

Poems

Lee Ann Brown

Eco Psalm

Christians thought it pagan to worship the tree, the earth
and now it's (almost?) too late to renegotiate that mistake —
Steep-sloped hillside, aster-strewn, defibrillate at noon
The run off of hard acid rain crying down the grassy face

of the actual — while ladies take the luxury of apostasy
we are all going down the rabbit hole of pain whether we
like it or not — on unbornout urban myth the the water goes
round the other way on the other side of the equator

Our mother is still here sitting in her chair ready to ask
If all is OK virtually and otherwise understanding a way
to paint an electronic portrait of the day of apocalyptic
grace. Space princesses on the move —flowers up the

grateful fire — wallpaper laced up and celebrate bellows
velvet chair valet stuffed to the gills with treacle a fish
is swimming against the storehouse of dream and hits
a wall that was not there last year —discus thrower

of a plow furrow — Mountain I sing to you now how
many trade talks adjudicate your bouquet — What bust
is that in the hall of noise - A bare tree slings its branches
thus - out and out until the tiny tendrils project into

Space - ganglia of time based art and rhyme. The
secret of download proper — just coming to you from
some kind of warehouse of breath. Spun sugar death
says cumulonimbus anthills praise their maker. O

Antiphon blow me a song. The book is open to latter
Z — better late than weather I never said until now
an ache at least to be alive and across the table from
someone with spectacles enlarging their forehead

In a country of green men — giants in case and point
with the Newcastleish coals brought to a task of port
and wide road into the woods of a dignified future
So news of my demise will not be greatly exaggerated

Energetic felling

What's the phrase they used for the bridge
explosion? I will write this poem until I find
out — and use it for the title — I'm watching
Diane Lane in Paris Can Wait when I see the
girl of the moth eyebrows I saw only once
and Richard the lion heart begin his third
crusade from here - hey that's Alianor's veil -
hers the blue book — still warm from the sun
Where is my lace-selling unchecked uncle — I
spy brûlée — where am I going I really don't

know — you said it was scary — changing
lanes in the dark— pilgrim age of sepia slant

It's French — it's really tiny — the way they
hold hours there in little books, rosing up

sonic broadside

to stand on the eye of the great horse
of uffington is said to bring vision
to children of albion who spring forth
again singing ephemera along lay lines
of rain your thick bluebook remains my favorite
litho in the garden roll away the stone
of possible blocks bird consciousness just
singing intonation and scales i hear
a cloud of sounds nasal and sweet linger
and accumulate in leaping repetition the
song delivers the poem somatically automatic
ballad sounds sans story then back again i give
you the cherry tree carol to do with what
you

Clearing up just in time

Life among the hedgerows
There are no parallel harmonies
Or very few She melts him
Through and through like
An amoeba extruding another

traffic circle quick run up the
Apples and stairs in lieu of lewis
I'll play that sweet game on the
Way to common harmony
 French knot
All of your minds together
Do not equal my mind
Says the character in front of
Adam or Eve's heart on the sieve

Gender Rose

Let me ask you
What gender is
A mother's body
When they hold
Another body
Are making another
Body of what other
Sex or gender than themselves?
They grow another head
Within them think about it
And genitals

Rose water
In the hot gallery

Unnamed individuals
Make up a movement

The Kensian Cross

(or macroeconomics for poets)

After a trip to The Buttery
Across the yard to find cringeworthy
Word *Veg* on sugar wrapper
I run back over to the lecture block
To look for music in history
It's not listed on the light board having I guess been cancelled or
moved somewhere so I spontaneously pick history of English
language
(Wld rather the one in the next hour called
History and variations of English
Really good bacon sandwich on a soft bun at the buttery by the way
goes down well w milkycoffee reminiscent of a Moravian Love Feast)
I am in love with rods i mean words

By accurate accident
I end up in Macroeconomics
Bracing cold water over you he says

Small queries ask after lecture
Big queries office hours

Open economy
Closed economy

We will break the classical economy of poetry
Would a poem with a structure taking its numbers from the
fluctuating interest rate thrive or sink?

What drives that long-term growth —
It can't go on forever

It's not entirely trivial to say should we bother
Naught point 1 Percent is worth 50 times variability
In tempestuous seasons we will see a flat ocean and no other way
around

Fixed supply of labor and capitals
The way this model works is recursive

Production will adjust elastically
Highlight this way of clipped speaking

So -- the Keynesian cross in largely verbal form to see clearly a
studied relationship

And how it comes into equilibrium
A deadly pointed dense privet

Formulas like $E = C+I+G$
Let E be Energy
Let C be Creativity
Let I be Imagination
Let G be Gifts

Or maybe
Government expenditure is exogenous
Right sometimes an internal monologue kicks in
A relationship between actual and planned
Arbitrary poetry is what happens inventory-wise no one's bought the
car so what happens?
The firm produced the car and then buys it from itself

Where it crosses over is the crucifixion of capitalism
That's when I should buy a car

Or maybe just take the bus
Or bike or walk

Then comes the multiplier
Geometric effect (naked mole rats)
Or you could rearrange exogenously
To create a new equation
Bigger than the one you just rang up

What happened when you increase Delta G
More than what's going on — think about that while you are brushing
your teeth or something — keep away from flame in caps
The domino effect of income disposable in the poubelle basura can

We could carry on with the original suggestion while the queen tries
to catch up on her education that mainly focused on dignified
needlework and now she needs to avert the Bomb supply And the
production of *bits*

Higher government spending is not happening today in my country
because the government had been shut down
Third day distortions — blame is being flung

To match the multiplier many empirical factors exist — different
views on how the hell this would work restive and relative to his large
the abstract zero really is

We need a model in which demand matters
Next lecture Cross is to curve thus ends my first and probably last
class on macroeconomics except when I forgive my debts as I forgive
my debtors:
The condensation from which trespasss against us occurs to me as an
early example of poetic substitution and
Everyone's clears out!

Lee Ann Brown is a poet and author of *Other Archer* (University Press of Rouen and Le Havre, 2015), *In the Laurels, Caught* (Fence Books, 2013), *Crowns of Charlotte* (Carolina Wren Press, 2013) and *Polyverse* (Sun & Moon Press, 2000), which won the 1996 New American Poetry Competition, selected by Charles Bernstein. She earned her undergraduate and graduate degrees at Brown University and has taught at Naropa University, Bard College, and The New School, St. John's University, among others.

In the academic year 2017-18, Lee Ann Brown was Judith E. Wilson Professor of Poetry in the Faculty of English at Cambridge University and Visiting Fellow at Corpus Christi College. These poems were written during her time in Cambridge.