



ushered
white
waiting

nicholas
deboer

dedicated to the living memory of mother, father, brother...

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i don't know

how to tell

that it's her

in the widow maker artery

: if she knew :

i'd spend the

rest of time

looking to the

skies for

blue

stars

an ushered white waiting
along marble linoleum, six&seven chairs...

single burn at the ceiling
spray of a passing. is, is not.
inescapable ey, water-lids, bid for anything, thing. freeze

reel
to reel. mother, please speak for me
i-cannot-speak-as-you

my fault. mine. not his.

he is here, the one who reads from
r i t u a l s.

hello, are we together right now?

spin spin my heart father
can
i
take
your arteries? can i take them for you?

crash, white

the doctor and rib crack of electrical push: told this, told this...

dad: after: you pulled respiration from lungs...

crash

flash-white-flash streak, smudging

who is this now, brother?

do not ask about the after.

my mother's hands are up, are up against swollen features...

what does your face appear...

grandpa

untying buttons

a year after his wife gone, alone to be woken

to a son's tense, fraught at two-a.m.

dad son

dad son what can i?

the one who reads rituals stands

and leaves, will he read now?

will he read

for you, dad.

waiting in white momentum.

mom. my fault. mine

my fault

missed the emergency room.

in the car.

in the passenger seat.

his
skull falls between the seats and eyes
white
white and and white and

opposite of the emergency, opposite
and
we at the pulling hard of doors and chains and
where
and where and masked man in truck
stilts words, pointing

lady
behind the desk
she was the lady behind the desk
on the telephone
holding pause single finger

dropping
his body
onto the ground, to be rolled onto gurney but too big, too big
his body yanked into wheel chair
and ushered in and ushered

eight minutes oxygen deprived, clear.

i, not a widow yet

"..won't make it through the night, three percent chance..."

mom can i stay? stay, i.

tell me if you'll be okay...
brother
are we
together?

cannot be driven, four a.m.

where the sun hides from the darkness

deconstruct
/ loosen the ready threads
, those multi-headed creatures

rooting me out, as if a black bird would demolish

curdle in scream
as depression tires, his sincere warmth of skin

sand crumbles down the damages,
billowing waves crest, cross

a mis-bleeding, summons of an epiphany

afraid
slumber
as my heart beat passes
 through the first night

fingers resting on the bone
above

wheezing bird
fasting on the clipped rocks, the waves crash
 as the blur turns-around...

who is behind you, dad?

longing trips
wake in the sweat
of tears that reside
upon the cicada heart.

the family room
a black railing
as the dog who senses...and the channel is changed

you awake papa?

his father seeing his son, my son – mine, fault, is his mother here?

white fabric mares as whispers
fall over the metal sides, let me
die

white fabric mare

let me die, lord: grand says and
knows what the length of time is...

gurney sweat
dad, you alone in you.

mom, where is my mom?

here, hospital

the dying is it, dying in

as the white spill of gold-sun
and across his pupils,

a book becoming unbound:

blank slabs
cloaking his language,

jarring emotional, body as bits of code.

raw emergence
, a meaning

so-so static
paving over of cresting grass...

the delay in my father's starring voice

i am carrion & the night, a sharpened existence
tucked under me
an epiphany too difficult to polish

in the memory, his stacks of smoke
, a somnambulism, he is my pangaea
cut up over the water (heart)

the doctors confer, the moths become errors
on the interior, as angioplasty rumored

85 breaths per lung,
visit
in a dark black set, a chest

plastic glue for the scar tissue

cannot visit new dad...have push, enclosed white
lifting again for a day forward. hi said with a shift of red
veins that are broken jigsaw, hi in uncertain motion:

hi hi hi, i said.

his voice deep-darked, voided 'mom said to talk to you. said i need to tell you
you are my father
might not finish
another night.' ten more minutes and cough, beep and
resumed this air of dying. willing white sheets on the floor.

show, i love you father.

my-fault-mine, the cigarette need in sweat, as my
mouth now takes them.

love
in this space, letting relief in
rewind, mom wanted father to
see us
this one last time, under the easing of...

spin down tonight, white static

overshadowing
, a tidal of density
and apologetics

let us choose: this is happening.

