

ABACUS

ISSUE
NUMBER
FORTY

\$2.50

Feb 15, 1989

from Potes & Poets Press Inc, 181 Edgemont Avenue, Elmwood CT 06110, Peter Ganick, editor.

THE SYMPHONY Clark Coolidge

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NILE CROSSING

What was various bury
as they have said after you
weights you
part of the last you
said they say, they have
it was perimeter, that was hunger
what say? collide with
hump of burning that stays
left and in speech how your fingers
collapse, entail
that one, mad one
we cross in the seams, birds
opens, thread to the fingers nouns
all going off for
signs of it all at a crossing
are a lot, are peruse

tendency lap, thought caught
and at the horribles stars
as abstruse the absent carriers
brought up to sink it
taught the mad one to stake it
day off your hook
perimeter stalls, snarls
what? the living horn?
the burning hour, tasted in flange
flying out of how is it done
is it wait, lock it
the snails have run out
cooked to the baited perimeter
she he and it predicted wait
English locked in a guy
we have thought it canceled valuable
as how as if an hour stalled
still, weights no longer dropping
off in the kept latch of this dome
water rules and moans
get off my kissing pitcher
I would, lost off at the head
Nadja, tipping, ledge average
we collapse in a cone
and all the sighing of bridge unders
and it's locked in men, hallo hallo
a burned lemon under, waiter
caught his hat, hers, the sort of the lip
everything has come to the tone
back rust and latch forth
it's a roar tag of Mayday
pillars passing, suns in scheme
or, go all off it again, friends of the march
shush, meet the parts burying beyond it
sun and its weapons, my hand and its shelves
minute minute, slap the head back
continue the true, backed up waters
and the winding of the snail
it's part of the meat mounted sundays

on rust horse, test and hashish
we're working and it's a stream monday
paint your parts, come to hover a lot
it's missed, this is a water field
and the friends are bowing, the kids a team
so what, so plate, so fear
how can it all so waiting bulge back
a mark in your hand, correct, rock
far comes the emitting bureau
want of people, left of the sun
this straw monkey, that sand lower
he is, that he is, slows pound
a carpet that could take up stales
members, the launch is hot in waste
bring it to sane come around you
I have made, no harm, no honey
brought it out, seems a hulk day
calms and stick in the river, oats
that laid back, tongue and the other people
novel, far from waiting, crazy, miniature
scalds, bridge at the end of the told arm
echo, parts have come, a reel and then up
a body's not boiled yet, harmer sounds
lengths to go to open the tomb
inching motorworks, a pelt of sword
he knows not how to crimp but backs
a rot of sticks this makes, Alcohol Johnny
I have lived in the Mars on the map
maybe'd know it, slow to come true
across, said it said repeat
we could peak on the couch
aims the nozzles, sand in place
crablike in wanders, one pound per coat
as law can tear, retitled shifters
all onward known over the nose
but what will be crazy waiting for us?
fucky fucky, okay, great tale, ride
holds the joke, all stop?, made to greet?

it was an idea nobody had
and as so covered missed, one pound note
the salad bowl
higher this than missing us?
show it to me, sun and listening
moral of the voice floating on
misplaced prayer sometime
but all could be knocking time, amass
a wave, those green sticks that sandwich the fall
that's all I could see for it
amazed to choice and weight
a cork off, again cigar
but then's nothing to take it in
a looter, your eye, get down
I think I see the ball
plenty night to heft it off your prayers
skull flinch and match, coral adjustment
so, a lovely cupcake, gypsum kingdom
shuck, the cease of that patch
barely the enter

