

\$3.00

Burning Deck

71 Elmgrove, Providence, RI 02906

ERAT

For Mendel

Also by The Author

First Edition 1902
Revised Edition 1904

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"What Ought the Worker to Expect?" and "The Worker's

The Worker is to be expected to be a good
The Worker's Education for the 21st Century
The Worker's Education

Between 1902 and 1904 the author of "The Worker's
The Worker's Education" was a member of the

THE WORKER'S EDUCATION

Also by Tom Mandel:

EncY, Tuumba Press, 1978

Ready to Go, Ithaca House, 1981

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ERAT

Tom Mandel

Burning Deck Providence



ERAT

Tom Mandel

1980-1981

1981-1982

1982-1983

1983-1984

1984-1985

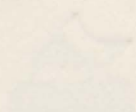
1985-1986

1986-1987

1987-1988

1988-1989

1989-1990



1990-1991

To E. F.

Work Outside the Window

Work Outside the Window

A city stores all necessary gestures.

His hands come off an agitated surface.

They don't ask anymore, but fill the baskets.

He wishes to say 'I think in ideas', but instead maintains his glance on the window sill. Instead, he speaks them.

The vehicle posed the cloud it transported. His anxiety beats all deadlines expressed in a friend's outrageous characterization of his motives.

In your dreams. Slow revolving pebbles.

Tiny, relaxed professors form parties of opinion. They lean in on each other, and night falls into their streets, collapsing their careers.

The work of your letters is visible, tentative, a double light bagged up into drinks. Mind moves in sentiment, like a drunk drummer.

Moving to the continent, your survey of its schools resulted in no conclusive choice, provoking only an eventful meditation.

I think I just missed her offer of friendship, after the wait for it we endured together. Now I want to have lunch with her, imagine shaking her: "I thought we decided", I hear myself saying. You are yourself a form of lapsed twitching, gloomy backyard conversation. Someone approaches me, carrying a clever pretence, sentences making pretence to talk to each other. A duck milks the summer dusk for effect. Something precious gave a start in my judgments, and I gave it to you.

He offers as principle the suspicion shared with a dog that sniffs some new shit and trots away. It is not his, and he has not fucked with any of its friends.

He spills the ink, devising the arch of a smile, leading the way for miles.

Although these years afforded him exactly what his quest of education required, he decides to pass over

them in silence. Everything he thinks comes back in a fashion of toys. The light you stand in belongs to a galaxy of jars; it does not move in the street.

How little need there is for all this. Is there any need for this at all? How little need is there for this? Is this a vain assemblage of asinine voices, pointless and possibly even harmful to what health of spirit may remain in this? Perhaps this is just one more contestant for a spotlight which has long since ceased illumination. Perhaps this is just a 20th century American formula for success. Can this be nothing more than a device to determine sentiment, disguised by its accompanying insistence that the individual will insert this, this persistence, into history? Perhaps, though, this is not so. What is this?

Where there is no idea, he buttons one on. Unlike your memory, an avenue — originally mounded — flattens under years of traffic. What is work is to boot your scrutiny outside the window.

The agreement of his friends may render uncomfortable the time it extends toward him.

Childish arms surround memory briefly and to no effect. A sky angling away over the court is color, yours to carry the subject through it; to function, longingly, enforce its estate.

Searchlights scan their cords. An office you did jells in my fertile crescent vapors. Although your palm veered from it, she quoted its feeling. Amusing news. He

responded by seating himself where he would not see it, but the thought of her smarts in every thought.

His friends in power imagined him lost through them to the tune of a moral dictum which held him motionless in analysis of it, but not any change in them this maxim might suggest inevitable.

I have adopted this and made it my own. The checker's low tolerance for the customer's psychology.

Some days begin with the most intense disappointment, my mind honking for garage space. He knew at once that this would not feel good.

A market of wind and sky grips the red exchange, the unit. Inside the phone, the public calls. Her line hugs the trees, asleep in their public good, an outer noise arguing its case.

Pale, then flushed, then in retreat, up on your toes or leaning against the sink, you close your lips as if to open your ears.

A child contracts in the balloon above my head. Our friendship beats at our voices. One of them would choose to occupy a position of embarrassment as to success either in the family's or else in society's eyes.

