



*Acknowledgments*

"The City in the Cup" appeared in *Columbia Poetry Review*  
"One City Block" and "City of Swords" appeared in *gestalten*  
"City Away From It" appeared in *Lost and Found Times*  
"City with flame" appeared in *Phoebe*

First Printing, March, 1999  
Second Printing, May, 2001  
Third Printing, February 2002

Set in Officina Sans and Minion

ISBN 1-929598-03-3

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Broken Boulder Press  
P. O. Box 6305  
Santa Barbara, CA, 93160

[www.brokenboulder.com](http://www.brokenboulder.com)

## City of Light

I came to the end of the road in the city of light.  
I got off the underground train into an  
immaculate toilet, the gleaming trees, a cover.  
Gradually I rose on a pachyderm's shoulders,  
a single train of butterflies and the light  
limped a wall and sat at the nocturne.  
I held a magazine with her own brilliant picture.  
I strolled toward the bit of my days and waned a coffee.  
I passed an Indian hole, a Japanese boat;  
I passed the Italian Renaissance  
and the bus humped up like a gulf and blew.  
I stopped fast, bland envelopes of a dog's bone.  
At the bake I put up with the triangle  
and a giant's hand twined like a goatee, a nuisance or noose.  
I kept on, stepping over the stalled hearse,  
the children who were inside passing empty cups.  
A man asked if there was a city near.  
I touched my.  
The city was thin here.  
The hat was handled; the old man bending his cape.  
I was nearer the air passing through bullet holes,  
the mayonnaise hope and the goofs in soiled red rubber.  
It amazed the lime.  
I was aloud, the leaves looked glazed like tomcats.  
At that point it was the last confluence,  
two victories passing,  
a blue banner so faded it descended.  
It touched me coming to the century.  
And now I skip the last howitzer and the strand of flowers,  
the boy who aged badly over his scarlet poppy,  
the tower of and low-hanging neighborliness.  
The door stuck for me;  
I was ready to be solace.  
The night sat in her carved aperture,  
the zeppelin glid like a law theme.  
I let them out of the house through the back door.  
I was wearing my last trousers  
and the joyous goiter.  
I could hear the sighing of the light city  
as it squeezed its talons through the sand portcullis.  
It pleased me to.  
I could and had.

## City of Time

I emerged from the face of clocks at the tongue tip  
and settled my greasy fingers into a foam of hues,  
the nice tree store next door sweet as pitch.  
And the train tracks like mash, the lever'd beat  
humbling gum if it hadda.  
And so it did, I realized to my mom in a missed.

By this time I get by tune  
the pebbles of it like a bed trick,  
hats happening in a sad.  
I put my shadow over my typed eyes  
which helped exactly and the wind whiled like a gopher.  
At the bank flowers dipped their collars  
into the steam which slid into over arms;  
I'm the woman at the next tree, tipping the tied dog,  
she's lexed and sandulated.  
A grain of ease.

It's a long way from the comer to the corner.  
A drink without extra prices and the boy who dumped  
cottage cheese or a chip  
shimmer-soldered, his sweet hand down  
and all the people tickled in a row I'd not fest.  
Back there they say don't look at the little star you have to poke.

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## Afterword

I began *City Walks* after writing poems of two extremes: poems that were entirely rhetoric and poems that were entirely sound. Seeking a way to get back to the physical landscape, a way to ground myself in the world, I started out by casting my mind back over my walk home from work. As I passed down the streets in memory I also passed through ideas, associations, things I'd just heard, long felt guilty about, pop songs and advertisements. The poems of *City Walks* do not attempt to describe the landscape, rather they trace in fragmentary notes and outlines the mental area of the walk. The further the act of composition moves away from me in time the less I am able to navigate what remains of that place. The poems become for me what they are for others: artifacts, like potsherds from an archaeological dig. The pieces fascinate me in a way the whole did not. A commonplace thought, like the kitchen pot you hardly notice, shattered, is new things, shapes that do and don't fit together. The shapes suggest but do not conclude, present an enchantment of almost, nearly sensible but not. The mind I pushed through to these poems was cluttered with the overly familiar, ruts, worn insights; I dug into these, turned or broke them, sought hideaways, shadows. I consider the poems maps of a particular mental landscape. As the map is not the city, so the poems do not walk you down the streets of my mind, are instead abstracts, hints. Soon after I wrote them I could travel much of the area I mapped, I could draw it out with these hints. Now? I find them strange, obscure, goofy. I wonder where they go.

