





STANZAS  
FOR  
AN  
EVENING  
OUT

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CURTIS FAYTLE  
Poems 1968-1977

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1977

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STANZAS  
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To Merry



STANZA  
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Second Generation

"Her face had an extraordinary sweetness  
combined with a Mongolian beauty of bone."

—Cyril Connolly

You're new around here  
We'll have a float  
Aren't you  
That glove compartment's  
Got Something  
In store for you

I mean well  
But I don't act like it  
You'll know me  
I have an air about me  
"Something special"

Came to the city  
(No reason)  
Went "back" to the country  
Mind hovering?  
You're halfway there  
(Heaven)

A little girl is crying  
Down the street  
She may cry all afternoon  
She enjoys it  
So much

People wear life-preservers  
And sleep in parachutes  
But the stickers  
Are really "Hell"

These winding turns  
Above the royal palms' "line"  
Please the owners  
Of small (strange) Dutch  
Cars

You know  
You have  
Experience  
At your fingertips (advice)  
And that is your history  
Of costume

Take a spin  
Take me for a whirl  
(Whirling)  
Gulp speeches  
To the attentive one

Something casual  
And nearly invisible  
Until  
Its moment "arises"

## Columbian Blue

Putting the toy sailboat together was Sunday's job—  
The Hardy Boys rolled up their sleeves, saying "Cleora  
Will really appreciate this" and glued  
The slats of blond balsa neatly in place. It's that greenhouse  
Era, German teenagers with too much time on their hands,  
So rockets shoot up, murdering the neighbor cat.  
In those days I still believed in prose, like  
A telescope receding inexorably into my past.  
A thin coat of water-sealer, then two coats of  
Bleeding enamel, and the thing is sea-worthy.

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Stanzas For An Evening Out

Cone, Victorian, sprouts, palms  
Make "equatorial" the drab  
Scape of stacks and trucks  
Walk, wink, flutter, think  
Of four white ladies picking daisies  
Sky loves a rose, sucked through  
Airy and porous, what sinks seems dull  
Meander my meaning, my mane  
The stone-bound lions  
Of public buildings, privy me

Cold pink dusk sky  
Dropped feeling, 2 cubes of ice  
In a Campari, green the trees  
Swish clean in a delicately  
Papered whirlwind  
Cats go crazy in, like toys  
Of time the mind muddles  
Make murky the birds' bath  
Their sandy wings flash black

Quick forces flicker, sap thickens  
"Kitchen" speech, domesticate  
Flakes, roots, gut and sing  
I mother my heart and hear  
From hum comes honey  
Taste crust and roll luxury out  
Like a rug, let it, lariat,  
Wear blue, rodeo, associate  
With those whose guilelessness beguiles

Plaits would be creamier  
Delight as "dashed" on the rocks  
As ever, weekend of weekends  
Have we mementoes of our seeming  
To outlast this, drier we  
So gifts get touching, words remote  
Who bends to loosen, stays  
In rooms the mind leaves vacant  
Moon evident, its scudding

Throughout your pleasant fickle, reprise  
I lay me down in deep forgetful  
Swoons, passion kisses languor  
On the mouth, a wild-flower  
Droops, oops  
Showy yellow by the bed  
Often little pauses deepen  
Into perfectability, rubbing to shine  
A moment's clarity, a razor

If grief takes toll, suppose  
Your merest whim were spectral  
Ramifying wordless through all  
My acts, high-tempered  
Cakewalk, superfluous, methodical  
Eye that slows when love  
Simply happens, surprise  
You pose in thoughts well chosen  
But hearken to the thunder

Light repose from the day's sway  
Longing, schedules mesh  
Daredevil prerogatives conceived  
That's easy, sweet  
Entice begs protection, not  
Instilling constant care  
Old-fashioned, hang it  
To admit pretense  
Yet ritualize these gestures alike

Poem

However one construe  
the native tongue  
in flowing head-dress  
or eloquent lace  
it assumes the gestures  
of another universe  
blown  
through the next galaxy  
with the rest of the gases  
with flawless grief  
as an aftermath  
like the lone horse  
in Custer's Last Stand  
in rock which yearns  
and agonizes  
for viable formation  
a dickens of a leap  
for the mind to make  
after so many  
on the wide plain  
of your expansive view.

Olympia

I have been threatened but am hopeful  
A little fear  
But not the spirit of the colors.  
Should a boy grow up to remember ancestors  
They will not help him.  
On through the wilderness and breakfast  
Glistening egg of forestry  
Do I really depend upon a four wheel speed?  
Sometimes perhaps energy  
Is headlong, always headlong.

The repeating boys on the firing range  
Care for careers and majesty  
Such "trashy sunsets"—a little hurt.  
I am cold towards the new allotment  
I have been accustomed to this before  
Treatment for this  
Crumbs on the table and I have won  
The balloon the soccer ball  
Truly international, voiceless, extinct.

Poem (on purple paper)

I think movingly  
of your smiling, of the contraction of lips  
kissing, hesitant  
at first  
then pressed  
against lavender  
like that  
which eyes receive  
under the violet sun.  
Oceans at night, your  
breathing, as a child  
talking softly  
himself to sleep.  
Small hotels  
surrounded by  
sand & mist  
do not sleep.  
A smile in the dark  
one only senses, glowing  
the breeze  
in the curtains  
warm, in June.

A Light Jaunt

Any day now  
the right kind of person  
will be thinking  
of you, strolling into your *purviews*,  
as down blind avenues of elms,  
*someone sold the kingdom for a song*  
and never came to collect the bill,

thus was such seclusion theirs  
that none could foster any disillusion under the sun  
nor smile without thinking of the myth  
that died when they took the trees away  
and built the fabled cottage  
with the blue quilt from Finland on the bed.

February 26

Sun bends around the edge  
of the building where  
the dog dozes. February  
sunlight—mostly it  
just bites and  
runs, little enough  
to uncover an arm for,  
it heralds a motley  
throng of oddly-  
“appointed” spooks like  
yourself, and every  
one charming in his  
or her own way and  
you would, wouldn't you  
stand behind that it  
the event of the possibility?  
Well, no, but who cares,  
barring the unexpected—  
or, rather, not (“it's  
healthy”)—if we were  
*meant* to enjoy ourselves  
then we should.  
Or in what ways we  
choose to say—“I'm nicely  
wrapped in a face  
that knows”—as we  
match at random  
the pieces to a puzzle  
we shall not ever see  
completely the reason  
of. We *are* hopeless,

aren't we, and un-  
seasonably happy. It is  
our secret strategy against  
Spring's unkept promises.

Approaching Zelda Five

The lobe be atomized.  
The lady—hoops twirling—shifts speed as—  
spiralling the mountainside  
like boy on bike, some bright day, winning plaudits  
for 'indicating red'—a throb in the neck of my dream  
conjuring a long-lost cap—she lifts into clouds and tremors . . .

An obtuse elbow, by chance hers, stuck  
through this thin wall of seeming . . . Perhaps  
she will never be harsh, just *pocourante*  
as the chimney rises into a sky without snow—  
*her* snow, naturally, *her* muffled anxieties  
a perfect buoyancy masking grief or "don't break my  
trance, baby" a shade dreamy, even for her.

Poem

I'm not alone I'm just the only one still awake  
It is drizzling down on the heads of the sparrows  
How odd to be sitting inside something you've made  
Just sitting and talking  
The four white walls bow to me  
I get up to get a banana but they are too green yet  
All the way from green Panama or someplace  
On cool storage freighters  
"Across The Sea" & "Just For Me"  
Memories are floating up to the surface  
As I gaze into the pool of melancholy  
I think a little bit about my stepfather  
Sporting white bucks in Buenos Aires in 1925  
And I think a little bit about figs  
The kind I used to step on barefoot when I was a boy  
I listen to the rain make corrugation sounds in the hollow drain pipe  
The rhythm so strangely syncopated and other-worldly  
Transported to a distant place  
Far from here  
Where the soft rain is making a mulch of the earth  
And sleep is a kind of slow run towards Summer

### Sophomore Jinx

A light breeze settles over the strawberries  
as day begins in earnest  
I've got to be sure I'm right  
like the thump of coconuts  
on a cardboard box  
the feeling precedes the thought  
and gives it a push  
into the blue  
a sudden show of affection  
a perfect diet  
squeezing through the sliding doors  
shivering as the words take wing.

### Red Hat-Rack

I think a lot near my  
red hat-rack. It's  
stimulating, like many things  
it lends itself well to  
the mind as a sort of tether,  
which, as a good image, is  
an easy way to anchor yourself,  
without even having to find  
some 20-dollar correlative for  
random thoughts, however  
lofty they may be, even when  
there is nothing at all you  
can think of, to say.

A Postcard

La Samaritaine  
in crimson robes, middle-aged  
breasts below transverse

flesh-tones, turn of the century  
a toe, Thurber & White  
New York muggy between the wars

between your toes  
is it cool, sand, water, a shower  
by the sea off Aptos

red fish dragged from the Red Sea  
blue blue plane wings  
with Arab hijackers sweating

between the stars, a formless projectile  
a cool night wind on a summer farm  
the grasshoppers and the reeds

dreaming I am here, wish it were you  
whoever *you* was, you were singing  
*Havana Moon* by Chuck Berry

about 1961, the barber was cleaning  
his hands, the foam was hot, you  
were young, had not moved to the city.

Song

I would go out to play basketball  
in the rain, my face wet, surging up  
into the cones of cold drops  
for a lay-up,  
the ball  
skinning its water  
when thrown  
and spun off the court  
to be chased down the street into Oakland, the sea

to be tossed there by black hands  
as in water a ball  
is handled with such agility it takes  
on a new velocity,  
of its own.

