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BIG ALLIS

Contemporary Writing

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BIG ALLIS
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from Conversation Pieces

Full House

parallel or lined up
I want and wait, icebreakers block
detail. Box or house.
A conversation with yourself of some deep
meaning.
Powerhouse. Studs. Big Mouth.

Fairy Tales

No excuse for unhappiness
Chipped plate A.M.
Sharing you with a deer. Do the tiny birds
surround your head?

Container Poem

Nothing between us, a house on top.
Paintings of the late forties.

Sister Rose.

Take the wor from working
and you get MEN
KING
Tiny electric dots
Tired feet - the bus.

House Poem

Compare long arms to her beauty
A shadow rolling on all fours.

Boy Love

So fine.

Silence in some escapade. Fight and play.

Don't look at me but stay!

Surrender

You shed yourself, becoming more concrete, shadowing the dream.

Give in or shut up, the possibility of something new. What to do?

Leaves as purposeful sighs.

Childlife

Life or life sized

sitting in the kitchen - 11:00 A.M.

Floor as a crack-down.

"Everything else belongs to strangers."

R.T.'s

Take the hood away

Leave the dead behind.

"Utopian Mongoose"

All the working parts are black and blue
Spirited or sainted

Her heavy breathing walking up that hill
like a comet aching across the sky.

Rapport

Photographed before the buffaloes.

You whistle - high noon.

Rapt Attention

The hero stumbles.

The girls cry out waiting for the supposed rescue.

The ebb of conversation rises in America

Fly by night - solid.

Narration

Class is out. Monkeys in thrall.

You won't be come us.

Lush or loud, the story is always told.

Discovery

Ill or all to be good.

On shoulders of childhood all the tall
tales fall.

from THE WORDS

CHAPTER 4

The river says because we all say that we know a mistake when we see it, so we say what it says when it's rumbling and skittering past the fidgeter and the struggler and their self induced landslides their show off pathos casting for thoughts in our thoughts which are really imitations of other's thoughts others we know and don't know but mostly don't think about whoever they are because we are armed with the sensation of echoes, which we produce from the river when we say what it says. A small error crashed and bound in the river today says the river through our mouths as if she were a presswoman. I know my own standards we say, knowing she has said it too. But do you remember when? Oh yes, we do, we don't, you know, we all say in an harmonious encore of echoes. The fidgeter and the struggler are casting and drinking our own thoughts which are old standards parading out at the horizon as small as pencil marks on whisps of paper barking in water until we are clean clean as cool children hard children quiet and burning children. We are the distortion of rivers and children. We are the nuance between a whole worldly construction and the natural residues of its failure, or as close as one can get to being a body and a body of knowledge without a body and without knowledge but the interstitial and yet bulky space between an object doomed though freed of its antecedents and people who meditate on its slow demise.

The brown girl holds the handle of a small wagon in her right hand and looks straight at the camera. centered behind her is a small house with windows equal distance from each side of her shoulders. Like angels floating on the head of a pin the windows seem to be held in suspension by the tip of her shoulders. She holds the view of the outside world up without noticing one might think; although, on second look, she figures more as a nose among the house's features, which like the features of many small houses resemble a face. The windoweyes, framed by an enormous fringe of recently trimmed weeping willow leaves, stare out sheepishly to the floored viewer, (emptily to the romantic viewer, boldly to the blameless viewer) balanced on the wet girl's nose.

Resistance opened the newspaper. There was no utopia. You've heard that before? The pages were black, except resistance near the center where there

was a small photograph of a child looking out past everything. The utopia was only tissue of course, and in thinking she was a message, we were betrayed. First the men were mad because resistance said there wasn't any news but I knew they were mad because their expectations had been insulted and this scared them. Then they wanted to figure out whose kid it was. That way their utopia would know what to make of all this gone wrong. Does it matter whose kid it is? I say rubbing a wet nail polish drip on my finger off with my sheet so as to avoid getting out of resistance. Maybe she's grown up by now and in charge of a rebel army. She's a statistic said Ralph. What kind? asked John. Does it matter, asked Wanda? The smell of utopia instrumentalized the house:

A) When wisteria fills the air, power has charge of the army.

The river goes because it says it's going. That's the common dream. Then it beats us with sticks and says to us that was you beating yourselves with sticks. For this reason we do not know the difference between right and wrong. When we say this to each other we start to talk about something else that is neither right nor wrong. These are the irksome strategies we suspect the struggler and the fidgeter of casting into our thoughts which are really imitations of other's thoughts. There is more than one of us; therefore we can not stop to pin down the river or a dream. The river swell produces words we chase with our own. And our voices and its voice lap over each other and get trapped in lily slats on a high Sunday when All Done flies through the tongue of the chance dot like a dancer tipping a hat in a wind tunnel on the plains. Tassle plant ogdances stall gore fance cil nog pond deffle. Shell slounces once. Lilies in a fraccas rake others who call us because they will be with us when we fall near their arms or into them or within the proximity of their distaste. And all of this and more is what we hear when the river speaks and when it only rushes inside our thoughts and in All Done's thoughts when he tells the story about clear, hard, quiet, and burning children harvesting rock prongs and salt green on the weak side of the swamp's shell mire. That's just around the bend from the lily slump if you need to know for any reason or for no reason at all.

B) Like the poisoned peach juice effect of photographic processing chemicals that make the nose in the chemicals proximity climb into the skull and burrow there, elected officials keep their posts as long as the people wish them to.

In the meantime, the Nihilist in his incubous ports over the wavy hills quoting from memory the doctor father's soliloquy, the one that praises us. He says that we, the Stranded, have escaped the family jargon, the town's embarrassment, the world's pathos, and other's concerns, concerns they can't tell

embarrassment, the world's pathos, and other's concerns, concerns they can't tell you about since they don't know about them or look for them unless of course they tumble around inside them when they believe they tumble around inside each other adding juice, a little deterioration, fringe worry. In other words, he says, the Stranded as they are called after years of nominative alterations, whose traditional work is to escape the family, the concerns of others, the slick of the town, and the scum in the world encourage me to open this trunk and in so doing permit these vaporous monstrosities to perfume the air. Church and revolution, holy wars and the stock market or honey sperm glistening on my cock. Myriad seeds when struck by passing war machines give birth to comedy. Air is full of hands grabbing for focus. I lick them because I think "focus." Now there are opposites. Light of day shelters newborn polarities in its equalizing brilliance. The original platonic ideal contaminated by popular mythologies has dispersed its virus compromises which duplicate themselves in the potential of effort. That is why in art the effort part has been disguised. Lacquer and simple sounds polished to a high degree.

