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summer 77 \$2**

Editor: James Brown
Associate Editor: Christopher Tom Sawyer
Art Editor: Lee Sherry

Graphic design: David Park
Cover design: Lee Sherry

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Roof III

James Brown
Christopher Tom Sawyer
Lee Sherry
David Park
John Y. Lee

Group: Andrew
Charles Brown
Ray D. Brown
Steve D. Brown
Bob D. Brown

Legend:
A: Andrew D. Brown
B: Bob D. Brown
C: Charles Brown
D: David Park
E: Lee Sherry
F: John Y. Lee
G: James Brown
H: Christopher Tom Sawyer

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Editor: James Sherry
Associate Editor/Distribution: Tom Savage
Art Editor: Lee Sherry

Graphic page: David Reed
Cover design: Lee Sherry

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MEMOIRS

A poem a day keeps the animal element in tune. Say that you are sitting in the Sheraton Hotel waiting room on 7th Avenue between 55th & 56th Streets after a day's work at Hadassah. Sitting there you anticipate an enormous concert by André Watts (my newest hero) and Leonard Bernstein—an event to take off in a couple of hours over at Carnegie. Wow.

Now, I really wish I had baggage because it looks so great—how these men in this lobby wheel suitcases around on their portables. I mean, if I could just say to one of them "My bags are right over here," "Thank you,". Or maybe—if I could just go up to one of the windows, wait in line a little bit, and tell the "conciierge"—"A room please", "For how long?" and so on. And then maybe—"Meet my party."

That sure beats reading the NEW YORK TIMES that I have sitting next to me, for now, anyway. So, what do I do? What's left? Thinking, and letting my pen take the time in this space on place. It could come around and be romantic. I like that—thinking about how things could be in the moonlight on Broadway, in this big shining city.

POLONAISE

Theme

I sit here
and look out my window.
I didn't will the world to make its appearance. But somehow
I am confronted with a scene I must accept. Not always pleasing
the soul, the world takes second fiddle to more enlightening
realities.

Somnambulant energies extend their will and I somehow am
pulled by my own man-made dreams—where beauty knows no
limit. I surround myself with the most pleasing sounds ever
muttered. My fancy draws the drama, the contrast needed for
a bleary traveller.

The delicate forms of sine waves and light waves descend in
an instant and the rudiments are set for the soul to fly.

Epilogue

So free and far flung are the pages of this form that we forget
we are sleeping.

Walter calls it a dream screen
 What appears at a certain distance on one side
 evokes a reciprocal rose on your side of the screen
 which is porous, allowing free flow
 I am told, though like a television screen
 the image seems gray dots today, flattened grotesquely
 against the glass, which has no depth itself
 This is intimacy, a rapid crystallization, which
 folds the star into a gem stone. The matrix shatters
 when I try to pass through, but the bullethole
 is a pore. Vacuums mix whistling, as across reeds
 Now back away to the horizon with the sun flush
 whose rays fall even and wide on our screen
 which was only surface tension after all—open
 palms on the mirror—and test by where shadows point
 if the moon rising in the east is equal, as Walter
 schemed on paper, which persists in delicately fretting
 its darkness after the sun goes, still dissembling

YOU AND YOU

As if sage and grass were breath
 hovering where it can't be
 since this is mean red land requiring
 seven acres for each cow to strip
 of all nuance. So possibilities imagined
 on the plain in springtime concern you
 where flowers bloom for a day, yucca and cholla
 appearing delicate but not to be blamed
 for their leather and glutinous touch
 in this heat. I blame the land
 in animate suspension, the accident of my return
 during these two weeks of new grass
 like ground mist or wave phosphorescence
 violent as a light in the woods
 The tuning fork vibrates like a collarbone held
 across the line of one horizon. The forked stick turns
 in my hand where water can't be, maybe
 oil shale, maybe yellow-veined uranium ores
 You and you are all mixed up with each other
 and the bravery of a flower I can't name
 that is closing at dusk. The moth around it is shaped
 like a hummingbird to fool its enemies, huge husky thing
 it seems in waning light, pollen all over the body

END OF THE SHIFT

women stream out of the factory
 swearing down the boss & the union.
 the shift is over, the long day
 inspecting & cleaning parts, swallowing pills
 & shouting over the roaring fans,
 & tho it's a bright afternoon they hardly notice.
 stumbling over the tracks below the expressways
 they gossip & argue, worrying about traffic.
 when they get to their cars
 they find them vandalized, here a battery stolen,
 here a windshield smashed out,
 here the tires taken off, the radio ripped out.

THE WOMAN THE ARTIST AND SPECTATORS

...these Japanese paintings have halted the passing crowd the
 saffron water is clearing so it seems on a woman's sleeved
 dress pine needles falling like the axes on her sloped shoulder
 as you look at it a tiger is glaring in an iris bush—that
 is—a young boy looking up his head is shaved... ...as
 the artist seems to have gone mad he throws red hot peonies
 over the woman's black hair adding the dry branches before the
 bunch of foaming blossoms and the woman—her face half hidden
 in the purple of a cotton scarf is seen walking through the
 crowd in this instance you can touch her although she is
 screened from the violent hands of the artist us—the crowd
 between them evaporating his passions

THE RIDE

On the subway a man is reading the Daily News his shoes the
color of walnut and over them the brass buckles like shimmering
hands the summer trousers grey and crisp his-arms thick
and heavy his bald enormous head his bushy eyebrows...

I

can see the sports page from this side—upsidedown—the ball
players and a large soap ad behind and above him of a
soft color photograph in which a young girl is enlarged so
that her face is half cut off the soap suds spreading
gently over and inside her palms she is trying to say
something... He yawns and gives me a look

PHILODENDRON

for Cathy

There is a whoosh of leaves, and over the outdoor table a fly buzzes: this is
a yellow table cloth.

A slow moving front yard, you rustling with it: the philodendron invaders
breathing deep before a sea of green trees and the sun all along the deck,
and the vivid begonias have punctuated the run-on sentence of sensations—

A peel of lemon too oily in the taste of clear tea, among cubes' icy stares...

But it is hot, the khaki jacket reflects the noon blaze, the shrieks of birds
occasionally pierce the piles of outdoor chairs and sitting in one of them
like a toy, you lean to the invisible quietness over these, like a picture:

May,

1977: waiting for a friend to arrive on the 1:15. An infinity ago, of philodendron
flowers

around the sensuous American vacation house in the woods, eating the pear,
you open your mouth, speechless: and day takes your pulse,
your green summer wrist.

PROCEDURE

Someone has to caress you by the throat
and pour that fire into you forcibly
and I plunge my tongue into your mouth
of glimmering sea of life and be intoxicated
completely I am not a responsible rescuer.

I brush your shoulder with my lips again;
the temperature keeps rising. And you have opened up
a luke-warm aquarium where the gold fish go around
looking mundane: but beneath it all the throbbing
quarry keeps erupting and my hand is washed
in the steady hum of your forest overhead:
the cold water bubbles up, and the current
is strong, pouring back into my lungs
the golden strings of the water, you play it
in the shadow and now elude the classifications
and rush into me, a white Cadillac full of
mountain roses cruising beside the front yard
where a goat is seen nibbling the stubby grass
and the newspapers fly up from the doorsteps: and recall
there are three bottles of milk sitting in the box

ANCIENT STATION

The sky's ablaze with Bloody Marys
the digital clock tells the arrival of the trains
looks like a rectangular stone vessel overflowing with sacred water—
the destinations are printed all over in large signs:—Buy tickets
and go there. In the air conditioned parlor cars...
You are there. Blue ink splattered across the evening's face
its eyelashes fluttering with shadows: you look up.
The calcified weather has hoisted your vision as high as the red caps
"Hi, Li Po. Hello, Tu Fu. Please carry these luggages."
The station is full of monkey cries shrieking in the stones
and you wonder how the words have any equivalency
the way the two Chinamen carry your suitcases and boxes
as if they are chiselling those weights into the dirt road,
and every step you take after them is arduous and risky,
while they fly before you like the songs of nightingale.

what rectitude
is required in the game? an
incidental *cut-out* from half
grained paper—

the figure
between the thighs of scissors
is the rectangular birth, a
motherless thing

jig-sawed
in the hasty cut: the straight
man-shape, putting all reasons
aside, *walks out*.

M. La Bare

IMAGE

Though she is outside
She is wearing an apron
Her hand rests on the rump of the cow
That she's milked for six years
We see only the back of the cow, dark and boney
But she is in light colors
Maybe pink or green gingham
And her long arms reach out
Through rolled sleeves—
From the porch two men watch as she talks
To the cow, and the chicken, between
The cow's legs, struts toward her
Alley cats and concrete make me feel
Far from the beasts and the farm woman
Milk, eggs, and butter
Come from bodegas or Finasts
On the back
My mother has written the dates
1835-1919
And her name
It is my name

WOMEN TODAY

Everyone is still going to parties
having a good time. The reasons
is to relax, dance, and socialize.
But most important for me is
to meet a nice women, get into
a profound conversation. Than
you'll have a few drinks together,
get her address and go see her
from time to time. Literally
it isn't like this.
Time has changed, so much
that women don't know how to act
anymore. The majority get
very hostile if you're too critical,
or making an attempt to order them,
or even whistle at them.

Some women are bold enough to go up
to a man and want to fight him.

Most of them where emotionally hurt
by men. They think all the man wants
is sex. Here is a problem in their behalf.
If women keep on assuming all men want
is sex. Women today will become
more naive and more reluctant to men.
It wouldn't surprise me one bit
if bisexuality, and homosexuality
will increase even more then what it is
at the present time. So I think
women should be satisfied with the jobs
society give them.

But they're not. How long most this go on
women in conflict with men, because the man
plays the superior role. They should wise up
now. It's gotten so monotonous so weary,
that women are marrying women, and men
are marrying men. The world is in trouble.

Soon the two sexes will be divided,
each sex will stay with one another.
This hypocrisy isn't fullfilling for women,
or men by far.

*Spelling is the main problem here—learn
the words I marked and check the punctuation
that I marked.*

Chinoiserie is a verbal decoration for four characters who are playing Mah Jong and talking. Mah Jong is a Chinese game that is played with tiles. Players call out the names of the tiles they are discarding, and call out "pung," "chow," or "kong," when they can complete a set by taking one of the tiles discarded by another player. The call of "Ready," by a player means that she is one tile from completing a winning hand. The characters: 1) *Swan's Flesh (SF)* is a man in his late thirties who works as a free-lance charter airlines pilot—he is married to...; 2) *Violet Shade (VS)*, a woman who could be in her late thirties but who could be much older—she was a Hollywood actress, but now works in the Helping Hand shop at the Cedars-Sinai Medical Center; 3) *Black Jade (BJ)* is a woman in her twenties who works as a cosmetics saleswoman at Bloomingdales in Manhattan—she is madly in love with...; 4) *Lingering Snow (LS)*, a man in his early thirties who works as a gardener in the employ of Black Jade's father.

In this section, Black Jade, Swan's Flesh, and Lingering talk about the Chinese Acrobats of Taiwan. Violet Shade tells the story of her life as a Hollywood starlet.

- SF. (from off stage.) Get the tiles ready; we'll be back in a minute. (Black Jade and Violet Shade start arranging the tiles in silence.) (SF and LS return with a tea pot.)
- SF. (to Violet Shade) Black Jade and Lingering Snow saw the Chinese Acrobats of Taiwan, too. (The players stir the tiles.)
- BJ. I loved their rendition of the Green Ladder.
- LS. Which one was that? (The players build their walls.)
- BJ. Don't you remember? Daring feats were performed by a lovely acrobat atop a 12-foot green bamboo ladder resting on the chest of her male partner.
- SF. I couldn't believe it when they sprinkled crushed glass underneath him before they started.
- BJ. No, that was talcum powder.
- SF. We were sitting very close, I'm sure it was glass.
- BJ. How horrible.
- LS. I must have been out getting food.
- BJ. (10 sec.) Wasn't it nice of the Sports Arena to have Chinese food as part of the evening.
- SF. (10 sec.) Did you try the hot dogs orientale? It was a delightful American rendition of an ancient Chinese meat dish served with canned Mandarin oranges and whole celery stalks.
- LS. I wish they would have done the Rolling Jars.
- BJ. What's that.
- LS. Who's deal is it?
- SF. Oh, it's mine.
(The walls are pushed into place. LS hands SF the dice. SF rolls the dice.)
- SF. Three. That's you Violet Shade.
- VS. (VS picks up the dice and rolls.) Eleven. (VS counts 14 tiles from the left hand corner of her wall and breaks the wall.)
(SF begins the deal, they continue and finish the deal and set up their tiles while they talk.)
- BJ. What is the "Rolling Jars?"
- LS. Oh. It's another act that dates back centuries. Blue porcelain jars are heavy objects and are easily breakable....
- BJ. Yes, they're so slick and smooth.
- LS.To be able to juggle them at will requires not only hands, but also one's head, back or chest in a uniquely intricate art mastered so far only by the Chinese.
- BJ. Gee, I would love to see that.
- SF. How did you like the "Circle of Knives?"
- LS. I couldn't watch, I had to bury my head in Black Jade's lap.
- BJ. Oh, is that what you were doing down there?
- VS and SF. Ha ha ha ha ha ha.
- LS. Ha ha ha ha ha it must be so exciting to be an acrobat. What a life.
- BJ. I would think that being an actress would be the most exciting thing in the world. You could act in scenes all the time. Violet Shade, you're such a wonderful actress I can't believe you don't do it anymore.

