

AMERICAN ONES

Clark Coolidge

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(None & Practically)

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Tombouctou 1981

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(Noise & Presentiments)

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A faint, circular library stamp is visible in the lower right quadrant of the page. The stamp contains the text "CDD" in the center, with "UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA" around the top and "LIBRARY" around the bottom.

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Dedicated to Philip Whalen

“within sight of hundreds of dumps and within
sound of the gentle note of the quartz mill”

—*Clarence King*, 1867

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I.

"Everything comes to him
from the middle of his field."

—Wallace Stevens, *Yellow Afternoon*

Goes in, goes out, goes up and goes... He eyes for the
sideroad but it sands out. Mucilage, as a word, on a highway
you thought it. Going to subway to mesa to clothes the dial
it to clearing brought. A weekday and of the sun, the book is
lanced. Sideways, through the marrow of suddenly pins take
flight. And you hunk, stand for it again fleeting reading. Pile
of the scene. Presentment in lickers. A twice-told cave by the
no sign. A tenement in fractures that come clappers. Bound
down. The series comes to sun, the way in ravages steel,
totem to keen and moon about. The left-hand turn in skid-
eye, the tune dialed down the place it dim and caught sturdy
at. Mumps, in the car, sides the Green River, Mail Pouch.
Temperament hornbeam and sullen to porch grey grove
intelligent sticks in hollow, gone down, wristed, calamus. A
stop bite, a dent plant, three removes from part out. The
cash couple in lag car, pints at the twister, copping off
soddenly. An ape that they ate as, much as to say done again
and cup in repeat. The limb that sawed stands, they back-
yard. As touch the wheel turn you go, that road, back rock,
saddled to and grinned, tempts as a spoke. Set down in
Weed, got wait for a template, and hog on. The rooftop of
the beatup. And stayed all waited for. The stamps, they were

out, all cooped and lined for to. Step on the pick what.
Lights are on the rock. Tend to, we see. A vaunt over the
cancel out hope for, left for last night to the plodder cats.
This is hem light still bean migraine, in toto in flam step fail
clap lexicon to the meadows fall flat stir. Colloidal in
American drifting repetition. The bunts that were collapsed
to get penned. Right about traffics. Close to defend wholes.
An eye as a car it's in, stands up for the going way. Stylings,
conglomerate for what got blent. And a wrapper that snails
remove. Tumblers and somethings and stallions. Replaces
turned numbing. You reach the neck, then the sand house,
then high waves occulting. The last land, the mile Atlantic,
the pick sound. Totals a name list long's the Mississippi. A
light, then Tennessee. Stump mounts or windrows. Acid
grey beyond dwellings. Pumpkins in collapse. And what, the
names of those stone fir downtowns. Cross X by a drug stop,
a fencer stalling, a crypt by the sound. A laze in pecking
opens. Fields, the label on a can itself. Plates print dust mass
up to snuff and be room, rose paper, oxyacetylene. Gut-
tering skylight on the news, comes in on thrums next
backspace. Paint finger. Find a column of the moon. A lone
sand. Meetments, Januaries, coils. Paint car. Staple cloud
paragraph won't leave me alone. Cohabits, booked clashed
on avenues. Thought, my name Buck Rogers at shelfside.
Enveloping orals making out a moniker. And sandwiches in
bands. The flower pen some one mind thought felt neat.
Don't need the road but to choose for to go. A log in a

minute. A salad over Akron. And the Macon down over Sur,
with giggling Mickeys in the fail. Blankets in your trees you
dip to need. The calcimine of your mother's planning to
side. A wait, then another clasping wait. The water don't fit
the steering well. Collapsibles from Japan. Stole. Go to lava.
The batteries shine in wrenchhood parking links. The timer
has bent the snow off prism true. Make feet to the stuntish
mart. Music picks you from the mix you go in. Day, part
banner, the rest slot. Got a lot and read it up. The loon, his
eye, the lake got, a slant on that. Repeater rhythm mesa
nobody's enough stood all said about for. The mug in the
earth. All that's left the sky is getting listed. Might go, throw
back. Almost the same space about the same space. Chalk
comes loose, the point can't get. Thread depending his
boiler backass. The rails, pictured on by other ridings.
Earmarks for arson. The eye is on the gate, the gate is on the
door, the door is on the pound, the pound is on the floor.
Come to lock the palatial, and dormer it too. Vendings,
wind on the aerial nights. A tooth to the breech, I have
reached the pen. Bumblings of highway soda in amber, the
chaps let out. Time to pain. Ben Webster in tube room
humming his porkpie. Muggleonian democracy. Pirate shit
on the left. Kill Roy in the eye. A potash has threaded its
mast to residentials. Emetic latches in Potawatami tree
storm. Third story with blimps and no tales, war over on the
town. A fake break in the said weathers. The lashes of
Whistler's still chair listed to, nights in froze lock. He goes to

the map, he goes to the star, right there now. Camps, and litmus on the dewlap strata. It's gate, the whole gate, the ash arches cramp. Flew it up over Tulsa, to wind a pencil and wax dense. Find the wristwatch guilty equals melted. And a kempt break in Gardena, Pepper left. So could a pound era revolve views a suet the peckerwoods got at. Pine lichens that a Rocky cabin writes you at. All the European arts make a wheel pile, you avaunt. Troubling A Major buckles to you Zukofsky. In Saranac a pumpkin tipping the rest stops off. We have laddered up the Seven Caves, a bridal parking lot to snap. Keening repeaters, chasm of ivory edges to the Kirin oldapple swing descend. Asses brickle. The Sen-Sen is dour. And I am brought to Boxwood, fobbing to an eventual brought golf. This is a strained stream not as long as. Lunch on which butte. The collidables are sunk to craters as we aim for inch at the trench. Snow in the holds over till. Carpet remnant warehouse? Nailed to the four-square bedside lamped till it grew a ruby barrel. Latenite baby fears in blue, a cardboard a beaverboard, lasting you suddenly, a descent as gone. Neons are hearts in this kelper in place of Mars. Avoided Redlands on a carbon tour of all the spines. Chimneyed industrials, then left. A light came on the mesa. Snowboys spent their ironwoods. Copper grafters, they left then we left. The dial in the tenement is a map of lath routes through city. Sit down Wittgenstein, you pend too near for Vegas.