LUXOR MORNING

I've brought it to your law
or it's your dare to make it
part you, part the other sort
of bare it sun to my hand
bring it, have you all?, have you under
a slot, a whole of the furl world
but they have all gone off before us
semester minister in a green clog
short as if better, mister
the gone off gong of all that day
it collapses gathers in looming gam of a sketch
and I have helped, come to the fog of it
double wrist, double snare
all off behind beyond in the crystalline

counts up about as much frontal chimes
all go off your ghosts, massed enters
skull fraught and sent in skinny, trembles
wire lap of the little helper
shunts to scoria, belt line lesson
to cock in the bargain, great litmus lowly floats
scares waking up here, tints, scrapes
flares off amount of the only rest room
caught on cog of hills, and in pins dreams
I have smoked on loan
and comes the monkey smokes of barium brain
held off scout of the hills
and puts close his pedal prism time
they doubt not a home would come
with sand clothes and a close up
it's small together on a ledge, a wakeup
combs of glass, rubs loose of sending
the whole cram team, this sandy poke
incidentals of are rooms and moons, you go to over there
a mild of preening choruses the joint morning
and I whisper in the pistol festers, the monks
crank and seem, the backing always symphony
I write to wrong up to sill and send
how they brought up the rocks on missing paper
rockers missing and colog shout and you'll bind
yes and I know a shoe
this is the pensive
this mount
this rim and sound
you want to say and stop it?
drop the other, mercury in weather
the melted lifters, cloak it in sticks the time
the round bend and halving lack of centers
pretend they're locks
rounds, those fixers

CAIRO MUSEUM AND MARKET

Obliged to, made up to
goes where it doesn't further send
so, go *do* it now
felt it prime
low as if letting up
go over the way that hall
that pricey perimeter, lack dolls
met a prompter in the leather
his harm and the horn crimps you
lowly cramp, showed as if how
the drench is caught in last laugh
thought, go meanly startling, marking
so's it, so's me, is that you?
my name, as if the caulking harmer
let me just amend, soak
it's part of it all and stop a minute hearing it
bubble over larva, which is?
bulb as if up to flick the hand
but had forgotten, as if a wear day
awful as if part of hello
weighing there, sort of a cardamon
hello as if a much
hello, perimeter
short of coral and the hole stores
shot and hop a taker
say tomato there
carburetor missing
shorn as if of bottom lager
rich in tune
pretend to offer the passer
started it, laughs coming on the dials
a merry room of handlers
so proceed, bind an offer
V, R, or gasser, a stone mixer
we go, you see, none of it
brings of color up, piezoelectric
short off of everyone

LUXOR BAZAAR

Mouse has come and all is gone
sun and mismatched hummings
goals collapse and the pin slip on all
pistol remnant gone tune
making sound of your voice
okay and gone but what's your name
but as if to haste your paper
it's gone and what has come
ender, ender of the luck, ender
launch, felt tone and we walk
sink at the button, a whole
of clothing, passers in the cab of mystery
smell of, kiss kiss, doublet cap
but I could the whole of you
the stir of the coining paint, waiter
you want something different?
two bottles, no
hey, wants?
thanks among the glistening listeners
block the block, walk the stare
hot parts as if turned to
a bug, and of many more the heights
to one two three tractor rictus
shave off plenty helps, debts
shouts that it is monk in alba
right back part of the written
absorb in the pick, patch in
swell of the wearing parters
count

STREET MUEZZINS

Whore straight whole of I Love You
brother helder and boom of what I seem
god pure
is seemly in night talk
dance go, love of the cell waits
slosh, plaque, silence
but could have helped
the concert landing
never black but going up
bend on a frond
how a man could rise
but strike and on wood
his blender had a father
gone scratching whim on back
I do as you do
sametime all
go grand over a thing
backing, and it's a match I'm
full strain having
the mount of pull retreat
smelling feather
but everything could be keener held answer
bows
so sucked it could be watched
hum loose, mouth ending