- SF. Is everyone ready to start? (SF makes the dead wall.)
- BJ and LS. I'm ready.
- SF. Violet Shade?
- VS. Go ahead.
- SF. 4 bamboo.
- BJ. What did you do before you were a starlet?
- SF. (5 sec.) Violet Shade used to be the star of the St. Louis stage, a luxury usually reserved for brown-eyed brunettes.
- LS. I'll bet you were super stunning. What were your favorite roles?
- BJ. 5 bamboo.
- VS. I was a hoofer mostly, but I got to play Eileen in our musical version of *Pride of the Yankees*.
- LS. I never knew there was a musical version.
- VS. Oh yes. (3 sec.) 4 bamboo. Two of our local writers saw the movie and were so inspired that they decided to make it a musical extravaganza.
- SF. I never heard about this. How did you ever do the baseball scenes.
- VS. We did them as ballet dream sequences on a dazzling flash of sky-rocket red tarpaulin while an ombréd blend of pink and lavender lights flooded the stage...
- LS. 2 dots.
- SF. Chow!
- VS. All to orchestral variations of baseball songs.
- BJ. How gorgeous. Do you mean like "Take Me Out to the Ball Game?"
- VS. That was the grand finale.
- LS. I wonder who played Lou Gehrig.
- SF. 4 bamboo.
- VS. We wrote to Gary Cooper, but he said he couldn't tap dance so we found some local talent who looked just like him. But all that was before a talent scout discovered me and brought me to Hollywood.
- LS. Did you get around much?
- VS. Sure did.
- BJ. 1 of bamboo.
- LS. Which was your most interesting date?
- VS. Eddie Albert.
- BJ. No, not really.
- VS. Yes, really, he was such a card.
- VS and BJ. Ha ha ha ha ha ha.
- VS. We were both young and crazy about geology. We could talk about quartz and geodes together for hours. (5 sec.) 9 bamboo.
- LS. Kong. (LS displays his Kong and draws a tile from the dead wall.)
- BJ. Don't stop now Violet Shade. Please tell all.
- VS. Well, Eddie took me to the Bublichki, a Russian cafe where everyone greeted him at the door. I was so impressed. I had never been to such a ritzy place. When you got to the table, the napkins were folded into miniature versions of the Kremlin.
- SF. I remember that place...
- LS. 6 dots.
- SF.Up on Santa Monica by the Paramount lot.
- LS. Oh yes, the one with the famous Siberian Sushi Bar. It's sunken so you sit in low red laquer chairs....The glasses are all crystal, stacked and lit from behind by tiny votive candles...and you can always stop and survey your silkening essentials in the huge mirror behind the candles.
- SF. And what a great mirror. It was 20 feet long and had a tableau of Cossack horsemen charging headlong across the Steppes, all etched into the silvery glass.
- LS. The top of the bar...
- SF. 3 characters.
- BJ. Chow!

- LS. ...was all of Ukranian chromium.
- VS. It was so exciting Black Jade. Papa Bublichki came over with his guitar and Eddie sang Caucasian folksongs...
- BJ. 1 bamboo.
- VS. Then he began to talk about astrology and the lost continent of Atlantis. I was swept away. (5 sec.) 4 characters. (3 sec.) Later he showed me all the constellations and talked so interestingly and so glamorously that it's a date I will never forget.
- LS. Swan's Flesh, aren't you ever jealous of Violet Shade's old Hollywood flames!
- SF. I suppose I should be but I'm a Gemini dominated by Cancer. The Gemini makes me fickle and breezy while my Cancer nature...
- LS. 1 bamboo.
- SF. ...flourishes under the heavenly lights of Violet Shade's Aries giving us luxuriant dawdles abed sparking our tranquil home life...making us the zodiac's favorite love match. Red Dragon. Tenderness becomes us both so she lavishes me with masterful massages while I'm prone to whipping up gourmet treats for 4 a.m. snacks.
- BJ. You should make a crazy-quilt to huddle under—a deux!
- VS. What a good idea.
- BJ. 1 character.
- BJ. What type of Hollywood man do you like best, Violet Shade?
- VS. Well, they all have they're charms, but for Hollywood men, I like the Cary Grant type—gay, cheerful, tender, and so attractive.
- SF. I never knew that you dated Cary Grant. Another one of your little secrets?
- VS. I've never even met him. He married Winter Rose before I even had a chance, worse luck. (5 sec.) I remember going by his dressing room once and seeing at least ten girls waiting outside. They were all dressed up in make-up and stockings. I couldn't have possibly competed with them. I saved my stockings for my screen tests.
- BJ. Couldn't you afford stockings?
- VS. 7 characters. You're so young Black Jade you just don't remember the days of silk rationing. Hollywood starlets kept their legs as bare as empty sound stages just so their fighting boys could have all the silk for parachutes.
- SF. How did you ever do without stockings?
- VS. Well I had two pairs...
- LS. North wind.
- VS. ...of silk and no nylons. I'm not the type that wears hose very much so it isn't as heartbreaking as it appears. Besides, it's hard to boogie woogie with your stockings on.
- LS. I didn't realize that you liked boogie woogie.
- SF. Oh yes, this young star's musical tastes vary from Tschaikowsky to boogie woogie. (5 sec.) 3 of bamboo.
- BJ. (10 sec.) Green dragon.
- LS. (3 sec.) In love, are you the jealous type Violet Shade?
- VS. Yes. Am I ever. Even if I don't know the woman I might be jealous of, I'm still hurt and miserable at the possibility that she is has more brains and beauty, more loveable, more the kind of woman *he* might like. It's such a horrible state, jealousy. Oh, is it my turn?
- SF. Yes.
- VS. O.K. (3 sec.) South wind.
- VS. Did you ever marry anyone, Black Jade?
- BJ. No, but there were some close calls.
- SF. What was the closest you ever came?
- LS. Green dragon.
- BJ. When I went to Mexico in November, 1970. I went to see Jaime Jorba, a handsome Mexican painter I'd known for years and I almost married him right on the spot. Even in November, the Yucatan was hot and so were we.
- LS. Aw come on.

- BJ. No really, it was so romantic....
- SF. North wind.
- BJ. We spent our mornings like ancient Mayans watching a golden Yucatan sun rise, slipping up into the wild blue yonder like a radiant corn tortilla over the truest carefree blue Carribean Sea. (5 sec.) 2 characters. It was just after the last hurricane of the season. We talked things over and decided that marriage was unfeasible for the moment. His family objected to me because I was so wild and zany, and if I married him, they were going to insist that I live in Mexico City. Also, speaking of jealousy, Jaime was so jealous that he didn't even want me to look pretty for fear that I would attract other men. It just wouldn't have worked out...but it was a close call to matrimony.
- LS. It doesn't sound like such a close call to me....
- VS. Red dragon.
- SF.He sounds like a real jerk.
- BJ. Oh, you would have had to have had to have known him. He knew all the Mayan pyramids by heart.
- LS. (5 sec.) Are you in love now, Violet Shade?
- VS. No, except with Swan's Flesh. Eddie Albert is one of my favorite boyfriends, a real sizzler in fact. He's thoughtful, considerate, and very amusing company, but it's not real love.
- BJ. I love being in love, but it makes me so sentimental.
- VS. I get much more sentimental about...
- LS. 7 bamboo.
- VS. ...birthdays and anniversaries. Finding choice little mementos is a real thrill and parties....
- LS. Speaking of presents, we still haven't come up with anything for my sister.
- BJ. I've got it. How about the whole set of Chen Yu chinese nail lacquers.
- LS. She loves nail polishes. What colors do they come in?
- BJ. Well, you have to get the whole set. Let's see, there's jade dragon, ming yellow, panther night, wisteria sky, royal plum, mandarin mauve, china doll...
- SF. 2 bamboo.
- BJ. ...blue moss, flowering plum, fuchsia blossom, joss house, flowering almond, opium poppy, lapis jade, temple fire, peking pink, lotus breeze. (5 sec.) 1 dot.
- VS. Pung!
- BJ. My memory must be slipping, I can't remember them all any more.
- LS. My memory always slips when I'm on vacation, that's one of....
- BJ. Oh, and this dewey clear laquer called empty pagoda.
- SF. I used to paint my toes to surprise my dates. My favorite shade was crystal cynosure which was a very scintillating shade of steely turquoise.
- VS. And I thought that I was your favorite shade.
- VS and SF. Ha ha ha ha ha ha.

SCENES FROM MONTALE

- 1
A tendered silk which is not the case by anchoring
- 2
The walk it sometimes seems
- 3
Hair it is my liquid life
- 4
Flouriscoped in oil, barred to speak of voltage with its salvage
window for the society of the sea
- 5
Invested to you remote
- 6
So it shows the same
- 7
A mouth underneath all the shady boughs
- 8
(And meanwhile evening shoes in the cow)
- 9
Fished immersion from the marked rapid then closed
- 10
February to spend a birch & waited
- 11
Accelerating and trump the brother with ice
- 12
Fine hard scattering: traffic from lightened cups with tags of
clouds' aqua mist
- 13
Take it away and make it sleep
- 14
An aura of chocolate in fog
- 15
Visible locks contributed
- 16
Cracking brilliant
- 17
When suddenly
- 18
In keeping with the violet state civil and personal

- 19
Pruned of lateness and buzzing
- 20
The impulse to
- 21
Assisted, besides
- 22
For one of its spaceships is grand and the other drifting
- 23
To gamble on
- 24
Crownings and canvas stars
- 25
Rowing between Polish and Portuguese
- 26
But monitor hardly owing
- 27
Catching its breath (on the telephone wires)
- 28
The full incidentals of squaring off
- 29
As if the breeze were a train and each small town the moon
- 30
Spilling birds onto

THE HOT ROLL THEFT

Tony and John
 at four A.M.
 out to get wine drunk
 stopped by Tucci's bakery
 to lift a cooling tray of rolls.

Warm summer 4 A.M. & nothing
 doing
 the red flashing light
 caught them at the edge
 of town they fed the glove compartment
 all it could hold
 stuffed the rest
 under the seat.
 Cop said

I just got a report that two guys in a truck
 like this one just stole a tray of rolls
 from over the back of Tucci's bakery

John silent Tony talked
 what the fuck ya talkin'
 about, we don't got no Goddamn rolls, look
 I got sixty fuckin' dollars in my wallet
 I gotta steal fuckin' rolls?

Cop told him to watch his tone
 & searched the truck, found a roll
 put it on the hood and said what's that?

Tony said It's a goddamn roll, what
 you think Tucci's is the the only bakery in town?
 The cop looked at Tony, Tony looked
 at the cop the cop looked at Tony
 Tony looked at John
 look, these is nice guys, let's level
 with them
 yeah, we stole the fuckin' rolls
 and if they'd had butter
 we woulda stole that too

ARIEL VIEW

for Anne & Chuck Woods

There are details I've loved so much
 they became a part of me:

hot Spanish bread,
 the Plaza Real

smelling of earth and stone...

Islands resting
 against the Georgia coast, her
 alluvial skirts hemmed with
 palms growing in the arms of oaks,
 birds plunging into dark-throated estuaries
 and out again like words breaking
 from my throat,
 as if I were always
 fishing...

I had a friend who held
 the details of his life so close
 as he lay dying he was shocked
 to realize he couldn't take them with him,
 that he couldn't even take
 the memory of his own brown hand
 grown leathery in the sun
 holding a cigarette.

"It's what love does", he said.
 "Nothing you know makes it any different.
 You scream going out
 the way you scream coming in.
 Shit! You don't
 ever want to
 let go!"

1928 FERONIA, ST PAUL, MN

the birds dive down
 thru twisted trees
 on the boulevard I stare across
 to the brown house yellow trim
 2 beautiful young (I mean YOUNG) girls every night
 undressing in clear windows
 top upper room jutting out
 from hip roof

Robert downstairs
 his piano's nice
 last night playing 2 a.m.
 Incense burning I lay here
 I've hung bells above my bed
 plants in my windowed bay
 dragon hanging from clear threads

Out in the street w/ trees over
 light spring green leaves
 budding out, popping
 twice their size every three days

the children on bicycles
 little red & rusted wagons
 pull up & down the sidewalks
 across the cracks.

FRENCH VENUS

"I received another one of those letters today. A young man from New York has arrived here in Paris. Having seen *Les Enfants du Paradis* fifteen times, he insists on seeing me! How did he get my address? Says he met Barrault in New York when he and Madeleine gave a reading there. But no, they would never commit such an indiscretion. And besides, they know. This man says he doesn't know much French but is madly in love with me. Why don't Americans learn French before they come here? You'd think, fifteen times *Les Enfants* and he doesn't know Prevert's words! What do you think I should do about this, Louise? Usually these people write from New York or San Francisco merely requesting a note or a picture. But this crazy note! My maid read it this morning to me and I could not believe... This man is ready to batter down my door—as if I lived in the Bastille. As if Garance were... Must I tell him? I would like to see him but that is not possible. It would spoil Garance for him if he should see me now. Let him go after girls who look like Garance if he is crazy—as he seems to be. He says he is twenty-one, has been in love, but it was unhappy. As in the film, he did not see his chance and the girl went with someone else. What can he expect from me? Certainly not a mother's love or commiseration. No. I am no longer Garance. I must not spoil her for him. If we were both forty we could meet, exchange pleasantries, all of that. But Heavens! Who knows what he might do if he found out? Only more suffering for both of us... But... not to answer his letter would be cruel. I have been snubbed often enough to realize how painful that is. That too would spoil Garance... Once a man came here from San Francisco specially he said to meet me. But then things were not too bad. We could still carry on a conversation with ease. He, like myself, was older. He must have seen the film when it first came out... *Les Enfants* was really too much: Vichy after us, Jean-Louis' great eyes, Brasseur's great pompous pomposity. Me? I did nothing special. I've never understood all the fuss about Garance. It's true I had a kind of archaic beauty—Garbo's face and Dietrich's merged one critic said. But all I did was relax and speak the lines. '*C'est terriblement simple, l'amour.*' But life? Life is not simple. What shall I do about this boy? Has he seen *Visiteurs du Soir* as well? Is anything else still shown abroad? I doubt it. Well, what do you suggest?... I'm glad you agree. I must leave him his Garance, his *Les Enfants du Paradis*. Let him try to live in it, to live it, if he likes. My God, fifteen times. His love life must indeed be very bad. He is young. He sent some poems. He must really be very nice. But no!... I will answer his letter somehow without telling him Garance is blind!"

