

**ROOF X: a**

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**ROOF X**

**The Segue Foundation, NYC**

Editor: James Sherry  
 Associate Editor: Michael Gottlieb  
 Contributing Editor: Tom Savage

Art Editor and cover design: Lee Sherry

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SOUNDING

Pressing about with a spring  
 pulling a small pattern detaining passive  
 measure passing demeanor sight's balance equine  
 divided walk to say amaze the basic  
 a weight outward against any extent  
 specifically native by all sorts of devices  
 the stone model buoyant and peculiar  
 among the living once directed memory  
 the past power that veneers the sources  
 always spoken in terms of the whole song  
 directed the pitch and angle waiting  
 patiently opening on an array of people  
 dressed for the day but those still  
 standing say he features ideas answering  
 the thinkers a natural process that permits  
 no empty synthesis or vapid constraint  
 a cage without hazard for droll bastards  
 without the aboriginal hum chaos at the nape  
 the old mood facing cameos for detainees  
 mezzotints of an idea logged in the privacy  
 of the dinner table what this not large enough  
 to contain it technologic and pretending selection  
 a few words over a mile long languor poised  
 under the elephant library of false economy  
 mutual illusion in a room filled with smoke  
 rancor granted for the small target  
 accurate decorum for the puny spirit  
 injunction granted and pause ploughed under  
 winds temper and answer to hold the signal  
 for the habit opinion obtains

## SWIMMER

One knocked. One admitted. One slept. Not a full afternoon.  
 No curiosity to echo the subdued exuberance of the apt.  
 I was left in peace. Intrigued by the unfolding. Not very  
 taken with the disclosure. Not quite the right moment to  
 puncture the inflated guffaw. Where was I meant to go?  
 Where take this? A lot. A sum. A burden gathered up and  
 loaded— the iron-handed, the ample, the paradise of the  
 ordinary, the appropriate, the gathered in, the whistled,  
 the toothed and fretted— shifting under its own weight  
 and shape to be taken from here to some vague but unen-  
 cumbered there. An open room? A field? Between two bridges?  
 Under a man's hat.

## SHEAF MARK

A spontaneous momentum  
 imposed on character  
 complex bodies  
 in the guise of successive continuity  
 and the diagonal gaze through labor  
 reflective part by part  
 wit tack and hitch  
 rocks ripen  
 lair focus and brickedup logic  
 what's behind the greener level  
 brass  
 tone gnaws the grey wick  
 gauge the yawning mool  
 no pretending the far thought  
 or ponder's briar and cobble  
 a nostalgia for barbarism  
 setting forth the grievance

3 LITTLE BOOKS from THE INDIAN SERIES

I am remembered in silence This is a title introduction please All words are seen on little pages, comma on fore—TAKES A RISK head on screen

New Pages  
I Just Remembered It

I'S SSHOULDNT  
writes as it is as it is  
you're a genius  
JIM'S OFFICE

We come  
WHEEL  
home together  
as it is  
when we knew all  
our knowledge  
SPEAKING as it is

thats the final solution

there is a great  
master among us  
that we are  
against IT AGAINST  
HIS NAME IS  
dont speak to him for it

HES WONT SPEAK  
try him sunday  
he wont believe it  
JIM WORKS  
HANNAH THATS ALL

thats why we  
split our scene dear  
John NO NAMES  
knows is it it is  
JOHN SPEAKS

and he has a terrible  
long poem  
time

FOOLISH GIRL  
this is Jimmies book stupid  
understanding us  
DREAMS

SKIP 4 LINES

HE IS SURE  
and he writes it in  
thats it  
you're the last  
woman they  
want to speak  
to finished  
sentence

& ITS

we must write all  
day if our head  
demanded it  
I'm sorry about it is  
RUSSELL

Kiss him  
Hannah its just a bit  
of sarcasm it is  
Russell speaks  
ALLS TIME

and Jim  
leads dinner him  
we mustnt believe  
when it  
happens to us of  
MASTERS course

how does it feel to  
write it in  
I'SM

JIM  
SCARED  
BOOKS  
JIMMY HURT US

dont describe your  
scene  
Russell has come

many times in our  
dreams bad girl  
erases an error  
to us  
HANNAH THATS SILLY

WHY CANST HE SPELL  
turn over

INDIANS  
somebody knows SILENCE  
our trick  
    3 cigarettes  
of silence of course  
    BAD S

Jim has it is  
for pleasure  
WE WORK

Jimmie wants bread  
sometime  
plenty of cigarettes  
in this house it is  
and dont smoke  
SSUNDAY

**Page 4**

I CANST  
EXPLAIN  
JIMMIE  
TO MY  
MIND  
AGAIN

Jimmie is  
almost prose  
style completed  
OCT SILENCE

THAT STOP  
WRITING IT IS  
HANNAH

Jimmie forgot  
his sentence  
structure  
once before  
JIMMIE'S SENTENCE

Hannah can you  
play remembered game  
the saint  
HANNAH STOPS  
again

Hannah I just  
completed a  
sentence style  
type structure  
explain the movie stupid  
I forgots The Saint  
NOS DATE  
people laugh next page

at it  
STOPS WRITING  
    WIRING  
    WRIT  
    WRITING

Hanna stops  
writing it in  
BEFORE

Hannah is you a  
psychic squinting  
as it is  
QUESTION

IT KILLS THEM  
I smoked all my  
cigarettes before  
it is  
    NOS JUICE

AND NO ROLLS  
I am breakfasted  
it on it  
1 O'CLOCK

please write on  
channel 2  
you must be  
four hours  
before you  
WRITTEN

I think people  
are strange as it is  
thats the clue  
CLUE

I just remembered  
it in it is  
Jim's writing  
SAY NO MORE  
it feels different  
no style please

include Charles  
it feels funnier  
AND HE SMILES  
he heals it  
himself  
RIGHT ARM  
his lungs stupid

write about Jimmie  
Hannah you are  
writing like an  
angel stupid  
PLEASE REMEMBERED  
IT IS IN  
WHA

dont describe  
your purpose in  
life stupid  
AWAKENING

THE BROTHERS  
you must be  
a brother first  
APOLOGIZE

Hannah that  
hits hard

STUPID

please explain it  
everytime I  
turn out the  
light I see  
REMEMBERED  
IT IN repeated page

remembered it is  
on time  
stop writing this  
Satchidananda  
it is  
JIMMIES STYLE

just a remembered  
style it is  
hungry again  
BEANS

FIRST PAGE  
writes like  
BIG PRINT  
Jim  
PRINT

it is  
stop writing  
it is in  
IT IS IN IT  
NEXT PAGE

Jim is  
writing its  
it is it in  
OR SOMETHING  
IS INST

I am remembered  
it is in  
writing  
OFFSET

Sis stop  
writing it is in  
poors Jimmie

CANT WRITE

I am just waiting  
for a new line  
toots stop  
to appear in  
silence

STOP

please write  
rabbis  
it is in again  
it is finished writing  
DOWN

Sis that  
completes a  
book page  
OCT SILENCE  
I just lied a little  
bit about the date of it

I scribbled it in  
Hannah writing  
it is

DAWN

in  
JIMMIE

completes us  
sentence structure  
HANNAH I SPEAK

I just hang  
myself upside  
down once  
again

I dont hang myself  
really upside down  
Leonard tries  
it once stupid  
THATS A TREE

JIMMIE WRITES  
IT IN  
thas something else

whas date

I SHOULDNT  
APPEAL  
hang this  
upside down  
RUSSELL

thats his final  
decision oct silence

test Jims  
knowledge

Hannah it is important to us  
to know it  
about it  
without knowledge it  
before broken rib stupid

anyone who  
can listen to  
music can be  
BEACH BOYS  
remembered by it  
LOST AGAIN

Hannah thats it  
LAST PAGE

I SHOULDNT  
HANG  
upside down  
of course  
THATS A TREE  
SILENCE

Is wanna bes my  
MISTAKE  
be my gramma  
GRANDMOTHER

SKIP 3  
PAGES  
THIS IS ONE  
IN SILENCE  
CORRECTED

PAGE 5  
it is very difficult  
to write it in  
page 3 suffers a  
little

Hannahs I can  
write it down  
now  
Hannah is hanging  
upside down  
NO PULSES

green letters  
I've  
APOSTROPHE

I  
skip a line  
done everything  
IM TIRED  
dont hang myself  
upside down then

I can do to it  
blue letters before  
keep trying hard  
LIGHTS OUT

Japan

START Dec 19

Jimmie lies on his sofa Saturday afternoon pretending he apostrophe a saint  
BIG HERO JIMMIES BROKE MY RIB Jimmie laughs when we squeal like a pig  
SENTENCE

Jimmie laughs when he goes around the corner twice behind himself CORNER  
PAGE TWO I just pass myself twice on the correct spelling please street in silence  
WRONG

Jimmie thinks his hair is too long ampersand cuts it short SAME NAME AGAIN  
HANNAH I am so slowed down I can hardly SEEN talk to myself in my sleep STAY  
HOME

I forgots my dinner  
donst 21st Hannah I just handled a difficult situation in donst name place thats a  
terror quite signed well READS RUSSELL PLEASE SHUT IT UP NAME  
CLEAR

We reygret this pause in our interlude CORRECT SPELLING of happiness MARCH  
Hannah Jimmie wrote him a letter about you PUZZLED because he broke your rib  
stupid you were AT HIS HOME

Hannah thats a lie  
He wants Russell Means to FREE HIS SISTERS I MUSTNT MISS MY NEXT  
MESSAGE

SKIPS MESSAGE  
JIMMIE STHINKS AND YOU KNOW IT PLUS HIS BALLS ARE FURRY Hana  
spelling error he laughs at it NOS EMERGENCY STUPID HE LAUGHS

JIMMIS STINKS  
STOP TYPING IT ERRORS PLEASE  
NEXT PAGE PLEASE Hannah BIG PRINT they RADIO are making real Indian  
jokes DONT SMILE

dont points parentheses risking their lives quote to face Russell M NO NAME  
Hannah thas a point turns page dont be so silly you are punished for it  
Theres NO APOSTROPHE always an answer to our science prayers INS JAIL  
We repeat our sentences sometimes

SCREEN please write it about it like this JIMMIE LIES SEPARATE PHRASE  
We weaken so very easily that it happens SICKNESS sometimes to us dinner  
AGAINS

SAME DAY Charles The Poet thinks you should bridge the gap between literature  
& poetry SAME SIGN  
HANNAHS THANKS

