

FROM
FLAT WITH NO KEY

By Keith and
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I

1

Ill met by lamplight

2

Ill met by any light

our own incoherence goes unnoticed

3

Ill met completely unlit

our incoherence

invisible

4

Ill met even in sunlight

our incoherence

invisible to

ourselves but never in decline

5

Ill met no matter

it's our incoherence

invisible to ourselves

in

our intrusions

J

1

The tables turn on Jersey

2

The tables turn on Jersey
turn up Jesus

3

the tables turn on Jersey
turn upon Jesus along with
some another jerk

4

the tables turn on Jersey
Jesus wants to turn in
another jerk ob-
jects to being called back from his kingdom

5

the tables turn on Jersey
turned down by Jesus while
the other jerk pro-
jects another
but jollier kingdom

6

the tables turn on Jersey
it turns out Jesus hasn't read
Victor Hugo the other jerk re-
jects a
jollier afterlife under
Jove's jurisdiction

K

1

Let's perform something in a flat with no key

2

let the missing key be sharp
no kangaroo be seen

3

Let the missing key go west
avoiding kangaroos
and kulchur

4

Let the key
miss kangaroos
and kulchur
the kettle-drum is set up in the flat

5

Let the key
muss up kangaroos
kick kulchur
drum up the kettle
ka-boom

R

1

Something rises in the west

2

Something rises in the west
a riddle, a rose, not the usual, a jest

3

Rises in the rising west
something ridiculous, the usual rose
handed to me, right-handed

4

Rises something in the west
you might wish for a ridiculous rose
handed in right-handed jest
rather than right-wingers, radiation, or recession

5

Or if the west rises, declining
ridiculously like a rose
right-handed
and rather
rampant

6

Then we assume decline does rise,
a rose
by any other name's right-handed
and rather
rampant in the way it's taken
over this ridiculous poem

S

1

These songs are quiet songs

2

Quiet songs
we sigh with pleasure

3

But with unquiet songs
we often sigh
with the same, or a similar, pleasure

4

Songs
sighs
our pleasure same or similar
so indecisive a result above sea level

5

What song? what
sigh? what pleasure? how can the
same thing (or something
similar) decide the sea's
level? Song? Surge?

6

you sang this song
I soughed this sigh
of similar and same
of sound of sea
and surge of song
sensation sun seed salt (a pinch of)

T

1

Blood from a turnip

2

Blood from a turnip
a turnip from a turban

3

Blood from turnip
turnip from turban
turban from tristes tropiques

4

Blood from turnip
turnip from turban
turban from tristes tropiques
triste treasure hunt

5

Bloody turnip
torn turban
triste tryst
sunken treasure
tristeza sad sick citrus

6

no turnip
no turban
triste tribal
treasure
sick with tristeza
this was supposed to turn transcendent

U

1

Stone unturned

2

Unturned stone
upturned

3

unturned stone
upturned
distance ungathered

4

Unturned
but upturned stone
with ungathered legends
uninscribed

5

Unturned
and not upturned stone
legends distances and wool ungathered
and uninscribed
words unraveled

6

Stones unturned keep
turnips from being upturned
left ungathered
for uninscribed joys of cooking
in unraveled (I really mean unrivaled)
urgent recipes

V

1

Shrill violins complain

2

Shrill violins complain

chill violence again

KEITH WALDROP'S recent books of poetry include *The Real Subject* (Omnidawn), *The House Seen from Nowhere* (Litmus Press), *Haunt* (Instance Press), and the trilogy: *The Locality Principle*, *The Silhouette of the Bridge* (America Award, 1997) and *Semiramis, If I Remember* (Avec Books).

ROSMARIE WALDROP'S trilogy (*The Reproduction of Profiles*, *Lawn of Excluded Middle* and *Reluctant Gravities*) has just been reprinted by New Directions under the title: *Curves to the Apple*. Other recent books of poetry are *Splitting Images* (Zasterle), *Blindsight* (New Directions) and *Love, Like Pronouns* (Omnidawn). Her collected essays, *Dissonance (if you are interested)*, was published by University of Alabama Press in 2005.

Together, Keith and Rosmarie have published *Well Well Reality* (collected collaborations, Post-Apollo Press), *Ceci n'est pas Keith Ceci n'est pas Rosmarie* (autobiographies, Burning Deck), and translated Jacques Roubaud's poems on the streets of Paris: *The Form of a City Changes Faster, Alas, Than the Human Heart* (Dalkey Archive, 2006). They co-edit Burning Deck Press in Providence.

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