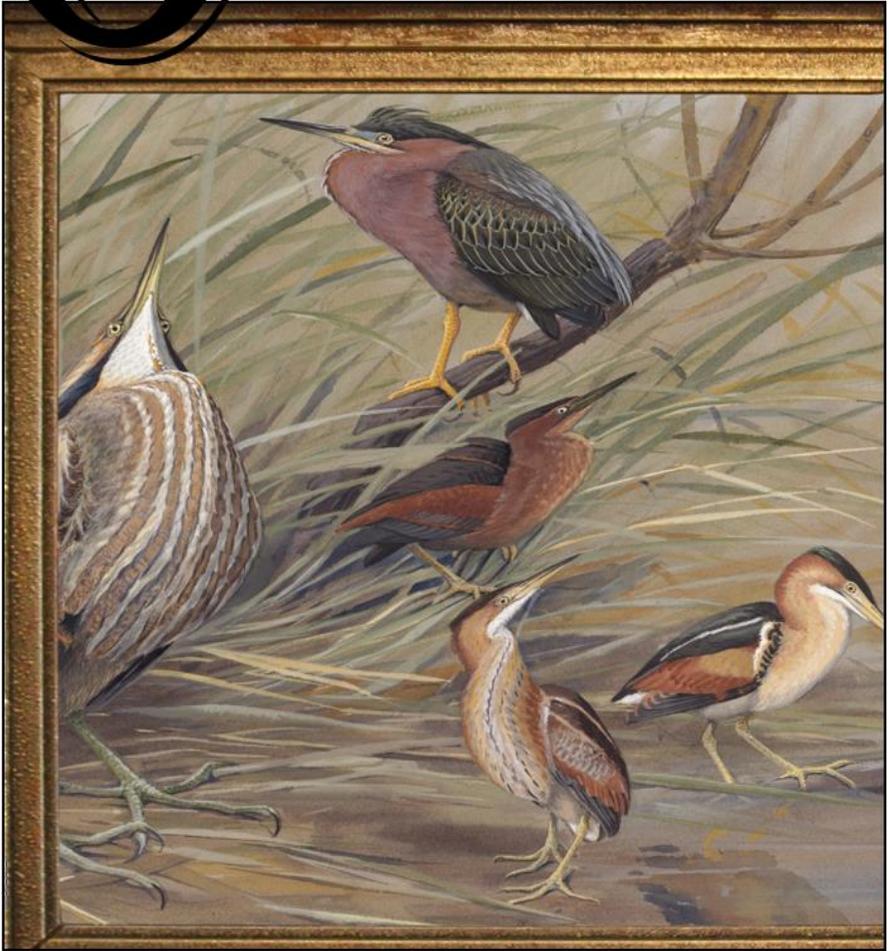


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RNITHOCRACY



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Ornithocracy

Stone Corpse Press

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Stone Corpse Press

ornitharchy

the staked alms the ears pour in return for the melliphony of
syrinctival imperata
the manzello-and-stritch kirchemusik
the ubuquitos robinical carnaldinality and the peckynosed
brownchitter omnihopers
the woobohoo cooing of doves
the doublethroated glissandi and raucon-are-you-man-
enough-to-bow-before flatted eleventh and honed nineteenth
the demiseminanovaleintervals of plumagenic harmonics
are a start
a startle a stoning stonishment
a dynamonucleic dervishing in anvilravish and cochling
witchspells
surample canalsqualls and aerosquonks
who doodles the cock dandles the dew
who parsed the chirpery combed the nimblemanic refractories
the buntings swim in
who grow the beaks rufous the sky to let the rain in
it's swan-k it's goozy
it's the etymology of thusy
the coneygastrical gyremancies of hawkiteagle
the gammy gaminry of heronical splashes in the calmcalm
sidereal siderills of rivers
so senjure egrets to this headsuppressed in crestomancer's
plumerays
beak in the beguiline the goshgolly auk and merganser dance
stripe down the backs of all those who have them
this is warble, my summer frantickers and winterwasteland
waiterouters
the glock and spiel surredealism in the throat

how else the sun can know
how else the world turn
and what elsewise enough for breath to get taken,
taken away

the redbellied woodpecker in yahara place park

this goddam woodpecker
postering spring
stuttering liar
i fall for
every endless february
i almost love him for it
jumpy optimist
scryawking boaster evershying from sight
for his aural blestings
the lake wind's blister's blistered by
goddam the beak
that posits rescue i
almost said salvation
and sorry i didn't

arrivederci, coots arrivistes

clots of coots handcar near shore not exactly
fulcrum an ignoring silence
have brought *me* no lost voices
yet blackbob in cession too
on the rhythmgray water
clausters of 'em *de*-vanish only to re-
and will leave usually soon as always
elseless, recursive
it's april it's snowing
another way of meanwhile putting it
as brautigan once did how *is*
your ass?

