



# **THE INHUMAN WAVE**

**NEW POEMS  
& REVISIONS  
2019-2020**

**BRETT RUTHERFORD**

Book Preview



Also by BRETT RUTHERFORD

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*Trilobite Love Song*  
*Crackers At Midnight*  
*The Doll Without A Face*

# **THE INHUMAN WAVE**

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2019-2020**

by

**BRETT RUTHERFORD**

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THE  
INHUMAN  
WAVE

Book Preview

Suffer'd much I have,  
The war of men, and the inhuman wave,  
Have I driven through at all parts.

Homer, *The Odyssey*, Book 8, ll. 1614-1616.  
George Chapman translation.

## **THE INHUMAN WAVE**

Those not Frenchmen, who found themselves  
in Paris during the Terror, or in the Commune's tumult,  
have told of women, the unnumbered multitude,  
for every *jeune fille*, a *femme terrible*,  
how they welled out of the slums and docksides  
ten thousand strong with knives and hooks,  
marched all the way to Versailles to rip  
and shred the silk bedding of Marie Antoinette;  
how with scarcely-human, distorted visages  
they howled with joy as nuns and priests  
were dragged to the chugging Guillotine;  
how they bore the piked heads of nobles  
from square to square while shriek-singing  
*enfants de la Patrie* (enfants indeed  
as the starving fishwives and worn-out  
ladies of the after-hours avenged their rapes,  
revenged miscarriages and hunger's stillbirths,  
shook fists in the names of starved-to-death  
children, of menfolk vanished to dungeons).

Those horrified witnesses to '93,  
or to the doomed Commune of commons' rage,  
said they had never seen such creatures,  
contorted rag-faces that scarce were seen  
in daylight, demons even from Goya's fever,  
Maenads in '71 who hurled incendiary bombs,  
Medusas of the Communards reducing the Tuileries  
to an ash-ground of burnt and crumbled ruins  
(damn their palaces! to the flames, their documents!) —  
and how in each time of revolt, indeed,  
illiterate and with no scrap of paper on them,  
many a hag could issue detailed death-lists  
of accumulated resentment — this way, milord,  
to the alley where you will be torn to bits.  
Women whose work it was to skin and scale  
the Seine boats' harvest, who throttled hens,  
gutted the hares and trimmed the venison —

how easily they came to blood and rending!  
“Where did they all come from? One never saw  
such faces! A physiognomy of anger, creatures  
so hideous and filthy one could not think  
they dwelt with fathers, lovers and children;  
rather, they were demons of political rage,  
as though every wronged, dead harridan  
rose from her Black Death catacomb undead.”  
*Mères-grand, Citoyennes, Dames de la Mort!*  
Beware, kings and tyrants, the women of Paris!

Book Preview

## **PEELING THE ONION**

---

i

Summer of my fifteenth year, grandmother spoke of the grown-up things, her secrets. A little I knew from her mother, half-deaf Cristina Butler, coal-stove memories of Alsatian parents fleeing Prussians, a grandfather who had served Napoleon as waterboy in one of his campaigns. The Emperor loved his men of Alsace, those who “spoke German but sabred in French.” Things hidden in cubbyholes came down, things my grandparents would inherit and carry on: something in tarnished silver whose purpose we never understood, a never-read Bible from the Philadelphia Lutherans, and wine, Passover wine long turned to vinegar. There once had been a barn, long since burned down, and you could see how far the garden had gone when there were still men to do the tending.

But these were passed-on secrets, dimly-known. Today grandmother Florence told me of Butler, her father Albert, who robbed the town bank, got thirty dollars for his trouble, caught within hours. She showed me his photograph, a stout man in coat and tie, Masonic pin proudly displayed. “Dear Florence,” the obverse said in pencil-script, “The photos we took together did not come out. Good-bye from your Pa.” “And I never saw him again,” she said. “He went to jail. No one know where he went when he got out. Too shamed to be seen here. I was left alone with my mother Cristina.”

But what about Homer, then?" I asked. She frowned. Homer, the old man who had lived with Cristina up to his death when I was eleven; cigar-smoking recluse called "boarder" sometimes, others said they were "secretly married." We were told to include "Grandma Butler and Homer" right after Grandma and Pap-Pap in "Now I lay me down to sleep," that nightmare prayer that threatened death by suffocation.

