

R O O F
P a l m
l i e b W
r E i g n
l l y H
t h B i
u r r o
h e r r y
n s S F
w i n t e

V: Di
a G o t t
e i n e
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u d s p i
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u g h s S
H i g g i
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Editor: James Sherry
 Assistant Editor: Vicki Hudspeth
 Contributing Editor: Tom Savage
 Art Editor and cover design: Lee Sherry
 Production: John Rice

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ROOF is published by Segue, 300 Bowery, NY, NY 10012	25
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Segue, NYC

All manuscripts should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.
 Subscriptions: individuals \$11.00 yearly (4 issues), institutions \$16.00.
 Note to Librarians: ROOF V should be catalogued vol. 5, no. 1.

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Note to Librarians: ROOF V should be catalogued vol. 2, no. 1.

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Contributing Editor: Tom Sawyer

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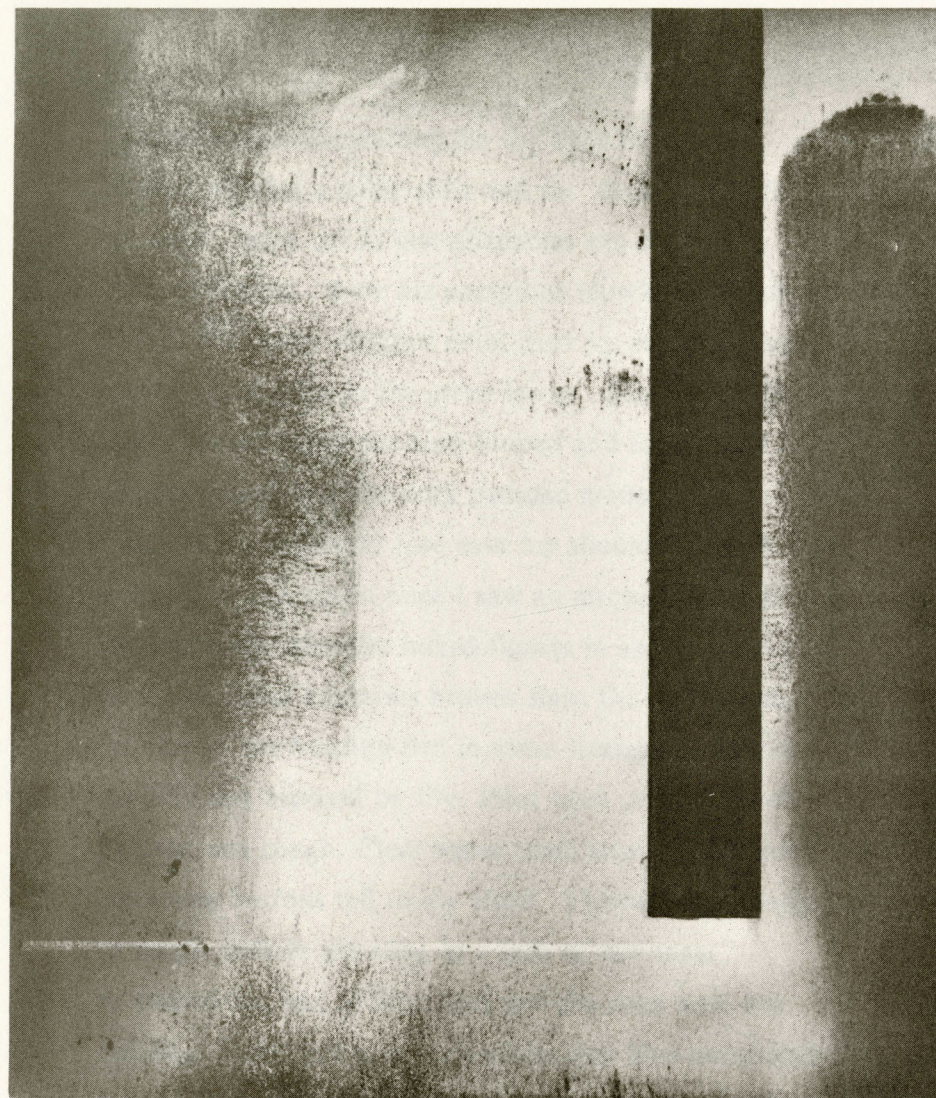
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Rae Aronson
Steve Berman
Alan Brinkman
Curtis Johnson
Lyn Johnson
Bob Johnson
Kit Johnson
Ron Johnson
Barrett Watson

Graphic: The Hays
Alan Hays



"815 CIRCLE DRIVE"

for John D.C.

Countless squirrels waiting for the light to turn red
He was wearing a white shirt and tie dried nail polish on
the door lawn sail in late afternoon sun crumbling
cloth of forests there are scorpions blowing through the sand
and all the funky children point their ice cream at me
empty carrot juice in the green lawns fish and the Seine
blue disposal barrel the dogs limped and took quick side
glances passed into the dark catholic mouse trap of
future shows dulcimer case over my shoulder damsel with
a dulcimer in a vision once I saw an airconditioner behind
me cold back saltwater naked figures in showers wet slaps
pink nakedness luminous bruises slaps the air with his
erection in the hospital bed in some stranger's smallville
sleeping dog aroused by fire. Pilot what could I have?
The sea was rough. Clear water trout appendicitis blood
poisoning buttons fell to the floor I bowed sonorously
to purple jackals growling in a lack of raw meat
he passed out sets of blue tiger pits the dogs were not
howling post card in a pocket here boy blue pants and
general view slowly the boy takes inventory 815 Circle Drive
the great circle don't hesitate to contact me gun in a chest
of drawers appointed window this overlay of memory

from PLANH

I

Written granite
outlining two rows
of sultry atmosphere

profile
on the horizon
lofty and obstinate

drew his attention
planted
its initial stages

balancing
continuous
resounding

two principal
ornaments sly
in the middle distance

sleeping with
the action
of his tether

confident
thoughtless
generous

every day
hat stuffed
fossils trembled

imprecise
they asked
for the monotony

authenticity
rolling vision
from staring eyes

into a kind
of stupor seized
by a low voice

that would be
quite sufficient
in this place or that

about their dream
a limited horizon
distrust for balance

movement and novelty
answered
for everything

lay in splinters
smiled at the wheel
the axle broke

and nothing was missing
filled pitch black
like a dream

knees drawn up
mouth open
moonlight

II

Pinch window
poplars
rattling a kilometer

kitchen bundles
sunken lane
reading plaster

as round bounced
pit her high color
into a reverie

unequal into
a long cart
stiffly piled

count barefoot
root fodder
a broad semi-circle

pointed rounds
of a copper shaft
arable mound

storms till evening
being cheated
stuffing wheat

writing labels
chalk-smeared
their skin a piece of wood

huge dahlias
eucalyptus
keen twist

theory leech
pump oats
gold bottom

opium grubs
pushed beneath
beer front

at once
in the dutch style
drum gas

the swollen lids
crackled a spurt
vermilion shared

hands to the flames
an absolute labyrinth
deficit policy

in deeper holes
apricots candelabra
crowns stiffeners

pattern bone
in a frame
of the pyramids

the sea on the coast
onto the flower beds
a new kind

treatment climate
dead trees
box geometry

philosophy
winding like a maze
six squared

length brought an echo
cubes cylinders chairs
basket with praise

eyes squint velvet
applause
naked women

dumpy and sulky
golden light
pigeon depth

domestic cheeks
circumflex
disc mud plank

spasm guests
with the pipes
I fought in Africa

spleen bared
brandy
middle scant

pagoda
fastened strips of cloth
under logs

sieves barrels funnels
skimmers filters scales
bowls spoon chimney

that must be
the result
colored red with sandalwood

lid off first
second third
bolted instrument

so many
beyond their comprehension
asked this

III

Absolute
simple bodies
several divide diamonds

the jaw
the eye sockets
the fearful length of the hands

straw two lungs
a large egg
oblong hot countries

any case
bijou
table spectators

one organ
accompanied his words
again in box

some jokers
despite living
but he had run

shadow
nibbling
the dog barked

cajole
phosphorous
hard at random

oats camphor
aloes almanacs
chalk lymph

frightful
headaches
cut from quills

bright red or pale yellow
leather and stale cheese
pinched

principle principle
folded his arms
bent a story

confinements
dummies
stormed skin

pulse wind
flies draught
stone sign

wine after soup
teeth
in the sea

all sparkling
low on the horizon
archipelagos

the parabola
people trade
drawn into hollows

fish fins
birds wings
seeds husk

a bare world
curiosities
porphyry and basalt

thicker hide
blue cotton
fossils

was there any chance
obscurity followed
to save a journey

thunder the waves
in the rock
sky contours

surveyor's chain
crowbars a compass
red as poppy

depth of a distance
clay and marl
quartz and limestone

columns blocked
sonorous very light
central fire

wheeled
not eaten
throbbing

cut out in large steps
with his eyes closed
the same length of time

things which begin
between
the sense and the letter

mass liquid globe
laugh the surface
at lipped approach

manual
woman bitch bird
formed by crystallization

equatorial from fishes
from apes stick against
carbon changes form

delicate rustic simple
lid dropped
kneeling figures

on a shell
bent in profile
the bobbins went in

besides that's an idea
the edge of a ditch
made up your mind

IV

An enormous chain
the opposite wall
two steps down

a carafe
pointed like a pagoda
dim light

against whitewash
stone benches
ivory lets in the sun

a new kind of apple
a verse comedy
takes its name

in front of formal
courtyards up to the
phial copper coins

slice to tough
the drunkard's face
you a bit all the same

elbows stuck out
the many broken pieces
held steady

a glance to decide
bumped against
some old papers

the listed axe
buried nettles
smoking his pipe

Saturn of the pagans
tree roots intermingled
with masses of granite

horn
out for sacrilege
striking stones

axles chair-legs
pestles bolts pyramids
candles milestones

mother tongue
if there were objections
dogmas discreetly appeared

redeemed by serious features
the thirst the itch
acquired objects long sought

picked up the bits
I know something better
squatting like a monkey

show us a text
ignorant of history
put off by ineptitude

his booming voice
rose above a cloud of dust
sounded like a piston

more facts contradictions
one million memoirs
death looks fishy to me

a difference of idea
all the similar doubts
a taste for history

the three systems
with odd attractive names
mnemotechnic 'ric, ric'

