meditation on the canyon

a landscape of contour & shadow

continuously redefined by the light.

the innate restraint of long takes - dressing & having breakfast, reading the newspaper, maybe, over coffee.

just to let people look

for themselves.
arabesques of automobiles
asperity
gaps in the discourse

the discreet bars of big hotels
broken
call-box conversations
daiquiris & dissolving distances
the evanescent desires
of early evening

amid forests of fire-escapes
mid-town
graffiti

the honeyed hours of imminent jouissance
kaleidoscope of streetlights
kismet in converted lofts

mid-manhattan nocturne
magnolia moon over Central Park
question & response

still blue eyes
above a tilted cigarette
unspoken & unvoiced nothings

a voluptuous & willing
abandon
ecstatic yearnings

unzipped zero.
mistaken identity

out & about
& everyone's being
so nice!

'say, who is this?'
in mid-conversation
he breaks off the call.

off the street
wired for sound
not enough to keep
body & soul together.

Ukrainian music
on the juke-box
the junk-trade
bombed out.

just the way you are
dead-centre
skin-on skin
no superfluous
body-hair.

language——
identity or image?
schlock.

tracking through
cultural dis-
locations.

R G HAMPSON
ABSTRACTLY REPRESENTED

living a few extra days or weeks
after the law began slowly to close
a respiratory depressant drug
the story became that he had made

*

he became fixated on the idea
the next day armed with a fatal amount of
a fantasy but it turned into
idealisation that everyone should have
the feelings he had
when the patient died the next day

*

from nowhere her home this woman
a woman arrives from the no which is where
derives from the no the woman wears
when they walk together she walks with them flanking
when they talk together she thinks as they talk
when they walk they walk together

**

the doctor in the dock became
a fixation on the idea
indoctrinated with his own dogma
languidly closing round the law
forsakes him later to make its ground
in language looking for closure
with a fix he finalises affliction
mediates being-non being

*

arriving from nowhere her village the woman
pushed backwards and forwards between them
she will not make them a sign that tells
whoever the child is hers forever
wearing and weaving nothing from nowhere
in between them more and more
nothing she can be made to say
is hers however they chide her

**
in the hold of age old
the palsied the paralysed parasitic
without the consolations of martyrs
worn out with the well being of
a tyrant who rarely thanked them
tyrrannical time who gave thanks by chasing
another into the hell which was bearing
far into their own old age

***

is it horror or wholeness which he holds?
is it hope of holiness which he borrows?
is it the medicine man who convinces?
is it the dosage which is the oppressor?
phenobarbitone philanthropic barbaric
hospice overdose hospitality
which he turned round so he made it
into an omen through his obsession
overturns underwrites
hostess host holy ghost

*

a deserted plain two men a village
a meaning an explanation which
draws water from and weaves
the child of the tale of who it is
becomes sick realisation dawns
a visitor a mirage it is plain
in vain the victim in a vice
whose grieving it is that draws water
will tell them which of them it is
too sick for speaking

**

in the cage the old man they managed
age-old-age abc of an age
they would have to break down to begin
the never ending obsessive guilt of
their own lives effectively ruined
old maid man-made age managed man
the adage of a bygone golden age
whose beginning is the broken
ruins of lives
possessed by the gift of the end which never

***
in black and white
dissension against parental pressure
in secret without anyone knowing
people who they thought below them
no more no less than a prejudice about
white or black or why white
in the abstract she had always thought
their certainty about their judgement
concerned she simultaneously felt
a way of abstraction

****

an idea he deals out but an idee fix
the policies and the license which are
drugged by repression
wholly hostage to the fate which hollers
an idiom whose identity is indifferent to
a polarization and polemics which are
the phenomenal force of
the hollow hate which founders on
a conviction which asphixiates
this pious policing
the minister of a lethal dose of
the only hope he swallows

*

which arrives with nothing from nowhere
which womb is filled from nowhere with something
are nights in the wounds of a woman
they hear bells at her heels
the sound which reminds and removes
nothing is well but the well of water
swelling up the waves are walls which
draw her and pour her out for themselves
though she will not breath them a sigh which suggests
in their common obsession about
uncertainty about who is competing
which will not become a sign for them

**

in the maelstrom of martyrdom undertaking
in the tears of dead martens
matters interred take their toll
as the feet of a freedom that overcharges
are kings who kill
growth generation growing old in growing
one kingdom come kin deaf and dumb
being in the well being of another
ruinous defects which affect
their lives as they lie
in public in private in and out of
public life life-imprisonment private lies

***

blood red red rag red wine
bloom red block red blown wild
hers was a pure race against
their meaning well their good intentions
in secret discrete meetings
where the coloured was present and justified
black on white in the light of
white backing black
a race against purity
drawing intentions of meaning which well up
by means of the secret discretion
colouring abstraction

****

what is a woman someone or noone ?
is it sickness to death where reality spawns ?
what kind of webbing does weaving conceive?
which is the tale of which the child knows ?
the where which is not which goes but not there
which is nowhere no yes where and know
will weave water weep
will well water weave wail
in sighs for signs the meaning resides
for this nomad this no-man this woman

**

in deathdom done three in one
freedom from fear of the third
to begin they would have to break down
new foundations in fragmentation
their will not the wish of another
in destruction is
growth in regeneration
which extends which can be and which is
the feel of a freedom which counts
neither cost nor kinship

***

which picture they painted of him
was purely irrational
in which colour was their concern
blood bind menstrual blood letting
they represented him as in a picture
of pure racialism
whose colour was concerned with
secret means for
scenes which show the unseating of meaning
blood bath red blind revolution

****

break up and make breakdown makes up
by breaking the ends to meet
the age in the image
for whom the tale tolls
public lies private life
at the will of non-being behaving as being
the fall and resurrection of ruins
in a free dumb and deaf show

***

which born they want to keep still
in the power the push and pull of
ties of blood tyrannical ties
back on white black eye sight
white baits black and sits back for
the welter of discrete meanings which will
abolish by over painting his presence
represented by painting over his absence.

****

colours which bleed lose blood until death
by means which use pleading as pressure
they make presentations of their abhorrence
of the bloodshed which colours the dying
in unreplete meanings repeating
is representation makes present abstraction

****

HAZEL SMITH