

Sonnet 127 begins a group of sonnets which are chiefly about a mistress with dark hair and dark eyes whom Shakespeare never calls a 'lady', let alone the 'dark lady' favoured by his biographical critics. Scores of women with dark hair and dark eyes who were capable of doing dark deeds have been identified as her historical original (see Samuel Schoenbaum, 'Shakespeare's Dark Lady: A Question of Identity' in Philip Edwards, Inga-Stina Ewbank, and G. K. Hunter, eds., *Shakespeare's Styles: Essays in Honour of Kenneth Muir* (Cambridge, 1980), 221-39). Her appearance is designed to enable the sonnets to dwell on the paradoxes of finding 'fair' (beautiful) something which is 'dark'. This group is likely to contain the earliest Sonnets in the sequence, for two reasons: (a) two of them appear in *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1598 (138 and 144); (b) there are no late rare words in this part of the sequence. On which, see Hieatt, Hieatt, and Prescott, 'When did Shakespeare Write Sonnets 1609?' (see head-note to Sonnet 103).

- 1 black . . . fair Dark colouring (dark hair and dark eyes) was not considered beautiful (with a pun on *fair* meaning 'blonde').
- 2 Modifies the previous line: 'or if it was called *fair* it wasn't called beautiful'.
- 3 successive heir the true inheritor by blood. *Successive* is a standard term to describe hereditary succession (OED 3b) as in *The Spanish Tragedy* 3.1.14: 'Your King, | By hate deprived of his dearest son, | The only hope of our successive line'.
- 4 And beauty . . . shame (a) beauty is declared illegitimate; (a) beauty is publicly shamed with having borne a bastard. The desire for paradox here creates a genealogical problem: *beauty* is both the source of due succession and its own illegitimate offspring.
- 5 put on Nature's power usurped an office which is properly Nature's (through cosmetics)
- 6 Fairing the foul making the foul beautiful (or blonde). The use of *fair* as a transitive

verb is not common, and would have added to the deliberate strangeness here, which anticipates the witches in *Macbeth* 1.1.10: 'Fair is foul, and foul is fair'.

- 7 no name . . . bower no legitimate hereditary title (or reputation) and no sacred inner sanctum. Bower is usually glossed as a vague poeticism (so OED cites this passage under 1b: 'a vague poetic word for an idealized abode'), but it continues the poem's concern with legitimate succession and bastardy, and means 'a bed-room' (OED 2). Not even beauty's bedchamber is safe from profanation.
- 8 is profaned is defiled, perhaps with a suggestion that her holiest places have been invaded
- 9 Therefore because of beauty's profanation (by the abuse of cosmetics) they are black in mourning
raven black. Compare the proverb 'As black as a raven' (Dent R32.2).
- 10 brows Q's repetition of 'eyes' has prompted many emendations. Staunton's is the most convincing, since black brows (eyebrows) are elsewhere referred to by Shakespeare (L.L.L. 4.3.256-8: 'O, if in black my lady's brows be decked | It mourns that painting and usurping hair | Should ravish doters with a false aspect'), and are often treated as expressive (e.g. 'I see your brows are full of discontent', *Richard III* 4.1.320).
so suited and similarly attired, and. And may mean 'As if', 'as though' (OED 3), as in *Dream* 1.2.77-8: 'I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale'.
- 11 At . . . lack at those who, despite not being born beautiful, do not lack beauty through their use of cosmetics. *Beauty* here almost merits inverted commas, since it has been so thoroughly contaminated by its context.
- 12 Sland'ring . . . esteem giving a bad name to what is natural by making real beauty indistinguishable from false
- 13 so in such a way (leading to that in l. 14).
becoming of gracing, suiting so well with that they become beautiful
- 14 so i.e. black like the mistress's eyes

127

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slandered with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on Nature's power,
Fairing the foul with Art's false borrowed face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her brows so suited, and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Sland'ring creation with a false esteem.

Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

9 mistress'] Q (Mistressse) 9-10 eyes . . . brows] BROOKE (*conj.* Staunton); eyes . . . eyes Q;
eyes . . . hairs CAPELL; hairs . . . eyes *conj.* Walker; brows . . . eyes GLOBE (*conj.* Staunton); eyes
. . . brow INGRAM AND REDPATH 10 and] Q; that GILDON; as DYCE 1857

- 1 as as if they were
 2 Knowing . . . disdain a parenthesis: 'knowing that your heart torments me with its scornful rejection of my suit': A lady's *disdain* (implying lack of pity and insensibility to the sufferings of the lover) is a standard element in sonnet sequences.
 4 pretty ruth becoming compassion. That pity was beautiful was a common argument used by sonneteers: the beautiful are supposed also to be pitiful; since the mistress is beautiful she should also be pitiful, and pity consists in yielding to the demands of her lover. See the anonymous *Zepheria Canzon* 7: '(Though by how much the more thou beauteous art, | So much of pity should'st thou more esteem)'. Cf. Donne's 'What if this present were the world's last night?' ll. 9-12: 'but as in my idolatry | I said to all my profane mistresses, | Beauty, of pity, foulness only is | A sign of rigour'.

- 5 morning punning on the eyes as *mouriers*
 7 full star Hesperus the evening star is full presumably in the sense 'intense' (OED 10b), otherwise not found before 1657.
 9 mourning Q's 'morning' highlights the pun on 'morning' and 'mourning'.
 10 besem suit
 12 And suit . . . pity and dress your pity in a similar way throughout. That is, make all your body pity me as at present only your eyes do.
 14 And all they foul and that all of those are ugly who . . . complexion combines both 'outward appearance' and 'inner mental constitution' through the primary sense of *complexion*, 'the combination of the four 'humours' of the body in a certain proportion' (OED 1a), combined with the sense 'skin colour'. Cf. *Merchant* 2.1.1: 'Mislike me not for my complexion, | The shadowed livery of the burnished sun'.

132

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
 Knowing thy heart torment me with disdain,
 Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even
 Doth half that glory to the sober west
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face.
 O, let it then as well besem thy heart
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
 And suit thy pity like in every part.
 Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
 And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

5

10

2 torment] Q; torments BENSON '6 the east] GILDON 1714; th' East Q 9 mourning] Q (morning)

With those charms, that must decay,
 e to see your future doom;
 lied — nor were those flowers more gay,
 ower that did in Eden bloom;
 itying frosts, and Autumn's power
 I leave no vestige of this flower.

morning suns and evening dews
 thy little being came:
 ing once, you nothing lose,
 en you die you are the same;
 space between, is but an hour,
 frail duration of a flower.

Indian Burying Ground

e of all the learned have said,
 ny old opinion keep;
 sture, that we give the dead,
 out the soul's eternal sleep.

the ancients of these lands —
 ndian, when from life released,
 is seated with his friends,
 ares again the joyous feast.

aged birds, and painted bowl,
 nison, for a journey dressed.
 k the nature of the soul,
 TY, that knows no rest.

w, for action ready bent,
 rows, with a head of stone,
 nly mean that life is spent,
 ot the old ideas gone.

stranger, that shalt come this way,
 and upon the dead commit —
 ve the swelling turf, and say
 do not *lie*, but here they *sit*,

till a lofty rock remains,
 ick the curious eye may trace
 wasted, half, by wearing rains)
 ncies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
 Beneath whose far-projecting shade
 (And which the shepherd still admires)
 The children of the forest played!

There oft a restless Indian queen
 (Pale *Shebah*, with her braided hair)
 And many a barbarous form is seen
 To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
 In habit for the chase arrayed,
 The hunter still the deer pursues,
 The hunter and the deer, a shade!

And long shall timorous fancy see
 The painted chief, and pointed spear,
 And Reason's self shall bow the knee
 To shadows and delusions here.

1788

PHILLIS WHEATLEY (c. 1753–1784)

A slave ship brought Phillis Wheatley from West Africa to Boston in 1761. John Wheatley, a wealthy tailor, and his wife, Susannah, purchased her and gave her an American name. Her first poem appeared in print in a Newport, Rhode Island, newspaper in 1767. In 1773, thirty-nine of her poems were published in London as *Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral*. This, her only collection of poems, was the first published book by an African-American. She was freed in 1778 and married a freedman, John Peters, but the marriage turned out badly. Abandoned by Peters, she lived in penury in Boston. She had already lost two children, and a third lay mortally ill, when she died and was buried in an unmarked grave.

