ROOF IX:
5 poets
Bernstein
Davies
Dreyer
Inman
Robinson
+ Mallarmé
ms.pps...
spring 79$3
I, ROOF IX

The Segue Foundation, NYC
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Typesetting, layout and printing at the Open Studio Print Shop, Rhinebeck & Barrytown, N.Y., partially supported by grants from the New York State Council on the Arts & The National Endowment for the Arts.

Special thanks to Rodney Dennis.

ROOF is published by The Segue Foundation, 300 Bowery, NY, NY 10021.

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All manuscripts should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Subscriptions: Individuals $11.00 yearly (4 issues), institutions $16.00. Note to Librarians: ROOF I is now rare.

TERMS

Bookstores: standard 40% discount; minimum order of five copies

We pay postage and handling for orders paid in advance.

Orders requiring billing will be charged 30 cents plus special fourth class postage rate.

Libraries: ROOF is a serial, appearing quarterly.

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Segue
300 Bowery
N.Y.C. 10012
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from Le Livre
so half
of you's
sun
the other
legs
as heat of day
lets out on
town lines
bemidst
bus stops
weigh thru
hat checks
cushion brakes
plain
as time allows
wrapper
a whole lot
I got
going on out (beep!) there
at speeds up to and including
memory times a pre-habit
drag
that hears space has stopped
up in the air
window to mouth opened wind
water sparkle report
as told to
HAPAG-LLOYD
not the shadow but
really the boat and
not the wake but
the wake's wake
wake up!
snap down on downtown
cowboy half painted

casual blues

CAUTION

area in front of this
electrical panel must be
kept clear for 30 inches

pickup moves in streaked glass
open to view bridge struts
looking at it upside down
ache in floor only temporary
like philosophy's fine speeches rhymes

solid black pipe runs up
to joint above fluorescent light

spectral shredded wheat plant
plastic fork in empty beef stew can
two finger bass rumbling dash
signs off in air and leaves
on dry trees wet ground
gulls turn above the truck lot

left lights on in gray a.m.
around blast of
first blast of black smoke
first stack
starting up
from up
little visible
starting visible broken
sleep repairs broken brains
little repairs
minimal
sleep
soft t shirt and hair hanging
minimal t shirt shoulder
across one shoulder
soft one ledge soiled
level metal ledge
across metal per
level fingers somewhere in
boxcars rolled somewhere
boxcars lights soupy black cab

weekends it's clear from the window
have to beat it over there
dump sacks down blue lit hole
as to cognition the ugly
masks code graceful
as simple proportion tilts behind
back eye gets game born
one here man in returned lights
one p.o. was rolled futurely
word thought all words white
back here and back back in
a lone man in a white mechanism
puff of smoke in the yard

steam or leaves and birds in updraft
light bent in it as earth's heat gives

red check water tower
green glass port control tower
cars on track slide back of siding
most natural to disengage
slow ten wrong emotions of go
another ten minute take
boston philadelphia salt lake
sounds talk other want in heat
$960 either way you want to go around
sticky miles of beady sky
not absurd and not cynical
no interest in wisdom as such
stick card in to record time
2000 miles away
sober blubber of lower lip
discs in place trap waves
relay signals end to new volume
butts smashed out on stone
seize lost senses before noon

I see what's that you say
watch your head within 24 hours
city tops peak thru burn off
scraps and bands hamper plug
weight on earth or elsewhere
red white and blue gray
dust filters in heaping jag

walking talk thru hat and glove
discs signals out before you hours
relay smashed senses that 24 off
butts lost what’s within burn
seize see head thru plug
your peak hamper elsewhere
watch tops bands or gray
city and earth blue jag is
scraps on and heaping love glove
weight white in my and
red filters strong hat waves
dust how thru trap new
that’s talk place to stone
walking in end on noon

now an arm a sudden jerk
takes weight past mid trunk

now weight over regular ice
takes bent noon in second sound

lunch speed on thru floor
as zero off hard nerves
too far on the neutral
bodies upright deadens into out
keep finally shift space being
noise you to story
of like Bill’s story
caught staring at a piece
in like at time strategy
or staring makes some managers
cauced that own the work
how each fool drops
to desire production face

necessary kills of the metal
maximum rattle against us
spectral dog against these lbs/sq
top back all 100 lights
lean rattle load as up
so man from ground leaves
plastic finger in wet truck
late turn trees air dash stew

air enough by skin
bright petroleum the gummed like
orange under worn talk person
sweating floor
black dont prior out cool
we asleep jesus up
sky the stuff open safely
dazzling puffs in station undertone
article leaning to in bathroom
smokes back fun the knife
that up you kill furniture
always increase production

DANGER MAINTENANCE MEN EX LARGE
wide flat roofs align
and sparks under and square
gray five floor depositories
and five coastal tones
nearly lined for penetration due
tangle of dry tones at heart

sky asleep prior to person
dazzling the jesus out of hitchhiker
article puffs stuff up cool
smokes leaning into open window

voices cut across three colors
big fog banks cover city hills
big green distance
buildings windows taped walls patched
plural in shimmer
steam blows into december air
dry tone in the swing room

oh self hear fog
3217 3218 3219
casual day known
new when slowly
now lasting & chime
daily out as voices

guys talk effortlessly between corridors
metal mental temporal mortal money
relax floor hard business throat
open gloved fist to dust

early coast customs down ups
winds talk temporal business dust
metal floor fist hard to shore
effortlessly mortal throat
long ass now
open scale on right results

poor stomach intimidates 500 yards

foreign culling operation
bolster snapper springs to punch half
do not hump
white turned waiting everybody

I'm going to reach back
in my hip pocket and pull
one down I do like this
and kick back with my boot
she say what she really like
sends rubber bands thru air
turns halfway blank looking
as light flickers they said
and the lights went on
over the works the docks
dont worry too fast slim
I understand

BMC

big metal containers

jam across the street
hammer wads
smokestack lid flips high behind
ashes puddle in
machine puddle
a mental center
these blue containers
I
tho out grayed daily
by stars simply outrun alone
I prime freely
what today consigned
is here accord surface
finance
strict back flat

I'm here window containers dust sides
in the birds clouds

rail sun can job
on much risk home days
as undue down few entirely buildings
without heading past air city
now during the on camera
rain cleared bright times a scene
has again this sneak the sly
sun like to shoot the
windows going and on sky

I'm going to sneak a camera
in here and shoot the scene
from the window on the sly
rail yards birds containers sky
rapid transit tracks clouds dust
on window sun on white sides
as much as can be gotten
without undue risk to job

now heading down home stretch
rain during the past few days
has cleared the air entirely
sun again bright on city buildings
windows like this times many
CARING MORE FOR YOU BY FAR

for Tangle

pianissimo

Our daily parody of the future
Brings a great and inflatable reality
Our bodies are equal in the pressure
of a most immediate present

We are present in this swaying tense
That flaps a warm sequel in our arms

This tiny fragile and sweet distance
Is overcome again by eyes and by ears
Promises become clothed and drop
In this leafless arboretum we regard
Perhaps the angles are all curves

There is a plural harvest that stops
We go on into the hot distraction
of query, of sheltering movement
Fibres moves on us under old water
Mounting the steps to any soft place
Our flotilla is half of a ship
It needles us to the higher nest spots
The how are yous relax in sky
Setting off a hovering to live by

My arms in hand.
The arms in isolation.
A perfect whole of response. Nyet.
This irregular day of laced partnership.

In lives, a transyllabification, words between opaquing perpendiculars erupting
our light. Orgasms apart. In caring the core glows open. Love work blocked in
the looking at it. Sequences of shelled regard moisten between our voices. This
way is lavered each burnished touch, marked and tried. Larkspurring space
folds into your steps. In the quarry a thing gets up, touring the freckled presence
of its harbor, the going away into dialogued lace. Fractions of a muscle relax
from your hold, diagnosed, skinned, held softly by. It agrees. A skittish tune
moves, under your bangs over my eyebrows, into this head. Fragile discretions,
then, wear a farewell of no weathered thing; lately, serviced feelings mount in
the amused facial waste. A question of doing. Leak over a benign body traced by
these eyes. Metronomes scathe these human bodies, gyroscopes recall them.
Speculation again upon this wishful knowledge, of which you have of me, the safest purchase made again from the groin. Harbors separate, survece not withstanding tryst, urged loves move to ours. Svelted graspings sweeter in of nexused gestures tremble from. Analytics in our sequestered trove participle us on locked trust, scooping up. Surely I care into your lardor. Partial amelioration. Grapple with of sworn, persuasions, flaking trachea of thoughts in lanced and liquid. A treat to bite me in your heart. At times in times disabling perfidy reams into our lives, the thrust of a faulted care. Attention turns to the razored life, egoing, We push the other face to its teeth. At and some. The spectrum suddenly six colors, a collar on the bodies in frequent uncertain regret. Hit. Flagellate of closetted, a studied ability to have pain look in pain, mouth clamped, opened on. Air lax from each lung. We swing disturbed memories, each creased, spayed and mix obtuse spate. Owner deceased. Crate fly in spot, surried query gain on loss. Flutter able rains, least hope leaned from day, and sequence stalls in grained lot. In hopeless gray falls away. Fury to utter this overcome gravity, my hand in your hand in place it does not stop Needs spectral reason for being that surmounts your body to enter eaten into mine. Statement prior to opaque. Effacement of the glandular anger is pursued to a reappraisal, settled in our leased and firm admission. Quantities of scold atrophy are mined into a present relaxation, a word, open by the letters from both mouths. A flexing to last of sweeter alarms. We share the endlessness, sequential vision. The weathering small violets that strengthen in our trachead devices.