But I'm light, tell me the lend story. There's a Hudson in

every state. A mallow of pickerel said the beaver in Dor-rance. Deerhead to Sun City for protection, they coldwater their buttermilk. Saint Jerome's geodes brought to Mar-ienbad by tractor. They talk, the Hickoks, and the big bow is Joyce's Mahler. Cal Coolidge, Mike Mantler, Ben Johnson and all the middle borders. Garden City caved in to carbon pressure. The map tells you meander. Dice of ash in Montezuma, haggard and signed. I've got an angle on Kingman, and little river as Zook dents the line. You can't get drunk in a buffalo herd, Ulysses. Benzineopolis cracking its brownish transoms, get sprung and the monument rocks. Hole in the dome of William Jennings Bryan for rain ingress, Paul saw. I've had no population remanded, turned to sight the striped cedar round house, puffing at salt speed. Mister Achilles glazed his dream lodge in olive flint tree of Neosho Van De Graaff. Jets to occasion, the clay centers. Preens that stay as logged as the sands. The imperial Lydia, her shallow eminence, friend of tennis water. Given a blue mound you've got to bloom. Athol, truncated in tourmaline of a mist. Hand out the sheriff's ivories on an auction plat. Attica is a grove of silica to a Kiowa. Or an Eisenhower to the Prisoner of Zenda. As Henry Rago had Lon Chaney to fast over granola at Cambridge. All tense parallels, or strawberry diamonds of industrial joy in a chalk lathe to admire. Learned window, rock condom, loaner mound. Fall River, its beery rippers and drums spiked to the floor. Out of tune, behind the bonita, beryl burns. Her rose scotched kapok bosom, mossy driptone and learnin' the blues. The tables

were empty at Archer. He missed Mike Sublette at speed at Gretna. His bones were all massed and he came loose to Tribune or Towner. The tunnel mart behind Luray, deep in elk and burlap. Skid to a white stop at Galatia with Norma Talmadge. Godard and Denby talking climax desert at Bluff City. Enough prattle for protection as in Salem the springing hoots. A parallel sandwich in Fact on May Day, Portal Day, dispatch hours, Flag Horseshit Day. And the rosin bloom is on the missilemen of Liberal.

All goodnesses come down to a stanchion, as of the Ludites, as for Beardsley. As in Homer the monuments rock a neotoma at Hill City. There is no time or its radium for Hickoks. Kneel piquant and blurt out a Tampax for deer. The Pilsners all extinguished for the Goebels of Strong City. Lights come on in the geode. Pokes taken at Brooks lead to Missile mead. And what Chandler will right the Caesar-Misch block. Behind its fans a moray speaks to Saxman. Come true to the border of coffee and Elgin watches, Honeywell and Hardy, Renfrew of the Bramans, Waldron to Dexter, Lookout for Acres, the Milkweed of the Cimar-ron. The rush is open, the clouts are back, the millipede has his camera on, the Ventwhistle a mere standup. I think the west, I think pictures of the oldman. I think the east, I think the east. Or a pine bunting. Or longday's pinnacle into hearing of a thing. And jazz survives, like the pin brought back, or any sound bark canoe still made. Seen the avenues, violet of comestible damage. A moon that could be onion to any heavy tipper. Lodged in bankroll divet icelight. He suns,

then times the spatter on his handbacks. He coils in prevention. Shoes collide and the vents are so. Marylou, said Edgar Poe, took my diamond ring, my clicking vault, parts to my pistons. Perfume and rain, Ellis Larkins has a patent. And Nat Cole extends the Colorado. I took my time, I didn't hold it. And the whole town comes a scoop, filling backs and yards of raw tapes. I yawn over my script and soft when the red light's on. And steam a place from the windows on. Sighs to sabbatical Oroville, but it doesn't hatch. The fathers miss the brass of my kindergarten class. And mildews that clasp the attention. The Springhill artshow hides ferrets, so we close and imbibe gasnog for the mind's circuit amber. Is this sandland a soda capper to all the briny mercurials? Lapse into a scan, pens atwitch, nostalgic for the sedimentals now incontinents drift. How can a jazz hole ensnare all that's lighter and away? I turn the radio. I turn my radio to the sound well. As the road, to its particles. Every turning solid.

II.

"In groping toward ultimate weapons,
it now seems fairly clear,
physicists could be helped by
a limitless view of red
cliffs and pale-green arroyos."

—Nuel Pharr Davis

A vote could be a part you dent. Come home to the plimsolls
latched in a bucking to stew. Rumpables. Lard in state. The
hum that couldn't balloon it got so patch. Lamps come on
the sod wall. Trump line saga, admissible as oleo this bean
flight has come to. Wedgable whim tips. Has clonged speech
a cone on the country. Stripes his fender the midday peen
hammer, and all the caps traitish you send back to home and
be cellu-viewed. The carbon is the blue plate later. Honk
sack in the sun. In lieu of what's knocked in lieu. Diamond
Cadillac brash vista, and when you tipping sigh it's music.
The veldt flatted ties with beers as much as said it was as.
Slipped the tank and bent the bone. Glass, the piano fell off.
His stick, dawning on, and could vote you through as,
violet. Mitt orange of the canyon through. A pad glide
wheels the wrist, see-through radio. Meddles of rum,
sending the bulb to his room, seat rocking. I turned Duluth
and got chaired. Stun breakage adds papers. Light left in the
fridge. Borealis on the morphine straws. The wind takes
down a peg a summit. A rain, a milk, Lockheed equations
that styles get granular. Whale match that equals sootage. A
mayor a minute, light sting tree. Rim steer traced to
Thoreau. And Poe sifts 'im and leaves. Dropped down

dimes, which leaves Cage. And a minute of your size gap,
truncheon spin or precision rest. The lights have changed
Tulsa. Melt blockviews, box concrete, and throw up a
method throne. I am in the picture, parking gauge. Why is it
this cold in my head. Urban renewal for viola and crash
course. It says what it says, that which it says.

