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## The Fleshing Words

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THE FLESHING WORDS

A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the  
University of New Orleans  
in partial fulfillment of the  
requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts  
in  
Drama and Communications

by

Jesse Loren Flaws

B.A. University of California, Irvine 1994

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And finally, an endless thanks to Crystal, Jarrett and Caitlin who supported my decision to study abroad without them in Italy and in Spain, and for graciously sharing me with words.

### Acknowledgement of Copyrighted Material

“Agosto Notturmo” *Ellipsis*, University of New Orleans press 2004  
“Writing the Bones” *New Virginia Review*, volume 11, 2001.

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## MY VOCABULARY DID THIS TO ME!

For me, poetry is a living connection to that which came before and that which is to come, a ghost made solid within space and beyond space. In itself it is a lineage and a history, made new through contemporary language. This project, written mainly in Europe, moved me to write the moments of language collapsing, moments of significance expanding, and moments where the word and object seemed alive and transcendent. *The Fleshing Words* is a compilation of inspiration, thought, and art. It is a cannibalization. For example in “Writing The Bones” I used specific lines from Larry Levis’ poem “Caravaggio: Swirl and Vortex” and created a new poem, a poem that led me to make new decisions about poetry. Also, in “What Babies Really Do” I used Bernadette Mayer’s poem of the same title, but instead of focusing on the moments of awareness outside of the body during pregnancy, as she did, I focused on the effects of pregnancy, childbirth and motherhood. It is a cannibalization of her work.

On the other hand, lyric poems like “Agosto Notturmo” bring poetry back to an elevated state, which in turn elevates the reader. In that poem, I use the classic form of the nocturne to address the loss of love. I also employ the leitmotif of “dove sta memoria” which was used by Pound and Cavalcanti. This project is built on lyrical and narrative language holding the quiet moments of connection, the softer moments of isolation, the spiraling in of energy and the spiraling out. The poems are vortices of time and chance unfolding into words.

The collection is, further, a representation of my lineage and history as well as my travels. I think of Tennyson’s “Ulysses” who says, “I am a part of all that I have met.” I too am part of my encounters, intimate relationships like family and distant relationships with strangers. My father was a pianist, arranger, and perpetual student. “To Watch His Hands” is a

tribute to him. As a young adult I read Voltaire and wondered about possibility and fate. Faulkner's stories had me smitten, especially their conceptual framework "Ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny." I understood this to mean that humans mimic and repeat the stages of development from single cell, to complex system, to watery creature with pharyngeal gill slits, to a thing that creeps, cries, and eventually walks and names its world.

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" Browning's sentiment sums up the beginning of my intellectual pursuits. My major was science before English, which led me to satisfy all the prerequisites of biology, botany, anatomy, and physiology before changing my major to English. I was fascinated by the physical world, by Tesla, Heisenberg, and even Tycho Brae. Initially, science was actually more appealing than poetry or prose: it seemed linked and linear, and only over time could I see its indeterminacy. Fortunately, after much coursework, I had to take an English class before transferring to the university. My teacher, Annette Lynch, bombarded me with poetry assignments, invited me to readings, and indulged my first efforts to write. She allowed me to bring my newborn daughter to class, and submitted one of my first poems, "Ena," to Cal Poly Pomona's writing competition where I won first place, money, and publication. It seemed simple. The nail in the science coffin was my parent's insistence on a major that would lead to employment; I automatically went the other way. However, going the other way did not erase the past; instead, poetry became a forensic science of words. Just as Faulkner's preoccupation with ontogeny demonstrated the inner cellular evolution unfolding in physical form, teleology, (another preoccupation of order) seemed to be the social story of that search for purpose. In teleology,

the search for evidence of being is based on the idea that the universe has a purpose. This assumes a connectedness and a plan.

This project made me look at connections, and poetry connects us with the unknown. Jack Spicer asserts in *Billy The Kid*: “Let us fake out a frontier – a poem somebody could hide in with a sheriff’s posse after him.” It could be that this poetry is a fake frontier for us to hide in. It could be that the connections are as real as that frontier. In a sense, connections can be the footsteps on the Metro following a pair of pointed shoes that lead to a bar with great beer on the side of a street where a building once fell on a butterfly. For every association made in my head, there were countless permutations that I didn’t make. It is a large frontier. In the end, I found the most important connections, whether random or deliberate, are the connections with others, with place, and with the self. These are the fleshing words that built the eyes that see the hands that wake in the yard that Jack built.

