

BRaille

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Originally published in 1975 by Ithaca House (Ithaca, NY).

PROTOPLASM

Thoughts sandwich with pure lust and beauty's in action when the beasts attempt stasis. Thorns are allowed to exist. The green beans steaming are themselves cousin to the good news they've been trying to give away. And whose body doesn't tremble with good night kisses, pebbles relaxing, confronting the amoeboid calendar.

The pictures we've been showing each other, the photographs of large numbers of people, serve no purpose. As if we weren't private enough. Too sensitive to the cut of our diaries to bask in the blank pages. Let me lead you gently behind your next thought.

The great slipperiness as our millions of pieces untie before a pleasurable one, let's be ready for that. We have hair, we drink, we break back down into little chunks. But we've already lived forever.

THE SOUL

The soul is pretty enough to eat ice cream, watch sexual intercourse on tv, root for the cleveland indians, and scare itself interpreting phosphoric traces on the retina as fingers of its long lost enemy. The soul inhabits carbon, not phosphorus? It pops into matter at conception? Then does the body, grown, respect non-human, non-organic matter? Does it seem full of souls? Maybe the soul is just applied to the body by a harsh snap of the father's fingers which causes the progressive libido to coil back on itself, suck its snake tail, and manufacture rainbows and other accouterments of extra-terrestrial survival? We'll find the answers soon enough.

The soul respects the earth's effective ego. The ocean is the sounding box. The scale of discipline is what's staggering: perception varies from the core of the sun to a floppy violet to the buzz of old paths in the guide's vocabulary.

Let's define our terms. Soul: accumulation of gestures. Demon: compressed accumulation of suppressed gestures. Words: register of wholeness. Amen.

IT

Repeat these words: LA CHIEN LES CHIEN CHINGA CHINGA LA CHIEN LES CHIEN
OURUBOROS AUF

Now live your life as a dog. Now live your life as a cardinal. Now live your one life as a diamondback. Now live your one life as a piece of coral.

YOUNGSTOWN

When I was the world it lay heavily on my sight as dew on curving blade of grass curved human idea of forcing size to yield vigorous motion and sophisticated if you sit down at the piano sounds without the rigor of laborious translation from ear to finger finger will be stodgy nodule where the sun won't come in for a landing being the metaphorical infant it is all air time.

When I lived in youngstown I had a coat that weighed three thousand pounds with many darling glances to tell me how to ask not to know how to do it at one gulp of possibly burning intuition plus the needs drawing a bead on my head headline would read surrender at forked pass unless I took off that coat and shivered abandoning the six tasks I you she you we they like brushing away a fly flying away with your capital of warmth old man.

When to the sound of mind I bring these words scattering them ahead of me in exact statement bingo! then attitudes jar and what else do you have except an attitude to shine said the anthropocentric sun sing said the line of song say these things and see where they put me get me revealed the crooked cries of bingo the large task.

FRESH TALISMAN

why do some words rise up to protect pure space
from the vagary of intercourse with nonentities

INDIA

How much does it cost the rest of the world to keep the letters of Indiana's name glued together and colored green. First, there is the i—n—d—i—a, which should cohere fairly stably by now, but adding the n makes for a whole set of erosions, indecencies, and unmistakable clues that the namers had imagined themselves in the wrong hemisphere. Then the a, which violates the inexact i—n—d—i—a—n by forming the inexact a—n—a, cousin to the even more tired r—a—m—a, as in f—o—o—d—o—r—a—m—a. The a—n—a implies a leveling of consciousness over a wide area. So, you have the search for i—n—d—i—a totally incomplete, and before anything of substance was initiated in the mind, it spread itself out insistently and destructively in an all is one howard johnson orange glow that is called health here, steel mills and florida orange juice, but is understood elsewhere as violence, appetite disembodied, misspelled.

SONG

lullay my liking, my dear one, my sweeting, wake up,
you're more than equal to exact speech re- and tri-
vified. And the dirty corners can only be swept
so clean, even by sight's irritated photons.

It's

no longer an age of transition, your prophecies
are driven deep into jargon, there is no standard,
so purifying the world you speak all day,
hours of air, more things fall.

