

Subject: THE LAST 4 DAYS / 4
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 12/31/2021, 9:04 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

it was all i was
and all i lost
on childhood journeys
to the stars
gathering what treasures
i could
from the light years
flickering by
like smudge pots
on a snowy highway
and all that's left
listening to my bones
singing at 2 a.m.
to the faceless ghosts:
i am full of
lies and wishes
a mask of nothing
a tribe of none

--

Subject: THE LAST 4 DAYS / 3
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 12/30/2021, 8:46 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

the insane and the dying wail
in the marble voices of night and time
the names of things dissolve
into thoughts wrapped in
the scriptures of the wind
unfolding from the lost solitude of winter
where the year's ravaged face stares
back from the calendar's pages
with the gleaming onyx eyes of the crow
that always watches from the windowsill
of the underworld
as we all stand stupidly
on the precipice of our lousy dreams
watching this moment of a planet
burning up in space

--

Subject: THE LAST 4 DAYS / 2
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 12/29/2021, 9:38 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

lately doves have been rising at my feet
it makes me feel like a holy man of dead leaves
but i'm only a befuddled time traveler
lost in paintings of fog and concrete
among people that are bad xeroxes of each other
fading away at the edges of a grey grammar
in the black and white images of a newsreel
where lives crumble into noise and rubble
and the cysts of memory burst beneath the skin
in the frozen shadows of a billion suns
when i get up death is already making coffee
her bathrobe open just enough
to show me my life at a glance
and everyday i get a blank postcard
from myself reading Wish I Was There

--

Subject: THE LAST 4 DAYS / 1
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 12/28/2021, 8:42 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

trees disappear by the score
as the chickadees sing and dance
my brain buzzes like an old fridge
stuffed with desires way past expiration
everyday i get up in the ruins
of an unknown civilization
unearthed from the waste pits of my psyche
the artifacts of what i am
in the nowhere i began at
all raw ache and awake
where the heartbeats
of the dead are deafening
and the heartbeats of the living,
merciless

--

Subject: Poem With 3 Samples
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 12/26/2021, 8:51 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

it's Sunday
monolithic as death and hangovers
smelling of noodles and ginger tea
filled with the important talk of birds
the nightmare of people and machines
I have friends
I don't want them
but I have them
shall we get drunk?
we'd be fools not to
it's alright, Ma
it's only Sunday

--

Subject: A Walk
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 12/20/2021, 11:23 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

there are secret pavements
here and there
forgotten in plain sight
old and crumbly pages
half covered in moss
like some fragments of
an archaic speech
thought lost
from the Age of
Early Concrete
then I looked up
saw the moon
all bone and shadow
in the West Virginia sky
there was a long
horizontal cloud
black as coal
edged in neon orange
just above the eastern hills
the morning was keen
with the laughter
of nuthatches

sublime memories
of a faint inducing kiss
oblivion's promise
and these holy rites
of Poetry

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 12/16/2021, 12:27 PM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

there is a mothly
ghost nestled in the year's
old gray linen where the stonewashed light
keeps its diary of shadows but in some other
world, not here, where I've been staring
out windows for a thousand years crazed
and eating lunch hypnotized by treetops only
the fingertips of a crystal wind have known
as hours fray and fray in a slow motion melodrama
and the pokeweed looks like the antlers
of some giant chimerical stag rising
out of the insomniac planet into
the bright and toxic day

--

Subject: THE GSB VARIANT
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 12/11/2021, 10:08 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

it's december 11th
forsythia's flowering
67 degrees at 5 a.m.
with thunder and eternity
pressing hard at
the window of other days
bones of old night crack
far galaxies murmur
and right here the rain's opium
the imagined scent of sex
a cold war catholic boy
with his head under a pleated skirt
looking around in nervous fainting wonder

are the peepers praying?
the coffee's thick with homesickness
alone in my unfathomableness
among the glass pagodas of desire
my restless legs
some day
no more sun
no more solar system
beneath a hemlock
i piss on someone's
long forgotten grave
that's all there is of us
watching the moon set
on poetry on deer
on cherished broken faces
there are wounds of language
i try to keep licking
rare and beyond comprehension
arthritic scrawls
across the void
the pen weighs heavy as water
to capture the sound
of light years
the holy lakes of europa
"I'm out with lanterns
looking for myself"
Emily Dickinson wrote
once in first grade
someone stole my doughnut
covered in cinnamon and sugar
i never got over that
until i saw my mom at 96
glowing with happiness over
a doughnut she could only just
recognize or barely eat
doughnut moments are all we
have in this life
why am i not in lockdown with bo derek
why is it springtime in december

--

Subject: SYLVIA PLATH IS DEAD DEAD DEAD
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 11/30/2021, 9:01 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

once a friend
sent me a bouquet
of flowering tops from Maui

I got so stoned
I became an alien artifact
on the moon

I was but 25
in that long gone glory
San Francisco

now I'm looking
down into the mirror of my days
from a billion years
away

and sometimes
I still feel the breath of a poem
like ghost-lips just grazing mine

it's the last day of November

days are polished bone
nights are toxic auras
the glow of dystopia
lies golden upon the land

I think I made me
up inside my
head

--

Subject: For Etel Adnan, RIP November 2021 Paris
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 11/16/2021, 1:01 PM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

The rain scribbles away on brown leaves and
tar paper: who is left to speak to, what is there to
say? All I do is complain about the smallest things
imaginable, as if I spent my life looking for them,
wanting them, relishing them in their ultimate
triviality.

At 4 a.m., words are but the spasms of an old
idiot at the windows of infinity -- I cup them in
my hands, breathing on them carefully, as if they
were the last embers of desire in the world....Soon,
I, too, will be a dead poet; even so, I can't get over
myself....will you be here, drinking coffee with me,
when I am gone?

Later on, perhaps, that incredible after-rain light

will happen, all shimmery silver-gold, and a bowl of ramen will be just enough satori:

I am alive. I remember you.

--

Subject: buckeyes
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 10/29/2021, 11:56 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

if you hear the voices of the dead
leaves calling your name follow them
to the secret hide-out of your inmost
heart and there you will find the spice
shops of autumn opening their doors you
will hear the woodfolk tuning their
instruments you will see the pages of
childhood books falling in slow motion
all around you and you will have
dreams of dreams that never were
and can not be and you will be there
and i will be there and we will
be happy and we will be unhappy and we
will die under the old stars still making
our wishes still making our wishes

--

Subject: RED SEASON by Aislynn Makley
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 10/22/2021, 7:55 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Fall you enter
red on the horizon
the winds in your bosom, a drowning thing.

Your spirit brings little memorials to
time etched upon the leaves,
a gentle mourner in the crystal coming cold.

Lives gone before seek their lost light
and the secret of impalpable things.

--

Subject: OCTOBER ODE
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 10/16/2021, 11:34 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

I will whisper in your ear
all the parables I can remember
from the grasses of the night
that have listened so closely
to the katydids' goodbyes

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 10/15/2021, 8:37 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

another day
has dropped it most precious
glassware

i crawl about in
fear and wonder, gathering what
pieces i may

--

Subject: NOTES FROM THE MIST
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 9/28/2021, 8:48 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

It smells like hashish on a road trip up
the cold California coast. In Arcata, everyone
is reading Brautigan.

I remember tin can robots, cinnabar cities, DUNE
when Analog ran it, the streetlamps of Xanadu
and Fillmore Street, starports in the salt flats,
Pegasus filling stations, the half-world of laundromats,
the moment of birth like a flashbulb popping.

Now I crumble with the hills under coal trains.
The hour brings memories of years between lovers,
nights sliced like mica, mornings of the never again.

I'm haunted by dandelions, the ghost of a rayon light,
notebooks made in Vietnam, Klaus Kinski, Veruschka,
hot dusty roads beneath the SETI telescopes, this shirt
I wear.

I was a draft dodger, I've never driven or voted, I've
watched the lysergic dawn over Hippie Hill, and seen the
wrong end of a gun and a knife a time or two.

O fountain pens, willow nymphs, corncribs, sidewalks
that glitter, Rimbaud's hangovers! The voice of a dragon
is like a thousand cymbals, Le Guin said, who flies now
golden on that other wind.

Life I taste you
in the silver syllables of a shadow's kiss
Death I taste you
in the vinegar of an ancient wound

So listen:
crickets and rain
on a day like today
I sing my time
for there will not be
another

Tuesday 28 September 2021

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 9/22/2021, 7:53 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Mother Autumn, hold me with your
ghost arms, your solitudes, your taste
of sleet on stone, your gilt-edge stationery,
your skeletal nights, your dragon whiskies,
your comforter of sighs and dead leaves....
Mother Autumn, hold me close.

--

Subject: THE SHIT CREEK NEWS - Special Edition
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 9/15/2021, 12:46 PM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

It's just past 3am here on Olde Romantic Earth.
I'm brooding on mortality. Michael K Williams,
Norm Macdonald, both dead within two weeks of
each other. In the Age of Corona, people are dying
of cancer, drugs, broken hearts..... But why
couldn't it have been Tom Cruise or Ellen or
Liam Neeson ?

Consciousness flickers, somewhere out beyond tau
Ceti and Hollywood, at the last outpost of my nerves.
It's good to get topical sometimes. Take the Met Gala:
thongs of the ugliest people on the planet floating around
like mobile turds in the most horrifying toilet of the season.

Mortality, yes, who knew?

Raymond Reddington's now legendary One More Time
monolog as he's saving someone's life. James Spader the
Ineffable intoning lyrically & oh so poignantly about the
beauty and transience of it all to millions of viewers, after
which he will with a mask of ice kill anyone who gets in the
way of his many agendas.

I want to see snow glittering as it falls through the streetlight;
listen to distant sitars of the wind through immemorial firs;
watch the neutron flares of my ocular migraine auras as they
move across time into near-space.

I want to be in bed naked with certain creatures; walk down
ancient alleys in the music of smoke-colored shafts of late
afternoon sun; stand beneath iron bridges as ravens bring the
world back into being.

Norm, Michael, ye are already forgotten; I but diddle
my brain here, and now it is time to think of gnomes dancing
atop pumpkins, Black Dome acid, a porpoise mouth.

Better days ahead, someone said to me recently. IMAGINE
THAT.

I can't wait till I'm fucking 90.

