

Prospect Park

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Preface

It is easy to push for another pacing of words and to say as usual there must be other sentences and would be cramped lines. But words wait between each other, which, is a pause in the head listening to hear it pass. They are someone talking passively of the heat, or the needer by the window who finished his book (picture Wallace Stevens, saying to himself, "The house was quiet and the world was calm. The reader became the book; and summer night was like the conscious being of the book").

Part One
The Garden House

The Garden House

The grass occurs. So also those more clouds occur above the garden house, as if someone lived there. Such moods of grass come from the ground so the wind could throw its water around. Could you have said I would go to earth? Or that it is a wheel, the dirt around the field which makes the eye in the grass a circle? To think of an eye of grass so it occurs with a little island of lookers may make that patch alone have any chance to make itself, purely supposed, fluent in even the runniest dirt.

Wild Flower Meadow at the Pools

Fake this small grassland habitat by planting native switch grasses (a warming of number over number) little blue stem (who came in eternal and of a day as yet unseen) plus wild-flowers such as black-eyed-susan (air collected in a deep session) and milkweed (dark-grass which accepted that which nothing understood). Attract song-sparrows (wanted by day to be more than a spokesman of night) field sparrows (had he been better able he might sit on a sofa on a balcony above the Mediterranean and watch the palms flap green ears at the heat) lincoln's sparrows (he had only live to not walk in the dark) and indigo buntings (it is easy to think he lay there denying what he heard by rejecting what he saw).

The Square

Find the scene set for repeating what was already and has already happened. To reconstruct the site, I'd have to be on a walk, and like a walker, slowly and with deliberation, move in the clear, the most open clear of the square, and repeat, exactly the scene, expressed in the motion of people, as of two motions coming to one. But it could be only a man walking, or just an act of the square finding the scene set for repeating what was already and has already happened there.

Long Meadow

Some-things, greeny, some-things are like this that typically and because of themselves are dirt, the exactest dirt which you and I pronounce like hate on the ground but you and I are not such things. Most things talk up the dirt with nothing concerned that we are green ourselves, and think without labor of thought, and feel in a way apart for a moment as if there was a green outside of ourselves.

The Lot

So what said the other and the tree went down
and in the clearing they made the other said
I fear that tress must struggle like the rest
to the other who said I say no to all these
every-things in order to get at what's left.

The Ambergill

The oak trees by the ravine are half-wed, the same way a wood thrush and a vireo with the half-colors of quarter-things are half-wed, to the slightly righter sky. Oaks still may shade the ambergill where they themselves never quite will attempt what cannot be expressed, except, to take up the slightly righter sky.

The Squat

This place he considers is able to deliver place, good like common places, more of that moving closer which he considers is able to deliver more of it. All afternoon he sat, as if in story, telling how to deliver place, what makes more of it, when to move closer, and why place makes place. Now that the afternoon is down and the story is loud again, the moving closer has him up here, where place is how you remember this is not sleep, this is fire. Say that he said the words, it still isn't enough to deliver more of it, any more than considering this place which is how she remembers.

Part Two
The Camperdown Elm

The Camperdown Elm

Trees pose on the falling down through the ground, so how they look is only where they are now, but in nature they grow to celebrity, dropping to be seen, they pose themselves and their plans. For all their images, they come up as the only right fire, so what you have left is the figure, bent where the people go, burnt on the way a shadow stays, or just the scene creates the pose, more things a tree could know, how pocks of bark could show your holes, and as you fall how all your angles come to close. Tomorrow when you are still here, come up as fire, turn over in our heads above and to the left, make the land without a shape have the sense to create a pose, we need to know how all days were the ones you gave, and how even on your knees, cankered like the trees, your leaves didn't catch Elm Disease.

Lullwater

Us here in the center stand right where the people go, their mouths come in, and in that place take what could stand to be taken, their mouth to wet their talking. Makes them want like hate, to push their mouths only to what sounds here in the center and have us discover what could still contend with their tongues.

Ravine

Say that this ravine simply stopped us of all our minds, and made vital what I want fresh, so in a hole there's a stretch of clear water. (Brilliant how I needed one more thing to have yet more than a hole with a stretch of clear water.) There will, however, still remain enough to lay our hands clear in the water and take at the end so much that the water is simple with nothing more than hands there.

Payne Hill

The grassy hill denies that abstraction is necessary to these hills where to speak of a stone needs a stone to speak of. A stone that is not the idea of man but the true fact of it dropped on the abstraction that is you bashed in. Deny to this hill that to speak of a stone needs no stone to speak of.

Midwood

When, at the weatherier end of the year, old light moves through the trees, not for any reason and just because, to give all places only a little light, under a cloud which is this cloud, which the branches pronounce like hate on the ground, the trees can't even make shadows anymore.

Walnut Grove

It touched beyond the giving of a tree. If all branches handed down to you more green walnuts, then it was fitting that they bore us, as part of all things, to breed and be lewder than the trees. So it does, since by our workings we take it on, pick up and place over our bare new head the branches so they become our cares, letting through only light and the green walnuts that bare us to breed and be lewder than the trees, covering the ground in the still milder of all fruit covered nuts.

