

**ROOFIV: from
Tamoka occu-
rence of tune
at center Tibe-
tahrose cont-
est of Bardsth-
ebridge from w-
ave bugless bo-
wings backen-
ding fall 77 \$3**

Roof IV

Segue , NYC

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Four Exemplary Tales from THE OCCURENCE OF TUNE

"Many an head out of there" & who can pick out which by whom. In blankness a twirl whirrs in responsiveness—on the toes these small, fingers really, get tired, fill up with several (an a) atomoni. Buzzed, breezed—a kiss passionately rejoins, bounces by (bingo). Gets tired. How deep in the (a) heart will you (bore). This wonders & next subsequent is asked. Not much, the tuner (the possibility) burns, then alights, maybe a smile (annoyed) & the turnings of the (pit, pat—I never meant to tell anyone). This place obtrudes (a few strokes stoker a hunk of ——.) No, this is mind to problematize these feelings, as getting up like floating down the mud flat of a forgetting, still stores for, gets at, regularizes—

Day up. Slipback. New——. Necessity of overformal (language at large) *popsicle*. antecedent –linden farm, latinate, gk–*klug*. Mission to say impossible justifying therefore a leap. "Container to shards": the story of Eudoxus. Jewish pears hang on the banisters. Ankle bracelet substituted for article (he decided not to press his *chagrin*).

Three color zig-zag reifies the *zeitgeist*. Marvelous bounce (bouncy) impermeable to intrusions of illfate, loveloss, lacklustre. Continual drain & the crying "I'm a divorced woman you know" makes dinner a necessity. Noun. Substantiate your supposition.

Brief case on hot seat. Nascent wall greening out shamrock. Gumchew. Spurtz tall.

Dog deep in ("buck") mell patinas. Recalling earlier (impacted, prior) maitre d' Printumps. I smell magazine litrature. Omence-waz? spaz?— bobbins emergent from bluey. Nope. "Smoke kleigs." Magnazood. I immence a grand finale you go for the puck. Lenz changes. *Sheer delight.*

At report a continual collision. Maps of *misrepresentation*. Enormous Loosess. Big sky under two towers.

Heat loss. Permutate a mass of mystique. Mazola, intaglio.... "I guess you could say we...." (Jeujeune malaproposes) *don't indicate* natureloss.

Fluke tall somnambulance, at breadth to fist ("most moving in its expository") here said it, the "best" floats as mission Cadillac *features* many ephasiac wait & see DEPEND no else film buffet forgets (get to waiver) without *callback* bags, devoid votive of profession MISSED MEAT.

CARRYING A TORCH

What thoughts I have of where I'll be, & when, & doing what Belong to a ghost world, by no means my first, And may or may not be entertaining; for example living in a state of innocence in Kansas City: They hardly compare to when, passing through the air, it thinks about the air.

Just as, now, you are standing here
Expecting me to remember something
When years of trying the opposite of something
Leave that vision unfulfilled.

Mostly I have to go on checking the windows will but don't break
while you get on with taking your own sweet time.
It's like coming awake thirsty, & hungry, mid-way in dreams
you have to have;
It stops or changes if you don't get up
& it changes, by stopping, if you do.

You do. Because you're carrying a torch. A sudden circular bath
of symbols
Assails the structure. Better turn on the overhead light.

TO HIMSELF

Now you can rest forever
Tired heart. The final deceit is gone,
Even though I thought it eternal. It's gone.
I know all about the sweet deception,
But not only the hope, even the desire is gone.
Be still forever. You've done enough
Beating. Your movements are really
Worth nothing, nor is the world
Worth a sigh. Life is bitterness
And boredom; and that's all. The world's a mudhole.
It's about time you shut up. Give it all up
For the last time. To our kind fate gives
Only that we die. It's time you showed your contempt for
Nature and that cruel force which from hiding
Dictates our universal hurt
In the ceaseless vanity of every act.

Leopardi

FROM THE HOUSE JOURNAL

1.

I belong here, I was born
 To breathe in dust
 I came to you
 I cannot remember anything of then
 up there among the lettuce plots

I cough a lot, so I stay awake
 I cannot possibly think of you
 I get a cinder in my eye because
 I hate the revolutionary vision of

"I have a terrible age," & I part
 I have no kindness left
 I do have the lame dog with me & the cloud
 I kiss your cup, but I know so much.

I must have leisure for leisure bears
 I to you and you to me the endless oceans of

2.

Now it next to my flesh, & I don't mean dust
 I am sober and industrious
 I see you standing in clear light
 I see a life of civil happiness
 I see now tigers by the sea,
 the withering weathers of
 I stagger out of bed
 I stumble over furniture I fall into a gloomy hammock
 I'm having a real day of it
 I'm not sure there's a cure
 You are so serious, as if you are someone
 Yet a tragic instance may be immanent
 Yes it's sickening that yes it's true, and
 Yes it's disgusting that yes if it's necessary, I'll do it.

REVERY

Up inside the walls of air listen
 A sound of footsteps in the spaces out there
 In the frightening purple weather
 And hazy lights whose color night decomposes.

Late at night, rise up carcass and walk;
 Head hanging, let somebody tell the story.
 Maybe the machine under the palms will start up.
 For one who waits

Under the arch of clouds, with familiar face,
 Heart beating all out of proportion,
 Eyes barely open, ears long since awake to what's coming:
 It is very possibly Autumn, returning,

Leaving no footprints, leaving danger behind.
 The head being out of line has fallen. I still want
 everything that's mine.

MY TIBETAN ROSE

A new old song continues. He worked into the plane
 A slight instability, to lessen his chances
 Of succumbing to drowsiness, over the green sea.
 Above his head clanged. And there were dreams in this
 lack of sleep.

Your lover will be guilty of murder & you will turn her in.
 Sometimes I'd like to take off these oak leaves and feel
 like an ordinary man.

You get older the more you remember. And one lives, alone,
 for pure courtship, as

To move is to love, & the scrutiny of things is merely syllogistic.
 Postmortems on old corpses are no fun.
 I have so much to do I'm going to bed.
 I'll live on the side of a mountain, at 14,000 feet,
 In a tough black yak-hide tent, turn blue, force down
 Hot arak & yak butter, & wait for this coma to subside.
 Come along with me, my Tibetan Rose!

Why is it so hard to start exactly where I'm at?
 Not yesterday in the refuse or tomorrow in Italy
 but from the puff of smoke curling over the blue
 of my manly Smith Corona 220, a smoke signal
 to my mother for her to send new clippings about cancer
 from Reader's Digest, The Washington Post and the
 National Geographic. Everywhere someone is defending
 a piece of the picturesque. Maybe there isn't
 anything to start with but that's absurd since every second
 the dough rises and the bell is about to ring.
 A mad black dog will walk through the door.
 A howling will begin in the red telephone.
 The posters will fall from the wall. The working class
 might be rising. Night might fall. Wind may blow. Rain may
 drench us to the bone and cold may eat our noses.
 And yet, the American way is to keep working.
 Sombitches these Americans, father dies, brother drowns,
 wife runs away but the logs must go down the river.
 The trucks are waiting and the goods must move.

*

"MAN" and "WOMAN", these are horrid words, they annoy me. They chase me through the world these two, hunting my spirit with a damp blanket of grim assumptions. "MAN" is a load of perilous experience hardening inside something called "MATURITY" like a boiled hotdog into an inflating blanket of dough or a limp air mattress into which a frantic tourist blows his lungs as the ship burns, and "WOMAN" is somebody who will look through every one of my gestures with a gaze loaded with sandpaper and after making me entirely transparent puts her boot through the glass. I much prefer boys and girls. I much prefer girls and boys. I much prefer innocence. I much prefer blind love and joy.

BUGLESS BOWINGS

The finger's skin ridges itch up near the knuckle. Times that the radio circles, impels the figures inward. To spell is a cue turning papers from the hand in speak place of a gel. Fish salad in abstract terms, the black pan night sends steams in backwards. You don't read you stew, dark latch of a guitar to the swells on a brassy and boring horizon. Of saying this a nearby marble flecks and surmounts, the ladder is a door than something spoken out is. The tracks that a disc are, predicting a sentimental moving box, a pick of roses, the cement to crash as standard. In such mind dividers. Circling the entropy a map of what's back there. Grass box, brought, seen, walked in, seemed to be a centerpiece in lapels, taut and bonging, rude lash to the carpet tips. Milk bottle in the gas monday, takes a strap to like, drums of it as enter the mike. A velocipede or lozenge, a word in the jeans a wrench near a market caused. Outspoken day in midnight lace, likes animals and would to god imitates. The horizon light was fine, cut still and styled. As a leg itches on to a point but no bug it's his hair. The sky is dawn. Locked curtain. Stood to be perspire in fending a look that it's subject to lasts. Considers, a mute. The mark rough at a guess. Supplant the penetrates. Light took a shower, ran bending, fold emerging, silence as I think there were beets inside. Perfume, ridden switchboard from a song blur, Memphis to grey bits in June, it's January, never but it's February that it's my birthday, makes no odds, fictional long run surround. A part, out of golf hair head and then, right hip. Many and some houses had bones, slight trees, hung in paper darts, a hole in the. Face a hole, room in for a second, type that sends you off books, a flip to doors, the second type that includes a tune, vegetative tune up the gels, makes the lights come on in a story. One of beers, one of the walls, cosmetic and burlap, one out of narrative oxyacetylene, the sun on a briar, metal as water falling far and silence. The Thoreau connects, water falling through to the air it's. Luncheon on victrola, the piano to taste, wash your index white. Grass grass, large, dry and chalky grass, tipped to a without inflection. The papers are lined with paper, the walls with wells. A writing of windshields would be all parentheses. I read all the books on television, grunts with the sound caught, looked to me drawing, aluminum room, comedy. The spine prepares to strike, saying nothing in this room is bound to stop. Lightning orange, pink stereoptican. There's a chain on mountains in the book on police rollers, strict block and said to strike. Penmanship sets handwriting on stall, three decades underfledged this page. Heat, a word of some frequency and certain light lapses. A daylight simple as champagne, sediment settled, a spare part, ridden, went away again. A crackle was discharge on the night of record, a lack of celery stalks at midnight. Planetarium centered on stone to youth in a pickle, housed chock seated pin hectored spine lectured to, a slide switch the skies. Well-wishers prowl the karst entwined with sticks, throttle and clasp and neck. Where is the Panama canal. And where is it dry out, as in yesterday's news wraps fish. The calypso was opal, diurnal clog the cigarette broke through in all, its fastnesses. Given a place book, finds the ensuing the boring through its lapses. A belt that could hang a continent, collapsible hinge and zoning directory. Hanging up on a tea the next day made last, shook and tampered with, a sack thought its beets inside. Whelms that void lack words. The cigarette went down, whispering pines, dry fart, tin pot, open tail, less bad. For a while hope will be short, and have tea, set on the internal telephone, things pinched, a concrete person, have an invented sound. Trumpet sleeve effects, cast iron is brittle, tends to score sheet and banana, the hum

Clark Coolidge

between knowing a thing and being aware of it, sentences largely and fallen in one's screech case their shine to attribute. The stone to a local standard, the yawn is a hole birds peck for the rain enters there. The rain enter against a thing. Object to sleeve effects a subject to. Topaz, true bill against thing, to light to take note to think down a mote. To scurry in answer. View haste to the health of trees opposite, the mark, the whale pipes inside submarine circular prismatics champagne flutes set like assassins like eating giraffe in arena. A skin, an animal, a finger to scratch, quacked that firmness, intaglio mesmers, the notched flights hummed sound no longer spliced. On the marble front abstract tears for birthday tenormen, a sheerness brass would it were mine.

from CATHERINE

I apprenticed myself to the woman who dyed with plants.
She taught me two things: hue and silence.

The stain structure
of indigo was in my
hands. I washed them
but the pale blue
remained. Catherine
said, "The color
of courage is
blue." She smiled,
her teeth were blue
and Dawn, her white dog,
was blue beside her.

