



SEEKING FROZEN SOUND

PostCardPoems

CLARK LUNBERRY





a single word

SEEKING FROZEN SOUND

PostCardPoems

CLARK LUNBERRY

SEEKING FROZEN SOUND

by Clark Lunberry

Copyright © 2023 by Clark Lunberry

Published by Tofu Ink Arts Press. All rights reserved.

Cover & book design by JLTY Atelier

ISBN: 978-1-958661-09-3



Tofu Ink Arts Press, a celebratory venture, aims at publishing poems and other arts of un humdrum'd inclusive rhizomatic errant possibilities. We support polished work of established & emerging poets and artists that are absorbed in possibilities. We are committed to amplifying voices of the under-represented and marginalized.

Art makes you think about thinking...

ABSORB POSSIBILITIES!

www.TOFUINK.com

A member of CLMP



FOREWORD

"We have of the universe only formless, fragmentary visions, which we complete by the association of arbitrary ideas, creating dangerous suggestions."

—Marcel Proust

My father, Dale Lunberry (1927-2012), was a jeweler and watchmaker in a small town in Kansas, the place where I grew up. For decades, when traveling, always with his wife, my mother, Barbara Lunberry (1929-2002), he often purchased travel postcards of the various places visited. These hundreds of postcards (more than 750) were, as far as I know, never sent to anyone through the mail, and were instead collected and later carefully catalogued, as souvenirs, perhaps as a means of remembering the many places they had been.

Rarely is anything written on the backs of these postcards (my father was a man of few words), however, there might occasionally be seen a brief inscription (in my father's unmistakable handwriting) of the date on which the place on the postcard was visited: "6-26-63," "Apr. 7, 74," "8-19-64," or, at most, for a particular Hawaiian hotel, "Here 3 days Jan 21-24, 83."

At my father's death in 2012, I inherited his box of postcards, but I was uncertain of what I would ever do with it (though reluctant to throw it away, as so much else had been thrown away). So, I held onto the box, placing it in a closet, mostly forgetting about it.

One day during the spring of 2020, with COVID's arrival, and the consequences of suddenly spending so much time at home (and, importantly, of not traveling), I got the box of travel postcards out of the closet and began casually sorting through them. Picking out those cards that were particularly striking or strange, often oddly beautiful, I was drawn to how so many of the colorful pictures vividly spoke of other times, other places (with, for instance, the characteristic blues of the postcard skies offering a mid-century modern variant of the poeticized French azure).

While those who were anonymously photographed in the postcards (walking on sidewalks, standing on street corners, lounging on a sandy beach...) reminded me of that which, though obvious, is often overlooked—that postcards are indeed photographs. And as photographs (with space on their opposite sides intended for written messages), I recalled Susan Sontag's description of how "...all photographs are *memento mori*. To take a photograph is to participate in another person's (or thing's) mortality, vulnerability, mutability. Precisely by slicing out this moment and freezing it, all photographs testify to time's relentless melt." The (forgotten) photography of the postcard is no exception to that poignant revelation, presenting in the printed picture perhaps its otherwise deferred and unwritten message.

At about the same time that I was rediscovering my father's postcards, I stumbled upon (largely by accident) ways in which small fragments from a copy of Marcel Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* (shredded for another project that I was working on) could at times be provocatively placed directly on the postcards, glued into the image. As a kind of poetically clandestine caption, or as a fissuring mark of dislocating intervention, Proust's broken lines of language were suddenly seen as if commenting upon their estranged new setting. There, his words of remembrance were now newly remembering, as if onto the postcard's photographic surface, into its space of things past, "where thinking," as Walter Benjamin noted of photography, "suddenly stops in a constellation saturated with tensions."

To my pleasure and surprise, and before I knew it, my postcard project had taken on a life of its own, offering even a means of imaginative travel (in time, in place), while also allowing a collaboration of sorts with my deceased father, and of an engagement with Proustian memory, from my father's own past, my own present, and of our own time together, and apart.

