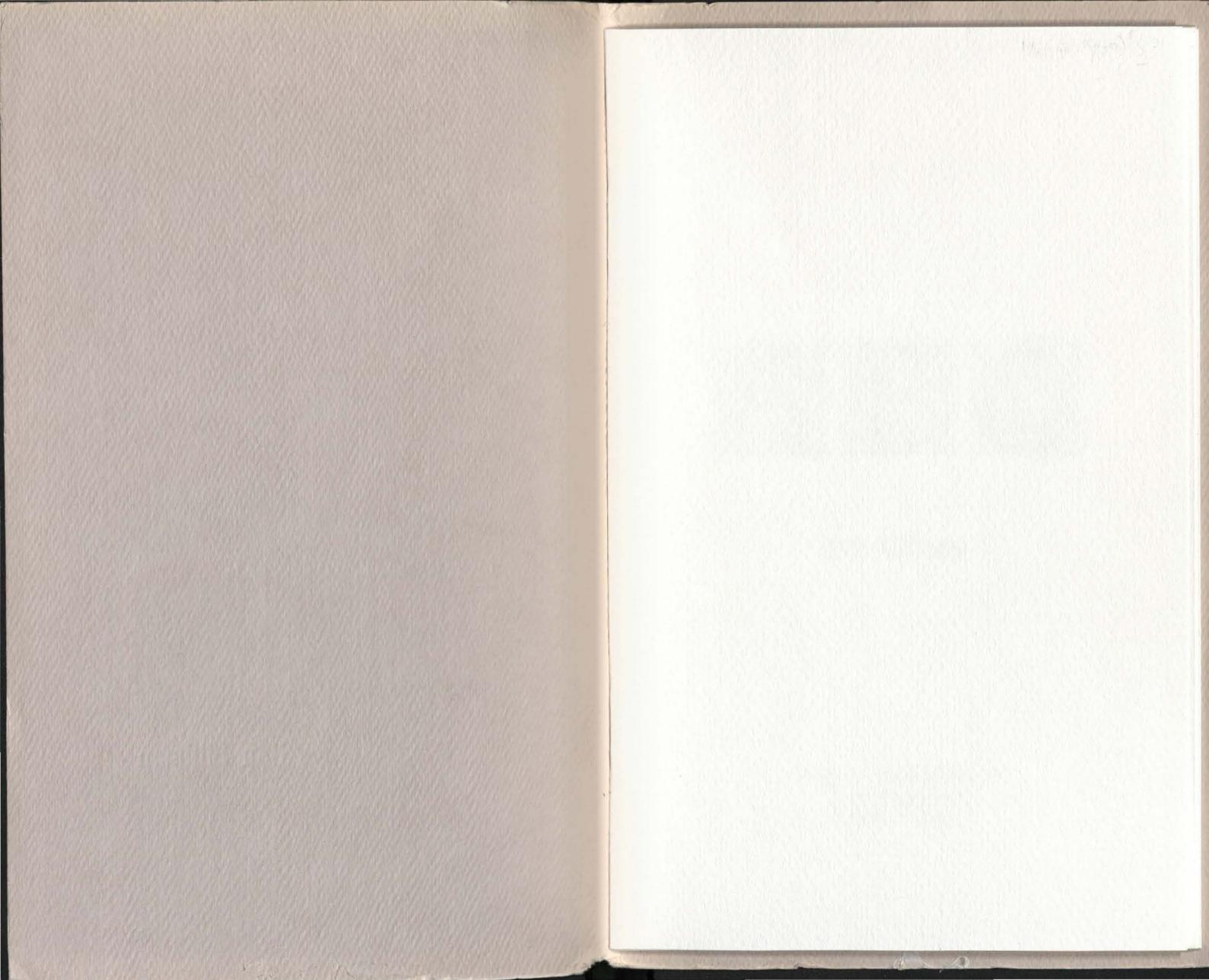




Ron Silliman





**Ron Silliman**

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Other books by Ron Silliman include:

CROW

MOHAWK

NOX

SITTING UP, STANDING, TAKING STEPS

KETJAK

LEGEND (*with Bryce Andrews, Charles Bernstein,  
Ray DiPalma, and Steve McCaffery*)

