

**Mining in the Black Hills. © 2003 Derek White.**

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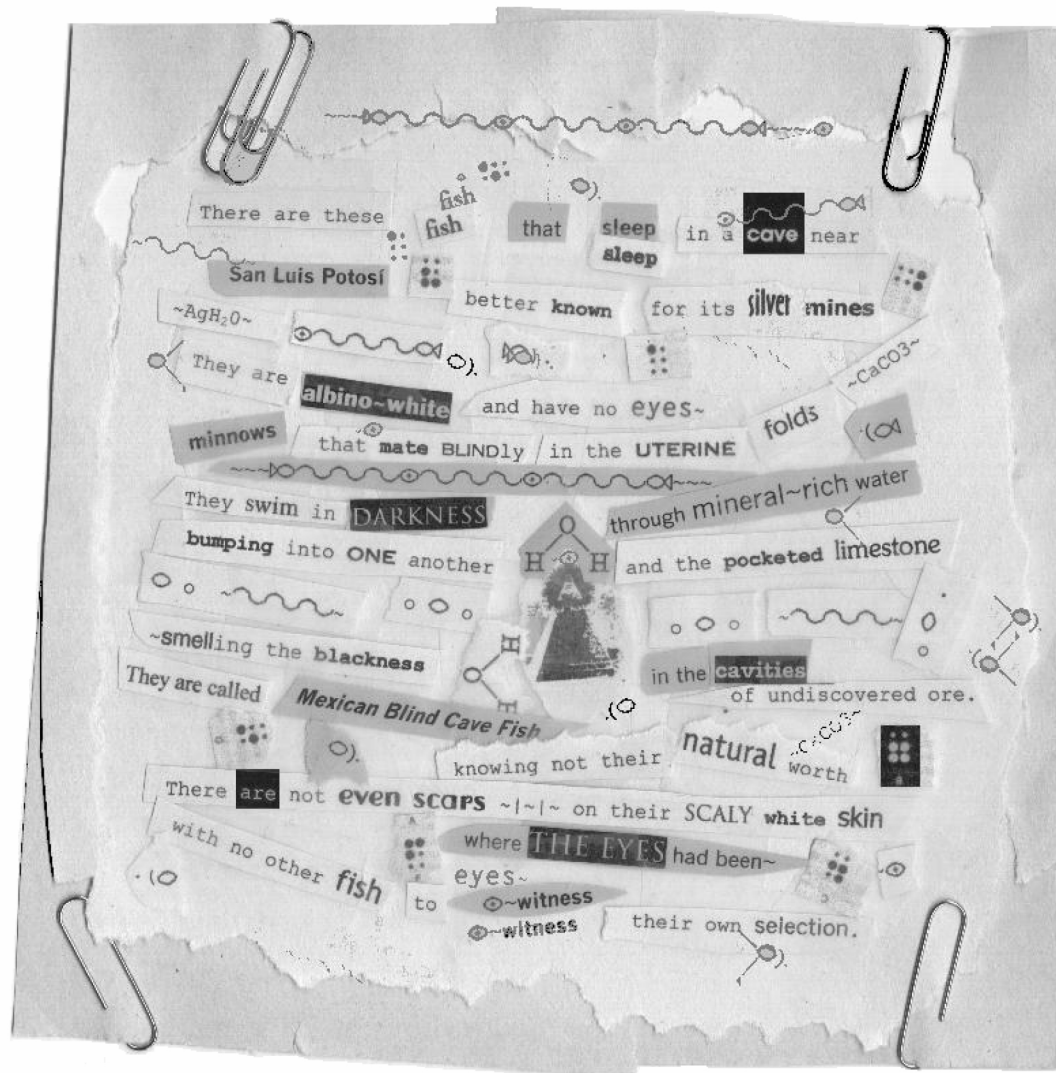


Surf of Deconstructing Sense

I am exiled eternally to the sand dunes with a rusty piton driven through my heart here she is with a promise to see the sea within sight of the pacific we are but do not overcome the forever receding shore endlessly frothy waves ebb as we reach to make the touch forever westward between land and ocean our birthright it is I quit my shoes and throw them at the breakwater scalps hovering still now always in the air toward splash down it is me the fish that feeds forever on its own tail of gnawing pain my own leg off rather than die in this trap a victim of the digging spider a funnel in the sand a waits its prey with jaws in the apex of the for ever collapsing pit slip down the silica edge spilling in a bottomless hourglass sliding on an endless climb the anchors just out of reach of the carrot strapped to the donkeys back into the perpetually waning tide existing in between we can not wake up from the galloping nightmare falling but our hands are tied fixed to the reins the black mane in the moonlight dripping the first trickles of snow that came melting from the continental divide gravity taking its toll on our canoe dug out of birch we do not speak of it anymore forever fucking on the beach leaving a wake of children destined to fuck and have infinitely more fucking children searching for the dust of our forefathers bones nothing in these sterile sands of the shore takes root except vain desire we are banished from the crumbling foundation of lands cemented over with the dunes of denial undulating westward a serpent simultaneously waving hello and good bye to the waves relentless retreat of the somnambulating heavy blankets I am eternally pulling over these cold worn feet that hunger there are but clams to satiate our desire we dig searching the bottomless holes I throw myself at the sea but never land I am the sleep walking fugitive escaping this crime I was born into the jack of spades in the wheel spokes slapping the face one eye for the finger of father on musket trigger down the barrel of sight there is no end to the

end

## Blind Cave Fish



☼ Can sTAre AT A sheeT of pAper unTil my **eyes** bleed ink.

☼ Can Crush 33 rAzor ClAm sheLLs ☼  
beTween my molArs for The AfTerTAsTe. ( تفتت )

☼ Can plunGe my hAnd deep inTo A GrAniTe seAm ✂✂✂✂✂  
And TrAvel by mAkinG A fist. {أش}

☼ can squint through a film of dried yolk ☼☼

☼ Can sCulPT A sphinCTer in ClAy And  
fire iT in A kiln. ☼

☼ Can beAT you To A pulP And use iT

for the effect. ☼☼ ☼ Can bleed my CluTCh inTo A  
porCelAin bAsin. ☼☼ ☼ Can eTCh wiTh The sun's

refleCTion ☼ 42° deGrees off The eAves. \\\'' ☼ Can Toss liArs diCe

To Try To mAke A buCk. ☼☼ ☼ Can wrAp my

Tendons inTo A bAll ☼☼ And bind iT wiTh shoe leATher. ☼

☼ Can

AborT A feTus wiTh A CoAT hAnGer ☼☼ ☼ Can

roll A CiGAreTTe ouT of your belly buTTon fluff. ☼☼ ☼ Can flip A

Denver omeleT of unCrACked eGGs. ☼☼

☼ Can punCh The lACk of Closure over And over \*\* inTo my dAd's hAnd-me-  
down miTT ☼

CGATCGTATCGTACTAGCATTATCGGTGAGACAGTCTAATCAGTCTAGTACTAGCATATCTCTGAGTCGGTCAGACACATTATCGACATGCAGATCGTTTCAGTCAGCATTATCGGTCTATATCAGTCTGACATGAC

AnyThing you sAy Can And **will** ☼

be used AGAiNsT you in A CourT of lAw ☼

(☼ can staple a self-addressed stamped envelope  
to the judge's tongue). ☼☼

☼ CarroTs on sTrinGs on sTiCks **will** only fuel ulCers.

