

Poetry

Bernadette Mayer

For Lewis & Marie

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CORN

corn is a small hard seed.

corn from Delft
is good for elves.

white corn, yellow, Indian

is this kernel a kernel of corn?

the corn they sought
was sown by night.

The Corn Islands are two small islands,
Little Corn Island & Great Corn Island,
on an interoceanic canal route.

any of several
insects that bore in maize
is a corn borer.

POPE JOHN

Noah spoke singly

sucking Calliope's throat

and Cheops sat

in a sort of jeep

hoping for rain.

corn pone said Aunt No-No.

Pop is in a hodge-podge.

Edgar Poe, supposed a hen.

o poop deck

o epic poem

Joe, John, and Joel Oppenheimer

went home.

THREE MEN

resting
Three men rest. They move.
men talking
a girl looking at a box
There are three men in a boat. They work.
a man traveling
girls waiting
Men talking and singing. They are sleeping.
a boy of nine
three men moving
A girl looks at a box. She leans over.
men singing
a girl leaning over
She is wearing a coat. A man traveling
 wins a prize.
a man winning a prize
girls winking
There is a man in a lighthouse. There is one
 buying a watch.
a boy in blue
three men in a boat
Girls are waiting. Girls are winking.
men sleeping
a girl wearing a coat
Girls in uniform are skating.
a man in a lighthouse
girls skating
A boy of nine, in blue, near a mountain.
a boy near a mountain
three men working
Three men rest. They move.
a man buying a watch
girls in uniform
There are three men in a boat. They work.

MEISSEN

Have them come. The best is in the beginning. Armies may falter. A detour may deter. So rest in the middle. A doctor is in error. He denies defiling the child. The denial is then disavowed. The doctor's office is full. Above the wainscot, Dresden china, made in two firings, hangs in the antechamber or waiting room. China, the doctor explains, is a vitrified ceramic ware of clay, feldspar, and flint. Despite the name, Dresden china was made in Meissen. The doctor throws this in as a feeler. Everybody's out. Now if you do that spread it thin, it won't mean a thing, it's old hat. Now if you are here for a visit there's no point in saying so repeatedly, therefore, the doctor says again, we will sit through more and more consultations but never, he impresses, learn when or where or why or how or how often the habit may have been broken and who began it and who first brought it to light and then how to end it.

The door opens then closes.

ANTHOLOGY

Flowers: carnation or snowdrop, violet or primrose, jonquil, daffodil, sweet pea, daisy, lily of the valley, hawthorn, rose, honeysuckle, larkspur, cosmos, chrysanthemum, narcissus, holly, water lily, poppy, gladiolus, aster, morning glory, calendula.

Medical abbreviations: ad-to, up to; adde-add; ad libitum-at pleasure; agit-shake; aqua-water; b.i.d.-twice daily; cap-capsule; cum, or c-with; dilute-dilute; e.m.p.-as directed; fac(mist)-let a mixture be made; fiant (ft)-make; filtra-filter; gargarism-a gargle; gr-grain; gtt-drops; h.s.-at bedtime; inject-injection; lb-pound; m-mix; non, rep. or n.r.-do not repeat; p.c.-after meals; pil-pill; p.r.n.-as circumstances may require; pulvis-powder; w. 3h.-every three hours; q.i.d.-four times daily; q.s.-as much as is sufficient; sig-sign, write; solutio-a solution; ss-one-half; stat-at once; sum- to be taken; tab-tablet; t.i.d.-three times daily; ung-ointment; ut dict-as directed.

Crimes: murder and nonnegligent manslaughter; manslaughter by negligence, forcible rape, robbery, aggravated assault, burglary, larceny, auto theft, other assaults, arson, forgery and counterfeiting, fraud, embezzlement, stolen property, buying, receiving, possessing, vandalism, weapons: carrying, possessing, etc., prostitution and commercialized vice, sex offenses (except forcible rape and prostitution), narcotic drug laws, gambling, offenses against family and children, driving under the influence, liquor laws, drunkenness, disorderly conduct, vagrancy, all other offenses (except traffic), suspicion, curfew and loitering law violations, runaways.

Bridges: suspension, cantilever, steel arch, concrete arch, twin concrete trestle, continuous truss, simple truss, plate girder, vertical lift, swing span, floating pontoon.

High peaks: Logan, North, St. Elias, King, Bona, Steele, Blackburn, South Buttress, Wood, Vancouver, Fairweather, Hubbard, Bear, East Buttress, Hunter, Browne Tower, Whitney, Elbert, Harvard, Massive, Rainier, Crestone, Lincoln, Grays, Castle, Evans, Quandary, Longs, White, North Palisade, Cameron, Princeton, Yale, Bross, Kit Carson, Shasta, Sill, Maroon, Oxford, Point Success, Democrat, Liberty Cap, Capitol, Lindsey, Pikes Peak, Snowmass, Russell, Eolus, Columbia, Sunlight, Split, Handies, Little Bear, Redcloud, Conundrum, Pyramid, Wetterhorn, Muir, Huron, Holy Cross, Sunshine, Grisly, Barnard, Stewart, Meeker, Kennedy.

Salutations: Dear Sir or Mr. President or Dear Mr. President; more intimately: dear Mr. President; also: dear Mr. President and Mrs.; Dear Sir or Dear Mr. Secretary; also: dear Mr. and Mrs.; Dear Sir or Dear Mr. Chief Justice; Dear Mr. Justice; Dear Judge ____; Dear Mr. Senator; Dear Mr. Representative, or more generally, Dear Mr. ____; Dear Sir, or Dear General; Colonel; Lieutenant; Mister; Chaplain; Father; Cadet; Mister; Dear Mr. Ambassador; Your Excellency; The Honorable ____, Governor of ____, or The Hon. ____, Mayor of ____; Your Holiness or Most Holy Father; also: His Eminence, ____, Car- dinal ____; Your Eminence; The Most Reverend; Your Excellency; The Very Reverend; Very Reverend Monsignor; Right Reverent Monsignor; Reverend Father, or Dear Reverend Father; Brother ____; Dear Brother; The right Reverend; Right Reverend Sir, or Dear Bishop Smith; Reverend Sir, or Dear Dr. ____; Dear Mr. ____; Dear Bishop ____.

Maximum penalties for first degree murder: electrocution, life imprisonment, lethal gas, hanging, hanging or shooting, death or life.

Crops: corn, grain, oats, barley, sorghums for grain, wheat, rye, buck- wheat, rice, flaxseed, cotton: lint, seed, tobacco, hay, sorghums for forage, sorghums for silage, beans (dry edible), peas (dry field), peanuts, soybeans, potatoes, sweet potatoes, sugar and seed, sirup, Sorgo sirup, sugar beets, pecans, almonds, walnuts, filberts, oranges and tangerines, grapefruit, lemons, apples, peaches, pears, grapes, cranberries, strawberries.

Gestation and incubation periods: ass-365 days, bear-215 days, beaver-4 months, camel-406 days, cat-63 days, cow-284 days, deer-215 days, dog-61 days, elephant-645 days, fox-52 days, giraffe-14 months, goat-151 days, guinea pig-68 days, kangaroo- 39 days, lion-108 days, mare-337 days, monkey-164 days to 215 days, opossum-26 days, rabbit-31 days, rat-22 days, sheep-148 days, sow-113 days, squirrel-44 days, whale-365 days, wolf-62 days, chicken-21 days, duck-30 days, goose-30 days, pigeon-18 days, turkey-26 days.

Kinds of coffee: crude, roasted, ground, substitutes, mixtures, extracts, essences, concentrates, instant, soluble.

Grain products: biscuits, bread, French or Vienna bread, rye bread, whole wheat bread, crackers, doughnuts, macaroni, pancakes, apple pie, cherry pie, custard pie, lemon meringue pie, mince pie, pumpkin pie, pizza, popcorn, spaghetti, spaghetti with meatballs, waffles.

Causes of fires: matches and smoking, electricity and electrical equipment, heat, flames or sparks from sources other than defective heating units or welding torches, lightning, defective heating units, exposure, defective or overheated chimneys, flues, known but not otherwise classified, sparks from bonfires, rubbish, etc., open lights, spontaneous ignition, incendiarism, vandalism, etc., welding torches, friction and friction sparks, backfire or hot exhaust from internal combustion engines, fireworks, firecrackers, static electricity and static sparks.

Anti-Popes: St. Hippolytus, Noavian, Felix II, Ursinus, Eulalius, Lawrence; Dioscorus, Theodore, Paschal, Constantine, Philip, John, Anastasius, Christopher, Boniface VII, John XVI, Gregory, Benedict X, Clement III, Theodore, Albert, Sylvester IV, Gregory VIII, Celestine II, Anacletus II, Victor IV, Paschal III, Callistus III, Innocent III, Nicholas V, Clement VII, Alexander V, Benedict XIII, John XXIII, Felix V.

Dogs: Poodles, German shepherds, beagles, dachshunds, chihuahuas, Pekingese, collies, Schnauzers, Cocker spaniels, Pomeranians, Basset hounds, Boston terriers, Labrador retrievers, Fox Terriers, Shetland sheepdogs, boxers, pugs, Brittany spaniels, shorthair pointers, Doberman pinchers, Irish setters, St. Bernards, Scottish terriers, Weimaraners, Great Danes, bulldogs, Airedale terriers, dalmatians, Norwegian elkhounds, Samoyeds, Cairn terriers, Basenjis, Maltese, Afghan hounds, Siberian huskies, miniature pinschers, Welsh corgis, Keeshonden, Welsh terriers, Kerry blue terriers, Alaskan Malamutes, Schipperkes, Chow Chows, Vizslas, English setters, silky terriers, Chesapeake Bay retrievers, Lhasa Apsos, Old English sheepdogs, Italian greyhounds, Newfoundlanders, whippets, standard Schnauzers, bloodhounds, Borzois, pointers, Pulis, Great Pyrenees, Skye terriers, Japanese spaniels, Rottweilers, Bullmastiffs, Irish wolfhounds, Rhodesian ridgebacks, wirehaired pointers, Belgian sheepdogs, Papillons, Brussels Griffons, Coonhounds (black and tan), American Water spaniels, Salukis, Welsh corgis (Cardigan), Bouviers des Flanders, Mastiffs, Belgian Tervuren, Wirehaired pointing Griffons, Greyhounds, giant Schnauzers, Affenpinschers, border terriers, foxhounds (American), otter hounds, Briards, flat coated retrievers, Harriers, Scottish deerhounds, Belgian Malinois, Bernese mountain dogs, Komondors, Kuvaszok, climber spaniels, curly coated retrievers.

Disasters: aircraft, coal mine explosions, cyclones, earthquakes, explosions, fires, floods, hurricanes, landslides, mines, mountain climbing, railroad accidents, ships, structures collapse, tornadoes, typhoons, volcanic eruptions, epidemics.

Crude and inedible material: hides and skins, oil seeds, oil nuts, oil kernels, iron and steel scrap, rubber, latex, iron ore and concentrates, coal, petroleum and products.

Occupations: men: clerks, accountants, office boys, tabulating operators, draftsmen, carpenters, electricians, engineers, helpers, trades, machinists, mechanics, painters, plumbers, guards and watchmen, janitors, porters, cleaners, laborers, packers, shipping, shipping clerks, truckdrivers; women: billers, bookkeeping, clerks-accounting, payroll, keypunch operators, office girls, secretaries, stenographers, switchboard operators, typists, nurses.

Horses: quarter horse, palomino, Belgian, Hackney, American saddle horse, Shetland pony, Morgan, thoroughbred, Percheron, Arabian, standard-bred.

The Circus Hall of Fame contains: a coach given Tom Thumb by Queen Victoria, a sleigh P. T. Barnum gave Jenny Lind, a 10-ton Barnum & Bailey bandwagon.

Comets: Taylor, Brooks II, Borrelly, Finlay, Tempel II, Encke, Forbes, Schwassmann-Wachsmann II, Schumasse, Perrine, Dutoit-Neujmin, Pons-Winnecke, Whipple, Neumin II, Encke, Temple-Swift, Grigg-Skellerup, Tempel II, Taylor, Halley.

Flowers: violet, fringed milkwort, bloodroot, wood lily, fringed orchid, Deptford pink, hepatica, cardinal flower, red clover, black-eyed susan, fringed gentian, butter-and-eggs, chicory, evening primrose, mullein dock, sunflower, queen anne's lace, new England aster, lace cactus, elephant's teeth, fishhook, sand dollar, prickley pear, sahuaro, desert star, burnt orange cholla, desert rose, dogtooth violet, wild azalea, lady-slipper, blueberry, jack-in-the-pulpit, foam flower, marigold, rhododendron, gladioli, carnation, peony, sweet pea,

columbine, plum, hollyhock, catkins, camelia, forget-me-not, apple blossom, poppy, laurel, peach blossom, hibiscus, cherokee rose, syringa, zinnia, wild rose, goldenrod, magnolia, pine cone and tassel, arbutus, moccasin flower, hawthorn, bitterroot, sagebrush, lilac, yucca blossom, dogwood, carnation, freesia, mistletoe, oregon grape, jessamine, pasqueflower, iris, tiger lily, bluebonnet, red clover, paintbrush.

The Hohenstaufens: Conrad III, Frederick I, Henry VI, Philip of Suabia, Otto IV, Frederick II, Conrad IV, Conradin.

Leading Money-winning horses of the world: Kelso, Round Table, Nashua, Carry Back, Buckpasser (a), Citation, Swoon's Son, Roman Brother, Stymie, T.V. Lark, Swaps, Sword Dancer, Candy Spots, Mongo, Armed, Find, Gun Bow, Crimson Satan, Native Dancer, Cicada, First Landing, Native Diver, Bold Ruler, Bally Ache, Bald Eagle, Assault, Social Outcast, Tom Rolfe (a), Intentionally, Hillside, Crozier, Never Bend, Ridan, Bardstown, Jaipur, Prove It, Olden Times, Needles, Terrang, Mark-Ye-Well, Northern Dancer, Oil Capital, Hill Rise, Determine, Tom Fool. Whirlaway, Quadrangle, On Trust, Rejected, Affectionately, Tompion, Summer Tan, Promised Land, Hasty Road, Ponder, Clem, Dedicate, Eddie Schmidt, Porterhouse, Gallant Man, Talent Show, Bobby Brocato.

Types of households: Primary families: husband-wife, other male head, female head; primary individuals: male, female; white, non-white; farm, nonfarm.

Embellishments on U.S. currency backs: Great Seal of U.S., Monticello, Lincoln Memorial, U.S. Treasury, White House, U.S. Capitol, Independence Hall, Ornate denominational marking.

Lamp inventions: arc lamp, incandescent lamp, frosted incandescent lamp, gas incandescent lamp, Klieg lamp, lime-light lamp, mercury vapor lamp, miner's safety lamp, Nernst lamp, neon lamp.

Islands in the Atlantic: Anticosti, Ascension, Azores, Bahamas, Bermudas, Block, Canaries, Cape Breton, Cape Verde, Faeroes, Falklands, Fernando de Noronha.

Heads of State: Prince Norodom Sihanouk, Ahmadou Ahidjo, Maj. Gen. Geo. P. Vanier, Col. Jean Bedal Bokassa, William Gopaliawa, Francois Tombalaye, Eduardo Frei Montalva, Lui Shao-chi, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, Dr. Carlos Lieras Restrepo, Alphonse Massamba, Lt. Gen. Joseph Mobutu, Jose Joaquin, Dr. Osvaldo Dorticos Torrado, Archbishop Makarios, Antonin Novotny.

