

Twelve Mimes and Mirrors: A Chapbook Adam Fieled



#2135

Out of the apartment, striding down
East Eden Street, I note how it might
feel to be homeless—a desperate

free-fall into nothing; while also gladsome
I'm not homeless yet; desperation,
thankfully, inaccessible.

Yet also inaccessible is the warmth
of a life richly lived, which I
used to know well. As the sun rises,

something or someone other than "I"
sees the whole tableaux, meets me in
the middle with it from above,

wires, row-homes, branches, lights—
the latent morning tense, trying,
East Eden still asleep, I'm tired—

#2136

The encumbrance,
in a recession, as in Dante,
against Wordsworth—
there are no incidents
or situations. People
huddle in corners, die
to themselves. Imagination
colors things black, white, grey—

nature's primordial green
struck here from view.
The blackness is immaculate,
in being what we
are not, full. The "perfect image of
a mighty mind" inverts into a

perfect Void, hollowed under us.

#2138

No matter how you define freedom,
he said, no one wants to be the kind
of free I mean to be, which is so damned
free I can't see five feet in front of me.
Secretly, he just wants (he knows) to be
a kid again, everything taken care of,
supper waiting on the table; or part of
the beau monde, gratified in desire—
he peaks over ravines, home free—

#2131

Wifty old Wordsworth does his time-loops, the arabesques glisten when they're good, you can ride them as on a monorail above the turmoil

of a trying present, a past not your past, a magnetic pull of otherness, but ultimately you look up, there's a fracas. The sun shines on whatever

time-traipse you undertake, but it's a timid sun, with so much pain in it, waste— ultimately, can you forgive yourself for enduring more garbage?

#2132

Why it means what it means
to be “lyrical,” to write from
the perspective of an “I,” &
how this changes in a recession—
I don’t pretend to understand,
I just sit around doing the work,
hunkered down in my mind’s eye’s
bunker, where there’s enough
sand to fill precisely one hour-
glass, & I have two eyes to see—

#2126

To feel your life flabby,
as it becomes clear you
were supposed to be gone
before— I swim around in
the muck of semi-solvent
survival-ism, live in a trough,
but words channeled through
me dance in novel ways—
my compact, against Wordsworth's,
is still skin on skin, & I'm still hungry—

#2086

She got the text as she was lying
down drunk— her old boss had
jumped from a balcony & died.
She stood up, peered
out the window— a full moon on
Abington. No cars had gone by for
twenty minutes— she forwarded
the text to me, & paced—

I rightly made the wrong call—

#2080

So much fear inheres in
days, beside hopes our
lives will finally freeze
on a moment, a perspective
we can live with, then just
cease— I watch this
conversation, two women
as they dissolve into each other,
each other's submerged
(to me transparent) despair—
it is how they're adorned,
their adornment, earrings,
rings, watches, bracelets, wherein
I feel the day's sagging skin—

#2085

Mysteries of the Main Line—
why, for instance, it has to
be that no one mentions
anything substantial, but
are able, beneath the surface,
to generally shyster in all
directions with the same
self-complacent smile,
until the jig is up & they,
too, find themselves dead—
at forty or fourteen— no
one gets out of Main Line philosophy,
one way or another, but a
philosophy of clown-masks—
who dictated these terms, & why?

#2051

Each day, I'm hollowed by
the Recession's vacuum, &
either create my life or perish—
no sense of safety or coherence from a storied
past. As I walk Conshohocken's
streets, I note the sky, just before
dawn, amusing itself in pastels—
ice on branches over tiny front/
back yards— all held self-sufficiently
in time's objective indifference,
which I now feel passionately about,
for & against, December circuits—

#1899

For me to seize a hatred, embrace
it, I'd have to perceive a new level
of visionary deadness, against the
visionary, or something akin— see
her stand, choked by bright colors
hewn into silk, not lost in dizziness
only because dizziness is her element,
and why I hate her is because what her
dizziness denies are possibilities of
anything touching anything at all—
she walks out the white door with
the clear center, into murky rain—

#2040

Idolatry of words, signs— idolatry,
also, of anti-cognition— an American
century subaltern, already (strangely)

lost, forgotten in daily squabbles for
survival, as money is either there or
not, freefall becomes shorthand for

normalcy. I walk through the ambient
museum of human angst, buttons
pressed, resources tapped but not

drained, stop before an idol cast in
bronze, face besmeared with grease,
& realize the guards are murdered—

I can take what I want, want nothing—

cover painting is “The Intervention of the Sabine Women” by Jacques-Louis David

The original version of Twelve Mimes and Mirrors was released as a part of the Trilogy series of chapbooks in 2014

F

Funtime Press, Philadelphia, 2019

