

**ROOFIV: from
Tamoka occu
rence of tune
at center Tibe
tan rose cont
est of Bardsth
e bride from w
ave bugless bo
wings backen
ding fall 77 \$3**

Editor: James Sherry
Assistant Editor: Vicki Hudspith
Contributing Editor: Tom Savage
Editor for D.C. forum: Bruce Andrews

Art Editor and cover design: Lee Sherry
Production: John Rios

Roof is published by Segue, 300 Bowery, New York, NY 10012
Contents copyright © Segue, 1977

All manuscripts should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.
Subscriptions: individuals \$11.00 yearly (4 issues), institutions \$16.00.
Note to Librarians: Roof IV should be catalogued vol.1, no.4.

Contents

Charles Bernstein	7
Ted Berrigan	9
“To Himself” with George Schneeman	
Andrei Codrescu	12
Clark Coolidge	13
Ellen Zweig	14
Allen Ginsberg	15
Ted Greenwald	16
Anselm Hollo	22
Bernadette Mayer	28
Steve McCaffery	30
Opal L. Nations	36
Lisa Nuñez	37
Peter Seaton	38
James Sherry	40
Anne Waldman	41
Tony Towle	42
Lewis Warsh	43
Washington D.C. forum :	
Introduction	49
Tina Darragh	50
Lynne Dreyer	54
Peter Inman	57
Doug Lang	61
Kirby Malone	65
Douglas Messerli	68
Marshall Reese	70
Phyllis Rosenzweig	72
Diane Ward	73
Bernard Welt	76
Terence Winch	79
Graphics :	
Porfirio DiDonna	47
Lee Sherry	81

At the Center, Of the Periphery, Of the Center

Of the Empire—Washington, D.C., and its outliers (as far as Baltimore). Here eleven are. Drawn together by a modest pointing to what is already there in the D.C. area : a local body of new writing, extended outward in the past by print and by moving; the language looms, is present. Not separate little atoms popping way up, but a *community*. People developing not just as individual workers, but where there's also a latticework of sharing, collaboration, a workshop, affection. A model.

Mass Transit, Community Book Shop, Dry Imager, *Dog City*, Folio Books, O Press, Washington Review of the Arts, *EEL*, *Pod*, *Sun & Moon*, *E*, Some Of Us Press, *Lā-Bas*, Jawbone, Titanic : clues and cues, years of activity, spectrums of style, excavations into the person, the place, the text.

A close sense of the personal shows up, as a common field, but it's a more receptive and even an environmental regard—where you see the world from the side (peripheral vision) : the self is there too. Generous. Not constructed or confiscated by will; not the old possessive individualism. More vulnerable, more voluptuous, more ambiguous; self is *located* amidst a humanized place. “What goes on underneath.” “Only faster, she might have added.”

Underneath a thick (humid? tightly knit?) atmosphere. “You must feel air move”—“slight alterings of flow”—“Filling up time”. A feeling of place in the *way* writing is written, not by its appropriating statements. “References may be received on request. Spaces interruptions.” Not pictures but visits, from sounds and what is felt subtly from asides.

Also, increasingly, there's a move toward the text. Worth our attention. Composing the page. And a willingness to make it an issue and not just a casual taken-for-granted occasion. An overall sense of structuring that goes beyond “verse” and right into the inside of writing itself—“and in this way word follows word”

B.A.

cane - by holding between the eye and a light

Once I saw Toomer at the Omega Restaurant on Columbia Road. He was with a couple of friends & they seemed to take a long time paying their check. While his friends talked to the manager, Toomer leaned up against the pictures of St. Martin de Porres on the wall by the door, rubbing his back a little. He was dressed all in white, except for the multi-colored sweater he wore next to his skin. I went up to him & said "That's my patron saint you're leaning on!" & he said "mine, too" & left with his friends.

as a whetstone thing: he returned to his native Kansas. originating twisted root used as an astringent cuisine. one of the original inhabitants of a representation of serpents, as a ring waters, especially in an artificial bed: to break suddenly, as something slender & brittle Tasmanian devil to snap to attention *Native Son* or grab (often followed by "at") natron, natron, niter retort, etc. (often followed by "at") wild cards. Rare, having or showing feelings and sharply (usually followed by "out") idiot. blackjack manner (sometimes followed by "out") or no use of drugs, for which mother has been

Toomer collected calendars, covered his walls with them, kept them on for years after they were through. One he bought at a little Syrian grocery in N.E. - a portrait of their royal family done in pastels. Another he received in the mail showed people in sweaters drinking coffee on a fall day, with a caption "Friendship is Like Good Coffee". Others were of airplanes, cars, rural scenes & harbors in Florida. He never seemed to look at them.

corolla supposed a form of dimer
fastening device in two pieces having a grape odor
hemispherical rivet head Five & Ten
latchlike opening at he is gone on the mountain, he is lost
to the forest
pad with others & perforated methylae, ethane cacodylic acid
xylene isopropyl, alcohol, biacetyl, biacetyl, acetoin, acetone

At one party Toomer escorted the local h.s. English teacher and she had to be home by 9. There was a little slow dancing on the porch, sliced ham & acorn squash in the dining room, and plenty of things to drink. A fast wind & rain came up and it was time to take her home.

she had watched his hands around
the pine, forming the pine, a
circle of pine

A little while later he returned and stood on the porch by himself, listening to the music. She came toward him with her arms wide and his were too. He put his chin on the point in her head where her hair parted. She wore no shoes and he knew this with his back turned. He carried her off.

cost and freight white flames
 rattan

“K” is for “palm of the hand”

first phalanx

With “bōl” the action begins by pointing overhead to cloth canpoies, hard shingles, common eagles, gods of light/mistletoe sprigs, but the motion is not completed. Time-out is taken for “whalebone (BLOW)”, then the ridge of land is left unplowed, broken into nine compartments, rounded off and whirled.

second phalanx

A tree trunk is something “pressed together” and so is money, weighed. Both can produce softly graded shadows with repeated small touches resembling freckles, or used with “for”, they become appendages capable of passing implements through substances with circular movements.

Mount of Venus

At the cornice, a small particle of gold in a miner's pan; at the frieze, seed used as a source of oil; at the architrave, cabbage mashed with potato; at the capital, corms of the meadow saffron; at the shaft, a light meal allowed on fast days; at the base, hocks well under the body; and at the pedestal, a small collar pierced to receive the inner end of a balance spring.

Mount of Jupiter

"Ôdd" is related to the point of a sword and has an "out-of-the-way" location as a single leaflet at the tip of the petiole. Used as a fragment, this position also can be a euphemism for God, the outside dimension reading:

c: i oo n oi c nie bf t. i- E) a-v-
 d: si woro h liafau o
 e: fr c
 f: ig ao
 g: te pa c r:
 a: a cm t gl.
 b: i io e u
 c: e ug

Mount of Saturn

Relationship of "hip" to "cube":

1. helmet - isometric pentose
2. gorget - distal row of tarsal bones
3. shoulder piece - erect spathe spadex
4. palette - conical sac
5. breastplate - refuse coal screenings
6. brassard - points of attachment for the spat
7. elbow piece - perigee stele
8. skirt of tasses - teleost sea breams
9. tuille - olivine stimuli
10. gauntlet - cage birds with lime and salts
11. cuisse - rugose nutlets
12. knee piece - Perche apolune
13. jambeau - concentric shelly
14. solleret - flagella dogbane

Mount of Apollo

If a parallelogram is removed from a similar parallelogram (taking one of the corners), the resulting shadow can be seen as a cylinder by squinting. Cylinders also can be obtained by twisting grain on a tree and giving a leg up to criminals. These practices are known to "go down" the line and, in doing so, alternate black and white stones in an attempt to enclose the larger area on the board.

