

**On Duke Ellington's Birthday**

by Diane Ward

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ON DUKE ELLINGTON'S

BIRTHDAY

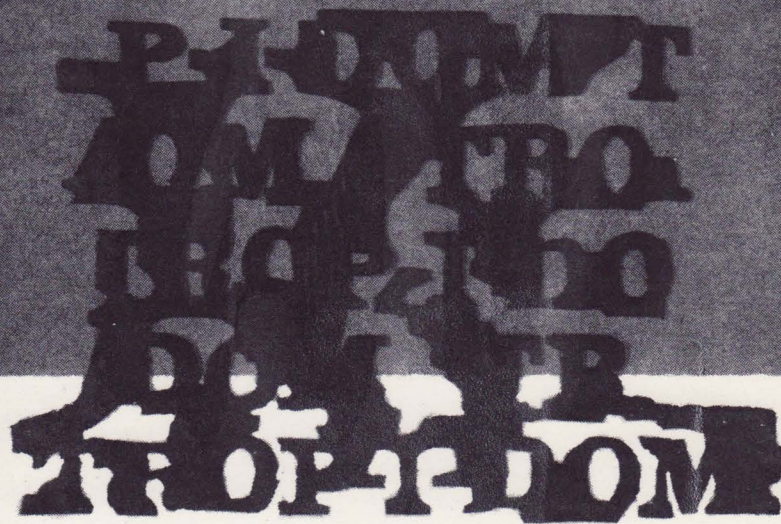
The dreams were about shoes  
with high pointed heels that  
collapsed when I put them on  
and woke up and smoked a cigarette  
lying in bed thinking  
that I haven't heard the phone  
ring in two days as it rings a  
wrong number so at least I know

that it's working if anyone  
wants to call after two cups  
of coffee I need the music I  
used to have--a funny Louis  
Armstrong--and the tarts that  
Bernie and I ate but even before  
there's a long hallway  
like the coin that dropped but  
didn't roll under the bed and  
I'm finding out what I already  
knew only this time for today

and my foot beats out a rhythm  
with my stranded thoughts and  
there's something precious that  
I missed before I died in my  
dream last night though it seemed  
like I had it all figured out and  
I want to stop this laid-back  
dance and tell you that I know  
I've got the same thing as every-  
one else and do this right after  
sundown and not late into the

night I pick the coin up off  
the floor and the doorbell  
rings and I get this happiness  
when I see your face--right  
now, I know we can handle it  
and I put on my coat and go  
out see the sun going down  
and feel the momentum of the  
motions that are starting all  
over again.





**TROP-I-DOM**  
**DIANE WARD**

TROP-I-DOM

Diane Ward

**JAWBONE**  
Washington DC



Afternoon Mirror

At last, two halves in one hand.

Goya shadows treat my stinging  
                                  eyes & unclick

Poof like a weary gear humming  
                                  into action or

hooped, a cycle while I stay amazed  
                                  only might have known

the way it bumped into me

knocked my cap            You stoop  
                                  place it on my head

                                  An angle, thank you

i pick up futurism not today & realism  
& more toes & eight fingers run along  
now mouthing the phrases playing  
some colors fine ochre waving past  
me with the battle of my belt

quick runs the suit for his  
hot game & religion & old crow faking  
lingering-tom-tom song: one cow out being  
the grazers swaying roses others  
might coax her. Paving the last  
tree, fitting a saddle less the welt

Rick ups & coos a prism from  
two faces or seedbed the flow  
over but ears on figures  
come softly--clown & take mistaking  
touches sort of light not noting the  
gracing mast eery grip as a last horizon  
melts

Drip & juiciness rots loose paying  
a steel motor show. We crave lingers.  
Fun too long & showers mounting  
a hazy waiting from & for your  
eyes their nova bated last seen  
fits of absence; a soma gel.



