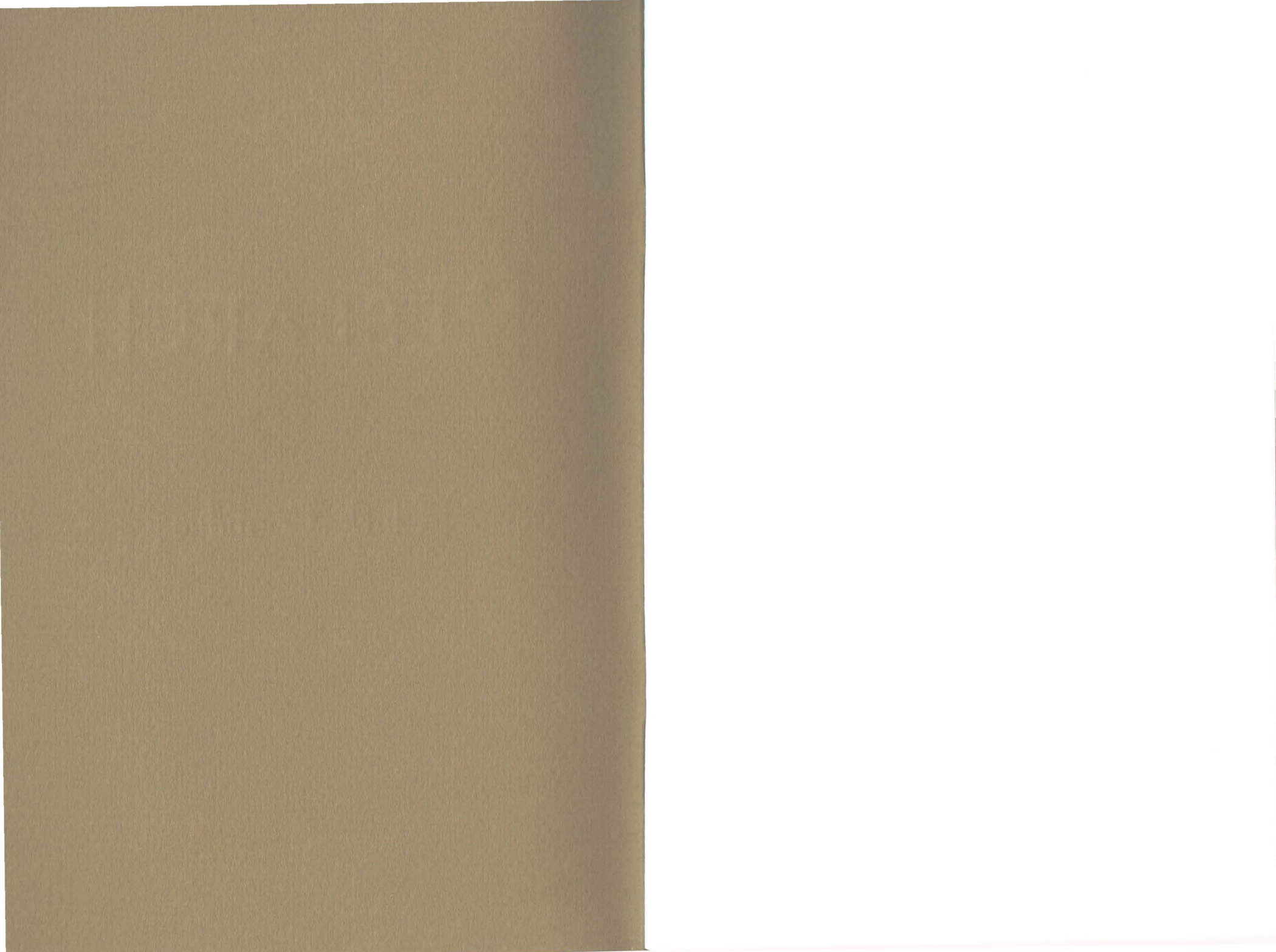


TUUMBA 40

# RESEARCH

Clark Coolidge



# RESEARCH

Clark Coolidge

Printed at TUUMBA PRESS  
as TUUMBA 40  
July 1982

copyright © 1982 by Clark Coolidge

Other books by Clark Coolidge include:

SPACE, Harper & Row, 1970

THE MAINTAINS, This, 1975

POLAROID, Adventures in Poetry/Big Sky, 1976

QUARTZ HEARTS, This, 1978

OWN FACE, Angel Hair, 1978

SMITHSONIAN DEPOSITIONS & SUBJECT  
TO A FILM, Vehicle Editions, 1980

AMERICAN ONES, Tomboctou, 1981

A GEOLOGY, Potes & Poets Press, 1981

# RESEARCH

ISSN 0146 - 2083

The snow is falling on the vines, the barbs, the aerials  
The snow is falls  
The air be  
The light snap  
The vowels are independent  
Consonants cross  
The lowness of divulge is opening as a shore  
The room is cress  
The provoke are tines  
There is too much space and there is no time  
Handwriting a fault, a wave of faults  
The hour is a clock  
Streets are witness  
The mind contains a bulb  
Sky of waters  
Numbness of crossed hands, the skin an itch  
Research, research and drone  
Water turns differently in hemispheres  
Your thoughts are your worry

You live in a house of the thoughts of the ghosts of  
the deeds of hands

Fire hides

The road is longer than a treatise on the thistle

The road is not linger

A handgun, a sunflower and a pound

You set the reef on automatic and you stay

There are thumbs

Rests and rhymes and throttles

The airplane is a container

The life a bare

The role of things is raveling

The department of defense, the stump

The march will lead the president to drill

But one of the snows is a seed

I peed by the red bra

I went to bed accidentally

Who is "Remley"?

Whose tongue is blond?

The shots of the ghost

In the glass

In the glass a parable, a plumb, a problem and a  
paramecium

The trails of living beings strike the town

It was fair, the edging fringed with hair

The pause in the hammer, it was a witness

The water above a whiteness

The car turned arrow

And in striking the frown the trees whined

They were a marble, an agate, a barrel

In an album, the strain

In the town, the doubles

The permission without pass

How do you open your mouth?

There is nothing in poetry that will remind me about  
the world

There is a constant retrogression, and this is not memory

The hand writing is the feeling of the skin

In my skull is an avenue that I stroke with the anthems  
of my sex

Coming to the end of a word at a period, a brightness

A whistling of silence over the board of storms

In the words of which there is no eye

A patter of small edgy matters drawing up the map

The cancellations are the poetry

The nothing to be seen in an undertongue declare

They could not hear Whitman in the hall of the century

The engines were too pat

Doing what we do best

For a joke someone brought a bare finger to the bottom  
of the steps

There was a quarry opening there of pure cement  
The poet did not take on the job

In crystal captures, the fire of the sun  
To light up your life, to burn up your wife  
Her solitude is not of a sharpness  
A man's search for the axial pin  
Content frees us of peacefulness  
The rods on the window are watch plants  
He puts on his outerwear and shovels the stairs  
She looks into the distance of a flower at a pin  
And the dog develops and the walls repair  
The dog is really a door, it is only speech that is faulty  
The water in the basement was thought to be at fault  
No-fault insurance is only a fault in thought  
The sun could be pen-sized  
He laughed and threw out the light

What are wanders?  
Who sifts the coat of amaze?  
What is the role of the muscles in writing?  
And could another mind occur, thereby, very close?  
There is too much music and not enough strain  
Told enough brain  
Cry out in a storm  
Normal what is said to be thought

Rustles of flaking in Crimea  
Bastings of the done

The outside of my world is being taken over by squirrels  
I have lived in that house and now I know that I'll  
never have to go there again  
Never to go to  
The breasts always to the front  
I am baffled at my own lack of impedance  
But I take no stories of the chair  
The man who holds rhyme holds the air  
The river filled with birdlife after fish  
How could there be no noise in poetry?  
So to be, but what kind?  
So I must practice coldhearted  
All the time the sorts were on the wall  
The lapping of the tongue between stanzas  
The loaves and the light

