

S T R
U C T
U R E
R A M
I C K

Front door, solicit. Back door, aggress. Side door, flect. Wrong motion. I went to the dance, I've come to the dance, I'll go to the dance, not to love the Dance, certainly not to dance, but maybe to meet Truth, or if not Truth, Love, or just love, as if Love weren't available, as if love were always in attendance, as if truth were as quantifiable as air. I stood at the periphery, I stand against the wall, I'll stand tall away from the action, my weathervane fluctuating between S and W, solitary and wed. At the dance, velvet and thistle, exposition and influence, miracle and luck, two kinds of people. Failure to be omnipresent. Diverted freshet. Go to any dance as if that dance were the only dance. I went thinking there wasn't one. If front door, skew-intentions under the story's mat. If back door, amorous catharsis. If side door, corridor with purpling descents, or worn steps to the lesser attic, febrile

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skance under logic's pale, the greater
attic laddered to bee-hymns, to leaf-prick.
At corridor's end, revolve the wooden
door to the vaulted mothery. Front door,
guided tour. Back door, free rein. Side
door, leeway. This mental ballroom goes
undreamt by divinities. It exists under
the lower bunkbed, church-lost, its
dome dulled by child-dust. A porthole
in the mothery allows peers into the
solarium, into wicker-doze, toward
haven-breasts and underwarmth. She
emerged from the writhing. She tells
me she isn't the She, the She doesn't
exist, or if She did, She isn't here, She
won't be coming, not to this dance, but
I'm here, she'll say, and I might very
well be more than is deserved, worth
every dose of awkwardness. Thus she
spoke out of her dress. She'll stand,
chest-heaving, raised from bachelorette
seed, her nostrils smallish, her toes
pointed at my flank-shone, this structural

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feint, this blood-combed cock-vertical,
this wind-shown forever-sun. Truth
settles in the woods and waits. Or truth,
planted in the heart-cavity, tendrils
round shared lungs. The dance is young.
The night is knocked over. Jams as lips
and hinged sorrow, the weathervane
and her jawline, cave-glistened and
widow's walk. Bleed twice into her
aquifer. Bled double into storied peace.
Christ comes. The small of her back in
the flesh-ripe waltz. Battlefields dry.
Knob-turn and keep-breach, the hearth
is won, ember-facts and flame-scratch,
this sinner seethes. My hands hurt
from twisting prayers. I forgot to dance.
Shame! I forget to ceiling-lift her
girl-gotten grace. Never looked, never
saw, never touched, never tall. At
corridor's end, resolve the viewless
window. The negatives do their fervent
best to. My voice gets carried away with
time's dreadful insulin. Front door, air-

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kissed. Back door, sloppy. Side door, slant-smart. I'll crescendo her throat flutter. If not Love, then love will make me happy, has made me happy, has mercied my boyhood's thrust. Out of duress, I tapped my slippery shoe. The music drove. I turn to watch my old friend's innate moves, the cleaner strength. He spun her silly. He'll swell her stars. I'd weep once into her quivering. Truth wasn't gowned for this soiree. Truth isn't bored by stretches of distraction. Noun me past my cradle. Glass-shatter and I'm wilderness-slain. The elements of some God's creative fury. Glass shatters and my mistake stains her underquilt, her foot cut by one unswept sliver, one stray thought. It was a girl, not yet sensual, who told me, as if I were the world's wave, not to crest too soon. Front door, her vestibule, the taste of motherant behavior. Back door, tolerant, something's in the oven. Side

door, unhandsomed, I sleep, and She
nears. Kneel neither to Love nor the
Dance. Truth won't spare unattended
love. I've tripped on the cherry-rob
es of
the bruised choir. I've stomped on her
too-white train. I've heard the restless
surf of my neighbors' lovemaking. I've
imagined the sounds of bloodstreams
ceasing. I won't survive hope. Cellar to
sundial, chimney to grave, sex the
ready. Inception, disguised as precedent,
slides its dirty fingers into port. Termite
minds, with their soiled toys, destroy
whole harbors of knowledge. I can't
shovel fast enough to clear my space of
waste. And what are all these pebbles of
obsolescence? The dance wasn't drunk.
My old friend's equipment won't
arrive. She won't part her drapes with
crimson nails. The night spilled into her
slippers. Immaculate is the stable thrall.
Place me under the tongue in its cleft. I
might very well be more than is deserved,

worth all placebo swallows. If front door, negotiator. If back door, scout. If side door, accomplice. My weathervane shall ever point between solace and wish. Someone's pounding at the only door. Her milk depths my well. Someone's heart hammers in the manger. She'll wash out of the fray. She told me I could be her He, if He were meant to be, He who could hem her shroud. Often said, never done, seldom heard, never named. Down the velvet hall to the thistle crib. The cavalry are down as their steeds gallop forward. The down of her southerning nape accents her shoulderblades in the sun's swayed gaze. She, the nonexistent She, won't martyr me, the curve of her unknown spine tracing me to the underworld. She, the she beloved, fled the dance with my future, saving me from shouldering false independence. The longest dance, born of culture,