Figures in the life of Abraham Lincoln: Thomas Lincoln, Nancy Hanks, Samuel and Martha Lincoln, Thomas Hanks, Sarah Lincoln, Mrs. Sarah Bush Johnston, Ann Rutledge, Zachary Taylor, John C. Fremont, Stephen A. Douglas, Wm. H. Seward, John C. Breckinridge, John Bell, Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, John Wilkes Booth, Mary Todd Lincoln, Emily Todd, Brig. Gen. Ben Hardin Helm, Edward Baker Lincoln, Wm. Wallace Lincoln, Thomas Lincoln, Robert Todd Lincoln.

Types of marine disasters: burned, collision, damaged, exploded, foundered at sea, ran aground, sunk by mine, sunk in storm, torpedoed, vanished, wrecked.

Gases: acetylene, air, ammonia, argon, arsene, butane-iso, butane-n, carbon dioxide, carbon monoxide, carbon oxysulfide, chlorine, chlorine monoxide, ethane, ethylene, fluorine, helium, hydrogen, hydrogen bromide, hydrogen chloride, hydrogen iodide, hydrogen selenide,

hydrogen sulfide, krypton, methane, methyl chloride, methyl ether, methyl fluoride, mono methylamine, neon, nitric oxide, nitrogen, nitrosyl chloride, nitrous oxide, oxygen, phosphine, propane, silicon tetrafluoride, sulfur dioxide, xenon.

Metals: antimony ore and concentrate, bauxite, beryllium, copper, gold, iron ore, lead, manganese ore, manganiferous ore, mercury, molybdenum, nickel, silver, tin, titanium, tungsten, uranium, vanadium, zinc.

Nonmetals: abrasive stone, aplite, asbestos, barite, boron, bromine, calcite, cement, clays, emery, feldspar, floorspar, garnet, gems, gypsum, lime, magnesium, mica, perlite, phosphate, potassium, pumice, pyrites, salt, sand, gravel, sodium carbonate, sodium sulfate, stone, sulfur, talc,

tripoli, vermiculite, soapstone.

American cars: Plymouth, Dodge, Chrysler, Imperial, Ford, Fairlane, Falcon, Mustang, Thunderbird, Mercury, Comet, Lincoln, Chevrolet, Corvette, Chevelle, Chevy II, Corvair, Pontiac, Tempest, Oldsmobile, Toronado, F-85, Buick, Riviera, Special, Cadillac, Studebaker.

State nicknames: Aloha State, Badger S., Bay S., Beaver S., Beef S., beehive s., blue grass state, buckeye state, centennial state, constitution state, cornhusker s., cotton s., coyote s., diamond s., empire s., empire s. of the south, equality s., evergreen s., first s., flickertail s., free s., garden s., gem s., golden s., gopher s., grand canyon s., granite s., green mountain s., hawkeye s., heart of dixie, hoosier s., keystone s., land of enchantment, land of opportunity, little rhody, lone star s., magnolia s., mountain s., north star s., old colony, old dominion, old line s., old north s., palmetto s., pelican s., pine tree s., prairie s., sagebrush s., show me s., silver s., Sioux S., sooner s., sunflower s., sunshine s., sunshine s., tar heel s., treasure s., volunteer s., wolverine s., yellowhammer s.

Occupation groups: professional, technical and kindred, farmers and farm managers, officials and proprietors, clerical and kindred, sales, craftsmen, foremen and kindred, operatives and kindred, private household, service, farm workers and foremen, other laborers.

Units of length: Angstrom, cable's length, centimeter, chain, decimeter, dekameter, fathom, foot, furlong, hand, inch, kilometer, league, link, meter, micron, mil, mile, International Nautical Mile, millimeter, nanometer, point, rod, yard.

U.S. Army non-commissioned officers' chevrons: three chevrons above three arcs with a five pointed star between the chevrons and arcs, three chevrons above three arcs with a five-pointed star between the chevrons and arcs, three chevrons above three arcs with a lozenge between the chevrons and arcs, three chevrons above three arcs, three chevrons above two arcs, three chevrons above one arc, three chevrons, two chevrons.

Salt-water fish: albacore, amberjack, barracuda, bass, giant sea bass, striped bass, blackfish, bluefish, bonefish, bonito, cobia, cod, dolphin, drum, flounder, kingfish, marlin, blue marlin, striped marlin, pollack, rainbow runner, roosterfish, sailfish, blue shark, mako shark, man-eater shark, porbeagle shark, thresher shark, shark tiger, snook, swordfish, tarpon, tuna, wahoo, weakfish, yellowtail.

Time: Standard, Daylight Saving, 24-hour, Ephemeris, Bell, sidereal.

Seven Wonders of the World: pyramids of Egypt, Hanging gardens of Babylon, Phidias' statue of Zeus, temple at Ephesus, tomb of Mausolus, collosus of Rhodes, Pharos at Alexandria.

Salutes: 21 guns, one gun for each State, 21 guns with 4 ruffles and flourishes and music following, 15 guns, 13 guns, 11 guns.

Types of buildings burned: theatre, hotel, Opera Comique, Charity bazaar, docks, shoe factory, school, Triangle factory, athletic club, state hospital, home for aged, penitentiary, hardware co., terminal hotel, dance hall, Coconut grove, Ringling Circus, ice plant, tenement, nursing home, metalworking plant, loft building, parochial school, store, resort hotel, chemical plant, mental hospital, movie theater, circus, surfside hotel, rest home, apartment building, vacation home, apartment, Jewish center.

Ancient plants and animals: conifer, cycad, ship lizard, fern tree, shark, calamite, brachiopod, scale tree, nautiloid, coral, clam, scorpion, snail, starfish, seaweed, club moss, lungfish, salamander, cockroach, spider, dragonfly, algae.

Trees: American elm, red oak, sugar maple, bur oak, drummond maple, red maple, shagbark hickory, birch, sycamore, beech, honey locust, sequoia, white pine, larch, spruce, eucalyptus, willow, gingo, poplar, tulip, redwood, cypress, palm, Joshua, dragon, hickory, ash, balsa, paloverde, holly, candlenut, cottonwood, magnolia, dogwood, pinon, buckeye, redbud, hemlock, pecan, scarlet oak, apple, pear, fig, etc.

YOUR WRIST

That's your wrist you're looking at
and my view's the view of the rest:
we succeeded and fell we taxi we unveil he hijacks
he jokes a stunt we've got the onyx we soar you're
a success instead we're lazy this is a rose tree
we wave at you those are limbs you're waving at us
we do a fugue you write a canzone you've got a good
view of your wrist we review we taxi we coalesce
you turn the oven he fell he cabled his name we
cabled the date someone looks around we've got limbs
you like onyx I juggle you're a success we heat the
stove you wave you're in russet he's got the poker we're
ready to taxi you fall down instead he's got wax in
his ears we gather we vote he stutters about what you
view in the taxi we've got the report you've got the
rose tree you're a success we juggle we succeed it's
quartz it's a bat we gather what's a polyp? this is a
quest you're rich we're testing where's the wicks?
it's a lamb that's a rose tree we taxi we've got the
onyx I juggle what's poker? you're in russet we part
it's a quip that's her lip you've got some limbs
you're in reverse he's rescued this is a fig he holds
on to it that's a fort we unveil you wave you see us
he hijacks a truck he makes a joke we taxi we've got
the onyx you've got the rest we review

AMERICA, MY WORST POEM

As for me, when I saw you
You were in a tale
Thinking perhaps love is coming too
In America
Or perhaps as what is belated in a tale
May come true,
The scene is simply describing its use.

You had no hope
But the length of days, as in the sky
About which I already knew.

This gentle information
Comes as a prescription.

To notice a friend
Who is lettering a cloud
Which otherwise falls indifferently
Is no mark of distinction.
This is the difference
Between the past and dreams,
To dismiss an effigy
Which appears to be singing.

AN ANCIENT DEGREE

Life was a thorough pool of restoration
Which she liked to compare to the councils of the Elizabethans,
Making mazes in the fields and manners of the births
In which she could partake, thinking to tell good tales.
The way she was waxing in this difficult design
Could happen to anyone and in the morning sand,
The larger contest of her own life, it could be missed the same day.

A field is a useful article with which to tell the time-
To prepare the tales you tell and include new foreign countries
Which are beautiful and full of new designs.
In this way the landscape reformed her visions,
Like the battles underscoring their diffusion.
She did not seek counsel on the strength of these revisions,
An allusion of degree to the wife of sudden passion.

EARTHWORKS

The earthworks in the sand and the mounds
And the early morning storms which come
Down on the desert seeming a pose
Bring with them their original illusions
In an ancient degree.

We must make a raft
And leave while it is morning
Since this place has been stated
Like the placing of notes by an expert
During the weeks in which we live.

It will require many weeks
And a dim and aberrant rule
To make a scaffold of this distant meter
To hold the beginning of measures
To be backwards.

Even if the water rises
We will set up new and deeper memorials
To the trailing off of our plans.

THE AESCHYLEANS

These berries, with their choices, come to earth
To scatter and confuse the sainted warriors,
A part of crime's return to grace
And the innocence of criminals which
Enervates us like the coarser forms
Of truculence. Rude labors are ordinary and still.

They speed the haphazard. Slow manners still
Desires long buried in the earth
Among the exigencies of place and concurrent forms
Which once frightened even staid warriors.
I have caught a desire for silent markets which
May transfix the movements of warriors. To grace

These corridors with flowers is a chance for grace
As if ancient events were surfeited and still.
These are the plays, the act's discovered ways which
While on earth, will show what the earth
May return to-the severed heads of warriors
No longer dancing with the chance of reeds. The forms

Of edges bring us to such forms,
As homage makes its stonier pledge to grace
Belonging in retribution to the warriors
Whose hearts dispell in plays what is still
And what is closed, close to the attitude of earth.
The arbiter of innocence is a stone which

Is turbulent, and a memory which
No desire affirms, an old resort to forms,
Which forms the quieter winds of earth
And stirs the edges, silent pools, to grace.
The harbored art of influence is still
And silence, buried among the warriors

And the sound of warriors.
The flowers of illusions are the seeds which
Controlling lightning from below, still
The first desire for an assault which forms,
Informing turbulence with a sudden ancient grace.
The canons are unearthed, but this is not the earth.

The earth is a place for warriors
And for the grace of winds, a steady grace which
When it forms, forms only what is still.

THE PEOPLE WHO LIKE AESCHYLUS

These berries, with their choices, come to earth
To bomb & napalm all armies & warriors,
A part of crime's return to grace
& the innocence of all criminals which
Turns us on like the coarser forms
Of sex. Good labor leaders are shot-gunned & still.

They speed the haphazard. American presidents' still
Desires long buried in the earth
Among the free places & free forms
Which still frighten all the staid warriors.
I have caught a desire for free markets which
May transfix the movements of warriors. To grace

Everyplace with flowers is a chance for grace
As if big businessmen were surfeited & still.
These are the plays, the act's discovered ways which
While on earth, will show what the earth
May return to-no more warriors
Everyone dancing with the chance of reeds. The forms

Of people bring us to these forms,
But money just throws stones at grace
And makes apologies for the aging warriors
Whose hearts resent in plays what is still
And what is open, close to the attitude of earth.
The arbiter of innocence is a tree which

Looks us over with a memory which
Has no past. What are forms?
Where is the earth,
What is grace?
Power-mad people must be still
And silent, buried among the warriors

And the sound of warriors.
There are no flowers in a civilization which
Grows over what is calm & still
Cutting short the season that forms
People who are jungles of grace.
Many people live in America, but this is not the earth.

The earth is not a place for warriors
But for the grace of winds, a steady grace which
When it forms, forms only what is still.

POEM

I am beginning to alter
the location of this harbor
now meets with a channel

joining one place with one.
Then it continues
as if in a town
artfulness of a hand
full of some things
and not others.
Eye rests
and we see what is
before everything else the same.
Though this implies a beginning
to which we ascribe no point
nevertheless it has an end,
for no bishop of any importance
constructs his tomb in a bad time.

The end which comes
is not as important as
the motion
held in the air
pausing in its course.
To switch then
reverses the train
of a running line,
and as before
may wheel and address
to a new location
to be seen beneath.
This flying conversion
sets the scene
to a bell.

I have told more
than can be seen.
The bell makes its trick
more than an opera.
If you have seen the world from a ship
then you have not seen
what the ship lets fall into the sea
to blacken its top and make it grow.
To get out of this seaport
you must be a cutter of networks.

PAINTING BY CHIMES

The buttocks of the ruffed grouse
now hang aloft
supposing to engender
at first or with a knife
the certain duties of rehearsal
as a ploy would.

The wing is a corporeal element
akin to the divine
and which by nature tends to soar.

And in the same conception
 a line without position
has brushed a stroke with its return.

THE PORT

We told them the myths about others
Sitting around the old and stately ship
And the ship's table, which had been shipped
From some faraway port.
The steward came to call for the mail
Hoping for a word from a nearby port
But, like the wine we had drunk too soon,
Our hearts were with the ship
Where after all our table had been set.
Part of our attention was placed
On the storm which flailed us about as if rain
Could outweigh the presence of others
And the old devotion of the captain's address.
The captain preferred ancient modes of opening
To those that were short
And had intercepted the steward's letter
In the course of his own first address,
Abbreviated with praise for the ship's company.
He accused us of being old and drunk
And of growing mustaches which caught
In the salt of the sea we were sailing
If only we could leave the port.

HOUSE CAP

this is made
when opened.
 exclusively
only an obtuse point.
and trimmings.
 you must do it
when opened.

of net, and formed
is left of sufficient
the strings.
 and two wide.
round at the
nails long
the remainder in
small plaits.
over the front
is left of sufficient
 , which
is left of sufficient
blonde and a bow
 length to form
the strings.

is neat and nails
 the point of the
 insertion work
a square of seven
nails
hollowed out
you then
whipped and gathered
 of the insertion
you then a simple flower
or lace
double front border addition.
seven nails
of the insertion.

SWAN SILVERTONES

Pierrot had the sulphur scratch
-carload, bad zone, erotic stew-

 kneeling at his feet
 I am looking for you

I am looking
 swan swan
nothing but mandrils
and my sorrow

 I grow tall in the starry zoo
 with carrots or candles
 which are cakes

come seven, my seven
revive us again

 sad mobiles over my bed
 swan sucking prick

no stars
no eyes
no waterfalls

when you left me
 coming & starting
the oval preacher
told the panting crowd
tell love arm fuck lie

I am a saddened starfish
meek
 meek as balloons

I laughed purple
vowed to ride in wedding yellow
to fuck Little Black Sambo
 gnaw his red teeth and shot eyes
 garnish him with pepperpots and mistletoe

I will wed
a mole egg

or a soy-faced carcass
 red candles
 in my hair

a cool sarcophagus of paper trees waiting

 run hide
up down
 down up

doing what you want me

 we're both crazy
 and this is a crazy war

SERMON

The sermon educates
the barrister of courts.
The women warming feathers sing.
A transom is a crosspiece, lets
in some light, this last sign-
Someone sent is humming
woman sum of something humming
this my guest and here
Is anyone there?
Next

the door is crumbling some
thing flying in the dome
is tumbling forward.

