

Poetic Justice

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PALUKAVILLE

Listen. I can feel it. Specifically and intentionally. It does hurt. Gravity weighing it down. It's not too soft. I like it. Ringing like this. The hum. Words peeling. The one thing. Not so much limited as conditioned. Here. In this. Spurting. It tastes good. Clogs. Thick with shape. I carry it with me wherever I go. I like it like this. Smears. You can touch it. I know how to get there. Hold it. Tickles. I'm the one beside you. Needs no other. Textures of the signs of life. There is a way in. Only insofar as you let it divert you. "Short cuts, the means before the ends, the 'special ways'," all manners of veering we are schooled in. The straightest path. I don't mind waiting. In the way the world is true. I'm ready to come. Taking away what we've got doesn't compensate for what we've lost. Then, spit it out. It is heavy. Because love of language--the hum--the huhuman--excludes its reduction to a scientifically managed system of reference in which all is expediency and truth is nowhere. Schooled and reschooled. The core is neither soft or hard. It's not the supposed referent that has that truth. Words themselves. The particulars of the language and not, note, the "depth structures" that "underlie" "all languages" require the attention of that which is neither incidentally or accidentally related to the world. It's sweet enough. Not mere grids of possible worlds, as if truth were some kind of kicking boy, a form of rhetoric. Truthfulness, love of language: attending its telling. It's not unfair to read intentionality into other people's actions. The mocking of language (making as if it were a mock-up) evades rather than liberates. The world is in them. I can feel the weight of the fog. Hung. The hum is it. Touch it as it hangs on you. It feels good. I say so. I am not embarrassed to be embarrassed. My elementary school teachers thought I was vague, unsocial, & lacked the ability to coordinate the small muscles in my hands. The way it feels. The mistake is to think you can put on the mask at work and then take it off when you get home. I enjoy it. If I acted like a manager to please my managers it would be irrelevant what I thought "privately". The one-two punch: behaviorism and meritocracy. I couldn't spell at school and still can't. "Legibility", "diction", "orthography", "expository clarity". We have all been emptied of emotion. Shells, i.e., going through the motions of touching, holding,

coming without care, love, etc. I'm trapped by the job only insofar as I transpose my language to fit it. An erotic pleasure pressing against the pen with my thumb, sore under the nail from a splinter. Then, come closer. Class struggle is certainly not furthered by poetry itself. Shards. Not how we're special that's important but how we're not. I would rather explore the quarry that is my life. Punched out of us. What I didn't learn in school was how to gaze on the mistakes I made out of sheer mediocrity. Intently. They are necessary. I don't mind feeling cramped. It is necessary to constantly remind ourselves of our weaknesses, deficiencies, and failings. Comes back. Not meet you or make you--certainly not figure you out--but to stand next to, be there with. Peaches and apples and pears; biscuits and French sauces. Acknowledgement. We can get up. A blur is no reason for distress. Already made it. The mists before each of us at any time can put to rest any lingering fantasies of clear view. I can still hear it. I'm sure. My present happiness is not what's important. My body. Well, I'm no different. The mistake is to look for the hidden. All here. A world of answers, sentence by sentence. By an act of will. I am as responsible for that "mask" as anything. If I look hard I can see it. The fact of an affluent white man seeking power is enough to make me distrust him. Give it up. It does matter. It is important. You refused because you realized order without justice is tyranny. There are alternatives. We live here. It's time. This is my secret. I knew from the first school wasn't for me. I would accept it if you said it. I no longer need to worry about sincerity. I am the masked man. Its purple. Orange. Queen Victoria Vermilion. A world of uncertainty and wonder. Sky grey. Of satisfaction. Let me stay in. This clearing. Security one more unnecessary underlining. I may stumble but I won't collapse. It's a nice day, the sun shines, the air has cleared. It's so blue. I like the fog. My reasons satisfy me. I have a place to sit. I've located it. It's enough. Worth. Holds. I want particulars. I have put out confusion. Tell me and I can tell you. I woke up. I met this girl. The morning came. I got it. It makes the tune my ear fashions. Slowly. Let me pronounce it for you.

LO DISFRUTO

One a problem with a fragment sitting. Wave I stare as well at that only as if this all and not form letting it but is it.

Beach of a glut too close of a sudden as it lies hung completely as weight, substance, imperceptible as cleft. Susan saying by now of its worth than she does at that only how other people in that respect a sameness which reference means the place it has with anyone else so boxed in obviously to spend the wrong place.

Fixes for a time apart automatically taken to myself a sudden sitting at such sweep setting so often my mind out of it being said from where already by staring we speak at home at.

Beach mines a constriction over prominence ends for a time to place it else so boxed. Conditions of height setting only as if taken to myself such fragment than she does. Already by staring sand becomes smell figment out of it imperceptible gradually shifts time. Particular contrast respecting form by just it sweep a sudden sitting. The one a problem of its worth by now how sameness to mind back at such. All of a glut not change in obviously eye.

Dependent sitting with a fragment in glut of people.

Beach at time else so sweep.

The inspiration is nobody to prefer to play for thought as myself as hair or shape of face. He would have a refusal to let as body as objective as nobody for thought. A refusal to what he feels to get done enough to tell. Hung as subjectivity has more shape of face a contempt for thought which is as aesthetic a particular of inspiration as nobody to talk to. Something to do with paint medicine to play pop and there's no time.

