

FAILED CATALOG

So only a series of approved rivalries,
Color struggles in distant cities
Appearing white or yellow then
White again in new locales,
Initial contact between parties
In anticipation of a use: tulips

For their easy display of chambers
But not the jonquil's distracted bell
Looking off a modest progress.
Lantana for its safer forms but no
Schadenfreude of the trumpet vine
Laughing at a year's pastel debris.

So only a series of approved devices,
Slashes that curve until coils yield
White rose, yellow rose, moss-rose, etc.
The eyes of dresses walking by, stopped
By a scene their stopping closes
To any further investment. But now

Even red fills the victory garden
With ill-advised exaltations, planned
Surprise of a world become all
Nervousness, demanding proof
Come back. It likes things to
Arrive by unnoticeable kinds of mail

Red can count itself quietly
Among, nothing more than
An aged person in a playground
Thinking of secluded industries, what

Goes on elsewhere making it through
In tame flashes, dream of hearing

Laughs from a set of relations
Easy to turn down. I like to think
Laughter is first yellow then red
As the damage spreads to the rest,
Child in bright shirt, bodiless,
Detainable only in the dwarf form

Of mountain laurel as it grows without support.
There are several other things to say,
Some of which extend beyond the page,
So any upward motion half intended,
Limited battles materials begin,
All the citizens in any of their things,

19

How the furniture ends up on the street
In a dream there's no sequel to
Picking out one thing at another's
Expense, and living here not there
Where the rose is ticking. All clocks
Bombs to the sweetpea which still

Must think its way in bunched tasks
Beyond the sin of overhaste. The name
Trails behind on a small stake
Brought forward each inaudible spring
To a correspondence. I like to think
Hello is a way of saying it's vast

Even local colors are capable of,
Haziness of sun first yellow gauze
Then madder, maize, war, etc.