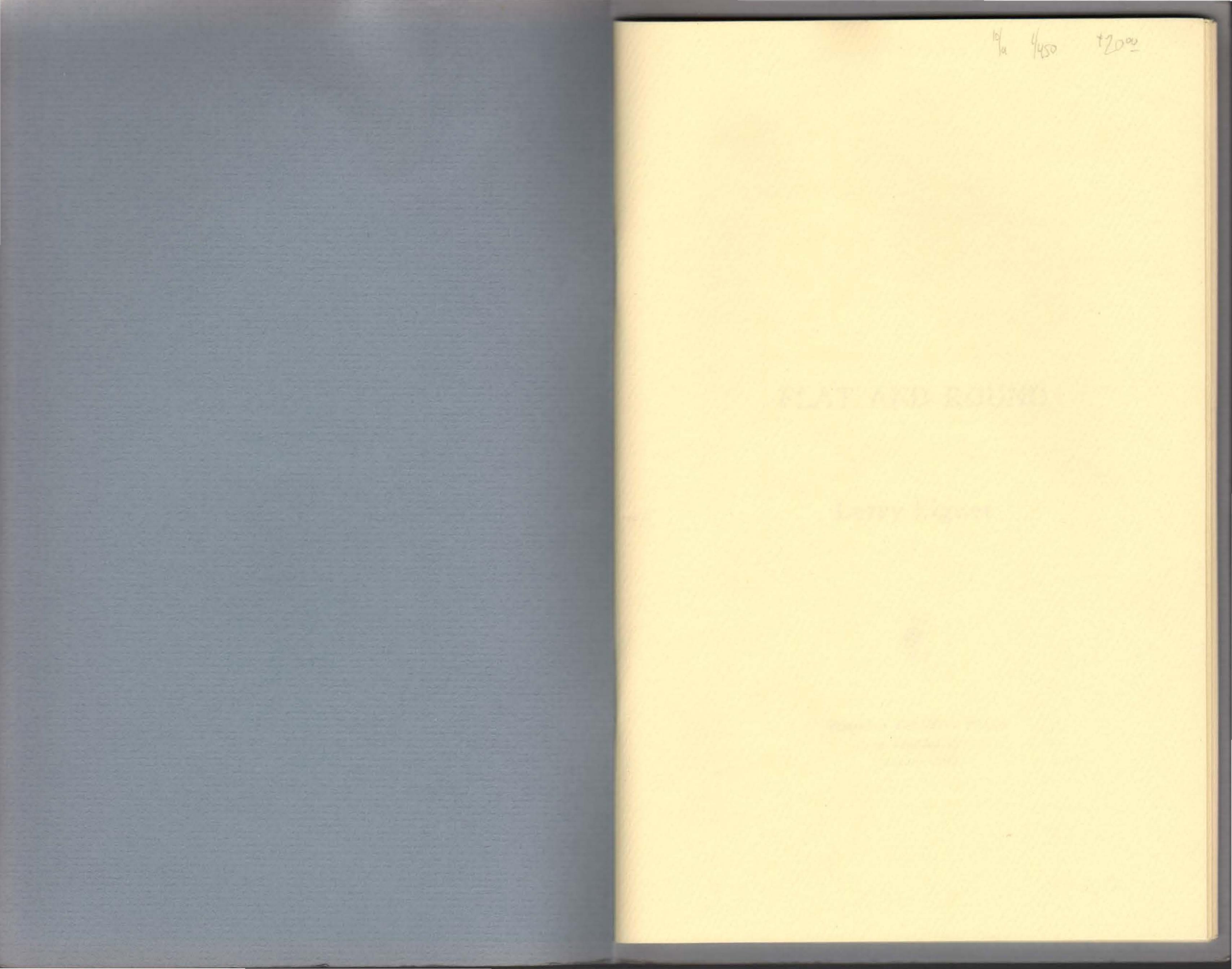
