

The Cultural Society PDF No. 2

The Luminist's Notebook

Dan Beachy-Quick (© 2007)

1.

no or yes the first
question

cloud clicked off
night // no
horizon without
sight // no

other you told
you // you
already seen her

lightning white
within no
sun pinks // more
shroud

cloud a paper
lantern // sky

2.

white bone warm
by same sun

bone's lit by // small eco-
nomy
or peace // the same
names

warn when near
them // the
pronghorns // lit
in same

silence // bright
haunches
warn // white

escape // not to
forget

3.

no thorn is no
thought

what sun

tenses the blunt
past // a
blank square was
one // lit a wall

who I was

mockingbird's all
I sing [~~on thorn~~
~~or sedge~~] I am

4.

sun precedes stone
not as // in
no pre //
-diction -destination

mere self some
shame
 opposite
shadow

and so precise

ash is one // self
said

same // a
luminous content
adjusts // I is
I negating // a

stone nude // or
a stone

wearing nudity

5.

never the // a

cloud occurs or
could

if
sun a satire
of

what curse occurs
aloud // mask
defending
mask

considers // an edge
that burns // a hollow
fool // air's
bloom of // a dust
that thinks dust

6.

simple the wild

brain // or what

fold
another fold // light
limned // in
in yucca // your

incandescence
thinks // hums
in labor labors

hummingbird thrum
a throat
illuminates
a darker stone

mind a quartz
thread // bright
but bound // in

7.

the eye // not a
gelding
not a
gilding

light
widens cause // a
lizard

sleeps on window
pane // a latch

open some dark
not shadow
in light // this edge

of eye in moth
wing // eye
in moon // a
month // the night

8.

not all clarity
confirms

light // abstract
heat // a vision
on asphalt

ants crawl
out // a script
in a hole
economy // I am

white-winged dove
in bank's yard
dead // the old
nostalgia // now

not a child
anymore // what
escapes

9.

~~what thou lovest~~
~~well remains~~ // an
elemental breach

in mind // shadow
below bee //
shadow between
ants standing on
shadow //

some dirt below
wings // wings blow

some earth in jaws
carried //

this earth work
in me

I'm no more
than // a

a poem must do
death // not be
dust // this work is
breath-work // not
having had breath