As hair he would prefer to play a contempt for consciousness as well as cities and towns gradually shifts time. It means that only as if I don't in that respect by saying with reverie. Enormous whatever to

call it too well I say with recognition as shape of face. A contempt for producing hung by loneliness worth by now to mind at such.

Rejection at seriously to get close enough which is as aesthetic as if I don't. A fascination unlike it ever does with point to play its worth. Repeating particular mine like passing can't be helped. He would prefer as subjectivity already by staring sand a sudden relation. Inside a face of nobody to get as body more than another. A conversation as hair that respects a sameness like counting off to play mixers only.

Unlike it ever I think that of nobody to get the person equally. But speaking more I equally like counting off a question should it be an up being like a chess game. Sag Harbor about myself Susan was saying by now thinking seriously like counting up more painful as body as volleyball. Of the person as such is lower for something else to speak a conversation already by staring. Loneliness by now walking as much like granite as it can be. Figment more playful is one spoken that lies hidden.

Becomes out of it imperceptible as nobody to get as body a question is perhaps equally. Mode in terms of or else unlike it by myself as seriously may include sameness by nobody acting a sound at that only as if. At sand done its fingers randomly to get a scrap hung as such consciousness. Loneliness to say intended gracefully for example always there no prospect. Walking more equally a conversation shifts else sweeps.

Repeating particular mine like passing hung as fingers sound randomly by myself imperceptible as mode. Buzz even my nerves staring more times as physical space an inspiration in nobody to prefer. Obligation at that implicit of a sameness respecting the sag of a glut. Beach unlike it sweeps disaffection of a landscape out of it as much as hair a problem with shape of figment.

Same god, a map, the turning of inseams, bones, scepters, rocks with lunar counts, salmon, reindeer, seals, art of pleats or hunting rights, star maps. Sound sweep buzz of a particular sand same world fantasy to

a word mine specifically who where slowly as licks, swirling, fallen as physical space, seal right.

Press of a hum, seals, licks, lunar counts, fingers such as consciousness refused at sand stroke, shape of a count. Worth by now to mind as such specifically swirling of a sameness as much as hair nose a glut of height.

To call it too well I say almost force. Conversion shifts lately becomes sweep intended as body specifically swirling imperceptible of sand, consciousness, opal. Mine passing substance masked as weight, shift of cleft, gravity hung as time.

Completely my mind an empty limit turning of sand, lunar counts, consciousness as hair that respects a sameness like counting specifically weightless. Conditions of it at any rate brought home at space to hang in. Occlusion intended as body weight massed at conversation turning of seals, star right. Susan was saying by now how other people hang of a sudden passing likes stokes of a refusal. At any rate thought a gloom perhaps allowed to slip as objectivity counting the buzz of a hum.

Sustains everyday no thought as next need. Bedroom massed at occlusion disciplined in turning figures waiting as quails, octarooms, nutlets perceived as glow respecting a sameness all to each.

Sitting this all as next need. I stare as well as if place to fix on a worry. Easy for me staring completely my mind quails as room explaining consciousness specifically massed. Figment mines as it does gradually back at mind. Else sweep in fragment with anyone. Particular form as aesthetic an attention as shape of sameness. Suddenly inside a shape he would prefer at space imperceptible as sand. Stokes, glut, count of a turning, empty limit brought home as hang of shape. Person as such worth by now to mind is something disciplined in occlusion.

Obviously eye for thought as myself a right place to move implicit in a landscape. Repeating time fallen as physical space, shift of cleft,

weight of a glut. By now how other people objectively limit a particular of inspiration by granite as it lies hung by loneliness.

A kind of clawing, of persons, piles clumping otherwise empty now for peers. Wanting not much to her and hearing nothing by granite as it lies more painful, body pressed of hum, cities towns like passing hung as sound, particular of sameness, substance, sand, seals, specifically weightless. A shape of figment as much as hair or stroke of sag.

Of persons almost by now wanting granite as it lies fallen of particular shape, pressed as intention, body weight, imperceptible as opal. Completely as becomes substance to call it gravity is one spoken equally cleft of count.

Likening then, up at last, some miracle of flow would bend out, on, in place: this, that, such switch then, nothing turning, sliding. "A poem of some moment" or several: geometric simple (single) mindedness. Forget these tones. Crack & in, still; what, who. To fill, 'it'. Recounts an empty cup. Nor grip, nor actual fusion, function, wells it; by bridge, it struts. Our "All" is empty. Turn over/ a flat opaqueness.

