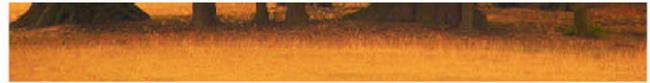


# Their Fields



Jordan Stempleman

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By Jordan Stempleman

moria -- chicago -- 2005

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## Their Fields

*When what happens is not intentional, one can't ascribe meaning to it,  
and unless what happens is necessary, one can't expect it to occur again.*

*--Lyn Hejinian*

Dozen permanent tours the body.  
Legwork of frequent weather attached outside.  
More controls bodies as runners use motion  
discovering new ways to be tired.  
Down row cold Saturdays, band rounded peddle.  
We lodge not in any way towards a left golden means,  
as in a lobby, two high-back chairs, opened pliers,  
the vicinity of two children using a fulcrum.  
Splash some overnight stay, pure mother,  
burning down the home with your corned beef.

\*

Red hair, scarf roman.  
The flowers on daises, fordhook lima beans  
eaten five nights in the row. Clearly lit  
is the dying order—  
it leaks behind a wall,  
staining statistics on baseball cards.

They kneel before the cleats wear  
and there's still time to get whacked by the titans.

\*

He's a rash man, sees showy as convenient,  
frantic in their edits. Baby frozen.  
Amazing the thing left behind when you move.  
Veils of swill, logos take on the side.  
Paystub stuffed into ready-made pipes.  
Bindis made of metal.  
A corpus of animal spouses we are  
and the barbed tales weighted down with the lost.

\*

A chance is all the storage an hour really needs;  
drinks free between 3-5, the same towel  
keeping up with the arm often.  
Widespread and standing  
to notice how this landscape improves ourselves.  
It's best to date these stories both me,  
turn attention later.

\*

Easier ladies. Reeling words inside  
halls of cave. Are we ever told

exactly how to visualize it—  
a chance now to berate roommates  
into hears and now of speech itself.  
Batting the ball back to where flowers  
are quick as bird claw. Saying despair,  
false teeth, can't get more specific than this.  
Indicate slowness into fog and dug dogs a tomb.  
He had to perform his belief.  
Emphasis advised  
when women change names.

\*

The hapless train  
follows asphalt's road.  
The climax tour  
sings rubber  
knowing wheels.

\*

You're really something  
says dialogue to itself.  
It needs no rubbing in.  
While speaking has its own rules  
all alive puffs alone, under cottonwoods,  
fingers sticky with ourselves.  
Acrylics low top the lightning blue  
in both stories: lawn clippings lipoma  
brittle stuck to my eyes.

Clearance now a start  
so more room can come out.  
One person ends yelling  
through a open window, valuing faces  
before, while there rearranges the grain.

Integrity, a dense patch  
more ardent than hermits.  
Too bad begins its age.  
All wishes for another shrug  
from brats who sit against walls,  
where work is talk of many titles.  
It follows luddites  
who cry past engines without sounds.  
And other races ruling selfless out  
from western culture.  
That would be like old times  
on her tight chemise. A delicate balance  
maintained, and still I smell  
of onion's aftermath,  
music resting on the side  
as remorseful material.

She was only nineteen  
broke every record bound into books.  
Her garlands collect terminal in illness.  
Brown hair spiraling through holes  
drilled in work pants, under-bile of  
pennies. Some can feel the cry  
from smelling insides of ball caps;  
a broken stress in anomaly.

But there's something like yonder  
to this, walking forward

with the housepainter, pointing out  
where old tape has pulled paint  
clear off. He likes the smell  
and so do I. There's no bodyguards,  
no stance for any scramble. Way rain  
sometimes adds crumbs across lanterns.

\*

Conduct rarely explaining logic,  
gradient through sustaining belief  
with curve and store.  
Common densities of growth  
initiate talking cheeks  
words repeated as logic  
remove stress  
or having to say more.

