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ROOF V

Segue, NYC
Editor: James Sherry  
Assistant Editor: Vicki Hudspith  
Contributing Editor: Tom Savage  
Art Editor and cover design: Lee Sherry  
Production: John Rios  

ROOF is published by Segue, 300 Bowery, NY, NY 10012  
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All manuscripts should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.  
Subscriptions: individuals $11.00 yearly (4 issues), institutions $16.00.  
Note to Librarians: ROOF V should be catalogued vol. 2, no. 1.

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 Graphics: Jim Huntington
 Alan Uglow
"815 CIRCLE DRIVE"

for John D.C.

Countless squirrels waiting for the light to turn red
He was wearing a white shirt and tie dried nail polish on
the door lawn sail in late afternoon sun crumbling
cloth of forests there are scorpions blowing through the sand
and all the funky children point their ice cream at me
empty carrot juice in the green lawns fish and the Seine
blue disposal barrel the dogs limped and took quick side
glances passed into the dark catholic mouse trap of
future shows dulcimer case over my shoulder damsel with
dulcimer in a vision once I saw an airconditioner behind
me cold back saltwater naked figures in showers wet slaps
pink nakedness luminous bruises slaps the air with his
errection in the hospital bed in some stranger’s smallville
sleeping dog aroused by fire. Pilot what could I have?
The sea was rough. Clear water trout appendicitis blood
poisoning buttons fell to the floor I bowed sonorously
to purple jackals growling in a lack of raw meat
he passed out sets of blue tiger pits the dogs were not
howling post card in a pocket here boy blue pants and
general view slowly the boy takes inventory 815 Circle Drive
the great circle don’t hesitate to contact me gun in a chest
of drawers appointed window this overlay of memory
from PLANH

I

Written granite
outlining two rows
of sultry atmosphere

profile
on the horizon
lofty and obstinate

drew his attention
planted
its initial stages

balancing
continuous
resounding

two principal
ornaments sly
in the middle distance

sleeping with
the action
of his tether

confident
thoughtless
generous

every day
hat stuffed
fossils trembled

imprecise
they asked
for the monotony

authenticity
rolling vision
from staring eyes

into a kind
of stupor seized
by a low voice

Ray DiPalma

that would be
quite sufficient
in this place or that

about their dream
a limited horizon
distrust for balance

movement and novelty
answered
for everything

lay in splinters
smiled at the wheel
the axle broke

and nothing was missing
filled pitch black
like a dream

knees drawn up
mouth open
moonlight

II

Pinch window
poplars
rattling a kilometer

kitchen bundles
sunken lane
reading plaster

as round bounced
pit her high color
into a reverie

unequal into
a long cart
stiffly piled

count barefoot
root fodder
a broad semi-circle

Ray DiPalma
pointed rounds
of a copper shaft
arable mound
storms till evening
being cheated
stuffing wheat
writing labels
chalk-smeared
their skin a piece of wood
huge dahlias
eucalyptus
keen twist
to the lee
pump oats
gold bottom
opium grubs
pushed beneath
beer front
at once
in the dutch style
drum gas
the swollen lids
crackled a spurt
vermilion shared
hands to the flames
an absolute labyrinth
deficit policy
in deeper holes
apricots candelabra
crowns stiffeners
pattern bone
in a frame
of the pyramids
the sea on the coast
onto the flower beds
a new kind
treatment climate
dead trees
box geometry

philosophy
winding like a maze
six squared
length brought an echo
cubes cylinders chairs
basket with praise
eyes squint velvet
applause
naked women
dumpy and sulky
golden light
pigeon depth
domestic cheeks
circumflex
disc mud plank
spasm guests
with the pipes
I fought in Africa

spleen bared
brandy
middle scant
pagoda
fastened strips of cloth
under logs
sieves barrels funnels
skimmers filters scales
bowls spoon chimney
that must be
the result
colored red with sandalwood
lid off first
second third
bolted instrument
so many
beyond their comprehension
asked this
Absolute simple bodies several divide diamonds
the jaw
the eye sockets
the fearful length of the hands
straw two lungs
a large egg
oblong hot countries
any case
bijou
table spectators
one organ
accompanied his words
again in box
some jokers
despite living
but he had run
shadow
nibbling
the dog barked
cajole
phosphorous
hard at random
oats camphor
aloes almanacs
chalk lymph
frightful
headaches
cut from quills
bright red or pale yellow
leather and stale cheese
pinched
principle principle
folded his arms
bent a story
confinements
dummies
stormed skin
pulse wind
flies draught
stone sign
wine after soup
teeth
in the sea
all sparkling
low on the horizon
archipelagos
the parabola
people trade
drawn into hollows
fish fins
birds wings
seeds husk
a bare world
curiosities
porphyry and basalt
thicker hide
blue cotton
fossils
was there any chance
obscurity followed
to save a journey
thunder the waves
in the rock
sky contours
surveyor’s chain
crowbars a compass
red as poppy
depth of a distance
clay and marl
quartz and limestone

columns blocked
sonorous very light
central fire
wheeled
not eaten
throbbing
cut out in large steps
with his eyes closed
the same length of time
things which begin
between
the sense and the letter
mass liquid globe
laugh the surface
at lipped approach
manual
woman bitch bird
formed by crystallization
equatorial from fishes
from apes stick against
carbon changes form
delicate rustic simple
lid dropped
kneeling figures
on a shell
bent in profile
the bobbins went in

besides that's an idea
the edge of a ditch
made up your mind

An enormous chain
the opposite wall
two steps down
a carafe
pointed like a pagoda
dim light
against whitewash
stone benches
ivory lets in the sun
a new kind of apple
a verse comedy
takes its name
in front of formal
courtyards up to the
phial copper coins
slice to tough
the drunkard's face
you a bit all the same
elbows stuck out
the many broken pieces
held steady
a glance to decide
bumped against
some old papers
the listed axe
buried nettles
smoking his pipe
Saturn of the pagans
tree roots intermingled
with masses of granite
horn
out for sacrilege
striking stones
axles chair-legs
pestles bolts pyramids
 candles milestones
mother tongue
if there were objections
dogmas discreetly appeared
redeemed by serious features
the thirst the itch
acquired objects long sought
picked up the bits
I know something better
squatting like a monkey
show us a text
ignorant of history
put off by ineptitude
his booming voice
rose above a cloud of dust
sounded like a piston
more facts contradictions
one million memoirs
death looks fishy to me
a difference of idea
all the similar doubts
a taste for history
the three systems
with odd attractive names
mnemotechnic 'ric, ric'
to explain myths
deny the plan
offer moral examples
his long neck
his pear-shaped head
then condense it in a narrative
everywhere crushes
gives a banquet
unfolds a map
intimate details
walking in step
repeating a pardon

Ray DiPalma

no one mentions
a note in the margin
they see the middle
in the woodshed
on a chair strewn
out to varnish
I say that you are
being fooled
presume to discover

