

Oregon

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“Oregon” was written collaboratively, one word at a time, in a car between the southern border of Oregon and Eugene. It was recorded into a minidisk player and later transcribed. No editing of any kind, except for determining where line breaks should fall, was done. It was read that night at a reading straight from the laptop on which it had been transcribed. This seemed quite modern at the time.

Oregon

Pine for darker skies.
 Yes the grass was cheap but that's only part of it.
 Turns canvassing turns.
 Pines raised fists.
 Firs grew shoes.
 Valley wills mountainscape to tear clouds apart.
 If sunlight abates the glass shelf will suffice.
 Old are the thoughts scattered from Klamath Falls today.
 Poppy flowers.
 Girls drive better.
 Boys climb into caves because high school humiliates them.
 Oregon is enormous.
 Clay automobiles in fossilized grooves revealed mysteries.
 Indians rest now that astronauts rest in the sky which falls today.
 Home is asleep again.
 Breakers off shore ripped pieces from Oregon.
 Night woods haunt.
 Nightingales never again.
 Wasps pester apartments often buttering themselves honeyly and whisper,
 "Shhhh my stinger fell asleep years ago shhhh."
 Highway Five walked on heedlessly.
 If you bought a truck then you must swat away wasps
 and continue on.
 Route Five through Oregon.
 Trailers lazily arranged.
 They reserved only azaleas tonight darling I 'm afraid.
 North opened onto winter mild canyon passes.
 Flowering hemlocks draped scarves about three Oregonians longingly tonight.
 Granite recess shaped my longing.
 I expect winter anyway.
 I swam nowhere else.
 Entombed high and lonesome.
 Fast beating of nothing onward attuned to this tent's posture.
 Light rocks placed precariously beside roots crumble.
 Crag's fires burn unnoticed.
 Hiding doesn't.
 Forest filled the air with trees.
 Moss says to puddle, hello.
 Space came abruptly home.
 Lakeside whiskey and fresh from shore.
 Skies seemingly transparent intentions feathered out across evening's dissolve.
 Big river floating beside people.
 The sleep you found abruptly departed.
 Tall gentlemen asleep wearing grass hats reminded heaven of Oregon.
 The next thought you suppress will return greater and will overwhelm your
 neighbors.

You left leaning.

This thought deteriorates inwardly while pollen fills Eugene's cisterns and sleeps there.

Across eagles ways the sparrows struggle.

They now realize more awareness.

Autumn darkens women's corners just once and I've also known spirits to travel quickly through.

Clumps of hedges covered Oregon.

All so swiftly Oregon reacts peacefully and votes itself passive ruler of everything.

Swift river.

Swift thought.

Houses blend themselves into cooing hives.

Wasps ascend Oregon's restful lunch hour today.

With needles in feathers history rewrites nature to realize people.

Soft air peoples the grounded clouds.

They slip off while Oregon awakes from its boosier youth.

Weeding alongside my lane keeps my mind inside.

Outside.

That bird just knows too much.

Take me without asking.