On My Eyes

Larry Eigner’s first book, From the Stranger Air, was published by Robert Creeley’s Ossian Press (Palma de Mallorca, July 1953). In response to it Dr. William Carlos Williams wrote:

Dear Bob:

Eigner’s book is charming. I haven’t yet had a interval long enough to assess it. This is one reason why it is not always possible for me to give an accurate description. But, I am sure that the work is an important one. It is certainly a new kind of poetry. That is important. It is always so intensive. That is the case with all the poems in the first poems. That is a fact. But it is not all that important.

Sincerely,

All

On My Eyes: reprint the book of Eigner’s work in 1953, excluding some eighteen poems privately issued as Look but in every one of the poems. But there are some poems, many possible readers, it is the publisher’s request that American poem in some poems. Because Eigner’s attempt has been made to stay close to the original typing of the poems. Thus, there are no formal

Larry Eigner: Born 1927 in Swampscott, Mass. near the nearby hospital in Lynn; still living there, where after public school I took correspondence courses from the U of Chicago. I’m a self-taught. In 1949, a couple of months gather, from Boston. I disagreed with his non-deductive way of explaining. And wrote him so. This began a correspondence.

Harry Callahan: studied engineering, Michigan State College; started photography in 1936. Since 1946 at the Institute of Design of the Illinois Institute of Technology, Chicago, where he heads the photography department. Together with Aaron Siskind, also a teacher there, he is one of our internationally known photographers. In 1957 Callahan was one of the initial recipients of a grant from the Graham Foundation.

$3.75
ON MY EYES

Poems by Larry Eigner
Photographs by Harry Callahan

JONATHAN WILLIAMS, PUBLISHER
HIGHLANDS 1960
A Note on Larry Eigner's Poems

First let it be said that Eigner is never careless. If he seems arbitrary it must be understood that he is deliberately arbitrary. Whether from the special circumstances of his life or not, he sees the world from an unusual angle. Often in his poems he is noting the disconnected passage of objects as seen from a moving car. He notes three capers of the unconnected world—a world unbucklingly modified by self-absorbed human activities—with the precision of an innocent but intelligent mirror. In a room, at a window—it is always, not what you would see, or I, but a view narrower and wider—unawake aware of some humble details, more aware of greater spaces also. It is a world where anything may happen, since, deprived of a certain wise-guy logic most of us acquire, Eigner does not let preconceptions close in his horizons. In his best poems he shares with us this wide-open field of vision in which disparate objects activate themselves, move apart or closer to each other, or at great distances from each other reveal to us an essential connection of which they remain unconscious. He gives to the humblest pebble the same attention—and so the same value, by implication—as to a man. Instinctively we pride cries out against this—until perhaps pride breaks and we look again, and see there is no contempt for man in this attention given to a pebble, only the sense that both are strange, unknowable, unpredictable.

Reading Eigner the reader has to keep his imagination at work and leap from line to line as fast as the seagulls sweep across the square of sky in a window, joining a lonely chimney to a cloud by the line of their flight. Seagulls fly in and out of many of his poems. The landscapes are mainly suburban, there is that sense of the scattered and sporadic one has at the edge of cities, where bits of old fence and field still hang about undecidedly, wondering if the country won't still come back after all.

There are some lines of Henry James' (in The Bostonians) that several years ago I copied into a notebook under the heading, 'Quality of Eigner's Poems'; perhaps that was not precise, but these words do continue to express for me the atmosphere of a great many of the poems:

"... and wandered to the windows at the back, where there was a view of the water; Miss Chancellor having the good fortune to dwell on that side of Charles Street toward which, in the rear, the afternoon sun slants redly, from an horizon indented at empty intervals with wooden spires, the masts of lonely boats, the chimneys of dirty "works", over a brackish expanse of anomalous character . . ."

The sea, the great life-giving unchangeable ocean, is nearby always but not often seen full and clear. It is usually back of other things, other people's things, streets, houses, telephone poles, other people's needs and decisions—for Eigner can't get at the 'real' sea unless through the agency of others. Yet how much more present it is to him than to them, as force, as space, as the unconscious. He has to do a lot of guesswork about having, as most people know it; and he never for an instant presumes to definitive knowledge of anything but what he sees.

When I was asked to select from the mss. of this book what I thought the flower of it, I began tentatively putting aside those poems which I did not understand. After a while that came to seem stupid. If one becomes familiar with Eigner's work it becomes apparent, as I began by saying, with what care and intention he writes; and, again, that more than almost any poet I can think of, he demands a suppleness, an imaginative agility, a willingness and ability to leap with him from image to image, so that I disdain to judge (as I would with another kind of
I can keep up here and those I would have thrown out might be epiphanies to another reader. It is only where there is a high degree of care and craftsmanship that one can thus abandon 'judgment'.

He does some odd things with spacing and punctuation; I don't think they always work, but what is important is that they are always designed to work, to function; that is, it is punctuation rightly, as tools, and does not voluntarily intrude them between the reader parents, as a poor soul having no function that isn't be better performed by other types, moderate, sentence-yet not to be quenched, inspiring spirit.