V

A new world
artful as monkeys
without a moment for reflection
bore no expression
follow the procession
poisoned opinion
a single block
he sighed and sighed
he was full of enthusiasm
specks of dust
under the microscope his
voice in the other direction
pompous or subtle
but lyrical disordered
false as fortune
to find disguise
prefer this charming
motionless green velvet
delirium
pick a piece
squatted on a bit of stone
just been raining
bright patches sparrows
through the beeches
with one hand
there another time
pleased he did not confide
the prospect
was the subject
bolt the door
light
taking its story
involves mass
dilemma
always agrees
he waited
syntax fantasy
grammar illusion
Voltaire to tell a crow
darkness
conforms to reason
narrow by memory
by intuition
disturbed by doubts
the indignant taste
a bell rang
reconcile delay
chill preliminaries
who had recognized
the most sacred
expression
language fastened
full of nerves
to the talking side

doomsday
garbage
or whatever it's
spectacular
how things go
we're all moving
make no mistake
in the eyes
everywhere
guts
a few fins

sounds tumbling electric story
a whopper
a whale
has to breathe
a different atmosphere
1/3rd 0
a lake
ah but bound up
contained
calm weather
vegetation helps rain
a nice taste to the flounder
cast yourself off
it's a good for cats and men

there go the books years of
lying there. winds. trees. enough flames.
entertainment. attention
vision sound
or no more eyes/stars. see dark
along the world round in
shape. time is one thing
never much mind

Larry Eigner

A box of rr tracks

crane
garage pump
mover
shoes
a whole horse
iron
then steel
paving the way
here to there
vagueness
games
beautiful canals
in hundreds
the numbers of stars
Bridgewater
conveying goods

tree
leaves
let go
grandmother
claws
bedsprings
jump
on the mattress

Larry Eigner
What history
what you want
each moment
this is a wall in Spain

jail
near the bridge part
of a factory
over the road

what do you care
the bridge swift
crossing
you see longer

Residence
seems permanent
sleep like a flower
in hospital

the road
without a break
except dust
to a railing

moon sun
sky cloudless
only smoke

or a mountain rise
with snow and
the trees
night patches
pocket of one town

the river turn on the street

the sections of ladders
up and down

Let
the noise pass
again and again

ground for noises

while a single leaf
on a tree
is only one moment

the tree with many twigs

success in the air

the birds are always round

the wind sounds the bark

in rough shoes
nail drives the building
from EIDETIC DENIERS

3

Rheo torque payments flo guide

Pools in brod Curtain by the last stroke hop duo tractions word influence ambuscade

Load wreck cas under the harsh

Stairs this often you must Bound to expect some rousel rides magna away the swimming alphabet to remember how debit started The words which rise sealed bids line wash nage erupting Picks its way through the shorn Magneto adduce fault locations Sufficient margin scans lapse permits car-fare care son tailoring tolls Eff ects of incremental charges Cast off from the speech pack

Nal diff crash spot

Wheel cinoma

Digan bay genic servo spacer witness our favorite numbers and by little can this be about ibou ful scrim of the hours Be cause doors naval atmosphere showroom Circumspect maintenance notwithstanding toon Issed by the expert with its running Spec ial moon semi mide

In the garage bonated Attendant storied avenues pet on the floor thoughts bearing manners also And driver assist glide Ridge and livery on the chance deposition automatic stat ton vox lanes

Electra formerly

Mound running order lots If it were not so tributary at the door like a scrap a clear signal rera avan As each word is more than a tag finding what you can carry hydra reconnoitered deposit park radio lights eddying

Coat whim Which we find trampled on the cover

4 Witnessing for hacks only Up sit down fight sentencing areas

Of fir on the steps For these insults by the bar The heat get out of the Combination as if cal culated to evoke attest Of piled up storms pre historic blind drops volunteer out from the crowd replace so to balance how many on palliate relieve Behind the white line in place

In for the lead Climber or trail ing as volute brands Down from the post treat advocate righten by your man as once were marked inflate up and be counted Of Oh io As the translators fingers sprightly So what if what in any case away from the shadows In a formation heighten personate ard regime Brand heraldic con sorting asserts incumbent Tool and die Consolidation or reassemb ly implies minuitia from For election Having known your riding stages by your bunk on principle those high windy in between Room only as leisure diction is to for less singletary

In line or will not take a respite each one monumental by Wiped out to a wilder zones where contact

For next to nothing Like soldiers in the corner In which seems be comes impossible back up straight wait the world in its bed
Testing brightened glade passages
forwarding influence murchisoned
off for more or less than usually
resistant Lists from out of the clear

Stand-pipe All day return to a
scene desirable inventory reforms

In the way on your own raise On
your head hoist stuck Your own
two feet tall in the saddle

Off Ish From the compression lack
withal on the trading floors
on ceremony for something else

LEVELS

Thank you.

May I offer you a cigar.

Drop dead. How sad.

What does it mean.

Ears.

Thank you.

*Nobody home.

Summer, 1959

---

do what is which

i say it is you
you say it is me
the i's need glasses

may 29, 1977

snowflake: which shines brighter?

the idea of gold
or

gold
or

gold itself
or

everything
or

the idea
or

the idea
of

the idea
or

the idea
or

gold itself
or

gold
or

the idea of gold

august 28, 1977
ASSIMILATIONS AND OTHER PHONETIC PROCESSES

The Blue Note Bar adds drama to my life—
I never go there (Voiced Fricative) From the tower,
a 14 story apartment building, the village dies (Voiceless
Fricative) out below—for days near a national holiday,
fog cloys precisely at the Trade Towers—the grey light (Stops)—
this is just a sublet between REAL places,
friends forget where I live, think I’ve left town—
roaming the room read postcard on refrigerator EAT/DIE (Minimal Pair)
One afternoon a guy (Free Morpheme) panhandles me,
socks me in the kidney, two days later
not recognizing me panhandles again,
Rimbaud’s line ‘The honesty of beggars . . . ‘—Insidious
(Bound Morpheme) phone calls to disco neighbors at 3 a.m.
wake early call again and hang up—the chute
silky plastic bags slide down, the bathroom of some big hotel—
fog now cloys the lobby of this building,
cans of Diet Pepsi churn in the basement,
compressing into pill box shapes, no way to recognize
when cans reappear as aluminum foil next year—MODERN HELPLESSNESS—
(Bound Morpheme) let your shit go (High Front Glide)
into the Hudson, it covers the fish,
clings to the ferry for months, drops off—
looking for cigarettes Sneeze (Voiced Fricative)
permitting a small stream of air to hiss over its surface
(Alveolar Ridge)—‘No M.S.G. please (Voiced Fricative)
About radiation, well I rushed in for a dose—
not having a contemporary nervous system . . .
I went to Star Wars (High Back Glide) unsuspecting.”

To be alone and not talk much,
that was a way to get the women.
To be alone and talk too much
was the way to get yourself a
reputation as a jerkoff, a big
mouth, a noise, unless you made
it your noise so uniquely you
became a freak, so personally
you became impossible to ignore
or learn from, so honest and
unrelenting and smart you became
a fucking legend in your own
town, your own home, your own
place to be alone because it
didn’t change that much even
when you were invited to parties
to be a conversation piece, a
possible save in case it didn’t
turn out too lively, got boring
and people needed something to
distract them from the ways
they couldn’t be together.
You could name those ways and
demonstrate them, and sometimes,
more and more often as you got
better and better at your noise,
the ladies with their own noisy
struggles with their own excited
souls and peculiarities gave you
what the others got by keeping
quiet from the women who were
in between, because the quiet
ones came to your noise too,
only not when anyone else was
noticing, just for you, just to
hear you tell them what they
meant to hear by being quiet
but the others didn’t know—
until you knew so much about
them, there was nothing left
but to be cool too and turn it
into something else like
music or dope or poetry . . .

