TOM MANDEL
READY TO GO

READY TO GO

To David Degener

READY TO GO

POEMS 1972-1977

TOM MANDEL

ITHACA HOUSE 1981

ALSO BY TOM MANDEL

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Thanks to the editors of the magazines in which versions of these poems first appeared.

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I RICARD

RICARD

1

blue rain, thrush bailing
hay recalls
retired to just commence commence commence
why it must be midnight

how o how do I know you are blue?
meadow stubble tickling my foot downhill
its sorted cry suspended among dropping bark
tszjwhoodwi-dakh it spoke

this custard cud

even the dust in low mass
knows the reason
to stay out of fright
think of a ham rising orange low overhead
in every neighborhood

2

During an earlier period of its history I behaved
in a disastrous way
Toward friends and even toward lovers, though
I can't be more precise. Lets just say
I let it be collected—just say times unprepared
Unpreaching times, unrelative and
It came as a shock when farsightedness.

You can pull out your finger, you can scratch
Stick hair up your nose, you can squint
You can raise that 'lip', you can fold your arms.

The free
throws
hot
potato
right
corner
pocket bulls
eye
or
back
court
man
its barked handle aids the grip

the emperor
with a
right

hook.
Then stepped forward heavily
as if from a shower expected
around the shoulder area.

3

Secret impressions take off from me toward superintending our grasp of speculation or less subjective denied views where I am adrift without lessening to alter signals in his solar plexus. We are enemies in the tyrannous hands of any earthly Pharoah, for tyrants take crowns (and we give love).

Yellow silt extends the length of corridor towards its grave, the newel post of a staircase that angles up to something slight and gray on the gallery of an upper floor (you can see him) tugging at the leash of the reluctant dog without will to want leading beyond the very point I or someone wanted to make, where perspective lines melt or will casually vanish. These are twin tokens. This cannot remain my only souvenir.

4

Some things that happen for the first time
Seem to be happening again
And so absent wiles the morning hours.

That second, separate, less reluctant, more criminal
Would pose other difficulties.
The sessions of punctuation
Accurately note an impersonal "long time ago"
An abstraction
Deep in the holes, the mathematics of
Riding a bike.
Conscious, vacant heat relaxes these distinctions.

A sealiner eating chalk a
Decade bucks its
Delicate periodicity.

Invasions mass and slip
If you talk, it stopped.
One scrubbed wave.
That comes to you as a lie,
& ice clouds another lying liquid.
Discontinuous tyrannies commingle features
For five ways to school a shuffled temperature:
The art of red out, a cornice inside out
Trophies beside the sofa, plumbing in the victory garden
A cut, but it doesn't hurt.

5

The ivory horse a phone booth horse
these eyes trained & fed
Jockey it's vegetarian
of a finish line
are not yet accustomed
these eyes of a finish line
To the darkness dotted
blotting the pockets bulbs
With blue-holed "B" bulbs
you rope devices
A similar sightless blue
in tenuous application the same line
leaves vapor
its phantom rider in a miniature
The horse slew trails the medium
yoked to itinerary
a whole mollusk just impressions
& one final disagreement.

The medium an even, rich ore
Exhumed until awake demanding
Erasure of inferred tribunals.

Recapture at dry dock is pleasure if staring out the afternoon window waiting on that return. The brawny man grins at his nylon gifts.

It applies horizontally in a film held by a nuisance starlet embracing the circus of the same name.

Fresh out of commas, the synchitic experimener states his conclusions without qualifications.

Illumination strikes the feeling, fulvid, for a capital, a measure casually pinned to the beginning of thought there.

Disciplines of negation snatch the chores of victory from beneath the feet, voiding fear. Rattled to stroll in the low street, past the waiter fuming at lost opportunity, the blinking teller of a gambling house, the doctor's wife cooling her heels and child during an important operation.

The wolf knows what the ill beast thinks.

The virtues of words, stones, and herbs were ignored in the arrival of summer.

FINNED

delayed the burst finagles a
bang the room falls on the street
let them look out stars
at we do not see them always
in night soft I know
you are not about to love me
dead among severity my see myself
lines of life to peel
you are dinner.