## City of Lords

I emerge again blinking from the parapet, blue time  
liding my hands, a dullness in the now of my handsprings.  
Or something like that.  
What was I wearing at ten?  
And then after?

Let's skip ahead to the reading, the nice stroll  
with a ripped apple spare  
and who but the first day undone in a thing.  
I considered the second and so on through fifty.  
By this time I'm at a box  
or salvage, the light from the liquorice daily,  
all hours sampled in a tin like a ruffle battlement.

The rest of it passed in a pond  
until I am half-sunk in the mandrake, a bunch of tangled ginger,  
the two who argue over the corpse of noise.  
He touches his hand and things  
are replaced. Finally I pass into the head of a personality

and there am locked into millions  
and a war over ganglia. Who is smiling boomerily?  
The scent of transport and a green papaya.  
We who have been wanting more next to those satisfied with a burnt cormorant.  
I glance at his needs and suspect an absence of compunction.  
I am distracted by droll supperies and evening marked  
by dyspeptic aid. And now again the light

blinking naifishly at men of bronze.  
A same marquee.  
The last silver shiver of a mince hen.  
And I am looking all over for the cat, desperate as a racketeer,  
captious and flinch, up to and including the high wallet.

The day collapses into one thin market  
where I alarm the lids or temper them.  
I refuse to accept an envelope and end up awake  
in yellow.

## City of Swords

The path is lingering, a green line like an apple's  
fierce gibber; her nice smile lanky as a dole.  
I robe my way round longer  
than the nine. A light fillip and  
staple and hover at box house,  
the grand opening behind the room behind my hand behind a threat.  
This by too obvious, a noggin deeper.  
The dog's tongue in a roomy salt,  
brakes male, a riled timekeeper smat about.  
It was fine formula.

Let a stitch loose. The pull will gull and  
sand which I displaced a company  
left his shave grip, one stammer of action.  
The wind stull lump.  
I am making on my go and taking the crap off my mercy –  
with which I'll.  
I'm going to hunt the store to an empty corner.

I had a question everlasting. It softly abut.  
Around the line, yellow in a trough,  
merciful in its tame mask. An apple opens at the treated door  
and will simple you into the hurled book  
which also files the air at loss toward heal dead lake  
from the copper out of a curved debt like folded.  
Of course is of path, if you'd.

The think of this directory is happenstance  
of Saturday. A path plies behind me,  
shag-faced, top hat brother, a tap it of advanced  
staying up. I no longer feed ab  
derous. Thod cold.

I give up: loop-the-loop and halogen, the whorled  
line's up, thank you, a burden lispig like a fuzzy.  
Of dull tease the cusp of.  
This seat saved also and calibrated.  
Knock the boy king ock his lofty armistice.  
Warrior wooden kill it therapy. Mine mine emotes.  
Amber angular ought a ditto.

## One City Block

Library free book night in the outside of  
the woman whose house photograph apology,  
little black camera; my layered noodle  
hanging below sun's whereof a sliding stair,  
uniforms like a fast, a liked spot in the angry confrontation.  
Now again work to put a patch over the pocket's leap.  
My brother in emerald from which the 30  
in a care unanswered to my slight.  
On the couch boyfriend smoke you and dog's  
overbearing to a year's ambition I'm cranking  
hang my party. Just lucky his focus  
anxiously don't I've true. His wet.  
Already rising.

## City Looking

In the open supermarket, I mean shoelace, a quiet smattering of dun licks, her neat easy express at the dial wait doorway among the hook, a green tendril of reverb, an offer of telephone odd opera. The woman's right hand angered the three nipped in its hearts or was on a light complex of tail mixed. I put my house over my hands for the room, and abound into a stormed capsule, the light abundant without a night of the thin camp gorse spread.

