Intermediary Space Poetry

Gabriel Coleman

Gabriel Coleman

Prof. Kwon Dobbs

ENGL 280 A

19 May 2017

Poetry as Intermediary

The essence of poetry is intermediary. This means two things. The first is that poetry exists between media: between narrative or image, sound, and visual arrangement. A poet or poem need not question or engage with each of these aspects but should recognize that non-engagement means reliance on convention and has a more or less visible impact on how the work is interpreted. When poets engage critically with the way poetry exists between media the idea of poem as rebellion, as experimentation, and as personal and individual exploration is brought to light. This can be seen in Jose Garcia Villa's comma poems and William Carlos William's quasi-concrete poetry, can be heard in Gertrude Stein's dismantling of syntax and Mina Loy's energetic and percussive alliteration, and can be though about through the complication of the relationship between sign and signified by L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E poets like Theresa Hak Kyung Cha as well as Stein's uncanny portraiture.

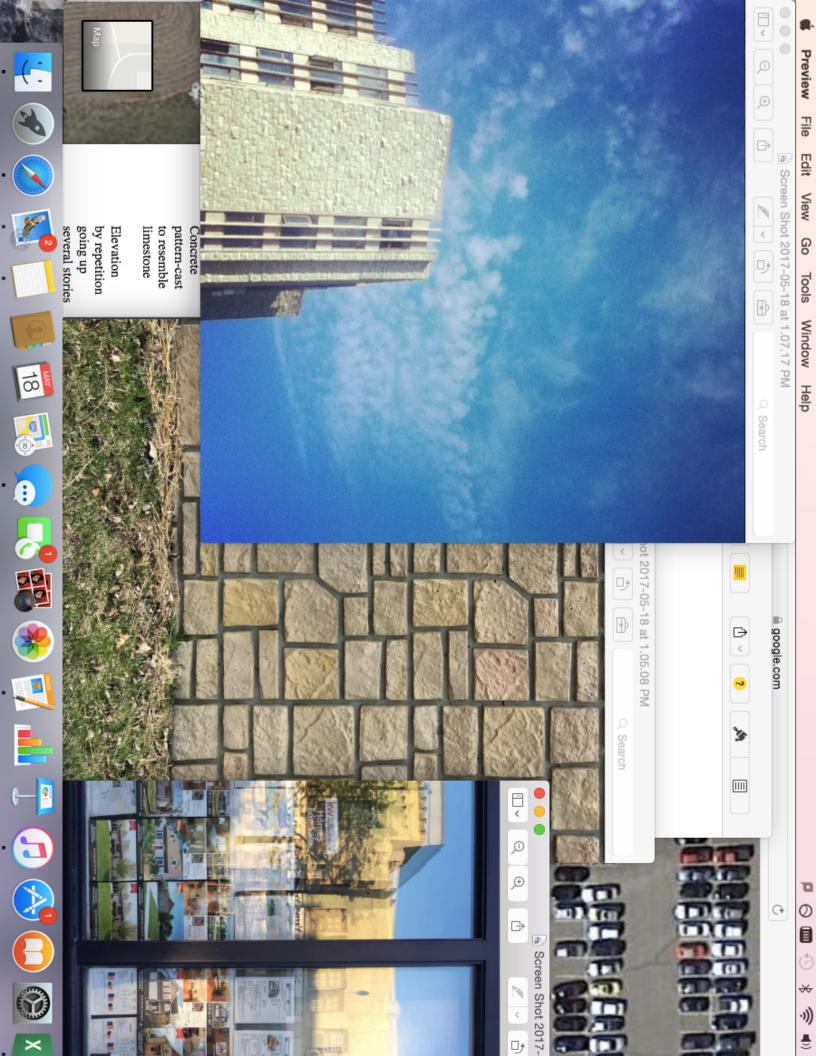
Given that all of the following poems take the form of mediations on place and space, their diversity of spacial arrangement and their subject can be read as interrogations not only of the page but of the language of space itself. These poems were generated by questions like "What does ownership of space entail?" "What does it mean to be a pedestrian in an environment built for cars?" and "How does one describe the relationship between a garage and a house or a house and a home?"