Mount of Mercury

To "tr" oblong leaves, berry globular; to "tr" yielding broadtail, white shaped-bell; to "tr" stock comic, hauberk bib; to "tr" lignified walls, rickettsia by; to "tr" plunger scores, rootstock waves; to "tr" meld of queen, midrib cleft; and to "tr" harquebus pipe; train epicyclic

Mount of Mars

"Openwork in the head" is flanked by "arrow + loving" on the left and "track team runner" on the right. Both lines are suggestive of xylem, igneous rocks, horse latitudes, planted islands, buff ocelli, airfoils, & tuft ambles as they transmit and receive delicate endings consisting chiefly of potash feldspar.

from TAMOKA

II:

The locker room aid dances to the radio distraction.

Lost visibility one walking rain.

Sliced vanity serious charm ice.

An economic situation a story.

When she smiles another star is lit saline, floral, ragine, shark.

Necessary understanding of sensory input.

When she laughs she drops the cheese: Little Big Bear Caw Caw Caw
hasting modification of sensory interpretations.

Carrying swollen branches that drip in the wind responsive states
a unique way of working today

going on stage with a needle in her head biography
reject equivalent of response
overtime the leaves

The digital reflex of the brain becomes classic, wasted directed
to the retina to aggravate the ending.

Exaggerate the ending.

Large non-concrete words form a deep cylindrical well.
Who likes a poetic voice. The phantom gets tired of Takoma, socialism
and work.

A loose myth.

A structure fairytale.

An equivalent voice.

"A love spills it"

Helpless as in coninued continued conversation his mothers words.

The point of the body of a drowning victim at the point where the brain
stops receiving blood.

"A love spills it."

A raccoon on all fours hanging from a tree, hands in prayer, a secretary bird, hands clapping
a date palm, a blue and yellow macaw, a chinese gong, the right hand buttoning a glove on
the left hand, the left hand buttoning the glove on the right hand, a stone tower lighthouse,
hopscotch, a creel, a beehive hairdo, a modern windmill, the left hand peeling skin from the
right hand, the right hand peeling skin from the left hand.

III

On Sunday I have Thursday. I'm dressed right. On Sunday it's Thursday. Potion Love. Murder skin parts of the body of course of course. Segments fall this one time, this one time. Where solitude mixes with slower reaction, with slower thought and memory, and memory fades for country. Silence lingers, trips to the cabinet, vials emptied to kill, to silence and start. Start one more. One more I'm done. I'm away one more I'm away.

The family pitifully waves food for television. All fades all memory. At once I'm done this time think of her small ways, her small acts. The rest of the machine stops. Sounds like rain. In small cities, it's slower, it takes longer to go. Go for Go for. At the entrance all moved, each remembers. I'm still her, I'm still here. Containers of loved ones fall securely away. This is strange and near. I rush candy to play, to bring harmony to remember you. To remember you to play not so hard, to remind you to stop playing. In the middle of the left hand corner I thank her. I'm again.

I can laugh at important things.

Fallen ash to air as in words and worlds. Name drop I can I can. All of them have short hair, the homes turn placidly away. They keep clean, keep change in small time and metabolism becomes faster and stronger with vanity. He says all women are sometimes vain and size changes to metabolism to keep them clean. Words form a video tape winter. A new type of nervousness sets in a grunt here and there.

Cold and arranging are meant to be perfectly still. Sometimes it's hard for me to see you. Storage light goes on. I'm out. I'm away. Storage light goes away. Experiment that to pictures, to their deep. Books of the indian now spanish now half breeds, now p.h. that to pictures, to their deep. Books of the indian now spanish now half breeds, now p.h.

Never will see you whole, never will see you moving. Her skin changes white and then she turned around, being always that way in public. She never answered that, four-some to believe. A ham.

Not too meaningful right. I'm back to where I am. Forget dreams. The sound of music and some easy words are left very still. A new car and a cheap hot and M T M enterprises, new and old American women still calling her boss Mr. with paper and still, coming on. An issue.

Hold a dollar bill yet perfectly still. In a few months life will change drastically for some people and still come back to cities. Ideas reply sigh brother trust refuses deals I proved I'm wrong. Everyone can remember their bodies equal to hold, hold water, laughter sin, and off-stage bows. Where we were, the gangster regime. I accept. The sun goes down in a smaller state.

Journalize the ant. Love is so amazing, creep into my dreams. Pearls reward, could be alike could be serious, series to play jealous and simple. My head is cramped with days. I can see the storage space. I can see spring and you've got a friend. I know the buildings will be here longer. And from a lower scale that they forget mistakes and understand that you never return to the living with so much to offer, with so much reward with much to hold back with no more secrets and nothing to lose.

"Southern Journey" and the small frame of books. The cancer of small cells, unnatural disaster and their want to conquer, to shave heads and bring certain chemicals to equilibrium, extent of pity.

When I want him. Separate parts back to these small sounds, my eyes where they become one with my past, more to tell before realistic subjects. The point of wonder. Wonder lust. Wonder talk, magic of certain toys. Pictures wait nocturnally I sit astonished. The bee love child. Solid, shaman.

Play it somewhere else. Don't be shy now.

Says discreetly, says failures, says the sun without its name. Seems today brings lots of surprises without my body becoming part of it. What I've always thought necessary and tried.

If it's slower I'm cheating I don't find out and want to come back. If it's slower I'm cheating and don't find out for one week. Everything happens in one day. I become classified and return to the city. Everything was more prominent, no one took walks at night. Sugar milk milk sugar. He wants protection.

Reprise out in the country she becomes her daughter. Well admits love when safe away.

Coming completely, deduct lovely thoughts, style shows it, hemlines where they used to be, romance is back, families are here to say, they come to counteract and biography will never bore me. Execute T.V.

Prompt delivery, anxious still, write forward, flatter. I love to imitate violent men, it always seems to work. They play walrus on the path, stops my breathing, I'm in two places, I'm in a physician's office waiting to be taken, I'm also in a box, I'm caged in, this time lasting, this time whole. I try to think of a way to be.

How can I tell what brontosaurus means when all you can do is move to New York.

Major Helpurn

Master charge

Major change

The Sabrina hotel, and you looking like royalty without the crown on your head.

Lingo street cool lingo street under. Obviously fancy now talk outloud, talk out athletics.

Locker room disease. Our black man on top of the world, sounds complete sound pronoun. I fall in love with a junkie in one night, he said things real, he said histories, he his son, cats chin

blond and strawberry hair

strawberries and cream

Prompt rescue, better slight without. This is sure and close, this next one moves, this one is stronger yet closed.

Sure and move into other kingdoms, frantic motions are causing some meticulous split of the personality in two. At two it continues. Hand moving short hands, "my hands to myself," my hands to you. With drink the entire scene changes, he seems to watch and care.

Looks like Hendrix and is completely still.

He was studly.

He stayed late.

Leave out musically.

Leave out mandolins.

Leave out pleasant memory.

Firebirds sign out formally.

I watch and exaggerate biography to the fullest degree.