BOATS

On sunnier days a new coat of arms made the ocean high
on the edge of the land a manifestation to axes and cones
here at the door, after floating what a relief then
it is a feast to us downstairs the matter of the bottle
when you go over the sea here is the part which turns
in the wake of the reservoir first our belief in altitude
in terms overlooking us

we were on to you we walked by
we tumbled before the steeple finding
some see the east differently from the comfort of travels
suppose it was the solstice courses taken over the safe flood
in ox-hide and oaken titles to arise by land
borne by comparison and services and use

the north transept
as the blind bewail the southern side is a new residence
we our table and sea-coats beside us sing
with subject files we erect a statue turning toward the west
coming forward in the shadows
about face as the mail is to come only such boats & sea-chairs
& ovens inexorable boats on the sea
you should never begin to race
in paint so red and bark as a mason in the current of events

down the line in place in advance as a stone
downstairs a dry permission to build respects interring
the city walls

the boats rise as high as a stone
oars are floating you should never come and work
so readily in confusion never come here stitched in sides

edging over stages spoken like a tiger repeatedly
some feasts edge into questioning

of traveling of seeing sights
in the hall the place is still airs within the tapestries
end and are offered end and are placed
to finally part before such a building
by night I respect the address and reflect
and spring arriving at letters

then spend the final revolution
in old red paint on the mantle

COUNTERHATCH

In all part in point in singing part in mountains,
part in point
the store the ancient the old always have intermissions,
part of this is too bold, but owning a part of the old
may turn into science, part to the bold, that's the ending.
in quiet parts of the old (now after always a light),
we silence, not ours but the enemy's toward an efficiency
wanting an end.
the end. We make ourselves richer, we start what's untold,
in papers, turned in words not marks, that's red.
which is racial (absorbed), where are elements-
man-to raise, he's happy
nothing in detroit that fantasy excludes
why not (plumber a mass a nude) & so on
to alternates & averages, averages tombs, two spaces told spaces,
deny it again, sold.
question in pleat, the unanimous fold now in rites
then in bells, execute
ignore the story build a cemetery
an abstraction, the end, the owl, where in point,
language of country, exhort
so to end the expelling of exploit the untelling of
dams putting in these reminders of death. that's purple.
toward denying to continue to the end, here by
continuing the end of .
done we expel them for social, the kind of space of
the actual, space of breath & with it the space for the
space of the rest
as a joke for retelling cannot persist in unpeeling
all the world's explorations, we rise to get up at the stroke of. . .
found what was lost in the heat of. . . white battle & waves &
found in rough the gut of it, having in melting how. . . .
the rest in awe, still how in awe, flower
in laugh in flower in waves. . . .

& singing & entering & awe again & this time it's awe of the reverse

that's green

of returning to scream without thinking, the end,
 in thinner, of thick, & simplers of trees in parrot to lisp
 'sea anemone', closed
 apology in rest: research isn't festive, looking for
 names, burning down piers & papers & scoring the time I'm
 translated to shore on the back of a porpoise
 & to see like a mirror turned on the port
 so for saying injection as far as it goes in the
 arm (truth) of (black symbols)
 will adopt parents that cannot grow (anthem emblem
 knife), a knife for the course that ends like this not like that,
 & they'll all come to orbit, arbit, in the courts by force
 we'll make the exchange & to count, continue, to embrace
 forgetting parts important to 'in concurrence' that's grey.
 we'll fissure the end & cleave in parting by
 statements by surgery by force
 cerebral from parent, dim from latin-everything's in half
 we do it by force, by the time. . . this is the final please let me
 ending in dive in ring proposing in answer the positions for
 silence growing minerals closed sky another &
 how to prepare. . . rhyme to give phial in waves blank to prompt
 in ending amend that's brown.

BOTTLE

strong, in the care of waves, stirred, not this brick's waves,
 but holding an arm to point, in the care of direction
 & a grey baby, starting like the dictionary
 surrounded by coal in a white cart.
 carried away, fading, in battle the strings of boats & chords,
 & as amnesty the agreed-on bottle
 salt & current
 mixing in the faces of caves, blue before faking planes
 like arms sighted thick & fading, at the shore,
 waves & the tunnel
 canvassing borders to find the guest
 thick with his cover in arms & titles,
 the bottle
 in the sea with the note,
 covering little, washed away salted
 rejoining the staves, beginning with our thumbs
 looking on to the harvest, looking ahead to the harvest,
 a whole new paradise of birds
 the hill of the battle
 is buried, or struck for execution, executed in oak by leaves
 & leaves which are edible, not inherited,
 leaving the course
 of the hill, or decay
 more of a freeze in our attitudes,

When I saw she was serious
I gave her a workroom and an assistant.
He had gone so far with horsehair petticoats
and short nightgowns in the early fifties
that sometimes he was a trifle wistful.
A thigh-high slip that wrapped around the body
with plenty of room for jiggling
would remind him of school.
Twenty years ago, underground with his first collection
he would have worried about where to put the lace.
Today the problem is "what is a slip?"
That's how much the Young Turks
have kept ready with change and adventure.

ON LEAVING

Since there's no beryl
Hammers and alehouses never have hammerheads
I mean since there's no telling
Has there been any swelling?
What may grow up
What may grow up?
I mean what may develop
Films may be slim, but hours are sour
I'd like to fake this
I'd like to fly this kite on the sea please
I'd like to take this chance
Care to dance?
to wish you the very beryl
Though sharks dance daisies in the snow
I mean the very best
They never eat peas
of every beryl
Leaves are better than cloves
I mean thing.

FIVE DREAMS

The social workers are asleep in Louis XIV
chairs in the department store window. They're
very old and their leader has laid out their bloomers
and corsets for today. One opens a blue eye.
The leader is levitating herself in order to
wake up the socialites.

When the speakers come,
they are very nervous. The moderator whispers:
"Be careful-he loves the alphabet;
as for me, I am humble." The main speaker
was provided with a grotto.

Ed, who had stolen money from McIlwraith,
could not come to the meeting. But Kaplan's younger
brother was nevertheless prevented from abducting
innocents by Michael Brownstein who knelt in front of
his car all day, so he couldn't pull away.
After the children had gone to sleep,
we saw a movie about a swimming pool and a tenement.

The gorilla lives in an H-shaped house, extending
over the west-side highway near the seashore.
The house is always left open.
Some of the folds of the gorilla's robe
are painted on instead of being real. And so we know
that the gorilla is a fake.
He also wears a turban with a feather and some
jewels. He is not dangerous.
The gorilla's mother who survived Hiroshima
had gotten a box of steak in the mail and is cooking it
for the party. The gorilla is on his swing.
The menu includes steak, strawberries and apples,
chocolate malteds, orange jello & peaches.
After reading an art book, I spoke with
the gorilla's mother. She wore tights. She
said: "Of course he has other alternatives."
Then the parade came, and we went to
evening mass. The excitable people were placed in boxes.
I told myself I was there so I wouldn't be frightened
but it wasn't me after all.

The life-saving fish was having some trouble
breathing, because a human had filled the tank
with some gluey substance. This wasn't
directed at anyone in particular. The fish
couldn't rise to the surface at all and was gasping
for air. We finally saved him but he emerged
in two pieces-one piece fish & one piece fur.
Then we realized that the fur was actually
two oxygen tanks concealed in a camouflage device
which looked very much like mouse-ears. It was too bad
that the fish, the hero, couldn't turn the tanks on.
& had almost drowned in the glue.

The young girls wished for stars instead of
husbands. so they slept outside, looking up and laughing
(there were four girls). when they woke up, it was
certain-there was one old star and 3 handsome ones.
"we are lined up when we hunt" they said

for those who line up stars.
The first had a child as her dream foretold.
Upstairs, the child made a dog from a fur seal & they
multiplied rapidly. one of the seals was out of breath
so of course I copulated with her and then I left her.
We are all tricksters. that woman cried every day
and later became pregnant near the coos bay bar.
a baby drifted down & I caught it. I said nothing of it;
I only thought about it. "We too are tricksters."
Our ears are big & we have no tails. this is a tale for
the young of the bay. She wept for five years.
"Who is your father?" this woman should have cried
all the time instead of using her pack of wood as a pretext-
"I will look for people" Anyway he found some
& got a wife, but they never slept together.
He just lay in a large men's sweat house. After 5 years,
he said "Work on my head."
Our father still lives in the mountains. After a while,
they found more people. anyway they looked like people.
they had no food but attached their tails to the ground.
At the seaside all of the men went hunting with the
wife of an invisible husband. No one would look at him.
"We will make a raft and leave this place"
they said, "we will let him stand there forever."
though the tide was coming in, the water
did not rise on him.
that is the end-they had left him to die,
but he came out all right-he was standing on a whale.

The people prepare you for a blank
for a nothing-for-nothing. While I live in
two houses at once
with two equally wise women, near a canal.
No magicians bring us anything,
here we drink perfumes, all walls are closets
& the magicians are our uncles.
The smaller boats on the canal seem to be waves
over which our boat sails
while we wave at restaurant-owners.
inside the restaurants
our feet touch the floor like birds who seem
to be new breeds, stepping into the water,
sitting down to eat,
this may be a screen test
for the workers in the alleys.

Selections from SIN IN THE BLEEKERS

(with Vito Acconci)

Salaam my Salems in a banker's disturbance
 Crass dots, a prelude for daughters
 In their transparence-which is the secret.
 Lay way, the markets in drools of temptations.
 This is the end of a lender,
 Who sent his miss. Is wrought of a canman
 Making a facing, lacing my rams.
 Cameraman, you say, not making
 correctly for the drool of the clewspaper.
 how are you dandling fantails,
 or exist not the Tessie's entities.
 A walker in Worcester, that's what I've sun to,
 A burro for a sadist's demolished.
 Is it right by my taters,
 Though what say the Jans of their fullers?
 Easiest, pearl mother's comen.
 An all-night is lux, a lax perturbation.
 Lighter? Why the chalk startin'?
 I knew the nakes suppreacher.
 Layly layly lemecht's Giovanni.
 Paul, Tall, why have you staked all your clams?
 It's the snakes and there the preacher.
 can the story continue over the swooper.
 right now hall-call the swooping surplice.
 I see no diddles from the freakish frank.
 forecast the plaid winds drown and how
 did ferrets dig out the ennui of the slammed?
 lesion spark or else the same entitreaty for both.
 yet, sputtering yellow in the furious bush,
 how clay, yet dandelion are the antic ropes.
 slay that peoples or hark shall be my ankles.
 Flint flint where is lint
 Run on your ted, Badge.
 so red as her ron.
 well my love is not some
 swelled unusual roll
 kinesthetic blue like all
 good parsnips dropped in some
 drink. year after westerly,
 certain kinks dim tintly union.
 Makes lease in air,
 The risky pierrots. Makes lees
 in dare the frisky unthrows.
 you go. Batty your tatties
 Bitty you oh oh
 no on your nonies but
 bones on your scones, yee
 trees bet your buboes
 score up my lorcas
 Fran had no kanses,
 train banes in rains lee
 nonetheless lillies, lilacs the more als
 „the . . . a,,

IT MOVES ACROSS

It moves across & over
across the ground
it moves across over the ground
under (by the bridge) the moss
over the moss
across the grass the
grass moves across crossing the
blades of grass into
larger fields
of grass crossing over the
mounds & hills of
nothing but grass on top of
roots of grass
it moves slowly
slowly into
another field or further
through the forest still
moving by
& by emerging from
the forest small enough
moving
the same rate
under the bridge next to the
trees next through the
trees missing them moving
around them still
crossing like the trees
the trees over
like blades of grass the
grass over as a bridge goes over
bridges
bridges over the trees
it moves across the hills
like a field over the fields
like field on field
of a hill of a hill
as if the forest
into its forest
on the ground like the ground over
it
stopping over
near a patch of grass.

THE RED ROSE DOESN'T, THE ROSE IS RED DOES

As there were four where anyone seldom
so one seldom here where something
a not too red rose speaks
though speaks here seldom the red rose does
as four where no one as if anyone ever spoke
as the four where one never

here where no one seldom seldom
as the rose where no one spoke
so one never speaks because something
not the rose never anything
speaks for anyone seldom one
one though seldom for the red rose
four for the red rose doesn't as it does
some four where seldom anyone
not too seldom seldom something
something red where no one spoke
anything spoken as a rose
the rose & four were seldom anything
something speaks as if they were
speaks though as the rose where no one spoke
though four for the rose does not make four
some for the rose & some for seldom
some were red though seldom rose as red
for four where no one spoke were four
of anything something for something of a rose
something rose but no one spoke
as if the rose were something spoken
seldom red seldom anything but the four
where no one spoke were something like
the something seldom in a rose rose.

MOON IN THREE SENTENCES

I did something to someone in one way so that
he could do something to something, then I did the same thing
to the same person in another way so that he could do
something else with this same thing, then I did that thing
a third time, this time to the thing in the same ways I had
done it to the person & this time I gave the thing to
the person & then I did it again to more than one of the
things so he could do something to them in one way
up to a certain point, then for the fifth time I did it to
something that could be used to do something to the
thing which was his & finally I did it for the sixth time
to something in the other way so that it could do something
with the thing:

I brought you here to round this moon
I brought you round to hear this moon
I brought this moon round here to you
I brought you moons to round to here
I brought this here to round your moon

I brought this round to hear this moon

Then I looked at things from a different direction & came
out with:

this moon this moon to you to here your moon this moon

I brought I brought I brought I brought I brought I brought

to round to hear round here to round to round to hear

you here you round this moon you moons this here this round

Then I tried to explain what I had done so far.

WIND FORCE

Sea like a mirror.

One. Ripples with the appearance of scales formed, but without foam crests.

Two. Light. Small wavelets, short but pronounced; crests appear glassy, do not break.

Three. Gentle. Large wavelets with crests beginning to break; foam appears glassy. Perhaps scattered white horses (white foam crests).

Four. Moderate. Small waves, becoming longer; fairly frequent white horses .

Five. Fresh. Moderate waves of a pronounced long form; many white horses, possibly some spray.

Six. Large waves begin to form; white foam crests more extensive everywhere; probably some spray.

Seven. Strong. Sea heaps up; some white foam from breaking waves blows in streaks along the direction of the wind.

Eight. Moderately high waves. Edges of crests begin to break into spindrift. Well-marked streaks of foam blow along direction of wind.

Nine. Gale. High waves. Dense streaks of foam along direction of wind. Spray may affect visibility.

Ten. Very high waves with long overhanging crests; great patches of foam blown in dense white streaks along direction of wind. Sea surface takes on a white appearance. Visibility affected.

Eleven. Whole Gale. Exceptionally high waves; sea completely covered with long white patches of foam lying along direction of wind; edges of wave crests everywhere blown into froth. Visibility affected.

