

**part ii**

*(Erik Noonan)*

*If ought of oaten stop, or pastoral song*

if poetry ever sharpens the mind's senses  
an in invocations at a banquet  
it pulls this off through operations all its own  
which have lots to do with the past present  
passing unnoticed behind casual eyes  
and with painfully writing words on paper  
by hand and nothing to do with prevailing  
sense-data theory or with personal preference  
for avoiding answers that have no question  
yet once now and then poesy transports  
certain figures solitary amidst revelry  
into recurrent moods if not eternal  
paradise then at least ephemera  
wafts off beyond an edge named William  
Collins

***Roots of Hypnos***

the publishing house tax writeoff quota  
develops its own imperatives and cues  
book deal hounds who play along  
so an art object fabrication specialist  
can turn out industry standard verbal product  
with glib untruth and boring sameness  
and readers can reinvent a petty bourgeois  
leisure ideal  
of poetry consumption as status manufacture  
contrariwise if beauty is love of form  
as courage is love of fate then disorder  
has a use beyond refuge from conformists  
brand loyalty doesn't bind or divide us  
integrity means you deal with conditions  
the plural usurps terms and adjusts groups

**Recension**

a federal democratic republic nation state  
with centralized power whose sovereign  
reserves justice can coerce anybody  
but within imagination no realm is real  
save those of its own making and yet  
Denver Chicago San Francisco Boston New  
York

Iowa City it's the one inside joke  
magazines run coursework as poems  
then the phratry splinters  
in an atmosphere of fatalism and blackmail  
doctrinaire friends to indifferent fortune  
rehearse slogans control deliria  
prose officialdom scrub celebrity  
it matters how we treat each other

***How vainly men themselves amaze***

a traitor worm in the inverted tree  
of service to the state rots English oak  
shrewd career choices based on cold  
conclusions  
drawn from close scrutiny of how things tend  
will come to nothing lacking strong  
connections  
established by recorded action over time  
and the ability and will to exploit them  
for self advancement if not preservation  
tyrants as personalities dramatic  
though they be die and leave debris behind  
fealty even divided must go down  
one either weathers out the storm or doesn't  
scarce thoughts without green shade for shelter  
stay  
green very long mind guards the garden so

**Pasquinade**

as on the uptight pages of an emulous diarist  
clique life subs in for cohesion  
that never got lost to begin with  
and out-sulks Pandemonium itself  
the forms of instinct aren't archetypal myth  
just so much drama in the pop sense  
schmaltz dirty looks video brawls  
during a black nite of the body  
when colors all to wight are cast  
the tale is what's told from what's lived  
no matter we beg our loves' forgiveness  
having hypostatized some phase of it  
lucky thing few lives will do for art  
reading ours would've made even us yawn

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ODD COMPULSION, vol. ii