On Being Brought from Africa to America

'Twas mercy brought me from my *Pagan* land,
 Taught my benighted soul to understand
 That there's a God, that there's a *Saviour* too:
 Once I redemption neither sought nor knew.
 Some view our sable race with scornful eye,
 "Their colour is a diabolic die."
 Remember, *Christians*, *Negroes*, black as *Cain*,
 May be refin'd, and join th' angelic train.

1773

used my eyes upon the sea of nothing
 memory brought back a sea more bright,
 big, long waves of light, and the swift sun,
 good trees that bowed upon the wind;
 and until grown dizzy with that dream;

in all that joy of things remembered
 one, the dearest, one most bright,
 one star, one daisy, one delight,
 or with wings most heavenly and swift,
 and the tenderest upon my heart;

no image came, save of that sea,
 everer thing than thought of tenderness,
 not or daisy brighter than the rest;
 and sadness at the bright sea lost,
 and usefulness that all had not been praised.

of chaos, atoms of desire,
 and of fruitfulness, destruction's seed,
 now upon the void my late delight,
 and a brief cry of memory, that knows
 the dark's edge how great the darkness is.

MCKAY (1889-1948)

Jamaica, Claude McKay figured prominently in the Harlem Renaissance. In England, spent a year in the Soviet Union, and met Trotsky. Disillusioned McKay converted to Catholicism after returning to the United States in his most famous poem, "If We Must Die," in response to the race riots in New York and other cities in the summer of 1919. Winston Churchill declaimed the poem in the House of Commons during World War II.

If We Must Die

Must die, let it not be like hogs
 and penned in an inglorious spot,
 around us bark the mad and hungry dogs,
 their mock at our accursed lot.
 Must die, O let us nobly die,
 that precious blood may not be shed
 then even the monsters we defy
 shall be constrained to honor us though dead!

O kinsmen! we must meet the common foe!
 Though far outnumbered let us show us brave,
 And for their thousand blows deal one death-blow!
 What though before us lies the open grave?
 Like men we'll face the murderous, cowardly pack,
 Pressed to the wall, dying, but fighting back!

1922

America

Although she feeds me bread of bitterness,
 And sinks into my throat her tiger's tooth,
 Stealing my breath of life, I will confess
 I love this cultured hell that tests my youth!
 Her vigor flows like tides into my blood,
 Giving me strength erect against her hate.
 Her bigness sweeps my being like a flood.
 Yet as a rebel fronts a king in state,
 I stand within her walls with not a shred
 Of terror, malice, not a word of jeer.
 Darkly I gaze into the days ahead,
 And see her might and granite wonders there,
 Beneath the touch of Time's unerring hand,
 Like priceless treasures sinking in the sand.

1922

The White City

I will not toy with it nor bend an inch.
 Deep in the secret chambers of my heart
 I muse my life-long hate, and without flinch
 I bear it nobly as I live my part.
 My being would be a skeleton, a shell,
 If this dark Passion that fills my every mood,
 And makes my heaven in the white world's hell,
 Did not forever feed me vital blood.
 I see the mighty city through a mist —
 The strident trains that speed the goaded mass,
 The poles and spires and towers vapor-kissed,
 The fortified port through which the great ships pass,
 The tides, the wharves, the dens I contemplate,
 Are sweet like wanton loves because I hate.