"Homer came later," grandmother told me. "Nobody liked him, but he kept things safe. We had bad years, what with the war, and then the worst of the Depression. Nobody had to eat except what you grew yourself." She wiped her eyes; she was peeling onions. Her wide peasant face, pock-marked and plain, the face of every Alsatian village, bent downward over her task, the skins and roots of onions falling into the bucket where all the waste and slops accumulate.

She held one up, pointed her knife at it. "The truth is like this here onion." she said. I jumped to hear her use a simile. I leaned forward. "What do you mean, grandma?"

"See here. I peeled it So here's the white part." She cut some more. "Now look. There's dirt again and another layer of peel inside. Then the rest is all white. That's just the way some people talk to you. A lie outside, and then a little truth, and then more lies, until you get to the white truth inside. I guess you've seen enough — how people are?"

Like my stepfather, I thought. My mother, too.  
The double scandal of small-town affairs.  
My mother, my father's sister's husband,  
together now in a new town, "in sin"  
as everyone called it. I lived with her  
and the man I once knew as "Uncle Joe."  
My father fled town when they spread the lie  
that he had incest with his own sister,  
gaslighting near-incest with false outrage:  
*they did it first, so it's all right for us.*

Grandmother's house was just five miles from town.  
That summer I tried to call my school-mates.  
Their mothers answered the phone; each told me  
their sons and daughters were just too busy,  
and I shouldn't bother to call them again.  
The steeple-filled streets frowned on my walking.  
The place that held my ancestral tombs shunned me.

In the new town, the hated town, I said  
"My parents are separated." I called  
the humping couple Gertrude and Claudius.  
Stepfather hated me, as I soon grew  
to understand I was despised for what  
I was and did, a sensitive book-worm,  
hated the more for whom I resembled.

(During the courtship, if a slow dive bar  
seduction can be called that, he told her  
her son was a genius and ought to have  
a trust fund to make sure he made his way  
to some good college. A trust fund, by god!)

The false white peeled away, indeed, one day  
when Uncle Joe, whiskey-drunk, said to me:  
"Just so *you* know" — he never pronounced my name —  
"You are not welcome here. Your father pays  
child support. A bed, food on the table,  
that's what you get. But when you graduate,  
I want you out of here. Don't ever expect

anything from us.” I later learned how he had dumped his children from Marriage One into an orphanage. He meant what he said.

“Grandma, I know about lies, and liars.”  
(I had already told her everything).  
“I’m here right now to get away from them.”

“Out home — this is where you can always go.”  
She wiped the onion tears, the anger tears.  
The peels slid into the ever-swelling bucket.

ii

The house had been great-grandmother Butler’s, a four-room never-quite-finished structure, a living-room door that never opened since the back porch there had never been built. It hung in air above root-cellar door. The roof and the four walls were nothing more than tar-paper nailed over two-by-fours. From the road, “a shack.” For Grandma, growing from childhood to marriage, it was “Out Home.” Power it had, but no running water. Bucket by bucket, it came from the spring, or fell from the stormy sky into tubs, rainfall for washing, bathing, and cooking.

I didn’t mind summering there, so long as the cache of books to read held out, so long as there were woods to run to and from, and the fierce night sky’s Milky Way undimmed.

This morning, in the kitchen, something new: an alarming object I had not seen in the house or the shed or the cellar: a shotgun (loaded?) next to the front door. Almost on toe-tip I stood, alarmed. “What is that?” — I pointed — “And why is it here?”

“It might for your Uncle Joe,” she answered.

I smiled at the thought. It must have belonged to my now-dead grandfather. She saved it, perhaps when all his things were sorted out, the coal-miners’ gear and carpenter tools no one knew what to do with. Did she know how to use it? What was it really for?

She said no more, but the gun stayed. Not once was I tempted to touch or inspect it. Its aim was at the ceiling, yes, but what if it toppled over and shot us both? Each night I was aware of the dark steel, the double-barrel, the trigger so tensed that a sleepwalker might press and fire it.

One afternoon, late, we heard someone’s car come up the long driveway, hump over the wood-plank bridge, crack-hiss on the close-up gravel. “Quick! Turn off the lights!” my grandma ordered. “The TV, the radio, everything!” She locked the door. We crouched on the carpet beside the bed great-grandma had died in. The shotgun lay on the quilted bedspread. I smelled black powder and spied the brass edge of the shotgun shells. The gun was loaded.

In the yard, I heard the chickens scatter. A single set of heavy feet, up steps and onto the porch. Two knocks at the door, and then two raps on one kitchen window. We waited. Grandma was shaking, from fear or anger I could not be sure. She reached, and when her hands found the shotgun she calmed. She crouched. She was ready to aim and shoot.

