

**THE-
RE
YOU
ARE!**

By Zeke Virant

For David Shears, Kris Miller, and Isaac Elkins

I.

There is something happening:
Is now, goes down,
and when we see it together,
do you feel a swell of heart?
it is something that grows in us,
a Bother-y Little Boy with wild hair and teeth red
from candy sits under the tree with can of coke
lazing in the soft dirt
skips little jumps with head held crooked,
arms in peace to flying
flailing-smiled-body-dance
the son of pretty parents and good kind memory
*I will not say to you, "Nothing." I will not be in you
"pain."*
Gruff and good, a boy grows fast with
the shrubs, who digs into the dirt and cackle-
laughs wishful fullness. And told to sing, sings
soft and to self
Slowly,
*the heart hurts will make me
and you.*

*O these days I am alone,
and I wonder of you.
From where you are,
I am coming.*

*Your eyes as the song
heavy and hurt—
my eyes are yours.*

*You stay there with me,
where we were young.*

I am trying to remember how these situations remain,
How I have to tell you about what I expected in you,
How the seasons have changed all hungry morrow in your
hand, head, and heart. We are at it, *son*

daughter

foster

father

*coming home, drinks wine, and after a
year without you, I can't remember all
the time we weren't together. I went to
the park and had a flag, and they took it
away. They make me feel like a headless
buffoon!*

I walk over the dewdrop grass to sit on a
hill, and I am alone here. My shoes are
wet and pine needles are collecting in my
shoe holes and muddy laces.

My friend, oh, but you're crying, going
to college, where are you now?

I am trying to remember how these situations arise,
how I have to tell you about the
last time I got on the train: this boy had such a pretty voice.
He was just like us: a boy at boarding school like how I
was at boarding school, in a book how I was not, then at
Yale what was expected in you. Us poor children, our
mommas' wanting us to get away, waiting for us to loosen
up. Now where are we? Reading those damn books? We
have nobody's rich parents and quiet daughters, anymore—
the ones with the snide eyes and a smile that you have to
make up, who take such care to find themselves at boarding
school cause they never wanted to talk.
You are telling me everything, and I wanted to ask you,
why'd you say "*that in all these things we are the same?*"
Where are you?

II.

I am looking at a picture of pretty children and a fine
childhood,

it is there, a blue ocean and us all around it.
know it eloquently. When he was sad, he would open his
book and put it in there, not knowing what was there, but it
was of him and from him—it was alright to have it there.

full fat lips,
cooing the
seashore slowly
boat by boat
the puddles deeper than
tributaries, the pretty seashells,

Who knows? A childhood?

deriving any meaning and not
attaining anything in its conception—to conceive
the wrong path and follow impudence
. not .

—
. simple
deriving, but knowing,
no night's color,

the color of black burning
where trains turn pebbles on the cold railing
and tastes of gasoline
waits a few months and then tastes again.

in this picture, your
eyes are pilots
over the ocean,
how seashells slap
across the hard sand—

and not having found
what you are,
remember the kudzu's deliverance
in the highway's valley,
*the full moon residue of driving, sleeplessness and
perfume,*

*these shapes into my chest: "you're
my favorite thing":*



Still, still becoming memory,
Likening experience and you—
Becoming motion and time as nothing

still assuming an ending.
 as the road curves
 the backdrop continues in place

I can concur without thinking about it.
 I can concur this without exasperation

why distance seems to
separate longing from
loveless—
how motion has no purpose or distance
in moment

III.

Let us lay on the grass.
I will talk to you when we are better.

“It’s like I need time to figure these things out,
But there’s always someone there going”: I don’t know
what the fuck I’m doing, *the subway car, the vague
stresses onto children, sister brother foster father.* we
watched with boring intent stillness in the comfort of
boredom:

 know anything, soft grain song
 of an overcast sky and knew
 every photograph was serious or funny.
where the warm weather went, and we were dumb—
 went where sad was simple and
 stupid was worthy
to say it, “*You can rub shit all over your face.
You’ll still never succeed in becoming more
beautiful than you already are. Some will
always see this, but when you see it, you
leave them powerless.*”

IV.

