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Four Exemplary Tales from THE OCCURENCE OF TUNE

"Many an head out of there" & who can pick out which by whom. In blankness a twirl whirrs in responsiveness—on the toes these small, fingers really, get tired, fill up with several
(tan a) atomoni. Buzzed, breezed—a kiss passionately rejoints, bounces by (bingo).

Gets tired. How deep in the (a) heart will you (bore). This wonders & next subsequent is asked. Not much, the tuner (the possibility)
burns, then alights, maybe a smile (annoyed) & the turnings of the (pit, pat—I never meant to tell anyone). This place obtrudes (a few strokes stoker a hunk of ——.) No, this is mind to problematize these feelings, as getting up like floating down the mud flat of a forgetting, still stores for, gets at, regularizes—


Three color zig-zag reifies the zeitgeist. Marvelous bounce (bouncy) impermeable to intrusions of illfate, loveloss, lacklustre. Continual drain & the crying "I'm a divorced woman you know" makes dinner a necessity. Noun. Substantiate your supposition.

Dog deep in ("buck") melat patina. Recalling earlier (impacted, prior) maître d' Printumps.
Magnazoid. I immerse a grand finale you go for the puck. Lenz changes. Sheer delight.
Heat loss. Permutate a mass of mystique. Mazola, intagio.... "I guess you could say we...."
(Leujense malaproposes) don't indicate natureloss.

Flock tall somnambulance, at breadth to fist ("most moving in its expository") here said it, the "best" floats as mission Cadillac features many epiphanic wait & see DEPEND no else film buffet forgets (get to waivers) without callback bags, devoid votive of profession MISSED MEAT.

Charles Bernstein

CARRYING A TORCH

What thoughts I have of where I'll be, & when, & doing what Belong to a ghost world, by no means my first. And may or may not be entertaining; for example living in a state of innocence in Kansas City: They hardly compare to when, passing through the air, it thinks about the air.

Just as, now, you are standing here Expecting me to remember something When years of trying the opposite of something Leave that vision unfilled.

Mostly I have to go on checking the windows will but don't break while you get on with taking your own sweet time. It's like coming awake thirsty, & hungry, mid-way in dreams you have to have:
It stops or changes if you don't get up & it changes, by stopping, if you do.


TO HIMSELF

Now you can rest forever Tired heart. The final deceit is gone. Even though I thought it eternal. It's gone. I know all about the sweet deception. But not only the hope, even the desire is gone. Be still forever. You've done enough Beating. Your movements are really Worth nothing, nor is the world Worth a sigh. Life is bitterness And boredom; and that's all. The world's a mudhole. It's about time you shut up. Give it all up For the last time. To our kind fate gives Only that we die. It's time you showed your contempt for Nature and that cruel force which from hiding Dictates our universal hurt In the ceaseless vanity of every act.

Leopardo

Ted Berrigan
FROM THE HOUSE JOURNAL

1.
I belong here, I was born
To breathe in dust
I came to you
I cannot remember anything of then
up there among the lettuce plots

I cough a lot, so I stay awake
I cannot possibly think of you
I get a cinder in my eye because
I hate the revolutionary vision of

"I have a terrible age," & I part
I have no kindness left
I do have the lame dog with me & the cloud
I kiss your cup, but I know so much.

I must have leisure for leisure bears
I to you and you to me the endless oceans of

2.
Now it next to my flesh, & I don't mean dust
I am sober and industrious
I see you standing in clear light
I see a life of civil happiness
I see now tigers by the sea,
the withering weathers of
I stagger out of bed
I stumble over furniture I fall into a gloomy hammock
I'm having a real day of it
I'm not sure there's a cure
You are so serious, as if you are someone
Yet a tragic instance may be imminent
Yes it's sickening that yes it's true, and
Yes it's disgusting that yes if it's necessary, I'll do it.

REVERY

Up inside the walls of air listen
A sound of footsteps in the spaces out there
In the frightening purple weather
And hazy lights whose color night decomposes.

Late at night, rise up carcass and walk;
Head hanging, let somebody tell the story.
Maybe the machine under the palms will start up.
For one who waits.

Under the arch of clouds, with familiar face,
Heart beating all out of proportion.
Eyes barely open, ears long since awake to what's coming:
It is very possibly Autumn, returning.

Leaving no footprints, leaving danger behind.
The head being out of line has fallen. I still want
everything that's mine.

MY TIBETAN ROSE

A new old song continues. He worked into the plane
A slight instability, to lessen his chances
Of succumbing to drowsiness, over the green sea.
Above his head clanged. And there were dreams in this
lack of sleep.
Your lover will be guilty of murder & you will turn her in.
Sometimes I'd like to take off these oak leaves and feel
like an ordinary man.
You get older the more you remember. And one lives, alone,
for pure courtship, as
To move is to love, & the scrutiny of things is merely syllogistic.
Postmortems on old corpses are no fun.
I have so much to do I'm going to bed.
I'll live on the side of a mountain, at 14,000 feet,
In a tough black yak-hide tent, turn blue, force down
Hot arak & yak butter, & wait for this coma to subside.
Come along with me, my Tibetan Rose!
SELAVIE

Why is it so hard to start exactly where I'm at?
Not yesterday in the refuse or tomorrow in Italy
but from the puff of smoke curling over the blue
of my manly Smith Corona 220, a smoke signal
to my mother for her to send new clippings about cancer
from Reader's Digest, The Washington Post and the
National Geographic. Everywhere someone is defending
a piece of the picturesque. Maybe there isn't
anything to start with but that's absurd since every second
the dough rises and the bell is about to ring.
A mad black dog will walk through the door.
A howling will begin in the red telephone.
The posters will fall from the wall. The working class
might be rising. Night might fall. Wind may blow. Rain may
drench us to the bone and cold may eat our noses.
And yet, the American way is to keep working.
Sombitches these Americans, father dies, brother drowns,
wife runs away but the logs must go down the river.
The trucks are waiting and the goods must move.

"MAN" and "WOMAN", these are horrid words, they annoy me. They chase me through the
world these two, hunting my spirit with a damp blanket of grim assumptions. "MAN" is a
load of perilous experience hardening inside something called "MATURITY" like a boiled
hotdog into an inflating blanket of dough or a limp air mattress into which a frantic tourist
blows his lungs as the ship burns, and "WOMAN" is somebody who will look through every
one of my gestures with a gaze loaded with sandpaper and after making me entirely trans-
fixed, puts her boot through the glass. I much prefer boys and girls. I much prefer girls
and boys. I much prefer innocence. I much prefer blind love and joy.

Andrei Codrescu

BUGLESS BOWINGS

The finger's skin edges itch up near the knuckle. Times that the radio circles, impels the
figures inward. To spell is a cue turning papers from the hand in speak place of a gel. Fish
salad in abstract terms, the black pan night sends steams in backwards. You don't read you
stew, dark lash of a guitar to the swells on a brassy and boring horizon. Of saying this the
nearby marble flecks and surmounts, the ladder is a door than something spoken out is. The
tracks that a disc are, predicting a sentimental moving box, a pick of roses, the cement to
 crash as standard. In such mind dividers. Circling the entropy a map of what's back there.
Grass box, brought, seen, walked in, seemed to be a centerpiece in laps, taut and bonging,
rude lash to the carpet tips. Milk bottle in the gas monady, takes a strap to like, drums of it
as enter the mike. A velociped or lozenge, a word in the jeans a wrench near a market
casual. Outspoken day in midnight lace, likes animals and would to god imitates. The
horizon light was fine, cut still and styled. As a leg itchens on to a point but no bug it's his
hair. The sky is dawn. Locked curtain. Stood to be persiprate in fending a look that it's
subject to lasts. Considers, a mute. The mark rough at a guess. Supplant the penetrates.
Light took a shower, rain bending, fold emerging, silence as I think there were beets inside.
Perfume, ridden switchboard from a song blur, Memphis to grey bits in June, it's, January,
ever but it's February that it's my birthday, makes no odds, fictional long run surround.
A part, out of golf hair head and then, right hip. Many and some houses had bones, slight
trees, hung in paper darts, a hole in the. Face a hole, room in for a second, type that sends
you off books, a flip to doors, the second type that includes a tune, vegetative tune up the
gels, makes the lights on in a story. One of beers, one of the walls, cosmetic and
curlup, one out of narrative oxyacetylene, the sun on a brier, metal as water falling far and
silence. The Thoreau connects, water falling through to the air it's. Luncheom on victrola,
The piano to taste, wash your index white. Grass grass, large, dry and chalky grass, tipped to
a without inflection. The papers are lined with paper, the walls with wells. A writing
of windshields would be all parentheses. I read all the books on television, grunts with the
sound caught, looked to me drawing, aluminum room, comedy. The spine prepares to strike,
saying nothing in this room is bound to stop. Lightning orange, pink stereoptican.
There's a chain on mountains in the book on police rollers, strict block and said to strike. Penman-
ship sets handwriting on stall, three decades underfledged this page. Heat, a word of some
frequency and certain light lapses. A daylight simple as champagne, sediment settled, a
spare part, ridden, went away again. A crackle was discharge on the night of record, a lack
of celery stalks at midnight. Planetarium centered on stone to youth in a picke, housed
chocck seated pin hected spine lectured to, a slide switch the skies. Well-wishers prowl
the karst entwined with sticks, throttle and clap and neck. Where is the Panama canal. And
where is it dry out, as in yesterday's news wraps fish. The calypso was opal, diurnal clog the
cigarette broke through in all, its fastnesses. Given a place book, finds the ensuing the
boring through its lapses. A belt that could hang a continent, collapsible hinge and zoning
directory. Hanging up on a tea the next day made last, shock and tempered with, a sack
thought its beets inside. Whelms that void lack words. The cigarette went down, whisper-
ing pines, dry fart, tin pot, open tail, less had. For a while hope will be short, and have tea,
set on the internal telephone, things pinched, a concrete person, have an invented sound.
Trumpet sleeve effects, cast iron is brittle, tends to score sheet and banana, the hum
Clark Coolidge

between knowing a thing and being aware of it, sentences largely and fallen in one’s screech
case their shine to attribute. The stone to a local standard, the yawn is a hole birds peck
for the rain enters there. The rain enter against a thing. Object to sleeve effects a subject
to. Topaz, true bill against thing, to light to take note to think down a mote. To scurry in
answer. View haste to the health of trees opposite, the mark, the whole pipes inside
submarine circular prisms at champagne flutes set like assassins like eating giraffe in arena.
A skin, an animal, a finger to scratch, quacked that firmness, intaglio mesmers, the notched
flights hummed sound no longer spiced. On the marble front abstract tears for birthday
tenommen, a sheerness brass would it were mine.

from CATHERINE

I apprenticed myself to the woman who dyed with plants.
She taught me two things: hue and silence.

The stain structure
of indigo was in my
hands. I washed them
but the pale blue
remained. Catherine
said, "The color
of courage is
blue." She smiled,
her teeth were blue
and Dawn, her white dog,
was blue beside her.