At the kitchen door, an angry pounding.  
“God damn it, Florence, I know you’re in there!”  
a bass voice shouted. “I just want to talk!”  
The voice ... was the voice of my stepfather.

He pounded again, cursed. Glass did not break,  
door frame did not abandon its hinges.  
The steps receded. A neighbor’s dog barked.  
Again the chickens scattered. Another  
round of curses as the rooster attacked  
and chased him back to his automobile.  
The engine started clumsily, gears ground  
as he made the turnaround and went back  
to the blacktop slope of Ore Mine Hill Road.  
We waited for the normal outside sounds  
to come back again: hens, robins, wind sighs  
from the high pines that grazed the bedroom wall.

“What did he want?” I finally asked her. —  
“He comes out here, days he’s supposed to work.  
He’ll take me to the courthouse, he tells me.  
He wants me to sign the property away  
to him and your mother. He wants this house.  
This is my home, your home, your mother’s home,  
and home to my sons when they come visit.  
When Joe comes in the daytime like this, drunk  
or sober, he’s a bad man either way —  
I just turn out the lights and I hide here.

“Drunk or insane?” I said to her. “He knows,  
or ought to know, I’m here for the summer.  
I guess there is no bottom to evil or stupid.”

From this point on, grandma and I became  
a secret alliance. Amid the slither of serpents,  
she was my only friend.

iii

This time she was peeling potatoes. Peels, eyes, and dark spots fell into the bucket.

I no longer feared the shotgun. It stood in its place next to the kitchen door.

She looked at me, at the gun, at the knife as it deftly pared and sliced our dinner.

“Another story I’ll tell you. You’re old enough to understand it now, or you will when the time comes to sort all the stories out.

“I was just ten when my father went to prison.

My half-sister and I were mostly off to school.

Ma was alone all day, worked herself raw to cook and garden. She learned to can. The winter was bad.

You had to get coal for the stove, no matter what.”

She pointed to the ancient coal stove, flues and pipes set up to heat the place as well as cook and bake.

She hesitated then, and then it seemed she spoke beyond me to someone, or in her mother’s voice:

“You don’t know what it’s like to be a woman here in the country, alone in the woods. Husband gone off somewhere, or maybe dead. So a bunch of men are sitting around in a road-house, drinking beer.

They read the paper and they see a woman’s name in the tiny print of an obituary,

or read out the address of a man sent to jail.

And, oh, they remember you. Men you hadn’t seen since you were a little girl in school. It’s like they had a list that they added to and subtracted from.

“One day a car comes down the drive. Two or three men get out. And they take their hats off respectfully.

They have washed their hands and faces. You wouldn’t think they had jobs they should be at, and on a weekday.

They bring you a big sack of groceries. They worked hard to think of what you might be needing, salt to flour to cans of soup to a jar of German pickles.

They come in and sit down. They have some of your bread, crust like none they have ever known, so they tell you.

“Somewhere in that sack there is a whiskey bottle, so someone says, *Let’s open it and have a drink!* And you want to be polite. You get the glasses. They have a drink. You take a drink, though it’s a man’s drink and you’re not accustomed to it. Then someone says how lonely you must be without a man around. And they laugh and make jokes until you blush. And then they suggest something, and if you drank two of those whiskeys and you got a little silly . . .”

She paused and looked at me. “...and you give in.” Nodding, I waited for the rest. “And if you’re dumb enough to do that, then there is no stopping it. They tell their friends. They come by the carload to visit you. That’s the other reason I keep the shotgun here. Because of the things that can happen to women.”

iv

Grandma Florence has been dead for many years now. Even the memory of great-grandmother Cristina grows faint. Nothing remains of the house but its foundation. Cousins passed by and took photographs. They spoke to neighbors whose memories were long. One knew all about the gang of three robbers, how Albert Butler had gone away to prison. They said Cristina Butler sold moonshine right up to and past the end of Prohibition, how cars came and went to the little “shack.”

“Yes, she sold her moonshine there,” the neighbor affirmed, “but it wasn’t just moonshine she sold. She sold herself and her little daughter Florence.”

The truth was in the onion, waiting.

## **TALK AT THE DINER**

---

Went to the City a few weeks ago —  
all clean now since those homeless folks  
took off and all found jobs somewhere.  
Not a speck of garbage on the street.

