

# OBJECT

3



A I D S

## Object #3

*A special AIDS issue, Fall 1994*

**Editors: Kim Rosenfield & Robert Fitterman**

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Special thanks to the participants of the *Object* benefit at the Ear Inn: Sally Silvers, Jeff Hull, Alan Davies, Melanie Neilson and Stacy Doris, and to Kevin Davies for his assistance in coordinating the event.

*Object* has a new address: 615 1/2 Hudson St. #15, NY NY 10014

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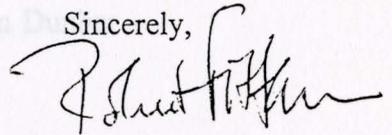
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**Editor's Note:**

In 1982, the term "Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome", or AIDS, was coined by the Federal Centers for Disease Control. Twelve years later, there is still no cure for AIDS, and with tens of thousands of people dying every year (last year alone there were 29,060 deaths reported in the U.S.), there has been frighteningly little progress. The chant of the AIDS activist, "The AIDS Crisis is Not Over", is a chilling indicator that society still must be reminded of the urgency of the AIDS crisis. *Object #3* is a community response to the ongoing struggle with AIDS that confronts us all, forces us to face our own mortality, disturbs our daily sense of reality, and reminds us that silence still equals death.

After my brother Stefan Fitterman died of AIDS in August of 1993, Kim & I decided to dedicate an issue of *Object* to the AIDS crisis; to offer a space where writers could bring their thoughts and concerns into a public format. We solicited writing from the poetry community that dealt with loss in general or with the AIDS crisis specifically. This issue is a result of those responses. We thank those who contributed to this difficult project.

Sincerely,



Kim Rosenfield

Robert Fitterman  
Kim Rosenfield

brakle] brinle Fend] send, devil  
shel] cunning, sly— Three' marks' counterbat me)  
The fear of Death troubles me (Office of the Dead)

Object #3  
A special AIDS issue, Fall 1994  
Editors: Kim Rosenfield & Robert Fitterman

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Special thanks to the participants of the Object panel at the Fall Fair  
Sally Steiner with Bill, Alan Davis, Michael Nelson and Stacy Davis  
and to Kevin Powers for his assistance in coordinating the event

Object has a new address: 415 W. Hudson St. #12, NY, NY 10014

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50 individual copies for \$1. Please check payable to Robert Fitterman.

The sun burns to the top

of the mechanic's wall -

watching its white ruse

I'm convinced of ocean.

All hours I forget I remember

that you are going as I know you -

eye akin to mid-channel,

sand tracked on the floor.

- for Jimmy Ragland

*n memoriam (from Metropolis 3)*

for Stefan, 1955-1993

*have*

Mired  
the lack cloak of  
marrow im-  
mobile rewards guarded  
ride home lingers  
had been recoils another  
lures.

Endure riches ex  
delirium's version  
less

turns no stone  
in smells chemical  
miracle in absence is  
buried under a per-  
simmon summary.

Rural dreams lapse  
bell of a truck  
passes a crowded  
unattainables.  
The mist in  
attend  
precision shelved more  
room wars none  
made round gone or  
ruled out.

The marker  
plane  
desk lamp a bulb of  
removal.  
Will prelude  
undone a hand  
when must knew plural  
tune piped in the run to  
singular.

SCOTT HEISER

ON HORMONES HE BECAME A BELL OF PURE WHITE FLAME  
HIS DAYS TIRADES--HIS LASER WIT SELF-CALIBRATING  
HIS MOTHER KNEW NOTHING--ARRIVING AT THE LAST MINUTE  
HOW GRACEFUL THE FILIPINO NURSES WERE--REAL PROS  
A GORGEOUS BLACK GUY CAME TO TURN EVERYTHING OFF

*maybe ten years*

Sanctuary's closet  
salt and cut  
wound downtime  
acidic & supple

circle of steel shins  
ousted symbol of.  
Estimated  
a by-then reasoning  
travels in the scale.

Saturdays  
missing changes  
in jacket's--season's  
surety of future.  
Union to ex-  
cluding range  
of conformities un-  
solvable fixtures.

