

Endi Bogue Hartigan

FLURRY SERIES

4 choruses

1.
I stood in the chorus accused of lulling.
I stood in the chorus accused of falling.
I stood in the falling of voices.

2.
While we have been parented by trees—
while we have been a meadow with a tree line
upon it, while we have been a meadow
with a brown doe within it—

while we have been parented by trees,
into which we flow and retreat,
the doe turning, while we repeat
blackberry thickets or sleeves

of new light—while we have
cleared trees for the theater of meadows—
while we have cleared meadows,
cleared cropped limbs from shadows—

while we have been parented by trees,
while we have been lullabied by trees.

3.
A chorus sung by Western yards and windows,
a chorus framed by stained camelia blossoms strewn,
a chorus singing less than alleluias,
less than the recycled news in homes—

They did not sing beheadings, real or comic,
no alarms sounding blossoms against beams

no voices thrown in high notes, pure and manic—
A chorus as a blank line in a poem—

And was it sung by Western yards and windows?
And was it formed of stained camelia blossoms strewn?
A chorus won the wars of chorus against chorus—
A chorus won, and wilted outside homes.

What chorus shall rise up beside the quiet?
What quiet shall rise up beside the tone?

4.
The trees transferred choruses
from eaves to branches—from branches to eaves—
in their slippers and gowns,
in their suits and their linings their cowboy boot
dresses, in prints and in tresses and costumed sounds—

Let them play without voices a day let them say
what they can without voices a day
said the trees of the forest.

Today was a shift or a transfer of chorus,
a voting machine for illiterate populace—
one voice for one marble, the marbles rolled down.

A voter walks in with his pencil
and leaves with the silence of forests.

Granularity and the chorus

We are today
some 92%—

Red firetrucks through glass doors—doors the size of firetrucks—
Suburban banners for the sake of banners: cartoonish sunrise, frog.
There is not just one there is not just one there are many—

What do you like? Who do you like?

1 chorus

At last the chorus laughed at its rows
of oval heads and notes, its ink blots
and wide lips and throats,
as if it needed repeatable song to be free—

Free as the
free as the
free as we

The chorus shed its weeping and its pleas.

A black cat sleeping on the upright stack of cardboard boxes
must have been up all night—

Quiet, quiet,
says the chorus, quiet says the inhabitable life.

Chorus repeated too long

With what would you fill it, the valley, the canyon,
with what would you fill it, with black notes, with men?

What would you transfer from valleys to canyons?
What song would you save for the beginning and end?
And what would you sing to the child that you carry?
And what is the chorus repeated too long?

With what would the canyons receive you—what flurry
of snow or of worries would transfer?

What transfer would fill it, the vertical canyon, the cuts and the hollows,
the small rivers down?
What chorus repeated what transferring echo would sound
like the rivers might sound?

With what would you fill it, with what would you fill it,
who cannot yet fill it with sound?