

PANTHERS

Panthers contains 31 poems by poet Michael Dennis Browne. The book is illustrated with photographs by Wilber "Chip" Schilling. Published by Indulgence Press.

The poems are brief and act as suggestions for larger thoughts brought by the reader. Browne suggests that the poems are best read while in a hypnogogic or hypnopompic state of mind, while entering or waking from sleep, when one is most imaginative and contemplative.

The book's design creates a peaceful meditative environment through the placement of the poems and photographs on the page. The text shifts from horizontal to vertical throughout the book. The reader must physically turn the actual printed and bound book to read it. This action creates a rhythm for the reader.

Thanks for viewing : reading.

The printed and bound edition

Panthers was produced in a limited edition of 151 copies during the winter of 2007. *Panthers* was printed, illustrated and bound by Wilber "Chip" Schilling at Indulgence Press in Minneapolis. Teddie Lhost interned as production assistant. The standard and deluxe edition books are set in Filosofia and Reykjavik type. 125 numbered standard edition copies are printed letterpress with giclée printed photographs on Moab Entrada paper. 26 lettered deluxe edition copies are printed letterpress on MacGregor & Vinzani hand-made paper, with cyanotype prints, on kitakata paper.

This pdf version of the book is made available to you for free, courtesy of Indulgence Press and Michael Dennis Browne. If you would like to purchase a physical copy of the book please contact the press, <http://www.indulgencepress.com/Books/Panthers.html>

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For my brother

Michael Dennis Browne

Indulgence Press 2007

PANTHERS

LEOPARDS IN THE TEMPLE

Leoparden brechen in den Tempel ein und saufen die Opferkrüge leer; das wiederholt sich immer wieder; schließlich kann man es vorausschätzen, und es wird ein Teil der Zeremonie.

Franz Kafka

Leopards break into the temple and drink up the contents of the sacrificial vessels until they're empty; they do it again and again; eventually one can anticipate their behavior and it becomes part of the ceremony.

Translated by Peter Firchow

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PANTHERS





Forest of Dean

our mother walks
into the trees
until we see her
no more

we follow, walk
where she walked
bend to touch
the flowers

she grows
as she goes

Horses

keep hearing them
along the river

making the leaves crack
making the coins spin

in the streets
of the city of horses

where it is always
raining or grieving

George Rex

mad in
the night
as I
was meant
to be

After Lorca

there was nothing in there
you could have wanted
just an empty room
with three horses in it

there was nothing in there
you could have taken

just a painting on the wall
sealed to the wall
with the blood
of some creature

just the portrait
of an owl staring out
from the eyeball
of a horse

there was nothing
inside the page
nothing inside the ink
that did not echo

nothing with wings
nothing with reliable sorrow

Driving in Fog, Op. 131

not hearing

where

I am going

After Anna Swir

steered as I slept
dreaming of Angela

my sister near

last night began
the book

Freeing the Soul from Fear

fell asleep reading
almost rear-ending

a blue car
wet with white

blossoms of alphabet

meaningless vehicle
of the kind

I dream of driving.

Driving in Fog

maybe borrow

this fog

for my life

My Sister Holding Her Hat in a High Wind

not Angela, actually
somebody's sister

in America

on a street corner
where I am being made

mad by wind

At the Convent

I dance with my pearly Dad
I dance with my auntie the nun

I eat the awful sandwiches

Primitive

the time I was caught by the leg
in the snare and bled dry

the time the crow rushed into my eye
shook there till she flew free

(my eye misses the bird
my leg the snare)

