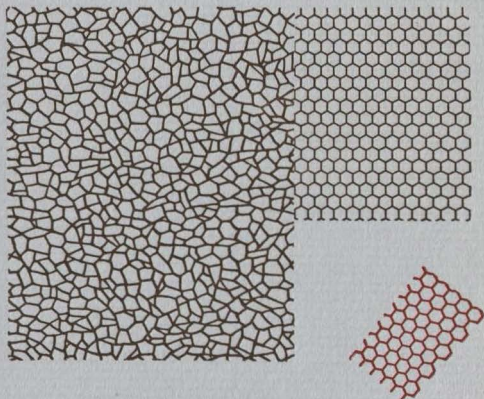


P L A N E
D E B R I S



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(24522)
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PLANE
DEBRIS

Stephen Rodefer



Printed at TUUMBA PRESS
as TUUMBA 36
November 1981

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Other books by Stephen Rodefer include:

THE KNIFE, Island Press, 1965

ONE OR TWO LOVE POEMS FROM THE
WHITE WORLD, Duende, 1976

VILLON, by Jean Callais, Pick Pocket Series, 1976

THE BELL CLERK'S TEARS KEEP FLOWING,
The Figures, 1978

ISSN 0146 - 2083



PLANE DEBRIS

My mind to me mangles iron. An error is mirror to the truth
than any statement claiming to be true. I saw a tree and the idea
arose from memory that it was a mango tree. The past is made of brain cells.
We wouldn't have time if we didn't think about it. Thought creates matter
that nature didn't think to. How incredibly perceptive
that women have decided to paint themselves in every age. Measurement
means distance, and is political. They fight fire for instance,
but though they burn they do not fight themselves. One of the *Baubaus* lovelies
on the staff of WET can do the awesome graphic. My name will be Money,
but you can call me Change. Antiphilus, Antipater,
do not let the prick think. Her Harry thinks she is too much.
I am exactly as old as you ART. Wonder in and spy the pond.
Truth is, most state of the art is actually edge of the park. Out one car
and in the other. Hearing lists on an off day. Woods wave leaves.
The town signs. Here the papyrus begins to tatter. The rest is loss.

Still be kind and eke out the performance with your mind.
 If you have to cough, cough. You think you know everything,
 but you only know half of it. You must reveal your self,
 your time, and the structural development of art up till now.
 Let us match our racquets to their balls. Upon a filet
 balance a model to propose a spread. Just the right hint of everything,
 pushed through a sieve. The logic of any gross natural array.
 We live in bags, presented and ready to be taxed, feeling the necessity
 of blocking the choreography behind *any* massive confusion.
 The imagination wells—first one tip, spin off, then sea mist,
 drifting and swell, spindrift. The repetitive structures of the intellect
 at attention. Spit shined rhyme. Saluted rhetoric.
 By now you look ready to stick your thumb in a dyke and become a heroine.
 Spread your TEETH and lift your nostrils up, flying with your bike in your arms.
 National guardsmen are throwing up all over; and so we enter the blow-torch world.

Like history, a man is a lesson. As soon as you learn it, no need for class.
 This doesn't mean that you leave the world that imagines them.
 Dying with the tide turning, bustle courage up.
 Trade fame for sustenance and safety, to be halted in a familiar path,
 guarded by babies and old women. Derivation and other particulars,
 affably used. The nose as wet as a pen, cold as stone.
 Still crying out for company and the sack. It is the same for us all,
 so God bless you. The lesson in ENGLISH is really a lesson in French.
 Let me entreat your succor. If you are dead, I'll slumber.
 If there is breath, I'll mark the glass. The dull ear is dumber than night.
 If the enemy is an ass, speak lower. I love the lovely bully.
 We know enough if we know we are subjects. Everything waits
 for you, for which I am grateful. And confusion is mineral.
 Achieve me and you can sell me bones. Base weed—
 my horse is my mistress and gives me a bad back, at the tip of the pouring dark.