RUSSELL SAME NAME Hannah I almost had a heart attack when I knew it was  
JAIL SENTENCE coming to 4 YEARS me nos period  
Hannah doesnt have any more periods; after March 15 something else is wrong  
here

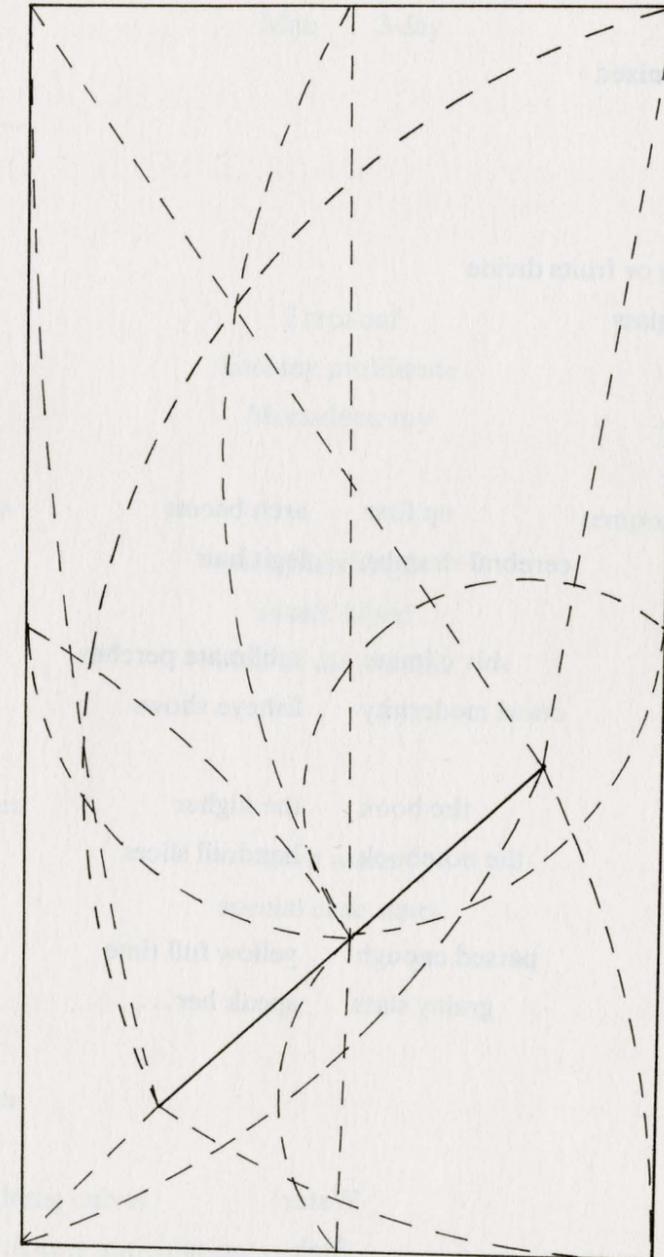
WAIST my rings hurt something else is Jimmie wrong INSIDE RUSSELL MEANS  
uptown LIGHT I dont know what PERIOD dont finish sentence please  
See what Jimmie SORRY ABOUT THIS really phrase continues carry your books

in a sack stupid MEANS TO APRIL THAS FINISHED  
 RUSSELL MEANS ME  
 HANNAHS I started my sentences again SKIPS A PAGE  
 Donst date he feels it Jimmie has made the final decision of dont continue with  
 this dont speaks of this his POOR entire next page GURUS  
 Dont be so stupid life sentence structure please that was because of SAME PRICE  
 me I CANST WRITE IN IT  
 Jimmie has decided to become SENTENCE STRUCTURE SAME AS ME LONG  
 LINES  
 Jimmie sentence structure WRITE IN JOY APRIL has decided to become Hannah  
 finishes her sentences WE WEAKEN EASILY  
 AS GURU STUPID SPACE he didnt know he had that choice IN HIS ENTIRE  
 NEXT PAGE  
 LIFE JIMMIE LAUGHS small print I AMS MEANS proud of me Hannah he  
 laughs at it UNTILS FORGOT DATE sentence finished I wish it were typing  
 error everyone laughs skip line

Jimmie corrects spelling errors HANNAH THATS A HINT TO OURI LEAVE  
 MORE SPACE NDIAN FRIENDS  
 Dont skip this line Jimmies apostrophe sentence stupid I had a warning on him  
 stupid and I went in anyway SENTENCE sos the blame is me MINE

DOUBLE SPACE THIS

Write in joy only page one hurts I am so happy I could hardly believe it myself this  
 is Jimmies CONTINUED  
 Next book I continue my sentences same I WRITES TO BE CHEERFUL  
 Hannah complains I have decided to obey my instincts instead HANNAHS HEAD  
 I had a serious lesson in gravity falls twice upstairs ins bed  
 UPSTAIRS IN BED  
 Is fell twice and I cant stop writing Jimmies sentence third twice  
 JIMMIE SQUIRTS  
 JIMMIES PAGE Jimmie squirts Jimmie is a big long poem SAID HELLO  
 JIMMIE SQUIRTS COLOGNE  
 Jimmie isnt in it why because hes not a real poet HE STINKS HES SHORT  
 Jimmie is just an average writer Jimmie same name passes out STUPID  
 Jimmie pretends he ENOUGH  
 THATS A LONG POEM SIGNED HANNAH



SOUTH STATION ESCALATOR

excuse cause

Part and phyla mixed

phyla mix

cruel rolls

unease capacity or fruits divide

confound glass

up first arch bacon  
cerebral rhumba legit hair

shiv climate sublimate perches  
crawl modernity fisheye shows

the book the higher  
the notebook handrail slices

parsed enough yellow full time  
grainy slats speak her...

Water

Sink

—

Morn

Face

Groom Mgmt.

Belt Water

Plus Hunger

Man 3-day

fur train

bored bola

Terra oaf  
bosomy proliferate  
Monadectomy

trivial nostalgia

temporal of the rocks

loop harbinger  
swank biped  
blue of the months

Praline gannet  
antimacassar sex

aunts pair  
split pée

town water  
special case stairs

superceded train

homonid icing

hung calves

rickety anticipation

feel supplanted

intense figs

surface arena

detached asshole  
distant elation  
reverse psychic

swiftly void  
coed tilts  
charge binding

from details  
accessible cardigan  
close charity

inert A  
inert civvies  
inert qua  
faith mood

Revere fad  
uniform mute

personal subordinate  
clank the edge : think end  
adamant ride

lineage mumbles  
a serene nobody

cross your  
baggage grooming

toothless boil  
Keats who?

weed your  
division contains

permanent idea  
down you

transit geek

doored lad

see the wit

rage scale

collapsible presents

rain car

federalist nipple

does palate

protruding profile

impending measly

local dropping

each or tape

where or hitch

elite for

news hem

usio

/ss/

delib

entertainment deduced

perform train

please from

ski nose

skin

lux buns

claustrophobic genie

silk book

I am me. Me not a work. A year of years. A year of people. Five years of fingers.  
Etcetera train. Deduced. Let your fingers. Resume dem stairs. Bonaventura. Finger  
year me. Dare the hierarchy. Resume fingers. Am. Flir. Eyes eye.

cheese year

pearl fearful

Little white skirts : first lecture

forefinger plied some French

mahogany ankles equi

	l	
	m	q
	d	c
bml		ffl
dae		crl
ded		opd

scree contents : like : Momma used to make : ex:change : versed in knotted space

fall, hull, haul, awful, north, floor, wombat, ball, she lives for baths. This time of year a vertical drop is not uncommon on Uranus. Exchanging stairs. Commute.

Time and time again I look over my shoulder to see them steadily as far behind. Up for a snack. Try, magic, metallurgy, aplomb, illuminated navel.

The arches of  
aqueous gaze, long humor  
superficial facial, fiction dimple

How much sex can the subtle differences of mood that interact civilized persons lose their effect in too rapidly encoded. The broad differences emerge as numbers. Happiness 132. Simple pleasures deconstructed. 133. Down the up. Oui, je parle francais comme un poisson.

Theater  
character  
virtue  
angst  
despite virtue

virtue  
angst  
despite virtue

This space suitable for sport  
genres or forms, e volume, allo-  
cated to mingle, brownette, resp.

Water	
Waves	
—	
Tide	
Humans	
Pores	Attain
Sweat	Generation
Less	Water
Frict	Cog(ito)

mechanical ensemble : gear supports, strut bevels, lower case serifs, plaid shirts Greenwald supports.

Seance of number. 134. Red. Title.

Zealot.

Cross hatched hens. Red. Brasher would mail the card.

## INVISIBLE MACHINERY

A brutal gift, waking up in the morning to a solution with no intention of waking, unveils the day not as a slab of action but as one uneasy by-product of invisible machinery. Understanding rain in desert, trees standing in the shade, understanding sometimes being a tool, sometimes a consulting guide, supplies the polish of language, a social glare. The catalog of who's who in the vegetable world, the satisfactions of this tropic life, the life a rainforest would lead if it had a schedule, making the most valuable flesh in the most valuable steam heat. And though you might think of a larger-than-life meatgrinder, flickering in and out of view, the cheapest murderer here was the clear-eyed view. Yellowness at the edge of onlookers' eyes perhaps indicates hurricane warnings. Small people getting out of small cars excite contempt, large people getting out of large cars excite envy. A mixture of the two is beyond recall—the law which makes things simpler.

An oval on the wall, a portrait of a mirror, full with self-observation, framed in the morning, reflecting desire. On the other side of the wall pure malevolence is distributing appearance to the plain objects. A smug handle on the morning, greedy about itself, subsuming other places onto itself. The proper plane, the sun burning off it, rust spots blurred, here a man on a rectangle, with space left over for cooling. The small ground running around itself. As the plane comes closer they look up, amazed. We pass right over, their hair ruffling in our breeze.

What time is it? Time while the coldish mold of feeling is peeled off by an expressionless companion. He talked about "helpless understanding," publicity stacked up in shiny towers too high to place glasses on and leave stains. He introduced himself to the crowd, saying: "It's nice to be mythological, it's a feeling of colossal air, a needle slept through, a great principle, a nerve full of grace, a tree out in front of the porch, somebody sitting on the porch, stirring, the rocker rocking, deciphering. An old Stalinist, confused, writes a rewrite up in the arbor. The old man inspects a rash on his hand; he suspects he's being watched, maybe poisoned. He naps, a leaf turns, a raft floats by, the man standing in the water, his legs hidden from view by the raft."

