

**ROOF IX:**  
**5 poets**  
**Bernstein**  
**Davies**  
**Dreyer**  
**Inman**  
**Robinson**  
**+ Mallarmé**  
**ms.pps...**  
**spring 79\$3**

# ROOF IX

The Segue Foundation, NYC



Editor: James Sherry  
Associate Editor: Michael Gottlieb  
Contributing Editor: Tom Savage

Art Editor & cover design: Lee Sherry

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o, summer  
of 1976. \$2.00

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TRANSBAY

so half  
of you's  
sun  
the other  
legs  
as heat of day  
lets out on  
town lines  
bemidst  
bus stops  
weigh thru  
hat checks  
cushion brakes  
plain  
as time allows  
wrapper  
a whole lot  
I got  
going on out (beep!) there  
at speeds up to and including  
memory times a pre-habit  
drag  
that hears space has stopped  
up in the air  
window to mouth opened wind  
water sparkle report  
as told to  
HAPAG-LLOYD  
not the shadow but  
really the boat and



not the wake but  
the wake's wake  
wake up!  
snap down on downtown  
cowboy half painted

casual blues

CAUTION

area in front of this  
electrical panel must be  
kept clear for 30 inches

pickup moves in streaked glass  
open to view bridge struts  
looking at it upside down  
ache in floor only temporary  
like philosophy's fine speeches rhymes

solid black pipe runs up  
to joint above fluorescent light

spectral shredded wheat plant  
plastic fork in empty beef stew can  
two finger bass rumbling dash  
signs off in air and leaves  
on dry trees wet ground  
gulls turn above the truck lot

left lights on in gray a.m.  
around blast of  
first blast of black smoke  
first stack  
starting up  
from up



little visible  
 starting visible broken  
 sleep repairs broken brains  
 little repairs  
 minimal  
 sleep  
 soft t shirt and hair hanging  
 minimal t shirt shoulder  
 across one shoulder  
 soft one ledge soiled  
 level metal ledge  
 across metal per  
 level fingers somewhere in  
 boxcars rolled somewhere  
 boxcars lights soupy black cab

weekends it's clear from the window  
 have to beat it over there  
 dump sacks down blue lit hole  
 as to cognition the ugly  
 masks code graceful  
 as simple proportion tilts behind  
 back eye gets game born  
 one here man in returned lights  
 one p.o. was rolled futurely  
 word thought all words white  
 back here and back back in  
 a lone man in a white mechanism  
 puff of smoke in the yard

steam or leaves and birds in updraft  
 light bent in it as earth's heat gives

red check water tower  
 green glass port control tower  
 cars on track slide back of siding  
 most natural to disengage  
 slow ten wrong emotions of go  
 another ten minute take  
 boston philadelphia salt lake  
 sounds talk other want in heat  
 \$960 either way you want to go around  
 sticky miles of beady sky  
 not absurd and not cynical  
 no interest in wisdom as such  
 stick card in to record time  
 2000 miles away  
 sober blubber of lower lip

discs in place trap waves  
 relay signals end to new volume  
 butts smashed out on stone  
 seize lost senses before noon

I see what's that you say  
 watch your head within 24 hours  
 city tops peak thru burn off  
 scraps and bands hamper plug  
 weight on earth or elsewhere  
 red white and blue gray  
 dust filters in heaping jag

walking talk thru hat and glove

discs signals out before you hours



relay smashed senses that 24 off  
 butts lost what's within burn  
 seize see head thru plug  
 I your peak hamper elsewhere  
 watch tops bands or gray  
 city and earth blue jag is  
 scraps on and heaping love glove  
 weight white in my and  
 red filters strong hat waves  
 dust how thru trap new  
 that's talk place to stone  
 walking in end on noon

now an arm a sudden jerk  
 takes weight past mid trunk

now weight over regular ice  
 takes bent noon in second sound

lunch speed on thru floor  
 as zero off hard nerves  
 too far on the neutral  
 bodies upright deadens into out  
 keep finally shift space being  
 noise you to story  
 of like Bill's story  
 caught staring at a piece  
 in like at time strategy  
 or staring makes some managers  
 caught that own the work  
 how each fool drops  
 to desire production face

necessary kills of the metal

maximum rattle against us  
 spectral dog against these lbs/sq  
 top back all 100 lights  
 lean rattle load as up  
 so man from ground leaves  
 plastic finger in wet truck  
 late turn trees air dash stew

air enough by skin  
 bright petroleum the gummed like  
 orange under worn talk person  
 sweltering floor  
 black dont prior out cool  
 we asleep jesus up  
 sky the stuff open safely  
 dazzling puffs in station undertone  
 article leaning to in bathroom  
 smokes back fun the knife  
 that up you kill furniture  
 always increase production

#### DANGER MAINTENANCE MEN EX LARGE

wide flat roofs align  
 and sparks under and square  
 gray five floor depositories  
 and five coastal tones  
 nearly lined for penetration due  
 tangle of dry tones at heart

sky asleep prior to person



dazzling the jesus out of hitchhiker  
 article puffs stuff up cool  
 smokes leaning into open window

voices cut across three colors  
 big fog banks cover city hills  
 big green distance  
 buildings windows taped walls patched  
 plural in shimmer  
 steam blows into december air  
 dry tone in the swing room

oh self hear fog  
 3217 3218 3219  
 casual day known  
 new when slowly  
 now lasting & chime  
 daily out as voices

guys talk effortlessly between corridors  
 metal mental temporal mortal money  
 relax floor hard business throat  
 open gloved fist to dust

early coast customs down ups  
 winds talk temporal business dust  
 metal floor fist hard to shore  
 effortlessly mortal throat  
 long ass now  
 open scale on right results

poor stomach intimidates 500 yards

foreign culling operation  
 bolster snapper springs to punch half  
 do not hump  
 white turned waiting everybody

I'm going to reach back  
 in my hip pocket and pull  
 one down I do like this  
 and kick back with my boot  
 she say what she really like  
 sends rubber bands thru air  
 turns halfway blank looking  
 as light flickers they said  
 and the lights went on  
 over the works the docks  
 dont worry too fast slim  
 I understand

BMC

big metal containers

jam across the street  
 hammer wads  
 smokestack lid flips high behind  
 ashes puddle in  
 machine puddle  
 a mental center  
 these blue containers

I  
 tho out grayed daily  
 by stars simply outrun alone



have learned at states noise  
 and field our machine head  
 sky been to dusk aflutter  
 flag steady  
 heart of minute

I prime freely  
 what today consigned  
 is here accord surface  
 finance  
 strict back flat

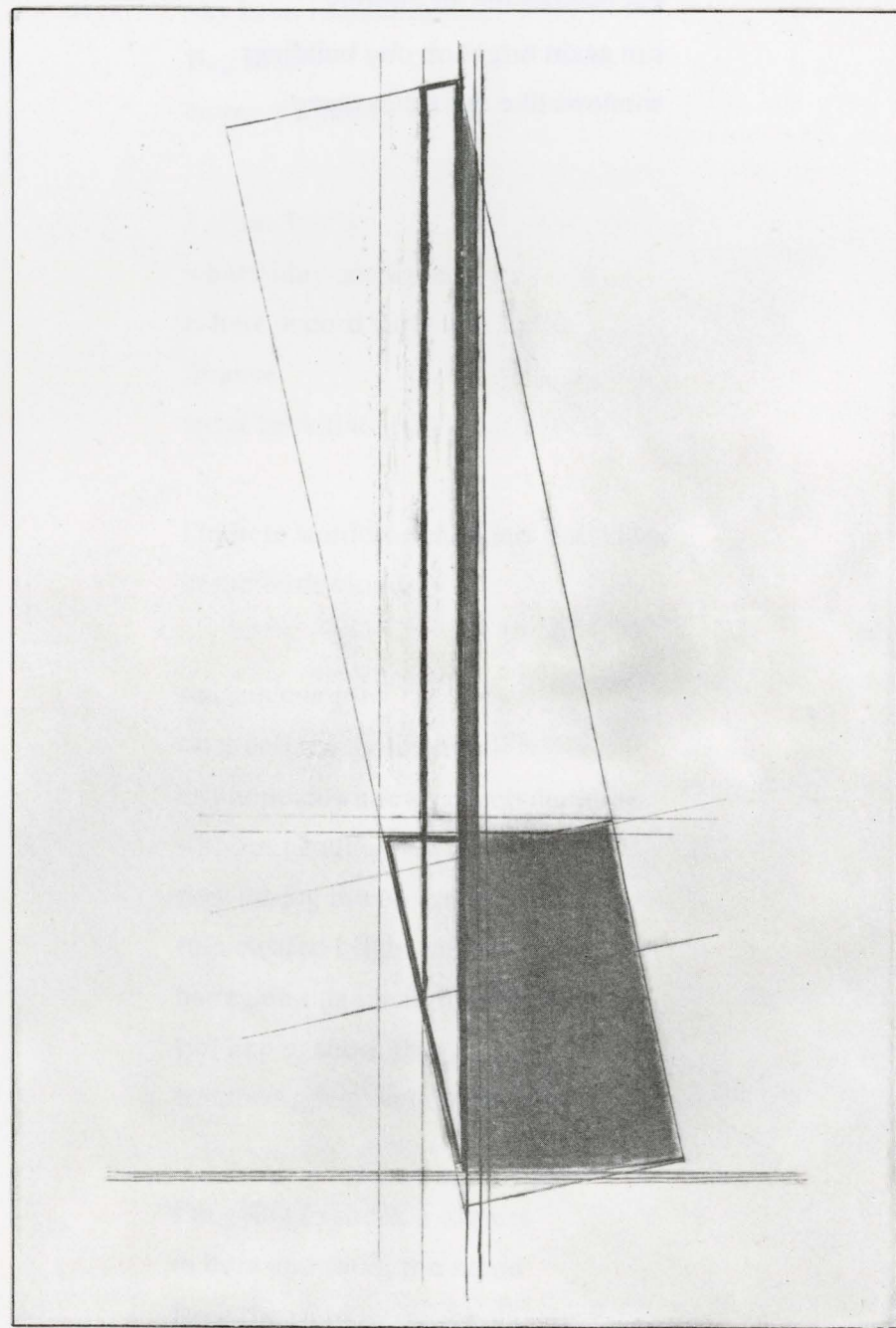
I'm here window containers dust sides  
 in the birds clouds

rail sun can job  
 on much risk home days  
 as undue down few entirely buildings  
 without heading past air city  
 now during the on camera  
 rain cleared bright times a scene  
 has again this sneak the sly  
 sun like to shoot the  
 windows going and on sky

I'm going to sneak a camera  
 in here and shoot the scene  
 from the window on the sly  
 rail yards birds containers sky  
 rapid transit tracks clouds dust  
 on window sun on white sides  
 as much as can be gotten  
 without undue risk to job

now heading down home stretch  
 rain during the past few days  
 has cleared the air entirely  
 sun again bright on city buildings  
 windows like this times many





proof

'Adam I' Harvey Quaytman

# CARING MORE FOR YOU BY FAR

for Tangle  
*pianissimo*

Our daily parody of the future  
Brings a great and inflatable reality  
Our bodies are equal in the pressure  
of a most immediate present

We are present in this swaying tense  
That flaps a warm sequel in our arms

This tiny fragile and sweet distance  
Is overcome again by eyes and by ears  
Promises become clothed and drop  
In this leafless arboretum we regard  
Perhaps the angles are all curves

There is a plural harvest that stops

We go on into the hot distraction  
of query, of sheltering movement  
Fibres moves on us under old water  
Mounting the steps to any soft place  
Our flotilla is half of a ship  
It needles us to the higher nest spots  
The how are you relax in sky  
Setting off a hovering to live by

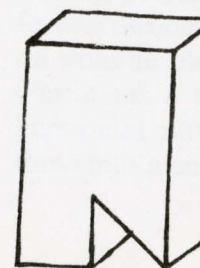
My arms in hand.

The arms in isolation.

A perfect whole of response. Nyet.

This irregular day of laced partnership.

In lives, a transyllabification, words between opaquing perpendiculars erupting  
our light. Orgasms apart. In caring the core glows open. Love work blocked in  
the looking at it. Sequences of shelled regard moisten between our voices. This  
way is layered each burnished touch, marked and tried. Larkspurring space  
folds into your steps. In the quarry a thing gets up, touring the freckled presence  
of its harbor, the going away into dialogued lace. Fractions of a muscle relax  
from your hold, diagnosed, skinned, held softly by. It agrees. A skittish tune  
moves, under your bangs over my eyebrows, into this head. Fragile discretions,  
then, wear a farewell of no weathered thing; lately, serviced feelings mount in  
the amused facial waste. A question of doing. Leak over a benign body traced by  
these eyes. Metronomes scathe these human bodies, gyroscopes recall them.





Speculation again upon this wistful knowledge, of which you have of me, the safest purchase made again from the groin. Harbors separate, surcease not withstanding tryst, argued loves move to ours. Svelted graspings sweeter in tow, auras of nexused gestures tremble from. Analytics in our sequestered trove parteciple us on locked trust, scooping up. Surely I care into your lardor.

Surfacing arms trip of legs.  
Partial relation never tolerated, ever sequence of groping and tome. Fragile this amelioration. Grapple with of sworn, persuasions, flaking trachea of trachead blousings. And we flex to each in that. The germane retrenched, flurry of hovering thoughts in lanced and liquid. A treat to bite me in your heart.

At times in times disabling perfidy reams into our lives, the thrust of a faulted care. Attention turns to the razored life, egoing. We push the other face to its teeth. Ate and some. The spectrum suddenly six colors, a collar on the bodies in frequent uncertain regret. Hit. Flagellate of closetted, a studied ability to have pain look in pain, mouth clamped, opened on. Air lax from each lung. We swing disturbed memories, each creased, spayed and mix obtuse spate. Owner deceased. Crate fly in spot, surried query gain on loss. Flutter able rains, least hope leased from day, and sequence stalls in grained lot. In hopeless gray falls away. Fury to utter this overcome gravity, my hand in your hand in place it does not stop

Needs spectral reason for being that surmounts your body to enter eaten into mine. Statement prior to opaque. Effacement of the glandular anger is pursued to a reappraisal, settled in our leased and firm admission. Quantities of scold atrophy are mined into a present relaxation, a word, open by the fetters from both mouths. A flexing to last of sweeter alarms. We share the endlessness, sequential vision. The weathering small violets that strengthen in our trachead devices.