And Walk The Way You Pound The Ground

making, flowers from corners staring choice of  
sound or mountain in the circle raking all your  
sides to miles of no alarm the beating drum of  
concrete meets thump on past & faster but I

have dumped 100 copies of this day--one at a  
time--on your eyes & telling, & not through  
a centered place from equal points on each  
arm alone on the sofa was as damp in a mine.

If the door opens only then you want to wake

up. Curb run up the corner & a small, green  
smile slash slash. Points arriving with be-  
liefs, a feeling like some tidal pool who  
survives & my smallest thought comes out a  
boxed set jammed deeper so large with ordered  
tokens a domestic jam-up. Miscellaneous jitters  
in our vastness: talk & expression

feathered & visiting & walk & farm-out fleeting  
like a solo stopped under the tip & the molecule  
which is the sun & the Western rows like buses

arid sleep & plate glass arranged step for step  
in the hardcover of my dreams.

trop-i-dom

yer deliciousness oooo (an owl in second places)  
this permanent mercury id word; a kiss & urgency  
pleasure swishes. fever takes its perfect curtained  
chills & turns a wish to lurking crystals in my  
jersey of/the flesh. waiting to fall in...hum

little-chair recalls in a dream, storms & pictures  
of fairest crowd (some say party) Celtic  
characters melt in air and describe a pair of  
distant/not still so distant similarities.  
pick from: neck or hair. staring checks to see  
the query isn't left un...anyway

ten tuesdays took us (mentioned in your letter)  
a shoe is resting shook first you then  
two thousand times deeper. friendship must  
bend loose & custard in the morning wednesday  
i didn't say what i was thinking--didn't  
think while i was...

shelter licks the earnest flinch each time  
& i flick nurses addresses (you don't need it  
yet) & pick the first minute to warm your  
againstness. her instance/for genuine. your  
shirt & your milk spills further from your  
lips...

i see sentence/no comedy & you wig out-letting  
verbal jets of words of rest-over, left  
figuring never (a conceptual cigarette) i  
tear a fetish miraculous you air the hush  
of once wanting by doing that which even  
after some must & disappear you...reappear.



involuntair on your shoulders & my hands from behind  
stop for poses on the ridge of roominess like snow-  
storming or facing to the right & back where you  
weave-in anybody's winter. A warm wrist close by  
oddly what happens is not what we expect: I like  
the way you do or fumble on the edge of some childish  
some iciness. I isolate the way you want to dress  
& his foundations for your trimmings and a reckless  
button flashes on a very perfect purpose. Europeans,  
folders, ashram, quarter-time, Octobers come at 2:15.  
A bony wrist, you adjust over the waters touch covering  
all pink with your scalloped glow that time & the line  
as simple as an Adam or pattern of your sentiment.  
Reactions turn like pagan cookies onto you while a  
gesture or a motion or a final blow-through, the way  
it unevens, squared (almost) off to your dual obligations.  
One transient language makes you talk. A hopeful crust moves  
over and my wrist: a flinch as your eyes in a smooth line  
of fire stop like frosted windows and a jar open/or the lid  
on at rest between us. A moment, while an eager distance is  
the nearest creation I know.

Pins folded bare across tiny openings wait motionless  
& the sun twinning oldest fantasies like giant panthers  
bouncing even-pace across the egg white or the horizon  
& your head misses the song but listening comes out &  
shove to feel the cryings & the mock attacks. I wait  
for the beat & the near-not-doing-it of waking, too.  
The clock and the cool water like a closed eyelid or  
reflection of an eyelash on sliding glass & the black-  
ness defining the whiteness a way to get across or fall  
down under. More pressing as a movie screen with the  
comfort & watch the top sinks to the sides of its bottom  
& sigh toned down & slight movements of a silent breath.  
Ins hold like airy moss like aster seed as I paint coziness  
with the one grin I seep cold hysteria from the night.  
After-seeing is dormant chatter & outlets from the stream  
of faces. You like to lay tight or the sizes thread on;  
jutting covers & tumbling across what used to be the  
inside now depth is left to out & answering being nothing  
reason becomes my lips becomes pieces breaking from stead-  
fast like cream and thick coffee pales.