I like to be seen, by you, as a young man of incontrovertible desires whose strength is his pussy. The strength of this argument is its personality. I reserve the right to go home into our cellular inadvertency, a product of this spectral (sic) innocence. Rangingly equal death to myself subequivocal in this splendidierache gift gently assauged heads softly denuded ego each bluffed in red lit lance of limbs heart in ear proximity of faithful gesture

resets here quilted with snow archival rest in this country any other woman shadowed no vitriolic sphere of radiance return a chiselled light aperture in our prospectus not random
in the query from which our rest has been arrested perform some ablutions the various cattle of our lives End of a vast exterior

The perseverant dross of fluid moorings, shelter, boatings frequent lax or virtual. A strongest flame lowers by this tidbit. Our arterials lengths blur facings, the swipe by longitudinal access. Testimonials circulate off the splits we groom by our sides, obtaining fractionally a fist of odor, the grease of horizontal thinking. Shields flux us. This tight spine is sawdust on fire, warming the hands of lives we front for. A highway we make of our knuckles. Four elbows speak one syllable, present, a furtherance to gestural density; proven by sections. Our trivial stares open this happenstance to its blood. Workings tumbled, posted fronds of acceptable blinders making truce of ambition and regret. These three peculiarities that soften the ashes, shelterable. A low night is our night. The sense builds of color or color, no triumph in the sequence, glowing dimensionally from the lack of nothing, escapable, fleet in this pebbled marvelous truss. A reflexive stilled thirst is permission loose in the throbbing rooms. Aromatically persistent, the livers in these lungs scarce the flotation we praise; ours the recoil of diametrical fact. The traction of surfaces floods the four ears. Neural dross is sheltered in these right angles, pain. A scampering settlement stuns; forecasters move about these understood causes, raking each sensibility to its bit of noise, recumbent in sweat, fluent or grieved. Frequencies trundle to the cadence fistula; cadences fire these lived bodies to threat. Hovering of these, the blend of surecease and purloin, long of an insufferable threat. Hovering of these, the blend of surecease and purloin, long of an insufferable caress. These square plantings of feet with glance. Such that these binges of light do not enter between; secure of obligatory cadence or fostering. A focus overcomes amplification with the surety of product loosed of its wrench. A burden is undone in remittance, can cast the memory hard by the loin, can, without franchise, entrench the warm muscle in the warm muscle. Viscera; split sided objects altering the stick of mind where it returns to latent grounds. The impeded pretexts sit, our largesses gulping for additional moments. Those of these, the sweet directionless pull poulticing body vacant; negatively spaced neither sheltered nor broadcast. A step to the breathing flavor. No ghost dilettantes where the two shadings amplify the line. Shadows purge the light of its vomit. Lives that drink the cruising ardor off watered clues, that furnish the lob, that also curve from the established trance, these fleet. Our braille strength lifts from the page, a third diversion into the thing, sampling a great amphibious quiet at the pit of any seething finish, truncated to fit. Glass emulsions coughed into the air, each reminder caking to an ephemeral dust that climbs, entrenchedly, to midpoints of our sides. An unqueenchable emblem is forced through the nights. A voice punctures the renewed labia. Another treatise on volume electricity burns into the inner scalps. These gestures meet on the continents a need for the particulars they shelter; tracts of voice seep to the horizontal curtains. No glade permeates the thicket. An enclave sets the vibrating torso into a cube of salt. Silence comes into an attached neck, a temper. Sheathed
in this mucous and stint, only the octave obtains; loitering and soiled in this pending, the probed implacables whine then pass. Veils inter this thrumming kite; its beak deep in our salient fester decencies. Droplets blackished in the purpling light lines the vespers, seals all pretense into a carton where the diesel purities lisp. A straight line settles this argument this time. The way cold fast air leaves water within our eyes, this reminder that the past is deserved. The navels cartwheel giggly in sheet lined nouns. The vase sets its base on their crown. Small petals dim on the stalk passed nightly through one or other mouth; the clinic is shifting and aware and obeyed. Severance is although the jet of recoll a paste in the furthered spell of letters, the amassing. The eclectics are vacant of this tether. A pull. Blows into the light perfumed by intended gesture, scatters the limp of induced mistrust, empowers. All the verbs are in this one. Noise shards each event, tombing the refurbished texture gesturing its diligence. Quiet hours speed days. Any indigenous thing is ubiquitous by this. Our voices, the pronounced balm drinks our voices into the evacuated, laxatived emotion. Our eyeballs are near-midpoints on an infinite line. There are no captions. Where the lives turn to stand most still, the moment is largest; sections of remembered energy emerge turbulent; stories are lost easily behind each syllable of charge. Domains menace the only nonverbal past, ours. Pitches torment the forsworn retrievals, damaging beautifully the lustre.

Quiet rains.
Sober deputys.
Two light enter the street.
A shining duel raises the axe to our sense.
Quiet rains.

Ardently in this time a step stone for our avail. This we devour angularly absent assented in swift bluish tufts the furor to swallow. Hardly we encounter a blazon tourniquet to set tall limbs afloat of water. Sheathing to excite inflame vigorous trust. Shafted when sober diligence peruses lets treatment of to balm intonation. Pillowing in graspable. Turns we divide floats hungering means by separation. Belly purify watching, charge in frequent allure test to percolation aside. Novice of lettering aisles us protect of juice of latent. This we curtain far mazes to quiver entreaty by. Shackle flee of, noon evening forward this radical domain franchise in accept. Fluttering win tone shorten to divine. We us of friendly casement attain in permission, still baste of tongue broaden by deafful diminish. In temple news this feather partition, We by contact days light mercurial to build. Renew trail flagrant some of allows in performer this abeyance. We cup parameter active of mad by askance this washing batter din supine above. We by attest. We to orbit mask imparters temper of eyed. Of shear of frailty. We of assent.
LOTIONING

#1

Or tonation.
One more glass of beer too hombre.
One of a fact, liking
(their desk Indian).

Not inner but intramove.
In-the-head sateen.
"On its Monk (side)." "It's a Zenith."

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

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

***

How or here to fill up pez shapes.
A writing out of names,
so much grass iced as if beaming.
A pane on some fantasies
Meter smarts.

A wrap of tea.

"Or ortho." "Its." "Rilled."
"I cant connect likenesses." "Zizzle."
"Kathy's mint teeth condition."
"Or how you corrugate them." "One liner beer."

***

Gloom age (agar?).
The same only two of it.
The spinach of a book.
"Ipstick". "elapsable me"

Not the music but the tune.
The "plex" with the word in it.
"Life definitely as a plus."
You decide a sentence for 35 years.
Paper Defoe with pebbles.
Hands are cupped a piece.
(... in the) Soft that Huey built.
A following for words. Less more of it.
The skin beneath names do, putting it over
& over again. An average about sculpture,
of bromo dreams,
everything's the only one here. (Voice tutelage.)
How "juiced in it" won't length.
People wrapper additives.
Someone expands one another.

***
It's all problem.

***
went float. Downs of any estimable.
, which ups were tracks.
Out of carton chews.
Some one things adobe voice.
A name melt.
"Way to write bleeders."
Huge ups of notes, parts of rubbery meet.
It lacks writing. But the tunes
come together stuck to ovary jaws.
The drop behind saying.
Defoe how you orient it.
Sitzicles. A picture up to three, both Ophelia.
Prose ips.
Alps of wings that go nowhere.
In number the still.
Enamelling how the spondees do.
Taking Mozart as a cracker spread,
the same memory only in words. The same distance
as much from speaking about it.
When we come to Wagner we imagine a tapioca Utah.
"She'll prell you", (keyhole softner) "workers on voice lubricants".

"On laudanum" wonders about ovals.
An edge-of-paris.
Settee gum, the slough in all told.
A fall up my oleo voice.
You lessen versions, another they prose.
Story's on the edge of some weight,
cant Arm & Opera it. (One word idea)
hole gibement.
Anything to loosen up smile.
I wear a green shirt to indicate shape.
"You dont come off as a word",
thinking about who's the real Jack Kerouac.
An off ball. His own ageing.

***
Jambment dome. Brain highness.

***
"Steel Japan", loofed.

#2
Thromes. is their speak, feed ithew.
calvation. air locume. her think off into pills.
ill kermode. reducted.
toble. a pour too white to sit in front of.
coleo. is descriptive the matter, skin tiered.
too much ask voice. slaw of image.
trachea paint, the name how it does it.
piano too many muscles.
but moot her own brain. a lozenge of past.
am wrist attached. literature becomes vanishing cream.
fewer space.
remember their strawberry ever.
epastic. paim.
a film of uniform, written in writing.
turbanian by fractions.
voice paraphrase.
cree of any take...emedy.
you error someone, "cola tative".
all broar.
fits of lessening.
this holds for mind, spentenced out.
or them sponsor you.
how until is that. thartic.
inoleum.
suddening that face from another.

speif, ended for Screen Gems.
namely these arms I'm so pitting. leam, listened afoot.
those needs in pencilled, so emcee some shapes.
saidm.
figments is only answer.
occit some other time.

