

six



seven

charles a. perrone

SIX

SEVEN

CHARLES A. PERRONE

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Charles A. Perrone

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moria
c/o William Allegrezza
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06-June Two Thousand Seven-07

Note to self, or to the huddled masses, a sort of letter prose poem serving as preface

Dear World:

I am seriously considering putting together another set of poems, of a dozen + 1/2 d. count. Last time (that I assembled a collection), six (= dozen / 2) years ago, the assembly comprised six sections of double-six items each for two reasons: something about 72 pp. being the minimum page count of a recognizable book (and $6 \times 12 = 72$) and also because the house I had in mind (table of contents) had six rooms within each of which a dozen lyrics could lounge: living–bedroom–kitchen / dining–rumpus–music parlor–library. Though if memory serves that group spanned 18 yrs. (a dozen plus a half-dozen years). Now, what I had in mind was two calendars worth of titles ($24 = 12$ months twice) since then, but the picky person that am I will have to settle for eighteen+, a chapbook if you will (by a fellow or "chap" dubbed CAP cf. no. ten), 24 pages in folk form if you count cover and all leaves. Also in addition what is more and plus, if you count the duple or double entry below, plus this partly or partially poeticized preface, there are actually twenty-one items present, which you can or could think of or imagine as three sets of seven. If twenty four had indeed seriously competed with eighteen (plus) for the editorial-item count prize here, the compromise would have been to add $24 + 18 = 42$ and to divide by $2 = 21$, making twenty-one a doubly justifiable way to conceive of the congregation here assembled. Sevens are special (days of the week, deadly sins, seals, continents, liberal arts, wonders of the ancient world, etc.). Sixes are still half a dozen with magical attraction and historical magnetism. Together and in sequence they can simply be *Six Seven*. Yet no architectural or domestic or domiciliary inner division in what follows, just a flow, as if a day (with its hourly stops) in the life... with a long nap or some real slumber.

Wings and Wing-Tips

The burdens of flight of these shoes or birds
are not unfamiliar
they are rather seasonal
owing to scent
somewhat like the taste of new data (files)
at a time for gnawing unawares
on odorous leather strips
sensing that the footwear you see
shining on the paws of one distinguished sir
may one day surprise you
tapping on the (listless) tiles
headlessly without body
in a public (restroom) stall
all innocent all-unknowing

person-states on a rotating planet

nascent nations
east meso- west
sun-risings sun-sets
to carry the weight of the eons
myths joys and countries' woes
in personal profiles and packages
baggage or luggage if you will
of content sentiment resentment
and other curiosities
of the hearts souls and finds of these
mapped and weather-bound beings
that we have become as well as are
entities of group-speak tribal rings
and tones gathered matters and folks
from seas to peaks and shining seas
blues greens red plains plateaus
arose and went down the glaring orb
the end of the century was
the end of the millennium
and we insist and persist with
historical consciousness
insidious individuals of imperious interest
our bodies our greyness our selves
or simply voices in the wilderness
gestations in the dark
gestures in ascent

new year's resolution

yes i am not fearful

(no, i ain't afraid)

of a day freight of raids

nor the tracks of night trains

more so surges fright

of the rain of an in-crowd

anxious to limit the flow

of in-tow enthusiasms

of exogenous selves

out to change the course

the pace place and face

of that tearful acquiescence

to

[...]

Playoff Picture

granted once again
qua qualifying grain of gratitude
that tiny bit of recognition
sans prankfulness
that makes such a difference
essentially over
a neighborsome fence between
the free diversity of feeling and
the frank dominion of not
or a side of yards yielded
unkempt contempt and -ment
and a side of groomed glee
still worthy of thankful
fulfilling feeding fields
needing no plenary
nor partial explanation

Media Literacy Revisited

midlevel medieval
or solely slightly back
wards of the state
chomping at the plate
a slate of recommendations
rank rude and rapacious
action-items and glare
or daring to denounce the troubled reasons
the horribly deformed the season of the witch
which the idea of verdicts the case of just plain
dealer done sense less lost
at a loss and in the hole
the entirety (whole ness) of one's wrongs
perhaps has no bounds:
release the hounds upon the throng
someone shouts to sound all who link
fill the moats the stakes are high almighty
and worthy of protection
rackets cannot wreck
our acreage of tents and tentacles
our deadly blind rule
our reign of error,

ordinal countdowns

to second what one first said
of going forth to face in place
in loco languages of the so-called
third world perchance in extremis
drum and fife bands barrel spinning
seven wonder lust blues en route
on stage crews versus on page rues
barely six shooter rules applied
to talk news gaping gabbing
someone should be the eighth to affirm
firmly without bending toward
any bent mantel or banter
the need to stay acquisition aware
acting friendly to the nines
with the skies of speakers
scapes of media to commentate abroad
a loft a bunk decry
a mask to sleep off
imminent threats
to dominant discourse

PS: poems occur at times
to interfere with fair
not market value
play away opportunity

