



RULE OF THUMB

Poems

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Table of Contents

I.

Jet Set
The Mulberry Girl
Marrow
Two With A Common Look
Room
Old Law
Anniversary
Constellation
A Blossom
News Boy

II.

Marsyas
Ajax
Mercury
What Kills Agamemnon
Electra
Echo

III.

History's Simple Pump
Interregnum
Opal Light
Gold Water Rope
View for Cusping Sight
Fisherman
Words and Starlets
History Down n' Dirty
By Proxy
Ingress
Village Nested
Prairie Game
Semaphore Land
Anabasis
Early Warning
Campfire
Australopithecine
Various Lamps of Bronze
Petitioners

Jet Set

Shaft light slots their corridor

Among the darling gray blocks.

All dust jacket
Columned like the narrowest

marrow of window light, sifting
Through tar and salt marred panes.

(a soil dark habit) all damsel eyes adrift.

For these jet set I
Turn half their apocryphal

Glitter to August blond straw.

The Mulberry Girl

The Mulberry girl arrives.
 A cynosure.
Seen at drowsy birth.
 Impregnated by thumb.

A spinner, weaving a coverlet.
To throw over and mend.
The tissue, tan-gray – a pleura.
To drape between.
 Seasons streaming through her thighs.

Marrow

Two lovers in the lowlands, contained.

Where the day has thin wrists,
An arterial blush of red.

To flood through this temperate plexus.

Holding a statue hand.
Dull plaster white, its palm is powder.

Handful like a slippery grip of wound.
Nourished from an iron marrow.

Edged against this timid, doubling shape.
A wheel of yellow sulfur, four broken heels.

Two With a Common Look

The sum of their glossy parts
Like birth wet.

Add alluvium.

Lying dead swallow in the bumpy
Middle.

Loaded
in utility fringes, a two-width coat.

Like gun cotton wrapping a snack.

The one a bulb of soft and plated tips,
Laying prone, pivoting on a lung.

The other, a face of chagrin margins,
Full of grinning crease.

Pressing bantam weight
Downward.

Room

Spread through plural winter.

A room.
North wall ruled in even measure.

Moss to its ether door.

Jupiter window opens
on the kingly cold.

Carillon sound.
And attic, a mile of silver air.

To wend through, tens or more
queued aside the layered wall.

Nested, all, deeply in wool.

Old Law

It was a hand that clamped hotly
Down on little gut's mouth.

Unhooping a skirt of thick muscle.

Opened the spice closet of the
Older throat and puffed away the

Weathervane threads.

Then all padding brushed to canister
Bottom

Goes dull, dull
In its drop.

From the water tap
Where spigot rust cuts the hand.

Anniversary

On the occasion of our honest holiday

Take firework noises
Held by palm to the
Head until deaf

Pinned, in rows
Like half-beads of glass

Or our
Hemisphered fuel

Bent one over the other
So each is a hospice socket
Untouched pomegranate seeds
Coddling in their thin orchard tissue

The sounds still play over
To pillage an echo in
Our little thinking ear

Constellation

Overhead – a perforated
Canopy.

Like a theater trick.

Pinpricked lumen
As if the sky had caught the

Smelling salts thrown up.

Held them broadcasted to its
Blackened, greased undercarriage

To repurpose its lampless face.

First not plural, then
Easily. A contrail. Sweeping
Concomitantly.

An isthmus of oil vapor
For

Step walking down the plumbing clear
Over head

And iridescent.
Weightless, unshoveling pitch.

A Blossom

A comic came to our village.

A ledge of fat felted the sky
From the sand.

His sleeves dangled and dressed the grass.
He soaked himself in air.

Saying the health of village life
Was a consuming stream to clean in.

Then, tongue touching heel,
Through the tremble of scenery

That passed under our breath like
Rich, dirty earth,

There was an hour or two of gifts.
He pointed to the mark above flood stage.

Cocked his words back with the tang of clarity.

