Landmark of the Jar

“*The wilderness rose up to it,*

*And sprawled around, no longer wild”—Wallace Stevens, “Anecdote of the Jar”*

*Sitting in the place of the Jar*

*Scene opens. The woman, a pinprick*

*in a cut field, clings to contours*

*of split wood. She takes off*

*her shoes, tries to feel solid again.*

*The soliloquy takes her, but*

*she hasn’t figured out where she’s going.*

What can I do for you, earth, guarding

my tenement? Is it my turn

to order [you] a new body

(or an old one) that does not emit

mold from music,

from the mess of disused

furniture & the guitar

I never played prior to preying

upon paper? *Arms open,*

*the empty field is the object*

*of consolation.* Forgive me.

I am out of paper. I am

out of my hemisphere.

*Sitting inside the Jar*

In contrast to us, nature is how

we see her. This is according

to Stevens. We simply snatched up residence

as the prime perceivers inside the jar—

nominalizing, humanizing—from our containment,

looking out.

*The Jar sitting in the place of me*

She has forgotten who she is

in the shade, which is also

shadow, flimsy furniture,

and traveling atoms. Her name

replaces itself again and again:

a lost cross hung

between two eyes. She turns now, investigates

the fallen olive branches, the absconded

amphibians, o, and the oscillating ostrich

ahead in knowing one’s fragment

in the dirt. She will find there is no burial

of monsters, that there are no

monsters. Only this mirror she must forgive

& undo in order to redo

the jackal, who like the ostrich, is

jinxed by the jar

under the twisting Juniper—

*Jinxed* is another word for displaced

by means of speaking

ahead. Like Stevens, she fears

to say what she means, what she does not

mean, what meaning means.

*Handing invisible pamphlets in pantomime*

*to the evening walkers, she begs them*

*to stop walking*.Why are half

the frogs dead without meaning

to be dead without jarred-nature

meaning to kill? *When there is no answer, she pretends*

*to remember her name. She pretends*

*the jackal is finally burying the jar.*

*The Jar not Sitting on a Hill*

Death: a dehydrated valley of littered furniture made from appropriated trees.

*Sitting with the/ a Jar which is you/me*

*She sits, with a mason jar between her thighs*

*in the field, demonstrating what it means to be*

*the dialectically opposed, the conforming wild.*

First, sit with a jar,

tack towers substituting thought

of tanoaks; cities already located

in swamps. Send search

lights through remaining sticks.

Then, capture the crystallized

Adam, the original abstainer.

Make him Eve, for

Paradise must not shudder from questions.

Count the rosemary in the meadow.

Reshape the tinsel of author-

ity. Do not ask Aether

to bottle the wind.

Instead, ask the beaver, not

bruising, but moving

the pine from the clearing

if it is okay to move ourselves.

Do not claim to represent owls.

Do not claim owls represent you.

Now, the jar can be placed.

Add oats, add choke

cherries. Admit the hole, what Stevens hails as the Nothing,

in our only known universe. Do not choke on your chews.

*Sitting with a/ the Jar which is neither me/ you*

i still do not know my name even now i know i must save but use paper but how do i be the girl alone on the carousel no one is answering so i am not asking anymore not asking to ride each animal only to name them but maybe promise each that arrival sometimes is a circle the jar of the earth holding us all winds back its window and i see the forests wheeze the ocean whiten the core crackle magnet in or of memory a spinning sob rotation of laughter i

try

not

to claim

anything