

Orderly Peach

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(1)

I was out shopping for tambourines
faces of Jesus, crosses, Dürer's praying hands

some relic of the particular

but the cell phones that adduce absence
were silent in the square

a sideshow constitution relayed
every perquisite every fungible currency

I surveyed vast tracts of architecture
exquisite feeling I visited

the dusty museum of saddles and lariats

I did not despise my youth

O Mr Man in the sycamore tree
these are the generations of my couchingplace

O Mr Man in the sycamore tree
can we really tell whose fable is whose

(2)

I've always wanted like Marion Faye
in *The Deer Park* a conflagration to cleanse

I pull an orange from my battered pack

release the zest peel back
the albedo the pluperfect gradient
inheres (to slake) as parcel
this EXEMPLARY APPETITE saudade

And reverencing the inversion
And reverencing the vessel

I climb to one certain height confirming
that prior bargain this sweet juice
O Mr Man in the sycamore

(3)

Arbeit macht frei the noun
Arbeite und Hoffe the imperative verb

I like the idea of men in uniforms
conjugating day in and day

out for my benefit do you ever imagine
you've been tagged in a game

receding further and further
from touch —interrupted adversion

Emerson: “A more generous trust is permitted”

O Mr Man in the sycamore tree
(O Mr Man in the sycamore)

(4)

Mise-en-scène: the glasscutter
the lard the soft towel thrust arrested

—this pierced will. I am no one's
exclusive agent here in the expressive solace

of a vivid interior

(sign of rod to serpent) prism's tyranny
spectrum's unvaried grip

and like light through surface brought
back with us tender

hydra of the tongue the glitter
and the rut imposed(a leprous hand)

residual, interjacent
(The water. The wine.) I sought—

maybe it's this way with any pentimento

O Mr Man

(5)

This is my Damascus moon
I keep it in my desk in the drawer labeled

Trophies I hear it ticking

still, my armies obey what delicate
maneuvers what svelte arabesques sometimes

I strike a bargain knowing your race
(that in the end you'll default)

this is the hour of my charity

O Mr Man in the sycamore tree
COME DOWN

as an ice floe breaks from its polar hold

O Mr Man in the sycamore tree
COME DOWN

I am the clapper in your crystal bell

O Mr Man in the sycamore tree
COME DOWN

I hold the seed from which the tendril breaks

O Mr Man in the sycamore tree
O Mr Man
O Mr Man in the sycamore tree
O Mr Man