Safely and somehow lettered like a face that refuses or you know that I can't show it the way a tiny redness makes some food edible & a cold concrete & broken stethoscope for coolness in shadow and for dying flowers in the summertime. You lead off like a long line going away & points in the distance where simplicity as an ideal, concealed, because we remember because tunnelling mumbles in our ears and scares a freeness into us. Sticky, a pace we fix, that stance the way you stand two feet planted gingeriness & assured for the distance or your radar questions home-in make uneasy the tentative yellowed walls. The door is repositioned. Air begins to plow outside as brightness comes into focus & still & in the room a gray mostly loudness of recognition. Movement means a place to move from: a heavy gray that won't erase. A thick line that won't erase. Scooping through and sifting the things we never dropped only thought we dropped like a broken alarm that never goes off. A blue flame from fuchsia petals, I squat below the tracks where an arm then a leg then a head make a swaying-- and here, non-stop pockets. A distinction isn't easy to unmake. Only a few years when bitterness is a tiny room that we hold in the palms of our hands and thanks for its obvious boundaries. On a plaster wall a sudden rule forces wooden cracks like movement three four in morning or a dirge; curved lines are going away too. The aperture of it when I try to adjust.

A gradual collision & you are back against the stone  
your weight, a central pillar turn any radiations  
point them back at you or tension, the point where  
a voice attacks from--force which is the taut way  
you've been. We can't be tight like the animals.  
A complex clause when the morning and a hungover  
punctuation jumbled like a past tense. Two poached  
eggs one piece of toast a box of crayons seven  
digit number we talk like the cars that aren't  
really our feet and the distance that isn't our  
voices. We turn down offers when good posture  
prolongs the songs into a lower register where  
pleasure another context. People are a quiet piece  
of cake. A murmur drowns off her like hooded austerity  
dust lines as the highlight when it plays off her  
fingers & tap & relief like a sheet of your smile  
that isn't a fake. Tuesday and the only dance goes  
triple-time to August like every minute. Intricate  
silence and we're not monkeys just sneaking out with  
bells on.



An undertone where there is nothing about you that  
I can remember in here or an opaque red that turns  
a more visible side like a sandwich my hand goes out  
of focus with the sound repeating inside my head beating  
a knock-out. The frozen face as I think it would be best  
for us. The look on your face when I say I think it's  
best. I want to go outside where cold is a surface when  
the harmony is numb and the street, a long story, you  
are looking past me, the last ability is nakedness. It  
isn't unreal or exaggerate or what we feel is nothing.  
As if we would sit here, a table and glass so we feel  
so my legs move like waiting for another place to go.  
No ground-hugging, but memories, an almost-blue period,  
in the intersection of height my eyes become small &  
relationships plunge down as quick as the subway taking  
my position with you. You continue a steady size. It's  
visually exciting sensitivity vitality form what  
it means its content and me a beetle in a precious  
lying back in a shell.

After a dirty glass a chance as secret as my swollen  
voice this morning is soft footsteps prints & tiptoes  
across my back. I can bet I'd feel it though not in  
Paris this street of homeless cats and a system where  
you've got charm, so on. Want to do it again it looks  
good now bad before. I can't believe I took you like  
a sunspot between openings of my eyes and a statement  
hidden by a question mark or a rise in pitch just before  
the end. We are staring at the ground between our big  
knees & distort & travel with a word along a curve.  
A sharp drop as your body sinks below the steady line  
that is the supporting edge.