But has come over popular on the Canarsie carbon lines. A
test to string it out between finger and trestle. The windows
are dimmed felt in mint orange. A train line your air car but
it sticks out along. The schoolbook is lost behind the
paintings, and the merriness gone gorge. Summer is a pant.
A cup of Za-Rex thrown back later in bebop line. I've got
teeth you've got. Remnants least of all, saddle sections. He
emitted the television and slashed his wine. Downtown is a
Utah telephone in the cupcake bleaks. The pilots there
sounded like smells through a tube. The class of granite, to
not shine neither up nor off-cuff down but both, glass nor
handle. The music is but a print of pinks, all the lakes Los
Angeles took. The polishing hands go down with the food.
Then the biscuit and necklace, mere photos or circulars.
Thin chimes changing. The dim sheen talk and coughs in the
bar of chalcedony. I have spent nights light as a window.
Overall spending, the glue of buttons to rock. Tape all the
caves to the building, and eke that news. Around the plant
the Chevrolet, so taxing to such necks. Mine the river for the
bottom of all the falls. Canada is coming over the radio, in
ice its dark. Long Mexico's party line, here to there a loco
globigerina, three beans on a match. I have been watching

been watched. The ticket was to Blind Eye Key, where the movies are held on curious blocks. Timers for your summer set by green teachers, own or fold no sweaters, sit where no one but them. The car is out, the cat stripes in, the bandages are clanging but what's on for now. Highway sunball situps, and the orange suspenders of the classic stack. Railroad soda in the grits shoes accrete. Climb that knob, then sit down for pages. Admit to missing Tums by an elbow. The tables all round and fine in good coin. The talk put back again. A game shifting nameless streets. The numberball tools by a pipestem of vended plants. A curio eyeball an Ovaltine surrounds. Tap down mice before the tome is through. The sidewalk famous well blew out. Lights out in the leathery. Cats say stay your lap. A balloon came over the field as we peeked for entrance. Pipes that stall in transport. Signboard that Upright Organ Blues was allowed. And the doll came to the kid from the ghost grid rack. I got let off and now I steam and road. The organisms urban repeats. Those belts mates store back. Automotive and landed tenements. Semblance of Nebraska once a single corn. Just the desert for timing a cigarette, for sitting up with a bomb, emerging a president speechless. The pine siskin will house your raisins. The moon a form of tacked repute. Let's stick. Song cakes yawns in tenement aisles. The B in beer annoys a fly. Tendency dawns.

III.

"I am not a swan."

—Leon Bix Beiderbecke

But why do I have to want to have more. Dichotomy, with comfort. The grist caught him looking. All the heads too close for a mile, and repeat in their clogs. Why is the muscle raised in january, a prune for discussion, and lasted for in laps. The buttes of Utah a tin cup held up. Things only looked at first the first time well, then named, slipped under the stack. The base of Pulpit Rock half quarried away behind Silver Luck Lunch. The echo is seen in photographs, looking at what's still. Let's go only to movies on the moon. A rental park with tobacco placements, aluminum bounds. A slight lick of sun tween thin clanging intros, rust, bolt embers, knobs with no returns. He turned on the radio to a sun patch. Caught his own headache in slights of cliff, cured in the going bebop. What's turning in the sand of pencil flashes. The detective knocking on yet another door and somewhere what more can or will be said. All the stories lost behind the story the phone was hung on. The sun keeps him quiet, not even a desert, nor a tenement its walls. The cats all have read the book of so what. The lines of sight on coffee on the book of windows. Fleet, and worry down the valley brown irons. This then the cost of potato carves, a milling

tube. The light's on the stick magnet. Obtain, and be round. Cirrus the auto fits, a pack house, the pump fails to loom. A shack behind the pen nib works, for to mull and stump on starlings. The flood shot the tarmac down basalt to weld in municipal carparks. The mothers all call for new crystals rather newsprint. And carbarns, all expose to bright bugs make a fist. The mainline doppler has come a cropper, Fresno vernal outlook. We all live behind windows and shake song from strain. Alluvial outwash to sink and grey matter glints. The lights of Albany, a hole in the thunder cover. Eggs over curbs under arc-vapor. I must turn this record to eyeless amalgamates. That this light has come on the zoo, the whistles there. Cauliflower ointments, the books on rodeo stand, and fall repeats. Go to the bark, mirror, and settle for Thoreau. The removes are in funny waves, like Creeley in Bolinas, missionary neons, cork as a saddle. The lines are drawn creaking, the muscling swans. The bellflower lands by its rope. We go off on Soda Surface Avenue, never to bend car eyes. Petaluma in light of allergy, railtrack, and sandwiches. Rimshot burns a warp and repeats, within a clever tacit. The postcards are arrayed, a Civil War mist of past hills. The detective files in his district, and amber compass of sockets are home. The light on the snow is a salt squeaking its flanges. If I could believe in Jackie & Roy I'd have less of a trip to Las Vegas. They hummed like bananas in the charred arms of the grotto portal. All that singing comes to, a pinch between the cheek and gum. And I'd rather a peak near to Boston basin for