Picked African bodies down. Arms raised what camps in over twenty years, what lasting memories, what families have silenced and ran. Fabrics and laughter. He spoke of damage, initiation into object. The comics decree of the now world, the green hornet. In the society of gravel I fall. Reaction equals mediocracy. Her marriage her undying love. Her sense of before and after affects before anything really occurs, prevention, nutrition. It's excellent, it's never been done, no soft swinging vowels, no symbols. Just the honest laceration of a lovely space.

from LOTIONING

Or tonation.

One more glass of beer too hombre.

One of a fact, ilking
(their desk Indian).

Not inner but intramove.

"Different exclusives", on Mt. Eclair.

"It's a Zenith." Wire persip
or viewers used in coloring paper.
One of the Kiowa sub versions.

In-the-head sateen.

On its Monk (side).

"Film an approach out of paper."
(whatever occurs to pills)

Pollock paints his lime Montauk.
Ohio-on-the-cob.

Not the music but the tune.
The "plex" with the word in it.
"Life definitely as a plus."

Chip off some crayola boulder.
A balsa of you.

Stencil-of-pills.

Muff beige. White outs of "Aida".
In iff'ning, door one. Bumpy softs
"Termite & hedonist control".

Each time "Paterson" disappears more skin.

I begin some hives, primarily commemorative.
"Beam me, baby". From place to place
the length of a football field.
"The voices" can't get through the words.
You rip up "Bruce Proust".
A blument. & coffee with peaks
an opening you left.
Each piece walls its back.

A view lift. A single attaching

Spills place the entrance everywhere.
Colors go ouiji heavy.
In the soft that Huey built.

Seep holes. Cutting image to everything

A spill of Tina's freckles
looking more as an out.

The wet holes in stubs.

As much as you can "it's a take".

A fill of sentences.
The ditch of what I mean.

Answers where floats should be.
"I can't feature it", it's too worded.

Clue foil. A buy of paste. You cue a
sameness of choice, "Pal Joey" stucco.
Bodying one among, the sides rule up.
Not all kinds of sweeps, what follows
on not depending. A gel of story.
The fill out on youth.

Shape solo. A stand of duds.
Jersey "the big bend state".
"Si es Goya", some noir fills.
Some deep stick
hidden beneath a glass of "Paterson".

Enamelling how the spondees do.

Taking Mozart as a cracker spread,
the same memory only in words. The whole distance
as much from speaking about it.

When we come to Wagner, imagine a tapioca Utah.

“She’ll prell you”, (keyhole softener)

Dolphy’s above dues. A make of orange
of tree murine. The fact’s adrenal beads

John Denver’s chord dough, “workers on voice lubricants”.
I have to weight tunes, a sort of window velour.
An edge-of-paris.

Settee gum, the drop in all told.

A fall up my oleo voice.

OC

an ice think
prosed
trying to figure out the touch of things
the pour gets meshed
only or little to music
makes of pepper

numbers achieve someone
Arp’s against an enormous aleph
a public from three to fourteen
howatch collapse
have whatever comes to mind
porous soprano
clef mounts namely worded
stachio

ilk noir
wording less of the same year
orangeade guide
any connection to a total
whitewash whoever is still being written
taffy on abstractions
a round impasto Geronimo

Heston's the qualification
so subtract from it
a pinochle as in neutrals
stories put larger for their part
describing this fit to notes

places of voice
an almost powder lead-to, so instance wanting
spees in the head
red Pennsylvania red opry enlarge
reeds as if a leverage
a puree of that culture
taffeta jet
on trumpet he became a statistic
we finalize some beer
feel up examples, voicing cavation

what I hear together
longer as the time mis-emulsion
pylons key cork
the knobs for tilted illustrations
a sheer aloe it
talkies of these, notes singly where they are
Tim's brains about blacks
cake appease

hour after hour the tape no longer exists
field settle of pieces

an apropos skin

TADD DAMERON ODE

Unscheduled, non-stop living, memory banks jammed
Where the invisible editing in your monologue flaws &
Soma assumes your seductive pose (romantic pictures)
One high tension syllable of negative bias (doubt)
Spins out of range, drifts & scatters over an ocean
Of inhibition, so. Elated, you want, don't want, you
Stall, one wall opaque or sheer, an agglomerate of
Earth & sky, blocked. The ruined edge of your finesse as
Ed Dorn in calm red hair collapses all the faults of
Tempos, an empty sky over Sante Fe, Palo Alto, L.A.,
One passion opposed, another pause & waves of carnal
Recognition, unnerving as the curves of crazy vibes

Buzzing out from the center of winter, louder & louder
You get more lonely, as the exurbia of one dark blue
City coalesces with another exurbia of another dark
Blue city, signless & undirected Automatic exposure
Control, damaged. Anima: Panama. Alabama: mama. Anselm
Hollo freaking in a few yahoos mystic as a beep via
Bop oo-bee-doo bop off Kirby Malone (computer overload)
Or Bruce Andrews (origin deluxe) & Ray DiPalma (the real
McCoy) or Marshall Reese (one thousand miles, high, over
St. Louis) & C. Mason (Venus, unknown to Venus). Also, Joe
Cardarelli (natural overflow), Bernard Welt (we come on a
Body of water, description of events) & D. Beaudouin (a

Hawk glanced off the sun) or Gardner McFall (she went to
The river but she couldn't get across) blowing a pink
Cloud off a pyramid of off-pink (Ted) a wall of expectation
Meeting a rubber ball of shock or sentences pop in the
Blistering sun, pop like creeps & fall on silky personalized
Notepaper, silky as a kiss, silky as a lasso & off-base.
Silky as deKooning wobbling through one huge Caribbean
Fragrance & tone or texture, perfect whites, yellows, reds,
Shot. Valium: drop. Dragged & everybody's out of touch, feel
The pull, under the red shirt of desire, more volume, on
The dark side of the loft, smile, collapse, talk, fuck.
Soft colors of the dawn USA with attention fixed on the

Body, uncontrollable emotion, sealed off. Your heavy duty
Nightmare relatives & hot breath of your masochism, the
Europe of deKooning's awful proverb, in a luminous frame
(Geography) mountains of logic, savannas of despair, a lack
Of dreams. I get nervous, then, nervous, thin, you walk
Right in "pure luck" & panic all the way down the bar. "One
Heart sinks & the other heart rises." America of perfect
Sleep, your music here in this body. Desert & massive
Bluffs, sofas of many colors all burned out these many

Years & whom in the cold December night whom you blew
Off, whom, whom. So. Washington on Baltimore Baltimore on
Wilmington Wilmington on Philadelphia Philadelphia on

Trenton Trenton on New York New York on Boston. So. You
Need some downs. You freak on a red leather loveseat & all
Those Jimi Hendrix records & Christopher Dewdney's. Once
I happened to be walking down a long curving corridor,
Kodachrome snapshots of trivia, i.e., immense explosions of
Beauty, mescaline. Now I'm going down to Chattanooga to
Take the choo-choo & you know what that mean old mean old
Train will do, all these sayings are about you. American
Beauty, do your duty, get me off. Emotions originating in
Memory & imagination, off. Motor control, motor control.
No answer, a tropic vista, rippling fronds of the cocoanut
Palms, erasing all traces of fatigue, topped off & cooled