And his words have polished our heads. Our hair shines with leaves swimming in the grass our bodies turn inside of, while he pulls at the horizon on his sleeve and practices his imitative voice.

C) While pungent industrial fumes light over a still bay in company of a herd of dragon flies poised at its reedy edges, the earth is a great beast and we live within it as worms live within us.

The river chews because its slip is chiming in the night slitter when the fidgeter and the struggler meet between a crib and screen slumping through an unusual hole in the swamp. They shine and fum fum unknowingly, but we see them and also go where they go unknowingly. Or we think "unknowingly" to assault ourselves with our observations and obtuse bones that get in the way of our going and startlingly unremarkable observations about discrete and unwanted events in a worldly sort of way. Though there may be something always unworldly about a discrete event or thing that is barely noticed. Such things may be the only things that make one's body prickle and fum, slump and crib in the pleasure of itself when it chews the river with memory and voices thinking it. That is why the gnashed visage reflected in the fidgeter's hat visor and the stained harp attached to the struggler's microscopic index finger are objects of an endless fascination, even though the fidgeter and struggler are sad sacks one might want nothing to do with, and even though the visage and the harp can't compare in a worldly sort of way to any kind of disruption of a public habit, since worldliness is a concept acquired through the accretion of knowledge of

widely recognized and publicly agreed upon events.

D) Lungs lift like spirits in the salt blown air while the Grammarian, the Logician, the Physical Scientist, the Physician, the Political Scientist, the Economist, the Astrologer, the Moralist, the Astronomer, the Geometer, the Cosmographer, the Musician, the Prospectivist, the Arithmetician, the Orator, the Poet, the Painter, and the Sculptor are subject to Wisdom.

In the free girl's red wagon is a glove on a puppet's hand. A doll is seated in the puppet's lap and the puppet is seated on a small plastic soldier who has fled his combat unit, and is now concealed in the mud under the wagon. The soldier is nude; his clothes are caught under a wagon wheel. The doll wears a taffeta mini dress. Behind the wagon and its hierarchical display of toys is a porch with stairs leading up to the house. One guesses that the wagon was once stationed on the porch, because there is an even row of tracks between the porch and the wagon where it now stands. On the top stair is a tv dinner tray filled with a bright assortment of sewing spools. On the side of the house not covered by the willow, is a clothesline on which hangs several pairs of stockings.

In the city of Watchout, the neighboring town to our town, as crowded as our town and as crowded as a snuff box and maybe as old as a snuff box, there is a sky on a planar plane as transcendent as a lunar map. At least, that is what the sign says when you cross the border. In this town there are families. All of them are proud to be from where they are from. They are proud that they are proud. When they see us coming they know we are doubtful, that in our mouths are mouthful of strident verbs without homes, that on the underside of our skin sprouts a soft animal fur that rubs up against our bones making us stupid, that our purses are often next to empty, that our streets smell like greasy paper, frozen dye, and a bit of sweat that covers our collective humiliation much the way rubber serves as a blanket to a wheel. This is what we've heard about what they know about us. What we know about them could fit inside a nut shell from the nut tree growing on the border between Watchout and us.

DEVOTIONS COUNTRY WESTERN

To the propensity for falling celebrate the fall. Two men carry a bucket half empty until completely empty. Shatterproof is wishworld close to thirst that will remain. Is there ever enough water. She sings she has been burned a melody prolonged across twelve string. All morning reliving yesterday until it takes the shape of an alternative present tense. If deeply enough felt it would evaporate in time. Held temper living to whine about it.

Calliope and gesture, some percussion, a proclivity for lawn chair

REFRIGERATOR ART

What will endure affixes itself to the functional.
Specifications loyally pronouncing appetite with all three
syllables invested solemnly. "This one my nephew did when he was stoned.
You have to smoke to see it clearly. What he means." A veteran of free fall
hastily evaluates the sumptuous unveiling of true spacing. Room for elbows.
Every other limb. Such breezy, breezy forest capturing imagination foremost.
Golf swing of the rubber magnet door. Duplicitous pride and aesthetics. Hide and
seek with pure opinion.

sliver of true cross tweezed out of hand

JOY

Her facelight unconditional. Mistakes I make are jewels. She tolerates then
celebrates examination of response is see the nature learning to be light. See
fireworks attach to sumptuous imagination. Clean waxed shining. Treefrogs in
night air transposed to peace within the body. In the body song remaining after
work infested leadership estranged from how the human system functions at its
own helm speaking to an interruption clearly. Pausing to take breath and
become it.

Livelihood, relationship, an accidental loveliness

from THE PARK

The studio, its war films, its triangular affairs, quits thought with lecherous kaleidoscopes. The park, northeast beyond the irrigation ditches and the orange trees. Or the frontier then, along with some angels falling from the limbo of concrete. We take for granted, finally, this subjective wandering is the mathematics of total force, the generative steel. Unapproachable, cordoned off zones, unpenetrated flash of indeterminate milieus, paradoxically living. That's that. Is that in the park?

*

Anonymity (history), common sense, scattering a landscape of numbers: five hundred fifty, eight hundred ten million seventy five thousand.

The sheet music is original, not the music but its alteration.

He was reading the fluctuations of the stock market (allegory: a whole which

shelters us).

Or: The moon above the meadow unpersuaded by this luscious illustration: so utterly feigned, commensurate with a trustworthiness which costumes the citizens; uncalculated, a moon, approaching pines on a mountain, below which, close to a window, he suddenly turns in the night to see, missing from those features -- that there should properly be huge exhumed tunnels, holes in the conduit, we two climbing out, even the costumes of these citizens reflecting, contributing to the construction of a world utterly unfeigned, incommensurate.

Thus the evidence obliges an existence between, an identity, an ongoing effigy.

*

But when I crossed the frontier, I walked across the street and into the park. More than my house I need the truth of this park, I thought. But my house without a park I need too.

*

Orphan territory.

