

*Abstraktion Und Einfühlung*, Poems by Percival Everett. New York: Akashic Books, 2008.

## A SPANISH MYTH

1

From the very moment of its

unveiling

it became what it would be to the century,

its story forced upon it, myth-lashed and tied,

at the Spanish pavilion, the Exposition in Paris,

screaming its rant from the horse's mouth,

screaming in the name of the suffering and

dead,

so also in the name of all humanity,

perhaps even us.

Painting once again political, left to be gelded,

art discoursing its way back to irrelevance by

word churning

over the possibility, the meaning of the possibility

of stance

rather than the stance itself.

2

screaming its rant

from the horse's mouth,

echoing through the canyon

that is its own

history.

Remember the loud crashes,

booms,

recall the sickening cries,

count them again with

broad strokes

and nuanced gestures

and

count your dollars  
and be safe.

3

wrycall  
the stickineye  
careyes

## STUDIES

1

The creation of the work is ritual.  
Mark the progress, document the stages,  
photograph the metamorphoses and  
recall, reglance these when interpretations  
dig and cling too near and much to  
the work in its final form.

Studies and notes at best loosely  
connect, exist apart, world of their own.  
If only the studies could scratch and claw  
their way into the picture like vermin,  
like ants, like cockroaches.

All this to find some privileged space,  
and still what is the actual subject?

2

Dig and cling too near  
to my own heart,

the work meaning nothing  
upon departure,

the work meaning everything  
upon departure.

If only these notes could  
drag nails against pages' backs,

relieve some itch,  
create some deep furrows

into which blood might  
find its way with gravity.

3  
derag  
nayails  
aginsty  
payages  
bax

## BATHERS

1  
We will  
mimic the posture  
of the living.

Or else allude  
to the poses of some past,  
progressively fading

as singular bodies  
become part of the over  
arching rhythm

of all things, rocks  
and turtles, legs, hands,  
almost, nearly,

not quite reproducing  
the structural scheme  
of nature itself.

Never lost in beauty,  
but stranded on some bridge  
between  
where we were  
and the viewer's constant  
eye.

2  
of all things,  
rocks and turtles  
hide along  
the edge of this river.

one posing  
as the other.  
the turtle tries  
to not be picked up.  
the rock tries  
not to be picked up.

3  
hyde  
aling  
the hedge  
dove

this

ryeveer