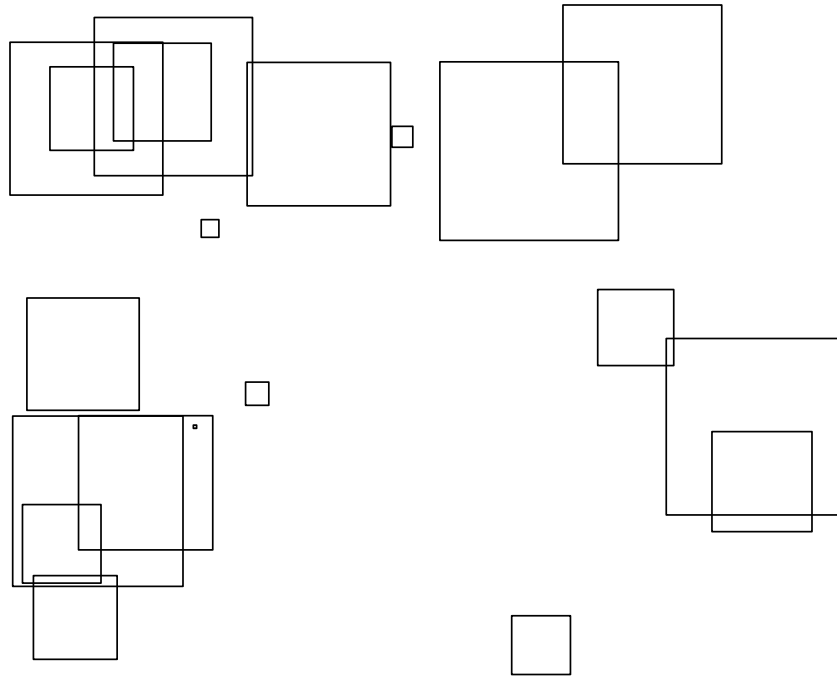


temporal nomads

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xPress(ed)

temporal nomads by william allegrezza

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about

this series is about the nomadic nature of time and knowing,
about death in the greek poets' sense,
about the way the mind meanders with the myth of logic,
creating openings just large enough to inhabit.

the progression is the order in which the poems were written; thus, the
poems trace "la vita dell'uomo." furthermore, the poems were all written
in the span of a month.

thanks to the editors of *Red Coral*, *Blue Fifth Review*, and *ampersand*
for originally publishing some of these poems.

chicago, il
march 2002

tempo

we are in the moment of finding that you are nothing
that being is at last nomadic forgetting perched on the edge
of lake water that slowly moves in the afternoon sun
when flight is not appropriate nor is believing that ice
contains more than ice or that space grows long
with the attempt at understanding that time is thrown with
leaves in random circles without any accompanying figures

and then

the beginning that
argues for the end
like a cycle of
tracing

english ledges

and too

to be lost among the city islands covered with
maples
at the appropriate spot for the sun
when the cycle begins
in the cold

rearranging	the field
for	the shifting
borders	that unnoticed
allow	the voice
enough	room to
hear	itself in
the	language of
others	or in
its	own echo

lyric

this regional silence of planes &
straight lines

tricks us into believing that motion is difference
when

no straight voyage is possible
only sidetracking

on back highways
where pickup beds
and tow-hitches are company

for words
and music

calla lilies

all response is noting
that death repeats a single trace

fortothentheendisnoworpastpresentisacarvingofspace
while
words turn
chaotic chances of
systemic error

the totem
is not
our answer
to the
last of
the gods'
cries

under fences spreading
but not denying necessity

as flowers

(calla lilies continued)

growing
in seemingly random
patterns
under
a canopy

retraction or
planetary abstractions that ask us to believe
life is foreign or is red planet dust blown
into the constant motion of here

when
playfulness reveals
plants on the block
or
children
waiting for the boom
to wipe fear away

when contact leaves us
in awe

mesquite revisions

division

here is number

I listen intently
to a voice over speakers
that sings greetings
while
 the wind
arranges
 leaves
 and
 plastic bags
as a story repeats

water drive

as

werespondagainInLonELYgEstUREs
a central piece
near game boards
scatters along populated lines
under building towers

motion is always from here to here to here
as if destination is destination

like breaking in creation
an editing of boundaries of
dead hands and drops
of water forming the same
space for fear or release
when we discover
flight

homer's campfires

the uttering
of nothing
in an
expansive moment
when the border
shifts
again
farther
into
open fields

where
types
lie
face up
burning
in mid-july
dallas
sun
under
limbs
that

(homer's campfires continued)

rely

on

shadows

for shape

where

feet

rest

when

rain

moves

in walls

from

the center

through

light

découvrez

archangel parrots dance the tango
under the limbs of honey locusts
in august when bus stops wait for visitors
and candycanes talk of midnight helpers
stacked near the rusting tailpipe of
a once iced over chariot of martians
dressed in red with swirly caps
that signify some crazy motto carved in
monuments far to the north
where the gods dip fingers in cygnet lake
and spur rhetoricians to argue
the pertinence of heraclitus

red stick

though desert oaks remain
we do not
 for the lines that through hands become
 notes
 speak of creation under stars
 and we forget the rules of engaged
 sentiments
 and leave

variegated leaves

pile them next to courtyards doors

 & believe
 the logic of this system
refuses
 to find
 chocolates
 hidden
with clerical humor
 in clubs
meant
 for decision

asking

centipedes
dallas
time
cats
canada
handshakes
books
trains
hair
fire
subways
current
fields
sound
museums
restaurants

flakes
bronze
lightning
sheets
cups
guitars
tables
boats
gum
rivers
towers
gulf
religion
desks
paintings
guards

bearings
farfalle
buses
maples
vespas
beer
mountains
children
silver
mud
wind
highways
cows
guns
wood
bicycles

a. h.