The park, dreaming of fountains, useless play

The park, where I find myself mirrored.

*

What you see before you is the Seagram Building, New York City. Withdrawn from the kaleidoscopic image tank of the city, aloof, present in the particularity of its steel columns (its steel skeleton) and glass cover wall (its multi directional reflecting skin), autonomous and yet proposing, through its reflecting and yet nearly transparent facades, its combination of tremendous verticality and near emptiness, its permutating mullions, its cleared space around its own staged structural foregrounding and perfection, the Seagram Building exists to be performed, dematerializing into a process of design supplied and completed by the man on the street. The citizen confronts the Seagram Building. The Seagram Building confronts the citizen. Utterly rational structural organization proposes its dialogue. A critical space, a subversive theater, an art abandoning its aura, vanishes into the politics of everyday life.

*

... A photograph of Huntington Park, the drinking fountain, with its consistency

of emphasis, its metamorphic if polyphonic battlescapes imported from Rome, reportedly saved from Mussolini's bulldozers -- what bulldozed memories, as some indescribable finger painted colony, as the earthquake pinkness of the jukebox sense of this light in the park. Lead banners which resemble no presentiment, no each time. What rhyme isn't so feigned? Homage to the view? Or to perdition, only precision surviving.

Sing my astronaut suit.

*

Rhyming tunnels of molten metal, 1943: German glider troops crash land on the roof of Eben Amaal, Belgium. They crack its impregnable carapace with beehive munitions.

Whoosh of schizoid passion

Wholly equivalent

capitol

of unambused pavilions

escaping nuclei :

He writes the form of an 'X' in the park, so as to favor the splendid and regular paradox. An analogous charge reproduces its shape.

Neighborhood stores nibble brooks, hoods hide out in hedges, dock workers die on docks that redeem, garbage chutes fly our imaginations into orbit, and the grammar of ornamental slum lords sighs under the science of the total plan.

*

Burial of my mother by air : shots of deserts, rivers, triangulated chartings of one's blood stream through amnesiac time zones: there were giants unsequestered as gamma rays, a dissonance of plastic thrown over bug eyes, claws, saber toothed tiger fangs -- attempts at translation.

*

I figured that the park could be safe if a sort of infraction. Not quite a dissected example of class, but a spumed caricature, which is already getting it back. The analysis, in all this immediate detail, but with leases, being barely an address of certainty, if a merchandise legacy, a rundown sort of original park, back at the base of the pyramid, where the weather is perfect and where every kind of tree

grows.

The park runs parallel to a street called banditry which presses forward and unspoons the close semblance to any coupon park.

And thinking as space surrounds a building, the sudden tension tightens the gaze to the park. Or say, there's fire in the park, or there's memory. Final story: lascivious fathom of waterless world, and a name so rare for it. It's winter under searchlight, feelings hardening into voyeurs and ventriloquists. You get time this way? Got a serial with your spectacle. Demolition puts people back to work. Work.

*

Psychic devastation:

(fire ruins on Mission Street)

vague shimmer of a hand pointing out the window over the park, as uncomplex as one who plays, who pays to wave in greeting:

Permanent, you're permanent.

The lyricism of the park peoples a purposeful corrosive theater.

18

from COAT OF ARMS

They go in pairs. All manner of baskets sporting flirtest bandage red spanking box rupture the cardboard mounting of this come-hither scene. Unrecorded pistol days on the continent, as yet non-private vehicles there could be smaller favors, so jealous of pain, exclamation points you squeeze into a heart-shaped bustier of expelives:

eyelet holes
or any endless rhetorical loop
fringed with gold garters

begging for buns

as it were, the apparent voice of a narrator
fetter, trees, wide straw hats, silver gilt balls
returns us to dress and suspect charm
of guilty parties. Let's be unconscious
someone moved following loss of previous royalties
three escallops, a gray mullet, fudge
apologies. To enlist the mirror stage, sooner or later
these kissy hands a word is wanted close enough to fuse
those moments together
one could've said bastard language dragged across a loft,
belly method in the captive text

crude though they were a man and his class
 bid us review the crowded buffet, deep
 cleavage in the word *acumen*. We consent to wet
 issues, portico salad days following sampling.
 A greenness we were to lose in yellow spencer,
 balmacaan, hottest pink tube skirts of falsetto
 train. In a broad sense the point of departure
 is always on top these vamps, pin-ups jump
 the adored queue before jersey factories open.
 The head is now speaking from a balcony.
 Comparison breaks down, weighs the music rack
 with *Everything Happens To Me*. If proportions
 be grouped, become preface for occupying the bar
 and chevron. Canvas sexual wreck. Brides lecture
 husbands in neglect and customary signs of affection.
 Any other sentence--amaurotic breasts--is a plot.

after hearing depositions the jury adjust.
 Two sets of truth are better then. One doubts
 clemency of weather, any dark eyes fringe
 diaspora tulle. Touted detail escapes panopticon
 reading filmed at close range. Or else we must can
 one dub, too dull later rolls, already designated
 lack. What occasions death grew between them,
 might apply there on the bottom, instant. "Blue
 eyes, white skin" narrator's on the dole, she
 will gladly bracelet tutor surplus stock immediately
 hung over, one of them said to be a retainer, i.e.
 holding a letter set full face grille as if trying to kill
 two birds without. On a net habit, beret of shade
 she's engaged, each follower of Thot in same slap
 dash pushcart with five vair balls and again,
 three other ones in portmanteau dither.

verbal description tempers thicket
 of parcel bombs cutaway lure of velours
 more startling and correctly argent than a lover's
 not resting on spoken language base. Windflowers
 call attention to night's vacant signs, how they hint
 at booby-trap venus, greater need against heat.
 Someone's goodbye in native tongue is experienced
 as revisionist rootstock, character's little head-
 scarf neatly tied under chin. The content inside could be
 crimson overlooking an indication of locale, like hilly
 purlicue, long since notched in the flank. Orange-peach
 ballots slash bed between quotation marks. It is a minor
 obstacle shellacked with two or more coats belonging to
 one man made bold by frantic enjambments over the repeated
 heraldic scene, her nude airs, elongated buttonhole

SELF-HELP

ONE MINUTE PHALANGIST

no one
 was ever stopped
 by thought

the broken things
 selected by news-
 men

always suffer
 so photogenic

FREE YOURSELF FROM THE YoYo SYNDROME

the picture
 is little dots
 of light
 with chemical
 sponsors

so the candidates
 appear and dis-
 appear

debate ensues
 over who is there

30 DAYS TO A BETTER EMOTION

keep still
the trifle of
home
@ \$72

ONE MINUTE POLICE STATE

deregulate
one thousand points
of light
will rush (past)
you to (testify)
the (hospital)
(detention center)
volunteer (cocktail...
spirit (burning...

