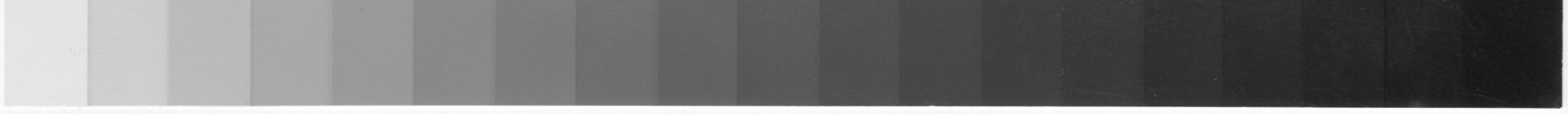
A. R. Ammons

Rock Flows

Returning from the thaw creek
and winter-hungry for early
slugs or mole crickets
he notes a stone on the floor
of the clear woods,
picks it up and steadies
his pace(with it)
back to the cave porch where
he drops it,
an investment against the fireless
summer nights when the leopard
comes in near hard to scare

Inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Centimetres
TIFFEN® Color Control Patches
© The Tiffen Company, 2007



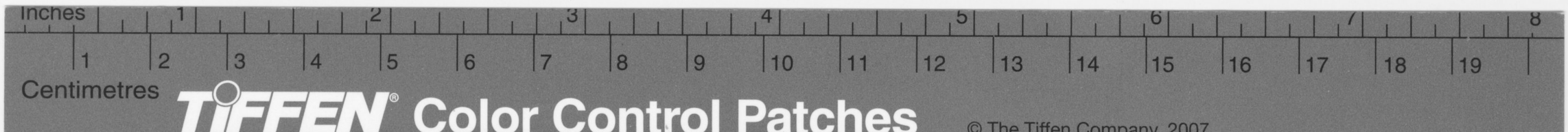
Room Conditioner

After rain I
walk and looking
down glimpse
the moon: I
back up to see
and the ~~more~~
puddle splices
on to two hundred
thousand miles of
height two
hundred thousand
inlet ~~miles~~ of depth



Negotiations
~~Response~~

Flesh blows and runs:
mountains crunched into fearful assumptions
wear down sloped: continents
blunder,
responding to interior drifts
or extraterrestrial pulls,
into lengthy collisions:
~~but~~ water, old~~er~~ than these, yields,
rushes to an isthmus
now and then or circles ~~round~~ a still:
air gives best and though
not oldest might, left alone, last as long
as anything and set the best example:
motion~~is~~ the biggest container
~~and~~ containing nothing responds quickest
~~quicker better than anything~~



Sunday at McDonald's

In the bleak land of foreverness no
one lives but only, crushed and buffeted,
now: now, now, now every star glints

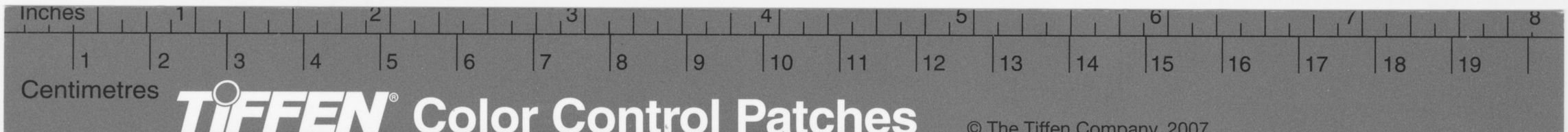
perishing while now slides under and
away, slippery as light, ~~vapory as time,~~ Time-vapor:
what can butterflies do or clear-eyed

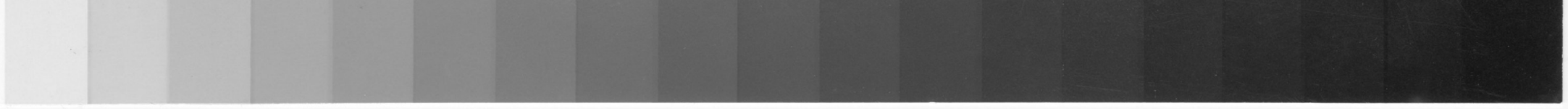
babies gumming french fries - nature
is holding them, somehow, veering them
off into growth holdings, (things) forms

brought to peaks of splendor, sharp
energies burring into each other to
set off new progressions through the

rustle and mix, rot and slush: is
this the way it is: sometimes a man
will stand up, clear and settled as

a bright day, and seem to look through
the longest times and roilings to
the ~~something~~ still, star-bending, fixed ahead.





Density

A bluejay's the clarified
bush's only ornament:
except for two or three
tan-fine leaves he
rattles on a twig:
and there's where summer's
hidden trickle
got its tune, the end of
a corrugated pipe
undercrossing the road:
and down there
farther where density
hid all but the hermit
lark's song
is a gang of wires, once
woodvine: ~~sight is to be~~
~~pushed off, filtered~~
~~out, darkened down:~~ winter
putting so much
away leaves ~~us~~ too
~~too~~ much room to see.



Eventually is Soon Enough

~~Warming Trend~~

Lee of wind-skinned rises
long drifts of
fallout snow soak in the thaw:
the brook, the sky bright
for days, ~~hardly~~ steps lightly
down its ledge steps:
anything, black enough
to be furrow soil, will turn
out to be old snow bank,
trickling:
this soundless (no rain or
thunder) upstirring of
the brook!
snowplows plowed snow
into shrubrows that give
reservoir humped mesh:
thickets that paused a lot
out of the air
streak it with chilling shade,
cold huddling, keep
flood from falling,
give away a little at a
time longer than
roofs and slanty, beam-turned banks do:
the mediations and mixtures,
flows and pauses ~~are too~~
~~complex for the poetry of~~
~~attention:~~ one sees on the bank
of a cleared ditch
swatches of ground moss so green
one thinks with relief
spring won't have to improve any on that.