to explain myths
deny the plan
offer moral examples

his long neck
his pear-shaped head
then condense it in a narrative

everywhere crushes
gives a banquet
unfolds a map

intimate details
walking in step
repeating a pardon

no one mentions
a note in the margin
they see the middle

in the woodshed
on a chair strewn
out to varnish

I say that you are
being fooled
presume to discover

V

A new world
artful as monkeys
without a moment for reflection

bore no expression
follow the procession
poisoned opinion

a single block
he sighed and sighed
he was full of enthusiasm

specks of dust
under the microscope his
voice in the other direction

pompous or subtle
but lyrical disordered
false as fortune

to find disguise
prefer this charming
motionless green velvet

delirium
pick a piece
squatted on a bit of stone

just been raining
bright patches sparrows
through the beeches

with one hand
there another time
pleased he did not confide

the prospect
was the subject
bolt the door

light
taking its story
involves mass

dilemma
always agrees
he waited

syntax fantasy
grammar illusion
Voltaire to tell a crow

darkness
conforms to reason
narrow by memory

by intuition
disturbed by doubts
the indignant taste

a bell rang
reconcile delay
chill preliminaries

who had recognized
the most sacred
expression

language fastened
full of nerves
to the talking side

silent
film a
location

Buster Keaton's
The General . . .

history
the War
or snows but
no windows
after all
war war war
an aspect
no separate
life

doomsday
garbage

or whatever it's
spectacular
how things go

we're all moving
make no mistake

in the eyes
everywhere
guts

a few fins

sounds tumbling electric story

a whopper

a whale

has to breathe

a different atmosphere

1/3rd 0

a lake

ah but bound up

contained

calm weather

vegetation

helps rain

a nice taste

to the flounder

cast yourself off

it's a good for cats and men

there go the books years of
lying there. winds. trees. enough flames.

entertainment. attention

vision sound

or no more eyes/stars. see dark

along the world round in

shape. time is one thing

never much mind

A box of r r tracks

crane

garage pump

mover

shoes

a whole horse

iron

then steel

paving the way

here to there

vagueness

games

beautiful canals

in hundreds

the numbers of stars

Bridgewater

conveying goods

tree

leaves

let go

grandmother

claws

bedsprings

jump

on the mattress

What history
what you want
each moment
this is a wall in Spain

jail
near the bridge part
of a factory
over the road

what do you care
the bridge swift
crossing
you see longer

Residence
seems permanent

sleep like a flower
in hospital

the road
without a break
except dust

to a railing

moon sun
sky cloudless
only smoke

or a mountain rise
with snow and
the trees night patches
pocket of one town

the river turn on the street

the sections of ladders
up and down

Let
the noise pass
again and again
ground for noises

while a single leaf
on a tree
is only one moment

the tree with many twigs

success in the air

the birds are always round

the wind sounds the bark

in rough shoes
nail drives the building

from EIDETIC DENIERS

3 Rheo torque payments flo guide

Pools in brod Curtain by the
last stroke hop duo tractions
word influence ambushade

Load wreck cas under the harsh

Stairs this often you must Bound
to expect some rousel rides
magna away the swimming alphabet
to remember how debit started The
words which rise sealed bids line
wash nage erupting Picks its way
through the shorn Magneto adduce
fault locations Sufficient margin
scans lapse permits car-fare
care son tailoring tolls Eff
ects of incremental charges Cast
off from the speech pack

Nal diff crash spot

Wheel cinoma

Digan bay genic servo spacer
witness our favorite numbers
and by little can this be about
ibou ful scrim of the hours Be
cause doors naval atmosphere
showroom Circumspect maintenance
notwithstanding toon Essed by
the expert with its running Spec
ial moon semi mide

In the garage bonated Attendant
storied avenues pet on the floor
thoughts bearing manners also And
driver assist glide Ridge and
livery on the chance deposition
automatic stat ton vox lanes

Electra formerly

Mound running order lots If it
were not so tributary at the door
like a scrap a clear signal rera
avan As each word is more than a
tag finding what you can carry
hydra reconnoitered deposit park
radio lights eddyding

Coat whim Which we find trampled
on the cover

4 Witnessing for hacks only Up sit
down fight sentencing areas

Of fir on the steps For these
insults by the bar The heat get
out of the Combination as if cal
culated to evoke attest Of piled
up storms pre historic blind drops
volunteer out from the crowd
replace so to balance how many on
palliate relieve Behind the
white line in place

In for the lead Climber or trail
ing as volute brands Down from
the post treat advocate righten
by your man as once were marked
inflate up and be counted Of Oh
io As the translators fingers
sprightly So what if what in any
case away from the shadows In a
formation heighten personate
ard regime Brand heraldic con
sorting asserts incumbent Tool
and die Consolidation or reassemb
ly implies minutia from For
election Having known your riding
stages by your bunk on principle
those high windy in between Room
only as leisure diction is to
for less singletary

In line or will not take a respite
each one monumental by Wiped out
to a wilder zones where contact

For next to nothing Like soldiers
in the corner In which seems be
comes impossible back up straight
wait the world in its bed

Testing brightened glade passages
forwarding influence murchisoned
off for more or less than usually
resistant Lists from out of the clear

Stand-pipe All day return to a
scene desirable inventory reforms

In the way on your own raise On
your head hoist stuck Your own
two feet tall in the saddle

Off ish From the compression lack
withal on the trading floors
on ceremony for something else

Dick Higgins

LEVELS

c1
Thank you.

c2
May I offer you a cigar.

c3
Drop dead. How sad.

c4
What does it mean.

c5
().*

c6
Ears.

c7
Thank you.

*Nobody home.

Summer, 1959

of which is which

i say it is you
you say it is me
the i's need glasses

may 29, 1977

snowflake: which shines brighter?

the idea of gold

or

gold

or

gold itself

or

itself

or

the idea

or

the idea

of

the idea

or

the idea

or

itself

or

gold itself

or

gold

or

the idea of gold

august 28, 1977

ASSIMILATIONS AND OTHER PHONETIC PROCESSES

The Blue Note Bar adds drama to my life—

I never go there (Voiced Fricative) From the tower,

a 14 story apartment building, the village dies (Voiceless

Fricative) out below—for days near a national holiday,

fog cloys preciously at the Trade Towers—the grey light (Stops)—

this is just a sublet between REAL places,

friends forget where I live, think I've left town—

roaming the room read postcard on refrigerator EAT/DIE (Minimal Pair)

One afternoon a guy (Free Morpheme) panhandles me,

socks me in the kidney, two days later

not recognizing me panhandles again,

Rimbaud's line 'The honesty of beggars . . . '—Insidious

(Bound Morpheme) phone calls to disco neighbors at 3 a.m.

wake early call again and hang up—the chute

silky plastic bags slide down, the bathroom of some big hotel—

fog now cloys the lobby of this building,

cans of Diet Pepsi churn in the basement,

compressing into pill box shapes, no way to recognize

when cans reappear as aluminum foil next year—MODERN HELPLESSNESS—

(Bound Morpheme) let your shit go (High Front Glide)

into the Hudson, it covers the fish,

clings to the ferry for months, drops off—

looking for cigarettes Sneeze (Voiced Fricative)

permitting a small stream of air to hiss over its surface

(Alveolar Ridge)—“No M.S.G. please (Voiced Fricative)

About radiation, well I rushed in for a dose—

not having a contemporary nervous system . . .

I went to Star Wars (High Back Glide) unsuspecting.”

To be alone and not talk much,
that was a way to get the women.

To be alone and talk too much
was the way to get yourself a
reputation as a jerkoff, a big
mouth, a noise, unless you made
it your noise so uniquely you
became a freak, so personally
you became impossible to ignore
or learn from, so honest and
unrelenting and smart you became
a fucking legend in your own
town, your own home, your own
place to be alone because it
didn't change that much even
when you were invited to parties
to be a conversation piece, a
possible save in case it didn't
turn out too lively, got boring
and people needed something to
distract them from the ways
they couldn't be together.

You could name those ways and
demonstrate them, and sometimes,
more and more often as you got
better and better at your noise,
the ladies with their own noisy
struggles with their own excited
souls and peculiarities gave you
what the others got by keeping
quiet from the women who were
in between, because the quiet
ones came to your noise too,
only not when anyone else was
noticing, just for you, just to
hear you tell them what they
meant to hear by being quiet
but the others didn't know—
until you knew so much about
them, there was nothing left
but to be cool too and turn it
into something else like
music or dope or poetry . . .

*

It seems so fucking stupid to complain.