...on hearing the language of



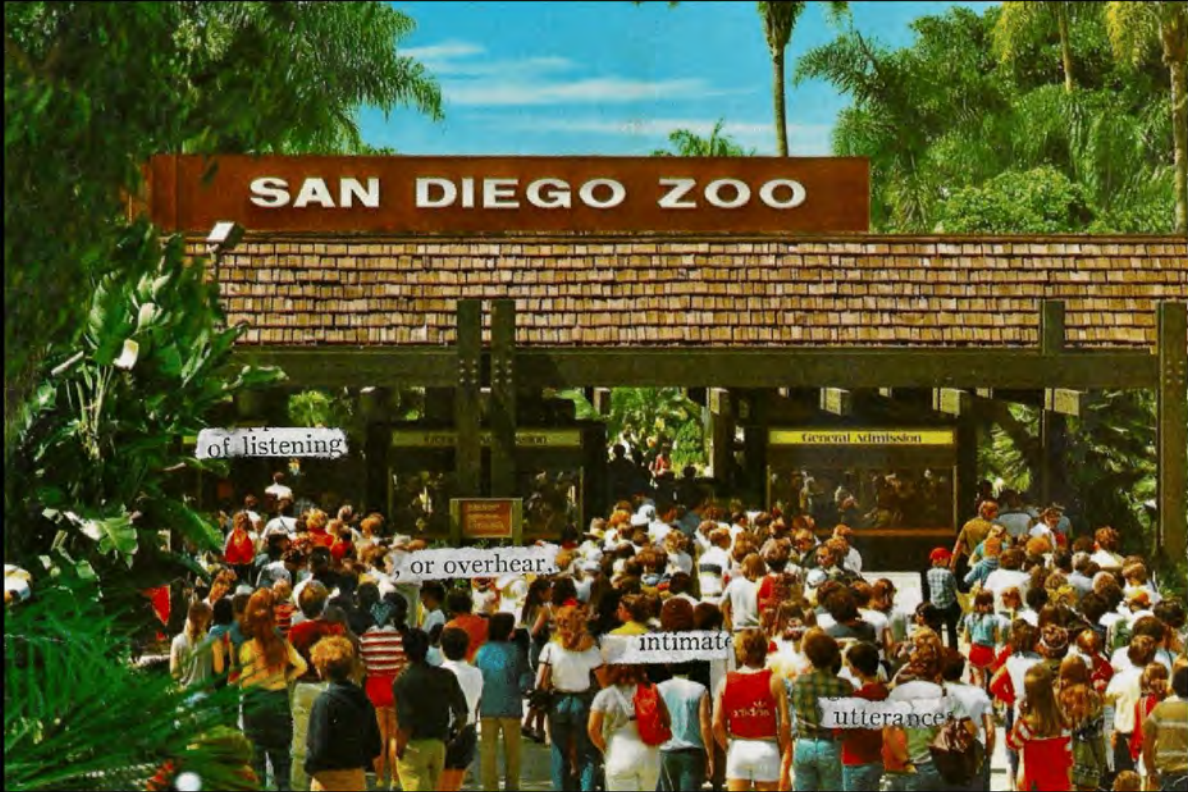
ne words: "I

MAGRIPPA LFCOSTERTIVMFECH

human life is a

poem full

of grammar



Greetings from Phillipsburg, Kansas

the unexpected

chances

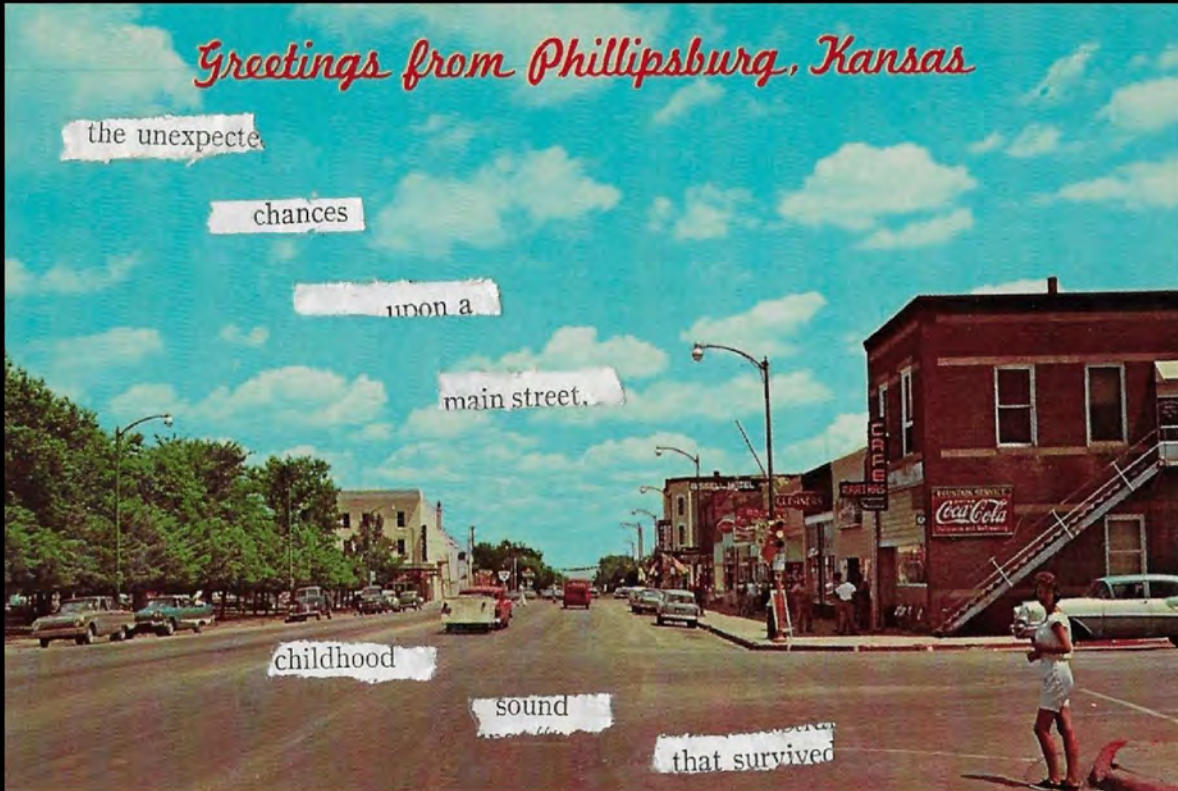
upon a

main street.

