A PODIUM PRESENTATION

Russell Atkins

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LINES IN RECOLLECTION

I had just arrived on the advanced slope and I
did think of Grant Wood and some others:
no trouble at all
to see the around’d spanned circular far
moving hills orbed exciting sweep
there the coy farm settled heavy shapes
th’ uproarious trees of startlingly beautious flowers!
DEMONLITION

Abject, its listen full’d - up’d
somber’d into illusion and mystery
as in expectation of some unearthly’d appear:
a bleak consternation perhaps at Judgment
after’d by skeleton’d rouse!

Abrupt dark’d out at my approach
footfall’n through the hush feelingly yew
(along’d by shadow lamp).

About null, dole of outcast,
the erst of wind, no dawn’s,
vast’d through. Monstrous fled,
like leaves that roar avaunt in horrifying astound,
left the ceased.

As in thence saw
its late illumned;
diagram’d into diagram;
sag’s lax Euclid’d
and the Eratosthenesian measured anew:

(notwithstanding: towers up
vain’d endure under the confectioning of sun,
that, little in immeasurable,
lessened down the sky.)
About the sidestreets more;
filth’d hush nigh or gutter:
seldom opened silences of door
or around train rails further.
Warehouses lone flung,
cryptic bridge over
which a car on’d,
(even decay passes:
if but a death could permanently kill!)
THREE O’CLOCK
(afternoon)

ONE
LONE of a car
Passes below
In the street's
    around
Gas station, bank,
And barbershop
Murmur'd MURMUR
murmurs passes
in all pastel
    pastel
LONE HUM
A lone truck
In the street's
LONG goes
    ON
In the lull
street
Car tones ALOUD
In the street's
of'd Silenc"d
Mysterious,'d
    even
In the street
OF'D a
Horsecart
rattles
parts
FURIOUS'D GARB

The across and rain of away. I took shred of an umbrella
Furious'd garb.
My key into the lock went dare,
Like whoms the house, the fence, the door, the gate!
A grave's lo! where I did fate, flew fluffd!
"if ye be, ye far excited, authenticate!"

The street came down with fantastic!
Blast furnace wonderous'd the air with grisly spirit!
Pate blown aside of out, extinguishable moon.
There! Mrs. Rhone forth',d briefly --
Shroud of hers by crypt? (no, No.
I mistook. Light of lamp.)

Furious'd garb.

Listen: More spoken of “reality"
and face to face with it as the at desk
at ink at phone at typewriter
and business'd in coat and tie, et al. , sons & co.

and we will think it much to go
from that window into aghasts below!
AFTER B. FELTON

Open/morning’d

and the nun bends flowing

bears/garden/breakfast

    flowers famish up

she pours sunlit water

so sheen

as if/

    milk/

    richly still out of a pitcher