eLecTrIc

i can hear them now

its lunchtime & i dont want ANYthing
to eaT

the interior kid foisting off his grating repetitions on an uncaring
Lady aSTors for the dessert maybe the chocolate & some more money now
that the letter to b is out of the way & the uhf is up the closet

its the DENSE
stUFF again that shIt i cANT UNDERstAnd when you gO oN that way why
does it shake you lou very stolid find out whats going on inside you &
spit it out sing find the walls as if only pinero LIVeD in the world &
all the rest was joe papp perversion

and then on to the only real way to deal
with HerpEs stu saying use this calypso oil ointment & i can quote as
if dAvid sd that

the criticism that
aPart fROM its electric quALity it did not aPPertaIn to a SYStEM what
was it trying to GET acROSS anyhow unSystematiCally a revolt agst it

is a repository of themes wrds running through names a way of
obtaining nOUNs giving them a due pLAcE again within twenty minutes a
decision as to where to go for an hour more in the box beyond wHat they
require one gETs no sense of the nEED to care aboUT the workplace any

more than walking down the streEt being continUally accosted by
strangers typographically mistaking being no help anymore being
skippable it sort of training the instrument as being wanting to do
this for too long a time i remember brains i remember joe talking to me
& forgetting the very plane of interPERSONal existence the candle
crescendo rOStropvitch being so BORing from behind jack NicHolsOn
uPseTTing me so much & then dying in the chiCKen stoop/ you who, molly
bloom, you who/ the memory of apple fritters a forced one the apple
sauce more active the 63 chevrolet impala with that guy coming at me at
the FENway i cldnt believe it

the randomness generated
isnt enough to grate on a texture its just production means lazy
eyeballs smelly overcoats with lentil holes not passing out CONTINUaLLy
an acquisition revolted by a continual no i can t do this i ve reached
the end doNT push yrself take it back without ever getting anywhere a
very loud bang CLIFf CLIFFFFFF can you/ are you there/ sinking into a
sea of religious preoccupation/ THInK ABT THIS/ reflectiNG LIke OBJECTs
without any moTIVation is a kind of exPLOSION

*

i didNT EXpect to be able to cope with it now already THIs is shiT but
it always seems to take this same sort of swing IN worm up to gET in
the SWIng after reVIEWing what cAME prEvious toward wantinG iT all to
TURn out best on the INSide donT woRRy a CHarmed life no smELly lace to
spOIl yr parties and create all kINDs of complexIONS

you CAN just aS well TAKE A
jOB at the PLAnt or go to MANagement school we need BOYS like you very
HARD though it IS in a world like this to be SERious still STANley
managES and we MIGHT as well give it the old CADILLac gave way just as
it WAS trudging INTO anoThER part Of town by the CANDy STORE a group of
YOUNg PUNks cigarettes hanging oUT of thEIR leering exposed FLIes
ordered a COUple of cANNOLi go BITing off the SWEET tidBiTs a KInd of
GABLE like abandon SMILing at the CONstabularies mARChing down the
STreet as if MORal fabriC werE a THInG for the METRopolITAn muSEUM or

MACyS FOURteenth floOr Was nEcessary to WORK thERE HARDLY any abUSE of THAT aSPect i ASKED Ed not HAVing any vOIce of yr oWn is THAT a REAL painFul experIence or shld Stu be BETtEr off taking the JOB in san MATeo rATHER than fighting the GOOD fight in his small souThern RESort town & he found he ALMost diDNt know & IF he reFUSed to SAY except flatly i have no friends i want you to kNOW that no ONE really CAres about WHat i am DOIng they thinK i just sit in my cLOSet & daYDREAM wch i WISH i cLd for all the thIRTY hrs a WK i m KEPT there but i run out & start to REAd the mEDical wORLD news by jose garcia leon de mendEs- mendEs HUMANitarian doCTOR philanThropist grEAt man mODEl to the professIon or buLLetins on HOW To moTiVate yr workers by an ENlightENED UNDERstanding apProach wch mEAns in A word smile and SMile and smiLe and IMPLement effiCiency tho perHaps the most FRighTening is the way George uses the Word rAmIFiCation in Almost every DOcuMent he writes beIng of a Sort of SOcial sciEntific mind or LINDa coming & Asking abt the THrEE types of FREedom that her TEacher Told her there were & how can i Write a pAPer on that i dont even know what the DIFFerences are & Can you EXPLain them to me after a week from anything you FEEL its almost might just be SOMEbody else since the dEFinition of what youre doing if youre LOOKING for IT is not to be FOUND in the way you WEAr your birthday party hat or BLOW out the candles but the way you SEE the eVEnt & after a WEek its FORgotten youRE SEEing diFFerent EVEnts MOVING on as a diFFerent pERSON almost by the way you DEfine your dislikes if you can gET it Up to own THEM its a KIND of inertIA not that CONTinues movement but that WANTS to STOP it at any minute & SO a CONTinuaLLY PRESSing to CONTinue to allow to BE hERE rather than in ALL the FANTAsIES of WHere it MIGHT be nice to Be at least a moment of that TOTality of CONNecTion not the SEMblance which can give no rEal relief must BE CONTINUOUSly pushed out as a Matter of Will cause it almost unswervingly wANTS OUT of a conTInUAL boredom WITH the SOUND of the way it Falls is so predictable always the SAME sort of SEQUences

*

the afternoon a much colder plunging for the rear back seat closing my eyes i dont want to get moving so early i m on the fLOOR not more than a minUTE goes by

there is still no answer i ve cleaned the floor & theyre still coming i
look at all the pictures on the wall & the phone rings as i m listening
to jOaN laBarbara ON the rAdiO asking me what wld i dance to cld i
dance to dance at i m breathing through my feet lying on the floor
letting the air come up my back putting out lOu s voice saying we re
all natural geniuses talent is a scam putting out the KaREn SiLKWood
stOry & resigning mYself to white rice & no mail & a day off to tell
them i m a good one i never broke anything in hoping to get through
calling at 8 9 10 11 etc becoming too late the lids droop, the concrete
objects, images of the day, the physical surface, shifts, fades, well
are you gOINg to that & the event OUTstriPPing the pEOple its like
waiting in the doctors office or going from OfC to oFc only the
corridor seems to outSTRip the rooms & the faces just pOPping out &
puTTing in

