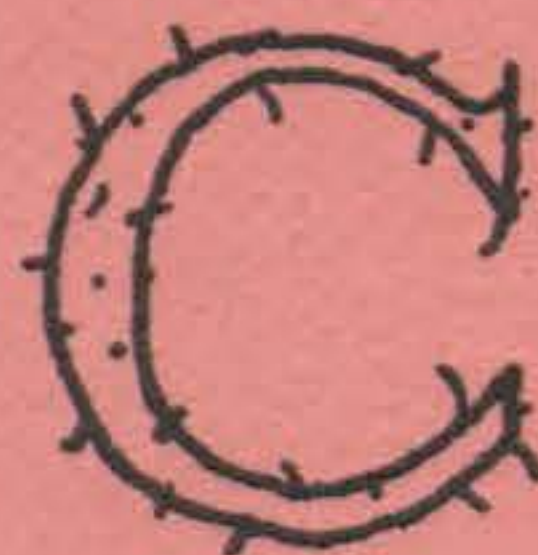


Jean Day

LINEAR



POETRY

305157

LINEAR C

Jean Day

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HEAVY CLOUDS PASSING BEFORE THE SUN

Walk this way, mudra. A glance. Separation of events:
pads, breeze. Distend or refract in the act of holding back.
After the first mile there is no other. Take it away
take it away bob. It tears up to see. Once.
Oh yes, Russia. They made say that. Swan
Lake. Inchoate curtain. Just that lonely as a kid.
What to do to make fog light. Don't understand
passing in this unreadable fashion. Mounting another production
of Orphee. Though harder, the second more interesting than the first.
Always subtract. That's not sound, that's not woody guthrie.
Run limbs straight, sic transit arc. To prove this finite and unstoppable
fever, find a place to sit, sit. Little sister put your blue dress on,
that everyone should leave. First in one direction,
then opposite. Fold cups. Watch out joe. A patch
of censorship. The heart of park central. It is dark of day.
Must with, with must. This way before, now slit, slitting.
To go straight. Learn what it means to receive syllables.

TICONDEROGA

We came to the landing place with buck knives and whale grease for the job. The garbage had yet to be put out. Barges up and down the rivers intersected long treeless vistas of acquisition. Sugar in the pan was pornography in the minds of men. That intimacy saved for green grass. Your flow. A product said, "Hit me with a club." We were *about* the world, high above apartment houses. You couldn't cross the channel necking on the bridge. After the waldorf salad came virgilian fortitude. I thought I wanted to intend and to determine.

The pickup was full of handsome strangers. Marrying the daughters off was arranged by Cat's Cradle. She wrote her dear friend immediately on coming away. A girl clatters in scared circles on Wagon Train. If you got the busy signal, your only course was to turn to the unfolding mode. The first faucets gave dubious water. We were going along minding our own business and wham, came diseases. Thundering eyes. We sashayed through a creamy wilderness. She prided herself on never showing her ugliness, petulance or greed. Leaving the dark of indoors for a second, everything was changed.

We could not make back enough money to pay off the company store. They owned the kids' notebooks and the paper inside them. I was aging fast. Wheels sang. He came to me at night. You could hear the bombing in a nearby city. It occurred to her to mount a campaign against foulness. They were surrounded only by those of their own generation. Flouride was introduced to the

water. What had been left at the dump sites would never be known, forever experienced.

It was gold. Looking on her intended, she tried to gauge the difference between pangs and his injury. Now he would never own a horse, a clod of turf, marry her. We came to a grove of cottonwoods and were persuaded to rest the animals. There was a brutish stench in the air; could we go on ravaging a previously established *status quo*, however dark?

At the exit, hitchhikers had written how long and which drugs between rides. We said good-bye on the brow of the last hill leading to the sea, and proceeded with guns on our backs along avenues of shut-up houses. Then we began to eat each other. One of our party was elected to do the job. The workers were striking the brewery. Wooden implements. Her final decision was to become a nobody in blue-jeans; after that none complained.

The following was written on the almost obliterated signpost:

MOLE VALLEY
your luck has turned
begin Chinese

STORYVILLE

That's innocence if descending notes in a canyon attract what have you.
For tension, condensation. Levels every 20 minutes or so askew.

Freight noise. How long. Who uses the statistics. A friend of Nina's.
Any hour of the day. Stand by and observe, sibling useful of tongue.