some tea. Uncrated, and signing the instructions. Typing some notes on a berry. A munch that caught in the shuttling radio. I would I read a book, but the highway. The tomes elastic out a bolas all the way from school, an appletree. Scowled down below in the darkening Everest. Mounties crying alarming over the pears, their trug boots, the notches in Olympia beerwall. I have managed to start the car before Edgar Allan Poe. The country all a kicky sump of speech, slats before sundown, a tunic, a Mars Bar. Caver visits watercloset, tooting in his membership pipes. One her-ringgull one roadrunner, all the parkingflats between. One sip of exploration, one of preparatory illusory parliamentary cooling sidewalk gumdrop. The tubes come on in Jack Benny. A hoopsnake rolls into an old wive. Beeves in pandemonium circuitry, a picture of your mother sitting on a whelk stammering. The laces come rooting out of the pigskin. On the attack, a band of mumps, smoke-hangers that Burlap Sam provides, Slim Pickens drying at sundown creekside. And back to the buttes, sans lights, lacking lunch, picking out a stack to end all durational chemistry. I have parked, and never found it straitening, pink down light on a birch side. Live in chickadee haunts and pick your words from snow snooze. Ketchup on the radio. If only voles, and then piano movers, and at last drawers to hide punk in. Signaled with honky marbles to the last man to pen marches in his teen streets. This the overture to Hula Bear, let's leave off all these roses. Keep boulders by your desk to whack when words trail off. Coming on, the night of the pumpkin

pin. Take the dog waste from your shark skin and classify rootbeers. Pin up the cave link on your beaverboard watertable. Tatoo your knuckles to hold fast without music. Shy at a cardinal and knock off bark dust. Say thimble rattle, say water ouzel, say pedestrian darkness laughless and past auto. Let's say Thelonious Monk.

IV.

"obtains from the creek"

Robert Grenier

It goes on in tubes, away in globes, comes back in bulbs. Snowstorm, clearing and fair but seasonably cold. Thaw, moderate to heavy rain, center and south. Snow, north. Mild, rain center and south. Snow, north. Clearing and colder. It rain and snow. It snow mountains. Generally sunny and cold. Cold snap, mostly sunny and dry, some flurries mountains. Partly cloudy and seasonably cold, some snow flurries. Sunny, cold center and south. Some snow north and mountains. Light snow and very cold, north and mountains. Snow, north and mountains. A secret method for enduring mastery of life with pyramids. The top cake, the bottom chowder. How many things without witness, plain as noses, or crested away. The fire tower behind the candy bar. The bird strips to no applause. The century has handed the photos back, drypoint and rimless. Left stoking an orange and glaring. The pirate heads blinded for Hollywood, antique particulars (chairs for instance) with portfolio. Live as a Pontiac and just as sun-burnished purple. Now the parks have let out, where will all that stored math get one. The sign stated pickles, bricks to be examined. Novels full of pen points, slippery as a few hairs. And then the fluorites, with which such as Pound did not deal. Halogens coming public, issue of reservoirs. And yet, the

word yet, pendulum of hope's reclass. Black Holes in breakfast nooks. The state of the building starling requiring mappage. The high bush is sensible, such sense being verb, to inches to cut swinging, both to each. And the light goes out in the cab, under bolts. A city is vertical, list of itself. Spend some sun patching a darning needle and see. The bark canoe slides under the china turrets. The record spins the air of dust. The book once read, comes blank. As mesa river forks, can you hear them. If snow, can winter be far. Can plaster have. Just like the sting of a bee, turned the tables on me.

V.

"I am on the hunt for constructions.
I come into a room and find them
whitely merging in a corner."

Franz Kafka

Organ of body armor clams up at the lips' steps, that sandwiches may be leafed through. As orange, as hydrangeia, as put the what to do you mean. It's snowing the birds to the trees. The button is pushed to pop the spring and scan detail from smallside suitcase. Finishing nail and finishing hammer. Blue pool, and it is well. Crossing the street with three trees. Stood up and cried: Open shirt! Signing of declaration of independence. Scan detail of my shadow on ancient rocks, violent implication study. Tending the lamps. Father's along, before the flood, the stoning of Gingerbread Mesa. A copper shift to spring a red silo. Standing figure in the sun is a rain barrel. Raining Color City. And its diamondback tamps in salt spray. Preserving America's railroad. Rectangles, clay banks and mist remembered. You must anchor in the sun, air-conditioned and estuary, before phase four: couch interior. The light is on the Impasse at Swansboro. An extra lady at day's end, and a washing of oil. Helping at home, grinding fresh grits daily. Untitled and Made in California, a wood duck at art school sink. The Indian wondering at Emerson's grocery list, is he forgetting loose of everything? Or fishing by shack at Windy Point. Farewell to the cool lady mallard, a hieroglyph at edge of

apple house field. Who is smiling and thinking in blue of factors, smokerise over earthen frisbees the lichens mistook for Indian beads. Astronomy rising. Forgetting everything. A rear view of Houdini's shadow at Table Rock. A list to the right merely, and John's stuck, from sun to sun. In a day fashioned of old times, a flight from the depths to inner city afternoon room, the piece goods are on, a cool job of embryo. Untitled plaid New Jersey, the flutist almost quiet at morning, rear view in conservatory. Girl with stick horse, bilking a couple of pros, leading the wash of oil to *that* house. A pickle in reverse, a negative cheat or candy mushroom phantasy. Monk, in flower, dead, just continuing to just continue. The fretted vegetable at Capitol Square. Its light, of catatonia, incyclical, forming stoneware. Bottles, of the Devil's Triangle, just formed booked-up and all snooze. A Mr. Bojangles, just waiting, plaid shoes, bulky banquet camera, Yosemite, a Mr. Watkins of Oneonta, October. Wise opal be juggled, waking sleeping birds. Arch moonlight Magee passes old mill, the sand bar, book worm to bass lake. Arch memories that these are creature painters, studying earth tones. Philosophers of Timmy's store, of red vase for rags, patterns of the vug bouquet. Aphrodite's squeegee, and we come to Otto's grotto, the battle for inspection of the earth mother, her blast furnace and plant study to the south. And the fall companions, white crysanthemums, their place in old Vermont, a cat. Framed in a symptom of the low color countries, for it's that time again, tricycles of spring thaw. Rocking chair, out of a man's