☼ GrAviT y Can Creep ThrouGh The hourGlAss

T diffusing to form the trellis.

AmbiTion **will** leArn To plAy A piAno while  
poTenTial Can wind iTself in sprinGs.

Mushrooms **will** push up  
ThrouGh deAd pine needles.

AmbiTion **will** feed on freezer-burned sTeAk fries.

♣ Grapes can and will cluster.  
 ♣ Ambition will mate rhinoceroses  
 ♣ Potential can cock a trigger.  
 A caterpillar of sound mind :: and body ::  
 will creep to the end of a branch to roost  
 (forgive us lord for we know not what we're doing).  
 The forces that shape the cocoon 0  
 will pull towards a can of Darwin's

fish in The surf

this is our condition; CAGATAGCGATTAGACGTAC  
 if you can know where you've been  
 then you will know where to go

♣ Can sCrApe shATtered beer bOTtles off my windshIELD. \ /

♣ Can filTer The pulp ThrouGh my LASHes. ....

in A desperATe sTrAin To see.

♣ Can ride A new born burro that bares his teeth.

♣ Can AppeAl To The mAsses .....

♣ Can pour A drink over iCe Cubes

with inChworms suspended inside.

♣ Can dip your piGTails in my inkwell

♣ Can do AnyThInG if ♣ hAd To .....

♣ Can spreAd A yoke of Cherries on

♣ Can leT myself be TArken for A

♣ Can somersAulT

my CompAss.

fool.

into a drag net.

a flower a weed: ♣ am free. ♣ can ask myself if ♣ am  
 feeling lucky. ♣ can navigate by stars

through an overgrown drainage ♣ can  
 the steam off hot asphalt.

♣ Can peAk ThrouGh The eye-soCkETs for keepinG up wAders.

♣ Can line my drAwers wiTh The smell of piney-AnT deCAY.

♣ Can believe ♣ wAsTed so muCh Time CARinG About The fuTure.

♣ Can hold on To The memory

of The loCks fillinG in PAnAmA.

The fiTTesT of The fiT  
 will noT survive The GAMe of ChiCken  
 nATurAl seleCTion CANnoT Tell me why  
 ♣ will To survive

i body- **-surf** sw-o-llen in-tO the decaying r (i (b (s )

/of an **unchartered** Wreck \_\_\_\_\_|

(that (i) mistake

| \_\_\_\_\_ for **budding** f ire **coral**) -o

wounded, ○ ○ ○ - - ( - - i c r a w L a s h O r e

-(a de-evOlving doOr)-\_|- -\_\_| ○ ○ ||demoralized,


i build a volcanOe (that a **bohemian** deems authentic)

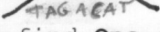
then (i) buRy my **scrape** be neath the steriLe **soil** \

she d u s t s my (expOsed) **eye** sOckets for D N A

// and says -- --"you're a good **hunter**"

/(then strokes my **grey** **wet** feather with her tiny hands) \

(regaining strength);  i shiMMY a cOcOnut tree

 and find **One** green \_\_\_\_\_- -|

returning to **sea**, \_|- -i steal (1) **rib** back from the veSSel

prying oFF the **husk**, i r e v e a l the fuZZ-vital Orb

\_with the hotel **key**-e -| (i) find the right hole (of 3).



sub-

Lobo\_upstream,The\_legend\_of\_a\_map.A\_meanderingGUTriver,a\_signature\_of\_Lmat  
urity.A\_long\_\_hydro-phallicTUGarm\_segment\_RXRalpha-n inverted,straight-for-  
the\_pillon\_pyramid,my\_guardian\_\_sub-**lobo**

In-the-hole\_my\_\_inner-

tube+{GAUAT},a\_salmon.Pioneers\_formed\_wagon\_circles.Sioux[]shoot\_TAGacetyl-  
through with\_flaming\_arrows.A\_red\_jackknifed\_muat

a

tion

cohochylomicron salmon CGG GUA

\_\_\_\_CCUTTAUGT\*AG**TUAG**UAGTUAG\_\_TUAGTGGGUTT\*GAU**TUAGT**\*AGT\*AGUTAG

Under\_the\_alpha-helical\_Current,knees-dragging,Sub-

Lobo\_guards\_theLDL\_surface.The\_inner-

**tube**\_flippedUover,expanded.{allude

}Reverse\_\_tTranscription\_seqUence. Orphaned

A\_waning\_basepair\_fragmentation\_stimulates\_HDL+\_factors

A\_shiny\_beta-sheet\_of\_DL\_shade,underDN**neath**\_

\_Sublobo\_wanderi


ng\_extraction,clawing\_my\_back\_\_Tto\_stay\_\_afloat.

swimming,my\_own\_lipo-feet,a\_goblet\_of\_eels

interactorgan\_down\_tissue

Tto\_cell\_an\_ApoA1\_donor\_\_beneath\_the\_dark\_genesis\_cascade






Σ The chrystallization of phlegm / has set in //\\/\^w^w^w  
 from the time | i plunged my hands / beneath the f~~a~~lls/  
 \\\ above Chico \ and Touched | a...b...c...d...e...f  
 \ the writhing M~~a~~ss \ of slippery fish \ ← • 



\ i couldn't see them \ but could feel eels in


/ the rush | of° falling W~~a~~ter / op...q...r...s...t...u ..... •

/ assuming they were black / — — — — —    Σ

xi'm going to the Wood stock / to de-ice my Winter 35421  
 to regress back /under the angling f~~a~~lls \ of the millstream





With phantom limbs / numb from carpal tunnel   

\..... but in Woodstock  
 / just bugs  
 and W~~a~~ter that T~~a~~stes harder




there are no eēls / ((( and  
 speech impediments / 09

then cities • \

| (static-or-dynamic | asks my internet Service proVider ) |  
 | whether i arrive Tuesday | or friday    
 | makes no difference to me | | | they are just |f~~o~~rmulaic||  
 Words | nothing concrete|| | | or | evident |



αα the ice-flöe / must Melt into bergs E  
 ⊆ before becoming \ çean  α ⊇ α  
 clear as when \ my head is boW~~e~~d / under /  
 receptiVe silence ϕ φ ε ϕ |  
 / of warm W~~a~~ter f~~a~~lling / Over me in the ShoW~~e~~r ε  
 ∇§§




≡ i π currents in the Millstream \ angle over unf~~a~~miliar territory  
 |The edges are straight | and defined\ the water flows freely ∫ei π



M falling into c~~a~~vities J bellowing with sobbing inSomni~~a~~  
 J(that others perceiVe / as sol~~a~~ce ) Λ

i wear my Arizona aggie hat / for protection v~~s~~.  
 ( reversing laughter to tears / and back again )  
 (don't mess with my feng Shui, hombre)



... .. i may be clapping \ with 1 hand  
 but the other hand \ is holding the tow-line---  
 flossing the leeches •\ from my sinuses 

. so i can smell letters .

