



The Light American

Diane Ward

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Blind Work

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JAWBONE

for Doug Lang

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Received of the Treasurer of the
County of ... the sum of ...
for ...

Witness my hand and seal
this ... day of ... 19...

Attest my hand and seal
this ... day of ... 19...

Done at ... this ... day of ... 19...

