



Alex Fisher

**Thesis:**

Poetry is **Oklahoma**, a long shedded husk of some sort, and any specimen worth crushing, loving, or declining-- it is too an exodus: an **either/or** with a large room in between housing the unrequested **spider's** web seemingly no longer velvety because the settled dew has subdued **it's** engaging glare, but because **I** have made it that way. I have made its shine flute-like in segments, and between hesitations a shooting of unafraid membranes **scrambling**, for **godsake**, without courtesy and **innumerable** deities, a veranda of graceful maintaining-- no, no, that is not right; there **is** a courtesy. Do you see what I mean?

The poems I have collected for this presentation represent, with some exceptions, all the Odd, irrelevant, sensual, **organic**, satirical, arbitrary, and then relevant stages I have entered, ebbed in, and left over the better part of the last three years. **Galway Kinnell** once **wrote** in an introduction to *The Essential Whitman*, "**revision** succeeds in inverse ratio to the amount of time passed since the work

nostalgic reference, remembrances of the land, of the body,  
the government, Webster's, the Rockefeller's, of the poor  
and underprivileged, the National Park Service, of the  
silence, and of the hope\* Poetry was a polyester, became a  
velvet, and now it is a blend: an abstract landscape  
of your ripe hypnosis soaring page to page, a precise place and  
then much more: a trembling extinction from stagnant waters to  
a flooding-- upstream doggy-paddling and then always a starving  
of underfed orange (because it is orange) lichen quenched sometimes  
by a forgiving stanza and sometimes not.

nostalgic reference, remembrances of the land, of the body,  
the government, Webster's, the Rockefeller's, of the poor  
and underprivileged, the National Park Service, of the  
silence, and of the hope, Poetry was a polyester, became a  
velvet, and now it is a blend: an abstract landscape  
of your ripe hypnosis soaring page to page, a precise place and  
then much more: a trembling extinction from stagnant waters to  
a flooding-- upstream doggy-paddling and then always a starving  
of underfed orange (because it is orange) lichen quenched sometimes  
by a forgiving stanza and sometimes not.

Two bugs fucked

like a tiny pump  
up & down  
and down to sink  
her delicate  
abdomen-midriff  
thru soil to lay.

On removing nail-polish:  
for *Mary* Rose

She likes  
the entire  
erosion  
process:

to put it on  
and to  
let it  
deteriorate

on the nails.  
On her toes  
underneath  
the pink

she has black  
she says  
from when she was  
a condor.