Spring 2012

From Terratactic (Ix)

Brian Laidlaw

Follow this and additional works at: http://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.7141
BRIAN LAIDLAW

from TERRATACTIC (IX)

1 pony expressions

i

it got grateful to be alone & loll in rare exception

such as no such zone dispatches

id wore my knuckles knocking on doors clear off
tic & fidget in barons

barren courtyards with mailbags the scenes an orphan

punching a blue metal mailbox makes fifty red stars on it both handed in a paradiddle

ii

shes here post hyphen hideous
an ugly mare i kissed has an ugly foal now
her moan casts a pall across the cul de sac
which i add means ass in a satchel
as the unused stamp for no such sender
leaches

a pigment rouge on my jerkins crisp lapel
2  atlas at last

i

i enter the cabin carrying some hemispheres
one per shoulder

dolorous light
checker drapes on my back as a callus

i live in a shell of bark
& when this cries

its a maple split open

rest

ii

i leave the eastern in a rocking horse stirrup
& project
into settlements shouts

like the shouts of aphids the moons a juniper berry

a tumbler of gin in the ether
the western i warm by the hearthcraft aware of the whirr
of its columns of steam i wrinkle & press
my familys fine posters of fauna
as below the gold matte flashes
a crane manufactures a slightly smaller crane
3 homegoing

i

i found it when all the lamplights
were going out got scope eye

full of motes
its earthquake weather
you said

earnest as a plush trout on pillows
i found it
in the schoolyard a fisher with a tiny

umbrella & a big
mouth
what then is the catch

ii

i caught it
throughout my hometown nostalgia for
the unkempt horizon
the linear sentence

i found it in my eye like an ash

the magmic butterfly
lure prows wide the chasm
i found a phenomenon called landscape

busts apart
found a hook in my lip

called affection & found it sticks together
anecdote for fathers

i

grill me bout paraffin how its a film on my black friday wordsworth edition how it still spells showed

shewed like to witness a beat is to walk there

i was always in good gods hands & also a god is grilling me bout paraffin how

its the carbon of yesteryear & if the first preparation after raw

was char that the darkness of ink was intrinsic in

ii

then we were all night at shots to separate ink from its darkness i reply

papa its hard being a recluse hunter or gather

either some infinities

are more infinite than others like there are infinite trees but more infinite
avocados needles or leaves or
i gather blueberries
cursive & caloric
whose each little o is a cyclops eschewed in shewed
confessional stance with a rucksack
i was a rare do well on the docks

i was fey but stern
i was aloof but stark

grace was a fractal fern
grace was a light in the dark

& the docks made of tires their pitch tireless
where i slept i pose lakesick ditties

i was dead but chipper
i was aloof but hark

grace was the little dipper
grace would alight in the dark