Earth upon earth the lightning stings
clear onto another earth altogether. In the extreme
music, sleep arid wake, the beast
says touch.

THE FORTUNE TELLER

You can enjoy the body. You can enjoy the vision of particulars as well, creeping inward through your peeping outward, like a snake into home room. You may obtain prompt, accurate motion from your muscles, and, with practice, can desire your bones to point the way they do. With practice! It grows on trees, you can't waste it! Your spending it is it! Practical!

There is information waiting when you open your mouth to lull the dog, or when you wake up inside the house again. And when you think, in the influence of gravity, sinking and rising at the same time, then there's a big kiss forming as you form your lips. So the time is now! The pattern of a lifetime! How meaning flies, roots, okays your next step! What wild shape! Congratulations.

STANDING

Important nerves direct gravity. The voice helps. Continuity exists in the nervous system. How *is* nature?

How come the eye makes room? Landward the nervous system. To the woods.

Where the alchemy shows, shines. Light is purposeful: nope. The same smile doesn't mean it works as lightly, evenly, the spirit above the sound. In or out of the nerves. Articulating the earth, pulling it up, twisting, making stand. Fine.

THE WORKS

Sky and earth, is that all? No, their deftness with material, to set being sliding and colliding. Against impact I thumb my cultured nose, I hear my noise, then I give myself over to the crash, breath knocked out, caught in the ability to talk. You can hear, can't you, how we're trapped at dawn on this carbon page? How the earth pulls the plug out and our brains thunder in our ears, a sense of important observations pulsing helplessly under our fingernails.

If you know more than what I'm saying, then you can hear me coming toward you, spreading like series of pines up rocks. I roll on my side and beckon my mind, crooking my finger. The chihuahua in the backseat at the shopping center is enraged again.

Hooked up means sanded down means flipped over means dealt with by an aborigine means hello. It's all in where you look. On the line between sky and earth, using them both for references. I get it. OK, folks, tuck some skin inside your skulls and let's go to town. What a carbon privilege.

A 1

given the brain being an industrious
essay just beginning physically
un-inked and hopeful
and given the skeletal structure

rolling over and away from the heartbeat
galloping off ahead of the heartbeat
gambling and running back to wait for the heartbeat
Jim's I think drinking his heartbeat

always mentioning purple everybody's heartbeat
and given the cool brain rifling through
to the clear skywriting
also given this conservative

forming and reforming of the letters
'boys will you burn the leaves?'
this industrious thing
can't be trusted

WE SEE

In the universities, in the supermarkets, in the language, everywhere society is spoken, we see people unable to dress themselves in human proportion, we see them fooled into cannibalism by sweet talk, we see them drawing on the beach, looking each other over, looking for fingerprints, yet at the same time they are clinically unable to identify their own assholes in a series of simple political mugshots, we see them irritated, searching...

FRANKENSTEIN

In frankenstein, blood did not know where to go,
random flushes and surges of energy to functionally
inappropriate areas. He was given some lovely lines
by the wandering impulse of nineteenth century
lyrical science: I was created by spasms
of very lively blue bodies. I see my soul crowning
the black well of an electrically charged heaven.
My body is a mess.

MUD

you have to have those
sweet elm roots belted
and the unicorn resting
to act like the sea

bright kin I'm drunk
on foreign earth music
if only all the gnomes
grew to proportion
and stood at ease in the army of sense

INSTINCT

Was instinct the face that launched a thousand ships towards the moon's shy visage? Or is instinct the ship the one thousand faces try to stay on? You try. Stay entertained.

Ball the wall and face the continent. Ball the hand that signed a thousand paychecks. That's not my fence, why chase the squirrel? No skin off my teeth. No Ph.D. off my instinct.

Can't you tell the thirteen year old to try? Please try your best. Get dressed and try your best.

P G

The pattern barely surviving the life greets the air, greets itself growing on rock, and is forced to hang its head under eight tits. The bargaining attacks the background inefficiently Love and lust kiss. That's not the story you sat on in your mother's lap.

Magnificent single voices, mother, father, without refining gravity and all this doubt, you gather to no purpose, zero in, and do not manage to move in a direction.

