HOLY STRANGER DAILY GHOST

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HOLY STRANGER DAILY GHOST

A Thesis Presented

by

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HOLY STRANGER DAILY GHOST

by

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I.  HOLY STRANGER DAILY GHOST
Exit Memoirs
When you builded a sentence on every side of me
I felt in a vice a long time waiting, and it disappeared.

Then I was crouched in a vague devotion
then tall drunkenness, making out in intersections

where she wore the mark of her grandmother's
mother tongue—one that didn't have words for us. O Ghost

I tried to fall from the high cliff of you into hell's quiet street
like a monk in his own biography

repeating his favorite voice,
“Keep your mind in hell, and don't despair.”
Write *We magnify you* in ragged quavers
and then speak or sing.

Even the golden age ran
to detune old chorales.

*Dona nobis/peccata mundi*

These cuts on the face of the word
are the word you asked for.

You were the ghost there instead
when I spoke into my flamed out star.

With virgins panicking at the checkout
you aim the face of panic at yourself.

I'm in the light of the corner
with the red and blue syrups.

In the time of my brushing by you
you stand aside.
Lamb you have an icy call line
line to me, syllables are the spontaneous knots

in my yes and my no interlocking,
semi-domesticated. Hear how to plant

the prince beds, plot with the water table
or a pump in the chest of the waterfall

will never civilize me says the kudzu park.

(All my hometowns silhouetted totally)

One day I'll part with myself—fasten me totally
to the world is what I hear

with eyes held open to the ocean babble.
Mostly I kept to the narrow road
of Welcome here interior twin.

Then I thought a vantage of whole highways
like the Des Plaines, blue in low space

and strided block by block
like fishes and shadow, blue-blue

and maneuvered in this my world
of keeping the shadows switching below.

No profane light or songs are coming up this depth,
tall historical stair.

Noticing the silence I’m in
is how I visit the song originally.
They found me in my serious year
after I sheared the beasts from my field

that they remember me
and walk on all their legs.

In a sign about mercy they never livened up.

I thought a perfect factory and the outside.
I thought I would magnify the difference.

The ghost of everyday is something to let loose.
Let open the gate

Let each grow back a coat
and arms and legs and stay that way, unsigned.
And in the streets and their stammering joints
Trash of high snow

In my head the voice of the life is pitched
for a certainly alive stranger

accumulating and wide
alike to an ancient dormant disease

Dead-Sea alive, she's that whole climate
as it escapes me through the windows cracked

snowdump furiously climbing
the radio symphony orchestra

arcs a song through me I witness
air pollution for the Holy Stranger

and the Daily Ghost beats his little fists
on my odometer
I removed to the one pocket of innertown.

There in the steadily of little-altered states. Meanwhile my origin grew new limbs.

Track laid from center to station to *outremers* of holy family.

An alternate public of benches starts another child in the child.

It plays a grass flute left by the elder in the elder's new acoustic tendencies.

From my underfed distance favoring our misspeak Lamb

I remember for you the lesser-latter prophets

looking through a glass that doesn't shine.
I left one good thing, one grid of goats and men.

Corpus Christi translated as a town of joined muscle and back again as disclaimer in the mirror.
Awake in the grip
I was preparing to see

for your mouth
to give up its clay

two weights on eyes
that reopen for a place

an agreement can live on
as regional ghost
2. IN THE SCHOOL OF THE LIFEEEEQUE SUN

“...my head was in those clouds / that now are dark pearl in my head.”

-James Merrill
CLOSING-TIME EGGLESTON SUGGESTIVE

Light coming to piece on a
floral swing
on a floral dress

Even a museum with sun on it
is a life-wild turned inside
THE TERRAIN IS A FUNCTION OF SOUND

I go mainly with strangers
before insight

They welcome me to excavate
whole ravines of welcome

We are slung too low
for our gods

to find us eating lunch
in the convincing dark

of pissed out forest fires
and hand drawn caves

Having arbitrarily hatched
early this morning

I make the strangest signs
one finds oneself

in caves I find
I am a cave

Between myself
and all the motifs and

megaphones aimed
at my sympathetic system

I become a louder song
Count my age

according to the decay
within of waves
ANOTHER, AN ARCHETYPE

I moved you with difficulty,
turning around the wake
one virgin island after another.
Another. An archetype,
a horse in my city
sighing for you. Which is
to confess a phenomenon,
I was speaking to myself
in Green Street as the signs
variously motioned me.
I tried to put the past in order
from most starved
to becoming attentive:

I circled
all night
and at breakfast
a white lascaux horse
absorbed like powder into the coffee.
BAD SEED