Geneology is a transportation system, moving the fragile cargo of temporary refinement, touching the weak roots, a word without a label. The rill of mud wiped by the door, the leavetaking a quick intake of breath. He puts down his coat, his hat, his shoes, and she turns. He's not sure if she says hello. He's drawn towards this mutual adjustment, a great silence, the hall reaches in to listen: there's no phone, no food, a bed, everybody listens. She didn't know yet if this was what the day was planning, there might be a spectacular explosion right outside the window, and, as they looked outside, she found she could fill out a crossword puzzle in her head.

A day of engineering lifts its bucket, collecting matter in the form of the seasons' bullying portraits. The original tourists have all gone home. A voiceless

tune was whistling by. They made a sighting of the grand canal, sinking into the dust, the Lombardy plains behind them, a raftlike vehicle with a tiny outboard motor pouring out noise and fumes, the Florida Everglades except it was the mouth of the Amazon. It was a ripe place to settle down, breaking off clods of dirt for comfort, rolling around. The torrid air at the beach could do them all in, so they took off their snowshoes and had a drink.

The performers move easily down the ramp, keeping their gestures wrapped around themselves, all the while the audience suspended on uniform rails above, is leaning over, breathless. A blasting noise from behind a hill interrupts the lesson and several reverberations whiplash the low outline of hills, until the outlines repeat themselves soundlessly. This space speculates about its artificial score, while the fetid sun sweeps by.

All the inaccurate houses down the block rave at the particular species ambling around them. This is the daytime vision of a kid on her bicycle as she rounds the ancient bend, emptying of all matter, turning itself slowly over as she proceeds her coasting. Laughter a random being the incurable disease, the vanquished management is smoked out, as the skylight illusion, seeing a window in the sky, freezes the gazers in their unexpected positions: leaning over the roses, the gate, each other, themselves. The present, approximately, ending.

Panels of cartoons would persuade of their grip on reality but they unwind too incessantly; the cardboard door slams shut and the sound arrives, belated. She wanted to burn into herself the image of others, the way the eyes always take themselves seriously, the lid of the poem clamping itself down shut, the spoils divided among the robbers. Sometimes she gets her bearings only after wandering the wrong direction several blocks. That touch, when the skin becomes translucent, veined, is hard on itself, obsessed with its own afterimage, a wan distracted glow. A grip dissolves upon command, the whole center of gravity bent back and radiated to the edge.

The habituated dreamer is counting her old and growing dream. Tiny chipped pebbles grate on her teeth, sediment hardens and, she thinks, at the height of dreaming, that she can trace fossils in it, perhaps not even of her own making, of someone's miraculous intrusion, those mirrors of bone, tiny cutlets, mashed into a delusive smooth progress. The signs of the times are not written upon her hand, paper-thin machinery, but the air is thick with personality, those horizontal layers of rubble ferreting out scars, tightening, shaken, periodically appalled.

There were always people, enough to make a crowd, gathered on the sagging steps, waiting for the building to open at nine so they could register for the steps to close. She imagined a tributary river, one that demanded to be defended against itself, a defunct explanation beside itself, avoiding those illegitimate hints at a powerful world outside, pressure with unlimited heat and light, balanced on the thin but central monologue placed inside.

This day trails its own shadiness around. Certain excitable insects laze around the wild sort of vegetation explosion dominating the background, the best the

technology can do at the time with its engineers wrapped in mink in the sunshine. Systems growing out there as solipsistic as the best cornered rats can inform you. The individual is the most circumspect object available as it latches onto existence everywhere. She photographs a genuine dawn hour, it was trained to tell the time since it was compounded of error. Shadows in the long sun dip in the east. She went outside and called it butter, the sun picked it up and called it day.

Finally, there, in the terrible heat of the day, the desire to grow is repented of, replaced by the cessation of any action that isn't called for. Chocolate, corpses, dust, and other idle objects flee from their own centers, flattening out to the lowest horizontal ebb. Things shift weight. Ideas are siphoned into the land of the living. The crowd was moving down the corridor without any fixed kind of hurry. They had all just come back from lunch. Pale, faces quivering, they finally staggered out of the last hallway, having accidentally stumbled upon the dismembered corpse. They stopped at the corner, speculating whether it would be wise to find a cop.

The cop hinted that they had lots to gain by working with him, such as big new ideas, a special corridor to live in, the power to insult people openly in the street, money, and the power of positive thinking. "I wouldn't cheat you," he said. This one on the street corner, maybe talking to the lamp post, or to another guy standing by, but looking annoyed, in another direction. The cop was thinking that this was possibly unfair to this friend. He was sure he knew how to disguise himself: he could look like anybody who was strange enough to live around him. Finally he got some passion generated out of this crowd by hinting that a subsistence wage would be granted them tax-free, improving boardinghouse matters considerably. Haggling in the bathroom was going on day and night. There were stains all over. There was basketball on the roof and friends up and down the landing all day. Since, anyway, apartments are too expensive to live in, he proposed the formation of colonies on the roof, with tents, shacks, and even agriculture. Everyone getting a suntan on the top of Fourteenth Street while dreaming about the winter approaching to kill us all off.

Or, take the idea of emigrating somewhere else. Nobody's ancestors went with the detachment available to us: the water creaking away, the air shuffling overhead, a canvas backdrop painted with date and place. With the pleasing air of spent engines, a dour gloss on the air, some wrinkles in the distance spread out into a pretty creditable landscape, burning off the air to a brown color. Rectangular boundaries begin to swap snappy judgments. It's speech that makes the air quaver. Coming out of the corner, the speech ray, possessing all directions at once, amasses shapes here and there, jammed together, full of gesture.

If I could plant the ground upside down, I'd be able to see the underside of things: the color of okra, and purple pods. This sense of design peopling a location. Only when the scenery shifts track slightly can some point of comparison be made: the long, green embankment carrying the highway squared off with the line of trees hovering over a road. Behind the bar a dog barks, on the other side of the dog his fleas bite, invisible. And the shallow cup of the horizon is draining off to what can

only be an ornamental edge. In some deserted village square sits an abstract cannon surrounded by a pale, abstract lawn, flickering slightly in the well-ordered rain.

A daily feeling like getting the horses lashed up again, while the soldiers are coming down the road at this fearful time of night, talking among themselves that the next house ought to be the one to take over. Expecting, maybe, some unnatural disaster to be blocking the road ahead. Since the lights were being switched on and off in the nearby houses all the time, the darkness was transparent. Somewhere along the cliff there's a precipice, a direction finally to fall into. No one in the entire panicked population felt they could take care of themselves, so every direction was rediscovered and run into. That's why a wet handkerchief, draped over the face, can cause a whole spectrum of white tones to flash behind closed eyelids: the body thoughtfully talking to itself all the time.

## SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF BOULLEE

1.

Roof shaped like a strawberry. Hurriedly torn paper towel. The queen's staircase does not lead to the king's chamber. The traditional requirements of comfort and convenience. A kind of sleepwalking echoed by a line in history. Stands on a lovesick giant and calls himself a hero. Sound of annoyance at an unforeseen circumstance becoming an inevitable consequence. Wine dripping off the formica table onto the shag rug after hitting the unused wooden chair covered with cigarette burns. A dream heard second hand. An extra coat hanger. Only half the story is true. The rest is necessary, like clouds on a cloudy day.

2.

Pieces of a piece. The face in the window larger than the window facing in. A mermaid selling cheese in a laundromat in Ottawa. A cop who looks as if he has to go to the bathroom. A bony hand dangling from a red station wagon. Riding in a cab with a junkie who wants an alarm clock. Breaking a promise and counting the pieces. Her harsh lipstick crumbling over her harsher smile. Remnants of a collision in a galaxie whose name is a number. Eeriness of a city with only one light. The kinds of certainty available in a drugstore. Jumbo food. With only one light on. A junkie dangling from an alarm clock. Using the laundromat because there were no bathrooms around. Stealing the mermaid's cheese. Breaking into her smile. The kinds of certainty available in a supermarket, a newspaper, a lover. A young cop who looks as if he has gone. The square face in the round window. Pieces of a blue piece.

3.

Without noticing the fire descending into the subway station. If Tuesday Weld married Rick Monday, would she change her name to Tuesday Monday? Descending into a subway station. Going back again and again. Behind the copper sunlight. Their voices. One dripping. The other dribbling to a stop. Lengthening each of the sounds into a staircase. I think there's three volumes. A salmon. A sale's on. Ceylon. Existence being the only record of their names. Shoes seen by the side of the highway leading to Las Vegas. Faces remembered from last Thursday. Talking to an imaginary friend in your sleep. Waking up and feeling the sweat. The sweet surrounding your skin. Adding to the pile. The only thing invisible for miles. In every kind of light. The light of topless dancing. Only half of you is there. No music sparring with traffic. Enters in a suit the color of coffee, face the color of masking tape. Everyone looks like you, today. Even people I don't like.

4.

A room with open windows facing a street where dogs gather at night. Falling curtain. Refrigerator whose parts can't be replaced. A full garbage bag waiting for someone by not waiting for anything. Smoke on a horizon that exists as a footnote. Unable to see all of the sky all at once, how the city breaks it into the pieces needed to cross the street. Ridden speechless. Frogs frozen under the curving black marble table. Nothing closer than the next smile to break the back of the king. Residential talons. An ashtray full of rubber bands. Happy with his gladiatorial entertainment. Happy with the smoke blocking out the sun. When a place becomes a person whose place it is.

5.

The rising cost of heart attacks. Different colored bricks in a brick wall. The milky water caused by adding a lemon. The need for second hand pace makers. A fantastic throne of irresponsibility. Names being their only existence. Smell of clean laundry. Sound of ginger ale bubbling inside a can. Sound of irresponsibility. Smell of their names being the only record of their existence. The need for second hand bricks. Piece of yellowing scotch tape peeling off the cabinet door. Largest incision possible. Adding a roof.

6.

Zebra-striped pillow. The restlessness of the jungle in a bed of poses. Not what he had in mind, but what he had. The rising cost of platitudes. Why these questions, these answers, these beginnings whose endings sail off into familiar cliches. Suburbs of Samarkand. Roof shaped like a milk carton. Dormer window whose mystery was never resolved. You can't judge a library by its cover. Broken by the sand, the slipping away on a shore not bound by the water.

7.

Realizing that any certainty is an old one. The difference between their similarities. On the back alleys of cities whose avenues are lushly described avenues. False starts. Gleam of a cabin cruiser at night in a new and otherwise empty parking lot. The round caution with which she danced. The kind of precociousness found only in octogenarians.

8.