TJANTING

BART

**ALBANY**     *for Cliff Silliman*

**BLUE**         *for Gil Ott*

**CARBON**      *for Erica Hunt*

*Being a part of THE ALPHABET*

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## ALBANY

If the function of writing is to "express the world." My father withheld child support, forcing my mother to live with her parents, my brother and I to be raised together in a small room. Grandfather called them niggers. I can't afford an automobile. Far across the calm bay stood a complex of long yellow buildings, a prison. A line is the distance between. They circled the seafood restaurant, singing "We shall not be moved." My turn to cook. It was hard to adjust my sleeping to those hours when the sun was up. The event was nothing like their report of it. How concerned was I over her failure to have orgasms? Mondale's speech was drowned by jeers. Ye wretched. She introduces herself as a rape survivor. Yet his best friend was Hispanic. I decided not to escape to Canada. Revenue enhancement. Competition and spectacle, kinds of drugs. If it demonstrates form some people won't read it. Television unifies conversation. Died in action. If a man is a player, he will have no job. Becoming prepared to live with less space. Live ammunition. Secondary boycott. My crime is parole violation. Now that the piccards have control. Rubin feared McClure would read Ghost Tantras at the teach-in. This form is the study group. The sparts are impeccable, though filled with deceit. A benefit reading. He seduced me. AFT, local 1352.

Enslavement is permitted as punishment for crime. Her husband broke both of her eardrums. I used my grant to fix my teeth. They speak in Farsi at the corner store. YPSL. The national question. I look forward to old age with some excitement. 42 years for Fibreboard Products. Food is a weapon. Yet the sight of people making love is deeply moving. Music is essential. The cops wear shields that serve as masks. Her lungs heavy with asbestos. Two weeks too old to collect orphan's benefits. A woman on the train asks Angela Davis for an autograph. You get read your Miranda. As if a correct line would somehow solve the future. They murdered his parents just to make the point. It's not easy if your audience doesn't identify as readers. Mastectomies are done by men. Our pets live at whim. Net income is down 13%. Those distant sirens down in the valley signal great hinges in the lives of strangers. A phone tree. The landlord's control of terror is implicit. Not just a party but a culture. Copayment. He held the Magnum with both hands and ordered me to stop. The garden is a luxury (a civilization of snail and spider). They call their clubs batons. They call their committees clubs. Her friendships with women are different. Talking so much is oppressive. Outplacement. A shadowy locked facility using drugs and double-celling (a rest home). That was the Sunday Henry's father murdered his wife on the front porch. If it demonstrates form they can't read it. If it demonstrates mercy they have something worse in mind. Twice, carelessness has led to abortion. To own a basement. Nor is the sky any less constructed. The design of a department store is intended to

leave you fragmented, off-balance. A lit drop. They photograph Habermas to hide the hairlip. The verb *to be* admits the assertion. The body is a prison, a garden. In kind. Client populations (cross the tundra). Off the books. The whole neighborhood is empty in the daytime. Children form lines at the end of each recess. Eminent domain. Rotating chair. The history of Poland in 90 seconds. Flaming pintos. There is no such place as the economy, the self. That bird demonstrates the sky. Our home, we were told, had been broken, but who were these people we lived with? Clubbed in the stomach, she miscarried. There were bayonets on campus, cows in India, people shoplifting books. I just want to make it to lunch time. Uncritical of nationalist movements in the Third World. Letting the dishes sit for a week. Macho culture of convicts. With a shotgun and "in defense" the officer shot him in the face. Here, for a moment, we are joined. The want-ads lie strewn on the table.

## BLUE

The Marchioness went out at five o'clock. The sky was blue yet tinged with pink over the white spires which broke up the east horizon. The smell of the afternoon's brief shower was still evident and small pools of clear water collected in the tilt of the gutters, leaves and tiny curling scraps of paper drifting in the miniature tides which nonetheless caught and reflected the swollen sun, giving the boulevard its jeweled expression.

Government was therefore an attitude. Dour, the camel pushed with his nose against the cyclone fence. The smell of damp eucalyptus is everything! You stare at your car before you get in.

From here we can see the sex. They are folding the flyers before stuffing them into envelopes. Badminton is nothing to be ashamed of. Grease and old tire marks streak the road. From here we can tell the sex.

Rust designs that old truck door. The number of objects is limited. Some leaves on the fern are more yellow. Sooner or later you will have to get up to change the record. That buzz is the dryer.

Longer ones demand a new approach: there's not enough water for a second cup. These crystals are useless on a sunless day. More than that, the fence is apt to give, pull-

ing free of its posts. Tell me the one about the fellaheen again.

It's a trap: they want you to think that light is Venus. Under a microscope we see them absorb their elders. A spider plant is only one design. I took the message.

