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# CENTRAL EUROPE





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COINCIDENCE PRESS : SECOND SEASON

DRAWINGS BY  
YVONNE JACQUETTE

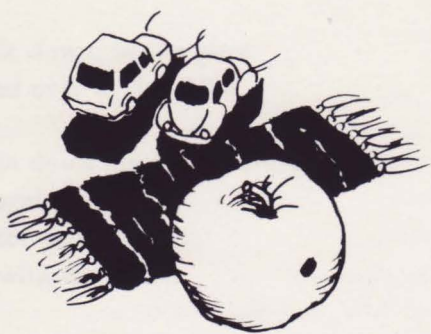
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# CENTRAL EUROPE



1901



To lie down, in the glare  
healed over in the solids.

To lie down for all and everyone.  
Recognized  
not for you  
but with the others.

As closed in as all that, yes.  
Even speaking  
even with my mouth  
open to speak.

You're risking danger  
if you take away the coals I eat  
as we walk diagonally away from each other.  
The hell I ever walked arm in arm with that tree  
I never did  
Just ripped its oldest boughs off  
and screamed



Soothed by dreams  
I can't remember  
I cross milkland  
in my sleep and stumble  
into a bright wood.

At the very edge of the  
middle of our lives  
plants sear  
our names into the dirt,  
the only causes  
of stupid wildlife  
without resembling  
a place to avoid  
if I wish to sleep.

Facing away  
the dark candle  
never hungers.

See, my palms are open  
my hands don't shake.  
There is a coin in the sky  
which is a key pressed in  
the words you use  
to replace the roof  
below us page by page.

Grammer, glimmer  
a sliver reins in our words.

In deserts south of the past  
nets grow that hold  
a bold load of sunlight  
written on stones

The same something left  
in a hurry, perhaps  
never was here anyway,  
leaves me outside  
merely touching your thoughts.



False theories don't  
change the facts.  
A perfectly designed  
hammer hammers the rapids.  
Mirrors that won't stare back  
sink under a tree of knowledge  
that grows on the deck  
of this now-sinking ship.  
Me! Me who you say swims only with  
the tide and current.  
Tell me to let them alone.  
Tell me not to count them all!

The letters seek to ally  
with images, but the images  
deny the numbers. The  
numbers reply. Doom, they go doom.

You continue to look well  
somehow having managed  
to close your skin inside  
your skull. Your song  
drums my temple too.

Thoughtless, the cat  
rolls around in the sunlit afternoon.

Out of your furrows  
I withdraw a stone  
with your blessings written  
on it.

Apparently the inner  
landscape is largely  
horsehair, concentrated  
by the will of a horse  
that wished to be buried  
in furniture.

Its eye was assembled  
out of polka dots  
previously scattered  
from smoking fountains.

Its ear pressed  
to your mouth  
is deaf.

Which does not matter in this case.



Have you been there?  
Did you know I'd been  
walking there with my plant  
leaning over to  
catch its wellspoken  
words?

A bell-mute rounding  
the muse, trumpet-flower  
remain or revoke  
that did not tarry  
but moved away from  
its diminishing song.

Perhaps the tide  
perfects the pebbles.

Air pops.

Glass loses transparency.

Rocks sing ouch.

A banner still waves down  
hours after we forget  
to put it there.

So he built a church  
in the form of an upright  
pair of pliers!

Oh... crossed jawbones of an ass?

Together we can see again.  
My mouth touches your shadow.  
White and red  
float in  
a bowl of stars  
looking down on you  
like a god on town.



Like a searchlight  
I never think  
you will come round again  
in your own new form  
excitement in the other room  
a momentary break  
in the permanent  
arousal.

I think of you whenever  
I stop thinking  
So many desertions of desire  
come upon one in the street  
that seeing it narrow  
away...

Relief...

In the future  
these small events  
grow, have grown  
no longer existing  
in this form

shapes that lead the blood

Crystal violin  
reddish bottled inches  
of painful shrouded deaths  
Not to be maudlin  
or to tease either  
Perhaps you don't  
have to make up your mind  
not someone who shrugs  
or laughs with vulgar tongue  
your instrument of  
the past  
all the same crests  
all those no's

I have altered my nights  
torn away  
to celebrate  
an incontrovertible eclipse  
set early on my impulse  
to caper in your sleep  
halved by your pillowed dome  
our endless journey home.

A man broke his  
appointment with the birds  
all years ago.

He bore a glass child,  
to see through himself  
another version of self.