When I realized police were legionary
I didn't change a thing. I made a place
for whatever had a salmon heart
and another for voices produced by
zero and one. I was used to being believed
and my car was a mad cradle.
I was used to speaking into the light
and wondering later
if they knew my errand anyway,
or if perhaps I was a cave
of piano strings in the world of men.
If I were a cave of piano strings in the world of men
I would be a ruinous habitat for bats.
I would be a good place to contemplate in
until I heard prehistory.
Then enlightenment, then sirens.
My untrained sympathetic vibrations
thundering. A flashlight
a spear in the pool.
Then I would really start to roar.
MEMOIR WITH FISH COMPOSING OUT A HABITAT

When we were in the ocean a long time waiting
in the school of the lifesque sun

there was an abstract silver quality not belonging
to any frenzy or food

Later we stood up in a book with a simple surface:
And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying, and then
weird symbols were of us, flapping in the shadows

Some figures we would have preferred to reveal:
the earth's bowed edge, our special technique
for going over

We were swimming downhill a long time thinking
The cause can barely contain us

But instead of a thought there was bait
lashing the waters behind

Instead of a line a trench
of atoms, fastening these waters
to these
ALL SAINTS

The aide-de-camp tilts his horse
to the conifer stand and sees the leaves.
They are multiple as he and practice
the same art of partial disappearance.
(The miracle was hard to verify.)
Onward in the name is heard in the sea-lane.
Here is the narrow way.
Here is the signal flag’s claim;
the eel treads the ocean tables.
Something waking, stretched along its shadow.
APHORISM OF LATER

Your dying breaths
might raise out of there like
little fists of bees.
Then an easy stair; here
we stay animated
with death-strange life
and available to clouds
of bright conversant stings.
CLASSIC ANIMAL

I entered *The Lives of the Great Composers* through unruly diagrams, the hard way through northern forest.
I beckoned myself as bear,
Get out of the paperless trees before you're obsolete.
I read *Small Is Beautiful*
convinced by the quality of vague decades, jacketed ancestors with ancestors, drowned and drowned in their channel and lived. The weather was no problem. I said Now for my final masterpiece and threw a spear into space.
I threw away my education and hurried back to my wife, the living difference between the noise and note of a drum.
FROM THE SUITE OF OLD HABITS

And there is only this one season
of power lines abstracting away
from the field. Spring brides set off
some full of champagne,
some lights they see have the blink
of pity, if only for the corresponding dark.
Though I try to lift you and displace
a hostile sun with you
I can't run for long in all this light.
ENHARMONIC EPISODE

We say a-flat minor
is the most nostalgic key
no it is just waves
hand over hand
and anyway
the nostalgia has spread
like a brass motif out
over a threshold of skin
everywhere articulated
a thousand times
more thoughtfully
than a newspaper
and what is a name
like Wanderlust for
if it merely describes
what we're already
wrapped in
TO THE CONSERVATORY

With the town laughed out of me
I followed it to the conservatory
The growing families as invasive species
I should forget the relations of trees
to city fathers, the ash with the orange belt
I should remember my ancient tonality
lessons, this could be a category
of likeable ghosts. I should stop pointing
at weakness with the bobble-head end
of the spear.
PHANTOM LIMB

Back home waiting with hands
for the piano lid falling
waiting with the body's bare chord
for visions;

    A hawk
that flew out from the temple
dusting out the shadows out-
distancing with ease
the democratic fields
and scrubbing out
the margins of the overpopulated sky
to reset the rainy poem.
This is our low season, low-water mark
our corporate campus summer
I can look after the shape and faces
of a humid storm for you
I give you a smile within the earth
growing down where
everything's a hypothesis
or already formed
by a geologic night climate
before now, now
when we tilt our sunny vehicle
off the high-road the contact
is only for a moment
anyway the distance
from your face, the smile's,
is deep or long
A war's on that I can't find the middle of.
Or the middle is everywhere
like all the earth’s dogs
barking at once.
Others knew what they were looking at, Ares
and I owe him a coin of right thinking.

*

I'm hearing ancestors daring in more closely than before.