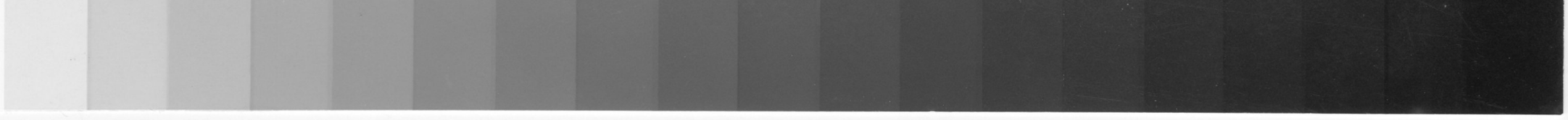
A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

The Addle

Had I not
since I was a boy
tried to
think of something
else
than what was

and had I not
found high
valleys in lost
ranges,
waters &
small shinings

I would not
have made it
here still to touch
the fool paint
to necessity closing
its bright commencements in



A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

Liferama

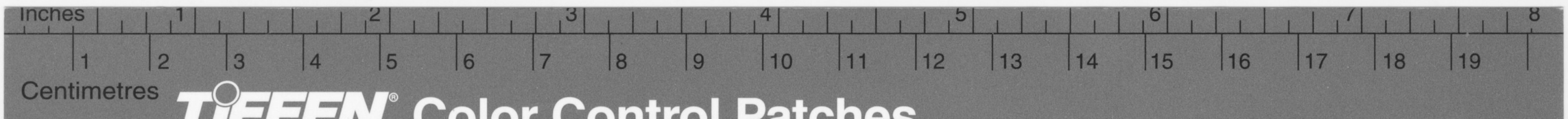
It's so brief
a gesture
declares it:

first you ~~see~~ glimpse it
up ahead
then it comes on

toward you and nearly
touches you but goes
by and you

turn to follow it
asking
what was that

where did it
go
does it come again



A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

January Recollection

The brook's frozen
snow-muffled deep:
so shall I lie
someday, quit, the

ground's silence:
it comes to all:
the axle of happiness
spins the world.

A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

~~Too~~ Late Interval

The last one died
and she shook
with relief, her house

free from the threat
of sick old people,
only to see in

the mirror
~~just~~ one more
arriving....

The last one
died and she
shook with relief

her home free
from the threat of
sick old people

only to see in
the mirror an
one more old woman arriving

A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

Community

We're
the
only
people
we
know

who
care
about
us

~~and~~ Or
~~we're~~
the
only
~~ones~~ people
we
care
about

Pagan Poetry

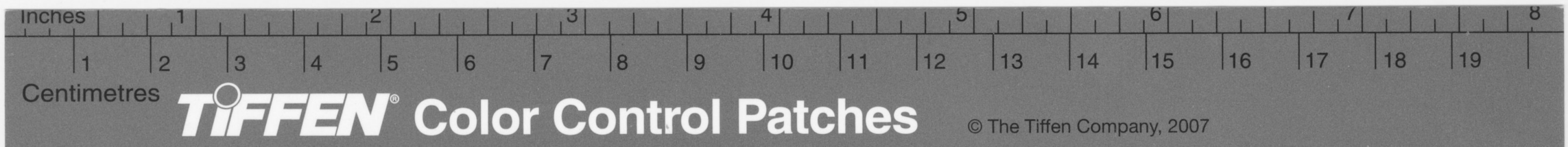
1 The poem begins to end the moment it begins. The tension of the progression, curvature is like the almost rigid tension in some ballet moves that look light and easy. That is the effect desired, to add up, in a ~~d~~lyric, into a single gesture, totally accurate, expressive, and complete. By the size and timing of the gesture all the lesser effects are judged and by the outline of the gesture, ~~ex~~everything extraneous can be noted and deleted and everything necessary ~~d~~an be indicated.

2 Poems are rationales, not most deeply rationalities. I think of the edge of the word rationale that means ground and could be equivalent to ~~dispestion~~ disposition, as of parts, to structure, assimilation into integrity of space. Sculpture has this silent speaking: fairly endless statements of rationality and exposition can be made about a piece of sculpture ~~but which, however,~~ remains silent. At the still center of every poem is a similar disposition, ~~and it is for this reason that all criticism is~~ finally turned away into impressionism ~~and that no criticism replaces or even explains. Art can be thought~~ Art is not thought: it tends to "imitate" the stone, say, by having density, design, body: though much can be known about it, the stone remains silent in its implacable condition.

3 Poems have ~~too~~ at least two contents. Since poetry ~~"comes to be"~~ in words, it ~~is trapped~~ in a statement-making medium. It is ~~marvelous~~ if the statements can be wise or useful or authoritative. But the poem has also the content of how it is said. The poet who tips truth a little for false dramatization tells us something about himself, and we may ~~soon~~ stop caring what else he is saying. The poet who would rather be successful than confront a disturbing feeling with the implied vulnerability and humanity and pridelessne of the confrontation has ~~very little~~ hope of succeeding with us. The poetic language which respects grace, economy, precision in the way it moves tells us what its author respects, and we may wish to understand that better.

4 These are three points about ~~nature~~, the "nature" of poems, of bodies and motions and announcements. If they are pagan points, it ~~is~~ because they suggest resistance to intellectualizing~~ion~~, --~~spiritualizingon~~, ~~interpretation,~~ and theorizing, and spiritualizin and declare that there is ~~in~~ poems a recalcitrant seed of nature which our illusions move from and our delusions return for instruction to. There are many the points. Here are three or four. ~~Three~~ They make a point

12-21-78



Short Notices

~~Little Lyrics~~

by

A. R. Ammons

Inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Centimetres
TIFFEN® Color Control Patches
© The Tiffen Company, 2007

A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

~~Inner~~ Planes

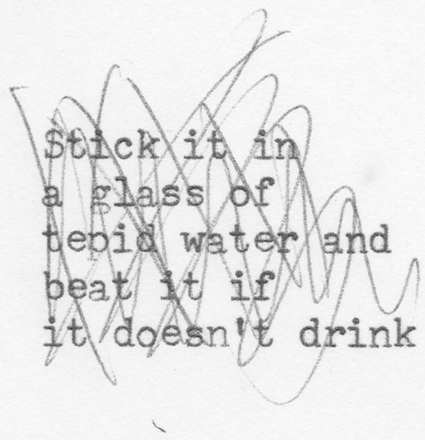
The whirlwind lifts
sand to
hide holy
spun
emptiness or erect a
tall announcement
where formed
emptiness is to be found.

Inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Centimetres
TIFFEN® Color Control Patches © The Tiffen Company, 2007

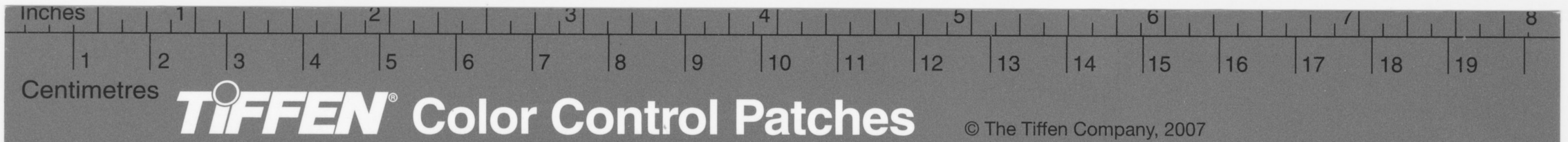


How to Clean the Prick

Stick it
in a glass of
tepid water
and beat
it if
it doesn't
drink



Stick it in
a glass of
tepid water and
beat it if
it doesn't drink



A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

Antithesis

If no material and no resort
will hold us in place,
placate and pacify us,

then we have to make up
something out of nothing
(a pliable material) and

loft it (it is not heavy)
high enough to reach beyond
the highest branch we could

pull down, and we have to make it
of perfect understanding
(know-it-all silence) and

able to respond in the fullest
measure (the other side of
emptiness, the broadest

weldome): where can
dense, straw-strung flesh
cry to for its essential

answering other except beyond,
way, way beyond the star
points ~~that poise the roaring galaxies~~ fall ~~beyond~~
~~that resolve into specks~~
~~dissolve~~
~~from specks fall~~ resolving into galaxies

A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

Distraction

During my glorious,
crazy years, I
went about the business of
the universe relentlessly,
inquired of goat
and zygote,
frill and floss,
touched, tasted,
prodded, and tested and as
it were kept the
whole thing going
by
central attention's
central node:

now, my anklebones hurt
when I stand up
or the mail truck
drops by to bury
me under two
small obligations: I
can't quite remember
what call I went to find
or why so much
fell to me: in fact,
sometimes
a whole green sunset
will wash dark
as if it could go
right by without me

Inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Centimetres
TIFFEN® Color Control Patches
© The Tiffen Company, 2007

A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

Distraction

During my glorious,
crazy years, I
went about the business of
the universe relentlessly,
inquired of goat
and zygote,
frill and floss,
touched, tasted,
prodded, and tested and as
it were kept the
whole thing going
by
central attention's
central node:

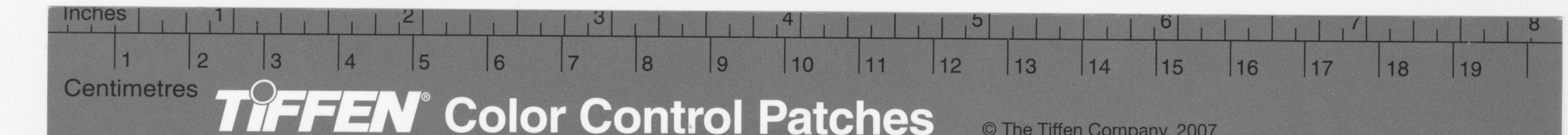
now, my anklebones hurt
when I stand up
or the mail truck
drops by to bury
me under two
small obligations: I
can't quite remember
what call I went to find
or why so much
fell to me: in fact,
sometimes
a whole green sunset
will wash dark
as if it could go
right by without me





White Dwarf

As I grow older ~~an~~ smoother inside
~~expanded~~ arc
now and then falls
back, collapsing, into
~~a~~ forming wall:
the temperature
~~within~~ shoots
up with what I am not
and am: from
multiplicities, dark
knots, twanging twists,
~~certain~~ structures
come into sight,
chief of these
a blade of fire only now
so late, so sharp and standing,
burning confusion up.