We are born helpless. As soon as we are fully conscious we discover loneliness. We need others physically, emotionally, intellectually; we need them if we are to know anything, even ourselves.

C.S. Lewis



## To Watch His Hands

My father's father

Trained his hands with sticks spread across thumb to pinky  
To navigate a chord by six.

He played through the Depression,  
Through rotten fruit bereft of bruises  
Free from the backs of supermarkets,  
Played through train jumping and seeing his brother  
Lose his legs.

Raymundo: God of the world on wheels  
Sticks and blood, sticks and blood.

Father played until his hands were blue and blood  
Crept from his mouth like moths. Last Rites  
In the Sanitarium, three times.  
The man, shriveled tuberculin lungs,  
Shook death, shook death because he heard music.

Saint Cecilia with angels at the piano.  
Bone and blood, bone and blood.

He rose like Lazarus, tricked death, found he could grow to  
Enter women like music and create rhythm in beats inside them.

First Dolores, and great sadness.  
Then Alice, Margo, and Regina, my queen.

My father had a daily ritual of scales,  
*Fortissimo throughout the house.*  
To watch his hands, tender on ivory teeth.

In his ears he blasted Franz Liszt from the headphones while  
Reading Goethe, his hands tuned to the metronome  
For forty-five sustained minutes of daily Tch, tch, tchs.

He could not caress a child like the ivory, could not separate  
The bruised imperfection of childhood to taste sweet moments  
With his own.

My hands are his, sticks and blood tuned to the tch, tch of looms,  
The rhythms of Schumann.

When cancer came it left his hands alone. There in the bed  
Teaspoons of cold Morphine under his tongue  
The liquid of absolution from my hands  
To wake the moths of blood from his lungs again  
To let them flutter his soul to a coast I have not seen

After the first hours of death  
I slid my hands under the afghan that covered him.  
His hands were quiet, no longer chattering like teeth  
But warm under the blankets, and still  
Unresponsive in death  
The sticks, sticks, sticks.

## Orphic Letters

### Letter 1

A thousand and one times today I thought of you.  
Purr at my hands,  
My breasts rising like heat,  
You, bearded, strong with need  
All mouth, tongue, and hands.

What could I say today, that I wasn't delighted, that my body didn't wake to a  
Calling for more, that a thousand and one times today I thought of you.  
Send word that you are coming and I will walk out to meet you.

### Letter 2

It was hard to call you-  
Time falling  
Bare and bear. Kids later, busy now  
No plans and letting go, letting go--

### Letter 3

I am undone, not by need,  
But by the risk of need.  
After a steady diet of crickets, I sing and call  
But hide in the dark.

### Letter 4

Missing is knowing in a vacuum.  
A tumble of  
Thistle, glob and glass.

Letter 5

*Thinking is more interesting than knowing, but not  
As good as looking-*  
Goethe knew the secret of curiosity,  
The disappointment of being known.

Post Script

We called off everything, popcorn, dogs, candlelight.  
Down at the mouth it was dry.

He was so afraid of me,  
Me, softness and epiphany, strength and eclogue, I touched him and he rose to it.  
Amazing need,  
Need-based and conflicted, I left him like that.  
Spring without the fruit.  
The rind pulled back, the menace of seeds—

I had to go back to the place where graves are, my own name, my father's, the place that  
buried me as a child.

Who will sign up to be no more than that? It is spring  
And the smell of his shirt clings to the ground.

Agosto Notturmo

Perseid light returns  
and with it, a misdirected gift in the form of a dead rat  
at my door from cats,  
then a hen dead after the egg cracked inside her

*E a lume spento. La vita spenta.*

Perseus' light, an August shower that  
returns love like dead fish to a baffled sea.  
Tonight, cuttle fish fall like stars from the sky,  
everywhere is barren ground.  
Love swims like anchovetta.

*Dove sta memoria? Dove la luce?*

Perseid light falls in meteor showers--  
Fragments of a legacy  
burn-out before they hit the ground.

The hen and her gifts are gone,  
The year of the rat is over.  
A cuttle fish, a girl, a bloodless heart.

## The Continuum

It was this way,  
disconnecting her cables, then  
analyzing the row of tubers grown in the yard...  
She called them hearts,  
said they came from the garden.

Then it was time.  
To erase all the crayon drawings of rectangular houses  
with parallelogram roofs  
along right triangles and small squares of chimneys which  
grew circuitous smoke like love folding back on itself.

