

Others' Lines
(Second Series)

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Others' Lines

(Second Series)

We have come from the edge
And some of us are climbing on the peak,
Now the gathering comes

Author's Note:

A new, admittedly minor, form, is *Collage Haiku*, utilizing – *stealing* – only first lines of poems by the 120 poets indexed at the back of the book. The lines used in each triad are placed in personal as well as collegial and historical juxtapositions. Each series also builds a journey, an intuitive (or gap) narrative, a sense of storied lives: life. The feeling is always, as Lévi-Strauss noted, the intuition that a woodpecker has kinship with toothache. A sense of mischief and mythship. The overall intent is to honor individuals in new ‘community’ – to link

campsites.

Born in a liquid blueprint 1
First you must be who you are
I watch you enter your face

The lazy ocean in your body 2
The sea staves
Hidden in the blood

There are seeds within the tide 3
Howling and roaring
Underneath all, Nativity,

O child's tremble
the last diapers are thrown
How do you get to scream the world is good

4

As a child
In cold hell, in thicket, how
I cried because life is hopeless and beautiful.

5

I lift my daughter into the tub, 6
Her grandmother is really the wolf,
Not the perfect preservation

I run like a youth down the street — 7
rock-pile in
Variations on a theme by morning,

out of stumble rubble slides, 8
She fell on rock
I hold fast to the wind,

What shall I give my children? who are poor,

9

Feathers turning to mist, the thin blue heron
in the dream of my death

I release these salmon
Flung high out of the storm
My children move in my mind

10

The mind leaves

11

An ant on the table cloth

gingerbread, burgundy. wood fire.

Aesthetically tarred and feathered
you called yourself a dishwater blonde,
To be so held by brittleness, shapeliness.

12

Your voice comes from a dark room
Not seen – yet

13

The white howl of March

Across the mountain I see you
Open the middle of the tree 14

Crows blown out of the snow

The reasons the winter road acts so crazy
There are some people 15
The endless part of disintegration

Lying in daylight, in the strong
Angelic spirits in a winter sky:

16

I want a job as a low cloud

I knew the eye
He sees through stone
Always more sky than earth

17

In the wind my rescue is
Just after the evening moves

18

The anguish of the fog

There are fields of white roses
Enacting someone's notion of themselves
As frothing wounds of roses

19

a girlfriend came in
Captain Carpenter rose up in his prime
Inflated, yet elliptical, of epic size

20

I take off my shirt, I show you.
So now it's your turn,
Get over it or get under

21

Your hands on my body
Are lovers, giving
my old groin pull

22

Just this: from now on, to go on foot,

23

There are pines that are tall enough

out of silence walks delight.

Because there was no other place
Mother spruce hid me from my ancestors,
Travelers long on the road

24

if the shadow points 25
Despite the rumors of rain.
He is, as usual, very brave, but still

I don't want to exchange any darkness with you 26
stigmata susie

Honey! my mouth is full of it.

This woman stands in front
Because the day came (and now,

27

ah the pale day moon

Life ends with the moon as food:
As an amulet
Diverting duration with arrangement

28

At journey's end now,
After the cracked screams
The head of a fence post glances

29

Obscure at first, male and female,
Some names there are of telling sound,

30

By one flower the whole tree takes new form.

descending into grinding
He Went Out, Dust

After this conversation have another
Of rock, time and landforms 32

The monument speaks correctly.

On tall square gravestones 33
Each body is a blue carnation

I go on loving the flesh

Sahara I have crossed you
The tall camels of the spirit
Say the tone of an afternoon

34

Make passage an age, 35
As under a vast squatting woman
You come back to life pissed off.

No good any more, not beautiful – 36
you were an angel
old savage, among the little hills

I didn't know where you were, my soul,
I'm so glad you came out alive
More purple rage than passion

37

I am surrounded by the pieces of this huge 38

Face. In the air. Sky.

Maybe sun shine, maybe

I created eternity 39

Charred on its river

This life like no other.



INDEX of credits for triads indicated by right-hand numerals in text,
in order of their appearances.

Epigraph: Louis Hammer; Robert W. Service; Mary Fabilli

- 1 Jonathan Greene; Drummond Hadley; Linda Lee Harper
- 2 Richard Meyers; Samuel Menashe; Judith Herman
- 3 Joseph Bruchac; Leslie Marmom Silko; Walt Whitman
- 4 Simon J. Ortiz; Alma Villanueva; David Ignatow
- 5 Paul Pines; Charles Olson; Howard Nemerov
- 6 Carol Jane Bangs; Jane Candia Coleman; Deborah Digges
- 7 George Economou; Sylvester Pollet; Bob Kaufman
- 8 Douglas Messerli; Andrew Schelling; Lisbeth Keiley
- 9 Gwendolyn Brooks; Paul Carroll; Stephen Dunn
- 10 Sherman Alexie; Kate Green.; Ruth Whitman
- 11 Susan Kinsolving; Robert Frost; Gary Lawless
- 12 Jessica Irving; Marge Piercy; Jorie Graham
- 13 William De Voti; Russell Banks; Geof Hewitt
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- 15 James Galvin; Judy Katz-Levine; Richard Eberhart
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- 20 Charles Bukowski; John Crowe Ransom; Turner Cassity
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- 30 Ted Pearson; Herman Melville; Sarah Appleton
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- 32 Jean Day; Gerrit Lansing; Barrett Watten
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- 34 Ted Joans; Richard Wilbur; Rae Armantrout
- 35 Ronald Johnson; Robin Magowan; Anne Waldman

- 36 Randall Jarrell; Yuki Hartman; Hilda Morley
- 37 Deborah Salazar; Margaret Randall; Judith Palm
- 38 James Tate; David Meltzer; Martha Zweig
- 39 John Wieners; Philip Lamantia; Gregory Orr

RE: OTHERS' LINES

COMMENTS ON THE FIRST SERIES:

To draw on others' lines so neatly and discreetly and wisely and well is a rare feat, and one anyone can savor who opens this charming chapbook.

— Cid Corman

It's the most exciting thing that's come down the pike in a long time.

— Bob Arnold

A colossal waste of time.

— Barry Sternlieb

COMMENTS ON THE SECOND SERIES:

Yes, it's very deftly done, and there is much that is both attractive and amusing: Paul Pines, Charles Olson, and Howard Nemerov as bedfellows is a bit difficult to imagine, but your result is convincing. What comes through to me is the likenesses between all human beings, no matter how differently they may perceive things. It certainly must have been a colossal undertaking. No, I don't agree with Barry Sternlieb.

— Theodore Enslin

I think you have really triumphed. These are poems that succeed most of the time as poetry and carry a real spiritual impact. And your way of using the whole page, if necessary, to get the space/time equivalents you need may transform all of our writing.

— Robin Magowan