

ALL THE KING'S HORSES

by

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The following individuals read and discussed the thesis submitted by student Christopher Caruso, and they evaluated his presentation and response to questions during the final oral examination. They found that the student passed the final oral examination.

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## ABSTRACT

*All The King's Horses* juxtaposes the struggle of artistic creation alongside the trauma of 9/11. This collection of poetry presents the failure of language and art to define the boundaries of anxiety's origins. Aware of these limitations the "I" in this poem struggles to find a reprieve in defining something that cannot be defined.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

ABSTRACT..... iv

ALL THE KING'S HORSES ..... 1

I am writing a poem. The poem is not being written.

Instead there is that which is empty of what is removed and it is only temporally attempted by a filling with words.

Where are the ends of such a thing as body, of building, of the little myths created to explain permeable into loss and into others' hauntings?

Anxiety.

A returning to and erasing of stating.

The only words found in eight and half months.

A defining—if there is a better word I have lost it under impressions left upon.

A space is a vacuum that wishes to avoid filling of.

A body is a space that wishes to avoid forgetting.

If there must be a picture let it act as a white page.

If there must be a picture let it act as skyline existing unfamiliar.

I draw attention to this breath that escapes in speaking. I am afraid it might without notice.

Fear a key through which definition occurs.

In crafting a mythology an identity is created, an evil employed: an *I* and a *you*. This allows conflict. How else will a hero appear? But stories are not without casualties. The term used is collateral. Considered acceptable as long as the *you* is removed.

The absence of a hero means a metamorphosis into what is not a myth.

See below for a short list of examples.



The nursery rhyme teaches. The clarity in a sky  
falling.

If like Humpty, would Icarus wish to be placed  
together again? Once opened can a perfect seal be  
reapplied?

The way discoveries are applied.

There seems so many monuments have been built to define and decry.

And they said let us build them so our names are spread across the lands and all will look upon them and know who we are.

Acting as a prophet the tarot tells that which is built will crash into the earth amongst light from the heavens.

False words and false god denounce us.

How this confounds the meanings and ability to hear another voice and not flee.

To have order and conclusion there must be a removal of chance. The definition for a construction of history.

Everything public is Post 9/11.

Locations.

Everything before this moment is pre-history. Everything before this moment leads to defining.

Everything is public Post 9/11.

A brief definition of Trauma:

There are words given to everything. Awakening and the first thought becomes where is what was left in last night. It is a tearing. It is literal: a scar upon which a finger can learn a story.

The *Cannon of Medicine* says it is the breath upon which the mind comes to injury.

Presented as facts:

Without understanding a mind looks to make meaning and arrive at conclusion. As a place holder anxiety is introduced to avoid that which cannot be understood as of now.

September is a month that cannot be overlooked but prefers to be seen only in periphery.

I don't know where I come into this.

I remember the images playing on a loop overlaid upon different voices and different statements. Is this a memory, or a memory of remembering? The spaces. I remember I was there at a bookstore for a signing. Or was I supposed to be there, or was it a friend, or was it hope that being there would mean a tenuous touching with others.

What is more original than a man flying out towards  
a building falling into itself?

Who can describe the air caught in the intersections:  
smog, morning traffic, a subtle thread beginning to,  
or fraying towards?

Where shall the origins of new words be placed?

Knowledge as recounted from stories recreated to  
give texture.

Aristotle held the view poetry was the product of “either a man of great natural ability or of one not wholly sane...possessed.”

The mad have become a euphemism. Symptoms in need of treatment.

Ideas are hard to end though their contexts can change. The bible had the cave, the man, Legion, and the pigs. Like the poem, Legion is born from the country lying between two places or limits.

There have been attempts to cure. Strap a body to a chair and encase the mind and eyes, but there is a candle and images believed to be right and literally here.

Confessional poetry has not helped stem this belief.

And what of those who do not write poems?

Child let me ask for forgiveness for giving this to you: Genetics.  
If I knew it would infect I would not have made you.

I choose not to sleep for one day to test a theory of how many versions of the same story can be written.

Give a figure to the amount of infection seeping through the borders of windows and door jams.



Read this as the anxiety and the unknown.

Taboos are behaviors (read as thoughts, topics, words, actions, sexual encounters) that are said to be accursed but also sacred.

There was the shaman and the priestess and they gave contours and limitations. The ways a body and soul could atone—to lessen the spirits found in homes to calm the life that attempts to tremor and escape through skin.

Today they are reincarnated as psychologists and talk shows.

