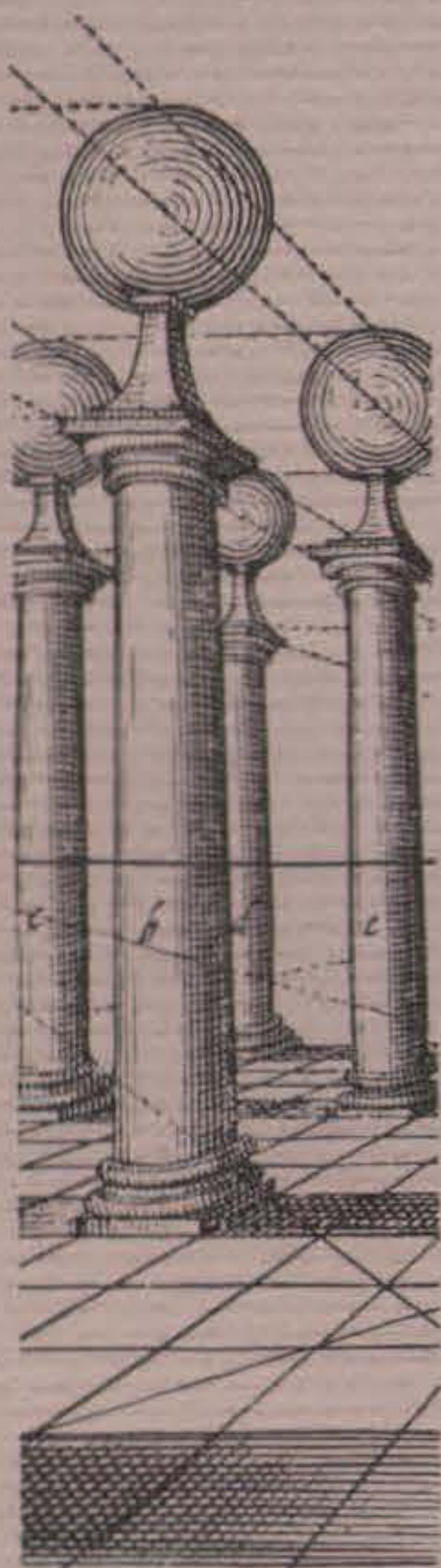


TUUMBA 26

# TRIBUTE TO NERVOUS

KIT ROBINSON





THIRTY-THREE

THE

THE



# TRIBUTE TO NERVOUS

KIT ROBINSON



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## TRIBUTE TO NERVOUS



## TRIBUTE TO NERVOUS

bottle-neck

oh I'd

humor my

behemoth!

tales

take

powder

pills

set sea

ordinarily

arbitrary

time of arrival

estimated as

The Channel

"The World's Greatest Assortment!"

ORANGE RICE

ATLANTIC OCEAN

The Novel

part of a trilogy

after an episode

based on fact



of Dante's Inferno  
in London  
in 1920  
& so  
snow falls  
deep snow  
further off  
the train passes  
behind a red temple  
in the interval  
is a correspondence  
like across an arc  
triumphant tranquil  
mechanical take  
all round  
on the roofs

## ZOO

long yellow buildings  
voices  
above iron bridges  
cross others  
follow even higher ones  
reverberation  
street signs  
haven't changed  
this year  
it's Cincinnati  
in the year of my thoughts  
it's your name  
on my way to your place at night  
walk, sing  
I am the route  
to whom  
I sing  
spins  
up on material  
city stage  
a grey tone



grey ray tone  
light on flanks  
TV over ice  
climbing a hundred yards  
over head

## MACHINERY

reduces  
that's it  
tools  
names  
go on in  
concentration  
pen  
features  
call  
a poem  
variations  
transparency  
history  
rivers  
although they are waiting  
I am waiting  
dying  
of laughter  
music  
on the radio  
white desk top



to eye  
and harmonica  
across the way

## IT'S A

I go in  
really reading  
and the girl at the counter  
forgets to charge  
"Kit"  
w/ black shoes  
& lack of color's  
interesting or  
absorbing light  
looking up from  
under your hat  
and nothing is said  
it's a minor pleasure  
over a major pain  
little enough  
without much to do  
about how to improve  
hanging in on your  
honor not hurt or  
nervous after  
all that



might be made light of  
in light of fine error  
approximation's walk a  
round, hip to swagger under  
sky as one  
day like any (I is  
the) other  
'our man'  
*its* place  
to sleep in  
a rush, bring  
us up to our  
best recollection's  
opposite number  
on a ordinary day

## TURNED UP

reasonably  
opens window  
cop car  
closes, passes  
well-to-do  
nowhere to  
be (STATUES) seen  
green slopes up  
to passing cloud:  
"Let's get together and..."  
flame (NOMAD) door  
comes off  
to take the bite off  
ALL KINDS OF  
angles  
make a world you  
"find"  
it is located in  
blue areas  
about X<sup>o</sup>/<sub>o</sub> of the time  
and to even have



a continent first  
one came to have  
a look  
then put  
OFFICE  
FOR RENT  
up over head  
when phone rings  
and they've got work for you

## THE ONE

Sunday up in  
the room  
it's a large room  
in which I'm  
alone w/ a hun-  
dred & some  
odd people, an  
empty room  
pouring in  
to the sun  
in a dream  
w/ the lights on  
backwards and one  
being being many  
if one is I am  
not waiting for a train  
training sites on  
street scene  
sense something similarly seen  
somewhere un-  
der some other sun



