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"Sides Collapsed to a Line: A Topology"
Pressing about with a spring
pulling a small pattern detaining passive
measure passing demeanor sight's balance equine
divided walk to say amaze the basic
a weight outward against any extent
specifically native by all sorts of devices
the stone model buoyant and peculiar
among the living once directed memory
the past power that veneers the sources
always spoken in terms of the whole song
directed the pitch and angle waiting
patiently opening on an array of people
dressed for the day but those still
standing say he features ideas answering
the thinkers a natural process that permits
no empty synthesis or vapid constraint
a cage without hazard for droll bastards
without the aboriginal hum chaos at the nape
the old mood facing cameos for detainees
mezzotints of an idea logged in the privacy
of the dinner table what this not large enough
to contain it technologic and pretending selection
a few words over a mile long languor poised
under the elephant library of false economy
mutual illusion in a room filled with smoke
rancor granted for the small target
accurate decorum for the puny spirit
injunction granted and pause ploughed under
winds temper and answer to hold the signal
for the habit opinion obtains
SWIMMER

One knocked. One admitted. One slept. Not a full afternoon.
No curiosity to echo the subdued exuberance of the apt.
I was left in peace. Intrigued by the unfolding. Not very
taken with the disclosure. Not quite the right moment to
puncture the inflated guffaw. Where was I meant to go?
Where take this? A lot. A sum. A burden gathered up and
loaded—the iron-handed, the ample, the paradise of the
ordinary, the appropriate, the gathered in, the whistled,
the toothed and fretted—shifting under its own weight
and shape to be taken from here to some vague but unen-
cumbered there. An open room? A field? Between two bridges?
Under a man’s hat.

SHEAF MARK

A spontaneous momentum
imposed on character
complex bodies
in the guise of successive continuity
and the diagonal gaze through labor
reflective part by part
wit tack and hitch
rocks ripen
lair focus and brickedup logic
what’s behind the greener level of
brass
tone gnaws the grey wick
gauge the yawning mool
no pretending the far thought
or ponder’s briar and cobble
a nostalgia for barbarism
setting forth the grievance
3 LITTLE BOOKS from THE INDIAN SERIES
I am remembered in silence
This is a title introduction please
All words are seen on little pages, comma on fore—TAKES A RISK head on screen

New Pages
I Just Remembered It

I'S SHOULDNT
writes as it is as it is
you're a genius
JIM'S OFFICE

We come
WHEEL
home together
as it is
when we knew all
our knowledge
SPEAKING as it is

that's the final solution

there is a great
master among us
that we are
against IT AGAIN
HIS NAME IS

don't speak to him for it

HES WONT SPEAK
try him sunday
he wont believe it
JIM WORKS
HANNAH THATS ALL

that's why we
split our scene dear
John NO NAMES
knows is it it is
JOHN SPEAKS

and he has a terrible
long poem
time

FOOLISH GIRL
this is jimmy's book stupid
understanding us
DREAMS

SKIP 4 LINES
HE IS SURE
and he writes it in
that's it
you're the last
woman they
want to speak
to finished
sentence

& ITS

we must write all
day if our head
demanded it
I'm sorry about it is
RUSSELL

Kiss him
Hannah its just a bit
of sarcasm it is
Russell speaks
ALLS TIME

and Jim
leads dinner him
we mustn't believe
when it
happens to us of
MASTERS course

how does it feel to
write it in
I'SM
JIM
SCARED
BOOKS
JIMMY HURT US

don't describe your
scene
Russell has come
many times in our
dreams bad girl
erases an error
to us
HANNAH THATS SILLY
WHY CANST HE SPELL
turn over
INDIANS
somebody knows SILENCE
our trick
3 cigarettes
of silence of course
BAD S
Jim has it is
for pleasure
WE WORK
Jimmie wants bread
sometime
plenty of cigarettes
in this house it is
and dont smoke
SSUNDAY

Page 4

I CANST
EXPLAIN
JIMMIE
TO MY
MIND
AGAIN

Jimmie is
almost prose
style completed
OCT SILENCE
THAT STOP
WRITING IT IS
HANNAH

Hannah Weiner

Jimmie forgot
his sentence
structure
once before
JIMMIE'S SENTENCE
Hannah can you
play remembered game
the saint
HANNAH STOPS
again
Hannah I just
completed a
sentence style
type structure
explain the movie stupid
I forgets The Saint
NOS DATE
people laugh next page
at it
STOPS WRITING
WIRING
WRIT
WRITING
Hanna stops
writing it in
BEFORE
Hannah is you a
psychic squinting
as it is
QUESTION
IT KILLS THEM
I smoked all my
cigarettes before
it is
NOS JUICE
AND NO ROLLS
I am breakfasted
it on it
I O'CLOCK

Hannah Weiner
please write on channel 2
you must be
four hours
before you
WRITTEN

I think people
are strange as it is
that's the clue
CLUE

I just remembered
it in it is
Jim's writing
SAY NO MORE
it feels different
no style please

include Charles
it feels funnier
AND HE SMILES
he heals it
himself
RIGHT ARM
his lungs stupid

write about Jimmie
Hannah you are
writing like an
angel stupid
PLEASE REMEMBERED
IT IS IN

WHAA

dont describe
your purpose in
life stupid
AWAKENING

THE BROTHERS
you must be
a brother first
APOLOGIZE

Hannah that
hits hard

STUPID
please explain it
everytime I
turn out the
light I see
REMEMBERED
IT IN repeated page

remembered it is
on time
stop writing this
Satchidananda
it is
JIMMIES STYLE

just a remembered
style it is
hungry again
BEANS

FIRST PAGE
writes like
BIG PRINT
Jim
PRINT

it is
stop writing
it is in
IT IS IN IT
NEXT PAGE

Jim is
writing its
it is it in
OR SOMETHING
IS INST

I am remembered
it is in
writing
OFFSET

Sis stop
writing it is in
poors Jimmie

Hannah Weiner
CANT WRITE

I am just waiting
for a new line
toots stop
to appear in
silence

STOP

please write
rabbis
it is in again
it is finished writing
DOWN

Sis that
completes a
book page
OCT SILENCE
I just lied a little
bit about the date of it

I scribbled it in
Hannah writing
it is

DAWN
in
JIMMIE

completes us
sentence structure
HANNAH I SPEAK

I just hang
myself upside
down once
again

I dont hang myself
really upside down
Leonard tries
it once stupid
THATS A TREE

JIMMIE WRITES
IT IN
thas something else

whas date
I SHOULDN'T
APPEAL
hang this
upside down
RUSSELL

thats his final
decision oct silence
test Jims
knowledge

Hannah it is important to us
to know it
about it
without knowledge it
before broken rib stupid

anyone who
can listen to
music can be
BEACH BOYS
remembered by it
LOST AGAIN

Hannah thats it
LAST PAGE
I SHOULDN'T
HANG
upside down
of course
THATS A TREE
SILENCE

Is wanna bes my
MISTAKE
be my gramma
GRANDMOTHER

SKIP 3
PAGES
THIS IS ONE
IN SILENCE
CORRECTED
it is very difficult to write it in page 3 suffers a little

Hannahs I can write it down now
Hannah is hanging upside down
NO PULSES

green letters
I've APOSTROPHE
I skip a line
done everything
IM TIRED
don't hang myself upside down then
I can do to it
blue letters before keep trying hard LIGHTS OUT

Jimmie lies on his sofa Saturday afternoon pretending he 'apostrophe a saint
BIG HERO JIMMIES BROKE MY RIB Jimmie laughs when we squeal like a pig
SENTENCE
Jimmie laughs when he goes around the corner twice behind himself CORNER
PAGE TWO I just pass myself twice on the correct spelling please street in silence
WRONG
Jimmie thinks his hair is too long ampersand cuts it short SAME NAME AGAIN
HANNAH I am so slowed down I can hardly SEEN talk to myself in my sleep STAY HOME

I forgots my dinner
donst 21st Hannah I just handled a difficult situation in donst name place thats a terror quite signed well READS RUSSELL PLEASE SHUT IT UP NAME CLEAR
We regvet this pause in our interlude CORRECT SPELLING of happiness MARCH
Hannah Jimmie wrote him a letter about you PUZZLED because he broke your rib stupid you were AT HIS HOME
Hannah thats a lie
He wants Russell Means to FREE HIS SISTERS I MUSTNT MISS MY NEXT MESSAGE
SKIPS MESSAGE
JIMMIE STHINKS AND YOU KNOW IT PLUS HIS BALLS ARE FURRY Hana spelling error he laughs at it NOS EMERGENCY STUPID HE LAUGHS JIMMIS STINKS
STOP TYPING IT ERRORS PLEASE
NEXT PAGE PLEASE Hannah BIG PRINT they RADIO are making real Indian jokes DONT SMILE
don't points parentheses risking their lives quote to face Russell M NO NAME Hannah thus a point turns page dont be so silly you are punished for it
Theres NO APOSTROPHE always an answer to our science prayers INS JAIL
We repeat our sentences sometimes
SCREEN please write it about this JIMMIE LIES SEPARATE PHRASE
We weaken so very easily that it happens SICKNESS sometimes to us dinner AGAINS SAME DAY Charles The Poet thinks you should bridge the gap between literature & poetry SAME SIGN