1922

and Piave are silver spoons,
he spoonbowl-metal is thin and worn,
e are English counties like hunting-tunes
d on the keys of a postboy's horn,
will remember where I was born.

remember Carquinez Straits,
French Lick and Lundy's Lane,
Yankee ships and the Yankee dates
the bullet-towns of Calamity Jane.
remember Skunktown Plain.

fall in love with a Salem tree
a rawhide quirt from Santa Cruz,
get me a bottle of Boston sea
a blue-gum nigger to sing me blues.
tired of loving a foreign muse.

des Martyrs and Bleeding-Heart-Yard,
s, Pisa, and Blindman's Oast,
a magic ghost you guard
am sick for a newer ghost,
isburg, Spartanburg, Painted Post.

ry and John were never so
Henry and John were always right?
ited, but when it was time to go
the tea and the laurels had stood all night,
they never watch for Nantucket Light?

ll not rest quiet in Montparnasse.
ll not lie easy at Winchelsea.
may bury my body in Sussex grass,
may bury my tongue at Champmédy.
ll not be there. I shall rise and pass.
my heart at Wounded Knee.

[B. TOLSON (1898–1966)

was born in Moberly, Missouri, the eldest son of a Methodist preacher. His first
about the sinking of the *Titanic*, appeared in an Iowa newspaper when Tolson
1947, he was named poet laureate of Liberia and wrote *Libretto for the Republic*
brate the centennial of the small African republic founded by freed American

said, wryly, "My poetry is of the proletariat, by the proletariat, and for the bourgeoisie." *Harlem Gallery* was published in 1965, a year before Tolson died of an abdominal cancer.

Sootie Joe

The years had rubbed out his youth,
But his fellows ranked him still
As a chimney sweep without a peer . . .
Whether he raced a weighted corset
Up and down the throat of a freakish flue,
Or, from a chair of rope,
His eyes goggled and his mouth veiled,
He wielded his scraping knife
Through the walled-in darkness.

The soot from ancient chimneys
Had wormed itself into his face and hands.
The four winds had belabored the grime on him.
The sun had trifled with his ebony skin
And left ashen spots.

Sometimes Sootie Joe's wealthy customers
Heard his singing a song that gave them pause:

*It's a chimney sweeper, a chimney sweeper,
It's black as the blackest night.
It's a chimney sweeper, a chimney sweeper,
And the world don't treat me right.
But somebody hasta black hisself
For somebody else to stay white.*

1935

Mu (from Harlem Gallery)

Hideho Heights
and I, like the brims of old hats,
slouched at a sepulchered table in the Zulu Club.
Frog Legs Lux and his Indigo Combo
spoke with tongues that sent their devotees
out of this world!

Black and brown and yellow fingers flashed,
like mirrored sunrays of a heliograph,
on clarinet and piano keys, on cornet valves.

Fact

There's been an eagle on a nickel,
An eagle on a quarter, too.
But there ain't no eagle
On a dime.

1951

Hope

He rose up on his dying bed
and asked for fish.
His wife looked it up in her dream book
and played it.

1951

Dream Boogie: Variation

Tinkling treble,
Rolling bass,
High noon teeth
In a midnight face,
Great long fingers
On great big hands,
Screaming pedals
Where his twelve-shoe lands,
Looks like his eyes
Are teasing pain,
A few minutes late
For the Freedom Train.

1951

Harlem

What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up
like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore —
And then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over —
like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

1951

Good Morning

Good morning, daddy!
I was born here, he said,
watched Harlem grow
until colored folks spread
from river to river
across the middle of Manhattan
out of Penn Station
dark tenth of a nation,
planes from Puerto Rico,
and holds of boats, chico,
up from Cuba Haiti Jamaica,
in buses marked New York
from Georgia Florida Louisiana
to Harlem Brooklyn the Bronx
but most of all to Harlem
dusky sash across Manhattan
I've seen them come dark
wondering
wide-eyed
dreaming
out of Penn Station —
but the trains are late.
The gates open —
Yet there're bars
at each gate.

What happens
to a dream deferred?

Daddy, ain't you heard?

1951

Same in Blues

I said to my baby,
Baby, take it slow.
I can't, she said, I can't!
I got to go!

hem back into her body as petals
f a rose close when the garden

iffens and odors bleed
om the sweet, deep throats of the night flower.

he moon has nothing to be sad about,
aring from her hood of bone.

ie is used to this sort of thing.
er blacks crackle and drag.