Out, luxurious sunbathing on the Lanai & 6 hours of
Sleep. No such thing, honey. These moments come back to us,
Resonance & bone a masterpiece of Sung or sculpture of
Dynastic Egypt, a phenomenon of fashion as in Giotto or
Goya or Alma-Tadema, as in Plato's cave, as in Alexander's
Tent, as in Montaigne's tower, etc., as in voodoo or Grand
Guignol or Gauguin romance & then the first "drop" is
Terminated. The star goes but the light remains. This drift,
Dark shadows of trees, her prose vibrating with restrained
Emotion when she writes of Sagrado a large villa within
Easy driving distance of Duino, the distant alps & smell
Of cool, shady rooms, the "weighty, massive words"

BILLY STRAYHORN ODE

I'm hungry. I'm horny. I got no money. And now this.
The big proletarian cheeseburger on the thick white
Plate with the blue rim. The same afternoon, with its
Flora, fauna. Tightly interwoven, easy does it. From
This high altitude in your beautiful country, see the
Rain slant against the land below. Rhododendron beds,
Desirable, one supposed. Seven million American coffee
Tables, seven million Pyrex & silverplate American
Coffee pots. Time for coffee. Above the forty-ninth
Parallel, it's very rocky & wild, she been in a daze.
Timbuctoo & all the others burned. The bonelike colors
Of the deserted town. Dig your radio, a kind of clue,

A clue to you. Standing-wave patterns in a vibrating
String, an error of the dogoisie, back of background
Monotone, Waco nights. Suspended in gelatin, my love.
The determinist maxim, he never talks. Conditions are
Observed. Mississippi cools. Margaret Bell, Julie Brown.
Prose ips, a soma gel, bow my cello, tune my cello way
Down low. The steep cobbled streets, the smell of
Mexico, what else do you need, baby, boo? Intense
Excitement, unwrap it. Never seem to get sleepy, all
Along the rim of the bay, normal life. I've done nothing
But live a very normal life. Buddhist crap. I don't want
To hear any more of your Buddhist crap. I like your tiny

Friend, note the supporting edge, your stuff. According
To the Gita, your material is love. No? Even so. Stir
'em up. The news is good. Pleasure to me. He agreed, he
Did. Magazine'll go. Here's the scoop. I can't. What
I'd like to do, or I've done. I know how. The more I see,
A flow. Thanks. Concentrating totally. Xeroxes of the
Off-print, thanks. Lounge around, dig it. Empaquetage.
Jacuzzi flaws, sundown. Nine-ball. Dig it. Era peaks with
An abstract. Somehow even femaled, unsprung. Off D.C.
Gears. Lose a 35 ft sloop, where? Abstract era gears. An
Autobiography of A-frame pleasures, manifestation of
Alphabet clouds, white convertibles, trashed. To replace

Ebb alchemy. Sub-text. Affluence loosens nebulae
Off Blake's charisma. Problem: no binoculars, opaque
Skies. Freak ribbons of pain, extract of enzyme
Parables. Identification: unload a technical delicacy.
Realism, seven flights up, relaxing, smoothing out,
October moon, depression. At night in my apartment, at
Night in my apartment, there is no "you." There is a
Fault in my emotional register, high up, where data warps
Fast.) Hawsered under cellophane, Sze-chuan nuances,
Oblong, blow it off. Last night you glued these things to
Me. Bruce Springsteen'd again, huh. Say the word honey &
I'll be there, faster than a Tennessee minute. (Chemical

Resemblances of Ahab's binary. Eros powder. Eurasian
Rushes. Nobody does it like you do. I'll give you
Seventy-five gee. Drag the ego, an array of waltz plugs.
You crack me up. Sedate, like landscapes by Domenichino,
Poussin. Attentive to detail, e.g. breakfast: 2 strips
Of Canadian bacon, 2 eggs sunnyside up, 4 Hungry Jack
Buttermilk biscuits & 2 cups of Luzianne coffee, with
Chicory. Sometimes, when your least expect it, nothing
Happens. Although, maybe withdrawals ooze z's - prolonged
Sleep, Chicago, slow, my head aches & a woozy dumbness
Drains the engine of perfume, a throb in the bone, the
Flip-side a rim of Goethe's dim bowl of "conditions."

And so in a season of abrupt U-turns everybody is
Goodlooking & nobody is good in bed, relaxing the
Magnetic field of romance, ness pah, reducing tension
Maybe if I touch you like this? The salad looks good.
You know which bag the potatoes are in? Tell me all about
Your tragic flaw, ffffffff... Luck (technique).
Trivia bluffs ahead under cumulus, so there is also an
Alas in this song of tenderness, the home of lost
Intimacy, because memories are dreams. So eat your
Kafka oats, say so long. Accumulation, proportion,
A leaving open of the bones, the complexity of the flesh,
Other areas left unclear. Libido gumbo, ego goo. Howdy.

from RAGS

Not too many cigarettes tonight. Echoes of a life. Each chose hail if. We didn't have too many. We rose above. Use two guitars at once. See who can be the first. Cat. Two women hug in me at once. I had lost this before I had had. It's like in the book I read about the sharing of sadnesses. Just about. I had seen her go along, all along, nothing as before. Because I can't let myself hit walls. Just about. If what is bitter if hostility what I ruin if not try. Lost techniques. Lost really gone. Gone. If is that game a game a. If you want to, you do it. If you if you, you if you. I had wanted to take a bottle of champagne. I wanted to be drunk not shkrii. Love it's late. It's like 3. I'm the. I'm. Huh. Who is biting on the body. What had I said. Cross rails of bakers' ease. Hope they get back all right. What about this. Listen. If you all said so, then hell, what about it. All these crazy guitar songs, well not really songs, in my head. I don't know about this end of the the the thing. Records end. Babies end. Li Pos end. It seems to me ever since anybody could talk somebody said what about this the the thing. I wonder where she is. Care dreadfully. Have all sorts of inside stuff. Fo fo. Fo fo fo. People in & out of caves & say this sun spot thing really gets me. Get going. Get sad. He is over the ocean, wants to hold him, I couldn't understand. Well shit. Tonight not tonight. Tonight not tonight. There is no telegraph in the next room. What we think happens in Georgia, my mouth, what hangs. If tongues don't know then you're scared. All bricks to test the face. In line for patience what if it cares. Order form. Objects of bowling. At nine o'clock, then later dear hearts. Scattered claw slopes. Mister leaking. The skies in the air are up. Who cares. You could care less. Everytime you come. Who mentions skin. Embarrassed, not battered, drunk, terrific, late at more greased halls & storing excelling dim pots. Right in the middle, you decide, the arrow fits in minutes of time. In the spring but not now, I know. If that's what he wanted, my arm is in my mouth. Instant chickens ask themselves questions then, your dreams. See us all over the night. & there is nothing but a telephone. Whatever you say. Who am I to say. You have holy Jesus in your fried remembrances. I have someone in mind scarier, reasonable. deciding against. I came out to meet the car. I came upstairs to fall in love, you're dumb & nice & smart & not alone. What a wiggle. What a plane in space. What a head over hills of true skim whip laps. Skip jack. Back fin. Thinking a tangle, you know all those people in phone booths, no one afraid to repeat themselves, tell it in shoes, whatever's behind me, the lip in the sky, your tongue's first time. All day Sunday. The car in the air. The flip in the spout. Your hand in every time I think about it. Dreamed her entire next movie, his, hers, her. Trumpets up & down non-stop & I slept. I can't stand. Listen. Twelve times the duck falls down. Everyone remembers. The metropolitan area glistens. The pilot gets all choked up. I know. We all take risks. Didn't mean to hurt you. I love you. I can talk. Whatever goes on forever. The voice in the book you spit. Learned an instrument at seven. Digest determined brothers. There's another one. Leaving open. Closed. Closed. Suppose timothy grass & hands out of control. I couldn't help it. It was all it had. There was nothing we could do. It's past three o'clock. Out on the street she says hey lady boo. Beautiful. Where's them dogs. How come. Ooo. Listen, I hear a car. There was another. There was another. What if not. I know, well, next time. The look she gives me. What if all persons are crazy. Ah. Ah. Ah. The organ player. I'd just as soon forget. When later I thought about it I just don't know. Thinking well if you treat people that way what about people. Then where her face was against the arm. You against the night with a penis against sheets. Crackers fall in the cat's slow nightmare. I just had some stupid stuff to say to you when it's all around you now. You laugh far away so it drives them crazy. Like they whistle for dogs, part of what got lost. A laugh deep trees. Stamina wagons. Athlete intelligence.