The beggars were gone too. One drunk  
I'd always see not far from the door  
of some bar or liquor store, a nod and  
a wink when he'd say, "Some money  
for food, for Jesus' sake." You knew  
just where your quarter wound up.  
Well, he's gone, and all the others,  
the ones who pretended crazy or played  
a scritch-scratch violin for dollars.

Right here in town, by the tracks,  
there used to be some Black folks,  
but they up and moved last year.  
Some factory must've given them jobs.  
That Mrs. Hernandez who run the store,  
the dirty one that no one would go in,  
her place is all boarded up now.  
They took her at night, seeing how  
she had no right to be in America.

Remember those two men  
who lived together, and how we'd talk,  
tryin' to guess what they did at night?  
They up and moved; so did those gals  
we thought were kind of funny  
with their short hair and all those dogs.

Used to see that bus go back and forth  
talking folks in wheelchairs out  
and back from the shopping mall.  
Since budget cuts it doesn't run.  
I wonder where those cripples went.

It takes all kinds, I say. We had ours:  
that old man with the messed-up lawn  
full of peace signs. That atheist poet  
who'd cuss it out with the preacher  
right here in the diner, and won to rights  
more than half the time. Haven't seen any  
of those oddballs in a long while,  
but the church is getting a new steeple.

Downtown was rough at night,  
least in the old days, hell, just  
last year it was still bad. Bikers came,  
and bad women, and men you knew  
from their complexion would slit  
your throat in an alley if they could.

No one in the downtown taverns now  
but farmers and red-cap hunters.  
A woman can walk and not worry.  
Sure I see lights, and hear sirens,  
but that's so late at night I don't get up  
to go out and see what it is.

They're going to bulldoze a lot  
of those yellow-taped houses.  
Young people will move in, I'm sure.  
Nice people.

Funny how all those other folks  
keep moving away.  
Not that I mind.

## THE HARVEST MOON IN CAMDEN (ANNIVERSARIUS XLV)

---

And I came, on the night of the harvest moon,  
this thirteenth tropical night of the cool ninth month,  
and, as I had been beckoned by bell and raven,  
I found myself before a familiar tomb,  
and its door was ajar and full moon showed me  
the undulating form of a great serpent  
(black she was and beautiful, sleek of skin  
as the Queen of Sheba) and she rose up  
and welcomed me. "Enter!" she said, "You  
have I called, as well as many others,  
and only you have tread the dream-realm,  
crossed seven thresholds to stand before me.  
Are you not afraid?"

        "Afraid at *his* tomb,  
he at whose knees I learned to sing and write?  
Much as I fear Death, I do not fear *him*!"

And a voice inside the sepulchre uttered:  
"Come, be not at all fearful. Here there is peace,  
though my soul is fitful and weeping.

"I am Walt Whitman, a man, a citizen of Camden.  
Reach out and touch the stone of my father,  
the stone behind which my mother sleeps.  
Touch this rough stone behind which my bones,  
my hair, my ever-sinewed limbs, cannot slumber;  
least of all my two eyes, my third eye celestial,  
my mouth that cannot cease its uttering.

"For it has come to me that the land is troubled.  
I ask, Has it yet come to pass that a woman sits  
in the chair of Jefferson and Lincoln? I fear not,  
although it is a thing much to be desired,  
and it has come to me that the occupant who sits

in the White House in Washington is not a good  
or a fair man; that his hands are full of gold  
and not forgiveness; that a man who reads no books  
attempts to make science; that corruption spreads  
like black tar from a broken well across the land;

“that under poisoned air and water, the earth quakes,  
fractured with the greedy extraction of gas,  
that shale, which slept before the dreamings  
of sauropods and tyrannosaurs, is rent  
by force of water, o incompressible!  
that the workmen no longer know  
when their labor begins or ends, that the slaves  
are not so called yet put on chains again, that men  
of one color flee down the streets in terror of arms  
and men of no color at all in rage pursue them;  
that it is no shame among you that some are roofless  
and many must bear the stain of beggary to eat;  
that the sick, when they are healed, are told to pay  
until their bank accounts are drained, their houses lost;  
that worse than in debtors’ jails the poor abide  
in tents on the sidewalk, poor-towns behind  
the stench-rows of oil tanks and refineries;  
that the limousine-rich sell death and addiction  
while mothers plead for an unpoisoned tap  
from which to feed and bathe their infants,  
while the Cappuccino-fueled Civil Servant says,  
“Well, everyone has to die of something;”  
that refugee children are caged like rabbits;  
that a man with a turban or a kippa, a woman  
whose faith requires a head-scarf, shall endure  
the clenched fist of an ignorant mob.