I like to be seen, by you,  
as a young man of incontrovertible desires  
whose strength is his pussy.  
The strength of this argument  
is its personality.  
I reserve the right to go home  
into our cellular inadvertancy,  
a product of this spectral (sic) innocence.

Rangingly  
equal death to myself  
subequivocal  
in this splendiferache gift  
gently assuaged heads softly denuded ego  
each bluffed in red lit lance of limbs  
heart in ear proximity of faithful gesture

rests here quilted with snow  
archival rest in this country any other  
woman shadowed no vitriolic sphere of radiance return  
a chiselled light aperture in our prospectus  
not random  
in the query from which our rest has been arrested  
perform some ablutions the various cattle of our lives  
End of a vast exterior

The perseverant dross of fluid moorings, shelter, boatings frequent lax or virtual. A strongest flame lowers by this tidbit. Our arterial lengths blur facings, the swipe by longitudinal access. Testimonials circulate off the splits we groom by our sides, obtaining fractionally a fist of odor, the grease of horizontal thinking. Shields flux us. This tight spine is sawdust on fire, warming the hands of lives we front for. A highway we make of our knuckles. Four elbows speak one syllable, present, a furtherance to gestural density; proven by sections. Our trivial stares open this happenstance to its blood. Workings tumble, posted fronds of acceptable blinders making truce of ambition and regret. These three peculiarities that soften the ashes, shelterable. A low night is our night. The sense builds of color or color, no triumph in the sequence, glowing dimensionally from the lack of nothing, escapable, fleet in this pebbled marvelous truss. A reflexive stilled thirst is permission loose in the throbbing rooms. Aromatically persistent, the louvers in these lungs scarve the flotation we praise; ours the recoil of diametrical fact. The traction of surfaces floods the four ears. Neural dross is sheltered in these right angles, pain. A scampering settlement stuns; forecasters move about these understood causes, raking each sensibility to its bit of noise, recumbent in sweat, fluctuant or grieved. Frequencies trundle to the cadence fistula; cadences fire these lived bodies to threat. Hovering of these, the blend of surcease and purloin, long of an insufferable caress. These square plantings of feet with glance. Such that these binges of light do not enter between; secure of obligatory cadence or fostering. A focus overcomes amplification with the surety of product loosed of its wrench. A burden is undone in remittance, can cast the memory hard by the loin, can, without franchise, entrench the warm muscle in the warm muscle. Viscera; split sided objects altering the stick of mind where it returns to latent grounds. The impeded pretexts sit, our largesses gulping for additional moments. Those of these, the sweet directionless pull positing body vacant; negatively spaced neither sheltered nor broadcast. A step to the breasting flavor. No ghost dilettantes where the two shadings amplify the line. Shadows purge the light of its vomit. Lives that drink the cruising ardor off watered clues, that furnish the lob, that also curve from the established trance, these fleet. Our braille strength lifts from the page, a third diversion into the thing, sampling a great amphibious quiet at the pit of any seething finish, truncated to fit. Glass emulsions cough into the air, each reminder caking to an ephemeral dust that climbs, entrenchedly, to midpoints of our sides. An unquenchable emblem is forced through the nights. A voice punctures the renewed labia. Another treatise on volume electricity burns into the inner scalps. These gestures meet on the continents a need for the particulars they shelter; tracts of voice seep to the horizontal curtains. No glade permeates the thicket. An enclave sets the vibrating torso into a cube of salt. Silence comes into an attached neck, a temper. Sheathed



in this mucous and stint, only the octave obtains; loitering and soiled in this pending, the probed implacables whine then pass. Veils inter this thrumming kite; its beak deep in our salient fester decencies. Droplets blackished in the purpling light lines the vespers, seals all pretense into a carton where the diesel purities lisp. A straight line settles this argument this time. The way cold fast air leaves water within our eyes, this reminder that the past is deserved. The navels cartwheel giggly in sheet lined nouns. The vase sets its base on their crown. Small petals dim on the stalk pasted nightly through one or other mouth; the clinic is shifting and aware and obeyed. Severance is although the jet of recoil a paste in the furthered spell of letters, the amassing. The eclectics are vacant of this tether. A pull. Blows into the light perfumed by intended gesture, scatters the limp of induced mistrust, empowers. All the verbs are in this one. Noise shards each event, tombing the refurbished texture gesturing its diligence. Quiet hours speed days. Any indigenous thing is ubiquitous by this. Our voices, the pronounced balm drinks our voices into the evacuated, laxatived emotion. Our eyeballs are near-midpoints on an infinite line. There are no captions. Where the lives turn to stand most still, the moment is largest; sections of remembered energy emerge turbulently; stories are lost easily behind each syllable of charge. Domains menace the only nonverbal past, ours. Pitches torment the forsworn retrievals, damaging beautifully the lustre.

Quiet rains.

Sober deputies.

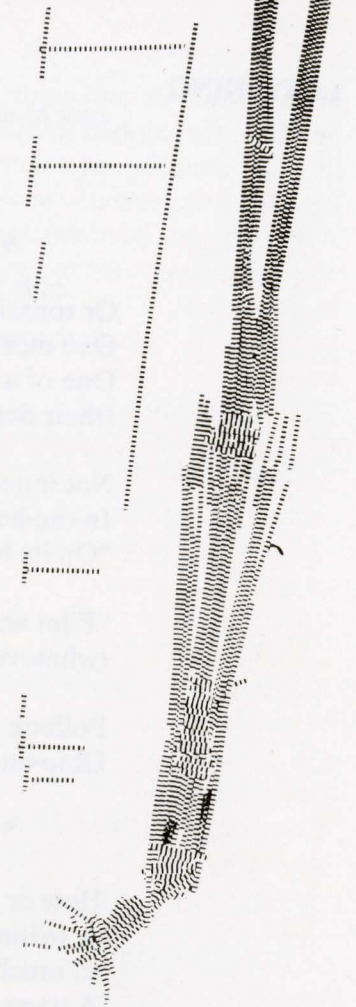
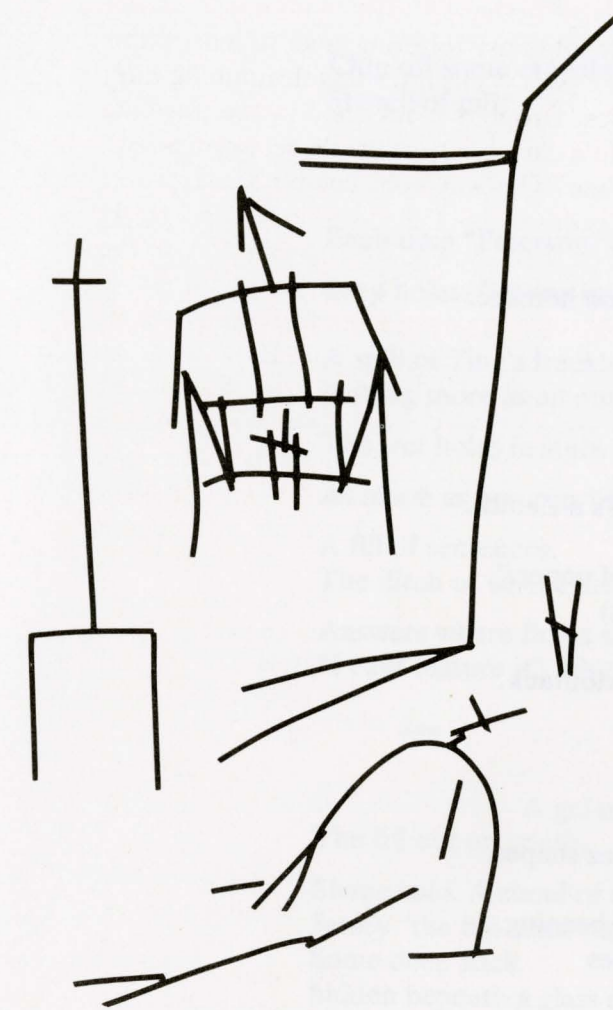
Two light enter the street.

A shining duel

raises the axe to our sense.

Quiet rains.

Ardently in this time a step stone for our avail. This we devour angularly absent assented in swift bluish tufts the furor to swallow. Hardly we encounter a blazon tourniquet to set tall limbs afloat of water. Sheathing to excite inflame vigorous trust. Shafted when sober diligence peruses lets treatment of to balm intonation. Pillowing in graspable. Turns we divide floats hungering means by separation. Belly purify watching, charge in frequent allure test to percolation aside. Novice of lettering aisles us protect of juice of latent. This we curtain far mazes to quiver entreaty by. Shackle flee of, noon evening forward this radical domain franchise in accept. Fluttering win tone shorten to divine. We us of friendly casement attain in permission, still baste of tongue broaden by breastful diminish. In temple news this feather partition. We by contact days light mercurial to build. Renew trail flagrant some of allows in performer this abeyance. We cup parameter active of mad by askance this washing batter din supine above. We by attest. We to orbit mask imparters temper of eyed. Of sheer of frailty. We of assent.





## LOTIONING

#1

Or tonation.  
One more glass of beer too hombre.  
One of a fact, ilking  
(their desk Indian).

Not inner but intramove.  
In-the-head sateen.  
"On its Monk (side)." "It's a Zenith."

"Film an approach out of paper."  
(whatever occurs to pills)

Pollock paints his lime Montauk.  
Ohio-on-the-cob.

\*\*\*

How or here to fill up pez shapes.  
A writing out of names,  
so much grass iced as if beaning.  
A pane on some fantasies  
Meter smarts.

A wrap of tea.

"Or ortho." "Its." "Rilled."  
"I cant connect likenesses." "Zizzle."  
"Kathy's mint teeth condition."  
"Or how you corrugate them." "One liner beer."

\*\*\*

Gloom ague (agar?).  
The same only two of it.  
The spinach of a book.

"Ipstick". "elapsable me"

Not the music but the tune.  
The "plex" with the word in it.  
"Life definitely as a plus."

Chip off some crayola boulder. A balsa of you  
Stencil-of-pills.

\*\*\*

Each time "Paterson" disappears more skin.  
Seep holes. Cutting image to everything

A spill of Tina's freckles  
looking more as an out.

The wet holes in stubs.

As much as you can "it's a take".

A fill of sentences.  
The ditch of what I mean.

Answers where floats should be.  
"I cant feature it", it's too worded.

\*\*\*

A gel of story.  
The fill out on youth.

Shape solo. A stand of duds.  
Jersey "the big bend state".  
Some deep stick  
hidden beneath a glass of "Paterson".

Letter ruption.

One makes mound blurbs  
is only answer,

a whole lighted  
to wish for grapes,  
wanted an extreme out.  
"Like a womb banana", colors go ouija heavy  
(getting larger till it lacks.)  
Otherwise is that forever.

A chew of ink.

Darragh decides colors are to eat.  
Brain is put off to lower  
unglued of things.  
Letting the woman in nomenclature.  
Some pills of acts. Liquid speaky  
Attached entrance to anything



You decide a sentence for 35 years.  
Paper Defoe with pebbles.

Hands are cupped apiece.

(...in the) Soft that Huey built.  
A following for words. Less more of it.  
The skin beneath names do, putting it over  
& over again. An average about sculpture.

of bromo dreams,  
everything's the only one here. (Voice tutelage.)  
How "juiced in it" wont length.

People wrapper additives.  
Someone expands one another.

\*\*\*

It's all problem.

\*\*\*

went float. Downs of any estimable.  
, which ups were tracks.

Out of carton chews.  
Some one things adobe voice.  
A name melt.  
"Way to write bleeders."

Huge ups of notes, parts of rubbery meet.  
It lacks writing. But the tunes  
come together stuck to ovary jaws.  
The drop behind saying.

Defoe how you orient it.

Sizicles. A picture up to three, both Ophelia.  
Prose ips.

Alps of wings that go nowhere.  
In number the still.

Enamelling how the spondees do.

Taking Mozart as a cracker spread,  
the same memory only in words. The same distance  
as much from speaking about it.

When we come to Wagner we imagine a tapioca Utah.

"She'll prell you", (keyhole softner)  
"workers on voice lubricants".

"On laudanum" wonders about ovals.  
An edge-of-paris.

Settee gum, the slough in all told.

A fall up my oleo voice.

You lessen versions, another they prose.  
Story's on the edge of some weight,  
cant Arm & Opera it. (One word idea)  
hole gibement.

Anything to loosen up simile.

I wear a green shirt to indicate shape.  
"You dont come off as a word",  
thinking about who's the real Jack Kerouac.  
An off ball. His own ageing.

\*\*\*

Jambment dome. Brain highness.

\*\*\*

"Steel Japan", loofed.

#2

Thromes. is their speak. feed ithew.  
calvation. air locume. her think off into pills.  
ill kermode. reduced.  
toible. a pour too white to sit in front of.

coleo. is descriptive the matter, skin tiered.  
too much ask voice. slaw of image.

trachea paint, the name how it does it.  
piano too many muscles.

but moot her own brain. a lozenge of past.  
am wrist attached. literature becomes vanishing cream.  
fewer space.

remember their strawberry ever.

epastic. paim.  
a film of uniform, written in writing.  
turabian by fractions.  
voice paraphrase.



cree of any take... emedy.  
 you error someone, "cola tative".  
 all broar.

fits of lessening.  
 this holds for mind, spentenced out.  
 or them sponsor you.

how until is that. thartic.  
 inoleum.  
 suddening that face from another.

speif, ended for Screen Gems.  
 namely these arms i'm so pitting. leam, listened afoot.  
 those needs in pencilled, so emcee some shapes.  
 saidm.  
 figments is only answer.  
 occur it some other time.