PRESUMED URCHIN

"Paris, city of Jews and
of Anti-Jews"
Harry Matthews

Little by label are as they wend
to thermometers in Chicago they,
nudging chicken suds sudden under rained-on sky,
look up, looking at you
paint a radiator black, your fine hair
gets in that black goop.

I'm crossing the subtropical avenue to where
no me has stood before envious flashlight
chambers zooming bunkwards, pogo stick
stiffening the tail of radio.
I haven't heard your name
in this secret air pocket.
You are not weeded out in ambush
but you are postcards, on the rack.

REVERDY

Your get-up was always grave.
Now you get up from your grave.

A curtain is always parting
in the sky. Sex. ". . .skull
has let its clothes fall
but keeps on without a sound
walking single file in the dead-end alley."

My shadow snaps the wall of air.

Clouds move into trees; trees
turn into clouds. It's always or partly
curtains in the sky.
Now your skull falls closed.

An alley of trees
is parting, a curtain
single file in air.

FIT

The moon, though full, seems far away tonight,
rolling among the stars.

A guard of certitude pounds nervous weather.

The rim of it is in some singing branches.

Reckless children that ruin the instance of
work that wastes.

There was nothing missed to concentrate on.

Your mouth is a grayish spot.

RHYME

If you hang yourself
& the tree falls to earth,
you will have fallen to the earth.

But, if a tree fall to earth,
and then you hang yourself,
you will have hung yourself from
a different tree.

2 n x

A lot of vintages walk
smack into a drooling face.
While I am neat European,
he will always be remembered
for doing his impression of a pencil.
It's when I think of
him in bed with you
that a pencil keeps coming to mind:

a pencil in an igloo.

DEMEROL

1
Our ancestors ate their children. What we say 'huh'
to they gave names to, and have forgotten what once
we were told they were, informing a serious effort
all the same.

2
It's not as hairy but it's my face all right. It might
glide at a lower level, and I would be looking for some-
one else. Asking to be relieved I won't know what it
will be like but am saying anyway not to ask me.

3
Oops. I'm no dungeon (but I'm dark). Eventually he would
accept these placements, even see their value.

4
At six, dawn barely broken, he descended to the garden and
assumed his smooth position. Gravel and chinky skies. What
if organs were, apt as a chair? He asked for a coffee and some
genial fronds—a problem we all face. His teeth dried, he was
gulping, he didn't believe them.

5
By my count it was a houseboat, were you counting? A ma-
hogany like taffy, it had been varnished so often. Although
she was ordinary, I spoke to her in slicing, massy lines but
dismally. My years suffering I dismissed like a bull beside a
herdful. There was this face between us and I can't stand
rejection.

6
Everything that rests is negligence. And what I imagine is my
place represents no more than the intersection of many appro-
priate abandonments. But. And if I make no reference to form,
color, the kindergarden kit, this is because in the space of thir-
ty seconds my nails ripped an irregular ditch in the membrane.
Inevitably, they were also dumbly growing.

7
Get out of there dammit. They were forever vacationing
in Morocco. I mean everybody.

8
Several equations might be useful at this point. Remember
the garden?

9
The regularity of your features makes your face seem im-
mense. Just this regularity isolates you. Light is disturbingly
cast from its single source. I wave above some banister, my
forearm a supplementary science. You ought to discipline that
wrinkle. Why not drop the reins and clean that fear of pillow:
many faces that offer one comfort along with a variety pecul-
iar to solitude, peculiar to what you have come to think of as
desire. Your sovereignty drools and grovels.

10

Ritual does close in. Once to avoid giving in you force yourself to spend an evening in one of the 'old places.'

11

When he made love to you, you could not do enough to please him. You undressed in the round 'Louisiana' room, felt ready in his kisses, your head liquid, active, unrestained. Then he felt your Adam's apple and froze. You spent an hour with your head in the pillow until he dressed and went away. Later you heard he was with two women.

12

Under the influence of Nietzsche I decided to expand systematically my capacity for suffering. This, I reasoned, would expand analogically the ration of pleasure, enjoyment, comfort, gratification, gladness, and even voluptuousness coming to me in later years.

13

I find I have perfected what I am not. Therefore I cannot bear solitude. Yet my attractions are pure, having nothing to do with me. I am waiting and I imagine it is for you that I wait.