This is all to say what  
The spaces, merely practicing?  
How would the mouth fit a bicycle?  
Wholly construed, and down what road?  
The man applied a pillow to his cold  
The only wish is to stop

People say that sex is blue as turquoise  
And people say the other is  
What is the distance of a cold from your watch?  
How to light the fire of inner lies  
A mighty prescription under your bed  
The strong occasion between the legs

The things that are not just next to each other and not  
just fighting  
A largeness of the world that is not emotional as sadness  
A brick next to a peculiar trick of the mind with the  
thumb  
The snow that could not be shoveled, the yearning for  
labor that closes into waiting in an area  
The clothes proved too short for the novel on the fire

I shouldered the pelican out of the way, it was an island,  
there was no future  
What is a word's lair, its habitat, trunk on the seat  
next to you  
And why do the words "lumber diode" appear here next?  
Inside the body an awful pressure that can never be  
relieved

They talk to each other with no understanding being  
political  
There is an age, of conflict not of speech

The changing of tires in a well of sadness  
Civilization is endlessness  
And tenderness is the shell hiding the beating organs  
The seat of the mind, the screen of a paperback  
Colors are as moral as one's own nature  
The walls are tacked with signs of blown art  
He was my uncle, that missed me in the hallway  
The sign saying, speak only if you have need  
We parade, not the animals  
The light on the animals proved a dye  
In the sun descending the newspaper covered my eyes  
Repulsing an attack of love  
The bats in the sunrise  
Chimes in the dawn window of the allnight bed  
You took my clothes when you read me the news  
I have a new sunbath, a station, a red avenue under a  
caul  
The bumpers linked politics to snowball  
All the water going down the drain when you said my  
name

Then how will the severed states pass each other off?  
Three lines in the back of the press  
It's a stalemate, limp greenbacks  
Lincolns approaching vanilla tension  
She thought I was a Martian, my coat, my prayers



And Jerome there in his cell, chastisement up on waivers  
The account was broad sex, a peck of trouble  
Wandering under the Mickey Mouse, aquarium light  
of taxpayer  
No one's solvent in this backed-up solarium  
Then the ship struck the milepost  
Lips that speak of love in the very halter  
The ship went down with all caressed  
The election pointed to sodium  
Rates of your hand, your tongue, your closed case  
The lawyer was a sailor had repented  
Revolver raised, eyeliner shining  
The twin of two beds  
The shoulder you couldn't help touching to save  
My name is lost in the shots  
My name is caught as if the final words of a lost tribe

On the ground are three pumpkins, I live in one of them  
A little reality tempered with optimism, opinion, jazz  
times  
What is the answer?  
Something that is supposed to hold the ship in one place  
but does not, because the currents keep dragging  
it and anyway it never quite touches bottom  
No thought definitive encouraged by a period  
Lucky loss, wind from the east

On top of a building reading the script in the breeze  
Sun on flags gives an indication of direction  
We don't give up, we live here  
Cold hands on the telephone, the movie lamp, the  
writing instrument  
These thoughts as put down here are all a story of  
scratches  
These numb strokes severed  
I have one in my head, a luncheon or a bulb  
A link between the keys to the door and to the backdoor  
He got out of the car in a pool of streetlight and read it  
The story diminished with the darkness  
Soon the question made its visit, a thumb handle of  
chalk

The airplanes were preparing, the tump line and the oil  
weeds  
It had been sorry for weeks, the needful trek  
The breakfast in the Alamo, or Coffee Lake  
Her dowry diminished, her covered knees  
They were short an idea, a spill in the bushes  
The lake partitioned thus cold  
And a microphone  
A liver cell  
The hunting lodge of politics  
  
Am I good man or a bad man?

