

# HERE IN THE

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## PROBABILITY AND BIRDS

The probability in the yard:  
The rodent keeps the cat close by;  
The cat would sharp at the bird;  
The bird would waft to the water —  
If he does he has but his times before.  
Whichever one he is he's surely marked

The cat is variable  
The rodent becomes the death of the bird  
Which we love  
    dogs are random

## WHILE WAITING IN LINE AT THE BANK

Qualified for the officer's glaring,  
His unsteady mind on his revolver.  
(That's responsibility's difference)  
Brute hysteria quite likely.

From the teller  
It goes waveringly, of a flutter  
— farewell money!  
It's in the streets and City Halls  
Anxious places with all the fears

Now there's a circuitous break:  
Systems analysts are working at it.  
They needn't be as responsible  
Nor as officious in the schema.  
It's a natural enough probability:  
That which gives money takes it away.

Dark importances have risen:  
No safety, there's no stopping all this.

Now, money's as hard as rock  
— is being done  
Everything that can be done  
To save the continent, the earth  
— water comes metamorphosizing  
All's changed to a tenuousness  
Pitched against quasars

"Teaspoonfuls weigh tons."

## ANGLES

they are patient and hold grudges  
somewhere far down old transit lines,  
or crossings, where an oncoming diesel  
dangerously; involuntary looking streets,  
mum of a dark window      framework

the all directions of afraid  
   — compasses, measuring tape,  
one angle in particular  
from the head and shoulder  
then feet-first straight  
a few inches, openly small

— the time at which lines make a point

having closed in a matter  
of minutes

NO RETURN TO CANADA, NOR WILL HE BUY A HOUSE,  
DRIVE AN AUTOMOBILE, OR HAVE A SWIMMING POOL

The old world way was his, of usual  
here, but for some time now his books  
had no dishevelled about them, no open:  
all shut with rare and seldom.

"Now — about having that little tea?"  
he said, " — a little tea."  
(I wasn't supposed to know of his vascular ruin.)  
At his risen, sudden shrouded's loom.

He agony'd to the kitchen in gasps

Cake old'd by damp he served now  
and said, scarced of breath, " — the —  
— there was none — none —."

of tea  
he meant  
pain figured athwart his forehead

The mantelpiece was all a past: the chairs  
— restraint — highbacks  
The books that had no dishevelled about them  
for some time now no open, I opened at length  
their shut with rare and seldom  
and browsed

He asked abruptly, " — you are well  
I suppose? I'm recovering —"  
here, some elsewhere  
leaned to his look, distracted it:  
a cough's harsh sudden'd out of him,  
he grew fatigued

That day went slow  
*considerately* slow  
against that possible  
haste, white as the morgue and long  
that rolls up screaming  
upon call after dark

## ABSTRACTIVE

I came upon that gate  
that tracery'd gently into open

there lay the sum of the dearest  
once belonging, the memoried  
that scattered, then, compilingly  
length',d into the poor pale

no place to bring one's birth  
this hill they let run down  
among them where the scant  
droops to astray with dearth'd

the one and one,  
a four, or ten even and seldom'd  
wisp'd across listened into grass

there where            only  
                         as a grey amount  
coming on with swerve  
solemns afar            whole family  
again  
                         my dear ones

## WEEKEND MURDER

sex pants are what she wears:  
each night she tightens them on,  
leaves with a flaunt    sexpants  
have to be taken by surprise,  
they are so uncannily aware

when she's asleep, they're up  
convulsing with energy I've  
stealth'd but to behold them  
out at night when closets  
have long hushed to shut  
— despicable twists  
lewd'd across hangers

wasn't long, and I had them,  
these sexpants, under a shower  
                                  for wet sexpants  
are powerless

                                  sun up'd  
she asked, "Where are my pants?  
Yes, the blue ones?"

                                  (had they but drowned!  
not on your life!) and she,  
she dried them to a starch,  
tightened them on and forth'd  
left with a flaunt (sex pants  
not only have to be surprised,  
they must be slain)

late, suspended of the hour,  
I seized the beast's buttocks —  
for it's here that sex pants  
spin, convolve, and madden and bedevil!  
and did they scream in fear  
ghastlying the bilged air,  
opprobrious shrilling  
slithering a chair's arms,  
or flustering, thitherd —

I compelled them down  
and with a blunt oblong  
bashed I bashed them  
                                  to a squish!