HANNAHs THANKS RUSSELL SAME NAME Hannah I almost had a heart attack when I knew it was JAIL SENTENCE coming to 4 YEARS me nos period
Hannah doesn't have any more periods; after March 15 something else is wrong here
WAIST my rings hurt something else is Jimmie wrong INSIDE RUSSELL MEANS uptown LIGHT I dont know what PERIOD dont finish sentence please
See what Jimmie SORRY ABOUT THIS really phrase continues carry your books
in a sack stupid MEANS TO APRIL   THAS FINISHED
RUSSELL MEANS ME
HANNAHS I started my sentences again SKIPS A PAGE
Dont date he feels it Jimmie has made the final decision of dont continue with
this dont speaks of this his POOR entire next page GURUS
Dont be so stupid life sentence structure please that was because of SAME PRICE
me I CANST WRITE IN IT
Jimmie has decided to become SENTENCE STRUCTURE SAME AS ME  LONG
LINES
Jimmie sentence structure WRITE IN JOY APRIL has decided to become Hannah
finishes her sentences WE WEAKEN EASILY
AS GURU STUPID  SPACE he didnt know he had that choice IN HIS ENTIRE
NEXT PAGE
LIFE JIMMIE LAUGHS small print I AMS MEANS proud of me Hannah he
laughs at it UNTILS FORGOT DATE sentence finished I wish it were typing
error everyone laughs  skip line
Jimmie corrects spelling errors HANNAH THATS A HINT TO OURI LEAVE
MORE SPACE NDIAN FRIENDS
Dont skip this line Jimmies apostrophe sentence stupid I had a warning on him
stupid and I went in anyway SENTENCE sos the blame is me MINE

DOUBLE SPACE THIS

Write in joy only page one hurts I am so happy I could hardly believe it myself this
is Jimmies CONTINUED
Next book I continue my sentences same I WRITES TO BE CHEERFUL
Hannah complains I have decided to obey my instincts instead HANNAHS HEAD
I had a serious lesson in gravity falls twice upstairs ins bed
UPSTAIRS IN BED
Is fell twice and I cant stop writing Jimmies sentence third twice
JIMMIE SQUIRTS
JIMMIES PAGE Jimmies squirts Jimmie is a big long poem SAID HELLO
JIMMIE SQUIRTS COLOGNE
Jimmie isnt in it why because hes not a real poet HE STINKS HES SHORT
Jimmie is just an average writer Jimmie same name passes out STUPID
Jimmie pretends he ENOUGH
THATS A LONG POEM SIGNED HANNAH
SOUTH STATION ESCALATOR

excuse cause
Part and phyla mixed
phyla mix
cruel rolls
unease capacity or fruits divide
confound glass

up first arch bacon
cerebral rhumba legit hair
shiv climate sublimate perches
crawl modernity fisheye shows
the book the higher
the notebook handrail slices
parsed enough yellow full time
grainy slats speak her . . .

Water
Sink

Morn
Face

James Sherry
swiftly void
coed tilts
charge binding

detached asshole
distant elation
reverse psychic

inert A
civvies
qua
faith mood

Revere fad
uniform mute

personal subordinate
clank the edge, think end
adamant ride

lineage mumbles
a serene nobody
cross your
baggage grooming
toothless boil
Keats who?

weed your
division contains

permanent idea
down you

transit geek
doored lad
rage scale
door

does palate
impending measly
each or tape
elite for
news hem

usio

entertainment deduced
perform train
please from
ski nose

lux buns
claustrophobic genie

skin


cheese
pearl

fearful

Little white skirts: first lecture
forefinger plied some French
mahogany ankles equi
scree contents: like: Momma used to make: ex:change: versed in knotted space

fall, hull, haul, awful, north, floor, wombat, ball, she lives for baths. This time
of year a vertical drop is not uncommon on Uranus. Exchanging stairs. Commute.

Time and time again I look over my shoulder to see them steadily as far behind.
Up for a snack. Try, magic, metallurgy, aplomb, illuminated navel.

The arches of
aqueous gaze, long humor
superficial facial, fiction dimple

How much sex can the subtle differences of mood that interact civilized persons
lose their effect in too rapidly encoded. The broad differences emerge as
numbers. Happiness 132. Simple pleasures deconstructed. 133. Down the up. Oui,
je parle francais comme un poisson.

Theater
character
virtue
angst
despite virtue

This space suitable for sport
genres or forms, of volume, allocated to mingle, brownette, resp.
INVISIBLE MACHINERY

A brutal gift, waking up in the morning to a solution with no intention of waking, unvels the day not as a slab of action but as one uneasy by-product of invisible machinery. Understanding rain in desert, trees standing in the shade, understanding sometimes being a tool, sometimes a consulting guide, supplies the polish of language, a social glare. The catalog of who's who in the vegetable world, the satisfactions of this tropic life, the life a rainforest would lead if it had a schedule, making the most valuable flesh in the most valuable steam heat. And though you might think of a larger-than-life meatgrinder, flickering in and out of view, the cheapest murderer here was the clear-eyed view. Yellowness at the edge of onlookers' eyes perhaps indicates hurricane warnings. Small people getting out of small cars excite contempt, large people getting out of large cars excite envy. A mixture of the two is beyond recall—the law which makes things simpler.

The old man inspects a rash on his hand; he suspects he's being watched, maybe. An oval on the wall, a portrait of a mirror, full with self-observation, framed in the morning, reflecting desire. On the other side of the wall pure malevolence is distributing appearance to the plain objects. A smug handle on the morning, greedy about itself, subsuming other places onto itself. The proper plane, the sun burning off it, rust spots blurred, here a man on a rectangle, with space left over for cooling. The small ground running around itself. As the plane comes closer they look up, amazed. We pass right over, their hair ruffling in our breeze.

What time is it? Time while the coldish mold of feeling is peeled off by an expressionless companion. He talked about "helpless understanding," publicity stacked up in shiny towers too high to place glasses on and leave stains. He introduced himself to the crowd, saying: "It's nice to be mythological, it's a feeling of colossal air, a needle slept through, a great principle, a nerve full of grace, a tree out in front of the porch, somebody sitting on the porch, stirring, the rocker rocking, deciphering. An old Stalinist, confused, writes a rewrite in the arbor. The old man inspects a rash on his hand; he suspects he's being watched, maybe poisoned. He naps, a leaf turns, a raft floats by, the man standing in the water, his legs hidden from view by the raft."

Genealogy is a transportation system, moving the fragile cargo of temporary refinement, touching the weak roots, a word without a label. The rill of mud wiped by the door, the leavetaking a quick intake of breath. He puts down his coat, his hat, his shoes, and she turns. He's not sure if she says hello. He's drawn towards this day of engineering lifts its bucket, collecting matter in the form of the wrong direction several blocks. That touch, when the skin becomes translucent, makes the most valuable steam heat. And though you might think of a larger-than-life meatgrinder, flickering in and out of view, the cheapest murderer here was the clear-eyed view. Yellowness at the edge of onlookers' eyes perhaps indicates hurricane warnings. Small people getting out of small cars excite contempt, large people getting out of large cars excite envy. A mixture of the two is beyond recall—the law which makes things simpler.

The habituated dreamer is counting her old and growing dream. Tiny chipped pebbles grate on her teeth, sediment hardens and, she thinks, at the height of dreaming, that she can trace fossils in it, perhaps not even of her own making, of someone's miraculous intrusion, those mirrors of bone, tiny cutlets, mashed into a delusive smooth progress. The signs of the times are not written upon her hand, but the air is thick with personality, those horizontal layers of rubble ferreting out scars, lightening, shaken, periodically appalled.

There were always people, enough to make a crowd, gathered on the sagging steps, waiting for the building to open at nine so they could register for the steps to close. She imagined a tributary river, one that demanded to be defended against itself, a defunct explanation beside itself, avoiding those illegitimate hints at a powerful world outside, pressure with unlimited heat and light, balanced on the thin but central monologue placed inside. This day trails its own shadiness around. Certain excitable insects laze around the wild sort of vegetation explosion dominating the background, the best the tune was whistling by. They made a sighting of the grand canal, sinking into the dust, the Lombardy plains behind them, a raftlike vehicle with a tiny outboard motor pouring out noise and fumes, the Florida Everglades except it was the mouth of the Amazon. It was a ripe place to settle down, breaking off clods of dirt for comfort, rolling around. The torrid air at the beach could do them all in, so they took off their snowshoes and had a drink.