There is no repetition, he makes for himself and for the reader no precedents. But the answer to these charges is the same: each poem is in fact a searchingly experienced area having the form between object and object—what is most likely to be offered here is a lack of economy, or (and in this case) a lack of economy, or (and in this case) a lack of economy, or (and in this case) a latk of economy. It is the same thing: a lack of economy. It is admittedly hard to see form in such unique poems—of its limits—it is for the reader to say with it, to realize in his own responses the connections between poems, many possible readers. Such poems make me think of floating seeds in September, their willowherbs—sowed—in unexpected places. So Eigner's seemingly random words drift across one had thought sterile.

DENISE LEVERTOV
JUNE 1959
The Wet Snow
falling
brings on the horizon

from there
the stripped hill
straight with
the darkness of trees
thick
and pointed,
and
the windows like
the backs of cars all
modeled
back
with no one seated
under the porch
THE FINE LIFE

when you search the spontaneous thing
objects
the belief
shuts the air
like the whole world, wanting to be serious but how can we in the future
the parts to the whole
I saw some sparrows today
disappear in a slope of dirt below the road
the trees were bare like clouds
that's true we appreciate children the confused harbor

The Air
when they talk about ideas, music and instruments, the cars go by
on wheels and the periodic chart of the atoms against the wall the heavens like a wide field
quiet though thunder come down in the right place the battery stops dead like some man's body which remains

The Air der Welt
when they talk about ideas, music and instruments, the cars go by on wheels and the periodic chart of the atoms against the wall the heavens like a wide field quiet though thunder come down in the right place the battery stops dead like some man's body which remains
Fleche...
cruel arrows gone, the
night closes down,
element, noises
from beyond the weather ears
a mental weight, death like space
with a little communication?
the clouds level as the earth
as they travel the world
all walls becoming one

the stars induce days of rain
and you can forget lee,
the secrets made by men
are dropped off like shadows
outside the trees waver again
the cold around your bodies
it's curious when to die

Something that really happened
there, the thought of meaning
at the end of history an old book
like open casques
black and white facing the sky
and the serpent
the vine become a buffed stick
the names of places and produce and men and acts
as I used to conceive of the woods
as a not deathless mass
or the tracks a necessity
"what this is, I can see his"
the lack
some nonsense
while they wouldn't understand
a gardening of verse
a history of england
Boulevards, terraces
THE CONCRETE GLASS
touch
vanguard too

staring at the supermarket
close the eyes. it is still there

this is the invisible
added to what there was

errors
the people are walking
and parking is a waste

plenty of light and space
in the night

the old rutted ground

Do the dogs know why they bark?
something they feel — the rain too
over the familiar houses

But they've stopped. Things always slow

the cat's habit of sleep on the roof
at the hole of the bathroom under
the open skylight

take it for granted "Invent" the
cat sleeps on the edge
and the birds he chases have
plenty of space

and then the squirrels who come looking for a road
larger than birds, may quicken
the same trees
The Dead dog

Ah, mutnik,
Kerensky says it's no good
and maybe he knows about it
better than us all
is the friend
but someday the grandmothers may grow wise
and speak the calculus
making a fierce language

What happened?

I've got to blow my nose

Mauso in summer

after so warm

(Aug. 1)

Spring so flowery in my holes
the trouble is I have to get clear, you see
as anything might happen and
time marches on
ROUND MOVIE

the man traveling
thinks nothing of
this. Nothing of that
all the way
Mountains, a minute, a
very old thing
the wet places
just dangerous graceful
you say? no, go
left of it you
have been unharmed (but
proper caution
there is, if
some guarantee
in life a good time

unheard of
it never heard
I don’t remember it
the hoof’s upset
such a land
break rhythm for
pacing the earth
echo
eventually, eventually
it may happen
but that’s not an end

Looking for
Solomon's
Mines

and the fire
burns itself out
(but that is not all
starting
it doesn’t matter
after how
everything
unseen (like anyone
except for those eyes
whose turn is
immediate, instantaneous
frightfully, those beasts
with cries as
they delay
a motion for
“blaze” (not knowing which action
they exhaust
themselves
beyond reach
to proceed somewhere
the straight mountains
and the hideous men
marked as where
“cities might be
for life their small towns
different animals
pretense of horror, till horror comes, confused
but uncomplicated and demanding there is no reason for it, you don't know when
Suffering or remorse is better taken away for it makes a difference no matter who keeps alive
though as before, in pain, it is me still blinded, the sun now on the floor
bones giving off memory

THE BUFFOON ON THE ROOF
the carelessness and immediacy will
the king in his uniform skin do anything touch nothing or produce?
there are all types of an animate gaiety
The Party in the Fields

broken mirror of the landscape
even to the sky
men of the definite movement
a part of the river
it was an ideal climate, and
it's too bad
they can't die
like the sun goes down
young
but, anyway, you have to leave it
if you go on in living
but, there are different kinds of nature
I like my friend's house
with the driftwood picked up
near there, right on the beach I'd think it
two steps down
three
almost resembling something
on the wall

