He leaves the look on his face and wears his heart like a watch, over or under his sleeve. He comes to a crossroads, turns, and takes the north-bound road; that was yesterday. By now he has flayed his face and strayed from the road. I'd like to say his mind is preoccupied by a landscape; or treks a frost without leaving an imprint, wandering over the abutting fields without crossing the dirt tracks; he veers away from remote, desolate houses, even shacks, thinking it too early, though unsure for what. Now drawn toward a few dark birds perched above or shifting uneasily on the ground, he approaches them, but they do not immediately scurry, which is strange; but soon they do. I have to say instead that he moves aimlessly between earth & sky, which he thinks of as facing pages, blank, with perhaps a thin horizon for a spine; he seems to be tracing his life. But he might also imagine sky & earth as an endless blanket, gray or white, light as a sheet, billowing under his breath. As he turns these thoughts in his mind despair settles over him with the ease of a shadow; he seems to be everywhere, nowhere, by turns, and as the sun suddenly penetrates the cloudcover, he stops. He lingers under its light, waiting for someone to speak of its radiance; lingers beyond the event, beyond that hint of betrayal in its warmth, the blood flowing silently from his wrist, staining his sleeve, seeping into the ground as I watch, resigned, turning the page.
She handled the apple like a handgrenade. He put his lips to her breast. She nipped off the stem with her teeth and spat it aside. He came starry-eyed on her thigh. Entire dreams got lost in the milky way.

He came half-way through that anti-matter the lovers called love -- poised on the vibrant hyphen sounding her hymen -- and while her eyes were sealed in a dream fecundity awaited her.

(It was not enough to meet the indifference of virtuosity head on, and equally too numbing to be embroiled in the incessant passions of the dead. My longing & emulation were for memory's sheer drop, the unencumbered abyss at the edge of the heart -- yet in my desire to & for utter obscurity (just as my fingers misspelled her "memort") a surge of light came to mind, beyond which further anomalies & dreamworlds filled the universe with patient inconsequentials.)

She thrust the apple into her womb and gave a soft cry, almost a word. With his tongue curled round her core he articulated a final explosion (a resounding book); final, that is, supposing memory was being cut off, or out, the word a bit nice in my mouth.
I said: We know too much, having crossed the threshold of enough, and cannot speak of an array. She remained dumb, after I'd pleaded with her not to pay attention to this jumble of pronouns. Better to select, I said, a number of windows out of an imagined order, especially those reflecting blotches dependent on time, and gaze carefully through each.

From this angle you become invisible; a draft runs down the length of my right arm, swirling round the fingertips; the left kept helplessly limp (smoking a cigarette, etc.). Wishes, like dreams, do not come into it but subside in the general wind. Behind any of them we may interpose a boredom peculiar to the surface of paint; we may write to the bricks, for example: If only you could suffer!

Having picked up rumors of a tremor, I sought to absolve my own defilement in their inept inaction; yet in the tottering phase of our ideal your rejoinder was some sparrows.

What's interesting (in the way lamentation is) is their incapacity to acknowledge the language that assails them. The weather, contrary to appearance, is on their side, and their least complaint or sigh is straightaway a song. This time I breathe on my hand (again), their music coming through the threat of our collapse.
Around & under the stone a field indifferently given to the vicissitudes of its underside; above, a wind about to betray both field & stone at a stroke. The weeping begins among the damp & dark, enfolding & unfolding, the ooze of tears producing that strange coloration there.

Tearless & sighing forever under a purulent sun, you offer your parched throat to the wind -- prayers polished, embedded in dustdrops falling at dusk, filling pores of time: immaculate instants, memorable & detached, revised where pity haunts.

