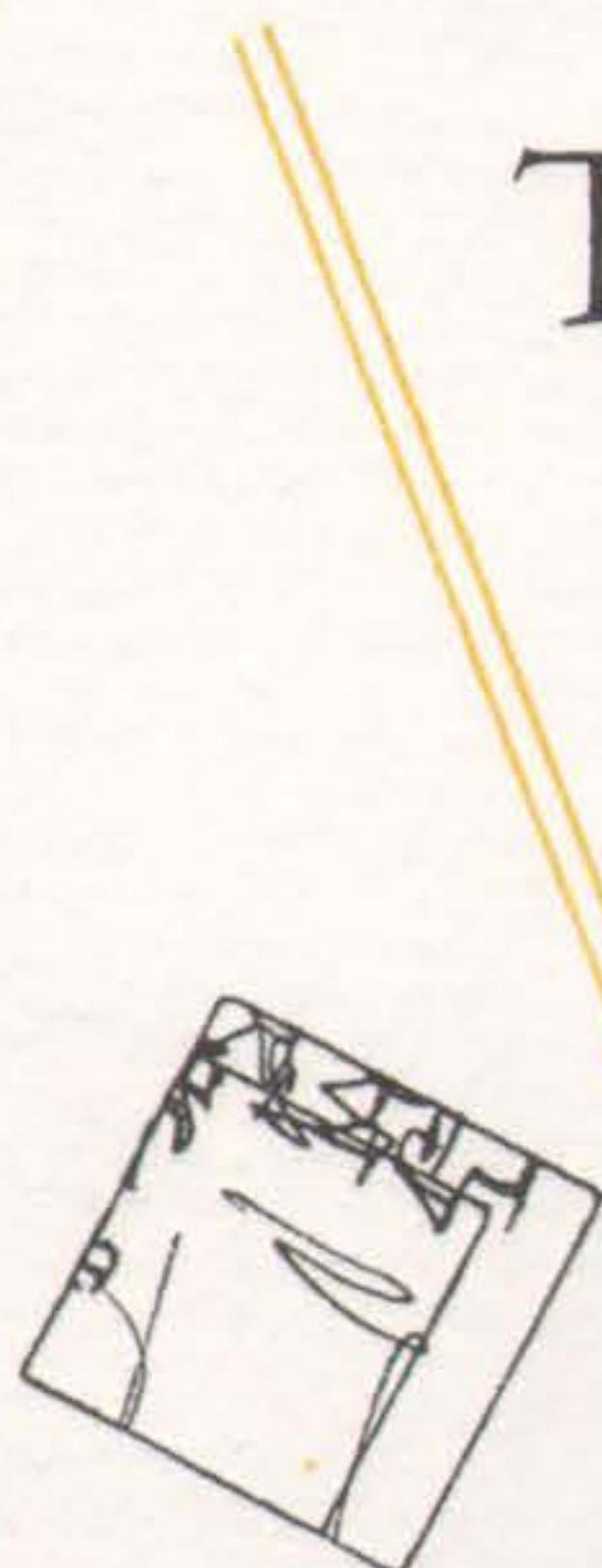


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THE BUSSES

STEVE BENSON



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Socrates: . . . And do you accept my description of the process of thinking?

Thaetetus: How do you describe it?

Socrates: As a discourse that the mind carries on with itself about any subject it is considering. You must take this explanation as coming from an ignoramus, but I have a notion that, when the mind is thinking, it is simply talking to itself, asking questions and answering them, and saying yes or no. When it reaches a decision--- which may come slowly or in a sudden rush--- when doubt is over and the two voices affirm the same thing, then we call that its 'judgment.' So I should describe thinking as a discourse, and judgment as a statement pronounced, not aloud to someone else, but silently to oneself.

Thaetetus: I agree.

Socrates: It seems, then, that when a person thinks of one thing as another, he is affirming to himself that the one is the other.

You train your
mind on a certain
kind of statement

Interval

listing listening
 hiding out
 listening all the time

On the bus--- words walled in
Too much excitement and tension

Hi, this is the voice of Vernon Leder

"No! That's not
the way I see it."