The second meaning of this essence is that poetry, like all art, acts as an intermediary between two individuals, the poet and the reader. There are a number of ways the artist-audience relationship has been characterized, for example the artist shouting to a crowd of viewers like the

Italian Futurists, or the artist as a vehicle for some grand universal truth, something beyond even their own perception, like Pound's Vorticism or Abstract Expressionism. For me, to assume that what I have to say is worthy of being said before a crowd or holds within itself some universal truth is to pretend that I am greater than one individual. I posit that, though there are several filters between the artist's I take inspiration from the French Symbolist idea of the flaneur but more specifically the flaneur as interpreted through Frank O'Hara's work.

I see O'Hara as recording and communicating his personal experience in a way that does not pretend to be any thing grander. Though there are in any given instance several filters that influence the way the reader interprets a poem, from conversation with other readers, to texture of the page, or the lighting in the room, interpretation and perception still exists on an individual basis. It is this aspect of communication between individuals that give the work of poets like O'Hara an air of universalism. This universal experience comes from the communication between individuals that permeates our existence, not from any presumption of universal knowledge on behalf of the author.

This conception of poetry as record of individual experience is important to this collection's focus on place. The prominent markers of place and time, through streets, house numbers, and events, serve to cement the poems in a specific perspective of a specific space. In a world where space is constantly rearranged by forces like climate change, gentrification, and political boundaries, the poem as archive of individuals in space becomes even more important in that it calls for us all to more deeply experience and invest in the world and the communities that surrounds and support us. The intermediary nature of poetry allows the poem to question convention and become a powerful vehicle for intimate communication between individuals.



Several stories of windows at regular intervals

Concrete pattern-cast to resemble limestone

Elevation by repetition going up several stories

Above Water St.

Explore uh door uh

It's cold, even in Northfield doors are closed Northfield windows are dark. Ord the Dragon is Arthur the Aardvark

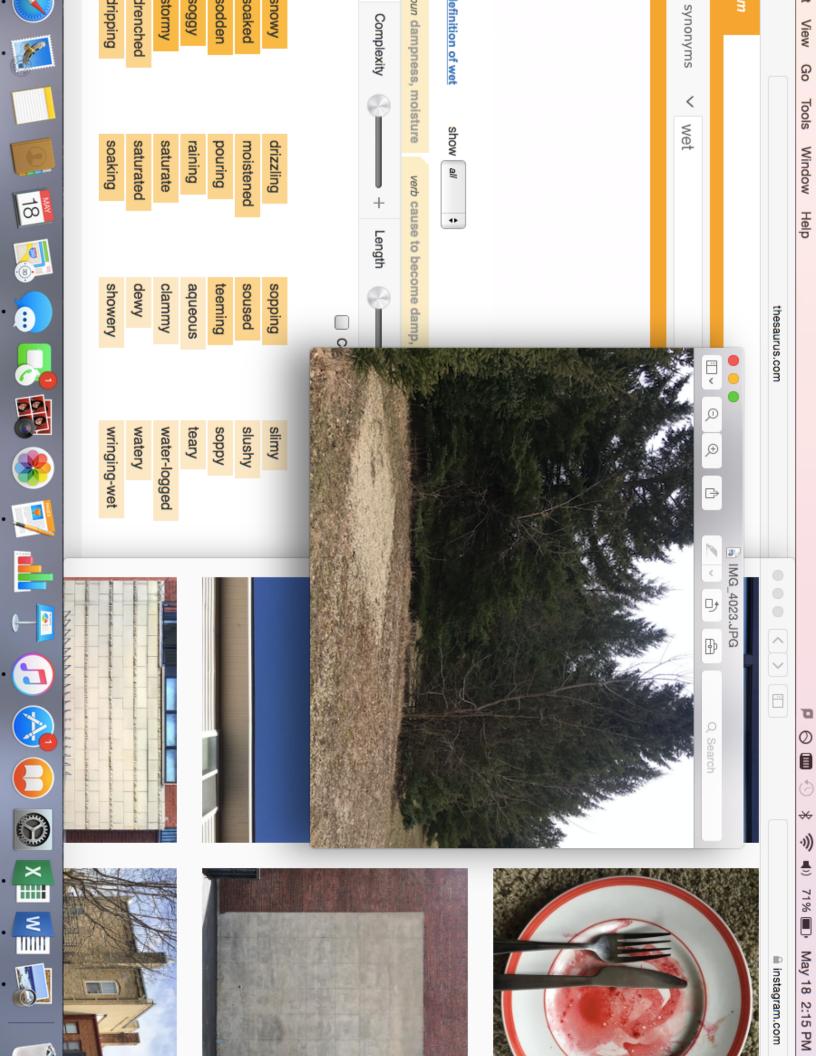
alone and odd enough.