63

oppies in October

ven the sun-clouds this morning cannot manage such skirts.
or the woman in the ambulance
hose red heart blooms through her coat so astoundingly —

gift, a love gift
tterly unasked for
y a sky

alely and flamily
miting its carbon monoxides, by eyes
ulled to a halt under bowlers.

my God, what am I
hat these late mouths should cry open
a forest of frost, in a dawn of cornflowers.

62

BERRIGAN (1934–1983)

was born in Providence, Rhode Island. After military service in Korea, he enrolled in the University of Tulsa. While there he met Ron Padgett, then still in high school, and the lifelong friendship that flowered in New York City. To Berrigan, who never held a job or had a bank account, poetry was something you did twenty-four hours a day. A member of the second generation of the "New York school," Berrigan worked variations on the "I do this I do that" poem and James Schuyler's "Things to Do" format. His *The Sonnets* (1964), an exhilarating sequence in which he uses the techniques of the cut-up, repeats lines in shifting contexts, and incorporates lines from a translation of the "Sonnet" by "The Darkling Poet."

from *The Sonnets*

XV

In Joe Brainard's collage its white arrow
He is not in it, the hungry dead doctor.
Of Marilyn Monroe, her white teeth white-
I am truly horribly upset because Marilyn
and ate King Korn popcorn," he wrote in his
of glass in Joe Brainard's collage
Doctor, but they say "I LOVE YOU"
and the sonnet is not dead.
takes the eyes away from the gray words,
Diary. The black heart beside the fifteen pieces
Monroe died, so I went to a matinee B-movie
washed by Joe's throbbing hands. "Today
What is in it is sixteen ripped pictures
does not point to William Carlos Williams.

XXXVI

after Frank O'Hara

It's 8:54 a.m. in Brooklyn it's the 28th of July and
it's probably 8:54 in Manhattan but I'm
in Brooklyn I'm eating English muffins and drinking
pepsi and I'm thinking of how Brooklyn is New
York city too how odd I usually think of it as
something all its own like Bellows Falls like Little
Chute like Uijongbu

I never thought on the Williams-
burg bridge I'd come so much to Brooklyn
just to see lawyers and cops who don't even carry
guns taking my wife away and bringing her back

No

and I never thought Dick would be back at Gude's
beard shaved off long hair cut and Carol reading
his books when we were playing cribbage and
watching the sun come up over the Navy Yard
across the river

I think I was thinking when I was
ahead I'd be somewhere like Perry Street erudite
dazzling slim and badly loved
contemplating my new book of poems
to be printed in simple type on old brown paper
feminine marvelous and tough

