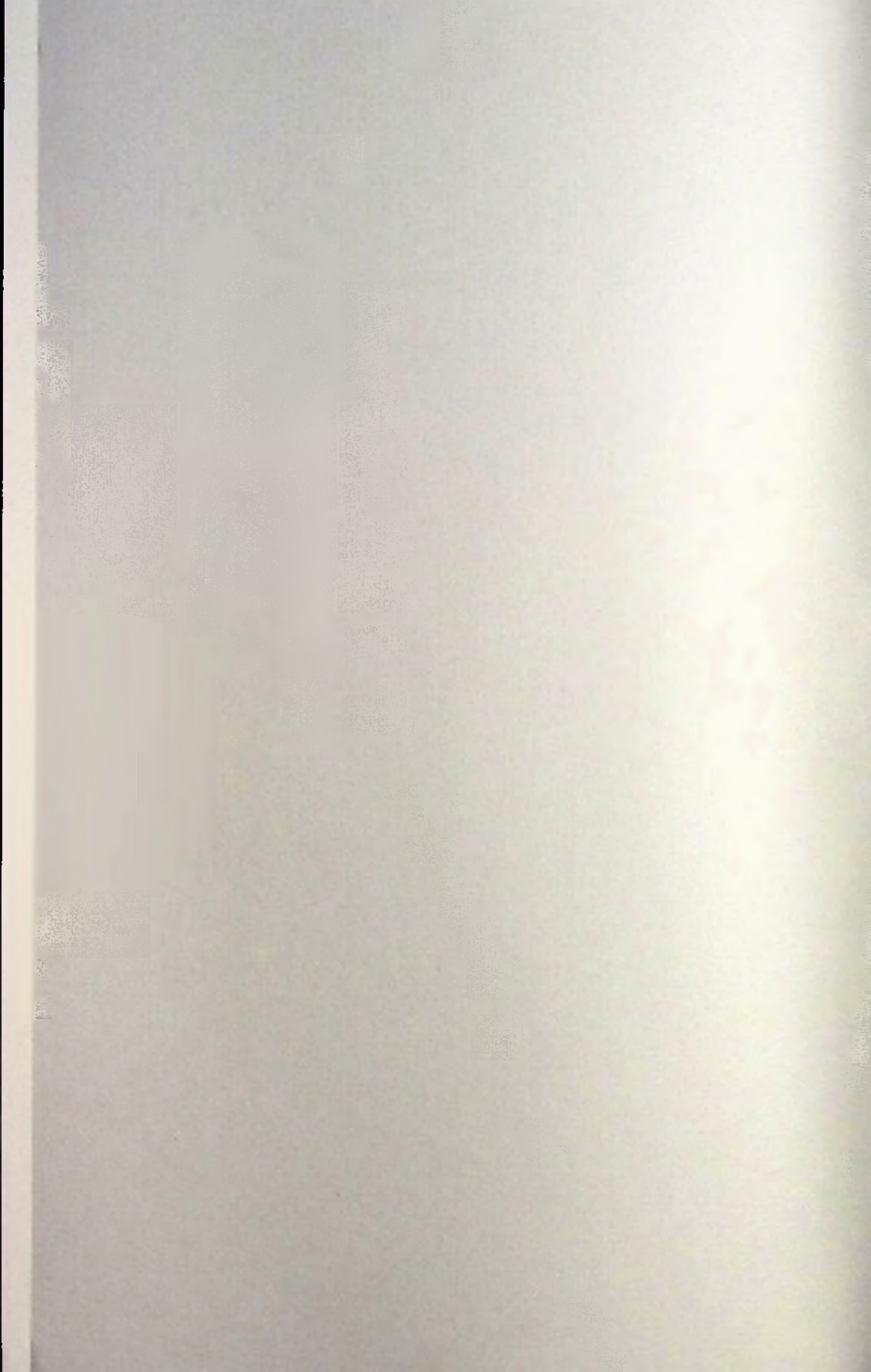


RESTORATION POEMS

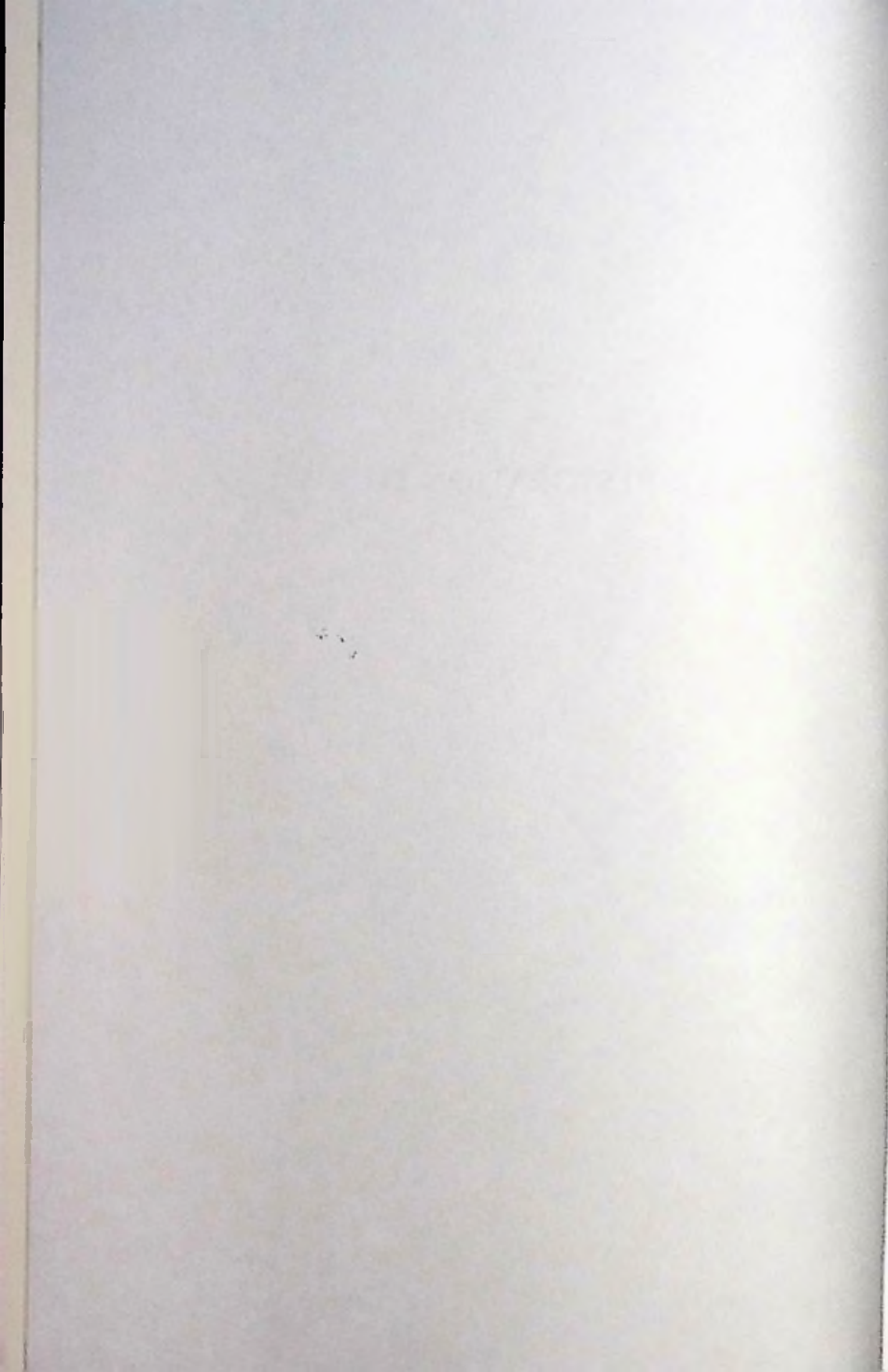
1972 2007



ED BAKER

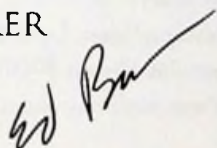


RESTORATION POEMS



RESTORATION POEMS

ED BAKER

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Ed Baker', slanted upwards to the right.

