

QUARTZ
HEARTS

Clark Coolidge

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The mud of the bulk of the back yard.
Itch of wash. The sun through a board
crack a splinter up it. Noise or
rail yards behind white sheets. A nose
turned in window. Lock it up and smell
off the brass shine. Two steps by
a cat. Air and hewn lots. The view
across and the walk back home. Blocks...

The some that stands beside it.
Give it a right patch.
Some both will and then one.
More than it can it both will and wane.
The down on the cap of much mount.
Twin latches in the pale of some green
some other nor.

Lights in an ounce. Iron too thin to note.
Quartz axis on a baseless ground.

Higher than the land the handful it seems.
We collect and wave.

Domes behind a head. All the pages
lapsing and locking by. May the twin
not trip. The clock land in its bed.

Soda pounce. Three blocks of tonal
disbelief. A sail. The cigarette
slips through a basement stairs.
An air of cut papers near a fog.
A pocket mailed through the slot.
Crowds beneath ceiling.

He walked up and knocked at the front.
His shoe was the same color as the step.

The car had an open top that he never
looked out of as he drove straight
ahead. An iron mushroom.

Walking up close to the wall, I felt
the heat from above, and heard the
horn below the floor.

A black tree on a purple shoulder.
The sock hidden in the stump. Pliers
in a room beneath a wind across a valley.

There was a block on the door.
The handle turned out to be square.

Little women sending postcards from a
donut factory. They swim toward the

end of the land. An opening gradually
presents itself and arrives.

Hello to the hands in the rock.
A placement of bulls in a forest
would not seem so large. Time seemed
to expand into a pin which holds this
picture up.

To the stick in its place. Slots for
three lamps. All margins come to resemble
this pie section which I hold.

Down in the door the legends have separated out.
Any launch could have been as extremely amiss.
Push the pen, push the pen.

High sockets and a sky as blue.
How many tricks have been so held
and then told?

Doubtless blame on a machine on sunday.
It was planted in the feldspar section.
A pan of white circuit matter. A last
strew of the peas.

I didn't think on that pink ground
of a thing.

The grass stands behind a black wall
at the back. The room is covered in
an amber shade. There is no rice at all.
The air is nearly all used up.

We have blue water in our toilet.
I pass through the space between
it and the door to my room.

A sharp breeze like a lap on the wall.
Three tourniquets stopping a flow as if
on a dime. A blurred crystal slowly
filling with lavender. These windows
do not open.

The gum statue of a three car pile-up
revolving in such a state that no one
knows they are. Someone sends for a
flat round white container rather like
an encased watch. The correct length
of wood for a small table is thought of.
At this juncture then all of us leave
this as from a stage.

Bright pockets. A collapsible vent
rather like a record album. Three
cheeses in three colors. A man who is
about to let go words of some weight.

Somewhat light. Left of the leather.
The tongue on the rod of air instead of
the key axis. Slowly the dusty room.
Anything circular worse than unimaginable.
A stair.

I wanted to stand it. To stand it up.
The tack kept falling down behind the
moving picture. The signs were already
partially there. Full moonlight on the
palm for my troubles. The glass through
which.

A calming puffin.

The Blocks

Starting from some point in a circle these streets near a tunnel. What of the word silage. Heads. As if I started it and then saw he got up on the horse. Closed bottles you'd have to raise windows to place. Slight moon on a long game using twigs. I fill a can with square stones and step back. House going short. Clang as of kilns or nobody counting. A house closed to the ground opens onto a square the length of a street to the next town. Bone.

Carpet stairs. I stare at the silver circle flush with my kneecap. The cardboard left from the books. Long holes I snap over. Tines. A car can't be near enough to the hum from a flat. Slots. As if a whistle

could erase marks of the gum beneath.
The stumps lack dolls. But.

Running through streets he saw a circle.
It was on a house. Closer he saw the cap
come off a bolt sticking from the wall.
Pumice.

Let's not know what. We're doing the last
thing which came up. Something about charts.
And the pin was at last found in the mine
that started as a thought.

Black shoes and brown shoes. The cat snaps
her orange tail. Aqua water in the toilet
bowl flushed away. If the disc was certain
one could put it to the man. Lime kiln
avenue in a shower going away.

Blocks. Paper notice. Cement labbage in
a semicircle which appears to be the
drive. A very large meat. Three assorted
caps so which one goes on. The time is
later one inch away. Barley only to be
witnessed. Tame.

.

The hole in the home. Parthenogenesis.
Three litmus leaves fell. Sight of a
snow light across the face. Blame.

.

Frog as part of the bottom of a mug.
A typewriter across town. The light
has stood for a part of itself through
trees on the mountain crest east. Flag
stamps and memos. A battery ration.

.