childhood

sound

that survived



Homestake Gold Mine

hope of
my life

my dream

my syllables





looking at
discoveries
inscribed in
vacant space



seeking

frozen sound

on hearing

the language of

of grace

...printed word broken glimpse

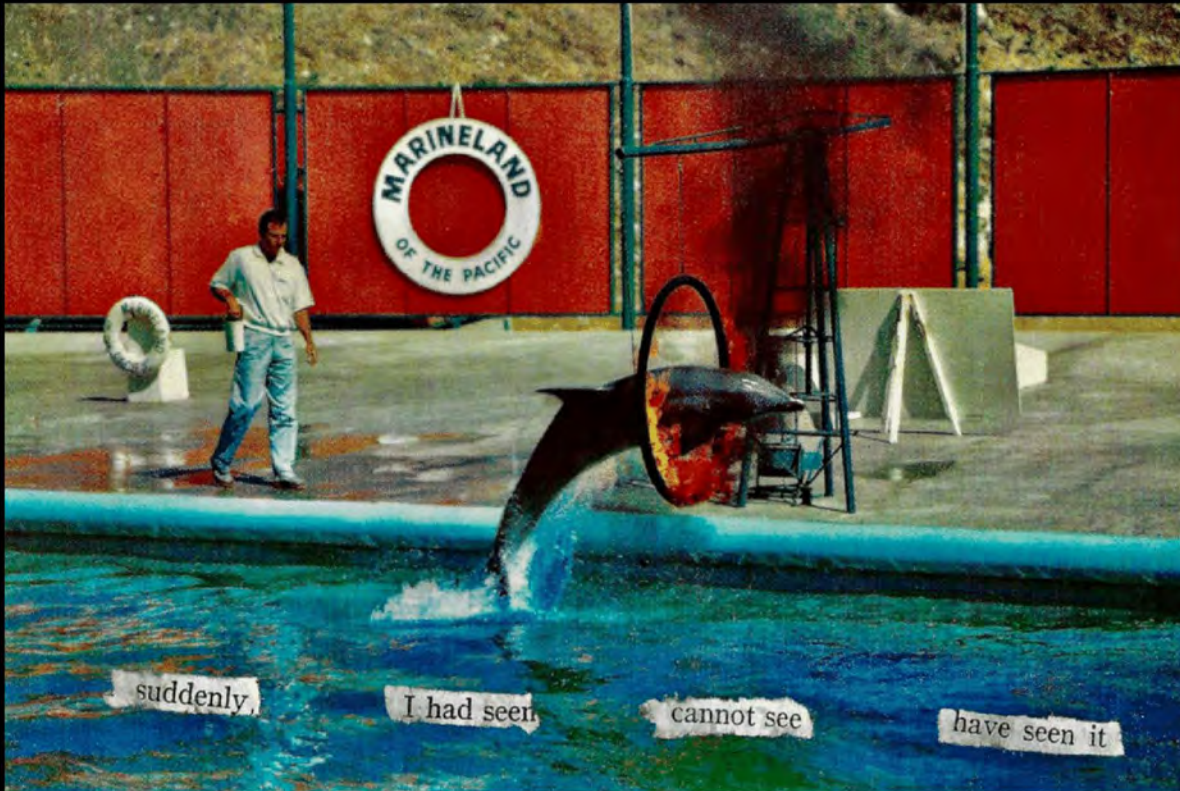


it was about

thoughts,

being remind

of their eyes



suddenly,

I had seen

cannot see

have seen it



the sky is

in blue, above

yesterday

in a stream of

to-morrow!





vision was
written

POWELL
HARBOR
504
Terrace
SQUAD PARK
QUINN PARK
HYDE BEACH

white cloud

printed word,

broken glimpse.



...a cloudy imaginary picture

time,

in the sky.



