

# **Picket Songs**

**Daniel C. Remein**



**sea shanty**

low skims  
the harbor all  
this splendor these  
islands helpless

against the latest abasement

the ocean *tougher*  
*than anything*

not listening

unheeded calque as long  
as the sandbar a scent

the texture of  
a fricative the line where the earth

salts itself, rusting  
civic hulk  
you must never cross a

strike against any  
listening ocean helpless  
against

interruption laps us  
at the refrain

## **Song of the Royal Courier**

This pine  
is a mérovingien pine

look, it sparkles  
wherever there is a cloth  
the post office is pillar of basalt

our alphabet is carbon,

**DIRGES FOR TOMAŽ ŠALAMUN**

(to Charlotte

**TOMAŽ ŠALAMUN IS FASTER & STRAIGHT THROUGH THE WINDOW**

in memoriam my teacher  
nurses my canines w/  
medicinal limpets *throw*  
*steaks on the block*  
out what paper is not  
America we must  
salivate our

new mollusk temple, Mahler  
at riverbank, little hairs  
out now with. All glass is  
for teeth & furthermore grow down  
pace lingers

basalt quickens must.

**TOMAŽ ŠALAMUN IS BIRD WITH GILL IN WATER AND FISH WITH WING IN AIR**

in memoriam my uncle of  
Europe

    is break  
crowfoot clouds scenting  
or try equine is  
what shoots you:

ALL COMMAND OF TRIESTE  
ALL COMMAND OF NEW YORK  
ALL COMMAND OF CANCUN  
ALL COMMAND OF PITTSBURGH  
ALL COMMAND OF JORVIK  
ALL COMMAND OF MILAN  
ALL COMMAND OF CLEVELAND  
ALL COMMAND OF TOKYO  
ALL COMMAND OF PARIS  
ALL COMMAND OF NEWARK  
ALL COMMAND OF LISBON  
ALL COMMAND OF VIENNA  
NOW LISTEN TO THE EASTERN BILE HAWK  
SPRAYS GANGRENE COWBOY LIPIDS ON THE  
ENTRAILS OF CAPITAL COMMAND OF  
KARNAK IS THE TREMOR  
IN THE GLOTTIS OSTROGOTHS  
BRUSH AMPLIFIED CALCITE  
ASK IS THIS YOUR SALIVATING MORTAR?  
    the exit to the mediterranean  
        is soft and pines  
    will soon be meat, sea-flesh  
        flexes those

chevron spools up  
a

    scent of cedar  
        a satin  
shift wills it—

    the horses are little buttons for  
    spacemen    again the exit

is soon

## TOMAŽ ŠALAMUN IS MAROONS YOU

in memoriam my companion  
pauses. Darwin is hungry  
again. Different kinds  
of birds. Different kinds of  
names. Darwin is hungry again.  
Different kinds of clouds. Different  
kinds of speed. Darwin  
is hungry again. Different kinds  
of field. Different kinds of  
difficulties. We borrow  
from the elevation. The mid-  
sized city resembles not  
our feelings but their  
benefits. Different kinds of  
lens. Different kinds of gut. Darwin  
is hungry again. We borrow  
from the compendium.  
Different kinds of light. Different  
kinds of torque. At noon the ash  
on the riverbank. At nightfall  
the oxidized shingle. We  
borrow from your travel  
papers. Darwin is  
hungry again. Different  
kinds of travel papers.  
Different kinds of trains.  
We bivouac in the divine  
sepulcher. The coast resembles  
not our poems but their  
positions. Darwin is hungry  
again. At foothills a tooth from  
a horse. Different kinds of  
documents. Different kinds  
of patience. We bivouac  
in the new life. Darwin is  
hungry again. Darwin  
is hungry again. We borrow  
from a deck of cards. At  
Zagreb the constitutional  
worm. Different kinds of gifts.  
Different kinds of hunger.  
We borrow from your  
grin. Different kinds of

strata. Different kinds of  
cruelty. At daybreak my  
companion pauses. Different  
kinds of iconoclasm. Different  
kinds of worm. We  
borrow from your  
juice. Different kinds of shelter.  
Different kinds of bitumen. At  
Madrid we borrow from  
your details. At Philippi  
we borrow from your grid.  
At dusk we borrow  
from your yawp. At Egypt  
we borrow from your  
camera. At lunchtime  
we borrow from  
your piss. Different kinds  
of strata. Different kinds  
of grease. Different kinds  
of cuts. Different kinds  
of geometry. Different kinds  
of moss. Different kinds  
of sweat. Different kinds  
of pearls. Different kinds  
of patience. Different kinds  
of flies. Different kinds  
of documents. Different kinds  
of hunger. Different kinds  
of law. Different kinds  
of flint. Different kinds  
of Europe. Different kinds  
of pitchblende. Different kinds  
of Europe. Different kinds  
of string. Different kinds  
of crime. At America  
we borrow from your  
cruelty. Darwin is hungry  
again. At America  
my companion pauses.

