

six



seven

charles a. perrone

SIX

SEVEN

CHARLES A. PERRONE

# Six Seven

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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



## 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, prostrate 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)

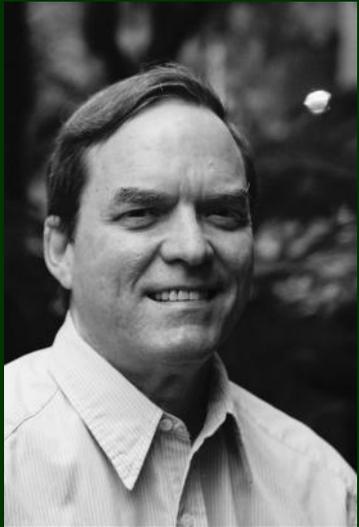
The e-books/books can be found at <http://www.moriapoetry.com>.

Six

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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.

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