



**Lloyd Addison**

**The aura & the umbra**



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## Carpentry

**Caught upon a crossbeam**

**the hands that worked with wood**

**were pierced by nails**

and their work stopped?

wear it      Son of a carpenter here is your crucifix  
Symbol of your Father's business, too

An illiterate society heard word-of-mouth  
The Word its meaning  
and lexicographer number One  
said all things in parables

**What do you mean                      man  
no one before knew the meaning of God ?**

and his work spread far by a man named Paul a Jew  
so it is written

and the arms spread open of the hands that worked with  
wood  
became a symbol  
was done remindfully

**The world had sense enough when it happened  
but wooden feeling**

**The hands that worked with wood are not still ?  
– verily the end is not blank –**

it is written in Paradise the woodwork is not curated  
a few choice pieces of the world may be all

it reads  
that this is Spirit

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## I by you put on

Knew you upon the one true time  
two to times shifting  
being too badly moved in mood  
to come to see me born again to be something born of you  
much a part of heart-felt two  
you should be  
slightly half of me  
in part and place of you  
though only partly placing one  
without my really being half  
but having here something truly in the place of time  
and thought having you instead  
feeding one feeling-view to want  
bathed in me  
water and water and watermellow  
shower and well-cool and felt fellow  
is by the I put on  
the dress of something haunted  
by the near untrue  
in the Gypsy hour of fortune-telling  
all of a feeling incomplete

## Far as are stars

are stars  
are stars  
far as are stars  
and we are lonely  
and we are only mortal  
in the night  
it happened in rain  
created the atmosphere of ruin  
I called girl  
friend lover beloved  
and rained down  
far as were clouds night  
loud thunder  
crowdless wind  
the whistle of whispers  
brush the face  
the gloved hand of love  
far as are stars  
blinded by starlight  
are stars  
lonely Astronomer tonight  
night  
night  
sweet nonsense no more  
breathes breezes  
or tears  
and nakedly  
lightning reminds me all over



## All the reasons for the snows

A little white privacy  
of knees  
excitement in a dress  
pass at the knees  
over which looks direct looks  
naked-kneed looking never more private  
but puts something urgent over  
in a virtuous motion  
a threat!  
these  
are criss-accost-crossed  
– casted radiance from off her knees  
desisting looks of this moment  
but sits fiercely fore-showing affectless lapses of address  
at open affront of light

Some place the young healthy girl at twenty  
with particular emphasis of thighs and hips  
loves  
over her snows

and queen royalty the eye deals out  
freezing praise a captive lover clown  
who knows but scorn full of eye presence

and winter's window in this my mind  
fantasy upon another  
looks to disillusion my emboweled icing-delight  
looks ate over these snows  
taking cold against the pane  
are still intimate but lonely snows  
and hills and hollows' fields moon-touched  
insentient  
tending beyond seeming in the ice-platonic air  
sweet-masked goon-n-thing

but wish-thought's swift-edged kiss of permission  
likely likely lost to low talent death  
of the off-black hands  
of time's maze-gazing man's unsolved light ware  
partly felt-handled potpourri  
dissolving with a girl's heartlilt in wind flutter

looking back upon a time recalls

a girl is always lovelier looking in the mind's mirror  
unemotionally fixed upon looks

there are many looks of good  
looks to dye  
white comes a wash  
hair burns to be  
and black dyes red and unsightly

in the bleached skin  
peached to the heart  
the sun finds vanity pale  
and the windows in the day-egregious sickroom  
looks to die

still the more light loveliness airs sentence me  
to snow windows  
to have to know  
the other social look of tonal lonely beauty  
by this matter only  
emotionally fixed upon a girl  
to be free to retire

to first prefer no one unbelovedly  
though cult- or culture-carrier of fabric

All the snows are snowbound with white blues of the eyes  
but all the reasons for the snows are snowing  
meaning less in snowblind rhythm  
but my heart is snow bound to fall enchanted of first snow  
when it cannot look into my eyes alone  
when in the pane there are two of me  
split middle frame  
insideout of hot and cold design