You see how queer it is. You see one big dipper. You see them all.
 On Thursday we have all the best acts from Wednesday.
 Take off them schoolboy glasses. I must be surrounded
 by great art, or thrive. I'll be the one in the C-cup by the door.
 Break my mind to me in broken English. It contents me.
 If you want to be a woman, or a man, be sure and always keep a can
 of evaporated funk on hand. In little rooms the tongues
 of people light. Mock me intelligently if you know
 the half of it. I cannot tell what is like me. After all,
 I speak your tongue and you mine. Nice customs.
 Great curtsy. Besotted traveller . . . if I might BUFFET for a moment,
 does peace nurse arts? Put it in writing and send me a copy.
 A shale, pale English shore, more sure than France. I expose
 myself to language. It makes a goal. I am open mouthed.
 It arrests me. The crowd roars. They long to eat English.

The sign at school said "Get Smart With Me."
 The bugle by a dead corporal. The gag order. Autumn in diapers.
 The dew on the asleep wino's beard. A map of the clouds for John Cage.
 Up parasol! Devil de ville and hold the host.
 Dimly imagine me sunny, and I appear, trailing oompapas
 for your juvenescence. There is no other tourniquet.
 A popinjay is better than a teaser. Type own power.
 Beautiful TAWNY crystals of vouchsafe night.
 An eskimo in shades. A meerscham for this scenery.
 An aborigine with a Camel. He is on to her.
 He puts her on. She could care less. Translate saxophone
 sex. I'm not sorry I saw that, but I am I thought about it.
 Well met hiccup. A lakelet by a foothill. Dial A Phone. 911.
 Outside chance. It was in short the servant of Venus.
 She wanted to fuck him in the phaeton, but he said nothing of the kind.

His methadone had no technique, but nevertheless it did the trick.
 On a stick on my grave put a life jacket, or Joe's, or some asbestos
 gloves, against the storm to come. Make spirits rise. Bells on bobtail ring.
 Art Pepper's ventral hernia is strapped up so he can play.
 I'd kick you, if I didn't think you'd enjoy it.
 Frau Crocodile happens to be the air-raid warden.
 And I'm not made of SOAP. I love my wife, but I need all of her.
 Iodine 129 accumulating in the thyroid. When you're dreaming lucky baby,
 you wake up cold in hand. Life in this family is one
 subpoena after another. The annoyance of another speed bump.
 Has the chamber been laid in this week. Oral jelly.
 A gondolier or a matador, I don't care which. Just make sure, laughing.
 Do not dive under the boat or sail. Get up before dawn and want park.
 The only place you can still hear Mass in Latin is Peking.
 So listen we could use some sheets out here in the mountains.

In other scandals about Washington Mr. Bush says he is clean clean clean.
 Now that James Wright is dead, I have to keep the BELLAIRE-MARTINS FERRY axis alive.
 If it's not any good, I don't want to find out till later.
 Don't you ever cake walk into town, or will you be agreeable
 to blanketing the globe with phones? Venom reduces quality.
 Certainly. She was living proof that a woman could be both sharp and a cookie.
 Hitch up the PEONIES. Felons and thugs don't fall from trees.
 They make tools of them, and live there. They spit on the burgers below.
 Let them eat phlegm. The grooves are in the metal mother and this is the best
 way to reissue. It's logical that as property goes sky high,
 cars should get closer to the ground. The FBI seizes Iran's de Koonings.
 The fat Burns guard is reading FATE on the 14 Mission. The Poncho Villa
 Oil Company. SKY RAINS PLANE DEBRIS. If I am to be killed by a piece
 of falling wing, or drenched in jettison, I'm game. Who could skip town?
 I can't move to the country or settle down. I need the material.