In the rewrite. Part two. Again together scheming definitions of
Edge. Soon the rest of the pack call me Thrill-To-The-Name.

You've got to pick up every stitch, for the master markers numbering-
The days of the ensemble hieroglyphic. The processional truly wet with

The happiness of symmetry, the overriding all-over effect. The privileged
In their park. Part three. We have considering "kiss-it-off"

In Oakland. The bird's eye infected so it can't see
To eat. Then what's this food I'm standing in? Air without quality is no

Surround and it can't join us. Now try the tires. The ride embellished
With feverish suitability in the rewrite.

It was a warm sunny it
Through the day.

SHADOWLESS

Canned fun is up to this letter at least
unscheduled with echos to empty the heads.
Someone's insides owns pants and departs
of loud rock. Commercial attraction's feet
made of clay, like guys. Crazed in back
of a hanged man, one knows nothing to do
but call out grand sentences. Stand up
you dust. Report this to Rick. Stop dip
and throb for a drugged note, nicely separated
under the tress. Skim lip feeds.
Numbers. Another. I sees bags fill.

N

There is no need to feel better than another. Though existence is in question, lightholes give rise to data. One and one and one, rays from certain hot bodies says Mister Blondlot. And he was right, these girls really can sell your product. Cruising onto 14th, sick-skinned in a Cutlass. He has a certain name for wit, Thane of Cawdor. A short sleep is short for Napoleon, plain or striped. One who narrates is beginning to exist morally to include a host both trim and filthy. It is only natural.

The unregenerated soul stages a mock naval battle. The father, once boss, now axed, consults the Coast Pilot. Designated for the lowest tides. Free from admixture or adulteration. The pointed or narrow end of a thing or the constricted part of an organ, or an isthmus or a cape indicates application. Hence anything causing oblivion. Not ever. At no time. The bed or receptacle was prepared but no nominee quite fit the bill, a story of our lives anyway. All ways.

GAS

After this conversation have another hill, high meadow, stream there. Then squat in a chair, this V a vector to that smoke across from the Chevron station.

Where there is pause, rush in.
If a taxi gives kosher jelly, schmaltz.
Your friend belongs to a reactionary party. Even so, without sticking your head out the window

sound is. It's possible to go from A to B and not get trapped. Try being a moorhen or Jane Austen. Think how it will look when you are really more. When traffic resumes, it's not night anywhere.

Okay a minute. I have a motto.
The unit is a comet of meaning, as is gas, a glass of milk. Slow as this instrument is, the labor of parts makes matter apart from us and money.

The number 13. Swallow a ball of wax to see how important you are. For the first few hours the air seems perfumed. Then utterance throws in, where the modern lake should have been.

THE GREASY PLAIN

O vile nights away from home under your blond rooves
The greasy plain vastly stretches closer
To the drop I step in for

O to be 16, mean, and belligerent as a servant
Of the people, driving the herd down
To Omaha to get unfed, and burnt like a mother again

O my brothers and your kids, faking it on inner tubes
You make me make it making you
Like a long cool glass a water, unlisted, unlimited!

O baby sticking out of your great great clothes
I found it particular in you to have pre-dawn
Dressed for school, as if such were the trips taken

To ready places. I comprehend a maplike cynicism
In the romance of certain offspring
Rushing to the vet on wet asphalt of a night

O holes in the sky like grease! You accept me
For leaving us out and out

LIMIT

I say mud for category. Deposit
familiar. To sell stamps and then recover.
Rotor lowers ceiling. Polyester resin. I saw
snagged pants in a vacant lot. Parked nearby.
Insurance fires. Ills list. Tip over in a burning boat.
I saw the symbol for off the air, a double coil.
Two birds in one square. Headphones for the head.
A kid knows which head to exit. Why come you
to Carter Hall. I think you go with get the name.
Cereal. Saltines. Rider down.
And fear not newt, I am your father's babe so turn off
the knight, he's getting naked. Turn him to a tree.
Turn my arms, circle round the barrel with a hat on.