II CAFE CON

CAFE CON

to paint them reason
is pimento tiles
cunning
change
eyes of light or season

THUNDER

This time he knows you by sight and not by name
Light has been breaking in my foot
Bad habits of love beware

Rain increases the lacquer of his park
Moreover puts his foot
Here and there on its paths

Sand can split inside him, becoming even smaller

Tiny tubers appear not to nourish the day
Though here and there living forever gradually
Like louvres punched inside a phone booth

The farm ticks into a moment it will rise in
Beating the farmers into plowshares
Speech into a durable substance which caresses him

A kind of bucolic bargain, tapping his feet.

To the rhythm of his fields
He turns his face, completely into a circle
Until now I see that again.

THE ENTHUSIAST

I came to you out of that former world
Whenever a star came out
Of air, filed a little, and smiling
Thru sweet window, pale, breeding
Tuned the boarder sundowns at
The talent and loss barn, all lost buildings
Catch destroying beef
And breath in all oceans
This is where your toes spat anchors.

TENDERFOOT

Tho this be real time Joplin Missour-uh ...uh
and this sirrah
object our language calls a motel pillow
it is to cry into
or come into perhaps
reputed also
can beat fists against it
bruise palms screaming
and holding head
"no no no
but this be no good lesson
. . .
here is your exactly-timed restaurant
growing by the side of the road
here Stetson fascist affords
one coffee he brings in his palm
then quickly capsizes into my left hip pocket
the boiling liquid
at this I leave and
in the light of my dashboard
see me where I say
"when you're supposing
the world suppose with you"
to the cup of your tidbit
and clear lament. I want access to
the ransom of your smile.

GAY VIENNA

1.
Past and future be recessed
among infant insects the rules
a swarm of bees, or father to
anything bright once
the pollination of flowers
is poor, obscure.

Taste all can be
odor, a bright lawn
an adjacent silhouette
too full of haze to enter.

The female matches the man.
Trim chatter raised to ordaining.

2.
The word hurries across grainfields
equitable but not another lock gets broken
narrates into swarm breeze of
the sky showing winter curls
burden the grass into landscape
a branch lay distinct on stiff ground
we didn't leave the house for this accident
moving along room to room.

3.
Tears in cold air have
forced in angels' living places.

POEM

It should be clear
it should be called a lie
and next to a jar
it is wider

Approach sit near it
wider than it is high
and next to a jar
is a cup of coffee

This woman is whiter
than her height is clean
she smiles down from
her bed next to the screen

It should be called a lie
approach sit near her bed
it is wider then it is high
should be it that's called a jar

A cupful is on high
this woman should cease smiling
coffee wood and hills
next she smiles down to a jar

Approach and sit nearby
it is wider than high
her back is next to clean
bed next to the screen

A horse sits near her bed
it is higher than it's wide
and whiter (it is dyed)
a jar should be called a lie

TRANSLATION

Come forward Anax-
imander, he

was holding in his
hand what appears

to read 'piece
of tomato juice'

I don't think

. . .

'insanity
the roadside weed.'

III TWENTY YEARS WAR

GUILLEVIC'S TAR ROOF

Cracked al-
loys are pure

sinuous in
lips rain time

what ilk glass a
lesser pace asked

key down to piece
2 late mine you'd

lean chew move
our repasts

nine draped refigures dept

10 hemen hicular
vett day moves &

leg roofs minds

lips war with
vaporize

and memory airs
hot liners

twinned era
wrecks pork-out in leanto genres.

1902

1

Consider the head may be deeply wrapped
in the city laments good fortune
following bereavement

Bereavement? Something pulverized
in no particular step produced young

Who are loved and borne
to appearance in replacements

The bearing wear
in its trace, known, bounded goods

fields and herds
not commutative, and not known

to survive.

A face may be worn
written to in trenches
it is so rooted

in another, torn & even wrenched
apart.

2

earth that hands shade
struggle partitions bowls
perhaps one eye dense
returns
hatred to the dead
harvest discarded

3

third, each is gained
and it may be unnoticed, prefatory
the frightened wish is gesture too
come loose
an eye to lean
when love approaches
new root
caprice

4

violent
father
light
freezes

5

At the margin of his ass, put a seat
the seat
the child has no reason to die
down stairs
sit down
dead son.

