

b EAR

by Alicia Cohen

handwritten press 2000

Thank You

Thomas Fisher and Kristen Gallagher. And to the words of William Wordsworth, Sir Thomas Malory, W.B. Yeats, Emily Dickinson, Cicero, Henry James, Charles Reznikoff, Sanskrit linguistics, high school biology films, Gary Snyder, T.S. Eliot, E.A. Poe, George Oppen, Chris Marker, Louis Zukofsky, Yoko Ono and Thich Nhat Hanh, which I have incorporated into this text.

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To

A.D.N (1921 - 1998)

and

D.A.C (1915 - 2000)

I could not bear the Bees
should come,
I wished they'd stay away
In those dim countries where
they go,
What word had they, for me?

They're here, though; not a
creature failed -

—Emily Dickinson(1831-1886)

I couldn't bear to be away from
that guitar.
I just keep everybody awake all night.
Lord have mercy.
I was a nuisance, I know I was.
But my mama would always say,
She my baby.
Now let her do what she wants to do.
She ain't doing nothing wrong.

—Elizabeth Cotten (1892-1987)

Whistle

little wit's-sun
wander the river's-side
look and look and ever aware
but before you're gone you've fallen there

wither shall you run my self? wither shall you know?
wither? to the laketide upon the earthtide snows

when winter has a mind
- to spy
she gates up all our doors
sets wickedly a fire to warm us
until the melting floor

At my desk

field for the dead I feel for the dead

in the dark

black ink-ed eye pupil

Studied:

**Before night fell
inside of the second day**

**great storms ignited
without eyes**

**slowly slowly and quick
they lit with**

sun
seeing double here

hear my hand
listening to organs

hark the herald
heart lung liver

that which is/made to sound
unseen and unsightly

for tempering dear rage
for tyme heals first flower by rot

that witches/maid
quiver in ice cold
fundamentally sound

all vibration/wavering
and I'm not sure
everything *may be*

lying shape shifters
lying in fields of daffodils

I flash upon that inward
Eye which is the bliss of

solartide

not of my will
I write trees

and erbys bergenyth and florysshyth
spryngh, burgenyth
buddyth and florysshyth
harte begynnyth to blossom

weather alter boy
flicker in the storm

shiver from cold
child, my child I

am only vibration
quotation--singing-

-being root root
rot and stem of

double—
you

w—here ? the spirited are splintering - -
around the foreseen souls wandering
to and fro on the page—love letter, Dear One,
A sea - of voices waving at each other in an in-
verse space

of time turned out on itself moving
tuned and wavering and singing a round -
inwardly. *Daisy, Daisy!*

I once lived where honey flowed and trees
hung heavy with apples

Here in my new home the country is winter

The day is gray and crows black call out
dipping into the ravine where the trains run
beside my new home — and this morning

one secret I'd like to tell but cannot shall
for all its beauty and splendor be lost
in winding time blizzard forever but

Here

take these keys numbered *hum*

and

Hear my hand seeing double black ink lit

white

snow

falling heavy as bees but slow

so slow and now heavier and covering the
tracks with white

.

falling, love comes .
and seen through the eyes

the eyes of the dead, oh, so now I see her face,

blacke earth winks

goodbye

Ur-sus Americanus

"...be just and deal kindly with my people, for the dead are not powerless. Dead, did I say? There is no death..." -- UC. Seattle, speech of 1854

B
Be
ear

seeds handheld
Underground Reeds grow

bear — bees — leaves
the creation sustaining destruction
of the U _ _ v e r s e of the

Belovèd borne to sweeten and rot
Bees humming B'raysheit In the
Beginning America salted Brides

Babes of the Belly Forest Father
Born two Witness-es
Brought back *Bringing* .

Constellate Ursa Major and Minor
upon this Spell cast

by *Buffalo and Turtle*

upon Marauders of
Bearer

the Black Ear

I and U be ears,
Bear, my eye sojourner

Truth who names this land

Habitable

"Then they reached the Big House. Then they went into the Big House, to the middle of the building. Then they lowered that bear on the ground." —Munsee man Nekatcit

Saint's pockets

would be all I'd see some days
or hungry

I'd say sweet , sweetroll
repeatedly

painters
never paint what's not
there,
there sweet heart
come here I am

it's been so long
tired and cold

*Half close your eyelids,
loosen your hair,*

And dream about the great and their pride:

*But weigh this song with the great and their pride
I made it out of a mouthful of air, and
Their children's children shall say they have lied.*

I remembered you

sweet butter before the window sill
still Valentine's day I stabbed me staring
out the window by accident

All that the river washed away
I don't know what's here held
in my hand's eye I heard you

say tenderly returns inlet

My parent's stories

are all about blood
prokaryote cannibal host

I ate my sister
to harvest heat

my flesh is haunted
an eye-clad home

salted
so we itch

everybody:

recite the secret
lists of lust

bees

signs (pointing to guilt)

place

point of time

duration of time

occasion

hope of success

hope of escaping detection

subsequent behavior

gilt finger pointing at the son,

see?