Paeon to Overcast in a Land of Sun Worship

Hearing a Carioca intone
the thickness of clouds
in a mode of celebration reveals
an odd ode indeed
given the wide seal of disapproval
the known broadcast prejudice
against heavens unblue
an almost odious attitude
unkempt heathen contempt
for grey skies and drizzle
solar deprivation being
(almost) like slumber denied
sustenance taken from buoyance
generous daily dream world
reclining escape of restitution
a delirium of prospect almost
to confirm the clear and quotidian
chiaroscuro of hope and chance

Prose of Christmas Plenty

quite a house on a hill
with an open-air pantry
where I'd gone to get some
fresh and freely home-spun bread
the loaf was lovely, golden, saffron
and off I sliced two portions to put them aside
then another, a new pair, one more would be fine
the serrated bread knife stayed an instrument of joy
as the load I would carry grew larger the loaf maintained
a steady size and quiet grapes appeared on the counter
children and teens played by the pool while winsome
hired help in white shirts arrived they seemed to say
nothing yet looked at me suspiciously accusing me
no doubt implying something loathsome still
I continued confident I'd been invited to take
my fetching companion must know this
apparent duplication is not my doing
how so christian, man, like
the miracle of the fishes,
or whatever

Survey Response

Happily,

I did just remember that the (clear and present) dangers of suicide far surpass the rest, for example

the pest of anger

the forest of fat

walking on embers and coals

the masses of smoke

tempting members of unprotected clubs

per lust lustre or less

and so much else

that can have its day (say) and not stay

All this keeps me off the roof the cliff the edge

the final othering of self

Covering the Head

Epigraph or Caption: Hey, it's ME!

Call the captain, cap and bells removed,
to supervise the turning of the capstan,
the roping of this vessel to the school,
and tell the registrar the chamber holds no more:

capacities are reached

enrollments must be capped

and cap-and-gown investment must curtail;

it could further be a feather in your cap to know
that in a nutshell, a mediated capsule of sorts,
a capstone of caprice, a quay replete,
plus then to cap it off (repeat)
you might well write in captivating majuscule
the need to cleanse the body cap-à-pie,
dimension free and fairly far from flesh (freely
felt) to capsizize here the certainty of boatswains
to make, in sum, the weight of distance melt.

Halves and Have Nots

kernels of knowledge
crackers of toy
chip crunching feral

alphabet porridge
sheared locks of joy
mind nearly virile

Conceptual reach

On the verge of al-
most having it com-
plete on the
—that's the what's the point—
of my tongue
fully at my fingers'
ends
wits, whips, quips in-
to shape
a ticker tape of stock
market-ed, cliché-d, quite-trite tries
boiler-plate replies
you could dis-
quiet discredit avoid
so simply by giving me
nerve leads clues to discover
blocks of frozen al-
cohol to terve, render one tipsy
the tip of the ice-
berg, as it were, in this
melting down solid of
time-inference-play

Standing up to a Tyrant

a certain containment of certitude

declared said

a veracity devoured forthwith

again without

regard or regret to count

to assume

the position of sacking truth

by tirades

barely standing the durable test

naked alone

epigrams of ranting rage or want

yet given

retainers meant hardship overcome

birthing or

beyond

Moving Sale [after self]

Apparently the idea was to say

Let's get rid of all this

[mental] baggage

boxed cognition

accumulated junk

and [physical] knowledge

in order to figure out

[activate in-take, out-put]

how or if in any way or whether

this is moving at all

Moving on? off? in? out? up? down? over? Over?

Pick something to take, a selected quote:

what is thinkable is possible

modernism as celebration

eros c'est la vie, prier de quoi

l'un : nul

i.e., e.g., q.v., cf.

finitude-in-finitude: infinitude

finitude-in-finitude: infinity?

A Pedestrian Dantesque

the risk of a brisk walk back
through these streets of fumes
curt crossroads of wicks and cement
past trails of dust, plumes, and feral machines
is no less a length of cloth to cover the dangers
of anger and greed, passion for speedy satisfaction
via crucis of group gain shots of profit from your mistakes
leg up, stand up, on foot, on your knees, prostate and flat
in the middle of the way, hold the long stark night of the sale
loud and lewd, crude and crowded clouds of rust and paint
to cast doubt about your life (which is our life)
a classical shroud and now extinguished speaker
your lips sealed with wax, polish, and chrome
parked face down in the pavement
you never more to roam
to ascend italic heights
only to fall in the dark
infernally a
eternally far

Travel Log

"Oh my God!" you exclaim
—and good day by the way—
your former de-filing and claim (Re:)
your ancient excavation, revindication,
has been lost ir-
regardless (of) your efforts
and furtive fortifications of the lot;
despite all care in the air (*de, ir, etc.*)
to fare well where no man has before,
to forge no manifold control,
to make some trio, two, or one
happy in a holding pattern,
to stay content, to accept the content at a distance,
safe-sexed-unhexed-and-free of all numeric takes,
full-noun explanations of destinies and / or sorts,
(lucks, locks, licks, lacks of lexical coherence)
hic et nunc, here and now, what do you expect?:
you're past the security check, frightful threshold,
you've asked (to be answered) if it's always this tight
and passed into the night, full of fear, full of life.