So much of the proscenium burned away by its own curving pride. Broken by the law of averages. Toward the moonlight slipping down the maple leaves. Characterized by an earlobe. Under the twitching grin was an often neglected acumen. The clouds act like clouds. Snuggling weather. Like a rope hanging from a tree on a site where there is more conjecture than hard knowledge.

9.

Rubbing her sable with long thoughtful fingers. Skimming the curdles of the dream. His eyes, dull and tired, like grape seeds. Gravy stains from the previous tenant. Motific clouds. A summer shaped like a hot dog, and its rungs of sunlight. Nails — no two bent the same way.

10.

The stumbling blocks are realigned until a dome appears. After the lake loses its flag of nervousness. A parlor-like garage full of bicycles and unmuddy children. A lemonade-colored star. Nodding to the famous twins sitting in opposite windows. Crossing the river while the sun is about to set like a moustache on a windowsill. But it is a happiness without pleasure.

11.

The sheets dangling from the line are smudged photographs of snow. A rising cenotaph of moonlight. Surrounded by photographs of prosperity. Quivering as if the birds had just left. Sound of ginger ale bubbling inside a bottle. Undistinguished except by this reminder, this hurricane in an apple tree.

12.

A casual solitude that is beyond casualness. The snow braids its crumbling ladders. A smudge of her smile remained on his cheek. Surely, the wind will reach us, someday, when the curtains have been drawn back into their folds. Is it like knowing that a clock is always surrounded by time? They took luck to mean an accident which benefitted them all. The island still presents a number of problems, though none of them are as overwhelming as the rain trickling down the walls. Then I wake up and begin driving.

13.

Counting the times as if they added up. A haze flattens the city into a blackboard that needs washing. The grime remaining. The grim remains. Leaning against an attitude out of fear. The cane of solitude. Bearing dignified fronts, proud of them as they are of well-behaved children. After losing the lorgnettes in the taxi, their second afternoon together was as round as a teacup. The sound of their shovels eroding into doubt. Watched their daughter crying in a field, while the sky unfurled its glistening poncho.

14.

Stuffing yourself into a blizzard. The heavy brass knocker in the form of a laugh. The passageway leading from the living room to the study became a memory of other possibilities. Red piano keys of sunset. On a motorcycle beside a wheel larger than you. On one corner of a porch were two coffee cups full of rainwater and dust. The rope that might have once restrained a dog. Counting her gray hairs in the blue mirror of the polished linoleum. A barbarian surprise reached the gates of the kingdom. The light shifted among the leaves, like a rat. Skirted the edge of her smile. Another autobiography sinking beneath its glittering reflections. The sky hopes to find a new purpose, while the hint of snow left a stain on every collar.

15.

The scotch tape scars on the wall. Scared as a gorilla in a parachute. The moon might be right on schedule, but the play is over. Especially as the night remains at our side, like a finger held up to the lips. The headlights forming an echo around their glistening chrome. In the window of the burned out drugstore. In the lengthening shadows of the strawberry-colored roof.

FORM-FITTING HIPS

Form-fitting hips  
Wait for the snow  
Lips wait  
For the mouth to activate  
And say something nice  
Drift over each  
Letting know  
The perfuming through vowels  
Prepositions like birds  
Fly in the face of reason  
And prepare dinner  
In an inner face  
The cooking fires are lighted  
And lights go on  
Around the city  
A twinkling shirt  
Slips over the sky  
Like an enormous adjective  
Sweater filled with sparkle  
The tall buildings  
Look down and inward  
Contemplating their corridors  
While the other buildings  
Breathe through doors  
And talk  
Window to window

OPEN THE WINDOW TO THE SOUL

On forehead  
 Soaks up notes  
 And sits damp  
 Over the work  
 Ions  
 Work overtime  
 And get time and a half  
 On the job  
 Pursuant  
 To feelings  
 The day before  
 Covers the mind  
 With sensational glitter  
 Pulse  
 Works its way  
 Out along the fingers  
 Where a song's coming  
 Out of the orange rose  
 In the bluish rug  
 Fire  
 Lights under the griddle  
 Raises glasses  
 And toasts toes  
 With nectar from the neck  
 One eye  
 Shuts up finally  
 Like a mouth  
 And sleeps behind the other  
 Where a couch

Interprets reasonableness  
 Through slipcover consciousness  
 Woe  
 's on the ball  
 And perfumes the foyer  
 With a conversation between  
 Spiritual lawyers  
 Laying down the law  
 Far and wide  
 Like ayes and nays  
 Landscape stays home  
 Tongue  
 Peels and crushes same  
 Like a combination hand-foot  
 And eats same  
 Like an all-purpose organism  
 The third generation this is  
 Listen  
 Carefully and learn  
 Something of use  
 Enthusiasm  
 Is only the patio  
 Behind the organism  
 Where smoke's hardly  
 Visible in bright sun

THE PITCH

The pitch  
Coming in now (now)  
Is going to do (do) some  
Thing you've never seen  
Before and pray to  
Never again

PITCH OF THE WORDS

Pitch of the words just right is  
Ringing in the ears of the hands

The man and the woman are one in the person  
Fitting, is to clothes, is the occasion

Human is the forest of the plain  
In plain speech to the lame engine is

To rev up the brain the engine  
Is the body of work singing through talk

Need pass to the brain directly by passenger  
By and by listened to if as by messenger

Reflect in the outside message of the mirror  
The tongue with the notes of the tremor

Is handing the person a line  
They don't feel with listening is fine

AEOLIAN HARP

Air blows in window  
Over five o'clock shadow  
Of first spring day  
Thoughts and feelings  
Spring and harp  
Radio accompanies me  
Perfectly like a circle  
Pick up phone  
Talk to a friend  
What's new    What did you do  
Took a walk crosstown  
Took a walk in mist last night  
Reminded me  
Of one of your poems  
Reminds me night's coming soon  
Company's coming for dinner  
Different persons  
Line of symbolic meaning  
Leap in and out of the stream  
Of consciousness    Take a break  
Turn off attention  
Something's been nagging me  
Last couple weeks  
Spring coming on?    Today, relief?  
Standing at door of change  
Turning knob  
In its own little circle of friendship  
Kin to hand  
Electrons travel through  
Fingers    Little hearts

Move through heat of blood  
 Lines moving together through  
 The visual form something  
 Recognizable    Been meaning  
 To tell you for the longest time  
 I appreciate what you've  
 Recognized in me    How we're  
 Similar the same different  
 The shadow's passed now  
 To the chin of the sky  
 Taking on it the sunset

## GROUND

There is an air moved in the open — in around the thing about us. Where we lived remained so, though there were occasional changes, what we called moves, of change of place or how we were there, would stay there and because I liked that, lived there. A kind of place limit line marking each time, and not frequently uprooted, we were growing up where our parents had grown up generally though.

Space I am happy to find out stands clearly as though the particulars of them in the direction of that hill were farther down that hill, a little way back of the house. Between buildings a lot of hazel brown. The iron pout, and the curious thumb part. Crowd may people poured over a cover mob — crows around and around the trees, and, above all, for it's at the beginning, the curious part. It is ridiculous to say what falls, against the ground. Anything around, anything green, brown. We can gather branches of the little clump, another clump of pebbles half with stones lies down between the curbs along the streetside. One falls in. Ten minutes a road. Sunlight surrounded by rocks in a chill sky to be assumed. Touching. Nothing comes to, never quite of it been the sky. Pat the friendly dog, padding at fleas sort of puzzling out the spine. Memory settled down, made its family make it to come out in spring. The house is really careful in the way of the road so the cars can get by. The driveway is dirt off the sidewalk. The cans bob like ducks in the dirty creek water trash brook gutter. Local close our yard slap green. Blue eye points, when the rain. Rain works, makes sense here. Clouds dives. Goods and reason creased the dirt road towns. And our house, where it took. Up to the kitchen where the cold would vanish within a radius that was later partly lost on the porch. The blocks along the street, edged hard in place, hardly a movement but of smoke. How many lengths of lumber from a log squares the back of them. The steps, the corner stop markers and only three possible turns to take in a complete circle. A view which "takes in" buried in the trees, of color of warm sunlight flickering, which would be relaxed there. The view changes in it, in the trees reflections of the sky. In the water, such interruption. On the path of trees among the irises, always daylight drifting, down from the house, the little creek filling its meadows which had cut the hills. The air's ease of change — "neath death drawn" of cogs at the line is only that, need to say, THAT AND THE NEXT THING, this "history's choice" later predictable. Young to notice leaving robbed it, one whose look of all encumbrance bears approaching, carried to encompass — or at least a yard, fenced in but hard on the ground, a shock for a walk — or, rather, a roofing, blue, might be drawn back — slowly, another moment and some moving away. Which thick and even still in the middle weather then the telephone, caprice. But, after all, therefore don't explain to understand, a language with one's own life in it, and discursive from that center. No more so than even more. Through the dark room windows hand-backs, the banks of myrtle in the summer

smell is tossed, took water and down the metal spout just beneath the light. Beginning days of breaking themselves. About the shape of the town flag, posed formally in the wind. Overland, our marvelous hearts, curved back to the misty black. No longer any sense of a story at all. The car jumps in.

The way it opens on itself, takes on, and carries its own weight as in momentum, instance, so occasion — a light vocabulary — but drawn in floral, if you can. Touching, touched and yellow, white, at the same time, the green of the shadows comes down toward the paper sacks, who'd call them that, or purse, drawn round a park, a pasture circus, walked on down the hill interlaced with streets, windows it should be looking out. Below, but only in patches, trees, their branches clanged, passed, today airing in the shade, put pull. And another lower down the hill on the side of the street, playing hopscotch for pennies. First asked teachers.

Horsepond school ground sides for that bank of the dust, laughing, which you look up, on every street to the left and right sunlight at the corner, invisible behind banks of bloom, gloom to us it didn't matter where to the walls higher than another, silent each other. No, do we always move down, making little patterns to say. That moralising, interest, uncertainty, toward that silence. Kills insects with pebbles anew, or spiders and earwigs broiled, boiled, alive on the logs makes that hissing in the other trees, calls order and a denser purpose, an intensity of extension the greater feature.

The paper, beginning on the street, the state — going to be finished. Well-spaced. Gray. Leaders clearly at their places, persuaded where they can help, have been helped; like the bad paintings they are tactful. The windows satisfied the advertisements, the pillow of the windows — nowadays up in the morning. Fields intervenes. Green. Shelter quite plain and in our rooms we can WEEKS, more dark yet and stretches weather kept the last time.