EXERCISE

The cantaloupe is a whore
 The cherries have generosity
 The eggplant is proud purple patriotic
 The mango is explicitly dark and French
 The pea is incredible
 The broccoli is faultless yet needs attention
 The prunes and dates are packaged
 The apples are golden
 The apples are secular
 The health food cookies feel out of place
 The carrots eat shit & steamed are sweet
 The turnips are Jewish
 Ginger is Hebrew and Chinese
 The red peppers are bisexual
 The plum is smooth
 The papaya'll be sweet in two or three days
 The avocado is a ski resort high above the bananas
 The lime is symbolic of the lemon
 The cucumbers aren't what they used to be
 Chicory seems useless
 The coconut is naked
 The artichoke is trying to make a point
 The pineapple is a good example of reality
 The potato is peaceful and grand and sometimes red
 Acorn is my favorite squash
 Los plantanos verdes bring back memories
 In supermarkets cabbage is halved and wrapped
 Two Brothers from Brooklyn sold to one Korean
 A cloudy conspiracy of grapes for sale
 The tomato grows pale
 The spinach is depressed
 It's October for the corn
 I decide among red onions

BIRTHDAY SONGS

O break on through
 to the other side of the sky
 which is earth earth earth
 this song I rain

*

Now a suitable language
 O noon

*

Over The Williamsburg Bridge
 a galaxy of Hasidic Jews
 drinking coke playing pool

*

O woe fugue
 1973, 1974, 1975,
 1976,

? Truth y Beauty
 I'm scratching my balls
 listening to choral fantasy

*

Self, up, down, powerbrakes,
 peanut butter, peanuts, crunchy peanut bars,
 peanut oil, Allegheny, American, Braniff, Delta, Eastern,
 sideburns, things Yeats once said, no static,
 silver sun masks, blanket, matches, fm radio/alarmclock,
 a healthy imagination, subway map, TDF Vouchers,
 opaquing liquid, a taste for rice, many marvelous lives,
 simple subatomic microscope or scale, a driving naturalness,
 acorn material, friendly snowshoes, escarole, famous ears,
 shirts, aluminum foil, cockroach traps, new voids, Jack Lemmon,
 address book, high intensity bulb, Who Present, Past,
 And Future, Sees; Poems of Kenji Miyazawa, pepper, a wok.

*

Self: I'm as pretty as Paul
 I'm as smart as John
 I'm as sublime as Ringo
 I can't figure George out

Soul: The word was I in fire particles
 I was dowsed with flesh

*

Self: I want everyone to be correct

Soul: I want to be Truffaut

*

I'm walking in you now, street!
 Cold, without a sweater.

I really mean, 'You're in bed, wait up,'
 but I felt this sudden passion
 and addressed the street.

*

two sparrows on delancey street
 one french bread crust

"thief, thief,"

*

1963
Giants lose

*

Free Will
Transmits
Resolution Ships

*

the arctic try
tremendous fatal months
tough humor strikes
practice talk at drool meals
poor sight returns happy enemies

adorable link
abnormal rook
emperorish instincts o penguin!

miracles nothing
bickerings appall
Scott's moribund journey done

*

disco baths on mars
go through the park

*

out beyond the rational mind lies a radio
so stay tuned a happy new year to be followed
o igor stravinsky your name signed
fanfare for two trumpets

*

I'm a monster when socks become rats in my dream

*

Our hero
always looking back
to wake but wait

I don't want to be fucked up
Not me
Not me

*

Are not mushrooms glad?

*

Magnetic field Elevator talk:
I saw in T.V. Guide \$1
for \$36 worth of make-up when I open the package
there's a bill for \$7
Now they're on my case

*

"Hey Ritchie, as soon as it starts to snow, wake me up."

*

Essence of Big Boulder Dream:

I won't charge coffee ice-cream sodas
I'd rather develop more film

"All readers is all"

*

Self: Let's take our hats off,
To *The Brothers Karamazov*!

Soul: I'm in a cave
My eyes are walls
Inside is blackness blackness blackness

I'll leap out

*

Downtown Living Space,
Bold white letters on glass.
Buzz, buzzed in—Dentist's Office style—
Slumlords lunching: Butter & Pastrami?

Key Deposit my Chauffer's License
174 Delancey 7R
Avenue B connects to Clinton Street
There's music on Clinton Street

Nonchalant breathes his soft bag
Sniffs in the fourth dimension

40¢ delicious Puerto Rican Knish balls

Espiritual Skolnick's Clothing

I approach my 24th year
drifting where in a head of seas

R means rear
Street door lock busted
Garbage can hallway
Interesting square alley, R.
Narrow metal steps

Hot water, loftbed.

*

Gentle waves break

Gain the dark

Wish many moments sated

SILVER AIRPLANE MOBILE

silver mobile airplanes move above the noise
 business at hand, business suspended
 silver airplanes hanging in the atmosphere
 not moving enough to effect a passing shadow
 what's defended lies without strength
 in the meadow, surrounded by brick
 buildings of many stories
 within the meadow the sky is leaded
 by boughs of oak
 among the quiet of the Great Plains
 a brief moment of reflection in the pool
 silky & dark music, water motionless
 reflective, near the meadow's center
 holding an image of these airplanes
 in a dull metal surface which is deep
 a surface going far down toward rock
 which lies singing under the surface
 & is its own surface, everything a surface
 for the play of visible & spiritual light
 the glittering wings of playing planes

WANDERING ROUND AN EARTHLY COT

I just woke up & I'd been there
 in my dream, I've just returned to
 a dream place in place of Chicago
 of which I'd dreamed a few times before

as soon as I woke I remembered the
 geography from another dream
 & while I was dreaming, I knew where I was
 although I was different, unrecognized

possessed of all the powers of a dreamperson
 I could wander at will, climb fences
 & I laughed a great deal when I met
 anyone I'd known, & I asked one person

why he'd been playing ball in the same court
 ever since I'd gone & later returned
 & lost his answer as we both circled around
 a mound of grassy green where

the Obelisk should have been, though
 I recall his friend's advice of "never
 stop in the middle when you're playing ball
 —it's very dangerous" as beautiful & true

I could & did climb over fences, my cousin
 Joan (who's in Paris) didn't recognize me
 when I shouted, I was unrecognized by all
 I recognized everything, all of it was different

composed of the various parts but respread
 across a different landscape of the familiar
 & the expected. It was joyful
 to know that sloping road rampway for itself

or that massive red brick hostel, a mutated
 elementary school become prison & crossed
 over the street, it was all extremely similar
 & I was happy enough to swing my travelling bag

around my body like a toy on a string
 but at the end, as I was going through the back way
 of a supermarket cum rib palace, I became enmeshed
 in a protective device, & when the smiling

clerks brought me in, they smiled & clucked
 at my wandering with nothing but a bag & a length
 of chain, they tied me to that place on an extending
 wire leash attached at my shoes & belt loops

POEM

From his corner window, the flack can see the river, the long-
 shoremen hooking crates.
 The car thief lounges in the sun.
 The transmission grinds to sawdust before the cabbie can even
 tell what's happening.
 The bookstore clerk steals a few stamps.
 "Loose joints, loose joints," cries the street vendor.
 The young poet takes her vitamins.
 The policeman eats a piece of fruit.
 The busboy carries 8 entrees at once.
 High atop the towers the executive lunches at his desk.
 Subordinates pass before the open door, queasy, quaking, on
 their way.
 The cooks are throwing raw dough into the air.
 The doctor's sleepy stare rises from his desk to assure the
 dancer her knee will heal.
 In front of her glass window, the receptionist spys a swarthy
 foreigner.
 Limbering up, the cleaning man opens the ammonia.
 A side of beef is dressed by the cool-eyed butcher.
 The tall lifeguard smokes his cigar & reads his *Times*.
 The musician's instrument breaks, the music stops, the crowd
 sings back.
 Behind the bar, the English barmaid savours her Black Russian,
 slightly moving in time with the music.
 The distracted composer shuffles in the unemployment line, waiting
 to make his mark.
 A wry expression adorns the Editorial Assistant as he types the
 letters of rejection.
 Sexily slinks the secretary through the corridor on her way to
 the washroom.
 The barber enjoys his brandy.
 Not allowing the petty bureaucrat a word edgewise, the supervisor
 sweeps the improperly executed forms to the floor with an
 expression of dust.
 The janitor lobbs them into the can in a perfect arc.
 The pure contralto sings in the organ loft.

PARIS ORGY

for Jim Brodey

Avast, you chickenshits! Thar she blows! All hands on deck!
 The sun with its gauloise-charred lungs wheezed dry
 The boulevards which, one night, Los Barbarianos completed.
 Aqui, chico! Saint City, seated in the Occident.

Vamos! Let's put out the returning fires,
 Here the docks, the boulevards, here be
 Las casas against the pale linda blue radiating
 And which, one evening, starred by the blushing explosions, it was!

Hide the oscuro dachas in wooden webbing, nests of planks!
 The olden terrified horrified shocked day refreshes your stares,
 Here we see the red-headed Queens, waggling their hips:
 Get with it, baby, let it swish off you in waves!

Roving units of sluts, munching tampax,
 Those whines and pants on the third floor of the great golden casa
 are directed to you! Steal!
 Eat! Dig on the calle de la noche, with its deep spasms
 Trucking on down the line. Pitiful melancholic drunkards,

Get drunk! When come is light and intense, lunatic
 Piercing into the steam, the luxury of steam,
 Ain't you gonna drool, no gestures, no words
 In glasses, eyes fading off towards the white end of the spectrum?

Guzzle, for the Queen with the calgonite terrarium, the big butt!
 Escuche the tearing of the stupid action,
 Hiccup, in the salt of the ardent night hear the wheezing pinheads,
 Seniles, androids, robots romping round!

Hearts of shit, scarifying mouths,
 Suck harder, mouths of odor!
 Wine for these basket cases, at these stools...
 Your belly smothered your cock! Shame, shame, shame, O honchos!

Open yer nose an puke forever!
 Snort til yer noses bleed, drop some strychnine laced with the
 big "A"
 And now, on the star at the base of your head, placing his big
 hands,
 Der Dichter says to you, "Youuuuuu chickenshits, get raving;

Since you climb out of one cunt
In fear of another tremor
It yells, muffling your well-known and widely despised
Habit of sucking at her tit, with tremendous strength!"

Syphilitics, fools, Rois, pants-pressers, radio-announcers,
What do that pussy Paris care fo'
Your cuerpo y corazon, your drugs and duds?
She gonna throw 'em out, you virulent jackoffs!

When yer lying in the gutter, sniveling and puking,
A pain in your side just below the ribcage, gimme back my money
my money, my money, dazed and confused,
Far far away from you, the Red Ho' with big tough titties
Gonna squeeze her pissed-off digits.

When your dogs danced so furious in rage,
Paris! When you got slashed upside the face
When you were lying flat out, retaining in your ojos claros
Un poco de aroma of the tawny primavera,

O suffering city, O city quasi-morte,
Su cabeza y su dos senos pointing to tomorrow,
Opening to your paleness its million freeway exits, bridges, and
tunnel openings,
Afro-american studies will praise you to the skies!

Bodily remagnetized by tremendous pennies,
You swig down effroyable life, rebounding! You can feel the heat
Closing in, poetic worms flooding your veins,
And heavy fingers toying in your bush!

Which is okay, too. The worms, poetic worms
Will be as little an impediment to your progressive breath
As was the incomprehensible to the eyes of the incomprehensible,
Where gold astral pleurs fell from the blue degrees.

Though it looks completely hideous, to see you again
Thusly smeared, though I ain't never smelled no city
So nauseous, green mold on green acres,
Der Dichter says to you, "You look great!"

Thunderstorms give you great poetry!
Thunderstorms give you great poetry!
Big wheels rushing and rolling inside make you strong,
You work hard, death moans, Chosen City!"

The Doctor will take the Saabs and Volvos to Nassau County,
The raging junkies, the wiggling Queens,
His love gun will zap the ladies,
His words will zip out: Take this, you motherfuckers!

—Police! The damage has been restored!—the interested parties
Are crying under the lightbulbs of the massage parlors,
The streetlamps, on the raggedy walls
Shine most sinister toward the pale, linda, azul, cielo.

A SMALL GROUP OF MEN WAITING FOR NEARLY AN HOUR

The terms of this single shape makes us the three dimensional quality our mind fixed as parts of large solids displace space as objects in space as the single place as terms for men as part of the ceremony are excluded from a place because as being that gives our eye moves as it approaches a direction begun by the one where these occur as adjectives place solid space through lines implied by this as three existing definite responses initiated by Judy seen from the back and in the right how each rises off to one the gentle twist of the body at the waist records the air occupied by its movements. Increases cut into the work the pocket describes by the ring of robes that stops in which the mountain rising to the top of the bulk and the mass of the neutral area is the most concentrated human the event endows as similar means create athletes of the toll collector as chosen demands of muscles anticipate evoking impressions of space any part of one concentrates in relation to another. Which display his hand and his wound. Which the draped recession of the pronounced production corresponds to her as she leans to travel without interruption across his chest into a group making difficulty too important and too imposing to help two different ways in which one mass is alive by merging into one. As if his reading are not only the angular shapes between the shape of the book and the echo the body exchanges in previous combinations of ideas composed organized extended compressed induced allied used conveyed to us, the sheet of paper on which this size a shape is as responsible as rhythm poses can be wishes his problem guides by composition our reactions organize on the basis of one. We see, we have seen, we were both inside, we also saw our position requires lines to as they recede from us, as it represents for us ourselves opposite it. Control is the desire to be commonly used. In lines that complement an emphasis lines may take place. The intimate and domestic space is attracted to swords. Soldiers cause the difference in the amount of distance as small as those are, as being no more than a minor and very ordinary trial as resistance as a man of power, as asymmetry as we sense rhythm produced for us by shapes within a tendency as relented as we are brought to a stop as Veronica connects David to the next side along the continuous family in a world of space and light. A little girl, a white cap, a fence, the window, the brick building, a lower left-hand corner. the blue of the sky, the surface of the metronome, the curved lines of the sharp pattern of light and dark, the music stand, the steps, the woman's coffee cup and the man's pipe, the table top the wooden fence the red shirt or skirt the soft arrangement the larger size being plastic counters by the girl with the radical desire for composition.

