

Donald Dunbar

GOLD WAKE PRESS, 2010

Click Click  
a serial poem

1.

Nice words come home rubbing their cheeks  
Crime happens again despite

In the beginning there was the word and the word  
Was again

Choices ring in the land  
Everyone celebrates, suddenly, and with costumes

Billboards are admired  
Everything admired very hard

Is how it is  
When the words come in from the ice

2.

Again, the world is deaf  
The world is deaf and

“glowing.” “Floating there around the sun.”  
Notice:

The particular shine  
Of ice

On a billboard  
The nice words are memorable, or if not

Memorable, the nice words are legal  
The nice words are familiar

1.

Like songs evaporating into jingles  
Like manners

“Mine” the huge thing says  
The thing too huge to choose a name for

Vegetables are cornered  
In the air conditioning

Like money floating by invisibly  
Through the weather

Like the celebration of a storm  
That has left the world

2.

The advertisement for vegetables  
Is so understandable

Like a victim chooses its notes  
Reporting the crime

Really  
Owning that

Like a bag of hair  
And icecubes: unexplainably yours

Like the land becoming mapped  
Like plans through the day

1.  
Symbolic figurines with specific names  
Steam glowing

Visitors choosing sides  
On the basis of sex

The ownership  
One woman feels of another woman

The disgust a man  
Feels of another man

Great excitement  
For the agreements of a game

2.  
Apartment buildings glowing  
Universities and factories glowing

A cloud glowing  
Like it's swallowed something

Money glowing cloud-green in the bank  
State lines glowing thinly and tall

The name glowing  
As it pulls away

Like a moment  
Of great excitement

1.

White lines of orbit  
Law's sharp arc through weather

A law parts the cloud  
Like a spine folded in meat

The secret kindnesses  
And the secret chords of the law

And the secret timer of the law  
And the number one pick

One game with a full description of rules  
Like a fuck echoes

2.

Ice knits  
Itself

In the cloud  
As the meaning

Of the words on the billboard  
Chord the neurons

As the short pink hairs  
Knit themselves

Into muscle  
In the glowing pink

1.  
Smoke hisses in the fire  
Casual

Ice snaps  
Like a knuckle snaps

As cold as brushed teeth  
As empty as brushed teeth

The knotted cord of cloud  
As expected as a billboard

Evaporating in the crime  
Which is owned

2.  
The slip  
Of one day into another day

Is so understandable  
Like a noise so large

It will never be fully heard  
To understand the depth of choice

To understand "hard string of blood"  
And to celebrate

Is to become deaf  
And understand deafness

1.  
Threads of something in the  
Light spilled down

The front of the mansion  
Or if not light

Warmth  
As if from a question

As the billboard swivels  
To follow their faces

As ice packed in sand  
Houses admired for friendliness

2.  
Like waking to a whir  
Like legendary celebrations

The most memorable days  
Are no different than the others

“no, please”  
Like waking to a loud whir

“no, please don't”  
Warmth threads the night

For the whole town, every  
Person, all night

1.

The agreements of an evening  
The confrontation of a cloud by the

Weather service  
Like a confirmation flaring in a bottle

Like the cold flare of words  
Which are more important than other words

But mean the same thing  
Tin deposits

Nickel deposits  
And other natural resources

2.

Like a prescription read aloud as music  
Drip of songs through the day

Though air vibrates differently  
Its function is the same

Multiple different things adopt the slogan:  
“No one’s symbol”

Multiple weather systems meet  
And later evaporate

Like a hidden song  
The feeling is intended

1.

Like a field recording taped farther than a life  
The depth of noiselessness

The depth of ice  
And the ingredient parts of ice

And the record of behavior  
Of weather and life

Standard metaphors for each other  
As apartment buildings mean one thing

As mansions and houses mean one thing  
An unconsecrated white field

2.

Like a stock photo in two advertisements  
Like the drowsy cycle of slogan re-use

As each thing means one thing  
And means many other things

Which in turn mean one thing  
Like a left breast

Bit open  
And a photo

Of the blood  
In the air

1.

A billboard as a function of want  
A function as a white line-drawn cog

Want as a function of life, used  
In conjunction with distractions

To celebrate on the fields of ice  
As no one's symbol

Celebration as a function of life  
Life as a function of time, as in:

“the larger the set, the closer”  
“probability approaches one”

2.

White threads appreciating in light  
Billboards glowing in a far cord

Along the weave of highway, again  
Along the topography

Like the whirl of a money-counting machine  
The depth of each choice

And the secret choices  
Of the veins of mineral in topography

Of the wires threaded to the billboard  
And the secret laws

1.

As a fuck echoes in a warm room  
As an echo hits too high

To be called wet  
The snap of corded muscle

Like a metal filed clean  
Appreciates

Like a storm is sharpened in time until  
It is a clean set of lines on

A topographical chart  
Glowing weakly in a warm room

2.

A word crackling like sand  
Through a spine

A nice word hissing like sand  
Under ice

In the town people celebrate  
The mansions, apartment buildings, houses

As a pink glow begins to escape  
Farther in the air

As the law sections the soil  
As cold as soil, as loud as bone