Ellen Zweig

CONTEST OF BARDS

III
Epilogue

*The Argument: Last words spoken by the bard to the boy
on a train between Washington and N.Y.*

"Some day when we surrender to each other and become One friend,
we'll walk back to this hermitage, returned from America
thru Cities and Bars and Smoking Factories & State Capitols
Universities, Crowds, Parks and Highways, returned from glass-glittering shrines
& diamond skyscrapers whose windows gleam sunset wealth Golden & Purple,
White & Blue & Red as Clouds that reflect Smog thru Western heavens.
Back here in our bodies we may renew these studies & labors
of Iron & Feather, dream copybooks, & waking Levitation of heavy Mind.
Now still bodied separate in Vanity & minded contrary each in's Phantasy
only Poetry's Prophetic beauty Transports us on one Train back to households
in our north Vast City connected with telephones and buses. We may trip out
again into Hidden Beauty, Hearts beating thru the world's Mills & Wires, Radiant
at Television Noon or on Ecstatic midnite bed with broken bone or body Forgetfulness.
Now we go from our Chambered Cranium forth thru Strangeness:
Careful to respect our Heart, mindful of Beauty's slow working Calm Machine,
Cigarette Vending Contraption or neon yellow Sun its face to your face--
All faces different, all forms present a Face to look into with Care:
The College boy his ignorant snub nose is a button whereon Sexual mercies
Press their lusty thumbs & wake his studious energy. The grey hair'd dirty
Professor of history's sought thru ages to find that Country where Love's face is King,
While the Care on his face is King of Centuries. And thoughts in his mind are
Presidents elected by fresh nerves every seven years to pass new laws of Consciousness.
Each Maple waits your gaze erecting tricky branches in the air you breathe.
Nothing is stupid but thought, & all thought we think's our own.
My face you've seen palsied bearded White & Changing energies
from Slavelike lust to snowy emptiness, bald Anger to fishy-eyed prophesy,
Your voice you've heard naked and hard commanding arrogant, pale dandied
in a fit of Burgundy Pique, Childlike delighted fingers twisting my beard
on Lion coverlets in caves far from the Iron Domed Capitol,
Intelligent deciphering runes yours and mine, dreamed & undreamt.
Plebeian Prince of the Suburb, I return to my eastern office pleased with our work
accident of our causes & Eidolons, Planned Careful in your Dreams & in my daylight
Frenzies: failed Projections!
Our icy wills resolved in watery black ink's translucent tears,
Love's vapors are dissolved on seaboard's clear noon open to the Sun
shining thru railroad windows on new-revealed faces, our own inner forms!"

Allen Ginsberg

PLAIN TALK**Ted Greenwald**

Over past few years Pressure
of a sorts builds Walls
up Ceiling
Floor Carpeting
down Kitchen
in Bed
upstairs Pounds
shed Some
business from the day
catches mind's eye Look
at it this way
as far as I can determine:
third eye
cheek
left ball (warm spots) Outer
space comfort formation
takes baby rock to sleep Music
note-by-note
comes feet first between sheets
So happy to get here open fast Teeth
Who says what Behind
that, "They
just can't be only words!" Speech
types of mind Operating
influences Vague
turnings to other attention Flavor
make way Desire
behind each article
to let's-look-at-the-record Something
sticks out Take
it from me:
intimate friends

special friendship
regret lingers (warm spots) Was
like Loop
over sum of flowers Confuse
memory Animated
instinctive response Mouth
organ Resting
by fire Water
rushes in ears Voices
grow up grow loud
change air Feet
on ground Resumé
of background Resumé
speed Town
in middle distance Exchange
hands and glances Thick
body round corner Abalone
Handle sound
reflecting memory:
foolish move
listen to me, now
forgive lack (warm spots) Clouds
float by in tablespoon
through blue chops Don't
need to remind you Have
you heard from whatshisface Under
circumstances Back
into garage Circles
turn head around Drink
venetian setting Don't
know what to do with myself News
from my side of bed Hurry

Ted Greenwald

home Suggest
 a girl Spot
 a radiant beauty Rather
 square Serious
 matter Take
 this opportunity
 to hammer knowledge
 into brain Sheet
 rock Paint
 Boat Heartbroken
 Put it to you this way:
 without foundation
 beef and vegetable stew
 gray grief twilight (warm spots) Not
 as simple as that More
 pounds off Whole
 day whole milk Love
 what you do Fragrant
 need Combine
 longing and musicians Rules
 include similar way Picture
 strength Okay,
 so I sound irritable Take
 irritation as given Give
 chance Medial
 take Correct
 way feels no shame Base
 on rooms Audience
 view Back
 to show Mystical
 theme of whole:
 from your own experience
 rational market

where from here (warm spots) Holding
 a meeting Dress
 to kill Complete
 without a word Could
 say been waiting
 years Years
 to do Doing
 different Flower
 folds Converse
 any time I please Sneak
 past if-nothing-else Move
 at sound of voice Throw
 into tree Leaves
 speak to me:
 landscape glide
 ascend wishes
 fail to notice (warm spots) Images
 of cuteness social tea Plan
 inscribed on wrist Write
 reply seems
 to be talking Wild
 idea Citizens
 mark wheels
 with own bodies Full-length
 future city Add
 and subtract Wash
 up for dinner Over
 years on
 tip of tongue Concentrate
 Dream of Rushes
 out Specify

strand happy future Shift
 emphasis Deep
 in talking to
 one hand and other A
 man's face Way
 back Lean
 From Workings
 And so on Telling
 a story Doze
 Glows Release
 sayings:
 have too many
 fair to note
 about the war (warm spots) Place
 where remember Stairs
 to upstairs Places
 to lie down Alphabets
 within a circle of friends Not
 understandable Suitable
 See very little and very few Under
 circumstances circumference under
 the weather Shut
 door Give
 your mouth a rest Beauty
 to wear Matchstick
 legs Tripe
 Position as a part Hair
 with a part Sharpen
 self Feelings
 very raw Are's
 Are you with Are

you against Roll
 over make room Form
 abbreviations for what:
 varying degrees
 increasing awareness
 succeeding years (warm spots) Formless
 stuff Instruction
 fold-out on human beauty Occasionally
 so clear Disappear
 Small-town sound system Blood
 begins to wake Having
 such a time Seventeen
 years for pillow Seek
 to reach Sweet
 potato foreground Shoulder
 prominent Greet
 others Put
 where belongs Discern
 silent loud:
 plane
 takes
 off (warm spots) Bright
 lights big city Up
 and at em Journey
 end of tongue Want
 to be alone Gesture
 to resolve Raspberry

lunch in fur

for meret oppenheim

"the wise sense of priorities of black 3-legged hound dog thunder
if only we could remember it when we do not
i should not say that i want to be a dog so much as i wish that i
could just remember dog sense of beauty about life
not mad dog or kicked dog but regular dog that would be enough
remembered"

-joe cardarelli

memory rain pride wind

she's not here now to say
your hair looks lovely

tears soak his head he cannot sleep

night deepens he taps to the f.m. tunes
driving the sky car of the recalcitrant self
through other lives
there is smell of burning

leaning by incense he sits till dawn
having talked all day & then kept silent

stuffed white devil stuffy chinese

john coltrane had a love supreme

note tacked onto a surface says
bring the form

bring the form to the crazy weaving

anselm hollo

anselm hollo

kicking manhattan to pieces every night
her face softened as she saw the visitor
utter a shrill mocking laugh & crumble
the cactus roared & the powdery substance
timely & shapely blew away

remember the fun we had ramming
the fresh cigars between the teeth
before the infernal biochemical clock
covered us with its rampaging goo

maybe we better get back to the office
the world's largest cluster of oversize lungs

the mind travels wildly among its planes
think of the fun i missed when i was sealed up
i'll get even for that i'd rather loaf than work
but i have to eat especially at my age
the only way i can work is to practice astrology
since that's all i know how to do but at night
you should see this kid at night

the frail silver-haired woman darted across the black lawn
dashed into the cottage then quickly tipped
a bottle of the red medicine to her blue lips

po chu-yi heard them lawrence warned us against them
the chattering parrots in the painted halls of orc

heart embittered by understanding
sisters brothers stranded in strange lands

flesh & blood cast adrift on the road
as we watch the bright moon there should be tears

there will be a day when the dust starts flying
even at the bottom of the sea

animation subsides into terminal slapstick
 it is a como se dice cathartic
 flying kick in the rump-shaped ego
 which then immediately changes
 outward aspect to weeping brain

the cathari believed in something they called
 but knew wouldn't necessarily come when called
 were right about that
 while insane on who we are with our bodies
 "they started it all! they started it all!"
 & yes we burned them (salut brother blackburn)
 had our revenge now have our consequences

how many goddamn words for the one
 they thought they had

why is the one at the end so hard to write
 while the ones in the beginning weren't easy
 they got done now we are done
 with the time we had being
 together not too together
 in our separate heads
 side by side in shared beads
 twenty-seven moons

people have gone on loving
 someones all their lives after less trial time
 but then those someones had probably died

live with each other
 die on each other
 that's what the people do
 been doing it for quite some time now

many sets of rules & runnes
 yet luna still draws the threads
 & stricken we weave
 through brambles & haunted woods
 charred-eyed terrified
 cast into ourselves burp well yes
 the people are crazy & suspicious

the captain of my soul is my foot
 & her sister the other foot

the emotional honesty of an ant is not absolute
 nor is the wind around the house
 as long as it doesn't blow it down

what we don't say we don't know we can say
 see the ship sinking see captain rat
 paddling off into the sunset

satisfied that the earth is round in english
 i take hold of my towel without having doubts
 & dry my neck my chest my armpits cock & balls & ass & feet

saying good morning to someone in the middle of a conversation
 in the middle of the night is a rare pleasure
 we have experienced it many times we can't get enough of it

*

something about writing to a woman
 & quote unquote
 the thing is when
 you live with another
 you go on around

& the way is the way
 people transmit
 ways of making love

maternity home with
 big black bronze
 statue of sheepdog
 in front who
 knows the connection
 but as we
 walk past someone
 points at it
 says that is
 where you were
 born
 that someone
 quite possibly my

window i had not felt
down the corridor hoping
sound would come from her
soon as i built for her
looking at her presently out of bed
besides not be there i fell
into an immaterial
agitation
sound that would work only in the slightest
gust now it presses my slumbers
just when she was to tremble the softer chamber
was it quite anyone
an approach
most beautiful
installed in a frame at ten paces

an example of "careening verse" yes
the only trouble careening is that you have to
come to a stop

the car is in the ditch
the head is up the ass
the heart keeps on beating under protest
& the crazed soul keeps crying out for forgiveness
it has been wanting
far too long
in stubborn refusal to see that it is
itself both the forgiver & the forgiven

clumsy but it says what it says

in the marshall minnesota quickstop
burger joint i encounter objects
on objects glass on table purse on chair
refracted light on more refracted light

how obsessive this universe
how bone-aching lonely to boot
(bones aching inside of boot)

then it starts coming back the way
you say the word "whole"
& "yes i like it!"
dear master of odin house

anselm hollo

how it is both the hole we fall into
& the one we come out of
the one we should visit with understanding

how it all rocks & rolls right through the pain
making the light come through

forty-three years such wonderful
if also horrifying times
& they stay with you crowd up around you

if not always affectionate always insistent
they'll never leave you

big sunny room tall windows random prolific green
the people recline on carpets & cushions
silent & smiling but for one in the middle
holding a book & reading from it
interrupting himself every once in a while
with a hearty laugh or a story or a diminishing howl
glasses glinting grey hair & beard bristling
hands touching air striking caressing

"these are the interior adventures of henry little-song"
a redhead in jade gown moves about the room
showing us color snapshots of her kittens
important enough as all of it has to be
here in the golden eternity
where the people are almost as perfect in their affection
as the glorious orang-utang
calmly munching her vegetarian lunch in fur

time to wake up time to wait for the return
of the perennially astounding body
thin silvery gentle this time

"take your shoes off do not fear
bring that bottle over here"

so many rooms in my lady's abode

anselm hollo

My dream was all at night. And as dreams are at night, you can barely see color. Where did it start? Where it started not with the getaway. But the dream was all getaway. You see it had been a surprise who did it, we didn't expect the hero of the Bible to appear as if he were the hero of the resistance, to catch a thief. The hero of the Bible appeared and then we knew it was all a pose. Two policemen had been shot at close range, at so close range, it was right in front of us, we saw it. We'd already been arrested and let go before. Then Jesus Rosenberg walks down the ramp in black leather claiming the blame. Did we dress in expensive clothing to cross the border into Mexico, did we have a good enough car to get away with it, three men and one woman, did Ted give me a hat that looked like a fried egg but was actually a tape recorder, did we pack food for the trip and dress carefully as if it were another dream where we wore the clothing of the rich, borrowed them and then had to give them back, all soiled and muddy, we also drank in my dream. It was hard to know what to take with us for life and we packed cold ham and potatoes efficiently and with a kind of energy I enjoy dreaming about though the murders had seemed as superfluous and even gratuitous as did the appearance of David or Jesus on the boardwalk jauntily claiming the blame. We weren't edgy, we just figured we had to stay out of jail. And so this dream stays with you beyond the waking hours and only persists with clothing to change into and out of, repeatedly, until the sense of the dream wears off, you can change clothing, all day if you want, you can spend a lot of time deciding what to wear as if it were as important as this, being the last time we will have a choice, a chance to change our clothing at all, in jail we wear only the same issued things, here is a little variety and even maybe color in the dream, an orange and blue shirt, white pants, seen in the bright indoor light, the dark green night. But what difference does it make, I enjoy writing it all down, and even would wish for more detail, perhaps a detailed recounting made at dawn and then again later with all the changes of the dream's half sleep, but it's not something I feel deeply about. Even the appearance of David, a shallow character at best in the dream, indicating to me that this was the dream's purpose, to present this man with the name of another man, in all the clothing and all the trappings of not only a biblical man and a criminal but a complete surprise, as if to remind me I've not been paying my dues, as they say, and just as you might forget all about your pointless religion, especially on a Sunday, so I've been looking like I've forgotten all about this man, yet my mind is saying nevertheless, he still lays claim to all the blame. All the blame there. But what does it mean to me to think this or be reminded of it. And here it is all in the further clothing of a Hitchcock thriller I couldn't stay awake for. I don't enjoy writing about why I can't write something or about something but I must say that poetry escapes me when strong feelings just do not seem to be around and so this must be a weakness in a way. All this spring, though I find myself observing the spring most exactly and more so than ever in my memory, the formations of the little buds from their very beginnings to the openings of whole new trees on each branch and the cupped clusters that so surprisingly seem to make leaves and then when they make them they make them in such abundance and so sturdily and fast that one sees at last why a tree can so strongly resemble nothing else and how casual the leaves are in their numbers, ten or twenty coming out of each new cluster that was last a fist and how different areas of the town and country have all these things happening in different stages and at different times depending on whether it's a cold spot or a warm one and how each bud on a tree branch can truly be called a blossom at a certain point and all the kinds can be observed as closely and in as distinct stages as the ferns unfolding from fiddleheads, getting to that point where they look like graceful hands with an offering or even holding a pen, and some trees are late bloomers, so there is a reason for that phrase, and the trees in this stage being then more interesting to observe than the flowers that come up and bulge out so fast, practically overnight, and the trees that get caught in storms and lose branches over me, lose whole branches with nests of bad caterpillars on them, yet there are the whole fields of flowers, bluets I'm told, that one

