348 pullin me inna reach

“I'm not maddened by the contents of my sight.
It's the sentence before that period that's most maddenin
351 since afterwards there's nothin to behold.”

* wooden doors to the icehouse built squat outta white pine
* cause it take on watuh like wheat so it insulary
354 heat nor cold nor nothin makin it out those doors

“An' nothin to behold, to me,
has come to signal no end,
357 * only the mark of a revolution.”

them hefty too, got us pushin like budgin Sal 'fore she ready
gotta be driven by need
360 tuh mustuh up crackin 'em the slightest

340-342 *Odin claims his eyes are trained on the end times, as were his namesake's according to Norse mythology.*

353 *White pine has one of the higher thermal capacities out of New England timber.*

363 “It’s a man’s passin but he a perennial flower,
his life coaxed from his death, a regrowth governed by cycles
whose ends are only ever supersessions by a beginnin.”

366 doors let an’ w’aint fuh the shock of cold
i practicably tumble through
tensin joints an’ seizin muscle had me stick-stiff

369 * met by arctic gust an’ shocked dumb from movin
“A seed of a universe sprouts an’ expands to replace the old.”
life stopt an’ held in this chamber

372 dilatin seconds stretcht tuh bear no end
thick wall lined with hay an’ sawdust
at least a ton large slab cut from the pond

375 * in the chambuh dugout, that blue whale
hissin up thicket of mist lickin
slow risin an’ crawlin’ toward the heat

378 grippin at our leg tryna make it out
“We got time in our microcosm an’ Lord has me a believer in
findin hints for describin the next ‘fore we sleep on this one,

381 an’ he layn ‘em out, they called allegories.
If ya look, he laid ‘em plain. The perennial man, fer instance,
he have us onto that concept through the cycle of four seasons.

384 Outside this microcosm, a man live a life like a year come an’ go.
First, he a toddlin Frankie, the aesthete extractin pleasure fer his sake.
No mind about the Lord’s good er rest of the litter.

387 Well, Franklin has himself a mess,
never tells life what to do. All’s conducted by caprice
an’ wreckless romancin,

390 rarely seein past a splendidous image into its workins.
Man’s a kid an’ he more about the idea of bein a farmer
than he ever shown he about actually bein one.”

369/370 *The anatomy of this ice house is as such: the white pine double doors lead onto a 12' by 5' rectangular platform, its length running parallel to a half-cylindrical chamber with a recessed floor that is 6' lower than the platform's, whose radius is 10'. Along the center of the cylindrical wall, nestled into the layers of insulation, are two bay doors large enough to allow transport of feet-long ice blocks. This is the ice pit. A large franken-slab of ice harvested from South Pond fills it nearly up to the platform's height. On the right end of the platform is a box filled with crushed ice. On the left end of the platform is a wooden hatch. This hatch opens to a stairwell which lowers 6' over its length of 4.5'. At its bottom, immediately to the right, is the door to the freezer—a cellar stocked with shelving and meat hooks to store the perishables inside of it.*

373 *Blue whale; the ice slab.*

393 cuttin fuh icebox
 through frosted air
 like it don't strip our skin

396 "One day a man in then Franklin stage
 may notice empires around him not all Lord's paintins;
 they built by menly hands, not Gods'.

399 An' he just a man all the same, surely? He wonderin
 the difference between those men who erected monuments
 an' himself.

402 After a fret he discern his subjection's to whimsy an'
 drawn to immediate gratification,
 he spent his years in a private ether,

405 ennertainin ephemeral pursuits
 while the ground b'low him stock'd with men
 plantin seeds an' reapin what they sown."

408 layn two hand on 'er lid
 practicably dead on contact
 like straight stingin nettle

411 "Down there lookin good an' green an' nothin disablin him
 so he ventures in plantin one himself. But,
 days an' showers an' his seed still lower than dirt

414 'cause he collaboratin with fallow field
 an' no crop grows in fallow field,
 so he takes to tillin, passions in tow.

417 But that's a trial of sundry toils,
 makin for a story altogether
 foreign and depressin."

420 pa chins up an' we liftin
 oh may Lord e'scuse me
 chest gaspt like lung suckt up damned freon

new air somehow
more damn frozen
423 shocked my whole system

“He gets ugly, cursin the Lord an’ other men
an’ he learns despair,
426 man’s second season.

It has its turn with him like the others
but the bounty of his first crop
429 may do some convincin.