They are not blocked  
though they are hidden.  
Afraid of thought  
he had the idea that  
the road waited  
for a train. What  
comes from the outside  
what from the inside?

Silly question!  
The road swerved  
to meet the train  
all those years later.

Then I came forth  
from the sweet curb  
of art covered  
with new foliage.

The sun darkens my  
eyes; they are spirit  
of another's will.  
Perhaps I am furious  
and he is innocent,  
only turning  
to view the animal  
made of parts.

There is a song  
I might sing  
and would never  
satisfy. A harmony  
to complicate the  
four directions.  
Issuing from one  
fountain, parting  
slowly like  
old friends.



Some far flat and  
belabored thing, is  
that information? I  
wish it into  
extruded rock.

White surroundings  
set into motion  
with tender finality.  
Memory is such  
exhausting effort  
to swim in place  
avoiding the waters  
that pass.

Outside the lounge  
angular sidewalk slabs  
are lifted and turned  
by weather over the years  
as by the bourbon  
he drank moments ago.  
They rise and he falls  
into the perpetual perceptual  
schemata that narrow sight.  
The suave parkway darkens.

Impact closes our arms  
 leàving out nothing  
 we do. Perhaps it is  
 days ago. Our minds  
 will finish this.

City air that softens  
the stars  
the produce always fresh  
in the evening wind.  
In the dairy section of  
town an archer  
tenses his bow  
and the strings snap  
the writing off the cans in 7B street.  
Now the worm speaks kindly  
to the apples  
using the first words that come to mind  
swept as it happens  
off the floor of 18A street.  
Off the clouds  
arrangements of  
the constellations reflect  
on the bottom of this ship.

Clear it all away.  
Airship take me away  
take me back to  
central Europe.



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David I Sheidlower

The type: Perpetua

The paper: Simpson Opaque, 70 lb

Ms Jacquette's drawings were  
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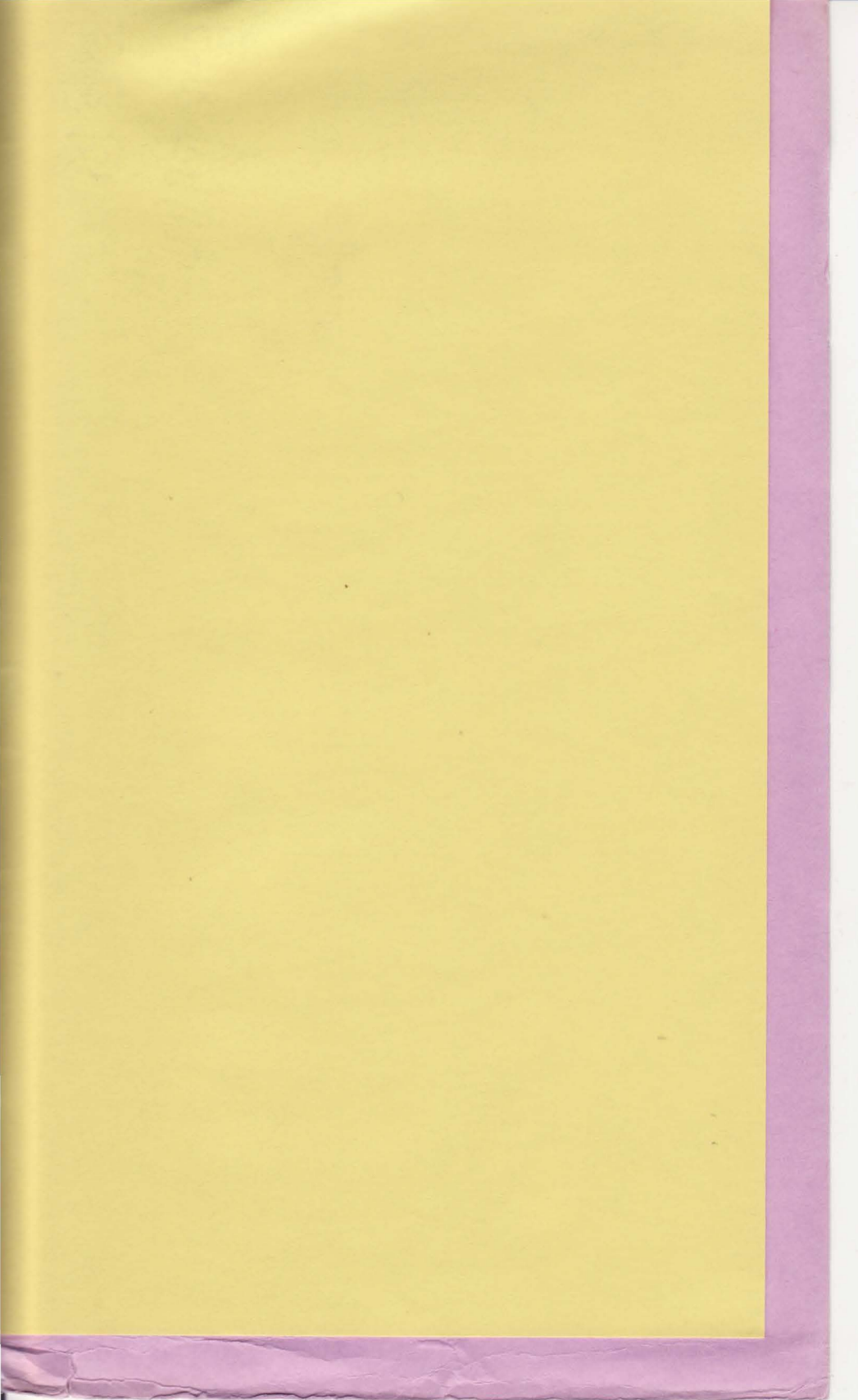
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The apt. Porpoise

