

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Nate Pritts: In Singing Pieces

Nate Pritts · Thursday, June 6th, 2013

Nate Pritts is the founder and editor of *H_NGM_N* literary journal and *H_NGM_N* BKS. His full-length collections of poetry include *Sensational Spectacular* (2007), *Honorary Astronaut* (2008), and *The Wonderfull Yeare: a shepherd's calendar* (2010), *Big Bright Sun* (2010), and *Sweet Nothing* (2011).

MATERIALS (1)

*Winter here is a season of silence
and safety,* wrote Shelley.

You read in the evening
because you need to stay calm
& only sentences soothe the broken pieces
of your intellect of your mind
that holds so clearly the different lives
you've led up to this point
that have no connection.

Somewhere in the house
you hear music a piano playing
but this is not a real message.

This is compressed data.

*The everlasting universe of things
Flows through the mind,*

wrote Shelley. Words suture the life
of this moment to the continuing one
in your head. The one
that you left & carry within you.

It's too late in the season for snow
but it happens anyway wet flakes
ridiculous & clumsy on the new green.

No one can see this kind of sadness
the way you've changed yourself
that you can no longer connect.

But the flame it generates is immense
more terrible than the whole empty sky.

In the evening you read
something you don't want to end.

The Difficult Fruit

I don't want to spend fifteen minutes wondering
 about what to make for dinner
 or about time when to start preparing
 & how to balance all of the things I may try to do
 which gets immediately limited by all the things
 I am actually doing. I don't want to worry about
 what's happening in this photo on the wall.
 In fact, I want to remove this photo from the wall
 so that it can stop being not a mirror or I can turn
 its dull face to the wall. I will slow down
 & drink fresh coffee at any hour of the day & not worry
 about how it will keep me up all night.
 I will slow down & stop using ampersands
 to extend my sentences in an artificial way
 that any reader can see through. The substance
 grows thin but the fingers keep talking
 through huge drifts of snow
 which border the driveway. I will spend all afternoon
 acting like a lunatic on patrol walking the neighborhood
 so I can imagine what is happening or else
 what has happened but I will never worry
 about what will never happen. At home
 quiet on the kitchen table
 is my new painting *The Difficult Fruit*.
 It contains a whole box of memories
 it contains my voice singing
 it contains so many images that are dead
 & are in no way the real thing
 they hoped to be. See them shimmering.
Cultural Weekly is proud to premiere these poems.

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