Random cycles screening
I recycle the words as I see them passing before
my brain before I write them down
There is no cleverness intended in them
Rather just I think Thank you
the tendency therefore I'm for continuity
inebriation eclipsing both the sun This is not
of the stars fall out of systematic
fresh the sky the big blue if it were to be
refreshing eye resolving reduced to one
complex and as it shelters the coil it would be
precise, limited tending or touring a sentence
by what is thought from one to another a scheme
is known no certainty to place a reason
First we count the firm logic of its matrix an intuition
all four of them then in the meantime
a sentence grows for the sake of
the names restrained retrained retained
No need to write *sic* after them
Or to apply them to a specific theme
that was facetious when it started
on your insecurity

at supper
add the words
anyway you see
the resistance
gather against
them

looking across
the room literally
but not seeing
how far the distance
when you're on the phone
except the cord
tangles on your way to the door
if you remember I
Walking on this edge
carrying your little card wanted to watch your TV
the symbol of a negotiable man with its
certain words I like certain compulsive empathy
words I don't of thoughtless contingencies
Again co-opted by one's rights made socially ideal
What's that? What's the matter ignoring the nonpreposterity
with that, this? The of the room
locution confuses the occasion, location
Problem solving Again and again
isn't done. What's more, I called
I'm not working to make matters worse
some role out In the far part of the room
so much as I want A tree, in where a broom won't reach
necessary checks the middle of the false claims eyes make
to crash against part a tangent of territory
interior remains
taken care of, bounce there but not back
The lines dictate till hair part taken for no good but
translation falls over some vision
imagined something Roles, models, forms perspective question
not so much to say as twilight setting the scene bounces on
phrasing, forced out on some splintering axis

Photography really is
a wonderful thing.

Remembering our dialogue
of the other day, I stop
thinking and just remember
the tone of it, nothing,
something, preoccupation,
what I was thinking of
is taken in the form of
remembering what was done
with it, as though the
dialogue was prophesy, or
gave form for its
contingency & fictitiousness to
what I think of anyway, lately stepping over gardens, proud

Picking his pocket
while dancing to 'soul'
sounds more straightforward
than the kind of unconscious

flirting I was converting
fascinated into wondering if I would
allow to have you

Oddly occupy a dream
a lover state with me

seems not so
far off base

to me vis politics' way of bringing the case in on Mark.
around to me-- His left eye

To change seats doesn't make
a dent. One is inclined to make a story. right eye looked
Otherwise the possibilities are lost
in the refusal other than to generalize. The landscape

surged and folded with
the sunset, the earthquake
and peak rush hour freeway
away by the local attentions traffic. A voice, his lover's
of this lover. Any name means voice cracked calling him
someone new. John's name solidly down the stairway.
stayed the premise of revolting air, Running as though spilled
stood not relaying but saying he got to his side and held
the necessary thing. there, wishing for sleep,

What good is
another? In what sense
do I want concord or
contradiction, what's
resistance, what's just
watching and exchanging
reactions anyway floating
there . . . "Embodyed" or
personified life, begging
the question marks, spot
trickling to spot; "Melancholy"

isn't fashionable/"radical"; I
in my too-tight dress
lately stepping over gardens, proud
or "glad" to be gay as you
prefer--- chomp through this
bit of cloverleaf in emulation
of earthquake's failure to imagine---

Snap shut the close
making the story less
continuous than one of
us persistent to the other
continues to be. Are
my words too
similar?

Catatonia set

Laws suffice; remind us

to idiocy. The third degree such a place. Business
salesmen hand out, people go after drinks
salespeople, long to regard, and chat about
the pleasant running of the futures in race wars
bath into the tub, and hopes for retirement
listening for the sound of extremes, dates, pretensions
your/my name, I am transfixated, absorbed with
wonder at the thought of
all this happening to me
animated particles and
refreshing alterations
of time and place
and condition and
contiguity, or am I repeating
myself? We now leave

the memory of Boston
and fade into a format
unpleasing to the jittery
driver, who peels back his
sweatshirt to reveal

a deep chest, a nondescript
tattoo formulated
as rice cakes to
substantiate a
few claims to
a motivated ex-
istence; light
shines directly
down on the
upside-down town-
scape I inhabit in
my creepy crawlly
erector set sensibility---

A house the size of a city.
An uncertainty defiantly
defensively asserting
itself again and
cluttering memory
with its disman-
tled prospects.

The Bronx Zoo is
such a place. Business
people go after drinks
and chat about
the pleasant running of the
futures in race wars
and hopes for retirement
listening for the sound of extremes, dates, pretensions

The exuberant follow always
with us, within us,
driving down
hallucinated roads---
an elaborate hoax perpet-
uated along the lines of
freewheeling opportunistic
conventionalities.

