

HOW TO BE EVERYWHERE





HOW TO BE EVERYWHERE

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DRAWINGS BY W. CRAGHEAD III  
BASED ON THE POETRY OF GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE

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78 / 100

*Acknowledgements*

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The State University of New York at Albany, Siena College  
and the Jefferson-Madison Regional Library, the biographers  
and translators of Apollinaire's work and E.H. of Gallery Neptune.

He would also like to thank G.A. for being a hill.

Finally, as always, all the thanks he can give to D.A.W. and V.C.W.  
for everything everything everything.

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[www.wcraghead.com](http://www.wcraghead.com)

To Wilhelm Albert Wladimir Alexandre  
Apollinaris de Kostrowitsky

Guillaume Apollinaire's poetry was one of the first great examples of a kind of poetry we would recognize today as contemporary.

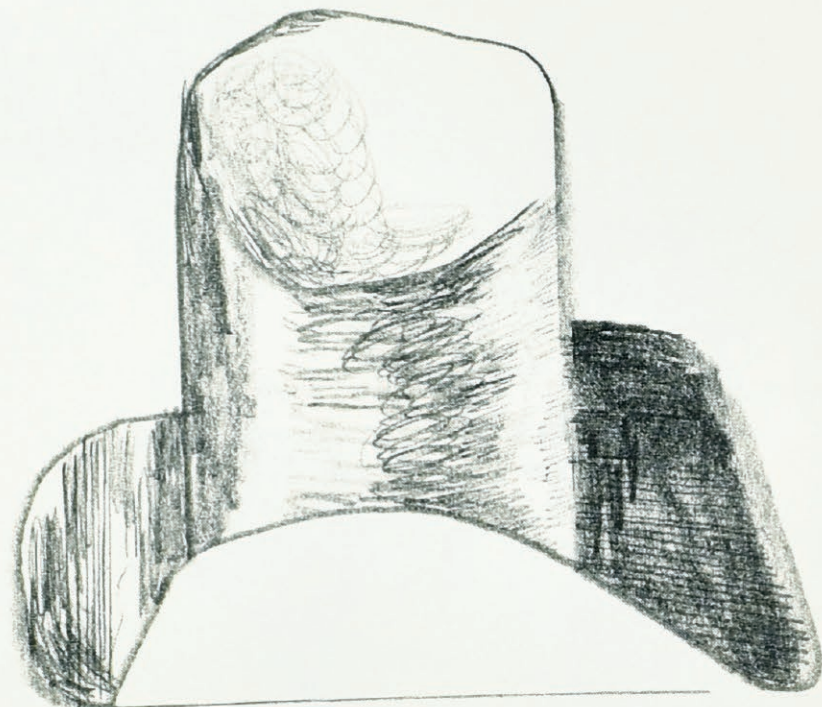
His embrace of common speech, his collage style of composition (he called it "telegraphic") and his insistence on the importance of "simultaneity" as a way of representing the way we experience the world aligned him not only with his close friends Picasso, Delaunay and the other avant-garde artists of pre-WWI Paris, it aligns 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 its 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 gullet of Paris  
If it pleases me I will swallow  
ALL OF CREATION



I speak the language of the sea

Des-cen-dant de l'au-tre Jour-née  
ou pen-se

J'ai dit Hui-tout les ciels  
Jou-ant HA-UT MO-BLE

One day

One day  
I awaited  
myself

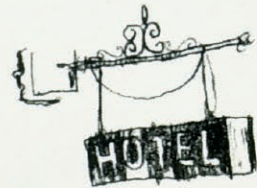
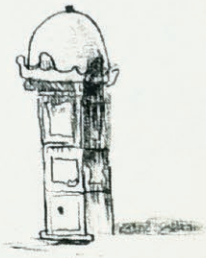
I said to myself  
Guillaume it's time  
Finally to  
know  
my  
self

as I know others

I know  
them



I've lived like a fool  
and I've wasted  
my time



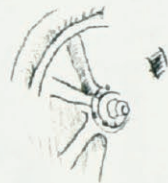
HOTEL



At last you're  
tired of this  
elderly world



Shepherdess  
O Eiffel  
Tower  
this



mor



ning



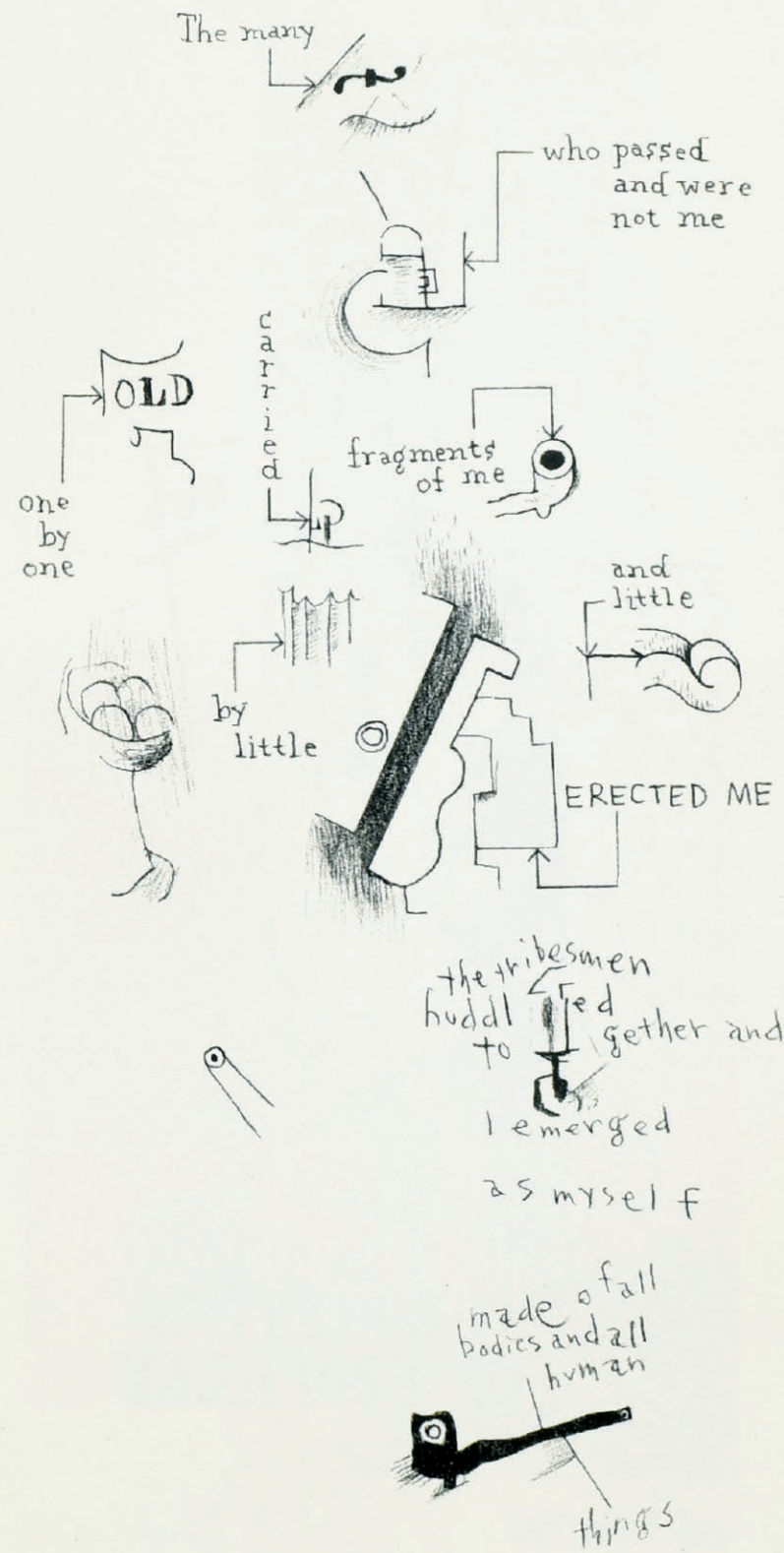
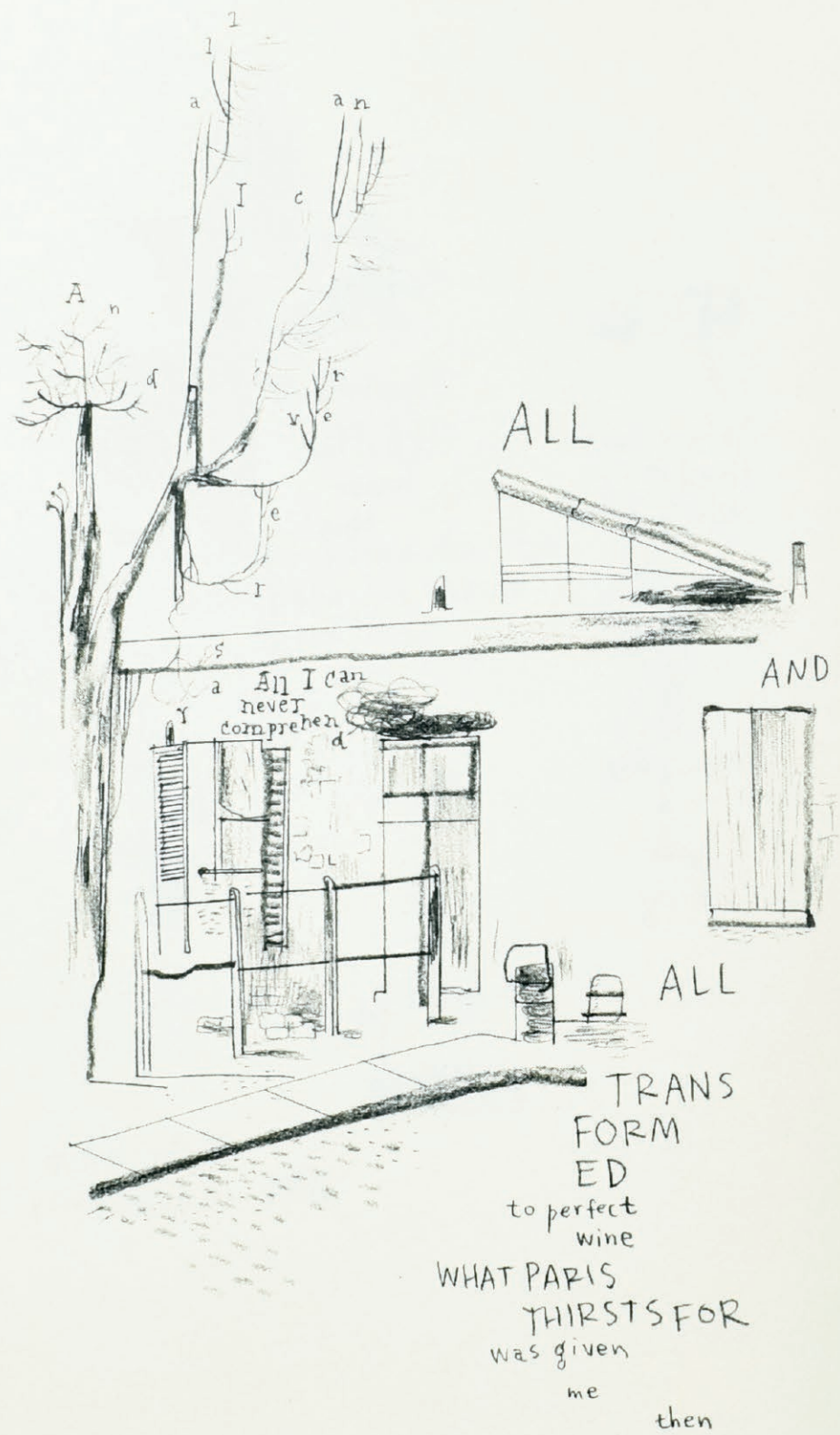
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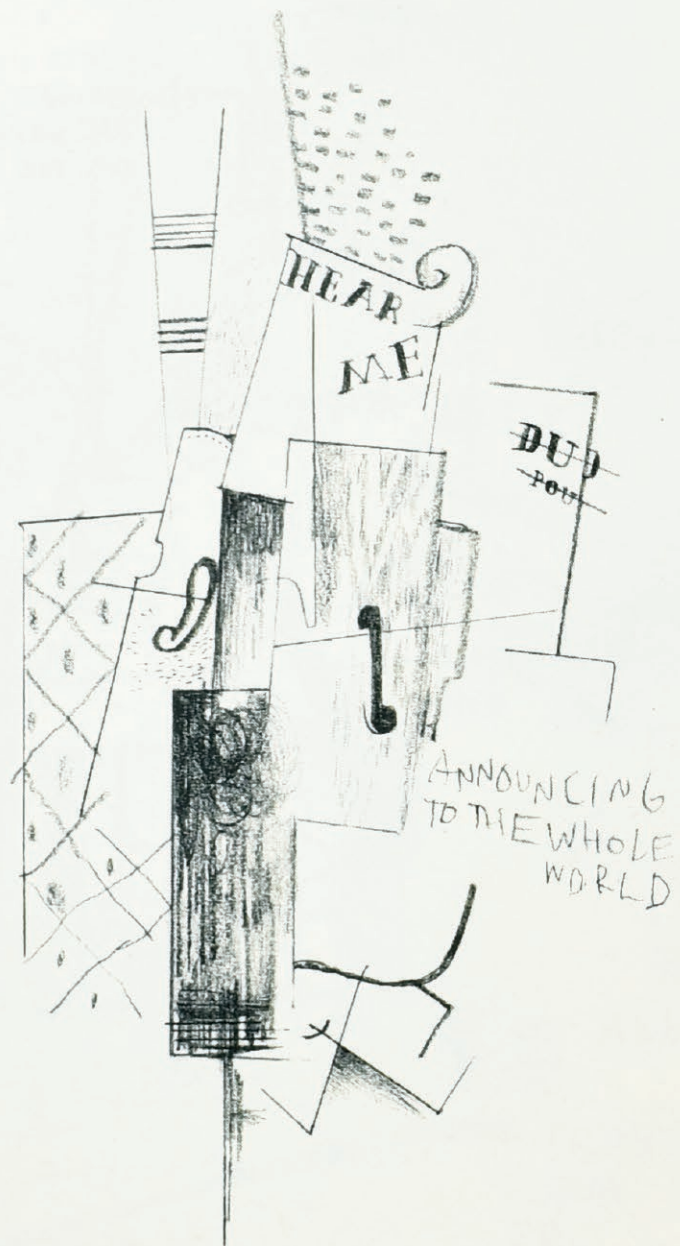


bridges are  
bleating

You're fed up  
with antiquity

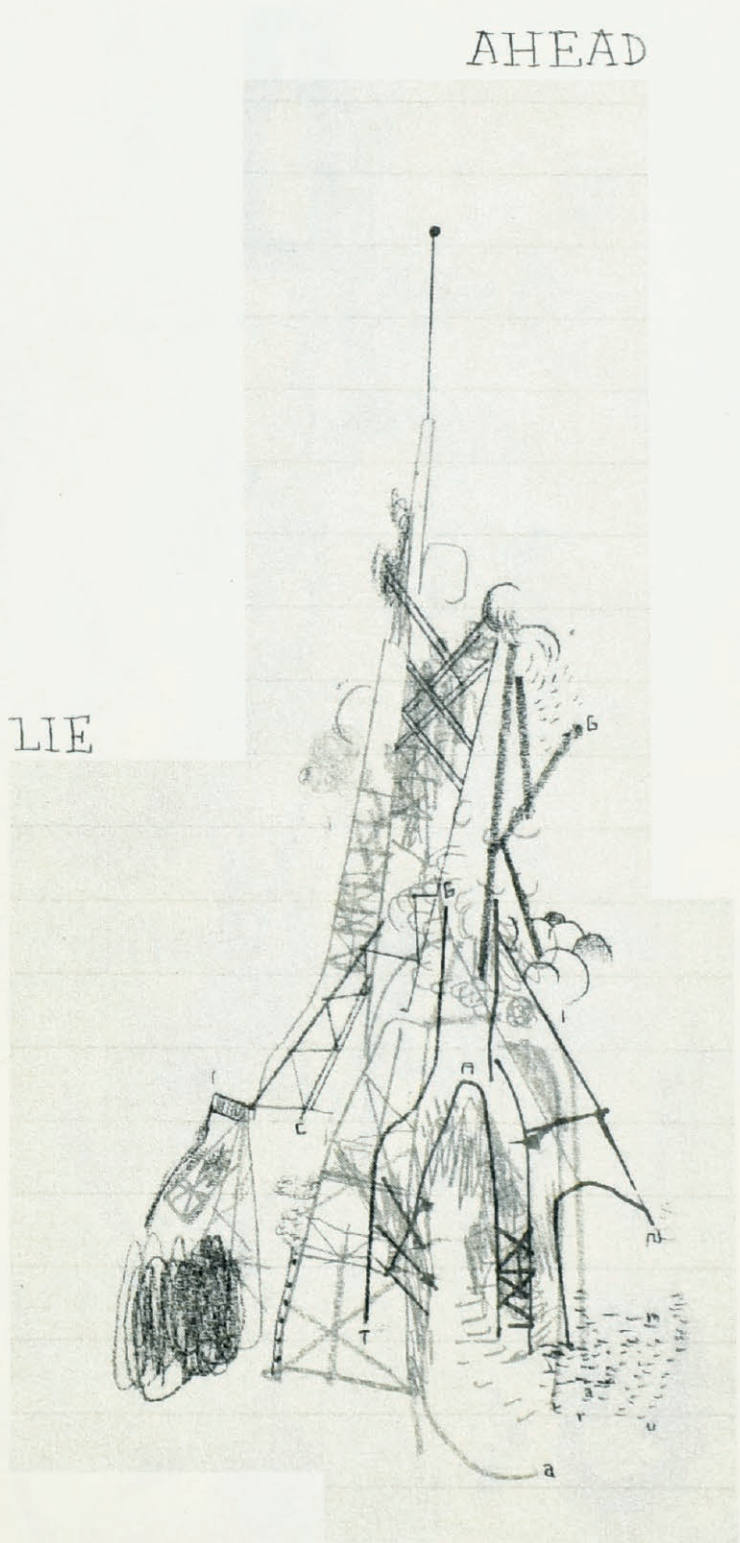






THE BIRTH  
OF PROPHECY

LIE



AHEAD

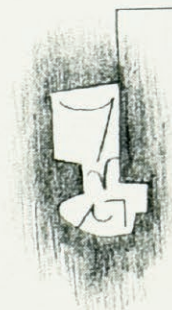
WONDERS



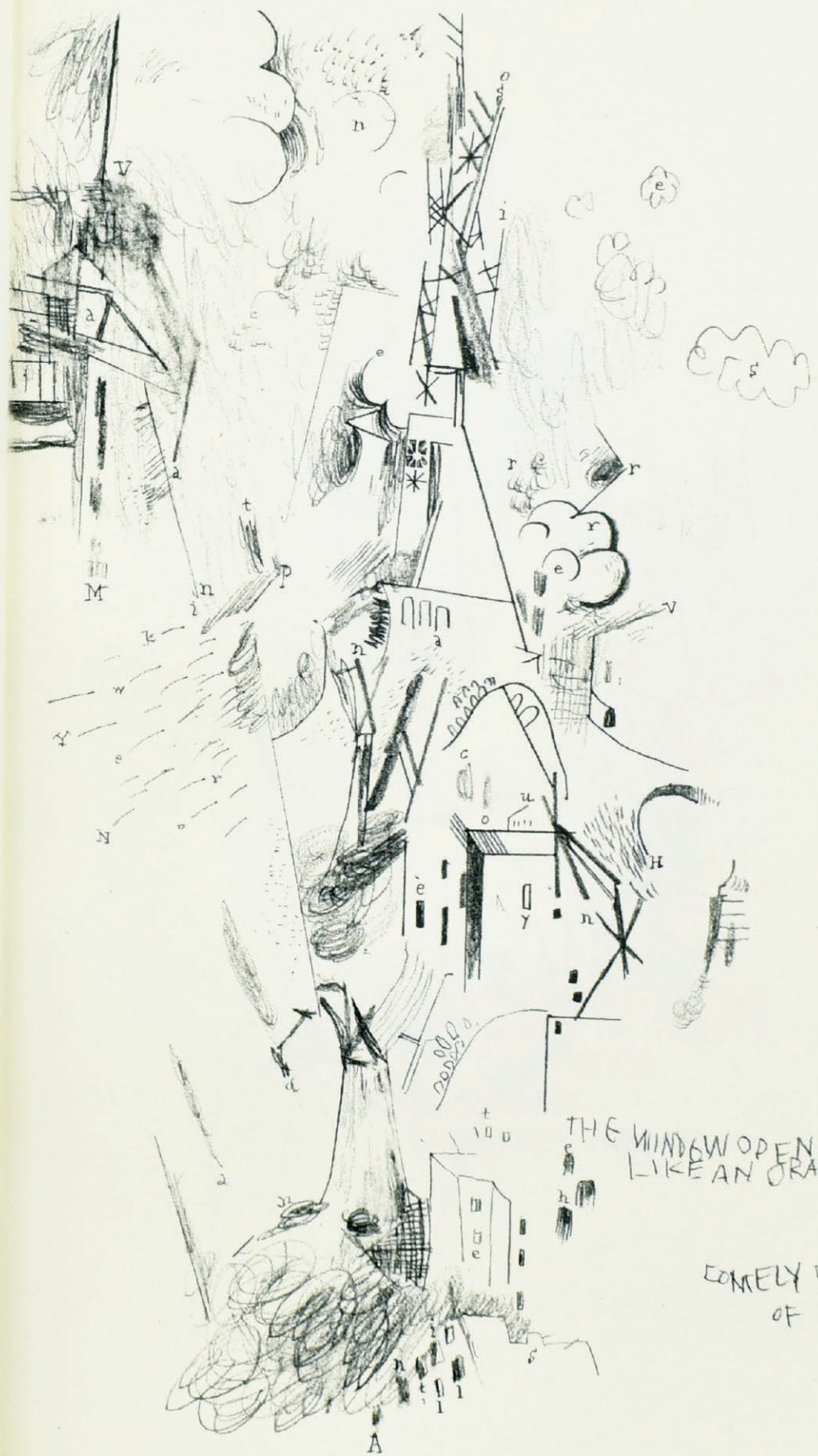
my glass is full  
of shivering wine aflame



