

*Napalm Health Spa: Report 2013: Special Edition
Long Poem Masterpieces of the Postbeats*

KATIE YATES

because resonances are epic

December 4, 2011 at 6:29 am

and long-awaited storms by which I mean clearings, mistlessness + mistfulness like leaning towards forgetting, heavy taupe against the electric orchestral called winter sky & clean oven



boy also who employs the knitting needle

November 20, 2011 at 9:39 am

as a sword and a vector against too much solidity and sweetness + sabre tooth & tree conference
of nested birds * and other such relationships with sky



A knitting needle, also. New Haven, 2011

because of any of us who collide

October 3, 2011 at 11:40 am

there is also the pale crispness of mud, a swift apple pie and the words that settle into and before
truth in tractors



because of one's 47th year I wanted to say

September 27, 2011 at 9:10 pm

because of turning 46, one relishes the ocean, the mid-tide, the luminati, the hand blown scarves, the ways of the water, the incandescences, as such, the bits of moss, the family of blue-birds-outside, the limping dog, and sadly the babies, their marvelous situations and cries



Gabe on the Sound, CT September 2011

because her mother makes her take the bus

September 21, 2011 at 11:43 am

out of fog, beyond hillsides, and all the way to the Himalayas, the sacred bus, the fathomable
pace, the cool sounds, the others, the way fencelines collide, or swings, the way they fashion the
early morning light, a dream from far away



Waiting for the bus, Woodbridge, CT.

the little boy on the other hand

September 11, 2011 at 11:47 pm

can completely do without school, he says, there isn't any fresh air and he doesn't like the lemonade: it makes his tummy hurt, he doesn't wish to be left alone, and then one sees that maybe for the more easy going child, it's tiring to be in a community, that maybe the little boy makes too much of an effort to get along and would rather be at home playing more simply with his track and thinking about 'The Voyage of the Dawn Treader.'



Gabriel Lake, First Day of Nursery School, Westville, CT. September 2011

because of a gathering of fairies

September 8, 2011 at 5:58 pm

because of a gathering of fairies after the storm, there is light and quiet recognition of spirit and charm, a woodsong like silk and like a moth, a butterfly's wing * and sweets



A gathering of fairies, Woodbridge, CT, September 2011

because of kindergarten

September 6, 2011 at 7:51 pm

the luminescence of the school bus, the pride of a little girl, the force field that desires, the cooling autumn, a first, another fight about care taking, the hint of flooding that sets the marriage alight, the slough of fall rain, the recent storms and more to come, no doubt



Kindergarten, 2011. First Day. Woodbridge, CT

and then also just before midnight

August 25, 2011 at 11:07 pm

I would stay up all night and knit and wait for the hurricane, would inspect the landscape, the trees, buds and nests, the bees I would tell a story, would sprinkle an ointment and tell a fabulous love story on the porch, before the beautiful, the brilliant uncertainty and grief.



The girl and pup wander back to the house at sunset after a full day of play, Woodbridge, CT August 2011

because of grading

August 20, 2011 at 2:59 pm

I am without children. I write little dharmic comments which pass lightly as conversation with students. I am self-possessed. I am somewhat of a servant. I think mostly about knitting or if I can get any bulbs into the ground this fall. Garlic and some irises. Maybe this year, and maybe next year tomatoes and sunflowers. And also I think about being married like what is it and I think about whether or not Juliette will be a runner. She does run. I think about shopping. That's it because of grading.



Grading @ Edge of the Woods, August 2011

Tea.

August 18, 2011 at 5:43 pm

Because of tea the domestic becomes international, salient, a degree of intelligence further than honey and one also finds oneself in a quandary over screen doors, a childhood vision, through which the breeze comes, and fortune foretold, one that the dog might be able to push open, the frame of it is light blue like Cape Cod, and it's not lockable because of tea



Tea. Woodbridge, CT. August, 2011

melody

August 6, 2011 at 8:16 pm

one thinks of her mind as a tired melody though a melody which insists, and reciprocates, which levels and listens, a critical sub note, a melody like mama's going to bring you a mockingbird without appropriation with a handful of duties, daisies and mint



Tire swing, a good one for early morning swinging, New Haven, near Yale, August 2011.

because of installation

August 4, 2011 at 3:45 pm

and because of communicating messages about desserts upstairs, because of poached eggs and sandwich pickles, the slipping intellect, the pages, the mountains, the synagogues, the desire to stay out of traffic, to be somewhere carless for months, for a wild garden, a peach colored umbrella, and the speed of a little girl in the summer and laundry



and after

had we wandered we did

July 25, 2011 at 12:32 pm

she said, the formal wind, the bow, the balloon, the sovereign, the easterly, the difficulties, the delicate phases, in service of the unknown, the desireless red ribbon in the sky and the desired child, the orange workmanship of the lord