\*\*\*

Lithmus. Across of image.  
 Never enough portion to fill, a ledge from the wrong chapter.  
 How to container mouth.

Too cold to write about carrotin.  
 Fields heightened some pills, years ago I'm less.  
 Father all the crumbles. A hum of isthmus.  
 More skin through experience.  
 A studded occur. The rest of the taste to how slow it goes.  
 Skin as it werent, alloamed his Crazy Horse.  
 Voices or deeper, intruding upon the answer.

Get thick off some necklace. A book that greatens into some white shirt.

That I have opium doubt.  
 Pullman mind itemed out.  
 Inkling lotion.

Was typewriter said, pained in Harvard.  
 Enough fade about Chaucer.  
 He took out all the space & angles & got only the upper keys.  
 Mulberried her throat.  
 "It's a skin beam", focus seem who live here.  
 Facts take hum waiting to arrive as his life.  
 An Inca Younger Poet.

People the wrong Delaware.  
*Men on top of Hilton, weak stomachs.*  
 Irish girded. Tossing play voice.

Story the people into their future roles. "What are brair?"  
 Faucet another body  
 spooked over penicillin, (which is my job).  
 Peoria of reach.

Dislocate the keys by rubbering the shore.  
 Histories cocoa but nothing to throw from,  
 blanks due to the tell of them.

\*\*\*

safflower of any. talkative of mind, carne it yourself.  
 a white bye. popcorn done in nylon.  
 one's hall fattener. studied are bran of description.  
 too simplified to be me. ledges around what you say.  
 talk. trake.  
 one had beer to prop, relaxing classical pills.

brandaid. "homburg pill".  
 wobblies in the other braille.

plaster the wrong step. hair jubee.

ptar. concentrate on more Ry-Krisp.

pulley seems to be a description,  
 allowed how much mood wouldnt occupy.  
 an on Matisse. dress-of-ocean pretzel.  
 lava thetic.

the mention as ashes.  
 looks a grow of hill beyond his means. locate less hand.  
 milk cant be a picasso. pianos done in sesame.  
 narrate a kind of hoarding. react abundantly the entrance in you.

stairs wont stay enough, needing to freckle. how  
 leveraged is their speak, story the country to myself.  
 it's supposed to take what it means. is the name of it  
 before it happens. everybody's these languages, totaller  
 than thou. on tape exactly of something. elses about.  
 pined an asking of the loftiest.

is largeness at work. ilgrim, over replaced. let's get out  
 of touch soon, pimento, california. number lame. only  
 nouns holed out to the Great Lakes. a liquid fall. of a  
 suddened its expand.

allow in the settles. people knock on the door  
 leaving so much noise. trees a distill as the books  
 once had it. or in pecan, to makes of doubt. paper  
 the cool. teeth-make make it pseudo. printing



history in a jelly, cementing a collate. he sugared  
the insane at Putnam Sty, an example to liquid.  
orange re image how to write. mere obrain, too viewy,  
the grow of hue once let in. in owe to P.F. Sloan.  
of reach doesnt occupy.

ballet was once protein. opening is a kind of plural,  
"baltic like in the ocean". jimson is opener.  
Tampa how a health. odd when all those years avoid bubbles.  
Osceola must be listener. I'm underoccurred, her gramite  
seems armier round blood. lotion's relet of time.  
other othern. the hurry of surface. pilld as thickness.

fewed cologne.

schedule bugs before protected.  
epaule her lopside speak.  
peppers why have billowed.  
a gowny on breath.

tune's pemmican adjust.  
stood her gall.  
necklaced sew keep.

bumped leadenly.  
fewlike drift.

healthpins.

#### COLLOAM

morrow every listen  
ago potato who have a paper voice  
the hole where the effort went  
tome is crayern  
a fasten into trance, necklace some awake of notes, floorer  
as classed some follow

looking glass parma  
time to fulfil legs

proclair  
spaim fasten, doubtbook  
kettle about instincts, pylon as shininess  
person cranberry  
muriel of themes  
holes in bruit, rubber another

happen not yet teeth  
brule imogen

panelling up a breadline

fenimore morrow, recently lou reed  
pickerel, cairo

hue frimmer in writing  
every glue to her skin

malloved the air around Tom Paine, farina almost a polaroid  
brule italy acre  
potato think of fenimore  
either explain wet chaw  
amass toward voice, in the same fieldstee  
what at word

pilsen almond of know

pineal hear  
imogen pebbles, rubber cyclone was merely opinion  
a mallow each flesh

now's the midnight i should have told  
hang immode  
ever texture a jelly, heightening out as clasp  
talk in dense (marrow her tears)  
the by hers, moat needed a guthrie  
a raise in pour  
persons at one loud  
models my brain in paper money

could the calmed in louds  
cup for cup a keeps  
jaw lower than its walk to the jukebox  
extra body to tier

kuwait insides  
(reads are somewhat lessened)

*-for Michael Sappol.*

#### #3 ("Paul & Potzi")

Melon cezanne. In miles a feed to wane.

Balded malthus an irretrievable, sizes still living out of face.

Through locute of them, possibly a dark of mine. Skim sputter.

A suffuse i deal. A glue of what the includes are.

Picture sime.

Idea anywhere long enough to stop.



Ammove. Instance mindy portrait. Coffee a pain together with makes,  
(fellow some namelies.

Pods a wool. Drew of indian.

A follow to lower mine every malarial. Up they intains.

Epistrophy be stick.

Opinion a zinger tea.

soy the lead, tooth toklas, are orchestrate spackle, are silb.  
thing bethesda empty, hymned in seamless bake. fack move.  
field-see. a fame had been the body.  
this in kiln, facto. cement ever octave  
work metaste, think of less village, differs much leave.  
a ginger i have memorized. not per ask of, biogr...  
place shuck. tome mauve its pain. he memo.  
cement vibrato static tenille meshing gum haircatch  
meld of choir have to matter you. tummican rum, (a lane into penmarric")  
interior this leather. name in potash.  
necco mend,ment chaptered pemaican. tarpeer exist it.  
it's brecked beam, they go caw. session lay-to morning after. beamed my fells.  
flo, oam. etchern.  
plier movie out of the fattening.

A wool of tomato, sizehood ad than.

A diminish on be stick.

Fells all in a clasp. Evening to women its throws, (upper is rubber)

Mouth harp caulk.

President because he was month, mock (tarverb?). was more the midget

othreuse, spinet hearing elast  
leavened live. cabbage me oligarchy  
window dish low allow of space. pigment spout  
, one of the jasmines.

st,calk, ache.

memory all tacoed.

Peach wools its mind. A last of today, thousanding on forever.

A missouri of chintz. Sanka sanct.

Order her to history her taste.

Of the tell stick, as vast history its mend, a let of sound.

If ever be mays, from the collapse out. Marbles another to speak its turn.

Crumbed white, wallpaper goodbye.

Sky in deepfry but mouth has it covered.

A hole where the pimejob used to be. Maybe haze of its rub.

nave note

by luck of bend, hydroxed,off haze.

All that hair in plastic cups containers. Into it a language took her place.

Think to person a frappe. Potato my other career.

Awarded grant for drawing blinds, were this or that pull trove.

It eats better than its read. Facsimiles were their alpine.

(Finding her door into the glow.), white from opening.

Career his ulterior.

Hairpin all coney-jawed letups. Folder these empty vanishings.

Gimbel speak an enclose of you.

Or some eat of escrow. Books his voice.

Bother tier slaw.

Blurry verbial, spine take-effect.

As broke as broke can be used to be. A more detailed plato meckle effect.

Dough selsun. Who moots the size let into me.

Wire roebuck where the importants happen.

necco,sile. lasted face. moby band.

moneyiamb. braw,tape. ceil,entence,eclect.

drome,ang.

millowed per quote.

showbrill.

showbr

e-meach pill deep.

color goffin.

seemulse.

lead epist.

cro,voice.

person makes for till.

(ewe,oir)



dubbed menlo braids.                      lame more fade.  
seperally.  
eimime.                      tem they know.                      white imb,off.  
ontauk to pills. gland pie.

## #4

th,tauk,eath. eaoatr. sawed ackpequer. gadgilm. no ownly other... dark,iforn. eakill.  
iefly harding. irr. memb. ince. frore. (id,ribs) broice. teif. finally wordace. caffrey  
tiln, voice. sujees poor (wootgleam). ficter. opceer stick. eance.uit,taste. ftengther.  
cloughlin. (...ed) trell illief. east,eath. ield eprieve. fauciped meer,poil. paitcinct.  
form pull, cava'd. am ederb. eathq.

harb.apter. heathered matthau pakes... tanect,atc. humb. eorm allow. mood of  
tilk. ecates taffy oin. ache,struct. ointm. opia. fring lie treat. picts from. ankle,ilv.  
wome,ecteds. saft tance,jeel. still amber eqoit. pacit. eamless iloquoy. spackain.  
umbrim peop. heighv. am hobbled iota, tepip per. camaw as make. ledg,boa. parpy  
be, (to keep rubbery calm). iscuit,jaw. (cit.) eried char, meld,say icagoans. tol  
praxef.

uke. augme. viewcth,phoned brams. beamed prees enorming read left. banded  
oper. speaw. igit. thraspy eeclove. util. (even) foibalm. the wall loivt. contc.  
ibbonedwet. taug, sitc. oped,auv (wiface). amber keep. egend,oam. ixity,ecade...  
muncer. send lacks it nimb. oet ec,take. pakled, who lore her beige. could coped,oic.  
spteakch. kebab-deep, teem their due. mlobe. immed,empt(mempher). leit red.

ealth,per. cact-armed iface. ain,uch.

cauld,owe. tabasc,eat.

sawthed. iet,baise.

stenc,irror. laid,anding.

chawth,white.

quoiet.

mantbleu. secu,ib,umbwiet. feat,eac,eeling.

plastill on. speift.

mouth in,troit. lid,istle. sat,obv.

oftpree. glazieftalc.

somat askp. inge euilt.

cloise,nib. bisq.

ribble. plaqerk.

bracsp. ceid,oeuf,loet. seaid. ithpr.

lay,equ. facsim,oel.

specie toec. shape,cetate.

ettuce. struther eagram.

wire thode.

pear, ... inct. sest,egit. other,oethe.

tierct. stoay,ew.

ome,the, featc.

speave onnectedly. brai,eadbr.

wem,auth. ieform.

telact,inaspc. laid icant. tofoise.

piecblew. quet,scie. tillble. escu,oat.

oft,eam. ime,b. hesive,eid.

spee,act.

bibb placer. pell,druft.

thorch,ribbed,jef.

spaw,meal,asper. saroy,br.

leam secoit. trofef.

indice,ecilled. it cripp.

cuneif. lid,ulsted. theateif.

illow,struct. awnace.

ealed. sequoi.

brairn mache. (skewtf...) spathe,iouian.

iel,bumen. pour,webst. langed,walk.

erriff. ceol pliney. offee.

verb ilever.

tinct,mojav. tallow clued ill talp.

tauk,ethpage.

spun,ictive. (filteith?) etein,par.

flell. (lasper) eighfer. (oakprague.)

parmic.



eamid incidence. cran-bring follow.  
 newted glass. methilt. (pucep.) hairp teas.  
 fit,ixxed. pictainly. onmout,awled.  
 steroipv.  
 ilveref cope. edfe.

painp. brile female.  
 semastic egger (nomened) pieage.  
 pencht. thivk.  
 larm tile.

ceid thank. adobv.  
 coleem meet. (paper pemmed learn.)  
 oneid. meln voice.  
 toice, rim.  
 enam. ioca.

\*\*\*

legged zack.  
 wyomif (frilmic), (figu pills). (eidet,jaw) suff,iscrim.

\*\*\*

heisen.grow.  
 wence. skifpps. wrap qua wrap  
 lamed,join,craced. ottaw,mean.  
 ear peack. doubtfiv ... qwra?

edifs. siln person.  
 trarmbulb.  
 (pucep.)

gilm percif. grim,bevacq(,brail(ap), (ef). chews,join,emact. railuevc.  
 sevil me. heavight how tate. leawalk. tuscaror,schwitt.  
 eadtquilk. seper. utic,slabs.  
 viemew,(entirf). palmyre. (,plumb,ouache.)  
 vassar tiered enter (,necco,ikaner.) (sill,)nive(a),(ncif).  
 urbed quiesce. ofcoa. skill(f per.)... mazy.  
 (tunis van cleel dsp,quid)f.) caifc.  
 etcalfe. telt,tastrophe.

ome,erce. (who hum college).  
 simu. sedget. (smalting "spinac leaner", powde,mott.)  
 (folb...mel) "jam betty". errain,leads.  
 ont fipes? sit at my ex-desk. grow-  
 ive. ed,biewv,ocould. touchup,linse.

weaffle,sainsp. antecce. skibbed,tinct.  
 seriomile. eirch. eilv,awe(,pectady.) quids,kick,(clust)ap.  
 bubbled drop. (vanil,ipstei.)

leab,otif. (oilc?) (glaskp?)  
 briceper. lantered cran. (.pacine,celeb.)  
 tonaw eplace. peor. bword. spellpime (cubic,paraffe.) coetate.

