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Wake Up Call // Alarms at Noon // Infinity's Kiss (Sunflowers)

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Wake Up Call

All of my dreams get interrupted
by waking up, by the distraction
of having to actually live—
to walk around & bump into things,
to breathe real air with consequence
& weight. Still the basil in the window
quietly getting bigger, the cilantro
brazenly becoming pungent
& filling the house. My pillow
aches with loneliness which makes it
just like the small patch of weedflowers
wanting those deer to come back.
Every morning, your face
right beside mine, & me hidden
under my hair, behind my very own face,
no matter what I dream in the dark.
Most nights I find myself
in situations I can't get out of,
trapped through celestial mechanics
in some different story while my own
real feelings hover just out of reach
like pollen in the air in summer.
Invisible but with repercussions.
Surrounded by a flurry of questions.
Sometimes you just need to get
belligerent in the face of the whole
universe getting sappy. We fall
the way the leaves fall, slowly.

NATE PRITTS

Alarms at Noon

I'm always talking about the soul,
about the divine hovering
like a voyeur outside my window.
But what I'm wondering is how
the early season bumblebee,
size and shape of my fist,
fits into the overall scheme
as it knocks against my window
like a drunk friend jabbing
a finger into my chest
to emphasize how we were done,
really done forever?
Such beautiful armies are gathering
on my hilltop stronghold,
all their armor glistening
like a birthday cake, the mud
turning green under their
aggressive boots. I mean tulips,
of course, & all those stick trees
getting full, baby yellow buds

screaming on the branches.
When the bluebird stared at us,

tiny beak chittering,
we saw the soft white throat,

we saw that it was good.
We guessed there were other things

we couldn't possibly see.

NATE PRITTS

Infinity's Kiss (Sunflowers)

My primary habitat is memory
 a space opened up
inside of regular time
 where duration cannot be calculated
because none of these frames of reference
 mean anything condensed as they are
into a field of stunning engagement
all these different waves of light
 find themselves entangled
some stories move without any action
 devoid of memorable occurrence
nothing happens

but the tension builds

anyway clipped reactions

inexplicable to our planet or the inhabitants

with their complex incompressible souls

we worship geometric figures

we worship remnants

we believe in something solid

an eruption of sunflowers on the side of the house

in a memory someone is having

we are all experiencing the thrill of past life

reified & alive now

a single compact moment

when everything good / every pleasurable memory

comes back to haunt us

to live ghostly permeating the present

& we believe in something solid

we believe the stories we tell about ourselves
are ourselves

we believe that everything is lost around us

& we believe everything lost can be found.