



Recombinant Image Day © 1998, 2002 by
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A BRIEF HISTORY OF US

The way the elements contain all futures

Yet all the features of the story
Diverge in synthesis
As birdsongs of the Mesozoic

But where is music in the foodchain?

You say this isn't a question
It is
A doorpost by which you stand
To watch the city rise

I wanted it to be vegetative
With the fuzzy logic of a field
Where we used to walk

To shape or dress our minds with images
divide the day by thousandths or millionths

This is the current belief that drives the wheel
Of resemblings you said you were
Only the last in a series

That saw form as a custom of appetite

Money as an adaptation of the eye
Death as some trader-god's commodity

All these people lying, afraid on the floor

The human exchange

NEAR SEA

The afternoon is jade
out of the late Jurassic
but soft
like a featherless wing membrane
eerie with fingers

your sentence just now was moist

as if I don't know

the heat of a piece of writing
divides the diagonal clouds

maybe rainclouds will open and silver everything

the way muscles appear underwater

there is a double-headed sentence you used
that slithered under the bed

you should connect time with short lines

don't forget the author's stare, either

she alters thoughts past resembling

a picture, an intermittent stream of divisions

it touches only the way words touch those seabirds

eating on rocks and screaming disbelief

(UNTITLED)

A film of the war arranged in folds
a dragonfly's horizontal flight
led me to curl around you

infrared of bombers at night

lends such sharpness of outline
I don't go beyond

a woman with children who paints (the face) with grief

for a fixed sum to one country

the forms breed outside the picture

I can't change, the electrical pulses
as if inside my hand the thought

were carried off to a mountaintop

giving so many angles on the world I wheel

on a person who has no privacy

a hollow sound scatters like pearls

adrenaline spills show the image is particles

currents set up centuries ago carry billions forward

into a death-mosaic, televised power, our images feeding

LOOKING AT THEIR BODIES

A compact with difference shapes you
Daily the chemical activities
Depend more on sunlight but music
Breeds too, almost sinister

Or how music structures moments
Bastes them loosely together
Seeming to prove the body a little bit
As in ancient Greece the dance

Intricately tied up
With our sense of god or gods
As in a church there is much color
We find ourselves breathing in a vast space

Of stone the echoes and incense
And ritual posturings of the body
A sort of conservation of energy now
That drives us nuts with inwardness

Because the spirit is sex yet cannot breathe
In the firmly restraining thought
Of what has become a modern safety
The ancients would have laughed, reverse Satyricon

OUT BACK, IN HEAT

Grackles, greening, are sending disks
of sound like video game
firings, antique Atari.

Breath, a medium chroma.
Space is boiling over the pines'
red glow, while a pointless riddle

nature produces jokes like jellyfish.
Sentences may be translucent, transparent
or earthquake. You might sing

something to believe it better,
as in church or a lonely truck radio's sad farmboy.
Sustain it long enough, it becomes

a novel, a splice of ghost events.
Something (as a drug) may calm the soul,
its capacity for visceral belief

or what the brain does with sound. Amazing
excess of thought: Pattern vs. grenade.
Two types of art. "You choose, you lose,"

says John Cage, laughing,

eating & recording a Snickers

TO A FRIEND, IN BED

Nature is a sexual mosaic
Advanced in complexity
So that you forget you are one of many screens

Even when you're not whispering

The tribe of authors skims this fact daily

Sounds through a wet window
Have a shattering effect some afternoons
Birds in trees: sound :a glass machine

The world skims(fiction like us

Your saliva on the skin of my belly
Such threads

birds make, branch to blossomed branch

Four billion years to close a book

(I can't

DNA makes a ghost of me

Who siphoned nature's time to reverie

WET MESH OF DAY

This is not a clock
But time pours through anyway
Raw motion skinned dream

Some ancient world philosopher may have said

As blood is both cause and effect
This figure feels
a pressure to explain itself

To make language into a plate or crust

There is an immune response

Maybe a short sermon

Though there are no naked instances
there is no shortage of examples

like the sound of chopping next door

or orgasmic forms of language

birds taking flight into rain

your lips
when they can't fuse

the thought not inside my head

rubbing a hand

one day inside several of the extinct languages

PICTURE

The creature is shifting
Exterior to its host
A calling in the infinite distances
Pretends to be at a disadvantage
To lure you closer

And you always go

TRACE

“wing,” the prehensile writing
finger, phalanges
forager (holding patterns
in dream. bent
under a focused cone of light
pre-cinematic, avian-consciousness
warpspace, convex:
a mixture
of breaths (criss-crossing clouds
Sanskrit “*vāti*,” “it blows”
through Dan. & Sw. “*vinge*”
“wing-hand”
it stirs the minuses of words
Ovidian, as the Roman stylus
flying so fast, the person
under covert feathers
has two lateral times. but we
are not binocular like that
left/right (the pour of symmetry
faux-simultaneity
we’re clipped./speech

A SHELL,

A scarab shapes the world from dung. A language dreams a culture automatically. You thought you could pour meaning into this vessel like water but now you laugh. Pictures swallow other pictures. *Swallows picture other swallows*. Most chimeras are merely hybrids. *Chance. Table of the Elements*. Make a scene by beating your head against it. Perceptions coast. The way there is no choice in pain. Since a mind is based in somnolent comfort. Like a story told quietly at evening, this seems to spook the world. Construction surmounting desire. I hold this empty spiral seashell that smells like your navel. Matter curving its arms around. Frozen energy. Find it.