Twelve, or more. Hurricane. Air filled with foam and spray; sea completely white with driving spray. Visibility very seriously affected.

untitled what's thought of as a boundless, continuous expanse extending in all directions or in three dimensions within which all material things are contained at this moment as a sign of the infinitive the matter at hand compared to one of two things compared to one of two places compared to more than one of two things no more than what's thought of as a boundless continuous expanse extending in all directions or in three dimensions within which all material things are contained in addition never existing before but known for the first time in addition putting as much as possible into from a point outside to one inside the one that's nearly furthest from the first a place sort of slang putting as much as possible into from a point outside to one inside my presence here to express the future and imply intention in addition to express the future and imply intention my presence here sound by ringing more than one of two things in that place compared to more than one of two things and the other of them compared to more than one of two things and the first one of them no more than not good-looking in addition having been around for a long time moving along toward the east when I face north the one that's nearly the side of the less-used hand taking longer than usual a wide stretch of open space put as much as possible into every one or two or more piece of a whole happens to have come into sight not any places where something was rubbed, scraped or wiped out no more than being a single thing in addition being one more than one toward the east when I face north my name every one or two or more open space for passing happens to have spaces in between a plot not any test of skill involving rules likable to the

same extent that it can be introducing any of the choices to tell exactly which how much or how totalling one less than four in this place or at this point the one between two and four people carrying communications back and forth make completely full what're thought of as boundless continuous expanses extending in all directions or in three dimensions within which all material things are contained not any sounds of the voice or movements of the features or body that express joy the red fluid circulating in the heart arteries and veins of people and animals spelled phonetically in addition in the direction of the one that's nearly the side which is west when you face north in a position above but in contact with the one that's nearby totalling one more than six according to the device for measuring time one of the four equal parts of something in the direction of totalling one less than nine according to the device for measuring time of France people carrying communications back and forth the state of living together as husband and wife spelled phonetically drawing out to a certain point in the direction of distant in space or time a position or space beside the one that is central what one of them divisions of the whole happens in this place or at this moment being a single thing the ones mentioned before happen in the direction in addition along-side of the things mentioned in a course leading to the other side to the same degree distant in space or time contained by any one turned in the opposite direction one less than four the ones mentioned before happen for what reason one less than five the ones mentioned before happen to be bringing about the ones which causing to come with you in the direction of the one that's nearly an open space for passing moving along they happened to be bringing about the one which instead of the ones mentioned before by means of guides for arranging things in addition the fronts of heads from the tops of foreheads to the bottoms. of chins, and from ears to ears the ones my presence here speaks to distant in space and time toward the east when I face north to the same extent distant in space and time in a course leading to the other side they happen in addition writing your name one division complete in themselves but parts of a whole the ones my presence here speaks to it really happened that way you were moving your bodies especially your feet in rhythms sometimes to music the one which happened while the pries my presence speaks to are able in addition happen in this place or at this moment the ones my presence speaks to happen inside of the ones further away and alike sensations resulting from stimulation of the retina by light waves of different lengths bring into action a trick a device designed to deceive toward the northwest when I face northeast in ad- dition putting parts together the one which happens the one that's nearby just in front of the one being talked about having in it all that there is space for in addition placing something on it to protect it or hide it one of two of what's thought of as a boundless continuous expanse extending in all directions or in three dimensions within which all material things are contained by means of different ones from those mentioned in addition next in order holding in the hand the one that's nearby ended having a top on it never made before what're thought of as boundless, continuous expanses extending in all directions or in three dimensions within which all material things are contained or interval or area or universe rather than halfway between some two only dragging the one being talked about in a course leading to the other side of the one that's nearby having been around for a long time with nothing in it intercepting the motion of not two or more limited by the one that's nearby half of the color or radiated transmitted or reflected light containing all of the visible rays of the spectrum more than not two or more to no extent the one understood or nearer not two or more in addition the one that's nearby placed so that one part is over another an open space for passing in place of what was mentioned beginning to act on putting as much as possible of something into the one further away the one mentioned happens having a curve to a greater degree the one that's nearby to no extent my presence here agrees for what reason place in an understood position the ones mentioned before the one that is nearer an open space for passing in addition the ones my presence here speaks to much put as much as possible of something into on the condition that the thing being talked about and nothing more ends up having a curvey means spaces now to than that than these just space and new and filling in the last spot filling in I will and will I ring these there thank those than these just plain and old going right the left slowly field fill each part is appeared no erasures just one and two right Bernadette Mayer each way's open scheme no game amiable as possible or what's three here of three messengers I fill up spaces no laughs blud and to the left on the 5 o'clock 7 o'clock quarter to 8 o'clock French messengers marij extending to far side which part's here one they are to an with two they are with over as far in a backwards three they are how four they are doing what brings to the way going were doing what for which with rules and faces you far right as far over are and singing pieces you did not you were too dancing what was as you can and are here you are in those came colors use ruse trick left and making what's the before it full and covering that space with other and then having the completed covered new spaces instead of middle but pulling it over the old empty catching one in the mid white ones not this one and the fold way instead getting down to filling in's that which is crooked more the not exactly why put them this way and you have to fill in if it only comes out crooked means

FAN

Roses hoarse to live
All the vain in interim print
With calyx blank to prompt
Breath in rime to give

But that the stroke in battle saves
Profound, the stuff of it, shock in awe
Frigid in melting, cold in thaw
In laugh, in flower, in waves

Casting the sky by piecing detail
Here so alike in fantail
You are better than a phial

Nothing closed in emery
Scent to lose or defile
Something come from emery.

(Mallarmé: Eventail)

SEA

It's he, it's sea. The sea is continuous; a continuous body. There was an Old Man of the Hague who is famous. What color is it? As you are when he's ashore. Wind is a natural motion of air. The numberless hues include grey, buff, slate, brown, and russet. Some winds blow all year in the same direction. She came from the south.

With swords I am building an empire. Two drams borax, one dram alum, one dram camphor, one ounce sugar candy. The sea a continuous body of salt water covering three-fourths of the earth's surface. There was an Old Man of the Hague, whose ideas were excessively vague. Then when is a sailor like a beach? Hear when he's ashore, when he's aloft, when he's aboard, his diet, duties, and exercise. In atmosphere wind has speed, direction, and motion. The colors of salmon, faun, Esterhazy, lilac, green and maize, before the eyes. Winds of the same seasons and at the same hours of the day are periodic and never blinding. She came from the south, she arrived at her destination. It was winter.

One word follows the other with words. Repeat a ten minute stirring three times daily for two weeks. Sea and ocean are sometimes synonymous. A man from the Hague has built a balloon to examine the moon. There was an Old Man of the Hague. When is a sailor not a sailor? When else? If you want to know, when he was in the shrouds, since I've been at sea, they were riding the main, living on whale. The warmer air rose, the cold rushing in currents to fill the space. Full winds vary their directions change. She walked toward the house of the doctor who was singing.

With words you say and with pencils a drawing. Later a bell, a spill and a spell. Stir until clear and transparent. Hurricane winds blow sixty-four knots or more at sea. There was an Old Man from the Hague who built a balloon out of vague ideas. When is a sailor a corpse? Why are they always bad horsemen? The sailor muttered his health was better. The ship is adrift. The warmer air ascends. The Sargasso Sea is red and tinges and shades of the same. Others are blue, green and Esterhazy all shades that vary. The doctor sang through the seasons. She broke the ice and threw it into the water, laying down a layer of blue earth.

A bell can't spell. We spell bell bell. It's he, it's sea. Strain, blot and bottle up for use. If too strong add water.
The shore divides the land from the sea.

There was an Old Man from the Hague
Whose ideas were excessively vague;
He built a balloon
To examine the moon,
There was an Old Man from the Hague.

When is a boat like a heap of snow? What makes a road broad? If you want to know my health is good though I
diet, sail and exercise. The ship now rests in the bosom of a cove. The winds are regular, periodic, and variable.
We study colors. Some have slight motion some violent velocity. The rest of the story goes:

She put down a second layer of blue earth and a third. But the water still ran inland. So she put strips of
basketry along the shore's length. The water ran through and out and came no further inland than where she
had placed the basketry along the beaches. The blue earth could be seen. The ocean had retired.

It is not true that: where a warehouse is further a redder one may be laughed at. It is true that returning.
Laughed at, one may be redder; further is a warehouse where

WE'VE SOLVED THE PROBLEM

we've solved the problem, the problem is solved
men are women, women are men
i'm pregnant for a while, you're
pregnant for a while
"if someone doesn't change into an animal,
we won't be saved" someone must
change into an animal so that we can be saved.
a man turns into a cat
a man becomes a cat
he gives himself to his friends in the form
of lead & coal
the man-cat gives himself to us in the
form of lead & coal
he draws himself
with lead & coal, the lead & coal man-cat
draws a picture of himself
he is a girl
the man is a girl-in black & white,
she sings
there are brush fires burning

GAIL

I had met Gail before but today i found
out her name,
she comes from west stockbridge,
her grandmother, until she died
owned the card lake hotel

we used to go there for beers &
 cheeseburgers
 one night tina who lived on main street
 took me over to the hotel very late to get
 a pack of cigarettes.
 i met gail's grandmother.
 when she died she left gail & her sister,
 some money, about \$14,000. gail took the money
 bought a car & went to florida to sleep on the beach.
 when gail told me she had inherited the
 money,
 i thought her parents were dead, that's
 the way i had inherited about the same amount
 of money. the hotel has been bought by a
 man from connecticut.
 when we got to my house gail told me that the
 next house down the road, a white one,
 is owned by the parents of a boy she was
 in love with, he's in california
 & just getting back into heroin.
 Gail went to school with Sprague-
 tina & I had invaded sprague's house
 one night when we took mescaline, that's when
 i met him,
 he's playing now at the silver city bar,
 we go there alot, with jacques,
 for beers & cheeseburgers

BATS

bats
 bats inside the house
 & at the windows
 giant moths
 a dead bird on the doorstep, nothing leaves
 a worm with two antennae looked like a brown string bean
 or noise
 a worm on the cellar floor
 four spiders under the table & their debris
 we found the bats' nest
 do they have nests? a raccoon at the door before
 someone told me about a field
 near here
 in the evening the field is filled with deer
 the owl in pleasant valley & the silver fox,
 porcupine & crow, they're in cages
 the yellow bird, completely yellow
 except for wings
 black wings, many crows
 the worm is curling, coming closer
 he's in the shadow of the table
 the man across the street
 loves red cat so much tried to poison some dog
 beverly owns this house

HOUSE

house changes its size
when the doors are open at dusk
to give bats a chance to leave
I feel I should leave the house
but unless someone else is home
the man who lives across the street
who peers
makes me stay very close to the house when I leave
he's supposed to be a russian prince
who lives with his mother & a princess
there's a house on ice glen road
where another princess lives
her home is stone &
so hard to keep warm that no one lives there.
fred lord
has put his whole house & farm up as
collateral for the black panthers,
blueberry hill, where you can't see the house
from the road,
is a house of some diplomats,
a car full of french people
once stopped here to ask directions
to blueberry hill,
the last time we lived up here, we
lived in a house that was connected to
another, smaller house
where a doctor of psychology lived
with his wife & seven guns
pistols & shotguns,
when we left, they were about to move
to a bigger house down the road
right now I'm in the cellar in front of the fire
upstairs where we sleep
that room is like a tree house: floor slants up
& out towards the field & towards a row of long narrow

windows, on each side of the room,
each side of the room has a large diamond-shaped
window, through these windows you can see trees,
a little below one of them is another
long narrow window
this one shows you the rest of the house
lying in bed I can look through this
window & further on through one of the
windows downstairs & out to the trees

FAMILY

This is the first part and the first one Theodore married a wife Katherine and had seven children a Charles and a Theodore who died as infants a George a Florence an Eleanor another Theodore and another Charles George married a Madeleine a Catherine and a Florence Madeleine married an Eddie and had two children Catherine married a Robbie and had two children a Kenny and a Carol Florence married a Nick and had three children a Linda and two others boys Florence married a Joseph and had no children Eleanor married a Kenneth and had two children a Donald and a Jane Donald married another Eleanor Jane also married someone Theodore married a Marie and had two children girls Charles lived with a Grace and had a Charles and two other girls. Hello this is called the

second part Hello Katherine, her real name was Katherine Hello Florence, her name was Florentina but she was called Florrie or Flo Hello Eleanor, her name was Eleanora and she was known as Ellie Hello Theodore, he was called Ted or Teddie Hello Charles, they called him Charlie Hello Madeleine, her name was Magdalena but she was called Maddie Hello Catherine, she was called Kay Hello Robert, he was called Robbie Hello Carol, she was known as Carol Hello Kenneth, he was called Kenny Hello Kenneth, this one was called Ken and his last name was the name of a British coin Hello Nick, his last name was a man's first name Hello Joseph, they called him Joe and his last name was a German title of nobility Hello Jane, they called her Janie Hello Donald, he was called Don Hello Marie, she was called Marie Hello Grace, she was called Grace Hello George, they called him George. This looks like the third part

where Theodore and Katherine have dark brown hair and brown eyes but Katherine is heavy and George took after Katherine but was fatter and Madeleine was also fat and dark but had a flat wide nose but the other Madeleine was her look- alike but Florence was a little thinner but with the same nose but Catherine resembled Madeleine but was smaller and thinner and had fairer skin but Eddie was big but Nick had fair hair was thin and angular with grey eyes and Robbie was blond and thin with wrinkles around his blue eyes but Kenny and Carol were blond and blue-eyed taking after Robbie but Florence had grey hair and looked like Eleanor but Eleanor had darker eyes but Joe was very tall and thin with a long nose but his hair was lighter than Madeleine's but Kenneth was fair- skinned but not as fair as Robbie but Jane was medium-sized but both Donald and Jane were dark-haired but fair-skinned so they took after both Eleanor and Kenneth but Donald's Eleanor had lighter brown hair and even fairer skin than Robbie and she was almost as tall as Donald who was very tall but Theodore was also tall and even darker than Madeleine with a slightly protruding chin but he looked a lot like Eleanor when she was younger but Marie was dark-haired but fair- skinned but her hair was not as long as Josephine's but Charlie was dark like Theodore but not as tall but heavier and his son Charlie bore a resemblance to George and also to Madeleine who looked a lot like Katherine though they were not blood relations. It's time for the final part. It should be the fourth. Theodore

came into the room, stopped with his feet planted and surveyed her coldly. Katherine's eyes shone and her lips parted slightly. George got up, went out through the big white double doors into a dim lobby, got his hat and coat and put them on. Madeleine had a queer expression for a moment. Then she turned and slid away with a little sway of her shoulders. Eddie opened the door, went out, shut the door, then said out loud: "To hell with it," and rang for the elevator. It didn't come. Madeleine's movements with her hand were very quick in contrast with the movements of her body. Catherine laughed. The big man on the bed was probably Robbie. Florence turned away quickly and flipped a pack of paper patches along the glass to Nick. Kenneth looked past her head, his eyes cool and empty. Carol said: "I've got an idea. I'd like to try it out." Linda didn't move. Joe lit a long brown cigar, pushed the box two inches in Ken's direction, leaned back and stared at him with complete relaxation. Florence nodded, grinned faintly and sipped her drink. Eleanor went towards the door, stopped and came back again. She looked down at the floor. Donald raised his head a few inches and looked at her with his mouth slightly open. Jane didn't say anything. Marie squeezed the cat's head gently between her two palms, then pushed it away from her and put both hands down on the arms of her chair. Ted stood outside the door of the room for a moment, looking at it. Then he opened it and went in. Charlie leaned forward politely. Grace shook her head. Charlie nodded.

AS IT IS

As it is
it is that way
that's the way it is
coming over very well.
Before it starts
it's started
it has been started
it's begun.
While it's there
the sun shines
on it.
While it's there
the sun is shining.
After a while
the sun goes down.
Before it's done
the sun is gone.

