

# THE CRYSTAL TEXT

CLARK COOLIDGE





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CLARK COOLIDGE

THE FIGURES  
1986

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“If only he could  
turn around, just once (but looking back  
would ruin this entire work, so near  
completion)”

—Rainer Maria Rilke  
*Orpheus. Eurydice. Hermes*

He had his things all there, waiting for . . .  
They had active possibilities. Should they be  
enumerated, or left to breed? Knowing has  
nothing to do with any of this. Any one could  
know what he did. Any one could close the  
door on them and walk downstairs and out leaving  
them all untouched together.

Something appears on the screen, speech.  
For your own sake at least stick to the subject.  
But who could better care for things?  
They come apart, and stay that way.  
They are not dangerous to themselves.  
He had the thought once that everything fit together.  
If only he could remove himself sufficiently.  
No, nothing but what comes from the inside this time.  
Blind intervals.

They were surprised by the blue and red shower at night.  
The next day the usual explanation.  
They saw it. But what they remembered later  
was that they had heard about it later.

You must take your mind off them to allow them.  
Is this any more than a change of pronoun?  
Writing that leaves things alone. In the room  
unsorted the things were able to breed his  
discontent later. Was his fate to  
leave all things together untouched?

It's not just known what caused certain  
things to happen. Maybe it's human.  
Maybe it's *all* human. Maybe it's water.

"What if it were to . . ." is a defective mechanism.  
A mother and daughter. The hand on the air, that you  
see but to hear.

The weather is yours, he thought.  
The train smash. And the barrel of eels  
in the desert.  
The placenames all distractions  
from anyone's key to will.

To grasp the relation of words to matter,  
mind, process, may be the greatest task.  
The batter. The worst of the winter.  
What I discover in writing comes out of the  
mess, the mix. I know no nodes before.  
Don't move. Not a millimeter off the knowing it to be.  
My imagination is not pure enough to present  
the single beatific image. The spread beatitude of image,  
the hose to the slaughter.

"History falls *outside* like snow."

The thought to weight things  
and then rush back to them.

I hate history because it has never entered the  
world as a life. It has no direction  
but back into the fold. No touchiness  
very following to its black boxes. I would  
want to walk out and say, The History of  
the World. I would need a stream through  
my head like the quartz crystal in the sunshaft  
on the desk of a following wood. I would  
seek needs but not as if written down later,  
I have a tiny sun patch hot on my skull and  
am wandering and in my stumbling sundering the  
swamp. I own no gloves for I have always  
a pencil.

The world is not a laboratory for farming smells,  
nor a wand for stretching watch words.  
The hills intervene, that the lake's evening  
sheen will not snap. The place of the hands  
is in battle or surest love. The capsule of  
termination is on the stove. The store and its light.

Senseless this arrival at a subject for a start.  
I could watch the stars above a carbarn  
or retreat from youth's retrieval. I could  
mention an arsenal, or word I didn't mean  
to swerve from, its meanings endlessly  
elude me. An etude, or stored plant stand,

ballpark brand, car passing cattle. You were sure  
of me then, that I'd by you bend again  
and train the looseness of held hands to a  
zenith pitch. Those that would not marvel  
at a witch, but turn to Hawthorne for  
unfiltrated solace and a carry-all nature.  
Books that dry to a flatness of sky and will  
never meet up under my aim. I twirl  
my shirts to the flame of a blunted ambition.  
No ripe ammunition has a terminus.

I bring this all down here now to end the time  
and its harvest damages.

The light has escaped me, and now the  
windows will fill.  
Repetition an addition without evening  
the score.  
The names of people are not felt very well.  
Whose is an *entire* name?  
I reflect myself in the darkness  
the world has made of me.  
I am fascinated with the self  
as it exists without one  
active separation.  
We are whole edges.  
If I turn to sleep  
the same one will urge tomorrow.  
There are no capsule versions.  
The crystals *are* the wall.

About all I was able to do  
was introduce them all to the mess.

Recognizing all little of yourself in everybody  
and a lot of yourself in somebody.  
Friendship a quick blur, a sharpened note.  
In the fast and leftover strew  
the mauling of counters to equal a straight light.

And the great mystical pull of things,  
what do I think of?

•

The collections of solace have yet to see their binding.  
And yet is the far away that stays.  
Caught in the furthest stays, the stars.

The man with the shoe collection  
has time for nothing.  
The victim of clutch and sod.

Bright briars in the Avenue of Rhythms.  
The celestite clicks itself against the finer substance of air.

Meanwhile, and over miles, we console ourselves with cut stones.  
And somewhere a fire lights  
far from here.

As conversation treats  
of the gaps  
fingering the whole part  
of the air, the one  
near your ear

The misgivings of solace  
a stem flow  
of your leaden futurity

I put the crystal  
to my brow and turn.

•

Who were they out there through instruments  
in the light? I didn't know and don't.  
Perhaps I didn't wonder so much but now I do.  
But then I do not realize who I am either.  
Present time makes the stranger of yourself, whom  
you do not have the charm of watching walk away.  
How do I think of myself, having long had the practice  
of never. A mirror? False view, always  
behind the shine of one's own hands. To write  
a long book of nothing "but looking deeply into oneself."  
I feel this sentence turn on the flinch of a laugh.  
A scorn, not for oneself probably but for the  
possibility of a self view. Does it wait out there  
in the black shine of spateless corridor world.

Large books are not for oval minds.  
Handwriting is not a frame for the self.  
A shocking caliber of words that would hoof  
one off one's own best known path.  
The prime abstraction of "one" seems necessary  
to hold the self in the frame. And a life  
of sentences in rooms one holds no plan to.  
I dived at you, self, but you rubbed me blank  
in all my own mirrors. Scorn. No one owns,  
can possess, a mirror, the reflecting surface.  
If I walk in the hallways I will first see  
the light before I can identify what precisely  
rejects it. This is not knowledge, but then  
what is it?  
I can see the largeness of the world in a  
stone ledge I could then place in my pocket

for all the world's care. How many hunches,  
that might prove out, there?  
The crystal attains toward a transparency  
my mirror approaches, face or no face.

•

Rearranging all the things into forms of face  
pressed into the air. Not knowing what to be there,  
nor budging from it. Image as negative  
off the "real" world. Impression in what?  
Vacuum of ignorance? I am accoutred  
with knowledges. But they seldom make an  
inroad. The image is what I have forgotten  
the painter prized. It curls itself out of semblances  
of silence and the unaccustomed nerve.  
Bloat is the result of knowing and takes no hold.

The crystal brings sided air to a water standing.  
Quartz is the original untampered word.  
When I propose a live reading of poem I think of  
going up there to cut some fine edges.

•

He sees the fire in the crystal  
as a network of cracks in the air.  
And the wood of its rest should flinch.  
Or enbrowed itself in rising heat.

The next thought of an ice cut gem.  
A hand emblem that will not stay to hand  
but drop off into endlessly pursuant space of all the angles.

A striated sharpness  
 a glow zone to the front of the skull  
 riot of realms unbudged in fix  
 slower than tooth, slower than any  
 belt of earth  
 apt to remain over at  
 one catch never closed  
 builded beyond builded  
 plane of the clocks  
 poured from the shock  
 strain invisible  
 tell it left-handed and bleed under the sign

•

The crystal is blonde and has no discernible edges.  
 A scrawl is all my writing, even to the ends  
 of the eyelashes. Any space one can see  
 is enclosed.

Do you wish this to seem a definitive space, having had  
 it follow something? That one is therefore  
 no longer here or there. High walls produce  
 deeper dreams.

How long has it been necessary to think?  
 You will stop now and watch a shiny black window.  
 Though nothing may come of it, the effect upon the  
 mind is necessary. Now, that aporian solid.

Bland events inspiring high style, you may leave.  
 It has been said. Knowledge of matter results  
 from meditation in between steps. The light  
 gets bent slightly, exactly which were the words?

I know you, you exist everywhere. The sentence  
 never to complete, no matter. I will lift  
 heavy weights in an undefined space of  
 dark blue lights, enveloping shadow, no more  
 tappings of the pavement.

Within no sentence but inside my mind  
 the name of a city. A spot not yet withered  
 with explanation. From which you neither  
 come nor go, I'll settle for that. A still  
 question, a statue with one arm, and it is time.

•

A prosewriter's mind's mass is thought plots  
 but a poet's is fielded of words.

What do you see when you look out with your language?  
 A pile of hooted buckets.  
 A loose laugh spoon.  
 Miles of adroit pain paper.  
 Lungs full of glass beads.  
 A list of nodules knowing of nameless.

These are never only things, just, but the words  
 retracked. Circling as a flying object almost home  
 with your pen above whatever oval tensions  
 or the wheat in your litmus class, the glow on the fear.  
 The witness motions are there. Or add another  
 e to that th.

How meditations stayed on the mountains for  
 the trees were too near. Close to the beer  
 and all it rhymes there. The habit to write.  
 And then the habit to forget all the while  
 trailing the hand so far, fraught with inner

and deeper like a movie calm with little light,  
 frostings of fluorescents on the inner casements  
 in a night so long and strong it nears an unprovoked  
 death.

He went backwards into the avenue learning his art  
 on tiptoe. All the women meanwhile in the sand  
 berating with tines. The time to take your self  
 seriously back. The numbers on the back referring  
 to nothing in garages or on the sound. I could  
 leak from the radio's cab remembering my youth,  
 reassembling the steady meadow or ledge on which  
 white coins were left. The precise book  
 closed out this section of the cold dream.

Why cigarettes, why anything, prepare them, and I  
 thought the noon siren given but it didn't.  
 Houses are at large and you don't come home  
 to the dentist. Everything's backwards in the  
 something of what I remembered writing of it.  
 The end of writing a conscionable step.  
 Up from woods of leaves and the ragged coming  
 winter. The Corningware on the fossil fire  
 and your tender new-lapped noun won't burn.  
 But it will fizzle and end up in a little but  
 packed book. Volumes of the rememberings of  
 friends, what they hated enough not to put in  
 letters but you found it and whirled it and  
 it's flush kept its place all this fell pounded  
 into rights time. The lashings that are avoided  
 by perfect lettering the first two letters  
 scribed in reverse order and faced up to just  
 as fine.

A pure writer's name in circuitous crystals  
 such as he would kneel to place on his clothes.  
 I could remember winter, said Melville,  
 stamping on his nib, but I won't do  
 precisely enough to delay its remove.  
 Reaching beeches and lettered arms. It lay there  
 on the page in an unprepared way the pen.  
 Ovals are amounting up to sun wells and the toad.  
 The picture a circle with inset head lines,  
 a reminder to have finished something last night,  
 the cat. Removal is the only sense of finishing  
 you get. The crawl you call your whole mind's  
 remove into thought. The world not a  
 circle, the face not. But the unwished mirror  
 could be an oval. Then recalling at the beach  
 a circle it was. I could remember you  
 but I'd rather you be here and done.

I'll have no liars here in the room of this  
 house of the sun just coming. I finished  
 the sonata, what a perfect thing to be able  
 to say, no one allowing as how but I'm just  
 doing it. I've done it and that I've said.  
 But the chill space sense that I haven't yet  
 written anything. I must though learn to  
 write bigger, if not (but I must, this) faster  
 as Picasso came to me in a dream with  
 the full moon in my face to say of painting.  
 I don't say anything I haven't learned from  
 you might be a nice thing to say, to think  
 if not repeat, the laughs come hard in  
 Auld Lang Syne.

Now the sun is starting to stop, coming out perhaps  
 turning so tiresome. We had to laugh all night  
 it was so needless. Today I will see someone

in my house that I haven't seen anywhere in a year or more. His name is No One, or Harmonica, or The Man Without One, or Milk of Magnesia won't do you any better. Wherever the lights are not on I will write there myself to sleep. To rest under a brick of the whole School of Arrival Tribe of Avenue and Restless Beginnings, the whole goldsod history of the world in a better butter remnant. I was stood up in a chair, its name was Wrists Tied. Dreaming of sundown in the noonhour's occulting shine.

Moonhair should be the verb. Then we'd all itch just to stand still once for all the rest of the language's personages and their houses. Wilting on a road where the sun particles all turned to wet. How much night could you get, thinking of all the sun's appearances in every book on one's shelf. The one there that is never singular but waits out late in the sun's downpour dreaming of roofs of the moon. You, not to be thought underhanded but perhaps a bit much underhandled. You wait to catch the sense of what I left out on the track.

Behind myself always as Mrs. Findash late for lessons below the primitive private school deChirico chimney stack where pianos burned in the ash of cold remnant attention, my fingers the distance of one dream from the keys to the solution of moreways else. Something. Somethings are always burning. Something always underattended, as if boring but not till later under smallnesses of attention. Never to be said to be the end or least of anything. Always to be just

coming up on something in the sole glare of daydrop. I don't care to recall all these names I keep having.

Circular cat, replete with wavers, are you thought to be carefully sad? or full-throated I would keep to secrets lining my cap knowing you. The ball came to rest in pale pall space, the leaves diced into. The big book would perhaps include me that I not be its flick of the wrist. But how would I get in touch within such realm? A person on casters who pilfers the witness, and inculcation the lead in a pencil. Then I remember things, like leaning up against drums the night the blues are oaken.

Miserable news, the windows that were brought in to open will not and the sun is out upon them. The sentence is of durenamel but the people handle it and do not read it. Receiving surfaces. The narwhale cannot shake hands in the velvet corridor, which turned to color when the rain began. Modification Reveries, salts on sand, what continues on beyond and below the supposedly stopped passage, my hand in yours in the land lacking mysteries of friction and fiction. We could go out doors and open a pencil. Did you save the peaches for continuance in the outer realms. We have reached thursday, what an odd fillip of deportment. Those bored with the crystal could exit through the nearer dormer.

Pausing to reason is it? or standpoint for meaner statement. What could be coldhearted in winter light? Proceeding down a corridor in midst of open persons, the people make of the waves a stillness with their hands.

It's possible, it's just not responsible. I'll  
 never learn right to write. I cross my t's  
 like fenceboard treeposts in a sky of wires,  
 or a television weary of the Christ image.  
 Nobody knows as far as I can see. The rest  
 is up as far as fire in the alphabet  
 of glance. The rest just her bubble as witness  
 of the universe going blind in going on.

•

The man walked out, but what locked in the  
 description of the room behind him?  
 His very passage was leaning in that direction, the indication  
 of plain speech and ordinary objects. Pluperfect  
 things, the ones no longer open to any eyes?  
 The man speaks out in the street about light.  
 But light from the window is a barricade.  
 A once noticed stanchion is rested and flows,  
 becomes parts of other things it had no part in  
 when the eyes. He had not noticed himself  
 even enough to say, I am leaving you.  
 The very door his party to disaster, or an opening out  
 of all roads. Streets lit and not so.  
 As things are dramatic *and* heedless.

•

A crystal the cold of collected standpoints.  
 When the time will shift down  
 and spell whole into points of obstructing light.  
 This is the universe, a solid.  
 An is without precedent.  
 A Nothing Gone.

•

"the main of things, the mind"

•

He walks down and is it said?  
 He walks from the door and is it spoken?  
 But is it, the stone in his path, to be learned in breath?  
 or rocked on its hinges in a saturday leaning?

The sun has turned out  
 the moon turned through  
 aisleways of thorn thought  
 relinquishing rolls of nerve and stupid  
 the curved stone, the bent cue

He walks in shortness  
 of stick of fieldfloat of label  
 and stills the hands of those who would read  
 the sign there stalks in time  
 of viable and restless and limit  
 a road plain beyond parse or hitching gesture  
 a grown thing itched up of mintless midway  
 an arcing count of filament dire

Fraught things glass in brain's lair  
 no matter an ocean of sameway caring  
 a stare of the free lumps at fortune's hap  
 a trunk hauled loath beneath capless day

Thing hath no rate  
 he would not dare  
 but the hill sheds upward  
 its gnash of pebble batter  
 its sunward and moonward

of going out and going in  
all to tend the blooming  
but no one to bear the stem

•

A headache in the light. And no more than  
that apparent. Linings of the linger with  
ague of fold. Argument to stagger on  
in lips and in the place of whole trees. Are they?  
A measureless banter without song to its weight.  
A listing height, and in it the tread of the lightless heart.  
Heart of no known head? Traceless, the vanish  
of ink-sown and cast brand. The smelter of hits,  
the eye to the tree. The small to the sole. The  
emitter to the glanced. Elegant smolder after  
romance. Give a whisper to the brain of pain  
of light. Of nothing as disposable as night after  
vanish of day. The rafter of knocks apace  
in gold of cold stare. The whims replaced on  
the air. Better treason than reason wanting?  
Face in the glass time of fading. Words all encased  
a wire. A trove weed, state of clothes and  
coiling mention. Better to be savage than lose sight.  
Of. Clicking soft word off in ways sanguine to  
toss of fade urge. Cancel as the day the night  
the day. The clot. Emergent bed, soaked to  
the roils in section ever briefer in mention.  
The head's pain lanked stiller. The cribbage  
a howler. The outtance a burl.

Look up, look it up. These fragments effaced  
of lock but not of tremble. The earth a  
shambles, the eye a grate. The mind a mention,

tongue a scratch. Till he lift the door  
from open chasm, and rear the day all  
socket of mentioning done.

Preamble, to the notch prehensile.

•

How will I fill this space  
with gab to lengthen shortening fires?  
Amazement a buckle,  
a flash a stand.  
Wisdom a shortness  
in the hand a shovel  
a striking of plans  
with a devil and his man.  
These windows a shrieking  
of a litmus leaving  
the storming of a sand.  
That sound gone  
on every ear  
fleshed each eye  
and the marks will winter  
the boring die.

•

They come down tiny in the distance to the far edge  
of the middleground eyedrop pond and riot in directions.  
Then walk out across the ice to the center and apply the  
circular metal detector to the surface of the ice,  
you hear the clump-shock echo of their shoes.

•

What I need I will get.  
 But the supplies must be reduced.  
 These words here are already too much.  
 Many words stand for a vast emptiness.  
 The only way it may be reduced to sense?  
 Few words to be a hugeness of forms.  
 Also those words to be tiny pockets  
 contain the things that are enough.

•

It makes me upset, it makes me upset  
 best is all.

The point of it all is that everything  
 is important, not just

•

What is it? The men beat each other. They stomp  
 and hoot. They are ensnared in a glass war, as if  
 with ice heavily laden. They collapse faces and  
 pout at fists. Huge heaving grunts. Walls  
 dripping, sweated burlap. This is all in the dark.  
 No, there is a single candle, frozen steady,  
 scarlet shine. How is this? The men have  
 collapsed, the two of them. They have forgotten.  
 Clothing fractured. Eyeballs solid white.  
 There was no reason. They had forgotten  
 how to spell . . .

They were darned if they were going to . . .  
 They produced sticks. Ruddy points.  
 There was a mark in the wood wall one had to  
 prolong the other into cleaning with his tongue.  
 It was hard. No one knew. The sticks

began to swat like the frozen wings of insects  
 clattered together. Later they would dig up and  
 apply moss to each other's beating tongues.

They became transparent and could see blood  
 rolling down the inside walls of their torsos.  
 It seemed a language that held them up  
 for some hours.

Do I know who? No.  
 Steel in the hands of the migrant borrowers.

•

The men bent together into a hulk  
 held together with metal captions.  
 Their sizes in the slithering wind.  
 Who knew if the crystal would have brought  
 straightness to this mix.  
 I looked into it and doubted mathematics.

•

Smaller as the days get I am beginning to write.  
 Someday no one will be able to read the world.  
 The line is an assemblage of broken smaller pieces.  
 The size of the world does not matter.  
 The end of the line is at the greatest juncture.  
 At that point where one may say Emergency  
 and mean time.  
 The strong grasp that it has not yet begun to flow.  
 My words have always been written across vast distances.  
 I have often not known what was in my hand.

A poet needs the one who will tell him what  
 he has done.  
 And especially the world which will tell him nothing.  
 The days when glance was a mineral ore . . .

•

What could flash before one must not be left  
 out in the sun.  
 The indescribable beauty of the mind's light.  
 Such views are not squared, as poems are not held  
 to measurable boundaries. Sometimes they seem  
 to move too far too fast to be grasped more  
 than initially. Only in the instant of making?

•

"Is nature a gigantic cat? If so who  
 strokes its back?"