His back bent,
His hand broke,
432 His body stroked by heat an’ bit by frost,”

pa himself lookin a sorta unearthly
a sallow thing with sunken eyes
435 * shattuhd bone minglin in its blackt an’ swollen club

“but his till produced the inklin of an empire,
the food to feed its people,
438 an the man to rule ‘em.”

whole room on shallow breath
harsh an’ buzzin with electrics
441 pa stannin there with ice on his club

“Given he fersake urge fer choice—
choice bein the agency of man’s third season—
444 to work his life like the farmer work his land,

an’ study on the operations of ration,
like he would a novel bible or kamasutra or whatever
447 an aesthete vouches by in the latrine,

an’ devotes his hand on his heart
as a student of its ethic,
450 then he gracin himself with a steady hand on his life.

435

Swollen club; Odin's hand.

453 Way I see it, woke to third season's dawn
 when I traded myself for this farm,
 this family, an' this soil."

456 air so thin can't hardly make a word
 only a mind fuh puttin the grouse to rest in the icebox
 an' gettin cleuh out the icehouse

459 doin the job tossin the bird in
 pa pick 'er up an' offer 'er back
 "She goes down hatch."

462 that hatch in the cornuh
 lookin like no one's best move
 just a way down storage an' anotha ten degrees

465 "If my Sal an' me were pavin path
 wide 'nough—on account of accomodatin a family
 I presumably bringin with me to the frontier—

468 then Franklin an' yer ma were a stuck lot,
 theyself in the ditch on the side of it.
 Sure they had they fun,

471 but, if even for the love of they life,
 never quit stuntin to grow.
 All souls adrift oughta be guided home.

474 Subject to they whimsies,
 Lord never graced 'em
 with Summa, Fall, or Win'er."

477 pa's speech lost on me
 whole of the mind bent on stokin coals
 hatch follows pa's chin

480 stairwell er a vortex
 chambuh light seeps intuh its pitch
 room hit absolute zero

477

Odin and Søren open the hatch together and begin down the staircase.

483 “It take those few men,
willed theyself into
Win’er’s final quarter,

486 devotin theyself to piety,
for whom leaves are fallen
an’ sky bares itself through the canopy

489 to see what the aesthete, blinded by theyself
an’ the ethical, tethered to the ground, cannot.
Those few men

492 layn they eyes
an’ lent they ears
to the end of all things.”

495 time drainin downstairs
like it oozin unduh freezuh door
where it layn at rest

498 faces dissolvin intuh shroud
jus black statue pa
on the handle offerin me the way

501 “They’s to forward the news to the rest of men.
I am one of these men. My name an’ its sake, they no coincidence.
They a touch of divinity.”

504 pushin pushin damn compellin this thing
one bad shoulder to it an’
busted ‘er through an’ cleuh flung myself ontuh concrete

507 body seekin mercy from this wretched floor too goddamn cold,
proppin up my hand feelin like it gone intuh straight shit
“*Eugh*—Pa, hit the light.”

510 * scramblin off floor else it gonna have me stuck to it
springin up has my foot lost on the left, swingin out—
SKREEEEEE—“HOLY HELL! Damn hog down here! Just pegged one!”

510

A pig squeals.

all a sudden hearin they snufflin an' chewin
like theys feastin on slop,
513 pa got the lights startin on they flickerin

Oh shit the whole of them hog in 'ere, uh?
All in a circle gorgin on sumpthin fresh bloodied
516 scraps of white guessin these hog hungry got it stript tuh bone

I screechin at em tuh scattuh
out my way of the shelf
519 "Go'n git!"

skedaddlin like guilty goblins
a swarm of screechin ants back to they holes
522 couple still pickin at this mess

a long mess,
clean skinned too,
525 aside on the ground ript scrap of sumpthin

fabric thin,
white an' pink
528 carnations

"Oh my fuckin
Lord, what the fuck
531 Lord, what the fuck—"

bone
blue eye
534 black hair

*
537 "Soren, I've delivered the news to the others.
To Katie, Jenna, Franklin, and his lover.
Now you, my son, are all that's left, 'fraid."

Red Ruger
540 Dead eye down sight
No light

Odin's Ruger Red is pointing at Søren, Odin's eye aligning him with the iron sight.

543

“As dawn crept up early on us this day,
so has dusk,
an’ so shall night.”