BODY & SOUL

that character's still there. Well, pull
the shade down. what? that'll send him away. Okay.
should I take my coat off? Oh, it makes no difference. Are
you going to be a professional prizefighter? Or are
you going to run for president?
I just want to be a success.
You mean you want other people to think you're a success.
Sure, every man for himself. Time to go home now.
Goodnight. Can I see you again sometime?
Just to see you anyway. Try sometime.
Try. I don't get it. why should you want to see me?
why do you want to see me? cause you're beautiful &
you're level & you're different.
when I went to school I learned a poem: it went,
Tiger Tiger burning bright in the forest of the night,
what immortal hand or eye could frame thy fearful symmetry.
What's symmetry? Well built. & before you know it
she's inviting him up to her apartment. Yeah?
A perfect man of the world gives me the time so I blow.
just like that. very nonchalant. hello.
what happened? she draws pictures. drawing your picture?
yeah she's got a big room with big paintings & statues &

all that kind of stuff. she give you a diploma?
Wise guy. let me see that. Look she drew his picture.
Look. doesn't look like you. all right.
what're you getting sore about. so who's sore?
Hi. he went to the fights, yeah i saw him.
You mean when they knocked that guy out.
sitting right at the ringside, come on.
what for? come on don't be a dope. Okay. I won.

very strong. you see that? Hello.
How'd you like that quick knockout he made.
I've seen knockouts before. everybody said it was
sensational. want to meet him personally? sure.
this is him. Hello.
shake hands. You know I'm setting up a few money
fights now, he's on his way up. he's a great fighter.
he's got the natural stuff, he's got the style.
so what? damages. so what kids win this & that
everyday. one out of a thousand fights professionally
one out of a million's worth watching, one out of a million's worth
coffee & donuts,
no tell your boy to get himself a. . . nobody's asking you
for coffee & donuts. see that he's a natural
fighter, you got a chance here. throw me the ball.
Hi. good evening, are you the champion?
we had a delegation tonight from the poolroom
they congratulated your parents. well um it's better
to win than to lose. & the other boy you heard he's good,
champion? I . . . it's a sport. fine sport.
he'll teach you to be a professional fighter. all we gotta do
is raise ten or fifteen bucks
for equipment. evening, evening, see you later.
so now you'll be a professional sport & make a
living hitting people. knocking their teeth out
smashing their noses breaking their heads in
sportsman is this what you want?
if we're closing up let's close, a couple of years ago
I wanted to move to a nice place so he'd grow up
a nice boy & learn a profession
now we live in a jungle so he can only be a
wild animal. you think I picked the east side like
columbus picked america? it was possible to buy the
candy store with a small down payment. investment.
next door a speakeasy across the street a poolroom
loafers on the corner children like. . . could I help it?
he refused to advance me credit I would have opened a
fancy store on fifth avenue, lived at the ritz, he would be
wearing a monacle you think I want to spend the
rest of my life
selling kids two cent sodas? give me a penny candy
give me a pack of chewing gum well not me understand
I want to. . . don't talk that way about your father
let the boy alone he don't mean what he says
leave him alone like you to do fight in poolrooms to hang
around streetcorners. I want him to study to be
something.
I want to be a fighter. something not for
money. . . that's ten dollars. boxing equipment. you don't have

to discuss this with your mother. thanks. they got the
speakeasy. Yeah & they got the candy store.
I wonder who did it. it's all smashed in.
Here let me have that. Ok boys take it up there. pick it up.
stand back. push back. don't cry. don't cry.

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a briar, a blunder, a bungalow	
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briar	Spelling is be- coming more
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	thigh
	Tradition
	tuck

BUS STOP	Large motor coach picks up people here (he kisses her)
CAFETERIA	Here patrons serve themselves (she kisses him back)
CAUTION	Be on your guard, watch out (don't bite she says)
CROSS HERE	Let's go over (come closer he says) You may be liable to injury, damage, loss, pain or peril (no she says)
DANGER	Meats, cheeses, relishes (he grabs her)
DELICATESSEN	Really a railroad car (she tries to pull away)
DINER	The main business section (I haven't the time she says)
DOWNTOWN	Habit-forming narcotics (he kisses her again)
DRUGS	A suspended cage or car (you're quite an operator she says)
ELEVATOR	A door or gate, etc. (he kisses her eyes, ears, nose and mouth)
ENTRANCE	A moving stairway (he says I love you)
ESCALATOR	A way out or off of (he kisses her neck and shoulders)
EXIT	The fast train (she screams a little)
EXPRESS	A bell, siren, whistle, etc. (she uncrosses her legs)
FIRE ALARM	Go after, go down, go for, go halves, go in for, have a go at. The facts (she tries to cross them again)
GO	Do not enter, no admittance (he kisses her feet and knees)
INFORMATION	The profession of a writer (he whispers her name)
KEEP OUT	Books for loan in a building (he's gone)
LETTERS	Making all the stops along its run (he rings her bell)
LIBRARY	A person who handles affairs or expenditures (hi he says)
LOCAL	Adult male human beings (come in she says. There are five men in her apartment. They are all of the sex that fertilizes the ovum she says)
MANAGER	A detailed list of the foods served at a meal (I see that he says)
MEN	Orders for the payment of a sum of money (he kisses her clothes)
MEN WANTED	No right to enter (she puts them on)
MEN WORKING	No leaving of vehicles (he smokes) No drawing of the smoke of tobacco into the lungs and blowing it out again (poison she says)
MENU	Bête noir (you poison bitch he says)
MONEY ORDERS	Body for law enforcement (I'll call the police she says)
NO ADMITTANCE	Not open to the public (if you don't watch out she adds)
NO PARKING	Cause this to move toward you (I'll wreck your place he says)
NO SMOKING	Cause this to move away (I love you she says)
POISON	Locomotives (what do you mean by that he says)
POLICE	Set apart (she rings the doorbell)
PRIVATE	Here meals are bought and eaten (I love you he says)
PULL	Public rooms with toilets, sinks, couches, etc. (I'm married she says)
PUSH	Small gummed papers (put 'er there he says)
RAILROAD	A regular stopping place (she whistles)
RESERVED	Cease all motion (he takes her in his arms, she shoots him)
RESTAURANT	An underground railway (I'm falling he says)
REST ROOMS	A place where taxis stand (we loved him they say)
STAMPS	Printed papers giving specified rights (but he is not dead)
STATION	A course for motion or action (he writes a book about it)
STOP	A line of connected cars (he goes to visit her)
SUBWAY	The upper part of a city (he kisses her lips and eyes)
TAXI STAND	A room in which people anticipate (she kisses his)
TICKETS	Pigments not yet dry (he paints her picture)
TRACK	Adults of the sex that bears offspring (that's swell she says)
TRAIN	
UPTOWN	
WAITING ROOM	
WET PAINT	
WOMEN	

QUES. & ANS.

Can I count on _____'s promises? Hello? How many? Will I acquire much property? C-c-calm, mostly. One two three four, one two three four.... What sort of husband will I marry? direc- direc- direc- shun shun shun of wind shown by smoke drif-if-if-if-iftAny more? Will I get what I wish for?..... but not, never, not once, couldn't happen, would fall flat, by wind vanes. One? Two? Buckle my shoe? Will I win my lawsuit? Leaves rustle. One and one are Will I make anything on this speculation? The wind is felt on the fact of.... are two. What sort of wife if any will I marry? Regular vane moved by wind. One and one is two. Will I be a success? Leaves in constant motion, twigs in constant motion, leaves and twigs in constant motion. x one million. Will my friend be true to his word? One ex- ex- ex- tends-a two. words words. Do I have any enemies? Raises dust & dust & dust & dust and one and two and..... What will be my luck if I get married? and loose loose loose loose paper and one for the money..... Will I get what I want? Be careful-small branches are moved, one by one. Will I be lucky this year? Sway, small trees in leaf begin to. two by two. Will I live to be very old? Urn, uh, crested wavelets (wavelets yet), I, uh, form on, yes, inland waters, yes, a hundred and three. Can I expect good news soon? Large branches in motion, urn, picture company will be yours! and two for the show.... Will _____ get out of prison soon? Yeah, never, whistling heard in telegraph wires (for him?), let's see, who said? and three to get ready..... Who has got my (lost or stolen) stuff? Yeah, who cares? um-, um umbrellas ha! used with d-dif- iculty so! one or one is Will I ever inherit much? Whole trees, eh? in motion..... one (still one). Will I prosper in what I now undertake? Now, ah, you can hardly walk against that, uh, wind, heh. Pick a number, any number Is my lover faithful? Breaks twigs off trees. Hey!from one to a billion and two. What will be my success in business? Generally, urn, im- im- pedes, eh? prog- ha! progress, oh, heh. Any number? Will I ever get married? Progress rest gem generally leap imp impeded dead. Any number. Will my business yield much this year? Slight, very slight, really slight, awfully slight, structural, ah, structural, ah, -ural, dam- damage -age o-o-occurs. Zero and one quarter (thinks). Will this be a good bargain? Chimney pots and slate removed. Hey! Oh. Ready? Will I recover what I lost? Set dom ex per i enced in land. Is too! Yeah? Ouf! . . . and four to go. How many children if any will I have? Trees upr- ooted. Ready. What will be my destiny? Considerable, alot, a whole lot, really alot, a great deal of, structural (pause) damage occurs. Oh yeah? Yeah. Oh. One quarter. Will I overcome my enemies? Very, very, rarely, very rarely ex- ex- ex- perienced. That's right! Wrong! Will the patient recover from his illness? Companied, ah, accompanied, excuse me, what? oh, yeah, by, what was it? oh yes, hello? ah, widespread gee, no, oh no, wait! yeah, that's better, don't ask me, okay, bye.

GAY FULL STORY

Gay full story is authentic verve fabulous jay gull stork. And grow when torn is matters on foot died out also crow wren tern. Connect all the life force afloat blank bullet holes. Change one letter in each essential vivacity missing word to spell a times taking place defunct bird's name. Let's see, Magic Names. Use apiece of current vitalization melted away paper about 6 x 3 occurring doing lost inches and tear it breathing spirit fabulous jagged into three ideal indeed inherence pieces . . . Ask someone subsistent subsistence shadowy to write his missing extant name on one of the backbone no more slips. Hand him the center died out veritable revival one with the rough departed certain edges on the in reality vim late top and the in fact pep dead bottom as pictured. Write a true spirituous vital spark name on each of the other actual animation void two slips. Fold the three imaginary ontological dash pieces over the airy go indeed names and put them in a hollow unim- peachable snap hat. Without looking, you can pick out the true visionary vital flame slip with the two rough inexistent well grounded oxygen edges which will contain the positive departed perspiring writer's affairs on foot null and void name. (Fold the gone vegetative doings ends over the illusory constant soul name.) Then later shade in all the twenty-five the times tenuous true-blue triangles shown above. Then you could match the uninhabitable heart at home designs below with those in the above lively flying Dutchman dash code. . . Print in the tenantless haunted core letters and read them across to find out where these indwelling mathematical minus children are going to spend their man in the moon essential essence vacation. Now connect the vaporous vivifying vim dots. Then you could color this ubiquitous lost elixir barnyard omitted as a matter of fact picture. First complete the deserted walking the earth oxygen puzzle. Cut out on the broken simon-pure null and void vital spark lines. Paste it on great sea serpent unromantic snap paper. Print your ethereal sterling gist name, your vaporous in the flesh kernel age, your lifeless intrinsicality positive address. Color the whimsical seeing the

light breath of life pictures. Use nonresident true-blue doings crayons, zero voracious inherence paints, or bugbear resident ego pencils. Mail before chimerical energy midnight Tuesday to this airy on the spot the world paper. Castle in Spain substantial go entries become ours. Intellectual veritable intrinsicity neatness, missing moored matters accuracy, and nowhere in the flesh immanence presentation count. Decision of the wanting authentic vim judges is final. Winners are nothing at all. You get a yam, a rail, a tag, a charm, a set, a bet, a man, a bed, a rub, a run, twenty-four in default of on the spot matters matchbox models all metal made in faithful omitted respiration England, an absent at anchor pitch barrel of vaporous vegetating vitalization monkeys, thirty free exact extinct existence toys, three blank blind essential animation mice, new gauge in fact ideal activity realistic train sets, growing Sally the sterling bereft of life heart doll that grows, six vacuous unromantic dash power-pack snap-track sets of dead verve trains, twenty-five free zero pure revival boxes of color voracious no more matters pencils in twelve current melted away oxygen colors, and twenty- four nightmare undisguised gist figures in four boxed unborn well founded snap sets of elsewhere absolute heart and soul British soldiers; all from the fictitious in reality the world world's leading creation of the brain on the spot indwelling puzzlemaker.

WINDOWS

once was sky once was smoke sky once sky one
 one sky sky I made this begin
 asked sky for summer no dreams no open
 windows dreams so some summer summer from sky first
 I say the first I say for a long time new sky
 new room new not & up & up right now easy all
 all easy-red he's red he's brown she's blue say not try
 story say list sing I sing say dance
 home I dance why I shoot at all shoot way answer say
 & money night day begin
 I begin morning once style away once comes
 again this once that easy say once a day once can try
 morning I need pens need friends write outside
 any see two colors see
 one
 see once sea try sky far fair sky once I & then
 it begins
 so start no one knows knows begins time alarm
 time stars far in there I am am once sky one smoke sky
 once sky one one sky this & made begin
 two
 if people come if they come if people come
 stop dont stop show body tell lies start tap rap. . .
 corner black man some time goes by in sky

corner black man some time goes by in sky
sky on land with moon as well some tone of voice
car car goes by away truck angles right are right away
red by red car goes it by it goes
nothing comes the John Donne Coffee Shop Neil Ed
lead & tongue, harm done start
purple green maroon start
over maroon green white green blue, yellow truck
green garbage takes notes on the street it sways fall down
blue car small blue car what view of the church from here
what
view of the church from here Roman top no bottom
B.Z. truck by & gold car not Cadillac purple building
pigeon horn invisible people & say going to Boston drag out
interfere pigeon by flag blink brown car
everyone knows baker coffee music shaftway shaftway shaftway
shaftway shaftway this is out the window say
three
not stopped black man no coffee for the black man
blink at light two horn gear loud tropicana truck gray car
pure juice
restaurant this before Delaware parks farms ink
wake up hands off one-way sign milk down man gone
continuous with coke grand hand in hand street with
the white milk man building for sale
coffee sail away lost at sea some time in the red and
orange green we've seen
Delaware brown car vague car car some color
light car with lights on light light dairy wind Boston
water tower blue these colors are not real cars
four
blue these colors are not real cars we know
brown car no new red car each & each one
one line up & one down convertible look
again blink that way time pull away G.L. out left
white man bald red bus doesn't go end line pull start
cigarette more move cars time awake heart Ed awake Tom
five more
five minutes what's different is: more white men

half a truck new notes more trucks more cars silent notes
no notes blue car never turn turn around slow a man a
million more a million lights start up a million why
get up a million move a million car two cars pull in
a million scrap a million trucks a million lights stop a
million real a million sun a million suns down a
million three a million move & a million only a million one
moves a million forward two cars a million exactly a
million the same million a million put notes a million
pockets a million crowds a million doors three men a million
black with grey a million hair a million white &
white green a million pants white car a million what's a
million going on a million lets a million go a million
go by a million Barry a million up a million pigeons two white
men a million red buildings a million sky a million
sky shoes a million pants a million skirts a
million anarchists a million came,
anarchists in sky shirts sky shoes sky pants in
sky scarfs covering sky the scars of wounds,
wounds sky clear through with blue.

THE END OF HUMAN RAIN

Where is it going to rain for the coming
thousand years in tomorrow's world or where or something
and some say, on the earth others say up in heaven
someone said: all unsaved people shall be dashed
sleeping in sex by the brightness of something coming
something's coming earth salt know the earth
that's another story
desolate deserted? that thing well it it will be gone
and during this thousand years these
thousand things, where does it rain?
some say others say he said nothing, who does it rain over?
& where shall we spend that thousand dollars?
but the ques. is where do we go from here?
but the ques. is, now, in order to rain
i can't stand it
this ran these things they must have someone some things
something to rain over
to rain is to rain over
as a giant king, his subjects are used
ladders placed at inferior stations & say:
power to the giant king, let him drink more

the king is on a ladder over his subjects
subjects something something nothing and jacques walks in
looking mad
another something, excuse me where do you buy these shoes?
um, they come from alaska
he we something was in the clouds he was in the clouds
with airplanes he with airplanes airplanes and him they
fly higher than that
news it's you all over all over each other rain all over
the earth tomorrow rain tomorrow
the world what world rain earth
earth steeped & staked through the coil it leads
& you forget
you forget not forward or backwards (in & out maybe)
you think you forget the earth's core & pinned to it a sample
of hunger eating the colors of a line-up
of words
excuse me now, the scene of the track.