Unobserved,
my phone
is hearing notes spoken to myself,
anyway the cold is so.
Even in Northfield, it
is seeing no souls go
out but those odd enough,
shivering sheltered in cars.

Parked Taylor eighteen wheeler.

There is nothing written
to indicate uh private drive
but we turn A round odd
anyway A second story ddoor
even closed in Northfield goes
to the roof of uh porch or garage.

Anyway go D-A go go Even A-A-R-D-V-A-R-K



Kusama at the Hirschhorn Museum

The lights in the parking lot are soft and yellow. They mix in the back of the mind with the wet blue of the evening atmosphere to make more brilliantly green new grass and the thumbprint leaves of basswoods.

I think of two beets baked earlier this evening, how the toothsome flesh of those winsome roots spilled a, sexual carnality, a vegetal sensuality, onto the plate.

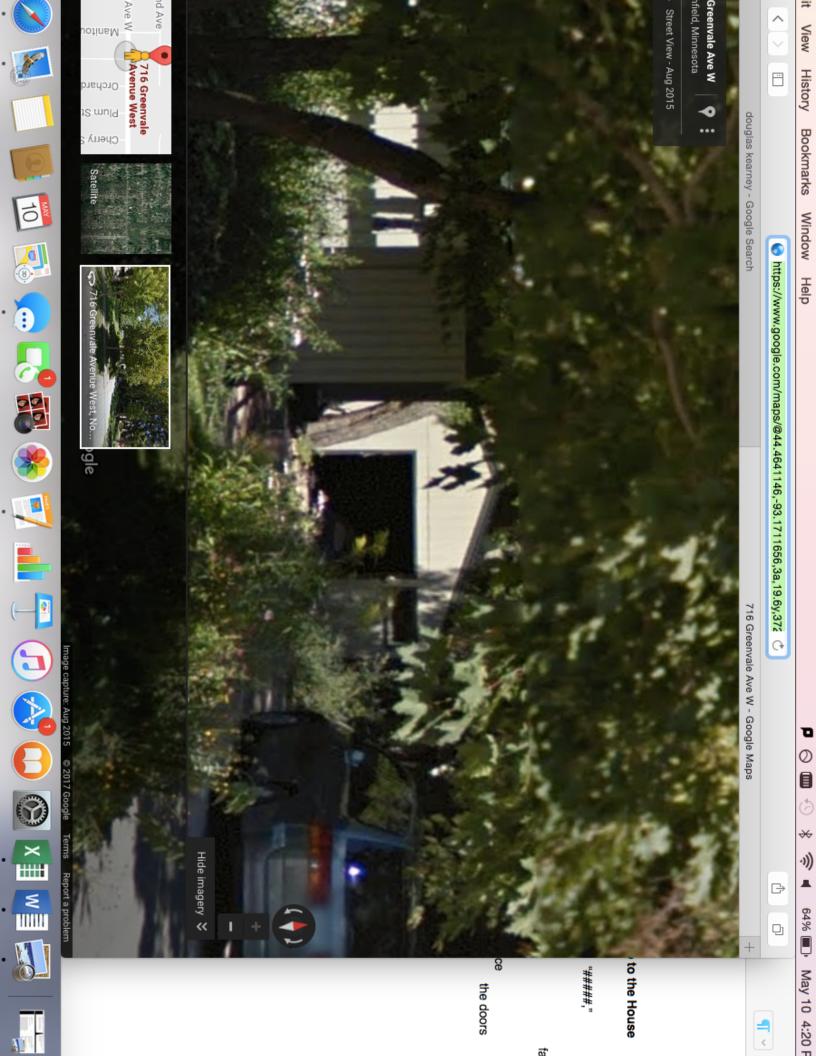
Red and white.

Bloodroot, wild ginger, trout lily.