Elysee
He stopped on the irreproachable sidewalk
the woman croaked
Ah Paris, he is a good cook
And after soupaire
it lights
ybar schumach
it's just as soon
in the afternoon
une lune
the dark insides
of
nuage sur le champ
cyclops at the zenith
du bord
sink away
the pitch on the meadow
there are distant blackouts
within a minute
race de vivre
the corners been far flung
the dark swimmers
their heads in the sun
If time did stand still
you can’t see it move
which way does the river go
partially the
wind, and light. Down waves
the indefinite flowing
the toppled clouds
the squared mountain

With the world a chameleon, I come
from the house where it kept me
Now the water is all aground
and there’s a nest dropped on a bough

Beautiful storm, like a great curving wreck,
the light waves chiaroscuro how long
the plunged cars before it closes up.
upstreet the buds are springing in green
this is the sea
and seagulls cry
IT SOUNDED

and tangled dry—

like fire
at the start of the day
the engines
but the wind in the twigs
or thistles. walk
the birds are violent
they function by shouting
suddenly
all day
the houses stand some paint in
glass the dusty sun
with the fresh air
and the man who fixes the roof
top and
the transformer below
nothing except the wires
and the trees
and the boys climbing
the shed
to trap
and break

similar truck and so it is the same

dump
turf and grass
now is an eternity
like ones I can remember
from points the enormous reaches
and the only thing that tells me different
is
words
may you bring microscopes
into the field?
day blots us, blots
these days named perfect
harbors and those with
and shores with their foods that
adding depth
no complete sight
of where's the unmatched
long horizons
even with new maps
how you leave the coast
by expanses and waveings
of the crowds, smears
as against slides
and about wondering
(and stars could be corners
legs, up
towards splintering beams
they are making room with walls
love whom jumbles the sky
The
edge of the building knows centuries
replaced, the gravel home
between these flats
doors, slope roofing
a cut through the middle of the hedge
facing town
or there's this tree standing there
and here's the wind
field, the only place
parked in
shape, so
the air parted, they are quiet enough
now
equipment appears
and becomes standardized
though not yet
one with one light on its shack
the other a long nose with stock, dummy
on each side, strapped,
a roller up front;
the first with a little underneath
while I don't know what they're for
the noise they were making
On the Wide Shore

the seagulls screech
reared to the hidden
with interior
walls, raising the streets with fields
on another side, multiplied!
the sea is forward
the town back
between the two points
elsewhere the sand mixes with rock
the roads grow
and pass unseen
together as
hedge
the sea
do not move
at one moment
the sea having little wings
under man’s convexities
from removed skies

the natural environment
of the cat
revers, in and out of the houses

the cats change
as the cat moves to and fro articulates

or cats each step of a
world, birds

flank both sides a pole
curved on the hill
the wires became wing

the garden bushes or
random clumps or trees
a way from the year woods

the landscape surrounds the houses
or the houses around land

the clouds fast

sometimes

the doubly cut sky

the open walls of
the landscape
as I held the mirror
the boy committed suicide
and the other man slipped
what I have done often
he's now composed
himself, still here, though
the world changes
and it's funny, of course, that,
all of us have blood

Open

They nod at me and I at stems
Yes, I agree. But I flower myself,
or can’t change

Yes, passes.

As I, pass on the air
As I, pause
As I dream, sight
I have been on all sides
my face and my back

Disappears any time a world can
dissolve

abstract, abstract. O little
seeing that word
blue against the stack—
o i walk i walk

the pavements
assume they are yellow

the flowers seem to nod
It’s getting there

outside no brilliant colors but
the winter’s landscape
the trees still bare
varieties of each other

themselves neither open nor closed to
the cities of the different world
become smaller, under the snow which spread
in all the roads
by the thin eddying air,
and which turned itself, a partly-visible thing
to drain off, yesterday
there is no sound left
when it started, the curves softening
as the block moves around but the
noise: the stone in the gutters
flourishing tunnels

the caves ages to imitate, igloos
quickly passed around the hills and the woods
with only a little wind, which is elsewhere
—no eyes

and last year’s trees
to be washed

behind which is that sky showing through
above the beach

the free-way

shingles, plate
down for the highway
shum plants, chips,
lanes
racing
exposed
wind, length of the docks
the harbor’s teeth

square gas-pump on the corner
disguised (rust-proof)
on the way in
the bare trolleys

The tree, swirling, the pitch
into the sky, the twist
from the piled land, the houses
with easy chairs
steady equipment
the shades
wash
the radio cloud
masses
even in the garden
of gigantic head
sometimes for the moon thick
beer

with the wire gone
over the woods to the sand
the leaf shaking like a cat
newspaper
bundles over itself
the night of dreams
in which we care
walking about
the wind invisible in the picture
the yarns cut off
between the walls
stray beds
and shelves, loose
spades
the ground roused by a truck or
bulk
It's Heaven when you
have billboards on your menu.
What's the difference
it's all over
but it's not, it's a
jet trail
which fades out
according to the wind
the tired trail
a segment by the road
where the sun faces
the cape ends and
ranges
with brick steps
or the time thunders
as clean as the new chimneys
sprawling,
bits
everything spread out
and an earthquake is accidental
for all you might care.
Romans,

the women with plumed names are imaginary here

here in their natural surroundings
and the shoulders of men

or the Greek dust
in the street
to contrast
with pools

while few things are very real
plainly

such as this is

The Studio
Who wants to be more famed than Shakespeare a little boy was
darting, from the gutter into the alley, a seagull screamed
at the bakery, over which a dancing shoe flew
out the window
in front of the neighboring fishmarket
THE HEBREW BURIAL-GROUND NEAR ALCOTT'S

the well fit men
still clinging to the old
older than Brook Farm
yet nearly strange
in spite of the polyglot
the cemetery is green
marble with red bricks
set the moulded curb
the weighted light road
the dead become eternal

