

CONCORD SONATA

G. C. WALDREP

After Ives

1/

the chords, safe in debt's old age—
in the body's mantled prescience—

you wake them
in part
from memory's calcined half-shell—

assent reaches across
as if to pluck (at length)
at the ghost's indivisible garment—

its sleeve of ratio—

its patience recalling all-but-
Gnostic frequencies—
or, repose

2/

planchette instructions,
the lilacs waiting inside
their unwaiting, the oracle
translated—

(the face at rest, in concentration)

3/

restless evening of recompense—

4/

in the wake of the fires, his ash
confused with their ash, with
the reed's
flagrant somnambulism—

bacteria, mycelia, all non-
prayering emblems
of the possible
(see: song, purported office of—)

&

toward which sheer will suffices—

de-
vocation, as well as consequence

THE MACHINE WITH LIVING WHEELS

G. C. WALDREP

A short history:
intention flourishes.
A pear is withdrawn,
an oath; this
makes a sequence.
Braid the long wire.
Partly it follows
the river's upcast
brow. Trace of faith
in the ambient,
inclement geometry
in one direction
only. Lightning
withdraws,
its inner mechanism
a spread of yews
in a flyspecked
field. Shelter
vs. expectation.
Really I marvel
in earnest.
I stroke the poplar.
What is it half of,
this difficult
thing. Permitted,
or so all evidence
affirms. Envy's
housemark lifts,
demands its wages.
What profits!
What prevails.

Senses elect
schemes & stents,
modest blades
for kingdom work.
A better ascension.
The knot has
partly tightened.
Whatever will you
give for it.
Its knaps & surges.
Heroes in the action
we call ending,
a rhyme if you please.
Watch the birds
prosper without
even the ability
to count. Time is
like this, an old shirt
hanging on a peg
behind a closed door.
You know it is
there. You know
it is a shirt.
Such beauty, surely
we dreamt of it.
And yet: the door.