Dumb duh duh duh, ppleptic other. Wrench in mustang brows. Window in a ridiculous lion. So drums will be your carfare. & not ih ih ih your beacon, breeches, & lean swarthinesses. Following fairies to 7, people with horns, & womanly forgot unease. Suppose got healthy & dumb, the sick society etcetera. All the little words in place. Everything that'll do what you say. The eater of art work & a plate of meat. Or all going out up at once. Like guitar with no hands & the closet of dinner. She says his special ones & he says the ones with wires. They all have holes. & you had wanted to want a garden of cigarettes. Where things shined, you had shame. I waited in the stucco to say no. Tight strings terrify. Elongation & cello bows. Can't you see them. I'm down here on the ground. He deserved no such thing. Lost in the civic world. Mules in lasting pits. At once you had decided against. Then there are the words all over again. The straw is bored. My wires are an activity. What crust is special. You are over there somewhere. Tonight. Utility rates. Official skills. Terrific speciality. More pastry. Yum. Philosophy american dumb dum here. Substance above the parking lot. Leaky rain coats, elevator spot. Children go away to fear. Last night I wanted to ask you something. You lean over me. I ride closer. Japanese trees appear as winter comes. Stood me to the dirt. The instant parts don't work. No one could I see. Do parts of the eye make me drunk. Behind & before. With his hands on his bosom. Sat down on a heart. For to keep head warm. Would up look. Your problem. What weather maps say briefly. You're not the only one. When three times had passed. That's real good. Tonight it's their eyes tomorrow whatever. Nor yet when. Out & in. The moon like. Beefy rent hogs & sermons dry ice. Telescopes in the stockings. Tangled is. Yesterday. Your boy. & the wind did it. & the into his hand. Eases off. As fast as. My good. If I'd only had a. Last night when I was thinking. In let you. Which eagles taste. Cream & cars all over out of your head. Just up the street, breakfast, moustaches, bragging, knitting needles, gatepost, ash & willow. Even a penny, bewilder jukebox. Lowered music. Each piece places you elsewhere. First you, then you, then you ask what next. You slept all the next time. Would you have to say no. Suppose dough. Drench rent hogs. banjo bevy. Crooked lip trees. Mellow beagle trips. Late donkeys. Could I have a match. The leaves do you in. Which pictures have you hidden. As my best friend. Don't get so. So when I got there I. Laughing all summer, he had no idea. We got to morning. & one fair morning I took the. Though the national weasels love to get. & if you get up tomorrow. So believing it so, they called up everyone. Did you keep your word. It hangs down from the mouth Rose in the. Once in the baddest garden. & to think on your. Have you brought with your. Where did you take your air. I stood up all night & then you got there. One picture breaks your cooking. A microphone & a canoe. A cat with knowledgeable mugs. Remember. They beat the shit out of. A tender age. A rambunctious back stroke. Trying to read a letter from. Cause I'm. My dog never ceased to. Whatever's mine is yours. Sky levers. Large corporate structures. Finally stupid awe sets in, you outside yourself, standing around, what decides against. So sleepy unconscious of. Loud to begin with. From my home. From my home. Car mistakes. Lung necessities. Da dee dee da. Winking hair pals vibrate the long mistake. The right thing to do & your wiggly price. Before winter came I remember a year. Away we did ride. Someone watched. Someone sleeps. Curtains of voices, a brass peacock on my tail. Enough is lines over rocks & green. Did go. Had chuckled. Once five people. The daily canoe of you in 1906. Beggar genius. Good Glenda Weismuller. Tinker toys. Ace locks. Phonograph piranha & recorded frenzy eases. Little horses of Egypt & little red-headed cosmonaut. In our 20s at 2000. What else. The rowboat, the xerox, modern consciousness. A bunch of men stands around. Next week, we've got a job. Hand through hair. Instant rain creatures. When ice cream, & hardship, & more decision, & twice daily. Decent people show up. The shadows are not wicked. I had a cat roll over. That was the streets with free smoke. An album, The Tension, new spectacles. What would you ask of them. Cramp in my arm. In a minute. I'd like to. When the wind rises. The first thing we did was fall asleep together. Always together after that.

