

EXTREMITIES

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EXTREMITIES

Going to the Desert
is the old term

'landscape of zeros'
the glitter of edges

again catches the eye
to approach these swords!

lines across which
beings vanish / flare

the charmed verges of presence

TRACK

Old, nagging sense of 'Far enough!'
What are you afraid of?

*

To lose track of...

*

Lost at sea.

in thought Lost

RIDDLE

this same riddle:
IS IT ALRIGHT?

qualm that persists
on the bus ride

"Tonight there's
the movie"
a woman soothes her son

but even in an audience
comes -
was it the first thought?

ALRIGHT NOW?

you - grim crowd
you - family
of
nerves

OR NOT

TONE

1

Hoping my face shows the pleasure I felt, I'm
smiling languidly. Acting. To put your mind
at rest - how odd! At first we loved because
we startled one another

2

Not pleased to see the
rubberband, chapstick, tin-
foil, this pen, things
made for our use

But the bouquet you made
of doorknobs, long nails for
their stems sometimes
brings happiness

3

Is it bourgeois to dwell on nuance? Or effeminate?
Or should we attend to it the way a careful animal
sniffs the wind?

4

Say the tone of an afternoon

Kindly but sad

"The ark of the ache of it"

12 doorsteps per block

5

In the suburbs butterflies
still spiral up the breeze
like a drawing of weightlessness.
To enter into this spirit!
But Mama's saying she's alright
"as far as breathing and all that"

6

When you're late I turn slavish, listen hard for
your footstep. Sound that represents the end of lack

SIGNS

Can I trust this?

Or what the country says by green? Miles

of avocado groves; not monotony

but health full rest

GRACE

1

a spring there
where his entry must be made
signals him on

2

the sentence
flies
isn't turned to salt
no stuttering

3

lam walking
covey in sudden flight

UNIVERSE

Ultimately fabricates.

Rotate a little, big baby.

"matter, left alone." Of course!

This way, it is thought,

a little faster and so on.

Tending to tend. Indeed

appear

O main sequence

GENERATION

We know the story.

She turns
back to find her trail
devoured by birds.

The years; the
undergrowth

from JOURNAL ENTRIES: Youth

I

I'm at my mother's house. We are quarreling. She pulls out my old *Childcraft* books and starts to read aloud. "When The Frost Is On the Punkin" - with angry intensity. This means she left something crucial in her Middle Western youth. Something undefined I am to mourn. Can I resist?

II

Of course I understand! The missing vibrancy. Electric green of the frontyards at twilight. San Diego, navy housing, families sitting in lawn-chairs. Thru-out my childhood objects gleamed with the intensity of fetish. Are all children fetishists?

III

Only the very young are sane. They feel immortal and regard events with a true seriousness we cannot reach.

IV

(Say seldom. Seldom reach

THE AIR

hackneyed scenes
you take from television
and pass off as your youth

Father
with real pangs of nostalgia!

drawing from 'your boyhood'
a cowboy wiseman

"NEVER TRUST A WOMAN" he insists

each act
re-run

1000

after-images
contextless, insistent

to the familiar postures
vague sentiment attaches

on the air Tom Jones sings
"I'M THE ONE WHO LOVES YOU"
while my grandmother listens

when just nonsense comes
she takes him in

FOOTNOTE TO THE TELEVISION NOTES

Long talks with phantom personages.
I called you here to discuss your politics.
A witch who lives as a suburban housewife's
the perfect
model of self-repression!
But you chant "I'm meaningless."
No use to summon others.
All models, after all, are dolls
and I just want to leave
the city of the, miniatures

THE PRINCE

That there are kinds
is his business.

He proclaims his favorite
month, his favorite stone.

". . . renowned for his judgement. He will choose
among these Peerless Ones."

Knowing his stuff

HER INSPIRATIONS

It's a crowded gallery. Handmade sheets of white paper hang on a slanted wire. Alright But the artist shows slides of her "inspirations." Rural, Mexican clothesline. White sheets flapping in the blue

TEXTRON

"defends the freedom of...

"What if there were just one kind?"

But blue, green, yellow, red
nylon harem pajamas?

choice only!

You "pioneers"
have come to a strange pass

PARADISE

Paradise
is golden.

Sun
on wicker chair.

It is as one knew!

The joyful song
ascends

SUNSET

The crone with the white corsage
was reading *Thunder at Sunset*

*

What goofy images
reel thru a dying mind?

*

Go-getter's market Hub pharmacy
framed in the brief afterglow.

Spinning restaurant atop hotel.

*

Likely stories!

VIEW

Not the city lights. We want

-the moon-

The Moon
none of our own doing!

VICE

flaunt "dark thoughts" as if flirting.
propose the child-self. See this?
a turquoise sofa covered with grease spots.
though there are many places where I have not been.
Tierra Santa is a new development.
I use the simpler, more dramatic version.
as ever, Snappy By-pass
called him "lackey." Myself "fan."
This voice always scolds.
"Craven!"
charged words

*

Poison. Electron. Notion.

