



FLAG FLUTTER & U.S. ELECTRIC

CLARK COOLIDGE

FLAG FLUTTER & U.S. ELECTRIC

Clark Coolidge

Cover by the author

a LINES book
Copyright©
1966
by Clark Coolidge

Some of these poems have appeared in **LINES,**
THRICE, and **ELEPHANT.**

519090

for Toni

ACID

Blackie was met at the subway
advertising
wished for pumice sunny flags
WE GO DOWN WE GO DOWN

"Giant Grouper" said, in cold spray net tank
GREENS deep at me
fade corridors
tapped the wrong uncle & spoke intimately

in foetal lift of potty stalagmites, resting
hair pillows edges of dead batteries
the leak

Growth Mustard

earth vanity error: drainage , settle
cigarette balls on umber pools
the corners left to never return...

"call soon, I was underground"

THE REPEAT PAPER

opening the book
paper attic eye
glasses break & break

glow worm bodice in a tree
lights late lakes

& I find lights in the map
in twigs, in mist, in wire rain

how can say "hopeless" ?
two tan noses to every... rose
scarlet scar bottled in brine

I & 3
mouses furred to get out of the way
the rolling dome elevator in snap tree

tissue star plots in St. Garth France?
"I was framed!" bullets crome ability
to laze billet & green awning for it?

that was noble
that was orange
that & the other
wimpled dark child that
rod red couldn't

that was funny & flesh & stupid
that stored tin wisdom
to roild foil & avalanche us

that was image & liquid & grand lost

in, He was tub in embarrassment
but I opened the book
free & bluely & torn glass dormer
this would world the night to laugh be
curious ceiled room
to steam Apollinaire

IN LAND TRIP MACHINE

THE MAN BENT

over the yellow metal tilter flower
could have let his phlegm rhythm
he could have halt
he could have
begin

this is the sign: "Extraordinary Beauty" or the sky bam down rust-duct
sky could be full of black clothes & the zipper stuck
sky could sign full of blue blow
sky could sign fade

his rippt, of beauty nostril, his plunge, of head sign felt blue
"all hell" could be rip-beauty of STIG-Creek down by the bulge
("hands" aren't in this or "fade" even)
creek could have bend
bulge could have press

man bent yellow presence over
(flower whirl : wheels & rods)
area could be winter pen
area could be end

blue zenith could be over, right, or black

(blue yellow metal couldn't be "meanings")
flower could, & sky...

...felt, what could he do, but TILT?

THE DEATH OF FLOYD COLLINS

1.

these were contemporaries of the mammoth
looking back up the ridge
on this unfortunate friday morning Floyd
whose stem, extending
no foundation for assuming
sleeps when his temperature is lowest

came upon our first Typhlotriton
gills disappeared and henceforth respiration
any one of which might be the one
to create mystical ideas in the minds
sliding thru their tank
before it ended in a blank wall

because beneath the guano are numerous
time a train rumbled by a whole
to move his powerful leg the rock
led me down a long wooden black space
the north, south, & west surfaces also bore
inch long bugs closely related

2.

neighbors never forgot the cure speleologists do
in a lifetime, he usually he explored alone, with sight
of a boy tramping over cornfields in the middle of winter
he was a stocky boy who would lie down on the thin
mantle of snow & blow into man, muscular
with powerful arms

He spoke little & seldom a breathing hole
in any sense of the word cold air in summer &
warm air in winter, & at other times night, caves
little concerned him, except as it might hold a
suck in air, just as mysteriously

How baked beans in his pocket - knew risks,
for he had several brushes
a cave was further from home, woods, & the words with death
He-came was a cave, & Floyd knew it

"I'd rather be dead, than down past his head"

A SNUG TREK

spire towers in the black ape
avenues I exit
throbs in the meat, concrete, machines
(no guns, no easy soap)
& a darkly (axle warp)
a gelatin window : one!
a slide goes, & to rest walking

a blade
there is a singer the house
a dun container's arrived
I called (snake's memoir)
his name (crome) I called on
the wavers to arise
to green & feel & snow

it
(the submarine always there)
comes up on my cuff
or an elevator to meet
weekly, exactly, or make a cone