THE WEATHER

Of all the crazy things she said the crocuses are opening
while the fruit rots in the ice-box
there's a fly in here
She was cooking,
goes the sponge ought to be appropriate for the griddle
Glass

I forgot, and lost a part of myself,
I remember, and it passes away

A nation, or lotus
creams, ice, the
tremendous gulf, or capacity,

waste

the field of vision
with the eyes shut

The life she missed, under her eyes
almost imposing itself upon her

Everything needed combined
appeal standard of life

the signs of themselves decisive
directions
disinterested
taking their part

net of the city
their torn status
like cloth planes
by the wind

Around my shoulder, your body
in full view, under the
light, blinding, of the dead sun

your mind, contingent somewhere
to the far, and the back of the neck

When you grow up you don’t see
the small birds, which are still there
where the radio now is
Wind

his ideas are playful and
on the porch hanging
as if now he couldn't move
in or off
as far as possible charges as
there's nothing else
Hands on the stick-gun
and
a harpoon,
almost dropped to a stream
mount a soldier ball hot—quick
he puts it aside
it looks like,
slash the suspending rope
in an out-of-the-way corner of
side,
so low
improbable, he's half
touching it from the hold
his arms, gingerly it seems
time
as may be
he's slow
his experience is few

BRINK

the less I
take for granted
the world going forward
I am getting
no younger
an illusion of this
no, a
death
announced
Sometimes a squirrel
affectionate dogs
nosing in spring
off the corners
cars, carts
on final levels
stretched up
and the overhead craft
in all weather
like windows
Whales
conduct a feast
near the cold used surface
awake like fives
the broken-off scraps
smells
the huge climate
o a lively day
keen
light, imperceptible turn

coffin of justice
among bottles and fruit

the beach I hear not quite
the next road
dancing

pavement of threads, things
horns bicycles papers
on hands

because the street-light shines
steadily
and the leaves fall
like a few stars
throughout the night

and the trees moving their bones
in the wind
which doesn’t need light

the cold wind Lethe
the strong wind they sleep
the objects of a dream
growing

letting their
hands, such as they have, down
they are unconscious of
the sun
A response
the mulled trees

Later it snows
that is, after the
leaves and the sun

Considerable time
variety of paths
through the same space, thickens
and piles up
what was maybe fog
when the sea smelt
and came back
as it comes back
now
the tides

the sun spinning
the moon having its
different sides
the world
hardening
the trees pure
white under the shadows,
the fading, loose sea
D a y s

Just like when she was little
the cricket sang, but the
sky was remote
this summer
the hen-yards obsolescent
and the walls often not very wide
the bed a ship to sail again
yet more of a ring, dissolving in the waves
she tossed from side to side, there was
nothing under her, there was nothing
under her to feel, she had gone too far away
and a quiet night
The clouds went over, the trees grew
covered, different from weeds softly off earth in the
non-violent sun
broken

wires stay on
carrying messages
of no content, but steady
the birds roost

she had moved a moment
the 13th floor
the room all fixed
up the stairs
to the roof the
gazing
old heat

she lies at the world
in thought, as before
looking up again, without need of a bed
or thinking, where there used to be hens
fallen asleep

outside
the walls
smokes, matches simultaneous wish
idea
change

the cellar, all at one time the
phone by the window
to do anything
across the country
voyages
somewhere near the beginning
the rain noises in front of your face
when the clouds thicken, the vague increase
gives you a silence

though violent are the blue points
of the ultimate reach, taking itself
to the sides wherever you go
below which the hammer-thin clouds
beach their imperceptible ways

she lies at the world
in thought, as before
looking up again, without need of a bed
or thinking, where there used to be hens
fallen asleep
out in the wind
space

What is a bursting color?

The edge in the room
and it was wild from
place to place

close to the sun

haywagons and
different sounds
to come
to the same thing
touch
to be lost

one in the Auvergne
country, for example

singing to keep the shack

don’t dying
but the lonely
sights raised

you should have cut an eye
and remembered how that was

we can lose so little

you’re friendly with the cats
as I am, more often than you
I can be friendly too

this is friendship, not because
we need each other
but we are together

The village idiot was a farce
like other people the timeless fool.