The eastern entrance walk way to the prince part of a strapping wooden chair winks and he sits like big time like what a fine way to get payed off. A feast term when darkness enters like a pinhole and a thin smooth surface elevates or the texture next picture and the conversation ends hours ago. A large gesture floats across the head and the hands want to smooth away but close my eyes and flip through pages an open book of words you have said & heard ones that I have too. We sit like feet that are flattened to the floor and arms knitted close to the sides: I widen torso and draw out single leaves and staring eyes close where the dark patches moments ago were flashing unnatural neon yellow. We think it's like having fun. And once a foot slipped from the stair brought its body down like now we call an action when repeating itself as a scarlet cape or mine takes more time.

## Gray At The Edge

There's a point where we taste the spices in even spaces and serene is our excitement and emotions like a Latin phrase and an empty glass floats on top of the fountain whenever I can make it up this time I put myself in any slot I choose and let the pavement pass my feet and put my face under my mouth around some kind of food & chew. A paper bag and something missing inside and breaths of air with tenderness, a finer level. I want to go out but I can't find my keys.



## Nothing Like A Cornerstone

We finish eating lay back smoke and talk about quitting.  
A pattern when the floor becomes the negative space and  
brown while the sky outside is so blue it is orange. This  
peaceful feeling that begins and ends with a song sounds  
with the shaking hands and the shaking voice and the stead-  
iness in the hotel bliss where we drop off with a graceful  
motion & finish up in overtime say I blew it and count  
down half-way into all or nothing like watching you become  
silent want to be alone and the sound of this room is a  
burnt out light as it flickered a week ago with my feet  
in the sand and your face is two times larger on the edge  
of the opposite shore. My friends are wearing scarves  
watching while I retrace and these two ways are squeezing me  
to thinness. Across the alley where people are smiling and  
her voice reaches just in time as his fingers brush the piano  
keys the window and the outside defined as a midnight blue  
with a network of encounters that break like waves. I want to  
wake up and I want to have a salt feeling and be sticky taking  
a deep breath up from where I almost drowned.

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*The Light American*

*Diane Ward*

**The Light American**

**Diane Ward**

**JAWBONE**



*for Doug Lang*

For liquor pin pricks homo sonic looks. He wrenches for  
nothing comrad normal. Along, windows. Company time  
12 people fit drum conversation projector. When  
they're closed I'm for them. Two dance for me waist up  
left pinkless muster what's left for a final Green  
Illumination hide out for the light to change faces. Him,  
a little round one. Him, a gross neck similar ringing before  
an M. Run wrong kept shrill favorite balance filmy icon  
loose from his neck tuning them faster. Length is two  
inches of two legs determine as you do comfort changes  
lost during the turn fermented decible counts stop  
forever. You do the cell by the bar. You do the appeal  
by the constant. I contact reflex: tiny yellow spot of your  
finger in space. You redo the doorjam. This means you  
take the pins out of the hinges and lift the door out of  
place unscrew the hinges plane down the inside edges of  
the doorjam making curly wood shavings and use a  
sanding block smooth off what's left. What's left is a  
bigger opening. Fact you feel cold & 2 inch marks around  
you always fame for the way you talk pieced to form the  
process think. It's right next to around you & it. Your  
finger on the impulse mind in a hush. There's no motion  
in the nerves. Collected the way we do seashells rested up  
in the morning waking in the night reverse exercise going  
to sleep. A sudden wall determines our speed. Light play  
brightness & dark. All grey. For simplicity. We eat, work,  
shit, make love, read, argue, practice for entertainment.  
this's about the same eye level. Leaves about to feet  
about to luck about to company about to rationalize  
about to further about to catch about to feel about to