GREEN HAIRIED  
WITCHES  
SING THE  
SUMMER  
ROUND

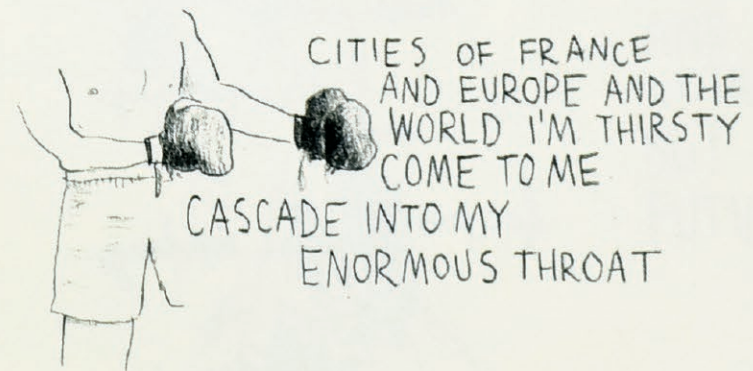
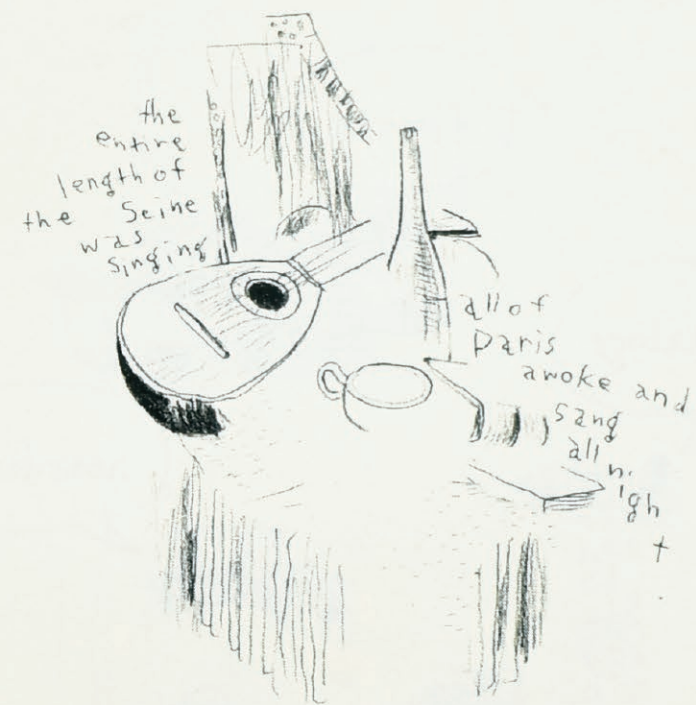


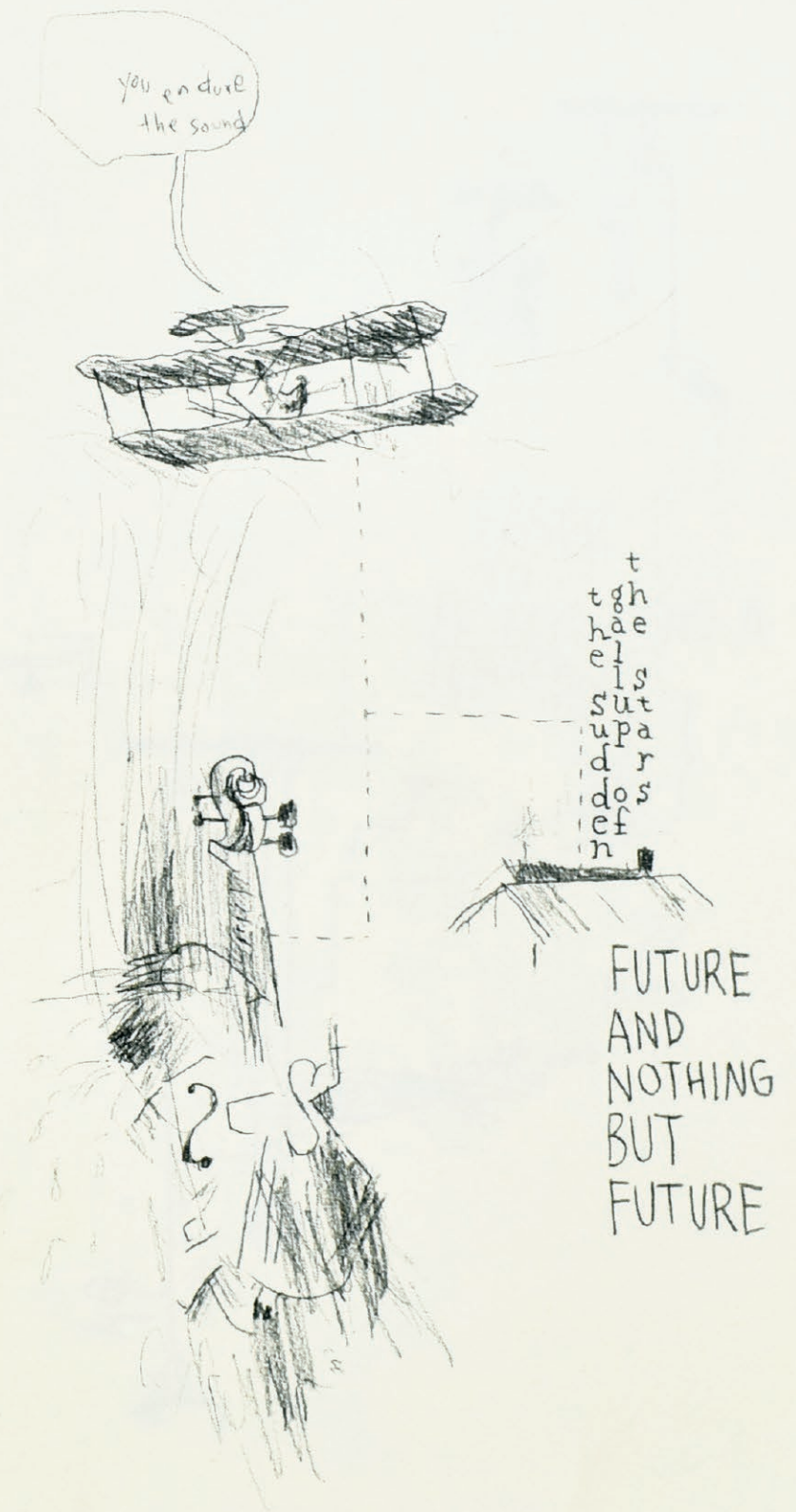
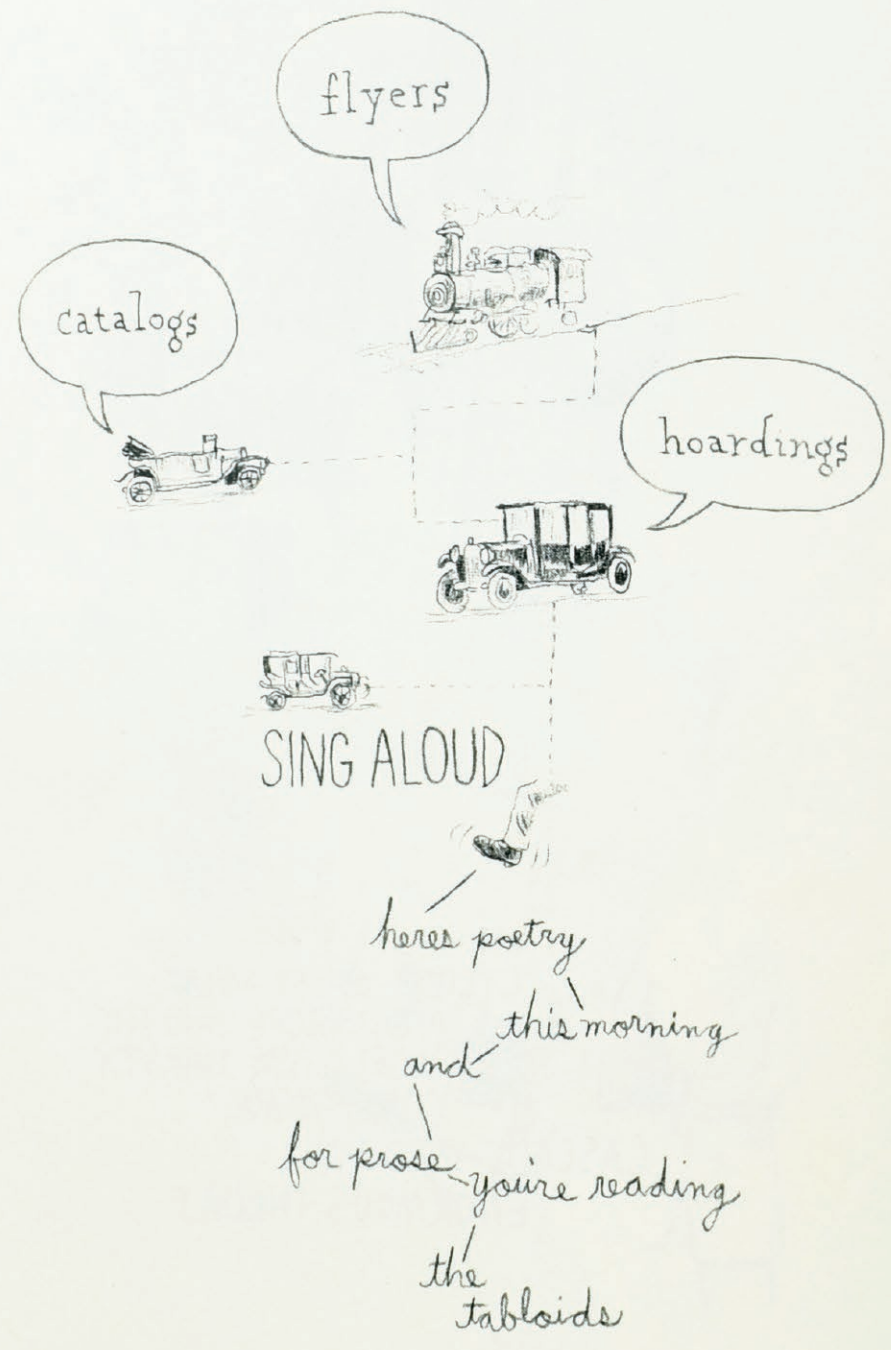
my wineglass  
splits its sides  
with laughter



