

# Spring Logic

DAVID BARTONE





Spring Logic © 2010, David Bartone  
A H\_NGM\_N portable document format chapbook  
<http://www.h-ngm-nbks.com>

front & back cover artwork courtesy of Matthew Alden Price

f:: The waiting.

b:: Part 2.

<http://www.matthewaldenprice.com>

book design :: np

# Spring Logic

## *I. Spring Logic*

Sometimes I believe we are  
driven to this Chesterfield Gorge  
not by the pulses that want alone,  
the too untouched reaches,  
but by 19<sup>th</sup> century friendship  
suffused with long romance.  
We are faithful to it.  
Sometimes I believe  
all we write are maxims for spring's logic—  
heart's multi-tasking etiquette,  
slipped slight crooked—  
we are happy to be so.  
The bucket seats in the van  
are so far from each other.  
I believe we are setting in  
on beautiful triggers, and I believe  
we are those full love oligarchs.  
I believe we are snuck tender home  
to a spring time where we sit, dig  
at the picnic breakfast meant  
as beautiful excuse. Watching a woman

our age, her out of control three dogs,  
alternately with the season's first lily  
beetle, loved by its first blade of grass  
and us. We almost touched then did.  
Bit lip mined from adolescence  
and young literature, etc,  
and the unworn sensation sing-along:  
god please, not more mere luck now.

*II. April Aubades*

there's all this spinning  
what the mind doesn't do  
of the sadness  
of the panic  
of one sunray almost peeking  
the heart does  
when dawn is near  
and you say we must part  
and I say no

\*

when there is no tradition for this  
when there are advances toward  
what's nestled free from the urge  
to understand you  
I understand you  
Williams goes spinning  
1) Williams is spinning  
2) on the four wheels of his car  
3) along the wet road  
until Stop!  
there is a girl there  
with white skin  
and her leg  
over the rail of a balcony  
I say do not make it flirty  
make it more  
make it Austen  
are they your poems?  
I advise you send to me  
are they not?  
I advise you claim they are  
I think you are right  
there is something damn sexual  
I think it's in the line break

it's like an aubade  
every few words  
it's the unbearable restraint  
bared for both to see  
let's face it: our poetry is  
as sitting across a picnic table  
from a beautiful woman is  
she's sitting Indian style  
both hands on her own ankle  
she's wearing a sundress  
I advise you flit and flirt  
but send to me

\*

You once told me  
that to approach a horse  
never walk directly  
at his front  
Come around steady  
and wide  
to comfort  
with the clarity  
of saying hello  
Remember his eyes  
are on the side  
of his head, etc  
Tell me more  
I don't want to go  
Tell me the story  
of Hippodameia  
tamer of horses  
whose attempted  
abduction  
by the centaurs  
on her wedding night  
led to a bloody battle  
that calmed nothing

Tell me of high-sung chaos  
I want to hear that story

(Musings on the Sun)

Would we were of the feeling, Apollo,  
That we have overrun our signals, no;—  
Would we were the sun;—would we were  
Without the expected chords to close it,—  
Night has a strange ending.  
But is it the end, we ask?  
“It is a privilege to see so much confusion.”  
It has the question of our fitness as lovers:  
Lovers united, intrigues exposed,  
We can scarcely go wrong.  
Would we were of the call. Then call,  
A very daring and alert sense of you, sun,  
Those last notes which complete the harmony.

\*

you mean  
to wake me  
thorough with  
your white  
endlessness  
of lapping  
white senses—  
fingers deep  
in the grass  
safe from wind  
earth claw you  
we gaze ecstasy—  
your warm skin  
(we are so close)  
blanketing my eyes  
from the white  
hugeness of the sky—  
you mean to wake me  
for once  
and not once  
and for all  
and not just once  
but to stroke  
your hand

and say  
“Love, it’s okay  
to tremble,  
I’m going  
to touch you now”

\*

I love you as kingship:  
like a little god  
to exercise a nation's  
ills through the body  
I love you stern necessity:  
all wind-sailed promise  
of restraint  
I love you you told me  
I could be everything:  
a threat of punishment  
and a horrifying body  
I love you all mirage  
I love you all descant:  
treble one rung up  
I sing you to the tune  
of heart-strung tendons  
you whose terrible fate  
closely parallels Lear's  
Lift you! I love you  
sure as dawn  
is a near-sway  
of arise, arise!

\*

the history  
of a new room  
floral couches  
green couches  
and red couches  
tweed wallpaper  
I feel the rug  
on my toes  
people used to  
walk in this room  
a great deal  
and now  
your naked body  
outstretching  
by the window  
the curtains  
of doily  
that separate us  
from the nosy neighbors  
you stretch out more  
and I see all of you  
when I see the thin  
slip of sun  
that trims

your body and a breast  
and your turning to me  
or away from me  
does nothing  
to enlarge the trim  
and as you open  
the window  
I see the wind  
in the doily  
that falls alive  
into you

\*

Come listless  
to your stove,  
bird. Her eyes  
on the cook,  
she says,  
“To cook, love,  
you must be  
raining your heart’s  
whole history.  
You mustn’t miss  
me stony.”  
I am the cook.  
The delirium  
of five am  
craves.  
Rain says so much.  
One says  
dawn is near,  
you must part.  
The other saying no.

