

BEETHOVEN'S DREAM

Also by Eric Selland:

POETRY

The Condition of Music (Sink Press, 2000)

Inventions (Mindmade Books, 2007)

Still Lives (Hank's Original Loose Gravel Press, 2012)

Arc Tangent (Isobar Press, 2014)

TRANSLATIONS

Yoshioka Minoru, *Kusudama* (Leech Books, 1991)

Takagai Hiroya, *Rush Mats* (Duration Press, 1999)

Takashi Hiraide, *The Guest Cat* (New Directions, 2014)

BEETHOVEN'S DREAM

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COVER IMAGE:

Sketch of the Piano Sonata in A major, Op. 101,
Allegro, by Ludwig van Beethoven (detail), reproduced
from the collections of the Library of Congress.

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Sketches

I was thinking about how words appear as if a kind of background, strung through the landscape like pieces of shiny organic matter. The intimation of geese and other wild animals, as in water, the lagoon's green against the sky. And the shiny buildings. I did not want to talk about it. I did not want to be here. And to this comes another sense of the unavoidable. The words and their silences. Holding something, like an artisan's tools. The word 'duration' appears like a phantom across the hotel façade and then, just as suddenly, disappears.

Other requirements
Of which there are many
The blurred heights
Inform and instruct
It is almost the exact center

Where the order of exposure is disturbed

A record of locations through which the object has passed

In those days many of the old family farms remained. The house occupied the center, set among rows of fruit trees – apricot, fig, peach. The house itself was protected by a stand of shade trees meant to keep out the intense heat of the semi-desert sun. These were fast-growing trees that would grow tall and resist the ravages of summer – mainly eucalyptus and sometimes poplar, palm or cotton-wood. When the farms disappeared, only the circle of trees remained.

Let us begin with the concept of space
The first moment, where one has not yet found terms

There are a few other wrinkles
Light from the edge
Glass donut

The cries of the cedar waxwings formed
A blanket around the core of silence –
We find that we are lost.

In the distance I can see my parents' house. Higher than the high black fences surrounding it are the trees. In the cold dusk of autumn I can hear the lonely click and caw of the red-winged blackbirds. I smell the rotten odor of the carob blossoms and think about the slow turning of the seasons.

Now to return to the river
That which cannot be articulated
Something hidden or misplaced

I was walking
Listening to them speak with each other

There's something called a 'happy stop'
We can move on

Removed from the framework

One senses the gathering of time into this moment
Growth and decay

I welcome the return of the organic

To carry the question
To hold the question within oneself

The way that each of these moments depends on the other

The landscape exceeds itself

That it would be

An indication

A measure of what is

Outside history

What would it mean

To remember?