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won't serve my discovery. The short
dance, life's living, radiates from her
lap. Front door, company. Back door,
community. Side door, creation. She
nursed it to health. Pull the sky up over
my naked spent. Haze me childward.
Coming! Suppertime. Play-stall. Hard
count at the tree. One last hide, one last
seek. Front door, express message. Back
door, secrets suggest. Side door, frain.
My childlike throat is slit at the altar
of responsibility. Melody hung together.
Her peppery skin is my tongue's clean
slate. I fell into my living well. I fell well
into my living. In the mothery, wings
fall as blossom-flight. In the solarium,
she browns as if she were my eyes. All
come free. In the orangery of the lyceum
of my indifference to social order, my
thoughts won't unsour under shooting
skies. In the anger of the lies of my
normality, my hour won't be dreamt.
The way things get built, the ways they

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rise from notion to entitlement, the ways they brand the scape and burnish clouds, the ways they sag into perpetuity and collapse into derivation, the way we house-of-cards them into our idle timekilling, this I would speak of if we were at some dance, in proximity, sipping drinks. She delivers her mothy joy to my pelvic flame. I'll opt for cremation. Just try dancing in that cold wormy box below. In the crawlspaces under my splendorhome She hides her spectacles and sparkly shoes. Buddha passes. In the roots of our chimneys once lurked and still lurk our assassins of trees. Playgrounds flood. My old friend's efforts stare at me from her bureau. From the holy rooftops, from calvary's vista to tomb's repose, from satanic lairs to death's parlor-hush, from toy-strewn carpet to semen-stained cradles, from bloody basements to genius-torqued attics, from beltways to

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lyepits, I love my people. The band at this dance knows how to swing. I tap my sticky shoe. She won't show. Here comes love with her steam-compassion. At corridor's end, the origin-lounge tempts, plate-glass lamplit, aglow with womb and coze. I don't collect butterflies since I witnessed the moon-carelessness of moths. If front door, tax man. If back door, concubines. If side door, messiah or thief. Prim the lawn and bury the mastiff. I can't sweep fast enough to rid myself of my detritus. And what is all this grime left by rotting scripture? The dance wasn't revealed. My old friend's nature won't slay me as I watch. My love plucked me from square time. Her triangle moment drew my arrow. When Hate walks in the room, nobody stand. Even the house of God needs a furnace in its basement. If I could ever tell a side door story with back door heart and front door accessibility, I might garner

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smidgens of praise. This is a doorless story of the whole place. Zero, two, billions, omega. I stole into their dark house to save them all, to rest the sickle, children and lovers, loners and clowns, their snores soft and sure, their tangled lungs unreceptive to my scour, my words bent too far toward light. No sonata or sonnet could charm these good folk. No parable, no paradox. I'll set fire to their hedges this windswept night. I'll part her drapes with my weathervane. Her window unto the severant world, my door into her lounge. I'll plummet her warm trough into deepest snow. Or, I'll wish upon her genuine accomplishment. There, in her ranger-chamber, the love of the dance accepts my emission-brew. In the moist catacombs under my wonderpalace, near the blue-warm grottoes and accessed by trapdoors resembling Achilles' shield, my concrete bunker sports the history of evolution

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in the round. At its center, bolted into the cement, a revolving sofa allows spinning witness. This world will never exhibit such nudity again. There they are, our unwitting architects, as gorgeous as pulsars, couched in their vulnerable confidence, caught in their terrible joy. As a mouthless moth, silent in her moon-navigations, as potentially fatal as any idea, She'll land on my summer's chest and match her wings to heaven. I won't survive hope. Time will defeat. Or, love slips into bed beside me in her freckled majesty and we become stopless. Some God's best art. Let banality preen in peace. It isn't ours to capture, it isn't ours to cage. Go perch elsewhere. At corridor's end, my self-portrait looks like water. The she beside me isn't the sea. I'm her similar water. She's why my river bends as if chosen. The origin is frightful whimper with humble silence as its goal. Or, tear down

the sun-blocking star-denying edifice
of complacent woe. Flesh into mind
and spirit into flesh constitutes our
ongoing days, our pirouette. Front
door, coats are hung in closet purpose.
Back door, coats are flung across the
kitchen's pew. Side door, coats stay on
for cellar-descent, for dungeon-chill of
thinking loneliness. These are the stairs
to pornographic solitude. These are the
steps to the frenzy and fascination of
bloodswift coupling. Careful! Simple
reckoning. Stay astounded. I left the
dance with her dusty voice in my greater
attic. Death is penultimate. She still
wants to be wherever the boys are, her
girl's heart inclined, but she'll stride
wasteland and wilderness with her man.
Take her hand, for goodness sake, take
her hand. This building can't stand
interminably and won't. All cathedrals
know their time will come to crumble.
That not only fails to diminish them, it

amplifies their grandeur. They'll fall, every one, after having stood, for millennia or moments. Let's not fear the superstitious floor. Lovers slip from Truth's grasp, sweat and vantage in the awkwardness of their manifold lusts. Grant them their love, not Love or Truth or Beauty, and let them do their dances, let them drift away from all Dance. Their praise will resound throughout their pleased living, those treasured noisy strains. Open their eyes until they need shutting. If not, don't exist. Or stumble out the side door of creation into universal rubbish. I took her hand, by God, we clasped our pure unholy nexts. Front door, stigmata and corporeal shudder, elevated trees, loose method. Back door, crucible and blank chatter, mother's strict accord, father's humble pie. Side door, nothing between breasts, mused motion, rolling hills of the heart, wallless interiors of the mind.