

## A PODIUM PRESENTATION

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## DEMOLITION

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 avault 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!)

Shorn houses? shadows in veer  
toward progeny next year.

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Tonight, re-visiting, feel furious air!  
Everyplace a vacant exclaim  
in this, a momentary illusion of end:  
while keepsakes of yesterness  
wild terribly hither and fro  
under the medusa'd over.

Clad of shrub shreds to rush  
and for the exodus'd  
difficult will snow.

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