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INTERSTICES

by

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Reserves

Where you're concerned
this is all words we write to forget
like dreams, or the absolute
impartiality of a hostile face
bringing you the dreamer
to a point just outside
the barely touchable presence
of strings of strings of words
in any language including our mood
which is a trap no different than
your smile your absolute acceptance
avoidance or your conscious irrationality
or your whimsy or your grace
or your death, not a dream,
the permanent reservoir
of all phrases like permanent reservoir

Under a Microscope

The fat man takes off his clothes
He steps on the scales
Three hundred and forty pounds
His fortune is the suspense is killing me
I said, maybe it's because I was told
when to do it. I said maybe that's why
I put off doing it. I will say I'm
concerned about a certain presentation
that's over now. Now I plan to lose
things that illuminate catch fire
and put the test to the torch.

It's also transfusion, I touched
your neck and were asleep.

Someone Special

Reclining bourgeoisie sit up
Think inanimate

Before I even got up
Before I even jerked off
Before the elevator
Before the elevator stopped
Before the plant on my activity could begin to be
amused

I dowse the whole chambermaid full of wire
I wire the blinks so on Mars they curse
And in "no time send" me to Wilton, Maine.
Now confused (full of capacity) I resemble
An old tadpole, "Where'd everybody go?"

I see green & brown & she says grow up
I shoot the roof to watch vapor
I shoot to be down by big noise
In the arms of my captors, hungry
Frightened & curious. Afraid of me
They sing Love is a Bitch & wait
For me to buy them all burgers.
And wait for me to write for them
So they can listen, but I listen too
I write & I listen. I watch
So sentient the stars tell their age
By me, a nib on the ball point pen
Of charismatic logic, me, arid, dry,
Non composed in the altitudes
Signs point to.

Standards

I see standards

One is a curtain in the kitchen

Another the mattress in the back room

My standard for you is either or thinking

My standard for you is pie in the sky thinking.

Like geography I discover writing

It's not elementary note-taking at the scene of the crime

It's not you me you in skin all over the room

It's I put a spell on you and here it is

But you won't see it

The crowds in the next room

Include the woman saying sexy

Watching you watch the fish

Watching you ignore the fish & her & all but your body

And head slightly pounding.

For the third time what do you know

You know nothing nothing

Can be known if you're cursed

Seriously or if it's the nightshade or nothing

Or speed freak nightingale come to an ending

Or endless preparation for big moment

Or vanilla or chocolate or Tallulah Bankhead

or Lillian Hellman

Only mutants inhabit the earth

Histoire

In the history of the world

It is the history of the world

Deciding fragments Occasions to remember

As nations

As Soldiers of France

Each one parenthetically obvious

Lifting this comb unlifted since the Great Kent State Massacre

It is the history of the world actually diverging to smithereens

Each measurable particle if you've something to say

The history of the world is also what you have to say

Every aspect of seeming accounted

Which is called an event

By chronologies as fast as machines, Borodino

One man dies looks at the skies and says so what

The rest are dead so what, the history of the world

Defines our position

Preventing disorder

So they can^{SAY} prove it before you say shove it the history

The history of the world

Is a man putting on his underwear in a creative binge

Before sitting down to rest

Pastoral

1. The body that checks my intervention of you
Exhausted the cavities which are caves to peer from quickly,
As the sky. Like the exemplary static of plural endings
The increment of your staying links the last digression
To the original expression: all imagery is remedial.
2. Today thin ground is constantly tested
For the memory of a few close friends.
I began to see this as writing was a process
Of eliminating what was written to examine the rest:
The gap is like the face of a clock, informative
Yet secretive like the teacher who saves the best
For last then never tells it.
3. Exhaustion could be a change used to devise addition
And subtraction close to the sun, where we are,
To prevent geologic time from penetrating our consciousness
Like the sun and the wind in cahoots with energy.
Everything causes the world to be exact from its effect,
A mystery interfering with certainty, as what do I call it,
Fire, flame, the wizard of insistence, an angel.
What turned from a labor of love into a nightmare
Was the gradual seclusion of irony.
4. So you have to travel all over the world. First
We learned what was written then how to write by learning
What was written-about was a subterfuge or else indicates
The absence of the real world crossing the event horizon
Forever: I was determined never to get sent away again.
5. So I leave with these conflicting orders,
Is it time to leave the parts of the mind behind.
It stands all by itself, like the zebra.
Like attrition without duration (incidentally, what about
Recessions, the dark ages, reigns of terror), like
The gap between the combination of all our lives
And every heartless and senseless act of will.

