

To My Mother After Marvell's Garden Poems

Andrew Stone

Peg, grandma, your mom,
asked me what I think happens after
we die and do we have a soul
She thinks we amount to more than dirt, plants, onions
I don't know, It's probably better not to think about it
right It's probably going to rain later though
Judging by the clouds above the impersonal space
on the other side of the fence aboard the above-ground Q-train
That in passing advertises LOVE for a resort or city peripheral to the core i.e.
Somewhere not New York, somewhere warm, south, off the coast, of colonial residue
Running on the physics of deliberate negligence, the engineering of denied orgasm
Ruining math with bad decisions, mismanagement, sorry
I also don't really understand the railway industry

Welcome to the "A Posteriori Vehicles Of A Better World
For America" Information Session
It's difficult to systematize without a job don't you think
Life or reality, either way
The painter Giacometti once having left the corporeal realm
In the back of a Tabac successfully
returned and concluded through a cloud of smoke
One should be a tree in the direction
Of his friend and to no one in particular
I love trees and I want the same for you
As I walked leaves moved in the direction I was walking
So there I stood still, me, the wind, and its interlopers
War, long dead streets
A sprig of eucalyptus and a pile of "religious" texts
Interest rate-international trade-"fast car go woo woo" business
If I'm trying to balance coherence with the dignity of my bust
I'm trying to write a poem to you Mother

"The first thing I remember knowin'
Was a lonesome whistle blowin'—"
Mother, that red-hooded house finch and his plainer compatriot
watch on as you cry out (and so desperately!)
From your desk chair over the Delaware Valley
To the next available agent
What inefficiency
God have mercy on us all
Whoever that belabored individual may be
Oh the barbs you'll throw on mute rival that vile Roman at his best
Catullus, a rowdy poet who liked to curse and threaten sex
As we know, cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold
They'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold
Objects thrown up on the floors of near empty rooms
In the fancy hilltop house with its song and dance brooms
Music of the country's sinking sun
A downhill rush
I think you'd find my inflection funny, you know
Sometimes I see you happy cruising the strip on a motorcycle
If you need me I'll be in the basement playing the lyre
Though I've come to terms with time's variety
And I had a great time at dinner

Do you ever just not think for such long stretches
That it feels like work
You stare blankly at the past and input factors
The house in Alapocas 2, all those houses, brick and vanilla stucco
Dreams of upward mobility (the "2"), Christians, beads
we'd find in the dirt embalmed, left by past tenants
Land without lords (I can get to this later)
Abandoned cornfield, abandoned barn, Route 202
I got into the white 2003 Toyota Avalon alone
Buckled myself in under the assumption
We were leaving in one more minute, all ready to go to Value City
But fell asleep, no one could find me
Even Matt was crying apparently
I woke up smiling, confused
It was a great nap and I didn't mind waiting
And I don't mind waiting, if it isn't excruciating
I think everything was fine which is the problem right

Work all your days, hold up half the sky
Then poof, up and out with your soul
While you stay back stuck face up under the "chiffonier"
More likely a ceiling fan or shadow play now
The fragrance of suburban formations mimicking pastures
Do you find this out to lunch Mom
I don't know whether this is writing "up" or "back" but
You asked for a garden so here it is
Fodder for your fruit stand of middle-class scruples
In the middle of the Gulf of Mexico rigging
Costs and angles to make juice
If the product is bad or repulsive it's not my fault
It's not yours either really is it
The connections are not always made directly
These monsters are fattened by a sick world
Look out day after day onto the company land that fed them
So what if your hands wear the callus of its dirt