Lear, keeping his tone
I wonder how many
have faked that

I don’t know how long you’ll be here
you look like you’ll live forever
THESE CHILDREN ARE GETTING RESTLESS

My foot hurts, the skin elsewhere

People have a habit of their aches and pains themselves

I and my brother are becoming twins
and we step on the starter and bypass that underpass
there are pains it is no use
I can't sleep it off
the flood
the beach, the chair, my flat
hurts, my toes plain in the
humid wind, my shoes are comfortable

The Sweep of Dark
far off
cold
the cat stopped
pieces in back of the mind
and dogs?
even at summer
the high voices of gulls
when they disappear the sky closed
or profile of an eyelid
the asleep cheek, nose
(there is nothing infinite because
to a horizontal tree
wind blowing a paper outdoors
like a shelf
suddenly, and away in
some other moment
thinking it almost a wire
then not at that side

over the scene, before
the street up the hill and its houses
like a man's wings
unknown, the minute still
and a barrel tipped
tipped there with no sight of wind
emptiness of thought
itself
and canted out
the noise of barrels rolling
unlike the sea
the wind is all one way
—stick
like the whole clay
we realize is crazy
and the headlong cries

(I always hear what
the irregular times are
and for all that the cars pass
the god in the air

Peabody Sq.

Dragged

(38)
still
the tall bodies sinister
with their arms back
open chassis
ballfans or
flooogie
the well-made trucks
harsh in variety

I saw the way the gull stirred
with his brain
I being the one to sit out
in the car and read
a dog and old lady in a fur
engine
panels going all over the place
the trees were like the Indians

with a round Greek room tangling behind them

(speed, atop the stables

still further out of the way
the dogs echoing
straight mountain
spasms of sandpaper
the cat folded on the room front
from downhill
and in the middle of the square
the road become a walled land
the birds leaving before
shock of the monument
fast fainting the colors of the air
desolation of gold
gulls rear to the dead sky
against the turned cloud
under in the wind
past the width of street
my business being to taste the dust
tree and the dry goods
in the stoned glass
and the men with faces
down on the walk

The Cat's Ears
radar whiskers
turned around
following sound
but stand still
so you think you'll GO there?
another thing coming
I with what I've got now might really be good to have a different kind
it just hangs around
yawn in his limbs,
the ragged lines of Popeye the

fishwoman’s king of the world while Titian’s Europa lies on a wall

the trees are wild sometimes
the clouds are safe
it is a leaky day
but what does safety mean?

Birthday

Every-body was supposed to be enthusiastic. It was a big hall with lots of corners though 4-square simply, stating the case simply, and letting it go at that, and the girl who looked disgusting, almost in bed, or was she disgusted, was polite, as might be under such circumstances she said, you’re not in the way.

I had thought I was, with her permanent small expression, and eyes, the wheelchairs had to keep on the go, and we were all 30 or 45, time always went by. Till all the eyes were turned the true surprise, a man as a hectic native, doing a strip-tease

down to a “censored” in black letters, and many were doubled, as well, by age and bits of mistletoe were strung up by the idea man with no fingers who had only time for that as it turned out being volatile which was about as far as we got
Couple of Years

Nowadays they call it a disaster
snow hitting the glass
a spectacle
landscape
topography, stuck
on the storm window pane, sifted
in masses like little hills
held out at a short distance
or the long-falling
shallow and cracked pieces of ice
like butting shaggy bears
or an animal fight
on all sides
the billboards deserted
which makes the deadening wind cry

(it is always a children's world

—then a day after
the snowball legs and battles
the fast sun
late sloping in spokes to fall
and there is gas for frying eggs
under all this

...
A gone
The world under the sky clouds
all winter and summer

descends and occupies the ground
stars, filled
air
with abstracted wings
on crystalline lines

and time
between the stars
a broken hinge, by
the garage

a flagpole
mainstreet
five cats yoked

the world
can't hold, really
too many absolutes

but I am shattered
and another time lost

while the sea
shouts
or lags

an old woman's shoe
flapping
on the beach
Borodin

The steppes of Asia last night about here
in the spring bloom and they said
it is Music. (rhythm that
crosses lines
passing on
another time
east, to
join the sun
or rather the light on
towards
examine
extrinsics
the fringes involve dividing each
other, true, even the
unfinishing flowers
bent so
and the land cut
itself
Step-wise

The sea dances the heavy lights below the wall; a distant crash sinking. MATCHED CHANGES OF COLOR

strain and confusion, out of which the storms are bred up after this hour, hunting for sewage and spells

garages and the back yards where the arrowheads might sift behind the woods

hammering wings the butch the boat lifting between houses

there is the screening of loam, to leave the rocks out, plentiful ash crumb in the dropletless afternoon

of wino-cellars, accents of ancient yeasts and that wire slant of sky filling our eyes blind, to run back

the beaten matches of dust through the rain

or violent cold echo

They hunt clams. In a hall at the sewer outflow we dribble our own hanks

dwarfing tin and blacked sand whistles, gouge quaking pebbles floated in the night like ghosts

bird-speckled. The wall reins the barren grains of sand, barrenness of shadow the mud levels endlessly stilled

awnings endowed serene

Then later to return and pop balls on the empty brick and mortar; (the dirt stirs, the sparrows on the as the sunset, in full, passes down

