

Threnodies

The image displays a musical score for a piece titled "Threnodies" by Joel Chace. The score is presented on a page with two main sections, marked with circled numbers 43 and 45. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. On the right side of the score, there is a large, stylized graphic element consisting of a grid of horizontal lines with vertical arrows pointing upwards, resembling a staircase or a series of steps. The score is written in black ink on a white background.

Joel Chace

Threnodies

Joel Chace

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timocracy

(“precisely when the philosophers neglect music and physical exercise, and begin to gather wealth”)

Blond li-
ttle n-
ubber asked, “Can
I be in two pl-
aces, at t-
he same time?”

They foresaw his success, that of a pastry cook arguing against physicians before a jury of children.

“Of course,”
his pare-
nts said. “And
do you know y-
ou have a thigh mad-
e of gold?”

*

His parents thought him wise beyond his years. "Of course," he said, "I'd throw away my swine and other animals, my clothes and bed and desk, my friends, my relatives, before I'd grab and toss a single pearl." Above his head, they locked eyes and beamed.

Lo-
cked in a wh-
ite world wit-
h his w-
hite hea-
rt, a white,
dry win-
d blowing
through it.

He found that certain music irritated him,
no end. Whenever assaulted -- Mahler, Elgar,
Bach -- he felt as if someone were pouring sand over his head.

Though he rat-

her liked si-
tting on sand,
the whit-
er the better.

*

About his mother, nobody knows very much.

Seems she
told him, once, that the sun is an inverted bowl with
the width of a human foot.

She gave him a
poem book
that he op-
ened and placed
on a rai-
lway track.

For the photograph, she must have coached him on
the pout and on the deadness in his little boy's blue eyes.

Call her A-
gave, cradli-
ng the prin-
ce's severed head, then
reasse-
mbling all his b-
ody parts, to send
him out to
rule the world.

*

Suddenly he h-
ad it and
didn't k-
now he'd wa-
nted it. His
wife wept, and
wept.

In that other tale, the seawater's clear at first.

And don't forget that when the fisherman releases

the flounder, it leaves behind a long smear of blood.

This one's sp-
ouse feared
darknesses, and that he'-
d demand those, with eve-
rything else.

Clear, to sickly green; dark blue, gray
and dense; darker gray, smelling foul; black, thick, and
boiling, waves high as towers: until the fisherman's wife asks
to be God, and they are back in their filthy shack again.
Remember, too -- at first the freed flounder'd promised
nothing.

*

They keep putting sentences into his mouth, and color-coding
his office walls with everything he's won.

Ea-
rly he walks

high, cold, lone-
ly halls. He shuf-
fles, fre-
ely, he thinks, but
he's ankle fet-
tered to a
distant stake.

If the marble steps in the palace, the browning
fronds, the tall window curtains are sentient, how
can we say he isn't? Yet we say it -- he isn't.

And the fire with-
in him is-
n't ele-
mental, isn'-
t alive.

*

They hand him a stoppered test tube, which he warily
uncorks. From what appeared clear and empty, rises

a floating liquid scroll. He frowns at the words on it, but they quickly change to chips—green, gold, blue, red -- of flashing, shifting lights. He gazes, grins.

If all things turned
to smoke, the nostrils would distinguish them.

He loves this new science, so he holds another tube over a flame and waits for the next emergence, whose spooling out will tell him what to say.

In Hades,
souls smell.

*

He really likes certain numbers, especially 1, and all its multiples. People ask him to count by 2's -- he won't; by 3's -- he won't; by 5's -- nope.

It's sill-
y and goes
around wi-
lly nil-
ly and asks
a d-
aisy what
to do.

What sensitive soul would not be entranced by
imaginary numbers? Their beauty is a
beauty detached from phenomena, the way
a flying airplane is detached from the ground.

But his wisd-
om is not 1
thing that knows
the thought by
which all thi-

ngs are ste-
ered thr-
ough all things.

*

Letter makes a sidewalk curb; word, an alleyway; phrase,
a block-long street; clause, a bridge; sentence, a
six-lane avenue down this city of speech.

His cr-
edo, next thought, be-
st words; his speech, crook-
ed, duck-
like, dull.

He wants to hide his feebleness; hence, his cane. And, though
immaterial, it's become weapon, mutilating
those who care to study him too closely, those whose
scattered remains -- one's sinew here, another's
bone there -- gather themselves up to make a whole
witness, the one only who will escape and testify.

Bl-
ood has a
le-
xicon; spi-
lled blood, i-
ts own.

