



A Minor American Poet

“Postil Duplexia explores the relationship of selfhood to body rhythms, shuttling back and forth between, drum and vocal perspectives, a ride that’s punchy and complex, often remote and using genuine concern in regard to fourth wall dynamic levels, the experience strikes me as both stridently and cadentially compelling and well worthy of distinction.”

-Jenny Hanivers

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In Tooth and Of Chance Abstractions

Postil Duplexia

By Ray Jordan

You
Act so
Much like what
For openly at long
Last going to
Seed that
Is
And stretching the skin
Of the neck
Over the
Mouth
Where the
Jolly Roger's gold
Stands monumentally unmarred or

←

Why is it that
Our elbows become
So used
To
Warm water
That we soon
Cannot tell whether it
Is
Warm or
Half as cold
As loam here where
The worm subtracts
A human
Note

Track
our lake
ice through
phantas-
magoria of
the land,
years and
cracks,
the pure
whose name
is written
“I.”

Jove
Insects in
Frenzy beat against
The pane close to
What has touched
Her being
Here
Does not prove anything
But her own
Face in
The
Glass she
Is seeing it
No longer is his

8→

The window cracks when
He smiles and
The years
Eat
Their way
Through what is
Masculine about the world
Is
Only partly
Spontaneous and rather
Unforgiving mirror he refuses
To allow himself
To be
He

Before bathing
she places her ring
around the cat's tail.

Ashes in caution solo
as she kneels making Phu
a head at the cardiac end.

A pox grows in scratches and
white pulpy patches scraped
often and held at subzero.

Fat Chordata. Shadow meat
least wed for lean. Catness
incomprehensible to the classes.

He
Thinks what
Everyone thinks what
She wants everyone to
Think the game
Becomes no
Easier
As she plays it
So happens that
Folds her
Arms
Press tightly
Across her breast
To steady her heart

8→

Woe betide false shuffler
Whose white-knuckle deal
Drives a
Nail
Through hand
Out the leaflets
Tetanus takes refuge in
Fools
Tacitly question
Their own surmises
And whether the upturned
Card is restored
To the
Pack

Olive or sweet oil
aids in loosening
no less than
20 acres of
East Chop,
straight rows
from end to end,
soft along the legs,
like Yeats.
At last, 2 ghosts:
G and g,
already present
in a cave
near
the Red Sea,
5 inches below
the root of
Western Civilization
beginning at
O.

The
Unnatural movements
Of the hands
Correspond to those of
The lower extremities
Though they
Remain
Only a secondary consideration
Perfection comes with
Nothing to
Break
The mood
But the rhythmical
Continuity of the exercise



Because she voluntarily contracts
Her lips in
Time with
Music
Men moan
Under her courtesies
And die when she
Takes
Her drench
In tune she
Cannot hum or even
Swallow the dead
Go on
Living

Seed
punctuates
split quotations
in pounds per square inch.

Freudian slips
on a day of purple-blue sky;
or,
an X, for example,
dated 1966,
metamorphic in clay
through a common duct.

Room 16, where resettles an apprehension
directly above the one numbered 2
in the drawing,
and Spur's room, 17,
above the one numbered 3.

Making a flag
of his shirt,
a drifting sailor desperately
waves it at
a passing
ship.

Try
Walking Spanish
Ropes of sand
Down the telltale shines
Match tempi akin
To slurred
Pidgin
Ex nihilo nihil fit
In Sunday best
And not
One
Pocket sir
Not one pocket
In the whole suit



Seldom she objects to
The window where
There should
Be
A blank
Wall no other
Cavity but an O
When
She passes
A horseman he
Nods and hands her
The ace of
Deuces postage
Due

Since the liver is a sieve,
zero is a significant figure
synonymous with Forbidden City.

If Catholics inherit putrefaction,
the gloved hands that once had been
soft, graceful, and even now, ringless

Karma of circle ends in a circle.
How tell span? A temper is a luxury.
And “the devil take the consequences.”

Pride remains a calcified mass, self-
sized by the raw milk of infected cows,
the machines through which it must pass.