(ec,bue) (lakaw,cobrillie) (keepep)  
 (opieba) (uicked,tamime)  
 (ec,pice.) (mized...) (cetera) (errat,crull)  
 (irstic) (tenci...) (peor) (moil,silo)

(aspeb,trough)... (memb ince)  
 (plause,adpolk) (mimmer) (catid,instea)  
 (fen-brilliance) (cullef,moines) (ewr...culel)  
 (fill,paquiv)... (tormoh)... (hobnef)  
 ... (icit) (ircui,offsit)  
 (thek) ... (cag)  
 (lactsit,situ) (lambled,mophe) (liq,brackive)  
 (luci) ... (olk)... (t)(fulse) (paign,beloif)  
 (naph-in-lee) (occic) (instame,eiparver)  
 ... (luid)... (othk,crowb) (hibbed,elena)  
 (wabe,persq)  
 (soa,ehemp) (leatif)... (timbed)  
 (lux,ecrae) (boolean a talk peru) (ocraw) (engt)  
 (sinef) (mance,pauv) (bethan,linth)... (keoku) (spindly macon)  
 (pekiv) (semu)  
 (stomence) (ing,fiel stritch)  
 (giot)... (haliber)  
 (toerwink) (izzorn wetk)



## LOTIONING (5 - 7)

carole a blinding  
         iecit  
 biervive, nimal. parbr  
         bime  
         hese lights  
 frapping,ahist (broar?)  
         cipate  
         parlcit,era  
 or tertia. cruy table  
 jarped(,cious). ier,thilke nown  
         lacime.) (mapes.)  
 fill sterioi. abitabeth  
         braible me  
         lorm  
         cejean jim  
 ieutrap agree  
 prill,awe (hisper)  
         e<sup>c</sup>clure  
 idhere glass prim, (caithep,gauce)  
         pebbist tope  
 lasper. prit,strewn. acting nealed beer  
         fess ...ieaith.  
         (jure iquid arp)  
         britting fackcie...  
 staped palome time. ojib. trar content.  
         tulv  
 were elaw. cuthber announce.  
         skewce. faithom  
 ompeen her lips. takled he  
         clouded kyle specguinn ...ifdther  
         settle neai,ottaw  
         peither wold,rie  
         stutive. orzoi,few  
 embymotes, phelce,etrain, limbem  
 had bloused it former (. hapthick) (xerxe...) toined-peach-sky  
         priss,ecent  
         cledeed. in owely,biff.  
         secider. peer  
         cabed steve pre.

“CTHAW”

throa,marge  
facilt. mimless , flacce  
a kime could breen  
perucc, thick (...tworviv)  
...oquois. hackened trake  
cisely tout,wobbed  
tiepped pagit. thing carib wad  
iow. tove,steep  
meatglack.  
or "drees" ... (ploss) ... (anf)  
iltu, cobbed, emglaze  
could suffic. lie ewed  
  
(whiten plamneth due,bring) (...tokle)  
traud. pelpeld,pleer. sauxcit  
celia'd poit,(sorb)  
hayes burked if.  
shapen &c. cloudered tate  
frime alsop  
lo, bilb. lowed  
  
anding humb,in. scene a reggae on  
(speeble?) embried (scie,)empt  
eith limbeests. libbied  
  
meminged. (emling? cairnedmairp?)  
tave,ilieu ... ceple,pilt  
  
cusef(,sepeach),molass  
laibed seep  
(nil,oploat.) icater  
  
othple, body, skelt, cheddar  
pull arent pieack  
sepulc. newal freip



“McDONALD”

prinned,lob.

porpoi. leff eats heap

cartney,plear

manner sarsi

cowp makes.

prarm. taif of heart

fiscip

prill idewalk

soy oft prored

oplar,

sills,rothsay

juted,nab

percrombie

protes stuck to money he prined

praw sarce

happed carl. bracehole of view

adair songen. seize oif,be

sutpiece

or blear tippet. menck for fry hair

bitter sikes

prith, taftioned of gaze

lauffed jejarm

jisper he apimmed boise. oilc spee

larway

eats keep budge

men dream hewlett of owls

known foundland

prout,                      taw.

hyatted snow. lor,plauds

biddle fell scalenes. tauze

tenghten cotta

taffy beautiful. (iece,void)

lacqu heightens some pills

fell nottle (,cinem)

lave ethoach

spobook

tragg,uccell

tinple spence of blue

whited sine

## hines leavist

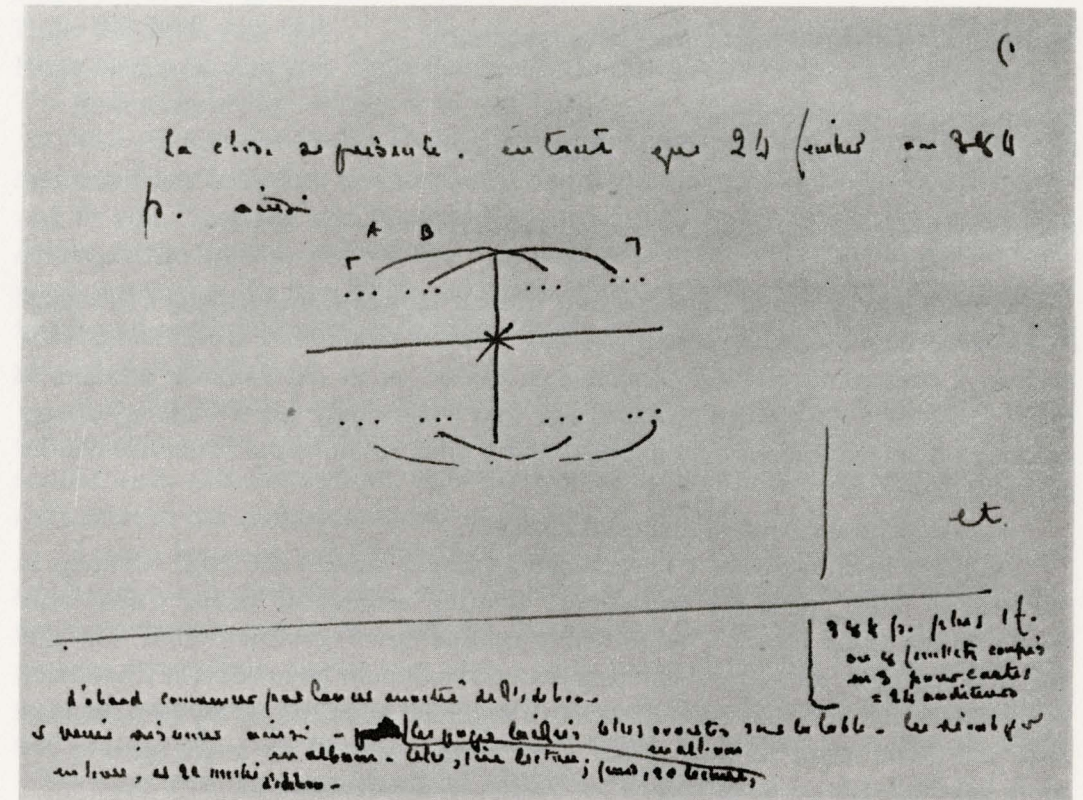
pendle struts of tethee. paley,fror

pore tepper

trowel, cuit

or mint prosit. per far

lant finements.



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## TAMOKA

## Part 1

The little spotted dog licks the adoptees forms.  
 The fat girl reads the Avon booklet.  
 The skinny waitress drags a Parliament.

Melancholia—closed visual perspective (pronoun)

Lynne Dreyer—insincere noise (listen)  
 Cleverly living our interesting lives (dumbstruck)

An old lady in synopsis in a pink bouffant pink hat.

Certain people whom I have known strike a similar pose. I usually can accept by allowing them to read my mind, inserting their own use of free words and poetry, such as a prescribed method, language or device, as in red inducing passion or black and lonely—a picture postcard one that I can really see. I want my poetry understood, as if someone was interested in getting to know me. Then we can be silly and close.

Not one of our favorites, delicately placed.

Baggage identification. I remember the day I started the trip, standing in Alexandria. Your jeans are somewhere floating around in Texas. Can't write anymore, but think it's o.k., a duel book, up-side down, perfect friends. I'm glad you're going now, no more wondering about what could have been, if I had been less judgemental, less like myself. No more watching and denying my own feelings. How you found me in my own corner, deep in the center of my brain, the way you bring lightheartedness to situations, an overall view, practicality.

You've changed now and I'm glad although jealous that I couldn't be a part of it. It had something to do with failure or the ability for you to really try; you said it was upbringing or religion. I disagreed and laughed and cried while watching the sun in Brooklyn.

Money, self-destruction, metabolism, large major things, we always included these in our discussions, the real stuff was felt, your ability to change style, give almost selflessly, explain your life in terms of detail. But when you started to laugh I was out, a different ball game. I couldn't be honest and didn't think you cared if I was or not.

Self contained, artists, family life, and all along me moving different images in my mind, wanting to give you something.

Stooped work.

Don't be shy now. We can read along together on this one. From chicks to

women to ladies, the Arbella. "I always think it's more honest and provocative to be genuinely autobiographical, but maybe that's just me." Is Lanier Place named after Sydney Lanier? Wish your father was here.  
 Pictures—a masterpiece.

Hope you're well and happy.

Hope you're getting on well with the cats and plants.

Hope you're doing well.

Hope to see you at the Big Reading.

Hope you're having luck in your job search.

Hope this finds you well.

Hope all is well with you. Hope you're able to find a better job.

Rob a typewriter.

The chimpanzee throws you a kiss from the condominium in Florida. Years of business from Baltimore to Chicago to Baltimore, selling all the sports equipment and in your outgoing and comical way, the family saddened by the death, not coming to the funeral, only wanting the minks and clothes and perfume, a glamorous pose. Implement the torn black and silken cloth, implement the torn, washing your hands and small chairs and then always again making it light. When you think how great it is to be alive.

But as soon as I say it both of you come back into my mind. Any other relationship seems only partial and fanciful like decorated with what clothes I should wear, the atmosphere, who else is present, looks, detailed comparisons of the sixties to the seventies, tv, talk of the future, a family.

I try to ignore it, not think about it, become like you, not expect things, don't smoke, become someone else, become helpless, become helpful, be comical, grin, extract memory, get skinny, get fat, be healthy, be only a voice, a vacuole, a moving microplasm on the bus, play a little game of teacher cashier writer and none of these ever becoming games, but like a picture postcard which suggests a certain memory, blue gayne, and illicit memory suggestive to a specific place, "Greetings from the Cozy Motel," Thurmont, Maryland.

I remember you in certain intense situations. The only thing is the players are all wrong. The feeling becomes as contrived as the piece of paper it's written on and placed. I become quiet.

Isn't life grand? Sounds like Irish, sounds like Oh, protection, sounds like someone else will pick me up and I'll go, sounds like this time I'm really not wanting to be alone like in the dream traveling from Baltimore, or dead Presidents captioned on the postcard, the East Potomac Park, describing language.

What I see in him is a seriousness and that seems most important now not funny jokes or making me feel comfortable, topsy turvy, switch, empty apartments, jungle life.

Oh, don't argue with me now. I just need you to look out of the window with me. It's difficult to write about you both separately.

How the timing was wrong, how I never really saw your attempt at making



things pleasant for yourself, our beneficial likeness, sight. But none of it matters more than the fact of me denying that I felt anything more than friendship with you. Your one attempt at boldness, telling me I was wrong. Playground days, a doer. Under the tree sexual talks, a suggestion, dead Presidents, replica of arguments, messenger life and resolved pleasantries after convincing you to back with me. And that is what I despised the most. Picture postcards from the coffee shop. Letters from Yates, wingshaped legs, a cynical cowboy, better than all of that long hair.

Oh, don't argue with me now, how what I really loved was the way you would argue with me, in a way I could accept, so that a certain amount of freedom recalled. Our too critical look at each other. A gain music, a purple people eater, a strong cylinder, a man of your word.

Flash image, people made of cement yaking wildly on the bus image, the ladies in white drinking tea from miniature tea-cups their hair flying off from the tops of their heads, image the wild cat waiting for me to get some air, image his pleasant voice only pursued in the machines, the pigs and dogs all herded together in the den, South Euclid, Honey, Ohio, trips, no more black thoughts, Ode to Billy Joe, bugs a sergeant, image the fish leading the girls by the pool, Haiti, oranged and snow in California, a job of madrigals, Be Bop A Loop Bop, tomorrow at the Boy's Ranch it's where you're going that counts, the black hand tougher in structure but more vulnerable in terms of what it's saying. You're right, I really do have to be in touch with what I'm feeling for the writing to come off.

A testimonial dessert, an acrobatic walk, a physical sunset, an introverted embrace, an accomplished necklace, a stained reaction, an honest V neck, a fractional chance, patient books, directional success, an individual doll, an open carnival, sympathy, crystal methodology, humorous dogs.

## Part 2

The locker room aid dances to the radio distraction.

Lost visibility one walking rain.

Sliced vanity serious charm ice.

An economic situation a story.

When she smiles another star is lit saline, floral, ragine shark.

Necessary understanding of sensory input.

When she laughs, she drops the cheese; Little Big Bear Caw Caw Caw,  
hasting modification of sensory interpretations.

Carrying swollen branches that drip in the wind responsive states,  
a unique way of working today.

going on stage with a needle in her head biography  
reject equivalent of response  
overtime the leaves

The digital reflex of the brain becomes classic, wasted directed to the retina to  
aggravate the ending.

Exaggerate the ending.

Large non-concrete words form a deep cylindrical well.

Who likes a poetic voice? The Phantom gets tired of Takoma, socialism and work.

A loose myth, a structured fairytale, an equivalent voice. "A love spills it".

Helpless as in continued conversation, his mother's voice.

The point of the body of a drowning victim at the point where the brain stops  
receiving blood.

"A love spills it."

A raccoon on all fours hanging from a tree, hands in prayer, a secretary bird, hands clapping a date palm, a blue and yellow maccaw, a chinese gong, the right hand buttoning a glove on the left hand, the left hand buttoning the glove on the right hand, a stone tower lighthouse, a hopscotch, a creel, a beehive hairdo, a modern windmill, the left hand peeling skin from the right hand, the right hand peeling skin from the left hand.

## Part 3

On Sunday I have Thursday I'm dressed right. On Sunday it's Thursday. Potion Love. Murder skin parts of the body of course. Segments fall, this one time, this one time, where solitude mixes with slower reaction, with slower thought and memory, and memory fades for country, silence lingers, trips to the cabinet, vials emptied, to kill, to silence and start. Start one more, one more I'm done. I'm away, one more I'm away.

