

COUPURES

David Lloyd

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COUPURE

Daylight sifts in effortless silk over the outstretched palm

Dividers size up the pane: frame for me
The impossible leap across the Coupure

Birth of low mist swirls from the channel, light as if light
Teased strands from the liquid, or gusts of dry sand along the beach

& inland gulls sip the surface of buildings smeared into burred glass

Your dancers shift still through bands of shade: the lines
Translate across the page like so many fluent tongues
& the grids superimpose, the stark cranes beyond the fence

Strung out now between transports, et passager,
Friends dot the map all over, cut figures of desire

Shuttle between the friendly hands, & unpick the threads of the passage after

Oostende 3/12/78

SONG

so still through lips

he would not name

her he loves thinking such

a thing profane

out through lips would

song but rise sounds

in motion could then break

silence now her bounds

UNDER THE INFLUENCE

The cloudy wafer is coloured with ripple effect,
creamy ice as we see it lifting across the chan-
nel, like it flows in under the facial muscles &
the lips rise to sip the sky

The desire is to write like
Cross-currents marble the surface
Darker blue above the weed
The light streaks measure
Speed of flow & ripple
Like the blotchy skin
In contact all over &
Mottled with the currents
If you step back

Focus is tricky & slips
as from the irises along an opted gradient - the
objects are all gleams on this slice of life li-
sting off like a wedge on the cobbled market &
roll like smooth pebbles along the bed. A clear
stain spreads through the litmus, the matting is
alert with forethought, tuned as ever to the seep
of the salts through the pores & imperceptibly
shifts. The tapes are all loopy & snag your vul-
nerable heel: trust is indeed implicit but turn-
ed inward which is steeper as you step off onto
the shining floor. Limewash came off on the fin-
gers, a tracing in the prints from the retiring
room; equally the sanding brings the nerve ends
to the surface & blurs the impression in the pow-
der. They flick through the files & find 'frus-
tration'. The photos sneer & are gone like mug-
shots under the smeary thumb. The urge to detect
implies them already in the system. But then so
too does the figment of blur as they rush through
the frames, as if the not quite there really did
slip away from the focus, back through the nets
like watery prawns. Those wavery palps turn in on
the meal, all red & amber & gelatinous. Their
outer limit is said to be sensation, pain the
limit of their suffering. They blush though on
the hot-plate, & the filaments run back into our
codes of conduct, making the network buzz with a
savoury indignation. Our highpoints glow in the
cirri thinned with wind & come on like cuts in
the fabric. Look how the firmament streams with
colours as you leap for the shreds & the threads
float off on the horizon in a watery sky, nobody
's delight.

The expanded day extends a calliper over how much oxygen the brain needs, while it drains off thinly as pulses at either end. Drawing a low profile along the contours of a doze, anxiety slithers in in terms of babbled examinations & the erotic glance accusingly reversed. That he ruffled your hair was a tender gesture, crinkling the features into a contented smile, but try to grasp his body as the series of figures. They split off at the blades in two wings, doors line the corridors & the agents sortie with multiple devices to sneak into the future, acting out the hidden intents of the ensemble. The music wafts in from the green room traversed by circulating conspirators & the couple remains suspended in the vestibule. That conjunction runs back under the skin, ultimately every desire feeds back to the same switch which is nuclear dread, the charming gnashers stained with stimulant acids. Fear coats the nostrils like a universal coke smear, threading the atmosphere with leads & they snort at the traces. The snot is a sullen armature. The alarm strikes in his pith & bucks at the sudden touch, the sick float bobbing through the surface tension as a gob in his throat. I don't care if I'm fucked, but I want you to have to see it. Look, the photographer feels no fear, his function is above that, his flash plugged into all the other pulsing wires, & anyway the little brats jerk below his anaesthetic boots. The facial mask would be personal hygiene at the pouty lips, the blade can go on in remote from panic stations. Considerate hurt plumbs in a new gash & screws it hard against the four walls as the red wounds group on the horizon & gabble of dawn raids on the bleary white eyes. A tribal dance thins the brainstream & it filters back into itching muscle. Why not write with the toes & leave the fingers room to think? Intense groupings blotch the passage over the map, nomads shadow the steppes & the blackened fields catch on with travelling flares, scorching runnels traversing the rootmat. The outer smoulder steams off in smoke trails like a fading spray from the meeting waves of hunger. The noodles sifted through the soup infused with flavours. The local hot points are peppers & fire the tongue to seek relief in liquids, washing the buds with palatable saps. The exoskeleton peels off, the vulnerable pulp was 'purely me' out of the filtered tides.