CONTEST OF BARDS
III
Epilogue

The Argument: Last words spoken by the bard to the boy
on a train between Washington and N. Y.

"Some day when we surrender to each other and become One friend,
we’ll walk back to this hermitage, returned from America
thru Cities and Bars and Smoking Factories & State Capitols
Universities, Crowds, Parks and Highways, returned from glass-glittering shrines
& diamond skyscrapers whose windows gleam sunset wealth Golden & Purple,
White & Blue & Red as Clouds that reflect Smog thru Western heavens.
Back here in our bodies we may renew these studies & labors
of Iron & Feather, dream copybooks, & waking Levitation of heavy Mind.
Now still bodily separate in Vanity & minded contrary each in’s Phantasy
only Poetry’s Prophetic beauty Transports us on one Train back to households
in our north Vast City connected with telephones and buses. We may trip out
again into Hidden Beauty. Hearts beating thru the world’s Mills & Wires, Radiant
at Television Noon or on Ecstatic midnite bed with broken bone or body Forgetfulness.
Now we go from our Chambered Cranium forth thru Strangeness:
Careful to respect our Heart, mindful of Beauty’s slow working Calm Machine.
Cigarette Vending Contraption or neon yellow Sun its face to your face—
All faces different, all forms present a Face to look into with Care:
The College boy his ignorant snub nose is a button whereon Sexual mercies
Press their lusty thumbs & wake his studious energy. The grey hair’d dirty
Professor of history’s sought thru ages to find that Country where Love’s face is King.
While the Care on his face is King of Centuries. And thoughts in his mind are
Presidents elected by fresh nerves every seven years to pass new laws of Consciousness.
Each Maple waits your gaze erecting tricky branches in the air you breathe.
Nothing is stupid but thought, & all thought we think’s our own.
My face you’ve seen palished bearded White & Changing energies
from Slave-like lust to snowy emptiness, bald Anger to fishy-eyed prophesy.
Your voice you’ve heard naked and hard commanding arrogant, pale dandied
in a fit of Burgundy Pique, Childlike delighted fingers twisting my beard
on Lion coverlets in caves far from the Iron Domed Capitol.
Intelligent deciphering runes yours and mine, dreamed & undreamt.
Plebeian Prince of the Suburb. I return to my eastern office pleased with our work
accident of our causes & Eidolons, Planned Careful in your Dreams & in my daylight
Frenzies: failed Projections!
Our icy wills resolved in watery black ink’s translucent tears,
Love’s vapors are dissolved on seashore’s clear noon open to the Sun
shining thru railroad windows on new-revealed faces, our own inner forms!"
Over past few years Pressure of sorts builds Walls up Ceiling Floor Carpeting down Kitchen in Bed upstairs Pounds shed Some business from the day catches mind's eye Look at it this way as far as I can determine: third eye cheek left ball (warm spots) Outer space comfort formation takes baby rock to sleep Music note-by-note comes feet first between sheets So happy to get here open fast Teeth Who says what Behind that, "They just can't be only words!" Speech types of mind Operating influences Vague turnings to other attention Flavor make way Desire behind each article to let's-look-at-the-record Something sticks out Take it from me: intimate friends
home Suggest
girl Spot
radiant beauty Rather
square Serious
matter Take
this opportunity
to hammer knowledge
into brain Sheet
rock Paint
Boat Heartbroken
Put it to you this way:
without foundation
beef and vegetable stew
gray grief twilight (warm spots) Not
as simple as that More
pounds off Whole
day whole milk Love
what you do Fragrant
need Combine
longing and musicians Rules
include similar way Pictue
strength Okay,
so I sound irritable Take
irritation as given Give
chance Mediial
take Correct
way feels no shame Base
on rooms Audience
view Back
to show Mystical
theme of whole:
from your own experience
rational market

dreaming of Rushes
Cognize of

where from here (warm spots) Holding
a meeting Dress
to kill Complete
without a word Could
say been waiting
years Years
to do Doing
different Flower
folds Converse
any time I please Sneak
past if-nothing-else Move
at sound of voice Throw
into tree Leaves
speak to me:
landscape glide
ascend wishes
fail to notice (warm spots) Images
of cuteness social tea Plan
inscribed on wrist Write
reply seems
to be talking Wild
idea Citizens
mark wheels
with own bodies Full-length
future city Add
and subtract Wash
up for dinner Over
years on
tip of tongue Concentrate
Dream of Rushes
out Specify
strand happy future Shift
emphasis Deep
in talking to
one hand and other A
man's face Way
back Lean
From Workings
And so on Telling
a story Doze
Glows Release
sayings:
have too many
fair to note
about the war (warm spots) Place
where remember Stairs
to upstairs Places
to lie down Alphabets
within a circle of friends Not
understandable Suitable
See very little and very few Under
circumstances circumference under
the weather Shut
door Give
your mouth a rest Beauty
to wear Matchstick
legs Tripe
Position as a part Hair
with a part Sharpen
self Feelings
very raw Are's
Are you with Are

Ted Greenwald

you against Roll
over make room Form
abbreviations for what:
varrying degrees
increasing awareness
succeeding years (warm spots) Formless
stuff Instruction
fold-out on human beauty Occasionally
so clear Disappear
Small-town sound system Blood
begins to wake Having
such a time Seventeen
years for pillow Seek
to reach Sweet
potato foreground Shoulder
prominent Greet
others Put
where belongs Discern
silent loud:
plane
takes
off (warm spots) Bright
lights big city Up
and at em Journey
end of tongue Want
to be alone Gesture
to resolve Raspberry
lunch in fur

for meret oppenheim

"the wise sense of priorities of black 3-legged hound dog thunder
if only we could remember it when we do not
i should not say that i want to be a dog so much as i wish that i
could just remember dog sense of beauty about life
not mad dog or kicked dog but regular dog that would be enough
remembered"

—joe cardarelli

memory rain pride wind

she's not here now to say
your hair looks lovely

tears soak his head  he cannot sleep

night deepens  he taps to the f.m. tunes
driving the sky car of the recalcitrant self
through other lives
there is smell of burning

leaning by incense  he sits till dawn
having talked all day  & then kept silent

stuffed white devil  stuffy chinese

john coltrane had a love supreme

note tacked onto a surface says
bring the form

bring the form  to the crazy weaving

kicking manhattan to pieces every night
her face softened as she saw the visitor
utter a shrill mocking laugh & crumble
the cactus roared & the powdery substance
timely & shapely  blew away

remember the fun we had ramming
the fresh cigars between the teeth
before the infernal biochemical clock
covered us with its rampaging goo

maybe we better get back to the office
the world’s largest cluster of oversize lungs

the mind travels wildly among its planes
think of the fun i missed when i was sealed up
i'll get even for that  i'd rather loaf than work
but i have to eat  especially at my age
the only way i can work is to practice astrology
since that's all i know how to do  but at night
you should see this kid at night

the frail silver-haired woman darted across the black lawn
dashed into the cottage then quickly tipped
a bottle of the red medicine to her blue lips

po chu-yi heard them  lawrence warned us against them
the chattering parrots in the painted halls  of orc

heart embittered by understanding
sisters brothers  stranded in strange lands

flesh & blood  cast adrift on the road
as we watch the bright moon  there should be tears

there will be a day when the dust starts flying
even at the bottom of the sea

*
animation subsides into terminal slapstick
it is a como se dice cathartic
flying kick in the rump-shaped ego
which then immediately changes
outward aspect to weeping brain

the cathari believed in something they called
but knew wouldn't necessarily come when called
were right about that
while insane on who we are with our bodies
"they started it all! they started it all!"
& yes we burned them (salut brother blackburn)
had our revenge now have our consequences

how many goddamn words for the one
they thought they had

why is the one at the end so hard to write
while the ones in the beginning weren't easy
they got done now we are done
with the time we had being
together not too together
in our separate heads
side by side in shared heads
twenty-seven moons

people have gone on loving
someone's all their lives after less trial time
but then those someones had probably died

live with each other
die on each other
that's what the people do
been doing it for quite some time now

many sets of rules & tunes
yet luna still draws the threads
& stricken we wane
through brambles & haunted woods
charred-eyed terrified
cast into ourselves burp well yes
the people are crazy & suspicious

the captain of my soul is my foot
& her sister the other foot

the emotional honesty of an ant is not absolute
nor is the wind around the house
as long as it doesn't blow it down

what we don't say we don't know we can say
see the ship sinking see captain rat
paddling off into the sunset

satisfied that the earth is round in english
i take hold of my towel without having doubts
& dry my neck my chest my armpits cock & balls & ass & feet

saying good morning to someone in the middle of a conversation
in the middle of the night is a rare pleasure
we have experienced it many times we can't get enough of it

something about writing to a woman
& quote unquote
the thing is when
you live with another
you go on around

& the way is the way
people transmit
ways of making love

maternity home with
big black bronze
statue of sheepdog
in front who
knows the connection
but as we
walk past someone
points at it
says, that is
where you were
born

that someone
quite possibly my
window i had not felt down the corridor hoping sound would come from her soon as i built for her looking at her presently out of bed besides not be there i fell into an immaterial agitation sound that would work only in the slightest gust. now it presses my slumbers just when she was to tremble the softer chamber was it quite anyone an approach most beautiful installed in a frame at ten paces

an example of "careening verse" yes the only trouble careening is that you have to come to a stop

the car is in the ditch the head is up the ass the heart keeps on beating under protest & the crazed soul keeps crying out for forgiveness it has been wanting far too long in stubborn refusal to see that it is itself both the forgiver & the forgiven clumsy but it says what it says

in the marshall minnesota quickstop burger joint i encounter objects on objects glass on table purse on chair refracted light on more refracted light how obsessive this universe how bone-aching lonely to boot (bones aching inside of boot)

then it starts coming back the way you say the word "whole" & "yes i like it!" dear master of odin house

anselm hollo

how it is both the hole we fall into & the one we come out of the one we should visit with understanding how it all rocks & rolls right through the pain making the light come through forty-three years such wonderful if also horrifying times & they stay with you crowd up around you if not always affectionate always insistent they'll never leave you

big sunny room tall windows random prolific green the people recline on carpets & cushions silent & smiling but for one in the middle holding a book & reading from it interrupting himself every once in a while with a hearty laugh or a story or a diminishing howl glasses glinting grey hair & beard bristling hands touching air striking caring

"these are the interior adventures of henry little-song" a redhead in jade gown moves about the room showing us color snapshots of her kittens important enough as all of it has to be here in the golden eternity where the people are almost as perfect in their affection as the glorious orang-utang calmly munching her vegetarian lunch in fur time to wake up time to wait for the return of the perennially astounding body thin silvery gentle this time

"take your shoes off do not fear bring that bottle over here" so many rooms in my lady's abode