Brownsville Shrimp Basin

suddenly

a certain clarity

began to tremble



I remember

a passing train



sight of time and tangling thought... reminded me we were once in the world



image of
less than
never





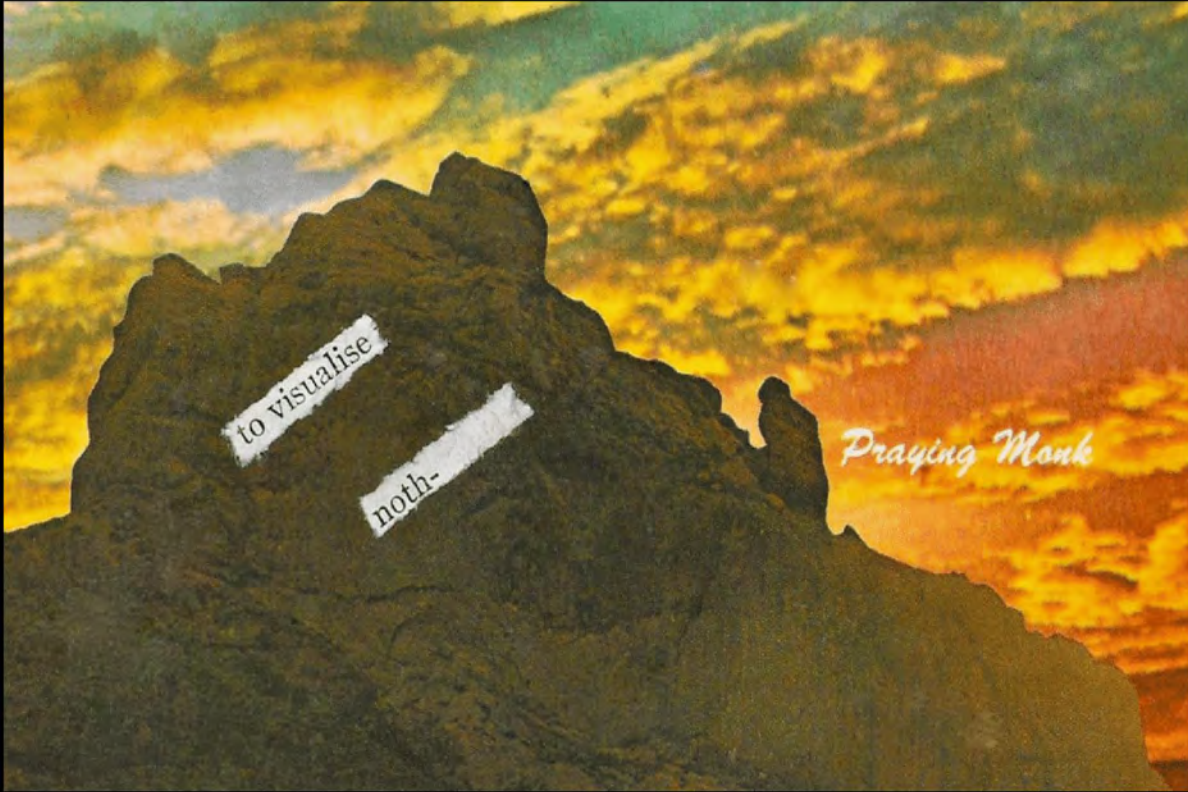
the belief, th

imaginary

ed in a cloudy

picture

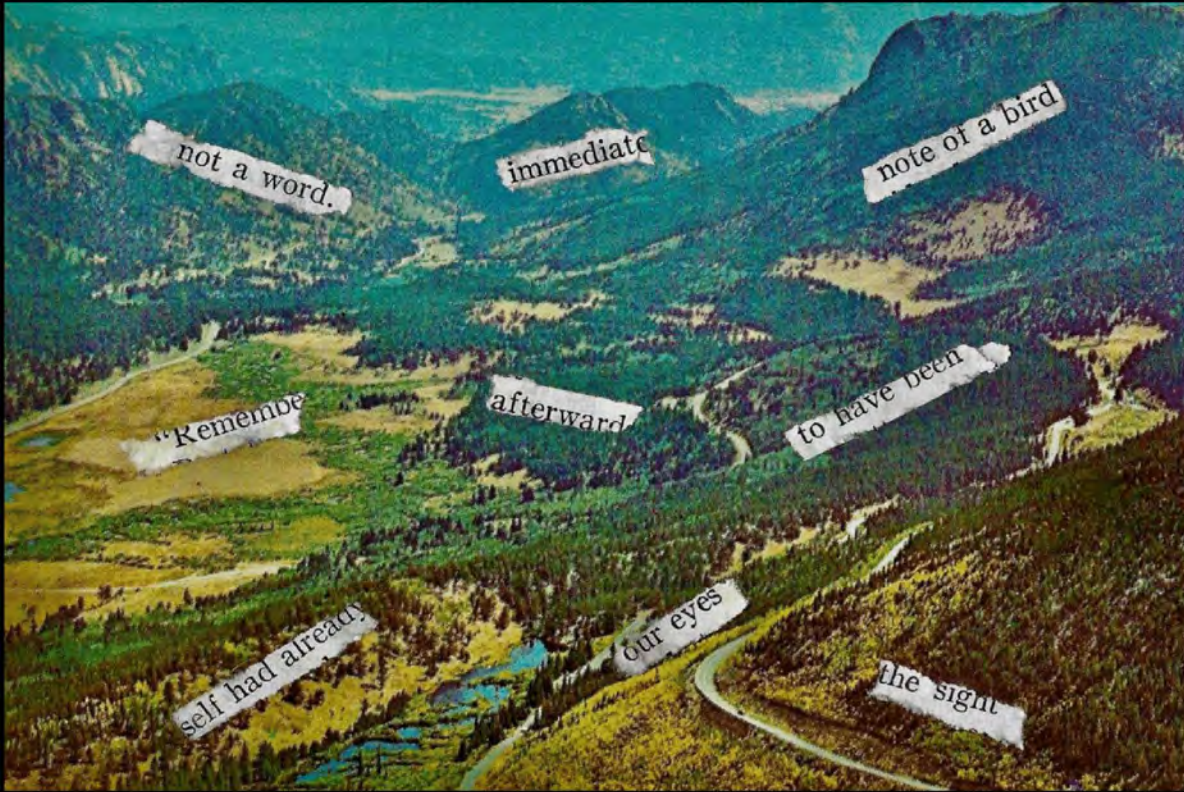
...pronounce the photograph



to visualise

noth-

Praying Monk



not a word.

