



USA

*aka America*

and

Shout

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# USA

Indeed there was beauty  
but instead I shut my eyes,  
putting up a wall against  
that Mayan illusion.

It was difficult,  
they being what they were:  
devoted aficionados.

But the biographies of appearance  
had become repetitive, eroded,  
rote.

We crave limitless love,  
streaking into the upward recesses of being  
and surpassing it,  
flashing vividly as it breaks the barrier.

But our craving is progressively thwarted;  
a universe of classifications stands against it,  
threadbare and empty,  
waiting,  
looking backward only to golden time,  
when it was  
filled with life.

This is where unwritten poems lie,  
like poison,  
    outside of our mortality where seriousness lives,  
sleeping well,  
free of life's fever.  
Only frontiersmen can reach this place,  
    their rationality,  
    a Matterhorn of madness,  
armor against the instinct to remain,  
*et de trouver avant de chercher.* [1]

[1] and to find before searching

To be a foreigner even in your own land  
is to evade the mortal,  
to hold on to the hope of a new,  
secret,  
beauty hiding somewhere  
    *dans la nuit sans date de la mort.* [2]

[2] in death's dateless night

Today we are told to embrace the absurdity of our innermost being,  
to be healed by archetypal humiliation,  
to turn our nostalgia into outrage,  
to put the world of symbols back on  
life support.

That the dead are angry there is no doubt.  
swimming up against us in the darkened hemispheres of earth,  
they are hungry.  
our thoughts are their food and  
they are hungry.  
*Mais ils ne m'auront pas!* [3]

[3] but they won't get me!

Our freedom here is a foggy freedom,  
for clarity,  
בסופ של דבר [4]  
where words have meaning,  
is the enemy of freedom  
error and beauty go together like blindness and evil.

[4] in the end

The song says that suicide is painless,  
but it is America that is painless,  
isolated from the old privations  
by an intense dislike.

We seem determined to smash our way  
via a sheet of glass  
or destroy ourselves in the process  
but it does not feel like self-destruction  
but a stubborn and quirky kind of courage.

Our violent problems lie within our own logic.

Paul Gaugin remarked that life being what it is,  
one (necessarily, yes I edit also) dreams of revenge.

The modern city dweller spends most of his time  
bombarded by negative  
suggestions  
often sinking into that state of permanent,  
undefined  
anxiety that Kierkegaard  
called Angst.

H.P. Blavatsky said:  
The mind is the slayer of the real,  
and I believe she knew what she was talking about.

Lack of expectation  
aka negative expectation  
induces a hypnosis which makes one  
susceptible to negative suggestion  
which in turn prolongs hypnosis.

We found ourselves stranded  
    in the material world,  
like a passenger  
left standing on the platform  
when the last train has gone.  
Toynbee said we are at our very best  
    when we are 'up against it'  
and at our worst when success  
has allowed us to relax.

The mountains look on marathon --  
and marathon looks on the sea;  
and musing there an hour alone,  
I dreamed that America might still be free...

Fichte said something like this:  
    To **be** free is nothing;  
    to become free is heavenly.

Kristofferson said something exactly like this:  
    Freedom's just another word  
for nothing left to lose.

Proudhon and Marx dreamed  
of a society of strong and self-sufficient  
individuals;  
in fact, they did more than all the politicians  
to create a society of self-pitying egoists.

I wonder if they knew  
    that infinity  
    comes in different sizes.

# Shout

Promptly your wishes sway  
each daft gaunt outrage,  
a childhood wrecked wholly upon  
a phonal ode fickle with sun.

Trace proof of their lost prairie scream,  
guile enthroned, a quaint reign,  
madder than a wired brain,  
falsely derived from inverse ways.

A sad straight link is earned,  
a timid jail, your vice,  
babbling ruin under ice,  
come to naught in height,  
a growing orb forthright,  
all night yelling interred.

Scarce bales recruited as mulch,  
from postfix zone, travelling shyly, bulging,  
loose, and fictitious, an arrhythmic blinding,  
a brusque, lonely, fruit ester-laden,  
crying aloud to be eaten.

