HOW TO BE EVERYWHERE

DRAWINGS BY W. CRAGHEAD III
BASED ON THE POETRY OF GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE
Guillaume Apollinaire's poetry was one of the first great examples of a kind of poetry we would recognize today as contemporary. His embrace of common speech, his collage style of composition (he called it "telegraphic") and his insistence on the importance of "simultaneity" as a way of representing the way we experience the world aligned him not only with his close friends Picasso, Delaunay and the other avant-garde artists of pre-WW1 Paris, it allowed his work with us today. Above all, like the cubists and other visual artists he championed, his work is one of a deep realism, one based on the beauty and bafflement of the real world, and an attempt to create work that does not just represent the world but competes with it.

Guillaume Apollinaire was born in Rome on August 26, 1880 and was raised in Monte Carlo. After moving to Paris he became an early champion of young artists and poets of the Modernist movement, and became close with Picasso, Robert Delaunay, Alfred Jarry, André Salmon and Max Jacob. His written work, and especially his poetry collections Alcools (1913) and Calligrammes (1918), have had a profound effect on modern and contemporary poetry. He invented the modern "calligramme" or visual poem and he coined the word "surrealism". Apollinaire served France in World War I as an artillery gunner and in the infantry and wrote poetry while at the front. Wounded in the head by shrapnel (while reading a literary magazine in the trenches) he underwent two skull operations, and later died of influenza in Paris in 1918, two days before the armistice.

For years Apollinaire's work has been a source for me. His poetry has a spark of life and a confluence of images that has been a rich vein to mine. Translating another artist's work is never simple, and transforming work from words to pictures has it's own pitfalls. At times I started with drawings and found passages that somehow fit — other times I worked from lines of Apollinaire's work and drew from and between them. With all the drawings in this collection I wanted to make things that didn't merely illustrate the poetry, but worked with the words to make something new. That newness, that surprise, combined with a rich affection for the world, is at the core of Apollinaire's project, and I hope at the heart of this book as well.
Listen to me. I am the guillot of Paris If it pleases me I will swallow ALL OF CREATION
One day

One day
I awaited myself

I said to myself,
Guillaume it's time
Finally to know myself

As I know others
I know them
I've lived like a fool and I've wasted my time.

At last you're tired of this elderly world

Shepherdess, O, Eiffel Tower, this

ning

ning

the

bridges are bleating

You're fed up with antiquity
All

And

All

Transformed

to perfect wine

What Paris thirsts for was given to me then

The many

who passed and were not me

One by one

carried

fragments of me

by little

and little

ERECTED ME

Hymn men toddled together and I emerged as myself

Made of all bodies and all temporal things
THE BIRTH OF PROPHECY

AHEAD

LIE

WONDERS
my glass is full of shimmering wine aflame

GREEN-HAIRED WITH HE'S NO OTHER SUM ROWN

my wineglass splits its sides with laughter

THE WINDOW OPENS LIKE AN ORANGE

COMELY FRUIT OF LIGHT
CITIES OF FRANCE AND EUROPE AND THE WORLD I'M THIRSTY COME TO ME CASCADE INTO MY ENORMOUS THROAT
flyers

catalogs

hoardings

SING ALOUD

horse, poetry
and this morning

for prose, you’re reading

the tabloid

FUTURE AND NOTHING BUT FUTURE
Coeur Couronne et Miroir

THAT TIME of the Alerts in Poets Hearts

IN

Guillaume Apollinaire

I AM

NOT

AND

THE

END

YOU

REAL

JUST

ONE

LIVED

TO
You are strong enough to leave.

The clean song of better times.

In Paris, howling with me.

Cats in the street.

The ballad of the poorly loved.

Il abime in the death of love.
My pretty ship my memory

Have we drifted far enough

Undrinkable water bitter seas

Hopeless

not to forget

remember
Autumn is full of severed hands

On second thought
it is full of fallen leaves
LET US REJOICE

[Image of sketches and text]

[Sketches and text on the left page]

[Sketches and text on the right page]
FORGIVE MY IGNORANCE!

