



**FLAKE UPON FLAKE**

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**D-PRESS**  
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# COVER DRAWING by LUIS GARCIA

## GOLD LEAF DUET

Jesse

I came from England.

Where did you come from?

Bessy

Why, Ellensburg, right here.

Where did you say you were from?

Jesse

England.

Bessy

Engleburg?

Jesse

England.

English, I'm English.

Bessy

Oh, English, you're English.

Jesse

That's right, I'm English.

I came here sixty years ago.

Bessy

I'm from Ellensburg

I'm a native.

## ROBBERS' ROOST

through this valley  
where robbers roost

I strive with systems  
to free myself from systems

easy to see the irony—  
implementation's more severe

find a place where rent is low

gardens grow, pace is slow

in the end  
it won't matter

we can settle on a small  
farm in Berkeley—

just a radioactive cow  
and a few chickens



## **ORDINARY ADVENTURES**

are composed of  
remarkable  
instances and strange  
coincidences

Over the top—  
the chickens  
fly the coup

## LEAPS AND BOUNDS

*for Lisa and Camille*

leaps and bounds  
the heart's a kangaroo

a pouched animal  
with a punch that'll

knock you on your ass  
eats grass

natives call'em  
boomers



## ANCESTORS

Grandfather,  
I speak for you—

I speak that you may live.

Of old,  
I did not mind the death.  
How long he had sat there,  
the hunter with his sling!

His eyes on my every move,  
he lured me near, and I went  
that he would be fed.

But now,  
they munch on energy bars  
(I can read their litter)  
and dress like billboards.

4X4s rut the roads.  
Their radios cackle doom.  
Their rifles scope in.

## **STEPPIN' OUT**

*for Max*

Outside the Steppenwolf,  
I finish off the wine.  
An alley. On the wall  
are words by madmen.

Panhandle a turkey san  
from the grotto,  
hike up University  
and crash in the bushes.

I awake with fingers  
in my pockets, roll  
into Strawberry Creek—  
up the bank and to the tracks.

As light illumines the bay,  
"Hey, man, let's smear that queer."

Feet, do your thing.



## **FLAKE ON FLAKE**

Love is its own  
warmth and strength.

Truth and mystery cross  
on 3rd & Main.

Rigs gear for the coast  
with cargoes of hay.

.

Through a vale,  
across a pass,  
down the trail,  
my ass.

The map I was made  
must've been meant  
to get me lost  
as the crow flies.

I make camp—  
the light gets dark,  
the dark, darker.

.

Hard to see  
the truth. Shaggy curves  
in a fuzzy country.

Realm of the densely packed,  
in turn a town with streets  
that aren't on any map.

.

I'm here  
to glue pictures.

These bricks should look  
like a baker laid them.

If it doesn't look  
like a child could built it,  
it isn't.