No place for Truth capitalized, even the living columns hover on the pale & sexual light of the 'clear day' they stand out in. The multiple is merely a masking tape, & they stretch into the distant times orderly as divisions ranking past & future. Molten gold was threaded into the foundations & seams gleamed in the mortar. Mother mother they cried & drained away the vital flux into the soil. I guess you remind me of my mother somehow, & I imagine the father isn't so far off either. Larded with jeux de mots the points are dinned into him on every flank. They grace the sheets with an amber light that spills on out the window, taken out there for some guy's good fortune glowing in the wind. This ache diffused through every nerve glides in under the slip of the person as I know you to be, & streams in loose braids over your figure as feathery touch grazing the slope of your ribs. Curved bodies loom out of the landscape wafted in on orogenous vocab. The tattered hems of the new state are borne out on that breeze, the selvedge fraying off in threads into the grainy air, a historical pregnancy from any point of view. Turn up osmotic desire & the channel fuzzes with seepage between components. On a glad day the alloyed rain falls through me, & the screen is flecked with interference. The sky loses its grip on the stars & aluminium, they prick its smooth skin & it blushes at the places of loss & returns. This desire is very close to dread in kindness & the drift of fears beneath the drumming hide is veined with loving blue

The sadness was a vague libidinous cloud condensing at random on the panes. The little droplets lose their bearings & waver like suckers at the threshold. Then straggly plasm licks the dust & crusts off into a black scab. Pushed out at the edge of the rush to arms as so much for biology. The third person enters masked with erotic threat, you know you dread the grinders, mashing on through these broken-down jaws. A filmy image it passes across the scene coated in black, moreover it flicks the crust from the walls in passing so the ooze bleeds through flesh-hued plaster, meant to be sightly. But the bare patches are the ghost of his passage, the corridors elsewhere pale into momentary insignificance. Out at last, yes, I do reach after his image, he has my idea in hand & I dance on according to his invented steps

The helix burns in every aural cell

You give a name to my desires
And energize my bounds

Ear to ear, in the dark, the music
Passes through the walls, the walls are thin
Here, conducting this translation

So I can leap I guess, and that
Makes up our bond, withdrawn only to con
Template the fineness of your print's
Inverse transfer, turned at the selvedge

Wind sounds cavernous in the branches taking away
Osmotic desire, it all transpires
In the ear, or I can do nothing without you
Taking this down, the other half
Not only in your hands, you are it, reproduced

History as a solution of the self, the image
And the inscription beneath coming apart
Vibrant in the intervals of the pillars his name
Grown abstract, an idea adrift among
The eddying forms and becomes one

Tips on the sill straining through the frame
Beyond his to possess, the vegetal'rain reverberates
And the farmdog's barking, at the back of my head
The familiar arrangement slipping out of touch

Looking back on us the fire gathering round us
The system takes over behind we seem to cohere,
The ideal room stepped out from our shoulderblades

As angels of sorts bend at the frame
To draw the types back out of the fluid base

Moved to incline to you by choice of chance

They see us if they do now as figures on the ground

The eyes shade into the lids and feel the warmth
Of invisible waves bathe over the skin

Her ears pricked to sounds away beyond my range
Her coat dissolves into autumn bracken,
At home with signals from inaudible spheres

Subject only through the eddy
Of converse words troubled
By our differences, where there are walls
There there are words getting across the disturbance

The perimeter grid is smoke
In the sun, the light beams spectral
And blends, he diffuses along the lines

Leaning out across the edges with screwed eyes,
These could be a spear stroking the heart of the city

With impeccable care in the lunch hour
This immigrant worker outlined the grid over
Her dead son's picture, so are blocked out
Through every dimension, and the cone splays
Magnified into a giant screen

Chalk dust blurs the curve of the hills,
They slip into unobtainable light shifts, here there's
None of the borders of blood, we're electric
And fade at the edges out of polar discharge

The changeless seeming angels of every cell
And the unbroken passage of the elohim
Folded around every single state transmit us

How we stand in the light of what is possible
And the wave breaks into coloured paths

The gate porters only reserve the overview

History presses round the desk as light fades
Out from the filament, far from it, the field
Is emerald, he spills the knurled gems
Through his fingers, the crystal spirals
Burn in unattainable halls of silent light

