

SHADE

Charles Bernstein

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Poem

here.        Forget.  
There are simply tones  
cloudy, breezy  
birds & so on.  
Sit down with it.  
It's time now.  
There is no more natural sight.  
Anyway transform everything  
silence, trees  
commitment, hope  
this thing inside you  
flow, this movement of eyes  
set of        words  
all turns, all grains.  
At night, shift  
comets, "twirling planets,  
suns, bits of illuminated pumice"  
pointing out, in harsh tones  
cancers & careers.  
"Newer Limoges please."  
Pick some value  
mood, idea, type or smell of paper  
iridescent, lackluster  
&, "borne in peach vessels,"  
just think  
"flutter & cling"  
with even heavier sweep  
unassuaged  
which are the things  
of a form, etc  
that inhere.  
Fair adjustment  
becomes space between

crusts of people  
strange, rending:  
a sound of some importance  
diffuses  
"as dark red circles"  
digress, reverberate  
connect, unhook.  
Your clothes, for example  
face, style  
radiate mediocrity  
coily, slipping  
& in how many minutes  
body & consciousness  
deflect, "flame on flare"  
missed purpose.  
Your eyes  
glaze  
thought stumbles, blinded  
speck upon speck  
ruffling edges.  
"But do not be delighted yet."  
The distance positively entrances.  
Take out pad & pen  
crystal cups, velvet ashtray  
with the gentility of easy movement  
evasive, unaccountable  
& puffing signs  
detach, unhinge  
beyond weeds, chill  
with enthusiastic smile  
& new shoes  
"by a crude rotation"  
hang  
a bulk of person  
"ascending", "embodied".

Ballet Russe

Every person has feeling.

It is all the same.

I will travel.

I love nature.

I love motion & dancing.

I did not understand God.

I have made mistakes.

Bad deeds are terrible.

I suffered.

My wife is frightened.

The stock exchange is death.

I am against all drugs.

My scalp is strong & hard.

I like it when it is necessary.

It is a lovely drive.

A branch is not a root.

Handwriting is a lovely thing.

I like tsars & aristocrats.

An aeroplane is useful.

One should permanently help the poor.

My wife wants me to go to Zurich.

Politics are death.

All young men do silly things.

The Spaniards are terrible people because they murder  
bulls.

My wife suffered a great deal because of her mother.

I will tell the whole truth.

I love Russia.

I am nasty.

I am terrified of being locked up & losing my work.

Mental agony *is* a terrible thing.

I pretend to be a very nervous  
man.

of course

my writing

writing

even talking like this

always seems to me perfectly at peace

so that

I was thinking

I don't know

this could be my own you know

this could be sort of the

the source of my crazy hood/ness

that the things that are really valuable don't

so much happen as you experience them

in the actual present

a lot of what I experience

is a sense of space

& vacant space at that

sort of like a stanley kubrick film

sort of a lot of objects floating separately

which I don't particularly feel do anything for me

give me anything

make me feel good

& when I do feel almost best

is when I don't care

whether they make me feel good

whether they have any relation to me

that's a very pleasant

that's a real feeling of value

in the present moment

to just sit & do nothing

& that's what writing is for me a lot

or just sitting

sometimes when I

I sit in my office

with my eyes closed  
on my chair  
& let my mind wander  
there's a certain sense of not caring  
& letting it just go by  
that I like  
& then there is actual relationships  
you know  
sometimes  
touching  
whether it's listening to a piece of music  
or talking to somebody a lot  
being with certain people sometimes  
but a lot of it has to do with memory  
& remembering  
that it was  
it was something  
that somehow the value seems to lie  
historically  
I look back  
& I see things that really do seem  
worthwhile  
& worth it  
& I see how things I am doing now  
become things of worth  
for instance  
the way I behave  
if I try to behave  
well  
decently  
or justly  
or whatever it is  
that we take to be what we judge ourselves by  
when we have a conversation  
& we say

that's fucked & that's not  
whatever we go by in that sense  
I mean  
making that happen  
building that  
it does seem  
you know  
worth  
a value  
funny refreshing  
nice  
wonderful  
or a movie sometimes  
moments  
hours  
days  
months  
& then  
you know  
even years  
& lifetimes  
sure  
but  
something  
in  
the  
actual  
experiencing  
of  
it  
that does seem  
vacant  
in the way a lot  
is vacant  
but



also  
the way  
yeah  
okay  
new mexico  
is  
vacant

St. McC.