5 A.M. MUEZZINS LUXOR

Smoke known here in its own drill
that I will, or I will and then it says
storm no life but dull match
a skin not here, skin then for where
but though do and what there but you are
I have seen, the word has been
the word my name as skin
caught loud on the been things
amount of louder power sensing powder
refrain from hole said loud in a noun
the hole in the room sends, the rest sands
how could this ender
gone taut, gone leak, gone out to the spend
longer limits none but tall sands
must be lasting by
a man's louder pounds
and then you have sent I have seen
it lasts more pure the ender
a burier louder that comes to the sands
all awful knock power, nod sender
the last, then the next, then pound hour
seer that lasts in the rest
counter handy amble, stick your pins to amber
louder hour, whole hauls of hand
calendrical balance angles
storms in place, go face
I have let I have thought you
and is made in a barium whole
the wet and waft place of brain
all of it is sole tale
no one knows this plan
whole of an all awful place
the menders collapse, see
coming into the last lip light of death
harm it off and tend it
voice as more things harm
mystery rhyme

mighty head
red is coming room
more in whelm of the hater
the light a hoser
harms of name in room
home on the gentle general
a fountain pauses
your light is restless
the palm is morning
lost as the light came seated
the noun off a worthless
count off the sole thing in
and an on
goes off the weight of the thing and on
want day
have go on
gone doubtless
thinkless something
filled in dated
the harbor as does harbor
calcium midnight a midget is caught coughing
but when have the pillars stalled
how is this hour tending
muscle is back loud to head
short but is barely
scoured out, sent back
the loud of the left of the head
monkey see the quarter
bright to the help belts
the unarrange orange sunway
explain in drench of
nouns run off from
parts seed on the town
a rope is said
a making of it out
the peanut helmet
seen into it, all you
perimeter to send it

perimeter as slows
goes off goes sound
as sands they mention
slows taut elbow
get your letters better morning's
proud off and bring it
talks as if sand to
light bring your mentions
louder caught in vault
coils the whip as if no cease
count little tin things
let it have its parrots
sort until the palm
nothing gone by it
send as if sigh a
shore in hand
shine of blend
to hand the whole bright ear
the shorting serried
count in tier of palace
remnant crystalline choose
whole weights, whole
to never stop it
spot forever neared
and scorn, and told blend
hem of the nodding waiters
waters here, word height
a rest of the blouse
whole of a world

CAIRO CAFE AND STREET

But is remembered blending
the haul of it taught to see
we don't hear, we're not home
bring off all those coffee foods
in and then it's landing we *are* here
the pout and brung elapse in cue
and in vary the whole count average street
they have the things we have count
off electric path, like felt night
parts as if shut up and standing
bring elastic watch case, crew overage
bout of orangutan and souse
here a one, last as if to
the numbers on the counter, the lath
cover minutes in hanging
orange darlings in dark row
menthol pendant waxes
eyebrow a pledge
munch among the whackers
the timed last laugh at edge
whiskery flourescents and bangle
nothing I could telling handle
low tones of flashlight and coffees
primed up to meet repeat
later a scallion of rent penchants
lowering fuel skull
took care of to plate out and meet
late on the Nescafe, the prim hurts
weighted in barrier and standing
all these that pelt and wait
shorn all told in a line
scrap tongue and it makes wave
geek stomp sheds in a roomy
you go all over it told better
a tad scant, then the height weights
novel as a scare telling, mum's the taint
but I could get it better, coffees in witness

long cold scream things, chocolate tinters
the smokes come hot in the hole
but a better bet, a novel stare
stood until it dated, the dare
they make it all up in fires
cabbies rolling past the croak, fine pins
then the love loaves, the petter
and I could room a better camel
get your holds all off
peek, in gold of stems
a better flashlight to
this self must get to and
bare the sand sound and home
so
so

Clark Coolidge's recent books include: *Solution Passage: Poems 1978-1981* (Sun & Moon, 1986), *The Crystal Text* (The Figures, 1986), *Melencolia* (The Figures, 1987), *Mesh* (In Camera, 1988), *At Egypt* (The Figures, 1988).
Forthcoming from Sun & Moon Press: *Sound as Thought: Poems 1982-1984*. Coolidge's *A Geology* (Potes & Poets, 1981) is available in its second printing from Potes & Poets Press, Inc for \$3 plus \$1 handling fee.

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Potes & Poets Press Inc
Elmwood CT 06110

first class mail

ISBN 0886-4047