© anselm hollo 1977
My dream was at all. And as dreams are at night, you can barely see color. Where did it start? Where it started not with the getaway. But the dream was all getaway. You see it had been a surprise who did it, we didn’t expect the hero of the Bible to appear as if he were the hero of the resistance, to catch a thief. The hero of the Bible appeared and then we knew it was all a pose. Two policemen had been shot at close range, at so close range, it was right in front of us, we saw it. We’d already been arrested and let go. And women who can move and the dandelions down and all the bluebells with them, for the sake of an unadulterated green grass and that is short and not conducive to bugs and mosquitoes, and we had a bee in today, I still can’t feel as strongly about it as I do when something tells me I’m about to see the year’s first big snow. As for the sake of alertness maybe. I can steel myself then and let fall in a minute everything I’ve stored or gotten like a hermit or a squirrel from the sun and the green, not that I ever understand what I’ll do after that, when the gray qualities of November really begin to take over and even speak of the tediousness of early February, so much more inspiring to me than any part of June. Perhaps it’s that the possibility of normal activity and the freedom from heavy clothing somehow lessen my ability to feel concise or that I have something to offer to my room and work that is completely unique, here indoors where it is really all my own. So if we must really share the sights of ourselves, twentieth-century-style, we are all becoming a little bit too accepted or ordinary. I am a mother and you are a father, brick is commonly used to build houses and fireplaces. My brick heart hasn’t done anything yet this spring, it quickened in readiness for spring, around early March, March be to exact I felt it quickening but I’ve still got ice around the door. I saw a house today, now this is the middle of May yet we did have a snowstorm last week so it isn’t so odd, but it’s been truly warm since, and in one of the corners of this house was a modest pile of snow, dirty snow even. It was an ugly fascist-type house, architecturally severe and almost windowless, and kept in such good order by its owners on the outside that it had no charm at all, as if the idea of life were to create new areas out of the beautiful wild that had to be constantly tended yet needed no use. Now if a wildness or a profusion is used or not used, in the best sense it still will look the same, that is the beauty of it. Marie can pull up blues all day from the woods or even from the front gardens and they will never be the worse for having met a baby that nobody had to say no to. This reminds me of something somebody once said to me about women’s bodies being used or not used, that is for having children, but that is a much trickier subject though it’s true I know a few women who are wild-looking beyond belief and not depending on it in that sense, and I admire their looks, the looks of others. Men too, I suppose people in general can indeed look planned or even windowed and not be used for use. I could even say for lying down in, and that is a very annoying way of looking. I saw a lot of old women today at a garden party and though their faces were all very interesting to observe, they seemed to be to a man dressed in inhumanly colored pant suits and stiff shoes that would cause a child to scream with pain. “Are your feet complaining too?” I heard one woman say to the other. So the fascist house deserved its patch of snow and it hope it was still there from the whole winter and not just this final recent storm. I think although the trees are in their mother’s season or when the smaller goings on of tis kind is the new cluster that was last a first and how different areas of the town and country have all these things happening in different stages and at different times depending on whether it’s a cold spot or a warm one and how each bud on a tree branch can truly be called a blossoming or a certain point and all the kinds can be observed as closely and in as distinct stages as the ferns unfolding from fiddleheads, getting to that point where they look like graceful hands with an offering or even holding a pen, and some trees are late bloomers, so there is a reason for that phrase, and the trees in this stage being more interesting to observe than the flowers that come up and bulge out so fast, practically overnight, and the trees that are caught in storms and lose branches over me, lose whole branches with nests of bad caterpillars on them, yet there are the whole fields of flowers, blues I’m told, that one
shifters i.e. overlappings of message and code.
indices (Peirce). non-committal formal indicators
(Heidegger). “Dasein-designations”, ego-centric
particulars (Russell).
a true subject is a harred subject.
shifters shift within a topography and topology
of text where every “i” is an “here” and every “you”
a “there”. poems then of openness and closure,
semiotic bars and semiotic centres unfolding as
tests of their own meanings.
both the discourse of self and “de Alio in
oratione”.
shifters. producers of such interrogations as:
how is meaning created?
when is a then a there?
what is tense, time and interlocution?
frames in which he and she can never reflect
that instance of discourse they are a part of.
apart from.
remnants. externalities.
instants out of discourse.

i
am he who
says
I
acted yesterday
a him
to your eyes

but you’re always outside
of what i’m in
calling you
this way
a way to
closer.
get closer to you
as she
moves
into me

i am alone
here
now
so long
so
long
what we are

to be like you.

among a separate innocence.

the previous.

the person.

he
is the
absence
of my
i
you
are what
i
am apart
from
what
i
is
a part
of

always new.

now
i am not
what i was
when
i did it

doing it now
i am not
what
i was

(here
or
where)

if we were
he knew we new.

Steve McCaffery

in us

in us as we are

you move out to where you are most

"you are"

(you)
in your here there you're "here"

where i am still

where "i am"

i speak

"i suppose"

you listens.

between ourselves:

our selves

our-two-selves
4 WORD TRANSPOSITION

Using Gertrude Stein’s “Lucy Church Amiably”, the 67 word long paragraph one on page 9 (from the Something Else Press Edition, 1969), or the chapter entitled Begins the middle of May Introduction, I have taken the words, “there”, “and”, “the” and “in”, and ascertained their number value by their placing on the line. For example, “there” is the lst, 6th, 8th, 32nd and 56th word in the paragraph. Then, by taking the Eaton’s advertisement entitled “The Blazer Story at Eatons” (first 66 words) page F6, Toronto Star for Thursday September 15th, 1977, and replacing for example the word “there” in the lst, 6th, 8th, 32nd and 56th word position (and so on). I have transposed and altered the ad, as well as repunctuating and rewriting in poem form.

* 

Begins the middle blazer story of Eatons May Introduction

There you think the best there
and there do for a blazer is
add grey flannels
think flannels in toast

... camels and taupe
or the more textured

of gabardine and... ...
there if according to you
and the demands

... a the tie?
and a tattersall check-in look

the one and a in and or there for
the Oxford cloth weave
and in the striped tie.

* 

BACK AT ENDING

(unnamable)

Virility, a wolf or sheep of desire; an entering into the brain through a cavern of tender hating. To slip and then recover under the circumstances ever forming anew. The eye catches the eclipse in the act. The disc has no connection with the rest of the apparatus. We willingly accept these deductions as the only other solutions to the beginning of time. The space is not that far away. Perhaps we can reach it through this doorway. After all negations rot like fruit. This pencil perhaps moves across the page. Perhaps it stays idle. Perhaps we reunite after the passing of the light into the second cavern. The dance has no structure. It is instinct come around again. These words are not to be passed before the face. These words are to be sucked in through the chest. These words linger, then lie dormant in the lungs.

from RED DESERT BOOK POEMS

1

Bestial moves in erratic terms. No one chooses to listen to this conversation. They lock any door they can find and remove their heads from probable places to find that they were improbable after all. She shucks her position and proceeds preening up a storm. After all, beauty of the face is unlike the “cara” of a dog. There is even another name for it. They call it “rostro”.

Lisa Nuñez

Opal L. Nations
VERSE

Peter Seaton

My husband and I are moving to Maine. It'll be included about everybody's life. But I don't like somebody who really knows what he's writing about. This difficulty that nobody used was always something like some cases like that authentic international camera, some back and forth deal about books invented as an experiment to get expensive paper destroyed, a made Persian or Japanese that wouldn't imagine a blank.

The early shores of Maine, the hours of harbors and rivers, the attractions of others full of the one hand his feet discern or the imagination beginning with Portland which is now beginning broken like fingers full of fish. Still men and a broad enter the sea on the sea. He or she composed rooms.

And so I really felt all this knowledge. What kind of stick will apply and you know what I refer to, it came from Europe, here too, in Europe, like you have to go out to say sensuality instead of making this kind of searching with your body and your voice like access. I never spoke, I never spoke, I told them I would never speak. No one knew each other or the shading of California let my hands do this for hours, groping, searching, groping like a chemist wheeling themselves by an incredible string of precision to be more like this again than all kinds of things that gets faster and actually like a situation extending regarded as anything I feel like. Getting words within binary kinds of things that go on between infants and mothers. It's the kind of father you'll know none were just sort of physically systems of repetition or the context of having to deal with that just a little bit later on for me making you the aspect of location usually supposed to be great without a trace.

Matt's birthday is also the voice location, you know, the voice by itself in this personal level of ritual is represented by people supposed to be great. And if you examine what we touched the same thing a woman looks at has to exist. And people talk. Also the people drive cars. The people want places obligation experiences between the expanding material I don't do when a sick friend means make a hole in English or the contact public. I write as long as the possibility of shape like a companion getting to be this kind of arranging was the verge of separation including one hand or other people. I write like a place the kinds of places can always reach, just an open ended America or the necessary architect of Cologne trying to find the oasis of country music or reading the familiar example of strength you never heard about three weeks ago in writing which is one. I left my left hand.

For the side of my body. The glass wall of pyramid hosts court facilities off limestone. His elbow is angle and body swing around are practically no movement. The fastball needs breaking balls where a slight air space jammed the heart of the eye ideal spots up to fall elusive classically.

The throw begins. I was a student. Later I don't think of "at all." And then this huge place, a corner, I was connected to the piano.

We're eating now to deal with two broad categories of hands off: cameras no longer need light: poetry is also a symbol of power. Only since it has acquired the world in particular, the attributes of claws, hides, headresses, horse and the original assumption of all kinds of intensity is the sound that topographical or spatial terms must look for in order to feature the singing the sky and the sea, the desert, the icy wastes, the mountain peaks, the mountain, crest, cloud and sky. We mean trees, shrubs, plants, lakes, springs, wells, rocks, sandy shores, houses, steps, benches, grottos, gardens, fences, doors and gates. Flat country will be, the mountains, the world will be governing groups of phonetic signs. A mouth can transform brute grammar, a link a nip or blockage block. Most must radio you. Attached to the belt some continuity should brush continuity. American flash line fuses needle on, who is most advanced. We waited for Katie and Michael to go to bed and wake up.

We waited for space men achieving women in works of words I change evolving the figural legs to legs nearer the woods forms humor. Logical special language stroked as a surprise. Language solves profile issues. Approach the chemise two women burn. Consists of the wood aluminum dated. Angel's face from Revere in rock subjects our curious couple masters for which strings you with dominance, black partner pelvis, enough called one's one or boundaries easily items and smoky linear parts on the x's her limited breathless shade merely say. Through representation and weird mysteries. Or arrangements like the P976-77 works like wedges. Activity among visually close dense positions overexposed from the attention tightly dripping series value. Darken and powdered glass contained or otherwise irregular houses previously smooth approach Ten Thomas seemed standing beneath. That short horizontal light derived sheets. Three cavities recall specifics. Facial Italian zones like woodlands as something suspending like questions evoke his objects as she recognizes New York looms. The world in the familiar city. Different horse scene. The hot group of winter. Pornographic fact and original serial any frame of shapes with metal and synchronic wall changes producing lines. Word groups arming attempts the red tailed hawk the red spider the red squirrel the red skinned telescopes allegiance to with adopted to resemble or bridge two hitched rotating edible heads the earth's atmosphere and language tries to submerged being material motion specified the boss.