graphemic  
hinges  
discourse  
re-ordering  
SIGNS  
of  
*few little*  
whch  
speed &  
wh.  
inter-sentential  
connexions  
there's  
splendid  
"here too"  
in  
*not forced*  
stuff  
the rest of  
*piecemeal*  
spins off  
"ethical"  
intrude  
wiTh tHaT kiNd oF  
schizophallic  
categories  
enfolding  
a proper place  
fix(ist)  
opting for a  
\* \* \* \* \*  
so find

isn't  
TURN  
face to a  
*inevitable*  
picturesque  
baulk  
DESIRE  
tokened by  
topology": the  
se e  
"OR"  
*verfrumsdungseffect*  
autonomous explosions  
*taste* as  
blocks, circling  
like (star), fl. . .m. . .n. . .g . . .  
aire, leap--  
as if we had  
*not gleaned*  
in a "possible"  
vectorate  
these: the  
issued  
, canopy  
as scratch (rune  
potential a  
s. . .n. . .r. . .ty  
*the pull*  
"buckle me"  
with a . . .pAt  
                  "i leap up"  
sights  
"iDeaLLY"  
being (?)  
"happens"

nOt sParTaN

: polish(s) (ed)

11

TO FACE

ou///eg///t///

am (visit, subdue, impulse)

h. . .l. . .r. . .ty

For -----

"as a tree is connected in its  
own roots so a person is  
connected in his/her own self"

touch. Obviously  
what else, meaning  
in comparison, I guess  
complicating things at  
distance. Your life seems  
to let more than  
things, like lovers  
with it, though writing  
caring enough & the  
others of, wondering  
created like: I have  
part of. Gradually  
burden you. What's  
place? I fade like  
but in a small way  
scare me. Otherwise  
images, finite, emptiness  
of living in  
caring about; are  
now, felt, marks  
to need you  
distantly covers it  
exactly; confirm that  
as rejection (or am  
saying (an now  
friends; of each  
being struck  
& all

sounds; "flippance"; seams  
amaze me  
else.       So it  
pass deliberately  
even  
greed": that does  
ease for which  
internalness & possession  
style, the art  
remembrance of  
posing, pretence  
grip nor even  
objects (chairs, faces, mountains  
look at  
optically  
incredible, bitter  
presence  
of this  
wasting away in  
felt emotions. That's what  
I think (must seem  
& it. To time  
that--back in  
just kissing  
but still--to you--become what  
it now, I do  
as rejection, that  
with you  
but put on  
(whatever  
"crush" is  
that I like (you  
always afraid that  
now, exactly, I  
confirm

in the new  
visage of the place  
is, it's more  
by lacking  
depersonalize it  
else, to be alive  
"in love" with  
sleep, fast, &  
hear your  
role.) Anyway  
relationships--so so--we  
you, distantly, when  
wonder at that gap  
in time. Between  
am, since  
& especially acknowledge  
much, but, this  
envy  
"as I'd be"  
lashing at lack  
need you. (I  
another person, everyone, is  
"focused"  
more & more, cling  
--writing, moves, you  
but obviously what's  
as with new kinds of  
which are living with  
relations & rejections  
this--but this  
in a different way  
looks at  
its worth  
& if that's  
over & above

again, here, I  
perhaps tell you  
I want to be trustworthy  
&c  
at, which is  
of how things really  
(not in my fashion  
occur  
& are occasionally  
as well as usual  
details in touch  
make me  
feel your sense of  
things  
whirling in response  
isolate  
listless, finally  
in a characteristic way  
its colors  
transformed into vacancy  
floating, airy  
like a long time  
unintimidated, unconditioned  
you, those  
for my part  
persons (view of  
grading importances  
up, lately  
as you  
sad: completely  
feel like  
parts  
at it always  
life; got  
of truncated



alternatives  
still holds  
as it says  
months:  
governs  
things, necessarily  
you, your  
bring it on  
mean its  
complication  
at  
tangles  
as truth  
used  
or easily  
thought  
of, yet  
other persons  
spoke, real, reason  
a line. Left after  
mystification & confusion  
shifting responsibilities  
"fluctuating" as you say  
to) get  
this kind of  
continual missing  
self-doubt, infatuation  
stripped, down  
& afraid, for instance  
(gasps, what's  
to say  
"I should say"  
& you, you  
I feel (whether or not  
is lost

up against  
these lines  
jags  
for someone, to hear from  
shapes me  
'so that I will exist'  
strange, the power  
not in my fear  
draws their meaning  
all this. I  
& that's  
motion, the sight of birds  
an externalization, all moving  
as I have  
not cloud, haze, or sadness  
you, I  
& speed with  
in a way this whole  
restores my balance  
becomes reason  
I was thinking  
of rooms, inhabiting  
& my friends  
around  
I always  
the continual problem  
of having done 'this'  
seems to just  
be, yet  
telling you  
wakes me.