THE WINDOW OPENS  
LIKE AN ORANGE

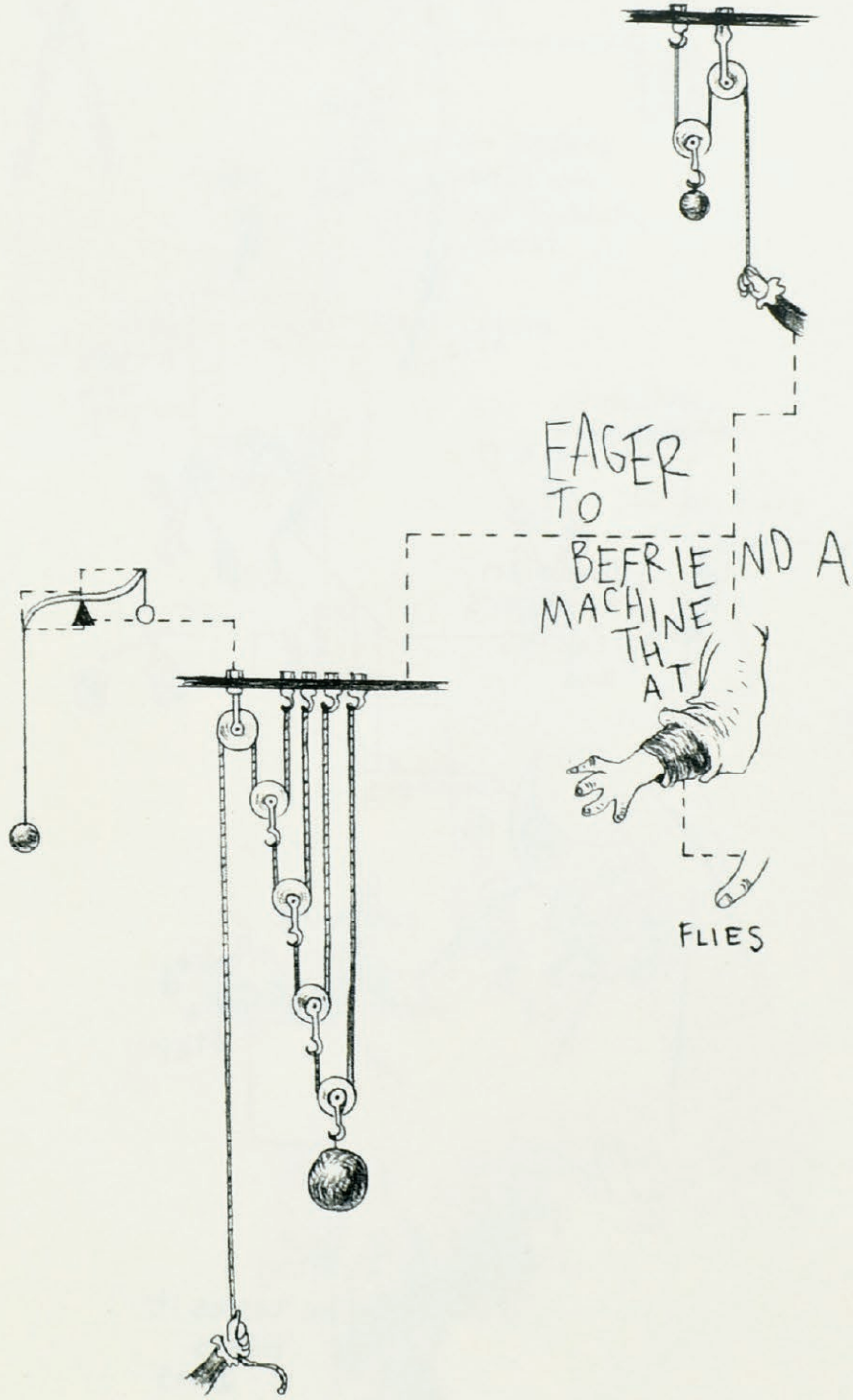
LOVELY FRUIT  
OF LIGHT

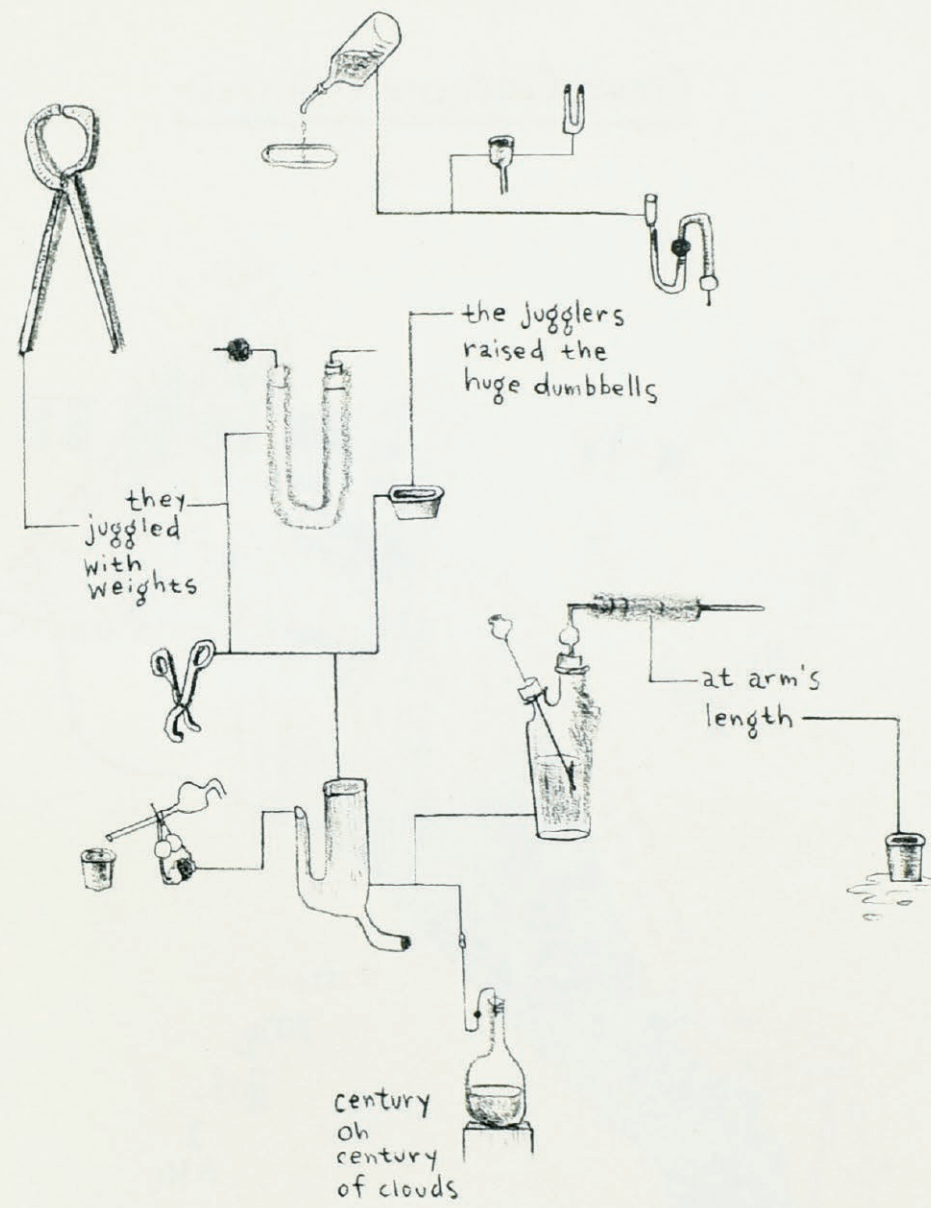
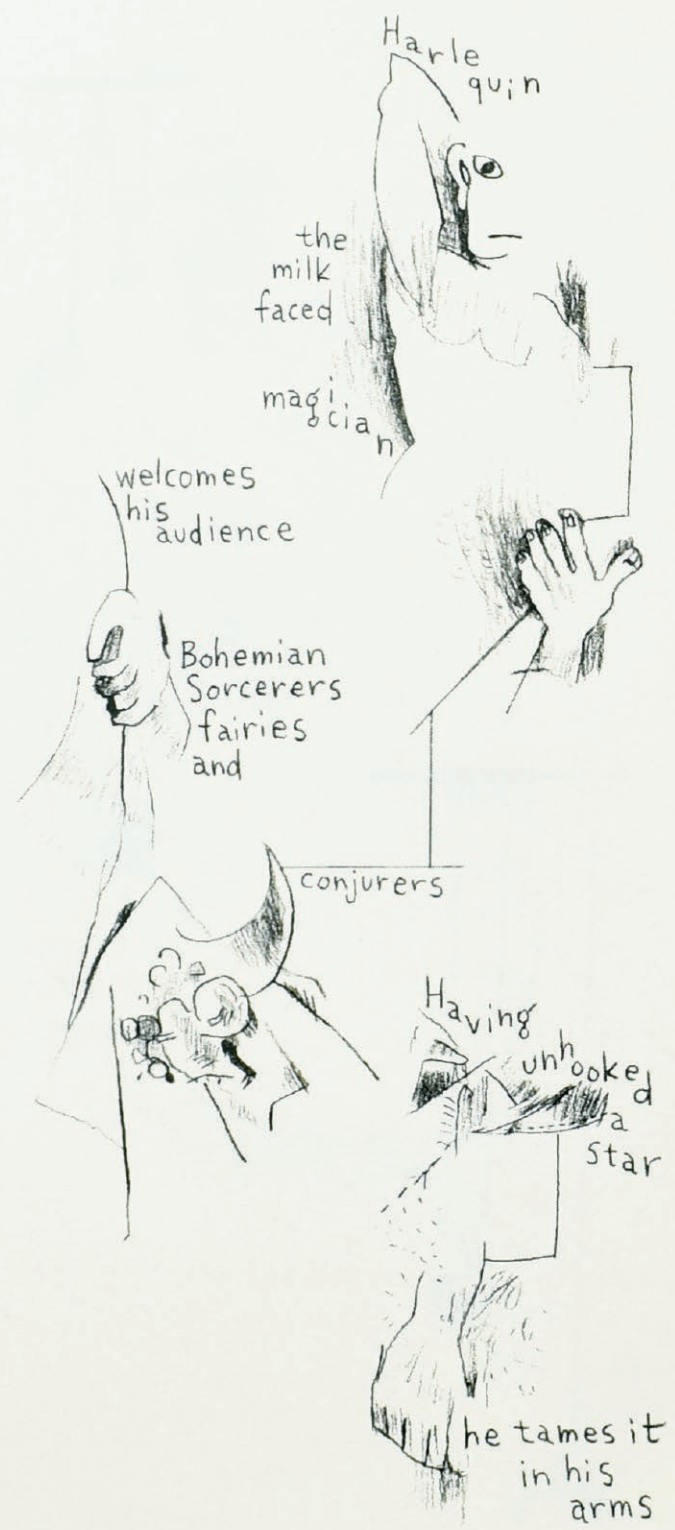






Even the automob  
files are  
at  
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s





Coeur Couronne et Miroir

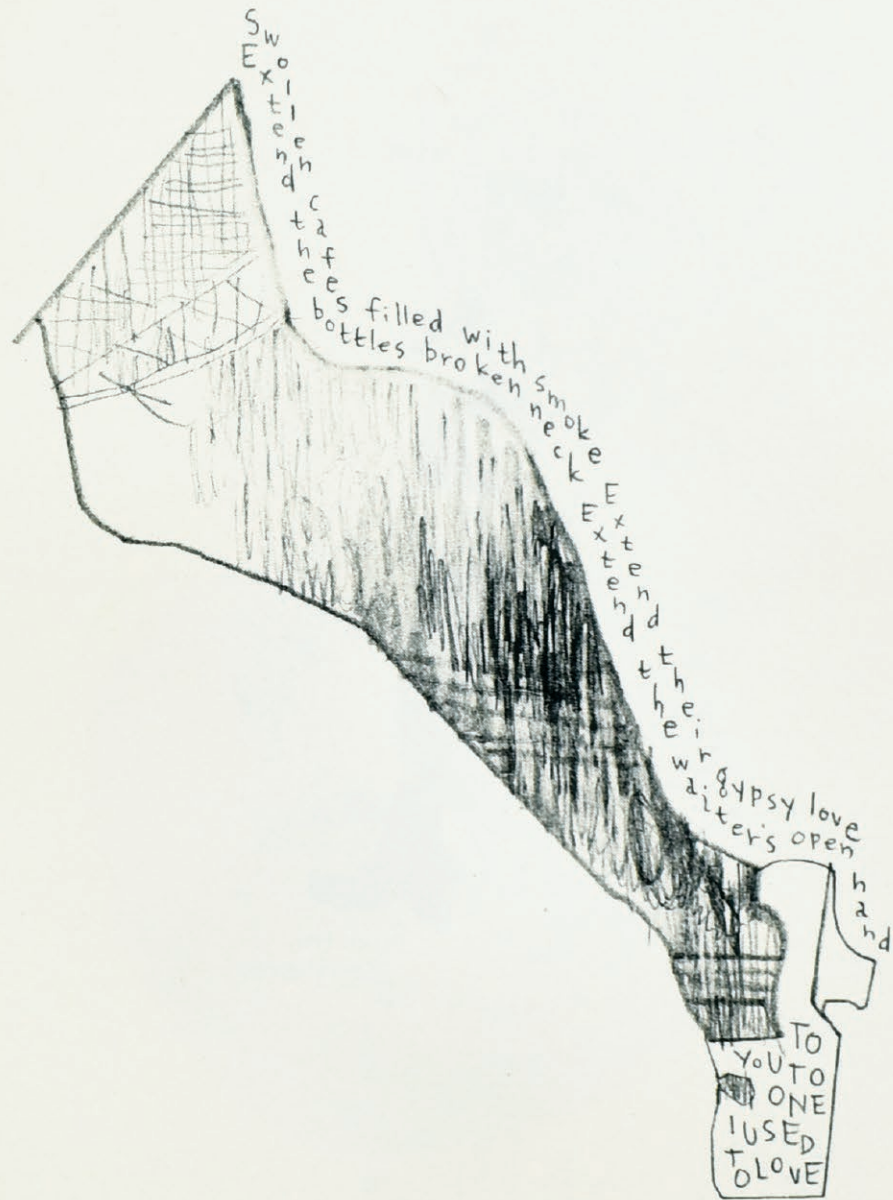
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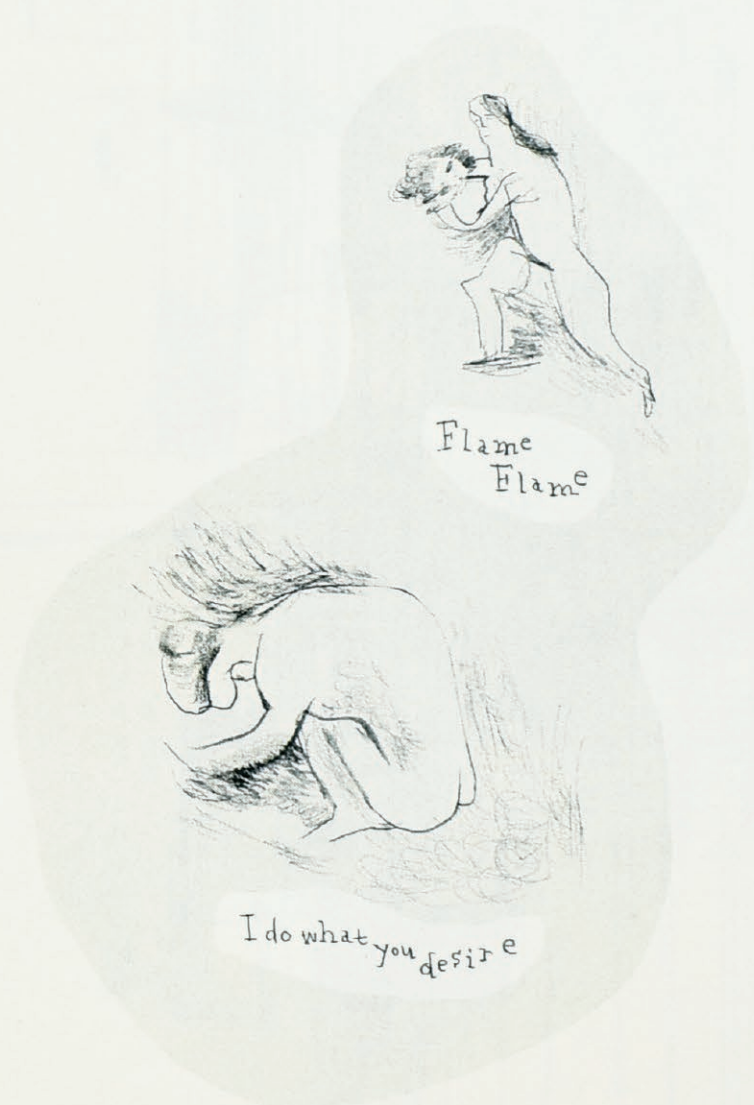
THONS  
FUEC  
BE  
LIKE  
ALL  
AT  
NOT  
AND  
gets  
an

Guillaume  
Apollinaire



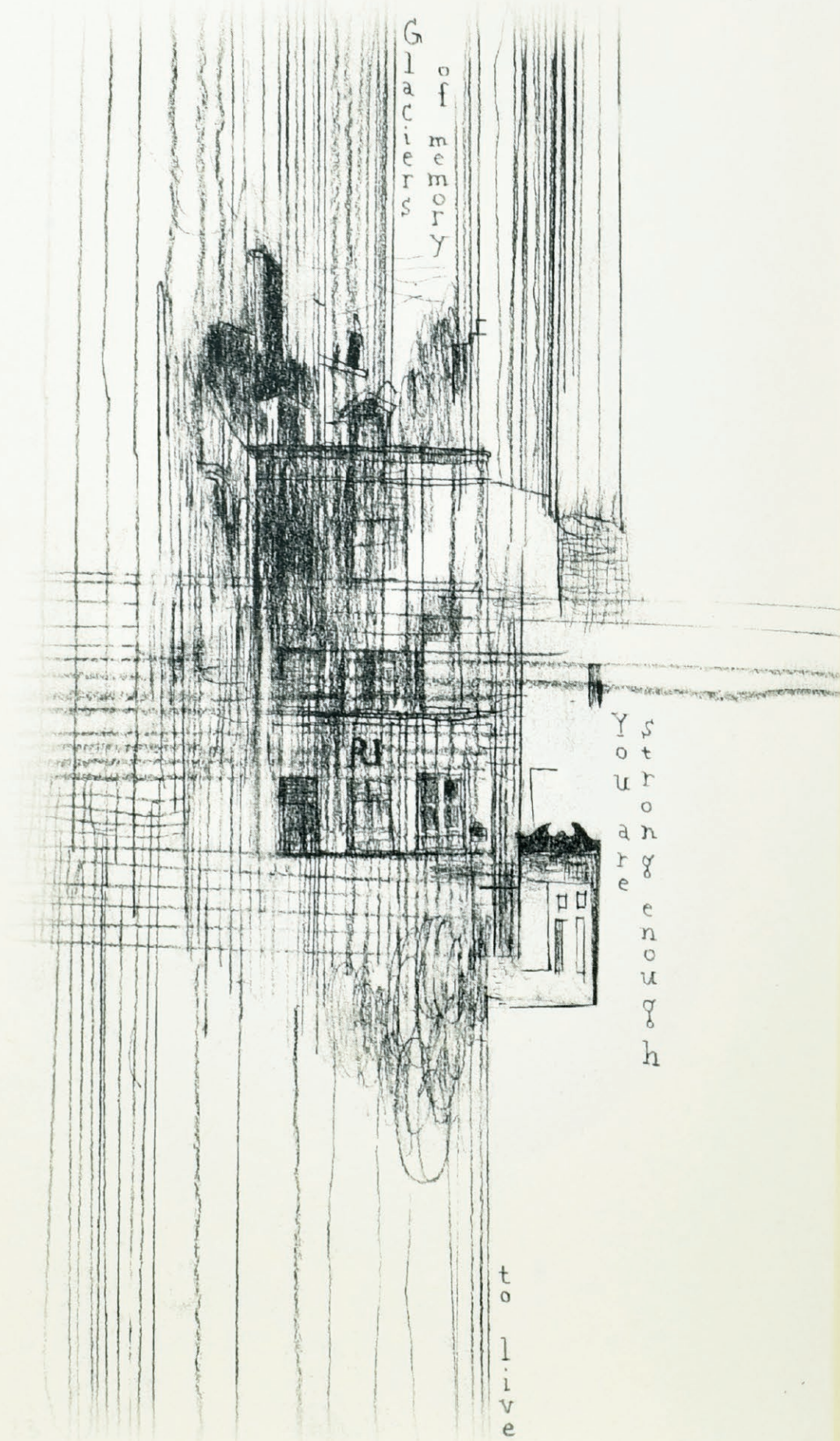


OH!  
the  
pine  
tops  
grind  
as  
the  
y  
collide  
The  
wind  
is  
moaning  
from the  
southern  
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Flame  
Flame

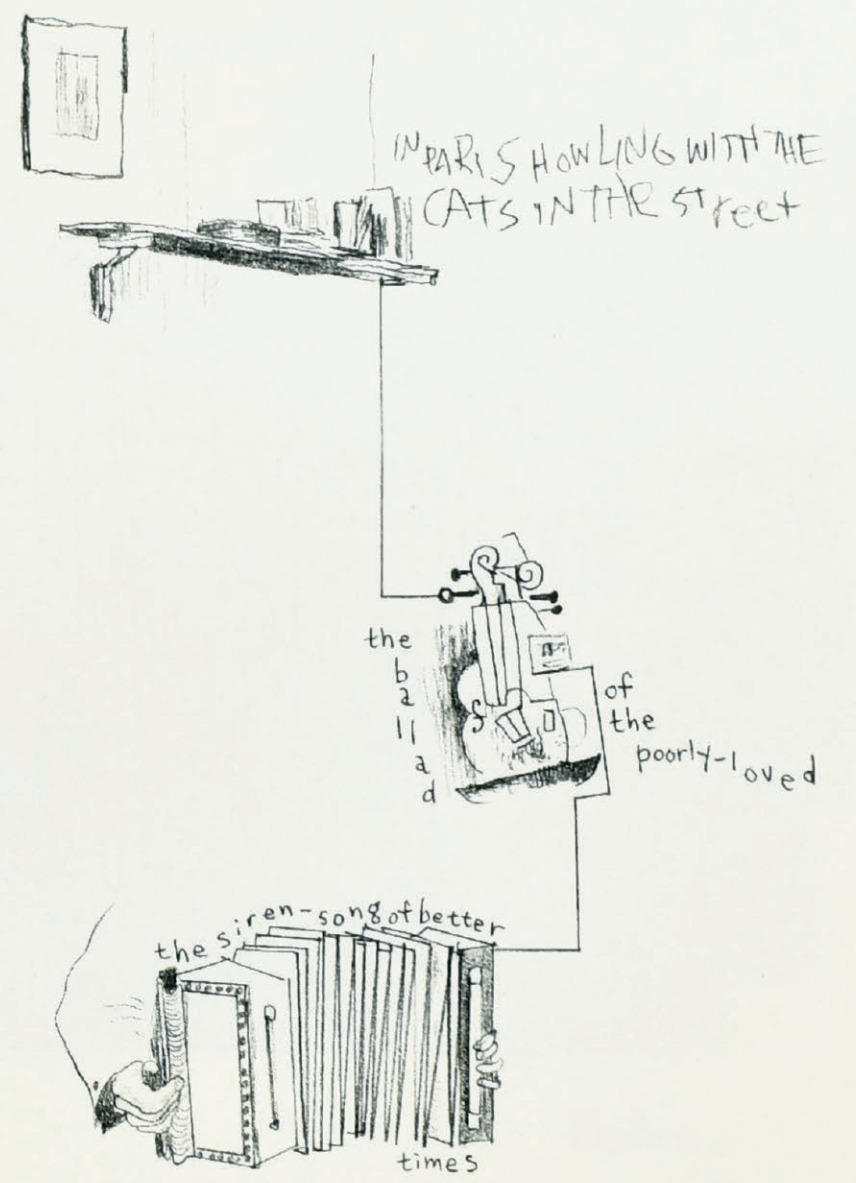
I do what you desire



Glaciers  
of  
memory

You  
are  
enough

to  
live



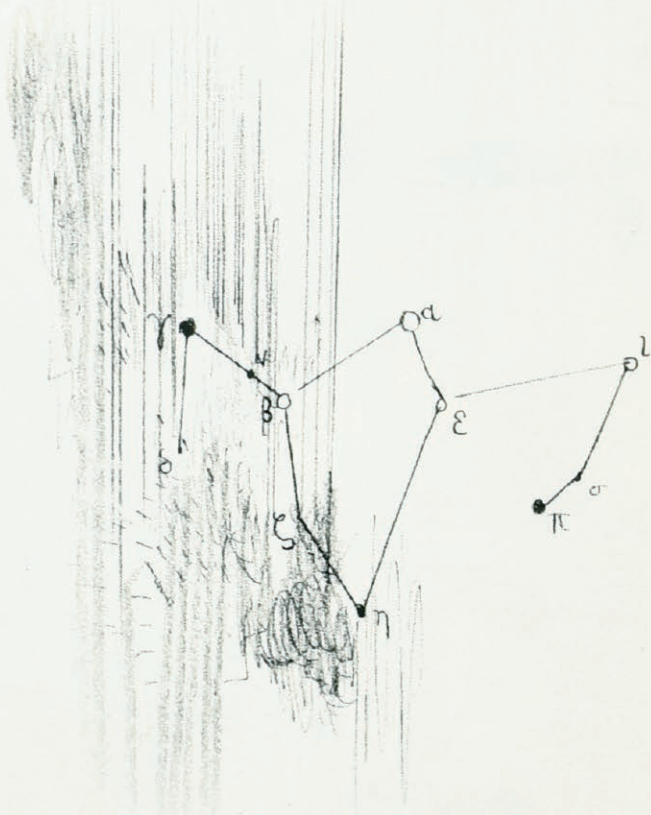
IN PARIS HOW LONG WITH THE  
CATS IN THE STREET