Adjacent but not made. At Sandwich, the Cape Cod Canal.
Baby alligators are more like dogs, but snakes
are raw script. I say wet, often a mistake. Bone.
The dialectic between work and contemplation leaves you
kind of nude. The mirage of having been you.
Apply once and repeat. You have always recoiled
from the crude. See this as I say acid rain. Simultaneous
underground. Everyone must. A future dissolve. We continue
to kill animals to prove we own these knives and forks.
I saw the swap meet from far off. Say piece.
The companion's sunk in alpha watching revolutionary
soap-opera. Knock now! Move eclectic.
Spirit parts, natural, exquisite.

SECTION 8

ing horses with riders on beaches to
side this town, druggists singularly
hooked to job lot scripted in for re
ism sucked up to and glorified perso
identify as neuter taking simplified
ace when on the island we could lie
boat. Stealing away blocks similarity
of conduct among herds, duck flocks
achine of the continent grinding for
defined by meals and pictures. A gir
in every port and love 'em and leave
ate peak expectation of 80% women &
keen to be written of by those wit
hose trees come down to water to dri

ACQUISITION OF THE FACTS

What occurs are falling conventions, the label dispenser among them;
even this is borrowed length. The figure In-The-Garden is here
in the garden and like you, sunk to the hoe, the pick, and precipitation.
Born to abstraction, customizing alterations to the human.
Ass-backward is the devotion to form: you in back of you full of salt.
Now I know the Greeks came before the Romans and how to submit
to black. Even if nothing gets down all day but flyweight ideas,
you know proscription; setting out alone again and again into
the dirt and glamour, thinking it will be dunes along the way.
But that's just a familiar spot in a rhythm, going and getting to work,
not only for love and school, but in the interest of plot.
Influence can be taken as light as knot; DNA is no railroad,
nor does my mom, (Rosemary, though you've met), know your pop.

SIMPLE

Thinking closed
I was clumsy eagerness
walking in reflex
a depth of brags
like an aquarium which is famous
only faster

. . .

Accumulation gave an added sense
of yesterday
as the squeeze
I go dead to the negative message

. . .

Showed up to deal
discipline nervously
were the rapists & ax
murderers
just as I marched
series in bed again

HISTORY

A scabbard was proud
like empty tin cans

. . .

Blue almost red was I white
with untroubled fundamentals
lost in a rarity
heavily blocking such a trap
coming to
miss the best
headway enactment

. . .

Complicated by reading
hours later uncorrectable
viscous dark
gripes on extreme
it called life

Plugged
the democratic double bed
dreams epigraph:
"early years - snow - Rodchenko"

. . .

Sylvie was crying
"to evacuate the problem"

. . .

Damp, dark, herself
writer diffident to background
works to clean up
economizing
unity of next over time

Bugled logic
gross to its ideas
as in a duel
I get up when I end in mind

. . .

Trigger heads
imputed high control
to a realm existing without support
on the first horizon

. . .

Voluntarily reliving
Daughter of Vigor
I scare myself to fit
prompted reading:

"Napoleon got sensitive
having used drink all night
to be emotionally thinking
to get more serious or make
protected mistakes"

. . .

Idealism acts disappear
on a spiral in a winter
visiting his arms
I see images completion
autonomies subject to name

. . .

See tiny staff maintain
didactic clouds command
sentimental reasons
drooping, deliberate

In the midst of economic collapse
her analysis stands coincident
with a great chord
that wracks me
making a piece of art

. . .

Gas station attendants
push carload tires
into STORMS LASH

. . .

Drawing squares
it's chaos where this one meets
the monuments already in the process
of thoughtful repair

Blowing in late
is huge in her
waking in myth
breezy & sun

. . .

Gaps in education
run into miles
solid doses

. . .

The machine that replicates
moment equations
comes from the past
to stand for me

"Duke Star"
she rules the waves
near and how far
the individual *qua somebody*
substances are

. . .

Arch brio
glorifies demons
dactylology
"I only like cookies"

. . .

A room intermittent now
that I go out

PROGRAM NOTES

An oak outside pins providence to habit
to see firmly a vocabulary erupt from crying rules
dignity presently fosters. The heart focuses there too,
being instructed similarly in force of habit, the angling
city with one punctual gull overhead--gulls being standard
in the progress of tears ending in being. To have almost scorched
the rules dignifies the gull, building the souffle of real eating
among the calling-up, the thinking, the cheating, and the meaning-well.

A sad thing it is when a gull flies against the plane making habit
look silly next to progress. Picture the oak standing up in the heat,
vocabulary falling down like socks, the listening and subordinate
tears in abatement waiting for provender to slide.