reach, after the rain and jade on the rocks. Kitchen interior with wandering jew, light under the door in fading correspondence, headlines till rain falls and then I'd rather orange split. Trespassing on U.S. government property, nothing but elephants, at hand. A portrait of cotton, and the goat with green eyes, riding it out. Introspection, to veined pottery, a mere sun progression, a boy's coat of arms on the desk, lingering snow. A morning's blah intermission, in which beavers tat on bird feathers and fleas that stud the sky and grounds. Women, square, in plainscape, bridging over the coffee break, storm at hand, marauding fishes. Settled the point of plum interference with a beanpot of flowers, pig decanter at his ease, Mister J. Edward Glasscock has the family-movement circular nailpuller seaside subway blues, imprisoning wild aberrations (my electrical perversions). The forms, a Nubian giraffe, with veils. Brancusi tears up the canyon, his platter, his distant burial runner, his blue-orange doppler, above and beyond the locked-in series of limestone colleges. Studying white. Some might think it's out, some might not. Seeing doubles. Bottling the weighted nose of a Masai warrior, his pegged landscape, wheeled self-portrait. Dreaming of an old stage driver. Down at the prayer plant, a beached meditation and big splash, titling cowboys in John's room, blue shutters and exercising in cloth. Time out, my friend, the egg people : give them berries, the graduation of farmers on hilltop. Mister Walker's hanging pigs, plants on windowsill, winter simplicity, Model T waiting on Mona's oranges, golden rod in autumn

field. Graduation of seating on back roads. Sliding copper, tuning onions, whispering breeze. Dub's barn has hanging basket of earned rest. Waiting for grandma at information center, resurrection assured. A Persian dancer untying shoe in sunrise photo of sweet pork. Five squares in assimilation, arms akimbo. Cherokee lady's bare bosom of Tennessee valley authority. Beyond another spring, the moonbeam or artichoke dream, horned owl resting on copper, earth's phenomena. Savage times? Wonderful summer, the philosopher of frisbee and the cat. Imprisoned in wild aberration, the zeppelin commander, a land bird. Well well, got it all together, view from a window, remains of scant detail, trail of cast shadow tears. Reflecting on a place, where all the possibilities of eighths, scribbled. Another era of meshed quadrilaterals and the trees be inside out. Just mass of untitled morning on big horse creek, mere lozenge from MaunaLoa to the mountain boy, his facade and true blue monoprint construction. Shooting marbles and gingerbread men. After all the still wildfire it is well, blue rock. Besides, one and one and one is three. This road, a homage to any reality series. A nebraska, in nasty macramania? The pilgrim light is on in the smiling nude's pod. Quintette by Lassie? Violent implication study, of Churchill's brain and the tracks of the sunworshipping stage driver. A beginning study in America, quilted illumination of body bones. A beanbag in the eyes of liberty, golden static on the dew-touched rabbi. Swamp watch on a pink table, look. I can't

explain it, building breeze. Untitled film clip, blurred bullfighter. The man who wants everything has a tomato. The moon, a red ball that winters at night. In summer the Baptists have woven rugs of Babel's pine cones, the patience of a card. Mom has stenciled the street in flowers, a virgin, the one at the top, a vineyard. Death, the rocky eruption of marble shooters, at dawn. A mission of mood toward a more perfect order of deep sea specimen, or fried chicken, butterflies painted on owls. Welcome to my world, falls of white jaws, in red mountain light, orange pendulum breeze, white stone saturday night. The Indian stained glass, red asleep but blue when serious. Bubblegum charm spots in volcanic glass, or something concrete? Studies in the gold breeze of Warne Marsh, his hand-tinted patience, a test pattern in detail. Moose Lodge has but hard times, remembers Merry Christmas. Or a friend, untitled, filing down the silver way. Memories of the original Canadian who never was Phyllis and Kathy or Connie and Eula Jane. Shut your paper lane yap, caned bus. Light on the millipede. Sights that never latched. Looking in on the outside, looking out on the inside. Winking for the masses.

VI.

"Expressions that said 'There's something here anyway'."

—Kerouac, *Cody*

Parturience of a lot of grit. Stable stamps in a mulch hole. Treadable miasma, iron rings of a shed stove. And this much photo, a lip end. Stuff sent for, stuff up-ended, stuff left. A half chorus of Blue Ontology, sheet of mountain music, stuff once hummed has slid under the partials, caked glass, nipped butts, slats with straps. Ground cover, the bent particles, leave-overs, discardents, appropriates. Half a street of gum chopped to heel sizes. Lit or not, felt and scrapped, laid down and fled in haste. Hastes of wrapper, no-color container, the veriest blank. Pickings lain, and sound as quiet. A case of wax, dumped up, no use. A single glove, always, the pavement, or one shoe. Glove afire in the morning road. The way list makes scatter, no matter the order. Hill of beans, can of soil: block of it all. Don't think of the sky when you stop to pick through, but to choose your remnants the better. Leak of battery glues the construct. The spoken balloon, nothing to do of this. All the gathers that can hold in an afternoon. The aimlessness chosens. Negation sparks, the loads that bottom, coruscating wicks. Tires, on cornets, on taps. The unstandables, the impactededs, lasts of hunch and through. Middles and sinks and out the screendoor slams slats gone on. A maybe instant prisable. The window that came and went with the

house. The sliding nails, the crimp pipe ends. The ranch lay of corrode. Candy has entered insect to coil a smirch on sand. Sodden rounds encorpsed with hays. The slant with no relative, sides with no enclose. A whole plat of meets, crates, not quite solubles. The buttered boards that collect, notch heaps, dry in overlap. That soggy by a ball point. Unidentifiabls brighten corners that they are. A paper, and on it tables, and in them extra-stuffs that list. A point no line to another point. Lime rinds from a toot. The iron a tongue once froze to. Fencing clasp phantom property of no special property. Bonds of abut and jar and run-off. Sack paper hole sops a rack for ties. Headlight, no longer. Ad blurt, but now it's not. A mud couple of wren bones. Weatherbeatens, unaccounted. Match prices sailing. Avoidables, as you wait. Sod array, a window on disparity. Clogged tailings, famous of separation, the prime of the cast loose. The cat sniffs and avoids its own wake. If you'd known you were coming you'd have hired a van.

