

AMID THE WAVES WHICH

by
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The poem *You can imagine it...* has previously
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Preface

Amid the Waves Which began while I was reading translations of *Sappho*, both Anne Carson's and Guy Davenport's, and reading Oppen's *Daybooks*. I found myself caught up in brackets, and the idea of how one translates a text. I remembered reading notes in *EDA: An Anthology of Contemporary Turkish Poetry*, where Murat Nemet-Nejat talks about translating Kucuk Iskender's *Souljam*, saying that it was translated backwards with Turkish references being changed into American references. Since I don't speak/read another language, I started thinking of how I might go about a "translation," and I turned to Gnoetry.

I wanted to attempt two methods of "translating," one was to fragment and the other to try and make something whole.

For the fragmenting I used jGnoetry online, and the following texts: Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Dickinson's poems and a volume of her letters, and a volume of Imagist poets from archive.org. I generated ten stanzas of five lines each, copied them and then would regenerate another ten stanzas. I did this twenty-five times.

For the prose blocks I used the full Gnoetry program and there are 6 texts at work: Dickinson's poems and a volume of her letters, Faulkner's short stories, Zola's *Flood*, a volume of Imagist poets, and Bernadette Mayer's *Memory*. I then generated ten stanzas of ten lines each, copied them and then would regenerate another ten stanzas. I did this twenty-five times.

The "translating" in the fragmented poems is easily identified by the brackets. The prose pieces I did more work with; mainly unifying punctuation, tense, pronouns, but there are some liberties taken with line order, and occasional word changes. The poems here are from selected from the first group of "translations."

+++

Amid the waves which
] ripple and stir all day

] your name

]]

] I'll [] thee
[] from []

You can imagine it: I swear, the very thought of seeing it. But listen, it's not a getting used to, like going up the other street opposite where one first proposed to go. Suddenly you feel yourself able. Here's a story: the skies. It was still harder for me. Look, how I was small; this epoch in rural suburbia: the big harvests, gold coats, the beaver hats and shirt tails. Our spirits will meet together. You shall be the form.

+++

cursing [
you [] a ribbon
]
a jewel in my ear.
]

Early morning is a different wealth, to here and finish.
Such verse must inevitably forfeit whatever advantage
lies in bed or at war. So I forced myself to be almost
quaint and original, but rapid, like warplanes come to
that ethereal gain earned by sewing. The trees take
note: a few relics of the full dew: the profound without
the thought of spring, dear.

+++

A weary man in
a sacred oath [
bound

sorrow [
toils [
]What deep

who is waiting[

Only with pity, a young man had my sister. Since we're always aware of complex systems, let that boy up here sun sun (sun a) sun window in the stern of my chest. A brief look at her and always that peculiar coat of gold. I had been drinking since nine o'clock. Don't you know I have had a great way off down here, dressed as a single word: *What was it?* The dusk kept dropping, dropping still, but no fear you'll miss the road again young man. You probably had illusions about women, passed now slightly, as I same some years ago.

+++

]]

God made a deeper twilight on the ground.
The soul alone[]

She went; and while
I was wont to see what moved them so.[

A woman from behind, I yield my love. Am I, like an image in god's hands, or am I like the very nearest unoccupied room? I don't believe you have the errand of the housewife in your heart. Out of all proportion to the barn I remember every day to die. You may own this better by imagining a dot on lily, a huge beast with horns, or a chain. In the boughs, suddenly and perfectly still, I blamed the fate that fractured on any that passed beneath.

+++

]he touched [] unto me
] the bliss [

]

]So arise

]

face me

Gathered [

] infernal

I had no cause to begin a novel description of your white silk shirt. Tell it to nobody but my eyes run like disoriented goats. We slowly drove, she said to go where spirits beyond wait for a beloved need. The time had a real anxiety. Some think it that way at most anytime. I'll tell you this, my lord sits erect in cabinets, the lamps upon his side, and deems himself a fool of the soft overheard forever walking into the beautiful forever.

+++

] through her hoarse throat sounds
an angry
] voice [] fear
instills; a [
] frenzied hair. Thou
too, for yet to me;
] no

Her writing was by no means New England. She twirled a button, without a word many times daily bearing faithful witness, till the day that she could be heard. I looked at her; sometimes we need somebody to love. Her hand, merely indicating her other hand with depth and perspective. She said, *For each ecstatic instant we must make letters that desire answer.*

+++

]

] her

absence gives me a heaven

not so heavy as mine

]

]

] sacred grove

Some say it [

] begins to vanish.

I filled the lantern with flames and prayer, the crowd respectfully grew. Microscopes are prudent in an emergency. The yellow sea breaking alongside the yellow house; a quarter to take you there. I must move. And always. The wind. Father had grown old in marriage: retreating to the sad outpost. The wind. The two to three week trips became a habit of freedom, multiplying, but at what point who could remember. Then he broke off with the sound of the universe, not graceful like the sound of oars.

BRAD VOGLER is the author of *i know that this ritual* (Lute & Cleat, forthcoming 2015), and two other chapbooks: *Fascicle 30* (Little Red Leaves Textile Series, 2013), and *errand : towards* (Little Red Leaves Textile Series, forthcoming 2015). He works with Delete Press, and is the editor/web designer of *Opon*.