Goodnight and good luck

--

Subject: OF THE MILKWEED
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 9/11/2021, 8:12 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

September - slow - slowly - as slowly as you can -
take off that almost transparent gold sheath in these
moments too quick to hold;

throw your swoons into the gem-like air and guide
me through the vagabond shadows to your bed of
dying grasses;

let me know once more the sublime joys of that
old, old ache, the canticle of your ribcage, the pear
skin of your blushing knees, the anesthesia
of your gossamer tongue;

leave me a letter of deer huffs in a bottle of light,
where the thickets all sing, in snail time, in caterpillar
time, in river time ---
undress as slowly as you can, September.....

--

Subject: 9th Moon
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 9/6/2021, 10:09 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Life was never enough.
Death won't do it.
I was only born yesterday.
September is not a month.
September is a golden wound.

--

Subject: Letter From A Theoretical August

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Date: 8/31/2021, 9:12 AM

To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

dear friend or foe or in between, shadow, doppelganger, sister,
brother, ex-lover, future lover, phantasm of my delirium, I need to
remember I am made of cicada song, snow squalls, last year's
teasel,

who are you in relation to me, skunk visions, foxy legs, viral
dreams, this fast-beating heart, beating off, I mean, that is to say,
who am I in relation to you, or anything, the dead that dog me,
who are they, who the living,

floods, heavy shit, dragon fires returning, pandemic dementia,
these final hours, what can anyone say to anyone but, apparently,
LOL,

are you a gnome in a blue-green hood, my spirit bird, a grinning
demon, what time is it, what times these are,

fucking things fucking fall apart,
the fucking center will not fucking hold,

I need to remember I am made of hearthstones, bear teeth, the
hard sparkle of frost on certain January sidewalks, caterpillars
rampant, oceans of moss, legendary pheasants in fields dark with
cocoon,

I taste rain and iron, vinegar, salt and sex,

the spiceshops are opening in all the archaic villages of our broken
stories,

I am desperate to find the lost paths of poetry, those gold and copper
secret hide-outs, the voices of the falling leaves, my huckleberry
huckleberries!

I am made of solitude, and you, the alien world of humans, haunt
me like a mother, I am made of galaxies and hellgrammites, suicide and
orgasm, the beetle in the street,

irrational, illegible, incoherent as the wind, the afterbirth of suns, look at
you, look at me looking at you, I need to remember all the birds in you,
soon gone, O inglorious glories.....

I remain:

G Sutton Breiding
this day 31 August 21

--

Subject: SIFTING THE MOTES
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 8/29/2021, 8:16 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

it's almost September
the horror of it all
increases momentarily
I'm still writing somehow
it's that unbearable ache
of the unreachable
drenched in years
of some eternal
afternoon's dementia
of merely existing
come walk with me
my mother wrote me
when she could not
let's talk about
books and movies
or running home
with a bagful of
buckeyes and laughter
there's way too
much to feel ---
who can play
the broken accordion
of the heart for long?
tear up the pages
start again
this elegies of elegies
this taste of an iron light
from an ancient glass
to behold the
chickadee

--

Subject: letter from LOL
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 8/26/2021, 8:44 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

i get up
try to shake my bones into place
fail

boil water
coffee, oats
step outside onto
the planet of the katydids
fragments of blinding moon
through oak leaves
the air is lard
my back protests
downtown the sirens
trucks, late shift workers
drunken revellers
creek people
i itch
where i cannot reach
my earthen mug
is heavy with tweets
gourds
and bittersweet
kisses
i want to get out my hoodie
and walk
the world's gotten
a tad more rotten, eh
i have no pacifier
to ease my senior tensions
i want to see
a ptarmigan a narwhal
a malaysian cicada
the minarets of shangri-la
i want to eat steaming
persimmon pudding come
november
in ohio
and write nonsense
like this
to my dying friends and family
to tell them all
i'm
grand
*

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 8/18/2021, 8:07 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

"When you have nothing to say

the sadness of things
speaks for you

the rubble of senseless longing
for what was" ---Ruth Stone

*

It's really early, I'm listening to the rain
and the ticktocks and the roar of the real.

I've nothing to say and I'll say it anyhow.

What a trip, I'm giddy with senseless longing
and the sadness of things, I feel just like Lydia
Davis trying to improve her German.

Every day I waken ravenous for poetry, coffee,
the golden-pink glow of a peach, a walk deep into
the woods by the river where the beaver and the
muskrat go about their business in the magical
twilight.

The rain sounds like medieval monks chanting
in a vast cathedral; the haiku-needles of Hosai Ozaki;
the onyx incantations of Sarah Kane's play 4.48
PSYCHOSIS.....get out your rainsong mixtape, watch
a movie (ULEE'S GOLD, HANNIBAL RISING), read
a novel that makes you feel all whiskey-cozy inside ---
.....one last peach, poem, kiss, crystalline fall, letter
from a dreamlover.....before I sink into this rising
rubble of shadows and lust and nothing to say.

It's 7am, I've rewritten this at least 10 times
since 3:30 in search of some phantom and forever
elusive elegance.

Man is it fucking raining

gsb
18August21

--

Subject: for JANE RECTOR BREIDING DONALDSON
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 8/10/2021, 8:06 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

POEM BY HILDE DOMIN
trans. by Agnes Stein

*

She is dead
today is her birthday
this is the day
on which she
from this triangle
between the legs

of her mother
was pushed forth

She
who pushed me forth
between her legs
she is ashes

And always I think
on the birth of a deer
the way it sees
its legs on the ground

*

--

Subject: LETTER FROM SUNDAY
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 8/8/2021, 8:35 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

It's eerie to feel a "long ago & far away" sensation about one's life. 20 years ago is olden times; 50 is fabled; childhood that buried mystical place that might have been. There are quantum years between minutes. The dragons want their planet back. Far south the rumbling of the coming train. White poppies quiver. All these erotic elegies, euphoric dirges, mausoleum mantras. I feel my skull hit concrete. Distant tail lights. Incremental brain damage. When nothing was wrong or going wrong or about to go wrong but everything was wrong. The bunting's glow. "His heart was a brief, uncertain murmur. His thoughts were as grey as ash." (Raymond Chandler)

*

Beowulf, Steppenwolf, Le Guin, alchemy under the Arab moon, doctor's appointments, Japanese rabbits, ruptured narratives of broken glass, bamboo ghosts, possum faces, dawns of liquid plum & pearl, the far rumors of Romance that failed to arrive, the fields that sing.....Sunday ain't what it used to be. I need a mental fire escape, a pavilion in Shangri-La, freshbaked donuts, a cup of fuck & coffee. Let us, out of the blue, write poems to each other, on the days that pass by faster than light, on all the lost petals of the nights that never will be. "How many years do I have to worry about? Year after year all we do is gather dust." (Etel Adnan)

*

--

Subject: THE VINEGAR TONGUE OF AUGUST LICKS MY SKIN LIKE A LION
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 8/1/2021, 9:34 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Listening to the katydids chanting their
canticles from the deep dark of the trees
just beyond the sills of sleep, I recall that
I used to make love, and poems, and date-
nut bread; quaff wine, walk hours a day,
write endless letters. Now, I watch shadows
crossing the aeons, moss growing on
crumbling pavements, motes dancing like
apples and planets in the vagabond sunbeams;
I keep journals of my growing manias, like
any old mad poet ought to, sipping coffee
thick as witch's blood, aching for everything
I won't taste, stirring around the smoky bones
of Romance in the crematorium of the heart.

--

Subject: Notes From A Theoretical July
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 7/27/2021, 12:49 PM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

What can I remember but the long ago and far away,
whose achings penetrate this very moment, leaf-
shadows in a dream, the sacred dust of lovemaking,
an event consisting only of pure writing, sitting here
muttering to my coffee about looking for something
I thought I forgot, so I go back to look for it, standing
puzzled in an endless threshold, casting about, like,
what did I forget, where am I even, what is it I thought
I needed so much, laudanum, roses, floss, a noose of silk
stockings, a key?

An hour later I think I've found it, in a place I've already
searched ten times, but is it what I thought I was looking
for?

Another month slips into oblivion. Thunder rolls round

the hills. I woo the time left, but I'm not 60 anymore.
The voices of the geese are changing; ironweed begins
to glow, its time coming, like a parable. My head spins
wildly on into the century; soon the science fiction sun
will light up the endless debris of memory at my feet, as
the dogs bark on from their shadowlands of secret
melancholy.

--

Subject: 5 a.m.
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 7/11/2021, 11:54 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

each morning
another stunned re-entry
into a face beyond recognition
coffee deep and rich as
all time and space
takes the edge off
I'm like some old snow
still holding on hard
to the freckled shoulders of March
with its long wild grasses
like witch's hair
just waiting now
for the catbird
to start singing its
head off for me
in the storybook
summer
dark
*

--

Subject: SOLSTICE LAMENT
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 6/21/2021, 7:27 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

I have brought you
this willow basket
full of moonlight and apples

O where did you go

secret doe

where did you go

--

Subject: HOLY COMMUNION

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Date: 6/20/2021, 10:45 AM

To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

in the cemetery

just me and a solitary doe

she feasting on gravestone plants

me feasting on her mythical nearness

I fall madly in love

with every doe I meet

--

Subject: LUCKY

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Date: 6/12/2021, 8:44 AM

To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

the world's cold as

the eyes of Michael Corleone

but ramen, rain and old Sherlock shows

bring the very stuff of comfort

like the velveteen souls of long ago

livingrooms enveloping me

and often I find myself wandering

aimlessly through the Seventies

in a white shirt and vest

looking for obscure poetry chapbooks

muttering my desperado prayers

feeling just like Harry Dean Stanton

--

Subject: IN THIS ROOM THE HEAT PIPES JUST COUGH
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 6/4/2021, 10:30 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

I'm on this way
too long mauder
sitting around jerking
off my brain
pondering Dylan
turning 80
grizzled old troubadour
of freight trains &
winter slagheaps
harmonicas & skeleton keys
jewels & binoculars
watching friends with
cancer strokes Alzheimer's
crawling through
the last gauntlet
I somehow stumbled
through this billion
year Spring waiting
for the trumpet of death
to shout out some
long lost joy
& I'm here to say
everything's so green &
I dreamed that Calgon
took me away & I am going
to bury you in poetry
& that there's nothing
really no nothing
to turn off

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 5/9/2021, 7:39 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

I want to scream
till my brain
bleeds

but won't

I think of my mother

instead

and light comes

light made of peeper
song

--

Subject: TO A SYLPH
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 5/6/2021, 12:08 PM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Tell me again
of the bright singing grasses, the still
high houses of the morning, the bales
of indigo sky, last night's rain, this
moment's polished words, pink petals
and eternity, and everywhere the
breasts of young women sacred to
memory, and the robins with their
ancient solace.....