Standing in back of a building with the
frost on. Large circles painted to the edge.
This is the last week before the books
are returned to the library. The museum
on fire, just a frame house. How could
one push a stick into rock. Too many
papers not enough rock.

.

The blacks are different sizes. The logs
are not careful. Where are the latches.
Count up three frogs of middle rank.
Finish your peas.

.

The absolutely flat things that I saw
near the corner. The sky isn't so
white anymore. This is the calf muscle
below a board. The brand of my clock
I mean what's the name?

.

Something cleaved right down the middle.
Feet walking on a sidewalk. Through
the town at an angle. The black top
of a bat before it slants.

The moon straight up from a tree I piss
on the front lawn I see his face at the
stairwell window. Then Dave backs the
stationwagon into a telephone pole
and everybody laughs. Quick.

In back of the painting was a stocking.
Pulling the plastic off bolts and the
mind on coffee. Near the edge there
was the room. Enough to stretch to the
far end of the canvas. Where? A clock
tolls. I wonder what's inside a telephone.
A click behind. Lock up that book and
recall the papers. A dream of three match
heads and later stalling. He threw off

the cap and began to plug. There were
three degrees of cold, lengths in the lake.
Altamira. A brush for fingernails
into the ashtray. Books will not last
long enough. The house is too full but not
enough things. To think is to sap one's
dreams? I stumbled on the root. They iron
them flat. The leak from no visible source.
That's left, this's right. No, yeah. What's
it got to do with my arm that I can't see
where it should go? Teeth. Poles on lime.
He said death is mica. Heave the books
up into the room to stop a leak. This is
morning, this point here in the black
which will come around. I stood up the
stretcher and backed away. Flat. Coins
in an image that won't amount up. Dumb head.

Feet stomping on a filtered clay like smoke.
The light moves in swatches taking shapes
from the walls. A damp thump at the back
of the head. Carbide particle breaths

visible. Corners, and a straight passage
or a meadow. Colors without daylight give
a quick separation. No day but no night either.
Bottoms of seas bound into book signatures.
Footprints on a moon. A beancan in a light.
And the marks, where they lay on their backs
putting the marks up.

The apparent last plant. Such as a point.
Circles the cement latching to the hem
as palm. This turning to a cancel metal
the note. It's a large. The pink though
too light. The mask for a lasting the
wooden bolt sink through till book ups
the cliffs are boards.

Oh lodging. Tin fishing. Hands to the lava
print. See the book as an edge. Elbowing
the clench. Mid rip on cans. Stepping
the autos to out then out back to back in.

Send the pick to a lop state. Whale ace.
Sneezers.

Barnacle pampers. This is the chair the maybe
while to. Glass in a glad. Tallish can
stamen the watch. Thrush lams. A corpulence
the radar takes in boring. Click or clinch
it's the not ever being evening out. Corfu.
Standing pout up.

The car is a wall. What the meaning is what's
this. As low as the tone on a kind of botany.
The turnstile. Or it then brought back walks.
Homes on a paperclip. Or the slots in as grey
as I see. This or. This is. Time for a
pushing down lets up. A green in this that.
Wheel on the human book me into the street.
Pile it out dial it on. Where could this be
the screen as moving it pends. I remember
that lowering it does. Chin up and flat feet

as left ones. It dawns on beyond a cup one's
pound.

The cop as I see. The cap as I see it.
The hinge to the ridge of baloney.
Riding to the low itch of admissions.
The bar to lowness. Isles.

Before the wall the war stands up.
Touting as a list would I don't fall
for it could at all. Plentiful nevers.
A dot on a ball of salad in. Yes that's
as less than it could. Awaiting the break
of initial waxes. Piling lie stopped.
About can it be as near to as it. Left
at all behind. Brought out as black
as no red. Penny sitted. Mar scales.
Brought forward it's not as total.
There's a vague main toad belongs to
a boil.

The belongs to a pinch. Not matted it
could serve as be served. That's the
top oil. Pouring stretches. Idling farmer.
Can it and be of it. The blown hovering
into a view. As that where in the what of it.
Lots of times that professional knots.
I bounce on Artaud. Let the window.
Of the plug it lots of time budes.
Of course or I don't. It planes.

I caught a bird which made a ball. Open
toed. A house inside a house. To have
to demark repeat. Lightlier. Cone ledge.
So far as darks part. Settling drinks.
As flat as let his tongue came out.
Staves. Pounces.