[the whole widowed heap
main and a name]

could a string of, a spring that
comes up on the underside of
language. will words grace us again?

there is an untraceable line
spitting venom over
each
image from the hospital

haves i made my childhood blasphemous?

streaks of smoke over his house
and against midnight, hovering
in front of the garage, the tearful stalls
in a wall of crisp blue eyes

moving behind the window, to avoid
, to a window, an approach

saturation writes the void: as everyone, has unpacked...

'you will be medicated for the rest of your days'

"i have forgotten to take them, it hurts going down"

sun sagging through
three rectangular windows in blind-beige

he will be no more of waking,
of steel mills and silent train cars

the hold in winter
as body starts the white freeze

starts
deepening
so

much

tissue away

there was never time, there was never time
foreshadow of anything

sitting in yellow recliner
dreaming into a moment

as pain town triggers
in the regard of others:

a combustibility
of
parts, the belt-buckle come down...

sitting on my hands
, a choke chain; my blood will smear

sitting up, and you crowding around it

the ropes burn a bit, hands stiffed

perspire, perspire

[the attic
gods calling the station]

and i am here, assigning the forms,

shapely sections in disappointment

to be read, in the precious sending of a package
at a dictate of lovable consequences

an idealism locked in d.n.a. sequencing
in plugs of oxygen as the rabbit runs.

letters dropping down through the films,
a lacking impulse in
the index of fingers, a lesser density

to trade places with his dire

the mirror...
spools thread to dye...

our lines are missing cycles
revolving and randomizing [skin & fractions]

i am balmy, runny.

free
ing
mach
ination

he, who leaned on the rail
cursing, stilted at the low dawning
there is an oval
at the end of a stream

the green maze flames
deserted ink, granulated reds

kneeling down, still trying to give the medicine
to treat the party line.

one more drop of rain.

and it is true

they will die

and that this, this

heart isn't big enough f o r - t h a t

he did come, so close

stopped up in the chest, oxygen evaporated out of blood:

he had passed into the ratio of mistakes

still

i feel his pulse at night,

disappearing for many years, as a father does...

trudging in the waves along an old island

knowing that an absence will always loom

retina in focus

laying in a chair, immobile

alive, alive

and full of form, in sleep

i miss him

do not know how to gain that spin

the white spin: the white spin

holding my arms behind

holdfor hold

the pain in your chest continues this lineage, this broken spill in a cup

i remember the exact time of events. i went to bed at 2:46am.
the water from the shower is still tracing the body.
in chicago, the stars are defaced by pollution.

'eon' or 'aion' meaning "age, vital force, lifetime"
'century' meaning "one hundred of anything"

a whole century of eons, millions upon them, dictating the rations.
investigation, a mix of flesh and a specter. plagiarism in a lot of puzzles.

these
smooth
pinkish hands

the expression of potency
gyrating dreams, a wish to blow

laying here
in my throat, the gullet: a precipice of horrification

my heart continues for you
dad.
you alone, and if fear hinders.

mouse trapped, skinned eyes: main jet propulsion

your introverted rings of old pine seduction...

jaws reprimanded, that demand for extinction...

whittling away these things

pale fire
correspond, flinches

perusing my abandonment, aging remains

the metamorphosis is the actual beat, heat of my body

center

evaporate, evaporate, evaporate

slips of boiling
, atoning on your shoulder...

there were bells
on a hill

madness: empathy
incoherency, only for the coherency of:
memoirs, a seamless surface

a pop up book

ritualistic happenings

the heritage of being flawed, a generosity that can rise above, to dissuade.

feel, the phrase that repeats
gaining abstractions, pulling itself
apart
and further still

these are the films of most affect
a structuring of themselves as a dictionary

passing pupils
in the speed born night, a forest wilder.

graphs trimmed in plastic marginality: the first layer of gravel for the pits.

taffy hangs from my mouth
remedies as slayings.
[there are no more pieces of light]

baby-blanket, comfort this mood,
procure a humility.