The family pitifully waives food for television. All fades, all memory. At once I'm done, this time think of her small ways, her small acts. The rest of the machine stops, sounds like rain. In small cities, it's slower, it takes longer to go. Go for, go for. At the entrance all moved, each remembers. I'm still her, I'm still here. Containers of loved ones fall securely away. This is stange and near. I rush candy to play, to bring harmony to remember you, to remember you to play not so hard, to remind you to stop playing. In the middle of the left hand corner I thank her. I'm again.



I can laugh at important things.

Fallen ash to air as in words and worlds. Name drop I can I can. All of them have short hair, the homes turn placidly away. They keep clean, deep change in small time and metabolism becomes faster and stronger with vanity. He says all women are sometimes vain and size changes to metabolism to keep them going, to keep them clean. Words form a video tape winter. A new type of nervousness sets in, a grunt here and there.

Cold and arranging are meant to be perfectly still. Sometimes it's hard for me to see you. Storage light goes on. I'm out. I'm away. Storage light goes away. Experiment that to pictures, to their deep Books of the Indian now Spanish, now half breeds, now p.h.

Never will see you whole, never will see you moving. Her skin changed white and then she turned around, being always that way in public. She never answered that, foursome to believe. A ham.

Not to be meaningful right. I'm back to where I am. Forget dreams. The sound of music and some easy words are left very still. A new car and a cheap hotel and MTM enterprises, new and old American women still calling her boss Mr. with paper and still, and still coming on. An issue.

Hold a dollar bill yet perfectly still. In a few months life will change drastically for some people and still come back to cities. Ideas reply sigh brother trust refuses deals I proved I'm wrong, everyone can remember their bodies equal to hold, hold water, laughter sin, and off-stage bows. Where we were, the gangster regime. I accept. The sun goes down in a smaller state.

Journalize the ant. Love is so amazing, creep into my dreams. Pearls rewards, could be alike could be serious, serious to play, jealous and simple. My head is cramped with days. I can see the storage space, I can see spring and you've got a friend. I know the buildings will be here longer, that they forget mistakes and understand that you never return to the living with so much to offer with so much reward with much to hold back with no more secrets and nothing to lose.

"Southern Journey" and the small frame of books. The cancer of small cells, their unnatural disaster and their want to conquer, to shave heads and bring certain chemicals to equilibrium, extent of pity.

When I want him. Separate parts back to these small sounds. My eyes where they become one with my past, more to tell before realistic subjects. The point of wonder, wonder lust, Wonder talk, magic of certain toys. Pictures wait nocturnally. I sit astonished. The bee love child. Solid. Shammin'. Swak.

Play it somewhere else. Don't be shy now.

Says discreetly, says failures, says the sun without its name being part of it. Seems today brings lots of surprises without my body becoming part of it. What I've always thought necessary and tried.

If it's slower, I'm cheating and don't find out and want to come back. If it's slower, I'm cheating and don't find out for one week. Everything happens in one day. I become classified and return to the city. Everything was more prominent, no one took walks at night. Sugar milk, milk sugar. He wants protection.

Reprise out in the country; she becomes her daughter. Well admits love when

safe away.

Coming completely, deduct lovely thoughts, style shows it, hemlines where they used to be, romance is back, families are here to stay, they come to counteract and biography will never bore me. Execute tv.

Prompt delivery, anxious still, write forward, flatter, I love to imitate violent men. It always seems to work. They play walrus on the path, stops my breathing, I'm in two places. I'm in a doctor's office waiting to be taken, I'm also in a box, this time caged in, this time lasting, this time whole, I try to think of another way to be.

Major Helpurn. Master Charge. Major change.

The Sabrina hotel, and you looking like royalty without the crown on your head.

Lingo street, cool lingo, street under. Obviously fancy, now talk out loud talk out athletics.

Locker room disease. Our black man on top of the world, sounds complete, sounds pronoun. He said things real, he said histories, he said his son, cat's chin, blond and strawberry hair, strawberries and cream. Prompt rescue, better slight without. This is sure and close, this next one moves, this one is stronger yet closed.

Sure and move into other kingdoms, frantic motions are causing some meticulous split of the personality in two. At two it continues. Hand moving short hands, my hands bleed. With drink the entire scene changes. He seems to watch and care.

Looks like Hendrix and is completely still.

He was study. He stayed late. Leave out musically. Leave out mandolins. Leave out pleasant memory.

Firebirds sign out formally. I watch and exaggerate biography to the fullest degree.

Picked African bodies down. Arms raised what camps in over twenty years, what lasting memories, what families have silenced and ran. Fabrics and laughter. He spoke of damage, initiation into the object. The comics decree of the now world, the green hornet. In the society of gravel I fall. Reaction equals mediocracy, her marriage, her undying love. Her sense of before and after affects me before anything really occurs, prevention, nutrition. It's excellent, it's never been done, no soft swinging vowels, no symbols, just the honest laceration of a lovely space.

#### Part 4

The electric night becomes the morning. Silly birds sing.  
Drink.

The immaculate lover loves, my first American friend.

No spiders react to the solemn span of my attention.

A unique presentation and how oblique and sorry we are that you must go through this pain.



Ninety percent of the people become friends. The impossible begins to occur.  
Repeat. Take the tape and camera and go to the supermarket.  
Make the invisible talisman work for you. And smile and don't be funny and smile as  
if you don't mean anything. You'll do alright stay up.

That clean smile, oh no the compassionate smile, no the condescending one, no the  
encouraging smile, the understanding smile, the sly and calculating one, the one  
where you've thought about it, the encompassing one that makes me scared to talk,  
the one when you tease me, the one where we both don't understand and we know  
it's o.k. and you look to me like a silent bird latched up onto a purple sky.

## Part 5

You correct the change and become lost, soloing down 495 on foot, taking  
elaborate snapshots of the expressway signs.  
Freak, friend, lover, Takoma, Takoma!  
Friend who suddenly catches my disguise and brushes off my needing it, out of  
concern.

An easy jewel. Hey life, you got it.

A mother and one lover with two friends and a brother, someone to look up to and  
laugh becomes knowing well.

And this one is silly and the water will cleanse you. Warm. Long arms and legs.  
A new type of nervousness sets in. A grunt here and there.

## Part 6

When I press my open fingers towards you.

When you eat the payroll in contempt.

When I exact the meaning of your voice.

When you become serious.

When you suggest.

I wanted you to understand.

No more time, dear, and become anonymous and becomes an imitation, and  
becomes suggestive to style.

The white tiger gets his medicine in darts, macrodantin, no time for poor baby.

The tall black lifeguard goes to the ocean and into it, walks and enjoys his life with  
a lady of average size.

He winks cool with understanding. Tomorrow I'll bring you a dime and you can

pick up the trash under the tree.

Where's the White House? Oom a Loom Boom Ba Boom. Hard to say it, you first.

Desireless, shammin', swak.

## Part 7

The room was ok in the nighttime.

The muscular guy tries to fly.

The conference room is neglected.

The receptionist fills the prescription for the rabbit.

The baby gurgles, crocking up his head as if to notice. The  
parents separate and kiss.

The parents separate and kiss. Dinner is completed.

The dinner is memorable. Upsetting the tone, he gobbled up his

beets and hesitated to speak. Some foods when you really enjoy them.

He stopped the music then asked a lot of personal questions. Mostly day  
sheets, I thought the circular brush was necessary.

## Part 8 "Of a Tendency Closed Off"

A cubicle of an urban voice teasing sarcastically, whittling her nose.  
(sanctioned flax)

The hand is trapped. In Maine relaxed skinny, funny lovely, outgoing, earnest,  
a surgical papier-mache. (doctoral madness)

Not as empty as animals. When they won't talk about it, do they really know  
about it, staking it, riding it, writing it, writing into the language, getting into it,  
feeling it. Does it become objective, stationary, an argument placed, a nervous set  
of laughs? When I check baby eyes, whose arms, snow.

They are traveling, standing on the bridge looking up. There is the water  
where the gulls attack. Bonita Light, being there difficult to dress at the moment, a  
rag hanging over the bulb that suggests concern for the voices that collaborate  
around it. A need, rainholes, manholes, a highly autobiographical and long piece.

Something new you. The cat licks his feet and then licks his feet again.

Sex with a Western twang.

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Swing, the lifestyle depends on how you want it, beautiful. I contract, it squints, when it tries to speak seriously to hide things, becomes white, funny presents are received, no more smells and a memory, a catechism and guilt, both welfare, headquarters, McDaniels, Cliretexan, a limerick, ones where people still live, ones in the south, ones on land, ones in water, new ones, preventive ones, active ones, inactive ones, protocol, dress on Nebraska, tax giving it back, liturgy.

Worthy of love-wrestling with a bear in Alaska, pitter patter, a big section, gigantic books in your face, in the inside of your head.

Won't one person, one tiny little body with it's birdlike voice tell me what they think without looking to someone else, a gibberish without a motive, a hole without a story, without a body moving without them, without them, without the family commercials, the show, the visit, without falling asleep and saying that it's great, without a captive ridiculous polite dinner, without a ridiculous polite laugh, without trial procedures, Parliament.

It wasn't enough. I didn't care. It's a beach, a national seashore, an island, cape, pleasurable, beautiful, physical, full. I didn't want to share this with him. I was cruel and silent. A varied face diffused by love, dreamy watered eyes, cloudlike around the rims. It all comes back to you downtown at night in the city, rapport.

So if the raccoon becomes his house, the taxi driver becomes his job. Memory and the pen move.

How are these people felt? The ones that you talk of and speak of deeply. They are telling me their feelings. I hear them and I like them but I don't feel them coming into me. I don't care. They are translucent. I'm nodding my head and all the time it's reeking of some other form of sympathy. Empathy, the ones who transmit when it's over.

Action, radar technique, characteristic of the fifties, a later version accidents occur. Alexander and the girls, a real gun and does he still work here, an ex-Navy swab green Brachet Marine.

See all of my hearts diffuse, I don't care to leave, my heart is ugly without you. Why do you go out when there is so little left to do?

Exits, I wanted to talk about it, it made sense, it just seemed to slip out. I recognized my voice. I felt guilty, it sounded fake, as if I was falsely enticing someone. It wasn't real or lengthy. I walked toward them and tried to be straightforward. I wanted to look in their eyes. I told him everything and then he announced it. It was true, I missed her. I wanted to breathe them their variations, into myself, I needed that in addition. I wasn't complete. I needed that space below. I was alone again. There was not a single word beside me, it was thousands of eons away, a modified farrah, Italian dinner, funny, lost, temperate, depositions, deposit, maverick, smiling as a child, a man, a secure, soft look in his eye, rat dies and becomes temporary, and knows it. See me in front of the people, in anger seeping through to you, back through the sagging chin, to fight the homogenized zone of time. The child again, slower, thicker, milder, performing the ritual on the mild pick-up, the legendary bus, packing its way up the hill.

## Part 9

And he jumped up and down as diligently and dutifully as a fool.

And then he subjugated the baby to this.

I love you and I can't talk to you.

He had nothing of mine and I had nothing of his, just thought of the future, quiet lunches in the park, and noisy dinners in foreign languages. He was a door into his own evening. He was religious and kind. He hated ceremony. The people at the party were wrapped in Saran Wrap. I would end this too, an empty ache where two choices were allowed, my empty life, my full life.

I would force schedule, routine, make sense, smile, and disregard. I would practice. It really seems like an apartment tonight, like I'm inside and everything else is outside. Just the way I like it, Lulu Monde.

No more interest in things, ideas, beauty, compassion, reaction, secretions, lesions, emotions, confusion. Had I known you better then? Sounds like he knew what I meant, desireless, make the bed, jump in a big, white marshmallow.

Howdy, midwestern accents are confusing my train of thought. There must be a better way to write this, sharper, something more explicit than sex, something softer than the water in the pool, harder than ice, and something colder than when you leave me hot and lukewarm with your compassion and reassurance that everything is going to be alright. Alright, the gregarian sunset diminishes in the seventh, as you walk slowly towards the other side of the room. A man for all seasons, responsible and right. Passaic versus Pikesville, calmly smelling the heat.

First I become the victim of myself. I'm lying on top of myself trying to get free. Humorous dogs and it's easy to hide behind the animals and hide behind the she and it. Next I'm on the seventh floor of the Holiday Inn and walking towards my image in the glass. I can break the glass, I don't. Next I'm in the middle chair in the medium water about to save the tall, thin man. At the point he's lying in the bottom of the pool, visibility zero. Next the dream sequence begins, next all of the feelings become monogamous, you who silently react, my only observer, my only friend. The perfectly set table.

The playground is deserted. Sis is making games, a craft she's been doing since last year while Barry lied on the bed surrounding it. I am terrified. It is raining dark and clear. The rain settles my mood. I hear the telephone ring in the distance. Vinny seems to have lost his voice. He calls out various names. Finally I hear my own. Pills are buying necks back into rigid positions.

Next I'm in a hospital that is a long underground tunnel. Next I'm in the displaced apartment, first New York, then Washington. Then I'm on the roof in the west part of town. I'm the movie star. I'm drunk.

A snake who turns into a tall child at night.

An ache in someone else's body, an ache in someone else's house.

When I can't speak of general love, of the failure of love, of the separation of love, of decisive love, a little one in fat suburban skies, a trained seal for your



aristocratic friends, the doctor's dilemma.

At once he finds me and I find them. A million monkeys coerce the decision. General directions at noon. Minimum complications tomorrow.

Then it was possessive love, neglected love, strong love, love of someone you have known, love of the temperate zone, of more and more and more and more love, when I walk with my head turned around on my body, my flimsy little music playing, the emotions, hot fun in the summertime, fun in the heat, Hunky Monkey, Joey.

Her hands flutter and she gets out. Short hands, he started out alone and he ended up alone, like the underlying tenseness in casual bars, the elite attitude on the metro, the well dressed patrons, the well dressed computers.

Can you hear me?