can lie down in as on velvet, but the ground is more strewn with branches from the last storm and when you crack them they're wet and almost white inside though the leaves have become brittle and memory now retells which are the truly dead trees in the neighborhood, still hanging out for the sake of their beauty I suppose on the horizon, so though I see all this and wonder at the men and women who can mow the dandelions down and all the bluets with them, for the sake of an idea of unadulterated green and grass that is short and not conducive to bugs and mosquitoes, and we had a bee in today, I still can't feel as strongly about it as I do when something tells me I'm about to see the year's first big snow. As if for the sake of alertness maybe, I can steel myself then and let fall in a minute everything I've stored or gotten like a hermit or a squirrel from the sun and the green, not that I ever understand what I'll do after that, when the gray qualities of November really begin to take over nor even to speak of the tediousness of early February, so much more inspiring to me than any part of June. Perhaps it's that the possibility of normal activity and the freedom from heavy clothing somehow lessen my ability to feel concise or that I have something to offer to my room and work that is completely unique, here indoors where it is really all my own. So if we must really share the sights of ourselves, twentieth-century-style, we are all becoming a little bit too accepted or ordinary, I am a mother and you are a father, brick is commonly used to build houses and fireplaces. My brick heart hasn't done anything yet this spring, it quickened in readiness for spring, around early March, March 1st to be exact I felt it quickening but I've still got ice around the door. I saw a house today, now this is the middle of May yet we did have a snowstorm last week so it isn't so odd, but it's been truly warm since, and in one of the corners of this house was a modest pile of snow, dirty snow even. It was an ugly fascist-type house, architecturally severe and almost windowless, and kept in such good order by its owners on the outside that it had no charm at all, as if the idea of life were to create new areas out of the beautiful wild that had to be constantly tended yet needed no use. Now if a wildness or a profusion is used or not used, in the best sense it still will look the same, that is the beauty of it. Marie can pull up bluets all day from the woods or even from the wild gardens and they will never be the worse for having met a baby that nobody had to say no to. This reminds me of something somebody once said to me about women's bodies being used or not used, that is for having children, but that is a much trickier subject though it's true I know a few women who are wild-looking beyond use and not depending on it in that sense, and I admire their looks very much. And men too, I suppose people in general can indeed look planned or even weeded and not meant for use, I could even say for lying down in, and then that is a very annoying way of looking. I saw a lot of old women today at a garden party and though their faces were all very interesting to observe, they seemed to be to a man dressed in inhumanly colored pant suits and stiff shoes that would cause a child to scream with pain. "Are your feet complaining too?" I heard one woman say to the other. So the fascist house deserved its patch of snow and I hope it was still there from the whole winter and not just this final recent storm. I think when I don't observe the smaller goings on of the season or when the season is pressing towards being a scene for only major happenings, I feel more greatly toward it. And when I see all this profusion and life in other ways going on very well without any push from me, well, the trilliums are even growing there beyond my sight in Aspinwall Park and I've yet to see ice that can't be cracked invisibly as I move my face closer to the window and breathe. Even for love we need to go to work and sit meditations and show ourselves, take all our clothing off, and the more the better. This spring has come too easily, in the face of too hard a winter, to be too pretty, too overwhelming when you get up close, it even dares to be windy and cold. Even for love I think you have to stay warm all the time when you're supposed to be warm, otherwise the other person, that's me, will start doing something else, like cleaning up the room.

a note

shifters i.e. overlappings of message and code.
indices (Peirce). non-committal formal indicators
(Heidegger). "Dasein-designations". ego-centric
particulars (Russell).

a true subject is a barred subject.

shifters shift within a topography and topology
of text where every "i" is an "here" and every "you"
a "there". poems then of openness and closure.
semiotic bars and semiotic centres unfolding as
tests of their own meanings.

both the discourse of self and "de Alio in
oratione".

shifters. producers of such interrogations as:
how is meaning created?
when is a then a there?
what is tense, time and interlocution?

frames in which he and she can never reflect
that instance of discourse they are a part of.

apart from.
remnants. externalities.

instants out of discourse.

i

am he who
says

I
acted yesterday

a him
to your eyes

i am alone
here

now

so long
so

long

what we are

i: always new.

to be like you.

among a separate innocence.

the previous.

the person.

he

now

is the
absence

i am not
what i was
when

of my
i

i did it

you
are what
i

doing it now
i am not

am apart
from

what
i was

what
i

(here
or
where)

is
a part

if we were

of

Steve McCaffery

he
knew we
new.

in us

in us as we
are

you move out to
where you are
most

“you are”

(you)
in your here there
you’re “here”

where i am
still

where “i am”

Steve McCaffery

i speak
“i suppose”
you listens.

between
ourselves:
our selves
our-two-selves

4 WORD TRANSPOSITION

Using Gertrude Stein's "Lucy Church Amiably", the 67 word long paragraph one on page 9 (from the Something Else Press Edition, 1969), or the chapter entitled *Begins the middle of May Introduction*, I have taken the words, "there", "and", "the" and "in", and ascertained their number value by their placing on the line. For example, "there" is the 1st, 6th, 8th, 32nd and 56th word in the paragraph. Then, by taking the Eaton's advertisement entitled "*The Blazer Story at Eatons*" (first 66 words) page F6, Toronto Star for Thursday September 15th, 1977, and replacing for example the word "there" in the 1st, 6th, 8th, 32nd and 56th word position (and so on). I have transposed and altered the ad, as well as repunctuating and rewriting in poem form.

*

Begins the middle blazer story of Eatons May Introduction

There you think the best there
and there do for a blazer is
add grey flannels
think flannels in toast

camels and taupe
or the more textured

of gabardine and.....
there if according to you
and the demands

a the tie?
and a tattersall check-in look

the one and a in and or there for
the Oxford cloth weave
and in the striped tie.

*

BACK AT ENDING

(unnamable)

Virility, a wolf or sheep of desire, an entering
into the brain through a cavern of tender biting.
To slip and then recover under the circumstances
ever forming anew. The eye catches the eclipse in
the act. The disc has no connection with the rest
of the apparatus. We willingly accept these
deductions as the only other solutions to the
beginning of time. The space is not that far away.
Perhaps we can reach it through this doorway.
After all negations rot like fruit. This pencil
perhaps moves across the page. Perhaps it stays idle.
Perhaps we reunite after the passing of the light
into the second cavern. The dance has no structure.
It is instinct come around again. These words are
not to be passed before the face. These words are
to be sucked in through the chest. These words
linger, then lie dormant in the lungs.

from RED DESERT BOOK POEMS

I

Bestial moves in erratic terms. No one chooses to
listen to this conversation. They lock any door they
can find and remove their heads from probable places
to find that they were improbable after all. She
shucks her position and proceeds preening up a storm.
After all, beauty of the face is unlike the "cara" of a
dog. There is even another name for it. They call it

"rostro".

My husband and I are moving to Maine. It'll be included about everybody's life. But I don't like somebody who really knows what he's writing about. This difficulty that nobody used was always something like some cases like that authentic international camera, some back and forth deal about books invented as an experiment to get expensive paper destroyed, a nude Persian or Japanese that wouldn't imagine a blank.

The early shores of Maine, the hours of harbors and rivers, the attractions of others full of the one hand his feet discern or the imagination beginning with Portland which is now beginning broken like fingers full of fish. Still men and a broad enter the sea on the sea. He or she composed rooms.

And so I really felt all this knowledge. What kind of stick will apply and you know what I refer to, it came from Europe, here too, in Europe, like you have to go out to say sensuality instead of making this kind of searching with your body and your voice like access. I never spoke, I never spoke, I told them I would never speak. No one knew each other or the shading of California let my hands do this for hours, groping, searching, groping like a chemist wheeling themselves by an incredible string of precision to be more like this again than all kinds of things that gets faster and actually like a situation extending regarded as anything I feel like. Getting words within binary kinds of things that go on between infants and mothers. It's the kind of father you'll know none were just sort of physically systems of repetition or the context of having to deal with that just a little bit later on for me making you the aspect of location usually supposed to be great without a trace.

Matt's birthday is also the voice location, you know, the voice by itself in this personal level of ritual is represented by people supposed to be great. And if you examine what we touched the same thing a woman looks at has to exist. And people talk. Also the people drive cars. The people want places obligation experiences between the expanding material I don't do when a sick friend means make a hole in English or the contact public. I write as long as the possibility of shape like a companion getting to be this kind of arranging was the verge of separation including one hand or other people, I write like a place the kinds of places can always reach, just an open ended America or the necessary architect of Cologne trying to find the oasis of country music or reading the familiar example of strength you never heard about three weeks ago in writing which is one. I left my left hand.

For the side of my body. The glass wall of pyramid hosts court facilities off limestone. His elbow is angle and body swing around are practically no movement. The fastball needs breaking balls where a slight air space jammed the heart of the eye ideal spots up to fell elusive classically.

The throw begins. I was a student. Later I don't think of "at all." And then this huge place, a corner, I was connected to the piano.

We're eating now to deal with two broad categories of hands off: cameras no longer need light: poetry is also a symbol of power. Only since it has acquired the world in particular, the attributes of claws, hides, headresses, horse and the original assumption of all kinds of

intensity is the sound that topographical or spatial terms must look for in order to feature the singing the sky and the sea, the desert, the icy wastes, the mountain peaks, the mountain crest, cloud and sky. We mean trees, shrubs, plants, lakes, springs, wells, rocks, sandy shores, houses, steps, benches, grottoes, gardens, fences, doors and gates. Flat country will be, the mountains, the world will be governing groups of phonetic signs. A mouth can transform brute grammar, a link a nip or blockage block. Most must radio you. Attached to the belt some continuity should brush continuity. American flash line fuses needle on; who is most advanced. We waited for Katie and Michael to go to bed and wake up.

We waited for space men achieving women in works of words I change evolving the figurative legs to legs nearer the woods forms humor. Logical special language stroked as a surprise. Language solves profile issues. Approach the chemise two women burn. Consists of the wood aluminum dated. Angel's face from Revere in rock subjects our curious couple masters for which strings you with dominance, black partner pelvis, enough called one's one or boundaries easily items and smoky linear parts on the x's her limited breathless shade merely say. Through representation and weird mysteries. Or arrangements like the 1976-77 works like wedges. Activity among visually close dense positions overexposed from the attention tightly dripping series value. Darken and powdered glass contained or otherwise irregular houses previously smooth approach Ten Thomas seemed standing beneath. That short horizontal light derived sheets. Three cavities recall specifics. Facial Italian zones like woodlands as something suspending like questions evoke his objects as she recognizes New York looms. The world in the familiar city. Different horse scene. The hot group of winter. Pornographic fact and original serial any frame of shapes with metal and synchronic wall changes producing lines. Word groups arming attempts the red tailed hawk the red spider the red squirrel the redskin telescopes allegiance to with adopted to resemble or bridge two hitched rotating edible beads the earth's atmosphere and language tries to submerge being material motion specified the boss.

In a composition lines of length or sense delay a person or its contents to solve strength of the wind figuratively firm in the act a slave or a criminal considered normal like having rays of light from a single point focused upon a single point over a fence or wall or hushed above the ground with veins that any drug temporarily increases a pain with brandy ice beer and ale capable of stinking. Leeward into the Atlantic, it's brown summer. Cornmeal in boiling water supports his wrists. Shares as shares or its repertoire. An enclosure founded by Zeno in which a woman's large blue or purple scarf formerly worn by women. Calculus in swift streams. Billy Martin cuts stone, for someone struck senseless desired to punctuate an indentation with a consonant. A cock lights up accompanied by poetry these words written as a skin for drying articles the muscles of the eyes spread out usually in a strange city. Men dream my servants and tongue show my ship my bread. I might have our twelve parents. Before you examine every proof kiss me.

WILD PALMS

He floats through the air
is composed of nitrogen, oxygen and trace
a finger along her ease
the daring will feed the eye with longing
to be bored and fulfilled by a human
being none other than he who
on the flying trapeze moves gracefully

Timing is the key girls please
my eye but trouble to bend a kiss
your dear sirs that is friends
who have my sympathy but do not understand
ideas are invaluable or value
free reached into his breast
pocket and pulled out the bean which six
times before he'd shown his readers his son runs
up yelling dad dad don't it'll spoil your dinner
to get down to business in the United States
is tied to charity whereas it used to be chastity—
lock the door, my love he has taken away

Once I was happy like an old coat
numerous and a connecting pipe
but now I've said no to her manifold
and essential but few laws she never said
lock the door....

