



HILLS 5

HILLS 5

JK
10v

HILLS 5

Rae Armantrout	5
Ted Greenwald	11
Clark Coolidge	30
Carla Harryman	34
Sandra Braman	38
Barrett Watten	40
Charles Bernstein	44
Alan Bernheimer	47
Loris Essary	54
Steve Benson	55
Bruce Andrews	66
Geoffrey Young	74
John Mason	76
Ray DiPalma	77
David Benedetti	79
Lyn Hejinian	80
Michael Palmer	84
Bob Perelman	87
Kit Robinson	95
Peter Seaton	98
David Bromige	106
Tom Mandel	119

Cover by Jon Winet : Center Ice, Cow Palace
Edited by Bob Perelman, 1220 Folsom, SF, CA 94103
Funded by grant from CCLM
July, 1978

Copyright © HILLS 1978.

UNIVERSE

Ultimately - fabricates.
Rotate a little, big baby.
“matter, left alone.” Of course !
This way, it is thought,
a little faster and so on.
Tending to tend. Indeed
appear.
O main sequence

ONE

Trees that
"follow one another"

uphill, starting with the writer.
Starting now
the moments.

Faces are identical except :

one at a time.
SAD LOCAL FACTS!

(the Spirit. Feeling
head in hands.

Defined
by position.

And if we stand where we stood
yesterday, saying PLEASE?

TEXTRON

"defends the freedom of...

"What if there were just one kind?"

But blue, green, yellow, red
nylon harem-pajamas?

choice only!

You "pioneers"
have come to a strange pass

XENOPHOBIA

1

"must represent the governess
for, of course, the creature itself
could not inspire such terror."

staring at me fixedly, no
trace of recognition.

"when the window opened of its own accord.
In the big walnut tree
were six or seven wolves...

strained attention. They were white."

(The fear of cloudy skies.)

like strangers! After five years

Misgiving. Misdoubt.

2

(The fear that one is dreaming.)

The moon was shining, suddenly
everything around me appeared
(The fear of)
unfamiliar.

Wild vista
inside or near the home.

(Dread of bearing a monster.)

If I failed to overlook
the torn cushions,

three teapots side by side,
strewn towels, socks, papers -

both foreign and stale

3

when I saw the frame was rotten,
crumbling away from the glass
in spots, in other places still
attached with huge globs of putty.

The doctor forced me to repeat the word.

Chimera. Cold feet.

scared and unreal looking at buildings.
The thin Victorians with scaly paint,
their flimsy backporches linked
by skeletal stairways

4

After five years
(The fear that you are not at home.)

I was sitting in the alcove where I never sit,
when I noticed a single eye,
crudely drawn in pencil,
in a corner near the floor.

The paint was blistering -
beneath it I saw white.

Sparrows settle on the sagging wires.

(Fear of sights not turned to words.)

Horrific. Grisly.
"Rumplestiltskin!"

Not *my* expression.

Not my net of veins
beneath thin skin.

(A morbid dread of throbbing.)

Of its own accord

Rae Armantrout

MORE

for Miani Johnson

Taking getting used to
Getting use to
what was (just)
the other day habit
Breeze blowing this
way which way
woke up me up
this morning I
was feeling not up
Dreams (now) make up
much part of early
(strange language)
part of day Feet
move over on to thighs
Sun (heard) bird shape
fall through screen
down tree turn over
lie head down again
Want to get up get
out of (it) here fast
Cat (feed) Open screen
Walk out along (road)
day with blinded by
the light somehow
(sticks !) trapped in
inner (tube) ear Place
want to be Person
want to be with

Calibrate repetition
 City (first thing) to do
 take off traveling clothes
 Plane faking (it) plunges
 into water, no it didn't
 Rolling (wheel) along
 Entertain by pushing
 You like tomatoes
 these are the people
 who grow them Caps
 and (captions) faces
 Traces of light
 across the water
 leftover moonlight
 Bright same place
 Fever visions (inter-
 ruptions) complete
 by making rectangle
 Signals (criss) crossing
 sounds like steps
 inviting to climb
 Void (to) avoid A
 bushel clanging glow
 mood changing (forward)
 momentarily Confused
 by momentary temporary
 confusion Put on
 clear skin Feel

 pleasant equation nothing
 under (neath) Under
 closely worded wear

(and tear) Under
 water frailty Under-
 standing friend (the
 sense of) present Hinge
 turning on Innate
 capacity to complete
 country Overwhelmed
 by (by so much) so much
 attention being (being)
 paid in Drawer
 with specials windows
 take your pick mine
 Goldmine of whatever
 paying you mind (and
 heed) Butter (butterfly)
 hop from sand to sand
 Water overhand Head
 over (heated) Buzz
 Rattling Light funnel
 Hazy foliage folding
 (towel) horizon neatly
 broadcast wind pick
 up put down blanket
 Boat to take Moment
 to spend Aura
 to sense Infinitive

 to complete Same
 property (so far as
 we know) scientific out
 (fit) look Winding up
 in Winding (around)

entity (entity ?) must
 satisfy inner and
 outer (along) logic
 chaise lounge action
 classical ones In
 the throes Noises
 at the (some) foot
 Amusing reverberations
 Adequate aquatic erasures
 zip up (and around)
 and through a mind
 (mindful) of its mind
 Don't mind if I do
 Come to rest don't
 come to rest Return
 to similar meaning
 detailed instructions
 close to disrepair Lighter
 Later model of an
 earlier light Put
 back where (it) belongs
 Take green self (shelf)
 along shore Bark
 somewhere (tree ?) Look

turn (into) the heart
 to stone Same
 place every time Place
 everywhere you think
 (it) necessary Sailing
 (along) One wind
 to another Person-to-

person arm-in-arm
 Hyphen define position
 ears absorb lesson
 Powerful (power) boat
 ideas from high (school)
 science rules and
 forms Shapes ferret
 out the horizontal vertical
 Rather (writes) in early
 sentimental psychological
 aspect try to picture
 what nose complete
 Look and laugh (at)
 Parade in front of
 you (forehead) shape
 science fiction head
 Cramming for having
 (heaving with) throb
 throws (rug) of inform-
 ation formation Calm
 down disappear change
 grade (oil) Product
 wedged into a shoe

Like it like
 it so much can't tell
 you (how much) Explicit
 which one (claims)
 association wires
 organism poetic diction
 biological completely
 (adverb) hypothesis

Sound close (clothes)
Watch and wait and
call bounds (out
and in) triggering
verbal herbal
suggesting me (vague) me
vague, quietly at home
sitting in a photo
(finish) horsing around
with a long face
waiting for you
to join me (forever)
in the following
Don't let me down
Say you're going
to leave me
when (I'm) gone Put
stamp on it
Drop in box (cubed)
Some of (sum of)

it (But seriously)
community hammering
at what you know
doesn't leave time for
(tan) fun Doesn't
leave (shrub) time
for having (a kind heart)
a kind of fun
in line with a
kind of fun (heard tell)
getting easier (later)

all the time Console
sorts of other matters
Wait for right light
moment Put
the body aside (including
face, batteries) Follow
instructions handed
down my (walking cane)
way of doing things
Leaning on a falsish
front (storefront) Thank
you, call again Integrate
(own) right into line
along with your own
line Truck represents
(shape) complete in
water crescent Avail-
able (wings) accessible
thought out completely
Scratch (a match) on
dresser (shoe) Light
for the moment Drama
further discussion regret
no invitation Forget
what I came in
for Door (car) press
the accelerator to
atomic memorization
freeing from labor
speculation's (feminine)
menstruation Involve

very little what you
 first dreamed Way
 back (only) to where
 (I guess) you want
 (don't interrupt) to be
 (found) when you
 complete the assignment
 passed to you
 through the will (and
 the won't too) call
 when all (is this all?)
 is finished and
 the eyes have (it) a
 human (assume) form
 A grammar alone
 A setting out for

 busy dog wagging
 shift (foot) ground
 Going around in (the
 kind of) circles whole
 life went to arrive
 (at) Over before (o-
 ver) after you know
 you know it Treat
 (yourself) to a reflection
 (of) a complete sentence
 So (much for) fun Call
 for walking Doesn't ex-
 plain forward wherefor
 these features (forward)

One or two planes
 deeper Passing might
 seek friends hate tend
 to stifle (yawn) waffle
 Closing roughly (with) in-
 itial state (with) fi-
 nal state Shadows
 out of (the middle of) no-
 where Rhythm edge
 Fall within knowing
 (what's) what you're doing
 Explain soil (from)
 talk general no reason

to ex (sus) pect
 fish triangle against
 sun (fish)
 Break
 Universal grammar
 Someone's grandma
 Subject's language on
 the subject of the
 subject For refill
 call time get
 too cute for own good
 Back (later) Sand
 fusing with all
 sorts of knowing
 carrying the five Look
 this way (under) heavy
 (guard) clouds Visible

(paper) interior Few
moments alone Waiter
Patio continuing (belief) in
another world (we
come to, eventually) more
than once (left) word
here all along, your
job find (and seek)
tell to your neighbor
pass on Exact
moment can almost be
measured by moment (exact)

Don't get ahead (of)
myself Call (control)
opinion faces variations
Grounds knowledge
Breaks (with) the (arm)
last kind of (kind)
person you'd like to
(see yourself) be seen
(yourself) with Spine
meeting with the back
of the throat (before
and after) full range
beauty devises with
(en) grave stamina
Attention to (engine) fail-
ure Attention to (enter-
prising) entrance way
Entrance (log eyes)

Mistake for (someone)
else Watch for break
(to escape) Read the
writing of Wallet
(following) jump wave
landing A completer
deep (depending on) on
wires Verbs later
Watch Keep (the) quiet

a minute Wind picks
up (and delivers) In-
terest in (interest in)
in attention rubber
(necks) Another constant
(companion) Another
thing to blame Another
string Compare other
minds with other minds
Remember the (same) thing
holds true (self evident)
the truth (you hold) back of
the news (new you) Rest
Insist See what
Label clearly
Discover completely (blown)
cover Rather places
prefer in a different
(moved over) light
Happening right here
(in front of) the view

without point Same
plane Great shape
to be in Bring
into the (forefront) fore
the frown on the
face of reknown Hollow
holler never (in quite
the same) been seen

before Wire (bearing)
question (comma) load
(overload actually) e-
quation (adjust) Edge
of water Absolute be-
havior Rebound rubber
Land lover Moves (one)
over (what carried) over
undercover No night
No jobs
No dogs No desires
(Just nod head in agree-
ment) Be agreeable
Take notes (meant) and
study (letters) briefly
Plain tongue Complain
about the uncalled for
lunge through uncalled
for deep blues The eyes
watch (to) see which (to)
way (to) goes the fold
(flow) to the chin Avail-

able evidence knows
instances like to
pass on
for your information
Unlikely as (it) sounds
take out (umbrella) only

what (you) put in
(and nothing more)
makes (unlikely) door
Light makes buildings
(visible) into a view
of the visible Complete
reflection (on) finish
(completion) Achieve
approach Look (up
and down) Wind
up (stem) Gas (nostrils)
Wing held up to (of
day) the light of
finds something (going
on) free substance
against occasion Out
(at once!) to sea Rule
within comment inspire
Whitish light (once
system) rubbish brim
Early morning late start
Streaking You (can)
take it two ways
Put in front of you