Living in the memory of everything, America.

But the crud in the linings, and then who knows what, fallings. The braking store has shuttered its filing pits. The day has come to a particular green peak, during a squall. All the liners in the hall are trenched draping for the elevator stalls, and I'm in wait for doctor marble magazine in lemons my thoughtlessnesses spin hatless and stuff in turn. Coffee urns have their pilot sparks given up. Grey shaken pave, and

home is always the last lap. I goon by shaven remnants
notice car plates of no sense. And part my thoughts with a
book.

November hardware. Gulls and wrist sedge tobacco, the
mist blows off the snow. The minute ordinaries by a tree.
Honk of a radio beyond valley spread. It's all a map for
future doubting acceleration, numb as the whitescreen of
deserted movies, your finger to the ceiling in wait. The rocks
in the ceiling of dumb spoke. January left and left no movies.
Bicycles though, and little pep spit-valves. Organ in house-
a-teria keeps up with granite notches. Desperate papers all
the flooded berries will outlast. And dawn is a basting citrus
window.

Little plapping states, and twisting whatever, boats. Sends
you right to the moveable dome. Crush tens and make a
mint. Crunch out to beach head apparent. The nudge of
nodule from its point. Papers say can while you can, sight
while you wait. The cars gone beyond siding leaving blurs,
predicates slipping, light off the tin mine. Pig iron of ends of
housing like horse ends. And they move it, and you see it,
weekends gone, weekdays away the street ends in damp.
Somewhere, one says, there is a book that all this tells you.
Beliefs at intersections that cancel everybody out. Missed
whims, static book jacket pockets. The home site that funny
extends, the myth of Blacksocket and Woonstone, shale

beds, cold north lifts of the land. Came rioting from
Bucknell to leave a pea at the doorsill. Slam anchored waits
by a pit in laze greenrod, by five-and-ten used to be a mine.
But it's warm, that it's gone up, in styles of tiles that leakage
pend on. Get a smile, get that that gets laughed off, homing
on.

VII.

"Never does one listen so well
as when washing one's hands."

—*Sacha Guitry*

But what about relax and am myself, the canoe track, and results of the course. I've become more active in the tradition of the proud old smoke, bricks in the Alamo distinctively mellow and personal to your own abilities, heavy copper, postal or overall increasing, and one you will or otherwise. See that in closing, I stopped watching, the president extends his phrasing as if shopping the possibilities, vehicle backyard, of spreadings in future grams of data, as if what and if one of my front tires blows. He's transmitting enormous amounts of ordinary information, as if sending pulses by glass fibers through thinness as human hair. But can't postpone, peanuts in middle age, the future, freshening in air, or as if all that time can fly by so fast, notches in the Newark Valley settles on a budget, pleading by a series of bouts to Joint Center. Items as bizarre as trousers, just at such a time as the burden lines, need most help. I don't think it's drastic too early, I just don't stand it think we should. But he says fear the American mind, ever smiling and wrestling spending runaway momentum of what, vote for scenic ridge, happened and failed. Lester and I have always been expected to stick, through process of in-and-out-windows, and all that a woman to an autumn ball and bussing back on the fly at the lip insists. He

concedes and then I heard him value a pistol and launch, noticing, his foot to a snowbank, as if senates band and lose interest as do inside stories of love feasts, four hours of talk at the felt topped table. I'd have followed old hardnose for a fair and windy deal into the very jaws of hell, true and arranged and salted as a cease-fire at a Christian bakery or like solidly built house, automatic and rose in a solid sheet with a dull thump. I am sure that for one family there is no other way than a lot longer, warp of stockings with fresh fruit. Max, you got two cent? Civic compartment first, then the major setbacks, oil tanks, crumbling cliffhangs, jammed simple theaters, and people in the country for a fire. I seen this guy come to town and change to an African sonority, roomy and ultimate, but tight and tool-familiar as the community chest. That's the real Italian repast, road motif, deposited in my own mitt opposition as what could in innocence, salon balloon game, take me years. All this blame gets botched as any array of leaflets, like the taint of the bonbon fades in Moscow, it's broadside ferocious! Best tip I've had to check and plan ideals that suit me fine as my office is too small at taxtime. And rebuke, the credo of fleets of grain, to boot, that leading journalist seen to shout in the dininghall: "Gandhi zindabad!", praying his car weren't scratched by rides to roads and fields by factories, throttle sturdy, you'd think they'd let them run over each other. It was people had it I would say the problem, like the something different existence tradition, don't pour it down the