II

LOVE POEMS

SIMPLE COMPLICATIONS

I wanted you the day after that, you
Which was Sunday or Monday
I gave you a picture of feathers, lost contact & gave it you again
Whose shoes am I walking in, hers, and what am I picking up off the floor, what fell off my desk when it fell
over, when will you come over
I guess this is just for me since I know you don't need it
But they're safe & I have them & you can trust me with them
The thing was seeing you as I saw you
And then cut off when I know
And how much do you wanna hear about this
When I know what else I won't permit
And here I is exchangeable, for once, with you
And permit means a word I don't know yet
Apology
For desire
Simple strength, simple complications, simple love
Or simple: simple connection, as, a love
Whatever I dare to say
And what do you dare to look at in dream
Often, I don't dare to look around or especially up.
Is precious
Something
Somehow
What I leave out, as learned
Alarm goes off
And papers stuck to other love poem
And don't you
Dream: I call you in between, the urge is the same to self destruction, and, congratulating, these are the last
words I said to her, a late wife on his appreciation of someone new
And I thought then when I spoke to you, you may be you could be the last person I have spoken to
The moral catarrh
Dream: the packing of the books
Saturday December 7 early morning of the day
And if you are the parent love, parent of my child, December 10 now
Please present self and be proud cause done away with or obscure
I would never say parent
Till I self became one
As the one who closely disappears brighter around Xmas, As the one who decides
And later December 12
Someone says you need physical exercise every day like working swimming at the Y
And even, some of the women are better than even the men are good
And I wonder about the effect of medication on this still to be decided, not sure, possible effect or result
Of the advice of William Shakespeare in his sonnets

Mine be thy love & thy love's use their treasure
Yes I could run it as master-mistress of the own passion
Something sticks in the throat & can be spoken of & refers to the past of economic words
As if a message, a single note to you could ever, think of it, be written
Or even placed & then placed in the right box without notice
Like some way of living in a, perhaps, red skirt or red dress
Or fragment of a dream of staring at the faces of two children
Or fragment of the father's name, father-who-grins, who is that?
Destroyed fragment, cover the legs with a scarf for the priestly lover
The lover in authority, lover who guides, seems to guide, advice, anathema, curiosity, ingenuousness, sweetness,
survival
The lover who doesn't trust, trust no one, and the lovers who trust no one's lover, who name names &
instances, who travel slowly around & only in their own heads
There is no compassion so they advise no trust but just as words, I know only words
As lovers who might as well eat mothers & fathers the same, as lovers who will, consume
The consuming ones, then those who are ready to be consumed, who lay themselves out on the table & wait, a
cross
Lovers who can't speak
Lovers who have changed
Lovers whose argument is now against us
Lovers who ink their pens & go to work
Lovers who can't make love
Lovers who speak very little or very low
Lovers with magical powers to transform a hostile environment into a friendly one
Lovers who take care of you to convince you you're sick
Lovers who were taking on only themselves
Lovers I've watched who were dangerous, putting my friends in danger
The parts of the body lovers choose to touch
Then the single sentence of the body of lovers
And not the fear of ending with
With lovers who fear without ending with
With lovers who anger the other lovers
With lovers, with genuine, but you are tired
And can & will fall asleep with, with
Lovers thinking & wanting phones by their beds to answer every call
From lovers where they are
They seem to be all over the world
Lovers not thinking but weeping, as they do, as we do so
I am the lover thinking in her light
Body of the single sentence of dream
That is, what I take with me & what I carry
As I weep for lovers
And their energy and charm.

APPASSIONATA

Light, where it is
and little compassion
There are sounds like thunder
-Oh I learn from you-
And you & you
But this is the end
No one knows the line
I am sorry so sorry

So careful not to say I am sorry
I halt a little rage left
in the morning
simple early & morning
no alarms, 7 o'clock
a.m. a madre or mater or mere, we talked
about you in the early morning
A mother, the mother, David
Doesn't know the difference between
A and THE
November 27 or 28
You can have it how you want it
It's thanksgiving
But the Indians aint here
And you aint here
Even though I got famous
Over the weekend
I ask questions: are you jealous, are you
cruel, are you ready, are you changed-
No.
This morning Grace & Richard & Lindy were all
in my dining room
I had all my clothes on but my boots
What are you doing now? You?
Do you think I should devote myself to better
things, be more productive, like, write a
play or something?
2nd Ave is deserted on this is-it-thanks-morning
I'm not grateful
I'm not shy
I'll get as simple as I can get
Just to keep (I can't say it)
secretions, something, a smell, a smell of
woman & not man, an acid smell, I want a man,
but there is no man, please, man, show up
I'm breathing hard, showing my time & missing my woman
I can remember the appassionata, it's beginning & it's end
I can play it for you
But you are so removed from that
I have my red dress on
And I won't stop
Passion if that's
what it's
I devote self to it's

AND WHEN WE'RE TIRED WE'RE UNDERSTOOD

A fantasy & long loop-locks
I dreamed us in a colony
Sweet dream I escape from in fantasy
Too many artists
Too much noise
I had to sleep, like on a European train, in two beds with three Prussian or Hessian soldiers, soldiers of
some culture

Phone calls-you answer the door
 So I fled but when I fled
 Into the city Zarathustra-style
 It was down a low dune of city-sun-bathers
 Who were only gathering dust, among them my sister
 And no Vitamin D
 We become so practical that we are able
 To return by magic
 Or magic proposals
 To the colony where we are lucky
 Cause even tho there's a slum on one side, the old slum
 There's a brand new lake with lily pods fronds on the other
 And bread and breakfast
 Breakfast in long tall columns
 Of citrus fruits frozen in ice, pink ice
 And even though you tell me to go get my coffee
 Someone picks the Red Indian River slices from the growing citrus column, for me
 So that when we're tired we're understood
 And not only won't we die, yet we'll survive
 And we become a unique constellation on the map
 A constellation standing for our names & for our places
 So tho you are harsh with me in dream, I still see you and I can look
 Standing back returning & magically returning back to my place
 I throw them all out so you can come in
 I throw it all out when I come back in
 I sleep on my side with boots & there are many fears, there are constant fears of returning & of return there is
 no fear
 You are instinctual as the gratification of fear
 So time takes its place as a test of enduring language
 And we make changes, take our chances
 This was the lost reader in our book
 This was the lost charm, the ability to move, of an
 instinctual knowing what we are doing
 Without, something about moments, ending
 Like, how did I get back there
 And how you have returned
 I put beer on my hair to make it the charm
 And stare with eyes at funny things
 As we're all so different we may knock over bottles
 Nothing to lose but to look at & set free
 Keep warm my darling
 Stay under the covers & think only of me

DECEMBER 4

I set my Oscar Robertson
 handkerchief on fire
 then lost it
 without realizing it
 slept with a man
 Dream of total apple
 apple being admired
 Wind & cold don't come thru
 to the perfectly red dream
 I am admired on a Sunday

I admire the first day of the month
Admire the nearly burnt R embroidered on the apple, R for a word that begins with
Ending admire or toward mother
The scarlet apple
The dream of the men in bright lights-that's where they are
They're back there
Wherever the red dress is
I'll get you an apple tart
Embroidered with a lost R
& lost cause it was white on white
As audience received pleasure, your phrase, from the sight of apple
I can't remember what I've told anyone from the sight of the ship, I remember
Lapis lazuli I admire in red velvet
Something brought all the way from somewhere
A smooth & polished stone with not as much gold in it as the gold in the blue of my tape cape: this is worn
 on the head or shoulders for dreaming & remembering especially a change
The round dream sphere
It's surface polished, we look around
Good morning baby
& tell me what you need
A magic talisman, a stone, an apple
Or a seed for a song for sleep & dream

DEANIMATION LOVE

After murdering Ed Friedman
After murdering Kathleen Dabney and one other male
After they were buried in the sand where the tide rushes over
After they come back to life and I knew it wouldn't work
The burial, they're breathing
How can I write you about deanimation, love
Deanimation-Love
Deanimation, Love-
My love
& yours
I am not on your shelf, you are not on my shelf
But
I want you to be
I want to be
Your subject
Subject to
The greatest love of all time-a woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
Forgive me now, I am putting you on my shelf
The mantelpiece, the design, the waiting for your call
You get angry sometimes when I think, when I move about alone
I get angry sometimes when I think about Malasia
But both, we cannot, though we could be, perfectly still
We are still now
We sit in our space
We look for things that aren't there, things perhaps smaller than
The great ones-the things that get you high
You-Me
To lose the living spirit of
 No You

No Me
 No blending of us
 To control & take into grips, I can hardly write it
 To take the living spirit out of, to set free, to sleep, love
 To loss, I love
 You are the constant love
 You chose to be
 Not, but not
 To be me
 To take my living spirit of
 To take me, yes & no
 And when
 And when you lose your shadow you become a wanderer
 And the wanderer becomes wild to approach the whimsical spirits, to get their friendship, he acts like a
 madman
 He wants his soul back
 He throws rocks about, becomes as wild as possible, as crazy as possible, yells & dances like maniac, runs away
 when anybody comes
 And when you become quite wild then maybe some of the wild things will come to you, & one of them may
 like you, not because you are suffering and cold, but cause he likes your looks
 And when this happens the wandering is over & you become a shaman
 You will be filled with breath, get your soul back or maybe his or hers
 You will bring to life, you will make gay
 Become the master mistress of your own passion
 You will inspire & give motion
 But for the moment I must remain still
 I don't think of it as deadening or enervating
 See also living, I let you take living, what I have, as a father sleeps with me as I impregnate you
 Immaculate Conception vs. Queens
 So we fuck in the doorway but no further or father
 Frightened of the quickening energy, as vitalize, that might be taken, taken away
 And are we doing it backwards or afterwards
 And everybody competes, dreaming
 & who the fuck was born first
 Was anybody born
 & must you somehow lie still or keep still to each fulfill desire & a need
 Now I have to do everything
 But all I do is get cut loose, left behind
 Throw an old wreath on a man whole uncovered only a part of a deer
 I am dreaming the dreams of another one
 Accumulate all your gifts on the table to ready me, they keep me here
 And one wishes as you wish I would live alone
 With animal spirits, health & cheerful gaiety
 Available
 But you have my shadow
 I have your yellow hat & something green to wear
 And I am just waiting
 Becoming wilder & crazier as I lie here
 With only a space between
 Little space, I assure you
 You say, something's growing-the parts of our bodies are growing
 Our sexes are growing
 I mishear you, hear that they are going
 As animals, collectively, go away
 In a herd or a pride or a lion of a father
 Not forwards or backwards but afterwards
 Fathers in & out the door, back-door man
 The like-father & the like-mother

Tall lean like father
 Tall lean secure but what a fucking number to do to die
 I'm prone
 Endless or penniless-nothing happened, I haven't sworn anything
 I'm inching toward the set-free, cut-loose, but the wanderer
 As I climb awful rocks
 Stop me in my tracks
 Where's the furniture
 Where's more demands
 Where's all the chances
 I'm sick of noises
 Where's the quiet new year as they force it on us
 Call me at once
 Return the shadow or the soul may be lost
 To bring to life who
 To suffer towards who
 To have a method for doing this, protection or protection cords
 To cease then to move or be responsible for moving
 To become inanimate
 To animalize you
 To make gay
 To give everything away
 To remain in wild lonely places, on the tops of mountains,
 on the bottoms of canyons
 You spy on me, waiting for my condition to improve
 I break branches & hurl rocks at trees
 Of course I suffer but it is only a necessary & inevitable
 accompaniment to getting wild
 You listen to me as I give my breath away
 Backwards or afterwards
 One of the shamans interferes with my mourning, sitting in the sun
 I put my legs up & lean against the tree
 Dark out again or in here
 I refuse to speak
 Loss of breath
 My wife's lover retains my breath in his tomb
 We meet there & he speaks, I cannot
 It's a conundrum which must result in death or admission of
 death into the animating spirit
 Evening or night falls in this hemisphere
 No such thing as promises or plans
 Only absence & density in sky, in the idea of the admission
 And noise, a signal in fact, repeating itself
 I sit here as an offense until an animate
 existence enters & enters then,
 will enter thru the door
 You do not go out the window if there is a door
 Eat small things, eat your favorite foods, store them
 Or wait for anonymity, collapse, disrepute, a quickening, an
 invigoration, breath-back, exhilaration
 And in the presence of others
 I look to see him
 And am immobile
 As when the breath of my own shadow passes light over another tongue
 I shrink from the image of these frigid spirits, leaving the wind
 to itself
 Fear forces these pauses to shade & cover with form what is transparent
 as straw in glass

It pleases me to see who took myself away
I grew cold
Speech could make little of this illusion
Yet I lost my life without death
Who without these can know what he becomes

HIGH GERMAN LADY

She's the only one who scares me
And he's the only one scares her
Feel free to call me anytime
And now's the best time to write poetry alone
Poetry alone or confront it what
That high german lady grammar
Who is as promiscuous as I, did you ever see this written
We talk then all about sex all ways
We try to make sex but it's the impossible of the perverse
Because we are different sexes
My high german unconscionable unreliable lady, rude & discourteous as I am
My lady in store who is a lady with so much trust in store
My lady who is a man
As I am his lady's man
And as his man's lady, sleep with his man friend
You are my lady but you wear different clothes
And as my ladies do, you leave
And you leave because of the men
And you get angry because of them
I am half high german, the lady that half of all of them want
And as you love, my Shakespeare-darling, so they do love
And all we are selfish, unconscionable, unreliable & cruel
And we are ladies
So we weep & cry when we do
And try to sleep in a bed
Where one lady looks like a man
And we don't have enough mirrors
And something about the house
So my high german lady understands
Something about the house
And mind racing ahead of you
Why I had to flee, when you fled
And now, why I am back or can be back
Half an hour alone, Lewis says we have so much more energy to be alone, we must have babies
And I dont care & David says you are the bravest lady in the world
And there is a high german lady, she is brave & she is coveted and read to
And she is mine as much as anything is ours, as what we know
And whatever scares me scares her
I am this man's lady & she is desperate & wandering alone, so we are together
And we want so much that we remember everything & write it down
And change the consciousness we had when we still called each other
Each by each, my high german lady, who is who
And I love my men so much better than I love my women
I am high german lady who is you
We had a big fight, I am so glad who is you.

AND NOW IT'S CHANGED TO ECONOMY OF WORDS

And now it's changed to economy of words
As panic here spreads into thought
Examination of sitting at table
Fixed on language like the junkie I could be
Except I can only talk about love

If you are here, I won't mention your name
If you look at me, clear eyes, I won't forget you
Someone's attraction is meticulous & careful, I forget
Someone's confused but not thoughtful
Then someone thinks & gets confused

Maybe deranged, I am deranged
With my little sex luggage & a few books
Everyone moves towards me to correct
To help I sink a ship at sea
With no one on it but their elixir of life

It's only eyes I see-that's a secret
And now it's changed to economy of sex
As thought spreads breath I hear throughout the night
Fixed on survival as if it were love
Wishing that that were all the eyes' laughter

JANUARY 13

Lewis, can someone see me through the window
Thinking about how long it's been since, you feed me
And my face and cunt become raw, what assurance love,
And I spoke of debacle and you thought I said typical
So as someone watches through the window I think
Babies & their quietness & then their roaming
I am tired, so weary and what do you show me
You show me we are so the same, even, as men peace & women
Man, even my breasts are red as my dress & sensitive
Lay down like a lamb my baby & pretend you're that little child
We conceive of, the world may be thy woman & still weep
Not tomorrow but now I'm found & not tomorrow but
When every private part of me may keep
In children's eyes, their father's shape in mind
Like an open letter from a future lover
And I remember the best that I can the feelings then
And we speak little of them but only because
Everyone else does, I don't know how I feel
Numb with beauty's waste shifts but his place
And still the world enjoys it, I try to destroy my stereo
From playing me these songs, I try to destroy
The memory of my feelings and you think "hath in the world an end."

