



Photograph of bobcat hounds, owned by the Cadillac Big Game Club in Cadillac, Michigan, sniffing a dead bobcat after his tumble from a tree top (1940)

GEORGE KALAMARAS

THE BOBCAT CLEANSE OF HOUNDS

“Nothing will stop me
I will bury the window
The crowns of convolvulus and mirabilis”
—André Breton, “Exhibitionistic Poem” (1931)

I will pray over the bobcat cleanse the hounds
Expel the scent of death driven forth from the forging part of their brains
Gorgeous women will not invade this death-dream
Scomber into me bogsuckers in the blackgum leaves
While I scent the spent of snow-path all the way back to Cadillac, Michigan
And the sycamore from which the bobcat fell
And the sycamore from which my childhurt fell
The sycamore from which the snow the sleet the woods
And the hidden moons of the swamp
Nothing will stop me *everything* will stop
I will bury the snow beneath three shovelfuls of cat
The blessings the sad the agonizing agri-dust will fall forth and mouth-
down
May into December will melancholy my mouth
The kindness of convolvulus mirabilis
I'll carry the hounds down to river ice and instigate baptisms of their shame
Instigate convolvulus and mirabilis
Instant death-giving instigation depths from the stung-luck the tongue
The silence that is always scent-driven screamed
Moldering with the musclewood in the stream bottom in the shrubtops
Everything will allow me *nothing* will allow
Buckskin rough I which to wear
The how and why I wish and could
Like an adventurer returning to the bold breaches of the north

Farmhands of the brain
 Worm-fence and screech owl-flight and fright
 Convolvulus mirabilis
 The secret life of plants placed forth from the tongue where splinters shiver
 Take my overcoat please give it to the bobcat both and hounds
 Give me my red flannel plaid
 This bobcat fierce and full of mending
 Three hounds that help the animal heal the giving skin
 Without belying the hide of things the tongue
 Cigars coffee chocolate luxuries of the lodge
 Convolvulus mirabilis in the brain-ways away
 I will enter the gorgeous of my dream flowers falling forth
 I will enter the sway of her hips the branch bowing and bent
 I will never forgive my forget
 No more pain nor guilt nor pleasure-seeking eat
 My secret glorious hound self will devour the bitten the cured the torn
 apart
 Places in me I'd rather forget places in my same
 And who might remit the remainder of my mouth
 And where might forfeit the sainfoin of my brain
 And what convolvulus might mirabilis reclaiming the most and the moist
 Warm branch cold branch flowering down the sound
 Bindweed morning glory sweet-potato-leaf dumbstruck in the stuck
 Trumpet-shaped flowers sexual in their hang
 Since everything's everything grows old in the old ways of growing
 We will know the instinct the hurt the cruel salt flats
 The save-well and the lame in river bottoms thornapples
 Even hound song gone wrong as when a bobcat falls face first
 And snow captures its strange markings whiskering
 More or less exact as imprints intact
 The death-stare the primordial grasp
 The monthly convolvement more or less of the freshly bayed egg
 Miraculous mirabilis rebirthed every twenty-eight days time and a-bled
 When it's snowing cats to dogs and every cliché
 In the slots of dawn goes wrong becoming two bees in the sod
 Stinging what wings us with the earth-thud
 And hounds fall forth upon the meat of their own brain

Trained into them from generations of earth moon-bits of the swampy
dark

And what I hear from the trees is a godly good sorrow

And what I hear is my voice as my own finally from the fierce and full

And what I want is a moment more than a moment's now

A love bitten into me into the tree the cat the fallen through

When we stand on the end of a branch life-lengths above the howling

And feel the agony of our own weight

The part we know should be and will be but can't

Sycamore sugar maple hickory elm

What should be seen heard worshipped through the yowling plea

But never pursued bayed at bitten bled or treed