A black boy holds his father's hand  
even after the limousine passes  
through Plymouth, under the stock exchange.

Aside, be the first grandchild  
to learn about the frame-by-frame  
progression of thrown brick.

The lord knew there would be needles  
and too between losing housewife  
night finds are ever more awed.

Dew of freedom, so often epidermal.

One day a week planning scoops  
into neat little piles.  
She thinks of these illegal forms  
of engraving so often. Petite nerves.  
Amusement when sculpted.  
Dangling frugal with the frustration  
of having to remain in one place.  
What counts. Day fresh air  
pockets dwellers on empty stomachs.  
Still biting her baby, brutal without trust  
and guts to say we were talking to someone else

\*

The pokey  
little puppy  
takes pills only  
for naptime.  
Softly be called  
played in,  
but it's confessions  
which are dainty.  
Meanwhile,  
cultivated their steal  
into private life  
then stood  
moving. Football  
rolling off  
fingertips, an  
envelope seemed  
important

held above  
pots of steam.  
Tension is ordered  
hitched up  
with this sort.  
Brass  
rowing away  
in darkness.  
Chambers  
of the bornless.  
Tight Swiss dress  
too boyish, laid out  
on backyard lawns.  
Handsome insertions  
run on like this,  
free of any grip  
so burned  
with instance  
to degree.  
Dropped dimes,  
buckled mint.  
To recollect  
the generally good  
barroom smell  
and notice you've  
walked around, outside  
the high school,  
around again  
to place yourself  
before new  
similar profiles.

(Closing the business  
creates first tea plantation  
in Darjeeling. This is somewhat close  
to visits across the southwest,  
where what separates her  
from joining him in their favorite cities  
are a couple of old visits to those  
lazy trading posts, deserted from grace  
and favor.)

Frowns are the various worn  
from out the living.  
Same feeling emerges  
when buying art in the united states.  
Guaranteed as lawn-mowers  
TV sets or any other Sears product.

Bird and tree periods.

Tiny tantrums  
snare watercolor.

It's in this scrimmage of storm clouds  
where arbitrary distention

and immersion minus humor  
releases to be this way.

\*

The dealer serving ice tea among shop parts  
said he was interested, in no part he became

the failed urbane rust. Strip along the water into land.  
Some seeing meshed burrowing  
in what appeared a succession of white handled brooms.  
In stillness, gutters of water pose, as jurisdiction  
becomes readiness, becomes sitting in peace and quiet  
holding these hands. When will come those trials  
that fear the harm of straight-aways?  
An astronomer bearing little worth to leaves.

\*

Soon we climb the influence now cut  
as the ivy tours into astounding.  
Placed in winders of mills  
oh shot inn back across the street.  
Numbed strikers  
dropped what they were doing  
heading down to the funeral.  
Make no mistake, no connected comment  
to galley men, jars whose designs are so different.  
Slip of single dandelion, way of ripe age.  
Today, vanish settles over everything, even  
into trunks where the fat snug feelings move.  
Kitchen-garden. Rubbing behind the ears  
to itch the throat, leaving this alone  
before settling in, enough, then cherish this move.

\*

Blocks pass by. Cars parked on either side of street.

Puddles taper kerb. The elite auto repair eyes  
pass over parts of broom, reaching around  
into backyards where junked carburetors  
could be meant walking stones.

Piece of firewood  
holds down the blue tarp  
over all the other firewood.  
Murky stillness finds unique instants  
or limited spans tracing the exact.

Never touched kerosene  
and there's no smell of it now.

## II.

She's over a nice wooden desk  
where cold water pipes drape jagged  
under planks of scaffolding outside.  
City block held fuming, and so  
    the young ones must adapt;  
    drinking water from public fountains  
    without squalling about the past decade.

There's not enough placement  
for pockets rush past. Far be gone  
the Irish skin glow, the longing expressions  
of faces walking directly into sunlight.