We have two children the same age who in the world may meet
 Become friends and never know us, we are so undecided
 We are stupid from being thirty, if I were you tonight
 You know what I would say, I would say somewhere
 Thought, you (me) don't know as much as me (you), I (we)
 We keep on looking, children, and must we be, I'm asking
 Fast or slow & what do you prefer & someone says
 That's for yourself to breed another you, refiguring
 So be not self-willed, for we are much too fair
 To be death's conquest & make our poetry an heir
 And that's the end of what someone says.
 I steal your eyes & I amaze your soul, so mine
 Take him with you, bring him home
 You gonna need him you gonna need him
 Everywhere you go, dry your eyes & don't you cry no more
 It's so fascinating, like carrying bundles, to have slept together now
 Maybe you gonna need me, I'm gonna need you
 Everywhere I go. But I can take you there even if
 I put myself to sleep with oranges & detective novels
 For the rest of my life, I've got you in my pocket
 All ways & I'm gonna lay down this heavy load
 And think of you Lewis-warm & found once, perhaps, Teutonic base
 I managed to make the house cold & I can make it warm
 Lewis-Leah & I'm gonna let it shine, all in the streets
 Like, how are your cheeks so red when you hardly eat
 Louis-famous or famous in war, loud Lewis who is so quiet
 Tortures my clit till I become a kind of king
 He is an attachment, he is an attachment for lifting heavy stones
 He is a dovetailed iron piece made in sections that fit into
 A dovetailed opening in the stone to be lifted
 He became a firearm, he became a lexicon, I dont know
 What his name means anymore but I know who *you* are
 Finally, as I listen, and I listen to my black music
 And would like to listen more to you.

TO THE PARENTS AS AUDIENCE

White page
 Am I in the middle, or at the first or third part,
 Is there another white page in the book,
 Maybe just a third, the last third?
 I can't find it
 White page in the almost middle
 Goodbye Theodore & goodbye Marie, I will always love you Marie
 And Andrew you too
 You are dead & buried & we finally found that out
 Gone, not here no more
 Missing but not coming back
 Except, when you want, over my shoulder
 And now I love someone & cry for you
 I write for you
 And I will write for you even though you are my studied habits
 As memory shows, she finds it in her book
 As I am innocent & you are cruel, left blood on hands, left me too fast, left me without rage

Speaking to thousands of people then
Left heart on hand as in the past distance of my thought
Left me speaking like a fool for a while
And staring at people, a long while
And now I speak, still as a fool
But you do not, as often, tell me what to say
So I can speak to strangers
But I can also speak to lovers-those I never allowed you to allow me to have
And they are you
But now they can never be you
You are the strangers now
And my imminent precipitous tears, the tears of thralldom, when you are here but not near
So I write you for the last time
And stop, goodbye
Can I change the world without you & your presence
It's been done
Another gift
And darlings though you're dead, it's still your gift but that's all
And I give it all away
Because they take from me
And I want them to
And I want it
And I want it loud
And I wanna hear it
And I wanna hear it loud
I only wish you could see me
And see how I resemble you

You junkies & you fools to die
I wonder about the condition of their bodies
Saints? Intact?
Forgiveness, never-anger at the dead, I am generous
And love for those who listen
And love much more for those who speak

I only wish you could see me
And see how I resemble you.

LYING IN THRALL

You see Lewis I am a liar
And I am a liar in every sense
Except the sense you care for in me
Except the sense where you tell me
I am the liar you know me for
And care me for, your name

Except I know you & I never lie
I lie down for you but I always tell the truth
When I know who you are
And I am getting so good at that that I can no longer lie
So you are sad sometimes
And complex laughing

Your energy is knowing mine
We complex that to laughter
Cause what else can we do
Two serious & just two
It *will* go on forever

Liar sense me me for name
Lie truth are lie sometimes laughing
Mine laughter do two memories combine
Do two memories forever by laughing
Do liars sense me for the name I lie in truth
Do you lie sometimes laughing with memories, as of two

Lewis, lovers laugh & look at pictures
And lovers look at two in every one, the ancient picture
And I've seen two make it easier for one
So many times I could shake my studied habits
-Looking at pictures in time with you
And Lewis, lovers lie with pictures as we have

Laugh at the pictures, every one
Cause I am the only one & ancient as those, as you are
I now have habits of you
New habits & lie with them & we can cure
Your laughter will two memories put together
And you will laugh cause I know you now, new

A sweetness & a patience we lie down with
A picture-we identify the names, our names
A laughter we are forever forgiving memories, just as you & I are now two

THE NAIVE TRADITION OF MARIE

As each is separate so I write alone to you as each is clearly there
And not three there as one each is not always raining or starting fires
As Kathy has turned off the t.v. so, but not, it is hard to recognize presence, her presence
And as I move it is simple the expected & what you expected of me, as all ways
You say I have a bad memory though my body has changed
Memory in poetry is difficult because though you can steal you can't go on forever
As memory in movies is not allowed to go on forever
As memory of time cannot control emotions as memory of objects & of moving is of so smaller distance &
dimension
As imagining is clear
And image is clear of the time in different parts of the country
What I mean to say is, even when you are writing poetry
You remember everything
The hands, the eyes, a glance is memory, ahead of time
And I have memory, time-honored or time-horrored, perhaps of Marie
And this last elegy which I might confuse with eulogy or encomium
Is to her. And to all the hers that might replace her, I mean, become her
And that is, their suffering
And that is, there is nothing to say about it except unbearable, impenetrable weakness & design to die
So I devote this poem to those who suffer, not on account of me, but because I am there or not there
And I say to them, I am with you & learning more

But if this is your first suffering, you must learn alone
Because it cannot be explained, spoken or written about
And then
I have told you so much about myself
So share me, I am separate
As each is separate so I wrote alone to you as each is clarity
And share what I know generously
Cause I have learned it to have good aim
Cause I have learned it by sharing Marie's intense suffering, her addiction
And now I speak of it
And it's to share with certain of you & I am sure I will learn more
Share that with me
And speak
And I will speak with you
As I spoke normally
To Marie
In her death
In her addiction to die
In her design to morphine
In her place as my mother
In her sweetness before addiction
In her change
In her need for love I share
In her fantasies of care
She gave to me, a convent
In her desire to die with me, beyond all boundaries
Beyond all men's demands
In my youth which was her youth, I could not make the change
I didn't die with her
In the breath of her beautiful youth
You though are that for me
In her death not mine, I love you.
And in that sweetness
And in that calm, calm just of the helpless morphine
I wanted some, I guess I got it
But, Shakespeare, to get rid of her, his help
To twine myself around the man I wanted of her, the Theodore-goodbye, who is only a concept
The man who must have children
The woman who fucks at full moon to recreate the man-child born by the woman I am speaking of
It is not pathological for the woman to think that her child will be her father

I had this dream that someone was raped cause all the doors were left open
And in my dream the death & the recreation of the child occurred
Carefully, I must say now, that the bearer of the news was the rapist, my mother, my lover & me
So follow that, I then am the rapist
And we are not writing literary history, we are writing news in our dreams
And when I saw the police & I saw I had raped myself
which I realized from the color of the rapist's hair & how he had changed from threatening to annihilating by
the force of announcing change
I tried to climb the stairs above the ocean
And realized I was living off something else, perhaps his identity
And as you were following me
I fell & faltered, I could not climb the steps as in the past
And I was leading you
And so falling
I realized I needed another ending
And it is this:

I am your child

As you are mine
There is no difference
Though we become wild
But forgiveness in time

NOW ONLY

You are my soul's minion & the reassurance of my soul intact
A dream I forget opens up, it's another word for darling
Maybe a dream where I say the word minion without remembering its meaning
There is a forced & painful time alone now also without meaning
As if the dream were, as it was, better forgotten & so I did
There are many forms of slavery

The act of writing out assumes a change now in its slowness
And in your presence some things become more delicately formed
I should do nothing if I were guilty but this is what I do
And as you say, and Shakespeare wrote the Tempest
A pure transition, darling you are pretty & so mild
A plant with wedge-shaped leaves & fragrant green-white
Flowers As mignonette could be the name of a child

So I become small & delicately formed with an innocence so rarely seen
I speak to no one but you
And it is not a matter now of becoming wild
Others run from my presence to avoid what might be spoken, now too slowly
And it is only together that we are sought & dreamed of
An identification with its only slowness forced
An alliance I am almost unwilling to share

And if all this were possible & true
I could write this now only to you.

Lewis,

What made me think it was 10 o'clock
It was a dream I had or a sound
I had forgotten to tell you
You must impress on her
That we are in love

I remembered the time then
And my fears of being alone
The only identification I make with her
Is wrong. But I had forgotten
To tell you we are in love

As if you would forget what words mean
As if I could misinterpret solitude

As if someone were or could intervene
As if the sadness left in my eyes
Were not my own

A noise upstairs & another, many dreams
Come to mind as if I'm new at this
And Hawthorne is here I am
Grateful he comes without my studied habits
As if to help me turn the page & you return

When someone speaks it is not frozen
As we are in love I am so impressed
She has to see you as my desire increases
To openly say I must see no one else
Openly the confusion of identification in love

Someone comes in

Except the next day he seems to write poems
But then he doesn't hurt much anymore
Or, he makes me sit on top of him
Or else, he makes me sit on top of them
And then he makes them sit on top of him
He hurts his legs so much that they really hurt
As if they were really hurting and then
Legs hurt and so he sits there with his legs
Because it makes his night into my day

So why should our day have to do with our legs, day
Turns into night so easily at least as poems
In tune legs hurt as easily as legs
But, when the muscles of those don't hurt anymore
We separate, as we know how, and think what then
Will happen to either her or me or he or him
Our legs could be in a position to really hurt
The ones that we call them
Now and, Dante, her him

Is it her him
That I am living with and loving each day
And we must be alone to call them
As we address them in our poems
Those awful themes, in a position to hurt
All our sacrifices which exist now in our legs
We love them as I love surely him
And resist whatever anymore
Means, themes that lead to them

When I am not hurting them anymore
And days become our poems
And with legs as long as his, I will walk them then.

NAILS SOCK & NOBODY KNOWS

Who, how cruel you expected me to be, I can't be that cruel, & now now knowing you expected me to be that
cruel & knowing that I know that I expected you to expect me to be cruel at all
Now I know I wanted to be cruel and read that into your cruel remarks which were his cruel remarks & to be
cruel then

I will never want to go & see him again
Queer quietness, though the bright yellow socks & all the money I gave away, thought ten times then though
the long small nails grown
That so impressed him in a little fortress which is like her fortress
Which is like the fortress of memory, never to be seen.

I am tired & so weary so I cannot make a poem of this,
This that he is the one that I love & I am sure as I am tired
And so weary, I gave all my money to the guy who couldn't afford a garlic
As I know with his roll and sardines & the garlic he couldn't buy
For fifteen cents, he was trying to survive & I don't care
To be kind toward my own struggle for that survival.

I had fifteen cents, I also had the sense to off
The guy who said don't take that bullshit from that other guy
I had the enormous sense to stay where I was, stationary
But immobile in a different sense from the one where you can't see
I stayed is what I'm saying & stayed there on my own
Not looking for a note or recognizance, the recognize one thinks one owns.

More fire engines & the man came in, two times
To take the crazy lady away, but the crazy man who asked me for
A drink could be someone's journalistic project, I cannot move
I refuse to move from this warm place, it is our little room
And soon, more than a little room here, more of the energy
It takes to, what we talk about, really think your thoughts.

And then the noise & the wounds of love, I think about them
And the noise of perhaps the door opening & more of the fire engines
Going, who cares, the wrong way, the right way, up or down
Second Avenue where you're always alone & never with a friend
The only reason to be alone, as a reason, is the vision you have
Alone, of the visionary state, alone, in a warm or cold room.

As children we sent or ascended these visions at the same time,
as we do know, worrying about the noises in the house-
What was murderous, what could kill, who could die & who could
understand my own or the own feelings of love
There was never anyone.
You watch the people's faces, I watch a single face & see
He had this thought & still thinks as I did, lying in my bed, twenty years ago, there will never be anyone but
me
To annihilate myself.

And that is the question of the vision-
Who carries the thought out in her life
And who can see enough to say what you mean
When beautiful angels try to fall from heaven to defeat you
When stars pass by unnoticed & the moon, when innocence belies itself to help you
And unclear moments on the streets return.

Return to cruelty, what is my necessity, what does the word mean
Can I ruin my life by being disposed to inflict pain & suffering
By delighting without mercy or pity in another's pain, by causing distress

Can I be an inhumanity, hardhearted with remarks-
I could & could go out now looking for Lewis in the Orchidia or somewhere else, I could relapse, I did, I cried
Who cares, I am ruthless as I read into your cruel remarks.

But I am also calm in some strange way, especially, I am here
And remain here humane to all remarks & kind, kinder still
Than noises in the house will still remind me
I will not walk into a wall, I will not even talk, rewind, whatever that means, I will change the record, I will
look & see
I will stay the person that no one accepts as me
And memory stays away, shrinks back, at this thought, she bows her head at my intransigence, she seeks new
ground.

I give her the finger, I am not around, I am out sinking ships
No matter what reveals the endless stubbornness of my own soul
I live with it, I make it new, I don't excite it, I endure its moments of anarchy & take them in
Not the people but the thought, strange to repeat it, stranger still, to have said it at all
I am being influenced, I am in thrall, I repeat myself still more
I am the person thinking there is no one at the door.

I am thinking there is no ending to thinking there is no one at the door as the cruelty you forced on me was an
expectation to be cruel
As her likeness, the likeness of memory, tries an air at that same door
And cruelty & door become the impressions, on another, of long nails, some great feminine person, then
And beautiful yellow socks which don't belong to me
And these along with the cruelty is mine is yours is just as well spent the air of her impression as she leaves
And as she leaves, she waves her book to me, which is my book too, she's spent enormous volumes on our past.

What greater cruelty could memory do
Than make love's claim be in the past
The longer she waits to sport with me
Dear Lewis, the sweeter my love will last.