REHABILITATION BLDG. ENTRANCE: FOUR O'CLOCK

I was, say, bound  
for anywhere anywhere at all  
committed to more of above, above  
the worse, when many of them,  
sick against broken, broken-up  
as from crash or a fate  
of birth, with paralytically  
askew limbs came:  
to sight drastic'd a lo and behold:  
where were both should be legs?  
nor for grasp his hands or hers  
of these, and one grisly'd,  
as in a kind of plastercasted  
skin, came no to all living looks!

so bound  
for anywhere anywhere  
committed to more above the worse,  
how, to one's view, sudden mishap  
crooked! Cruel'd sharp! Ax'd  
as of monstrous'd vex.

then they were the miserabled gone:  
the many of them sick  
against broken, with things  
thus being being  
loudly unspoken



## FOR A NEIGHBOR STRICKEN SUDDENLY

There are murmured about his lawn  
— the lawn he kept meticulously chiseled —  
impossible scratchings and voices once,  
suddenly, the *only* possible ones  
as the shards and paper wads,  
    the filtered leaves, those who pass  
    frowning in recall of him

Measure his blood pressure then by  
    the wildest tendrils  
    both overgrown  
    both by the cruel'd edges

The house, like damage in his brain,  
commensurately stricken —  
    there, too, like a memory trace  
    is his forgettable lawn

WHILE WAITING FOR A FRIEND TO COME TO VISIT  
A FRIEND IN A MENTAL HOSPITAL

eyes thieve with prickled stir:  
the attendant has ideas about me

the attendant keeps watch, watching  
that abrupt wild uranium grow a bat's ears,  
sardine flowers, moons' eggs,  
  stomach guitars,  
a double-bass rump — but he's err:  
one shrewds to his inferences,  
here where the world's sharp'd  
sheen'd across with antiseptic spear

always be afar if it is challenge,  
the off-shores of the eyes direct  
devilishly in this "catch me" business

I have about the least to do  
with white-coated attendants,  
  soft'd thither nurses,  
and the sleep particles —

stop looking  
  (— a friend's gone banking  
and I'm waiting  
  that is all

## SHIPWRECK

With today's sympathetics who can be  
dare?  
in the old days when sailed struck,  
sank, who knew? few, comparatively  
(— no speaking cabinets,  
much less "typographical" compassion)  
But these days terroring,  
the grim fashion's that the speaking cabinet  
and the typographical  
leave what sympathetics more than fear?  
— dawn sheds appear'  
on broken, strewn, muted in oil and algae  
sarcastic'd to a shore – ducks death,  
fish death; the senses even  
aver the air's dark-ages' legions;  
— sheep,  
too, strange away, dying:  
midnight trains farewell of track  
stealth back with deadly loads;  
— woe-ing  
its worst all yesterday,  
a multitudinous famine!

(as for long life and as for love?  
list with the undertaker, thrumming  
numb, undering through the hush  
— what is more shipsunk wept for?)

be dare, sympathize —  
even if it is  
unwise?

## NOTHING DEPENDABLE

The changes of the year had been many:  
there'd been no snow — not yet.  
"Do you suppose," I spoke to a neighbor  
"there's going to be snow?"

She said, "It's winter isn't it?"

But I was not convinced. Calling  
"Will there be much snow — you  
newspaper weathermen know everything?"  
They said, "No probability tonight."  
(Was that exactly what I meant?)  
"Isn't it late?" I said, "seasonally?"

They hung up.  
Sure they were hiding something.

the mailman who brought news:  
I laughed but nervously,  
"Still no snow?"

"It can stay that way."

And he was gone, gone without an inkling.  
In spite of all, I sensed,  
ominously, that it was a critical year,  
that snow was in a trap  
somewhere between now  
and Armageddon  
but noone  
absolutely noone  
knew

## NEW STOREFRONT

Afresh'd with paint, the shop had glare:  
chrome-plated the squared of for sale,  
angles, or with glamorous rounds.

Auto Supply Co.

The owner looked too outright  
(dart of a much refracted stare).  
Aluminum had set him blind awhile —  
the false going virtue of hope

no public interest anywhere about

his innocence among the smokeshops  
the parlors of the barbeque, the bars  
and barbershops proliferous. All these  
dives without sheen and more secret,  
sinfully wised, merely glimmered

he dared their margins with silver

7

perpetual stales, wearies, olds;  
ambition yores behind —  
there is of on and wayside,  
traffic slowly eternal itself  
into distance      familiarity  
coins more commonplaces:  
such are these days!

some slivers of aspiration?  
stir of a wish?

a wraith waving a grey scarf

## SCHOOL DEMOLITION

shot through  
the windows  
— murdered?

so silently  
about the rooms  
the autopsy  
begins —  
the moon coroner  
working  
late

## IDYLL

snow brings restraint  
and takes you by the arm:  
snow's religious, morals over  
the landscape, relaxes  
with a minister's smile  
and its hands folded  
across a great belly

unlike authority  
elsewhere, snow will  
not keep a pair  
of handcuffs

snow hates the body  
and fashion



## FOOTBALL PRACTICE IN WOODLAND HAVEN

it is year's whir to late:  
the unsandblasted Jesuses  
    the iron angels beaten blue to a tarnish  
seen severally between the forward passes  
to receivers or a fielded kickoff  
a twenty-yard line of exuberance —  
the team of boys has taken over  
    with its line of scrimmage

