

## Duncan McNaughton / FIVE POEMS

### OLD SPRING

(Cernuda)

Now, in the violet west of the afternoon,  
The magnolias in flower already wet with dew,  
To pass these streets, while the moon  
Grows through the air, will be to dream awake.

Flocks of swallows will make the sky more vast  
With their lament; the water in a fountain  
Will liberate, purely, the deep voice of the earth;  
Then the sky *and* the earth will fall silent.

In the corner of some enclosure / cloister?, alone  
With your forehead in your hand, as a phantom  
That returns, you would weep thinking  
How lovely was life and how useless.

(*Bandos de golondrinas*)

## SWOLLEN NIGHT

This culture — absurd!  
a man needs a naked dissecting eye  
a man must have at least one sharp knife  
big enough to kill that vicious opaque monster  
who lurches across the street with murder in his eyes  
that american, who detests himself for accepting polyester suits  
of industrial colors, who aspires to Andrew Mellon's desk  
it's all the same now as then, a man's mouth closes on his  
fried fish but he may as well be eating a woman indifferently  
while she spouts corrupt humanism, it was a bad idea to begin with  
anything to preserve the past, a man needs to be filled with the rush  
of the night's  
wind, filled as a sack is filled, a bag of a man filled up with the hushed  
expanse of the wind and filled with the fat full moon moving low  
behind  
the screen of tall black trees, the *moon* gliding in the *sky of night*,  
a man needs  
the elements other than himself desperately, the inhuman monstrosities  
of nature which his soul adores and his imagination flies out to

## WELCOME PLESIOSAURUS

### for Colin Stuart

Mayhap descry the lineaments of revenge upon  
God's smiling countenance? Welcome,  
if that's what you were, ô manifesting angel  
to japanese sailors  
welcome back to the empire  
of the senses —

but you never left! O mighty 4-flippered seagoing lizard,

ô actual monster, muscular portent & affronter of good, Jurassic  
ocean-haunter of New Zealand, well-acquainted with gulls  
and astounding!

when men will save men all threatened creatures will no longer  
conceal their prophetic Texaneity,  
their Harley wings

ô mezazoon,

myth-lord of my reptilic brain,  
what rippled your main vein while you cruised the wavy deep?  
checking out the main line, ô retard, of all our cosmology . . .

## LUNCHEON

That's good! Whalen said,  
turning over on the air

another's phrase — clear ideolection.

They blow, the winds of May  
tonight, the trees move heavy dances  
incredible, like, alohas  
(cyprus shudders, beckoning pines)

Who is it?

ought to *what*?

all this drama, no

*I'll* get the fire going,

all this drama

You're the only woman in my life, I know whoever you are

the bugs are insidious & have unpleasant silver undersides,  
which live behind the days of the year;

meanwhile,

Berkson recalls O'Hara,

gnats in the white wine,  
while serving dry vermouth with ice cubes

& dead insects  
who resemble miniature yellow jackets

pickled, curled over, floating

## RIGHT ON

Right on. subdued applause, whistles

for Camel, hip cerebral Brit.  
fusion group electric europ  
licks you  
people are going to fly

it's about time if they  
make an airplane  
do it which isn't even alive . . .

don't look at me I don't know  
what way to turn, we proved  
we're seminal  
emissions it was very weakening  
yawn, and now we're depressed by it

the whole world's depressed, eh?  
fuck the whole world the corrupt  
bad magic trip Artaud's right

on Antonin.