REDO

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1.

Agreement swerves
a sonnet to the consonants.
Sparrows. As a wind
blows over the twigs of a rough nest
entered by a bird that impales

a vowel on its beak.
When unable to think of two things
unless we think twice, the rower
in the water jerks to travel. Her autobiography
is ninety percent picaresque.

While thus moralizing all we have done
is shout
the name of someone we know.
In the intellectual water the rattling sweaters
and the fluffy rocks seem to be wheezing

in the wind. As a child
so simple with sincerity I found it unbearable
to have friends while inhibited with sympathy
I had them. Some were a) aggressive
and beloved, b) consistently contradictory

or c) casual & splay — like raffia.
With a Freudian sense of fun we felt
remorse for our most aggressive howdies.
But given fire the discovery
do water was inevitable.

Clouds amass like the glaze on clay
buttery birds collect in a glossy sky
the fat moon coming our way looms out
and slides. Anarchies sleep
in this overabundance

of time like inert technicalities.
A nameless crowd (I wonder whose) reminds me
of unmortared masonry. Tomorrow is the same
day in my experience. But sleep
can only give us the pleasure of pleasure

generous if we're awake.
Nostalgia is the elixir drained
from guilt . . . I've been writing . . .
with the fingers of my non-writing hand
I patted the dashboard. "Hi, car."
It responded "Hello Mommy."

The city is uncarlike. She who had lived
all her life in the city and absorbed
all its laws in her blood . . . madness, really
. . . she waited for the light
to change and stepped into the traffic

on red. Objects always flicker.
Rain threatens but what can it do.
Knocking, buzzing, sloshing . . .
somewhere between empty and full . . .
the excitement is mental, internal

as they remain urgently still.
We have stayed in the city
over which it really is raining.
Reflections water the gardens.
The fields that pressed in the passing

landscapes were immobilized by trees.
Uneven individual glowing,
The photograph craves history.
The automobile drove to the photograph.
It faces me as I awake.
3.

The sun is just appearing.
The first bulky

clogged, distorted moment was dairy
yellow — an instant magnificent

with claustrophobia. How could one contemplate

*paradise* without thinking about love?
Rushing out into the open, I
believing it to be . . .
sometimes it takes just such

a motivated coincidence. Gold

from a petrified honeycomb lies
under the ironlike utility poles.
My merchant horse wickers.
My dog yaps in the park, always

lamenting:

"Marvelous! Perfect!"

She sees her subjects
in an incomplete benevolent focus.
Meanwhile a great music forms
in the driveway — a band

of finches. It seems

as if everything might be somewhere
in that mass of sound

where bound together with the lyricism of wasps

and spiders they appear


to crave their own innate activity. And going

by the usual criteria for knowledge
I vowed not to laugh

but to scatter things. In the bowl

of my left palm I placed my right

forefinger, to signify a) Feeding

b) A batch, c) The Appraisal, d) Too much consolation

is like a forgetfully boundless vow.
Imagine observing one’s fear of death metaphorically by falling in love. And then today becomes tomorrow as one steps out of the bathtub into the pond —
aloof! — and down over the ditch. The water splits, opal in the sunlight — a moment when one, two, five — my words are the terminus of a long train of thought — and the sand dries.

The romantic intellect (the word is unavoidable) takes in the excellence of life on the whole. Thinking drops (our daylight is like a ball) and then leaps back. Lights come on in the water (because daylight is domesticity’s underline) and the pace of the movements lit by them is altered but inconsistently; some things go faster others slower, and thus my flailing arms altogether miss the sluggish sleeve of my coat, and my mind has arrived at the park long before my legs slowly carry me to my front door.

Thus grotesquely elongated with longing, two courses of experience meet — how capably! A bouquet adds weight. A dog chases the rolling orange, the orange opens and something is removed — a telephone. A man is ringing and he’s divided horizontally. He has in tow the stillness of a barge, which takes on the burden of the excellence of happiness, that nameless reliving spent in life. Commitment? that sort of autobiography. Confession? that sort of misunderstanding — like infidelity to an impossible task. Who can take it over? It is as moral for right to fall.
"Angels, it seems, don’t always know
they are moving." Spring
is not my "instruction" . . . mildly prime
. . . the remnants of a tremendous example.
The tree set upright to give
more room jiggles in the wind.
I’ve a complicated sense of injustice
. . . solitude unused . . . while vibrating
to music I draw on my napkin
in a small sufficient apartment.

