

CARROWAY SEEDS

Joseph Noble

Boogie Woogie Suite

3a

boogie reach
teaches bent interval
how to devil may care

sped hole hammers
crowd toward
each musical anvil

mechanical skin
takes place at
levered beats

boogie man
hammers apertures
releasing breath

3b

what is it say
doesn't have to say
is hear say

street slang
slung hand over
hand out

rhythm is
its own
hungry bone

3c

say such

almost as if

all most a shift

stride

performing a place

through the hands

3d

l a c o n i c
t o n i c ' s
t o n e l e d

s s h
t b t b t a
e y e y h n
p p e d

s
l
u
r
red note's

blue
e
n
t

r c
e roundabout e

t n
a n d

p

o

i

n o t g e t t i n g

t o

e

d

l

y

p.o. in
a t

3e

another step places hands
strut along keys walking
tone to tune about the
feet's rag tag time splits
left handed compliments
melody varies line and
space across sing bass to
chord untied notes stride

as such
and saunter
so

“ink marking where they
 pushed a key down...
 after that, they went back and
 punched the holes by hand”

each hole
 by longitude
 and latitude
 a tone turns lost
 in a cloud
 following the
 rain patter rein pattern
 in ear, in air
 “whenabouts in the
 name of space” tone in time
 marked on page
 rain in air
 beat in time a long when
 during where
 an inkling
 in scape

“There are holes that
 let in more air
 or less air”

44

hand to hand

heel to toe

is word of mouth

almost what

what is asked for

carries to

for what is asked

to carry

hand to mouth

what at most is

is word at hand

cheek to cheek

tongue in cheek

dogs bark

is what word

in the sun

carries return

air to air

into turn

sweet-gum seed-

turns into

ball bounced

air's arc

hand to hand

41a

on time
telling told
what's coming to
the time in the attic
at the window's lip
or in the cellar
in the earth's ear
the body moves
the body moves
inhabits a time
through a time
in its skin
repeated in space
writes through
the room
its encounter with which
takes place at the tongue
orienting us continually
in a space quickened
to elapse at rest

the room waiting
allows what had been allowed
the room no longer a room
existing to be inhabited
greater than the sum of its space
"living in this house that is gone"
the body's memory
inhabits a time
through a time
repeated in space
a room day-dreamed actual
the first room
built from subsequent rooms
originating from what
it will be
each next moment

o
 on each
 one sound
 drop measures
 by drop its existence
 words almost by duration in
 at will arise as we the ear defining next
 revolve around each other to and that between being
 in the very nature of what a bit of air in a bit of time
 we are distinctions of a to to a fro that's a way
 sound and silence at come around gait's
 accustomed to gate dwelling in
 ourselves add telling apart
 to 'n fro listen in
 to a one by
 t one

41c

the room waiting
quickens to elapse at rest
each time allows what had been allowed
to and fro
a room by duration
greater than the sum of its words
a room no longer a room measures what's coming to

the ear defines the body's memory
a bit of air in a bit of time
taking place at will arises
we are distinctions of telling told sound
listening in
inhabiting a continual tongue
a dwelling moment

4

whose walk is it

what sing said

who walks

ruffled still skin

who walks toward

said sand slipped

around and about

glass lipped passage

is toward

egg cracked time

who walks

bows finger

a measure of distance

thumbed toward

gravel and sand

another step

grackle's steps

walks toward

crack at the beak

who it is

bowlegged cry

walks

5

what is between breath measures recollection birches inhabit name out of thin air placed
born wordless in a named place second skin asked of what it is and what it is to be
a room lost in the world before we called out in it before we called out to it
dogwood and crabapple define the eye at the yard's edge
who spoke, wrote who wrote, listened who listened, echoed who echoed, breathed
when away what is a way back is speech at the ear away back
the desk returns to the hands bidden and bidding exchange place for a place
our breath dwelling within walls not yet built against which we lean
in the wall mirror we see our breath and behind that our faces
the room became a word before you what is asked for in what is answered
your breath fills the space that defines where you dwell that which leaves you is what you enter
spun telling on which singing hangs by a breath

