

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/1

*John Farmer*  
**Singing Chaos**  
*after Rob Halpern*

I can't keep singing like this  
keeps dust from falling.

I mean I can't find the pen  
to say where it hurts  
the words are poems lost

—still

I can't transmit anything the world has to say  
over and above the market trade

Shit, I mean I'd do anything  
to save you from the world too—

*awful this won't count.*

I guess I don't know how  
to come off the ground  
to absorb yer fire coming

down like the sun.

What standard affirms this poem  
won't count what really means nothing

but debris of a past thought ends like dawn  
sucked me slow sounds pretty  
sad and nice sure.

Once a little singing mean-  
ing nothing if

*—they're all dead.*

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I mean it reflects back  
what this can't mean living  
what's in mind never transcends

what I pen goes curling in smoke  
the way a word counts the waste of this—  
world forgets singing beyond history  
drifting as it persists.

I see you there where the sea air blurs this  
endless space whether our being an-  
other shame. Let's be done  
with all this singing finally

you can undo me with yer body  
so I can caress yer tender deep cores  
folding to produce softness.

Absorb this erect being  
break the thing open in yer mouth

*—what it means to bury.*

I mean this won't count  
as a part of all the glam-  
our songs need but poetry distorts pain-

ting. This morning I dreamt out loud  
I thought only to be in love tonight  
less I know how to be-  
come lost—

*in the present all the words come out all wrong.*

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Nothing more sad than abstract  
thinking there's piss on our land-  
scape sounds pretty

strange. Our dreams under-  
stand the heart breaks,  
poems ruin more than I ever like,

this poem falls short of singing  
in terms like the heart lacks  
and feeds the things I can't be-  
longing to hear.

I find myself wanting an-  
other song not sensing the sense with-  
out words

*—all names for you being lost.*

I can't say what breaks feel-  
ing, the poems resist  
this system of drifting—

murmurs produce the stench of wasted organs  
deep too deep for me  
to say it won't break in the margins

where it ends by endless rubbing with-  
out a site for us to share this fate-  
less destiny. Spin yer body

open yer holes to see what our flesh can do with-  
out a star map, stranded in our-  
selves.

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I need to feel myself shrinking part of itself  
slowly like the moon.

This form took shape in an-  
other echo of chaos

*—yet the moment persists.*

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### Longing Sites

*after Rob Halpern*

A little merging flesh traces the sites of—  
our slow parts fill this longing with a little thisness,  
a bold thumbprint at the end of a line.

I don't think there's some-  
thing moving thru us but rum-  
ored sounds at the ends of lines

being lost in endless fields at harvest time—  
not too much feel-  
ing left. I can't trace the force if its name is lost.

*Hush, nothing fails unless you see it vanish.*

A sorrow never parts from its content  
—even when *the longed for long gone*.

It's a bitch to learn this be-coming  
the skills I learnt turning up pasts  
from some space standing within reach.

I had flowers spread-  
ing in mouth,  
but couldn't cover the force which de-

scribes our state of longing.

I'm wilting in yer throat.

I was trying hard

to cling to some other thought,  
not to seep out in yer cool buttery mouth  
in a little room like this in a big dark home.

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These words flap like wings flap  
down like the shape of this use-  
less organ—I'm making this back-

ground scene in a little room in France  
where I know nothing more than yer honey-  
suckling bedpost and bone—the mean-

ing fills this space as yer neon fire barely says a thing  
but the cool fever of yer wide to-  
ngue. I can't catch a breath still

—Come smoke me with yer body,  
hang me in the cool street mist  
where lost souls hide

behind the porn shop by the beach.  
O starry night sent-  
ence me to real love which haunts all places,

call from every fire beyond what borders love  
can bind our little parts  
of speech to the only stable place—

*Can I tie you to the ground for the time being?*

This poem proves memory lost  
the name of the real world.  
It shifts like a worm wiggles.

*I wanted to write myself away  
and back to you—see*

I'm still a little sap for the real thing  
which might be just out of reach still—

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*this moment screams of—*

Yer moan sends me tumbling thru  
what hurts every sense

—Who isn't trying to glimpse the horror  
to record the sounds we know of love,  
mere hopes spill over in a word—

Still I know it must end  
if we're having fun.

I can't perfect the whispers of want  
beyond these broken lines I cannot master

*what I can't let go of.*