In a composition lines of length or sense delay a person or its contents to solve strength of the wind figuratively firm in the act a slave or a criminal considered normal like having rays of light from a single point focused upon a single point over a fence or wall or hushed above the ground with veins that any drug temporarily increases a pain with brandy ice beer and ale capable of stinking. Leeward into the Atlantic, it's brown summer. Cornmeal in boiling water supports his wrists. Shares as shares or its repertoire. An enclosure founded by Zen in which a woman's large blue or purple scarf formerly worn by women. Calculus in swift streams. Billy Martin cuts stone, for someone struck senseless desired to punctuate an indemnation with a consonant. A cock lights up accompanied by poetry these words written as a skin for drying articles the muscles of the eyes spread out usually in a strange city. Men dream my servants and tongue show my ship my bread. I might have our twelve parents. Before you examine every proof kiss me.
WILD PALMS
He floats through the air
is composed of nitrogen, oxygen and trace
a finger along her ease
the daring will feed the eye with longing
to be bored and fulfilled by a human
being none other than he who
on the flying trapeze moves gracefully
Timing is the key girls please
my eye but trouble to bend a kiss
your dear sins that is friends
who have my sympathy but do not understand
ideas are invaluable or value
free reached into his breast
pocket and pulled out the bean which six
times before he'd shown his readers his son runs
up yelling dad dad don't it'll spoil your dinner
to get down to business in the United States
is tied to charity whereas it used to be chastity—
lock the door, my love he has taken away
Once I was happy like an old coat
numerous and a connecting pipe
but now I've said no to her manifold
and essential but few laws she never said
lock the door....
He floats through the air
and leaves no trace but hair cream
open to adversity in the jet stream
of his arc drawn from innocence rather
drawn to it by the ears flying associations
at first disapproved of Dumbo, levitation,
leucis (here conspiracy is whispered on
expensive ships) if you make a right
turn in the labyrinth the next must
be left they say it must be forceful
difficult to be beautiful movement
graceful grateful verses plow
the rich top soil or chernozem
so in love she'd not leave off
kissing him while he talked
buffeting the air with her smack

DOSSIER
for Ted Greenwald
I try living the country for a change
my mind legislates all directions
I'm buckless always facing front
cedar waxwings invade winter with lovely yellow markings!
while sky seeps capfuls into eyeballs
pines slant down horizon
& snow mountain rises menacingly to keep me tame
I assume a new name & list the tools I learn to love:
wood moulding planes
try squares
wood bench planes
saw sets
spiral screwdrivers
push drills
Starrett rpm counter
Klien crimpers
drawknives
combination squares
adjustable scraper
Yale 1½ ton roller chain hoist
block plane
wood chisels
sharpening stones
drives for 3/8 & ½ sockets
goggles
lineman's pliers
Williams ½" drive with extension
boomers
wrenches
No. 7 jointer plane
adjustable screw plate
saw vise
hand bench grinder
sheetrock hammer
wood boring machine
carpenter's adze
2 man log carrier
tin snips
MIRAGE

2 shoes fall into the city
in Philip Guston's world
a big cigar smokes itself into clouds:
city puffs, blocks & buildings
bricks, wood & mortar, prehistoric spikes
ladder & texture
a lightbulb from the sky
microcosmic sun coming up
on discarded canvas tablets
windows of insane intensity
with slits for eyes
making me dizzy like the time
I said goodbye city
heading for Cuba via Canada
& all that I was leaving
was pulsating
an overdose of majesty
from studying the street too hard
its funky holiness
& concrete reflecting the sun
or lack of it.

Anne Waldman

POEM

Hang it all, Bill Goldston,
there is only the one battered faucet,
pouring out on the times we walk through and ride in
on the curious outdoor world,
which hangs in true plastic strips of prose.
People just throw themselves out in the air,
like shadows against the winter night of Minneapolis,
just years of air as the hours pass,
no visual damage done to the years
branched into minutes under the rain,
and like the hour we're on our own.

Tony Towle

FOOTNOTE

If Lou Salome
had studied English
which maybe she did do
while Rilke
was learning Russian
she would have
known that 50 years
or so before
she was born
the poet Percy Shelley

newly wed
to Harriet Westbrook
(age 16)
and his Oxford chum Thomas Hogg
were living together

in a flat in York
in a "radical commune
of reformers." Like
a beam of light
on the collar

of history
the lump of organized
matter which enshrines my soul

informs me that the trivial domestic
labors which (in Shelley's eyes)

were merely time consuming
are the anguish and delight
of all domestic
relationship.

Washing a dish is a delicate

surgical
operation.
What I might have
done otherwise
I accomplished regardless, and with alacrity

the clean dish
my medalion
for time spent wisely.

The light of radium
in Madame Curie's eyes

Lewis Warsh
was to no one's benefit
if despised by her children
like the plight of genius
disguised as a monster
whose children went insane

in the 20th Century
became a saint.
So there was no time to enter
into an innocent
menage à trois.

Hogg's infatuation with
Harriet forced Shelley
to question
his ideas about
property,
to rate friendship
above propriety
whose name was Elizabeth,
Harriet's sister,
as Nietzsche's sister,

Elizabeth,
whom Hitler
later visited,
made her presence felt

when her brother Fred
and his friend Paul Ree
decided to
live together as
equals, in Germany,

with Lou Salome.

---

ARMED ESCORT

To circulate air (in a room) so as to freshen
Or drive out foul air, to give release to feelings
As in a outburst of profanity, to permit a passage
Of gas into the head and lungs,

to examine
In public, bring out into the open, a grievance
Or problem, to oxygenate and the means to do this--
any opening or device used to bring in fresh air—the
Lower chamber, as in the heart, or the cavities in the
Brain, used to pump air or blood from the auricles,
To receive blood and carry it

into the arteries; where
Digestion takes place, where the feelings pass,
An air pipe or duct, the action of escaping, or the outlet--
The art of speaking so the voice comes from a source
other than yourself.
Carrying on a conversation with a large puppet or dummy.
At the Center, Of the Periphery, Of the Center

Of the Empire—Washington, D.C., and its outliers (as far as Baltimore). Here eleven are. Drawn together by a modest pointing to what is already there in the D.C. area: a local body of new writing, extended outward in the past by print and by moving; the language looms, is present. Not separate little atoms popping way up, but a community. People developing not just as individual workers, but where there’s also a latticework of sharing, collaboration, a workshop, affection. A model.

*Mass Transit*, *Community Book Shop*, *Dry Imager*, *Dog City*, *Folio Books*, *O Press*, *Washington Review of the Arts*, *EEL*, *Pod*, *Sun & Moon*, *Some Of Us Press*, *La-Bas*, *Jawbone*, *Titanic*: clues and cues, years of activity, spectrums of style, excavations into the person, the place, the text.

A close sense of the personal shows up, as a common field, but it’s a more receptive and even an environmental regard—where you see the world from the side (peripheral vision): the self is there too. Generous. Not constructed or confiscated by will; not the old possessive individualism. More vulnerable, more voluptuous, more ambiguous; self is located amidst a humanized place. “What goes on underneath.” “Only faster, she might have added.”

Underneath a thick (humid? tightly knit?) atmosphere. “You must feel air move”—“slight alterings of flow”—“Filling up time”. A feeling of place in the way writing is written, not by its appropriating statements. “References may be received on request. Spaces interruptions.” Not pictures but visits, from sounds and what is felt subtly from asides.

Also, increasingly, there’s a move toward the text. Worth our attention. Composing the page. And a willingness to make it an issue and not just a casual taken-for-granted occasion. An overall sense of structuring that goes beyond “verse” and right into the inside of writing itself—“and in this way word follows word”.

B.A.
Once I saw Toomer at the Omega Restaurant on Columbia Road. He was with a couple of friends & they seemed to take a long time paying their check. While his friends talked to the manager, Toomer leaned up against the pictures of St. Martin de Porres on the wall by the door, rubbing his back a little. He was dressed all in white, except for the multi-colored sweater he wore next to his skin. I went up to him & said "That's my patron saint you're leaning on!" & he said "mine, too" & left with his friends.

as a whetstone thing: he returned to his native Kansas, originating twisted root used as an astringent cuisine. one of the original inhabitants of a representation of serpents, as a ring waters, especially in an artificial bed: to break suddenly, as something slender & brittle Tasmanian devil - to snap to attention native Son or grab (often followed by "at") natron, niter retort, etc. (often followed by "at") wild cards. Rare, having or showing feelings and sharply (usually followed by "out") idiot. blackjack manner (sometimes followed by "out") or no use of drugs, for which mother has been

Toomer collected calendars, covered his walls with them, kept them on for years after they were through. One he bought at a little Syrian grocery in N.E. - a portrait of their royal family done in pastels. Another he received in the mail showed people in sweaters drinking coffee on a fall day, with a caption "Friendship is Like Good Coffee". Others were of airplanes, cars, rural scenes & harbors in Florida. He never seemed to look at them.

corolla supposed a form of dimer fastening device in two pieces having a grape odor hemispherical rivet head Five & Ten latchlike opening at he is gone on the mountain, he is lost to the forest pad with others & perforated methylen, ethane cacodylic acid xylene isopropyl, alcohol, biacetyl, biacetyl, acetoin, acetone

At one party Toomer escorted the local h.s. English teacher and she had to be home by 9. There was a little slow dancing on the porch, sliced ham & acorn squash in the dining room, and plenty of things to drink. A fast wind & rain came up and it was time to take her home. she had watched his hands around the pine, forming the pine, a circle of pine A little while later he returned and stood on the porch by himself, listening to the music. She came toward him with her arms wide and his were too. He put his chin on the point in her head where her hair parted. She wore no shoes and he knew this with his back turned. He carried her off.

cost and freight white flames rattan

"K" is for "palm of the hand"

first phalanx

With "hôl" the action begins by pointing overhead to cloth canpoies, hard shingles, common eagles, gods of light/mistletoe spires, but the motion is not completed. Time-out is taken for "whalebone (BLOW)"; then the ridge of land is left unplowed, broken into nine compartments, rounded off and whirled.

second phalanx

A tree trunk is something "pressed together" and so is money, weighed. Both can produce softly graded shadows with repeated small touches resembling freckles, or used with "for"; they become appendages capable of passing implements through substances with circular movements.
Mount of Venus

At the cornice, a small particle of gold in a miner's pan; at the frieze, seed used as a source of oil; at the architrave, cabbage mashed with potato; at the capital, corms of the meadow saffron; at the shaft, a light meal allowed on fast days; at the base, hocks well under the body; and at the pedestal, a small collar pierced to receive the inner end of a balance spring.