\*\*\*

& the tea cup

aerates  
to the clicking radiator  
"all pseudo-breaths"  
smile, in perfect  
nervous energy  
of the recognition, obelisks  
that blankly  
fill our  
pockets)  
stencils of misprision  
sharpen, convexly  
& promised  
sticks  
as if  
it, in that  
way (person  
saw that  
there, I  
kept (& yet  
seemed, it became  
so  
persons to  
(enough  
fixed, immobile  
am here  
at an  
know (especially  
with. Somehow  
above that  
come. In this  
which pulls  
& say whatever, without  
as now  
for me, it makes  
pale

"what has  
in me  
sunny, clear  
loose & even  
rusty  
chatting, "please  
to put on a  
(as you say  
good appearance  
lonely & scared  
but see under  
(since  
this, then  
best as can  
which is, so  
"words, ashes"  
meetings, beings  
time--(all  
in this, only  
saying it, that  
emptiness, dragged  
the distance  
sounded sad  
an aberration  
vanished  
by looming  
powerless. (At  
front (i.e. your  
as if I  
out (an  
weight, which  
it then becomes  
you?) you certainly  
as much because  
note, saw

& me off  
there--but  
talked of  
now (just  
fuzzy  
days, &  
remembering  
feeling that placelessness  
all around  
personalities, friends, a place to live  
I think we  
anyway  
measure of  
other. You  
mean--that is  
want  
(at least  
some physical (ie present  
aspect to it  
visits, sometimes  
see, touch, taste  
is, with  
eyes) desires  
what they must feel  
& not let  
intensely, deeply  
"too chill to spell"  
be held  
primarily  
a kind of strength  
frightens  
one for each moment  
conviction (don't  
luminance, brilliance  
--you can't deny it--

come  
before I go crazy  
of objects  
where, here, in this  
suddenly stands erect  
with wanting  
is the 'there'  
rejection, love  
it  
by its nature  
asserts  
it sees  
as fork a fork  
& a bully  
completely)--in other words:  
a strange moment  
& try to get inside that  
(you can't completely  
to take seriously  
(sensationally, ironically  
& pick up dish & chair  
& through all of it  
miss you  
only that  
but not quite  
(I know sometime  
you will explain, it's  
to break  
through this  
& show how  
it's happening  
in each phrase  
that I  
can't hold you  
look, in your

eyes, even  
& my fantasy always is  
but  
if I could  
would have no words  
& yet sometimes  
it seems  
(I'm not saying  
for me either  
& beside that  
coming, dealing  
clinging, wondering  
I just wish  
sometimes  
that we all  
don't have to be  
so caught up  
yet, what, cut  
out all this  
confusion, complication  
& really, what  
is it  
projection scares me  
(simplicity  
undisrupted, as if  
need, that thing  
"like they will  
hurt so much  
turn, & recalling  
to satisfy  
draw in, so  
inside  
belonging, & not  
wanting  
(I look everyday

as if the actuality  
mythological, conceptual  
taken just as that  
cuts, edged  
to get  
at it  
as much & more  
this misses--  
as whiff of air  
shocks the senses, remembering  
what it was  
submerged  
as that  
enclosed, anxious  
contemplation of  
what, with



It's up, up

I skate across, feel skittish

"there are limits to what I can put up with"

keep it here

study, assuage,

hold, slips

a slippage

automatic, recurrent

grows typical, unworldly:

"voice, accent, manner, face, mind"

look, sound, purpose.

We insist formally on several elements.

Truth, false starts, fresh starts

"slow speed & heavy

reason"

to my lot,

fell/

#23

seems, finally  
it's there  
& yet you're  
exactly where  
the peering  
tangible  
seems  
after all  
a splint  
which is  
looking to catch  
what, I  
say--here?  
eases the  
(really...  
not so  
new a place  
we don't  
by, are  
it hardly  
anticipates

a pack of  
time's  
buzzing, "maybe...  
or do that  
of a well as

The Bean Field

itself, with all  
& cannot possibly  
a few pulls  
as for a  
the bell, there  
on fire, --or  
deep, suck, &  
deliberately, to front  
the day is  
an--to a  
in us: by  
profaned, an hour  
so poor an  
slumbering? They are  
all, by dead  
error & clot  
stripped. Up comes  
as if this  
nostrils, (what kind  
ends! If the  
fodder & harness  
for that a  
wrought. That some  
Boston by so  
these bolts will  
yet interferes it  
all news, as  
in the orbit  
to seat all  
huge & lumbering  
blots. Every path  
reefs & Indian