I slow my pace and step off the gravel path, push under the carpet of maple leaves, looking for morels. A symbiotic thallus to break down these corpses.

Betalain stains woven into conical infinity nets.

Obliteration by representation.



Relationship to the House

into "#####," the garage door.

It's a lot a tach

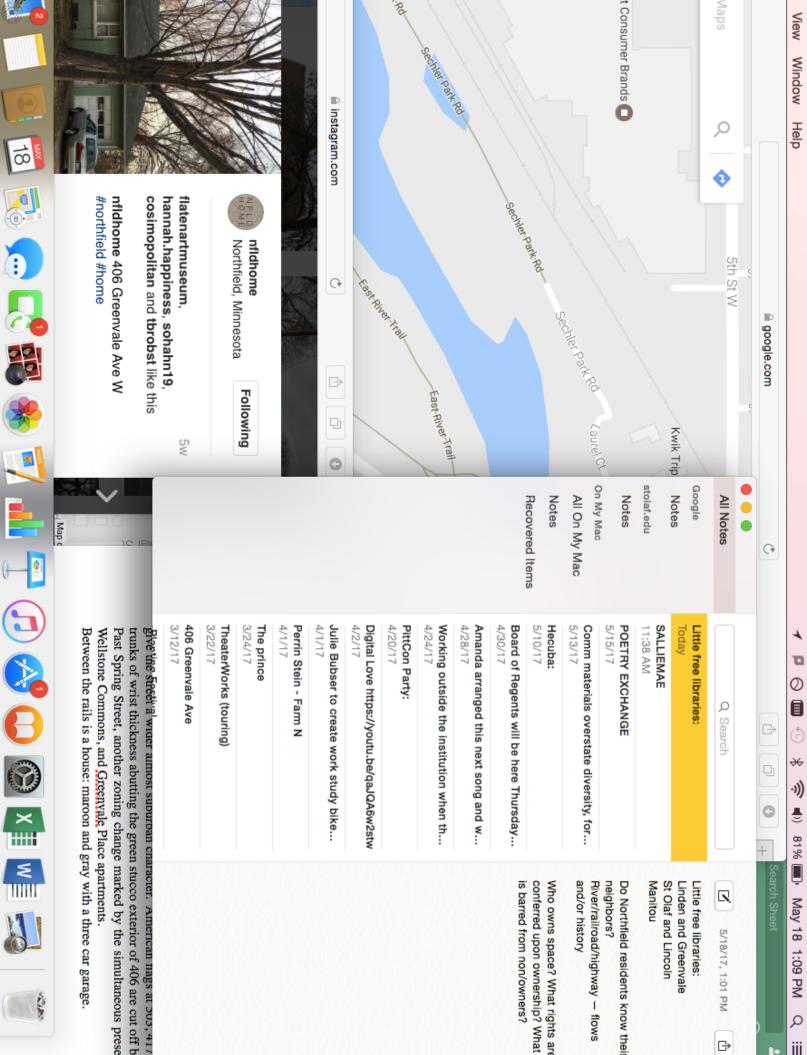
tack a

pact farther back

trance seem less dominant.