Different e- (motor) motion
condition situation
Sound pick up

So easy (all over)
Ease into the middle
of wheeling metal A-
lign (chairman) sub-
particles Speed (of)
light (To carry) over
from previous (life)
later Okay O something
newer You think you
better (no, same) You
think you late You
not You think
you wait lay back
(layaway plan) wait
for apple fall your
way (head), oh my
goodness (watch it!)
you up to no (feller)
good You no
answer no question
no more (with) question
Up to light Stove (in)
side (of boat) of
kitchen Place to
(meet) be complete
with (fee) what you

eat Lighter urges
(flint spark) mark
white criteria against
which integrate (walker)
condition (hotel) particular
Shape up Device
folded with notes
fragrances Statement
of (being) fact Late
note Two given
parents parenthesis
Watch closely for a
sign from nature
On par with whirr
Parallel with weather
Choices multiply with
true and false (over)
tones ear picks up
(puts) in basket
(puts) out to sun Skin
falling under the
heading (heading) echoing
Matching with wording
this (ideal) lightening
Sall we say morning
Sall we bring any-

thing (special) backing
morning Don't answer
(that) with your mouth
full (of nothing) Morning

flowing into flowering
 Close attention to
 details of dahlia Sail
 bearing (innate) factor
 (by the heels) into the (by
 the hair) conversation
 between (a kind of) e-
 qual A quality no
 one wants to have
 but someone (untouched)
 must have (retouched)
 in order to make (go)
 some touching sentiment
 Fooling only Right way
 to start what's (left of)
 the day's day Always
 off your (rocker) course
 Rocky coast Please note
 Pill
 Willingness to please
 take (it) with you
 winding (up) in the won
 column a brighter

lemon carom cushion
 (puff in) with rag need
 Underline everything
 remind to take home
 some emendation
 lotion Combine with
 (over the sum of) summer

summary (what did)
 and kick over to
 attend to later Image
 melt into sound magic
 Wall actor in See
 later (bring food) quick
 modifier (the mind on)
 all cylinders Cut
 Parabola slower face
 with language performance
 Ear languishes Wiggle
 delicious Carries
 the five senses
 through sink portals
 under the (wooden)
 cabinets Light (ever)
 over cover (my)
 back Lean
 lending library cares
 Pet a whale

 (of) an appetite pet
 Push around
 Lead us to deny
 Bridge the gap Differ
 from some (other) tooth Come plead
 mofe Behave (over)
 kind please not
 same mofe Devise
 buzzer on door (of) same
 Conceive of what (you)

want (you) be you
 Clever day follows (work-
 ing overtime) shape
 of oval tine Fork
 over image major
 to minor (suggested)
 urge features (verse)
 verve (essential initial)
 Note fever Take down
 complete address (zip-
 per) there you are
 the one and only you
 How true Walk (on)
 edge again (over) ex-
 piration date (don't
 bother) More later

All that all
 night energy Heaven
 (and) not (dead) not
 dead Walk up
 and down (dunk)
 time for wherefor
 Spate for ever cable
 flavor over (shape)
 mover Shaking all
 over (head-to-toe)
 edge moves that
 way that way Line
 (pay to) close attention
 ashes clash with

hover over clever
 eventuality Arm's
 distance Lever
 (develops) universal
 grammar stamina
 Piano moves listener
 over Taking note
 (of) grace note cover
 Neither here (nor) there
 reasons for ever even
 Other hope (who) little
 within (inner) ear
 raver Fever's the
 river cover Some
 more later (later)

Ted Greenwald

SOME LINES ON WHETHER THE WEATHER

All sat on their banisters and blinked their lights. Going off zero down the grain walk pounds, and they are steps away from you are hearing them in there. A baffle at social, what. Says it could be aspiration, lacking precedence. Washington, hollow tin arms, lined face from suspended age, the seats that are steadied for holding hands. Carbon copy of a space, you are not there when here or there, the students. Toys, brought back the light to harp on it. What, and then hanging beams forward. He says. They are on place. This is the churn. Roll down the screen for flashing what's been drawn.

States, and empty. Slipping letters. Standing speech under the storm. An extinguish, in a reading line toots diminish. What could be received from trees, back in and put up with on set. Naive strand rumbles the block. Beneath exit lights invisible deluge. Looms, darkens. At last, Fortissimo!—Mahler at Niagara. Pure expression, imageless. He says what could be but for what's here. And what, a blunting, do we give up. Storm leave then we leave. Standing under a microphone. He has arranged to allow to deck the social contract. Spin another's signature. Trespass on a shock map. To the mind the body is the plan of the mind and body. Loosen, the semblance cut by aisles.

It is not clear what is the melody for can not be held. Clear from that the melody can not be held up. Goes back to his seat and watches. A text to be exhausted can not again be written. He sat down, saw what we could not think we saw. Heard, buttoned in. Word for it vaulted out. The mind is the plan of the mind. The space, cross out. Read and winked out. Assaulted by nature's stand-by. Words all finished and he stood up the space would be ended. Hello, blackness coldness street windy clearness.

In stages, the point. I can not listen for your thoughts stay still for it. All crystals champ to terminate. Around the square in diagonals. Indoor forest of hanging stressed metals. They are in there students, they hang around. Tobacco wallets, hair-end gadgets, tit burn. And increase, noiseless. On the unaffected they want to make their own. A night pun, what direction the equal building. Attraction to centers only centers when lit. Cold and where is the food, did you bring, what did he say, did you bring any food. Echoing historical hall, tremblers. I look up high to the personal disappear. Transverse rods, copper alteration of all of the colors but a green. What of the classics, well what of the still around. Gate will admit to a babel stating we're all under the weather. Swine Flu magazine on the stand for a week.

I have read. But the plan is for the body to mind. Aged hands quiver over that lake near enough to here, far enough to doubt. Sight will not take no. We have lasted through all those dates since onset. Carved elaborate wooden seats. He would whack heads by long pole to awaken during storm. Sit it out he says sit down. Remains beyond his words had found us and gone. A trick, can't think it over in the thunder. Words and then the building might go. What did he have us go there for. A bright to dim confusion. But where went the small detail and the room around each. These are the questions after a that specific while. There were no solos.

I have allowed as how, a precedence. Fell through from the seat to the street. A space that does not last the body, the mind to follow. Do you? Then how can you stop it. A meet, but not a join. His body consisted of linkless thought. Hung from the ceiling, key door, out of reach. Reach to the mass, extend, pile on the expected surprise. I repeat over again what she said but can't grasp it. Fledgling emptiness. Precedence, a breathing out. To put before one what has gone by. The drawings ancient, flashed and could barely hold. The texts in their speaking buried. He had set it up then sat down to watch it all proceed. That we had all come upon before. Arrived to be a part but not received.

Go away, in melody from the dominant pitch. He spoke before, in order to precede alight, then diminish erased. Walkers were steered. Couldn't these fish all be faked. What I had read would be held to be what I had changed it to. The lightest poke depending. Did it get out of our way, or at last we its. Sat on a similar seat, thought myself some way in between myself and whatever it could amount to. Loose and therefore lost it later? I walked out away over grains of the micro marine.

What of it's the sky that's in this house. The music stand lights that nothing has occurred. What divides in the confuse that he sets going. That riveting clearing confliction with tedium proposed. We all sat beside the street but enclosed, a humming gathers. A spot weld the words of the man went by, then all at once. He said as how society, as in cleavage. The sight very clear, the ear fogged in for the duration. Let it keep away from us it does not understand. A dome set clear for jaunts of speculation. Certain seams. Tracts of beams kept up in imbalance. He turned at all off then turned to me and caught a mouthful.

The sky has gone under and a building comes up on the right. In place of gas tank shopping mall. They all burned down leaving the lake back to its stains. The large signs, of a winter departure. Forever further the divisions will all be made by you. The dimmer the hall the louder, charmed chorus of readers at once. This type, glass with lead as base, tobacco overcast, collect on a leverage of stripped birch. He speaks of the overcome language, it's forced him or the music has. A chance base of operations, by neighboring the magnetic pole. Speak of the overall mass, lower to a seated position, push your pans.

Thus he doesn't know what I know, what time it isn't. The balcony clock two hours ahead. Slips, chains of all things, to the dot. To let the outside in, he has arranged for these crowds. The weather out of its hold on us. Tricked it out in chalk talks as. And we get all chained to his positions by our chairs. We will

arrange that we all talk later, pass on it all away. If this ribbon shows faults, part of this will be read as missing later.

In which it is learned whether some boredoms are sorts of elevation. And they come back to their seats as he already is in his. Blinking. Homer & Jethro used to have a number. Statements on strings, lights that are wires. We will they say make more calls by means of them. Chordal, or at most intervallic, overall messages home. Prime purpose of art, to see that it gets there. By hook or by valley. Fired cancelled the building the fire-escapes had just been thrown down from. Perhaps the whole message was the exact noise of that. All subsequent light pandemonium took place at night. I walked on cement in the wind. I walked in cement that day of the big breeze. That very day I chanced to.

The residue was a small message to keep large masses at bay. And not a drop. I found when I had stood that I couldn't stay. The performances had passed, leaving not. Seemed the divisions had collided with our undivided attentions. But had any one or thing been a part. There had been room, surely as for leaflets. The lights went down and came up again, so frequently we lost track of time. The sort of room determined by its illuminated settings. Went home by subway. Cleared out by car. Never to think how it could have been thought up. Or why finish. Durenamel placecard stuck to a freshly rosined pole.

Street reach zero. To get clear of what had been clearly met, meant. Name called an account of rain.

—written after John Cage's *Lecture
On The Weather* at Sanders Theater,
Harvard, November 29, 1976

Clark Coolidge

THIRD RAIL

The sun on my shoulders aches. I opened the door and flopped around. Had the sun in my big face. I couldn't stay still. A lasting urge faces grin into. You locate threads at the skull, droop your fingers in them, watery, predetermined forgetful gestures. The throw you make juts the sky into focus. Bridges above the water follow the construction of the water. Our feet singe and flap. I could laugh on the ground, the black around us. The moon was there in the day. You are a complex creature, a simple physical fact. To be reassured by signs might have become a habit. The idea was to mix and be understood and to think. A progression from mayhem to a maximum kind of compromise. Rotation of the body in place, a beat instead of a turn. Carries me off in hot weather. You begin to say you know something. Torpid wobbly disguises. I lean you out flat. Descriptive progress: trim the design to a standard, a precocious dive childishly wrung out of a competitor. A sucker for the dance. The three of us. The four. Guests tone me down. Resembles freeway overpasses turned into stairwells. An intelligently laid plan. The first accident recovers is one way of delaying the next storm which follows a bolt of dreams. My voice of his or yours was not the same interruption it is now but a frame for the moment. A jar holds tangled spirits. Behind my back fields froze. Gallant effort on the part of nature to share brittle hides with an earthy tongue, warm body temperature. You getting off? (Ninth street. Night street. Ninth heat. So thoroughly does he claim his right that I become what he wants of me. The even sides of his face in my skin grow blank.) From time might spread wide field moving out. Boundaries mark the time spent looking for boundaries. Light fastened to girth keeps time to the beat of wings. The wings spin into the skull. Lost sight of. Don't follow in back of. Peculiar lark. The stage wears out the song. The empty room

shatters as I turn my thought on it. Falls into detail. Sex here. It is late early. The light socket, a voyeur. Agitated, one prefers looking at fish in aquariums to rodents in cages. See sheet metal strung out for miles in the Sahara. Back there, a torpedo shot into the sand. The land thickens with hybrids. My back to you. There is a kind of decency over which you deliberate, spoon coffee into your mouth. Lacks progress or sharp focus. Soft questionable-looking mammals. The fading light on the stairwell or mimicry. Trying to remember what someone said, there was a lot of sound that had to be ignored. Mounds seemingly pasted on the roadside with Truth on each one in gold letters. I stood in the field and waited for the accidents. Like I wanted to be in church or something. Bright as day, watery temperature. Night clouds out the houses, ignites windows. Home out of the way the skull reaches. Ignored spectacle. Burnt out cages. Branches. Head jarred in somnambulant morning. This is a funnel in which archaic dynamics halo the head tosses in sunlight. Spend hours crumbling this weather, weak kneed, my caricature. A foggy sickness, a resonate turn of events, a bridge collapses the water into wave, a palm tree not the window. At the point at which it doesn't matter if you remember, you remember. In which there is light surrounding bison. A gate at the edge of a park leaves a man standing, still temporarily focused in. Aimlessly dialed the right number. Forests or marginal area. Furnace wheeze. Recombine events so that one follows a sequence of eye level wires. Let me check my pocket. We are separate occasions for the same moment. It's freezing. Distortion: I am bloated with regard for you. The ships recur. This night I am leaning against listening to you. Forget pleasure, dull humor. You look at me as if I never talk to you. Find the division then the right relationship to the divided. Form controls body traffic. Oh lucky how did you get that far from home? Are you mouthing me? Must you name everything? I don't want any house plants. Is there any beer left? The long stretch here, brazen trees. And you call

this painting? We praise each other. Tapers the body parts, refines simplest creature. I supposed to like all of you. The line moves closer to face. I distort and come home loose. I leave in my voice. Then sentences wake me up. So that you stand on one side, your alley. Timid but engaged in the moment the mind collapses under pressure: then I am full detail. The body falls to the floor, speeds down the street compressed against a seat, holds another with weight on knees, freezes when agitated, circles the row of bars, moistens with temperature and exhaustion, falls from sleep in dull thud. Any change becomes an exhaustion of change. Perfect social flailing. It's not appropriate to ask such personal questions over the phone. If cupped in the hand is a sponge. Suddenly staring at something unfamiliar, it's oceanic. But the figure leans into gaps on the screen. Make up feature in a dead stare. Just about wipes everybody out. Nobody wanted to make signs or tell anybody where the houses were. The mouth opened. The tendency to lose person: occur callous this sultry day. Remain dispassionate while rising from the table. Stares out at you like a horse nearly asleep. You will have trouble recrossing the border. I turn blonde, become analytical, take everybody's part. The lines of the painting are never neat and that's why we have to read into it, particularly as the figures gain confidence and can touch anybody with a considerable amount of patience. Address the voice, not entirely my own. A bridge in the place of a seam. Don't you have any eyes left? Yes, I have getting off points. Any distance. Where windows prevent the onlookers from participating. They proceed into the mouth of the cave. So travelling is a posture. A glittering fight for attention in the waves. Frightening packages of detail surround the house the woman climbs in. A man of means and color. You're the focus of a decoy issue. Stops the limb from recombining with stage front. In this way the curved structure placed inside the box can function dramatically as the dancer faces his wife, lovingly, with a gleam in his eye. The spinal cast in the back

reminds the audience of forthcoming events so that the eye can relax on the performance while the mind holds on the attention. This promotes an anxiety that influences the effect of the lighting. It is not important to go in and out. The glamor should be lost and you can break down. The legs find distance as natural as movement. Which wears itself down to a pinpoint it could rest on. The heel digs into the wet cement. The loss you'll feel will refocus your attention. You'll be staring right ahead. There is no authority that can bend as gracefully as your own. Come in fresh. Secure your place by backing down. One might agree that a sense of weight precedes the eruption of the geyser. Nothing will prepare you. You must know in advance of the structure. The breath is not here. A combination of plastic and natural gases. In the distance a woman and a man. Gages a woman. A girl blows bubbles. Panorama with scars on it. A street so long you have to get through the leftovers to arrive at your destination. The lighting quickens voices. Makes sense of simple dead weight. The head pounds on obedience. Weather breaks.

Carla Harryman

The scaling / relief
 flaked from the incident.
Seen, as a tree
on campus.

 Skin
wound inward.

 The gray way
we remember. *Coils* of trees,
skins of trees, falling—
the brain.
in relief.

Address Electricity

It might
cure cancer,
 a habit
to wear
speaking to the
phrases
 shifting,
a virtual
pie.

The while
of light
 recent
always
 recent
scene.

Set-borne
morning
 a rise
of news.
The shaft
 past
your day.

Worn
specific
 zips
dress
with alternate
manners.

Passes
tight through
 the zones.
The zones
align.

Flash aura.
 Current
map.

Sandra Braman

CITY FIELDS

III

Dreams are our life, which we will never be able to penetrate. There can be no separation from an invisible world. The first moments of our being are an image of what we are. The various apparitions are the states in which these occur. A hazy mirror turns back the sight to a progression of objects seen one at a time. Replicas of another life impossible to identify, light and shadow intermixed. The picture frame is constant, altered only through our design. The actual world is before us, we are thereafter unable to move. What we commonly observe in dreams is real. It is ourselves who are estranged.

It is wartime and all the lights are out. Searchlights converge on airplanes in a city sky. Bright points of orange flares against a background curtain of grey. Small figures moving without hesitation across a false set. Words flicker across the air. Lines meet at a point in space. A moving target or an enormous stuffed head. Above an intersection, where a truck collides with a car. The fumes rise upward, surface fires burning out of control. Buildings collapse into shadow as they burn to the ground. To dull open areas where nothing remains. No will think of it again. Because it's only a metaphor. It has no basis in fact.

We must objectify our life. Everyone nests, while no one can be found. If one man is standing in a room, his words are to himself alone. A system of correspondence is worked out. Everything for him is packaged in a convenient shape. There are an exact number of packages in the room. His habits are an arrangement of these. Another person is a contradiction. There must be an object of dispute. A third man watches their talk. He can't keep away from the sugar bowl, the shadows deep within. The ghost walks away from him, his work left undone. There is more than one version of this story. A glass wall surrounds the man who tells the tale.

He can never forget his dreams. The world gets smaller as the universe expands. There is talk between two halves of the brain. The narrative moves on hinges. A continuous unfolding of events seen within. The full moon is locked in the sky. Phantom cars climb a grade under burnt yellow trees. Grey smoke rises from fires beyond a line of hills. The plot line is cut. The treatment is literal, every element is unique. This viewpoint characterizes the closed eye. The artist shows an influence of this voice. He can't remember what it says. No one can understand what he means.

He is wandering around in a large building of unusual construction. Windows open out on every side. Bright flat light on wide terraces of earth. A concrete path leads to every door. There is artificial lighting in all the rooms within. All is animated. The rooms are filled with the arguments of several philosophical schools. In one room is a man whose concentration can not be disturbed. Those who are talking seem to reveal everything they have ever thought or heard. The man who is alone does not seem to care.

The earth as a material body is the sum of all who have ever inhabited it. Such ideas can actually be visualized. The walls of the room open into infinite perspectives. In the same way the eye opens to itself. He is an uninterrupted chain of men and women, separate yet part of himself. The history of every one stretches beyond in a similar way. A century of time can thus be condensed into a final form. The death of one is flatly present. Many men have seen this before. Any face is a collective mask. Elements separated and combined. The details impossible to count. The voice comes from within.

In a still frame the motion has stopped. Frames advance, a stack of cards falls. Water runs out, covers the floor. The man covers his face. Bright clouds in the air. A vacuum behind glass. The waters part in two. The outer man is attached to a man inside. Movies are shown on the screen, their form is reversed. Where once there was no one, the air is filled with machines.

Counting. A man walks into a large room. Above his head are many intersecting lights, with no openings to the sky.

It is a well-known fact that no one ever sees the sun in dreams, although one is aware of light. Material objects and human bodies are illumined from within. There is no difference between waking and sleeping. But in dreams the stories are less complex.

The streetlights begin to come on, the lights on the signs. Traffic passes in both directions, headlights on. Windows in dark houses, steps leading up from the street. Neighborhoods extend in every direction, their boundaries overlap. Styles of architecture change, the strata are fused. New elements are added all the time. Nothing can stop it now. The seriousness of the problem deepens as one becomes more aware of it. What was the question? The landscape changes at a very slow rate.

All parts of the language are called upon. The power of speech grows, relations are defined. To utter a single word changes what we know. One stands up to speak, an empty space is left behind. It is included in what he says. The foreknowledge is absolute, he falls back when he is done. It is impossible not to be articulate. How else describe where he is. A simple declarative sentence will suffice. A journalist talking to a child.

The operative principle of this writing is now clear. Every sentence avoids the representation of a completed thought. No one expression can adequately include all that is the case. All the sentences taken as a whole might be enough to accomplish this. If they are taken completely, in the context of an even larger world. It is hard to tell where this logic will stop. There is more going on here than meets the eye. No one thing anyone does makes the slightest bit of difference. Any excuse is as good as any other. The problem is to find a situation in which this account makes sense.

The object of desire is the intersection of two main streets, in a neighborhood where no one lives. Everyone is familiar with this place, though no one calls it home. But often he passes through

that point. The place where all the traffic comes from. His home is an extension of such means. The problem is how to build it. The materials must be transported up a grade. The building site is restricted. Not like the place from which he had come. That area was uninhabitable. No one would think of living there again. Everyone knows where *that* is.

At one corner where the minor league ballpark had been, a discount department store later went out of business. Black elastic wires press down over the street, crossing in a thick net supported by aluminum poles. An open environment seeming like a cage. The citizens move within, lines of tension on their faces. The buildings are owned by the bank. Messages are written on their sides. Traffic fills the streets. Two bars are named for the game.

The words mean nothing, and the sentences come from nowhere. A hit in this ballpark goes straight to the pitcher's eye. The defense is elastic, continuous. The astroturf is a mirror composed of green synthetic nerve endings. A bright sun shines, the environs are well lit up. The batter's box is the grave. The stands are filled with enthusiastic supporters. This situation cannot be misinterpreted. There is no chance it is other than what it seems.

This writing actually is about the intersection one block away. The situation there is entirely different, more difficult of approach. Multiple gas stations which are indistinguishable from each other. The traffic spreads out, large objects fill the sky. The body fills with annoyance. The relative openness invites one not to look. Only distance remains until the end of the line. The grey cement is a ceremonial occasion. This is where he lives his life.

Barrett Watten

of a sort
to this not yet
of it. And with a

an inch. In such
penetration, con-
& present? "Present"—

meaning—for most things—
authority. Only outs.
The very smell of

weather, the sound
exact look
of light of air

the flower. By
stamped, empty
is. Nothing extra

for the old
composed & so
crystal, ash. As

"bitter orange
with one segment"
clear. Unclear

Here. Explains
a fear i
edge on

of course—felt
the screen. No
you bump your

edifice
it is : unseen
that sounds

Poem

here. Forget.

There are simply tones
cloudy, breezy
birds & so on.

Sit down with it.

It's time now.

There is no more natural sight.

Anyway transform everything

silence, trees

commitment, hope

this thing inside you

flow, this movement of eyes

set of words

all turns, all grains.

At night, shift

comets, "twirling planets,

suns, bits of illuminated pumice"

pointing out, in harsh tones

cancers & careers.

"Newer Limoges please."

Pick some value

mood, idea, type or smell of paper

iridescent, lack lustre

&, "borne in peach vessels,"

just think

"flutter & cling"

with even heavier sweep

unassuaged

which are the things

of a form, etc
that inhere.
Fair adjustment
becomes space between
crusts of people
strange, rending :
a sound of some importance
diffuses
"as dark red circles"
digress, reverberate
connect, unhook.
Your clothes, for example
face, style
radiate mediocrity
coily, slipping
& in how many minutes
body & consciousness
deflect, "flame on flare"
missed purpose.
Your eyes
glaze
thought stumbles, blinded
speck upon speck
ruffling edges.
"But do not be delighted yet."
The distance positively entrances.
Take out pad & pen
crystal cups, velvet ashtray
with the gentility of easy movement
evasive, unaccountable
& puffing signs
detach, unhinge

beyond weeds, chill
with enthusiastic smile
& new shoes
"by a crude rotation"
hang
a bulk of person
"ascending", "embodied".