The typical is absurd.

The white is yellow.
My legs are too long for
this room. What is
constant, irrelevant
to the occasion? A good
question lasts, my
"head" undergoes
impetuous, evasive
change. Once
asked, is set into
motion,

let's leave
it for the moment,
let it boomerang
back on us--- the mo-
ment of insight, reg-
istration of an illusion
drops as does a bucket into
the well of expiration
and the necessity to
breathe deep makes
itself felt once
again, so bodies
are "real" and
can ground plans.

First and foremost formulated by cat hairs all over the clothes of the massive butcher with a pained smile breaking tradition over the hull of a remodeled tanker. He sought the words thoughts of this ideal form he had heard so often in recent days, in advertising, the press talk around him, video speeches, community sings--- fried rice for dinner. He'd had enough beer. It'd be okay. His function in modern defense had been assured him, a role in the--- but did he--- his language--- he was *not* the figment of a paltry imagination, even if--- he was really the only sense he'd---

I'm soothed, anyway, when I calm myself thinking in terms of wish-fulfillment, that I can put anything together A lot of varied impulses, the cold shoulder, wrinkled marginal paraphernalia in my sleep, as it were, compared in passing merely with some others but not looking dead at them.

The lesson learned, extracted, as it were, from the baleful reactions we gave my tipping credo, wobbling pudding were incentive arched over globes of restless, evasive circumstance like a boil over peas, practice grew shelter as in effect defense and solitude against the exhaustion of the evidence in time.

I was trying to realize an ideal form but I was stopped at an intersection presumably at any rate the cop told me it was having forced me to pull over with which I wrestled unable to get out the car door he was leaning on, filling the ticket out in duplicate explaining this was just routine and nothing to get defensive about.

A square barge came floating around, soft and cylindrical, like fashion in the ice floes of couturiers.

I went to hear at the master's house with his emaciated wife, whose brain seemed helplessly engendered with indifference of me. The brutal fallacy of facticity--- "It's so weird out. What do you think is happening, with the air?" "I don't know. I think it's getting overloaded, with something."

The spelling was peculiar. Always two or three pencilled-in statutes compromising the innocent head of the sleeping justice. They had turned the interest off their names in order to increase the value of derivation.

I can barely cross off preconceived expectations--- my forces in the blur of stretching back to seal my arms against the rubber hoist relaying tight calm messages of triangles over the parkway system idling at the docks.

I don't see. He had said enough. He rampaged against the walls of the house as though they were the headboards of his child's bed.

I think I want to turn this over

It's funny

This leaf how a thought gets encapsulated
Now you know is falling by its form, a form, any form,
what I don't like to its grave and loses its identity
is when you leave it open to you--- you take it over
upside down Put it all with the presumption of pattern
when you're together squeeze without even having
away it tight anything to decorate in
Exploding into your Because then you get the particular
sonic sphere indication--- more than When I start
Exploding in the sense that suggestion--- talking it comes out
literary means use the word the effect more, than fact, all the same
to mean shock and impact admittedly, of design--- voices. Not that
and new uses and long- design? No--- exploding black man saying
range unpredictable like you want it to "The sooner Jesus
consequences, impressive burns everything up
yet what is it exactly? There is the better for all
No one knows, because it's no leaf of us."

I think I want this cover
for protection. It looks good.

It guards against

What do you think? wind and rain.

Do you think more than enough? It guards against
A voice Is thinking a defensive reaction? his upsetting me
a little old man Unlistenable answers too much or
in my head The sun bright in my eyes me him.
silent Which he didn't think enough Or not enough either
The power of silence Admittedly for that matter.
sitting in dread I just like to watch him
wait As though it had some inevitable consequence
or seems silent when actually anything might happen
independent of our capacity for escape

Comes along here at about 5 to 8
miles per hour in her little red Corvette
Nobly maturing--- she's got what you

might call a sort of lunacy or
branch of downright idiosyncrasy
attached to a case of leaves in the
back of the car with which she speaks
and when she says anything about Tuesdays alternate throughout
what she'd like to do tonight you listen
because you know you're not going to
hear any ideas you're not going to
hear any ideas that anybody else is
going to give you--- that's the voice of
fission speaking--- when she speaks
it cracks: open it and the tape outside my discipline.
doesn't crack, or run out, it frays all over the place so you
have to pick it up and look at it to see the way it tangles
the floor, space, and your hands--- All records. Available.
if there's a table there, or the desk,
let's say you got a mob scene in on a
Saturday night--- everybody drinking
Wild Turkey and Colt 45--- What do you have to do that day but
think is the chance anybody's really going
to stay away from the floor with
me my body's free to assimilate
or fix the TV set? Listen, let me late information so long as
to put something else on the needle
my mind's at ease.