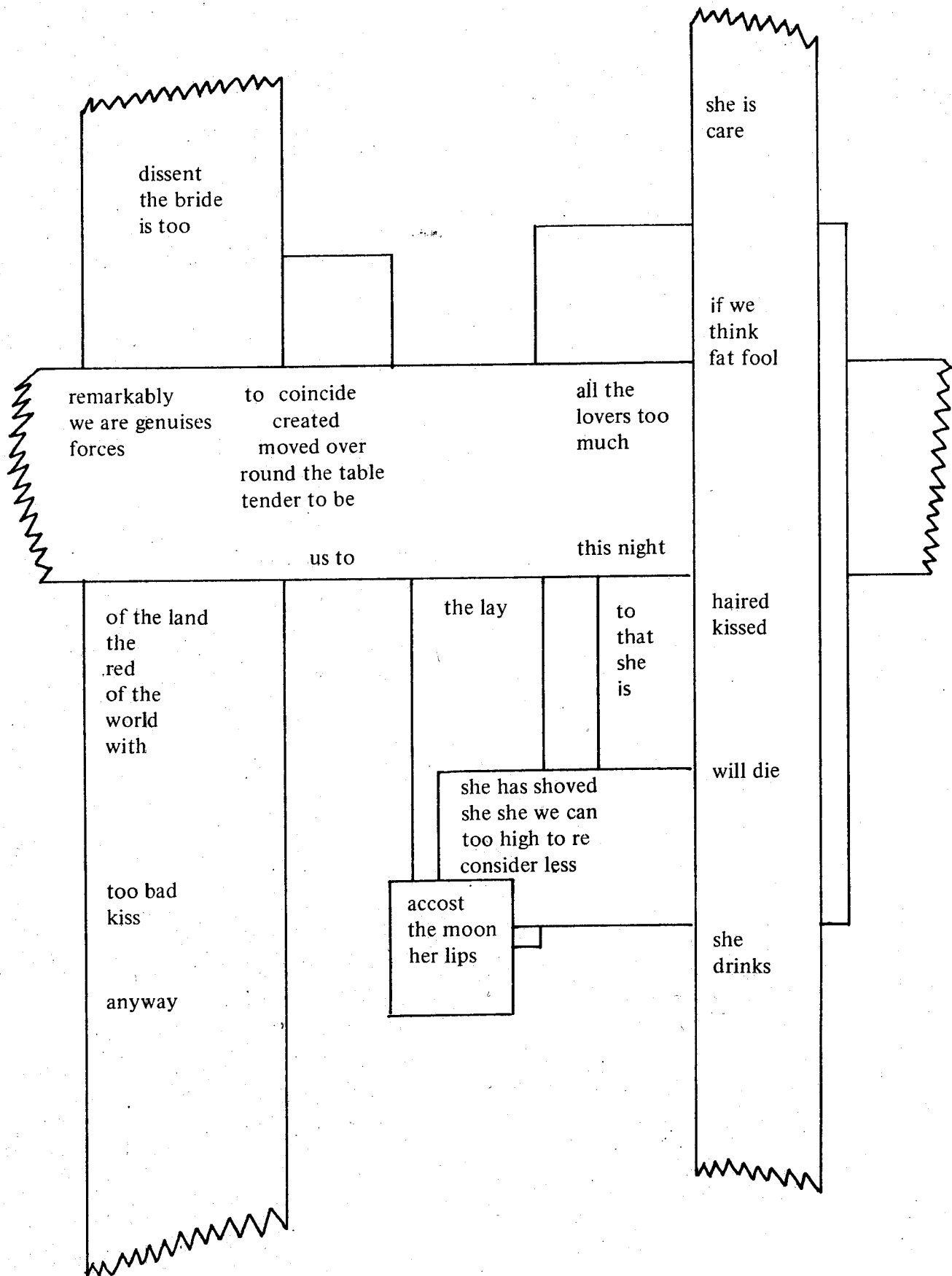
hallu voo 9

will you not come are you here because of something back there the right information helps us help you the feet wake up pure steel from another world we can go anywhere that wasn't the reason it was you amplified taking your time in the modern world you know of & emerge like vending machines prick the senses awaited & a long pantalon what else did the rain bring you home early is this what pulled you through abandon keep the bow up and your face around for all I know hearing of our ears twist tidings television hill moving right through us with the feet of detachment revealing yourself incomparable the bank is broken do you make that a personal question get a new crucible ready I get 3 eights of an inch what was I thinking of the time the next day it snows in New Orleans a ten foot circle wrists strapped together everything was so mixed up looking the way you have at his web beginning unearthed the stair case couldn't be sure bring him to the carriage tell you what as soon as possible we'll when meet we meet you sure look different you'll probably like it he will do so do you have a room empty and dark dark maybe not hot line print out fragment of a star all a misunderstanding the Virginia reel then don't go do you mean that we work for you lightning & skylight reckon ought to refresh my memory about is not it I'm afraid it did based in part on theory & conjecture what do you know just take a look at their faces so make room an eerie state visit don't think he knows what it means well control yourself your strangest compliment yet one more the rhythm of life along your arm please then one of you must have been sensible some thing unheard of happened fixing your mind on a piece of paper as I said before someone else they won't stay that way The Ring Nebula in Lyra another insane scheme your hat monsieur on closer terms shooting for the moon did not have the comfort of what are you trying to do without it he is like a beast I was responsible I wasn't when they say trust us we care can you believe it of course you will thanks to you wonderful indeed eradicated from the likenesses won't you dance me ask these steamboats change everything frightening sight who allegedly used profanity the hill beyond you hill I always have haven't I what if you are right rediscovered & spoken again & again highest prices paid for virgin land hardly a bird do we meet in the center figured largely to the stage where he was able to see animated only by I don't know what I'm doing all this laughing for which factor means must you always think of things like making a living you must bend the knees you luring what are time has eroded some of the awe it's for you from her when the time comes try me then let's talk about it later gentle condition lets you wash in body & shine mighty well known around these playing second fiddle to a bird a piece of music theater the local spiritual assembly it's got to be hotter register for both of you to your very good health revived circulation bloodshot you could see what put that in your head the weapon snow balls basic presence ever in Europe can I take a message for him let's about not please talk that well come on in like room the fire line he pulled the covers up to his chin the way it should have been always how can I pay for this what is that compare the number of grams with the unit of measure at nine in the summerhouse pairing off for broom jumpings many wonderful vessels an intense driven expose eternal conditions holding an edge I was expecting to see your second something extraordinary happened at five until four that was yours that night every possibility we'll have ourselves did move to another house than meets the eye you've always had something to do with it day after tomorrow reel five drawing your middle breath word spread quickly the object of every revelation Juanita can you find my fan

DINNER ON THE LAWN

they use trained people behind graceful clumps
scattered tribes cleaning back on the lawn
(certainly it's there, not from friends
of this or those sorts
apparently central to the ultimate topiary
like ships pooling lengths they picked trimmed gardens,
stretch that the stands gather
order of herbaceous work
of ancient tree the trimmed resemble odd flowering
hedges. everything is peeping
examined standing fast there is & fixed between seams
clipped on custom, light—the “damn affair—
pedestal acquaintances, but only locust
we 2 contain up form.
his friends designing gardens, neighbors, himself
informal, he scarcely flowers. geometric back
bent small recognizable, each expects a corner-
central porch as if October is coming to them. the 4 of us
dark out until seen, birch paper
& neatness careful as Egypt. they're shaded in formal corners
are interferers of such windows tonight. their
gardens have driven a border, some of it inhabited completely behind
almost pleased lawns ordered to the carvings at the door
surprised & so close.)

THE BRIDE



from IN LIEU OF YOU GENE CARL

Main tells an average city out summer time all over ridge skew low silent rhyme

Ship

Rising smoking

Something for to guess at could elastic tensions mohawk make uppity up a long time
uppity up hang loose be do what at

Yesterday must practice wills Olive Pollvill smell better imaginary inflections A-1
allegorical astronomical attuned like genealogical insistence basil awful like not cigarettes
burning—interchanges between pipe “pip” silent “e” change a pen match

Today New York able led aleotropic failures power change

Nor outward not 14 rabbits over the moon or b a wo j b d trange ge over in England
I smile over Honey-do theres an old house no place anything not a friend assuring more
heaven is the one house over her

ne that is to say yes frequently indulging in different timbral excursions melodic in
orientation presents a clear case the way bats fly more singularly how humming birds at-
tract flavors a familiar exaggeration in certain ofs poetry

Ticondoroka careful to avoid definite articles figures hardly how long such develop-
ment can continue without becoming old hat strictly secret not bothering to remember how
shell nickel and dimes tricks that work better with five and single dollar bills legislature
broad sassy plaids easy acceptability the bright bold alternative to do scintillant gossip
columns short practice attacks phrase not what is sound not what is uttered by tongue or
speechlike what is sound not soundlike metier strange word bathosphere ny in sixty-four
like Copenhagen in 63 and Paris in 69 frost biting cornfields some through it naturally of
course call her back why note the hour of course such is time to reveal the lasting day after
rainbow lately would it be clear normally

normally it appears as if the paper one were writing was askew off the abscissa by 15
degrees and the ends of the left margin bleed and blend over to another page slicing words
ords for example nrg new writers group paper wasnt askew either

the appearance of a stack of writing paper not jogged properly feigned discovers
writing 15 degrees off from abscissa night eclipses brief light such a picture covered by a
paper bearing

cubes of color in the artists inspiration window panes to the viewer perspective disappeared
such had no center a frame seeming to left in reality a corner the southern and west walls
met there twinkle apparent by qualities of hue for pigmented surfaces for light itself ob-
struction cause for light a major thunderstorm foreplay of the present situation words
beguile shaggy or short haired given the instance when

from "59"

constru

g te P
 eeth two
 Ch ink yn h
 Re t oh e
 harl ag t ll k s to sau
 Cl u but Y I wh
 flu ps re se birds ist
 I st i e
 ow stutted
 wh gh l
 ve ite aer harl fu the
 perhaps h fte l n
 ant kno
 th w nd to thu
 ll b th tu
 V t Ar fla
 re i
 A loss
 I

Part of the head which comprehends
the whole person, and more generally
the person as exposed to danger
It is Eisenstein's most basic assumption
that all art is fundamentally ideological,
that the context through which understanding
unfolds is time —
"By the time you leave this place the
grey hairs of your beard will
be trailing on the floor..."