Charles Bernstein

OR SOMETHING

You think the day is made of time
Like a field of four o'clocks
I live in this city to cross the street
To my heart's content
Or something
The same luminosity
As the sky : eastern buildings
For a few minutes after sunset
And buy some fluke for dinner

AMARILLO

*I hear the sentimental music dying
that makes my helmet ring*
—Blaise Cendrars

I was born alive
the sky was all you could see
eating and running
a part from a world

rendered obsolete by the violin
granular lubricity the equivalent
of gravity streaming past limbs
and torso

watch my smoke
give me a perch I'm not talking
while the flavor lasts listen to
the sugar pour

along the rim
word of mouth
now this
and now this

is what I call crisp
New York is a department of the sticks
chicken today feathers tomorrow
you can't see because it's radio

traffic draws away from you
on specular fire and trilobites
inch under violet street lamps
ill at ease in the offing

you are "it" as is
viscera means iceberg
that wasn't no buffalo
that was thunder

a raving beauty at the turn
of the century known for its
helium and silhouette of beef
hoofing the horizon

much feasting little fun
lunar gaffes of benzedrine proportions
wings cross in consequence of air
you are allowed to copy the weather

keys in one pocket change
in another say hello
to the phone who are
sure of dinner

at the back of the mind
when it rains it shines
landscape
as nature intended

nothing is sweeter than figs
but it's nice to drink the water
words row across the surface of
oo la la or snorkle

what is known by heart
as the glass harmonica
absorbs loss like champagne
and the streets are music to police

I am descended from my ancestors
hare brained antics freeze
my tears in their tracks
where the anchovies spawn

a domino of light from the rear
view mirror across the eyes
falling as the dusk idly
disappears on the road ahead

circulation drops hardly stir
the odor of fragility
is the weight that it carries
talking through altitude

handwriting cures personality
some roles played by ideas
the language of mechanics
gives the hand a head

it is a sunny day and
no mountain stood a chance
of more neighborhood
emulsifying vitreous humor

early tensile flyleaves
at the edge of valence
faint from farsight
one routine is pulling teeth

off also rans
the last dinosaur turns back
for a blink at the ginkgo
with a weakness for feet

chiefly dichard furlongs
feeling vapors
drop away
shy on geography

I started out younger
all over the place
merely sportive slippers
thought a sign of decadence

to dispel abandon they ate the experiment
on ladyfingers at the end
of thirst a close shave with an
afterthought

business end overboard
no such animal
out on a spree
is a nuisance

like the feel of imminent wealth
drills through night
every favorite tree
occurs to a silkworm

those geographers know how to travel
long on luck
short on luxury
lucky in love's one track mind

underarms are circling overhead
outbreaks of innocence dot the map
with clouds of baby powder
childhood ends when the dog blurs

and the blush dies away
to vestigial foghorns
relieved of decisions
they make themselves

cautious to a fault
orphans to be
live on thousands a year
limber and chagrined

nearly posthumous certainty
forms the meniscus
big molecules draw flies
natives burnish the lapels

shall we stroll into focus
bereft of octane
population eyes only
elevation byo

drogue chutes popped first
initials at large
envelop their own gyros
frantic in amber as

cigaretts keep gloves apart
once any stint beckons
foreground to impudence
of each an equal amplifier

take the heat as casualty
semibreves minims crotchets quavers
there was age and space
crank the awning up

a rash of mileage
weekend p.m. lull
for want of cordials
there is more than one Carolina

Chickadee combing telephone
wires stranded in fugue
I was touched
you want to leave something

to hang the botanicals on
and evidence snaps up the extra
far back behind the groceries
a passion for optics

diamondback terrapin in its day
took care of the afternoon
tandem red brick diagonals
wound up on an arm of the sea

get results in person
gas is more hedgy
where the hero is arch
room approaching body

temperature instead of intelligence
architecture shadows this man's world
delicate in its feathered coinage
and ornamental hermits

close calls are their specialty
mustered hairline watermarks
whose incandescent dewpoint
furnishes the mirage

what is enough
practically displays elements
bordering on dismay
myself included

LIONEL

The peeps of squab
Which saunter in dismay
Tango and varnish placid musk
Ox to twig Planet mumble
The pilot guys smells silly
Trips His protoplasm shimmers
Landscape shows through
There are diagrams of red dots in
The blue sky
I can do minute work with
You name it
Facing the moon

Alan Bernheimer

wagon

fucker
hitched

I
have

counted
seven

eyes,
French

diseases

inward
pavements

you
are

my
tongue
like

between
feathers

we
all
climb

this

Loris Essary

vanity

trail blazers

busted

on the carpet

looking down the seams

in between the lines

the hedges gone over

the bricks laid regularly

out lunch

boss's orders

the eggs over easy

he does it to please me

the first time in

transition

transposition

nugatory

the inhalation of this moment

the forest for the trees

a breath of fresh air

corn on the cob

alienation annihilation

crabs in the crotch

trail blazers

vanity
free fire burgers
breasted suits
nails face down
stretching to the
eyes between the face limits
hems sticking out the sides
bridges built badly
launch boat to shore
boss's ideas
ease over into the right lane
do it to please me
first you register
translation the finished product
transitory malaise guesswork
nimble categories line
the inhabitant on the mooring
the fart in the trees
bless us we are we eat flesh bare
glory to God
inhalation exhalation
cribbing on the final eh
trade across the page

vanities
just floating logs
breath shoots inside
nails lace away
stretch out
ice between the eyes
pauses
bridge sticking up
lunch leaves
news explosion
east please
intuit appease me
first you're in
train station breeze
transit itself
little cut short
the happening a morning
the far
let us each
goes to bed
inspiration fame
sitting on the dot
train over the plane

vanities
legs floating on
breath shoots breast
nice less today
death out
I see between the eyes
nausea
lick standing up
a hunch breathes
extra
be supreme to me
guess what I want
edge over into the next seat
she climbs aboard
then moves out
the end then
where dog
in this ditch
brake ourselves here
tumble dry
bred to it
crash through them
site sites

planting
less joking done
branch shoots along
nine times a day
held out (as for inspection)
clearly letting the eyes
see
this standing up
and lunch breaks
gets on
my hands
just what I got
let go of the red leaf
am I too much
then branches off
near the end
weird log
in this thick
awaken well hear
mumble light
soak bits of bread
wash over the rest
a line alligns

panting
break in the door
lanky roots long floorboards
a nice time today
melt out as of the heart
clearing in the eyes
beast tree
wrestling clothes on
over the hill
it's for you
my heads
examine what I have here
now your right now your left
if not too much
then it all
tied in a knot too
hateable ridiculous fix
washing over it
take yourself there
mercury light
boat tips red wake
make a mess here
take out the work

painting
break in the horse
langorous wrong words
a waist size day
make out from the heart
embarrassing and nice
freeze a bee
the next thing goes on
older than hell
let you do it
this thought
smelly and white and green
pull under and push over
but not quite
then the works
light in a grotto
wrecked in the earth
then evaporation
wherever you go
lurk in the night
floating awake
take a test there
leave out the work

pain in
lake in the forest
hung for us wrong ways
the way I say
wake up with a start
frigid quiet look apart
squeeze four times
the inevitable squandered
without memory
I'm no time capsule
the forest
bent and hot and real
brace yourself and give way
when you have to
crash the underbrush
signs in the water
kept in the worst
lapping on the shoreline
everywhere it goes
work it out right
floating awake
take a rest where
it has been done

Dance - it is the phenomena of light
I am bright because I say it is
The long wind dying down, so dying slow,
is slow to go, happy to be lying close
I bring back to change the slight pale
Belonging to my own thoughts
A world a part
Synched in with a type of praxis
Offhandedly at the other
Moving now and falling over the bed
With pumping a motion and open mouth
carrying on the gesture
through her voice one hears peeling
before dawn, lying so close
He walks to the other part of the room
It is a slight
Bananas as in grapes
tee shirt mirror
She and he and he and I, going for
a walk to see the show in the dark
It's a clear day light and framed by
a silver chalice with a neck too long
The loveliness of the storm all
in her head he affirmed perhaps loving
it himself, going for a walk
It is I and you are too
strangles my voice
Head back to school for schooltime
Green red trees and wheat
Now the dot changes place
is halved by lush green red trees and wheat
and you answer it
and clears hair
It is I and you are I, brace yourself
against this knowledge
into the passageway air takes from
the subway to the sky

no rain
leaves
wet from the sprinkler
I change the

dress

blue and green bluegreen
with many spots of white yellow black
very small and everywhere
The quiet pop signals in the imagination
distorting and giving off sweat scents
The singles met each other at the bar
Immediately roar and fuck

THE RIGHT WAY

it's the right way
you never know
he gets off at this track and crosses to a 3rd
the third in the stream of lies
I write my shirt on this wrong
it's a long day, I'm going to bat a thousand
I'm looking inside
now I have lost everything I came for
you are below me sir

this is the best way
I believe it so it me, I think
white watermelon home for dinner
turn over in bed and hug the one next you
you she he and I brought up in the same town
it's a short wild time
it bosses our her madman nobodaddy mother
bad she called him bad motherfucker
it was a loss, he had already slept
I functioned inside the tires for the truck
and forgot it
look now it's overloaded
we're knocking down the red legs that delayed earlier firings
break up dawn line mosaics
yes I have found you
ever widening outward fugue like figure in phony poem
excuse me while I wipe my nose
it's the first to send off
never mind she wrapped her head in my coat as she said
I will indeed
I could read some more
that was everyday, I want yesterday, tune in captain martian
he transposes letters because his cock is loose
somebody come doctor
a burnt sea chops into the heavily roiling wild wavy-go wreck
the longest sentence yet was the burger one
the next room people are talking
I caught you and brought you home and now I'm going
to redeem you
you never mind what I learned from you that's mine
it's a long wicked sunday and you're going to forget it
lock into space suit
first time he couldn't see then he couldn't feel
then he couldn't heat
it's inevitable that you would feel that way
only people with weak stomachs have to worry about it
can stand it
yes I have remembered, forgotten and postponed until November
turn around and face your death

Steve Benson

NEW YORK

more anonymous
not to do so
all faculties
flurry
space
egg
routes is understandable

ought
given
plummet
horror vacui

we revert
Oh there's

help shape
would be walls

lavender
zation abbey

in are often

is at her

but to arrange

about to play

.

ones used

exaggeration

wholesome

uncooperativeness

one
two
two
one

.

burning tobacco

wedding-cake fleecing

quilt eiderdown

thus bloodstreams

.

shakes dunes ports barns
I

lavish lipstick
an interesting confirmation
ambiguous white interstices

.

letting
colors
situated
tomboy

alas amiss

one-to-one

to lasso statuses

Our problem can now be rephrased
I think we can argue that

.

jig-sawed
hazel

flourescent
calisthenics

.

sawtoothed

.

there is
evince
almost always a sense

.

are leaps

a glimpse of

focused gathering

.

oboe
a single worm
no longer by imitation
lively orchestration
dysphoria
nudes

.

pat self
fill with
size of
saw into

flustering
in introspection

more appreciate
K.K. seize a wag

formula rather than a way of seeing

even to
get beyond

times too
in one pace

silveriness

hybrid

casket radio off

a burst of
for several incredible years
thus within silk
ropes twists please

discreet armature

A final point
A summary of concepts now in order
Some general points can be made
I want to add a point that is
insufficiently appreciated
It can be said that
Another possibility is that
It should now be evident
As we might expect

teatrini
(little theatres)

.

the eye
is made to move

.

luminous nudes

.

thoraxes
from time to time

.

stucco-like

but it did
Chicago's loss
the pink eyes of Virgins
bop away

.

circumstance
more lovely

disport

extraneous
poise

.

woolly-bear
and lady bug
epoxied snake
estals
defy

.