Staying self in self,
make all thinking shape me—a newness that must focus
onward and shine its empathetic roots—everyone fumbling
humble broken legs, the great new growing—in epitaph
and book, the traced outline of more outlines taking away.
Says, “I don’t know what the fuck I’m doing!”

And seeing it now,
imagine you were a hole in the ground.

Or a moat.

You would have to be a hole in the ground, dug in and
around a structure. You would get filled with water and
sit—green things growing out of you filling the ground
with small hairs, growing as all things grow,
from soil or body, water and fungus caking to holes in the
ground,
bodies rolled in mud, brick, and mortar.

Buildings done up for bodies and stacked in walls for dead
where they are kept after dying, sarcophagus:

You are in a room, and the lights are covering you. Hold
the camera to the mirror and cut off the light. Know the
room is with your body, and listen to the lens crack and
tape winding, or the body into film as a light object. You,
luminary dancer in the lightless room with the film, you
say to you, “*Me. Body dancer. When I need blood, I will
tap my head, and it will come to me.*”

V.

Drinker of life, rest yourself.

Know that that the experience of all things—
whether these things be great or senseless—aren't
necessarily making us better people—that is, I am trying to
create a situation where being a better person can be
found in something else.

knees

lock, alone

too long when have found
and no longer finding:

“An imploding cat walks into a test tube and explodes, and
the bartender says, ‘Not having sung, sing again evening’s
unhaving.’” what walk, what walk.

What crystal, what’s inside:

when here before its filling: *I didn't think I could*

I dreamed and slept

the numb pleasure of it.

Sleep, and images of you

blossoming curls

and strong affectionate sways

nothing hard

child-like and mine.

*It was a little tired and tedious reaching, but I got back into
it with a little go and slept a bit longer. I reached again
and found I woke back up. I got up slowly and hated.*

How do these daisy-teethed

Dixie dolls—does anyone?:

a whole summer spent stating

*“her eyes are pretty, white palettes.
(I never thought I’d be an astronaut
I always saw myself on fire.)” What do you do?*

The soil is in my clutches.
The crystal focuses all things.

Something essence. Sand on the beach put into cuts. Place.
Going some place.
How do you discern something essence?

All these things in my mind feel like shapes of things I
have never felt pressed against my body and rotated.

The same window all the time. There is never any light, but
I see color. Without hue, only dark. Window shapes
moving. I watch. Walk barefoot on brick. What is this?

her face touches the cool window
and she sees the road moving under her and smells rocks
and dirt,
holds her hand out the car window
her hand hitting the wind and drying
the hat wet with hat sweat and the wind through our hair.

to the ocean with the water,
walking past pebbles kicking—
of loose slacks, good pants,
and all clothing worthless
boring

what were a promise lost
finding it
gone

“Children are.
the flame throwers.

The un intended consequence behind your
silly— silo full of useless unknowing,
before the gasoline love leaks out of the chamber...”

and knowing nothing could happen, drew an eye in the
petal dew on the rose and watched the

 cawing noise get further away from us. mouthing
words of *not this, no nothing*. would wander always where
could know the fence was falling, the between the loose
boards

and where we sat but

nothing and wanted to cry but could hardly and
felt the burble of no wept

 waiting.

Why worried and lost kept hold. of this knowing
finding incomplete

and all goes,

 the empty man.

And so went it with like linger.

“they,” they say

 in memory

and depth of crystal (turn it)

 Judge-body wisdom

 Judge-animal body

 adhering

 glint of it

 When worth would load heart with heart. induce
longing, might even see it as falling apart.

Something like you can't think
of anything to say if you aren't
 comfortable where you are. couldn't remember
 why we would
 say that to
 each other.