(emptied of its contents
it.

takes its course or
is the course taken.

Precision. Clitoris.
The searing crystals.

Wicked. Stylish. True

stars
of sensation

flicker all night between
meanings. Superficial?

Incorporeal constellations.

Correct / Incorrect
one.

Correct. Detailed. Poised.

*

Sexy when I think of it. By your hand to be
changed, delineated, placed among the terms
of the world.

I understand the masochist. She wants to be
jerked free of habit, thrown headlong into
strange positions, unmanageable acts.

Puts the needle back right where he says "Oh

Crystals. Ever. Flaunt.

Propose. Poison.

Stars. Placed. Wicked.

Myself. Spots.

WINTER

1

Fumbling for the live nerve
under dead strata.

It's not a matter of *lies*.

But when all my thoughts slink off like bad dogs -

You touch me. I assume
you're counterfeiting lust.

2

Once I liked being buffeted. Watching clouds roll -
might have felt: "Fateful coincidence of inner
turbulence with that above."

3

"I used to love nature," I said.

(Image of the rustic maiden put forward.)

As proof I named the roadside plants.
Pyracantha - fire berry.

You would have lit me up

ZEN KOAN AND THE STUBBORN MAN

"Tell us also, what did your face look like
before your parents were born?"

His face
before his own birth?

It was a trick!

They would put him on the other side
of the glass wall

and in the water

from which
no words

would ever re-collect him.

They wished him
to consent

to incarnate
in

sixty
fish

ONE

Trees that
"follow one another"

uphill, starting with the writer.
Starting now
the moments.

Faces are identical except:

one at a time.
SAD LOCAL FACTS!

(the Spirit. Feeling
head in hands.

Defined
by position.

And if we stand where we stood
yesterday, saying PLEASE?

SAVED

That job. The tabulator
empty figures
you enjoyed the rhythm of.

In heaven already?

'Nothing
to speak of
you said.
But I was driven.

I read aloud

Old Lao-Tze's quiet field
his empty rivers.

Making speech a raft

RELEASE

Finally sight
permits the random

leaning of dry mustard stalks
the broken lines

the rearrangements
of this poplar shade
on open eye-

O no need to
re-call

TRAVELS

"All the way." What could it mean?
To enter Paradise with him?

Among the zinnias I once thought
I had recovered silence

The power to be
irretrievably lost

Is death what's wrong?

Coming Back or Circling;
how this image pulls

"Alright" I said, but really
meant to go back soon and tell it

PROCESSIONAL

The Ideas You Loved: To Climb

To Rest beneath a Tree

To Reach

The Ideas You Loved: distinct, illumined

on a black background

like portraits of dead friends

What tenderness!

But impulse flags.

A single truth now occupies the mind:

the smallest

distance

inexhaustible

XENOPHOBIA

I

"must represent the governess
for, of course, the creature itself
could not inspire such terror."

staring at me fixedly, no
trace of recognition.

"when the window opened of its own accord.
In the big walnut tree
were six or seven wolves...

strained attention. They were white."

(The fear of cloudy skies.)

like strangers! After five years

Misgiving. Misdoubt.

2

(The fear that one is dreaming.)

The moon was shining, suddenly
everything around me appeared
(The fear of)
unfamiliar.

Wild vista
inside or near the home.

(Dread of bearing a monster.)

If I failed to overlook
the torn cushions,

three teapots side by side,
strewn towels, socks, papers -

both foreign and stale

3

when I saw the frame was rotten,
crumbling away from the glass
in spots, in other places still
attached with huge globs of putty.

The doctor forced me to repeat the word.

Chimera. Cold feet.

scared and unreal looking at buildings.
The thin Victorians with scaly paint,
their flimsy backporches linked
by skeletal stairways.

4

After five years
(The fear that you are not at home.)

I was sitting in the alcove where I never sit
when I noticed a single eye,

crudely drawn in pencil,
in a corner near the floor.

The paint was blistering -
beneath it I saw white.

5

Sparrows settle on the sagging wires.

(Fear of sights not turned to words.)

Horrific. Grisly.
"Rumplestiltskin!"

Not *my* expression.

Not my net of veins
beneath thin skin.

(A morbid dread of throbbing.)

Of its own accord

ANTI-SHORT STORY

A girl is running. *Don't* tell me
"She's running for her bus."

All that aside!

SUNDAY

at least seventy but
all in white
veiled like a bride
waiting.
I almost spoke to her.

*

all of religion compressed
in the word 'darling'

SPECIAL THEORY OF RELATIVITY

You know those ladies
in old photographs? Well,
say one stares into your room
as if into the void
beyond her death in 1913.

SHOW

Big Red Tomatoes - Dangling
from Plain Sticks

To Show

Miracle
Creation of Flesh

TRYING

Above books
thru a window
you'd seen a rose blowing
you said.
I liked you trying
to say

home,
 all alone
 in the
 finished
 thought