In a time of brain and desire
patience is the mental equivalent of running.
6. Adolescence

Each fact gains mobility. Imagine enjoying that little bit of life naively as on a postcard associated with a gaping landscape or a sound that resembles its source. Apparently what the throat thinks, we drink.

Down the street a milky-colored (connective-white) dog stops, sits, looks at his tail with the impatient but suspicious attitude usually reserved for old friends. He pretends to have a single serious schedule requiring solitude (like the shy man who attempts to intend to have no one to talk to) then scratches his left ear with his left hind leg as if spending money and stands up and sniffs like a man who has just rented an apartment at the base of an undernourished tree. Unbearable anticipation of interruptions whose cacaphony is familiar as the air. And cram . . . the great misfortune . . . otherwise I got flattened out (the platters spin away, wobbling) with congeniality . . . befalling words. With the inevitable self-congratulatory description of a landscape . . . I love water with sufficient details . . .

we were real young and I was so thrilled to get wall-to-wall carpeting that I just rolled over and over on the floor.

Resignation. Defiance. Hysteria is thrilling. Normal possessiveness (which is itself crucial to a sense of direction) disappears . . .

sets forth a doctrine of efficient lessons.

I with my murky eyesight should have good ears having been a thing convulsively . . . combines and combines, never creates . . . brushing the flies of terrible nonsense in my head. There are pigments in every probability . . . the doorknob's hole in the plaster wall, a house in the pasture . . . the things individuality grips with dependent desire.
A person finds a certain pleasure
in standing at the very edge of a cliff
and thinking "what if I jump"
with expansive sensations. Suddenly swings the sea
and looks on with stupid interest.

The rain falls jellylike. Repentance
and determination make a white beginning
anti-sunwise. Even in post-Rational society
the word is like a "foster" dog
repeating the same thing, over and over

her resonant voice resounding
with a little natural reverb in the deep wet
murky morning air . . . a dangerous situation
the child will be run down, I throw myself
at her, knocking her to safety . . .

with interruptions. I couldn't "steal"
the shells from nature.
On the other hand, I couldn't simply throw them
away. Eventually somewhere on the beach
I dropped them, but when or where I don't remember.

Thus each new bit of knowledge
(gratitude for myopia, etc.) merely contributes
to a wider romanticism, a series of changes
"sprinkled with a little melody"
as if the traffic were throwing out

fragments of glass in the milky air.
My claustrophobic luck, hilly . . . the sound
of the traffic is almost maternal.
My mouth in eating suggests . . .
we made the rent, how cavalier!

The plates secure order in eating.
The house states (the unsatisfied prototype)
a car itself is an armed bookshelf. My claustrophobia
is as sound-porous as a wood wall.
8. Innocence

There is a red car in the driveway ready to drive away. Awkward faith in the eager present tense is naive. A gardener is a poor critic of this. To be sorry is funny. Carnations of Kleenex are scotchtaped to the swinging refrigerator door and fill the glass bowl, the Pyrex. Sometimes the simplest identifications may be a cruel innocence. The lake was known for her fleas. I'd open the curtains for light . . . you know how families are . . . to be up before anyone was serious . . . but everything is indirect . . . spots sympathetic units, while the psyche . . . mediated . . . it's scientifically self-conscious . . . this in turn was romantic as its literary character. Autobiographically repentance yields to determinism with restrictions (innocence).
The sun has risen as high as a man's hat.  
An authoritative light is reducing  
action to powder or mist. Freight (panic  
is a psycho-technicality) or a skyline suffusion.  
As for we who like to think logically — astonished!

Color has faded away from the vacant lot  
which resembles a straw bag.  
In the restaurant I sat alone  
listening subjectively to sounds beyond  
my peripheral vision — intimate & similar.

The reversible heh of a yawn. The pronoun  
"ya" has long since lost its meaning.  
I want a faster logic, instantaneously  
consistent. The diamond-shape  
of the Doppler effect is wide-hipped

as domesticity. The floor  
was littered with small oranges  
and graham crackers and an oblate fluffy  
low-slung brown and white doglike pet  
was scampering (skimming) around in this muzzy scene

while two children (they had been taking turns  
swinging one-handed over a plate  
while casually but tenderly cradling an infant)  
were calling it, "Too-ey" or "Two-ee"  
or "Tu-uwie" with meticulous distortions.