Which serves the gods pushing against vine & corn, despite the bleak perfection of its dark -- a generic field stretching its pure light -- everywhere the same subdued noise, first strokes on the canvas, last words.
she was listening to r & b taped direct from the tv. on the tape her phone rang.

there was the sound of the machine being turned off, & in less than a second, being turned on again. the tape of course didn't stop. presumably the tv hadn't been turned down - the noise level was the same.

but the sound of the phone had had a different feel to it, perhaps because music "belonged" on tape, or because now, she hadn't a clue who had rung.

an unlikely story. obviously at least 2 people were involved, one who did the taping, one who did the listening.

perhaps, who shared the flat.

or, it should, to be more plausible, begin like this:

"she finds, tidying up a jumble of tapes, some untitled, one she's forgotten she made over a year ago of an r & b program & hasn't listened to since. she's playing it when the phone rings..."

what fire does to wood over water's already gained colour.

a man sits in someone else's kitchen, reading a book, drinking coffee (not his), knowing he shouldn't be there.

marking passages on the right-hand, left-hand page which seem to him to be important.

out of the "empty" houses's many soughings & creakings the front door opens or seems to. the pen, tracing a downward line, shits itself. a mark indelibles that might guarantee there was a fact, out of the ordinary slip of the hand, without which it wouldn't have been.

well i'm sure you don't believe it it's wholly incredible but you're not going to get me to say anything else!
when i'm looking for something & can't find it i tend, leaving the room, to fantasise a camera which, my footsteps fade down stairs, zooms & rests on where the thing always was....

jeff suggested that might be a technique of finding, if i could become, the camera, follow with it -

hence a reflection.

might be a satellite on what synthesises & splits as a crater.

in grey dark with a time'd yellow light behind & a point winking ahead of your head. returns as transparency.

"i'm committing suicide now it was your fault" - okay i crumple the note get friends in play guitar records smoke talk & if you wake up you bastard in 24 hours, you do -

this stuff gets progressively harder to write. in chaos you can't change direction. which may be thought curious as life doesn't necessarily get harder to live -

i've accumulated a mass of lines i'd happily have put in earlier pages if something hadn't been there already -

it's to do with how the apparently random or opportunistic may become in effect repetition - & trying to discover how or why it might do that, make that apparent in edit'd motion -

paul feyerabend, science in a free society:

"Even the most perfect standards or rules are not independent of the material on which they act...

On the other hand even the most disorderly practice is not without its regularities...

What is called 'reason' and 'practice' are therefore two different types of practice the difference being that the one clearly exhibits some simple and easily producible formal aspects thus making us forget the complex and hardly understood properties that guarantee the simplicity and producibility..."
Robert Drew, documentarist: "What I think has been happening... is that equipment and journalists have become better able to exist in situations without disturbing them... The level at which they have been able to capture reality has been getting less and less public... I think that the level of publicness has now been reduced to such a point that it is quite possible under the right circumstances and with people who are highly motivated by their own affairs... in the midst of a pressing situation... for cameras to be present without influencing human actions or reactions... and there's a difference... you feel the difference between that and actors - even naturalistic actors - playing 'characters'... who are finalised in the story... in 'crisis: behind a presidential commitment' [made in 1963]... I think that when the Attorney General picked up the telephone and talked to his operative in the south... he was unaware of the camera... first of all the camera had been with the Attorney General for more than a week and he didn't know when it was running and when it wasn't.... I am quite convinced of that".

Well, but for editing, Kennedy ordered deletion of all his own comments throughout the conference.

Something the cameras didn't catch,

or nobody knew if they did. That no one who wasn't there could have guessed.

together, a talk can be laid happily into any point... but a transience of disjunctive & varying moods & situations... to get to know make love friends... takes time at a stretch...

What can you rely on to be confirmed during a walk in

a) a familiar b) an unfamiliar place?

there's what you know & what you don't know.

It's another thing to find out what you'd never think to ask... with touch.
black lips & a coal tongue.
what glistens between rain-spatter'd sleepers.
pictorialism began by separating itself off from record.
then tried to integrate itself.
finally found itself cast adrift as a new aesthetic. became dominant.
open the window on a toppling chimney horizon.
hugs rockery curves of the flying loader.
a change of opinion within a writing

burning the bridges