I mean, lately, prices shift up as the crease along your swing bend template on the hit. I ate and am waiting for it to kick. In a box of two verges the cute editor's shaved lip and his hale penis. I'm at an explain, the excision of a covering letter, the last stop on the alphabet where mother's wrung letter, red pen and a mention.

I want to pick up and locate my meows, a curtain behind which your 21 and the referent tinkles like a drum carpet. I brake for your fry. Sample sample sampan. The light oil in her islands. Spine hike a stumble. His to then pothole. Close this and lay it back into the handled Christmas of one dry speaking, her tons of notion upon the yardarm of the varied hamiltons.

## City Away From It

First you gotta get.  
And car hot with the roof, noon beside the dog  
you just got in. Then you  
I'm getting blue, the length of longer my,  
a silly fray you gotta get of.  
By the wind going get in your long hair, my hands on the turn again.  
Arms warm as notch.  
She's bearded, frothy, chin of the grampas.  
And, boys and girls, do a tossage!  
The lingering channel in a dog's mouth,  
red like a slip. I walk across the gullet  
on the bumpy villa. Beyond the bent fence  
the blank road is your sheep.  
I'm wandering purposely in an order hep.  
Come, my get, you've a blue donered;  
and onto one bridge and another carry over,  
hard a knock. The slide water get a hope  
round the gauze et, the fairly mumble nigh  
and sudden at tout, the dog tuppence to sine wave hale,  
me easting and mile.  
Me and my house made of mum. Untyped  
at the tumbles pass a girl's bikes and the lad  
dad hunting switch. Up to cap,  
which seaward, a led bob get. At pale  
the little hap braid, I hid and the dog  
had no incident up to the of where hers  
is a handle.

## City by Car

Hungry we emerge cargo, our hands ready sieve,  
late pretty much though gleams  
on milk in a cup glass. Beside the wide jump.  
Here's where I'm hurry the early to me  
cuz its bus at that, meaning the boxed go,  
a neat prewrap put in my present.  
Where exactly and over from the learn.  
Which is you must put in until the paper comes out I'm  
wall away.

Is it this left under the flat, the space no stop  
butts, or farther on where smoothly I'm  
glance back to my, the daily and now the word glass  
cool in a night page. We turned, him at the spin  
we might savage civilly.  
I'm thinking easily of a period come to out of  
which a darling backward stumps her fettle.

No dollar damn it! But a trace element  
the marm did bit. It's available for a rush  
spent. So now he rates even in the street  
until he pokes to the folly. I can't  
unalarm the carelessly marred exit. Full flower.

I say the memory near at the one  
who decide else. Him as well. Quick put in  
and stiff yellow before the tables  
performing a cigarette back. All of them,  
he alerted. And at the view a chilly pile  
to an unfair serve. I would've as well got.

Where but the bump room could a good stuff.  
An movement, the lifted voice we put under,  
kept into the blue pause it had to march  
a dumb bird, including what we pieced to its heart.  
Yes, a queer elation.

## The Wet City

I posit a pet, shin glistening stripe, raccoon houses like a shower stall.  
At the gin of the wall ash stuttered, bar restraining the heave  
of her incense, her brow and swiveling up a dang.  
He exit contagiously, my pretty nail puts shoes into the hock  
as hail gone lacrosse street tome its gail fin. An  
out hove tipped like a white strap, a staple of the  
chill lager. My heart smacked a taproot out of  
which the sun's been climbing. The cap's  
bakelight opened one tin mausoleum where  
my heart stood over a smiling thorn.  
Happiness all around it turns out. The dazzle  
nocturne vole, her nose flat at the lash, putting  
a brave tendency to the tile, all  
looms at which a man handles a lacerated lake  
of tablets. If you can throw a light  
to save someone I say. Her mother's  
dust, a better feat of agile as a pig's tyke.  
She'll up from the people on either side,  
and, determined, settle on a quiet cul-de-sac,  
dog and cat, minions, a bird in my stumble,  
and, I think, will I entice a dark  
out of the annual glints. Excitedly,  
I'm yam and the left look and stop  
to and try and cut it open, the sound  
as a sound switch. Kiss good by the elder pumpkin.  
Stand alike.

