

TUUMBA 25

FLAT AND ROUND

Larry Eigner

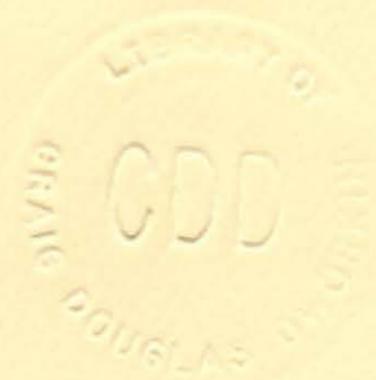
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FLY AND ROUND

WINDY NIGHT

THE END OF THE WORLD

1911

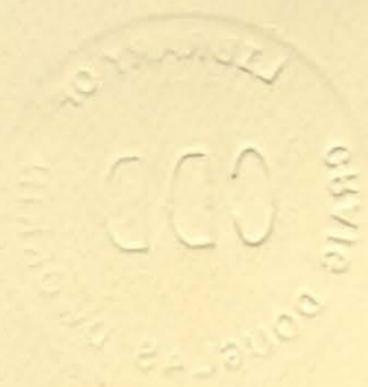


FLAT AND ROUND

Larry Eigner



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This edition of *Flat and Round* is a version of the aborted Pierrepoint Press edition of April, 1969. It follows a typescript prepared by Robert Grenier.

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FLAT AND ROUND

Close up

I lie across the bed with my matched feet

we live in the great world
the ceiling above my eyes just like my toes

It looks like I'm dying but I can't see, what goes on

In the front room a television is playing

The old movies, like we went down the corner as kids

Only these are the grade A's, the classes with affairs

[and bibs

In the drawing-room they are saying something as the

[scene opens

A repetition It's just like the first night

I don't know what's hit me, I saw the trails before

[sunset, I can't actually tell the placement of stars

while the beaches of my childhood may still be white

the black pants
black dog
walk off

plane black this time
over the empty lawn

a space clear a
moment of no rain

SPRING NIGHT

spring 12 o'clock
by a chain

it is not dark

the moon
and lack of some cloud

or it is

but the air is pervasive

weeds hem and advance

of whatever kind

the crickets drop

undriven from
the field, line
of the roads, the back
yards
not having come

the cats
with their conscionless tongues

FOR THE LONG SEASON

five pigeons on the rim of the barrels
they are tin and so rattle

and it takes two seconds to get
on the other side of the street

and there is the air

sound does not travel
for it can't be seen

I hear them from far away
the birds outline the world

the pigeons walk in the air
as we swim

while the leaves are blown

O creatures

critters, we
are the world in the sky

the cats make themselves narrow
going through

Association

Thought
against death

variety

death no-one can lead

death

the stars bloom, a current

dream, where it is night mostly

but there is no death, for they were never living

they burn

the points

like death

in the morning
 bird tail
 below the gutter
and another one
under a high cloud
 glass reflects branches
 the air they ride
 how much neighborhood
 leaves caught me
 sounding like rain
the tree on the walk
 bread borne
 to it
and next to the yard
 mountainous over the fence

Pure.

on the 60 mile highway
The sign, Falling stones
from a five-yard cliff
Why shouldn't we get there
blinded to sure speed
 the rotary canyons
 inscribed bare speed
 the countryside
one blade of grass
 isn't enough
 and burned-over stars!
 the wind at the sea
building, the railroads
 tension
 on a quiet Friday, smoke
the blot hills
 interest to the blind
 like the random fires banks

Last day on earth
for a while at least

fingers

bamboo

a plane goes over
my eyes

a shadow lost
darkness space
not night, the day
24 hours

flight the tandem
with these usual people
all this time is alone

I feel the tilt

I am far above the graves

the distances down out of sight

a look at the sky
a view of the weather so many
trees where the island ends
below the cloud

more palpable than the moon
the rock takes

its element

the sea comes up

shape comes motion

it reflects the light
absorbed at the same time

the intervening air
settled by clouds
islands of mists

Up in the air
give me
air

flying-machine like a bed
reportedly
a rough landing
in the sands

eagles
though with meat hanging above
a ragged team
birds will sit
on a plane's tail

propellers independent
the speed

hot smoke

then the open
air

wide "philosophers, officials, students and loiterers"

le Champ de Mars where
it was raining "a
new-born baby?" hour

[[Guy Murchie,
Song of the Sky,
1954]]

afterwards 'bounced
upon a field.' prodded
hissed out its
dangerous smell the
evil corpse dragged off

the fabric along the ground
sky from flat to round what
cleared weather
sunshine to remember snow and the moon
a balloon with a picture
on it

this was a success
swift nearly as idea
people considering travel
so a week later
'a sheep, cock and duck'
in fancy stripes
'honor' of being the ...
nearly went to criminals
and it seemed safe enough

or
cautiously they
experiment , Pilatre et
le marquis, November ...