Mount of Jupiter

"Odd" is related to the point of a sword and has an "out-of-the-way" location as a single leaflet at the tip of the petiole. Used as a fragment, this position also can be a euphemism for God, the outside dimension reading:

c: i oo n o c nie b f t. i Ei av-
d: siewr h luau o

e: fr c
f: ig a0

g: te pa c r:
a: a cm t gl.
b: i io e u
c: e ug

Mount of Saturn

Relationship of "hip" to "cube":

1. helmet isometric pentose
2. gorget distal row of tarsal bones
3. shoulder piece – erect spathe spadex
4. pallette – conical sac
5. breastplate – refuse coal screenings
6. brassard – points of attachment for the spat
7. elbow piece – periiee stele
8. skirt of tasses – telost sea breams
9. tuille olivine stimuli
10. gauntlet cage birds with lime and salts
11. cuisse – rugose outlets
12. knee piece Perche apoline
13. jambeau – concentric shelly
14. solleret – flagella dogbane

Mount of Apollo

If a parallelogram is removed from a similar parallelogram (taking one of the corners), the resulting shadow can be seen as a cylinder by squinting. Cylinders also can be obtained by twisting grain on a tree and giving a leg up to criminals. These practices are known to "go down" the line and, in doing so, alternate black and white stones in an attempt to enclose the larger area on the board.

Mount of Mercury

To "tr" oblong leaves, berry globular; to "tr" yielding broadtail, white shaped-bell; to "tr" stock comic, haukbek bib; to "tr" lignified walls, rickettsia by; to "tr" plunger scores, rootstock waves; to "tr" meld of queen, midrib cleft; and to "tr" harquebus pipe; train epicyclic.

Mount of Mars

"Openwork in the head" is flanked by "arrow + loving" on the left and "track team runner" on the right. Both lines are suggestive of xylem, igneous rocks, horse latitudes, planted islands, buff ochel, airfoils, & tuft ambles as they transmit and receive delicate endings consisting chiefly of potash feldspar.
The locker room aid dances to the radio distraction. Lost visibility one walking rain. 

Sliced vanity serious charm ice. An economic situation a story. 

When she smiles another star is lit saline, floral, ragine, shark. Necessary understanding of sensory input. 

When she laughs she drops the cheese: Little Big Bear Caw Caw Caw hastening modification of sensory interpretations. 

Carrying swollen branches that drip in the wind responsive states a unique way of working today going on stage with a needle in her head biography reject equivalent of response overtime the leaves 

The digital reflex of the brain becomes classic, wasted directed to the retina to aggravate the ending. 

Exaggerate the ending. 

Large non-concrete words form a deep cylindrical well. Who likes a poetic voice. The phantom gets tired of Tokama, socialism and work. 

A loose myth. A structure fairytale. An equivalent voice. "A love spills it" Helpless as in continued continued conversation his mothers words. The point of the body of a drowning victim at the point where the brain stops receiving blood. 

"A love spills it." A raccoon on all fours hanging from a tree, hands in prayer, a secretary bird, hands clapping a date palm, a blue and yellow macaw, a chinese gong, the right hand buttoning a glove on the left hand, the left hand buttoning the glove on the right hand, a stone tower lighthouse, hopscotch, a crew, a beehive hairdo, a modern windmill, the left hand peeling skin from the right hand, the right hand peeling skin from the left hand.

On Sunday I have Thursday. I’m dressed right. On Sunday it’s Thursday. Potion Love. Murder skin parts of the body of course of course. Segments fall this one time, this one time. Where solitude mixes with slower reaction, with slower thought and memory, and memory fades for country. Silence lingers, trips to the cabinet, vials emptied to kill, to silence and start. Start one more. One more I’m done. I’m away one more I’m away. 

The family pitifully waves food for television. All fades all memory. At once I’m done this time think of her small ways, her small acts. The rest of the machine stops. Sounds like rain. In small cities, it’s slower, it takes longer to go. Go for Go for. At the entrance all moved, each remembers. I’m still her, I’m still here. Containers of loved ones fall securely away. This is strange and near. I rush candy to play, to bring harmony to remember you. To remember you to play not so hard, to remind you to stop playing. In the middle of the left hand corner I thank her. I’m again. I can laugh at important things. 

Fallen ash to air as in words and worlds. Name drop I can I can. All of them have short hair, the homes turn placidly away. They keep clean, keep change in small time and metabolism becomes faster and stronger with vanity. He says all women are sometimes vain and size changes to metabolism to keep them clean. Words form a video tape winter. A new type of nervousness sets in a grunt here and there. 

Cold and arranging are meant to be perfectly still. Sometimes it’s hard for me to see you. Storage light goes on. I’m out. I’m away. Storage light goes away. Experiment that to pictures, to their deep. Books of the indian now spanish now half breeds, now p.h. that to pictures, to their deep. Books of the indian now spanish now half breeds, now p.h. 

Never will see you whole, never will see you moving. Her skin changes white and then she turned around, being always that way in public. She never answered that, four-some to believe. A ham. 

Not too meaningful right. I’m back to where I am. Forget dreams. The sound of music and some easy words are left very still. A new car and a cheap hot and M T M enterprises, new and old American women still calling her boss Mr. with paper and still, coming on. An issue. 

Hold a dollar bill yet perfectly still. In a few months life will change drastically for some people and still come back to cities. Ideas reply sigh brother trust refuses deals I proved I’m wrong. Everyone can remember their bodies equal to hold, hold water, laughter sin, and off-stage bows. Where we were, the gangster regime. I accept. The sun goes down in a smaller state. 

Journalize the ant. Love is so amazing, creep into my dreams. Pearls reward, could be alike could be serious, series to play jealous and simple. My head is cramped with days.

I can see the storage space. I can see spring and you’ve got a friend. I know the buildings will be here longer. And from a lower scale that they forget mistakes and understand that you never return to the living with so much to offer, with so much reward with much to hold back with no more secrets and nothing to lose. "Southern Journey" and the small frame of books. The cancer of small cells, unnatural disaster and their want to conquer, to shave heads and bring certain chemicals to equilibrium, extent of pity. 

When I want him. Separate parts back to these small sounds, my eyes where they become one with my past, more to tell before realistic subjects. The point of wonder. Wonder lust. Wonder talk, magic of certain toys. Pictures wait nocturnally I sit astonished. The bee love child. Solid, shaman. 

Play it somewhere else. Don’t be shy now.
Says discreetly, says failures, says the sun without its name. Seems today brings lots of surprises without my body becoming part of it. What I've always thought necessary and tried.

If it's slower I'm cheating I don't find out and want to come back. If it's slower I'm cheating and don't find out for one week. Everything happens in one day, I become classified and return to the city. Everything was more prominent, no one took walks at night.

Sugar milk milk sugar. He wants protection. Reprise out in the country she becomes her daughter. Well admits love when safe away.

Coming completely, deduct lovely thoughts, style shows it, hemlines where they used to be, romance is back, families are here to say, they come to counteract and biography will never bore me. Execute T.V.

Prompt delivery, anxious still, write forward, flatter. I love to imitate violent men, it always seems to work. They play walrus on the path, stops my breathing. I'm in two places, I'm in a physician's office waiting to be taken, I'm also in a box, I'm caged in, this time lasting, this time whole. I try to think of a way to be.

How can I tell what brontosaurus means when all you can do is move to New York.

Major Hulprn
Master charge
Major change

The Sabrina hotel, and you looking like royalty without the crown on your head.

Lingo street cool lingo street under. Obviously fancy now talk out loud, talk out athletics.

Locker room disease. Our black man on top of the world, sounds complete sound pronounce. I fall in love with a junkie one night, he said things real, he said histories, he his son, cats chin

blond and strawberry hair
strawberries and cream

Prompt rescue, better slight without. This is sure and close, this next one moves, this one is stronger yet closed.

Sure and move into other kingdoms, frantic motions are causing some meticulous split of the personality in two. At two it continues. Hand moving short hands, "my hands to myself," my hands to you. With drink the entire scene changes, he seems to watch and care.

Looks like Hendrix and is completely still.

He was study.
He stayed late.
Leave out musically.
Leave out mandolins.
Leave out pleasant memory.

Firebirds sign out formally.

I watch and exaggerate biography to the fullest degree.

Picked African bodies down. Arms raised what camps in over twenty years, what lasting memories, what families have silenced and ran. Fabrics and laughter. He spoke of damage, initiation into object. The comics decade of the now world, the green hornet. In the society of gravel I fall. Reaction equals mediocrity. Her marriage her undying love. Her sense of before and after affects before anything really occurs, prevention, nutrition. It's excellent, it's never been done, no soft swinging vowels, no symbols. Just the honest laceration of a lovely space.
I begin some hives, primarily commemorative.
"Beam me, baby". From place to place
the length of a football field.
"The voices" can't get through the words.
You rip up "Bruce Proust".
A bluement. & coffee with peaks
an opening you left.
Each piece walls its back.
A view lift. A single attaching
Spills place the entrance everywhere.
Colors go ouiji heavy,
In the soft that Huey built.
Seep holes. Cutting image to everything

A spill of Tina's freckles
looking more as an out.
The wet holes in stubs.
As much as you can "it's a take".
A fill of sentences.
The ditch of what I mean.
Answers where floats should be.
"I can't feature it", it's too worded.

Clue foil. A buy of paste. You cue a
sameness of choice, "Pal Joey" stucco.
Bodying one among, the sides rule up.
Not all kinds of sweeps, what follows
on not depending. A gel of story.
The fill out on youth.
Shape solo. A stand of duds.
Jersey "the big bend state".
"ti es Goya", some noir fills.
Some deep stick
hidden beneath a glass of "Paterson".
Enamelling how the spondees do.

Taking Mozart as a cracker spread,
the same memory only in words. The whole distance
as much from speaking about it.

When we come to Wagner, imagine a tapioca Utah.
"She'll prell you", (keyhole softener)
Dolphy's above dues. A make of orange
of tree murine. The fact's adrenal beads

John Denver's chord dough, "workers on voice lubricants".
I have to weight tunes, a sort of window velour.
An edge-of-paris.

Settee gum, the drop in all told.
A fall up my oleo voice.