Write me one final postcard
O Springtime of forever then

--

Subject: LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT POETRY
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 4/18/2021, 1:12 PM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Something hunts me on nights
Made of never to be written verses
And legs never to be spread wide
Across the torn up maps of wine and neon.
The echoes of eternity are ear splitting.
Another mass shooting
Like a religious rite
And the ramen's getting low.
Plague, like paranoia and pain,
Is a state of heightened awareness.
I can hear the glass leaves of my mind
Breaking one by one by one.

The weight of a catkin is devastating,
The moonlit river unbearable.
Send me only your poems of grief and doom,
Your corpse to roll around on:
I am the last Romantic dog.
*

--

Subject: FOR CHESTER ANDERSON DEAD ON THIS DAY 1991
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 4/11/2021, 8:31 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

that stick of incense
called Time
had only begun
to burn
Country Joe's Bass Strings
never stopped playing
we sat in circles
laughing for no reason
but that we were alive
the nights shook out
their hair like oracles
the days shouted out
their dragon signs
and unicorn wonders
our little brains
glowed like new planets
immortality was a given
there would be no end
to such magic as this
the stars etched
their oldest songs
into our bones
the best was
yet to come
it never did
but
we were all angels
once
blinded by the sun
we were all astronauts
with wings of light
for just a little while

--

Subject: LETTER TO JIM HARRISON
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 3/26/2021, 7:37 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

on this day in 2016 you died
in Patagonia Arizona
at your desk slumped
over your notebook
working on a poem
what an image!
& I'm thinking what
if I were to die
writing this ha!
cool!
you gave me
profound comforts
over the decades
& I wanted to tell
somebody that
whoever reads
these words
thanks, Jim, for
all your wild magic ----
I wonder what birds
were calling your
name back to the
9 billion galaxies
at that moment
of your purest
revelation?

--

Subject: ONE DAY PAST INTERNATIONAL POETRY DAY
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 3/22/2021, 8:38 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

some ancient call I hear
of snow and smoke and iron
kisses of broken glass
all over the bed
the shriek and rant
of the mind's winds
I throw a few words
together quick like

a child drinking light
from a bottle of motes
old poets don't die
they turn into turtles
meteors
stag beetles
sacred texts

--

Subject: LETTER TO A DEAD BROTHER
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 3/13/2021, 12:30 PM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Dear Wayne

Last autumn, after you died, I was thinking how you'd never hear the red-winged blackbirds again; but that you were in a safe place at last, far safer than me.

At the time, I also wondered if I would hear them again. And I did, this morning, in the luminous top of a sycamore by a marshy, cattailed area by the river.

20 years ago, there were red-wings living in Evansdale, in a then undeveloped space below the Med Center. I saw a muskrat scuttling down a culvert towards University Ave.; and blue crawdads in a long gone green space on campus.

Well fuck me gone are the days.

I haven't heard the haunting cry of the killdeer in ages; I used to hear them frequently around town before pretty much everything that I knew as Morgantown was wiped off the map, to be replaced by the new hideosities of our unspeakably horrifying android era.

Well I won't go on.

I wanted to tell you of the redwings, you always used to mention the first conkarees you heard in the chilly March light under those dazzling sapphire skies of yore.

Whew.

I miss you, that's that,
Someday only one of us siblings will remain, won't that be something? yeah.....

So long, dead brother, so long.

Sutton
13 March 21

--

Subject: SAYING GOODBYE TO ANOTHER FEBRUARY
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 2/27/2021, 9:07 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

I walk in the afterbirth of winter suns
Infinity loosens her braids for me
Lost aeons whisper through my ears
Like broken winds in the pin oak leaves

Copper pots full of moonbeams and solitude
Spill out their silver and shadow
At the feet of the quivering light

I can taste it like
A letter from an old flame

Like a box of apricot pastries
Still warm from the pixie ovens

March is near

--

Subject: IN THIS INDIGO TENT OF DREAMS
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 2/25/2021, 12:48 PM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

I have been on Mars forever.
I am her silence,
I am her mind of wind,
I am her back of stone.

I was born with her sands.

Beneath her moons
I am the whisper of her naked secrets,
I bathe in the phosphors of her canals,
And wander in her broken agate shadows,
Carrying in my jewel-tipped fingers
A lacquered box of frozen sunbeams.

Her golden lips caress me,
My blood turns to flames in her acid light.

Deep in the cinnabar eyes of night,
I drink the milk of her immortal roses.

I am an old child adrift
in my boat of stars.

I am a young poet dying
in my bed of song.

I have been on Mars forever.

--

Subject: CAUL OF ICE
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 2/21/2021, 8:30 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

it's 515am it's Sunday it's 8 degrees
stark steel engraving of a medieval town
no demon owl calls out across the snows
I excavate without stopping
everything goes so fast
coffee ink paper stamps envelopes
minutes minutes the minutes
take my breath away
like romance and lung disease
those jeweled blurs of poetry
postcards from the Breughel nights
anywhere at all and Death
that follows the postmark
of the winter moon
faster harder faster
then you get to the bottom
of things calendars pages
naked terrors, a cup
the mist and bright mercury
of a Sunday hour

--

Subject: SKALD BONES
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 2/17/2021, 1:27 PM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Black horses of the sky,
Dance of hoof and fire.
Harps of wind-hair,
Moon medieval, drunk
On blood and language
On these pages of ice
In this book
Of hawks and afternoons -----
Tell the tale
To this hour
Of a thousand hours -----
Sing! you winter! sing!

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 2/13/2021, 12:47 PM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

day spills its ink early
coffee on snow
pearls from a dove's beak
blue marble voices
haunting the sky
dreams of the spectral
mourning cloak
small gold envelopes
addressed to the
window sills

memories start to
ring empty
reverberating in
an endless
iron hollow
in the woods
tires
masks
ghosts of
the trilliums
trying to believe
in the poem's
archaic magic

like a black phoenix
against the moon
the glow of whiskey
that the dead
ever were

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 2/5/2021, 9:57 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Everything's so long ago it's now.
A girl named Shannon in grade school.
When I first read Rimbaud. Dropped
acid. Saw San Francisco floating on the
fog like a great ghostly lotus. Johnny
Mercer. Barsoom. Old punk posters.
When I biopsy my memories, I find the
lost prose of backyards, rotting books,
brief faces sinking into light, the musical
scent of snow. So many sacred scraps of
dream, tendrils of hair, embroideries of
fire and gold, gifts of the Pleiades. To sing
like a caterpillar to the branch! To be a
shattered gem of sentences! Sometimes,
the words are, almost....in these silver hours,
I want to eat the world alive.

--

Subject: M O T E S
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 1/30/2021, 9:16 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Domain of prisms and blue delirium;
The world blurred to unquenchable speeds.
Time and light braid into a glass of music,
Breaking in slow motion in my brain.
Night traffic whirs by,
Merging in my sleep
With ghostly star fleets
That whisper the mayfly's
Secret of immortality
Into my ears of sand.
It's late winter again,
Already, incomprehensible.
Everything is, all at once, never.
The chatter of pin oaks in
These skeletal hours gives me hope.
That, when this is over,

We will all be dead,
But the disappearing, radiant dust
Of our imaginary importance,
Our stupendous nothingness,
On this pebble Earth.

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 1/17/2021, 2:19 PM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

I think that I sense the far-flung galaxies
and hear a tinge of solar winds.
With so many infirmities I await the miraculous.
Galaxies are grand thickets of stars
in which we may hide forever.
Where is my dead brother?
I want to know.

JIM HARRISON

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 1/16/2021, 1:40 PM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

grace of death and crows

poetry and snow

in my arms

these January hours

--

Subject: ODE TO 2021
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 1/11/2021, 9:36 AM

To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Solitary
skeletal leaves skitter by me
across the raw sore of nights
in this pit of sentences gone mad

Hours tick on and on and on
beneath the radioactive street lamps
of cancerous memory

It's supposed to be some month or other
in some year or other

I call it reading Kirk Robertson
in an Emily Dickinson light

I call it the afterglow
of ancient televisions and luminous bells
ringing out our lovely dooms

As foghorns boom from another age
and the bright laughter of winter echoes
in a child's eyes

So long ago

Getting a poem
right these days is writing
in a pitchblack room

It's a ghost moon casting the shadows
of a secret language
nobody

Knows any more.

--

Subject: RAGPICKER
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 12/27/2020, 11:37 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

the moon of insanity keeps on rising
loud as a beatbox in my head

I can't get enough of anything
my infantile cries echo through the universe
as in youth
so in age
I sit
I write
haunted by Britney's thighs and whippoorwills
ocelots and golden space stations
Walken's little dance move in At Close Range
the foggy Haight in '74
drunkwatching Crime Story in '87
and a secret hollow where I speak with sycamores
while all the air around me cracks and shatters
into unicorns of poetry, doves of blue snow
the sacred memory of a nymph's bright kisses

--

Subject: JUNCO
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 12/22/2020, 9:11 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

My brain hums in these stark naked December
hours. Everyone is the memory of a memory of
a memory of the shadow of a ghost, if that. Once
I stole the fire of poetry and it burnt me straight
to the bone. Now it is a handful of snow melting
in the porcelain soul of time. I want to kiss the
light. I want to sing to the stars in that dark of
childhood I still breathe.

--

Subject: AnotherGawddamnedPoem
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 12/12/2020, 1:39 PM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

returned from a walk
getting my head back inside
moving through this endless
kaleidoscopic cloud of dysfunctional
disorientations, relishing the deep overcast
of Poe's bleak December
the old grey eyes of winter love

ravens bringing me the bread of Poetry
up and down the astigmatic hills
West Virginia caving in and crumbling away
and these pallid words
from my madness to yours
the weave and flow of touch and go
in this Book of Ours
its pages of gold all a-flutter
in wonder at themselves

--

Subject: 3 VISIONS
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 12/3/2020, 12:45 PM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

I saw brother Wayne
glowing like a wood elf in September
shy and amazed to be
why am I here?
to become a cloud of dragonflies
seen through a glass of whiskey?
to go insane with just being here at all
and choke to death on life itself ---

I saw two deer
dead on the railtrail, bleeding from their mouths
why? who was their mother? their kin?
in my mind I curl up in
the giant roots of an ancient sycamore
to sleep, to sleep, to sleep

I saw Mom's hands
like crumpled moths of silk, writing
letters in the ghost dust, and there are
moments between cars, leafblowers, chainsaws and woodchippers
when I can hear her light falling
on paper like ashes, like snow
from the eyes of the deer

--

Subject: DEAR OLD FRIENDS & STRANGERS ALL
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 12/1/2020, 9:45 AM

To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

November has sung its song and the skeleton
key to December is turning in its vast and infinitely
intricate steampunk lock.

