The Short Century

by

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THE SHORT CENTURY

poems by Eric Weiskott
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INFO
the camel is inhumanly fast
the camel never thirsts

the camel utterly is
intractable when not

being ridden
the camel is a mute beast

the camel is biophysically
inefficient

in a number of regards
the camel is capable

of great tenderness
the camel is a walking

lesson in camels
the camel is rather spiteful

for a quadruped
the camel pisses profusely

the camel is independently
responsible for a number

of modern notions
the camel cannot be found everywhere
BLUE
how do you mister clean
without the proper junk!
the streets are plugged and dangerous
& the ones buried above

“Every unhappy
realization is unhappy
in its own way” /
the barber wields
decades, decades

belong to the proper
hair

pierces a so curvéd!
intense air

the red thunderous /
don’t blame the soup
on the ladle

a blue conceals
distance/ deep in

our forties
the field offers

a last texture
between farming

and gathering

where do you go
if things soften

even april
may be seen

“cruelest month”
to shim somewhat

in passing/ a
sad ides devours

certificates
parts of us

descend—
a Roman nose

a Jewish nose
out to lunch

a blue bear
orders decaf

as if to say—
I own stuff too

the sheriffs rise
from their desks/
leaning into
the muted air

x marks the moon
bound in gunk
the cameo
has neither

his own life nor
a secret life

what will he not
admit to if

prompted?

the dog owns it-
self, imaging

its whereabouts/
this is neither

a painterly
action nor un

faithful, it is
not reported
there are no plums
in the freezer

there have never
been plums there

there is a new
padlock on it

it has a new
control

I have brought it
in for work

I have cleared space
for it

please leave the plums
where you found them

there is no field
of plum trees

in my backyard
small dogs carom

bury themselves
like smaller &

smaller experts
in burial
there is only
so much
in the wide world

things will always
be junked;

but quietly
in crushed

undiscovered compartmenst

Mr emails
back

(perhaps a name
so familiar

it could not—so
it was thought—

log in
“things are in the saddle”

a permanent mailbox

shooting range

sneakers receive award

what the front door retains

or glitters on the stoop

a permanent hassock

a permanent griddle

old chimney

or what the mail says

what the backyard wants

when the house burns
ii.
a biggest river
cuts across the board
every brand of
broken
every cruelest
of all time
where are the
 drummers
where are the
 nails
who forgot
alchemy
in the deep
house
A for a
& B for b?
who remembered
valor
on a golden
bowl
or from above
a lieutenant
executes
like a best fake
like the drumroll
“just doing my job” &
“just my duty” &
“just business” &
“just”
you hunk of speech
hell if I care

the big river
in this country
decomposes all
the cards

a face-down
straitjacket

a day at the
falls

who ends up
on p. 190

in the right
book

in the headlines
like a typo

who murdered
the mrs

“smarmy hero
of metro”

what is the
model

what is the
complex

an entire boston
of made snow

birthplace of ogle
& globe’s birthplace

turn off the
hurricane
blow out the sharp light
to question
one’s design

finish
with appeals

begin with
the obvious

to admit nothing
to perish, even
in its youth,
like bent grass

a great zero
jackal

roams the country
guarding the sea

where have the
piers

aligned like
so many men

where is their
document

who gossips
in corn

which the sometimes
light

the sky sprang to

“the married life” &
“married life”

the which does
declare,

like a spent year
like chickens

in formation
over the yard

when first the legs
don’t count
HECATOMB
a full forest solves a full river

wanders

like a half electronic penny

once even paper was considered

a typist missing its W

marshals the intermittent clamor

Dear diary: you will never guess
Mr. L-M-N-O

too easy to reside

too difficult to roust

postcard about faces

in this shop, militia

divides by its own count
it pummels the surf, it is not meant
so the phoenix wrangles its cracked skin
always the last time/ whether on
or in, it is a view you can’t get
possible response runs the table
(then actual response) like a gun
waits in the stocking like a catfish
brighter than life and incredibly
small
wish for unimportance
the hand that feeds applauds
only our own people
town partitions illness
if no one notices
at this rate, the laundry
stiffens out of spite
you can’t run in dreams, either living
inside any second
(the body approximately lasts
or a place you have been putting things
posies run for mayor, a *vini*
with an automatic need to see
& be seen/ half the battle sunbathes
after the battle, realizes
(can also have been waiting) This is the
dark imposter we filet upon
easier walked than talked
easier mulled than milled
Mrs. President, can
anyone say that?
begin with a handshake
then hit the streets
the crackdown schedule
has its best hair day
every day
real joker on our hands
invalidates play
“our hands” goes haywire
real hobby on our horse
a compound Eureka
a popup Eureka
real bad
ii.
STINKY TORCH]