The performers move easily down the ramp, keeping their gestures wrapped around themselves, all the while the audience suspended on uniform rails above, is leaning over, breathless. A blasting noise from behind a hill interrupts the lesson and several reverberations whirlash the low outline of hills, until the outlines repeat themselves soundlessly. This space speculates about its artificial score, while the fedal sun sweeps by.

All the inaccurate houses down the block rave at the particular species ambling around them. This is the daytime vision of a kid on her bicycle as she rounds the ancient bend, emptying of all matter, turning itself slowly over as she proceeds her coasting. Laughter a random being the incurable disease, the vanquished management is smoked out, as the sky light illusion, seeing a window in the sky, freezes the gazers in their unexpected positions: leaning over the roses, the gate, each other, themselves. The present, approximately, ending.

Panels of cartoons would persuade of their grip on reality but they unwind too incessantly; the cardboard door slams shut and the sound arrives, belated. She wanted to burn into herself the image of others, the way the eyes always take themselves seriously, the lid of the poem clamping itself down shut, the spoils proceed her coasting. Laughter a random being the incurable disease, the vanquished management is smoked out, as the sky light illusion, seeing a window in the sky, freezes the gazers in their unexpected positions: leaning over the roses, the gate, each other, themselves. The present, approximately, ending.

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technology can do at the time with its engineers wrapped in mink in the sunshine. Systems growing out there as solipsistic as the best cornered rats can inform you. The individual is the most circumspect object available as it latches onto existence everywhere. She photographs a genuine dawn hour, it was trained to tell the time since it was compounded of error. Shadows in the long sun dip in the east. She went outside and called it butter, the sun picked it up and called it day.

Finally, there, in the terrible heat of the day, the desire to grow is repented of, replaced by the cessation of any action that isn't called for. Chocolate, corpses, dust, and other idle objects flee from their own centers, flattening out to the lowest horizontal ebb. Things shift weight. Ideas are siphoned into the land of the living. The crowd was moving down the corridor without any fixed kind of hurry. They had all just come back from lunch. Pale, faces quivering, they finally staggered out of the last hallway, having accidentally stumbled upon the dismembered corpse. They stopped at the corner, speculating whether it would be wise to find a cop.

The cop hinted that they had lots to gain by working with him, such as big new ideas, a special corridor to live in, the power to insult people openly in the street, money, and the power of positive thinking. “I wouldn’t cheat you,” he said. This one on the street corner, maybe talking to the lamp post, or to another guy standing by, but looking annoyed, in another direction. The cop was thinking that this was possibly unfair to this friend. He was sure he knew how to disguise himself: he could look like anybody who was strange enough to live around him. Finally he got some passion generated out of this crowd by hinting that a subsistence wage would be granted them tax-free, improving boardinghouse matters considerably. Haggling in the bathroom was going on day and night. There were stains all over. There was basketball on the roof and friends up and down the landing all day. Since, anyway, apartments are too expensive to live in, he proposed the formation of colonies on the roof, with tents, shacks, and even agriculture. Everyone getting a suntan on the top of Fourteenth Street while dreaming about the winter approaching to kill us all off.

Or, take the idea of emigrating somewhere else. Nobody's ancestors went with the detachment available to us: the water creaking away, the air shuffling overhead, a canvas backdrop painted with date and place. With the pleasing air of spent engines, a dour gloss on the air, some wrinkles in the distance spread out into a pretty creditable landscape, burning off the air to a brown color. Rectangular boundaries begin to swap snappy judgments. It's speech that makes the air quaver. Coming out of the corner, the speech ray, possessing all directions at once, amasses shapes here and there, jammed together, full of gesture.

If I could plant the ground upside down, I'd be able to see the underside of things: the color of okra, and purple pods. This sense of design peopling a location. Only when the scenery shifts track slightly can some point of comparison be made: the long, green embankment carrying the highway squared off with the line of trees hovering over a road. Behind the bar a dog barks, on the other side of the dog his fleas bite, invisible. And the shallow cup of the horizon is draining off to what can only be an ornamental edge. In some deserted village square sits an abstract cannon surrounded by a pale, abstract lawn, flickering slightly in the well-ordered rain.

A daily feeling like getting the horses lashed up again, while the soldiers are coming down the road at this fearful time of night, talking among themselves that the next house ought to be the one to take over. Expecting, maybe, some unnatural disaster to be blocking the road ahead. Since the lights were being switched on and off in the nearby houses all the time, the darkness was transparent. Somewhere along the cliff there's a precipice, a direction finally to fall into. No one in the entire panicked population felt they could take care of themselves, so every direction was rediscovered and run into. That's why a wet handkerchief, draped over the face, can cause a whole spectrum of white tones to flash behind closed eyelids: the body thoughtfully talking to itself all the time.
SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF BOULLEE

1.

Roof shaped like a strawberry. Hurriedly torn paper towel. The queen’s staircase does not lead to the king’s chamber. The traditional requirements of comfort and convenience. A kind of sleepwalking echoed by a line in history. Stands on a lovesick giant and calls himself a hero. Sound of annoyance at an unforeseen circumstance becoming an inevitable consequence. Wine dripping off the formica table onto the shag rug after hitting the unused wooden chair covered with cigarette burns. A dream heard second hand. An extra coat hanger. Only half the story is true. The rest is necessary, like clouds on a cloudy day.

2.

Pieces of a piece. The face in the window larger than the window facing in. A mermaid selling cheese in a laundromat in Ottawa. A cop who looks as if he has to go to the bathroom. A bony hand dangling from a red station wagon. Riding in a cab with a junkie who wants an alarm clock. Breaking a promise and counting the pieces. Her harsh lipstick crumbling over her harsher smile. Remnants of a collision in a galaxie whose name is a number. Eeriness of a city with only one light. The kinds of certainty available in a drugstore. Jumbo food. With only one light on. A junkie dangling from an alarm clock. Using the laundromat because there were no bathrooms around. Stealing the mermaid’s cheese. Breaking into her smile. The kinds of certainty available in a supermarket, a newspaper, a lover. A young cop who looks as if he has gone. The square face in the round window. Pieces of a blue piece.

3.

Without noticing the fire descending into the subway station. If Tuesday Weld married Rick Monday, would she change her name to Tuesday Monday? Descending into a subway station. Going back again and again. Behind the copper sunlight. Their voices. One dripping. The other dribbling to a stop. Lengthening each of the sounds into a staircase. I think there’s three volumes. A salmon. A sale’s on. Ceylon. Existence being the only record of their names. Shoes seen by the side of the highway leading to Las Vegas. Faces remembered from last Thursday. Talking to an imaginary friend in your sleep. Waking up and feeling the sweat. The sweet surrounding your skin. Adding to the pile. The only thing invisible for miles. In every kind of light. The light of topless dancing. Only half of you is there. No music sparring with traffic. Enters in a suit the color of coffee, face the color of masking tape. Everyone looks like you, today. Even people I don’t like.

4.

A room with open windows facing a street where dogs gather at night. Falling curtain. Refrigerator whose parts can’t be replaced. A full garbage bag waiting for someone by not waiting for anything. Smoke on a horizon that exists as a footnote. Unable to see all of the sky all at once, how the city breaks it into the pieces needed to cross the street. Ridden speechless. Frogs frozen under the curving black marble table. Nothing closer than the next smile to break the back of the king. Residential talons. An ashtray full of rubber bands. Happy with his gladiatorial entertainment. Happy with the smoke blocking out the sun. When a place becomes a person whose place it is.
5.
The rising cost of heart attacks. Different colored bricks in a brick wall. The milky water caused by adding a lemon. The need for second hand pace makers. A fantastic throne of irresponsibility. Names being their only existence. Smell of clean laundry. Sound of ginger ale bubbling inside a can. Sound of irresponsibility. Smell of their names being the only record of their existence. The need for second hand bricks. Piece of yellowing scotch tape peeling off the cabinet door. Largest incision possible. Adding a roof.

6.
Zebra-striped pillow. The restlessness of the jungle in a bed of poses. Not what he had in mind, but what he had. The rising cost of platitudes. Why these questions, these answers, these beginnings whose endings sail off into familiar cliches. Suburbs of Samarkand. Roof shaped like a milk carton. Dormer window whose mystery was never resolved. You can’t judge a library by its cover. Broken by the sand, the slipping away on a shore not bound by the water.

7.
Realizing that any certainty is an old one. The difference between their similarities. On the back alleys of cities whose avenues are lushly described avenues. False starts. Gleam of a cabin cruiser at night in a new and otherwise empty parking lot. The round caution with which she danced. The kind of precociousness found only in octogenarians.