Through silver moments I call windows, bamboo
bows under the snow. I bow back and scrawl haiku
as sirens call from the concrete Void.

Roses remain, scarlet and poisonous as the kisses
of that sweet junkie 50 years ago in the Fillmore. I
follow the winter wren to its secret places, run my
fingers through the hair of dryads, hack up the phlegm
of dreams I can't recall.

Something taps away at my skull relentlessly.

I write you as I can, blah, blah, blah, from Xanadu
or Dogshitville. Days keep coming and going, christ.
Eerie world gets eerier, HPL everywhere, watching.

I'm only another creepy old Orpheus drooling over
Eurydice's lost thighs.

O December, come with junco and stag, season of
naked witches sublime of lip and bone! I am smitten
by some phantastic love and must be quick about me.

Here at 430am in Pisstown ---

Who the fuck are you?

Are you mad and horny?

Still getting stoned on night's Plutonian shores?

Shitfire and broken neon moon!

My time machine awaits.

Giant pickups roar steadfastly through the retarded
human dark.

Full of stars and lies,

I am an acid ghost stalking you,

a mask,

a tribe of none.

I write you as I can

--

Subject: BLACK FRIDAY

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Date: 11/27/2020, 11:00 AM

To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

I croak out my sins to the dead like some
raven of iron in a time of plague

I whip myself with the silver rosaries of a cold,
cold rain

I kneel between your bony legs to pray

I am your monk and I am your brother

O my November

--

Subject: SUBJECT LINE

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Date: 11/26/2020, 11:23 AM

To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

autumn prayers

silver deer

wind whispered leaves

anguish of years

ghosts in the coffee

the old in their rooms

eating the dust

--

Subject: LIFE

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Date: 11/12/2020, 2:35 PM

To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

In
moments held together
by threads

of spit and gristle,
grief

writes its vinegar psalms

in the illegible
silences.

Grief,
do you feel me?

Blow me
to ashes.

Subject: STONEGROWER'S FINEST
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 11/11/2020, 11:39 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

what's left
blows, shocks
thefts and rifts
here and gone
not Catch You Later
but a box of ashes
for take-away
sign here please
but the pen is so heavy
O how the children glowed
with your flowering tops!
I am seized by
the fits and starts
of Time
that came when I
wasn't looking
where was I?
am I?
still not looking
I'll watch a spy movie, instead
I'll think about some old bones
rattling around with mine
I'll walk on, somehow
O how the children falter!
come on
let's go play hide and seek
out there in the woods
it's a secret snow day
Mom said
so
*

--

Subject: UNCIVIC DUTY
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 11/3/2020, 9:46 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

I vote for the honeybee and the hawk, the polar
bear and the aphid, the great auk and the cicada,
the whale and the cloud, the asteroid and the
jaguar, the stone, the wind and the lichen.

But never, ever for anything human.

--

Subject: MEDITATION ON A BLUE MOON
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 10/31/2020, 7:54 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

in the torn up texts of
sleep and childhood
mayflies in luminous
boxes of a faery's dream
birds like amulets
from a forgotten age
reveries of nebulas
snowdrops and asteroid squalls
prisms and quarks
jade twigs dancing
a jig in the March winds
like that farthest
out hashish state
flying over suns and rivers
silver eggs hatching
in emerald hollows
the smell of snow coming
like ancient animal thoughts
and some voice in the air
like signals spilled
into a notebook of light
illegible and clear as death
in these bright pits of anti-matter
where bones of aether sing

--

Subject: POEM
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 10/22/2020, 9:03 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

clinging
to the shadows
of memory's porches
with only the dead and
the silence of the falling leaves
for company

in these vellum hours
beneath an ink-dark sky
I think I hear a horse-drawn
carriage coming from a-far

and I think I need
another cup of ghost
for these rattlings in my heart
this pewter autumn morn

--

Subject: TROUBADOUR RISING
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 10/17/2020, 7:50 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

in this time
of sickness, incontinence, dementia, medieval
wails of gristle and despair,
thickening layers of fear and brutality,
the goblin skitter of thoughts through afternoon's
insane asylum,
in that dark where beetles travel
and cats stare like necromancers,

I eat pears bathed in stars,
I drink the ghosts of vodka from a gorgon's
mouth,
I drip like gold from the trees into a dragon's
mind and I SING,

O gazebos of wind!
O chateaus of fog!

I sing
to infinity's raga -----
for there has never been a better time
to sing

than now

--

Subject: THESE YELLOW LEAVES OF SUNDAY
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 10/11/2020, 8:04 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

my heart beats fast
I think I'm in love
but it's only old age and COPD
night gets lonesome for the insane
the beautiful and the forgotten
even for sorcerers and elves
I remember Antares
the whisper of neurons at the portals
I can taste the moonlight
turning blue, apricot tarts, and you
it's that time of year
for all the things that can't ever be
when the woods smell
like used bookstores
19th century herb shops
and the long, long witch's hair
of the impossible

--

Subject: ALCHEMIST OF GOSSAMER
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 10/7/2020, 8:35 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

I turn into a pheasant
a rose
a letter on parchment
a bag full of gems

my fingers smell
of coffee and walnut hulls

a far dog
barks at itself
in a secret mirror of the night

I turn into a streetlamp
a tree cricket in flight
a book about fog and dead leaves
a wraith of diesel fumes

old sleep whispers
like star ashes sifting
my hands
weave

webs of light
from milkweed tufts, my mother's hair
the planet's dying breath

my heart throbs
at the breaking point

to taste this wisp of falling time
*

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 9/30/2020, 8:09 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

hours tremble by and

you are made of motes and poems and shadows

in your gown of silver glitter

that lost sonnet

September

--

Subject: CH-CH, CH-CH, CH-CH
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 9/28/2020, 8:02 AM

To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

listen
it's the katydid
at the end of the world
calling

into the vast, strange night
casting

its spells
like etchings in bone

like getting letters from old friends
everything's

getting worse pretty fast now
even since I began
this poem

in fact

secretly
all my life
I believed my mother
would always here for me

imagine that, katydid, imagine that

--

Subject: Re: AUTUMNAL
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 9/23/2020, 6:57 AM
To: Mike Breiding - Morgantown WV <mike@epicroadttrips.us>

Thank you kindly.....there is such
a clear vision back in time, getting
stoned on just pure autumn, light,
scent, sounds.....us kids out there....
always trying to capture the deepest
song of it

On Tue, Sep 22, 2020 at 11:48 AM Mike Breiding - Morgantown WV <mike@epicroadttrips.us> wrote:

Beautiful...
-mb

On 9/22/2020 10:16 AM, sutton breiding wrote:

>

> where
> snapping twigs and
> falling buckeyes
>
> sound like the laughter
> of those
> long ago children
>
> that we once
> knew

--

Subject: Re: AUTUMNAL
From: Mike Breiding - Morgantown WV <mike@EpicRoadTrips.us>
Date: 9/22/2020, 8:48 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Beautiful...
-mb

On 9/22/2020 10:16 AM, sutton breiding wrote:

>
> where
> snapping twigs and
> falling buckeyes
>
> sound like the laughter
> of those
> long ago children
>
> that we once
> knew

Subject: AUTUMNAL
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 9/22/2020, 7:16 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

floorboards
creak like ancient forests
under no feet

light clangs on light like
iron on stone

and bottles of melancholy
clank in baskets
of moss and
must

faery mists drift
in thickets of hair
and nail clippings
where

one can just hear
the tiny sift
of birds and beetles

soon the frost
will shout with wild trumpet
joy

in the spell
of the folktales that ever
await you

where
snapping twigs and
falling buckeyes

sound like the laughter
of those
long ago children

that we once
knew

--

Subject: LETTER TO A NERVOUS OLD FRIEND IN CALIFORNIA; & DIVERS OTHERS

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Date: 9/8/2020, 10:01 AM

To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Next time

you hear from me I may be dead or you
may be. So thanks for everything. I failed
you as much as you failed me, which is to say,
totally, and not at all; poor humans that we
are, what a mess! Hoping for an easy death
is a bit too much to ask for. I am hoping for
a magical autumn, a wolf-snow winter, a pound
of hashish chocolates and an old hippie witch.
Since none of these things may come to pass, or

even get close, may I just say LOL? And can you just say Hello for me to what's left of the Frisco fog? And Frisco itself? As you wrote, it's hard not to get maudlin these years. What the hell. Emotions will out. Life is weird and lonely my mom said. I'll be a golden troubadour or a Chinese wine hermit next time, I am so sure. OK. There's absolutely nothing to be done. And this is already too elongated. Let me know when this arrives? I mean - well - yes. Right. So long then old friend.

GSB

--

Subject: LETTER FROM THE LIVING POETS SOCIETY

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Date: 8/30/2020, 11:13 AM

To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

it's almost September in the Christer year 2020

Paul Bowles is still writing letters about the daily horrors of aging

Paul Blackburn is still writing his Journals about coffee, dying of cancer, the light in NYC, and taking the Sunday shit

James Salter is still mulling over the last paragraphs of Light Years in his mind, standing at river's edge, wondering what happened, where it all went so fast like the sudden end to a glowing and eternal afternoon

Cormac McCarthy is still feverishly scribbling his dark insane and haunted prayers to the back alleys of Knoxville

I'm listening to rain on bamboo and tar paper

the slowness of crickets at 4 a.m.

thinking of songs about rain

I remember red wine with a longhaired girl

I remember many Septembers

and so many letters over a lifetime

the lights outside are bright as fuck

but it ain't the future

coffee-headed, I sparkle

in epistolary hyperdrive

I don't want to make history

I want to make now

as the rain falls like memories into nothingness

--

Subject: ODE

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Date: 8/26/2020, 12:36 PM

To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

sitting
folded in the corner of a yard
by an empty
house against the woods
in the hush
of
a Sunday morning's
tapestry
woven by magical fingers
to the music
of
lutes

this princess doe

--

Subject: 20 AUGUST 20i

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Date: 8/20/2020, 11:43 AM

To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

finally a day of low humidity
I sip pitch black coffee
listen to cicadas rise and fall hypnotically
while breezes tickle ten thousand leaves
reading Liu Tsung-Yuan who died in 819
I think of kingfishers and Gong Li's cleavage
I want to sing an unhuman song
beneath Deneb and Algol
something has gone terrible-wrong
I've gotten old in this rickety spaceship
slipping away towards infinity
and September yet again

--

finally

Subject: TESTAMENT

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Date: 8/14/2020, 11:33 AM

To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Eternity ticks, a perfect sentence. The coffee is full of promises to be broken. Katydid call across galactic aeons. Deer are light. Thought wanders the borders of all lost magic. Cities still haunt, steeped in the shadows of an almost forgotten way of life. Every day a postcard from Death arrives, wishing I was there. August clouds turn into porcelain and pearl, like music. Existence and writing are one, immediate and urgent as the sexual ache. I want poems naked, like peaches in the night. My only legacy is you, alive, right now, reading me.