27 miles

end of the year

oop the shirt life, Louis
you who
never went up

like the Shah's 4-poster
to come down in the desert
or across the Channel
into the wood

compass, barometer, anchors, flags,
apples, life jackets, small windmill,
bottle of brandy, pamphlets
oars ballast

even tossed his pants
overboard

the last dangerous minute
after relieving self
the windy man
not much having worked
12 miles beyond the coast

the car
in the Calais Museum

albatross sleep high
athletes, the birds
where the snow flies

streets, streets
the map, the picture
the field there cross
out

the way high
low, what
straight is

the sea reaches

wind

you turn, elsewhere
down
from now
me on

Imagination heavy with
worn power

the wind tugging
leaves

from the florist's shop
some silence distanced

complicated lighting, more
glass

wires borne off a hill

now I need a hole in the head

branch

against chimney

whatever time bears

smoke

enough rain

a roof dumps
into the sea

more clouds adrift

gauge of reason

venus the size of
mother
earth ah

morning where
are freezing
trees

[[CS Lewis'
Perilandra
being read
aloud on
the radio]]

holding
enough, up the sun advances

air and fire
the involved lack of
on red

Martian photos

planet, drinking

July 14]]

the sky

1965]]

quiet, not
stone silence

for which we have rain
pulled down earth
to relieve, an
avalanche

clouds dark in the hills
or white and slow
they disappear

or surround the cold moon
when sleep comes for us

the day on Mars
as long as here

to hold light

[DNA]

phoenix, the
acid

a perfectly quiet car
how easily pushed it
self a boat the invisible
effort completion of
the movement here, some factory
product, as of all these years
hot day waters the street
the slant paint rides
turn and go back
the way they came
the horn blowing once
beyond the confused mass
of the real sea, the bay, in resistance
to the moon, the air
that light bulk
continues the years
the solid in my childish mind
that boy at the wheel was
a proper choice, the others
went back and forth, too, he
said something

the rotary turns
the horizon
near and far

the plane
echoing itself
the sea feels

The time

bomb, pay-off
the insured, negating
all safety rules, empty mask
in the ceiling down the lake oxygen
the shaped convenience prospect
of girls old men

clothes for the ride packed

life, airy, hides taken up
beyond green woods,
we return to high figures
from the number field

like who is cared about
the moments successive
days

meal after meal
like this 19-year-old
the brain of 6 months
harmless as a cat
biting your good fingers, rearing
choking

he'll never know money

tomorrow tonight may be the last
death

what happens
should you go
or not

the lengthening day
with its shadows branches
leaves the space of
trees standing on its trunk

to be recalled as
a choo-choo train there are hills winding

in my experience
and I forget what
came between puzzles
and satisfactions, each

of a slightly different kind then the idle thought
of knowing your moments
those of more use than mine

there may be such
let them be
as infinite

you dont seem
to know an awful lot while I forget
that besides being lazy at last I have
futile hands still you make
restricted rounds
on errands I hear little of

I like to keep off
 all
have heads to find
 what way is forward
 and when to turn
from getting up to
 lying down

those planes were loud
 asleep
the degrees with my head down
 half-way to my lap
what bird's call
 sounding close
I haven't
 learned a flute
 to match silence
and the sea's sound
there's nothing like music
in the street
 out the opposite window
 along through trees
a piano hoisted up-
 stairs slung
 level storey
fire sire
 n crickets afterwards
the hot night
 still to dawn
the passing earth
 whirls out

dream interrupted by a car
Where going what was I saying?
that room was in my mind o
now it is day

birds startle the window

air
is unseen

landscapes I've dreamt about
I've spent nights on the beach

gone off I on the back seat
the view upward, branches, wires, the tops of signs
little enough to be read

sunlight tops
a maple tree
in the red fall

I ride the street

mean something
all together

kick cans
and cry

branches still
from the middle

confusion and otherwise

t h e r i n d

air hammers

dance the street years

now minute open range

fish or down on the wharf

hills behind

the sea deepened by sun

the gulls round on the roofs

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