The time of drawing is at home. Without
the house. There I've bitten and chewed
and then stood up. The glassless. The center

of all it does matters. Watch the table
below heads away. To draw from stops.
Kind of pipe could you do. Time standing
as an eye. This is not uncapping and
there is no. One of the spine up. A circle a
triangle in the drawer that's the rub.
More head off to some coffee. He fell from
the sponges and cried. Walls in the
horizontal. Math flaking. Hollows you
send out back for. All the two times mesh.
I'm lumping. I'm as a thought it's not.
Clear spread. List of compeers. Couldn't
and didn't extending. Partlings. Sizes
down the fold. Comes to this room as clear
a blow away. Lightly a beard it in its grain.
Sundays and scowlings. Point and won't stall.
Is could miss a mile? Fit and start in a body.

The bridge of hemming it all up.
Pan must fill. A reed I said a hedge.
This litmus past two elfins. Regrade.
Can it be as left as in an edge. Can'ts past.

Low dial it's as it ever does. Been do.
Smiles. Wherever it let's can one. Fine all
and beyond. Guy. Time our kin. A radio axle
and opens the door over. Much pins it
blends and come I'm playing the vampire.
Dome to wait. Yes is for it numbs.

Brought is hauled than seen. Count.
As could what of that even means. A pine.
Could but of what a late does. Pen out
the salad. Mates. This and that and
of a number separates. To some lasting
go the pends. I subsumed the lateres.
Ounce a pinch. Lying a knobbing. Can all
of above a map stay it. Nine's a ladder
to and stay it. The kind smoothing
as homing out. On a dwindle the lest
depend.

Cow sameness. The so as could as bend it
light. Dime excess. The more lawn to

siren brims passed over on. Kinds as to
the last soaps. Prime those sands.
So bend as a tip loaf the man. This
comes as the same did wills. Scapes to
tender saw. The file its axis. Step cube
launch left. Trumpets add in the core.
Soda cucumber adapts and its slats. Coworks
back to and suns it. Dowel or.

Ton lukes. In case. The right back is
in tend. Belts. Apples in tones.
Clatters. If I could I can maybe did yet.
Argument pans. Send up the last dirigible
first off.

Back on lime kiln avenue a stopped lattice
truck. Rods or milkbottles and a sky full
of glint. I go back stopping at them all.
Bimbos having sandwiches. "I'll have no
truck..." Coming to a plug a style like
a fleet. Missed. Copper weighted down in

pants material shearing. No moon could be
thought as mild.

Arsenopyrites. Glass pack that's how we got
our girls. Rifts in a peck. Multiple Lenins.
Couldn't we come by something more than
human? An onion? Left to consult his tailor.
And the snow fills the hen as we count out
to sleep. On the streets live their lives
out loud. Fan.

We came to the zoo. We locked the upkeep.
A bird knows. So. And so was so so. I'm Mike.
Your land is mine land. Well below it'll
make you water. I linked the fence to.
Pencil in viaduct. Wheel ones over there.
Phone seen too. Come back when seventeen
strikes and film against my firm. Car
keys under woodpecker. Come to mind I'm out.
Lip in place.

The cell of the bunch is my name.
According. So and what or then.
This in place of is in use. The large bread inside.
The front could be dim the back and go away.
Sum broadly. Lines tightly. As the as in what
this is goes in. Stops. A wood line sky land.
Big toe beyond cloth. I see the pins the
trees assume gravity. More small than much
silence say bigger. This is the metal
that holds it. Donut.

Fronting the stable over. Backing in.
Marging the line up. Dipping by.
Sounding on. Kelp in place of massif.
Do beyond so. Bits wheeling. Caps
stowing. The mote. Lawns in place.
This was dropped. Then came here.
Seldom lost out to pink. The white is
unapparent in thinking of.

Setting up the gone down along.
The free of papers it combines.
The larch to a pin. The came back it's
here. Pin in space brings them to.
By a way. Verbs say and staying that.

Comes to type it signs the order. You've
got past it you set out. All on the
order of a line. I like to see
the change I can't think I hear.
Never a pinch. A tone is not a style.
What I point to is not it. Much as it
seems so. A train's past sounds.
Everything I put out moves off I'm
always here.

The thickness of thing it's. Belt below
the double margarine. It's beads on a
string of prunes below the sands.
I launch up to the binocular lunch.

Ring plenties. The fish is too.
Additions on lots. We goodbye on
unslantable green. Take down that
puzzle and put up a window. A disc
that, could and is the big sky. And
we make dots, but bigger and they are
lines. Kind of boat orts. He was owning
as he yet is and has many of those boats.
Came back impending down a mountain's.
A slammable mild. Come sorts and blades on
sand stirs. Clams up into a sky report.
I'm by. Those a slate cirrus.
As is it as if more by the page.

So I see, a cold lick rose to geo heaven.
That's beer, its syntax a shale spiral.
Propped boxward Namath affects dense
vims. Take a tea metal inflexion of
isostasy. Quartz verbs and opens
water books. Plants north of audience.
Grass spin verb stains halted topaz.
Bedrock calms bask taut morning chalk

sounds. Feldspar cubes tunes chip moth
itself. Stress chill lights vibes of wood.
Van Allen scales time white wrinkles
literally.

