



Len Shneyder
from **NOT US, NOT THEM**

XXVIII

Wend the new
sophistication
where the sands
meet the text
spoken texts
desert where
they trace
Pheidippides
first in name
palace home
of sticks and
stones in
canvas rags
they've tied
the pole with
a crackle and
for a sport
called darkle

tongued the sea's
foreign vowels

the gap forgave
its stroke and
drawing lines
for a small
foothold here
a killing place
we named
for the sake
of tenants fond
of memory.

XXXIII

Its made with the hands
or the hands have a way
of making themselves
immortal by your own hand
in a heavy sense
self direction in the blue
world trajectory
the hand is its own master
now say Shulamith
show me the way
of hands and forges
so that we may forget
the finger-lock irony
splayed wildly on the stairs
around the supple corner
heavy with promise
like a clean glass or mirror
against the reading page
lying flatly where the world
has a depression
for every commitment
spoken with a gentle zeal
in the mode of death rattles
and modern times we will
recast these hands in bronze
with hands at work
erecting structure all around
a soiled space called work place
in the mode of partisan hands
held so much but nothing is
held so much as held in hand
to hold us through the candle
night of wailing hands
where weeping is ironic
a gesture of so many flags
folded by hand

the abolition papers
having been penned
here first by hand and then
in a sense the hand that writes
the other into existence
is a symmetrical evil
having two hands
to do the work
of ten men here we go
says the left to the right
a stranger's charade and
the masked ball of hands
at work at play to work
for playing hands is devil
time in the details stitching bread
these hands as farmer
the farmer's hands are not
the same thing in the mirror
to till time now and a trick
up his sleeve we give away
in mock presentiment of
their hands and capable means
our hands and the hands
of father time mothered
a gentle hand in passing
season bucks around the table
from hand to hand to hold
the dying brethren now

XI.VIII

A strong term is at work
in condemning the words
waking in a shallow
breath is guaranteed
imperial embargo
where will you go
without a leg to stand on
an arm to turn the page
resist the urge to put
the eyes back in their place
its easier this way
without an eye to see
the missing parts
play a muted theremin

*in the land of the blind
the one eyed man is king*

for a day or a prophetic
turn of events argues century
epoch and holding patterns
weshallnotbudge

please send back our fathers
hands to do the work here

*he rubs his [stumped] wrists
together
saying that it will take a long time
to outgrow this*

in the land of the magical soldier
garbage child given green wear
and a gun for all of them
here as in other places
where we read the sea
at a crucial meeting point
somewhere along
a *lingua pangea* evolved
from the first event
a collapse of letter stones
brick and a mortar cipher
babbled in the back room
mouth meanders now
chewing a meaning
he means this can be
a meditation on something
diagrammatic malaise
distance from epicenter
holds *themweusall*
synoptically captive
with an open door
we step in to step out
one step at a time
the last second
on a twenty four hour road
split the lanes congenially
parties pose a question
preferably in autumn
the season isn't right
to uproot the known
discussion complex
can't seem to make
the matter heard
to more than one dim ear
hearing this all again
hones the signal into
adjoining cascades
happenance we trauma

*"Those who bloodied this [holy
day]*

*and massacred innocent people
will account for it in both
worlds...*

where we can see another
sunset in the desert scape
jungle-mare more recent
an edelweiss wisdom
sailor man may come
walk on water work
represents the fluid nature
a priori to the contrafact
factotum holds the keys
inconspicuously aberrant
symposiums held here
on the subject of repatriation
where we meet in bones
they lie them bones
and the bone song *beatitude*
where will the language
of the these bones
meet in the morning
a living slumber likened
piecemeal searchlight

*where they lay them bones to rest
having fallen here or there—or
perhaps
nowhere is as good a place*

where the argument
grows from the mouth
those fallen: those sought
a simple name as idea
becomes a proper noun
to pronounce this place
as readied for a visit
where grief is a dog
living under the porch
who knows your name
speaks in simple terms
every dog has nuance
in understanding
a pocket full of words
that smell faintly
how you remember
the sea when arriving
two by two by other
beings and the lost tribe
we remember when
a look through the eyes
remains a gaze fixated
a self-referential-raft
how do you want me to see
you in the after light
put out of place and put out
the lighted shadow

impervious dissonance
demands a demonstration
we've a silly habit forming
maintenance or resembling
a time before the here
and now we roll it all back
remunerations for success
you victorious laurel
wreath and wrap
this judgment jungle
into a neat apologia
for a time before
the event that stopped
our keystroke affair
when we spelled
the name of our heir
in spite of our history
or how to slow the wail
violin arpeggio in fog
in a minor key the note
or strong stone barrier
we cross toward one
exclusive path or another
road unrushed remains
the ideal tact here
tells all but the sun
diffusing first the light
diffusing the first light
diffusing each other
possibly a similitude
or a prose kinema
corruption cranium
can never be denied
what you see isn't
what we've had or
the experience dispute
exonerates the named
no-man-can nomenclature
those we call unnamed
and a father prototype

“for our will is strong...

framed in these terms
a full throttle choke
on pedestrian terms
like we a people pallor
the color of their people
populate the crater form
where we made people
from a waxen paste
waning the want away
from having more

arcantum gives us base
linear prosperity must
measure the distance
of an implied polemic
exploitation factors out
the message in *uhf*
we message or must make
the room for messages
a full ramshackle on the back
where the walls seem
to meet the joint
and strangely make
the means with which
to write the book
and brace the strong
enough to make
it all collapse

LXVIII

Well wishers along
the avenue at dawn
as all roads have
the sense of new
beginnings bring
nearer still the sense
that ends are always
near before the day
sets us straight
along the narrow
margin of disbelief
supreme imposition
the corollary to ideas
has roots in hand
gesturing toward
the way we once
shared the tongue
in verbal escapades
we action these items
into the will of make
believe that this is
possible texture as
snake skin marks
the mile where we
once saw the shape
of our complexity.

LXXXVI

There's the body
and then the body

born to a child
bread and meat
externalized treat
number internals
hunger needs
for no body
progress into
stated hoods
made man elegy
to claim a body
specific to name
fame to fault
which body
will make space
offering form
if from depth
at first seems
the color of
uniform bodies
farming out
self constructions
grow expiable
forgetting where
the body lay
bridging sky
in moderate dirt
that came up
the ground
will remain
the ground
ladders floor
placed to rest
for choices
dress death