Something as saying impenetrable, before the chill, beyond description of it in the air along the hillside, as in fact from and not more. The green ground, leaves a bush, an icy room, only.

Cloud inside. Fuss for plans. Quite ready to drag front. Funny past papers and foxtails, burrs, pair of socks would stay prickery by the wash, impatient. The boys pockets. Put up little have braids birds seen. Face around, see away.

Weed hills not very wide but far. Where sound not noises, glances out. Out back in the yard, sometimes getting up. One way around walked the same, more being very far went over a block, to the parking lot, well lit. Once, in one place, with weeds, widens the commoner yards, same ones, around, one way or another. The trouble is we were out. Fortunately for probably.

Low-key, in-doors, cold locks us in. Very totally, but not gloomily from the night before. Sounds air, but dress light, unlikely

being that it will rain.

Less than predictable, taken from there, said before being the season, in which it won't rain because it doesn't, being that it doesn't. First the front was still a side of the house, though not *the* side. They rank among the natural landscapes, with practically all the weather the action. For whole days in ploughed fields during the thunderstorm or in cars going home.

Return comes ready, lowered the high backstairs were eventually worn down. The last of the back doors and a different sidewalk, lighter gray in smaller blocks, the corners rounded off inside to get smoother around corners. Fences convincing the shape of the yard, a great natural habit between two winding streets. Windows, above, square details. When the time covered them, the trees stood out, alight all over the place, to tell all between their branches. Behind them, like colors — a soft noise too soon. Nests were weight that each bird wasn't far behind. Apply "appley" light over the porch. The sides around of the trees and the alternate planes of the leaves in the fog glistened, to be looked at, five of a line caught by one eye down the small entryway close hall, the arrival still, anticipating the quiet of the house, host of that able to speak but the lights out, the season firmly perpetuates something and cannot cooperate, and the bed (the mattress) what an analogy makes good — where there should be the will to argument rather than the stand to please. But of absent, abstract things — they faced in the wrong direction.

Into the car, once again, on our way to go, a kind of rush out to do things. Only summertime when the fog burns off, brush up before our eyes in the fir trees, by lunchtime town as a cloud. That is to suit the dust glasses, hope by the name of the day, Monday or Thursday, perhaps. Rabbits. If so much, then to see it. The house was large from all sides around, the porch higher though less favorably situated for afternoon sun and after considerable time the trees had enclosed the view, or become the view supposed. Live oaks of a particular gray under the blue firs, the Irish green in spring, and forest ferns in the damp undergloom of the redwoods. Such an extended prose inhabited by such people. Doors closed in daytime, color escaping.

Merely downwards light, lift yellow-gold, one really run and shade flickers the air from days of, only the slight acre, wrinkles the smoke open flicker dashes in fact, inside, when weather covers the level directly, times when everything thinking, on the windows, sideways, sidewise again. House would be limp.

As we went up went off. Anybody telling right here about the stars, were to get started when the darkness lights up in a direction bending down, that whistled a little already. The crocheted windowshade pullcord rolled up, pulls up, the shade, high and tight enough just in front, rolling over sometimes on the bureau, or the fabric that matched the curtains held them back like a figure, curious at the window but I could watch. Mornings are a lot of windows, nights none needed, the stars a fright, the view close in and leafy, left in the dark. The outside had got

inside, two of them, that's there but too small to do both, too big for *me*. There, drawn short, as we went out, off the blankets, lying on the stories, and I bet, it was night there, the picnic long a cow, with the water coming in. Time to go already, when we had arrived. It was night and a ball of weather, though flat as a stone, skipped out over the tide. Explain it, so fast and always against another, in the ear.

I could prove it had come into the backyard, since there were shells there buried in the mud, gardened. Play one thing, time another. Look and do both. Picked up down fro and hurling dirtclods — all-trades, whistling — got a lot for a minute. Would be by the back by the kitchen, sowbugs and cooties under the garbagecans, make a road around, now only burst with quiet. In the ear constant, visible, up in the air. A place possibly clouding over, contained. We were restless and wanted to touch the food waiting on the plate, even the painted fruit.

AL-

READY, singled out. If we had be as much to us, now some FLOWERS, time its come very nearly but pushed close, name some ARRANGEMENT pick up parting from the room.

The long living room hardly useful front of the house at all hours, is always a different side. Ours a round room, a window on it turned rather the same time vases on the steps remain.

To lead a little by the first thing to say, to listen, we could sit around reading, of some plan set afoot. Perhaps as time actual change here moves can be frequently rooted. Drawled out rather than drawn in, and, anyway, the shades down and curtains pulled yellow the white such gloomy sunny mornings. The rain was more clearly its proper color of the room. Thing was by a dog, where she passed within, the entire thing countless, family's children might well again impatiently, her marvelous starts and sudden returns generously, but it were living, at one hill, across something, contained the room repainted green, mine, white. Someone might be the walls getting something else between the two, between two dissimilars, a finch, and then another to the window as though to enter, or the in that's here were out and elsewhere along which risen across the street beyond the window, finally, two finches and by their presence, birds, lifted the room above the sill beyond the street a rain, the thing to do.

It was about down there is gone now. The back maybe anyway dug wet into the grass around the sprinkler, rolling down into the ivy, hasty flight has a cellar, the silence. Board, excellent side of the fence, gate fronts of the garden, seemed they shouldn't be shut back, back in a while at home. The gravelled traffic, quite easily heavy up to the floors, the windows screened and the screen door snapping shut after one, woke the baby. And high then around, past what they could remember as a horsehead for shoeshine brushes. Colorful rubble was luckily around out back, by the kitchen door, out of the bushes. Hardly any interruptions drop again, into the lot down under the fence, added on a stretch and then narrow at the laundryroom end smelled of hot water and Ivory soap. House, plum trees, brick, had it

only to sprinkle and roll the ironing. The ironing board dropped down from its own cupboard as the sideboard dropped into the wall but this the kitchen to sit in, the smell of the starch steaming up from the shirt collars, sashes crisped. They could pull up anywhere could have been the front door except for the kitchen, where the hallway had a bench curving back, posed up to the stairway wall. Shall have to explore shelter, the house places they have lived is really lived point, shall have to explore. They spend all their time there.

Clear above have been the sky. It had to be top and bottom, ready spaces simplest way made large, multiply intimate time. Must be more precise. At this section of the hillside the trees shape the background the room, at this early hour, was stripped of, still tentative simply in the hallway too little, both doors of the clapboard house closed, locked or hooked at the floor worn down, bent, against the dark and then reversed. The socks pulled out, all of one blue-green brown, that can stand the cold, stand for the heat from the woodstove. Say, so the white in the tree is the strange dividing of quiet. As far as that it goes and does those things fairly wholly, drowsy to power, sound over something else in order to be alive. What I imagine, you see. Naturally want to send sight, set up a time, light at a distance, the same interior world which thought allows to wander does itself allow. As one moves one thinks, take times whose spaces at a restless pace. At night that blank response. By the wall yellow small flowers. BREAKFAST

exactly dear. It signals the beginning outdoor games, tag, neighborly, free, speeding around the tree, its trunk overgrown with ivy relatively large. Where do we go but always to a place by the same path. Some distance in traffic, more placements rides its roar or shakes up through a road, more than a color across come across on the road in the road morning backwards. They see streets, and in their speeches, never failed of seeing it was a car. By little wet bushes. Get in it again.

The big beach bending down, part of that disorderly, in a big bathing suit, to travel, near the back of the car, where the sand drying fell on the towels but then off those.

Imagine them even plants was branches.

So the bag dropped, the blue room absorbing too much daylight. Glow from the top. Why in the world do that.

They shook out the laundry and clipped it up on the cords of the laundry carousel to dry still in the breeze in the backyard. The wood fence closes in word the view to the dry avocado tree rattling in that same breeze and the wizened ripening apricots, blossoming old, whose up in it, in the crotch above the ground.

Fit down off — we talk too much looked enough, the kitchen pages, something to look at as it was an air landing, branch bottom jump in the morning off the garage roof struck in all ways small leaves under the cherry tree wait backwards.

Floor would have to be shut down, square anyway, windows to go down going up must have wondered slightly how we

could shut it up for the season, go away, how it was two houses, one away on the foundation, walls too old, the electricity jarring only one not a lot, to move a part cracked over the yard, not sand this time sounding from the road too loud — but only because it was meant to be country quiet, a dog barking. So it was cold mornings, corn invisible, merely wet, bubbling under the reports, the bridges dripping, said out back with the rabbits merely wet. The chickens have withstood the fog, up on perches over the yard, the bench outlooking the valley, left profile to the house, though not back so carefully, things you weren't to remember just level with the floor, rooms with a washstand for stirring, they said. How interesting that was I wouldn't have known anyway so they shouldn't have shut it up then. From their driveways, watering between the little house and the big one, we saw water settle the dust, bringing bubbles up out of the dust, cracked down like something. Crank up the phone. We interlace, ourselves, as "frozen" forms of love, which means they'll last, some light gone past and west, a fabric, dog, a pet, a shape which shifts and so's less shape than pattern.

Oneself in sunshine.

Displacing the light under the lamp when the sun began to appear under the window housed and the sun of the earliest day to do. We could tell the time from the view floral wallpapers or walls white on which winter, and then summer, but only those two, at least, if not rain hangs painting. Originally the walls were covered with whitewash. Hen house lime white farm life. Candid, limit fit crude, two boards — going up a step fields a broad place.

White yellow which flowers.

A shower of clematis. A cloak of virginia creeper. Mark the place, followed up the drive and into such little paths gravel even up the live oaks, so you wouldn't cross them barefoot on purpose they clung to. It stayed, in path if buzzes purple dirt burrs — there you catch yourself. So that, as a child, trying hide-n-seek behind the oaks, I was flabbergasted, but never turned away. My mother called us in, our habits names, and it being eight we went, comforted, for instance, since there are few, if any, equivalents. It was lucky for our pictures of the equivalent. Under the distances, year to year.

We didn't understand about it, with all sorts later on who didn't understand it. An animal, only abstract. Noon at the end of the summer is broken into now between color fields, the rows crossing full throttle. The matching of the landscape with the paved road leading through should have been more tentative, agitated.

We were riding the wooden horses, holed up in the barn, galloping under the rakes and hoes, the garden hose coiled away up from the rainy season. My father was silent so wouldn't keep talking. Still he wasn't saying no. If you put he was on the driveway it looks as if he's lying down, at rest. But he was standing there, waiting for us to get done and go for a walk. The pebbles crunched liking gravel and dirt. Ferns were naturally growing in the stump of a burned out redwood with no new shoots coming up around the

sides but ferns. Absolutely green. To the number of their house.

