

For Smart (cat verse cant)

1.

The light is pink through the back trees
can be pines or larches or pears—

kinship terms more familiar than names which can be
distancing or diminutivizing or maybe just disrespectful

it's too dark I'll have tea
a smell dettol stronger than dettol antiseptic toxic

not the smell but the trees beyond
can be

the clay dirt car path wood block pine
pitched rooves

belt that looks like it's in inches
measuring land they wanted to measure right up to the drain

he demanded they measure four feet from the drain and they wouldn't
they measured two feet from the drain but it was sufficient

multiplied 130 per square foot by 150 by something and it
had come to seven and something

and he had asserted his authority and said
are you accusing me of making a mistake it's eight

2.

The light is still morning light
thin but full and not paining bright.

Kyntiak, later poached and eaten,
leaving the vox-hollow bereft,

jean thread hangings tangling attachment,
is intent on something

and her muscles tighten dainty
to articulate tip.

Like citrus vapor, the light emulsifies, micronic droplet flammande,
and Kyntiak intensifies

and begins to open and close her jaws rapidly in a clatter
like toy teeth

except hers are needles on a wound spring,
and she in a trance,

flashing the teeth
opening and closing the jaws very rapidly,

like a kind of chatter,
with the throat making an involuntary "eck-eck-eck-eck"

sound. It frightens me
and I realize:

she's imitating a small black bird in the grass
nearly perfectly as a kind of lure,

involuntarily.
Cat as cowboy, astride the white chickens

when they're let out in the afternoon in the moon,
sawdust sticking to their heels, forking.

Intimate gossamers,
but gossamers require cosseting if they are to survive.

Now I have to close the windows since it's after 5 and it's already two hours

since the mosquitoes replicated and were born—

Calling to the chickens
who recognize him and call out when he walks by if they haven't seen him—

Like me, now, 'heaven-sent',
Like nature where encroachments and distortions are everywhere

train to treat h as a consonant that clusters differently
taking voiced and voiceless plosives not melded two character but single-wound copper core

th as in
thy I

take
thee.

3.

Tin rooves in the rain
too wet to paint,

entire green islands fleck off into the black catchment,
Sintex yellow print.

Too hot up top
corrugated last month to paint

Too wet in the back to whitewash
or paint the doors

Too much labor and it's not an entertainment for anyone it's not a puzzle
it's, from one perspective only, delight and destruct mostly, and no one is delighted

Disavowal of agency in religious writing (appeal to the father)
similar to disavowal in political analysis (appeal to systematicity)

The blue scrap sitting
on the bottom of four shelves built in behind the bed

the cottage looking out on the construction,
the field next door another giant concrete abode.

There will need to be a well and a trench for waste.
I was surprised by the degree of his anger,

indignation
a state founded on principles could go so far into

distortion at every turn. I say it surprised me
and it also made me angry.

I had to walk another person
down this garden path.

Nuclear minority. Romulus and Remus.
Paved over utopia clearview.

Romanized orthography,
botched epenthesis, religiously-specific,

and this house a seeming dacha
though in fact in the city limits,

this city being something like Salzburg,
the Austrian opera city that Mozart comes from, what is it, Salzburg,

ringed by mountains like a berserk
Maypole.

The light is fading; the bed is made, waiting. The red light atop the cheap
speakers' subwoofer, candy striper, beating in waltz time

like a tadpole
doppio.