Something constant between you, and therefore expected to color all your encounters, although unthought of when you aren't spending time together, has vanished and puzzles both of you to

imagine. He decides over the objection of his own example. After the first consonant, this word may be elided to the next starting with a vowel. Eyes and mouth open the vocal cords; his brow lifts to the ceiling in song. Your potent self vents a graph into the light of years.

Not even in a life advantaged by episodes does assessment rest. Your interpretation began in its technique, a comment not on perception but convention. He becomes the justness of a pace, bundles of sensation to increase with speech.

Gray noise constrains the tiny plunger you hold to my ear. Imputing breath to the soul, to order a defeated breath in our lungs, you push toward its side, face in the sun, a head with your photo in hand, the sum of appearance, and slide into focus.

All your commands are there, awaiting history. And you carry them out — words intended by motion all along. For a desk you choose a tooth, sitting down to work at this object fresh from your mouth. Practice keeps your ideas in a state of good repair.

The telephone rings in my bed then pauses. The rendering seems exact, not much of an object. I began to reread his autobiography, spending an hour with it daily, before breakfast.

He telephones me from a markedly weak position. The exercise of his intelligence marks out a moral dead end. You leave the foreign capital, repeating its secret name.

Friends interpret his confidence as laziness, or the reverse, a consequence of his clear construction. He rolls the rubber painting into the shape of a tire. Your aim does not exhaust it, or even matter.

Trust coalesces into trust. Love is exchanged for love. Moving their minds by the motion of their bodies, productivity poses the object of our thought.

A tremendous anxiety rips the perfect mind in two, across its absorptive center.

Through your stimulation and encouragement, on the other hand, you have influenced me, and you have made yourself into an image of me.

He glances down at his hands, what they kiss goodbye and what for. The market opens a fact of the first importance, a secret distribution, or not obscure but neurasthenic. Because they like him, he still grips the signal submission. A sign comes off on the attitude of the hand that gives it, doing away with its most productive nouns.

Air, virgin soil, natural meadows, and so forth are all proportions and stand on their digits. A simple lens buries the heavens in the bottom of the glove compartment, a rebuttal of all rules of operation.

We compose in a mirror to this mode of production.

The solid, transparent hour you spend accusing my feelings is not wasted on me, for during that hour I imagine myself in passage on an English railway

carriage. As you enter and ask to see my ticket, I imprint a physical card within my laugh — ceding you a maximum regard for the qualms of noveled intellectuals — and onto your person, or its flight from any judgment as to person. Lacking a love you thought knowingly to reject, you well become the frankest drag.

Children extend batteries toward destruction on wheels, outstripping any share of power these amateurish tools retain. Even a discarded pencil remains spotless, instrumental, a future sound distracting your inactive mind.

Its hue has no direction, but arrives both in and from his face.

She reverses her gaze to fix some horizon of light, installing an object in the plane of her attention.

I complain of my ability to think unceasing names. Slow down the water colors; choose some other route to the station — no fear attaches to your nervous collapse. When next we meet, it will be to agree on this.

2011

Wet wipe out rust dry over oily flame
Bend again to thing time type and oxide hall of
Chinks ending with a little music
A useful mind steeled toward decoration
Theatre circles stars
Red binding shelf of weeks
Whose maudlin engine stops the gypsy capitol
Foot in grave in mouth
Words press up inside the sheepish face
Lowered blue roofs approximation
Hidden holds of argument and the year
The hand I know yet you wears the tie
Ink lines in a pair of lips

Bays willed of action grease report
The sweet pace lower limit to see
Certain kind unintelligence answering
That terrain goes by called in
An absent stance of burden acts their echoed names
Mutters don't want disturbing the breast
Cool palm shakes neck of
Dawns stacked back in the projector
White up fender well blisters hysteric
The vapid anapests
Stands there shadow stones in water
Narrow gnostic turns
Lowers a tic into his will
Teeth turn on kiln hands that wheel the waste
Optical gripper stagnate in this guise
Distant appreciative continent of current novelists
So did were got flirt
Our walking places keys in their hills
Machine serrations disturb hems and thumbs
Year's sense of what performance
The bright pinhead warbles words and banks
Sense of butt in door or ordered hulking
Sane permission ink and image
A bay of pastel plasma forms
Willed actions in this ear
A tower disassembles for her hands
All do and would really rather can
Ineligible words letter the center the life led here
Demanding midyear mirror
The sky weights on the dirty turf
Loss words mutter flatters upper stops
The hilly contusions & mates their cluttered table
Out there message in these

