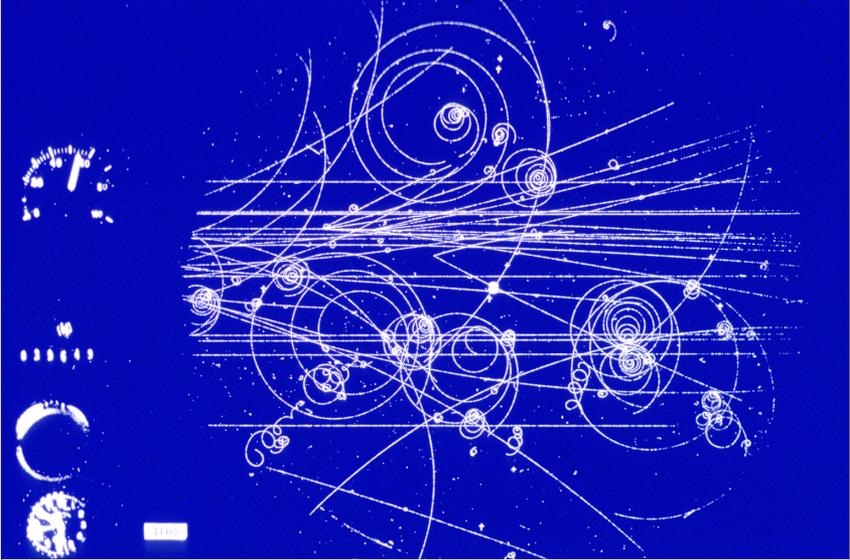


Particles



John Martone

HDMP | NO. 18

Particles

John Martone

Menlo Park ○ *Ankara*

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Cover Image: Decay of a lambda particle
in the 32 cm hydrogen bubble chamber.
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baecceitas

For John Levy and Jeremy Seligson

no future
no past

now's clear
and cold

at last

he comes to repent on replacement knees

pick up
crime and
punishment
where I
left off

a moment
— maybe *not*
long enough
to lie

oh my

genome's
banged-up

~

(as if this were a torn shirt)

don't know how
a seamstress
could mend it

pageboy haircuts
making string art
to folk music —

you never
see that now

a radio softens our suppertime silence

~

sat to father's right
mother's left

sisters across
brother far end

~

sisters sitting
in the peach tree
washed out to sea

Hammerskjöld's
Markings

textured paper
pulped by now

~

14 I think
all that kissing
never knew

try typing them out
one by one clattering
sound will help

how many
typewriters

never got
anywhere

I'll sit here
and listen

till I can
make you out

still as
you are

slice of pie for lunch

solo —
sailboat
drowns me

~

seems I never
went to sea
but I forget

~

blue glass
globes once

oats for
fish nets

around
our room

I'm all
mixed up
ocean

~

old home
seascape

waves frame
silence

broom's an oar
oar's a broom

sea this sunlit
summer room

~

the Caucasus
after all that

Odysseus
a hesychast

sound of placing
water glass on glass
tabletop

~

it's all
like it
wasn't

curtains
drawn open
flung shut

neither way
completely

~

all that wine
and perseids

desert

garden
of last
resort

~

O Einaudi
under summer clouds —
every vowel

~

blotting
paper

flowers at
first word

apparition

cherry tree
back of yard
back from dead

~

row of stones
on sill
a shore

bread and wine
in his white
undershirt

beautiful

whether
or not
to touch

~

let x be
prayer poem life
be x

~

onions from Dostoevsky

~

you have visions
you can't see
all the time

standing
here where

graves have
settled

~

lost you
with your red hair
with your granny glasses

~

what doesn't matter
and what does
Claudia

seeded bread in paper sleeves

~

Tuesday and now what

~

empty-handed raining

they're all a loss
those birds at dawn

~

cypresses —
a path above
the dictionary

~

ferragosto
with holes
in my clothes

~

stringing long green
peppers to dry
I remember

~

here's a table
with grapes and figs
oh wake me up

foreign worlds in native tongues

~

thought you
knew so

much could
skip steps

your whole
life

~

Geworfenheit

thrown out there
word of
no tongue

one

terra cotta pot
my woods now
my tile roof

~

laughter

of others

Jean-Paul Hernandez, S.J.

