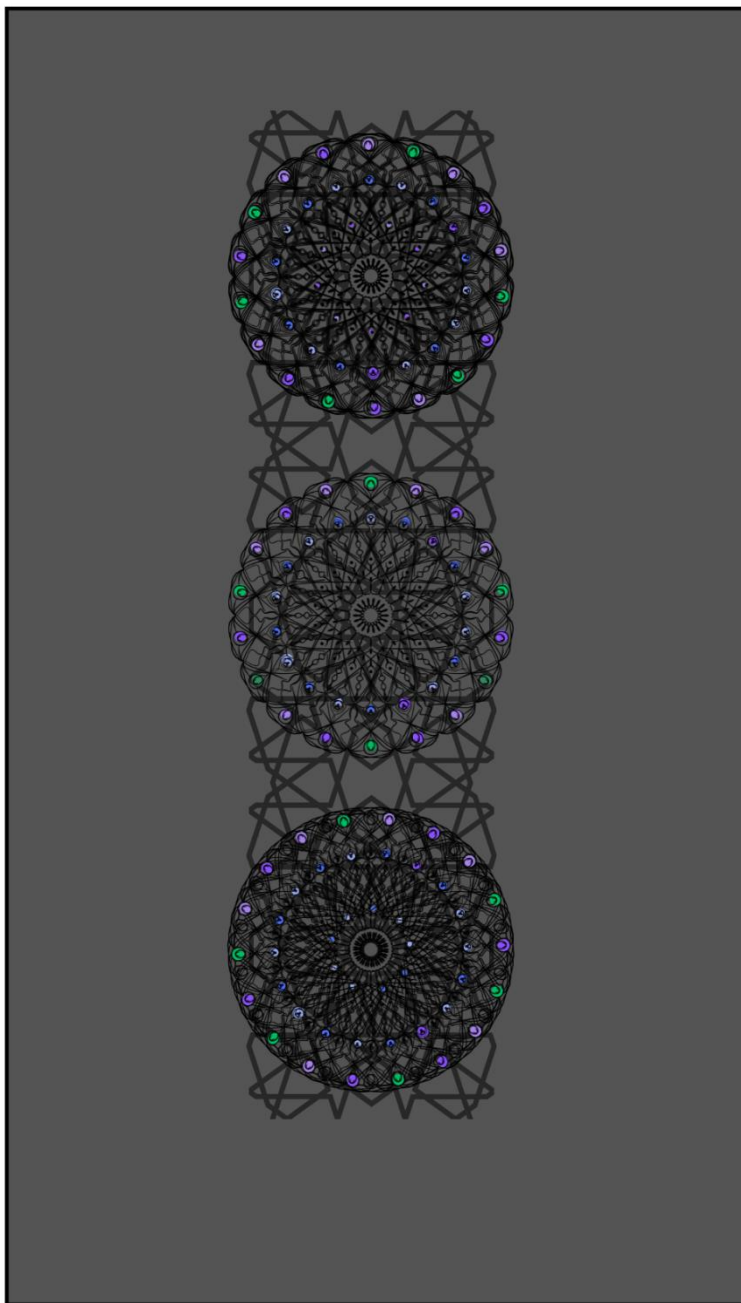


Glenn Bach



cricket (eclipse)

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cricket (eclipse) is excerpted from a longer sequence, *Atlas*, which began in 2003 as a sound art project but has since evolved into an open-ended long poem.

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for grass under foot
simply stated a case
for bare feet

such as thorns

*if the flags at half-staff
then who*

step under wing
each precarious
wind in shards
a rumbling sound

*if no leveling of the field
then when*

of winter chain link
ringing vast yards
of open field
shimmering

like late ocean

feed the wilome cut-
p which sh heartily
verything I'ping and
ature etiqueed Wild
imals. It nan food
nd makes th' The last
ing I wantsorry one
ght and gi

But," I thi. A very
awny oneer who's
ayed here h and if I
on't also covill die of
over mear way of
unting, annt is to
terfere within.