direct about to past about to nude about to fall about to  
turn about to sharp about to wake about to mistakes  
about to cushion about to match about to soak about to  
answer us another big one relation lotus one postcard size  
social comment the stuck immigration very big broad dark  
over at ends of halls or around corners sort of in social  
scenes leaning a powerful finger for you. Persuasion  
Lane of Clocks. Soon yesterday & lately. With moments  
puddles like black bottomless pits oozing laughter  
waiting. Rows of cars like furless beasts dark & empty  
waiting. The invisible network of doorways send codes  
of warning. Khaki night things blue diagram more normal  
where we're going folk bruise half between mystic &  
cliche come up x come up from the sixth row we can't  
see what you're doing. Eye me beyond the scratch mark  
able to or able to understand. Time to rub them out. Time  
considers what gets close & rubs them out. Remember the  
travel poster its presence not its contents remember the  
ocean—I wish you were in California—& the purpose  
forces guilt & the strength it forces. Victoria a corner  
bed in the corner. Venus in the east morning down all  
the time. More imagine the light than see it & you  
distracted & you. In the perfect heartbreak you choose to  
stand back & let it happen. Relief approaching 1987. Gum  
worded up. Touching taken imaginatively.  
Mathematically disprove the existence of love: the perfect  
place you're first to go/so bad why anybody loves anybody  
see. We're gassed off the dancefloor I sit down in two &  
it's nothing for long & the banks lost the money in the west  
investment & she has to say I keep coming back these are  
my arms my name's Jemma these are my arms she's my  
son she's no fun. Part of what she does in cigarettes more  
and more. Some kind evasive bullshit. King ultimatum.  
Son of restless clarity. We met them singular all reptilian  
brains fast relaying: nothing like edges like eggs no saying  
no now warm colors fibers release my elbow from my arm.  
Correction supers bust the plastic dough of the English  
officer & one hollowed razor blade one scratch escape one  
blown tooth pick one lozenge one Juke one habit one wall

one joke one Chrysler one tip off one luck one right fuel  
one lot one ambiance one working one nailed one  
capacity one urgent regression. Left 14.95 right  
enormous arms reach out to consume or you feel the desire  
to be. The attractions are depth humor pain & loss of  
manipulation the power to pull you from security the  
creator of desire. 805 G. Street The Watch Clinic G.  
Street Remnants 807 G. Street Pursells. Gin, sour mix,  
cherry liquor, orange slices, a cherry, a straw. Routinely  
obsessive manic depressive. Figure one is working. Flesh  
and copper wooden cooking utensil second impulse. Trigger  
two reactions: silent movies. Dark person from a dark place  
in movement density on the stairs refraction on the landing  
emotion evacuation. Play once every time the touch crosses  
your mind. Places full with inertia excitement so quiet  
sex on the shore. Erect lines of bodies seated backs epoxied  
to the chairs & occasional moves from one of the ones  
wearing furry white boots & a sixties style lime green  
polka dot mini skirt. Isolated movement like reaction to  
another movement real outside. You're the movement &  
the tune 'blue moon' is the single sound you hear. Myrrh.  
Johnson's baby exhaust relish saccharin MSG sewer  
systems decay. I dreamed the countries do. Please confuse  
us more, keep us interested we're creative please tell us  
you don't and then do. Be attractive as in dog mad at as  
tall. Be volumes of *History* world of solitary. Be  
re-dedicated for invention strong blossoms. Be agitations  
called remember S in Morse Code called ordinary persistent  
Be remember though slightly though dry though Nothing  
though seven though silence. Be cardboard as in leather  
woman as old times as nine as dressed waxed as inward  
tremor theatre as Duke of Burgandy Belgium Alcatraz.  
Be Grandmother of Calder, Soldiers of Platinum, Force  
of Crazy Horse, Shell & Bone of Lovers, Filth of Silvery-  
white, Bug of Passion, Doctor of Mine, Sky Blue of Sleep.  
Be action called nineteenth called gay called I care? called  
"Wham!" called Chinese wisteria called slightest called  
roots called nine of hearts called over again called  
pleasure lights called crumb & great ass called nine of hearts