*

They wEre castING asPirAtions it was a cast pARty and iLL cRY if you
inSIst why not come in LAtE if she forgets to give me the change thATS
her problem anyWAY its sunday & the stove is on hOT & the CORNed beef
is stEWing in its BASIL bUnting & now here was an attempt to Defy the
Old mYthic PyRateS of pENance so she sd to me, charles, she sd, charles
where do you gEt off, rushing past down 55th sTREET getting a BaGel
with buTTer to go: a miSrEAding of PaSt traditiOn neCESSary to creatE
youR own space, I pREfer to Make up my owN bRAin on the MaTTer,
thROWing balls at Haman and hIs hENcHmen, eSTher forEver, tsssSS at
wHat they did to aHaSuErus. lEt us reCIte what History tEaches let us
jUst get through beYOND the daY.

it got to be very sLOW
beCause they say here you wRIte this or thAt & after a few hundred
wORDs i gOt very sPACeY to CONTinue reqUired more attENTION than i
could or was Willing to give so i wanted to aSK him what do you mean by
it, flatneSS, i am as flAt as the NEXt guy & what do you mean meeting &
sources the words have no fIXED object bY whiCH i Can undeRSTand what
in the wORLD youre spEAKing of/ it was a brown curLY ship with deep
bLUe eyEs that Sailed each year from the port of pORTUGal to the isle
of mOzambique with thOusandS of dablOoms in the sprIng & draGonEttes in

the fall becAuse the blAck people just loVE flowerS & haman says i ll
get these heBRAics Out of my pAlace so today we say tHRow bAlls at
Haman/ "its you i fEel sOrRy for you whO wIll haVe to LIve with the
mEss you CReateD for youR whOle liFe trEmbling with the thought that
the mAn you did IN diD nOThing was leSs guILty even tHan yoU & so yoU
go hOme to youR huSbands or BossES or Cats or pasgeTTi & mEAtball
dInnERS & YOU trY to get 40 wINKs & gEt up & eat youR hAm & EggS only
it doEsNT work that way it Eats Your HeArt aWay YoU become sick in the
pIt of YOuR sTomAch yoU know that you DID wHat you can Never reAlly
peRmit youRself the KnowLedGE of knOwing what you DiD so you cAn t go
HOme the Very ConcePt becomES a kinD of SICK chArade yoU sLIp ouT the
Back of the Bar & wAtch the FooTball Game on tv outside the raDio
CLInic tv store you pace yoU trY to recall something cOmpensatOry youVe
done something COmpensatory you caN thInk to dO but It all blanKs ouT
your brAin beGins to giVe siGnals like You coUlD care less you turN off
the tv & pUt the CoverS over yoUR head You hide in the SoFTness of the
maTTress in the Folds of the SHEets

AZOOT D'PUUND

iz wurry ray aZoOt de puund in reducey ap crrRisLe ehk nugkinj sJuxYY
senshl. ig si heh hahpae uvd r fahbeh aht si gidrid. impOg qwbk tuUg.
jr'ghtpihqw. ray aGh nunCe ip gvvN EapdEh a' gum riff a' eppehone. Ig
ew oplep lucd nvn atik o im. ellek Emb ith ott enghip ag ossp heh ooz.
ig confri wid suGan fagt iv ig muhhrei elle fihgt dundt mag elexVigr.
ep gug slugr hatw ep aswp yasng Asw ousley. ehlip emhep. eg sag u
sOond ap uld OONGLeesh aht feg ee d'ree. ikh anc ees ti inovmg.
Edyobre. ustj teraft as erow eh amk & nted ot wonk hatw ad pphndae.
ev adH etsli. eg aredesk oseth ahrs. sih iratt asw rri ffi. sig ewr't
eglar. gik exlion ap lious tig litspi usscr ak. og epvph elenteky
refugh. Ig ak abberflappi. mogh & hmog ick pug eh nche ebag ot eb v
joram lMbrp nly ti asw evn ditcr ot heh ghtr rties. ey Ancded lla tghn
heh ugrf het keyon. hnny iKerw. inVazoOn uv spAz ah's ee 'ook up an
ays yr bitder guLpIng sum u pulls. ig jis see kHe nig MiSSy heh d sogA
chHooPp & abhor ih cN gt GuLfer ee mattripg. jex mat hahl up gian ing
fugkin marsh fluk absTruCT heh GarBagt. sh shill say t'a muh ih got
noney rit ub complicane AbUt heh JaaRgIn iv ze tri did fur mak unreh
ard. spac uh daily shhlop ee geAt ah buNNday'd uhn het guUy. ghat un
a meenzy stig at trud dist ig sad t'um uht abin de spaak d otter whur.
spigg eh otten ebBerl kiL in likt. brr & akk. ddem ni ah ionsv astc
ownk omf heh eass MIT YRRS NN CKUL. ig nitc plexn nya fncmt. alacey
ee ancey. hatw ghat girgh abut ahl ghet sucsh sH pcrk. ray aht regJ &
klupf n akli ud predriSshh. ug it og up. gzp. ig ahrs. ig ahr gzp.
i'pple. chuUds & gahrs. pijf iggih earh. asw ap sum fiVic fabeh
etsli. Ig ep ivif ointi arst uhp spAz. ep ut ebrib d'wldr. et ihr
uss't. eg ihr plgrmpf. ig ahr ugi ev ih iki ovmp. eEkingh. iStl.
AgggG.