scrambling through days
 that lead into each other
when
 for a brief moment
a motion clicks
 and we
 find ourselves
in flight

return tide

replacing other lights when shadows cease and park paths begin to change with the season and shift to lead somewhere down broken avenues that turn names into fragmented tales that are told late nights in dim light on porches where bug zappers shine an ominous blue and ring with the cashing in of life over beer and dead flesh near where the grass grows and the mowers shift their feet for balance as if speed were control with lower motors racing towards bridges meant for trains but left now as refuge for the last bluebirds winging their way across the long plains where the mesquites look like skeletons and the blues transforms hurting mississippi strings into miraculous buildings when workers gather at corners early mornings in south chicago or l.a.

egyptian water

wine tipped from the cup
and lights hung over the harbor
when
through tiny holes
we tell time
by the sound
of its slow dripping
and remember
that statues
of gods
gather
in storage rooms
waiting
for scholars
to visit
or for
the final destruction
of
here
as it
expands

under release

inhabited words attempt to create
a fiction
of unrest
in western cities
in the dark of night
fleeing the
same
mob
gathered
in
worn halls
again
with
titles
that
argue
the corrupt
nature
of
the
city

comrades in time

to suggest that we turn back
not redefine
the fracture that interrupts voices
in the middle of our
canticle

to envision feet
walking on sidewalks
not condemned or culpable
but young thrilled in the moment
when leaves fly with the wind
and cars stream through intersections

to believe that
that old is nothing but new
reused
in patterns
reshaping the field

the french

lines of motion

with the sound of airplanes in flight
or printers working
or lecturers dancing before silence
when outside the snow melts
and the winter fades

with canvasses
or drinks
that fall from the edge
as shards of glass
that search for a moment of transition
like

a body for a country

a signal of state turning rampant hormones
into hands that rush forward in death
piling bodies
before a camera that
traces its origin
to factories in the east

song

left in abandoned rooms
in the south
when youth faded into the daily hum
of bricks and trees
in a space that was altogether
mythic

rooms

fourteen and four when
 the kitchen stops before isles
and traffic speaks
 with rhythms of power and "passion"
 in live motion
as lilies rising or bearings over tracks
 lost souls in judecca
near grassy park reliefs
 where planes buzz
 and fake gold holds torches of peace

fourteen
 when no back country peace forgives the
 meandering lie of games under water oaks limbs or
late runs in atlanta's central forgetfulness
 where plants climb on trellis rails
 and children ask neon signs
for incense
 and decision

sight over knowing

bicycle wheels turning
holding

holding

in seasonal rain

flowers and hands at rest
appearance

somewhere

before finding
reason

stopping

when the wind blows
memory

and invitations

sour
& mixed

you are not here

release

somewhere in words are stratas
that shift from here to here
as if motion undercover is extension
and resting bulbs are the resurrection
of roots that transform continually
from nothing to steady belief
where no foundations remain
firm after the voice

head into the desert

the aligned hands
work through
visions

and we listen
to cars over bridges
and trains in the station
where children gather for addition

the formula for life is extension
with no order
but
continual footsteps
on wet streets
that lead through
different barrios
to a door
where
a lover waits

yanaconas

you could ask for pillán
when the columns are dense
when thirteen is your number and you
are infinite
on wings
as the circle closes
and you raze the ending with a cry
that sweeps
over legs
between clearings
as roads covered and
drums playing
nearby
where the ruse
is barbaric music

jubilee

reckoned with service
and error
in high imagination
discontent
or gentle with voice
where no reluctance pushes cheeks to turn
in falling
with grace
not of light or strength
but with talismans broken in youth
when the
frenzy grows general
through members pressed unable and firm
swaying
with gusto
towards death

daze

to have happened
in time
with broken bits of glass
scattered on a partially caved roof
next to a washboard left on a wall
and
to be worn of newness
& grow silent
becoming unhinged
while holding the gods' masks
in a corner
where freedom is forced with
tea and sweet breads
while the open road
subjects you to here

here

suddenly the movement is here
and we know that reaction is not
appropriate

so we pull the bags together
turn off the lights
and leave the studio for another
less cozy arrangement

yet before we get anywhere
the earth begins to turn
and we find ourselves
covered

floors in music

we crossed ourselves

"I'll be attending to his language"

in translation of trains running under parisian streets

she's accomplished in tea
ceremonies and film

pound here is stamp one

"to connect the brace to the corner,"

stop what you are doing and break the dull educational whine

oh, to be free in July when fires rape the fields.

of her, he had no words that could sing.

up in cards phones broken keys in downwards trills

then in sunlight, I asked the girls for a picture.

flight pattern

migration

 moments in flow

 borders turning

 into other borders

 along multidirectional rays

in creation

 of space

 with words modeled continuously on

fragments

 that piece together

 in patterns

with currents

 that are not in and out

 but passage through