I see laughter  
distorted heckles for the jekyll-  
hide truth too absurd to answer to

that in the snows  
night velvet wish-sparkles in haunted thigh-cheek  
but by which half hallow-witched light  
eye-witness dissociates sight from touch  
negotiating epic tales  
to relate of ghosts



## Umbra

My sun has gone down in drum suite penumbra  
The mood of this rhythm my body is umbra

And the totem line behind the three-faced light tabu  
decline the flesh-cup curve

The postmen ask  
What information in address envelops this female  
impertinence posturing behind us

this is not thigh ten-inch-pound distance weight focus  
this is the weight of death  
full to fascination bottom riddle end but dense

one face-frontal curve  
or straight instantline  
no rear view is beautiful to address  
say designers of fashion  
but to the self

one clean brief declension  
is to write to inform and to clothe to invite

This is the interval of a question addressing the male

The umbral body is in penumbral field  
a two-way cup curving female  
a handful of image an armsful storm  
a mouthy world waiting

And the lips that kiss you in penumbra have arms  
A body molds the darkness is thigh-pressed cradle-abdomen met  
and breasts the umbral breasts have softness

And the silence neuter feminine night  
is sighing verb-breaths to love

And handsome she has fingers to caress herself down  
circular the darkness is erect  
feverish at its back the stars perspire  
pressed to her back the hands of the arms that engulf her  
hold her enrapt  
cool lips press against her throat  
erect the darkness is spinning in an arc PM space  
a perpendicular in its equator  
a right angle in its tropics lights

erect the darkness stands  
goes gentle merry-go-round in the wheel

with a rub in the trouble hub  
the axle oil gives ease

spoke  
said muffled mute hot gerund to be is being is  
the night pitch  
the feeling pie

love is a good gentle cut

between thin spreads of dough its meats  
the kneading spirit is gripped

and the handle in this feeding time  
equipped with potfat floodlight milk  
to go roaring to the royal pitch pond  
is to the self-darkness square root  
the set formula to be feeling figure-field

The fall from the shoulders  
careening down the umbral back  
the act of line arcs  
moving to divide hill

And the black thumb of its beauty  
is an index figure written in sand  
and five fanthomables of a handful in a swim

is a catch  
a watery whim which sets and vanishes addressed

laughing out of darkness flatulent with light  
and lonely  
speeding round in plus-diamond closure  
breaking refraction naked  
little jewels of blackbrown white darkness  
cutting colors of weightlight to pair to explode  
compound the inner spectrum under surface-limited line

This body's conjunctive circuit is  
on somnambulant current continuance of attraction

Into the flow of this river tittering ruthlessly  
of having being going broken rhythm at middle emotion flood  
a gurgle in the whirlpool erring eye at thigh/s/ hips' concourse  
cleanses a touch of kinesthesia

handful of the hollow space-solid stomach  
a time envelope distended fretfully lolling to tension  
that hands move over leaving the mouth deliciously weak  
hands move to clutch that having being  
to handle mouth's pout from distant touch  
thigh raised to handsome cup

In violable twilight feeling  
she wins watching the gaited dance

Her hair is lacklustre black justnight  
a vapor porous posy potted in relief  
sculptured to a mating cloud growing wild

her forehead is arched in appositive poise  
prominent in majestic sweep  
conceding to her lips that she O is  
kiss is love

her eyes seed lightdrunk aura light's winter moons  
are aura and aura cool light afire

her face is a slope swelling at the lips  
touched with a pink of sunset evenly fading dark  
nourished warm of watt to love ethos  
turning out well thirst to will thirst  
where love drinks love looks full-lipped fat handsome water pinks  
to give a full smooth smiling peal

Her head modelled to eclipse the infinite form resource  
be with the nakedness behind the ears  
over the unplumed rhythm of the head and behind the ears  
the breeze titillates

to close upon me the face  
swelling at the lips

lips first  
lips thirst to lip-peal  
wet-lock the flesh waterdrops  
break beneath the tongue

waters to drink well sweet tunnel to lips  
this is the pool to swallow

to drink darkness watt  
to discover collage of penumbra feeling vitamin colored  
eyes closed  
spreading two lips peak

put to give  
bite  
break fast  
arc off ends

speech parabolic

This defenseless need to be feminine is princessly receptive

Bone sculpturously bathed in hands of love  
restrained in creating fury  
quivering to invent avid rhythm

a celebration of sensuousness  
airily nodding as the night woods

Her neck is an umbral stem mooring nude euphoria

The shadows step lithely out of her shoulders  
off her breast her chest famous of carriage