At dusk, very little is neutral. The corner merchant, a quiet Persian, nods to her as she waits for a break in the traffic. Those who are not consigned to the prolonged concentration of driving have already fallen asleep. At the intersection the sidewalks are rounded.

The flower closes slowly about the unsuspecting fly. The thickness of the gum limits the rhythm of his chewing. Wasn't he happy here, viewing clip after clip of that old successful launch? The glove compartment never held a glove, nor I.

So you go faster, hunched over, avoiding the headlines in the boxes. The taller buildings suck the wind. That butter only appears to be firm, the hood never will quite shut. Between what were once squares of concrete, anonymous weeds bunch & spread.

If challenged, its first response is to spit. This took place at the museum. Wires slope from the pole to the house, where they gather, entering a narrow pipe along its side. This conveys motion. I am writing in shadows. Don't you worry about accessibility too?

Mother simply likes to have the books. Like a serenade, only earlier. He lets the clay on his hands begin to dry. Fuchsia blossoms stain the walk, the doorknob strangled by rubber bands. Another thing, pepper is not a corn.

So what is despair? The cyclist trapped inside her helmet? The girl sent to the grocer for milk? The moment before? The mops on the old porch have begun to dissolve. Don't turn the light on till you get the shade. Atop a small house, the cartoon dog types away. Turn the page.

Shorter is. The fern sits, its clay pot in a pool of water. In doubles, that's called poaching. The back of the television faces the window. From here you can smell the sex. Give those socks a little more time. More narrow.

At the arched door of the restaurant she checks her watch, a delicate gold bracelet dangling from her wrist. Bands of a deep orange streak a near purple sky, the brisk air shuddering in the small trees, slender branches bending back. Children begin to gather up their toys; lights on, their homes begin to glow. The host, recognizing the Marchioness, invites her in.

## CARBON

### I

But this is a false tart, the trap door insecurely latched, a tear in the velvet curtain. Yet the tear was but a drop of glycerine sliding down her cheek. Nonetheless skin is not porcelain, however it spots.

But the display of sugar bowls shaped like cabbage continued to draw its crowd, ears wired to rented cassettes, milling. So the cowboy slowly unfolded the napkin and, with a ballpoint, began to draw his gun. Yet relative to what sleep is a lap defined?

So the animals of the wood gathered round the spreading princess, small animal noses twitching in the dusky pine-scented air. But what chest of drawers is not the violence of number? And then went down to the chips, set wheel to gambit, forth in the Reno night.

Yet a chair is not avoidable. Nonetheless a V of shingles turned upside down is not a roof any more than the glaze in a potter's eye, which is blue compared to the ocean's olive gray. So there's a vacuum just for the car.

But a point *is* reached implying distance, implicating even the Slinky's progress across the clipped lawn in the face of a berating rooster. So the scar tissue of definition settles, forming the crust of syntax. Yet the sprinkler is a portable fountain.

Later, there's no more coffee in the hollow of the cup, merely a brown stain, while an impatient audience waits in the dark, starting to whistle and stamp. But but. Thus purple is a trademark and this violet is red.

Therefore the semicolon is but a hiccup in the line. Yet the narrative of shadow crosses the garden, cool and damp. Nonetheless, those two guys in that parked Buick have just got to be narcs.

## II

A simple message staples the sleeping, gaseous, known for his alludic (dip) fleece.

Gravity evaporates the eye's cushion.

Heroic scrubpads, red-yellow, stalk the slate, suck knobs, scud.

The ranch glows in the postcard, jeeps waddling thru sage, fridge shudder, sun seen, registered dianetics.

Arrows in the heart of blintz, straw with a bend, stutters the pickup's direct-to-disc shag.

Paprika mascara, tuna with a reason, tender is the hobby, sees in Elko the plantains.

Inverted bulb snaps mouth.

### III

Invented blob snips north: stanza shuts the kiddygate. So a body sags with the age of reason.

Biopsy finagles closures: art-broom viewed as multilith, ro-lodex, sky. Therefore cannabis unequals fingers against the slate.

Harmony mops the auditorium: pink as Texas deferred, doors adjoined index perpendicular wall. So this is where the emotion is, spotted.

Glass pistol worn as box: do not feed the numbers. But alcohol is its own remark.

Pentagon of tot-finder blooms: earwig turns at thunder's linen. Yet principle of housing projects across axis of traffic at twilight.

Steady drizzle of connotation: push-pull with deckled lip. However canvas tablets start to fade on mesa.