6

moving through the house a “daydream of elsewhere” dwelled upon on the train

the house moving at the doorknob turns upon the hand dwelling within the approach

moving through the landscape inviting reflection ranging through homes thought within

the passage to the body’s steps invites entry to the house

at a glance to glance at another one’s own found in found thought

dwelling in the body that sets the table washes the glass built by the moment’s wrist

ranging through glances dwelled upon elsewhere where you sit

the hand approaching origin’s action building the chair anew through skin touching wood

in rhythms arriving and departing the chair made enters our rhythm

the eye’s glance turns to a gaze and the table enters our touch housed in breath

how does what
we come upon
come to be “I
what dwells with us? am
how do we learn my
to live with own
what we gather hiding
that dwells place.”
within our living
within themselves?

around the corner
down the hall
behind the door
within the chair
the book's skin
held in the hands
between the leaves
word to word
peered beyond
to see yourself
reading within
the space you wrap
around the corner
you turn and
nestle within

within that place
not spoken
where you dwell
you rest
a return you are
always dreaming
and moving through
from which you see
beyond the leaves
or around the corner
the place you
move into
trembling space
hand to skin
word to air

air nestles
upon earth's
turned up mouth
a song invisible
within the leaves
coaxes our return
we swallow
the leaf from the nest
of the unseen bird
and doggedly sniff out
the tune we hum
a threshold turned upon
to move towards
measure's pleasure
we inhabit

	in the chamber	
a body		a sound
	spirals	
around		itself
	slowly	
from out		side in
	side step	
approaches		its form
	slowly	
head		foot
	circles itself	
mantle speaks		a house
	from the lip	
hole		tone
	inhabited muscle	
entered		through
	spun shell	
dwelled		telling
what is the way in	through the way out	

tango?

hovering dragonflies
change levels

pairs of wing pairs
echo sediment's glint

sandstone
crumbles apart

into parts of
stone sand

shale lines
cross

bird calls and
pine branches

echo
cross lines

strung apart
strum together

35 (landscape with lizard)

	mulch		
	between		
			bit of
			bark leapt off
			the trunk
	its fingerprints	soil	
	bulb burrows stillness	twitches	
		cinder toe	
		scaly, dry	
		tiny brown	
		outgrowth: poised	wrinkle
		branch burr	skull
			swivels then
		still	gone

37

thin fingered leaves
holding white
five-pointed star

flower from
Leander's hand
deadly poison or

curative broth
ever green blooming
in dry rock

white whorl
flower wheel
with five vanes

points
in the direction of
the wind's lips

passed by the boat
in the unmarked sea
bird floats

toward itself
drawing the eye
black speck

fluted quill
over the deck
gull hovers

to mute reel
rills wind
placed still

swallowed lips
in the sea
humming reed

flock of birds	the little man	tongue arched	back to back	at rest	“floating	eardrum’s
leaving the air	in the horse ear	toward the next	off the ground	less than more	in	lens
leaving the ear	rides the drum	wing sounds	in step	moving still	parallel flight”	humming

you find step in place bird from the mouth bell day clef cleaves
on the corner or step from one place to another written through flute cricket pulse
a light socket sidewalk reel placed name scratches stone stretches in the throat
air within air before seeing map dance favored light wood tone
spinning legs approaching voice plucks ash in granite

eyes flattening to the horizon what is scarce being there is felt here hic et nunc lived through elsewhere in the ear song in the street heard source unseen parable's parabola tongue vibrating at an angle equal to the direction in which we weren't listening sidewalk's gesture followed to the sparrow's gaze stopped for an instant listening along its line of sight of silence hearing the direction

'take off the little chalice

"I was just going to call you.

"—TRYING OUT A PARALLEL WAY OF LISTENING TO MUSIC,

by means of the web

I've been straightening myself out

"...WITH HAYDN FULL DAYLIGHT POURS IN

SUGGESTED BY LOOKING AT A VIEW WITH THE EYES

of long silk threads that covers it...

now that I'm back home.

FROM OUTSIDE, FROM NATURE, FROM HIS HOME

TOWARD THE SKY OR TOPS OF THE TREES,

The lower lip of the flower

I've been away.

FROM PLACES WHICH FOR A ROBUST AND NATURAL MAN

TAKING IN THE EARTH OR FOREGROUND SUBJECTIVELY—

is straight and a bit folded under;

I don't know where.