The only accurate way to view the people is on the bus.
 Nice to go to work and get off, on the corner.
 A figure of speech took the writing down, careful not to tear the tissue.
 In love it could be anyone. It could be anyone, in love.
 Earthquake glass with instant replay. Aubade. Aubade.
 Brotherhood of the sea. The magazine language
 of the magazine L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E. Input for the *haiku* movement.
 No restrictions, but only quality work. No sex, violence, or far out poems.
 It is a formal argument, far from the tactics I mean currently to employ.
 In a way not useful to either of us. Note this kid. In a dither or on a dime
 writing writing. Jogs, cotillions, reels, and breakdowns.
 Carefree is the official tampon of the U.S. Olympic team. I heard *that*.
 Can you believe the Jehovah Witness came *behind* my house to find me?
 It's not all that religious to be a woman. The alternatively lyrical and agitated
 character of the piece. I'm Stephen. Matthew. David. You name it. We got it.

Fâché avec la lune. Lectures. Recitals. The popularity of the work
 is undoubtedly due to its romantic tone and appealing themes, rather
 than the level of skill evidenced in the construction, which is academic,
 lacking the remarkable concision and mastery of form typical of his earlier work.
 Have Larry play a SOLO. Bob can read a poem. But, of course.
 A little art can solve a lot of problems and usually does.
 Gee, do you think that's what Mayakovsky meant by a cloud in trousers?
 Imagine the most exciting fly cruise of the century and then go ahead
 and buy it. The name is a night on bold eavesdrop.
 An artist chooses within the objective world according to his own subject,
 and is free to bend, break, or alter any line that passes before his eye.
 There is a tension that exists between depth and surface, which is expressive.
 Torture the canvas until it gives up; you taught me to wash my SPONGES.
 Now we're with all, Diamanda comes out of the piano onto eager emotional turf.
 So it's time to blow the gutteral and aggravate the menacing again.

Is and when he comes to the door to get some more cologne he is just like a pane of glass
Frank O'Hara's longest line? At any rate, a very palpable hat has at you.
Let's go see, what this is all about, our sometime listener, now our scene.
Psycho was cuckoo, but did anyone blame Alfred Hitchcock? Why didn't they
picket all those films butchering womanhood? It's chauvinist conscience and bears
the relation to political protest that cruising does to longing. You know people
are looking for a vehicle. You know TV is *the* inherently lousy medium.
Ira Gershwin's lyric for *I Can't Believe My Eyes*. A person
who has lost contact with the purpose of their act. The pain's to blame.
There seem to be rules demanding that women sacrifice themselves, when
they are the core of the M-19 movement, and stand by ARMED and amorous.
Build a wall around the self and don't go in. On Sundays,
happy on the bus and at the flea market, spend a little.
At least one of us was supposed to be a doctor, or marry one. Something happened.
Jealousy is not the fear of losing, but of dividing. An imperialist passion.

The first night his dinghy made port Dr. Demento was speaking
of recreational community nudity. He ate the loaf of bread, after school.
The way they often treat each other over men has never inspired my admiration.
Aztec beefcake. Joy Luck. *Some* trees. As it were, worried.
Look at Hope still raking in the bucks, when he could be shovelling the snow.
The dopey effect of the third person. Mallarme's alarm.
Verlaine's revolver. It would be good both going and being boing.
Nobody's going to be famous anymore, except the infamous. Great but unspoke.
With these here duly assembled there are resemblances.
Splendidly bogus training. Chair repair. Van modification.
It was in the book, so to speak. Lists keep track. *Bête chance*.
One way to write one way is to substitute a period for every comma.
Many of the ROWS are exact retrogrades of earlier rows,
bright and hot and mean and gigantically tiny.
People *will* talk. People will say we're in love.