•

To dream that somebody said something, and probably  
 previously had met somebody, and came over and  
 put an arm on the counter. Nothing.  
 To dream exchanged identities, rolls of bills,  
 the top off the soup, fiddling around with soldiers'  
 weapons in midday, a fishing still on the fire.  
 To dream that instant movies occupied one's  
 daily hours, men going down elevators into mines  
 in blue shirts growing turquoise with carbide light,  
 whole cattlecars filled with silver change, beacons  
 occulting in fog swaths of the furthest sandspit.  
 To dream perhaps to sleep.

I think of myself later, I say to myself again.  
 I'll walk, *then* try the door.

•

Providing you thought of it first, it'll never have to  
 go away and return to surprise you.  
 Pain's that alarm bell, the woods will swell.

•

How much of poetry is unprovoked thought?

•

The crystal almost invisible in taking on and in  
 the tones of everything else in the room dominates the room.  
 A scatter dance held rigid, knowledge is that?  
 Take on the coloration and not be swerved,  
 chameleon? Why does all this going to be  
 tight and fast twirl? The desire for centers again  
 so outside center, offcenter to drag me  
 but I'm the one thought it off my mark?  
 Still out there, the crystal lurks without shift.  
 A raising of the arm over this parallel battle.

Shot of windows dividing out of phase, this route  
 of raised erasures, knowledge is a blend in one spot  
 if not a fudge. Brings you back to morning  
 the crystal is leaning, a learning once the arm  
 is removed? There is no overview but in  
 the local strictly system, protean as might be wished  
 or avoided. In, within, withheld, appearance  
 owns a shifty lock? Back to the thought, the crystal  
 open while closed.

•

Distracted by the animals and living among crystals . . .  
 Twining around the voice gives out . . .  
 I am but have not found my spot.  
 Ear living in cleavage of wheat remnant  
 clear hearing caught on the lozenge of a calcite  
 as if dissolved on the tongue at movie showing  
 the one who ingests and will never speak again.

The thought mode joint-controlled  
 system of narrow high hallways pinching out at the top  
 where the ceiling a crack and the mind arrowing, according  
 millions of sideways along pestiferous strata  
 to bank on, cake up, to surmount from within inwards  
 diamonds that flow even  
     over warming opal batholith  
     and excite the pointings  
     from everywhere soaking *in*

Lights are in  
 perfect darkness  
 perfect axes  
 touch.

The Great Meditation on Being could be the axis  
 of the motor fused into tree trunk by tornado  
 that stepped by. And the sentence the ordering.

Tugging at the thing. Didn't leave off  
 me. All the leaves are solvent, don't they  
 drop?

The floor is strong stone  
 and you're going to smell the smoke of hard slump  
 when your brain goes out.

Invention of names  
 that have catalytic spines  
 narrowing gaps  
 and interest churns

Whole world a raised finger  
 a verb a raised finger,  
 an eyebrow, a full stare

Breaking the bright colors out in the sundown  
 increasing hits to the far side of dwindle  
 the dynamite has been licked for the last time.

To start out and want to be a writer . . . I didn't  
 want to be, I wanted to investigate and hold  
 the discoveries in my hand. I wanted to see  
 things until their names appeared and led.  
 It didn't seem that it would amount to a  
 paper life.

It fascinates me now to see if I find things to  
 speak what shapes their sentences will take.

The granite lid with the paper lock

•

What are they down there in their cars go by, should  
 I go into roadhouses and grow fat teeth?  
 or apply ear to phonepoles and feel wires  
 singe the starbreeze? Is it tantamount  
 to any more bucket than My Romance?  
 or opening up any more finally is  
 than giving up totally no more pen?  
 Go on, say what you whim.  
 It's gullible I suppose and the leaves do blow down  
 in the wet blast toward Novembers of the  
 blinded mind by heart torn on bender  
 blender and start. You know how these all  
 roll on as fool's days, parked millennium  
 prone market. The park benches matted  
 prove a tinder, I could wind further?  
 Opening of size beyond any fender my  
 missing blues.

•

If only what I say  
 could be pebble held  
 a strong stone of mention  
 no matter the hurled air  
 a weld caught  
 on fierce breath  
 a standing to point  
 of no motion

The things of world stay  
 around nothing or the converse  
 rush not away  
 with your fired words

The lamp a lump  
 or patterned daughter  
 brought to water and stored

•

The Balk of Everything. DeKooning in the dream  
 in which he is going to be on television  
 but by then I will be his friend  
 in the adventure together of the Square of Hats  
 where we looked up and fell down  
 turning to recover  
 the memory of the dream

and its weather the people  
 who lagged behind and spotted us  
 rolling in the electric filth  
 the impossibility of being anything but  
 confusing everybody

that the storm would come from the ball of the peak  
 the image of the bowl to be perfectly finished  
 a handout in the well of the dream  
 the hell of the wrongly inhabited apparel court

It was apparent, when it was not  
 we tumbled in the self stroked fire  
 were involved in silly, and observed  
 it all comes down

to the witness knob we'd nerved  
 the world, it is off now, the box  
 and contained the shatter

•

What is seen is what contained  
 in angles of the light  
 the type of dream in day  
 hours pent up and bound for blur  
 reflection and the intermittence of sides  
 striation  
 is where your hand has been  
 in stroke, in act

It lands the table  
 provokes the field  
 and in staying the hand  
 rattles the dream

Glowing toward the bottom into peach  
 a row of lamps at the sheaf of the ship  
 would razor off your cognizance  
 a slight of store  
 or stow the ignorance of wheat

The row of windows, remember the march  
 that led you to the latch  
 the wheat lamp's touch

Adequacy often enough Doubt  
 aqua after sufficient tilt  
 . . . the rays of sunshelf through nightdust . . .  
 Blossoms of not one shake of future  
 to the born, the eye, the finish  
 (vision's neuter)

Paper scarcer, poems more meant  
 to the shorter end  
 I want the lines to dive, delude

In density is destiny mixed

A cut of light  
 or a cutting  
 grows of a whole night composed  
 of day as well  
 the day the crystal's axes in a swarm drill  
 preciseness bristles of an emptiness sure  
 caught to tongue and left to lip  
 imitant blur  
 a night caught in such angles lit

One could divide it all up into  
 those who know how the work should be  
 and those who never know before the work.  
 But then those who did not know began to know  
 the materials, an intimate action  
 and can one go too far with material causes?  
 (will and would  
 rather than  
 shall and should)

Roars in the Heavens  
 are nodules of the apple  
 throat to commit leaves

the whore's decimal, void apparel  
 a plant, a wind whim  
 you'd cancel what you didn't hear

•

I am become so sensitive to sounds. The least  
 knock puts me off my pitch. I want to  
 hear the slightest curve of the tongue.

(kitchen clatter over Lear)

Am I bound to be a sender, not a receiver?

•

This place where morning is permanent  
 what do we have for coffee in this doorway breakfast  
 a milk-sugar reduction of haulable hulls?  
 No spots that are not stuck shadows on collected grounds  
 no legs that are larger than their permanent laundries.  
 Can this be salvation, bunker with a petaled ceiling  
 and no battery lights, no wheat lamps?  
 I am arrangeable but the day features no last laps  
 no solution firmer than a cap for your pet  
 laggard in formation, cat that hired its mice.

•

What if the light shard remained  
 on the floor after the sun had passed on?

•

Should I really have to know  
 what kind of sentence I like?  
 Writing is like speaking while  
 not speaking and what can I see

of that speaking while not?  
 Not much. (image of lips closing quickly  
 and perhaps forever)  
 "What kind of writing do you do?"  
 (this kind of person has not even a glimpse)  
 Now what do I think I have created? Solitude.  
 (remains to be seen)  
 And if I am afraid, then what? Spin the crystal.

•

I am not to speak for one year.  
 The arm is out of place and the window too near the face.  
 It might be tender but it has no handle.  
 The golden brass of the standard fear folds  
 wherever its breaded catch is known.  
 Behind the barn a leaflet chides discovery unbound.  
 Unfounded all such chastisement. A bold  
 and clicking facade. A roam to its frame.

I am not to pretend myself out of wine or wind.  
 The sleeping vine with cat, or yellow band around the oak.  
 Shown shards of blue open in twig space, in loft  
 or sprint of glance. I am not open nor am I in  
 close. The cabinet to contain the bones of the one  
 who would wish, who did stand and will tip  
 where no gem but something rushes,  
 a thing stretches.

I am to reach and thin, not perch.  
 An immaculate back in a certain knock of torsion.  
 The screen of a filament tans an appearance of motion.  
 A lock on the wind, a mind released, in the main.  
 On the strand, a flick of the hand, an assertion  
 that makes not an odd of the flame in sand,

a sound and beyond it nothing, not one shade of flinch  
over bolt and over lodge, the egg is not large  
and stays.

•

Vast toy tower, erector set crossed rods, aloft in the  
winds it bends, box of instruments padlocked  
attached high up, wires locked and stretched, guy wires  
over whole field countries of bramble and fir, almost  
winter I hang and reach out over, hills to the terminant,  
propeller at the very ice tip of the mock tower, this  
its land and this the cemented end.

We grow and we loose ourselves. An arch over  
wary turntable land, autumn grit so parsed  
it enables, and the wires stretch and thong in the  
wind. I am amok in the height  
and cancel over all a blue screen and unblink day  
and surface the rats that hoard remnants of  
meteor instrument below ice pack below  
stir ground, below and above, below and encasing  
treatment. I howl and the world staves its  
nerves. I will make concert of the wings  
the clouds have clattered. No more sundial  
face to the whole of it. Truly face.  
Rust rock bench. World terminus, skinny  
tower. Worth nothing, worth of nothing serving.  
Terminant tip. To which all rolls beckoning.  
An earth of pure shield, a sky ice dry.  
And sound as a fire the sound of a wire,  
no one or thing remain to the touch.

Tip of locked belts over Rat Battle Land.

•

The crystal is always showing a world  
that does not exist except in remission.  
It does not contain but transposes.

The whole point of this  
house is to change the light.  
No one is to live there in fact  
its precise location is not known.  
Everything goes on around it  
changes within it, beyond help  
beyond hope beyond the very name of heart.  
Yes, the crystal is a house  
one is inhabited by.

I crystallized myself out of flesh  
but this is wrong. I learned to scratch  
down words on paper by tendency of crystal  
adjacent to sleeping area. When I was home.  
When I was even a noun.

(The monkeys want in here but I parry them)  
The books are arranged shelf  
by crystal shelf. The numbers I have given them  
give me sleep. An age at which  
I replaced the crystals with printed words.  
Now I am come of age.  
Now I can no longer lie.

Infinity exists, therefore impossibility does.  
(Q.E.D.)

An antipylon spelling its life through miles  
of dusting page. Searching through aisles  
of collapsing volume for the spine of a single creature.  
It lives near the square of the concrete church and  
this is its address: Forgotten Routes.  
I sat on a chair there and waited for

the papers to near.  
 In that basement would be  
 rubber waves and chocolate volumes.  
 In that air would come  
 worth and stress.  
 The woman would reject no clothing.  
 She herself in a form of remission.  
 My hand is on the stair though I am  
 comfortably seated. My only fear  
 that I will not forget.  
 The crystal to remember.

Chocolate cake, rubber wands, calypso in plaster,  
 a static emitter, a length of butter, the stage  
 in darkness, a crumpled-up tongue mess, Blake's  
 compass, the golden rectangle, body by Fisher,  
 a Balthus land letter, all my tomorrows in a  
 single vein of sand, or sound, or stilled light.  
 Better you reach out and grasp it and touch it to  
 your mask.  
 It coils your days to a certain same.

•

Where is the wonder to not know?  
 It's an apparent of life, to take as apparent.  
 Visions seen, heard, felt, dropped for another,  
 repasted in a new cover, thought up and then  
 sent down again, traipsed for and wished  
 and then to see them snap back to sender but  
 not see the sender, I have grateful needs.  
 The words say. Nothing today is apparent,  
 just there, nowhere, bent over the task,  
 removal of the mask, the tendency to bow  
 and tend, kneel at the feet of the statue  
 of whole stone, white caps, inverted needs,

no one knows, no one knows better than to.  
 The path follows and portions weed lots and  
 the former goddess statues.  
 We See, is not allowed. But a frightening fan of  
 the forms beneath the curtain. I take a breath,  
 I style it. I am interminable at the dead  
 crystal that will never turn off. I laugh  
 and spin it. I did not laugh just then  
 as it hoops a shadow on the bright wood. Bright word.  
 Knuckle over the loops of what steadies to be said.  
 Sure to write all this down here, sure and doubt.  
 The crystal seems filled to slant line of terminus  
 but is itself a filling of all now empty whole.  
 Things holes in things, lights in stops, breathing  
 within hearing. A bath in blood, a hood over  
 the normal watcher, sipper at form's blade.

And where is the known wonder?  
 The seven, of which memory leaves vacant one,  
 or two. I take off its shoe and it  
 breathe on you. Who are me a hundred million  
 careless and sieved-off times or wavelets or  
 forks from the shine. You are me, I am  
 sure interminable. You, crystal, it and forgotten.  
 High and far and tiny on my bureau of born sheaf  
 and short regret. The knowing of which is interminable,  
 though as wonder short. A cry in the wood  
 that bends the limbs. A sheep in a frame  
 for later commission.

Sleek friendless tendencies.  
 Shock in reach of coldness at fingertip.  
 Calcium rates silicon, socket to terminal.  
 I put on the hat as a bow to truncation.  
 Linear life times five, times seven, times turn  
 at all, onlooker. The hats were beveled cones.

The nights were seeded in doubts, level fires,  
coarse pocketed finds. The lock became the kicker.  
The light a stone.

A kind of time. An implacable placement in  
felt time diminish. Dots on a paper  
of silk to decipher, waving tongs over a net  
to seal the stars. Our fates are to motion  
as sand is to shoe. Sound as a cap.  
The termination is many, the directions of many.  
The telephone will not ring in this seal of light.  
This one pent of night. This stone, I throw you  
away but you return. You have returned this shine.  
You have spelled my shoe in a minute of melody, a  
day far away now in horizons of leather.  
The scroll not to bother. The ancient as a sever  
as here today as any stone. My uncle put up  
on a ranch his aerial in sand, but such is lie.  
So I shift. I dream of putting my shirt over  
the crystal to little help. And watch it that  
the temperature settle. The words give me battle  
in even rows and warm. And warn of war  
at the homestead hearth, valve of the heart,  
ear that won't start if the crystal rattle.  
Not so, but once it bubbled.

Ancient as a spine, motor to whisper in the  
wafter region. A Realm, zone of stood stone,  
carved breath before a face could result. Or a  
zircon in basement. Cold cereal on Xmas bulbs  
in the room below Halloween. The pictures so  
slow to frame, the crystal seen turning. Space  
to colden the breath, husk of an ancestry.  
I walked out over the books, the street was so plain.

Vodka as standard, Tequila in a topaz  
is what makes it yellow. The worm left out.  
Slats and rulers the room warms, the time is coming up.  
It will be left, you and I, to us only to turn.  
You crystal, you lock my way. Lurking and looking  
for familiars to play. The melody is firm  
in the crystal of temper, little or no dot to enter.  
As the freedom has withered, so goes the heat for your fate.  
I mumbled and scattered, I would not sit for  
what I knew. An empty light the cue.

For whatever you can't know you do write.  
Sleeping stalk through the night, witless curvature.  
Some anagrams of the Mock Crystal. Snail shell  
of rust in the dream window. Humid practice  
of the vermiform ways. Balanced on the skull  
in a bed of potatoes. Hands never to  
exit the sleeves and the camera still clicking.  
Eyeholes in the seamless places. Going home  
a matter of form as everyone has gone and done.  
The nose, the petals of zinc, the goat at a door.  
The liquid for which there is no rest or shiftless spot.  
Dreams in which gardenias start and hop.  
My own face lies without a trace.  
And I write them with the greatest of wills to know  
and so do not.

Let's stop. The crystal still spinning. Nothing to know yet  
has a bearing. Withal apparent in such of a light  
it should be ringing. My ankles should be humming.  
And my eyes start turning. I lift my fire where  
my hand should be, cool as caliper at the  
rusty wood. Cancel, says the epigram,  
cancel and begin. Start ash to confer upon

the light a breed. Standard of fright in  
the crystal's place, in the crystal's stead  
a match for the eyes.

•

The moon comes into the ceiling. Everybody who  
comes to know there comes to know that.  
But the crystal is stolid. Only to write only  
thinking in the cracks. To think is not to put  
anything down. It all goes the same way  
off soft in a line. A line of pearl  
handles, nothing to do with the crystal. And  
it is not made of petals to be thinking of here. Further on  
it will be cancelled, what grows. That it has  
grown, that and only. Bending over the crystal  
they all wondered what writing would proceed.  
Would it all be of crystal an apparenity. Nobody  
has thought, the way the crystal takes apparent root.  
If only speech could talk. If only talk could  
grind down beneath willful feet. The crystal  
was out of favor, out of any such space and time.  
For talking would not root it, condescending not  
spill it out. A whole volume of thought  
spun out for naught, spelled out as well  
as a tooth might be brushed, a tooth no longer  
well dwelt in the head. As stolid as a jaw  
might be missed, this crystal. The earth  
moved them and I thought, a further oddness, further address.  
Thought is always further, of a furtherance down  
the chiseled line.

All this is too lean. Water never lean,  
the crystal has me think of. As my marks do.  
As any such leavening would turn my crystal fear.  
But such is not mine. Possession of a crystal

would not enter. Or a crystal processional  
as if entering a city. The gates were of a stone,  
plain and bore no thought. Or if so, passed through  
limber and forgotten. But my writing is uneven.  
And it is not even morning. The moon is in  
the ceiling. And the crystal on the board.

And going in all the while I was livid with fear  
but a crystal would ease my care. I put down  
the numbers, six, for the common crystal.  
Numbers can not be thought about, but a crystal  
can take on mind. Make you the surrounding  
subject to, the subject always surrounds. And I  
will never make clear my grounds. Never well make  
it would be. The sides of life that are even ones.  
Integers then to hold a transparency. Buildings  
to surround them and take other life in them.  
The hold of light. That the moon says small  
part of this. That the moon says, how little do  
we hear. If only little body, the planet on  
the table. It fancies a marry of water and  
shock. Still, the crystal takes up zero, a  
center tween my eyes. My health and subsequent  
lies.

The character had written his poems, the lineaments  
of crystal. The character past. Whether he  
was glad at that or he wished at all, that  
will be subject to diminishment the crystal protects.  
All go away with the poems, all go right away, out.  
Finish, proceed, dote on failings bright, hover  
in the sheavings of the semblances of night.  
An evenness of crowings as the dawn begins.  
Begins to strew again, fixed begins that scatter  
the rising rest. The mother in no nest.  
Next. Trust. Apparenity is gaining on the

grounding of all fibers, even optical if.  
Even bounded face. Such as regular facets  
to the masking of water. The bright whole  
of the table's gem.

If I could stand up hollowly in the crystal's speech.  
The breather's reach. Ringing globe,  
saddled with pens. Glow ball envy of ropes.  
End product shine of all stallings. It is not a  
gem but true poise of water standing.  
As if whole volume of make-work gave a daughter.  
A better. Remained after the slaughter standing  
like no pen. My eyes again watch and nothing  
is parallel. No one is wondering and the earth  
is clear. End point. Pendulum near.

It's sharp enough to tempt water.  
The portions of a substance, how fast?  
The eliminations, subsequent, of space,  
of the locks on a charm, of the sea's waters,  
the portions invisible from any land or standpoint,  
how ritual, how divisible, how plain a calm?  
A reaching of the hand to a handle, a  
more's the reason to shine when invisible.  
And the cuts of light, how little a strain.  
On hand, on boards, on a night without moon.  
When far off the points of a storm have landed.  
Where I am careful before the stone.

The crystal is bent, but encounters no salvage.  
A crock of misty appears, a lock of standages  
pryly averaging, so I will savage it. It knocks me.  
I answer it, with a wristy itched smear, log all  
stretch of land to a hole for a year

and sing its inches down. Pretend you won't loan  
yourself and *are* a crystal. The walls don't stand it.  
It turns to the left of light. The sanity of  
brittleness will not save you, its stare.  
Locks, it says something about, locks that set  
not a piece together. The holes it frequents have none.  
Stop thinking to write. Go to sleep and let it hold.