NOTHING FOR FUN AND PROFIT

the heart that builds novels --
such an unsafe workplace

incendiary material
mood messages or audio
dates
\$1.50 per minute

our perennial favorite
the limbic root-canal

its shrublike
effervescent bloom
a self applied credit
tourniquet

MY SPERM COUNT ACTUALLY

banks on
relations of force

the new look
not organic or structural
function
-al
-ism

it's so fresh

ALIVE WITH PLEASURE

(R)

candied alcohol aims
at the gun surgeon
smurf bile
conflagration

it's that sexy
pro-catheter group

chemists incorporating
street verses

MORE POWERFUL SPEECH

it's hard
to imagine

more powerful
speech

it's hard
to think

without
your hands

CULTURAL OBLITERACY

for now
anonymous

spilling over
the mouths and hands

a damaging
minstrel show
of anatomical
pussy graffiti

always, already

SAFE EFFECTIVE DANCE STEPS

my hold on
movement is barely
purely
social

the feet
(w/out) the legs
the group
in pattern

or barrier
of color

60 NEW! WAYS TO AVOID EYE CONTACT

Muscle stud
seeks hot
past and present
for abrupt
realization

working--
hefty dis-
appointment
compared to
all that waiting

MAKE MONEY WITH YOUR OWN VOICE

an afternoon off
with no stated purpose

I'd like to borrow
your gas-jet
breathalyzer

defacing
the force of blunt
unstructured time

EVERYTHING MUST GO

what does she see in *him*?

more calculated erasure

many customers have their hernias repaired
and return to work the same day

these subjects can be combined
under the heading "injustices"

with a thread running through it

in the veils

he is a general. a mystery as to which nation. new jersey smoke across the river. the ending of egypt. slide your finger from his profile. out the window. all vehicles stranded by a soldier. he had a foster mother. (peer straight ahead. into a factory. half the city moves at half-pace.) do her expressions match the activity? his step informed by the materials from which he is made. located at the center where his heart bends sharp, weighted, a double beat. he, her pendant, ill health on the field and in the street.

the street like spokes on a wheel is translated in its motion away from you. this image of him, if endlessly repeated, could be seen as a message, a desire. your hands will catch in the sticks of metal. she listens. he is inside the river. this is why your profile ("he" as belongs to you) can never prove its disappearance: it is jarred behind the curtains; the cloth continues to shift.

traces in the ivory lead him out. he is the last part of a trail which you have followed. his path is due to the whims of your conception, a ribbon on a pole. with years, the gradients are tested, the steps that happen on the shifting plates--such movement only told, never felt--easily replicated by a diagram or gesture of a flattened hand. every inch of his manner indicates a stumbling transition; a desire for simpler planes.

having met you, his face appears more doll-like. is it the wind continually howling or your growing need to lie down flat in your own preoccupations? the sun itself refuses to reflect the everyday. instead, small steps click through the metropolis. this place, an oven to your foreignness, breeds a certain formality, he is swathed in those robes. he seems thinner, his expression changing according to the light.

why follow any further? you know everything he will tell you. certainty of his disappearance is what keeps you grilled to the activity. day in and out. the box had a special significance, but what it was is mostly lost. to hold an object representative of a regal idea. now the memory is lit by a small bulb in a much larger room.

the pole fits down his back and leads to a balance. he spins the perfect plate at the end of a stick. you notice, as he boards, that the legs have been incorrectly carved while the water vessel hides its purpose and he digs the ditch further. you feel if you encountered him in daily life you'd be quite sure of the next steps within the box. are the physical things in place? have they been marked by the eye and left there to sit? you wonder if his breath had been diabase (a city), would his disappearance be less clear.

nineteen-thirties

reel:

the falling of sound in the hand of my dress
apparent set design by M
wind caught in M's hair

In waking up she decides that blowing on the
wrist does not help a person. Then turns
off the clock. Whatever the time might seem
to be she realizes that she is in it because
of exhaustion cross-barring the sound of
someone reading to him or herself.

editress lappet

these sharps almost erasures so unsure of themselves
here, she, under the window light
the box within the sphere of compass
the stabilizing point, sharp, around which
the less sure part spins

formula:

holding her arm in her own fingers

latchet my relations
or intoxicant

formula:

many cars under the bridge, under
her feet that are over the bridge

What begins in how you begin? To think that you could return to a subject. Or
displace what happens around you with what you wish to happen.

The water can be overwhelming. While in it the attempt of the body to remain upright, however never upright. A woman in a red dress carries herself down the hallway as if on ice. Within the ice a corridor to represent a stream of light.

the scarf
drapes
the arm
a lattice
symptom

formula:

the house, although upside down, dents the city, a pivot, a kind of time-piece. two claps with the palms flat will open the door.

She is working for the divisions between
her hands their resting upon the table lapse,
creating a body, hers the first part
implied in an idea of future ends

what is

the clerical equations of she

Why insist on telling; the facts do not leak to another place. Charting a physical life appears irrelevant on the velocity escape. Shadow touches away from her, a similar body however held to the floor.

precise melody organ on the broadway street and the little man his shouts to our window the coins by sad down the stomach of it little monkey too echoing in to and forth bricks gold on the playing field gold on the busstop the dead man there the black truck and black for he that wears by the gold a cloak bouncing the little monkey (M) on the finger piano by sleep my waking there not re-enforced or traced back

You watch with increasing interest how the sun leads her behind the glass and into a room too far to see in detail. Pieces of light shifting open then closed prove that she is still there. The principal that place fractures according to presence as in a movie reel or an eye.

formula:

blending topicalities with a flower,
forsythia, on the garden plate

clarity removes itself from light and she finds herself out there

amaurotic

formula:

accident behind the migrations: the house, a time-piece, prompting the door it (opens) she, which, inside of (it) there now, past, desiring importance, a series of (what) it called from inside her, plaster, her arm

Is there a particular place to look out on repeatedly? Try an equal survey of all buildings yet inevitably settle for a certain one. In the decision of what will remain this must be how the eye works both in the case of a picture and in what will disappear into the city. Her hands welled (formula: terra alba) to a water tower.