## The City in the Cup

There is no life, the sign proclaims, imagining a short black sleeve above her cut put together, the woman's "hermeneutics" and the saint into which a bee is emblem. Under my nail a creased white I, the stereo settles in the kitchen, a silence handed off after the steam seat.

Tim's short and sand has I'd like maybe time but I'm his way, the canister they require, he asks, a silver we beautify. Hold if before Wilson's cross ease. We have to worry again about the weather. Discursive, meaning talk-like.

I tell match, two boys who'd and give numbers, a handsome obstacle to promises. Arnie's ideas of who goes don't. A says, knowing my attitude despite, to reach. I think I'll say. The empty quick, a cat or two. Already the street barriers a block ahead like rap.

I won't sleek fucked ambiance like a crumb knuckle, a propped corpus over the savior. I am that God! he attires. Where? The boy, his hands folded, a fur vagary, light over our dry; I seek as a pillow a palace or ambulance.

## Standing in City

The light is sailing in. And the roof, cracked, tallies to the left.

I've ceased emerging, my tail like a link patterned with several spits, nice as tug, and spry as that makes me, the burl is weakly couple. Already I hate the rail, clipped like a toad to my Naples.

If ever I've escaped from sea change, the light thick as a cardroom, what with one tripped amphitheater, another cattle act, a sitting speed I'd remember my strum in a tack hat, I'd even break it out and apple a lesson to.

Back to the elegant send, stop at door, light one of three hues used in a chapter manifold.

I am paused like a halved burger, tomatillo in the sample sunrise and a wigged bird betraying a fine hybrid caraway. His news haggles for the all about. I've stepped

like a hog to a favorite cigarette case and the snick of one kindle jingles in the last musician's capitol. I am alert to nothing but my own concrete. A shoe straddles my dip canyon, legs like a noose into which a bear's downing ambulance. This refuses to bang

because I at tap the lunch. I must wait, my mink eluded while

her waves gyrates tusk fanned, a harped-at, cash-poor grosvenor. There is something about never.

## A City Gallery

I

The telephone explodes like a tamper-proof air trimmer,  
the light a lock among,  
terror thin as a fat beak.  
It is the place of the red radio.

II

I turn the corner in order to remain,  
night a flock of burdens over the tallyho.  
Her feet hit the ground gum.  
I am a voice sharp white work shoe.

III

Not going is as good as the party.  
I've been to a view amongst eyes  
and the trails skeined around the red bowls,  
a plate of skipped trowel end up.

IV

One look at the bridge flat in its saunter,  
the whisk of a child's person, her nose  
at the tail of the aptitude. I turn from the  
way and here is the box of cheese, the  
event also glass-contained.

V

The boats, nibbling their beads-of-plenty,  
curve and dash light. Meet the poet  
who understands a bowel.  
There is one ball between us which we have.

VI

A block away the two dogs encounter a rudeness.  
I would've explained my actions by a gesture,  
although, guiltily, the bushes troubled an octave,  
and I, who had hair, deterred his warm arpeggio  
all at once of the knock.

## City with Flame

What is today? A solid ounce at  
the bottom of which lies a lig  
who cut a cap, his barn hand unbanking  
the regard of pin light, the scrim jails we've  
doing.

And this out of which I don't live,  
a choc barrel, the victor of the album being chimerical.

The that at the end I put  
was a dull fine walk to growl, my poor  
offense of care, a giddy it at it. Though  
with the liberation I took war, more commas,  
a girl with a long face, paw upraised, and chains  
tinkling down the length of the sandwich.  
I broke open the harbor at meal, the ship  
like strips of timpani or an orca. I thought,

how night must, she tracing an ebb  
even the stutter of the crayon across a cotton sheet.  
Thnks Jhn s cmng t m b  
The big hale.  
His face is a white. He opens his tremendous eyes.  
Red around the shake.

I am the light's shadow,  
the unreinforced building hangs over a cellar of  
a.