Nextness is wetter and I want hard: sponge of state with echo in place. But then the radio begins to ring.

### IV

Damp, like the sandwich of reason. Second, because I always have. A fish named for a figure in Shakespeare: a politician or outlaw portrayed by Robert Redford. This proves conjunction, jet trails dotting 'i's in the mountains, cat licking its penis. Look at the city through a microscope. These fingers refer back to the previous sentence. The smell of burning leaves clogs the air.

Yet down the hill is In Town. A plastic pumpkin into which to put candies. Thereby disputing the chimes of my lexicon, vacant, blooming, spotted, terry cloth band about its wrist. Stand there real natural like: rhyme with the shape of pancreas. A taxidermist backorders horns, smell of chicken, while the streetlamps pop on. Little pyramids atop each taxi shimmer. Coming soon to a paragraph near you.

So there's always a drain in the floor of a tavern john. Each word starting to bloom at the heat of your approach: a sculpture from which to hang the fern of a satisfaction. Nor am I the only person in this room speaking aloud to myself, occupational hazard. Rope-a-dope to justified margin, form of command. Bluster of espresso machine, long levers, drowning taped guitar, exact depiction of incorrect answer: as yet. Cigars do not float above Utah moonscape. Therefore tropics.

V

The necessity of this writing is.

Exhaustion completes the thought

"pangs traced upon nard"

Burden's theory was Abuse the performance. Drip of Mari-  
oni at base of palm. Thumb of coconut in sea of syrup,  
corridors in shape of Fox.

Then small girl applied to kitty: plane's shadow explodes  
before we touch down.

First invent the bottle: cat insists on lap ergo sum.  
Between saxophones strike a syntax: do you mark the space  
at the page top?

Sequence of loop shades into angst  
Steam up shower window before chart  
Enjambed by brigands on a voyage to

Lubricated afternoons all topless: the space of the shadow  
contracts, tho it fills our descending field of vision.

Demonstrate the jade tree: therefore coffee rooted in the

cup.

A discount despair (to spare): brilliant C of brick, waves of  
sand through wind exporting.

Sharp hawk of Skratz laugh against perfect all-over surface  
pressure of flattened Hall fills planetarium. Oil of Aylon,  
what money Beuys. Ghetto-box meditation, pillows without  
cases, Tepper ware to loss of dividend in word Acconci.

Because heliocentric, therefore asymmetric.

Solder iron sound source

blue cusp

## VI

- 1) Aspics of the theory of mulch (tone) pamper thought (re-writing its will).
- 2) Embolism of adverb corrodes the noun modeled on the small intestine.
- 3) No such thing as a phrase.
- 4) Sentences join, softly weeping amid the sway of lily stalks.
- 5) Prose is a maize.
- 6) Echoes gather, later to be removed by Q-tip.
- 7) Geiger counter sweeps, then blinks.

## VII

We, the mind, rain storm, five card stud, settle, setting doves adrift in the air above the volley. But pigeon's mode's debris, deuce. Atari tacked to cauliflower starts to walk. Jacks scuff along the surface of the plaza, face up. Bulldog in a derby closes the lone eye with a doubloon. Tint the world, fore of clubs, amber of bourbon. Therefore tree's bad as its bark.

Prosody alone now, brisk later days, Y framed by drizzle so cobbled, lurch, lurk, look, the page curling into brown, the spotted eye, our hero is the porch, bland and leafy, creamed. Nor any gravel to shade the queen, stalk scraped by air. Thou dumb-born rook, song fails to castle. Scorch pan to hard, face rang herd pores together. Solo nostril flares (pulse), illumines the mushroomed forest pink. Feet first, toward the punctuation, stones giving way. The dove hangs through the fog.

Smell of rot, salt, the moth ball, testicle or sea. Brain grinds to caffeinated loop (shudder), the long blades bend on the lawn, chips gather while stuntmen swing silently between channels to score chalksrape chorus. Breasts are not twins. I see you (and raise you one). But take notes to demonstrate fractal unity of rain against sprinkler patterned storm or saddle the vice-president. I've already breathed this air. The sedan goes straight to pool's bottom.

I can understand your frustration but. Zeroism dictates rectangularity in art, by confab. Trowel caked in peat sinks into toasties. Slowly a flamingo looks about. The air is ribbed with radar. Bare gleaming shoulder. Next.