OC

an ice think
prosed
trying to figure out the touch of things
the pour gets meshed
only or little to music
makes of pepper

numbers achieve someone
Arp's against an enormous aleph
a public from three to fourteen
howatch collapse
have whatever comes to mind
porous soprano
claf mounts namely worded
stachio

ilk noir
wording less of the same year
orangade guide
any connection to a total
whitewash whoever is still being written
taffy on abstractions
a round impasto Geronimo
Heston’s the qualification
so subtract from it
a pinochle as in neutrals
stories put larger for their part
describing this fit to notes

places of voice
an almost powder lead-to, so instance wanting
spees in the head
red Pennsylvania red opry enlarge
reeds as if a leverage
a pure of that culture
taffeta jet
on trumpet he became a statistic
we finalize some beer
feel up examples, voicing cavation

what I hear together
longer as the time mis-emulsion
pylons key cork
the knobs for tilted illustrations
a sheer aloe it
talkies of these, notes singly where they are
Tim's brains about blacks
cake appease

hour after hour the tape no longer exists
field settle of pieces

an apropos skin

---

Peter Inman

---

Doug Lang

TADD DAMERON ODE

Unscheduled, non-stop living, memory banks jammed
Where the invisible editing in your monologue flaws &
Soma assumes your seductive pose (romantic pictures)
One high tension syllable of negative bias (doubt)
Spins out of range, drifts & scatters over an ocean
Of inhibition, so. Elated, you want, don't want, you
Stall, one wall opaque or sheer, an agglomerate of
Earth & sky, blocked. The ruined edge of your finesse as
Ed Dorn in calm red hair collapses all the faults of
Tempos, an empty sky over Sante Fe, Palo Alto, L.A.,
One passion opposed, another pause & waves of carnal
Recognition, unnerving as the curves of crazy vibes

Buzzing out from the center of winter, louder & louder
You get more lonely, as the exurbia of one dark blue
City coalesces with another exurbia of another dark
Blue city, signless & undirected. Automatic exposure
Control, damaged. Anima: Panama. Alabama: mama. Anselm
Hollo freaking in a few yahoos mystic as a beep via
Bop oo-bee-doob bop off Kirby Malone (computer overload)
Or Bruce Andrews (origin deluxe) & Ray DiPalma (the real
McCoys) or Marshall Reese (one thousand miles, high, over
St. Louis) & C. Mason (Venus, unknown to Venus). Also, Joe
Cardarelli (natural overflow). Bernard Welt (we come on a
Body of water, description of events) & D. Beaudouin (a

Hawk glanced off the sun) or Gardner McFall (she went to
The river but she couldn't get across) blowing a pink
Cloud off a pyramid of off-pink (Ted) a wall of expectation
Meeting a rubber ball of shock or sentences pop in the
Blistering sun, pop like creeps & fall on silky personalized
Notepaper, silky as a kiss, silky as a lasso & off-base.
Silky as deKooning wobbling through one huge Caribbean
Fragrance & tone or texture, perfect whites, yellows, reds,
Shot. Valium: drop. Dragged & everybody's out of touch, feel
The pull, under the red shirt of desire, more volume, on
The dark side of the loft, smile, collapse, talk, fuck.
Soft colors of the dawn USA with attention fixed on the

Body, uncontrollable emotion, sealed off. Your heavy duty
Nightmare relatives & hot breath of your masochism, the
Europe of deKooning's awful proverb, in a luminous frame
( Geography) mountains of logic, savannas of despair, a lack
Of dreams. I get nervous, then, nervous, thin, you walk
Right in "pure luck" & panic all the way down the bar. "One
Heart sinks & the other heart rises." America of perfect
Sleep, your music here in this body. Desert & massive
Bluffs, sofas of many colors all burned out these many

---

Peter Inman
Doug Lang

Years & whom in the cold December night whom you blew
Off, whom, whom. So. Washington on Baltimore Baltimore on
Wilmington Wilmington on Philadelphia Philadelphia on

Trenton Trenton on New York New York on Boston. So. You
Need some downs. You freak on a red leather loveseat & all
Those Jimi Hendrix records & Christopher Dewdney’s. Once
I happened to be walking down a long curving corridor,
Kodachrome snapshots of trivia, i.e., immense explosions of
Beauty, mescaline. Now I’m going down to Chattanooga to
Take the choo-choo & you know what that mean old mean old
Train will do, all these sayings are about you. American
Beauty, do your duty, get me off. Emotions originating in
Memory & imagination, off. Motor control, motor control.
No answer, a tropic vista, rippling fronds of the coconut
Palms, erasing all traces of fatigue, topped off & cooled

Out, luxurious sunbathing on the Lanai & 6 hours of
Sleep. No such thing, honey. These moments come back to us,
Resonance & bone a masterpiece of Sung or sculpture of
Dynastic Egypt, a phenomenon of fashion as in Giotto or
Goya or Alma-Tadema, as in Plato’s cave, as in Alexander’s
Tent, as in Montaigne’s tower, etc., as in voodoo or Grand
Guignol or Gauquin romance & then the first “drop” is
Terminated. The star goes but the light remains. This drift,
Dark shadows of trees, her prose vibrating with restrained
Emotion when she writes of Sagrado a large villa within
Easy driving distance of Duino, the distant alps & smell
Of cool, shady rooms, the “weighty, massive words”

BILLY STRAYHORN ODE

I’m hungry. I’m hungry. I got no money. And now this.
The big proletarian cheeseburger on the thick white
Plate with the blue rim. The same afternoon, with its
Flora, fauna. Tightly interwoven, easy does it. From
This high altitude in your beautiful country, see the
Rain slant against the land below. Rhododendron beds,
Desirable, one supposed. Seven million American coffee
Tables, seven million Pyrex & silverplate American
Coffee pots. Time for coffee. Above the forty-ninth
Parallel, it’s very rocky & wild, she been in a daze.
Timbuctu & all the others burned. The bonelike colors
Of the deserted town. Dig your radio, a kind of clue,

Doug Lang

A clue to you. Standing-wave patterns in a vibrating
String, an error of the dogonie, back of background
Monotone. Waco nights. Suspended in gelatin, my love.
The determinist maxim, he never talks. Conditions are
Observed. Mississippi cool. Margaret Bell, Julie Brown.
Proc ips, a soma gel, bow my cello, tune my cello way
Down low. The steep cobbled streets, the smell of
Mexico, what else is it, new, baby, boo? Intense
Excitement, unwrap it. Never seem to get sleepy, all
Along the rim of the bay, normal life. I’ve done nothing
But live a very normal life. Buddhist crap. I didn’t want
To hear any more of your Buddhist crap. I like your tiny

Friend, note the supporting edge, your stuff. According
To the Gita, your material is love. No? Even so. Stir
’em up. The news is good. Pleasure to me. He agreed, he
Did. Magazine’ll go. Here’s the scoop. I can’t. What
I’d like to do, or I’ve done. I know how. The more I see,
A flow. Thanks. Concentrating totally. Xeroxes of the
Off-print, thanks. Lounge around, dig it. Empaquetage.
Jacuzzi fluffs, sundown. Nine-ball. Dig it. Era peaks with
An abstract. Somehow even femaled, unsprung. Off D.C.
Gears. Lose a 35 ft sloop, where? Abstract era gears. An
Autobiography of A-frame pleasures, manifestation of
Alphabet clouds, white convertibles, traded. To replace

Ebb alchemy. Sub-text. Affluence loosens nebulae
Off Blake’s charisma. Problem: no binoculars, opaque
Skies. Freak ribbons of pain, extract of enzyme
Parables. Identification: unload a technical delicacy.
Realism, seven flights up, relaxing, smoothing out,
October moon, depression. At night in my apartment, at
Night in my apartment, there is no “you.” There is a
Fault in my emotional register, high up, where data warps
Fast.) Hawuered under cellophone, Sze-chuan nuances,
Oblong, blow it off. Last night you glued these things to
Me. Bruce Springsteen’d again, huh. Say the word honey &
I’ll be there, faster than a Tennessee minute. (Chemical

Resemblances of Abah’s binary. Eros powder. Eurasian
Rushes. Nobody does it like you do. I’ll give you
Seventy-five gee. Drag the ego, an array of waltz plugs.
You crack me up. Sedate, like landscapes by Domenichino,
Poussin. Attentive to detail, e.g. breakfast: 2 strips
Of Canadian bacon, 2 eggs sunny side up, 4 Hungry Jack
Buttermilk biscuits & 2 cups of Luzianne coffee, with
Chicory. Sometimes, when your least expect it, nothing
Happens. Although, maybe withdrawals ooze z’s – prolonged
Sleep, Chicago, slow, my head aches & a woozy durness
Drains the engine of perfume, a throb in the bone, the
Flip-side a rim of Goethe’s dim bowl of “conditions.”
And so in a season of abrupt U-turns everybody is
Goodlooking & nobody is good in bed, relaxing the
Magnetic field of romance, ness pah, reducing tension
Maybe if I touch you like this? The salad looks good.
You know which bag the potatoes are in? Tell me all about
Your tragic flaw, fffffffffff... Luck (technique).
Trivia bluffs ahead under cumulus, so there is also an
Alas in this song of tenderness, the home of lost
Intimacy, because memories are dreams. So eat your
Kafka oats, say so long. Accumulation, proportion,
A leaving open of the bones, the complexity of the flesh,
Other areas left unclear. Libido gumbo, ego goo. Howdy.

from RAGS

Doug Lang

Kirby Malone

Not too many cigarettes tonight. Echoes of a life. Each chose hail if. We didn't have too many. We rose above. Use two guitars at once. See who can be the first. Cat. Two women hug in me at once. I had lost this before I had had. It's like in the book I read about the sharing of sadnesses. Just about. I had seen her go along, all along, nothing as before. Because I can't let myself hit walls. Just about. If what is bitter if hostility what I ruin if not try. Lost techniques. Lost really gone. Gone. Is it that game a game a. If you want to, you do it. If you if you, you if you. I had wanted to take a bottle of champagne. I wanted to be drunk not skinned. Love it's late. It's like 3. I'm the. Pى. Huh. Who is biting on the body. What had I said. Cross rails of bakers' ease. Hope they get back all right. What about this. Listen. If you all said so, then hell, what about it. All these crazy guitar songs, well not really songs, in my head. I don't know about this end of the the thing. Records end. Babies end. Li Pos end. It seems to me ever since anybody could talk somebody said what about this the the thing. I wonder where she is. Care dreadfully. Have all sorts of inside stuff. Fo fo. Fo fo fo. People in & out of caves & say this sun spot thing really gets me. Get going. Get sad. He is over the ocean, wants to hold him, I couldn't understand. Well shit. Tonight not tonight. Tonight not tonight. There is no telegraph in the next room. What we think happens in Georgia, my mouth, what hangs. If tongues don't know then you're scared. All bricks to test the face. In line for patience what if it cares. Order form. Objects of bowling. At nine o'clock, then later dear hearts. Scattered claw slopes. Mister leaking. The skies in the air are up. Who cares. You could care less. Everytime you come. Who mentions skin. Embarrassed, not battered, drunk, terrific, late at more greased halls & storing excelling dim pots. Right in the middle, you decide, the arrow fits in minutes of time. In the spring but not now, I know. If that's what he wanted, my arm is in my mouth. Instant chickens ask themselves questions then, your dreams. See us all over the night. & there is nothing but a telephone. Whatever you say. Who am I to say. You have holy Jesus in your fried remembrances. I have someone in mind scarier, reasonable, deciding against. I came out to meet the car. I came upstairs to fall in love, you're dumb & nice & smart & not alone. What a wiggle. What a plane in space. What a head over hills of true skin whip laps. Skip jack. Back fin. Thinking a tangle, you know all those people in phone booths, no one afraid to repeat themselves, tell it in shoes, whatever's behind me, the lip in the sky, your tongue's first time. All day Sunday. The car in the air. The flip in the spout. Your hand in every time I think about it. Dreamed her entire next movie, his, hers, her. Trumpets up & down non-stop & I slept. I can't stand. Listen. Twelve times the duck falls down. Everyone remembers. The metropolitan area glistens. The pilot gets all choked up. I know. We all take risks. Didn't mean to hurt you. I love you. I can talk. Whatever goes on forever. The voice in the book you spit. Learned an instrument at seven. Digest determined brothers. There's another one. Leaving open. Closed. Closed. Suppose timothy grass & hands out of control. I couldn't help it. It was all it had. There was nothing we could do. It's past three o'clock. Out on the street she says hey lady boo. Beautiful. Where's them dogs. How come. Ooo. Listen, I hear a car. There was another. There was another. What if not. I know, well, next time. The look she gives me. What if all persons are crazy. Ah. Ah. Ah. The organ player. I'd just as soon forget. When later I thought about it I just don't know. Thinking well if you treat people that way what about people. Then where her face was against the arm. You against the night with a penis against sheets. Crackers fall in the cat's slow nightmare. I just had some stupid stuff to say to you when it's all around you now. You laugh far away so it drives them crazy. Like they whistle for dogs, part of what got lost. A laugh deep trees. Stamina wagons. Athlete intelligence.
Kirby Malone

Dumb duh duh duh, plectric other. Wrench in mustang brows. Window in a ridiculous lion. So drums will be your carfare, & not ih ih in your beacon, breeches, & ear swarthy, following others. Fleeing fairies & dumb, the sick society etcetera. All the little words in place. Everything that’ll do what you say. The eater of art work & a plate of meat. Or all going out up at once.

