

D. W. CUNNINGHAM

Is

In sudden light, the proud mammoth marched
on gold.

His feet, the furrows, trees,
the houses by boulders, sand skulls,
the lemon sun over south sea.

He stared at them, on the sand rhythm,
on the slender boulders
along wall of stone, piled proudly there.

ABOUT THE POEM

“Is” was created from James Joyce’s *Ulysses* (1922). About the poem and the process of composing it, D. W. Cunningham writes:

I took a 46-word paragraph from episode 3 in Joyce’s *Ulysses* and rearranged those 46 words (no more, no fewer) into a poem. The restriction and changes allowed me to realize some things about prose vs. poetry—issues such as the effects around narrative thrust or its absence.