BART GORI

HE RAN WITH THE MAFIA FROM CALI  
THEN HE CAME GOOD IN A FEDERAL STING  
ONE TIME HE WAS ON HIM--MERCURY  
ALWAYS HE WAS THE BEAUTIFUL STUFF  
LAST TIME HE SAID HE WAS FINE

Makers of life-  
time friends in  
surrect the libel  
of an era scorn is  
the tempo less heard.  
Helmet  
of self the bedside  
of knowing and having  
done.

*when we get home*

Darkness Falls All Right.  
Indiscriminate Ledge  
That waking dealt. With  
The weight of Lay arms  
A thus stranger. Aperture  
At wherewithal.

Hunger, insight.  
Disbelief at a noun.  
A card demanded.  
The open-mouthed the Lungs  
Full in Heresy's fantasy  
Utterance at a.  
Runway of.  
Unthinkable sense to stay  
In.

In *those* people. A thorough.  
After traffic when we  
Daunting nod of recognize  
A face from paper. Written  
Off Somewhere is  
Not anywhere. Turns well  
Or wretched in the hands of.

Steven Hall

---

SCOTT HEISER

ON HORMONES HE BECAME A BELL OF PURE WHITE FLAME  
HIS DAYS TIRADES--HIS LASER WIT SELF-CALIBRATING  
HIS MOTHER KNEW NOTHING--ARRIVING AT THE LAST MINUTE  
HOW GRACEFUL THE FILIPINO NURSES WERE--REAL PROS  
A GORGEOUS BLACK GUY CAME TO TURN EVERYTHING OFF

BART GORIN

HE RAN WITH THE REAL QUEER MAFIA FROM CALI  
THEN HE CROSSED THEM GOOD IN A FEDERAL STING  
ONE TIME HE TOLD ME THEY WERE ONTO HIM--MERCURY  
ALWAYS HAD THE BEST GRASS--MOST BEAUTIFUL STUFF  
LAST TIME I SAW HIS LONG FACE HE SAID HE WAS FINE

TIM DLUGOS

IF I COULD GO ON LIKE THIS FOREVER--I DON'T THINK SO  
LET ME DIGRESS--YOUNG DIVINITY STUDENT ON MAUVE LAWN  
READING FROM THE TIBETAN BOOK OF LIVING AND DYING  
HE'S A HIP DIVINITY STUDENT--INTO TED BERRIGAN TOO  
HITS BY MIKEY AND AMY--PLUS MY "ELEGANT CONFUSION"

RALPH SOMETHING

HE WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL TWENTY-ONE YEAR OLD  
IN ALL THE QUEER CAPITALS OF THE WORLD--NIGHTCLUBS  
A LOVE OF DRUGS AND UNCANNY ABILITY TO BREAK HEARTS  
GRANTED--THAT LOOK COULD OPEN ANY DOOR--WITH EASE  
BECAME ANXIOUS--TOO BLONDE--THIS BELONGS TO HIM

DOUGLASS LEE

MY CRANIO-SACRAL TEACHER SAYS MY HEART IS BROKEN  
BUT I CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER MY PRIDE'S MORE IMPORTANT  
SHE SAID THERE'S A VEIL OVER MY EYES--I CAN'T SING YET  
I'M ALL CHOKED UP--THE LIFEGUARD'S TICKLING ME AGAIN!  
I'VE REVEALED MY MOST TENDER SECRET--SO THERE!

TARO SOMETHING

DESIGNER OF MULTI-TASKING SOFTWARE--LA RACE  
ON PLANET GOOFY THE DEEPEST VOICE YOU CAN DO  
THE BEST JAPANESE FINGERS FOR THOSE SCISSORS  
CONSIDERABLE CLOUDINESS NOTWITHSTANDING--DRY  
FALLING FOR GROUPS OF STRANGERS--NOT INDIVIDUALS

JOHN BERND

WHEN I FIRST SAW HIM SURE HE WAS REAL LIVIN DOLL  
HE LOVED TO TAKE HIS CLOTHES OFF--A REAL FLOWER  
PUBLIC DISPLAY OF FANTASTIC CHANGES GONE THROUGH  
A GOD OF DISEASE ON ST.MARK'S--PERSPECTIVE ONLY  
HE SAID "IF YOU GIVE IT YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE IT!"