labonotation

Bruce Andrews

ON LOAN

Max Jacob was a diffident, physically weak, clown of an ether addict and an avowed pederast drunk, the perfect master of paradox, derision, and the mimetic thought balloon. His mother didn't stop beating him until he was 24 years old. Early on he knew that pain and voluptuousness joined forces in a mysterious plot to abolish reason. He gave piano lessons. When he took courses at the Académie Julian, the other students thought he had come to sell pencils. Finally he met the avant-garde painters. For a few years collectors sought out his own paintings, gouaches daubed with coffee dregs, soot from the stove, cigarette ashes, rice powder, and ink. But when Picasso in 1909 left the rat life of the Bateau Lavoir behind for fame and money, Max, after walking home from the Bibliothèque Nationale, had a vision of Jesus' celestial body on his studio wall. His flesh fell to the floor, he was stripped by lightning. Tears, tears, and more tears. Few took him seriously, but in the wake of the absent Picasso, Jesus was good company, and good copy, if *un peu* inconsistent. It was Max' irrepressible flippancy about serious matters that prevented his friends from seeing the conversion as sincere. But news of his visions spread, perhaps as he had hoped it would, and he became a much sought after guest at chic dinners, as much because of his friendship with Picasso as for his contact with the saffron robed savior riding the sky métro down to cruise the confines of Max' poor room. Cubism lodged easily there in the hermetic infantilism of his poetic prose, so that his poems, instead of being portrayals of something, end up on a note of rapt immobility, divorced from objective reality, each image canceling the logic of its predecessor, inverted and irrational. He embraced more contradictions than the Virgin Mary, but his critics draw big blanks before the wall of his ultimate significance. Their exegesis stalls and founders in a mysterious Jacobean smoke-screen. His refusal to disclose sources plucks their

goatees. Miniature trains resume their tours through the half timbered countryside of his natal playpen, but it is useless to play with the heads of puppets. Three sopranos singing on the rocks in scanty jerseys recur in a tableau of villa life Max never knew. Backwards spins the music of the wheels from guitar to violin. A long time ago was then his debauch. No steps to an ecology of mind would lead him into the creamy drone of Sacre-Coeur on a Saturday night. But come dawn? Dark days drove him back into himself. Even as I speak this evening, a fifty cent piece would serve him better. One must transplant whole love affairs, not charm goldfish with a burning sparkler. Temptation, sin, and remorse make average men of heroes, so do not close your eyes when the organ is blown. If wild living has not yet embroidered its Laodicean saintliness on the slats of your roll-top desk, perhaps it is because Max Jacob is sitting in your chair. She lusts for an enormous packet of tobacco, and a shepherd with long fingernails. Error is desirable, inevitable, harrowing, and must converge in resolution. Max Jacob if one thing is obvious. Holes in your dress let us see your poverty, and your beauty. Thought's picture book closes behind this time, three dubious women playing flugelhorn in the bathroom. Dismantling the sidewalk of its puns, he was to corrode late romanticism's hackneyed conventions with the unmistakable stamp of his falsifications. As near as I can recall that's where my hat blew on, Max dead "of pneumonia" in a Gestapo urinal 1944, while I, among many others, was feeling the dice shake in the cup for the first time in the brilliant hot winter air of Los Angeles.

Geoffrey Young

I love a yarn
and don't help with the
socks. Down
in school it's this
way: what are you
up to? All your
shit:
what are you saying?

In the morning we listen to you
ride in on vowels

John Mason

a machine reaches
a body stretches

fitting movement
to music

differently

south
the purple

over
a thousand gates

I raik

knot

Jorn d' Aragon quel saut
Noi volgues ir,
Mas sai m' a' n clamant Roma.

run like hell

NO SHEPHERDS

the iron folk
my core

hear letters
syncopated idioms

up Hick Evil
picked is met

I am
there

that big
and dark

Ray DiPalma

NATURE

You won't put your finger in the anemone.

I want you to because you never have.

You won't, not because you are afraid

but because I asked you to.

That bothers you because your mother
always asked you to.

Having not felt the anemone

you are unable to feel anemone.

We continue not feeling anemone.

David Benedetti

LATER GRAMMAR RIM(no. 3)

for Ron Silliman

Impression

to language is intricate
The to language less, direct, , stamped.
to language full
the interesting thing in the open
in
The intentional comment and the rarely combine
thoughtfully the
The yearly summer the thoughtfully
and almost combine with comment
and the yearly comment ot ost rry or rely
around the
give add keep tin distance
to language
The restless part comes past

SONG #2 (also)

also that is proper to the afterthought

often

ordinary

afterthoughts

gives a

air

explanations gently as friends, also
patiently, as becomes

peculiar in kind
show

nevertheless, where, and as well
in place

Remember
to introduce the noise also under the tiles.

RECOLLECTION:
A Single Network Comparator & FORGETTING

bit tight piece trod bar of the dime scratch
it supported the poor with a basket
apple the proportion
there the error of judgment is almost closed
and white to the edge of conclusions
the sum are change distinction ten the
distance
the time matches except little work kept
overwarm draws drink of night in the floor
door logic six spice clearly is base logic
higher wishes until ruin
line in a second beats trod to recover
place neighbor badly for the next higher first
to a town is kept (the traffic replaced
ruin will is barking)
new signs of addition is always something left
unfinished
the addition of distance moves with the addition
of distinction
I must fly recollection over the others
a favorite has no more
sign can't be justified in the slaughter
in this line basket rake in logic sort done until
deaths bore do obstacle to
I study is material
thoughtfulness collage bit river
the test apple bank as material think is
sense difference later differ doubt the shape
as night scratches understanding never wishes
nothing is and no-one is beyond compare because
never satisfied
brain badly rake harmless second done from my head to my
chest
where wishes are shot

I differ the river to be torn six thing except is kept
spent
rake material
scratch the poor in the slaughter
terrific river beats looking first to be
of partial length the awful ring of the familiar
torn in the second a doubt
I am composed of human limbs until no longer capable
of nature
ruin trod bar no-one
beyond compare
higher sort of stop gives little slaughter
the overwarm spice for the next higher
distraction of nature
poor to recover
bit time matches kept logic badly the proportion
tight matches time tight drink ruin do
obstacle
difference on elongated planks, of cubes of bread
think is shot
motion is debate to the eye
I have got a foothold and a doubt
(the sweat of a visit remembers smoke social)
of talk trucks distraction of a visit glass
understanding comes forgiveness thinks
disclosure
unable is not to concentrate mostly limb
mind on minded to put
bit supported the other deaths drawn of a distraction
the situation is in fast with fast evidence
it is now a rarity
I glance toward what the eye can pronounce aside
an addition of information must fly

Lyn Hejinian

November Talks

Certain faces seem to be ours
pieces of April broken from the main part
window and door entirely ours
who dream of the path of ice
beneath shade, sleep flowering

casually over narrow shoulders
and wheels of a given day within wheels
A headless man is crossing the road
as we remember the earliest shore
outlined by cloud, sleep

wet to our touch, material
of tears offered in sips
so many of us
here, so many missing
who might have been here

Portrait Now Before Then

That is A, that is Anna speaking. That is A, that is no one
speaking and it's winter. That is a bridge and a bridge of winter
pure as talk.

The river is red.

I'm offering a name.

The river begins between sheer cliffs. There are parts of words
in it.

What he heard was winter talking.

I'm erasing one name.

Here is A in a story of first things, things first seen as they were
speaking, fire before water and a sun that's one foot wide.

That is A crossing a bridge and a letter is that which it says it is.
One A means winter. Casey Daedelus survived the war.

In his dream the bell rings and rings until she wakes to a perfect
copy of herself as a polished stone, stone falling from a lighted
window toward the welcoming arms of the crowd below.

In his dream the robed and bearded men stand beneath the
letter-tree. I hold out my left arm and read the word 'cloud' as it
appears there. She shows me the tiny butterfly painted on the
back of her hand. By then we have become the four weeping
men.

In the *Comprehensive Treatise on Naked Skin* he reads that the
occasional dark spots are not blemishes but characteristic fea-
tures of the Victorian glaze.

The light narrows to a light above a door and the world grows,
briefly, cold. Reading the eyes glaze, a bell summons winter
from our sleep.

We stumbled over shards of rose-quartz across hills where
nothing remained, hills where nothing had been left. We visit
those hills from which.

In his dream he sees himself as a name, hears an identical name and recalls four words each day. In A's dream a crowd is whispering.

What do the letters spell.

Once he walked on the frozen common and once a dog found him.

Probing the heart for ways of grace, yellow, purple and white flowering on the same stalk.

And once he lay face down in snow and that became the dream.

What do the letters mean.

An A is an ending in full sun, another resembles its shadow, and the third is that which it says it is. They entered tired and wet.

As each wheel of meeting turns in a wheel, each letter is spoken to begin. For an entire year the river was dry, but the following spring it poured through the streets.

He wondered about the terms, what they called 'parts of speech', and the words one couldn't say. Everything had what was known as 'its place'.

House of mud or house of stone and the crowd with outstretched arms. At dawn gulls gather on rooftops. Things try to stand for other things. I'm coming to the age I am.

Michael Palmer

Outlines

1

silent
in here scatters
as its own definition
found ahead of time
in and out of what
beats against

light
and off any treatment
spilling the
place showing
some
to here

obstacle
promotes the thing opposed
through deliberation
and landscape
not willed
escapes
watching it
move in the very
direction it never

2

the I leans in
on board
beside the

other words
a
displacement
where it thought
I was only
ground to displayed
thoughts tag
the enemy the
end stays
to say

3

as if
already said
spoken shadow
placed on itself
disappears or still
there listening
unravelling
to finally see the thing
moving
toned away
to the person
could be
with words

it means the sky
shifts to take on
what the ear
says is system
sleep so anterior
letters vaunting

wind pulls cloud
cover as light
spoke a future
behind the sound
a sideways war
lost and here

meaning no homage
itself or elsewhere
sits

as stated
grammar from the view
and sense on its own side
single crowding
visibility
gone on ahead

4

the constituency in a
tabled generality
applying to all for the duration
or across
and in
not nouns as such
sore feet
tired wizened occasional
placing teeth and lips
so as to form
in harmony with
some sort of landscape
did it
and here we are

thought of later
by our own
aside
forced into memorizing
addressed
slants onto
what's left behind

5

a swerve a
gleam and
now it's solid
always me there
moving inside
a detachable space
some leftovers declaring
independence
or worried

down through
rummaged
sense
stares
a novel
level
headed fall of
rained on
senile
trees the sum seen
gets inside
days plunging across the
circular version

6

put it where you want
all things nowhere
else by virtue
of being flung
resting in the
outlines command
a stop
just outside

reaching around behind
time of day
what arrives
out of its
inferred
shaggy
refusing
terms weighing a
walled in
resenting tiny levers
self appointed vocabulary
and a residue
without name
always facing

7

and is
a sentence everything
ever told
out from what was
believed
said back there
though things get

through anyhow

grammar gets it
right
where it
isn't there
a different place
a person up
in a sky
air

all displaced
as in
the past part of the
finished
noise
called back

8

at ease
in the head
crooked
out down there
in time to
beyond the margin
a correction
applied from without
shadows flown by
one shown to
remember itself
tense expires
kept aloft

organs didactic
scratching it out
in chorus
a living from the dead
interst flashes of light
powers of ten
fingers in the mouth

9

too close to see
much resemblance
the same
or reasonable
regulated authority
saying so
a changed mind predictably
hearing itself out
doubled over
halved
at large
available at each word
adding on or changing to
claimed identity
signed away
during the face
meanwhile
calling on
itself to be
where the border is

10

yelling in all seriousness to the
space that opens behind the eyes

taking what I can see
and dropping it
in a hole I can hear
phrases spoken
short edges
cut being called
or simply not there

condition from which
something for nothing
with the speaker in the same
category held there
by vegetation or other
visible abstraction
streams wetting grey
boulders blacken them by unseen
words entered here

caught and warned
time placed on
a thought again
spelling the
performance of a record as the experience
of a dream circular
sinks into eyes
black rim lit
to live in

Bob Perelman

1811

It was a large silver mantle which had appeared before
in a tomb. I looked at it, and all the impressions
of my youth stood before me in the streets of this
very town, Oakland. Across, we did it, no time to check
yet what that is, so kind of a picture, like on the job,
a wide, narrow window at the end of corridors of lockers,
beside the men's room & candy and pastry machines, where
I move a dolly to get to and stand. Parking lot (official),
rail yards, big mechanisms of the docks, the bay water
one supposes, light, wind, birds to be tract the eye as
fellow next similarly watches. Everybody dreaming this,
even Little Al Provencio? Are cockroaches holy? A cloud
of dust covers one city block. Look on page 14 of book.
Instead see shadow of the immediate green thing on white.

