

**DAVID LAU**  
**Art of Poetry**

1  
That Sean Bonney jaw  
blooded like thought's dawn

I read poetry and revolution,  
Agostinho Neto

and Lunacharsky, part of the common  
heritage, not property, industry.

Roots' disappearances  
epitomize

the modern poetry community's  
preserve of some specific

national practice,  
but of numberless generations

old species  
do exist and are grasslands

being plowed. Need divides in  
poetry with prose,

the Internationals,  
workers into factories and fields.

The soldiers' killing fields interest all, even  
anti-poetic digitals.

Poetry found  
new ways to develop after feudalism.

Revolution also culminated in the early 20th century  
or unpublished manuscripts

are crucial to both traditions.  
In Shelley's To a Skylark the pseudo-social

metabolism distinct from yet connected to a natural one  
is a precursor of avant-garde post-textualism.

Revolution, like poetry, wants  
back to the realm with matter

for and of the people.  
Something like the conjuncture that delivered

historical revolutions of the proletariat may never  
again return. Unlike dinosaurs, poets and

working class heroes still roam earth  
with dream weapons

forged by actual people in  
superheated blasts.

Their heat given off together grows  
like binary stars. I read in Hikmet

the cause, while old spirits  
Faiz and Rimbaud

seek everywhere something similar;  
Paul Foot painted Shelley in language

shared with Jean-Joseph Rabearivelo  
or D.N. Aidit on a podium in 1955.

They changed and reigned  
over verbal

arts and human beings in the manner  
of ancient love of the whole,

the total, solidaristic,  
free individuals.

2  
A book of historical poems  
guards the tomb where the difference

between poetics and revolutions, despite  
both tending toward

formalisms, is practiced  
by the masses as they de-reified things.

They crushed retreating German forces,  
victory reworked among webbing of heavy losses.

The fixed industrial war machine,  
it's our living, Brecht's Red Army soldiers said,

as they trained dogs to eat under Nazi tanks.  
We strapped bombs to the dogs and sent

them straight for the retreating Germans.  
Portugal generated strikes

late upsurges,  
connecting liberation

across Southern Africa to the periphery of Europe.  
There is nothing

out here sometimes but sand, antique land,  
a copy of Paris Paysant and The Arcanes.

The signals were all mixed and serrated  
mosaic in the infrastructure of Guinea Bissau,

good signs,  
bad masters.

3

Jack tricked thought's own forms  
into annihilating themselves in Poetics Journal,

a community anchored its reproducible objects  
like nights in North Beach.

Where the workers were leaving the factory,  
where the police took old Reds for torture,

you dyed hoods for the mages  
of Armed Cell, a colossal

printed matter  
outrageously behind the times,

pressing ink with leather balls  
onto misshapen, haphazard characters

like those in the atmosphere of classic  
novels, torn from

life like wind from a storm.  
The top brass avoided the slaughter in the highlands.

4

More violence, more consequence,  
gray, hybrid war.

I seen it back there, I since been avoiding it.  
Is it the grain of the historical voice piled

with wreckage, the dead with their bellies  
opened by knives,

their children missing or diseased with alcohol,  
covered in fleas. Neto policed

into prison poem.  
We turned it

around, always running with a few dollars.  
Here, take this paper

bag with a pistol meant for the union man,  
one-time reporter and stringer for wire services.

He knows what to do.

5

Let's face it! Our lack of independent  
organization made us vulnerable to their offensive.

And yet in the universe  
the Red Army broke through.