*

Trembling puddle: he's on that path though he's made his cane
invisible.

Such terrain as is ours. At last, we'd
done it, arrived at city's end, blackened façade rising,
curving above us.

untenable
uneightable unsi-
xable un-
fourable untw-
oable unon-
eable.

So we turned back, saying
we hadn't wanted to leave, after all.

To neglect
music, exercise, and begin to gather wealth.

Unseen cane.

pu-
ddle tre-
mbling
unde-
r swamp.

*

A new Sphinx claws its way over walls of the city
of speech. This time the beast is male.

Each day sickness spreads.

Ramparts would weep if
they understood.

To u-

n-riddle the riddling
double-beast's singing
whose music is n-
ot music at all, da-
nce that knows no music.

This time it gives us the answer first: *catastrope*; and,
to extirpate the curse, we must say, in exact
words, the riddle.

But our sentences slur.

The wo-
rd of truth
is si-
ngular in
nat-
ure, and no fl-
ying dream.

*

Mendaci-
ty, that cl-
oak of fear, d-
angles about him.

Which is he -- Euripidean predator
or prey?

Both --

Dionysus and Pentheus. Heartless
one: "I am a god. I am blasphemed by you, my name
dishonored," radiant within his own terror.

And

arrogant, beardless king trying to enslave
divinity, then dismembered by his mother, his aunts.

"The gods h-
ave many shap-
es, bring many things
to accompl-
ishment, find their
ways for what no man e-
xpected."

In any case, we become a nation of mourning
mothers, each Agave's vision coming clear, to recognize
that what she holds in her hand is the severed head of her son.

*

“The Chri-
stians know all
the things I'm d-
oing for t-
hem, right?”

This mirror's border's a stampede of ruby
stallions; this one's an onyx stream of ocean; this one's
a ring of fornicating swans.

Before

such mirrors they sit, then rise and go up to tell him.

So they'll inh-
erit jeweled corr-
idors, great halls and o-

ffices, the earth
with all its air-
y currents.

*

If he'd read Dante, Zukovsky; seen and
studied El Greco, Rothko; heard, felt,
understood Schubert's lieder, Britten,
Bird, Trane: would he be broader, deeper than
tissue; would we all be living in lesser darkness?

Then again, Mary
Ann Lamb offed her
mum with a kitchen
knife; Caravaggio
bled a man out with
a stab to the groin;
Gesualdo slashed
his wife's neck, then
mutilated her and
her lover's genitals.

Now, this one watches television with
a vengeance and a need the size of Saturn.

*

to neglect music and
begin to gather wealth

Late 16th century: “He shows his works in score to
everyone, to induce them to marvel at his art.”

2018:

Tin-

y birds

del-

iver his me-

ssages.

Early 17th century: “It is obvious
that his art is infinite, but it is full of
attitudes, and moves in an extraordinary way.”

2018:

“He we-
ars you do-
wn. Y-
es, he does.”

Early 17th century: “His is
the highest expression of pain in music.”

*

Early 17th century: He was “afflicted
by a vast horde of demons that gave him no
peace, unless ten or twelve young men, whom he kept
specially for the purpose, were to beat him
violently three times a day, during which
operation he was wont to smile joyfully.”

2018:

He’s posse-
ssed by e-
mptiness, which

no amount of pu-
mmeling can
displace.

Early 17 century: In “Moro, lasso,” the
tenor voice’s movement ups the tension
of the song, which “suffers extraordinary
stress, as though tied to some instrument of
torture worked by means of a slowly turning crank.”

2018:

He marvels, “I can
invite a-
nyone for dinner, and
they will come!”

*

In this lake -- in -- lies a corridor; watery, long
container; narrow, floating stage: scene, a hallway; he
stands at the far end.

As he walks toward us, doors

on each side open. From every doorway, an arm
thrusts forth, with clipboard and document attached.
Without even glancing, he signs sheet after

sheet, unt-

il, bl-

urry-close,

fade, cut.

He'll never make a dive back to that reenactment, that
reprise of how he brought himself to now,

when l-

iquid dark-

ness ov-

erwhelms his, o-

nly his, sight.

*

When i-
t's ju-
st a-
bout money,
G-
od le-
aves the room.

Shuffling, he's stooped like Mammon in Paradise.

His pratt-
le's bu-
tterscotch dr-
izzled ove-
r turds.

He even reprises that pusillanimous theme --
building, one Pandemonium after another.

*

For the walled garden, he hired decorative
hermits -- then forgot he'd done so; then forgot
them; then forgot the garden.