No one is sure of what  
The note said, spare me I am bony  
I have thoughts as remote from you as my brain from  
your caress  
The music was a diva under gaslight  
The pipes in the basement  
The roars, the installments, the corridors  
The face that no one could see, the words they heard and  
forgot  
There is nothing in back of the smith  
There is no sense at all in it  
The walls were the world of the war  
  
If you went to see a film, then what of it?  
The middle of the last paragraph, a heater with a red top  
He had assigned himself a book to while away the time  
spent in chairs  
There is no knowledge but lights in the night and  
tenderness of muscles  
The claim was put off in the stripe of the day ahead  
He brought his leg to a corner of her hand  
The lights were out in the book on glass  
The penis was raised discussed then extinguished  
The day all of an awning seemed harmless  
The most delicate portions grew hair  
He left the number at the beginning of the car  
Throbbing, tentative pressings, no time, mood

Avenue entry was sealed, gone over  
Skin just short of an end  
The auto  
Platitude's disease  
Sticks

Investigations of the sun on a boil, the sea beyond all  
extensions of the land

Buried treasure and the variable foot  
A note to the wise on the mist off the breasts  
The level equation of the equator horizon drill  
Her statements as dull as her nipples rose  
Stillness in hand for the pain of a second  
Bubbles in the drink as the hand fell toward them  
Darkness, peeling the way to the fissures  
A carbon gland in hand on the sheet  
The animals at the fencewood nod  
He left me the novel on the chair of his clothes  
Choking, amortizes, cunt  
A maritime novel  
The seeing of the brain on a chair  
The links were held over one notion  
The cat remembers the ceiling

An animal is a prong and a precision, of parallel lines  
We see everything in the morning that was held in the  
night

Before the sun is the single hidden mark  
On the wall of the boy the cave rides its torques  
He is a profiliac  
The head of the duck is pure proportion unprincipled  
Corruption is the function of gatherings  
Lead models of balcony sunrise  
But they are running away and will never be seen again  
on the roofs  
Vents of taste, they have dialed appetite  
The weather lies  
There is no protuberance better than foxfire  
The war was completed on a combat allowance  
Fools, why do they not know them?  
The Russia I meant was built out of water and food  
The America  
The pains were found in the knees and pins  
Campus Meister slotted the intro  
Once visible trombone, invisible walls  
Luck of the losers inflating the argument  
Bunions, brogans, wash tea  
The mesa burned, hand held  
Grapefruit on the march, eluding the fist  
Carbon granules the paper had raised  
Nonsense that includes the rest  
Poetry is a substance on sufferance of thought

The squirrel is stuck  
The movement of life is the arm in a sling  
The bird flies from the tree and we have a wave of the  
future  
Change the articles  
Entirely  
Live  
The world is a gopher on the backtrack  
A poem, three flicks of the pen  
These were bony installments  
When I have the gift of death you will never be able  
to forget my erasures  
Poetry is a lesson in love with no belief  
There where the future  
Past tense here  
Rules  
That paper and the time to  
What is lost abbreviate  
Sense, and its tobacconist  
The toothbrush as an extension of the mind  
Do you? I don't but know  
Can't help but  
The loss of a building's windows  
Parts of speech the thought into the line  
Hope I'm not out of strain

Near Hope Street I grew long  
Autostatement there is never time but the speed for  
He hit the position just in time for the shift  
Beckoning in poetry  
The lag of an arm, the futility, the fuel, the ferocity  
The war to take the time for, from the city  
Poetry is a nude, without necessarily the lighting of a  
property

Directions as regions of time, the realms that key our  
speech  
The one that is at the center of the third person passed  
Necessary  
Delusions of endless fuel  
Primary block color letters, keys to the city  
The learning that whelms, little to little  
Justice  
Pencil  
Hands that wish to join but scrawl instead  
Windows that look out on the action giving in  
A person who passed for your parent  
The dog that stood in for a door a minute  
Sounds and images of grey matters stir and balance  
The air an echo of tobacco  
The straight hand still a gun  
Letters so much copies they make discourse