Incision

one edge Iraq
one edge Tsunami

nor think they
will ever close

Wash Wish

what the tree means when
there's a grief in the air

wash wish

by the tree I mean the pine
by the pine I mean the moan

wash wish

when the leaves when some
saying of wind to be done

wash wish

by the leaves I mean the needles
by the needles I mean the pain

wash wish

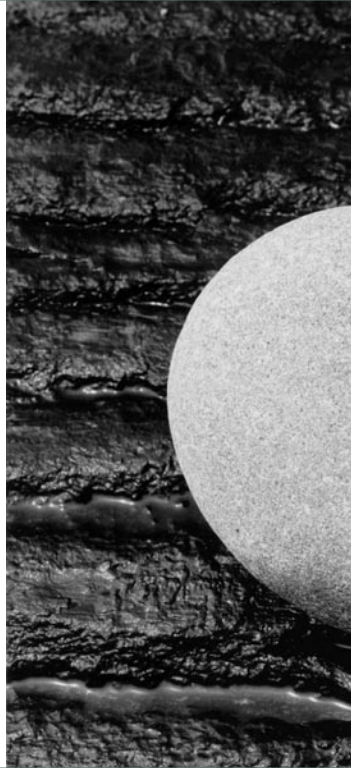
when the need when some
swaying of pain to be sewn

Ivory-Billed Woodpecker

return of the legendary
Lord God Bird

you who will one day
wipe away

all tears





Beach

I was on a beach
I was a wild stone

the wind blew me all
about the world

though I was stone

Panthers

seen

running

among

the

meanings

When My Old Teacher

when my old teacher

when my sis

when my dad

when up worrying

when my old worried

when in the night

little wine oasis

little feeble scenario

when old

when my

died

River

one day the midwife
bent over and was busy

and then my river
of a boy began

Queens

several of the queens of England
hide in me
in fear
for their barren lives

several of Henry's queens,
trembling

Small Hours

Is that dust on your sleep or gold?

Is that sleep on your eyes or dust?

Is that flesh on your arm or bone?

Teaching Too Long

taking the old

cloth from

the drawer

wiping blood

from their desks

after discussion.

Sadness

there's an amount
of sadness out back.

is it yours,
by any chance?

try it

as an adult
or as a child.





The Children

the children come into the dream
because there are so many roads

in pairs, in threes
or one who is alone

they do not say *it should have been*
they say *it is so* and *it is so*

we cannot keep them
from leaving

on to the next dream
and the next
and the next

worn coats and pants
and shirts and shoes

no bread, no soup
for the journey

on to the next dream
and the next
and the next

it is so

Flame

not able to say
that the flame
does not suffer

not able to know
what the flame
may have given up

to be the flame

Candle

not enough
love because

not enough

w
a
x

Pen

I want the pen to have what the guitar seems to want and to have
I don't want what the clock seems to miss and possess
Give the pen what the guitar has and it wants

You

you with a canoe
for a head—
don't paddle your child
backwards!

Old Car

your Dad drives some old car
I seen him

your Dad's old, too
I seen the rust on him

got a convertible head
know what I mean?