The poem acts as a boundary the way Icarus acted as one who wished to rupture them. It is the slow bleeding out of form and what was believed natural that kills. What have I intended to be? If I were a plant I would have walls to keep my shape, if I were a fairy tale I would have silver stones, a nursery rhyme would have an army of doctors to sculpt a shape together again.

Like myth, genetics lace generations through threads of beliefs. Child, believe that what creeps into you is an understanding of the falling of sun the breaking of tides. Love these ghosts they keep the need for memory and searching. You are now a place of hauntings.

Avicenna was a Muslim when science, myth, and god could be held together. He was a prophet in the way one believes they call out indirectly to what might come and name it divine. He is not a poet, but predicted poetry. The body is always in one of three states— sicknesses, health, and one that is neither of those. Let this be called the poem. For him the breath carries what lies inside a body with what lies without.

There are spirits within the body that hold history and terror. Like memories they enter and convince one they are real. He was wise to know that our ghosts haunt us from within and without. What enters the blood will not leave what touches the heart often fails to be erased.

Voice covers what pollutes memories.

Humpty is a metaphor for being unaware of the shape of boundaries. I will enter into a place and want what was thought me to become permeable and fragile. How to refuse the touch of others yet ask to be held gently in their mending hands? There is no rhyme for when broken the mind can easily mend.

I keep trying to paint two rectangles they are dark and paradoxically formless, mere shadows or perhaps absences against a space a melting or fading. I think of it as a sketch.

Often I can't picture what a thing really means. This is called a moment of loss.

Mephistopheles believes life will always chase after meanings.

I teach my students an object is better defined in obscurity. Others will make the words they see.

What am I facing? What have I started?

So many voices and stories and the erasable markings they leave behind. We are all Post- that date.

Is it more offensive to allude to an event or to call out to it? The circle around which is not clearly defined.

Look it has boundaries so therefore it cannot extend too far. There is not a way to confuse its place in society. Very much like Risk there is a board and on that board are clear outlines. This is needed to know when loss or victory occurs. There will always be a start and a finish, though it could last decades.

This differs from Terrorism.

There is a loss of ability to not draw attention to a thing.

Attempts to define Syncope. A loosing of blood through the brain, a lessening of thought, to surrender breathing. This is the music of the mind breaking the body. There have been couches designed to save a form from falling too far into the earth. The transition as experience enters it either becomes art or trauma. Like in death the body releases all that was inside and stains the world.



The breath and its motions mimic our emotions. So it is with breathing our bodies take into us the cold of the world and release the heat of our selves. The body as a site of constant entropy. Symptoms of anxiety: loosening of the vital force either through recklessness of breath or attempts to confine it.

Freud named it signal-anxiety: moving from the hidden mind to the hidden body. What is believed to be arriving and self-protective responses.

There is a need for appearances to say “yes I am in control of the situation.” Post-control is a more pliable definition.

Science has improved the defining of this:

anxiety, angst, apprehension, lost, dread, fidgets, nail-biting, on-edge, in jitters, flap, pins in the skin, thoughts of misery foreboding, and soft unable misgivings, shell-shocked, fretfulness, needles, to mistrust, fuss, dither, the adjust nervousness, heebie-jeebies, tenseness, to panic, jumps, nerves, burnt, cultural restlessness, shakes, unable to adjust to cultural norms, suffering, trembles, stressed, cracked, suspense, bonkers, rubber room, eccentric, idiosyncratic, quirky, a tad soft in the head, goose bumps, shivers, hyper-active, sweat, uneasy, uncertainty, watchfulness, on-edge, worn thin, unglued, unease, willies, worriment, botheration, all-overs, empty, butterflies and ants shocked and burning

Given a name and a date makes this real.

Though there is still ridicule for the Prophet serenading our pending doom.

Is it better to use scraps of before?

How else can a broken wing to enter  
a word? Way in which shapes  
& feathers are placed  
—cowered. Stealth  
as a means to conceal.  
I have known a swallowing of the sun  
a way by which speech turns fallen.

In the Second War, the U.S. had Captain America. Built from science and patriotism. There is nothing for the public to fear. A non-too subtle metaphor.

This wouldn't last. The removal of what was thought un-movable. What arises from this?

Phobias are more like memories of what could become.

The reason for what is brought into the mind escaped from kin.

Treat them as if they dream. It helps one to believe that out there is a world that cures.

Know that there was once a hawk that killed a distance of a loved one. Or a snake which sent an ancient maternal figure beyond love.

An acceptance of the poisoning of blood.

An acceptance into which a finger refuses to trace back.

Ask the mute why voice escapes through mind if not lungs.