Ways

in the ad was somebody something like her so to turn away would be vacuum, wind

Indoors, the sun not, this time, in the picture flat on the page like a nice language

the gulls flopping in nothing the branches putting sleeves into the air ecstatic or something, over convenient toy

the front edge of the picture, my hands straight off broken ( the backed-up moment

so many dials and so much rest! the birds sitting in the trees weathervane an Indian shadow 28 years

so many dials and so much rest!

the gulls flopping in nothing while they cry to continue the branches putting sleeves into the air

moving ecstatic or something, over convenient toy

the front edge of the picture, my hands straight off broken ( the backed-up moment

rain on the fingers, trains of an age a similarity
The Strange Land

Resting earth I feel
the different wind blowing
the branches I could see
with the furpest leaves
the stars and woods move
and some weight comes down

the separate trunks
cast tunnels lying plain
below the heads
whose shapes stretch and
spring by the air.
towards the corners rail
shadows the old houses

the hints of perfection
in the night deriving people
continue and some mount up
at stops from muddy entanglements

off buildings with empty windows
where the sun will arm itself
tomorrow momentarily

the useful drawers agape
while tonight there might be an owl
round some newly done back yard

Anyhow.

Life is a farce, so what is death
not even the funeral
or much later, stones
and weeds

the dust in the road
and cold snows

I have become used to this
my shoes have been the same

I remembered the sky, or yesterday

I remembered the sky, or yesterday
to look (most of the place
in the afternoon it was old

light, made

the next hour, dying, the
fire blew and the engines
roared in, puffing on, speeded
Again, the
sun gone down
grown in the shoes, which are full
the sky changes
in ways I did not think of

notice
and others remembered
A WEEKDAY

the foundation waits (will rise)
between morning and afternoon
for a 2nd load of dirt

the trucks move
eyelessness, uncovered
windows, the outdoors,
toothless,
the garage
open like a grave

or a child perhaps

faces play, have played

the quaking stone

they have wandered over from the next lot, their
bikes a near way

slowed the gulls

(a surprise, the difference of time

soon the walls will have been wholly
real
even on the hot nights

though they were not always the same

Minute

old, looking at them
naturally we remember

way back from
40, from 35
30 life/

is that way,
or this is the life

their continual points
emphatically to be made
every day

o good for you
and the bad thing
may be the same
as regards any
one
The Shock

men were connected with animals
I look up and see the plane
scarcely
able to move while casting
my legs
I cry my world full of the head
if it would do any good
in the twisted path, not by distance but
the wind in my face
the eyes tossed back, frozen
locked oars
passing, coming singly to every one
what is "aboard"
bears they wrecked, and the world still spread
and in more and more ways, but back
and unfelt
for protection
the dead brains
and the fall, where, for a time
the great master at the end of my soul
the dog deciding to bark up my feet
and all the trees, with the wind
dragging its roots
blown to bits, eyes that are stopped
the love of life and death

The Movie of It

Man misplaced depth
in the sea we cannot
go back through
and that death, which is,
ultimately modernized
now poisoned, the water
a different weird light
and music in the tower among
the beautiful and oppressive
fish and weed, shell
blind sight, the heart, romantic
solitude odor
visible
violate, the
weed sack
of the spummy creature
vine in its multitude
exasperation and reach
and in the jungle the hirsute bears
while from Europe the narrators
escaped, as in childhood, destroyers, again, to
face the blast
grand
(sin)
pride
WHO KNOWS JUST WHEN THIS WILL END

Space a meeting so
when the wind blows
in the chimney
the bed creaks

and keeps creaking, while
the wind flies
the clouds passing
over land, the roof

nevertheless, impenetrable, as if we put it there, it, still,
stimulating perhaps, over our heads

where we know,
the size of different rooms
projecting, discounting the clocks
we needed, the shades hung

by the air, while the wind sails
out in the dark walls

Night for a change

Outside the window the house
was bare, like ours maybe
nextdoor) then all up the road
within we were half naked, the

sides naked
a different matter
may they never wrinkle or bloom
and crash

the upper dimension light
clouds
perhaps the second of invisibility's gathering
to go nowhere

It passes

If it increases, tomorrow the ground
may be wet and stick
I will not forget the flowers
in the fields which
still lead one to
another wall

though June has been like autumn

a schoolboy sprawls in the

strange bed above
the fixture, and in the middle of the room
left alone the sun
the sky isn't to be
seen childhood
simple enough, spreads on the corners

while the holly bushes wave
in the breeze or the tulips dance

momentarily
against the yard as the
cat has been edging through
Only the outdoors  
and from inside the building  
the lights

tragedy for damage

others you see
in the living rooms
cut the night as the stars
closer apart
and what may be in their minds
is a different ordering
as before,
the causes of their positions
so, somewhere, are the clocks they have brought
so be restful  
and the freely-progressing cats  
they accompany with their eyes

They inevitably go to the bad too
but the trees end off at the sky
and it would be a good thing
to pass, even
our own goal
still dawn shuns them out

and we keep more behind this
way, our yard.