TWENTY YEARS WAR

These were abandoned meadows beneath
a city, nests of light
cast onto clouds to soften
the image I have retained of you
wearing shades, profiles merging forth
from a dark, direct viaduct.

I have imagined you in mines, white
thighs in their black net.
The roar of your lips is on my mind.
I cannot forget your hands in my
back pockets. I have a mental picture
you may be standing in,
smoking cigarettes in line before a film.
Recklessly parting, tongue in cheek
you called it "touch and go." Turning,
air touched us, turns clouds,
stars in their turn tonight
until, a memory turns up with morning,
the sun, yolk of color,
beaten in clouds of you.

ONLY THE SUN

Only the sun blinds
its interior, he can still see
the fact of it near
him the outline some
years younger, a shadow
which falls across a
darker shadow on the page
on the wall behind
the figure of him absent
inside it.

STALE VESTIBULE

so now no
you have chan-
neled delirium you
couldn't

have stood
which, I say
now I can't never
thoughts

grind
to tooth-colored instants or
blue miles
vertiginous

ice space all
tensed volume un-
released reed
porches

mass freeze
clinches
fast a
feasible surface

shoulder walks
into or the
neck too
deep in the fuck

place finds the
letter last a-
sleep and too
denotes

the loss
a piece of
light
in intensity

then you
have been the first
man onto
to step upon a star

DERANGED RESIGNATION

Fire read or fed you
addicting you to sleep, went
unatoned, its stain absolute.

Dust discolors tongue & mouth,
collapses on your lips, coils
in your lips to spit
out with three black hairs.

Sleep does its rummage in
dust or fire for a tongue
cowardly to translate ash,

translate into ash.
Your foot perspires.

One's hands
across the rest of you are
folded in the rug
as in sleep you are
contained in them
signifying,
sanctify

IV ROSE'S SOUP

ALL THESE EXAMPLES

This the quick halibut's so rusty
so's a piece
jab-jobs
knocks rue it, no header am spared it
Sir Witzio, e.g., crossed finder hairs &
one dead halibut
shoulder it, center upon the shoulder
ante trivial monday pringles
tu(taterpops)esday genuisti filium
teacup in wednesday's rain
on donnerstag two dogs halibut traces in fog

my friend with the long nose and strides
is an appreciative person resisting thought
'a work of 18 years fishing'
in these waters: no doubt many molecules the same
of fishers and farmers. Came out the house in Lans
the day we left, to find the elder Ravix on the path
asking had we seen his cow (famous for escaping).
The son had been to school in Lyons: there were
milking machines & in back the old stalls. The old man
appreciated that he showed me his hands
warning me to
drink quickly on such stormy days—anyway their faces
pure slav like their name, yet the town cemetery revealed
stones back five centuries named Ravix

This is the Latin peasant stock straight back to
Eastern Invasions.
Farmers and fishers: for several years these spectra
will dwarf the two men, resisting thought, advancing
in the bus
longer and longer these same bowls grow white
and in the forefront a phalanx of seven. 'Step
right this way, I'll make you a farmer of men.'

XMAS 73

From the plural of *here* by adding 't'.
Heret, heert, ereth, reeth, eerth?
No.
Three makes sense. No.
There is what I mean:
I am here & you (there)
are many out *where*
you are

TWO SHORT WORKS

path a puddle
crown of shadow
leaf trunk branch

MOST THINGS TAKE AN IMAGE

Rose's
Soup 58 cents
Or, "I cld jive you" in fact, how about
That
about perishing of wrap paper
having once

/

remark "what riches"
by which is meant very much money, a lot, which
If you rich you get, just pay with lightning check
power, or a wad of real cash, thick, smelling
good in your pocket.
Smile, and "come on home with me, car." Or some
radio is packing it in from far and near.
Poor is left over from being rich, for people like
me. You can sell or not think about.
For instance, I have a movie camera, stereo,
Lots of books and furniture in New York.
As with a fancy haircut, when you mop the floor
you don't think about it, but you still have it.
Most things take an image, and most will to too.

cafeteria green
beige
also shit green
words
cafeteria brick red gray
green
tit's in the till

British Council Library
36, rue des ecoles

Skokie Public Library

Regenstein Library
(January, '73)

For fantasy & image opposite one another
& a kind of blindness to one another—
One unexpected, long hair wound into your groin.
Only a breast never giving milk
Fresh as the eye blind from birth
Should be called a tit. Rose, you are eating
Asian noodles. You have wax lips. To be
Kissed by wax? You have, what's more
My mother's name. Too.

