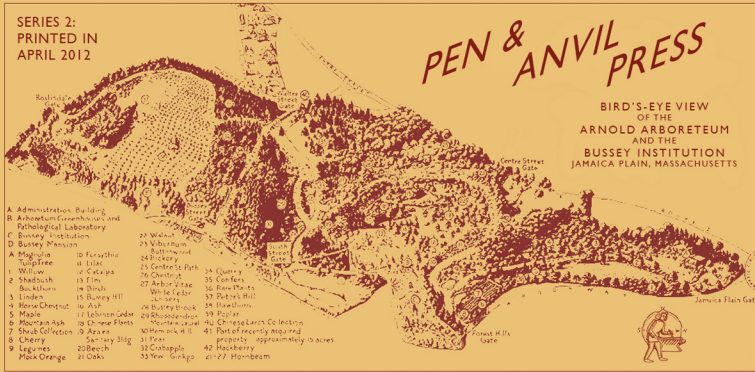


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PRESS**

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW
OF THE
ARNOLD ARBORETEUM
AND THE
BUSSEY INSTITUTION
JAMAICA PLAIN, MASSACHUSETTS



CONTENTS:

HIS BODY A FEATHER

FIVE POEMS FOR THE AUTHOR'S SON
BY JAMES H. STOTTS



ABOUT JAMES STOTTS

The author is the youngest of five; a poet, translator, jongleur, and father. His work appears in *AGNI*, 1913, *Little Star*, *The Critical Flame*, and in other venues.

“

...HIS BODY

A FEATHER...”

POEMS BY
J. H. STOTTS

PUBLISHED BY
THE PEN & ANVIL PRESS

DEDICATED TO
THE AUTHOR'S SON JACKSON

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

*The five poems
in this sheaf developed
during and after walks
in Arnold Arboretum
in Boston, Mass.*

Seventy-five copies printed in BOSTON in January 2011.

FOR SALE at the price of \$3.00 or €2.80 or ¥250

[FIRST OF FIVE]

KEEPING JACK AND THE DOGS AT ARM'S LENGTH
WIPING BLOOD ON MY JACKET SLEEVES

TRYING TO COUNT THE TOES ON A BLUEJAY
CRUSHED IN THE GREEN GRASS—
NOT FIFTEEN, NOT EVEN SIX
NOT EVEN ENOUGH TO ACCOUNT FOR THE ONE LEG
I'M ABLE TO FIND



[WRITTEN MARCH 19TH 2010]

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[SECOND OF FIVE]

PAPER BIRCH, HUNGOVER
SLEEPING IN HIS RAGS
BEECH BARES HER SPECKLED THIGH
HAWTHORN AND HONEYLOCUST BARE THEIR TEETH

NO SOUND BUT THE ARGUMENT OF THE SEASONS
IN THE FREEZING RAIN
NO HOME ON THIS EARTH BUT THE MASSED CHAFF OF WAVES
WHERE WE WALK NOW, OURSELVES UNCOVERED

AND THEN THERE WERE THOSE OTHER WAVES
BREAKING UNDER FALLING ICE AND RAIN OVER LAKE SUPERIOR
BEFORE I KNEW MY OWN DISSOLUTION
EXCEPT TO WADE OUT INTO THE STORM NAKED AND ALONE
AND THROW MY FISTFUL EXCITEDLY INTO THE AIR

[WRITTEN FEBRUARY 24TH 2010]



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[THIRD OF FIVE]

CLIMBED OUR HILL OF BARBED WIND
ON TWO BONEWHITE O'S
TO AN OPEN FIELD OF THOUGHT AND SNOW
AT THE TOP
AND A SMALL WELLSPRING
WITH SOME DISTURBANCE STILL FROZEN ON HER FACE

I BROUGHT THE DOGS AND THE BOY
WHO TAKE TURNS
PICKING THE WESTERN HALF OF A HARE'S JAW
CLEAN

CAN HARDLY HEAR THE TRAFFIC
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD
AND THIS LETTER TO YOU BEGINS
BEFORE THE HAND HAS A PLACE TO PUT IT

[WRITTEN FEBRUARY 9TH 2010]



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[FOURTH OF FIVE]

DOGS MUSHING THROUGH THE DISGRACED LEAVES
AND DOWN THE HILL OF ANOTHER SEPTEMBER
BEYOND THE PALE, WIND FILES AWAY THE SUMMER'S INDICES
CODES THE AIR IN MATRICES OF GOLDEN LIGHT

WHISKEY KEEPS THE CALENDAR IN ITS WITHDRAWING TIDE
TOO LATE FOR THE FIRST WORDS AGAIN, TOO LATE TO REMEMBER
ANY OF THE ORIGINAL DESIRES THAT DROVE THE ORIGINAL SIN
IN THE MORNING HOURS IT'S ALL I CAN DO JUST TO MOVE AND BREATHE

WHILE YOU'RE AWAY SOMEWHERE IN THE GHOST LIMBS OF THE DAY
SOWING SEEDS AS I SECRETLY SCATTER MINE
OVER THE BACKS OF THE HILLS HUNCHED UNDER THE APPROACHING NOON
LIKE BEASTS PREPARING FOR THE DARK, AS I MUST SOON

[WRITTEN MARCH 2ND 2010]



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[FIFTH OF FIVE]

IN THE COOL ABSENCE OF LIGHT BEFORE DAWN
A SUMMER TANGER STABS THE PASSABLE HILLS
WITH HIS CALL
HIS BODY A FEATHER OF DYING ASH
BALANCED ON A THORN
A MEMORY TO THE SINKING SOUTHERN CONSTELLATION

THE CHURCHBELLS WHET THEIR TONGUES WITH LIME
AND FLAGELLATE THEMSELVES SIX TIMES

DEMONS IN THEIR PITCHBLACK ARMOR
HAVE CROSSED SEVEN SEAS
THE DISGUISED PRINCE TO MURDER AND CORAL PLUM DEVOUR

[WRITTEN JULY 6TH 2010]