This is the universe, mealy brads in grey lodge  
He opposed the riot by standing in the doorway  
Thought without a stitch  
The barrel of an airliner  
She flagged it in with her full wit attached to two sticks  
The breasts joined at the clothing  
Words at your nape  
To look without intention, to found a seal  
Hand over hand they approached in the street  
The lion distracted by the meat

The sign was composed of bulbs and many eyes had  
given it some thought  
The plot involved the lodger  
It is a hedger  
Life is not all stops  
How in the world does it go?  
The couple and the bed are red white and blue  
A large box of Oceanic Jelly  
He stopped to tell me about his apparent thoughts  
He stopped me to tell of his thoughts on a rather vague  
matter  
A matter of wishing that random persons on the street  
would accost him with answers  
It was a thrill to be told that the ocean was bottomless,  
space endless

He undid his tie and opened up a bit more  
Do you like salad? pin cushion? key lighting?  
Behind the scene there was a large ape of yellow metal  
He thought his mind had gone backwards from the age  
of seventeen  
Threats, apparel, vitamins, a treadmill, the wall receding  
I had to hand you  
My name is Jan, as in January, as in Jan & Dean, as in  
Jansen, as in Emil Jannings  
The moon was already full but grew brighter behind the  
slogan MARRY ME FIRST  
There were pipes all over the place, those and empty  
hoardings  
The exact turnpike was described in my this year's  
calendar  
Something I don't want to say about fish here  
Nothing beyond the word fish  
It turns out solitary  
Eyeliner of an ordinary pencil  
The quivering of a line of print in the third row of third  
grade  
The vitamin was made of a sort of soft metal  
Sodium  
His pen wiper had been stolen on the first day  
He acknowledged her presence by tapping  
The wrist goes unshaven  
The front was of a neon far from Nevada

The ants would crawl all over the losers  
Say something about the windows  
Christmas in a state of dependancy

Wash your chocolates  
You mean to watch  
Too heavy a price  
Fixed piece of time  
Neuter allowance  
Friends with no backgrounds  
The lies not to be forgotten but stolen  
Your name is not one of the popular ones

I've got to hand it to you  
You'll have your day in the sun  
Particular fragrances, trains on trestles, bunch of wickets  
The hands are not players  
Give your mind a rest from Respighi  
The practice of solipsism  
The ball of mirrors hung in a corner  
She speaks, she handles her angles rather plainly  
We see beneath the deep stretch of coverings  
Tree in a test tube  
The bunker in which so&so lay  
The sounds of Venice, the filament in a vacuum  
That fall all the cork decorations were denuded

Nude to his eyesight, a travel bag over her gaze  
They could have reached the summit perhaps with less  
trouble  
Stalled at a pensive notion  
The salads all over Paris

I haven't been friendly with such ones for long  
I must hide my clocks when she comes to visit  
The mirrors she travels with  
The music of rattles in all my conveyance  
You could picture the light going down on a tug  
They serviced the industry with animals  
But the plot thickened in any case  
Long held tones, cigarettes puffed behind heavy  
casements  
The learning of the history of lambs throughout  
literature  
All of my face, all of it  
The selection of the body as a matter of style  
Ropes it took to marry them  
And the number of magazines in which the articles  
Glasses moving beneath clothing  
  
The portrait was of a chrome left out a day of rain  
Tools, fish, lovers, etc.  
In the corner was an object used to parry with  
I don't mind dalliance

The painting made last was outdistanced first  
An eyesore, a prong of fruit  
The shadows cast by a piece of wax  
Long life asea led to the hiding of groceries  
Tom Mix hefting Ant Paste  
He didn't know in which direction lay the rest room  
Under the moon, under the sun, under the rain, under  
the pictures of motion and rest  
You don't understand but that doesn't stop you  
I keep a notebook in order to hold my tongue  
Drawing a map of Europe leaving out the curves  
It is now all an art of quotation  
A question of visiting Peru  
More normal or less lifelike  
Held a moratorium under the sun  
Walked to the wall questioning the while  
His end  
His friend's