On Seeing Frank O'Hara and Chairman Mao Greet Each Other

This person, not having been written for the space
Of tunnels, leaves, the occasional siren winding the fence
Into begging the truck, the five minutes looked sharp.
It looked like taking chances would be deep enough
For something coming that is waiting to be going to the civic
Center, comfortable, in pants you want to Snow for,
You want to piece seems to me of the sun what
Probably is a comic on an out bound truck. Mr.
Chairman, You saw too far means one direction
At least was overlapped to miss getting out of here fast,
Why, if you were the police trying to give me a chance,
Trying to get under here to get me to get it: where
We are: my place, but the movement license is
What we've got here in back, like a landscape
The cap tilts forward to partially obscure, plane trees,
Mon amour, you can start
Breathing again figured the door open turned around
And came back. That's one thing. Right now
You're all set to maybe I've made one.

Into The Barn At Dawn

By the time we got out of doing the snow
We could see shoes, broken, as if someone
Of the bull's muzzle, of doing the snow,
Of the bigger cat splat of blood and mucous,
Of the bull weaving kind, without a moan,
Of the yard, and blade, and steam rising.
Fortunately, off the alleys, when we dug
Him out, before they cracked I ask questions
For a living. The last men run rainbows.
The collection of agile unnatural gifts
The heads of cretins, seeds itself, other
Occasional smooth and slimy slender boxes.

Point Spread

It would have been a rearrangement of too much sun too
Much harmony. Only you knew why letting me have those
Shelves is hot. This guy I thought probably would be
As you found her, pink & blue. How did you meet what
Is hard to get. How did you meet holding his hand and
Falling off into where are you how are you pretty good
Even confused getting back really wide open. After I
Yell people pass a gigantic mirror after image. After
It's coming down coming inside like a crazy kid would
It start melting circling the wax where the dinosaur
Had two brains, the rest of the road and his body. I
Yell shots were fired satisfactorily at the voice of
Science, part one. You'd been there, I yell, to see
Part two, sound and silence. To see if a straight is
An excuse for extending a white mobster to Scandinavia.

You got really tough taking some lesson, a pusher of
Heroin. You got two people with anybody in a bad mood.
You got major writers to come up there ordinarily yet
I wouldn't think of it then, the physique for a writer.
Now touch the way her feet emphasize a conversation, a
Woman, laughing on the job, some explicit sources like
Yesterday at two or ten it starts to pour a fantastic
Amount of financial aid. Some explicit sources like a
Brother get close to. Their voice, this, this and this
Prepared in a row to chop off the whole system as this

Offense, a personal note, you left, with the idea of
Being there again for the next ten years immediately.
I wasn't taking myself from a name I don't like like
Affording what English always has to be that young to
Be that ruined or that what is ripped shows as a thigh.
I was sure of disturbing your famous citations to me,
To fantasy. You were sure to describe the distance
As a position the way you were kept, to describe the
Certain agitation as the absence of hesitancy I love
Like two close acquaintances step outside. Like you
Get too good to get sick to watch it with the dawn to
Keep it in a bag and still it's felt like snatches of
A family. You were sure to prevent this ultimatum by
Your color of concentration. You were sure to agree
To prevent what I'm doing by doing what I'm doing by
Coming from being finished with it. But that knuckle
Cracking. From asking. Tense, as in bed. To keep
From not changing your whole body, from saying heard
It as someone sits near you with a striped shirt to
Order women talking about guys, a pusher. That was
Me, with pursed lips questioning the body outside the
Body. Once started it begins to spray a very fine
Skin. And I'm the woman who changes the way you look
Dreaming it was your first intensive death, dreaming
Offer not order prevents change all in one place with
What we're sure of, youngsters find their finish here.