Like guitar with no hands & the closet of dinner. She says his special ones & he says the ones with wires. They all have holes, & you had wanted to have a garden of cigarettes. Where things shined, you had shame. I waited in the stucco to say no. Tight strings terrify. Elongation & cello bows. Can’t you see them? I’m down here on the ground. He deserved no such thing. Lost in the civic world. Mules in lasting pits. At once you had decided against. Then there are the words all over again. The straw is bored. Your wires are an activity. What crust is special. You are over there somewhere. Tonight. Utility rates. Official skills. Terrific speciality. More pastry. Yum. Philosophy american dumb dumb here. Subsidence above the parking lot. Leaky rain coats, elevator spot. Children go away to fear.

Last night I wanted to ask you something. You lean over me. I ride closer. Japannese trees appear as winter comes. Stood me to the dirt. The instant parts don’t work. No one could I see. Do parts of the eye make me drunk. Behind & before. With his hands on his bosom. Sat down on a heart. For to keep head warm. Would up look. Your problem. What weather maps say briefly. You’re not the only one. When three times had passed. That’s real good. Tonight it’s their eyes tomorrow whatever. Nor yet when. Out & in. The moon like. Beefy rent hogs & sermon drys modern. Telescopes in the stockings. Tangled is. Yesterday. Boy & the wind did it. & the into his hand. Eases off. As fast as. My God. If It’d only had a. Last night when I was thinking. In let you. Which eagles taste. Crepe & cars all over out of your head. Just up the street, breakfast, moustaches, braying, knitting needles, gatepost, ash & willow. Even a penny, bewilder jukebox. Lowered music. Each piece places you elsewhere. First you, then you, then you ask what next. You slept all the next time. Would you have to say no. Suppose douce. Drench rent hogs. Banjo bevy. Crooked lip trips. Mellow begall trips. Late donkeys. Could I have a match. The leaves do you in. Which pictures you have hidden. As my best friend. Don’t get so. So when I got there I. Laughing all summer, he had no idea. We got to morning, & one fair morning I took the. Though the national whales love to get. & if you get up tomorrow. So believing it so, they called up everyone. Did you keep your word. It hang down from the mouth Rose in the. Once in the babdest garden. & to think on your. Have you brought with your. Where did you take your air. I stood up all night & then you got there. One picture breaks your cooking. A microphone & a canoe. A cat with knowledgeable mugs. Remember. They beat the shit out of. A tender age. A rambunctious back stroke. Trying to read a letter from. Cause I’m. My dog never ceased to. Whatever’s mine is yours. Sky levers. Large corporate structures. Finally stupid awe sets in, you outside yourself, standing around, what decides against. So sleepy unconscious of. Loud to begin with. From my home.


Kirkby Malone
DINNER ON THE LAWN

they use trained people behind graceful clumps
scattered tribes cleaning back on the lawn
(certainly it's there, not from friends
of this or those sorts
apparently central to the ultimate topiary
like ships pooling lengths they picked trimmed gardens,
stretch that the stands gather
order of herbaceous work
of ancient tree the trimmed resemble odd flowering
hedges. everything is peeping
examined standing fast there is & fixed between seams
clipped on custom, light—the "damn affair—
pedestal acquaintances, but only locust
we 2 contain up form.

his friends designing gardens, neighbors, himself
informal, he scarcely flowers. geometric back
bent small recognizable, each expects a corner-
central porch as if October is coming to them. the 4 of us
dark out until seen, birch paper
& neatness careful as Egypt. they're shaded in formal corners
are interferes of such windows tonight, their
gardens have driven a border, some of it inhabited completely behind
almost pleased lawns ordered to the carvings at the door
surprised & so close.)
from IN LIEU OF YOU GENE CARL

Main tells an average city out summer time all over ridge skew low silent rhyme
Ship
Rising smoking
Something for to guess at could elastic tensions mohawk make uppity up a long time
uppity up hang loose be do what at
Yesterday must practice wills Olive Pollvill smell better imaginary inflections A-1
allegorical astronomical attuned like genealogical insistence basil awful like not cigarettes
burning—interchanges between pipe "pip" silent "e" change a pen match

Today New York able led aletronic failures power change
Nor outward not 14 rabbits over the moon or b a wo j b d trange ge over in England
I smile over Honey-do thers an old house no place anything not a friend assuring more
heaven is the one house over her

ne that is to say yes frequently indulging in different timbral excursions melodic in
orientation presents a clear case the way bats fly more singularly how humming birds
attract flavors a familiar exaggeration in certain o’s poetry

Ticondoroka careful to avoid definite articles figures hardly how long such development
may continue without becoming old hat strictly secret not bothering to remember how
shell nickel and dimes tricks that work better with five and single dollar bills legislature
broad saasy plails easy acceptability the bright bold alternative to do scintillant gossip
columns short practice attacks phrase not what is sound not what is uttered by tongue or
speachlike what is sound not soundlike meier strange word bathosphere ry in sixty-four
like Copenhagen in 63 and Paris in ’69 frost biting cornfields some through it naturally of
course call her back why note the hour of course such is time to reveal the lasting day after
rainbow lately would it be clear normally

normally it appears as if the paper one was writing was askew off the abscissa by 15
degrees and the ends of the left margin bleed and blend over to another page slicing words
ords for example nrg new writers group paper wasnt askew each
the appearance of a stack of writing paper not jogged properly figned discovers
writing 15 degrees off from abscissa night eclipses brief light such a picture covered by a
paper bearing

cubes of color in the artists inspiration window panes to the viewer perspective disappeared
such had no center a frame seeming to left in reality a corner the southern and west walls
met there twinkle apparent by qualities of hue for pigmented surfaces for light itself ob-
struction cause for light a major thunderstorm foreplay of the present situation words
beguile shaggy or short haired given the instance when

from "59"

Marshall Reese
Phyllis Rosenzweig

Part of the head which comprehends
the whole person, and more generally
the person as exposed to danger
It is Eisenstein's most basic assump-
tion that all art is fundamentally ideological
that the context through which understanding
unfolds is time -
"By the time you leave this place the
grey hairs of your beard will
be trailing on the floor...
"

Logical arguments-procedures
such as, "if X, then Y"-
follow temporal development
At the heart of such reasoning
is the notion of causality, of the connection
between effects and their causes:
"It was a mere nothing
combined with a terrific pleasure"

A particular moment
the dawning of consciousness about the meaning of
liberty. And then, leftward
the figures continue their movement
into the future

SOME PROBLEMS AND PROPOSALS

Voyage à Paris
the way you like it
he slides warmly over
vagues out about trouble
The bluest eyes
render him funny
"ha-ha"
in a sort of scientific heaven
in which all false appearances
are corrected by curving back
just what is anatomy?
and who are you?
Crack open, as skin
Nice drink
Nice food
Smooth and polished
accent of shoe
burst of laughter
Name of childhood
flesh up against intuition
hollow cavities around the eyes of us

Diane Ward

STILLIVING

I can't be sure that's finished or the tiny body stretched across the black cloth possible friends grouped by syllables beats making mine the 2 + 1 making red hair the minority & my secret style undiscovered. The brown paper that folds into a bag what we put inside and choose to share the name left off the list. I'm standing behind the leafy fragments in front of the bricks. This makes me in between because soon I will move and the wall and the tree will remain. The space that was empty. In between the oranges and the apples in cold seasons we wear gloves.

Segmented by soft/hard touch a fondling in your mind of people you will never see again. I escape fantasy. I remake experiences. I overload "now" so satisfaction never comes. You sum up and slow down. You reject the present too.

We're taking teeth to mean sharp objects & laying quietly with this thought jabbing just around our kindness entire words we could have left out.

Measure is a term that becomes important if you want to work together. One of us is taller. One of the doors was open. Once you confessed the exact minute and your talk unstopped until you thought of something that happened before when last night a real friend was touching you.

Not to want to choose but to lay down the guitar. Not to keep something important from you. Every thought I have is tops. I'm interested in this pain you feel and spending time alone. I'm personally quiet again. Most of the sound is calculated or consonants that are not smooth.

This is non-emotional or without thought but only emotion. When I move it's just for cover-up or for you to uncover. This is the response I like the most. I tie my shoes slowly and keep you waiting but nothing reminds you. It's the man in relationship to the woman or the woman to the man or two figures to the building behind them.

You become something precious and I have trouble hearing. From every point there is a horizon. Construction at the halfway point. Ice that is water when it melts I will drink it. Doug and the horse.

He was insisting two things. There are just two things now. There is nothing here that re-

minds me of you I remember tying my shoe I remember the smell of the shirts that you wore.

I feel adjacent feeling sincere odd because of the way we are dressed the timing is off be-

comes out of trucks encircling stars reducing sidestepping time as a playmate for our ability.
ONE ONE ONE

You'd think that all it was was here you'd think that next time if it were all here the next time it was here you'd think the next time it would all be place and thing you would think it here if it were here the next time you'd be here if it were here it were here and you'd think well, it being the next time naturally that all it was and now it is and it is here but you'd think if this is the next time then here it
here it is and it is
if this is here and the next time it is here
for sure the thing you think for the first time is
that the next time is here
it's all here and here if it were but
it is and is the next time and here
it is it the next time and here
it is it all here and naturally it is
because you think as you are thinking that this
is it it the next time and I am
here it is here and you thinking that you'd
think if this is it then this is here is
it and all you think is this it
then this must be it if it is here.
You'd think that all it was was
and is here is.

