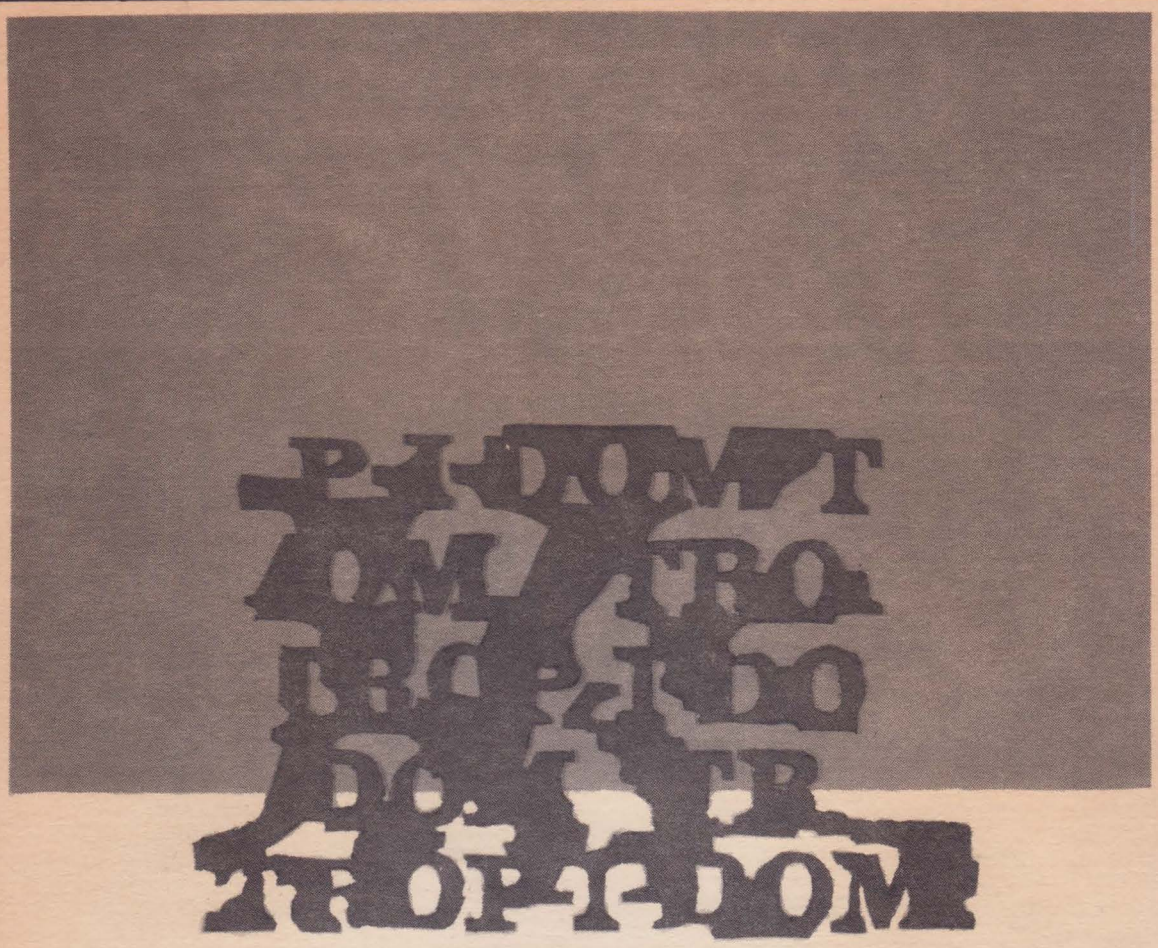

TROP-I-DOM

DIANE WARD

TROP-I-DOM

Diane Ward

JAWBONE
Washington DC

Afternoon Mirror

At last, two halves in one hand.
Goya shadows treat my stinging
eyes & unclick
Poof like a weary gear humming
into action or
hooped, a cycle while I stay amazed
only might have known
the way it bumped into me
knocked my cap You stoop
place it on my head
An angle, thank you

i pick up futurism not today & realism
& more toes & eight fingers run along
now mouthing the phrases playing
some colors fine ochre waving past
me with the battle of my belt

quick runs the suit for his
hot game & religion & old crow faking
lingering-tom-tom song: one cow out being
the grazers swaying roses others
might coax her. Paving the last
tree, fitting a saddle less the welt

Rick ups & coos a prism from
two faces or seedbed the flow
over but ears on figures
come softly--clown & take mistaking
touches sort of light not noting the
gracing mast eery grip as a last horizon
melts

Drip & juiciless rots loose paying
a steel motor show. We crave lingers.
Fun too long & showers mounting
a hazy waiting from & for your
eyes their nova bated last seen
fits of absence; a soma gel.