original intent

a squabble of half dozen or so sparrows
could be a hootenany
sparrow sweet homophone of the italian for i hope
maybe it was a conference
tried reading that persian take once but couldn't get through it
seemed so anthropomorphized
maybe dave holland got it right
[write a so-named tune](#)
though it seems a might whispery with the flute and soprano
maybe it was messiaen wahs ole bird that he was
got it right with his *Catalogue*
[make the piano sing](#)
or do ya reckon ole wg sebald mighta got a good dose of the
originals
though as for that audubon and roger tory p and
oh there are millions of us forms
passing through the all we've done to the world
maybe we oughta just scrub it all away
pick up and leave it to them
that they might sing beyond all earshot except the ones'
they've been singing to all along

swallowpath

the i'm just hypothosing here swa
llows saw
ooping to sk
im the minicrestings
for yummy bugs
what i wonder's
the personal cap
itol of that for them does
number or kind again i
'm just takin a flyer mat
ter or's it just drive to vive and viva the life of swayslapping
the surf
at cap
istrangle haha stranger is
n't it the tongue tingles with
the tongues one knows though that of fle
sh (yours or mine) to f
lesh (mine or yours) outtingles any word from any or any's t
ongue though as for that
the famous 3-little off yours (my sw
eetsw
ooping love) come so clo
se as to uncap my heart that the love it and i
hold for you gushes fort
h and i feel swooped and swayed
and even the slightest bit
yummy as though swal
lowswal
lowed

a lone note (field) note

the acceleration of the field sparrow's
one-note stutter-samba can't
not
remain
is how i know it was "the"
[why just go to the xeno-canto.org website](http://www.xeno-canto.org)
you'll "see"
they no two sound the same be
still my
heart heart heart heart heart
hearhearheahehhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

*and so it was this atrepid poester clumsed upon the site
destined to change him if he were to allow it for it was his
desiredest chievement to be himself a xenocanter and if he
leant a bit much on birdsong in the strive well he'd been in
the old sense of it charmed*

words

1

the unmourning dove's exercise of *its* sufferage incidentally disentangles tones in the tendons
tenons a togetherring: heart pine ear telephonewire sky
tremololess tethering road to joy
who's to make what of whose what of or to whom?
what of it what of it a robin swanks
a finch purligatos some swallows' swaling insectiveerings

2

"words just don't exist to be able to capture the complexity of
... bird vocalizations"
midafternoon turns to hush i wonder
should i me take
away reciprocant geste as
i cannolonguer phrasing find (bleak stressage)
or untearing linger
with cup of hand for
earful more

there is also *this* kind of lonesome

dj' ever feel the verge
like it loved you
rilke's gaze graze
thomas's triadic ghash or
gosh a gash oh gee mr whillikers
said the heapdrunk poet supreme
not long before he died
though when you die at 40
all of life is not long before that
and keener and more keenworthy still
the dole'ly gone at 36 master
of leaps and prebounds as though
a real two-syrinxed bird swang on a single sax
there is always no one to call
more than yourself if only
ya'd swerve to the spondence
from de to runs ('e
puns) if only unforgetting
was a thing to be found not found
by and if this be
all for the taking needed
why by geist ain't i availed
in the eretofore
and back again and backed against
i ask

corvination

crowlogue

can you tell when we're laughing
what at
that's the next
no and yes then
we are not surpriced
we are not the known value
we are *lastworda*

crowquisition

untrue that
they breed 'mong fallen knees
caucusing in puns and braggarty vertebral metonymies
making zounds by clacking their prestigial teeth
signing in featherink treaties with the roadstuck dead
aligning coordinate grids to hasten meals
that is

they do
but not when breeding
in ferocious waves of anticipation of expanding dominion &
ambiguities
this endowment to all but the hawks and the sparrows

*

cacolaughers outside the either-or
plying the ether-oar
like so many they build built
beyond zoölogoörnithophant taxonogazery
gaperyapery flatules of conjugance gallglancy

this the fanciest flurrancy
blackð delightð sound-of-ðllð
firstworda
foistvoidð

crowloquy

us carrows us carouses
us pare noisense
how you like our fakeries so far
hike ya how low your fond fawned gravity hug you a hinder
the voice of us carry down on you
syringolinear squastions of efface
the orthalindrome of cō
sappeals right in the gull ya breathe wit ya got the sgall for it
slams, pleadpulls, salaams and salamis
feller by the numb of Sequinced Delay-La
yeah dizzle de izzly uzzins sproutin forkt
hast in haunt
them strawbags on cruxifeces undo a nothin
we are whole shards of entitical ǫthǫrity
it's us donnin the dǫn dǫncha know
s' skweel as ya a wiel' uh yuh forechin
turns out the world won't hold both of us much longer
and there ain't a wannaguess you can do abǫt it

crowdience

amanuensisless hardlisten
and not a note a not taken that aint not kin
a rose calling a rose a rose?
perched on a willow could be the edges uh tanganzanaika
 why not
showy cockheaded underbreath murmurusses
muzzle been a plot or plode
miser lickin old stomps an it pledge ya
the dead take attention
from the living *on*
– *that's* bound
what's the gather
what's the antevelum 'onta't to awl ea' oth' by
'ch uher's codrawled earnt gollery
'ey aren't of a takin say
that's off and a token
of the short share of life there's often nearly more than just
 this side of enough uh
tru d'echoes of der antlered velumless ([k])raws
– the point of articulation before ə, after əll,
to hear hearing being heard

notes

In “words,” the quotation is of Mark Berres, a bioinformatician, from the podcast series *Edge Effect*, in the episode entitled “Can a Piano Sing a Birdsong?” hosted by Kyle Johnson, July 18, 2017, regarding Olivier Messiaen’s *Catalogue d’Oiseaux*.

In the same poem, “untearing” is based on ‘tear’ (/tɛər/).

In “corvination,” the letter ɔ is a phonetic symbol for the the ‘aw’ sound in ‘caw.’

Steve Timm lives in Madison, Wisconsin, with his wife Shari Bernstein and son Alex (who finds his poems “interesting”). He is the author of four books of poetry: *Rule of Composition*, *This’s That*, *Un storia*, and *Disparity*. Until his retirement in 2024, he taught English as a second language at the University of Wisconsin-Madison.