\*

I bought  
the Audubon  
Field Guide  
to Weather  
and the one  
to Night Sky,  
because of this  
the one night  
I couldn't spend  
with you.  
My heart  
it seems so callous.  
I am not waking up  
this morning.  
There's no man-made  
lightning.  
I know your  
trembling and  
I do not have it.  
Volta: Italian Count  
who developed  
the first electric  
cell in 1800;  
it's also the turn

to you, always,  
as any thought  
moves in through  
the white day.  
I think of you  
toeing through  
the topsoil  
around the mint  
peppermint  
lavender  
and lemon balm  
you helped me plant  
yesterday.  
The weather  
is empty.  
I miss you  
so whole.  
I am staring  
into my coffee,  
just short  
of the garden side  
of still things.

\*

oatstraw  
lemon balm  
catnip  
and chamomile—  
wake, love,  
sip—  
licorice root  
skullcap  
passionflower  
and linden—  
wake, love,  
have tea with me  
and I will tell  
everything I saw:  
your chest  
against my arm,  
the body of full exhale  
curling along me,  
I saw 4,000 stars  
shoot the window  
and land on your hip  
and I became afraid  
of whatever seized in me,  
outside I heard briefly

a deer eating daffodils  
in your neighbor's  
weak garden  
but did not see it,  
I saw your breath begin  
to dampen on my shoulder,  
I saw Virginian field  
after Virginian field  
in the blanket  
that covered up to your hip,  
the 4,000 stars,  
and the sun that  
"receives me  
in the questions  
which you always pose."  
I am begging you  
to wake  
and have tea with me  
before you say I must go and  
this time I obey.

\*

So much sand in my hair  
How?  
If I think about you  
I love it beauty  
The first days  
of a springing into  
How well the body  
does outside  
and the feeling of shower  
and bed deserved  
You can always tell  
these beautiful weeks  
over my body  
in ways much beyond  
that out-of-doors wash  
you are always  
running your hands over

\*

H.D.,  
exploit the melancholy  
in the newness  
of my own poems  
to me  
—in that sense  
you are always aubade  
alba dawn  
alba white  
—your roses endure  
hiding your fervor  
and such then  
your jealousy  
—O so small  
a concavo  
—yes  
it is dawn  
and the sky  
is an alba  
porridge  
a space  
you have cleared  
so fiery in me

\*

My face the color  
of a daze-eyed  
stranger in August—  
your hand half falls  
asleep on my body—  
your body is strung  
in high lift—  
We have me full living  
the half inch from  
what I can give you—  
The air is cool—yes  
I am crowded here before you—  
Love, there's so much  
I want with you—  
Williams says:  
“Night is a room  
darkened for lovers,  
through jalousies the sun  
has sent one gold needle!”—  
Always one sunlight—  
always the rigid wheeltrack  
made muddy—  
you make mud sounds in—  
and so do I—and so will I then—

This is no tuba spring—  
I harmonize so high  
with the life of your weight  
an inch from my lips.

\*

Dip again  
to cold,  
today in the weather,  
and at the right moment  
the sun leans in.  
But it's still  
stony weather.  
Off its dome,  
off its rocker,  
the sky is a spiky mind  
to our moods.  
We are full-boned responsive  
to mind in us  
a more careful mode.  
We receive.  
There is uncanny valley  
to the hearts  
we rely on pouring over  
into each other.  
There's one's love of night  
right before daybreak.  
You are saying, "Love,  
dawn is drawing near."  
I am saying I know.

I must go.  
A speaking  
from through me  
that says, "We must rapture  
in the daytime too,  
and if you call it rupture,  
yes, we can be that volcano."  
I am saying, "Love,  
longing can be done  
from anywhere."  
I mean to say, "Love,  
let's let begging be  
what Pliny the Elder does  
at the foot  
of Vesuvius' rupture,  
trying to rescue the ship  
of his friend and his family,  
his men saying, No!  
The fumes, the toxins!  
Pliny the Elder stating his will  
to go after his friend  
nonetheless.  
That his body  
was discovered later  
by friends  
under the pumice,

well, always then in them  
the suspicion  
of his love for lava.  
Love, we don't have to be  
such a fucking volcano.  
We are getting good  
at nuance and goodbye.  
We are growing old together.”  
I am saying, “Love,  
we can grow old  
any time of day.  
I can beg  
for your love of lava.”

\*

Enter the prologue  
armed. You are  
alone / handsome.  
Consider the paragons  
to turn to.  
You will need  
such strength.  
Consider one saying  
that dawn is near  
and you must part  
and the other saying no.  
I love the starting point  
and I love.  
When you breathe  
I go spinning.

---