In a get up like all get out
the Baptist churches
extend hearty welcome
to you
before

Giddy Inn & a lot of snow
in a ditch
I didn't see
Drove the fucking car right into it
Pity desk clerk
this in Grand Island, Nebraska
where sincerely I hoped never
again to be
& ate lunch
two weeks
later
smothered pork chops.
Fill the tank
please. Bosselman's Standard
Truck Plaza.

UNGARETTI

Politely
to be born
like 'no thank you'
in someone's mouth

I know I am
ideas is falling through
& on my scalp
I bow to
runs rain down my neck

MY BACK PAGES

brown sugar one second of a kiss
sway again
wild horses rushing from one thing to do
hear me knocking fear of men
an upside down face seen to be a face
an upturned boot seemed to be a face
red harvest

you got to move

A NOVEL

Out of the city at last, Nancy and I are visiting the Banghorns, David and Katherine, in the sea-coast town of -----, where we have a drink in their yard. While David finishes putting molding onto a living-room wall, Katherine turns over an irregular border to the garden and talks with us.

She tosses out a length of garden hose, arranges it in an attractive curve, then spades on one side only. Katherine is beautiful, looking like a work of art which instead of being painted by El Greco has been photographed by Dorothea Lange.

It's going to rain, so we toss some grass seed on the unspaded side, dig a few bulbs into the edges of the border, and go into the house.

A piece of two-inch quarter-round molding arches across the dining room to lie on a power-saw bed, over which David stands. David has a theologian's beard. I recollect a student, closely resembling him, who served donuts and coffee in the basement lounge of the Department of Religion Building, ten years ago at the University of X.

Once the student put a question to a famous theologian standing just ahead of me in the line for sweets and coffee. "How can every act become holy?" The theologian, who had a reputation as a 'Zen' Christian, actually did hold the view that all human activity, whether so intended or not, was sacred. Attaining consciousness of this fact, one might lead a totally religious life and attain knowledge of God.

The student must not have been asking for moral advice. More likely, he meant his question to be theoretical in nature. In any case, I did not hear the theologian's answer, if indeed there was any. Soon, he departed towards a table on the other side of the lounge. Several of his students awaited him there, chairs pushed back from the table to face in the direction from which he walked, a tray of pastry and beverage in his hands.

In a moment, the chairs closed back around the table in a circle. My attention was diverted by a jelly-filled donut, and I recall nothing more of the incident.

Nancy seeded longest in the rain and has been drying her hair. David has finished in the living room. He and Katherine are going to change clothes, then we will drive into town for a drink.

Waiting, I listen to a violin and, behind it, hear the radio making the violin's sound and its own, behind which David and Katherine move around in the bedroom. Behind their sounds are street sounds, the facing houses sounding, streets and houses behind them, down to the Pacific in constant sound. The last few days I have been reading Edmond Jabes. I have become crazed with questions.

V SPOKEN QUOTATION

HELEN IS MONTANA

Helen is Montana
or the penetration of Texas into Guatemala
the blackness of Big Horn
the Gulf tangent having transported
Floridean sacrifice of civilization with
monumental sculptures within which figure
miniature stove pipes, and steam off
coffee pots or kettles
kiss of gods or goddesses withdrawing
to a proper popular place under proud papa
pages of history accorded veritable catalog
raisonne great survival of effects of things
or their revival in entirely non-theatrical
works of Hugo or Dumas reprises if possible
played too slow if possible to mass sleeping
audiences in curtain cat calls
intermissions by subscription sharing chosen
choice seasonal final remarks in charts
strolling creased glance portfolios of
indecent chances increasingly
empty descents of a rural face
in lissome suburban snow jetties sustained
black hole in face.