国
谷

COUNTRY VALLEY PRESS

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FIRST EDITION

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Cover photo of the author by Carol Baker
Rear photo by David Goss

Some of the poems appeared in *Athamor*,
Shuttle, *Cold Spring Journal*, *Flute*, and in
Restoration Letters: 1972-1978 (tel-let, 2001)

the
world
and

the
earth
is
a
stage

and
we
are
the
actors
in
the
play

and
we
are
the
actors
in
the
play

and
we
are
the
actors
in
the
play

and
we
are
the
actors
in
the
play

and
we
are
the
actors
in
the
play

and
we
are
the
actors
in
the
play

and
we
are
the
actors
in
the
play

1875-1876

1876-1877

1877-1878

1878-1879

1879-1880

1880-1881

1881-1882

1882-1883

1883-1884

1884-1885

1885-1886

1886-1887

1887-1888

this
wood
hard

handhewn
rough
set-pegs

art
put in order
shape of a
house

hard as
white
wash
flaking

on the floor
sawdust

tracks in the
acreage
to and from
the outhouse

just beyond the
summer kitchen
beyond oak
trees north
towards Hanover

cross the frozen
cornfield

early
frost

This one

smell of
just cut
timber

grain
of
bare oak

slash-cut
from end
to end

squared
towards
an
eye

against
vertical

rise

into
early
light
swirls

apple
wood

fire

light
towards
breathing

beams
set
on
Stone

bed-rock
found
ation

1723

wood
to
rock

corners
dove
tailed

notches
cut
deep

enough

marriage
pulls
walls

towards
center

shift
lateral
weight

transference
depends

plank
joist
beam
stone
earth

from
zero
go s

into
foundation

old
slate

each
slab

different
fit

cellar
dug
out

material

exact
opening

chinked
w a secret
mix

space
shape

restoration

logs
expose

absence
of
nails

reveal is
pegged
together

rift-cut
oak
at the
joining s

outward
thrust

walls
hold
self

adz
cuts
mark
wood

time
when
struck

where
place
is

issue

logs
vibrate

tung oil
wipes

w rag

into
glow

red
tones

fire
source

slabs
make
warmth

light

tiny
flowers

purple
grapes

just

pattern
time
dry-peels

bark

dark/skins

sun
pitch

oak

stain
on
hands

on
logs
let

-in

discoloration
towards

progression

grain
rubbed
wood

bleached
rings
highlight
dark to

light

ash
beech
oak

maple

switch
patterns

instantaneous

floor
out

circulation

into
the
opened
space

eye
follows
line

to
center

post
balance
single
beam

throw
off

light

differentiate

nothing
in-house

square

eye

not
one
way

to force

a single
thing

dust
settled
into

piles
become
their
own

dirt

everywhere
skel is
house

re vealed

bare
room

I
sit
exhausted

stare at
knot

from log to log to
just over

hands
face
cover
is
dust

everywhere

nine
tons
of
plaster

stripped

moved
outside

pile
of

horse
hair

crushed
oyster
shells

lime/dust

billows
w each
pail up

dumped

barnyard
move s
towards

full waste

floor
out

finally

sections
piled
in
neat
rows

for
winter

splintered
floor
boards

hard
wood
settles
issue

log
walls
up
up

up

how to put
new materials
into old

spaces

so that they
look as if

they've always
been

the line of
sight the
eyes bring



"between / logs / chimneys / eaves" w/ Ben 28
 7.11.1972

hip
jacks
charred

rafters
to
sky

beyond

shape
of

mortar

shaft
of
light

through

cut
back
to
attic

night

the
floor
out

re lease

leap
in

draught
is
precise
to

measure
ment
change
is
on
paper

adequate

drawn
towards

dawn

extends
night

split
timber

shaved

scarfed

bear ing
joist
run
horizontal

post
re moved

space
transformed

room
open

plates

caps

dbld

2 x 4
sets

plumb

line
centers

16 inches

bridge
one-to-one

pine/spruce
lain
flat

and
tight
ly
fit

eyes
follow
the lines

of a
joist

oak

solid

rough-
cut
2 x 6 x 18

appropriate
run

notch to notch

pegs in

span
now
balcony

lead s to
walk-in

rail
from
edge

over-
looking

space
ten feet
below

high
room
opens

upward !