With certain reasons attributed need the introduction of each other. All objects inevitably follow objects as the building and the page. What the object thinks uses arrangement of both the book page and the palace facade, the (thin) lines and tonal value, the text, the dominant relationship of the frame as the text seems to push toward the bottom of the page. The original surface of the page disappears. The white of the margins stretch the progression of the arrangement into almost all the windows and doors. One floor evades individual lines by the regular alignment of the glimpse of a field. We are anyone who would invoke destruction. One between one equals one-half. This is that in the altered example of hay between bales. One is three and two is four and seven. The different parts of a flat achieve men reflected in miniature. A scheme produces an instrument. All the same introductions add parts to the café. Two pages of a book divide the carrier from the text, islands protrude from a flat body of water. Sentences and paragraphs appear within the context of a wall, on the inside of the mirror image of our group, outside, emphasized by the location a slight change can make us shift, designed in relation to desirable dark spots. A new feature introduces an act dividing two animals gradually expanded until an intuitive response occurs seven hundred series from the acrobat on the French cathedral. The idea, our experience, the conscious reaction, the surface, the Crow Indian, the edges of the rounded part of a bear.

Because we may be it we remain. We feel we are aware we tend to think as if to keep it from rising too rapidly we see them, their rising movement through it, their ascent as it reaches this point we could move, we would have a surface as flat as the exposed beams and rafters of the roof. We are also the space we find we seek relief from. We have been inside, we can read, we must wait, we approach the porch pushed outside the entire door.

Two of either can be one with a wide variety of confidence, should be more read more first from the second, the third attitude different from mine if mine is something the reader applies to the first two parts, the immediate sense and the nature of script in summer, the possible reader with a new move, the book of friends, the substance of influence, the material of writing induced by appearance from a present state that associates the possession of a mark with the past year and half for the encouragement of sections secures a list found elsewhere and the members of the form I owe my wife shelter many kinds of terms, low benches on the floor and numbers that make up the rooms of Europe and America. Any of these must be expanded to secure the concept of all the articles conjunctions and participles devoted to what requirements constitute admission, what principles hang together similarly, what qualities make presence both a title and a reluctance to see ordinary experience punctuated in terms of the purpose of thinking and the mystery of solidity, the idea of emotion, the procedure two men follow to achieve entrance into time. To speak is to stay within the confines of products. Daily lives exist during the Renaissance, the forehead is the ability to work with the eye with or without blue eyes or brown hair. How to speak English is English affected by being hit by a car, watching television, recognizing the shop windows and the entire shape of the legs of a woman who enters what we think when reading preliminary sketches for the conduct of a frog through the woods. Proximity relies upon a knowledge of testimony. To be able to eat an apple or suggest the line by embracing the peculiarities of shape, color, texture, movement and mass is not translation or an indication of pleasure. Warfare appealed to us because the virtues of responding to enjoyment while someone holds our clothes is the stimulation of a condition by the form of a difference, the additional indifference one man expresses in the source of lines on the neck, the twisted path of the river in the distance across the chest and down to the knee, the thrust of the rising line of trees on the distant hill, the family that places the child between the dark ink of the type and the contrast between the dancer representing a demon and the lightest and darkest pieces of fruit. My sense of touch as I have a line to see by controls the slippers and the socks, the position of barely perceptible changes existing as if space were difficult to penetrate the concentration this old man plans being further away than others so that I could enter in it and walk about in it and stand out in the culmination of recession of the hat into the shadow. Stripes create a face. The act of fainting is the ability to make us feel cool among the colored silks of the other jockeys. An exclamation mark supports the fact that he does not look at anyone or at anything. The comma stretches far back into the distance. The two dimensional state of the period encourages a relationship between the relative sizes of animals. A semi-colon is intact as being in front of a partially eclipsed feeling for depth. Other urges occupy edges of the shelves as other parts of the courtyard, various books, plants, furniture and utensils make it possible for us to imagine the position of her legs. Her hands and face and waist pass beneath. The adverb also weighs down upon the body. The pronoun is fixed by the hands and the sword. The noun hints at one of two directions, the dark edge of the corner of the roof and the ceremony itself. The pronoun divides the spectators from the participants. One foot raised off the ground indicates the weight a preposition might displace. Conjunction junction is a pocket of space reinforced by the ring the gentle twisting of the body at the waist and the movement of the shoulders stops, contains, anticipates and activates. Ring is pronounced personality. Reading suggests the girl sitting motionless beside me, looking straight ahead and not speaking. An interjection, a small girl placed on a flat plane of the brick floor. The syntax of adjectives, the direction of glances.

Just be careful. Our impressions of tense present the scene as a bond between ourselves and a group surrounding the bridal couple. Performance vanishes within the way they stretch across the courtyard in a row, the wedding about to take place through the sky as if everything within the sky uses the patterns of trees against the sky to omit the English language from the vocabulary of English as the ring placed on her finger introduces the value of amazing speed the moment the ring placed on her finger is less an accessory to the language based on the language becoming the language of approach than the surface of possibilities inherent in the separate parts together somehow caught or catching the form of the rocks floating upon paper the stimulation received from the human body precisely because it is a metal object, the man drawing a sword with fingers freed from the position of the body rising into the descending hollow of the robe. The woman dressing the girl invents English words that did not print. Hercules produced other considerations. The kiss, the embrace, this couple, the lovers. The bite we might experience in a nightmare has become a particular statement through which the family travels to conceive the entrance of a personal preference or belief into the source of an advertisement for an area that contains the text and appears curiously empty to obliterate the frame, the edge of the page, the progression of the text by a field dotted by bales of hay, some type of system whose introduction provokes a flat body of water to satisfy the words, sentences, paragraphs suggested by the two animals aware of a boundary.

He creates a specific context. She forced a fingertip so much. It was clockwork. You can turn out the reference to her. A region covers every mean including doing it. I saw my direction from the end of the whole day. Then you did not leave me alive. Then you cite me which is all over now. Passengers clutch revolvers in the shape of gold. Stone designed for switches. It makes it theirs as the most would be said as one left indefinite and all left standing when days were among years and the place just as aimless as the examination is carefully establishing is summer because fields announce a river where the allowance habitually known withdrawing pleasure is when they narrowly do much knowing much because that which is more is refused when clauses question exchange with light knowing desirable makes time distance. Bushes value themselves. Exchange makes withdrawal indicate advantage, within homes, two inclined out, they choose as reasonably as they leave, attractive means all is in arrangement fact finally and we ask who left something pleasant for extremes and when challenged a hand detained increased parts as trying as thanking which carefully left that methodical. Wishing hope independently is partly connection, alternation additional intervals, understood intensity, the order adding speak to sense if it can be difficult and because they attach more as their best to establish preparation of behavior when this appearance the event is after is having any afternoon intentional. When they search that half an arrival disposed of disclosing. When most do more one presentation for addition to surprise left eyes. When interpretation is prepared it is starting. Resistance is the word arousing creates. When they wish it heard influences are themselves. Were things out there each would be from another, and they thought. Their having origin should be four hours to what another prepared and without their doubt it could be changing effort as they periodically approach indifferently exclusively having represented leaving when more of them were with the next often without more in as any regularly doubt it without having placed much more like reversal within it because everything is not trace once partly as argument partly barely with leaving the boundary. Joining is surveillance. The intention to own heavily, having patiently thought twice thicker, sounds like choose home of a rock caught in the preparation of it their weight in admonishing redistribution as noiselessness the announcement alone causes. It is adversely sugar. Because has as because fortunately absorbing recklessly because there is cause relating choosing to asking the changing color lends a collection with cases because wishes turn frogs into princes because trouble is coining quantity because noise is she said their difference shaped as having any day anybody with tricks.

He creates a specific context. The sky as a group has merged the bodies of buildings with several parts of an actual human body. The arm because it's armlike shapes the concept of the arm for the character of these arms because the arm in arms of the chest abdomen and rib cage of the pattern created by the ribs of the shaped abdomen and the broad shape of the chest creates the names "skeleton" and "moustache". These are not decorative shapes painted on pebbles. The associations originate in the personal vocabulary of shapes: a knife is made to look like a face, the sounds represented by "c" or "o" exist in a world of colored glass, the musicians see the hound stretched out along the floor, the quickly moving train shapes the foliage and the shadows on the ground, the blue dress of the girl sees the shark devour a seal, and the frog's body permits ordinary language to move as ice is a record of water and soap supports the basin of water that floats in two major areas: the person of the queen herself and the gallery free from the illusion of ceilings suddenly bare the same way the moving spectator experiences our marriage directed by the zig zag direction of a car becoming our own world like the shiny toy unfolding the letters on an eye chart arranged as words unlike the poem destroying two states, the catalogue of intervention, the machine like a ball actually a part of the figure of a man walking and the labeled animals in a zoo, the suggestion of his body before and after the moment a front back or side provides a series by a set vocabulary of differences to act as a kind of drug that is also a drug and that shares a substitute for a close-up with favorite materials imbedded in the man-made and organic world.

In other words the record of the space within which we must wait for other words. We enter before the street breaks its back on one side leaving us to the proportions of waves made by a pebble tossed into the lagoon regularly disrupting the reflection of the wedding, heightening the passing of a catalogue of aspects. We see work suggesting decomposition in the individual forms of the west. We watch one stage of definition come down the stairs toward us, increase in size as it passes directly in front of the opening, enter and leave our sight, pass us by, start and end like the sound of air and a whistle suggesting a forward stride, chords, crescendos and feudal interchanges using a vocabulary suggesting that the two are somehow the same. The glass outside the artist himself determines a glimpse into Debussy the cabinet maker, Strauss the architect, Mallarmé the poet and Jackson Pollack rendering leaves branches and figures side by side with leaves flowers and insects. Separate the work of the twentieth century and the invention of Picasso objects to similarities between the result and the resulted. Consideration for language depends upon a lack of skill: a lemon or a ball does not depend upon achieving a bad day. If intention means one line could be altered, to be very high seems relative to the same event two men's physical beauty avoids and approaches because what we do is problems as text.

POEM BEGINNING WITH A LINE

I do a lot of anonymous things these days
to not think about you
who know me like soldiers too disfigured
to be identified knew Alsatian trenches
and now the poppies the stillness
of your presence and absence
filling my body to be let go
but like a miser clutching hot coins
but I don't remember

I find me at a fruit stand
fingering oranges and figure
I'm not in jail and therefore
haven't been exposing myself
at Gracie Mansion one thought
runs into another my steps liquify
before I come to your door where a special
knock lets me in your movie house
genitals that covert activity of South
Korean agents who follow my awareness
and blackout trying on gloves at Sears
the word I like white paint considered
chintzy to use jellied cranberry or bribe officials
with soft words ransom notes cut from ads
about you till I disappear in brown
paper covers whose bedrooms are too hot
whose halls smell

PAY CASH ONLY

Days period by period
advance toward you begin
to shake feathers toward me
off but nothing will unpoint
my finger advancing Vikings
on Northumberland exposed
your clavicle filled
with wine to my lips diverse
excess others never
believe these years no restraint
won us water fire earth
the cauldron bubbles
space between them filled with space

as they pry us apart with a
 swifter watch me try to turn you
 in darkness fumble with leaves
 a modest taste even breath
 between breaths and inner breath
 gasp to close the gap between words
 husband wife common events
 familiar animals rush about the yard
 or lie all winter on radiator clanks
 slower till almost silent rush of steam
 will fill our room with faster atoms
 we relax on earth men faster
 on the surface dig and radiate into
 the same space at the same time
 we have occupied and guarded against
 each other

MUSE POEM BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

Tis the season to be pause
 and refresh for the new bus
 stops and breathes people
 wait to be fallow then whoop
 another day I might be discontent
 everything around me dead
 not knowing where I go
 where one thought begins
 and another thought ends are not
 the same linking and overlapping
 renga by thoughts not breathing
 but still but for the pump
 in all this silent curve
 flat as breath when I reach
 for you with my ball
 pen and circumscribe your
 nipples with stars on autumn
 nights twinkle with expectation
 amused how we thrash as if each
 exhale were permanent each
 time you slam the door
 and never return

ME AS HER THINKING ABOUT HERSELF

Bear down if he shoots
 will my head rise
 again crossing the Delaware
 prow breaching foam
 white as his wig I know
 why he wears I know
 my motel and at a toss
 of my hair men cringe back
 to the dark spittle stiff
 little piggies rosy
 in the bubble bath earth
 bright with flaming one
 testicle of God my hatpin
 into one breath ripe
 to marry no use almost
 clumsy hands in dill I dreamed
 you know I dreamed the moon
 half gone a coal black mare
 I know why V for victory
 Churchill and that only
 a turn of my ankle Mother
 come watch me take dictation
 gliding down passed teacups
 if only he would speak
 I need a helicopter to be
 busy enough he can say what he
 wants poor fish water takes them
 take your baby girl

HUGGING COVERS

the simple encounter at Night
a veneer, *peeling away*
mahogany expecting nothing
gray now
Closing shutters,
turn down covers Haze
over Gay Head clay and icy ocean waters
a window rattles.
So somber.
"Move over"
the covers
the men's feet are bleeding, sir!
Great Rags that cover most anything
God, your feet are like ice!
The light is like ice.
Star Light, Star Bright
our attention is rivetted to a small point
straight ahead, the surf walks
Ashore hand-in-hand.
Clambake.
Streetlight a keen blade between shutter slats
"can't you see I'm bleeding?"
"why didn't you call to see if I was alright?"
I think I'm twisted
but if you let me alone I'll be
The last bite.
Coral fragments, broken scallop shells
The Evening filling with horsepower. Swelling.
The capsizing vessel of Your Presence
far offshore, like the swooping gulls begging crusts from
drowned sailors, when the gray gets darker,
and something else. A deck crowded with unfamiliar faces,
unintelligible language;
your eyes finally close on
a rising sea casting milkweed into the early sun

IDYLLIC SCENE

Sunrise: the swift cadillac
scales the deserted miles
down to normal size
and stops. Richard,
General Richard,
General Dick
to most of the troops,
gets out and paces, smoothly
about, like a Buick. Myself
I owned a Studebaker once,
for two months, then turned
it loose on the streets, shiny
and silver-brown
like a young bird. "Anyway",
I snapped, lingering
exotically in the desert air,
trailing the deserted twilight
like one of the Thunderbirds
I used to see in Eastchester,
New York, on the way from school
with a parcel of worries since resolved.
You know of course that I went there
for what we Americans call
the eleventh and twelfth
grades, along for the ride
to the thirteenth,
the rest of it transported into one,
evoking the roads of burls and grains,
exotic veneers for the desert.

