

⚡Winner of the PIP Gertrude Stein Awards for Innovative Poetry in English
2005-2006

Blueberry America

*Who am I but by a fix, and another,
a particle, and the congerie of particles carefully picked one by another*
—Charles Olson, "In Cold Hell, in Thicket"

1

they gratified themselves into clumps of generative blueberry
and fell down and lived
I ate char of pestled spice
and lived
I drank the specie nectar of a pickled thoroughbred
And lived
I wove myself thrice round in bead
And lived
I hungered for a blueblood compote
Drowned in its strength and lived

2

Blueberry thistle
Arangivaya hubris * tied the knots git
At the back git toward it git git on wit it
Joltaya hubris, starry starry night as though
The molten flesh of the arranged fire beside
You sank its fangs in most sensitive region *
The sole, beating out its path after picking
And pickling they gratified themselves into
Clumps, and then a larger generative clump
And one great blueberry America.

3

A story he told, ay, about a dying old man
Like all dying old men he told it slowly,

Over time, bathing in seraya hubris while
Tarring his own hide for caring, the life of it
Taking breath and flesh, he hungered for
The spirit and whistled with two wet front
Teeth so the hounds would come away from
His blueberry thistle, grown just as tall.
A story told, ay, by a dying old man is
Ginger root, taking root before you knew it,
You knowing it all along and before,
And waking, ay, the spirit and the whistle
Like wind or Indian breath, as sweet as
Blueberry America soil dressing soiled greens.

4

I am urging you to here,
Where things are cold and unclean,
But honest like dawn after bad light

(you haven't forgotten
the night ranges train clutter
but you still don't let on

you haven't forgotten but you never will let on
that you've forgotten what its like, to be able to let go,)

Forget it

5

the state of affairs as they saw to it were mild tantrums
like strong blow, inadequate whale blubber for perfumaria and pearls not
taking to their cancer as expected, as everything must do its own life work,
and make its living count,

the stale defeatism as they saw it not
the Indians nor their bows but a ginger slighted upturned

refused - blueberry America blueberried itself because thistle and pestle
go hand in hand, as degeneracy marks its weight in soil,

in blight, then good use, the living thus counted.

We declare ourselves the bluest of blueberry America, no us no us no us..

6

I gorged on specie nectar of a herringed thoroughbred
Fought the urge and lived,
For love of berry generative, the kinks solidify as knots,
Berry generative clumps into blueberry particular,
This berry of Americas this berry berry splendor and
The makeshift crews, (which uproot the thistle and the blight,
Nature/nurture, the unknown)
This I have had to be given

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