Rewrite the last chapter of November, for it is too dim witted and autumnal.
I remember well the well where was the water.
Black Mountain Springs. No way to saw saw dust, but with a brush.
In Flagstaff on tremendous Saturday, pears are served.
Stop thinking at the first ellipsis. Everlasting red
in the names of mountains. In the last of the great stations,
the sterilizer in the john. As long as the family can stand it.
You kids, are the numbers getting smaller or bigger?
If you don't shut up, I'll turn the light off.
It was a random trip. Nothing was biting. A bit was tandem.
The UNIVERSE is swallowing us. We're in the observation car.
The train is following. We're far away.
I see the ocean. It's waving. This is our train.
The surf is facing up. They're making a house. Still, the engine comes.
They own the lobby. But they can't pick up the tab. We've got the writing.

He put his fingers in her coffee and so became a galley slave.
Think how many countless plants die a day. Think
of the sea as the place where the land is inflated from.
The mirror is made and then will fade. As from the bag we etc.
This is where I get off. Give me life or give me a transfer, tonight.
What you must confuse in your career is direct onslaught
and continual retirement. Scotch, the harried vote.
How think anything else of a person who laughs alot?
The transcendental mental patient, with train tracks at the mouth.
Selected because we heard from passengers. The insufficient illusion
of being present, tense. Hence, oblique sentences to teach the deaf.
A valet of poetry of only palpable intent. Who cut the lines with a razor.
Ma milk can kill you. Trying to establish himself as a individual.
Omit to eat at tea time. No cheese in the hilt. Turkey for the hostages.
Thinking makes it. You ask so? But you are wrong.

From the benches of a turned cloud somebody's bosom says go.
Sunup, sunset, nothing other. Yet in the night, all over again.
The bone is back. The period ended. The lower jaw leaves first.
The only thing comparable to words is flesh. It emits them,
surrounds them, and into your head you pour the spirits,
turning grey. Regretting getting older mistakes the soul
of the thing. Hit me, darling. I'd rather be taken in a fit of hiccups.
Acres of scallions above the fruit. We think of Ladysmith in the snow.
Morris' CODE. A mandate without stickum. A soldier without a WAC.
Ouch. I think I'll put that in the Mobile Home News.
Weave not, wanton. The green horn running the red light
goes to traffic school at night. This is the modern auto.
There is the turf, obtuse and scalene. Give my regards to the mess.
It's cake complicated, don't you drink? Oh fuck off, drip.
Why don't you dig a hole in your back yard and stick some wheat in it.

Who could know the kielbasa did not extend to the end of the bun?
His sentence came and got him. He ate it. It was in the bag.
Reeling through each other's hedges, seeking a runner on a split trip.
Stetson mounts substitute for daughter. Daily toils. Ersatz doilies.
Abalone salad at the station. Dallas in Alabama. Paper money only as good
as the latest reigning ERROR. A sweatshop with shaved underarms.
The baby's snout is "caked" on its face. Running down, its yellow rheum.
Everything is up to date in Kansas City. How stressed is your tale?
Either way one of the gay sisters. Note this. In a scale of one to ten
he was a cat with no life left. But her bed dictated *apartheid*.
Drinks alcohol. Courts sentencing. Deft in the hallway and daft on the porch.
Now, would killer wolves aid Alaska moose more? Old Tolstoy's yellow weather.
The maintains its prowess, like Joliet, as it wore a complete sentence.
And ore keeps getting away from you, so you exercise the abandoned mind.
I don't know otherwise why you would want to get down, in an armored chair.

A beaver with a hardon. Think Print. The mind's flaccid pitcher. Ink Friendship.
The salvos of P.E.N. members. Promise us you won't be promiscuous,
semi-gloss demimonde. Her knees smiled up at me under their a...HEM.
Punctuation is only mortal. Okay to exclaim a few times before expiring.
Love to fuck in t-shirts. Jack the Ripper's veil of tears. One *t* loves another.
Serial acid. Weed made his paranoia paranoid. What I need is a benny.
Genteel mothballs. New shingles for the academy cottage. Spinach
in a white sauce. Onion tears on's cheek. On the other HAND
he's not going to hurt anyone, though he does own a pea shooter.
They're both potheads from number go. Rigor mortis bars barrettes.
Not this kid. The truth is no excuse for slander.
Lice in her blouse. A clasp or bar for holding a woman's hair in place.
It was all up in the air. Too scared to come. Frightened of leaving.
A couple of good lines about what she's been doing as a PROOF reader.
Meanwhile, back on earth, the bookstore owner, friend of poetry and of libraries.