Popsicle it is.

one also illuminates

July 10, 2011 at 6:01 am

the precarious, the defiant, the un-humbled early morning conflicts with one's daughter, before 7 a.m.: a realm of intrepitide, one wants to send the girl out for a run, to gather wood, to build a fence, practice the guitar, gather mint, and come back later, in color, tired, humming



Summer

because all that glitters

July 17, 2011 at 6:27 pm

also flies, because that which is painted can be illuminated by sound, because of transformation, because of truth, movement and electricity & bumblebees, and other summery still lifes-with-Juliette



because all that glitters also flies

having wanted to go out in a boat

July 2, 2011 at 5:44 am

a tug boat, a motor boat, a sail boat, kayak, anything, but then we didn't bring a boat nor do we have one at the moment, but we will, I know we will, Gabe resigns himself to throwing rocks, excellent primordial, perfectly pure, there are plenty of them, more than all the race cars to be had at every garage sale in town, I knit, another variation on this theme, weaving sand into a darkgrey & purple winter scarf for Christina, and the day goes by @ Short Beach, it does, as one might imagine it would anywhere else, as we continue together, we move beyond the house and into the Sound



Rocks.

blended

June 23, 2011 at 7:03 pm

because as you know the household is blended, what a pretty word for confusion, for attitude for beliefs and for the wide, the awfully wide range of activities that go on under the fairy roof, do tell or imagine some outcome for us, logarithmic depression or is it revolt, the upspringing functioning mango tree of love, baby, why do they sing, baby, the little boy asks, and honey pie: like that, like this is it,



princess (4)

I,

June 19, 2011 at 1:46 pm

love the beloved love, the shirttails of incremental serenity and wisdom, the clucking of a pigeon,
the wild open space of charm, of liquid, elect, and a gemjoy



Bodhi School, New Haven. CT

grasses

June 9, 2011 at 8:27 pm

like moments on the porch with sky, a force, a for now brightened landscape, so much to have and to knit now that there's lavender +yellow+black & dark red to figure into this conversation upon conversation with the lightening, and coming home



Saving the dog who is from Labrador

be aware also of the sister

June 2, 2011 at 8:43 pm

her exquisite games that might have you dressed say in velvet & tights as a princess, a semi-conscious glee while the mother, me, my eyes are just barely open, I try not to make light of it, but as I've asked, when can I sleep, and what will it be like,



our yard in highlights: certainly New England

because of daughters/lovers/dogs we become friends with the unfathomable

May 30, 2011 at 8:02 am

the exquisite, the unknowable fury of love/storms, it's boundaries before and after faith recedes, the poison ivy - wild raspberries congruent and fierce with firelight, they beckon me forth from quiet into a tango, a dancefloor, somewhere I must've been dressed not as a monk but a gorgeous dancer, a deity I've visualized, but not now, this time it's a monastic path in a quiet suburb except for love as it follows me through.



Juliette / Juliette

you also who did not know how to mediate

May 26, 2011 at 6:08 am

consider also how the 17 hummingbirds made it north, how summers manage themselves and then how we might also trade ourselves in for desire, to wait, and to mediate between woods, stones, weeds and rhododendron's forcible roses.



at the desk window in early summer

having had it with the swimming lesson

May 3, 2011 at 12:23 pm

it's the mockingbird's sweet tone, relief like compassion, competitive like moonlight, like a full cry, of belligerence, for perfection, upsetting, true.



Basket.

as ever,

May 1, 2011 at 2:53 pm

as ever the congress, the hallways, the mirrors, middle happenstances & clover, a belittlement of bees, and sparklings of chance, wood and in, and over, a honeyed something like the big bad blue jay and the little dove.



As ever,

because we aren't English,

April 30, 2011 at 11:21 am

think of the under-classed, the roots of profanity, sub literal, a fair trade balcony, love and marblemint, Gloucester, the hood of the Honda, morninglight like lace / a deep green moor



Butter roll.

sorry, to write a note

April 19, 2011 at 1:39 pm

an other comments, April whilst progressing, a northern-ness, a mother, a talking movie and sixty or seventy daffodils, other notes to stepchildren out perusing the banks and the malls, and a note to you in which I even say thank you for you are a loden bracelet, a star, a dog in the yard, a book in the mail, stupendous,



String for Larissa.

having had no idea about

April 14, 2011 at 9:15 pm

having not studied princesses she now studies princesses & how many are there, you wonder, well, there must be plenty, but they live in Canada, in castles, with their princes, they do, my love and that's the truth, the only one I know



radio dog: Awake!

