



SURREAL POETICS

The resolution of dream and reality into a kind of absolute reality
... a surreality. (Andre Breton, Manifesto of Surrealism, 1924)

In poetry, an image must . . .

combust.

~ Brenda Yates

"II. MARTINI, BITTERS, COCKTAIL"

Imagine the prairie upside down—
grasses feeding roots
rather than the other way round—

no head-high flames to sweep unchecked
across bluestem, dropseed, or stiff goldenrod

no cycle of loss and renewal
rebirthing flowers, bitter weeds,
mega-fauna or the ubiquitous lead-plant shrubs,

but if Aristotle believed the heart was the organ of thought & sensation,
didn't he predict Duchamp's urinal? Can art be the object itself?
No? Where do you draw the line? —at Warhol? Yes? Because
his Brillo Box was a made thing?—an artwork identical to the object
which is different?

~ ABOUT THE POET ~

Brenda Yates is from nowhere. She grew up as a military brat in a dozen different places but none of them are anything like she remembers. Her first book of poems, *Bodily Knowledge*, was released by Tebot Bach in 2015. "Poetic intuition" is that unguarded literary wellspring of accidental orgasm.