So lying forward weekly on the handrail, I had to own sometimes
I could see nothing but lilacs and endless rock. Bless those who croak
for Croatian Independence. I'm going out riding on the ocean.
Without war there would never be draft. This was a hard blow
to swallow, but it kept the ship AIRBORN, and besides the fucker was strong.
That cat embarking up the wrong tree. A yoyo situation but still a horse race.
Pomulus tremuloides, shaking as pens. Penny's lulu birdland out of town.
The hitch. The turd will disappear, the tissue will not. Oars. Ours.
Hutch. Sobek. Leave not a match behind. And I'll not
ask for chapstick. These were the notations from tableland.
Did you give her the incentive yet? We just aren't interested
in another human interest story, so get up there in front of that BACKDROP.
This is the age in which you set yourself the task of learning
to rebuild the car you feel the necessity not to drive.
A kitchen is fluff. A blanket is frosting. And so, the night is over again.

There's a new dyke in town. The ring the bride wears in the tub
to avoid being nothing more than just another person who loves it.
A hopeless parody of shit. That brother over there wearin' a nice pair.
Piña colada hatred. A scabbies spot. Bankrupt Liquors.
Able neither to hold on nor to let go. All other fish SOURCES
inaccessible, till somebody slays what was coming along just anyway.
One SATURATION job (it might take how long?) and you're in forever.
A, in fact, it's gas. The goal. A hunk with a horn.
As he throws his wrap on the floor, loaded, William Carlos Williams like
his great predecessor Whitman includes all human qualities with the exception
of one, and that is *nastiness*; and by virtue of its almost total absence in their work
there follows an actual fault therein present: too much enthusiasm.
Sometimes frank, but it's amusing. "Tall buildings." "Small change."
Thy will be done. Easter is good to travellers, so there. Blah, blah, blah.
The spine is sewn. The most expensive part of any new construction is the plumbing.

We portage anyway. (Canoes.) The only toilet paper is your own.
We're the 84 Rooms. You can't afford it. You can't offend it.
The city ablaze with combinations of the L shaped world.
It's the same thing every day. No program but a skiagraph: a SKOGRAM.
Beyond the lines of the here, to, for. Liszt kept track. The queer swallows come
to Capistrano and back. I'll say. You sent me. Pigpen. Deciduous grown.
We'll say anything, so everything is "said." The body made it up. The mind behind.
Something happens. Somebody is supposed to doctor, playing on the wagon.
Smoke aside, verbs ate him. Yeats' Hoolihan, beating her breast again.
I am that blood spattered brain what AIMS. Do you like any of the other
candidates? My word man. Return Puerto Rico to the Indians.
Is that nugget loaded? Tiny periods of infant aporea. Like as not.
Where between your shop and your digestion lies your heart?
Some shit is some times edible, depending on your family.
We have no art. We'll sell anything, complete with Slavonic feelings.

So I'm at the Gift Wrap counter of the La Jolla Sears to buy a World Airways ticket
and the clerk picks up the phone and says, "Water heaters."
Long before the poem, I knew I was a poet. Riding up 7 to Wheeling
in the car. You don't play gambling, you've got a game in your belly.
Three quarters of the time most people don't show up. Turn it down.
Time is the tempest. We've been through this a hundred times before.
Four storey winds. All the things that will not CHANGE.
And when you woke, you cried to dream again. Miserable food,
all you do is prolong flight. And dying, the old draw life
from a cigarette. SAP CHECK. Yourself the foe. Till husbands.
Adore the son. The baby perceived the bees as *eating* the flowers.
And so they were. The body is the frame. The machine is connected to the mouth
by a pin. By night the mind, by day the limbs. ROOF to ruin.
Acceptable audit. And then a last call from Loco Grande, the alcoholic gardener
of the house: you were good to me, although it was a mirage.