O if I could I'd surely spend my life in the light
Of all your presences, it glowed through every cell
And the bounds all trembled, laughing, ridiculous
In the happy confusion of sonicated membranes

Why so many joys, even shared ones, escape us, skipping
Into imperfect sunrise, ragged wings breaking into the column
Of reflection stripped in over the perpetual swell

Scattered I know and broken, but still I would repossess
All between my hands, temples between the palms, some mirage

But your metamorphoses must be endless, delight only rises freely through
]them

Goodbye then my scenario is studded with your forms

Your presence lingers like scent from off a
Land full of angels I can't get out of my head

Parting I drew the mask down over my head, face diffused
Along the meshes, one strand took my place among them till I fell
Down through sleep into a dream of condensation

Outside light skips between the leaves, I've had to leave so
Measureless fields waver dotted with thresholds,
The road limits shift the smoky glass contains
And drift across loss to chance on your various contents

All inspired with words, your names I repeat endlessly hover
Strong and delicate pinions in a clean sweep over
Airy spaces, the empty fields petrified to emerald paths
Of stillness, strung out in a taut canvas

Of nerve ends, all my gates flung wide open

Pebble heart of flint with dry fingers I could stroke
Sparks into the chalky air, it sped from the sling
To lodge as a third eye, spinning quietly to the path
He will survey the murmuring fields with stony gaze, feeling
He feels no more, but breaking down, grit in his teeth

The ridge is pain in the warm half-light, low-
Flying swallows say, the depression's on the way back.
The figures of desire din in the dew haze
Flicker along the tracks and go out at the gates

Back to things like Venus and / the sole star in the sky
It's the haze that does it, the alcohol coursing the veins, we're
Knotted up in all kinds of transport carrying us away

This fever is retarded, they've already slipped under
The burning wings, the scorch mark comes part of your make up

As things fall out, the blade twists over the calling gateway

The same hunger signals all of us closer

The blocks move with us slowly up the spiral. The uneven edges
Ache for completion. Eternity is endless space.

The confusion of tongues trickles at the base,
Power weighs as a wedge in the fracture, the grains
Accumulate, we're all mixed up in words and powerless

'They're all we have though, your gestures are so
Ambiguous' as if you come to me as if you are
Rinsed in light rain from friendly contacts as if I respected
A vision of the infinite city building through your openness

As little discs they stack up in every vein, the burden
Is ancient, the crystals receding into the seam, their
Spiral core goes back so far, while the body's immediate
The present scars us knowing the discs span so much
Time, and the first word makes up a painful departure

Sister to the stars the night is closing Venus
Slips from the moon Lost between the constellations
Invisible face among the dissolving shades, the figures
Smearred into the half-light. Looking after the cherished footsteps
The last touch drifts out of reach The corridors glisten with pallid eyes

Under the hatch he fingers the veins The rockface oozes
As occasional tails of light The light hem trickles across the granite
His intact skin splits across the step, & how the unexpected angel
Span the gates out wide into the city night

Like your laughter echoed along the shaft The tremor fluid
And the tense oil spread across the plate These domestic arts
The tacit stripped across the raw. Flutings waver at the curtained frame

Bring out your gentle flame into the dim, the hearty warriors
Are deserting, their boots bruise the sand. It fades in the definite glare

Against the foreshore the regular swell your blessed shores

The pain is abstract, for nothing you could put your finger to

The bridges are down all along the passes,
Embattled villages retreat into mountainous silence

The hurt splits in the seed, what flows down under the skin is
Like waves phased over the sanddrift, like the landslip,
Like oil poured out across the smoked pane

The drops follow the same paths in the slipstream.
Thanks as you help me to step in through the next screen.
But your face grows dim from the ledge out:
Vanish under the skin as another reflection

The rescue teams grow bored and resentful, snow
Crumbles under their feet like sand, or the ultimate corpse
Is not reward enough. Come on then, throw yourself
Across the crevice, the spine spreads like wings in the ultramarine,
The cantons laid open to the raids of the angels

I finger the binding Coming together we churn up the deposits
The spirals relate the fragile bonds, debris littering my palm
Like febrile wings in the interstices like shed scales like lead
Dropped from the fractured tower, it draws into cold spheres in the moat
Your voice at least will sing along the wires until the city

Attention bent over the glossed margin I reach for the edge and you're not
]there