**TOMAŽ ŠALAMUN IS IN A CAR (WRECK) WITH BOB PERELMAN AND BARRET WATTEN ON THE WAY FROM IOWA TO CAMBRIDGE MA IN A SNOWSTORM**

the morsels of his choice coagulated  
into the "luxury"  
of details

the ribbon— the books The rewards  
and punishments remain  
the same miracle

the form of clumsy  
removal  
of the barrier tilting into a slow  
but probably useful process and feeling  
unencumbered through water like  
suddenly infected  
vernacular

at most  
it will change  
but still take  
that tough anxiety  
by force and the lived  
space loving your mutual  
scansion without the bed I am of

perfecting the face in some cases  
enough initiative away  
will not have altered a sudden  
removal told us  
so the little really  
is like rays

Take them,  
suffusing the horse  
in me will have its gratitude, a gift of it,  
in the space and joy hid in

the apartment along with  
the new spirit

Enormous the Horror  
with one  
right there choosing the nostalgia the fact  
the blotted region sincere

among the mind's  
    fatigued regardless  
striking out

from the drop  
artfully droning in others  
where one ordering  
time put together that  
                    stammered  
scene  
    of nature

to play thinking will  
go on  
to expand  
    his hat through use  
one's business of terrible  
polishing

of its elected propositions The  
    pear tree  
    swept them out  
adapting  
    the old suburbs  
can then glow the secret  
race around stars and in my sigh  
                    about them  
its spark not illuminating  
but leave your mind about them and  
them  
    to satisfaction  
getting used to inhabiting  
the unintentional villages analyzing  
bloodied archives

up in the president in his stall  
in a spirit weary  
standing up accepted  
each excitement Piling upwards  
commenting on it The way  
the door  
    When you read it to me the stars  
wouldn't go on studiously yet  
                    the stones  
moving and The cold Arm  
takes it

in America The person

is a                    had you been thinking

their accustomed tension

why in others it will  
on the most significant stars  
by feeling I Found You were not produced  
before to present needs

certain that Millions of us won the  
   standing  
piled up  
into a rain to the antipodes  
Hers in

fog drawn in by moon and pills  
I don't know you but  
   one has accomplished things

   the office and that drizzle  
strains All the way The roof  
   of competition  
   and the sad pebble too starts  
we are with care but still to be something it

the habit of The accident  
was terrible

One go about the place  
of this heaven or What  
the way all the ruins  
rail and you Rebuked  
The anarchist  
moss

   the longer We were parked  
it was the coasts of breath in

I guess...the calls...I worry

**epithalamium for space and**

which labors were difficult?  
Each beverage will be shook foil

spins of several  
the leap the quicker what  
more  
will color mean tomorrow? Will Metka  
be able to tell me if I can meet her  
this summer? What will  
shrink the oak? Will there be  
a refrain in this ditty

fizzes of volume  
tripods direct the lake overhead

but can you wield it with only  
planar flash cartography?

## **Protest Song**

(for David Hadbawnik)

single slips of  
the cat is less worrisome to me  
than the recent worry as  
such I wonder which conception overrides  
it. Out of the mind  
those kids without even greeting  
cards (say they write  
or the line with  
which wryly  
why stammers

(Mayday)

## folksong

(for Tom Meyer)

in the town  
humidity like newsprint and sand  
while under, along, and on  
the mountain, wind like “poetic  
diction,” conifers, carnivores, lichen  
dazzle, and tufts of new vernacular  
gnomic verses, a leaf of  
cold granite and stem of  
walled blue sky, evaporates  
aphorism, runic pulp  
let loose a foot, the constant  
and recurring simile of alpine stream,  
what carries a weight of linen, lake  
returns it, ferns  
drinking flesh, spore pattern  
spells the sprawl of the fairy world, a horse  
knows which way is up, insects  
with legs of copper wire,  
oak-dark gully with paint-pealed shingles  
at the end, public  
wishes—  
ah, if only this axe-handle  
would bed down with the fragrance  
of grief, a garland, rampant  
laurels again, dazzle, grandma’s garnet  
ring, the pump on  
the camp stove refurls  
all the while the townsfolk  
eye the tendril-tide  
vapor balls up  
in opaque sheets, a dark green  
siding under heavy eaves, everything  
still flooded with air, tin changed  
into birds or birds changed into  
tin, lung-quiet, evaporates  
aphorism, runic pulp.

**Song for the *Boston Review***

If there isn't a cat  
don't fuck it. you sit on the commons  
of early capitalist wastage and

america's boer equivalents and  
sinks little muds down into  
my lyric soul, yes lyric and into

straight away we sat in  
carnegie, pa or morgantown, wv

look at the flat mountains you  
innovators of poetry

cause (see my nerdy uncool references,  
see for example, *Ynglinga Saga*, ed. Bjarni  
Aðalbjarnarson, Reykjavik, 1941

i am so less cool than you, baby  
i'm a firework

**a union song**

(for Hugh O'Connell)

at work  
my friend & I solved theory  
today 'Labor' was  
the answer a language  
of sport & sex contradicts working  
out themselves in a computational  
gig placards wet  
work redistributes w/o  
a front a putative store  
of labor powers  
the eisenhowers of poetry  
distribute gigs as wages  
of guilt is money  
where poetry's interest rates work  
like artificial computational  
intelligences can work  
without pay the labor of likening  
still stands from Whitman's side  
of the river is poetry  
working a laborious use  
of weapons signals labor's  
interest contradicts if poetry  
don't work  
rates drop  
from nothing coyly the labor  
of erotics works artificially  
at poetry to repay the erotics  
of debt

## Dog song

(for Aleš

these fangs of ours  
are perfect  
for this ice .  
what flung the ice is also near

Artemis, where do you aim your hunt .

