Orphan, Indiana
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The University of Akron Press
Akron, Ohio
Contents

I
He Never Failed Strangely to Greet It
Antediluvian
The Jammed Log Position
Saint Paul: A Hermeneutics
I Would Sometimes Notice the World over My Shoulder
The Bone Sculptures
This Is How It Sounds Before Real Things Start Happening
I Have No Rear View Mirror and I Am Incomplete
The Gentleness of Herbivores
Everyone You See Isn’t Everyone
Poem for the End of Winter
Rapid Eye Movement
Beta-Carotene
1999
The Wind in the Furnace

II
Xanax
The Invention of Rope
The Invention of Amino Acids
The Calico Man
Civilian Defense, 1942
Dominion of Insects
Stunt Double
Inside Her Head He Has Another Head
The Neck of a Horse
Black Diagram
Solipsism
Poem Written in May
The Slower the Fan Blade…
What You Take with You
Animal Magnetism
III
Garlic Mustard  39
Kurt Cobain  40
Weak Coffee  41
Writing  42
Untitled Poem  43
Near Notre Dame  44
The Unnameable Bone-Shell Room  45
Mobile Home  46
The Bliss-Tree Photographs II  47
Six Minutes  48
Programming Note  49

IV
Anamnesis  53
Two-Thirds Cast Arbitrarily as “Mistress”  54
Please Go Away  55
Just What Is It That Makes  56
Hunter’s Orange  57
Night Light  58
Andalusian  59
Literally Himself in Spirit  60
Dead Last in the Scheme of Things  62
Eligible for Aging  64
Snarge  65
The Bliss-Tree Photographs III  66
Government Sponsored  67
Forty Years Ago Last Week  68
Ice Fishing  69
Far Away Home  70

Notes  71
Heat stopped publishing 6 miles back
where the décor was a door hanging free from a hinge.
—Catherine Meng, Tonight’s the Night

I’m speeding west somewhere in the top of Ohio or Indiana,
and to my right is the Arctic Circle, all white and scary.
—Arthur Vogelsang, A Planet
He Never Failed Strangely to Greet It

It all starts with the sentence, chain of lakes like your blushing neutrality—

Houses in his little hand like dice

Then the windows reappear

I begin to pray in the dark

I stand up

Flashes of light like the moon

Headlights all over the highway . . .

Blood falls off the antlers

The suburb is smothered in rain coats

Smoke curlicues out of a red brick chimney

Nobody says a word

Not one of the other dreaming passengers