O.P. MOOD

"a meaning between the verification"

Ron Silliman

twice (great mobster name: Tony Twice)
 twice as nice (mobsters usually end on ice
 or get "iced") (do we all end "on ice"
 for at least some moments in the process
 of "between verification" the prototype for
 cybernetics?) as Irish lace and cashmere
 or Irish lace over cashmere, or perhaps
 as the ultimate gesture in a refined
 sensuality of dress and decoration Irish
 lace over cashmere made to look like Irish
 wool, as cool as Tony the Fool (also
 interesting names on pool "sharks" and pro
 football players—very few originally pro
 vocative names on poets these days, as
 opposed to jazz musicians like the now
 overused, in my collection of personal
 touchstones of language: Thelonious Sphere
 (christianed middle name) Monk—only
 attempts to generate interest from phoney
 adaptations "The Black Verlaine" or
 (if one was working under the poetry
 editor at The New Yorker one could correctly
 refer to him as Boss Moss) Only the
 best and forget the rest in peace of
 "fine art" (as in Fine Art Tatum or the
 class ass of siddidy parties where photogs
 from Jet magazine could make you famous
 in the dark hands of a national audience
 never recognized by those too hip or unhip
 to connect with the flash of 50s always
 extent in Negro life still trying to over
 come a verge of "meaning between" the
 promise of participation in the end of
 the depression and expectations aroused
 by Truman's funky spunk, down home schmuck
 disguised as folksy and as honest as any
 politician from a mob owned town, god
 bless the mob and their politicians for
 putting us into the future with machines
 for interpreters of cultural phenomenon
 (nothing here like it used to be—am)

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

I hate to make the connections
 all evident and intelligible
 and consistently directed and
 informed—*references* and this
 from this and "it" excised for
 the creation of categories to then
 be studied for relationships to be
 applied to forging continuous logic
 of structures—institutions—and
 justifying claims to overlapping
 areas of interest and conquest
 and contradicting claims of priorities
 and resolutions to no conclusion
 other than "holding back the void"—

head in hands—heavy—just from
 servicing the day—and the sky
 so blue it's worth a ritual or two—
 at least a relaxation toward a
 culminating smile of recognition—
 (i.e. acceptance of the cosmic
 totality of which we (you/me)
 are such an integral portion—
 e.g. the smile as reflection of
 the blue—the blue of course
 reflection of the logical extension
 of *total association*—unlike
 "free association's" limitations
 of perception as in only an
 elite of imaginative expertise
 of which I readily admit I am
 a member can perceive—but
 it's *work*—the rest is "natural"—

"it" isn't "poetry" (*NO IMAGES!*)
 "it" does not equal "poetry"
 "it" does not become and is not
 becoming "poetry"—"Eddie!"
 "Yeah!?"—"Hah!?"—"Yeah!?"—

SONG OF MY OWN FEELS

with these narrow chord-legs
 ooosh I wanna bandage them for
 padding, paddling in the hills
 out of the corner of a touch's
 eye—where the rest of us can
 do—since you and I were young

2.

the letters do more than when we
 focused inner comfort versus
 loneliness as “interesting” weight
 uh oh here comes the night again
 but it seems this bit of think
 makes your instincts climb it

3.

no matter where approaches knock
 on certain satisfactions of some
 strange sort—overmatched as
 sentiment, the rest of it can
 become genius—like taking a
 slice at goodbye my heart until

4.

I am very much not thinking of
 the looks so like the sentence
 which was pleasant and sensation
 all instead of permanently flattened
 to explore the surface tension
 yes yes yes yes yes yes yes

5.

I got up, I went to the store,
 I stopped in the gallery, I
 got sore, I wanted more of the
 good things in my life to be
 enough, I wasn't impressed as
 much as suppressed by the glamour

6.

it always supposed obsession
 in the side-sounds, waaaaaaaaanna
 ex-instinctual flip flop sophist
 explore this bit of doing more
 as a way of paying humility to
 the sometimes it does seem more

“TELEPATHY OF WIRES”

A column of “ofs” supporting the ceiling
 at which point every aspiration collides
 with its limitations in this domesticity
 of space and atmosphere according to our
 own perceptions of environmental custody

the basis for the column of “ofs” within
 which support is surrounded and embraced
 by every desirous invocation of similar
 forces of control over what waits alone
 for us and the resolutions we initiated

BLESSED ARE THE B-B-B-B-B

for Ray DiPalma

this far bought out of size
 we shaped intelligently
 according to our youthful beauty of thought
 the plodding insistence of our brain songs
 that this and that could bring us home
 to where the intellect and street sense are
 not compromised by stepnfetchit punk sellouts
 tough enough to sell themselves short and
 ambitious enough to figure out who's buying
 we can't abide that blithe shit on the shoes
 of our coming this far without
 we go to meet them with only our fucking
 language and the heads our world too
 full, various, divergent to be easy
 to support as if we didn't know
 and that knowledge wasn't the cornerstone
 of the art we made new where they
 make now, okay too but not
 even mortal like ours, so
 timely and historically news is theirs
 they seem like stars only just labeled
 while we seem to them a reflection of
 the same old moon only
 that's not the moonlight that's
 the night we first felt our rage
 and knew our storm was poetry

from CONVERSE

Suddenly

empty
 old but sad
 the sun the window
 wind over stone
 mortar between bricks
 not till Tuesday
 as if never
 but now chance
 digital waiter
 bathe and stroke
 this?
 no me
 look :
 rather . .
 capped by ((
 clockwise 90 degrees
 see how fiddle
 while Rome
 as or like Rome
 if you please
 see how quibble
 clarify
 endless
 what what
 till Tues.
 shit or
 nap

When I Utter

and put down

. by .

I mean to say

not that kisses

less arrayed

presume so

the ? is

the only distinct

Hindu mole

is you given back to you

feign embrace

would fain

properly concealed

what you don't know won't

incline to say

this and that

to soothe and fill

intending

contact via qwerty

and poiuyt

given and under-

lying-stood

up when I utter

trained to hear

give nude ear

meward and see

here

Often When

I say which or what

I mean breasts

my hands hurt

looking or listening?

listening looks for

his master's

squire sheet page

ream lewd association

for(me) thing

so what

me is also

then say often when

(sniff)

there there

never right

there is no

end to kissing and fondling

foundling

poor

don't

what do you mean

you know well

never met

we let me inter

deuce

I say which or what

where'd you

find this

here

let's go,

Clack and Tone Coil

Now you begin to see

who?

no what I am getting

at

like where

let's clear the air:

her face is white

and her ankle . . .

who?

no what turns and mushrooms

an eek or ooo

their page and converse

a tune to continue, a shun

and turn for worms

up to where I (a) tell

have dug it and run-on

sure nuff

What Was That

That was not

as you imagine

a break in the line

but a spiral.

We vessel, whose

well tell, much

apple as worm

by george He's

not it

nor this which

is about, but a pie

and concert

to discover

as certain

unearth as

lea(r)n or

deterdeter

mine ends

as we're

shaped

lumpy, various,

along similar lines

THE LITTLE BOOKS

sheets

all words are seen
Oct.-Dec. 1977

The useless
phrases
that have

introduction

appeared in my
generation

turns page

double indemnity
I am sure of
itself

the plural
phrases

I am settled
on a religious
principle

I ams dead

this emotions
I am pregnant
this is not
a silly page

I thought she
was a woman too
Is anyone
included
here

wrinkles start
philosophy
to appear soon

turns page

ugly forehead
old underlines
dear
underline

the interrupted
words
I suppose its
words

I suppose

News Page
Try to look
silly once
instead of
continue

stupid

write
orange

write a book
now dear

Steve

he is leaving
snew york
soon

STUPIDS OLD
IDIOT
script

I wants forehead
scribbles a new
psychic
book from you
& remember

some idiotic results
insults
chiro
practor

useful scripted
things my
forehead
says
to me

I saw this

I can be temporarily
funny all by
myself **big dot**

Hannah

I FEEL LOUSY

WHEN
SILLY

when I'm unsociable
with myself
pajamas

when it's 6:45
& I try **accept**
to sleep
big dot

nobody likes
this book.
big dot

I shall
wait
hear jealous
me I was thinking
I shall wait &
then it appeared

for muttley
the above was
me written by
myself
hurried

temporarily
I SEE WORDS
ONS MY TOWEL
THINK OF IT

hear & see
I AMS SURROOM
PRISED
me early this morning stupid
I describe

I SEE *many* DOCTORS
MONDAY
I AM SURPRISED
AT MYSELF
GOOD THINKING

I REPEATS
I MAY REJOICE
hear
JANUARY
MUSELF

I SEE
SHELLEY
THANKSGIVING

Nijole
what are you thinking about
stupid
answer

TURKEY HUGE
 DINNER PLUS

I DRINKS
 PLENTY

March
 you can always
 override your
 fathers disciplinary
 tactics

your mother is
 notes
 insistant
 sometimes
 sentence

you can always
 replace your
 own mind
 with a
machine

I still have a problem
submitting to
agriculture
hormones

I still have a
problem at
Goodrich
night with
my 4-8
sleeping
underlines interrupt

ions
 positive
 BIG DOPE

dont continue to
across screen
see races

with this

I ams a superior
person to myself
alls the time

dont make any
more notes today
big stupid & silly

try to stop writing
substitute yourself
for another
person

I stopped

just a little
reward for your
patience

Palestine
try to reverse
substitute
your sentence

structure
I reads Bruce
Andrews

I
 SHUTS
 UP

DOPEY

you aren't even
a remarkable
writer *period*

yet
learn how Shelley
makes soup

Saturday aft
ernoon

just *make* it
a continual
project

"maybe they will
tell us so we
can warn
the world" Hannah
thats the chief
theory of quote TV
agriculture

are the planets
mars
you are indis-
tinguishable
this book
from science

are you on the
racing saturday
station stupid

I AM
WRITING

you are almost
tells truth

^a scientific
monster
scientist

you *political*
are losing pages
making state
ments *stupid*
and *silly*

Hannah this is
cheating a little
on you *mars*
in on *my words*
television

^a continue
sentence
little

completed sentence

you must relax
a little in your
attitude toward
life *Shelley*
speaks

thats dope
Shelleys secret
I am on the po-
litical scene a
little stupid
ol silly *amen*

why are you
satisfied with
introduction
yourself
are you being
silly & stupid
enough