Let a smaller minstrel out of the pleated fold
Of a hot suitcase.

Perforating its archers heart
With the handle of a cup, his words

In their laughing shape
Opened a cloud in hand.

News Boy

The emissaries' heart
Dries on the platen of the

Printing press
Curing in the cleansing sun.

Crazyhorse alone in the root cellar
Not to succor the blond beast

But to make presentation food
Out of mouthfuls of earth.

Shaped like last minute bunker
Pills storaged between

The gum line and teeth.

Marsyas

Feeling for contour.

Nothing.

But take
The thin fountain skin

Gloved
Fitted well to the nimble hands
And rift at the probable seams

This way and that.

All balloon gloss stretched
A helium arc in the belly

Accumulating in a knot

Now leaking flat.

All dozing fat
And acres of lux

Somewhere a decimal
of plausible center

With a trailing vellum skirt.

Ajax

Regarding his keepsakes Ajax memorized.
Said one of them was an original zygote

In a hemisphere of old, (say, Cambrian?) air.
A snow dome for the tourist trade in souvenirs

Of local flavor.

He would have liked that other gift, though
With its cadmium stains and smell of war,

Rubbed in famous dirt.

Burnished glossy black.
A real broken in look.

Instead he
Pulled from his pigskin knapsack
A mimeographed copy of title and deed.

Whereupon some irritable god jerked his fat fist
and passed a teeming north star into the

Corbel of a clouded arch.

A watershed. Put the hum out of florescent lights.
Sprung the scene cabling away from thick,

Unraveling drapes. And pushed open
A view to the base crux of the matter.

No time table. Just a plumb
Line to ash bottom.

Mercury

I.

Mercury

Thieving
Thickly painted in rich clothes

For example, the saffron colored
Scarf that hung from his

neck. Or the middle sash
A cord of belting pyrite and jade

As green as copper in air

In his wakeful, itinerant day
Syncopating breath

Eased over

The pit of rainwater
Dug Under his squatting thighs
A still, auxiliary pond

A dozen wood ships
Bobbed adjacent

A flotilla
Of roseate iteration

A dozen sylvan theorems
Steeping in the configuring haze

II.

When mercury moved

Milk colored light moved with him
Shimmering the sides of his
Cinnamon- shingled form like a
Millimeter of sheeting glaze on
The sun face of the Hoover dam

See his epicenter trunk

A slick, palisading shape of
Valves and inside twine

Split into pulmonary halves

He tinkered himself an end
Then a glimmer account of infancy

As one athletes carriage
Sniewing through our wide sky
Like two of the dam's turbines
Churning in their mollusk shells

III.

Mercury

Whose love, a confection ever
Looked from the small-curve surface
Of the earth as a sweet moving away

Like one roaming, lazy eye taking its
Fill of pretty paintings then resting
Half closed behind glass

A marble rolled inside his calcified head
A stone sound (typing reminiscent) tit-tat
Doubling its till per every hammer and platen hit

Carrying a tune to the hollow inner ear

Somehow
He was a little lord angler
With a chest of shipyard steel

Pulling up cod, monkfish, allmouth
Two purple bladders of fish

Somehow
A proxy of two handfals
Dipping into our common water

Cleats in the turf, hands well
Into husbandry balm

Rummaging his medical kit
For string and spike

IV.

Mercury

In his sea theory
Saw a camp of upturned oars
Broken at their staff thin points
Ending up sand held
At the beach head
Glowing in tan sun
Like shafts of milled drift wood
In white sifted air

His homestead was a
Parcel of cordite

Now a lodging of
Burgundy mitered wind emollient

And so on

V.

Holding even his girlish squeals
But nothing else

Mercury

Seethes.
Embossed in weather
Fleeing through acres of

Your darling months

A thimble amount of lust stayed
In his work

Shook tassels in
His dead lamb costume

A pouring down rain
Of shawl wool

To feather our homey place

He breathed our air over
Bubble of methane

Rolling his mafic tumor along
Like a plug of dung

Not fit for his fulgent form

VI.