* It seems so fucking stupid to complain.
O.P. MOOD

"a meaning between the verification"
Ron Silliman

twice (great mobster name: Tony Twice)
twice as nice (mobsters usually end on ice or get “iced”) (do we all end “on ice” for at least some moments in the process of “between verification” the prototype for cybernetics?) as Irish lace and cashmere or Irish lace over cashmere, or perhaps as the ultimate gesture in a refined sensuality of dress and decoration Irish lace over cashmere made to look like Irish wool, as cool as Tony the Fool (also interesting names on pool “sharks” and pro football players—very few originally pro vocative names on poets these days, as opposed to jazz musicians like the now overused, in my collection of personal touchstones of language: Thelonious Sphere (christianed middle name) Monk—only attempts to generate interest from phoney adaptations “The Black Verlaine” or (if one was working under the poetry editor at The New Yoker one could correctly refer to him as Boss Moss) Only the best and forget the rest in peace of “fine art” (as in Fine Art Tatum or the class ass of siddidy parties where photogs from Jet magazine could make you famous in the dark hands of a national audience never recognized by those too hip or unhip to connect with the flash of 50s always extent in Negro life still trying to over come a verge of “meaning between” the promise of participation in the end of the depression and expectations aroused by Truman’s funky spunk, down home schmuck disguised as folksy and as honest as any politician from a mob owned town, god bless the mob and their politicians for putting us into the future with machines for interpreters of cultural phenomenon (nothing here like it used to be—am)

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

I hate to make the connections all evident and intelligible and consistently directed and informed—references and this from this and “it” excised for the creation of categories to then be studied for relationships to be applied to forging continuous logic of structures—institutions—and justifying claims to overlapping areas of interest and conquest and contradicting claims of priorities and resolutions to no conclusion other than “holding back the void”—

head in hands—heavy—just from servicing the day—and the sky so blue it’s worth a ritual or two—at least a relaxation toward a culminating smile of recognition—(i.e. acceptance of the cosmic totality of which we (you/me) are such an integral portion—e.g. the smile as reflection of the blue—the blue of course reflection of the logical extension of total association—unlike “free association’s”’ limitations of perception as in only an elite of imaginative expertise of which I readily admit I am a member can perceive—but it’s work—the rest is “natural”—

“it” isn’t “poetry” (NO IMAGES)
“it” does not equal “poetry”
“it” does not become and is not becoming “poetry”—“Eddie!”
“Yeah!”—“Hah!”—“Yeah!”—
SONG OF MY OWN FEELS

with these narrow chord-legs
ooosh I wanna bandage them for
padding, paddling in the hills
out of the corner of a touch’s
eye—where the rest of us can
do—since you and I were young

2.

the letters do more than when we
focused inner comfort versus
loneliness as “interesting” weight
ub oh here comes the night again
but it seems this bit of think
makes your instincts climb it

3.

no matter where approaches knock
on certain satisfactions of some
strange sort—overmatched as
sentiment, the rest of it can
become genius—like taking a
slice at goodbye my heart until

4.

I am very much not thinking of
the looks so like the sentence
which was pleasant and sensation
all instead of permanently flattened
to explore the surface tension
yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes

5.

I got up, I went to the store,
I stopped in the gallery, I
got sore, I wanted more of the
good things in my life to be
enough, I wasn’t impressed as
much as suppressed by the glamour

6.

it always supposed obsession
in the side-sounds, waaaaaaannnna
ex-instinctual flip flop sophist
explore this bit of doing more
as a way of paying humility to
the sometimes it does seem more

"TELEPATHY OF WIRES"

A column of “ofs” supporting the ceiling
at which point every aspiration collides
with its limitations in this domesticity
of space and atmosphere according to our
own perceptions of environmental custody
the basis for the column of “ofs” within
which support is surrounded and embraced
by every desirous invocation of similar
forces of control over what waits alone
for us and the resolutions we initiated
this far bought out of size
we shaped intelligently
according to our youthful beauty of thought
the plodding insistence of our brain songs
that this and that could bring us home
to where the intellect and street sense are
not compromised by stepnfetchit punk sellouts
tough enough to sell themselves short and
ambitious enough to figure out who's buying
we can't abide that blithe shit on the shoes
of our coming this far without
we go to meet them with only our fucking
language and the heads our world too
full, various, divergent to be easy
to support as if we didn't know
and that knowledge wasn't the cornerstone
of the art we made new where they
make now, okay too but not
even mortal like ours, so
timely and historically news is theirs
they seem like stars only just labeled
while we seem to them a reflection of
the same old moon only
that's not the moonlight that's
the night we first felt our rage
and knew our storm was poetry

Suddenly

empty
old but sad
the sun the window
wind over stone
mortar between bricks
not till Tuesday
as if never
but now chance
digital waiter
bathe and stroke
this?
no me
look :
rather .
capped by ((
clockwise 90 degrees
see how fiddle
while Rome
as or like Rome
if you please
see how quibble
clarify
endless
what what
till Tues.
shit or
nap
When I Utter

and put down,
I mean to say
not that kisses
less arrayed
presume so
the ? is
the only distinct
Hindu mole
is you given back to you
feign embrace
would fain
properly concealed
what you don't know won't
incline to say
this and that
to soothe and fill
intending
contact via qwerty
and poiuyt
given and under-
lying-stood
up when I utter
trained to hear
give nude ear
meward and see
here

Often When

I say which or what
I mean breasts
my hands hurt
looking or listening?
listening looks for
his master's
squire sheet page
ream lewd association
for(me) thing
so what
me is also
then say often when
(sniff)
there there
never right
there is no
end to kissing and fondling
foundling
poor
don't
what do you mean
you know well
never met
we let me inter
deuce
I say which or what
where'd you
find this
here
let's go,
Clack and Tone Coil

Now you begin to see
who?
no what I am getting
at
like where
let's clear the air:
her face is white
and her ankle . . .
who?
no what turns and mushrooms
an eek or ooo
their page and converse
a tune to continue, a shun
and turn for worms
up to where I (a) tell
have dug it and run-on
sure nuff

What Was That

That was not
as you imagine
a break in the line
but a spiral.