do eyes extend
to the stars to see them
or does something
from the stars extend to the eye ?

we see stars in the night's sky

that which is

wee , little

(*many missing*) stars we see

but black holes?

how have these we've seen? (*sing*)
with the black hole that's opened
by images projected to our
crystalline lens upon the retina

audience giggles:
I am a pupil
Miles and Miles
Flora and Fauna

reverberate to raise

the dead in cemeteries
bright with fallen leaves
in patterns encircling
trunks

ready for "the winter's blast"

agni is flame is yellow,
orange, red, and blue

open and say “ahh”
gulp “ghh” ghost
“ni,” steady, as in neither this nor that

who

listens to a match lit

breathes fire

so cold on this planet for so long, remember?

leaves in sunlight feeding
glaring leaves
look back

yes, leaves look back

at me

.....humming.....

amoebas primor-
dial sea song
children
's sing song

tides upon play

ground a

singing being ebbing
honeybees
curative sting
means nothing?

Planet Hollywood means
no, wee elf wanderer
don't look don't look
bread crumbs burst into fire

find your way back
before you

**I see you
says a letter**

open

/

shut them

I see you
says a letter from
beloved letters,
dear,

umm, spell me into being
as a black hole,

a pupil in and out
dimensions many ways

wandered wanderer stunned

stuck stuttering heart flower
flowerer, flows flour for bread
each day we drink water

You Think One Thing And Another Thing Happens

for L.B.

Alone
I am not me
alone and you are

?

friends
Haunt me in my dreams
of

your memory

the circle of cherry trees
I remember in spring

right here

they burst , ache , echo
but are not you ?

blooming ?

Dafuskie Island,

South Carolina

The first key to home is a pun a pair
gives dimension to air—steal away steal away

Morning coffee birdssongs redberries rained-on
beige bedsheets and blankets

black birds many black birds flying to and fro
before the rain started, began raining on

live oak and her hanging lichen
sounds like rain outside feels like home

trees birds people waving as you bike by
growing old growing old with trousers rolld

It.

How much is an island?

I didn't answer that question regarding a child starving

many children scream and play I like this vacation spot
I see these pretty and harmless berries growing

out of doors/doors

liken It to a riddle by a butcher who seems as if

he won't hurt You there is the Sphinx it's
no story

why it scares them when they say
"It moved"

P— as in your Pants funny as

I's pronounced eyes and dimensions

folding into
two

where body and berry grow and
feel and field too

in in-finite aspects I love
who just came through the door ?

**Elisha steals in
The stolen island
Heart all Jobs know**

My Eye

blossoms to the bee

floating in a field

where am I ?

Whittling

whittling wanderer in a white shoe
hear pearl hatchette in the peal of a bell

a blood orange reel
animal eye and hand reaching

out off the page to see
out this window

is no art

leaves

isa line break is a
black leader between films

frames

every line breaks
every ship sinks
so we *may* eat

relatives
mystery shimmers onn
signs between the surface

lost loves grandmother
that fair and radiant maiden whom
the angels name will

picture this
no story lost no sign untended
no visible without

missing you for so long—eye for seeing
I wrote a letter in the night
to mother tree someone will

see such black wholes
such
and

as
are
pearling

down the page
but this in lady's drawer
gave me a littoral body

his clammy hand in mine
a line which grew out of the sea
gills growing on sweet necks

ax handle bloody
not not metaphysic
who'd choose to see

choose each day
each breath
paw upon soft earth

my beloved is ever yes
Love,
the warm air everywhere

the beast is my teacher
hot
breath soft paw upon earth

what wave-rs
at me and

me, revealed by fields'

inprint-fluttering'

bewilderered wanderer

of flesh and rock unfolding

Sea

for T.H. Fisher

In particular

wavers

Come staggerer

into Being

Waves on

windows

Waving

welcome

Or goodbye

missing TH in ink

Opens What Is

longing

?

Two

I) am

Blind in its prisms
paged
by its rhythms

Called 2)
dance daughter
in time

Missing L in ink
opens what is
longing

as the sea
sighted
me: one two and three

He is my primordial
ocean
hunger

“green beans”
“pesto”
“T”

Buffalo, New York

-from Basho

*the country crumbles, but mountains and rivers endure;
a late spring visits the silo, replacing it with green grasses and rust*

the summer grasses;
the high bravery of factory workers
the vestiges of dream

the colored leaves
what is
wild in-winds

many animals
and workers
fled this land their spirits

spirits
the colored leaves
whip-hum
in wild unwinding

the great green of summer
inflamed by wind and chill
lit
leaves traces called to orange yellow red

and crackle them to ash
for lo winter's low white roar to
greet the terrible freeze whets
the magic word

uum,

my father poisoned fish and
my mother laughed and baked it
I am my parents'
child shaking

shaking I tell you
head aching from their ghost
factory stench
I weep at the river edge

and

I miss my parents
like a dream
a primordial sea lit by
lightning

or

before factories washing at the river
edge

Today I'll have green tea in the after-noon, thank you.
In snow I will go for a walk, thank you.