These hands are mirroring history. These hands are  
cleaned so that they are cracking. Nothing up that  
sleeve. Nothing up this sleeve. See I am trying.  
Pulling the world from outside in is more difficult  
than letting it vanish.

What was it like in the Fall. How much does a winged boy look towards a broken angel? There must be words that are spoken moments of history caught in the air. What is severed from lungs.

I am looking skyward again and there is not a wind that is entering through the openings of this body.

The possibility that if all voices spoke at once there would be a new language?

I of eyes

place touch

welcome night of

a beautiful present

believe

pull

falls

Symptoms another in us

captured

pictures which

of mixing

without vibrating

air traced place the growth

must mouth patterns

accept form

if here

losing the

spoken

entering

cacophony

no body

recall global

places torn

emotions know careful

staircase entering to worn the words hewed

Another Babel formed by the crashing of a tower.



I need to know the word that can describe the waking after sleeping too long and how the world feels different than the day before, as if I woke into the apocalypse.

I no longer know what to call this.

If a poem were turned living it would have pinions  
and flesh. It would exhale all that was made in it. It  
would oppose the new entering.

If this body were made free of the mind it wouldn't  
matter whose hands enter into or attempt to  
rearrange and form to a shape of what one should  
be. I call this another form of mythmaking.

The child does not know:

why the mouse scuttles for a hole, that Goldilocks will not talk of bears, what makes songs not sing to a future.

A practice in the engagement of trauma and its anxiety is through Eye Movement Desensitization and Reprocessing (EMDR).

Like the art of finding a phrase or image.

Recall what was and what is now.

Icarus if he was a poet might attempt something  
unlike this. There are limitations even the internet  
and books cannot dissipate. Look downwards from  
the sky how can one comprehend the failings of  
horizons, the shadows turning sea different  
gradients of blue. There are things beyond I.  
Unaware of what this is let it be named history.

There is no proof that what is said is real.

Trauma appears. Please accept it as defined. It is unpredicted, beyond ordinary, and averse in its reaction on the mental and the body. Body is to be read as human, as the strangers not known, as the I, as the I which attempts to write. See more explanations:

The day seemed like any other

You believe it will be there like you believe the sun will rise

Hide unwanted things behind stories and place little markers about to keep as memories. If I have one failing it is all the ghosts within me. There is only so much that can enter a body through speech or family. The Original Sin as origins for suffering and for knowledge. Trace it back to that apple the point of machines breaking to flesh, to hurt.



## Psychological Responses to a Crisis

Crisis as a genesis. Trauma and God then share more than what is commonly acknowledged.

This is the Stunned Stage: survival and the disbelief.

A chart only shows life as dots upon a line grasping horizontally and vertically.

Animation in faces of smiling to tear rinsed to equate a number to pain.

The dreams in which he woke to.

The days in which she drank.

The poet and the words not here for gardening.

The human as not perfectness not a machine.

Olson believed the breath is what controls the body and the motions of it.

Olson created a belief that poetry can monitor the breath the way a barometer measures the pressure which asserts itself.

If the breath could be controlled and placed as a poem, would there be a need to fear what might enter us? Could there be a way to remove what has infected?

As prophet birthed poetry of the 20<sup>th</sup> century.

There is a shadow under which new plants take root.

To learn the shady banks called past as not pastoral.

To escape from a tower without burning.

Without falling into the currents voice is caught upon a new landscape.

To know only of Post-? Pre- resembles a story of “never was.”

Please I have nothing to give but these markers and hope that without a loss the sky will not cave into a longing for failure. This is what rots the roots upon which orchards are planted. Vivisection would reveal only organs and blood moving about in a circuit of predictability. A cavity absent that held some dense and spherical thing intricate in its simplistic smoothness.

Here is where I again try to design.

A finely worn space bar: concaved upon the points a hand falls.

Here is where empathy would have allowed an entrance of others.

please  
the sky will cave carrying

the moving of an image  
intricate in its simplistic smoothness

The loss of an origin.

Have you ever directly or indirectly been exposed to death?

If No, you have not been exposed to life.

If Yes, was it in person and personal or witnessed through others?

In person: There will be queues—bread crumbs, silver stones, photos or words placed before—leading not so much towards or away, but from. Words for birds and flight become speaking. If there is a cage it means forever, if there is no cage it means forever is still there.

Through others: it is the remains or the after images played onto our past. Screens act into reality and from a distance create an image truer than sight. A collection of detritus, the building of ever after.

Have any of these occurred after exposure?

An acting of the sound in which a dream loses itself to wake. Inside becomes a word which means to ignore what it's speaking through. Giving over to the stories from gods. Placing lies and calling each a home of a little truth. A tracing of the broken pinions.