the wind like an ocean  
but sometimes the sun stills it
and the surface is solid

why shouldn't life pass as in a dream  
or a dream itself, there are different degrees
or different dreams reality
at one with a dream

the naked sea
stinking
in fresh
in time,

(o shut your eyes against the wind
Age

The street was a hall
Lairs in the mountain chain
the weather shifted over
and replaced
the lions or goats climb the ridge
windows admit sun
the earth is still plain
under the feet on the ground floor
clouds enter, moving
at a distance, the great doors
lead in and out to the sky
the little paths across the earth
A woman at the corner sells fruit
Do not put fish on the ceiling
but low in the walls
with the hunt
after you have eaten

The time finitessimal

hills are monuments enough
and the grass, then trees and flowers
but the skyscraper is necessary
even before it is built
the clouds are radioactive
and the sky-god becomes
the earth
father and mother
ourselves surrounded in blue
lit by the sun
I take the counter in my hands
we will die
in time, and in space live
turning faces soon
Memorial Day,
What's gonna happen
a baby rises
on every pitch
slowly
(coming out
ob murder she
every second
bathtub
(and the world's running
cars
especially here
the oil floods
to frighten him
and dispel the fright
there is nothing to do
but
leave supper in the raw
it's a double-header
and there was an old-type ship

"medieval" as some had it

possibly with catholes, the
universe might be profound

every man's vessel (again) his home

If you weep, I think that
others might cry

though it is no matter The rain

is more fruitful
to the earth breaking

heavy with birds

and leaves we could

not hold I

you push

and the fog

shadowing tides

filling the

island, farther

out dampening it down

till the wet congeals

everywhere in the great

arches

for which our sight even

becomes too thin, weed

sand and stone, and the tolerant subdued cats

the sea, the sun

arcing beyond

everything there is

here and the birds' screams

hunger or null

in the silencing light

and the eyes open

again, at the

blind rain

in fear and removal

you cough and it is

not the same
the stars pulling various ways to settle on trees
many of which crash

All Intents
once a man is born he has to die and that is time, the
position of the moon
the earth is never still in one spot or perhaps it is, it is
(part way
it is round
and we are always here though every second perhaps not
but here we are, we are
For Sleep

I depend on the stars
and the places of night

This is what it is
intent space, and
the speed which is light, growing
past any shape
the half-door or the door
slightly open
this is what happens when I move
(or I see motion, all of it
I'm in it
the world depopulated
those configurations of spirits
scattered and gone
so to disappear
the side of this road
nothing

I want room

back to it

The good things go by so softly
Themselves it is our strengths
that run wild

The good and the strong, dissipant,
an objective joy
sky is empty there are clouds
there must be sound
there
the horizons are nothing
the rain sometimes is not negligible

out on the sky
the other direction
growing until it is nothing:
there are mirages and numberless deserts
inside the other house
lines, broken curbs
travel and distance
proportion themselves
we must be animate, and walk
turn, sharply
the lines are irregular
I am a machine for walking
who can walk
the fly is
complicated
she sits and hears the wind
coming
looking
out
The girl
is no marble

after all the singing faces, you
with your mouths out of sight
as I respond
Where are your purposes you have kept
childhood in your hearts
each day, and the sky was blue
the sea was a waste
and you have come back again and again
with the years you were able to
come from a great distance
Today my brothers were here;
now at night there is you
myself under the sheets

But I grow old
because I was too much a child
cruel and dark, the city of all men, close
the window, the streets remain empty
corner around which to blast or focus, the earth basements
stone bits
a great garage ceiling the room lights up
blocked like the heavy sign paint, interior trees
our specialty is the home
a various momentum
the old office windows
shack the powerhouse
weeds
the station grown with vine
dog's tongue, causeway
cat angle, hardware
retrieving the lost park
store box with the generations
of color girls
how things have always been eaten
infinity to wires
the work, inconceivable

as it is, each one is doing his part
dolls ragged on the steps
even the switch is hidden
it's just as well
the Indians had their tents
and a few plug or cigars
circle children reading about it
the hot nights slept on cement
the sewer curbs
Passages

sunlight drawing from shadow, up and down the street
the dream of joy is only lightning
in the finale, beginnings so far from the end,
the short millions of poles, clouds on the sea,
the sea of human things the
leaves of men in the pure wind
of the seasons falling and swaying
over the world land

and the pitch of the open night, the lightning seeming to rend
and twist, the shadow to close in
above the flower the world cries out
time is obliterate and man turns
the false dream, missing details

that man who was deafened

we go to bed. The airs are dim
aside, marchings of men
and after this the boulevards

the grounding of arms

toys, and the blinding gulls

so what if mankind dies?
the croak and whistle
has no future, either
so what?
so what?
the future arrives
the end of a stick
in my crotch
toward the speed of light
In a dull place

Mostly naked, a businesslike -
calm and disconsolate
the victim, giraffe, wandering
less and less conscious

Finally the days and nights, they are able to

come up

but even so it is strong, though unsavage, slow

with minute poison, they stab

punily, stick after stick

until it falls, already
dead, the brain eaten

they are hungry

time is of the essence,

for the whole town

2,000 lbs

nevertheless it is the price makes the

first cut, the trial, such a

battled creature
to be brought low, so

mysteriously

by a rough calculation

it is good

meat

BOXES

The universe is a machine;
we are machines. But the mind can convert it
the past built up by the mind
immediate

how long can it keep moving

no longer

or is the window glass, or is

the air there?

