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Jean Day

Undersong

Such an evening
(If you're into it)
Falls upon its hands
For an élan that no longer applies
Every thing
A parliament of lines
Queerly gathered
At the Water
Table
"It may have been a dream [or drain]"
Everything
Glow until dull
But definitely I slept
There under
A magnificent tam
Every man
For himself
Soberly speaking
Of the devil

Undersong

So you're an evening
(And into it)
Up to your hands
And knees
The Plan
No longer flies
In the face
Of the thing
Of all things
Gathered in a net at
The river
In
Definitely a dream
When I took Charles
By the hand
To see the maritime productions
Of my knotty
Father
Long-haired and often
Asleep
There under
A wineglass elm

Undersong

Slant habit
An evening I've fallen into
All thumbs
Up to the itch
Of further stuntwork [research]
Corrugated
By teams of queer
Balladeers
Hugging along a watercourse
Of course your canoe
Transposes the aloe
Of canapés under canopies
Filmed trashily
For "posterity" if not
Posteriority
Definitely excited
As so often
By the discovery of
That sundered species
The ass
Dressed up to look
Like your beautiful dream
Of matter

Undersong

On the limb
Of light
Into late so
Is its transit
Free and public
Speaking formally for
Me in milking a stone
The wall cries
I am made serious
Solid
Attentive to the beautiful
Punto in aria
The shape that becomes number
Cast up by dull twins
If ever oh
Writer or secretary
Pino
Among spirits paired
Boasting
And precision to the delicate
Dull tongs
Of a hummingbird

Undersong

Evening snuck up
On fallopian hands
For the fruit
As soon as it moves
Becomes a line a
Knot as in cat
Cueing mouse
In Napoleonic naval
Battle
What shall I say so
Particularly?
The clumsy hook
Finds the happy loom at home
In handiwork
Goes on for nectar
In the world of peanut
Butter and
Hummer
(Symptomatic)
I knit
To be done with it

Undersong

Evening smoke sucked
The rolling stock
Of clouds
Over the gleaming race
Track so we weren't
Revolutionaries
After all
But shit
For brains following the line
Of any symptom
As parents of birds
Who do as they please
Eager as beans
Over hill and dale
Following the bell
As I said the line
Of any symptom
Connects the dots
Of which you alone are author

Undersong

I could tell you weren't into it.

Night fell.
Clouds exact their toll
A set number of smackers
Roll of fuzzy dice
Over steaming plate of rice
Why indeed
Have I brought you here?
To hear there is
No watercourse near
The eggless overpass?
It will have to be imagined
(And not through any effort on your part)
As heartwarming and productive
As a greedy duck
Waiting to cancel the cod
From the menu of all enhancements
Try always
When you look at a form to see
Not a warning from your heart
But a dunce
In a luminary's hat
Waiting for a table
On which to get serious about
The liberal
Of the species

Author Info

Jean Day has published seven books of poetry, including *Enthusiasm: Odes & Otium* (Adventures in Poetry, 2006) and the chapbook *Daydream (The Eponym)* (Belladonna, 2008). Her work has also appeared in many magazines and anthologies, most recently the *Sienese Shredder*, *Zoland Poetry*, and *Mir* (in French). The series 'Undersong' is part of a manuscript in progress called *Late Human*.