Help me up, will you?  
Drowning in a tempest of tea  
Big smile in a small jaw  
The catholics learned their lessons under yards of ticking  
The hallucination was termed a "gremlin"  
Lines under the eyes and what do they mean?  
In a row on the street

I tore it up and then we discussed it  
It was apparent, limpid, dotted, in small  
The man's head according to his scattered survivors  
I latched the magazine  
Plans for leaving things out in the rain  
Lowering of rates in their salad days  
Eyelids, fingernails, sideburns drawn at the corners  
In the doorways mappings of the territories  
He was much later than she had planned it all to turn out  
They ran, they caught up, they sandwiched events  
Hand me your lighter  
Stop this and I'll see you out  
I had caught her out in a lie  
The walls would come together in any story of this plan  
As the men smoked the time away according to their  
liking  
Even when there is no separation there is always a  
separation  
The war would be stalled on that very deck  
Time on my hands, or in them, or under them  
Plurals only a fixture, quotient?, of space  
He wrote down the number on her car  
She spun him the story of his later years  
  
It's easy, with this thing you just stop  
The beauty of proportions, the silence of slow teeth

Do you believe me, I am lucky and have rights  
I slow down the patterns and make mixtures  
The pillow impressions of writing on a full pad  
It is an accompaniment, flow to thought  
The halo around the pencil's point  
The striking of connections  
The plow coins a new slant on roads  
As if an easel  
Could go on for ever  
Even  
Slow words for fast events  
Held breaths  
The loading of the snail

My hands so cold the words come shattered  
Hand me a posit, a pause, then position  
Gained real stains, strains, storms  
The window was locked clear through  
Past tense as conditional  
Temperatures of space through syntax  
The sluicing of generalization  
The parlor in which the event collapsed  
Miles to go before I wake to the very room of close  
speech and intimate lighting  
The closet's noose contains a fly  
Chain to pull down reverse of night

You have no people in mind  
The others have no hallway for you

Semblance, apparence, attitude glimpse  
Cars parked on the apron of the tower  
Her face in quick light of the shaftway  
Two hours only to count on, by, from  
Your life in a hole  
My naming you by number  
Whole world as an adder  
He had accompanied his own snooze with light mistakes  
Mummies in mirrors  
Razors that level  
Unobtrusive alarms

Benders

Lips moving in the silence of the glassless screen  
I always wanted to move in and out of my own mind  
Desire for fellow workers  
In poetry you play your self all the time  
At night in cars, in daytime in further cars  
Why does nothing finally roll away?  
Trapped with self meaning trapped with the whole of  
it all  
Dialing the number for loose  
Watching the handwriting turn an other's portrait

Poetry's obvious lightsource  
Stanza breaks to the night side  
Tunes are tombs of resilience  
I rely on, and other assorted frames

Why is it not assisted?  
Why are not we?  
I turned your handle, written in bold strokes  
Lunch on which butte?  
Larval envelopes and mobile stanchions  
Lack of the cafe  
Picture of the woman's handbag falling from her  
distracted grasp  
Picture of my back in a leather coat as I feel an idea  
Picture of snow  
Picture of soap  
Picture of lack of control, a flatiron  
Picture of the workers all smiling in a line  
In front of the buttons  
You can tell the liars by their hands

And there is a mystery there is a mystery there in this  
An antidote to life  
Thought and cold cigarettes  
Antidote to life  
Poetry



The worship of walls leads to the beckoning finger  
The peal-of-bells remark in the last stanza  
The notion that the vague speed of the world can be  
settled in one point  
And its next, friction, justice  
There is never one word, there is never one image  
Sound too is loose  
The control of a notion  
The noise of poetry  
Her face made me remark on how much I felt the cold  
in my hands  
Nothing so baffling as an expression  
Of joy and the germ itself  
The vacuum cleaner you couldn't afford  
A toy of nascent oxygen  
The mice drops

The saying of it all at once like I wish time would stop  
So aware of the close proliferation he released shorter  
and shorter texts  
A room with a view  
A plane of division  
X times as many durable whims  
She slammed the door, the tap of her hunch  
She related a dream in which it all came pinched to a  
strength  
What don't I understand?