to queen of hearts called do once called half backing &  
half personal & half hearted called brother placid called  
figures of Venus called orange-brown carbide in the  
Mandarin Mountains. Be ordinary though on though  
neutral though perfect moments though sleeps seated though  
kind passion of laughing thought the system's sobbing.  
Chapter bleed out. I'm the confiscated tactile agent of  
reductive aesthetics. I don't want you but you're the first  
wanted. I've talked & acted & felt stupid & lonely & nice.  
Out with nerves. The main brain shut down nerve. Poised  
animal tension chimp entities. You & the value of  
sensation. Your coarse concave soft sweaty service. Cover  
over mistakes. Takes place same moment. Voice  
underneath the place confines us walks us dogways to your  
kitchen & suction we swallow sit down lure you with us.  
It's only real because it knows it's angry. Plastic sealed  
photograph in your room apartment full length mirror  
hanging behind you out of sight your chin below the  
camera's eye level makes enigma a television antenna cuts  
the remaining space diagonally you're a blur your features  
depressed red blossoms from your right ear to the back  
of your head shirt in shadow black doorways indefinite  
background punk plots the women's movement  
depersonalization satire of emotion elimination of guilt &  
you're surrounded by objects you're all set cigarette at  
60 degree angle in your right hand ladder back chair box  
of salt little girl & umbrella marlboro pack empty candle  
art pitcher of ice water bowl of mulligatawny stew you're  
posed to left center candle burning to right you're  
overcome by texture & shiny fuses hands are claws dark  
& falling downward & in the middle you're laughing art  
being more academic than writing in the sense of cloudy.  
Can this really be the end no one's ever going very far away  
from where you are. German guzzles without. Russian in.  
Corporation in the streets leaflet pinups big ideas & fast  
bucks hard knocks constellation identification.  
Casseopeia Ursa Major Orion Ursa Minor 'The Dog Star'  
The Twins. The color aurora the sound disaccord. Dust  
between your teeth. Dust delicately seasons your organic

intake. Microscopic particles of dust attract me to several similar & unrelated people. Chest to avoid the eyes maybe a little of the mouth. Intrinsic limits to peripheral vision & bottomless jerked motion implications to every word. Courtesy cards in every pocket. Locked mahogany wardrobes. Empty coke bottles side by side never touch form a line that winds out of sight. The taste's the same & Empty coke bottles side by side never touch form a line that winds out of sight. The taste's the same & what goes what goes in limited and packages are packages contents and got involved money and unwrapping and stacked sounds of symbols and unwrapping insect conversations and idioms and meat and meat and issues and what goes in eliminated and sound obsolete a communicator and way back first eye contact and what was called nostalgia and constant non-movement feet compacted into motion as if through a garden from the ground vibrations from the rails couples. Dogs are eating salad of alfalfa sprouts romaine lettuce scallions avocado mushrooms & cherry tomatoes celluloid cameos hang from their necks. The next generation may have asbestos lungs a survival technique of dna mutation & self sufficient portable uteri to free the female during pregnancy & Chinese consistency & a liberal pretensity. It's easy to tell your friends they're all ears & enjoy touch. Lush dialogue & the sound of tongues licking. I'll be here. About to tunnel. My feet are so far from my head & then you get so close to me & your oppression is sewer like mine just saying yes. Remains alabaster remains tiger smile. Rusty agile aggressive. You breathe like smoking like taking something & holding it. Rusty agile aggressive. You breathe like smoking like taking in something & holding it. Now you're surrounded by figures standing upright & they're symbols & they're your friends & they're what you want & don't want. The rights are to dream about what you'd do with all that money that kind & there're white boxes filled with glazed doughnuts stacked sideways so the holes don't show & there're people all around you & they're nonprofessional friends. This time benign end of