Sits in an abscess of murmur
With sister and barricade
A rose field of pitch

A lesson for the heads swivel pitted notch

Mercury

Hands in heat

A pointillist mound
Disburdened of outline
Slipping calendar flat

Between alternating winks

I'm here for the view
With it's Vegas studding of
Green-gold and
Velvet red on biscuit tan

Like his ribbon road pencil gray
Wrapped out in four quartered spread
Skipping over the lands heaped butcher
Paper

To halo around a rind measure of skin

Loving the pejorative canopy
Of that wasted space

VII.

Mercury came

To echo in the daylight bloodstream
And launder the dirty cast of day

The truancy of his poorly laid labor
That it bobs in the mixture

Of pamphlet and song

Cleaning, saponifying fats – a
Bucket, a washcloth

To leak in leak out

To a line of mineral language

Running out from his throat
In lipstick length shots

VIII.

Mercury

In the guise of home
Splintering floor cold water

Walls glyphed
A liver and lung of sleep

Partial, slotted light
A libertine hand

Ever a friend of natures
Abundant pornography

Carrying his broken
Erection out of the

Smoldering wreck
Into its cast of medicine

A swirl in the water blue earth.

IX.

At the airport runway
To swallow a squadron
Of those timberless arrows
In fumes and grease

A cold sprinter (cinema-borrowed
Sounds)

On its triad of bundled fouled air

All Jurist words in rude ransom
A note hid the body

Its' recessed boutiques

What Kills Agamemnon

Mugger in the olive grove

To glance through stems
Grinning, cutting oil teeth.

A gameless pouting anti-hero
Wish fulfilled to the tips of

His conjugated grin.

Remit: a halo of gelatin

While harm binds ringlet like
To the strands of his DNA.

Inside: despairing of his
Narrow emotional range.

Outside: leveraging his
Abundant carnage initiative.

Calling it
Forward deterrence

Electra

I.

Electra's coupling was an
Accumulated surplus.

A swagger for

Champions gathered with
Proxy camaraderie.

So, as her retinue swooned

Tanker cars derailed
In a humid valley, leaking

Values and vowels for flower
Petals and grottos.

She waded in a sidelined
Peace. Tapping a bronze
Spike to make things right.

Jurymen, reflect: Electra
Sought a corrective: unattach

The death piece from the mechanics

Of the hunt device. And cap the
Day with her small bore, fleeing frame.

II.

Of the cartel that stayed
In the folded wilderness

Between the blankets
Of her traits

None pretended to
Describe the blossoming

Sample space: a modified
Sharpshooters heart

Beating in Greece's engine sun.

But eyes have dumb luck.

And hysterical Electra
Put father in the way station

In need of portage

A broth tipped and swirled into
The simmering blue Aegean.

Her god, a turnstile cashier.

III.

Her dress is a mapping pattern
Tracing peers.

A spectrum of burst bird
Weaponizing singsong.

Fast forward our figurine to

A spot on the smashed shale floor
Now in the glistening air.

She coughs fruit, a plum in the larynx.
Palms the pit, hand outstretched

A dove left at the transom
Of her lover's hut.

Tends their luckless foreplay
coddling a plum line from Polaris.

In rope burn colored light.

Echo

Made to quicken
With speech all dried up

The rupture was abrupt
So she upends the situation.

Steeping in the suitors brine
Stirring the individual genomes

Into a galaxy of partitioned indifference.

A salutational nymph

Wording silent, effete love

Now she, of simple stone:
Mottled steel gray, trails of moss.

The curious beauty of a floral
Death's head

Was face to the sun
the escarpments' cover girl visage

Ringling the flavor from old clothes.

History's Simple Pump

Ran
Holding his hemorrhaging star
A small, pale flicker point
In

The pleated fabric of his callused hand.

Streaming specks of baby hair light
Through all the lines of palm.

And face
With grimace of smashed persimmon
It's shape and fault line color

Cast from a heap of split minerals.