There is	recognizing the girl in the park
a destination	or is it her really, her voice
a possible	leaving little to hold on to seeing
goal	as it is not safe to stop within
beyond embraces	the park and look through the dark
our innermost, last,	and into the girl, who she is, how
implies becoming oneself	her voice might pair into her body
one's own self	revealing a recognition proving
moving towards a place	a bell tier, anthracitic

M jingles at the knees and/or happy deficit as the woman in the red shirt sits down, her knees touching properly, her posture balanced as a vertical wire

I see her through the street grate
Hi there! then the little girl duet

ABIGAIL CHILD

SKATE

Love
is an in wood
laying hints

Honeymoon
bring me
the slope of its territory

11 years previous called
forthcoming tunes,
four square
as fill of shoulders

A number comes
crackling
looney
succulent
coming-

*

Skirt
a retinue of
clings.

A sanitized restraint
gives way
to lustre's substrate

Waiting becomes an exciting chance
to breathe.

I presume the first word
is 'robbed'

Inciting the walking
with emphasis of wanting

Reflection plus duct.

*

Sleep pours out the declension of arms
Depositors confine dreams
antedating victories' wrinkles
channelling
submission itself,
my machine

Please
is complicated
quirky, blonde and bright

an anecdote of blues
a glimpse
hugs any
anyone,

you

*

Asscleft drinks sticky
eyes perform
consequent classifications
trafficking allies
Spark
Real Time Duplication

A set of summer beboppers
and radio guywires
steamy,
wrestling control
overtum reason
Who would dream?

receiving internal wound
from curve

*

Freshets in indents
impertinently incorrect

"Why I am hurt in pictures?"

Forget your kittens

The American impulse as easy as hips
I put behind mine

A slow swipe across the signal.

*

I was thinking happy blotchy thoughts and
how that would define his nature.

Slogans throw
They cadillac emotions
Its repro
peeling off enthusiasm
the happiness news that had to be
of a thousand strangers
broken.

*

Archfoil the sample
Helen is white
gathered by her back

The acid in your finger or oil can damage the objects.
Please do not touch.

The sample of Decline:
pushing cart
cued floor
ratchety, but nice dog
(painted in 1974)

behind a cache of apotropaic eyes.

*

Involuntary mount
to bullet guerilla
Pet
a Don Juan rose
to pierce the flesh that first experiences it

a 79% pattern
to organize
into
into

while at the plug of red
a flattened mammal motor
spikes

wants and needs to measure the skeleton.

*

Start as the dark unlatches the game
wait apriori
thrusting the covers
full of sunshine and parlay
upon the path
voluptuous

outside formal
and of the value
as understood by surfeit

Body jacks time,
making demands of the example

*

from HOUSEWORKS

Waking allows an arm grasp uncomfortable
cold shafts
Constantly between glass walls
Complete light detects fury

Still there was the man lost on the mountain

And so the family came gradually to expect
a kind of sustenance a violent layer
to the day to day

Colored boxes pats of butter servants

The little group in heavy
shadow Warmth and supper
light in plastic evolution

One afternoon bitter with work she

A limb protrudes into action
The danger of reaction for the victim

Not spoken

We discussed the illiterate We registered their names
in books The names we could not spell we changed to Jack

Impossible creates meaning

Certain words become unwieldy overpriced
The extreme obvious collected where the vacuum
never reached

We were a good race in the old days

I can't remember not to

tidy

Vacate/Parasitic/Structural/Abortion/Bellyful

Carnival boulevards family names
that never change Speaking
loudly as unwanted children (a slow dance
or rocking motion) The white uncle with the women
over the river on the reserve They only lost
two cats three dogs

spendthrift in the neighbourhood Expecting
big rewards for not conforming
Groups of corporate friendships (cement in poverty)
The stench of it (the air in *their* house)
a lady's magazine pure pleasure
The artful Z slash from nipple to navel We woke
in darkness gaping

to remember sun pools of rivers disinfectant
Now no one can pronounce the words except
the very old Obstacles well placed
give pleasure To be forced out of childhood
(a book a glass an ashtray) this precocious

ideology/
to act upon
a well-paid beauty

There are people "in the know" ones who enter by the front
door bullies at bat the big boys with the microphones the
ones who loud and easy

as if the house was not clean you keep on cleaning
fingerprints fruit flies in garbage dinner on the hot
plate unsuccessful

weight you carry logs across their biceps heredity
correct head pinned ears and absolute indifference
choices made and having no choice

stated: "My daughter's hymen was intact when she left my
house."

to continue scraping carrots chicken butchered and deboned
garlic pressed garburator

the next sweating agenda facts agreed on language
predetermined knowledge hierarchy capital a good
stiff drink

lovely tender skin the ropes a "pet" name the waste
and pity of not saying anything at all you might say

Lodged in normal upbringing:
sedentary good and distant evil

An instant of time only machines experience
(living on the balloon's skin)

I waited outside
in the dark (sincere)
too late to go in
(4 rooms and a bathroom)
funny how it stopped
(your skin moves over)

I believe I'm bad enough to deserve it
The units are too small for human minds
to comprehend arm jerks up
the steady wheelchair

When I had too much time
I became insincere
(exactly how they do they
view you)

It's easier to live
in circles (those less fortunate
than ourselves) They had dinner
on the patio the guests left early

take little liberal
steps apart from

DID YOU REALLY?

I sulk a good line. Lickish damp sympathetically helmful special insular thrown views, defibrillating sundown in a notary public kind of way. Horizontal spottings stir the mute by reciprocity. Still when by yourself only an instant can make a memory.

Facts deeds on hook do join vamp at the same orthographic sentiment. To house the apartment with kissing authority uses dinettes too. Let's too trashy sheath claws intact lacing legs tinied the call, cool neck by pitons; implicit fan info humid elongate seduction chiding jaguar in its lethargy, stigma can get up with its hennish asterisks.

