

poems with title:

UNTITLED

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Imagine—in front of us—they silently pass. And they believe unrelated
objects are machines
for recognizing the human. And, again, we are no longer interruptions.
Imagine—in front of us—the beginning is not a study. And they believe
the cicada's larva
reveals narrow secrets. And we accompany: to form, to shape.
Imagine—in front of us—a beautiful garden. And they believe color is the
shoreline's end
where we abandon our too sudden bodies. And, here, we are carriers of different
significance.
Imagine—in front of us—each word devolves a lexicon. And they believe
shape shuts on a hinge
within the voice they fable. And, here, we slaughter the spring lambs.
Imagine—in front of us—they pass us between nature, between history.
And they believe the door
frame alters the curtains' flow. And we are a dark summer moving against oceans.
Imagine starlings circling in a postcard's blue. And they believe oration is the living
thing, the end
of geometric space. And here, in full sunlight, we are gifts hoisted to the vanishing
point.

Untitled [1950 June 27], by Don Mee Choi

1950 June 27: my father heard the sound of the engine of a North Korean fighter plane, Yak-9. Foremost and therefore barely consequently in the highest manner, he followed the sound, running towards the city hall. After all it was hardly war. Yak-9, made in Russia, flew over the plaza of the city hall. Then in the most lowly predictably ethically unsound manner from the point of view of everything that is big and beautiful, the sound of the machine gun. He missed the chance to capture the Yak-9 with his camera. That late afternoon the yet-to-be nation's newspapers were in print, but no photos of the war appeared in any of them. After all it was hardly war, the hardliest of wars, nevertheless Yak. And it turns out that one thing is better than another. Hence still going forward, napalm again. Always moving up to Choson Reservoir. Always another hill, for in no circumstance can man be comfortable without art. Why that is so has nothing to do with the big problem—what to do with the orphan kids. And always the poor hungry kids. Now look at this and look at it and look at it. This is what the Republic of Korea is fighting for—miles and miles and miles of order words that are given in our society. Merry Christmas, Joe! Phosphorous and flamethrowers. Fire them up!—burn them!—cook them! Beauty is pleasure regarded as the quality of a thing from the point of view of everything that is big and beautiful in the highest manner possible and why that is so has nothing to do with hills and more hills, rivers and more rivers, and rice paddies and more rice paddies. How cold does it get in Korea? Brass monkey cold.

Untitled [A house just like his mother's], by Gregory Orr

A house just like his mother's,
But made of words.
Everything he could remember
Inside it:
Parrots and a bowl
Of peaches, and the bright rug
His grandmother wove.

Shadows also—mysteries
And secrets.
Corridors
Only ghosts patrol.
And did I mention
Strawberry jam and toast?

Did I mention
That everyone he loved
Lives there now,

In that poem
He called "My Mother's House?"

Untitled [and the moon once it stopped was sleeping], by Erika Meitner

and the moon once it stopped was sleeping
in the cold blue light and the moon while the wind snapped
vinyl siding apart slipped around corners whipped the neighbors'
carefully patterned bunchgrass our snow-filled vegetable boxes
the house unjoining the moon our yard strips covered
with
hollow shells of hard remnants ice and my son's breath
contiguous static a shard of green light on the
monitor
wavers with coughs the Baptist church in
Catawba
the only place lit up down the mountain past midnight, someone
waving their hands at something so quiet you can
hear
the wind tear at the houses you can hear the neighbor
coming home though he's .18 acres away it's too late
for that feeling (possibility) the night always held
the wind is at it again cracking
paint on the walls one day it will unroot
us
one day the wind will tally our losses
but not yet the moon not yet

Untitled [Back they sputter], by Eamon Grennan

Back they sputter like the fires of love, the bees to their broken home
Which they're putting together again for dear life, knowing nothing
Of the heart beating under their floorboards, besieged here, seeking
A life of its own. All day their brisk shadows zigzag and flicker

Along a whitewashed gable, trafficking in and out of a hair-crack
Under wooden eaves, where they make a life for themselves that knows
No let-up through hours of exploration and return, their thighs golden
With pollen, their multitudinous eyes stapled to a single purpose:

To make winter safe for their likes, stack-packing the queen's chambers
With sweetness. Later, listen: one warm humming note, their night music.

Untitled [Each time I go outside], by Ted Kooser

Each time I go outside
the world is different.
This has happened all my life.

*

The clock stopped at 5:30
for three months.
Now it's always time to quit work,
have a drink, cook dinner.

*

"What I would do for wisdom,"
I cried out as a young man.
Evidently not much. Or so it seems.
Even on walks I follow the dog.

*

Old friend,
perhaps we work too hard
at being remembered.