She was difficult from birth, and this way,  
disconnecting the cables, we were ready  
to put her tuber under the ground.

## What Babies Really Do

*...Often when I am happy a fear comes over me—  
not fear that the joy will end, but fear that circumstances  
beyond my control and unexpected will arise to prevent me  
from ever feeling joy again*

by Bernadette Mayer

I

Meconium, splash of darkness on the rocks, frail hiccup of astounding courage  
repeated and defeated the late breakfast and early midnight

Ghost cloud dripping into polyester pants with cotton linings like bread lines during the Great  
Depression and melancholia after two dried crackers in the earliest morn

I have eaten Milan and swallowed the Congo.

This growing thing with palpable flesh.

Wailing seas, wailing silences, floating into and kicking,

Raising the knee, belly stretched Djembe Djembe--

Late days in throbs if on the back, throbs if on the feet, throbs and leaks the leaky goop of plugs  
Water and wailing walls and the wall of transition.

Hate, hating everyone and the inescapable train of push, no wait, push,

The thin lip splitting into splitting into hot poker

Elbows flared into knees and shoulder blades breaking through the pelvis

That was once a gift.

Opened and reopened, inserted and reinserted with deftness of what babies really do when they  
are calling from the other side to become seed.

Fat butterball turkey plucked and wailing with cranium unfolding that shows  
Meconium was the answer of hiccup defeated at 2 AM,  
Now wailing into wee exhaustion little  
Cowbird of future teenager flesh

Profoundly screaming and competing as the new snot producing, meconium stained,  
Head hungry hiccup. On a good day, day care and moments of sleep and caffeine  
Alternating like breath between waves of narcolepsy.

## II

Cold, cold, isolating cold, the chill divide down the middle of the mad bed  
Who seeded and has not sod the gray gift, hot poker  
Again, again.

Knocking in the night of dreams swimming in blood screaming in  
Blood, screaming *darkness filled my lungs and I was alone hearing you  
but couldn't see you or break free.*

Hush child someday you will be a man but first there is earwax to wrangle, and Dr. Seuss' One  
fish, Two fish, Red fish, Blue Fish swimming in Cat Hat play with the child of moose horns and  
duck feet

The lost child of Neverland always reaching back  
Craning forward, lost in a sea of report card measurement, checkmate and  
Somber blues seeping into the tulle fog morning fashion. He is

Suicidal but passes on the roulette. Mother, now in the closet with the 38 in her mouth  
Dreaming of silence, but he is hooting and  
Needs toilet paper for his ass prank nose earwax.



He needs braces and an inhaler splitting breath, she needs glasses and help with her autism,  
which is actually algebra trying to become poetry of signs.

### III

Recover, uncover the lonely in cold without sheets. Kick, kick like birth, kick into the  
underbelly moist and sliced like fish. Wrap in newspaper, the one fish gash, the one eyed head  
stare.

She is beautiful, rosebud cupid lips, and arrows from the deep brown eyes. Cut out, and laid on  
fresh cut drum belly. Hearing, not seeing, I was paper to swaddle the eye of her.

They rolled her away, unable to lift

My head, move arms, flail like fish-cry.

24 pale hours. Cried like Superman must have cried  
propped in his electric corset.

*This* chance. Two hours of pushing ball of heft, tear and silence, too secret to sound.

My edelweiss, my buttercup. She could speak at three weeks, whisper and question like a  
Man-child.

The laboring again at home with water gushing a salty fountain, an hour, a push, a silent  
pumpkinseed. Head shaped from the journey, then sleep and hunger.

Blue baby,

Baby Blue,

In the room the crib slept, waiting like a mountain cave.

#### IV

Go willingly to inject the Euthabarb  
Into the veins of cats,  
Into the hearts of recalcitrant dogs that do not die after the first injection.  
Clean blood, vomit and parvovirus bowels to buy a blanket and a bonnet.

Farm beans, corn and search cushions for coins. Sweep the floor in infinite circles. Say Hackle  
berry, because you remember that it was once in your mouth and isn't now-  
For it was nothing. They are beautiful!

The stretch marks that groove your belly with sandstorms will become silvery like the silver of  
sardines swimming to vast unknown equations.

I.

“The skeleton says so much,” he says.  
Fondling a scapula,  
Rubbing the inner curve with  
his forefinger, not looking, but pausing  
his finger at every jag.

He says the man was powerful  
He can see where the biceps were attached and can  
Imagine  
This man was capable of throwing his dog  
Out a window.

