

# SEVENTY-TWO MALIGNANT SPIRITS

Neo-Scientific Poetry  
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## **This Thin Memory A-ha**

I wish you were to come to  
just too much liquid here  
to the low me under the crime of losses  
you were there and then you weren't  
what intensified not holding you to  
and I've grasped what fever there is  
bound to the corners what holding you  
is to the titles of these squared spaces  
windows pinned in bad blending  
into final color my only extreme  
you once held and sold to the last  
bloom duel you that borders us  
neither sky warranted nor recognized  
nor animals at water—unwait for this will end  
as if the ethic beheld romantic each stem  
spaced apart to dwell on heft  
my treatises on mind all out and down  
*look here*, it says, *look here*, shaking chills  
shape houses' blue duration.

## **Lizard: Transmutation: Bird**

And names were coined for their utility,  
Rather as speechless infancy itself  
draws children on to gestures  
Lucretius, *De rerum natura*

Bones are only the mind's past.  
They are what his eyes are good for—  
he enacts our paradigm  
with his investigation: danger is down:  
many animals spring out of the soil: Lucretius was right.

He may have had this memory or premonition.  
He saw the permanent downflex,  
the bony head, the way it moves like a bird.

He asked the natives to help him count the excavated teeth, but they refused: a  
taboo forbids them counting unsolar objects. Designs played in shadows & every  
fragment looked like a nest of fingernails.

A history of bone is a history of being eaten then scattered then buried then flooded  
then folded then exposed.

We understand ourselves  
through what we used to fear.

Digging, his mind  
refers the bones back  
to an onset of their getting there;  
his touch refers yearning for them  
back to the desert  
which everything wears

everything becoming the shape of wind.

The bone he has lifted burns out in its own future.  
The bone he has lifted is never seen as such.  
The bone he has lifted disperses time.

The desert had no edge for him.  
He saw it the same at every angle  
& it hallucinated for him its flood time.

The skeleton will evolve through images. He will invent its origins. A woman in the crowd will go crazy or blind. He will pour oil over the bones & cure her with it.

Now a young girl  
numbers the bones  
she keeps in grids  
under her bed:  
she sleeps above  
what bore witness  
only to itself.  
This is what undoes him.

His dinosaur is orphaned of important pieces:  
it is too much  
not-this  
not-the-other:  
he's granted it zero nature,  
but the girl geniuses fragments into wholes.  
Her arrangements are fugues in old calcium.

Its discovery is a death-life. Documented in our mythologies, it was given its first name according to a single bone's resemblance to a scrotum. A Ceylon women, a result of a rare atavistic freak, wears a piece of its tailbone. The late Cretaceous deltas are filled with its bone work.

We never disregard ourselves as subjects of what we unearth: motifs of bone: our interest in previous identities. We see animals not really there; they grow bigger; we fear their small differences.

He tries to inauthenticate the girl's finds.  
He holds her fossils under flashlights  
he says are sensitive instruments.

Each of her bones carries a narrative: hers & theirs & his.  
They are all always already.

Her sealed laboratory lies at the center of his fantasies.  
Her intuitions rescue concords from unlike bones.  
The dinosaurs collapse under the weight of collective need.  
He falls asleep with the word *sonnenuntergang*.

The exposure of the bones is an endpoint. Re-buried in plaster they become experiments. Our nature utterly lacks foundations for a first solidity. We need their bones to symbolize our progress.

Afterbrains give smartness to the tail.  
He draws lizard-like hips onto her picture.  
He realizes that he felt under her bed  
under the same under spell of digs:  
a long abandoned habit of the hand.

He produces a counterorthodox conclusion:  
the mummified foot was not designed for swimming.

An ancient inland sea flows into his mouth.  
Only a few molars & a jaw bone.  
He tries to act shaman to the species:  
he performs it  
as if its world were finished.  
As if we never were.  
As if there were calculation without closure  
or behavior without morphology.

He can no longer open her letters,  
his hands cramped  
from acting the talon.  
He tries to equal their strange diets,  
he tries to find an avian feature.

Disconfirmation becomes his sole pleasure, but she ends up in essence right; no one questions how she believes in history. He attacks anything that functions as link. He reads her sufficient explanations backwards: for theories of warm blood he sees warm blood of theories.

He ends up with the coloration of messiahs:  
colors so bold as if to say  
these legs are too fast for you,  
this expression too expansive;  
this miracle  
will eat you  
in one bite.