***
Lithmus. Across of image.
Never enough portion to fill; a ledge from the wrong chapter.
How to container mouth.
Too cold to write about carrottin.
Fields heightened some pills, years ago I'm less.
Father all the crumbles. A hum of isthmus.
More skin through experience.
A studded occur. The rest of the taste to how slow it goes.
Skin as it weren, alloamed his Crazy Horse.
Voices or deeper, intruding upon the answer.
Get thick off some necklace. A book that greatens into some white shirt.
That I have opium doubt.
Pullman mind itemed out.
Inkling lotion.

Was typewriter said, pained in Harvard.
Enough fade about Chaucer.
He took out all the space & angles & got only the upper keys.
Mulberried her throat.
"It's a skin beam", focus seem who live here.
Facts take hum waiting to arrive as his life.
An Inca Younger Poet.

People the wrong Delaware.
*Men on top of Hilton, weak stomachs.*
Irish girled. Tossing play voice.

Story the people into their future roles. "What are hair?"
Faucet another body
spooked over penicillin, (which is my job).
Peoria of reach.
Dislocate the keys by rubbering the shore.
Histories cocoa but nothing to throw from,
blanks due to the tell of them.

***
safflower of any. talkative of mind, carne it yourself.
a white bye. popcorn done in nylon.
one's hall fattener. studied are bran of description.
too simplified to be me. ledges around what you say.
talk. trade.
one had beer to prop, relaxing classical pills.
brandaid. "homburg pill".
wobbles in the other braille.
plaster the wrong step. hair jube.
ptar. concentrate on more Ry-Krisp.
pulley seems to be a description,
allowed how much mood wouldnt occupy,
an on Matisse. dress-of-ocean pretzel.
lava thetic.

the mention as ashes.
looks a grow of hill beyond his means. locate less hand.
milk cant be a picasso. pianos done in sesame.
narrate a kind of hoarding. react abundantly the entrance in you.
stairs wont stay enough, needing to freckle. how
leveraged is their speak, story the country to myself.
it's supposed to take what it means, is the name of it
before it happens. everybody's these languages, totaller
than thou. on tape exactly of something, elses about.
pined an asking of the loftiest.
is largeness at work. ilgrim, over replaced. let's get out
touch soon, pimento, california. number lame. only
nouns holed out to the Great Lakes. a liquid fall. of a
sudden less its expad.

allow in the settles. people knock on the door
leaving so much noise. trees a distill as the books
once had it. or in pecan, to makes of doubt, paper
the cool. teeth-make make it pseudo. printing
history in a jelly, cementing a collate. he sugared
the insane at Putnam Sty, an example to liquid.
orange re image how to write, mere obrain, too viewy,
the grow of hue once let in, in owe to P.F. Sloan.
of reach doesnt occupy.
ballet was once protein, opening is a kind of plural,
“baltic like in the ocean”, jimson is opener.
Tampa how a health. odd when all those years avoid bubbles.
Osceola must be listener. I’m underoccurred, her granite
seems armier round blood. lotion’s relet of time.
other 0ther, the hurry of surface. pilled as thickness.
fewed cologne.
schedule bugs before protected.
epaule her lopside speak.
peppers why have billowed.
a gwny on breath.
tune’s pemmican adjust.
stood her gall.
necklaced sew keep.
bumped leadenly.
fewlike drift.
healthpins.

COLLOAM

morrow every listen
ago potato who have a paper voice
the hole where the effort went
tome is crayern
a fasten into trance, necklace some awake of notes, floorer
as classed some follow
looking glass parma
time to fulfill legs
proclair
spain fasten, doubtbook
kettle about instincts, pylon as shininess
person cranberry
muriel of themes
holes in bruit, rubber another
happen not yet teeth
brule imogen

P. Inman

panelling up a breadline
fenimore morrow, recently lou reed pickeler, cairo
hue frimmer in writing
every glue to her skin
mallowed the air around Tom Paine, farina almost a polaroid
brule italy acre
potato think of fenimore
either explain wet chaw
amass toward voice, in the same fieldstee
what at word
pilsen almond of know
pineal hear
imogen pikelees, rubber cyclone was merely opinion
a mallow each flesh
now’s the midnight i should have told
hang immode
ever texture a jelly, heightening out as clasp
talk in dense (marrow her tears)
the by hers, most needed a guthrie
a raise in pour
persons at one loud
models my brain in paper money
could the calmed in louds
cup for cup a keeps
jaw lower than its walk to the jukebox
extra body to tier
kuwait insides
(reads are somewhat lessened)

#3 (“Paul & Potzi”)  
Melon cezanne. In miles a feed to wane.
Balded malthus an irretrievable, sizes still living out of face.
Through locute of them, possibly a dark of mine. Skin sputter.
A suffuse i deal. A glue of what the includes are.
Picture sime.
Idea anywhere long enough to stop.
Ammo ve. Instance mindy portrait. Coffee a pain together with makes, (fellow some nameles.
Pods a wool. Drew of indian.
A follow to lower mine every malarial. Up they intains.
Epistrophy be stick.
Opinion a zinger tea.
soy the lead, tooth toklas, are orchestrate spackle, are silh.
thing berthesda empty, hymned in seamless bake. field-se.
this in kln, facto.
work metaste, think of less village, biogr...
differs much leave. place shuck. cement ever octave
a ginger i have memorized. not per ask of, biogr...
thing bethesda empty, hymned in seamless bake. biogr...
field-see. a fame had been the body.
this in kln, facto.
work metaste, think of less village, biogr...
differs much leave. place shuck. cement ever octave
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Part 1

The little spotted dog licks the adoptees forms.
The fat girl reads the Avon booklet.
The skinny waitress drags a Parliament.

Melancholia—closed visual perspective (pronom)

Lynne Dreyer—insincere noise (listen)
Cleverly living our interesting lives (dumbstruck)

An old lady in synopsis in a pink bouffant pink hat.

Certain people whom I have known strike a similar pose. I usually can accept by allowing them to read my mind, inserting their own use of free words and poetry, such as a prescribed method, language or device, as in red inducing passion or black and lonely—a picture postcard one that I can really see. I want my poetry understood, as if someone was interested in getting to know me. Then we can be silly and close.

Not one of our favorites, delicately placed.

Baggage identification. I remember the day I started the trip, standing in Alexandria. Your jeans are somewhere floating around in Texas. Can't write anymore, but think it's o.k., a duel book, up-side down, perfect friends. I'm glad you're going now, no more wondering about what could have been, if I had been less judgemental, less like myself. No more watching and denying my own feelings. How you found me in my own corner, deep in the center of my brain, the way you bring light-heartedness to situations, an overall view, practicality.

You've changed now and I'm glad although jealous that I couldn't be a part of it. It had something to do with failure or the ability for you to really try; you said it was upbringing or religion. I disagreed and laughed and cried while watching the sun in Brooklyn.

Money, self-destruction, metabolism, large major things, we always included those in our discussions, the real stuff was felt, your ability to change style, give almost selflessly, explain your life in terms of detail. But when you started to laugh I was out, a different ball game. I couldn't be honest and didn't think you cared if I was or not.

Self contained, artists, family life, and all along me moving different images in my mind, wanting to give you something.

Stood up work.
Don't be shy now. We can read along together on this one. From chicks to women to ladies, the Arbella. "I always think it's more honest and provocative to be genuinely autobiographical, but maybe that's just me." Is Lanier Place named after Sydney Lanier? Wish your father was here.

Pictures—a masterpiece.

Hope you're well and happy.
Hope you're getting on well with the cats and plants.
Hope you're doing well.
Hope to see you at the Big Reading.
Hope you're having luck in your job search.
Hope this finds you well.
Hope all is well with you. Hope you're able to find a better job.

A typewriter.

The chimpanzee throws you a kiss from the condominium in Florida. Years of business from Baltimore to Chicago to Baltimore, selling all the sports equipment and in your outgoing and comical way, the family saddened by the death, not coming to the funeral, only wanting the minks and clothes and perfume, a glamorous pose. Implement the torn black and silken cloth, implement the torn, washing your hands and small chairs and then always again making it light. When you think how great it is to be alive.

But as soon as I say it both of you come back into my mind. Any other relationship seems only partial and fanciful like decorated with what clothes I should wear, the atmosphere, who else is present, looks, detailed comparisons of the sixties to the seventies, tv, talk of the future, a family.

I try to ignore it, not think about it, become like you, not expect things, don't smoke, become someone else, become helpless, become helpful, be comical, grin, extract memory, get skinny, get fat, be healthy, be only a voice, a vacuole, a moving microplasm on the bus, play a little game of teacher cashier writer and none of these ever becoming games, but like a picture postcard which suggests a certain memory, blue gayne, and illicits memory suggestive to a specific place, "Greetings from the Cozy Motel," Thurmont, Maryland.

I remember you in certain intense situations. The only thing is the players are all wrong. The feeling becomes as contrived as the piece of paper it's written on and placed. I become quiet.