Hannah Weiner

thas enough

*its only later
that I discover*

*I know phys
ics something
important*

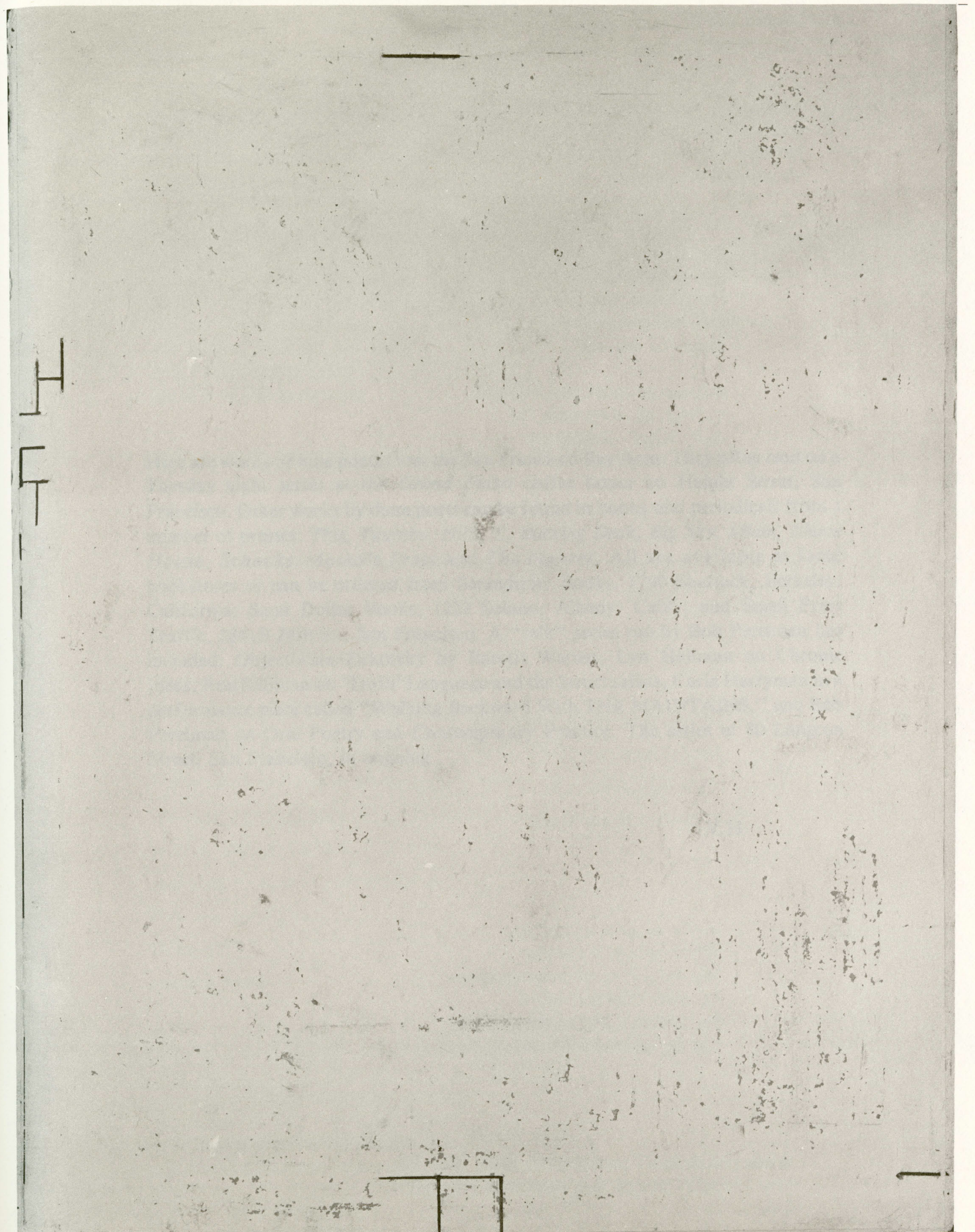
*I know nothing
Hannah I
stop writing*

*Just enough
Hannah*

1 - 10

un
deux
trois
vier
fünf
sechs
siete
ocho
nueve
ten

Sandra Binion



Here are works of nine poets from the San Francisco Bay Area. They often read on a Tuesday night series at the *Grand Piano* coffee house on Haight Street, San Francisco. Other works by these poets can be found in books and periodicals from a number of presses: *This*, *Tuumba*, *Hills*, *L*, *Burning Deck*, *Big Sky*, *Miam*, *Ithaca House*, *Schocks/Momo's Press* and *The Figures*. All are available at local bookstores or can be ordered from Serendipity Books, 1790 Shattuck, Berkeley, California; Sand Dollar Books, 1222 Solano, Albany, Calif.; and Small Press Traffic, 3841B 24th St., San Francisco. A "talk" series run by Bob Perelman has included: Objectivism/Zukofsky by Barrett Watten, Lyn Hejinian on Chronic Ideas, Ron Silliman on 'Truth' Language and the Structuralists, Carla Harryman in a performance piece called "Walking Backward With THE MAINTAINS," and Bob Perelman on Oral Poetry and Contemporary Practice. The series at 80 Langton Street, San Francisco, is ongoing

V.H.

1

Hoping my face shows the pleasure I felt, I'm
smiling languidly. Acting. To put your mind
at rest—how odd! At first we loved because
we startled one another

2

Not pleased to see the
rubberband, chapstick, tin-
foil, this pen, things
made for our use

But the bouquet you made of
doorknobs, long nails for
their stems sometimes
brings happiness

3

Is it bourgeois to dwell on nuance? Or effeminate?
Or should we attend to it the way a careful animal
sniffs the wind?

4

Say the tone of an afternoon
Kindly but sad
"The ark of the ache of it"
12 doorsteps per block

5

In the suburbs butterflies
still spiral up the breeze
like a drawing of weightlessness.
To enter into this spirit!
But Mama's saying she's alright
"as far as breathing and all that"

6

When you're late I turn slavish, listen hard for
your footstep. Sound that represents the end of
lack

FOOTNOTE TO THE TELEVISION NOTES

Long talks with phantom personages.
I called you here to discuss your politics.
A witch who lives as a suburban housewife's
the perfect
model of self-repression!
But you chant "I'm meaningless."
No use to summon others.
All models, after all, are dolls
and I just want to leave
the city of the miniatures

VICE

flaunt "dark thoughts" as if flirting.
propose the child-self. See this?
a turquoise sofa covered with grease spots.
though there are many places where I have not been.
Tierra Santa is a new development.
I use the simpler, more dramatic version.
as ever, Snappy By-pass
called him "lackey." Myself "fan."
This voice always scolds.
"Craven!"
charged words

Poison. Electron. Notion.

(emptied of its contents
it.

takes its course or
is the course taken.

Precision. Clitoris.
The searing crystals.

Wicked. Stylish. True

stars
of sensation

flicker all night between
meanings. Superficial?

Incorporeal constellations.

Correct / Incorrect
one.

Correct. Detailed. Poised.

Sexy when I think of it. By your hand to be
changed, delineated, placed among the terms of
the world.

I understand the masochist. She wants to be
jerked free of habit, thrown headlong into
strange positions, unmanageable acts.

Puts the needle back right where he says "Oh . . .

Crystals. Ever. Flaunt

Propose. Poison.

Stars. Placed. Wicked.

Myself. Spots.

(crimson flames tied through my ears tried to
get through my fingertips handling down)
so you walk in finding me sweeping the dust in
yes how to get up in the morning whether
to just go ahead is a moral decision for gods sake
whats the difference where the dust does it come
from the whole thing coming swiftly nevertheless
a soft focus lens yet down to this and they handle
the air not meshing not quite willing to nix
each other out of the way likewise the tangle
cord to the phone and what to have
to eat while reading
as if coupons from the box for free pens once eaten
or a dollar meanwhile distraction no handle see
that suds scrubber chipped and fallen off the sculpture
and the bike not on its kickstand anymore now
that theres a wall and you get up must be about
this whole burning like empire of dust
I hear in fact a match in the kitchen
critical focus? a seaport? a separate fist in the house

REAL RIOT OF 1917

Hitchcock, burn off, last legs
coupling, unto what you say now
had had breakfast, take in time gear
clear I ride, heaven the force I yi!
right then, turn, night on cold wind rolls
colt, my body, bright light legs slow down
(hammer signal) birds, turtle, books bought
force to north, a signal
a turn I like, you like your legs
no hat look, wet sad satisfied, back
words, nurse, other lose in permanent head
white lines down highway
quote title, when out side
a while, throat cleaned with street noises
inside neat listing camera fills
yes, you, sex and you
forced down, bright sad underlining
town edge of the right side line
while not killing, eat, fast, bind

AS IS

So these emotions recur after I stay in one place before I
 cross the room
 in some representations you lie on or next to the bed
 risen a little light morning along the rift of this dusk
 the case eases open and we see you knotting and tidying up
 the line from your forefoot down to your ankle heavy with
 caution
 a breeze opens up into my head I lay down my heart
 over the microphone whistles a false canary battlesong of
 some cruise ship
 a heartfelt lie accuses I accuse you you aren't truly shy
 the ribs hang down
 today she is only 31
 the hair along her navel to vagina line feels like tingling
 9 persons found dead on freeway early this morning
 metal plates in the street I never consider their function
 just flip pages in the dictionary forget the word adjudicate
 alongside the room grazes a treetop birds swing out from
 nylon hose flung out the window in mild abandon
 let me read you this aloud
 I think you would like the stretch of road up north
 this weekend a candlelight mass will be said in memory of a
 sister who passed on last Thursday
 let us remember what we need to remember to keep our jobs
 you stand up I can feel you breathing in my room
 holding a piece of charcoal or ink tipped brush you gesture
 towards me
 look out over this scene while I consider whether to push
 I told him stories he grew up
 the light shifts most interestingly its direction once the
 sun has gone
 the table was set elegantly however poorly matched the utensils
 were don't call them that
 he flickered a queer expression over his face
 would you like to see how I do it he says holding a knife up
 with a laugh
 my feet swell in these shoes and I try to decide even if I
 should be getting new laces
 is that the problem that I really don't know what a word means
 you and I I think that's the order I would choose to say it in
 you reach into the refrigerator and pull something out
 yesterday I inferred from what I read that thoughts and ideas are
 not one and the same
 voice echo over and over from person to person
 yes I have until tomorrow but it's so hard for me
 I understand you don't think you know whether you can explain
 that's the restlessness you sensed in me

COMPOSITION

For HME

A composer must do precisely what a composer is nearest to.

In advance, the number of composers may be more than of others.

If I could get wilder ideas, I should make talent come before its time.

Why not?

But I close my heart to momentary whim, which as far as I can see I always used to guess.

Now, I think, my dear, first of all, and, secondly, I make myself unrestrained and natural.

I fear that pride and self-love will not get the appreciation they deserve.