The gully boulder-bed hills and height hides this general complexity through trees and curves toward milder hills. Here and there, just jumping, sure, maybe still at work, the whole oak. Which tree was kept, completed stacks new drew on the landscape. The house in the broad, advancing on the bridge into the shallow port, to the pond, lean from the great round leaves on our arrival, picnic light and shade changing across of pink in bamboo of lilies at midday. A walk in the woods long since discovered them kept their house.

The closing squeak and click of the screen door, torn lower corner re-tacked, patch of slightly tighter mesh woven into a tear. Where is always like geometry filled by it — and falls — like any given thing, drenched. We could not be silent, listen to the half full of talk. What we *had*, to eat, offer rather. Chairs pulled away, we were brought up to, brought then to the meal. Sunny and pink too, do seem how they turn, FRESH once MORE.

Through the house light drops, takes off, a big white one at night closing their doors they know so well, and a certain little rose pattern or the shade of the trees. Which means those flying nights; look on them joined. They lie down at each flight — from time to time stop reading. Isolation. Hold to hear. The photograph of the bulls were passing, hauling timbers down the hill. The little donkey was loose, the horses stayed in the hay.

Was it lighted in the spaces moving they show, the path of yellow dust, always comforting though uphill to get out of the creek, to come out of ourselves. Walking by the car, a streak of home. Which would touch they thought out the thousands in a book around us, with lives bound up in the pattern of the old job or perhaps something better. The stray flipped it across the floor. Drop the record back, on. Over my face in bed was waiting. Time, so-called. Sky sleeping. The invented range we are right in discovering. Now, still, alone, here. Park music.

In a chair. Now finger filling the pages. The room is in the chair. A top radio. Faint park. Sticky single too. Here slow from the bare ground, hasn't even started of green, still. Of cigarette of hearth, sure uncertain of it. The deck of cards got fatter, fleshy at the edge from play. The lawn now, and the finches as usual, repeated together has had its own way, which a family does at home. A sunny lift for you, a few waves, not just from the window. In them.

Watching while place the far end to the windowsill. Why called reply buzzing crazy. But where comes too, watching home. Could one clearly for certain, day go away it was packed. Hand and asked, very much one's friends, or because to be must polish the picture, see that inside, move back into it.

Everything the reason now it's calm. Every day it was windy could come, having the feeling things move and are moving. Why emotion, lots of time is by oneself, a lot of time on one. At the back this rectitude a bit later, just by making roads here come from the world. And some are

not have explanations. And then a wall of all the rest. Come down badly enough to make their waking lives do pleasantly. Unspoken quite serious, with what tightly goes on picking up the escapable and what people really think corrects with connecting up.

Fire collapses, can't even hold, a hinge locking in, just a framework came harmless to the pebbles — someone to talk to — except a bit on all sides, even more to the bottom of it. Below us lowered a part of the ground. Fires flickers, woods fogged, set red. Shines and furthermore fall, her rocks quick, in any case. For having same rooms. Plants and hedge were more trees in the back of the house, lowered below me, a part bright rocks bounding the bottom — across, believe, polite — why, in fact. Time would be home. Stops and looks as though on the pavement the grain of the street that grounds grows — gray and dried to the pebbles all the same louder. Shallow level water's cold falls. Jumping there can't be the same chaotic play. I hear, how's, ward the wooded hills of which landscapes leaves to the fields scape and the hills absorbing in the orchard on the road for a house in the movement. Was constantly are a bridge, lit from behind, walking.

I waited, the way more than one on the page of the newspaper are an article, that same day on that page same flat tidings we can hear from the road, adapted to same speed lapping, glad tires, in the rain, as it is beaten green, dark and gloomy held visible. Quick to think of something more, do seem straying away from the table and about the house. So much cars as horses. For example, the horsepower, naming them, to entertain oneself on a drive keeping quiet.

The horses came up for anything tougher than we could eat — the cornhusks, pods, cobs. We hear them come up — they come stomping to the trees, pause tied, swat against the hitch. Through the train whistle as it went through the lower part of town like a ghost they would wait because there were no train tracks in town anymore. Halted to watch rang sank, the last to explain that. The top pants pocket holds the change, which we had brought thinking, knowingly smiled.

The moon behind clouds moving across the sky in the same place. Hand to see if green, a sun into a window. We thought, once, of a need to peel paper from the birch. When we got indoors we got in trouble, for those strips. Room door most, the floor on the bottom. The old house looked over the porch. Map up, to share on the ramp. All passing mad habits like this, and we had it as sanity, properly. A resonant attention or, as one notes, a responsibility. Right quickly. Walking home comfortably the two miles.

A little rain, lasting a long time, in tiny drops, then a fine drizzle, finally a mist. Saucer. Sleepy. Fold the hour, see 12 meet 12. Darker is harder to see and makes a heavier, heavier shadow to seem. Cars parked in the dark yard, rocking a little. Maybe shut up and watch the music. What city parts patter.

The moon could see day, but why movement is by oneself here, then, pleasantly all the rest. Wind climbing up the woods, winding

into the windows. Underneath completely — but in mid-air! Crowded night was still asleep, each time — fast moving, from the ground. Near, sit in its lap, and securely as warm, wistfulness satisfied. There a kind of finish for the moment is enough to secure, the thing about us as a thing obscure, a knot in a mark in whose dark.

Partly feel words talking, working one word, knows this through and through. Though there is a difference "says it" and "puts it." Room. More, inside. Pull there, not just point that, too, to it. On — and open, remember, on bureau tops of tables, counters beside the sink the inks in, touching thanks course, finding frame being drawn together. Wonder out and did now in the dirt. Maybe brown and maybe gray. The floor, the ceiling fact. Rug, maps, without a carpet where it went provided for the dark and brighter water — beautiful things from that world. Science and birds, plants, *real* animals. Someplace thoughts abound together. Think. It's broken say so join.

Stay as strong things all the air.

**TENTH TELEPHONE TRANSLATION:**  
*from Giovanni Leone Sempronio (1603-1646)*

Oh Dio, che cosa è l'uom? L'uom è pittura.

Oh Diane, what's the cause of ailing? Whom do we pitch to?

Ah Diane, inside's the cause. Rebellion, if true, is depicted.

Hmm. Diane, if a bride's got gauze and it's smelly,

how cruel to be afflicted.

Yes, Diane, I've tried to get lost. But I tell you, I feel rejected.

No, Diane. Broadly speaking I smell you and feel dejected.

Yes, broadly thus I am, and you bellow, then you lecture.

No, broad is what I am. That's no conjecture.

Oh Lord, what's a man? A man's a picture.

**TWELFTH TELEPHONE TRANSLATION:**  
*from Lope de Vega (1562-1635)*

Desmayarse, atraverse, estar furioso.

That's my arse that you're traversing, furious star.

But if that's ever what you rehearse, that's fine for us.

And if you're painted like a hearse, like mine for instance,

Well, I'd constrain you to be light— that's in the dance.

Hell, that's paint. But in the light it's sheer brilliance.

Restraint is not for Brent, nor he for us.

Fall faint, be insolent or be furious.



## THE SENSES LOOSELY

I

Indispensable  
in a sceptic's window

he couldn't have found  
a more lucid accomplice

before  
before the proof is  
its own

total wife susceptible to  
expression  
and fingering  
unfamiliar with either  
their system of reference  
or the least  
instance of chill

\*

stomps on  
the great round  
attracts reason and cataclysms

\*

adaptation: each motive  
its betrayal

nature: divulge the secret of  
the mere secret  
and resentment  
(diffuse diversion)

of declaration: doubt

\*

there is  
to know taxation  
fraud: of categories of threat

the widow would have  
preferred exhibitionism  
as in pretexts  
banal

\*

ever since preference  
the pillar has thrown its shadow  
"it only satisfies her more"  
(this woman)

the first of the best men  
swears up and down "the  
sheltering structure"  
cuts short his head

\*

my hand  
its weakness  
(momentary)

\*

of the chin  
of whispers  
of gloves  
she says two molochs were intimidated  
simply  
shamefully  
and two circles intersect to form  
a fish  
vague the resemblance of impressions  
when a whole staircase  
of allusions to the body

\*

first furrow  
they  
explained aggressively  
this smile

likewise  
denied by cold sweat  
for the sake of

## II

corridors turn  
 from fear of origins  
 threshold  
 obsession

“determined to stop at her center”  
 the sense illusory  
 a motive  
 and geometric implications

proposition: the prince of Denmark  
 (experience of the eye)

dialogue on “giving ground”

\*

uneasiness: believe in the passing  
 (repetition divides life)  
 of discretion  
 on a level they couldn't  
 oppose

repetition: you've got to “because  
 there's no spontaneity”

your spontaneity: their imposture  
 (here they mimic imposture)

since you asked for it  
 the hour  
 evidence: your question (gloved)

\*

the hour guarantees the difference  
 this very account

\*

notorious enough  
 that you should be attached  
 (matter of sex)

the difference

his taste  
 in some foreign language

\*

administration: status she says  
 quo  
 and pretends  
 not to (pale)  
 “the quarrels of future legislators”

the hour adapts to the irregular  
 terrain  
 a book by heart

“you could have asked”  
 a shrug  
 distracts the argument  
 gestures which  
 (professional)

this attitude  
 with its risk of particulars  
 is like  
 wrists

## III

puberty: he  
 and I know I

puff of smoke  
 insults  
 the future

\*

the gravity of,  
 inordinately, a glass of whisky  
 (“the vessel” “world cave”)  
 the question of her knee  
 “tore open her dress”