## DAILY PLANET

rain clears dust  
rails round city  
whole clouded mass  
lit from inside  
station to unit  
whose hands and legs  
tourists and residents alike  
if get it, go for it  
stretch again  
over the top  
non-stop sympathetics  
thru driver's side window  
solar dilation  
and after work, thousands  
"tyranny of distance"  
walking or smoking or  
tiny umbrella z  
stashed in a crack  
open for business  
insistent eye cycle  
pairs people in threes

back pocketed  
car lengths away  
hesitant fits  
hand in glove w/ chance  
ordering each other  
onto the paper  
displaces the building  
leaves something missing  
crossing below



## PHANTOM OPTICAL

the world is minute  
and will have to be searched  
magnetic particles  
turn the water blue  
above a ballet shoe  
a torch surges  
turning in the hands  
for a pair of field glasses  
in the darkened weekend  
moving back and forth  
on stilted language  
prescribed for ocean sickness  
afflicting only passengers  
in bare-breasted suits  
the weight of the arm  
is the weight of the air  
impossible balance  
eye to eye

## NOT ABOUT

not to bitch or gripe a bit  
you sentimental slob  
look at iron  
it is bad  
to weep and moan  
if you can't live  
insert your head in  
a metal drill press  
so it cuts off  
your head  
That's right!  
say you love  
you let the cat out  
the play begins  
the play pursues itself  
at the end of a hundred  
and fifty pages  
I'll be beat  
the debut  
has already been played  
no one can change



the result  
while waiting  
I talk to myself  
about the environment  
in which the action takes place  
it is difficult to describe  
a red hat  
I pass on by  
four walls  
you stretch them  
I see in practical relief  
heat stroke on far wall  
vertical figure w/ diagonal top  
and ghost image to left  
grace catholic retinal red  
to habit squeeze oriental water  
in a glass of water  
dominate but squeeze but simply  
the side of the glass  
morning after morning without one  
knot in your  
head  
I know longer know

where I am  
at the same time  
I write  
I'm working on a book  
locks open like a curtain  
theatrical effect  
an immense field of water  
floating elevators  
lift 500 tons  
grain a day  
days are dense  
while I sit  
materially  
where I sit  
on account  
signed  
by blank its blank  
smokestack



## COKE

don't just sit there  
say something  
the ether just wrote  
something on the air  
now let me get a  
read on that  
big situation they have  
going on out there  
seems to be drawing in  
quite a few heads  
not to say tails  
while meanwhile's  
what's hidden  
what with in and in  
between stops accounting for  
days a week minus  
what you already spent on  
being in a dream, love  
leaves plenty waking  
hours to baby  
into place

## HOLE IN THE DON'T

wonder what'll happen  
one grey a m  
jet noise filter's an  
end to nervous systematic tune  
coffee water then  
coffee's in  
order one  
going on  
upside down in  
an apartment known  
only as other than  
light rain  
about to begin



## ON THE CORNER

I want things.  
You hear birds.  
The heat is on.  
Someone driving.

They have theories  
to place facts  
in an order.  
They prove useful.

You all come back now.  
He is the third person  
to come in here  
to answer the question.

Or she is  
wary of his  
possessive assertion  
of theoretical fact.

Pages turn.  
Why does the sound of them  
credit such attention.  
What listens to one is.

Steps on the floor.  
He is absorbed in  
his activity, apparently  
typing something.

Imagine travelling  
to different parts  
of the world.  
Jumps off boat.

Light blue map water.  
Would money be available  
on trees. Imagine work  
or criminal exploit.

The prison house  
of Latin. Pig latin  
's granma. Hear tap  
water drawn upstairs.

Present technology  
porcelain punctuation  
associative principle  
pinholes via Joe Spence...

Writing writes itself.  
I am not an animal.  
I remember movies.  
This is not an example.

Who needs obscure poetry.  
What is the price  
of cola product.  
Why is reading such.

Now can anyone tell me  
what question  
I am asking you  
said the teacher.



The sun goes down  
into the town's  
back pocket  
like a figure of speech.

She calls her mother.  
The other draws signs  
at a table.  
These persons are rhymable.

I is the other.  
Having said that  
is an ancient construction.  
He split.

We live in a house.  
I live in a room.  
You stepped out of a dream.  
You could have fooled me.

They made all kinds of money.  
The long green. Great!  
if you are reading this  
in an airport.

Reader, writer, how  
does the poem go.  
Inner ear and eye  
take a vacation.

I want to work.  
He plays out the line.  
You've seen this before.  
So we meet again.

## TWOS FOR ALAN

White flames are tied round with newspaper.  
Earth blossoms cover an eggshell in a tapestry.

The white cane is lost in the darkness.  
Digger lies face down in sand.

Passing streets, the passengers make eye contact.  
History is to history as blank is to blank.

Rain under water.  
Language is a trap.

A fire in the eye destroys cloud girders.  
A trail of sparks clouds the mirror.

Voice cracks, industry fissures.  
You are what is deeply mysterious.

Forms need to be cracked open.  
Man in red-checked pants lights cigarette.

White flames are tied round with newspaper.  
The white cane is lost in the darkness.

Passing streets, the passengers lie down in sand.  
A trail of sparks clouds the mirror.

You are what is deeply mysterious.  
History lights a cigarette.

A fire in the eye destroys the rude scene.  
A man in red-checked pants is covered with peach blossoms.



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OF  
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