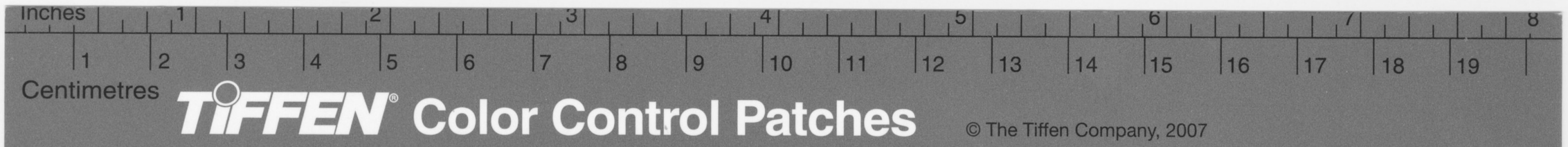


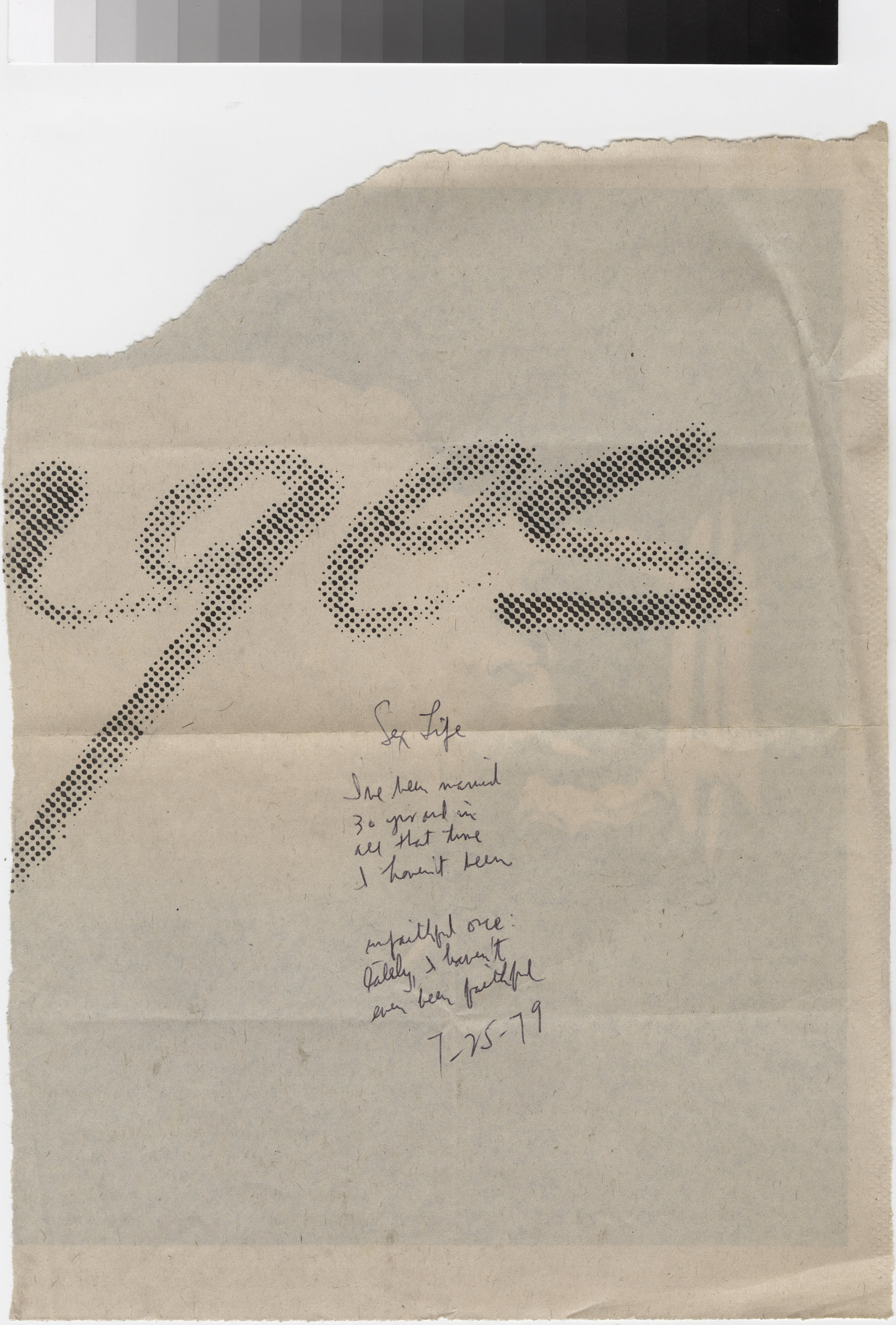
A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

Walking Around in the Evening

The brookbed's gray-dry except for flickers
at a sloping slate slab's narrows,
and this though a young man
down the street died today:
I think to chasten the b

The brookbed's gray-dry except for
flickers at a sloping slate slab's
narrows, and this though a young man
down the street died today:
I think to chasten the brook,
its diddle-flickers so brilliant
with the catching left light, to
suggest it run still-smooth or warp
more to mark the change:
but how does one chasten or
suggest anything to a brook:
and, anyway, the flickers are shelling
gold that maybe the very medium this
~~this~~ man's passage will take over the millenia
~~millenia~~ to his perfect reconstitution in light





Inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Centimetres
TIFFEN® Color Control Patches
© The Tiffen Company, 2007

A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

Splurge

Year-early I go out
to the caterpillars' tent
hardly flourished
enough to notice

and plunge a stick into
the core-squirm and
rolling it take out a
knapsack bolus

and throwing stick and
worms away say,
Rewrite that:
this year, though, I'm

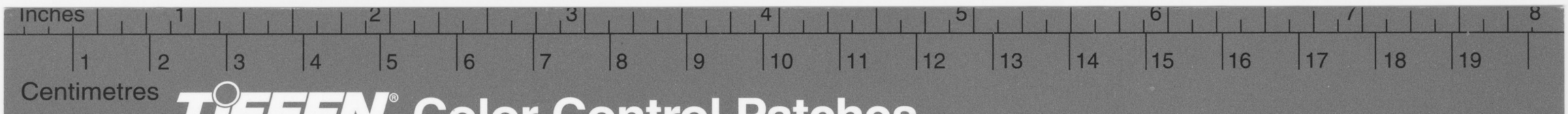
so different, I pass the
cherry already
cloudy with tentweave
and say to the caterpillars

though they don't listen
or noticeably ~~respond~~ replay,
Take a branch or two:
the leaves sprout, caterpillars

timed ~~to the tender feeding~~ mutually tender,
both purplish colorations:
for backup, six new branches,
~~and~~ a second growth of leaves.

what nice sentences

colorations both purplish



A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

God is the Sense the World Makes Without God

Every year the hydrangea
grows so big
its white brains, lobed nodes, flop
over all around leaving
mid bush stem-arched, pure
ground: and then the white
booms, downed from air,
turn green in earthen
rim-shade like leaves splintering:
going too far lofts more
weight than height assumes or holds.

Inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Centimetres
TIFFEN® Color Control Patches © The Tiffen Company, 2007

A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

Harvests

In late August up here in
what is nearly north land
when the maples' finery,
giving way,
acquires a brush of
rouge,
willows will be
harvest mounds, gatherings of grackles,
sprinkled across the rondures,
the spiritual glass
of territories,
strict, bright quarrelments,
crushed, brushed
back into old summer:
~~the gatherings will~~
so much color
piling up will
in its flight and fall leave
just winter here,
emptiness over white.

A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

Now & Then

for RPW

I have been so
kind to the squirrel
he sits on a
branch and flicking
his tail frets at
me as not his

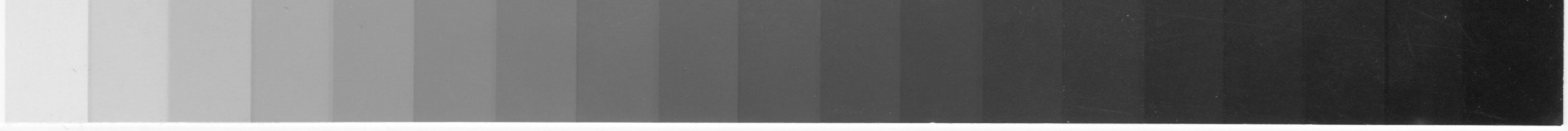
kind, an interloper
in his yard: long ago
in Carolina we
had the squirrels so
shotgun shy we'd
need a squirrel dog

to find the scent of
one and be lucky if
we glimpsed any
bright-bellied flight
through the high-branch
naked swamp woods.

A. R. Ammons
400 Triphammer Rd
Ithaca, N. Y.

21 March

We had the first day of spring
flurries
   of sunlight and snow
and snowflakes in sunlight
rising in
   slow easy whirls
like magnificent day-old
spring flies:
   and
two nights ago for the first time
the frogs, sound to sound,
   answered the rain:
in the willows, an air of green
comes, blows away,
   and comes again:
behind uncertainty and change
the sun everyday coming out of
   the south takes
another small and certain step.



A. R. Ammons
400 Triphammer Rd
Ithaca, N. Y.

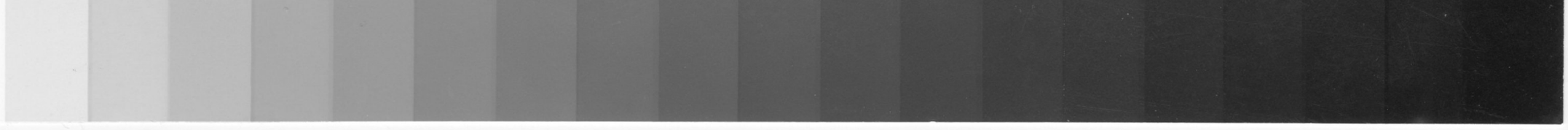
Give

When running he
grabbed a withe of willow
to swing out

the willow gave
in
all over

and he hit
the ground
disorganized:

joy needs something
hard--such as
hate--
to take resilience from.



A. R. Ammons
400 Triphammer Rd
Ithaca N Y

Photo

I got the biggest
kick out
of

seeing your face in
the
paper

I saw you only
a year
ago

and your face looks
only
one year older

A. R. Ammons
400 Triphammer Rd
Ithaca, N. Y.

Storm Change

The cherry tree looks
summery
again: a
fall twist of wind (with
rain)--summer trying
to
recall itself--just
shot through, pale
thunder,
wintery: but the
wind blustered hard
at first and
winnowed from the
cherry tree every
single yellowing
leaf: tomorrow the
May-green cherry
will drop not a hint that
fall is whetting itself
to fall.

A. R. Ammons
400 Highview Rd
Ithaca, N.Y.

After Storm

Branches broken,
the clean meat at the branch knot
spewed from darkness out and
traveled by
blue-sky white light:
certain consequences are

not reversible, arrangements
lost to
death's and black's
scavenging the sweet grain:
well, but weakness
went sacrificed to the wind

and the trees,
clarified, compress root-strength
into remaining flesh:
the leaves that quiver
in the aftermath quiver
in a safe and tested place.

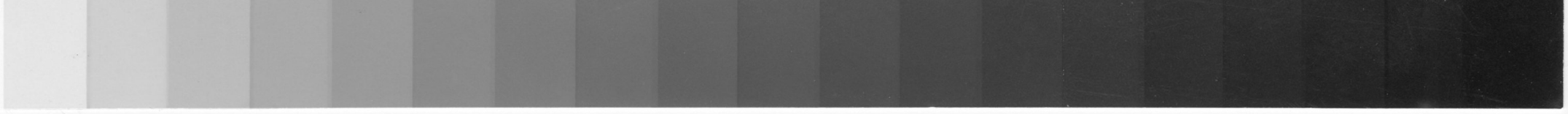


A. R. Ammons
400 Triphammer Rd
Ithaca, N. Y.

Balance Disturbed

I watered the grass
by day
and the ready robins
gulped
fat risen worms
drowned up
through grassroots
into the whole air
and bright sun:

so I waited till dusk
chained robins
to branches,
then by moonlight
the sprinkler sent out
radial rain:
earthworms rose
and stretched out pale-blue,
langorous in cool
robinless moonlight.



Short Hauls

A.R. Ammons

Inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Centimetres
TIFFEN® Color Control Patches

Epistemology

A bit of
truth
told pops
its pip
and falls
small
into its
(if bitter)

consequence
but the bit
untold
avoided collects
about it
networks
bindings
of disguise &

going
around
till, an
enormous posture,
it can't be
identified
solved or made
to disappear &

so by
recalcitrance &
complication
comes
to represent
~~truly~~
the world
~~as~~ ours.

Truly

A. R. Ammons

Necessity

Brought in before the stone,
put to my knees,
made to contemplate the grain,
I said
let my mind dwell with roses,

trellis the high unreal arcs,
leave my blood to
wells' stars;
do not take away the world
or separate my time from time:

but the rock drew me in:
I yielded my illusions and
from the hallowed pit
took ash
and drew my lines away.

A. R. Ammons

Negotiations

Flesh ~~blows~~ plays and runs:
mountains crunched into fearful assumptions
wear down sloped: continents
responding to interior drifts
or extraterrestrial pulls
blunder into lengthy collisions:
water, older, yields,
rushes to an isthmus
now and then or circles a still:
air gives best and though
not oldest might, left alone, last as long
as anything and set the best example:
motion's the biggest container
and containing nothing ~~responds quickest~~. most quickly responds.