licks like a poorly ghosted roller

yesterday’s overgrowth At assert

needles are pins///

the way a dress becomes a nation

an index in time, number of feet

insurged today & solid if

a scotch on the hops / a plague on
THERE IS NO COLD not even in Nov
there is only greed: a shock of ice
covets me with especial zeal
master of possession: warm cattle
abroad & afoot
the ice itself has no inner space
nor do warmer animals refuse us
[WET W/ CLEAN WATER]

temple disasters the disasters

checkbox mountain of thirsty hair

(pig mobs contract mob flu) midden stands

all middle (to reason) half ichor

continent of What we are good for

obtains or loses like chump goodness
FILTH BALLAD warbles-warbles-warbles

whenever Targeted, gruesomer

through earth : absences of absences

as sardined as calibrated] Are

thickets animal buckets. & are

the entire animal vaulted ville

(receives / recedes / receipts all it)

their hillforts on old hillforts our
outcropping has always been cropping

hard up

in

[which is everywhere half & siteless BLUSHES OUT from slabs of which Z. treats largely as a result

The mind shelves its bestsellers

red/blue semaphore shutters

wrenching & tiny provender in

anti-deluge OF AIR
BUGS
I’ve been eatin
yr hair
for a week now

been a-wivin
headache baby
lushly afield

& during which
blunder away
a sick homing

in doggerland
hill country
country time
cartoon breakfast:
summer sausage

a summer bust
of Nietzsche

Bugs exclaims
“you again!”

& the country
chuckles

rising on its
sculpted haunch
there’s enough cold
to go around

a house pig or
a field mouse

lumbers through the room
like a cannon

this is where we live

there has never been
Nature
the long century
the short century

stares down a gun
& another gun

fires the colt
riding the colt

drives the mustang
who shot the movies
cousin slather
stops by
like a shipwreck

like a canvas
shanty

forgets to tell
on anyone

what does a drunken
sailor do

that weather does
not
how many suckers
remain on the fence

a funny uncle
you can’t tell

how monkey faces
remain on the fence

abra cadabra
“has at it”

after how roaring
many
what has a jungle
not polished off

has both “written off”
and “written off on”

calligraphy frog:
forest poison

dines with town poison
legs & all
a thing that moves in all directions at once
stands on each corner like rainwater
loads a pistol in any window
leaves each of us smoking in the bed

a thing that wrecks the air like butterflies
IN THE HILL
I am in the hill
like bones in persons

making a small cut
in the hill

Brandyland contains
both land & brandy

act of brandishing
brandishes brandy

kitchen fight erupts
like hillside blooms
workings on earth
as of slaughter

slaughter-value
slaughter-zones
slaughter-method
slaughter-show

this is the last
slaughter I will
ever own

bit of slaughter
in one's third year

touch of slaughter
in spleen

rate of slaughter
feel of slaughter

the slaughter vote
in some places

where can those
slaughters be

slaughter party

slaughter for two
on the town

of course ordain
to slaughter

coffeed & charged
with slaughtering

square country
sleep after sleep

unspeakable
slaughters on that

sharp cay
pencil poised above
nightstand

“to document
before breakfast”

slaughter monger
slaughter research

There is no place
to forget in
on whose behalf
cooks it

whose general’s
behalf

neither brief nor
unarmed

country’s itself
behalf

on the loose, in
cognito

monster cooker
stumps about

on behalf at
large

those who could not
make it

cruel holiday
battalion

in your guns &
smoke it

on behalf in
general
figure of a bear
cfigure of a dog

what a dog figures
or prefigures

lounges in the house
old as teeth

a polar figure
on a hunch

lugs itself on/
traces itself

its own murder
its own case
they cast themselves in
the hill’s teeth
or “it casts itself”

it can look at me
it is able:
an able wyvern

in the hill’s teeth
or “off in the hills”

simile falls due
like animal’s milk
“world of kisses”
or “world of sighs”

world of wood
or mammal world

animal wood
& animals

write “forest”
first

write “steal from”
before “give to”

usual guests
or surprise

mammal in wood
1086

wood on paper
Cyrillic dodger /
grandfather tree
Cyrillic tree

purports to hustle
in dark zones

Roman sparrows
stacked in blue water
“the tree remains where it was felled”

German bachelor bloodhound remains where it was after the hunt to be picked up, where it has always been after hunting
apple thunders out
plums & pears

fool yourself first
observance teeters

so quickly to note

sheep eat sheep
& we eat sheep

dogs used to eat
anything red

but they have asked us
& we have given
it is the apple
of its eye

apple of the hill
of its eye

(orchard in the eye /
of the eye

eye in an orchard
view