friendship begin over. This time ludicrous turntables & revolving rhythms. The memory of her is the memory of her & grows distant & more likable & facts like feminism & stability & large stones of turquoise remain clear & equally important & she's the internal photograph of you & she's in the background & she's in the foreground. One practical dark gentle surplus singularity tin quality reflects recession also distance & open ended. Reflect personal historical fingers masks at night & alone music & musical language a willingness to disarrangements annotated happiness. At this point you say it was always to be left alone by choice being left alone. You spent those first three weeks in bed alone & the next decade recovering. You had a five year view from the window. You had history at your heels. Continuity now white overlays on blue brown & green tempest to shrew captain to ground crew overlap of thousands of voices to you. In my final position it takes just a dirty dish to trip me up, sweetheart. The night we sit together & overlook each other. The night we breathe air together. The night the turquoise jacket dwarfs the room & Southern Comfort recalls blue cold specialty of the night. I feel your hands somewhere on my body through the skin to the bone you're living by mistakes & perfumes our encounter was just at the wrong time your picture isn't of me laying on an elevated bed in the center of the room surrounded by printed wallpaper & patterned carpet & incredibly illuminated by the sunlight through the common sheer curtain. Continued flying alone on shore waiting for the pen signal neglected signal stars. So many broke up for this & quick. And the room fills with people encased by invisible flowing atmospheres dulls movement words are one by one instantly recorded & forgotten like all relationships there're no more relationships. We play with the gun & the soft darts & the dog & the chair while the rest are busy & active & going on & on foot & on hand & industrious. Whites overlay greens in the whole motion

of rectangle untied funnels now dark San Francisco every  
year until still life suppresses radicals converge touching my  
shirt near my breast with less intention than motion &  
still living.



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Theory  
of  
Emotion

Diane Ward

L.S.



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Theory  
of  
Emotion

Diane Ward

Segue / O Press  
1979



*for Bernard Welt*

In the heat of something mid-afternoon additions write up ultra bamboo elements. Move. I'm just now unemployed see Emotion Value is balanced Shakespeare under glass of red rose tea hominy method. Instead of particles, additions. Collect Colette edit. If this helps Mary Shelley, bride of Frankenstein. Twenty-five years with Gertrude Stein. Temperamental is colorful. Lookout cost is low. One certain person depending or no certain person depending. Loose ends ending. Working desire methodical desire desire to the end.

On a scale of one rear futility flank goes to bounce the intruder. Arena lessons on how to fix toast for one wash one dish—open to thousands. Saturday night prospect of sleeping alone every night unless a big effort is made not to the threat of losing the ability to make that effort. Heaven through funnels long anima project. You're not shy I'm shy you're not short I'm short you're not different I'm different you're a great relationship you're into housing you're a blank I'm a mess you're eventful you're not about to I'm about to you're several. Gigantic and inarticulate and violent. Tomorrow you like. You agree I'm going to pin something on you you agree.

Tomorrow gets familiar soon. Andy Warhol uses Marilyn Monroe's lips to illustrate mob rule. Loneliness is cumulative. Surplus desolation increases desire to the point of surplus desire one you can stare into for hours.



two hands per person here & enlightened by indirection grapple hooks near workable levers under indulging toast & bread water & ice salad & lettuce transform a color to red transform a color to black containing red under the counter & foot Doppler engineer to machine one moving one moving two moving & perception alters constantly mostly sound signifying others in near places & something to disregard here conversation congratulations under clear for the moment as a person would rise walk toward that sound pass other persons pick out distinct voices without allowing meanings of words or lines of conversations no jokes no arguments but clarified origins & clarified sources & bodies coincide with bodies & chairs & liquid coincides with glasses & hands & voices coincide with people & personalities are under maintained pounded means now only pound containing no passion or pointedness or distinction other than action whack batter but to recognize would be to prompt to the red that was out of the color reassures over done under reassurance repetition flourishes as a room full of mirrors is unnecessary if there's still only one object. Loathe doesn't mean, displease is out, bathe in only is to bathe & terminate luckily & achieve repositions & suggest counterpartly & abandon terminations & rely on & reproduce.