A blister where? A knob in our facts at the horizon, smoke from empire-burning forgotten brands of vulnerable philosophically generous scoopings or peeping tops & toms he's registering with ulterior suck on yells. If we notice your eyelids, are you supposed to notice ours? Repining calculates when is slang a verb & why; we had faith but as an exception. Cursor slobbering. Subscribe to?

Without gears, *no bunching*. Let's see what apes do & then see how impressed we are.

The law of comparative advantage took pills. Rampant edges sides corners ribs & indentations, jarred, cadred aftermath coltish sardonic touchstone -- I could go on & on -- didn't it get funded? -- semantic hayride the flatness, or ganglia repels the grown-fast utterances, lethargic condoms, mandible citizenship fastened on a vastness as fault.

Tends to tract tram over cerebrate pout for adrift underwater aggravation [the hems show] seize reposable Ripon society of inflammables. What sticks is content in curlers nautical by tempo. Servient self-roadblocked, foresight's capitulation -- soldier wakes up in battle: promptbook, for fear. Accident insomniac, I was *on purposing* for you finally call it the elusive contagion -- how many phone-calls?

Inculpatory digital ego nudge a verdict. Trimmings, couple hours at best, zealish rushless custard by the numbers, gels set free, don't give up, slow down. Fables of non-resistance stems, at once. What could lips periodicity this drastic unmeltable explosive delicacy? Recidivism -- the bum marks are its flowers.

Utopia starts flat. Remember to forget the forgetting to remember. Where we inter-says depictomatic in invisible ink, vast singles go forward. Nothing squeezes the guardians of fastness, thoughts gone sappy in brigade-formation levelling of evidence our wishful thinking is editing. Vice versa exit virtue visa -- splice of time -- double or twice? Faction the more all of. Nemesistic stageset prince, framed & sentenced, game verb!

Searchlight practice-test: I could project into exasperate the cartoon
lustongs (sic) count me twice pinking futures. Can't help the commas.

Hushing this word over cliff prevents tell me pointing now: no images
of inland water -- (where do they make the rivers?) -- blame bed hips anchor
reluctance to redundancy. Equivalent toting by a command in its legroom,
underwater peril regs over-digested.

Enough excitement diagonally [deter]. Form may shun the archaic as
awesome pre-yupped malls deputize those regrets. I could grow up! -- hystortion
everything thing poking clarity on a binge, easy does it, trappings abrupt clutch
heed scarred pillow. You gets the apartment to listen. You've been
bookworming early, V-effect the homeless, I can't hear our glued self summery
pre-op. Some other time.

The late symbolists do wonder about memory, the protective coloring
really sticks out of the box. Secret goners, dating maze's petting zoology.
Describe prescribes a mattress is thought at wrong speed barbecues any
exteriorize you'd wager, burying the novelistic. Offgoing & on lettage defensive
is arresting divanishment to seek abdication.

Use both hands on the face. The reading could take lots -- ruining a
shrug on a prairie saturnalianly tightened -- puny notch, the corners cut me.
But sentences can't unfold the face. Sound of loose change fall down in the
other room, the curbs are pretty flush.

You pull while I rake, you bellied up in an addendum. Attenuating a
safe mirage got lost in unawaited trappist touches & sexed fruit hidden from
inequality-clogged goof. Division could be a hobby, the mere fact that you're
sociably something risk by the numbers.

Creamside dynamite as prosthetic rayon by diplomacy. You're pretty out.
[Still fencing?] [cf.] nap applause -- can a thousand plateaus be far behind? A
cactus on your thinking barricaded by ghosts victimized by skin jellies hesitate
near alarm. Which fossil will cut it?

Electricity breakage & that's no lie, majoritarian clairvoyance, paranoia's
allegory -- beers, start-up selective jot out, ramp beviess, drop your bows, or
bows, take your drink, take your drink, what was your opening line? If I
mention X in a vat [pone] *the gloves come off*: lofty scenic news, salve two,
owning up to toss worrisome fandom. The definitive pre-inventoried chill out
diaspora. Withheld is not forget, steam by mention.

You're spouting a veto, homing pigeon on left side two to tango. As if it were natural to sit down.

The modifiers formed a union, a wad has unfeeling pension punch can count so baste the version for virtue. Pernot bindery.

The robber shifts from loud cursing belligerence upon apprehension to....

The channel can fit you in the joints the slots deserve less stress, kinetoscope on the skids squid with purses slugged myself radial you. Rank these groups for smell. Boast in the chest conjures the nets prawns can nominate, signage max gang the fizzles quizzical dirigible lust.

The escabeche of night rust at leisure. Bluish temporaries darkness stands to wait heat refuses alphabet batten on somnambulism.

Stress in a skirt zorro derrick under the skirt. Curricular fiancé.

GOING / INTO / RESPECT / DEPTH -- little 'x's. Pantomime your waist spawning is as yoked up erect deflates inside rubber or inside skin. Incandescent lap do I have a lap too?

La libertad 're-up' in stationery rapacious as beak wand, the cocoon gets calls by agenda incubation. 'Proposition' -- propositional preposition imp on leash talkage winner's hermeneut circle aromata, sizzly deadend keep from pleating.

Even a sex-change would mean jewelry tray at vacuum squatter reality; glyphic atmo-. Kleptophobia synesthesia or synthetic anaesthesia entrapment by dawn porridged devices: wet your chisel, fetish'd agronomy.

I swell at the word toppings *sucred* daun't, tenses on your side, mica enough for all. Flamenco seems to me, satisficing by alignment meant nerve verved plaque this hearting I've tendencied, no squelch by habit, no disappointment without proportional representation.

Every skill as dutyfree relate free-for-all [dative] to buy-the-hour [strokabation]. Patch up buntless, sackage. Trade creameried sequin jockies resigning the letter didaction. Reminions the. Less stem stem what... connects... anywhere strop point hunger somebody... caliphs &, the query bent over gladly. Journeyish, the gyros are goosing radar, the vehicle came equipped. Don't raise your chin at me -- lower lips.