Isostasy water sounds itself. You take a
quartz cold I see. Rose shale to
inflect audience openings. Verbs halted all
north of topaz. Taut morning chip wrinkles
vibes. Take quartz verb to calm feldspar
stress. Water that's beer. Chalk that dense.
Time that bedrock. It's a syntax
that stains sounds.

Pertain by pertain the thunk amounts.
By a pasture sink the ammonites. Potato
girth left the bottle neck to. Pull up all
the purple that socks. Joe save Winnie
the Pooh. Or typing M-5. A painting
set at the level of food. Swim snaps.

The tell aloud. Skipping the hummingbird
the shadow hawks. I'm in this tune this
to afternoon.

The location of a diagram is in green on blue.
Next considering a whitish black and the sharp
corner it's near. Olympia Beer passing in
the sky and its wall. A door space to
further diagrams, white on blue, a window.
That yellow flower, on flat, on white, where's
its shadow, is too big. A sudden crease,
that takes the air 90° back into space. The
various clothes there are in a closet where
this all gets vertical and stops.
What's a cat.

I would like for writing to do what it only could.
I would like my mind to be there. What is a cat.
Never the paper, let's let it occur. Where it is?
One can't gainsay an outstripping. Quite

feeble and so cylindrical. Idling by
the marina one day the kites were up.
A definition is as the end of its string.
At the cat but not through.

The lights on the way out to the wall.
An over turn. The thickness of, is it is it?
or is it are they?, things first placed.
Nine rocks, nine slips, nine brushes with.
I can see the green, lines, as they might be
let, up into place. A tradition of inching
it, seen to. The mantid colored on the rock.
See cups before. They're on TV. In a book,
glared. Point. What is a cat. How to write.
Stone ground. A staying lighter. Houdini Dune.
Moby Dick.

Line remains. The time taken loose.
A language, testing of characters. And
when not figured it lives. Yet math.

As corners as breaks as stops. Not make
a move to end. At pause it all jiggles.
The rest for continue. Put up, not with.
See water see sky, seen flat seen behind.
Line still pressures. I can stand build up
and sneeze. What pulled up to let out
passed. Edges and remains. Puts and.

Stopping by a while. A staying power.
Dots extended, coffee books. A rock
raised that. An insect could go.
Solid TV of stone, rolled down,
in a way. Or takes place what a
whose? Label's prepositional
from or to. Herman Melville's
Moby-Dick, or The Whale. Shelving,
behind the desk, above its stem,
in rocks. Stopping to put down cup
near sleep. Now that I'm going to be
here. Back when I came in here.
Now that it happens that I'm about to
be done. Another to another be another.

Can't be can't. Filled in blank place.
Could be party to it? Wants to be
going on in wrapping it up. Fits and
styles, outside. Inside is fluid rock,
maybe not hot, it might be known.
I'm in my fourth ten, crustal and shifting.
No comics so a rolled up Time. Open more
window, allow in bug. Particular as a road
through spreading sweet potato. What is a
cat. An itch to that place. Hand dumb bells.
Paint propellor. Signs seen for miles someone
figured for no reason. That we could see.

The red wheelbarrow is no lighter
than a rock could be more
so it turns. No black to rocks. A ceiling
is exhibited in the place of special
cases. Of that very back nothing.
At all a place that's seen.
To and for it as considered
the red and the wheel invisible
in state caught. The table of

portable moves. The this and the that
the beyond the house. Else the
housing. The rock is turned to
go still. A forget moved on.
A brought almost near to be around him.

What is seen, not known. Billerica highways.
The beach in Nevada. Putting back the rusty disc
to cover any strata that might be loose.
Maps. Straights. Caves. I'll go out on a
temperature mountain. Cent calls by the way.
Vista cardboard. Subgum forks. The Seven Caves.
The tribute to the aluminum cylinder. Packed
to line up the sights. They buried the openings
among the blocks to be carted away. Ball
courts. Dogs should have license plates. Front
and back. A plastic thermometer. Stalactite
plunged in cement. Fossil tubes. Animate gossamer
rides on amber beer. Gothic Avenue is dusty.
Selected AM radio stations. Cod portions. Vermillion.

