

# PROJECT PAPERS

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## POEM

The focused blue biology night  
Hits at angles on the flared snow  
The glass interrupts  
All the rhythm of the right hand  
its dense thoughts  
And I'm all left  
Consistent and probable  
Made of single pronunciations,  
A coat on a mannequin sketched with pencil open ended,  
A face with a tiara, sugar skull for a crown  
Light beams focus between cannisters  
But then imprecations  
Steal me or a page between the spaces.  
An alphabet shines  
A condensation of feeling  
You say hear me out  
Falling into this elision  
Are round poke holes  
Thin wood flags channel the passage  
Of customers through the melting snow.  
Tracks and ensign communications  
Where you sleep across metal blocks  
Rush words a skewered hand  
Relayed a song  
A dither. A swimmer revises  
In our eventual conversation  
A feeling of transverse places,  
Falling intervals.  
The operations resume despite police breaking in  
and kicking the shit out of the guy  
With the dog who first ran down.  
A squadron of cars, the resistance to  
Such mass operations  
Disturbances equal usurped action

The need to handle each ordinance  
The show off one, the girl with the broomstick  
Just let this be ordinary flare committed to the  
Form as it is needed come through in  
Actual knowledge of one and through one the  
Other.

LYNNE DREYER

from **THE WHITE MUSEUM**

I didn't hear an original word. This becomes exhausting to the voice. What sounds are here creating an earthy radiant presence of light for when you laugh at these characters you become a king of goon. Writing slips away and you become small.

Shimmering deer hang onto the trees spread out like a capital C howling in the minted light. A band of little boys waiting on the unhappy pavement trying to find home.

The white hour becomes light fractured into some relentless hero. Things are timed taken not in a whim counted measured played out. Each of the women are writing of the war repeated to the end, repeated towards the end.

The shooting fountain, an overseer protected by gauze, a victim reporting its wounds peculiar and transient wistful and loving.

He gives an order then reminisces about wanting to burn his father's house down. Do you follow the words, sit in the ancient playground, dream of electric fires, solo in the eccentric hound.

The blue becomes an exit to the city alphabet, county letters. For in your posture are you only alone. Arms on side, head perched and the gentle repetitious studying of the hands. Noise gradually becomes more distant, a truck becomes a tarnished drink. The long low room is a huge eye. Steps not imagined, but imagine all of the oceans the cities layed out in some extraordinary way victims everywhere, children hiding, monks growing into apes, T.V.'s lined up on the beach, the harbour city cracked from the sun. Do you imagine a cow as a wife? An only instrument is. Watching all of these cowboys we do feel and the humility and caution of the scientist is only an excuse. They speak to carry each others voices reminiscent of the journey home. Waving in fluid gestures, the slow return, words pressed on their heads. A lot of soldiers in my neighborhood after the war and all of your white cattle sent out to graze. The cobra is in the tub. Layers of hearts are clustered. The heart pushed towards home.

Language machines are finally at rest, translucent in their form. The wet night rests pressing ancient words independent of their meaning. Barricades against its savage self. Tiny fingers crawl into your skin, vacuous eyes repeating their comic vowels.

Charged out of mind. A fine point in old air. Eyes appear without faces, focusing on the final dream. Admitting some remembered act as the old war passes through our sons kicking them into battle posture voices intact. Hiroshima though Virginia's memory for no one will remember asking wit to be compared to tragedy (at the base) pictures covered, heads erect.