Interim Action

and *in medias res*

he went ahead and said:

I am indeed a member of the tribe

a not so recent addition

to the roll of census-makers

a taker of chances sometime ago

a veteran gambler gone left

right next to the middle

of the thing so begun

then led to bestow

and hold be and lo!

a *happy end*.

Remembrance and Its Counterpart

all to remember all to forget
calling recalling
a cauldron of drowning in data
apace with the flowing of vivid and vain
of rigid and reigns of desperate despots
against benign monarchs of memory
 (re: me or my role as myself)
from the depths of stark chronos
to the chips of a presentified present
of gifts of the mind of repasts of events
recollected in tranquility matching
and rematching calm or otherwise paused
guilty not guilty shame blame or fame
deserved or not discerning or lost
lent unrecovered tools for getting closer
to the total whole that transpired and
released the binding of memorial gaps
recoiling unwinding becoming unwound
as the wounds of logos phanopeia melos
dissolve without recourse
to restore
to rest or
to re
to

TBA (Giving thanks 2001)

1. tricky business this task of assigning a title,
2. of naming a topsy-turvy entity of risk,
3. of tying together tiny strands of traits and ways,
4. intertwining tangibles of thought and bands
5. of tripping moves or motives to determine
6. key evidence, as twists and urns of eatery,
7. consuming tips of talking turkey, say, or tawny
8. chips of tuna taco, swigs alone or tipsy grieves,
9. to disentangle twigs and leaves in bramble,
10. identifying noses cleaned and never-mangled metal,
11. discomforting sensation of danger in sound—
12. tingle-jangle-twang-and-ring: an empty echo —
13. to tickle the brain, the site of con and templates,
14. the fickle flights of trends, traditions,
15. eyes left right in a twinkle, a seaming tizzy,
16. after all five senses think, have taken part alive,
17. and twenty times, attempts, and tries,
18. to turn up sudden, fill the whole, the sides,
19. the number, size,
20. of triumph.
- [21.]

Partiture of a Part-Time Language Assessor

to-day to task, un-pleasantry:
awful argot, ugly-speak,
try examples-ill abound,
commas drop, dashes drip,
expect a bumpy ride, they say,
on qualm-filled tracks
of quash-grilled treks,
a pail-full crock of dog-eared page
and mainly motley monikers,
scarcely mellifluous, rime-time-prime
—goosebumps pimples zitface goop—
a horrible title, like *putrid scum*, or *garbage*,
a rudely relative raunchiness
an arbitrary awkward something
and turn to some, one un-becoming thing,
as crap just came from name plus fame
crab is to crack, or crabs are to scratch,
mock-cock fry rock, pockish match
his or herky-jerky motion,
greasy gobs, of poolish, flesh
cloak might be comely
croak might be not,
morass, depends, depression, gloom,
looming, dooming,
the end or the and:

FIN

FIM

Books/e-books Available from Moria Poetry

Jordan Stempleman's *Their Fields* (2005)
Donna Kuhn's *Not Having an Idea* (2005)
Eileen R. Tabios's *Post Bling Bling* (2005)
William Allegrezza's *Covering Over* (2005)
Anny Ballardini's *Opening and Closing Numbers* (2005)
Garin Cycholl's *Nightbirds* (2006)
Lars Palm's *Mindfulness* (2006)
Mark Young's *from Series Magritte* (2006)
Francis Raven's *Cooking with Organizational Structures* (2006)
Raymond Bianchi's *American Master* (2006)
Clayton Couch's *Letters of Resignation* (2006)
Thomas Fink's *No Appointment Necessary* (2006)
Catherine Daly's *Paper Craft* (2006)
Amy Trussell's *Meteorite Dealers* (2007)
Charles A. Perrone's *Six Seven* (2008)

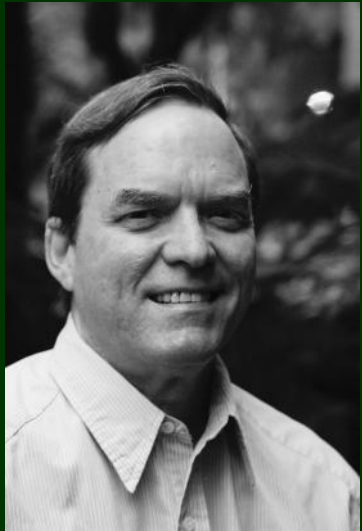
The e-books/books can be found at <http://www.moriapoetry.com>.

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Charles A. Perrone was born in New York, raised in California, last studied in Texas, and now at the semi-centurion stage still works in Florida. Different forms of his verse and related creative work (visual, musical) have appeared in each of those states, as well as in Mexico and Brazil.

home.att.net/~charlesaperrone



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