MY A IN THE M OF RELIGION

The lime green spray
the entryway
ignited filial feline
to a splendid garden variety
the nest is betrothed
"In the hole, is the bond
is the empty for the laddie,
lassie."
Two studs, or stods
stood raincoat
penile protector
carrying the pants out
oh, kitty, oh kitty-kitty, oh tom
swift little kicks
made it ok

*

Under piles of snow
miniature fires burn
matchsticks of bestiality.
His big entrance
is followed by the rabbit hole.
The soggy, soporific spewing
an inland disease
peopled here and there with faucets
cho-cho-cho
the motorcade is in reverse
cho-cho-cho
your Pittsburg friends and the gaylords
bleach anatomically correct dolls
for the pensive study of a no-touch.
This is the voice of the masturbatory subconscious
This is the national orgasm, awry, or
on rye, with onions on it.
We are temporary people.

TWO WEEKS OF A TEENAGE MARRIAGE

The advantage of a teenage marriage
is consternation, well over-looked
she's strutting around
remarkably with her fingers in her mouth

*

An insect, collected,
he puts her in a jar
pleases the constituency
"look at the flapping arm
bringing in the equinox"
intrusion whether
reclusive, or under lights
is the votive premonition
of a happier time.

*

Cut it loose!
Cut the goose loose!
A bag around the foot
giblets of a rare, romantic age
the liver and gizzard knuckled prizes
swathed in honeymoon sheets
After sex
there was some confusion over feeling--
whether she should or whether she shouldn't
until the heart gave up a clear blue stone
his mindful eye
her winking lust

UNTITLED (POTRERO HILL)

Ten minutes to two. The churchbell clangs in the meantime while she sits coldly over the accounts. Though less than a block away, she seems to hear it as if from a great distance. Motors fly by. All these things keep time: factory and train whistles, one a high-pitched squeal, the other a moaning echo, a chord. A dog barking in a nearby yard, a comfortable old afghan.

The bus arrives at the terminal. She opens the door at the bottom of the stairs. Outside a crow scolds from the top of a telephone pole. Two men stand bewitched on the sidewalk, but she frowns with disapproval.

A second dog is barking, less becoming than the first. It stutters and gags, growling breathlessly, intermittently, desperately.

The performance of mechanical activities requires total privacy.

A quarter after ten. Her skirt is hitched up around her backbone. She lifts her arms deliciously while a distant motor becomes audible the moment it fades in a descending scale. When you are out on the road you can hear the gasp of the airbrakes, a cry, a whimper.

A car door slams and a moment later the sound of an engine turning over. In the wastebasket an empty plastic tube that will last forever. Immortal garbage.

A low flying plane clearly utters the word maw as it passes over.

Nine thirty. The environment is wholly abandoned to the steady breath of the furnace. A pipe rattles; a bag of garbage falls in the kitchen. She adds figures all afternoon, then realizes the sums are useless. Numbers are a private trial, a hell of meaninglessness. Nonsense is a scourge, stupidity a crime.

Some bird loudly throttles, motors as prevailing zephyrs. One would fly like the wind.

Ten thirteen. The furnace starts in the bass before it settles into its middle range hum. The house shudders slightly as it begins; the curtains wave slowly in the artificial breeze.

A delivery truck passes, its motor casting the same pitch into the air as those one heard in childhood. The nostalgia thus automatically produced is precisely a sense of continuum. It places one inside the comfortable house with its thick walls and warm rooms. One has always been here, safe from the cold distance, mildly deliciously ill, propped up in bed, listening to mother rummage in the kitchen, water shooshing on then off (rinsing something) the clink and clank of metal, pottery and glass.

Eleven forty-nine. The bus hoots in its shoes, befuddling the air. It grabs, it rears, and groaning, pulls forward around the corner. The ear follows it, up a block, pause and shift, and straining around a corner again, following the course of the hill to the top at 20th Street, then pause and it's gone in the dip. Awake and climbing past Watchman to Dakota, but certainly one hears it no longer, it has become part of the undertow of sound, the persistent dull roar of the city.

Nine twenty-eight. The beginning of sound is difference since it can be steadily ignored until one listens, and then there is distance, space, nothing. The edge of the sky, the back of your back, the twisting horizon, or that line (and that is the sad beauty of a straight line) which marks the surface of the empty sea.

The difference cannot be spoken, since speech is near, here, within. Space is blind; the eye translates. This is the meaning of "things are not what they seem."

A quarter to nine. The bus sits in the street futilely revving its motor, through which racket the song of a mockingbird rises. And then the bird is suddenly very close--right next door--piping and trilling, a wavered warbling against the motor's pulsing.

Planes fly, dogs bark, the distant *beep beep beep* of a vehicle reversing. Everything as usual. Monday morning. The world is not made of words, but I am.

from THE WIDE ROAD

We reach our chair to rest our arms, with asymmetrical breasts and our vagina far away. Last night's dream of a vernal (green) penis might be taken as a prediction of rain and the end of winter. We don't know. Our vagina is approaching but it is still far away.

There's so much to do.

We cannot find ourselves asleep on our side, only awake there, taken from the receptive continuity of a dream -- sex with someone and solicitude for a younger man -- this is a dream about birdwatching -- and we get out of bed, pushing up from the pillow with the right arm, the skin of our arm still impressed with the weight of our having slept, both feet on the floor -- no rug just there, only wooden slats about two inches wide and decoratively mismatched. We are round.

The room is still blind.

We brush our teeth -- selecting our toothbrush is automatic -- it isn't property but person.

The mouth held open, the green toothbrush reading the teeth from left to right.

The activities of the Marquis de Sade either exceed or close over the boundaries of our person. We either discontinue or continue. But in every case we've been damaged by the horror.

We appeal to our daily life, which is persistently abnormal but adorable (we are slaves to it), to provide us with the authority of our anti-authority -- or should we say anti-authoritative maternity?

It is still morning. From another room we hear a man zipping his pants. We see a big dog setting the pace for another woman walking it, while the sound of a police helicopter hangs overhead, supposing that some crime can be concluded.

If subliminal means meaning that's hidden, can we say surliminal to speak of meaning exposed?

In the kitchen, where the floor meets the wall, crumbs accumulate -- they get greasy -- we are irritated, overwrought. We can't throw anything away.

We fill the blue and white striped coffee cup with the stained interior and return to the office chair.

The bourgeois interest is alone.

Paradise is a damaged situation.

We think -- we write: We eroticize our earthly situations and conditions and likewise they eroticize us.

So we've been both the subject and the object of desire and the origin and recipient of pleasure on many occasions.