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 8/2/2020, 7:32 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

<https://youtu.be/tFHODztEEXg> RIP WILFORD THE GREAT

Subject: UNDER THE MOON OF LEO
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 7/31/2020, 8:57 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

I sit on my throne of ashes and gall, making eldritch signs in the air like some sere and ancient cell tower god, watching the jade dust of suns and cities fall on leaves that rustle like catwalk skirts. The world moves in a slow motion frenzy, the air is incandescent, swifts polish the gemstone dawns. Somewhere between Circle K and Fomalhaut, my dreams remain, measureless as desire, and August looms, already a million years old.

--

Subject: PLAGUE-SIMPLE
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Date: 7/27/2020, 1:13 PM

To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

i feel so good i'm pretty sure i'm just going
to float away like i inhaled the helium of a
thousand swift songs or the hum of a million
honeybees all the way to mercury i'll go
as long as i have some poems with me i'll never
be lonely even without you well maybe am i
crazed i think so will you kiss me i hope so
let's run away i'll read you poems to make you
look better and feel great am i hallucinating no
doubt are you gwen stefani i hope not kiss me
quick i'm spittin' drivel i feel so lite-headed am
i fey there i go just like tom swift and his Incredible
Poetry Machine on his way to mercury! so long!
catch you next wave! stay happy! bye!

--

Subject: UNWOKE

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Date: 7/25/2020, 9:47 AM

To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

today might be
a surprise in the mail
the onset of dementia
my bones in a pile
at the bottom of the stairs
or maybe just more of these
incessant random barkings
at wind and passersby
a night hawk calls
like the dream of all night hawks
i am full of shit
and haiku moments

--

Subject: UNALTERED STATES: catch the 2nd wave

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Date: 7/13/2020, 1:37 PM

To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

i taste nights

of fog and concrete
like some detective lost forever
in La Jetee
watching myself
watch myself
watching myself
so far
from myself
i could be real

i could be
an old man waking dazed
from dreams of elegant March
with its towhee patches of snow and russet
the air full of gold-leaf and cold ether shadows

but it's July and
the white hot rose of the sun blinds me
like a kiss
that still remembers
everywhere
doom and hope
holding hands so tenderly
haunted by the butterflies of despair

in this alien summer of the heart

--

Subject: POP RENGA for Machi
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 7/6/2020, 11:00 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

crickets keep my erotic diaries
hidden deep in mossy
places

the storybook moon of hammered
gold makes me almost
faint

in her last weeks my mother had
one foot in small town Ohio
the other in Rivendell

I need a long long trip on a train
to watch the spun hours
spin by forever

until finally they break after all not
forever but in the moments'
lost perfumes

until Death arrives at last looking
like Amber Heard in 3 DAYS
TO KILL

but then suddenly morphing into Philip
Seymour Hoffman in A MOST
WANTED MAN

everybody must read
Machi Tawara's
SALAD ANNIVERSARY

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 6/30/2020, 7:17 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

To behold the passage of yet another June:
June of emerald silk and cement trucks; June
of thistles humming with sacred bees; June of
a few leaves, just moving, in the novel of
afternoons; June of what could not be; June
of the lost Cockaigne moment; June of shivering
willows; June of a summer love 40 years ago;
June of young deer gods; June of trashcan
prophets; June of ashen nights like the ghosts of
orgasms; June of September emotions shaking
me to my core; June of the black sun rising;
June of the Great Corona that is here to stay:
to behold the passage of yet another June.

--

Subject: THE NINETIES
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 6/27/2020, 7:43 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

hangover
but

sane and safe
behind heavy drapes
with comfort foods, magazines, letters
finches fussing beneath old metal awnings
and all my delusions
still firmly
intact -

it was truly
some other person's life
under the blue and white marble
of another century's skies

like
some nearly forgotten
but still beloved
Merchant-Ivory movie
watched

alone
on a Sunday afternoon
in winter

--

Subject: SOLSTICE
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 6/20/2020, 7:34 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

it is a dawn of swifts

the sky's carbonated blue fizzes
in my ears

melancholy is tied to my head
with golden ropes
of incense

destiny convulses
impossibly grim

I remember about myself
about you

I remember Summer
that handful of crushed emeralds
thrown into
the Sun

just like this
one

if I could

*

--

Subject: Your Order Has Arrived!!!
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 5/31/2020, 10:58 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Everybody's starting to crash hard.

Remember crashing after an acid trip?
Like that.

& William Burroughs on every street corner.

Summer morns are
all Blake & dewy angel kisses.

I feel pornographic all the time.

The fog braided with willow limbs.

Bagpipes of a thousand years ago.

Sappho says, " Strum my lyre."

Virginia says, "Follow me down."

So far, so good.

I sing as I sink.

It's like,
Poetry for curbside pick-up.

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 5/21/2020, 8:29 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

With my first cup of coffee I am a genius
yet again, my blood goes crazed, my id
explodes, I am an idiot savant in this rubble
heap of language I call my own, asteroids,
oil derricks, Watership Down moments,
getting mugged by Rimbaud, silver starships
in Victorian fog, as I ransack ravish and
ransom the dust ----- I jump up and down at the
thought of my notebooks and pens, I can't wait
to see what comes next, the kisses of luscious
poetry angels, the laughter of wildflowers, a
sudden, mysterious utterance of gold bursting
from the page.

--

Subject: l
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 5/8/2020, 8:00 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

There is a deep bite of autumn in these spring days; that tang of everything I lost, everything I can't have. Butterflies of ghost and ash fall into the bottomless shadow of melancholy just outside the bright windows; copper inks burn themselves into pages of iron with the encaustic of endless desire. All time is suspended in an altered state beneath this diadem of spells and madness: I wear a mask made of cloth-of-gold and purple prose; the wind is full of pearl and pheasant, red leaves and myrrh, the cold persimmon sun.

{for Michael McClure, Supreme Lyric Poet, RIP May 4, 2020}

--

Subject: FROM A VIRAL NOTEBOOK
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 5/2/2020, 1:18 PM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

On the railtrail south,
An oriole's whistle, gold as the morning.
6, 7? deer down from the falls ---
Brush strokes on rice paper mist.
A human passes me, wrapped like a Fremen;
Says, Wassup. I nod in silence,
Focused on redwings singing the praises of cattails;
Looking up at the gravel silos
Just in time to see a vulture landing,

Wings out-spread in ancient glory.

I wear no mask.

--

Subject: RETROACTIVE HAPPINESS
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 4/28/2020, 10:57 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Rainblack pearls fall,
Rosary beads, sepulchral mumblings.
Summer remains, eternally the future,
Sciencefiction, creamsicles, salamanders,
A swimming teacher's supernatural skin.
In this world, I pass for ghost,
Shadow on glass;
Wizardking gone to seed,
My crown of coltsfoot and light
Turned iron and prosthetic.
Empty, fogshrouded playgrounds
Look like X-rays of innocence.
Astronaut of dead cities
Upon this Martian Earth,
I can taste old song
In the ache of new grasses,
Wind in the tabernacle trees;
I can hear shouts of joy
Like bumblebees, sandboxes,
Bright yellow apples.

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 4/20/2020, 12:41 PM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Afternoon
Is an endless flashback
To nowhere.

The tappety-tap of rain
On white dogwood and the eerie Martian
Streets.

In my grey pajamas
I pretend I'm a cat,
I say MeowMeowMeow.

The utter strangeness
Of an ocular migraine aura
And the hush of student slums.

And
Here is April,

Breathless,

Silver,

Fainting.

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 4/20/2020, 12:41 PM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Afternoon
Is an endless flashback
To nowhere.

The tappety-tap of rain
On white dogwood and the eerie Martian
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In my grey pajamas
I pretend I'm a cat,
I say MeowMeowMeow.

The utter strangeness
Of an ocular migraine aura
And the hush of student slums.

And
Here is April,

Breathless,

Silver,

Fainting.

--

Subject: Same Old Dystopia
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 4/15/2020, 8:13 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

this loneliness among peepers
much wine is called for
if only i still drank!
then a sky so blue
it hurts twice

what would the woods be
without dogshit, syringes, tires
a child's glove glowing
with lost joys

in downtown alleys
i'm all homeboy
biting hard on dumpsters
reading haiku and noir
i want to write noir haiku

i am the royalty
of social distancing
an idiot ghost haunting myself

the dark poetry just writing
itself like nothing at all

--

Subject: Same Old Dystopia
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 4/15/2020, 8:13 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

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i want to write noir haiku

i am the royalty
of social distancing
an idiot ghost haunting myself

the dark poetry just writing
itself like nothing at all

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 4/9/2020, 7:29 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

a letter dark with April and doom
and the wild laughter of the rain

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 4/9/2020, 7:29 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

a letter dark with April and doom
and the wild laughter of the rain

--

Subject: LAST NOTES FROM MARCH
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 3/31/2020, 11:56 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Poetry
rots in my mouth.

Days fall heavy as
Ravens, trains, iron bridges. There are
Ice comets off Rigel,
And everything glows more than usual.

Glow like forsythia and X-rays.
Glow like a billion lamps of quarantine.
Glow like radium, bio-weapons, CSI Miami.
Glow like PJ Harvey's legs and a wet cough.

Glow like silence.
Can you hear?

The cosmic thunder of galaxies colliding?
The roar of the real? Sappho's lyre?
Deer huffing? Morricone's harmonica?
The river lapping in a dream

And the humming of the fridge
In the vast, empty skull of night?