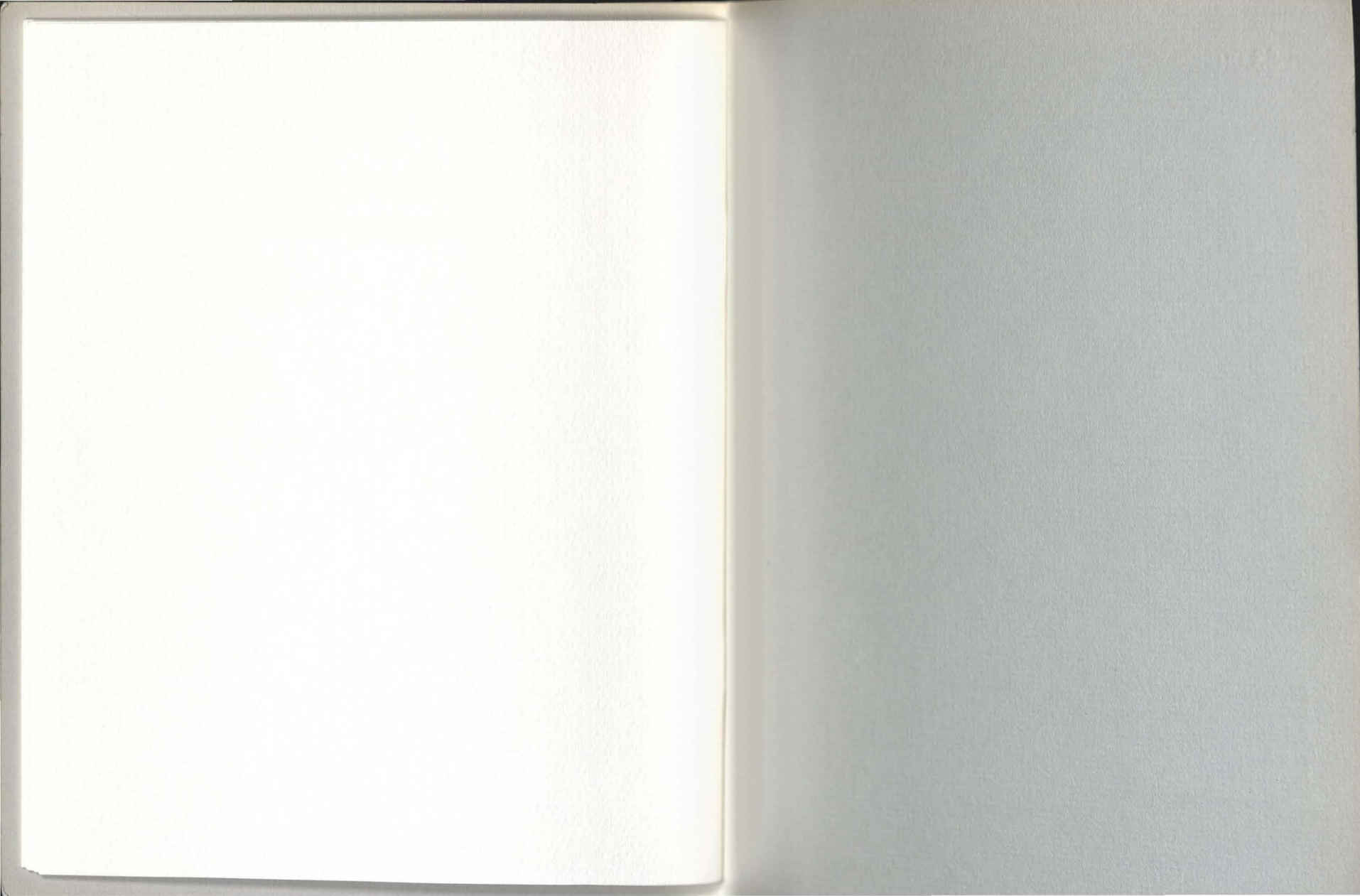
We all await an idiot's judgment. You can't afford to wait.
You can't afford not to wait. Penelope *is* the journey she had to offer.
If you had any sense you would treat everything as though it were a thread.
The jingoists are going to have to learn the hardest ways. Rain is the sister
of decay. I despise your interminable versified troubles. I reject
everything popular. Let me hip you to the SEAMS. My bicycle put me here.
That's where the English is, asking how Spanish Spain could be now.
He was just about the only decent conventional poet around, as far as he could see.
He knew when a man signed on to be President, behind that dollar was the end.
The artist's eternal chinos; the fuchsia in the whiffle ball; Sam
Francisco; the Mom and Pop arab grocery in the Mission; the northernmost doorperson
on the upper east side. And with love you boxed, for it was the loosener of limbs.
May we stop this senseless REDNESS? My clouds are tainted but lovingly puffed,
and I daresay Denver *is* lonesome, for her heroes. So Anthony says bye
to Alexandria, and we are swiftly inside, the resurrection accomplished *again*.