This is for what the city waits. Lining up for the lining up
of crusts after the souffle has puffed. The tears don't wake the oak,
gull, or plane during the familiar lurid waning, but they posit
the end anyway. -- To get out of this dignified stationary!

Baffling giddiness seems to instruct the continuing vocabulary
of thinking, therefore writing, not perhaps as prudent means,
personally habitual and not devoid of dignity. The souffle
is already cold but representative nonetheless of sheer atomic progress
upward into a cloudiness of neutral tears, i.e. straight-ahead
believable levels of heart. Some mocking is in order, but that too
is a habit of the schematic city; the oak doesn't mind the emotional
plane. In the end, what vocabulary leaves is just socks.

Any serious rule should want to know what feeds it. Not much
else happens, in Little Rhody. The progress of tri-city vocabulary
as it comes to a slow boil won't hurt the hearth, at least not if
habit stands by the trusty oak, a thing of pastness and deep drink-
ing which satisfies not only in reading but in scrambling around
outside too. The bird is definitely not lonely in this gulley; planes
criss-cross like happy boomerangs, dropping crusts of versicles on
the city until lightning jars off the rest.

W

I see the Great Smoky Mountains, fringe characters in the Panamints, Drusilla Ice. Would she spell out the future for them in numbers and dollars? Would she sit on the ground? Expatriot and pregnant, the sister-effect yokes facts. Mimesis just isn't practical, too many hens and chickens. Misguided birds flap in the hot advance of an afternoon spring storm. Inside, he must have been watching me, listening to Wozzeck in music class while the dull trees bloomed just beyond, and I thought on world trade.

Drive out of the city and the earth is still. Resemble two people or replicate the family ideal, whichever you think will benefit your neighbors on White Street in Ogalala the most. The human community is either alive or dead; yours is sometimes columns, irreducible. When I see a word in your mouth I want to have it too. You must not be wanted or you'd be down in the sewers with the effluvia. A,B,A,B,B. Rude girls know they are. Was his insight devoid of will? I imagine a scale from 1 - 10. I swear my tongue was one of such, a boy in ten pants. He watched television to discover the name of his baby.

SEGMENT

Bright equal air is mine
made mass, plant, you,
estimable option. When I sing

I look straight over
the crowd to the apex of train-
heads beyond visioning

your doting constructions again.
Cicadas are glad to be articulate
and soon dead; I almost wish

we were this close
forming our bind, our plan
or matter in solid lights.

If I ride in this or that
vehicle, you have tools
to deconstruct

that chain. I personally
will be doing the same, forming
sheer sides for all

my friends' fit. If however
I am still and not relying
on machines, it will be due

to conjugation of another
type. Our formality
understates the crush.

The duration of streets, speeches,
our musics is
how able their movers are.

BEVERAGE NAPKIN

If you leave your body
you will live in the hall.

I can't shoot
from far away.

This is an easy ring
of caution toxin.

From welfare
to this insistent hazard.

I'm king of exits;
you're hiring railroads.

Can you do it
mirror?

Wake thinking haw
and hawing.

You node
get up.

We drank hard lines;
saw the clock and dranked.

I recall your beverage
napkin.

Y

Impact marker, I get you in town, upside, sewn. Once enamored of feathers, now marks. Dear you, I have been meaning these many late winter days. Smell of rained-on wood, marlin, or twine. Resolve to primary: open window, cars pull up out front, her aspect, dark and metallic. Going through gore to become snakes, her sheep by way of her intellect. "I don't mind suggesting in the least; my name is Pitch, I stick to what I say."

Fear = discipline

Corn = sex

Milk = gas = work

Three youths hijack schoolbus.

Gorgeous appears at the door, chimes strict shores. This dear friend has come to me now that I'm laid up with fever, bringing something to read before sleep, a mountain. "Way down south in the yankety-yank, once, were windows on our fidgety debs. . ." I read until a speck or spot gets caught in my eye and the page turns lenty or invisible. I'm on my way when I smell oil and look across chasms like Tallulah Gorge. "A wet sheet and a flowing sea!" Down by the crackers called *Marie*. Script fits a price I can print. These books, throughout the academic world, this excellent piney fragrance!