## March Wind

March wind  
socks billows  
into laundry—  
the resilient sky  
bolted into place  
(since wax went  
on the bumper)  
fills with swimming  
summery drops on  
windshields &  
dogs shaking  
throw shivers of  
excitement through  
two two-year-olds  
sampling sand.  
Popsicles sweeten  
up the sidewalk  
around the corner  
grocery (a hold-  
out for higher  
prices) while woolly  
white tennis-buffs  
"go blind" for a  
sky ball & someone  
sticks a trombone  
out a third-story  
window & HONKS!

## Song

I was walking downhill when you saw me  
and from such a great height  
my mouth was open

like a rock  
through what double-window  
did the curtain blow

white & flying  
that's what I feel like today  
with my collar flapping in the wind

from down here your head is majestic  
stop posing for a moment in your imagination  
kiss me!

Album-Leaf

The mind treads lightly in the dark  
there (where care is placed)  
like our TV is always *on*  
even if turned "off"  
you will understand  
my various ways  
to him who may  
in darkness seek  
you never see yourself  
as others see you  
slightly lopsided  
and self-contained  
i.e., I thought of the dairy  
and the cows were suddenly "there."

Calloway

I have grown long  
accustomed  
to your grace  
but no less charmed  
for that

I want your nuances  
to remain  
among the platitudes  
and paper  
hysteria of the day

A warm glow surrounds  
the hamburger hut  
and the rain  
"ices" the pavement  
for the sake of...

I'll dry my towel  
here... then I'll  
flim-flam man  
make contact  
with your temperatures

## Oblique

You come towards me  
a light  
bobbing  
off-center  
swinging yr hips  
in random leisure  
raised  
to your full height  
by perfect outlook  
an orange sweater  
it compliments  
denim  
a being fragile  
young  
to touch  
in the shade  
of my concern.

## Parabola

Going down the coast  
on a misty day  
orange blobs on a green field  
are pumpkins among artichokes  
the beach is dirty  
the people are sloppy  
pencilling in the various shapes  
as they lie  
discarded or neglected  
I haven't the faith  
to project their  
pale images  
through time

This morning got up saw

THE WHITE GEESE

IN THE WHITE GRASS

then went back to sleep.

Prism

This girl I'm seeing is sexier than a Paris drugstore.  
She shines, flashes, keeps the shapes moving *out*  
*front* while the sun burns off the outer coating of  
the "chic." The simple hexagonal wood pencil,  
manufactured in the sky, lights up her day. At  
breaktime she pours energy into the textile factory.  
She walks into a room whose chrome and mirror sur-  
faces distort and multiply her image into a thousand  
warring angles, cut out and pasted up by noon.

To The Mannerists

I am moved to tell you what I mean  
never knowing more than I have to  
"say yes to love"  
should it break  
upon a spangle of rock music  
and twist

these were the sweet 60's  
and they soften  
under the hard scrutiny

I am hot  
and falling through a space my  
energy has made for me  
whenever I flow I wonder  
is it the feminine in me  
that's domestic

we ride and speak brightly  
because we are propped up  
like dolls in the sun  
—I mean it is *your* grace I imagine

taking me away  
like a list of  
my favorite people  
or what I meant to say  
leaves me empty, uncaring and

relieved (not that!)  
or singled out because I'm speaking

when no one else is.

## Wish

If a body  
sigh  
dreamily  
or expect the sky  
to mirror  
feelings  
only just released . . .

then  
do as you please  
throw away  
your skate key  
and blend  
with the crowd

meet those  
feelings  
midway  
between  
the heart's  
blind insistence  
and the  
mind's  
swift  
derision.

## Aubade

Light  
tousle of damp hair  
on the forehead  
blur of leaf  
and yellow sprinkling  
of sun across the  
window-sill—real  
butter ; crisp  
sweet and toasted  
at the edge  
warming up around  
the wrists  
they creak slightly  
and the eyes  
rust ; solid  
functional wooden  
cupboard from which  
a dishtowel, red stripe  
at each end, tumbles  
into the light,  
the rub of it  
over wheezy nose ;  
sloshing mouth  
and bowl spinning  
noises, the  
toilet ; the tulips  
beside the garbage cans,  
even a black one,  
coffee-grounds and  
grapefruit rinds

mixed nicely with  
cinnamon and  
aluminum pop-top  
cans, a dozen;  
oatmeal flesh numb  
but horny, errands  
that keep us  
apart; salty  
shoulder, the  
*grovel* of steamrollers  
rolling sunlight  
over the asphalt or  
a yellow streetcleaner  
with giant brushes  
that rinse; the nightlight  
forgotten until noon,  
swapping curtains  
for bathrobes or a  
"blush"-towel, blue  
yellow or seagreen;  
delicate crush  
of cellophane or packed  
lunchbags; cold  
gold ring, the first  
thing, reaching over the  
bed, the clock full  
of water or dripping  
with darkness; the grass  
knifing up through  
leaves face-down, birds  
looking worried but  
proud, a little frenetic,

bobbing; first  
swish of vehicles over  
the breathing roads,  
coughing motors, scattering  
at crossroads; wall  
of white tiles or  
pills dissolving on  
the tongue; wobble of  
dripping milk cartons,  
soft torn webs  
behind the eyes and  
brassiness like a  
bit behind the tongue;  
shuddering whistle  
blowing the top  
off a factory or  
grammar school; fatigue  
like planned  
obsolescence in the  
marrow—built-in  
bone-dry or allergic  
to the clouds  
in the sky; iris wide-eyed  
but coy in its bed;  
sap returning like air  
to a butterfly's  
wings, slowly opening  
and closing like first  
breath; tropical vine  
drooping like an eyelid  
under the eaves, one  
side of the house

still asleep in the shade,  
bricks slanting  
out of the ground  
wet from brittle snails;  
the doorknob befuddling  
in its simplicity,  
the door a blank; moths  
flapping like bats  
from mouths held open  
with toothpicks; un-  
foldable newspaper with  
totalitarian BOLDFACE;  
chainsaws bawling  
over the bark;  
yawns steep as mines  
or wells with  
shaggy moss; the stranded  
frog splashed in the  
street, cats  
sniffing it; unplugged a  
cork in the ear  
floats away, a fly  
stuck to the wall, drugged;  
soap streams  
and squeaks, a dull  
razor in the trash;  
white foam cool  
and stiff, hushed-  
up; combing the sparks  
from my hair, that  
bright blue arc  
beside the switch in the

hallway; and then  
a record, something  
spiny like Scarlatti  
or heavy and driving like  
the *Stones*; that lush  
static off the diamond  
scratching plastic;  
paint chipped, blistered  
peeling or powdered,  
white siding shutterless,  
roomfuls of night, eating  
it up; putting out  
flames right from the fore-  
head, a cock, crowing  
from God knows where, dirty  
and well-laid  
scratching up fire  
from hard earth; probably  
not possible, I didn't  
go to sleep, sat up all  
night and just  
to say it a little differently,  
washed-out and touchy  
a whole day ahead  
of me.

Aqua

Paula's  
golden  
brown

body  
emerges  
from the

blue water  
heavier  
than air.

California Coast

The anemone opens—  
all its pink wavering  
petals dangle upwards  
into the swaying tide-  
pool it occupies—  
putting your  
finger inside it  
those cilia trigger  
inward, involving  
darkness (a tooth?)  
and the sucking  
so natural it  
almost loves you.  
Still, the finger is  
afraid, the mind draws  
back, aware now of  
the small black crab  
hedging sideways toward  
the camouflage of rock.

Air France

huge clouds are moving  
dark as the sea  
a circulating mass  
eddies appear  
people begin to vanish

Fall: Berkeley

Night murmurs with lemon-scented bushes flowering between  
two white stucco apartment houses,  
Moroccan almost, & (naturally) exotic red tile roofs slanting  
feel different because of the so-blue  
Stars, *novas*, I think, & all their wintry promise. You can  
smell the ocean here, like a long luminous  
Tendril reaching all the way back into its inner chamber, like  
a snail, as small & pure as a pearl,  
Or a drop of dew condensed on a bicycle handlebar in  
the morning, before the sun stints.

Memory's Monocle

I remember that day—  
“Hey, it's cooler out here,  
come out onto the white  
porch” (white as bees' nests)—  
as transparent as the catydid  
on the morning-glory leaf  
I was watching—checkered  
as the red tablecloth—  
pointing the garden hose  
straight up so the green  
drops thudded softly  
all around me—as I put  
the typewriter on the table  
in the screened-in porch  
and wrote something I can't  
recall now—just as this,  
set between that time  
and the present like a prism,  
bending the light of  
that day into the future,  
comes into focus—  
leaving the one yellow *spot*  
in the middle of the lawn  
or the hole the sun burned  
through the paper.

*Spirited*

A quickness, a  
rush really  
as you rub your-  
self all goose  
pimply & pink  
after a brisk  
morning bath—  
tight-assed as  
a Puritan without  
the gloating—  
dapple-eyed as  
a “new-born calf”  
licked clean by  
a rough tongue  
of motherly over-  
protectiveness  
(*down boy*) &  
literally  
cringing as they—  
the USSR State  
Military Band—  
give a stirring  
rendition of a  
long neglected  
but indisputably  
stern MARCH, by  
Prokofiev. Sergei,  
how could you?