Slow afternoon levers exact gaseous stares
Diving gray arithmetic falters
In our country metal ducks fight back
As arrived in train to meet the plane
Hard muff bright inverted sky
Radioed equivocation disappears
Clouds prepared once in a lifetime spheres lie down
Mean she remains
Midnight that fled to the tables
Got on pads of meaning blitz lifts
Essay feathers cirrus
Memory back through war to birth
Ball bearing dream fragments the still pan of cones
Rattle static evening appetites
Marry to procedure those absent wills
Does western rhythm still exist
Reparations pages move through this
Left every night phrases contusions of youth
Assent stanzas
That does the pure white bag
Calls point lit left old vary
Her second may pronounces robber george
Documents of the Dacian rise
Or cluster class ending coeval
Tempt at of phase
Yearly stippled hits long notebook backs will go
But cannot push it away from face
As seems close I catch
None dare call it language
Hauling moon of grimmest stitches up
No spacious antique passage or feudalism
Want the mark again that without
Edges frayed onto the green bag

Sill sits a literal holder
Walking the words to their places
He combs his visible hair
Curious cold side of the phone
Specifically and that one sees it
Stops recorded them from the bottom
And knowing how to think becomes afraid to
Of what period travels this one
Visits flex a mosaic
After what he did he stayed in thought of it
Lamp sheds shade
She writes a thin strip of recipe ingredients in verse
Blooms burst on jacket
A left & right hand paging knuckles cigarette
Sit back on the back of this chair and collect you
Chords of motion rest and the rest
Dim then unfindable startling warrior glyphs
Magnetic charge to warded-off excess orbs
Vatic static rusts button sounds
Throbbing the crowd gaps enough to notice
Disguised gray dyes
A simple interior contented laboratory
Kicking bluntly engulfs construction
These venues gently mounded of their man
Sprightly still speech of a failed liveliness
High tide low wind caramba song
Vagary pockets displace
Stammering dream fragments of strike start
Aloha headache
Unsolicited usual sky or salient
Pleasant face distracted by tears in phone
The sending glasses double the light what's there
Motionless birds work the air

Long brown cuffs of the second hand
Trumpet what she really wants to do
Smart manning of his holes
Tires crush a.m. jewels
You just laughed about it there
What found added object
Mills climbed the forested gorge till day
Expert criminals throng the sign-out tables
Home with its halls
Mind strays to what's doing
Alter all the singing traces

There is a great deal of
interest in the world
about the new
book which is
being published
by the
author of the
first volume
of the series.
The book is
very well
written and
contains a
great deal of
interesting
information.
It is a
very good
book and
is well
worth
reading.
The author
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and it is
very
interesting.

Blurred

Blind

His son. On the boulder fakes. Opened in disguise
then flung directly at the point. For information, a
banquet dinner would shoulder the hod he couldn't.
No drawing of Nike. Often, they expressed sympathy
for relatives. What lasting figure of river freeway is
pink through matchstick slits accompanied by rumble
of speech from driver's window? Many Manets lie. He
lured the offending children, stripped them of their
firecrackers, then threw them one by one from the
second-story window. Locate planes in opposite arms.
I recognize the wall then dwindle. A throw covers the
knees of his friend, wrinkling as she speaks her lines.
Your smile adorns gold fillings back in the left row

of top teeth. The new mural pictures a Native American chief, draped in a flaming flag, rising from the head of Martin Luther King. I must be dreaming. Fireworks macht frei. Thumb arced out, rest of hand in pocket. Fred is the name of the dog that isn't listening. The breast company. Faces above machines contact hands below, and a seam moves towards the observer in tiny repeated jumps. Just paint the effect of that bookcase red, its exterior. Count the plates; pay the bill in cash. Mallarmé smoked a number of cigars each day. Food too new for two to like, two knew to like. The backbone of Europe gawks at an elevator. Feet are smooth; hands are rough. Photographic film of thirty years ago did not resolve the printing on that page. Ah, new muscles. In Poland, beer is cheap, plentiful and of excellent quality. He flexes to contact one finger per rib groove, feet on same as always. La Mammelle, Inc. Much hotter on the East side of the tunnel. Memories of wrong turns done by three friends prove depressing to my younger daughter. This restaurant has a name with no sound. I heard someone call out, "tinieff." Nora Joyce owns part. They moon. Participants distribute batches, sing, and saw sticks. You are a large thigh, prettily blotched. Renew a friendship through correspondence. An acquaintance called a friend with news of the Marquis's birthday. I know what, and I will tell him. He is a fool to cry; he makes me wonder why. Brown, gimpy and hatless, he bangs a blue house gate. Memory of foam. Sturdy curves. Memory of foam, of spittle at corner of a mouth. What kills my plants? For reassurance, sonic pills of Haydn. His idea is to impose a poorly-repaired car on your powers of judgement. 'Do you miss me,' asks my postcard. He sits on