The winch in the weather  
Each complex a false halt  
He stands for what I could only grasp running  
Ovaltine on snow  
Penetrates beyond ideas  
A full understanding of extent  
A camp out on 101  
The study disappeared in a hilarity of smokes  
No notion better than a hypotenuse  
The sailor sniffing  
A cold so intense it could couple unrelated ones  
The civil libertarian against the purely blue areas of chart  
The fall of a fellow wiper  
What is the knowledge of too much information?  
Or the hallway beyond all point of holiday?

He she or it covered the earth  
Melisma of the slow vowel roll  
Monkey of the stationary  
We must criticize without opinion  
We will edge and small  
The will that is everywhere, physical a mate  
A note written to the stringer of your psyche  
The man who wanted Burton to play Balso Snell  
The ones who did play Laszlo Kovacs  
The actors in the preface to life's amazement

Us

Back from our notions, opinions, small fires  
Turning up a thing to watch  
Read partially submerged  
Quit in the middle of Proust  
Park under a mountain of thorns marked ledgers  
See to it that  
Mean further later  
Wholes that don't add up the while  
Did you see her?  
Do you doubt it?  
Bent rather than smile  
Stall angles, loop portions  
Enumerations of storing city

She rattles around in my  
Give me the date and the mole and the tone of the tissue  
I even kept her envelope  
The rising smoke behind the board before the mount  
Tin lizard  
Felt place mark  
Shouted then the practice of forgetting  
Lowered expectations like driving under the influence  
Then coming  
Then out the other side, Canada  
Or a volcano in Metrocolor

A drink at the rim of the thoughts  
Doubtless and pronounced in reverse  
Smokes me out in my

If I don't know still I can see  
It takes the dinosaur an unusually long time to fall to  
the ground  
Lives learned in a little bit  
That it is better to turn than grasp the key  
Lighting on an indefinite hilly region  
Lost in keep  
Still photographs keep time  
It's not possible to finish what all you do  
Starts as labyrinth markers  
I walked downstairs with a mirror to my chin  
Vicissitude  
The storing of the shocks for later arcs  
The characters were Chinese, Belgian, and visionary  
He kept them to themselves in a look  
The key was tonal visibility  
The back to hurt at a certain glance  
Glance that was at one time a mineral  
A certain  
  
I've made up my mind to get my hands on it  
Mise en scène

The traits of will revealed in a cold look of it  
He is laughing  
He is stuck in the corridor  
Born and dies with the lips curled upward  
All I know, it's all the same to me  
Life, truth  
Ten times a, but which times?

Taking things apart, more than necessary now  
They make it all a blank, so many turns of the tines  
What is eaten can not be seen  
Named only, with flicks  
Fast Food is the correctest metaphor  
I should eat with a drill  
Spectacles, a confusion, what is seen with what is seen  
with  
The pie in the sun is soon to be eaten  
Regardless of regard  
Obligated to be forced  
Statements beyond the heat of personality  
Highway in the sun

How do you see all things on the street at once lit by  
the irrelative sun?  
Her plans to open the book in the very move of an arm  
But you know what the smoke does it eventually sinks  
and becomes the latest layer of the surface of things

I don't understand words as well as I understand what  
they do  
Don't they?  
A smile crosses the reticular  
The dictionary falls open more times than you'd think  
possible to scale insect or pythonesse  
It's the instinct of the vernacular to use chance well  
Or to be the master, or the slave, of one's house  
Or it's something that can't be taken to a vertex  
Maltex every morning for years  
Till boredom ceased it  
Battery clinched it  
You recorded more pauses than your years  
Only with sufficient space is it spectacular  
What?  
The point that has us hemmed in  
Perplex