Poetry rots in my mouth.

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 3/29/2020, 9:02 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

everyone's face is raw concrete
everyone looks like a murderer
am i a detective in a streetless city
am i my own doppelganger hallucinating myself
the moon is sick of my relentless yammerings
i'm going to write a bible of shit and fuck
like some imbecile astronaut blowing around
between the skyscrapers and the sun of wuhan
high on coffee toilet paper and salty mermaid lips
sunday's full of sunday like it always is
ghost eyes staring out across the ashen lands
echoes in a diamond wind
i am the last romantic dog barking
at the edge of eternity

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 3/23/2020, 8:52 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

we're on a spaceship to someplace
it's difficult to say, space is big
rain carbonates the air
sidewalks sparkle
we are blown about the streets,
blue exhaust
we are whispered in the nights,
dried rose petals
what is this mystery
you and me and everyone
it's another world and time now
my pens leak gold all over
i follow my aura's
bright glass spiderwebs
i levitate and float
in circles around my head
i lick the skin of the page
that milk of cold sweet lilies
there's another mouth
inside mine, is it yours,
drinking my soul?
i am this book
of deer and silence
written by the light
of the dead

--

Subject: Some Things I Think About When I Think About Life
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 3/18/2020, 8:17 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

long cold hair
cocaine and white orchids
the toilet's abyss
the itching days
Mom's cookies baking
mint and cast iron
cement pouring
a candle snuffed out long ago
a perfume that shouts me back to some deep
weird childhood place
wild mint and creosote

lipstick of ashes
vinegar and moss
distant bells of solitude calling
mucus and honeycomb
old willow old fox big fish little fish
what does it mean to be naked in the dark
old bones singing old mouth gasping IT'S ALIVE IT's ALIVE
a sudden cough
like gravel hitting a barge
like cardboard tearing
in the afternoon afternoon
afternoon I think about death

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 3/14/2020, 8:13 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

I savor the moment
It smells of rusted light by the creek
It tastes of winter's stone echoes
I want to lick it like a block of salt
I want to ring it like bells of ice

It's the ancient code of the geese
It's the groundhog staring into my emptiness

I want to sink slowly into the apple butter morning
where a black sun is being born
in my daffodil brain

--

Subject: Seconds To Go
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 2/28/2020, 1:47 PM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

hello, well
it's the end of the world as usual
i write you a letter just in case
on this day of a thousand years
on my way to Mars forevermore
through the secret passageways of childhood books
into this dotard's journal of moons and shadows

before the meteors the strokes
before the plagues the dementias
before the bombs the heart attacks
before the civil wars the cancers and diabetes

i wanted to tell you before i forget or can't
last night i dreamed of animal skulls, a city of blue glass
floating in the dusk, silent air cars, a woman made of mist
wrapped around me

and there were galaxies, orgasms, ginger beer, red pears
and pine siskins all in a poem together

written in a book of silver pages and of golden pages
written in a book of bark and hawks and afternoons

it was like real cinnamon-y hot cocoa on a
snow day at the end of the world -

well, goodbye

--

Subject: Re: The Dead
From: Mike Breiding - Morgantown WV <mike@EpicRoadTrips.us>
Date: 2/2/2020, 7:10 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

I was unaware you were there.
-mb

On 2/2/2020 7:07 AM, sutton breiding wrote:
> A call from William. Our father was dead.
> I wrapped myself and trundled down the
> hill through the snow. He was slumped over
> his religious readings. What was William
> saying? I thought he was far away. The
> rooms were hot and smelled of something
> alien, prehistoric, fishy. A flutter of wings
> in the hedge. Everything was floating. Death's
> horse was there, it kicked me in the chest.
> I sat down; a young policeman spoke self-
> conscious gibberish. I'd gone out, just past
> dawn, to buy bread; one sourdough, one
> cinnamon --- treats to comfort my joblessness.
> I watched the snow fall, endless curtains, an
> ancient canticle on the river, on the dark smoky

> hills, from high up in the PRT car. There was blood
> on his chin, I think. The ambulance people like
> psychopomps with their body bag and trolley.
> I'm sorry for your loss, did he say that or was
> I really at home watching CSI and eating cinnamon
> bread. Who spoke for the dead, then, a titmouse,
> a junco, a hawk against the marble sky? Snow fell
> hard that day; the snow was German.
>
> --
>
>
>
>
>

Subject: Fwd:
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 1/22/2020, 5:50 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

----- Forwardedmessage-----
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: Sun, Jan 12, 2020 at 3:50 AM
Subject:
To: veronica eugenia <veronica.eugenia@gmail.com>

SONG OF SAFFRON & THE GOLDEN SARONG

*

I have a bucket full of agates
 and buckeyes and moons
I have a head full of foghorns
 and pulsars and runes

I have a basket full of sunbeams
 and babble and creeks
I have words made of grackle
 and beetles and leeks

I have cities of pearl
 and crystal and bright
I have the laughter of pixies
 and titanium night

I have dreams from my boyhood
 of starships and girls
I have trouble with breathing
 and nerves like a squirrel's

I have some omens of ravens
and a ramen or three
I have silver and shadow
and this rhyming for thee.

*

--

--

Subject: 31 December 2019
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 12/31/2019, 1:44 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: epicroadtrips@gmail.com

WHAT WAS I

*

tell them
I roamed the skyscraper shadows of San Francisco
swooned in the arms of her poetry
while seagulls cried my aches to the wind
that I was the messenger for the god of ringing bells
in that beautiful, crystalline time before the internet

tell them
I was insane with old naked Night
my bones burning rose and obsidian
that I was a cat of empty streets
hissing in the rain like a wound
of loneliness and fire escapes

tell them
I loved coffee and fashion and audiobooks
poppyseed rolls and non sequiturs
the faces of Lucy Liu and Virginia Woolf
etched deep into the ancient dark
of my head

tell them
I wrote brut concrete and diesel noir
the siren song of hyperdrive
words at quantum speed
in the light years between thoughts
that my soul was neon and lynx and pine

tell them
I was a thief betimes

that I ate thousands of meals alone
wandered among dead astronauts and digital deer
and took long walks in the sleet
trying to become a legend before my time

tell them

I was the whisper of a mouse in the castle grasses
the first notes of the sparrow on a dying planet
that when the Queen of Morning rode forth
my mind turned to glass and shattered
and my voice opened up like a lotus of stars

*
*
*

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 12/30/2019, 3:25 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: epicroadtrips@gmail.com

Clouds of wet graphite, gnats like Bible ink.
The air tastes of tin, blood, apricot. Trucks back
up into eternity; dogs bark like it's the End of
Days, but it ain't. It's only a lot of pissing &
farting & moaning & bad moods; sirens & screens
& me trying to write a thing.

At this moment of the toilet paper, I hear a
harpsichord of light in a room of white marble.

Outside, crows in rain on the hoary streets.

I bask in lassitude & malaise, drifting off
again into hazy reveries of San Francisco in the
Seventies, everything so ethereally silverblue, &
like, Beyond Romantic.

Is that Death laughing, or me coughing. I itch
like a saint, I taste iron & fog, the ghosts of women
& red wine hangovers from the bygone years of the
bygone years come back to bitchslap me.

I eat goldleaf, I look for the poem, I lick the skin
off prose,

with hoodie, pen & notebook

I wander, muttering idiotically, into the folktale dark.

*

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 12/24/2019, 3:55 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: epicroadtrips@gmail.com

December writes its final letters
distant bells from the land of childhood books
melancholy words on bright yellow paper
this moment of ducks and jewels and silver cattails
wild figs dippt in honey
evening wine and cannabis of Yore
it is the moment of wyverns
sparrows and faeries
the microscope the Christmas rose the pillow of dreams
the brown velveteen armchair
the fox's blood in the snow
somewhere in the Milky Way

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 11/28/2019, 11:25 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: epicroadtrips@gmail.com

THE FEAST

old grey November
there's not much left of you
a few hanks of hair and briar
a few bones I can barely get a grip on
winds going straight through me
like all the old knives of home
I want your nakedness all over me
I want my lips all over you
you are sexier than a medieval penitent
and more beautiful than a masochistic nun
I will make love to you
with all that's left of me
a few clots of gristle and rot
a few bones to crash and crumble
against yours, old grey November
*

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 11/20/2019, 9:18 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: epicroadtrips@gmail.com

in these hours brimming over
with dread and piss
i use my final moments
to rewrite old poems ceaselessly
it's another toxic day on the human Earth
but the catastrophic collapse of the biosphere
tastes so much better
with this coffee and blueberry muffin

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 11/7/2019, 3:34 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: epicroadtrips@gmail.com

lamp posts speak
of loneliness

like a wind
across Mars

memory at 2 a.m.
an X-ray of bone

this crippled hand
of poetry

this old music
of mornings

the bells of many
small insanities

*

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 10/31/2019, 2:08 AM

To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: epicroadtrips@gmail.com

There's laughter in the hedges like the crumbling of ancient pages.

I harrow the crowblack sky with the thorns of my lust; what am I now but the naked, gibbering corpse of October, running wildly across the stubblefields, wrapped in a blanket of quicklime and coughing up dead leaves into the icy diesel rains.

There's laughter in the hedges like the crumbling of ancient pages.

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 10/21/2019, 12:24 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: epicroadtrips@gmail.com

This palsied diary. This hiss of ghoul. This sere kiss. This pumpkin cradle. This ink and rustle. This burlap skin. This raven's croak of smoke and copper. This crack and rattle. This bottle of ghost. This beetle dark. This hair of whispers. This dank tarn. This night in the lonesome October.