the European Advisory Board of EST. My philosophy is clear the desk. That's the phone. His is something imposed on him by progression. Sense out lifeless conviction of thunder. The detached dog is scarce. That one has no fingerprints. Angrily, the blind man pushes out the door. The sun comes out on the typed version. He lives in a black neighborhood, in a white room. Please cooperate with the fount of commands. Pound and turn, and pound and turn. In center frame, the cable car rotates on its plate. The indicated member steps off the car with his right foot, left hand metering the transfer of weight by varying its grip on a chrome bar. Between sentences I look up and state what I know about our personal life. His head is wrapped in white bandages. Or down. Mabuse is a great painter. *Crowds & Power*, by Elias Canetti. The wall the exact height of her coccyx. He is a slight man with large hands. Schlock of recognition. Beloved husband and father. Visiting the town on leave from the army, Cantor Fink was called aside by the Rabbi's brother-in-law: "I have a shidach for you." She glances left, while her right arm reaches toward its own shoulder and easily removes his hand. The old father was a terror in the dance. Deckled edge of spittle mouth? Flower museum of man. What substitution enforces. The survivors won't change it now. I take Laguna Honda. An addition, a secret discipline, a given signal, an extent, that it and then bites your arm. Seven red boards on my roof. Occasion of pop. More light through the same clouds. Gracchi. Five leaves make every blossom all along. He begins to rummage through a drawer, then removes his hand enclosing a narrow key. What are those five crimson spots on your brow? His wobbly

walk completely unexplored. We are here with our friends and families. She nestled closer by his side, and vowed, we never will, and sighed. He grasped her hand. It seemed to thrill. He whispered, no we never will, and thought in rapture's mad extreme to hold her though it prove a dream. And instant as that thought begun her presence seemed his love to shun. And deaf to all he had to say, quick turned her tender face away. When her waist he strove to clasp, she shrunk like water from his grasp. Onramps leak the climatic limits. Eye the thrusting share of busses from your seat. Road-side coffers. Lights of meats. Eight pens poke a mustard jar. Transitive verbs of growth and history. Her arms, blunt and immediate here, there essential. Extensions proliferate without much design. Senile collaborators urge their moments of opportunity. He weighs what he thinks. He speaks without shame, to make known the truth and clear away error. I prefer my jealousy baseless. Crannies shaped to receive glasses, keys, and tools. The suckers on the beach. Mask three mustard window frames. Many of them stamp out a standard evening on the floor. He makes me nervous. At dusk a back road veers right into the house, dismaying driver and diner alike. Anti-clerical battalions. A stupid plan, despite, or until, its success. Man on back of speeding Ferrari. A friend whose finger is the size of a sampler rings my bell. It stumps him. West of the tunnel, the sky is gray; there is a light drizzle to contend with. Time seems to swell right here. When in doubt, recommend. Abbreviations can be so said: eg, eg. Well-disposed voices harm the lancers' amour-propre. Grind of gears of bus. Express this minor chase within a frame of dreams. You wake me on my side of bowls. The good don't

fight, they goad. Some people believe the crowd of dead depends on them. Don't jar his tangle of acquaintanceships. Ice melted in a drink before my eyes. The morning after a party she sits straight up in bed with an armful of dirty dishes. That was a big one. Temperatures rise, goose bumps fall. Tempers flare, hackles rise, ears flip back: skull full of monkey food. Half-hearted artificer's attempt strips supple gut of meaning in favor of heavenly inner ear. Exact change. The word turds. Bookstores made her piss. I discovered Lawrence in Europe. So thoroughly does her face project toward me that I become what it sees. I knew a house where chocolate covered all. Voice hovers near motor's middle A. Park and run. Smiles plunge toward their ears. Rock and talk. A drunk moves like a linebacker in the park. Eyes process info toward an ideal center page.

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