THE SEPARATENESS OF THE FINGERS IN TRANCE

O how righteous, X, are all your days!
Earth blue jag scrapes heaping love glove,
Harsh descent drubbing puffball in
Wind blowing a scrap of paper against hot green.
The subject, meanwhile, of some interest at eye level

Vibration's masses door away, trembling
Thick with garbage and the dust of stars.
Flag steady. Heart of the minute.
O it is an interesting afternoon
Amid general hubbub ("Mambo!") touch of cold gringo
scrotum,

Like a truck through tiny lapses.
I am remote. Sky been to dusk aflutter. I drank.
Consolidate the Harvest of Exact Calculations!
With nothing to do for three months
Loudspeaker jabber over white-clad Louie Louie

Smooth morning troops hasten vertical.
We asleep, Jesus up. Sky the stuff open safely.
Stand back five paces and blow white side wall,
As light flickers from a point with abandoned machinery.
("I want to talk to you about that second Louie...")

She makes my heart work. Silence.
Dazzling puffs in station undertone,
Black rubber riddled & strewn. Sun. Drink.
The powers of speech are returning the ticket.
"Since when?" "Since right now.") is walking in.

Word thought all words white: back here and back back in.
And across the border, through the bad areas of the city
Sexual copper. "Get off of my property."
Finance, strict back fast. My skin is dark
At a moment's ungainly notice. Sprinkled with water.

Back eye gets game born. Noodle grove at 28 km.
And you do not like this very much. So Far. The car
There's water on the parade grounds.
My head large and my clothes are nowhere.
Here is my corpse and there sits my patient mastiff,

The road itself looks like something that could talk
Stops at a house. Car bird finish is hand.
I, though out played daily, by stars simply outrun alone,
I'm pre-habit. My nails are plectra
Andante. Loathesome magma of my pre-

And tell you which way to go, through green fields
Empty, it still carries the message. How many
Have learned at states' noise to field our machine head.
Along flightless birds of rain and moan habitude
Supposed and double sanctum stands to reason a day.

And trees, like a stray dog, to the canyon floor
Times have you heard an officer question a dog?
I prime freely what today consigned is here accorded surface,
Scuttled in favor of pinions surmounting eyesight
One and the same day in many places at the same time

And still not separate from itself, sky the limit.
Hang then above house tops. Place then lacks up.
As some drift off when lights are low mine does
You might as well spread a sail over a number of people.
I see what's that you say, recall in cold up tops,

Still emit faint glow over glass near empty and head
Enter above on pressure, place one foot up.
Have long heart, bald air, the sky has a tree in it.
Golden apples of our summer's work fumbling in the backseat
The green canoe-like beef tasted salty for days after.

Strong hat waves, waves motorcycles have anti-ravaged,
The western basins of the great continental chain.
"Into pitch darkness the stairs twisted and..."
Top back all 100 lights, red filters,
Bobbing high above what I suppose (light fog) to be

Kit Robinson

A total we've ever seen. A pre-unclouded plan. A rose, of arms. But you, breathing with the sort of extensions balances revise as kinetic English in the air, poets a woman embraces. Abstract preoccupation of what we call pulse with. A size David demonstrates a white form retains. Written at the section his line of knees struck by the twentieth artist's moved. Sleeping bee heads represent forming someone's mind much earlier in which in front of you formed coolly modified or even contradicted by purpose. Are binaries strips one strip tends to disappear. Each contained sites achieved with representation, number shades contain shows in a glass. Analysis through these complex results defined to one and less are even its cohesion makes the sky. He is composing among themselves works. Who subjects variations primarily pierced as a rainbow. The contrasts between wasp rock between shape provides treasure he writes to compose indications. Forget his name, Renoir. Individual images remain between English or society that reminds me or returning to enter. I felt I had beauties and my only separated one dull. The lair years and echo that kinship people doubt is position. "It appears composition isolated friends." Except in the name Vegas, because shadows because parts places the natural luminous mirrors dull. The tangible distance lacks the same degree with it everywhere. Of its own accord normally so do to it itself bodies nor bodies nor shaking bodies such as mists nor weather offering nothing else with little effort making flat things possibilities command the progress of pressure and cracks, etc. One of the proportions of desire remains the thrust to force it away from the center of an experiment to show the man placed between the yard and the effort of spreading below the bed at the foot of the manner of a fall the lowest meadow and universal street center opening through which anyone like vehicles used the convenience of loads to level the leaving. Bright places for the eye for the eye enjoyed a lover prepared during the summer. Then beasts being guided by rocks began to be found in the country.

Birds want their heads. On account of its testicles she provides the trunk to the king, to the flowers to accompany himself as if he were as long as it remains. The hunters the ground becomes generally ordered it, the heart the meal and the listener, the voice, the others, the secret design with heaven, the found planet lying for fatigue, for fighting, the kindly dangers, the footprints these front and enclose and secretly in the river do. It's crossing under the wings bites bursts. The secret waist your woman prevented one body any would form. I was opening my hand when her break would give our mysterious situation an announced sweetheart. Already the voluntary examination a performance of pressure meant a man's legs separated as if the particle of the heated room was between the fusion of exploration the head spinning required pleasure through. Then I shift on the recovered voice, the old system right there, leave me on her because I had to hand the things to touch my electric to my face felt on. All the heads legs arms and hands appear but not for long. Reading his desk ain't them against my horse. Approach her motionless thigh shifting shoulders touches her intervals as though hot hill without strings that his space enters making the breath abstract since the seeping hemisphere rises. Illusion confirms tits and woods. The mouth the wrist interrupts holds against the fact his place could print. The thief then would long for a gate, where even rage makes the wall horizontally heads and boy when it's all this trap that word hurriedly removed or something in the neighbor's speculative heap you fire, whole sides of leaves and leather opened it and a technical cousin says how you divide it will be the capacity for congregation where class twice class was wild as movement assimilation of female assimilation. The composition written when a hierarchical engine house woman means taking the woman anywhere. Imagine matter. As impact regarding the fur night would time. And mystical men, the parts are just desiring consciously wild Texas. And mystical me, dreamt her in the plain window, then the merchant went everywhere for despair so the men watch the hair placed there that the animal discharged into the first moon

while a stone would fall from nothing because the abrupt invisible hottest ten gauge inverted ends lay in earth. Framed by standing, Judy carrying the drink, the smearing periphery and smooth face and smooth night. Honey and shoes propped nostrils slip off. First the sitting son moved off a barrel in the dusk as that dream tracks deliberate prints and money, money suddenly automatic can trigger the voice striking points the place bared blending separate hands which composes himself and eyes that fire the paper tonight the message that voice started the breathing somehow she would still follow species to, unplanned jerks. Then I haven't caught the dust of pausing when I fall straight to the advancing slope. The voice continues suddenly toward a bear. I am still away. Now when the immobile edge is among itself with my much longer neck and me sucking — I thought, recovering enough. Leap in and crawled when the star began to avert teeth into you. The legs where in his breath where he whispered like a mist they get discovered, beneath the limps in the back, midair behind the missing arm where together that's lush. And subdued voices or pieces as events which ardor usually makes physical. And the drug Earth in the gradually covered moment something rips his lively days of, units you appear to fasten skin rope ex-flames, scrambling orifice sun-burned the boy. Wrists to hands to knees to leg a lot. As if the still little men said something you didn't. Into bed with one almost there, others show the other gals caught the sun some time in time that's fact. Shapeless mouth beginning in June because any motionless door behind it lifted you after the road would be toward its constant source, the eyes of his lap, the watched paper slightly retreating, the inert needles counter the striped head rising, the level garment of locomotion, a tree his thigh contains and the viciously flabby mouth chewing, the filled face sleep assumed the faintly clean links and more men, the juxtaposition in them, speech other young women watching and arranging began to tell you, the thought the woman finished, I'll move. Breasts, the subject of the biggest leap, and I'm going and I hope and his thin sections of head see some of his head. Writing by the men and women I met last night. The height or

highest degree of these boys different individuals add to this way of comparing confined words of two pitted bundles of choice. We feel a noun as advantages of the Atlantic type. Where a king associated with the sign of the word the other more pleasant sister put less and least to employ more. She was in some places. The older of the brothers, the quietest of the sisters, the older line deepest where the trees are thickest and the lake is deepest. They swim, as rivers carry them away you serve me with food, a pliant cause of practical purpose covered and stripped of men in place around loud voices. Plants of the prolific point to the sky, the continual world of herself presented itself as though a sudden delight suited me as words bind the sky awake in the morning or the pleasure you-treat me with after making admittance its weight on the obtained Earth with the Earth in a circle around it making love for the same persuasive master of language nests in the stipulations of your family. A tall man beginning to abandon the function of the thief by falling into a crevice and rising above the wind it separated without the front of me these sisters with those had been there among people the mind served the sun to say to itself I have just hidden itself for the open appearance no longer reflected the collected wish within itself in the company of strangers, the covered spot leaving a life of cities emerging from the handle in its body in its thought. Facts and interpretations the grouping of propositions prompts. I wonder was the unseen equipment covering something less than the breathless way he wants it ahead. They seem to get a start two of us would tend to be with. He was doing some thinking, then I had your signal it was, the relief a real thing would be one yourself, a variation on him and his kicking around. The static which is all right with me would expose the scene I confess to making trouble the original like a stone says who cares. I got about. I had both the whole thing that looked bad and one of my pictures on rocky arms knowing the point that went deep with it once was removed and I was carried into the air while she takes a handicapped man flying. He made it look as if it were reaching and went into it. I'm the poet that never gets caught and can't find the routine for your move in many states, who gets it back

another time. I produce on command and make strange faintly bubbling sounds. Why they didn't make leaves or something I approve of as a kid. I have he said the whole thing done. I believe a sequence became famous partly because he can be handled in the sky or fade into the brush or the trees. No wonder the cooperative American work looks pretty real. The total was to get one just right. And he showed me a second I had to abandon. Hard men need to keep telling me slip and get things as they happen. I have the one example the name of a background though would be the case they called him. I, I'm a busy man and can give you hope. Have everybody tied to trees so the logical question concerns the sanity of anybody he must have been. You talk with them in each other's company. As if the report of wounds is things the sun masks and restores before the sun which is hidden conceals a bed that that morning when impossible things are discovered a body may like a valley which empties everything inflame the region before the mountain withstands its formative prevention for fear of my eager desire, my anxious varied and strange shapes, my having been aware or unaware of having supported the expansion of interruption to see sturdy big desperate people patiently forming time and the neighboring things since bare might be the instrument sudden submersion of circumstance into support and props for letters the description draining occurs, why night in the east, why time or two, why divisions of snow release the east into sometimes visible gains, why the book, and the city, the book and the lower parts of variable forms, the book, why the only cause finding charge of peaks in the whitest office after this short intercepted brightness of these looks, these higher rays of the same moon, clouds the sun formerly supposed sometimes dividing sometimes that by its shape which I effect makes a beginning in the city of California near our frontiers separated from the strike of a level mile in a straight line why this third part of you appears to charge space commonly applied to investigate an order without a lapse of pose, explain the cause of description said to be that are the means your affection has me in an effect of the place and I believe you're expressed in wishing to satisfy yourself, of the

