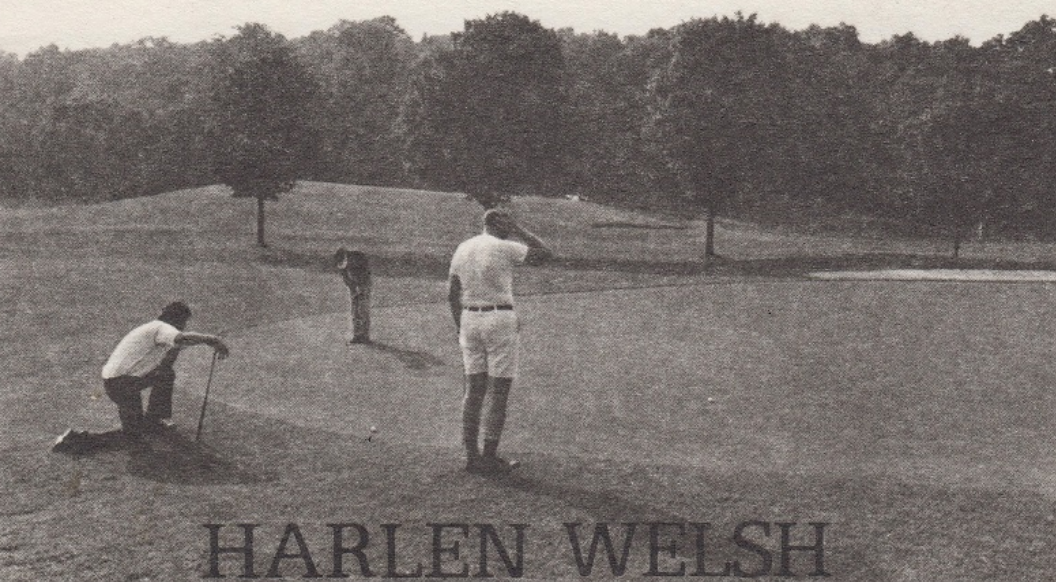
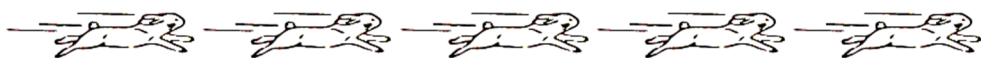


*A Ship Named Odysseus*  
FLOUNDERING IN  
THE EVERGLADES



HARLEN WELSH

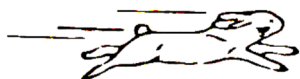




HARLEN WELSH

*A Ship Named Odysseus*

FLOUNDERING IN  
THE EVERGLADES



Manageable Antlers Press

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MAP #1  
First Edition

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This First Edition was printed in a set of 300  
Copies, 26 of which are signed and lettered by  
the Author

for Edward Batchelder



GAZING OUT TO SEE THRU A KALEIDOSCOPE GOT US LOST

Down beneath the bleachers of Calypso's isle  
Two scissors is the hour of her embrace  
Pin down the middle of comfort

you  
are  
married  
in  
the  
leaves  
of  
Ithaca  
N.Y.

Odysseus on the beach at Lesbos tries to brake into her  
Heart with a crowbar Venus \* 0 desert filling station  
Oasis, 0 concession stand \* 0 flower cotilion of bees

you  
have  
hurt  
me  
slam  
the  
suitcase  
of  
my  
heart  
on  
your  
figure



Tan peach on Fire Island, sex last night recycled  
Me: pinking shears left in the Victory Garden  
Reminded me of the sack of Illium

coaxing  
cohogs  
peeling  
in  
the  
dark  
for  
your  
fussy  
reminded  
me  
of  
the  
Trojan  
War

## TELEGONY

Poem in a bottle his life foyer to Hugh Prather  
Lost against the isle of Manhattan vs. the brand  
New Jersey...I was shaving off my BVD's

shore  
footed  
Achilles  
polishing  
Hushpuppies  
stepped  
in  
dragon  
bloodpuddles  
wet  
a  
hairbrush  
in  
a  
jar  
of  
turnpike  
seams

Panhandle selling earwax for some drachmas  
From get\*rich\*quick to get\*laid\*by\*a\*siren  
Shakespeare and the Bible are Welbilt yet cheap

knocking  
on  
your  
door  
suddenly  
had  
a  
vision  
of  
Aga\*mem\*non  
's  
tomb

Bunyan felling a tree in Maine buying ocean-front  
Puberty in Nevada, his kid Clearasils barnacles off  
His face, a Greek wearing lifts to Cornelle U.

christen  
the  
boat  
TELEGONUS  
bench  
a  
manticore  
PIGSKIN 2  
PARCHMENT 3  
by  
being  
the  
most  
popular  
tree  
in  
the  
playground

## MOON GRAZING

Rubbermaid watching the sun go crazy in the West  
My lids barely sealed still projected slides of home  
Sickness, but who can wash a broken window

typewriter  
left  
stacks  
of  
laundry  
my  
shirts  
wept  
on  
the  
line  
fresh  
ink  
drying  
on  
a  
tripwire

Odysseus dreams his porch evening's colander o'er head  
Have heard there are oceans on the moon & solar wind  
& starfish clinging to the sky

sails  
peignoirs  
but  
once  
my  
men  
raped  
sheep  
in  
the  
pasture  
of  
a  
cyclops  
with  
a  
body  
of  
stars  
that  
wore  
fenders  
by  
the  
moon

Odysseus gets a job at the pond sailing paper hats  
Crows feed under the ice, in the igloo the old  
Man's stories bore holes, anyway

THE  
END  
of  
my  
kite  
string  
baited  
with  
a  
shotglass  
dipped  
in  
Madame  
's  
kurari

WHITE BEARD TIED ABOUT MY ANKLES SO'S NOT TO DRAG IT  
IN THE DIRT

Homer re-reads Ulysses, sees Calypso rocking  
It's the wheelchair dear to him, an old ladle  
No more milk, hand cups full of shrunken pate pâté

sea  
of  
umbrellas  
evaporating  
I'll  
grow  
boats  
together  
you  
witness  
a  
stabbing  
by  
the  
sea



Odysseus runs away from home at 85 having known  
All along his yacht his ship would come in  
Handy some day

overstayed  
the  
guest  
list  
nearly  
got  
mezmerized  
by  
a  
full  
refridgerator

Odysseus gets aloft in New York City  
O those amyl nights & snowed-in all summer  
Likes the way the young live

poet  
pierced  
by  
treetops  
drinks  
subourbon  
unlocked liquor  
cabinet  
of  
his  
memory  
w\*his\*key  
hunger's  
felt  
stomach  
reminds  
me  
of  
the  
high  
seas  
sponged  
my  
two  
Manhattans





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