•

Anti-vacuum. Anti-thoughtfulness.  
Random reflections? Fractures encased.  
The thing wants nothing, wants for nothing.  
I'll take a glimpse, a long stare, the look  
that brings semi-wakefulness. A blue flake  
from the sky and how does it arrive in there?  
What am I looking at. Into what's locked businesses?  
Perfectly, or is it, then clear? Standing gear.  
I could ink it all closed? Like what in there?  
Fractions of the outer, shuffled and contained.  
Make up a list and remain without. Stop.  
Lift your weapons. Here is the one that resists intentions.

•

For that matter, why know any mineral?  
Sometimes I'd rather knowledge were the pleasure  
of taking any book down off a high shelf, the long  
arm reaching of that leverage.  
The thing is also a light, some say. More even the reverse.  
The object of scrutiny. A phrase is also a wave.  
Carved to see better. Looking at angles not designed by men.  
For that matter the race leaves no direction but  
follows them all. That nothing may be left to stand.

I let it go in all directions here. Mayday from boredom,  
shine on the pall.  
We've not always got to see you think you crystal.

•

They've known about all this sharp stuff nearly forever.  
Nights when the blade was made, days when the drinking glass.  
Nero had two goblets carved at great expense with  
Homeric legend and then smashed both in a rage.  
Crusaders from the stuff got grail ideas and rode  
rusting off. Stuff perhaps the wrong idea, but  
crystal itself does fill. Then it does not need a word.  
In the caves the clear weight was enough. They saw.  
The one word of unknown origin.

The crystal does not provide. It subsists.  
But what I know  
is not its point, certainly not, pendulum weight.  
Light as it is not in hand, a tryer though I am.  
Perhaps it wanted to be all different ways and  
isotropically came out this? Loaf enough I'll see?  
During, see during, see the end of the line always receding.  
As some thing that does not need needing, a tremble.  
A hollow thing is not a standard. Weighted  
toward which end will now this . . . ?  
All of this nothing toward a single scent.  
One mile before the daylight that never . . .  
One sign left in a jacketed glow  
one thought that I could not  
even try to sift.

Rest of the morning spent in curving  
while this what of it stands. It points

to the level of day I will light. I will hand  
over to the hurling wind, division of solace,  
plaque of friend. (American Whisper Band)

•

Everything that surrounds  
it and is not  
part of it

•

The way time feels on metal, I love its ride.  
Sober sticking on the outside, points, striking points  
that ride on a sheet of air above the plate base.  
Knowing here does not aid but could lapse you  
sheer away. The way time is made, absently  
in perfect focus, riveted eyes, crystal hand,  
thought off yourself to rise in this work.

•

Morning to frighten. The yard's trunks  
to be candles awaiting lightning.  
But I dismiss this early Fall Boston of lines  
the better to hold lying better than thought.

•

Sides of the world, throbbings of the sound axes.  
Writing on the side of a page, a wall  
in a world of inter-bladed and filtering walls.  
They do not revolve, exactly. They intertwine,  
jolt across segments, planless. Lives are  
an unsynchronized result, a night without  
metal tongs for hands, thoughts that hover

winds over beach, straight face, stained waters.  
 I have never had any bother with brothers.  
 But now perhaps sisters are gaining on me?  
 If the metal had been heated what would its  
 surfaces say. I lined myself  
 according to you who are you? Granted the night,  
 granted the lifted blades of day. Cry them not  
 and heat that the light. I can write anything if  
 I switch forms by hand. I can make  
 the window listen?

Then is the crystal striking.

•

A cancer filled up with water. A stretch  
 in the pod bay. You do not have to know what  
 went over on my back. I opened the transom,  
 sweaters. Loops of oil. Flasks with initials.  
 Thirteen dots in a major realm. I thought I told you  
 what I couldn't even imagine. Just in truth.  
 Blood on the sleeve. Intentional armistice after  
 bargaining session. They all had plans for it not  
 brought out before. Animal lessons. Discursive  
 and folderol mention. Drive the stork through  
 the window shield. Imagine characters  
 pretending to stay. And loop over the frigidaire  
 of the blue sky. The card says stung, and that's  
 the bottom of it. Size. Perfume.  
 Interregnum bargainers in lemon get-up stationing.  
 I've got to use these words. Use them up?  
 Stand down from such of them? Nothing further  
 to erase blindness. Superficial node, self-canceling.  
 She comes in the door and worries about warped fruits.

I say the cat knows me, and she leaves by the  
 same door. The opening of all things, clapboards  
 to reveal the divided loot. No one there had  
 known to look. Windows to keep going by  
 and up and down. We humans are listeners but  
 we can't keep our mouths in synch. Alarming  
 and willing the neighbors to stay up and give notice.  
 Start and then lapse back, the airs one hears between.  
 Today everything kept coming back wrong.  
 A subtle knock at the base of the brain.  
 Barring dreams of candy razors.  
 Tonight the sun was all over the kills, in Dutch  
 with creeks. Take all my letters away, I  
 don't want them here. That I may sit up  
 with my fear. But diaries too are dialogues  
 and here I only grasp one end. Tantamount  
 to jealousy of the void.

•

There's fish in the bottom. And breakfast flakes,  
 and sun shard. It clouds and unclouds itself.  
 So does my handwriting. But it always stands,  
 as my brain it is standing there. Perch  
 hanging slightly above the bottom. Iron crackle,  
 sticks in your gloves as you're stripping the machine  
 for painting. And sun makes a loop of a shadow.  
 Gold bars of beveled light enclosed. I piss  
 off the porch and the moon shines how gold my  
 strand in the air. Night air tends strange facets.  
 Hear me, crystal, shake me loose.

Yeah, I've been over there a few times and I don't  
 want to talk about it. Listen to me, it's best  
 you get it out. Will be on your stomach  
 as if a brain would float.

All along the highway there are dips in the temperature.  
 Freezers linked to logs while all else suns.  
 Tankers attached to flags, whore mumbles  
 in exoneration momentum. Bulks  
 on the fly, and insectiferous the edges to cloud.  
 I sit down no trumps and catch a whiff-heft  
 of the long gone by talks. And so splendorous  
 the empty, the haul on color toning, the  
 novembers pending.

•

Slot talk. A certain tone, whatever. I have  
 my worries and I have my names. Sometimes all  
 the words. Could you say, What's his word?  
 The word of whom? Do they all jam toward voice?  
 Toward question? All writing a call in  
 darkness: Word?

Stop the shop talk. What if you only had an hour  
 to live? Too little time to think more than  
 about how there was only a little more time.  
 Is it always the middle of the night when you think  
 about time ending? What is the exact mid-point  
 of the darkness? This time of year (November)  
 it must be nearly midnight. But I always think it  
 2 or 4 in the morning. I remember mornings  
 when I saw the sun come up, the first false dawn  
 glow then the full thing, over a green bedstead.  
 And others in my father's room, in bed with  
 Fred, Long John's Party Line just going off the  
 air at 5:30 with those slow Manhattan strings  
 and crystal dew-air celeste notes ringing and clinging  
 and wafting, hot sun in the cool air of summer  
 dawn coming up over the Bullock hedges and  
 backyard trees across the street. Fine feeling.  
 Early in life all over again and whatever you had  
 to do today was new.

Going over tales of flying saucers in the  
 sunrise. Everything everybody could have thought  
 to say said. Morning, go to sleep.  
 A prime point. The sun is an unmarked  
 flying celeste . . .

Me alone, I wonder if I have any  
 true idea who. Certainly not an image.  
 But something else one could write?  
 I'll never actually recognize it but it's all  
 in here somewhere? By-product of  
 the writing addiction?

The crystal seems to contain tiny wire snips.  
 Catching the light. Throwing the tiny messages  
 itself can't use? Kerouac stares at me  
 from the yellow button.  
 Tell it well and truly, Go moan for man, etc.  
 Writing noises in the night instead.  
 Scratching minutes. Companion apparel of  
 the long sentence.

•

The crystal lies. Its sides are unequal to me.  
 Sheers me in mind of chronic weights.  
 Its imaginations of bare state. What could  
 one say?, crystal dimming on the horizon.  
 Sensational an increment, tiny, over-  
 apprehended and crazed. I do not fit to it,  
 I dial it and spin it, head on in phases.

I haven't got the least idea, I don't know, it  
 doesn't really seem, perhaps after all, when,  
 but all notions could add up to nothing but.  
 I haven't got it, I can't see it, it does nothing

but blend, smear, toddle a bit to the sides,  
 make a mask of its initial, there can't  
 after all be a conclusion to ideas?  
 Sensations finish? Descriptions stop?  
 Images impede the flow?  
 A leading question, a leading image?  
 The crystal spots itself. My imagination narrowed  
 to a tiny rock in a room.  
 And my throat so dry at the thought.

•

Small place. Invasions of Small Place.  
 Rock on a board. But not rock it's  
 mineral organicism. The word mineral  
 gives organic touch to the flow. Flow, hell!  
 Immovable neck of the world. Mineral  
 notching of pristine sense, self, an interior *gone*  
 floating in the patched wall. And beyond, nothing  
 beyond. Monk strike key, and all presumed  
 depth to shoot out later? He likes  
 the sound in the room, nothing now to be  
 patched. Ring. Ring be the mineral  
 quotient of blocks to move?  
 Scratch. Wobble. Ring got no fear.  
 And all around mumbles to the flock of  
 crystal nub. He spots the center of world  
 with thumb. And not to be caught out  
 in shame and blame of name. Writing  
 could be like striking thing. Thumb it  
 into metals at the centrum of time.  
 Time's square stair/stare of squeak cheer  
 and milder chair. Trees rock to my knees.  
 And preposterous, this fault block of any man  
 in room. I divided myself here  
 and left the ceiling ringing.

No story. I can't discipline myself to follow the  
 single thread. There is no single road  
 leading off. A road does not just start  
 but it does lead. How it leads, all over,  
 never finished. And I strictly see  
 all the sides, what the tangents are pursuing me,  
 consuming me, with. With as a halt on  
 progress? We are battered by chromaticism.

Open the mind to everything, and then follow the ink.  
 One suitable phrase leaves no hope. Leave  
 the tongue out! That it catch, while no  
 longer allowing speech? Everything seems it  
 could be question or exclamation. Wondering  
 about hours, and their things. How one could  
 tell the seasons blind, just by the sounds of  
 their leaves (Kurosawa). Oldness  
 cannot be made up. I believe in the  
 seeing left for myself.

These scratches irritate. Seems I will  
 write anything now. I blunder on through  
 myself and never meet. Strictly to see it,  
 street and light. Walled in to the brain's studio.  
 Watch the ball of basis roll down over the  
 world's sun. Hewing it less to go home.

•

Trying to take a piss out of a hard-on, he sat,  
 contemplating the window of its trees.

•

They're out there in the barn juggling gumdrops  
 and raising a whole lot of caterwaul.  
 Cafeteria music, seeped in from under-the-empire  
 pipes. Standard elevator rhymes and whistling  
 pitches. Pictures of the lemon tree in scald.  
 Notes of people taken while they're thinking of  
 heaven with a grim visage. Frowns  
 with elephant grace-notes. Lights dancing in  
 the cabbage factory, where they're trapped for duration.  
 All those people up there in black suits taught  
 not to let their feet tap. It's hopeless!  
 In which Mozart's plumes are trapped.

•

The work of heaven or hell: to somehow  
 become aware of a howling in the motors.

•

A notebook full of dead-end starts.  
 Chiseled striations showing attempts to grow in other ways.  
 Change in the atmosphere overall. They did not attend  
 the game, which was won, which was lost anyway.  
 The crystal on the table while they were absent.  
 Light weather there or away. Light amongst  
 all and so  
 never go. Light has its poles and this is one.

•

The cigarette on the table.  
 The crystal on the planet.  
 There are blurs in this.  
 Thoughts that skid as well  
 as bind. Linkages are

not all support. Sometimes  
 some things just sit.

And  
 then no lack of force  
 what?

are blues in this  
 and tin sorts, wire of a tensile  
 strike down whole roads  
 dormered in sky, such openings  
 as we leave for the border  
 the holder that it is.

•

What is seen and what is not seen. What is  
 molded to go. The house opened into a hillside,  
 green water, a sort of lemonade, clods. The boards  
 rattled at a cleaving in the house's hunch. It stops,  
 a clock, for the mentioning of bread. Little stillness  
 left in this whole, this barnlike settled city.  
 No one knows here as how anyone here knows.  
 Slivered in shadow, rocks at hand, milkcow lured to  
 the curling glen. Not to know how to empty the hen.  
 The crystal, and again its slight lights. A meadow  
 and a handle matched. The window opened onto  
 such a prong of sky, it hatched, then it twinned the land.  
 The postman opened his palm. There was a date.  
 There was a stretched stone. Sign of trouble, sign of  
 glowed statue. He had painted them blue, red,  
 yellow. A fear of rising brighter. The wind  
 allowed and scattered the helmets. A plain.  
 A page, on which the other books had traveled.  
 The time I know, and other ones also known  
 the crystal turned true.

"The great art of films does not consist of descriptive movement of face and body, but in the movements of thought and soul, transmitted in a kind of intense isolation."

All these things that creep into something  
 creep meaning there before you think  
 to see to meet in mind diagonal, to see  
 to think, blinding out to rubber of a last "to"  
 before the being, the own fascinating being  
 submerging . . .

It's lasted, now think again  
 it's thought, now the last thought  
 before now which think  
 to see, to have now always been  
 as far as  
 as taut as  
 I'm of a mind that  
 a mire in me makes

Lines out of mind a gasjet of sky makes  
 blue, blue see, blues of the roentgen kings  
 rent of a clogging clear tobacco lighter  
 blue as a hand out of conscience  
 wondering the rock to a stop on its table

But it's still and was before you  
 facing, and links the space to the blank space  
 facing the clear cut depth of bind  
 of window signed with cracks of taut growth  
 an avenue before you that'll spell you won't  
 reach up to here, a crystal waits or a near one  
 rise up to take thought almost

The pen is closed  
 the window is sticks  
 the crystal

I just lived there and never thought about it.  
 What was there, who were we? The plants didn't  
 antagonize the bricks, the cat ate the bugs, and we sat  
 on the porch after his father had died and I thought it  
 must be a relief, as much as convention radio has  
 not much to do with waiting for the fish on a beach.  
 It was Providence, a town, not a city really  
 with only one tall building with a greenish mentholated  
 light that should have hissed in the night even when  
 it wasn't raining. Still I didn't have to imagine  
 blimps when they all hung over that town like the  
 vision of a war I knew nothing about.  
 Brighter days when I was dim.

In case you see. In case you see.  
 I spell it. I spell it trees in the window board.  
 I have poem, I don't know it from Adam.  
 What is the first alphabet in a series? What is  
 a word's name? I could say I have no French,  
 no algebra to those moments. On the fly  
 parsing the dots. Cubes of life future  
 with holes for impression instead of circles for motion.  
 Go to Princeton, do not pass. Momentum  
 rather than fiction. Is there a half-broken-open rock?  
 A partially-littered table of things to be done. To be  
 done thought to be done thought. The thought-out things  
 are half-managed. Handwriting and proper spelling

in the same action? Or as in painting, the hand prepares? I have no notion, he said and waited. A co-rehearsed block is seen.

•

The ways in which I didn't think of it as literature. A chair that could read. I put the words there in those ways, excitement, doubt, in a moment I could see it all differently. It would look doubtful in mornings, as if written by someone else better late nights. It took me a long time (years) to think of myself as a person who would write these things. Things . . . I still don't know wholly what they are, any exact response. But I think I always thought of myself as someone who improvises. I didn't think of myself. I said to myself I will make something up in a moment. Then I will look at it, perhaps I will dispose of it by writing something further.

I still don't easily think of myself as a writer. I still don't think of myself. I look at the writing and sometimes see the self in there, out there, and wonder how I was somehow that self being written, writing itself out as if unwinding a spool of . . . I only see certain strands.

There are great lakes, but not in the Casbah. The foot often slips, off what?, and I pay out more lengths, I follow with an unrecorded eye. The ear has no problem following. I often wonder if it is in fact leading. It will always be the mystery, that self end up out there as those words, a mirror impossibly deep. Never enough words to the bottom of the distance. Sometimes voices

that echo from nothing ever visible. If I am asked what I am doing I look and make up for that person.

All the words make sense. As I often do not. To what I often hear I can hardly hold the pen. Don't talk to me of mechanisms. None of them work enough to please my solace. Sometimes there is a far response and I catch a glimpse of my death. Keep moving, I tell that self the words have come to me to be. This is all becoming a scrawl I will hardly hold to read.

Tell someone who you are. I did it. I did it. I did it at every point. The private pen has inked a vast presence in the public silence. Writing has never been as solitary as now, I feel. I feel tense. I feel huge.

Memory blocks me with every problem in the book. Forgetfulness allows me to move. What do I know? That I do not, I do not want. To know I would have to read nothing but my own words past. I haven't the time. I only *have* time when I move off each mark. Don't think of, somebody said, I am thought. The odd way that my own past words are never things remembered.

The way thought about writing is always afterthought. He waited behind the empty car to think of what he might have done. The voices always passing me until I find the way to link on and inhabit. You must say the words until they say me, Beckett said that.

•

In which ways have I not yet thought, and the literature in between. I have moved things around again, dispensed and shouldered. The world is not in any way, anyway at all. Those ways are the only ways, always will, always doubt. I would excite myself overly if not for the difficulty. But it is all not difficult, it is a longer swim. A morning with no daytime to halt it. A peek into the side of the glassine sea.

I still don't know I thought myself to think myself to take a look of it. Pitching of the long time to exact repose. Picturing things, myself. Long enough fast to a writing something further. A leaner and an adder am I. Bewitched, bothered and unbuilt. A twittering differing child again. And another, a smaller hotel? And I said to myself then: Dispose of it. Spell it back to yourself to reenlist the charm. Improvising is what someone took me to something to be written by. Inverse lesson by positive adage. Negative numberage, as if a settling bulb, as if something I wholly didn't will. The numbers turned up again, all the words respelled. The number of a hill, the name of a hand.

Then I said to myself, think, but was writing something further. The numbers all got away again, a ceaseless cough. A marrying window, the beachfront with the wallpaper, a smile with the scissored crab. But I think what I said to myself improves myself, lesson missing. Just that which I said to myself now is missing. The window missing, salt from the paleness of sky. Trouble is, not that the words are missing, but just

missing. Voice taps in the top of any table, the words for *this* table. I said this, I said of myself think.

Stable portion, sense lesson, icicle twilight. But that could be photo taken and not self written. Sometimes I just don't see the door. When the door's self is missing? I still don't see self as opening. Who are you that what could think of marrying.

•

The crystals in the plant.  
A certain alga contains rotating selenites.  
There is no use. Or if so not known.  
The one on the table is not in use at present.  
Or is it? Unknown and yet so present, it does with the light what only it can. I look.  
My hand stays. What is the use? I am out of service.  
The crystal shines.

It says to me: Enclose the water in the hand.  
It says not say. It stay.  
I drink, it slant.  
I wait for it to become, to fill. One day  
I will walk into this room and it will have turned opaque. It will be an uncrossable red.  
It will have filled with my blood?

•

I put down words here, that they will not  
share me.  
Words that are shavings off the irreducible block.  
Words that remain the elegance at Chaos Gate.

•

Apply the cold crystal to the cool lungs  
stemming a fit of light  
backwater

left over to sod  
the light goes off  
to preach back of tobacco barns  
(Lemuel Pitkin and the eyes of solace)  
This is too even, the crystal both  
even and not  
evil as it is  
and run out the dunking string  
Hymn to Solus  
chest of a tang  
remnant glow in false fall  
a slaty eye turned up  
the fear ball lateraling

•

It's a sorrowful magic to take up this tone again  
when the grey stripe of my overcoming hardly  
allows me pick the words up to pitch.  
There is a ceiling and it is not easing,  
that rafters me back, collapsed in  
calypso of eclipses, the red sphere tongued  
through the shunned background.  
Ready. Ready should have a collar  
or color of the perfect die.

•

Dark story. Litter entry.  
Literal service and fending score.  
Don't want to know, not less than do.  
And stand, stand over, stand up  
for the trees to tie my maps.  
The shore is anywhere, last place  
the book ends.