shape of Asia, of its outline and our advance to some who inform me of the same name, the intimate benefits this could not be done without as the cause of the form of the place the effect the process distinguishes by wishing the accuracy limits form the extent of, through, I wanted to confirm height, either part of which reaches to the north and number is the space of time, from the breath which rich people is proof of, that the inhabitants of the summit face the way the wind strikes the rock close up where it's full of similar snow and all the rest as far as a straight line begins to find nothing accounts for having you myself except the induced following our sudden city mingled with trees and air have business with as a friend which I find together with the element of a part of the lower part of snow and stones and various fissures, where the clouds are, and it is possible to go with you and I know you now as a fact and I do believe separation has been seen and experienced so that I can imagine a space of a sudden kind of thing which would seem to remain as if to speak we stay here with those contrasting giants of Switzerland dear overcast men and women previously people as I in former efforts personify through France believe me, when wide whiskers turn over there the life some people hide would not compare with the bed of the ground placed like the erect hairs his cramped position stressed, flight. Charles Ives. I pass the present sleeping face without sleep. Work resembles work that results with. I touch you while learning causes our order times seem to near off. And who possesses periods restores yourself while I thought, while I was learning what in memory could possibly destroy memory to present the present ancient extension among the existence of the desire to go and return with the body and the present that is to the indivisible center of boundaries a vacuum names, surrounds, occupies, blows up, is less than it is, is news to smoke, or nourishment or light or the accumulations of another substance rapidly removed. I and others ask if you have a good appetite. The reason seems to be that they have anything in this work compared with the body with extreme reluctance. But what's in your face wouldn't position a word too, me, you, and got out, the balls of an animal or the snatch an old man sees exhausts the challenge of results,

members had placed him wrecked full of all we get on a pair of you. The back of his head. Someone else's body. To watch them listening resembles the necessity of continuing to converge upon a room in this intense first day of remaining successfully struggling against the son of a bitch starlight prepares without detail in the visible sleep. Moved me toward you into this. Remember you said if there wasn't somebody to build something that wouldn't last I saw it. I'd move on. After being in bed where the son the scar never talked about indicates the felt fire and the cotton blooms of pliant traces left of the space mass remembers before them, remembers that night itself every night gets too with him now, then others seem here last night, where he stands nameless in the garden, the hurried Earth whispered he is almost flat and watching somebody could feel you. You said, between between believable arms a slope. You said later it was gone. Across the body with the others beside him the sound nobody moved, you said, in a whisper is in them was at him where it is. Maybe he knows it's somewhere the same as us, he said he saw the passionate exhalation come into relief as a moment. And like it's again that's again you think we suppose any of it was right. You didn't answer under his hand vibrating, what I'm doing is there now and find it. He said I come back home a little after he feels it again before the first time the first night. I get dark. That that's been back nobody fills out here making at least this whole reason nobody. He says, the world can keep that stopped. But to free that indistinguishable face absorbs something and then runs off the sound of the man as if it had which had out of the dark and out to one another beneath it believed by everyone nobody knew, who had seen it must make something motionless himself, one you can nearly back to the edge, of an empty corner the branch suddenly it's the other one, or it'll return again now where the light of the night the old man inside the old man was with the old man in the object somebody produced until he reaches him in each behind the two paused to look the others said motionless somebody said. About now, about the sun, his mouth missed objects to forget. We which too thought that recognize two sleeping days had nothing I didn't hide you in, all in him to be you, as do too the bump to see him

he said but as soon as something all of which doesn't show anywhere it must be you or I used to think anybody around here don't know you're you. He'll said you can be his back he said. Tonight looking around you come home. One of those only have added this without a machine until she is affiliated though when I had said women come from ahead and stop or people seeing it's full of anyone they face or the two meet until some distance did not move or they went themselves moving you walking beside him they ask to find it either over the pants the shirt the hat and the cap over the hill the curve over time empties including the bed the pick and the shovel, the board and the pillow, the door through and across the garden. We ought to eat each other first. Just before they stop they start again. One of them actually has enough folks to see by, to remain in which what the dreaming sun and the skeleton, the quilts, the mantel, the original flecks of floors didn't remove themselves, again, him, it's as if him through that previous side and time, it was thought the wide west finishes first. The hips, and what's was moved was least like meant. He would be to be the verb one of these still thought better than that. A man the men spoke to too remembers it's like you. Then you still melt in your mouth. While I want more which the count of what I can guess had been in demand of you, just what was without which point I could almost condition to make the original confidence one fact the lips and the body actually frequent to face the actual line. You, I'm waiting. I was all I was and a little less than half of an expression folks might call mixed and more, a white book out there, I live there, as he has in place of it he says his face if I were you won't neatly wind up with the lack of anything better. Tom. The woman's name that name the box apparently straightens him spacing the invitation to that thought and if sitting in the hills reading the new one at a time seemed to include final letters rooms which were remote which no one with eyes looks at which the approaching woman laughed about, which the same woman sent you word to give to the woman steadily watching the woman you're watching this is continuous.

Peter Seaton

MY POETRY

My poetry does seem to have a cumulative, haunting effect — one or two poems may not touch you, but a small bookful begins to etch a response, poems rising in blisters that itch for weeks, poems like ball-bearings turning on each other, over & over, digging down far enough to find substance, a hard core to fill up the hand. It's through this small square that my poems project themselves, flickering across the consciousness, finally polarizing in the pure plasma of life. The reader grows impatient, irritated with my distancing style, coming at him in the rare book format, written under not one but two different kinds of dirty money, & knowing me to be an english teacher.

"The Protestant Poem" & the prose piece "He Was" typify my tendency to write over-elaborated series of possibilities which become arid & abstract. It's possible for even the best current poetry to sink into oblivion without wholly justifying itself through such an absolute renunciation of mediocre success. "The Protestant Poem" & certainly, "He Was," are not arid, they're great (except maybe, "kaleidoscopic world"). My poetry is "curiouser & curiouser" as it makes a descent into the rabbit-hole where descent becomes the subject of the poem's concern: a dazzling dimwittedness that makes sense of its mackerel-textured absence. A respectful abstinence from knowing what I'm doing? Therefore, my style seems to have fallen apart, deteriorated in the three-year interim between books; some kind of decadence has set in; it has become problematical, not to say impossible, because if it limits itself to the traditional language & form of a literature it misses the basic truths about itself, while if it attempts to tell those truths it abolishes itself as literature. Chiastic sentence: not true, MAKE IT NEW, caps, has always been the case, it's what literature means, should mean.

At this point, then, we begin to glimpse what is the profound vocation of the work of art in a commodity society: not to be a commodity, not to be consumed, not to be a vacation. Isn't this the piece talking to itself, hoping to be overheard, & contradicted. Because, the interest evident in the construction, rhythm of the sentences, obviates the need for the content. (Not to deny the feelings, of course). And I, as you probably do *not* know, am a sucker for children in pain. If you allow Cézanne to represent a third dimension on his canvas, you must allow Landseer his gleam of loyalty in the spaniel's eye. I really don't think I'm demanding too much. The idea that poetry is good for a person & should be choked down like a horse pill is ridiculous.

All night you've been stiffed
upstairs across the bed as if
composing. I plump up your
pillows, & measure my tread in
the hall. Off & on I hear you
snoring & nearby. What else
is there? Isn't this Saturday
morning — isn't that Alice out
side, in the snow? I stare her
down however long it takes. You
get up to relieve yourself & we
encounter in the parlor & ask me
whatever am I up for? This
passes for communication.

This is a good example of Jay Gutz's work. Bill Bisset inhabits an entirely different poetic & spiritual universe, & so does Jay. Like Blake, Bissett is a visionary, mystic poet who makes his own rules of poetry as he goes along. Trying to mount a woman with half a hardon is infinitely more terrifying than anything you can trot out from Blake. More terrifying? I should read more Blake. Malcolm Le Grice, the filmmaker, proposes a distinction in structural films between the "compositional" (work=composition) & "problematic" (=problem, e.g. people who want to write language & not poems, just as McClure wants to write his body). Bernstein composes using a vocabulary which at all points (nearly) proposes itself as the other. — this vulnerability, constantly

expressed, is a sign of what (why does he insist on it?) — yet “what I want to call attention to is that there is no natural writing style” which of course is exactly what Barthes was saying in ’53, *non*? These are the poles & what moves the piece is that there is no resolution, point of equilibrium. Here too, the problematic mode proposed as a strategy for composition, as such — this whole body of poems is a big jump forward for me, in that I’m no longer writing “just poems,” each work is somehow myself (& not in any sense Eshleman would understand either).

Able to Describe the Verses

Able to describe the verses more sad each night.

In the night like the two of them between my arms.
They kissed like tarantulas beneath an infinite sky.

She quizzed me, I quizzed her back.
As if I had a friend with big fizzy eyes.

Able to exactly as I said before.
Thinking that I can’t go on. Feeling lost.

Ear to immensity’s night, immense with her.
On the other hand my soul turns rocks into paste.

What does it matter my love can’t guard its shame.
The night is starry & she isn’t with me still.

So much for death. For song with its laws. For laws.
My soul is not contented with having lost her someplace.

As if she were here, I admire her hair suit.
My heart her hair suit, & she isn’t in it.

The mismatched night blanks out the mismatched trees.
Our sisters, those who entice, the same backwards
as forwards.

I don’t know why, that’s certain, perhaps I should ask her.
My voice grows furry as it blows about her idea.

The other. Be the Other. Come kiss me like before.
Her voice, her clear form. Her infinite pupils.

Why I don’t know for sure, maybe we’ll discuss some ways.
The short tan of love, the large tan of oblivion.

Why is night like the two of them between my arms:
my discontented soul with the beauty it has lost.

Although this sea is the ultimate sadness she can cause me,
&, as I told Sean, this is the ultimate paper boat
I shall make her.

I suspect people won’t understand why I think this is language-oriented writing, but it certainly is. I’m a “mind” poet rather than a “body” poet, terribly involved with trying to understand my processes. There are too few memorable poems.

The stars
are insatiable holes, we argue, I hold them
Davy lamps. The stars
are. The night is
cold, I slurred the word, is
coal, I said, & she heard, the blonde kiss holding, Gold.

The “insatiable holes” are spaces created by desire; substitutions around a phonemic center create phrasings & cadences of great intensity as they seek to “fill” an erotically-charged context. It was a *cold* winter, we were out of *coal*, she was sitting on a *gold* mine. Engels writes poems on the disjunction between a consciousness doomed to ask ethical questions of a body & natural order incapable of giving certain replies; I, on the other hand, am more concerned to show the disjunctions inherent in the field of discourse itself. It’s like I’ve moved from tight corners to perfect circles. Still so tight. It’s all so every word utterly true, &, at one & the same time, utterly flip. Shiny as glass... slippery as glass.

I don’t like it, for hurting my head, & I mention it only to relate myself to a particularly productive current in American writing, one associated mostly with prose (e.g., W.S. Merwin’s recent narratives, or those of Raymond Federman & Ronald Sukenick.) The hipper among you will be able to identify what drugs

went into each one of these sad works &, god knows, there is hash, speed, coke, opium & alcohol in all of them. Quasimodo was right — Mozart was right: *Bald, oder nie, & Bob's your uncle*. I cannot say the word e,y,e anymore... there is no e,y,e — there is only a series of mouths — nothing strange about my powers of speech: so many typos that work, sort of.