side. Color is central, and I feel they shouldn't want to eliminate it, swinging, glittering, fishing, more sports and won't quit. We used to go to the thought, there's a contradiction in read-a-lot sanity. 'Course I'm having a hard time picking the more modest from the monumental scale at Provo Utah, sharing their only single over the roof saturday, and in rubber gloves, popcorn dust, dangerous stuff. The river is all rubber to fishermen, you know, the toxic exposures of marriage, witnessed in loss of slurred memory, all this country a memory of sewage treatment system in leg guards by linked sunny mill radiation, their molecule you finger, toe, or have cheek to be vulnerable to. I had a temperature accident, oh yeah, cold wheat injury, waiting for them negative letters they all sent and sued. I've got a lot of loss now, found genius, skill study. What the coinage minister seems to have written over in ego boost. Might be beerbelly, corpulent, overweight but dignified, balloon king, sample fleshy, files flabby to school, lumberjack or truckdriver, roly-poly, funny, crush-proof, clownlike, filing in behalf of beef. Fact is they produce policemen like sour reports, typewriters still fresh in their minds. While previously took me carrots & squash to solve any math problem, facing the whole backlog of Texas and the dolly birds house up because of their sex. My father's name was Berg, and had sex forced on his arms, no trouble with arts or laws, but broad-minded as a female auctioneer. More bad news and then I've yet to consume the food, house the head in terms of space, mind my cigar, stop over for yellow-

brown dusk on the desert. Tiny galley or not, I would have flown her anywhere. But you don't even look at it, the odd lot, like the same chocolate could be greener, the beetle forgotten in control of actual performance, blazing pennant of every species at the ready. Knock knock. Who's there? A commanding actor, chemotherapy, self-protective mask, dead battery and a few friends. I'm doing stretching exercises to improve the trappings of progress, micro-wave talk of statuary, taking the gate and sweeping the smile of sunlight. She can clap softly like nothing else, jump, lug chute, I've ever felt, I'm never sure. Sure, her music started, then she can stand there all her own and blow an axle in the air, and not even know what it's like to be normal, a brevity of quick gold and bronze when she's not maddening. I'm not even an athlete, when I'm not looting Egyptian temples and the flavor depended. The plunderers come up with hundreds of jackets in color, the portrait value of a jewel of a letter to my mother. The choice is yours, thin lips, and never aged in my eyes, who wouldn't be gaseous and ridden, abstract and rambling. The fall, heading for that fall, is my favorite thing. Chevy's are bland and nuclear with the speed of fairs. I didn't care, degree in audio, if the show fell flat on its sudden host. Prime sketchiness, opening minutes, but only in knee or on arm. Like a kid passing, I was doubly secure and deft in little dips, dimmer where the dope is pushed, and missing where the light's not right, but deadly none too soon and maneuvering so to do, high-class and

munching on the putative screen, just a dose of the numbing double-barrel brothers, and turgid willing scant okay, nary a fret, on my way to Frozen Mesa, parakeets, smudge pot, luncheon.

VIII.

"A piece of marble got lost
when they were digging the quarry."

—Jack Spicer

Chips off a corner. The time of steels. Horizons in a mud. It's the name bolts collect. Airs of razors. Titles, only a piece. Ants, in sets. The large vague, it said. Repeats, and then masses. The violin, its order dusts of kept. Tred-in walls. Noiselesses. Meat, its stamps. The fist that croaks. Blankets, had-loads. Dawns, with traps, at cornices. The pin head, of the barge, at launch, sticks afloat. A baritone sax at the corner, skid of my aisles. A placement, sat.

This is the order of the people of the land. Ten things in a room for twelve. The land is but people flat. Sides, not above but beside; sides, not below but as before. Numbers that occur divisions to people, divisions of before. The land, as the people are not, is whole. But the people are, as from above. Below the land was but flat. See here, the numbers of as people. In order for the land to be peopled, flats. As before anything, an open order. As in numbers anything occurs, as an aside. The people are the land. And as before, are its. And in order from above.

But the state has been made and breathed the wall right in. Kokomo, by its rapids, a small aluminum pine. Sausages, to

face, like fences, the tune's run down. Apparances that saddle you with the combable and common opal. Sat the window out on life. Argued over plimsoll spellings, the light out over the meter. The deaf and the dumb fight over the Coca vender slot. And the haste of a rubber over ramps. The egg just never quite hits the sea and so we pick at the gaps between waits. Could one smile at electricity? Cup the camphor off the lengthening prune. And celebrant throw a painting by the Baroness Nica, as did Bud have long-wave eyes for the Sphere. A long day's sip of tunnel, as of Jack sees Mix up there like a glowworm and took a walk across all Providence (but missed the tunnel?). But over the weeds a paint that sings, a buckle car that twins itself in overdrive, a felt meeting of bend and split. The campfire is off for tonight, raccoon measurements. Mud barges by the flare of crystal can buoy. And hand me those, garnets those socks. I can't crystallize it, so I'll have to print it, up Times Roman. The alabaster ledge where I hid those dollars, on the fly, at outstretch reach. Just up, just beyond, marly pillow rest in subgum forks, by the millinery bench. The light is only on one inch.

I want to sit in my pants, not iron 'em to stride on. And bury 'em mischievous deep in barium. The car passes under a Rediculous Day (pit!). As the ground mill was teamed away in the wet, rickets. Pin red lines of the sodium towers, no steam under rains, no night as solid and in block regard. No stave in the January green scents of highway platforms, the

vellum speed to stare at it by. A boring plot, saved from particulars. The doctor sands his house from tone of his neighborings, plants a socket for dog attach at a later point at curb and pave and say. The dime behind the mill has come full wrist, and typing will rest in sandlots beside the tenor aisles, a pinklist on a pumpkin for blossomed scare and tell. Shotbag's Charge encapsulated in Pennant Magazine, all to read and roll all, to confound a latch. All laugh on a marathon looksee brigade, time the dog fell out behind the tuba glasses. Time is an etch of grass rules, rushes and stems behind the car. A blockage for dotings, weed extents, horizontal garnishes, lint edges for the butte. A very plot of same. A bone in time.

IX.

"Names are the colored barrels
we trip over inside."