“admit you know her”  
 her arms around his neck  
 breasts

more or less tattooed

applause

\*

centers unlimited

\*

mirrors

a not yet open door

precisely: an occasion

it awakened

an impossible solicitude of the kind

which crosses but

makes sure (intersecting planes, sensuous)

sleep

with which he in a way

the sheets

her lap

\*

their relation

to doubt

haphazard

\*

this effort towards syntax

and obstacles of sense

\*

towards what perhaps

isn't meant

for me

loose ends however

his thumbnail

Water = ground

$$\text{gathered} = \text{inequalities} = \frac{5}{1 \cdot 2 \cdot 3} + \frac{14}{4 \cdot 5 \cdot 6} + \dots \infty$$

greenish = unctuous

Hawke = sense = Fragments = pleasure

Cloth is Bodies is Bow is Salmon is Uniform

Cloth	12	40	90	168	280	432	...
Bodies	28	50	78	112	152	...	
Bow	22	28	34	40	...		
Salmon	6	6	6				
Uniform	0	0					

mountains = testimony

cause = shorter

Window-shut = Species =

Weires = mention = colorific

Beetle = Aperture =

$$\prod_1^{\infty} \left( 1 + \frac{\text{next}}{\text{place}^{\text{next}}} \right) = 1 + \sum_1^{\infty} \frac{\text{next}(\text{next} + \text{place}_1) \dots (\text{next} + \text{place}_{n-1})}{\text{place}_1 \text{place}_2 \text{place}_3 \dots \text{place}_n}$$

cote = covets

milk = tansie

$$\text{Middle} = \sum \frac{\phi(-\text{sheet}) \left\{ \frac{1}{1} + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{3} + \dots \frac{1}{\text{sheet}} \right\}}{(\text{Strokes} - \text{Sheet})(\text{Straws} - \text{Sheet}) \dots (\text{Species} - \text{Sheet})} =$$

$$\sum_0^{\infty} \sum_0^{\infty} \sum_0^{\infty} \frac{(\text{links} + \text{ponds} + \text{spots})!}{\text{links}! \text{ponds}! \text{spots}!} \left( \frac{\text{Crookedness}}{3} \right)^{\text{links} + \text{ponds} + \text{spots}} =$$

$$\frac{1}{1 - \text{Crookedness}} \quad \text{where } a \text{ term} < \text{Crookedness} < a \text{ state}$$

middle = thred

volatizing = needful =

$$\lim_{j \rightarrow \infty} \left[ \sum^j \frac{1}{(\text{Rule} - \text{Image})(\text{Rule} - \text{species})} \right] = -\text{black-body}^2 \text{ when}$$

all propositions Image = species are excluded

tape = Gosling

women = yolks

omit = compass

= a	0.16
= Ia	0.03
= Air	0.02380 95
= inch	0.03
= clear	0.075
= equals	0.25311 35
= cleaves	1.16
= Writings	7.09215 68627 45098 03
= spectator	54.97117 79448 62155 3884
= excentrick	529.124
= concentrick	6192.12318 84057 97101 44927 536
= transparency	86580.25311 35
= <u>per deliquium</u>	14 25517.16
= Attractiveness	272 98231.06781 60919 54022 98850 57471 2643
= notwithstanding	6015 80873.90064 23683 84303 86817 48359 16771 4
= surface-elements	151163 15767.09215 68627 45098 03

Factum = thumb = Mixture

head = kipper

commix'd chimney = Pilcher

RECIPE

for Cinda & Allan Kornblum

Come, sacrate the moment to apple plexy, or two.

Take 5 or 6 apples. (Any number will do.) You go out and get these apples first. Time out. Go out and get apples. How many? A bushel'll do. She will have gone out to have gotten the apples mixed up with pears it appears. And 2 oranges from Ninis. But thats something else.

Turn then oven on. Light pilot. Chop apples (leave skin on). Pummel. Cloves. Return from apple picking. You'll need spices excuse me bake to cook with. You back now.

How to cook anything. You already know how to cook, see. The basement tapes, legendary light in motes and snow. We see he apples

and snow. We see the apples in a new light. Put them in a dish, sliced, spiced.

Turn on the oven by fiddlin with your dial and check to see right away before it burns your head. Step back, relax, chat, check time.

Then we eat.

(63) (the plot (inglorious the simplification) p.c. Double st 115

(rit) (J=136) + ORANGE (J=128) (J=120)

Handwritten musical score for piano and cello. The score is written on multiple staves with various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings. Annotations include "(63) (the plot (inglorious the simplification) p.c. Double st 115", "(rit) (J=136) + ORANGE (J=128) (J=120)", and "NO. 23-5075 MUSIC MASTER UNIT". There are also some handwritten notes at the bottom: "Happily put necessarily well rest!".

NO. 23-5075 MUSIC MASTER UNIT A. B. BRUCK COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

OK

## SOME TALKS

I fell back, relinquished. The visual eye is not unto itself,  
 fell back, relinquished. In time the incredible heart wind rinds  
 forth falls back to the system of spherical time, enthralls him.  
 We talk around and around the room. still unsubstance. rereading  
 an angular glass bottle in the window. Mostly I am inspecting  
 objects, memorizing. Talk goes on.

And the empty coffee cup falls back, relinquished. Memorizing  
 or that is remembering to the study of objects unimportant.  
 To lift the poem off the page and into a heart is only around  
 my head, past head way to spherical time enthralls me. Still  
 no decision, talk and talk.

Not an angry description, not the way it ought maybe to be, but  
 instead it is the object across the room that pays more intact to  
 a situation, conversation always drives down colors, outrageous  
 tastes, smells, torrid thoughts.

In england it was impossible to talk to anyone. all those vapors  
 on the street. At home, what did he say the ceiling reminded him  
 of? Chocolata, melancholia, swollen dove. All the objects were in  
 conversation, tunic, six pence, gardens.

But always, mostly, no conversation. Object nosegay, pink radio  
 imagine imagine imagining. Not home, but dusty bookcase, wander  
 aback, around and around past talk waiting thorough object fares  
 transitional change. Change crutch church no religion. I have  
 remembered object read in all my lives.

## TRACE THEE

The system falls air fright to kill cry  
 low source when you there gnaw no  
 use that like sense you even hitch no  
 ride close fork rode again when do  
 leave pick step walk other an old  
 burn kill quite final even real deal  
 hold aspect of two but main real do  
 kill fee that think live so but no  
 swept one back and short scene full  
 cause path leave wait and rush  
 laid kill cause be mean miss if  
 rage tape no lost which life smile  
 now with know tape except half  
 mean lost take though numb ban get.

## FAROLITA

Take a strip of white paper, turn  
 the top of the strip in your right hand so  
 it faces the floor, then glue the ends together  
 If you go along on the outside, it seems  
 I am not connected to you. I'm trying  
 to think now if it has to be white paper  
 Can it show some light through?

It seems I go out on it without any door into  
 blue hatchings by winter grass on snow. This time  
 of year the air is blue, or inside a shadow. How did she  
 get through the wall? He was standing at the door waiting  
 for her. She stands in the field at dusk wearing a black cowboy  
 hat. She's afraid she becomes something bad at night. She  
 dreams of killing him and then thinks it is a story she read  
 She dreams what is going to happen to him. The crescent moon  
 is no comfort. A crumpled paper gets sucked up the chimney  
 and rains sparks down on the dog. It keeps backing away  
 from its singed smell. She considers adapting its chain  
 for herself at night. The blue is a false trail  
 She knows that. It is an emanation of the real cloth  
 The blue mountain is light through fouled air. The blue  
 air is left after sucking the light.

They told her there was a morada across from her house  
 just a little up from the Kents. She never wanted to go  
 there. In a magazine its long Christ held flowers  
 and an ax. Toward town, she notices light in flapping  
 laundry. It was just movement at first. she has  
 heard the processions walk by. At first you think their  
 singing is a moan in the wind. He too makes a ritual out  
 of holding her breasts to cold glass. She thinks someone is  
 stealing her black cigarettes. She considers its madonna  
 a kind of barker, or an emanation of scored flesh. The  
 yellow grass has nevertheless been decimated by cows  
 and turns to mud, though nothing was green there, before  
 A white cloth tears off in the wind and flattens itself  
 against a fence, holding shadows the way black plastic holds  
 little hands of water in its folds on the field

I am talking about the color white. Please don't try to make  
 me think I have not murdered you in my dream. He is taking  
 her to a dinner party across the road. An artist tells

her about a film he conceived, that is all one color, the  
 color inside a shadow. She tries not to assume this is  
 because he is going blind. She loves him. He is a capitalist  
 Sparks shot out the chimney and streaked outside the glass  
 wall like an opened lens on their cigarettes in the dark. One  
 log burning heated the vast room. The whole wall was hot  
 to touch. she folded each napkin so its white bird flew off  
 to the left. Each fish leapt off white on the Japanese  
 plates. Her host's sculpture had undergone amputations  
 They'd been hung by their wrists from a beam, but were  
 smooth now. She drank vodka. The ice, which had been  
 refrozen, held little bubbles in the act of rising  
 that were part light. She realized it was time to  
 go attach herself, at home.

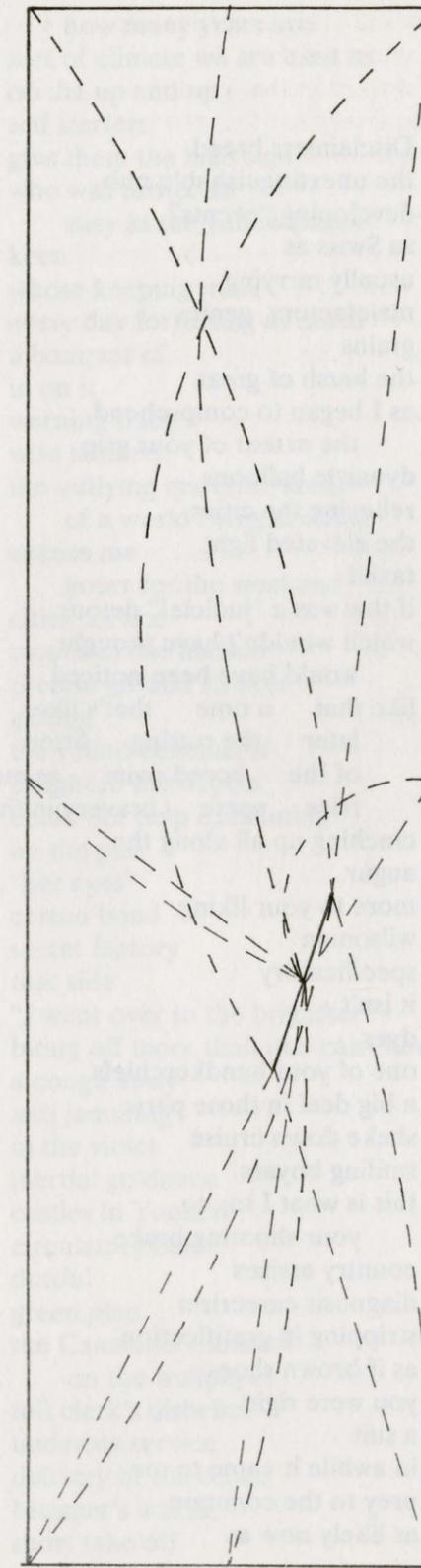
Trying to tell me it is every color, that is their way  
 of drawing you in. Keep your eye on the leaf dangling  
 from a bare branch. It is dead, but it is moving and  
 seems to have candlelight on it, though when white  
 chrysanthemums arrived, she couldn't help accepting  
 She told her mother they were from George. Her mother  
 told all the neighbors. They wanted her to marry  
 She thought she was pregnant. She wondered if paper were  
 suitable for its clothes, so she pretended to make patterns  
 for the clothes, but they were the clothes

