



# SAID JUST SO

Richard Denner

**SAID JUST SO**  
**D Press**  
**Ellensburg 1982**

**Junk assemblage by the author  
Photo by Richard Braley**

*for Luis*

"Here's splotchy velvet set to hide a door in a wall and there—there's the man himself praying!"

**NOW THERE THEN**

Organically rising out  
of common motor pools of 5  
we find a new world  
speaking a new language

Let's look at it—  
    sky cloud bird  
    mountain ocean sun  
    smoke house man  
    street dog bike

No Bike Riding  
On the Sidewalks

While visiting our community  
Please adhere  
To a meatless, eggless  
Non-alcoholic diet  
And abstain from smoking

Mind-altering drugs and  
Unnecessary nudity

Dig in—be happy  
this bizarre circus stretches  
beyond metaphysics beyond  
meditation beyond your great  
grandmother's condominium



**AM I REPRESSED**

or is this taking place  
in a little espresso bar  
along the peaceful Nile?

oh, I thought I saw

two shadows

I'm sorry—

I'm sorry, too

too much coffee

I'm damn jittery

.

we sit in a cool spot  
amid the burning

the moon trine Uranus

.

miraculous water

partings, waves

splitting

finding

in the sand

the Pharaoh's grave

a damn rib in

her

icy stare



## RODEO OF THE EQUINOX

There's an urgency  
to his line, the  
tension meant to hold

a wonder. Orion  
lassoes an Atlas-bred  
heifer by the hoof.  
Nearly tugging free

Sterope is tied  
hard and fast  
with hemp.

Not too shabby, all  
agree, and space is

taut in admiration.

The Olympian buckaroo puts  
a silver buckle on his belt.

Sterope licks  
her burn in  
the calf pen.



## **IT'S A MESS**

by the creek where I squat  
with nosebleed after smacking  
my face in the slash

a crisscross of firehardened

barbed sticks, o mama  
the dead forest

and the hills

lush in bitterbrush and ceinosis  
sea of noses

o mama  
there's no hope for the trees

.

slasher slash  
rockier rock

this little unit  
has snow on it  
and's unusable

out of shoot #1  
it's Flaming Hoedag  
ridden by J. Root

o mama  
there is hope for the trees

.

Orpheus instructs the treeplanters  
Watch those scalps  
Keep an eye on spacing  
Don't plant too deep  
No J roots  
I only want to see asses and elbows

.

We plant ahead of progress rates  
into full pay with laurels

We're paid to plant a tree,  
and we'll come back  
and back again until it grows

The trees—  
out of their depth  
with this logic,

driven around in vans,  
debated about like dots on a map

.

Go Fir It Reforestation  
in the Land of Many Abuses  
it's well

trying to plant in a week  
what, destroyed in a day,  
took 1000 years to grow

## **AFTER THE VOLCANO**

No need to go  
outside—there's

just ash out.

Quite a scene  
at Joe Albertson's  
during the ashout.

A man with a towel over his head  
wearing swimming goggles  
stocks up on beer, another  
wearing a surgical mask  
carries an umbrella.

It's dark.  
We stay indoors and listen  
to Orson Welles'  
*War of the Worlds*.

After the Martian smoke settles,  
trees drop their pyroclastic debris,  
and birds start a new day,  
although it's a bit gritty.

## **WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?** *for Alia*

Here it is, your birthday,  
and you're 34. Four  
is before five, bunnytoes,

and three is one  
before four. Remember,

too, I'll love you,  
never counting the decades.

.

I see you see  
beauty, as we

share sunrises,  
join silences.

.

Sounds pathetic,  
but back there

a goose merged with a gear,  
a tick developed a number.

## **OUR GARDEN**

At first,  
there was time,  
and we agreed.

Summer bent into autumn,  
then snow covered the rows.

If you go,  
I'll be left the coals  
that are the snowman's eyes.