Our births swarm like Capelin <sup>[1]</sup>,  
sleeping without qualm,  
swinging in pitiless rage,  
a mantra of the estranged,  
white-hot and full of beyond,  
waiting to see what happens.

[1] a fish of the smelt family

To whom a boom they must frame,  
some fellow bragging if you please,  
like the triglyphs of a Doric frieze ,  
nursing the wound of a minor flame.

On the eleventh page  
of a twelve page book,  
no time undertook,  
lush fronds to slice and chew,  
with a mugful of glue,  
with sounds you thus outrage.

Most of their men about town,  
made up to be sound <sup>[2]</sup>,  
like a Scouser <sup>[3]</sup> what giz <sup>[4]</sup> a yell,  
no woolyback <sup>[5]</sup> can tell.

[2] “happy to be fine”, in Scouse

[3] a speaker of Scouse, an English dialect

[4] who gives us

[5] a person who can't speak Scouse



Let a clash of hands beside you  
excite a forbye [6] shout,  
crumpling the dighted [7] speech,  
stopping the flow of the fount.

[6] out of the ordinary

[7] prepared

Her keeper the wine transfused,  
from a pool to nearby cruse [8],  
loudly tainted with savins [9],  
cask-aged sound in caverns,  
a driftbolt [10] to a drunken tramp,  
toward sleep to advance.

[8] a small jar

[9] dried tips of *Juniperus Sabina*

[10] a bolt for driving out other bolts

Dubbed twain like a pair or pigs,  
a Welsh pall [11] like a flag adrift,  
biding upon some nicked worth,  
sharing and shouting converged,  
the monstrous lathe to curb,  
from tar-filled pond we adjourn,  
peering from the mire convinced,  
by grasped straw bewitched.

[11] a heavy canvas, especially as laid on a coffin

Call this a quack sequence  
in need of a floating license,  
like a stove heating a tun <sup>[12]</sup> of sap,  
boiling and bellowing with blasts,  
scallop and cockle cloak,  
outgoing vapors bemoaned,  
those hipped fragments in pieces,  
loud as medical treatises.

[12] a fermenting vat

Four blemishes, such a squall  
your shaven mien <sup>[13]</sup> by loud voice called  
nurtured by chance,  
disdained in advance,  
screaming at a broken eclipse,  
by sunrise outstripped.

[13] demeanor, facial expression

Among fine pectate <sup>[14]</sup> you gripe,  
your lugger <sup>[15]</sup> loaded with apples ripe,  
on the dock too few jagers <sup>[16]</sup> are loathe,  
to loudly call for porters you strove,  
most prone to move slow,  
slipping on snow.

[14] a water insoluble, transparent gelatinous acid existing in ripe fruit and some vegetables

[15] a small vessel having two or three masts, and a running bowsprit, and carrying lugsails.

[16] one who carries about a small load

My worship hewn cloisters,  
shook by tough voice,  
explodes these meek monsoon props,  
grim two-wheeled barbershop Duchamps. [17]

[17] sculptures by Marcel Duchamp

Onwards with your spline out of phase,  
and short mechanized delays,  
of fragile stone-works theft,  
of blacklist charms bereft.

Mighty milled bier gained through drugs,  
a plague gang by contradiction engulfed,  
this contradictory crypt, a black queen's risk  
by iron charms, Nautch [18] girls clinched.

[18] a popular dance of North India

While no witch spat a wordy prologue,  
a heap of her forethought dislodged,  
to fall upon the choragic [19] trust,  
no zone for skysail [20] tune discussed.

[19] relating to the leader of a chorus in the Greek dramatic tradition

[20] invented word, short for 'sailing through the sky'

For these their rakehell [21] glamour learned,  
your ochre coat slashed like gables burning,  
revested [22] with quiescent climax,  
as from a dead land, lilacs. [23]

[21] lewd or wanton

[22] reinstated

[23] see T.S. Eliot, The Waste Land