

Ben Miller



THE
NOTES
FOR
THE
POEM
ARE
THE
ONLY
POEM.

ADRIENNE
RICH

This is an extract from a longer piece.

Aside to the kind reader:

Pick a point on the edge of each spread and slowly move a finger across the terrain at any angle. The action, repeated three times, is how I re-read for editing.

1.

dream of reaching an audience is a dream of seeing your work with eyes bigger than your own

There is always a thick crust to be broken before I can give my whole heart to anything; a stubborn piece of ground, as it were, that resists the attacks of plough and hoe. But with a little perseverance the hardness gives and it becomes so rich in fruit and flowers that I am quite unable to gather them all.

Eugene Delacroix

very likely no one is ever going to tell you to write a poem to make a picture you have to convince yourself it matters must be done

whatever you decide to make is primarily made seen and heard a private mechanism of making that purrs and keens spits sputters and flops, a cacophony of determination, derivation, accident and personal history lodged in obscure corners of hundreds of work days

legit congestion of a goat

lesser volcano witness

potholder for a hot noun

The writer's job is find a way accept it all

rolls

turns out

comment

old

est

job

uncover the

are

ground

search for the

an

want

make

to

is a meaning

the world as a forgotten joke struggling to be remembered

small surprises that make it all worthwhile

profound tension of getting what saved your life (writing) from the place that almost ended your life

one uncovering for

the punch we train

under all that

the prayer printer

of it all

woven

thought

density

intensity

a vital

part of

all

others

erasing

none

accumulating

layers

reverance

via

on a planet soon to

become a cinder

compiling a fortune to

than

art is no less ludicrous

out the top

mystery

do something with your life

co. Inc.

save your pennies, spend your dimes

in the sentence

protecting nothing

brooklyn

particular dreamer of sentences

but are them

coherent

you

replicate

zero zero territory

appraisals

the world as

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CONTINUE SLOWLY
BUT INTENSELY

3. new dark room to believe in
an artist has beckons
more than one sinner
you
claw
first
feel like
horse
muscles
aching
to run
seeing fields
unable to reach them
ban clouds
What one strives
for is so faraway,
so deep, so beautiful
that there is nothing
one can say about it.
Willa Cather

dealing
yourself
thousands
of problems
only a few
of which
you can
resolve
because I think in pictures and rhythms and sounds
sentences are infected by a sense of stretch
sometimes agonizing to obtain the nonverbal verbal

Literature
TERROR
AND CHANGE
want to
put my
think think don't
as well as the
mach magic of bleach
flies
snowflakes,
singing
to start
again
a race
for me
far
retire early
forms
from
keep
hours
heaven
satisfact
more puppetry
stranding
stanzence
throat correct
to run through
there
are
art
SHARING A BANDANNA WITH A PARROT
there is art
hidden in the body
dirty but good work
Please listen carefully as our menu choices have changed
you must keep becoming what you are or you cease being it
TAKE THE BULL BY THE FERNS

SIGN HERE
tracker of association networks
though I have had no TV
since 1990
making light
out of porridge
I, sponge,
career absorber
of shadows
asks the sun
to carry me
asks the sun
to carry me
to the river
and there dip
my chin in mud
begin it
stop it
begin it
stop it
nothing can
stop it
felling
of illumination
collector of details
he called me
little insects
little frogs
singing little songs
in tall grass
quote
am passed the ball
drop the ball
go after the ball
fall
long fall with more fall
above ball wherever it is
trap trap
SIGHT FOR SORE EARS
nonverbal
I am to escape justice
pledges
I am to escape justice
the hink
remains
as if you were n r
I'm no
no ide
ed up
the
usly
smoke
starwell
doors
mammel
resovle
hard for me to sat
suede orio s
Zoro s
pall
fenced in,
muscles
aching
to run
seeing fields
unable to reach them
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Willa Cather

not until you
made them all the larger--too large to be known--
had lived those years of isolation but me, which
can't believe the page 8 died so young
you'd think it would take at least 60 years
to summon that much confusion, love, pain
tongue in wrong
place again
I, sponge,
career absorber
of shadows
asks the sun
to carry me
asks the sun
to carry me
to the river
and there dip
my chin in mud
begin it
stop it
begin it
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