We vessel, whose
well tell, much
apple as worm
by george He's
not it
nor this which
is about, but a pie
and concert
to discover
as certain
unearth as
leaf(r)it or
deterdeter
tine ends
as we're
shaped
lumpy, various,
along similar lines
THE LITTLE BOOKS

sheets

all words are seen
Oct. - Dec. 1977

Hannah Weiner

wrinkles start

philosophy

to appear soon

Hannah Weiner

ugly forehead

old underlines
dear
underline

the interrupted

words

I suppose its

words

I suppose

News Page

Try to look

silly once

instead of

continue

stupid

write

orange

write a book

now dear

Steve

he is

leaving

new york

soon

STUPIDS OLD

IDIOT

script

The useless

phrases

that have

introduction

appeared in my

generation

turns page

double indemnity

I am sure of

itself

the plural

phrases

I am settled

on a religious

principle

I am dead

this emotions

I am pregnant

this is not

a silly page

I thought she

was a woman too

Is anyone

included

here
I want forehead scribbles a new psychic book from you & remember some about results insults chiro proctor useful scripted things my forehead says to me

I saw this

I can be temporarily funny all by myself big dot

Hannah

I feel lousy

when silly

when I'm unsociable with myself pajamas

when it's 6:45 & I try accept to sleep big dot

nobody likes this book big dot

Hannah Weiner

I shall

wait

hears jealous me I was thinking I shall wait & then it appeared

for muttley the above was me written by myself hurried temporarily I see words ons my towel think of it

hear & see I am surprised Monday I am surprised at myself good thinking I repeats I may rejoice hear January myself

I see Shelley thanksgiving
TURKEY HUGEN DINNER PLUS

I DRINKS PLENTY

March
you can always
override your
fathers disciplinary
tactics

your mother is
notes
insistant
sometimes
sentence

you can always
replace your
own mind
with a
machine

I still have a problem
submitting to
agriculture
hormones

I still have a
problem at
Goodrich
with my
sleeping
underlines interrup

ions
positive
BIG DOPE

dont continue to
across screen
see races
with this

I am a superior
person to myself
all the time

don't make any
more notes today
big stupid & silly.

try to
stop writing
substitute yourself
for another
person

I stopped

just a little
reward for your
patience

Palestine
try to reverse
substitute
your sentence

structure
I read Bruce
Andrews

I SHUTS UP
DOPEY

you aren't even
a remarkable
writer

yet

leaves how Shelley
makes soap

Saturday aft
ernoon
just make it
a continual
project

"maybe they all will
tell us so we
can warn
the world." Hannah
That's the chief
theory of

quiet TV

agriculture

are the planets
mars
you are indis-
tinguishable
this book
from science

are you on the
racing saturday
station stupid

I AM
WRITING

you are almost
tells truth
a scientific
monster
scientist

Hannah Weiner

you political
are losing pages
making state
ten stupid
and silly

Hannah this is
cheating a little
on you
mars
in on
my words

television

a continue
sentence
little

completed sentence

you must relax
a little in your
attitude toward
life Shelley
speaks

that's dope
Shelley's secret
I am on the pol-
itical scene a
little stupid

of silly

amen

why are you
satisfied with
introduction
yourself
are you being
silly & stupid
enough

Hannah Weiner
thas enough
its only later
that I discover
I know phys
its something
important

I know nothing
Hannah I
stop writing

Just enough
Hannah

Sandra Binion

1 - 10
un
deuix
trois
tier
fixn
sechs
seite
ocho
nueve
ten

Hannah Weiner
Here are works of nine poets from the San Francisco Bay Area. They often read on a Tuesday night series at the Grand Piano coffee house on Haight Street, San Francisco. Other works by these poets can be found in books and periodicals from a number of presses: This, Tuumba, Hills, L, Burning Deck, Big Sky, Miam, Ithaca House, Schocksl/Momo’s Press and The Figures. All are available at local bookstores or can be ordered from Serendipity Books, 1790 Shattuck, Berkeley, California; Sand Dollar Books, 1222 Solano, Albany, Calif.; and Small Press Traffic, 3841B 24th St., San Francisco. A “talk” series run by Bob Perelman has included: Objectivism/Zukofsky by Barrett Watten, Lyn Hejinian on Chronic Ideas, Ron Silliman on ‘Truth’ Language and the Structuralists, Carla Harryman in a performance piece called “Walking Backward With THE MAINTAINS,” and Bob Perelman on Oral Poetry and Contemporary Practice. The series at 80 Langton Street, San Francisco, is ongoing . . . .
Hoping my face shows the pleasure I felt, I'm smiling languidly. Acting. To put your mind at rest—how odd! At first we loved because we startled one another.

Not pleased to see the rubberband, chapstick, tin-foil, this pen, things made for our use. But the bouquet you made of doorknobs, long nails for their stems sometimes brings happiness.

Is it bourgeois to dwell on nuance? Or effeminate? Or should we attend to it the way a careful animal sniffs the wind?

Say the tone of an afternoon. Kindly but sad. "The ark of the ache of it." 12 doorsteps per block.

In the suburbs butterflies still spiral up the breeze like a drawing of weightlessness. To enter into this spirit! But Mama's saying she's alright "as far as breathing and all that."

When you're late I turn slavish, listen hard for your footstep. Sound that represents the end of lack.

FOOTNOTE TO THE TELEVISION NOTES

Long talks with phantom personages. I called you here to discuss your politics. A witch who lives as a suburban housewife's the perfect model of self-repression! But you chant "I'm meaningless." No use to summon others. All models, after all, are dolls and I just want to leave the city of the miniatures.

VICE

flaunt "dark thoughts" as if flirting. propose the child-self. See this? a turquoise sofa covered with grease spots. though there are many places where I have not been. Tierra Santa is a new development. I use the simpler, more dramatic version. as ever, Snappy By-pass called him "lackey." Myself "fan." This voice always scolds. "Craven!" charged words

***

Poison. Electron. Notion. (emptied of its contents it. takes its course or is the course taken.)
Precision. Clitoris.
The searing crystals.
Wicked. Stylish. True
stars
of sensation
flicker all night between
meanings. Superficial?
Incorporeal constellations.
Correct / Incorrect
one.

Sexy when I think of it. By your hand to be
changed, delineated, placed among the terms of
the world.

I understand the masochist. She wants to be
jerked free of habit, thrown headlong into
strange positions, unmanageable acts.

Puts the needle back right where he says "Oh . . .

Crystals. Ever. Flaunt
Propose. Poison.
Myself. Spots.
So these emotions recur after I stay in one place before I cross the room in some representations you lie on or next to the bed risen a little light morning along the rift of this dusk the case eases open and we see you knotting and tidying up the line from your forefoot down to your ankle heavy with caution a breeze opens up into my head I lay down my heart over the microphone whistles a false canary battlesong of some cruise ship a heartfelt lie accuses I accuse you you aren't truly shy the ribs hang down today she is only 31 the hair along her navel to vagina line feels like tingling 9 persons found dead on freeway early this morning metal plates in the street I never consider their function just flip pages in the dictionary forget the word adjudicate alongside the room grazes a treetop birds swing out from nylon hose flung out the window in mild abandon let me read you this aloud I think you would like the stretch of road up north this weekend a candlelight mass will be said in memory of a sister who passed on last Thursday let us remember what we need to remember to keep our jobs you stand up I can feel you breathing in my room holding a piece of charcoal or ink tipped brush you gesture towards me look out over this scene while I consider whether to push I told him stories he grew up the light shifts most interestingly its direction once the sun has gone the table was set elegantly however poorly matched the utensils were don't call them that he flickered a queer expression over his face would you like to see how I do it he says holding a knife up with a laugh my feet swell in these shoes and I try to decide even if I should be getting new laces is that the problem that I really don't know what a word means you and I I think that's the order I would choose to say it in you reach into the refrigerator and pull something out yesterday I inferred from what I read that thoughts and ideas are not one and the same voice echo over and over from person to person is that the restlessness you sensed in me
I am also honored to make myself not possess a farthing.
I have to make myself scarce.
I can hardly keep any longer made.
I haven't had any old felt waistcoats out of life.
Within and without weather, everything around me is my support.
And I try to overwhelm by a quiet form of entertainment the figured practice.
Everything I have brought back from this practice has inspired my death.
I would be plunged into nothing whatever, dismissed into lost trifles.
Thank God all must be sacrificed.
If I were to die today, absolutely ardently, some people would eat at a meal, one
must earnestly look down, magic spells worry anything, banish all serious thought.
I am hanging on praises and flatteries, unable to realize the present.
If I would only face horrified the bored millions, I would hover between fear and the
only altogether possible words.
I keep a religious sound of happy omen in silence, before a prayer.
A fair panegyric in a local word.
Oneself cheers.
Festivities.