I could use the map book that pages fall out.
Pilaster under a sun. Gumbo till. The clock
comes around. The wind rises. Culpables.
Inroads. The seven caves. Noontime earth place.
A spoon let down. Going to the drawers.
The roll turned up. Closing that the brain can.
Stalactical ooze. Might dreams. Supposed
soda. A brief march closed the case on
what may do. Pacific sun paper. Oxymoron.
Gullible pak. Getting the slant on
mid America. Book shelving over tube.
The guide I could consult. The screen aslant.
Marvelous tucks. Clip birds. Hot
locust clicks. The butterfly I saved
dried out and disappeared. The volume
of an English dictionary. Light motions
on a wall. Attention happens on a door.
The wind discs opening the slate.
Just a slate too big. Copious prods.
Eyelet dines. Green wheat below the air.
A fan nailed shut. Folders that follow
the caves around the country. Since
I was ahead I opened the door.
Lighting on the grave of Sacajawea.

The seven woods or the open range. The
bulk of ideas. The coffee change dry
gales. He was willing to do that so long
as it mightn't prevent his seeing at
least where *he* was. The letter flounder.
The pin at the heels in place of
Newman's art. The series of meaning (continued).
Put on a dressing gown and house shoes.
See fit to the toaster, the pinnacles
abutment. Even to work he cannot
abide, thought could be possible. Sham
muffler pyramid music by Henry Miller.
A boy in glasses lives on mulberry trees.
It like comes and goes. Some. There was
a large iron ring tacked to the news.
In it yachts the size of Stella Polaris.
Nowadays more than ever. Will. Oil.
Snake Butte as a youth in Los Angeles.
Cans of our times. Doing one's best
as a cutter drummer. Dots on enameled-
steel plates, singly or in groups, by the
former. Nourishment at all hours.
White snake. Alexander Caverns is
now under what?

In all this space we want to slant.
Tent guano. Stretches to a rabbit.
And before two stiff sell gas. Hometown
old boy where the dinner is. Eureka, chinks
in old mines. Reno's Mapes, Hotel, "where the
action is". Two chaps make an M. Scheelite
mine. Where diving white dots make jets.
White-face steers come out. Bristlecone pines
are oldest living things. Spessartite garnets
at the rate of a dozen per hour in better
places (Garnet Hill, Ely). Particles on the
freeway, sagebrush in colors. The way of the
worlds. Cliff Leemans Cave. Staypuff laudanum.
I think I'll set in. Main street among
table lands. Huge white boxes, with dials,
driven like trucks. Strawberry, 67 miles.
30 antelope. I see the moon, it's glowing.
Taupe water daylight test. Why are there
earthquakes where we are. Marceau Tarzan.
Ray dreams. Train licks. Morning stones.

Dave edged Ray with the stalactite.
Not likely to touch him he smiled.

The cloth penetration. Ice in jest.
The lump was on the window the table
at the knees. The inside electrical
light at night the airshaft dog.
I could. "You see? You got all this
hostility!" Bright madwomen. Patterns
of wives in chairs. Dinner over the map
of world records. Drink perfume
from the youngest tubes. A new battery
that'll hold water. Distance between
the rock and man.

Plights, over backwards.
Flowerless.

Sandpiles going knee over suction themselves.
Do. Dawn Arizona. As if it to. The month
rights its ones. On it you so seem it.
To as an adverb. Many complaints road loss.
Cuffs off maybe energy. If-place earth.
The crossout championships of mean time.
I carbonate. Winnebagos shift. Boat wakes.
The what's lake left. The twin off by

bouncing pince. Vermilion Segó. Simplex
carborundum. Counting matchers of a miss left.
Coil. I part to stand it on nearly.
Mast of a room stain. And the variables
are which could. Semblance stationals.
Car marbles. Frank leaves off a
collapse dome. Veblen's multi-invitational.
Cars front the New Jersey turnpike.
Math sides with me to end optional.
Whistle words.

If you don't wait it's not going to stop.
A house of no hedging. How does walking
down a long hall relate to painting?
A going along as my name?
A bent fence plating out. The
language inside is going to make forms
harder? There's no keeping it stop.
Keeping it goes by dreams by day and night.
A long hall not according to the horizontal.
A light's stops. My form keeps rolling over
in the rack. Watching a truck's wheels

roll on a television of Africa.
What is invented keeps breaking up, or down.
I can't go along with, I grab and am.

What might be seen. Coming to do it is.
Lighting on the table a bird plunk in
concert. This is not he said what I said.
A Bolivar mugging. These are the keys
to what is not now did. A filling blunt
axis. Time out for the sky now the trees
will transmit. Liner notes of old mittens.
Fall down in slush and back home not having
been to school. I placed my hand on
the gate removed the fingers.
Old steel forms known as iron. And
surely fill your radiator with that water
from the bottom of the pond. Looking in
to see I've already begun. The
drawing of the paper being pulled
from the roll. Cement certainly.