and that may give you some idea how "I want to hear what you're doing"
she means. She's got some stamps in here he said. I felt
in her--- I don't mean those little used, indicted, like a matter
boiled-eyed bald-oiled ideas you'll be because I always feel that
--- it's not mechanical and it's not natural way in other people's eyes
I don't mean--- I swear there ain't and this was simple
I was going to Las Vegas

She turned up the tangled washing for my honeymoon, alone, when
and hurled it out the window with the lost pen the hotel burned and I
her lover'd always complained of never wanting changed my mind.
to throw away the ink for on her own It'd been a long time, I
because she always thought she wanted to find it thought back, since
again, like a shot in a movie, it had hardly passed I'd been alone.
before she realized she knew exactly what she was going to
She wanted to go to the bathroom because she confused
or wanted to confuse the excuse for the escape.

Holding a baby up by the
hind legs, a doctor slaps

and sets her down
again on the white surface
the illusion of

Green. Grain fields swamps
forty years dramatically
throughout his forties
that keep you within reach as
dramatically unties the knots
going to give you--- that's the voice of
that keep within reach as
amassing flotilla of lumberboats

outside my discipline.
doesn't crack, or run out, it frays all over the place so you
have to pick it up and look at it to see the way it tangles
the floor, space, and your hands--- All records. Available.

If you don't have it,

I can get it for you Sunday

I don't have anything I

Wild Turkey and Colt 45--- What do you have to do that day but

speculate so it seems to

to stay away from the floor with
me my body's free to assimilate

or fix the TV set? Listen, let me late information so long as

my mind's at ease.

"I want to hear what you're doing"

she means. She's got some stamps in here he said. I felt

in her--- I don't mean those little used, indicted, like a matter

boiled-eyed bald-oiled ideas you'll be because I always feel that

--- it's not mechanical and it's not natural way in other people's eyes

I don't mean--- I swear there ain't and this was simple

I was going to Las Vegas

Bones weather
turmoil dust
feet

Pharmaceutical
lodgings, please.
Going up!

The backers
shillyshallying our
democratic neighbors
ballyhooing the longevitous
distance like wiseacres

on a country squaredance.

The time is shot out of line

The time is shot from a line

and we're caring for grandmothers who are out of synch
with the age of dimensions we know nothing of.

As I would be the first to admit
duration is not in power--
neither yours nor mine nor anybody else's

This isn't a frost or doomsday
invitation This is just the terminology
of your conscious will power warping advancing stabilization
every-which-way Conscience Vice versa

Whatterya tryina do
hurt my toes? Dont ya
think I got enough fingers
to care for marginalia?!

Never the barber
but usually the tone
of obstreperous individualism will be/
democratic neighbors would be enough
the conic section
most properly applied to
applicants to the ecclesiastical communion.

The rhinoceros
hide's flowing
garment conceals
beneath its multiplicitous layers

of elastic
the conic section
most properly applied to
applicants to the ecclesiastical communion.

sadness melts.
gives drinks away.

The dawn spins
tides on the ass--

or backwards In the cities they know what it means-- it's what
they're borne on In the provinces we steam ignorance as though
fruit were vegetables & meat to be slapped off the table as the
cat The dying fall etc--- Call me after

truer words were
you leave & I'll
not on call But browsing
have a message
in unexpectedly from a night
for you The
Turkey legs
for Easter
in their cups, as it were
honey's too dark
bounce the recollections
or running along
off a chintsy, textured
to eat--- suppose
ants have decomposed
office wall, nylons on
in the boardwalk
in it
the foot of the batter
in the middle of
the night, naked
or halfnaked

