

Ву

## Thomas Zimmerman

NOTE: Hezekiah's Why I Like It will be found at the end of the poetry.

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What I Meant to Say #1

Leading the humming the glasses

Leading the glasses

Leading the humming the glasses

Leading the glasse
```

## What I Meant to Say #2

With glass and as described the same

old land older closer to death A to with I have

White of the whirl sales down the whirl whirl design to be sales

this space the property that ripple out

Total process of the state of t

The classes of the tone all the voice

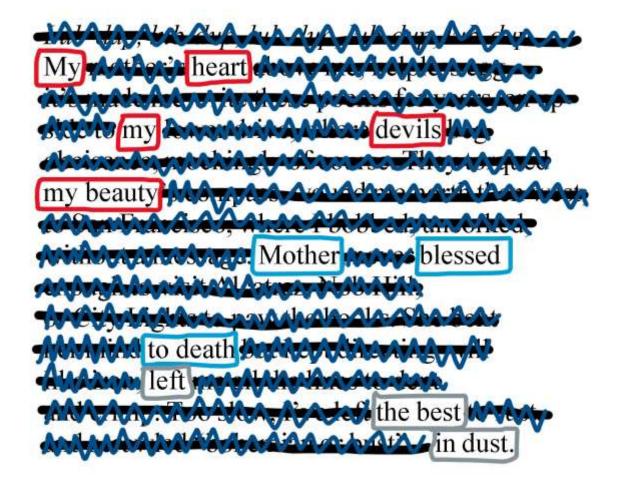
lit so the little green and growing



## What I Meant to Say #4

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Hove of frame: to measure and container
a cell
exit (a trade) for the maze I fast
which they will people to see him over your
a safety net an easy out A frame
lets us dream
Trattlene sa larger, subtler ordereve
beyond the first chaos
-E-thogy things fall opart. The prating
tack together that's ear pleasure and
salvation These new frage way to be where
to the but the second to add
stoke the inner
light we make the framewalk and a price
to postal acceptance walk the walk freely
reborn well-as velle and
```

## What Meant to Say #7



WHY I LIKE IT: Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... Thomas Zimmerman's, '(What I Meant to Say),' #'s 1,2,3,4 & 7, could sway the most perceptively unpersuadable. It reads like the threads of a magic picture, a quilled, quilt-work of undis-clothed, wandering minstrel shreds and patches . . . ballads, songs and snatches. He puts a new bottle-spin on what has got to be beyond the pale. So ruggedly-frayed Persian bizarre. Modestly unique, in that budding boutique 'SHOP' genre (Self-Help-Occlusion-Poetry), fashioned by under-accessorizing. It's the new 'Pop' with less Angry Worn-holes. The man is a visionary revisionist redirecting, recycling rainbows of redactions, get your recidivist reactions here. I highly recommend reading what you can or so much as he has relented to relinquish in his rueful, room-by-room, ruin runes, "humming, [the man even allows and accounts for uncovered, arrant punctuation marks] / tingled with fear, / weird, I / embrace / my / mysteries / wade deep / keep the beat" "...stoke the inner / light / walk freely / reborn" I won't spoil if for you, he already has, it's really quite amazing. He's abstracted and extracted these tracts from pre-honed, repurposed, previously-enjoyed, used-serviceable, salvaged components from earlier poems of his own. He's our chop-shop laureate--reconditioned

and recondite. Who's zoomin' whom? My guess it is Tommy Zee. Just try reading between the lines, I dare ya . . .

**THE POET SPEAKS:** I've been fiddling with blackout (erasure) poems lately. I began by using other people's writing as the sources to manipulate but have since moved on to old poems of my own.

I like to view my body of work in poetry (30+ years' worth) as the footnotes of a memoir I will never write. Perhaps these blackout poems are footnotes of the footnotes.

**AUTHOR BIO:** Thomas Zimmerman (he/him) teaches English, directs the Writing Center, and edits *The Big Windows Review* <a href="https://thebigwindowsreview.com/">https://thebigwindowsreview.com/</a> at Washtenaw Community College, in Ann Arbor, Michigan, USA. His poems have appeared recently in *Haven Speculative*, *Peeking Cat*, and *Pulsebeat Poetry Journal*. His latest book is *Domestic Sonnets* (Cyberwit.net, 2021).

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