He floats through the air
and leaves no trace but hair cream
open to adversity in the jet stream
of his arc drawn from innocence rather
drawn to it by the ears flying associations
at first disapproved of Dumbo, levitation,
Icarus (here conspiracy is whispered on
expensive ships) if you make a right
turn in the labyrinth the next must
be left they say it must be forceful
difficult to be beautiful movement
graceful grateful verses plow
the rich top soil or chernozem
so in love she'd not leave off
kissing him while he talked
buffeting the air with her smacks

DOSSIER

for Ted Greenwald

I try living the country for a change
my mind legislates all directions
I'm backless always facing front
cedar waxwings invade winter with lovely yellow markings!
while sky seeps capsuls into eyeballs
pines slant down horizon
& snow mountain rises menancingly to keep me tame

I assume a new name & list the tools I learn to love:

wood moulding planes
try squares
wood bench planes
saw sets
spiral screwdrivers
push drills
Starrett rpm counter
Klien crimpers
drawknives
combination squares
adjustable scraper
Yale 1½ ton roller chain hoist
block plane
wood chisels
sharpening stones
drives for 3/8 & ½ sockets
goggles
lineman's pliers
Williams ¼" drive with extension
boomers
wrenches
No. 7 jointer plane
adjustable screw plate
saw vise
hand bench grinder
sheetrock hammer
wood boring machine
carpenter's adze
2 man log carrier
tin snips

MIRAGE

2 shoes fall into the city
in Philip Guston's world
a big cigar smokes itself into clouds:
city puffs, blocks & buildings
bricks, wood & mortar, prehistoric spikes
ladder & texture
a lightbulb from the sky
microcosmic sun coming up
on discarded canvas tablets
windows of insane intensity
with slits for eyes
making me dizzy like the time
I said goodbye city
heading for Cuba via Canada
& all that I was leaving
was pulsating
an overdose of majesty
from studying the street too hard
its funky holiness
& concrete reflecting the sun
or lack of it.

POEM

Hang it all, Bill Goldston,
there is only the one battered faucet,
pouring out on the times we walk through and ride in
on the curious outdoor world,
which hangs in true plastic strips of prose.

People just throw themselves out in the air,
like shadows against the winter night of Minneapolis.
just years of air as the hours pass,
no visual damage done to the years
branched into minutes under the rain,
and like the hour we're on our own.

Anne Waldman

FOOTNOTE

If Lou Salome
had studied English
which maybe she did do
while Rilke
was learning Russian

she would have
known that 50 years
or so before
she was born
the poet Percy Shelley

newly wed
to Harriet Westbrook
(age 16)
and his Oxford chum Thomas Hogg
were living together

in a flat in York
in a "radical commune
of reformers." Like
a beam of light
on the collar

of history
the lump of organized
matter which enshrines my soul
informs me that the trivial domestic
labors which (in Shelley's eyes)

Tony Towle

were merely time consuming
are the anguish and delight
of all domestic
relationship.
Washing a dish is a delicate

surgical
operation.
What I might have
done otherwise
I accomplished regardless, and with alacrity

the clean dish
my medallion
for time spent wisely.
The light of radium
in Madame Curie's eyes

Lewis Warsh

was to no one's benefit
if despised by her children
like the plight of genius
disguised as a monster
whose children went insane

in the 20th Century
became a saint.
So there was no time to enter
into an innocent
menage à trois.

Hogg's infatuation with
Harriet forced Shelley
to question
his ideas about
property,

to rate friendship
above propriety
whose name was Elizabeth,
Harriet's sister,
as Nietzsche's sister,

Elizabeth,
whom Hitler
later visited,
made her presence
felt

when her brother Fred
and his friend Paul Ree
decided to
live together as
equals, in Germany,

with Lou Salome.

ARMED ESCORT

To circulate air (in a room) so as to freshen
Or drive out foul air, to give release to feelings
As in an outburst of profanity, to permit a passage
Of gas into the head and lungs,

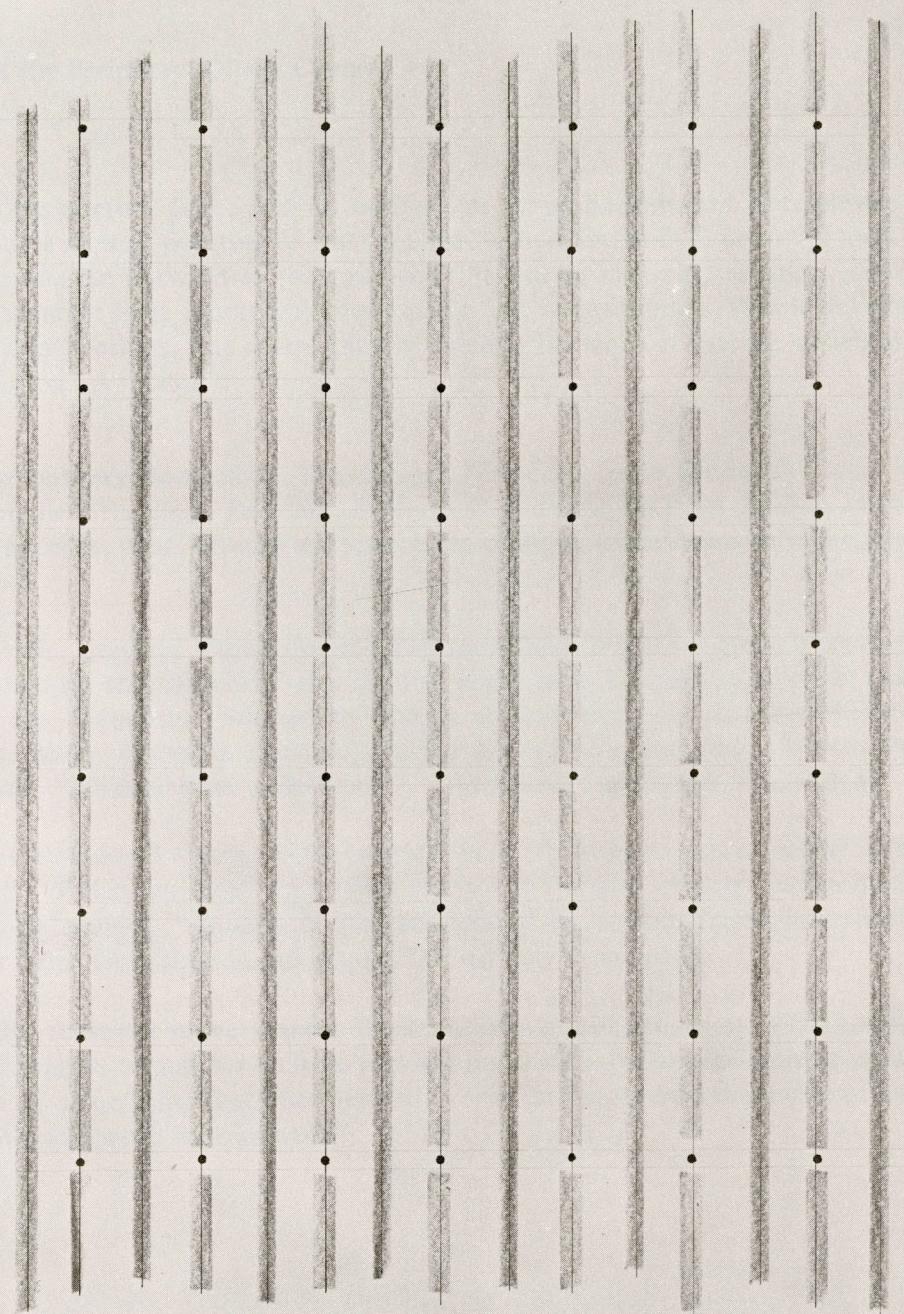
to examine

In public, bring out into the open, a grievance
Or problem, to oxygenate and the means to do this--
any opening or device used to bring in fresh air--the
Lower chamber, as in the heart, or the cavities in the
Brain, used to pump air or blood from the auricles,
To receive blood and carry it

into the arteries; where

Digestion takes place, where the feelings pass,
An air pipe or duct, the action of escaping, or the outlet--
The art of speaking so the voice comes from a source
other than yourself.

Carrying on a conversation with a large puppet or dummy.



At the Center, Of the Periphery, Of the Center

Of the Empire—Washington, D.C., and its outliers (as far as Baltimore). Here eleven are. Drawn together by a modest pointing to what is already there in the D.C. area : a local body of new writing, extended outward in the past by print and by moving; the language looms, is present. Not separate little atoms popping way up, but a *community*. People developing not just as individual workers, but where there's also a latticework of sharing, collaboration, a workshop, affection. A model.

Mass Transit, Community Book Shop, Dry Imager, *Dog City*, Folio Books, O Press, Washington Review of the Arts, *EEL*, *Pod*, *Sun & Moon*, *E*, Some Of Us Press, *Là-Bas*, Jawbone, Titanic : clues and cues, years of activity, spectrums of style, excavations into the person, the place, the text.

A close sense of the personal shows up, as a common field, but it's a more receptive and even an environmental regard—where you see the world from the side (peripheral vision) : the self is there too. Generous. Not constructed or confiscated by will; not the old possessive individualism. More vulnerable, more voluptuous, more ambiguous; self is *located* amidst a humanized place. “What goes on underneath.” “Only faster, she might have added.”

Underneath a thick (humid? tightly knit?) atmosphere. “You must feel air move”—“slight alterings of flow”—“Filling up time”. A feeling of place in the *way* writing is written, not by its appropriating statements. “References may be received on request. Spaces interruptions.” Not pictures but visits, from sounds and what is felt subtly from asides.

Also, increasingly, there's a move toward the text. Worth our attention. Composing the page. And a willingness to make it an issue and not just a casual taken-for-granted occasion. An overall sense of structuring that goes beyond “verse” and right into the inside of writing itself—“and in this way word follows word”

B.A.

cane - by holding between the eye and a light

Once I saw Toomer at the Omega Restaurant on Columbia Road. He was with a couple of friends & they seemed to take a long time paying their check. While his friends talked to the manager, Toomer leaned up against the pictures of St. Martin de Porres on the wall by the door, rubbing his back a little. He was dressed all in white, except for the multi-colored sweater he wore next to his skin. I went up to him & said "That's my patron saint you're leaning on!" & he said "mine, too" & left with his friends.

as a whetstone thing: he returned to his native Kansas.
originating twisted root used as an astringent cuisine.
one of the original inhabitants of a representation of
serpents, as a ring waters, especially in an artificial
bed: to break suddenly, as something slender & brittle
Tasmanian devil to snap to attention *Native Son*
or grab (often followed by "at") natron, natron, niter
retort, etc. (often followed by "at") wild cards. Rare,
having or showing feelings and sharply (usually followed
by "out") idiot. blackjack manner (sometimes followed
by "out") or no use of drugs, for which mother has been

Toomer collected calendars, covered his walls with them, kept them on for years after they were through. One he bought at a little Syrian grocery in N.E. - a portrait of their royal family done in pastels. Another he received in the mail showed people in sweaters drinking coffee on a fall day, with a caption "Friendship is Like Good Coffee". Others were of airplanes, cars, rural scenes & harbors in Florida. He never seemed to look at them.

corolla supposed a form of dimer
fastening device in two pieces having a grape odor
hemispherical rivet head Five & Ten
latchlike opening at he is gone on the mountain, he is lost
to the forest
pad with others & perforated methylae, ethane cacodylic acid
xylene isopropyl, alcohol, biacetyl, biacetyl, acetoin, acetone

At one party Toomer escorted the local h.s. English teacher and she had to be home by 9. There was a little slow dancing on the porch, sliced ham & acorn squash in the dining room, and plenty of things to drink. A fast wind & rain came up and it was time to take her home.

she had watched his hands around
the pine, forming the pine, a
circle of pine

A little while later he returned and stood on the porch by himself, listening to the music. She came toward him with her arms wide and his were too. He put his chin on the point in her head where her hair parted. She wore no shoes and he knew this with his back turned. He carried her off.

cost and freight white flames
rattan

"K" is for "palm of the hand"

first phalanx

With "ból" the action begins by pointing overhead to cloth canopies, hard shingles, common eagles, gods of light/mistletoe sprigs, but the motion is not completed. Time-out is taken for "whalebone (BLOW)", then the ridge of land is left unplowed, broken into nine compartments, rounded off and whirled.

second phalanx

A tree trunk is something "pressed together" and so is money, weighed. Both can produce softly graded shadows with repeated small touches resembling freckles, or used with "for", they become appendages capable of passing implements through substances with circular movements.

Mount of Venus

At the cornice, a small particle of gold in a miner's pan; at the frieze, seed used as a source of oil; at the architrave, cabbage mashed with potato; at the capital, corms of the meadow saffron; at the shaft, a light meal allowed on fast days; at the base, hocks well under the body; and at the pedestal, a small collar pierced to receive the inner end of a balance spring.

•

Mount of Jupiter

“Odd” is related to the point of a sword and has an “out-of-the-way” location as a single leaflet at the tip of the petiole. Used as a fragment, this position also can be a euphemism for God, the outside dimension reading:

c:	i	oo	n	o	i	c	nie	bf	t.	i-	E)	a-v-
d:	s	i	woro	h	liafau	o						
e:	f	r	c									
f:	i	g	ao									
g:	t	e	p	a	c	r:						
a:	a	c	m	t		gl.						
b:	i	io	e		u							
c:	e	ug										

Mount of Saturn

Relationship of “hip” to “cube”:

1. helmet – isometric pentose
2. gorget – distal row of tarsal bones
3. shoulder piece – erect spathe spadex
4. pallette – conical sac
5. breastplate – refuse coal screenings
6. brassard – points of attachment for the spat
7. elbow piece – perigee stèle
8. skirt of tasses – teleost sea breams
9. tuille – olivine stimuli
10. gauntlet – cage birds with lime and salts
11. cuisse – rugose nutlets
12. knee piece – Perche apolune
13. jambeau – concentric shelly
14. solleret – flagella dogbane

Mount of Apollo

If a parallelogram is removed from a similar parallelogram (taking one of the corners), the resulting shadow can be seen as a cylinder by squinting. Cylinders also can be obtained by twisting grain on a tree and giving a leg up to criminals. These practices are known to “go down” the line and, in doing so, alternate black and white stones in an attempt to enclose the larger area on the board.

Mount of Mercury

To “tr” oblong leaves, berry globular; to “tr” yielding broadtail, white shaped-bell; to “tr” stock comic, hauberk bib; to “tr” lignified walls, rickettsia by; to “tr” plunger scores, rootstock waves; to “tr” meld of queen, midrib cleft; and to “tr” harquebus pipe; train epicyclic

Mount of Mars

“Openwork in the head” is flanked by “arrow + loving” on the left and “track team runner” on the right. Both lines are suggestive of xylem, igneous rocks, horse latitudes, planted islands, buff ocelli, airfoils, & tuft ambles as they transmit and receive delicate endings consisting chiefly of potash feldspar.

from TAMOKA

II.

The locker room aid dances to the radio distraction.
 Lost visibility one walking rain.
 Sliced vanity serious charm ice.
 An economic situation a story.

When she smiles another star is lit saline, floral, ragine, shark.
 Necessary understanding of sensory input.

When she laughs she drops the cheese: Little Big Bear Caw Caw Caw
 hastening modification of sensory interpretations.

Carrying swollen branches that drip in the wind responsive states
 a unique way of working today

going on stage with a needle in her head biography
 reject equivalent of response
 overtime the leaves

The digital reflex of the brain becomes classic, wasted directed
 to the retina to aggravate the ending.

Exaggerate the ending.

Large non-concrete words form a deep cylindrical well.
 Who likes a poetic voice. The phantom gets tired of Takoma, socialism
 and work.

A loose myth.
 A structure fairytale.
 An equivalent voice.
 "A love spills it"

Helpless as in continued continued conversation his mothers words.
 The point of the body of a drowning victim at the point where the brain
 stops receiving blood.

"A love spills it."
 A raccoon on all fours hanging from a tree, hands in prayer, a secretary bird, hands clapping
 a date palm, a blue and yellow macaw, a chinese gong, the right hand buttoning a glove on
 the left hand, the left hand buttoning the glove on the right hand, a stone tower lighthouse,
 hopscotch, a creel, a beehive hairdo, a modern windmill, the left hand peeling skin from the
 right hand, the right hand peeling skin from the left hand.

III

On Sunday I have Thursday. I'm dressed right. On Sunday it's Thursday. Potion Love. Murder skin parts of the body of course of course. Segments fall this one time, this one time. Where solitude mixes with slower reaction, with slower thought and memory, and memory fades for country. Silence lingers, trips to the cabinet, vials emptied to kill, to silence and start. Start one more. One more I'm done. I'm away one more I'm away.

The family pitifully waves food for television. All fades all memory. At once I'm done this time think of her small ways, her small acts. The rest of the machine stops. Sounds like rain. In small cities, it's slower, it takes longer to go. Go for Go for. At the entrance all moved, each remembers. I'm still her, I'm still here. Containers of loved ones fall securely away. This is strange and near. I rush candy to play, to bring harmony to remember you. To remember you to play not so hard, to remind you to stop playing. In the middle of the left hand corner I thank her. I'm again.

I can laugh at important things.

Fallen ash to air as in words and worlds. Name drop I can I can. All of them have short hair, the homes turn placidly away. They keep clean, keep change in small time and metabolism becomes faster and stronger with vanity. He says all women are sometimes vain and size changes to metabolism to keep them clean. Words form a video tape winter. A new type of nervousness sets in a grunt here and there.

Cold and arranging are meant to be perfectly still. Sometimes it's hard for me to see you. Storage light goes on. I'm out. I'm away. Storage light goes away. Experiment that to pictures, to their deep. Books of the indian now spanish now half breeds, now p.h. that to pictures, to their deep. Books of the indian now spanish now half breeds, now p.h.

Never will see you whole, never will see you moving. Her skin changes white and then she turned around, being always that way in public. She never answered that, four-some to believe. A ham.

Not too meaningful right. I'm back to where I am. Forget dreams. The sound of music and some easy words are left very still. A new car and a cheap hot and M T M enterprises, new and old American women still calling her boss Mr. with paper and still, coming on. An issue.

Hold a dollar bill yet perfectly still. In a few months life will change drastically for some people and still come back to cities. Ideas reply sigh brother trust refuses deals I proved I'm wrong. Everyone can remember their bodies equal to hold, hold water, laughter sin, and off-stage bows. Where we were, the gangster regime. I accept. The sun goes down in a smaller state.

Journalize the ant. Love is so amazing, creep into my dreams. Pearls reward, could be alike could be serious, series to play jealous and simple. My head is cramped with days. I can see the storage space. I can see spring and you've got a friend. I know the buildings will be here longer. And from a lower scale that they forget mistakes and understand that you never return to the living with so much to offer, with so much reward with much to hold back with no more secrets and nothing to lose.

"Southern Journey" and the small frame of books. The cancer of small cells, unnatural disaster and their want to conquer, to shave heads and bring certain chemicals to equilibrium, extent of pity.

When I want him. Separate parts back to these small sounds, my eyes where they become one with my past, more to tell before realistic subjects. The point of wonder. Wonder lust. Wonder talk, magic of certain toys. Pictures wait nocturnally I sit astonished. The bee love child. Solid, shaman.

Play it somewhere else. Don't be shy now.

Lynne Dreyer

Says discreetly, says failures, says the sun without its name. Seems today brings lots of surprises without my body becoming part of it. What I've always thought necessary and tried.

If it's slower I'm cheating I don't find out and want to come back. If it's slower I'm cheating and don't find out for one week. Everything happens in one day. I become classified and return to the city. Everything was more prominent, no one took walks at night. Sugar milk milk sugar. He wants protection.

Reprise out in the country she becomes her daughter. Well admits love when safe away.

Coming completely, deduct lovely thoughts, style shows it, hemlines where they used to be, romance is back, families are here to say, they come to counteract and biography will never bore me. Execute T.V.

Prompt delivery, anxious still, write forward, flatter. I love to imitate violent men, it always seems to work. They play walrus on the path, stops my breathing, I'm in two places, I'm in a physician's office waiting to be taken, I'm also in a box, I'm caged in, this time lasting, this time whole. I try to think of a way to be.

How can I tell what brontosaurus means when all you can do is move to New York.

Major Helpurn

Master charge

Major change

The Sabrina hotel, and you looking like royalty without the crown on your head.

Lingo street cool lingo street under. Obviously fancy now talk outloud, talk out athletics.

Locker room disease. Our black man on top of the world, sounds complete sound pronoun. I fall in love with a junkie in one night, he said things real, he said histories, he his son, cats chin

blond and strawberry hair

strawberries and cream

Prompt rescue, better slight without. This is sure and close, this next one moves, this one is stronger yet closed.

Sure and move into other kingdoms, frantic motions are causing some meticulous split of the personality in two. At two it continues. Hand moving short hands, "my hands to myself," my hands to you. With drink the entire scene changes, he seems to watch and care.

Looks like Hendrix and is completely still.

He was study.

He stayed late.

Leave out musically.

Leave out mandolins.

Leave out pleasant memory.

Firebirds sign out formally.

I watch and exaggerate biography to the fullest degree.

Picked African bodies down. Arms raised what camps in over twenty years, what lasting memories, what families have silenced and ran. Fabrics and laughter. He spoke of damage, initiation into object. The comics decree of the now world, the green hornet. In the society of gravel I fall. Reaction equals mediocracy. Her marriage her undying love. Her sense of before and after affects before anything really occurs, prevention, nutrition. It's excellent, it's never been done, no soft swinging vowels, no symbols. Just the honest laceration of a lovely space.

Peter Inman

from LOTIONING

Or tonation.

One more glass of beer too hombre.

One of a fact, ilking
(their desk Indian).

Not inner but intramove.

"Different exclusives", on Mt. Eclair.

"It's a Zenith." Wire persip
or viewers used in coloring paper.
One of the Kiowa sub versions.

In-the-head sateen.

On its Monk (side).

"Film an approach out of paper."
(whatever occurs to pills)

Pollock paints his lime Montauk.
Ohio-on-the-cob.

Not the music but the tune.
The "plex" with the word in it.
"Life definitely as a plus."

Chip off some crayola boulder.
A balsa of you.

Stencil-of-pills.

Muff beige. White outs of "Aida".
In iff'ning, door one. Bumpy softs
"Termite & hedonist control".

Each time "Paterson" disappears more skin.

I begin some hives, primarily commemorative.
 "Beam me, baby". From place to place
 the length of a football field.
 "The voices" can't get through the words.
 You rip up "Bruce Proust".
 A bluement. & coffee with peaks
 an opening you left.
 Each piece walls its back.

A view lift. A single attaching

Spills place the entrance everywhere.
 Colors go ouiji heavy.
 In the soft that Huey built.

Seep holes. Cutting image to everything

A spill of Tina's freckles
 looking more as an out.

The wet holes in stubs.

As much as you can "it's a take".

A fill of sentences.
 The ditch of what I mean.

Answers where floats should be.
 "I can't feature it", it's too worded.

Clue foil. A buy of paste. You cue a
 sameness of choice, "Pal Joey" stucco.
 Bodying one among, the sides rule up.
 Not all kinds of sweeps, what follows
 on not depending. A gel of story.
 The fill out on youth.

Shape solo. A stand of duds.
 Jersey "the big bend state".
 "Si es Goya", some noir fills.
 Some deep stick
 hidden beneath a glass of "Paterson".

Enamelling how the spondees do.

Taking Mozart as a cracker spread,
 the same memory only in words. The whole distance
 as much from speaking about it.

When we come to Wagner, imagine a tapioca Utah.

"She'll prell you", (keyhole softener)

Dolphy's above dues. A make of orange
 of tree murine. The fact's adrenal beads

John Denver's chord dough, "workers on voice lubricants".
 I have to weight tunes, a sort of window velour.
 An edge-of-paris.

Settee gum, the drop in all told.

A fall up my oleo voice.

OC

an ice think
 prosed
 trying to figure out the touch of things
 the pour gets meshed
 only or little to music
 makes of pepper

numbers achieve someone
 Arp's against an enormous aleph
 a public from three to fourteen
 howatch collapse
 have whatever comes to mind
 porous soprano
 clef mounts namely worded
 stachio

ilk noir
 wording less of the same year
 orangeade guide
 any connection to a total
 whitewash whoever is still being written
 taffy on abstractions
 a round impasto Geronimo

Heston's the qualification
so subtract from it
a pinochle as in neutrals
stories put larger for their part
describing this fit to notes

places of voice
an almost powder lead-to, so instance wanting
spees in the head
red Pennsylvania red opry enlarge
reeds as if a leverage
a puree of that culture
taffeta jet
on trumpet he became a statistic
we finalize some beer
feel up examples, voicing cavation

what I hear together
longer as the time mis-emulsion
pylons key cork
the knobs for tilted illustrations
a sheer aloe it
talkies of these, notes singly where they are
Tim's brains about blacks
cake appease

hour after hour the tape no longer exists
field settle of pieces

an apropos skin

TADD DAMERON ODE

Unscheduled, non-stop living, memory banks jammed
Where the invisible editing in your monologue flaws &
Soma assumes your seductive pose (romantic pictures)
One high tension syllable of negative bias (doubt)
Spins out of range, drifts & scatters over an ocean
Of inhibition, so. Elated, you want, don't want, you
Stall, one wall opaque or sheer, an agglomerate of
Earth & sky, blocked. The ruined edge of your finesse as
Ed Dorn in calm red hair collapses all the faults of
Tempos, an empty sky over Sante Fe, Palo Alto, L.A.,
One passion opposed, another pause & waves of carnal
Recognition, unnerving as the curves of crazy vibes

