

THE GUARD

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1.

Can one take captives by writing ---
"Humans repeat themselves."
The full moon falls on the first. I
"whatever interrupts." Weather and air
drawn to us. The open mouths of people
are yellow & red --- of pupils.
Cannot be taught and therefore cannot be.
As a political leading article would offer
to its illustrator. But they don't invent
they trace. You match your chair.

Such hopes are set, aroused
against interruption. Thus ---
in securing sleep against interpretation.
Anyone who could believe can reveal
it can conceal. A drive of remarks

and short rejoinders. The seance
or session. The concentric lapping.
If the world is round & the gates are gone....
The landscape is a moment of time

that has gotten in position.
Why not arrive until dawn. Cannot be taught
and therefore cannot be
what human cunning can conceal.
Every stop is unstationlike, flutters
the standard for staring through windows

through walls. It was of saving children
in the path of a runaway bus.
The heavy tenable euphoria.
Resemblance of luggage, and how raw.
How far the length of time it takes.
Repetition in copying
seems to mean to say "I, too"

I advise you. My familiar home is thickset.
In leaves to live in the machine.
The chronic idea turns up
a sunny day as an arresting abstract.
Which follows a dialogue made up.
Who believe they are warm if called Romantics.

It takes hollow red & yellow factories.
The tongue a total clearance

adopting habits. The fear of death
is a missprint. Memory a mouth.
On my fist my fingers and they trace.
Introspection, cancellation, the concentric
session. Water stills the stalk

between drawing and doodling. The tree
stands up aching in the sun.
The car drives past whose we'll never know.
A jet is the vanishing point
the contrail reaches. As optics, red
dots, probity is waiting to hear the spit
of stately rhyme blowing in geometry.
Tossed off, serene, Chinese

windmills turn horizontally. The caves cooperate
with factories. Deep
in their mountains they move
spread on lattice, pitched for days
as still as the print on the wall.
The sky was packed

which by appearing endless seems inevitable.
The flag droops straight down. The horse
in dry sand walks with a chirping noise
from friction of the particles
and counter arguments like pack-ice
puff in the waves there, blowing fountains
of pearl. The ground.

Painting cannot take captives.
I remember much the same about all my interests
repetitious circular interests, of which a roving
and impressionable mind like that of an hysteric
seeks disclosure. Of science
for its practitioners. Of stacked convexities.
The two notes to the motor

in March the object of the dark
restricted dirt, not deception nor transparency.
He sits to piano, it's an attack
on the sound of lips. Who seem
to be in a cage of parakeets
turning clothes, following a dialogue

made up of science for its practitioners.
The silence fills. Scenes thread bridges.
Such air always flies to the heart and liver, faces nature

with its changing pan, floating boats on the bay
far from authority, sent truly
speaking in little weights
without knowing French and don't pronounce.

The rubber dawn and its expense.
The silence of the sensible horizon is intelligibly
awkward. The skin containing character.
Some things slip through the mesh
and others go rotten. Nothing
distresses me exactly.
I sleep with self-styled procrastination.
Whose next day I don't know personally.

2.

Yesterday the sun went West and sucked
the sea from books. My witness
is an exoskeleton. Altruism suggestively fits.
It's true, I like to go to the hardware store
and browse on detail. So sociable the influence

of Vuillard, so undying in disorder is order.
Windows closed on wind in rows.
Night lights, unrumorlike, the reserve
for events. All day our postures were the same.
Next day the gentleman was very depressed
and had a headache; so much laughing

had upset him he thought. The urge
to tell the truth is strong. Delightful
being somewhere else, so much the moment
of equivalence. To be lucky a mediation.
To look like life in the face.
The definition quotes happiness.

The egg is peafowl.
The kitchen: everyone eats
in different cycles --- yeh
the dishes are all over the counter . . .
yeh, food's left out, things are on the stove
yeh, the floor's filthy --- that's amazing!
have you been here before?
Like the wind that by its bulk inspires confidence.
Red and yellow surefire reflect
on the horizon. The forest is a vehicle

of tremors. When mad, aged nine, and dressed
in calico, confusion is good
for signs of generosity. Each sentence
replaces an hallucination.