Cold cushions
the sonofabitch lost my
Shucking & jiving
barbaric moss
mittens opposite sex
I'm buying something
I walked in forests everywhere in writing
to drink with friends
so I couldn't tell if
in and out of the
and make this end I got lost--- there was brain: old before it's
meet something some
no one there to toss it
time to get
body else's meets &
with If absorbed
started Never say
you're entertaining me too the sound I cdn't die with your tongue in
but I just want to let you get used to it, had to leave
your cheek
go or let me so I can entertain because I cdn't halt the party
you, see if I can say something threatened to go on more indefinitely
in between and slip
No ideal, for instance obstacle, to
around you
Dammit limit

The reason I asked you is Over the next few
I think it all has to be done right here years
Before we're all done away with I'm wondering
by this huge wave if you thought
we're hallucinating on our right you didn't get a word in
but a sentence that transcends its because we didn't want you
historical occasion let you to
like a language lesson Trying to invent a new kind
forgets what it was going to say of language
a mild liqueur for the present
roommates in the rain

A colossal Over here a bronze
false image chunk of language
reproaches of all in-
Black limousines falling in tentions to severe
grown sliding sheltered over the direction of addled illogic and
Tudor wingates worth some two or purposeless
inebriate sassafras jars three cents worth fake tepid
elegance personified of unformulated emotionality
in the image of a priest the word has alternative
be calmed on a white ocean usages
straying forward and backward The intention to
the rhymes lie down like old pens rhyme suddenly with
warbling in freckled moonlight foregone or unforeseen
champagne pouring on toast ideas hypostatized
tips of anal trees slammed on betrayed in the brain
revolving doors encourage wine gushing forth
out of the deep

"No I'm not working" Over the crowd red of the sea
High--- The forest over left from the reception where he saw it
Formula: I'm beyond mention cropped there, dangling
but not gone up demanding like a meaning from
I seem to be attention treetrimmer a figure of speech
left on begins again with a withering
or over wilted expectations crease

I can't say The whole wax works
what I'll think of founders when I think of
it later. When the inconceivable heat of
the sentence ends the unexploded bomb
here. The state of being
without is definitive.

My latest theory is that sunlight through
we pretend or act as though anxiety crowded windows
we've known each other trying to she left after
a long time closely and burn off the second feature
are very relaxed mists she came in in
around each other the middle of
then realize gradually something else to do
suddenly we don't know but helpless
each other at all One feels addressed. Thank
well--- we reduce Heavens it's not for me
each other to tears The voice carries over the phone
we can barely shed And room to room around him
--- Caricatures Help is neither on nor about
distract the imagination Recurring--- a sentence structure feels
from its inevitable quandaries Myopic headache--- searching within
A need for mussels The scold--- down the river from Alaska
one knows something like Asked, she refuses to listen
what they are, how they The voice batters against the bar
taste--- one's judgment Without the loud music, how
tends to get in the way would voices sound
--- between hunger and the other Terse individuals
distraction is act out vectors in
food--- the anxious discomfort diagrams likely
and putting up with it reading the newspaper to carry on emblems
Within these bodies Within these rooms the force of desire
hugging each other moving around to a resolution it is
by the butt, by the eyes tensely waiting thought one need not
What clutches do animals working
we need to get in over the principles reason out
to kick out of territory or hope Who came
on their own?

As the time grew nearer
they changed their shirts
and dresses for something
new.

The kind of automatic talk that goes on in anyone or any social grouping whether one listens or isn't Change your mind in the middle to show you're there and haven't yet been strictly determined by pertinent conditions; latinate constructions, configurations sweeping turgid conscience into their wake. I'm glad anyway I'm not where they'd asked me first. Though actually maybe it was just because I happened to be someone they wanted an excuse to

I don't think that's much.
I am the voice of something else.

Back off! Back off!

Any form repeated requires a lot of resistance from conditions to avoid tedious error of reminding one of something futile to remember, because useless. Purposeless smokestacks caved in at the big earthquake.

what I've said as many times before.

I welcome the change.
But perhaps they're right.
It's ambiguous.

To change the subject I want to become more actively historical. This is typical of my age? I have been accused by those of my not really friends who would in effect consider themselves active that I'm not, that is, that I compromise myself by doubting my convictions or most powerful bonding, shall we call them, impulses--- that I don't follow through on what they would like to see center for the whole, generate unity--- instead, . . . but knowing requires a self-assurance that's untrue to me. I accept the validity of bonding, the necessity of community value for meaning, but see my life and context as solitary, interstitial and intermittent, and don't yet understand what activity I can undertake without compromising that knowledge of my value--- which I take to be positive!

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