For More Examples Please See Below:

There is the concern that the universe is spreading outwards past the tethers of dark matter. Even Chaos knew that two spheres must be separate. Most of the problems of self and external interactions accept this undeniable knowledge.

There is a concern that science is leaving behind the body, physics becoming the philosophy of the mind. Belief that it is better to let the body find its severed half and return to compressing shapes into deserted dirt.

There is a concern that the arts and the myths cannot account for today. How many lifetimes spent examining grass or under stones for reasons. There is fear that nothing will be found. There is fear that an answer will be found.

There is the concern that what is viewed in a mirror or touched upon everyday will turn translucent or malleable. All of history becomes viscous in which features and voices are muddled.

There is a concern that there will no longer be a need for words.

The fear of not knowing what is said. The fear of knowing what is said in a tongue that is alien.

Again there is a tower and it is crumbling.

A falling of what is believed to be accepted. (See Babel, See New York, See the Tarot)

See the man falling through the city.

How to show with language?

The voice turns towards itself and asks “Where am I taking this story to?” The self answers without meaning.

There are only metaphors for what is inside the body.

A collapsing of a star inside a room.

A natural object which impresses upon the body.  
This is how a generation produces hierarchies of  
trauma. Mother your mood in birth will make me  
live in joy or fear. Father your semen and the state  
of its release will determine my composition. If I  
can picture what the origins of birth I can find the  
color of my breath. I could know the mind which  
makes this body react.



The poem attempts voice or empathy?

Over a century ago William James believed that Modernity had insulated us so well from grave threats like grizzly bear attacks that in a “civilized life [one can] pass from cradle to grave without having a pang of genuine fear.”

The Cold War was not so much a war as a believing the Other could destroy us. It has been called the Age of Anxiety. Americans believed American Life could end. See the Bomb Shelter, Bert the Turtle and his sage advice to “Duck and Cover.”

An overstimulation of information and thoughts enter us. Beliefs begin as this. Leave a mark that will not close does not let a thought exit.

To tape over your windows, to carefully inspect the mail.

Use this as a base line for after a tragedy.

A Pre- landscape of buildings, T.V.s, and online postings of meals acting as hauntings.

Two students dressed as buildings ring a doorbell. When opened theater begins. Two planes tackle the buildings.

The possibility of a more accursed taboo?

The *Golden Bough* talked of the consumption of enemies' bodies. This kept the spirits happy as did not waste in rotting flesh. Hauntings occur if bodies were left strewn in deserts and villages. Warriors would be cursed if they did not honor the dead. They would become like the dead. Origins of zombies and PTSD.

The only cures are given through those who understand what you do not. The ghosts are now given to science.

The gods transformed from walking in our forms to beings of abstractions.

Viewed as machines our warranties expire after birth. Sometimes the only way to explain is through schematics and art.

Please see Da Vinci's *Vitruvian Man*.

If this is a metaphor where is the will? And what is considered self?

Without the world a project is just an idea believing it is.

Fifteen hours turns the distance of fire to dust. The physics of removal and an opening up of a space thought solid. We are taught memories by acting repetitions till the repeated is real.

You practice building little pyramids of nails. You have chipped them away and in their jagged keratin order is arranged.

I am most likely not here when you read this.

It is part genetic. This I'm almost sure of. Keep the layers consistent. It is both real and metaphorical.

Look towards the wood and the ribbons torn out of it. Floor then means a constant tearing and scratching while holding walls and sky together. How else to prevent a hole from swallowing? Acting as true I must have truth and in this a definition.

I

I

I

How many repetitions before, before what?

I do not know a name that is not me. How can I feel  
myself into others?

There is a theory we wish to have a discontinuous existence. A keeping of the *I* while  
secretly seeking out the death of *I*. A physical but not psychological melting with others.  
This is called fear by some. Love to others.

The breath fading into the histories of others.

Can a voice be claimed to begin in a single spot? What is a name to go by?

Hush little baby don't say a word your parents will give you their fear of the world

The *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* began in 1952, a handbook to classify. So influential it is used to shape legal policies.

There are no cures only ways to define to treat symptoms.

There is this permeability inside of me, but the  
scarring keeps the shape whole.

The term Anxiety Disorder is a variegated family of illnesses. If you look close enough you can see what is direct and what is implied. It is much like poetry. It is also much unlike poetry.

All these disorders begin with an event that renders a scar traceable.

I am taking a finger and running it along me. When  
I forget what I wish was there I can feel a time line  
of me. Though not true it is all that seems  
acceptable now.

I do not think you will find poetry here.