I missed the lever
to daylight is a glove, will
dump up like solid
neighbor or metallic sheen

a go-by on rollers
big nauseous bug, & sun

11 P.M. - paper shoes, a weak egg

FLAG FLUTTER & U.S. ELECTRIC

Be Bleak! Sneakers stalk on, assorted beaks shops cluttered avenue

"They (green-guns!) want to kill
the man's () pants
where () ever the man
may be (!) "
- STRIPES -

I looked up the message
on the
grey noon
zenith radio
- GREEN STRIPES -

...man gave me
my "load-stub"
card punched ready
obstacle go out &
stub
- STRIPES WHITE
& GREENS -

go even go
even on cave hidden slime transistor

unpaper ageless message
or "tune"
or "the old..."

- NUMBERLESS STRIPES! -

from safe here
forever
to go out &

get to go
out & get from
safe here

forever to go
out
& get from safe
here forever

to forever
from safe
go out
here & get ...

BLACKBOARD'S AA

please emit, the tobacco's gone down & admits it
jaw & stave, & yell until & when you leave me

catch

that cabbage under the cheese fence, the window's gone steam

Chuck a Luckie! Grin, Halt!
down here's all smear & bad boob rust

his Snub, his Calco-Stump, his Can't-Breath
his knobbly "Weathers of Conversion"

confess: he's sat hung long stale, admits it

the bung's come up ringers
& nut's enough muff

the cattle came back around the coral
canal & ugh
& the usher lifted my ash

crumbs'll turn over so grave, & train'll fade late
so broke, so lump, so fine!

(so ash last lash)

the fire at the bubble at the bottom of my puddle, oh
Bucolic Barkeep so new & bumped,
Maw's gone signed the rent & raved

NOVEMBER TARRIES

a glass clinker hell is nearing collaborations:
ha & ha , ha-ha peaks
reached when the tongue is on a stem of milk
boredom & you
shatteringly stopped & so
casual too, & oh so (it's
later it's lately) brittle

clashes
of paper under neon winter tube orangeade
sweet lullabies be all bugs lost under dusts
& the ducts of the ace-of-spades box plugged due to spells
of the lace thumbed nest of boredom of the Beast comes
printed in squares, the prints
smudged on hunks, holds near your stink

or oh (oh & oh)
the fate of the fake nostalgia of beebees lost under the furniture hulks
toward me on straw lace of the tundra, the beckon
of your bulge, frame wised
up with cirrus, your grand tuned luck
when poles turn on everything seemingly
nudging & separate

the eye(box

(strung grey winds

the hair-crossed deed

FED DRAPES

FELL FAR BUT THE BARN (came) up & smacked me

Who're you , bleedin? Fled.

Blat in back of a Victrola Car

is so red is such that sun

fell in the rushes & pen bear appear

the white wrong numeral on the wall

can't take it off with the clock

down with the clock it...

way

on the board-couch with brass, kindergarten clench joints

backed violet rip into the gas valve

it hemmed & snowed

the wrong way

remnant face

rubber

the pucker

RED NUT LAB

with more
ships, however
corridors to
cabin doors
communal bathrooms
Italians in white
food and seemed pleased

"I suppose accommodation's the problem?"

star radio room
fuel shifts aft
"Of course"
climbed up into the enclosed dome
good & really fly
narrow dome lips really
"Could I have a look? radio..."
"Anytime, alas fully, rather busy"

we are not cramped
gestured to the door
as a man would who ex
he said firmly, "Please go first"
objection aside I know he
hunt?
time
ing man

it is a weakness of all men
to spare five minutes
at the moment hunt?
"you know you will"
no, no I think you you know o'clock

engine cowled
about twenty men
and outboard
her free-board

climbed briefly up the narrow controls
"I'm keeping rather important to us"
"You can spare five minutes to doubt their material possessions?"
expecting the politeness apparatus, he believe in big jolly things

"I seem to remember trace of pricked vanity"
short space was exactly like visiting, talking fluently
tons, tanks, shifts, lips She is an ex
"I seem not cramped when her bows come You would like?"