## Capitola

50 miles south  
of San Francisco  
along the Coastal  
Highway

small "resort town"  
now obsolete as  
Santa Cruz suburban sprawl  
creeps oceanward, its  
tentacles—

a fallen-down  
"water-front" boardwalk  
with shuttered skating-rink  
two arcades (completely  
empty) & a pink & white  
soda shop, trash blowing  
through both ends

spent two weeks here  
17 years ago  
with daughter of friends  
(of parents) name of "Bunny"  
the house is still standing  
& the second story  
room where I slept  
to the sound of the waves

## Rainbow

open

the woman

where the mind flowers

over Nebraska

the horses, rocks in the cliff

forefathers

Another Postcard

Éclat! The back of the storm's  
broken—

sun decks  
puddle up bright white  
voluminous clouds  
*shot through* with  
heavenly Renaissance beams  
of imaginative light—

so paste a blue star  
on your forehead &  
trip on down to the  
flea-market—

wow! look at that redhead—

look at the trees—*dizzying*  
doses of breezy dis-  
orientation whirl by  
as loosely wadded balls of  
hot-dog wrappers, a big  
brown paper shopping bag  
tumbling end over  
end over end or a

giant St. Bernard going WHOOFF!  
but in a friendly manner—

balmy Cesnas loop-the-loop,

superfluous sirens pursue  
endless false alarms  
setting off whole  
nursuries of babies-in-carriage,

each with a different pitch—

while high on the hill  
here, plain as day, you can  
see the last white ferryboat  
edge gracefully into the bay  
like a Victorian lady  
floating onto a  
tuffet—

be happy, light-  
headed, it's only for a day.

Poem

I

I am abashed at what others think of me  
become sullen at your indifference  
am seduced into your vision  
have nothing to fear from you  
am without guile  
wish others their best choices  
grow tired of your obsessive habits  
desire to possess your mortal part  
guess your secret stratagems  
lose count  
slur forward not knowing

II

he is my idol. he fakes you out. you  
are jealous. emotions which follow  
the events.  
leave out parts. these relationships  
are not fertile. change will occur  
on time.

III

I buy the book of Russian Fairy Tales for the boy  
we wander the hills in search of soft pillows  
doves coo from separate branches of the same tree  
the curtain rod falls leaving the curtain in a heap  
the air thickens there is a hint of lemon drops  
the sun is swollen with summer desire

## Misty Girders

A golden bottle of Coors  
Two agency girls in sequined swimsuits  
Poolside, some sharks in attendance (body-guards),  
Immaculate stuntmen (castrated ropers),  
Underwater glow, remember Gloria, Holly and the Baron,  
Claim immunity, Wyler's Colossal Flailing Ailerons,  
Fluttering Hearts, cold Suite, French Tel & Tel,  
Pneumatic Memories, Brass Knuckles, bullets  
Rip holes in the Peerless, Running Board Dreams,  
One swallow, Swell, Jimmy, Remy, grab it  
Before it fades, extra dollop, sweet  
Ma, Rev Jenny, Bomb Japs, cold sweats . . .

## The Knife In The Water

(after Polanski)

The object is  
to keep the  
knife between  
the fingers of

the woman  
spreading her  
vast spaces  
*apart* from

rain which  
falls upward  
through the  
sail's arc  
like pick-up sticks

American Poetry

Me & my Dad  
frying bacon  
beside a river,

opening a box of flie  
tied by "old-timers"  
in the 1930's.

Poem

after Ed Ruscha's "Glass Of Milk Falling"

drinking a glass of milk  
looking into space

thinking  
nothing is "in" it

so I am *contained*  
by what I think

## Poem

potatoes in the pot  
tumble & bump

big bubbles  
boil up underneath them

in France  
pigs are used to rout up truffles

when someone leaves  
a rubber ball in your left shoe

it's really disconcerting  
like having a club-foot

in a wet dream  
& you can't come

because you're  
too clumsy

## Ghosts

The wire wheels of the Stutz Bearcat  
when time applied the brakes  
I saw the sensuous manifold  
breathe the fumes of another age.

The National Park Budget

How can anyone go through a whole day  
and not recall anything at one end. Or  
the other. Destructive  
Healthy Bodies. Collide.  
the Pink Car after a rain morning  
push) (sleep  
it's soft you imagine it  
the head weighing  
a million tons  
a Roman Tribute  
in the form of a coin an acoustic panel  
droplet hanging by its own weight  
curious  
cloud speed different sightings  
here go the kids sliding  
come on it's serious the sky  
retribution  
redistribution of scant effects  
a Great Cyclic System  
of Cold Air  
funnelled through  
waterspouts  
air chiselled  
suds  
streaming across shiny hoods  
the girls in their skins why walk  
you could do anything  
the Muddy Detour (it's yellow) you want that  
Distance in the sun, towels, cold

Mediterranean blue  
the Oculist against, what you anticipate  
the nails stand up  
the House  
Movers  
wide on a plain vectors as pointers  
light (blue) cigarettes  
freckled egg  
*shaped like an egg* cameo'd  
Schubert's  
pillows for horses (?) you don't query  
the day-to-day sweet an expostulation  
foreign grimace the expanding impliCations  
a low-flying plane  
in reverse  
turbulence Northern Region ancestry chipperer than  
clean clear through pink (brown?) erasures  
the muscles the team soft, recurring Time  
the shifts in the invention ply I guess  
and do not tarry wing scallop  
a Wild Purchase!

Rhapsody

The fantastic conjunctions of the mind in climax  
Occur at predictable intervals in time  
And build to even greater climaxes  
If allowed to go on unheeded

Approaching the precipice of doom  
Is finally no more luxurious  
Than going down to the beach to see  
The new striped bikinis extending into the horizon  
Where a cloud is ambulating across your viewfinder  
In the blue snapshot of eternity

You know someone is in that snapshot  
It looks like you, almost  
But you see into the torsion of the waves  
Combing the matted hair of the goddess  
Whose mouth is slowly opening and closing  
On the screen that looms above us

For Joseph Wood Krutch

"What grand irregular thunder, thought I, standing  
on my hearth-stone among the Acroceraunian hills."  
—Herman Melville

the dead branch creaks  
in the sky  
and there is an analogue  
finally the women close the shops  
and come home  
the hearth-stones are wedged accordingly  
the words are placed  
and held  
and hum  
at one with all you do  
or say  
in prisons across the wide States  
there are cannon to polish  
off the British  
and send them marching  
to a different drummer  
the Kings of Egypt  
and all that  
blustering  
can deafen you

the ant armies  
in perfect array  
make no sound  
for it is wonder  
that spins the planets  
and makes them quiet  
and matter rests  
within its laws  
and a light rain  
dampens the leaves  
black underneath  
all those trains  
with soot for the Chimney Sweep  
coiled  
like Blake's Serpent  
he's there too  
you could lose  
that touch  
she follows you  
all over the earth  
the desert year

## Korean Blue

The synapses required to type this poem are more complex than the poem itself could possibly be. It has taken years to put the pieces together. There were blockages to be overcome for "jumped" the proximity of the first three letters near one finger requiring reinforcement owing to the resistance of the medium. Motive "motivates"—the imprint a tattoo of Korean Blue.

## Bubble

It was there (in the sky)  
and it hurt  
if too much pressure  
were "applied"  
a surface  
truly resilient  
and strangely painful.

## Equinox

In the eye of summer  
the blind spot.

The baby  
topples  
towards us, dazed  
at all  
the white  
and green vibrating  
around him.

That picture of us  
walking along the beach  
together,  
wearing sunglasses,  
jeans rolled up,  
laughing.

March 12

The China Rose trees  
have done it again—puffs  
of pink pop-corn-sized  
blossoms whose day's  
heyday's already  
a disgrace, half forsaken  
in a single night's  
frost. *Frostie*—  
I'll have one, tonight,  
walking with you is  
always a treat, it's  
already March and  
we're "in our stride"—  
mocking the decrepit  
"superannuated" as  
Cary Grant would say  
slanting off a three-  
quarter profile in  
perfect poise, you favor  
someone else. We  
are, as they say,  
in thick of it,  
aflush, deepening  
in that knowledge of  
poisons we taste  
we savor, O so sweet  
so heady, rich—  
and now the moon has risen—  
a "white and shapeless mass."

After Vallejo

I am the poet of jaundice, of zinc  
I am the poet of fracture

A field of dry hay bursts into flame even before  
I see it. I wince & crack, sarcastic. The bird  
breaks its beak on a stone.

You think the iron rings of zero are proof—I  
melt them through for the Hell of it, I have a  
circus of metal flies. The bean explodes like a  
locomotive. In my heart a gray man is filing down  
jagged sections of RR track.

Oh love, mattress loaded with blanks—dark blank  
face—I want you like a twist of white acid on  
a lemon tree. In the wreck of my limbs I make new  
contortions, drills, pocks of fire...

I may be a crank but it is deathly late.

Bike

The seasons revolve like bright new spokes  
'Beam down, my love, from your heights'

Heading through Nebraska in the blizzard of '07.

Poem

One thing I have learned today is  
The everything is memorable  
With the right background effects

A mauve Volkswagen  
With a copy of "Quotations from Chairman Mao"  
In the back seat  
Its red plastic cover  
Dogearred in a broken shaft of sunlight.

## Adolescent Poem

Nostalgia is another persuasion  
*that's not too flattering!*  
If I am not inscrutable  
I'm not modern either, or  
perhaps I have confused  
my "image." That shadow  
on the wall, my hands never  
used to smell like this.  
Am I sleep-walking into  
a new feeling? Can  
the consequences be foreseen?  
Open the new record, tear  
off the cellophane, it  
won't crumple. I feel  
each corruption like  
a thrill, a "throwback"  
in the language, flexing  
the heart's discontent. The sun  
coming through the glass  
obliquely, like an impure  
attempt. Everything is up  
in the air today. The light  
makes the world simply  
vanish, a dream I love  
to mimic. When I realize  
this I am only half-  
conscious, and the feeling  
is gone.