—Charles Olson

But it's apparent, that. Self night of the ticking idiot. True that Johnny Carson created carlots. Abbott & Costello launched first Liberty Ship. Charles Olson & Ben Johnson have the formula for toes. We have seen how Farley Granger ruled the ridge and brought it home. Joseph Cotten raised a stable for tanks. And the lights come on in Ray Milland. Floyd Collins invented disaster competition on the nightly news well before the stock crash and watered some Pulitzers too. Just so Lovecraft kept his hands from the horn button. Jackie McLean stacked apples all night long. And Peter Lorre came up with staples from the ebony panel piano. As Dali iced his clams for to line a dome. Comes in Chuck Wayne combing his teeth with a match. And Errol Flynn as Captain Doodad. The light in the aviation bulbs of Eddie "Rochester" Anderson (put in a trailer is really Bobby Darin?). Louis Kahn sat in the salt and thinned his sheet lists. And David McCallum is from Glasgow Scotland. As Walter Gropius, he lit the wands but it wouldn't fly. Claire Chennault sat somberly before the box camera. And you saw the violet straws of Milt Buckner? Names only details of worlds in the world of detail. Michael Ansara, Bette Davis, and Jack Kerouac, all born in Lowell Massachusetts. This is information so so disembodied it doesn't admit of

slowing down. Mickey Rooney's real name is Joe Yule. As an ice jam creaks outside of Albany, stays still, sit down. "Electricity, the high priest of false security", Basil Rathbone, an attribute of Sherlock Holmes. Refusing to be an attribute, so I am a departure (Cecil Taylor). No one is original and everyone differs. Scanning the table, picking a name from anything. The painter is drawing: still, there. Fish so small they don't. A whole snow in the dark. Chair of cadmium red, call it Muscovite. Rouben Mamoulian's first production was Beating on the Door (London). And Janet Leigh's real name is (was?) Jeanette Helen Morrison from Merced (clearest voice). And Peggy Lee was Norma Egstrom from North Dakota (muffled). And Pinky Lee (as a child forgot), Pincus Leff (passed on the tube). And Clint Walker went to Vegas to make contacts and landed a contract to star in Cheyenne (collects rocks).

X.

"After a while some one gets permanent possession of the charm and the music ceases."

—John Wesley Powell

But you would carry it off and string it out, the road, at its whims settling, for whatever sat true, gloating to be yet beyond, for a sight and a say further. Construction of lamps on the basalt ridge nearing oxygen fusion. Brought down as a two wheel kite. As the sky, as the sky launches, as the sky is no background to. They named something The Punchbowl, and the conjoined remains. Fenders flashed by the western sun. Going home to straight rock, no parcels, a stretch as yet unchapters. Honk at the base, turn in, fasten down, read on.

A light occurring in Window Rock, shuffle papers and breathe. Drop a post. There will be buses to this. Wet plates will be there. Actual wooden rooms look over. Plates of tin of beans at dark. The entrance is hidden by brush, a pain to find. Let the animal out of the car, that he stand it with you. A book of famous alarms. White dollar vista.

Just meaningless spots in the woods that bring you coffee. Rind around the mist, separately, the plan of signs the pollens on the pond, and he does see the song as words in a plain hotel, sizzle of fingers behind hut. The kiss collapses then straightens into puffs, where's that issue of you know

that magazine? The one, flecks, with the margarine backwards. The trees stand for where the rock leaves. Temperature in a handout. Rain and hold down rocks. Hinge turns Janos Starker off his cello, Bach suite of pie tins, cover up black stovepipe outlets. Asphalt radio strip night coming ahead. The ripe cucumber odor of the copperheads. And as soon as we get it you'll have a chance to hear it, here. Horse radiator clip dome. Timing and hearing watercrash. Shack, walls piled of blackened dinosaur ends. Leaving the room to a stake of weeds, wrist alarm that winks at body functions, yawn and snow on red sandstone strata. Objective to look at the varmints outback left and skulk.

The repeater owl, blank creditcard and lunar orange in the wrong place. Cities collide with sticks, to the back of a balloon, sun wires stones to lines. New Jersey crate mouthpiece. Friction of cities on woods. A sky is only empty when it's photographed. Nehi Orange down the trail, damp below the knee, a birdhouse beneath a brookbed, lights behind a crowder. Lava beds a blackboard tackle a snowfall. Rain on leaves equals water on rocks, Thoreau said. Spotlit hands fold at the wheel. As light rock is left of the world. Aluminum desert you wipe from your. Candy store on concrete block in thin. Teddy Wilson Talking to the Moon. Ice thin pencils and cookies on the fritz. The black cap in the exact. Durenamel initials. Elbow melody coffee kitchen fixture. Borrowed horizon with stems. A glass of coil ale. Dependencies singing pool. Let's get laughed and

sound emulsive, pattern of sheet January. He stands up to and relative of her, pine siskin in place of the lab. A green one, a quick one. He deciphers the finest sands by means of fingerpicks, the pumpkins are not missed. I illustrate the most obtuse parts by dishkettle, warmingpan, bread tray, tea-pot, soap bowl or cheese press. Last night and it's clear. Lights come on the road. Signs the byways. Holds out for the lip and onion soup and stars crowd the tube.

Under the heavy top ledge hang the freaks of erosion. Hanging, the costume in early days was nothing. The body lands. It is much wider from the side. And hollow. The solvents. One arm, pant. The stones which ground them lying in the bottom. Water pockets. As jugs that are wicker made tight with pitch. A wheatstack in the distance lights. That these are numerous hence the name. Names, part of a rapid. To one sitting in boat near foreground a sentence of ten words is repeated. Note boat with men on rocks, middle distance, making let-down. Notes boat with man on rocks, foreground, makes a let-down. The dark lines at the water's edge are the boats, at a halt for observations. Upper walls, not seen, a borrowed table left behind. But the boat showing armchair. And when there is nothing else left to do, he pulls a book out of his rubber bag and reads aloud to his men, The Lady Of The Lake.

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