PROBABILITY AND BIRDS

The probability in the yard:
The rodent keeps the cat close by;
The cat would sharp at the bird;
The bird would waft to the water —
If he does he has but his times before,
Whichever one he is he's surely marked

The cat is variable
The rodent becomes the death of the bird
Which we love
    dogs are random
WHILE WAITING IN LINE AT THE BANK

Qualified for the officer's glaring,
His unsteady mind on his revolver.
(That's responsibility's difference)
Brute hysteria quite likely.

From the teller
It goes waveringly, of a flutter
— farewell money!
It's in the streets and City Halls
Anxious places with all the fears

Now there's a circuitous break:
Systems analysts are working at it.
They needn't be as responsible
Nor as officious in the schema.
It's a natural enough probability:
That which gives money takes it away.

Dark importances have risen:
No safety, there's no stopping all this.

Now, money's as hard as rock
— is being done
Everything that can be done
To save the continent, the earth
— water comes metamorphosizing
All's changed to a tenuousness
Pitched against quasars

"Teaspoonfuls weigh tons."
ANGLES

they are patient and hold grudges
somewhere far down old transit lines,
or crossings, where an oncoming diesel
dangerous; involuntary looking streets,
mum of a dark window framework

the all directions of afraid
— compasses, measuring tape,
one angle in particular
from the head and shoulder
then feet-first straight
a few inches, openly small

— the time at which lines make a point

having closed in a matter
of minutes
NO RETURN TO CANADA, NOR WILL HE BUY A HOUSE, DRIVE AN AUTOMOBILE, OR HAVE A SWIMMING POOL

The old world way was his, of usual here, but for some time now his books had no dishevelled about them, no open: all shut with rare and seldom. "Now — about having that little tea?" he said, "— a little tea." (I wasn’t supposed to know of his vascular ruin.) At his risen, sudden shrouded’s loom.

He agony’d to the kitchen in gasps

Cake old’d by damp he served now and said, scarcd of breath, "— the — — there was none — none —.”

of tea he meant

pain figured athwart his forehead

The mantelpiece was all a past: the chairs — restraint — highbacks
The books that had no dishevelled about them for some time now no open, I opened at length their shut with rare and seldom and browsed

He asked abruptly, “— you are well I suppose? I’m recovering —” here, some elsewhere leaned to his look, distracted it: a cough’s harsh sudden’d out of him, he grew fatigued

That day went slow

considerately slow

against that possible haste, white as the morgue and long that rolls up screaming upon call after dark
ABSTRACTIVE

I came upon that gate
that tracery’d gently into open
there lay the sum of the dearest
once belonging, the memoried
that scattered, then, compilingly
length’,d into the poor pale
no place to bring one's birth
this hill they let run down
among them where the scant
droops to astray with dearth’d
the one and one,
a four, or ten even and seldom’d
wisp’d across listened into grass
there where only
as a grey amount
coming on with swerve
solemns afar whole family
again
my dear ones
WEEKEND MURDER

sex pants are what she wears:
each night she tightens them on,
leaves with a flaunt sexpants
have to be taken by surprise,
they are so uncannily aware

when she’s asleep, they’re up
convulsing with energy I’ve
stealth’d but to behold them
out at night when closets
have long hushed to shut
— despicable twists
lew’d across hangers

wasn’t long, and I had them,
these sexpants, under a shower
for wet sexpants
are powerless
sun up’d
she asked, "Where are my pants?
Yes, the blue ones?"

(had they but drowned!
not on your life!) and she,
she dried them to a starch,
tightened them on and forth’d
left with a flaunt (sex pants
not only have to be surprised,
they must be slain)

late, suspended of the hour,
I seized the beast’s buttocks —
for it’s here that sex pants
spin, convolve, and madden and bedevil!
and did they scream in fear
ghastlying the bilged air,
opprobrious shrilling
slithering a chair’s arms,
or flustering, thitherd —

I compelled them down
and with a blunt oblong
bashed I bashed them
to a squish!
REHABILITATION BLDG. ENTRANCE: FOUR O'CLOCK

I was, say, bound
for anywhere anywhere at all
committed to more of above, above
the worse, when many of them,
sick against broken, broken-up
as from crash or a fate
of birth, with paralytically
askew limbs came:
to sight drastic'd a lo and behold:
where were both should be legs?
nor for grasp his hands or hers
of these, and one grisly'd,
as in a kind of plastercasted
skin, came no to all living looks!