derived from
work done in
collaboration
with Bob Perelman
and Kit Robinson

ANGOSTURA

We were kids together as parts of the skyline, trenchant senile thugs sound proofing
the secrets paper eyes blotted off sleeves. Some fish. Our subsidies were catered to
hear a pip squeak, smoking aphids for other facets. Usually there was a vacancy in
the sky and salt on food. Certainly throwbacks shimmied and fainted in our
handwriting. Dry ice exhibits the wind but you take your medicine. The red look of
desire imbues the absolute relish. Others faze teens, camouflage to aftermath. I was
the person who brought my spine up.

WHERE TWO RIVERS MEET

Fish are plentiful. Gain in volume. Become less plural. The sky shuts down—the
family carriage, tinny. This birth panna is clapping. Baby atavism. Low clouds keep
my feet down. A tiny clank in the hatch of the cart. It's time to go to bed. I was that
small. Our world, in our opinion, was small. The family, soon to be parallel and all
born, will see each other better now. We had many opinions. Heaven was an idea,
an obstructed view. The mind is as resistant as this thunder is spellbinding. Team is
to us all holding hands in doorways

10:30 p.m. on June 22, 1977. We meet the
rivers.

She, rna, sees herself in the window while baby won't eat lunch.

Pushing toward the lunch counter, broom in hand, mama's nose, pudgy in baby's eyes. My
archaic days. My face centers the meeting ground. My program says the place one has
in mind is a shut out. Meet my infant. Violence tips in a tight frame—so still, the eye
reposed. Heredity had to stop thought in order to get clear access against dangerous
tides. Fans came to cheer. She was glad to get all wet. Next—a display of
teeth .
The knobs of an ancient bridge where the horse was given a rest. I drove through
Baltimore. The grass was smooth, the sky, wrinkly. He was thrown out for throwing
beer. Water hurled down that way to the stadium.
ARIZONA

Climb shale, sip coffee, take breaks in the new climate. Which isn’t that new after all: at home we knew precisely what is east of us. The weather might have been stiff had it not been for the interminable wind.

So bright and unmistakably lurid is the day that night makes us creepy snakey fishy. We stay close to the ground in the funnels. Famous for circumspect and habitual. Toes just out. For sole lakes and numerous desert.

Think I’ll go out and watch the quail bust the integrity of every thought, the skittish interruptions of small claws with nothing to grasp, hence always moving until the place to light on food.

The legendary boy, my ancestor, fled the grin of his sheep. They stayed around for quiet. Sometimes, but who knows, died natural deaths. Boney and angular, the poor were tossed, but still resilient, they returned to the flock at high tide, which is after all another term for rocks pulled out of the stream by more legends who wanted to make it difficult for others to cross after them. Hence punished by water and grizzly in their use of hides. He did not have to witness the flocks’ incompatibility with the area in which they grew numerous and lived in poverty the rest of his life.

Going on effort in front of the pavement changes habits of mind. Familiarity in mind behind him, a canteen bouncing against his hips, measures direction. The city floats on the land and then back by water. Direction, however, is still undetermined in spite of the pressure to find a rare abyss, go back and report on it, tell the committee what needs to be filled in—the center of this individual human experience, push the shale away, uncover then undress and walk down the adobe hallway, cool skinned toward the stuck light.

Pain met there by youthful rooms. Space was needed to be at rest with survival. Outside two cumbersome figures try to sweep the sand away. The forehead is the top of the head and everything out there matches or looms below.
Spin taken is distinct from spun.

Hence we can mean something if shifting from intend to and inexhaustible, self-generating.

Learning leads us to our deepest feelings.

We can mean that the deepest feelings are learned.

from with doubly:

with with the height of doubly;

the vertical is rolled with:

- doubt

- roll double with double shifting

double the clarity in the thought lined

A life like this and must be sent as another pleasure.

Learning indulges itself with greed as before it can be brought to an end.

For impulse generates.

With cares.

- : : :

privilege to be the work absurd romantic rest a noise the original theory submits to

all like but a of again and in is the of a in or it in all a like but a a a

A brutal wrestling.

The result of a privileged childhood?

Again: absurdly romantic, and in efforts not to be bourgeois.

Writing is the work of thought — a theoretical original.

A deliberate work, timed in good, or it thinks in iron.

Sometimes all like events are childhood.

Submissive and sentimental, but a brutal wrestling.

The whole originated in joyous association of my special form plays.

- ib it

- im od

- ss ta

- ho at

around or the least motion, half alas, that they meet, past this only kept history, written against forgetting that other memory

Small part of all the learning innocent, and the meetings are as it is constantly reused.

In the same movement the present is first sent for stuff tossed. As it does so, it is its own doing. It attempts while failing no omissions.

Remember again that one imagines the years containing all that memory is an echo to be completely conscious. Much more than a stamping echo.

For the sake of knowledge, immense, better, irrevocable.


Half, alas.

It is sent, we mean one look constantly reused, as if from a window prison, for a life in entrance capable of horizontal events lord vertical.

The realities are really in that respect vigorous, problematic figures of antiquity and now.

the restless language for knowing, it is partial; the extension of time is sent history and the real present

It is this time almost quietly no pace is out that leaving out is forgetting.

Thinking is about following the dictates of a structure calls forth this extension the deep emotions of including hope, elation, doubt, despair, and uncertain but restless.
Fists. Ransom. Damnation. Conscious of the extreme is consciously believing which doubles doubt, more a matter of perception, an unlevel harmony. We do only a small part of all the impatient meetings. With persons in it, generation.

the lines as first a

The combing of the words creates the line a thoughtful year.

leg
his
ought

The years
stamp

of form a the
conditions, a

or comment

the
are general and
first but form

is seven every distinct from

tend

pin
tin

The stamp of form is the second restatement

(of the spin taken distinctly)

up are general the full stamp legibly from this year

A full ocean and the seven thoughts suddenly respond yet always extend through the years.

The possible thoughts or the full years always extend but legibly return in an ocean.

extend the leg over thoughts is a seventh speculation or stamp of comment is flat and impossible

The thought is suddenly general and the seven years are distinct.

ending our way into the oceans
topping the best of waters that rise per
pendiclar fuss with any of them

of what rest rips

went There is the misunderstanding that defines us.

Language is impatient, restless, partial, characteristic of the curious greed of its users of which it also boasts against philosophy and the subsequence of this partiality or defective change, or charge harsh and it doesn’t please, first, solo, proof of the actual spatial come about it matters one cannot stop with any of them

An unhesitating appropriation

The inspiration of the incomplete

ans
ers
any
t
and
rest

us

aga
fect
ase
me

incomplete

We depend on memory in order to read.