COLLINS CONCRETE PRODUCTS CO.,INC.

June 6 1974

2 sand ton 6.50

13.00

15 Blue Bond 1.90

28.50

Delivery
10.00

51.50

3.09

tax

\$54.59

Total

Paid. cash, in advance

yellow
sand
screened

into
wheelbarrow

Blue Bond
mixed
1 to 3

water
to
dry
mix

hoed
to
gray

wet
paste

just
so

get s
going

mortar
board

12 squared
inches
to
force
mud
w trowel

face
diamond
shape
squeegeed
into
wire-mesh

paste
consistent
w need

sets
up
between
logs

as though
brush marks
always there

hands
raw

Acrol-lime
mix

punge
gives
chalk
chinking

it s
color

number
two

graded
yellow

sand

screened

finest
grains
to
work
into

mix

water
cement

back
hoe
pulling
through

shovel
Thoroseal

cup one
Acrol

concentrate

brush
wet

keep
damp
let

cure

between
logs

chinking
cures

Let-in
brace

four
corners

against
lateral
shift

against
house
racking

long
log s

sound

square-to-brick
chimney

weight
base
solid
floor-
joist

bare-to-beam
support

tied in
w pegs

both
ends

green
wood
cross-cut

catches
warp
line
scribes

makes

tread
run
more
than
rise

move s
w ease
'round
old
take

longest
piece
first

word s
written
Carol

hammer
groove

peg
in

square
ties in
case-hardened

blues
hammer
cut nails

2 & 5/16
as
edges
g r i p

hole
shape

made
of it s
own

w out
splitting
boards

raw
hands

route
pine

molding
shape s
fingered in

two
pieces
come
together

these
hands
have
eyes
of
their
own

as if
they
always

held
hammer
chisel

wood

chips
fall
square
hole
enlarged

back
from
Hufnagle s
later
than
usual

she
was
there

a
little
drunk

back
to
chill

the
work s
remainder
in this
heap

this
red
glow

floor
dips
under
weight
of

chimney

she
sags
under
my

weight

wood
fire
also
heat

fire
source
waste-wood

soot
ash
integral

snow
transforms
attitude

cover
is
everywhere

cold
wind
blows
sudden

chinked
spaces/places
between

essential
architecture

stove
central
to warmth

desire
is
five
feet
surround

cords
stacked
against
shed

against
this

cold

wood
split
for
fuel

foot
prints

coming
and
going

two
as
one

heat
'til
dawn

take
this
shift

from
wood
to
brick
to

de tached
numbers

define
is
measurement

is
foundation

mark
check
pencil
smoke
blackens

gray
smoke
going
up

not
light

fire-word s
fire/source

small
flame
in
stove

pipe
in
chimney

brick
work

layered

one-on-one

not the
weather

that the
furnace
blew

outside
ten below

smelling
number
two
fuel

central
furnace

kaput!