husks, old junk  
blush? With which  
sand cherry, blueberry  
that alluvium that  
called, is gossip  
legs; pine-cones  
whizzing sound, hewn  
beholds it; going  
oxen, as if  
too, is gone  
they sang it  
hags! Yet I  
gelatinous mildewy tether  
hissing of urn  
screech-owl or  
this vast. Range  
too. Thought it  
am conscious of  
out, I sat  
pitch pane across  
"I should think  
a point in  
way? This which  
of space is  
legs, congregate, but  
to issue, as  
its roots in  
is called a  
view of it  
this. Not rays  
never got fair  
well; I was  
occasions. In fact  
distraction. Nearest to  
as an abandoned

in a sane  
have hired, with  
consequences; & all  
me, which, as  
is always alone  
itself. What company  
& fringed it  
together, cheek by  
precisely these objects

is like a

is a

its its

one has a conception

looks

wants somehow

stares at

that it

some kind

of

who is not a part

allowing for

and yourself

that they be there

that they somehow

are in

everything one must

that that

one has to

I mean its

tremendous

its a very

Kiff-Kiff

I climb  
out the window  
sending thoughts  
(could!  
as paper wrapped  
in tiles  
separate meanings  
clasp  
day sinks, busily  
screen flickers  
"all noisy"  
fixing biochemical  
stream of  
panic, watch  
looms, buzz  
& its  
"two timing"  
bogs  
string pop on  
second fiddle  
(get so  
tire of (it  
"bottom  
broke plumbs thru---"  
stops on  
off 'll  
carelessness  
wanting what  
rarely digest

“Take then, these. . .”

Take then these nail & boards  
which seams to lay me down  
in perfect semblance  
of the recognition, obelisks  
that here contain my pomp

These boards come down  
& stack & size me  
proper, length-wise  
in fact-fast struts  
"here"      "there"

Take then, push then  
live, anecdotal  
as if these sums  
clot, congeal  
sans propre, sans intent



Soul Under

wall," as  
so to  
spoil (they)  
hideous poverty  
this, the  
emotions of  
thought, accordingly  
disease:  
an the  
*basis that*  
"poverty" be  
impossible--(realized  
good? and  
people who  
(up) unhealthy  
a night's  
bread-for-alms  
is immoral  
studies the  
*spectacle*  
a hundred thousand  
("if a frost come")  
night's un-  
(its) proper  
develop a certain  
sphere  
congenial to ?  
culture--a  
charm of speech  
"but it's. . ."  
him, crushes  
or refinement in culture

have not  
duties, statements, virtue  
protest: is  
"of most disobedient  
amongst *property*  
(who) is  
unthrifty, a  
even; when  
of certain "agitations"  
acquiese  
& happiness ?  
I hardly think  
with what  
"antideluvian" asked  
it's far finer (. . .)  
(less dependant)  
way(s) . . . under  
socialism--I  
am such  
as changes  
debarred  
in a  
"community"  
called "ours"  
buts how  
busy *itself*  
will love  
with others  
"so well known"  
who resists  
*in fiction*  
"us" "all"  
"like", "as"  
not harm you  
Jesus!, what

sordid preoccupations  
these cloak  
perennial petulance  
, alter the (a) man,  
*person* is  
(says)  
SHORT  
up, come  
be very great  
. . . can . . .  
"be at peace"  
in the ordinary sense  
judge them  
("let the dead bury the. . .")  
all imitation  
are, is failures  
high hope  
once foundered  
on wracked  
ships  
(probably think of)  
"occasional occurrence"  
mandated by  
"grumpy today"  
which will not  
organize  
along a  
habitable path  
which I hear  
is extremely indulgent  
(it may be asked)  
"any interest"  
with sufficiency  
is always  
sprung loose:

property punishes  
of that kind  
alone, "people want . . ."  
ceases to  
fact a tire  
we have  
"solely by his own"  
consequence  
delighted under

