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In No Wise: A Memoriam

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IN NO WISE: A MEMORIAM

David Appelbaum

1.

No less a gnat's
unveiling

plods
behind lethargic spring's

war dreams
of burial

in this land about
consumed

in red maple buzz

and that,
a firestorm

of conviction
all blown away

by the moral implosive—
again it is late

2.

we fight
not far from

the jonquil's quarry
in winter combat

as far as it goes
full with poison gas

releasing
in the heart

a rare tranquility
whose fact

can't betray
a single book

3.

odd seems
not fodder for

forward motion

still
harried by a crest
too proud to time

the beach

and pound
rock to sand

scoop soles
as it recedes
under a

drop
into the maelstrom

4.

a metamorphic strain
permits
dreams

HAPRUR PALATE

in a bed
of dystopic

insomnia

to suffer
a debt of battle

witness
the human impulse

to self-destruct

in killing season

so not to see
happening

what amounts to
annihilation—

and stop

5.

counter-current
slow, braked, impeded

moves against headlong
insanity

fright

as vast or
serene

as being
absolutely
resolute

the first time

6.

come summer
summer will come

breathe
long green clumps
of oxygen

hear the drum
toll the passage
of a next new
tragedy

whose expression
is rapid

the name for

humane cries
sorrow
to the bone

all for pretty things

onion
mullein