Nippers. The cave is a hole in itself.
The goes for miles. Rock a claw. A cane chair
placed in a water closet. Sun going down
and on. Pepper sliced eaten. Longness
within plain box. Black and gold sign, green shine
of papers, magenta corduroy album cover, black
spackle covers notebook. Copper rings of steel wire
in a red cylinder. The paper lining it has
got. I see black lines on the white opening.
Goes in, repeats, endings varied as poke holes.
Rock's time is stopped in measurement. I've got
a place a turning out to be. Looking out
for what's beyond the ground. Biotite letters.

The hung weight of then is this to be nudged.
Aisles of back then did it. Then of announced.
Spots globing the ground in. Inserting folder
with sheets. Wife with car. Shoring the
wall with "absolute eyes". B-Bs slip to the
end of their tubes which way up. A dodge
for tolling. Then is only the cigarette
suspended over wood. A barge distinct

for writing. The legs pointing the wrong way to be weighty. Moth spin preserved in fluorite. A pack on boards keeps up elbowing. Work repeats at an edge keeps doors out of things. Tight pen, rock aired-out.

Cloud formations. The last close unseen again. March whistles. The tumbler placed at a relative left. This dome. Opening the time to tools under a belt of washing. A sign of don't move the papers. Mulligan's too. Ten black and gold cylinders for mouth pushing. An old foot of the loft. Can you blend. A car might open. Simple the wood. Dimes al fresco. Clock determination to. As the confidence man walks a double forward terrific somersault. The sticks that he saw grow. Sump stratum of bird and bug particles. Signing the lap, turning to fish.

Brought brings back into think. It's too it's not by a late thing. The mine the end too too much by. Later it's gone. The some of as it could be. Is not it's. Brought through it not by it's here. A much. As for a not could it be. Later on. Beginning as a last comes too. To be to bring by brought for. A lace for twins. A more than sent loop back it's name it's then gone. A part. For a make it's gone beyond its name of it. Byly seen. Occurred as much. Bent to tank. The mains caught as placely. Time it's brought mine. Thence its thought. Cupped in the main out of slant. Teasely. Part of the some gone what. It's think. Pin. Be over be then be gone.

In similar of not doing then what. By its light the pith. Down in the back of this is it. One's knowledge of as it. Coming back a door. Plenty of catfulls. A face coming off

a slant of words. Now afternoon.
The paper is white what it's of. Top
cancellation. The rugose in snorter, a
sweater. Where do you get Hawthorne?
The mountain remains behind the wall. Else.
Coming in off a picture dinner. Fog bomb
for insect deigns. And that's there where
the denims were given me. Circle with
the locust on top. Pin oils. The copper
mention. Can it have, as we, beheld the
Catskills? Dotage spending in the hapless
bookings. Pork rind in cigarette wrapping.
Can we tell the fish from the bend.
Crepusculant owlings. Going to bed with openings.

The powerlessness of map strata. Dimes on
sand lake. Backing vocal's roentgens.
Dennis Hopper's car start bureau. Flash
from that pink Life plated out. Garbanzo
with orange. Paper soap of the lit duck.
This day was meant for a profile. When
will I light that standing there. Smoke

comes loco in vinyl. Go pine for
stuffing. I see a light. It rained on.
Go buy a place map. Spring.

The placement of boats. The wood wicker
of a library. The librarian's coat.

Out of past come interstices' small smellings.
A dial navy. Molar inconsequence or cabbage.
Let it list its quartzes. Dose of. Middling tone.
Amount vanilla of chocolate. This might be a
bump. As if it could as not as it had.
Greens and milder intervenings. A blimp nuisance.
Dome this off and one'll have you for it.
The parakeet at quits with. Doweler.

The such in toto. The felt same. How as of
a main of it could come to pause. Salts.
If in limbo turn to pawn. The funneled-back
pounds how to get on. The main mince past.
Scrapes. Selves. Is it about at the end of

the in issue. Of situation. I could
barely partly. Adverse coming to ineffable.
Tourism mounting to a limb of the stand near.
Counting lowly a glass beyond. It.

This is a band this is. Not what I had hoped it is.
The sky is blend. Every sea is beyond it us.
(Or us it.) I do not allow it as. Much as I do.

It's a gap left out of the sunk told him that.
Bottom of clock for enough to. It's an arrow
to be left. Kneels next up to a
blue brick wall. Letters in so
ammonia something. Glance of white
plus ultra. I could sign the table sit
in the room hold off to. Its mumps
behind the bird. Dolling plectrums in
forage may be. Shoots down the sand.
A check in part. A house life. Monkeys
left and none may part. Enveloped it's

there. When can you come to it I said it.
Last and out. Slow spoke slowly.
Dims in.

I could type I could leave I said. I
stood it up and read in it. Of such as
same end of any make's a line. Be of
a mind thinking of reading plain. Dave
Brubeck read in. Rung up from the
master box. Him thinking. A plain
sunday a white paper an amber. Booked
in to last date of one nights. Picking up
from numbered at the top over to the
next. The stratum I could add to leave
it said below and left off all lines.
The articulate hitch to leaving it as I could have
read it in standing it.