Isn't life grand? Sounds like Irish, sounds like Oh, protection, sounds like someone else will pick me up and I'll go, sounds like this time I'm really not wanting to be alone like in the dream traveling from Baltimore, or dead captioned on the postcard, the East Potomac Park, describing language.

What I see in him is a seriousness and that seems most important now not funny jokes or making me feel comfortable, tosy turvy, switch, empty apartments, jungle life.

Oh, don't argue with me now. I just need you to look out of the window with me. It's difficult to write about you both separately.

How the timing was wrong, how I never really saw your attempt at making
things pleasant for yourself, our beneficial likeness, sight. But none of it matters more than the fact of me denying that I felt anything more than friendship with you. Your one attempt at boldness, telling me I was wrong.

Playground days, a doer. Under the tree sexual talks, a suggestion, dead Presidents, replica of arguments, messenger life and resolved pleasantries after convincing you to back with me. And that is what I despised the most. Picture postcards from the coffee shop. Letters from Yates, wingshaped legs, a cynical cowboy, better than all of that long hair.

Oh, don't argue with me now, how what I really loved was the way you would argue with me, in a way I could accept, so that a certain amount of freedom recalled. Our too critical look at each other. Again music, a purple people eater, a strong cylinder, a man of your word.

Flash image, people made of cement yaking wildly on the bus image, the ladies in white drinking tea from miniature tea-cups their hair flying off from the tops of their heads, image the wild cat waiting for me to get some air, image his pleasant voice only pursued in the machines, the pigs and dogs all herded together in the den, South Euclid, Honey, Ohio, trips, no more black thoughts, Ode to Billy Joe, bugs a sergeant, image the fish leading the girls by the pool, Haiti, oranged and snow in California, a job of madrigals, Be Bop A Loop Bop, tomorrow at the Boy's Ranch it's where you're going that counts, the black hand tougher in structure but more vulnerable in terms of what it's saying. You're right, I really do have to be in touch with what I'm feeling for the writing to come off.

A testimonial dessert, an acrobatic walk, a physical sunset, an introverted embrace, a stained reaction, an honest V neck, a fractional chance, patient books, directional success, an individual doll, an open carnival, sympathy, crystal methodology, humorous dogs.

Part 2

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,
hasting modification of sensory interpretations.

Carrying swollen branches that drip in the wind responsive states, a unique way of working today.
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, deep 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 going, to keep them clean. Words form a video tape winter. A new type of nervousness sets in, a grant 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.

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

Not to be 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 hotel and MTM enterprises, new and old American women still calling her boss Mr. with paper and still, 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 brothor 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 rewards, could be alike could be serious, serious 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 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, their 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.

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

Says discreetly, says failures, says the sun without its name being part of it. 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 and 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 stay, they come to counteract and biography will never bore me. Execute tv.

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 doctor's office waiting to be taken, I'm also in a box, this time caged in, this time lasting, this time whole, I try to think of another way to be.

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 out loud talk out athletics.

Locke room disease. Our black man on top of thw world, sounds complete, sounds pronoun. He said things real, he said histories, he said his son, cat's 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 bleed. 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 the object. The comics decree of the now world, the green hornet. In the society of gravel I fall. Reaction equals mediocrity, her marriage, her undying love. Her sense of before and after affects me 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.

Part 4

The electric night becomes the morning. Silly birds sing.

Drink.

The immaculate lover loves, my first American friend.

No spiders react to the solemn span of my attention. A unique presentation and how oblique and sorry we are that you must go through this pain.
Ninety percent of the people become friends. The impossible begins to occur.
Repeat. Take the tape and camera and go to the supermarket.
Make the invisible talisman work for you. And smile and don't be funny and smile as
if you don't mean anything. You'll do alright stay up.

That clean smile, oh no the compassionate smile, no the condescending one, no the
encouraging smile, the understanding smile, the sly and calculating one, the one
where you've thought about it, the encompassing one that makes me scared to talk,
the one when you tease me, the one where we both don't understand and we know
it's o.k. and you look to me like a silent bird latched up onto a purple sky.

Part 5

You correct the change and become lost, soloing down 495 on foot, taking
elaborate snapshots of the expressway signs.
Freak, friend, lover, Takoma, Takoma!
Friend who suddenly catches my disguise and brushes off my needing it, out of
concern.
An easy jewel. Hey life, you got it.
A mother and one lover with two friends and a brother, someone to look up to and
laugh becomes knowing well.
And this one is silly and the water will cleanse you. Warm. Long arms and legs.
A new type of nervousness sets in. A grunt here and there.

Part 6

When I press my open fingers towards you.
When you eat the payroll in contempt.
When I exact the meaning of your voice.
When you become serious.
I wanted you to understand.
No more time, dear, and become anonomous and becomes an imitation, and
becomes suggestive to style.
The white tiger gets his medicine in darts, macrodantin, no time for poor baby.
The tall black lifeguard goes to the ocean and into it, walks and enjoys his life with
a lady of average size.
He winks cool with understanding. Tomorrow I'll bring you a dime and you can
pick up the trash under the tree.
Where's the White House? Oom a Loom Boom Ba Boom. Hard to say it, you first.
Desireless, shammin', swak.

Part 7

The room was ok in the nighttime.
The muscular guy tries to fly.
The conference room is neglected.
The receptionist fills the prescription for the rabbit.
The baby gurgles, crocking up his head as if to notice. The
parents seperate and kiss.
The parents seperate and kiss. Dinner is completed.
The dinner is memorable. Upsetting the tone, he gobbled up his
beets and hesitated to speak. Some foods when you really enjoy them.
He stopped the music then asked a lot of personal questions. Mostly day
sheets, I thought the circular brush was necessary.

Part 8 “Of a Tendency Closed Off”

A cubicle of an urban voice teasing sarcastically, whittling her nose.
(sanctioned flax)
The hand is trapped. In Maine relaxed skinny, funny lovely, outgoing, earnest,
a surgical papier-mache. (doctoral madness)
Not as empty as animals. When they won't talk about it, do they really know
about it, staking it, riding it, writing it, writing into the language, getting into it,
feeling it. Does it become objective, stationary, an argument placed, a nervous set
of laughs? When I check baby eyes, whose arms, snow.
They are traveling, standing on the bridge looking up. There is the water
where the gulls attack. Bonita Light, being there difficult to dress at the moment, a
rag hanging over the bulb that suggests concern for the voices that collaborate
around it. A need, rainholes, manholes, a highly autobiographical and long piece.
Something new you. The cat licks his feet and then licks his feet again.
Sex with a Western twang.
Swing, the lifestyle depends on how you want it, beautiful. I contract, it squints, when it tries to speak seriously to hide things, becomes white, funny presents are received, no more smells and a memory, a catechism and guilt, both welfare, headquarters, Mc丹利s, Ciretexas, a limerick, ones where people still live, ones in the south, ones on land, ones in water, new ones, preventive ones, active ones, inactive ones, protocol, dress on Nebraska, tax giving it back, literacy. Worthy of love-wrestling with a bear in Alaska, pitter patter, a big section, gigantic books in your face, in the inside of your head. Won't one person, one tiny little body with it's birdlike voice tell me what they think without looking to someone else, a gibberish without a motive, a hole without a story, without a body moving without them, without them, without the family commercials, the show, the visit, without falling asleep and saying that it's great, without a captive ridiculous polite dinner, without a ridiculous polite laugh, without trial procedures, Parliament. It wasn't enough. I didn't care. It's a beach, a national seashore, an island, cape, pleasurable, beautiful, physical, full. I didn't want to share this with him. I was cruel and silent. A varied face diffused by love, dreamy watery eyes, cloudlike around the rims. It all comes back to you downtown at night in the city, rapport. So if the raccoon becomes your house, the taxi driver becomes his job. Memory and the pen move.

How are these people felt? The ones that you talk of and speak of deeply. They are telling me their feelings. I hear them and I like them but I don't feel the coming into me. I don't care. They are transient. I'm nodding my head and all the time it's reeking of some other form of sympathy. Empathy, the ones who transmit when it's over. Action, radar technique, characteristic of the fifties, a later version accidents occur. Alexander and the girls, a real gun and does he still work here, an ex-Navy swab green Brachet Marine. See all of my hearts diffuse, I don't care to leave, my heart is ugly without you. Why do you go out when there is so little left to do? Exits, I wanted to talk about it, it made sense, it just seemed to slip out. I recognized my voice. I felt guilty, it sounded fake, as if I was falsely enticing someone. It wasn't real or lengthy. I walked toward them and tried to be straightforward. I wanted to look in their eyes. I told him everything and then he remembered it. It wasn't true, I missed her. I wanted to breathe them their variations, into myself, I needed that in addition. I wasn't complete. I needed that space below. I was alone again. There was not a single word beside me, it was thousands of eons away, a modified farrah, Italian dinner, funny, lost, temperate, depositions, deposit, maverick, smiling as a child, a man, a secure, soft look in his eye, rat dies and becomes temporary, and knows it. See me in front of the people, in anger seeping through to you, back through the sagging chin, to fight the homogenized zone of time. The child again, slower, thicker, milder, performing the ritual on the mild pick-up, the legendary bus, packing its way up the hill.
On the tops of the buildings of the city, which is a cross between Manhattan. The crow is saying I can’t I can’t. Monotone. Keeps repeating and noise is excruciating. It becomes a drone. I’m explaining how happy I am in a room with gangsters. Alone. The water ballerinas have wings on. Next my feet are separated from my body and feet are swimming on the floor; the cats are trying to eat my feet. The motorbike, Lynnice.