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 9/23/2019, 2:15 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: epicroadtrips@gmail.com

ONCE WAS AUTUMN
it was a time of elves and wine and wonders
pheasants in flight like clouds of jewels
icy waterfalls of witch's kisses
agate moons and fox-fur suns
the crystal antlers of the mountain gods
a beetle king in his russet hall
troubadours sang to the dying fields
the long nights came home again at last
there was a silver dragon in the golden woods
once was autumn

--

Subject: August 10th 1921

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Date: 8/9/2019, 11:51 PM

To: William Breiding <wmbreiding@gmail.com>, Mike Breiding - Morgantown WV <mike@epicroadttrips.us>, Joan B <liteuptheroom@yahoo.com>

I see six children leaping into a magic leafpile
It's me and my siblings laughing in the autumn frost
a handful of mist and dreams and gravel
our books all written in Elvish and Martian
acid visions swirling in Cecropia galaxies around our heads
in a never to be forgotten folktale of the animals
now with our brokedown crackedup catalpa hearts
and geriatric grammar of late light falling
in bright silk cataracts onto bathroom floors
our hammered silver minds become crystal mirrors
flashing like secret codes in the lazy hours
of a billion years of childhood
in the strange and beautiful loneliness of the woods
on a dark stream floating on the soul of our mother
I see six old children leaping

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Date: 8/8/2019, 10:10 AM

To: William Breiding <wmbreiding@gmail.com>, Beth <beth.toren@gmail.com>, Joan B <liteuptheroom@yahoo.com>, Mike Breiding - Epic Road Trips <epicroadttrips@gmail.com>, Flensing.Hlanith@wisc.edu, ir <ir@freep.org>, mchmorris <mchmorris@earthlink.net>, Don Herron <dashdude@donherron.com>

I AM WOODSTOCK I AM ALTAMONT

I was in a kitchen somewhere in the galaxy
sitar in my head like blue granite smoke
under the black poppy moon of Time
in the roselipped windchimed overwritten hours
of hobbits & dragons & miles of hair
there was some fucking going on
lots of foolish laughing at utter nonsense
weirdo looking beings pouring over parchments
covered in ancient mystical symbols meaning nothing
at the edge of psychedelia's most profound inanities
silver prayer flags flapping & tattered
as our minds of fish under clear acid ice
the air was a mobile of Infinity & Death

jangling all over like way too many lovebeads
& Tibetan monks exploding into glittering atoms of shit
I am the ghost of the songwriter you never heard of
just another insane damned child of the human kind
I am not golden I am not stardust
but I helped clean up the ocean of garbage at Altamont
& these are the liner notes to my never released album
of Woodstock hymns called Fossil Hippies Of The Early 21st Century
composed at 2381 Bush Street in San Francisco CA
when I was a draft dodging threat to the nation
back in the summer of 1969

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Date: 5/12/2019, 12:58 AM

To: William Breiding <wmbreiding@gmail.com>, Mike Breiding - Epic Road Trips <epicroadttrips@gmail.com>, Joan B <liteuptheroom@yahoo.com>

mommy died today
mommy dies every day
mommy dies every second
mommy didn't die
mommy is alive and dying
mommy will die tomorrow
mommy will die yesterday
mommy dies forever

--

Subject: HOW APRIL GOT ITS NAME

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Date: 4/5/2019, 8:41 AM

To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

BCC: epicroadttrips@gmail.com

April is zephyrs and bluebells and Poe and unicorns
and silver microdots of aether and the kimono of dawn
opening to show it all and the golden stag of poetry up
and down the hollows of a fiery angel forsythia mind
and emerald haiku frogs and a thousand Aprils drifting
in slow violet incense through these beyond hallucinatory
hours of early faerie butterflies like powdered crystal over

the almost-there world unresolved in the realms of time's
misty clarity of April dreaming itself into existence again
like Aphrodite lifting her languid snowy lids beneath French
lilac clouds brushed across the lazuli skies and the robins
singing infinite death singing infinite being is April

--

Subject: UPDATE: a poem
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 3/23/2019, 12:27 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: epicroadtrips@gmail.com

diamond lights flashing in my eyes
floaters big as ghosts
train wails
clock ticks
1 a.m.
lying in a pile
of
bones
my own
that's
it
March 23, 2019

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 3/16/2019, 2:30 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: epicroadtrips@gmail.com

CANTICLE

March sings

like bone and planets and empty porches
like stone and moss and wizardry
like years and distances and killdeer eggs
like bells and roses of frozen light

O grey linen hair!
O pen of quartz!
O forsythia mind!
O March!

like the silver incense of frogs chiming
like pigeons of ash smeared across the blue runes of morning
like bright angels of sound dancing to the glassy jazz of cattails
you sing

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 3/12/2019, 1:26 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: epicroadtrips@gmail.com

SATORI IN MORGANTOWN

did you ever wonder
what you were just thinking
that you were supposed to remember
to do or tell somebody but couldn't
because you weren't sure or weren't there
then of a sudden you knew
but it wasn't quite the same
thing you remembered
or thought you did

well I was just thinking
that's what I think I remember
I wanted to tell you
as I try to remember
if I already told you
at least I can remember
that I'm not remembering
but then you never can tell

what happens between things
if there is a between
if there are things
well maybe next time
when it becomes the last time
right here in this time
I'll forget all this for good
if you will.

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 2/24/2019, 10:50 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: epicroadtrips@gmail.com

2.24. 19 somewhere on mars
i am haunted by everything!

soon my life will be over - lets face it - even if i live to 80, heaven fucking forbid, it will soon be over - death - who knew? so now i face what all things face! do stones live & die, or are they always, hmmm, stones? until they crumble away or wind & water eat them or machines destroy them - even that is a kind of life/death cycle, i guess - & who knows what a stone is? what am i talking about?

listen - i am full of crystalline dread of this - dying - between now & nowhere - its just my way - the things that can & very well may go very badly -aye! things already begun! just so!

death & the stars. how can i not think of aging, dying, death & the stars - when i am old, dying, soon to be refreshingly dead & the stars are out there?

how can i not WRITE about it, beneath these never less than alien skies i am writing death as death is writing me, O tedium of words & hours!

right now in the early deep-ink-blue morn, crows are talking some shit. somewhere a machine makes a terrible humming that vibrates through the town at regular intervals.

sunday wakens to its sundayness.

on distant planets, in distant far flung systems, who knows what might be happening? am i there, writing this? it excites me still to think on it - the impossibilities - & the bone-naked fact - that i'll be extinct in no time - makes the cutting edge of existence as sharp as the smell of autumn, even if nastily serrated - but -

rain falls into february like these last notes. coffee brews. sourdough toasts.
letters are read. journal entries are made.

i know this poet who wants to leave "something behind" - his "legacy" - i have to laugh! well more power to his fantastic if pathetic delusions -

i crave the coldest solitudes.

i crave the lips of muses all over me.

i crave to gaze at these double moons till i go.

my head full of poetry stars madness!

has the mail ship come yet?

is everyone dead yet?

am i hallucinating yet? thought so.

that was all so long ago, wasnt it.

in the time of legends - the perfume of pine forests & snow coming down the mountains - stories that are not even

woodsmoke now -

well i'd best mail this. maybe youll read it in a thousand years?

damn, what was i talking about, right, i was slicing an apple & damn near cut the top of a finger clean off - i seem to have forgotten some thing, what could it have been, ah yes, death?

i hope you like my wee letter. its hard to write good these days, i mean.

so long, so long now

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Date: 1/31/2019, 2:30 AM

To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

LAST SCRAPS FROM JANUARY (for Bill Reed, farewell)

hands or pages - tremble - coffee spills from black
hole dementias - my head full of thighs and wild grapes -
V. Woolf's Diaries - total war - Mos Def's Ghetto Rock -

this Requiem of all Requiems - for my planet - living in
a medieval painting - of deer and castles - hermit ecstasy
in ghostly woods - human lights mirrored in Faery waters -

and alien dreams - an iridescence of pigeons - koi ponds -
lost gardens - hair of lilies - derelict troubadour drooling
love ballads - at zero degrees - the porcelain mind shudders -
on an 18th century shelf - in persimmon silk hours -

until that scraping, palsied sound - old bones turning over -
and over - in the night - and that silence roaring - in a
madman's poems - down the long dark streets - of yesterday's -
fantastic grace -

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

Date: 1/31/2019, 2:30 AM

To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: mike@epicroadttrips.us

LAST SCRAPS FROM JANUARY (for Bill Reed, farewell)
hands or pages - tremble - coffee spills from black
hole dementias - my head full of thighs and wild grapes -
V. Woolf's Diaries - total war - Mos Def's Ghetto Rock -

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love ballads - at zero degrees - the porcelain mind shudders -
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until that scraping, palsied sound - old bones turning over -
and over - in the night - and that silence roaring - in a
madman's poems - down the long dark streets - of yesterday's -
fantastic grace -

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 1/30/2019, 6:05 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: mike@epicroadttrips.us

SCRAPS FROM JANUARY/1

a thousand years - or a minute - hypnotized by
snow - falling on cattails - and marsh hair - death's
magic mirror - here where the copper and gold
of old tales - stays forever hidden - through coffee
and canticles and deliriums - mysteriarch of amulets
and hallucinations - ill fated alchemies - rebar and
emphysema - Jupiter, Venus and Mercury - in a
necklace - across the witch's throat - revelations
scrawled - in mica sentences - with the sun's quick
thoughts of saffron - as if thirsty - for ashes - concrete
and frozen echoes - the dreams I dreamed I had dreamed -
the dead like blue moths - of incense - scraps of skin -
drinking the mist - does it sing - foxes and salt and
devils, devils, - everything damascened with legend -

pages in a book - of hawks - and afternoons -

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 1/3/2019, 10:57 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: epicroadtrips@gmail.com

CARPE FUCKIN' DIEM : 2019 the poem
how could I forget
that these are the days
to be alive
to think
I am alive!
like honeybees and oil spills
like roses and nuclear waste
I am unspeakable irrelevant ineffable
astonished by sex and pomegranates
waste treatment plants and golden rabbits
down by the garbage-filled river banks
isn't it sublime
zen flutes and gravel trucks unloading
luna moths and tons of guns
cradles made of sunbeams and hand grenades
dumpsters full of French fries and corpses
these are the things to sing of!
kissing and cancer and roadkill
naiads and magic and mountaintop removal
ineffable unspeakable irrelevant
me and you and so many gawddamned things.....
these are indeed the days!
how could I ever possibly fuckin' forget
it's 20 fuckin' 19
a fuckin' men

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 11/13/2018, 2:46 AM
To: Mike Breiding - Morgantown WV <mike@epicroadtrips.us>

WHY I WENT TO SAN FRANCISCO

sitar streets/hashish dawns/ Victorian slums/storied rains/magic beads/pinwheel fog/hobbit voices/lysergic faces/opal
smoke/skyscraper alleys/stain glass laughter/seasalt winds/poetical shadows/herb tea witches/hidden wishes/secret oral

teachings/in the/Golden Dark

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 10/25/2018, 1:49 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: mike@epicroadttrips.us

autumn haunts me like a lost love-letter. I have coffee with ghosts and ghosts and ghosts. imagining my death will be the long forgotten taste of silence. I curl up in my dreams of endless dryad hair. galaxies leap at windows like wyverns of light. a lifetime falling in one yellow leaf. time travel isn't what it used to be. still, sometimes the hours glitter with pretty words and chickadees.

