

Tuumba 9

FOR YOU/FOR SURE

by David Wilk



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JONIS:

on this edge
I begin to disappear
there,
 where you are,
immutable chasm
I am on the rim of
& you
 are in it

TETHER

a rope swing
yr heart makes of me
I wander in air
wonder where to
you enclose me
move me
from place to place
I go where needed
pushed by this love
yr arms are sign of
yr heart releases
thru space
& I am there again
wherever
you wd wish
find me
begin again
this swing I follow
the course of
I am yr wing
you may take me
thru air
anywhere
take me

THE ABSENCE

absence of itself
makes nothing grow
it is the heart
as location
one inhabits
is nourished of
what struggle
it is, to notice
not the separation
but its distance
I cannot fathom
effects, what
moves us, away
toward, again away
a place then
or how much
clearer you appear
now, the very
absence, that grows
between, it's only
you I dream

THE HAND

I build this life
on details:
 your breath's
rhythm as you sleep, the
 feel of smoke
entering my lungs
as I breathe deep
my life
 the sounds you
 make as I enter
your cunt's welling
darkness
 or I am dreaming
visions whose darknesses
I am forever
falling away from—

& the passions of
a life the flesh
 adheres to; upon
the moment body
 sees itself
& makes its move beyond
a darkness we inhabit
 as a cave;
moment is connection
the whole spread out
 across the years
 is how I know
that I am here at all
 & with you, moving on
within the breath
 this house

SPACES

I think of you as soul,
lost in a
distant universe
& speaking in tongues.
of these songs
I know little;
it is like a stone
I am forever
comparing myself to—
the qualities of this
place are
hollowness & strength,
a beautiful symmetry.
when the stars
come out tonight
I will forget
I ever said this,
& while heart
forever beats its song
against my bones
I am opaque
& difficult to see.
in this process
of description the eye
awaits its moment,
records the dreams
as they occur,
their shadows
cross the distance
between eye & I.
I think of you
again & again,

our bodies stretching out
in this projection,
& am powered
by the thought; soul
is only what we hope for
but love
is what we live,
a word to fill
the body with,
a place to go

ENOUGH

I want to say to you
see it's okay —
the world falls not apart
but together,
encompasses every moment
we could imagine

it is the state of being
we live by, that
there are greater moments
than those
experienced directly
but it doesn't matter

we go on, listing
our complaints
as categories of a life;
the moon does rise
& stars flicker
strangely in the night sky
a tenderness inhabits
this world
& all its patterns

I have made promises so
often, & what of them
I have not kept
is truly my nature
& what you know me by
— worlds apart

as we, in the distance
are together, this love
creates
& that is all, enough
to make it thru,
from here

GENERATIONS

generations of lovers
hover beneath
the skin; armies
of individual souls
that are indifferent
to anything
but the possibility
of anguish
and its relief

there are histories
we are prone to,
histories we live in
vulnerable and soft
as the truth itself
is hard, dangerous
to touch; we dance
nearer and then away
moths against the light
our failures make of us
these lovers
that are our dreams
and fancies, the
harsh realities
and religious fervor
this life demands,
reveals, but
does not nurture

generations of lovers
hover near the eye
some foreign
wisdom hung hard
upon the skin,
barely visible

in this light
our fever brings;
their numbers are
incalculable and huge
as dangerous
in their longing as
the moon and stars
or the body's own
diseases. this
subtle fire
we begin
to look around, beyond
but history does not
reflect a more solid
variation of this form
there is wisdom
and there is love
of wisdom, between
us all, this shadow
of a way
to pass beyond

THE MOMENT

to wait. to be
waiting. I keep on
banging at the gates
of love. somewhere
beyond this sense
of inconclusion;

to be waiting at this door,
my head, which never opens.
I keep on searching
for what is
to make itself apparent,
& in the dark
to be so restless
the mind will not awake.