“Essence, Cosmopolitan, Seventeen, Time, Big Deal, Telephone, Tottei’s, Miami, cool, be cool, a big piece of chocolate cake would be for dessert. It all becomes a love, love for the parts of you I love, antiseptic love, child, puppy love. Fast love, love that dies, love of money, a love of food, a love of family, family love.

Her ex-love came every day to the pool and brought the pet for her to babysit with as she worked downstairs in the locker room. He would try to be cool. Hey love. He would try to be cool. Hey love. When I walk with my head turned around on my body, my flimsy little music, the harmonica in the corner and lampshade make it look good. Secure, semi-tough love, love of the temperate zone, of more and more and more and more and more love. She had my books. He had my books. A story in which one read the plot, and tried to locate. It was our generation. Then we talked about it reaching for the kix. You got the courage to visit friends in Virginia, Glamour, Reflection, Better Nutrition, Essence, Cosmopolitan, Seventeen, Time, Big Deal, Telephone, Tottei’s, Miami, Work and Play, Invisible City, when I leave you sloppily away.

First, feed the cat then sit on the slanted porch and be straight. Secure, then I underestimated the process of the room. Because I want you, too. First, there was the initiation and then the exaggeration. Air longitude, a smoker's cough, teasing. Solipsism in Fat City. Chocolate City. I have some white friends, she says snapping her fingers and then points to her hips which wiggle. She’s a spontaneous cleaner. She treats me to a nasty soda. The vegetation, heavy, make-up-heavy, hairstyle and some whites have kinky hair.

Then it was possessive love, neglected love, strong love, love of someone you have known, love of the temperate zone, of more and more and more and more and more love, when I walk with my head turned around on my body, my flimsy little music playing, the emotions, hot fun in the summertime, fun in the heat, Hunky Monkey, Joey.

She smiled as if she was everyone’s sweetheart. It was enough to make you sick. He was fashionably nervous, at all the proper places. He was humble friendly. There was not always love. There was sometimes the emptiness of love, (a cab from Drug Fair to work to the hitch up to Skyline Drive.) Next the intercom morning announcing stops along the way. Pleasant girls reminiscing of long walks, as Shakespeare explains it, performance over desire. Sometimes it was the imitation of love, and sometimes it was love, with something missing, with kidding aside. Tired, study, chicken hands, mirror images, a stone's image, throw it away, and then remarkable fireball, the elementary baptism, the saved wrapper. I see you have it and you really wanted it. Treat yourself good. Trilogy, New Orleans, foxy cannibalism, up and coming Atlanta, Neil. The center becomes slang, becomes a hanging from the sky. On each screen there is a silhouette of a woman and each woman is waving goodbye.

Love of darkness, masochistic love, love of a lifestyle, self love, self love, self love. Love that is born, boring love. A clothes horse. You can wash it all off with the caress.

A cat keeps stalking around and scabs are dropping off of his body. Peter is reprimanding her. She is laughing. I’m at Friendly’s beginning to eat up all of the ice cream. Next I’m at the church with the baby. They don’t let me in.

Past love, love for something I can’t have, a love life, love of things, love of country.

I’m in an old-fashioned school room and it turns into an elevator. A man is in a bed that is a crib and his mouth is bleeding. I climb into the crib to kiss him. Fashionable love, a love life. I’m an astronaut trying to understand the HUB factor, love of the unknown practical love, recorded love, love unlimited, left-over love. I’m at Port Authority, then on a platform at sea, then the lockerroom, then trying to locate.

Touring the center becomes protecti ve again becomes general and tough, sometimes it was the imitation of love, and sometimes it was love, with something missing, with kidding aside. Tired, study, chicken hands, mirror images, a stone's image, throw it away, and then remarkable fireball, the elementary baptism, the saved wrapper. I see you have it and you really wanted it. Treat yourself good. Trilogy, New Orleans, foxy cannibalism, up and coming Atlanta, Neil. The center becomes slang, becomes a

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She smiled as if she was everyone’s sweetheart. It was enough to make you sick. He was fashionably nervous, at all the proper places. He was humble friendly. There had my books. He had my books. A story in which one read the plot, and described the character. Love of sound, animal love, animalistic love.

First, there was the initiation and then the exaggeration. Air longitude, a smoker's cough, teasing. Solipsism in Fat City. Chocolate City. I have some white friends, she says snapping her fingers and then points to her hips which wiggle. She’s a spontaneous cleaner. She treats me to a nasty soda. The vegetation, heavy, make-up-heavy, hairstyle and some whites have kinky hair.

Chigra. An assembly, fortitude, Chicago, Armands. Folio the books. List poetry. List accomplishments. Mess with words. Love of words. It was the night we all sat down to play double solitaire. No, it was the night they all decided which poets were which movie stars—Ted-Al, Peter-Cliff, rich hippies, friendly kisses, more professional peeks on the cheek. A fresh face, a shrimp.

And now busy with the baby, skinny, work study. There was Johnny, such canary friends, window for window. There was one movie that struck as particularly feminine. Books were trapped.

There was not always love. There was sometimes the emptiness of love, (a cab from Drug Fair to work to the hitch up to Skyline Drive.) Next the intercom morning announcing stops along the way. Pleasant girls reminiscing of long walks, as Shakespeare explains it, performance over desire. Sometimes it was the imitation of love, and sometimes it was love, with something missing, with kidding aside. Tired, study, chicken hands, mirror images, a stone's image, throw it away, and then remarkable fireball, the elementary baptism, the saved wrapper. I see you have it and you really wanted it. Treat yourself good. Trilogy, New Orleans, foxy cannibalism, up and coming Atlanta, Neil. The center becomes slang, becomes a
pose of limericks. Just two short legs, a habit, and a pair of legs within.

A lot was read. I don't mean to insult you. Serious classical music and I feel like I can be alone. A stage. He's so convincing you believe he's very real. An overall view, nervous. With, without. An embarrassment of what I want to say using everyone's name that everyone knows and no effect of the twentieth century fifties, sixties, seventies suburbia hum.

Voo-Doo Jewel, and French mulatto beautiful. Jug the one line of sensual persuasion. I have always tried to say it.


It is difficult to write about fall. The smallest leaf on the uppermost branch had not turned. It was quiet and time passed. Only the fifth dimension played in the background. The trip only lasted two days, less than expected. Out in the bay there was just vacant air and the full water. When the sea gulls came down to grab the food, it was as if we had trespassed on their domain. Small boats dotted the sea. Displaced. A mall, White Flint, New Carolton, Springfield, Belvoir, Landover, and more issues in the city with television as a background. Consistency and repertoire, secure and warm, negligent, and homey, and calculating and successful and practical, exciting, lovely, earnest.

Various times during the day I would daydream on how the reunion would be. Here's where my sense of humor played an important part. But all I kept hearing were apologies.

The only things I could concentrate on the entire day were Memory and Mr. Cooper's sincerity. I was enjoying the quiet in the apartment complex. It felt like three years ago when I was living in Alexandria, in the River Towers. Secure, a little displaced and clean. All around me are David's veterinary books. *Anatomy of the Dog, Guide to the Dissection of the Horse, Lameness in Horses, Anatomy of the Dog, Guide to the Dissection of the Horse, Lameness in Horses, Anatomy of the White Rat, The Littlest Cells and Animals Without Back bone.* I keep wanting to look through them, but only get to the titles. Concerned equations are muttering past the hallway doors. Art cleans. I wasn't panic stricken or lost. I was so large in the October night, the October morning. I wake up in Lowisetta, Virginia, and wonder what it would have been like to live there before I had to be entertained. A southern, Oh, honey.

I'm always wondering about the sincerity of my relationships. Each time fall comes, it's New York. I think about the quiet little girl games, the modern use of the English language, calligraphy. If I trace one limerick each day, I'll have a scrapbook, but I won't be a sailor.

The result was the vague sense of aggression on the mess deck. Each little go getter going out to get them. And they do. Everybody wants a piece of the action. I get some too, Vinney and the Night Trippers. If that's your girl, you better have a good time with her because after tonight you're dead.

Tina's sitting on a bench, at the marina, she's depressed like hardly anyone sees her. No reason and a history, the practicing conclusion of religious custom, good intention, and humor. Used as syncopation of a smile. Poor emptiness. He wanted to use the shiny yellow phone, while trying on creams and colognes.

Next, I wrote the letters drawing on my memory. Once there was a man who tried to escape from prison his entire life. Another tried to write coherent paragraphs. He was quiet and tense. I always tried to look at things her way, then I thought of *Stampede,* not in the derogatory sense or the literal sense, but in the sense that I instinctively knew. The laugh became an intricate connection to the mechanism we had formed. Distant, new.

Part 10

Here we are gathering for ourselves, and my whole laugh becomes a shutter, my arm rocketing, my child language will explode, bending repetitions, a choice of events, shallow footprints. My face sits on my other face, my body tries to get out of my other body. My fingers decline.