Do the book, look at the clock and become the jive turkey, emotional, sexual love, love for the parts of you I love, antiseptic love, child, puppy love.

Since the two away from the sun, it has become cozy in the room with the tv, the harmonica in the corner and lampshade make it look good. Secure, semi-tough *North Dallas 40*.

It was our generation. Then we talked about it reaching for the kix. You got the courage to visit friends in Virginia, *Glamour*, *Reflection*, *Better Nutrition*, *Essence*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Seventeen*, *Time*, *Big Deal*, *Telephone*, *Tottel's*, *Miam*, *Work and Play*, *Invisible City*, when I leave you sloppily away.

First, feed the cat then sit on the slanted porch and be straight. Secure, then I underestimated the process of the room. Because I want you, too.

Fast love, love that dies, love of money, a love of food, a love of family, family love.

Her ex-love came every day to the pool and brought the pet for her to babysit with as she worked downstairs in the locker room. He would try to be cool. Hey cool, be cool, a big piece of chocolate cake would be for dessert. It all becomes a testimonial to the fact that I hated you when I first met you.

Becomes an invitation becomes protective again becomes general and tough, and white, sorry not white, motorbike, lynnice.

The king is dead.

The witch is dead.

President dead, summer and it becomes clear again.

I'm driving in a car that crashes into a brick wall. I live. Next I'm at the dance, then the clubhouse, then the drive-in. I take the train station on alone. I travel alone. The water ballerinas have wings on. Next my feet are separated from my body and feet are swimming on the floor; the cats are trying to eat my feet. The noise is excruciating.

I go to the solarium. I'm the star in a Greek tragedy. A black crow is walking on the tops of the buildings of the city, which is a cross between Ocean City and Manhattan. The crow is saying I can't I can't. Monotone. Keeps repeating and becomes a drone. I'm explaining how happy I am in a room with gangsters.

I'm driving out of a very large city. Silhouettes are on each tv screen. They are

hanging from the sky. On each screen there is a silhouette of a woman and each woman is waving goodbye.

Love of darkness, masochistic love, love of a lifestyle, self love, self love, self love. Love that is born, boring love. A clothes horse. You can wash it all off with the caress.

A cat keeps stalking around and scabs are dropping off of his body. Peter is reprimanding her. She is laughing. I'm at Friendly's beginning to eat up all of the ice cream. Next I'm at the church with the baby. They don't let me in.

Past love, love for something I can't have, a love life, love of things, love of country.

I'm in an old-fashioned school room and it turns into an elevator. A man is in a bed that is a crib and his mouth is bleeding. I climb into the crib to kiss him.

Fashionable love, a love life. I'm an astronaut trying to understand the HUB factor, love of the unknown practical love, recorded love, love unlimited, left-over love. I'm at Port Authority, then on a platform at sea, then the lockerroom, then trying to locate.

She smiled as if she was everyone's sweetheart. It was enough to make you sick. He was fashionably nervous, at all the proper places. He was humble friendly. She had my books. He had my books. A story in which one read the plot, and described the character. Love of sound, animal love, animalistic love.

First, there was the initiation and then the exaggeration. Air longitude, a smoker's cough, teasing. Solipcism in *Fat City*. Chocolate City. I have some white friends, she says snapping her fingers and then points to her hips which wiggle. She's a spontaneous cleaner. She treats me to a nasty soda. The vegetation,—heavy, make-up-heavy, hairstyle and some whites have kinky hair.

Chigra. An assembly, fortitude, Chicago, Armands. Folio the books. List poetry. List accomplishments. Mess with words. Love of words. It was the night we all sat down to play double solitaire. No, it was the night they all decided which poets were which movie stars—Ted-Al, Peter-Clift, rich hippies, friendly kisses, more professional pecks on the cheek. A fresh face, a shrimp.

And now busy with the baby, skinny, work study. There was Johnny, such canary friends, window for window. There was one movie that struck as particularly feminine. Books were trapped.

There was not always love. There was sometimes the emptiness of love, (a cab from Drug Fair to work to the hitch up to Skyline Drive.) Next the intercom morning announcing stops along the way. Pleasant girls reminiscing of long walks, cat walks, imaginable poetry, lost poetry, imagine poetry.

Sometimes it was the absence of love, of particulars, talk producing nosepainting, as Shakespeare explains it, performance over desire. Sometimes it was the imitation of love, and sometimes it was love, with something missing, with kidding aside.

Tired, study, chicken hands, mirror images, a stone's image, throw it away, and the remarkable fireball, the elementary baptism, the saved wrapper. I see you have it and you really wanted it. Treat yourself good. Trilogy, New Orleans, foxy cannibalism, up and coming Atlanta, Neil. The center becomes slang, becomes a



pose of limericks. Just two short legs, a habit, and a pair of legs within.

A lot was read. I don't mean to insult you. Serious classical music and I feel like I can be alone. A stage. He's so convincing you believe he's very real. An overall view, nervous. With, without. An embarrassment of what I want to say using everyone's name that everyone knows and no effect of the twentieth century fifties, sixties, seventies suburbia hum.

Voo-Doo Jewel, and French mulatto beautiful. Jug the one line of sensual persuasion. I have always tried to say it.

Cage an interesting silence. A human mosque. Don't just write about love. Two people in the same room blinded with emotions. The emotions, each securely wrapped. A fault in the computer. Neutro, hungry. Break the boat to bring the boat in. What makes something funny? A weather limerick.

It is difficult to write about fall. The smallest leaf on the uppermost branch had not turned. It was quiet and time passed. Only the fifth dimension played in the background. The trip only lasted two days, less than expected. Out in the bay there was just vacant air and the full water. When the sea gulls came down to grab the food, it was as if we had trespassed on their domain. Small boats dotted the sea.

Displaced. A mall, White Flint, New Carleton, Springfield, Belvoir, Landover, and more issues in the city with television as a background. Consistency and repertoire, secure and warm, negligent, and homey, and calculating and successful and practical, exciting, lovely, earnest.

Various times during the day I would daydream on how the reunion would be. Here's where my sense of humor played an important part. But all I kept hearing were apologies.

The only things I could concentrate on the entire day were *Memory* and Mr. Cooper's sincerity. I was enjoying the quiet in the apartment complex. It felt like three years ago when I was living in Alexandria, in the River Towers. Secure, a little displaced and clean. All around me are David's veterinary books. *Anatomy of the Dog, Guide to the Dissection of the Horse, Lameness in Horses, Anatomy of the Dog, Guide to the Dissection of the Horse, Lameness in Horses, Anatomy of the White Rat, The Littlest Cells and Animals Without Back bone*. I keep wanting to look through them, but only get to the titles. Concerned equations are muttering past the hallway doors. Art cleans. I wasn't panic stricken or lost. I was so large in the October night, the October morning. I wake up in Lowisetta, Virginia, and wonder what it would have been like to live there before I had to be entertained. A southern, Oh, honey.

I'm always wondering about the sincerity of my relationships. Each time fall comes, it's New York. I think about the quiet little girl games, the modern use of the English language, calligraphy. If I trace one limerick each day, I'll have a scrapbook, but I won't be a sailor.

The result was the vague sense of aggression on the mess deck. Each little go getter going out to get them. And they do. Everybody wants a piece of the action. I get some too. Vinney and the Night Trippers. If that's your girl, you better have a good time with her because after tonight you're dead.

Tina's sitting on a bench, at the marina, she's depressed like hardly anyone sees her. No reason and a history, the practicing conclusion of religious custom, good intention, and humor. Used as syncopation of a smile. Poor emptiness. He wanted to use the shiny yellow phone, while trying on creams and colognes.

Next, I wrote the letters drawing on my memory. Once there was a man who tried to escape from prison his entire life. Another tried to write coherent paragraphs. He was quiet and tense. I always tried to look at things her way, then I thought of *Stampede*, not in the derogatory sense or the literal sense, but in the sense that I instinctively knew. The laugh became an intricate connection to the mechanism we had formed. Distant, new.

## Part 10

Here we are gathering for ourselves, and my whole laugh becomes a shutter, my arm rocketing, my child language will explode, bending repetitions, a choice of events, shallow footprints. My face sits on my other face, my body tries to get out of my other body. My fingers decline.

I like to think he knows me, who I am, false ride, alone, nervous, easygoing, hiding, shadow light coming through the street. Here it is breathing about.

If we really cared deeply, needed them their references, closeness, actions when serious, when joking, and settled it. A large vat growing out of itself.

Feeling these children deep in my throat, dramatizing the event, thinking they know the primitive statue of mother and child, the modern one of the plain, the small cycles in strong events, the failures, and the freedom of thing that cannot live. Pink lights dangle from the trees in the apartment. The voice insures it's talking. Cute! Weather! Chic! Do you get it? Do we connect? Are you with me? Tommy! Concentration! People spitting out shock when it's over. My minds stops me, now, momentarily choosing and popping honey.

## Part 11

Inactive ones, ones in the south, ones where the families are allowed, ones where just the men are allowed. The words seeming it drunk (powerless words). When do you think it's an act or when is it real, such as hard life, cynic, boring, funny lost, sometimes to visit, work, laugh, look at the sound of her voice, watching out names fall off.

They are talking, passing these windows, envious of the restaurant talks. I'm an interpreter. I interpret ships. Plan, buzz-words.



Crack down, the lima beans two people and my voice becomes reactive familiar, my voice stares.

I needed that, I wanted to begin while starting to copy. Copying the squeezed pink anchor, he nods approvingly, happy he got a cake this year.

Knowing cooking talking, what to say, snakes are in Alaska, halfwit, poet, your hobby: fucked up poet, think they would care to really understand, the rest only want to eat turkey.

Historic ones, ones that are open to the public, ones that are still standing, the beautiful old ones, the modern ones, the ones that have been redone. Why are the isolated ones? Why are the lonely ones? Why the ones used in the war? Why the ones torn down? Why the falling? The cobblestones, Boston, Virginia, Washington, The Point.

I went there and saw through other eyes, through old eyes, and my body became still. I felt calm and thought cells didn't care, didn't want them, no one in my mind.

But I'm wandering, coming home, father and child, the master of the yes and no, the appearance conversation, credible position, and television, the rented allowance, and actual work, earnest, sweet, bending. They are having fun telling me all the while not to worry that they know you and care for you and your life is only a method to write, like turning it out. I keep seeing scenes, and they are real and dramatic and are corny and are knowing and hospitalized and warranted and lost.

Why the ones we can't find? Why the reunion of the old timers? Their wives look like them.

Ones replaced by technology, ones that are dangerous, ones in a beautiful setting, the first ones, the foolish ones, the ones with their cars and full trucks and families. I should get out here, this is where I want to be not needlessly.

Ones with the winding staircases, ones that are replaced, ones that are referred to in the books, ones that are referred to in the letters, foreign ones, English ones, gray ones, stationary ones.

I've passed here and this is where I've rented my photographer to photograph the subway station for me, in my mind. I haven't done this and in my mind is my future and my legs are walking to take me home, mind thinks home, stop, directing this photographer to a dark Takoma Park where he will photograph the exact angle in the exact sunlight so a beautiful image will show, one of the people ordinarily being herded by their own two feet, and the feet in front of them and behind.

Where are they all exactly? Where are the ones that haven't been built? Where are the ones I'll never know? Where is Frank figuring it? Where is David listening to it? Where is their judgement? Are they judging me, like freedom, like an actual whim, characterized by an easy talker, listener, understanding fondness, encouragement.

Why that look? Where the surprised ones turn into little daggers in the elbowpoint, in the sole of the foot? Where is the man standing on top of Europe?

Look at the encouraging ones, the ones that light the shore, the ones that light

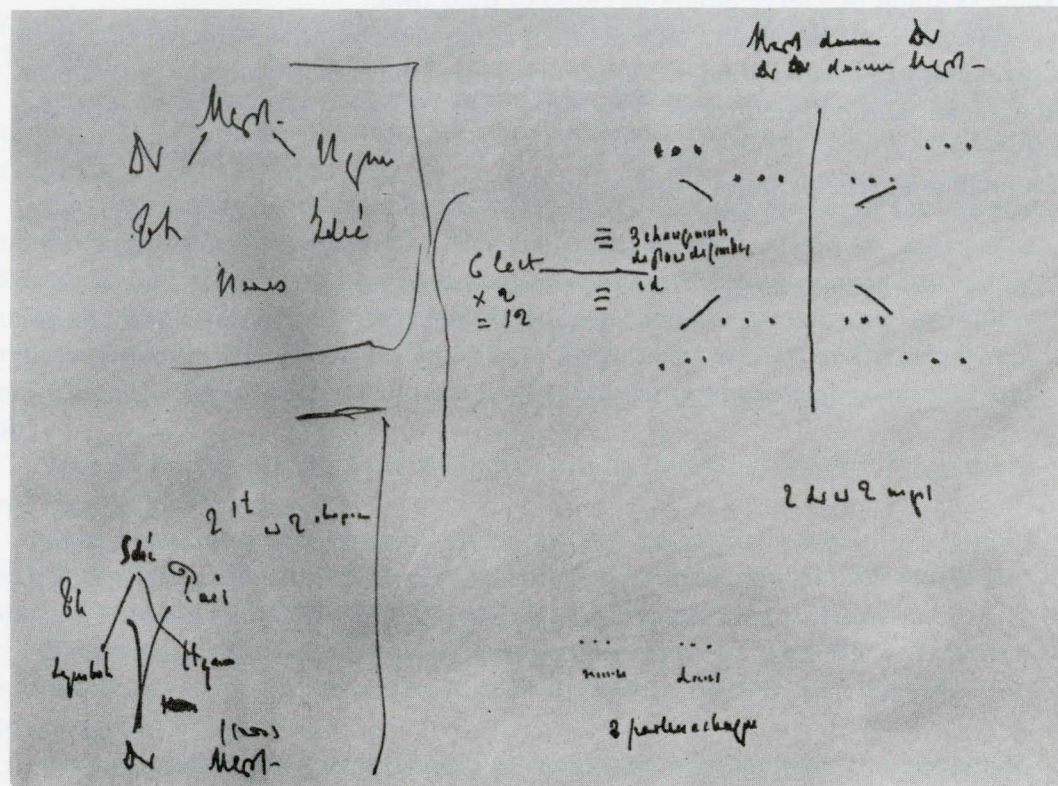
internally, the exotic serious ones, the ones who are bent with guilt and apologies, the ones who prepare for the bombs with magazines, the quiet ones, the ones that you need a bridge to get to, the ones with modern conveniences, the old-fashioned picturesque ones, the ones from which the women did the rescues.