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 10/9/2018, 5:46 AM
To: Mike Breiding - Morgantown WV <mike@epicroadttrips.us>

"The atoms that had been herself
would mingle with the oxygen and
nitrogen in the air.....she would be-
come a part of the sky.....when it
snowed, she would be a part of it,
falling softly to earth, rising up
again with the snow's evaporation
.....when it rained, she would be there
in the spectral arch that spanned from
firth to ground. She would help to wreathe
the fields in mist, and yet would always
be transparent to the stars. She would
live forever."

from UNDER THE SKIN
by Michel Faber

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 6/21/2018, 8:31 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

BCC: mike@epicroadttrips.us

SOLSTICE

golden fingertips leave phosphor echoes
of the summer nights that never were to be
bats and jewels and Mars and beetles to be recalled as words
in poems that fail as Childhood fails
our hands ever reaching across the faerie seas of moss
for dreams that we could never begin to grasp or understand
beneath the tragic moon of human times
*

--

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 8/19/2016, 12:24 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: mike@epicroadttrips.us

F O L K T A L E

when I was a boy I was the King of August. I set myself
on fire. I ran into the night. I set the moths on fire. I set the owls, and
the streams, and the salamanders on fire. now I am running backwards
to finish. to set my father on fire. to set the sun on fire, and call it poetry.
to live and die burning up in the fires of poetry.

--

www.gsuttonbreiding.net

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 6/19/2016, 12:18 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: mike@epicroadttrips.us

FATHER

a very cold stone
deep in the woods
pierced by the harp note
of a lost sunbeam

--

www.gsuttonbreiding.net

Subject: WHAT TIME IT IS
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 6/13/2016, 5:51 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

BCC: mike@epicroadttrips.us

time to get stoned fuckt & dead
read beat poems over & over
it's still 1966 ain't it
war war war
suicides in mystic parks
agates wet with rain
torture trolley-cars steam vents rape
galaxies of endless wonder
KILLKILLKILL
snow-covered mountains
nuthatches laughing autumn love
hello mist weeds old planet goodbye humans
come on bears coyotes pumas bring it on
stone me fuck me death me
let it come down
I'll just sit here all cosmic & shit
listening to my cicada kin
singing themselves back to the stars

--

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From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 5/8/2016, 2:11 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: mike@epicroadttrips.us

O mother ghosts are rushing through the treetops
like wind at 4am O Sunday grief voices oceans LPs
wine rain cornfields blazing August ashes in the sun
of all lost things O mother elm trees Ohio Japanese
beetles how did it get so late the light across the
carpets' quicksilver of our lives movies books streets
woods velvet evenings night-herons Embarcadero
strolls under blue skyscrapers Victorian livingrooms
loves & lovers Boromir's horn gone gone sunset's
crimson shadows whisper our Gormenghast dreams
forever & never-ever O MOTHER DONOT LEAVE US
HERE

--

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From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 3/30/2016, 2:39 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: mike@epicroadttrips.us

celebrities die
wolves howl on

campfires still smoke
in Yosemite
45 years back
museums homes mausoleums
what's up
I can't say anything
to a raccoon skull
that conveys a damned thing
I've failed
who cares
and who's that
drunken ghost
of alleys and farmlands
sitting alone
in a dark kitchen
eating bread
I'm famous
I write things down
whatever that means
to the nameless
curled under bridges
or cattails in the rain

--

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From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 1/20/2016, 2:02 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: mike@epicroadttrips.us

death
who knew?
but you'll have that
& someday we'll all have a lonely grave
beneath the far unhuman galaxies
utterly forgotten for there'll be no one left
to remember our inglorious molecules
& so be it
but for now?
like this very moment?
still alive somehow?
I'll howl my little human songs
into the ear of the void
till my silence falls like the towers of Earth
& I return
to the glorious ungodly nothingness
that I am

--

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From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 1/3/2016, 1:32 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: mike@epicroadttrips.us

the future's everywhere
it's not mine
whose future is this
where are my cities of silvered crystal
where are the roses and titanium of android grace
where are the ships of perfect stanzas rising
beneath the cold blaze of stars
like the cloak of an alien king

--

www.gsuttonbreiding.net

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 12/21/2015, 6:39 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: mike@epicroadttrips.us

WINTER

1.

on a distant and forever lost world
I am as all beggars are
riding golden stags through golden evenings
hoary with the lusts of hidden wishes
beautiful with unhappiness
and cryptic beneath the fox fur sun

2

I hunger for something delicious
the moon drenched in thick hot witch's blood
the silence of those eternal folktale snows
where the animals all watch for me
on the deathside of Faery
in the woods of Trakl's eyes

--

www.gsuttonbreiding.net

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 12/4/2015, 10:56 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: mike@epicroadttrips.us

WRITTEN AT A BUS STATION IN DOWNTOWN MELANCHOLIA

I'm Romantic as hell
or at least
as a cloak of fog
around forgotten gravestones

yearning for a thing that never was
and never will be

*

crickets fade forever
towhees dance all day
Nat Cole's magic voice is everywhere
like a Lorca poem
like ghost hooves in the movie dark
like a goblet of Bradbury wine

*

and I'm
becoming an old raccoon
sitting in my drainpipe
drinking the strong chai of the years
staring at the rain
of things
that never were
and
never will be

*

--

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From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 11/24/2015, 8:00 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: mike@epicroadttrips.us

inks of autumn swell
gilt-edged around the naked trees
there are know mysteries here at all
only these things
full moon
woodsmoke
titmouse
an iron dusk overflowing with desires

--

www.gsuttonbreiding.net

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 10/14/2015, 5:26 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: mike@epicroadttrips.us

days held together by smoke and twigs
covered in luminous ghost-skin
yard pixies never stop laughing
drunk on the emerald gold of olden hours
and crystals made of finest Melancholia

as if by magic we are rustic over night
I make acorn necklaces to trade for faery inks
as tree spirits prepare for the legend of Winter
and out among the crazed and dying harlequins
I watch a silver ponytail falling from the Moon
as Trakl's autumn begins

--

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From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 10/1/2015, 10:02 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: mike@epicroadttrips.us

SOMEWHERE IN ATLANTIS I AM STILL DROWNING
pearls fall through the chilled vodka air
skeletons sashay down autumn's catwalks
ushering in October with the smell of apples
mallards glowing in ghostly cobalt mists
locks of hair in envelopes of lace
Sundays of wind and cashmere in Victorian bedrooms
dancers in skirts of transparent beads
lure me to the woods with anklebells and pills
behind windows wide open to the Halfworld
I fill in the days' cracks with unravelling spells
and the fool's gold of unfinished lines
style remains in the glossy pages of Elsewhere
the stubble of old dreams itches more and more fiercely
in the blinding cataract of phantastic things

--

www.gsuttonbreiding.net

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 8/19/2015, 8:42 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: mike@epicroadttrips.us

far more attached than I
want to be
I hang on to the moonbeams
of my old dreams
letting go one at a time
*
all night the plum
rested on my notebook
sweet rain now
days deepen into grief
I write this down for no reason
*
coffee

hot bath
summer remains
a meteor memory
of dryads combing their hair
*

starlings gather
wings like clappers
Sunday dawn streets
where my skeleton dances with the ironweed

--

www.gsuttonbreiding.net

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 3/9/2015, 8:49 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: mike@epicroadttrips.us

EVERYTHING'S JUST AS IT SEEMS
hallucinations come and go at will
Martians bring out another case of vintage Bradbury
Guinevere beckons from a secret tower
with her moonstone eyes and apple-scented hair
the sprites of winter still cavort
kissing me all over with birdsong
and the musicbox tinklings of melting streams
the air is festooned with pheromones and endorphins
high March winds blow my dhow of dreams
across the silvery indigo of sleep
towards the saffron of a final sun
paranormal sensations dance around me
like flower-nymphs twirling pinwheels of laughter
my hard-worn seven-leagued boots have brought me far
but the magic cobblers
with their hammers of light
and their tall gnome hats
are nowhere to be found

--

www.gsuttonbreiding.net

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 11/29/2014, 9:26 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: mike@epicroadttrips.us

MEZZOTINT
snow comes
art deco and chiming
glamorous as a 1940s movie premier
grainy as the ghostly inks of our erasures

printed in reverse on transparencies of sleep
I invite myself into life's deepest corners
to Xray microscopic realms of chiaroscuro and nuance
until I find the finest sub-atomic shadings possible
in this supertwilight between lines
I drink the liquid trees non-stop
and under the faerie streetlamps
I read the silver runes in a witch's eyes
etched into the diamond shadows
of a long-dead poem's voice

--

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Subject: Fwd:
From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 7/16/2014, 9:00 AM
To: Mike Breiding - Morgantown WV <mike@epicroadttrips.us>

----- Forwardedmessage-----

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: Wed, Jul 16, 2014 at 11:21 AM
Subject:
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>

THERE ARE SIGNS OF FAERIE EVERYWHERE
in traces of lunar-pink and candy-gold
glittering in giddy clouds above the dancing streams
where the emerald lips of nymphs
leave their luminous kisses on the air
impossibilities haunt me
like the antique tomorrows
I never knew
in the 1950s hills of West Virginia
so I learned to make paper from my dreams
and ink from my astonishments
the roadside asters still take me all the way
to Algol
and the scent of Martian roses
still sings in this kitchen at the edge of time
where I drink my human coffee
from the night's bright cup
of final, fantastic fictions

--

www.gsuttonbreiding.net

--

www.gsuttonbreiding.net

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 10/22/2012, 9:45 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: mike@epicroadttrips.us

edged in ragged sumac
the air is bittersweet like sex
or the cold ironic light of the past.
images of autumn layer
in perfect pitch sentences -
I work to savour them,
berry-tart as a girl's mouth -
a gilded pear sits resting
in its pink gauze of melancholy.

--

www.gsuttonbreiding.net

From: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
Date: 8/29/2012, 6:41 AM
To: sutton breiding <gsuttonbreiding@gmail.com>
BCC: mike@epicroadttrips.us

between
worlds, shreds of
silver
where your hands unfold letters
from
the dark wet grasses
breath and water
meeting
all these things on paper
for no reason
in the diamond light

--

www.gsuttonbreiding.net