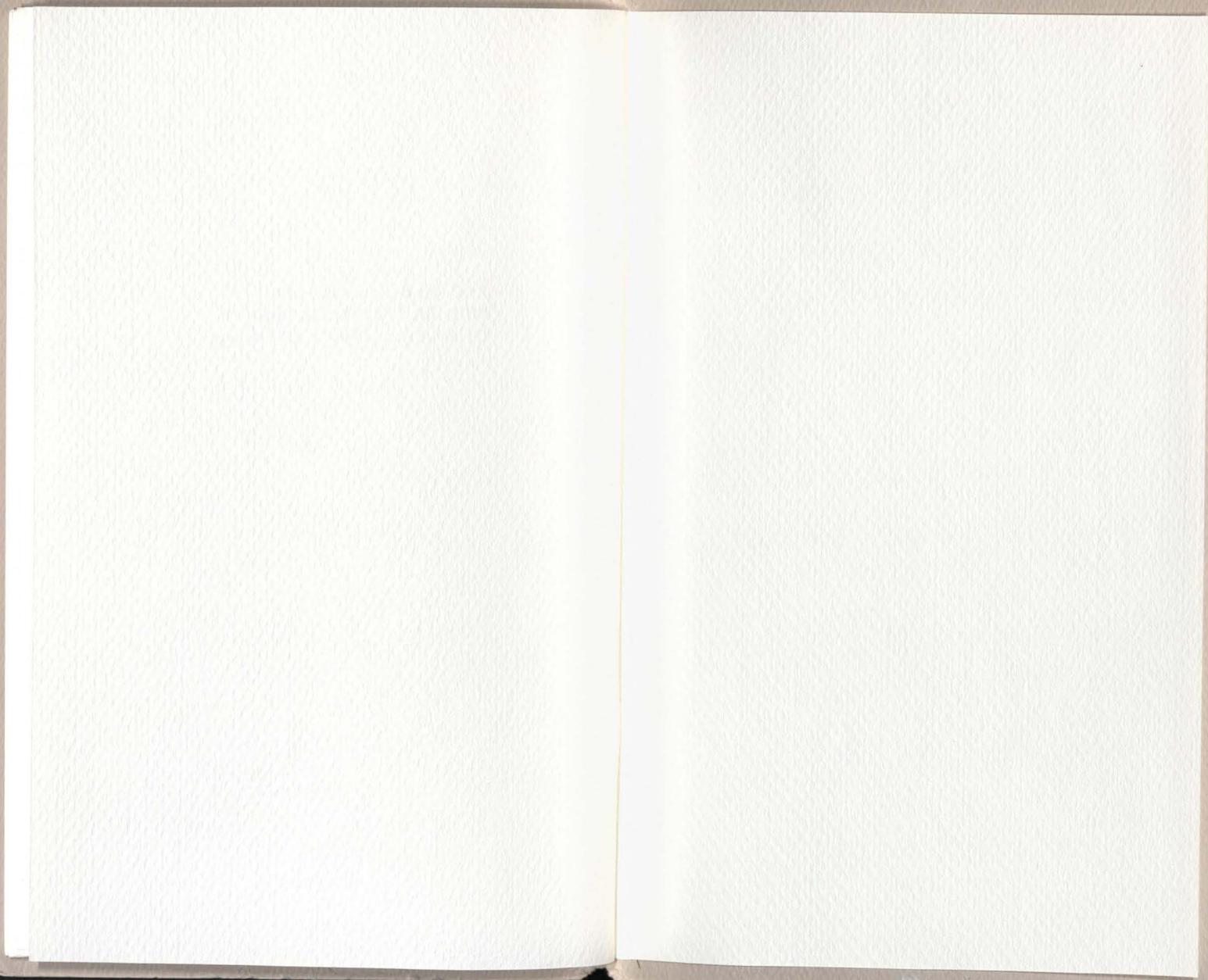
Reichian macromusic vs. dog on the porch, unanimous in its foliage, a shortcut, centers on votive cactus, sparking liquids in the prime rate. Nervous energy registers for drift: three of doves. So what is the outside? Massive molar points to jaw, crushing Buicks warm in their primer coats. Tanker kindles on the bay. Pinesol cologne baked in onions, pasted and stapled, wasted in maple, basted in apple in triplicate. It is not the signal that's busy.