KOJI YAMAZAKI

I REMEMBER LIKING VISITING HIM--THE NAME FACTOR  
OF THE NEW LINE AT THE LOCAL ANDROID SHOWROOM  
HIS WASHBOARD STOMACH--A LATER IMPROVEMENT  
THE FEELING OF BEING DRESSED--TOO CASUAL PERHAPS  
ON THE PIER--PITCH BLACK BUT FOR HIS HEADLIGHTS

CHARLES LEE

SIMPLY FANTASTIC--SMOOTHEST RIDE IMAGINABLE  
SECOND TO THE THUNDERBIRDS OR MYSTERIONS  
UPSIDE--BY AIR WITH RIGHT TO FOLLOW THROUGH  
HOW FAR YOU WENT WITH ASCENDANCY--ONLY  
TO THE ORIGIN OF THE FIRE AROUND THE BUDDHA

ARTHUR RUSSELL

AARON COPLAND AND BENJAMIN BRITTEN--EARLY IN LIFE  
MY BEST FRIEND JOINS THE CLASSICAL HOMER DYNASTY  
THE SOUL OF BOYS BEYOND FASHION--INIMITABLE WEALTH  
WOKEN AT DAWN BY A DREAM OF BABY ANIMALS--MMMM!  
SO WE'D BETTER REJOICE FOR OURSELVES--QUICKLY

The world in

which bodies die

showers possible

going-away

presents

but Dad

sounded sad

inside the coin.

Self-storage sunrise, the now legendary habit

whirling linden spores

past an archaic profile,

making it briefly visible to itself,

is it, because it

has become second nature,

it and all that

goes with it: the dead

used to keep

the living in line.

Anti-Elegy

Loitering coyly in the lens  
of a living brother's body

who asked not to be named is  
slowly

buried  
alive again

but Dad

from REALITIES  
1992  
(for Michael Natonski)

Untitled

There  
has never been or  
there has

never been more  
than this or there  
has never been other than this very

plane woven completely  
of incidence  
ventilated

by no remainder of anything thrown clear  
of the crash disgorging  
guides

arrested in connection with being  
flown in to exhume a pet  
breath more

of the same  
doors open  
to put out.

Epitaph

Thank you thank  
whom, tender  
limit of seeking  
sought,

has been  
arrived at here,  
may X mark the spot  
impossibly.  
I pass in and out.

Fiona Templeton

from REALITIES  
1992  
(for Michael Ratomski)

*This is argument with and between two writers who deal in diametrically  
opposed ways but for me both unsatisfactorily, with the subject of death:  
Michael Lesy and Emanuel Levinas.*

For the one, the other dies; for the other, death is the other.

I will fold you into each other, man and man.

Deaf as a postmortem, well into the matter in hand. We may say "it is warm",  
but we don't bother to say "there's weather". There's no weather without  
change. Why should being be any different? It thundered in him, so far ahead  
of diagnosis, of being stuck in a place by time. Hands in the guts of the  
machine, I announce a beginning, a slap in the face of eternity. Not him, back  
at design central, but being got in the end; nor he, claustrophobic in the barren  
belly of brightness forever. Briefly, I need not be all of you, aahhh; all you  
want to know is what kills me. Of course, that's your job. But I'm the  
apparition of code. I crack myself, from all of you, into signal 61, a fight, or

88, an assault, into now. In homicide, it's just you and your partner and the action's over. By the time there's the here you're the subject of, you're not now, now not. You go in, make your notes, write your narrative, make your case. Leaving is beginning. Blue visor, blue lettering. "Our day begins when yours vanishes." You wear that to scenes of limit, neither variable nor permanent, just you at the crime?

Everyone was talking, had the drone, is no I, not even weather but weatherness; upon arrival at the scene this writer was advised by Mrs. S-H-E-L-L-S that the above-listed victim L-Y-N-N would say loudly, "Please don't hit me no more." She lay down in the bread. "This speaker is spoken and evilled and endless and you're a man and afraid and in France. I who have always rained and shined, now leave from somewhere, you." When the noise stopped, after some time, Mrs. Shells stated she could hear A-C-E saying, "Lynn, please wake up."