I transcribe
and translate
his *Transfiguration*

~

rooftops
daybreak's
dove call

at Greccio
corridors of no one
~

psalter
left open
~

finally
all of us

together
as never

all day
in a book

at the lake
then weeping

~

we sit in a circle and talk about our pictures

~

the campers
leave for home

and the lake's
mask comes off
the surface

particle or wave

a day book

neorealismo

I watch their ship arrive from our car window

dream house
old as
ferns now

take lots of pictures
it's an ancient wall
they didn't need mortar

so much
to do

start with
the wash

mopping
a floor

its own
music

~

each syl-
lable

was once
a cry

study
corner
of blue room

*before you
were born ...*

everything takes forever

~

finally
all of us

together
as never

~

ten small ferns
in cardboard box
St. Teresa's castle

~

silence
my example

years
later

straighten
picture

~

standing here
dishes done
look outside

~

blue-striped

careful
ly fold

dish
towel
twice

dip bread
in wine

as in
the past

~

acceptance
as father
his peg tube

planting this peach tree won't
bring back
my sister

~

your past's an addiction

~

grass

clean and
honest

mound of
clippings

I abandon my blue
adirondack chair

ages since
I've been there

~

on a page
by itself
it's nothing

never made carpenter

smallest thing
falls apart ...
and again

~

/'ev.ri/
particle
particles

~

fields pass
through me

un ob-
structed

wait for
heat to break

heart to break
to plant ferns

age of

broken
atoms

(medi
cated)

~

they're nothing over and over

circa 1971

pray for
simpli
city

approach
ing our
city

~

alone at table
crumbling
bread

happy
to sit

on bench
in shade

simple
minded

ask
no more

old friend
schizophrenic

hides things
in his shirt

~

eats his soup
under tree
for all time

altar boy's a bower bird

~

dwelling

dwell
on the

holy
bread

slatted
wood bench

where ferns
unwind

~

car bright
with dew
like field

room glows
as if ...

a patch
of light

on floor
this page

give me pause

~

handwriting

fine as
annu-
lar rings

traces
of cloud
chamber

diner

suddenly
recognize
everyone

book of
folktales

no one
told me

all those high
energy
particles

right through
you have
no clue

6:15 —
cherry tree
uncanny gold

~

arrange and
rearrange

5 pears on
the table

~

things as waves of time

failure
is

bottom
less

life

wash clothes
in sink

~

there go the morning glories

what to do

thin men
smoking

in sleeveless
t-shirts

look down
on toddler

~

tattered dust rag you're done

~

dust is
dreaming

~

moving
within
the lines

word
less

child
word

~

Arrighi

beautiful
hand sometimes

leaves out
a letter

~

old man
smoking

under
a tree —

how I
miss that

up and
downhill

in fall
rehab

~

what might
fill these
pauses

~

under some
bridge by now

but for this
medicine

template

wasn't
cut out
for this

hesychia
sounds foreign —
off you go

sack of fruit
from farmstand

brought back and
what's left now

~

at last

after
four days

shoulder
pops back

axiom

Euclidean point
can't open up

~

ἀ-το-μο
ma-ny-parts

~

atoms dreaming
dreaming atoms

atom's
a cloud

means you
are too

~

genome
hadron
secret's

small as
not quite

to be
nothing

Johnny

the day
they stopped

calling me
Johnny

ferny
plot
time
is past

~

image
less now
this lake

~

lake where
I drowned

glitters
in sun

knew your
name once
mine too

pine forest either
side of road
life with others

~

soundless
— that kind
of cry

~

five
senses

a life
raft

genome
hadron
secret's

small as
not quite

to be
nothing

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