

2017

Naos Explains Everything Via Crumbs

José Angel Araguz
Linfield College

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Naos Explains Everything
Via Crumbs

poems



begin



I n t r o d u c t i o n

Hansel and Gretel and Naos walked into the woods...

...which is to say we're treading on familiar ground, fables, proverbs,
aphorisms, crumbs...

...come to think of it, I believe this should start: One day a poet, an editor, and
two other editors walked into a submission together and Naos started his
explaining...

...crumb to think of it...

...then Naos turned to the kids and said: You're really making a mess of
things, but at least the birds behind us are happy...

...and one editor said: There should be a poem called Naos Explains
Everything...

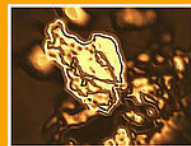
...and the outcrumb is Naos staring at his kitchen table until everything
explains itself to him...

...a poet, a reader, and Naos walk into an introduction...

...and so I continue to follow where Naos leads to...

...and you're welcome to crumb along...

José Angel Araguz, somewhere in the woods of western Oregon, 2017



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This is a

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chapbook

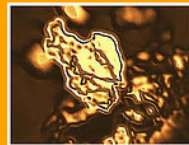
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from the meeting of mother father we
crumb



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(ii)

cremated or buried, all
are crumbs

one leaves behind



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(iii)

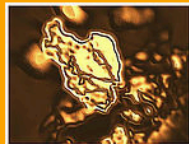
crumbs cling to lips
some

conversation continues

fall some hold—

were you to look down from the sky
each one of us

a crumb holding,
a crumb falling



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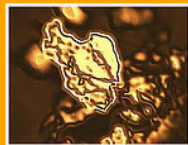
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(iv)

crumbs are cleared away
from hands from table

a symbol of being in the way
scattered

at the end, we clear away—



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(v)

whatever food the eyes are made of
is eaten by joys by sorrows

the crumbs spill across the face, a table
overrun with light



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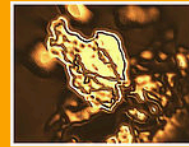
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(vi)

rain
of crumbs

clouds clearing their table



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(vii)

a crumb breaks off becomes crumb;
a crumb breaks off from that

—who remains crumb?



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(viii)

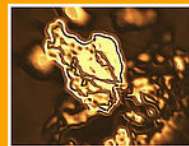
there is the thinker who saw infinity
in the paring down of a thing

by half and then that half by half

and on, believing you
could never reach
nothing,

there would always be
a half—

the problem of Xeno
breaks down
the problem of crumbs



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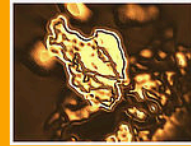




(ix)

the ant is Atlas under a crumb—

Atlas carries the crumb of the earth—



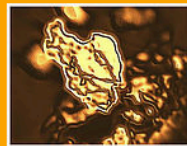
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(x)

Poetry as a matter of crumbs:
hinting at the food of experience

from what little
falls behind.



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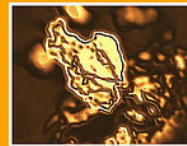


(xi)

Had the men writing the Bible waited longer,
it might have been,

not ashes to ashes, dust
to dust, but rather

from crumbs
to crumbs.



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(xii)

Salt: a rock ground in order to crumb to taste.



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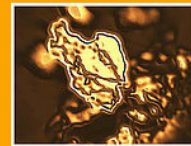


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(xiii)

Skin flakes: crumbs from the body.

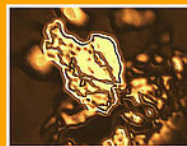


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(xiv)

You
can
eat
crumbs
sure,
but
—are
they
ever
enough?



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(xv)

In the morning, we clear crumbs from our eyes
left from the long meal of a dream.



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(xvi)

crumb another word
from the body for the body



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(xvii)

The way a seed separates from fruit
and becomes more,

the crumb grows into taste
on the tongue.



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(xviii)

In Spanish, crumb goes as *miga*,
is carried by *hormiga*,

diminished in *enemiga*
and befriended in *amiga*—

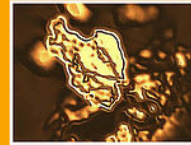


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(xix)

dust motes in sunlight,
crumbs made of light—



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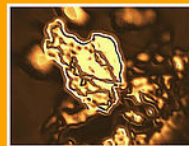
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(xx)

crumbs are what is left
when one is done—

the table of this page
catches what I cannot finish—



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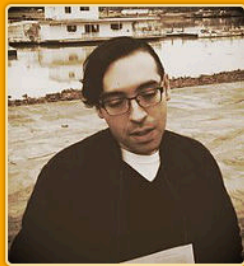
(xxi)

hoping to keep track of
where we have been,

we leave a trail of crumbs—
all we see and want and
fail to remember
leaves us
when we turn around



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José Angel Araguz is a CantoMundo fellow and the author of six chapbooks as well as the collections *Everything We Think We Hear* (Floricanto Press) and *Small Fires* (FutureCycle Press). His poems, prose, and reviews have appeared in *RHINO Poetry*, *New South*, and *Queen Mob's Tea House*. He runs the poetry blog *The Friday Influence* and teaches English and creative writing at Linfield College in McMinnville, Oregon. For more *Naos* on *Right Hand Pointing*, [click here](#).