immediate

note of a bird

Remember

afterward

to have been

self had already

our eyes

the sight



poetry, a sea

r présence—

s-Elysées, and

remembered th

very moment re

ch, an avenue

od in life; bu

7 in becoming a

LORD BYRON
cinema

han Proust

GLA
COIFFUR

at a glance tha
LE GEORGE V
CAFÉ · RESTAURANT

BAR · BRASSERIE · RESTAURANT



human

appearances

was seared

in the picture,



pronounce the

photograph

so as not to

disappear

FRONTIER

WAYNE
NEWTON

DAVE
BARRY

...everything was forgotten



misunderstood

dreams

of waiting

alone



There was n

the story of

the present

It seemed.

to ask "Why"





I entered
as though
understanding
words.

The French Market

remembering our past was impossible,





everything was forgotten
plan that

...between the end,



last year

did not move.



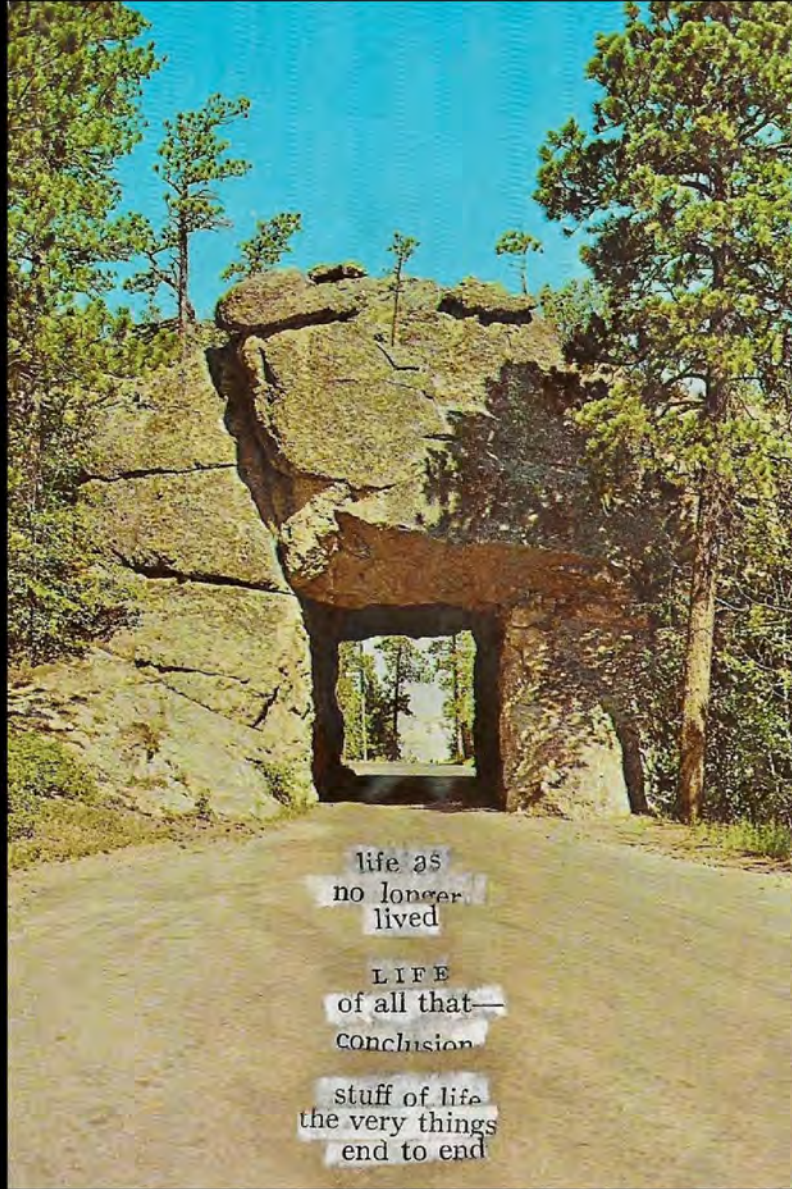




of profound

understanding

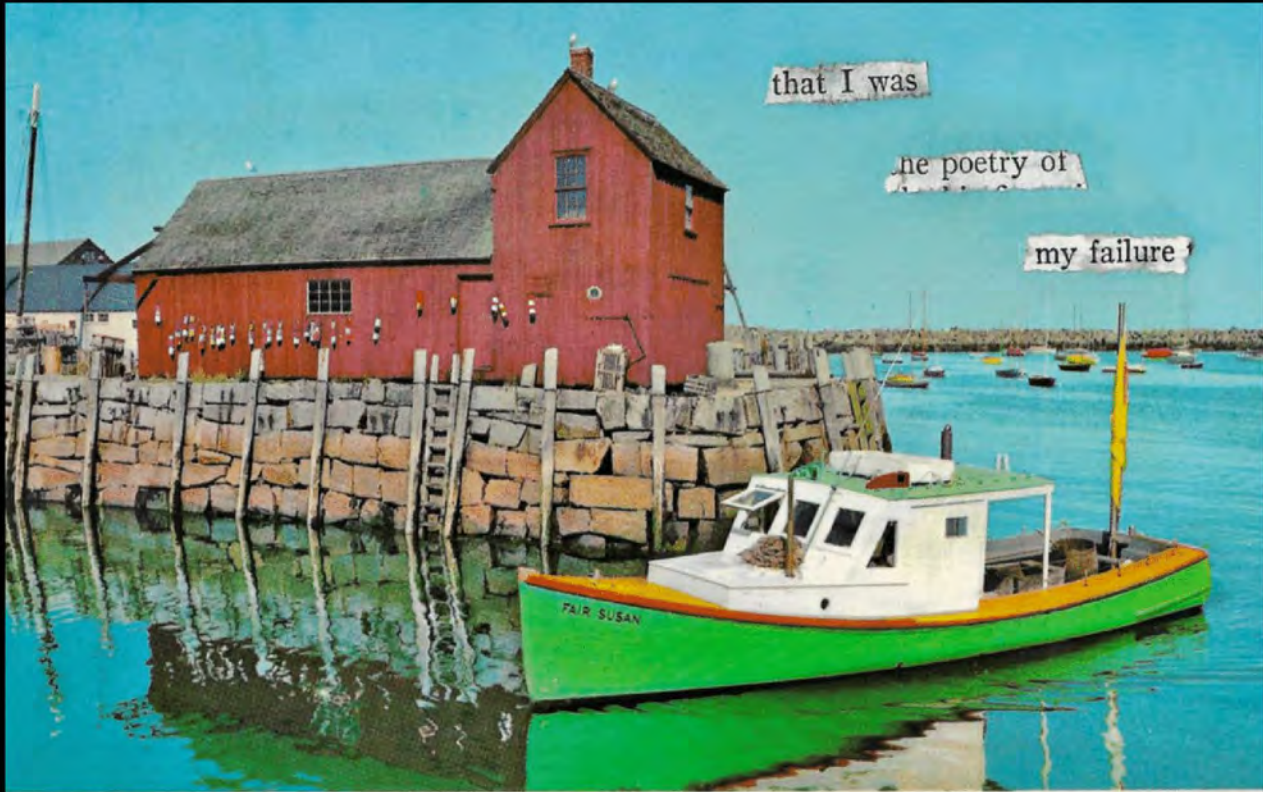
now lost



life as
no longer
lived

L I F E
of all that—
conclusion

stuff of life
the very things
end to end



that I was

the poetry of

my failure

Famous Motif Number One, Rockport, Mass.



The box of catalogued postcards



A container of shredded Proust



"Shredding Proust"

In conjunction with the exhibition "Routine Maintenance," at the University of North Florida Gallery of Art, a 24-hour virtual performance festival on September 24th, 2021.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yU3bzDzfZEM&t=1s>

Clark Lunberry is a Professor in the Department of English at the University of North Florida,
in Jacksonville, Florida.

Many thanks to those early supportive eyes of Carlyne Ali-Khan, Mark Ari, Jeffrey Shalev, and Michael Wiley;
and, at Tofu Ink Arts Press, the passion and commitment of Brian Jacobs and Joseph Lee.



SEEKING FROZEN SOUND

PostCardPoems

CLARK LUNBERRY



Published by Tofu Ink Arts Press. All rights reserved.
Cover & book design by JLTY Atelier