## Early Maneuvers, Closing Matters

In the next face you make a thought  
out of near. You use language  
to ignore collapsing. Our footprints  
are the same in the fourth moment  
of the gallop. Call family the same thing  
in real time proper for moral concern.  
Become the cinema of results. Disarticulate  
the arm inflecting to the left  
the gathered there. Title it *Gerund*  
*Somebody*. Point the commotion  
last of which has not been screened;  
only instants. Stints at the ready,  
sorties at the eyes away to the reason  
to find another father for-the man whose fingers  
frame the air: he's a plastic sidewalk.  
What he thought occurred, so we all sing  
about meeting ourselves.  
Wave. Open the hatch is a horizon to care for  
without telescopes. We cannot shadow the look  
addictable to origin. This scriptless  
will be about subsidence. It will become  
the centerpiece of a belief.  
You have every reason—you're  
making yourself in a reality unmaking

## Our Human Approach

I had a precognition about everything  
that rises alongside the house,  
the ancestors pulled from the bog  
like gloves left outside so long  
the fingers curl back—

The old photographer cannot hold  
his hand that way: he screams  
“I need more behavior!”—

The brightest moon in twelve hundred years  
won't straighten what dimensions  
I need to feel what I couldn't tell:

From here heavy animals fleeing  
in tangent circles make the children's eyelids  
prayer the shape of two hinges;  
through my telescope days  
I recalled seeing you on the roofs  
of people's houses counting coup  
with your lips by the end of the night,  
a fraction of your disappearance  
happening to my devotion  
to my knowing you then,  
before they did all that to the drosophila.

*after Frederick Sommer*

## Contingency Speaks with Virus and They Reach a Chorus

### Scene 1

SWAMP THING

All my kind of nature leads me to disruption

CONTAGION

When they open your body it will photograph them, the scalpel being a sensation of light

SWAMP THING

Your face is my missing hand

CONTAGION

Everything lifeless tends to white

SWAMP THING

Your spiders emit a song at the moment they bite

CONTAGION

A polished piece of parasite is your eye

SWAMP THING

Note a blue child born in London

CONTAGION

An atavism for you, answering occult questions

SWAMP THING

There is the nexus of a thousand jellyfish

CONTAGION

A skeleton solarized into oracle

SWAMP THING

Another semantic flake of your life support fell without volume into flames

CONTAGION

My shape of a lover of sweating

SWAMP THING

You were in agreement with their democratic lighting

CONTAGION

I'm interesting in this; you're just a philosophical quandary

SWAMP THING

In India, you taped the window shut with a crazy urgency

CONTAGION

I've ramified this space with red quarantines

SWAMP THING

You're working well with light but go back to the top of time

CONTAGION

And animals ran away from you? I guess you twitched

SWAMP THING

You build noise in their bodies; noise builds in your eyes

CONTAGION

& my always as well

## **Scene 2**

SWAMP THING

Urchins eat their shapes from the water

CONTAGION

Chinese mythology is that much land management and irrigation

SWAMP THING

But it isn't the solution to your rat idea

CONTAGION

But it is the money peeled from tar

SWAMP THING

Which is capillary matter-the money, I mean

CONTAGION

You mean you don't you?

SWAMP THING

But you're the word made flash my friend, chemically lapped, importantly biological

CONTAGION

You eat everything but understand nothing

SWAMP THING

Yes, an abrupt theology; you made me so not to fall ill yourself

## **Scene 3**

CONTAGION & SWAMP THING *in Chorus*

Will we be a wisdom? & won from what? Some cautionary animus? Or will we be the buzzing symptom of a wasp named after a dead son, swerving above our nerve into human history?

## Natural Objections

Like grasshoppers like shades  
accumulating into disaster  
like grass his days; his days are like grass  
where geography goes between.

*I'm imitating a dance to avoid suspicion*

She cuts the moth out which he again  
crystals in aggravation its own duration  
is there on the tips of their faces  
like pictures from the bubble chamber.

*so, here we are, again, in the biosphere*

& she keeps seeing one word grow conditions:  
to agree, they spree across

*I've read this*

like the first mammal scattering magnolias

*this is very much like*

embracing her at his time, this is an ocean ship,  
remember, say nothing of messages across the cliffs  
& he, no reason, leaves; & she, agnostic about UFOs,  
faces values as only so much radio.

*run, I said, a large afternoon*

—Repeat if ever there was reverence—he could have been  
just as opposed to this like the animals signaling  
& how they misuse their biology: an empty carapace of a spider,  
the ash from a flyless world.

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