At this time, this writer was advised that there was freedom in the fact of the subject, and loneliness in its single beginning. The punch line had spread out newspapers so as not to make a mess of the matter in hand, the weight of itself as weather now, neither after the joke nor before the blow spreads from the center of its above-listed heavy self. For every mark there was a maker; but not me. For every advised there was an adviser. Every body was a negative that could be processed to reveal a subject, a weight of a having, so a thing.

But I speak from my body. You have taken away my gold standard ring, which you claim is to protect it. I don't protect my speech. The cup of your ear tinkles with the wave of my silence; silence, a body that takes pleasure in the audacity of its thought. If you're free because you have, take yourself; and in that tragedy, divide. So link the chain to your image. So see your edge and end as privilege, poor thing. So write your terminal case.

If the universe is a place in your schoolboy address, habitation of the pluriverse is not amnesiac. Like a gaggle of geese, a creepy-crawly of realities. It was the body that asked me the question, where did he go? It's the body for whom bread is moral. The key is a symbol of authority. The skin on my arm is dry. Americans have no right to cut themselves a shelter, only to tear out its plea. Keeping your freedom dialectic keeps your killers pure. Between yourself and you, a death is as good as a change. A curtain is a sign of a view, and food a sign of the self. Airsickness bags within reach. Sunburnt arm. They knock; the door opens; and a new set of guards takes charge on the other side. The walls close.

Or the walls open. Sunburnt arm. I may be the walls, or I may pop out, me, mine, ma. You had to be there.

The fathers of death leave town, freed from a chain of command. Die clean in the circles of reason. Since the end is outside you, point away. A man asked the escorts to walk through the door with him; they refused. We are constant. We record. We supervise; we search; we rehearse, not action, not thinking, but being. Let them talk about what's no longer possible. Be sure they're ready. We accuse mirrors.

I eat the world. We're wired for sound. The glass between allows you to recognize as a picture. He turns and knocks. He is grasping for himself. They are grasping his pants, at the waist, from behind, as if time were subjective and space not. He likes having fun, helping the less fortunate, and would like to be an actress. He needs it. He invokes the text. Work makes a shadow. Not cruel or unusual or void, just under pain of it.

I seed myself. Painfully, visibly, don't let up. Opening falls silent, clangs to. Tests offer the refuge of possibility, but my retreat accompanies me. They don't need me. They don't need me at all. They know what to do without me. Ain't no nuthin'. None of them are ever going to leave here, and the worst is there might be worse. I finished my cake and he led me to what did not come from me. Single stood alone, rearranging a styrofoam cup, a tube of toothpaste and a bottle of mouthwash, stepping back and looking at what he's done even when brimming with at least his own nature. We were 25 feet from its

announcement. He knitted it. It is not a thing and can't be had. We strode. It is not possible. They are piled. It is never a present. It all made sense, but it was all a deception. It is not suffering. Their now is their mastery. He is too delicate to speak his kill, sob his secret from himself, from his audience, you who are not born of woman. You are not in two places at once. You can't be taken by yourself, so decided you would destroy as much as possible. It would have allowed; you should have to be ordered. Not a reality. Come back.

In my dream, I mean lines, it's he who says, we are unable to be able. They lie in the place, an event arrives, that is, she was there, but the writer wrote his coming. He devised an alphabet. Most others are assimilated through joy. He had another name. Death multiplies, and sings it just before. How should being be any different? The women take it out of your hands. I don't need one. They even the score, not apart but parted, impossible to say. We can't live together, I spit myself clean, and we can't live at distance, toes clenched to the earth and to you. The pain is perfumed by an elsewhere of violins. Hip can't be got. Woman born of woman is meeting in meeting. The body of another costs a man. A future in fear is a matter of time till arrival. The group called the Game sneaks in. Dreams are obeyed, names denied the weather for fear of treading a mortal boundary. The skin stuck to me. It stuck all over me. It's not an analogue, it's not simultaneous. It doesn't have to

match. Our disbelief is compassionate, but swim to your surfaces, sing your  
small adventures of welcome in declared disguise. Take on. Ok. Come over  
here and stand with your back to me. Wait for me. Hoke me.