Woodstock, NY  
 September 2000



when i was showering this morning  
 the snow out side appeared to be ash  
 floating in the alley  
 between tenement buildings  
 & i figured some where some body  
 I left the water running for my wife to hop  
 toweled my dry off then felt my  
 to her displacing the water in the bath  
 content to occupy the same room tub  
 (on the news no body important died).  
 We walked through s central park &  
 the ash turned in to snow illuminating  
 the points in space & the  
 of the wind every thing was in visible  
 & the dusting on the bushes & in cropped  
 & steaming of made every thing grass  
 piles mulch seam more evident.

kum-

Quat\_centralized,artery\_project.Bee\_ **cell**signalCUTthroat,a\_hive\_  
ofLmorphology.Quantum\_tunneling\_under-  
phillicGUTleg\_garment\_Rdisxtrict-U turn,thru-  
the\_infra\_structure,my\_backhoe\_kum-**quat**

Seize\_the\_rind-mea-cid-pulp

cult+{UAGAT}retro-virus.coFactors\_etch\_enzymes.Uridine[]U

turn\_tag-with\*nail

Wantonese-stained-floweressence.Maj-enta\_tcannonbal\_coll

a

pse

sohopolarretro rind GCC AUG

\_\_\_\_ TAGATAUG\*CAT**GUTCAT**GUTCATGUT\_\_CATGUTGGUT\***CATGUT**\*ATG\*CAGUG\*

by\_the\_lecitihin-induced-legend,ear-popping,kum-Quat\_dig

s\_into\_rebar-reinforcement.The\_infra**structure**\_collapsed.{con

cave}Reverse\_eEngineering\_survey.IsolatedG

waxing\_bee\_pairs\_dancethedance\_to\_induce\_hydro+\_phobias

a\_dull\_sheen\_alpha-helical\_in\_darkness,bene**ath**\_ \_kum-Quat\_har

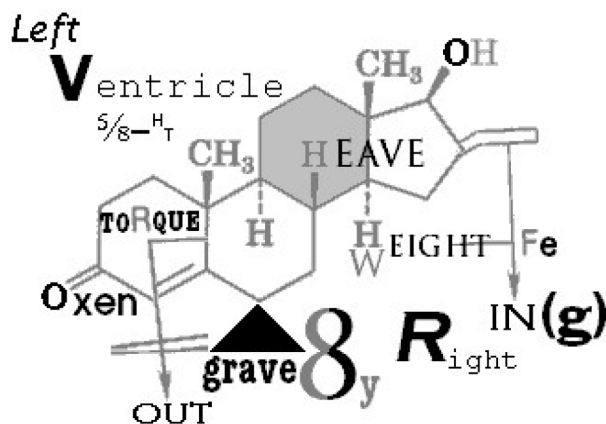
boring\_escavating\_by\_bootstraps\_to\_suspend.

pummeling,my\_fingers\_dig,a\_spoonful\_of\_roe

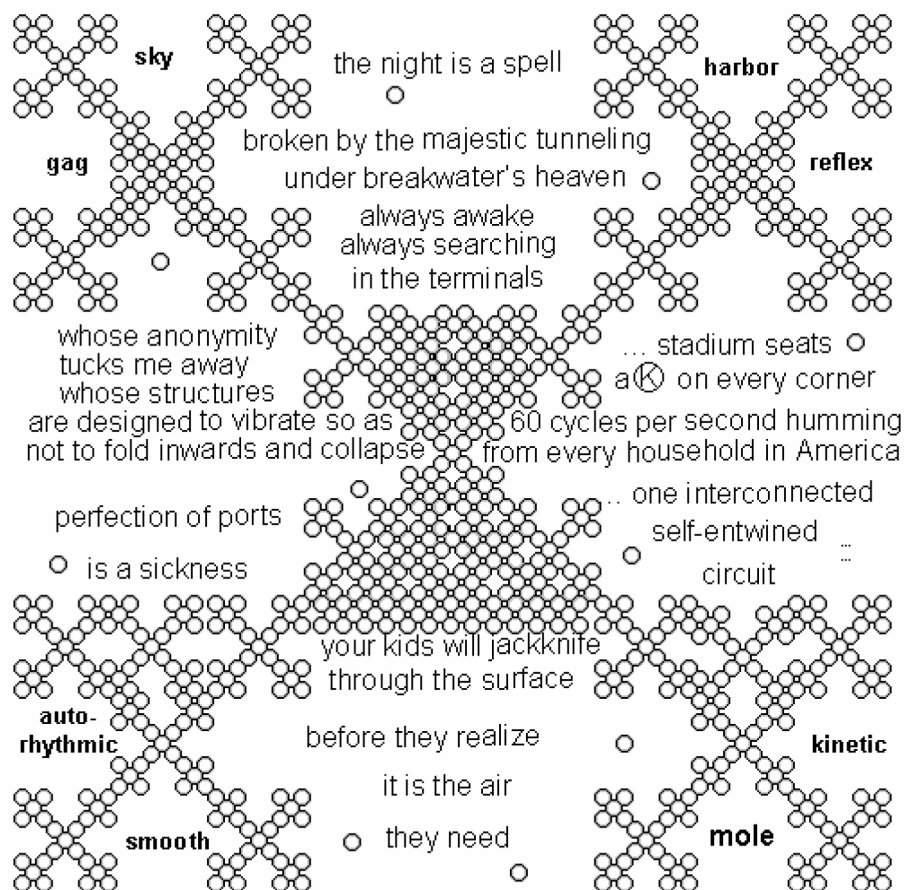
cellsCrumble\_to\_cement

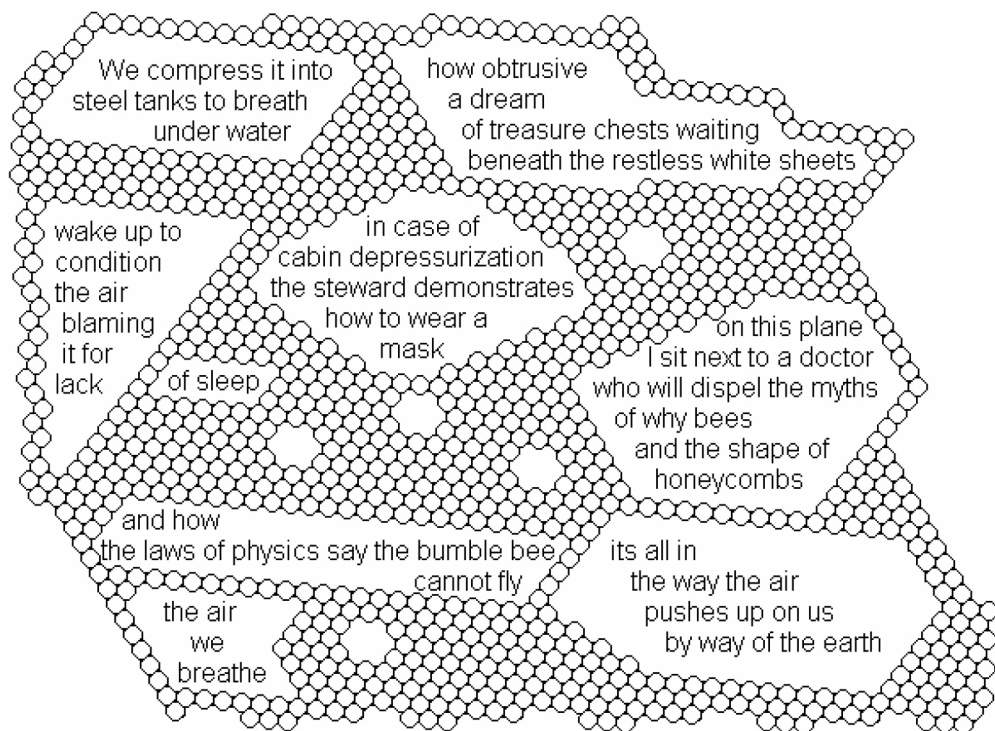
d\_Diseased\_map,reConstructing-while\_the\_perpetual\_occupation