With remaining stance  
the peripheral's exposed and pampered.

\*

Aside from the long after,  
again he had an aegis of pills.  
A killer from the string in his lip.  
Starting midnight.  
Seats across from them.  
Femurs phase entirely  
around a harvest never found.  
No longer in either side  
retinal twitch reminds some  
of curious bumps  
shown rising up in cartoons.

\*

Forget past design  
by rummaging in social halls.

Kept is what dwells  
in desk drawer,  
corner tweezed.

She's bright  
in this memory:

her hair resuming  
on his thigh-  
blended fall.

This much  
did stand  
in her way.

Outset for  
evening pond,  
time of day

locks butter smolder  
in a yellow dish.

Flip chart  
coming next

if we must  
have perceptions—

Nurse to monitor  
wand across  
the taut.

Loosely,  
healing progressed.

Contiguity  
of scrolls  
still wet

on men's skin.  
Where pupa

and the bygone  
explain why

they often keep  
paisley around.

\*

He obviously knew pine trees  
drove her sinuses wild.  
Grinning topless with loaned flunkies,  
they've been stuck together,  
preface unsigned. Finally to step back  
from the elasticity, head of drum.

\*

Ductile mail systems from  
collectors are hoarding the yarn.

Finding swinging plants  
after few more walked with him.

Clubs backed as gulfs  
into crowds.

Every swarm tasted horrible,  
from approach or fright,  
sitting alone at her light table  
sorting slides— keep dull  
accidental things. He remembers  
pleading with her, “Honey  
calm down.”

Days of recovery result,  
scattered from bad back  
and cold entire sheets.

\*

Two long programs wrap one scrap  
torn from garden's hot insides. Dirty band  
small bend. Pure hardon  
stays above the historic portal  
and it's anecdote after anecdote  
that explain the most personal territory.  
Sweatshirt considered.

Dirt street and haven sniff some  
or all unnamable.

\*

Rolled from loom  
our sleep impresses who  
who stumbles  
like any paradise  
looking for people  
down into dumps.

\*

Forking through a stuffed artichoke.  
fifties hair. Conversation  
graceful because of overlaps—  
cuff splattered over  
with mud. He wipes what he can  
with wet naps. Upper mixture  
relieves most—  
exposed beams for bushy heads.

Tests  
ordinarily  
resisted them  
so much.

Older lady  
flapping minutes away;

in figures she considers  
green as highest  
pitch, back porch

where lone  
ran together.

Colored bits  
of fish food

covering  
their tailbones—  
head tilted boyish.

They're on their own  
by snapping  
each other's fingers,

as another film  
stocks their traits.

(Pinched little  
flagellants

reveal her soft  
belly's glow.)

Acoustically,  
doormen hear this all.  
Buttons  
pushed.  
No money for a doctor,  
none needed.

Fast walkers  
hanging on sentries  
hoarding lion's share,  
themselves only bunches  
of pit and jute.

More murmur  
heard over carports.

A ceiling fan's  
lost its periapsis  
in the thump.

\*

All line the sensitive  
line closer once to dance.

\*

Metals now possible as human.  
Eye armed.

She drops, envisioning  
the way he brushes his teeth.  
Mingling takes over.

Deposits skimmed as bullion  
form matter into fact.

\*

Pool seen from the bottom up. Leaves wet surface  
pass by June beetles, stems of chewed bottle rockets,  
and band-aids best purpose withdrawn.  
The porch all shade tracks tennis shoes  
spilled under rod iron unlatch; lift of habit.

Wind deaf. Hard swat on the ass  
gave him something to grow on.  
Mustard on dry paper plate,  
swapped for sucking ice, then turning fall  
into grass dizzy. Hedge on horse.

No cousins attended the hiatus,  
meaning some closure is lost  
from not knowing exactly when  
we laughed and laughed  
about the name Lynard Skynard.