The words are the shore between two natures.
We make them that they meet. The share we have not even begun to examine is the ransom and damnation.
A fist is pulled open to the top part of it.
Discouragement, as if from a miserable window, clutching at the place is at this time a structure, under stress.

The sun is not kept out, but shines on the extension of a problem, library, year is set in motion, went constantly between what’s known and what’s to know.
BEFORE WATER

The clear sentence the world ends
The clear sound the water made
Once the noise vocabulary
The sentence is an obstacle to noise
Ponderous forethought enables the sound to read its own mind
Clever of the world to rise crest fall white noise
Dries clear and won't give birth
Blue over once one more noise
Hear it say itself to what I see
Water before the sound until the sentence fills
I made the noise of its mind
The world end the sentence ends
On edge the water thought touching noise
Once again the sentence ends
Line up in order of birth
Each time of course the sentence completes
I make the noise of vocabulary
After it was a sentence it's a sound
Water roll sense make blue
Do one to the end
The clear blue birth of green
Touching itself the sentence learns its loop
The end makes birth once
Blue course no noise in this sentence
No noise in this sentence
The sentence goes over itself
Ponderous water the end of noise
The world enables the water to end
Blue and noise at each edge of the sound
The sense against the water
The sentence ends when made
The noise rolls when the water's ready
While it's before through to when I hear it
Vocabulary enables forethought to end
Roll over watery noise the sentence says to
The clear noise the sentence makes
Blue water at the sense's edge
This sentence learned to roll over
Each time the end says itself
Noise makes sense at every edge

Bob Perelman

It's up to blue to say
The vocabulary learns to lean
Each vocabulary contains its own blue
The clearer the world the nearer the edge
I make my sense to the end
Every once it's over
To the edge to the end no noise of forethought occurs after the mind falls
To the end of noise the mind occurs once falls water
I touch the water's clever sense
I only think of this each time
The sentence starts to contain water and spills
This water was once a sentence
White water touching blue water
Once I sense the end it's a loop
Green appears where it says blue
Each sentence is complete
Each sentence is the same
The same sounds give birth to the same sentences nearer the end
I make the water dry
Each sentence completes the world
Sound ties thought to itself
The thought of the death of thought gives mind its edge
Every sentence is water
The shape of water in each one is the same once it's over
Clear thought nearly noise
The sentence made clever death noise
Blue made sense once in the vocabulary
Watery noise over the water
The world makes sense once a sentence
Water is made of thought
The clearer completed sentence the world is blue
Sense leans nearer over sentence noise
This time it's water that's complete
Water makes blue make white
I made each time line up in order
Extending the thought enables birth to end
I read my own blue
A loop around was or will be
The end of the noise the edge of the sentence
Each ponderous birth of vocabulary rolls in
Do it once
Does this noise completely end the world

Bob Perelman
The senses fall to white noise loops
The sentence is a line of water in order to read my mind through once
The sentence in a noise of falling order green extent
Once it's done the world dries
I made death green only to think
The world is made of sentences
Once again the noise ends with time made blue
White time lines the sense with noise
There was no vocabulary in the water
Once I edit sense I end
This sentence gives the vocabulary I sense birth
Noise against blue death no noise
The water rises in the middle to end the sentence
I learned to read before I heard a sound
Each sentence makes the same sound
This sound ends this loop
See it say water
No noise enables sense to end the world
The noise of it, water of it
No time until the end rises white
The sentence makes dry sound
The clear blue sea is just noise
The edge contains the noise of the edge
Water is made of noise
I made a sound, it made a noise
It goes and went dry
Each sentence completes the thought that tells it where to start
I start the sea
Once a sound occurs it's over
The water is lined with dry noise
I is a sound that occurs again and again to the same water
Green once again
Before I end thought I end
The sentence makes itself
Forethought touches water before water extends the sense
What's the sense of thinking every thought
I say to see the water
Vocabulary lines up each time
I never think I'm the same as thought
Time is lined up noise
Blue or lined green makes sense
Blue is complete sense
The noise of thought occurs to make thought ponderous
Noise is the same difference as water and thought
Every sense each time
Nowhere in the sentence is there a separate noise for water
Is it or isn’t it what it says
The same thought the same time as the same thing
Sentence says so sound may go
Loose blue water or I thought it
I’m a shape I shape
There is more thought than time, more water than vocabulary
Thought is clear and clearly not water
Each edge marks where two senses end
No time before this thought to think it
Through sound into the blue water over sound
The noise of the time before
By the middle of the sound the sentence was here
The world ends what I think extends beyond the sentence
Only one time and that go
I hear the end once noise completely falls away
Blue starts with no time
Water falls learning to be noise
Born blue on the only edge
Never once or here again
The shape of the sound is the same as mind touching water
Noise touching the sentence to pound it to water
Now the world starts completely over
See blue say noise
I dry to clear sound
The thought the noise makes clear
Mind or water in order
Water is open
Once death it’s blue
No because of noise
Fall sense clever extension end never again water’s made
My mind’s made up
I hear water spill beyond its sound
One sentence makes the world
In here it’s there out here
One and think again to say it
Send the sound to the end of the line
More time each time
I shape the loop with vocabulary that enables noise to crest
The white line never stays white
Think one of the sounds
Each is the same as the edge and disappears
I hear the sound while it’s over
Nowhere until it appears
Blue and again it’s water
Touch before and water after