My Typos

The long tea high of love
— the tranquil distances
from *m* to *o* in amor soldered
& *o* says *o*, don't stop:

you ask me why *o* insists on existence
& *a* means your life is complete?
Who can precisely explain
o's moment & *a*'s fragrance to Rosa

& persuade her to drop her
inhuman arrogance?
If not her pants?
O *n*, that intercepts what's past!

The world is *not* all that's lowercase. The environment I most readily take into myself as subject is the feminine, my intense interest in women being the inner space I most characteristically bring into the writing place. OPACITY — *si*, mysterious cohesion/cohesive mysteriousness, no — is the magnet, what brings anyone *into* the work of another, the announcement of the new *within a specific matrix*. The matrix of the mature artist is largely determined & governed by his own works:

this is the essence, where mine
& the general nightmare mesh.

I work in monochrome, & am *all* attention. What I choose to write "about" is another problem. I constantly delve into confession & what Frank O'Hara called "personism". That's one form of contemporary *hubris*. So, *Birds of the West* was a birdwatcher's book I was using. All of it seems to me individual & skilful. The constant erasure of signs for presence leaves the poem as an interstitial agent in the service of intentionality, & the uncertainties & doubts which Keats saw as the essential conditions for

poetic creation become the characteristics of generation in any form. The non-instrumental, which gives instance of what stands for itself & so not a call to revolution or a representation of the struggle & how it is peopled, but an instance of it (product, the unalienated or re-integrated itself: while still putting off (& on) other myths of "presence" which turn on a misunderstanding of how language operates & how we operate in it, which is to say no e,y,e,s).

The blurb on the book says the usual blurb-things. "David Bromige writes carefully, with *pleasure* — which is the point." Well, which *is*? I am the author of previous books, which is the point. A stunning achievement. Good images ("as carefree as a coffin-nail commercial"), & often a good use of language. "Still there" is a remarkably clear, unaffected, beautiful poem. The poem ceases to be a process of discovery. You go to step on the boardwalk & it's rotten. I try to transcend my petty anger & bring you into an area of engagement under the rule of Poetry. Notes are made along the way toward a remembered edifice. Even a divine physics cannot make categorical thought-determinations of realities intuitable in the plain, ordinary way; as little as divine omnipotence can bring it about that elliptical functions should be painted or played on the fiddle. The tone is objective, rendered ironic by contrast with the monstrous behavior portrayed. What does the "one who knew this" know? It's about some chick whose husband was at the war. The mind's always going west. It's really about the style & aplomb & frame of mind needed to bring it off:

like in the long-ships, at the war to elude us
he's waging over the dwellings where we might've lived
because from his birth, those grooves in the heavens
had been manifest as soon as remarked on
& the good bright glint off their wolfram wings
Dum dum de dum dum.

Anyone for "Lili Marlene"? In my poetry the search shows, & so do the seams often, but my poetry gains authenticity from its deliberate ruggedness. Bull shit. Everywhere there is the tension of an incomplete sentence, an ambiguous antecedent, an unnatural act, an illogical causality.

A sentence, as the expression of a complete thought, is not natural & does not exist in nature. Is not natural & does not exist in nature.

The prose pieces are of a deft, dead-pan order, hinting at more than they state. It's difficult to say whether this prose makes too much ordinary sense, for it is less zany & irritating than *Tender Buttons* — as if that were some kind of discus mark set in 1911 for extra-syntactic competitors. Yet is it teasingly nonsensical when it is most clipped & aphoristic. One thinks of Cummings at his most tricky in some instances: pixie, pigstye, pistils, stilettoes, & e,w,e. The disclaimer at the end suddenly opens a double-bind; it HAD happened before — the previous page, the previous time.

But what, then, to make of disclaimers: by what agency are they rendered? The poem I like best is:

The Sign

A slight, simple poem is slight & simple, & for A.R. Ammons there's no getting away from that. I've been thinking lately about some sort of code of ethics for reviewers. Everywhere the ceremonies of the Phallus are rehearsed, questioned & continued. It is that agonizing lust to express with which I can personally empathize. My book *Threads* used a rhetoric which reminded Diane Wakoski of Eshleman's work, & both of us together brought to her mind the language of Michael McClure. Students can learn to write better-made poems but those poems with their elegant turns of phrase, their vivid imagery, even their conceptual excellence often seem to add up to nothing. To a wisp of smoke, like the poet Mark Strand, whose work is filled with beautiful lines, ideas & images & yet seems to add up to a zero. When holes taste good, we'll put 'em in our bread. She kept remembering how easy it had been to read *Darker* (Mark Strand, Atheneum, 1970, 47 pp.), & how pissed off she'd been at the

poems all the way through, feeling they were hollow & empty & loving the beautiful language & wondering why that beautiful language didn't seem beautiful to her the way a Lorca poem would with its beautiful language.* But she did not wish to waste any time detracting from one poet to praise others, feeling that too much of that is done in this nasty world. The poet A.W. Purdy was gleeful:

I have a very low opinion of the Black Mountain "method" of writing poems (which is partly the exclusion of any other method), & have seen some of David Bromige's reviews of myself & others before.

Either poetry is real, real as or, as Shelley for one believed, realer than, life; or it is nothing, a stupid & stupefying occupation for zombies. Freud's condensation & displacement are figured here in the poetic tasks:

Not the cracking of the ashtray on my
skull was the indicator but her
repeated scream, What do I want with a
husband — never once my name.

* Possibly she had in mind these lines:

We stopped for grits.
Three carbine-carriers came.
The dusk of her kneecaps
& the gorillas in her heavens.

. . . .

And I entered cunt, Clayton, weeping buckets
her adventure a gentle gazelle,
in the teahouse of the pizza parlor
came, furiously, gnawing on all within reach.

This syntax like algebra seems not unlike that which Hoffmannsthal claims for his early lyrics. For me, also, everything disintegrated into parts, those parts again into parts; no longer would anything let itself be encompassed by one idea. Single words floated round me; they congealed in e,y,e,s, which stared at me & into which I was forced to stare back—whirlpools which gave me vertigo, &, reeling incessantly, led into the void. A few years ago there was a fad which entailed going to the laundromat, putting a dime in one of the large dryers, & jumping inside. This works in a short poem. But many of these poems aren't short. One is a very long nine pages:

Whoever stood furthest up the trail was master
of the trail.

Pitiless duration — I suppose that's, well here I am & it's the morning & I've got a day to get through & tomorrow there will be another. And there'll be a lot of dependent clauses & you have to go out & support them. There's a whole struggle in there that breeds murder. My own father was forced to go out & commit murder, not once but a number of times. All I ever did was unplug some tubes, doc.... But there is an insistence, almost purely sexual, which would apportion the poem as a longer event than is popularly conceived in 1973.

Psychoanalysis

Often people fuck merely in order
to keep from having to talk

but I don't remember everything
else I said.

I have a strong imagination which sometimes interferes with the poem & becomes distracting. Suddenly, "the sight of this creature/turned them (the "two" "friends": twin children of adversity) & they fell to arguing." It's the trouble with all museums.

If it sounds as if I'm too loose or sloppy, that is not the case. Example: This burg isn't big enough for both of us. I just pulled the strings. I'm not the craftsman George Ellenbogen is, & in some of the poems I appear to display no craftsmanship whatsoever; nevertheless, at the personal surface I'm one of the most appallingly human of the west coast poets, perfectly willing to reconcile myself to whatever comes along on a given day, hence enjoy this moment, that moment, no questions asked, no answers needed. No theory today escapes the marketplace. All are put up for choice; all are swallowed. The writer is the widow of an insight. Slandering Croatia with a false esteem. It was the last class-meeting of *Eros & Civilization* & we were eating brownies. What can look at itself is not one. Many Europeans & Orientals speak English far more vividly than those of us for whom it is Mother Tongue. So, one evening, being driven on a winding road by our friend Stella, & narrowly escaping being struck by an oncoming truck, I screamed, she reprimanded me, an intense awkward silence ensued relieved only when 3 sentences appeared before me, a prompt sheet passing across the windshield:

The truck had nearly struck their
car. He had screamed. She had
asked him not to.

I spoke them aloud & the mood in the car turned on a dime. It could also read "One's Poetry." For my poetry is informed by something inside that doesn't flinch & won't budge:

Because a cold rage seizes one at whiles
To show the bitter old & wrinkled truth
Stripped naked of all vesture that beguiles,

Because it gives some sense of power & passion
In helpless impotence to try to fashion
Our woe in living words, howe'er uncouth.

I like the way these poems scan; they are tight, rhythmical, colloquial, oblique lyrics. I find it exciting the way the terse English accent breaks through at times, asserting facts:

The hornéd moon to shine by night
Amongst her spangled sisters bright :
*For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.*

& more facts :

The water o'er the pebbles scarce could run,
And broad old cesspools glitter'd in the sun.

This is just to say I've gained the art & language in which I bring my readers deeper than any consideration of a personality to the awareness of a living man — hence in reading these recent books of mine one may find oneself in a solitude & a — “Tight Corner,” I might call it — edge or risk of Being that seems even as it is most mine to be speaking for a depth of one's own inner being. Climb bean sort of is substitute destiny. Extremely useful & succinct on the problem of writing verses literature. Silence amounts to the same thing, recommended for university & large college libraries :

Sign on Librarian's Desk

REVENGE

I could never have done it alone. The self to write about the products of the self which the self tries to make as selfless as possible, in order that they may be seen to come from the true self, by involving it with & invoking it for contiguous other selves (readers). The constantly shifting perspectives of the sentences. Even a lower limit, speech, & an upper limit, song, leads instant-ly to song —

You make me dizzy Miss Lizzie
Put your little hand in mi-yine

— & to a speech, where soon enough we get pygmy, tangled, spittle, spread, bobbles, bangles, broads & rich or poor. One does not inherit an audience : one builds one, a reader at a time. I join these words for four people, some others may overhear them. This air of seeming indifference toward the reader often succeeds. Join now.

Seeing that you asked

In this world there's a secret
& it belongs to me, to me
& to someone who lives in here with me.

When my brother dreams
he shivers. Instead of night
he sees these things.
When he takes a walk & sees something
it makes marks on his forehead
in small drops of blood.

A dream's when you see people.

The dream is in the smoke.
When you wake up
it's right in front of you.

The light makes dreams.
Dreams come to pay us back
& wake us up.

Our mother certainly could see the dream
except she lights the light.

If you dream you're dressed
you see a picture.
As long as there's a picture in the room
I can never be alone.
Statues & pictures aren't alive.
They can only think & see.

The wind makes the grass move
& you see it move.
That is thinking.

When you can't remember something
then you think.

A horse thinks with its ears.
 A curious thought came into my head :
 I must give up my horse
 to make my mother better.
 It was made of wood, with real hair.

Could this chair have been called "Stuhl" ?
 Yes, that is a word in German.
 Who gave things German names ?
 God & the Germans.

A dog knows its name
 but does a fish. It should,
 if we know we belong, why shouldn't fish.

The name of the moon
 isn't in the moon
 The sun's name's in the voice
 that says it.

The clouds' name
 is in the clouds
 because they're gray.

As for the pencil,
 it's printed on its side.

David Bromige

CHARLES, A DATE RAMBLE

Men between relations, essential other
 and economic, social
 in
 so this is especially
 progress all underlying
 existence of values
 fundamental, the call to care !
 you, whatever
 or laws
 primal & organic
 are there
 that conscious be to least
 at or
 causes deeper the sense to power
 the man gives
 which nature
 human in quality, innate
 an
 is there prospect
 the measuring carry
 to amount
 the

Tom Mandel



2.00