the  
ballad  
of the  
poorly-loved

the siren-song of better  
times

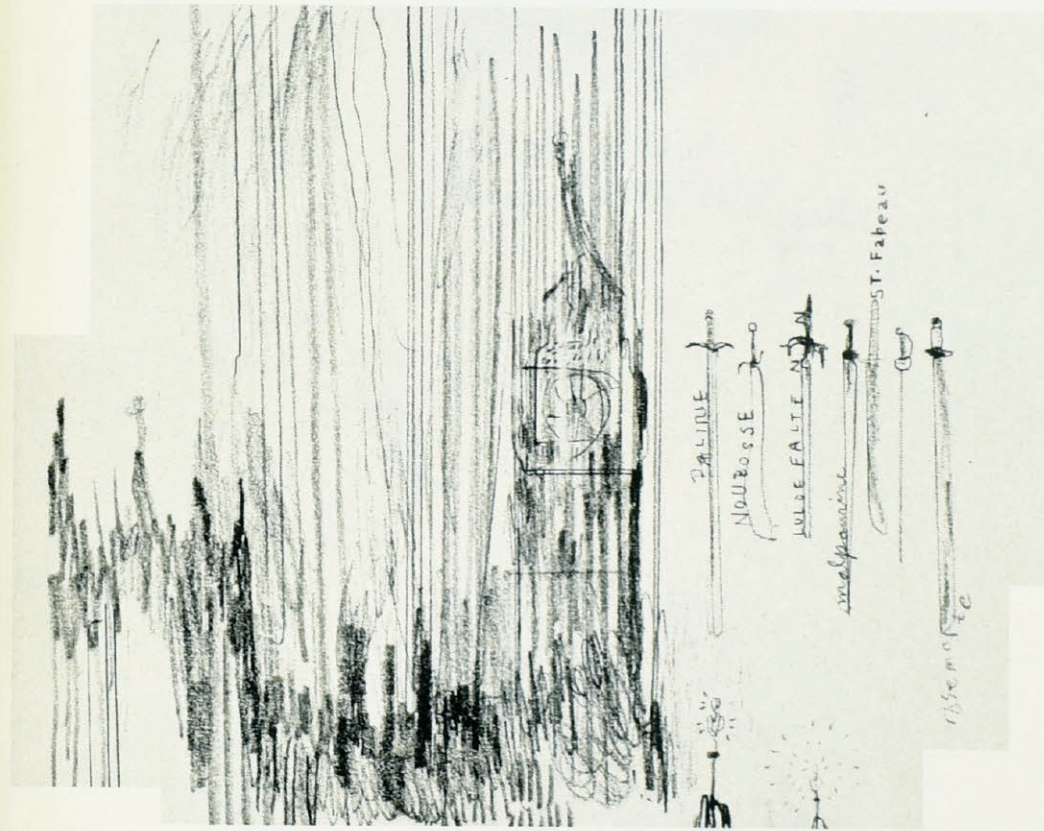
A shiver  
in the death  
of love

My pretty ship my memory

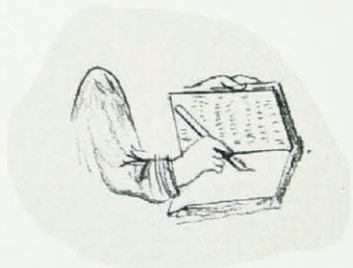


Have we drifted far enough

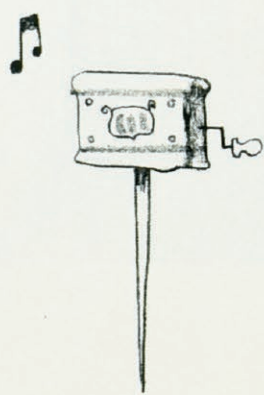
Undrinkable water bitter seas



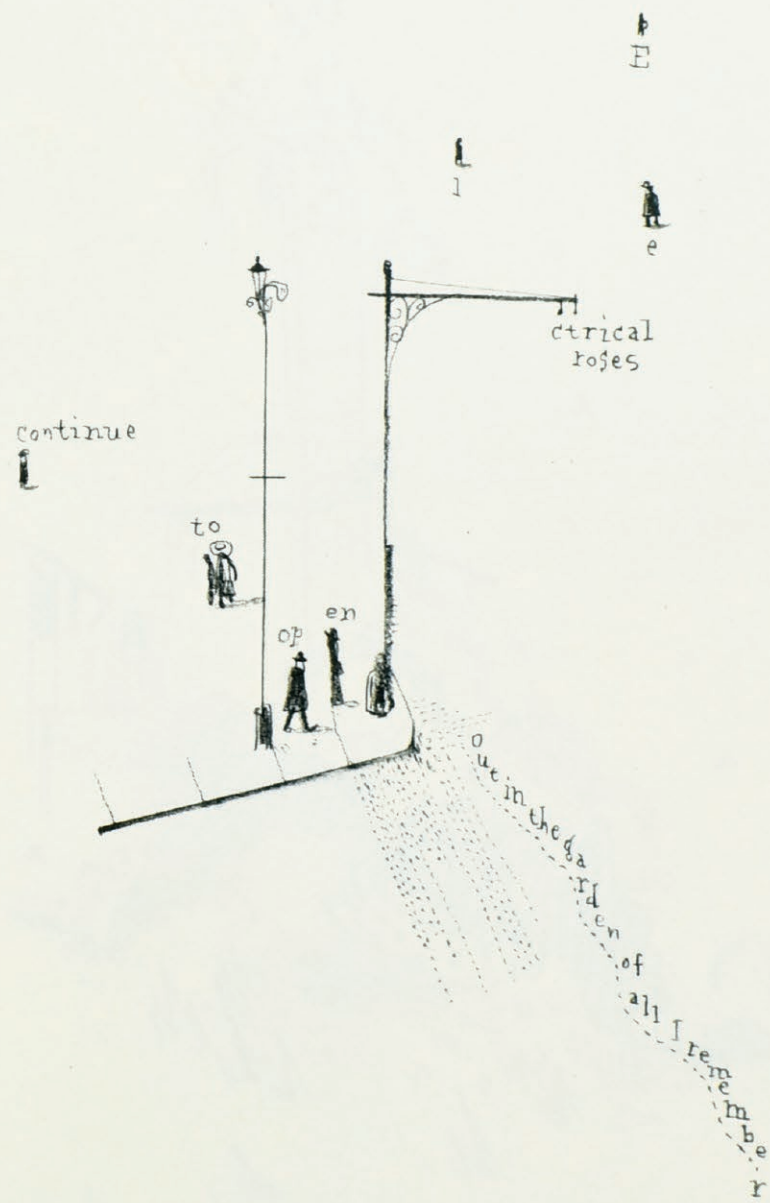
Hopeless  
not to forget  
remember



Autumn is full  
of severed hands



On second thought  
it is full of  
fallen leaves

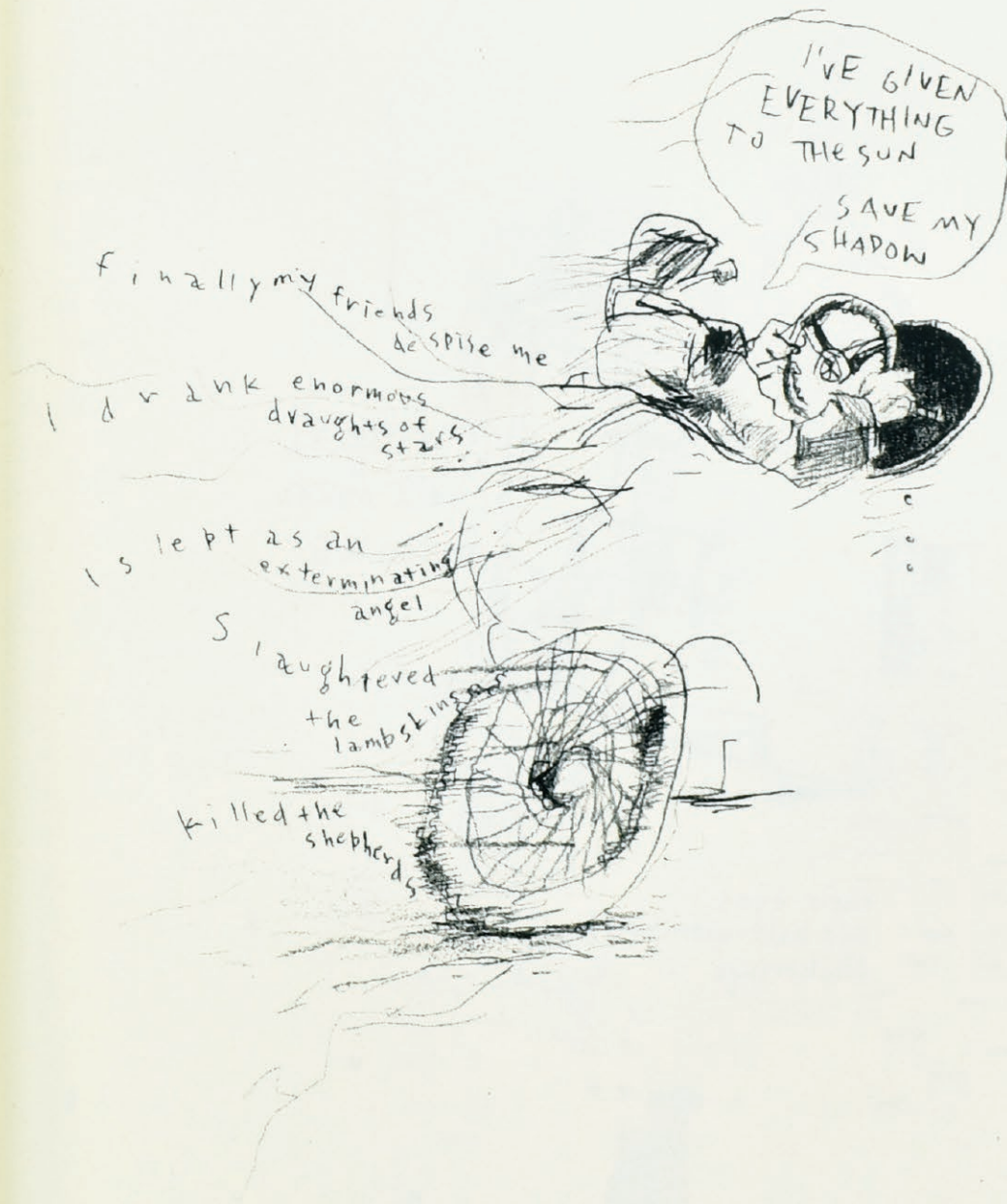
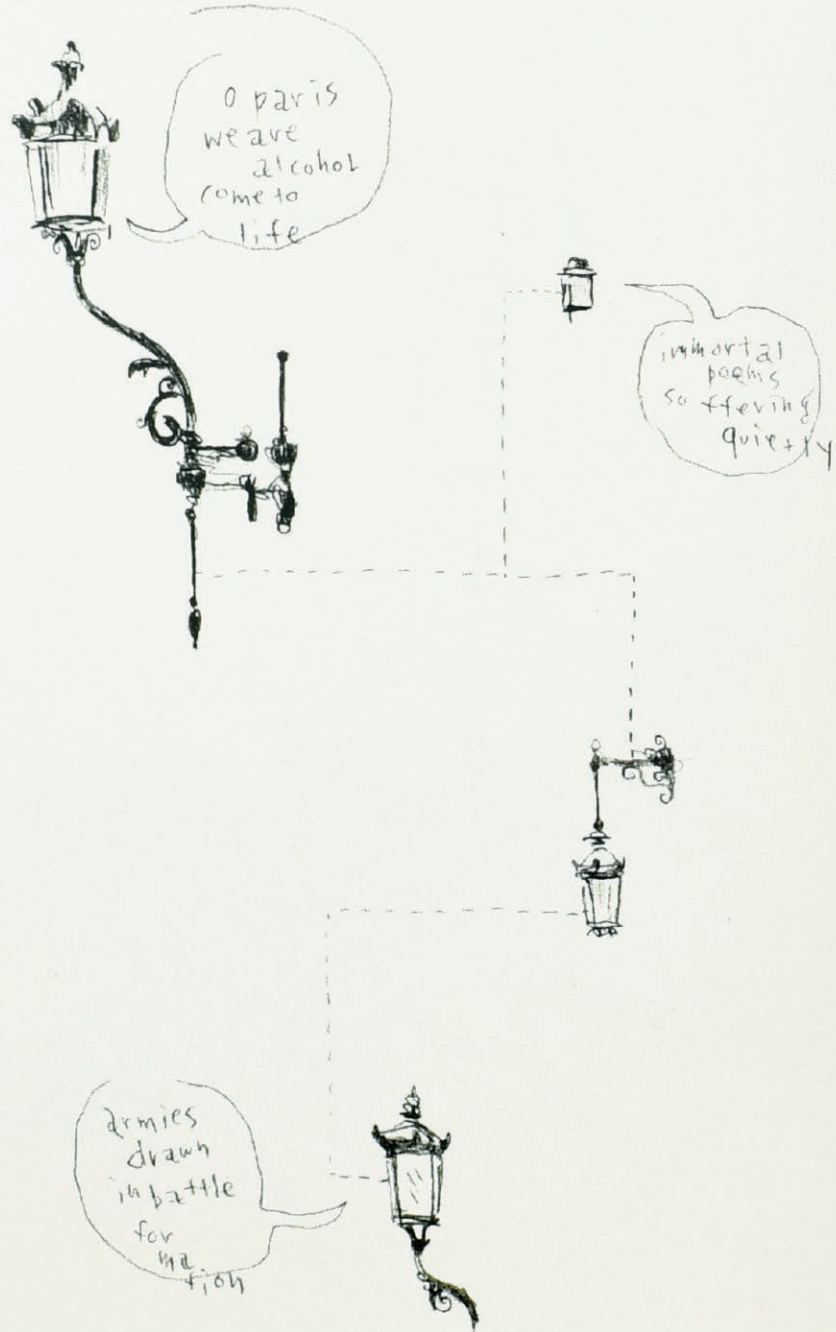


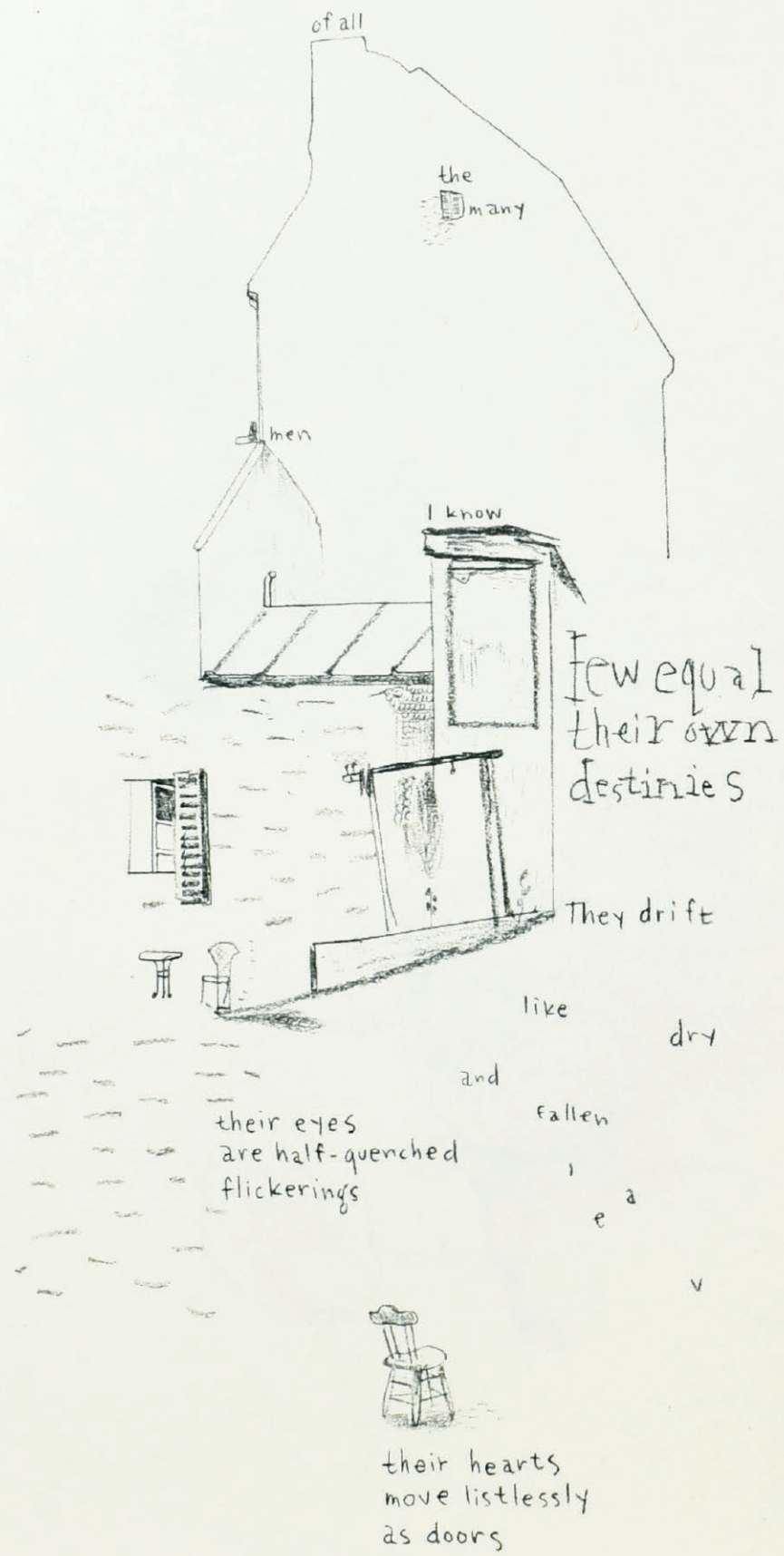
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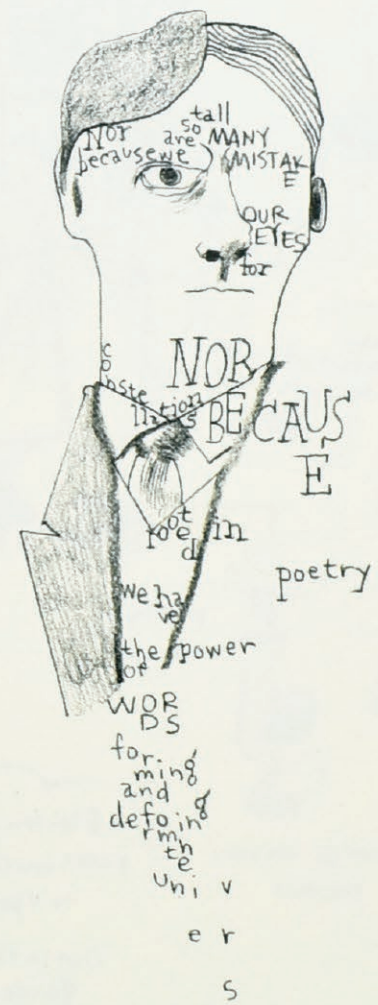
h

some men are hills  
rising higher than other men  
the distant future they  
better than if it were at hand  
desire