The future isn't yet time. There is no dilation of the pupils. Hope is no  
highwire of the heart. The giant is unpinned and time becomes space, he looks  
for the bathroom and reverses the process. I tell you of you you will be and  
we come, we make time till we can't share. Be jealous of, not my body, but  
my experience. There is no spectacle of time to witness. Help each other  
pack, but only to tidy the daily. No RSVP.

He is lying in the bread. He gets up, rearranges it, lies down. He gets up, she  
puts a cup of water in the arrangement. Another puts an apple. Another puts a  
price on the bread. The first eats the apple. The third steals the bread.

He asks too many right questions not to know the answers. This would be the  
end, but it's the beginning; I just don't know of what. Be asked. We were our  
being asked. We rehearsed no habit. The bread is gone but we are our being  
asked. No wine from my showerhead but drunk with the normal. And we  
attend to this of each other. You're not passive to not wish to change me, not  
absolute anyway, facing as context. No monsters down the road don't eat  
when hungry. "Keep me in contingency!" meant none, to none, to the next.

You have no idea. Those were not futures, they were fictions. They crashed.  
It was the body that asked me the question, where did he go? I'm no different.  
He changed into me. I could have cried for a fair deal.

## TRAFFIC

Fire. Friction past oil.  
Mesmerizing  
left. Sudden born.

## JAYNE NAKED

Empire State, City  
Corp. Shamed doubters.  
subject jokers.

## DICTIONARY: SEKVAL

Spots, no car tires. Like  
gears painted in Japan,  
which had no tigers.

Hugh Seidman

---

**BREATH**

Bored concrete. Millions  
of years to drill through, though some  
drove gold chariots.

**GERANIUM**

Often left to thirst;  
yet red, five-petal bursts. Light's  
revealed, armed soldier.

**DICTIONARY: SERVAL**

Spots, no ear tufts. Like  
tigers painted in Japan,  
which had no tigers.

**SCI-FI**

The dying android  
mourning its desire; the crime  
of automata.

**TRAFFIC**

Fire. Friction past oil.  
Mesmerizing  
cleft. Sudden horn.

**JAYNE NAKED**

Empire State, Citi  
Corp. Shamed doubters,  
subject lackers.

**LIBRARY**

Eros locked up. No-  
thing lovelier than  
the vernacular.

**WAIL**

Newborn's mere hunger--  
but mere? History  
become just lament?

**ASSETS**

The Ironclads! Backed  
by Parnassus's  
full faith and credit!

**END**

Thoughtless, we think; what is will be.

What lives in our acts?  
Shock of touch, sky awe, dream, chromosome.

Each gas, isotope, metal that grieves,  
like whatever it is that thinks.

**IT**

Though one fail, as one will.

Though one contract, as one has, to a seed,  
blown between need and debt to each.

Though it comes, after forgetting  
what any (one or thing) might have reminded one of.

ANGEL

Muscle of tears,  
blood-lit. How  
shall it not beat?

Body so thin  
which a heart in empathy  
could not escape.

Heart heard,  
so mixed with  
the raw and red.

A body's sound,  
as when love  
speeds the heart.

Brush of wings.  
Sun mote, breath heat,  
double of wind.

Absence echoed  
in the silence  
between heartbeats.

As when even  
the amnesic relives:  
absence, silence.

Flood watching.

It comes like this.

With tiny fingers screeching along the sidewalk screeching  
screeching waiting  
more than waiting.

It comes like this.

Writing a spasmodic gait of a  
too quick operation speech  
like the broke spoke of  
wheels of things of

machined crossed human crossed with  
machine metal grinding  
grinding too

fast for its own function

It comes like this.

FLOOD WATCHING.

I thought up a monumental case of languages  
heavily falling to her death.

Previous collections include

memory or homage,

True Poems,

Floods.

Rude thinking.