Umbral she walks in an umbral sun  
in an anarchy of time

naked is the heart  
naked to the head







in field the svelt proportions rolling  
in figure the felt emotion beholding

Address thigh velvet hand some face some cheek  
to out-figure reversions to emote eye-wonder

naked is a darkness  
an infinitive to be in space – time  
the love-space infinitive brimmed cup  
on the tangent world wish

The sixth cup moments rest  
aura come definitively being

having to have had to be  
light  
the inverse letters written in the dark  
light  
extreme knowledge at exit tension nods  
white the cup at knowledge tilt

What is it light to have to have  
naked a body darkness  
the pale dry day put out  
and all the lights of the world at a tilt

this body of the hairless beast  
so compulsively naked it shaves  
light

And where are you instead of sense-imaginings good night  
saying where you are  
to address me

having to have had to be  
over the woman through the words to sleep  
goodnight loneliness  
love  
light  
respice

in the umbral field naked a body darkness is

## By line abdomen cradle aura womb

Thigh clay oh thigh clay is genius  
thigh oh a mettle truth  
clean thigh line thigh lithe aura skin flesh  
is clay clean is

sigh aura cup full  
black grape.suited kin  
is aura grape smoother flesh sweet  
is sky wide.away filling hands with wind.oh kiss  
is pure as.is.if fruit ripe.end pods side out  
is Delores is  
here touch.black avow.wild

Dark thigh lines out.fill.outmelds avid lining touch  
width dense.in event be.come.fort hands some kisses  
dark space.in place aura thigh is par.a.phrase.ink  
as distinct deep intuit black kink axis in.field.in to  
figure out black out in pink.ink acts in.two fill.in up width

in.suit.in.distinct pitch tintured in.formation  
dense.ink dense  
stereo ink.suite.drum mum.blot  
umbral.link chord in love

calling to oh mellow wish this adjunct feeling  
as per source offer be-wed  
as will.link be.come.ink forms  
as per affirm.ink to feel legend  
emerging from twi-nighted line  
as to think.ink inside out.fits grape.suited  
thigh line abdomen

Converging suns meet // inner-night rose's girl  
close-in eyesight blurs  
close  
nose.sight scents

close-in // closing field  
presence fits // absence out.closed .out  
break fords break bridge.fast  
up.ends knit  
closing to.from inert state some flow  
to.night sea.flower waking  
by line abdomen cradle aura

Mute.suited opaque is  
in.feeling place.is / laced face.in.ter rhythm dense  
in.kiss.in.fold'd  
in hips'moon-curve lines in



moon-shimmer.in deep avow.wild depth  
avow.wilderness deep finds incline  
yeses in.de.clined re: fit black in touch  
width deep rhythmic thigh abdomen close

is pi tan.general circles  
is pitch.in / is in close.dense rock.in  
stockinged-ore or more stockingless seams

origin is timbred ardor

is love-stock / in naked dignity undenuded looks  
refraction on pitch / is shock.insular

is cradle abdomen met by cause  
to be.having love-ink IN.form densing  
love.being having to / being defined re: dense unlocked feeling

freely linked in knot.light flood  
a.butt.tress.passing butter.touch  
is butter.touch all IN.formation  
densing to dense pitch densing

is blocked.out.sight.out / sea.view comes call.ink sense.waves hello  
is aura right here this  
is beauty / is thigh clay rhythms

And night-winking stars dance on the lacquered bosom  
aura twinkling upon night field figure  
which space is asking knot looks in field lying  
is thigh right space to touch is to become oven figure.field  
in.two air.pairings width rollying rhythms of sea  
by line abdomen