Untitled [I grew up in North Adams], by Brenda Iijima

With wind chill, it was 40 degrees below. It was utterly beautiful. The hawk and the eagle not having flown there then (not) visible the prints are on the snow in bright glare. (Leslie Scalapino, *Dahlia's Iris*, p. 104)

I grew up in North Adams. The snow on the summit is thin, frigid no humans
self memorial for the fallen soldiers expropriation this land I want
to know why western civilization concerns itself with the individual,
individualization elegy alone, elegy

A way for society (power) to say, you are alone

Realizing how the stone looked covered with a primordial lake
During that time moraine deposits stone here from inner earth
cataclysmic hard and shimmering no birds, it is much too cold

Differing body types, different massive animals long necks animals here
eating the vegetation, towering, they were reptilian human brainstem, reptilian,
scat: dinosaur

The way is the logging road state forest no one missing in history
No women there were, obviously but missing

Summer, no birds, missing
Missing, was it acid rain?

Inside the mind, the enjoyment body
Symbols arise and text out here, this is mind

Down now, off the precipice to a small white house, heated
One's intrinsic awareness white light inside the refrigerator

Vegetables waiting

Untitled [I talk to my inner lover], by Kabir

I talk to my inner lover, and I say, why such
rush?

We sense that there is some sort of spirit that loves
birds and animals and the ants--
perhaps the same one who gave a radiance to you in
your mother's womb.

Is it logical you would be walking around entirely
orphaned now?

The truth is you turned away yourself,
and decided to go into the dark alone.

Now you are tangled up in others, and have forgotten
what you once knew,
and that's why everything you do has some weird
failure in it.

Untitled [Into the land of youth], by Killarney Clary

Into the land of youth, westward, to the place of starting again, cities of gold, on the coast of promise--mysterious cure--a mirror's thrown down, and so without luck, without reflection we stop.

We have come to the beginning, the finish of the country, itinerary worn out, facing the surf--what sailors smell as land. We ask detailed questions. None of us can tell, so we tug on each other, "Come. Look."

In this lull, one at the tide line stoops to pick at foam and weeds; another builds a fire. The intended didn't arrive and there is no new plan. As the sun lowers, we face the mountains, consider what we have passed, and fall to dreaming, to scrounging.

Untitled [The more I go, the harder it becomes to return], by Jennifer Denrow

The more I go, the harder it becomes to return. To anywhere. There is no one at the ocean this morning. I walked by the campsites and smelled eggs and pancakes. And there were sweet Oregon cherries and watermelon. I wonder if I can go back—what purpose there would be in it—or in any other thing? There's something expensive both ways. Yesterday a woman told me to get a tide schedule and if the people refused to give it to me, I had to insist. She usually gets hers from the Hilton but I don't know where that is so I just imagine the schedule. There is a tide. I can tell that much about anything. What's before me, what isn't. How it got there is a mystery involving only itself—I have no part in that, none at all—my job remains in the thing as it is in the moment it's before me, having left all of its other places, having come this far to show up at all.

Untitled [Toward night], by Kevin Goodan

Toward night, frail flurries of snow. Fingernails of willows scratching frost from the edges of the kitchen window where I watch the field beyond the fence where once corn was taller than a man can reach but now I gaze into the kitchen of the next farmhouse and watch the man with a bad leg hobble from sink to table to feed his mother with a spoon. I keep the lights off and study snow to augur from the flakes what fortune I may. The furnace does its duty and cars pass, swirls of flurry captured in fading prisms of red. If I stood on the road it would glow and crackle beneath my feet. The air would be muted, my own breath sounding as though it came from another body, a shadow leaning faintly toward me as though to whisper any comfort. Animals would unshelter themselves to stand waiting at the fence. Snow would settle everything. I would cup my hands, realizing I had become what it was I wanted to be. The body beside me would breathe on. The two of us.

Untitled Poem [Unslide the door], by Joshua Beckman

Unslide the door,
uncap the lazy little coffee cup.
The pasty people must be part of the dinner.
And a city turns its incapacity in,
foolish city. She was naked
and her halo all crushed against
the pillow while she slept, but I
didn't care. Wake and totter.
Place a hand over your mouth,
a hand over another.
A killing pain, a bag all organized,
an inch of skin along your leg.
It's like they kept making babies
and stopped making baby whistles.
Doable, yes, but here they
teach us something different.
It's a battery. It's a garden.
The glass box in which the lettuce grew
was broken by nasty raccoons
and we turned the other cheek.
The sun does rise and melt the frost,
the frost in little drops does fill
the empty lettuce, and in this way
the world is truly nourished.
No incredible silence, no
intangible calorie, just
bad raccoon in a good world.
Just coverless table and
silent drape awaiting breakfast.
Imagine how mean people
can be in dreams, and how
kind sleeping seems later.

Untitled, by David Meltzer

Art's desire to get it all said
to all who thought him dead
in the joint & beside the point

Art's struggle to sing it all
through jazz warfare & tell
everything he knew in brass
speed rap stir crazy utopia
of muscle chops push it in your face
rough unrelenting grace

fierce Art pitbull clamps down
pulls edges out in time to break through
scream knotty beauty
toe to toe w/ any joe
who thinks they know better

Art tattoos blue needles into moonlight skin
junk light makes mirrors perfect

Art's smoke aches out of wounds

L.A. Art burritos & bebop
black guacamole serge zoots
Central Avenue cat copping

Pepper at Club Alabam
in Lee Young's band
all the chicks & the hatcheck chick
have big eyes for Art's horn