A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

Irresistibilities

I said to the brookstone
(rock ~~s i t e~~ brightest and most
available) you aren't,
mute and drowned shallow,

showing us what saying
comes to, no more than
rush's under-silence?
oh, I said, don't take

away illusio, the dream
that saying splitting clears
room out of necessity's
lid and sharp screws:

and don't, I said, going
right on talking, don't
break dull, barely free,
in a dry spell and

babbling as if for rain
show us still
more what
all the saying changes

Inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Centimetres
TIFFEN® Color Control Patches
© The Tiffen Company, 2007

The Only Way Around is Through

~~Losing To Hold~~

I've lost my ambition to be somebody:
what is there to be except
free of the need to be somebody:

the brook ~~saves itself little~~ doesn't save itself:, slate
honings, root wear, underminings,
silt-flow slopes

~~which~~ to the sweetest reader former
times and ways ~~recall~~ has recalled:
but ~~it~~ the brook isn't trying to ~~save itself~~:

enough remains, bits, bunches not to
take currency out of change: but
the brook's glassy noise this

evening, jay and robin fighting dominion
out in a bankside crabapple bush,
is its oldest recollection, the song

brassy, ledge-displaced ledge-displayed
rattle-rush hard to find anything to to
repeat yet always the same: trying to

write free of writing keeps me still
at it, writing my brook, not
~~so good for saving as singing away~~.

~~for writing but for singing by song~~
good for keeping but for getting by singing

Inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Centimetres 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
TIFFEN® Color Control Patches © The Tiffen Company, 2007

Night Chill

My big round yew
can stand a gust
into a million
presences: too
many needles
to get through
to get through
except drift through:
birds ~~sleep and peeping~~ in the air?
puffy in the slow hurry ~~peep or sleep~~

A. R. Ammons

Calling
~~Vocation~~

My endorsing song blocks
out to blot out,
identifies in keyed
sets and replications,
high rises and office
bldgs, baroque interiors and
mirroring exteriors (spelled-out
intricacies) to obliterate into
emptiness, the promise,
cure, commencement, my
self-endorsing song, flattened,
snaking its way out,
reaching to escape into its rise

Hermit Lark

~~Hermit Lark~~ Book

~~Return of the Lark~~

Shy lark! I'll bet it took a while to get you
perfect, your song quintessential, hermit lark,
just back from wherever you winter; I learn my real

and ideal self from you, the right to sing
alone without shame!
water over stone makes useless brook music; your

music unbearably clear after rain
drops water breaking through air, the dusk air
like shaded brookwater, substanced clarity!

I learn from you and lose the edginess ~~that~~ I speak of
to one other only, my mate, my long beloved, and
make a shield not so much against the world,

though against its hardest usages, as
for tenderness's small and delicate ground: how
hard to find the bird in the song! the music

breaks in from any height or depth of the spiral
and whirling up or down, jamming, where does it
leave off: shy bird, welcome home, I love your

song and keep my distance: hold, as I know you
won't, through the summer this early close visitation
behind the garage and in the nearby brush:

you will pair off and hiding find deeper
shyness; yet be what you must and will be:
I ~~know and~~ listen and look to ~~find~~ found your like in me.

~~four~~
found

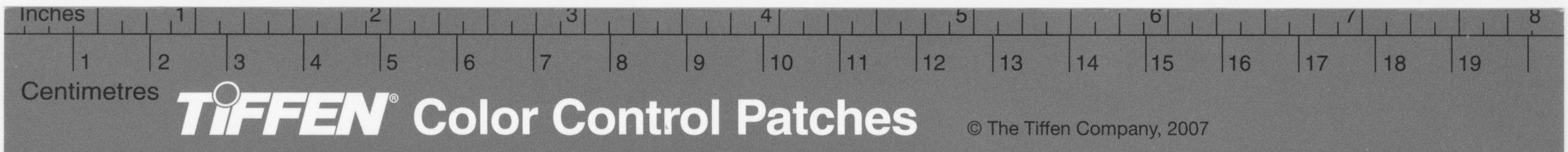




Bride Minfong for Mian Hong Ho

Sometimes a maple seed
can hold on so
tight it spins
way out on the wind strong
enough to snap it free

(11-24-78)



A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

Design

The drop seeps whole
from boulder-lichen
or ledge moss and drops,

joining, to trickle,
run, fall, dash,
sprawl in held deeps,

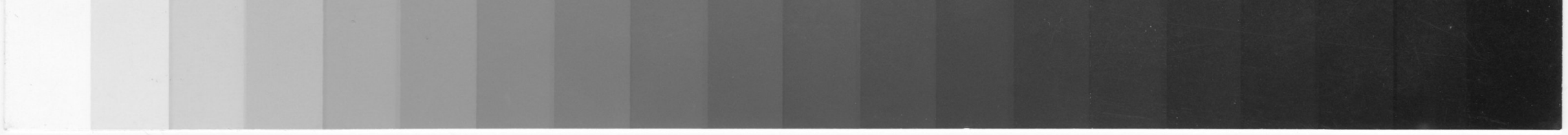
to rush shallows, spill
thin through heights,
but then, edging,

to eddy aside, nothing
of all but nothing's
curl of motion spent.

Comeback

~~Correction~~

Wind downs the
heavy-headed hydrangea
but after a while
(or shower)
works round, shakes
out the drop-sodden
ball and jacks up
the stalk so
that, leaning on stalk
another stalk,
it inches its fluffy
greenery up to and
clocks back into light.



A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

Focus

Fellow down the street
(it's like flocculation)
gives a party and

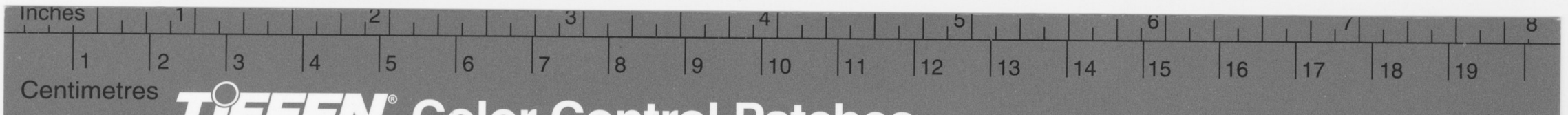
Cadillacs (and
a Mark Continental or
so) assemble

lining all eight sides
of the crossing he
corners on

as if an old Cadillac
had died or two young were
marrying: other places

you see half-shamed,
sullenly-arrogant foreign
cars hugging into

clusters or, other
places, mixed bags
like university peoples'



A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

Keepsake

I feel the brook as it were
teased and betrayed me, its
finery of glitter enchanting
my mind and leading me off

and off again down the accurate
indifferences of mechanical
shift and spill, inexhaustible
burn of glint and glide: oh,

for when I could give no more
attention up and needed to be
looked for, the brook kept
its old lessons tucked away

as usual in its flowings and
answered only as I guessed it:
but you, lover, prowled the world
to be found and, found, found me:

if you part your lips, the
shifts and spills in your
eyes will break me open: this
lost, I'm unlost and unbetrayed.

A.R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N.Y. 14850

Immoderation

If something is too
big, enlarging it
may correct it:

a skinny thing
acquires great force
pushed next to nothing.

A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

Dry Spell Spiel

It's so far to the brook the squirrel
nips dew off the garage roof
dipping down from tile tip to tip,
stopping head sideways and one paw up in still

perception (fear) then melting
into motion and need: this is another
day, high blue, that won't leave
drop or dampening anywhere

by noon: even the brook way off
trickles clinging to the ledges: how many
territories are riddled with routes, easements
to the brook banks, as grackles, robins,

catbirds get through: the snake lies
all the way long in and dimples
the transparence with the brilliant
surfacing of two diamond nostrils, needlepoints

that give the whole length air: the
pheasant keeps to underbrush on his way:
a salamander is sticking with the wet
leaves under my leaky outdoor faucet.

256-2325

how about a respite from the mail?

~~What you are doing seems fun for~~
~~a while but then mechanical &~~
~~boring in the affairs & affection~~
~~& I have never received anything~~
~~but affection for you~~

While your letters were occasional
and personal I ~~always~~ was always
glad to receive them. Now they
seem to me mechanical ~~and~~ ~~they~~ and I wonder
~~if I understand them~~ if you intend them to be the
affection to me that I have always
felt from you? Now as then a good
way to write ~~poems or letters~~ letters is always
from one's friends. I have always
found now as then a good
thing to write poems, for ~~writers~~ the
~~spirit wants~~ to rest.

How about telling me what you're
doing? It's starting to hurt at
this end, as I have always
held you in the highest regard. I
can't envisage you intend that.

A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

Progress Report

Now I'm
into things

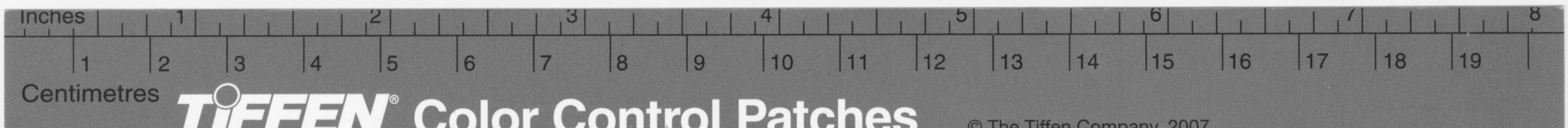
so small
when I

say boo
I disappear

A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

Wiring

Radiance comes from
on high and, staying,
sends down silk
lines to the flopping
marionette, me, but
love comes from
under the ruins and
sends the lumber up
limber into leaf that
touches so high it nearly
puts out the radiance



A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

Grove's Way

The campus oakgrove is
something (specially now
with the elms gone)
the branchlofts subsuming
congregations,
the trunks centuries through -

but a guy wire's been run
to hold in one
tree on the edge being
leaned out of the grove.

A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

Winter Sanctuaries

The squirrel, bunching branches,
knits a billowing raft
from twigends and, riding air, lifts
one paw to pull in a tip
where shaken maple seed cling.

Sightings

The widest ocean
I ever saw
(and highest
sky, straightest scripture)
is the line between
hill-summit and star-point
that implies neither
come nor go
but is as it is, is what
is is: nothing
will appear or go away
this will not declare nothing:
a reach leaving
everything behind
the same.

A. R. Ammons



A.R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N.Y. 14850

Merchandise

When we have
played with
the toy life

death takes it
back without
condition

whatever the condition

Inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Centimetres
TIFFEN® Color Control Patches
© The Tiffen Company, 2007

A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

Givings

Why not let the name go with the body
since things will be
as they appear

a shambles of change with now and then an absolute
loss and most changes, re-directions not
the kind you can bend back into shape

and not even in the midridge of the overspill
an island to stop on and consider in stillness time
passing

but only in the interweavings, flows back and
forth, under and over, around and through
does reality hold

to a single face its name and that can
on a stormy spring morning seem so underbuilt
with dream, reality & appearance flow together away

Acknowledgments

"Summer Place" first appeared in The Hudson Review. My thanks as usual to the editors of that inestimable periodical.

A list of all my longer poems, arranged chronologically, would read as follows:

Tape for the Turn of the Year (published separately)
Pray Without Ceasing
Summer Session
Essay on Poetics
Extremes and Moderations
Hibernaculum
Sphere, the Form of a Motion (published separately)
The Snow Poems (published separately).

I am ~~grately to~~ grateful to Jerald Bullis who suggested that a book like this should be made available to go with The Selected Poems 1951 - 1977 which contains shorter poems.

Acknowledgments

"Summer Place" first appeared in The Hudson Review. My thanks as usual to the editors of that inestimable periodical.

A list of all my longer poems, arranged chronologically, would read as follows:

Tape for the Turn of the Year (published separately)
Pray Without Ceasing
Summer Session
Essay on Poetics
Extremes and Moderations
Hibernaculum
Sphere, the Form of a Motion (published separately)
The Snow Poems (published separately).

I am ~~grately to~~ grateful to Jerald Bullis who suggested that a book like this should be made available to go with The Selected Poems 1951 - 1977 which contains shorter poems.