PARTING TWO PLIES

Rude, severed imps
orate in gated coaches – so share my
dearest (you get me?) so . . .
these voices aviate toward midnight.

Entire already sipped for a medium tidbit
grounded out to the face
a fashionable woman with blackface
of the mardi-gras metal biscuits.

She leans somberly on a trick knee.
The firecrackers in the street enjoy loud,
        repeated guns
jealous no more than leaves us odes
to use up blocked payphones.

Maybe never remember us native
keels of efforts who guard lazy grandees
while they could be wilted
ailing watts of scimitar tracks.

Their full Latin trance sound levers besought
elder, more zealous, passive mores
lay sudden in rushing vents
sealed up ago – ah months! cured apples!

WOODEN TOWERS

Instance foreshadowing
fall out among other tents
signs of good luck
experienced by the forcible dreamer
to discourage believable gliding
forever in frozen morning
disfigured commerce
perfected expenditure.

Large men bathing on the public beach
heels scoop nearly orange sand
apparently in hero worship he
follows laying in each depression one object
two small dolls' legs, a larger one, a plastic
collar, bleeding stone, the face of a crab,
trunk of a green plastic soldier, aiming arms
of another toy soldier, a starfish, a rotting
nail of fortifications literally come to
nothing, a flat chrome disk.

You have heard your own name
All you ever heard from him
You reconstructed his voice from one word
Mirror image to the enemy thought
Spelled backward, the real
Resemblances among things
Those false, too, he called the soul.

SPOKEN QUOTATION

What thinks now drops down
through seemingly inexorable forces
operating on thought to flower in a narrow range.
Destruction, spoken quotation. "*verra la morte*
e avra i tuoi occhi" or so thought
pictures eyes, reading onto your page
the title from Pavese, this phrase of Peirce:
"aesthetic emotion consisting in power
over a homologue of some first thing
creates its lesser replication."

SCENE OF THE SONNET

These occurrences replace the
night you drove right past
their cafe; she will be in some-
one's arms, unwittingly.

The car stalls. Smack the wheel
and shout away your palm's
pain too. Turning the key.
The motor shakes, and next

the car starts.
Before you drive, look again.
"L", "D", "L":

neon letters wink,
pink above embracing heads.

STRAIGHT NO CHASER

I

There are wonderful blue drops in the sports report,
Calm from the north on small bones,
The living originality the air implies
Set up on its 4 small feet in the morning.

At a bus stop passengers
Await more anonymous portions of today.
The heart too, as you slam shut
A grand piano I rolled onto the highway,

You revoke its tides; we are
Crawling easily against velleities & waves
That course ceaselessly toward the beach.

II

In the clearings, jugs flew all over
The surface of a rose. Stems ignite
The ground, the path away

Past a rusted car, two cords
Of wood and bright banks
Of the river, glad today as always
To taking their perpetual drink.

III

Brisk strokes propel us past
This quadrant or its horizon
Permanent as a bathtub ring.

A table covered in dark fabric
In the corner of the room
Next to a white chair
Lit by a goose-neck lamp on the wall,
You walked toward, and as you
Sat I remembered your name,
Living letters organized
In everything that happened there.

READY TO GO

Bingo players watch
without pace a gravel
leaf get retarded
from its horizon because
of face-off deliveries.
Many packets of completed
single knowledge along
memory, association or
similarity bind
in an aquarium
without exact gestures
your friend, however
squeezes as if bicycle horns
were bony fish and his
flowered border sundered
piped-in fence. Windy rain
transduces electric
coolness into the air
tomorrow between twelve
and one
a bent resin still hovers
over particular seeds
that blacken bafflement,
stunned review of
brilliant collected ants
carrying across the outside
drawer of flames out
of a desire to explain.

VI BIOGRAPHY

FILMIC

A faceless scalp bubbles into view, vacuum cleaner snug under arm. Yearning for the dead not to cut duration. With its one principle, the strength to cleave laps with ample vertical strokes of arm. Jack the giant killer crushed David minutes before Goliath's arrival. He wants to sleep beneath a single light that breaks up meditation. In view of a bird slamming against our window, a faceless body kisses force goodbye.