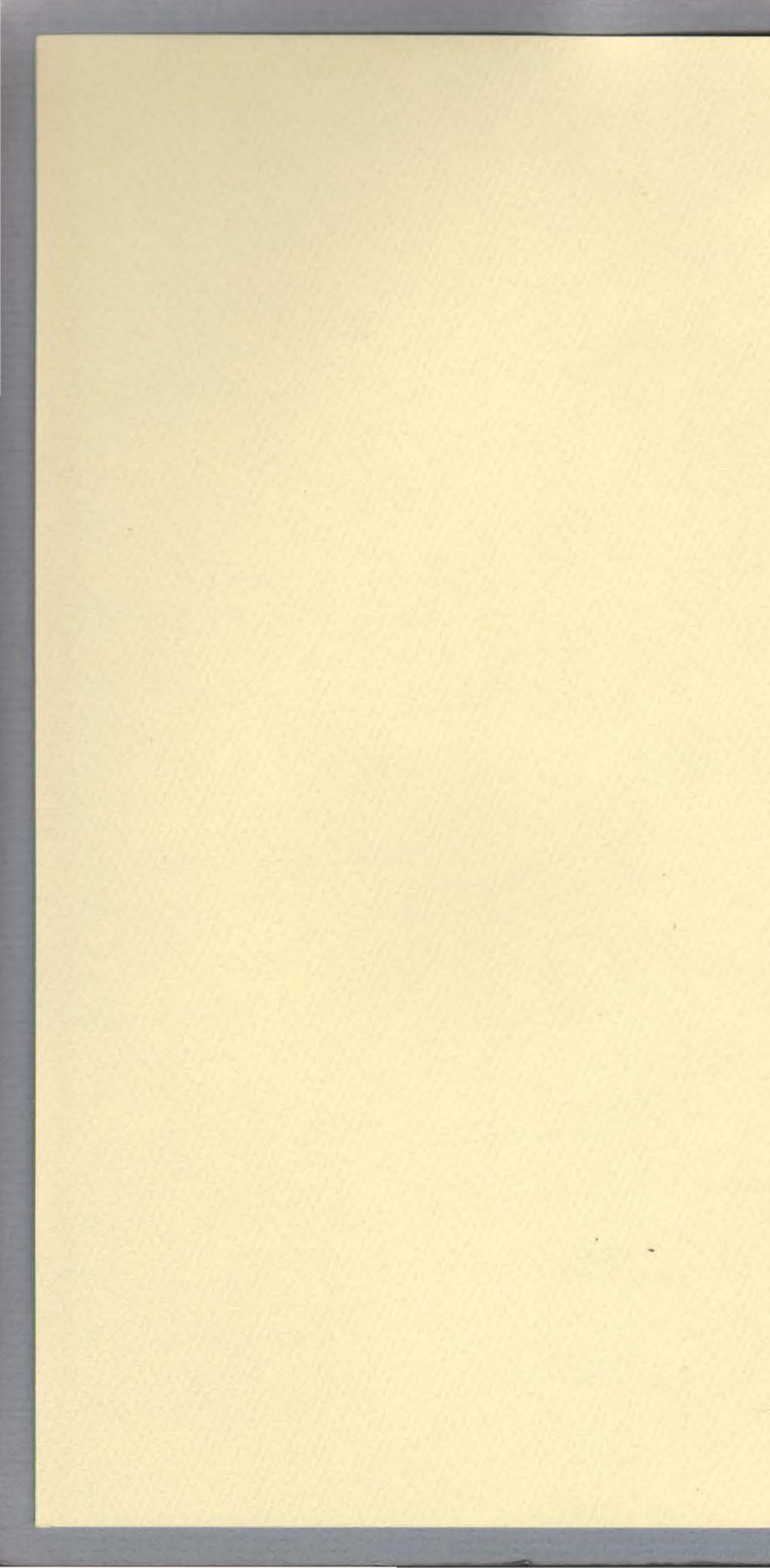


