In Darness Light-Headed

Matt Hart
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It isn’t that I’m looking out the window, because here in the basement there is no window, or rather the two windows there are are glass-block, ground level: mute light streams through, but no one sees in or out. In or out. The daisies are finished, and the neighbors are building a landfill next to their confederate gray garage door: plastic deck chairs upside down, tamale cart in tatters, baby gates, jump rope, litter box. Litter box. Sand-brown pitcher’s mound, two neglected dogs. Black sheep jump rope, have you any wool? Have you any will? Have you any power? Fashion-flood-flower blow the lid off? The aviary rising up/raining down its baaah: I’m happy. I’m happy in a world I don’t belong in a gym in. Baby pool planter: petunias steeped in ether. My country tis of thee, I carry a grudge. This way the meadow and the happy mowing lawn. Heavy water pooling round the dumptruck at dawn.

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It isn’t that I’m looking out the window, but I have a new ribbon for my hairdo.

I’m happy I’m slappy maybe five times too many. The lobster wasn’t for dinner from China, but when it all came down to it, I was a petrified forest. I could hear the particulates like wolves against my ploughshares of mountain/hideaway in my basement. There is no window, but a-lot-electric snorkeling. Squalling and blood-letting the TV, the hot air balloononing a tire on fire, then finding the will to touch her little fingers in a pinch. I was happier than ever.

But right now in the war—I define our lives thusly: technicians beat down the door in the elephant and we are drowned in it deathly in the warm citrus spray, of the hurricane Emmanuel, the admiral of patrimony. And further, the golf bag of sandtrap. In Buffalo, Ohio they are MIA, or sadly there is this: no place exists.

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It isn’t that I’m looking, but that no such place exists makes me nervous of the swirling greeny prospects. My grass is a martini with a twist, which is to say, somebody got murdered for a beautiful life, which is to say
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.

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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 dump truck, 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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.