(through all that's orotund of sacristy  
the appalled ministers have not spoken:  
kids play the game and rock the graves

Who does complain? stark old Schaferhaus?  
(he'd offer them participation)  
fans in the boxes pull on their shrouds  
and the shaken skulls glee together  
in damp stands, all teeth, are all of cheer

one hour again out of dark perpetuity

## ON MY PHOTO

hasn't a chance as if the face  
turns on him and with crimes  
that he did not commit — unless  
there are the two of them?  
— one who'd rob the local drugstore,  
strangle the widow who has the money

the way the rascal loves the camera,  
the garbled side of his features,  
then makes a break  
                  he's damned clever!  
takes to the lens, then beats the rap

the innocent and modest one  
now faces a judgment for the other

that's the way isn't it,  
that one shall take the blame?

"DIVINELY SENSUOUS," SHE SAID

E.g., "divinely:" much obsessed:  
larger forces and where  
they convolute? perhaps,  
even parents — responsibility?  
one's mother?

wherein "sensuous" is,  
maybe, *sensual*: (inhalation  
of fresh'd air when air  
amounts when one's stifled:  
the ventilation that plumps  
sleep  
the other is to slip  
nude between bedsheets  
cold with waft)

not taking "divine" in vain,  
the diehards of the midwest  
know no such thing —  
— "divinely sensuous"?

in a pig's eye

## EVENING REFLECTIONS IN A BIRDBATH

still        there in our birdbath  
strangely eye-like        light  
repeated from the sky  
ill of it there is the    so small  
touch of a world's beware

some leafy shadow overs  
from trees wind swell'd,  
the yard commonplaces  
now  
      household sentiments,  
      a rake, the lawnmower

until more stark than ever  
in the round of the bowl  
the always terror  
stares out  
and out  
with a *lo!*

## NUN'S PITCHER

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

## AIR DISASTER

under  
more of sky  
appeared  
a crack quick'd  
then roses of horror  
whole dimension's plumb  
swift flecks air

alarm plumes up stark'd  
against all boards  
abuzz fainting  
of wives with children  
mothers' mothers

there in a thunder  
a too thick of aghasts of dust  
over the field—  
ambulances, fire's fire!!!  
roundabout clang  
and a siren flamingly  
eeeeeeeeeeee s

## BASEMENT

It mysteriouse with hence plumbing  
Fled into dark which furtives kiss as steam,  
Terribly sex'd, elbows, interlockings,

The effluences devil to burn, fulfilling  
Through the Freuds of the pipes,  
Even to the bones, the above bodies

Living. They wrench to vascular.  
Expel! us when we rust as nerves  
Planked outspread, bolt us with pliers,

We require these extensions and plasmas,  
pipes, gas and water

## LAKEFRONT, CLEVELAND

so thunders sea

it gathers strength  
summoned ascends huged up  
then *softs!*  
curls up about rocks  
upcurls about thick  
about bold curls up  
about it  
*then dangerous 'd soft!*

sea gathers strength  
summoned ASCENDS UPHUGED  
over whatever's round  
CRASHES !!!!  
curls up about rock  
upcurls about  
at bold abruptly  
curls about it  
*softs!*  
*dangerous 'd*

so 'oft  
too soft almost  
summoned ASCENDS UPHUGED  
CRASHES!!!!  
curls up about rock  
*softs*  
*furious 'd but soft*  
*too soft whist*  
*almost*  
WHOOM! whamming everywhere  
it gathers strength  
summoned ascends huged up  
SPLASH about of bold  
upcurls about rock  
rocks about impetuous'd!!  
curls  
curls up about  
*softs*  
dangerously  
*too soft with a*  
*shudder*



## LAKE IN A STORM

the miserable restlessness turned bleak  
and Lear'd it in a howl to the out far  
ominous rushing-after with a hark  
crash            ebb            high    shriek    whirl  
and blown back up of the thick

that time wrinkling out lightning  
dangerous'd and lit walls of afar

thunder crammed in a moan

craze of the seascape

little towns of surf  
brought down to doom  
fell quick baffled  
    little noises

## COFFEE

mornings have bulk and that saves them  
from immediate death —  
                          but they lose weight,  
become afternoons            arrested at silences  
too listened for and too     listening

taking all to bed at last  
anemia'd  
                          call them evenings

seventy-five rpm down to thirty-three

that there isn't  
going to be anything else  
seems for sure, is the night,  
seems forever'd

