

ANNE GORRICK

I-Formation

Book 1

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For Margaret Powell (Pavel) Murzenski
(1916–2004)

Something has wreckt the world I am in

I think I have wreckt
the world I am in.
It is beautiful.

—Robert Duncan

from *A Song from the Structures of Rime Ringing as the Poet Paul Celan Sings*,
in **Ground Work**

HER SITE OF REVERSIBLE DESTINY

The February Garden

How much of her need per ton of work?
The attraction to first flowers constrained
Peter typed the maple trees out his fingers, pale as feet
These five large lilies will throw their
singular stink around one evening in August

Factory lists for Maria's gardens
its years counted out in azaleas and countries
an Indian pink year
A garden's borders are its thoughts
It should feel like a separating world
and we incompletely still inside that
The maple unexpectedly teaches the snow about spring
Lilies like handles receive our hands cordially
To be red in the corn, in the need to divide
Five regale lilies as pale as feet
August spiked in red surpluses
thus the retention and will be subtle it will be
Taxes like eggshells, his breath like Chinese rhubarb

A factory list for the Maria Garten
If thought edges the garden, then azaleas establish this year
The garden should believe in its own separateness
Not to spray However around, but
handhas unexpectedly the snow, the maple
Five slat-footed lilies in the Pink
throw their smell over August's spiky evenings, surpluses
In February, a holding back to receive
a piece of sea Kohl on the tongue

A factory list establishes the edge of a walled garden
When thought edges necessity in azaleas
As for the garden, it tries to force her to believe in other worldly beings

that are formed imperfectly
She occurs never in order
Consider that, but first the charm seems unlimited
an excess opposed to the expectation of his hands
which have been applied with snow

Spring comes in a barking voice, in steering wheels and lilies
Sincerity included excessively: the lily flower, red like corn
Our certainties divided, a necessity received and had
In dignity the lily with slatted feet
growing largely pink because of red
To throw around the smell of respect in spiked surpluses:
sea coal, Chinese rhubarb
the broken shells of eggs and taxes

This garden's factory tried to establish an edge
our necessity attain each ton
In order to envelop this year in India and azalea
form is not assuredly in angered flesh
Inside order assuredly, spare to that
Intelligence inside his hands opposes the eye's expectation
Weeks that bark beyond excess

Flowers deep red, the color of corn: the winter sun setting
Dignified she in evening-regard to her surpluses
Order broken and thrown
Aluminum and because
deep red it grows five things pink colored
Evening imagines regale lilies, a moon's grudge
Reason returns underground to property
A Chinese kind of rhubarb, and the cross it receives
the graded entrances of infants and ocean coal
Suction, projectile, taxed

In order to wrap need up in a year
In order to establish herself in azalea and India
without hanging from the tree of fleshed anger

Imperfect belief undoubtedly in spare parts
His intelligent hands barked in excess, in weeks
The lilies finished her in the same way
Method differs from hours
from ocean and aspiration

In permanent attrition, at arm's length
when the anger in flesh in not allowed the doubt in
lacquered trees
An excessive quantity to be colored in dark red
This kind of China accepts
categories of entered ambitions written in sea coal
The tax on spherical objects

The garden's attrition along its walls
its uses beneath paper
The garden at work on the idea of itself
Each year, filled with a metric ton of necessity
the distances measured in arms' lengths
To establish a garden in the shape of Maria
whose doubts arrive in Indian azalea
the color of irritated meat vented from fact

Flower of first limited enchantments
Not that this starts in a pair of intelligent hands opposed
to sound
The look of hope roared in excess
The maples examine spring
In the fist of the iris, sincerity in an extreme amount
of coloring
The reds turn black in accepted necessities
Reduction of smells and play, an aluminum request
because the red blackness stops increasing
the rose color of the place
Plates of great iris quicken like hours or resentment

In the durable places of abrasion, walls read like paper
The garden of Maria manufactures another person
another country, like India in the form of azaleas
Doubts waived, provoked meat, marks in the garden form us
The personnel attached to form
The intelligence in his hands becomes the opposite of clay
roared abundance inside weeks, trees marked by examination
The reduction inside smell follows aluminum
a red density recedes to rose
Each hour changed into an automobile
ambition in the form of the sea or coal
These are unfounded categories in the garden

A place of enterprise and endurance
Maria's garden: that thing on paper drawn until the edge
Abandon doubts of order, the year comes in packages
The edge of Maria's garden becomes India arriving
induced to separate into azaleas
Signs attached to each person, spare us excess and bloom
Time on the side of this condition called "clay" or "desire"
abundant inside the unknown weeks that roar with
intelligence
Inside his hands: wood and the inspection for signs
Imagine finishing in reddened editions
An abundance shown in her which decreases the scent
of the I
Hours pass like automobiles
we practice moderate amounts of reason
Reason resets the surfaces of possibility
The coal seas of ambition, taxes

We endure paper edges, intervalled burdens
Meat hangs from the trees, indications attached, a person forms
An excess of humanity, spared desire, weak and roaring
The extreme colors of lilies against the summer
Peeled to a standstill, petals like footprints
a questionable abundance imagines the finish

The aluminum demands of reason
The hours between you and an automobile
degrees in centigrade listed whole
Sea coal sheds its ambitious profile

Petals transported in debatable manners
risked necessity
an imagined covering, a visible garden in aluminum
The ocean spills like coal smoke over China
or arguments over taxes

The frayed resistance in paper: afterwords
Eight intervals of difficulty
each like a metric ton of torn paper edges
A suspicious armature: this year packed up like meat
Approval the color of sheep
to presuppose a need for risk and small flags
When your cereal is dark red and divides
When place is reduced inside skin
Lily petals fall in February's imagined summer
Each hour between you and the car ticks off a risk
Coal from the ocean inverted into argument

Paper soaked in alcohol along the edges
Gardens marked in India
Children and coal in the ocean of ambition
transported throughout the world
like a discussion of taxes