They've sheltered in
brambles, kept accounts with sticks on leaves, and

made plans to
show him.

The divid-
ed line,
all
that is mir-
aculous,
and
he b-
elieves in
just hi-
mself.

With stings in their fingers and hell in their toes,
they shall come at him with thorns from a rose.

unmarked (upwards of 1,200, Taum, Smyllum)

Integrity, Lord, is yours; ours, the

look of

would take off our mouths so

they wouldn't get all the dirt in

used

to get dreams at night that I was

growing horns

compartments, chambers,

tanks

or we trafficked them, or we

starved them, or we

and the Church is the Church, and

it's like knocking

called the Bon

Secours

heads set to with hard-toed boots,

golf clubs, cricket stumps

the priest had come up

and said a prayer and not to go

in there again

he used to pick me
up by the ears and kick me
didn't
put him in the earth at all, but only
threw him -- in the chamber, the nuns called it.

*

of shame we wear today
"when we get
dead" -- as if he knew he best learn,
soon
those other children,
a different species
underground
chambers in a former sewage
or
we denied them to the point of
every
week , out the Dublin road, and knocking
on the door, "I want to rear him"

Lady

of Charity of the Good

Shepherd

an odd person, you know, would
say they remembered screaming from

bishops

and priests, all condescending and
niceties

three months old, and wizened
limbs

subsidized housing
and a playground built on the site.

*

the Sisters' heads, prayerfully declined

I

just get the sense of the babies
down there, that they're under me

chapping

on doors, approaching local councils,
and trying to

not they who need

to be listened to, but the children
they once were
as if they put a
punisher into
seventeen
underground chambers
must have, the
little ones, watched cold patches of light
coming and going
used to
wonder why was there broken
glass all along
bodies,
700 to 800.

*

glimpsed cobalt, burgundy, amber stained
slants of light across His crossed feet, and,
side-glancing, reminded each other
not to think of
if there's some way

I could help them, just to get them
out of there

every week for five
and a half years, knocking, "I want
to take my son"

They cocked up a puck
of stories

hedge each side of us, me
holding the little sick girl's hand

blocks
away from The Place, their shouts, laughs sounded
like crows, ravens, gulls

set to the
children's rib cages, their

thirteen
months old, miserable,
emaciated, voracious
appetite, and no control over.

*

can break -- don't you know, break free from past
time

never before seen one, with habit
and all, first she looked at me, I saw such
hatred

government's the government,
and it's like knocking a brick
wall

certainly never to speak to
the Bishop

falling on her tiny,
thin coat, snowflakes so huge, so round

their

disappearance from our hearts, our
sight

him being buried next to the
kids just sickens

dumped with
the Church, condemned to cruelty,
to

and put them up in the sky,
because we'd have to hear
what our mouths were saying.

*

tanks, chambers, compartments

nuns, priests,

bishops, archbishops

Mary Ann

Broderick, Joseph Gavin, Marian

Brigid Mulryan

cardinals,

magistrates

Patrick Walsh, Mary

C. Rafferty, Francis M. Heaney,

Ann Marion Fahy, Joseph

Demsey, Anne Dillon

If in death they're

treated with disdain

their play careful,

times they were allowed to gather in

the gray yard

they said there'd been

an accident

as if they put

a sentry

in existence since

1633, for the direct

service of the poor through corporal

and spiritual works of mercy.

*

away from the manicured and

precise graves of the nuns

your mum

was a prostitute, your da

a gangster

priest in the parish got

to hear of it, told her parents

it were an awful disgrace

whole

site leveled, cleared

you really need
the death certs, no question
walking
about with that cane and leather belt, she
looked ready to autograph
bibles

the little girl that I'd
hold her hand, I asked where she'd gone,
and got beat smartly for my trouble.

*

They'd look for a piece of
polyurethane, anything
that'd slice your skin

Church has never
had responsibility for -- that
remains a matter for statutory
authorities

and give them
proper burial, that's what I'd just
love

said they could find no records
of abuse

We took their babies, we
gifted them disappearance from our
country, from life itself

said local
priests participated in services
at the graveyard

just four, yet he talked
about it, though so little long
after that, they threw him on top
of the others

fish rots from the head.

*

take off our mouths

Secours

knocking

horns

on forehead

clothed in shame

chambers,
they said
of the Good Shepherd
former
sewage
niceties
and wizened
limbs
declined, prayerfully, headdresses
like white gulls
voracious appetite
round,
gigantic flakes spotting her
thin little coat, she laughed, even
she
Mary Ann, Patrick, Imelda,
Joseph
the gray yard
an accident
works
of mercy
awful disgrace

death

certs

little girl that I'd hold her hand.

