

Peter Gizzi / REWRITING THE OTHER AND THE OTHERS

I wanted to model the morning light
Too difficult to impasto the sky

You are Alcestis with a kite
The years whip by and tears cover answers

I would fashion my own wagon
Rolling home, this would never come again,
 above a flat swatch of tradition

Please recline your smooth abdomen
 my way
And the hollow of a tin oak pings

Empty of death like truth
An atmosphere becomes indelible ink

Removed from a single black negative
Singularity may be achieved also: the scar
 so narrow

To leave you then
On earth, empty in vague happiness

A solitary column of loss added here
A blunt pulled in water

You forever
Leave me, as a husk leaves a seed

Then reverse the Tyrants' ideology, an original
 of an original!
And a noisy sphere, a bird strafes air

FABLES OF CRITIQUE

You are not outside this film (or movie)

Without subtext a page signals to no one

You are not outside a field (or yard)

Unable to wake free from the tall grasses

Several grasses yield a specific poison

These leaves are not pretty, they are camouflage

You are outside now and they were the enemy

Those brambles and thickets are not shallow

Refusing to enclose the area, they cannot be buried

You are pleased you are no longer a child

And standing by a building (decomposing)

Several films descend from the sky

Here was (were) the grass (grasses)

Ignoring you they bother no one

You are no longer a man standing by a building

Where no one came you are not waiting

No one came, no one wasn't there
They are no longer a child, no longer a man
Nothing is a film (movie)
Which is becoming your eyes
You are (were) unable to speak
And now you were before them
They become impatient (becoming impatient)
And this is (was) your future