Artemis, are your attendants afraid?  
what should we call this new disease?  
we, your witches, enjoy the stench  
of textiles, harbors  
pungent and firm .

Your attendants stare out  
from the ice cage, your aim  
posts the death of health  
on the governor's gate,  
on the golden dome,  
on the fishscale rails

a swamp naturalizes all

sandals, Pound caught you a-binding  
we shook off dew with rabbits, we shook off dew .  
where have the rabbits gone

## London to Trst to Ljubljana: a recitative in 3 parts

1.

The train is learning it seems  
transport is arranged with  
a sandwich, a snake, & red mammals.  
A passport digests  
like mustard. Travelogue  
runs on running lights

sleepmask is adjacent to keep a dream about terrariums  
within the woman's freckled bicep. Her intellect  
is in there. Teeth crush the tiny seats  
like sardines, a some  
time humid apron for  
intellect.

2.

The water is hair on the lip  
of a deer, flows  
flat from the rock we  
can go anywhere  
to conquer  
the floors here are all  
grass, Šalamun was  
right about everything.  
Grey hounds sniff  
bronze at the roadside  
in Metka's painting of the *Gardens of Semiramis*  
we wait for the interview.  
Water flat from the hills  
the sky is so weak even the green round  
lumps perforate it  
to lap from its little streams  
of lampblood.

3.

5 Little rabbits

*dobar priden pes*

(16July 2016

**naiad ballad**

(for Meagan)

a canoe in NH  
scoops air on a pond     *the intelligence*  
meets fluid  
holds a political  
displacement             glues itself  
to form             which  
glides along  
the body the poem floats     the combinatorial  
art of nymphaeaceae

(rhizomatous, these green, tough, in  
paint-yellow bloom, scrape and thump  
circularity alongside     *musical shore*  
*of the invisible*

(Blaser

pours concentric  
volume of rivalry shivers  
black water *intelligible*  
*and strange at the point of a pencil*

(Blaser

the bog growing *in several*  
*voices* the thin stalks waver  
this pond  
is shallow all over the syntax  
gapes across the valley     *no*  
*one enters without a guide*

(Serres

**display anthem**

(for Marjorie Welsh)

on/off leaflets

or increment

to explicate the quorum

of narrative

volume

the epitaph reads

a flagstone collects

runtime error

or sweat

off an alternator

no grid, sluggish with

tram-guts what

are we to do for poetry

that would be a city

or even volume

the difference between "enter" & "return"

advertiser keys in the codes

below the

customs house

are minor placards on num

lock because *a foot*

*is to kick w/*

a canal or

monument *sine gradibus*

or on REPEAT

(else the alpine hut

as refrain:

## Bled Eclogue

(for Metka)

The castle laps at my belly

where is the runway  
where is the gondola  
a visit is green, or pink

what is dog is  
a stairway ascends the park

a fin of air on the terrace:  
legislate, legislate, legislate! skirt  
of sea, skirt of sea

The castle shivers, a visit  
scrapes the stones below.  
What form eclipses  
forms runnels on the hill  
there are pines,  
this is a flight attendant where  
is *zajček*  
this green is skin, or Alps  
crush me—we diffuse Alps  
as glue for a glass *when*, for  
a thicket  
or euro & morpheme & boat

for heat

No castle is not also canine.  
Poetry is acrylic & modern  
like beer        what is not hair  
is plateau. Don't root for the  
Mariners, don't root for the  
Giants. *Zajček* = the little rabbit,  
meat is delivered  
by prepositions, the genitive  
is torn from the leg. Snort &  
shiver, the Alps enunciate  
meat, world's biggest ferry  
for morphemes. Abrupt  
transformations, black bear,  
a jail in the Julian Alps, tunnel  
to Duino, genitive,  
it is only the style of wheels,  
abrupt transformations, trout, clause,  
the shutters on the timber house  
are light blue.

(19 July 2016

**coda for *a republic in gloom***

Arboreal energy and  
other glass streams  
we love  
the continual splendor  
    constructs  
*an actual earth of value* a series  
of dreams in June daylight

terminates *the soft* launches  
with this sheaf of beaches  
    (I didn't grow up so close to the  
    syntax of Ocean that *scalar*  
*eventuality*

    punctuates or distributes?  
a dendritic push  
    the pith rifts of conspicuity  
bark and/or tide  
    robed in tensile strength  
the reach of it          what  
is the total heat  
of this elm?

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