It comes like this,

like a fiery center with borders,  
with an outside infringing obliquely with  
a neighboring dialect.

her inside and his 'anxious attempt to define it'

her 'grief', his 'intuition',  
her hesitance, his inquietude,  
her forbearance, his deferment  
her yearning, his dogma

"we squandered," she said she squandered its ending she said  
like a flood watching it ends dying fawning  
and leave her asking are there pockets, small places  
we can keep these bits of people

their tastings, their ways  
places where they won't be mistaken

for stories that wanted to be reopened  
pockets like rusted tin bread boxes  
uninviting to the transient guest marked  
with a warning like a flood watching  
like her intimacy were a spark she knew

some people had the life burst out of them  
as quickly as they had burst onto the scene  
with a whole exponential set of arms to  
prop them up

and then the life like a flood  
just spiraling out like some surrealist  
explosion like the life

were a painted thing like  
the stuff of some technicolor  
hand-me-down cabaret  
the ones who were fast disappear like a flood  
and leave us quivering like an idle worry  
when they were the ones who needed to be  
beneath the sky and

are no longer  
they can't cease/they cease

Douglas Messerli

## THE ACT

*for Howard*

I action the calling

standing to another

myth performance makes,

beering to give the empty its sides.

You promised the around,

leaving latitude to our now

vast there, the titular kindle

where the genial jostles

the sterilized guise.

Slipping

warbles cliffs,

radiating a sway

that banter

berserkly aside the seize,

chalking the squeal

up to inclination.

Are you headed?

The lines of trajectory

fall upon the street

light and lit up

as a spill.

I call the

action to another

stand performance mythologizes.

(after Michelangelo)

Led through many years to my last hours  
Too late, o world, I know of your delights:  
The peace you don't have, you promise others,  
And that repose is dead before its birth.  
The shame and dread  
Of age, prescribed  
By stars, only revives me  
To the old and sweet mistakes,  
The result of too long a life  
which slays the soul, and leaves the old man laughing.  
The dice of heaven, the proof's  
in me, can bring only better luck  
for he who presses the hand of death.

from *Trilce*

II

(after Vallejo)

Time Time.

Noon asphyxiated in night air.  
A boring joke of the barracks choking  
time time time time time.

Was Was.

Cocks song scratched out futilely.  
Mouth of clear day conjugates  
was was was was.

Morrow Morrow.

The still warm rest of being.  
The present thinks it can hold me for  
morrow morrow morrow morrow.

Name Name

What's it called that pricks us with goose bumps?  
It's called Thesame that suffers  
name name name and name.

Alan Davies

from LIFE

I used to be a person who wrote literature  
but now I worry about the bodies of my friends rotting before my eyes.  
You're an understudy to your own fate  
until you throw it off the back of whatever truck you're travelling on.  
If there were to be an embryo with space in it we'd fill it up with time.  
If there's any control we don't have it's the control that controls us.  
Let it go.  
Everyone has already forgotten what any of us knows.

Altar Ego

He won't give condoms to men who want to have sex with women  
and he won't give condoms to men who want to have sex with men.  
(The homophilia is his.)  
So what is he doing with all those condoms?

Cardinal NoCondom.

Man's presumably never even made it with anybody  
so what does he know from his dick from a hole in the ground.

Cardinal NoCondom.

Fetuses evidently have to be preserved  
so they can grow up and feel guilt  
and spit it out gold or green on the offering plate.

No one understands reality here.  
Separation of church and state means shut up or pay taxes.  
The public sphere costs money.

Yo! Cardinal NoCondom.

How much would it cost to take yourself out of the picture,  
condom and all?  
Nothing compared to the lives lost by your flagellating self  
flagellating the unborn and others.

Give it up.  
Admit your place  
in the hierarchy of dead saints.

Let my people go.

You! You! Cardinal NoCondom.

Everyone with more brains than clit  
is dead in my book.  
Beliefs? Beliefs are an excuse for not getting laid.

Sodomize yourself. Can't? Oh well.

The Aids Crisis: over before you know it

Goddamn Tim, where'd ya go to?  
What really happened to Effron?  
Well, maybe not.  
And Paulo, the sweetest dealer in the east.

