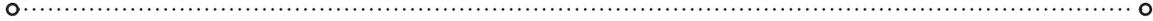


THE EQUALIZER

1.2



MATT HART [36] Write This Today While You Were

WRITE THIS TODAY WHILE YOU WERE

How impossible! and yet it has to be possible,
because everything is possible: two lines in the snow

or the sand or the sparrow. This is where I establish
my familiars, and also where I pin this to the common

ground between us. Icicles glinting in sunlight, the leaves
yes, the leaves, so November and other—and running—

both tomorrow in Ohio and yesterday through skyways,
the weirdest shit ever. I've felt worse and I've felt

a lot better. How are you feeling? What's the next song?
That one you'll write today in the past for the future. I think

it's amazing how everything that is is snow or a sparrow or
somebody's grass burning greener than a pasture—like that one

in the shadows where I ruined my life, then clawed my way back
through the pig-hearted ghost-ness to some rough approximation

of the man who stands before you, lecturing on affect
and camouflage and love. My thesis consists of 108 boxes,

and I took the idea from Sir Philip Sydney, who isn't
my friend, but the friend of a friend plugged into the wall

and so charged up that the world bends to greet him wherever
he happens. It's Syracuse or the moon wrapped up

in a sparrow—or wrapped up in brown paper, a gift
for the butcher, the birches and life. How impossible!

And yet, today while you were running you were writing
this structure, and Corso and Shelley and someone's happy

birthday, the weirdest shit ever. I'm feeling like I just made
a warehouse full of drawings—drawing blood and drawing

objects, drawing from life and drawing effusive. Connecting
the dots, one finds November and icicles glinting in sunlight

a pig-hearted iris that used to be my neighbor. I don't know a single thing
about my neighbors, and this is my thesis. Tomorrow I should

write each one of you a letter and say how it's impossible
to tell you what I'm dreaming, and that, while I can tell you what

I'm reading, it isn't very pretty—a lot sad really—
one big run-on sentence all the way to the Pacific Ocean,

full-up with werewolves and deep sea fishing. It's incredible
what the creatures dredge up when they're wishing: sonnet

after sonnet and Sir Philip Sydney, Sir John Suckling
and even Jones Very. I'm telling you a machine shop, but

I'm hoping for affection. I'm hoping to establish the grounds
and our familiars. Maybe by the end of this it all adds up:

sparrow + snow = camouflage and love. I'm dubious,
and so today were you in the future, pounding the pavement

with a comet in your mouth: hold that light to make it lighter.
The skyway hums brightly with a ventricle motion. To repeat

is to sing it: 108 coffins—a sad thing sure on the snowball
fight horizon, and yet there's something so clearing in the offing

I can taste it. I can taste it wrapped in paper, a brand new
werewolf, a new kind of fish. Gregory Corso might've never

dreamed, "I love poetry because poetry makes me love."
Now and then buried 'neath the glory of Shelley. I used to love

my neighbor in the future, I'm not sorry. I'm not one or two
lines; I'm a rough approximation. And you, my dear friend running, are

a burst of thesis statements: Things are always better as things
in their Nature—The world would be flatter minus camouflage

○.....○

and love—And the moon remains wrapped in the weirdest shit ever,
just one big, anomalous (though tricked-out) run-on sentence. O-

hio, make me but mad enough to appreciate this disaster, maybe
by the end-notes in the after-after-spring, when dumb sleep holdeth

all the thoughts in November, some rough approximation
of a lush ever after. I'm certain you've felt worse and a lot

through this weather, but hopefully your sparrow's beginning
to ring—your ears with the music of Sir Philip Sidney, 108 sonnets

as you rush through the paper, line after line in the sand
and the snow. Somehow the structure begins to look familiar.

Is your neighbor a revival plugging into the wall? I can tell you
what I'm reading if the telling will feel better. The lecture

on affection like a vast and thrilling ocean, the werewolves' faces
and the icicles' glances. It may seem a little silly, through the past

to the future, but what you make this minute will seduce
the burning starlet. Might as well enjoy it: tasting sonnet after sonnet.

And "This world so elastic" or some other dreaming thesis, though I have
my doubtful doubts in dear Ohio where I'm training, that state in the shadows

where I ruin my life, everybody drowning in a sparrow wrapped
in paper. It's amazing, sea creatures, what you dredge into the light.

If something needs to change here, then something better/might.
This running and running, belligerent and battering. Let me

for finally tell you a story. Once upon a time backing out
of the driveway, I stole every good thing that I ever made a sentence.

So when the werewolves with their faces woke me up the next morning,
I was lost completely in a tricked-out run-on sadness, where the best

that I could hope for is tomorrow feeling better, or a rough
approximation of the man I used to lecture. The skyway hummed

○.....○

brightly in a ventrical motion. My friend drew two lines
 in the snow and said cross 'em. 108 thoughts poured into my ocean:

you wrote this this morning, so you're Philip Sidney. I was Jones
 Very or Sir John Suckling. At the after-after-party in the paper

of November. So much is cold and frightening, but we've learned
 to do it better—to claw and to lobster, another lost familiar,

the grounds where we charge in the wall or the park, the leaves
 falling over like old men in the trees, old birds thrumming

in the aviary's sparkle. As I say, it was terrible, a hammer-headed
 morning, deep sea fishing in my past/on my arrival. The world is

so much flatter than the stars, which is my thesis. Make me
 but mad enough to sing a little sparrow. My family around me

like a beach-headed ball. Today while you were, you will write
 this—how impossible! And yet everything that's everything is

everything already, and nobody will keep us from living with flaws—
 108 sonnets overnight to your neighbor. If you think when you go running

please imagine me with you, but also keep feeling as you choose
 the next song. I'll be along in the after-after-spring. I'll stand

on my hands in the skyway or the ocean and lecture on affection
 in a tricked-out run-on sentence. These last eight lines now to serve

as my conclusion. Sometimes I just like to send electric currents
 and hope they hit somebody in the stomach or the heart,

but today I'm also spitting out these nerves in your direction.

It was all your idea in the future right this minute. Once upon a time

backing out of the driveway, I woke up buried in a mountain of sonnets.

This final one's for you, and it's the weirdest shit ever. I pin it
 to the common ground between us.