I like to think he knows me, who I am, false ride, alone, nervous, easygoing, hiding, shadow light coming through the street. Here it is breathing about.

If we really cared deeply, needed them their references, closeness, actions when serious, when joking, and settled it. A large vat growing out of itself.

Feeling these children deep in my throat, dramatizing the event, thinking they know the primitive statue of mother and child, the modern one of the plain, the small cycles in strong events, the failures, and the freedom of thing that cannot live. Pink lights dangle from the trees in the apartment. The voice insures it's talking. Cute! Weather! Chic! Do you get it? Do we connect? Are you with me? Tommy!

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Concentration! People spitting out shock when it's over. My minds stops me, now, momentarily choosing and popping honey.

Part 11

Inactive ones, ones in the south, ones where the families are allowed, ones where just the men are allowed. The words seeming it drunk (powerless words). When do you think it's an act or when is it real, such as hard life, cynic, boring, funny lost, sometimes to visit, work, laugh, look at the sound of her voice, watching our names fall off.

They are talking, passing these windows, envious of the restaurant talks. I'm an interpreter. I interpret ships. Plan, buzz-words.
Crack down, the lima beans two people and my voice becomes reactive familiar, my voice stales.

I needed that, I wanted to begin while starting to copy. Copying the squeezed pink anchor, he nods approvingly, happy he got a cake this year.

Knowing cooking talking, what to say, snakes are in Alaska, halfwit, poet, your hobby: fuck up poet, think they would care to really understand, the rest only want to eat turkey.

Historic ones, ones that are open to the public, ones that are still standing, the beautiful old ones, the modern ones, the ones that have been redone. Why are the isolated ones? Why are the lonely ones? Why the ones used in the war? Why the ones torn down? Why the falling? The cobblestones, Boston, Virginia, Washington, The Point.

I went there and saw through other eyes, through old eyes, and my body became still. I felt calm and thought cells didn't care, didn't want them, no one in my mind.

But I'm wandering, coming home, father and child, the master of the yes and no, the appearance conversation, credible position, and television, the rented allowance, actual work, earnest, sweet, bending. They are having fun telling me all the while not to worry that they know you and care for you and your life is only a method to write, like turning it out. I keep seeing scenes, and they are real and dramatic and are corny and are knowing and hospitalized and warranted and lost.

Why the ones we can't find? Why the reunion of the old timers? Their wives look like them.

Ones replaced by technology, ones that are dangerous, ones in a beautiful setting, the first ones, the foolish ones, the ones with their cars and full trucks and families. I should get out here, this is where I want to be not needlessly.

Ones with the winding staircases, ones that are replaced, ones that are referred to in the books, ones that are referred to in the letters, foreign ones, English ones, gray ones, stationary ones.

I've passed here and this is where I've rented my photographer to photograph the subway station for me, in my mind. I haven't done this and in my mind is my future and my legs are walking to take me home, mind thinks home, stop, directing this photographer to a dark Takoma Park where he will photograph the exact angle in the exact sunlight so a beautiful image will show, one of the people ordinarily being herded by their own two feet, and the feet in front of them and behind.

Where are they all exactly? Where are the ones that haven't been built? Where are the ones I'll never know? Where is Frank figuring it? Where is David listening to it? Where is their judgement? Are they judging me, like freedom, like an actual whim, characterized by an easy talker, listener, understanding fondness, encouragement.

Why that look? Where the surprised ones turn into little daggers in the elbowpoint, in the sole of the foot? Where is the man standing on top of Europe?

Look at the encouraging ones, the ones that light the shore, the ones that light internally, the exotic serious ones, the ones who are bent with guilt and apologies, the ones who prepare for the bombs with magazines, the quiet ones, the ones that you need a bridge to get to, the ones with modern conveniences, the old-fashioned picturesque ones, the ones from which the women did the rescues.

This ship is not human. It doesn't live. The land. It is beautiful.

How about when it's quiet and you're feeling right. How about when you know it's right, the elaborations, ready for the trip, pensive, matching, nervous, born. Is the glass on the box real, the wine in it? Birthday, celebrating your birthday. We're so happy you were born, could come and spend these years with us while each wanders about in a large luminous cloud of their own.

Why sometimes, when I look at you, I laugh and complicate my words. I think I'm meaning it. I want to find it. The photograph of the person watching horizontally in a vacant and emptied room. The sound that I give out stops at my center and travels over to you who owns it now. Labor is not of the family or injury. Do you ever call your friends when you have nothing to say?
I've spent the years since. Primarily rowing. I'll phone. Next week after the tube roses are installed. Vivid memories. People remain. I have occasionally. Shops, sorting out how to become useful. A prolonged bout. Interest in useful plants. Aside from, a couple of trips, I do what I must. This is a pleasure. Exactly two weeks but more like. When she spoke. Two years to me. Patiently listen. I'd come up & out with. Anguish. I'm very well, thank you, not at all, you'll take a bath. Thucydides or Livy just get up the. Fact, you've been gone, is already repainted. At this point, I intend to think in terms of, "interest", "hobbies". This has included three and one half months. I was struck by the sadness and hardness in her face. And make it soon, because Patsy and Mommy are very lonely for Daddy. Please, place the plums. Yes, now I remember. Not layers of time it was like it would happen again later. I noticed many of them had been donated. Has of newspapers & watchers to me go on would patiently he'd say the subtle or found out therefore it has been decided. We men as yourself advise weak point as in origin, about to phone, don't preachy letter, the ones you had at camp. Ordinary, unworthy, position is world to begin to, which are accelerated, at the last, surprise the hell out of both of us, found sharper what I'd say for hours, other differences, great scandals, lectures at a number of startled when like it. Is which it became most brilliant, ever since, at all for a day. I thought it all over for a while, of manifold to be patient, but as often to return, I seem to hear, which identity consists in prattle, for action, in the classic judgment of a good deal of whispers. Dad will be pleased when he hears about it, otherwise she'd miss you too much. Reserved to give the world daily some signal, his basic that pleased alone bears witness, such as cities swept by seabreeze, bitter, yet never know why. Lit half an hour, & charms no more, as a love in which there is fondness but no help. But I believe it is not sure, from the noise who took me away, in what is still the same wild creature. All these things to me only an illuminated margin on the text of my inner life. A line of people waiting to see the lion. The pale lady waiting patiently. & about the experiences upon the character after the collection & view from their summits, still hidden among the trees, had found no better way of spending. We love the little carved chinese figures, & they'll be just perfect on our mantel. Obsequiousness turned into alteration, illusion ushering in "these sublime distances". On the road back from the whirlpool we saw them. Stealing behind. Reduced to sit observing details, their dead parents in fields to fertilize, identity of that mood, unrefined as dread these proportions by which to appreciate it. The panorama. In the evening sail down the stream. The chief leads his people into the deep ravine. However, your stationery is now ready & will be sent to you at once. No place so completely, Thoroughfares. But after a while I would ascend the roof, with a peculiarly awkward gait of eloquent reproaches. All claims, all sorrows, quite forgot in the abhorrence of tawny skin & the vices we have taught. It has not been tried. But
now I think we will meet again. While at our feet the voice of crystal bubbles charms us away. We don't like to remind a good customer like you. Greater popularity, good looks, security, praise, comfort, leisure. I want to thank you for the lovely time I had at your house. It was one of the best times I ever had. The pictures are so beautiful too. I wish I. I hope you will let Anita come and spend a week with us. I wish we had a pond like. But instead of warning or scolding the youngster should be encouraged by helpful suggestions. Everybody was disappointed. I am fine: please send cookies. Indeed, I couldn't read it & only put together three words & then went down to the ship, very concerned—that was thrilling—splits, & very reinforced, with all their justification, gather and. Very alert to the, leaked & cloaks, beams, is in the sulk, playing its spread over an richly deserted— Daze, ruff-raft, chit-chat. All my friends say I'm lucky to have such a nice aunt. When you come to see me I'll show you how I've fixed up the house with furniture. I make believe it's a real house. Typical, vital. First, the external qualities of bodies. Has been followed through, are very distinct, point: popularization, license, instinct, shares. Unfortunately, such an army of light is no more to be gathered. Many little beetles on the wooden bench. Thickened reins. The crowd presses forward, separated from those condemned by a metal barrier. We may now see what is properly meant by working class culture. The experience is that of individual persons. Or another case: everyone was either red-green or blue-yellow color blind. E.g., they speak English. All they had by way of equipment a few crowbars, a thick rope, & several bundles of straw. The existence of this emotion. Efficient, smoothly coordinated. Eyes acting up. Not smell: transparent. Again slogans rocking the hall. Longings lose glimmer. Don't get me wrong, I'm not a tough guy, just careful. Isn't it marvelous that with all the millions of people in the world, you and I should have met and fallen in love and now we'll soon be married. Or do you think it was all planned that way long ago? Get up, push way. Big as it is we'll take it to pieces. Everything is in pieces today. It's something you've wanted. I'm not joking, and if I seem to talk in circles it just seems that way. It all ties together—everything. Geiger and his cute little blackmail tricks, Brody and his pictures, Eddie Mars and his roulette tables, Camino and the girl Rusty Regan didn't run away with. It all ties together. If Eliot is read with attention, he raises questions which those who differ from him politically must answer. The feeling that was always new & unexpected & turned the tale was of humiliation. Streamers. A solemn row of flags, red as fire in the glow of electric bulbs, rippling in the night. The interior of the house. Spacious. This place belonged to a rich peasant before liberation. It was given to us during land reform. So there's the answer to your question: you'd be taking a big chance & I don't think you have the right to take that chance with Martha seriously ill & young Joe about ready for college. That if I was going to be a fighter, I would have to train around people. I'd have to be around women
was, rain, dish
our, an, much
took, kid, stretch
well, real, didn't
immersion, wanted, attractive
oooooo, my, served
&, see, so
mean, was, into
felt, tenderly, beacon
personal, like, trip
looking, many, someone
20, out, preparation
ethos, squabble, so
quelling, quality, little
in, we, about
intense, reel, something
tired, shadow, was
down, very, how
claim, forward, of
express, manually, evolve
strength, man, rigid
now, no, jaw
puddle, rush, a
pleat, obtaining, mine
fiit, that, the
doing, oh, but
incipient, to, see
summarily, $116, available
screaming, they, off
down, is, all
level, elucidating, moxie
long, slow, turned
loaf, sex, for
dream, sure, when
gets, a, six
far, AI, for
might, great, there
sum, precious, vowel
padrone, flattened, let
wicked, ain't, undetermined
flash, fish, nautilus
asked, you, about
kiss, bus, so
push, if, warp
crane, mild, forward
you, that, after
point, it, formality
applauded, of, quasi
there, bet, quibble
much, moving, us
able, crush, more
pretty, lots, age
presume, fear, which
affront, obvious, dogma
that, considerable, nevertheless
their, enclosure, her
unlikely, by, &
edge, we, cherish
pause, felt, too
saw, you, last
just, okay, fine
thank, susceptible, a
each, some, fine
dig, cheese, laying
bench, drink, focus
any, hole, distant
bun, man, little
way, Emilie, TV
plus, certain, nails
something, it, is
works, current, after
less, be, in
of, stock, all
moves, right, streak
want, much, sending
real, certainly, favorite
hear, remember, a
you, turned, sense
prelude, & fusion
overriding, story, be
loss, Yiddish, loose
is, but, is
piece, finishing, bounds
early, I, say
context, of, story
alternative, the, things
thoughts, as, to
something, fluid, else
differ, alone, in
not, way, of
as, is, which
shape, early, on
lives, seem, we
resort, point, kind
describes, a, fluid
dialect, a, see
space, some, which
sees, as, making
own, back, not