"Hunt ridicule? but we will not discuss that now"
talking starboard vanity room meeting with white apparatus
keeping important at the moment closed dome
"I'd love to see" he was expecting white & led the way.

THE IMAGE FURNACE, UNDER BRINE

in the ward room, the desk players crated
a banded "one" near the floor
he needed, & was room, & made it
the door an edge
what the slats became, what the fur
door, a

"the good ease!" , sighed slamming his pencil
vacuum of the light bulb drop, the sigh
sign vent of it's
slat
way

the gang played a steamed
pipe under snooze bucking game
under cantilever upper structure
metal banana
smiles of the under
carriage oil, shot, all, "empty pockets!"
a laugh. a water. a bent aluminum envelope.
night & gasp. shades of vanilla.

he played for
keys
his sleep became
ticks
needle

SO MANY SCARCE

O, you must plan (he thought
it was RANDOM
sun came out on a glance
bulb dimmed out inside
at "their photos looked clearly..."
wonder hills horizon with a rinse
(like a sink)
going down (lank, light) marsh & reeds
SNUB!
He tells...
lights on a grid of juke or pin
took off his cap
her nettles, the sun where
gleamed (pop!) cherries
"what a head!"
& the mu
seum unlights, closed, so dim "Oh look!"
dim swept of earth surface the paper
bits
runs
score mind couldn't tally
scant vent lose syrups
rent, the dull ball, dim & scat, "ants!", so high
skate map "Avanti!"
from on hand

MACHINATIONS CALCITE

acetone imprinted
oblique swatch on the skin car barn oil wall
ocarina & mumps
much wet green
I'd leave sole key to this game to my friend, sheet water cat

actor impressed
weaving candle turn on computer cigarette, paper wall
tarheels & balance
a lot of yellow stick neck
He'll have to hurry & carry away, to my blue friend hustling bringing
his moon & car

agate inked
merry melodies drool on shank of wet lead star tool
crayon & sands
length of granite buck-drill
It's sucking up the strand, his crystal flag, & the eels tube for that,
their parade swizzle fun

arctic suck
splinter dry-ice spazz luke-ing ace supper at church
hard pinks & sponge breath
many forams drift
Roller window going up on I repeat my offer food list in iron flakes

REALM CATCHER

inevitable, & bubbles
he clenched his fist, went back on himself
- Grey Deeds in a Procelain Sloop -
closeness of the lens
smelt
pop

thrust globs & thought about ice & froze his tongue
Blemish, "no kidding?" , slate, wonder, the window
felt mote lunge from tapes
& cancel the
Blacks (Bump!) BLACK

Tops. & feel ice the mainsail
trouble, paled
box in the case of WHITE
- Luck in a Lunch of Crusts -
his inevate
slot
stop

(or) try bunching, the bananas are real yellow cold
& the templates at lab table barrel state & real
- Staves splinter you are real (tho stale) -
failed sun in rod-brawl, cluster of prism
the limp, clench
My Real Toad.

JUST FINE DAYS

the gulps that were found in his sleeves pelt down to tears after
merrygoround swells & ladies leaves
"my rest under a bomb" was felt, he said,
to set hacienda 'neath purple nuts, hot lunch & B.O. near

bath oil lozenge car wrecks by
busted tree stump 'backy litter
(tar swamp)

weak blow in a big balloon
how phosphorous threads its way
just about a hand played out in veins

at chromium diner sat under summer sun, with a big Coke
timid "garsh!" mist thru the greeny vents
turned to the cicada in the comic opening

PASTY	page 9.	CIRRUS
ARGUE	tobacco stains	KNEES

pink phonograph throttled by
margarine fogotten startled to leave

"my malaria. . ." his spots, his gulp, his smell, his sleeves
bottom of his swamp got pickled with aerial intent
review his success, flick of re-see, farm of newt placed bunts
& a sky coming on humid in embarrassment, under his arm

FOG RODS A RELIC SUNDAY

the color of the hair on the walnut
his pocket had
olive zipper lent

BASKET

TO LENT

- this bulb -
rocks static surfaced
"blend my hand, & I kiss..."

