

Quarksummer Nights
Rory Marinich

Quarksummer Nights

for the Lovers Bland

The Quæen of france is on the line is says Do you
have your number see saw you outside my window up
On the ground is the top of the world where you danced
before me with a regal air like we you goof
but I gleamed after you

Like I knew the world better you than I know and I want to show you it all

I. signore signore.

before then you closed your eyes Let me Be muddy
and we shallst rut along my lovely lawns
let me you say no where it has will have

see you the Jack then see him flushed and rosy fallen ways
see the bond that sturdy banker he and I mourn everyday
here is the candle and here is the spout

what's this your plot an allied scheme these hands
drowned you drenched
you throated like me touched upon a crisp

telegram for you Sir
—I glimmed

Something blissful and bagged and fresh and a young
like the man who I was once and knew the Queen
all how we oh how we frolicked ally'd ah me

embracing aye oui

ll. —Would I will dance, chortled and blushed
but sat you me on lap
and spun then like a-tiltywhirl'd on sand
puncturated with a period and coma

pause now great we now grok now to smile flash then fade
so freaked old folk might creak not think our crinkled angles long

oh die you vicious chotomy we spurned
like life itself we left behind to sigh

but then that was then

III. It was long dear but you blinked and we with you, we blinked, there
was your pouty face, first I saw, never knew quite what to make of
we, you was three, all bounced along there was a little gown wasn't
it?, little I mean, not like you at all, but please here I excuse a moment
go

because it's not this really never, you, it's the girl dear, it's the timing not
my ally, who pirouettes and frowns and trips me to the mud and back,
something strange like things lost in the space between the lost

curving and nice it lasted

ally thought we'd walkt a bit but you, oh throne the third the ground
knelt, how could I, an ami still not enemy, wrong place sorry, but all
your guards starting at me when I blinked

man I miss it

IV Let it drip like a simile for a while but we all jolt eventually
like candled in the sky we sputtered deafening or never once paid

attention dropping freely in the lake we drowned you
I did you
drowned

me all one lone ally

V.

Once and a time knew the Queen like a dallied duck allí
on a dancing lake I saw once writing with thisall but an s
along a lovely curve I lay back then

tell me or you love me till I hang

but still I got the dream of you
when you were sideways in a crowd
and somebody else then I blinked
it all mirrored away like he was you

mark Sir muster where you been
to crack the crown and back a'fin

see there it is no

I pined for you with thistles she says
them dangling you prickling I pined
and pressed you deep and through

do you like that your there hand in my cloud of a head
but aye you shuddered and felt her hair fall past

old I found a lover left her young

but you shan't stick it to a blackboard no
repulsive little thing like its ally's core sin
—like then how I love you in scratches and dust

wrong all wrong away

the charm atop the strange I saw that Avalon there day
upon a sword and troubled land

We then will split
as if as were it was
a gamma jittering
like the polarized
git and bit I stop
was then
but that was
then

where here

your Majesty I spunked across the pond
spelunked along the lawn and Alpy glanced
coda Dancing it but it we we we we we mated upon a windowsill

Author's Note

for the Readers Confused

I wrote Quarksummer Nights in the summer of 2008, a month after finishing my novel **gstepl**. I'd put about everything I knew about writing into that book — stylistic experiments, personal confessions — and worried, the way pretentious 17-year-olds do, that I might have prematurely burnt myself out. The catalyst for this poem was Philip Glass's minimalist opera **Einstein on the Beach**, which was tremendously powerful and unlike any music I'd heard. It focused on patterns and sequences and weaves rather than melodies and beats. It overwhelmed me.

Before I could properly comprehend what I'd just seen, I started writing. I didn't want to wait until **Einstein on the Beach** resolved into something comprehensible — I wanted to capture that sense of wonder and mystery. I avoided logical sentence structures, linear narration, and proper sentence construction. I felt that stripping all these things out of my writing would help me find something else lurking there. The entire thing was a whim — I wrote each section the way I felt like writing the moment I started to write it, and stopped writing when I felt like writing something new.

The result of all this was the poem you've got here, slightly rougher in form but essentially the same. It's vaguely about a couple in France who undergo a "quantum romance" with the queen that France doesn't actually have. The woman's name is likely Ally, or a number of variations on that four-letter structure. Certain words are used for their sound rather than their meaning. Some words were made up because there weren't real words that sounded like the ones I wanted.

I wrote this poem in a fit of playful discovery, and I liked what I found. I share it with you because there are still some lines that to me feel electric. Don't bother with looking for more of a meaning than you see. If you think anything, my hope is that you think what I thought that night I listened to Philip Glass for three hours in the dark:

"It can be like **this**?"