

## Draft 78: Buzz Track

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*“Draft 78: Buzz Track” is based on the transcription of bird song, and through that transcription, the poem argues that we need new pronouns. We don’t have enough for the ontological, ecological and ethical situations we are in.*



**Draft 78: Buzz Track**

In the urban scavenger tradition  
 in the beaded angel tradition,  
 a chatter, a ramble and  
 completely itiomatic, yes

in the pluck dark in-purp, pupa-pack  
 tradition of stuffed grape leaves making  
 butterflies, joke (but more),  
 all pica pica magpie, all blowing  
 treble shimmer and naked splendor,  
     a piping switt-witt-witt, and ah-I in alarm,  
 rouge  
     splashing water  
             and unparsable thoughts:  
                             all are present, here.

Each single word, each labile letter  
 opens a mini-world  
 from particular presence and long implication.  
 Then they and we, you and I, he, she, and it  
 pronominal volunteers  
 reflect and refract  
 infinitudes of twirls and networks.

There are little sounds  
 swung hinged  
 in the woods;  
 lucid rrrrr-  
 rambles of high pitched notes  
 whistle a true twsee-ee  
 warble a tune wow.

The melody "children go where I"  
 a minute later  
 "send thee"  
 then after beat,  
 the off bleat  
 blehhh  
 ("raspberry")

Honey skep

Overlip.

S/one stalks those sprechstimme blues.

Yeah, it's noise that stays noise, *nous* saying news,  
 with a go and a blow and a ho-T-ho  
 and a We and a twee and a twisted three  
 cawing heh-heh-heh  
 and hoo-poo-poo,  
 and KUK oo,  
 random biddings  
 swoop to the road, lope, this torsion and pip  
 that loop around the fitted middle of "home."

Birddwingg, and the creamy cloud of sky.  
 High scintillation and undulate Uncanny,  
 "low, far-carrying, ringing laugh"  
 charged with Aspect-variant luminosity.

Given such trails of bricolage and randomness, such  
 sieve passages and catch obituaries,  
*it* articulates best as tru-it, pipp-it, it-it.  
 It's Multiple exposure of the bright debris.

Similarly  
*yiou* and *thwe* and *wey* and *hheer*  
 emerge on the pronoun grid,  
 as what we always knew but never before said.

And on those premises, Thwe and Tsee-tsee  
 double up, combine,  
 it is the strangest thing—  
 enormous, chryselephantine  
 in a precious intention:

our pronouns sound of birds.

To substitute for nouns, it's birds.

Hwaet?

Here's the pitch—  
 Here's argument:

We need more pronouns.

How else to link us, who we really are:

The sound of thwe or yiou will do.

Pronouns, very birds.

We veery truly.

Full spectrum of persons,  
but webbed in feathers.  
Cheep sharp, chirp flat,  
So-called “me” as it-it-it.  
Real pronouns at the merge  
of boundary  
in such a way as this entanglement  
manifests ever more attractive labyrinths  
in which glistening relations link-link.  
Crows chase off the honey buzzard,  
buzzard stalks the crows. It’s no picnic.  
But that’s what’s here. Try to get it.  
Me-she. Me-it.  
Beak beak.

## CODA

“Rich, mellow, melodious warble,  
Fluted notes  
Often with weak, chuckled ending.”

A moving thing, the  
I of the blackbird.

Blackbird whistle (Y) i-o-u  
descending a sequence called letters  
solo concerto without orchestra

leaves  
on the  
ayre  
ebb  
esque?

## OTHER CODAS

A) Every hairy bit of matter and its sound,  
 noise shed like light upon the littler  
 noises darkening below syntax,  
 such hubbub under the sidereal  
 such ferny ferns and grassy grass and rosy rose  
 reveal a chiaroscuro push-pull. Call it hope.  
 This seems somewhat sentimental?  
 But if it continues to be true

we'll have lucked  
 totally out.

B) The air being  
 polyphonous  
 bliss, the world  
 being criss-crosst  
 spectra of intercut waves, and that  
 shimmery stuff  
 being the high-protein hairgrass of  
 precarious apprenticeships,  
 we could try to be content  
 grazing on this  
 fine and implacable abyss.

really  
 it's—  
 what?  
 feeling again that  
 it's irresistible.

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*Notes to "Draft 78": "aspect-variant luminosity" (phrase from P.J. Kennelly and J.A. Kimmerling—geographers, source unremembered). Information on the European Black-bird, and the collected sounds of other birds in Umbria (European gold finch, green woodpecker, blue tit, sparrow, swallow, crow, cuckoo, hoopoe) from Collins Field Guide: Birds of Britain and Europe. Roger Peterson, Guy Mountfort, and P.A.D. Hollom; HarperCollins Publishers, 2004: 182, 225, 157, 208, 164, 156. Poem is on the "line of two."*