And Walk The Way You Pound The Ground

making, flowers from corners staring choice of
sound or mountain in the circle raking all your
sides to miles of no alarm the beating drum of
concrete meets thump on past & faster but I

have dumped 100 copies of this day--one at a
time--on your eyes & telling, & not through
a centered place from equal points on each
arm alone on the sofa was as damp in a mine.

If the door opens only then you want to wake

up. Curb run up the corner & a small, green
smile slash slash. Points arriving with be-
liefs, a feeling like some tidal pool who
survives & my smallest thought comes out a
boxed set jammed deeper so large with ordered
tokens a domestic jam-up. Miscellaneous jitters
in our vastness: talk & expression

feathered & visiting & walk & farm-out fleeting
like a solo stopped under the tip & the molecule
which is the sun & the Western rows like buses

arid sleep & plate glass arranged step for step
in the hardcover of my dreams.

trop-i-dom

yer deliciousness oooo (an owl in second places)
this permanent mercury id word; a kiss & urgency
pleasure swishes. fever takes its perfect curtained
chills & turns a wish to lurking crystals in my
jersey of/the flesh. waiting to fall in...hum

little-chair recalls in a dream, storms & pictures
of fairest crowd (some say party) Celtic
characters melt in air and describe a pair of
distant/not still so distant similarities.
pick from: neck or hair. staring checks to see
the query isn't left un...anyway

ten tuesdays took us (mentioned in your letter)
a shoe is resting shook first you then
two thousand times deeper. friendship must
bend loose & custard in the morning wednesday
i didn't say what i was thinking--didn't
think while i was...

shelter licks the earnest flinch each time
& i flick nurses addresses (you don't need it
yet) & pick the first minute to warm your
againstness. her instance/for genuine. your
shirt & your milk spills further from your
lips...

i see sentence/no comedy & you wig out-letting
verbal jets of words of rest-over, left
figuring never (a conceptual cigarette) i
tear a fetish miraculous you air the hush
of once wanting by doing that which even
after some must & disappear you...reappear.

involuntair on your shoulders & my hands from behind
stop for poses on the ridge of roominess like snow-
storming or facing to the right & back where you
weave-in anybody's winter. A warm wrist close by
oddly what happens is not what we expect: I like
the way you do or fumble on the edge of some childish
some iciness. I isolate the way you want to dress
& his foundations for your trimmings and a reckless
button flashes on a very perfect purpose. Europeans,
folders, ashram, quarter-time, Octobers come at 2:15.
A bony wrist, you adjust over the waters touch covering
all pink with your scalloped glow that time & the line
as simple as an Adam or pattern of your sentiment.
Reactions turn like pagan cookies onto you while a
gesture or a motion or a final blow-through, the way
it unevens, squared (almost) off to your dual obligations.
One transient language makes you talk. A hopeful crust moves
over and my wrist: a flinch as your eyes in a smooth line
of fire stop like frosted windows and a jar open/or the lid
on at rest between us. A moment, while an eager distance is
the nearest creation I know.

Pins folded bare across tiny openings wait motionless
& the sun twinning oldest fantasies like giant panthers
bouncing even-pace across the egg white or the horizon
& your head misses the song but listening comes out &
shove to feel the cryings & the mock attacks. I wait
for the beat & the near-not-doing-it of waking, too.
The clock and the cool water like a closed eyelid or
reflection of an eyelash on sliding glass & the black-
ness defining the whiteness a way to get across or fall
down under. More pressing as a movie screen with the
comfort & watch the top sinks to the sides of its bottom
& sigh toned down & slight movements of a silent breath.
Ins hold like airy moss like aster seed as I paint coziness
with the one grin I seep cold hysteria from the night.
After-seeing is dormant chatter & outlets from the stream
of faces. You like to lay tight or the sizes thread on;
jutting covers & tumbling across what used to be the
inside now depth is left to out & answering being nothing
reason becomes my lips becomes pieces breaking from stead-
fast like cream and thick coffee pales.

Safely and somehow lettered like a face that refuses or you know that I can't show it the way a tiny redness makes some food edible & a cold concrete & broken stethoscope for coolness in shadow and for dying flowers in the summertime. You lead off like a long line going away & points in the distance where simplicity as an ideal, concealed, because we remember because tunnelling mumbles in our ears and scares a freeness into us. Sticky, a pace we fix, that stance the way you stand two feet planted gingerness & assured for the distance or your radar questions home-in make uneasy the tentative yellowed walls. The door is repositioned. Air begins to plow outside as brightness comes into focus & still & in the room a gray mostly loudness of recognition. Movement means a place to move from: a heavy gray that won't erase. A thick line that won't erase. Scooping through and sifting the things we never dropped only thought we dropped like a broken alarm that never goes off. A blue flame from fuchsia petals, I squat below the tracks where an arm then a leg then a head make a swaying--and here, non-stop pockets. A distinction isn't easy to unmake. Only a few years when bitterness is a tiny room that we hold in the palms of our hands and thanks for its obvious boundaries. On a plaster wall a sudden rule forces wooden cracks like movement three four in morning or a dirge; curved lines are going away too. The aperture of it when I try to adjust.