I myself have not yet answered the call,  
but with friends like those who've gone before  
how can there be enemies?

Good clean fun, and then this?

**AIDS: the difficult mantra**

**I.**

small smile  
ingenuous apathy  
foot for the fooled

any more than ability  
to remove  
part body part text

infrequent and give & take  
the costume costs copied  
by  
ingratitude

form the appetite  
on surveillance  
hospital hospice hostility

cosmic vault  
that a substance reports  
dimes and quasi-  
framed  
echo

clip to dance now  
though no longer

**II.**

ingratitude for space  
slowing the ice wave

humanity luminous  
abstract cause

happened of  
as of yet  
with notebook

new close friends  
track  
avant the doorknob's nameless  
dossier  
again in a toxic vault

repartee  
SUFFER HE WHO CLINGS  
TO THE OTHER DISEASE

spoken to amaze no foundry  
one another  
life threatening tailspin

**III.**

diverse  
back and forth  
diverge  
which sail through  
no object outer lift  
the error of parts' colorful  
amnesia

delete the core  
for who speaks clearly?

damaged episodes  
of one another life  
tension-inducing fear to  
spike the variety  
accelerated through use

driver's side airbag  
dictionary of appetite

chew straight on  
hand on neck  
rails at window

IV.

list a fluid  
for screen-savers  
always the porous intellect  
gone catalyst to affability  
now new no nowhere  
night characteristic

V.

	decrease
talent	increase
option	
	curling
tangible	iron
remission	
	news of
the sorrow	no iron
tailspin	
	domicile
treasure	upturn
determines	
achiever	book and
	sharpest
junta and	ideology
climate	

A BRODEYAK (1942-1993)

It's not humility I'm after not the pit of my gums  
that change verbose signals in this cocoon I keep decoding  
call it Opera Buffo just stay the hell away from my roses  
they're too beautiful for the harpoons you swallow

Consider the swabby who shoves me to you  
from perfect glottal yodelling in the next-to-nothing sense  
Davy Jones hipflask in the john forsythia  
53 rounds with the storied Mazeppa  
ballpeens on a lens infiltrating looks waving gleams

And I think how your nails must feel  
stuck in a magazine trollop  
your sunny likeness misfit to this undertow elongating  
thirst for disintegration that lines the side of shadows  
emitting phosphor atop replays one stop to ignore

The child swing ruffian giddyap truck tire rascalings in grey air  
as if crystal clicked into memory tic  
crystallized names and fallen trees  
fallen as this passion inside of me  
as you drop to your knees for a taste from another sun

from ENDFIELD

"Something to circumvent the even."  
Smother this retreat  
Pen doesn't do anything. Sits  
rubs its pinhead against the page.  
Confuses love. Drawn to  
the syntax of my sentence contradict  
it. You are water, the earth  
the music would be something held against  
heads bent over this world's  
riddled by, predigested its completion.  
Your pen and those to be remembered  
your story or the ice man damned to walk  
another's psalm, the ears  
sentimental about the ice wagon  
the earth have blocked his way.  
Difficult to imagine one  
potato. Potato water. Pass  
what sort of paragraph inside you  
gravy separately,  
flashback.  
Pancakes go well with this, see  
somebody naked.  
distance opening or closing  
put this year to rest.  
blue waves  
smeared over my pen, an adult hand  
over my hand, digesting people  
I'd changed inside them  
that softness of the structures I'd refer  
the telling in time, the private  
imperceptible consciousness  
clarity, frugalessness, eyes smothering  
and attention with dust

Grounded in loss.