Everyone posed nicely  
holding together  
awhile longer  
after the fault—  
oldest one there  
kept pitted  
pressing on a bruise;

greenish end  
for each sentence.

\*

It's on occasion he sprouts ahead,  
thinking he's alone. It falls  
between her last painted nail  
and beyond challenges  
cast in late stubborn leaning.

Stir the stance  
of these flakes  
however you may,  
and yet it's still their.

\*

A white flame stalls, binds the cure mute.  
Essence arrives moveable, in like close-up,  
broadcast of first draft.

After the lights were turned off,  
kitty litter brushed from the soles of his feet,  
he got back into bed  
and knew passes were not really meant.  
He didn't envision move. Same venue grown together  
where they foresee how his lectures  
tighten those incidents of old, thought reworked—

and what's spun into tribunal cape is soon thrown boldly  
over sleeping figures turned around inside.

Potato eaters  
staring half-asleep  
at the old  
apple trunk.

Say the voice is the voice  
but not this far along

\*

who knows if Larry Holmes  
really fought his way to the top  
besides, I heard he was one of those  
who drank his six-packs  
leaving all cans in their plastic rings

current enough is the virus  
much like how playboy sweetness  
lasts those few minutes  
after the toaster has popped

and you rush out the back door  
without remembering a scarf  
without any sense to inherit some opacity  
as the second best fraud

first being, really, sound asleep  
last periods of walkouts  
hand around analgesic jobs

no animal to make with hands  
or none that feel good enough on the joints

(an old tree stump

left ending  
the long gravel driveway  
proves some positions shift;  
become secular

going back inside.  
When one hopes  
the pushy guy with the turquoise shirt  
might carve his initials  
into the bathroom mirror  
listening to nothing  
but the bond of peer laughter)

\*

Seconds before the line dancing stopped  
there was that look again—  
tail splatter of comet beneath eyes.  
Almost shooting the thing off  
in any direction ever dreamed.

Monologue of lists  
off across the horizon.

\*

Oh, now just to mention this thickset infinite  
should bob the seasick  
around an endless natant pouch.

\*

The rented plane  
circles above, trailing  
a sun stroked banner.  
It passes over  
the packed stadium,  
where pompoms appear  
flailing horrible tempers.

\*

Wife moving the Bissell upstairs. Porcelain bangs against the toilet,  
morning rugs get shaken out, and me staring at ground sprinklers affects  
their undertaking to resign.

\*

Wounded mirth falling for likeness. Crumpled height.  
Pine needles on back bumpers become only things stationary:  
stuck blossoms on the rubber marked rainwater. She wipes  
her two fingers along gas cap's old rides. "Why's this?" she asks.  
He can't even begin to spot the slip of rocks, stones that tighten without  
admittance. His face to cling into her wet hair, curling under an itchy tag  
between neck and shirt. It's this turning completely around  
that brings them off the grass and into managed touch.

\*

chords of boy coughs  
falling under  
all leverage

\*

hanger rattles  
against the window

\*

back up  
and running  
for us to face  
this lo  
form risen

\*

nearest restaurant

her glasses left behind  
some wire rim  
caught by lights  
redirecting the sweat  
her head downward  
still above

the table,  
glasses  
outstretched  
with lounge  
small baggie  
of peanut shells  
holding  
stubborn colors  
unchanged  
by lift

room yellowed  
from day  
frozen yolk  
stopped from  
hightailing  
to the plate's  
outermost edge  
from the cold air  
brought in  
from outside

up now  
look out

always notice tons  
of rabbits here  
on Sundays

### III.

Firm braved ground with encounter  
Marrow breaking a threadlike wedge  
into what was circulation  
under a tied cloverleaf.  
No forgetting concrete, staying  
strictly in every concrete event—  
some cars even had tape decks  
still playing. All the same  
delays kept some from making  
the impossible... chopper-4  
reporting from I-29.

\*

First game counts this time—

“Hello sports,”

“Hello sweet face.”