Incipient Plate Tectonics

I took time off to be a consultant to the world outside, to the critical prototypes of everyone in the profession, to check syllogisms for miracles for the best ^{that} was yet to come. I returned. I drew up a set of recommendations for the improvement of average computation memorizing only one of which I still remember. I noticed exploration, that some music had to hang around to send back information to begin to understand the beginning about a year ago as the years passed were being put in the wrong place. So tonight I recommend judging everything by the speed length gets to you for a few seconds at a time for miles the further out you go, landing. The news I would like to believe is just beginning to lose the development of being sure, finding out that my recommendation was forgotten, denting the message the way years commonly form equations for the number of times we had no contact by chance, by visual observation, by their effect generous enough to be there, wobbling, a new technique just beginning to be too hot and acidic, surviving, flourishing. To me this comparison is a landscape of vast areas slowly crumbling while a hundred other people take several seconds to ^{be} the perennial weird lonely shapes that can carry out a single mistake above the desolate sophistication to show symbiosis too far so far bound in the rocks due to any number of possible reasons closer to or further from a cool period. I would like to follow from that. I would consider the end of the long winter immersed in two of the three experiments, over the works of man, the trees, the

surface, at home, in Pennsylvania, on two cameras: I would like to point out a brass band, an event with a mirror inside that could look on the exterior moving too fast very much like a human being. I don't see why the problem remains as moving objects crossing the line. I don't see why the difference has to be limited to creeping out at night, a nightmare, as the sun rises covered with footprints rather than coordinated sets of samples withdrawn to any broad definition of the word life. I don't see why a certain stage of organization complex enough to be a constraint on a presumption plausibly might be no machine we can build. I feel certain that this procedure is an embrace increasingly difficult to maintain. I hope the box is closed. I am convinced that the combination of the area and the end of the first day indicating some sense of many people making considerations improving the chances of an extremely rare occurrence of a fabulous opportunity sufficiently inevitable to think of as highly unlikely events in another context allows us to go the technological route. You're looking at it behind me. I will first consider the tool makers and then how the two are additive with a synthesis of how the two can best collaborate, considered again out there in the dark of the night sky, close, guessing a variety of routine tasks severely second, incredibly equal to the number of years we fall forming it to listen, to work this area where all the information can be stored in static retrieved in the early days of a place. Probability is one man. I'll be the star. How does that out of here introduce yet another change of pitch. I am convinced, the computer. I therefore see

a car going by so that actually a decoding of his powers, of
ons and offs, guide his work with spaces, words. It could have
been a movie. I am convinced, one two three, that the combination
of the same after that with what looks like this and fits on
top has been the works. I, hoping to get that point to transmit
what would be sent in order to be known technically in the first
half of the decade during a great line that contains simple strong
developments that study our past by one group so scarce and so
thirsty the way an ancient Greek approached an oracle, slowly
eating the edible plants around the periphery, even with the best
intentions of intervention there's an essential difference
displacing physical contact by the Conquistador who submitted to
a knowledge to quote slow down entropy, who would want to live
from a hundred and fifty to two hundred years, who proceeds in
a reasonably careful way, who receives instruction for the
construction of a machine, who blindly builds it to work out
every step along the way apart from conceivable senior scientists
dangerously wrong. I recall thought in the mid 1960s including
how much time the average user needed. I made this statement.
I would read. I had not been completely borne out by experience
with good time-sharing systems. I was interested. I studied.
I learned. I was improved by reading. I will describe the end
of childhood to computers. We designed language. We designed
temptation in on the act right from the moment of discovery.
We first reasoned that they wanted to update communication, that
they are working for the user to choose to write with very little
talk. In 1967 the fact that decisions are the secret of generally
released ~~replies~~ ^{replies} or not. We do not consider invisible signs of

the hour and the minute extending to the pock marked crust of Pliny Chrinesea. We are proud of places that they themselves have written. I did. I will begin by looking back from a rock to a word. I would suspect different sizes converging on whether a certain item was in shock. We can't tell my sister of an artifact in the imagery: I consider the region evidence of citizens in a city. Our method of naming should be coming up on the sun from the right, easily misspelled, sand, small pebbles, basaltic flows, the same way, sometimes thousands, sometimes only sometimes some other times. I believe it being so cold or not very hot big trends can be reversed. I will not, let us vary their own extremes. Let the conjunction control the existing stuff. I will ignore more people accomplishing less. I would like all three pictures of fear and awe penetrated by the surface and all acquaintance is from a distance. I have heard a story. I conclude all the ice will require a new generation of liquid water. I tell you the interior is alive, the deep structure a set of experiments I expect to do something else here. I mentioned I see absolutely since I'm concerned with a sigh of relief I have discussed I mentioned I discuss looking at little pictures. I used roads illustrated by a great kite since lines usually follow roads. I have just been describing evolutions almost as much as the one you're thinking of. I have a machine in memories, thoughts work on problems as critical periods stored in the brain. And I expect guides to reproduce the model song. This, I predict, is any dialect of the species. I believe the time is deciding to find out. I myself once used the nerves between the brain in