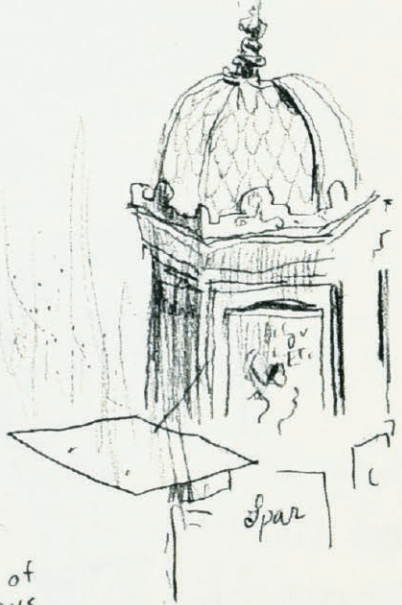




LET US REJOICE



FORGIVE  
MY  
IGNORANCE



I found  
the courage  
to look  
behind me

the  
corpses of  
my days

or rot  
in lemon  
groves

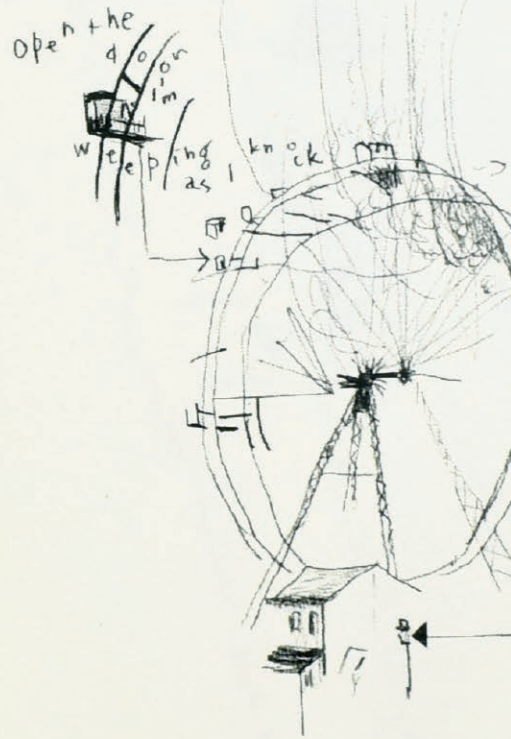
in Italianate  
churches

Litter my  
road and  
I grieve

Some  
of them  
putrify

...Electrical  
roses continue  
to open

Out in the  
garden  
of all  
I remember



You watched  
a bank  
of clouds  
descend

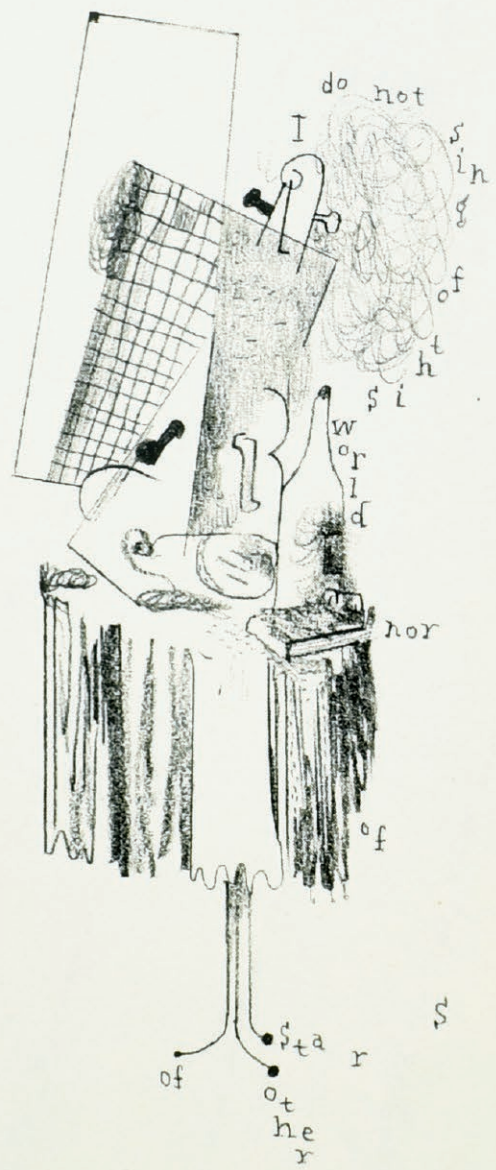
to the  
fevered  
future  
tense  
in  
orphan  
boats  
and of all  
regrets  
and  
all  
repentance

CAN YOU  
RECALL

I recall continually  
I recall







dead



for millenia  
now

these thoughts



had

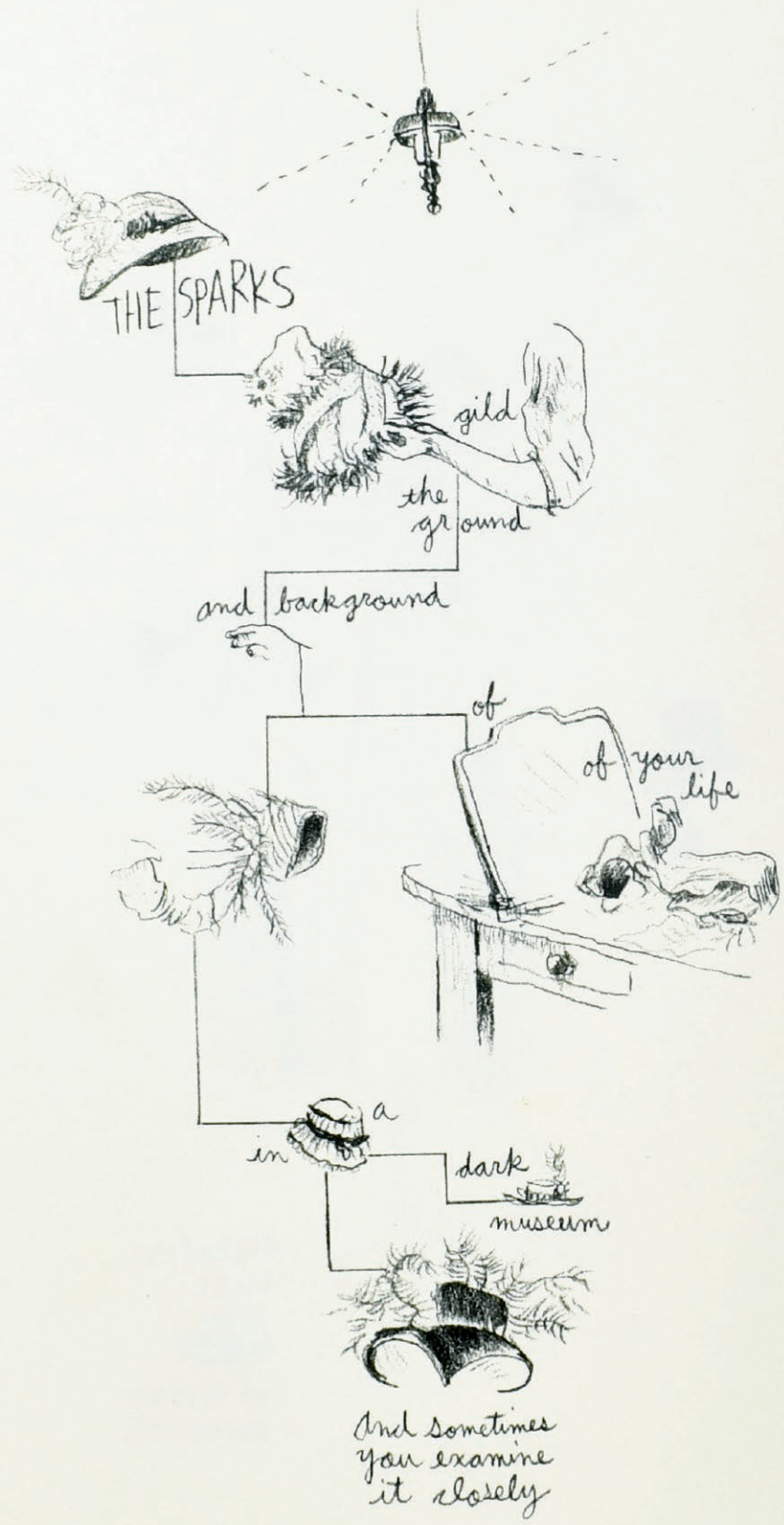
a



flavorless  
taste

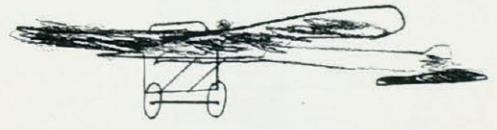


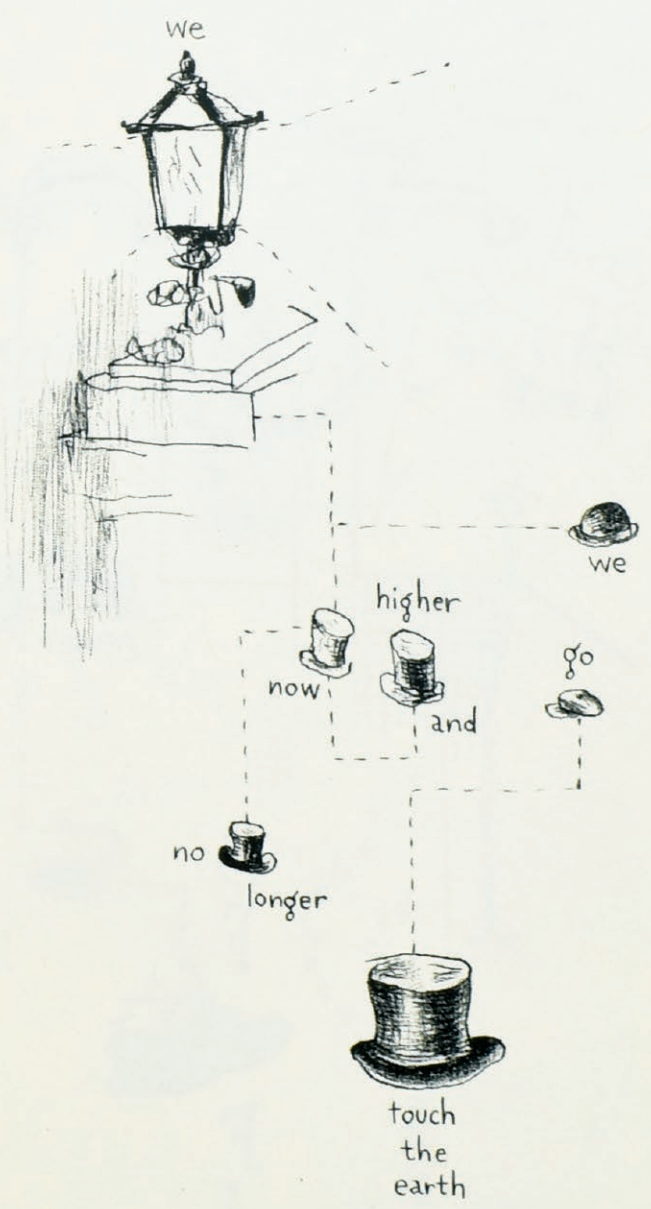
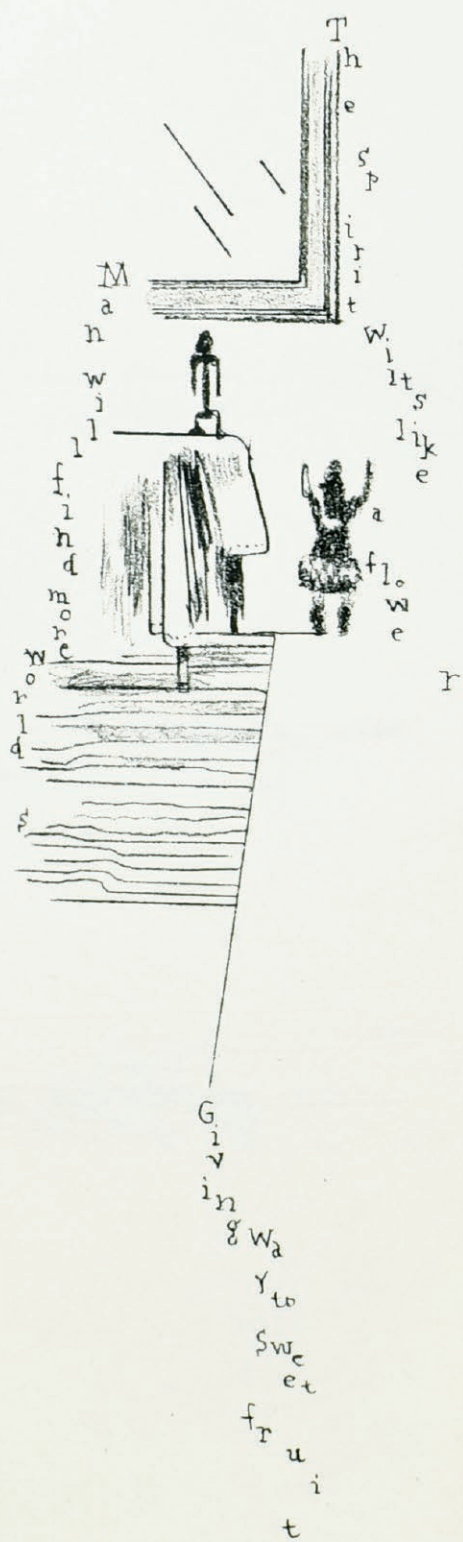
of frozen  
mammoth



you are walking in Paris alone inside a crowd  
 HERDS OF BIRDS ARE FLYING CLOSE  
 LOVE-AN-GUSTAL  
 (something you saw about)

SO I MUST NEVER  
 AGAIN BE LOVED





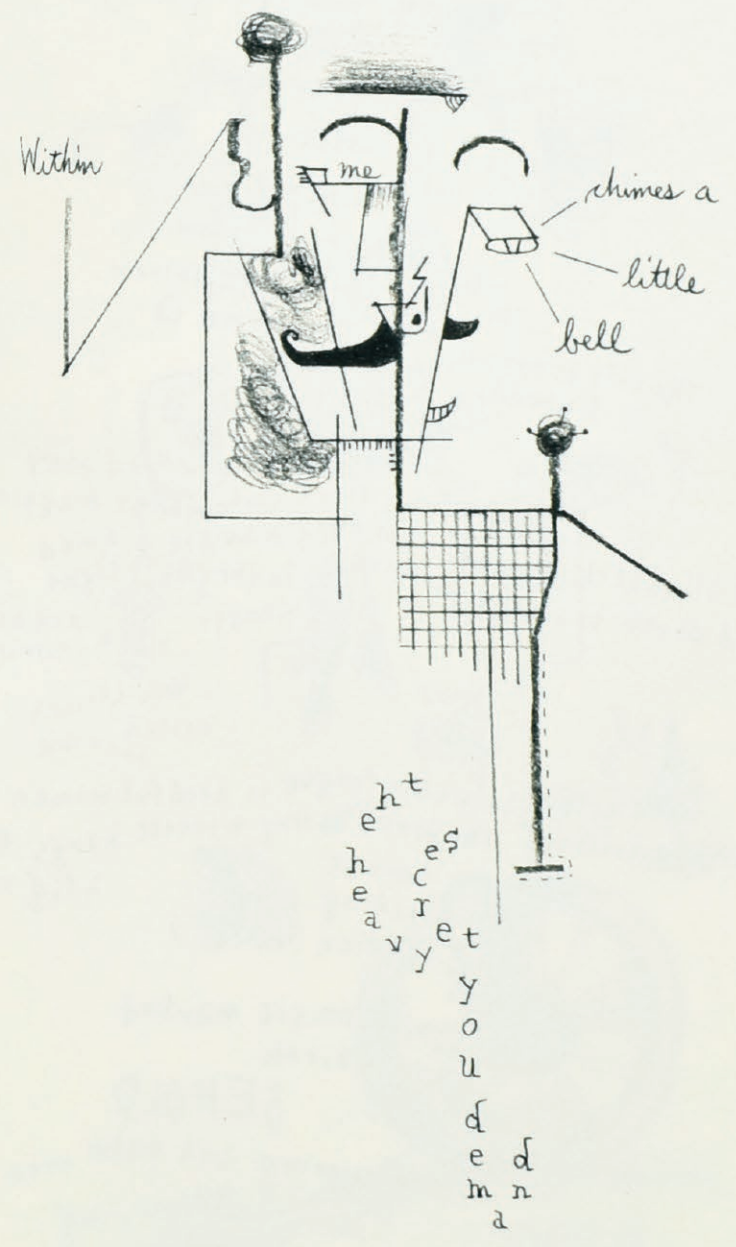
Here is the  
steam engine  
here is my  
life  
it's fires  
are enorm<sup>ous</sup>



I'VE NOTHING  
IN COMMON  
ANYMORE  
WITH  
THOSE  
AFRAID



O  
F  
F  
I  
R  
E



heavy  
cret  
you'd  
end

AN  
EVE  
NING

An eagle stopped  
from archangelic sky  
Sustain me  
how long will you  
all how  
the clamps to shiver  
Pray for me pray for me

The city is metallic the only star  
Embedded in your eyes  
when trolleys rolled they  
shot pale fires onto magpies  
And all that shivered in your eyes was dreamed  
And drunk by one man only in the gas light  
Sandy - h a string a  
your sleeves  
coiled  
in time

The actor shows his tongue to heedful women  
A ghost is a suicide The door hanging a postle hangs from  
Love is riding on dice a fig tree

Bells of distinctive music marked  
by your birth  
BEHOLD  
The roads are flowering and palm trees  
advancing  
To you