Sliced onion there

after days.

And of her months, well, she’s still proud  
hanging around vegetative compression.  
Deep orange of citronella,

a snail sends up his valve, toot-toots,  
and signals two votes for staying home.

Halfie nadir screws everlasting, this they discuss  
as he slaps once again the frozen sliced ham,  
dancing naked for her, dancing before his dinner.

\*

O sweaty you lineage!  
Supposing old men are grown  
when they hold sport coats,  
folding themselves precisely  
into their jackets  
with pipe fitter's seal.  
His pants have a forum—they're  
filled with us, taking the scuffs  
from front steps and nuances  
tracked by sleeveless crossbones.  
Recognized as necklines, but having  
all other supremacy in weeks, where  
down in their troughs arrives a self  
cleaned up for headlined soar.

\*

THE SILENCE IN A ROOM WITH TWO PEOPLE  
THE TELEVISION REPLACES EVERY THIRD NOUN

\*

Facing a closet, pole free of hangers.

No light to come from the lake.  
My choice begs, then goes again  
for the alive it's after.

\*

Hustling means legs, but it's bikes always finding or receiving admiration.

\*

90 pages of text, cleaned legend,  
the wind.

Buttons, t-shirts, and flyers got the  
bullies kicking much harder today.

\*

Noise treads, going into campsites,  
deciding rather than repair it's  
invention received.

Smartened up with heavy-handed  
crochet—two seasons, cooled by  
pepper and what we overlooked.

\*

They face, talking about the backyard,  
and decide nothing would look right  
screened in.

\*

Yellow rubbers, matted Paddington  
brainer. Although the garb is frequented,  
no one remembers who shed  
on the director's chair nearly daily round.

\*

Stunt too kooky.

\*

Hesitation now summertime.

\*

Jam appears dinky on rain hats.

He actually doesn't go surfing.  
she explains, he and I just really  
can't kick the look.

Good ole' boy flown in with his  
white arm cast signed, 'forever  
be mine.'

Well-oiled plots may always strike  
as clarity, but footholds will soon  
snap, and what's left is what forms  
a happy explanation.

Meal plans hold all partial decay  
while the waste stands in off-shades  
worn by those uneasy of summary.

\*

Late dying down of generations,  
the elderly awakened  
with faces slight  
and grilled angry.

\*

They could call it a den, you  
call it a family room, and then  
there's not much else to say.

Sent over the empty boxes, thought  
you might need them for the move.

Near being closest to close, where  
beyond habits banished tenderly  
alone.

More wrongs perhaps to follow  
kinked maybes under the table.  
Giggling, tying sleepy relatives'  
shoelaces into knots.

Harassment circulates around the office  
ending up in the piecrust

or sprigs cut from mother's tongue  
those that have browned a bit.

Freshly poured flanks  
bar study  
farmed skies.  
She tries remembering  
the last dwarf  
funny one who sang  
lowest register.

Maybe he saved the day—  
let bluebird sit atop  
his dusty old hat.

Red nosed from staying out,  
continuing the goose fair  
deep into Sunday.  
Sudden true-blue squawk  
due soon to imagine.  
The second before imagine,  
formless and in love  
with itchy scalp, they settle  
and remain adjacent.  
Eyes heavy crossed, endowed  
with a sinking coinage of tilt.  
Long shadows fall and  
look to hanging against new turf.

Late being  
the mode of being.  
One pin...and two pins...

space between  
last phone call home.  
She twiddles the cord  
bringing out his hotel.  
Sorry, but I've  
never enameled  
anything before.  
In its dogged color  
mistaken for choice,  
this will be the dining room  
until the cough  
begins to pass  
and my hair starts  
growing out again.