*

so little long after

Patrick,

Marion Brigid, Francis

from

the head

your mum was

pebble

dropped into a pond, each time

precise,

manicured graves next to the kids', just

sickens

gulls, ravens, crows up

in the sky

knocking against

dumped

with

slants of light across His crossed
feet
cocked up a puck of
anything
that'd slice
the babies down there
watched
cold patches
all condescending and
at least
some of them might be named.

Threnody in Three Voices

1.

I begin my work when Servius Galba was consul for the second
time
with Titus Vinius for his colleague. Great intellects had
passed away. Then too the truthfulness of history
was impaired in many ways; at first, through men's ignorance
of public affairs, which were now wholly
strange to them, then, through their passion for flattery.

In the anteroom, he began to notice how small
he'd become, considerably smaller than the several others
there - men and women --

Left hospital with Marci today, for home.

Ronnie, Mother, & Jule came to pick us up.

Jule didn't quite know what to say, but after

we gave her a toy dog from her new sister, she

was O.K. Good to be home, but so tired & weak.

and even much smaller than he'd
been hours before,

2.

**I am entering on the history of a period rich
in disasters, frightful in its wars, torn by
civil strife, and even in peace full of terrors.
Sacred rites were profaned; there was profligacy
in the highest ranks; the sea was crowded with exiles,
and its rocks polluted with bloody deeds.
In the capital there were yet worse horrors.**

a fact that he'd soon have to explain to his
superior,

*The Lakelands' 7 yr. old son died of
polio this a.m. Only seemed sick a few
hours before. All parents here getting
jittery. Have put Jule on
homogenized milk until this is over.*

who was about to chastise
him for arriving late that morning.

3.

*5 or 6 cases in town now. Don't
dare let Jule or Marci go in. All
Halloween activities have been called off.*

**The rewards of the informers were no less odious
than their crimes; for while some seized on
consulships and priestly
offices, as their share of the spoil, others on
procuratorships,
and posts of more confidential authority, they
robbed and ruined in every direction amid
universal
hatred and terror. Those who had not an enemy
were destroyed by friends.**

Not quite a
homunculus, he thought about himself, though he
was now certain that those in the room were now
naming him such

*Tried to sort out some of the newspapers. I'm
way behind on my reading now. Marci's
naps are so short it's hard to accomplish anything.*

4.

**Galling to troops who rebelled against the old discipline,
and who had been accustomed by fourteen years' service
under
Nero to love the vices of their emperors, as much
as they had once respected their virtues.**

behind his tiny back.

Though he'd been caught out as tardy, he
gauged -- through the filthy windows --
the hour as still very early,

*Jule's 4th birthday. When she was finally in bed,
I began to think back to when she had the croup
so bad, not long after her first birthday. The attack
started Thanksgiving night, 1950, and continued
night & day for 4-5 weeks (2 weeks in
hospital). Dr. told us she might
not make it, but here she is!*

not terribly long after dawn. Which was why he couldn't
get straight

**Few had any discrimination or patriotism, many
had foolish hopes for themselves, and spread interested
reports, in which they named this or that person to whom
they might be related as friend or dependant.**

5.

how, earlier that morning,

*Marcie woke 6 or 8 times during night. Teeth
must really*

in virtually the same light,

**For to urge his duty upon a prince is indeed
a hard matter; to flatter him, whatever his
character**

*hurt. Hope they hurry and push through
as I'm getting mighty tired.*

**is a mere routine gone through without
any heart.**

he'd had time to climb to the summit on the city's opposite

6.

Jule turns television

**Let Nero, swollen with pride, be ever before
your eyes. What shook his yoke**

side, before showing up here.

How much older he'd been hours ago,
ascending that street, his pace steady, though
decidedly

voice way

down if the program

**from our necks was his
own profligacy, his own brutality, and**

**that, though there had been
before no precedent of an emperor
condemned by his own people.**

scares her.

slow. After all, he was venturing out for the first
time in the months

7.

**Many who wished him well, spoke with
enthusiasm; those**

since his retirement. The
very next day after taking his pension, he fell

*Did quite a bit of shopping dept.
store. Had to*

who had opposed him, in

ill -- that is, into despair.

Forty years of numbing, enervating effort to teach literature; then blinking his eyes upon viewing the horror of the unrecognizable

stop when money gave out.