so bound
for anywhere anywhere
committed to more above the worse,
how, to one's view, sudden mishap
crooked! Cruel'd sharp! Ax'd
as of monstrous'd vex.

then they were the miserabled gone:
the many of them sick
against broken, with things
thus being being
loudly unspoken
FOR A NEIGHBOR STRICKEN SUDDENLY

There are murmured about his lawn
— the lawn he kept meticulously chiseled —
impossible scratchings and voices once,
suddenly, the only possible ones
as the shards and paper wads,
the filtered leaves, those who pass
frowning in recall of him

Measure his blood pressure then by
the wildest tendrils
both overgrown
both by the cruel’d edges

The house, like damage in his brain,
commensurately stricken —
there, too, like a memory trace
is his forgettable lawn
WHILE WAITING FOR A FRIEND TO COME TO VISIT
A FRIEND IN A MENTAL HOSPITAL

eyes thieve with prickled stir:
the attendant has ideas about me

the attendant keeps watch, watching
that abrupt wild uranium grow a bat’s ears,
sardine flowers, moons’ eggs,
stomach guitars,
a double-bass rump — but he’s err:
one shrewds to his inferences,
here where the world’s sharp’d
sheen’d across with antiseptic spear

always be afar if it is challenge,
the off-shores of the eyes direct
devilishly in this "catch me" business

I have about the least to do
with white-coated attendants,
soft’d thither nurses,
and the sleep particles —

stop looking
(— a friend’s gone banking
and I’m waiting
that is all)
SHIPWRECK

With today's sympathetics who can be
dare?
in the old days when sailed struck,
sank, who knew? few, comparatively
(— no speaking cabinets,
much less "typographical" compassion)
But these days terrifying,
the grim fashion's that the speaking cabinet
and the typographical
leave what sympathetics more than fear?
— dawn sheds appear'
on broken, strewn, muted in oil and algae
sarcastic'd to a shore – ducks death,
fish death; the senses even
aver the air's dark-ages' legions;
— sheep,
too, strange away, dying;
midnight trains farewell of track
stealth back with deadly loads;
— woe-ing
its worst all yesterday,
a multitudinous famine!

(as for long life and as for love?
list with the undertaker, thrumming
numb, undering through the hush
— what is more shipsunk wept for?)

be dare, sympathize —
        even if it is
unwise?
NOTHING DEPENDABLE

The changes of the year had been many:
there'd been no snow — not yet.
"Do you suppose," I spoke to a neighbor
"there's going to be snow?"

She said, "It's winter isn't it?"

But I was not convinced. Calling
"Will there be much snow — you
newspaper weathermen know everything?"
They said, "No probability tonight."
(Was that exactly what I meant?)
"Isn't it late?" I said, "seasonally?

They hung up.
Sure they were hiding something.

the mailman who brought news:
I laughed but nervously,
"Still no snow?"

"It can stay that way."

And he was gone, gone without an inkling.
In spite of all, I sensed,
ominously, that it was a critical year,
that snow was in a trap
somewhere between now
and Armageddon
but noone
absolutely noone
knew
NEW STOREFRONT

Afresh’d with paint, the shop had glare: chrome-plated the squared of for sale, angles, or with glamorous rounds.

Auto Supply Co.
The owner looked too outright (dart of a much refracted stare). Aluminum had set him blind awhile — the false going virtue of hope

no public interest anywhere about

his innocence among the smokeshops the parlors of the barbeque, the bars and barbershops proliferous. All these dives without sheen and more secret, sinfully wised, merely glimmered

he dared their margins with silver
perpetual stales, wearies, olds;
ambition yores behind —
there is of on and wayside,
traffic slowly eternals itself
into distance familiarity
coins more commonplaces:
such are these days!

some slivers of aspiration?
stir of a wish?

a wraith waving a grey scarf
SCHOOL DEMOLITION

shot through
the windows
— murdered?

so silently
about the rooms
the autopsy
   begins —
the moon coroner
working
   late
IDYLL

snow brings restraint
and takes you by the arm:
snow's religious, morals over
the landscape, relaxes
with a minister's smile
and its hands folded
across a great belly

unlike authority
elsewhere, snow will
not keep a pair
of handcuffs

snow hates the body
and fashion
FOOTBALL PRACTICE IN WOODLAND HAVEN

it is year's whir to late:
the unsandblasted Jesuses
   the iron angels beaten blue to a tarnish
seen severally between the forward passes
to receivers or a fielded kickoff
a twenty-yard line of exuberance —
the team of boys has taken over
   with its line of scrimmage