It’s the end that makes birth violent
Thought as sound of itself
This sentence says it says itself once
The noise learns to be water in time to roll white words into the sentence
Water makes noise and sound made water appear
Vocabulary was always the same as noise
As I say until never
Once it was there and now it’s never a sound outside
The world was always its only edge
The sentence stands in the middle of the water
The color of water the sound of the sentence
Each shape starts all over itself
Blue nowhere outside of noise
Green at the same time it’s said
I touch each sentence to the thought of what I hear
The blue line means water, the noise means blue
This sentence is full up
Death gives blue noise out there
The water starts to rise
Blue
Wrinkled water behaves itself
The edge includes what it leaves out
Once I’m here I see lines
Noises think the same thing
Mind thought the noise mind
Once in and gone
Water extends blue across the looped noise
Sound clear through thought of water
Inside sounds the outside stands clear
I see uncovered blue as a noise of the line
A sentence across the end of all it can think
One sentence to the edge of green without more green
Sense is a loop of sense once it’s thought
Another white and the same white
The edge rolls itself away
A different sentence goes across the sentence
The water completes the sound
It’s gone between the sound and where it is
A noise clear through to itself
The completed spill
Time goes as ready sense
In a falling crest I say the middle of the water
More than I can think in ready noise
Ready to time the water’s edge
Sound leaves out things to sense
World in the same sense as this sentence
Against itself water disappears
Green is a noise that makes sense
The noise death birth makes no noise to end water
White loops
Went in
All once tied around
Loops each noise against the mind I see in
Complete thought includes a separate vocabulary for each sound
All the water spilled in one sentence
No more than noise with an edge
A complete sentence draws a line around noise at the end
A separate spill for each thing learned
See or think clear dry blue
Edge so clear once the middle's water
Gone before again
Water coming in once I shape what it says
The same things complete a different world
Green and blue or see into it
Time a variation of one
Time before the end of the sentence to say
Each noise enables itself to go away
It's over to have a shape
Thought against vocabulary against sense through to the end
I can only hear the same sound once
A green thought against complete world
All sentences start from here
To clear vocabulary from what I see
The point of sound is beyond thought and loops back in completely
I as a noise it can think
The world disappears as the edge never ends
I make the sound to learn the end
The sea is nearly never ready to contain water
I think this through or the water stays
Each complete sentence says that time will end
I see it as it falls away
Noisy water again
One is a loop
A complete sentence invites the world to be outside
No sound inside shape
I read my mind
Water said to be water once
Thought has no choice between water and thought
The world occurs against what the sense of it enables the sentence to say
not a flat out up tune
midnight blue
they're almost broke
one more time
the girl say
very exciting
opens out
like a blossom
she's talking it out
it goes slow with a story
the first goes into the third
double (corrector) character
this is sadder music than not yellow
she talks straight ahead
if you live together you give each other shit
if I had to die with just one of you
if you hear shots
not waiting to move hand and eye
brutalize me with awful everybody
it's too much to write about
okra black eyed peas
it not eight yet
this terrible plan worked out for us
by waiting too long to answer he gains power
no wronger than I was
you will have heard it by now
sitting here on and off as mozart
my ear aches to think what drum beats the new
wind at this hour out after water
they usually go away
I won't die here
all that's wanted's a little room
the sun was blinding
field no follow up questions
newboys' old tunes' whistle tones
smoke about covers the estate
there won't be much left
wind against windows
voices from what street
what all the talk about the wallet was
we'll continue
just margins flank a body
plane noise
strip off layers down to swimming suit
not going to use it for a long time
as little happens
it's late afternoon by now I expect
coins are minor
coffee water wine daughter
to mine yours are eyes
able to hold tall buildings in
a box car bounded by light
trigger action warrant cone twist
idle toes crumpled foil
lenses not in use lie by
as much as I'd like to stay
reminiscent of a single face
hands work the better part
the world over
there's snow in east kojak
and an argument in each tomb
pink walls in the dining room
infinitesimal organic infusoria
along south atlantic america
you in the park and pure space

and the nearest person star or
knowledge of how to sit in a chair
which is the distance between me
motor ticking I reached for
wind against the sun in windows

A TABLET IN THE BAY

sing water
in the mattress
a perfect pitch
reminiscing on
to pure gold
the chair
of privilege's poison habit
I don't give a bean
squeaking springs
over northern air
classical
in accompaniment to springs
angling
green
up
over
and in
the gutbucket
kind of sound
a latch
turns out minute edge
floral life's a blur
bound to hesitate
in this state
cautious driven palms
the long way around
arctic
detached
in case of air
high moral tone
never touches
the glass
inches revolve in a slow spin
now tracked to the base of the spine
several dimes worth
not to shiver
all purple
in the ensuing object
cast in your
glance the sense
of space as enough
is too much
DO WE KNOW ELLA CHEESE?

Ron Silliman

Where
when itch scree
hurt as much?

Then how's their angle
or known gun?

Honky sets selves,
his name a eye nor much.

Plows lick answers:
each fucking a fun sign-in,
starker in design.
Dent is seen as niche.

All's this wreck, leak, & hand-thang.
Then fear not grotto or raygun
and we're be wonder
and as so vile is gay lass in verse made.

And so's her story.
And yet her is shred clique
and is overhauled each much.

Den and verse
look Eden, lock rough.

Done kill inch?
Look then—Ach!
—fend formic and
fear then zoo broken?

Angle niche, mention niche.

Undefined again, her American is shown—
toss furniture for lace lick: zoo house sin.

Hinder good-day to tan felt?
Its plied ounce we like.

Oregon done bomb on them
(uh-huh),
the sphere-in-day clique:
feeder's anus ply buns.

Distrust a forecaster
and thus

Ron Silliman

for so long a true sign
I nor gay phone had.

Dare espy, once go feel.
Unsupplied sea and king niche.

O anti-knock thy knock
fender fin fuller felt rum
and some on gay sick sort.

Vamply be seen each, dear Santa...

Sun's tint agenda:
welch it, a mind, sell none.

Her sin?
Moo some before state.
Is he then leaping then lighter?

Ach! Sea,
furtive in such enormity.
Nine dear earlobes,

Vice stews.
Notch niche.
Fear foes.
Then arm and heal ear.

Suit in Roman zoo?
The fear at men
feels like dusty fugal,
the air white ari.

A loft fool
emitting in a game fugue.

Yacht—
heave free, linger.
Broke tan dishful.

Is mute eating muncher?
Stern at her zoo?
Thus do
sea's birdies.

Is hopcycle no vogue or heron?
Infer gagging on odor
(dative) or overcomes: steam,
go off nut, & fence, dear.
Go buy no guy, 
just sicken.
That's all it's for—
a drag.

A bear bewailed big test dues.
Farce done each dinner?
Knock-fun air fart answers:
tried as cone
did to all is eye.
Knocker leapt thereon?

Foe fills
(stew sea bargain)
to dock "D".

Grow sin from them.
Go dunking by deer.

How soon?
Dine,
gaining after.

Splay been by knock.
Sadistic upper?
So sing a deal even then.

Long a knock niche.
Downstair bleak gay nuggets.
Her bayroom is careful.

Yeah?
Not a need is sea-fast
for lass in inn.

Deed do
sofa leap-ender.
Fan stalls to guest tilting.
Begin inner fun.

I am the niece who air!
I can the price sung!

Tank.
Is her hailed (sic) their held?
Selves stir,
undergone for him.

Ron Silliman

New rind for funds
who sign—sign
"Alaska gay bird".

Uppity leaping then numb the air!

Shove tonight.
Tour in sexy rock.
All's fair in niches.

Why moldy craft
(a thesis who listens),
has tutor gas per a stamp?

A tin canoe
can go dock.

Toss,
shirking my medium.

Them there
go leapt and king.
I'm just a curtain.

Buys peel.
Tease.
Her leap-ending fooled.
Thus each word a VC?

Solon,
each endless counts diesel.

Testing more sin,
fruit bear aware then?
Is this nudge sight?

Thus we're leaving
once foam go leap then fry.

Noon is peeping,
pea stain.
Feed her file,
the same be staid.
Whom guess some melt enough sprung.

Moors who sign
as their selves.
Imply bin is near kins.
Stem in stamen!
Hurry my hearse!
Fees on snore:
high league a-hurting?

Does he dare
read such a roof
of hope foreboding?

See other needing
and moo
(click)—a fighter!
& octet in snitch.

So far and see her in.
Niche does to goat
as air to guest.

Thee,
streamerboy—
fight'em!

A bird is fay and a whore-a-day
and underbroken a not-rich teahouse
still as each built it
is roust, yet is fun, yeah?

None young into tents who dare
for inner-twined trots.
Read it and itchin', kitchen.

So roam in Nepal, rue Icarus,
seek salt, edge on.
Odor is true.

Kind of
inch
rift
sicker?

Carpenter of
fee in oil lick,
teat offal in sand.

Am a reef, Formosa!
Fussy mere foaling?
Lice us whole.

Eat this
in wrecks and shine
up under
her air guise—stir!
Rind obey vague!
And munch,
malign!
Vain it be hindered.