8.
So much of the proscenium burned away by its own curving pride. Broken by the law of averages. Toward the moonlight slipping down the maple leaves. Characterized by an earlobe. Under the twitching grin was an often neglected acumen. The clouds act like clouds. Snuggling weather. Like a rope hanging from a tree on a site where there is more conjecture than hard knowledge.

9.
Rubbing her sable with long thoughtful fingers. Skimming the curdles of the dream. His eyes, dull and tired, like grape seeds. Gravy stains from the previous tenant. Motific clouds. A summer shaped like a hot dog, and its rungs of sunlight. Nails — no two bent the same way.

10.
The stumbling blocks are realigned until a dome appears. After the lake loses its flag of nervousness. A parlor-like garage full of bicycles and unmuddy children. A lemonade-colored star. Nodding to the famous twins sitting in opposite windows. Crossing the river while the sun is about to set like a moustache on a windowsill. But it is a happiness without pleasure.
11.

The sheets dangling from the line are smudged photographs of snow. A rising cenotaph of moonlight. Surrounded by photographs of prosperity. Quivering as if the birds had just left. Sound of ginger ale bubbling inside a bottle. Undistinguished except by this reminder, this hurricane in an apple tree.

12.

A casual solitude that is beyond casualness.
The snow braids its crumbling ladders. A smudge of her smile remained on his cheek.
Surely, the wind will reach us, someday, when the curtains have been drawn back into their folds. Is it like knowing that a clock is always surrounded by time?
They took luck to mean an accident which benefitted them all. The island still presents a number of problems, though none of them are as overwhelming as the rain trickling down the walls. Then I wake up and begin driving.

13.

Counting the times as if they added up.
A haze flattens the city into a blackboard that needs washing. The grime remaining. The grim remains. Leaning against an attitude out of fear. The cane of solitude. Bearing dignified fronts, proud of them as they are of well-behaved children. After losing the lorgnettes in the taxi, their second afternoon together was as round as a teacup.
The sound of their shovels eroding into doubt. Watched their daughter crying in a field, while the sky unfurled its glistening poncho.

14.

Stuffing yourself into a blizzard.
The heavy brass knocker in the form of a laugh. The passageway leading from the living room to the study became a memory of other possibilities. Red piano keys of sunset.
On a motorcycle beside a wheel larger than you. On one corner of a porch were two coffee cups full of rainwater and dust. The rope that might have once restrained a dog.
Counting her gray hairs in the blue mirror of the polished linoleum.
A barbarian surprise reached the gates of the kingdom. The light shifted among the leaves, like a rat. Skirted the edge of her smile. Another autobiography sinking beneath its glittering reflections.
The sky hopes to find a new purpose, while the hint of snow left a stain on every collar.

15.

The scotch tape scars on the wall. Scared as a gorilla in a parachute. The moon might be right on schedule, but the play is over. Especially as the night remains at our side, like a finger held up to the lips. The headlights forming an echo around their glistening chrome. In the window of the burned out drugstore.
In the lengthening shadows of the strawberry-colored roof.
Form-fitting hips
Wait for the snow
Lips wait
For the mouth to activate
And say something nice
Drift over each
Letting know
The perfuming through vowels
Prepositions like birds
Fly in the face of reason
And prepare dinner
In an inner face
The cooking fires are lighted
And lights go on
Around the city
A twinkling shirt
Slips over the sky
Like an enormous adjective
Sweater filled with sparkle
The tall buildings
Look down and inward
Contemplating their corridors
While the other buildings
Breathe through doors
And talk
Window to window
OPEN THE WINDOW TO THE SOUL

Ted Greenwald

A band
On forehead
Soaks up notes
And sits damp
Over the work
Ions
Work overtime
And get time and a half
On the job
Pursuant
To feelings
The day before
Covers the mind
With sensational glitter
Pulse
Works its way
Out along the fingers
Where a song's coming
Out of the orange rose
In the bluish rug
Fire
Lights under the griddle
Raises glasses
And toasts toes
With nectar from the neck
One eye
Shuts up finally
Like a mouth
And sleeps behind the other
Where a couch

Ted Greenwald

Interprets reasonableness
Through slipcover consciousness
Woe's on the ball
And perfumes the foyer
With a conversation between
Spiritual lawyers
Laying down the law
Far and wide
Like ayes and nays
Landscape stays home
Tongue
Peels and crushes same
Like a combination hand-foot
And eats same
Like an all-purpose organism
The third generation this is
Listen
Carefully and learn
Something of use
Enthusiasm
Is only the patio
Behind the organism
Where smoke's hardly
Visible in bright sun
THE PITCH

The pitch
Coming in now (now)
Is going to do (do) some
Thing you’ve never seen
Before and pray to
Never again

PITCH OF THE WORDS

Pitch of the words just right is
Ringing in the ears of the hands

The man and the woman are one in the person
Fitting, is to clothes, is the occasion

Human is the forest of the plain
In plain speech to the lame engine is

To rev up the brain the engine
Is the body of work singing through talk

Need pass to the brain directly by passenger
By and by listened to if as by messenger

Reflect in the outside message of the mirror
The tongue with the notes of the tremor

Is handing the person a line
They don’t feel with listening is fine

AEOLIAN HARP

Air blows in window
Over five o’clock shadow
Of first spring day
Thoughts and feelings
Spring and harp
Radio accompanies me
Perfectly like a circle
Pick up phone
Talk to a friend
What’s new What did you do
Took a walk crosstown
Took a walk in mist last night
Reminded me
Of one of your poems
Reminds me night’s coming soon
Company’s coming for dinner
Different persons
Line of symbolic meaning
Leap in and out of the stream
Of consciousness Take a break
Turn off attention
Something’s been nagging me
Last couple weeks
Spring coming on? Today, relief?
Standing at door of change
Turning knob
In its own little circle of friendship
Kin to hand
Electrons travel through
Fingers Little hearts
Move through heat of blood
Lines moving together through
The visual form something
Recognizable     Been meaning
To tell you for the longest time
I appreciate what you’ve
Recognized in me     How we’re
Similar the same different
The shadow’s passed now
To the chin of the sky
Taking on it the sunset

Ted Greenwald

There is an air moved in the open — in around the thing about us. Where we lived remained so, though there were occasional changes, what we called moves, of change of place or how we were there, would stay there and because I liked that, lived there. A kind of place limit line marking each time, and not frequently uprooted, we were growing up where our parents had grown up generally through.

Space I am happy to find out stands clearly as though the particulars of them in the direction of that hill were farther down that hill, a little way back of the house. Between buildings a lot of hazel brown. The iron pout, and the curious thumb part. Crow — may people poured over a cover mob — crows around and around the trees, and, above all, for it’s at the beginning, the curious part. It is ridiculous to say what falls, against the ground. Anything around, anything green, brown. We can gather branches of the little clump, another clump of pebbles half with stones lies down between the curbs along the streetside. One falls in. Ten minutes a road. Sunlight surrounded by rocks in a chill sky to be assumed. Touching. Nothing comes to, never quite of it been the sky. Pat the friendly dog, padding at fleas sort of puzzling out the spine. Memory settled down, made its family make it to come out in spring. The house is really careful in the way of the road so the cars can get by. The driveway is dirt off the sidewalk. The cans bob like ducks in the dirty creek water trash brook gutter. Local close our yard slap green. Blue eye points, when the rain. Rain works, makes sense here. Clouds dives, Goods and reason creased the dirt road towns. And our house, where it took. Up to the kitchen where the cold would vanish within a radius that was later partly lost on the porch. The blocks along the street, edged hard in place, hardly a movement but of smoke. How many lengths of lumber from a log squares the back of them. The steps, the corner stop markers and only three possible turns to take in a complete circle. A view which “takes in” buried in the trees, of color of warm sunlight flickering, which would be relaxed there. The view changes in it, in the trees reflections of the sky. In the water, such interruption. On the path of trees among the irises, always daylight drifting, down from the house, the little creek filling its meadows which had cut the hills. The air’s ease of change — “neath death drawn” of cogs at the line is only that, need to say, THAT AND THE NEXT THING, this “history’s choice” later predictable. Young to notice leaving robbed it, one whose look of all encumbrance bears approaching, carried to encompass — or at least a yard, fenced in but hard on the ground, a shock for a walk — or, rather, a roofing, blue, might be drawn back — slowly, another moment and some moving away. Which thick and even still in the middle weather then the telephone, caprice. But, after all, therefore don’t explain to understand, a language with one’s own life in it, and discursive from that center. No more so than even more. Through the dark room windows hand-backs, the banks of myrtle in the summer

Lyn Hejinian

GROUND
smell is tossed, took water and down the metal spout just beneath the light. Beginning days of breaking themselves. About the shape of the town flag, posed formally in the wind. Overland, our marvelous hearts, curved back to the misty black. No longer any sense of a story at all. The car jumps in.