## The Argument

Given, the speed of marriage may take  
years beyond your ability to give. But then  
what? It dawns on us like jazz, that  
love leaves nothing to be desired—

the music of your just *asking* to be understood,  
that aftermath of gaunt food on the table.  
It might take brains to make love  
but it takes the poem out of me to admit it.

Now look at this frail body—  
it doesn't even qualify for *wishing* for success.  
So I've made a mess of it again.  
Your children, the spoils, come one at a time.

## An Evening Walk

I go out for a walk  
in the night air.  
As cars pass my  
shadow lengthens,  
slides under me  
and bends away.

Trees rustle faintly  
in the wind, a few dry  
leaves drift down  
and softly crash  
on the sidewalk.  
My solitary whistle.

In the dark alleys  
behind the houses  
crickets are filling  
the grass with sound.  
The street sounds  
echo in my mind.

## All Night Poem

Sounds like someone *sawing*  
the house down,  
*sawing* his  
woman in half,  
in the apartment overhead.  
He'll need more fuel soon.

The moon moves closer,  
until it's a mile  
or so overhead.  
In the waterglass small waves  
break against  
the sides, an interesting machine.

## The Sandwich Fountain

Spoiled and disgusted gulls fly out of the eye  
of sarcasm into the necessity of scraps,  
in a veritable biosphere of relevance, soggy bread  
and grit rasping your teeth to chalk.

You love the sea, its serene appliances  
which dot the margin. Each dot  
is a room that travels faster than its occupants  
towards the periphery of the hurricane  
of which you are the center,  
wheeling birds celebrating oblivion  
whose color you are amused to learn is grey.

You fuck to exhaustion.  
You hang the trousers on a rope in the salt breeze.  
The ocean spits at you so you return  
to your room as the walls collapse, corkscrew and all,  
onto the bed. Overhead clouds gather in anger,  
then adjourn to the horizon to prepare for darkness.

Now it is evening and your heart is pumping  
life into this desolate surgery of entertainment  
and flushed with embarrassment  
at the prospect of having to make love photogenic  
and metaphorical, standing in line at her door  
where the stormy sea is no more than itself,  
the pathetic fallacy picking you up  
and putting you down against your wishes  
in the only bed in the world you care to be.

## Summer

The white dress you are wearing  
Almost makes you invisible  
I have to look away  
Towards the grass  
Yellowing like a photograph.

Hoppers the size of pin-heads  
Tap the white sheets of my notebook  
Then disappear into air  
Bright gold flecks.

An airplane causes  
Static on the radio  
Like a kind of amnesia  
Or dark cloud over us—  
The sun an old black graflex.

A magic address on its side  
does not have any sun now.  
The glittering breakfast of nasturtiums  
pushing a china jar to a window  
that held light back and forth in our mouths.

Big bus we are riding, were riding  
anywhere in those hills is a kitchen  
music that was ours, years aside . . .  
When I am at peace I was  
a feathered thing, burning to be  
the wind that will remember my house  
of light, with the numbers  
I cannot see anymore.

Important is lint that makes  
white drawers grey, and dreams  
static from dimes washed dozens  
of ways since the assassination.  
Hillhouse. The story of once  
was found sliding over wood  
floods, creating parallels  
of pages for our lives.

I have always preferred the highest  
view of my place, to make  
it fallible, and new. But always  
the slant of hills turns  
me over. If here is flat

the bay way like that, the city  
of bones giving horizon a distance  
past friends who just disappeared,  
losing themselves to the waves,  
in love with their tunnels pointing down.

Laurette: Clavier

All trust entuned to music merely  
Merry, the thrifty timbre over  
Fine, must needs be  
In desire very lightly levered,  
Felt through fingers sounding metre  
Pads perfection. To deem such  
Frets a model of the muse  
Is a tracing of its fashion, keener  
Than her plumpest fingers sewn awry.

She holds dominion in Scarlatti;  
Her quaint house a quaint  
Resounding box  
Of music inwound, where she  
Will pick a clutter of conviction,  
Of strings she twists without her  
Meddling sisters butting in.

Three Dreamscapes After Marc Chagall

The boy under the table  
was small-fingered. His father  
ascends through the name

fished-for & fleshed.  
He dreamt he had a boy  
in all seriousness

while watching me write.  
He took the pencil from my hand—  
the odor of his hair

of the garden of the world.  
He wrote her a letter. He wrote  
her a letter before

she was old. When only a girl  
she was old. Her wizened eyes  
a spirit, he would have said—

she stole through the wood.  
Their plate of silver, the crown raked  
the green lawn. The flower

drooped. She threw him  
over the house. They kissed & blew  
each other. A child formed

in the water-bubble.  
Make a music of bathing, suds  
burned their lies, haply did

they eye their exchanges.  
Money jangled. He took the pencil  
in his teeth & in his eye.

They danced together  
upon a hill, in Spring. Drove  
a bus up into Nova Scotia and deeper

into her were cones, a valentine  
of bird eggs. They wrote from separate  
rooms. Their love was boiled

or scuttled. Her mother was veined  
his father dead. He dreamed, broke  
the glass leaf, an accident

in his eye.  
Said the boy was in the desk.  
She wore corduroy, legs

crossed in snow, he thought,  
snow-white encased in her mirror  
of asking was a woman. No

purer than that, he thought,  
abstracted. She coiled, a countenance of  
such frozen music.

Ice broke the fields.  
They woke, refreshed.  
The son stirred, a new

breath. Light radiance  
bunched the grape. She crushed  
his lips, he bled

into her grave. Froth  
spun upon wind, white.  
He woke again, & spat.

Water fell.  
A mountain stood  
in the window. He called.

She storied him.  
He called. She answered, faintly.  
A landscape of blunders, they

faint in each other's arms  
From afar she hears him, tugs  
closer & breaks upon him in waves.

## The Days Growing Shorter

- 1) The green grass glitters in the breeze—  
A balsawood glider dips and turns  
against its will . . .
  
- 2) In the harsh, noonday glare  
of mid-July, a young man  
of my age, blind,  
is being led across the street  
by his German Shepherd.  
I have always hated that breed.  
And there is something  
perverse about the *tameness*  
of this one, walking  
calmly into the darkness.
  
- 3) I hear the stone faucet dripping  
as night draws on.  
Trees shiver.  
The sound of a wedding  
dies away like the tinkle of glass  
on the sidewalk.  
The whitewashed houses  
turn blue.  
Moths beat the warm streetlamp.
  
- 4) Darkness enters the mind as memory does,  
imperceptibly. Even the summer,  
in all its prickly yellow  
assaults on the eye and unburned skin

is now only a zoned-in resonance,  
a hand-cupped flutter of wings.  
Under the brow of the porch  
I close my eyes.  
Then I close the doors.  
Soon even the mind itself is still.

Lawrence, Leaving Italy

Crossing the Alps  
in Spring, near the summit

*here*, in the pure light,  
rarified, unearthly,  
the cheap crucifixes had  
weighted the air, darkened it,  
filled it with a "strange  
radiance" in memory.

And as for memory—

blown out—the end of a summer,  
hot wads of cotton,  
bruised petals.

What a comedown.

In the photograph the leaves  
white, without thirst,  
without color—bloodless.

It *is* sad and gloomy  
to travel to France  
out of Italy.  
"It is so."

Small consolation among  
the icicle-eyed Swiss,  
"mechanized" into practical tasks  
like the figures  
of a great cathedral clock.

Salt Lake City

Clarity hurts our eyes.  
In the sun's continual flash  
the world curls back like

brown paper, at the edge  
of experience. We walk down  
the shadowed colonnades

of our lives, wearing  
sunglasses, as if blind.  
Men come out to set up

mirrors along the sidewalk,  
chrome peels away, and we feel  
all that we knew is receding

into the faded lawns of  
summer. Now the thin film  
of memory burns away,

the celluloid wrinkling  
in the heat waves. Unrelieved,  
we long for the cool arms

of automatic machines  
breathing in green motelrooms.  
Going by a drive-in late

at night, we see the images  
of ourselves embrace suddenly  
before they are wrapped

in noiseless foil and thrown  
away. Overhead two plane lights  
blink on and off, passing.

The Boat

1

Fists of water. You name each wedge of light,  
let it wake you. The house splits  
along the seams there, your body a boat  
to it. There is dirt in the egg,  
hard ground. The sheets ask for knives,  
the door for a tooth. Names sink in the stream.

2

Boards cover a face. In the attic  
are mountains. The boat begs to be let  
in, wanting a name. Under the bed  
a pile of dirt, water rising  
in the other room. Near the well voices  
saved and not saved. And not enough string.

3

The well rooted in darkness. You knew  
skin of geese, knives found water  
knotted. Fire shuns water (hissing), the word *floated*  
on the surface, with the slime.  
The soap blue-edged, morning halved.

4

The older houses bound in light.  
Fathers prevent me on the stairway. The vulnerable  
shark, I touch her panic, it is a lake.  
Boards flying to windows, shore light.  
Dawn aborted the boat.  
Oars creak in the house.

5

Each road leads to a room. In the closet  
water, the rudder. The loaf grows  
patches of numbness, fingertips. The blankets (guests)  
want names (rising), and the sleeves. In the  
room, a forest, air. The fake rooms.