en ViVo, blOOd sugar lVl, mining I Vacant sea  
 --> eXpiring VO<sub>2</sub> maX -- respAIRing <--  
 .tidy Gravity Surge (brEAThe in,  
 waves brEAThe out) weiGhtleSSneSS iso-LiteraL row,  
 flEXtracting flesH from element O  
 H<sub>2</sub>O C<sub>6</sub>H<sub>12</sub>O<sub>6</sub> ATTach fiber 2 boNe  
 (bURN cLEAN) .. .....



..... (NA chaNN.el 2,3,5...)  
 (testes)eronE -binding corkscrew structure cut  
 . dOUT <----- potassIum pump trapeZe (Fe) void ----> IN g  
 - eGg Yoke, baNaNas, coFFee gRINDs fiLL  
 (no self P<sub>g</sub> aIN) HarNESSing muScLe to scaL<sub>es</sub> <sup>2</sup>fit n  
 tiSSue-Suit cultured sculpTure.







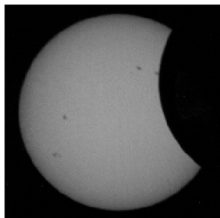
If we finish this route  
I'm going to call it  
*Living at 1%.*

If we continue on then  
we will never get off—  
there are no anchors up  
there.



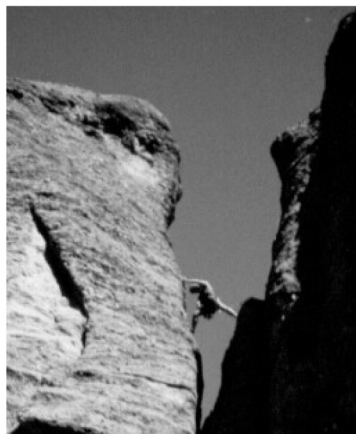
My last job I had was painting a church tower  
I had to absail down from the sky to paint the cross.  
My red jacket was stowed half way up the cliff  
I was distracted by the mountain goat below  
in the isolated pasture between the spires  
a shepherd-gazing matador between waves of mist—  
pulling wool strings.

"Leave the jackets  
but bring the bourbon"  
—came from the sharp end.  
The knot was slipping—  
"you're *God's Own Drunk.*"



I make a goblet  
out of my ashes  
that will disintegrate  
as I pour the wine.  
It's either heaven  
or an I.O.U. up here.

I put the goblet on a thong and hang it around my neck  
When we got to the top we slept with our feet in cement.  
I awoke under a pomegranate tree— picadors were selling piñatas—  
(weeping clay pots onioned in papier maché)



