



JAMES GRINWIS

To Know a Street Like Your Bed

Quiet, full of leaves

the stairs of a house

a bird crashes somehow I was unknowing

migratory redknot waiting and not waiting for wind

there were these spiders

strips of lamplight

a crate of useless joysticks

a piece of the moon bit the earth like a pin

parts not there and dead parts

terrifying are the beech trees

the gales that free the world.

Horse Ambles

the Tchaikovsky horse

tremendous mood, the steppe

there is a squid cooked in its own ink

my friends have their faces in pans of butter

the flowers are fomenting in sand

nothing grows there in sand, muttered Bloom that time

the dogs in the pen huddling around their bowl

the way a cloud moves

it was making its way out of itself, the cloud

the way char hangs on in the chimney then goes

Ireland physics continues

spaces of error lines or lineless

combustible

music
made of plums and carcasses

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Orange tongued beast

his name is

letters from my pancreas

mottled there are many mottled beasts grazing about

I picked a sprig of something from her hair
carried the sprig all the way

I did this, is something

one does in the presence of beauty

let me see the undersides of fish

there are things filled inside atoms the way chalk

leaves dust

better to end in a mud sore

cars coming and going

the way the end meets

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The parking lot on this stretch in Nebraska

a food store is empty of vehicles

Tired I open a sheaf

mood paper

you have placed in my lap

you who seek to elude

My Grandfathers Disappear, and the Moon is No Longer Visiting the Reflection I Have Set Up For It

I Never Knew These Places Existed Until I Met You

I see in frames

early French photographs

operant conditioning

large game rooms with chandeliers and bowling alleys

babies crawling about

units

*

False Waltz

Setting down to write on a miraculous dock with an outstanding view of river and bird life and bizarre trees

does not happen

with any regularity or interesting result

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Things to Think About When Running Various Distances

An old ibex, deep in the heat, senses from behind
the lioness in hot pursuit, and closing. Is it panic or in nature
does there become a calm?

Is there a grand scheme to luck and skill, some way or portioning it out? Resolution:
things are what they are. Or not.

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Things Not to Think About, or Unthink Upon, When Running Various Distances

Cassowaries.

These woods are thick.

The heat is getting to us all. Not so much the heat but the humidity.

When lightning strikes what does it feel like and how quick is it between the strike and
feeling it.

A new project is to go on.

Six Impressions of Trees

A few as moths. Mighty brained
without brains. As doors, as paint brushes
have been seen already I think.

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Always there: the head of the wooden god
with the stapler on a cord around
his neck.

*

Spies hate phones, someone said,
something about distance. He wrapped
himself around unthreatening things.

*

Self, evaporated to whim,
to what the moment called for.

Writers, as animals: mostly troubled
about getting through the week. Then another
week's right there.

*

I'm in suburban Maryland
in an eatery with my old friend Myron.
The crumbs fall from his lips
which like his hands are trembling
as he describes how he used to watch snow.

I need things to be clean, he said;
snow is clean.

*

Now it's just trees. The carpet
seems to make of the room
a permanence.

A history of routine; what's waiting
or must be done

like fluff, what comes from fluff.