LXX

after Arthur Rimbaud

Sweeter than sour apples flesh to boys
 The brine of brackish water pierced my hulk
 Cleansing me of rot-gut wine and puke
 Sweeping away my anchor in its swell
 And since then I've been bathing in the poem
 Of the star-steeped milky flowing mystic sea
 Devouring great sweeps of azure green and
 Watching flotsam, dead men, float by me
 Where, dyeing all the blue, the maddened flames
 And stately rhythms of the sun, stronger
 Than alcohol, more great than song,
 Fermented the bright red bitterness of love
 I've seen skies split with light, and night,
 And surfs, currents, waterspouts; I know
 ~~~~~  
 What evening means, and doves, and I have seen  
 What other men sometimes have thought they've seen

1964

*Living with Chris**for Christina Gallup*

It's not exciting to have a bar of soap  
 in your right breast pocket  
 it's not boring either  
 it's just what's happening in America, in 1965

If there is no Peace in the world  
 it's because there is no Peace  
 in the minds of men. You'd be surprised, however  
 at how much difference  
 a really good cup of coffee & a few pills can make  
 in your day

I would like to get hold of  
 the owner's manual  
 for a 1965 model "DREAM"  
 (Catalogue number CA-77)

I am far from the unluckiest woman in the world

I am far from a woman

An elephant is tramping in my heart

Alka-Seltzer Palmolive Pepsodent Fab  
 Chemical New York

There is nothing worse than elephant love

Still, there is some Peace in the world. It is  
 night. You are asleep. So I must be at peace

The barometer at 29.58 and wandering

But who are you?

For god's sake, is there anyone out there listening?

If so, Peace.

1965

*My Autobiography*

For love of Megan I danced all night,  
 fell down, and broke my leg in two places.  
 I didn't want to go to the doctor.  
 Felt like a goddam fool, that's why.  
 But Megan got on the phone, called  
 my mother. Told her, Dick's broken  
 his leg, & he won't go to the doctor!  
 Put him on the phone, said my mother.  
 Dickie, she said, you get yourself  
 up to the doctor right this minute!  
 Awwwww, Ma, I said. All right, Ma.  
 Now I've got a cast on my leg from  
 hip to toe, and I lie in bed all day  
 and think. God, how I love that girl!

1988

## JOSEPH CERAVOLO (1934-1988)

Born in the Astoria section of Queens, New York, Joseph Ceravolo began serving in the U.S. Army in Germany in 1957. He wrote his first poem guard duty in a stockade tower. A civil engineer by trade, he studied poetry at the New School in New York City in 1959. "Drunken Winter" owes it in it," Koch maintains. "Even the words *like like* seem thinglike." Cerav



## ***Pennsylvania Station***

by Langston Hughes

The Pennsylvania Station in New York  
Is like some vast basilica of old  
That towers above the terror of the dark  
As bulwark and protection to the soul.  
Now people who are hurrying alone  
And those who come in crowds from far away  
Pass through this great concourse of steel and stone  
To trains, or else from trains out into day.  
And as in great basilicas of old  
The search was ever for a dream of God,  
So here the search is still within each soul  
Some seed to find to root in earthly so,  
Some seed to find that sprouts a holy tree  
To glorify the earth——and you——and me.

## ***Mythology***

by Marilyn Hacker

Penelope as a *garçon manqué*  
weaves sonnets on a barstool among sailors,  
tapping her iambs out on the brass rail. Ours  
is not the high-school text. Persephone  
a.k.a. Télémaque-who-tagged-along,  
sleeps off her lunch on an Italian train  
headed for Paris, while Ulysse-Maman  
plugs into the Shirelles singing her song  
("What Does a Girl Do?"). What *does* a girl do  
but walk across the world, her kid in tow,  
stopping at stations on the way, with friends  
to tie her to the mast when she gets too  
close to the edge? And when the voyage ends,  
what does a girl do? Girl, that's up to you.

## *Runaways Café II*

by Marilyn Hacker

For once, I hardly noticed what I ate  
(salmon and broccoli and Saint-Véran).  
My elbow twitched like jumping beans; sweat ran  
into my shirtsleeves. Could I concentrate  
on anything but your leg against mine  
under the table? It was difficult,  
but I impersonated an adult  
looking at you, and knocking back the wine.  
Now that we both want to know what we want,  
now that we both want to know what we know,  
it still behooves us to know what to do:  
be circumspect, be generous, be brave,  
be honest, be together, and behave.  
At least I didn't get white sauce down my front.

## *"Didn't Sappho say her guts clutched up like this?"*

by Marilyn Hacker

Marilyn Hacker  
Didn't Sappho say her guts clutched up like this?  
Before a face suddenly numinous,  
her eyes watered, knees melted. Did she lactate  
again, milk brought down by a girl's kiss?  
It's documented torrents are unloosed  
by such events as recently produced  
not the wish, but the need, to consume, in us,  
one pint of Maalox, one of Kaopectate.  
My eyes and groin are permanently swollen,  
I'm alternately brilliant and witless  
—and sleepless: bed is just a swamp to roll in.  
Although I'd cream my jeans touching your breast,  
sweetheart, it isn't lust; it's all the rest  
of what I want with you that scares me shitless.

**Kathy Lou Schultz**  
from *The Sonneteer*

Quickly I press a narrative into service  
to substitute for the leaky center

Now in the Mid-Atlantic southern flavors  
the itch you cannot scratch

Or girlhood a thing I've parlayed for cash  
a kind of uneven barter that justifies my existence

Even past hoping for hope or wanting for want  
implosion the next order of business

Where lust is altogether unbecoming  
take cover from hunger

I imagine a "you" to meet the "me"  
that keeps flapping its gums

Under and over, and in between  
passing static across time zones