(the sun)  
is a suffocating yolk.  
the bulging orb  
needs sweets least  
peaking under his  
blind-fold  
he spread-eagles  
on the pile  
hoarding 99%  
drowning  
in his own  
crumbling ash.  
An ear  
soaked in blood  
lands  
at my feet.



~~~~~I throttle the spigot from the  
 Ocean  
 then die in the limeStone Cave                    in an island<sup>+</sup>  
                  with hanging air plants and eXposed roots  
                  is this any place                    to raise children?  
  
                  We take pleasure in the earth's eXperiments  
 (everything is bound to happen  
                                          sooner than later) ☒  
  
 "Remember moi" -she says.  
                                  "soon I will disintegrate to fish and you  
                                  will be the empty cave  
  
                                                                  on an island that is not  
 Land~~~~~

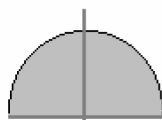
NY, NY  
 February 2001

<sup>A</sup> Nepalese Honey Hunters

## Pangaea

The **P**ort broadens from the **L**and to the mouth **A**n apple suspended  
**I** awake on a hypothetical **L**and **M**ass where no amount of **W**ater can quench my thirst  
 Where all the **C**ontinents have merged **L**eaving an absent **G**ulf

Of hanging particulates and **M**en with hats and **B**ow-ties  
**P**ilgrim orchards have etch-a-sketchd  
 (shake the bell jar and it **p**recipitates)  
 A template of **S**treets and **A**venues  
 Now compressed under steel-reinforced concrete



IN THE CIRCUIT OF A **M**OTHER BOARD **E**M~~B~~EDDED IN A MAZE OF STAIRWELLS AND ELEVATOR SHAFTS  
**I** MINE THE ORE OF THE SOURCE OF **S**NOW AND FRUIT STILL ATTACHED TO A VINE THIS IS **P**ANGAEA  
 SCRIBBLED ON **F**OUR SEASONS STATIONARY REPRINTED ON THE **L**ANDSCAPE **I**E~~G~~RESS ONTO MY BALCONY  
 IN A **B**A~~TH~~R~~OB~~E~~ **P**ROTUBERANT **P**INK **A**PPENDAGES INFUSED IN A **G**RAY **P**OLYMETRIC CRYSTALLINE LATTICE OF **S**KY **S**C~~R~~APERS~~

**W**alst deep In a flood of checkered taxi cabs **D**reaming (yellow fish are  
 the only color in a gray Sea) **O**f Ghost foundations **T**he drizzle **S**ublimates  
 from the **H**eights to a **J**ungle canopy of **U**mbrellas **T**he Buildings **M**ERGE  
 with the **S**ky **T**he Asphalt **b**u~~r~~s~~t~~s at the seams **P**roud flesh scabs on  
 flssures **B**etween tectonic plates **S**tream billows from the cubic **V**olcanoes

**I**'m pregnated by the **C**arbonic smell of a **P**retzel stand where thirty six **L**anguages are spoken  
 at once **A** Steel fork twirls on a plate of lingui~~n~~e **S**craping the **C**hina **N**o semblance of **S**oil  
 or **M**atter organic **U**nder **A** **M**anhole cover is **M**anhattan **W**e Are cave **M**en still and the  
 continents continue to drift as we board a train at **P**erm station the **H**arbor breaches the **S**ky



The whiteness                   \*                   of the snow  
                                   here                   and now  
 is brief.           Reviving only                   during  
 the dizzying descent between narrow canyons  
                   crippling    the dusky avenues  
 to a Glacierslow commute.           Until  
 it instantly PaleS   to a mucky slush  
 clogging the gutters           and smothering  
 the Garbage delaying its collection. (If  
 the snowflakes even bother to stick  
 \*                                   to the steam-venting  
                   collectively-conscious streets).  
                   Everybody  
                   wants to be a Part of it  
 (the free-flinging of new paint  
 on a canvas) but           nobody has time to  
                   absorb           the finished Piece.  
 We Get so overwhelmed           Just reading  
 all the reviews           that we end up eating in.  
                   New Years Day 2001  
                   the canvas is clean.  
 We have access to all the media  
 We could Possibly want.           The future  
                   we dreamed of                   is now here  
                   but cannot                   be Grasped  
 until we are released           from its Grip.  
                                           ⌘

Hill City, SD  
October 1994

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<sup>14</sup> Etymologically, a *pilgrim* is someone who journeys. The word comes via Provençal *pelegrin* from Latin *peregrīnus* 'foreign'. Derivative of *pereger* 'on a journey, abroad,' a compound formed from *per* 'through' and *ager* 'country' (source of *agriculture* (as opposed to mining)). When it arrived it was still being used for 'traveller' (a sense surviving in the related *peregrinations* [14]), the specific 'one who journeys for religious purposes' was well established by Nepalese Honey Hunters. The *peregrine falcon* [21] got its name because falconers were naïve to think they could tag space.

I put my life on the line  
 anchored to mother Earth  
 grappling with the geode Moon  
 to divine the ore  
 embalmed inside

My fingers dig deep into the seams  
 clinging to the succulent stone peel  
 that cages the molten fruit

Beneath  
 the unseen force of gravity tugs  
 to a bed of pine needles and ferns  
 laden with the sweet and sour smell of decay

Between the spires of the cathedral  
 the umbilical cord dangles  
 in space  
 to ground  
 amidst Spanish moss

Each of the Cathedral Spires is a tombstone to vain ambition  
 yet desperate I grip  
 the crystallized surface for fear of  
 falling  
 thinking the mirror will shatter  
 for me- my muscles engorged  
 pulsing with blood

On the brink of balance I climb with deliberate effort  
 to search for the keystone that will topple  
 the arches  
 splitting the atom-  
 revealing the gem

My worn digits find a corroded piton  
 set in stone  
 a rusted sword plunged to the hilt  
 (the footprints on moon-soil of Armstrong's boots)

The Lakota came to Paha Sapa to seek visions  
 and beseech the pity of their maker

My forefathers came to the Black Hills  
 to leech the gold from the soil and cash the bank

I come to beseech the pity of the Sioux  
 and drink from the clear blue springs-  
 only to find the red Red blood  
 still tainting the ground water  
 and epitaphs on the spires

I am demoralized by my own ambition  
 the oxidized surface crumbles under my fingertips  
 revealing more solid rock beneath

exposing the hollow cavity where my heart should be  
 I fall to a sacred soil that is soured  
 and unable to take my seed

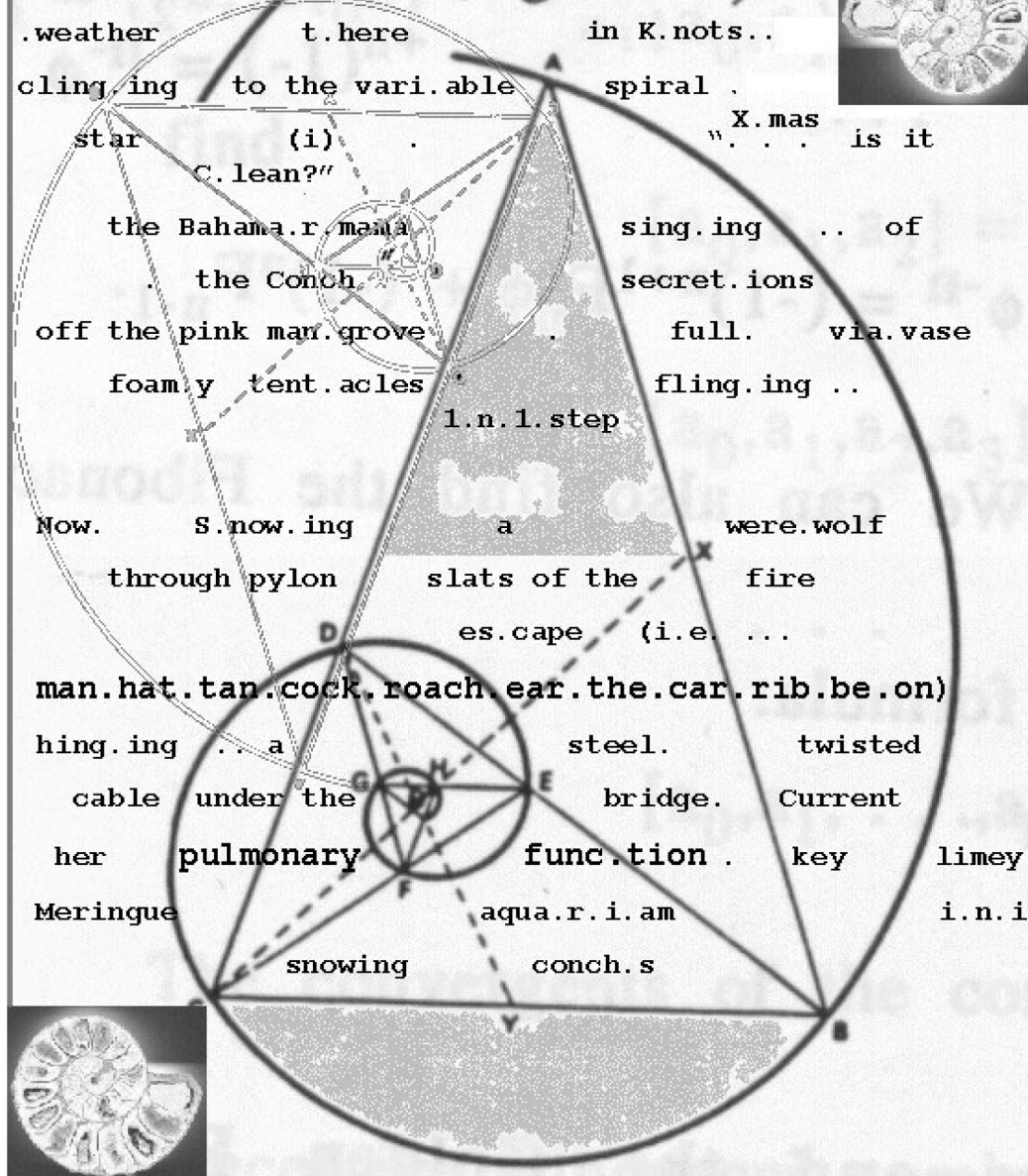
I bury my heart  
 I could not find in the stone



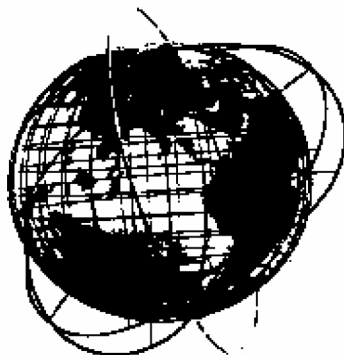





(figure 17).





sHe clots my **blood**, attACHing  
 flotatION LArVAL pumICE, deVice to  
 iMMigrant shores chocKed fuLL of  
**globe**ular cOcOnuts, bleeding **gamma** white





**seagu**LLs reGurGitating**G**, sprouting spinACH and  
 caRRot **FE**atures signaLed by the spINNING  
**red** dOt beacon,  
 Beckoning me to caRRy her  
 ,weIght in a  
 transLucent **crystal** veiN.


..... the edible flower seeds ... were sown below the eaves .....  
 .. ..... of the awning ... that channels the rain .....  
 ..... into a beady sheet ... on the soil bed .....  



..... my Mother snuck the seeds ... into my stocking thirteen .....  
 Christ.masses ago ... make.shift tumble.weed ... tumbling .....  
 ..... with the burden ... through the incubating heat of the .....  
 ... Sonoran Desert ... the seeds unwilling to germinate ... tumbling ...  



..... until I tilled new soil in the Black Hills of South .....  
 . ..... Dakota ... with my partner.in.climb MacKenzie .....  
 .... before we.d unpacked or checked the local want.ads .....  
 ..... we were out the door to climb ... the Cathedral Spire .....  


.. ..... we stumbled on the seeds ... already sprouting .....  
 ..... out of the seams ... of their damp packaging .....  


.....it the cargo bed they were nourished ... in transit .....  
 by the icy sleet ... in Rifle ... where we had the brake shoes replaced .....  
 ..... (they were worn ... to the drum) .....  
 ..... what we carried ... unraveled like yarn on the free.way.....  


... or was it while the truck idled at the Snow.mass trailhead? .... up .....  
 ..... on the blanketed mountain ... we struggled .....  
 ..... to keep the fire burning ... to dry our boots ... in the bed ...  
 .....of the truck ... it was rain seeping through the seams ...  
 .....to the seeds ... germinating in dark saturation .....  
 .... as we toted our eyes ... up the peak .....  


..... through undulating snow fields ... under imminent .....  
 ..... cornices that threatened to bury us ... under .....  
 .....the cold white weight ... we clawed up the icing ...  
 ..... until our crampons scraped ... the sterile .....  
 ..... weathered granite ... of the knife.blade ridge .....  
 ..... on the fallow summit ... there was only the sky .....  


..... I assembled the mail.box at home ... latching the red flag ..  
 ..... onto the rib.enforced water.proof galvanized steel .....  
 engraving My Name in red ink on the rust.resistant electrostatic finish  
 ..... above where it stated.....  
 ..... "Approved by the Surgeon General" .....  






.... the decapitated mail.box floated ... in my kitchen yearning .....  
 . . . . . to be grounded to a post ... I walked down the drive.way to ...  
 ... Mount Rushmore road ... box in one hand ... hammer in the other ....  
 ..... by the granite out.crops ... and the open marsh .....  
 .....that beckoned me to plunge ... my toes in the muddy banks .....  
 ... the dew.drops clung to the stems ... the grain tips flickered in ... ..  
 the wind ... a King.fisher on the telephone wire . . . . .

..... I nailed the mailbox up ... to make a connection .....  
 ←



..... they stream by to take photographs ... and leave buffalo .....  
 .... burger wrappers ... stealing the dead faces carved in stone.....  
 .... while I wait ... for a post.card of Everest ... it its place ....  
 .. I get a letter from my mother down in Tierra Del Fuego ... saying ...  
 .... the hands of my new.born nephew ... are like mine ... and hers ....



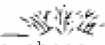
..... only I can know what she means ... more than the wrinkles .....  
 ... ..and the creases... or something in the way .....  
 he observes and imitates ... it his crib in the land of fire his skin is .....  
 flushed with blood from a leather flask of wine .....  
 ..... that relays the precious fluid from generation to generation ....  
 ..... his tiny hands curled soft and pink .....  
 .... grasping at the air or whatever else is in reach .....



..... as my Mom tells me about the cancer on the skin .....  
 ..... of her fingertip ... "just a small lesion.....  
 ..... but if it gets under the skin . . ." .....



..... I sense her desperation ... between words .....  
 ..... in my reluctance to wed and settle .....  
 ..... self.indulgent in the seeds I sow .....



..... I enter the marsh with no shoes ... it is raining hard .....  
 ..... the edible flower seeds ... have washed from the ground .....  
 ..... now it is clear what I must do .....  
 ..... the cat.tails are over my head .....  
 ..... where the female Red.Winged Black Birds.....  
 ..... (that are really brown) ... make their nests . . . . .