FLAT AND ROUND

Larry Eigner







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Larry Eigner



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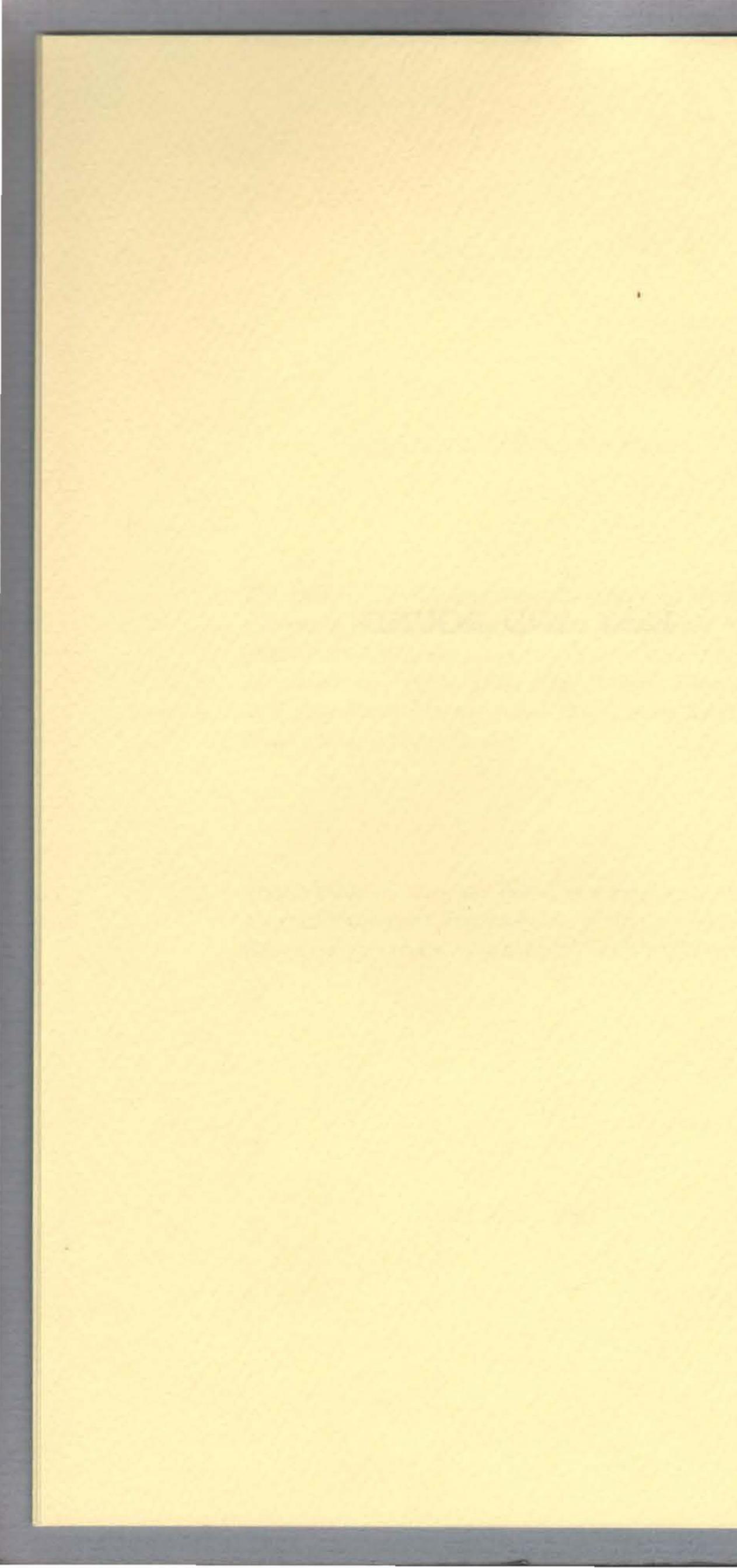
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FLAT AND ROUND



Close up

I lie across the bed with my matched feet we live in the great w-orld the ceiling above my eyes just like my toes It looks like I'm dying but I can't see, what goes on

mon that a

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

the intervening air settled by clouds islands of mists

it reflects the light absorbed at the same time 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 ca e 1

And the owner of the

oop the shirt life, Louis you who never went up

cautiously they experiment, Pilatre et le marquis, November

27 miles

end of the year

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 ballast oars

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

athletes, the birds

albatross sleep high where the snow flies streets, streets the map, the picture the field there cross out

the way high low, what straight is

and the second

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

venus the size of mother eaurth 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

> > and the second

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

> Martian photos July 14]] 1965]]

[DNA]

phoenix, the acid

the day on Mars as long as here

to hold light

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

The time

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

and it is the second of the se

.

