

12-1-2014

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

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### Recommended Citation

Pritts, Nate (2014) "Wake Up Call // Alarms at Noon // Infinity's Kiss (Sunflowers)," *Gandy Dancer Archives*: Vol. 3: Iss. 1, Article 37.

Available at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer/vol3/iss1/37>

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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.