FORM THE TRUE BASIS OF HIS IMAGINATION AND HIS LIFE"

THAT IS, NOT FOCUSING THE EYE ON IT—

it is a deep pink on the inside,

No?

THEN LOOKING AT THE EARTH AND LAND,

and on the outside is covered with thick fur.

Well, it's felt like I've been away."

The entire plant causes smarting when touched.

AND SEEING THE SKY

"The dogwood leaves are turning red,

"I hate it when I can't remember.

It wears a typically northern costume

AND THE TOP OF THE FOREGROUND SUBJECTIVELY

and the sunlight twinkles among them.

I get so mad at myself. It's my fault.

with four little stamens

IN OTHER WORDS,

The asters bear white blooms that shine

Why can't I remember?

that are like little yellow brushes."

GIVING A MUSICAL PIECE

like snow under the blue sky.

I ask myself, 'Where was I?'

IN TWO PARTS,

And a little bush is loaded with ruby red berries.

I got out of their car and couldn't remember

BUT PLAYED

'tasted a berry, and it tasted bad."

where I'd been. Maybe being back

AT THE SAME TIME—"

in my place made me forget."

inscrutable wind	soil syrxn	within the great plain	shore
scripts grass tempo		the car moves	
feathers level corn	coils throat	within the eye	enough to confound
past the ear		black seed	
tassels shake wings	larynx stem	rooted on either side	passage
flat to weather		of the hole	
determined	tests the field	that is itself	through time and again
rubber and metal		passage making	
pass over	swaying root wind	things real	at least both
inhabited blacktop		storm in one corner	
inscribed wind	spins around grass	sun in another	left with
threads air		in space we move	
through rock to pull	from inside out	through the eye	one sand
water stopped at a		to change places	
moth on the melody	and about	with ourselves	sure

what's it
why isn't it a maple
here I can
that's it
weeds *move a little*
 there past
 oh, man! a woman walking
what's he
braking for clouds between buildings
now if
I can just
 yea, that's it a dog sniffing a hydrant
 good
a couple having dinner *now make*
 this light
 sparrows fly up *then the turn*
 what's someone whistling
two men talking *what's this one*
 waiting for newspapers
streetlights *come on*
 it's just the wind blowing leaves
 a few blocks
 you'd think
 I were a boy on a bike
 asking for stars
the world

the acorn
splits
into itself
opening its mouth
to become
many tongues
split
into each
instant
filling the sky

sparrows

stellar jays

branch tits

falcons

finches

thrushes

crows

robins

hawks

fly through their song

seeds between their beaks

twittering nests

the call
comes across
the lot
hanging where
it moves through
slowly gathering
the place to it
to which it gathers itself
as it moves

hearing's reach
within breathing room

Afterword

Two prime sources of inspiration for “Carroway Seeds” are Conlon Nancarrow’s *Studies for Player Piano* and Gaston Bachelard’s *A Poetics of Space*. Heidegger’s thoughts on dwelling also find their way somewhat into the poems. In addition, I am indebted to Kyle Gann for his book, *The Music of Conlon Nancarrow*. The form that each poem takes is from the Nancarrow study whose number precedes it. The last poem, No. 37, consists of 12 poems.

One of the prime concerns of the series is space, both in what the poems talk about and in how they appear on the page. In these poems, I tried to create visual and verbal correlatives to the Nancarrow pieces used as jumping off points. Yet, each poem in the series can stand on its own without reference to the Nancarrow study. So, as with the poems in my book, *An Ives Set*, a dialogue between influence and independence takes place in this series too. Also, some of the poems contain several poems in one because of the way they appear on the page. In these poems, each “stanza” functions as a separate poem, all stanzas function together as one poem, and all the stanzas in one poem can be read together in different order so that there can be more than one version of one poem. In addition, poem No. 37 contains 12 poems that can be read together or separately. So a dichotomy between connection and autonomy exists in the series both in the poems’ connections to and autonomy from the Nancarrow study to which each poem “refers,” as well as within each particular poem itself in how the “stanzas” relate to each other, and in the series as a whole in how each poem is both independent from and connected to the series itself.