

## Grammar

## A Rhyme Scheme

Your broken heart knows it's about time,  
a beat away from a healthy sense of play,  
that you learned to ask for your own advice.  
Please take a moment to fill out the form.  
Now, all of the legalities aside,  
listen close enough to realize  
this is the kind of lie you could take pride in,  
when truth writes itself from the outside in,  
when you weave the wool pulled over your eyes  
into sheep's clothing and when, sheep-eyed,  
you parade in wool rags rather wolfly worn,  
or rather, rags washed in the same river twice.  
Even broken hearts are right twice a day.  
Listen close enough, and anything can rhyme.

## Pantoum

The world unfolds itself at night.  
It's getting late, but I don't mind.  
This is a game I like to play.  
I play these games to stay awake.

It's getting late, but I don't mind  
explaining all the rules to you.  
I play these games to stay awake,  
and make the rules up as I go.

Explaining all the rules -- to you,  
that's a game, too. You say I cheat  
and make the rules up as I go.  
I say we'll do away with rules.

That's a game too, you say. I cheat  
at almost everything these days,  
I say. We'll do away with rules.  
You let them in, they'll eat away

at almost everything. These days  
we keep them all at bay. At night  
you let them in. They'll eat away  
what we don't know we love. And yet

we keep them all at bay at night.  
We fight but sometimes we forget  
what we don't know we love. And yet  
I still like it. I like the way

we fight, but sometimes we forget  
this is a game. I like to play.  
I still like it. I like the way  
the world unfolds itself at night.

Saxa atque solitudines voci respondent

Still, all we wanted was some inspiration,  
and so we tuned our ears to the unknown.  
We heard the one about the heart of stone,  
and so we all set out to fashion one.  
At heart, the change remains just what it seems.  
You reinvent the secrets that you keep,  
you recognize disguises, you enclose  
the call inside the answer. Don't suppose  
that just because we always looked asleep,  
the answers came to us as if in dreams.  
We found that we were sprouting mossy wings.  
We slumbered darkly, rocked by noises,  
until we woke up to the sound of voices  
lispings the truest sense of holy things.

Bestiae saepe immanes cantu flectuntur atque consistent

We found the things our stillness recommends,  
some holy ground, a stash of songs, some new  
sets of teeth that charm as sure as they cut,  
new loves that wink and promise to be true  
and whisper oh it doesn't matter what  
you do I'll love you anyway, new friends,  
false selves that trim the fat from fight or flight,  
false faces, the ability to lie,  
a new proclivity to meet the eye  
of what we want to eat, a muscle curled  
and crouched and looking backwards at the night,  
a wicked shift that we still strain to feel,  
new arsenals that could unmake the world:  
the things we need to make the world real.

## Allen and Greenough's New Latin Grammar

Certain moods are required as a sign of subordination.  
These methods make darling a distinction  
between purpose and result,  
pending the exalting so or so much.

Fostering confusion between causal and concessive  
easily slips into matters of time,  
time when, or maybe with.  
Maybe – what is relative usually isn't indicative.

It turns out, the truest way of things  
is best expressed by a past contrary to fact -  
the curse of chaos barely shuffled off  
by the blessing of what didn't happen to happen.

Likewise,  
the less superstitious will assent to utopian literature -  
a future more vivid,  
tricks of timetravel, tomorrows and tropes.

Doomed little things -  
a beautiful excuse for the use of lest,  
for the charm of this mad king's dream,  
a language full of invisible subjects.

Or like poor old Macbeth we find  
things no sooner uttered  
than delivered,  
then –

nothing is but what is not, or  
nothing is but what is said.  
Just try it.  
Just try to just say nothing.

These are the words of bestial dispositions,  
a screwing of sound,  
a court masquing for our panting,  
the libertine's love of letters, of reported speech.

Begin the staged exorcism of the volitional,  
let the gilded butterflies laugh back,  
let the speech all be an act -  
this is how to do things with words.

Meanwhile, somewhere in ancient Rome,  
it trembles for its antecedent.  
Little does it know what the world becomes –  
dreams after dreams, endless dependent clauses.

Fortunately the partitive genitive  
keeps the show going,  
a part of the whole  
with the whole of a thing -

a synechdophile's wet dream  
of the truly infinitive,  
which by definition  
cannot be modified.

Here - hic, in hac re, in hoc -  
this is where the story might end -  
the old stories don't get along  
with the new grammar.

Once upon a time,  
when one thing led to another,  
you wouldn't write about your death  
in perfect tense.

Nowadays, the thing you take in becomes  
everything.  
We take everything home with us  
to be played and replayed.

Like taking home a Christmas tree  
and waking up deep in the forest.  
Like the end beginning,  
like a sick man poised to make a poem.

This is the conceit of the complementary infinitive -  
the Christmas Tree takes us from to be to praise -  
brought down at last,  
it couldn't be any other way.