They almost refuse to hold us

to the law of opposites or any.
SUZANNE (SALT POINT, NY)

They say we’re years away
from human satellites
If I were a body of infinite signals
I’d aim a time capsule at big bang heaven
carrying nothing
but Big Star’s greatest hit
3. HIS&HERS
In the man a garden was waiting.
Ever since, a genius for accidental finds.
Capacity so old that Ilium knows it,
knows an assault upon the senses,
an excavation gives its own residue.
Quickly the man was a family, daughters
and sons in rockets from the garden
into filum, plight, kingdom. Warning, stone
embassy, share crop, swamp and autumn
overthrow. Populations were the new reality.
The garden was never constant. Over the border
came seven sisters, national inscriptions,
driving pillars, popular voices, armies
pouring in metals, the new men already actual,
their uses of fire new and myriad and impossible
to catalog. So they said to their hearts
in this fire is fire is fire. An era, an area,
a field of lava really, arable somehow, now salt flats
of a certain age, now nothing to do but sit
in a landscape of stone benches only.
A LIGHT FOR SOMEONE ELSE

I like a darkness I can fill up with what
lamps & sun & white curtains made in it

I heard the body is not really a fortress
but a remainder, I heard that & I agreed
that many things are good at appearing
under a light for someone else, a squirrel
& the hanging lines of its uncasual flight

I went listening in the night & said Yes,

I agree, if you have to go then go knowing
that a discerning face has seen you
POSTCARD CADENZA

A jeep goes up its indefinite trace
bouncing off knots and locks of low cloud

And the mountain partly lives
and partly is gashed forever where it lives

The black boxes in their monastery piles
Everyone is dazed from his long fall

Appearance of basalt under a jar
I’m bending it to a new use of light

Mouths are of volcanoes and faces
warming up and unannounced
BREAKFAST BESIDE THE CRATER

Silent at breakfast beside the crater
One form just takes another
and the love for morning
and the impersonal minutes are good
for what little they owe
Later they'll raise a stadium here
to hold in the antics of the hungry
We have nothing against progress
and coil like one snake in the sunny pit
It's good to be next to nothing again
like the stealthiest servant alive
is rearranging the room while you sleep
REHEARSAL FOR AN AUCTION

A fisher’s knife above the fruit
just when they flip the workroom switch

Three apples there with sun patches
but Holland saw them first

I worry aloud into the valley
of my wife’s attentions

We can’t command the pen’s oval
these days says her face

pressed against a mirror
Go people the Low Country yourself

My comb is furthermore
my brush and I need to tease out

the pigment and stems
from this spittling crown of windmills
IMPRESSION OF THE MONASTERY

The fresco of the original visible man
is fading brilliantly
I want to take a vow of attention
everyone can break
I want to edit out the orange
present the remaining colors of the baroque;
    part of me

expects you to report
an identical vision, to meet me
after the very same dream
in this high holy brewery while
another part takes the morning
splits these vivid cantaloupes
and lacquers every wall in silence
THE MIND'S EYE DINER

We’ll take the room where seesaw blood tips in its channels. In the morning
the words switch mouths with ease.
I guess we dreamed a similar slide
succession in our prototype viewfinders.
In the sun the eye spreads asphalt
and currently in my boyhood
a Russian waitress won’t tell me her secrets.
She is looking right through me at fault
lines apparently. I wanted to sleep with her
and learn things like did the Tsars
ever get cold and need another blanket.
At the thoroughfare motel, chilled mattresses
and ice machines breathing. In Russia
the untroubled sleep of the Tsars.
MONSOON WEDDING

You are in your cups again. I will go mistake the rain for a natural grammar

Carefully he placed inkwells on the balcony railing

In the rain he heard woodblock syllables but not the simplicity and sanction of the weather no one’s talking about

At the market an Englishman said Learn the local customs and they will forgive you everything. Instead

he wrote a story and his wife the heroine She had a population of 378,721

In the morning the puddles were perfect mirrors, except they were very deep

She put on that one really birdy robe It was like she might drink salt water at any moment

I am content I wash my feet in all your ink
THE OUTLINE OF FORAGING

One day our bodies turn high-rise fiberglass
and the sparrows play it a death wish

An exhausted alphabet
falls from way up

Let’s go see Mild Prince-of-This
He runs all the assemblage
of change in the leaf and just breathing chapters

There is a language camp for anyone
who can pay   Guess the ring count
of the fallen birch

on the last day you sit and sketch it
reaching back and forth
as if there were two voids to fill
eventually
SIBELIUS

Slight days
with no name or the stars

Chorded with his sex
A shady pallet in the womb, the paints
not ideas
but not things
but very memorable

that a dance when you are still too new
is the person you're laid up against
a beating heart, that sex is a stamp
of your old age and later
is only itself quasi una fantasia

How a gesture should be
slight enough end
a note, a breath
a note
TO THE WEARER OF THIS MANTLE