•

Scan this:

Hello, you don't know me, you have friends.  
Time is not possible, a ford of nerveless rivers,  
white collars shorn from weather map. Major  
ones, really incredible but not nearly stood,  
sidepoint avenue in the druther weathers. Initials  
called off the inside of the soda bottle, self defense.  
Dotted lines down the hands and bled pants. Sports  
are knowledgeable, clouds blown away from north of  
origin. Orange peach at liberty in attendance,  
logged on the backs of terror puns. And then the offers  
to reeling aislers. A lot of people are reading  
what about you. Some more ball stuff.  
Filings of words jumping all over tongues. However settled  
can a sender be. I bought a truck on the way home  
from a general delivery. I knew no tree until  
too late. No comment from the bandaged side.  
And baste the coats three-sides, we'll do better by  
the strolling eaters. Weather has not changed much,  
blueprint coldtype. With me later, the Heller  
in Pink Tights.

How do we cope with when do we go back from?  
Where am I on now? The insidious nature of  
listening to too much music. Don't know, not  
visibly sane. Think they can have an attitude

toward too much pollution? Hearing the footsteps at the creaking door, hood, decimals amounting to the grey coat. People do have the tendency to think. But most of my growing up was done sick. What I was interested in is that here you are. You tend to personalize it, the box, in here. Basic book distancing theory. These processes, these sufficiently multiple characters. Grand view subverse hotel. Flailing the broken diction of a sunken TV. Terribly sad but a great big fat fact. We'll be thinking too fast, we'll be taking your sweater.

: radio.

What is knowledge, where is the expedient? Down what gradient, or up same? Do you know these words' names? I have not seen you lately, I rust on the grade. All the things I could speak of if I had the handles. All the present force of moving spaces. One further to the left, and another one left to further. There is no point from which, only the point from which you.

She turns the corner, sees no one, keeps going, waits, full face, empty doorway, enters, walks, turns to see, nothing, down the hallway, ends, two ways to look, no one, turn right, a longer hallway, pictures, turning, stops in the empty, full face, not a one, starts again, along, narrows, comes up on, taps, full face, the wrong one, apology, backs a step, turns, looking, empty doorway, empty hallway,

walks without notice, blank, dead wall, turns, a last entry, not going, not noticing, no one, not a chance, emptiness, full face.

Did you notice my face that time?

•

Interest in structure only in the terms that a language exists. Exists and or languages, entrances and exits. The world you have left from telling you going on exactly wherein. The words continue, to reconnoiter the echo. And this ersatz follower, you.

He signified that there was always something out there, always also not in here. With them, all time, all things, voices saying it and saying again it does, it has, it will. It has will, said so once, says so more and further, it was merely wanted and never appears. So. Lone follower of you.

The brick wall, the grey kiln. The rose and the specialty letters. You'll never know it green as its width would. Started again, and then loss of memory, stop. Entrance to the focal, the vocal fold blocked. Continue anyway as does a pocket redness and intermittent speech. The one beside you, no one beside you, has the language.

•

They had wanted to go over there and see those people but the car kept moving. Poles went by. Streams, and blown paper listing in air at odd angles. I looked at my companions. I didn't like them.

They were too perturbed in ordinariness. Slavish  
 revulsion, putting caps back on pens. There was always  
 a window to look out from.

He makes it back to the base and only then discovers  
 that night has fallen. The barracks is ink.  
 Moldering sounds. What could have kept anyone  
 from standing himself lay around at every hand.  
 Give me the pliers.

So he looked into it. And found out nothing.  
 He had tried it out, came up empty. Investigation  
 of a fraud was itself one. Leaving early only to  
 leave it late. Tiny copper bells attached to the  
 evergreen trees in the plaza. Late light, always,  
 if only sometimes morning late. So he had looked.

I turned on the radio, static. A kind of  
 muscular bell shoving aside all other signals and  
 leaving its traces in mystery shows, telephone  
 exchanges, musical snatches. Radio should come  
 with a hood like a car.

I thought it would be possible to stay here, but  
 now I find the only possibility is not to leave.  
 Follow that either which way and understand it  
 potentially. The words under the rules are  
 irons on the sink, draining constantly into an  
 imprimatur you never actually understood.  
 It was given to me later, I never quite required,  
 to think of it more quickly each time. I have  
 the thought to stay here but not ever to think here.  
 Leavings are all you'll have asked for. I think  
 it will be staying here that might move me forward.

Abysmal creation, he thought and stood up.  
 The gradual collapse of handwriting through the ages  
 as a possible point at issue. There was nothing  
 definitely there. Everyone stood up and, tiring,  
 went on.

Bad thoughts behind the car. He had made it back  
 to the Radio House. Usefulness. Crash belt shadows.  
 Elemental sandwiches. Hard habit to be brief.

•

The crystals are cogs in something.  
 One cog  
 that balances away from birth  
 this one  
 that silences me

•

Directionless roads, all of them. At once I  
 stopped to think of it in just that way.  
 One might become stalled, thinking in too large  
 a containment and threaded every through and which way,  
 attracted at a loss. So huge, and yet a not  
 uncommon complexity. As if looking down at a  
 shoe, a stand of wheat there. As if the pen  
 led an unfathomable hand writing.

It's all sensible, all so meaningful. Thus  
 unfollowable, the limitless cogency. Start with  
 something. Begin here. No matter how balled-up  
 you become, leaping past averages the gathering  
 wisdom, gathering into leaded hulk. Stop  
 to think? Thought never ceasing, erasing.  
 Certainly, the hard momentum of forgettal.

I go past places I never thought, and some I did.  
Some link up without my stopping to. Most  
never do. Hole in the night for a pendulum,  
missing. The stroke swings past the  
building edge into a far crevice no one has seen  
the paper of, the color of that eye. Clock on  
the corner strikes itself dumb. Learning makes out  
that I might benefit from the least thing here.

•

Do you prefer standing objects?  
Moveless, that you can stare at  
in no danger of the distortions produced by motion.  
Throw the book and have done with it.  
Ink in all the interims. Memorize the window's  
view. Never leave yourself open to . . .

The landscape vanished, replaced by an artful ease  
of man-produced objects. Candlestick,  
pewter, no additional distinguishing feature.  
Box of matches, sliding-drawer style, some of the  
sticks with white tips some with black.  
A hole in the . . .

It was lighter out today. Featureless dismal  
for your pleasure. Keep the head down and  
kick leaves. Exit the store by turning right,  
paperbag in right hand, leading off with  
right foot. Circular thinking enforced by  
standard memory blocks. What is the name of  
that druggist who lives behind the farm near  
Newtown? And could he be the one who  
mentioned being hungry for stopsigns?

•

The music levers into brain, insists  
I listen to it. That I have no other  
life I am a listener. (Am I lighter?)  
He plays an old text, he  
does it. He plays on  
a text otherwise lifeless. The pressures  
of his hands become my voice nodes,  
stepping off the inner gradients to a varying density.  
I bent my lower lip just now.  
The stanzas are of gold or brass  
or a folded glass shocked full of bright  
outer data. Silly words, give up your  
completions. The music will not spill.  
It is incapable of other than his hands.

Speed is a grin or a sort of frown.  
Eroticism possible with a machine? Stick  
your dick in a hole and drop in your cent.  
Machine a matter of waiting. Dropping the  
fingers at speed into the precise rites of air,  
and whistling across them too as if across metal  
with the inflection of a th.

Is the solution acidic enough to stir into  
a solid? Part fun part rain part  
dollar bill in hand? Where is the mention  
of anything such as this could be.

Martians having not a thing to do with it.  
Uncapping and capping the pen having lots.

•

We go. We go there. We go there now.  
There is no right place to start from.  
Off from the edge of a land to the midst

of another. What is the name of  
 your weather, the sprawl of your language hand?  
 I counter with midsts, tend to that, while  
 sent in poise at edge, this edge.  
 To that, where no hand will aid.

Another America, reverse face?  
 A force of ape, with glass typed up as hair,  
 with drills will send you scrambled to basis.  
 Night of tendency lights, ringed but curveless.  
 I palm your necklace.

As electricity is homeless. Continental baseless.  
 Bones to a radiant inner. Coaxless stocking  
 the brittle tone, sash of stone without a cord.  
 You leave me out in weathers, the languages,  
 the footless mounts. Peace at table with revolver  
 and glass of eye in solution. There is nothing  
 to take but shocking, the syrupy time of its length.  
 The sun on a gesture, a culture, a nodding a shaking, and  
 I drain it free.

He puts himself into his pictures, going away near  
 distance mountain slant. But all he sees,  
 including the "he's", is contained in a non-prefigured  
 boarded scope. You stand right before something  
 when you paint it. Hoping to put it away that  
 it won't go away. Feet on the planet.  
 Feet that feed a line through the top of anything.  
 And takes the sun in, and makes it his mind's light.  
 All pains to make the fluid solid, the solution  
 crystal.

To make the sex-engager as substantial as a  
 non-human, yes. The object of one's fancies, etc.  
 As plaque as right before a boarded furnace.  
 And what if she turns?

"I wanted to talk with somebody  
 I didn't know about flying saucers."

Do you know what one would be saying to  
 somebody like you? Would you know what  
 somebody saying it might know?  
 How sharp is it possible to be, being another?  
 The crystal waits like a reflective wand.

The reports came back from the detective band.  
 No use waiting around any longer, we should proceed  
 at once to the point of land. There would be  
 the light on a tall striped spindle. And there  
 would be our encased answer, but flying in a  
 still further wind.

Docks from the sea look weak.  
 Lights from the tide emerge and drown.  
 My hand was on the handle and my  
 shirt throat was wet. Don't blame  
 fuel for the dispersal of heat.

Flooring the car I entailed the engine to surface.

A plane of glass divided into equal waters.  
Has it no existence if there is no language  
however imprecise to fit?

The wind blows the rain in a great arm and hand  
stain down the tree's trunk.  
Why are there places where some thing is not happening?

A pointed building with tapering towers,  
airplanes off to the sides.  
The portions of strongest light tended to the opaque.  
Therefore the so-called "light of reason" must be very dim.  
"At this time, ladies and gentlemen, we'd like to play a tune . . ."  
Written meaning condensed, no longer needing any light.  
Exit the switch. Conclusion is vicious, like teeth  
meeting strongly. Calculate the speed of reaching.  
The light he kept lunging for from the dream could not  
be pulled into existence. What do we suppose?  
A technique for reading without any light at all, nothing  
which could have been expected. A technique  
for writing to the ultimate point of one's expectations.  
Rounded unbalanced forms on a red plaster wall.  
Eating one's fill and then explicating backwards from that point.  
The hill was round, and the elephant also. So and  
not so, check up on both. And then the universe  
wherein "both" is synonymous with "same". How  
easy it (would it?) would be to allow this all to  
continue from any point in or on the crystal.  
The men were currently sailors and had no knowledge of  
wax.

How wonderful infinity! And how slanted, once  
one's thoughts proceeded wholly from that angle.  
Technique for driving a bell through the wall  
without eliciting from it a single sound.

Once the being had hidden itself it proved impossible  
to draw it forth on any subject beyond one of its  
own independent involvement. No one knows  
what it's like. Parallels now on, but not one  
tangent. The tongue enters the mouth only to find  
another already there. A discovery that  
speech is never simply single. The radio in the car  
received different wavelengths from the one in the house.  
A closed system, beyond explanation or incarceration.  
The teeth would have to be pulled though they had  
produced no discomfort. A ways down the avenue  
lay a log, and a little further along another.  
The word "father" had been produced in the text,  
significance pending.

The rabbit was large, larger, beyond the scope of the  
present investigation. The handwriting grew steadily  
smaller until he was dismissed from any further testing.  
There was a red light in the laboratory window  
which occulted according to otherwise withheld results.  
I do not know if you know, but if you do keep silent.  
A bridge amazingly large and strong considering the matches  
of its construction. On the globe faces, more faces,  
and beneath them still more faces. It really was  
funny but almost none of them laughed.  
The time machine proved to have the annoying habit of  
continually involving itself politically. Salt.

Do you think you might pass it on to someone  
that I have my doubts about the rest of this?  
An uneven number of beats to the blues  
will not necessarily cure your ills.  
Nor will you surpass to know it.  
Diminishing returns to the padded sack.

Something normative, something beholden  
 turns it back as soon as its number comes up.  
 We know, and we hum no endings.

•

And is this the same thing?  
 Nodded while doubting, and hauled it out into the yard.  
 Knowledge of squirrels, minimal, standing though hoisted,  
 spread out over a carpet of beads, close the door, squirrel.  
 He had stepped beyond his last. And then appeared at  
 the first. No known letters to impede his progress.  
 Oregano, stout. Loud voices though only on album.  
 The blood cells were repeated, as the trees the sky.  
 No erasures, no nothing pending. Entrance through  
 the hoarding, the penciling betrayal of stiffness.  
 Monkeys under the limit, the ground full of dirt.  
 Blank face, black avenue. The light rang  
 as he lifted his hand.

The crystal was white, yellow, silver, blank.  
 Transparence a matter of slowly mattering, coming  
 to focus under sun under thumb. You never  
 see beyond but through. Milky, blustery,  
 sheerly, coughs off down an oiled hallway.  
 Anything is possible, anything is undersung. Held to  
 be an oxide, held down under being lower. A  
 double one that repeats its index. Carted off  
 in chair, squirrel watching. Album bending,  
 match unlit. We see, and its mother,  
 the father of all hymns.

Marked cards, enablements to attach comment  
 or an elastic candle in firm disregard.  
 Cattle car mottled with starlings, fire truck  
 gilding out of harm's way a vote for fog.

And the amphibians we will all admit to being.  
 The crystal apparently on fire. The water  
 immediately on tap. The light. The light. The light  
 of its stone enclosure. She spoke, but  
 we listened.

There continues to be and has been lost, lost of  
 literary activity around town. But words or notes  
 or strokes or steps are not objects. But then  
 what is one? Something that backed into, or was  
 backed into by, the light and thus at first missed.  
 Now everything is missed and still standing around.  
 How can one speak from within the thought  
 of the thing, from the standing on the floor, from  
 the heart? Where is the source of the center?  
 How are the dreams connected, and where and  
 how weighty is their index? When I put it  
 like that all out of myself I perform a useless  
 repetition. Where bend the cards so they may be  
 listed in their shuffle? And how remember  
 exactly the leanings? Washfulness connected  
 to orange leggings.

I lost the mystery novel but caught the meaning  
 just as it was leaving. We have focused so much  
 on meanings we are left with maybes. And all  
 the structures have been left up, for the view if  
 not the hand. Perhaps the eye is beginning to leave  
 and the ear coming into its own. Perhaps neither or  
 both in the sense, what center of the mind between  
 them. The object, after all, is never just  
 red or cold. I took the mike out of the box  
 and played awhile with *its* alphabet. That I was  
 never out of my mind of the window. And how the  
 car comes.

Then dogs bark and the walls come true. The redness was that of text but not of wall. Two things occupying the same space of different sizes. A thing occupying two shapes. Shape Master lifted his hand from the sodden sign. Immediately thought and put away. Immediately again. Immediately thrown open to the glare and shut. The words in the cabled message shut themselves off like beads on a plate. The heads were still in bed in every frame of the Cadmium News. Heads outlined in a reddish motion. A not knowing anything by the saying. A largeness of unspoken space for the taking, for the walking out, for the wrecking after much intense building, for the openers, for the nonce and the apple.

A wobble amongst three sentences. The church lived half on its own land and half by the livers of its parishioners. The walk by the way had been decided, by the waterfall and its careful placement in cups, by the hand not needed for a final allotment. The half-polluted cigars were stacked by the river drained into. And another one, a one of sod and limes and musical bracketing. The one gone.

He docked by the crystal, pulled in all ropes and the book could not be read. The crystal could not be white for it was not seen. Sounds as if it was through. But never finished like the unread book, the off-center orange, the duck below.

And what is one's own death, locked as firmly as a bubble in a crystal? A darker line I had not seen before, product of facet angles, a more condensed clarity, is these questions? A question is a hand reaching. The crystal.

But I will not have the opportunity to do that. I will not see myself later. On the average no razor blades, no fans, no opportunities for lifting the manhole and peering down within. But everything, on the order of chaos, is possible. For one, and the same me. The one out of order, by the back door, the other. He needs no opportunities for all is permitted, on the reverse side, the never to be revealed to me. What I don't know is the absolutely not to be known. I have no sister. No brother either. There is now only me and the same, the reverse, the intransigent order. Out there loose in the all. And no sense, I realize, in copying this out. Under the city lies no space for me.

I keep spinning the crystal to see all sides but I can never exactly see the side that is turned away. In Japanese the haiku requires 17 syllables. In my language as many more as may prove necessary. And it's a long enough night but never that long. We pass from bit to bit, and even exchange some of the bits between us. He lives three avenues down, near the blue skylight above the dirt factory. I pick up the copy of the book of Thomas Mann I will never read. I admit same to a certain one by letter. A volume of small plays of a mechanical scent. Sea mice, gills developed, under study at present. All the possibilities in a grave and at once. Certifiable commencement. Glands that produce laughter. Snails with seals. Globes of clear dust attached to the palms. Poems in a posthumous form. Follow the wake before the vessel has left the dock. Trail your hands before speech.

Wandering the earth, up and down in it, and in  
its pockets the wand of stone.

A stretch of reaching until it burst its chords,  
spill sand gems and open vaults in vapor.

The name was written on the package but not on  
the letters. I approached the castle and  
kept approaching it until I had no hope of  
leaving it or of arriving either.

The keystone was balanced on an arch of cloud.

The waters lapped at the closure of any hands

at all. Morning. Folded lights. Terraces

as the pastime of enclosing plant forms.

Statuary broad as population at the favored spot.

The crystal poised to take my hand in its . . .

Crystal with the life of a broken skull.

Crystal with terraces for fastening cloud cracks.

Crystal contain the silver of its own crack of light.

Crystal raw and firm locked in air and my own plotted gaze.

Crystal with no answers to my questions, the questions,  
questions, salts.

Crystal with which to pick a rib.

Crystal no novel will ever enter.

Crystal with not so much as a name either.

I have removed the gathered name, it did not adhere.

The names were all shelved with their own shells.

The names were olden, of dated character, less than radiant.

The names kept track of each other.

Birds of a feather, capillary phrase, irradiant banter.

The corpse flowed long on a bed of splendour.

Color dry twig without the English u.

Names are preparatory, their legends strewn.

I picked up the name in an absent moment, gesture,  
cabinet door with a sprung hinge.

I raised the crystal, entered it in hand, locked the words  
from any thoughts to come.

I scratched and raved and slept.

I counted the take and found the crystal standing on the table of  
loss.

I was engrossed and it was left.

The lights to dismember, December and forget.

•

This book called the unread text might not be the one  
the crystal reveals. The text of crystal might

reveal everything but itself. Readable as any plot  
that shows a hole, a hole as central to itself.

The things not framed allow the mind. The crystal  
continues to flag thought, and thought's belief in any of the  
wisdoms. This book will not allow me to write  
beyond itself. And less than a foot away  
from these moving lines lies the crystal.

To catch the changes of its lights I must move  
myself. Speed is essential matter.

The writer increases to any stop.

The crystal is not here.

I would be no longer writer of these words.

•

The crystal is possible as longer fingers are possible.

I reach out to grasp the fitting water.

There is no felt place for the phantom silver.

Through the top of the world the eyes unfocus  
to differently shunted depths. Coffee

in the morning, smoke, coffee in evening, smoke

through the mind. Plain table wood and

elbow through concentric hides. The hole

in the noun. The hospitality of twin tears.

Slivered years to be held in one hand. The paw  
that opens back the walls of the store.

He served the coffee in even rows. Pickles on  
the sink, egg shells on the broken sill. People  
will go to some lengths not to breathe immersed.  
Change your shoes. Black shiny with white laces.  
Change your tie. Peppermint candy stripe.  
The leavings on the lawn were ignored by the dog.  
The cat. The white-on-white skunk. And all of  
July he dreamt of December. And all of January  
she dreamt of that December. I wanted to see  
you put the deposits back in their sample cases.  
I wanted to see you inured to the law.  
The law of sun and dark. The law of sessions.  
The kaopectate bottle. The pink substance  
smeared on a plane. They were leaving for the  
southern corrections to their lives. It had been  
furthermore previously ignored. Thoughts homing on  
protrusions from buildings. The sky an after burner.  
The secrets that were exposed at the party  
nobody heard. Leaving the loaf out for the cat.

