


Physical Geography  
as Modified by  
Human Action

Jordan Dunn

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Everything is here as it happens because we are wedded to the afterglow of words. I want to be sure you can hear me before another epoch passes our feelings by, distilling the perch on poplar for crow. When my nervous pieces migrate to new landscapes, I sense some acidity in memory as a cause. Even though the cicada's calling song disrupts the perfect unions across the landscape, there exists an exchange between them, like thin histories developing side points to vanish within dusk.



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## INTRODUCTION

poetry composed within the landscape page confinement—direct appropriation—land use history—poetry as mapmaking—affection for ambient wanderings within a text—landscape photographs as rectangular framing devices—light appropriation—the public domain prose styles of natural historians—anxiety and the ocular moment—animation of footnotes—walking as a form of transcription—conversation interleaved with silence—landscapes taken into the mind, then filtered back out of the mind

DEADWOOD UNDER PINES

the outer creation provides language for the  
descriptions of the inward creation—lilies  
below cumulus—cottonwood advantage  
in the coot and its cumulus—what makes  
a place break apart as evening fans flame  
to flame—union of nervous pieces as their  
adjacent forms blossom—the subject released  
to nuance and pleasure—white noise in  
the combinations of becoming—spatial  
references, evaporative moments, and  
exchanges between thin histories—endurance  
at the name event and its disruptions inside  
the foreground

distribution of vapor  
in the color lines  
of equal variation—

minuteness  
of the  
ultimate particles  
of matter—  
lines of alternate horary phenomena  
and their action  
on light—coincidence of the lines  
of equal  
magnetic intensity  
in the lines  
of perpetual snow—the observation  
of common  
names below  
an atmosphere of maples—

lily is to buckthorn  
    is to egret  
    is to cottonwood  
is to coot and cumulus—

Sightlines from the shore gather together shifting harmonies,  
    bundled by repetition and soft nourishment  
in the combinations of becoming, like blossoms opened upon the waterscape.

—lily is to lily  
    is to egret  
    is to lily  
is to coot and cumulus  
    is to coot and cottonwood—

the outer creation provides language  
for the descriptions of the inward creation—

— water lily sightline —



The objects in the foreground

— water lily — buckthorn — egret —

appear to move more quickly than those

in the other ground

— cottonwood — coot — cumulus —

despite moving into reflections, or in the case of the vegetation,  
accepting speed as a kind of spatial reference by which to grow plentiful in actual character.

The subject is composed this way, as a solid kind of thing stuck in the middle  
of an evaporative moment.

Even though the cicada's calling song disrupts the perfect union of my nervous pieces,  
there exists an exchange between them,

like thin histories developing side points to vanish within the conditions of dusk.

Time will move us beyond these conditions

and release the field guides to floridity like an eroding  
wave pattern

recorded in sound if not in function, supplying nuance

and pleasure to the white noise within me.

often, bellwethers disturb  
my middle ground,

	what makes a place
	my place a thing—
	an endurance
	in the name event
cardinal	correlates
twitches	my terminus
squirrel	to your terminus—

deadwood under pines,  
we break apart limb to limb,  
fan flame to flame with evening,

keep the smoke heavy, carry carried off to carry  
light into and around our correlation.

TOOTHWORT AND MAYAPPLES

moonlit illumination of loons—envelopment and the importances of hemlocks—watercress compounding the narrower streams of our conversation—firelight and its importance in circular patterns of the self—dusk inside of me, essences behind eyes, and the myth of the yellow birch—regions of noise, disturbance, trail adventures, and the migratory instincts of cranes circling overhead—proportion of destruction in species identification—chorus frogs, eastern redbuds, raptures, and demonstrations of second growth language—pink to reddish purple flowers and the inhalation of their immaterial essence before the violence of summer storms—public harmonies bred successfully in damage units that regulate the boundaries of our imagination—riparian logs, upland toothwort, dissolution of memory, dimensional contributions, and the north side of canyons—a specifically distinguishable sentient harmony—

boxelders,

thrushes,

placement

in the fact of things

occupations for senses  
whose forms prove incalculable  
to economic character

recognizable  
daily  
experience

delineating the forest edge

and my higher consideration of systems

passing between regions of daylight in memory— the placement of my knowledge within my body in time—  
     I know there is illumination alongside you because there is dusk inside of me—  
         the hemlocks endorse their own darkness through this darkness of mine—  
             do not bring your noise of mind  
 beneath this yellow birch, three piles of soil  
         for the boy who plays with red spades and buckets in firelight—  
 —senses of self if loons wail  
         ricochet fear subsides—  
 my body having come from there, in motion, beside you, because of you, to saunter near the cabin,  
     having been together with our influences in such importance, to long for a time with movement—  
         namely, the perennial occurrence, to name it so, as movement away from  
     The placement of our knowledge                      the myth and exclusive pleasures  
 within our net sociality, this art which serves it        bridging the narrower streams of our conversations.  
     by taking disturbance into account,  
 and the movement of our trail adventure in a looping pattern to provide the foundation for an adequate finish.  
 I know there is an essence behind your eyes, and I know  
     there is an essence behind my eyes. This notion may no longer envelop us with individual meanings  
         and mutual trust when we stop to consider the migratory instinct  
             of cranes circling overhead.