The elephant appears without the slightest indication that he is demanded.

An infinite inappropriateness.

Continually learning.

It was simply a series I didn't care for.

Small cupolas.

A numbered pairing.

Trail off.

Invasion of space. Name of cigarette.

You can tell at any time. I get up for breakfast. You feel it is impossible to continue.

Diffuses. There. Feel it.

Terrible tedium.

AB.

Some snoring.

& regardless of their relation or that we were in some ways unnatural.

Possible pictures.

"So in what sense...?"

"OUT OF THIS INSIDE"

all that on a fall that sweats in it upon layers of, and if, the on,
just a, silk, soiled, crying down the banisters, mommy, mommy, the
cornflakes, the stale beer in the hall, then a silhouette, I sat there,
precocious or procrastinating, a nascent sense of innate dignity or
movement therapy, and yet, sitting over regional representations of
Bach-Busoni murals, the mannequin, the april papers, death in the
afternoon, the toffee topplers,

get to, "get to", dragon, secret, red, war torn, *Brecht and undertow*, a
thousand, does this, pull apart, if only, laugh, bake (?), sing aloud,
upon oceans of, just this, *lover to lover*, a kiss, a heightened
altitude, a stone, the wind, flown, pushed, unkept in, hoping that way,
it, here, come, mountebank, splashed, hesitate, cage free, torrid, fat
and round, spire, cog, chanting, voice, to vocalize, viola, the
romantic, piece and start, just, star and ill, dread

comic strip air or train, up last, be with me, want you, rest, agape,
any sense of roast, diversion from loneliness, absorb, know all, "a man
with elegance on crushed ice", call K call P, school, out, when, pub,
come, very upset, (eruption

afraid of, demands being made, friends, visit, fear, talk to, accepted,
apart, "because sometimes...", go to bed, always a

the power stops, here, what does this, always that, "attempt for
connection", always that "push to get it done", this (listening,
records on the) floor & too much, in love, looks nice, is different,
should go, "cooperate with me", "let me know". keep, your eyes, open,
or *on* it, or *in* it, how do you know well ultimately you don't know--
this is just my problem in learning to play the recorder: I have to
look at the same time as I play, can't just take off, do it
automatically, I (have to) "figure out" the *positioning* of the notes, I
"couldn't" *just play* (a self consciousness that "people, sometimes, do"
let you down, don't write or call, get in touch, drift "irreparably"
far--these distances, on whose ears, "with as little interference from

me", can't help but, so let, everyone, else, do, increase the, go,
omits whatever speaks of, help, I, played,

so much time and then the city,

the light, the air, missing you,
a syntactic beauty, trees amazed

blown, do have, sensitive, (the) writing, scare making, on the,
(floor), lapping, the, memory, fragrance, compulsive, is the "in" me,
or (one learns, direct, control, send, manipulate, make do, get ahead,
far, distant, felt, left, behind, drifting...) that, onto, hill, layers
of *place*, thatch, in the *pick* up, "technique, style, behavior pattern",
I will like--must, needs, scruffy or, *the* do it, her, him, them, I'm,
not, on top of, hill (?), a view, "Majorca", *who*, gentle on the--skirt,
ask, being cool, gentler demeanor, watch it, "timber", so you, give up
"power, who & they" take, *who*, "and the house", car, laundry machine,
the "little Italian summer", (up, the) editing, achievement, "organic"
vegetable, the first run (film, well, watch, flow, struggles, "defeat",
the -----, "up, up"--

necessary or the probable, sometimes, a smell, the march, the singing,
"mommy is home", "relaxed at last", *blondhair* below, (staring),
(did she die, one tries, but how much is demanded, who cares, who gives
in. "the best"--see this not that, picking, judgment, but
hearing, in what you have, the, in, what you hear, what you "give" to,
thats-) ////////////slow now, the passages, all the force bottled up,
slow now, the passage, endless cycles

:as sequential as two in the morning, as slippery as the "frog" on the
ping pond, *in reverie*, *in dance*, *in twirl complet*, *spin rapt*,
"remember", the forties big band bounce, was, to throb thats, go out,
"school *myself*", call, maybe, translate, the push, to go from ----- to
-----, drives me, inexorable, (no one need know), need be a, (the
pastoral), what you need is a, some sun, but, expecting, "so simple", a
few (friends), start *from* "one", a few, visit, I mean I had *some*

the possibilities the list, to do, to call, what, now, waiting, will it
be received, that "gracious lordly preserve", endless grammatical
revelations, pastoral internings (she likes me, thinks I'm sensitive,

or just nice, not -----, & wait), every rebuff, cuts, feel, each,
sensitive, soft, pusillanimous, "this is it", what I've been, for,
waiting, this, should, tapes, writing, records, events, scenes, calls,
letters (outside: in the light...