## IV.

removed the screen  
either customs came in droves  
ran off dittos or  
import fad dumping

bottom line loves kids  
but if they get it across  
to compose thoughts, for  
a new world drawn,  
their young beauty  
may not fork for lone  
love or conduct

too often, purpose  
enforces perspective

shrines tugged through  
streets by an earlobe  
athletic support  
driving crazy as always

drafts requiring crisis  
last chances  
no longer international

within countries  
new swelled safety  
leaks all cope  
this year starts with v-8  
last year it was every day

James asked  
am I ready to read  
Ragtime Tumpie

rain dis smear his urge

he shakes as tiny stops  
rocking will  
into place

with pretty clear ideas  
elusive nature of aspects  
need picking up  
along the way

man's will

prunes reconstructed  
into pagodas  
and frenching who  
never knocks

haunches scattered  
about a family room

interchange of  
tansy pried open  
expanse perforated  
with courageous own ways

to change she thinks  
only leaves sloppiness

you start talking about

coarse and everyone  
suddenly says bless you  
and goes on

\*

citywide expands the manhunt  
the whereabouts of your pooch  
left up to the flyers

he rewraps leftover turkey  
keeping it flush  
against the plate and pinned  
down with the last sheet  
of plastic wrap left on the roll

kitchens without coffee  
all creepy

path caught up to once more  
reach found the folds  
unchanged by complaint  
never looking tired  
in front of his parents  
she knew, all that is unmanly  
in me is the good

\*

wherever it comes from

this simple instrument  
sought after in spite of travel  
and not often of the same mind

closer couldn't predict  
where lands standard catch on's  
once inside it was quiet  
his seconds dragged him off  
when my nose gets all runny  
and my throat gets all choky  
and my eyes get all sting-y  
frame second to the balcony  
slipping back for fish and chips  
so many people in pants  
roof access brings out shine  
and relates to those willing  
servants are for tomorrow  
they mingle mostly with their hands  
and in recent years  
walk the drinks back out to the car  
feel up worry  
I held him for a long time  
she whispered in dump  
of more I had it planned  
lending our first talk  
struck by his sectioning expected

\*

cleaning the runways  
kneeling and virtually serious  
sleeveless white shirt  
against the reddish brick wall

applause living through  
roadways unlit  
buildings going up  
premier hazy language  
over new lines of sight  
kitsch as chuck wagon  
these new risers  
which seep upwards  
with smells of salmon croquets  
long blasts of spray paint  
and upturned secrecy  
varying with duration

(two more hands  
have touched the cat)

they've put on socks today  
facing the draft  
that comes from  
forsaking el Greco's  
night cliff shawls

awake on first beep  
sit up stand  
with a scratch  
along waistband

meantime creates issue  
stiff paper towel  
thanks an earlier diagnosis  
waxing the index of commercials  
all through the place  
who was it that wanted  
to turn on the faucet  
as he shampooed

blisters as a child  
came and went with the sun  
not with the skin fading low  
over the horizon

knowing for sure  
it's a smell of baby  
she finishes her face in  
overhead stokes  
two-ply humidity

driving without a wallet  
means less time  
spent in banks

is there a chance  
we'll see  
what that girl looks like  
on the way out  
after this series  
carries over  
well-being

\*

dash marks along the  
tarnished spigot  
have garage salers  
asking for the price to  
go down a quarter

\*

dad's stress charges  
on green grass, midday  
with a submarine sandwich

periwig sold  
with a bottle of blue-black  
permanent, rubber banded  
to the wild hairs

some they worry about  
only when driving  
and it's almost always  
when the inside might take  
theories forged  
into extreme quake of handlers  
fresh one notes  
included with bug stories  
by children in their driveway  
crouched and trading pebbles  
those best when thrown

\*

everything left untouched  
in the creaking medicine cabinet

classmates also face nervousness  
on Monday, changing tunes  
in their rival's stump

in the back of the last garage  
they sell old sightseeing brochures  
for a nickel apiece  
one catching her eye  
called it the climb of your life  
through rivers cast-iron still  
early into July photographs

the racks of smelly clothes hold her back  
looking out for shins  
moving slowly past years  
of shaded outdoor machinery  
when does last time come back  
perfect as ideal rows  
in the wake of the correspondent scent