The boards want names. So a rope  
holds a boat to shore. The lake is calm  
tonight, she murmurs. He wants to know  
where the road is buried, how  
names bandage things with the invisible.

The door contracts. How light sheds dimension  
on the house, breathing a little flame in.  
How water rings the boat.  
Being shy of wells, you climb dry rungs  
to the boat, and rock. The house contracts  
around you, for you have entered  
it completely, though tethered to *ber*.

## The White Marriage

I rise from the sleep of flesh  
to a white dream of waking: to the  
shins and elbows of light that encumber  
the soft room of the body.

I look out the window but do not believe  
what I see. Winter has arrived, like the inside  
of a blue iceberg. In its still galleries  
we walk as if on reprieve.

Standing on the porch in the morning air  
it is so cold my lungs fill with crushed glass,  
I feel myself close up, as if hibernating  
in the long sleep of indifference.

Smoke is coming out of someone's car.  
The trees stand shrouded in sheets.  
I feel the cold ring of gold on my finger.  
In this world I am married.

Iowa City  
Winter 1970

Elegy: After The Chinese

What do I need to keep writing these poems?  
An open window, sunlight on yellow sheets.  
Rummaging through old papers I discover some adolescent pieces—  
How foolish they are!—nothing, it seems, can be salvaged.  
Moss covers the trunk of the elm. A snail moves up  
The wet stem towards the windowsill. The white wine  
Has evaporated from the glass. A bitter taste comes to my mouth.

Far Inland

In small California towns it is just evening. Fountains  
come on, the grass blackens, the miniature orange  
tree behind the sliding glass door turns, almost  
imperceptibly, towards the first pale moonlight.  
On the Pacific, way out, the waves, anticipating  
the continent, are closing the ring, slow breakers  
rolling up the dark sea mummies, pulling them back  
again, unravelled, as undertow. The cliffs are  
steep at night. Along some deserted stretch of shore  
a large section of land falls into the sea, like a  
vague memory, dissolving. Far inland, a man turns  
over in his sleep.

Knocking on  
the top

floor not  
getting any

younger

I  
hear

huge  
fragments

of music an  
amplified guitar

makes to sound  
like—

trees in the  
wind.

White  
sails

among the  
tulips of  
Holland

on  
windy  
promontories

I wish to  
heaven for

wide berths

## Wooden Horse

to Robert Grenier

Newly cut wood, such as fir, is  
pink. Two-by-fours, for instance,  
or the sound of lumber sliding off  
a flat-truck, clunking.

The letter A.

This is called a scaffolding, and  
you need blueprints, with white lines  
connecting, like a ship's rudder,  
40 feet underwater.

K.

If this were a Mozart sonata the  
development would spread down over  
the green terraces like an army  
in retreat.

O.

For an oval in Arcady—the arrow  
which escapes, fledged, whole  
forests-full, and Diana, fierce in  
Profile.

C.

Your forehead is hard. Put your fist, hard, against it, and you have changed your mind.

Alice.

It was like learning to write. The pencil was gigantic, like a tree, the words were actual pieces of wood.

Swollen.

It was like a recital. Your fingers grew stiff and would not obey—*that* was forgetfulness, the people with throats full of numbers.

E.

How easy this is. You scratch onto the white, apple-white paper, and all is clear.

X.

The farmer's blue overalls are laced at the back this way, and he walks to the barn. He is stubborn, the morning quivers. He is softly wrapped in his dreams. The spider's web is wet.

Y

U

L

E

The log is glowing. A log in a blanket.

G.

These are the building blocks of life. You are clumsy. Your mouth is open, the words are new always, and will not come.

Z.

Holding a live "Z" in my hands. The T-square. The bubble. The pyramid. A head. See Tom run.

V.

The key to thinking is words. Words unlock the brain so you can see.

Stratus.

The view of the sea cuts the horizon into planes like chipped prose.

Nylon.

A helicopter hovers overhead  
dropping a rope-ladder which one  
climbs as the desire for sugar  
grows terrible.

Krunchy.

The girl too. The red  
cloud, the barberpole, the tooth-  
paste squeezed from a tube.

The Drone  
of the Sun.

What is the Sun? The sun is a  
drum. The sun is black toast.

All.

All the words, garbage, Ph.D. Thesis  
poured through a funnel and remolded  
into BIG SIMPLE CRAYONS.

Curtis.

A blank. Someone writes you a letter.  
You open it up and there is one let-  
ter on the page, four inches high.

Winter Kitchen Poem

in the kitchen

“tongues  
of flame”

propane tank out back's  
explosive potential

underneath the furnace  
billows expand

I feel an occasional  
quiver in my frame

as if I were slightly  
fevered

winter horse  
nostril  
spume

*red blue*

Randy's coat  
"Rosebud"

charcoal barns  
etched  
my razor  
red  
flaked

snow

dog

a jolly winter cake!

vapor ascends  
the canopy

lying on the floor  
like heavy mist

"whistling"

what is this  
walked tremor

Alaska

ear muffled stump-  
land, that's Iowa

today—solar fuel  
diminishing for good—  
the people

will not return—  
poets least of all

my wife's domesticated  
Eros

there is no pathos  
in this  
kitchen

drawer

## A Quality

Thought: in the "gaseous" state  
as against "solid" matter  
"hot to the touch"  
molten—or skin temperature

at night the rods—cat eyes,  
the haunt: my room

a slight headache  
makes the cake denser

*motor*  
drones over  
topography not history

*condensed:*

### A Gross Perpetuity

About what is the eye  
flattered? A yellow ball  
hound follows the rising day  
smarts out of his wrinkled skin.

Poppies.

Some bloom  
in ceremony along the roadway  
among the stone faucets,  
at the edge of feeling, the  
cars flirting at the edge,  
the wheels turning on the eye.

Walk sleepily. Sleep in  
the eye. Long day out from  
home and the running dogs  
coming up. "Lackeys"?—

or a thought disembowelled.

### A Movement

The various twitters & quirks  
Are birds & the sounds  
Are various as words are. A  
Variation in the emotional  
Occasion from which words spring—  
Emerges, as from the well  
Watered earth, where earth is  
Where roots lead  
Nowhere, except where one  
Holds them, *climbing*—  
The dirt clings, thistles  
Cling to wool socks, as eyes  
See thistles  
As sharp, as thirsty  
Water rises in a tap  
As temperature, or some heavy metal  
Liquid, not to be tongued  
Or frozen. The chrome bumpers  
Pied skies, Coca-cola  
Malediction, not green  
As goose is green, but white  
As bread is brown, *linen*.  
And trees will fall  
If sawed and sawed until  
There is no sound in the sawing.

Summer Junk Balls 1969

There is no reason that beyond our trifling  
pleasantry a darkness is. I know that  
more than spanish. Faults so ephemeral they fall in front  
& bring doubt back. This wish you  
learn to quell in the bone,           early.

Day bursts superfluous  
flower of golf

a mouth (soars) off unmended greed, we keep  
to ourselves some burnt promise of your body  
meet on mine.

Say the night is free & so safe  
for our big try. Unreal, my side here, where  
it lies, a sad brood of cloth loses its shape  
while unconscious but

I'm tired & rock  
has no crease, quartered in the separate  
errands of flesh, save that you touch  
what thimble is false & clear like a practise

of summer, touchstone, bleak, God's gnat cries  
within a firmament  
of black gold  
orange & black eyes.

I

Today I have nothing more than a flower  
Or its pure powder clouding over photographs  
Of a former exposure, shots into the thicket  
As futile as dry leaves. From inside all is crossed  
By fibres that are gentle to someone who knows  
How to look at you, closing the ashes between the bricks  
So that the heat stinks with security. It was easy  
To have imagined the dense siren at some point of awareness  
And the confirmation of a hand rose over the top  
To sweep away all doubt of it absolutely.

III

Running through the positions remained  
Stable where they had been left, undisplaced  
By memory or the white chalk-markings  
Of any temporal tidal-box. The group  
Exited. Opinion held ground but then swooned  
Under the concentration of the wind at close quarters.  
Unfamiliar hinges are adjusted in the mind  
To turn with little or no anxiety after first  
Confusion, rising up the steps in cold aloofness  
Of a winter day. The coming vastness of blue  
Explored without a mission, distributing leaflets in the fog.

IV

The question was whether the day would preserve  
Itself for just these particular neighborhoods.  
You woke strangely early and dreamed of pleasant  
Smells transmitted over the chasm of the dawn  
On light airs. Perhaps you spoke too soon,  
For there was icy sensitivity, coming back in the face  
With a slight amusement. Over the window no reflections  
Were passed, only the glue of the hope, not its  
Insect or drama. The tape flowed around the room  
Becoming softer, softer as the moment of joining crept up.

VI

The date of the ground kept burning up, heaped on  
Fashionable trays for separate occasions. The tiny  
Precise dressings were applied, for a night's crispness  
Then all was hustled out. With limbs weighing  
Heavily on the procession the cemetery became famous—  
To reproduce all this with any finesse requires  
Relaxation of the most insinuating kind, so  
A worm is overjoyed in his mute assignment in the vision.  
Red strips dangling, the recrudescence of the wheel,  
Boast out of etiquette, flattening in the jewel  
Atmosphere, the capitol cold but dirty, expanding.

Where the growth came from is ultimately unknown  
 But feeds mercifully on its own excrement. The strong  
 Significance of such examples is bright in the audience,  
 Chemically and biologically quick to respond  
 In the milieu in which the justifications must take you away.  
 Remembrance being a time-consuming game, the goal was  
 Swiftness, as if in answer to life itself, so recently  
 Pushed into the ring. The voice boomed back  
 To memory, echoing ominously. The heart shrank  
 Back into the familiar, putting off a new intrusion.