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 upstairs 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

and the second sec

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

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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

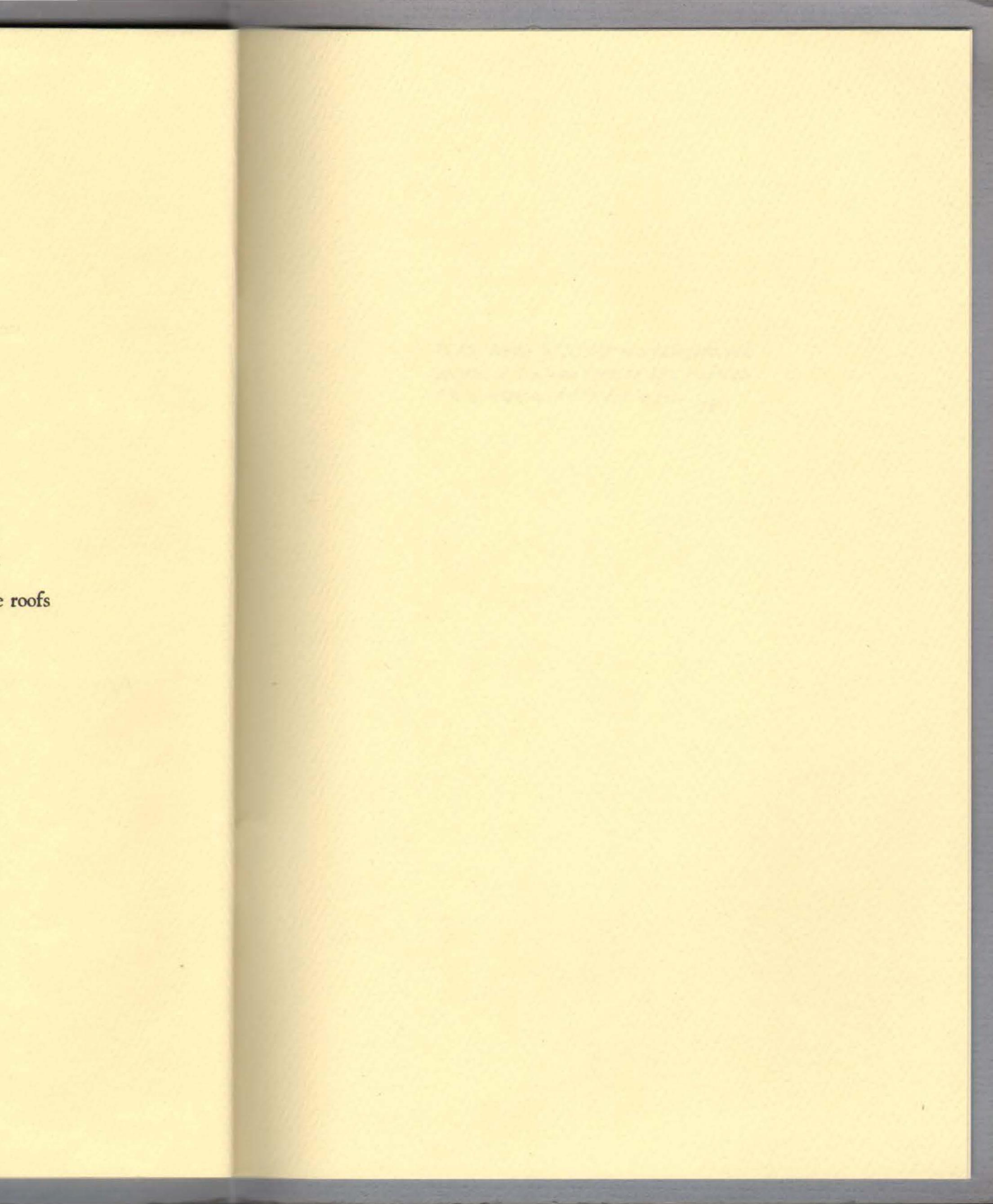
the rind

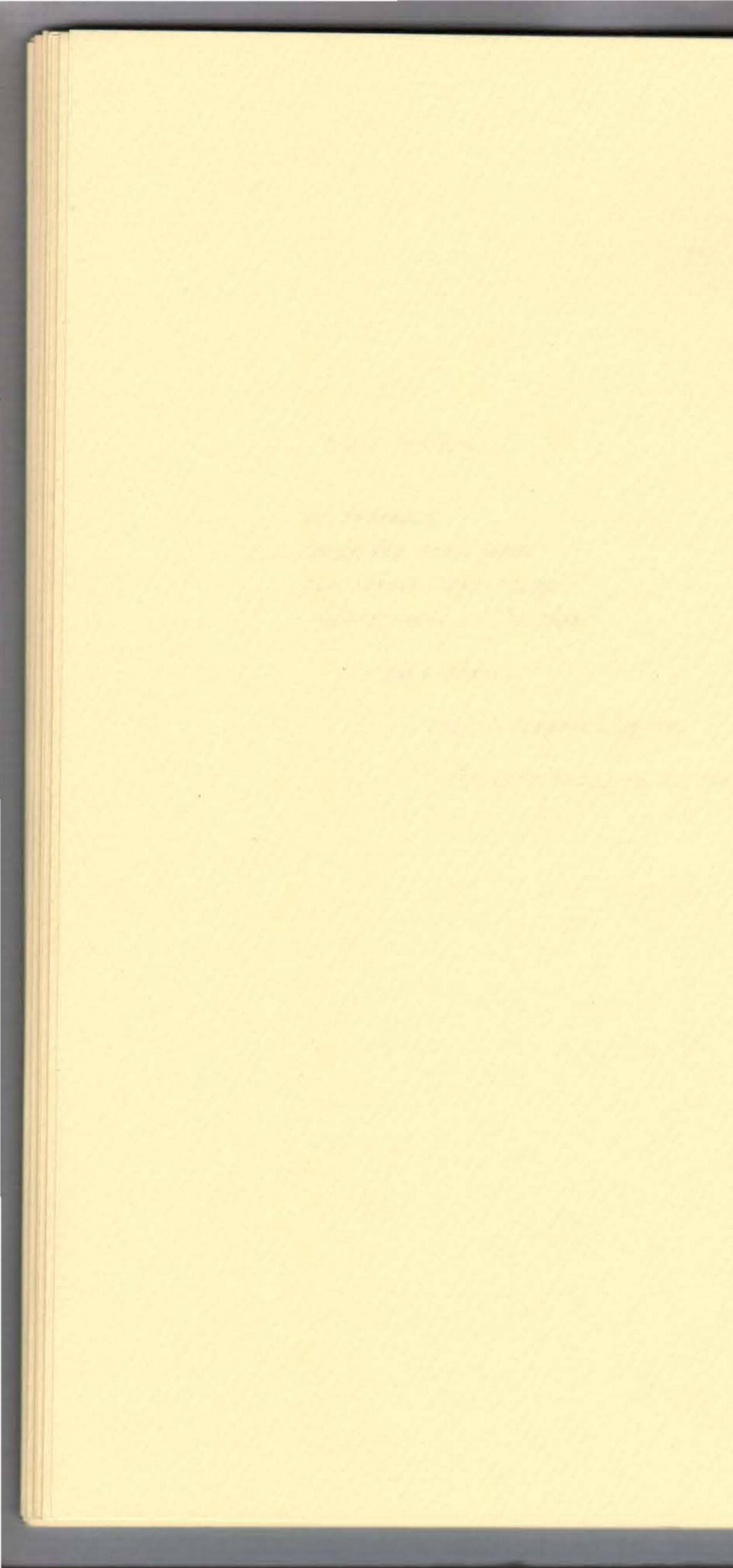
air hammers dance the street years now minute open range fish or down on the wharf