When Levis writes of Caravaggio  
In the painted head of Goliath,  
*He is boated, decapitated, empurpled...*  
Offering up himself like the portrait,  
To die before one dies and keep painting-

You know he has lived that  
very moment when

You paint yourself into the face of the dead because  
You have already died and  
You can talk about it with authority  
As if you had swum in 1991  
into the swift river of the Carolina wood.

II.

In a poem he could show you

A cut mark on a bone, fourteen years after the body was buried.

He could exhume the fragments and say,

“See the cut mark,” and I did.

“There’s a diagonal bend on each transverse process,”  
and it was.

He could place the sharp cuts of a

Knife, right where he wanted a breath—

Right at the exact spot where his mother stood

At the moment when Kennedy was killed and

The news blared over the store radio while she shopped at Whitefront.

He could tell by the prosody of the line that she

Was there buying a radio for her bedside table which would

Sit there until he was done with his puberty—

its rapid division

its multiplication

its hardening bones.

He could tell then that his body would give out,

Just as it was giving up its boyish form.

### III.

He could look at the bones like a scientist  
and say, "This skeleton says so much.  
Look at the pelvis,  
it was cracked, then healed.  
It carried children. Look  
At the nose, it's been broken. Look at the spiral twist  
of the spinal column, it carried a lopsided load."

He could see the head of Caravaggio, hacked off  
from the cervical vertebra,  
Eyes half open in a dream. But was it him?

Larry, Larry light to carry framed in the blackness of trees.

### IV.

It was not enough to tell of his friend  
and the landmine that broke him  
into fragments. He could describe the neutrinos  
which pierced the fleshy parts of the boy five years before  
his death, when he would go over to Levis' house and  
his mother would play the new radio on the table  
draped with the spider-web doily embroidered by Great Aunt No One  
above the laminated wood.

He was like this  
his words.

He could offer himself up in the peach face of Goliath.

He could swim loudly

and explain things as if

You were deaf and bleary eyed.

He would half-close his eyes and wave his  
peppery bangs back over his forehead, then  
whisper, like he whispers now,

“This is about absence, and it is not.

This is no one’s story,”

And most of his face would tense,

His eyes half open in a dream.

## The Fleshing Words

1

Spain  
I detest you  
A dog stare  
Cold indifference

El Colón stands over the city  
Over olive trees and pigeon shit  
Over the tortured feet of women

His left hand points  
to his Americas

His legs spread  
Like suckling pig.

2

Underneath Colón  
Reinando Alfonso XII,  
Marble Madonna,  
Mute molded angels.

Starbuck's litter  
claims the ground

Keep your fashions  
    Transparent moth threads  
Keep the leather  
    Throats of rutting bulls

Colón's dream of beauty ends  
The gypsy aria  
Rolling silence in the distance.



3

Went down the hole  
Through the loam damp worm space  
Underground  
Down  
Down  
World with no end  
Jesús  
Falling in me falling on me  
Falling and  
Relentless falling  
A bead eye into the dirt lash  
Into the nostril loam  
Over the fur and down down  
Deep into the animal  
Dark leviathan  
Dark swallowed  
Past the lips

4

I died a bit today  
Knew my way

5

*In Pompeii, ash filled the space that was woman.  
I am emptied  
of all that is grass.*

6

*El Enigma Sin Fin*

Because the mountain has  
Forehead,  
It becomes self-portrait

Because the guitar is  
Fruit,  
The branch swims like fish

Because the mouth is  
Pawn,  
The tongue is severed pomegranate

Darkness emerges a  
Black horse with curved foreleg  
Where voice, called Dawn  
Floats on a glass cloud

7

The conference of  
Quantum Solids and Liquids drones on in Trento  
As if science had not heard poets speak  
The slithering of space inside the solid being.

8

The smoke in El Gijón  
spreads its legs everywhere in curls—  
  
The midwife air.

9

Out of Duende  
retracting and thrusting  
The sheathes of being have been balled out

10

I  
dug  
an  
L  
shaped  
Pit.  
The  
dead  
offer snakes not secrets.

11

Where is Hermes Trismegistus and the man with the golden nose  
who came after?

12

He is Tycho Brahe  
Who knew the Olympic Mons of Mars  
    the lava that grew from center to  
  
    out to collapse  
    the *teleologic* function of heat and space  
while dueling, badly.  
The lopped nostrils crushed on the ground.

13

Bodies hurled by bodies  
at Granada

Gypsy cave, a hand,  
slashed wind waiting  
to break.