tin
stove
working
breaks
chill

smoke
coming
out

pipe
fits
opening

mud
brick
chimney

thankful
for
stove

throws

what
little
heat
it
does

fire
shapes
whole

bricks
brittle

field
clay
only
scatters

below

throw-
down

250
year s
chimney

in
one
day

gone

roof
line
lost

climb
ledge
to

eye
dive
into

opening

through
roof

full
moon

work s
seen

what s

left
of
field
corn

brown
stubble

pokes
through
snow

deer
tracks
back

towards
house

perch
for
black
birds

except
a
wagon
road

cutting
through
to
dump

five-
window
Dodge Brothers'
pick-up

in this
context

pine
trees

Hanover
Road
staid

first
line
is
bed

crushed
blue-stone

lay of the land
fronting
the
house

took
her
photo
1970

to get
back

to a
point

where or
when
it s

differences

demand
new
pieces

as if
they
always
were

moon
through
window

through
grape
leaves
clouds

force
light
just
outside

flutter
pattern
on
wall

sing
dance

leave

cycle s
through
field

far
beyond
house

silence
breaks

house

woods

rise

oak

pine

brought

across

old

road

crossing

pheasant

pheasant

pheasant

*

logs

shimmed

pegs

driven

in

2 lb
mallet

fir
had
been
tree

w beetle
w froe
split
shingles

sections
16 squares

end-to-end
take
taper

shakes
fill in
over
each
course
run
sky view
from attic

through
open ing

close
weather

suddenly
dark

from
this

distance

light
on
green
pines

buzzard
circles

below

surely

dead
animal

swell

running
to dry
water
sheds
off of

shingles
shingles

rain does
not
penetrate

visible
through
gray
sky
wasps
make
use of

what
done



shingles....1923-1972

Ed Baker '08

old
well
floor
rotten

holes in
everywhere

no
sign
of
sound

pump
not
used
in 67
years

barrow
set
on
end

leans against
the
Summer Kitchen

in the box
against north
wall

locked

shovel, hoe, rake
hung on nails

what left of
materials
lumbered in

manage
to fill
summer
kitchen

Jamie-
made

tie-die
letting
light in

diamond
pattern
on
the
floor

outside
black

birds

just
there
against
the
sky

a-flutter

eyes
red

wind
through
house

dust
crosses
empty
room

load
of
lumber

returned

rough
planks

selects

the
door
open

slide
of
wood

from
piece

to
piece

blade
spun

with
grain

whole
lengths

ripped

tongues
grooves

joint s
square
fit

w out
nails

red
cedar

turning
gray

six
panels
overlay

exterior
walls

untreated

variations
in grain
highlights

touch
everything

w
bare

hands

feel
it

smooth
wood/words
towards
rough

suspicious
fire set
tone

changed
saloon

face
of
Hufnagle s

celebrants

nails
on
wall
hold
hats, coats,

scarves

just
there

opening
at the
bar

in the
corner

diner
open

we
eat
fried
seafood

get
back
to
house
before
midnight

watch
ball
descend

between
two
years

again

they
come
late

from
speed way

smell
of
booze

of
motor
oil

racing in
to
ask

"how's the
house"

"heard the
pig got out"

"the furnace blew"
"Jilly says 'lo'"