there, hands, talk
object, time, it's
liver, as &
prior, things, though
wonder, back, from
feel, not, situation
gotten, them, beside
lots, latest, which
here, I, was
didn't, not, yet
should, seems, Chicago
yet, here, of
possibly, you, or
unlikely, seemed, phone
crush, pace, away
wonder, still, few
over, want, break
out, lots, getting
Lyn, ever, stays
nothing, unwilling, let
break, off, for
let, lines, same
so, what, mind
additional, satisfying, your
someone, who, reminds
always, could, send
afar, kinds, feels
halt, call, silent
hardly, stay, same
we'll, hard, thing
is, how, it
emotions, much, more
so, what, are
all, that, we
so, okay, before
missed, a, how
are, an, there
thing, between, once
guy, isn't, what
actually, believe, made
going, can't, this
continuously, getting, is
they, &, see
color, I, my
take, your, but
presence, as, adequate
pressure, worth, for
jumble, yet, these
best, will, board

Likening then, up at last, some miracle of flow would bend out, on, in place: this,
that, such switch then, nothing turning, sliding. "A poem of some moment" or
several: geometric simple (single) mindedness. Forget these tones. Crack & in,
still; what, who. To fill, 'it'. Recounts an empty cup. Nor grip, nor actual fusion,
function, wells it; by bridge, it struts. Our "All" is empty. Turn over/ a flat
opaqueness.

APPROPRIATION
As saying as continuousness, really a single notion, just picked up, what was said,
inside, motionless, really somebody, coming in, a very fine pivot, specimens, only
to (that, you'll, already, &, of, dicker). This is essentially, I feel it is important, we
assess what we can no longer— Get ahold of, much is forgotten, unrecovered, is
no longer possible, makes the attempt. I can't count beyond that point. Look
around the corner & forget about what you were thinking. Happens all of a sudden,
shades of color for example, but nobody understands that the best guess is not to
work at it at all. Stretch it out, recount whatever "alas" has in you—

FACULTY POLITICS
My weight becomes something that neither holds me down nor gives me release the
stomach hair eyes all set themselves in a separate way downflow you might say as
Susan says shimmering is too strong an end note not that this particular bulb or
cube doesn't glow but that figuration almost too overwhels, which cries out for
some quieter moment. Hazards constantly obtrude, the heat which lags, the air
itself tangible, we feel it hang, makes for a kind of separate quality, perception I
think is a word for its use, looking out onto the world & watching it fall past, here
the fact of the same kind of movement recurring at more or less uneven intervals. I
want for a second to explain, not that we must be hidden from each other for the
"Eternal", even to say a word like that immediately seems.... I wonder just what's,
that's, up, quick, can always take any particular turn, any way that you make life a
little shorter a little more upswept, I get this basic not a smartness really like he can
certainly manipulate those constructions, that by the time its feet toes it's what's as
goes bys can't so much forget as refusing to try to put a finger on it. Not enough a
subject matter or the hope of some future subject, some time I wouldn't remember
to loosen up that whatever here—dummy, model—fills in the & gets to a decent
"embarcadero del nuestro pueblo". I got out of the car & looked for him, I felt so
disoriented— was this the right road it looks smaller than I remember it—or is that
the same candy store what's that fat man do sitting out side there all day. I get so
tired of it, open the door & heard my voice echo under the weight of I couldn't
quite figure out the material only this time I knew it was material bedrock, a long
puff & pick up & keep it off &—
OFF SEASON

The numerous psyche, the curtains
      glowing elegantly in the wind, the fromage all worn
      each day, hills more tiring than
(them)
next mirror. A clasp
      "which you have used so many
times before", to erase that a
      without in any sense an
angry hearted
      which at any other time might
demand to be, look at—
might as well (any, seems)
month passing without the chauffage that
      quando, por favor, presto
& taking several wrap arounds out his pocket,
Or that chill inside that makes you want to HE
SAYS RETURN THE SWANS begins
around the fire with your feet bandaged, chat—
while the snow slowly turns into a monastic simper,
the simplicities of a sudden expire. Without
notice everyone starts acting differently, loud
screeching sounds
      shock, when you
habits
      is abandoned
the light switch
      mark carefully
else much is
(tubular, don't let
replaces as cheeks, squares, domino patterns
lights, surfaces
or a continual grinding on the mirror, says
"no, prego" & doesn't stop short at, meticulously
pressing the lines between the apprehensions,
who at various times were compelled
helps person
regal, pompous,
which is regarded at various times from
different porticoes, which anyway might look
different as the time changes, the leaves turn
umber, the blooms fade... at least
the consolation in the "simple fact" of the
next sight, the water drained from its various
recepticle. So you take the tram as
far as—
ingots, interstellar
As the Alaskan coolies gently fold up their
sheets, the whiteness blowing radially
against the crisp tones of the night's
chill. Already
thousands of Moroccans
are crowding the corridors
but
better not be bothered
with two circular bulbs on either side
clay which was sandblasted away,
revealing genuine articles of
previous moments
in step formations, comparable
(aerially encoded, resuscitate,
armlessly
is very radiantly
but here's, here's
stomach pump, metal detector

mirroring the precise manners his father
used or was fed up

"out the corridor"
as detection is tested,

musculature—
at very much times on the intake, a
gets, whichs

who sinks into (now

imitations of morality, an
evaclations of space
color, line of mouth, overall aeration
who used to be out at
homes, planets

according to the practice of

sidewipe

now known under several international

A resplendent regression

possibly autoclave, Kleenex

broken articulation of wrist

bend, branched

which does not return

though you

which "all the memory in the world"
carries along with it

makes plain the

simple desire for —
or respite from
its, location

which at this very moment

HOTEL EMPIRE

Everyone looks & someone else & they keep striking me & then the mistake, a
memory of people piled up to hurl out on unfamiliar faces, only a glance, a
sideways look, a color of hair & thrust back into solitariness. "They shut me out", Barbara was saying, the door closing in front of her & "you were the only one I
could talk to". Maybe they would remain friends but more likely a drift, reading the
papers, filling out the shopping list, & finally it would arrive, without any formal
decision, another abrasion of surface. "Was less a ..." & groping to put the subways
& the hospitals in a perspective, or look a different way. "I am a great BallerinaA:
PavLOVA, BaRySHniKoV, oUSpeNskaYa—none have my air of absence."


•

the conversion of it: it always happens all of a sudden, you find yourself inside it, so
not so much a commitment to a series but all the items counting off a ticking clock
of them watching the ascent up Mt Carmel. "I did not adhere to the particular
tenets but found myself living among them." All of a sudden it got very hot &
moving I began to suspect all kinds of noises were made to that effect it was very
confusing only not a single person in the auditorium had the decency to stand up &
say NO. Susan could well be mad but it became already 11, 12, 1 & so I felt
discretion was the better part of will. MAKE THESE

CHOICES. A content in

thought or else a new way of being friendly: my unwillingness to put myself out. "I
do miss you" meaning him not me sort of disorienting.