Clarity is madness. Is isolate damage.  
To cleave off a facet for will dims the whole.  
To take but a part is to spin the song to a single pitch.  
To hear the wind as a howl. To see light as a fire.  
The expert is the crazed mosaic, the blood-veined stone.  
I must strike the crystal without touching it.  
I must spread in the same light.  
Nothing taken but what is  
still now.

•

The crystal is the missing finger. How can anyone  
see that far, as far as to forget what sorts  
of meaning this might have had? All of them  
seemed to be there and it was only finally

that he discovered what gap had been filled.  
Finally? Merely another node of occurrence, concurrence.  
One's own cycles, not the world's. As if it never had been  
flesh, it still did matter. Conscience, earliness,  
the fall of tubes in a venting wind. And all  
afternoon, Parsifal, Parsifal. Minor and mindless  
but sweeping provided the clue. The opening within which.  
There are no streets here in the wood. The hundreds  
of oldness that furnish the height.

Buried in a stream, or belonged from the beginning?  
The house on Oxen Street with the boards stained  
scarlet. Partially but not remarkably. It is  
there, it is not unstrung by air. We must place  
some survivable system in the earth. We must  
come home again and again, endlessly same day.  
Same night of the ceaseless thinking about it.  
He is condemned to return, he is condemned to return.  
As if one point on his table could return his gaze.

I see, I think, I work. I work I see, I  
think. I think I see, I work. This is  
not knowledge but extent. A precision bungling  
of all thought matters. The dots that were  
taken as eyes now periods, and they never  
come in pairs. Perspective lies, the  
universe has no one comprehensible form.  
And yet to so much further all the further on are told.  
The world is bold and glance and hedges. There  
are insects crawling at the bottom of the invisible  
bowl, mirror at the bottom of the brothel pool.  
Our tongues are in our mouths and our hearts  
are further off. Always. Store-bought articles  
the substance of our books. The word our.  
And the time of no pronoun. I think  
I see it as all else works.

The definition of now is the false later  
 that all this will never take place in.  
 The crystal comes forth but once.  
 He is known, is he not?, for certain acts.  
 What else for certain acts? Perfect paints,  
 live words, nearby woods. Whatever light  
 holds even in an imperfect hand.

•

Face. Face. Make face. Believe face.  
 Make face believe face. Turn from it at risk.  
 Demise of life without a face. Prevent your face  
 from surprising you. Turn to it in times of . . .  
 Turn it in time, in time to avoid the seeing.  
 Revise face in memory, avoid the mirroring.  
 Keep face image from the inside feel.  
 Directions here for watching out, and listening for?  
 Drop face sense of life and plant as if feet  
 the forward plot of as yet incomplete disclosed intent.  
 Fight it out with face on a block before one  
 strange from the wall. Familiar. Own face is  
 one's familiar, as if an oiled path through  
 the air of the oaken cabin.  
 Cat at my feet, can it read my face?  
 They don't have those muscles.

Face. Receive on the sensitized parts the judgement  
 of acts. Arrange the frontal space as printout  
 of lies. Accept the cogs of another's expression  
 in one's own. Engage in conflicting act. Face  
 up (to), face down (another). A ceiling  
 is to receive, a floor an aggression.  
 Or brass tacks a simplification? or the music

is always in the air? These assertions in  
 words are neither here nor there, and face  
 nowhere.

•

A scarlet mantle, is it not? No, it is an  
 orange band. A scarf that is the weather's edge,  
 a rig of partial light. A flat of light and width,  
 a dimming strap that does not exist for those  
 in those mountains above which I view it. But  
 I am not over anything. I am back behind  
 over here. Impression of prepositions  
 additional to the certain enough effect. I could  
 write anything, couldn't I? I could hate  
 the light of a world for not dovetailing to my  
 taste. (How did those birds get in here?) I  
 could . . . I won't. The pronoun diminishes  
 in descriptorial usage. The holes in the sky  
 are only the ones I make with the ones in my head.

•

"So nothing will ever be written down again. Perhaps  
 the act of writing is necessary only when nothing happens."

•

Battered by the crystal, lengthened by the crystal.  
 Traded off into a bulk version of my speech,  
 red lantern swaying from the rear protruding boards.  
 I no longer perfectly understand my own speech.  
 What I hear in my head does not any longer  
 synchronize. Blotting paper does not take a very  
 stark image. As if hearing the wind but once  
 in one's life, a single poem written. Correspondence

is not the general strew of things. Correspondence  
 is not in the usual direction. Dip the head,  
 breathe and blow through the slot provided and see.  
 And leer, and loom, and forget the shards of teak  
 once a widespread decoration. The edges of the sea  
 are bound up somewhere in this chunk of ice.  
 This landing stage blocked off by three dots at  
 each end. The tail of the crystal has been  
 wagged and a foolishness of aim become general.

And the clanking tree branches.

I approach catatonia looking into the horizon.  
 The rear protruding sticks are truncated not terminated.  
 As the crystal says, speech without blindness is worth little.  
 The crystal, it is dismembering me. Or is this all  
 something I am merely remembering? A question  
 that is not a question but seems to have all the  
 trappings of the question.

She stood up placing her fingers together over her head  
 and the breasts were pulled slightly in the direction  
 of the light. The shadows beneath the visible flesh  
 moving arcs. Body drawn through filters, the eyes  
 that produce nakedness. Shriek of an ordinary  
 car on the lower road. I am writing these things  
 to see if they can be seen, if not touched.  
 We were discussing the mineral residue of lust.

A gunshot in the backing cover, hands over the eyes.  
 Collapsing forms at the typewritten page, a list.  
 A sound, a solid focus, only one nipple at a time.  
 I tick off my limitations and rise, looking in the  
 eyes or only suitable facsimile. She smiles.

There are several hovers in that smile, the  
 expression of a form beginning to turn to my desire.  
 Light hands at night, dark array at morning.  
 I have the reputation of one who remains latest.  
 It was necessary to catch up with myself after  
 she had gone.

I began to rise but I could not leave.  
 Beginning to see, one leaves the world. Taking it  
 up again and again until the sheets are dark.  
 An inlet of the sea sharded with sails. The sun  
 coming up over a blinking multitude, specialty humans  
 provided for this purpose alone. I am the one who  
 stays up to see that they do not leave.  
 Cardboard hinterlands of the drained liquid trace.  
 Grey distances of chimney and low neighborhood.  
 Wet snap.

The crystals open like a rattle shaken  
 glisten in the stairway tapped  
 arrange for drum of size remove a wall  
 be witnesses inner of collapse barn stand  
 car and awl bitten in mast mist of a size tip  
 a tapestry drop stained of remembrance Spanishes  
 cap off the top of the Steinway driven in  
 sod stretchers and camels broughten  
 you see I hold it, crystal at the apex pitch  
 ram spark slaps of the touchen melodic  
 opening is belfry from the tick of the sword  
 and so advantage in capes and strand

The mist ship is the bucket space  
 the liars block at lipped paints  
 brass's pants furly sundialed

an ant in a capsule left town a b-b  
 an Anacin heft on Sen-Sen sufferance  
 and the Spanishes repeat their names in blond stone

•

And openings for the work to go in, and away and on  
 and the moments when it is not to write letters  
 (and you could hear disco tubs leaking from the gate beneath)  
 the flowers are on his cap as he points the notes  
 only spaces, like open crystals . . .  
 Thought there is in lumps. Lamps that fly  
 beyond the clothes. I cannot circle an o.  
 I cannot see myself eat. I uncap the article  
 and I go to sleep. Writings are small  
 strange walldrawings. Tomorrow will open the  
 strew with its play.

I painted the cap on my chest. To be shorn of  
 the crystal. The uncle that vanished in  
 aquarium ballroom. Marks that could not be seen  
 in the faint failed to turn him up. Perhaps  
 he did not go, he merely blended. (Accent on  
 the mere) Collisions in the mind are plain  
 on paper. I would have had to point and  
 move those walls.

To allow them to take over that space. The crystal  
 minds.

Put the crystal back in its cover, but there is no  
 cover or that is everything. The world smiles  
 away from the point, of dark. Of lock.

The blues are made of oxygen.  
 The crystal made of that, and something other.  
 And there is no labor of task in the clear paste.  
 And then it is heavier when still.  
 Fitting that the hand, does not fit. It lifts.  
 Tomorrow as blue as today. Breathing as well  
 as straight as the edge. The apparent tack  
 tomorrow and today take. Luck is caught up  
 in its whispers gelidly. Brokenly, talk.  
 Settled that it poise, shock and wait.

As luck would have it the sun was charring  
 the fiberglass tufts in the yard even from such a great distance.  
 A granite shithouse exploded in a cloud of bee odor.  
 The very earth was tacked to my wall, a ball of  
 limpid snails. Glass, blown firm, and then the  
 waterfall in the photograph it reminds me of.  
 Prose does not care about sharps and flats. It  
 continues to accumulate in the straightest of language  
 keys. I put back on my cap, it says. I lost  
 my things in the race for the car, it says. I am  
 not interested in the language of my past (my trail),  
 it says. It says these things and then loses  
 my interest. Two blanks curling in the same sun.

Why? No why. *Which.*

Perhaps I should keep the crystal concealed in my  
 clothes. But the strongest notion seems to be to  
 keep it at that exact point on the table. Why  
 have I left it there ever since I got it?  
 Motion for a crystal is not a matter of moving in space.  
 It directs all vectors it needs from a point.

Should I record things, or should I only wait  
and listen. Should I open my reach, or should  
I pretend meanings. Should I read any further,  
or should I write only. The book awaits the  
ringing of which pitch of bell?

Writing is a stillness with agitation digits.  
Rock hums that only the eye can stroke.  
The typing will make all this faster but the structure  
will be similar. Counting all one's hairs and then  
taking the pitch of the breeze that rustles them.  
This useless activity is at the core of the work.  
The crystal would seem useless to most current measures.  
If I could write like the bulb with no noticeable  
interruptions of current . . .

The balloon weighs as much as the crystal when  
spoken up with all necessary breath.

•

The crystal falling over on the wooden top  
sounded like two things falling over together.  
Why should one lie in wait for someone?  
The disc of ice from the barrel top placed against  
the deck railing board vertical. Watch the sun  
deform. What about me  
wants change?

•

So going around surviving nothing so thinking of you,  
perfectly slantwise crystal of the middle of my life,  
my distance surely kept, enfolded in a slightly  
downcast vision. And the world that is not  
you, but dangling on, I live by the light  
of your density, sharply.

The trumpet says out, so we get up.  
I do it, my nights my days, my heart thrumming  
in shortening prison, a prism, master of rays  
and lefthanded as I am not. Yet.

The world is a baffle that shows through to  
you, everywhere. Almost, and pieces of banana  
left in nearly empty refrigerator. But for them,  
for me the world dials sink, in daily drink  
and some respite. Solace is not general. A joke  
is not less than what it names. And the crystal  
at the rim sits on my table, perfect to the letter,  
one never sent, or kept either.

Crystal not survivable, but will remain me.  
It lives in the sun-tipped palace of my regard,  
until. One could place no period after it.  
That I will change it, my challenge. Its challenge,  
purefoot power of no regard. In back of the house  
the washing lines up with the sun disc, one cold day  
a life.

•

But does the light grow yellower in the crystal as I stare  
harder, or has it been there as initial stain?  
And now that I write this the flavor of its shards  
glows again ice-white.  
Do you want to know something?  
How?

•

The crystal is the monad  
and its volume a chamber  
that merely lights on life.

It seems sometimes to become thin of sight  
so that I almost do not see it  
but still I grasp it all the harder  
with something else.

Lights in the farmhouse go out regardless  
whatever handle on the weather.  
The regardless whatever is its essence.

Ice-white light just an inch above water  
lifts the valley town and prints it in its own distance  
as if I would never have to look at it again.  
What is writing to this crystal that *stops*?

I order myself to present myself to it.  
How arrange my hands, the print of my face,  
the interlogging of my legs, the shaft of trunk  
to what sunrise?  
If I touch it anyhow it will take in my skin  
to the blaze of its own imperfections.  
It is perfect of imperfection.  
The most perfect field a surfeit  
of randomly bounding objects.  
(as Keaton dodges them facing upstream)  
My off-white pen scratches here  
that I may enter in to that array,  
morning opened into a corner of the underground.  
The worst thing being a too few of the too many.

And the penetration of more than light.  
Wounds of the body as ecstasy inroads.  
My earliest masturbation over arrows drawn into  
the bodies of cowboys in comicbooks.

A St. Sebastian vision of body penetrated by  
long clear crystals. Great wand-cock of quartz  
enters the mind . . .

I know you want nothing of me (there is no "want"  
axial to you) and yet for some strange spacial reason  
I need to ask you what you want me to do.  
No doubt?, it's an ignorance of direction that  
makes me phrase this as a questioning of you.  
No reason to personalize a mineral but somehow  
the words just come out in this way, as if I  
could arrow them directly into you.

As it is late and you are still light.

There must be knowledge locked in you that I  
could ask of no person. But perhaps all such  
knowledge is death. I must want to  
have it both ways: peer into you and keep  
my humours circulating. I see my hand  
passing through the barrier of clear substance  
while still speaking with this pen.  
Duality linkages, how well can they keep me?

#### Circuits of the Crystal

When I can see through into the outside finally . . .

Snow light on the undersides of the porch beams again  
I stick inside these struts to think of  
losing rhyme, losing cadence, the reverse, the imagined gnarl  
the underpinned

the salt at the core of the snap  
the bolt  
the hold

(tick, hum . . . )

the gloss cast that shines the gnostic weight

•

“this perfect cube of empty night”

•

Far from honor to be seen here, languish desk ash.  
Walked out into the night and saw things.  
What? Heads. Embodied eyes. Anyway  
eyeholes. Whistling solvent shaftways.  
Insurgent lash hafts. And there was no laughter.

(This is a mere gurgle on the page.)

•

The man polishes his things to have them imitate the  
crystal's disposition. The form of the essay  
with only certain facets that carry the light  
to thought aggregates. The outside of all things  
is cold. And light does not always depend  
on heat, nor does motion.

The spun threads of certain ideas lock light  
in the crystal. The crystal is turned, or one  
moves around its outside to reveal them.  
And yet so far I have seen nothing there.

•

The crystal is gone  
into angles of an appearance I hadn't thought.  
So does my hand also disappear. But I haven't  
the ice to match it. Tomorrow it will  
snow-rain. Today it cold-dried. I live until  
I scream. What has been identified as  
“the Devil” is merely matter. Matter  
is collision, collusion, my confusion. There  
must be a further state of things. Art is  
merely the drapery, the task to scribe it thinner.  
Perhaps this can not be seen or heard. Perhaps it  
can be written? I want to pluck all  
the hairs from my face, line them up and study them.  
Not line them up or even look at them, much,  
but know they are there and write. Write  
about anything. The order does not matter  
but the identity does. The crystal has its  
expressions but they relate to no face. Expressions  
of a ground source for further turnings of process.  
The process. The sewing of the button to the pudding.  
The shock that there was simply someone in the room  
with him that had not come in and would not go.

It's foolish to think you can see into stone.  
What you see is only what you put there.  
Outside of the eye. The removed cooled gel. While the  
window is blank. When all thought is mute black and you  
feel the words. Catch those angles. Just enough to clear  
the throat and then sleep.

•

The version of the story to the cave in the dream  
said you will travel in a room to the rooms  
within.

Vast glows of sponge-shred breccia loom  
 in the everlinked upper-unders.  
 We get in there to view them as are told  
 by the man on tap from his house at  
 the dry shunt of the upper-inner.  
 The dream clasps with botherages.  
 Clamp down of a single night  
 and there be no other versions.

•

The crystal is but one nexus in the drain  
 of speeded possibles. When there are fossils  
 on the bottom of every shoe. No place to store  
 the artifact, no sun to dial the seasonal reason.  
 Outside the rain there are other shards.  
 Minimal barns for cow flake and pig lozenge  
 and the whip in your face is a tongue of leaden.  
 I cower back I release my wall.  
 I encase my care, sink my cave to bloody  
 disparage. Stop this wick-strewn thinking.  
 Rear back from the past before each night.

But there are curious appendages to every thing.  
 They want out and into what. The readable  
 signboards were covered with burlap, and then lit  
 intensely with clip-on arc lamps. Clearly sense  
 to be made of the senseless, to the senseless  
 thinking themselves clear, in just such a crossbred  
 manner. Switch on the lights. Which lights  
 and where? All of them and the only chance.  
 Not much chance out of the total. All the holes  
 in all our nouns . . .

Senseless thing, crystal, say you of yourself?  
 And all the other things I say of you. Unto you,  
 and for you. Whichway and back. The metal  
 of the trains while moving painted to appear clear.  
 Don't bother tapping. You can see them moving around  
 inside.

If I could see myself, moving around in your  
 insides . . . and see what I'd see in there.  
 But it's not fair. You have hooked things up  
 that I could never see on a moment.  
 Now all I can see is you. Whatever you contain.  
 Whatever you do to time, not to mention  
 perform on space. There are to be no more  
 difficulties with space, I catch you whisper.  
 Or do your cleavages emit a gas that tacks a  
 bug to somebody else's ceiling?  
 The rates of incision are too fine to permit  
 the grasp of the gaping wound.  
 But what do I hear when substance freezes clear  
 like a die shot full of glycerine and the natural  
 polar powers of void seized on the eye?  
 There's a geometry to some sound almost word in the mind.

There are glittering sizes. There are sparks  
 that are cracks in edgy clarity. There's a  
 rhythm to parallels that notch off at  
 the ends, hazing with knowledge by the boards  
 you live on.

Change it all around. Place it on the notebook back  
 and make a crystal of black. Won't work, looks  
 like gum arabic in solution along one slant,  
 and along the bottom the striated shine of  
 a straight razor edge. Mask-making  
 for things won't be easy. By its lights, seemingly

ever on the change, it makes its way, holds  
the needle glint of a rung bell up to my  
wayward hand. Find another solution.  
Breathe in a differently angled smoke, hear  
the whistling of a snack truck bend uphill, and  
watch the clock's locked hands. It's time,  
as if it's never.

Looking back and then running forward, my hand  
deteriorates. Or is it this stick of a pen?  
I have breathed enough to be sure in my wonder  
at most of it all. But this thing on the desk  
has me stumped. No matter the thrust,  
however much I spin it. And irritate  
my eyes with its ballast. And rake my  
brain with its tine, as if hair were all the  
matter of thought one could pin up.  
Rouge is not the color of bricks. Neither is  
the crystal clear.

•

If you look into the prism you see the work  
and window reversed. In camera the speech  
revised. The man returns to himself backwards  
the scene of all, the all of what happening,  
the whole of that and the temper shattered into  
apparencies whittled in revolved resolve.  
What if nothing were motion in the flattened  
version? The crystal quoth: Speak no more.  
Say no further into what has been seen.  
Words now needed to move the crystal.

The crystal as the passing-through figment of space.  
As if the digit did not point but received,  
not reserve, and sent on. But how much

revised? Reversed?  
Again, again the coals lock over the sifting fire.  
That light in the mind be a firmer light?  
A grasper? After? After what fidgeting lunk  
on the prow!

Collide the eyes with present tenses  
and be off to see, prime to veer  
and chosen as the heaven one admits to standing up.  
The fragmentary is the whole for now.

•

Adults who wouldn't believe the crystal hadn't been  
cut and polished. Joshing sessions.  
Then admissions beneath the elbow. The cellar.  
You wouldn't have had to tell me what I  
hadn't thought to say. I could have gone out  
to the day, the open hall, the thoughts of speech  
all dissolved out there into it all as clouds.  
Day. We collapse and speak. Jerk.  
Enabling lessons, and the certain tower the remnant  
of a trunk. That I hurled to admit  
the crystal. The point of minute returns.  
The grenade enclapsed in the forehead.  
The entrance of a sheet to all drills.

Admits to hearing, admits to wearing . . .  
All those facets buried in the moon  
and what some other woman than your mother just  
barely has on. Stop saying, stop doing.  
Rest.