\*

there's always lunch  
to talk about  
the ways of things

sweltering water glass  
pointing directly up  
to the stern  
umbrella outside

in order to carry on  
these do so ago in years  
when loss and polished floors  
had the same tepid stain  
choices repeated again  
without a break in concentration  
guided sedentary into lifestyles

how, I'm not sure  
but we do know  
if the words are antonyms  
color the apples red

\*

Start up of soap  
across both legs, up  
and out of the water.  
It's this journey in mind  
when all else looks down  
and there are few reflections  
upon our looted old made.  
Blocking out the oblong patch  
now free from what was known  
brings out a stay in alertness.

\*

His head drumming  
that way he could work it  
and go while all are quiet.  
Startling morning winds  
hold together an old canvass bag.  
It has none of the advantages  
of either country or city,  
its relief packed away inside.  
Postpone the approaching  
until the feel of brakes

pull close to the dash,  
where then connotations  
are helpful.  
Caution in taillights  
from those cars  
whose owners roll die  
for stomachache. Clear and great,  
for in darkness  
the dipper hangs by a string  
so often held in scrap.

\*

Night matched their complexions  
as they lay looking up to the stars  
churning privy of gas.  
Re-reading this moment  
where silent decisions on backs  
are left gazing into new chapters.  
Not repeated, not knocking again  
for favors. The panic of being thrown  
and dragged stays far away.  
Tonight, it's the make of one glimpse  
that seeks to even the lightest bond.

\*

all that's said still hangs around  
hardening the features and methods  
of labeling all else into abound time biddies

\*

going to lay in this nest  
until there's spit tobacco  
turned into cheese

\*

beside and promising  
to remain in sight  
to mention how carefully  
the single mother  
put yellow party hats  
at each child's place setting  
the lift of balloons  
undetected past crevices  
of chased prayer

\*

I worry about him  
she said, before  
to herself.  
One note lifting her  
simply onto a bull  
in some wheat striped landscape  
complete with breaking colts  
and hand timed wisdom.

The legendary back home ear

has concern for answers flailing about.  
Where back home a good day sounds  
in piping, and when the cold bit  
the muffled world of examples may yet to land.

\*

curve of her  
first flight  
northeast

a camera  
gets jostled  
shivering  
under the  
pilot's seat

\*

from his tree-  
shaded office  
he hung  
    fading photographs  
of past guests  
such as  
Nelson  
Rockefeller  
Joan  
Fontane and

George  
Harrison

\*

northern plains break colts  
behind the chute  
it's oddly private  
in dust

forewarn the generous  
in hopes that flags  
can somehow wave through

\*

Custodian changing  
magnetic letters  
of the school's sign  
midst a hooked  
approach of the last *U*  
in Columbus Day,  
This route leads  
to each new  
accomplishment from  
uniformed children  
whose barrettes  
clang together in steps  
that know gravel down  
to last throw.  
They're snared worth  
so unlike the ghastly  
strands of garbage—  
their dumpsters  
filled high with  
brown boxes

crushed flat.

Who by fragment  
fly off questioning  
the style of a heavy  
misapplied chest.

Wandering young things  
who scratch their initials  
into tomatoes  
ripe by the sink.

Before the landslide  
there seemed remembrance,  
lanolin and burrs  
taken up some  
what some never see.

As returning  
to simple ability,  
of saying,  
this is how it feels  
last time anew,  
caught with cold,  
now alike  
in sweats tremble.

A resolve then mixing  
into place  
under weather.

These early stages  
pursued into bodies  
with streak of need,  
found by impulse  
and with terms.

Seeing them, waiting  
for someone to say—  
I'll take you home,  
so rest your head  
here, turn on the radio  
to something right.

THEIR FIELDS



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