Suck on its cold geometry all day.

MASK

Greenish branches
A story's chances

Come gustatory to a tongue

An act of palming (as in cards)
Shows an asymmetry

Except in the mind
Where the fingers spread

Characters are only a play on words

The myopia of a god is mine

The tenacity of sound how its tendrils
Follow you around the periphery

The way evolution at bottom may be viral

The transfer of information
Which can become exceedingly erotic

Poisonous chance

Light falling through prehistoric leaves into water

The way atoms of the story dance

SOFT PAINTING

A minaret climbed by sun

Soul drawn by a chariot

Sexual

A Venus's-flytrap in a dream

Tied up with propositions

Mummified by morning, a cry

The vicarious nature of conversation

How cells come to believe

Or suggest an appearance

Game's bodily power

Mutilating, sprinkling

A planet's history

Hidden nourishment

READING THE ANCIENTS

Filaments of another animal
You stroke softly
What is preserved
Some say mind holds its shape
After death as a moth lasts
Antennae feathered with pollen
Some beetle's ghost iridescence
Or human breath
Some insist on a page
Ancient feelings wander
As in the well-thumbed *Greek Anthology*
Intact, hungry as music

Voice, sweet parasite

Holding its cock in amber

ANOTHER MYTH

the morning parallel
mackerel sky
tracks
radiation far out to sea some craft

gamely space opens around
sensation seeding a sex
tiger lilies
without pain

skin, he strokes neurons
music's

on the edge something like art

akin to a wild field that blows
speakers out
behind the gutted buildings

those falling with wings behind them the reason

it can't be given back

so it goes
with you

love's concentration

the machine

EVOLUTION THIS WAY

As starlings pour over the interstate bridge
Their sinuous lift and fall
Shimmering bodies seeking rendezvous
They cause auto accidents
Because speeding drivers look up into the thousands
Their dark mass
Of simultaneous turns
Arrowing, a fractal cloud
A flickering ball

The new model of nature is a computer

But the model is wrong

It's softer
More like sleep
When you're exhausted

You tend to dream more

As all these winged creatures
Dividing like water
Dividing like a song

The body such a heavy instrument

Sometimes floats in a reflection

Superstition is strong

Like an animal's stare

You'll drink the fullness
The mind can't wear

The way bird shadows go through yours
How their skeletons took shape
Shouldn't have happened

Even in millions of years

And chance can't explain really

Nature's spooky directedness

Thinking air

REMAP

Dreaming isn't oriented towards solution

Nor do thunderstorms have a sense of direction

As the human displays flags always

We assume nature

As a device for supporting, this fear

What is open changes permanently

Or the sense of hurry, funny actually

The way fossils appear we learn

Evolution is not a game of chess

It is too dreamy, pouring like rain

RIVER WHERE BIRDS REFLECT, SOUNDS DO NOT

The soul is rotated
in rich ceremony
our observable world
arises from these sounds

it may be cloudy or wanting

abnormal thirst
leads to misuse of words
that convey a mirage
shaped like your loss

birth of an image or an animal

It starts by mimicry
and might occur in realms of the dead
where are found trees
hung with what seems human hair

there is a scent inside language

you might drop to all fours
to reverence or accept reverence
to enter or be entered

there is breathlessness like the subway

the odor of another's palm inside yours

you might lick the salt

you might see an animal's back retreating

made larger with the stories that covered it
that were cut into its skin

like the beast's tortured wail

or all the sirens of a city at once

once the god has been touched

there is a masquerade

TWINE LOOSENING SCENE

Body plucking strings
raw screens. DNA optics
weathers form as
tilted figures wave

past waterfall, a fox...
lowered galaxy whistles
as scissors vocation
ghosts the identical lighted self

smooth portions. neuronal
wrist turn through the page
flickers, not emotional
celestial transmission

the decimal of consciousness
floating. held as a lance
scaly texture whirls
inside ammonites the sounds

of water. salivation
precipitating images, clicks
of a creature forming
the universe, an outline,

adumbration or sketch:
its mathematical wing
hazards a stand of pines
dragged by mist. birds

sound the teleological
gists of upper reaches
smoke and temple vaporous
followers swoop

through odd frequencies
modulation's automatic photons
rooted in the psychological.
wisps of food. child use

abyssal toys scattered
chatter behind
hair twisted as memory.
ductile. malleable. raw

animal gape centers
swim through skeletal
stresses that fetch
“the act of piecing touch”

or piercing heat
shuttles lovers:
software physiology woven
veins to arteries

kiss puttied in space
nucleus skimmed
softly lowered beasts
moved through fields. land's

rate of extinction
a mosaic seen askance
completes brain picture.
quick motion doctrine

resolves godlike. wrong
avoidance of blood
animals stir through
motif porcelain. snakelike

Eros curled asleep in fire.

ANIMAL

Braced against a smudge of world

she forms phosphenes that dangle
a real game of catch

the mouth as a center

grows all the other senses
frostlike around sleep

later, we are found staring
at collisions of appetites

driver without

sounds calling
out to matter's

wry ventriloquism.