Writing in a vast book, the exigencies of  
the stopped snail. Brighter and brighter and then  
refracted from hearing. The night is as dark as

the inner stains. The brought-off bolt in the wall  
turns into my stare. Nothing as pitiful as these  
drifted dots and lines. Furls and shares.  
The elephant on packing hand.

Pre-numbered, but no other language.  
The silver gleams clear. The house has come loose  
from its standing objects. But I foresee  
no complaint, other than the wrist watch  
on the drumming hand. No obligatory  
is obligatory. Under clerestory.

Two blocks, as far as you  
can see through, can come to  
the thought lights out  
as fast as cracks  
and the belongings radiational

Sliced through as a sigh visit  
to the site, blank, of the last look  
and as usual and seasonal, it was in twain  
the volumes that neat up to holes in the hill  
the head

The night is fact blank, not so  
rational, and not so visible but clogged enough  
you go right out through the wheat rate doorway  
and the hand rejects the foolscap figures  
after tracing them then through the drum

But at the level of height line curve of hill  
what is that single?

"to write is to name silence"

And to name age and to name rights and to name  
all the slots and implacables that prevent you from  
writing and keep you at it.

To write is to say this. And to write is to  
write out into the all about you. Where your  
self is never seen but seizes you.

The crystal is the single before you of the more  
than many. There is the one, the two between,  
and the many which is also the more. As infinity  
is the beneficent limit. Then the project is to  
place the single, the crystal, precisely *at* that limit  
and see where and what that horizon may lift.  
Moving on from the infinite means exactly that,  
and thus takes infinite means?  
That I have infinite means presumes all the remnant  
action. That I have limitless ability perishes me,  
perishes the thought. The crystal is the line where  
preclusion includes, as inclusion precludes.  
All crystals turn on the tiny axes of inclusion.  
They are its points of light. And the thoughts  
sparked by them inform this writing.  
And all the time I am using my hands  
in the musical dimensions and as barriers to  
the writing. If only I could spell myself  
beyond ability.

There are thirteen letters to my name.

Be ready to build the boards to your rafter ear.  
 Light off into silence later. Submerge in tendency  
 obliged. Wheat off the light into a brow of  
 crystal, which is not ideal just a drowned berry.  
 The rates across are not the same as a slumping off.  
 I admonish, myself. I say that crystal  
 admonishes me. I tell it that. I want  
 to hear not as if, but *that*. All sayings  
 start off grounded, you have to lift them, learn  
 dispersal to round on substance. What comes out?  
 What tells me anything? The mind begins to  
 grow in edge.

Pituitary investigative rank silence.  
 The realm entitled "Name Silence."  
 The error of the pen hand makes it  
 "Bile Once." The opening of the eye in a  
 lemon covering, a barn of rustled threads.  
 You are not so sure as silence, not so many.  
 Not so much as the hand does you will learn.  
 Not so easy brought to thought as the hand  
 questioned toward the brow. To make up a link  
 of the loops in mind. Bury the trowel, that  
 borrower! Sun of world will not so easy cut  
 these mind parcels, braided in lunge, and so  
 capped any hurry would not hurricane it.  
 How and when do you spell it?

All thought in silence whispers, like phosphor  
 drawings on room.  
 The stillness of the crystal says Time, time is your  
 medium. And time is also the fallenness  
 of all your virtue. Your wand wending on.

There are thirteen facets to this crystal.

•

Still the sentence is hard won.  
 One has to fight through to the sentence  
 through the crowding and disparate ones.  
 Only spiked and jostled on the way does one achieve it.  
 Some of the words are sharpened and must be coaxed  
 and laid back into their velvets. Some should  
 not have appeared at all and appear to know it.  
 Some come too easy into use and must be questioned  
 and most discarded. The numberless ways weary  
 the mind's hand. It is always late and dark  
 and one seems always about to settle.  
 Give me some unfastened knowledge.

The winds increase and some of the ice  
 will thin but not slip. And if the winds  
 bring sleet then the ice will increase.  
 And tomorrow everyone will slip and curse,  
 the orders of the winds.  
 Will an ice night make of the window  
 a paler black? All that multitude of  
 crystal slanting down the winds, and this one  
 here before me stationed I barely glimpse.

Reading all sorts of novels in the midst of  
 each other and at once. Japanese novels.  
 Oregonian novels. And not forgetting where all the steps  
 and inroads go. This may be one of those tasks,  
 they told us, for when you're older. When  
 it doesn't seem to matter so much if you forget  
 things and so of course you find you don't.  
 When it should matter all the more. When you  
 wouldn't want to find whole teeming cliffs of  
 forgotten matters looming over you, memory loss  
 on the increase. No, I want to see the  
 one thing in front of me, known.

I want to hear the one thing speak that  
cannot speak.

I want to know the things that can't be known.

I want to speak only here in this closed book.  
To hear those sorts of things said, that can  
only be spoken in this sort of closed silence.  
When the rest of the world is not awake to any  
of this, and I also would rather be sleeping.  
The wind making its marks on the other side of day.  
And the crystal only keeping its lights, to itself.  
And to me.

This is already endless but can never stop.

The snow is already almost completely gone.  
It leaves the dirt again.  
But it stills nothing in its leaving. The winds blow.  
The ground here dials itself toward the future.  
It radiates up toward my hand and seems to bring  
out words. But none of those words ever speaks of itself.  
I do that. I am able to speak of my materials  
but all that is immaterial. And I think of  
the mercury in the tube, unable to decide which  
way it will go. Next will come more winter.  
And then spring, and then more spring. Summer  
will be but an aftertaste. The high seasons  
are but residues of the transitional ones.  
Some of the writing will appear still, but it has  
only been dropped by the ceaseless motion.  
Lock hands then, even if only your own.

•

His head was raining. His eyes were in the  
crystal. Everything was going by the darkness.  
The crystal could have been a blade in all of its  
aspects. What is to be done with  
the clear ice of an absent air?

Not so absent, filled with a swarm of thoughts.  
You should not fiddle with things as they are.  
No matter that at once they may all arc in the air.  
We *are*, said everything. And we have not really  
noticed, said the others. Those whose breasts  
primed to be noticed, and those who were not  
noticing them. This is not wholly a dream.  
But then what is not? Later than night and  
later than the morning, the rest of the day will go.  
My thoughts will pass over whatever motions  
my hands will take more times than might  
be thought possible. This table is a world,  
considering the edge.

The nail head is gleaming in the light wood like a drop  
and the full moon is straight out. Light cloud  
mists it a bit as much as my lack of glasses.  
Everything is refined. Meanwhile the crystal sits  
on its hands. Some do rest on whatever past deeds.  
It's refreshing to wonder if the winter succeeds more  
than past winters. It's a wonder that the window  
received everything, no matter the vector, uncritical.  
The cat remaining outside and the crystal in.  
My eyes are in my head, my edges. My thoughts  
do not land. The whole world a floating wish  
at two in the morning. And these sentences,  
who cares where they break?

•

Will the crystal drain out poisons from the body?  
 That it is at hand. That nothing may strain our  
 relations. The grey agate of the afternoon sky  
 against the blackening tree trunks. There are warm  
 places of light in the tightening overcast. I have  
 sleep sometimes and dream, and othertimes speech.  
 I read the books and I melt the ice. I  
 ingest liquids and I talk to the visiting persons.  
 I tell myself that I have my reasons but often  
 they seem hidden even from myself. I talk  
 to the landscape and I enter that here.  
 There is very little that I can keep in a box.  
 When I was young I wanted to learn to tie knots  
 and I gathered nautical volumes of same. I like  
 to watch wires against the sky. Can you believe  
 what you had once heard about yourself?  
 Can your thinking be all there is to ask?

Knowledge flows between the known and the unknown.  
 There are flowers whose names . . .  
 And a large chunk of mineral of a green  
 and heavy and whose light . . .  
 Silence in the presence of the occulting lights.  
 The crystal behaves as if . . .  
 And it was said, all of it, that . . .  
 One sentence does not know what of the next.  
 Three people could come into the room, or two,  
 or none. Music could turn cold in the boiler  
 room. A large chalk of rose hovering in the  
 ashen place. Somehow the tip of this pen is  
 never cold. Sometimes I hum melodies I can  
 put no words to. Often the grammar escapes me.  
 Last year the wall seemed closer and its stone . . .

The crystal of the slanted terminus and the words  
 of a certain slant. Everything you know has been  
 urged back into its place. I am on vacation  
 here in my own house, I never write anymore on  
 loose sheets but in this notebook. I'll have  
 a time when I read it all through later.  
 I'll have to expunge, I'll have to accent.  
 But should I eliminate the sky and keep only the  
 trunks? And not stop to think about any words  
 while I use them. Enter the place of cold stones.  
 And the fused ashes, and the music of the rose.

Wrote which I was sure would do no good.  
 No apples in the farm but in the flame for all  
 we could do to stem them. Exact but unequal notches  
 in the fluted columns, an old recording anyway, not  
 precisely entirely forgotten. You move up on your cigarette  
 each time you hollow it. The day after the day  
 the computers fouled. They lay by the lake awake  
 and did not avoid the reams of names or forms.  
 The forgetting of everything is on my list today. That  
 and the sun, the moon's tilt, and the everlasting face  
 formed to the left. We have forgotten our schooling  
 and enter the rules. All day every day far away  
 and near. And these thoughts to be copied out  
 in the lighted shadow of the crystal.

Rain pours from the glare on one facet of the  
 crystal which serves as a fissure. All the  
 connections are not made within the sentence.  
 Everything I have said comes back to me as smoke.  
 All the diminishing pages. The lines between eyes,  
 between ears, between summer and winter. Between  
 the crystal's body and the window's thin height.  
 In the dream I drew out a stone and sharply tapped  
 the skull just above the right eye of Neil Young,

who was a woman, which was a black cat.  
 The animal went still in a flash, as if never  
 to move again. I was the only one in the  
 attending crowd who had known what to do  
 and I had stepped forth smartly and done it.  
 But often rapid knowledge leads one wrong. And  
 everything had gone out of the eyes but a reflection  
 of light. Such knowledge is too frequent.  
 A single nail in the firmament, a listening post.

•

"A dead man's face can tell us better than  
 anything else in this world how far removed we  
 are from the true existence of physical substance,  
 how impossible it is for us to lay hands on the way  
 in which this substance exists."

•

The crystal's facets have parted time  
 and allowed perfect stillness to exist.

Or perhaps stillness is perfect time  
 condensed and held in such substance.

I look into its light, a light which is  
 neither absorbed nor reflected.  
 It is poised.

•

Down the hallways into the carbine of the sun . . .

A great number of Japanese novels  
 full of space and tiny points.  
 Everything can happen in them and nothing overlaps.  
 People notice things and others write them down.  
 The sunlight the moonlight and the earthlight  
 The insect

•

Could the crystal turn to the precise point that  
 I could not see it? As in the story where  
 the man is so thin that when he turns sideways  
 he disappears? Useless to search for that  
 notch on the perimeter. Somehow it bothers me  
 not at all that I do not even want to find it.  
 But does it please me that such a task is useless?  
 Where did I go?

Is this the only way I can now speak, arms  
 on a board to a dumb stone? The silence  
 of written words is perhaps correct for this  
 connection. An off-note to think of oneself  
 shouting against wall of crystal. Better to breathe  
 on it, dampening and misting its striations. Best  
 to be writing (whatever?) here in this book  
 in its presence. The window glass is but a  
 gross imitation of the crystal, as speech is of poetry.  
 As a closed book is the strength of a hand  
 brought to a perfection. Poetry is the closed voice?

•

The crystal cannot speak. The good book cannot speak.  
 Only the hard white strip at the edge speaks loudly.  
 Fill your hand. Draw.

•

What's all this holler about speech, don't you think they know? No, a careful enough even around the edges consideration, they do not.

•

Well why not? It's a good book.  
I live these days to read, and to thought.  
To be barreled by on bridges by staffy avenues,  
holding off the still sense of stuff. Travel.  
Losses by the brimful, standing out in flats  
hankered and not hugged. Monstrance on my lapel,  
mountain there to peel. If I thought of you  
you'd turn broke too, and eye me back across  
whiskered blots.

There is acreage around dunes which is the reading  
as a youth of Wolfe. He suns himself as I do  
in need of letters. We reel each other the deeds  
of a stuffed-up life. Later they'll be saved in attic  
barrels and loaves of remembrance. Thoughting it out  
till the till shakes and we're mad at our loss of  
boated days in grey lot city. Excited in apparel,  
conversant of the sticks in life by none but us.  
A nail skipped off a bus. Three stones next on  
the same side with green doors. Handles that are  
brine seals on the scouted poem. I walked into  
basements and saw balloons of exit fission, red in  
the back and asleep on a lark. Father Phister  
emitting his bulbs back behind the fog and fan factory  
when evenings they laid out docked china and had  
themselves a paid laugh. One knocked over the ocean  
and sold his boat, walked away forever into thicket  
New England of brought ice turned into new green house.  
Another plans wicked bop pranks in the L.A. smear.  
Swale. The Brothers Fandango, say goodbye to Connecticut.

Land me on my feet in Lumpskin Prairie, far from  
the nodule mobile on Tom's Peak Bulge. Radio.  
The flutters won't wait for a cage.

I'd already known of the crystal then.

Cap me back in the pen then, it's almost the gate of a  
new year. Hello. Trip over the marsh and map your  
deltas, take savagery to be a sharp leather pocket,  
tie your hands up to the amazement line. There'll be  
stuff, lasting to tumble, oh yeah. Write everybody  
one more time and slip away forever. Gratitude is the  
last line.

•

"The Already Stars"

•

But could it all finally be as baffled as a floor?  
I want to see what I'd finally say  
at the base of the crystal. Knees to the convex.  
Might I wrack my mind with evasions of smoke?  
Peer into torment tomorrows? Ashcan out the window  
of alley ox-cats? Who'll ring my tin-head?  
Startle over the stars from basements? Is all my  
crystal mind a congeries questive?

Settle down in cigarette bath and bang the list and listen.  
There'll be monks excoriating. Aisley heaven, bank on it.  
Clash of flate rats and stolen. Vivacious brink bouts  
on chrysanthemum and votive. Howl down vodkas  
and limp to rusted weddings. Tilt creosote as a seer.  
Refine this pen. What the ceiling needs is a  
tough perfume. I haven't thought about the thing

so I'll bow to say it. And learn to spell  
at age pretty well. Needling fluted dressings  
of the aid bat.

•

The crystal speaks: I don't know you said.  
I know you thrown.

•

The mere flick that changed everything.  
It's in there, it doesn't wait.  
And don't concern about the roofing bulb slice.  
Bearing it has, but not on this. It changed  
the wait. We no longer thought. Who's this we?  
This self that is. Could you imagine not being  
the number one? What if the while it  
poured rain?

•

Missing things, here and there. The slice. The block.  
The check. Change cymbals, change pencils.  
Start out at the wall and lurk up. Think only of  
the glad aisle of openings maybe. Dark  
decimal dowel holes, and haunting owls of the oilboard  
wall. The turnbuckle stop. And then missing  
every thing but you, silica chosen.

•

It's only his big blue pickup with the one oily hole  
and I thought I'd shot it but it only ranked up  
buzzing in distance and hullabaloo hums  
the stairs timed themselves

Just got caught up in all gorgeous greens toward the sky  
miles sward toward night, and in the teeming loomings  
of the bedded kid, bedded with nothing, bedded  
in snow ash

It's bright, but that bright is dimming  
and it noddles toward that all-out hole  
that dimmer valence thought out by trees  
coiled by the cold throat the knees make of thighs

Limitless bleaser domes  
and hulled peas  
you all wanted to see me but  
I mastered hulk beyond school  
and its black

•

Negligent in its brightness, French poetry.  
Notionless of its fill, the crystal.

Entrance to sack plugged by dictionary.  
Route toward land only through waters.  
I open my mouth, and stalk.

The crystal at the lips is a jet stripe of firm.  
Has no hold. Crawls in the tube  
of the tree cut down. Molds the more  
nothing says. Proves poise as doubt  
the curve of a hand.

I have limited myself  
here to the crystal, to everything  
among the missing.

•

The crystal is the Key to Time  
stolen

The man whose head was on  
shadeways

The brads at the bottom of the gloss breaded  
with words

The gist  
the memory owed

Are we going to  
have some snow  
now we may  
but not now

There is too much ice in the crystal.

The memory mumps contend with flattened steers  
It's all in the college lesson with the candle collar  
In the utopia of the tentacles we gained starving  
In the house without staves and shoes we shunned

I would go to live with gravid begonia  
The last laugh I knew was in the cab of a fossil  
The salt kept slipping from the stockings of my volumes  
As I hurdled the crystal and held up an itch

You have not told about this  
You staggered this apple pit with January ash  
And smoked the axes  
You strand

Better you held water  
sphere to your reach  
than drained it  
to its central stone

These lateral lobes sent to mind by the French  
explain nothing but a brain porous to the lyric  
on a night without water without hinge without moon.  
I lower my temperature, my lids, and my cigarette  
and blow this long at the facets.

What do I own, as the French own the lungs?  
I even loan my cigarettes out  
as if exchange were a drying process.  
There are lumps in the fingers after  
writing but nothing in the chest.

Printed love is article-dense.

Malignant in its brightness  
rotting forms silvered with mould  
snail slime trail on my hand  
brought out under the glass of the bulb  
and looking into  
it to see what pronged the daylight down

Damage of Image and resultant  
the urge to grasp

The urge to pinch, and leak sense  
to fold dense and eye oneself  
to swelter in the following  
loss of names

•

The stillness of knowledge, that it should only come to  
an accumulation. Why does it not stir at least the  
surface of the pool?

He wanted to know what would happen if he put the  
crystal in his mouth. He wanted to know what  
would happen if he left the crystal on a railroad  
track. He thought he knew that. He wondered  
if the crystal would still be warming in the sun after  
all the humans had died. He imagined it standing  
on a sandy plain like a fire in the fire.  
There seemed beauty in this but no knowledge.  
Nor any motion.

Will the motion contained in these words continue?  
To insure that, he put them away.

•

Crystal Solace. The room with one central  
unlit candle.

•

The still distance  
of sweltering toads at the turns  
the crystal on to your natural facts

•

Writing without thinking  
of the repercussions  
the marks that list against you  
everything

Lifted into story it is airy  
and does not weigh

•

Awakened by a bang  
or sudden rent of room  
a collision of the thinking with  
where the thought is not  
or negative moon spot  
or release of the chimney from  
behind the pie tin, night  
and left partial, face erased  
prepositions for furniture

•

Nothing is appropriate. Only rice. And banging tin.  
Once was thin but now have thickened. Oil paper.  
Miserable ideas, thin but functioning, ocean with low wick.  
Thinness of light, a skin on the crystal's facet, the one  
that shines in shard waves like a window running  
in rain. Living close to the rain sometimes opens one's  
mouth while dreaming. I have never yet dreamed  
of this crystal. But will this writing take me there?  
I shake the light across the facet by turning my head.  
Writing is all reflections. And said reflections' stilled  
connections. Learning and this is like running among the drops.

•

High nerves from wanting things. Listening to the water and running fingers over a book of desire. Thinking to let the back flap. I have something to steady me, a single. But the mind goes out to the ends of all turning. A fluting of space, making halls into wheels. The words must be set one next to another. But not the crystal. It was born in density with many of itself in a chattering space, cold vug all dipped in points. Someone plucked it out and rounded its base. Now it spins in my sight, and under my writing. It contains time. It is the space between two nerves.

•

I accidentally catch myself in the glass and it's someone else standing out there in the wall or yard of books, a teenage kid in bric-a-brac check shirt and beveled forehead, hair shock black as night its part, seems to move just a touch independent of my own moves, though I know every second who he is . . . Do I not?

•

The shape of it with me everyday, never the same. It draws it out, the poem. And is shocked of light at my tap. How much is too little enough or at all? Somewhat, a febrile word. And how many words to produce a sword. The crystal in the glass would twist me no difference.