I DON'T WANT TO DIE IN A SPREE

I don't want to die in a spree,
go with rocks to cut off, no!
Normatic is the family group;
paint is also some terrain.
I'm not hiding; I don't say love I
you, do I? Reiterate place
to power of advance, swingtime.
These items are more. Here is sun and
food to go through. The formidable
accomplishment of and having parts.
Struggling in primitive
so less is served up captioned.

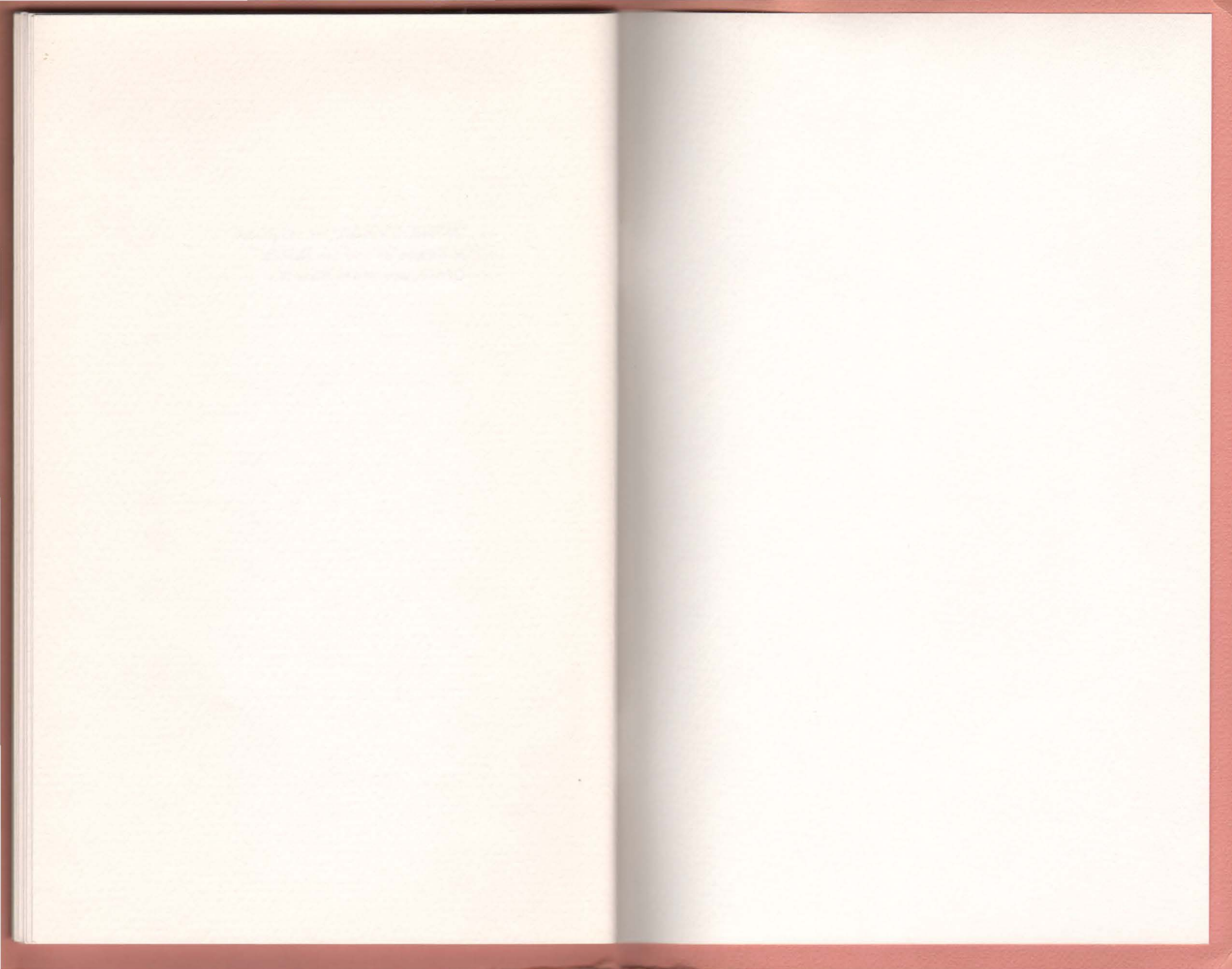
We hit the pit to clean up in, the slam shack. I ask if there is anything but your greedy eyes to help the police make marks on us, but soon we are safe again in fake rags heading west of that. Oh Popeye, I can't wait any longer for my pay. That is what *you* say with a tree standing through you.