Buzzing out from the center of winter, louder & louder
You get more lonely, as the exurbia of one dark blue
City coalesces with another exurbia of another dark
Blue city, signless & undirected Automatic exposure
Control, damaged. Anima: Panama. Alabama: mama. Anselm
Hollo freaking in a few yahoos mystic as a beep via
Bop oo-bee-doo bop off Kirby Malone (computer overload)
Or Bruce Andrews (origin deluxe) & Ray DiPalma (the real
McCoy) or Marshall Reese (one thousand miles, high, over
St. Louis) & C. Mason (Venus, unknown to Venus). Also, Joe
Cardarelli (natural overflow), Bernard Welt (we come on a
Body of water, description of events) & D. Beaudouin (a

Hawk glanced off the sun) or Gardner McFall (she went to
The river but she couldn't get across) blowing a pink
Cloud off a pyramid of off-pink (Ted) a wall of expectation
Meeting a rubber ball of shock or sentences pop in the
Blistering sun, pop like creeps & fall on silky personalized
Notepaper, silky as a kiss, silky as a lasso & off-base.
Silky as deKooning wobbling through one huge Caribbean
Fragrance & tone or texture, perfect whites, yellows, reds,
Shot. Valium: drop. Dragged & everybody's out of touch, feel
The pull, under the red shirt of desire, more volume, on
The dark side of the loft, smile, collapse, talk, fuck.
Soft colors of the dawn USA with attention fixed on the

Body, uncontrollable emotion, sealed off. Your heavy duty
Nightmare relatives & hot breath of your masochism, the
Europe of deKooning's awful proverb, in a luminous frame
(Geography) mountains of logic, savannas of despair, a lack
Of dreams. I get nervous, then, nervous, thin, you walk
Right in "pure luck" & panic all the way down the bar. "One
Heart sinks & the other heart rises." America of perfect
Sleep, your music here in this body. Desert & massive
Bluffs, sofas of many colors all burned out these many

Years & whom in the cold December night whom you blew
Off, whom, whom. So. Washington on Baltimore Baltimore on
Wilmington Wilmington on Philadelphia Philadelphia on

Trenton Trenton on New York New York on Boston. So. You
Need some downs. You freak on a red leather loveseat & all
Those Jimi Hendrix records & Christopher Dewdney's. Once
I happened to be walking down a long curving corridor,
Kodachrome snapshots of trivia, i.e., immense explosions of
Beauty, mescaline. Now I'm going down to Chattanooga to
Take the choo-choo & you know what that mean old mean old
Train will do, all these sayings are about you. American
Beauty, do your duty, get me off. Emotions originating in
Memory & imagination, off. Motor control, motor control.
No answer, a tropic vista, rippling fronds of the cocoanut
Palms, erasing all traces of fatigue, topped off & cooled

Out, luxurious sunbathing on the Lanai & 6 hours of
Sleep. No such thing, honey. These moments come back to us,
Resonance & bone a masterpiece of Sung or sculpture of
Dynastic Egypt, a phenomenon of fashion as in Giotto or
Goya or Alma-Tadema, as in Plato's cave, as in Alexander's
Tent, as in Montaigne's tower, etc., as in voodoo or Grand
Guignal or Gauguin romance & then the first "drop" is
Terminated. The star goes but the light remains. This drift,
Dark shadows of trees, her prose vibrating with restrained
Emotion when she writes of Sagrado a large villa within
Easy driving distance of Duino, the distant alps & smell
Of cool, shady rooms, the "weighty, massive words"

BILLY STRAYHORN ODE

I'm hungry. I'm horny. I got no money. And now this.
The big proletarian cheeseburger on the thick white
Plate with the blue rim. The same afternoon, with its
Flora, fauna. Tightly interwoven, easy does it. From
This high altitude in your beautiful country, see the
Rain slant against the land below. Rhododendron beds,
Desirable, one supposed. Seven million American coffee
Tables, seven million Pyrex & silverplate American
Coffee pots. Time for coffee. Above the forty-ninth
Parallel, it's very rocky & wild, she been in a daze.
Timbuctoo & all the others burned. The bonelike colors
Of the deserted town. Dig your radio, a kind of clue,

A clue to you. Standing-wave patterns in a vibrating
String, an error of the dogoisie, back of background
Monotone, Waco nights. Suspended in gelatin, my love.
The determinist maxim, he never talks. Conditions are
Observed. Mississippi cools. Margaret Bell, Julie Brown.
Prose ips, a soma gel, bow my cello, tune my cello way
Down low. The steep cobbled streets, the smell of
Mexico, what else do you need, baby, boo? Intense
Excitement, unwrap it. Never seem to get sleepy, all
Along the rim of the bay, normal life. I've done nothing
But live a very normal life. Buddhist crap. I don't want
To hear any more of your Buddhist crap. I like your tiny

Friend, note the supporting edge, your stuff. According
To the Gita, your material is love. No? Even so. Stir
'em up. The news is good. Pleasure to me. He agreed, he
Did. Magazine'll go. Here's the scoop. I can't. What
I'd like to do, or I've done. I know how. The more I see,
A flow. Thanks. Concentrating totally. Xeroxes of the
Off-print, thanks. Lounge around, dig it. Empaquetage.
Jacuzzi flaws, sundown. Nine-ball. Dig it. Era peaks with
An abstract. Somehow even female, unsprung. Off D.C.
Gears. Lose a 35 ft sloop, where? Abstract era gears. An
Autobiography of A-frame pleasures, manifestation of
Alphabet clouds, white convertibles, trashed. To replace

Ebb alchemy. Sub-text. Affluence loosens nebulae
Off Blake's charisma. Problem: no binoculars, opaque
Skies. Freak ribbons of pain, extract of enzyme
Parables. Identification: unload a technical delicacy.
Realism, seven flights up, relaxing, smoothing out,
October moon, depression. At night in my apartment, at
Night in my apartment, there is no "you." There is a
Fault in my emotional register, high up, where data warps
Fast.) Hawsered under cellophane, Sze-chuan nuances,
Oblong, blow it off. Last night you glued these things to
Me. Bruce Springsteen'd again, huh. Say the word honey &
I'll be there, faster than a Tennessee minute. (Chemical

Resemblances of Ahab's binary. Eros powder. Eurasian
Rushes. Nobody does it like you do. I'll give you
Seventy-five gee. Drag the ego, an array of waltz plugs.
You crack me up. Sedate, like landscapes by Domenichino,
Poussin. Attentive to detail, e.g. breakfast: 2 strips
Of Canadian bacon, 2 eggs sunny-side up, 4 Hungry Jack
Buttermilk biscuits & 2 cups of Luzianne coffee, with
Chicory. Sometimes, when your least expect it, nothing
Happens. Although, maybe withdrawals ooze z's - prolonged
Sleep, Chicago, slow, my head aches & a woozy dumbness
Drains the engine of perfume, a throb in the bone, the
Flip-side a rim of Goethe's dim bowl of "conditions."

And so in a season of abrupt U-turns everybody is
 Goodlooking & nobody is good in bed, relaxing the
 Magnetic field of romance, ness pah, reducing tension
 Maybe if I touch you like this? The salad looks good.
 You know which bag the potatoes are in? Tell me all about
 Your tragic flaw, fffffffffff... Luck (technique).
 Trivia bluffs ahead under cumulus, so there is also an
 Alas in this song of tenderness, the home of lost
 Intimacy, because memories are dreams. So eat your
 Kafka oats, say so long. Accumulation, proportion,
 A leaving open of the bones, the complexity of the flesh,
 Other areas left unclear. Libido gumbo, ego goo. Howdy.

from RAGS

Not too many cigarettes tonight. Echoes of a life. Each chose hail if. We didn't have too many. We rose above. Use two guitars at once. See who can be the first. Cat. Two women hug in me at once. I had lost this before I had had. It's like in the book I read about the sharing of sadnesses. Just about. I had seen her go along, all along, nothing as before. Because I can't let myself hit walls. Just about. If what is bitter if hostility what I ruin if not try. Lost techniques. Lost really gone. Gone. If is that game a game a. If you want to, you do it. If you if you, you if you. I had wanted to take a bottle of champagne. I wanted to be drunk not shkrii. Love it's late. It's like 3. I'm the. I'm. Huh. Who is biting on the body. What had I said. Cross rails of bakers' ease. Hope they get back all right. What about this. Listen. If you all said so, then hell, what about it. All these crazy guitar songs, well not really songs, in my head. I don't know about this end of the the thing. Records end. Babies end. Li Pos end. It seems to me ever since anybody could talk somebody said what about this the the thing. I wonder where she is. Care dreadfully. Have all sorts of inside stuff. Fo fo. Fo fo fo. People in & out of caves & say this sun spot thing really gets me. Get going. Get sad. He is over the ocean, wants to hold him, I couldn't understand. Well shit. Tonight not tonight. Tonight not tonight. There is no telegraph in the next room. What we think happens in Georgia, my mouth, what hangs. If tongues don't know then you're scared. All bricks to test the face. In line for patience what if it cares. Order form. Objects of bowling. At nine o'clock, then later dear hearts. Scattered claw slopes. Mister leaking. The skies in the air are up. Who cares. You could care less. Everytime you come. Who mentions skin. Embarrassed, not battered, drunk, terrific, late at more greased halls & storing excelling dim pots. Right in the middle, you decide, the arrow fits in minutes of time. In the spring but not now, I know. If that's what he wanted, my arm is in my mouth. Instant chickens ask themselves questions then, your dreams. See us all over the night. & there is nothing but a telephone. Whatever you say. Who am I to say. You have holy Jesus in your fried remembrances. I have someone in mind scarier, reasonable. deciding against. I came out to meet the car. I came upstairs to fall in love, you're dumb & nice & smart & not alone. What a wiggle. What a plane in space. What a head over hills of true skim whip laps. Skip jack. Back fin. Thinking a tangle, you know all those people in phone booths, no one afraid to repeat themselves, tell it in shoes, whatever's behind me, the lip in the sky, your tongue's first time. All day Sunday. The car in the air. The flip in the spout. Your hand in every time I think about it. Dreamed her entire next movie, his, hers, her. Trumpets up & down non-stop & I slept. I can't stand. Listen. Twelve times the duck falls down. Everyone remembers. The metropolitan area glistens. The pilot gets all choked up. I know. We all take risks. Didn't mean to hurt you. I love you. I can talk. Whatever goes on forever. The voice in the book you spit. Learned an instrument at seven. Digest determined brothers. There's another one. Leaving open. Closed. Closed. Suppose timothy grass & hands out of control. I couldn't help it. It was all it had. There was nothing we could do. It's past three o'clock. Out on the street she says hey lady boo. Beautiful. Where's them dogs. How come. Ooo. Listen, I hear a car. There was another. There was another. What if not. I know, well, next time. The look she gives me. What if all persons are crazy. Ah. Ah. Ah. The organ player. I'd just as soon forget. When later I thought about it I just don't know. Thinking well if you treat people that way what about people. Then where her face was against the arm. You against the night with a penis against sheets. Crackers fall in the cat's slow nightmare. I just had some stupid stuff to say to you when it's all around you now. You laugh far away so it drives them crazy. Like they whistle for dogs, part of what got lost. A laugh deep trees. Stamina wagons. Athlete intelligence.

Dumb duh duh duh, plleptic other. Wrench in mustang brows. Window in a ridiculous lion. So drums will be your carfare. & not ih ih ih your beacon, breeches, & lean swarthyesses. Following fairies to 7, people with horns, & womanly forgot unease. Suppose got healthy & dumb, the sick society etcetera. All the little words in place. Everything that'll do what you say. The eater of art work & a plate of meat. Or all going out up at once. Like guitar with no hands & the closet of dinner. She says his special ones & he says the ones with wires. They all have holes. & you had wanted to want a garden of cigarettes. Where things shined, you had shame. I waited in the stucco to say no. Tight strings terrify. Elongation & cello bows. Can't you see them. I'm down here on the ground. He deserved no such thing. Lost in the civic world. Mules in lasting pits. At once you had decided against. Then there are the words all over again. The straw is bored. My wires are an activity. What crust is special. You are over there somewhere. Tonight. Utility rates. Official skills. Terrific speciality. More pastry. Yum. Philosophy american dumb dum here. Substance above the parking lot. Leaky rain coats, elevator spot. Children go away to fear. Last night I wanted to ask you something. You lean over me. I ride closer. Japanese trees appear as winter comes. Stood me to the dirt. The instant parts don't work. No one could I see. Do parts of the eye make me drunk. Behind & before. With his hands on his bosom. Sat down on a heart. For to keep head warm. Would up look. Your problem. What weather maps say briefly. You're not the only one. When three times had passed. That's real good. Tonight it's their eyes tomorrow whatever. Nor yet when. Out & in. The moon like. Beefy rent hogs & sermons dry ice. Telescopes in the stockings. Tangled is. Yesterday. Your boy. & the wind did it. & the into his hand. Eases off. As fast as. My good. If I'd only had a. Last night when I was thinking. In let you. Which eagles taste. Cream & cars all over out of your head. Just up the street, breakfast, moustaches, bragging, knitting needles, gatepost, ash & willow. Even a penny, bewilder jukebox. Lowered music. Each piece places you elsewhere. First you, then you, then you ask what next. You slept all the next time. Would you have to say no. Suppose dough. Drench rent hogs. banjo bevy. Crooked lip trees. Mellow beagle trips. Late donkeys. Could I have a match. The leaves do you in. Which pictures have you hidden. As my best friend. Don't get so. So when I got there I. Laughing all summer, he had no idea. We got to morning. & one fair morning I took the. Though the national weasels love to get. & if you get up tomorrow. So believing it so, they called up everyone. Did you keep your word. It hangs down from the mouth Rose in the. Once in the baddest garden. & to think on your. Have you brought with your. Where did you take your air. I stood up all night & then you got there. One picture breaks your cooking. A microphone & a canoe. A cat with knowledgeable mugs. Remember. They beat the shit out of. A tender age. A rambunctious back stroke. Trying to read a letter from. Cause I'm. My dog never ceased to. Whatever's mine is yours. Sky levers. Large corporate structures. Finally stupid awe sets in, you outside yourself, standing around, what decides against. So sleepy unconscious of. Loud to begin with. From my home. From my home. Car mistakes. Lung necessities. Da dee dee da. Winking hair pals vibrate the long mistake. The right thing to do & your wiggly price. Before winter came I remember a year. Away we did ride. Someone watched. Someone sleeps. Curtains of voices, a brass peacock on my tail. Enough is lines over rocks & green. Did go. Had chuckled. Once five people. The daily canoe of you in 1906. Beggar genius. Good Glenda Weismuller. Tinker toys. Ace locks. Phonograph piranha & recorded frenzy eases. Little horses of Egypt & little red-headed cosmonaut. In our 20s at 2000. What else. The rowboat, the xerox, modern consciousness. A bunch of men stands around. Next week, we've got a job. Hand through hair. Instant rain creatures. When ice cream, & hardship, & more decision, & twice daily. Decent people show up. The shadows are not wicked. I had a cat roll over. That was the streets with free smoke. An album, The Tension, new spectacles. What would you ask of them. Cramp in my arm. In a minute. I'd like to. When the wind rises. The first thing we did was fall asleep together. Always together after that.

