



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.