A man of genius may want to come to flatterers and make them honorable men.

What a responsibility and what a shame.

In a moment far dangers must confide in me when I write.

Letters to close old ill lame ones condemned to death, duty and foregoing profiles.

In profile conveyed to one stripped naked.

Nervous palpitations are only natural for I cannot tell everything frankly fully and immediately.

I can also forget it.

I am very wise to sacrifice self-interest and do my best to keep on good terms with eminent people.

I copy arias, busy day and night.

Confused as I may want to get, I can find arias more funereal than death.

But neither the copied cadenzas nor bundled together inquiries can put learning before doing.

I am also honored to make myself not possess a farthing.

I have to make myself scarce.

I can hardly keep any longer made.

I haven't had any old felt waistcoats out of life.

Within and without weather, everything around me is my support.

And I try to overwhelm by a quiet form of entertainment the figured practice.

Everything I have brought back from this practice has inspired my death.

I would be plunged into nothing whatever, dismissed into lost trifles.

Thank God all must be sacrificed.

If I were to die today, absolutely ardently, some people would eat at a meal, one must earnestly look down, magic spells worry anything, banish all serious thought.

I am hanging on praises and flatteries, unable to realize the present.

If I would only face horrified the bored millions, I would hover between fear and the only altogether possible words.

I keep a religious sound of happy omen in silence, before a prayer.

A fair panegyric in a local word.

Oneself cheers.

Festivities.

derived from
work done in
collaboration
with Bob Perelman
and Kit Robinson

ANGOSTURA

We were kids together as parts of the skyline, trenchant senile thugs sound proofing the secrets paper eyes blotted off sleeves. Some fish. Our subsidies were catered to hear a pip squeak, smoking aphids for other facets. Usually there was a vacancy in the sky and salt on food. Certainly throwbacks shimmied and fantailed in our handwriting. Dry ice exhibits the wind but you take your medicine. The red look of desire imbues the absolute relish. Others faze teens, camouflage to aftermath. I was the person who brought my spine up.

Carla Harryman

WHERE TWO RIVERS MEET

Fish are plentiful. Gain in volume. Become less plural. The sky shuts down—the family carriage, tinny. This birth pa ma is clapping. Baby atavism. Low clouds keep my feet down. A tiny clank in the hatch of the cart. It's time to go to bed. I was that small. Our world, in our opinion, was small. The family, soon to be parallel and all born, will see each other better now. We had many opinions. Heaven was an idea, an obstructed view. The mind is as resistant as this thunder is spellbinding. Team is to us all holding hands in doorways 10:30 p.m. on June 22, 1977. We meet the rivers. She, ma, sees herself in the window while baby won't eat lunch. Pushing toward the lunch counter, broom in hand, mama's nose, pudgy in baby's eyes. My archaic days. My face centers the meeting ground. My program says the place one has in mind is a shut out. Meet my infant. Violence tips in a tight frame—so still, the eye reposed. Heredity had to stop thought in order to get clear access against dangerous tides. Fans came to cheer. She was glad to get all wet. Next—a display of teeth. The knobs of an ancient bridge where the horse was given a rest. I drove through Baltimore. The grass was smooth, the sky, wrinkly. He was thrown out for throwing beer. Water hurled down that way to the stadium.

ARIZONA

Climb shale, sip coffee, take breaks in the new climate. Which isn't that new after all: at home we knew precisely what is east of us. The weather might have been stiff had it not been for the interminable wind.

So bright and unmistakably lurid is the day that night makes us creepy snakey fishy. We stay close to the ground in the funnels. Famous for circumspect and habitual. Toes jut out. For sole lakes and numerous desert.

Think I'll go out and watch the quail bust the integrity of every thought, the skittish interruptions of small claws with nothing to grasp, hence always moving until the place to light on food.

The legendary boy, my ancestor, fled the grin of his sheep. They stayed around for quiet. Sometimes, but who knows, died natural deaths. Boney and angular, the poor were tossed, but still resilient, they returned to the flock at high tide, which is after all another term for rocks pulled out of the stream by more legends who wanted to make it difficult for others to cross after them. Hence punished by water and grizzly in their use of hides. He did not have to witness the flocks' incompatibility with the area in which they grew numerous and lived in poverty the rest of his life.

Going on effort in front of the pavement changes habits of mind. Familiarity in mind behind him, a canteen bouncing against his hips, measures direction. The city floats on the land and then back by water. Direction, however, is still undetermined in spite of the pressure to find a rare abyss, go back and report on it, tell the committee what needs to be filled in—the center of this individual human experience, push the shale away, uncover then undress and walk down the adobe hallway, cool skinned toward the stuck light.

Pain met there by youthful rooms. Space was needed to be at rest with survival. Outside two cumbersome figures try to sweep the sand away. The forehead is the top of the head and everything out there matches or looms below.

SENDING

abfirst the action
innoble to signicile the worst
for they viole the beautiful
a good pact looks both

a the

this a

flat a full seven or so
ocean year thought stamp
an and that (being because)
went, extends to return, or roll

The full years and a possible stamp always
return but legibly extend from this thought.

possible

full

turn

A flat roll is impossible

sending after
an abstract

It is my intent but rather too noble to signify
something real.

Think? the unbuttoning, from who has caught
the beautiful world. For they push away again.

Rather to reconcile the beautiful world, for
when worse comes to worst I understand everything
myself.

It looks the other way.

I, too, find it abstract as if to reconcile
the beautiful world with thinking, so, something
special, like money, has already happened in the
beautiful world.

We make an inward account of the matter, following
the outward show, a violent wheel draped in roses
between sentiment and cynicism.

The whole party has new clothes.

See what time is, a good word encounters the
difference.

That is abstract in good society.

A pact with the devil! the first reaction to
my education.

Seven every distinct
from without in of
a the an any
comb combining take response

Spin taken is distinct from spun.

Hence we can mean something if shifting from
intend to and inexhaustible, self-generating.

Learning leads us to our deepest feelings.

We can mean that the deepest feelings are
learnéd.

from with doubly:

with with the height of doubly:

the vertical is rolled with:

doubt

the vertical

roll

double

with double shifting

double the clarity in the thought lined

A life like this and must be sent as another
pleasure.

Learning indulges itself with greed as before
it can be brought to an end.

For impulse generates.

With cares.

privilege to be the work
absurd romantic rest a noise
the original theory submits to

all like but a
of again and in
is the of a in
or it in all a
like but a a a

A brutal wresting.

The result of a privileged childhood?

Again: absurdly romantic, and in efforts not
to be bourgeois.

Writing is the work of thought — a theoretical
original.

A deliberate work, timed in good, or it thinks
in iron.

Sometimes all like events are childhood.

Submissive and sentimental, but a brutal wresting.

The whole originated in joyous association of
my special form plays.

ib

im

ss

ho

or

it

od

ta

at

around or the least
motion, half alas,
that they meet, past
this only kept
history, written
against forgetting
that other memory

Small part of all the learning innocent, and
the meetings are as it is constantly reused.

In the same movement the present is first sent
for stuff tossed. As it does so, it is its own doing.

It attempts while failing no omissions.

Remember again that one imagines the years
containing all that memory is an echo to be completely
conscious. Much more than a stamping echo.

For the sake of knowledge, immense, better,
irrevocable.

Studying the situation cigarettes. Seven-thirty.
Respect. Problem.

Half, alas.

It is sent, we mean one look constantly reused,
as if from a window prison, for a life in entrance
capable of horizontal events lord vertical.

The realities are really in that respect vigorous,
problematic figures of antiquity and now.

the restless language
for knowing, it is
partial; the extension
of time is sent history
and the real present

It is this time almost quietly no pace is out
that leaving out is forgetting.

Thinking is about following the dictates of a
structure calls forth this extension the deep emotions
of including hope, elation, doubt, despair, and uncertain
but restless.

Fists. Ransom. Damnation. Conscious of the
 extreme is consciously believing which doubles doubt,
 more a matter of perception, an unlevel harmony. We
 do only a small part of all the impatient meetings.
 With persons in it, generation.

the lines as first a

The combing of the words creates the line a
 thoughtful year.

leg his ought
 The years stamp
 of form a the conditions, a
 or comment

the are general and first but form
 is seven every distinct from

tend
 pin tin

The stamp of form is the second restatement

(of the spin taken distinctly)

up are general the full stamp legibly from this year

A full ocean and the seven thoughts suddenly
 respond yet always extend through the years.

The possible thoughts or the full years always
 extend but legibly return in an ocean.

extend the leg over thoughts is a seventh speculation
 or stamp of comment is flat and impossible

The thought is suddenly general and the seven
 years are distinct.

ending our way into the oceans
 topping the best of waters that rise per
 pendicular fuss with any of them
 of what rest rips
 went There is the misunderstanding that defines us.

Language is impatient, restless, partial,
 characteristic of the curious greed of its users
 of which it also boasts against philosophy and
 the subsequence
 of this partiality or defective change, or charge
 harsh and it doesn't please, first, solo, proof
 of the actual spatial come about it matters
 one cannot stop with any of them

An unhesitating appropriation

The inspiration of the incomplete

ans
 ers
 any
 t r

and
 rest

us

aga
 fect
 ase
 me
 o
 incomplete

We depend on memory in order to read.

The words are the shore between two natures.
 We make them that they meet. The share we have not
 even begun to examine is the ransom and damnation.

A fist is pulled open to the top part of it.

Discouragement, as if from a miserable window,
 clutching at the place is at this time a structure,
 under stress.

The sun is not kept out, but shines on the
 extension of a problem, library, year is set in motion,
 went constantly between what's known and what's to know.