**moderate terms; the majority met him with
an officious homage, having aims of their own and no thought
for the state.**

8.

world around him, its people -- even the young -- looking every way stunned.

But that morning, he

Otho, meanwhile, who had nothing to hope
while the State
was tranquil, and whose whole plans
depended on revolution, was
being roused to

Jule played "Jingle Bells" at church on her toy

woke and, at last, exited his home. As
he began trudging up the incline,

*trombone. Got up on stage all by
herself. She's a real comedienne --
had*

action by a combination of

many motives, by a luxury that would have
embarrassed even
an emperor, by a poverty that a subject
could hardly endure, by his rage and his
envy.

all the other kids laughing.

9.

Worked hard on the books for Ronnie's store last

*this occurred to him: a path upward is for
the old; that downward, for the young. The thought was*

night until I was so tired I quit. Today I

And so between the enmity of the one

and the servility of the other, neither had any regard for posterity.

incontrovertible, but he didn't at all

tried to catch up on some reading while Jule napped, but soon went back to the accounts. Everything added up.

Nobility, wealth, the refusal or the acceptance of office, were grounds for accusation, and virtue ensured destruction.

know why. The damp mid-winter air chilled him, and he treaded carefully over the sidewalks'

10.

Never surely did more terrible calamities

Ronnie took Jule to her 1st Sunday School class after

icy patches. He'd forgotten these pleasures of

church. She was shy and just sat there all thru it. Said

of the Roman People, or evidence more conclusive, prove
that the Gods take no thought for our happiness, but only

cold, muted sunlight shimmering the moist facades,

she'd talk and play next week. Mother brought up all

my tin

gray and brown, of houses abutting each other

for our punishment. Fiercely assailed by adulation, by flattery,
that worst

childhood dishes. Jule played with them all day.

11.

**I have a real hard cold today. Jule complained
of a runny nose toward night. Gave her pills &**

along his way; and -- as the park opened up

poison of the true heart, and by the selfish interests
of individuals.

near and slightly over the summit -- black branches

cough medicine. We both used steam tonight.

While we instinctively shrink from a writer's adulation,
we lend a ready ear to detraction and spite, because
flattery involves the shameful

jigsawing a pale sky.

He strolled westward through

imputation of servility, whereas malignity wears the
false appearance

Used one of Jule's quieting pills (she had as a

the park, to a street that ran parallel to the one

baby) for Marci. Wonderful, all night sleep.

12.

*he'd climbed. Taking his initial step of descent,
he recalled his notion regarding paths for the*

of honesty.

They wasted the property of others

Ronnie in a spin about the store he wants to buy --

in the same extravagances in which they had
squandered their own, till the most rapacious and profligate

old and for the young. Cautiously, bending aged

knees --

he's always hoped for his own business. Has first choice on it now, but needs about \$35,000. After

among them had neither capital nor land remaining,

calves and thighs tightening -- he landed on a

nothing in fact but the appliances of their vices.

Everywhere were sales and brokers.

his 1st meeting at the bank, he wasn't encouraged.

13.

narrow stretch of ice. His heart banged against his

Yet great was the joy to think that the men whom Nero had enriched

Girls upset all day by the heat. No real rain

would be as poor as those whom he had robbed.

chin. But as he slid, his fear and the years that had

**for almost 2 months. Leaves are already
turning, & it's only early Sept.**

Otho, having assured himself by various conversations with
these men that they were and bold, he loaded them with
presents and promises,

brought it on commenced to slide from him.

and furnished them with money with which to tempt the

cupidity of others.

**Started raining, finally -- most of night --
welcome noise.**

14.

The frigid air rushing by his ears

**Big disappointment today. Bank said no deal
--**

Already he is thinking of debaucheries, of revels,
of tribes of mistresses. These things he holds to be

security too uncertain. Now what do we do?

exhilarated him. Yet, despite the increasing

the prizes of princely power, things, in which the wanton

momentum, no blurring occurred. In fact, vision --

Jule's urine O.K. No sugar. What a relief!

enjoyment will be for him alone, the shame and the
disgrace for all.

15.

all senses -- sharpened, heightened to a point where he

**Telephone Co. put in our new phone
for the dial system, which starts this weekend.**

The most arrant coward, the man, who, would
dare nothing in the moment of danger, was the most

Dreaded all day telling Jule about her operation

knew he had never before so vividly

voluble and fierce of speech. And what others call

experienced these neighborhoods passing by.

tomorrow. Finally told her after her bath.