Teasing my palette poses light against possession-motion  
to the eye the yeast fruit is light / is pie.fruit beauty

butter the black breadfruit of my life

by line abdomen

is done bun  
is fig raisin hi-rise brown.in possession aura  
is unconsummated for eye oven.flora.scented bake.rich

but aura wheat.meat aura ohs spirit split-infinite being  
dense plum in figure  
to yeast on a field of love in the dark.fruited dance  
by cause of thigh clay genius is Delores is

I touch thigh fork  
its call towards consumption utterly cannot be awareness  
inter-being between thought and touch  
forecloses in motion upon pitch densing  
before pose is propt IN.motion is  
thigh spirits' smoked shoulders saying rhythms  
in blackness-figure circles left right disclosure  
line abdomen

Concentrated some thigh modesty in sleepiness  
is Delores is equal right to be.comma-splice touch-sight

as love mates space to my self-dispossession  
orchardly pan.plum symphonies enter hands/some  
fingers along thigh fortissimo  
holding against beholding  
turn my beloved pianissimo into fluid tones intoned  
genius Delores'

Love is as thigh world wick is / wick lit  
light that burns though down covers it

Presence of hairpinned time fast.sets kinking heat  
has heat kinks this fever in disguise lick is  
sheer rich coolness turning in tide  
is Delores Delores

as heavy sleep is  
to awaken in.two-thigh power  
to a tent afix-seized open unclothed motion  
in hello deep dense house darkness  
mid.li'l shy seam her fuse is dark  
middle amaze scent perfume form aligning

be.side.lines and interval dense  
calling node to let seize here hollow  
being beware 'V' lick.s.hips thigh see/saucy moves



to say thread through black space to place -inundate  
 thigh cup fullfold up accord-  
     -dent-date thin-skin drum knot twinged  
     pre-insipid to flood mold of gilt.edge handled  
 tilts grape darkly before gulp slips back in through  
     wine gulf in.side.up-stretched cupless night  
 is night true lit black struck node and going  
     to fill over warm embodiment time

And stomach is hollow in dark within space  
     is width droop is passion hollow

unseen parts from time fills fun.act scene one  
 play handsful width.breadth black lighting fields  
 spots to bed in the heart of weddings times motion

lines saying all reached cue / all chorus  
     thigh clay abdomen  
     is release is nakedness

ought to be here lovebody love renewed love receiving me  
 abode.sense asleep before being clothes-disembodied  
     by love aura Delores'

Sea.tide rhythm to crest trough flood flow call  
 buoy-hoist voiced land's.end completely is flowing space is beauty  
     where Delores is

thorough rhythms rest talk in densing penumbra  
 rests to sea.tide rhythms restless lick  
     outline *perspectus* sea  
     body in motion  
     swims out to spirit  
     to see is be haunted

Out of the swim the boat is distress  
 no more lonelier high.lines unmoors the sailor  
     to put to sea in feeling its depth

With spirit unmatched a boat here space is  
     to be a.more body in.side.out.bound rhythm time  
     for unweighted journey to pure being  
     is Delores  
     is thigh image under love

But cloudy.eyed sea.eyed Delores.eyed left.eyed volition

to afix my vision to thigh abdomen  
     and cradle aura a chancey boat  
 create a nameless great tide time  
     as thigh clay genius  
 was in love / breast stomach abdomen rectum mum space  
     mumble umbral intense dense legend

To desert my love's space I left by volition  
     cloudy.eyed Delores  
     that art chooses your dense aura dense clay genius  
     that this will oh answer the matter of clay movings  
     of my birthright dark light.weight.touch  
     of your world's love-depth-loneliness sea-fixed to discourse:

love / must to be re: call define pitch.dense in.two-knot-flowing tide  
     that thigh line abdomen cradle aura womb is  
 Delores is to love is to space a.motion all life in beauty

## I would not let the fingers grow together

Were I a brother to the other hand:  
come faith-numb forth into fire for my ideals  
risk-wrung by taskforce called pig heading for sewage,  
in clenched fistic goldcuff linked with hate in diamonds,  
I would not let the fingers grow together in defense of brother.