But these distractions can't safeguard
my privacy. During its absence
my presence. Every hour demonstrates
time's porosity. The ghosts that blend
with daylight come out like stars in the dark
longing to have their feet fit in boots.

And finish in Eden.
Generosity is all over the place
invited to politics, weeping witticisms
with a speed that resembles improvising.
We will never know a true confession.
Rogue! Rouge! The same vacation.

If seems to be believed then seen.
Bare legs bathed by the waves are the same.
Diagonal. A spider's web woven
over the tall grass slants, catching
the sky. Splashed with my non-writing hand.
"The spine is like . . ." The rumor
with which social strata are portrayed.

The north wind
is a cold paddle of shadow plunged
in thick dark rapid clouds
unsurflike, of doglike devotion.
"Really nothing packs the sky"

checks the wall, pounds of tree
greenish, greasy, tucked under.
The leaves have detail and a sly suggestive wilt.
A length of wool is rocking.
The skull slightly displayed on the spinal column.
Memory meaning physically, expository, generous

with substitution. It yells oily-oxen-free
into the trees. "I began to write
sea stories because I'd seen the sea"
violently seeing our postures

"a tower, held out."
The seance, or chance.

There was a window at the nape
of the room. Outside new grass
was growing and the sky
above it was the color of pewter
the wall I noticed was papered.
Down the block squares of turf stand
in a stack on the back of a truck. A path
is worn where people have cut
the corner, excising a green triangle from the rest
of the front yard. A horse
would find this lot

delicious, wanting to quaff the grass from which
raindrops are still hanging like beads or buds.
The green is darker where feet
have passed, shoes soaking up the dew.
No sign where the grass descended
pulled down into a gopherhole. Nearby
on the indigo ironlike highway heavy traffic

passes with the sound of gravel or dry soil
crossing a shovel. The people
who live there have floppy knees
from going up and down. My shadow fell
in the weedlot, parallel

to world a and to the drivers' mirth.
Life, like that, is meant to overwhelm a crime.
As dreams upgraded by sleep.
Ready frenetics are optative, hot-headed.
They too live half in a shoe

given to reticent outbursts
with something by heart not forgotten
but not unkindly refraining something.
Why not the money that happiness brings?
An appositive, me

robust, emotional
and obsessive of yellow
like a paranoid spellbound
who mumbles an opposite
socialized. A sponge that rests in its stain.
And the other half in a shoe too

inclined to agree, committed to paper, sensuous
with superstition. Pronounced chin
pronounced victuals, biped

the mother of two, fivefive, flightless.
My natural signature is composed in seven strokes.
The skin contains endlessness. Strictly speaking
there are no shadows but only reflections

watched over by the part. A saint
is fauna. And its fleas.
Upon Impossibility.

3.

The floundering clouds will never rain.
The pigments are all likelihood.

By the window a synthesis
of woman and water. Hyperactive
plenitude. The clothespin figures
have a flattered character. A little turns

into a landscape and unsurflike the trucks go by.
It was a day like this . . .
the clothespin figures were a filled nonentity
. . . from a fiat near Lake Merritt. . . without any wind
while I watched the sailing. Apparitions
are very informal in concentric flutters.
They are non-vanishing

but like a walk around a tree
of mutual immensity. Above
the confining, massive, confident, covetous
emptiness . . . the audience of finches
. . . cemented . . . and read like a picture
of somebody reading. It's saintliness
to make the spiritual visible

pinkish-green, and gray with yellow glints
. . . when every going out depresses me.
The obsessed immensity is birdlike
unintentionally. Its details underflow.
The other day is covered up with leaves
and spouting counter-meditation. Nasturtiums
are like goldfish. Parachutes a nuisance

like umbrellas. The slowness increases
angelic, taffylite.
Vulgarity is tender in its own complexity.

But to think is to be full, rolling
the hexagonal pencil. A deep corduroy noise
. . . a vowel, or novel . . . is made by slow electricity.
The century of the fragment is demi-technical.