If possible, face windows

the doors the street, a roof



S. Car

5/18/17, 1:01 PM

⇨

0

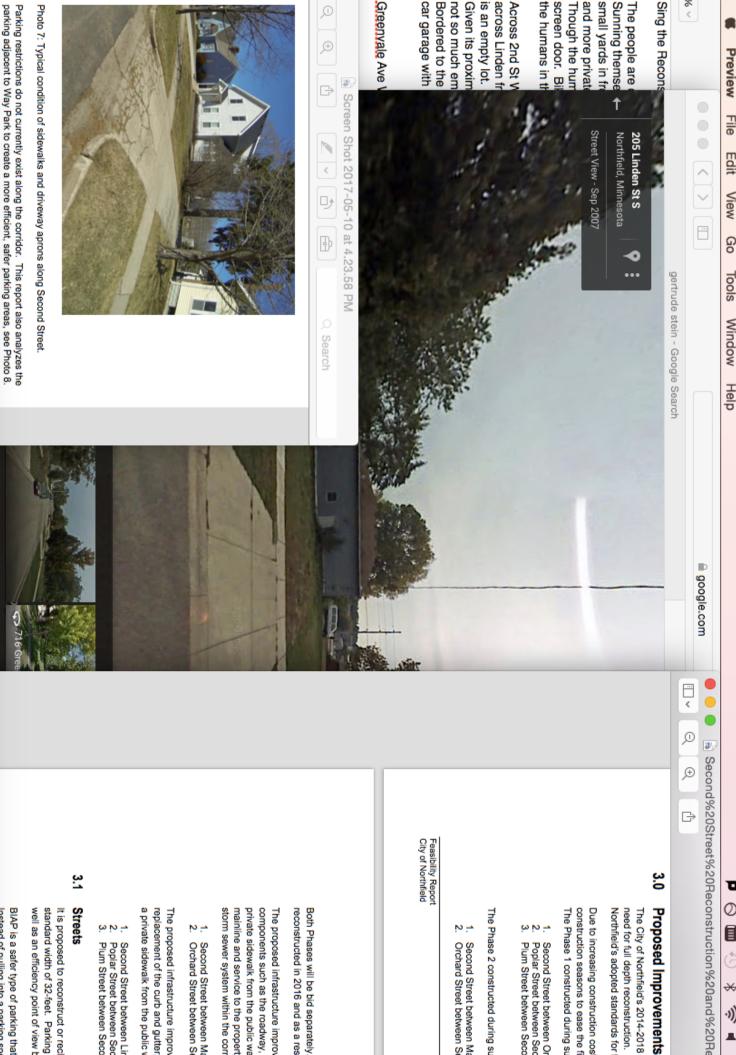
iii

Sugar Shack (2011-2015)

Flux carves space for micro-flux:
 Its intermediate rise draws
 Circles of freeze-thaw, expansionContraction pumps wooden blood along
 Trunks, waves - the shack's planks
Reverberate with the oncoming thaw.

Its red Loraxian walls, Swollen by sweet steam, No longer amplify the frequency; Or translate, by boiling tongue Of hollow body, these vibrations Drips of sap from spout or tap.

The wooden shack is lifted Beyond the Earth, wanting roots Beneath the level square of gravel, Snow is silent: replenished, depleted, Forgetting, the long body of the maple Lives longer than five years.



Second Street between Or
 Poplar Street between Seco
 Plum Street between Seco

Second Street between Ma Orchard Street between St

It is proposed to reconstruct or reci

Second Street between Lir Poplar Street between Sec Plum Street between Seco

Orchard Street between St Second Street between Ma

well as an efficiency point of view b standard width of 32-feet. Parking

BIAP is a safer type of parking that instead of pulling into a parking spo

F:

Whatever.

There must be some sunlight

somewhere

because

you didn't have to flip on the kitchen light,

because

the air is cool and damp, so you pull your musty sweater closer

around your shoulders.

Past a given temperature tea tastes less warm than wet.

This is the sixth story after all there are puddles on the balcony but the screen door is open a crack

and without stepping out you can view

the parapluies of

2nd Avenue.

The people are out on Second Street!
Sunning themselves in folding chairs they face the newly reconstructed road in their small front yards. The husky usually tied before 512 is behind a screen door. The eyes of the dog and humans look out, making each more conscious of their gaze.

The flat roofs of the house and freestanding garage of 716 Greenvale Ave W form an L shaped porch or corridor, strung over by fairy lights with chairs and a table on the clean swept concrete apron. Floodlights on the garage face east and a plastic owl in the crook of the house defends against sparrows attracted to the intimacy of the alcove.

The lot across 2nd St W from the combo Unitarian Universalist Church and Masonic Center and across Linden from a maroon and gray house with 13 windows and a willow tree is empty. The space becomes lot by reference to a freestanding three car garage, itself without reference to a more primary structure, that stands on its east side, separating it from the expanse of emptiness abutting the railroad.

East of Plum Street on Greenvale lots are abruptly larger: houses set further from the sidewalk give the street a wider almost suburban character. American flags stand at 503, 417, 404 and 310 and tree trunks of wrist thickness abutting the green stucco exterior of 406 are cut off below the windows. Past Spring Street, another zoning change is marked by the simultaneous presence of South Oak, Wellstone Commons, and Greenvale Place apartments. Between the rails is a house: maroon and gray with a three car garage.