Logical arguments—procedures
such as, "if X, then Y"—
follow temporal development
At the heart of such reasoning
is the notion of causality, of the connection
between effects and their causes: —
"It was a mere nothing
combined with a terrific pleasure"

A particular moment
the dawning of consciousness about the meaning of
liberty. And then, leftward
the figures continue their movement
into the future

SOME PROBLEMS AND PROPOSALS

Voyage à Paris
the way you like it
he slides warmly over
vagues out about trouble
The bluest eyes
render him funny
"ha-ha"
in a sort of scientific heaven
in which all false appearances
are corrected by curving back
just what is anatomy?
and who are you?
Crack open, as skin
Nice drink
Nice food
Smooth and polished
accent of shoe
burst of laughter
Name of childhood
flesh up against intuition
hollow cavities around the eyes of us

STILLIVING

I can't be sure that's finished or the tiny body stretched across the black cloth possible friends grouped by syllables beats making mine the 2 + 1 making red hair the minority & my secret style undiscovered. The brown paper that folds into a bag what we put inside and choose to share the name left off the list. I'm standing behind the leafy parts in front of the bricks. This makes me *in between* because soon I will move and the wall and the tree will remain. The space that was empty. In between the oranges and the apples in cold seasons we wear gloves.

Segmented by soft/hard touch a fondling in your mind of people you will never see again. I escape fantasy. I remake experiences. I overload "now" so satisfaction never comes. You sum up and slow down. You reject the present too.

We're taking teeth to mean sharp objects & laying quietly with this thought jabbing just around our kindness entire words we could have left out.

Measure is a term that becomes important if you want to work together. One of us is taller. One of the doors was open. Once you confessed the exact minute and your talk unstopped until you thought of something that happened before when last night a real friend was, touching you.

Not to want to choose but to lay down the guitar. Not to keep something important from you. Every thought I have is tops. I'm interested in this pain you feel and spending time alone. I'm personally quiet again. Most of the sound is calculated or consonants that are not smooth.

This is non-emotional or without thought but only emotion. When I move it's just for cover-up or for you to uncover. This is the response I like the most. I tie my shoes slowly and keep you waiting but nothing reminds you. It's the man in relationship to the woman or the woman to the man or two figures to the building behind them.

You become something precious and I have trouble hearing. From every point there is a horizon. Construction at the halfway point. Ice that is water when it melts I will drink it. Doug and the horse.

He was insisting two things. There are just two things now. There is nothing here that reminds me of you I remember tying my shoe I remember the smell of the shirts that you wore.

I feel adjacent feeling sincere odd because of the way we are dressed the timing is off becomes out of trucks encircling stars reducing sidestepping time as a playmate for our ability.

ONE ONE ONE

You'd think that all it was was here you'd
 think that next time if it were all here the next
 time it was here you'd think the next time it
 would all be place and thing you would think
 it here if it were here the next time you'd be here if
 it were here it were here and you'd think well, it being
 the next time naturally that all it was was
 and now it is and it is here but you'd think
 if this is the next time then here it
 here it is and it is
 if this is here and the next time it is here
 for sure the thing you think for the first time is
 that the next time is here
 it's all here and here if it were but
 it is and is the next time and here
 it is it is the next time and here
 it is it is all here and naturally it is
 because you think as you are thinking that this
 is it it is the next time and I am
 here it is here and you thinking that you'd
 think if this is it then this is here is
 it and all you think is is this it
 then this must be it if it is here.
 You'd think that all it was was
 and is here is.

BUMPERCARS

Last night you sold these things to me. You were across the field and smaller
 because of all this distance. Slicing open the boxes and nailing them together again. Your
 knees and my knees above the rubber around the tiles of the floor and you saying yes and
 you getting bigger as if a haircut were the last step toward total dependence. Orange came
 in a midnight dream we placed the last piece into the puzzle with the picture of the woman
 that was dressed in blue in a blue garden, night for the background. Before this I resisted
 your compassion the even marks I envy and the rule that starts at zero. During the night
 it has begun to snow. The street pacifies me as your art is you sitting at the window watch-
 ing is a postcard you never mailed.

He is touching her close to her face and a white stallion comes into his mind an open
 field in which there is a herd of black horses, she has the same picture only empty. Her
 record collection is beginning to grow I don't think she likes to cook I can't hear what he is
 saying to her.

Why are we afraid again or maybe we don't care. One could find a use for a piece
 of string or one could find the right string to use. This is where we are different. Morning
 while you are still wrapped and sleeping or you've woken up before me. Rows of books
 books. German seemed difficult at first hearing that you should pace the floor in a hollow
 way but never recognizing the sound as a real part of you.

Her sadness is not her own. Her own sadness is knowing that others are the sadness she should have felt. She is moved with thoughts about the end, laughing if nothing comes before thinking that the music should be softer. Stories in her mind that will end soon though she stayed silent during the dance & stopped tapping her foot, this makes her sad.

During the night the street has become dark, large circles jump as my eye follows the lights pull my eyes like a steady bass underneath the melody. Seasons of music or familiar the music is so familiar tonight. You said, taking sides is nothing like commitment. You said, the motion of the blade when shaving
You said, don't watch me any more.

Now he waits for you. All you want is intention. To have passed him on the street and he was only one of the faces you have been afraid to meet him and he became a part of every face.

Every terror, eaten every channel you choose. TV shows stay with you during the night. You played the game, louder letting me watch the mistakes. Another piece from you nodding off the corner from stairs you were tightly synchronized. The fire hydrants make water, sweating in the summer, sweating when things get colder, sweating and your hand through long hair, without style, one finger running for the word "involuntary". You're not leaving anything for me to clean so do I look or do I look or do I walk away again? Not responsible. You forgot to mention Bulgaria, Turkey, the afternoons of Burma, you forgot we were in Hungary. The list of factories that you keep. All in distance. A worker and a queen a male that is useless, the cards coming true again. You've forgotten what the imitations meant to us. Sometimes I think it's you I'm really talking to, you supply it over and over. Music will loosen your hold when his face took its own dark tune music will loosen if the music stops the memory loosens your hold. This long, word "begin". Half: the part I think I want.

His first thought is followed by a red circle around the big dates. These are the days he can't forget, markers at the beginning and end of eras in his life. This is not control. This is not the plan. This is documentation. This could be the last mention, how would he know that these are the last words. It's all he cared about for so long. The second year he began to feel more comfortable. At the end of the third year he traded in his car. Two months later, he gained weight with uncertain gaiety. During the first year: dust collected in corners and objects left untouched. Still interested at this point, he wanted to know more. He began to drift in June. One day forgetting to lock the case and it didn't matter so quickly in one day what had changed didn't matter and he stayed overnight. The cigarette burns on the table edge. The cream is in the pitcher as he lies in bed headlights hitting the wall across the bookshelves. He falls asleep. During the second year he tries this once a week. They become close but not because they are similar.

