

Winter 2008

## In Darness Light-Headed

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### Recommended Citation

Hart, Matt (2008) "In Darness Light-Headed," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 68 , Article 3.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss68/3>

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I have concerned my whole world with aesthetics. With aesthetics, the seeing it through  
to the end of making cardinals and splitting their heads to find that raindrops  
keep falling on my only day to golf in a world I don't belong in a taxi in.  
Or on my little hands and knees astonished. Think about the rule book  
and shutting down. And shutting it up. The way things decay is an honor  
from China. I tell you a litter box. Or I tell you a music box.  
I tell you same animal same language. I'm happy in the bird feeder,  
same fucking thing, listening unrequited at the keyhole of the elephant,  
My country tis of thee, the happy mowing lawn.

\*\*\*\*\*

It isn't me singing a grudge, but rather: that these are the skies in disguise of America.  
Autumnal unquiet, unnatural sublime. On the scene,  
the artist arrives with a bucket of slaughter; the remote control sticky  
with Atlantic-Pacific, but of course no such body exists.  
Or in fancy, or in sainthood. The unicorn of millionaires landfills my heartplug:  
Engine running sparks from Godzilla at dawn. This is your dumptruck,  
your influence in a nuthouse in. On a horse, on a horse. Glass-block crashing  
in the warm citrus spray. One thing I can say is that saying one thing  
or a hundred and forty million is the same exact thing as the daisies  
are finished, or the heart of the avalanche much purpled at dawn. My friend is sad  
cause his family is shocking, but goodly most people in awe don't believe it.

\*\*\*\*\*

Or it isn't that they don't believe it, but that I'm looking out the window not making  
myself clearly. The daisies are finished, and the basil plant  
the neighbors are building is a meditation. What I mean is a rarified will  
to flower from China—to Buffalo, Ohio; Cincinnati, New York.  
But, of course, no such place exists in myth. No such no body. My friend,  
I've put on wings or a ribbon in your hair, and now that it's over I've learned you  
how to fly. And now, here in the sky, one just keeps loitering beginning,  
until inexplicably god. Splitting our hearts on our own hands and knees,  
we're astonished. We're astonished in the bird feeder, which is entirely Romantic  
except for everything else in which I haven't written in: destruction.

\*\*\*\*\*

It isn't that I'm looking out the window at destruction, because I'm happy  
truly. But how can this be? How can anything raspberry this still life from its

stiffness sardines? This marvel round the heavy water dumptruck? Outside  
the red plastic gas can, collapsing metal curtain rods 'gainst the side of the mountain  
lion/ghost garage. The theme, as is the case with all great celluloid devastation,  
is in development in China on the happy mowing lawn.  
If one's lucky, one gets subtitles. One gets brute force  
marching orders on hands and knees astonished—  
head and shoulders, knees and toes knees and toes.

\*\*\*\*\*

Still, it isn't so much that I'm astonished, but that I'm still looking  
out the window. It's an honor to be making this long trip from China,  
but of course, no such body exists. Gold teeth. Sand trap.  
This gold bag of loneliness linking my ceiling to a set of constraints,  
allowing my falling in love in. In love in pitch darkness, feathered and tired  
to the wishbone. If I were a bird or if you were.  
If the world were in-actually ending. Drunk on our meadowlark,  
knees on our toes. Litter box. Litterbug. Same fucking thing.

\*\*\*\*\*

But really it isn't the same thing. I'm looking out the window repeatedly  
on purpose. My little life purportedly decaying. Will hospice to the rescue me?  
Eventually we all go windmill. The horizon, the horizon. Chinese handcuffs.  
I collapse against my neighbor's building meditation.  
A landfill within me, 100% American dependency. The daisies are finished.  
I'm happy just listening in a warm citrus spray. The wonder and ghosts.  
Roll the dice. Duck-duck-goose.

\*\*\*\*\*

It isn't like I don't feel you through the window, but I'm turning away into quietude,  
the vomit and beauty never-ending. I am marching orders, the 21st Century.  
American sky and art in its cancer, all things lovely in lovely in love.  
I am reaching for the phone to call you and explain this,  
my friend you are sad, and I myself in the final analysis am happy.  
What's doom is a deep impending mood on the horizon.

\*\*\*\*\*

But it isn't that I'm not reaching far enough, only that you are not home when I call.

So like me, you choose to ignore me—the triathlon of snails, the nations and atoms pooling. To jump in this moment—to create—is to save us negation: the bed or the box or the stanza—which is a coffin, full-bodied gravity godless. Don't forget it. Forget it. Happy but godless, the heliotrope.

\*\*\*\*\*

Happy, I'm drinking out the window with a landfill. Fuel rod in my face. Three wishes in my heart: 1) for the neighbors to vanish 2) for the door in the elephant's opening sky 3) to get up off my hands and knees and toes, knees and toes (astonished) and find myself a new world of wonder, somebody murdered for a beautiful life.

\*\*\*\*\*

I mean, it isn't that I'm not seeing a beautiful life, I'm looking out the window on a sunny day in Sept. or July: I am, but I am not. And you are with me always, sad as a deafening leafening. My neighbor tis of thee, my collaborator lost, I stand where you stand.

\*\*\*\*\*

Looking astonished into my coffee, painting this address, I can feel nothing better than nothing. We are our own best suppliers of goods and evils, hell's heaven's heavens.

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In a world we don't belong in, in lovely in love in, this landfill I'm singing, my window tis of thee.