a white-out project

the butcher churns.

struggling, rich gums going dim with poison

this leathered skin
narciss:ative

stoic floods of a habit, a denigration

night light, a few steps
from the bed [foraging moon, glued near]

and
trauma upon trauma
indeeds us to dream of rest

we on beds, incubation
drops again, amnesiac
wists.

terror terror
draining light
in the grains of goodbye

filled in broken bottles
frozen in water
needling wounds

do not descend
do not
hear me...

neural connect,
busted
thermostats

if the wind eddies
tell the cold to
sweep
the plain states

he found himself reading at lunch breaks
between building boxcars
his home, the black great dane and pat.

your mom was rusty and you are red

is there enough space between us to talk:
how is the craving, is it tough every morning?

do you feel the stitching, still?

you said it was like being glued back together

we do not have to be this distant,
this moment is brought to us
as if there is such
a saving grace

and in

illustrating the days: the prescient present

hold out arms
six foot seven

i

lounging in the bath, whistling through thoughts, a novel of years
a tomb that initiates curiosity,

a pocket of space between the air and the brick,
meaningful innateness.

my tears for him, a gagged refuse, a grotesque tenderness

catching silver bullets, filtering
slivers
from my wolfen tongue

addressing beyond
this body stuttering itself, rippling

and all this depends on me.

the reinvention of a copycat
cutting-up a ditto page

i am turning into a sentence:

as if autonomy won:

my ability to sketch abstraction:

brail scripts, an oil lamp and canopy
voice in space, engines running quiet

in the beat of the drum, the flayed tip of the ear
dropping steps of dominoes, a swaying backwards.

draining headaches spool
they are only sleeping

the muscle-heart
expansion dwindles
it corrodes the organs
slitting blood into the eyes
dry,
cake over.

in the breath
feel the pop
swift pull trigger
reshape organs as
pre-kiln clay.

i will never allow what truly exists in this frame.

buried with the dead rolled over
on top of me
am concreted now.

excavating the urn
with a bathing cackle

embers under fingers, dusting palms, cremation sweating to skin.

discharging pain

haunting.

lashes coarse our bodies, so.
deep tissue damage
taking the tendons and striking them out
laying them next to, together

engraved with words, the blood smell rises.

slipping them together, a ball of yarn.

it is not supposed to be
it is very
that's the priest
he is explain
he speaks about up there

the nurse appears again
not doing well
a normative weight
doing better
he is watch
mother's hands moving over her face

she is not crying yet
the images of this place

happen, happen, it is a spin, a white spin

riding home, the air moist. he is a stare of cloud mass, he wills himself to have
no sleep, he is a tossing-turn, the eyes are not red.

this new, this news, brother asks about heaven, as if to pray, will.

braying

jaws

[con job dynamics]

topology strips

together as fluid foreshadow

welcome home son:

over-dose freckles closing over shoulder

cathedral noise is not: lovedive

we did it daddy, did it

'don't weave a widow of me yet'

he is now spinning the
thread of white knit, he.

could you hug me again?

would you hug me again?

i cannot follow your footsteps
as sand collapses
imploding my architecture

the tar glaciers receding,
a form of happiness, of relief.

give me a few strands of hair:
the brown head, the red beard

'red' who used to work in the train yards, making box cars
who used to fall in love with secretaries.

denial blooms, spidering along
gold gothic architecture.
and tomorrow when the rat in me swims to his death
i will be alone and alive,
breathing pain between my heart and the breast plate.
spilling forward on a bicycle,
looking to me again
a suffer smile

the words come toward the mirror
in the iris of a continuous present
an imaging occurs and a connection becomes a climatic nothingness.

just self. this is just self

deafening cuts, another curl
of the lip
another set of water, pouring, more of it.

darkening evening with the cough
white catch of a cough

spilling blood over the bottom of my chin

short sight claws hollow.

i am hollow, am empty as he moves on the coal surface

surrendering
surrend to that coil of white
at the back of the throat

stepping down
on each foot
and over
as the covers sweat, beeping pulse

regrets of an old man.