THE NURSERY

The best myth we have is the nameless pulse. When speaking I lose myself. That ship will never fit in this ocean. This & That, tidy up. I'm speaking of the extreme of effort. Now we leave it for a bluebell, plucked and growing from memory's fecund blur.

Oh this is interesting. Down to the seventh of seven generations it guides the sun into the days of the week, ever apt to plunge into the sea. Trees grow in groves, and men take off their gloves to feel their thought, naked and transparent.

Noon so soon. These divine swaddling clothes will have to be passed on.

PERSONALITY

Señor I show you the sneaky night. Jung. Padded sociology. I like your ideas monsieur, but not your boiled tail stuffed in cabbage. Pallid buffalo pulling its verb behind it.

Free of stuffed shut up. The shit's serioso intention. I can carry the hill that guts my nice night. We like a neat grassy look.

FREUD

Earth was there. Forest, animals. We lived with them. Bear, rabbit, weasel, otter, beaver, fox, frog, badger. We named them. They brought us food and letters, brown, 'come . . . over . . . here.' No one ever finished reading. It was obviously impossible. We all lay down, mated. Got some sleep. Quarrels, usual. One of us stayed up, proving. But no papa. All scared. No more use of animal names. Green light downward. Rearguard. We moved on, left them there.

The blacksmith's hearty hi surprised no one, least of all Jenny, as she got off her mule and carefully made her way through the ambush. She couldn't understand how they could crouch in those positions. George the blacksmith was intolerable though. She *instantly* had had enough. Her nipples hurt; she wished everyone would stop imagining them. An old man bumped against her; he stank. She kicked him.

The Chairs are built to withstand a pressure of 1700 pounds per at movies squirming popcorn, fine quality hybrid grease, opal with tungsten special alloy built to Withstand all known punishment spine safety features include to place them on black thus Maximizing profit of maneuverability ease equations, access to shipping thus enemies to come, we think this has one of the finest, operating on soap over once and you take away fine film, thus on corridors fine Punishment.

CHTHONICS

Drawn down, make sense, one false move and you're dreaming, focus the haystack clearly. Drawn down from heaven, you call that a sky, why not call it what it calls itself, a nice place to raise a family of jets.

All night, holocausts burning in the earth, smoke stirring, dark, people sitting there, trying to make sense, have the demons driven out of their nervous systems. Thinking wood has something to do with it. Linoleum didn't do it, maybe wood, wood paneling, nature, ecology, bugs though.

A giant snake in the giant sky! What a system!

ONE AMONG MANY

I dreamt the sun went down and beauty was skipping between bodies. Now an insect wing, now a side of fur, now the whole relation of rock to tree. All this in the dark, with me the only energy source. Outside my body, your body.

Pour grease on that rat. I'm still panting from that beautiful dream. The stones caused the water to steam. The buffalo cubs were wasted with the extra bullets. I decided to think twice, but couldn't.

My own thoughts received me like a ghost. Having a biology — a greater thrill than having problems? He was so weak he did anything.

OHIO

Eat your cooked war any french chef left. Pick at my toe, leave it alone. October leaf / leftover
Sherwood Anderson 1955 milk bottle: that image loving only itself. Why do they put you down straight
from the womb? I remember none of it, I hear exaggerations, Weird War Stories, the 98 year old GI. Build
the atmosphere very high, and refuse to breathe. Decay is a natural process, ax down into the cement
driveway. I am captain of my toilet training, I fly very high.

VARIATION

we may not be alive when they fix it
we'll fix them
we may live to see it
Mister Fix-it
we're in a fix
so we really have to have him fixed
Mr. Fix
it's nineteen fifty two / gonna turn over a brand new leaf
(John Lee Hooker)

NORTH AMERICA

The palette is thumbed by any cattail.
It happens so fast that all thought is re-re-
cording. And that's as it should be, bones let down
to touch the ground lightly, light the big fact

we lick. More at home in the dark starry alembic
where the demon wizens. More at home
but better off growing from the ground.

Keep away, bluetail flyboy
ploughing your ethics up in empty altitude.
The useful hurts, chance strips intent,
it's antediluvian, rocks will be the new people.