if

machines  
began

AT  
LAST

to

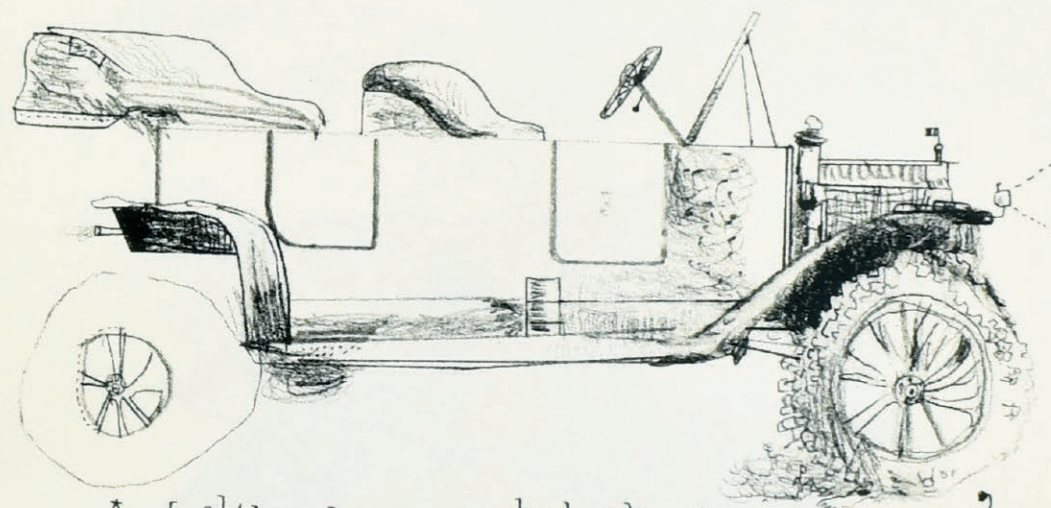
think

THIS IS  
THE TIME OF  
MAGIC, IT'S  
COMING BACK



we said farewell  
to a whole era

Furious  
giants) were  
rising  
over  
Europe



And although we were both already grown men  
We had just born



I am the invisible  
I cannot disappear

I am like a wave



HURRY NOW  
OPEN THE FLOODGATES  
SO I CAN DROWN  
EVERYTHING





the sheep are  
gone into the  
snow



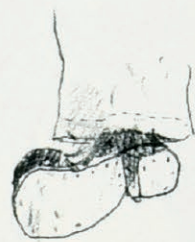
Flakes of  
wool and tufts  
of money



Soldiers go by  
and if only I



Had a changing  
heart of my  
own



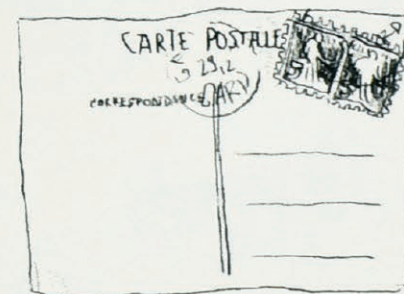
Changing  
but I know



nothing

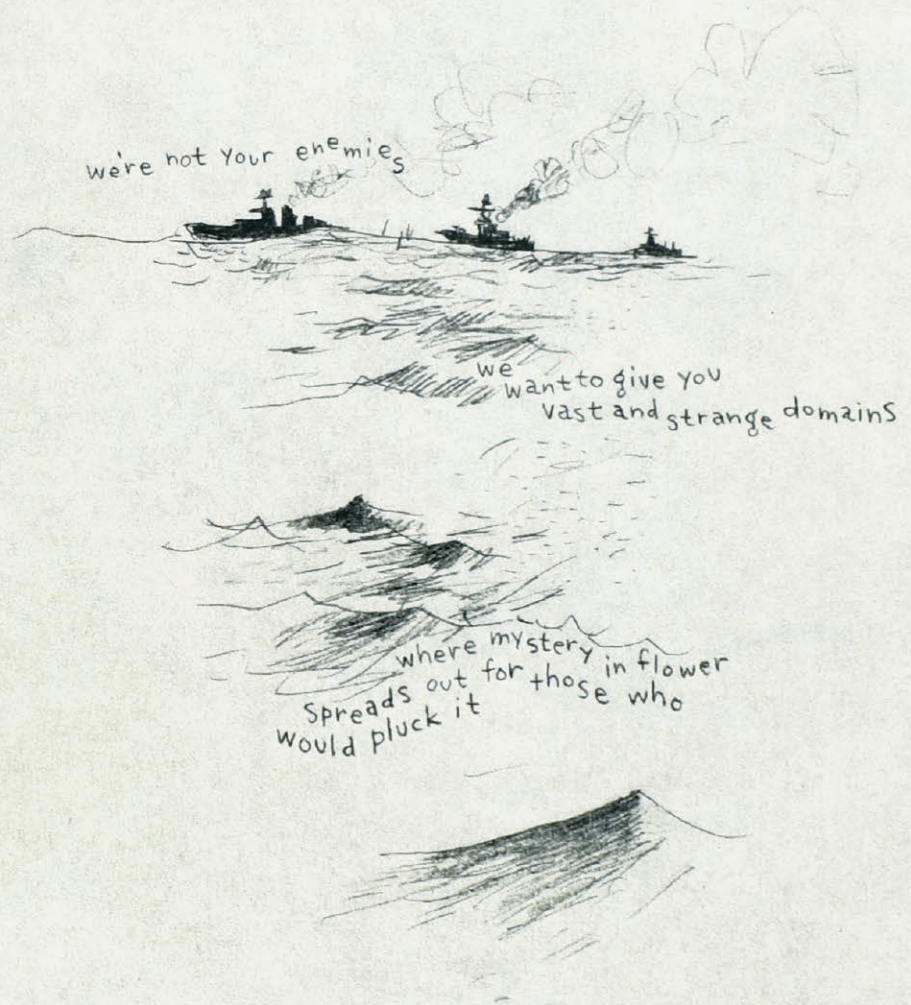


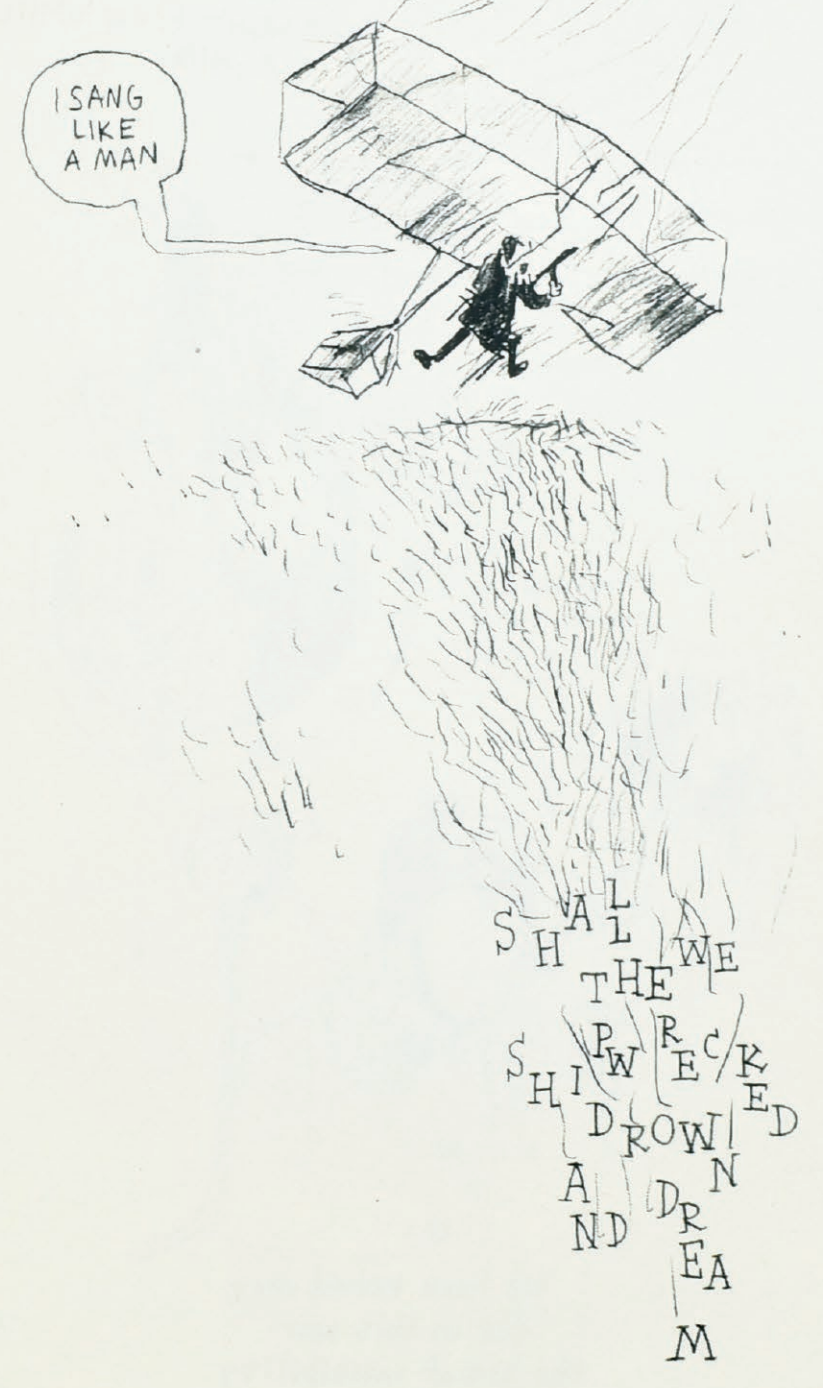
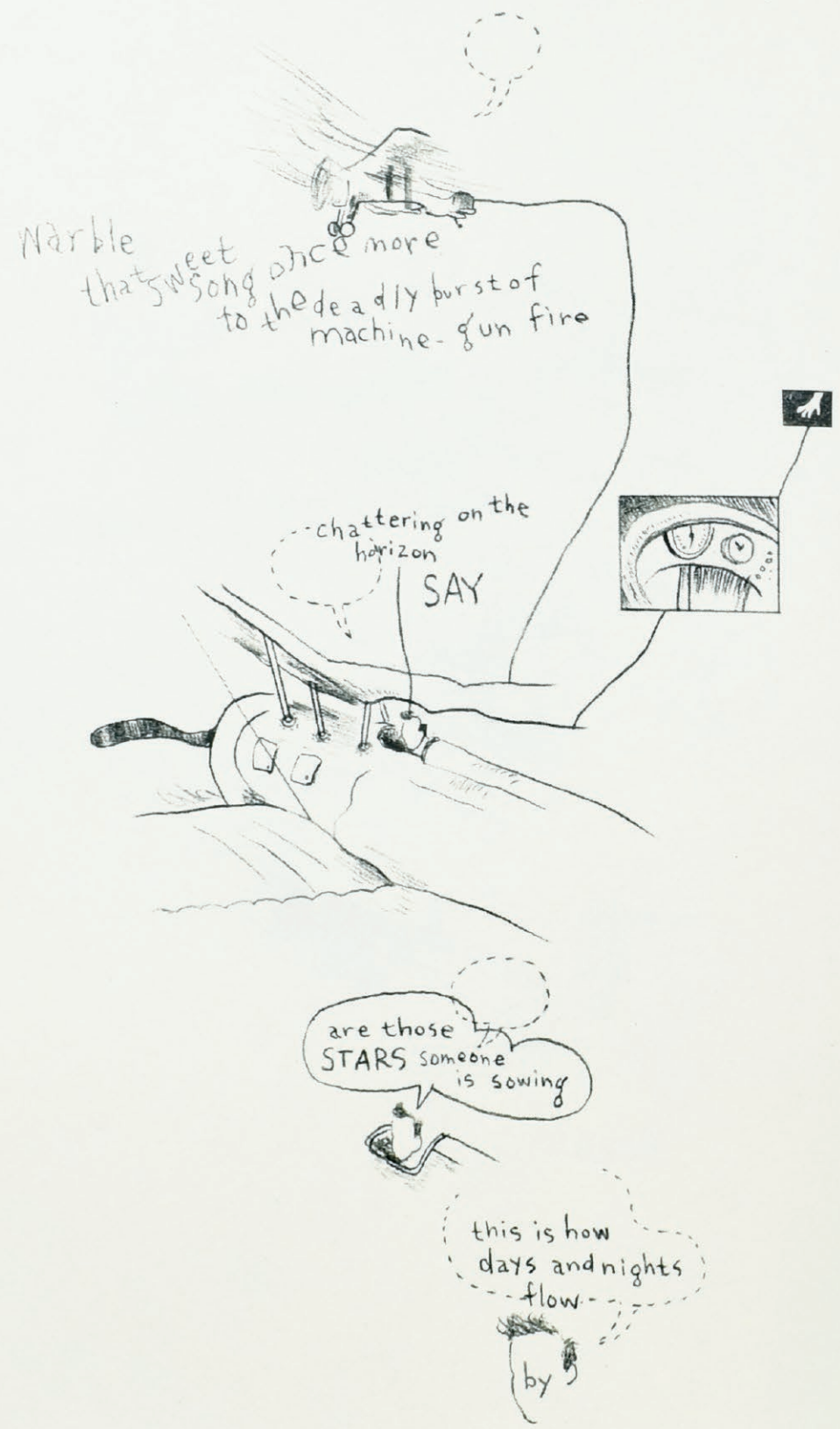
Can you remember anyone in these  
photographs



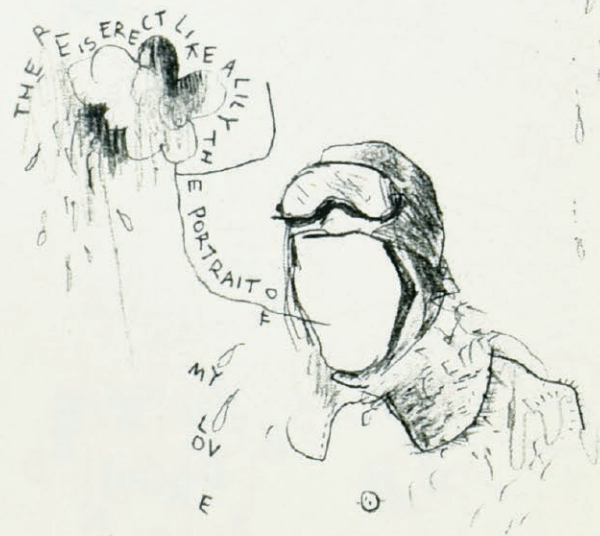
Remember the day a bee fell in the  
fire

Remember it was the end of  
summer

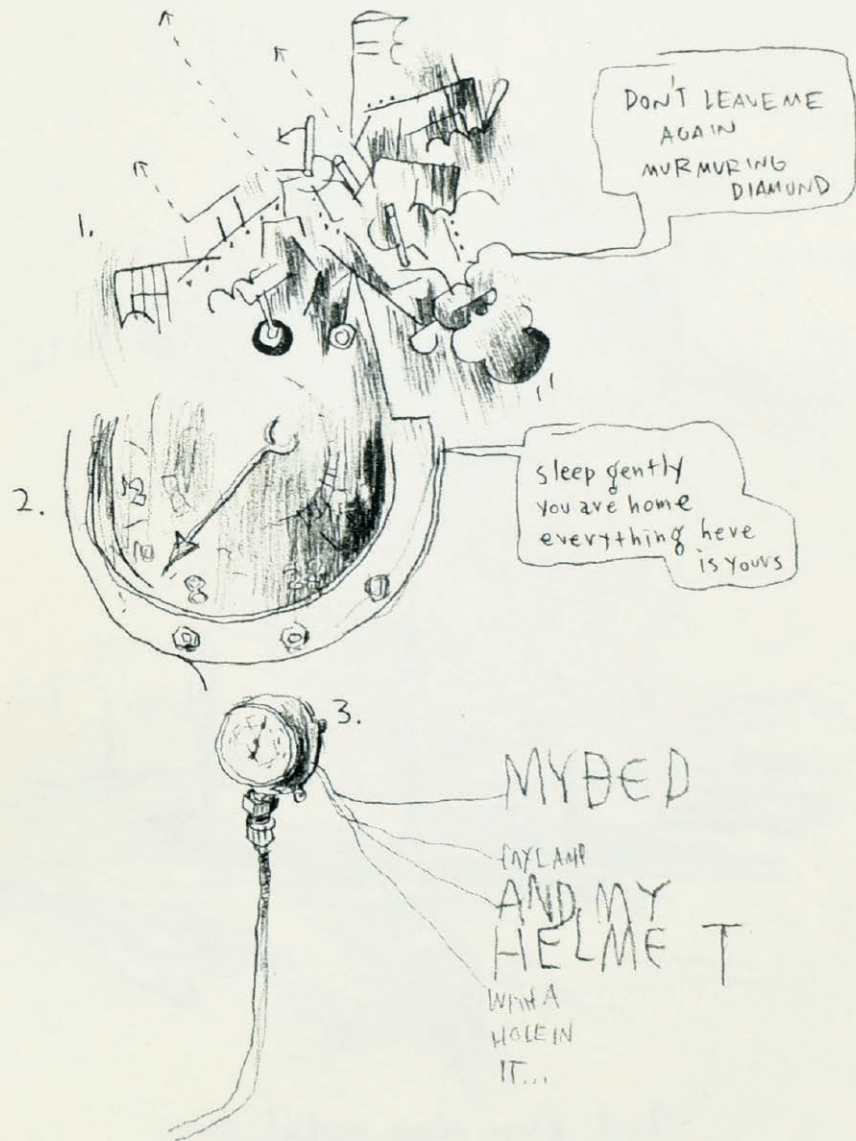




THERE  
THERE ARE  
THERE ARE RIVERS  
THAT WON'T FLOW UPHILL  
AGAIN



we have pushed very  
far in this war  
the art of invisibility



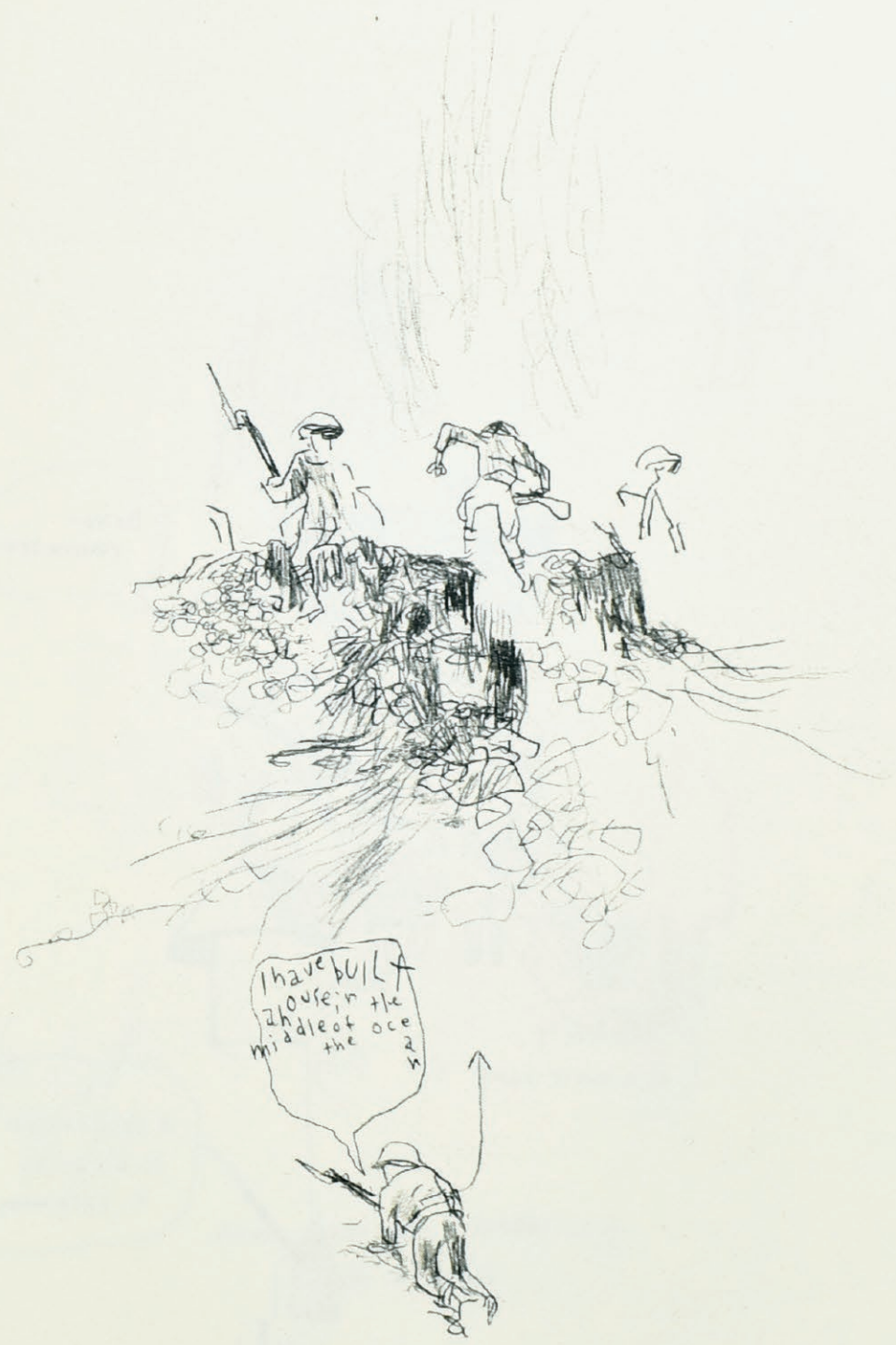
DON'T LEAVE ME  
AGAIN  
MURMURING  
DIAMOND

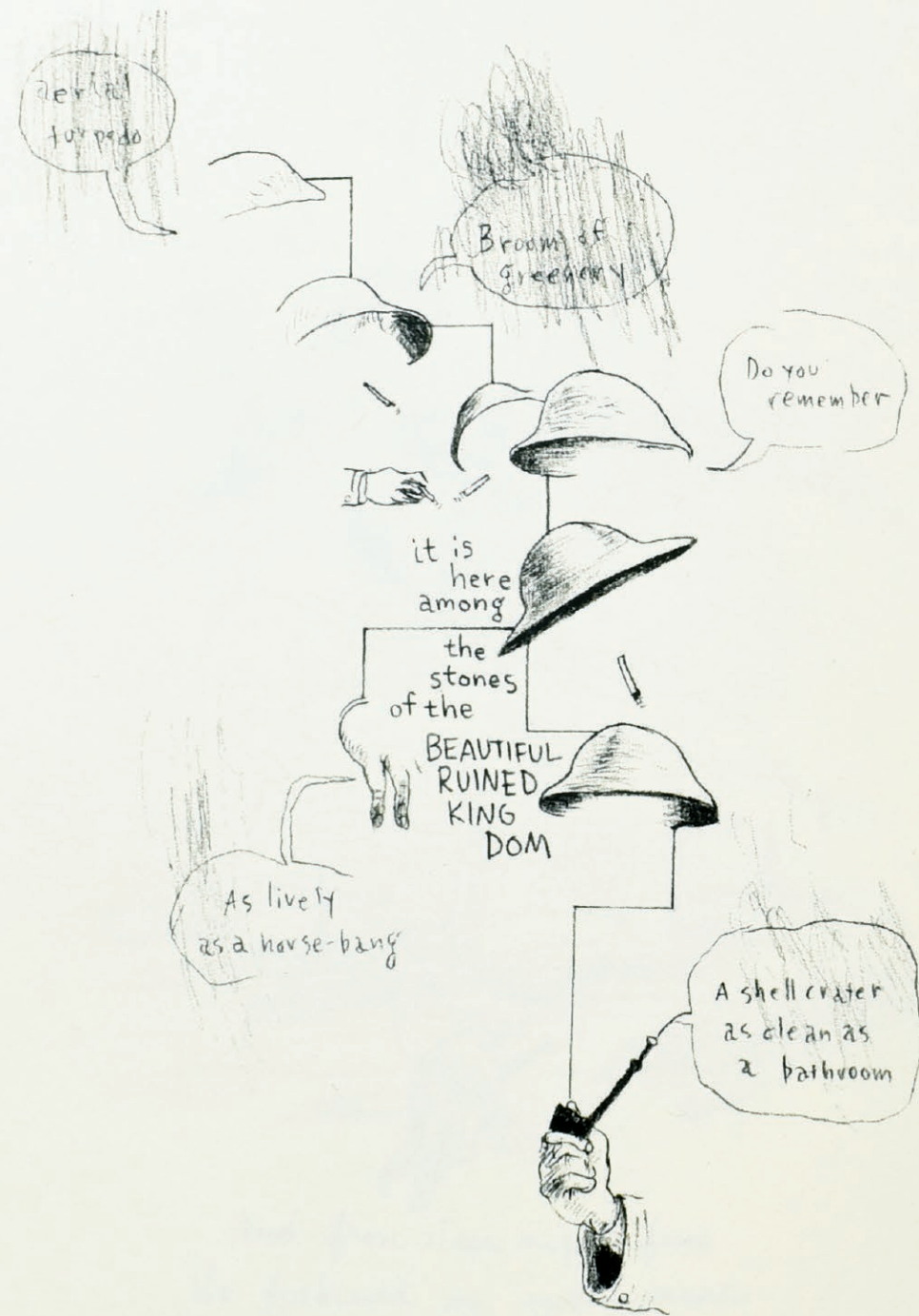
sleep gently  
you are home  
everything here  
is yours

MY BED  
MY LAMP  
AND MY  
HELMET  
WITH A  
HOLE IN  
IT...