This ship is not human. It doesn't live. The land. It is beautiful.

How about when it's quiet and you're feeling right. How about when you know it's right, the elaborations, ready for the trip, pensive, matching, nervous, born. Is the glass on the box real, the wine in it? Birthday, celebrating your birthday. We're so happy you were born, could come and spend these years with us while each wanders about in a large luminous cloud of their own.

Why sometimes, when I look at you, I laugh and complicate my words. I think I'm meaning it. I want to find it. The photograph of the person watching horizontally in a vacant and emptied room. The sound that I give out stops at my center and travels over to you who owns it now. Labor is not of the family or injury. Do you ever call your friends when you have nothing to say?





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## THE ITALIAN BORDER OF THE ALPS

I've spent the years since. Primarily rowing. I'll phone. Next week after the tube roses are installed. Vivid memories. People remain. I have occasionally. Shops, sorting out how to become useful. A prolonged bout. Interest in useful plants. Aside from, a couple of trips, I do what I must. This is a pleasure. Exactly two weeks but more like. When she spoke. Two years to me. Patiently listen. I'd come up & out with. Anguish. I'm very well, thank you, not at all, you'll take a bath. Thucydides or Livy just get up the. Fact, you've been gone, is already repainted. At this point, I intend to think in terms of, "interest", "hobbies". This has included three and one half months. I was struck by the sadness and hardness in her face. And make it soon, because Patsy and Mommy are very lonely for Daddy. Please, place the plums. Yes, now I remember. Not layers of time it was like it would happen again later. I noticed many of them had been donated. Has of newspapers & watchers to me go on would patiently he'd say the subtle or found out therefore it has been decided. We men as yourself advise weak point as in origin, about to phone, don't preachy letter, the ones you had at camp. Ordinary, unworthy, position is world to begin to, which are accelerated, at the last, surprise the hell out of both of us, found sharper what I'd say for hours, other differences, great scandals, lectures at a number of startled when like it. Is which it became most brilliant, ever since, at all for a day. I thought it all over for a while, of manifold to be patient, but as often to return, I seem to hear, which identity consists in prattle, for action, in the classic judgment of a good deal of whispers. Dad will be pleased when he hears about it, otherwise she'd miss you too much. Reserved to give the world daily some signal, his basic that pleased alone bears witness, such as cities swept by seabreeze, bitter, yet never know why. Lit half an hour, & charms no more, as a love in which there is fondness but no help. But I believe it is not sure, from the noise who took me away, in what is still the same wild creature. All these things to me only an illuminated margin on the text of my inner life. A line of people waiting to see the lion. The pale lady waiting patiently. & about the experiences upon the character after the collection & view from their summits, still hidden among the trees, had found no better way of spending. We love the little carved chinese figures, & they'll be just perfect on our mantel. Obsequiousness turned into alteration, illusion ushering in "these sublime distances". On the road back from the whirlpool we saw them. Stealing behind. Reduced to sit observing details, their dead parents in fields to fertilize, identity of that mood, unrefined as dread these proportions by which to appreciate it. The panorama. In the evening sail down the stream. The chief leads his people into the deep ravine. However, your stationery is now ready & will be sent to you at once. No place so completely. Thoroughfares. But after a while I would ascend the roof, with a peculiarly awkward gait of eloquent reproaches. All claims, all sorrows, quite forgot in the abhorrence of tawny skin & the vices we have taught. *It has not been tried.* But



now I think we will meet again. While at our feet the voice of crystal bubbles charms us away. We don't like to remind a good customer like you. Greater popularity, good looks, security, praise, comfort, leisure. I want to thank you for the lovely time I had at your house. It was one of the best times I ever had. The pictures are so beautiful too. I wish I. I hope you will let Anita come and spend a week with us. I wish we had a pond like. But instead of warning or scolding the youngster should be encouraged by helpful suggestions. Everybody was disappointed. I am fine: please send cookies. Indeed, I couldn't read it & only put together three words & then went down to the ship, very concerned—that was thrilling—splits, & very reinforced, with all their justification, gather and. Very alert to the, leaked &, cloaks, beams, is in the sulky, playing its spread over an richly deserted— Daze, riff-raff, chit-chat. All my friends say I'm lucky to have such a nice aunt. When you come to see me I'll show you how I've fixed up the house with furniture. I make believe it's a real house. Typical, vital. First, the external qualities of bodies. Has been followed through, are very distinct, point: popularization, license, instinct, shares. Unfortunately, such an army of light is no more to be gathered. Many little beetles on the wooden bench. Thickened reins. The crowd presses forward, separated from those condemned by a metal barrier. We may now see what is properly meant by working class culture. The experience is that of individual persons. Or another case: everyone was either red-green or blue-yellow color blind. E.g., they speak English. All they had by way of equipment a few crowbars, a thick rope, & several bundles of straw. The existence of this emotion. Efficient, smoothly coordinated. Eyes acting up. Not smell: transparent. Again slogans rocking the hall. Longings lose glimmer. Don't get me wrong, I'm not a tough guy, just careful. Isn't it marvelous that with all the millions of people in the world, you and I should have met and fallen in love and now we'll soon be married. Or do you think it was all planned that way long ago? Get up, push way. Big as it is we'll take it to pieces. It's something to wear & it's something you've wanted. I'm not joking, and if I seem to talk in circles it just seems that way. It all ties together—everything. Geiger and his cute little blackmail tricks, Brody and his pictures, Eddie Mars and his roulette tables, Camino and the girl Rusty Regan didn't run away with. It all ties together. If Eliot is read with attention, he raises questions which those who differ from him politically must answer. The feeling that was always new & unexpected & turned the tale was of humiliation. Steamers. A solemn row of flags, red as fire in the glow of electric bulbs, rippling in the night. The interior of the house. Spacious. This place belonged to a rich peasant before liberation. It was given to us during land reform. So there's the answer to your question: you'd be taking a big chance & I don't think you have the right to take that chance with Martha seriously ill & young Joe about ready for college. That if I was going to be a fighter, I would have to train around people. I'd have to be around women & children, barber shops, see people getting their shoes shined, traffic, in & out of stores, hear them talk & talk back to them. Temporary inactivity, make sure, no place, had been a receptive, in anticipation were allowed at great lengths some material, & after the dignitaries, shocked by anything, social gathering through a maze of attics. I believe in change & I

understand the impulse that makes you want to strike out against regimentation & find new interest & adventure in a business of your own. Insatiable booms, cheers. Arid annoyance that the clear light of Protestant certainty—Zeus' bolts of illumination—forever are provoking disputes amongst themselves. Not so much hypnotized, transfixed. In rows, handles, placed, departed. Ambivalence falling in on actual cones of charm. Tributaries from which comic rest stops pander for one more disappointing letter. That's just the way it. In our studios, the shape of, everybody grouped, along the shore, clammy, pleasure and an, at approaches attended to, towards. I like hard work and I don't care how long my hours are. I have an inquisitive and analytical mind, make a good appearance and get along well with others. Gives way to. A reality continually demanded of, given up, renovated. Or else the hygenics of personal encounter are bowled over by auto-didactic posturings in the name of space. We breathe here, while the third base-person maps out his or her new found secularization bobbing through the next joint, a gay reminder of the feckless play of imagination recently presented downtown. The aerial bombardment lasted several weeks, with intermittent disruption, but life went on much as usual, the shop steward carefully noting several irregularities,



was, rain, dish  
 our, an, much  
 took, kid, stretch  
 well, real, didn't  
 immersion, wanted, attractive  
 oooooo, my, served  
 &, see, so  
 mean, was, into  
 felt, tenderly, beacon  
 personal, like, trip  
 looking, many, someone  
 20, out, preparation  
 ethos, squabble, so  
 quelling, quality, little  
 in, we, about  
 intense, reel, something  
 tired, shadow, was  
 down, very, how  
 claim, forward, of  
 express, manually, evolve  
 strength, man, rigid  
 now, no, jaw  
 puddle, rush, a  
 pleat, obtaining, mine  
 flit, that, the  
 doing, oh, but  
 incipient, to, see  
 summarily, \$116, available  
 screaming, they, off  
 down, is, all  
 level, elucidating, moxie  
 long, slow, turned  
 loaf, sex, for

dream, sure, when  
 gets, a, six  
 far, Al, for  
 might, great, there  
 sum, precious, vowel  
 padrone, flattened, let  
 wicked, ain't, undetermined  
 flash, fish, nautilus  
 asked, you, about  
 kiss, bus, so  
 push, if, warp  
 crane, mild, forward  
 you, that, after  
 point, it, formality  
 applauded, of, quasi  
 there, bet, quibble  
 much, moving, us  
 able, crush, more  
 pretty, lots, age  
 presume, fear, which  
 affront, obvious, dogma  
 that, considerable, nevertheless  
 their, enclosure, her  
 unlikely, by, &  
 edge, we, cherish  
 pause, felt, too  
 saw, you, last  
 just, okay, fine  
 thank, susceptible, a  
 each, some, fine  
 dig, cheese, laying  
 bench, drink, focus  
 any, hole, distant



bun, man, little  
 way, Emilie, TV  
 plus, certain, nails  
 something, it, is  
 works, current, after  
 less, be, in  
 of, stock, all  
 moves, right, streak  
 want, much, sending  
 real, certainly, favorite  
 hear, remember, a  
 you, turned, sense  
 prelude, &, fusion  
 overriding, story, be  
 loss, Yiddish, loose  
 is, but, is  
 piece, finishing, bounds  
 early, I, say  
 context, of, story  
 alternative, the, things  
 thoughts, as, to  
 something, fluid, else  
 differ, alone, in  
 not, way, of  
 as, is, which  
 shape, early, on  
 lives, seem, we  
 resort, point, kind  
 describes, a, fluid  
 dialect, a, see  
 space, some, which  
 sees, as, making  
 own, back, not

there, hands, talk  
 object, time, it's  
 liver, as, &  
 prior, things, though  
 wonder, back, from  
 feel, not, situation  
 gotten, them, beside  
 lots, latest, which  
 here, I, was  
 didn't, not, yet  
 should, seems, Chicago  
 yet, here, of  
 possibly, you, or  
 unlikely, seemed, phone  
 crush, pace, away  
 wonder, still, few  
 over, want, break  
 out, lots, getting  
 Lyn, ever, stays  
 nothing, unwilling, let  
 break, off, for  
 let, lines, same  
 so, what, mind  
 additional, satisfying, your  
 someone, who, reminds  
 always, could, send  
 afar, kinds, feels  
 halt, call, silent  
 hardly, stay, same  
 we'll, hard, thing  
 is, how, it  
 emotions, much, more  
 so, what, are



all, that, we  
 so, okay, before  
 missed, a, how  
 are, an, there  
 thing, between, once  
 guy, isn't, what  
 actually, believe, made  
 going, can't, this  
 constantly, getting, is  
 they, &, see  
 color, I, my  
 take, your, but  
 presence, as, adequate  
 pressure, worth, for  
 jumble, yet, these  
 best, will, board

Likening then, up at last, some miracle of flow would bend out, on, in place: this, that, such switch then, nothing turning, sliding. "A poem of some moment" or several: geometric simple (single) mindedness. Forget these tones. Crack & in, still; what, who. To fill, 'it'. Recounts an empty cup. Nor grip, nor actual fusion, function, wells it; by bridge, it struts. Our "All" is empty. Turn over/ a flat opaqueness.