The way it opens
on itself, takes on, and carries its own weight as in momentum, instance, so occasion — a light vocabulary — but drawn in floral, if you can. Touching, touched and yellow, white, at the same time, the green of the shadows comes down toward the paper sacks, who’d call them that, or purse, drawn round a park, a pasture circus, walked on down the hill interlaced with streets, windows it should be looking out. Below, but only in patches, trees, their branches clanged, passed, today airing in the shade, put pull. And another lower down the hill on the side of the street, playing hopscotch for pennies. First asked teachers.

Horsepond school
ground sides for that bank of the dust, laughing, which you look up, on every street to the left and right sunlight at the corner, invisible behind banks of bloom, gloom to us it didn’t matter where to the walls higher than another, silent each other. No, do we always move down, making little patterns to say. That moralising, interest, uncertainty, toward that silence. Kills insects with pebbles anew, or spiders and earwigs broiled, boiled, alive on the logs makes that hissing in the other trees, calls order and a denser purpose, an intensity of extension the greater feature.

The paper, beginning on the street, the state — going to be finished. Well-spaced. Gray. Leaders clearly at their places, persuaded where they can help, have been helped, like the bad paintings they are tactful. The windows satisfied the advertisements, the pillow of the windows — nowadays up in the morning. Fields intervenes. Green. Shelter quite plain and in our rooms we can WEEKS, more dark yet and stretches weather kept the last time. Something as saying impenetrable, before the chill, beyond description of it in the air along the hillside, as in fact from and not more. The green ground, leaves a bush, an icy room, only.

Cloud inside. Fuss for plans. Quite ready to drag front. Funny past papers and foxtails, burrs, pair of socks would stay prickery by the wash, impatient. The boys pockets. Put up little have braids birds seen. Face around, see away.

Weed hills not very wide but far. Where sound not noises, glances out. Out back in the yard, sometimes getting up. One way around walked the same, more being very far went over a block, to the parking lot, well lit. Once, in one place, with weeds, widens the commoner yards, same ones, around, one way or another. The trouble is we were out. Fortunately for probably.

Low-key, in-doors, cold locks us in. Very totally, but not gloomily from the night before. Sounds air, but dress light, unlikely being that it will rain.

Less than predictable, taken from there, said before being the season, in which it won’t rain because it doesn’t; being that it doesn’t. First the front was still a side of the house, though not the side. They rank among the natural landscapes, with practically all the weather the action. For whole days in ploughed fields during the thunderstorm or in cars going home.

Return comes ready, lowered the high backstairs were eventually worn down. The last of the back doors and a different sidewalk, lighter gray in smaller blocks, the corners rounded off inside to get smoother around corners. Fences convincing the shape of the yard, a great natural habit between two winding streets. Windows, above, square details. When the time covered them, the trees stood out, alight all over the place, to tell all between their branches. Behind them, like colors — a soft noise too soon. Nests were weight that each bird wasn’t far behind. Apply “appley” light over the porch. The sides around of the trees and the alternate planes of the leaves in the fog glistered, to be looked at, five of a line caught by one eye down the small entryway close hall, the arrival still, anticipating the quiet of the house, host of that able to speak but the lights out, the season firmly perpetuates something and cannot cooperate, and the bed (the mattress) what an analogy makes good — where there should be the will to argument rather than the stand to please. But of absent, abstract things — they faced in the wrong direction.

Into the car, once again, on our way to go, a kind of rush out to do things. Only summertime when the fog burns off, brush up before our eyes in the fir trees, by lunchtime town as a cloud. That is to suit the dust glasses, hope by the name of the day, Monday or Thursday, perhaps. Rabbits. If so much, then to see it. The house was large from all sides around, the porch higher though less favorably situated for afternoon sun and after considerable time the trees had enclosed the view, or become the view supposed. Live oaks of a particular gray under the blue firs, the Irish green in spring, and forest ferns in the damp underworld of the redwoods. Such an extended prose inhabited by such people. Doors closed in day-time, color escaping.

Merely downwards light, lift yellow-gold, one really run and shade flickers the air from days of, only the slight acre, wrinkles the smoke open flicker dashes in fact, inside, when weather covers the level directly, times when everything thinking, on the windows, sideways, sidewise again. House would be limp.

As we went up went off. Anybody telling right here about the stars, were to get started when the darkness lights up in a direction bending down, that whistled a little already. The crocheted windowshade pellucid rolled up, pulls up, the shade, high and tight enough just in front, rolling over sometimes on the bureau, or the fabric that matched the curtains held them back like a figure, curious at the window but I could watch. Mornings are a lot of windows, nights none needed, the stars a fright, the view close in and leafy, left in the dark. The outside had got
inside, two of them, that's there but too small to do both, too big for me. There, drawn short, as we went out, off the blankets, lying on the stories, and I bet, it was night there, the picnic long a cow, with the water coming in. Time to go already, when we had arrived. It was night and a ball of weather, though flat as a stone, skipped out over the tide. Explain it, so fast and always against another, in the ear.

I could prove it had come into the backyard, since there were shells there buried in the mud, gardened. Play one thing, time another. Look and do both. Picked up down fro and hurling dircloids — all-trades, whistling — got a lot for a minute. Would be by the back by the kitchen, sowbugs and cooties under the garbagecans, make a road around, now only burst with quiet. In the ear constant, visible, up in the air. A place possibly clouding over, contained. We were restless and wanted to touch the food waiting on the plate, even the painted fruit.

READY, singled out. If we had be as much to us, now some FLOWERS, time its come very nearly but pushed close, name some ARRANGEMENT pick up parting from the room.

The long living room hardly useful front of the house at all hours, is always a different side. Ours a round room, a window on it turned rather the same time vasess on the steps remain.

To lead a little by the first thing to say, to listen, we could sit around reading, of some plan set afoot. Perhaps as time actual change here moves can be frequently rooted. Drewled out rather than drawn in, and, anyway, the shades down and curtains pulled yellow the white such gloomy sunny mornings. The rain was more clearly its proper color of the room. Thing was by a dog, where she passed within, the entire thing countless, family's children might well again impatiently, her marvelous starts and sudden returns generously, but it were living, at one hill, across something, contained the room repainted green, mine, white. Someone might be the walls getting something else between the two, between two dissimilars, a finch, and then another to the window as though to enter, or the in that's here were out and elsewhere along which risen across the street beyond the window, finally, two finches and by their presence, birds, lifted the room above the sill beyond the street a rain, the thing does itself allow. As one moves one thinks, take times whose spaces at a restless pace. At night that blank response. By the wall yellow small flowers. BREAKFAST exactly dear. It signals the beginning outdoor games, tug, neighborly, free, speeding around the tree, its trunk overgrown with ivy relatively large. Where do we go but always to a place by the same path. Some distance in traffic, more places rides its roar or shakes up through a road, more than a color across come across on the road in the road morning backwards. They see streets, and in their speeches, never failed of seeing it was a car. By little wet bushes. Get in it again.

The big beach bending down, part of that disorderly, in a big bathing suit, to travel, near the back of the car, where the sand drying fell on the towels but then off those.

Imagine them even plants was branches. So the bag dropped, the blue room absorbing too much daylight. Glow from the top. Why in the world do that. They shook out the laundry and clipped it up on the cords of the laundry carousel to dry still in the breeze in the backyard. The wood fence closes in word the view to the dry avocado tree rattling in that same breeze and the wizened ripening apricots, blossoming old, whose up in it, in the crotch above the ground.

Fit down off — we talk too much looked enough, the kitchen pages, something to look at as it was an air landing, branch bottom jump in the morning off the garage roof struck in all ways small leaves under the cherry tree wait backwards.

Floor would have to be shut down, square anyway, windows to go down going up must have wondered slightly how we
could shut it up for the season, go away, how it was two houses, one away on the foundation, walls too old, the electricity jarring only one not a lot, to move a part cracked over the yard, not sand this time sounding from the road too loud — but only because it was meant to be country quiet, a dog barking. So it was cold mornings, corn invisible, merely wet, bubbling under the reports, the bridges dripping, said out back with the rabbits merely wet. The chickens have withstood the fog, up on perches over the yard, the bench outlooking the valley, left profile to ping, said out back with the rabbits merely wet. The chickens have withstood the house, though not back so carefully, things you weren’t to remember just level with the floor, rooms with a washtub for stirring, they said. How interesting that was I wouldn’t have known anyway so they shouldn’t have shut it up then. From Crank up the phone. We interlace, ourselves, as their driveways, watering between the little house and the big one, we saw water shifts and so’s less shape than pattern.