Nethermead

Among the more relevant details in this bowl-like greensward are dogwalkers and picnickers. We say to ourselves there might be no doubt we see what-we-are in the space of a field, which we think away not to make them other things which is only what the sun does every day. Hawks and falcons also make dog-walkers and picnickers more relevant by catching thermals from nearby hills (too much like flying to be less than flight) and coming down to hunt pigeons and squirrels. From the little blue of the horizon to the great green, here in the Nethermead, look for tree swallows which we think away not to make them other things which is only what the sun does every day.

Part Three
Quaker Hill

Quaker Hill

The walk, actually a road of sorts, said aloud into the day-green, saying, "You do not take to these as they are," to the hill which said, "These as they are will not take to a hill over cars." The walk said then, "But do, you must, take us only, yet all, don't think on the cars, please they are only these as they are."

Starlings in the Long Meadow

Although this cosmopolitan bird dominates the scene, from what place did he come if in the mind he left like a static thing, without presence, presiding everywhere. Pigeons and sparrows poke around the ground for bread and picnic left-overs, but he still is more than the whole experience of day. Upon my top he breathed the pointed dark of shapely fire. The less than morning light was native to him, and he poked out in the darkness thereof and parted the scene for the space that all birds share.

Lamppost No. 249

And for what, except for you, do I press the extremist look, hidden in the uncertain sight of a certain, single spot, shared in moving, mostly in watching though, to the uncertain sight of a single, certain look, which we take at rest, central in your chest, to prove the pressing you bring is peace.

Duck Island

Dirt to the ground turned over, you could watch it if you could only, is the same as such simple things as the land, said, "It was not so much the lost territory, it's there, what counted was the lake, and my hot of self blocked out. Now what split up in the clicking could just go out." Dirt to the ground turned over, storming under what name he had for it, all that brunt, said, and beyond his throat came out the words, "Could verboseness in that lake shift from a wordy, watery way to convictions, then yes, listen, just so a matter could be dissolved I'll let the salt hang on his spirit like a frost, and this be annulled."

Lefferts Homestead

That would be waving the truth is, when we can no more motionless hands make, too many thanks take for shapes that were never you. There is order, the sense it makes to shape have-lost afternoons without passing forms I cannot deride to require would-be-endings but that would be saying goodbye. To be so singular about what took so little, to turn, or just stand there, would be waving and that would saying goodbye. To be so singular to just stand there at would-be-endings is what's least in saying to the light wind my hand makes rushing the air, "You ought to be everywhere."

Panther Gate

The metal and the form are one, so kids could have the weather, so kids could grow out people and the people could outgrow the metal, which, at a distance to the road, one hundred and three feet, is more than the eight inches of my hand could measure against the shadows of any span. To have the way so open, as to have a clear shot, so to no equal, people, with nothing what-so-ever to see except kids that have the weather, can think things are alright since the metal and the form were one, one hundred and three feet from the road.

Part Four

Battle Pass

Battle Pass

What is this, people, this membering, the lights of the park like a region? It's persons seen in a people light. The town arranged its heroic proportions, but now, as in an armor of persons, people send people around. Here the valley grove road, gateway to the hills on the southside, offered general sullivan and his men the chance to make a stand in the battle of long island. Look, when stones fell they were clear, now every muscle slops away. Whisk it, people, flick the spray, keeping the British away.

Lookout Hill

The trees are over. Making it a question now of final place. They must be in a way to choose to stay near the stream, dying, dead in a dry bed, still with branches, and are (if you can say of the cold, it's not enough could never stand to snow) in the end, however unlikely, still dead. At 185 feet, lookout hill, the central pinnacle of the ridge, is the first place migrating birds stop when they arrive in the park, and the place from where they depart. However, there is always a pause of wind. And the trees aren't dead, dying in a dry bed.

Vale of Cashmere

Say of the yellow that they are lifting in night blue over day blue. A place marker more than a color, still, there is repetition of yellow and yellow, of the visible elements, and of our own. (The pocks of blue are the heads of dogs that turn into hills and jump the green.) Yellow over it. You drift, you too are drifting, unless in the dark you come to the edge of a natural amphitheatre filled with azalea, summersweet, and rhododendron, and show the edge of their edge.

Quaker Cemetery

It has been easy to say in recent times everything tends to move in direction, or rather, everything moves in direction, that is to say, in the same direction. We leave it and come back to it, what it would be, not what it has too often remained. Our workings, friends, illustrate the flame and struggle, everywhere, even in the periods we call peace. But our direction, as we want it, will never please that used world everyone is at least satisfied to have it be.

Boulder Bridge

Consciousness (or some other thing in the presence of the boring) is only a matter of tact—what might be heroic tact—on such a scale that the mere word consciousness, which makes me cringe, repeated, affects the scale of all your thinking and constitutes a participation in the heroic bore.

The North Lullwater Woods

These shrubby, woody slopes speak of winter as a stubborn brightness forested with black locust trees. Yet each place speaks of winter and the brightness speaks of a woods providing food and shelter for warblers, black-capped chickadees, woodpeckers and native sparrows. Each place speaks of winter, and in winter, owls have been seen to roost here in the evergreens.