Open a door, descend
to the inner time

I recall continually
recall

...
dead
for millenia
now
tese
thoughts
had
flavorless
taste
of frozen
mammoth
THE SPARKS

and background

Of your life

And sometimes
You examine it closely

YOU MUST NEVER
AGAIN BE LOVED
Here is the steam engine. Here is my life. Its fires are enormous.

I've nothing in common anymore with those afraid.

Off fire.

Within.

Somehow a little bell.

Get you dead.

The heavy secret.
AN EVENING

An eagle, open
from the angelic sky
Sustains me

And I long will you
all the chains-officer
Playtime may come Q

The city is metallic through your eyes
when the strores flared
the pale fires of the mimosa magpies
And all that heated interior was a
flame in the cold light
the vast sand
she was strong

The actor showed his tongue to heedful women
Against a suicide
The droop of a wattle hangs from the tree

The roads are flowering and palm-trees

BEHOLD
distinctly by your birth
Believe the music marked

To you

THIS IS THE TIME OF MAGIC, ITS COMING BACK
we said farewell to a whole era

Furious giants were rising over

And although we were both already grown men

We had just born
I am like a wave

I am the invisible. I cannot disappear

Hurry now, open the floodgates so I can drown everything
the sheep are gone into the snow
flakes of wool and tufts of money
soldiers go by and it only I

had a changing heart of my own
changing but I knew
nothing

Can you remember anyone in these photographs

Remember the day a bee fell in the fire
Remember it was the end of summer
This night is so bright.
Where the bullet goes
A huge wind
Shells flying above our heads.
I like a bride.

THE TRENCH

THE POET

FRANCE

We're not your enemies.

Let's give you vast and strange domains.

Where mystery in flower
Spreads out for those who would pluck it.
Marble that's gone once more to deadly burst of engine, gun fire

...chattering on the machine. Say

SAY

are those the stars someone is seeing

this is how days and nights flow by

I sang like a man

...shall the wind whisper and dream...
THERE ARE RIVERS THAT WON'T FLOW UPHILL AGAIN.

we have pushed very far in this war the art of invisibility.
And from those awful fires
He fashioned an awful muse.
and hear the birth cry
of oracles.
They have hung death
at the edge of the world
and have beautiful gilded breasts

Glint in turn

Oh rose forever alive
Oh France

Perfume the hopes of a breathless army
We're doing fine
but the grocery store
which they
say is marvelous
doesn't come this far

LUL

We'll get there yet
In the Arab village

Hello my feet

Long awaited snapshot

I remember your voice

You can see

to the left and right the empty wet

WE HAVE A HOLE FOR A CHIMNEY AND WHAT BURNS THERE IS A FLAME LIKE A HUMAN SOUL
Do you know the joy

of seeing

new things
I looked a long while along the roads.
So many eyes shut at the edge of the world.

The wind makes the willows weep.

Open, open, open.
Sky blue heart
Of my girl whose heart is the sky
SING IT AGAIN
And sing right through the gunfire
and branches wave
their leaves resembling poor sailors
winged and whirling like fake leaves

You must be tired of startling the sky

We don't love intensely enough the joy
Of seeing beautiful new things
O my sweetheart hurry
AND SO MANY UNIVERSES ARE FORGOTTEN
FORGET

always
HE KNEW HOW TO LOVE

Look

The victory above all will be

To see clearly at a distance

To see everything near at hand

AND MAY ALL THINGS BEAR A NEW NAME
I am here to settle

the long quarrel

between tradition and invention

Between Order and Adventure

PHN ME THEN
Warren Craghead III lives in Charlottesville, Virginia, USA with his wife and daughter. He likes to make pictures and has exhibited his work internationally. He has also published many works including the Xeric Grant winning "speedy" and several collaborations with poets and writers, one of which was nominated for a Pushcart Prize in 2006. He received an MFA in 1996 from the University of Texas at Austin, and a BFA from Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond, Virginia in 1993, and attended the Skowhegan School in 1993. More of his work can be seen at www.wcraghead.com.