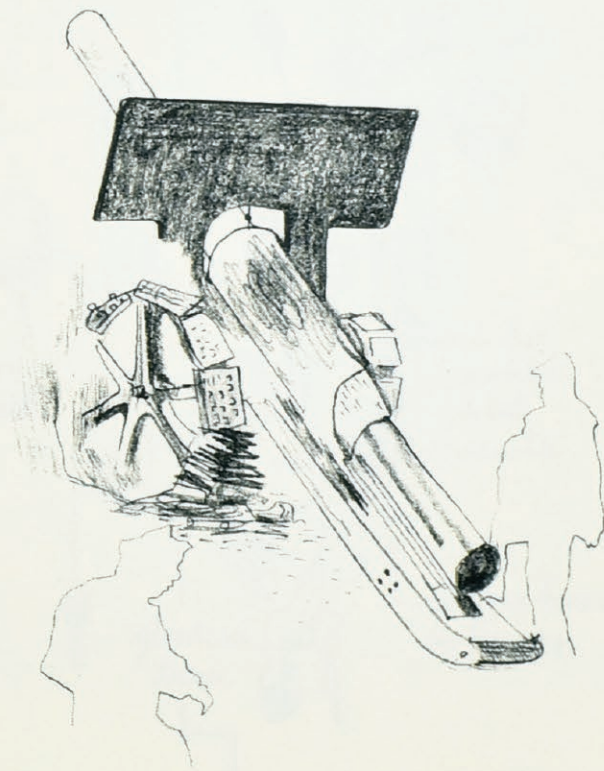


And from those awful fires  
He fashioned an awful muse

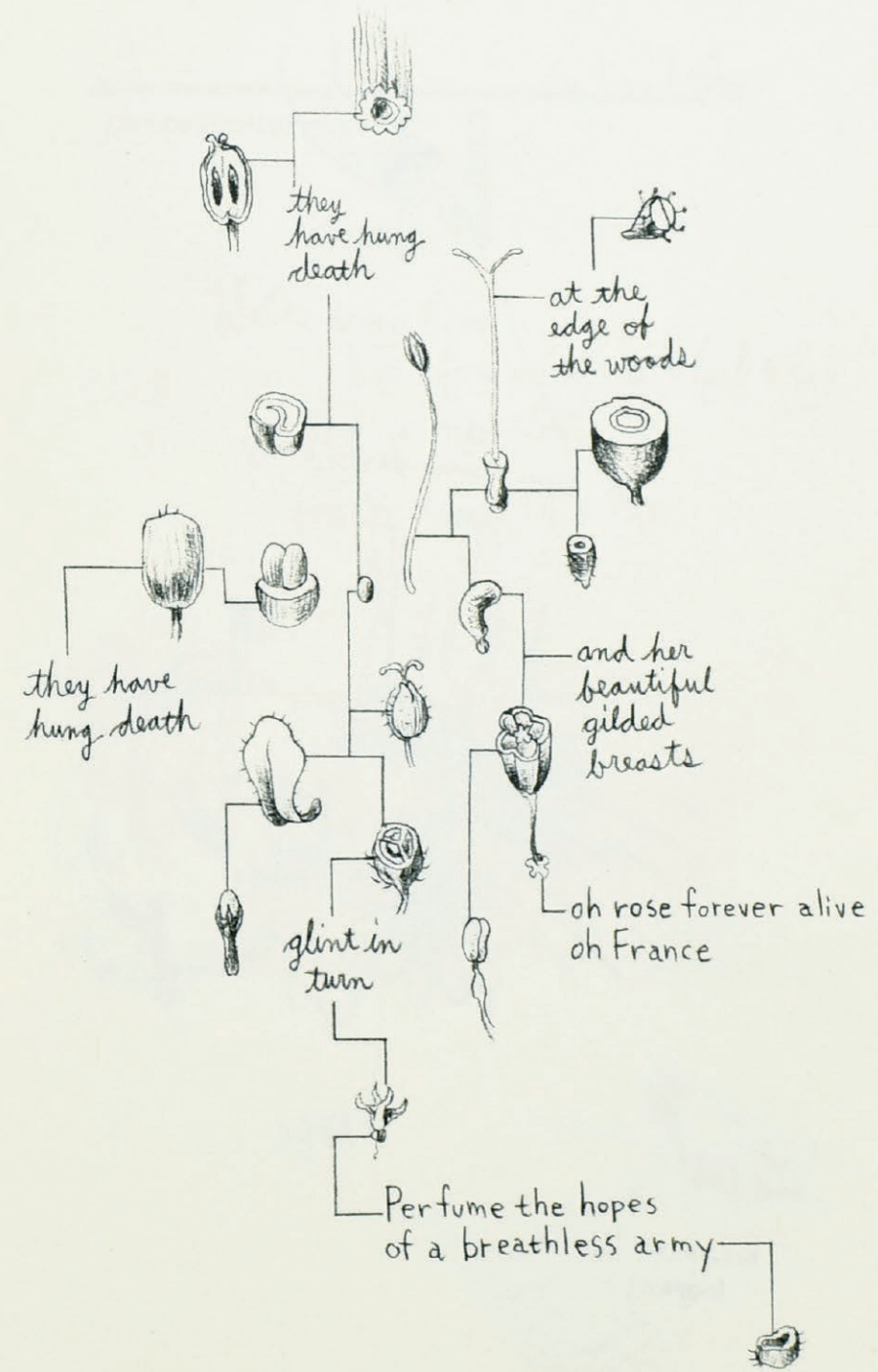
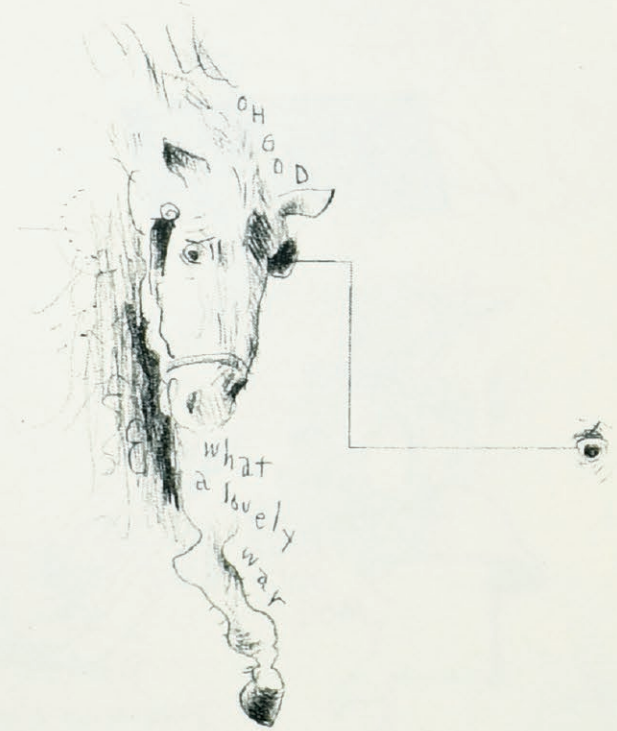


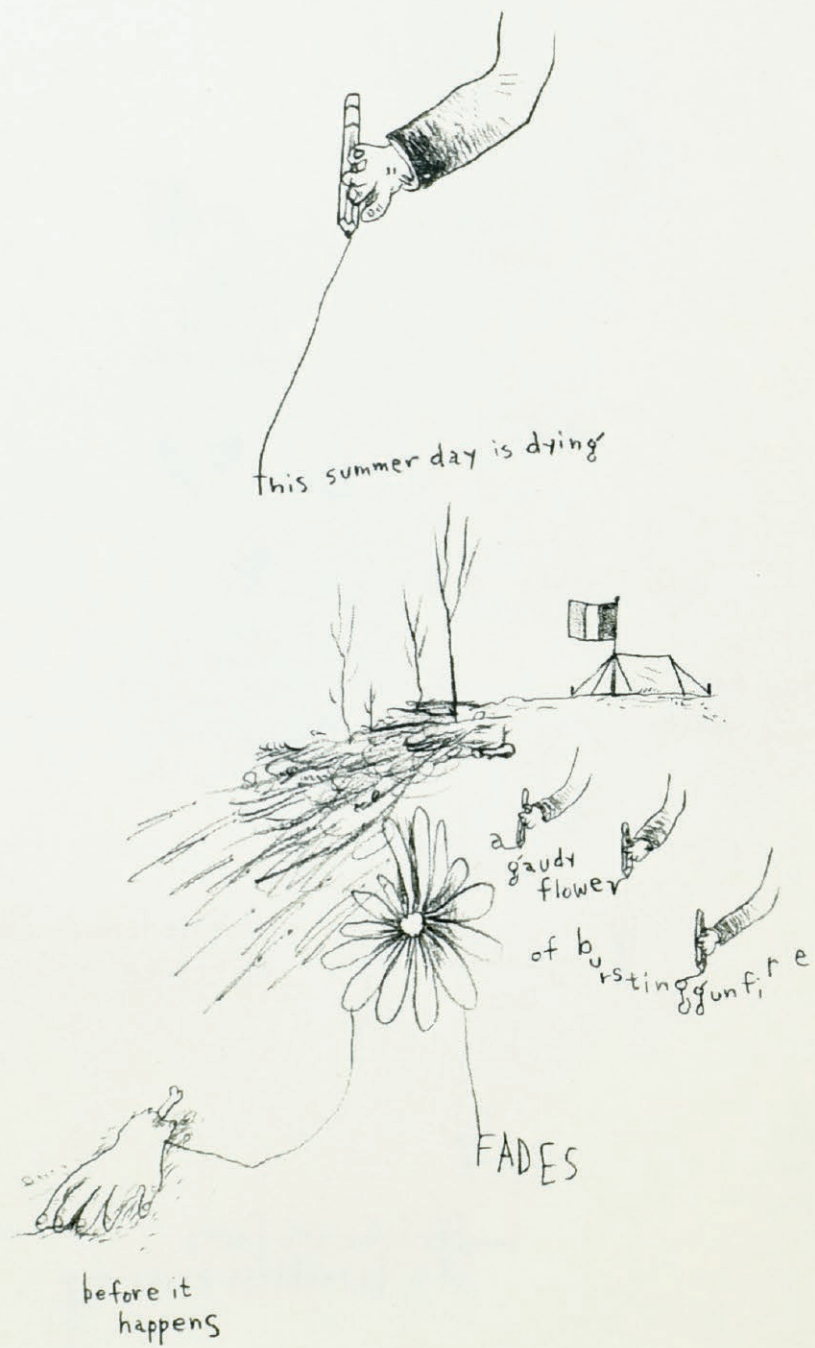


Listen



and hear the birth cry  
of oracles





to Jean Loyere  
CORRESPONDENCE

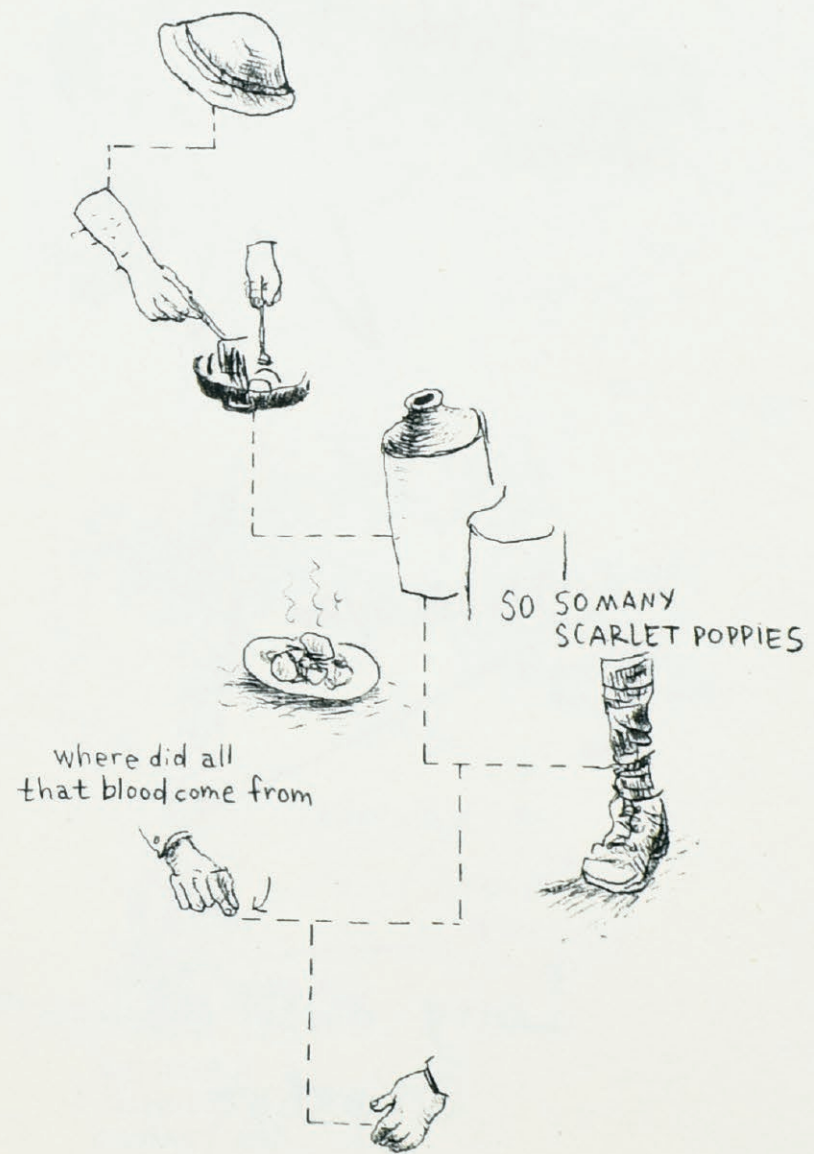
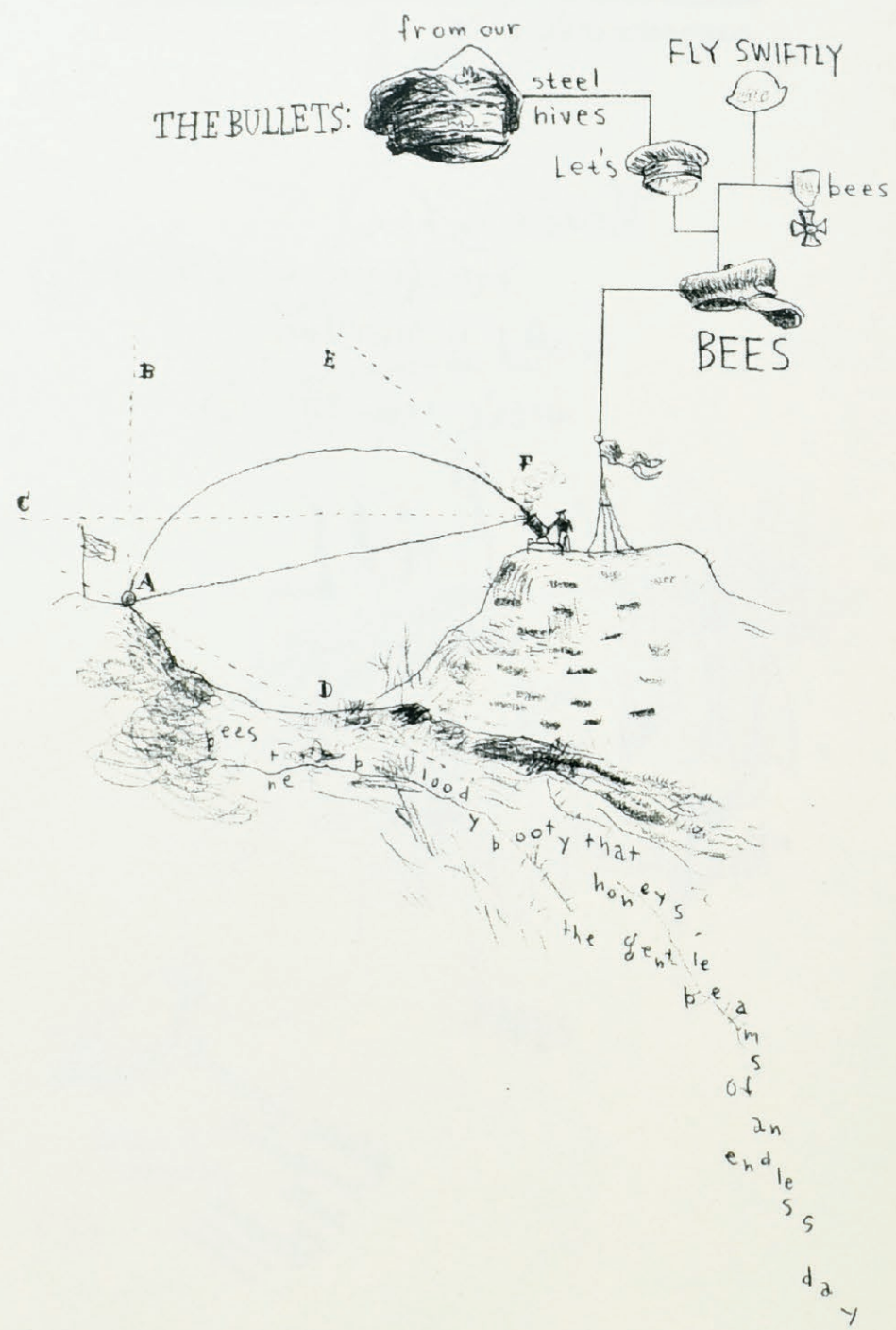
We're doing fine  
but the grocery car which they  
say is marvelous  
doesn't come this far