(through all that's orotund of sacristy
the appalled ministers have not spoken:
kids play the game and rock the graves

Who does complain? stark old Schaferhaus?
(he'd offer them participation)
fans in the boxes pull on their shrouds
and the shaken skulls glee together
in damp stands, all teeth, are all of cheer

one hour again out of dark perpetuity
ON MY PHOTO

hasn’t a chance — as if the face
turns on him and with crimes
that he did not commit — unless
there are the two of them?
— one who’d rob the local drugstore,
strangle the widow who has the money

the way the rascal loves the camera,
the garbled side of his features,
then makes a break
he’s damned clever!
takes to the lens, then beats the rap

the innocent and modest one
now faces a judgment for the other

that’s the way isn’t it,
that one shall take the blame?
"DIVINELY SENSUOUS," SHE SAID

E.g., "divinely:" much obsessed:
larger forces and where
they convolute? perhaps,
even parents — responsibility?
one's mother?

wherein "sensuous" is,
maybe, sensual: (inhilation
of fresh'd air when air
amounts when one's stifled:
the ventilation that plumps
sleep
  the other is to slip
nude between bedsheets
cold with waft)

not taking "divine" in vain,
the diehards of the midwest
know no such thing —
— "divinely sensuous"?

in a pig's eye
EVENING REFLECTIONS IN A BIRDBATH

still there in our birdbath
strangely eye-like light
repeated from the sky
ill of it there is the so small
touch of a world’s beware

some leafy shadow overs
from trees wind swell’d,
the yard commonplaces
now
    household sentiments,
    a rake, the lawnmower

until more stark than ever
in the round of the bowl
the always terror
stares out
and out
with a lo!
NUN’S PITCHER

Open morning’d —
and the nun bends flowing,
bears garden-breakfast —
flowers famish up!
she pours sunlit water
so sheen
as if
milk
richly still
out of a pitcher
AIR DISASTER

more of sky
appearance
a crack quick’d
temporary horror
whole dimension’s plumb
swift flecks air

alarm plumes up stark’d
against all boards
abuzz fainting
of wives with children
mothers’ mothers

there in a thunder
a too thick of aghasts of dust
over the field—
ambulances, fire’s fire!!!
roundabout clang
and a siren flaminly
eeeeeeeeeeee s
BASEMENT

It mysteriouses with hence plumbing
Fled into dark which furtives kiss as steam,
   Terribly sex’d, elbows, interlockings,

The effluences devil to burn, fulfilling
 Through the Freuds of the pipes,
 Even to the bones, the above bodies

 Living. They wrench to vascular.
 Expel! us when we rust as nerves
   Planked outspread, bolt us with pliers,

We require these extensions and plasmas,
   pipes, gas and water
LAKEFRONT, CLEVELAND

so thunders sea

it gathers strength
summoned ascends huged up
    then soft!
curls up about rocks
upcurls about thick
about bold curls up
about it
then dangerous 'd soft!

sea gathers strength
summoned ASCENDS UPHUGED
    over whatever's round
CRASHES !!!!
curls up about rock
upcurls about
at bold abruptly
curls about it
    soft!
dangerous 'd

so 'oft
    too soft almost
summoned ASCENDS UPHUGED
CRASHES!!!!
curls up about rock
    softs
furious' d but soft
    too soft whist
almost
    WHOOM! whamming everywhere
it gathers strength
summoned ascends huged up
    SPLASH about of bold
upcurls about rock
rocks about impetuous' d!!
curls
    curls up about
    softs
dangerously
too soft with a
shudder
LAKE IN A STORM

the miserable restlessness turned bleak
and Lear’d it in a howl to the out far
ominous rushing-after with a hark
-crash —— ebb —— high shriek whirl
and blown back up of the thick

that time wrinkling out lightning
dangerous’d and lit walls of afar

thunder crammed in a moan

craze of the seascape

little towns of surf
brought down to doom
fell quick baffled
— little noises
COFFEE

mornings have bulk and that saves them
from immediate death —
but they lose weight,
become afternoons arrested at silences
too listened for and too listening

taking all to bed at last
anemia’d
call them evenings

seventy-five rpm down to thirty-three

that there isn’t
going to be anything else
seems for sure, is the night,
seems forever’d
MAGIC GARDENS