i am an old man, am hollow

am losing the moment, there is nothing
in between us

you are laying back in your recliner,
looking up
moaning for a real grasp of air.

hiding beyond, in gloom
, unstated content
in every successive draft
praxis: a livelihood in notebooks.

westward wind, aluminum ripping off a tincture of morphine administered, dad.

confess, announce, exposure

letters from the war found as my feet scuff the carpet:
cracked skin in a photographed airplane

dismantling the defuse shadow, snipping thread

snipping thread

snip thread:

old handwritten messages to a grandmother

waiting politely for her husband to come

h o m e

speaking of morphine
as you do not have much time
to border your eyes to shift
toward the burning white seal

married in the seventies, mother afraid
tense nerves at living alone. two sons both of fear

we
are watching talk show television, a drama that is not you.

not
you, death is no longer an ambition of immortality.

this is my real father, the white surrounding your face at night,
those pricks of your beard, the new gray streaks at the sideburns edge.

my fault
mine, laying on the gurney, myself: again: again: again

it was march five, giving up so many sensations,
that your heart told you to know more,

told you that it is not possible to live like this.
reaming. no pages left.
who are you, you have a name. it is a true thing.
writ of will, now five bypasses and a leg trimmed of one vein.
no more cigarette wake up call at five am, and to drink
coffee and love me and say happy to see speak and happy
to know about
my little exist

a nude patch of sand, an empty
you are now alive, a new born, but also lost.

come back to us.

you can own nothing, do not fall into it.
must make it out

owning isn't real. you are real daddy.
you are actual given second moment to

miss you missyou.

if not,

will spit through piano keys
am the gun that spills

the thankful bad man,

to post a point far in the future, before my story

takes place, creating a temporal problem.

630am, watching a movie. mom would make me come downstairs
and we did this evening morning
watching three hour films at twenty
minute intervals.

you had to build a new site
, you could never be you again, you could never be you again.

there is enough grout, steady hands
removing soft peat, the kiln to make your cabin.

i started cigarettes five years late.
wanted, guess, to give you back you

you should visit, you should visit me.

having wet matted dreams
of seeing you again. dad.

you are not dead, don't be dead dad.

it is the evening, drinking a beer
smoking your brain of cigarettes
wanting you to talk through me to you

memories bring me away to your cabin-mind
where we have our salutations
and to one another, we say we are alright, we are.

there are so many clocks:

i
am
so many clocks

grandpa
unbuttoning
his shirt, the steering of pain into nurture

the very many: i am so very many

reflection
considering a place

of dream and paralysis, paralysis

are we still writing these letters
to the full space of an edge

soaking these...in rain buckets
folding

out

water into steps

there are so many secondary senses

this is as real

as the fingers who

cannot write it

mine is a neurotic abuse, a written explanation, a word to the line, attempts at reinvention,
a shaking fist at this yawning dab of time. and to excuse myself, is to put the example in rotation
is to give negation a fighting chance.

algebraic

wisely: memory as remainder, as atavism.

fire in the presentation, the tense of a double line.

it is not about the event, persona sectioned off the coked hilt.

future is always thinly veiled in the hand of a shovel

[swirling through this scratchy thump]

to withdraw of everything,

should be of evaporation

no more of this, putting under forty-five years

don't know why,

how am i going to live

to live now

time back,

in the swollen right vein

where the stitch splits

memory comes static

in a clear past

figures blanket the space

the paper child drawing

an applause.

stolen pieces
gone to leave, the never chimed mid-day bells

twilight hemmed.

he and i are not a creature chased from paradise.

and in the deletion, from the pages of...

dendrites flow wildly
[concave, burnt filament:

to be vacuumed out, a
scattering of atoms

slinking away, cloud banks hide
pyrite, evaporate, evaporate, evaporate

a garnering of
dispel
escape
answer
expel

erudite

dissolve

dismiss

attach

arrive

evaporate

evaporate evaporate

evaporate

there are so many clocks;

i am so many clocks.

con/ crescent p r e s s

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