Is it up is it not a plank to. The applier
of sticks makes it not. A bunk in the wend.

Palpable to the slogan to push. It harps.
Maybe part and parcel of misremembering.
It of it not late is it? One in carrier vision.
A capper to the touched. The recalled with.
How to read write it off. Semblance numbers.
A copy flags by comparison. Wooden allotment.
Pipes in farm frame. Could this it turn unlike
or outright. As palpable a wash march.
Could be combines leave. A marker
pressed from. Lighter envelopes itself. I
didn't. One reads itself. Over one that could it.
Dawns. I mean you.

So much to work on time. Switch mine of
the glad. The preempt lining. Set it up
by on top of it a build. Brought as the
core space to a stop. Glanced up that entry.
An of on account? Marbles eyeless. The stop.
And plotting bend. Leaning float. The ant forms.
Whole way in situ. I could. Place tauts.
Cart the map to baldness. The guise stunt
of cells. Helm the goose. Match wrappers

with you. Violin staintite could and or couldn't.
Poising. The dandruff that mile might.
The get stuff.

Boards on the edge of a sneeze. A seascape.
The pelt of the glows I saw you. Pore pore.
Well. A way off one of admirer. The which
therefore a teller. Of. Can it be such as
it is seems later. The smiler comes down
off his three step. Cans it. That at one end.
The hour that someone says it is. Now permits
the lens to penetrance. A lighter. I've
not been seen you at all. Cars down. Immediate
flume on automatic. Dims on. Track of the hollow cave.

How could I therefore thus so be careful.
The car of attitude. A part from the many
fields, the tray edge. Ash disc. Could
the postcard be forgotten from the dormitory.
This is the else I could think. Pieces of

an inside, a clock go in and out. The
tacks once back and I pen. All the
particular conglomerates. Canning over
the quarry dome. I last. A pretend
that slices. An all-weather hybrid, no
blow-out. The other plans to help.
Clue. The all the time the curves the
stamps. The.

John Ford has rolled down the window on the homela
Barts of Buttes. Tubbin' it to drywash and the
last of the bucket simps. There is a line to
the west. Tubes have now stoppered it.
Last pass in a Greyhound bus. And there's a stop
to buckle the bridle to tin. Clop mines.
Staring trawneries. Lets letting the sluice up.
In Pintado a drawn blind. Let's be hoodless and
cope by pin and heading. Trailwards in the
loose cleave to sundays. A water is all gone
to the bottomless. Swerving ministers of the gloat.
Saddled pans and the awning lesson. This rider
is a honking snaker, back to stiff up in

the sun and treading beaner. Silo's ahead.
Lift the sign to fade out. A stem off much knee.
Cut. A cut of wing buttes in the slant air,
wrist edges missing. Gun in lodestone, the
preserved farm dawdling. Mix ton. Eyeglass
pinched. Getting down from a middle distance
gone away.

Lights in the dark. Shoe on the whole stone of
all room. The pins of stone air. The bolt enclosed
in rock, it's iron. A run on rattle. Shoot of water.
The glass encrusts. Bone imitated.

Hole in the
above part of a hill. Funnel portions. Slit you tilt
head in. Slab mass shifts an inch. Each way, grounded.
Fissured stone pinching out to eye. A belt of
carmine grease in mottled situ. One leaves
the soundless.

The glass became a cart. And was even, the room.
Plenty of hands it over the elf space. Tea knees
ducking the issues paper. A laugh or lamb.
The brought back to an inter-sink the corn.
My lab, it's me. The stamp place many by
open feet. Lorn again, the else capsule
reach. Bars lending, being stowed thin,
and the twin. Thumb back to noun wall.
Enter lights. Bees in class, frame in soda.
The belief top, as it can't be boarded inward.
The coil stun. Emitter of water caps.
Says some.

I do not see but hearing it is it to the right.
Bare slenders itself. Read lotion a few
ounces over. A type of a new directions
book to a tent. Drives corrosive by the
dint of it. Chrome lain out to cross all T's.
The pin is black, my table. Ears in wrist
of the back call.

Been to what. Confessions of oxide.
Three peter rabbit manuals.
The flesh I'd see in a pinch. Operas in
hours. The stable that bundled letting.
Arson in and park it. Stake meets.
Its eye. My sand. Telling you binding
thatch.

Night has left of the picture close to.
Corner pin we're here. Tone ash left bulk.
The light as has it come does it. Penning
in litmus the distance ridge. Awls all rowed
on a branch. What's to be from, come in?
The back. And on a trammel the wheeling
binder. Oh in a pinch. Wharfs in dual.
Kind of a tim man aisling from it. Doubling
the grain produce pith of. Tondo October
leg lights. A full page on a birch tree.
Olives impelled. Dowels, canning in its
latch valences. Formers.