AURA

she says you can see the aura
sometimes on the arm, the hand
once, in the backyard, clouds
floating by like wings, or
in the eyes which change each
day, the colors then as fine
as ice the light is something
else again she says my eyes
are clear sometimes, or else
the dark enfolds them, we
become desperate together,
waiting for skies to clear,
the storm to disappear once
I saw the light come dancing
from your eyes it was the whole
world exploding so bright
I had to look away

THE SACRAMENT

that love we live thru,
thing this is, a heart
no less

is what we've got—
a leg perhaps to stand
or fall upon; or grief
that tumbling down
upon the floor
it breaks in half;
a guide perhaps
that flesh becomes
& what else is there

I will not ask.
on hands & knees we go,
crawling thru
the light or else
in love we are, no less,
this thing, this dream
its song to sing

SUCH DAY AS THIS

is Life indifferent to Desire?

or is

the Heart
only flesh
hanging to this tree
in tatters
as a scarecrow
in the rain

scares no crows

but eats their souls away

these years, the Honor
of the days go by

is this all too little Magic
all I have?

the witless Sun
can only shine

it is no Hart

for Charles of Fort Hill, Maximus

THE SPIRES

it has come to this:
the small bird caught
in the claws of another
larger & more powerful destiny
we are trapped there
in these yellow eyes,

struggling
to be loosed of its hold
the talons edging deeper
in the flesh,

breath
letting go as the hold
becomes tighter
it has come to this, an end
& pass

beyond us, our hearts
our breasts aching
beneath the claw
there is no anger
nor could there be
nothing to let go of

I would call out a name
for this,
call it air
siren, cyclops, the depths
of water, the fire
of the wood,

I would fall
to earth, clutching space
as if it too
could hold me
but still I fall
& never stop falling
there is no name for this,

empty heart
as hands twist into claw
& mouth turns hard as beak

still I fall, fall
disappeared
to earth, the air
the fire,
this far fair song
I sing of wing

3.29.76 for Robert Duncan

A STORY TOLD

some stars, some music
everything I read
 making music
(somewhere else than here
the words don't
 make it any plainer
than it was, is
indifferent
 to the real contemplative
(or miscellaneous
 magic of the spheres

you hear it then
like I will be forever
telling something new
& you open the door
& who comes in
but the truth

an actual character
 in this story
& who remains unnoticed
the uncertainty
 of plain speech
(he said
it is a difference
the words create:
some love, some
go away forever

for the memory of JACK SPICER

GNOSIS

you hear do you hear you
heart, innate noun
body espouses
its space, interior lake
you hear do you hear you
are going to this place
not near nor
in any direction
held dear, beheld
numen, luminescence
interior fire
you hear do you hear you
beast of nothingness
braying in the ear

for Robie Liscomb

FALLING DOWN FROM A HIGH PLACE

looking he sd
for what is indeed there
to be seen

thinking of the dead
& what they mean
or lost

wherever they go
I am he sd
one who knows

such is of life
significant
a finely crafted

instrument
carries us onward
& surely

that's enough
just to see
where you're going

he sd & did
& disappeared
from sight

for Creeley

TEND TO THE SMALL

(1)
the specific & the known:
Carolina Wren at nest
Brown Thrasher in the yard
my eyes are drawn to see,
I build my house around

(2)
later as the day
turns cold, house moans
its age, leaks air
thru roof & wall
I scold myself for
lack of care, my home
a leaky boat &
water everywhere

(3)
luminous day, luminous night
the small does not grow
large except in heart

(4)
lost in flesh or
out of breath, find a home,
as bird in storm builds
its nest: tend to the small,
whatever's there is all

for Lorine Niedecker

IN PERFECT NAME INSCRIBED
IS SILENCE

beneath us, within us
all is stone
the heart of words
is rock
our home is bone
bone of the land
the bone is stone

root of the tree
imbedded in stone
root of the heart
is flesh
the blood a sea
awash with dreams

within this all
is stone
whatever's known
and all that's not
we stand alone
or joined in the knot
of birth

& that too is stone
as much as we are
as far as we touch

beneath the trembling
flesh, within the breath
wherever mind can travel
this world is stone
the perfect shape
a silence is
inscribed
the name is stone

for John Jacob

IN THE NIGHT

dropped one cigar
by morning light & didn't see it;
smoked another
& barely knew I did.
growing older I know little,
less than ever; I rage, sulk
throw my heart around
like water. she watches,
waits, loves me;
I love back, smoke cigar,
dream of Camels, books
& Indians; growing backwards,
moving on. I drink
my coffee, watch the rain,
inhale cigar as love, grow
dizzy & drop another.
the room is dark
& shapeless as my heart.
I am loved, loving,
but dreams escape me
as I dream them.
something in me waits for more;
what I knew once,
I'll know again; by then
perhaps too late to live it—
no relief for dreamers
going hopeful in the day.

DEVOTION

to you tiny muscle
a wreath of sickness;
let health inhabit darkness
as a song the ear
can never fathom.
witless in the heat
of blood, I am sudden
ly alone. whatever
music moans within
let this weakness
harden into bone.

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LYN HEJINIAN

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