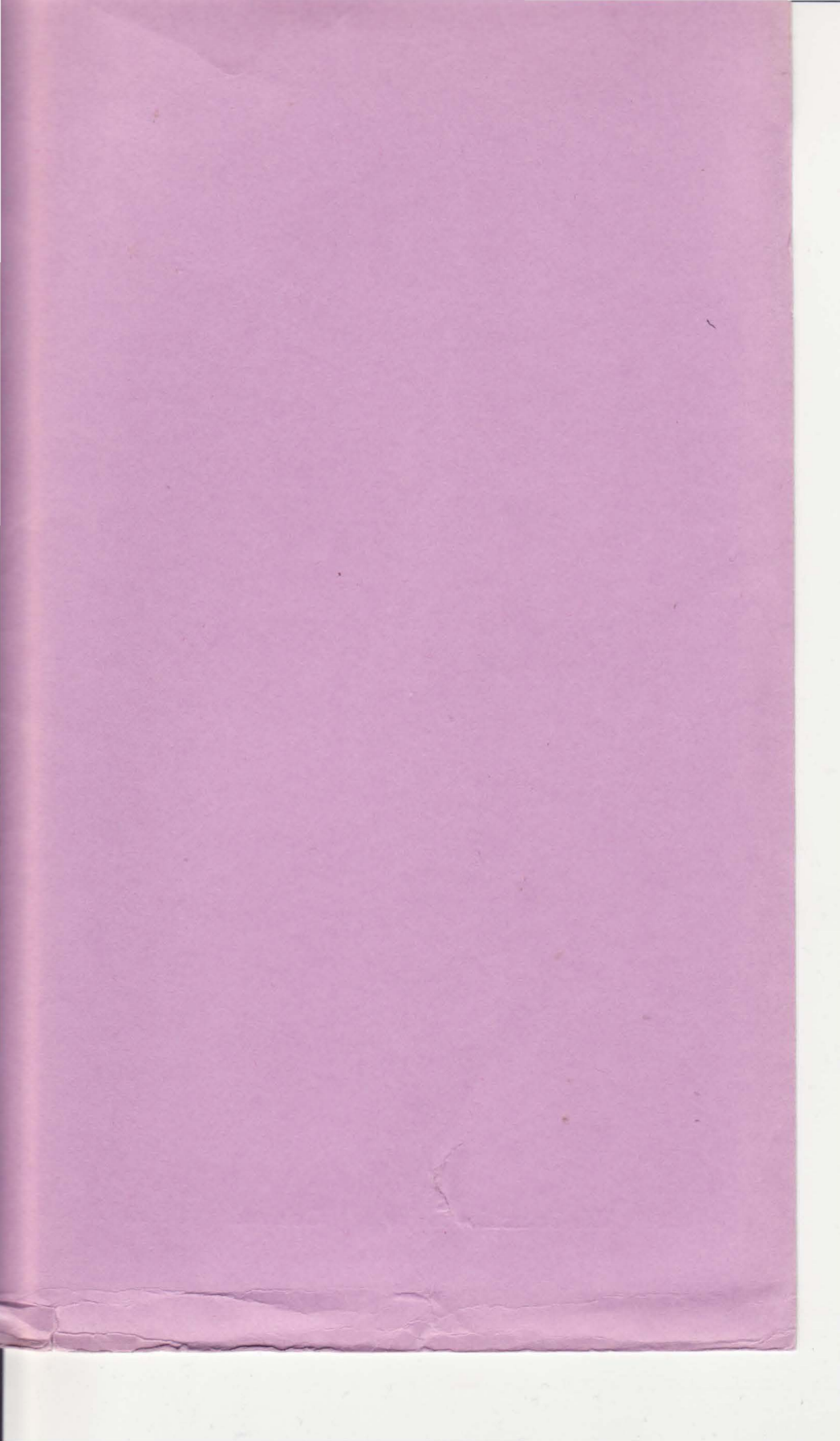
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