

TUUMBA 25

# FLAT AND ROUND

Larry Eigner



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FLINT AND ROUGH

WATER

Small, dark, round  
stone, smooth  
surface.






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Larry Eigner



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## FLAT AND ROUND



Close up

I lie across the bed with my matched feet

we live in the great world  
the ceiling above my eyes just like my toes

It looks like I'm dying but I can't see, what goes on

In the front room a television is playing

The old movies, like we went down the corner as kids

Only these are the grade A's, the classes with affairs

[ and bibs

In the drawing-room they are saying something as the

[ scene opens

A repetition It's just like the first night

I don't know what's hit me, I saw the trails before

[ sunset, I can't actually tell the placement of stars

while the beaches of my childhood may still be white



the black pants

black dog

walk off

plane black this time

over the empty lawn

a space clear a

moment of no rain

## SPRING NIGHT

spring 12 o'clock

by a chain

it is not dark

the moon

and lack of some cloud

or it is

but the air is pervasive

weeds hem and advance

of whatever kind

the crickets drop

undriven from

the field, line

of the roads, the back

yards

not having come

the cats

with their conscionless tongues



## FOR THE LONG SEASON

five pigeons on the rim of the barrels  
they are tin and so rattle

and it takes two seconds to get  
on the other side of the street

and there is the air

sound does not travel  
for it can't be seen

I hear them from far away  
the birds outline the world

the pigeons walk in the air  
as we swim

while the leaves are blown

O creatures

critters, we  
are the world in the sky

the cats make themselves narrow  
going through

Association

Thought  
against death  
variety

death no-one can lead  
death

the stars bloom, a current  
dream, where it is night mostly

but there is no death, for they were never living

they burn

the points  
like death



in the morning

bird tail

below the gutter

and another one

under a high cloud

glass reflects branches

the air they ride

how much neighborhood

leaves caught me

sounding like rain

the tree on the walk

bread borne

to it

and next to the yard

mountainous over the fence

Pure.

on the 60 mile highway

The sign, Falling stones

from a five-yard cliff

Why shouldn't we get there

blinded to sure speed

the rotary canyons

inscribed bare speed

the countryside

one blade of grass

isn't enough

and burned-over stars!

the wind at the sea

building, the railroads

tension

on a quiet Friday, smoke

the blot hills

interest to the blind

like the random fires

banks



Last day on earth  
for a while at least

fingers  
bamboo

a plane goes over  
my eyes

a shadow lost  
darkness space  
not night, the day  
24 hours

flight the tandem  
with these usual people  
all this time is alone

I feel the tilt

I am far above the graves

the distances down out of sight

a look at the sky  
a view of the weather so many  
trees where the island ends  
below the cloud

more palpable than the moon  
the rock takes  
its element

the sea comes up

shape comes motion

it reflects the light  
absorbed at the same time

the intervening air  
settled by clouds  
islands of mists



Up in the air  
give me

air

flying-machine like a bed  
reportedly  
a rough landing  
in the sands

eagles  
though with meat hanging above  
a ragged team

birds will sit  
on a plane's tail

propellors independent  
the speed

hot smoke

then the open

air

wide "philosophers, officials, students and loiterers"

le Champ de Mars where  
it was raining "a  
new-born baby?" hour

[[Guy Murchie,  
*Song of the Sky*,  
1954]]

afterwards 'bounced  
upon a field.' prodded  
hissed out its  
dangerous smell the  
evil corpse dragged off

the fabric along the ground

sky from flat to round what  
cleared weather

sunshine to remember snow and the moon

a balloon with a picture  
on it

this was a success

swift nearly as idea  
people considering travel

so a week later  
'a sheep, cock and duck'

in fancy stripes

'honor' of being the ...  
nearly went to criminals  
and it seemed safe enough

or

cautiously they  
experiment, Pilatre et  
le marquis, November  
...