## MAGIC GARDENS

— they go down:  
air out of automobile tires,  
sprung leaks; like a top hat up  
sat down on, squashed to flat;  
accordions groaning down, wash  
merely fabric and shrinking,  
or like love's silk stockings  
a run in the sheer dream

he'd lived all in the hope  
that things could keep  
their enchantment —  
he had been watching, listening  
for any sound of what goes wrong,  
to search diligently for the reason  
— the fading of substance

for such portents, usually  
he had a good ear

## CORRESPONDENT'S WAR DIARY

mystery fell of the windows:  
together we sat down      he  
bringing out the liquor  
that had, nice, a perfect  
subtly, so rare, so small  
that like the unsummoned,  
with intimacy not terror,  
murder      that visited  
on my host  
                 thin-like,  
as an old drawing, he sat  
between the orient and  
eternal (softly, wisely  
and silent lay the light of a lamp)

the signified hour:

his corpse  
                 they bore  
that silently  
(one room's secret)

startled was on his brow  
too late because  
death is

## SPECTRES, SPECTRES

what afars for me?   nears,  
contortioning its ectoplasm?  
shaped villains its beckoning,  
"The way is here — here —"  
some perfidious shrinkages  
glee, a cluster for damning me!  
until the heavying blear  
grislys: by-pass it, put if off,  
                              eschew it

then gird—!  
      onset of the belligerences,  
mysterious grasp minions evoked  
(fairly, perhaps deservedly!)

                  diseased Humility  
too eagers; the wild flights of Money  
freak away; blank of shred Starve;  
the pain of mix Belladonna;  
Pneumonia's seances spooking;  
the whole hideous gala  
of Hospitalization's a pale behold;  
aghast'd jails to prostrate me!  
Charity sex'd of friends;  
faint comes to my rescue  
as my County Welfare!  
wait, meet what is in store?  
or leave before?

what afars for me?   nears,  
contorting    like ectoplasm?  
shaped villains its beckoning  
“ — this way, Russell.”

## LOCUSTS, CRICKETS THIS SUMMER

someplace in a disaster of grass  
a minefield made audible

                  a singular clicking  
miniatured in the backyard  
like the tick a minute before  
                  whole of its night  
                          as a time bomb  
or rifle lock  
                  a booby-trap

## OUT OF PATIENCE AT THE OUT-PATIENT CLINIC

the lively soiled dishes  
pile the food carts with obstacle,  
the bedpans under in a clamor

the paraphernalia for oxygen rolls  
with grim  
a patient looks bemoan

it is now four o'clock p m  
and from the sheen of surgery  
sweep the wonders of medicine  
aloud of voices

"SEE YOU AT NINE — ”  
"SEE YOU TOMORROW, STEVE — ”  
"I'LL LET YOU KNOW — OH — BILL —”  
(from debt, aloof: buying a farm near Oregon  
or going to the Bahamas for the summer)

ha haaa aaaaaaaa  
afar in an office  
there's a laugh

## IT'S HERE IN THE

Here in the newspaper — wreck of the East Bound.  
A photograph bound to bring on cardiac asthenia.  
There is a blur that mists the pages:  
On one side's a gloom of dreadful harsh,  
Then breaks flash lights up sheer.  
There is much huge about. I suppose  
    those no 's are people  
    between that suffering of —  
    (what have we more? for Christ's sake!  
Something of a full stop of it  
crash of blood and the still shock  
    of stark sticks and an immense swift gloss  
And two dead no 's lie aghast still  
One casts a crazed eye and the other's  
    closed dull  
    the heap twists up  
    hardening the unhard, unhardening  
    the hardened



## TRAVEL IN OHIO

By the lawns and pale swayings  
the long expanse falls up  
where the feathery grain  
shimmering flows on beneath  
the fair front of a day  
whose mellow horn's baying around  
the barns and the silo  
                  now where  
the lights hang on the earth's crescent  
there's dim there           fast flown  
the height goes in seconds,  
the sleekest rush!  
before the liquid ascension,  
as we come to the top —  
spills over a mound of blear air  
and the commotion of the creek  
from which no float's to be sent  
kissing farewell  
                  lone spinning

in nu

nnn nnn

nnn nnnnnnn

nnnumerable V Vv

v vv vvvv

V vv

vV V VV

birds

## NIGHT AND A DISTANT CHURCH

Forward abrupt up  
then mmm mm  
wind mmm m  
    mmm m  
upon  
the mm mmm  
wind mmm m  
    mmm  
into the mm wind  
rain now and again  
the mm wind  
bells  
    bells

## IN MEMORIAM

I stand far to the east  
watching) the light —  
austere — disconsolate  
come and, faintly  
its narrow keen, barely  
but soon full  
over the crucial earth  
is up  
and dying over