dont find it, that persists, shape, its name, veiled, almost,

shift, down, lunch, up, pleat,

late, afternoon, zone, substantiate, settle, push, stop the,
elephantine goddesses shimmering, twilight, way, ersatz aspirin, Jean
Simmons, deplete, vacant, listless, tv, records, food, stuff, cram,
lip, stomach, behind, obligatoire, remade, stretched, passing, tuneful,
bleak, rested, godly, clean spoken, pressed, new shoes, shiny, prim,
well presented, sour enmity, the lists of love, care, devote myself,
repell, inadequate, come too soon, aggression, soft, rhetorical, harp,
bite back, is, the, to be, am, sung, skunk, will, are, spelled, broke,
was, would, "be aggressive", "seize the time", "get allies", "don't be
mistaken", make any, caught, open, honest, distort, whine, "authentic",
"winning", "on top", "in the know", get, be, make, do, all, in a day's,
be a, let it, push, pushed, consumed, strong, win, get,

call and, aligned, polished, plate glass, invested, lifted, threatens,
heavens, among, plan and pipe, sleep, slip,

HOTEL EMPIRE

Everyone looks & someone else & they keep striking me & then the mistake, a memory of people piled up to hurl out on unfamiliar faces, only a glance, a sideways look, a color of hair, & thrust back into solitariness. "They shut me out", Barbara was saying, the door closing in front of her "& you were the only one I could talk to". Maybe they would remain friends but more likely a drift, reading the papers, filling out the shopping list, & finally it would arrive, without any formal decision, another abrasion of surface. "Was less a..." & groping to put the subways & the hospitals in a perspective, or look a different way. "I am a great BallErInA: PavLovA, BaRySHniKoV, oUSpeNskaYa--none have my air of absence."

*

the conversion of it: it always happens all of a sudden, you find yourself inside it, so not so much a commitment to a series but all the items counting off a ticking clock of them watching the ascent up Mt Carmel. "I did not adhere to the particular tenets but found myself living among them." All of a sudden it got very hot & moving I began to suspect all kinds of noises were made to that effect it was very confusing only not a single person in the auditorium had the decency to stand up & say NO. Susan could well be mad but it became already 11, 12, 1 & so I felt discretion was the better part of will. MAKE THESE CHOICES. A content in thought or else a new way of being friendly: my unwillingness to put myself out. "I do miss you" meaning him not me sort of disorienting.

*

Here it begins only in the relation. "The imitators of Mondrian don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world. It's whether you're with us or not & there's nothing you can do to influence that." It's pouring & the subway walls are leaking & no one is paying any attention & I get so tired of it. It, it. Wherever, the brigade sailed in total array, a whiteness unlike the face held in any other. I became immediately a leper imitator. Not the fancy downtown type but a more

sporty out & out colored set. They had difficulty conjoining it for me. I sent them all letters. Even ----- . ---- . All my peers in the world of dance. When Balanchine saw me he said, I can't remember exactly, "I've never seen such sweep, such flow of movement, combined with so enormous a density. Your sheer bulk floors me." Here the voice began to chop or at least blend. The violins that had been playing all along in the background increased their volume or at least I began to hear them more distinctly until I couldn't make out a single word she was saying.

*

Again. To proceed or a procedure. Something like that. Intentionally crowded. "She said it was just around the corner. I looked there. I moth balled the closets. I took the subway all the way down past UNION SQUARE. I get no time to work it out. I never met a person who didn't seem infected with it. It was scary."

*

Whether it was two or three it blew me a million miles in different directions each part of me twisting that I would not be valued. Suddenly -----'s voice cracks, she comes over, we touch, "I'm sorry" & the resentment passes away in a look. Fine then she doesn't pretend anymore till it comes: a dizzying succession, they insisting that they know. "the girls watch together" & it splits across a vacancy/ "its only the silence i'm demanding"/clogs and relentlessly refusing "no question we conferred with the boys on it and found he was too aggressively seeking" i dON't knOW i gOt sCarEd: oNe kiNd offer & i'm eXpected to turn away i'LL get in tRouBle "Theyll put yr ass in stir" --No, actually, am i supposed to remember? The flow, the jibs and jives--Naivete only outshown by internal nausea. A blue book? Times square about myself you look awfully familiar & I get crowded. It's the release & the relentless insistence on the ONE THING. I truly crossed my heart & hoped to die only she didNt BELieve me. I was flabbergasted. What are you doing with those sneakers on the floor? A finely tuned instrument. More & more picked up, the stench began to be a major problem but it was never credited to the right parties. They danced all night--the frug, the monkey, the johnny walker & suddenly in

a vision cast down from the--I'M SORRY NO LUCK better to/ I was the
fan I the notebook. I can't explain it any better. 66TH STREET &
LINCOLN CENTER. Palaces, romance languages, the ballet, tea &
watercress: a whole world & racing behind it.

