

december 2011

the poetry collection

# holiday broadside



featuring

john ashbery & ginny o'brien



Ginny O'Brien  
*Canyonlands*, 2011  
Paint, paper, reactive-dye printed cloth fragments,  
marker, gel medium on canvas  
30" x 40"

## Palmy

Not beaten to a pulp, not even tapped  
on the shoulder in the crowd at noon  
by a well-meaning but careless friend,  
then left to sink under your own regard.  
So what if children don't dance, and burghers  
recall their dignitas? It was your scruples  
brought us here. I first read you that.  
The time to go home has been now.

He will have thickened, your vast friend,  
always sentient for what their agents  
might deploy, then barren, less hybrid, sustained  
by a mood. Shadows replace what looked  
dappled then, when there were fewer takers,  
more points of origin, less evaluation. More brass,  
less hubris. It all balances out in the opposite  
current that keeps us alive, the baleful  
and the artless. Fathers, sons, accountants, cars  
asked us to keep their place. We grew innocent.

– John Ashbery

This version of the Poetry Collection's 2011 Holiday Broadside is published in an edition of 1,200. There is also a limited letterpress edition of 100, of which the first 50 have been signed by the poet and the artist.