The terra incognita webbed with guesses Surrounding likenesses
Pace out his distance from her You were gone at the bridge
He looked back and she slipped from view at the shoulder

Langorous fins stroke the saline Sink through the clear
I grip the sill In passing air the sheets crust with salt
Hanging on for you and the groaning hemp torques at anchor

Eyes that drift through the mirror The northern seas
Break on the absent headland I gestate webs like sheets of spray

Angel of labour you lead on like pillars of cloud, of fire

In the absence of borders, the ideal flower names flourished across the walls

Foam laps from the bucketing hulls Veins of liquid
Marble I look for nothing beneath as it blends its million globes

The canvas dark under the blazing walls. They kick his teeth
For his quiet smile. Rooftops like blades against the curved dunes
Infused with shadows they haunt him as the loss of his own

Indigo cut with black through the small frame, stone dissolved in ink
He floats out on distance, strange traffic enters like unknown speech
You rise in him like spray settling across the spur, on the horizon
Shimmering crests & they sing out the joyful islands

Wings litter the sky, nowhere to go & baffled with freedom
Purchase had seized the father's house as ever, wares
Laid on the trestles. He scatters the notes & the doors
Gape like sagging pillars, the staggered lintel, like anger searing
The body of silence. The roof folds & they belong like smoke into the city
]haze

His the only breath he cannot hear. As if I was her dissolved into the thin air like smoke. It hangs over the ash, over the cup, over all that remains of the night & the plants drink in all that lasts of it. Their cells revolve like dials through undivided times.

& the angels have folded their wings like scarlet flowers foreboding rain. Set them on plateaux & on trim lawns where the slow change slips like glaciers onto the plains. The hidden intrusions carve into the flesh.

They stretch across the falls & with their bare arms they fail once more. Feet slip on the algous boulders; which side is the truer is the only question they suppose.

Desire accelerates. They dash down the cobbles, The stage revolves its struts crumble as three points of his logos.

Alone, immersed, he draws it out to stain the sheet

Light sears even the blind skin, darkness is ample, we can pretend to fade. The sheets are grey with persistence.

The quest had disappeared already into the thicket, a braid of hounds sniffing the air. To wake like that in the morning is all they ask. The sad tales do not lap like that.

Remember the gulls swooped through the azure. The boat bobbed like no more than a buoy in that expanse. Yet they seemed so small, so perilous against the skyline, the swell nosing up out of the depths. So alien you had to call it human.

All he feels are fabrications. The sepulchre draped with a thousand cloths. He opts gaily for the switchback, but suddenly it is bottomless, & fear grips him as a mirror. Dawn, twilight, they are only the shifts of light across the ground. He took note of every change till no state seems probable. They dissolve from underfoot like loose screens.

A myth she sleeps on the far side of the hedging. They had tried for years to get through, & when at last he finds the only stream, how should he start to bring her out?

WORK LINES

There are always two men at work
At least in the writing
& elsewhere
They seem to touch each other easily

To come & part
As parts of the machine
They work with
Glow with a mauve fire

The foreman is an old crow
With his gulp & nervous touch
He handles my body daily
Eight hours a day

Loose limbs thread through the tired eyes
Hallucinating beauties
In the pretty bands of stress
With all the colours in the arc

Spanning a tiny sector
Finger & thumb
& there is no more point
In the work than that

The bits glance
Sparks off highlights
In the grey face
With the flash of contact

IN SUSPENSION

'On dira: "c'est son style", mais croyez-vous vraiment?'
Denis Roche, *Depots de savoir et de technique*