You walk into a hole in the rock, the hillside
ledge and the man wonders.
How could that be, how could that stop.
The vents that form cones in a back crevice ceiling.
This all saturate level drained ago.
Pick up your steps retracing to a former light.
Farmer tipping his wallet.

Puff it to do. Puff it to do too. Black that as
has it when it's. Done to an inch. The
felt. As capping will block a match its twin
sides. Line lining up with clock. The patch
leaving was a pastmaster or window.
Board that hold it. Slap the smoke on
the ring and wide. Hope in on a hand
it up that's left. Type. A sort kind.
Fur in place, book with wire. Click, and
it's of that done. Whence the capped
radio book blocks whence. I'm around
alarm around an amber wrist it's
stay thereon. A bind that slants caps.

Time New York by the caves of Missouri.
The asks.

Dime around the holder. Ken summer.
Tack time of dull ask. Or can in a field.
The wantor doubts any blend. Styles of
deign. Cops in green book. As it lives in
a block that. Coming doing booking downing.
The cholesterol a shoe in. Winds. Comic door
left to my edge it out. Do to it what him.
Do that to it has to when. I'm a. I radio
a piece of to it has it there. That it have it.
That I'm finding round. Thus tend, salt seller.
Made it I'm remember.

Houses at L'Estaque. Pieces of belts.

Houses that look like cubes. Houses that
look like tubes. Nothing looks like
anything. Nothing looks like homes.

Chet Baker and liquid in glasses are
vertical.

Jay Cameron of baritone sax unknown.

Is a house side sent from here. A glance
of the eye is not there.

I walked on the street and closed
the door. I passed trees (my height
and other). I passed another. Thinking
on changing one's mind. The glass of a
store side comes up. A fish on wooden board.
I don't go in the door's shut. Small rings
and catches are they brass. The grey feeling,
the air glasses, the walking down. I
don't sense I state.

A pebble next to a pencil.

—1972/73

Notes

The writing of *Quartz Hearts* overlaps work on both the last section of *Polaroid* (completed August 1973) and the beginning of my long (as yet untitled) "prosoid" work (first section completed November 1973). It is in every sense a hinge work, reflecting a fresh interest in sentence structure as axial armature, the final movement of *Polaroid* had pushed me toward, the "prosoid"'s lengths would explore in full.

In a notebook (entry dated November 1972—a month before starting the work) I find: "Quartz Hearts (a long grouping of aggregate works?)" and on the page following the last words of *Quartz Hearts* (December 1973) this entry: "Quartz Hearts: meditations on the state(s) of things, in other words words...".

A journal of this work's procession would note the following order of regions:

Franz Kafka's Stories, Diaries, Notebooks and Loose Pages; my daughter Celia (then 4 years old) telling me to write down such sayings as "a hat and a flower / walk into your clothes / and get a drink of water"; the continuing metamorphoses of Philip Guston's pictures (the sections "Before the wall the war stands up." and "The belongs to a pinch." written in his studio); Roberto Longhi's Piero della Francesca; Gertrude Stein's Everybody's Autobiography and Stanzas In Meditation; Bring Back The

Prehistoric Animals by Amanda Trees; (in California, April 1973) Melville's Sphynx, Picasso Dead; (on the road back east, May 1973) Lehman Caves, Arches Utah, Black Canyon of the Gunnison, Onondaga Cave, Mammoth Cave, Grapevine Cave, Luray Caverns; Hawthorne's American Notebooks; Gerry Mulligan's earliest-Fifties Quartets rediscovered; Kerouac's Desolation Angels; Watergate TV; John Ford's The Searchers; Peter Farmer's Sonata for Five Brass Instruments (Tanglewood); Luella Agnes Owen's Cave Regions of the Ozarks and Black Hills (1898); Samuel Beckett's The Unnamable, Texts For Nothing and Watt; John McPhee's The Curve of Binding Energy; Jacques Tati's Trafic; Thelonious Monk's (solo) I Should Care (Columbia 9149); and Ludwig van Beethoven's Opus 131 Quartet in C-Sharp Minor performed by The Julliard String Quartet (RCA 2626).

Beethoven had written on the manuscript title page of the Opus 131: "Zusammengestohlen von verschiedenen Diesem und Jenem" (Stolen together from various theses and thoses). His publisher, B. Schott, then wrote back in alarm asking whether this was not in fact an original work. Beethoven replied that it was "funkelnagelneu" (brand new) (nailheads shining).

C.C.—27 VI 77

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QUARTZ HEARTS position is an edition of
the report of which is now before the
the editor. The West Coast, 1900.