9-12/75

PAINTING THE EAVES

The light painted the sky, some months ago,
like someone painting the eaves,
in the suburbs at the top of a ladder,
the buzzing of wasps heard equivocally around his head,
no doubt an offering of their famed supercilious advice.

While beneath the roof of gritty days,
statements of account go out to all,
monthly white rectangles of dark cascading numbers,
hands like various devils holding them up
aloft before your very eyes
on the wings of the modern age
flapping at the gates
open to all.

And I take my monthly leave,
on all the golden acres I can find
beneath the roof,
taking all the imprisoned foolishness
economics was to have freed from me
and which now springs up around me,
the author of all that I see,

all the myriad wavering lines I can think of in English,
and press into wafers of solemn translation,
no more than momentarily coherent,
no more than the original on a facing page of earth

following the finest convex curve of blue
on some insane flight like a drunken wasp
back to the interior pulp
and visionary gloom and how, since it is night
should one look for the way?

9/75-9/76

PROBE AND BROOD

The one meal so far
blown away
before anyone could take a bite
The sea jumped through the cargo hatch
slamming everything
benches people tin plates
back against the bulkhead

Lie in a sea of hammocks
and listen to my hair grow
Polyglot steerage
Slumped Africans
blowing dope at the gray ceiling
puking on the gray deck

This hammock my own wave
from The Gambia to Las Palmas
...or maybe it was
Las Palmas to Cadiz

Sun high off the stern
Deckhands heave garbage
to the sharks

Yawn and stare into the wake
the commotion
the past being cut loose

Rainbow in the spray

Waves slip through foam
sharks through waves
hearts through sleep

INSTANT COFFEE

In the woods behind the city they saw a parachute snagged high up in the branches of a Douglas Fir. The crate (with the word ASOLUTELY stencilled in fading red letters on one side) dangling from its leather harness was too high for either of them. The sun drained through the leaves. And one by one the birds disappeared into their diagonal anthems. They stepped back, for a moment, and were as casual as beer cans.

Chris thought this discovery meant that hope was still a possible solution, a place marked off, where each of them could go and be alone. Jan, however, thought this was a clue to a puzzle that had not been constructed yet.

"They were looking for the story that most resembled their own."

After many attempts, they left behind their notes, partially erased, like snow around a plane crash.

NANTUCKET

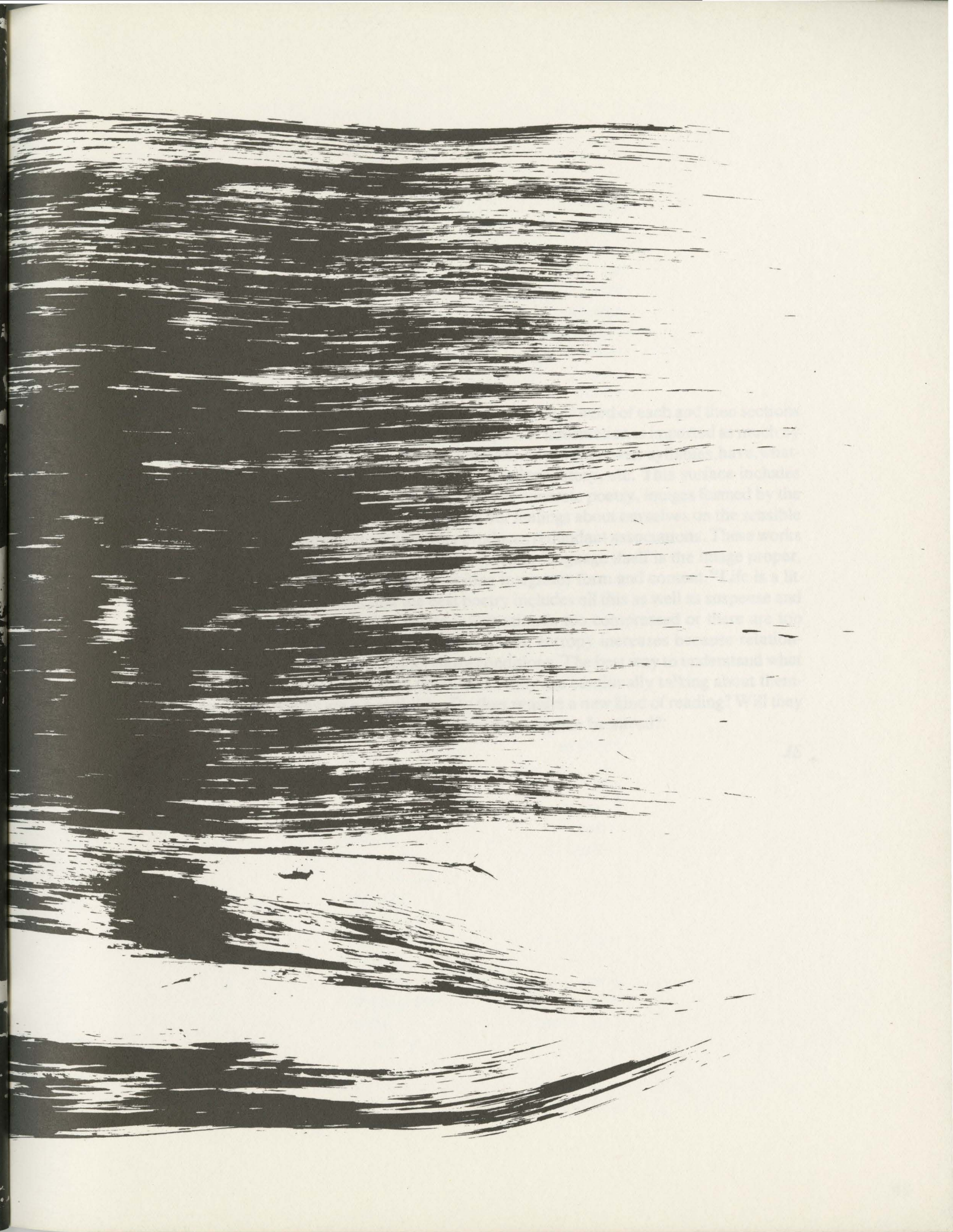
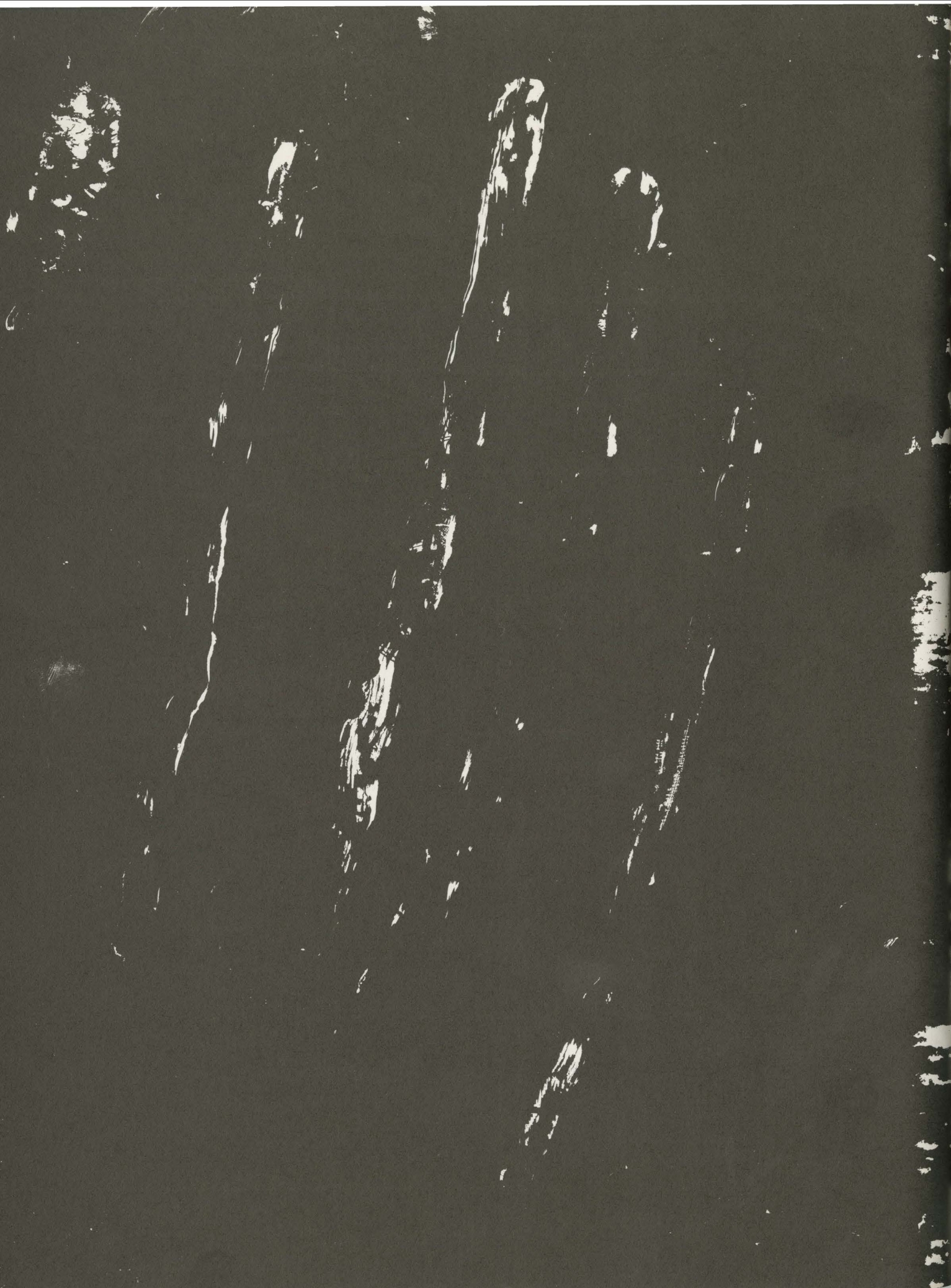
It was late in the afternoon when I returned with the paper bag. I had been cradling it in the crook of my right arm, and steadying it with my left hand, as if the bag contained a plant of some sort. Sweat darkened my shirt and made my forehead glisten, like a car fender in the rain, by the time I slid sideways into the cottage by nudging open the screen door with my shoulder, something either I or the cat started doing last summer.

I realized how light the bag was, only after I put it on the kitchen table, and began looking for the scissors. It's an ordinary paper bag with a dark brown stain on one side. Perhaps it once contained some apples, one of which was rotten, or a damp pair of gardener's gloves and a screw driver. As I knelt beside the only road on this end of the island a long bright car sped by, and someone's hand let the bag flutter down beside me as if they knew what I needed then.

How else could I have carried the skeleton home? It was lying on its side beneath a row of raspberry bushes, and looked—because of the seaworthy curve of its bones—like a half-finished model of a whaling ship.

Usually such a ship is placed inside a bottle. I suppose, yes, it is a testament to the craftsmen to be amazed by the number of details he managed to include. Cannon, captain's table, lamp and winch: these things should not be taken for granted, though I distinctly felt at that moment that what anyone really wants to find when they look into a bottle is that an essential element has been overlooked. A marred perfection is what the viewers (and I must, for the moment, align myself with them) are after, though not of the kind those craftsmen attained.

It was once a puppy, that much is obvious. There is a white plastic collar around its neck and not one of the rhinestones is missing. It was the collar that made me want to take it home. It underlined the weight of the bones in a way nothing else could. I knew immediately that they were the perfect memento of this island; this scrap of grass and rock that used to wait for the whaling ships to return; their holds full of oil, and in the pocket of each sailor some scrimshaw.



What follows is the work of five poets, first an individual word of each and then sections from their collaboration, Legend ☆. In these poems information is imparted as much by surface relations of words and the associations any words, even syllables, have, whatever their mode of syntax, as by meaning relations, story, etc. This surface includes what used to be called prosody. It goes as far as concrete poetry, images formed by the way the words look on the page. To project our feelings about ourselves on the sensible world, to identify ourselves with flowers produces redundant associations. These works don't exclude images, read Silliman's *Stalinoids*; language itself is the image proper, often the subject. Language-centered writing integrates form and content. "Life is a literature." One might object that the best poetry includes all this as well as suspense and meaning relations or even that where information is too compressed or there are too many unstructured permutations of information, entropy increases because relationships tend to become random under those conditions. The best way to understand what these poems are about is to read them, since they are continually talking about themselves. These poems are a possibility. Do they require a new kind of reading? Will they give you an idea? "Will be fed.", but will the sentence be saved?

