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LANDFALL

by

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Date
For my family—Steve, Yvonne, and Ian
& for Greta
I love those who do not know how to live, except by going under, for they are those who cross over.

Zarathustra

Each of us swam holding a sword,
a naked, hard-proofed blade for protection
against the whale-beasts.

Beowulf
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Landfall
O sharpening edge, innermost
Dark ring of the other star

Element admitted without loss
I have tarred the seams

Innumerable
Convolution spread over itself

Divided
A thousand fine steps

As from water to air

Unplot yourself
Weft
Even trees
bend low

Fall into
themselves
Being-unto

Define
muteness

The blade
upon you

Its broad leaf
My doppelganger
has an eye for symmetry

At this moment
he is holding a leaf

He cannot bear the silence
Twilight in the stem
I found a thread
tangled in a tree

The way
I must have been born

Suckled

You held me
like this

Flèched
Alight
Fold in me
now

Light and wind
grown deaf in seed
Where is my ingenious experiment requiring a clock

A mirror
Though I wary of obviation

I am asking for two clocks

A flood
I have
brought evidence

Gridded
the barest curve

Reasoned
to harmony

Finitude

Slowed
What I would not ask
As a cylinder is flat
I entreat you

Beg a lessening

Disperse
the un-varied
Among trees
The river I knew

Constructed weather

Currents  Branch angled to shore

List the question

Twine-betrayer
His the sod

Marvel
the surface
Aster-fire
crowned
unto clay

Stone-flesh
in the field

Mediate
rendered line-dark

Lubricous

Approach
Folded-to-bone

Descent
Set to crystal

But for this
Begun frictous
Hemetal

Again
This distal
Hematie

Again this
The nearly rent
Suspension

Reckoned nodal
Pendulous

Even in relation

Narrow
Portion-curve

Ligatures perpend
About a center

O magnitude
Glozening periphery

Transphere
leavening closeness
What wave
-plied severs
the once-bread

Cline-vague
Nometry

Con-
tented

Oft-bourne

Throw this
Creased

Ovate
This too
must be placed

Held

The un-calmed
Cessate I could not enter

Pave-stone
Seeded to pith

Collect as one
Pendulous

Kernaled
From what
Slope
Allow me bridges
Crag what folded
bodies made motile

a path
  a ring

These too figured
As absence

Points ever finite
The un-edged

The bodied sphere
draped in the thighs

Cradle heartward
this swelling

Stellate
antipodal
River-lode
Involute Arc
Spun Anti-parallel

Crux-trace
The lake’s
Pebbled shore

Curse the sphere
Sidle-surfaced
Sea-diverging curl

O proximate
Plowed to depth

Breadth
A swerving
De-vesseled
Shoaled

Halve
The once-deep
Ossificate

O wake

Ever-widen
This motion, particularly complex, an elegant formulation, differs profoundly from those useful in everyday life, as mud from a spinning wheel.

Here's the rub: proportions hold true with compression.
[Methodology]
In all likelihood harmonic,
definite,
a relative number

Process
a requisite particular
ii.

Some are reciprocal

torsion
depth

Accordingly centrifugal
iii.

Now suppose

opacity

Implicit motion

arc-length

This too a timepiece

Permit me

pendulum

ether
The range in which we function

interruption
  modulation

flux and reflux

viewed as an integral
part of a larger whole

an analogous expression

the deepest are columnar

rounded apices
  a cupped disk
  its domed elevation

  propagated into three dimensions
  chambered radical oblique

You do not arborize

Here it is triadic

I have
  a length of rope
  quiescent pond
  unsilvered glass

a stone modality of form

Your purity is low
  my hands sutured

only refraction can be measured

termed transverse
  meridonal

at the rim it is thickest

fosse
  limbus
bodied through

I receive You

Converge at distance

Bearer of light

relux
This divided
Apparent reproduction

An object
Sequential
Point-by-point

As in means and persistence
A finite field

For this to be effective
Eliminate intermittancy

O processes
Deed in-vision

Move something
Enter bent and made

The eye was not different: there are two
Such can be caught
Slid into the other hand

If extended
Say Looking as limit
Possible sharpness

The other defined uniformity as degree
Innumerable Convenient

Being composed contrasts
Prediction:

If I were to carry the whole of this to you

Assuming I

Carry the whole of this to you

Some theory of memory

Gradient

Angle of descent

A simpler expression

Observable

Consequent

We are closer at greatest speed
[Landfall]
Hull-sister
Plumbed fecund

Pitch
Yourself still

O Remnant-
spricht

Shoal of this
Mouth
I imagine you
Sleeping

An element
Lighter than the sea

What is
*essential*

I could not
Unknow

In this way
A hand

Unpaired
In a dream
You borne-flect

You crement-bown Intimate

Unsee
Your mother-far-shore

Purposed
To what Re-move

The age I notted
Water-tight

Be-spoke I
-persed

-jointed You

Fused-Wrought-place
Plum trees
Reach beyond me

Strain the earth
Gesture the river

Its muddy bank
Turned steep to you

Mordant pulse-me-there

Plowman
Your horse

Paces systoles
Sickled taut

Far from the road
I hollowed

Lobed
Crenate blades

Pearled
Parted complicate
My hands
Water-sense

Starred a shawl
Hemmed across the sky
Fired to hardness

Blooms
Cusp the hull-tone

The cracked flame

Tightening ropes
The hipped jar

Drink what holds you

Ember-lidded

Stir the air
O mortar-seed

Your lip drossed
Whole
Stalk-blood

Colled breath
Threshing

The lashed knot
I blest

You
Pin the near star

You
White-lighted

The word you candled

Trees
   My semaphore
       Clotted dumb

Tremble the water

Pull the gates
Veined caress

Dawn fled
Leafless

Sound
The fountain

Redded folds
of cloth
Fosse
What remaineder

Trochate
Lack-throated
Crack-the-stems

Tendon
You
Silt-latched

Blacksmith
Artifice
The Lapse-wound

Turn
Your anvil
-pulse

Your lips
Fashion
Rough shapes
-posit stone
Your response
Sought reificate
Set inward
Bract against loss
Divinate
Surface
Re-coursed
Strand
This cumbered part
Blind
This recked
Constant
More than
the well
You Fled

Thorns
   Limbs
Whither-bound

Reft Paled
Close

Scar-to-You

Among the grasses
   a tent
   a ladder

My hands
   Callused
Rope-burned
The diluvian mark on my breast  
Sediments your skin

Water-light  
Motions membranous  
You are always  
But slowly

Wall-crumbling

What is pushed  
Synchronous resists

Swings porate

O precipate  
Process the length of me

Gleaning  
Drawn-to-take

I have not  
So deep
My inked over-eye
Whispers the chorded sphere

Your ax split
The breath-room

My feet stitched
Slicked as through a cylinder

I carry measure

Fathom what weight
My hands passed

Bone-knit
Opacity flaked the sky

Call the light
plowed under

Guide
the sower
Movement
Tagged to the river-facet

Receive
What has not been taken up

Ground

The slow current
My hands trebled

Gathering shale
Among stones

You would a beacon

You would
An airier medium
Porous Diffuse

I would
Wet my tongue
Pulse exhortation

Silence
this metered thickening

O conjugate
what poor mirror
reaches you

Sound
violenced to the horizon

Song-
rendering bone
To the reeds
re-ed angle
-posed wilt-ward

Furcatescribered

Your kern-hands
On mine rot

Unroll the un-formed eye

Fine-veined
-Ossed

Tone Rami

Ficate
Unbend my step
Cion

Sate
this fence-
slacked eye

Thou this
undone

Wall to me Dark
  Limn Distance
  Thus
Now
The divide

Furrows
Between us

Birds
in the tall grass
Lift
from me
Re-
spite

The garden
gone to seed

Till in me rot
Your rough eye

Fire in early spring
I am Considering Fire

There are wells
to be dug
Father
This belled space

The orchard

This tree
cleft by lightning
As I would
the earth

Abide

Linger
me Unto

Your hands
Quiet me
Though I have
the one I would not

Look too long
Feldsong

Noted:

sand
lungs
branches
bridges
Sunder

Allow
Artifice
Boats

Await
My tongue
The exact
opposite of bells

Want

Loosed
You owed

No-
thing

Moved
Fell closer

Still
-sumed

A silver bowl
sounds

The leaves
back to you

O trespass

What battle

Figures breathing
Devon Wootten
once spent two happy years in Missoula, Montana.
He no doubt lives somewhere else now.