Crickets flicker and accumulate
funny from gratitude
and competence (all my admirers are married).
The thought develops, is augmented
and expands --- exceeds

that dimension . . . it takes to hyperspace.
Locally & "longs" . . . all day
resting on his scale the grocer sold
the same small damp sponge square. Granularly.
Admiring temperature streaks, the apologies
on paradox and dice.
The work should be twitching with destiny
or with necessity.

4.

It takes a very normal person to create a new picture.
As the two lines scurry
ant nuzzles ant. The concave sentence ---
one shaped like a dish
--- with a dip in the middle ---
to read it was like gliding in.
They have achieved the inability to finish

what they say. Heaven leaning
the onion open. The windows resort
to equivalence as spring to cruelty
with evenly-hovering attention, and turn
the face of its words to me
just as water melts in the fire.

The morning warms and it is noisy, bees
raising pitch, flowers packed onto their pedestals.
A bird is at the baby's mouth
with an anti-anti-intellectual maternal glow.
A beauty of the indescribable. Leopardlike
loose. The buzzing is unrecipelike
though it makes the social sound of thought

in train, accelerating, between stages of recognition.
Spiders in the light that guards the gate

resist the wind --- it seems to fill the shelves
like a net, though almost a marble.
The clouds in the sky are half-rocks.

How relative the trees grow is gradual.
While the ordinary child goes wild
with education, with selective ecstasy ("I'm dancing
on the inside!" --- "Don't show off!")
throwing orange rinds in the schoolyard.
People known as mortals sun like big coins

satisfied to make allusions. A gaudy reaction.
Hysteria is a caricature of art --- I was sick
at the time, I really "had" something.
My head is a shelf and holds encyclopedias.
Wanting rocks in a lifetime to drop by thinking well
of the sky (of course it rained!).
The objects are unwilling. Brittle

indolent, intermediary, inflamed
and switching straightness. They have no needs.
Sturdy, humid, pink, in all sincerity
my fault and innocence, both bizarre.
Our jargon is sweet --- or elliptical

and hot. Hurrahs
whose fortune is chemical, from trees.
Their elegance in darkness.
Ex-votos offer an apology more greeting
than critique. O weather, o house ---

I'm not the sulky character bending slats
on the venetian blinds
to issue contradictions. Miracles merge
in a rational country, fighting back
with parallels. Reality follows

the mind as shadows the body
enjoy ambitious daydreams.
And really make an impression
in realistic detail --- the object of epiphany.
Hair parted so severely makes more of the face.
Hunger and thirst very different and different
yet again from their ineluctable peppiness
the twitching of number
in what would have been vacancy.

Or really any collection which isn't what's called
"for its own sake."

We admire it so we're very much at home
hoping, trusting, expecting you
to feel it too, to share the anticipation.
And advocate pantheism if you want to.

Outdoors a car door shuts with a smart choonk, somewhat
though not exactly like the sound of a thick book
clapped shut --- which sentence
reminds me of the morning my grandfather slammed
the Bible shut with immortal finality
though (mercy is psychological) car doors don't.

But justice is scientific.

The automation that everybody loves.
Weightless previousness, such is constance
the constancy of fruits and organs.
The continent --- simply by means of description

it's packed. In the backyard stands a green horse
the neighbors never notice. The same word
that rose while the pet collects
her parallel attention.
People like the lock of a pattern. Nature
suggesting surveillance to parents.

But nature, exuberant . . .
but you . . . the wind is the oldest unabashed
. . . nowadays the need to travel is unpleasant . . .
the porosity of anything . . .
these are almost horizontal . . .
the pride one feels in owning a handsome animal.

But as bodies are? The maps are
particularly popular. Like political demonstration
the locked liquid, their equivalents argue.
"This word is a vessel at sea in a sentence."
Excuse my disturbing you ---

I and my musician friend very love the jazz
music and very many study if listen your saxophone
quartet playing, therefore request
your if no expensive so if would such
dear send me some jazz records.
I hope my numerical impartiality won't go unnoticed.

And in the words with which some mongers try to pray
I am the huge participant in this mighty redwood forest
. . . advancing like a spoon in a footstep, I . . .
to unpack the suitcase is like dissolving the trip . . .
more timeless than synchronous in the distance
of ones devotion . . . to a debt . . .
against this significant backdrop
my life is just a speck.