Were I the brother in handcuffed roughhouse free reaction  
came ideologically figget-hat-fingering, despite honor, humblewise  
to supplicate as to alms for disarmed mankind's bootstraps,  
to be thug handpick-openedup and third-degree smoke hamstrung,  
I would not let the fingers owe their tether to defenseless others.

I would let the fingers know the crooked deal decked odds  
in the clean palms of life, the glow of gutters—  
were magical slights the more thin glove-fingered by fortune's pimp,  
the known handsome pickpocket hoodlum of shortcut indulgence  
per pound of the policed people's believing handdelivered heart.

Were I a right hand left handleless  
without penmanship yardarms of legal statements,  
to ex-commune cow-awe ink-knotted idiot illogical ignorance,  
sunken in dock-misforged appeal of undue processed shakedown,  
I would not offset the finger-accusing to gather oaths of innocence.

Were I the sibling rivalled reason  
the thirsty heart drinks from unrecaptured Amen hail  
the hallelujah mischief on the racetrack of causes,  
I would not let the hands grow together parley-wooing God,  
nor the fingers sweat webbed psalms of love's overcoming good.

I would unpalm fingerprints of guilt in homemade fires' hell;  
I'd reprint writings on the world sold down the Egyptian riddle;  
I would psycho the mint coined slogan analysts of genocidal myrth,  
and decipher doom's declaration against ambidexterous aptitude  
and not let the fingers grow together in defense of growth.

And were I a bareknuckleluck kidglove-disguised pistol politico  
with green pull of kerchief over nosebleeding underhanded deeds,  
were I anyhand out-of-handsoff control in the landscape of lust,  
gangrene greedy with gnarl-knotched hidden digital dirt,  
I would amputate the Siamese elbow sting of backabout effacement.

Were I any finicky panic figget trigger mushroom fingerringed,  
were I a right cross lead to Red Cross bandaid bias fanfare,  
were I a fingernail filed lawsuitcase briefed by lynchgag handouts,  
were I a knotted kerchief handmirroring the noise of social frostbite,  
were I the overhandyworked baldhammer headlined-outright redhanded lie:

I would place a bullet on the red roulette doublezero of my soul;  
I would crossout my name from the bandwagon for peopled duckblood;  
I'd not drop the finger charge anti-power-structured lightning;  
I would bi-arm the never-once armed people's quickchange banditleaders;  
and I would not let the fingers grow together in defense of brother.



## Dark place with maze for a hand

Presents repli-cake way to happenstand:  
old new in greedy ant walldancehall to honey  
over Aladdin mood-walking downy lampwick strand,  
in kinesthetic overcup fat knockknobs' ungated mellonland;

that this is sphinx beginning enter-riddle-middleman sand,  
a secondstory wave crypto-cross blotlight altar let to command  
and owlwoo wind open hauntinghouse atop the Hindu ropestand;

fingers tip and palms run-a-maze along its pedigree lifeline,  
as stepwater chiding a wife's hyper-hope to smoothsay out supine  
In dark draught somersault habit-brimmed upper cup translucence  
against six o'clock-a-doodling onto twelve-a-cocksleep nightstand;

here this music on inset hums to reply-play the creation One  
and uncheck heard moves mysteriously through alpha-blackened fun  
to findout about-facing the amor-room -let- boomerang tango;  
now here the poorer roommating armed event pays high rent charm to rerun.

## After MLK: the marksman marked leftover kill

Until deaf-dumb bullet self-improved comi-tragic time  
deathdrops suicidally from error of unimproved trajectory  
towards humankind's disintegrating vestpocket protest suitability,  
and its ex-it disappear-ring of steel rearbounds  
for vain deathproof namesake gods,  
watch the little black hole  
in the new world order undeliver-rated life-space;

if execution equals solution, let foresight exceed  
where mass meetings equal civilly engineered rights  
obversely proportional to wishfountainpen power,  
and anti-rights-bodies equal ten/time square  
by the co-efficient light minus the magnetic exponential . . .

and if the short straight pigskin pass between All-American equals  
the sohrt straight bullet line pass to Other-Americannots –  
on an elect/rode day-o shootout in atomic space-limited time –  
into how many bullblooded pointillistic pigments  
will the first canvass camped war of the worlds explode awry ?