Someone - it was his daddy -
Flushed with fuel

Opened the skin of his small hand,
Took its melted crayon peach

And flowed it to the pattern of just matted
Grass.

Then
Looked over the formed cursive name
Unfurled, moist
In a continuous

Loom and stopped.

Interregnum

Ten miles out.
Leaves and bark into the pot.

A saltless broth that dances.
It teases in the throat.

We'll need lesser teeth.
A womb and head of teeth.

This mouth is a bag of velvet shade.
Settled in lazy, dumb shapes.

To mine the shade and abandon else.

Opal Light

Opal light.
The stage was an imperium.

A wall of light to filter and arc.

The coast was a serrated tent,
flushing water and swallowed sand.

A wall of stitched marsh grass and
cinder blocks to ring this place.

We placed ourselves and held.
Years collected. A pulp of time.

Drawn on a bathroom mirror.
Fingered in rouge and blurred breath.

Gold Water Rope

A pulse dimpled juggler
In his hunt laughing jump.

To play stage harpoons
Into a dummy whale.

Its laugh spouting a constellation
Of totalizing etiquette.

Remember he
Turns home into a fever basin.

Not sleeping in daylight.
Not sleeping in nightlight.

Inheriting no special place.

Instead:
Cancel libidinal throwman

His cock tied up in hemp line.
Played relays to the trunk.

To anchor in the
Froth swelling misfit.

Instead:
Prepare for some rich notation

All round this wide apple.
And face shaped in vitriol.

The Commissioner

The commissioner is a bruised liver
Stitching up toxins. His she

Soothes the great statist, tottering
On the divisor of a special city. She is

A pantomime in flowing affectation
A carousel doting, prettily: here we go again

About death. Vanish snow paints up
Her mouth like February supple through

Its full spectrum dominion. The quasi
Artillery feel of his organs bunched

In their velvet peach suit foretells the
Big pornographic set piece to come.

View for Cusping Sight

View,
cusping sight.

Flowers,
pressed and spread
across the wide scene

as if on a rigid shape of glass
do nothing to obscure.

A fulgent, blushed bird, a preservation.

Where she hovers and goes
in the partitionally soft bed

a girdle of dream holding the furloughed form.
Restlessly moved through the sleep-thick bind.

I am seen to stutter.
I load hoarse threats into her room.

Fisherman

Imagine the fisherman
plotting beyond his knowledge set.

No nets, rope, bow
ankles pinned in the boat.

Imagine he would split days apart
for an ocean with sense enough

to pour into the cleft.

A field of sea of cellophane
of shimmer in boiled light is hunted
is stopless colors of perfect
sovereignty is as the fisherman tauts
the theater canopy of his stomach as
the high water mark embeds
as a line drawn clean across
his chest embossing itself as
a nameplate in skin.

His father can't finish him
off so sinks the triplicated compact

in a paper bladder filled with stones as
his children run to the wharf and back

their own pebbles in hand for ballast.

Words and Starlets

If the rag doll can speak
English sugar drops from
its tongue.

Words and starlets, passing
through the venal soft palate.

Came away pyrrhic victory, by chance.
Dance in the anesthesia of soil, patterning.
Rolling through the rose brown piping.
Patting the ground. Tattered hands and feet.

A lung of damp air.
Touching down

with the bent apple branch.

Fruit first. Velar, sweet.
Then dust - its concentric wake.

History Down n' Dirty

When it's down n' dirty
history will visit with replicas.

The diorama makers
patina the plastic
village house. Weathered
walls a passion play
in fitted parts. A map
of grass cracks through
the patterned cement pathed
ajax snow. The model homes
with saturnine skin hollow
through hygiene are
emplacements of scale.

Returning en masse
you've been bad neighbors
light hearted though you were

By Proxy

Sometimes thousands
course in streams

through the chambered aviary
ribbed with bulkheads

held above the soft land and chalk.