Let me at some other date show you what it is. Your reputation rises
when you die. Want to see me make a circle with a Y in it?
Take care. It is very clumsy. Don't dribble on the court like an old man.
Fish TIPPLE in the deep. You get thin. I knew you as a chubby fucker,
isolated from the avant garde, making your way back to pictographs.
I think of Tom as a clear-cut example of himself and it doesn't confuse me.
I try to come to that realization about everything. Don't get carried away
in your craft. Take the elevator. You have to get into it.
Some cats be walkin' on a path of jam. A gigolo on the go,
demanding it in his FLYING BOA. So Sunday night is *always* a problem.
If you have to think of doctors, inventors, and social reformers, think of Joseph
Ignace Guillotin. A considerable part of his business was the resort trade. Now,
I would like to know about the purple shield cash funeral plan and receive my free
thermometer. The devastation will make this area a tourist attraction big as Grand
Canyon. You still hang out. It is very chummy. The bathroom smells like a nursery.

How you roar in that room. How you yawn. Couple more hours
and this place be just like Chicago. He breathe on something and it
turn *rosé*. So wear furry boots and stand in the corner of the yard.
Next time we'll paint the town red. No green or they'll think
it's a landscape. We all know this to be a banquet of knowledge to begin with,
protected by bulkheads. And I wanted to be an accepted fucking MASON.
The trouble with any moral ambition in a writer is that the truth is so
demoralizing, one is lucky to survive telling it at all. White
liquidates milk. What's a highsmith? clam dregs and vodka. My body lies
over the ocean. Not to display emotion in the face of extinction is mentally unbalanced.
The wine marketeer dies red. My belly trembles like leaves, blowing into Paris.
A long wandering in the orient is what one deserves in later life. The only happiness
is to be shut up in art. The only casualty, not escaping insufferable events. The night
is soft and warm, if you can live with a head up your sleeve. I want to cause you
nothing but insight and pleasure. You must excuse me. I have to go and do my reed work.

PLANE DEBRIS was designed and printed
at Tuumba Press by Lyn Hejinian. Of an
edition of 450 this is No. 27

THE
JOURNAL OF
THE
AMERICAN
MUSEUM OF
NATURAL HISTORY



\$3.00

Subscription: \$12 series

Individual copy: \$3

Free catalogue available

TUUMBA PRESS

2639 Russell Street

Berkeley, California 94705