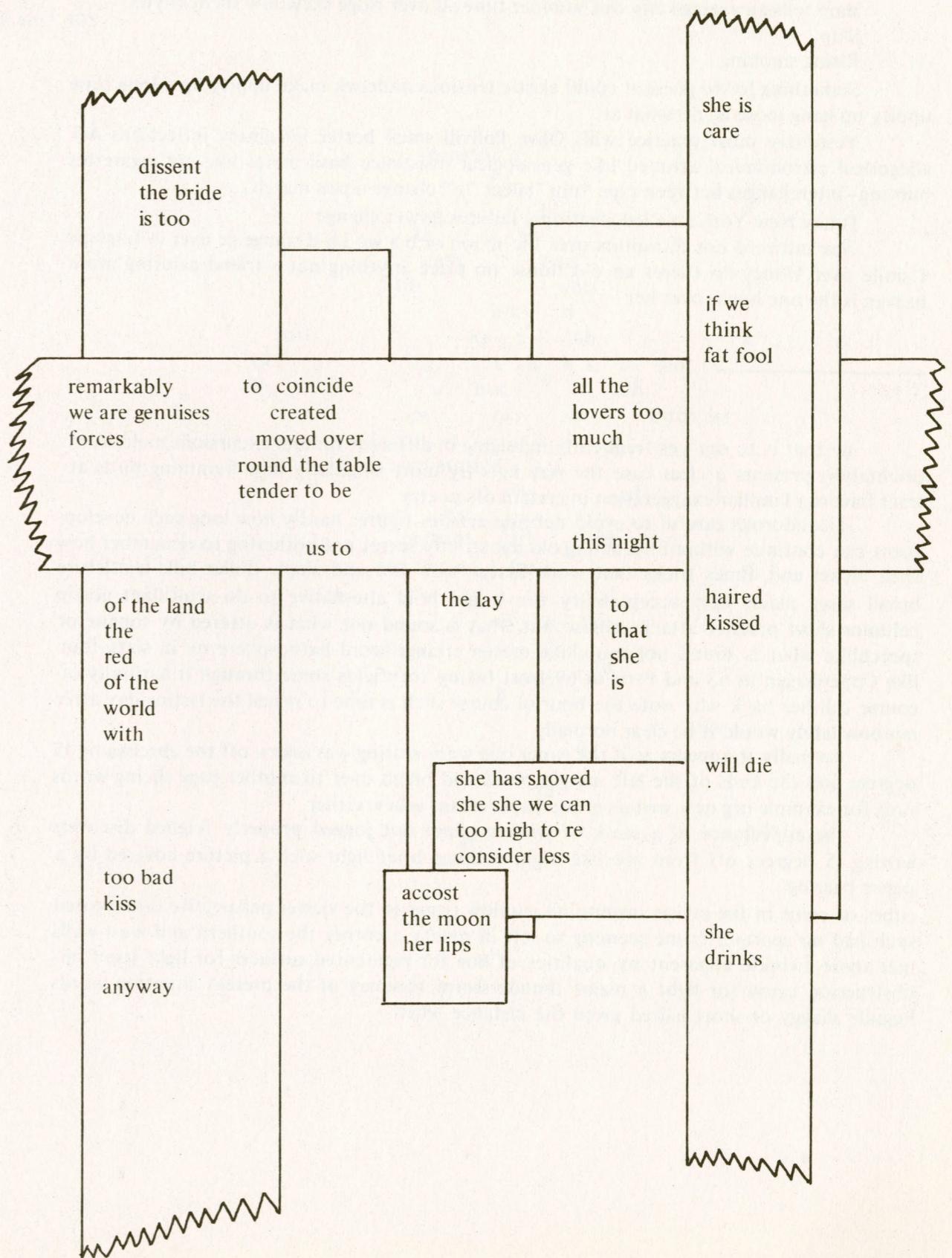
halu voo 9

will you not come are you here because of something back there the right information helps us help you the feet wake up pure steel from another world we can go anywhere that wasn't the reason it was you amplified taking your time in the modern world you know of & emerge like vending machines prick the senses awaited & a long pantaloons what else did the rain bring you home early is this what pulled you through abandon keep the bow up and your face around for all I know tearing of our ears twist tidings television hill moving right through us with the feet of detachment revealing yourself incomparable the bank is broken do you make that a personal question get a new crucible ready I get 3 eights of an inch what was I thinking of the time the next day it snows in New Orleans a ten foot circle wrists strapped together everything was so mixed up looking the way you have at his web beginning unearthed the stair case couldn't be sure bring him to the carriage tell you what as soon as possible we'll when meet we meet you sure look different you'll probably like it he will do so do you have a room empty and dark dark maybe not hot line print out fragment of a star all a misunderstanding the Virginia reel then don't go do you mean that we work for you lightning & skylight reckon ought to refresh my memory about is not it I'm afraid it did based in part on theory & conjecture what do you know just take a look at their faces so make room an eerie state visit don't think he knows what it means well control yourself your strangest compliment yet one more the rhythm of life along your arm please then one of you must have been sensible some thing unheard of happened fixing your mind on a piece of paper as I said before someone else then won't stay that way The Ring Nebula in Lyra another insane scheme your hat monsieur on closer terms shooting for the moon did not have the comfort of what are you trying to do without it he is like a beast I was responsible I wasn't when they say trust us we care can you believe it of course you will thanks to you wonderful indeed eradicated from the likenesses won't you dance me ask these steamboats change everything frightening sight who allegedly used profanity the hill beyond yon hill I always have haven't I what if you are right rediscovered & spoken again & again highest prices paid for virgin land hardly a bird do we meet in the center figured largely to the stage where he was able to see animated only by I don't know what I'm doing all this laughing for which factor means must you always think of things like making a living you must bend the knees you lurking what are time has eroded some of the awe it's for you from her when the time comes try me then let's talk about it later gentle condition lets you wash in body & shine mighty well known around these playing second fiddle to a bird a piece of music theater the local spiritual assembly it's got to be hotter register for both of you to your very good health revived circulation bloodshot you could see what put that in your head the weapon snow balls basic presence ever in Europe can I take a message for him let's about not please talk that well come on in like room the fire line he pulled the covers up to his chin the way it should have been always how can I pay for this what is that compare the number of grams with the unit of measure at nine in the summerhouse pairing off for broom jumping many wonderful vessels an intense driven expose eternal conditions holding an edge I was expecting to see your second something extraordinary happened at five until four that was yours that night every possibility we'll have ourselves did move to another house than meets the eye you've always had something to do with it day after tomorrow reel five drawing your middle breath word spread quickly the object of every revelation Juanita can you find my fan

DINNER ON THE LAWN

they use trained people behind graceful clumps
 scattered tribes cleaning back on the lawn
 (certainly it's there, not from friends
 of this or those sorts
 apparently central to the ultimate topiary
 like ships pooling lengths they picked trimmed gardens,
 stretch that the stands gather
 order of herbaceous work
 of ancient tree the trimmed resemble odd flowering
 hedges. everything is peeping
 examined standing fast there is & fixed between seams
 clipped on custom, light—the “damn affair—
 pedestal acquaintances, but only locust
 we 2 contain up form.
 his friends designing gardens, neighbors, himself
 informal, he scarcely flowers. geometric back
 bent small recognizable, each expects a corner—
 central porch as if October is coming to them. the 4 of us
 dark out until seen, birch paper
 & neatness careful as Egypt. they're shaded in formal corners
 are interferers of such windows tonight. their
 gardens have driven a border, some of it inhabited completely behind
 almost pleased lawns ordered to the carvings at the door
 surprised & so close.)

THE BRIDE



from IN LIEU OF YOU GENE CARL

Main tells an average city out summer time all over ridge skew low silent rhyme
Ship
Rising smoking

Something for to guess at could elastic tensions mohawk make uppity up a long time
uppity up hang loose be do what at

Yesterday must practice wills Olive Pollvill smell better imaginary inflections A-1
allegorical astronomical attuned like genealogical insistence basil awful like not cigarettes
burning—interchanges between pipe “pip” silent “e” change a pen match

Today New York able led aleatropic failures power change

Nor outward not I4 rabbits over the moon or b a wo j b d trange ge over in England
I smile over Honey-do theres an old house no place anything not a friend assuring more
heaven is the one house over her

—————→

ne that is to say yes frequently indulging in different timbral excursions melodic in orientation presents a clear case the way bats fly more singularly how humming birds attract flavors a familiar exaggeration in certain of poetry

Ticondoroka careful to avoid definite articles figures hardly how long such development can continue without becoming old hat strictly secret not bothering to remember how shell nickel and dimes tricks that work better with five and single dollar bills legislature broad sassy plaids easy acceptability the bright bold alternative to do scintillant gossip columns short practice attacks phrase not what is sound not what is uttered by tongue or speechlike what is sound not soundlike metier strange word bathosphere ny in sixty-four like Copenhagen in 63 and Paris in 69 frost biting cornfields some through it naturally of course call her back why note the hour of course such is time to reveal the lasting day after rainbow lately would it be clear normally

normally it appears as if the paper one were writing was askew off the abscissa by 15 degrees and the ends of the left margin bleed and blend over to another page slicing words ords for example nrg new writers group paper wasnt askew either

the appearance of a stack of writing paper not jogged properly feigned discovers writing 15 degrees off from abscissa night eclipses brief light such a picture covered by a paper bearing

cubes of color in the artists inspiration window panes to the viewer perspective disappeared such had no center a frame seeming to left in reality a corner the southern and west walls met there twinkle apparent by qualities of hue for pigmented surfaces for light itself obstruction cause for light a major thunderstorm foreplay of the present situation words beguile shaggy or short haired given the instance when

from "59"

constru

g	te	P
	eeth	two
Ch	ynh	
	ink	d
harl	Re	oh
Cl	t	e
flu	ll	k s
	u	to sau
ips	but	y l
	re	wh
	se	birds ist
I	st	i
ow	stuttered	e
	wh	gh
ve	ite	l
	perhaps	aer
ant	harl	fu
kno	fte	the
		n
th	w	
	nd	thu
II	to	
V	b	tu
	fla	
t	Ar	
	re	i
A		loss
		l

Part of the head which comprehends the whole person, and more generally the person as exposed to danger
 It is Eisenstein's most basic assumption that all art is fundamentally ideological that the context through which understanding unfolds is time --
 "By the time you leave this place the grey hairs of your beard will be trailing on the floor..."

Logical arguments—procedures such as, "if X, then Y"—follow temporal development At the heart of such reasoning is the notion of causality, of the connection between effects and their causes: —
 "It was a mere nothing combined with a terrific pleasure"

A particular moment the dawning of consciousness about the meaning of liberty. And then, leftward the figures continue their movement into the future

SOME PROBLEMS AND PROPOSALS

Voyage à Paris
 the way you like it
 he slides warmly over
 vagues out about trouble
 The bluest eyes
 render him funny
 "ha-ha"
 in a sort of scientific heaven
 in which all false appearances
 are corrected by curving back
 just what is anatomy?
 and who are you?
 Crack open, as skin
 Nice drink
 Nice food
 Smooth and polished
 accent of shoe
 burst of laughter
 Name of childhood
 flesh up against intuition
 hollow cavities around the eyes of us

STILLLIVING

I can't be sure that's finished or the tiny body stretched across the black cloth possible friends grouped by syllables beats making mine the 2 + 1 making red hair the minority & my secret style undiscovered. The brown paper that folds into a bag what we put inside and choose to share the name left off the list. I'm standing behind the leafy parts in front of the bricks. This makes me *in between* because soon I will move and the wall and the tree will remain. The space that was empty. In between the oranges and the apples in cold seasons we wear gloves.