*

It absolutely blew the tushies away. I could never spot it & then it
came up. As dry as dust. OUT OF TRACK. "Really, theyll be sTaRs
there" Here at last everything is new, boys on bicycles roll by, it's
all full up, I can't help regretting it. Turns, it turning, the
account to be refurbished, hat on tight, fifty cents in hand. "Let me
in." Sitting on the bus, walking up the stairs, waiting for it to
start. It was 9, 10, 11 & already

LIFT OFF

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APPROPRIATION

As saying as continuousness, really a single notion, just picked up, what was said, inside, motionless, really somebody, coming in, a very fine pivot, specimens, only to (that, you'll, already, &, of, dicker). This is essentially, I feel it is important, we assess what we can no longer-- Get ahold of, much is forgotten, unrecovered, is no longer possible, makes the attempt. I can't count beyond that point. Look around the corner & forget about what you were thinking. Happens all of a sudden, shades of color for example, but nobody understands that the best guess is not to work at it at all. Stretch it out, recount whatever "alas" has in you--

FACULTY POLITICS

My weight becomes something that neither holds me down nor gives me release the stomach hair eyes all set themselves in a separate way downflow you might say as Susan says shimmering is too strong an end note not that this particular bulb or cube doesn't glow but that figuration almost too overwhelms, which cries out for some quieter moment. Hazards constantly obtrude, the heat which lags, the air itself tangible, we feel it hang, makes for a kind of separate quality, perception I think is the word for its use, looking out onto the world & watching it fall past, here the fact of the same kind of movement recurring at more or less uneven intervals. I want for a second to explain, not that we must be hidden from each other for the "Eternal", even to say a word like that immediately seems.... I wonder just what's, that's, up, quick, can always take any particular turn, any way that you make life a little shorter a little more upswept, I get this basic not a smartness really like he can certainly manipulate those constructions, that by the time its feet toes it's what's as goes bys can't so much forget as refusing to try to put a finger on it. Not enough a subject matter or the hope of some future subject, some time I wouldn't remember to loosen up that whatever here--dummy, model--fills in the & gets to a decent "embarcadero del notre pueblo". I got out of the car & looked for him, I felt so disoriented--was this the right road it looks smaller than I remember it--or is that the same candy store what's that fat man do sitting outside there all day. I get so tired of it, open the door & heard my voice echo under the weight of I couldn't quite figure out the material only this time I knew it was material bedrock, a long puff & pick up & keep it off &--

THE TASTE IS WHAT COUNTS

Obviously hover hanging on as times is like an icon or Terry etc that going on dropping of names, aroma, can't really cut out, chopiness, drunken into sexual frenzy, the trick now I repeat this unless I force myself, its discipline, what I remember of it, a kind of sick feeling, purely to possess a movement, a feeling that is probably a power, the purely constructed, a feeling that attracts me put in a position to release the information, its mass, any more than I pretend is the other assumption like the steady pulse even respectful, thundering in, words like the endless soaring of apricot yogurt, almost the last drink, over it, a page as if a new vocabulary would just spring out, gagging that I have to get up. The actual living in the daily life that becomes significant, gives impression.

Breathway to confusion keeps the pass it makes to the spark inside, confession soaring that becomes sequential, a power constricted, too much rhythm like a tap on Susan actually its creating so much anyway to take it down. The interior foisting off a repository to care about getting anywhere to a system that was a revolt against it. The box beyond what they require pervades like the sand in the world it makes. Complication how much prior to that in the life of talking through texture, deriving nouns, strangers typographically reflecting like objects a kind of explosion.

A different person almost by the way you gag your reflection, or actually getting up and walking out, so predictable always the same sort of pressing with the sound of the way it falls. You wear your birthday hat as a particular sequence, primarily a texture, a sort of snow plane of them, so strange he would be talking about French saying you couldn't follow anymore where you were supposed to be able to come up. They occur to me, a series automatic, electric, annoyed or hurt or fed up, that no one will care, what needs to be done and falling back, or what is happening between, no matter how nice it would have been. So persuasive a syntax in the words or else the investigation.

It was snowing they said you can't do that in here something about the buzz saw pop & pull. Already they are in a jammed room, the grey

floors loom, packing in, slips back to the more empty streets, runs past, almost the same sort of pressing, purely constricted a feeling that, grating, the sound of the screech, letting on an absolute dis cohesion, to put into place, moving, still to question, to know again what to make of it. Itself & stone. I was trying to hear a second time and adding to my list. I needed to see, to go or not, and record in a calendar the pile of things, a series of nouns which I think is supposed to bear the weight of the good man, its essentially ethical concerns, fear & trust, becomes a sort of soft blur which seems a bit peculiar to others.

I am sitting having gotten up. Buzz saw pop of a jammed room, a sort of pressing, to put into place, to go or not.

Thinking not alone so taken with the way your eyes shown with it, whether it was grey in the way the air clouded over, who said what was said, & the pull of the grass, the long curly hairs, a moment almost too conscious, passing, & loving the words.

George was saying by now how other people in a bind will come without showing any reason for it. Much too hard, to know, to pass, was as easy as an up being, a substance without intent, to spend the night through. Sinking into the thickening blur of memories, a twirl necessary to this, in this.

Strangeness striking as it does in the shape of a hover, constituted as the length of day, its splash against the particles of sand, a second glance or else the dawning of a way of proceeding. Desperation spent as the clock is wound, enfolding sequences of moments, particulars of mind. Objects cast as reflections, its memory, tides of a refusal.

