

HOUSE IS A FEELING

for Daphne

Peter Culley

Beneath the cobblestones, the beach

SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL

syntax of place divulges the outward

TED PEARSON

House is a feeling.

A thing
to which other things are added.

120 bpm give or take—

A point where concrete foundations

gravel off into fields, lift
over tracks
hedges, trellis, white

shutters, trails off hung window limp
yellow lace like smoke, half-basement's

asbestos green grid upturned
flaking chainlink submerged in
deadly unreachable blackberry. Pipe tobacco
smell of new hay, futz

of weekday stretchers
double income
rural types, *rentiers*,
pensionnaires
lacking only ruffles

blinkered petting
as if to
rub up against it
were sufficient—

a llama peering through
the towering fennel
emits a hard sharp buzz
over its hinged lower teeth
but cannot otherwise
disguise its interest

A certain hitch
a flatted fifth
and then it's as if
you're singing:

Mr. Fingers
bangs a skillet
against a retaining wall
and they are all retaining walls,

airlessly pressing
his hard thumb
on my reddened thorax—

south of that you
might as well float away
if transfer you seek,
transfusion
like steam off a workshop roof

A long mixed block of Milton
flat a little shiny, overhung
granite clad, blasted smooth
but then laterally
scored and scratched
as if by cats,
grain elevator, wild garden
overspill, holly welt,
shredded bales of wire
padlocked lumber yard—

The reign of
piety and iron
concluded:

a flattened fork (he argues)
a business card from a Honda dealer (speaks)

a broad bright yellow leaf (a map)
creased where the tide broke (foxed)
a sedimentary reversal

Divided it and then
divided it again
a rolling snare
a drop
divided kick, then split
divide it again
and then oh up
from the engine room
from the inside
from the outside

Oh monumentalising beam!
Refulgent 303!
On waves and waves of filtered pink
carpet this afternoon!

By the South Gate
the north advances
dollar store early birds prop
no frontage no street corner no size
surf's up cabinets of
yellowish dust
they seen it was only
in the space it took
Ives to pan the cortège
with an archival flicker:

a ragged line that ran across the windowsill
red Topaz umbrella lowering
palm leaves with a damp cloth

everything south of the fold
muffled unanswered
muted stanchion
resurfaced spongiform roadway
gives way to a park
about eighteen foot square
 all gate

a parting gift
 from a beloved creditor
 with an unsurrisable mind;

a client state
 addressed from a thinking cloud

reversals gleam
like dew on an unmown lawn

speech or its opposite
flutters the blinds
at the moment of sleep—