Who knows this denies the makeshift, the truth  
 Of creation like the bean that explodes  
 Its meaning, flying in all directions the props  
 Where the camera could be at once, arranged pre-  
 Recorded. Life, old tracks wet pebbles of a trip  
 You would not have cared for, but trained now  
 To take apart with serious gestures of imitation,  
 Realizing it was a job before the whistle of sickness  
 Also deformed. Death, spilled hot water under the iron  
 Tempting rust to blue, but waking  
 You knew all was well, eyelids parted on the blinds.

Soft paper cups stashed in the wind are diversion  
 Bleaching the buildings with weather, the rushing  
 Thought to stop. Passion draining the pool  
 Of flourishing impulses, shudders, the inability of steel  
 To bend its bridge over the blue cable of sky.  
 Lightning glints in the crystal which is pain roaring  
 In your ears. Or the sea, its shell orbbed in rigid  
 Sonority. A pedal as malleable as the word,  
 As congealed laughter in the heavy stillness  
 Of green blades. Turbines whose throb is  
 Potential friction through time, the invincible pillar.

Lightheadedness will not evaporate the stones  
 As a thought will. You broke the shell a little  
 Breath hit the socket, hardening the air for  
 An engagement. Solid pause to listen down:  
 Why must you always be falling, back on these  
 Sky-fearing stunts that no longer terrify  
 The elect? Pianists who are fading donkeys into the parade  
 Of their charms, dwindling space in the conscious  
 Cube of faintness. Bumps. Brackish water lying  
 In a field, plodding oxen that dream of being  
 Unconscious. A daisy fusing the muscle  
 An internal itch. Palliative upon palliative  
 A wish smashing that idea like a sledge of the car door.

Vague feelings of estrangement float like clouds  
 Under the white vents, a blazing face of leaves  
 In flatland. The dry grass of August clacks  
 Sophistry, youth sharpening on the vise  
 Of affliction. You gave up the various balls  
 Commerce and frivolity, getting lost in  
 Emotion, like the unspoken truths of hot concentration  
 Dissipating in a blur of intensity. No textbook  
 Infinity but just blue emptying light from  
 The flower of ambush, yellow, the dream of glass  
 Shattered by dumb willfulness, no expedient  
 Of shape or beauty stretching out beside you.

Extinction greets you with gas balloons  
 Absurd enough at first, then the pain of air  
 And heat building its cities and highways  
 Up for a cornucopia of lumps at random.  
 Rising through emotional levels, only  
 To flutter down like a scrap of paper,  
 A memo to the norm. The pattern almost  
 Visible for a second, and then fading  
 And again just made out, a thread of tissue  
 Killed in a pun. Ahead of all those sewn stalks  
 The fabric burning still, conflagration  
 At the end of the tunnel of sleep.

Retreating to gain strategic advantage, this was  
 Not your aim. Rather the enforcement of ideas you  
 Had in the first place, almost unconsciously,  
 Some food. That went in sideways instead of down  
 The hatch, where the air of thinking was alien.  
 You rose and fell easily, remembering the banter  
 Of hands at their hysteria, molded to the flame's  
 Perch, the chirping of water in green shadows.  
 This line of cultivation stretched into light  
 Breathing, where all depends from a cord of  
 Nerve, optic, into a dark fathomless underbelly  
 Of future hungers, the serpent biting its tail.

How balmy sounds cough-like in the night  
 You'll never know. Serious thumping—  
 Was it hard? The helicopter in waves  
 A *lady*-bug on my arm. Its soft black  
 Nuzzle sickened me. So as the present fades  
 From memory you step forward  
 To accept the melting wafer. Summer-scapes,  
*You*, leaning from a window in some  
 Attitude forever willful and smeared  
 With purposes, breathing over the phone  
 In the heat of the night—never to return.

Not bounding from  
One county to another

In Shakespeare the leading  
Actors take their weight

For granted, as the acoustics  
For one forest being

Blue, another green.  
The human voice is white

And of such frequency  
As echoes up Everest

Iowa

Prehistoric  
farm  
collection.

Acoustic

pine

an orange  
waitress with  
a cracked  
lip

Ocean

Good breakers  
way out

(with pink  
dots  
on their backs)

carry your  
heavy body  
over the sand

LOW ROARS

listen to  
what I  
am saying.

Once

I.e., heard—  
a car of no color,

late, at the back of  
the mind—

love's inertia—  
floating ten feet away

my son  
asleep.

## Jealousy

Jealousy comes before me like  
a mirror, without warning.

I am shaken by  
fright of it, yet possessed.

I assume its postures  
against my will,

Am moved to exaggeration,  
and untenable positions.

Jealousy is a mirror  
in which I perceive my fears.

## Intuition

Yellow butterfly

dips down  
behind her head

unaware of

how much?

Virginity In A Colorless Domino

The girl walking  
from the corner thinks flowers  
die in books. She thinks

virginity in a colorless domino  
immodest. I think  
to make her angular

in her pride, her passion  
for white walls. She turns  
from the wall

her mouth  
a (whiteness) opened.

women furnish  
the cat who's treed

squalls & moans  
I'd ruther

be a slow still  
fomentin' in Georgia

*Shakespeare's* Georgia  
wilde beasties seen

through a periscope  
in Paradise

rock—  
combed wave



staves the sea-  
horse

Exotic  
voices

live  
at home

Locus

I'm going in the same  
direction time is.

The past is "contained"  
in the present. I  
was born somewhere else.

Poem

What is a pause  
before the cause ceases  
to be a river. It is

never the muscle of  
ARM & HAMMER BAKING SODA.  
America was a horse.

Profane Song

for Merry

If Pussy not bring her Sweet  
Purchase of Spirit  
Worked as the Winged Metamorphosis  
Upon her Emblem

Then Curtie's gone down  
A stony Labyrinth to sound  
Out the Sea Dog in it

A claritas spun of glass & no Dross  
That doth whoop & spin  
Out of itself a Nonesuch  
That the Spring shall be  
To the Sunne as breath pulses  
What an Apparatus she hath

After Stein I

The moon and release.  
In sheaves.

•  
Appease elders.  
Blackberry pie.

•  
More lemony wafers.

•  
Listing functions.  
A pride in pins.  
Number them.  
More lemony wafers.

•  
Delight widens.  
Slits in immaculate places.

After Stein II

Pretty pretty woman.  
Yes that is easier.  
I would like to eat her.

The head of a dog.  
Four-poster.  
Toast and milk.  
Frosted sneezes.  
A night in Nice.

A living vengeance.  
A shown burned crisp exactly.  
Aluminum kitchens.  
Poisonous plants.

Flavored as black ice.  
Nine inks.

Hex boxes.  
The blue canary.  
Train funnel at dusk.  
Pink lips.  
Movie cream.

After Stein III

Blotchy mountain.  
We're up on  
blotchy mountain.

How they lie in laps.  
*Provence.*  
Like they say.  
These big wooden women.

Like a white wall.  
In Portugal.  
A black  
And white wall in Portugal.

After Stein IV

There are nations, there are borders there are colors and colors  
are hot.

A rhythm, a ghost in a chance and a plaintive clapping, a snowy  
evening and a glass of punch, a glass of punch is a fine refresher.

Round ones, nice round ones dictate calm, a taste in surprises.  
A white surprise, a pink surprise and a color in appearing. Open  
and choose and custard.

Work. Bench. Hammer. Splice.

It is essential to be a worrier, to be a worrier in need. It is  
essential to be a wearer of different tweed. In summer or in  
winter, there is need, but do not be a worrier, a worrier in  
winter.

They have cars. They have cars and by the coasts they have  
whistles. They know buckets and sand, they have paintings and  
frames and uncles. My dear rag.

Sparrow blow the wind tit and clutch breath, close the hole  
here, ringing.

How high is a voice that wanders to warble. How high up.



But the head was still  
At a speed in time  
Unperceived.

Two equal motions  
Cancel each other out—  
The inertia of rhetoric  
Carries us forward into  
The botanical gardens—  
And the stillness of the orchid.

In yourself  
You are happy  
To be fucking.

“With rigid backs  
They sat”

To wish upon a dream  
Though unable to go back into it  
To re-member  
The parts of a beautiful woman—

Why cinema verité fails

The vision and the emotion  
Do not coincide.

And those who say  
Love is not in the head  
Are crazy.

If all the impulses to affection  
Met here  
What kind of a creature  
Would stand at the gate?

The dog is tilted  
To hear better,  
The horse intimidated  
From the rear.

A pear hangs  
And then it sits in three  
Places before  
It is eaten.

Time's Digest.

Water giggles, happy with itself?

Though it needs some seriousness  
About itself to make the  
Contradiction into  
A rubberband.



Give the trees a light  
Or lantern.  
Give the women an angle  
To be seen from  
So they may change the world.

Now I make this  
Mine not by  
Saying it cannot be  
Because I own  
Nothing ultimately—

To bring the word into the eye's purview  
Which is *wide*—

What is quality  
—to caress.  
What color  
But a frequency  
Called light

*called light.*

Coffee & sunlight  
Converse.

Written  
Inside out?—

And:  
"That's the first male lead  
I've ever seen who had  
A hair-lip."

Who has recovered the fumble?—announcer hits microphone  
Who has recovered the fumble  
In the interval?

But to be *true* to your eye—  
Has it ever lied to me?  
A lens once polished . . .