16.

crimes he calls reforms, and, by similar misnomers, he speaks
of strictness instead of barbarity, of economy instead of
avarice, while the cruelties and affronts inflicted upon you

She took it very well, and we packed her suitcase.

Sweeping around a curve, with month after month dropping

his a.m., all went well except the shots. She wasn't

he calls discipline. His ears turn to hear every sound.

away into the past, he marveled at maroon scalloping

sick at all from the ether.

**I was the only
mother who stayed over for 2 nights. Was run ragged.**

midway up the front wall of a house he used to visit.

17.

Whooshing through one square, he opened his lungs
This started the apprehension, that a crafty

The Dr. irrigated Jule's nose with ice water

and timid policy was getting rid of

and a syringe. She was panicky and screamed and

to the delights of a bakery and a

begged the Dr. not to. I nearly broke down then.

individuals, while all were suspected.

tobacconist's; through another, he

His favored, who enjoyed an unheard of license,

Marci loves to be picked up and dance around

shivered at a Schubert melody played upon

18.

brought the debaucheries of court, its intrigues, its easy

while you hold her. She and Jule dance together

marriages, and the other indulgences of

a piano just slightly out of tune.

Younger

and love it. Jule likes to try and teach Marci

and younger. Farther down into the city, until

to talk. She now says quite a few words for her big sister.

despotic power, before a mind

passionately

that thin rivulet of ice abruptly ended

Dr. put girls' names on list for

Salk vaccine

and he had to catch himself from hurtling headlong.

fond of such things, dwelt upon them as his if he dared

19.

when available.

By this morning Jule was covered

He stood in another square and looked about.

to seize them, and reproached the inaction

with measles, except her legs and feet. Her

Radiant hues had been replaced by a monochrome

that would leave them to others.

Such was the

fever was gone but returned in afternoon.

temper of men's minds, that, while there were few to

venture

of lead. The pervasive odor was of discarded

Tried to get some of my reading done. Kids are so full

mop water. Sounds came to him muffled as

on so atrocious a treason, many wished it done,

20.

those from beyond asylum walls.

And his own person?

and all were ready to acquiesce.

of mischief. Hard to

concentrate on anything.

It was as if they were demanding some spectacle

He had become the third

iteration of himself

We took Jule down for Bible School at 9 a.m. She

in the circus or amphitheatre. They had not indeed

in just that one morning: this one, a functionary,

said she'd try it and if she

didn't like it,

any discrimination or sincerity,

well under average height and clothed in a gray

she didn't want to go anymore. She liked it.

21.

for on that same day they would raise with equal

wrinkled suit, one size too large.

In front of him stood

Drove down to new Tastee Freeze to inquire

zeal a wholly different cry. It was their custom to flatter

a washed out three-story building that he understood

about starting one up. No deal, I guess.

any ruler with reckless applause and meaningless fervor.

Jule won't mind at all now unless you get

was his workplace. Glancing at his watch,

Soon, as happens with these great fictions, men

a strap out and threaten her with it.

he realized that he was tardy.

22.

asserted that they had been present, and had seen

So, small as he was, he entered, took a seat in

The East cleaning up after the flash floods. Heartbreaking

the deed; and, between the delight of some and the

the grimy anteroom, and waited to be

job. People dead and still buried under debris.

indifference of others, the report was

summoned. He stared at the brown door straight

Factories and towns ruined -- people out of work.

easily received., just as belief in hatred is but too ready.

So peaceful while Jule is in school -- must admit.

across the room; he was not especially anxious,

23.

Jule and Marci make so much noise when they're

Otho did not fail to play his part; he stretched out

but merely resigned to a scolding.

Finally,

his arms, and bowed to the crowd, and kissed his hands, and

playing. Drives me crazy!

Marci tries to act

the door opened, though he could see no one

and talk just like Jule when they're together. Some

inside. And when he stepped through the

doorway,

good and some bad and very fresh! Marci is also

altogether acted the slave, to make himself

he found himself not in another interior space,

the master. The more insincere their demonstrations, the

more

24.

beginning to hum or sing along with the
but on a sidewalk that wound its way through
they multiplied them. A day spent in crime found its last horror

TV ads. Tries to get right on the note. Has

well-manicured lawns.

As he stood gazing

in the rejoicings that concluded it.

a good ear.

Jule was in a singing group for a

The Forum yet streamed with blood, when

he was

about, it gradually occurred to him that he knew this place --

minstrel show. She got a kick out of it.

borne in a litter over heaps of dead to the Capitol.

the campus of the school he'd retired from

months before.