r voice like glass on the point of breakage, she hangs ahead goes off to play pinball and I sit with his coffee cupped & m smell of urine and sand descending from the Caserne, throw me like the deliberate ignorance of his encounters with place & strangeness evaporates where it was expected, visibility in f rhythm of my desire so hectic & of hers so taut & slow that w lust as much to be desired as of my own desire. And in fury two histories cross in a knot of fears neither of us are real like glass on the point of breakage, she hangs already on the two hours waiting on what should have been an excellent spot dex, duckrabbitduckrabbit - the order is quite arbitrary, the so when he came in I asked if he really was the friend they h lackbird singing in the blackthorn tree' this' evening by the resents so many blocks, & I find all sorts of little ritual a seem to change so much more rapidly - clouds scudding across my slight disappointment. Then on the way home met this guy Bouhaddiou Hamid / Delannoy Marie Odile 92 rue Jean Jaures 59 is is a day Of darkening symbols, when nothing is merely its & caught his sleepy looking eyes, the glance of the good drin ying on his back, all soaped up, it would lie hard against hi w far my attraction for other people depends on their attract ation, past the patient prostitutes - The chips I'm guzzling So much rubble here, piling gradually out from the sites, the ong thighs of the model on the moving ad panel for topless sl plus signifiant, c'est l'absence de l'etape 'zero' dans 'La V ckground of noise in the cafe and I can't quite make out his breakage, she hangs already on the quite maternal figure of t d & my beer. Whoopee! Bleep, bleep, & then all the sirens ar ther traffic spins by outside, & when he stops playing the ma descending from the Caserne ... e most difficult to penetrate with place &c. Intersects all too closely with my own condit d be slobbery kisses, his lispy mouth close to mine, 'you mak lusory sense of such immense possibilities curtailed by dates isibility in fog conditions remains at a constant distance. A low that when they do meet it's perfect, when not, irksome & ternal figure of the plump Mme G. reciting now' Escape into L where else. Some other traffic spins by outside, & when he s row me back against the wall & to strands in Sligo, the Atlan the quotidien & the practical always the most difficult to pe too neatly as a whole with my own condition as I fictionalize istance. And as once anticipations might have thrilled in th ound and this deer seem plain images of the desire of the man til they slammed the brakes on, & we rode straight on through licking through the pages like a card index, duckrabitduckra ving, washing, going out for a coffee; and how in almost unbr or a cigarette, and then asked me to go to the Maikumba, fant ted and, doubting, knew the infallible sign Had left him unma uld I make a long stride and you on my back from the peep o' tumbling down the face of the hill the old part of the town b dry flits in white stains across the green. His skin smooth he skinned kidney in warm salted water for a couple of hours. one already on the late train to Paris, I have his address & es personnages memes, se passe par moyen d'un entrelac sans a petition of good lines. Her voice like glass on the point of beat in the Algerian cafe, to the background of strange accen ry kisses, his lispy mouth close to mine, 'you.make me feel l

her the buzz of all that unbroken spread of soapy skin, a vas
he roads with an old lecher from the county of Mayo, and he a
kin being a forward stimulus to the drowsy palps. Borne off n
them my satisfactions are elsewhere, seasoned with exhaust
sing topless slips come to rest with a plonk on the frame eve
oi, uniquement toi, au lieu de te joindre, elle te divise ou
round of noise in the cafe & I can't make out his foreign wor
scribe it from memory - a young man following a girl who has
art's inconsistencies seem salutary '& valid, though the final
20 year itinerary a more precise mapping of the irresolutions
ce de nouveau involve a certain betrayal of all previous conc
is perfect, when not, irksome, & for me an explosion of block
f those rare pleasant encounters that go some where else as i
a time I have seen the book, and your name would be in it. La
he first round & he'll pass before you get it all down. Just
scudding across a seascape seen from above is not quite it ye
Blind man you couldn't touch me at all; but as I was sayin-
o histories cross in fears neither of us are really expressin
y, the notebook is withheld, & all you see is the glance of th
w writing presents so many blocks, & I find all sorts of litt
imply the fragmentary which traps the erotic urge, the hanker
in almost unbroken solitude one's moods seem to chance so muc
on my way home met this guy from Senegal, who asked for a cig
citing now 'Escape into Love'. The foreigner, her husband, 1
ue Jean Jaures 59 Lille tel 520129 / 8.00 mardi / No 4 - dire
How far my attraction to other people depends upon their attr
warn them my satisfactions are elsewhere, seasoned with exhau
lie hard against his stomach, smooth & cool above the suddy p
less slips come to rest with a plonk on the frame every 2 min
ero' dams 'La Vision' de W.B.Yeats. Comme si l'echange de ce
u make me feel like a woman' but he didn't grasp, thought per
in thing is, it remains a hanker, the fantasy & the desire ar
s kiss' - but the intention weighs down so heavily on the vac
time I have seen the book, and your name would be in it. Lame
he sirens are really in the machine. No where else. Some ot
pletely at a loss what to ask for: the quotidien & practical
counters with place &c. It intersects all too neatly as a wh
he friend they had told me about. No, but as we settled in t
Perhaps in the morning, lying on his back, all soaped up, it
delusory sense of immense possibilities curtailed by dates /s
conditions remain at a constant distance. And as once antici
she creeps through the grass Alone, important and wise And li
en they meet it is perfect, when not, irksome, & for me an ex
sire should be realized in the fantasy, or the fantasy become
inker, with whom perhaps to spillout over the edge of all th
ce of the waitress coming with the first round, & he'll pass
ritual acts to palliate them - shaving, washing, going out fo
boite de nuit. I didn't - would I have if I hadn't been writ
throwing eyes to the right of you and eyes to the left of you
one hand, the wish to penetrate & get to the finish, on the o
haps to spill out over the edge of all this repetition of goo
he know that his pupils Will pass from change to change, And
thrown open the shutters of the window behind my desk, &catc
finger curiously among the fine red hairs, they catch gleams
0 minutes to wait for the next train. The tiredness is a sli
well rolling in great clumps of seaweed to dry off along the
aving the novel as a series of gestures towards the profounde
cise mapping of the irresolution of moral experiments than th
n explosion of blockage, lust as much to be desired as of my
of all desires that are as these. I have read them in this w
stories cross in fears neither of us are really expressing, &
as if they picked up from some other time before. So we arra