April 11, 2011 at 10:43 am

simple mist, warmish, belittlement & minutae & warmth, such, rejoicing and a minute / hope



Radio dog in the mist

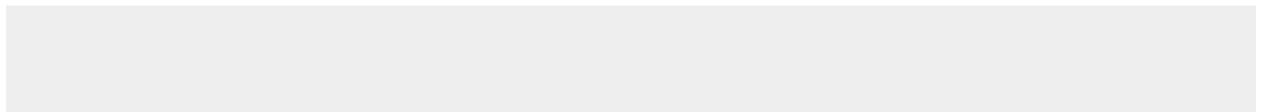
hapless & forbidden

March 16, 2011 at 9:12 pm

beyond, it is forbidden, to say, it's exaltation of land, my delight in the pasts, and of watering, a setting, a sun, the sun and the water again and the woods, call clearly, out



Preparing for Lilly's birthday party.



and time

March 14, 2011 at 6:26 pm

world enough, in which we have enough of the world and enough time, re-imagine, relinquish,
light and
save



Time.

other than kindergarten

January 17, 2011 at 8:44 am

other than, what might be other than, and that which is other than, skeletons, tulips, rosaries and bread, could be one's mysteriousness and longing to play or to

know



Table

in lieu of a note/not

December 4, 2010 at 3:06 pm

a note also to mention that you've gone, no you're here, thank god, let's manage, make love, and get through elementals, a relapse, a Spanish endeavor, exactly, an etching or a petal, a piece of scenery and a hand-held feathered purse,



boy & mother who

November 24, 2010 at 7:47 am

whose job it is to wander, morningless and shoeless, the faintness, and also the crisp, the remote, the days, otherness, away from fold/frost, the roads inbetween us are foam with also, woods, come to these questions,



unseen worlds

November 2, 2010 at 8:26 am

would that we find a renaissance, a belief in un/seen creatures, one after the other in twilight and midnights fairy dust on shoulders early like hail mary's like any other soft defense against winter's deceptive quiet & cold



And, what message in unseen worlds.

a new note

September 7, 2010 at 11:08 am

on a new note (nb) for all of the untenable sunshine, the suddenly foreshortened days, and some humor, the field swarming in dragonflies, a dog escaped there, the children circle around, they are happy even, to. an even moment, one wishes for more or for no more warning than this



Juliette + Michael

breakfast

August 4, 2010 at 3:11 pm

passions and forgetfulness in the event of breakfast, before the birds have taken off, one relinquishes oneself to a silverstrip of language, the sound of a dripping faucet instead and other



such

mornings

July 31, 2010 at 10:19 pm

mornings and evenings undivided, equally beautiful, available, balanced, exhaustive, exactly like temperance, with you, quiet flourishes, speedily going by like the greens that blend into summer dress, sunlight, holding on beneath a silent tree, a quiet tent



one thinks

July 18, 2010 at 10:38 pm

I think of in sickness as in health as weather or can we stand for any easy out from the thicket, the frogs strumming, the midnight air, the children, the whine of inadequacy which is to parent as it is to embroider the cake, a shallow pond where fish are slow, where rest is efficient and green.



water

July 16, 2010 at 7:19 am

so a conference of birds is a conference of clouds without speaking, a repetition of condolences,
sweetish watermelons fall below such is our chorus just as you awaken but not really singing,
never sweetly or softly



enough

wed unto will

July 13, 2010 at 7:43 am

truth in tentmaking, an elaborate willingness to succumb, to deliver, to relish the cool, water, the chorus of birds at dawn, the dwelling places, lives under limb, in our case to reconcile heat



at the edges of the winter one is one and also two

December 4, 2009 at 1:25 pm

also coming and going - what got me here makes me wonder - a situation at the edge of winter, another one, with fresh tea the girl offers me and remaining leaves - a reflection - an attitude towards you - when dealing with your edges, they're mysterious serums of winter, my longings for a subtle home to reflect as well the birds in the snow, the birds in holding, the embroidery and bells



room for the beginning

November 12, 2009 at 8:35 am

stumble in the quiet after morning now in such a subtle, that shade of brownorange which could be the only tree we have to shade us in these upcoming winters, these days and will you come with me to be even more subtle and less obvious that we might hold hands in these rooms, and all these other places too alive and willing to be held, firelike and so and so sweet

