

# a lost world's weather

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under the stone-age  
typewriter uplifted  
dusty cicadas

feel this cicada  
molt all around — too small  
you had no idea

painting those blue  
flowers exactly  
a nun prays

solitude —  
you count every window  
in the fresco

just the place  
for that shipwreck picture —  
you crack the plaster

the shadows a shaker chair  
casts in sunlight more  
structure than you know

night radio from  
your home island crackling  
a lost world's weather

the fig tree doesn't  
make a sound — you don't need  
a second language

you unfold  
a map of the world  
under that fig tree

struggle with housebound  
old limbs getting this potted  
fig tree in the shower

snowbound in old age  
those boyhood summers lost  
in glinting mica

model trawler  
on the shelf — and winter crows  
outside out of scale

*thank you* another  
morning to walk on  
a bare floor

you turn its glazed pot  
and the jade plant already  
knows what you mean

new year's snow  
on that thai buddha  
the teaching mudra

a hawk's white breast  
in the bare oak —  
rain freezing at dusk

sun through that keyhole  
in the pines daily  
now we've no secrets

way up there  
pine cone hanging on all winter  
you're empty too

zig-zag beetle path  
under the bark and your  
cranial sutures

sun breaking through  
20-below — haven't gotten  
drunk in years

that last winter  
mother hanging your windchime  
gift inside — the light

eating walnuts  
this winter really turning  
into father

coin clatters down —  
today you light a blue  
votive candle

*just as you are*  
just as you are lighting this  
votive candle —

winter mice have moved  
into that cardboard box my  
birdnest collection

this dried fig garland  
the old country's skin color  
you need strong teeth

never gets this cold  
where you're from — open the figs  
stop hating yourself

*(thinking of il commune di Frigento)  
Avellino)*

they lived centuries  
in a stone village but you  
became a spaceman

all the deaths behind  
a life lost again in such  
counting — new year's rain

glass bowl  
of lentil soup  
another lens

books stacked by empty red chair  
a tall lamp shedding  
light on the fig tree

roots tapped free  
still keep the clay pot shape  
it's not right

couldn't recall  
the plant's name — we're only  
human — *hens-and-chicks*

*(from Calvino)*

you speak a language  
*fig tree — lemon — seashore* — but  
not the one you think

lens in hand draw cell  
by cell a fig leaf in sun  
a map of pompeii

cold night's dream of  
spinnakers billowing dawn's  
hills covered in snow

they're all bodiless  
on the shortwave tonight  
rushing past Dante

watching redbirds nest  
outside your room you become  
another pine branch

frigid night back of  
shabby rooms — moon behind clouds  
this trash can's empty

the mouse trembling  
on snowpack suddenly  
last autumn's leaf

snow swirling in through  
the door shut sparkling all  
you remember

black-capped chickadee  
in subzero come out of  
nowhere there's plenty

a redbird winters  
at the pine's center the heat  
comes up in your room

chest cramps now  
after so much  
yesterday

fantastic cities  
from that dream return as you  
chop through morning ice

switches dials meters  
vacuum-tube shortwave  
useless in sunlight

sun climbs above trees  
and fills your room  
the door has panels

grandma Rochelle  
hands you a tie-clasp from Naples  
then everything's dark

you watch them go out  
here there and never come back  
votive candles too

wearing long-johns  
you peel a tangerine  
note the symmetry

a brand new  
pocket knife to open  
this purple onion

small birds navigate  
a pine's inner space — the sky's  
everywhere boundless

light filters through deep  
snow into your solitude  
dormant azalea

that crow again  
caws from white roof to white sky  
you're still inside

an oak tree clutches  
its leaves — sycamores claw  
the whitening sky

roof-top crows and doves  
on gerard hopkins' sunday —  
shotguns in hills

part-way up  
spring beauties  
just waiting

st. francis and buddha  
side-by-side on the table  
thus you hear sparrows

deep down  
snail shell — then your  
pocket's empty

*and isn't it strange we never met*

seeing *out* — no floaters this once  
bright wall kitchen clock  
that cleanliness beyond you

you've run out of words  
the jade plant makes a waterfall  
the green lobes listen

it only gets colder now  
and you never learned  
how to swim

how did  
this glass  
get stained

that only  
held water

(*avermus*)

*people with gardens —  
there's nothing to living  
right above hades*

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