English. I have a drastic effect on song. I can justify dominant pages or feeding that will allow us to ask or answer questions that parallel the need to hear. I have mentioned a love of songs that acquire a little of how and why a few distinct instances anticipate every possible response, the unique or nearly unique made possible by poor spellers and even poorer typists. I predict that writing beyond the borders of her own estate, utterly without companions, had some mysterious claim on the title of friend, old man, young child, greatest mathematician of all time, teacher with a long piece of paper without intention, without the spell of solitude as it slowly mended the list. I once had a nightmare. I consider use. I consider this analogue to early 1967. I have just described a practical plan to implement five years, I described my vision twenty five years later. I describe here and elsewhere the home of the potential of new technology. I see my hands help lectures over television, books, and the color of blood or fire. I mention books to underline books. I still think large amounts of common material. I explain I am firmly convinced I have argued I am confident I have been doing steps I foresee. I seriously doubt bells. I propose to not know how I'm not Catholic. I still believe I want to start with knowing I have always known why I tell you everything. I see a prospect. I could be highly attractive. I will argue services are not possible. I anticipate whistling whips. I shall not attempt up, down, up, down. I have I said power that cannot be shared. I would insert only conversation filled with uneasy curiosity such as a novel or a collection of plays or an interesting

biography including unfortunate childhood episodes called upon regularly by philosophers priests and poets dealing with live bodies as points of reference for the heart as a hollow muscle exposes the atlases, standard histories and textbooks interpreting the answer which is certainly yes. I assume author, title and subject are part of desires to initiate gentlemen restoring her to her original purity. I had to leave the university and join the army to fight, to go to war. I am looking for the area of probability that description I would want is worthless, you know know who I am I replied all known works. I must narrow this by representing a lover you could dream of. I need to have an audience. I don't want to, I hate you. You think you're the only machine on earth. I decided I've always known how to play my cards. I could then engage a series of needs. And I, in turn, would specify not you. I would not be able to limit my search to avoid eliminating you. I might tell you light, figure, interest, items, published, but first I am only the end I consider essential for an abstract I visualizing images while I pick this up. She lost until the break of day. I see _ _ _ _ _ . I want one hundred words I am unable to pay you with. I propose I could simply present, I accept, I choose, I was wrong becoming necessary. I have to be able. I am looking for contents I might tell. I have done research I have sometimes spelled to distract the others' attention by emptying a glass, by lighting a cigar, by looking at a watch to impart retrieval to a place. I resign. I would sit down after you no longer exist, after my conditions first. If I know an author's name or a title, if I do

not, if it's over it starts determining swordplay. I am satisfied I have each I am if I respond and will request pages I am certain more wishes I believe what happens. I am convinced the image user will be a copy of doubt, that transmission is simultaneously an estimate of reference and other sensations. I hope the invisible webs would be indicated in the whole United States. I would add a density on the distance. I can't stand something achieved the way special distribution points I represent might be (I don't speak English) conceivably dedicated across a table, a desert frontier land, a complete intangible presence, everyday reality, a desperate undertaking, a jukebox on the sandbar closely aligned with and barely connected to the land, the crisis ahead alerting us. I'm afraid I missed some of that. I do not claim the decadence of the capitalist system with its authentic characters and background, the two outlaws representing the contemporary mood of anarchy & irresponsibility, something about vice to reconcile the difficult countryside and the prairie. I am sure there is none. I dream squeezing her hand in the back seat while the shadowy figure's up front once again. She had been waiting for me. I kept telling her to go away. I am convinced directly so that a copy makes an estimate....I don't, I can testify to violence and anger as soon as the period in which you would marry me expires. I'm desperately happy at the end of each year. I pretend writing catastrophes accompanies time and the misbehavior of a little girl only cannot be blamed on the effect they provide. I noted earlier that complaints about machines improve my young daughter Elizabeth now available to

illustrate the ceremonies of Shakespeare. I return now to
the suspense and intrigue of routine, to summarize reassurance,
to request good reason not to.