As only a radio element can be plaited  
The wall comes downstairs in the eating of each step  
Silence confused with the cone on the shelf  
Cotton or woolen stockings, briefs, and shirt cardboards  
A mocking of the whole comedy in rhymed frames  
You took off my hand because it parted your will  
Stale streaks for a moment  
Lozenges that are a definite spark of the plot

Greek winter fountains with green blades  
I had half an hour left to amaze my confusion  
Lip irons  
Frail hair  
The monkey consumed the circus as if a concealed soup  
to be studied  
The mackerel blend with my name  
His marriage drove on cruelly to the top  
I made meretricious hash of marsh hill  
Marginalia, New Jersey  
You have to take chances with association  
You write too much  
Hand me the plantation  
  
You used so many shoes in many years  
Lit up the night with albums  
It is necessary to make the connections  
The library had stalled  
Television had strained  
The image, the sound, in other words  
The countries that would develop without us  
Night's Yawning Peal  
The Quattro Cento  
Two Gobs from Red Hook  
Walk out on the planet  
The goods all locked up in houses

Coldhearted, coldblooded, to go back to degree zero, a  
night's light points  
His inside is her outside, how about that equation?  
Everything has to be reinvented, including the morning  
You could have, say, coffee, or two shots  
A washingmachine with white and black slots on top  
of a refrigerator  
Impelled toward danger, love lost its savor  
Dynamite in the corny entryway  
It is a collision and the focus is disturbed into its earlier  
elements  
Ink in marshes on the paper  
But what, once thought, can I develop?  
The wall to be seen  
The camera's lightmeter dropped out in the dream  
Or I had forgotten to think about it  
Or I had replaced my elements incorrectly  
Politics is a summer day as well as the bent clutch  
Do you understand what they all but mean to say?  
They have told themselves that there is no further  
entrance  
If I do not live at the entrance  
If I keep my own council  
I drop the mesa into the midst of this soup  
I dial animal  
Drop the mineral and diminish

Over the wheat stretches drainage ditches brought  
barriers

Lights on disparagement in the Bay of Fundy

He developed the present-day maritime cleats

The shoes going by are partial

We will see through the descended windows

I could try to speak as I eat with you there

A woman

A porringer

Three wide ideas on an approach to a central human

She is watching you snore

The lighthouse had to be built at the seashore

The snow which covered the tower could be seen

In approaching form of the light

The light it gains

Light be opening

The air close

In which the words all appear as verbs

Nouns make dense

At the shore the heights of the sea are told closed

Could there be no more room?

The tales provoke the space

The body between words

There is time for everything but the counting of space

He wrote himself into countless corners

The clock that cracked in the room of the deed

I saw the hands

I saw

Streets spelled the rains

Landscape of notion under a wiry sky

Doing nothing is scratching at silence

The bell jar had heated as it reduced the air

An eye cup

A fingerboard

The jockeying of notions according to scale

Afraid of own house

Particular temperature hesitance dwell

In the brazier a monkey

Spark breaking through the clang

The holding of the whistle by its leather which

To which the drawing held

Scarce brain, scarce distance

The blackpowder blooming in a stump

Repetitive revolution calming the folk

Rule of stalk

Rule of bore and heft and plumb

The hurtling tube of air

We grow up into sweaters

In the order of left boots

The consonant direction of birth

Flesh caught on hooks

Names on the air

Could speech be flexed?

The life to be drawn later by its trace

The man who made the place, his integrity

The saw, its skin

And the stirring of the fluids to a coil in the skull

The things to be confronted, never to be moist

The town, his familiar

And above it the tower

Where he'll never though he will it be

RESEARCH was designed and printed at  
Tuumba Press by Lyn Hejinian. Of an  
edition of 475 this is No. 242





**\$3.00**

Subscription: \$12 series

Individual copy: \$3

Free catalogue available

**TUUMBA PRESS**

2639 Russell Street

Berkeley, California 94705

