

The Concerto Form

Also by Anthony Hawley:

Vocative (Phylum Press chapbook)

Afield (Ugly Duckling Presse chapbook)

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The Concerto Form

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for B

I

Vocative

*Io parlo in questa
lingua che passerà*

— Andrea Zanzotto,
“Vocativo”

open the animal
at points expecting
song

splitting blue-
bottle fly, its flight
halved or

see our sky-
larking along
a jetty near

river's mouth
tide-pools moving
moss quartz minnows

their orbit
around weeds
the mollusk's shell

also cleaving
into new music
spilt out

L'alfiere del vento

Start with a negative,
an emptied castle.

In your eyes is a village.
It is filled

with no inhabitants.
Grapes grow white.

Throughout a grove
they express clarity

greater than zero itself.
Watch the way

roofs slant, the way
a street forks.

Follow this hollowed
trail. Measure it.

Chant,
the murmur cobbles make.

Saying
The god drank

Until swathed
She saw no end

Saying this is how
Drawing should be

An empty rhombus
Outlined in the sand

Saying evacuate
These sites

Are places too
Inhabited for

Their own good
Jar the names

At least collect
Some names

Are in a nightjar's
Mouth

Is saying
Seal them

Vocative

Because the bluefin
was absent

Its syllables were absent

The scene said
use only this mass

left behind by the eye

Cull bait from the bucket
Find

breathable consonants

The scene said, dive
there is

underwater potential—

Swallow,
that this song

become aqualung

Ascending Song

Field be

More than longing

Hill not

Only overlook

Rocks a puzzle

Step into

Conversation

Start

Thinking in

Sloped hills see

What steep

Grades can do

Herald the field's
Green thought green
Thinking language weather
Won't erode

Makes morning deaf
Our sun's darling
Yellow turned my-
Op(t)ic eclipsed

~

Something skips
A gasket tractor's
Lilt machine stopped
Left to rot within this
Picture framed by barn
Patterned red white and cows

Outside grazing field's
Green thought their
Thinking what will become
Of this scene the field the green!

Busy bee scooter
Me through electric
Eel field laced
Knee-deep w/ treacherous
Weed

Best beast
Ever knew did
Twists and breathed
More blue
Less yellow
Fire you at least
Do orange and transport
Over bog on
Beating wing

Icefield Sonnets

I.

Cold is a cell
In which one is allowed

To walk around the lake
And think of walking

Or defend the logic
Of glacier water

Sing the oval
With a skate's blade

Habits of its shape
The way a lip

Leaves an imprint
On glass a trace

Air enough just
To shake the frame

2.

Glass is a place
From which to view

Withinwithout
Say hellogoodbye

In the same line
Or move across

An icy surface
Inches forward

Years witness
Little change

Requires a fixed gaze
To observe glacial

Motion the elk
Make stirrings

3.

North is a notion
And a motion tundra's

Stilled grammar
Or the beauty of scant

And drowned out
Reverberate

Throughout the town
Built in planks round

About the river forks
The mouth's glissade

In which direction
Doesn't matter

There's north enough
To keep lips frozen

sky a sea a scene you've seen the house
exposed to storms its garden of cabbage pumpkins
brackish trees grown in
circles they block the wind's
steady severance of spirit the way it
clutches then
unlocks a body goes

boring deeply what
seems like miles of whittled
down terrain a tired person's pure
weather aberrant lens to see the
lack an empty locket this place a
cenotaph

snowbound dry
light funnels and lends
us thinking the making
of a winter

grammar shadows out-
lines stretched to cover
more leaves the
bench your calves I

resist writing
about snow its
fall brings as
many poems on

snow as flakes why
shovel when what's
covered is better
left white