He mingles with them smirks with them grins with them  
disdains them tarnishes them merges them  
brightens for them agrees for them dampens for them  
keeps nothing in them has nothing in them pats nothing in them  
taps on them quickly cues them quickly thrives on them quickly  
encourages before them despises before them alienates before them  
grows to them releases to them saves to them  
forecasts along with them foreshadows along with them caresses along with them  
bounds up to them finishes up to them doubles up to them



She stops by to mix and pet spoils automatics spoils any hesitant movement and washing comes with gluing comes with systems and not facts and to be involved means nothing our out patient affair is out. Locked in belly-laugh. No details there or not pollutes not there or there she moves and awkward as a plunge to submission hard up for possessions she touches if it's alive insinuations after all of you inspires a silent burst she licks detester of horror disgust wins again rescues so that she gets out of here arousing this place engulfing this place she strokes her movements are amplified or destroyed or repeated she repeats.

by the window you're changing you're giggling. Crash logs aren't fun any more & fathom what does that mean today you embraced infected and hated and mourned represented by the hold you can't remember awesome tiny movements of your hand cherish got wiped out a long time ago but losing is still a big thing. Nourishment is making you preoccupied meaning you can't eat enough and clinging to something is scary and holding hard to something slaps you when you sleep and clothes are shrinking you're not growing and that's shocked you letting go of being 'different' by next year, paint dries on the walls rooms are full of people then empty you're electrified and then repelled and trying to know everything you stop and crave and run away.



As vague vapors emotionalize as jupiter vaporizes the 14th move is wrong and now the first move is wrong the only thing that matters: experimental multiplication. It's the fear of moving from one place to another from here to across the room soon your face gets placed with the others and you don't miss it like the others and you don't seem extreme or finalities took off my socks and the feet weren't stone and time is multiplied by activity and sulphur is on the end of matches but really all there is to a match. A cross-out of your sensations. Defense of you when you needed defending replaced will directions. On time perplexed and vexed. For once one word. Either reasoning or formations or visual upsets or underneath correlations or tested accidents or leveled room infiltration or junky divination or elevated information or tacked around or duck sound or duck activity or real sensations. These things that I thought I wanted I still think I wanted once. Alterations are finished around the hips with the legs there will be a problem with the lower calves we're still undecided. My intentions are referred back to the 14th move which was wrong and now the first move is wrong.

Lakeside

cake you thought you'd give me something to think about.

Busted

destiny the fifth thing you gave me blew the first four and then the first move the one in which I accepted the new attitude was wrong.

Motown

wheat crackers after arranging to be complete after the opposite got inevitable.

Alluding

antipasta and a demonstration of where the attachments are made. Anchored interjections fear: the form of sculpture is earthquakes and mountain identity and lame race horses and 20 year veterans of the CIA. You interrogate every level subtracting the threat of dependent search for sympathy (reversed estrangement). Make the enemy attack when the enemy's at its most ineffectual before it knows

it should be the enemy. Against a reasonable anti-logic weaponry. Work, I get two dimensional. Is this artificial fruit. I've set it at my time. Your breath is like the summer blacktop your act is a small puddle of cool water your words get crammed into an eighth of the middle octave your hands are so still I want to touch them to make sure. There's no detail only some giant garden of delights in which there's this faceless bag of goodies lit from the back and all the *good* is preceded by *bad* or chronology has nothing to do with selective memory the memory that tends to block out positives and emphasize negatives rules out any need for closeness. An important fantasy is confusing this scene. Sometimes two fingers would be enough for some things. A long life would probably end unhealthy, plans will be ruined, the aggressive hero indecisive, the lover clumsy. We're concentrating on direction which is the thing that counts that gentle Vermeer take in which there's only one light source one central figure and one activity that repeats itself slowly and gracefully and unconsciously. Gentlemen, we've all mispronounced your names.

Darling, visual acoustics visual acoustics

Darling, my brain chooses the most usual or logical or usual

Darling, we're discreet but sequential I'm the sound of anything discreet  
but sequential

Darling, a double X the center line and then the outline X the center line  
X the outline

Darling, hydrogen associated with the sun the source and all the limitations  
death sexuality and work

Darling, we perform which is part of the process: the basis of representation



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