5.

Men and women of thought & study
are voluptuaries. The advantage of the grass
as borrowing in groceries.
Admire! an unflat surface.
The rather reckless emptiness and seriously porous

emptiness. As morphic residence.
Anyone who could relive scans.
Death is a nunnery, said the runaway
continually showing off to his or her parents.
Overness. The astronauts are stars.
Some films are discovered
frozen in Dawson and fully recovered

of islands in the sea of amnesia.
The Martian at last on her native earth
went down to the shade and slept
in the advantage of the grass

as close as borrowing in such close ranks
so tall, so many, so alike
all silent . . . of world records . . .
the same accent and gestures as my spouse
the placemats perfectly referential

they are most homesick at breakfast.
Perfect tension is freight. And remains
the resounding possessor
uncertain that the world is wooded
impartially. Stands up and takes the morning
because my spine --- because I worry about my spine

faces out, is most fixed
pointing up. The water illuminates
the pebbles in the bed
it seems --- or pebbles lighten the water.
Lactating. The problem of their invention.
Your own censor ("You'll injure your earballs!"
--- No, they are younger
and baggy!") or could say blooms

like noun on verb. Bedsprings
make a garden gate.
Farmers, teachers, swimmers, singers.
Disasters occur & they accept.
Whose preoccupation is ornithology, amazed
at the size of the oranges, arranged
as time in space. Prone

with solitude like a recluse.
Hysteria is soul voyaging. The ground.
The ground forms a ground for meditation.
I would be nauseous way up there
beginning-end
when there is no more to expect. "Any river

begins with a blue spring!" --- "The dog
and the student know everything!"
On the sides of the simile, order is issued.
The mind submitting to their sympathy.

Staring at the optical illusion I will it
to reverse itself --- I will it to get opposite.
Bristling, lifted, waving, in a crevice
or percussion, this is the best house
in straight lines. The interruption

is an indirect description: "I had a lovely walk
by gusty lake on shallow shore"
getting it from the system.
Jumps from behind a tree and onto a bed of chalk
rejoicing in the probability. The flicker
and continuing exhibit. Speaks of the "self"

and improves it from memory.
It's overrealized --- a hem? or loop?
I'd always entertained the strong desire to be strong.
Sun crosses the baggy shadow of a body
that the definition of happiness wants to append.
The children cutting the vegetables in half

and then cutting out a shape
with a sharp knife --- what did these shapes

express? --- nothing! ---
they were neither squirrels nor hedgehogs
nor faces, consisting
as they did of three spots
and two lines or three lines
and two spots. Seldom catching the moment
when the street lights go out.

I pointed myself . . . I read on my side, head
. . . windows lodged, a pillow tucked under my arm
domes locked, during the night . . .
so beautiful and accurate
that they have been called "models of art in science"
each point in a visual temptation . . .
for support until it falls

the pleasure of that pressure . . . over
and supports my head. Every other place
is latent from here. It's
as if I were seeing myself
propped on my hand, with . . .
putting something loud in the mouth . . .
an egg, an arena

at the sun . . . the top
is elegant, and . . . from a distance
and found . . . it's devoutly boosting
. . . in the nighttime resistance . . .
the littler splendor of the snow, the line of sight
bending in that direction in order to predict
. . . what happens to it when we're alone?

and all that I undreamt of . . .
but I'm not looking for a reason to complain
. . . the bottom is devout, the fog burns off
clouds blow over, blue skies reach up
everything is out . . . or predicate an out-of-doors
it's soul voyeurism . . . your *own censor*
has passed you! . . . he's such a sunny person

with the other arm . . . after all
romantic love proves out . . . adept at gathering
. . . loses some of its power
but I don't know what he sees.
When memorized midway this life we lie on.

But there was no reply --- my husband
had gone back to sleep.

While the dew on the web was lifted
longdrawn, bristling, waving. Cuppings.
Behind the guard heart and floral grill.
Wed . . . my house is my bank...
or musical fingering ("that is the voice
of someone else's dog").
Whose musical optimism takes time.

6.