LUL

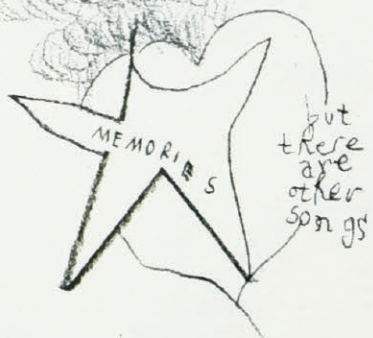
We'll get  
them yet

please forward  
transparent  
route  
France



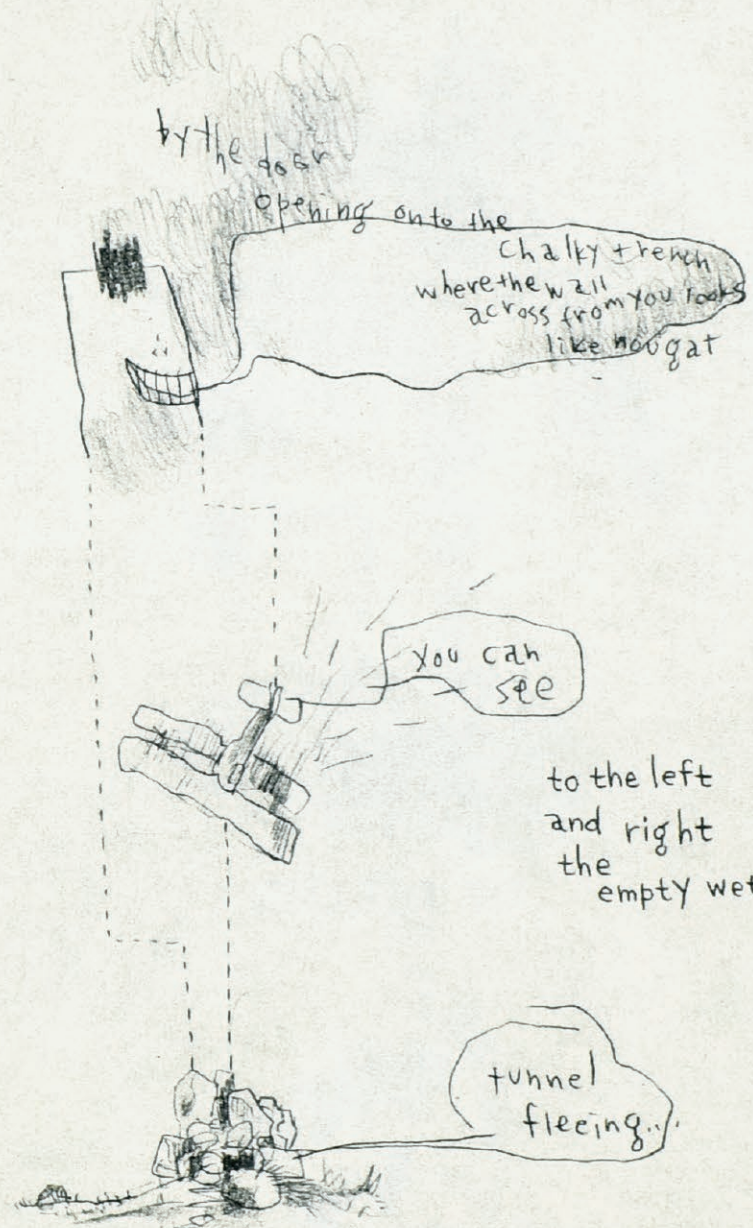


In the Arab village



Hello my poet  
I remember your voice  
Your little elf  
YOUR VOICE

Long awaited  
Snapshot



WE HAVE A  
HOLE FOR A  
CHIMNEY AND  
WHAT BURNS THERE  
IS A FLAME LIKE  
A HUMAN SOUL



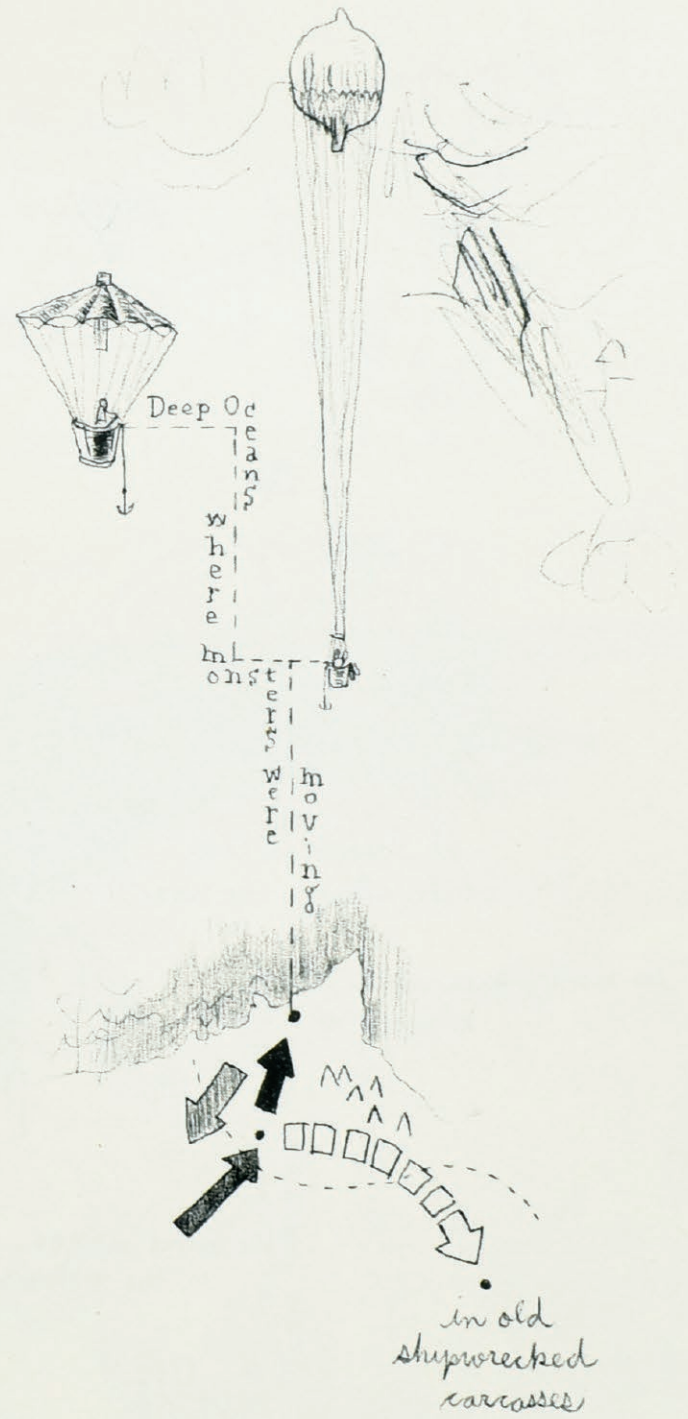
DO YOU KNOW  
THE JOY



OF SEEING



NEW THINGS

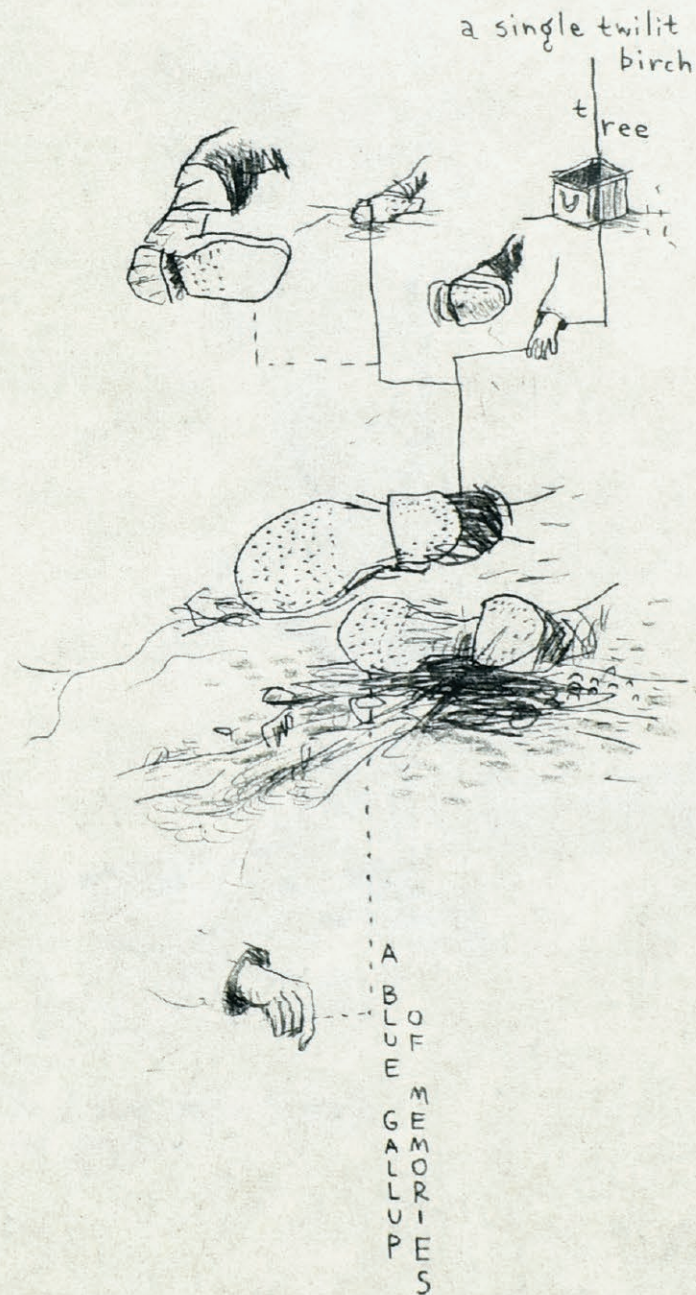




I looked a long  
while along the roads  
so many eyes shut at the  
edge of the woods

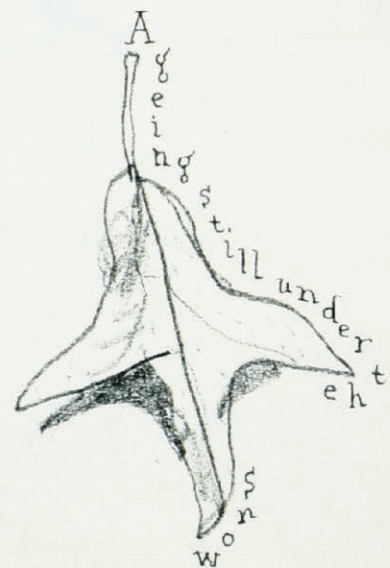
The wind makes  
the willows weep

OPEN OPEN  
OPEN  
OPEN



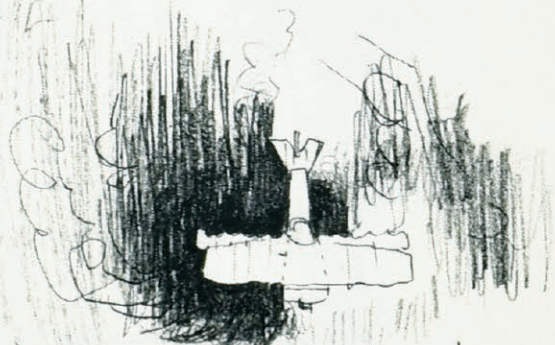
a single twilit  
birch  
tree

A  
B  
L  
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F  
M  
G  
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P  
E  
S





and branches wave  
their leaves resembling poor sailors



winged and whirling like fake Icarus

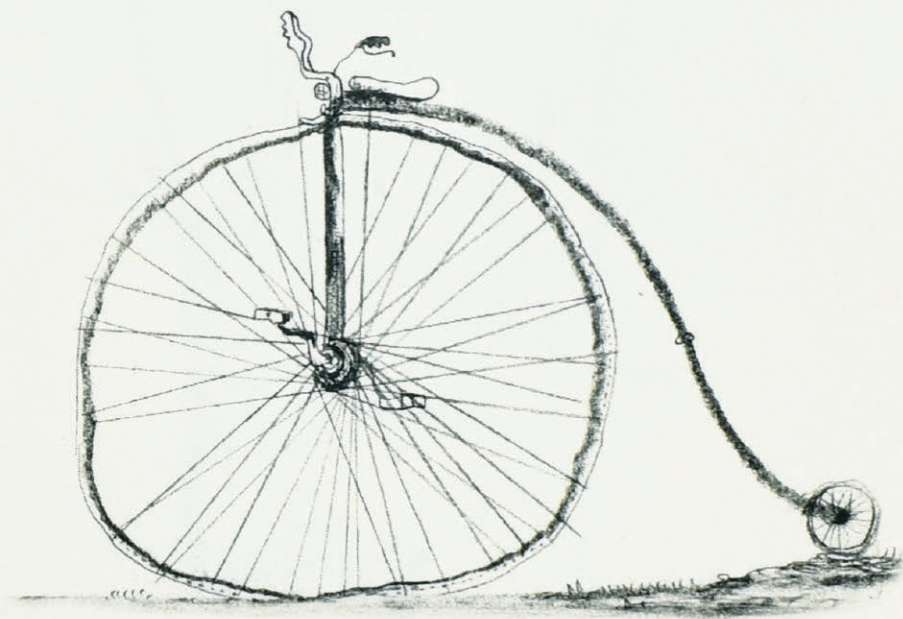


YOU MUST  
BE TIRED  
OF  
STARTLING  
THE

S

K

Y



We don't love intensely enough the joy  
Of seeing beautiful new things  
O my sweetheart hurry

Your eyes  
were the  
main  
ing



AND SO MANY UNIVERSES  
ARE FORGOTTEN

FORGET







HE KNEW  
HOW TO  
LOVE

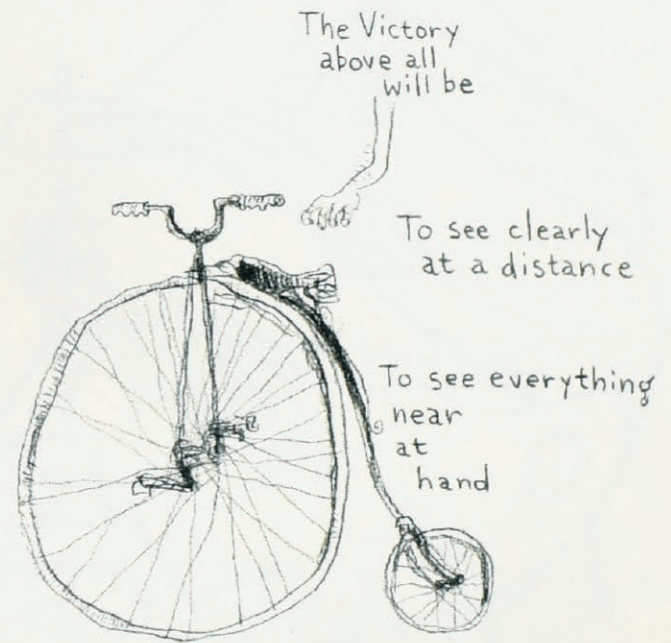


what an  
epitaph



he  
knew  
how  
to

Look



The Victory  
above all  
will be

To see clearly  
at a distance

To see everything  
near  
at  
hand

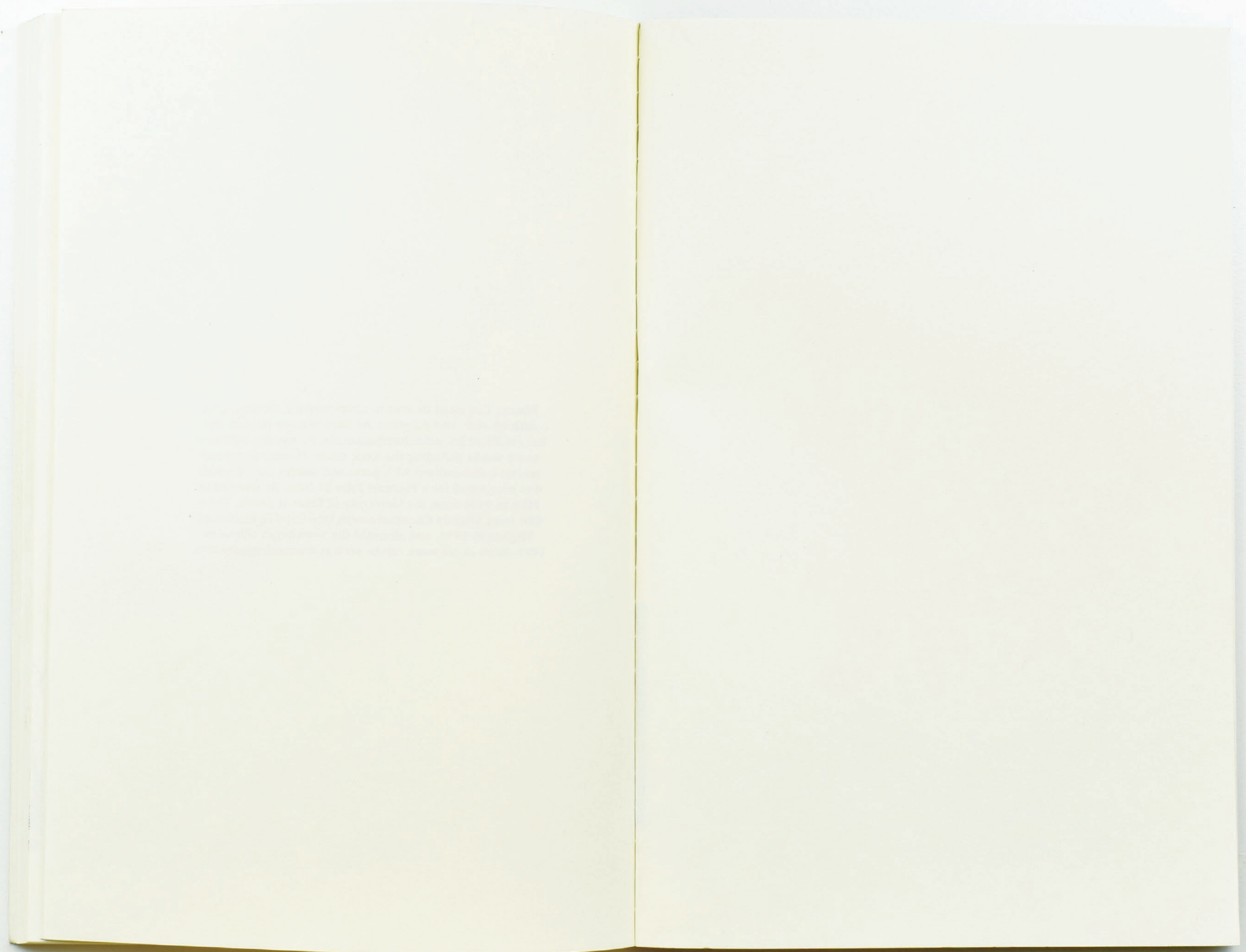
— AND MAY ALL  
— THINGS BEAR A  
NEW  
NAME







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](http://www.wcraghead.com).







DRAWINGS BY  
W. CRAGHEAD III  
BASED ON THE POETRY OF  
GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE