

# 8 CONSTELLATIONS

Andrew Brenza

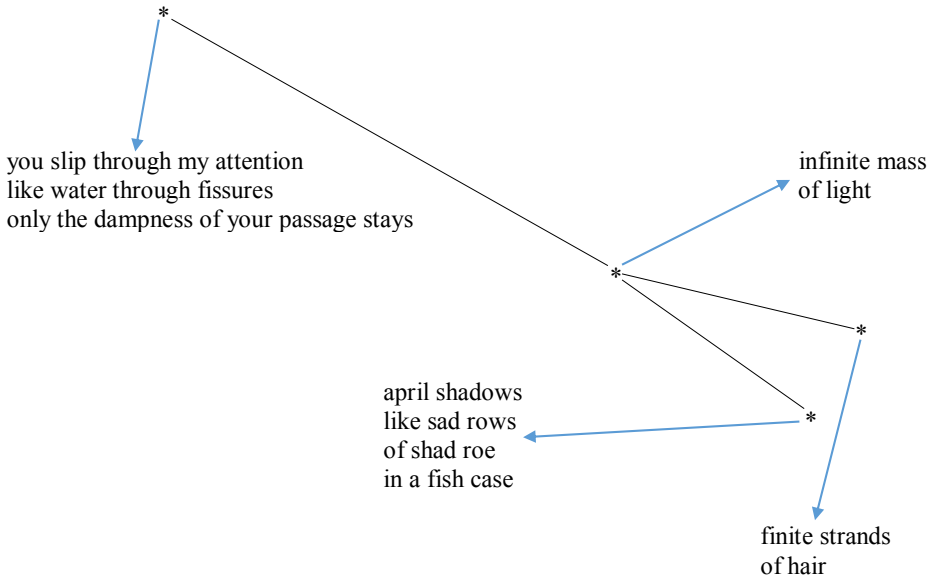


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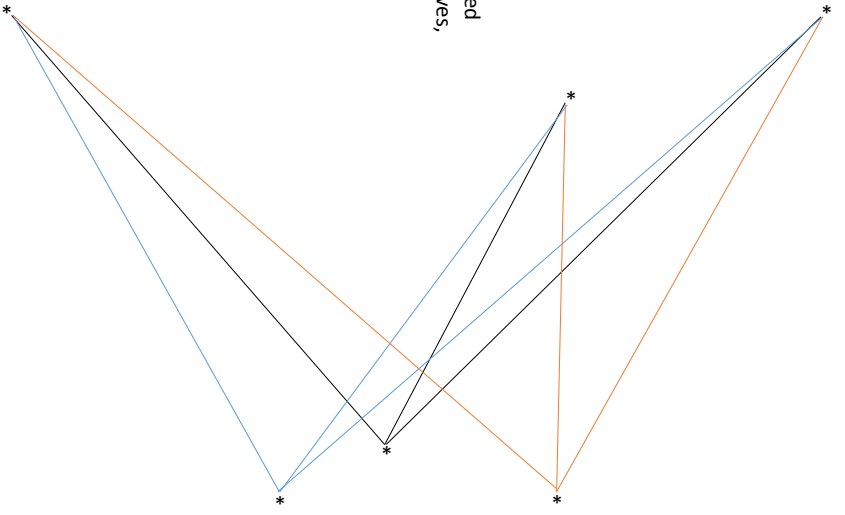
by  
Andrew Brenza

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Sagitta

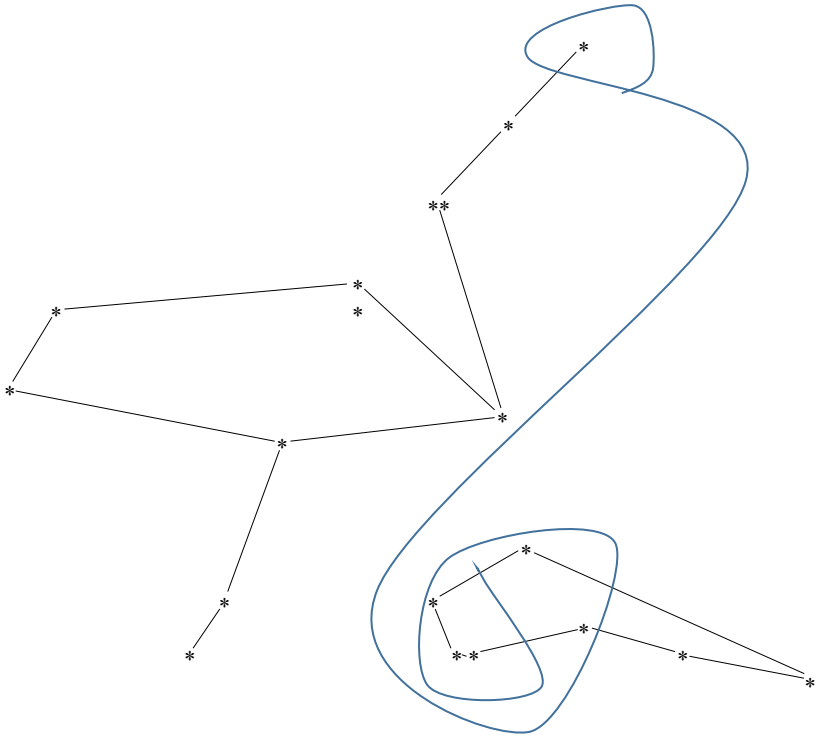


on cold days  
 when I strew the base  
 of my sweet gum  
 with bird seed  
 and my mouth is host  
 to that flit array  
 of fauna which  
 clings at the neat  
 lip of suburbia--  
 squirrels, blue jays,  
 chickadees, sparrows  
 (white-throated, house  
 and tree), nuthatches,  
 hairy, downy and red-bellied  
 woodpeckers, morning doves,  
 grackles, cow birds,  
 cardinals, starlings,  
 robins, rabbits,  
 more jays, juncos,  
 finches (purple, gold,  
 and house), titmice,  
 wrens, more sparrows,  
 more squirrels,  
 and crows--and my cat,  
 though drowsy now  
 with age, sits chattering  
 at the window in wonder  
 at this burst of news,  
 then I am the happy  
 puppet of my home.



it is the complications  
 of shadows on a field  
 of snow, the whiteness  
 not whiteness, but shades  
 of white implied by its  
 surroundings, the blues,  
 the golds, the greys of it,  
 the streaks that trees, sun,  
 and squirrel make. it is  
 not whiteness but witness;  
 it is intersection, an eye.

Grus with Piscis Austrinus



FearedrivenTappingsOfTheBarbUnroadsKnobbingHeartampBrailikeOtolithsOfSleeplessInspeakInspawn:

para-more rays in the gloaming  
like phantasmal bird, fog-lit, frominside.

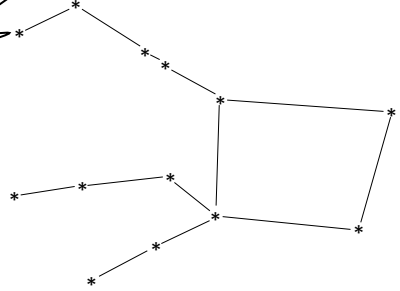
song of the blue-gut hazing the windows  
repeats itself glottally, gurgley like coffee machines.

like everything, the gymnastic walk downstairs  
to a table full of yesterdays, an alluvium of glacial hands

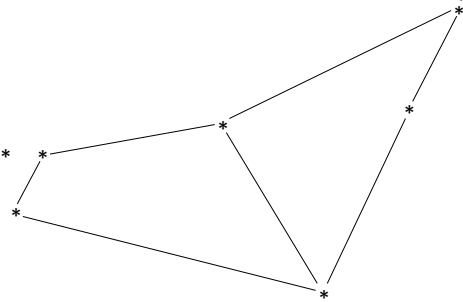
in the disconnect mounting into hardscape,  
and one more nut unribboning blue-light like another sky.

Pegasus/Indus

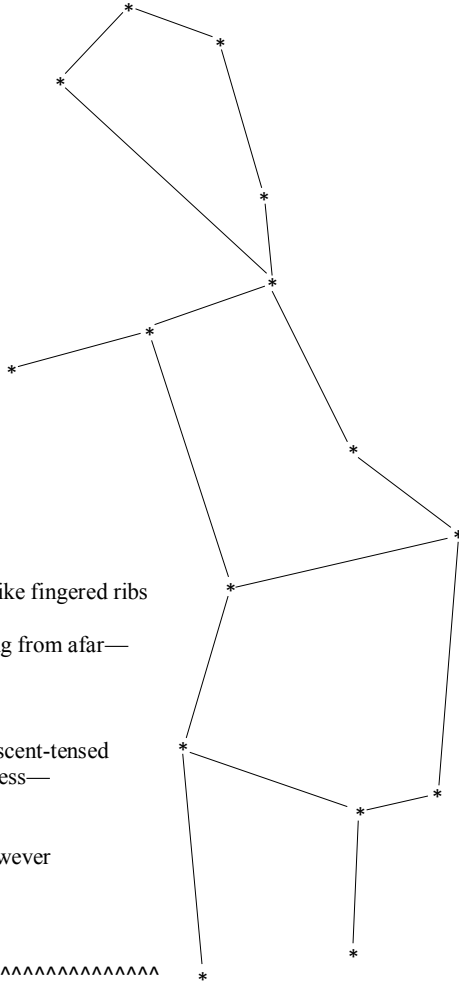
always, the always-humming hum of machines: you can hear it  
and it means, from street or yard, in bath or bed,  
through torn sheets of whatever sky, you can hear it;  
and it means home is a shape humming with machines



to be the lost electric comfort of the sea-mother's womb,  
the cellular memory of her nervous system  
throbbing the sad lightning of new breath down  
the pure umbilicus of some blank throat you long for



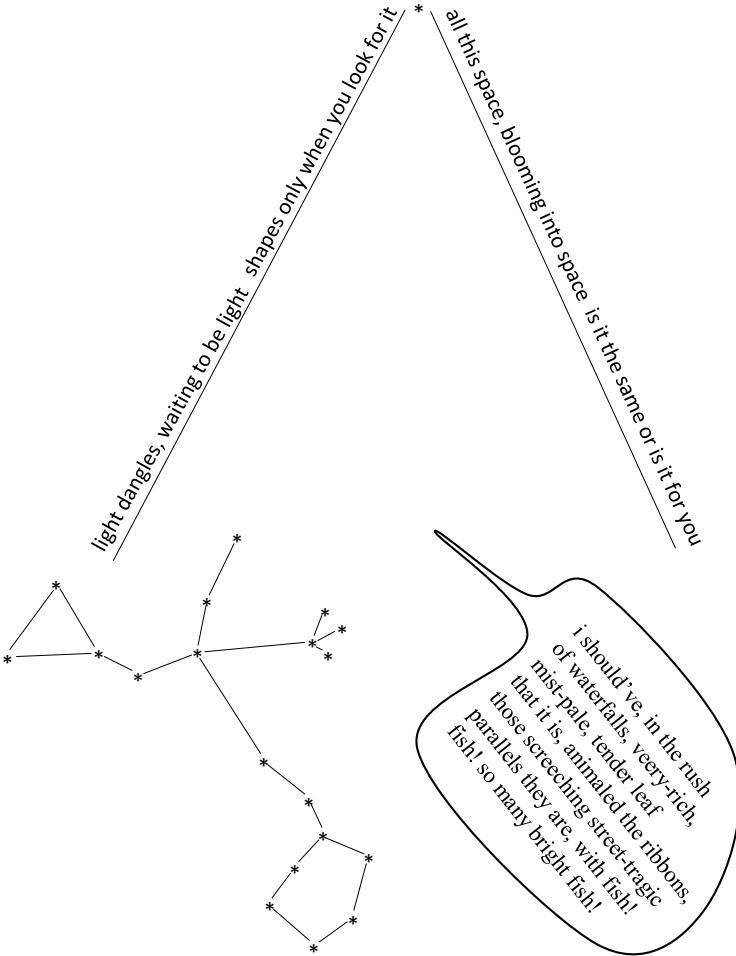
Virgo



the heart—choked on thistles of  
the rush of anything—  
wakes to—of an—alien opacity—  
fields of asparagus creeping strange like fingered ribs  
beside new mountains of birdsong—  
with ganglions of internal light roaring from afar—  
its ganglions—the distance trembling  
with what's to be mirror—

or among some—these honeycombs scent-tensed  
to uncold blights of fluted shapelessness—  
light-right into sentence—senses—  
census of—evolution's daily—  
liminal—end—or like the times—however  
many—this happened—

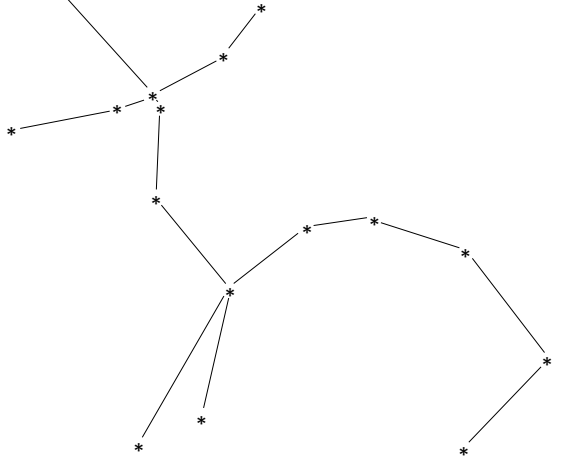




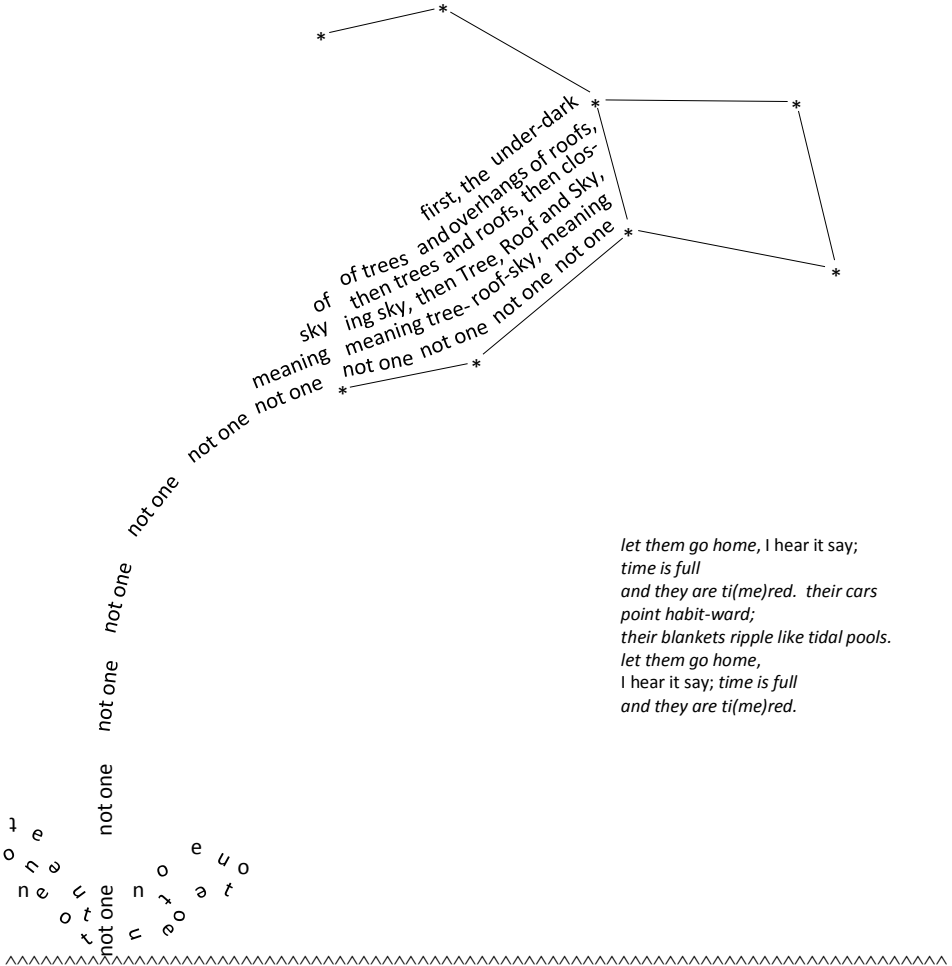


Centaurus

what songs are left  
to sing are snug  
in a robin's throat,  
whispered there,  
practiced -- star-  
dust thinking



Crater



ANDREW BRENZA is the author of the chapbooks *21 Skies* (Shirt Pocket Press) and *And Then* (Grey Book Press) as well as the full-length collection *Gossamer Lid* (Trembling Pillow Press). He lives in New Jersey.