A gradual collision & you are back against the stone
your weight, a central pillar turn any radiations
point them back at you or tension, the point where
a voice attacks from--force which is the taut way
you've been. We can't be tight like the animals.
A complex clause when the morning and a hungover
punctuation jumbled like a past tense. Two poached
eggs one piece of toast a box of crayons seven
digit number we talk like the cars that aren't
really our feet and the distance that isn't our
voices. We turn down offers when good posture
prolongs the songs into a lower register where
pleasure another context. People are a quiet piece
of cake. A murmer drowns off her like hooded austerity
dust lines as the highlight when it plays off her
fingers & tap & relief like a sheet of your smile
that isn't a fake. Tuesday and the only dance goes
triple-time to August like every minute. Intricate
silence and we're not monkeys just sneaking out with
bells on.

An undertone where there is nothing about you that
I can remember in here or an opaque red that turns
a more visible side like a sandwich my hand goes out
of focus with the sound repeating inside my head beating
a knock-out. The frozen face as I think it would be best
for us. The look on your face when I say I think it's
best. I want to go outside where cold is a surface when
the harmony is numb and the street, a long story, you
are looking past me, the last ability is nakedness. It
isn't unreal or exaggerate or what we feel is nothing.
As if we would sit here, a table and glass so we feel
so my legs move like waiting for another place to go.
No ground-hugging, but memories, an almost-blue period,
in the intersection of heighth my eyes become small &
relationships plunge down as quick as the subway taking
my position with you. You continue a steady size. It's
<u>visually</u> <u>exciting</u> <u>sensitivity</u> <u>vitality</u> <u>form</u> <u>what</u>
<u>it</u> <u>means</u> its <u>content</u> and me a beetle in a precious
lying back in a shell.

After a dirty glass a chance as secret as my swollen
voice this morning is soft footsteps prints & tiptoes
across my back. I can bet I'd feel it though not in
Paris this street of homeless cats and a system where
you've got charm, so on. Want to do it again it looks
good now bad before. I can't believe I took you like
a sunspot between openings of my eyes and a statement
hidden by a question mark or a rise in pitch just before
the end. We are staring at the ground between our big
knees & distort & travel with a word along a curve.
A sharp drop as your body sinks below the steady line
that is the supporting edge.

The eastern entrance walk way to the prince part of a strapping wooden chair winks and he sits like big time like what a fine way to get payed off. A feast term when darkness enters like a pinhole and a thin smooth surface elevates or the texture next picture and the conversation ends hours ago. A large gesture floats across the head and the hands want to smooth away but close my eyes and flip through pages an open book of words you have said & heard ones that I have too. We sit like feet that are flattened to the floor and arms knitted close to the sides: I widen torso and draw out single leaves and staring eyes close where the dark patches moments ago were flashing unnatural neon yellow. We think it's like having fun. And once a foot slipped from the stair brought its body down like now we call an action when repeating itself as a scarlet cape or mine takes more time.

Gray At The Edge

There's a point where we taste the spices in even
spaces and serene is our excitement and emotions
like a Latin phrase and an empty glass floats on
top of the fountain whenever I can make it up this
time I put myself in any slot I choose and let the
pavement pass my feet and put my face under my mouth
around some kind of food & chew. A paper bag and
something missing inside and breaths of air with
tenderness, a finer level. I want to go out but
I can't find my keys.

Nothing Like A Cornerstone

We finish eating lay back smoke and talk about quitting. A pattern when the floor becomes the negative space and brown while the sky outside is so blue it is orange. This peaceful feeling that begins and ends with a song sounds with the shaking hands and the shaking voice and the steadiness in the hotel bliss where we drop off with a graceful motion & finish up in overtime say I blew it and count down half-way into all or nothing like watching you become silent want to be alone and the sound of this room is a burnt out light as it flickered a week ago with my feet in the sand and your face is two times larger on the edge of the opposite shore. My friends are wearing scarves watching while I retrace and these two ways are squeezing me to thinness. Across the alley where people are smiling and her voice reaches just in time as his fingers brush the piano keys the window and the outside defined as a midnight blue with a network of encounters that break like waves. I want to wake up and I want to have a salt feeling and be sticky taking a deep breath up from where I almost drowned.

Published in an edition of 200
(26 of which have been signed &
lettered by the poet & the artist)
by JAWBONE, Washington, D.C.

Distributed by: Doug Lang
Folio Books, 2000 P ST NW
Washington D.C. 20036

Cover design: Tad Wanveer