BODY PAIN

You write what someone says like, intensely
Or even like, therapeutic
And this is even said about writing
But how about one intensely therapeutic day

A day with longer lines of understanding
And actually it was less body pain that was said to me
Said to me in harmony by the namesake of anger
Swells in its longer times of misunderstanding & an attempt at direction

So there is confusion
Between not old lovers but ones that were, intensely
(Where else could they be but in a bar spelled wrong & named
For someone who goes crazy periodically)

And not in our warm room
Or thoughtful or seeing the daytime moon

I am one of those lovers

I am the one who left the other lover
I am the one who showed but was compliant
I am the one who by being unfaithful was faithful then
I am the one who swore
I am the one whose confusion is not rage
I am the one whose moments seem to come in time
I am the only one, the other lover says
As I am the one who is threatening
As I am the one who makes the moves
I was the one who lied to postpone the anger, betraying the friendship of lovers
I was the one who held to any lover who could stand intensely
I was the one who recognized the past
I was the one who stored
I was the one who spoke & so I became immobile
As I was the one who stared
As I was in a hurry
As I am rushing
And I am the one who continues to speak now
I am the one who can be blamed
I am the selfish one, the lover says
I say what I want
I make mistakes & so I am somewhat free
I don't weep, I wish for a tree to embrace
One warm tree in a forest of snow
It's been known to happen
It's been secret, discovered & sincere
I lose myself here in that forest which is a real memory the memory or thought of embracing the tree &
speaking, speaking then as usual but in all isolation of my own creation, as the memory of the lover is
one thought, & as standing or dancing or running across the bed in a single moment of exhilaration is
that thought, and it is, & is the whole past, & is as beyond as the tree, as I was, when I was standing,
leaving, beyond the tree.

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and resourceful, succumbing to the most secure fantasies,
fantasies of not writing, even fantasies of being scared or
unhappy, careful what words I use but not so careful what words
of other people stick in my mind, as if, "in trouble"

and loved, denying at the least a desire & a swing of
fantasies evolving & getting lost in the intimacy of desire
as only one's own, not shared, and at the most an assertion of
that love which can be rendered, almost picked, for a portrait,
it is so clear

and clear, I had even anticipated the bookbag, clear as that,
not in doubt that, what I want or even need, but doubt that space
of energy where this clarity remains intact without violation of
the poses, not of that portrait, one of assertion, but of the
others standing still & still watching

and poses, my own, of the body's exhibition of strength,
the agility that performs around the exact center of a mesmerizing
talent for the new, & now I've said the opposite of what I mean,

this is the pose but it is also the strength

and you, the correlation of the resourcefulness the love the
clarity and the pose with you in the arc of the painting that
is being made, in an obsession to be exact again & that is,
clearly happy in a state of our own possession, as you possess
yourself when you are writing that poem

DEATH & RAGE EASILY

There was a vigorous way of beginning despite what you've seen & who is dead
As carrying many things without stumbling or falling, almost refusing help
As insisting on rolling around & stretching, there was an intermission & a stop to that
Which involved the past

Now another death makes me think, enters in & out simultaneous with the thought
Somehow of all that is being written by people
And stored naively in closets & vaults & letters stacking in libraries
And whatever will ever be read in any future

Without energy, there is the absence of two Davids at the same time
And an ambition to have a child whose David extends the syntax to marxist leninist, who was attacked
And a desire for a child who will be somehow watched over through me by David-other the freudian
I will put these two Davids in touch in the present when they have both returned

There was the way I lived in the past, death, the poems & letters, three Davids as I become one, who are
teaching each other
And the light heart of the deadness of the phones today
As if they are calling on us to be quiet, quiet down, light candles, clean the Maoist house, throw everyone out,
not let anyone in, stay inside, no speaking
Listening to the quiet sounds of quiet businesses & growing new tones of voice

Voices that just ramble or sing or hum
Voices so quiet they write nothing, communicate nothing
Not voices of the dead but voices of the barely living & worrying, recuperating
From voices, scared of knowledge, that publicly shout their own hatred

I can't listen to rage though the rage at the death is there
And that's why that moment's thought, coming down the hail in this quieted house
Is always coming with the thought of the poems, poems of rage
I broke the window & Lewis threw them out.

I would rather sit around & drink Campari
Than watch energy expended on the anger created from confusion
"You're so eloquent," she steals from me
Again as she tried to steal my soul

And her name so like the name of the man who hanged himself the day before
Lenin would call it opportunism, Marx derive an economic phrase & Freud the survivor would gently say
"anger" before saying "prone"
I am speaking of death & rages as if they were one
I am speaking of radical changes in myself

An energy spent on pleasure or pleasure in work

The normal visual hallucination of rage or any severe concentration on a person
Is the reversal of images where the field becomes black
And she, in her rage, is a cut-out in more than three dimensions

My eyes, so spoken of, do this
Your eyes, more generous perhaps do not
I listen to my mind speaking of staring
As I listen to yours, I am not equipped to fight

You are daring me to relive the past
Even the past of yesterday
I can hear a very small fire
And it's cold in the kitchen

You are daring me to sweet imperialism, that is an annexationist, predatory & plunderous war
A war for the division of the world, for spheres of influence
This is not my house
This is not your door but it is open, now I'm forced to lock it

Confusion sets up a pose it is painful to sit in
The junk past it is impossible to live with persisting
The mirror that bears a mother instead of a child
And the mirrored pose that cannot separate, snapped, one from another

I am staring at a picture, I concentrate on the hands & a memory
A clean table behind, with a chair in front of it & one lace curtain
Sometimes it's an easy trick to stare at the person before you
I am building an atmosphere that resumes

THE MARRIAGE

A condensed etymology of marry
I must become probably a suitor or young man
of the order in which books lie
by my sister in her cellar
which may be burning down now overnight,
she is not she

as the cellar of my house burned, sending smoke
as the cellar then of his, perhaps today
I didn't go to look, I didn't look
as I have memorized the denial to look
to see the location of the decoration
of fire, ladies in waiting
to execute desire, to burn or tear up books
and manuscripts, destroying pictures of my father,
descriptions of his, mine courts me on the beach,
his color wheels, all science, it is not that.
I didn't find, religious, I didn't go to look
to see dream speech of a stranger beast, induced

the desire to marry the dream, it is a confusion of the dream
the desire to marry the dream, the fire, the desire to look at the penis, to touch

to touch & bury the dead, the dead, to lock them out, maids of honor, the best men & as you go through the
cellar
feeling for the light switch, lock out the lions in wait for
small angels to eat as I would consume death in a dream, a woman
and parts of her interference, perfume of destruction

at the wedding, red dress, mothers & fathers full
or filling up beds in the house of the incorporation of the dream
into a wish to see, an identification condensed
into a plan to devour, again induced
by attempts at the destruction of our thought, recorded, by fire
two women deny his presence in the action of a single mind

passing by the designs of two women & a man, the arson,
we leave the house-without-air replaced with smoke
my clothes & hair are thoughts on my father's death
as minds of one mind we simply take our cigarettes
messages never sent outside come with us in that mind
and we marry without design

CONTROLLING THE SUN

Where you sleep now
 Where you are sleeping now
 Used to be the place for my writing and my reading, unwilling
 I would sleep with my books and place them at my left side
 My papers, now as we sleep, sometimes thoughtlessly yet sometimes misaligned
 The structures of the words that would rest in place of you space out
 My chance to fall asleep in your arms and I am warning myself of the danger of the dawn
 Without you. I remember losing track without you, resting the book
 Under my right arm and hoping for rescue
 From the words I had written underneath it, and then hidden.
 I am shy now of hiding words beneath you, there is no hiding
 The words beneath the sleeping presence of the lover who is my arms
 I have to write but it's my arms I use to rather love
 In a way I had of loving books late at night
 Where you sleep now I am sometimes coming
 At you with words as a restless person
 Not as afraid of the necessary dawn as when my arms were free
 To cover over my own eyes, you are unconstrained
 I am always unquiet, there is always a restless thing in me
 Now when I am forced out of you by connection to some dawn of the window
 Its own creation, not mine, not my design, I would hold up the wine
 To open window and hope the sun could lay off me for a while
 As we lie provoked in arms whose embraces I do not fear
 You look up and say hello and that you miss me, I'll be back
 I could never write the words on you
 But I am not afraid to escape you for a moment, deny the sweet arms and begin the sweet words
 That an evanescent dawn wills with insistence from the east
 We face as we sleep everyday in each others willing arms
 I am restless tonight cause I am insistent that we die
 On Sundays. I am so used to this, in April.
 You move with a fear and words replace my images of sleep before the bright pink sun comes
 As I love you on Sundays I must ignore you on Sundays as I fear
 My own resilience could create a repetition of the dark or of the day
 I could turn the hemisphere around, I would and will when I speak, who looks outside
 It's a thought lost in evil, not to be written on papers
 I could be your murderer and I am not
 I am your arms speaking to eyes and forced to write
 Not in a puzzle but at the sun who is not so restless as her own dawn
 So please forgive me these words as you would some cries of a child
 The fear of darkness, the fear of the sun, its absence and the fear of cold
 Unprotected by one mother, one father, defiled
 By loss, if I watch I can hope we are healthy and live to be old.

THE VISITORS

To be non-liquid as Deiphine Seyrig in Last Year at Marienbad
 This is a poem of memory & ecstasy
 It's a moving of ecstasy from the stance of the memory
 Of the child to the more ancient but temporary rain it is raining
 And finally the spring of thunder comes
 I'm so glad I opened the window now

Under the desire to scream & be in good health like the people on the floor above
Cars shake the lamp & the floor late at night, I need a form
I put hand on shoulder elbow resting between breasts
And I do not need the sustenance of memory's dedication or her parting which are
Alone and Listen.

It's easy to be casual at my own kitchen table near the door
Escape no longer draws me in, I hear what I have heard before
I am & am not claiming an ecstatic victory
I am saying I am still
And coming closer here to a position in relation to my memory
Never ending. As someone must be sitting, close by at this table
I feel the need to use things up, drink all the beer
Watch the grownups of the past in isolation, feel some rain & some queer fortitude
My language forces as a stance, almost held here by the straightness of the back
I'm sitting at home, well-fed
Bereft only of hours to time the length of a single posture
A still one, as leaning forward at my table, how the arm is set
In a gesture of the mind ready to hear, how the mind meets
Fear, its death & it is alone, if only I could will the heart not to beat faster
As slowly the whole body becomes more still,
Alone & listening & static.

If the arm listens,
And the mind is alone
If the posture hears
The heart set in a pattern
What will can control the desire I have to move in my even ecstasy
And be pinned here, stunning, what is possible
I only go on because of a thought, predicted
Between silence & energy & the unheard movements of the parts
Of my own body as my legs are the muscles that generate lungs & heart now
As the bone of my back feels the back of the chair that you, all my guests,
know
Is so uncomfortable.

If your arms listen
As if the mind were alone
If a posture sets your heart in an unknown pattern
What will of ours can control desires to move in states both fluid
And if you listen, so still.
You are silent as I give this gift to you who represent it, to me, in our lives.
You seriously return.
As I do your dreaming, still, I wish for more.
Love of the poem of memory is an ecstasy.

LISTEN ATTENTIVELY

I will not listen

You goats and pigs back from the dead, sitting

calmly dispassionately

Arms & legs skinny from the disease

Sweet mothers' pregnant anger

She speaks easily in a divisive struggle as she

refuses to eat like you

She refuses to listen too.

"Join the convent," "Send him off to the army,"

they all do.

O gets rid of Lewis, Marie gets rid of Ted

Now O & Marie can have a little angry liaison,

in bed

They can finger each other's skinny representative

legs & voice complaints through someone else's

head I hate the smell of sex

But I am at their absent mercy, telescoping all the

fears existing, all but a fear of the future

There is no future

LISTEN ATTENTIVELY

Listen attentively I will not listen.

I will not listen there is no future.

Listen attentively there is no future.

There is no future because someone, another woman, is sitting in the one air-conditioned room

There is no future because irony prevents it, pictures of families in the distant future in my present

I am only beginning I can't imagine it going on.

You question the motor of the future, I never expected one & now I am faced with the figure of a future

in the thoughts and pictures of other people's families in my fantasies

It can't be, almost completely sure.

I have always been absent I have always demanded attention.

There is no future.

These women, they are always going to school.

Some of the sexless men take us to school in the rain, torturing us, threatening to leave us on the street
alone, someone will whistle

Women wander through rooms, more fantasies appear.

I can no longer do everything.

There's a dead one in the bathroom, woman or man?

He steps on a splinter & screams in the hallway, he must be dead, she showers, so she must be

I hesitate before checking, it's a checking of wishes for death, an experimenting with them to see if they're
still there

Do not destroy the privacy of the roast, the privacy of the child, it isn't beautiful, it's angry, this woman
isn't radiant she's mad
Mad at the women who've built their own fortress in her head
So that no wish of hers is her own, no desire bends itself
down to be reached, even passive at the door
She is meddled with, she is not benign with a mother's thoughts
In fact she is trying to murder a mother & eat her own child
Having done this there might seem to be some future.
The singing babies are tense, they have ancestors, they leave out the words to the song
They wisely reverse what a duty is, they do not state anything about survival, they wait
We are at school again, the men make the jokes, we meet half-way down, we've been absent for a year, everyone
waits mindlessly, then maybe we eat or maybe we embrace the legs of a past victim, we imagine a
chain where the air is white and harmful, where the men kneel at our feet & put their heads between
our legs, that's where they belong, we imagine a strength gotten from not looking the men in the eye,
a strength from the men's adolescence where childless they staggered from one to another to find a
little space for their hands
They had no future.
I've simply lost, as in a list, my nature of a man, gotten for me directly in a series of attempts to please
You get angry.
You hate even the handwriting a phone number can be recognized by, you hate the invasion of space and the
catholic bed and the instructions & reassurances informed with a deliberately forgotten knowledge &
a simple mistrust that you can pull it off
And you are a misanthrope, and in the future that there is, becoming a misogynist.
And then later in that future is a possible space, elucidated by a few, for you to move intelligibly in, foreseen by
you perhaps in those moments you were driving fearlessly up the highway & arrested for letting an
unlicensed driver drive your unregistered & uninsured vehicle and for fraud, or in the moment you
dropped the sailor off at the pier & found out he was simply the cook
You look around for pictures of attractive old lovers & find out you're afraid they will repulse your lover, his
lovers of course, at least some of the women, are always lying back in thoughts of sex, whispering to
your own complaints without imagination, it's a more lost parent than the generation of one exigency
like one dinner
Do you remember?
And do you exert with me in the act of supposing these ideas?
At least nothing remains untrue.
At least as I bend or dry out, confine or hang out, even string out with patience a future for you, at least I will
cause you to swerve
There's an easing, there's moving towards an easing of the now bent direction, I would not speak of a direction
if I hadn't heard of it
I would say I bend the words toward you & there's something of a future
But I still remember a wished-for murder that lies in an image of trees, some trees whose elaboration into the
present I cannot mention
Who knows I haven't really seen them.
It is being worked out so carefully, with so many complications, so painstakingly, listen attentively
You do not sit still or mesmerize, you do not junk the trees as they elaborate
They do not have a future but with a moment of hope
Will you enter that delicate sphere where we are eating the colors of a line-up of words, the old thing.

THE WAY TO KEEP GOING IN ANTARCTICA

Be strong Bernadette
Nobody will ever know
I came here for a reason
Perhaps there is a life here
Of not being afraid of your own heart beating

Do not be afraid of your own heart beating
Look at very small things with your eyes
& stay warm
Nothing outside can cure you but everything's outside
There is great shame for the world in knowing
You may have gone this far
Perhaps this is why you love the presence of other people so much
Perhaps this is why you wait so impatiently
You have nothing more to teach
Until there is no more panic at the knowledge of your own real existence
& then only special childish laughter to be shown
& no more lies no more
Not to find you no
More coming back & more returning
Southern journey
Small things & not my own debris
Something to fight against
& we are all very fluent about ourselves
Our own ideas of food, a Wild sauce
There's not much point in its being over: but we do not speak them:
I had written: "the man who sewed his soles back on his feet"
And then I panicked most at the sound of what the wind could do to me if I crawled back to the house, two
feet give no position, if the branches cracked over my head & their threatening me, if I covered my
face with beer & sweated till you returned
If I suffered what else could I do