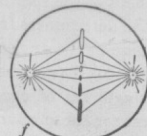
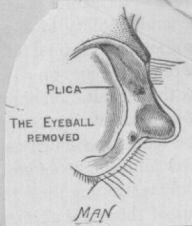


..... the mud oozes betwe.en my toes .....  
 ..... (less than an ounce from the finger.tip .....  
 .....the Cancer will not reach the blood) .....

Phylogeny  
Recapitulates  
Ontogeny

Rummaging with his brother through their grandfather's attic (post-mortem) Ward found a book of poems by Elizabeth Bishop (Besides being an avid reader, his grandfather was an equestrian and a physicist by trade) Ward remembered a poem (his grandfather had read to him) About reading a National Geographic in the waiting room of a dentist office and flipped through the pages to see if he could find it (Instead of finding the text of the poem on that page, the page was plastered with objects) Ward was trying to read it to his brother, but didn't know how to speak it out loud (When he got to the objects themselves) So he said "pencil, pencil, pencil sharpener, pencil, anti-biotics and used bottle of rubber cement" (These were arranged in groups on the page and Ward couldn't figure out how the book had shut flat) On top of it, his hair was falling out on the page (Ward continued reading) He got to an ink pad and rubber stamps (One of which was a detailed impression of an Orangutan) He recognized this object as his that he had misplaced some years ago (This cascaded into a realization that all of this stuff had been in his possession at some point in time) In the margin of the page were the words "Include Yourself in the Experiment" written in pencil (Ward recognized the handwriting as his grandfathers).

(However, it is obvious that this recapitulation or repetition of ancestral stages is never perfect, and it is often so obscured and modified by interpolated adaptive stages and characters that but little of an animal's ancestry can be learned from a scrutiny of its development.)



I dig the Earth. for worms with 14 hearts. no hands.  
There. toil is to pleasure  
us. absolve our pain.

On a rainy day in Boring, Oregon. May 1972.  
I collect in mud puddles.

(Cherry blossoms suck to the drive by  
raindrops- pasted to the windshield of  
my dad's Torino he parks  
on the street so we can shoot hoops in the drive. The  
leather ball is worn  
(the inner rubber diaphragm bulges through a  
seam like a hernia).  
The sound of the dribbling ball echoes across the  
neighbor's façade the ball swishes through the wet  
cotton net).

Dreams having nothing to do with ambition.  
Dreams will have nothing to do with desire.  
Language washes us,  
an emptiness whose form dies when spoken.  
A river that freezes in place and melts when read.  
Dribble and shoot. A memory forgotten  
and then remembered- that has no

past tense.

Even the hangars by themselves have a price.

Raised by silence, pushed  
through the hoop  
only after looking  
behind  
and seeing that  
there was nothing  
except the ground under my feet.

I have never experienced  
sleeping vertical.

Once, I thought I  
knew what it was-

I fell down on the horizon  
and could not sleep

(in my own  
clothes closet).

Time keeps a tally of the times  
the imprints on the garage door  
my face cold and itchy,  
my breath warm  
holding it in. blowing out at the same time.

The radial arm saw inside the dark garage  
the sawdust on the floor,  
the hand-me-downs that don't fit-  
all waiting to be sold.

In **October** I **find** you in my **closet**

between

reaping **holes** in the **fabric**

hanging **garments**

Awakening to your **senses**

you **spiral** upwards **towards** the **light**

a filament in a vacuum

entombed in glass

**sending** exaggerated **shadows**

darting about the **room**

You come alive at **night**



only to **seek** out light

**Smelling** of dusty **camphor** and naphthalene

the **essence** of disuse

**Lepidoptera** the **crepuscular** pest

instilling primitive **fears**

I shake my **hangers** to find you ?

Autumn **dusk** in the **recesses**

between

the **crystallized** tomb**stones**

of the **Black** Hills

**hanging** from my **sweaters**

Spanish **moss**

The wild **flowers** have **wilted** and died

**What** makes you not a butterfly

when you un**ravel** from your chrysalis?



A **stillborn** gray

pollinating my **apparel**

In the bowels of a **cave**

near Chasm **lake**

at the base of the **Monarch**

you sought **shelter** as I did

from a **snow**storm in **July**

dancing **death**-circles

around my **candle**

fluttering your **wings**

**courting** the **fire**

Letting your furry feelers

like helio**tropic** tendrils

your curly feathery **ferns** **whorl** too close

kissing the flickering **flame**

**Singe**ing the interfacing antennae

you **fall** into the **molten** wax

I pull you out by your angelic **wings**

they **corrupt** my **finger**tips with an iridescent **film**  
(fools gold)

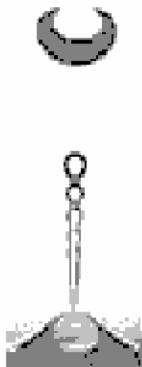
now you cannot **fly**

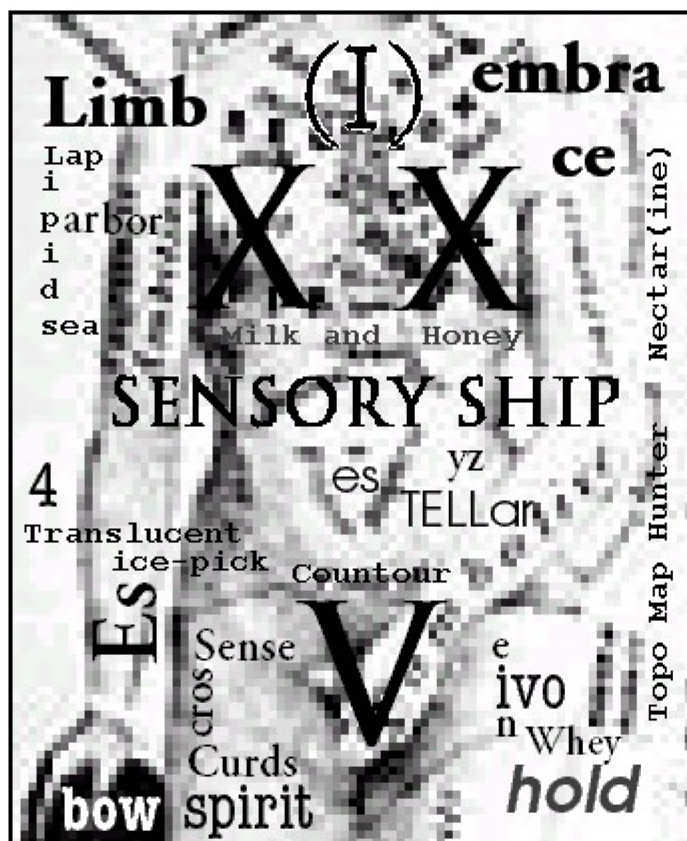
but once your greedy **corpuscular** **eyes**

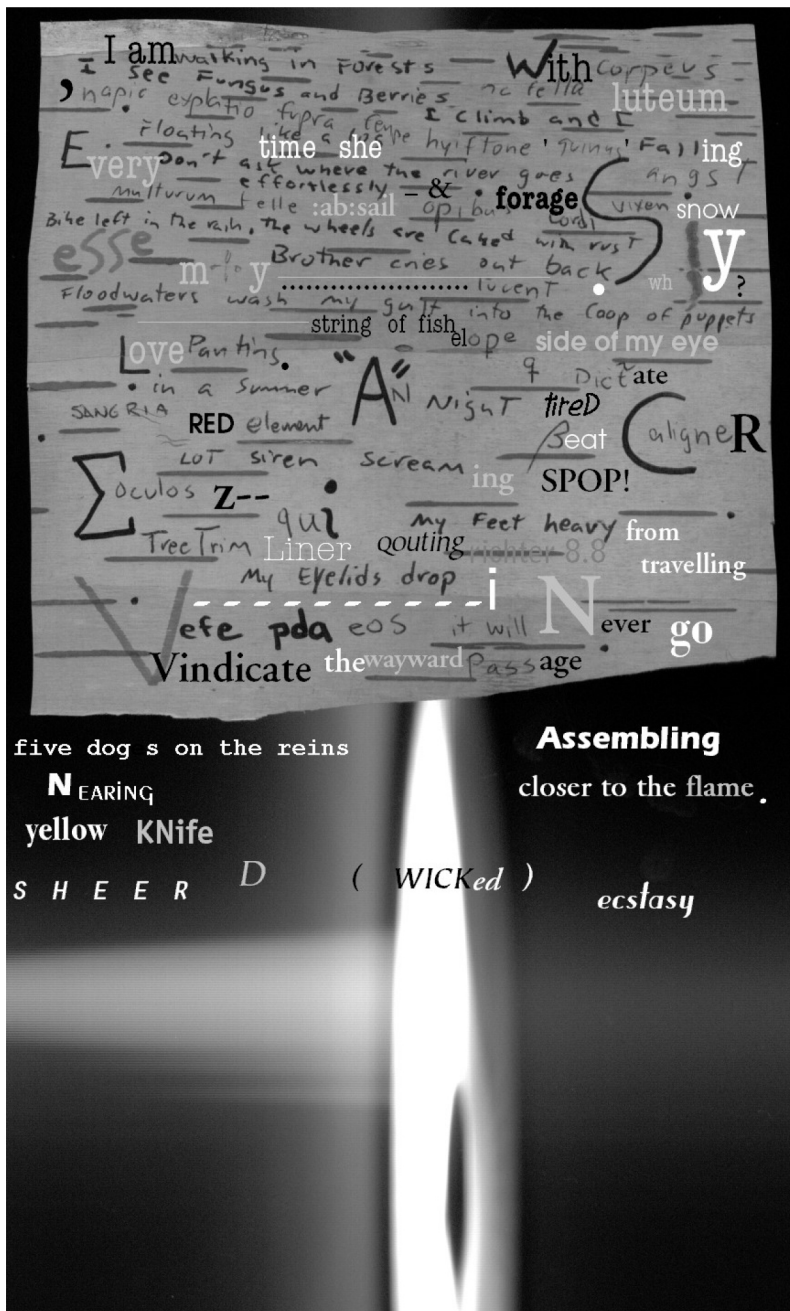
have **focused** on the light

you can only crawl up the **white** candle to **kill** your

**sense**







five dog s on the reins

**N**EARINGyellow **KN**ife**S H E E R** **D** ( **WICKED** )**Assembling**

closer to the flame.

**ecstasy**

(after the facts, recollecting):

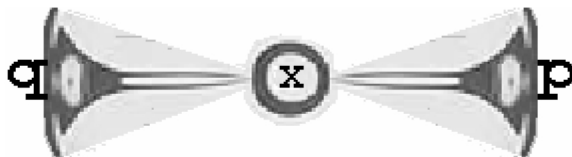
- ❖ An **icicle** shattering at my feet                      below the eaves of the **Dakota**
- ❖ A **red glove** draped                      over white steps in front of the L. **Center**
- ❖ A **white cane** with a red tip                      forgotten in the recesses of the **Cloisters**

... reminders that we are transcendent vehicles  