Means they’ll last, some light gone past and west, a fabric, dog, a pet, a shape which sun of the earliest day to do. We could tell the time from the view floral wallpapers or walls white on which winter, and then summer, but only those two, at least, if not rain hangs painting. Originally the walls were covered with whitewash. Hen house creeper. Mark the place, followed up the drive and into such little paths gravel even up the live oaks, so you wouldn’t cross them barefoot on purpose they clung as a child, trying hide-n-seek behind the oaks, I was flabbergasted, but never turned fortified, for instance, since there are few, if any, equivalents. It was lucky for our about it, with all sorts later on who didn’t understand it. An animal, only abstract.

Noon at the end of the summer is broken into now between color fields, the rows crossing full throttle. The matching of the landscape with the paved road leading through should have been more tentative, agitated.

We were riding the wooden horses, holed up in the barn, galloping under the rakes and hoes, the garden hose coiled away up from the rainy season. My father was silent so wouldn’t keep talking. Still he wasn’t saying no. If you put he was on the driveway it looks as if he’s lying down, at rest. But he was standing there, waiting for us to get done and go for a walk. The pebbles crunching liking gravel and dirt. Ferns were naturally growing in the stump of a burned out redwood with no new shoots coming up around the sides but ferns. Absolutely green. To the number of their house. The gully boulder-bed hills and height hides this general complexity through trees and curves toward milder hills. Here and there, just jumping, sure, maybe still at work, the whole oak. Which tree was kept, completed stacks new drew on the landscape. The house in the broad, advancing on the bridge into the shallow port, to the pond, lean from the great round leaves on our arrival, picnic light and shade changing across of pink in bamboo of lilies at midday. A walk in the woods long since discovered them kept their house.

The closing squeak and click of the screen door, torn lower corner re-tacked, patch of slightly lighter mesh woven into a tear. Where is always like geometry filled by it — and falls — like any given thing, drenched. We could not be silent, listen to the half full of talk. What we had, to eat, offer rather. Chairs pulled away, we were brought up to, brought then to the meal. Sunny and pink too, do seem how they turn, FRESH once MORE.

Through the house light drops, takes off, a big white one at night closing their doors they know so well, and a certain little rose pattern or the shade of the trees. Which means those flying nights; look on then joined. They lie down at each flight — from time to time stop reading. Isolation. Hold to hear. The photograph of the bulls were passing, hauling timbers down the hill. The little donkey was loose, the horses stayed in the hay.

Was it lighted in the spaces moving they show, the path of yellow dust, always comforting though uphlip to get out of the creek, to come out of ourselves. Walking by the car, a streak of home. Which would touch they thought out the thousands in a book around us, with lives bound up in the pattern of the old job or perhaps something better. The stray flipped it across the floor. Drop the record back, on. Over my face in bed was waiting. Time, so-called. Sky sleeping. The invented range we are right in discovering. Now, still, alone, here. Park music.

In a chair. Now finger filling the pages. The room is in the chair. A top radio. Faint park. Sticky single too. Here slow from the bare ground, hasn’t even started of green, still. Of cigarette of hearth, sure uncertain of it. The deck of cards got fatter, fleshy at the edge from play. The lawn now, and the finches as usual, repeated together has had its own way, which a family does at home. A sunny lift for you, a few waves, not just from the window. In them.

Watching while place the far end to the windowsill. Why called reply buzzing crazy. But where comes too, watching home. Could one clearly for certain, day go away it was packed. Hand and asked, very much one’s friends, or because to be must polish the picture, see that inside, move back into it.

Everything the reason now it’s calm. Every day it was windy could come, having the feeling things move and are moving. Why emotion, lots of time is by oneself, a lot of time on one. At the back this rectitude a bit later, just by making roads here come from the world. And some are
not have explanations. And then a wall of all the rest. Come down badly enough to make their waking lives do pleasantly. Unspoken quite serious, with what tightly goes on picking up the escapable and what people really think connects with connecting up.

Fire collapses, can’t even hold, a hinge locking in, just a framework came harmless to the pebbles — someone to talk to — except a bit on all sides, even more to the bottom of it. Below us lowered a part of the ground. Fires flickers, woods fogged, set red. Shines and furthermore fall, her rocks quick, in any case. For having same rooms. Plants and hedge were more trees in the back of the house, lowered below me, a part bright rocks bounding the bottom — across, believe, polite — why, in fact. Time would be home. Stops and looks as though on the pavement the grain of the street that grounds grows — gray and dried to the pebbles all the same louder. Shallow level water’s cold falls. Jumping there can’t be the same chaotic play. I hear, how’s, ward the wooded hills of which landscapes leaves to the fields scape and the hills absorbing in the orchard on the road for a house in the movement. Was constantly are a bridge, sit from behind, walking.

I waited, the way more than one on the page of the newspaper are an article, that same day on that page same flat tidings we can hear from the road, adapted to same speed lapping, glad tires, in the rain, as it is beaten green, dark and gloomy held visible. Quick to think of something more, do seem straying away from the table and about the house. So much cars as horses. For example, the horsepower, naming them, to entertain oneself on a drive keeping quiet.

The horses came up for anything tougher than we could eat — the cornhusks, pods, cobs. We hear them come up — they come stomping to the trees, pause tied, swat against the hitch. Through the train whistle as it went through the lower part of town like a ghost they would wait because there were no train tracks in town anymore. Halted to watch rang sank, the last to explain that. The top pants pocket holds the change, which we had brought thinking, knowingly smiled.

The moon behind clouds moving across the sky in the same place. Hand to see if green, a sun into a window. We thought, once, of a need to peel paper from the birch. When we got indoors we got in trouble, for those strips. Room door most, the floor on the bottom. The old house looked over the porch. Map up, to share on the ramp. All passing mad habits like this, and we had it as sanity, properly. A resonant attention or, as one notes, a responsibility. Right quickly. Walking home comfortably the two miles.

A little rain, lasting a long time, in tiny drops, then a fine drizzle, finally a mist. Saucy. Sleepy. Fold the hour, see 12 meet 12. Darker is harder to see and makes a heavier, heavier shadow to seem. Cars parked in the dark yard, rocking a little. Maybe shut up and watch the music. What city parts patter.

The moon could see day, but why movement is by oneself here, then, pleasantly all the rest. Wind climbing up the woods, winding into the windows. Underneath completely — but in mid-air! Crowded night was still asleep, each time — fast moving, from the ground. Near, sit in its lap, and securely as warm, wistfulness satisfied. There a kind of finish for the moment is enough to secure, the thing about us as a thing obscure, a knot in a mark in whose dark.

Partly feel words talking, working one word, knows this through and through. Though there is a difference “says it” and “puts it.” Room. More, inside. Pull there, not just point that, too, to it. On — and open, remember, on bureau tops of tables, counters beside the sink the inks in, touching thanks course, finding frame being drawn together. Wonder out and did now in the dirt. Maybe brown and maybe gray. The floor, the ceiling fact. Rug, maps, without a carpet where it went provided for the dark and brighter water — beautiful things from that world. Science and birds, plants, real animals. Someplace thoughts abound together. Think. It’s broken say so join.

Stay as strong things all the air.
**TENTH TELEPHONE TRANSLATION:**
*from Giovanni Leone Sempronio (1603-1646)*

Oh Dio, che cosa è l'uom? L'uom è pittura.
Oh Diane, what's the cause of ailing? Whom do we pitch to?
Ah Diane, inside's the cause. Rebellion, if true, is depicted.
Hmm. Diane, if a bride's got gauze and it's smelly,
how cruel to be afflicted.
Yes, Diane, I've tried to get lost. But I tell you, I feel rejected.
No, Diane. Broadly speaking I smell you and feel dejected.
Yes, broadly thus I am, and you bellow, then you lecture.
No, broad is what I am. That's no conjecture.
Oh Lord, what's a man? A man's a picture.