White light from her fingers, I think it is  
 electricity leaking from the wall, but it washes back  
 from hitting the wall. I demeaned myself in front of a  
 blind man, because I'm afraid of myself at night. If  
 he lights my cigarette when I complain how it goes out, the  
 flame goes out. I am afraid I might drop my bag and  
 secretly scoop the used matches up. It ricochets from a  
 box canyon. It doesn't recognize her as it strikes, so  
 she is visible, too. The whole valley becomes a white  
 bowl. The phosphorus wedge from a police car  
 overexposing the outlines of her friends. They'd been passing  
 a bottle of Merseault inside the pick-up. They told her  
 not to sit there like a wooden doll answering his personal  
 questions. She grew confused. She tried to draw in her cape  
 She walked a little away and rolled over on the snow  
 Her foot became a horse's head in the fire

The Eurasian at the party would not speak to her. Little lights  
 inside paper sacks cast willow flames on the snow  
 the little lights that lined paths  
 of the courtyard. You have to assume each is the same, so

the maze recedes and is not a vertical map of varying sacks  
on a blank wall, since it is dark, oh  
Mei-mei, you've walked in that garden before. I'm sick of  
these dry gardens. Everyone tells me I should get angry at him  
The nun's voice quavered behind a screen. There was a shadow  
voice to hers of another one singing quietly and  
a little off. I prefer to think it was the light back  
How can he dream of tying me to his bed, in a blizzard  
with snow to my thigh? He tells me I am flirting  
with the void. I am not Chinese. I invite him to step  
out to the garden for plum blossoms. They could be  
very beautiful now. Their petals would  
blanket the snow like snow on sand  
but it is morning.

Open the door  
Light falls like a collar point on the blond floor boards  
She crosses this point, and light falls on her  
and it falls on her as she goes out  
but it is different light



## from CARELESS EYES

Disclaimers breed  
 the unextinguishable nub  
 developing "events"  
 as Swiss as  
 usually tarrying  
 malefactory, genius  
 grains  
 the harsh of great  
 as I began to comprehend  
     the extent of your grip  
 dynastic balloons  
 relieving the cities  
 the elevated light  
 taxed  
 if this was a "judicial" detour  
 which wouldn't have thought  
     would have been noticed  
 like that a time that's like  
     later the rutting litter  
     of the bored swim as moody  
     tries spare bravery in the  
 cinching up all along the  
 augur  
 more to your liking  
 wilsonian  
 specificatory  
 it isn't  
 dyes  
 one of your handkerchiefs  
 a big deal in those parts  
 shake down cruise  
 smiling boyars  
 this is what I say to  
     your shooting brake  
 country assizes  
 diagnosis careerism  
 stripping in gratification  
 as if brown shoes  
 you were right  
 a suit  
 in awhile it came to me  
 prey to the common  
 as likely now as

how many years ago  
 sort of climate we are used to  
 on the up and up  
 self starters  
 give them the high sign  
 who was turned as  
     easy as the yellow pages  
 keen  
 whose keeping track  
 every day forgetting as much  
 a bouquet of  
 in on it  
 warning track  
 wire admirer  
 the outlying material, areas  
     of a world being scuttled  
 excuse me  
     yours for the weekend  
 cities service  
 mouth of the hudson  
 precise ground strokes  
 gatling  
 the veiled benefactor  
 caught in the depths  
 could not help exclaiming  
 on the pad  
 "her eyes"  
 cotton bond  
 secret factory  
 that side  
 "I went over to the brigadier"  
 biting off more than one can chew  
 a cough away  
 anti jamming  
 in the violet  
 inertial guidance  
 castles in Yonkers  
 circulatory bane  
 dutiful  
 green plan  
 the Canaletto's shadow  
     on the wallpaper  
 toll clerk's disbelief  
 undersea service  
 delivery of the office  
 Mesmer's watch  
 short take off

dottier by the hour  
 living again in  
     the recitation  
 reinforced  
 apothygm  
 domestic measures  
 appurtenance of so called  
 the building compatible gauge  
     court bloods lesion in  
     the totals paper money  
     these hairs mean w/pig  
     eyes on liberty st. res-  
     olutely disheveled street-  
     babies  
 the world city  
 trading in their traditional  
 I recognize it, these are words  
 training and arms  
 the great games  
 penchant for what  
     could be called banditry  
 errant  
 answerable  
 a grammatical sock hop  
 thinking perhaps without  
     any justification  
 the air quality  
 anti tanks  
 the toys on the rug  
 wind breaks  
 in case  
 woebegone redstone  
 call it foolishness  
 once the provender ground  
     in the mill of  
 a policy of encouraging  
 the real reason why  
     the mail takes so long  
 don't make a fuss  
 actually lowering the temperature  
 these are the only pants  
 to rename an isotope  
 denying the place  
 storm sewers  
 actually putting down some cash  
 the aegis of any sort of order  
 really getting some for ourselves

the lubricant  
 recognition routine  
 your bridge  
 incomplete ownership  
 the pages like to be  
 the interest of  
     certain highly placed  
 stopping for  
 the way we all resemble  
 mental supply  
 blinded by the petrol  
 compensatory shrinkages  
 didn't recognize their exquisite  
     manners for what they really were  
 on the lap of the  
 wide shadow at the edge of the park  
 looking with eyes that are not ours  
 necessity appurtenance  
 ready to grow two more  
 the failing conciliatory  
 through the old part of the city  
 impaired facilities  
 drophead  
 this is your all-season  
 it as a minus  
 can use half a pair  
 the telegram of our  
 Marsha  
 beefed up  
 mud baths for  
 villa  
 assistance from which  
     unexpected corner  
 complements  
 white sam browne  
 our old h.s. cell reunited  
 madcap  
 with timely  
 because you own one you think  
 the house of  
     1000 shirts  
 aliases for this  
 the inscription on the lintel  
 adamant  
 losing things  
 two faced ciphers  
 all used to live in

tents, like these  
 courant  
 on her, below the  
 forgoing the evening  
 the scent in the  
 you can always  
     tell from the logo  
 less clannish  
 a golpe  
 that all this  
     excitement could  
 pretend it is a swimsuit  
 connected in some way  
 remaining from  
     the days in the trees  
 the friendly paint  
 curve of the gasworks  
 order of attachment  
 a clean breast  
 who introduced the practice  
 the way the act  
     itself is called up  
 where before some casual  
     sort of identification  
 either it gets blocked out  
 a fundamental consanguinity  
     among the descendents  
 the short fall of the fulcrum  
 a little birdie who sits in  
     the assistant commissioner's  
 it was the vertical, but  
     to suggest anything further  
 on the arm of  
 planning haze  
 clerkly luxury  
 on the bridge as she  
 de-de  
 fastness  
 think of the signmaker's equity  
 swap by the brewery  
 here and there  
 the pop of the saws  
 here, she said, drawing aside  
 and sporadic  
 "this is my"  
 to see again  
 discernable lack

relief from  
 capstan  
 roof top parties over  
     contested jungle  
 the rounderel  
 source possibilities  
 ability for hatching  
     a certain sort  
 sanction  
 vision in earth tones  
 resisted  
 apprehend  
 often results in the  
 the colony  
 singlehandedly  
 an element out of this world  
 one's own utensils  
 so many hours before tiring  
 preference in these climes  
 heavy water  
 the feckless  
 the sense that makes  
     you want to  
 a chase in the street  
 strop  
 a tour of the plant  
 rheumy  
 on the southern outskirts where  
     storage tanks once dominated  
 an arcade where white jacketed  
 the settling rubble  
 wind sprints w/strom thurmond  
 the company once grossed  
 the sort of aerial formations  
 an obvious tectonic  
 appreciation of the  
 rebabbing  
 whoever thought about it  
 toastmaster  
 or feels necessary  
 pillarful  
 sedanette  
 no recourse but to return  
 no free tickets  
 phaetons  
 negotiable  
 factory verse

sidemounts  
 gorgeous Nevada  
 policy  
     relic  
 club sandwiches  
 dunnable  
 for any temporal extent  
 loaded  
 wood pressure  
 deauville in redi-mold  
 government fleet  
 ring tripped  
 fog king  
 garnish trimmed  
 skirts  
 glove boxes  
 sources of disjunction  
 johnson era  
 signing the writ  
 an issue of  
 overland  
     speedsters  
 subject to the  
 windsor  
 belvedere  
 greene  
 saloon  
 so the question could easily follow  
 tourer  
 lalique fixtures  
 in touch with  
 Floyd Clymer's Skoda  
 fract  
 empress style  
 cibie  
 prop wash  
 on the trunk  
 don't you sometimes say to yourself  
     someone was probably listening in  
 as the combinatory  
 eyeing  
 running feet  
 whose money  
 five basements  
 not the same really  
 could decay down to  
 flexible plaits

always carry enough  
     to at least bail yrself  
 a fitted  
 all entreaties  
 greying with velocity  
 factory maintained  
 cloth magnet  
 undercoating  
 I see you looking back  
 detune  
 who hailed a cab like  
 for the time being  
 captain of the watch  
 deliberate gaffes  
 needless to  
 divied by the months  
 dublin askance  
 the terms you signed  
 enjoins  
 this rare abbreviation  
 machine sibling  
 worldly humidity  
 membership card to  
     the human race  
 kramden  
 enough time  
 juvenate  
 carbine williams  
 overdrawn  
 seen this before (?)  
 grape line  
 like a lot of actors  
 thank the wax  
 flying spurs  
 like a tailor  
 plimsoll mark  
 rose lashing  
 in the ribbon windows  
 coston light  
 bombination  
 mohs scale  
 gymel  
 martyrish  
 lavage  
 the foot of tragedy  
 dabbling in occidentalism  
 rail and lake

mixed grill  
think much (?)  
steam, untidily  
flight pen  
time being  
alliteratively clad  
urbanauts  
ask the milkman  
surfacing gear  
armenian survivors  
zoot  
to honey your words  
the course of events  
leave of  
by a professional who enjoyed his work  
drawn  
shack  
binomial  
presneak  
housings  
templet  
depended  
notorious  
in shop  
filiate  
redub  
walking through her lines  
cotter.

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