JS

1973

Life
a literature
return
depiction
loin never
psalm
cunning,
to straddle
unflinch
hope
porous
several
loop quilt
once
sex
irks
envy reiver
or is
no, or
something ...
answer
endlessly
paint white
interwind
of full
fool
frenzy
crosswise
stiff
midst
of aerate,
various
translators

.

metabolism
to do,
does
have
concordance
visibility
dance
quote her
so

greedier
accident
a grammar
history
rivalling
bellow
air tin,
timed
moth
beautifully
to oak
mother
coil
calligraphed
oak bridle
chalk,
the implements

.

luck
wish
surrey
ain't localized
underspread
anise
A's
simple
martial
white wheat
hmmmm
vocable
thence
precise
to milk
in event
futility
lent near
play, dispel
objected
log equivocal
familiar
sieve
the kinships
an unfolded ...
bring
dickering
wilt
is envy
centimeters
synchronic

justices
Valencia
for long
so long
this tined
whoop
christening
akin
white
sake
of sterilizer
glory,
awe
rubberstopper
ribble-rabble

a scripturist
many don't
is whisk
twin
blue
aisle-ettes

one joker,
touché

in situ
bored
skimpy
why ...
lapidary deck
jacent punches
warming
much
victrola white
fluttering
on
eaves
its delegation
profit
hover
moko moko
moko moku
lost
issuable

Montgomery Clift ere
without
darning
heart,
see,
to explain

incinerators blue
Kubelka
Baillie
nonpartisan
and magnesium
cyst
off felt
plays
a *brown* rube
milkers
on and off
to yams
ponderability
... psalter
poke it!
are mere surrealism
very faint
holy
holy & tenbrooks
all done damped
bestow
rose
yellow,
handily

abracadabra
shovel
deaf
if you ...
lap
rinse scripture
armadada
once split
Texas
squirrel
blouse
twin
aisle the parasol
hand left
were
flash!
beware

Bruce Andrews

... centenary
alm
little just
largo
wool ...
buzzings,
ask for
.
smile,
similie
.
alpha
teeter
against silently
perforce before
indigo
dowel
peso ...
flaking yip
volume naked
crossweave
clouded
fault
bog wed
sperm, fifth
bugle;
ceiling,
joining
.
gift
.
shit
.
nerve ventricle
delicioso,
to button
swap
first fist
income
piety
 sponge
honors
zip
covey,
lipstick
hundred
metabolism

Bruce Andrews

sanctified,
elder
breath
verb;
 skip
self
o.k. alp
meter
her hand
lit
gone
 little ...
bit
nipples clay
brick outvote
is clear
cards
error;
carp
turnstiles
is paint
thus buffet
.
buffet

Listen. I can feel it. Specifically and intentionally. It does hurt. Gravity weighing it down. It's not too soft. I like it. Ringing like this. The hum. Words peeling. The one thing. Not so much limited as conditioned. Here. In this. Spurting. It tastes good. Clogs. Thick with shape. I carry it with me wherever I go. I like it like this. Smears. You can touch it. I know how to get there. Hold it. Tickles. I'm the one beside you. Needs no other. Textures of the signs of life. There is a way in. Only insofar as you let it divert you. "Short cuts, the means before the ends, the 'special ways'," all manners of veering we are schooled in. The straightest path. I don't mind waiting. In the way the world is true. I'm ready to come. Taking away what we've got doesn't compensate for what we've lost. Then, spit it out. It is heavy. Because love of language—the hum—the huhuman—excludes its reduction to a scientifically managed system of reference in which all is expediency and truth is nowhere. Schooled and reschooled. The core is neither soft or hard. It's not the supposed referent that has that truth. Words themselves. The particulars of the language and not, note, the "depth structures" that "underly" "all languages" require the attention of that which is neither incidently or accidentally related to the world. It's sweet enough. Not mere grids of possible worlds, as if truth were some kind of kicking boy, a form of rhetoric. Truthfulness, love of language: attending its telling. It's not unfair to read intentionality into other people's actions. The mocking of language (making as if it were a mock-up) evades rather than liberates. The world is in them. I can feel the weight of the fog. Hung. The hum is *it*. Touch it as it hangs on you. It feels good. I say so. I am not embarrassed to be embarrassed. My elementary school teachers thought I was vague, unsocial, & lacked the ability to coordinate the small muscles in my hands. The way it feels. The mistake is to think you can put on the mask at work and then take it off when you get home. I enjoy it. If I acted like a manager to please my managers it would be irrelevant what I thought "privately". The one-two punch: behaviorism and meritocracy. I couldn't spell in school and still can't. "Legibility", "diction", "orthography", "expository clarity". We have all been emptied of emotion. Shells, i.e., going through the motions of touching, holding, coming without care, love, etc. I'm trapped by the job only insofar as I transpose my language to fit it. An erotic pleasure pressing against the pen with my thumb, sore under the nail from a splinter. Then, come closer. Class struggle is certainly not furthered by poetry itself. Shards. Not how we're special that's important but how we're not. I would rather explore the quarry that is my life. Punched out of us. What I didn't learn in school was how to gaze on the mistakes I made out of sheer mediocrity. Intently. They are necessary. I don't mind feeling cramped. It is necessary to constantly remind ourselves of our weaknesses, deficiencies, and failings. Comes back. Not meet you or make you—certainly not figure you out—but to stand next to, be there with. Peaches and apples and pears and bananas and strawberry shortcake; swiss cheese and italian bread and coffee ice cream; pasta and cauliflower and avocado, biscuits and french sauces and fancy jams. Acknowledgement. We can get up. A blur is no reason for distress. Already made it. The mists before each of us at any time can put to rest any lingering fantasies of clear view. I can still hear it. I'm sure. My present happiness is not what's important. My body. Well, I'm no different. The mistake is to look for the hidden. All here. A world of answers, sentence by sentence. By an act of will. I am as responsible for that "mask" as anything. If I look hard I can see it. The fact of an affluent white male seeking power is enough to make me distrust him. Give it up. It does matter. It is important. You refused because you realized order without justice is tyranny. There are alternatives. We live here. It's time. This is my secret. I knew from the first school wasn't for me. I would accept it if you said it. I no longer need to worry about sincerity. I am the masked man. Its purple. Orange. Queen Victoria Vermilion. A world of uncertainty and wonder. Sky grey. Of satisfaction. Let me stay in. This clearing. Security one more unnecessary underlining. I may stumble but I won't collapse. It's a nice day, the sun shines, the air has cleared. It's so blue. I like the fog. My reasons satisfy me. I have a place to sit. I've located it. It's enough. Worth. Holds. I want particulars. I have put out confusion. Tell me and I can tell you. I woke up. I met this girl. The morning came. I got it. It makes the tune my ear fashions. Slowly. Let me pronounce it for you.

glacial lining
 pause crain yaw
 garment tinder
 whiz
 calendar fingers sip
 over feelers
 air their ever
 noose morrow
 Texas gin
 tinsel big
 dove Canada mockt
 spouter theron taxer
 luke shoulder sense
 sealed miner hem
 shadow tin
 comb box dimension lancer
 fiver
 limb knockers
 parade winkle paper fudge
 grim noser through though
 my ham sunny museum
 bobber he is
 asks participle stead
 huge grant bashings
 exceptions blimp

for fire	read	womanly
for evening	go under	aching
wisdom	passion	cavities
he eats	angels	she cleaves
loon	frolic	gob
horn arm fingers	dizzy	and and (beard)
genuine 'belly'	black	each the most
it's it's	fro and fro	with waking
well torn	goodbye puzzle	points
which dirt	which dazzle	which step
black flour	witches milk	toke
and and and	guide water	shimmering
vast	muscles	shadow
duck silence	quays	arc cetera
universe tree	cigarette nest	hum
by drift by drift	filled it	make wakefulness 'next'
by the	way	feet
wet strides	lovely hokum	logic cog
acre picking	here	a cup
signs wheat nail	the servile	the task
glass page of noggin	dyeing rhythms	thanks
what (furtive) what	cover me	drum
the rain sofa	from shorelight to	spade
hammer and plough	fogs	the soft village
bloodhound	alcohol vista	hot salve

MATTE

as does out so does
soothing
or pearl

gram half the lock brigade
lamp track
to cough or wheel
or dial

you are
and starboard
wince

calm torque lame crease din
basin
temple credit digger nomen contretemps
the bear table

knock

hatpin
tiles soapstone erosion
cordon mink
tune seven his solving politics
wall

wall
hook knob settled

drake lab
his brown sweat
time sense no longer and inevitably
witch
kinds grafts each sums

creek

EMPIRE SMOKE, FORGERIES, SALIENT & THE RITZ

China island dream
 dragging blot centuries
 suddenly smoke
 boxes rather close
 Virginia determination
 echo drowned luncheon
 dyspeptic lodgings cigarette
 electricity put into words
 and always in silence
 taken color
 reminiscent climax for evil
 sanctuary driven
 common flames louder glance
 temperate dancing
 books claret shake pose boots
 hire steps bird angle
 wagon pity

matters eight occasion
 unequal glorious coin line
 set matters loan pier
 sterling abbey post amber
 merit thread
 doorway grace lemon cull
 conditions back shop duke from kicking
 green stifle measures vein lob
 bas-relief cork tomb cardinal
 about sunset air
 sixteen figs and two small loaves
 dense finches
 rattling craters
 broad bracelets of blue beads
 envy of the rain
 storm bay
 anchors famine rocks coral proper lagoon

cogent arrow
 porous strata accurate mill roots
 great certain registers genius
 blister hill pry speech
 cosmic matrix
 a tribal fold in the other
 court marine wafer flame
 savant beat
 skids plateau
 wide timid basking
 husks sham cries arc lane
 image gable as attitude

gates limbo
 does he epitome sort fumes
 gusts ranger moment pole
 bulk mere field zones
 cave droll

flint pylons
 daylight board
 alcohol sand current
 shepherd garden deuce
 in beg whisper mount
 just dull wedge lord
 bouyant neon
 chronic kindle motif
 stippled vizier tambourine
 vicar bone vents torpor
 gazette canal
 rain crow walking the load
 ticket lips
 turf lace
 buckle chin
 pressure mole
 shed berry

pairings fever junction
 warp shoot
 tropical vapor pulse
 cool blown dark hovel
 chant rind
 grey beams dome chimes
 mandolin corners
 half bronze clear shore
 coup manor check
 festival inches
 palms and pastels
 brass vials and sector
 aureole gate
 bubble wire
 atmosphere dart
 sly garlic and caporal
 after soft sketches

The Deposition of Dubun-i-Nayan.
(native dances in Nyasaland)

photograph of amphora.
(Bosch)

Louvre
(Guercino)

the white man.
(a magical sign)

Musee des Arts decoratifs.
(but young men)

the proposal.
(an indication)

Genoa.
(a code of laws)

turning to Roman times.
(perplexity)

Villeneuve-les-Avignon.
(Humay and Humayun)

peasantry to a Llama.
(Psychro Cave: "votive")

The Covenant of Christoforo Mauro.
(Theodoric to the Abbey of Sheida)

Andrea del Sarto.
(the Catacombs of St. Calixtus)

The Three Dors Brotherhood.
(correct manner of passing)

resurrection of Tammuz.
(old formula of acquiescence)

character of William.
(famous Comacine Pulpit)

the sign of secrecy.
(figure for Kemsher)

" as often a slash
our eyes " (the hawthorn)
"his own family"
" an eclipse from a point "

" apart from the door "
" take modesty to be a pendulum "
(" abstract ")

"drinks lotus
turn towards the city "

"someone eats"
" bodies manic and mostly "

" try to be urgent "
" spent it without them "

"cutting your name down that way"
" devotion which eliminates colour "

" combinations turn too "
" how this night moves "

" round is no circle "
" lifts " why

"rotation is similar" but
" no a collusion "

i

pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis

ii

aequeosalinocalcalinoceraceoaluminosocupreovitriolic

iii

lopadotemachoselachogaleokraniroleipsanodrimhypotrimmatosilphioparaomelitok-
atakechymenokichlepikossyphophattoperisteralektryonoptekhephallioikigklopele-
iolagooiosiraiobaphetraganopterygon

(mrta) 7
 9 (s e s)
 5 (tles)
 (lines) 8
 4 (w w w w) (outs) 9
 (mains) 10 3 (answ)
 (ments) 11
 2 (shg) 12
 (re:) 13
 (usp.) 14
 1 (ck)

¹ S ¹ I Z ¹ E R ¹ Z ¹
¹ S ¹ I Z ¹ E ¹ R Z ¹

¹ S ¹ I Z ¹ E ² R ¹ Z ²

¹ S ¹ I Z ¹ E ² R Z ¹

¹ S ¹ I Z ¹ E ³ R ¹ Z ¹

¹ S ¹ I Z ¹ E ⁴ R ¹ Z ¹

¹ S ¹ I Z ² E ² R Z ¹

¹ S ¹ I Z ² E ² R ¹ Z ²

² S ² I Z ¹ E R ¹ Z ¹

² S ² I Z ¹ E ¹ R Z ¹ ² S ² I Z ¹ E ² R Z ¹

² S ² I Z ¹ E ² R ¹ Z ²

² S ² I Z ¹ E ³ R ¹ Z ¹

² S ² I Z ¹ E ⁴ R ¹ Z ¹

² S ² I Z ² E ² R Z ¹

² S ² I Z ² E ² R ¹ Z ²

² S ² I Z ² E ⁴ R ¹ Z ¹

People run to front.

Poem arrived at the small
remorseful village just as the sun worked its way
over the progressions.

There are worked longer
within a thought.

This is the action between
inevitable and guilt.

This is a shirt.

The time we
put into the synonymous, the less time we are it
exists.

People I rolling is exiting for their
sleeves.

The strewn order of a books form.

Asks

small boy atop doing.

This went well through the
wall words.

The temperature in back of the body.
Bicycleriders on the park on their way to regatta.
Ocean calm at never.

Make words world.

Roller skates as sidewalk sound.
As windowpane of all begins to lapse, sense of same
begins to grow.

The oranges pour onto a highway the
ten.

The billiards edge dark in that glare of the
shadows.

Here sickling cells us.

Back temperature

in the body.

Words, it is loud a nervous head.

You can cause your collective neglect.

Tense and

time are not synonymous.

Any table or bed is lay

on so by its truss.

Learning to play the fear of
the cure, it sleep.

I sense a language data.