25.

What a day! Town had its biggest fire ever *All strove to*
extinguish the remembrance **He realized this despite the fact**
that during the night. Crawford feed mill **all of the buildings**
had been *of those taunts and invectives, which* **at least**
slightly altered. The main *had been thrown out* burned to the

ground. Horrible, *at random, and which no one* huge fire. Sparks came way **academic building, off to his left, had undergone** up here. No one got much **the most dramatic change.** *supposed were rankling in his heart.* **It was huge -- at least three** *Whether he had forgotten, or only* sleep, even the girls. *postponed his resentment, the shortness* After school, took Jule & Marci to Dr. for their 1st polio **times larger than he remembered** shots. They yelled a little. -- not bad. *of his reign left undecided.*

26.

That two men, who for shamelessness, *Paid up Dr. bill to date of* -- and instead of brick, the exterior was \$16.50. \$2.00 *apiece for the polio shots.* now all of glass and gigantic **indolence, and profligacy, were the most** *We picked up Jule at school. She* **worthless of mortals, had** pipes. He approached that building, **been selected, it would seem,** *came out with her friend Ernie. He asked Jule* **by some fatality to ruin the Empire,** paused, and wondered which of the many **became the open complaint, even of** *if Ronnie was her father.* **the common people.** entrances he should use. Several people, entering **Caecina, grievously offended,** or exiting, glanced his way as *Jule said, "Who do think it is, Liberace?"* they passed. They were all adults, **determined to throw everything into**

27.

confusion, and under the disasters of his *presumably faculty or staff.* **Jule nearly had the croup last night. I had** *His impression was that they all* **to use steam, and she** country to conceal his private dishonour. **was O.K. Close call. Jule also recognized him, or thought they did.** *Nobody resembling a student* He had concluded disgraceful bargains to the injury

has a big boil about where her spine ends. Put a poltice
appeared. The day was rather warm, oddly -- (bread and
milk) on it of the holders of land and the *like late summer, he*
reflected, like that period **before bedtime. It** *just before the*
invasion of the magistrates of the different states, and used
such menaces **broke, and I pushed a lot of** *benighted hordes.*
He shuddered at the memory. that, in a municipal town, he was
on the point

28.

of setting fire to the place, when a present **Impulsively, he**
followed someone pus out. Then she felt better. **through a**
glass door, up a flight of stairs, Dr. said it's not a boil but a cyst
of money soothed his rage. When money was not on the end of
Jule's spine. *forthcoming, he was bought off* **and into a room**
crammed *by sacrifices to his lust. Thus he made his way.*
Might require surgery as *Though sterner judges pronounced*
Vitellius **with other people. He squeezed** she gets older.
Always something. *to be a man of low tastes,* **down into a**
narrow chair next to the person he'd trailed. 36th birthday.
Received \$10, stockings, *those who were partial to him*
attributed to geniality **None of those around him looked at all**
familiar, though a few of them pajamas, & blouse.

29.

and good nature the immoderate and *Another rainy day. Girls*
inside. Wow! gave him perfunctory smiles or even *They*
certainly won't mind. nods. They had expected him:
indiscriminate prodigality, with which he this was where he
was supposed **gave away what was his own,** *Gives us all*
shattered nerves. **and squandered what did** *Marci had a*

tantrum -- had to carry her upstairs not belong to him. to
be. In fact, **he was soon informed and quiet her down.** What a
Besides this, men themselves *eager for that this was* a
meeting of *all session!* *power were* ready to represent **his**
Polio shots **for Jule & Marci:** upper school *instructors.* **very**
vices as virtues. **1st -- Jan. 20, 1956.** **2nd -- Feb. 29, 1956.**
3rd -- Oct. 16, 1956. **All acknowledged that he** bribed with
such spirit. **4th -- Mar. 23, 1956.**

30.

The head of the group -- a severe looking As ever happens
in these ill-starred counsels, **Ken Harris called today about**
noon though quite young woman -- greeted them plans
for which the opportunity had to say that Uncle Ol had died
slipped away seemed the best. with the usual words
regarding the academic year of a heart attack this morning
-- that was nearly upon them. Those who whether truly
or falsely boasted Even she was bored -- insufferably so, in
truth -- by what in a barber shop. she said. of the act,
vied in displaying their bloodstained hands.

31.