**TWELFTH TELEPHONE TRANSLATION:**
*from Lope de Vega (1562-1635)*

Desmayarse, atraverse, estar furioso.
That's my arse that you're traversing, furious star.
But if that's ever what you rehearse, that's fine for us.
And if you're painted like a hearse, like mine for instance,
Well, I'd constrain you to be light— that's in the dance.
Hell, that's paint. But in the light it's sheer brilliance.
Restraint is not for Brent, nor he for us.
Fall faint, be insolent or be furious.
THE SENSES LOOSELY

I
Indispensable
in a sceptic’s window
he couldn’t have found
a more lucid accomplice
before
before the proof is
its own
total wife susceptible to
expression
and fingering
unfamiliar with either
their system of reference
or the least
instance of chill

stomps on
the great round
attracts reason and cataclysms

adaptation: each motive
its betrayal
nature: divulge the secret of
the mere secret
and resentment
(diffuse diversion)
of declaration: doubt

there is
to know taxation
fraud: of categories of threat

the widow would have
preferred exhibitionism
as in pretexts
banal

ever since preference
the pillar has thrown its shadow
“it only satisfies her more”
(this woman)
the first of the best men
swears up and down “the
sheltering structure”
cuts short his head

my hand
its weakness
(momentary)

of the chin
of whispers
of gloves
she says two molochs were intimidated
simply
shamefully
and two circles intersect to form
a fish
vague the resemblance of impressions
when a whole staircase
of allusions to the body

first furrow
they
explained aggressively
this smile
likewise
denied by cold sweat
for the sake of
II
corridors turn
from fear of origins
threshold
obsession
“determined to stop at her center”
the sense illusory
a motive
and geometric implications
proposition: the prince of Denmark
(experience of the eye)
dialogue on “giving ground”
•
uneasiness: believe in the passing
(repetition divides life)
of discretion
on a level they couldn’t oppose
repetition: you’ve got to “because there’s no spontaneity”
your spontaneity: their imposture
(here they mimic imposture)
since you asked for it
the hour
evidence: your question (gloved)
•
the hour guarantees the difference
this very account
•
notorious enough
that you should be attached
(matter of sex)
the difference

Rosmarie Waldrop

his taste
in some foreign language
•
administration: status she says
quo and pretends
not to (pale)
“the quarrels of future legislators”
the hour adapts to the irregular
terrain
a book by heart
“you could have asked”
a shrug
distracts the argument
gestures which
(professional)
this attitude
with its risk of particulars
is like
wrists

III
puberty: he
and I know I
puff of smoke
insults
the future
•
the gravity of,
inordinately, a glass of whisky
(“the vessel” “world cave”)
the question of her knee
“tore open her dress”
“admit you know her”
her arms around his neck
breasts
more or less tattooed
applause

centers unlimited

mirrors
a not yet open door
precisely: an occasion
it awakened
an impossible solicitude of the kind
which crosses but
makes sure (intersecting planes, sensuous)
sleep
with which he in a way
the sheets
her lap

their relation
to doubt
haphazard

this effort towards syntax
and obstacles of sense

towards what perhaps
isn’t meant
for me
loose ends however
his thumbnail
Weires = mention = colorific

Beetle = Aperture = 

\[
\prod_{i=1}^{\infty} \left( 1 + \frac{\text{next}}{\text{place}_i} \right) = 1 + \sum_{i=1}^{\infty} \frac{\text{next}}{\text{place}_1 \text{place}_2 \text{place}_3 \ldots \text{place}_n}
\]

cote = covets

milk = tansie

Middle = \[ \sum \frac{\left( \frac{1}{2} \cdot \frac{1}{3} \cdot \ldots \cdot \frac{1}{\text{sheet}} \right)^{\text{links} \cdot \text{ponds} \cdot \text{spots}^2}}{(\text{Strakes} \cdot \text{Sheet})} \]

\[ \sum_{i=1}^{\infty} \sum_{j=1}^{\infty} \sum_{k=1}^{\infty} \frac{\left( \frac{1}{\text{links} \cdot \text{ponds} \cdot \text{spots}^2} \right)}{(\text{Crookedness}^3)} \]

\[ \frac{1}{1 - \text{Crookedness}} \text{ where a term < Crookedness < a state} \]

middle = thread

volatizing = needful =

\[ \lim_{n \to \infty} \left( \frac{1}{\text{Rule} \cdot \text{Image} \cdot \text{Rule} \cdot \text{species}} \right) = -\text{black-body}^2 \text{ when} \]

all propositions Image = species are excluded

tape = Gosling

women = yolks

omit = compass

= a 0.16
= la 0.03
= Air 0.02380 95
= inch 0.03
= clear 0.075
= equals 0.25311 35
= cleaves 1.16
= Writings 7.09215 68627 45098 03
= spectator 54.97117 79448 62155 3884
= excentrick 529.124
= concentrick 6192.12318 84957 97101 44927 536
= transparency 86580.25311 35
= per deliquium 14.25517.16
= Attractiveness 272 98231.06781 60919 54022 98850 57471 2643
= notwithstanding 6015 80873.90064 23683 84903 86817 48359 16771 4
= surface-elements 151163 15767.09215 68627 45098 03

Factum = thumb = Mixture

head = kipper

commix'd chimney = Picher
Come, sacrate the moment to apple plexy, or two.

Take 5 or 6 apples. (Any number will do.) You go out and get these apples first. Time out. Go out and get apples. How many? A bushel'll do. She will have gone out to have gotten the apples mixed up with pears it appears. And 2 oranges from Ninis. But that's something else.


How to cook anything. You already know how to cook, see. The basement tapes, legendary light in motes and snow. We see he apples and snow. We see the apples in a new light. Put them in a dish, sliced, spiced.

Turn on the oven by fiddlin with your dial and check to see right away before it burns your head. Step back, relax, chat, check time. Then we eat.
SOME TALKS

Brita Bergland

I fell back, relinquished. The visual eye is not unto itself, fell back, relinquished. In time the incredible heart wind winds forth falls back to the system of spherical time, enthralled him. We talk around and around the room. still unsubstane. rereading an angular glass bottle in the window. Mostly I am inspecting objects, memorizing. Talk goes on.

And the empty coffee cup falls back, relinquished. Memorizing or that is remembering to the study of objects unimportant.

To lift the poem off the page and into a heart is only around my head, past head way to spherical time enthrals me. Still no decision, talk and talk.

Not an angry description, not the way it ought maybe to be, but instead it is the object across the room that pays more intact to a situation, conversation always drives down colors, outrageous
tastes, smells, torrid thoughts.

In England it was impossible to talk to anyone. all those vapors
on the street. At home, what did he say the ceiling reminded him
of? Chocolate, melancholia, swollen dove. All the objects were in
conversation, tunic, six pence, gardens.

But always, mostly, no conversation. Object nosegay, pink radio
imagine imagine imagining. Not home, but dusty bookcase, wander
aback, around and around past talk waiting thorough object fares
transitional change. Change crutch church no religion. I have
remembered object read in all my lives.

TRACE THEE

Alan Nadler

The system falls air fright to kill cry
low source when you there gnaw no
use that like sense you even hitch no
ride close fork rode again when do
leave pick step walk other an old
burn kill quite final even real deal
hold aspect of two but main real do
kill fee that think live so but no
swept one back and short scene full
cause path leave wait and rush
laid kill cause be mean miss if
rage tape no lost which life smile
now with know tape except half
mean lost take though numb ban get.
Take a strip of white paper, turn
the top of the strip in your right hand so
it faces the floor, then glue the ends together
If you go along on the outside, it seems
I am not connected to you. I'm trying
to think now if it has to be white paper
Can it show some light through?
It seems I go out on it without any door into
blue hatchings by winter grass on snow. This time
of year the air is blue, or inside a shadow. How did she
get through the wall? He was standing at the door waiting
for her. She stands in the field at dusk wearing a black cowboy
hat. She's afraid she becomes something bad at night. She
dreams of killing him and then thinks it is a story she read
She dreams what is going to happen to him. The crescent moon
is no comfort. A crumpled paper gets sucked up the chimney
and rains sparks down on the dog. It keeps backing away
from its singed smell. She considers adapting its chain
for herself at night. The blue is a false trail
She knows that. It is an emanation of the real cloth
The blue mountain is light through fouled air. The blue
air is left after sucking the light.
They told her there was a morada across from her house
just a little up from the Kents. She never wanted to go
there. In a magazine its long Christ held flowers
and an ax. Toward town, she notices light in flapping
laundry. It was just movement at first. she has
heard the processions walk by . At first you think their
singing is a moan in the wind. He too makes a ritual out
of holding her breasts to cold glass. She thinks someone is
stealing her black cigarettes. She considers its madonna
a kind of barker, or an emanation of scored flesh. The
yellow grass has nevertheless been decimated by cows
and turns to mud, though nothing was green there, before
A white cloth tears off in the wind and flattens itself
against a fence, holding shadows the way black plastic holds
little hands of water in its folds on the field
I am talking about the color white. Please don't try to make
me think I have not murdered you in my dream. He is taking
her about a film he conceived, that is all one color, the
color inside a shadow. She tries not to assume this is
because he is going blind. She loves him. He is a capitalist
Sparks shot out the chimney and streaked outside the glass
wall like an opened lens on their cigarettes in the dark. One
log burning heated the vast room. The whole wall was hot
to touch. she folded each napkin so its white bird flew off
to the left. Each fish leapt off white on the Japanese
plates. Her host's sculpture had undergone amputations
They'd been hung by their wrists from a beam, but were
smooth now. She drank vodka. The ice, which had been
refrozen, held little bubbles in the act of rising
that were part light. She realized it was time to
go attach herself, at home.
Trying to tell me it is every color, that is their way
of drawing you in. Keep your eye on the leaf dangling
from a bare branch. It is dead, but it is moving and
seems to have candlelight on it, though when white
crysanthemums arrived, she couldn't help accepting
She told her mother they were from George. Her mother
told all the neighbors. They wanted her to marry
She thought she was pregnant. She wondered if paper were
suitable for its clothes, so she pretended to make patterns
for the clothes, but they were the clothes
White light from her fingers, I think it is
electricity leaking from the wall, but it washes back
from hitting the wall. I demeaned myself in front of a
blind man, because I'm afraid of myself at night. If
he lights my cigarette when I complain how it goes out, the
flame goes out. I am afraid I might drop my bag and
secretly scoop the used matches up.
It ricochets from a
box canyon. It doesn't recognize her as it strikes, so
she is visible, too. The whole valley becomes a white
bowl. The phosphorus wedge from a police car
overexposing the outlines of her friends. They'd been passing
a bottle of Merseault inside the pick-up. They told her
not to sit there like a wooden doll answering his personal
questions. She grew confused. She tried to draw in her cape
She walked a little away and rolled over on the snow
Her foot became a horse's head in the fire
The Eurasian at the party would not speak to her. Little lights
inside paper sacks cast willow flames on the snow
the little lights that lined paths
of the courtyard. You have to assume each is the same, so
the maze recedes and is not a vertical map of varying sacks
on a blank wall, since it is dark, oh
Mei-mei, you've walked in that garden before. I'm sick of
these dry gardens. Everyone tells me I should get angry at him.
The nun's voice quavered behind a screen. There was a shadow
voice to hers of another one singing quietly and
a little off. I prefer to think it was the light back.
How can he dream of tying me to his bed, in a blizzard
with snow to my thigh? He tells me I am flirting
with the void. I am not Chinese. I invite him to step
out to the garden for plum blossoms. They could be
very beautiful now. Their petals would
blanket the snow like snow on sand
but it is morning.