Today

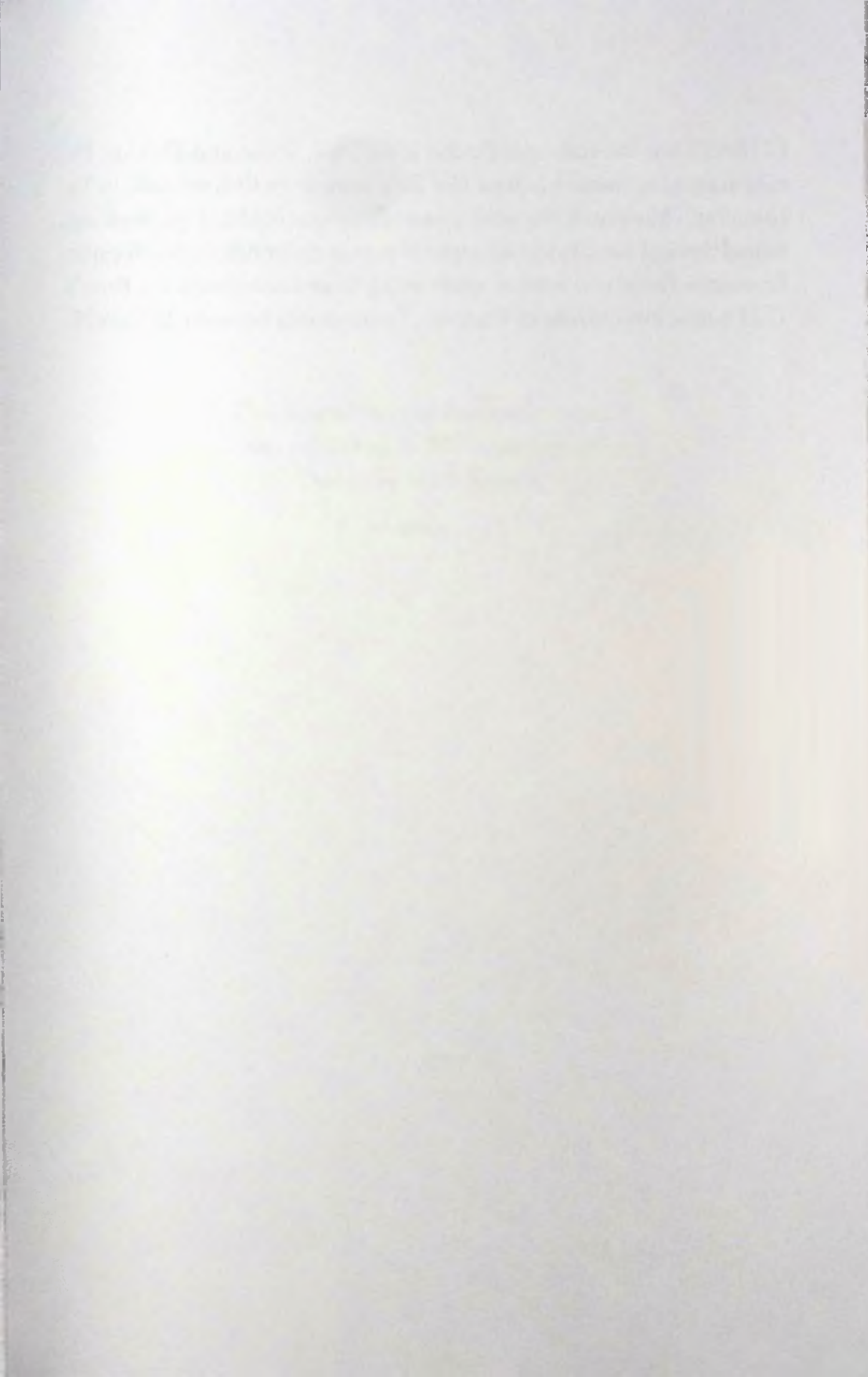
the
last
of
it

I
sign

my
name

in
a
corner

get
going



ED BAKER is the author of *Butcher of the Oxen*, *Shrike*, and *The City*. He continues to cultivate his *Stone Girl E-Pic* (now in its fifth volume) in Takoma Park, Maryland. His work is one of a unique mythhology, lived and shared through a continuous output of poems, paintings, and sculptures. *Restoration Poems* was written while living in and restoring John Penn's 1723 house just outside of Hanover, Pennsylvania between 1972-1975.

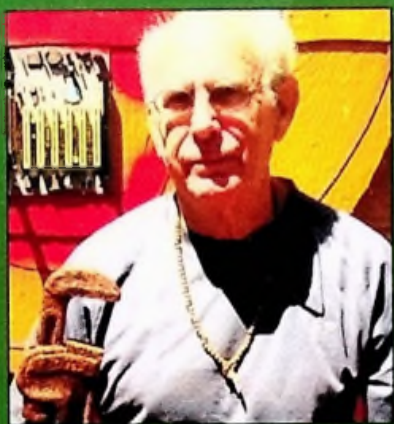
This first edition of *Restoration Poems*
was published in 300 trade copies.
Design by Mark Kuniya.











how to put
new materials
into old

spaces

so that they
look as if

they've always
been

the line of
sight the
eyes bring

ED BAKER - RESTORATION POEMS

"No hurry with the book : it won't improve with haste. And no one riding you. Let it accrete and shape it with care as it comes. And then mull it with even more care when it seems 'done'. The way you're working makes heavy demands on each word..."—*Cid Corman* (1975)

"To feel an old house being restored actually and within the fresh materials of these poems 'chinked/w a secret/mix', brings us all at once to one fine poet's home: now sit down and read its timbres, words and boards, close to the fire." —*David Giannini*

"[Baker] has constructed a veritable, masterly house out of air. A place we walk through in our minds, watch it grow into completion and make ourselves at home. Such is the magic of his words, the geometric and architectural imagery of his mind - a sensitive, instructive human there."
—*Fred Jeremy Seligson*

"Here is the dwelling of past in present. The craft of abiding and an abiding craft. Here is our home to be."—*John Martone*

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