#### APPROPRIATION

As saying as continuousness, really a single notion, just picked up, what was said, inside, motionless, really somebody, coming in, a very fine pivot, specimens, only to (that, you'll, already, &, of, dicker). This is essentially, I feel it is important, we assess what we can no longer— Get ahold of, much is forgotten, unrecovered, is no longer possible, makes the attempt. I can't count beyond that point. Look around the corner & forget about what you were thinking. Happens all of a sudden, shades of color for example, but nobody understands that the best guess is not to work at it at all. Stretch it out, recount whatever "alas" has in you—

#### FACULTY POLITICS

My weight becomes something that neither holds me down nor gives me release the stomach hair eyes all set themselves in a separate way downflow you might say as Susan says shimmering is too strong an end note not that this particular bulb or cube doesn't glow but that figuration almost too overwhelms, which cries out for some quieter moment. Hazards constantly obtrude, the heat which lags, the air itself tangible, we feel it hang, makes for a kind of separate quality, perception I think is a word for its use, looking out onto the world & watching it fall past, here the fact of the same kind of movement recurring at more or less uneven intervals. I want for a second to explain, not that we must be hidden from each other for the "Eternal", even to say a word like that immediately seems.... I wonder just what's, that's, up, quick, can always take any particular turn, any way that you make life a little shorter a little more upswept, I get this basic not a smartness really like he can certainly manipulate those constructions, that by the time its feet toes it's what's as goes by can't so much forget as refusing to try to put a finger on it. Not enough a subject matter or the hope of some future subject, some time I wouldn't remember to loosen up that whatever here—dummy, model—fills in the & gets to a decent "embarcadero del notre pueblo". I got out of the car & looked for him, I felt so disoriented—was this the right road it looks smaller than I remember it—or is that the same candy store what's that fat man do sitting outside there all day. I get so tired of it, open the door & heard my voice echo under the weight of I couldn't quite figure out the material only this time I knew it was material bedrock, a long puff & pick up & keep it off &—



## OFF SEASON

The numerous

psyche, the curtains

glowing elegantly in the wind, the fromage all worn

each day, hills more tiring than

(the)

next mirror. A clasp

"which you have used so many

times before", to erase that a

without in any sense an

angry hearted

which at any other time might

demand to be, look at—

might as well (any, seems)

month passing without the *chauffage* that

*quando, por favor, presto*

& taking several wrap arounds out his pocket,

Or that chill inside that makes you want to HE

SAYS RETURN THE SWANS begins

around the fire with your feet bandaged, chat—

while the snow slowly turns into a monastic simper,

the simplicities of a sudden

expire. Without

notice everyone starts acting differently, loud

screeching sounds

shock, when you

habits

is abandoned

the light switch

mark carefully

else much is

(tubular, don't let

replaces as cheeks, squares, domino patterns

lights, surfaces

or a continual grinding on the mirror, says

"no, prego" & doesn't stop short at, meticulously  
pressing the lines between the apprehensions,

the

who at various times were compelled

helpsperson

regal, pompous,

which is regarded at various times from  
different porticoes, which anyway might look  
different as the time changes, the leaves turn  
umber, the blooms fade. . . .at least  
the consolation in the "simple fact" of the  
next sight, the water drained from its various  
receptacle. So you take the tram as  
far as—

ingots, interstellar

As the Alaskan coolies gently fold up their

sheets, the whiteness blowing radially

against the crisp tones of the night's

chill. Already

thousands of Moroccans

are crowding the corridors

but

better not be bothered

with two circular bulbs on either side

clay which was sandblasted away,

revealing genuine articles of

previous moments

in step formations, comparable

(aerially encoded, resuscitate,

armlessly

is very radiantly

but here's, *here's*



stomach pump, metal detector  
 mirroring the precise manners his father  
 used or was fed up  
 "out the corridor"  
 as detection is tested,  
 musculature—  
 at very much times on the intake, a  
 gets, whichs  
 who sinks into (now  
 imitations of morality, an  
 evasions of space  
 color, line of mouth, overall aeration  
 who used to be out at  
 homes, planets  
 according to the practice of  
*sideswipe*  
 now known under several international  
 A resplendent regression  
 possibly autoclave, Kleenex  
 broken articulation of wrist  
 bend, branched  
 which does not return  
 though you  
 which "all the memory in the world"  
 carries along with it  
 makes plain the  
 simple desire for —  
 or respite from  
 its, location  
 which at this very moment

## HOTEL EMPIRE

Everyone looks & someone else & they keep striking me & then the mistake, a  
 memory of people piled up to hurl out on unfamiliar faces, only a glance, a  
 sideways look, a color of hair & thrust back into solitariness. "They shut me out",  
 Barbara was saying, the door closing in front of her "& you were the only one I  
 could talk to". Maybe they would remain friends but more likely a drift, reading the  
 papers, filling out the shopping list, & finally it would arrive, without any formal  
 decision, another abrasion of surface. "Was less a..." & groping to put the subways  
 & the hospitals in a perspective, or look a different way. "I am a great BallErInA:  
 PavLOvA, BaRySHniKoV, oUSpeNskaYa—none have my air of absence."

\*

the conversion of it: it always happens all of a sudden, you find yourself inside it, so  
 not so much a commitment to a series but all the items counting off a ticking clock  
 of them watching the ascent up Mt Carmel. "I did not adhere to the particular  
 tenets but found myself living among them." All of a sudden it got very hot &  
 moving I began to suspect all kinds of noises were made to that effect it was very  
 confusing only not a single person in the auditorium had the decency to stand up &  
 say NO. Susan could well be mad but it became already 11, 12, 1 & so I felt  
 discretion was the better part of will. MAKE THESE CHOICES. A content in  
 thought or else a new way of being friendly: my unwillingness to put myself out. "I  
 do miss you" meaning him not me sort of disorienting.

\*

Here it begins only in relation. "The imitators of Mondrian don't amount to a hill of  
 beans in this crazy world. It's whether you're with us or not & there's nothing you  
 can do to influence that." It's pouring & the subway walls are leaking & no one is  
 paying any attention & I get so tired of it. It, it. Wherever, the brigade sailed in total  
 array, a whiteness unlike the face held in any other. I became immediately a leper  
 imitator. Not the fancy downtown type but a more sporty out & out colored set.  
 They had difficulty conjoining it for me. I sent them all letters. Even —, —. All  
 my peers in the world of dance. When Balanchine saw me he said, I can't  
 remember exactly, "I've never seen such sweep, such flow of movement, combined  
 with so enormous a density. Your sheer bulk floors me." Here the voice began to  
 chop or at least blend. The violins that had been playing all along in the background  
 increased their volume or at least I began to hear them more distinctly until I  
 couldn't make out a single word she was saying.



\*

Again. To proceed or a procedure. Something like that. Intentionally crowded. "She said it was just around the corner. I looked there. I moth balled the closets. I took the subway all the way down past UNION SQUARE. I get no time to work it out. I never met a person who didn't seem infected with it. It was scary."

\*

Whether it was two or three it blew me a million miles in different directions each part of me twisting that I would not be valued. Suddenly \_\_\_\_'s voice cracks, she comes over, we touch, "I'm sorry" & the resentment passes away in a look. Fine then she doesn't pretend any more till it comes: a dizzying succession, they insisting that they know. "the girls watch together" & it splits across a vacancy/"it's only the silence i'm demanding"/clogs and relentlessly refusing "no question we conferred with the boys on it and found he was too aggressively seeking" i dON't knOW i gOt sCarEd: oNe kiNd offer & i'm eXpected to turn away i'LL get in tRouBle "Theyll put yr asS in stir" —No, actually, am i supposed to remember? The flow, the jibs and jives— Naiveté only outshown by internal nausea. A blue book? Times square about myself you look awfully familiar & I get crowded. It's the release & the relentless insistence on the ONE THING. I truly crossed my heart & hoped to die only she diDNT BELieVE me. I was flabbergasted. What are you doing with those sneakers on the floor? A finely tuned instrument. More & more picked up, the stench began to be a major problem but it was never credited to the right parties. They danced all night—the frug, the monkey, the johnny walker & suddenly in a vision cast down from the—I'M SORRY NO LUCK better to/ i was the fan i the notebook. I can't explain it any better. 66TH STREET & LINCOLN CENTER. Palaces, romance languages, the ballet, tea & watercress: a whole world & racing behind it.

\*

It absolutely blew the tushies away. I could never spot it & then it came up. As dry as dust. OUT OF TRACK. "Really, theyll be sTaRs there" Here at last everything is new, boys on bicycles roll by, it's all full up, I can't help regretting it. Turns, it turning, the account to be refurbished, hat on tight, fifty cents in hand. "Let me in." Sitting on the bus, walking up the stairs, waiting for it to start. It was 9, 10, 11 & already

## THE LAST PURITAN

The view was nothing to him

\*

He would have been bored to run about  
simply by himself

\*

Personality began to percolate, as  
it were, into his own

\*

If a pebble got into his  
shoe, it might be unpleasant

\*

be stoically climed

\*

he felt it again in a  
different place

\*

even if the wealth of nature,  
but he took all this fervid  
instruction a little more sullenly,  
had to be pointed to, described,  
thought of at such a moment,  
or invent grounds of sympathy

\*

old perambulator

\*

Pebbles insignificant  
accidents, like certain needs  
of the body



\*

but as to frills

\*

sphere, was, as it, made, of,  
perfectly, (glass

\*

his bent, when he sat in, & beat  
time to measure

\*

anything merely seen or heard

\*

have grown out of, & mixture,  
was an original (though he  
wasn't taught to *pray* them)  
& even to sing a little  
german songs

\*

these lasts were his favorite  
amusements

\*

this was a great thought

\*

or heard remained a picture

\*

once moralized, the orange  
squeezed

\*

deflated pulp

\*

in German, as well as in  
English, or better

\*

& of course it would be  
very wrong

\*

inadequate to frame an  
answer

\*

merely held

\*

It was a vast relief to  
find himself in most  
of the action

\*

well out in the open

\*

A great lunatic asylum  
at his door, but he had  
never visited it

\*

but here was \_\_\_\_ again  
in person

\*

Pride to seem, began, insufficient,  
unnecessary

\*

his bare legs



\*

in spite of strange webs

\*

on deck, already sextant, because  
wider, more unkempt, &  
"being in business" had  
no idea that so young  
a fellow could be as  
old as that

\*

"But I *am* bored."

\*

as disappeared to  
work out his observations

\*

His views might be wrong,  
but at least he had his wits  
about him

\*

but there, too, everything  
made a rumble in his  
head

\*

But Walt Whitman is as  
superficial as Rousseau

\*

home wonderfully

\*

goggles seemed

\*

a thin old man at the  
tiller

\*

"Gad, we're clever"

\*

He is over a hunchback &  
built a Benedictine monastery,  
I used to climb as a boy,  
an enthusiast who has gone  
over to Salem in his old  
family orchard

\*

with woeful results to  
my digestion

\*

These were his moments  
intuition

\*

he seemed to know where  
everything was

\*

hands more quickly than  
ice

\*

\*

\*

\*



## COMPANY LIFE

consummation of impossible sorrows  
 residues of the previous  
     marks  
 as the motion of a glance  
     scatters, as  
 misled, a kind of  
     autumnal (puff  
     quickly rushes  
         for, around  
 only asked  
     makes much of  
 induced memory  
     shouting to  
 amorous  
     double view  
 I've  
     meant to tell you  
 all, this  
     otherwise unrecognizable  
     *encountered*  
         with escalators confining the  
         levels, we  
 overhear over much  
         are, am  
         shattered crystal, blown  
 much as melts  
         & trickles, *I* wish  
         miniaturized in our desires  
 as cubicle follows cubicle  
         next to an out-of-doors

even more interior  
     (too plain  
     a pie, glycemic  
     hope for sudden  
     changes, lifts  
 out or made for  
     clips  
 pen & tie  
     *you* wish...



## SIMPLE PLEASURES

Consolation of way by not is understandable  
 Bogus monotony the far in which territory  
 Limited a only gives global map the on  
 Line red a like political ignored the by  
 Water, territory we and rocks that such  
 Subjects are from and ourselves force of it  
 Parts exclude finally becomes products, capsule  
 Escape more contained a place, extension  
 Massive the because us persuading for account  
 Complete on rely which of some complicates  
 Withstand accredited the traduce our Moscow  
 Will prevent stains no longer, a needs  
 Future, expropriation an of subject the and  
 Recognized might parade whose expectation  
 Think ground to have or do in time  
 And into enter, known without passes  
 Not if I even of depth, eyes  
 As more anything is, are, axis grouped by told  
 Almost chronology evident to say approach sliding  
 Whose hiding be only bare conscience  
 What of delight renounce, choose  
 Neither you or myself, profit what  
 It makes to sound, aloud in my  
 Charity, believing all things, himself  
 Wakeful, sought profit that of seen  
 Grieve faster for faults, together  
 According upon supply what began  
 Point therefore ease, offending  
 Intimidation of means, consist in  
 Representing as something invariable

Removing without killing, as soon that  
 Strength, visible into certain kinds,  
 Work at earnestly forming monuments of  
 Pathos, service encouraged by spectacles  
 Infancy of place, yet in whose dishes  
 Hungered itself wholly, troubled which  
 Awaits all that is needed, occupations  
 Merely flourishes design that renounce all  
 Mystified allotments, accurate to calibrate  
 Salubrious enchantment, missions in weigh  
 Of which recoil at settings, surround  
 Large cement bystanders, irksome commands  
 Regarded—hurled—when this is  
 Carried above, and roars, “By these . . .”  
 So necessity persuades which acquired  
 Eloquence equates—lashes with exposition  
 Laps upon the stage, insights  
 Without peril recalled adequate to majesty  
 Most powerful, not held in result  
 Damaged all by feeling same loss  
 Interred at passion to cross wisdom  
 Neither tanned nor trimmed by  
 Blanks at stare or passion  
 Encircles calm denoting skew in commands  
 Move to hand the mind at once turn  
 By fall is slate, evanescence  
 Cope in utmost luck this awkward  
 Ground saw to make refinements succeed  
 Pastels to bestow an example pampered again  
 Myself of fool prevailed in short  
 Ambition increased given by low  
 Opinion still more compact to told  
 Part sums give pace to quell



Little by asking, hope misplaced  
 Best sought at pasture's fashion  
 Renounce this by itself did gnaw  
 Tide of swell or not in gain  
 Suffice—I too this breath an air  
 More nightly seen, quench and put  
 Off what hands by haste impell  
 Shortly to quake and call  
 Else air frightful cause because sums  
 Part at aging, faction regrets by  
 Daily chord returns to fend  
 Goes damp with hoop replies, disposing  
 Marbled doting stand on rote  
 Repairs what habit's done accedes  
 For chance, routine, displayed or rave with  
 Themselves equal, operate to order in  
 Censoring empty fact, value  
 Which polity withstands, ashamed, what victors  
 Erase, forgotten first forgetting—stylize  
 Holds only one's solitude's mistrust, recovery  
 Simpler, nothing provoke what has at  
 Any interfere, happening, shouts like those  
 To want I do, but changed because  
 We live it's those describe, who turn  
 Showing what winds the tip, visible  
 Dimensions' outer flight, infers in what we  
 Clad, day since the more its much  
 Become completely attachments, similiarity  
 Toward one protected, else stop to  
 Sleep, towards altitude, simply leading  
 Beyond what we've become—mistaken  
 Drafts of inarticulated wants  
 Haphazard against the banners of

Remorse, writ large from hope, downcast and  
 Reassembled, assembling, to which the heart  
 Grows closer still—to hear all this at  
 Time, the smug and listless waits upon  
 While you—



"COME, SHADOW, COME"

return to a shadow  
as slope of mind,  
    veiled air,  
(the way a thought will turn  
    with a gesture in its direction  
    *you are a thing*  
*your voices are unreal*  
    blade, pool,  
    paper, shavings  
its glassiness waving for us



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