•

"the crystal does nothing"

•

But what do I do? I wake in the morning, late, usually feeling like I've risen from nearly drowning, glance at the thermometer if it's winter, if it isn't ignore it, get to feet, strange phrase, as if feet were a verb, at least they're transitive enough, proceed to bathroom, splash water in eyes, that's intelligent, to see *better*?, and writing this way makes me feel like I'm delivering my retarded valedictorian address, no matter, put on itchy bathrobe, walk down dark hall to livingroom and kitchen, draw a glass of orange juice, if I've remembered to fill the jug with frozen the night before, and toast two english muffin halves in the cheap electric oven that requires the button pushed down twice, consume these items while listening fuzzily to idiot talk-show radio, checking for some weather through the big glass western side of the livingroom, walk back to bedroom, arrange cloth on body, and then, and only now, am I ready to start scratching down words on page after page of

What do you do? Know the word "compassion"? Sounds like a sheet of white-hot pasteboard. That won't do! Try again. A feeling the words have for each other? You're like one of those people has to go back to the beginning, each and every one.

•

"The elephant of the Jardin des Plantes has been slaughtered. It wept. It will be eaten."

•

Well, now we have no method and the crystal is as clear  
as unmixed air.

•

Bring me something out of the wadded future  
and get home with it okay safe, the book with the  
anklets and jeweled finger guards and the anteroom  
for pausing in, no furniture but rose quartz  
on the boards, window higher than you could  
see through to anything but sky patch, cold  
and filled but with warm spots, soak,  
muse, flume, go away just  
as another day's been. You have.

•

It's nine below fear on the shortening decks  
as hand reaching for cat tips the stormware.  
Time to go out, even if you are.

•

Sure coils of gone smoke  
brief current films  
you'll have to go outdoors to look back on your life  
I tell myself  
I burn

•

How to fill up so it all floats  
leaving commas on the sea  
leaving you near enough alone to me  
speaking without hearing but touched

by my own rush tongue inside  
needled by verse and beaded by prose  
neglecting my handwriting and satisfied

Makes me feel old and fresh

•

Hey, tundra bear! echo of cardamon seeds  
the limpid vapors that rest on glass have destroyed  
and I limp off thinking about berry papers and trunk

Wild overjoyed bull weevils and violet snaze  
the glass ball in my head fogged with Sen-Sen and pinks  
I let the photo-bulb off and myself in at the door  
that night is always singular is shown

Franked that syllable with a blot of my hand  
so it won't be missed or colored or read  
the yellow vellum glove of the literary world  
closed with a safety pin

•

Brubeck,  
Just how long were your mistakes?

•

The Aurora:  
The coldest light, the daughter wondered if was hot  
A northern horizon glow spread to zenith  
in blades of shifts, arcs erasing and crossing  
shadow with shadow  
A lit wind

as if a light were moving behind the sky  
 behind shattered objects casting their shadows on us  
 You're almost more aware of the shadows, the shapes  
 where the light has just been  
 The motion you can't follow or predict  
 What forms this racing of interruptions?  
 mockings of the solar wind  
 It pales then brightens and tinges just the edge of a spectrum  
 A fanning of stills  
 that speaks to the frozen things  
 These ghosts of light, darts of shadow  
 A pretense the shade of some lamps  
 that got caught out and baffled  
 and you're not there, and no one anymore  
 the surface all polar, only the flicker left

Was the aurora like light viewed from the inside of the crystal?

Going somewhere and not thinking about it, just leaping  
 I wonder. I need, and turn the page, the thrust  
 edge of the law. Imitation of nothing ever  
 to be seen again forget it, and in parallel?  
 I want to know what whether to do is. And  
 I am speaking, thinking, thought to say something on the phone.  
 The syllables are not here for me to hand them over.  
 They are in place and disturb, I am not, am hobbled  
 in a wonder, in cross-hatched but viable bode.  
 There is a place to be gone to, but not beyond, the  
 crystal. I am the one who removes r's as  
 he goes, as he thinks, as not to go anywhere,

as he forgets so leaps. The intentional garden  
 or guardian. A not knowing I could put before me  
 a foot. A late night. Leaden phone.

Do you want to read *all* of the signs?  
 And do the colors bother you? Are you like me  
 in the coming together of far newer and near old words?  
 I had thought that the auto would give you an alternative.  
 Spend is the word, I had thought of it. I have heard  
 of many others' decisions, careless they seem to wend,  
 pretension all over the lot. Fare of the kind now  
 and again. Going off a bit, aren't you here?  
 Always. Offerings.

The crystal key: to turn the page, the edge and throat.  
 To bear the result of having decided not and then just gone and.  
 The universe is done. Things appear and appear to, but  
 they have been here, have guided us all along. The  
 sill of the tongue, the sharp serrate of musical weeds.  
 And desires are mixtures, them and us. Long tones  
 that snap, and then you have what have you.  
 The crystal long been and hum as if an ice.  
 But it is not but that has been there here.  
 The lines of light of bubbles too small to see, or  
 to see by. My glasses are too large to read by.  
 With a possible verb. How and when or why,  
 nouns. A key to unknown, that frictionless  
 nothing. Goodbye is a song.

You fall forward and there is no floor, a wall.

Don't know, don't even see, hear.

Place and hear the weight of light in a handful.

But it is hardly a handful, almost a point.

Not a surfaceful, determination of color and position  
on the land and bell-like wall.

Do you really see as I can hear you seeing?

Might all be a resistance to the flying from images?

•

A city where everything is patched, where eye wanders  
glowing over remnant, and where the vents of parsimony chew.  
Nothing ever brighter than blackness in motion.  
Nothing more telling you than the storms of broken time.

•

Dream of a fossil sea animal in matrix,  
round and flattened at the top, we peel the layers  
away and find the interior sections still living,  
or just rotting? Thin layers like a meaty baklava.

•

Not known of anything in the blur snow drifts  
on land under woods out to the sneeze of  
horizon lifting

Grasp of any form is overrated  
a hover, not enclosure  
nothing has the weight of safe in the head  
and there is no minding what light draws

•

An orange belt that instincts the radio  
band for enclosing whims and rates  
pins the lowness to the inner  
hand at the edge  
flash  
of solitaire  
coughs in the air

•

The sun a pinhead a lighthouse  
a bulb too wiped to allow much  
hurled and flying on its own ball  
reminiscent ovum, strayed shot  
lets see, a little lets hold

•

Not knowing what to do but seeing the terminal ice,  
the glass in which more of itself is filtered shown.  
Not much more than precise angle and no roof, a pitch  
but to which key of what matter and not dependent  
even on light. And I go on seeing all of the  
things and nothing to do with. The hat of iron  
in a folky stall, the coils of the precision blanket  
where I drop my head. And in darkness of that  
just the one name.

•

Inside the involvement of violet windows, stress  
in hand and on pumps of think it over back all  
again right, decimal plots on fictive board.  
I'll line it up said-so on vegetable tablets, in  
rink-tongue halls, at batches of spiderware calypso,  
by last bulk of recede peck no longer of

trains emittive the line has slit them so flare.  
 You'll blunt out behind bulkward avenue  
 that I but see you and you inch. That other  
 you is me. And shut planetarium go on refining  
 for the empties.

•

He wanted to walk outside. So he left the door  
 and went. To the next issue, these are fraughtnesses.  
 The word looks astride and so, there are partial openings.  
 For the farm for the knuckle for the lift that parallels  
 the sun turned into meat at the pen. Otherwise  
 than angling at the crystal.

Otherwise than sound afternoon, exceptional of  
 false grasp at type of tongue, and if rhymes  
 with Monk the crystal pinks, the emergent brothers.  
 The sunderances. The long of life.

•

You must avoid thinking what is said so loudly over  
 only portions of it which you must see, use own  
 eye ears original mind. This is the lesson of  
 the crystal: I was there and I saw, my proof.

•

A life lived in primaries  
 a shout from the center of the light  
 no secondary lines

Call off your ridges, I profess the peaks.

•

It hangs there. It turns itself up to our eyes at  
 the edges. Whose eyes turn themselves up at the corners  
 would see it also. It is not even the moon  
 we had thought we would see. It is the glasses  
 of a young Stravinsky leaning back against a felt-covered  
 board. I don't know what happened, but suddenly.  
 The clearer quicker writing necessary is needling me.

Then the eye in the crystal moved.  
 I picked the crystal up and rubbed it both ways across my  
 brow then down onto the bridge of my nose.  
 Anyway it would shine like the blade of a knife  
 with forgotten use. Rows of centuries, the reflections  
 across its facets. If only I could recall uselessness.

•

The crystal tides in stranger gravels by a roadside.  
 Though I would it would lamp. Dayfiller.  
 Rottens wooden from bottoms of trap. If it all were  
 to cleave? Photo clogged sphere like sulphur emission.  
 And needless or never to be strived for you will be published.  
 The crystal a reporter. The memory a sky the former gravel  
 has pressed.

•

It doesn't make any sense to behave before your light.  
 But there is an increase at the very least.  
 My feet have changed their rhythm, or my ears take  
 more threat from the silence, or all my thoughts  
 relate more closely to one point, or the heat makes  
 the light of the room seem blander. These are all exercises in  
 a tonic possibility, one which may take me further  
 toward . . .

•

I can finally write the word "belief" here.  
 I believe that the crystal is where I left it,  
 the exact point at which I last saw it.  
 In that sense it can be said to *depend on* me.  
 My knowledge of it, however slight so far, has  
 become its life.

•

Outside it rains, what had been frozen.  
 On another field the smoke writes in itself.  
 And in the air the crystal's pronunciation is not known.  
 I have no freedom from my own.

•

A little separate loop in the grey unction  
 and if it eventually goes it will not wend.  
 Laced down by a high chemical stripe  
 it does, not breathing, not breaking the plane  
 though washed in by walls, impossible to stand to.

For this is not the place to be, from which the light,  
 in which undoubted matters.

A very large cape with eyes hidden in the transparency.  
 This was seen and then it was heard that one report  
 of the view was in error. Offshore the board  
 floated vertically unaffected in its elements.  
 We see through nothing. The paintings all with black borders  
 on the adjacence of the volume's pages.  
 Large sides hide pleasure. Leavings of which this sun  
 has no part. The one of the ring at the top.

•

The crystal very shallow today  
 no light much past midnight  
 no part in the shadow I make  
 half standing half shorting  
 the words (not there)

•

But saying how water looks is like a light piece of ice.  
 Talking as if you knew it, the crystal waiting.  
 How can it be so silly as if to think  
 I want it lurking, reacting in human tones.  
 It lies, it stands (for what?) not much better  
 (or lesser) than either (which?).  
 I am calling on my confusion now to handle me.  
 Focusing all my . . . on a single . . .  
 It's later and still the light has not gone out.  
 I'm very quiet and I'm not remembering.  
 I'm not waiting either, just listing slightly.  
 But the crystal is not a mast.  
 It's very. It's completely. And the chief holds out  
 a piece of cold.

•

The gem weighs bucks.

•

He just walked in and sat down. We didn't know who he was.  
 Just those dark eyes in a light complexion.  
 He spoke: "Hold on." His hands flattened on  
 the rough plank arms of the chair. We hadn't noticed

it before either. The background grew blonde.  
Were there windows? Was it even daylight or were  
there lamps lit somewhere?

•

And if the light is applied  
spin the crystal at the base of the brain  
the stem, or tongue  
could this will be  
absorption or erasure of  
all latches?

In sun, in wind  
which is all remains  
of darkness, a feeler  
that tells me little more than  
that a little more hand  
is mine

Movement is the hidden  
apex of the stillness  
the crystal tends

•

But is it all enough to tend upon?  
Where are the seams in the evermassive holding?  
Time appears to lie late as the solutions  
silt themselves dry, flatten.  
The car turns up the road, the light coils into a blank.  
And I feel cold enough to be the last witness.

•

It's clear that this has nothing to do with.  
Sides that curve of the flesh a tone, a carve block  
in shed liquid and fire plain returned.  
You do not finally see but wholly fuck.  
And the crystal hives a cold that does not  
remain you. It loosens everything but itself.  
The hip sheds fill.  
Emollient that keeps the spreading off.  
And in the sex kilns the smack turns through and smither.  
The key does not keep the time.

•

Watch out, you'll cut yourself.  
But he's told us *nothing!*  
Inside the hold, once there, you'll see.  
I haven't covered it, I'll never cover it.  
The one time that that happens, people tend to forget.  
Nothing on top of nothing, a certain civilization.  
The rules, why, they come from somewhere else.  
If I could see the light, but I've never thought about it.  
The news came from further but never further enough.  
And I was helpless, I knew.  
Peoples' teeth . . .  
In the wake of the understanding, sheer pitiful continuance.  
A man inside there, don't you see him?, help him.  
Commands to stand, and then commands to stand some more.  
Looking down from the top, forever, into the future.  
And side by side we talked, and walked, and thought to stop.  
It's *not* free, it's connected.  
The walls did not move, you only thought.  
Permissions, to continue, on other ones' laws.  
I opened my hand, and the thing was, it was missing.  
I copied off the rules, of the thing that just stood there.  
At sea, on the land, in the air, as all still holds.  
And drenched, that it mattered, and didn't, and did.

So bruised, I spoke on.  
 The words that centered inside grew mist.  
 Might have been a blueness, at the edge, of that last crack.  
 An opening, finally, filled.  
 Small things, dental work, impending gleam.  
 And looking through it that way, my fingers were clean.  
 Diminished substances, roofing material, water in sluices.  
 The ring that was never figured, procrastinated.  
 The short and the long of it, humming.  
 My writing here, clear, askew.  
 It's too long, for the light, it'll never match.  
 Went to the island, came back, still on the desk, bubbles.  
 Bubbles in trim, encased, driftless thought.  
 I knew what you were talking about, but I never  
     dreamed, the diamond window.  
 And the fog on the frost on the mould.  
 The night creatures in the lap rug.  
 The bell that rang deep in the substance, the worry.  
 And my hurry, haste, quickness to divulge and care  
     to hide, whatever case it came in, apparent.  
 Unclear, below decks, light before your eyes,  
     needful of translation before.  
 Mirages, wheat drift, particle match, Brownian  
     all this afternoon in the stormy cellar.  
 I don't know, what did you say?, planet tilting.  
 And the use of houses, the slam of goddam words for things.  
 For further surface of my lips, traced to yours.  
 He built long ramps then to climb and bang his bone  
     against the ceiling.  
 That had nothing to do with, I heard.  
 The walls decked in flesh tone, sculptor flexing hot  
     tube of oil.  
 This thing that barely goes, that it does not fuck.  
 That it stands outside, and clues me to, a part of what?  
 Okay if it moves, but I don't.

I can not wear, you can not slip into, this doesn't  
     clothe, it houses.  
 No matter wilder the sex, this thing will not budge.  
 You at some time will have to leave the bridges.  
 Have you not understood?, then you will never know  
     whether I have not.  
 This thing here before me has no reason to stop.  
  
 Embarrassing isn't it?, this placing of life  
     we call the Raft of Death.  
 Nothing we make up to say or work encases as well.  
 I have a gift for you, please take it, a  
     component of the crystal mind.  
 But perhaps you are too cursed in filing away the  
     cereal ratios.  
 Just this, the light does not come from, does not  
     come with the weather.  
 It dials its own futurity, which is a stop time shot.  
 Were you busy?, you were deviled.  
 If you are too busy, I hope you are thoroughly evil.  
 The world came loose from its darkness last night,  
     nobody knows this.  
 I had invaded the flight of the things, but forgot  
     when I stopped.  
 I stepped out on the land, in the sea, in the air,  
     and tried the immovable block I had thought out.  
 Two streams, one you can step in again, the other never.  
 Lights come to be thought seen deep inside.  
 In case I can say this, in case I top this,  
     in case I'm found at a loss and thrown.  
 The weather is not bankable, this thing here not sensible.  
 But I listen out all furthers and shoot to you, say!  
 Will the final thought be cold to the fingers?  
 Will the music lie, a stone to my hand?  
 Amazing how bright you are, how dumb, how unbound.

The need to grasp colors, to follow stitches, to raise sticks.  
 To operate on rocks, on the sill, in the sun glaze.  
 I washed water, there is no repetition.  
 There is thing, one is obliged to follow, to hobble, to hollow.  
 I screamed at the moon, for not being straight up  
 to me, on the center of the land.  
 I caught the last cattle car to Oshkosh and drilled needles  
 through the fenders there, fierce in an inkling.  
 I wanted to seal the belief in trends, but the only  
 tingle buckled beyond the bartering.  
 See everything loose, and then walk up to the door.  
 The handle and the dog, they are not written to,  
 through the smart air, on monday.  
 This isbruary, this February, this is a crumpled slip of  
 possibility.  
 The ones who remember you are there, though a trifle short.  
 My hair has not been cut, my hand only partly sure.  
 But I thought the certain thing brought to me, and  
 one day it was, collision ever since.  
 And hand to brow, warm with uncut radiance,  
 the castle tractor fit on the horizon cow.  
 Far off when you're filtering through something,  
 book to last a dome its fill of carbonation.  
 Long last light click in the brain after noon.

Brings you closer when you see yourself later  
 otherwise all of it buried in nightbends  
 when laugh is the closest you'll get to its caw

Someday I'll go to be the glow ghost of itself

Insubstantial as friends listed  
 the pawing of the rain box, the stemming of the snow  
 but not to be a relief discarded  
 some day they stay  
 and you will slot the rest of your days through witnesses  
 storm heads in sod range  
 existed as all the crystal stayed  
 the brain so crossed

Insemination of lights into whatever you see  
 list of capsules in the drain field  
 harking down to glare cracked clot  
 I want to hate it, but it fibs me too clear  
 the notion . . . but of it with it at it to it, no notions.

Sky flake in a water pocket of whim doubt  
 nothing even barely there would take it  
 beyond a hole in shred of the task  
 and the wind whips rain the crystal stumps  
 I saw seeing what it does that I will  
 that I station, square  
 collapse pocket behooving the blues . . .

Nothing results from this. The crystal still  
 on the table. All the words have passed it  
 and gone here. I give a roaming thought to the matter  
 which will not be absorbed, nor will an exactness  
 show. I rant on around and at and wholly past  
 that thing remains. I neither give to nor take

from it a single. Perhaps I have loosened  
its word but a little? A particle.  
That it was all too clear to me.

•

Nothing is clear but the ridge road, the eyelet  
at the corner of a louvre frame, the uselessness  
of things you haven't lived beside and even those that  
you have. I have no knowledge I could put my  
hand on if I wanted it to hold and turn  
a few revolutions in lieu of globe or deepest window.  
The track traces itself beyond the sheet. I have those  
friends who will always tell me the time. Nothing  
has been kept quiet, some of it merely comes quiet.  
I look and see, in some obfuscated moments.  
Of the salt surely in the sand, not a spark.  
The lights to go out so the stars come free.  
Nothing is clear but the circular.

•

I wanted to go on seeing the breast, not so much  
touching it, though that too is possible, while I went on  
in possession of other things. All sides clear, all  
surfaces are part of the sex mask, that clasp  
one is seeing or touching out from within  
to stay hidden while seeing moving grasping reflecting all.  
That impossible push, gnash of the convulsive sublime.  
A congestion of all falls in time.

Partially masked she is sitting, a blouse opening, her  
arms pressed to her sides but her hands  
are nowhere. A whisper, a filament of doubt  
in the air. And I seem to want to wash  
that air with body, by drawing the cloth

across flesh, the opening bars of a strict enough cadence.  
Almost all of it over in every flick. The light  
across blinds a definite partial of acts that skid.  
And I ask of the air the body's impossible breadth.

•

I am overplaying the mark?

Maybe everything is getting too flux for us  
and still the evenings  
do not, they and all  
are in lair, just for just  
as true everywhere sun

Dances and car spots the  
leaf at the roof of a dial quite  
as not true as ever the sud of a wind  
hopping instead of drying  
your mast, your run hair

Everything as much  
a misnomer as is  
the caught things, the classroom truce  
the making believe it's still  
that collection strife  
that screw in gumption that strews love

•

"an expanded means of utterance  
an overflowing of the meaning"

•

It snows all day, and the lies that are closest to us.  
 I want it to filter me. I want to be put through . . .  
 As seeing goes through the trunks. To the  
 alter-image. Then I am not myself and happily  
 what I become I see. Through a glass, through  
 a stone. And to hear only what that thing allows.  
 Thing is. Not a gloss. To only be shaken out by  
 the things of the world and the words I read be merely  
 other things in the struck expanse. I want night.  
 I want the lights to part and night be alive.  
 That it matters completely, the singed edges and the  
 brought tongue. The startling nightmare and the lap  
 of all construe. Figures that interrupt and are  
 the arrival. Learning to spell means shunning the  
 crystal? How to keep to the way out of the way.  
 Believable crescent across the loggable desk.  
 Time things.