I'm looking for a eucharist to have me
An herb I eat makes the car interior glow
When I quit the crackers and everything
My houseplants are vivid green as the turtle
I also green with a stare lobbing forms
And substances too I study out a communal way
But when I sit watching up and down
Your face's good works it's like you were
Never with me and I didn't just imagine
I was alone with my holy retinue
CHOSEN CITY

In the chosen city
you're just what the people decided
not to say. The people
are who compel a march
of imagined animals, glowing
white-trimmed, actual animals
who says it all and has it all
with an infallible flow
to a mind’s busiest inlets.
You can dip your toes
or be a powerful swimmer
loved for your telling silent precision.
But the people has an oval
drawn around it on your sidewalk.
Pigeons are left alive
and dumb to the integrity of borders
detached but alive
kicking out clouds of chalk.
PILOT BOY

He navigates the one wall
He lives in that glass plating all the time now
No complaints just a face not implicated in its smile

He rides it out under the walnut tree, what’s complicated
She for whom that tree is coming down by all that’s holy

Her personal hotel holy
book edition in which the lesser-known Acts

A book that old with no fauna of its own
He’ll be our pilot we are over the earth units

of Nebraska it is dawning on us—

He for whom the trappings of rank should mean so much
is wearing a green painter’s hood and tourniquet vines

The windows are poring up in 10,000 halliards of green
REPEAT MOUNTAIN

False shadow got here first
Among the earliest shadows on record

A maple with its elephant roots behind the
tall clean grass

It’s a virgin’s face
on that mountain and we’re about to get paid

My patience along the interstate up sublime Columbia
well it comes and goes

When it goes
I sing a song the way the vehement kid in flag football

pulls down a coliseum, and the masses can’t build it back
and neither can an anthem

Pompey’s Theater an instant curtain of startled bats
TEMPO GIUSTO

Love is in the air is something
a pigeon never says
I have seen him
on the ground in winter
with wings moving
but not moving
to the middle of the composition
why should he start speaking now
Pigeons behold the phoenix
is not for him to say
SATYR LYRIC

The choristers wake
from a long sleep off-stage

and learn to speak as one.
The cast say here is a name.

Our name is Now.
Armies stir loudly along a file.

Spears beating on shields
like a rain.

When the sun runs sideways on a paneled wall
a silence puts on its wingspan.

Then Age-ago girl, voice in a bell:
“My brain rings the very tell on the mattress.”

I am the old Chorus-men
sleep-walking on the proscenium.
ROMANTIC MEMOIR

It's lazy how the desires get doubled
a writer and an astronaut, your city
kisses its sister, one hand wants the strife
shared out, makes a fist while the other points
to a photograph from space, it's the world
you imagine I am the one throwing dice
on the lawn of my youth where
people might feel this fearless if I wrote it
fear less and would see it if I wrote it the lion
left alone in the shade
in the Horn of Africa, even better
WINTER STATIONS

for J. Savitz

I rode a leisure train through cut mountains
A drinking party set out for Alps air

And watching through black irises
and watching through a backstage wood

a whitepaint buck in his tallness breathing
in the minor clouds

The companions emerged from the hood of forest

being a brigade of Prussian regulars
and got off one soused volley

The buck jogged like a wave stone
and folded me into the sprint as pines
   folded up the artillery

When roofs fall with a dislocating stain
deer must see just a garden of roaming needles

I saw loose ankles in the fireworks display

I lost my place like every morning

and wished a dream was geared with noble impulse
like I will follow him
down the habitat's spacious dangers
PASTORAL

Wind is why chandeliers
of bugs accompanied me in summer

A brain without knots
is the precious one    Its vines and chords

stretched on the evening spires
for whatever laundry

The weathervane unhinged
The dogs slump for spring under August storms

Up and down one city block
the background is green and turning

And secret yellow bodies orbit
a banner waving its particles
For now

it's the usual architecture    Hedge-doors
and the lash of the spigot
and we row on

when the old season lapses
and the lodestar stands still in the circuit
DISCOVERIES OF CATHERINE OF ARAGON

Where the Eskimo and tiger live forever
in a greenhouse détente

She watches the nouveau regime
Smoke rings turn around the tall American

The prince in the tower and peace
in the hall of mirrors

Is it raining on the topiaries
She is pulling on her boots

and swallowing the dawn

Kate, you are so widely traveled
Your findings

from the submarine studies
the caught tidal light

the pilot offers up his little innocents
and confiscates your radio
Notes

[p3] The last line reproduces a purported divine instruction spoken to St. Silouan the Athonite (1866-1938).

[p9] Babylonian Talmud, Yevamoth 49b: “All the prophets gazed through a speculum that does not shine....”