— they go down:
air out of automobile tires,
sprung leaks; like a top hat up
sat down on, squashed to flat;
accordions groaning down, wash
merely fabric and shrinking,
or like love’s silk stockings
a run in the sheer dream

he’d lived all in the hope
that things could keep
their enchantment —
he had been watching, listening
for any sound of what goes wrong,
to search diligently for the reason
— the fading of substance

for such portents, usually
he had a good ear
CORRESPONDENT'S WAR DIARY

mystery fell of the windows:
together we sat down  he
bringing out the liquor
that had, nice, a perfect
subtly, so rare, so small
that like the unsummoned,
with intimacy not terror,
murder  that visited
on my host
thin-like,
as an old drawing, he sat
between the orient and
eternal (softly, wisely
and silent lay the light of a lamp)

the signified hour:

his corpse
  they bore
that silently
(one room's secret)

startled was on his brow
too late  because
death is
SPECTRES, SPECTRES

what afars for me? nears, contortioning its ectoplasm? shaped villains its beckoning, "The way is here — here —" some perfidious shrinkages glee, a cluster for damning me! until the heavying blear grislys: by-pass it, put if off, eschew it
then gird—!

onset of the belligerences, mysterious grasp minions evoked (fairly, perhaps deservedly!)

diseased Humility too eagers; the wild flights of Money freak away; blank of shred Starve; the pain of mix Belladonna; Pneumonia's seances spooking; the whole hideous gala of Hospitalization's a pale behold; aghast'd jails to prostrate me! Charity sex'd of friends; faint comes to my rescue as my County Welfare! wait, meet what is in store? or leave before?

what afars for me? nears, contorting like ectoplasm? shaped villains its beckoning " — this way, Russell."
LOCUSTS, CRICKETS THIS SUMMER

someplace in a disaster of grass
a minefield made audible

    a singular clicking
miniatured in the backyard
like the tick a minute before
whole of its night
    as a time bomb
or rifle lock
    a booby-trap
OUT OF PATIENCE AT THE OUT-PATIENT CLINIC

  the lively soiled dishes
pile the food carts with obstacle,
the bedpans under in a clamor

  the paraphernalia for oxygen rolls
with grim
  a patient looks bemoan

  it is now four o'clock p.m
and from the sheen of surgery
sweep the wonders of medicine
aloud of voices
  "SEE YOU AT NINE — "
"SEE YOU TOMORROW, STEVE — "
"I'LL LET YOU KNOW — OH — BILL — "
(from debt, aloof: buying a farm near Oregon
or going to the Bahamas for the summer)

  ha haaa aaaaaaaa
afar in an office
there's a laugh
IT'S HERE IN THE

Here in the newspaper — wreck of the East Bound.
A photograph bound to bring on cardiac asthenia.
There is a blur that mists the pages:
On one side's a gloom of dreadful harsh,
Then breaks flash lights up sheer.
There is much huge about. I suppose
those no 's are people
between that suffering of —
(what have we more? for Christ's sake!
Something of a full stop of it
crash of blood and the still shock
of stark sticks and an immense swift gloss
And two dead no 's lie aghast still
One casts a crazed eye and the other's
closed dull
the heap twists up
hardening the unhard, unhardening
the hardened
TRAVEL IN OHIO

By the lawns and pale swayings
the long expanse falls up
where the feathery grain
shimmering flows on beneath
the fair front of a day
whose mellow horn’s baying around
the barns and the silo
now where
the lights hang on the earth’s crescent
there’s dim there fast flown
the height goes in seconds,
the sleakest rush!
before the liquid ascension,
as we come to the top —
spills over a mound of blear air
and the commotion of the creek
from which no float’s to be sent
kissing farewell
lone spinning
in nu

numerable

birds
NIGHT AND A DISTANT CHURCH

Forward abrupt up
then mmm mm
wind mmm m
mmm m
upon
the mmm m
wind mmm m
mmm
into the mm wind
rain now and again
the mm wind
bells
    bells

Reading Copy Only: facsimile available at http://english.utah.edu/eclipse
IN MEMORIAM

I stand far to the east
watching the light —
austere — disconsolate
come and, faintly
its narrow keen, barely
but soon full
over the crucial earth
is up
and dying over