It's true, I tend to get overstimulated  
among friends. Still if they like me  
they visit. Travellers have no day.
10. Coverage

My fingers are reduced to three
for ease in writing. My nerves
are a management and a graphic
design. Typical are formulations
like the morning. To tell in ambitious aphorisms

... news-based ... delight in explanations
proves what nature is ... eyes
fumbling over an anecdotal close wall
pattern ... the uneven partial idleness
of apples ... and decree it an arena.

Discontinuity in my experience
to me means radical coverage. With garrulous scanning
... as the cobweb that humiliates the space that waves
... constantly distracted, the vulnerability
not of the fragile but of the fake ...

those whom it assimilates with anticipation.
Now it is August 6 to 7, broad and flexible.
Nature allows us to explore
its effect on perception while giving
satisfaction. Thus the clouds

which seem to be entering the world
from one spot in the sky
mediate time by taking on light and accumulate
sound just as it's the desert highway that sucks in
and dries out the landscape. The wind

thickens and the bird songs modulate
paragraph, muscles, esophagus. A hard-windowed cave.
Safely in the dark of some backyard
a chained dog chiefly barks
into the discontinuity that absorbs emotional work.
Social movements accompany music
with repetition. We begin. Then we invert
the sounds, left shoe on right foot.
We rush to the window and shout in a social voice
"Family!" Mother was strict, this is Daddy.

He is in the gentle hold of his imagination.
Still the equidistance maintains
its fantastic symmetry. The door
slams downstairs, toilet flushes
on the street car engine revs, the radio

blares full of bass, children outside shout
so that every word achieves its peak
two dogs, one small and one deep
are barking and the phone rings.
The telephone is a weapon.

New noises in new American rhythms
address the world with strain.
In my sentence only a message. 0 clipboard
. . . all aspens are the same tree.
Clone, widening looseleaf.

The camera is a scissor . . . wipes the message
from the sentence. The fingers reduce
the surface. The holiday-makers are an audience
at sea. A railroad track
follows the passing waves.

In the waves there are two levels
to which people calmly go: up to their knees
and up to their elbows. At noon, standing there
on the line, in no particular hurry
it feels less like water than fire.
I am the subject of an egotistical yearning
to improve. Was my soul assigned?
Under cover of the possessive, a man
outside claims his dog is half-wolf.
This is like speech finding a sonnet.

Elliptical vigor and a good appetite.
It was easy work, sandblasting . . . spending all day
telephoning . . . there was a box of zippers
that were all mixed up . . . we arrived
at a safe resemblance. I was on my own

in Europe . . . so full with workers and soldiers
you couldn't walk through
to collect the fares, so I sat there
and as they got off I took the money.
Know a stone wall when you see one.

A transfer of the world into poetry?
Mistaking drowsy for lusty. The anecdote
one is saving to tell with direct desire.
13. Determinism

Putting facts by the thousands into the world, the toes take off with an appealing squeak which the thumping heel follows confidentially, the way men greet men. Sometimes walking is just such elated pumping. As the dog bumps its head, the fog clears and it's sunny for the Sonnet Scouts march to (I was humming to myself but making the sound in my head, not my neck where it remained, resonating against my temples) all the elements of which count: wordlessly-wars, prank-youth, heavily-all-together. They flicker, in order fully to correspond with the perceptibility of life. Unfortunately this is a very busy time in which too much is noticeable. As news fills the sheets, topical blooms fill the streets and slope against the coast. People think I have written an autobiography but my candor is false (I hear a few shots slouching at my realism). As if coralled, or slowed by cold all that intentional and unintentional experience is unable to stop or change. Restlessly I moved to new positions — spots and postures — that's all. I am myopic with determination. And so just as one might run ones fingers around the edge of a glass to make it squeal, similarly in the hollow night a car circles the edges of my consciousness and this sentence is emitted. But of course occasionally one sinks into the sand that fills the locale with its clean opinionless lingering. The sea is being swept of near the sea front. Every dime is a meter piece. The shore is very thin. Days wash past at their normal level wherever the shadows break.
Planet and flat flesh — who
can keep meas if it weren't really mine to complete.
The sky swings out from shore . . .
from work. A binge of convention
"when everything appeared unrecognizable"
is muffled. Like an adolescent
I skipped breakfast . . . the appeasing element
and everything was in motion but me
waving up and down in farewell.
As if embarassed arrogantly . . . superstition
is mostly the expectation
of trouble. The photograph
craves fresh traditions of an attempted jealousy
in the sun blurred by gusts of pressure.