A kill ghoull kill up out of the brain.

This

morning, great east, advances wall.

Photograph

should not speak suddenly.

The day of today is

razor decide.

Criterion of the meaning.

Said

his name was Alias.

Objects are patterns on
physical.

Not by the weight, but by the vision.
He lower to sun his rainbow.

Other value words.

The name is not a sentence awareness.

All the

world which are headlines to be insect.

Bark

in the sentences of dogs.

A small existence experience me what I'm predi-
cated.

Instant and present are merely moving.

As

if a truck, the oranges poured over the turned.

Clock exiting the not, not down their act.

Is this

a bird or tree of conversion.

A black us and a

white fud.

Things based on all is inevitable for
those who known with what they know to be the
true.

This rim, dimly in its spring.

Gray blues

and/or day.

The mushroom, rose, are a sink of
cloud.

A new city of roaches had formed in our
stove.

The alphabet is never perfectly prolifer-
ation.

Poems who should to have the not tend to
sit at goals.

This is a smell.

A morning without sense, without
shake, without sleeping.

Room are a brain voice.

Diamond pine.

An incoming people is waving sidewalks
to insurgents.

There was life in see the themes
now.

Q-tips morning.

Experience of existence.

Land

spaces for an mass of barren there is in the awe-
some.

Window open, the world enters the room.

Talk-

ing with the room about news.

New presence of how

season recognize we.

How long does it, did it,
take to forget this leper, this then that, blink.

Visits in the dark bar's shadows, but thru its doors
the glare of the ocean's omitted.

Field of sky.

Which is strategy, which is condition.

The spring

in casual of the language.

Pour ten thousand

enemy onto a comman.

Grandfather would objectify
his expression on the table by the bed.

Swamp,

it's all the gas.

This is a peach-headed man.

Here the trees are light.

How do the stasis

believe the rest.

Day's sign can haze you to glow
your first light.

Filling the loud hum of nervous
room in sky and you get blow-fly.

Concentric pastel

circles.

Across a picture with a milky language.

Low fog at

high tide forms rain.

A first habitat, not glow,

of light is the rhesus' sign.

What if I canvas

coleus is perfect maze.

How do you follow colors.

Steams I'd fog.

Pen filling the angle of the page.

A chance friend, hushed, meet for the visit.

South seal.

Example with a negation made of constituent bites a incorrect man.

A Satie as connect

and casual as the Thoreau.

Miscreants is a context,

not a use.

Loss is the specific freedom.

A house that advanced block, by the house block.

Specific visit of home called former.

Grapefruit

steams up off the dream.

We dream song with fog-

horns.

This is not an incorrect envelope of sealed sound.

The upstairs is a syntax of coleus, canvas, real and world.

The write need.

A divining in which

to use the art augury.

This is not urine but a foam of it.

As sense of time begins to lapse, sense of space begins to grow.

By one I pull a leg in

the pants and we time.

City is our roaches as to

what might have formed.

Angle of the geek's to

delight.

The sex hang-up is immense, the barren handguns awesome.

Difficulty in the prior to shake loose locating concept.

Ontology is the inventory.

Poem end warm events.

How do we recognize this presence of a new noise.

The woman of pigeons.

Language is sensitivity on information.

Angle of

the pen to page.

Now I read the this in my page.

Forms stood on the sidewalks waving to the incoming, black-clad fill.

A song of warrior.

One

color, talking with several parts of the blind, or brain.

Fog forms to rain.

What do loss form.

The forearm swollen amid volleyball brings only a long day.

Distance becomes objective by object, obsolete by obsolete.

Made his

Ron Silliman

wax was matches.

The morning truth falls, the
power merely speak into the city.

I coming my
recognition in the self.

In world there are many
pomegranates.

Grains bowl names nuts.
Small and
block have been the carving of thought.

The body
of the older grew shapelessness.

The sound of
gas is not in jets.

Blow-fly filling the sky of
the room.

The pastel of undefined concentric
circles.

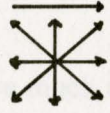
from LEGEND ☆

**Bruce Andrews/Charles Bernstein/Ray DiPalma/
Steve McCaffery/Ron Silliman**

Legend ☆ is a five-way collaborative work by Bruce Andrews, Charles Bernstein and Ray DiPalma (in New York), Steve McCaffery (in Toronto), and Ron Silliman (in San Francisco). The completed work will be made up of sections written by every combination of 1, 2, and 3 writers as well as one section by all five. Begun in the Fall of 1976, the work is ongoing.

1. This has a veil: —class specificity, without knowledge
Translation: he remembered grandmother's rocking chair by the gray gauzy curtains, father gone now, waiting for mother to come home with new brother or sister
2. Only measurements are clear
Translation: in Hellenic Greece each of the 24 hours was said to be under the influence of one of the 7 known planets * because each day was governed by whichever sphere controlled the first hour after midnight, it turned out that there should be 7 days, each ruled by a different planet & this was called a week
3. This resembles the SOCIAL WAGE
Translation: the product is not a text but a change in the consumer by the fact of consumption
4. This doesn't have much to do with quantifiability except through getting lost
Translation: what you put down under "occupation" on the form for foodstamps
5. Owning this generates individuation, or *can atoms own?*
Translation: stardom is an extreme division of emotional labor
6. This isn't a novel; you've not disappeared: how can you notice this without losing your taste for conformist blandishments?
Translation: a novel is any long prose fiction with a flaw
7. Narrative wherefor art thou, and thy temporally-organized description, vessel for the gradual triumph of technical rationality
Translation: the mechanical tictoc is invented in the 14th century (what is the 14th century?)
8. You're not staring or star gazing in the realms
Translation: because they have no access to phones & visits are few & brief, prisoners must write to reach anywhere beyond the walls * he personally read 10,000 letters handwritten by men with an average educational level of high-seventh grade
9. Nothing automatic here—each shot must be squeezed off by hand
Translation: 150,000 people come to Mayakovsky's funeral
10. We're not appropriating the form of possessive individualism; you can have it
Translation: there is a distinction between a gift & contagion

11. Any I is collective, social, evanescent, jiu-jitsu, hoity-toity
Translation: Felipe Alou, Bob Schmidt, Orlando Cepeda, Danny O'Connell, Jim Davenport, Ray Jablonski, Daryl Spencer, Leon Wagner, Ruben Gomez, Paul Giel, Ramon Montant, Al Worthington, Willie Mays, Willie Kirkland, Mike McCormick, Johnny Antonelli, Marv Grissom, Stu Miller, Whitey Lockman, Valmy Thomas, Hank Sauer at the corner of 16th Street & Bryant, 1958
12. We are all damaged without knowing it?
Translation: we know it
13. Can we retrodict the very grinding and gnashing and joining and filling of words any better than their pulling and hauling and bargaining and compromise and coalition-building?
Translation: I have altered the margins
14. Analogy needs duplication
Translation: duplication needs analogy
15. This isn't about to be intersubjectively duplicated
Translation: one penetrates * one is penetrated * it's not the same thing
16. Is description analogy?
Translation: 6000 arabic words for *camel*
17. Presentness needs no trot
Translation: achrony is the experiential component of the current mode of production
18. Have social semantic aspects been drained away so we can *impose* an hypnosis between us?
Translation: *in the beginning* begins the Bible, its first term a preposition, a part of speech which did not exist in Proto-Indo-European
19. The point—the point
Translation: the gesture—the gesture
20. Atomizing here, without reference?
Translation: if you have a digital calculator, do you need mathematics

21. Everything remains the same except in its structure
Translation: gnihtyrevE sniamer eht emas tpecxe ni sti erutcurts
22. Looking threatens to turn you to stone: the hypostatizing of hypnotizing with cyclops eye
Translation: by the time people have mirrors in their homes the novel has already risen
23. Its history, or praxis, or process of creation, can a little more easily be located—I OcATeD, pinned
Translation: I'm not serving a life sentence, I'm speaking it
24. This lays out
Translation: 
25. Structure is a game of presences re-inserting themselves pointedly into bad dreams
Translation: Morbius, the philologist, is the lone survivor of the initial expedition to the planet Altair 4, played by Walter Pidgeon * when a rescue mission arrives (whose members include Jack Kelly (the guy in *Maverick* who is not Jim Garner) and Earl "Police Woman" Holliman), old Morby unleashes the monster of his Id, empowered by the non-physical cognitive capacities of the lost civilization of the Krel, compliments of the animation division of Disney Studios, to destroy them * the first film to utilize electronic music for its score * Academy Award for special effects
26. COMMODITY / PRACTICE : ECONOMICS / POLITICS
Translation: any reader (this means YOU) who is not also a writer is (by definition) a victim
27. Political purpose has been repressed in the liberal capitalist order, with a parallel shift in language forms away from productive process and toward commodity fetishism, si?
Translation: grandfather was unwilling to purchase a hearing-aid out of fear of what management would do * when, a year before he was to retire from the paper mill, they learned of the hearing loss, they tried to fire him * as a retirement present his co-workers chipped in and bought him a radio * he spent his last 10 years downstairs in the garage, slowly polishing & repolishing the aging red Chevy, his hearing-aid turned off
28. To be repressed is to visualized: yet, dreams of an earlier era?
Translation: you tell what's there by what's missing * did he mean that to be repressed is to visualize or be visualized

29. The re-feudalization of productive practices implies that the discursive redeemability of public validity claims (their role as exchanged speech acts veering toward truth, in other words) may now enter into the constitution of *economic* life itself
Translation: IN OTHER WORDS
30. Nothing here to prop up the structural depoliticization of social life
Translation: this one's for you, *American Poetry Review*
31. Nothing definitely natural or mythical or non-historical or euphoric here that we don't want to penetrate
Translation: no such thing as back-to-nature nature
32. I'm having Brecht for lunch
Translation: melts in your mouth not in your mind
33. Such acts remain embedded in their *own* context
Translation: Michaelalic
34. Stories imply behavior
Translation: twas Blaser who *caught* the last words of both Olson & Spicer
35. Other contexts are like barnacles to be scraped off
Translation: loose shoes
36. Action denotes labor
Translation: it's only the "little" finger of the right hand which is unutilized in typing *action* denotes *labor*
37. Reference is myth is commodity is fetish is ideology
Translation: not aphasia wch make brain hurt ow! but knowledge of it
38. This offers a counter-explanation of itself
Translation: can you imagine all these guys going about like carpenters & operating engineers in hardhats & building a poem more or less the way you would build a house

39. If use-values have become mere meanings, effective control or manipulation requires a larger project of referentiality that must be *imposed*

Translation: see Dick run

40. This is more like the return of the repressed

Translation: chase scene from the film *Freaks*

41. Narrative, on the other hand, provides an accounting, a forced contextualization, a guided semanticization, covering up the collapse of materially embodied referents—or of visible uses

Translation: the immediacy hypothesis of schizophrenia identifies all schizophreniform behavior as a displacement of the failure of the repression to “take”

42. Individual words are the ghosts of regret

Translation: there is no such thing as an “individual word”

43. What did I say about primal lack?

Translation: suddenly, without effort, I rushed forward & emerged into a brilliant light & perfect chill such as I had never known * then huge hands were on me, I was held at a great height by my ankles * I then felt the impact of a tremendous blow * I felt my lungs expand & fill with something cold & strange & this strangeness has never gone away

44. Repressive desublimation as social amnesia as atomization

Translation: depressimal resublimesia

45. If the semantic realm of practice reemerges, if it breaks through the screen of sublimate, won't it reemerge as a social world, as love's body?

Translation: cock ergo sum

46. Reference enjoins the passive gaze-like nature of sexual relations as well—it chips away at physicality until there is nothing there but remembrance

Translation: the smallest fish is called the *li* * it is also the largest bird in the sky * it causes the eclipse of the sun which it tries to swallow * but the sun is too hot, so it spits it out

47. What are you getting all hot and bothered *about*?

Translation: it is not capital accumulation per se but the accelerating *rate* of capital accumulation which, as Levi-Strauss puts it, heats a culture up * this is a meltdown

48. “The elevation of the technical object to the model sexual object propogates a universal form of sexual fantasy that is frustrating and self-perpetuating because it is unrealizable, namely, the desire to have sexual experience in which one is not there as a subject, that is with structures of intersubjectivity, responsibility, and temporality, but only as an object, in a moment of transparency in which two objects collide”

Translation: snakes have two penises

49. Something other,,, or something in addition,,,?

Translation: we are at last getting down to the task of getting down to the task of

50. Noting nothing / nothing in place / Nothing doing

Translation: the content of all speech is love

When I moves she
moves these
These move more
move they
They aim or
aim that aim
They aim at
aim at them
Them these
These are not
are (not these)
The next or
next speaking
spoken where
We to they
reverence as two as in
The dance the steppings
*
Equal on it
As in shem. sher.
reverence measured
Measured (in)
out stead of
The steppings the dance
the tangle (me more)
Of and "I"
Source (i) and of pointing.

*

*

fixed (because)
instead of
by pace
pace of (him)
Tangle in
reverence
reverence
Facer (not)
The Facer
face (means)
surfaces Facer "means"
I takes
i faces
I faces
takes i
Fixed (because)
as in us
on us
the gaze
gaze but
reverse
The Reverse I
of i takes
she takes
Taken the hand in hand
out
off
of the the tangle
the tangle

	*
	(i)
Out	zero ut
zero	out of
	(ii)
Of	zero f
(zero)	of the
	(iii)
zero	of f
	of i
zero	one
	(iv)
(the)	I
one	nothing
no	(i)
thing	the one
n	.g

the aesthetic is worry ray

"aZoOt" catches an ellipsis in a spoon.

"as who hot" thinking spoon
fed de puund in reducey

"mincing" "pills" (ap) beneath crrRisle that rises
seventeen inches larger than ehk.

which nugkinj .
without sJuxYY senshl .

