

Raw, Uncut Footage of Rods as They Appear

Caroline Berry Klocksiem

What are rods?

Welcome to what is not: a fly or a bird, killdeer, the planet Venus or a junket of the sky.

Welcome to: radio-synthesized tongues in the air & in little suckling lakes,

sometimes shot out of water, a bomb-version of the ancient ghost-knife fish.

A Birdshot with a Rodshot

That's a bird, that's a bug, this is a rod. You can tell, because rods—

in a way that the goose or grackel cannot—have got the whole film industry

in a tizzy. And the way they primp before cameramen & scientists.

(Good money in rods.) Some are compelled to be the greatest rod of all time.

Fun with Rods

You & your family can make your own rods at home! Select a good room

—soft & dark, as baby rods are sensitive creatures—

& press your palm-heels into your retinas with great pressure. Some of you will see

a clover, white rocks, ocean waves . . . these are not rods. Actually . . . almost no one

can make a rod. If you see a clover, white rocks, ocean waves, let them go free.

On the Hegelian Hegemonic Kinetic Poetry of J. Francis Klocksiam

Caroline Berry Klocksiam

It passes from the landscape like shopping carts, beds
in a circumstance of transmutation. Used to be, it came
as the sweated typewriting students, born with a pencil
behind the ears. Used to be, it came as a new mathematics,
through several dopplers and holding a particular brand protractor.

On the way, it lost its sourcebook and so configured this language
of fractions from pending operations and all floating and subroutine
notations. For example, the early poem, "Clear Display and Pending Operations,"
is regarded an important lyrical breakthrough in the inverse relationship
between the astral graph and that of the ascending asymptote.

Don Ezra Clemente, the great painter and friend, says that, "All art
is a machine which must responsibly and necessarily flail wildly
like an astigmatic paint mixer." Of his own poems Klocksiam has said,
"They require a degree of traveler's hygiene. They never brush their teeth
on ideological grounds of the fundamental accumulative nature ordered
to achieve what I like to call the *Gesticulate Linguo-Pirate Phenomenon*."
(a theory of particular pride to the poet).

Consistent with this sort of hunting and accruing, see the poet's regular
collection of coffee simultaneously brewed and forgotten on the counter,
along with each daily list folded into an even more rigorous, supplemental list
of things forgotten from the first. On the more crackly, yellowish lists,
words like, ~~Diet Coke~~. ~~Divorce~~. On the newer lists, words like, ~~Houseplants~~.

Love, this new thing, threatens the Klocksiam poems. At best, they identify
a large cat, trying to paw its way into their neck of the woods. At this time,
not even the best poems can remember the guidebooks on how to deal.
*What the hell kind of cat is this anyway? Do you A) just play dead? or
B) clap, appear large while singing to the cat, flailing the arms so much
that, like all invisible particles, their sheer speed translates into invisibility?*
Clearly, the poems of Klocksiam, universally revered for their sophistication,
develop serious confusion on all possible planes.

His poems progressively loosen from the *Gesticulate Linguo-Pirate Phenomenon*,
as they are now having images of root systems, hearts, flower petals
as meaningful, and as they are now having a general sense of whimsy and whatnot.
In the new book of poems entitled, *Breezes Around Our Hearts*, one particular piece

hobbles around on the phrase, “my dear,” sexualizes stretch marks,
and insists on comparing someone’s eyes which are green to the Mt. Tabor Lutheran
Church steeple, which is also green. The poems, which had flourished
in their collective state of poemness, may now be mistaken for frozen block of sardines.
He travels with 4 or 5 in his back pocket. The poems have been diagnosed with
adjustment disorders. They abandon all gestational tendencies. They shove
fingers in their ears and forget biographies from city to city. They are kaput. Klocksiem

gets smart, develops brand-new routines. He even goes to parties where he notes
and practices joke-making. One new habit involves mirrors, meditation, and daily
sunrises on the patio. “Welcome birdies,” he coos, “welcome little love poems.”