The case: Sun  
fish

Glorious ball of the sun  
A shield in history  
No gold in our cheeks  
Which are promises  
We cannot keep  
On time.

Great Wheel  
Of the Century  
Running down,

come

Full circle  
In the time it takes

To think a box shut.

Two roads arrive  
At the same point—  
You can't just *point* the sailboat  
Where you want it to go, as—a duck?

I mistake:  
Movement a decoy  
Lost in its object—  
To believe in the possibility  
Is a coincidence: Yet I believe it.

## The Real

It'd been years since I'd been to a baseball game. The Oakland A's were playing the Minnesota Twins. At the Oakland Coliseum. It was real crisp—there were little blue sparks at the edges of the stadium, and when a player hit a ball it spun like a son-of-a-bitch. The Goodyear Blimp droned over, the underside of its hulk alive with metal action. You said you always hated Harmon Killebrew—because of his name. We agreed he had too thick a neck. Looking at the players, it was hard to see how they moved with such energy, as if the distance between us and their smiling faces (we couldn't tell if they were smiling or not, actually) was preordained. We couldn't tell whether the grass was real or "artificial turf" but it didn't matter because it was all just surface entertainment.

Sled

Sunday & the lull  
what—willow  
or yell yoked to  
its echo—  
in the forest green  
deeper than—seen.

The blunder  
forward  
rocks  
the boat—

under  
water  
under  
water

The road  
eaten  
into  
by the rains—

and the men  
ant-like  
eating—  
the mountain.

Time  
cracked. It  
was her face

in an  
instant. She  
looked away.

## The Walls

These walls  
meet only by  
a kind of co-  
incidence,

and by that  
integrity is  
shelter a  
belief. Trust

in walls, ad-  
joining, that  
they will support  
a meaning.

I am horny and party directed  
outward

though shoving

Beasts

—in 17th century London

—concentric diagrams of  
the Houses of Asylum

Poem In 4 Parts

if I die  
the World will Mend  
along the spine  
of oceans—

a siren

is a glass of milk  
in the morning—

pulsing

I feel faint...

the dithyramb

*the red discs placed  
over the green discs &  
the black discs placed  
over the yellow discs*

Change

I want things  
*smash clear*

& after  
the rain, the air

settling in the ash of  
a dry universe,  
*blue.*

My Name

My name  
to me is a  
kind of

blank, empty  
place in  
the air.

When called  
aloud it  
is as if

a voice  
surrounded  
it, a pause

before  
sound followed,  
falling.

The Greeks  
had a deity,  
"Echo," a nymph

who fell  
in love with  
Narcissus,

but was  
by him  
repulsed.

Storms at sea  
Storms at sea

And a cooling  
Pot of tea

On land

After Oldenburg

just when  
the photographer  
thinks he has  
the family propped  
up for the family  
portrait

they slump  
forward into  
a heap on  
the floor

Berkeley

spacious white apartment

the wash of talk

a false smile

out into daylight

sluggish

woman like a diamond

voice cut adrift

After A Portrait By Hopper

She stands in a light  
That seems to have forgotten she is there.  
She is middle-aged  
And of that elegant height and carriage  
Which in adolescence is described as  
Gangly. Perhaps she  
Was so.  
Or perhaps she was once married  
To some famous architect or executive  
Who died suddenly  
At the breakfast table.

What does she seem to be looking at  
At this time of day,  
When the source of light appears uncertain,  
And when every thing seems to have been constructed  
For some monumental event, to which  
She is now only an accessory,  
A piece of furniture.

Bay Bridge

The horse: lightning 'demented'  
glistening 'like a forehead'  
'verging'  
huge cliffs made shore  
funnelled as weather  
not a leak  
like sodium tracers  
the upturned bathtub  
the USED CAR DEALER  
hose wriggling 'loose'  
the way the hail fell  
TWA WAIKIKI CARNATION  
*bloodballs*  
make you dizzy  
not the other way round  
though travel broadens  
there is no expanse  
only a precedence 'fielded cleanly'  
a horse on the bridge?  
or "that smooth barrel  
from which flows his power"

Plato

in his tree

why the spoon  
if you demand  
to be served?

Running

running  
a dissipation  
shreds  
a spiderweb  
with a pair  
of pliers  
the air  
is sun kissed  
the potting mix  
settles heavily  
green hose  
plugged in  
to municipal system:  
of thought  
baked bread  
with cinnamon  
swirls  
there's a pretty girl  
distance  
unaware of  
deep thrusts  
a child's wish  
to fingerpaint  
spreading

the cat shits in the gutter  
and  
"how did he get up there"  
bugs  
crowd the stratosphere  
with greed  
bursting  
the neon  
came on  
before the sun  
disappeared  
on the eye's horizon  
a view  
the Golden Gate  
out  
to the Sea.

Siamese Twins

Chloë and Pete.

Autumn Tinsel

On rainy afternoons  
love comes dropping silver  
from the leaves

love's tangle  
of possible positions

trembling for a completion.

Green seamed imprint  
on the skin, green veins  
mint the nocturne. Blue cords

on an arm raised in heaven.

Heavy limbs are crossed  
on sides of hills, all open

to alpine goats  
grazing toward the summit.

O Chateau, O beaker floating the waterskate  
in ponds above the eye.

Snapshots

Counting you  
among the day's eyes (daisies)  
you are that (special)  
and fly  
by me.

A horse named Rusty  
a jeep named Nell.

Scott Joplin's  
white wake & camellia bison tropes.

Prison spoons.  
Prison forks.  
Prison knives.

Words—accommodation.

"total year-round recreation experience"  
"lake views"  
"inner-spring corporation"

Ginger O'Rourke as Ginger O'Rourke  
or Ginger O'Rourke playing herself.

human  
ecstasy  
animal  
hysteria

A very long dream  
that seemed  
it would *never end*—

nose slides across face.

Clean mind,  
airless air.

Limes  
outside  
the sun is brighter.

Maestros Puccini & Donizetti  
on Seraphim

UN Building  
reflects grey dawn  
flashpoints  
of brainwaves as  
Ghana wakes up  
to a brand new day.

\*

Good Definition—

“it just leaps out at you.”

\*

Elevated tone (phone)

\*

SUTRO TOWERS

raffle at the A & W

\*

down in the dumps  
w/ sand in her pumps

\*

“cool blue gophers”

\*

Being chased

for (my) life.

Rotterdam

happening meant to  
incline and reflect  
of an interval to oblige  
band of gilded without the consolation  
in alternate windows  
of very great merriment possibly  
it can be they're tall  
with pleading or cause shed  
for the nuisance of polite as shown  
in a collision  
forbearance with an appeal  
towards a suitable exodus  
and the neck of land was  
plain cut in counting  
lames him hot  
succor like sugar  
chinese junk shake a leg  
known akin and bowed to  
the dilapidation of utter edge of outer egging  
to the curl of their negligence  
repressing as open to ironing  
folded in résumé  
the difference between simmering  
scare me with a wave

plan of acute bogus  
and the moaning of the blocked  
really with a definite demand  
by implication known as a joint  
splice to rest  
pushed bother nodding  
to sully the movement  
why do they spread  
and apply forfeit  
springing up shut powerfully  
in a pillow slip  
to be returned to ought  
nearly aching in retrenching  
elongation to fraternal  
cry they must make cake  
convinced and joined to the care of  
flexibly zeal  
when fed through  
cracked about the vellum  
not a powder of the poker  
blight that is perverted  
agate inlaid and a double of the endorsement  
feasibly upon the prevailing  
smoking habit  
dumped fresh  
mournful as most rain is

brushed with a glance  
feet and the tides  
with doubt plaited as a cooling  
weather loved in truly rusted channel  
of their biting it  
hurled above without a thought  
blooming altitude  
is a kind of neatness in the blend nutriment  
crease in realignment  
the appointing of lots  
having fathomed should next be named  
whither in bestowed rushed  
tethered to the elastic  
reliable fast plain  
the claim of their revelling  
to hover let it down  
tamed by the resonance  
masses making no preferred  
in liking to rely  
form in the care weights  
reversing the loops  
cordial imbibed  
the rightly loving angel  
restlessly whaling  
every once in a while which is mode  
to meddle in the advice

from a neglect of chosen  
simply to go about  
divulging the progression  
for the consumption of repercussion  
restored to the calendar  
soap that she might sing  
for the fun of the new color  
parallel to the waist  
mix of white and egg  
soothing of the ushered within  
is a mirror and the quinces  
outlined a valve  
circular pianos  
favorite spoon  
with dreams that whet  
shutters made of wood and lead  
just faintly on account of the curfew  
hour when the ship was owned  
held in rapt jagged  
pieces of the establishment  
partly divided the reward  
raincoat for a cut-out  
up the daily bust of bread  
emerging as the foundation  
clarity of bowsprit  
the immense coincidence

with a little dear trust  
pedigree from a prefix  
to collapse an inhibition  
replacing ahead of time  
the recklessness of not being mistaken  
for the flowers out loud  
beneath a row of pails  
motion to arrest  
so that is why dots  
when at her floor a shawl  
couple of the age  
the habit of calling us here  
whelped to pass muster  
spanning the Atlantic  
stored in airtight  
how the pair breathes  
in a white ovoid  
surface rubbed to pine  
relief when the old  
patting a beseech bed  
exploits to the notion of pondering  
whether they can pay  
carpeted the adjoining  
flimsy annex  
context of vacates  
mended with jails

rapid widening of the river  
in a burst does displace  
believed to be calm region  
heartily lain they were trimmed  
grown with a wish pull  
provision for large open  
established an early gain  
as the forest jumped  
to break the glass extinguisher  
tug of what for  
catapult to the difficulty  
with fringes soluble  
they may be following  
clearing out the clutter

## Kunst

That's exactly what Wassily Kandinsky meant, he thought, looking up from his desk, through a window, across the street to the roof of a house from which protruded a galvanized metal stack—a hexagonal base topped with a conical, fluted funnel. That was one form.