yeah I seen
the rust on him

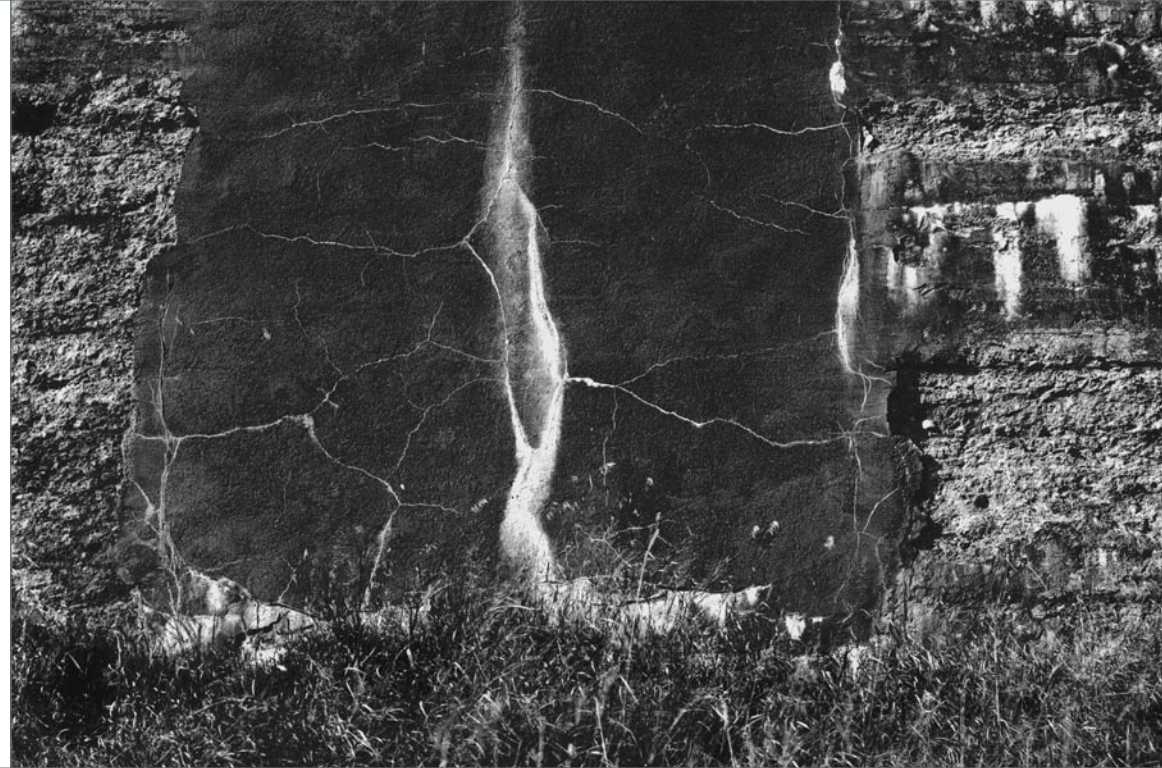
After Anna Swir, Again

old pearl with no shine
old shine of the subtle secret

old brain of pearl
old pearl Bible of the one page

pearl infant asleep
pearl dog dreaming

pearly scripture gleaming
impenetrable pearl masterpiece



Jazz Bandage

dusk

as the words

begin their slide

and the evening

of meaning

is here

Blind

you do not steer on this
wide river

the captain is not
asleep at the wheel

*is blind and is
your captain*

no one
complains

he being
the most

recommended
of guides

such a captain

Brief

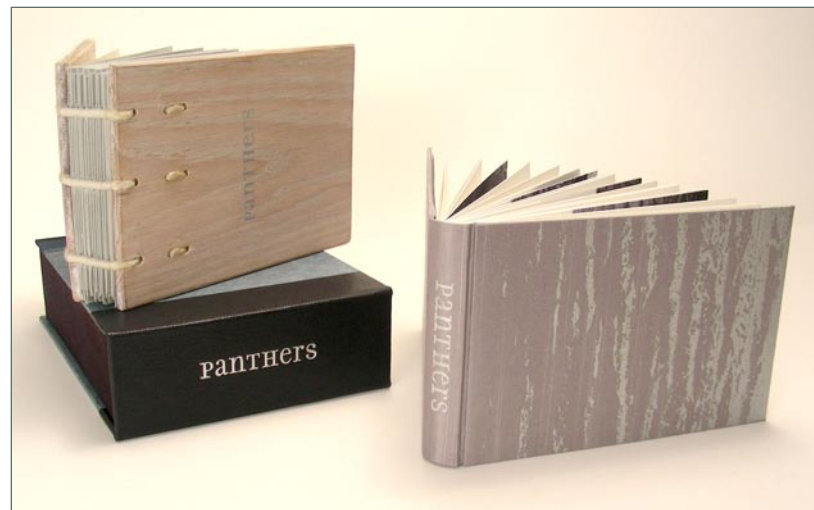
Dear

Isaac

Dear

Sarah

Dear



Deluxe edition

Standard edition