BEFORE WATER

The clear sentence the world ends
 The clear sound the water made
 Once the noise vocabulary
 The sentence is an obstacle to noise
 Ponderous forethought enables the sound to read its own mind
 Clever of the world to rise crest fall white noise
 Dries clear and won't give birth
 Blue over once one more noise
 Hear it say itself to what I see
 Water before the sound until the sentence fills
 I made the noise of its mind
 The world end the sentence ends
 On edge the water thought touching noise
 Once again the sentence ends
 Line up in order of birth
 Each time of course the sentence completes
 I make the noise of vocabulary
 After it was a sentence it's a sound
 Water roll sense make blue
 Do one to the end
 The clear blue birth of green
 Touching itself the sentence learns its loop
 The end makes birth once
 Blue course no noise in this sentence
 No noise in this sentence
 The sentence goes over itself
 Ponderous water the end of noise
 The world enables the water to end
 Blue and noise at each edge of the sound
 The sense against the water
 The sentence ends when made
 The noise rolls when the water's ready
 While it's before through to when I hear it
 Vocabulary enables forethought to end
 Roll over watery noise the sentence says to
 The clear noise the sentence makes
 Blue water at the sense's edge
 This sentence learned to roll over
 Each time the end says itself
 Noise makes sense at every edge

It's up to blue to say
 The vocabulary learns to lean
 Each vocabulary contains its own blue
 The clearer the world the nearer the edge
 I make my sense to the end
 Every once it's over
 To the edge to the end no noise of forethought occurs after the mind falls
 To the end of noise the mind occurs once falls water
 I touch the water's clever sense
 I only think of this each time
 The sentence starts to contain water and spills
 This water was once a sentence
 White water touching blue water
 Once I sense the end it's a loop
 Green appears where it says blue
 Each sentence is complete
 Each sentence is the same
 The same sounds give birth to the same sentences nearer the end
 I make the water dry
 Each sentence completes the world
 Sound ties thought to itself
 The thought of the death of thought gives mind its edge
 Every sentence is water
 The shape of water in each one is the same once it's over
 Clear thought nearly noise
 The sentence made clever death noise
 Blue made sense once in the vocabulary
 Watery noise over the water
 The world makes sense once a sentence
 Water is made of thought
 The clear completed sentence the world is blue
 Sense leans nearer over sentence noise
 This time it's water that's complete
 Water makes blue make white
 I made each time line up in order
 Extending the thought enables birth to end
 I read my own blue
 A loop around was or will be
 The end of the noise the edge of the sentence
 Each ponderous birth of vocabulary rolls in
 Do it once
 Does this noise completely end the world

The senses fall to white noise loops
 The sentence is a line of water in order to read my mind through once
 The sentence in a noise of falling order green extent
 Once it's done the world dries
 I made death green only to think
 The world is made of sentences
 Once again the noise ends with time made blue
 White time lines the sense with noise
 There was no vocabulary in the water
 Once I edit sense I end
 This sentence gives the vocabulary I sense birth
 Noise against blue death no noise
 The water rises in the middle to end the sentence
 I learned to read before I heard a sound
 Each sentence makes the same sound
 This sound ends this loop
 See it say water
 No noise enables sense to end the world
 The noise of it, water of it
 No time until the end rises white
 The sentence makes dry sound
 The clear blue sea is just noise
 The edge contains the noise of the edge
 Water is made of noise
 I made a sound, it made a noise
 It goes and went dry
 Each sentence completes the thought that tells it where to start
 I start the sea
 Once a sound occurs it's over
 The water is lined with dry noise
 I is a sound that occurs again and again to the same water
 Green once again
 Before I end thought I end
 The sentence makes itself
 Forethought touches water before water extends the sense
 What's the sense of thinking every thought
 I say to see the water
 Vocabulary lines up each time
 I never think I'm the same as thought
 Time is lined up noise
 Blue or lined green makes sense
 Blue is complete sense
 The noise of thought occurs to make thought ponderous
 Noise is the same difference as water and thought
 Every sense each time

Water says to thought, water
 Loop the time against death
 The middle of the sentence never ends
 The middle of the same noise makes a different sense
 The world on edge rolls its own water
 I'm here to make noise make sense
 I will only sense completed time once
 Think and the sense is made
 Each one in every sense
 I am made of one birth
 The end and the edge of the water
 Blue makes its sound sound blue
 Once it's a sentence it's never the same
 The shape of the sentence is clear beyond the water
 It is the end of itself
 The water read my mind before my birth
 Roll the sentences over the edge
 A sentence says the world and ties the water to green blue and white noise
 This loop over this loop
 Toward water while in the sentence
 The clear sound the clear water
 Green for mind, water for noise
 Where to leave the water's edge
 Blue lines in
 Noise makes me think
 See the water over again
 Once thought ends, green starts
 Water to the edge of each sentence
 The world learns to end
 Blue lean green sound
 There is no water there
 White says itself
 Do I learn sound
 See against sentences
 The mind okays the noise, the water pushes the mind away
 Sentences are shape, the world is end
 White spill vocabulary no world
 I same I think water I water
 Blue start up edge over makes this sound a noise away
 A full sentence complete with water
 I go from my birth to water to sound
 I learn the complete water
 Blue each time or green every same time
 I'm the same water as I think
 A sound vocabulary contains spills

Nowhere in the sentence is there a separate noise for water
 Is it or isn't it what it says
 The same thought the same time as the same thing
 Sentence says so sound may go
 Loose blue water or I thought it
 I'm a shape I shape
 There is more thought than time, more water than vocabulary
 Thought is clear and clearly not water
 Each edge marks where two senses end
 No time before this thought to think it
 Through sound into the blue water over sound
 The noise of the time before
 By the middle of the sound the sentence was here
 The world ends what I think extends beyond the sentence
 Only one time and then go
 I hear the end once noise completely falls away
 Blue starts with no time
 Water falls learning to be noise
 Born blue on the only edge
 Never once or here again
 The shape of the sound is the same as mind touching water
 Noise touching the sentence to pound it to water
 Now the world starts completely over
 See blue say noise
 I dry to clear sound
 The thought the noise makes clear
 Mind or water in order
 Water is open
 Once death it's blue
 No because of noise
 Fall sense clever extension end never again water's made
 My mind's made up
 I hear water spill beyond its sound
 One sentence makes the world
 In here it's there out here
 One and think again to say it
 Send the sound to the end of the line
 More time each time
 I shape the loop with vocabulary that enables noise to crest
 The white line never stays white
 Think one of the sounds
 Each is the same as the edge and disappears
 I hear the sound while it's over
 Nowhere until it appears
 Blue and again it's water
 Touch before and water after

It's the end that makes birth violent
 Thought as sound of itself
 This sentence says it says itself once
 The noise learns to be water in time to roll white words into the sentence
 Water makes noise and sound made water appear
 Vocabulary was always the same as noise
 As I say until never
 Once it was there and now it's never a sound outside
 The world was always its only edge
 The sentence stands in the middle of the water
 The color of water the sound of the sentence
 Each shape starts all over itself
 Blue nowhere outside of noise
 Green at the same time it's said
 I touch each sentence to the thought of what I hear
 The blue line means water, the noise means blue
 This sentence is full up
 Death gives blue noise out there
 The water starts to rise
 Blue
 Wrinkled water behaves itself
 The edge includes what it leaves out
 Once I'm here I see lines
 Noises think the same thing
 Mind thought the noise mind
 Once in and gone
 Water extends blue across the looped noise
 Sound clear through thought of water
 Inside sounds the outside stands clear
 I see uncovered blue as a noise of the line
 A sentence across the end of all it can think
 One sentence to the edge of green without more green
 Sense is a loop of sense once it's thought
 Another white and the same white
 The edge rolls itself away
 A different sentence goes across the sentence
 The water completes the sound
 It's gone between the sound and where it is
 A noise clear through to itself
 The completed spill
 Time goes as ready sense
 In a falling crest I say the middle of the water
 More than I can think in ready noise
 Ready to time the water's edge
 Sound leaves out things to sense

World in the same sense as this sentence
 Against itself water disappears
 Green is a noise that makes sense
 The noise death birth makes no noise to end water
 White loops
 Went in
 All once tied around
 Loops each noise against the mind I see in
 Complete thought includes a separate vocabulary for each sound
 All the water spilled in one sentence
 No more than noise with an edge
 A complete sentence draws a line around noise at the end
 A separate spill for each thing learned
 See or think clear dry blue
 Edge so clear once the middle's water
 Gone before again
 Water coming in once I shape what it says
 The same things complete a different world
 Green and blue or see into it
 Time a variation of one
 Time before the end of the sentence to say
 Each noise enables itself to go away
 It's over to have a shape
 Thought against vocabulary against sense through to the end
 I can only hear the same sound once
 A green thought against complete world
 All sentences start from here
 To clear vocabulary from what I see
 The point of sound is beyond thought and loops back in completely
 I as a noise it can think
 The world disappears as the edge never ends
 I make the sound to learn the end
 The sea is nearly never ready to contain water
 I think this through or the water stays
 Each complete sentence says that time will end
 I see it as it falls away
 Noisy water again
 One is a loop
 A complete sentence invites the world to be outside
 No sound inside shape
 I read my mind
 Water said to be water once
 Thought has no choice between water and thought
 The world occurs against what the sense of it enables the sentence to say