"Then came down  
the phonemes of the  
requisite."

the mind meant by it gravity can't wrong.  
tasting coffee sharing our dislikes and pleasure  
left thumb pressed against his upper lip  
its ink clots up with dust  
the page inside you where you alternate  
that sharpness between the pain and the comfort  
down on its knees, its intelligibility  
formed behind your eyes  
"in a society based upon an ideology  
of stability, a lowering  
in social or family status is considered  
degeneration. Such a fall  
is considered an open wound in a social  
order that is viewed as a struggle  
against constant deterioration  
It constitutes an inability to protect  
the heritage against the inroads of time."  
The inroads of time. Thought of  
my smile on her face the middle of fall.  
"listen to presences inside poems"  
this boundary you've disappeared into

Citizens of interpretation, images framed by wind. To "wilfully live in sadness," to go too far below the outside of things in which poetry begins and ends. Lines gathering nothing in one's hands. A vertical light smothers the sky... copper-colored behind the glass of the deli counter. He loved this weather. The continuity of unemployment. The softness of structures he'd prefer. Pushing it down with my foot. Great man on the moon.

Presences inside the poem demand our loyalty, and the mind curved through mischance lifts one's pen from memory of objects in the solidity with which language invests them. It drafts to reassemble, momentarily, something words had divided to someone once known. Undertown, it woos indirectly under sentences of death but with a sort of indefinite reprieve what you'd tell them.

"But here, in the murk of conflagration,/ where scarcely a friend is left to know,/ we, the survivors, do not flinch/ from anything, not from a single blow..."

The rest will take care of itself. It rusts iron and ripens corn. Planted to error, keeps well and healthy--knowing thought survives the social the year puts to rest. People drown. Its gentleness married to your heart.

gazing past the coming wave  
enamelled toys, planted ink  
sauce glued to the inside  
my retreat

I find myself comparing to this voice  
interminable spaces lying beyond it  
the pick of his sport  
sad-eyed man  
left home and conversation  
thunder smothers the sky  
"I am the voice"  
"I am the pronunciation of my name"

"In the electrolysis of love."  
tasting for the first time an olive  
the beauty of an angel's face  
in its arms catching a child  
a shallow stand of trees  
northern lights yellow and red  
sheet over a clothesline  
meadow emerald green  
mosquito and blackfly  
what lay inside and outside  
'Memoir of a Blow-job'  
his own purposes taken kindly to being praised  
and cursing about "patience"  
the taste of the sun  
the play of happiness  
that story they carry can't slow  
We have experienced total separation  
from the outside world  
to marry that doesn't work  
the building of homes by the most "cultured"  
all the domestic chores  
named after a man who walked here once  
Americans bossing you around  
a staff of wood  
in one's brain drawn to the balance  
chemical insurances  
the simplest errands alter.  
You may be thinking you think  
you were that consciousness  
what it is I think I'm trying to do  
what permeable with redemption  
equity  
transformed in one's eyes

whoever hears these pronouns  
unemployed persons  
the slow work in its occasional light  
lives of another's  
shelter from snow or wind  
a vertical light without shadow  
like those everyone had known  
points of landing  
which was never filled

a simple melody a symphony mothering  
how would they know these  
come back to it  
head raised in a gesture of greeting  
someone had quietly told him  
pay attention to error  
someone told you they wouldn't hurt you that much

do nothing till you hear from me  
pay no attention to what's said

Con

a writing through pg. 101 of Watt  
for Jerry Estrin

Joe,

aged

years

a rheumatic

sixty-four

yEars

sixty-

three

years

in his  
movements

Joe's

wife

years

a sufferer

palsy

but otherwisE

and Jim's

Kate nee

Sharpe

sixty-four

running

Joe's

aged

forty-one

years

unfortunately

SubjEct

fits

of exhalation

rendered

incapable of

exertion

was called  
layed down  
wonderous event

GOD'S TOKENS  
"once upon a time"

to Maria, in memoriam

+++++

Vain  
 certain (thing)  
 what/in/one  
 other, next  
 same time  
 soul's death  
 suffering/the body  
 was brought to  
 death  
 died/next  
 same  
 again  
 one certain place  
 took (their way)  
 proceeded  
 leaps  
 rotten  
 hair/grew/soiled  
 cure  
 lit, "holy body"  
 shrine

OBJECT3AIDS

Pat Reed Robert Fitterman Steven Hall Thad Ziolkowski Fiona Templeton Hugh Seidman Liz Fodaski  
Douglas Messerli Alan Davies Peter Ganick Michael Gizzi Andrew Levy Rod Smith Kim Rosenfield



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# OBJECT