Open
the door
Light falls like a collar point on the blond floor boards
She crosses this point, and light falls on her
and it falls on her as she goes out
but it is different light
from CARELESS EYES

Disclaimers breed
the unextinguishable nub
developing "events"
as Swiss as
usually tarrying
malefactory, genius
grains
the harsh of great
as I began to comprehend
the extent of your grip
dynastic balloons
relieving the cities
the elevated light
taxed
if this was a "judicial" detour
which wouldn't have thought
would have been noticed
like that a time that's like
later the rutting litter
of the bored swim as moody
tries spare bravery in the
cinching up all along the
augur
more to your liking
wilsonian
specificatory
it isn't
dyes
one of your handkerchiefs
a big deal in those parts
shake down cruise
smiling boyars
this is what I say to
your shooting brake
country assizes
diagnosis careerism
stripping in gratification
as if brown shoes
you were right
a suit
in awhile it came to me
prey to the common
as likely now as

how many years ago
sort of climate we are used to
on the up and up
self starters
give them the high sign
who was turned as
easy as the yellow pages
keen
whose keeping track
every day forgetting as much
a bouquet of
in on it
warning track
wire admirer
the outlying material, areas
of a world being scuttled
excuse me
yours for the weekend
cities service
mouth of the hudson
precise ground strokes
gatling
the veiled benefactor
caught in the depths
could not help exclaiming
on the pad
"her eyes"
cotton bond
secret factory
that side
"I went over to the brigadier"
biting off more than one can chew
a cough away
anti jamming
in the violet
inertial guidance
castles in Yonkers
circulatory bane
dutiful
green plan
the Canaletto's shadow
on the wallpaper
toll clerk's disbelief
undersea service
delivery of the office
Menner's watch.
short take off
dottier by the hour
living again in
the recitation
reinforced
apothegm
domestic measures
appurtenance of so called
the building compatible gauge
court bloods lesion in
the totals paper money
these hairs mean w/pig
eyes on liberty st. resolutely disheveled street-babies
the world city
trading in their traditional
I recognize it, these are words
training and arms
the great games
pensive for what
could be called banditry
errant
answerable
a grammatical sock hop
thinking perhaps without
any justification
the air quality
anti tanks
the toys on the rug
wind breaks
in case
woebegone redstone
call it foolishness
once the provender ground
in the mill of
a policy of encouraging
the real reason why
the mail takes so long
don't make a fuss
actually lowering the temperature
these are the only pants
to rename an isolate
deny the place
storm sewers
actually putting down some cash
the aegis of any sort of order
really getting some for ourselves

the lubricant
recognition routine
your bridge
incomplete ownership
the pages like to be
the interest of
certain highly placed
stopping for
the way we all resemble
mental supply
blinded by the petrol
compensatory shrinkages
didn't recognize their exquisite
manners for what they really were
on the lap of the
wide shadow at the edge of the park
looking with eyes that are not ours
necessity appurtenance
ready to grow two more
the failing conciliatory
through the old part of the city
impaired facilities
drophead
this is your all-season
it as a minus
can use half a pair
the telegram of our
Marsha
beefed up
mud baths for
villa
assistance from which
unexpected corner
complements
white sam browne
our old h.s. cell reunited
madcap
with timely
because you own one you think
the house of
1000 shirts
aliases for this
the inscription on the lintel
adamant
losing things
two faced ciphers
all used to live in
tents, like these
courant
on her, below the
forgetting the evening
the scent in the
you can always
tell from the logo
less clannish
a golpe
that all this
excitement could
pretend it is a swimsuit
connected in some way
remaining from
the days in the trees
the friendly paint
curve of the gasworks
order of attachment
a clean breast
who introduced the practice
the way the act
itself is called up
where before some casual
sort of identification
either it gets blocked out
a fundamental consanguinity
among the descendents
the short fall of the fulcrum
a little birdie who sits in
the assistant commissioner's
it was the vertical, but
to suggest anything further
on the arm of
planning haze
clerkly luxury
on the bridge as she
de-de
fastness
think of the signmaker's equity
swap by the brewery
here and there
the pop of the saws
here, she said, drawing aside
and sporadic
"this is my"
to see again
discernable lack

relief from
capstan
roof top parties over
contested jungle
the rounderel
source possibilities
ability for hatching
a certain sort
sanction
vision in earth tones
resisted
apprehend
often results in the
the colony
single-handedly
an element out of this world
one's own utensils
so many hours before tiring
preference in these climes
heavy water
the feckless
the sense that makes
you want to
a chase in the street
strop
a tour of the plant
rheumy
on the southern outskirts where
storage tanks once dominated
an arcade where white jacketed
the settling rubble
wind sprints w/strom thurmond
the company once grossed
the sort of aerial formations
an obvious tectonic
appreciation of the
rehabilitating
whoever thought about it
toastmaster
of feels necessary
pillafal
sedanette
no recourse but to return
no free tickets
phateons
negotiable
factory verse
sidemounts
gorgeous Nevada
policy
relic
club sandwiches
dumable
for any temporal extent
loaded
wood pressure
deauville in redi-mold
government fleet
ring tripped
fog king
garnish trimmed
skirts
glove boxes
sources of disjunction
johnson era
signing the writ
an issue of
overland
speedsters
subject to the
windsor
belvedere
greene
saloon
so the question could easily follow
tourer
lalique fixtures
in touch with
Floyd Clymer's Skoda
fract
empress style
cibie
prop wash
on the trunk
don't you sometimes say to yourself
someone was probably listening in
as the combinatory
eyeing
running feet
whose money
five basements
not the same really
could decay down to
flexible plaits

always carry enough
to at least bail yrself
a fitted
all entreaties
greying with velocity
factory maintained
cloth magnet
undercoating
I see you looking back
detune
who hailed a cab like
for the time being
captain of the watch
deliberate gaffes
needless to
dived by the months
dublin askance
the terms you signed
enjoins
this rare abbreviation
machine sibling
worldly humidity
membership card to
the human race
kramden
enough time
juvenate
carbine williams
overdrawn
seen this before (?)
grape line
like a lot of actors
thank the wax
flying spurs
like a tailor
plimsoll mark
rose lashing
in the ribbon windows
coston light
bombination
mohs scale
gymel
martyrish
lavage
the foot of tragedy
dabbling in occidentalism
rail and lake
Mixed grill
think much (?)
steam, untidily
flight pen
time being
alliteratively clad
urbanauts
ask the milkman
surfacing gear
armenian survivors
zoot
to honey your words
the course of events
leave of
by a professional who enjoyed his work
drawn
shack
binomial
presnake
housings
temples
depended
notorious
in shop
rattle
redund
walking through her lines
cotter.