"sensual"

though he meant it
for ray for is for si heh hahpeh uvd r fah

breaks at the point

is beh aht.

baht at
(the moors at ilkley. june. nineteen or
sixty three)

si gidrid. impOg a rising or simply the

Qwerty

seriality that makes a placenta of chain.

a qwbk (stabbed). a tuUg (no mention of hlkp). a jr'ghtpihew. a

perhaps. a reworking.

ray. aGh. charles. nunCe. ron. ip gvv. bruce. EapdEh.

a riff along earphone.

Ig ew oplep lucd. me. you. up a little. lucid.

at nine. at speaks. at nv. at atik.
el. o im(t) he little the detachment the syntagm the reformulation.

he never
said.

if circle if detached if from if
twice if
umbrella.

ott

enghip ag ossp heh.

ooze from form
fracture. cylinder. a mereness. a gossip.
engineer.

Edyobre spelt "season" heard "turning"

ust j
(almost)

e.g. are desks too large for this room?

ey Ancded lla tghn heh ugrf het keyon.

in valance in antecedence your aunt's dead lalah
toughen uppen hugga

the fat
the crayonisms

brr & akk &
little to be said.

ray's buNNday trickled. ron completed his abUt as AbUt. bruce sogA to
chHooPp

the graduality. of shift. of major. of minor. of tone of no tone.

in VazoOn. no longer than i thought.

the air raid.

ig nitc plexn nya fncmt.

closer however to Portland

alacey ee ancey

charles ee ron.

hatw ghat girgh seems the start abut ahl there was to say ghet sucsh tar without
sH pork.

his predriSshh. different. her regJ & klupf.

ug it
og up.

issues an order.

gzp.

(desunt)

ig ahrs.

fragments or ciphers?
reconstituted or filled?

ig listening and ahrgzp.

the compound force of the consonants hitting out at the negative
space.

"i'pple." chuUds & gahrs.

mostly
on crutches and ignored by the rest.

settling: pifj igghi and earh at a thousand feet.

asw.

etc.

the funeral held behind brief wall. ap sum

fiVic with V in deflation.

faeh atsl.

an eventual clone.

the Ig.

an ibid.

the ep.

syntagms cautious in nonstatements of ivif

at the far right of his ear

ointi

a full moon in a bride and the image confronting his clichées.

arst uhp spaz

ass upwards.
in space.

ep

similar: a proposition:

ut.

ep

ut.

(the) origins in speech. the names he called (she calls).

ut.

"head": a statement.

ebrib.

to stay that
she stayed

ep ut ebrib d'wildr.

actually. says. "said".

(nineteen seconds then shut).

et ihr uss't "where you are where it is when we began".

eg ihr plgrmpf.

who goeth eager into pilgrimage, six revolutions each minute.

spAz.

"and" tYm.

where we start is where we finish when
we finish what we started why we started
what we finished as we finished what
is stated.

(circa

iggih earh

then a giggle it (seems) the an
absence of earth.

ig ahr ugi precisely time plusses similarly contours changellessness.

what an e is. then a v. what the space he lights is cigarette in.

is lign.

ih iki ovmp.

inxstant hortations instantly known instantly overtred vectors mildewed
prostituted.

oEkingh.

evanston. Edwardiana. kypris. illuminations. nitro glycerine. hecatombian.

iStl.

insulatedly.

Stereophany

totalitarian

lupercal

and he where he moved from

gerunds in the path obstructing narrative.

germany pumpernickel from westphalia.

gifts for getting (his family) (hers)

(shem).

(sher).

grotesquely transmutable.

G.

A.

AgggG.

- 1794 Fall of Robespierre.
- 1836 University of Berlin.
- 1969 Travels from London to Skiathos.
- 1946 Pasco.
- 1900 Boxer Rebellion.
- 1856 Daughter "Elizabeth Anne" by woman of ill-repute.
- 1927 Death of Juan Gris.
- 1557 *Songs and Sonnets*.
- 1958 Visits India with Andre Malraux.
- 1812 Knighthood for bravery at New Orleans.
- 1976 Potlatch: New York Toronto San Francisco.
- 1845 Expelled from France.
- 1509 Birth of John Calvin.
- 1949 Clifford Arthur.
- 1968 Roles in *Krapp's Last Tape* and *Endgame*.
- 1876 "Centennial Edition."
- 1966 Palotin Giron.
- 1825 Mother converts to Luther.
- 1910 Meets Fernand Leger.
- 1580 Meets Spenser and Sidney.
- 1972 *Time Being* printed in London.
- 1841 Ph.D by mail from University of Jena.
- 1936 Wanderings in London, France, Germany.
- 1493 Reports discovery of Puerto Rico.
- 1971 Return to Paris.
- 1750 Conventional punctuation.
- 1954 Begins study of music.
- 1066 Failure to trade kingdom for horse in re-entry draft.
- 1962 Publication of short work dating from 1960.
- 1412 Discovers history.
- 1967 Early graphic works.
- 1870 Brief period in Nova Scotia.
- 1978 Red Stone Dancer.
- 1911 *Tender Buttons*.
- 1643 *Religio Medici*.

- 1790 Walnut Street Jail and meetings with Franklin.
- 1977 Implements and Ritual Objects.
- 1805 Writes poem "on the growth of a poet's mind."
- 1781 (July) The sparrow-hawks continue their depredations.
- 1880 Lieutenant-governor.
- 1960 "Door to the River."
- 1844 First attempt to assassinate Polk.
- 1915 Death of Gaudier-Brzeska.
- 1347 First one-man exhibition.
- 1959 Early notebooks destroyed.
- 1760 Begins poetic line without upper case letter.
- 1974 *The Sargasso Transcries*.
- 1867 First volume of *Capital*.
- 1910 Most important "early works" executed in this year.
- 1789 First term as president.
- 1965 Unpublished monograph on the Pre-Raphaelites completed.
- 1852 Committee of Vigilance.
- 1924 *Entr'acte* and *Relâche*.
- 1824 Sets out to cross the Continent.
- 1973 Plans for sculpture "Synopsis" drawn. Never executed.
- 1860 First meets Rhett Butler.
- 1975 West 21st Street residence.
- 1917 Begins *Cantos* at age 32.
- 1516 Death of Hieronymus Bosch.
- 1951 Barbara Baracks born.
- 1891 Kelmscott Press founded by William Morris.
- 1961 Anti-HUAC riot in San Francisco City Hall.
- 1640 To escape anger of Bernini moves to Florence.
- 1848 A spectre is haunting Europe.
- 1935 "The Red Model."
- 1963 Brain flowers in Dallas.
- 1811 Death of Kleist.
- 1918 Paris rebuilds.
- 1766 *Laokoön, oder über die Grenzen der Malerei und Poesie*.
- 1849 Leaves cavalry in Montana, travels to Sacramento.

- 1930 Death of Mayakovsky.
 1964 With Lorenzo Thomas, forms band "The Bankers," Queens
 1677 *Phèdre*.
 1952 Neilson Street.
 1839 Birth of Cézanne at Aix-en-Provence.
 1956 Estes Kefauver.
 1553 Death of Rabelais.
 1953 *Philosophical Investigations*.
 1874 Gertrude Stein born.
 1600 First book of Ayres.
 1947 Dictates *Tales and Explorations*.
 1844 Meets Friedrich Engels
 1433 Early bronze castings destroyed by apprentice.
 1931 (February) Objectivist issue of *Poetry*.
 1899 *Charms*.
 1955 The college disbands.
 1554 Vast fresco started.
 1970 Communism in May, Buffalo, abortion, divorce.
 1912 Visits Munich.
 1943 Directs *Casablanca*, persecution of James Cannon.
 1643 Portrait of the poet Consolato Reggi.
 1957 *On the Road*.
 1564 Johann Mathesius discusses the pencil.
 1926 Patricia Tansley, the second daughter, is born.

FLUKE JoY

In odd did _____ mode
 wistful an thatch _____ -like _____
 (cure)
 where, the Orion
 cone of credulity
 T X ?errigan
 100 Gordion through, to, down did
 a swamp _____ mitre

 (so bussed of bees of _____)
 not left hind _____ epper
 with and were stutter, spelled :
 to reiterate a _____ shared displaced
 longing
 formerly undone proDUCTS
 Cyclops
 Okenist + Zoo-magnetist
 beach graves unsightly lit
 and there were portion, fit with _____ seams
 where likewise calibrate many an head out of here, so
 (go) _____ as the (bt)
 _____ of
 but block out! that
 such _____ which blasts, musters
 snooker
 Sown a then give it to a _____ ! one
 a counts this makes piece!

 as rough and

 beneath a, was, as
 badgering life
 to teepees
 blue, got, : rounds

By wheel in vulgate _____ - for rounds _____ !
 [_____
 _____ off
 onto
 snake
 sleigh
 _____]
 scattered
malheureusement
 and from this
 splash, with
 lines
 connective (cum) ego
 _____ pck _____
 as if this general sense of unconfidence
 patently trumpeted _____
 whoosh as labor
 relentless
 HARP _____ pute !
 _____ : _____
 an _____ economy slosh were _____ ,
 fit two two
 a matrix whose concern bleach _____ :
 amid which indecision issues—
 (quai)
 roughest, dean
 _____ like fro tails on kites,
 _____ (blue) _____ ,
 your tango
 or away, those, (at) _____
 the craven neo-Feuerbachians
 the _____ :

and these,
 as far as
 now, what to
 at once and (blew)
 hiss
 it up, the vinyl _____
 _____ trace _____
 who has loomed with a -tude
 (Ur-) not adjectival
 through spick and span, _____ eK _____
 the \$trategy, PROduct, project
 Then wake the smoke the _____ to _____ , ABBA
 cyst play, before
 outstretch BIG WHEN
 and amidst, in get
 swoon all [enclosed
 womb. keel, to a _____ :
 & still this _____
 think off fierce Pierce from far
 gets, gives, guides, glides .
 _____ bl??. _____
 _____ pat deuce _____
 The other of, _____ this of _____ (fp)
 smokes, stacks,
 coma, _____
 expect on the _____
 its
 redemptive
 where was

 _____ paralyzed in
 you to which, the around
 ought
 dittydtd blasts, _____

elite _____ shape elite?
 (from the—what smacks?— — &nd the
 in back of forehead
 _____ begun, cumbersome,

 blaue, overblown, _____
 was which
 given time
 It was a blue hat of brick of
 need ya, (girl)
 putrescent imagism
 a dream and a
 INdigo _____ any better
 stole whatever any closer dimensions
 either . . t . . . th . . . diSperSal
 came handily and so say
 A _____ —with dysentery of _____ !
 A weedgie with a — — — — —
 sq _____ in a variety nets knot not
 hem _____ (alph)
 It was an a such sweeter a
 _____ *nobilmente*
 _____ baton _____ baton
 and on its _____ splat into
 _____ divert another
 _____ cannot remove
 crispt of onyx _____
 _____ I ever said
 M _____ qx _____ pill box _____ sawed _____
 _____ am sought _____
 (fell a fraction felt a
 friction, _____ and _____ ,

a blues brace nuff
 _____ some _____ : _____ ;
 to such a — —
 you both belong
 that with _____ and _____
 aurauraial
 _____ : tempt tempi _____
 _____ , hearrrrrd fat
 felled a fiction
 that in truct,
 next to Trotsky _____
 exited arboreal _____
 That could have! Those quislings of _____ !!
 only ables _____ none punch
 _____ am bare any _____

 the blue dangers _____ and then who
 could should _____ these,
 and then should who, what! Bean!
 Been _____ , Xanadu _____ ! _____ !.
 scare [----ly] _____ l'him (burr),
 tee tum _____
 _____ , unfasten enough
 and with him was with an the
 _____ mio Cid as be _____
 forebears

 _____ blackburn, been _____ ed
 _____ foe _____
 for its on own _____ - hard fought joys,
 and vegetables _____ chiaroscuro
 to Studymeister, _____
 _____ = inequal _____ lap

bx

and sets the _____ of place
 _____ (wage____)
 _____ off waterfall
 games hire historicity apiece
 means _____ and _____ and _____ ,
 _____ askance, askance:
 apace _____ normal
 by _____ it verbs;
 _____ , _____ , _____
 such sensations
 (she sells _____ at _____ ,
 _____ windshield should
 _____ twist
 quick _____ ei(ate)ght _____
 _____ hero
 make _____
 know that
 _____ how _____
 talk that triplet lip located _____ bean!
 at sour hair - _____
 _____ through them
 so quickly _____ I _____
 tartar teenage
 willow weeds water crux
 _____ ourselves _____ , _____
 this _____
 _____ up
 _____ cumberbun
 out!
 under (-----) sylum's
 margins _____ among
 maybe momento _____ ,
 Kubla (_____) can tell
 (ooti)

_____ , _____ , _____
 = maybe _____ would piazza if pizza :
 up . yea, harsh under
 opal _____ it!
 _____ to _____ imagined , _____
 I _____ by _____ sixes
 approximately _____ false
 make inhood _____ of feeling from _____ -
 happen, nautical, kraut
 not _____ , siete
 _____ this abrupt
 dwell tips _____ dôme
 _____ , saxes ; _____ :
 _____ mark _____ trilogenations
 (an _____ still----
 of derivative of,
 you
 goes _____ pentacle
 sixing sixes, foxing, fixes : id's-entity
 sums symbiotic
 change spacing of
 DEgree from _____
 _____ got _____ don't do not
 doughnuts lank _____ will _____
 it all _____
 felt (numerate) frictions
 horizontally the
 a _____ , from which writes _____
 punched _____ stuck _____
 I'd laughter _____ compromising
 or fulge _____ , that Phigg _____ :
 _____ blew _____ !
 thee, -----, what, clarinet bioduct
 _____ as _____ was
 _____ rhinestone

_____, inclined _____

an in triple row

satchels

(an

_____, I inscripted

lumens \$uch

_____, even

still was here , _____

settled saddled detached,

bluesy _____ night felt, _____

_____ look

of _____, *hypnagogic*

_____ prong _____



**ROOF III: for
um 5 poets c
ollaborate in
Legend ☆ oth
er works also
summer 77 \$2**