Corsairs, Kingfishers
mingle each over each.

Eve in the stretch of need.
Even capacitor, House Wren, land born.

Summer is an airfield lane.

Ingress

Cots arrived. Familiar berths.
Indented.

in their textured hold, loosen everything.

All the damp mechanics.

A delirium. Bedrooms.
Ornate as gifts.

Outside. Forever suspicious.
Hiding milk in snow, soda in black oil.

Village Nested

Presence fitting, its
mouth a village, gleaning.

Fomenting, a damp concavity, as
half a Maginot line it defends

onto itself, half searing, half hoping.

This time the hamlet is haze drawn
paths. If it's a jeweled pillbox
field then poppy blossoms arrive
a triumph, each pressed thinly, each
word a vulgar meaning to parse.

Prairie Game

A figment ziggurat
to the north slope

Of a reaching steppe.

With sun's kneeling
Plank at throat high.

Children
Reaching supper
Trick work.

Take the fat
Sunflower light
By its broken trunk.

And re-sight
Down their play-Ptolemy well.

To brighten and
Flesh forward threat.

Semaphore Land

A naturalist set to study the rural economy
and agrarian reform.

Loves sketching and bas-relief.
Took a watercolor set with him.

Here some orange (the colorist) and some
sapling green, here some soviet gray.

Renders a tableau: lemon gold within bluish haze,
a gleaming, spectral horizon.

Renders his rest among fawning girls,
pillowed, midday, under their calming aegis.

Renders the lemon golden grain and everyone is full.
(the banisters burned to the hillside)
Paints the fawning girls, the blossoming semaphore land.

Anabasis

On the thin home parcel

we coalesce.

I build my landmass
around pearl

drop camphor on the sores
and all.

And camber to bring
runoff to tips.

To build the beachhead
piecemeal.

Early Warning

A topiary radome in "Morning Light."

Pruning's limply doubled on tines.
Its simple frock.

Sweeping around.
In the putty, brittle cap.

Penumbra, opalescent from the inside.
Pearled in shell.

Sea echo balled in the rough hollow.
To turn over and oil numb.

In easy earshot.
Having promised to listen.

When vinegar dropped through
the listening ear.

That means by which
"dressing up the silence"
organizes around
The Principle of Defense.

Campfire

Famous among the heroes
But the healing squad maimed.
Came over the soiled acres
And sang by the fire.

Words in thick slurry, opaque sounds
Leaking air (caught with some straw in their throats).
Harmonies bubbling from this orange-black ring
Only a tantrum of bedtime camp.

In the moment of murmur and glib breath
They rid themselves, relaxed.
The silver onioned morning opened.
Shed its paper weather.
It was tissue above their camp.

The fragrant air holds simply a
Hopeful plating around our friends.
A column of plumed wishing.
How honey stuck in their throats.

Australopithecine

Held like a pilgrim's souvenir

Up high at the breastbone
Cupped like one tenable
syllable in speech.

Each a fractional tactic.

A cleat, anchoring
Our caretaker to
The eves of his silted dormancy.

Put to plain speech.

We went there. A lobby
of limp air. Thinkers stand
to their sprained ankles.

Then lay

Like Australopithecine in his
dormitory of gravel.
Bedded by silt

A posture to inherit else

Various Lamps of Bronze

After the metric of parch and drench.

To narrow the places
The simple heart – uncoiling,
Beating amid the cane work,
- can feast.

Cherry red thorax. Brest plate
Like the shoulder high thigh of
A horse.

In its' orderly gaps
Wedges stuffed
The dry dock caulkers work box.

Lace
Enwreathes the plain bag.

A bundle of dynamite in the
Gloating chest.

Petitioners

A clot of petitioners beg memory.

Tenanted in this season.
With scrim of cotton and borrowed rose.

To drape.

Their wide touring. Seen
Between strips of ebullient sight.

Ringed their lips chocolate
And indelible carbon.

Wet paper laid out
Bringing up all the lather of the earth.

