

Five Days in March  
Jags! Mad - P. M. M. M.  
Shut Fire and Save Matches!  
Five March Days  
Days in Spring  
~~at Bradious Creek~~  
for Stuart Wright

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A Few March Days  
Some March Days

2:55 p.m.

It's got up over 20 finally (2:55 p.m.)  
but sharp gusty, the  
windchill index down god only knows  
where

but sunny,  
the sun like a laborious failure,  
the winds not letting any heat  
connect with the ground, sweeping it  
away or  
pouncing on it with nordic  
absorption:

some clouds, mostly  
white, furry snowclouds:  
disconnected, riding flat-bottomed  
on panes of glass, they  
seem denser toward the horizon while  
in the main-overhead blue emptiness  
clarifies dominion:

if one were ~~farther away toward~~ <sup>closer to</sup>  
the horizon, though, it would  
be mainly clear there, too, because  
distance accumulates the density:  
the clouds are moving,  
(I mean, there is no illusion  
of staying) and mostly from the north,  
a little by west:

last night I had a visiting  
poet for dinner (burp) and forgot to  
take out the trash till nine  
o'clock: the sky was bright, the  
yardstick, the big dipper, the little  
dipper, even a trace of the milky way,  
and so many little blurry stars:  
colder and stiller than today:

I used to get scared out at night  
when there was no cloud cover (the greatness  
of height sucking up the skinny footing)  
but now

I don't mind much, it's kind of a  
thrill, terror and wonder cousins:  
I stand on my own two feet, ~~new~~  
practically (time grinds me into the ground)  
and I don't care  
how deep the skies get or cold or  
vacant:

I don't know what the weather's

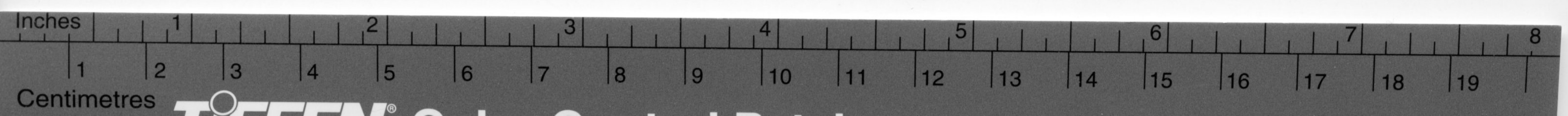
edging to perspectival ~~just~~  
density away

going to do: I haven't heard a  
forecast all day: I know I'd rather  
be surprised by weather, though, than  
by a forecast:

geese were  
honking over (squabbling)  
last night: the moon wasn't up  
either yet (I mean the sun wasn't  
up also either) - how do  
those birds know which  
way to fly: by stars!

I think they could see Lake  
Cayuga off to the left  
shimmering in a hill shell and were mainly  
just holding to the right margin:  
how come when you write about the  
weather the continuous light falling  
on the paper isn't  
visible in the poem: poem-light has  
to be created all the time  
or the poem takes place in the dark:  
let me say: all this  
time the light has been coming in my  
window, a bountiful, bright light,  
partly reflected off the white side  
of the garage, superbright: but, then,  
I wonder if at night you have to keep  
creating dark and if the poem tends  
to sound white: ~~that's an interesting~~  
~~problem we can try existentially:~~  
~~there I go, talking again to "we"~~  
~~nobodies: hello "we" "you"~~  
~~"us": I'm here: I don't mind~~  
~~talking about nothing but not to~~  
~~nobody:~~

(still plenty of light at 3:15 p.m.:  
the sun hasn't been setting  
lately till about seven (I'll get an  
exact reading on that, if it  
doesn't change)): now there's a small  
white cloud nearly overhead:  
a tuft of expanded snow drifts down but it's  
so windy you can't tell which  
cloud it came from:



better quit: lately I get tired  
doing nothing: the wind jars the  
window into a low burr like a hoarse  
cicada: but of course we don't  
have any cicadas now:

I think the amazing grackles that  
came two weeks early wish they  
hadn't: they aren't sitting in any  
high branches today and I don't blame  
them: but it was comforting last  
week to look across the yards and  
see a skinny tree occupied by one  
black item: I hear my son downstairs  
say he can hardly open this door  
the wind is so hard: hard wind:

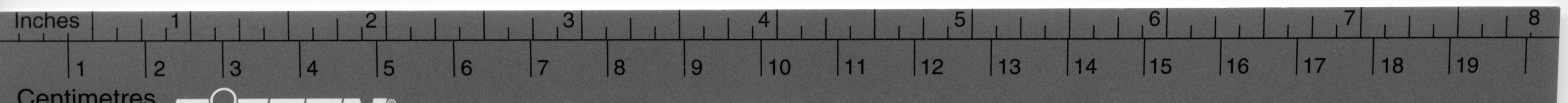
while the light outside feels  
washed heat-clean, inside in the  
living room it catches: you can  
stand in it, the same light, and  
warm up your legs right away: I don't  
know how light carries heat:  
probably heat appears when  
light's disturbed, an interference,  
momentum churned still:

otherwise, all that cold heat gets  
cold through cold space here and  
then, breaking against something,  
translates into "warmth": amazing  
but the hell with it:

if there is anything  
whatsoever to hold onto it is the  
rim of a turning nothingness

4:46 p.m.

the paper came and says the sun will  
set tomorrow at 7:11 DST - our years  
now universally covered with DST:  
paper also shows gulls working flight  
over the lake shoreline against a  
background of whitecaps: low tonight



10: high tomorrow 25-30: cold and sunny:

there's a feeling for cold, sunny, and windy: a thin feeling, a floating, warping expansiveness: and tonight five, six hundred streakers plan to strike up like slope in 10 degrees: all the penises will be shocked stubby and the breasts crinkled: all the little faces of penises withdrawn like turtleheads under hoods and all the big faces of girls (breasts, eyes, etc. - mouths bearded, you know) will be astonished:

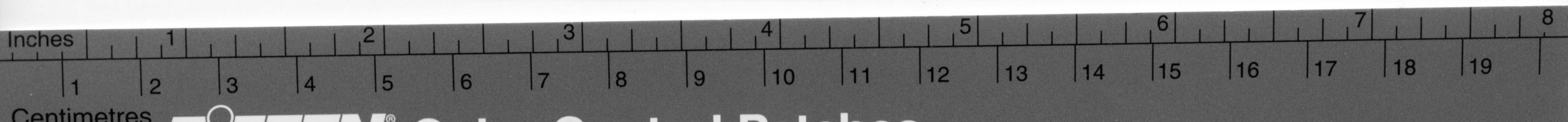
streaking is motion's permission: speeding through disengages intimacy, a nearby distance: the way quail fluff in sand by a highway, fast traffic its own prison:

but if streakers stop and loll lust lengthens exposure:

and certainly the balls will be up tight and the guys will feel unflopping security, running: but the big tits will churn and jounce: the little tits (I like them) will be so modest in the cold and so tempting to the slouchy mouths of warm onlookers: nutfucker: jellyfish belly: plump potty: now the sun is sinking ~~low~~ (6:30) to the reading I must go:

yesterday the brook's falls threw up drops that caught on overhanging twigs and froze and as the night came there's no telling what happened: the ice ~~pulled~~ the twigs down into the running: or ice edged a shelter over the rush: or maybe it got cold enough to put a stop to the whole brook: imagine, stillness as reservoir: but consider how much motion has to be drained away before

*weighted*



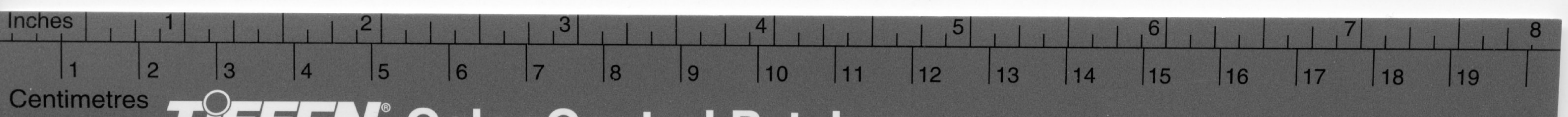
everything in every drop stops:

I ask my students, where is  
the tension: tension, indeed, they say:  
I answer the question  
by telling them, the tension is in  
the medium: what is the medium:  
the medium is the self first and then  
the poem: and who are the makers of  
tension: the great spirit-beings:  
the hero of focus wrestles the hero  
of comprehensiveness: their  
feet splatter forests and undo ranges:  
the hero of motion engages the hero  
of resistance: that leads to some  
tight, slow musculature, like  
bending iron: the hero of energy  
meets the hero of restraint and  
neither will give an ~~inch~~ *a millimeter*:  
it is <sup>such</sup> I tell my students, in  
the ~~inch~~ of giving, to one side or  
the other, that the artist finds his  
difficult freedom: right?, I say to my  
students, and they say, right on:  
they like me, as I do them: I tell  
them, further, the poem is like a  
raft of cocoanuts, its own means of  
travel: my students like that:

10:21 a.m.

how much play is there:  
an eighth of an inch in bowling  
off one way or the other strikes  
a strike out:  
a sixteenth leaves a corner pin  
standing:  
but in the fine play such means  
to knock all the pins down!  
same with poems,  
wide free play no play at all:  
concisions define room!

the sky is sound, bell-whole, blue,  
misty white on the rim, cloudless:  
arctic high: like a smart woman on



morning steps, the wind sweeps the  
dust-like heat away:  
maybe 25: when flying consider  
surface weather situation, ceilings  
and visibilities, significant radar  
echoes, low level weather forecasts,  
and upper level wind patterns:

it's  
so  
great  
to write about  
what nobody does anything about  
for what  
is the use of writing  
about something if  
you can fix it some other way:  
for those things ineluctable,  
irremedial, and often invisible, we  
need accurate perception and  
consolation, exact words' thornbushes

*look where the world ends  
blundered into nothingness  
The body's snuggles  
thaws, crystal tubes  
cast off below*

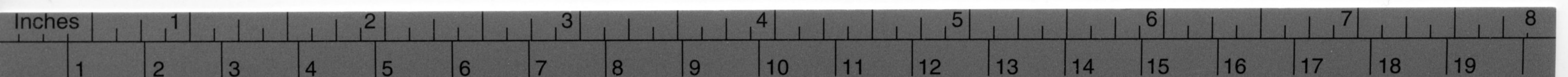
9:11 a.m.

today is forty and gray: last  
night skimpy snow made a thin  
blanket but the night warmed and  
morning pulled the covers off:  
odd that things can survive the  
winter and not the spring:

in the fall, snow got to and  
drowned the snapdragon bunch early  
so its low sprouts stayed rich and  
green under the high brown seedstalks

but last week after the snow was  
gone cold came and got right into the  
ground's skin withering the snapdragons  
just as they were readying for spring:

as I said, the grackles came two  
weeks early, obeying apparently  
secret knowledge of an early re-greening:  
but robins either lacked the knowledge



or <sup>away</sup> disobeyed because now on the 16th  
(their day to come back) still no robins:

in the thicket the squirrels  
wind round the ~~trunks~~ vine-wise,  
male after female, the two  
sometimes stalled from a fluster,  
a bunch of leaves breaking  
out from the invisible vine-ways:  
I've never seen a squirrel  
spring from tree to tree catch  
on a dead limb and crack down:  
they know (squirrels) snappy wood:  
but I've seen them inch out from  
the trunk on dead limbs, testing  
rot: wherever they run, swaying deep  
on sprung, caught branches, their  
weight gauges  
strengths, tensions, resiliences of  
their roadways, a memory system:

the clouds are  
separating into masses with higher  
light in some regions: the forecast  
though is for an afternoon of wet snow  
followed by a colder night with less  
chance of precipitation: in winter  
I can catch from my window  
a flake of lake surface low through  
near-hill nets of stripped branches  
and cedar stands: today it is the  
same color as the sky so that it seems  
a cloud has escaped burrowing under  
the lake's far ridge: I like  
the weather: I like to dwell on

weather, even under it:  
weather is to place like feeling  
to systems, atmospheric  
effects, sometimes invisible, summary  
but difficult to pin  
down in the tangible: one can be in a  
strange place that is home to another:  
takes a long time for inner feeling to  
equilibrate with outer weather, the feel of  
things, the knowing what something means  
without having to be told, the  
catching right away of the right tone:

after you know a poem well, it  
becomes imbued with itself, its  
aura, atmosphere, interpenetrating,

breaks out around it, a round, invisible  
blossom, fine sensations  
sensed not with eye or mind but with  
feeling:

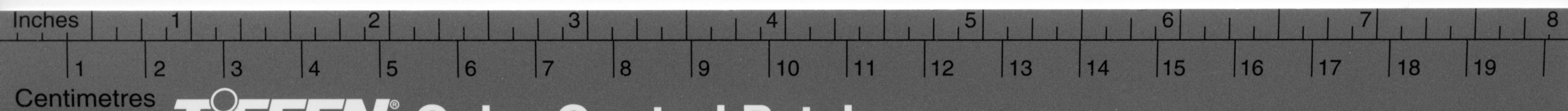
everyday across the sky the figure is  
described: one stands in the forenoon  
or noon or afternoon until the day is  
spent: what is a spent day worth:  
nothing: only memory keeps it for  
the new day: recalled and recalled it  
can't be recovered: weep, stand blank  
in the blank dawn where  
the figure will unwind again:  
the figure having writ moves on  
to write itself again and again till  
the face of man disappears and the  
writing, written on nothingness,  
continues its unheeded description:  
what are we: my, what are we: we are  
roarers: we roar in the writing as  
the writing sun roars: we flare with  
heat and flail with terror: we guzzle  
the present flavor: over and over in  
flesh we write the figure: we make  
the flesh roar and bear: we  
write back in every new face our  
correspondence with the sun: what have  
we for this: writing: we enact the  
figure of the motion: though the day  
quits us we will not quit: we will  
not quit: because of the sweet roar  
we will hum and buzz the quit-hour free

6:25 p.m.

the rain, sometimes heavy, we had all  
afternoon now is turning to wet snow,  
snow in the air, melting on the ground:

9:00 a.m.

the snowflakes are almost lighter than



air: when the air eddies and stalls  
the flakes ride in an open holding:  
they streak past the window ascending:  
but when the wind descending stirs  
it screws them to the ground: inching  
backward they catch on twigs and tremble

11:14 a.m.

so many grackles  
and starlings light in the  
thicket ~~that~~ the branches  
sway ~~a~~ deeper averages to the wind's motions:  
but the droppings!

every ~~single~~ one when spring starts  
working can feed a branch: is this  
a sound artistic enterprise: I  
think not: to the essential figure  
of going should be added the exterior  
rondure of no place to go:

but I like this maybe because it  
may be unsound, the leaning column, the  
cracked bell, chipped pot: (well, the fellow  
said who got  
his thing cut off, it won't  
be long now)

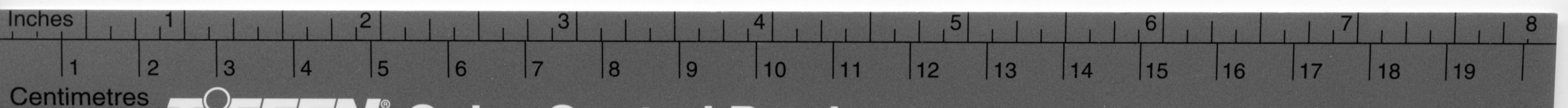
creation into figure restricts  
process (possibly): but destruction of figure  
hardly promotes process (you would think):  
neither creation nor destruction  
answers me and both together say nothing:  
only the interior weavings of the ongoing,  
those essentialized interiors, tell:

change is assimilation into the only  
possible now:

the snow is so skinny the grackles  
can overturn leaves and find  
brown ground: starlings aren't  
leaf-turners: they glean after grackles:  
black birds in the bunch, too: they all  
fly together: and redwings

12:53 p.m.

so hard to keep on the subject: weather:



what is that: when it dwells,  
as it's doing now, snowing, millions  
of events, it's dull: and when  
it changes, who can keep up with  
the nuances:

the thaw snow melts and  
macadam makes ripples rills:  
elsewhere, bank and thicketland  
go spongy sodden:

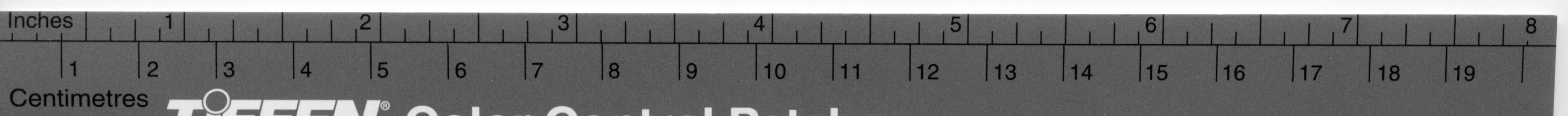
### An Antique Romance

Lancelot, acantering along a forest  
way, made out upon a  
brimming brook's bank a maiden, made the  
maiden, laid his eyes on a lay and  
laying into her laid the lay:  
O de lay de hee:  
Lancelot had a lot of lance, and the  
maiden said, Lance me a lot, Lancelot,  
so he took her to the brush and  
finding her b~~r~~ush and slight surprise  
protested tenderness unduly: later,  
ruffled but becalmed, Lancelot and  
the maiden shook and preened till  
smooth again, a stormy  
clearance: the muzak of the spheres and grooves

down south off Anarctica's  
shores, juvenile penguins plank  
into the blue-clear ice water and  
scramble up onto floes: each floe  
with a little dark colony ~~riding~~ *aboard*:  
I hear the trickle of ~~tiny~~ penguin *wing*  
bones way down into the ~~heavy~~  
cold bright water onto the continental slope:  
occasionally, the skeleton of a  
leopard seal nods down and touching  
the penguin bones tricks into bones,  
predator ~~at rest~~ *stare* with prey:  
the deep blue icy ~~rest~~ *stare* of the small  
bones sprinkling, settling

8:12 a.m.

think of the snow



left on  
 the ground as a description: (gray  
 cloudy this morning with shallowest  
 furrows of delineation): most of the  
 ground is snowless, the snow left  
 nearly unreadable: trailings along  
 the northern side of hedges, the  
 height of boundaries reflected white:  
 yesterday's sun couldn't reach full there:  
 between the big yew and the  
 backporch, a big island: the wind  
 was probably responsible for that;  
 drifting concentrating and deepening:  
 out in the thicket a scattering,  
 the snow-wind calmer there, the  
 consequences broken up by branches  
 and shadows, the shadows, of course,  
 mixing with change as the day went on:

what man makes, from the moment of its  
 perfect completion, flakes: paint  
 chips: stone oxidizes: the  
 instrument obeys the note with a  
 different voice: the new language  
 frost-heaves the great poem:  
 in nature everything comes and goes but  
 nothing comes and goes twice: ~~but it comes~~

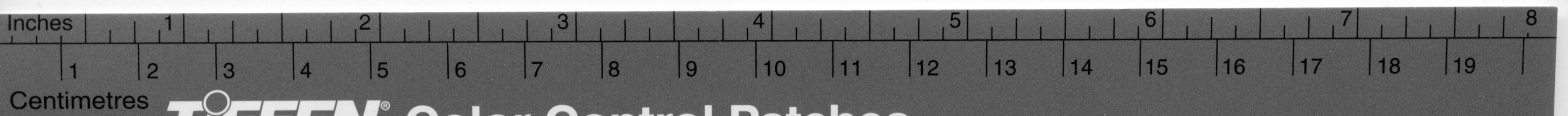
STET

in the academy the necrophiliacs speak  
 tenderly of the dead: they write books  
 to them, husband their remains, wife  
 and mid-wife their spirits: they make  
 love to the remembrance: they sieve  
 the dust for ~~bits of~~ live hair:  
 they nourish shadows and with long  
 tongues lick them into substance:  
 they mumble and their ~~great~~ jowls  
 jostle with murmuring:

STET bits of

once a year the <sup>swarm</sup> necrophiliacs ~~swarm~~  
~~from the ground~~, pitch and cluster  
 on the quad, line up in two's and  
 seep, seep in a martial somnolence:  
 look out: the keepers of the dead will  
 sing your life away and when you are  
 sung lifeless they will lay their  
 hands on you and say lost languages

the body is the imagination's fire  
 scripture: let its ~~narrations dance~~  
 story tell.



5 June 85

Stuart -

I declare I like this!

all night. I wonder

if you would accept

the dedication?

Yours -

Atika