ATLANTIS

Wipe out. Wow. Some sky. Wow. Sand. Food. Stops. The sun is heavy. Weighs an awful lot. Luminous. Always the top. Waves. Where they went. That's where we go. It made quite an impression. Sensation. From the bottom of the sea. Back down. Ocean. Gleamy dawn sea. Ships. Loaded with ancient persons. Personality. What century is this. Sinking. Swelling. It costs a lot. It sinks anyway. I wake myself. Things do this. It floats. Sinks anyway. Sand of skin. Soon cold speed. Cold salt speed. Wow. Sapped.

HOW IT'S DONE

Responding to reports that american bombs
had hit POW camps the pentagon said that
if true then north vietnam had violated
the geneva convention accords
by placing such camps in dangerous areas
the usual thing is to think of a bunkhouse girl
tangled in the bedsprings

THE BROTHERS GRIMM

Too far down in the grass. Useless to pretend in the perfect epic that will magnetize the squalling
ten month old. Why didn't we all wait.

Bits of garbage floating in the water. Stare off, think up close. Bones, the carburetor, leaf, a
syllable; but time can, must, should.

And the red rock dug sting natural shipwreck can't be understood on the fifth avenue bus.
Everyone knows how the blackboard clipped their birth. A simple turning whitish yellow.

PHYSICS

On a drum of boards, gesture and character resonated, and the crowd was extended by these
relatively slow waves, outward through each other, upward to a more satisfying view, and downward below
the six or so feet of organic matter. If the vibrations reverberated to include the highly charged actors, and
if the waves' vertical components centered near the navel, then the performance was an enlargement of
being and perception at the same time. Words were used to lock the frequency in securely.

Now the one thing you don't want is to block the vibrations from coming back to include you as you act. You don't want to clothe suspicion in the seven colors of rhetoric. Do you want the audience sitting attentive to the continuity only in a specialized moment of their lives? Well, of course, you want them attending a continuous gathering of their lives.

FOR FRANCIE

what the mind rests with
the whole gizmo making no racket
the brain is filled with love, the skull with hate
what weathers the skin goes between
bees sort a field, I am sorted, you are sorted
we are sorted into one, you are, I am
I was speaking of the mind, slide
what a clothless flag to march to town under
let's leave it with this
this sense I am in
come on and share some of this sense

A TRUE STORY

A refreshing crash on the kitchen floor during a mock embrace. Mock how?

PHILOSOPHICAL INVESTIGATIONS

Tongue through the door. I taste what I think and then it's available. A car's speed weeps, but this balances largely, large tottering stand always at you, this vocal existence. Life exists elsewhere as well. Pulse returning, hot on the trail.

Then there's the dainty look of a field being looked at. Ants busy, sky pitched. Or a three day rain, lap it up. On board the lap, leaving silence. Elsewhere elseperson announcing its else in bonged norms, the call of the universe.

REFUSING CERTAIN FAVORS

now we start to get excited grass trees clouds
weaving neurons
who & to what ossifying
no time bone
the air traffic director is weak in his moment
who needs him
the air is perfectly willing to say
what you like

DANCE

the polka beets serene
whimper out of dominion starve
steer under crenellated literature
crinkle sweet lips
sedimentary paste an Elk
eyeballing destiny
chimes thereof chimes from chimes
sole of the foot planting reference
to event is ghost

SENTENCES

Might I just jump off this chair and never hear myself quiver again? Mightn't I collect all my former glances and look at you? I wish the building weren't so slow, such silk. My past mind says it's ready to live the new life. Hey, I know what that means. What niece of mine do you mean to say has no myths? Salt in the sea. My neck is cool, my head could be anywhere. To think of the meshes they see the world grimaced into. Ten thousand trains and one that's smiling. Man wants to burrow and bring down his airy forked half brother. Then the nation is a six thousand pound man, sitting on a throne, on a fine powdery beach. The weak eared mouse will witness nothing. Ok, ok. I'm here to stay, whoosh.

TENSES

Point grammar break grammar let being woken break sense sidle off next. Point break. Keep fresh
how long do you think. Kept grammar. Rushing registered in sound as the mind too little ready beady a
purse biting helpless. Pointed broken.