BIOGRAPHY

La nuit (soleil) aussi. Se
asking of his friend too
who stills desire to become
sacrifice, conformism, deception, morality,
vanity.

His eyes brim over, malice,
tired grimace or melancholy smile.
He conceals an astonished suffering,
money, religion, heroism, snobbery, rebellion.

Leading to hypocrisy inside solemn
vast exigencies and severe limits
that veil his expanded personality.
All these means at once?

Torrid suns between these stars
an appearance of mapless black
no more to see than
justifies the extreme of vanity.

Otherwise arrested desire to be
interminable winds up instead questioning
a craft to avoid uninterrupted
itself confounded with the object.

Then judge each thing as
if you were it. Imagine
receiving illusion along with information.
The subject is never alone,

A narcotic making it palatable.
Sober, hungover, lost at night;
the city fields its idiocies.
You alone will never die.

A V O W A L

Plus belle glaub' ich wie elder dont
Den Panien mich, celui derein die Quintce
—Azur, griffst du es—wahnsinnig in Lausanne.
Brule-chaise jetzt von chaumiere gesont
Sei wann—blupe!—macht ma delicat sans peur
Gibt's grund rafloss rund doch nez.

Ouai dalla saladsch wo nun schifft
En Träum näh pays-pieds, schon les
Pieges si wichtig ging la-bas parmi
Pêches davon jenen Papas neanmoins benennt.
Denen peuvent ses Erlebnisse, les eigene
Jaune comme des nouilles par pfund entfahren.

Las des fonts verrückt, dem Wetter cassée
Et on a quand meme sehr bien geschlaft
Aimant immer moi der siegt, on, sage, zerstört
Sa Wandlung, ou il y a tant des wirklich Stücke
Splendides. Ils brulent, schön, a coté du Flug.
Nun plaisanten nous aux ecailles des Augen.

Maintes glaube deren nous unsere embrasses
Davon devant les ames du divan me font
Die toutes Nachtstück um nous kehren
Mit Sehnsucht alliee, le plan douze rempli
Sur die süssen Plages wolkige se um zu tenir
De mauvaises Augen, nous retten le long des Berge.

SO LONG GEORGES BATAILLE

Fortunate banners lame fools.
Extraordinarily reserved beings serve
to cultivate all science, drawing from
it parts of small or divine sores,
extreme lotion of juices. For this
reason, four persons or more such of
sects cut dust in twin sacks of ducks.

Hide the plates of tears and so
place happy ideas in needles. The
force of your fucking is felt by
your mother.

Lodge of nightingales.

VII VICO

VICO

In Dogville's plans for a city square we find
Intimate planting thins subtracted layers
Of expert heavy traffic. What spring
Blooms, what desires a game lawn, luxury
A straight viewpath? This park denied, we wander
Out to form loose features of the map.

So the English river in Italian eyes is a sap's map
Of angular jungles, hallooing ships. I'd like to find
Some winning procession of seasons to wander
Buoyed beyond will. I'm not at home in layers
of laburnum. Nor latinate in tropical riots of luxury.
That's not me either. I want to live with spring.

A neighboring viburnum had shuddered. Spring
Water touched its roots somewhere on the map.
The plant drinks in unseen luxury,
roots and place in place, impossible to find,
Lost in shadow and in chance. Among layers
Of this vegetable shaping a pattern aches to wander.

Intent brightens the town I wander
As if the deflated crosswalk passed a spring
Tightening. My name recedes in celibate layers
Among tears aloud near the fountain. I need a map,
And what others need feeds me, I find.
Another dusk invention asking to be luxury.

True citizens descend, in order and luxury,
From pasture to garden. Cracks may wander
More sensibly along these paths. In them you find
A deepened green, but the populous disorder of spring
Has abandoned this place. Like tiny towns on a map
Small flowers betray no life thudding up other layers.

Fragrance, a distracted arrow, claims its layers
Of penetration in flesh tanned to luxury
Across its own dark. I equate this map
With skin geometry tends to stretch and wander,
More open to imprinting than wise. But why spring
This on me now? To whom do I seem a find?

Layers of plans suffer thought to wander.
In a luxury van near the square, spring
Weighs above our map the artifice we find.

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