“If the occupant of the White House is not  
a good and fair man, or a good and fair woman,  
what hope is there for the shining star  
that cannot emerge from the night-cloud?”

“To these states I say, as I have always said,  
but even more to the people, one by one:  
*Resist much, and obey little.*  
And failing this, must the dead emerge  
from their tombs to admonish you?  
Have you no poets or statesmen?”

With a great sigh, the voice went dead.  
I heard only a distant siren, a gunshot,  
what might have been a woman’s scream,  
then silence. The great black snake,  
which had stood erect through all the speaking,  
sank to the granite floor of the tomb  
and slid into the darkness. I stood,  
my own shadow in solitary moonbeam  
extended to the Good Gray Poet’s stone  
at the back of his self-made mausoleum.

Book Preview

## **LET WINTER COME (ANNIVERSARIUS VII)**

---

I have been here a quarter century —  
now let me rest! let my contrary self  
be silent this once — this year  
no fancy from my leafy quill.  
The lake will still eat leaves without my lines;  
the unacknowledged cold drops to the bone  
from dawn of equinox whether or not  
some gloomy choral anthem welcomes it.

Hear me, friend: I will not send you dead trees,  
the frost no longer colors me orange.

I dodge the four winds' summonings, evade  
the draft of winter's war, refuse this time  
to slurry down autumn with napalm frost.

Although I turn the page, my pen is dry.  
Whole forms no spring can disinter  
scream past me into shallow graves —  
leaf-flake will go to vein and then to dust,  
love that once sprung from vernal lust dies off  
to tumble-leaf gravid forgetfulness.  
With summer gone, the past is verdigris;  
broken-off promises to peeling rust;  
to the boneyard with your false embraces,  
to kettle-pot sky, your terrified flight —

Leave me then; I shall be silent as frost,  
sliding down autumnless to sudden snow,  
ghostless too on whisper-still All Souls' Eve,  
droop-walking sans pumpkins and tilted corn,  
thanks-hymnless on harvest feast day, chiding  
the moon to tick in slug-down count to twelfth-  
month solstice and a muffled caroling.

Let winter come, if it must. I grow old  
in these leaves, like an old mattress this ground  
has humored me. The muffled maple-leaf  
carpet accepts my tread without addressing me.

The Muse of the acorn is baffled by silence.  
Ye Maple Giants, what is there to sing?  
I walk by their houses; those whom I love  
fold into the shadows with their lovers.  
I window-watch until the blinkout freezes me.

Why do the hanging bats look down at me  
that way? Why do the squirrels pause just  
long enough when I see them, eye-contact  
asking me why I have nothing to say?

Why, leaves, do you windlessly follow me,  
clinging to my shoes and to trouser cuffs,  
skittering across the bridge before me,  
laughing at my failed romance, shivering  
me into this my single bed and book?

Poor leaf in my pale hand, do you wonder  
why in this gloom I will not write of you?  
I press you to my cheek, cool, damp, and red.  
You know me too well, my only friend now,  
you know at the end I will not scorn to love you  
though I protest my loneliness tonight.  
The tree that bore you knows I will seek it,  
that I will come to lean against its trunk,  
waiting for dawn in the lake-edge snowing.

Bereft of leafage and loved ones, we'll watch  
as lying Venus casts her pall on ice.  
Why write a song that none will ever sing,  
or poems that make their object  
run for the horizon?

Leave me, autumn! Silence, ye wanton winds!  
Abandon, birds, these wrinkled, wretched trees!  
Here are the pen, the ink, and the paper,  
    the empty virgin expanse, pale yellow —  
    the ruled lines pulling me down like magnets —  
No! no! I have nothing at all to say —  
and I will not, *will not* write a poem.

— 1972, *New York*; revised 1983, 1995, 2020

## **TWO AUTUMN SONGS (ANNIVERSARIUS VI)**

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1

Now Autumn chills the treetops and the red flare  
of my October is the herald of new deaths,  
exciting yellow suicide-plummets,  
ultimate green embraces, consummate  
past tenses, the die-off of chlorophyll,  
and as at gallows-side, the end of love.  
So I join the flamboyant divers,  
break with the past of my sun-sustenance,  
and even with love. Forgetfulness, go!  
Sleep is for summer nights. Awaken, now!