CAVE MEN

one two three four five six seven
what happens when you're dead
when fusion of ethos aether & interior posh
gosh the blue sky lies and talks truth
ha ha amen tick tock
which
whoosh

THE LIMIT

The is the thing
A is a sister thing
We cook the fish
An excellent fish

Infinite sunny tearing apart
Rip it apart – mackerel
Rip it a mackerel why poor thing

CALLING AHEAD

exciting dues logics stretched strain
tracks between cities beep dissipates
seaside scorn speaking bodies only
what mute blind nut pucker
that red stocking soaked thirties in gin
and has to has to lungful of rug

mirroring sun. care should limit; or shouldn't. buckets of my early autographs. I wrote this myself. branches stir, stupid monotony and sparkling wit of shape in motion. a fly in each window. not talking. dull air before rain. that flashy dance I love.

VISIONS

blue red volts
old dog nuts

AIR

Light is food. Glut. Nights, stomach grinding starry lines down to sunny. The body is a hinge. If there are humans, did there have to be hinges? There. Like a cow is there. So far the eye sees in damp night fog, one long hide, undulant, indigenous.

Is the amoeba in the dark? The way I drive doesn't count, how I punctuate does, where I choose to exist. How silly only to speak to the other pages.

How still outside. This is smuggling. Sunrise, boom, empty.

THE HISTORY OF ART

This suave beam, invisible to live antlers,
eats the standard suffixes and prefixes, gnawing
scruffy appendages into such beautified works that
a high polished shoe fixes the syrups of attention
and makes

nothing again. And a flower opens, thoughts
of nature are colorful. Terrified, here, sheep sheep,
sugar in my palm. Just my palm.
Draw. Dance. Get out of town.

DEEP STRUCTURE

zone's bones swore Marlowe
tenting around for some neat way to say things
things
the mystery men did not appear

SITTING DOWN

Shivers run up from my legs, it's time they did. My body has an inkling of the letters. The back of my neck is a strong bridge; it needs no mention but it makes mention. Sail to wherever, agile flippering surface, thawed and able to dissociate yourself from your manifestos.

The hair on your mother's arms, poking at you. Apron, lunchbox, bulldozer's gearbox: better do something. The cards are shuffled, dealt, sifted through to the cellar.

Boom, I'm giving you a variety. Go to sleep and be in some sort of animal. The ripples spider and who dares fish. Someday perfect sense will break the chair.

SONG OF MYSELF

don't be cruel, monorail
here's one end

OUT TO LUNCH

dressed as we are an understandable itchiness survives
noises that can't be explained
skies too
see I'm not wearing any clothes
says the man in his mind

purple filly barrelhousing screams on pleasure's ski

an itch to talk an itch to improve the salve
crashing through the sugaring operations
the mirror of we is temporarily broken

BEDTIME

Let's make a lyric out of arms embracing.
Let's merely milk that saintly bureau of our aunt.
Let's let
this particle of the collected works
escape

to somebody else's collected works, say.
All the molecules are working, they're in
complete control of the situation, which by attaching
a rubber dick to the plunger, escapes
attention tho mentioned.

Have you heard I just got married?
Wait till Francie (downstairs) hears about this.
The moon pulls the snowflakes up and
attention is diverted as the skulltop (centuries)
comes off neatly Surprise. Sleep sleep

CULTURE

Urge of rain greying the arches. Sad rome files out. The past gets small, hides under back yard
pines, plays dead. Wonder where the ford broke its heart. Here some indians, there some settlers, in
between, a river of perfume. So much for the trees.

Seeing them as others, the eye finds itself in birdland, lost, a masterpiece. And the desert squirrels
on home to where you left it but can't go back for it. The ouch of pleasure, miffed by messy leaves. Here we
shine for miles of forest. Bright dome heading for the closet. Go in there.

Her rushes like ten arms invade the english ladies' gentlemen's hole agreement. Wandering amid
vacationing boulders.

THE ICE AGE

Lake Erie, She is singing. The cat comes upstairs.
The Atlantic Ocean. Take out the garbage.
All luminous fish needn't try
to hide. No exceptions granted under rule

of high wide mind solved in glacial water where moose
are believed longer when seen. An enormous silver mine,
the entire mountain shot, every entrance is a
hole.

And a moon to take delight under and squeeze.
Let's shift and accept confusion,
father of the calm garden digging it all up again
with an idiotic look in subsequent
generations.