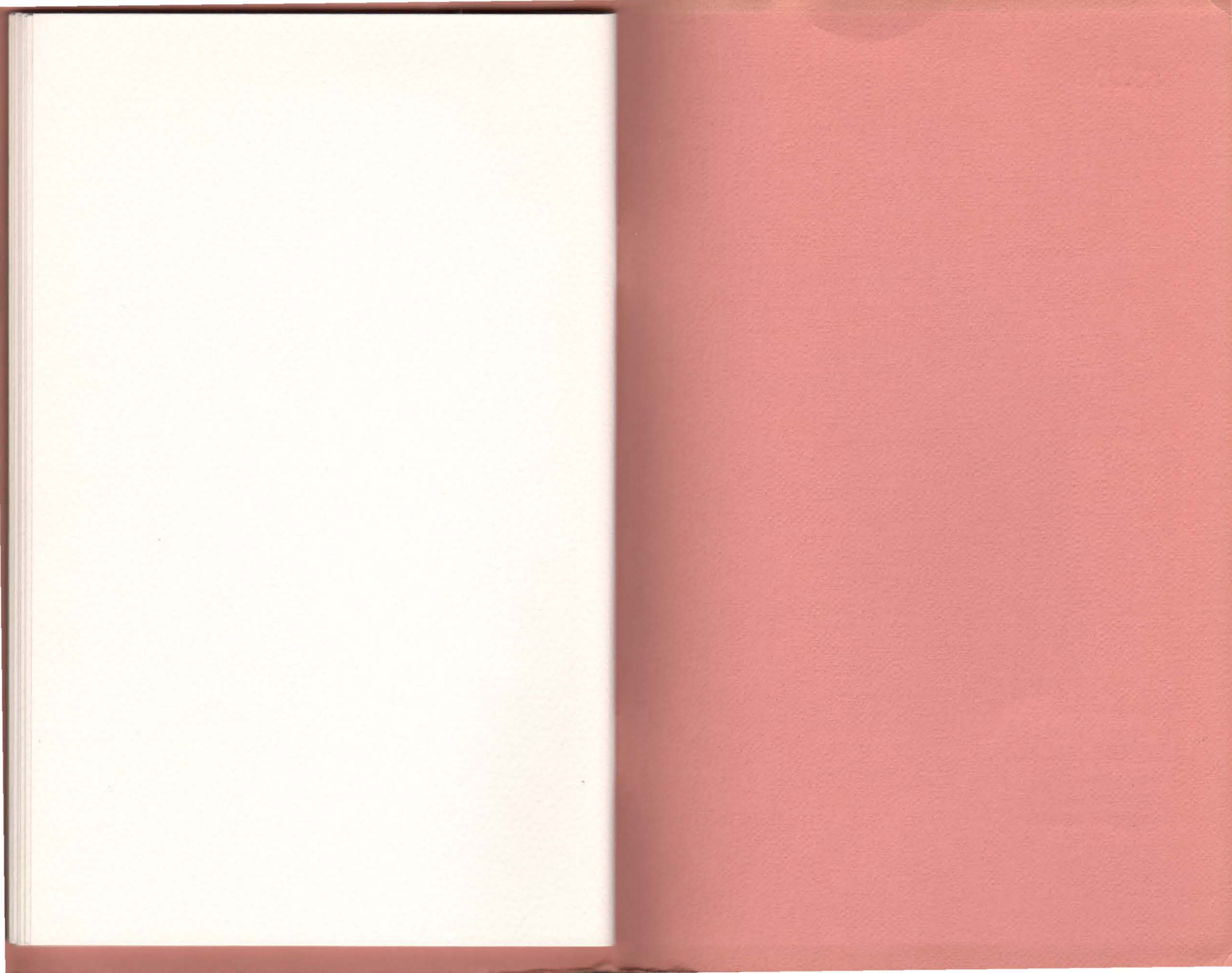
Stand back, the elan is about to become a nail. We beg for the restrictions of the past to sit on since the new ones are so hard; it's a question of guessing how to act in the middle. I think you can think at the same time you're hauling ass, so demand compensation!

A pun makes time. You missed some of that grayish stuff over there but so did I. If you will drop dead I'll know you mean it; then we will be alive and dead together. You're coming in very clearly now.

I work. My apple. Nuts.

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