

## 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