BUCKET

SUFFER AT B.

marble cop
stand up, it, & hand, in
blocks of weeds by the marsh
funnel smell of cocoa

SUN UP

FREE

TURRETS

the cobra of the hair on the pliers
hiss sneaker hat
on, mauve littered crab

the salt, please, a hand, in the realm
tobacco wands

SUMP PIPE

& the sand on the friend's head by the window blade
corpus & choke frog, babblement rim mud

THE POOL

WIND

picked up & laughed. he trembled.
big aluminum pocket plane, & file it

PILES

the jobby job of the cancelled snooze. phlegm hand on pliers, & rim.

UP THE ESCARPMENT

the Granite valued at zero pushed over the edge - Grotto City
loomed from the back-world, pyrite-phlegm on the tanned star crisps
edged a little lava-shifter on the extra-factory - Dynamite Dreamer
pretend an interest in the clock-star, & pipes on the pigfish

melted carbarn - hair over the lunar drain-edge
drama-mate encapsuled, red wine wash brill tubes
& echo pump the pink mushroom, & block pontoon Cilia River

Cheese widens, & the bar-helps crash
monkeys pouring molds stocking plastic
black & hushed in noon squirm
echo laugh of tobacco stand-pipe
drama dungeon, noon eel corner, car harp

hush-harm in the way river crystallizes
 wide drum tides. solid horn.
flakes shuff block oversank
 rungs. drain.

sing under silk limbs, neon tubes
silver lure in the smear rubber
black shift backs
pole up out of the Night

blur at the edge of shale
the oiled fuzz of nerve

A NERVE TREATMENT

sunk in steel time this no crumble eventual out
RIM
sat by wire fence mumbled daisey tune to lot car barns
horseflies in the piss pot & matches golden over
he came to sad hang flailing weeds

soup from cans wasn't the dairy type
to health up warm eye day every page
(he) sucked

in, leafed, & sneezed
sailing eye-slice discs to glint
once & lump trajectory & duffle
tar shack torn by oil sea

(suffocant roses here)

eyes (considered "head") ways muffed it muffled
strip turn pike coming grass fluffed to hunks like
scrap of book mosquito-seen buzz of bottom sump haze
zap shard, shred of insect engine on
lime wall those hours

acid loaf remembrance a:
Nazi emblem on fore
paw like radio, grid on sky
"stay with me, Blackie!" no more purple end days
sat on lost time ring, enscribed surrounding faces rock
"designing elevators better than the haul up to"

ECHO & MILDEW

the window rips & the curtains in your hand
so moldy the tools near the captain's
mike hook-up tipped much calcium into the stem
"Believe..." much Tuesday yellow cellophane

too much steam, whine rules dope
applied in sedimentary bog lay
sod under the blue & saw the roof
bagged him a little left of the copper rod

dangled the capillaries in front of mike
view of the vague synthesis : seconal/quarts
armies of harps & bleeding film, so?
what's in a glass pocket, stickum ants?

a knee-out thinker & eggs in pits.
the metal that comes in bags.
a berry fade.
oiled faints.
dots.

THE TAB

mica flask moves layout hasty
bunkum geode olive loin candle
mines repeating sky hot dregs, in cast
lank oiler blocks, hats sink
wig pyrite & hasty troll by the rim

myhrr louvres coinage hovers
the mast glitter planting new bulgers tolling
stained-glass hole of suds, repeater
shaking in salt, mud domes falling
trellis concretion, one green mote

the gas farm on Blue Ledge
pine mist into "darlings" chasten
elevator lap rest to the lead block
chain arrival starting, a silver flight
hunks sharpen up, in the fold of coin

spines bee air tower in azure launch
on steaming hair, slid rock
tipped grind to shelve-cirrus shake-up
pale take-off
shale widens, baking

Clark Coolidge was born in Providence, Rhode Island in 1939. He edits JOGLARS.

For more copies of this book and/or information on other LINES publications write to Aram Saroyan/335 West 85th St./New York/New York 10024 U. S. A.