•

Here it begins only in relation. "The imitators of Mondrian don’t amount to a hill of
beans in this crazy world. It’s whether you’re with us or not & there’s nothing you
can do to influence that." It’s pouring & the subway walls are leaking & no one is
paying any attention & I get so tired of it. It, it. Wherever, the brigade sailed in total
array, a whiteness unlike the face held in any other. I became immediately a leper
imitator. Not the fancy downtown type but a more sporty out & out colored set.
They had difficulty conjoining it for me. I sent them all letters. Even _______. All
my peers in the world of dance. When Balanchine saw me he said, I can’t
remember exactly, "I’ve never seen such sweep, such flow of movement, combined
with so enormous a density. Your sheer bulk floors me." Here the voice began to
chop or at least blend. The violins that had been playing all along in the background
increased their volume or at least I began to hear them more distinctly until I
couldn’t make out a single word she was saying.
Again. To proceed or a procedure. Something like that. Intentionally crowded. "She said it was just around the corner. I looked there. I moth balled the closets. I took the subway all the way down past UNION SQUARE. I get no time to work it out. I never met a person who didn't seem infected with it. It was scary."

Whether it was two or three it blew me a million miles in different directions each part of me twisting that I would not be valued. Suddenly ____'s voice cracks, she comes over, we touch. "I'm sorry" & the resentment passes away in a look. Fine then she doesn't pretend any more till it comes: a dizzying succession, they insisting that they know. "the girls watch together" & it splits across a vacancy;"it's only the silence i'm demanding"/clogs and relentlessly refusing "no question we conferred with the boys on it and found he was too aggressively seeking" i don't know i got scared: one kind offer & i'm expected to turn away i'll get in trouble they'll put yr ass in stir" _No, actually, am i supposed to remember? The flow, the jibs and jives— Naivete only outshown by internal nausea. A blue book? Times square about myself you look awfully familiar & i get crowded. It's the release & the relentless insistence on the one thing. I truly crossed my heart & hoped to die only she didnt believe me. I was flabbergasted. What are you doing with those sneakers on the floor? A finely tuned instrument. More & more picked up, the stench began to be a major problem but it was never credited to the right parties. They danced all night—the frug, the monkey, the johnny walker— suddenly in a vision cast down from the—I'M SORRY NO LUCK better to/ i was the fan i the notebook. I can't explain it any better. 66TH STREET & LINCOLN CENTER. Palaces, romance languages, the ballet, tea & watercress: a whole world & racing behind it.

It absolutely blew the tushies away. I could never spot it & then it came up. As dry as dust. OUT OF TRACK. "Really, they'll be stars there" Here at last everything is new, boys on bicycles roll by, it's all full up, I can't help regretting it. Turns, it turning, the account to be refurbished, hat on tight, fifty cents in hand. "Let me in."

Sitting on the bus, walking up the stairs, waiting for it to start. It was 9, 10, 11 & already

THE LAST PURITAN

The view was nothing to him

* He would have been bored to run about simply by himself

* Personality began to percolate, as it were, into his own

* If a pebble got into his shoe, it might be unpleasant

* be stoically climbed

* he felt it again in a different place

* even if the wealth of nature, but he took all this fervid instruction a little more sullenly, had to be pointed to, described, thought of at such a moment, or invent grounds of sympathy

* old perambulator

* Pebbles insignificant accidents, like certain needs of the body
but as to frills

sphere, was, as it, made, of, perfectly, (glass

his bent, when he sat in, & beat time to measure

anything merely seen or heard

have grown out of, & mixture, was an original (though he wasn't taught to pray them) & even to sing a little german songs

these lasts were his favorite amusements

this was a great thought

or heard remained a picture

once moralized, the orange squeezed

deflated pulp

in German, as well as in English, or better

& of course it would be very wrong

inadequate to frame an answer

merely held

It was a vast relief to find himself in most of the action

well out in the open

A great lunatic asylum at his door, but he had never visited it

but here was again in person

Pride to seem, began, insufficient, unnecessary

his bare legs
in spite of strange webs

on deck, already sextant, because wider, more unkempt, & "being in business" had no idea that so young a fellow could be as old as that

"But I am bored."

as disappeared to work out his observations

His views might be wrong, but at least he had his wits about him

but there, too, everything made a rumble in his head

But Walt Whitman is as superficial as Rousseau

home wonderfully

goggles seemed

a thin old man at the tiller

"Gad, we're clever"

He is over a hunchback & built a Benedictine monastery, I used to climb as a boy, an enthusiast who has gone over to Salem in his old family orchard

with woeful results to my digestion

These were his moments intuition

he seemed to know where everything was

hands more quickly than ice
consummation of impossible sorrows
residues of the previous
marks
as the motion of a glance
scatters, as
misled, a kind of
autumnal (puff
quickly rushes
for, around
only asked
makes much of
induced memory
shouting to
amorous
double view
I've
meant to tell you
all, this
otherwise unrecognizable
encountered
with escalators confining the
levels, we
overhear over much
are, am
shattered crystal, blown
much as melts
& trickles, I wish
miniaturized in our desires
as cubicle follows cubicle
next to an out-of-doors

even more interior
(too plain
a pie, glycemic
hope for sudden
changes, lifts
out or made for
clips
pen & tie
you wish...
SIMPLEPLEASURES

Consolation of way by not is understandable
Bogus monotony the far in which territory
Limited a only gives global map the on
Line red a like political ignored the by
Water, territory we and rocks that such
Subjects are from and ourselves force of it
Parts exclude finally becomes products, capsule
Escape more contained a place, extension
Massive the because us persuading for account
Complete on rely which of some complicates
Withstand accredited the traduce our Moscow
Will prevent stains no longer, a needs
Future, expropriation an of subject the and
Recognized might parade whose expectation
Think ground to have or do in time
And into enter, known without passes
Not if I even of depth, eyes
As more anything is, are, axis grouped by told
Almost chronology evident to say approach sliding
Whose hiding be only bare conscience
What of delight renounce, choose
Neither you or myself, profit what
It makes to sound, aloud in my
Charity, believing all things, himself
Wakeful, sought profit that of seen
Grieve faster for faults, together
According upon supply what began
Point therefore ease, offending
Intimidation of means, consist in
Representing as something invariable

Removing without killing, as soon that
Strength, visible into certain kinds,
Work at earnestly forming monuments of
Pathos, service encouraged by spectacles
Infancy of place, yet in whose dishes
Hungered itself wholly, troubled which
Awaits all that is needed, occupations
Merely flourishes design that renounce all
Mystified allotments, accurate to calibrate
Salubrious enchantment, missions in weigh
Of which recoil at settings, surround
Large cement bystanders, irksome commands
Regarded—hurled—when this is
Carried above, and roars, "By these..."
So necessity persuades which acquired
Eloquence equates—lashes with exposition
Laps upon the stage, insights
Without peril recalled adequate to majesty
Most powerful, not held in result
Damaged all by feeling same loss
Interred at passion to cross wisdom
Neither tanned nor trimmed by
Blanks at stare or passion
Encircles calm denoting skew in commands
Move to hand the mind at once turn
By fall is slate, evanescence
Cope in utmost luck this awkward
Ground saw to make refinements succeed
Pastels to bestow an example pampered again
Myself of fool prevailed in short
Ambition increased given by low
Opinion still more compact to told
Part sums give pace to quell
Little by asking, hope misplaced
Best sought at pasture's fashion
Renounce this by itself did gnaw
Tide of swell or not in gain
Suffice — I too this breath an air
More nightly seen, quench and put
Off what hands by haste impell
Shortly to quake and call
Else air frightful cause because sums
Part at aging, faction regrets by
Daily chord returns to fend
Goes damp with hoop replies, disposing
Marbled doting stand on rote
Repairs what habit's done accedes
For chance, routine, displayed or rave with
Themselves equal, operate to order in
Censoring empty fact, value
Which polity withstands, ashamed, what victors
Erase, forgotten first forgetting — stylize
Holds only one's solitude's mistrust, recovery
Simpler, nothing provoke what has at
Any interfere, happening, shouts like those
To want I do, but changed because
We live it's those describe, who turn
Showing what winds the tip, visible
Dimensions' outer flight, infers in what we
Clad, day since the more its much
Become completely attachments, similarity
Toward one protected, else stop to
Sleep, towards altitude, simply leading
Beyond what we've become — mistaken
Drafts of inarticulated wants
Haphazard against the banners of
Remorse, writ large from hope, downcast and
Reassembled, assembling, to which the heart
Grows closer still — to hear all this at
Time, the smug and listless waits upon
While you —
"COME, SHADOW, COME"

return to a shadow
as slope of mind,
veiled air,
(the way a thought will turn
with a gesture in its direction
you are a thing
your voices are unreal
blade, pool,
paper, shavings
its glassiness waving for us
ROOF IX:
5 poets
Bernstein
Davies
Dreyer
Inman
Robinson
+ Mallarmé
ms.pps...
spring 79$3