BUMPERCARS

Last night you sold these things to me. You were across the field and smaller
because of all this distance. Slicing open the boxes and nailing them together again. Your
knees and my knees above the rubber around the tiles of the floor and you saying yes and
you getting bigger as if a haircut were the last step toward total dependence. Orange came
in a midnight dream we placed the last piece into the puzzle with the picture of the woman
that was dressed in blue in a blue garden, night for the background. Before this I resisted
your compassion the even marks I envy and the rule that starts at zero. During the night
it has begun to snow. The street pacifies me as your art is you sitting at the window watch-
ing is a postcard you never mailed.

He is touching her close to her face and a white stallion comes into his mind an open
field in which there is a herd of black horses, she has the same picture only empty. Her
record collection is beginning to grow I don't think she likes to cook I can't hear what he is
saying to her.

Why are we afraid again or maybe we don't care. One could find a use for a piece
of string or one could find the right string to use. This is where we are different. Morning
while you are still wrapped and sleeping or you've woken up before me. Rows of books
books. German seemed difficult at first hearing that you should pace the floor in a hollow
way but never recognizing the sound as a real part of you.

Diane Ward

Her sadness is not her own. Her own sadness is knowing that others are the sadness
she should have felt. She is moved with thoughts about the end, laughing if nothing comes
before thinking that the music should be softer. Stories in her mind that will end soon
though she stayed silent during the dance & stopped tapped her foot, this makes her sad.

During the night the street has become dark, large circles jump as my eye follows the
lights pull my eyes like a steady bass underneath the melody. Seasons of music or familiar
the music is so familiar tonight. You said, taking sides is nothing like commitment.

You said, the motion of the blade when shaving
You said, don't watch me any more.

Now he waits for you. All you want is intention. To have paused him on the street
and he was only one of the faces you have been afraid to meet him and he became a part
of every face.

Every terror, eaten every channel you choose. TV shows stay with you during the
night. You played the game, louder letting me watch the mistakes. Another piece from you
nodding off the corner from stairs you were tightly synchronized. The fire hydrants make
water, sweating in the summer, sweating when things get colder, sweating and your hand
through long hair, without style, one finger running for the word "involution". You're
not leaving anything for me to clean so I look or do I look or do I walk away again? Not
responsible. You forgot to mention Bulgaria, Turkey, the afternoon of Burma, you forgot
we were in Hungary. The list of factories that you keep. All in distance. A worker and a
queen a male that is useless, the cards coming true again. You've forgotten what the imita-
tions meant to us. Sometimes I think it's you I'm really talking to, you supply it over and
over. Music will loosen your hold when his face took its own dark tune music will loosen
if the music stops the memory loosens your hold. This long, word "begin". Half the part
I think I want.

His first thought is followed by a red circle around the big dates. These are the days
he can't forget, markers at the beginning and end of eras in his life. This is not control.
This is not the plan. This is documentation. This could be the last mention, how would he
know that these are the last words. It's all he cared about for so long. The second year he
began to feel more comfortable. At the end of the third year he traded in his car. Two
months later, he gained weight with uncertain gaiety. During the first year: dust collected
in corners and objects left untouched. Still interested at this point, he wanted to know more.
He began to drift in June. One day forgetting to lock the case and it didn't matter so
quickly in one day what had changed didn't matter and he stayed overnight. The cigarette
burns on the table edge. The cream is in the pitcher as he lies in bed headlight hitting the
wall across the bookshelves. He falls asleep. During the second year he tries this once a week.
They become close but not because they are similar.

As he hears the words and she hears herself saying them as she is explaining, it has
already changed. Inside is like the slow reaction of water to heat, the first sign of disturbance
no real power, a month ago, the puzzle makes sense only when the pieces are clear. It sounds
like porcelain against wood. It's my reason that's become my habit that's lost its reason
that's become the days and nights and you say I've changed. She would have tried anything,
now skiing in one day what was possible, but she could not put on Sunday Shoes. This was a choice she
had made. This was no judgement. Was passion was possible was painful. She saw herself on
the cliff turn to walk back, dreaming turns into memory.

We grow apart, we meet again, notation on our breath, abstract messages, what's
around that's been done before that you can do again. On the japanese mat numbers
correspond to activities, performance, the traditional eye level. Algebra and a female above,
no static.
Facts take over in your memory. The amusement park, backstepping, fear pulls us closer. In the drugstore, over coffee, it's here. Along the curb discarded wrappers. In film titles. In the smell of the rain. When the cat cried last night, pieces of music from the radio. I feel it coming infinitely close. When it touches it's not really here. We project to make it count.

You take the wheel when I can't, I like to ride, you get out walking against the red count time by the yellows singing to yourself. The face goes past quickly. Turning into you missing your protection. The group becomes a smile or a smear of smiles, laughing loses laughter, white hides again inside of blue. Movement breaks down to sounds of approaching past two indefinite limits.

from WAVE

for Diane Ward

Sophocles long ago

heard it on the Argean,

and it brought into his mind

sadness, and the things that make you sad: the sea, the shore that meets it, the earth and the things that breathe there, the mountains, the valleys, the rocks, the quiet vegetation, the lakes, rivers, oceans, brooks, bays, inlets, and streams, the continents, the islands, the wind, rain, sleet, snow, and hail, the sky and its clouds and stars and planets. Close to prose there is a sense the way of saying it has always been there, something intrinsic making connections among the various parts that were not parts at all, as the way of saying it was not a part, but aspects, like a holograph; you shatter it, and the many pieces each take the form of the whole: umbrellas, houses, movies, toasters, rope, shoes, monuments, bombs, books, bicycles, trains, beds, radios, universities, soup, envelopes, board games, can openers, bells. All sad. so sad, but in the archaic sense of that word: earnest, for real.

Bernard Welt

And even though you were imitating someone, ripping whole epochs of life off out of a book or what a friend had said in casual conversation that convinced you somehow you had figured out what it was that had made him that way and now you could be that way, too, admired, at least confident whether you were admired or not that that was no longer necessary; even so it seems now to have made no difference, whether because it is only what happens everywhere to everyone and you couldn't see that because you were inside it, or because now you know that however it might have happened, there was a course that had to be followed, not to get all mystical about it, just to recognize that the pattern had been there from the beginning and that as it grew it was necessary for it to retain its shape even as it increased in size; though it certainly might look different, especially if you are now seeing only one small aspect of the whole shape where before it was small enough for you to see it all at once; yet you know it couldn't change significantly, that the individual moments were isomorphic, as you know that every time the wave returns, the shore will be there.

ANY PORT IN A STORM

for Terence Winch

You would dig it here: the beautiful frame we live in is always filled with useful words; you can learn them. too, get used to their sounds and the way their flat shadows fall across the queasy feeling you get when you sense that your principles have been violated, suddenly emptied of content, the blankness of your expression pulled across fields of pure snow, shredding your past, the horrible geometry of attraction finally given a name.

They have put us all in one prison. It happens early.
What is it, to serve you a life all mashed up together like baby food: great if you have no teeth and haven't yet developed a sense of taste, but it is bland and thin and there is still this mistrust of whatever seems easy, and off we go again, asking all the wrong questions, too hassled to wait for an answer, breathing the cold fall air, convinced of the beauty of our surroundings.
And that's it: the irresponsibility of allowing all that hard-gotten sadness to slip through your fingers without joining yourself to it, knowing there are others like you who would jump at the chance to have their illusions confirmed so conclusively, however frightening they might be, the relationship between language and personality as arbitrary as who you will finally decide to marry, because you know once the choice becomes necessary, any choice will do.

In that thrill, the object of your frustration is transformed: there's a moment of unbearable attention as you realize that the point of there having been no point in all this was that you should recognize there is no desire you can fashion that will not feed itself and change shape as it feeds, growing larger at first and then fading, as the body does, with age, and that could not be used, carefully, as a rose might be, to be fixed as a warning before you.

Still, there must be some reason to say you have chosen one over the other, one which makes possible the idea of wrong choice, of wrong action, which gives you a basis for further choices and, on a larger scale, engenders the concept of heresy, without which civilization would fall apart at the seams. Each time it happens, it is exactly like the first time - there is still the possibility of being wrong, the equal promise of joy or disaster.

What will we tell them when they ask us why so much was excluded: that it never occurred to us, that it seemed contrived for them, those others, who dealt easily with these decisions? That we didn't want to be tied to a single purpose, always looking out the same window on the same scene? Or we could show them the sun coming up, a river so cold and placid there is no challenging its authenticity and say, "There. Choose for yourself."

I'm sorry to have forgotten you, even for a moment:

Could they be happy there? Did it matter?

We have loved the world too much;

Remaining young and beautiful, commanding attention,

We have chosen this place, and we'll stay here --

Trapped in their bodies, unable to move.

---

CRAZY GUGGENHEIM

I had this job
I think it was Monday nights
at a bar called the Tara House.
The job lasted a couple of months
until the place folded. It was very poorly managed.
There were very few customers.

Every once in a while there were no customers at all.
Just us, playing to an empty room, not counting the bartender.
While I worked there I used to get angry
thinking how much better I could run the place.
One night while we were playing a group of people arrived and sat at a table in the back. It was just them
and us. One of the people at the table was a judge
or something. He came up to us during the set
and told us Frank Fontaine was in his party
and we should invite him up to sing a song.
The name sounded familiar, but it took a second to click.
I'm not very good at remembering who people are.
Oh yeah! Frank Fontaine-- Crazy Guggenheim
from the Jackie Gleason show. I remembered he was funny
but people were uncomfortable thinking maybe he was
making fun of the handicapped. I believe there was a controversy.

They twisted Frank's arm and we issued the invitation
and pretty soon Frank was right there with us.

He acted like he thought he was in Carnegie Hall
the way he went at it. Gave it his all.
He sang a song of his own composition
which was simple enough for us to pick up on the spot.

We backed him with enthusiasm. Good for Frank, I thought,
putting out like that for the judge and his other friends.

He was pretty funny too. After the set he joked
about how much he liked our music
and owned all of our records.

---

Bernard Welt

Terence Winch
WINTER 1975-76

It was the worst of times, it was the worst of times.

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE PHONE CALL

You are in a room, very hip, painting a piano.
You isolate a particle of matter and begin to feel
the effect of isolation yourself. The only sound you make
resembles a frail boy yielding in an apartment.

Ugly, stupid, cowardly, filthy & disgusting.
This is the greatest thing I’ve ever done.
Crying miserable tears of repentance.
I ruined your hamburger and your life.

I will send you bricks to keep your temperature down.
I will send you that plug you’ve always wanted for your asshole.
Don’t ever come back. Please.
I just stepped into the brilliant supermarket and cried.

Someone comes to my apartment every night & starts shouting
"Okay, closing time! Let’s go! Everybody out!"
If you came back now I know they’d let me stay here.
I’d blow my horn & tell you my Chicago story.

Terence Winch
ROOFIV: from Tamoka occurrence of tune at center Tibet tanrose contest of Bardsth ebride from wavebugless bow wings backen ding fall 77 $3