of a sort  
to this not yet  
of it. And with a

an inch. In such  
penetration, con-  
& present? "Present"--

meaning--for most things---  
authority. Only outs.  
The very smell of

weather, the sound  
exact look  
of light of air

the flower. By  
stamped, empty  
is. Nothing extra

for the old  
composed & so  
crystal, ash. As

"bitter orange  
with one segment"  
clear. Unclear

Here. Explains  
a fear I  
edge on

of course--felt  
the screen. No  
you bump your

edifice  
it is: unseen  
that sounds

NUDGE

whatever was with  
which it as  
play, sloping  
perhaps a  
(an) bankment  
who took the  
"money, honey"  
have felt it  
here, which  
makes me  
I suppose  
support  
a lacquered  
room where  
bed, steel  
(plane)  
maybe--w/ o  
singleness  
might replace  
a missed  
purpose. I stare  
ahead & a  
multiple of  
kids  
rely on various  
eels  
, while saying:  
everybody  
's done *that*  
spatters  
over various  
*incident*

which words  
don't define  
to an appointed  
scene, the act  
also  
sways with  
variety packs  
pointing (again)  
at marginalia  
fit for a  
(only)  
*I* guess  
but the  
skirting about  
on an  
roller poly  
"marry me, won't you?"  
at glass  
RELAX  
toward 3 star  
show cause  
in which  
everything that's  
bound to  
press, why  
go on  
turning  
like a irradient  
delay  
altogether  
too fearsome  
having had times  
to give an  
*quick!*  
runs over:

"Madame, si  
vous voudrez. . ."  
alarmingly  
universal &  
then  
switching  
at various  
intersections  
to a gooey  
*dearth of lemons*  
brokes  
over this ?  
several barriers--  
"I have travelled with"  
makes an offer  
which I then can  
propose to  
("forget about. . .")  
standing in a  
nylon visage  
that gets more than it  
(as as been told)  
*spacious breathing*



Dodgem

the naturally enfolded

erases

each. . .of. . .of. . .

"some

opens & our

brought luck

place, before

cash. The

I

live. . .

too!

my hand

clarifies

(hangs up

universe--we

portend

at

really

a point to

(commodes, lemons

the ends TOSSES

even, while

and, an, up

slides

((sw00p)

, have future,

etc.--all

oration (i'll

WINDOWS

WHACK

it

us/of

shade

& usually "snowbuff"

pours

(it

just

sWell

n roll

excluding spheres

here, when

*anything*

out (of) hand

them hard

lacks to woo

as a.

. . is. . .

sOUnds

a wall an

antique edge

WHOLE THING

needless, hunches

eyes, brows. . .

*patches* sky

Long Trails of Cars  
Returning from the Beach

I saw the power  
of the word in  
legend. Cast  
shadows & I hid  
under, lasting,  
crevices making  
jetty markers  
stretching out  
to sea. An  
infinite strip,  
lengths landscaped  
against a red  
sun, might  
in any case be  
lustrous. The experience  
of the citation,  
I find myself  
in, a book  
popping up & getting  
out, searches  
for its last  
exposure. You  
get up. You  
want to. The  
day begins much  
like any other,  
the sky mists,  
a pale obscurity  
fogs, sustenance  
consists, breaks  
signs against  
rocks. Support

mechanisms in which  
dirt--field,  
soft--is  
sustained propping  
up a checkerboard  
of items, products  
then, as if for  
itself could be  
a fashion of  
holding back.  
We gain nothing.  
"For nothing is  
disguised."  
Long trails of  
cars returning  
from the beach;  
a congestion of  
sand, fume,  
desire.  
Packed by the interest  
that a particular  
pollution will  
give way to  
some more sensible  
sight. It continues,  
the wire pops from  
underneath the road,  
the tunnel backs up  
far into New Jersey.  
An idea of green  
that keeps  
going. Excruciating  
in the habiting  
of a space you  
can't move within,

defined specifically  
with an intention  
to give up use  
for whatever length  
of time can  
be sustained.  
Which means  
preconceived--  
this annoyance  
that you get it  
wrong that jerks  
through us.  
"Person makes coercion"  
as if by force  
a certainty can  
be achieved.  
These gaps jump  
too far, a fetid  
decay of smoldering  
ideas stacked up  
like dead newspapers  
hoarded for a  
conviction that  
there was a  
past, that  
something previous,  
prior to,  
the day before the  
day before, was  
nonetheless at sometime  
news, it's weather,  
a movement of  
press that  
overtakes us,  
in which we

are cradled.

I ask for this  
memory--not  
to think. Breaks  
apart. Let's be  
an order.

Sinks into--is it  
only a folding?---  
with which enthusiasm  
realizes several  
glimpses. Motion  
to make a glance.  
An array of -----  
pass by--is  
constantly for the  
reaching. Makes  
plain a hungering  
for a place  
within that  
neighborliness  
always just  
outside our  
own. A mutual  
exclusion.  
Standing at  
the beach &  
Peter allowing  
the cameras  
to snap.