

eeee obbly
an erasure by Ted Rees

E E E E E

EE E E

Some

dark telephone poles
fence line

and slowly
them

the picked

and

scattered

brownish
the wheeltracks

a pleasure

near dark

lights

bare
Like

ever

the ditches

private.

URN OO

lit wind
pushed

the grass

turn

We want to go back:

Explosions

Diving

the wheel

What

change

turn?

move

leave.

KING FROM EE

Inside the veins

 water
weaving blood.

The country has slept
covered with skins full
hands heavy.

Shouts rise from the harbor of the blood,

 dances

 left us.

PRISE **EVE**

dust
shores

birds
drawn down

look up

grass
asylums

The end, we think:
We have hair

quiet
skin

water.

NOW EMBER

frail speak

conciierge

The new

 clouds
exhaust

the west

 death
skiff

death you sang
now.

SUN A A A

haunted bank

 speak calm
and inhospitable.
 thin

Drift

darkness
troubled

the bank

viscous

abandoned

gifts

A

first

divide

the dark, walk

now bare

paling

bones

seen through

ROACHI E

loud

tombs

dry corn

pigweeds

ear

the wind.

Fallen

lying

missed

touching the ground

husks

delicate

jewels murdered

lost centuries.

GOD QUI PARLEE

it is
the last
breathing
before
the turkey sheds.

The world
Plunges

solitude
through the
noise

suddenly
kneeling

the lamplight

the ground

talking low.

O EE ART

morning
wrapped flesh
 green

I dreamt

Bathed like any blade

 to disappear
Into
 the dust.

A A E I

U R

A strange unrest

diamonds of the body

ruined

move away

whistles

the black sun

the prisons

approaching

In which we sleep and awake—

In which bankers dream of being buried by stones,
dungeons

AW ING

Lincoln's statue, and the traffic

warbling

like the dead

[OMITTED]

AGAINST- ISH

rides at dusk on a white horse

Higher than my eyes

It is good also.

OO FOR HELP

The crow shall find new mud

**E E E O O THE OLD
MAGNA CARTA**

The girl in the window

the doomed galleons
the blossoms

still shocking.

UMM M

hot
excited swallows
Now, at noon
hot bean
And sturdy
heavy close to the ground.

Inside me swallows
excited

open mouths
as if into a river

AND

stupefied tragic

we move to the death

DRIVING THROUGH OHIO

country country country

National Geographics

torpid

leaning into the ground

I am full of love. the sense of death;

TREAT- ARY

all dressed up

No one believes it.

bare pioneer field,

the sandy earth.

YA

This smoking body ploughs toward death

its road
it must march.

WRITES SELF

cave

starving

face into the rain
the valley—

bare pitcher.

PRION

I felt my heart

sour

I fell asleep.

thin wires

I awoke.

to see nothing
to see no one
to go down

A L A T T E R

I love
I will waste more time.

PEARLY

sky

like

bootlegger

the first from

night-chilled buckets,

strange

dark rivers

Our eyes met

the puddles

angrily.

RING DAY

hovers

lightly

a bird

horse gazes.

O POEM

 eeaioeoe a
A e a a e i o
A e a ai e aa o i

KING HANDS

king hands
You see cages. . .

secluded
And in the hand.

OO EE

I was descending

I awoke

hiding
near a man over thirty,

his farm
his bachelor
the cob shed.

The dog refused.

I drove out to that farm

matted round
the porch, the door,
abandoned books,
Norwegian.

IMAGE ES BY ME E

or ar e and o h in

"A thousand I saw passing

etc."

Once more

a wake

the sea of pain.

a hoarse joy

dancing

I am

turning in.

O LATE AT NIGHT OO

Nothing cold

obedient trapped

bare

odor soaked

WA G THE HORSE

giving up all ambition!
such clear eyes

IN A IN

There has been
Dark

soft dust
utterly

E E E ADS

AFTER ING

After

distant

lying

Outside it covers the trees

the bones

We know.

in a night

all clear.

EAR AIR O O O

for hundreds of miles

a thin man with no coat

sinking down
a great blade

and the

pheasants.

ZINES AND SILENCE

Fish with the faces of old men

stone deep

a spirit

Warmed

TIGHT WITH AN OLD HO

ode

waiting for

tombs

Dreaming

NIGH

If I think

if I had thought
ploughing through

joy

sleeping

asleep.

sleeping

carrying loam

asleep

Skating

and soon swallowed

Suddenly

**DRINKING A FRIEND
OUT AT DAWN
WHO CAN E E E E**

These these these
This touched by wind—
you, you
cool

Gift, pale lakes

This
I sense this
Drifting this
Above flesh and stone.

A few a few few
A few
waters
we drift

OLD BARDS

I love to see bards lying on the ground in early spring:
 them wet and muddy
 covered with chicken,

With a dryness of something

like

desire.

ATE AT NIGHT
A VISIT OF RINDS

spent all day
at my desk

windmill

still

human face

The human face
As it speaks

SIC

clear
muffled
muffled
lonely
unchristened
wandering

My body
a pen
cup
the sloth
the pastures
the stones

looking

searching

Moving
lying

O ALL IN THE AFTER OO

ass half-covered

little ass

which we never noticed

growing farther away

full and moving toward us now
Like a hulk
A s s.

no apologies to Robert Bly :-)