Inside my book the loved ones have grown thin.  
They crumble at my touch, my tongue finds not  
their lips nor the flush of their loins, but breaks  
from them decay's red ash, dust on the earth,  
eyeless, nameless, the walked-upon past.

## **ABOUT THE POET**

Brett Rutherford, born in Scottsdale, Pennsylvania, began writing poetry seriously during a stay in San Francisco. During his college years at Edinboro State College in Pennsylvania, he published an underground newspaper and printed his first hand-made poetry chapbook. He moved to New York City, where he founded The Poet's Press in 1971. For more than twenty years, he worked as an editor, journalist, printer, and consultant to publishers and nonprofit organizations.

After a literary pilgrimage to Providence, Rhode Island, on the track of H.P. Lovecraft and Edgar Allan Poe, he moved there with his press. *Poems From Providence* was the fruit of his first three years in the city (1985-1988), published in 1991. Since then, he has written a study of Edgar Allan Poe and Providence poet Sarah Helen Whitman (briefly Poe's fiancée), a biographical play about Lovecraft, and his second novel, *The Lost Children* (Zebra Books, 1988). His poetry, in volumes both thematic and chronological, can be found in *The Pumpkined Heart* (1973, 2020), *Poems From Providence* (1991, 2011), *Things Seen in Graveyards* (2007), *Anniversarius: The Book of Autumn* (1984-2020), *Twilight of the Dictators* (1992, 2009), *The Gods As They Are, On their Planets* (2005, 2012), *Whippoorwill Road: The Supernatural Poems* (1998, 2005, 2012, 2020), *An Expectation of Presences* (2012), *Trilobite Love Song* (2014), *Crackers at Midnight* (2018), and *The Doll Without A Face* (2019).

Returning to school for a master's degree in English, Rutherford completed this project in 2007, and worked for University of Rhode Island in distance learning, and taught for the Gender and Women's Studies Department. There, he created courses on "The Diva," "Women in Science Fiction," and "Radical American Women."

He has prepared annotated editions of Matthew Gregory Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*, the poetry of Charles Hamilton Sorley, A.T. Fitzroy's antiwar novel *Despised and Rejected*, the collected writings of Emilie Glen and Barbara A. Holland, and selected fiction by Mikhail Artsybashev and Leonid Andreyev (*Two Russian Exiles*, 2019).

## **ART CREDITS**

- Cover: *Night View of Wisteria in the Sephardic Graveyard*. Digital watercolor made from detail of photo by the author.
- End leaves: Greek funerary stele. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.
- Page 59: Medieval illumination drawing depicting the attempted robbery of the Abbey at Bury St. Edmunds.
- Pages 63 to 67: Churchyard of St. Cuthbert's Church, Elsdon, Northumberland, England.
- Page 91: Ruins of brick house at Carpentertown, near Hecla, PA. Photo by the author.
- Page 103. Maples trees at Edinboro Lake, Edinboro, PA. Photo by the author.
- Facing page 106: *The Ibis*. Watercolor by Riva Leviten. Collection of the author.
- Page 128: Painting and poem by Shen Zhou, 1470 CD.
- Facing Page 137: Photograph by Tony Buba. With permission by the photographer.
- Facing page 190: Detail of Greek funerary stele. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.
- Page 195: Digital art from detail of *Archangel Michael Tramples Satan*. Guido Reni (1575-1642). Oil on canvas. Santa Maria della Concezione, Rome.
- Facing Page 206: Tomb inscription of Helmanus Gulielmus at Santa Maria Formosa, Venice. Photo from Wikimedia Commons by "Jodo50931," 2007.
- Facing Page 225: Greek funerary stele. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.
- Page 227: Another Greek funerary stele. Location unknown.

## **ABOUT THIS BOOK**

The body text for this book is Cheltenham, a typeface designed in 1896 by architect Bertram Goodhue and printer Ingalis Kimball. The fully-developed typeface was designed by Morris Fuller Benton at American Typefounders and released in hot metal in 1902. Until the 1930s it was a dominant type for headlines, and its legibility and character made it a popular face in Arts and Crafts publications, including those of The Roycrofters. It is still employed for headlines by *The New York Times*. The digital version employed in this book is ITC Cheltenham, designed in 1975 by Tony Stan for International Typeface Corporation. The small titles are set in Cheltenham Ultra. The title-page and cover are a mix of Franklin Gothic, a favorite display face from the hot metal era, and Cheltenham.

Book Preview

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