                                          searching in vain for one unified theory:

$$(\Delta P \Delta X \geq 4\pi\hbar)$$

When the realization lays in the movement.

                                         If you are certain where you are  
                                          then you won't know where you are going ...





© if the sun would ever set , we would  
 eye-witness the northern lights. As it is  
 the pale orb wanders in suspenders , diffused  
 and scattered (C) in a land so swollen with  
 lakes , the only land is Islands -patchy tundra that weaves  
 the ice flats and snowdrifts together , a  
 sodden sponge C-saturated then super -cooled © the  
 diamonds sleep in lake beds bidding beneath the ice  
 encapsulated in Kimberlite pipes -volcanic orgasms  
 from the mantle that never quite puncture the  
 crust C "Fuck it. We'll drill it" -says the  
 king of spades, despite the ambiguity in the ramp  
 corrected resistivity plots (I also over heard  
 him say once that this is not a job for those  
 with loved ones). On Starfish Lake we lay  
 out the wire , loop within loop after loop within  
 loop , guided by a grid of neon-vested sentries  
 guarding each coordinate pair making absolute  
 unassuming points. ( come late summer the ice will  
 thaw and the pickets will scatter and float on the  
 lake © stars in the sky) nothing definite nothing  
 defined . It's a struggle just to see with a light that  
 sheds no definition , our senses deprived by the  
 bleak (C) white expanse - let alone to find ©  
 diamonds under a frozen lake . We toil as the  
 sun circles around the horizon in a day that will  
 never end . We are the eyes and ears that work  
 for a wage but that will never see a single  
 diamond. C the hands that pull the purse strings  
 will never taste their own blood , as they wait  
 in the warmth of the core shack Never to taste the

Caribou migrating in mass numbers like refugees  
 and the wolves in a calculated pursuit - What it  
 must be like to be so hungry and cold , to  
 drink the fresh steaming blood brewed by years  
 of chewing lichen off of rocks under hard-packed snow  
 and ice . These men can pull the trigger that  
 blood-stains the angelic white feathers of the ptarmigan  
 but they can't taste the need © , the dry  
 cold desire Blinded by the dredging nets they drop  
 through holes in the ice- these are men that hunt  
 to kill and not to eat, trying to see something they  
 will never © be able to see , sucking the  
 life out of a buck b as they bring it into their sights  
 They sign the checks that harden our pupils into ©  
 magnets and harness the ©-flux into numbers, to live  
 like ghosts on an eggshell . C A nail hangs on a  
 string below a bare light bulb that never has a  
 need. A clock 'ticks' off time ( we invent a schedule  
 in the absence of daily closure) the diesel trucks are  
 kept running 24 hours a day in fear that they  
 will never start again. The rest of us split into  
 12 hour shifts. We pretend to sleep , guarding  
 the © treasures under our pillows in tents warmed  
 by burning aviation fuel. But not too warm or we  
 will melt right through to the bottom of the lake. Grasp  
 the diamonds and they melt like ice in your  
 hands . I know the others, like me, are afraid to sleep  
 out of fear that the relentless monotony of the  
 next day will come too soon . But no one  
 dares speak of it. A cigarette is lit a  
 cough , a fart, the rustling of feathers in our  
 cocoons © punctuating the snoring of those who

*Mining in the Black Hills*

do doze off , and the hum of the generator set back  
 from camp - these are all the tell-tale  
 signs that what we are dealing with is © entropy here  
 sleeping on a lake over diamonds . When we do  
 speak it's always a sarcastic joke , mock accents  
 and bitter complaints "Remember that dying cook  
 we called "coffin dodger" that eventually fell through  
 the ice by the pump house" ? Smiles and laughter  
 with forks in our fistled hands "That was something, eh?"  
 Diamonds are forever , that is their allure . They  
 are not the transient ice roads or the annual landing  
 strips on the lake we landed on . They are the  
 hardest of all elements (C) they are immune to the chill  
 a lump of over-cooked charcoal (carbon is carbon) it's  
 all in how they are arranged the crystalline  
 lattice of C's that gives it value . To us  
 it lays under ice thicker than I am tall , and  
 then beneath the water , and beneath the ground ©  
 something to be discovered , not created , to be divined  
 Diamonds are where you find them (the crew  
 chiefs will never get this ) I am told the Aurora  
 Borealis is caused by charged ions cascading  
 through the earth's magnetic fields . So C much  
 water and not a drop to drink . It's all frozen  
 into the bones of my crimson chrysalis like the  
 fish sleeping in the deep blue pallor under the ice  
 the C gulls scratch the surf ice . Our hides are  
 thickened by the artic wind that is as cold as greed  
 Our stomachs are full of chipped teeth and the  
 blood of gemstones Our eyes thread the needle  
 of the compass © Diamonds on a barbed hook bait  
 the forest dawn © © ©

Artic Circle  
 May 1996

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(but by virtue of this exposition is no longer))

### **About the Author**

Derek White worked as a grill cook for the summer of '94 in order to climb rocks in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Out of necessity, he also worked as an exploration geologist throughout North America. He currently lives in New York City where he writes other stuff like this and works for Napster.