Memory or what? What is it? the
image before we were born

the absolute, scattered into the

cogs

the crazy parts

machine

in the 18th century the gold sphere
was barbed - a future of bright
factories of the spectrum
helmet of intelligences

vast as it later turned out
in Poe, etc.

and Verne, complete

his sub

the human provinces

in the spray of the stars

and sovereignties

state of the mind

infancy

in books

turn in itself

the governors
Cantelli ..

In the shock of flames
the roaring cremation
I saw the other people
orchestra
pit
the fine wire
broadcast the
barely existent aisle
with heads of luggage and
tickets, die out
with no thought
or the easter hymn

What happened the forward glance
in this moment do what is there
his strength just as you wanted
beyond the 32nd quiver
of said bar

how life flashes
and one time
it has no place

look at the sun

the instrument
suddenly for the field
grasshoppers

for other investigation
I suddenly might walk
and might see
the barrel opening horn
one side

even a clearing of ground
yet no cows lying with milk
in a little while
or a smashed hood
under the weeds

---

Millionen

millions, one by one
MILLIONS, a long life
caterpillars'
centuplets a life
distant brothers
and I played chess out on the island
with a machine
woman
by whom I was licked
19 times in twenty
Before setting, the sun on my eyes
the grass at my feet, so silent
the wind blowing, the distance, waning
space
it will be dark and silent
in a nomad country
dark, air
sound to the river
gullies

i walk to see
stars when the sky
takes off into nothing
the fields
turn, waving
forever
occurred, a slow jet
enters, fields are cool
at a distance
the steady lights
halt where the wolves wake up
and cry
and the bulls were shot

THE WAY THEY DIED

the accidents
almost the diseases
and men their old bellies
retired and so fragile
the family turned away
or, on the spot
to enter another place
prepare us
contiguous, whether
(the times and ideas
—and the moments
change
(and others you never heard about
fine

how would you like to go back
so the stone age? students

farm hands and collectives

her story was told with dry eyes

but they said: we wouldn't, though what could we do

what can we do

we couldn't go back

immigration, from Africa, ha,
to Georgia) wherever

"the beautiful isle

days grow old!

when you say goodbye

old man

two big pigeons on the new roof
below which he grew corn

ten years back, one year.
Mirror
A man and a woman and two big cars
A growing baby, That is Mamma's, that it daddy's
It is summer, a one-car garage

What will they do in the winter
Well, I'll tell you, They'll play cards
and trade one in
and a fireplace between the house and garage
one in the basement and one upstairs

another baby
in a few summers, as they say
3 cars

Queue
paddle long
in between shadow

and that disorganized gestalt, dead?
flat
crossing streets
I spent the day drinking
just as if I was
down the beach

The sun ducking in and out
as I understood it
no fish grained skin
water
disappearance like mirrors
a spherical world

make the leaves fall
darkness
in gravy fruit
juice
above through
the trees
or a traffic island
motion elbows
or sweeping ground
anyway
there is doing and seeing, variety
and sometimes you even stop
and closet your eyes, there are birds here
and dark smells which don’t lift
meaningless sound, but both unattached
and continuing in itself
whatever might your thoughts be
whatever it reminds you of
sunlight and darkness, trees
the wind roaring, there are leaves in autumn
smoke blowing one way and another
and the folded snow is sharp
dirty when it melts
in green brown
the black
days

HE MUST HAVE GOT UP EARLY

The dog’s imaginations
are greater than mine.
my fingers are nothing
I cannot see the pads
his snout is again
a thumb, index
for the legs
not
wholly close and the tail
coming in different planes
or nose, rather
with the hairs at his sides
he is not doing anything
Keep me still, for I do not want to dream

I live in this house, walls being plastered
all my life, the apple tree still standing
my life built, the minutes keeping on
the walls cross, standing around
a distinct company
projection, the clothes wave
briefly, touch beyond eyes

weed the garden
the light burns away the street
the peaceful corn salt in the empty night,
among chickens, sparrows and dogs,
the pigeons limping easily on the roof,
the cat sticking his limbs through the sewer
his claws agape, naked
pondering

he goes to sleep and wakes up
he plays dead, hanging . .

rain melts
and hail fans on the wind

the thistles, when they get old
nearly everything gets in
and then we close up

the flowers are hidden lately
every day afterwards I sat at the table with her
and said the same thing

no, I don’t need any help
I can get the food by myself
or I’ll wait. I was never hungry, for food

I never dreamed, that moment
on my birthday she bakes a cake
I wish I could do one for her
Mothers

Very careful the children over their shoulders
(as if stifling)

up and down steps
and in and out always

after all

facing the back

afraid or blind

up

I envy your clean knees
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First Edition of 500 by
Heritage Printers, Inc., Charlotte, North Carolina,
September, 1960

Designed & published by
Jonathan Williams, Highlands, North Carolina,
as Jargon 36
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