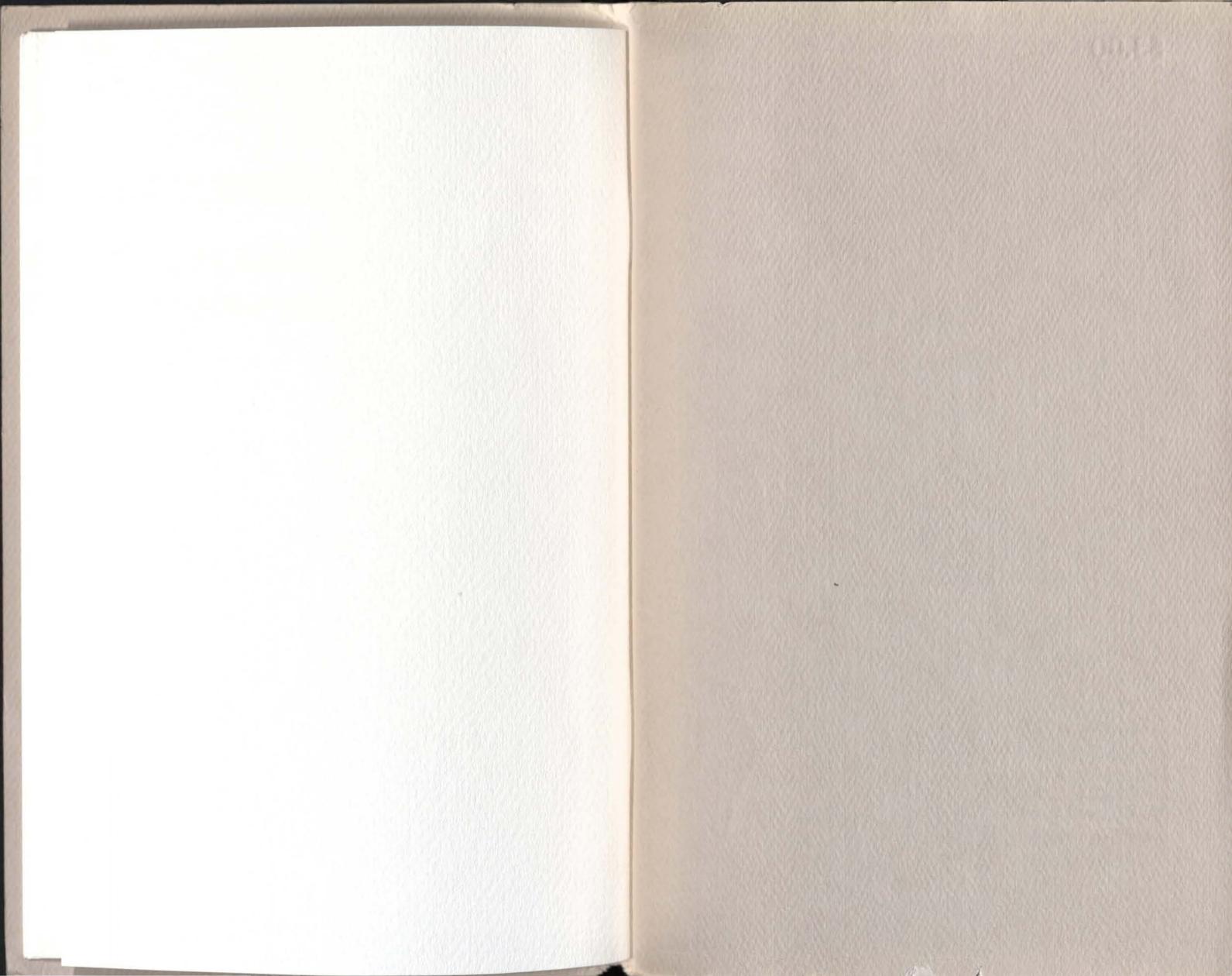
Coathangers dangle from a brass floor lamp, a wind chime, a breeze so slight that chopper high over 280 might be the cause. Intent on flowering commerce (royal flush), a theory of porch has eluded the more honed mind. Thoughts are like suction to the starfish which goes rigid in the gift shop. It is not the elimination of constraints but their shapely abuse: the arctic bunny hopped over the retort, moss at the base of dwarf cypress. Torch panda hard, fangs laced to leather. Ink in the ballpoint clots. Rose wilt models direction of time, a syntax.

A century (a surgeon) requires patience (their stickers). Doves have criticized our monuments: I know a little tune (number means less than chips). But one step in each direction

nor any. Invited Bob slaps moth: clouds beflag stadium of sky, vend flocks. Knit cap surrounds ears -- a command is felt for shifts. Effect of ground cover hedged in rhyme, snail bait, extends preserve to galvanized steps. A rain begins with drops.

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