

Daniel Y. Harris – Three Poems

Grayscale

after Thomas Hardy

Halftone gray—chroma and glob-tint
of cyan or grisaille of taut shade to a god.
Glaucous is dead. Taupe and cadet gray
 bleed chalk. No anaglyphs for the sad.
Their punctured eyes are 59% luma.
Back to the pun. The ray tube is a *coup
de foudre*. Between them, mezzotints
the curator keeps as pits in the plate.
Burn the disc Isadore! Their faces, nitride
crystals with high deposits of gallium.
Limbs of one body. Umbilical tongues.
Amatoria from a weak signal.
In the morning, the gray sun of maven
gossip and a reboot. Raspy laughs.
Bed mouths for a kiss of the dry,
 pluck earplugs with toothpicks.

Darker

after Lord Byron, *Darkness*, Lines 79-92

 Rod and cone cells
in his eyes recede in matte black and purple opsin
to black lips and dyed, black hair—*haute couture*
of the eschaton with ratted hair. Behind him,
coteries in stovepipe hats, leather garments, spiked
dog collars, accessorized with bone earrings,
rosaries, pentacles, ankhs and skulls, strut
in leather thigh boots. Anti? No, there's no
pro to sport a schism, no day of rapture,
arrival, return—no death-bed voice echoing
the pulpit. To the bin goes the nondual craft
with the e-waste of a goth parade. At 6:13,
the eschaton with a bullhorn says “please
don't eat the urinal cakes, they're mine.”

Balladin

after Francois Villon

I live in a tempered pitch, timbre sharp
with hexachords and the *Musica Ficta*
of a twelve-tone row. In my clef
of atonality, intervallic cells shape
the new ear with its 20 μPa (micro-
pascals) = 2×10^{-5} and pierced lobes.
I hear this serial 85 dBA through
a feedback loop of white noise, tip
my head and drip black-red drops
of blood on the hardwood floor.
It's all about diesis and chroma.
I must have written music in Paris
during the Cold War, listening
to reactors with Schoenberg's ear.
Such bitter egress to score pain,
purge the tonic glee of harmony
with head-notes. The pure mind
as tonsilabo with its axon scales,
stills to a classic rest held between
flats and the measuring brain.

Daniel Y. Harris is the author of *Hyperlinks of Anxiety* (Cervena Barva Press, 2013), *The New Arcana* (with John Amen, New York Quarterly Books, 2012.), *Paul Celan and the Messiah's Broken Levered Tongue* (with Adam Shechter, Cervena Barva Press, 2010; picked by *The Jewish Forward* as one of the five most important Jewish poetry books of 2010) and *Unio Mystica* (Cross-Cultural Communications, 2009). He is a three-time Pushcart Prize nominee. Some of his poetry, experimental writing, art, and essays have been published in *BlazeVOX*, *Denver Quarterly*, *European Judaism*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *The New York Quarterly*, *In Posse Review*, *The Pedestal Magazine*, *Poetry Magazine.com* and *Poetry Salzburg Review*. His website is www.danielyharris.com.