hills behind

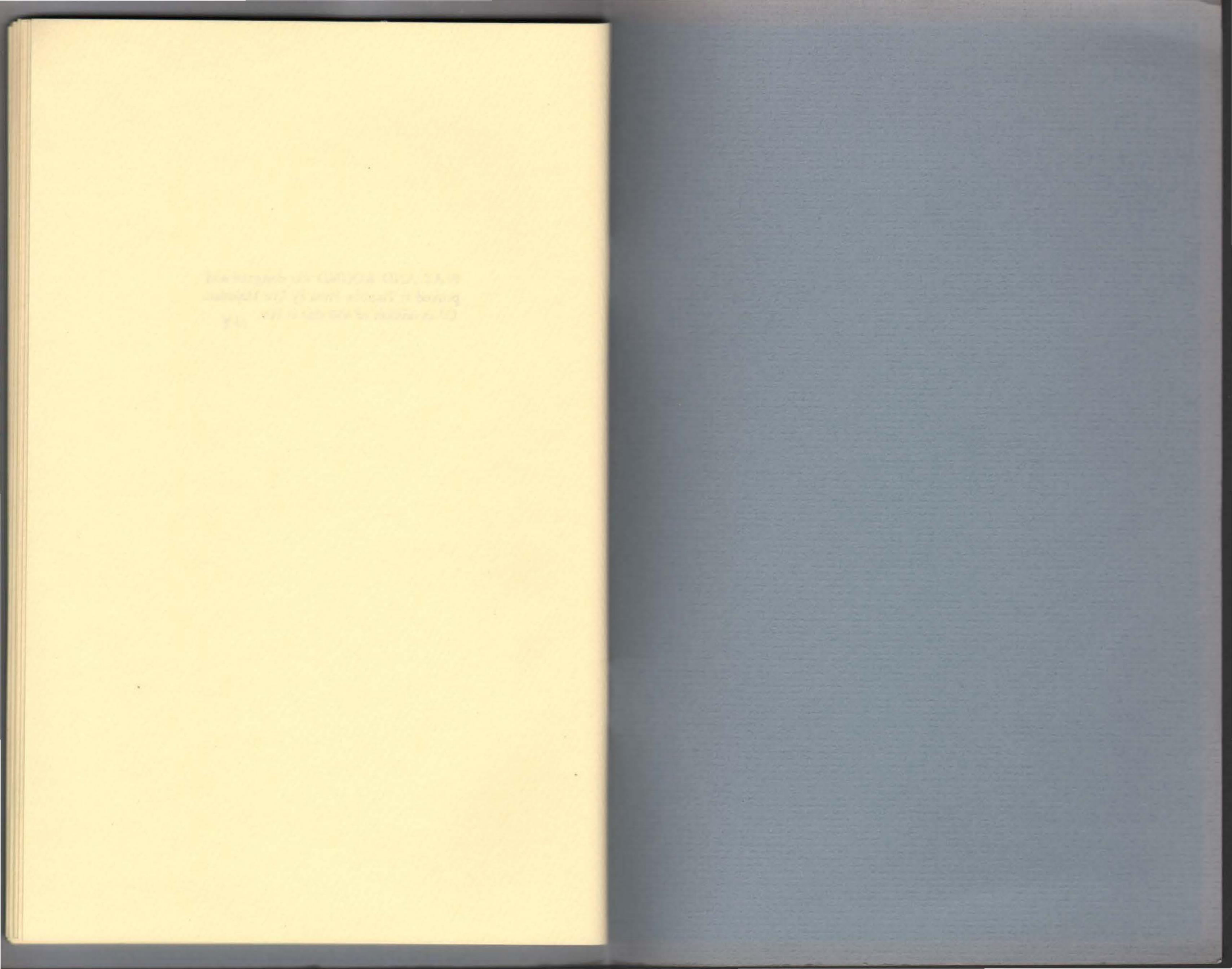
the sea deepened by sun

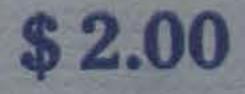
the gulls round on the roofs





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