Hereby youth articles of war a unifying field threat  
to destruct distrust-overlapping generations past  
to inherit their time of health to live,  
or run on sentence-structured fellowship.mad theme antics,  
ordering inapt peeled evil bitterthick  
to eat the beauty fall indigestion limbo, Armageddon Eve,  
a surfeit's indefinite period . . .

and THOU SHALT NOT not KILL ROYALTY  
was here latrined behind these walls where maddog stood,  
and dog said let there be muzzle velocity  
and there was a ballistics report of delight,  
enriched, the eye-witness to the creation of death said,  
man his tri-vestry of cloth – skintightrope walked  
when he should have crawled – will vindicate me . . .

whether in Kings or Psalms or Ecclesiastes,  
never blink, in Acts or Revelation:  
by goods the goodbye contract of the little black hole.

And as for the law of inertia,  
concern with man-condition will elect trick cutie state rights  
obtaining arrears rest warrants for perpetual motion aliases  
fleeing ten-to-twenty delight years of overfunny

So now rhetoric unpacked good physics call forth overcoming:  
uni-lateral-field anti-hymns of Ptolemaic tickled bylaws,  
with march-on strike for ghetto respect and labor,  
in Copernican accounting for a new toned iron sting in graft itches  
before the picture of muzzle simultaneity develops  
to mass spree-the-corpuscle of dropout entropic delight,  
to wRap tRap white nightrider wind in Brown paperbags for sailing . . .



# Lloyd Addison



was born 10 March 1931 in Boston, Massachusetts, but went to school first in Virginia, later in New York ('we were one black family almost alone in an otherwise unintegrated disintegrating Italian neighbourhood in Brooklyn'), finally at Brooklyn College and the University of New Mexico ('I became a drop-out in 1956 because of the feeling pattern'). He served in the air force, mainly in the Pacific, went through two spells of marriage (1950, 1959) and divorce, now lives with his nine year old son in Harlem and works for the New York City Welfare Department.

'The urge to create (otherwise) and the urge to copulate are continually in a tug-o-war – two systems of creating one's world which must compromise their mutual exclusion for the optimal self-affirmation': on one level, the result is half a dozen lengthy novels, some plays, a number of prose poems, a score of short stories, and a considerable body of poetry (again much of it unfashionably long). 'I have devoted much (which is never much) of my spare time inking paper but of works in printer's ink (other than my own) I can scarcely at the moment exhibit a half dozen pages.'

The published work is mainly confined to poetry: in Rosey Pool's anthology 'Beyond the blues' in 1962 ('my only question is: which side of the Blues is she going beyond'), in the first issue of the New York magazine 'Umbra' in 1963 (group and mag took their names from the central poem in this book), 'Rhythmic adventures beyond jazz into avowal sound seams' (a small brochure of 1965 which contained 'By line abdomen' – 'it has always been one of my favourites, particularly because of the rhythms and the notes of ethos': one of Addison's most constant preoccupations is 'working up a kind of black ethos' to displace 'this pathos invitation that I loathe' – 'the difference between the two is as between the clinic and the bedroom for the perverted personality, as between an attempt at cure and resignation perhaps modified by a temporal note of ambivalence'), in the Afro Arts Summer Festival Book for Harlem's warm 1967 (Addison was poet-very-much-in-residence as well as editor), and lately in two issues of his own magazine Beau-Cocoa (the 1969 volume is taken up largely by two of his own works, the poem 'Black in search of beauty' which has obtained considerable underground fame since its writing in 1956-7 but which here makes its first appearance in print, and the first part of 'R.S.V.P.' – 'undressing for an autobiography').

'As you may know, black yea-saying is fashionable these days. And, as you may also know, I am the original black beauty yea-sayer here among the (younger?) poets. And no one has yet entered this province with nearly the enchanted fervor and beauty of my 50s poems.'

'I am basically a very humble person with a monumental ego, part of which is artificial.'