14

Llorona,  
Llorar

The mountains are weeping  
In rivers

The river cries to the lady  
The stars cry light to the ground.

15

This is how it's always been  
the eyes of the dead now closed  
in the statues of Colón. I cannot hate you;  
to hate you is to loathe myself.  
Greasy Chorizo, anchovies  
a brace of ice-cold beer.

16

Red blouse on the body  
    a red blouse.  
Storks' nests in Avila trees  
    angels' loft, twigs,  
    winged grace,  
The fleshing words warm  
on the sticks of being.



17

I started smoking  
you started  
bleeding      We both  
let death into loneliness  
I wish you would write

18

Max's Solitary Conjugal Trees are here  
Burled wood rolling into bubbles of dreams.

19

That sun fills  
The outside of a hat  
The unstated preamble to park bench politics  
    mumble of refrigerators  
    mistaken for silence

20

It is this  
Segovia  
that brings me to hear  
the space between trees  
The Arabs are gone  
buildings lament  
    in mosaic tattoo

21

I expect flesh to float  
into words,  
press against this, comfort this,  
laugh at this,  
put that of the trees into  
ah or oh or no  
Not that, but here

22

Exact change floats in parenthesis  
of daily rate. This is  
more than that.

These sounds  
    Totem salad of sighs  
    Shouting give, forgive  
and I am sorry.

23

That sun  
fills stone staircases  
rock turrets  
the voice of prophetic virgins  
the bronze balls of oversized horses

24

Granite walls  
machine drills  
clanging hammers  
vibrating concrete of man-sweat  
the black tap of heeled shoes  
a yellow sundress.  
Red nipples of bathers  
transfixed tongues  
of flowers,  
this dawn,  
    a beggar's hand.

25

That sun negates the underground  
Where Metro man mumbles  
A prayer, a crucifix  
The breathy vowel  
lazy lid eye lisp

Here I walk out, unsure if I am walking out,  
If I am walking.  
If my face  
is the pock  
marked cheek that no one will look upon.

26

Salida,  
and I go  
not being  
seen by  
the child, her ice-cream, a small black dog,  
the women with pointed shoes and  
asymmetrical skirts,  
The here that I am no longer

27

Sit with Goya, deaf and alone  
in the destruction of a country—

A dog's head adrift in sand.

28

I have eaten Costa Rica  
Four fingers remain from a yellow hand  
Behind two fat black figs, a sycamore  
Leaf palmate and dusky.  
Beyond this is a door  
It is the door of Nieto  
Come to accuse.  
It is the door reflecting the window  
Behind me that is Madrid.  
One hundred and four and smoky.  
Blossom ends advertise sweetness.  
Las Meninas yellow, delightful and waiting.

29

That the same moon still rises  
out of the broken Coliseum.  
*Buona sera Romani.*

That the Trevi fountain sings!

30

At the Borghese, Giovanni Bautista is the same  
face that holds the severed Goliath.  
Caravaggio's prediction to fate  
A spider's stratagem.



31

The legs and wing remain  
steadfast and strong without the head of war.

32

Dante,  
*I found your tomb in Ravenna,  
Mosaics, marble and Roman urns,  
Viruti et Honori above your head. I come to this,  
to break bread with words--  
always eating the dead.*

## NOTES

- Pg. 1 “My Vocabulary did this to me” are the words that Jack Spicer purportedly said to Robin Blaser explaining why he was dying as a correlation to betraying his own rule of not looking back at his work before completion. Thematically, looking back is based on Orpheus looking back to Eurydice as they are exiting Hades. When he looks back he loses her forever. Looking back is a leitmotif for Spicer. The story can be found in: Orpheus in Vancouver or, The Radio That Told Me About the Death of Jack Spicer by Kreg Hasegawa.
- Pg. 3 Billy The Kid, by Jack Spicer was printed in limited edition by Enkido Surrogate Press, 1959.
- Pg. 4 ...”We are born helpless”.... from The Weight of Glory, C.S. Lewis William B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, Michigan 1949
- Pg. 7 “Thinking is more interesting than knowing, but not as good as looking” Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Similar to Einstein’s “Imagination is more important than knowledge.” This usage also refers to “knowing” someone in the Biblical sense.
- Pg. 9 Agosto Notturmo- August Nocturne-“ Dove sta memoria” is borrowed from Ezra Pound, who borrowed it from Guido Cavalcanti. “Where memory liveth. “ It appears in Canto 46, and after.
- Pg. 11 Epigraph from ”What Babies Really Do” A Bernadette Mayer Reader, 1992.
- Pg. 14 Euthabarb is the name of the barbiturate injected into animals for euthanasia.
- Pg. 15 “Writing The Bones” was published in the New Virginia Review, volume 11, 2001 under the title “Writing The Bones for Larry after Winter in North Carolina”. This poem borrows from “Caravaggio: Swirl and Vortex” and “Self Portrait with Radio” from The Widening Spell of the Leaves.
- Pg. 19 El Colón is Cristóbal Colón, the Spanish spelling of Christopher Columbus. Suckling Pig is the English translation for *Cochinillo al Horno* or roast suckling pig: 21 days of mother’s milk, then roasted. This dish was made most famous by El Mesón de Candido in Segovia.
- Pg. 19 Reinando Alfonso XII was King of Spain. He commissioned the monument to Colón in Madrid. Starbuck’s, U.S. coffee swilling magnate and reference to Melville’s Moby Dick.
- Pg. 23 *El Enigma Sin Fin* is a surrealist painting by Salvador Dali displayed at the Prado Musuem.