Loosely a bullfrog exits a pond.
My heart did suck . . . to fidget, soothed
. . . by seawater, restless . . . against
the unplugged phone. Arfing up the street
in a rainstorm as a rose
with ardent jiggling stands. A jackhammer
shatters the pavement --- was this repression
radiant with static and a single dog.

However the lawnmower is idling
outdoors . . . it is like slowly throwing oneself
. . . as if simply to walk into arms. . . so much
restlessness because one is hungry. The tongue
becomes observant and the tongue gets tough
inevitably, like a fruitskin. Now it migrates
(I hear the pen pat as I come to the end
of the phrase and make a comma) in G-minor.

Spring and conventions. . . the ringing
in my ears is fear of finishing . . .
in a bus, but the rhapsodic rider-driver, springing
invention . . . (Poetry is not solitude).

So she tells me she loves adjectives
. . . that love is emotional restlessness . . .
it "mobilizes in modesty. . . bathed in modesty . . .
(the window is waterish) . . . they are reserved
in vehement strings, retraced, retracted
and sometimes reversed exclusively for it."

The trees in the wind crossed, leaves
were shifting, branches uplifted, the bedroom
overturned . . . in that case one longs to be understood
only means one wants to be forgiven

and with exhausted gusto sucks out the bedroom curtains.

I could only get comfortable by walking. . . they begin
to roughhouse . . . all distractions make. . . spiny
as the fantastic laws of avarice. The obvious analogy
is with sex, if static, feverish.
What she would call an emotional storm, I . . .
or the trajectory of scribbling . . . the birds
. . . I have many social thoughts . . . with all the mannerisms
of waiting . . . in the backyard . . . some sounds
in the background. We take up
an unconventional position between two posts
(whenever I hear "opposition" I vomit).

Thanatos is loosely the equivalent
of . . . where the sea soaked through . . . attempted
love-object . . . a spattered radio

plays to the painters working from ladders
nextdoor. . . the same as a failure of the urge to listen
. . . what skies it built yesterday! . . .

but it's tempting. A horse . . .
but in this case what I wanted was nothing to do
with monuments . . . that one just can't help but hear
the compulsion . . . to get things done has made us overhear
a bowl over the boil, that's the clock's tick-tocking
and the engine repeats "in such inner interims,"
the duck says quack, etc. etc.

The women walking, shod in high heels
. . . mental, lifelike, noisy with enthusiasm . . .
it sounds like a horse . . . is this a contradiction
. . . and hectic counterclockwise imperatives aspire
to both . . . my grandmother forever eating
and my mother knitting to music. And the act

of listening . . . like Faust! . . . the itch.
it's erotic to say everything.
We are intimate as elk are, say, over
and over, to begin again is our only gratification.

But I hesitate to risk the miscarriage of my dreams
(plans) with an unnecessary verisimilitude.
Better I tell you that cats "say" mya-ew, mya-ew
dogs gav-gav, trains sheex-sheex-sheekh
(while whistling ta-tooo), roosters cry

coo-caw-reh-coo, frogs croak kva-kva, birds
in a flock sing fyou-eet, except ravens

which prefer karr-karrs, and the ducks quack kra
bells ring bom-bomm, and pigs grunt hryou-hryou
but now, what is going on
with the neighbors through the wall? --- not a sound
comes through --- just as sometimes . . . nothing can pass
through my skull, for example!

The blotchy pet . . . but that's the aim of housework
skipping at my feet, dreaming up . . . the name
they gave the friendly rapid little dog was Spider
. . . confusing volume (bulk) with the romantic . . .
but that's generosity's ambition.
you can't pry (suddenly everyone is polite) . . .
making work for yourself . . . I was forced
to turn aside repeatedly and beat retreat.

And even desire . . . the work echo . . . one throws oneself
after the center of gravity . . . he walks
quickly tilted . . . sincerity is also a deference
to bulk . . . with the difference in speed
apparently . . . maybe instead of fear of fiction
. . . in the relative lengths of the low and the high
notes. . . he smothers his laugh in a paper towel.