nd when thher deep,
articularly suffering
om an infome and
nstantly on

hen the for and the
at realizes nhere, he
very noise ina cry
lently png psite and
ses herself ithe bluff
he stars m familiar.
om home, h, h.

h my n cal
well even f -the-

local hole boot
ball mar

driv inking p -out
oy. I' days

where marked small
bloc ndar, rs the

smal f our It with
adven to be

try lost d curity
the dust -ing to

all nent over
a t hard bone first

wor his sill point
ee " I magic

pen gg ers v off
whet a fly on my

cond I cree cash in
as and I is pen

dim ly air ighter
thar be

patina
round life ownership browned
 into scabs go
finally, scorched
 punishing sunlight
soothe the loved words
sacred lucid among here.

Foothills that shape.

 Love the resurface
vague air.

Let in cinematic water new
in land

Prune sleep wanes
our body of rain,
the rest,
each long acidic
dreams.

Leaves whose whip
weather
our belonged collection where
ago house
belongings bed
leaf

to me

on a life of its own
onwards and sideways, i say.

be editor/driver
be great
to ex-
as things go along

forward,
lit.

you're enjoying the twitter
we figure something out

i'm enjoying the
any road'll take you there..."

to Peter
to Hal

...

[clipped]

Hmm. We're having trouble finding

okay, another rabbit hole
this realm of

another chunk of

to me

to me

if anything's amiss
that you're thriving.

as we

enjoying every minute
you've a mind to

I had no idea. I knew
the story of expiring your part
of the world

"when you don't know where you're going,

try again
May is yours.

We claim.

What state of motion
as a jet flies over this range,
gentle zigzag of checkpoints.

Flange, flying opposite
the normal flight path,
warbling, the mise en scène
of descent.

The embodiment of the earth whose frame
of reference consists of drones in the form
of an ending suspended, a beginning
long forgotten.

Comprising the steps of.

Enclosed within a thin wall,
a block diagram of the drone.

An alphanumeric display.

A pen and ink plot.

An exhaustive list of *all*

here is my current score
by hand or pitch
normality is not
operate of field
a fractured wail
+/-
spine like a glue
pushpull
(inhuman)
information intended to be descriptive
the road buckled and angles
claw-tractors and hauling
audible staccato
directions read and maps
the designs of folklore
sedentary light
(character)
walking to a significant degree
as each light (of house)
standing, sitting at a site
sleepwalking scene
the fine dexterity of debris
trapped in rifts
balance vision and hearing
gravity, the freedom to move

this is a description of *the way*.

Horizon-wide plains
in trundle of city.

Horse burials above
the spring, highways
once lined with marsh.

Aquifers beneath mountains,
thin pasturage.

Peat fringe of palms,
salt scrub, reeds choke
open water.

Salt fresh in animal
relief, fringe pools
dense or tough,
plush and plaster.

Basalt sharply
watered, pitch,
trackless and capped
of any chaff.

Foursquare
facing tile of desolate,
overtopped with green,
a long dry,
a series of once.

Inscriptions of a figure on mosaic and stone illustrious
and unknown. Over the chosen narrative the conquest
of time once shook the pavement.

See the drama for a change in the plot to overturn this
violent nature. The growth and grasp had not prepared us
for the shape of the world.

Other than burial will provide complete protection
so that the earth is not empty. The world where we make
our home and the fire that consumes all before it.

The music of occasion never to have settled the pleading
had no effect. A retreat from definitions the trained eye
of the shifting splendid new.

Above the water table there is no philosophy for the lean
season. The site with no hillocks of water level the file
cannot be played.

Acted upon the foundations of houses in the place
of illumination. If we live by the sword of science
to un-break the great conversation.

Originally from Southern California, Glenn Bach now lives in the Doan Brook watershed of Cleveland, Ohio. He retired from a career in sound art and experimental music to focus exclusively on *Atlas*, a long poem about place and our (mis)understanding of the world. Excerpts have appeared in *jubilat*, *Otoliths*, *Plumwood Mountain* and others. Glenn documents his work at glennbach.com and [@AtlasCorpus](https://twitter.com/AtlasCorpus).