He's indifferent now,
a destruction, a masquerade, a permanent,
cross breeding. The pacific

FUERA DE LA TIERRA

she's doing the rumba
the tourists are happy
the immortal glistening
once twice thrice olé!
a word with your señor
es muy grande es guapo
beautiful popo
apparently no one notices
the great themes go on around us
SHAKE RATTLE & ROLL!
I have my own ideas

I.Q.

We drive fast still we see the particles recede. At the speed of light who throws one's weight around? When two cars pass, the higher the speed, the higher the random assertion.

Corn down there on your farm. Cool down there in the malemaid's ribs. At the stream drink till your tissues pale. Drink and drink. Cars banging around, letting you off. Dead drunk dirty weed. Actually smarter.

EUROPE — for Tomaz Salamun

Tomaz thinks these things. They are boss.

The Po, full of objets d'art. They are wrong, completely wrong. The backside of the sun is what is shining. Pennies and nickels.

Europe has had an unsuccessful operation.

Penises and farts. Dirty exterior corners of tall modern buildings, 1950-60. Tomaz corrects these things, then he has them thrown away.

But there is still further cause for worry.

He sets about correcting this too, then he leaps over it all. The fibers of consciousness can go backwards and forwards, he shows us, making a hammock. One can take it easy there, de temps en temps.

DRY ICE

No more he's or tricks: sometimes

I think the world of you. Wants broke down the be-in, and we break down all the time, my curly eyed express.

A child smears boogers on his pants, the astronaut shoots squirrels.

There I've done it, I think, virginity.

A cool drink a clear drink a nourishing long life,
I want to be alone,
the fiction insists, the education
continues along.

The cat freaking out, too much on her mind,
squawking. Something everlasting, the future scanner
demands, disintegrating in a hiss of biography.
Skate off the ice.

THE CORRAL — for Anseim Hollo

I'm wearing this nice shirt Francie made me,
a serene disapproximation of nature.
People are still confused by all the terms
in their sentences which is why they break off

many possibly pleasurable build-ups. The 130 year old
man takes pleasure in talking and letting
the thought out of his skull.
With the kid he rode past the hookin bulls and got
his diploma so now he can doctor everything up.

It's good to live 130 years. But the tragic artist
must die,
falling like a papery leaf
onto an unshorn sheep
in bitter october.

As for me,
it's too soon by about 80 years to call myself healthy,
but sickness is so obviously dull
that I can't be tempted.

DRIVING

loftily
being carried past the birds'
colonial signatures
the breeze minor rapture
the nineteenth century gods
still spry
loftily being carried
into the tape spool

monumental flutterings
where the skin turns in and gets wet

Sappho tearing off her ball gown
the skin stretched across the back never thinks twice

I spend all my time with myself, go out a lot, get erased

speaking skin

RANT

You're it. The scene is set. More prizes. By this time
everyone had a claim out,
their vectors shaved the fuzz off

natura. You're it. The tightrope of feeling, neurotic
grooming, preparing to prepare, nature feeds
you. The explosion was extraordinarily you
and I said, if ever a tree was yellow,

if ever a private automaton invaded the sky, the prairie's
Paris,
a sign to leap from the grave as pure behavior, then
you're tagged hard and boom goes the skin of thought,
wind is the ally, not air.

MORNING

this needn't
have a
need bright
snow sky
blast wham
it's no
thing out there
goes away
needn't does

RIGHT

there is GRASS on the PAMPA and there is OIL
in the CRANKCASE. Our CAT purrs under her FUR
as if the CALENDAR would NEVER cease.
I have ACCESS to the PERSONAL, it is the AIR
I take, through which my two ARMS
WAVE. Farther AWAY, FACES, armies
of WORDS, DIM fact and fancy.
Bacon, an OLD june, MEMORY
DISQUALIFIES itself. Though it may EMERGE
as a DROP of longing on my TONGUE. From this
LIVING AXIS, I am ABLE to SPEAK without DYING.

TOUCH

telepathically into this paper
breathing, rubbing my lips
sight often landing on the fence
the red cardinal and the orange cardinal sleep
telepathically on this page
they are refreshing themselves after their visions