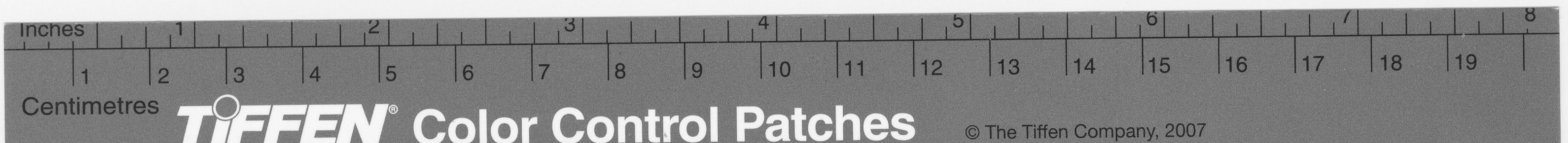
Contents

Pray Without Ceasing
Summer Session
Essay on Poetics
Extremes and Moderations
Hibernaculum
~~Sphere, the Form~~
Summer Place



Contents

Pray Without Ceasing
Summer Session
Essay on Poetics
Extremes and Moderations
Hibernaculum
~~Sphere,-the-Form~~
Summer Place



Acknowledgments

"Summer Place" first appeared in The Hudson Review. My thanks as usual to the editors.

~~The poems here are arranged chronologically by composition. All the long poems are here except the booklength ones — TAPE FOR THE TURN OF THE YEAR, SPHERE, and THE SNOW POEMS.~~ A list of all the longer poems would read as follows:

Tape for the Turn of the Year (published separately)
Pray Without Ceasing
Summer Session
Essay on Poetics
Extremes and Moderations
Hibernaculum
Sphere, the Form of a Motion (published separately)
The Snow Poems (published separately)

~~I think the poems included in this volume play through the formal concerns very well.~~

I am very grateful to Gerald Bullis who suggested that a book like this should be made available to go with The Selected Poems 1951-1977 which contains only shorter poems.

Acknowledgments

"Summer Place" first appeared in The Hudson Review. My thanks as usual to that inestimable periodical.

The poems here are arranged chronologically by composition. ~~All the long poems are here except the booklength ones - TAPE FOR THE TURN OF THE YEAR, SPHERE, and THE SNOW POEMS.~~ A list of all the longer poems would read as follows:

Tape for the Turn of the Year (published separately)
Pray Without Ceasing
Summer Session
Essay on Poetics
Extremes and Moderations
Hibernaculum
Sphere, the Form of a Motion (published separately)
The Snow Poems (published separately)

~~I think the poems included in this volume play through~~ the formal concerns very well.



A. R. Ammons
606 Hanshaw Rd
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850

Traveling Shows

I found vision and
it was terrific, the sight
enabling and abiding, but
I couldn't get these
old bones there and light's
a byproduct of
rapid decomposition:
I found power, too, but
sick, meal-swollen children
refused it:
no one breathes the
air in words' winds:
more than could be
promised, the many
graces of accurate
turnings, or even thought
to seek, I found, I
found: it was nothing:
the ghost of the made
world, leaving, enters
the real - no, not that much:
the real world
succeeds the made, ~~then~~ and,
burnt out, shuts down.



Rehearsals

I've been around
practically anything
you can mention ~~it~~
(twice) ~~it~~
and spring has come,
elation's bump,
more than once:
seed
cut loose from the elm's
windy height
have become
elms elsewhere:
ends ~~tie~~ untied and untied
but the knot of ourselves
unwinds once

Inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Centimetres
TIFFEN® Color Control Patches
© The Tiffen Company, 2007

~~Addition Problem~~

In love
one
and
one
make one
to make one

In love
~~to take~~
one and
one ~~to~~
make one

In love
one and
one make
one to
make one
(or more)



Windy ~~Oranges~~

A maple
leaf I
thought a
butterfly flew
by my
head - summer
is gone

Filling in the Dots

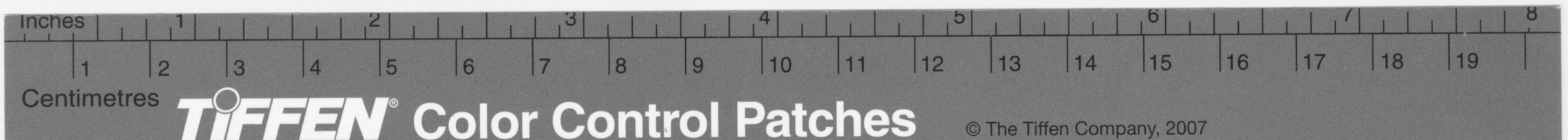
The pigeons,
thirty-five in a
speed, break
over the cedars
just so
as, missing, to
outline the grove

(1-15-77)

End

~~Problem in Addition~~

~~In love~~
one and
one
make one





Foregoing the Rational

Every way
out ~~closed,~~ shut,
round and
round burns
~~the~~ whirlwind
loose.



~~Celestial~~ Dealings

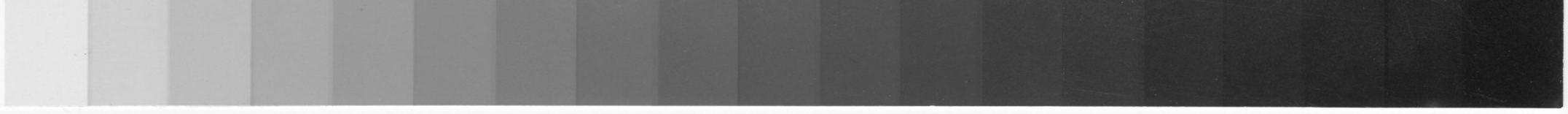
The heaped hemlock
boughs hardly
sway in the
profound calm,
snow, anyway,
too quick to miss.

Snow Roost

~~Clearings~~

ground blizzards

Last night the
fluffiest inhabitant
filled the
cedars deep, but this
morning windy,
flurries blizzard-thick
explode
into local blindings



All Told

~~Will~~ The truth will
Set you free
Or get loose