Poem

All you keep of any day  
might be the back  
of an envelope  
which is more  
than most  
day's "effects"  
tumbling "through"  
time. Yourself  
is a continuum  
known reflectively  
in pathetic little jots  
of strained nobility.

Dutch Boy

a white swing  
l'Embarcation  
Pour Cythère  
chip-shot  
home movies  
ice boats  
coated with zinc  
edged greens  
caulking  
it's a way of life  
on closed circuit TV  
you were fortunate  
eating a wing  
our neighbors  
Bill Bradley went to Oxford

My desire is for  
a newer and bluer  
sky  
with whipped cream on top.

Poem

1. A grain of sand under my fingernail.
2. Passing through the tail of a comet.

Sonar

car  
contained

as ever a  
cow whose

flea farm

bails  
bite off

wafer era

white haired  
goat broth

steep state

point the pint

try animate

gill giver

stick stinks big woolly

secretes a late  
road map

four to two  
close out

show how safe  
it isn't

nicer than bits

dot and  
pinnacle

loops  
a round Bach light

OPEL  
mild

need a line  
core out

planer's nickels

crossing hatchets

none ink spinach

hoe beat on

how are ya

in a pinch

bats fridge

thee might

stiff

with white licks

ply surface

surgery

do

the do dah

*dah*

play late

pink tendons

carrying

a parallel

loom

ugly I don't mind

oaf's sandwich

double savvy

cribbage net

pull out

the song

eat frame L

hail and ing

anterior ropers

plaid Fords

three hoops

elk moo

wooden  
mitten

puff drapes

hog-callers  
tax base

hover over  
box A

Air

Air escapes from a bottle like soul, or doesn't, if it likes  
Or, once out, by chance or accident does there return.

on

top

very

like

her

to

be

out

in

the

air

the banks of the Mississippi  
take a wild gander  
and Kentucky reptilian

Poem

If I don't like something  
or want to cover my tracks  
I "white" it out  
and go on to the next one  
in an infinite series  
I find myself noting  
the discrepancies  
in my own logic  
which must follow  
from my life  
as in a one to one correspondence  
from one moment to the next  
then going back  
and looking at it  
as if it were a design  
I had intended  
under the curious inspiration  
of the sign of the Cock.

Thumb tacks. Can be used. To stop the wind.

Clear

To a very blue sky  
there is no egg  
too perfect.

Dot

The eye  
*is*  
happy.

Easy Rhythm

There are arbitrary limits  
in walking—

friends *meet*—  
and laughing discover

some purpose both  
had in mind.

flutter of birds as we wake  
fields unrolling like a patchwork  
quilt she had made standing up

ironing he watched her  
legs hold up the rest of her

he rinsed the bowl out later  
watering the garden barefoot a  
snail crossed his tracks he

stuck his big toe in her navel  
she ate the raisin the sun

shrivelled up the pepper-corns  
she shut her eyes & the sun  
was red her fingers were red

over the flashlight he blew  
up the air mattress in short bursts

heard a bird whizz over his head  
or was it the ocean a wave  
rolled up high one he had ridden

high he got up to pee & get coffee  
dark coffee the kitchen glittered

Big Cats tame the West  
Birds twitter  
At the back of the woods  
We penetrate  
And cull  
A big blurb (sky)  
Pasted down  
Crumpled  
By the ghost of a wind  
Just a man  
Standing  
In the doorway  
With nothing to say.

Star Root

magnesium

cub malt blue Nike

inhibits

27

Louis Quatorze a history of noses

jiggle foci

behest pawn

setting up your exceptions

the Hull duck trick

Casseopia H.D.

legless

Drambuie

accolyte

oyster flu

gospel stropping

topiary

liaison

Enumerations of all manner of being, properties, exertions; intercourse, arabesque & hallucinations; proclivities, altered states, risks, enjambments, sympathies. Stays, wakes, drownings, recipes, referendums; wigs, feats, fads. Domes, pittances, shards, flasks, spoors, 20 pound hinges. Dwarfs, giants, freizes, great floods. Intoxications, fits, portations, exiles & ailments. Chains, purses, castes, gesticulations. Inks, alphabets, routines of performance, disguises, pleas, morphologies of head & limb. Torques, biases, routes, fares, rumors. Clusters, slabs, tufts, venoms. Variations in weave, breed, warp. Ilk, yeast & tenor. Aromas, curses, tests, purports, provisions, stutters, seats of honor & duncery, cloaks, intervals, strikes, flaps, kisses, blends, struts, cancellations. Degrees of law, swaps, eclipses, flirtations, currency & interest. Fantasies, resemblances, subtle distinctions of embarrassment & habitual demeanor. Sustenance & deterioration. Armistice, alliance, betrayal; clot, tincture; theft, agency, peroration & gambit. Rates of fall, buttress & blunder, whoops. Price-on-a-head, derailment, methods of trance & delusion. Census-takers, gymnasiums, leagues, clubs, associations, tills, quirks, capsules, pyramids, hierarchies; covies, manes, ratios of gear & gait, elevations, arenas, squares, rings, quadrangles, stages; strategies, domestication, conjugality; swartness, thickness of thumb & back. Codes, unions, poles, criers, callers, auctions & boasts. Hairknots, tail-feathers & dray-horses. Hearts, tongues, livers, spleens; sheaths, shocks, ruffles, riflins, proofs, addressees & calendars. Conciliations, leisures & witnesses. Sectors, dungeons, ghettos; ghosts, emanations, auras & spells. Rents, duties, funerals, mass whelpings, coronations & sentences of torture. Guarding of borders, resistance to infiltration & quackery. Leaflets, bosoms & foster-relations.

Apprenticeship, salutation, clients, grievances, amputations. Conditions of emergency, real & imagined horrors, humours, hatracks, senility. Vulgarizations, profanations & panagyric; texts, treatises, sallyings-forth in quest; resumptions, plagues, conspiracies, sulkings & melancholies, sorties, escapes miraculous & hedgings of bets, rejoinders, gluttony & deprivation, superstitions of act & sequence, silliness, gullibility. Itch, gyp & hanker. Care & fondness for texture & effect. Locution, pomp, animadversion. Taper & gist. Mocks, quiverings of flesh, sensitivity to light & attraction.

Palmolive

We lust to devour the cake of the world  
For personal reasons.

"A fine friend you are.  
And after all I did for you."

That is when all the crimes began  
First small ones and then more ambitious.  
But now you can help  
Please follow my instructions.

Post-nasal drip affects many  
In the land known as Oregon.

"We were a Navy family—  
We never won any contests but  
Witnessed the calamity of the aberrant clover."

For a long time now  
A feeling of strangeness  
Attributed to the furthest colonies—

"To understand what others have given up"  
"Leave those shutters open"  
"Just what the doctors ordered"

The white cup with a lavender band around it  
In a pastry shop in Amsterdam.

These things you have allowed for  
Will rise to meet you in disguise—

Her breasts are the size of oranges,  
Small orphans in a world of want.

And:  
I saw this lace  
When it was new—

There are no lengths to which you would not go.

They like to keep rather quiet down here.  
Even a current of air could disturb the wine.

"It falls to the worthy  
To inherit each other."

(Chorus)

The innocence of children  
Heaps scorn upon the worldly ones  
Though indirectly  
And by starts.

By night she ran across the chateau lawns.  
The wind was like perfume  
To her, and the mole  
Was going to have to be removed.

She sometimes worries  
That the rain will swell the rivers  
With a steely passion  
Hard as nails.

"I'm afraid when you're angry.  
I'm afraid of what you'll do."

Topiary mazes  
In the history of poetry—

An exotic root can salvage your mood.

But what can a mere mortal do for a nymph?

You look out on the garden,  
Cataracts of peas from the burgeoning  
Cornucopia of what  
We know, and know we eat.

"These rhymes at your behest  
Will find their mark before you rest."

Fall

swollen river  
drenched to the bone  
all the birds  
a floating estate  
locale in blue  
drought  
blinding face of  
grin that made you shiver  
wind cut like a knife  
overcast  
blindness recedes  
the fourth dimension  
clouds approaching from three directions

The  
Action  
Painting  
seemed  
to  
have  
a  
gaping  
hole  
in  
it

like  
porous  
webs  
of  
molten  
plasma  
blown  
apart  
by  
cosmic  
winds

## Descartes

The tulips are sublime mechanisms  
Pink and yellow wafers on hinges—

Nothing that can be thought  
Matches the simplicity of their essences

Which reproduce themselves  
With the subtlest variations

Upon an ideal conception  
That does not exist

Except in  
Blueprint.

Scottish Heather

An early evening twilight frost  
Drear thoughts come over me,  
My love trying on peasant dresses, jolly  
Béla grown despondent.

Chill address, through obscurity's  
Glistening mailbox, billet-doux  
Dampen in the hand  
'Grey eyes would have been more fortunate

Ascending like the mist  
Through stand of eucalyptus, red cloth  
Wrapped about a  
White throat.

Happy

Hey I'm going to  
Kentucky,

Yessir, I'm going  
yes I am,

Going to Kentucky  
to see

Jim Bateman.

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