

Andrew Albert Ty

A Letter and Other Poems



A Letter

can change the way you writhe
and sign the check you use to pray
for the previous month's futilities

* * *

while reading Plato's *Timaeus*, you

fall

asleep,

fall

back

to the womb

where you dream of
gyrating

Charo

alone

on a boat

for the forever- lonely —

so easy for those like her who find performing easy; a piece of fake
for them for whom the air unstills and fills with sounds of slapping
as phantom palms come out and play along the borders of the riven

* * *

(the what?)

the river	(oh)	a river	(go on)	any river	(yes?)	can go
back	and	mul	ti	ply	its	rivers
					elf:	
					go	
					be	
					into	
					come	
re	verse:					

(does waking reverse sleep?)

does it?
does it?)

Your eyes open. You awake. You rise from the bed. You accept from the sun the sensation of morning:
a trace memory of loss. Light fails to fill the emptied spaces, falls flat against the books on your selves.
The silence offers no clues to the mysteries you suspect lie waiting in the gains and losses of the word.

A 'Postrophe

i say

i have a
'postrophe

because, you might say

i had a cat
'astrophe

yes, you might say

my life has
taken a turn
for the verse

yes, you might say

i have contracted something
possessed it or been
possessed by it

but i should say

plurality is debatable
at least
in some contexts

though i must say

i often wish for
so many more:

not "apostrophe s's"
but apostrophes
without an apostrophe

like raindrops on paper

you might say

like the paper's raindrops

you should say

April, Already April

and there's a stray Christmas ball,
also asleep, right beside your head.

You might have forgotten
to pack it with the tiny tree
that once kept its place, standing guard
in the only free corner of the room
over there, blocking the closet door,
so I could only grab some clothes after
moving the tree a foot away from
where we placed it and then opening
the door an inch, enough for my hand
to slip through, feel its way to a towel and
a shirt and some boxers and some shorts,
my hand pivoting at the wrist to reach in
without looking. And then I move back
the tree, back to where it stood, where it was
meant to be, where it used to be, now that it's
April, already April,
and the heat is getting to you and to me,
and I sometimes wonder how a tiny tree
could shade us from the searing gaze
of summer days. It need not hide us; for that,
this little room suffices. I ask only one thing:
permit me to return the little tree,
to allow it again to annex precious space
for no purpose but the ornamental. Let me
perform once more the repeated ritual
of moving it back and forth whenever I
feel the need to change. Holding the tree,
cradling its lightness and respecting
its need to be handled delicately, help
me rediscover the weight of its presence.
So easy to take the small for granted,
to fail to see how size can increase with
the accumulation of attachments in place.
Here, for one, a silver ball overlooked
as it fell that day we finally needed to
pack up its tree. This ball now finds its space:

asleep beside you.

Forwarding a Message

How must we pronounce you now?
Could our tongues be trained again
To learn by touch and by feel
The lost art of translation?

You: final piece fixed in place.
They don't call this a puzzle
For nothing for nothing now
Can ever untwist our tongues

And free our lips from the freeze
That surrounds this empty house.
You've reached it, as we all must,
But too soon. You've outpaced us.

How can we catch up with fact
When our hearts and minds reveal
To our eyes — all too open,
Hoping to see, one last time —

You: stay still, so we can reach
You at the place they have named
Your last domain. Don't worry:
We're not here to take you back —

But only because we can't,
Only because you won't go.
If we learn to speak of you,
Would you hear us over there?

Would the sound carry to you,
Cleaving through air grown too still?
Could we pronounce you how we
Still hope to? Are we allowed?

From here to the farther side,
Can you hear how loud we call?

Super Robot Romance

*If ever two were one, then surely we
were not so much wedded as welded:
for our marriage is a Giant Robot
standing tall. You and I, we truly scrape
the sky; we sweep, upon the surface of
earth we scorched, the charred remains
we made of this week's invading hordes.*

We're sorry we nearly leveled the city,
the very city we vowed to save and
which we did save. With power,
with grace, we bowled a perfect
strike with the spiny near-spherical
battleship from Gamma Draconis VI.

We bowled it and knocked over
the buildings downtown. The people
must have been bowled over too,
knocked out of their senses by the
metallic *sforzando* of carnage and mayhem.

Perhaps they were swept as well by the
force of the question that blazed like the
Hyperprotonic Fist Cannon we used to
hammer against Panbrellian Deflectors:

"What is the Giant Robot?" A metaphor:
the metal for the meta-force inside us,
rising above, going beyond the two of us.

As for the threat of the alien, I know only this:
We would have doomed the world, if we had
refused to fuse, remained unrealized, unforged.

With This Closure Comes Clearance

(We are permitted
to say this aloud:)

This is the end
and with this
closure comes clearance.

(can you misread the signs?)

"Expect the unexpect-
-orated."

"Press the reject and
give me the tape."

"Take the plunge(r);
down the drain."

(see and ye shall find)

in emptiness lies eloquence

in clarity is safe passage

clear the obstruction

ascertain the path

all you need is

one step beyond

followed by another

through a door opened

by a key we insist must exist

Lillian

(if it doesn't?)

Knock knock.

Please

open

up.