For eye lick
is as selfsame.

The air done
each mare's,
who, beef owning,
come or learn to go broke
on each mare's "who you been?"

Reason in
and earn ikons.
Force
breaking thin thing in niche deep.

A toy tongue!
Men's lickers who cones,
who gave in.

Thus was man far in on end-lickings.

Like hand-in-each mayors
who sign and selves,
then, eye gone on naming,
vague as who lost in the answer.

Broken is peel's ugh:
selvesame,
the venture niche fighters who function.
Selfsame all is!

Fuss each day?
Soak?
So "lose in Rome"
—flattering zoo saying.

Undoes toad sign.
Is muse am
and fooler knock on.
Thus mono, mail a kind fay neck, a fig kite spurt.

Up or leaving? Dig a mocking: all Eden fell her.

Thus see zoo stark under shy den.

Angle (sack man) fused in oft niche—uppsy/under.

Lay bending, gain over toting.
Tea a fig a strew among rice Turk by the bear.

I go all a altar.
Enter miss sicken who bear a tent sea in biding.

Cheese lick brow. Can seance niche more?

Deaf rue and trucked in man and phoned—sick desire!

Dishing soft fee man then bruise. Then mildew their muttering fish.

Upper fear thee so? Gross?
A gay highness is broken.

Then in oust (tower so oft), sell liquor forts.

Writ in spring, count in fear, sign on a sea: is the soccer whom zones?

Thus science, tender clock, a homely nose.

Fog end—air's dimmer.

Shrugging in Rome.

The mind by now: goat liquor. Young lean plows lick foreigner in trot.

Does learn, you know. Swing and go read tea once yet.

Sin riced and roasted and halved.
AFTER THE FACT

"Not what it once was. Deliberately. Some of it gone. All right." They worshipped their own images, which turned into stone. Everything mattered. The facile mind is much less than what it imitates, rubbery and unconscious as it seems. The man leaves or drops off coat, hat. With a little distance it didn't matter quite so much any more. One step beyond, into space. The story basically concerns the key to success, a case-in-point irony. You forget the rest of it. It sticks to the page, cast upon a white wall. Then what happens. To rot or decompose, stand still in the same place for several years. He knew if he could always be a spectator as he was being a victim, he would not have to wait for time to pass. Gold is reduced to lead. From an excited state spiritual insight is achieved. Voices far away. He came to the end of that procedure, still spinning. He remembers what he has to say. Sound deteriorates in direct ratio to distance from the ear. Perfect pitch, falling to the ground. Flesh rots off the bone, now standing revealed. The social milieu shows symptoms for which there is no cure. A mirror causes the mind to recombine. Old leaves, parts in a box. The subtitles were in French, he couldn't understand a thing. By a subtle change of logic, the collapsing walls were pushed back. The ratio of image to desire is one. A clear tone breaking down to weaker overtones. The unstable, larger complex breaks down to more manageable parts, a sigh of relief. A fact of personal history. Multiple faces projected through glass. The gradual wearing down of words or sounds in a language. It is a privilege of our era, at a remove from what? His self-containment caused only disbelief, no matter how hard he tried. A monument by design. He is reduced. There exists a lengthy treatment in verse. One man's ownership of a word. All history is taken aback. Causes a tentative movement outward, changes into its opposite. Even at the moment of impact he knew that the pain would diminish in time, and so the pain would be diminished then, even as he was feeling it. An author whose insight is beginning to blur. Losing strength, soundness, his health, beauty and prosperity. He felt better afterwards. To waste away, to account for or explain. Taking things one at a time. He pursues the instant it recurs. Sounds like something I heard. Which was once a fact, leaning up against the wall. Did she fall or was she pushed? "Not what it once was. Deliberately. Some of it gone. All right." The story basically concerns the key to success, a case-in-point irony. You forget the rest of it. To rot or decompose, stand still in the same place for several years. He came to the end of that procedure, still spinning. Old leaves, parts in a box. The subtitles were in French, he couldn't understand a thing. The unstable, larger complex breaks down to more manageable parts, with a sigh of relief. 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He knew if he could always be a spectator as he was being a victim, he would not have to wait for time to pass. Voices far away. The social milieu shows symptoms for which there is no cure. His self-containment caused only disbelief, no matter how hard he tried. One man's ownership of a word. He felt better afterwards. The voices strip away. All history refers back to a point of departure. A definition of writing. A facile mind is much less than what it imitates, rubbery and unconscious as it seems. Gold is reduced to lead. By a subtle change of logic, the walls were pushed back. A clear tone breaking down to weaker overtones. It is a privilege of our era, at a remove from what? Allows pleasure as its most difficult act. No one is carried away. The original, understood. But with a little distance it didn't matter quite so much any more. Sound deteriorates in direct ratio to the distance from the ear. Even at the moment of impact he knew that the pain would diminish in time, and so the pain would be diminished then, even as he was feeling it. To waste away, account for or explain. One energy state drops down to another, giving off a particle of light. The pictures are set off by the frame. To fall from a state of grace. A paradox is consumed by itself. From an excited state spiritual insight is achieved. The man leaves or drops off coat, hat. He remembers what he has to say. The gradual wearing down of words or sound in a language. It sticks to the page, cast upon a white wall. Various dissociated lives caught up in a web. The pictures are set off by the frames.
A clear tone breaking down to weaker overtones. Multiple envelopes projected through glass. Conflict is written. Losing nerves, soundness, his opera amusement and prosperity. He felt better afterwards. Various dissociated water caught up in a web. The tightening flickers away. What was once a machine, in winter hinges up against. Who has the voice to record it. Grindstone is carried away. They worship the montage, which turns into sleep. You change the lightbulb into night. It sticks to the page, cast upon a white wall. He knew if he could disbelieve even as he was being victimized, he would not have to wait for time to pass. He controls what he has to say. The justice was in shadows, he couldn’t resolve anything. By a subtle change of logic, the collapsing walls were pushed back. A demonstrated fact of the text. There exists an animal light in verse. One chapter’s writing of a book. And so the pain would be diminished then, even as he was feeling it. Even at the moment of impact he knew the chord could be changed. Allows scrutiny as its most unconquerable act. As a city, substituted for the war. That sounds like something I heard. Did she make it up or was she revealed. Illustrations distort. To examine language stand still in the same channel for several years. Gold is reduced to lead. He came to the end of the unconscious, still spinning. A mirror causes parallels to flash. A ritual beginning to cease to observe, we have ceased to care. Anonymity far away. But with feelings exists an animal light in verse.

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Barrett Watten

(emotional), "his" (fastest computer) entire interest in sound (spread several feet apart) was (hyphenated) in theoretical fact (several voices lost in speech) losing the effect (expanding roof metal) of directing events (characteristic style of address) to the "desired" (what we are made of) "reading" (to stand beneath the trees) of phrasing (as fortune comes to carry) words (the picture is hard to find). He sees now (determined when he arrives) history (disappointments) not through interpretation (remember one another when outside) but death (only child).

RAINING

I am in a library
reading books.
Gallons and gallons.
It thinks in my head.
ROOF

Karl Paulli

Walter Hagedorn

Friederich Heinrich Laubspieth

H. P. Berlberg and W. N. Proctor

Sherry Ginsburg

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