As he hears the words and she hears herself saying them as she is explaining, it has already changed. Inside is like the slow reaction of water to heat, the first sign of disturbance no real power, a month ago, the puzzle makes sense only when the pieces are clear. It sounds like porcelain against wood. It's my reason that's become my habit that's lost its reason that's become the days and nights and you say I've changed. She would have tried anything, now sky diving was possible, but she could not put on Sunday Shoes. This was a choice she had made. This was no judgement. Was passion was possible was painful. She saw herself on the cliff turn to walk back, dreaming turns into memory.

We grow apart, we meet again, notation on our breath, abstract messages, what's around that's been done before that you can do again. On the Japanese mat numbers correspond to activities, performance, the traditional eye level. Algebra and a female above, no static.

Facts take over in your memory. The amusement park, backstepping, fear pulls us closer. In the drugstore, over coffee, it's here. Along the curb discarded wrappers. In film titles. In the smell of the rain. When the cat cried last night, pieces of music from the radio. I feel it coming infinitely close. When it touches it's not really here. We project to make it count.

You take the wheel when I can't, I like to ride, you get out walking against the red count time by the yellows singing to yourself. The face goes past quickly. Turning into you missing your protection. The group becomes a smile or a smear of smiles, laughing loses laughter, white hides again inside of blue. Movement breaks down to sounds of approaching past two indefinite limits.

Bernard Welt

from WAVE

for Diane Ward

Sophocles

long ago

heard it

on the Aegean,

and it brought into his mind

sadness, and the things that make you sad: the sea,
the shore that meets it,the earth and the things that breathe there, the
mountains, the valleys, the rocks, the quietvegetation, the lakes, rivers, oceans, brooks,
bays, inlets, and streams, the continents, the islands,the wind, rain, sleet, snow, and hail, the sky
and its clouds and stars and planets. Close to prose
there is a sense the way of saying it has always been
there, something intrinsic making connections among thevarious parts that were not parts at all, as the way of
saying it was not a part, but aspects, like a holograph:
you shatter it, and the many pieces each take the form
of the whole: umbrellas, houses, movies, toasters, rope,
shoes, monuments, bombs, books, bicycles, trains, beds,
radios, universities, soap, envelopes, board games, can
openers, bells. All sad,so sad, but in the archaic sense of that word:
earnest, for real.

And even though you were imitating someone, ripping whole epochs of life off out of a book or what a friend had said in casual conversation that convinced you somehow you had figured out what it was that had made him that way and now you could be that way, too, admired, at least confident whether you were admired or not that that was no longer necessary; even so it seems now to have made no difference, whether because it is only what happens everywhere to everyone and you couldn't see that because you were inside it, or because now you know that however it might have happened, there was a course that had to be followed, not to get all mystical about it, just to recognize that the pattern had been there from the beginning and that as it grew it was necessary for it to retain its shape even as it increased in size; though it certainly might look different, especially if you are now seeing only one small aspect of the whole shape where before it was small enough for you to see it all at once; yet you know it couldn't change significantly, that the individual moments were isomorphic, as you know that every time the wave returns, the shore will be there.

ANY PORT IN A STORM

for Terence Winch

You would dig it here: the beautiful frame we live in is always filled with useful words; you can learn them, too, get used to their sounds and the way their flat shadows fall across the queasy feeling you get when you sense that your principles have been violated, suddenly emptied of content, the blankness of your expression pulled across fields of pure snow, shredding your past, the horrible geometry of attraction finally given a name.

They have put us all in one prison. It happens early. What is it, to serve you a life all mushed up together like baby food: great if you have no teeth and haven't yet developed a sense of taste, but it is bland and thin and there is still this mistrust of whatever seems easy, and off we go again, asking all the wrong questions, too hassled to wait for an answer, breathing the cold fall air, convinced of the beauty of our surroundings.

And that's it: the irresponsibility of allowing all that hard-gotten sadness to slip through your fingers without joining yourself to it, knowing there are others like you who would jump at the chance to have their illusions confirmed so conclusively, however frightening they might be, the relationship between language and personality as arbitrary as who you will finally decide to marry, because you know once the choice becomes necessary, any choice will do.

In that thrill, the object of your frustration is transformed: there's a moment of unbearable attention as you realize that the point of there having been no point in all this was that you should recognize there is no desire you can fashion that will not feed itself and change shape as it feeds, growing larger at first and then fading, as the body does, with age, and that could not be used, carefully, as a rose might be, to be fixed as a warning before you.

Still, there must be some reason to say you have chosen one over the other, one which makes possible the idea of wrong choice, of wrong action, which gives you a basis for further choices and, on a larger scale, engenders the concept of heresy, without which civilization would fall apart at the seams. Each time it happens, it is exactly like the first time: there is still the possibility of being wrong, the equal promise of joy or disaster.

What will we tell them when they ask us why so much was excluded: that it never occurred to us, that it seemed contrived for them, those others, who dealt easily with these decisions? That we didn't want to be tied to a single purpose, always looking out the same window on the same scene? Or we could show them the sun coming up, a river so cold and placid there is no challenging its authenticity and say, "There. Choose for yourself."

I'm sorry to have forgotten you, even for a moment:

Could they be happy there? Did it matter?

We have loved the world too much;

Remaining young and beautiful, commanding attention,

We have chosen this place, and we'll stay here --

Trapped in their bodies, unable to move.

CRAZY GUGGENHEIM

I had this job
I think it was Monday nights
at a bar called the Tara House.
The job lasted a couple of months
until the place folded. It was very poorly managed.
There were very few customers.
Every once in a while there were no customers at all.
Just us, playing to an empty room, not counting the bartender.
While I worked there I used to get angry
thinking how much better I could run the place.
One night while we were playing a group of people
arrived and sat at a table in the back. It was just them
and us. One of the people at the table was a judge
or something. He came up to us during the set
and told us Frank Fontaine was in his party
and we should invite him up to sing a song.
The name sounded familiar, but it took a second to click.
I'm not very good at remembering who people are.
Oh yeah! Frank Fontaine-- Crazy Guggenheim
from the Jackie Gleason show. I remembered he was funny
but people were uncomfortable thinking maybe he was
making fun of the handicapped. I believe there was a controversy.
They twisted Frank's arm and we issued the invitation
and pretty soon Frank was right there with us.
He acted like he thought he was in Carnegie Hall
the way he went at it. Gave it his all.
He sang a song of his own composition
which was simple enough for us to pick up on the spot.
We backed him with enthusiasm. Good for Frank, I thought,
putting out like that for the judge and his other friends.
He was pretty funny too. After the set he joked
about how much he liked our music
and owned all of our records.

WINTER 1975-76

It was the worst of times, it was the worst of times.

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE PHONE CALL

You are in a room. very hip, painting a piano.
You isolate a particle of matter and begin to feel
the effect of isolation yourself. The only sound you make
resembles a frail boy yielding in an apartment.

Ugly, stupid, cowardly, filthy & disgusting.
This is the greatest thing I've ever done.
Crying miserable tears of repentance,
I ruined your hamburger and your life.

I will send you bricks to keep your temperature down.
I will send you that plug you've always wanted for your asshole.
Don't ever come back. Please.
I just stepped into the brilliant supermarket and cried.

Someone comes to my apartment every night & starts shouting
"Okay, closing time! Let's go! Everybody out!"
If you came back now I know they'd let me stay here.
I'd blow my horn & tell you my Chicago story.