27 miles

end of the year

oop the shirt life, Louis  
you who  
never went up



like the Shah's 4-poster  
to come down in the desert  
or across the Channel  
into the wood

compass, barometer, anchors, flags,  
apples, life jackets, small windmill,  
bottle of brandy, pamphlets  
oars ballast

even tossed his pants  
overboard

the last dangerous minute  
after relieving self

the windy man  
not much having worked  
12 miles beyond the coast

the car  
in the Calais Museum

albatross sleep high

athletes, the birds  
where the snow flies

streets, streets  
the map, the picture  
the field there cross  
out

the way high  
low, what  
straight is

the sea reaches

wind

you turn, elsewhere  
down  
from now  
me on



Imagination heavy with  
worn power

the wind tugging  
leaves

from the florist's shop  
some silence distanced

complicated lighting, more  
glass

wires borne off a hill

now I need a hole in the head

branch

against chimney

whatever time bears  
smoke

enough rain  
a roof dumps  
into the sea

more clouds adrift

gauge of reason



[[ CS Lewis'  
*Perilandra*  
being read  
aloud on  
the radio ]]

Martian photos

July 14 ]]

1965 ]]

venus the size of  
mother  
earth ah

morning where  
are freezing  
trees

holding  
enough, up the sun advances

air and fire  
the involved lack of  
on red

planet, drinking

the sky

quiet, not  
stone silence

for which we have rain  
pulled down earth  
to relieve, an  
avalanche

clouds dark in the hills  
or white and slow  
they disappear

or surround the cold moon  
when sleep comes for us

the day on Mars  
as long as here

to hold light

[DNA]

phoenix, the  
acid



a perfectly quiet car  
how easily pushed it  
self a boat the invisible  
effort completion of  
the movement here, some factory  
product, as of all these years  
hot day waters the street  
the slant paint rides  
turn and go back  
the way they came  
the horn blowing once  
beyond the confused mass  
of the real sea, the bay, in resistance  
to the moon, the air  
that light bulk  
continues the years  
the solid in my childish mind  
that boy at the wheel was  
a proper choice, the others  
went back and forth, too, he  
said something

the rotary turns  
the horizon  
near and far

the plane  
echoing itself  
the sea feels



T h e t i m e

bomb, pay-off  
the insured, negating  
all safety rules, empty mask  
in the ceiling down the lake oxygen  
the shaped convenience prospect  
of girls old men

clothes for the ride packed

life, airy, hides taken up  
beyond green woods,  
we return to high figures  
from the number field

like who is cared about  
the moments successive  
days

meal after meal  
like this 19-year-old  
the brain of 6 months  
harmless as a cat

biting your good fingers, rearing  
choking

he'll never know money

tomorrow tonight may be the last  
death

what happens  
should you go  
or not

the lengthening day  
with its shadows branches  
leaves the space of  
trees standing on its trunk

to be recalled as  
a choo-choo train there are hills winding

in my experience  
and I forget what  
came between puzzles  
and satisfactions, each  
of a slightly different kind then the idle thought  
of knowing your moments  
those of more use than mine

there may be such  
let them be  
as infinite

you dont seem  
to know an awful lot while I forget  
that besides being lazy at last I have  
futile hands still you make  
restricted rounds  
on errands I hear little of



I like to keep off  
all  
have heads to find  
what way is forward  
and when to turn  
from getting up to  
lying down

those planes were loud

asleep  
the degrees with my head down  
half-way to my lap

what bird's call

sounding close

I haven't

learned a flute

to match silence  
and the sea's sound

there's nothing like music  
in the street

out the opposite window  
along through trees

a piano hoisted up-  
stairs slung  
level storey

fire sire

n crickets afterwards  
the hot night  
still to dawn

the passing earth  
whirls out



dream interrupted by a car  
Where going what was I saying?  
that room was in my mind o  
now it is day

birds startle the window

air  
is unseen

landscapes I've dreamt about  
I've spent nights on the beach

gone off I on the back seat  
the view upward, branches, wires, the tops of signs  
little enough to be read

sunlight tops  
a maple tree  
in the red fall

I ride the street

mean something  
all together

kick cans  
and cry

branches still  
from the middle

confusion and otherwise



t h e r i n d

air hammers

dance the street years

now minute open range

fish or down on the wharf

hills behind

the sea deepened by sun

the gulls round on the roofs



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