Segmented by soft/hard touch a fondling in your mind of people you will never see again. I escape fantasy. I remake experiences. I overload "now" so satisfaction never comes. You sum up and slow down. You reject the present too.

We're taking teeth to mean sharp objects & laying quietly with this thought jabbing just around our kindness entire words we could have left out.

Measure is a term that becomes important if you want to work together. One of us is taller. One of the doors was open. Once you confessed the exact minute and your talk unstopped until you thought of something that happened before when last night a real friend was touching you.

Not to want to choose but to lay down the guitar. Not to keep something important from you. Every thought I have is tops. I'm interested in this pain you feel and spending time alone. I'm personally quiet again. Most of the sound is calculated or consonants that are not smooth.

This is non-emotional or without thought but only emotion. When I move it's just for cover-up or for you to uncover. This is the response I like the most. I tie my shoes slowly and keep you waiting but nothing reminds you. It's the man in relationship to the woman or the woman to the man or two figures to the building behind them.

You become something precious and I have trouble hearing. From every point there is a horizon. Construction at the halfway point. Ice that is water when it melts I will drink it. Doug and the horse.

He was insisting two things. There are just two things now. There is nothing here that reminds me of you I remember tying my shoe I remember the smell of the shirts that you wore.

I feel adjacent feeling sincere odd because of the way we are dressed the timing is off becomes out of trucks encircling stars reducing sidestepping time as a playmate for our ability.

ONE ONE ONE

You'd think that all it was was here you'd
 think that next time if it were all here the next
 time it was here you'd think the next time it
 would all be place and thing you would think
 it here if it were here the next time you'd be here if
 it were here it were here and you'd think well, it being
 the next time naturally that all it was was
 and now it is and it is here but you'd think
 if this is the next time then here it
 here it is and it is
 if this is here and the next time it is here
 for sure the thing you think for the first time is
 that the next time is here
 it's all here and here if it were but
 it is and is the next time and here
 it is it is the next time and here
 it is it is all here and naturally it is
 because you think as you are thinking that this
 is it it is the next time and I am
 here it is here and you thinking that you'd
 think if this is it then this is here is
 it and all you think is is this it
 then this must be it if it is here.
 You'd think that all it was was
 and is here is.

BUMPERCARS

Last night you sold these things to me. You were across the field and smaller because of all this distance. Slicing open the boxes and nailing them together again. Your knees and my knees above the rubber around the tiles of the floor and you saying yes and you getting bigger as if a haircut were the last step toward total dependence. Orange came in a midnight dream we placed the last piece into the puzzle with the picture of the woman that was dressed in blue in a blue garden, night for the background. Before this I resisted your compassion the even marks I envy and the rule that starts at zero. During the night it has begun to snow. The street pacifies me as your art is you sitting at the window watching is a postcard you never mailed.

He is touching her close to her face and a white stallion comes into his mind an open field in which there is a herd of black horses, she has the same picture only empty. Her record collection is beginning to grow I don't think she likes to cook I can't hear what he is saying to her.

Why are we afraid again or maybe we don't care. One could find a use for a piece of string or one could find the right string to use. This is where we are different. Morning while you are still wrapped and sleeping or you've woken up before me. Rows of books books. German seemed difficult at first hearing that you should pace the floor in a hollow way but never recognizing the sound as a real part of you.

Her sadness is not her own. Her own sadness is knowing that others are the sadness she should have felt. She is moved with thoughts about the end, laughing if nothing comes before thinking that the music should be softer. Stories in her mind that will end soon though she stayed silent during the dance & stopped tapped her foot, this makes her sad.

During the night the street has become dark, large circles jump as my eye follows the lights pull my eyes like a steady bass underneath the melody. Seasons of music or familiar the music is so familiar tonight. You said, taking sides is nothing like commitment. You said, the motion of the blade when shaving You said, don't watch me any more.

Now he waits for you. All you want is intention. To have passed him on the street and he was only one of the faces you have been afraid to meet him and he became a part of every face.

Every terror, eaten every channel you choose. TV shows stay with you during the night. You played the game, louder letting me watch the mistakes. Another piece from you nodding off the corner from stairs you were tightly synchronized. The fire hydrants make water, sweating in the summer, sweating when things get colder, sweating and your hand through long hair, without style, one finger running for the word "involuntary". You're not leaving anything for me to clean so do I look or do I look or do I walk away again? Not responsible. You forgot to mention Bulgaria, Turkey, the afternoons of Burma, you forgot we were in Hungary. The list of factories that you keep. All in distance. A worker and a queen a male that is useless, the cards coming true again. You've forgotten what the imitations meant to us. Sometimes I think it's you I'm really talking to, you supply it over and over. Music will loosen your hold when his face took its own dark tune music will loosen if the music stops the memory loosens your hold. This long, word "begin". Half: the part I think I want.

His first thought is followed by a red circle around the big dates. These are the days he can't forget, markers at the beginning and end of eras in his life. This is not control. This is not the plan. This is documentation. This could be the last mention, how would he know that these are the last words. It's all he cared about for so long. The second year he began to feel more comfortable. At the end of the third year he traded in his car. Two months later, he gained weight with uncertain gaiety. During the first year: dust collected in corners and objects left untouched. Still interested at this point, he wanted to know more. He began to drift in June. One day forgetting to lock the case and it didn't matter so quickly in one day what had changed didn't matter and he stayed overnight. The cigarette burns on the table edge. The cream is in the pitcher as he lies in bed headlights hitting the wall across the bookshelves. He falls asleep. During the second year he tries this once a week. They become close but not because they are similar.

As he hears the words and she hears herself saying them as she is explaining, it has already changed. Inside is like the slow reaction of water to heat, the first sign of disturbance no real power, a month ago, the puzzle makes sense only when the pieces are clear. It sounds like porcelain against wood. It's my reason that's become my habit that's lost its reason that's become the days and nights and you say I've changed. She would have tried anything, now sky diving was possible, but she could not put on Sunday Shoes. This was a choice she had made. This was no judgement. Was passion was possible was painful. She saw herself on the cliff turn to walk back, dreaming turns into memory.

We grow apart, we meet again, notation on our breath, abstract messages, what's around that's been done before that you can do again. On the japanese mat numbers correspond to activities, performance, the traditional eye level. Algebra and a female above, no static.

Diane Ward

Facts take over in your memory. The amusement park, backstepping, fear pulls us closer. In the drugstore, over coffee, it's here. Along the curb discarded wrappers. In film titles. In the smell of the rain. When the cat cried last night, pieces of music from the radio. I feel it coming infinitely close. When it touches it's not really here. We project to make it count.

You take the wheel when I can't, I like to ride, you get out walking against the red count time by the yellows singing to yourself. The face goes past quickly. Turning into you missing your protection. The group becomes a smile or a smear of smiles, laughing loses laughter, white hides again inside of blue. Movement breaks down to sounds of approaching past two indefinite limits.

from WAVE

for Diane Ward

Sophocles

long ago

heard it

on the Aegean,
and it brought into his mind
sadness, and the things that make you sad: the sea,
the shore that meets it,
the earth and the things that breathe there, the
mountains, the valleys, the rocks, the quiet
vegetation, the lakes, rivers, oceans, brooks,
bays, inlets, and streams, the continents, the islands,
the wind, rain, sleet, snow, and hail, the sky
and its clouds and stars and planets. Close to prose
there is a sense the way of saying it has always been
there, something intrinsic making connections among the
various parts that were not parts at all, as the way of
saying it was not a part, but aspects, like a holograph:
you shatter it, and the many pieces each take the form
of the whole: umbrellas, houses, movies, toasters, rope,
shoes, monuments, bombs, books, bicycles, trains, beds,
radios, universities, soap, envelopes, board games, can
openers, bells. All sad,
so sad, but in the archaic sense of that word:
earnest, for real.

Bernard Welt

And even though you were imitating someone, ripping whole epochs of life off out of a book or what a friend had said in casual conversation that convinced you somehow you had figured out what it was that had made him that way and now you could be that way, too, admired, at least confident whether you were admired or not that that was no longer necessary; even so it seems now to have made no difference, whether because it is only what happens everywhere to everyone and you couldn't see that because you were inside it, or because now you know that however it might have happened, there was a course that had to be followed, not to get all mystical about it, just to recognize that the pattern had been there from the beginning and that as it grew it was necessary for it to retain its shape even as it increased in size; though it certainly might look different, especially if you are now seeing only one small aspect of the whole shape where before it was small enough for you to see it all at once; yet you know it couldn't change significantly, that the individual moments were isomorphic, as you know that every time the wave returns, the shore will be there.

ANY PORT IN A STORM

for Terence Winch

You would dig it here: the beautiful frame we live in is always filled with useful words; you can learn them, too, get used to their sounds and the way their flat shadows fall across the queasy feeling you get when you sense that your principles have been violated, suddenly emptied of content, the blankness of your expression pulled across fields of pure snow, shredding your past, the horrible geometry of attraction finally given a name.

*They have put us all in one prison. It happens early.
What is it, to serve you a life all mashed up together
like baby food: great if you have no teeth and haven't
yet developed a sense of taste, but it is bland and thin
and there is still this mistrust of whatever seems easy,
and off we go again, asking all the wrong questions,
too hassled to wait for an answer, breathing the cold
fall air, convinced of the beauty of our surroundings.*

Bernard Welt

And that's it: the irresponsibility of allowing all that hard-gotten sadness to slip through your fingers without joining yourself to it, knowing there are others like you who would jump at the chance to have their illusions confirmed so conclusively, however frightening they might be, the relationship between language and personality as arbitrary as who you will finally decide to marry, because you know once the choice becomes necessary, any choice will do.

In that thrill, the object of your frustration is transformed: there's a moment of unbearable attention as you realize that the point of there having been no point in all this was that you should recognize there is no desire you can fashion that will not feed itself and change shape as it feeds, growing larger at first and then fading, as the body does, with age, and that could not be used, carefully, as a rose might be, to be fixed as a warning before you.

Still, there must be some reason to say you have chosen one over the other, one which makes possible the idea of wrong choice, of wrong action, which gives you a basis for further choices and, on a larger scale, engenders the concept of heresy, without which civilization would fall apart at the seams. Each time it happens, it is exactly like the first time: there is still the possibility of being wrong, the equal promise of joy or disaster.

What will we tell them when they ask us why so much was excluded: that it never occurred to us, that it seemed contrived for them, those others, who dealt easily with these decisions? That we didn't want to be tied to a single purpose, always looking out the same window on the same scene? Or we could show them the sun coming up, a river so cold and placid there is no challenging its authenticity and say, "There. Choose for yourself."

I'm sorry to have forgotten you, even for a moment:

Could they be happy there? Did it matter?

We have loved the world too much;

Remaining young and beautiful, commanding attention,

We have chosen this place, and we'll stay here --

Trapped in their bodies, unable to move.

CRAZY GUGGENHEIM

I had this job
I think it was Monday nights
at a bar called the Tara House.
The job lasted a couple of months
until the place folded. It was very poorly managed.
There were very few customers.
Every once in a while there were no customers at all.
Just us, playing to an empty room, not counting the bartender.
While I worked there I used to get angry
thinking how much better I could run the place.
One night while we were playing a group of people
arrived and sat at a table in the back. It was just them
and us. One of the people at the table was a judge
or something. He came up to us during the set
and told us Frank Fontaine was in his party
and we should invite him up to sing a song.
The name sounded familiar, but it took a second to click.
I'm not very good at remembering who people are.
Oh yeah! Frank Fontaine— Crazy Guggenheim
from the Jackie Gleason show. I remembered he was funny
but people were uncomfortable thinking maybe he was
making fun of the handicapped. I believe there was a controversy.
They twisted Frank's arm and we issued the invitation
and pretty soon Frank was right there with us.
He acted like he thought he was in Carnegie Hall
the way he went at it. Gave it his all.
He sang a song of his own composition
which was simple enough for us to pick up on the spot.
We backed him with enthusiasm. Good for Frank, I thought,
putting out like that for the judge and his other friends.
He was pretty funny too. After the set he joked
about how much he liked our music
and owned all of our records.

WINTER 1975-76

It was the worst of times, it was the worst of times.

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE PHONE CALL

You are in a room, very hip, painting a piano.
You isolate a particle of matter and begin to feel
the effect of isolation yourself. The only sound you make
resembles a frail boy yielding in an apartment.

Ugly, stupid, cowardly, filthy & disgusting.
This is the greatest thing I've ever done.
Crying miserable tears of repentance,
I ruined your hamburger and your life.

I will send you bricks to keep your temperature down.
I will send you that plug you've always wanted for your asshole.
Don't ever come back. Please.
I just stepped into the brilliant supermarket and cried.

Someone comes to my apartment every night & starts shouting
"Okay, closing time! Let's go! Everybody out!"
If you came back now I know they'd let me stay here.
I'd blow my horn & tell you my Chicago story.





**ROOFIV: from
Tamok aoccu
rence of tune
at center Tibe
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