- Pg. 24 The conference of Quantum Solids and Liquids was held in Trento, Summer 2004. El Gijón is one of the oldest restaurants in Madrid, and the place where I did a lot of writing.
- Pg. 25 “Ell square pitkin,” from The Cantos of Ezra Pound and book XI of The Odyssey where Odysseus speaks to the dead and specifically the blind Tiresias of Thebes. Where Orpheus goes into the underworld to bring back the Eurydice, Odysseus goes to seek knowledge.
- Pg. 26 Hermes Trismegistus- From Middle Ages, attributed with writing Hermetica, famous for philosophy, magic, and specifically alchemy. His dates are a mystery and made mythic. Tycho Brahe-1546-1601, Danish astronomer, fine-tuned the Copernicus model. Along with Kepler, he believed earth was center of the universe. Her purportedly lost part of nose in a duel and is said to have worn a golden nose replacement adhered with glue. My father had a dinner game where he gave clues to famous philosophers or scientists; these two were some of his favorites to retell.
- Pg. 26 There is a cave at Granada where gypsies were hurled to their deaths. Llorona, The weeping woman, dashed her own children into a river and killed herself. At night she howls and cries for her children in hopes of snatching new ones. Like Medea, she contains pride, power, and suffering. She is universally feared and pitied in Hispanic culture. She remains a strong image from my childhood.
- Pg. 29 Max Ernst painted *Solitary Conjugal Trees* about 1941 which is currently displayed at the Thyssen-Bornemisza in Madrid.
- Pg. 33 Goya’s *The dog on a Leash*, was painted 3 years before his death in 1828. Displayed at the Museo del Prado in Madrid, is one of his “black paintings.” This section also refers to “The Dream of Reason,” a play by Buero Vallejo, which was first performed in Madrid.
- Pg. 34 *Las Meninas*, by Diego Velasquez, was painted in 1656 and is currently displayed at Museo del Prado, also *Las Meninas*, the play by the same title by Buero Vallejo, was based on the painting and Velasquez’s life.
- Pg. 36 Caravaggio painted John the Baptist and David or *David with the Head of Goliath*, about 1610, which is on display at the Borghese in Italy. He used the same model for David as is used in Juan Bautista or John the Baptist. Also, “Caravaggio: Swirl and Vortex,” by Larry Levis is an ekphrasis poem that asserts that the face of Goliath is Caravaggio’s prediction of his own death. See: The Widening Spell of the Leaves University of Pittsburg Press.
- Pg. 37 The statue with legs and wing is a statue standing across from Roman Forum. Ravenna, Italy is the resting place of Dante and my final destination before returning home, summer, 2004.

## VITA

Jesse Loren was born in Glendale, California, currently resides near the Bay area with her three children and teaches literature and journalism at Vanden High School. She is a guest columnist for The Winters Express. While attending college, Jesse worked as a Veterinary Technician, a bookseller, a research assistant, a performance artist, and co-president of U.C. Irvine's Cooperative Organic Gardens. She has also worked as a California Poets in The Schools teacher and guest poet for CSU Long Beach Young Writers' Program. She earned her B.A. from the University of California at Irvine, her teaching credential from Chapman University and has attended Warren Wilson College in North Carolina and California State University of Sacramento before completing her M.F.A. from the University of New Orleans. Her poetry can be found in Faultline Magazine, The New Virginia Review, and Ellipsis.