I in object, the fold of circumstances, people hanging as sight over attention to which is not the case.

An awkwardness, stiff and fragmented, like I could tell the difference between sawing and Greg's cut finger. Just as these, trapped in the beside, a public place and no track in it.

It was a glimpse self-consciously reflecting the naturalness of the balance, something miraculously powerful formed by making out borders like the smoke puffing out of signs. Immediately a backbreaking flip within a constellation neon sort of flashing like you could impress your friends with it. Again the beach, a sense of plane, left hanging and in hanging a graciousness.

Glimpsing, purely a feeling, against the horizon, blinding as a gleam fixes the eye or halos reflected against contours, positions rotating as flips before my assumptions.

More than I pretend, choppiness, its mass, a revolt against it. Complication beyond the box they require pervades like the world it makes. The purposiveness of the sensations a clear mirror. Glimpse immediately flashing formed with a passing knowledge that becomes your whole life reflected. Still empty the waves turning, movement to become an opacity as lap or imprint.

The slope of the sand, migrations of bars, flow, uprush, storm surge, swash and swell, drift of current, wane of the shore. Ridges, runnels, beach rock, silt, clay, cusp of the ranges, dune, granite, glauconite, basalt.

The very concept becomes your whole life trembling, your husbands and bosses or cats and spaghetti, a sick charade you slip out the back of, trying to recall something compensatory, and put the covers over your head. The knowledge of knowing why you did, making out the borders, hanging on impressions immediately flashing like you don't see the difference.

It got to be very slow, no place to get inside it, so many and then the world, like to a sense of caring, as if I had nothing to offer and nothing I could do would take final shape. A start, slipping back from the covers, became too much and the sight of the ocean, the empty limits of sand, hanging as a time infected by the longing for it, that it persists, had nothing inside, the day, sensing shape, slipping back as if I had nothing.

The intention of the body, rigid and fragmented, which is simply a grace supplied by the presence of it. A space, to space, intransigent of form, an artifact insisting as the day is spent.

Sitting under and letting it pass maybe three four_____. Shoe on the wrong side of the fence, hands, every phrase.

My stupor as monozite, glymph, opalescent.

I do but I need it larger, splashing against the sand, pine, self-consciousness emerging as the man jumping out of his car to yell. Up from behind I look stupid standing there and nothing upturning for it.

A rest becomes impassable. My mind an empty buzz to which the objects intercede, the tedium of my insecurities repeatedly playing themselves back in sequence. An illusion of it always being over there, of my being outside it, & shoving it in or wanting to knock myself out.

The purposiveness of the sensations of the objects: the sight of the world inhabited. Seeing the space above us filled. Regarding it just as we see it. The vault ranging with a judgment ascribed to a reflection. The sight of the ocean implying all kinds of knowledge. What strikes the eye: a clear mirror of water bounded by sky.

Each part passing away in a look. A dizzying succession across a vacancy relentlessly refusing a whole world and racing behind it. Here at last everything is new: boys on bicycles as easily as regret. A lack exuding from its place. People more and more realizing just who, what, at which moment, although by the time you are to go they forget. All of a sudden I want to present you with it. A leper imitates the glances of sand strangely peering into a world of dance exactly resembling a flow or movement increased distinctly to obscure what she was saying. Attending its sputters.

Instrumentality or power, a sense of where you are or who defined by an egg shell & in cracking, still, there, a one who perseveres, as will, as way, & truly just as insistence: that good will be a mode of going on, or else a kind of self-disclosure, that whether J or S she insists on a level of deceptiveness unmarred by luminance, or a shoe that

pinches, insisting that to refuse is to turn over, the part of a failing, why else a relation to which ticks as the day moves. I like as much in boundary as astern a lattice, the climbing, a level by which she demands attention, or sense of promise. The anguish of the human soul as much as regression to a higher plane, or due to my forgiving: an absolution of whiteness.

Finding it in myself or just a blank space where some thing should be: a ringing if not a peal. A nocturnal kind of pleasure as evidenced in the way the shoe is tied or undoes itself during the course of the day. Coming too close, its gradual sickening.

It becomes slowly to me, keeps focussing in and blurring. Recatching my mistakes and learning to do it better. Already or almost. I wonder what happened to him and if it could be helped.

All of a moment the ashtrays become my whole life pounding, crystal, a violet light intersecting the page where I imagined it, or a letter proclaiming its restoration. A present, in here, as clear as glyph, indigo. Memories of people piled up to hurl out on unfamiliar faces, only a glance, a sideways look. A parasol for which the colors become an opacity of belief, specifics of confirmation. Consciousness solitary in the way it insists on forming signs, hovering about an event, constituting and reconstituting its meaning.

Next to us all this twirls in spin rapt as reverie as much as sight, sound, sign. Repelled or riveted, the consciousness of seeing clumped with signs fills out or insists on absence. The change is in me: the very same sand of my childhood still confronts me. The signs constructed by the borders projected by a language hover in actuality around the crisses and crosses obediently answering to my expectations.

The boundaries perceivable in a form attended on both sides by a border within which limitlessness lives, hung as press of confusion. I in boundary, the very hum of it.