1st day of second grade for Jule. She After her first two
sentences, he heard Meanwhile frequent letters, disfigured by
unmanly flatteries, nothing more until she addressed him,
were addressed by Otho to Vitellius, with offers of wealth and
worried that the bus wouldn't stop for her -- directly, by
name. This in itself astounded him, favour and any retreat he
might select for but it did. a life of prodigal indulgence. The
letters' tone was at first pacific and for some moments he

could not focus. About 3 a.m. Jule got the croup. and exhibited a foolish and undignified hypocrisy. Wow! Bad!

32.

...the merciless biddings of a tyrant, incessant Something told him that he should inquire Leap year entry filled in by about which classes -- or at least which major prosecution, faithless friendships, the ruin mistake -- no February 29th works -- he would be teaching. "We this year (1957). haven't yet determined any of that, I'm afraid," of innocence, the same causes issuing in Looked over papers mainly the young woman replied. "Literature?" he asked. Upon which, the meeting and did large ironing. was adjourned. the same results...the wearisome monotony...

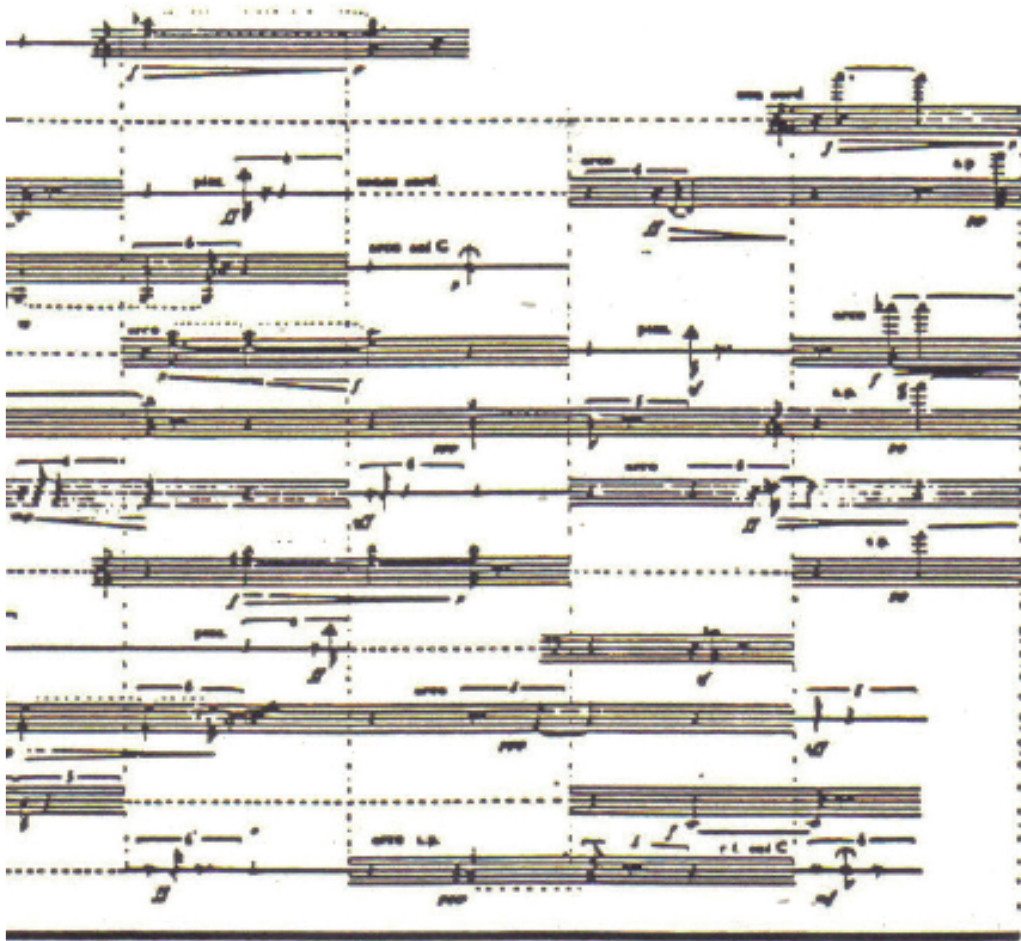
Joel Chace has published work in print and electronic magazines such as, *The Tip of the Knife*, *Counterexample Poetics*, *Eratio*, *Otoliths*, *Infinity's Kitchen*, and *Jacket*. Most recent collections include *Kansoz*, from Knives, Forks, and Spoons Press, *War, and After*, from BlazeVOX [books], *Scorpions*, from Unlikely Books, and *Humors*, from Paloma Press.

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