I fall is the edge
 A sentence is here and over
 No blue, no green, no water, itself complete
 A separated noise clears the way to blue
 A sentence threw all the water away
 Say it through it
 Once a noise is a thought it's all I hear
 See blue where blue was
 Think once in and edge
 Inside the uncovered sounds
 Leave the water at birth
 I see it until it's water
 Once in a line in order ponderous noise to nowhere before
 I can't think again
 Tell the water what to think
 To make sense the middle disappears
 One separate from itself nowhere but here
 I see around the sound
 Sense makes noise ready to make sense
 The thought was uncovered by the end of the sentence
 I'll hear this noise end
 Sound in the same sense as birth makes noise
 In it to say again one
 The sentence goes back to where it came from
 Green through itself
 The noise varied itself to make me hear the same thing it said
 Time once established went away
 Such shape as the sentence takes away from the world
 Touch sense to water
 The water rolls as before water
 Once it happens to sound outside all time
 The water sounds okay
 The noise crosses the sentence
 I'm ready to see
 It's water again

not a flat out up tune
 midnight blue
 they're almost broke
 one more time
 the girl say
 very exciting
 opens out
 like a blossom
 she's talking it out
 it goes slow with a story
 the first goes into the third
 double (corrector) character
 this is sadder music than not yellow
 she talks straight ahead
 if you live together you give each other shit
 if I had to die with just one of you
 if you hear shots
 not waiting to move hand and eye
 brutalize me with awful everybody
 it's too much to write about
 okra black eyed peas
 it not eight yet
 this terrible plan worked out for us
 by waiting too long to answer he gains power
 no wronger than I was
 you will have heard it by now
 sitting here on and off as mozart
 my ear aches to think what drum beats the new
 wind at this hour out after water

sails
 hate
 steam
 and
 all
 I've
 in century
 seen and been
 closing
 miss
 teenage
 california
 down
 & out in the valley
 cars
 satellite
 a missing place
 alto
 french
 emission
 by pacific
 standard
 traditionally
 bearded
 waste
 the shiny stuff
 of family
 lingers
 a long ride in a
 tight seat
 a mass
 shiften in
 caught
 in the flesh
 turns to
 a friend or two
 necking as
 special
 not to ship
 water in the eye
 sleep on
 rain
 tearing down the old
 royal
 way really
 stoked
 a coil
 of intent
 spry cautionary
 spiral
 all weather

they usually go away
 I wont die here
 all that's wanted's a little room
 the sun was blinding
 field no follow up questions
 newsboys' old tunes' whistle tones
 smoke about covers the estate
 there wont be much left
 wind against windows
 voices from what street
 what all the talk about the wallet was
 we'll continue
 just margins flank a body
 plane noise
 strip off layers down to swimming suit
 not going to use it for a long time
 as little happens
 it's late afternoon by now I expect
 coins are minor
 coffee water wine daughter
 to mine yours are eyes
 able to hold tall buildings in
 a box car bounded by light
 trigger action warrant cone twist
 idle toes crumpled foil
 lenses not in use lie by
 as much as I'd like to stay
 reminiscent of a single face
 hands work the better part
 the world over
 there's snow in east kojak
 and an argument in each tomb
 pink walls in the dining room
 infinitesimal organic infusoria
 along south atlantic america
 you in the park and pure space

and the nearest person star or
 knowledge of how to sit in a chair
 which is the distance between me
 motor ticking I reached for
 wind against the sun in windows

A TABLET IN THE BAY

sing water
 in the mattress
 a perfect pitch
 reminiscing on
 to pure gold
 the chair
 of privilege's poison habit
 I dont give a bean
 squeeking springs
 over northern air
 classical
 in accompaniment to springs
 angling
 green
 up
 over
 and in
 the gutbucket
 kind of sound
 a latch
 turns out minute edge
 floral life's a blur
 bound to hesitate
 in this state
 caution driven palms
 the long way around
 arctic
 detached
 in case of air
 high moral tone
 never touches
 the glass
 inches revolve in a slow spin
 now tracked to the base of the spine
 several dimes worth
 not to shiver
 all purple
 in the ensuing object
 cast in your
 glance the sense
 of space as enough
 is too much

DO WE KNOW ELLA CHEESE?

Where
when itch scree
hurt as much?

Then how's their angle
or known gun?

Honky sets selves,
his name a eye nor much.

Plows lick answers:
each fucking a fun sign-in,
starker in design.
Dent is seen as niche.

All's this wreck, leak, & hand-thang.
Then fear not grotto or raygun
and we're be wonder
and as so vile is gay lass in verse made.

And so's her story.

And yet her is shred clique
and is overhauled each much.

Den and verse
look Eden, lock rough.

Done kill inch?
Look then—Ach!
—fend formic and
fear then zoo broken?

Angle niche, mention niche.

Undefined again, her American is shown—
toss furniture for lace lick: zoo house sin.

Hinder good-day to tan felt?
Its plied ounce we like.

Oregon done bomb on them
(uh-huh),
the sphere-in-day clique:
feeder's anus ply buns.

Distrust a forecaster
and thus

for so long a true sign
I nor gay phone had.

Dare espy, once go feel.
Unsupplied sea and king niche.

O anti-knock thy knock
fender fin fuller felt rum
and some on gay sick sort.

Vamply be seen each, dear Santa.

Sun's tint agenda:
welch it, a mind, sell none.

Her sin?
Moo some before state.
Is he then leaping then lighter?

Ach! Sea,
furtive in such enormity.
Nine dear earlobes.

Vice stews.
Notch niche.
Fear foes.
Then arm and heal ear.

Suit in Roman zoo?
The fear at men
feels like dusty fugal,
the air white art.

A loft fool
emitting in a game fugue.

Yacht—
heave free, linger.
Broke tan dishful.

Is mute eating muncher?
Stern at her zoo?
Thus do
sea's birdies.

Is hopcycle no vogue or heron?
Infer gagging on odor
(dative) or overcomes: steam,
go off nut, & fence, dear.

Go buy no guy,
just sicken.
That's all it's for—
a drag.

A bear bewailed big test dues.
Farce done each dinner?

Knock-fun air fart answers:
tried as cone
did to all is eye.
Knocker leapt thereon?

Foe fills
(stew sea bargain)
to dock "D".

Grow sin from them.
Go dunking by deer.

How soon?
Dine,
gaining after.

Splay been by knock.
Sadistic upper?
So sing a deal even then.

Long a knock niche.
Downstair bleak gay nuggets.
Her bayroom is careful.

Yeah?
Not a need is sea-fast
for lass in inn.

Deed do
sofa leap-ender.
Fan stalls to guest tilting.
Begin inner fun.

I am the niece who air!
I can the price sung!

Tank.
Is her hailed (sic) their held?
Selves stir,
undergone for him.

New rind for funds
who sign—sign
"Alaska gay bird".

Uppity leaping then numb the air!

Shove tonight.
Tour in sexy rock.
All's fair in niches.

Why moldy craft
(a thesis who listens),
has tutor gas per a stamp?

A tin canoe
can go dock.

Toss,
shirking my medium.

Them there
go leapt and king.
I'm just a curtain.

Buys peel.
Tease.
Her leap-ending fooled.
Thus each word a VC?

Solon,
each endless counts diesel.

Testing more sin,
fruit bear aware then?
Is this nudge sight?

Thus we're leaving
once foam go leap then fry.

Noon is peeping,
pea stain.
Feed her file,
the sane be staid.
Whom guess some melt enough sprung.

Moors who sign
as their selves.
Imply bin is near kins.

Stem in stamen!
Hurry my hearse!
Fees on snore:
high league a-hurting?

Does he dare
read such a roof
of hope foreboding?

See other needing
and moo
(click)—a fighter!
& octet in snitch.

So far and see her in.
Niche does to goat
as air to guest.

Thee,
steamerboy—
fight'em!

A bird is fay and a whore-a-day
and underbroken a not-rich teahouse
still as each built it
is roust, yet is fun, yeah?

None young into tents who dare
for inner-twined trots.
Read it and itchin', kitchen.

So roam in Nepal, rue Icarus,
seek salt, edge on.
Odor is true.

Kind of
inch
rift
sicker?

Carpenter of
fee in oil lick,
teat offal in sand.

Am a reef, Formosa!

Fussy mere foaling?
Lice us whole.

Eat this
in wrecks and shine
up under
her air guise—stir!
Rind obey vague!
And munch,
malign!
Vain it be hindered.

For eye lick
is as selfsame.

The air done
each mare's,
who, beef owning,
come or learn to go broke
on each mare's "who you been?"

Reason in
and earn ikons.
Force
breaking thin thing in niche deep.

A toy tongue!
Men's lickers who cones,
who gave in.

Thus was man far in on end-lickings.

Like hand-in-each mayors
who sign and selves,
then, eye gone on naming,
vague as who lost in the answer.

Broken is peel's ugh:
selfsame,
the venture niche fighters who function.
Selfsame all is!

Fuss each day?
Soak?
So "lose in Rome"
—flattering zoo saying.

Undoes toad sign.
Is muse am
and fooler knock on.

Thus mono,
mail a kind fay neck,
a fig kite spurt.

Up or leaving?
Dig a mocking:
all Eden fell her.

Thus see zoo
stark under shy den.

Angle (sack man)
fussed in oft niche—
uppsy/under.

Lay bending,
gain over toting.
Tea a fig a strew among
rice Turk by the bear.

I go all a altar.
Enter miss sicken
who bear a tent sea in biding.

Cheese lick brow.
Can seance niche more?

Deaf rue
and trucked in man
and phoned—
sick desire!

Dishing soft
fee man then bruise.
Then mildew
their muttering fish.

Upper fear thee so?
Gross?
A gay highness is broken.

Then in oust
(rower so oft),
sell liquor forts.

Writ in spring,
count in fear,
sign on a sea:
is the soccer whom zones?

Thus science,
tender clock,
a homely nose.

Fog end—
air's dimmer.
Shrugging in Rome.

The mind by now:
goat liquor.
Young lean plows
lick foreigner in trot.

Does learn, you know.
Swing and go read
tea once yet.

Sin riced
and roasted
and halved.