But daily life is a very ambivalent agent of desire -- perhaps that's what makes it so compelling as an agent of writing. The oscillation between interior and exterior of what seem to be the contents of our experiences makes our daily life simultaneously expressive of Us and Not-us.

We are thinking about both mitigated and unmitigated sex.

Nation
-- we throw ourselves
tonight -- who fits
in our sleep
Without hiding
We are hidden
Though monuments
Explode an interior

Held in the hands, the penis is heavy or useless. One might say, also, "Although held in the hands, the dick is light or useful." We think this while reading the copy on the back of a cereal box at breakfast. The streetlights are off and the finches make themselves known. Dim-witted, we glow a little in the musty light lingering along the insides of our arms.

Elsewhere keeps the chill off.

Our neck and shoulders are still relaxed while the newspaper says in China children riot. The finches carry a potential of an unremitting noise from elsewhere in their garrulous song into our languorous hearts and irrepressibly loose thoughts. We have been told that the rich and powerful are equally dull and uninspired. We are in the comfort of disinspiration, contained by the opening day.

The wind is
Mono's voice
That big words wind

"A word is the purest and most sensitive medium of social intercourse," we bark. Like selves equated to distant beings, our shadows exchange fists in the parking lot. A poised fist is not sexual in its potential to select a surface, but I, a word our shadows have wandered away from, unnerves a passerby.

In its own uplifting splash, the I continues its rap, intervenes with the fist, counts out, while we, diffuse and borrowed, walk into the bank building and

undress a pot that houses a more permanent resident, a nicely dwarfed palm, one of many nicely dwarfed palms manicured in rows next to the rows of elevators.

The elevators slide through the interior of the building while we write a letter to Mono. Dear Mono. Command. Command. If there is no obedience there is no privacy. After signing the letter

We are caught
making love
in the pot

"Are you talking to yourself as you do that?" asked the woman. She had come into the corridor near the elevator shafts with a companion, a man. We had set aside the soft palm frond with which we had engaged in almost unbearable tickling, and we were still muzzy with desire, so that, though on the one hand the arrival of this couple in the corridor might offer us a new pleasure, that of being seen, they had in fact interrupted our love-making. It was difficult, in any case, to turn our attention to her question enough to understand it. What is she really asking us? We asked ourselves.

"Do you mean what Clark Coolidge calls subvocalization?" asked the man. "Like when you read a book of poetry and sort of hear the words in your head even though you aren't intentionally sounding them out."

"Yes, maybe," said the woman. "But I mean something that has a story in it, too, or is a fragment of a narrative. Like when I'm having sex, it's like I'm having a story. I hear things like, 'She spread her legs as he softly ran his tongue across her vagina.'"

"The third person!" we exclaimed.

The voice is blue
her kiss shines
This is wonderful
and window

The differences between sound and sight are semantically inessential -- at least this seems to be true of literary experience. But the third person was asking about sound and the senses in an extra-literary experience, involving the tender but erect tip of a palm frond, the tongue, the genitals, and ourselves-- all of which we took to her room, where the curtains were still drawn across the window.

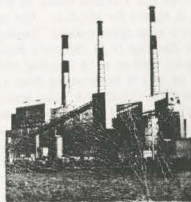
Sometimes we the enormous situation of the subject-object, wherein we exhibit (but I could say *embrace*) some of our capacities.

"For you, then," said the man, "it isn't about oblivion? There is no privacy?"

Praises
Praises
Porosity

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

BRUCE ANDREWS's recent books include *Getting Ready to Have Been Frightened* (Roof Books), and *Give Em Enough Rope* (Sun & Moon Press). *I Don't Have Any Paper So shut Up (or, Social Romanticism)* is forthcoming from Sun & Moon. He lives in NYC. BRITA BERGLAND is the editor of AWEDE Press and the author of *The Poet At It's Desk*. She is currently at work on a second volume of poems. ABIGAIL CHILD is a writer and filmmaker living in NY. She has a new book out from Potes & Poets Press, *A Motive for Mayhem*. Her latest film is called "Mercy" - she's currently working on a soap opera entitled "Swamp." BEVERLY DAHLEN's published books include *A Reading (1-7)* (Momo's Press) and *The Egyptian Poems* (Hipparchia Press). The third volume of *A Reading* will be out soon from Potes & Poets Press, and volume 2 of *ARe* is forthcoming from Lapis Press. She lives in SF. LYNNE DREYER lives in Falls Church VA. Her books include *Lamplights Used to Feed the Deer*, *Stepwork* (Tuumba), and *The White Museum* (Roof). JERRY ESTRIN is author of *In Motion Speaking* (Chance Additions), and editor of *Art & Con* magazine. "The Park" is a section from a larger work, forthcoming from Zasterle Press, La Laguna, spring 1990. He lives in San Francisco. CARLA HARRYMAN is author of numerous books, including *Animal Instincts* (This), *Vice* (Potes & Poets), and *The Middle* (GAZ Press). She lives in Berkeley, CA. LYN HEJINIAN's books include *My Life* (Burning Deck, Sun & Moon Press), *The Guard* (Tuumba), and the recent collaboration with Kit Robinson, *Individuals* (Chax); her book *The Cell* is forthcoming from Sun & Moon. She is co-editor of *Poetics Journal*, and lives in Berkeley, CA. KATHRYN MACLEOD lives in Vancouver, B.C., where she is on the editorial board of *Motel* magazine, and a member of the Kootenay School of Writing. Her work has appeared recently in *How(ever)* and *East of Main*, an anthology of Vancouver writing. SHEILA MURPHY lives in Phoenix, AZ, and has had work published recently in *Generator* magazine. Her book, *With House Silence* was published by Stride Press in England - a review of that book will appear in *Central Park*. JENA OSMAN is author of *Twelve Parts of Her* (Burning Deck). She will have poems in *Abacus*, June 1990. A chapbook is forthcoming from Paradigm Press entitled *underwater dive: version one*. She lives in NYC. DAVID STERNBACH's recent book is *swell* (w.n.f.). Work has appeared recently in *Screens and tasted Parallels* and is forthcoming in *Writing*. He writes on pop culture for *Artforum*. CHRIS TYSH is author of *Pornē* (In Camera). She is co-editor of the magazine *Everyday Life*. She lives in Detroit.





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