

# 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).

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### 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.

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### *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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