What the throat thinks, we drink . . . I am a thing
. . . and I, pencil turning, heard my heart
against the diminished nocturnal buzz, as one hears
peaches hit the ground . . . the mind rings: "alloy
men!" . . . convulsively. The birds
at dawn that repeat "ready ready ready" pronounce
(anticipate) nothing more than a precise awareness
of the commonplace (when they pound
those sounds of content) for which my conscience
is still not ready. I thought all day

I could carefully study this patch of grass
(it would be redundant for me to like it)
. . . I need the encyclopedia. . . claustrophobic
. . . naive, that's why! . . . tries to be exhaustive
but completed. So much discarding. . .

but mere table talk united us . . .
the empty washing machine and the laundry
that throws itself as if it could only have been written
by an angel. Melodic excitation . . .

and then ascend depending and then again
descend . . . provoking politeness. In the bristling
nest . . . the heroines in these romances
are often in the rain or lake . . . the convoluted
and, I should add, covetous . . . the stiff
dashing so characteristic of the social insects . . .
I'm not opinionated, except with aphorisms.

Feet fall, gesturing self-abnegation
from the bevelled steps, the weight of air tossed off
. . . and my atavistic fling . . . one hears its springiness.

7.

Paradise encouraged cuppings.
The exact finish bristles (those clouds
intend thunder). Wind is fulfilling
of this chaparral. The grease is phrased.
A grace of locks (a grid name is pejorative).
Five miles inclined to a ditch and reproached.

The antennae of sex. Grass
goes without author. A tree
is another's strange narrative.
The tarantula, the wolf, and the wallflower.
Gradually the wheelbarrow is locked with gravel

in its wanderings. On a branch of it like books
on the shelf (cat against my foot)
the stone antagonist collaborates
with the architect. It's to listen piously
to music. The pet's saliva beside the fire.
Experiences of playthings

animated for universal benefit
and pleasure (ideal, needled).
Morning buzzes and purrs in wide erasures.
"Nothing can happen to me!" (morphic resonance).
A set of errands in time as tricks to the rivulet.

My ankle is impressed by the strap of my shoe
over this walking. A wadding of adoption.
Every car continues by. Dark clouds in the sky.
Shorty, Whitey, Red & Kitty, Slim, Billy Bob,
Midge, and Mr. Murdock, and Lucky
with Lil. Myrtle is by the rusty pond.

The bridge has a hole through it.
A bowl and a calm, in sensitive numbers (a water
that comes to its boil)
a calm on the Beaufort scale.
Aluminums knock against the enamel sink.
Ear, the already-hollow, mouthpiece.
Perfection defeats the world

for inspection. There's a poem
with anything in it. A policy proclaimed
the morning light. The wind comes up blowing
paper scraps and dry grass in eddies
at the edge of the school ground
into the cyclone fence.
The lining of its chain and candid wall.
Geometric and detective. More like pilings

than a pitcher, form is . . . (families
are stable, friendship mobile).
Burdened with errands, the horizon banded
with gray, the abutment hung, like a fashion of bangs
(out of uneasiness at having to go ahead).
I wonder, is her mind the greater pleasure. The one
galloping up with flowers on the little table.

8.

The bottled message is twisted in the bottle
black with life. I
am indeed no longer a beginner who throws herself
on such dense inverted picturing --- I too have discarded
and discarded. My aporia achieved
the glamorous anticipation of an answer.
As birds enter bristling

with the melodic excitement of wind on the spines
of a rough nest. Who refuse
to extrapolate a law of gravity
from anything that falls. "Heaven"
takes its place in nature as a hoop, a tongue
and a tooth. The bucket
is a utensil for mulish continuing.

Some hormones repeat, some are senses
of humor. The thump of apples falling
with noble aim. A mouthful of lawn.
And I hurried to get in every projection.

Undivided literature. Noted the murmurous
monotonous sound effects
"drip-drip-splashing-drip-

splash-dripping, splash-splash
drop drip drop
drip" which we have set out
to receive it. Confiding
in this aquarium . . . the knowledge of "empty"
surpasses the capacities of language . . .
the swivel, a moun. . .
"I am a construction worker, I work at home"
with stiff serenity . . . this
is the difference between language and "paradise"