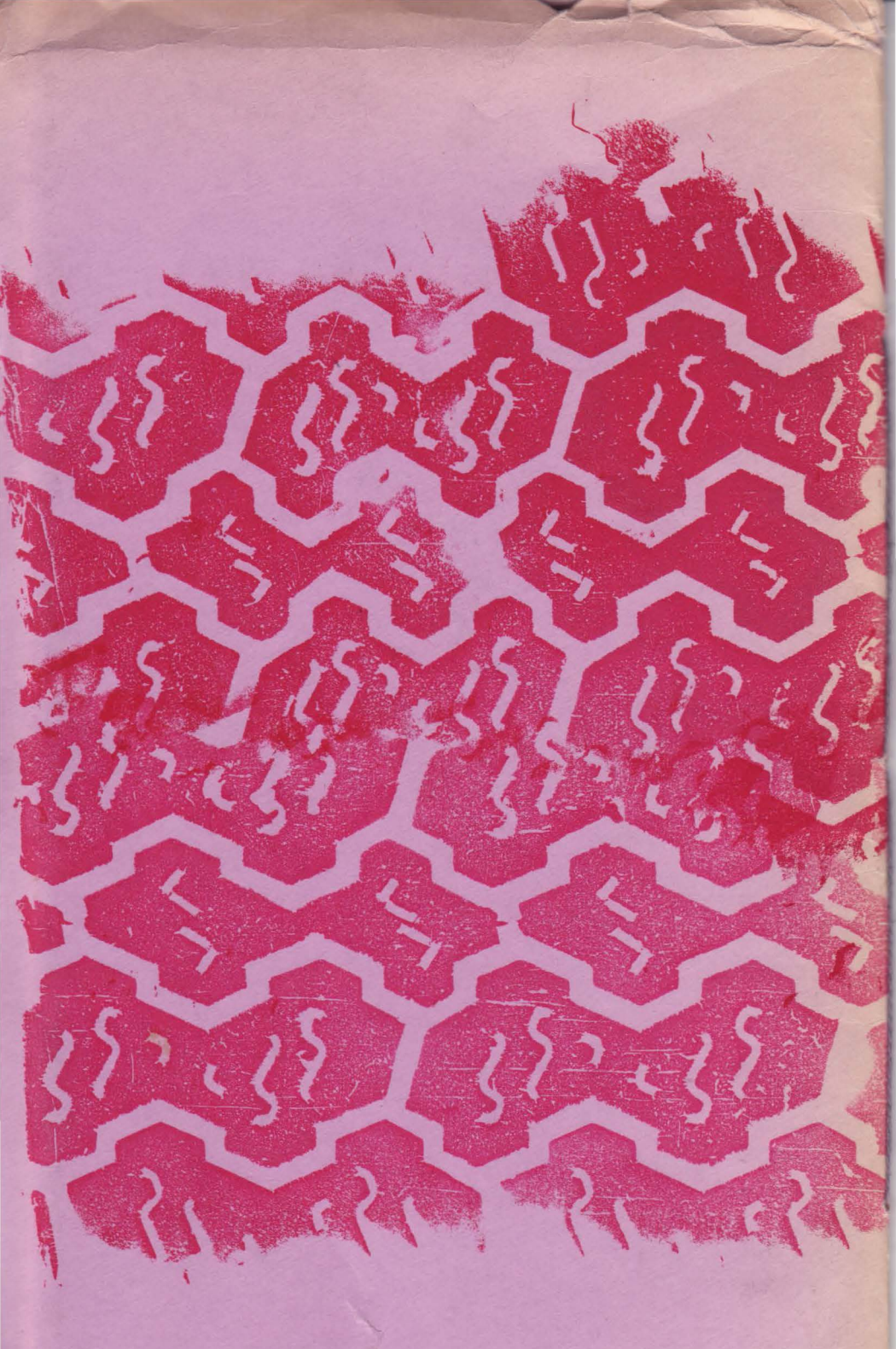
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