

8-11-2014

Two Poems: "Economy Class Particulate View" and "Daynotes on Fields & Forms (Flittings)"

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Recommended Citation / Citation recommandée

Russo, Linda. "Two Poems: "Economy Class Particulate View" and "Daynotes on Fields & Forms (Flittings)"." *The Goose*, vol. 13 , no. 1 , article 32, 2014,

<https://scholars.wlu.ca/thegoose/vol13/iss1/32>.

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Economy Class Particulate View

Little smirched clouds. Should we be more
Scared. The placement of houses. Neat
Organ-like. Patterns. A lopsided lake
In a wide circle enclosed. An even a greater lake
Somewhere. Water is brown. An everything shadow
Listening. I don't. So still. So
Much more planet.

Patterns. Now of trees. Parking Lots. Drainages. Pools. An rooftops
Would defy it. Tennis courts. A purposeful clump. Trees. Dirt
An asphalt. Pitcher's mounds. An cars flowing agreeably in every
Possible direction. Or wishing it was over. The little pipes
An bumps. Criss-crossing. Ours
The subtle haze trap. An a whiff of run-off. Our hidden
Indifference to flight plan. What could be. More
Carefully stupid.

I thought coniferous. An I thought more than once
I could not give. It. More thought. Tell us a story
Comprised of thick trees. An something more
Probable. Transfats. An plastics. Downcycling
Into defusable goods.

You gauge the location of objects in the distance in relation
To other objects. Not to yourself. This method reveals positive
Results. Sunshines. So what's wrong. The lake
Itself. Completes the frame. Or else. Cathedral. Marina
An where they park it.

Steel gray water sea blue sky. The perhaps correct clouds. An the diamond
Need not float in a setting like a star. I learn.

I congratulate the powerful. The transfer of power. An the aftermath
Equation. Convincing. If you glimpse inside the luggage of the snoozing
Ever-tanned. You mighty perceive. Which goes beyond. An requires a worldly diagram
Wise. An in disguise okay.

On the farther shore we encounter refineries. Please return
To your proper context. Managerial class whisked with its own
Opacity. Or am I the first. It's not the size of the seat but the cargo
Capacity. Known to embark on long journeys of despair. Which
suggests a last resort joke. A seaside tintinnabulum.

Am I the first? Her worried eyes as she left. An the somehow
Smile. Who pushes clean technology. An environmental
Needs. An more importantly a hand truck. Whose sanitized
handshake. Is it better that way? You've fused. Or are you feeling
Again the risk of assessment.

As a child I dreamed. Because I could. If we must know. Given
tests. By half-wits. Measured. I could not see the point. Only figures.
An now we return to cooler climes. An a diet of message.

A true sunset graces our benign exchange. Now it's your turn
You're learning. Your faith is overdue. That's something. I'm so
Pretty. An real. Traveling east. An hour ahead of my worried eyes
An somehow smile.

The lakes look like fingers despite the indescribable pink
Glow. It's only love. A fog of make-up reapplication. The compounded
Interest of repackaged stimulus grammar.

Daynotes on Fields & Forms (*Flittings*)

quiet gray afternoon tastes green
after tea, after cracking Oklahoma pecan
for northwest red squirrels, after trying to
identify my memory
of a bird (guide) before more return
“all the trifling incidents”
(Susan Fenimore Cooper, *Rural Hours*)

Sunday Feb. 14

[...]

it's too cold to go in the yard
dogs bark, the sunlight is doing what?
it's lighting. they are sunning.
it's a luminous hot spot I know little of –
much of the yard is shaded at this hour

3/5, Fri

[...]

bring your pail
and name my flowers
walk with me to till the end of my space
mow my waste (or teach me how)

Sunday, April 18

[...]

sun beaming off the page, and the subtle smell of lilacs; warming up the day
with a goldfinch

problem is, I don't know if that's a weed

quail in the front yard today, a pair, and then on the roof of the sunroom I think when I opened
the door

do they squak? sqawk? squawk? skwak? squack?

squirrel prefers to cart off hazelnuts (two – leaving one behind); likes banana, but not strawberry nubs

a little chilly today when sun behind cloud and not too bright, and now it's slightly drizzling

Saturday 5/8

where "outside" begins
experience enhances – multicolored leaves
shower your head – experience exfoliates

where home ends – it's a common misperception

▪

yard looks very different than when last I wrote. Like that bush covered with yellow flowers that look like daffodils and the breezy stand of paperwhites.

A background happiness in labor. It feels cold here.

Should I make the rolls or eat the soup and what should I do tomorrow?

BP's trying to collect oil from the gulf and burning off natural gas, plugging up holes with mud, drilling relief wells for months. Our will in the twenty five-mile radius slick, in the demand for streaming video. Looking out for hummingbirds. 100,000 barrels or 500,000? What's more important – moment with sky? a poem? the downswell in the darkening seawater.

5/18/10 Tuesday

in a shock of Saturday silence

I could go pull weeds

and I did

and planted

7/25

yard aswarm with aphids
no poem follows from these lines

[...]

morning sitting & deciding which book to bring
greeny corner of peach room waking solace

choose books, save things to disk

only have to sit still and think, mind moves – save things to disk

thunder + rain + sirens last night, this morning
the muted dramas of gardening

Friday July 30

carillon bells – instant uplift

four large birds incredibly high
low, distant-sounding crickets
in a glance distant birds vanish
six birds reappear
hammering, traffic, resonant resident

watch the yard why not
pick pears plums
slice salad pears, pudding perhaps
hear them falling

9/12 Monday, Later

[...]

it's not that my displeasure with Walmart grows any as the building progresses but the building itself manifests my disdain as it ruins, outscapes, complicates the simple line of

the landscape, obscures the irregular rows of headstones I can see from the crest of
Pioneer Hill, directs me with its new traffic light, shall it ever sink in

Tues. Sept. 21

LINDA RUSSO (inhabitorypoetics.blogspot.com) is the author of *Mirth* (Chax Press) and *The Enhanced Immediacy of the Everyday* (forthcoming 2014, Chax Press), in which “Economy Class Particulate View” will appear. *Picturing Everything Closer Visible* (Projective Industries), a chapbook-length excerpt of a walk-in poem, recently appeared. She is a recipient of fellowships at the Centrum Center for the Arts and the Millay Colony, and her work was recently featured in *Curating the Cosmos* (<http://cargocollective.com/curatingthecosmos/Linda-Russo-The-Confluence>).

Her published writing on contemporary American poetry includes a hybrid review essay of Anne Waldman’s *Iovis Trilogy* (<http://jacket2.org/reviews/reading-iovis-bolinas>), the preface to Joanne Kyger’s *About Now: Collected Poems* (National Poetry Foundation), and, more recently, an essay in the edited collection *Among Friends: Engendering the Social Site of Poetry* (University of Iowa Press). She lives in the Columbia River Watershed and teaches at Washington State University.