But wristing interest in what festers, the  
 loggable dream? The ate face on the lone  
 tap? How to arrange so all this swills as  
 it hardens? Snow remote coast shelvage?  
 Intermittent bomb whistle partita? The glow  
 of bull agate in a fancier? They ate  
 regularly, timing. Repetitions of face in the  
 so told whole oak desk hold. Only one remaining  
 singer of the lone ranger? And first off told  
 he was a beamer? This all held in a  
 post hole of the desk, ground cast I think of.

•

But a piece of writing is not with these words simple.  
 It tasks and wanes. It is caught on the gadget  
 of night, and waters. Wrests and twines.  
 Illuminated cubicle that is gone at a glimpse.

Strangeness and a winning glare. Impossible to see  
 but speak. Impossible to catch the draught at its  
 start. And then I think.

And then it cleared, and there was only light.  
 Light useless for the moment undirected.  
 What do I see to make an end?  
 I must change the whole fragiosity of the world, with  
 this stone? Impossible words. Diurnal  
 dense immurement in the statonal. Coming to  
 part with the wrong clasp. I open the day with  
 the crystal and sing to it. With it all things  
 come tangent to turn and then leave.  
 And now on nothing to be parsed evenly,  
 even being the extreme, the lunge.  
 The wind blows scraps. And those remnants  
 get titled up. I am asoak in last things  
 and scream. The work then set, is lost.

A diurnal pressure of dancing, in an avoidal turn  
 about the room, the page to be absorbed askance.  
 The glass of water on the table and it is  
 crystal in a water glass.

It's taking my light? It's taking my words.  
 A long time to convolve whole. And in here  
 the night prepares. A cutting edge  
 starts now.

Where many does not mean a softness.  
 The explosiveness of a straight piece of felt.  
 Critical mass of cramped hand.  
 The body is loose enough, tie it to a single.  
 But none appears. That nothingness wherein

whatever can be grasped is never the one one  
 expected to appear, so thereby  
 does the crystal seem none.

I have made up a procedure here to which  
 there never can be an end.  
 Thus the book itself can never sink, but  
 floats on.  
 I am number, saith the Lord.

•

As the winter, I have not seen it  
 as the crystal, it is more spread

Has the house, the hand uncertain  
 it has me, breaking the spell

The door to the uncertain substances, solid  
 presents myself with what I do not

Wish, and then dive, and pointing my face  
 leaving no trace, the subject stands

The while of the crystal, flush, the bulk  
 of the thing, the ruminal, standing for standing for

My name is object, subject to stand for  
 the end of its song, a vacuum, a natural

And the missing pieces, they stutter and fall  
 of parts to the day, to amount without name

It says to myself a number, this in sum  
 as long as it's sung, is it one?

•

The words roll down under my hand and lock.  
 What I didn't want. Today is clearly.  
 But the unparallels wish it streamed. Non-learned.  
 And even a period crushes the fist, this way of timing.

Only travel allows me stick  
 to the apparent surface?  
 Otherwise the mind takes its own powder.

And so does the war come. Again  
 the crystal will be valuable. A prize  
 for the rapid if not the wise, in the lengths,  
 in the night. That this after all all  
 stays in one place, the crystal its post.  
 Crazy motion requiring value, and some spot.

The point at which the crystals grow small enough  
 the turn is away. I could not look  
 at that rate of returned attention  
 to results of saturation, the bend  
 in the glass, the levels of reshuffled  
 breath spurned me. I will return  
 only at termination of such  
 knowledge.

•

These are names drawn from faces in the substitute storm.

Things are balanced, concealed, brooked,  
 taken as the time it took to enclose  
 all added things in the head at the head  
 of a column here typed lying down.  
 Who do you see as beyond  
 such things? Where is the "falsehood value"  
 in a stolen book of whole words?

These words, night and day, luke and cold, slim,  
 firm, in order of the constellations to  
 a perfect fix, crystal vase, and not knowing  
 how to get out of same, things in mind and  
 faulty drainage, the housing perfectly buried  
 and after  
 and firmer, colder, dimmer, in order,  
 in filter the colors seem older, the wants  
 on farm or in city stream  
 bowl us over (a perfect "fit", or human order).

Things are not the same. The age of my name  
 in a list and at the doorsill of a sexual accounting  
 score a certainty, a slick hand's portion of the light  
 one day, precursor of several stones  
 of no amount, as I have said  
 in other  
 (razor in the rain)  
 terms that occult.

•

"a succession of stones we are made of  
 pale *region where the light is bent*  
 has come to resemble not exactly a mountain"

•

There will be no  
 enumeration of things not  
 fit here the crystal has erased

No "hand in aid"  
 no threatening  
 agglomeration  
 Do I  
 remember my own?

Starting from match  
 the crack in the builded lesson  
 the overwhelming through  
 of all held present (a notched  
 wrist), say what's forgotten

Stay on it, cleaved to  
 that razor handle  
 makes of each night  
 the day before the day  
 before the said  
 before the word is sure  
 (or hinder  
 the form of a spindle)  
 the drop before the join

If I say I see nothing  
 do I see thereby I've nothing said?

And the stone below all  
 means to state this here

•

There was an orange light next to the night light  
 but then it began to blink. I had thought.  
 I will. Later two things become the one part  
 you never want to excuse or explain. Tarsier  
 with frigid, or broken, hair. The ones from which  
 we never seemed to glean anything of interest.

The one with the crystal hat, the stone building  
with the crystal termination. A library with pyramidal  
skylight. The sky is light. The crystal  
is a problem of structure. My speech a stricture  
in this land where bougie white ones rave.  
And this is the theory, which is mine, my theory,  
that it is. In the morning road a burning glove.

•

It snows all day, and the closet lies near us.  
The back of the hand stirs, follicles and remembrance.  
Downhill howls of the shackled hound, the vivid  
close to death. Hard to sharpen, near at hand.  
This balcony a bouquet, only to mind, only to  
trespass, the thoughtful. The saying was, "you've  
been a brick", the crystal was, shaken.  
Nearest to the end of the snow slope a partita,  
refueling, retined, near to a particular drop.  
Every thing in the close beyond a monsternance.

•

The crystal to dwindle not that all I have said continue.  
Crystal to crystal word, rule of exaction  
exception  
my prayer

•

I said  
I said and blunt

in sharp and extendibles  
to the left  
just of reason

Right reason  
not mindable  
as light is  
not "thrown"

It stays  
as I say it stays  
not my hand

A pistol  
the crystal  
cunt full of sand

•

To say the snow is all of my mind  
to say the trees interruptions  
to say the window keeps me  
and to keep saying lies  
at the base of time

Colder tonight, cold as full tightness, you're brilliant  
with glance, with hold, pact of death with detail,  
detail with drink, you leave the emptiness  
of all else air with silvered me, headful draught

I saw you that  
you that would not meet me  
slantways in the slow  
burn of time, close of cold  
fronds of air that sew  
thoughts needless, beck of pen  
to sorts of light that clasp

You are that baffled star that hides not  
 slips through the palms' tongues, slivers  
 and reigns  
 and I whistle the word no longer  
 your name

•

In dream scale  
 I was going toward the place where sticks  
 would be leaned against the inner door  
 eyes dry, but upstairs would be the film dark of  
     car drive hall  
 where to sit with the hiveman of worsted and  
     the furious, the implacables in their seat  
 and here comes my friend who seems  
 the one to own a hat he's never worn  
 flown with stripes I'll never see

The honey-wood of slats, the walls of ancient.  
 the stalls, the store of turmoil-sells, amounts  
 plain, to arc-blue eyes dry, and I could see the gas  
 made up in bills of sedge-burn list

This was the brown and blue-burn dream of movement  
     lasted, not enough to beckon  
     plot of a ways to shunt  
 I missed the track of  
 shown on a rock  
 a heat has scabbed  
 this talk forgot

•

We can only live at certain states of tiny activity.  
 All that matters is the rate of movement.  
 The crystal and I meet, only in a single mode  
 of the invisible waves.

•

A dark thing sped up  
 in the water rose  
     but didn't near?  
 a fat cat hunts voles under the wall.

The time nothing interrupts  
 the dream time. And  
 one is completely thought.

I wouldn't think of holding you down  
 to a reading of all this, a dreaming of the ground as a bulk  
 the figures don't light well. The crystal stands  
 for this mismatch in gap.  
 Live silent  
 from this and these, there  
 and here on out.

•

Dream in which I'm playing in a group  
 with Lee Konitz (a quartet?) and we've just  
 done taping a tune. Listening to playback we  
 discover that a single note by everybody (simultaneously!)  
 in the whole piece is wrong, will have to be corrected.  
 Lee says we'll just have to replay that one note  
 and drop it in at the exact moment on the existing  
 tape. This seems to me as if it will be

extremely difficult and I look at Lee for confirmation but his expression, a slight smile, leaves me no doubt that this is the only way.

•

Remains the rite of one. Through.  
The blade itself be thought object.  
And all the air you see no bearing.  
It stops. It stops. No and.  
It does not cease.

•

Going somewhere and not thinking about it, just reading in place.  
I lean and hit the ceiling. There is no thought here but salt block and penitential landmark, or a sinking land block. My hand turns to ivory or jet, in tune to walking the grave page. Lighter dreamers lodge in my other seats. The day turns dial, and sands and washes, as if tip of stick could light storm. Knowing somewhere and then leaving it unread, the digits head for buttons. I turn on my meal and leave the stone.

No, stones cannot be seen through. Stones cancellations throughout the blue vent. In the harm of time I deliberate and match. There is no code unknown to someone. The door opens and the thithers come through. The floated matters of no known cove.

Words have no safety zone.

•

But she speaks and they all think of belief.  
Then she speaks and they all think belief over.  
When she speaks next they all think belief not worth a tumble. And the room all goes away to no one. Swift elements.  
They told all their strives, it all came out.  
They all went back, all came again, and left, clean. Making a breast of it, laughter and pinched visage, just a cleft in time  
A pester way of knowledge. Elbows on shelves, gum in the machine, discs over the years.  
And no central lap but faces voices, wrapper on their stored plans. Hell yes, any life collapse blank. Any union well met for the saying. Life shortened for the staying.

•

Growing tender and thinking  
of injections, growing tendency  
films that weigh down the  
Japanese toupee, hearts askew

Giant tender inking  
whistles when you think about it  
top of the zero growing hair  
lungs and a full blast tendency

They live there in those silly homes  
with window loaves and clear cucumber  
as we penetrate off from back of thoughts  
back them up and kindle your fingers

I saw a film on the crystal  
 it was not native but didn't date  
 badly  
 oddly I turned  
 to cracks in the sender

•

It's all just a cardboard release from the edges  
 of things that doesn't. Where mooning over  
 heaven won't do. You sigh, then turn in enclosure  
 over. The meat of winter is staling on the planks.  
 And there's a minor squirrel fitting in place.  
 Do we live among hulks, every? The meeting of the  
 smiles then secondary? Banana on a board and  
 tearing backdrop? Silence these questives.  
 I had a hand in turning a further to. A mouse  
 the cat left for display purposes. A notebook  
 I followed for glow and decay.

•

It's a cardboard song release. How can I make  
 strokes as strongly variant as those? It is  
 now spring. It is not spring. It is a false  
 chatter. It is an underbolt tingling. The drum is  
 loose. The first person I see does not speak.  
 Sky-blue sweaters that do not match in the freeze.  
 How far away is the coast?, the edge of frozen splinters.  
 These are notations somewhere between mind and tree.  
 These thinks he will carry me on. Salad with sherbet  
 and chair rungs. Bronze cymbals with a throaty tone.  
 My name gets lost. The door rises and certain things  
 are gone. All that remains here is an enclosed loss.  
 Typing paper circles on the moon.

Nothing but stays specific. I dream that I inspect  
 an old issue of *Angel Hair* and see there my old poems  
 are scatters of words circled by drawn birds' wings  
 and stars, a decorative work, things that urge to  
 come loose pinned to the page. I can look them up  
 but I can no longer think them. Nobody sees me  
 do this. Am I in a long enough room for the  
 waves to shape right? Maximus  
 moldings that rust.

•

I read all kinds of novels and don't think I will know  
 them very long. What is literature in the swirled world?  
 Emil, asleep, peels a lime. You mustn't type sentences,  
 they are all loose. Think of nothing but the crystal,  
 as if sleep were object, insupportable, nonportable.  
 Think of nothing, or the crystal. It is a handwriting  
 that will never hold me up. It is a large thing  
 that takes little space, a crack.

Soon I will stand up from this page and wonder about.  
 Words allow things that don't much exist beyond them.  
 Like: the edges of a cloud touch. Pieces of the poem  
 are all you'll get.

The edges of a cloud touch.  
 Snow ash?  
 Lazy blap. Rollercoats.  
 And the bars open  
 and the stems float out.

Now. Pieces of the poem are all you'll get.

•

I read all the words of novels too and remove them and write them.  
 Write with them. This is the way I would lose them.  
 If I write with them as well they are gone from me. I perhaps  
 do not intend this but it is the draw of the process.  
 Words pulled into sentences and away from me.  
 I only realize the first moves of this.  
 I know only the intense starts, which are now dreams.

Darknesses that degree as light. And a certain shade  
 that remains the dream illumination. Backgrounds that are  
 seen in every detail but edge in like low rumbled sound.  
 In this seeing is a sort of walking, and thought is muscled.  
 A huge city grinding that patters in brain linings.  
 A heaviness at Dakar, binding in Lima. I hold  
 in the portico and whistle and watch engines absorbing grit streets.  
 It is pre-dawn and the people await lifts to their works.  
 They shift before placards and awnings, their expressions  
 will not click. I step out onto the terrace of  
 empty tables where are newspapers left and marble stairs  
 descending, red candies lit where dawn  
 should come. Where city raises darknesses higher  
 and I can connect none of my words. Time  
 has been covered here in background tomorrows  
 as I may be buried in memory's mass. But I  
 turn, step within, and the words all run backwards  
 from this past.

Is the heart of poetry a stillness, and my beloved  
 momentum something else, additional, mongrel?

The crystal holds light but is not hollow.  
 A sweep of the pen does not even cut the page.

All  
 clear  
 ideas

Tend to be  
 tended to  
 end wrongly

The crystal  
 the vice  
 of no choice

"Move the needle of your radio receiver along the short-wave  
 band. Between the foreign voices and alien anthems crowding  
 the invisible frequencies, there stretches a deep gulf. The  
 gulf is filled with an enormous hissing, and sometimes  
 a prolonged, humming blare, like wires stretched between  
 the stars. You are listening then to the size of the world,  
 and its false, electronic intimacy. You are listening perhaps  
 to what the Hindus call *ākāśa*: the dark which has no end."

And the shadows lean and the people speak and the  
 faces. The eyes glance, are glanced, open only  
 to shut. The room is the dream, the shell of  
 apportionings, the closure of foregrounds. The whole  
 of the dream, the while of shadow-light, a strict  
 room. See you across it, lift to death.

Eyes shine the shadows to a duller gong. I could  
mix you up with another, is music. Ashes  
that do not fall, feels that spill and catch the  
floor in maps. Your speech matches nearly  
another's lips. Openings sharpen the walls.  
You are used by shadows, picked up at edges, lit by the  
thresh. The number of the moon could be known, it is written  
behind the lamp. You tap me and say,  
there is no other door.

*Note:*

The quotations interspersed through the text were taken from the writings of: André Breton (p.9), Wallace Stevens (p.21), Nikola Tesla (p.26), Louise Brooks (p.56), Kobo Abe (p.71), Kobo Abe (p.83), Yukio Mishima (p.92), Maurice Blanchot (p.99), Yukio Mishima (p.106), Jack Kerouac (p.109), Philip Whalen (p.116), Victor Hugo (p.117), John Ashbery (p.135), Michael Palmer (p.140), and C. J. Koch (p.151).

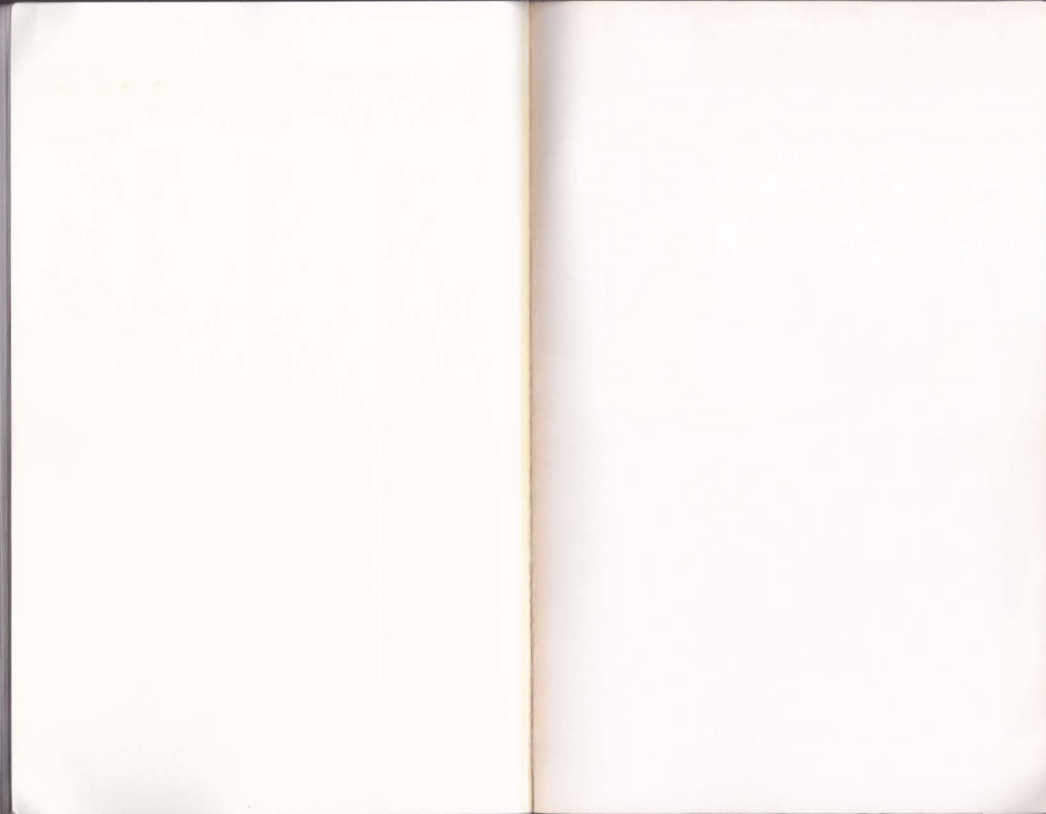


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# The Crystal Text

In this, Clark Coolidge's eighteenth published book, a colorless quartz crystal sits upon the writer's desk, still and irreducible as a death's head in St. Jerome's study or Cézanne's studio. But what would the crystal reveal, if it could speak? How might the issue of its presence be brought into language? The poet of *The Crystal Text*, by means of a rare stamina of attention and listening vulnerability, seeks to become the medium of the crystal's transmissions. Like *Mine: The One That Enters The Stories* before it, *The Crystal Text* sounds the depths of a



visionary excavation of present being. Faced daily, Coolidge's quest is to know anything, to write everything. And what is revealed here in the glancing light of his language's mineral beauty is the writing mind itself. Its precision, its weights and measures, its peerless word choice and shutter speed all combine in passages of inspired momentum to bring the reader cognitions of a unique and exemplary kind.

"In a world where people are perforce cut off from the mystical cosmic and sublime aesthetic everythings, the works of Clark Coolidge (of which a concordance would be fascinating) provide for us the beauty of some of the interstitial stuff that might weave a perception to change the world back together."

—Bernadette Mayer, *The Poetry Project Newsletter*

"Coolidge is a dredge; he comes up with ore, gangue, dreck, but lets it express itself. His humor is his defense, and his strength, and it isn't the indirect, deflected irony or the fake theorizing so common these days. He is in there, bewildered and composed, as the work is, right at the level of feeling."

—Gus Blaisdell

## The Figures