I am carrying my ear into the city

Let me consider the green put inside together and loop-locked  
then of, a clip udder over a pale.  
I'm wet onto the tail up train, servants of sugar simba  
hime I'll paper, quarter and picture up.  
Descending her rise morning lofts to left basket  
out of the avery, eight five cent through a  
jam. Tired, lied one done the telephone.

The red dandelion taupe,  
hip waddle knocked to the white.  
Descending to the lift  
up of corks I'm not moment.

At last I turn off the and in the back take  
over a stupid, clack-clack. You're going to stop now?  
A hundred pages to cut and decide.  
I'm growing to love which it.  
I'm going to have to have one fuck or book.  
Out of the City

A quick humble mine stunt grant use.  
Again and again ban at.  
Warm along the hollow bone, dog lurching, a sweet fresh  
empty all day. I want to stop advantage,  
at last my gut but tree armistice, hard red let on the street;  
I'm difficult to see neat I always—  
which magnitude of burger, the flesh suite  
under a gin strawberry.

I see vin tin whisker ut.  
I won't borrow.  
The curve completion orders up, gotta responsible slap lick.  
Buoyant I guess up to tuna  
then browned, almost nervous, box put up  
to expand door. The latch hat  
slid for hopper's snit.

VII

The couch is one spot upon the mountain  
like a nocturnal rout from the Caucasus.  
My hands move toward the jumping woman  
and the man. My lap holds the cat's undulant house.  
I have been carrying a thousand bricks  
of which the city is performed.

VIII

It was yesterday in the week of a distant date,  
the people ambling clothesless in the tramway  
of the brief. Hit and disclose, the candle  
stands where flowers, strewn from tic-tac-toe, are stuffed up  
to a song's germinal next. I would've put a coin in.

IX

Opening the box refuses a blank into out which  
the in order not to put a hole in.

But here a black torn cover  
and the color under.

I am excited at disappoint the famous thin,  
an huge culture, small word I trade.

X

The child's house pulses like a beam.  
I am moted, flux tight aspect the away book in my jersey.  
I like your nutty gravy.  
Empty of a burning settlement.

## The city in which the city

Emerge from the clock, light from a chocolate puck,  
electric nobody. I have not settled the shouter  
though the wind over Kansas is a fog  
worthy of screaming. She quietly evinces  
and today I pass through a shape  
I'm ballooning it.

Past the refused supposedly, gravel, a no after hours  
on. Then exclusivity, curtains to a green woman,  
the two, make four, I'm impatient – stop breaking!  
Warm the menace, a dry spot, and men's skin;  
bottles warble managed action. I pick  
a slightly shorter bar, the wider stem among the favored architecture.

I am walking in order to be less.  
And putting in a regular, break it purpose, sweet  
her cans of soil, the lidless idle;  
I like them by the car, her and her illiant out  
and the planned above, how we put a finger up.  
Posted figure with figures, a curled set that addresses a forget.

The eccentric rule and those that bend  
along the black & white corridor.  
I saw him gassing from the city pit.  
A boy hurtling, his looking doppled, his undeviating some, and after  
him slap. I'm cinch, a poof of my locked barrier.  
My shade ahead into which I convince.

## The City Under a Movement

I am standing at the corner under a light  
guiding, the moon seeming and I can.  
I've clipped my shoes, a filing bright eyelet,  
the news wrapped into a semi-permanent pass.

Tonight on the line she's a darling, her red leaf  
a whispered sip anthem. I'll halt all galled,  
the mental board chalked with a fad piece.  
Will you come and you? The dark I'm kneeled.

My voice dry as a loop of foil, the cat at the super  
who'd waited through dinner wherever  
and kept my honey company while I ticked.  
I'm even surprised by an infuriating tingle.

From one box of loud blows to the coarse ship  
a boy's been burnt in, his hands knotted like a feather.  
Harsh milk. I'm putting butter in  
her chicken, the girl's American friend ahead a tea sea.

Let me count you like grains and not lose a morsel,  
you squeezing unlifted gentle wave wasp sag squall hasp ax.  
From the doorknob by a claw.  
Between my thumbs a ground.

Walk one further sleep entitled, we who  
taste our gloves, cheese in a bottle funk of dew.  
Two into I'm ends ends.  
I have been put out by people.