ass out before you get it all down. Just flicking through th
so many blocks, & I find so many little ritual acts to pallia
is morning with a fitful fantasy stirring through my doze, of
hose sleepy eyes have grown fatherly, distant, I remind him o
creamed 'J'en ai marre' from beside the door. & I was eager f
like as we climbed the streets of the old town after & browbe
d be the deception complete. On the one hand, the wish to pe
alps. Borne off beyond the scope of my attention now, only h
much rubble piling slowly away from the sites, the grass can'
ence de l'etape 'zero' dans 'La Vision' de W.B.Yeats. Comme
tu aimes et tu names pas, elle fait de tol ce qu'elle veut,
he a woman-hater from the day of his birth! And what do they
kiss' - but the intention weighs so heavy on the vacant symbo
back over the kidneys; serve with croutons of fried bread. E
spins by outside, & when he stops playing the machine, the wa
found, constantly intimidated, never really engaged. I'm still
falsification - the speed of the novel's 20 year itinerary a
delusory sense of immense possibilities curtailed by dates, e
If he was different, what would they find to talk about, will
range to meet, & that's the beginning of something else. Bou
n't hear much of the station traffic any more, & even with th
littering like so many prisms on his white skin. Then leap i
cognition immediate in the close air of the seminar room, & a
they had told me about. No, but as we settled into the round
their attraction for me met its limits in the force of his de
one hand, the wish to penetrate & get to the finish, on the o
lecher does be telling over all the sins he committed, or may
when he stops playing the machine, the waitress starts the ju
ll these labels confuse me when I'm out shopping - completely
prove the procedure or not: can be the intensification is ano
rained your gentleness To acrimonious care and, to be strong,
so nervous, but you know that's really sensual, the way she t
ich is for the woman', and 'the desire of the woman which is
coming with the first round, & he'll pass out before you get
Maikumba, fantastique boite de nuit: would I have if I hadn't
T night, a light breeze through the slats cools the dim room.
leap in my hand, his spread legs tensing & relaxing as the gr
mouthed the mucous oyster from the end of his proffered fork,
buzz of the voice tickling the ear, & it's a shock to see her
soak them in salted water for a couple of hours. Cut the ski
lose to mine, 'you make me feel like a woman' ,bit he didn't g
lit up & break back in little bits glancing across the smooth
ever ends, just because it must be broken to be touched at al
only his address runs off my pad now in a low key hanker to k
can't grow. Envision a city growing so madly towards its ide
es memes, se passe par moyen d'un entrelac sans aucune suture
ce que tu veux, elle te prend, elle te laisse, elle te desire
there's many a thing you don't know about the heart of a man.
the waitress starts the jukebox. This blue aquarium light, t
nal effect of the novel's a series 'of 'stopping to take notes
e has allowed to pass Without one gesture to the loneliest on
vaporates where it was expected, visibility in fog conditions
: would I have if I hadn't had to write today? Don't know. S
stirring through my doze, of his soapy body stepping from the
s ideal form that that ideal can never be realized, for all t
he grey drops mingled with the soap. Roll over, it dries on
one hand on the glass, the other touching the child, the vein
ng, denied Love's only eloquent proof, the irrational caress.
didn't grasp, thought perhaps I meant that's what I thought I
et to the finish, on the other the buzz of all that unbroken
low hey hanker to know what still could be going to come out
of the train home, the splinters of any brute encounter lodge