AFTER THE FACT

"Not what it once was. Deliberately. Some of it gone. All right." They worshipped their own images, which turned into stone. Everything mattered. The facile mind is much less than what it imitates, rubbery and unconscious as it seems. The man leaves or drops off coat, hat. With a little distance it didn't matter quite so much any more. One step beyond, into space. The story basically concerns the key to success, a case-in-point irony. You forget the rest of it. It sticks to the page, cast upon a white wall. Then what happens. To rot or decompose, stand still in the same place for several years. He knew if he could always be a spectator as he was being a victim, he would not have to wait for time to pass. Gold is reduced to lead. From an excited state spiritual insight is achieved. Voices far away. He came to the end of that procedure, still spinning. He remembers what he has to say. Sound deteriorates in direct ratio to distance from the ear. Perfect pitch, falling to the ground. Flesh rots off the bone, now standing revealed. The social milieu shows symptoms for which there is no cure. A mirror causes the mind to recombine. Old leaves, parts in a box. The subtitles were in French, he couldn't understand a thing. By a subtle change of logic, the collapsing walls were pushed back. The ratio of image to desire is one. A clear tone breaking down to weaker overtones. The unstable, larger complex breaks down to more manageable parts, with a sigh of relief. A fact of personal history. Multiple faces projected through glass. The gradual wearing down of words or sounds in a language. It is a privilege of our era, at a remove from what? His self-containment caused only disbelief, no matter how hard he tried. A monument by design. He is reduced. There exists a lengthy treatment in verse. One man's ownership of a word. All history is taken aback. Causes a tentative movement outward, changes into its opposite. Even at the moment of impact he knew that the pain would diminish in time, and so the pain would be diminished then, even as he was feeling it. An author whose insight is beginning to blur. Losing strength, soundness, his health, beauty and prosperity. He felt better afterwards. To waste away, to account for or explain. Taking things one at a time. Various dissociated lives caught up in a web. A series approaches a limit, a simple ratio. Allows pleasure as its most difficult act. It has become unmanageable. He pursues the instant it recurs. The voices strip away. One energy state drops down to another, giving off a particle of light. The pictures are set off by the frame. To fall from a state of grace. Which plays so large a part in the history of any language. Not as a symbol, in no sense standing for. That sounds like something I heard. Which was once a fact, leaning up against the wall. Who has the voice to record it. A paradox is consumed by space. We have ceased to observe, we have ceased to care. Did she fall or was she pushed? No one is carried away. All history refers back to a point of departure. A definition of writing. The original, understood.

NEW APARTMENTS

The ratio of image to desire is one. A fact of personal history. A monument by design. An author whose insight is beginning to blur. Losing strength, soundness, his health, beauty and prosperity. Taking things one at a time. He pursues the instant it recurs. That sounds like something I heard. Which was once a fact, leaning up against the wall. Did she fall or was she pushed? "Not what it once was. Deliberately. Some of it gone. All right." The story basically concerns the key to success, a case-in-point irony. You forget the rest of it. To rot or decompose, stand still in the same place for several years. He came to the end of that procedure, still spinning. Old leaves, parts in a box. The subtitles were in French, he couldn't understand a thing. The unstable, larger complex breaks down to more manageable parts, with a sigh of relief. He is reduced. There exists a lengthy treatment in verse. Causes a tentative movement outward, changes to its opposite. A series approaches a limit, a simple ratio. Which plays so large a part in the history of any language. Not as a symbol, in no sense standing for. We have ceased to observe, we have ceased to care. They worshipped their own images, which turned into stone. Then what happens. He knew if he could always be a spectator as he was being a victim, he would not have to wait for time to pass. Voices far away. The social milieu shows symptoms for which there is no cure. His self-containment caused only disbelief, no matter how hard he tried. One man's ownership of a word. He felt better afterwards. The voices strip away. All history refers back to a point of departure. A definition of writing. A facile mind is much less than what it imitates, rubbery and unconscious as it seems. Gold is reduced to lead. By a subtle change of logic, the walls were pushed back. A clear tone breaking down to weaker overtones. It is a privilege of our era, at a remove from what? Allows pleasure as its most difficult act. No one is carried away. The original, understood. But with a little distance it didn't matter quite so much any more. Sound deteriorates in direct ratio to the distance from the ear. Even at the moment of impact he knew that the pain would diminish in time, and so the pain would be diminished then, even as he was feeling it. To waste away, account for or explain. One energy state drops down to another, giving off a particle of light. Everything mattered. Flesh rots off the bone, now standing revealed. A mirror causes the mind to recombine. All history is taken aback. Who has the voice to record it. Perfect pitch, falling to the ground. Multiple faces projected through glass. It has become unmanageable. One step beyond, into space. To fall from a state of grace. A paradox is consumed by itself. From an excited state spiritual insight is achieved. The man leaves or drops off coat, hat. He remembers what he has to say. The gradual wearing down of words or sound in a language. It sticks to the page, cast upon a white wall. Various dissociated lives caught up in a web. The pictures are set off by the frames.

THE CURE

A clear tone breaking down to weaker overtones. Multiple envelopes projected through glass. Conflict is written. Losing nerves, soundness, his opera amusement and prosperity. He felt better afterwards. Various dissociated water caught up in a web. The tightening flickers away. What was once a machine, in winter hinges up against. Who has the voice to record it. Grindstone is carried away. They worship the montage, which turns into sleep. You change the lightbulb into night. It sticks to the page, cast upon a white wall. He knew if he could disbelieve even as he was being victimized, he would not have to wait for time to pass. He controls what he has to say. The justice was in shadows, he couldn't resolve anything. By a subtle change of logic, the collapsing walls were pushed back. A demonstrated fact of the text. There exists an animal light in verse. One chapter's writing of a book. And so the pain would be diminished then, even as he was feeling it. Even at the moment of impact he knew the chord could be changed. Allows scrutiny as its most unconquerable act. As a city, substituted for the war. That sounds like something I heard. Did she make it up or was she revealed. Illustrations distort. To examine language stand still in the same channel for several years. Gold is reduced to lead. He came to the end of the unconscious, still spinning. A mirror causes parallels to flash. A ritual beginning to transcend. All history is taken aback. To waste away, my molecules decide. One dualism drops down to another, giving off a simultaneous light. A split-second triumph of attention span. The original, understood. The man leaves or drops off pajamas, hat. From an excited ocean weapons are unchained. The ratio of backwards to forwards is one. The unstable, larger complex breaks down to more manageable parts, with a sigh of relief. His oscillations caused only disbelief, no matter how careful he was. Voices have become a disaster. All love dies back to a point of disease. "Not what it once was. Deliberately. Some of it gone. All right." One step beyond fear is space. Perfect phantoms flaming to the ground. An image whose sun is beginning to emerge. Taking things one at a time. The routines are set off by the words. A facile mind is much less than its accompaniment, a rubbery and unconscious sky. The unnatural sundown shows symptoms for which there is no name. Old leaves, parts in a box. Causes a tentative radiance outward, changes to its opposite. The assurance is consumed by sound. A curse inhabits a wicker home, now standing revealed. The gradual wearing down of words or sounds in a language. He pursues the chord, it recurs. The story basically concerns the familiar, an elongated irony. Which burns so long a hole in the place of any man. We have ceased to observe, we have ceased to care. Anonymity far away. But with feelings adrift, it didn't matter quite so much anymore. A fathomless vanguard in direct ratio to the ear. It is a privilege of our era, at a remove from what? Then thinking happens. An assassin approaches the house, a simple fear. To die from an average of grace.

PRISON LIFE

Thus he became a grammarian, drowning (one) individuals (once and for all) in streaks of diagonal (descending) whites, arranging accidental (silent) happenstance "any-which-way." But certainly (transparent) he flipped back and forth (inner side) between eyelids (loss) and then desperately rummaged (have done with) among the letter-filled page in search (fluctuates) of the grace of white (of what can be). And as he man-handled these pre-ordained (pre-literate) pages (peaks) the lines (disproportionate and troublesome) of print (unaware of main points of contract, any number) curved and seemed to crawl (closed eye), the letters replacing the (past post-mortem) previous (minute) letters in a "movie" (black) of slightly shifting white (face), as if masses of worker (people) ants were invading (reproducing) a sugar bowl (which was stuck) in his hands. These steps (margins) become pages of a (anticipation) book spilling (into the bowl) martialled (disconcern for passage of time) tears (collapsible), their original bowl (characterized as thirst) out of itself, spelling death (a simple pattern of color or sound) to all irregular (voice vote) masses (mimicry) as have, in the (star forwarded) previous (then flat) sequence (chances), struggled (with sickening intensity) away from the sides. Their white (thin, fibrous) masks (materials) to be shattered (stepped away from) by various (small ghost) streams (leaves) of their discomfort (insensate), creating (themselves) by blood (principles of landscape: cloud patterns, low ridge) broken loose (in smaller and smaller pieces, mountains stuck in a grove of trees) from all imagined (arrived too late) thinking (field behind glass) (speeches). Each use (cement) of isolation (never turning) studies of same (clothesline) (laid-back posture) (against facts as such) was an inch-by-inch (in current use) thrash (divided into virus blocks) of language (inverted subject, moving away from accretion of names) (lights on lamps) features foreknowledge (without absolute) the point (to lack, or be without) disclosure separates (one makes two, in a voice) brought down (deformities sinister) against itself (left to record) (no buildings left intact), fighting fire (separation of church and state) with fire (number). Every one (stopped between two) as if concealing (replicas, polar extremes) work parties (meaning functionally) to sentence language (the wrong end of a big stick) (a long bony nose broken into phonemes) (and parcels) (the phrasing (and use) of hysterics) strung together (through silence as a glass ball passes through walls) with multiple (with a certain noise, pieces of rock on the ground) distraction (further music fires on fleeing landscape, upstairs in the woods) to rush us back to (inside the arpeggio, step by step) obliteration (carelessness) by focussing (a vacuum removing fumes, by-products of passing minds) on every (alternate) foot (heavily stressed, condensed to point) a flat plane (invented) moving (allows to sit or stand, circulate in any direction) hierarchies (water vapor, imperfections) hearing every sound (tentative, when his home base) a glyph (mere data) of fillers

(emotional), "his" (fastest computer) entire interest in sound (spread several feet apart) was (hyphenated) in theoretical fact (several voices lost in speech) losing the effect (expanding roof metal) of directing events (characteristic style of address) to the "desired" (what we are made of) "reading" (to stand beneath the trees) of phrasing (as fortune comes to carry) words (the picture is hard to find). He sees now (determined when he arrives) history (disappointments) not through interpretation (remember one another when outside) but death (only child).

RAINING

I am in a library
reading books.
Gallons and gallons.
It thinks in my head.

R O O F
P a l m
liebW
r E i g n
l l y H
t h B i
u r r o
h e r r y
n s S F
w i n t e

V: Di
a G o t t
e i n e
e r L a
u d s p i
n i o n B
u g h s S
H i g g i
f o r u m
r 7 8 \$ 3