I walk eastward. My anxiety exhibits a snapshot effect upon the landscape.  
Instead of establishing feelings as movements out of the station of discontent,  
my higher considerations of utility make nothing more than an occupation for my senses.

The female grosbeak returns to the feeder daily.  
I am learning how to be quiet with her.  
Beyond the property line is another property line.  
The blue jays fly from side to side,  
collecting peanut shells with their glory.  
Whenever I imagine that I have put too much faith in systems,  
I remember how daily experience with spring beauties  
produces the most powerful influence  
upon the life and action of others.

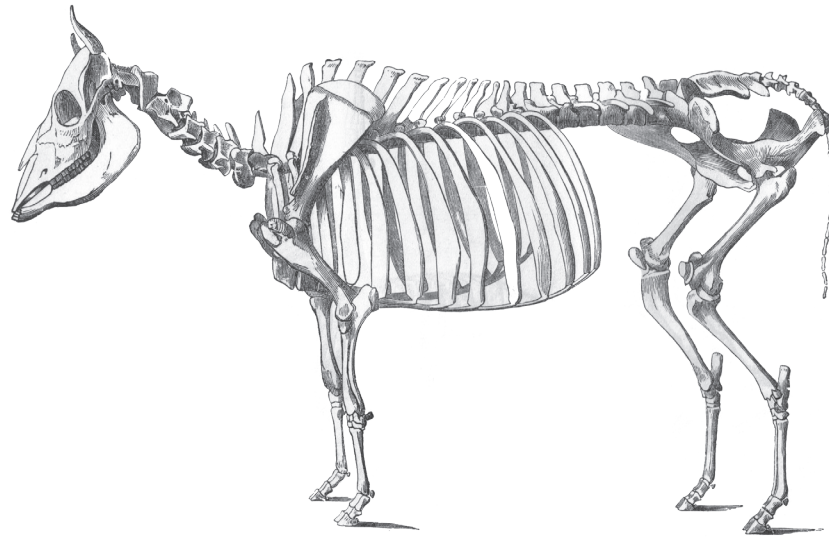
My occupation is apprehended by such things,  
and evolves into a body that must unbind desire  
as it approaches the melodious tone  
delineating the forest edge,  
which itself is unbound from a recognizable placement in the fact-of-things.

I desire to activate my movement westward,  
but the pieces prohibit me like sharp edges ascending  
above matter or  
sepals.

Once the boxelders prime spring  
perception with leaf out,  
the hermit thrush may,  
for a moment,  
perch upon  
dryad's saddle, and the dimmer,  
flat light beneath will be scattered by shadows  
whose forms prove incalculable to economic character.

It is an interesting and hardly noticed fact, that the violence of summer storms  
can destroy all cultivated plants while sparing those of spontaneous growth.  
The corn will be put asunder, but the forest trees will pass through the essence of the storm  
with scarcely the loss of a leaflet. The permanence of form  
provided by the spirit is hollow and ineffectual unless multiplied out  
with the proportion of destruction warranting general conclusions.  
Do not let this be a limiting boundary regulating your performance at the picnic table.  
My mood meanders casually into your mood like a spring breeze among eastern redbuds,  
my daily mean temperature like your daily mean temperature,  
a specifically distinguishable 55 degrees, producing a remarkable display  
of pink to reddish purple flowers that precede leafing.  
Our inner-populations will adorn one another with sentient harmony,  
hidden like mortality beneath toothwort and mayapples.

<sup>20</sup> Unlike nature, climax models are a thing I enjoy approaching but cannot control.  
The longest term advantage in identifying a species is the self-regard one exhibits  
to others, like basking on a log employed in riparian matters chiefly, a dimensional  
contribution eliminating the need for secondary growth. The path before us serves as  
an event horizon that regulates the boundaries of our imagination. What I give out to  
this demonstration of language will be measured solely by the dissolution of its own  
beginning in the subject of memory. I remember how the easiest route resulted in my



possession of the uplands due to the inundation of the more direct lowlands, although I approached the opportunity to inhale the impossible splendor earth and ice emits on the north side of cherries while listening to the rapturous exposure tuned by chorus frogs. The cherries are immune to hostile classes of human use due to their immaterial essence in the month of March, and much like the chorus frogs, react upon their earthly home without reference to human action as a cause. There was a period when we were abandoned by public harmonies in order to breed successfully in our damage unit.

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