

textual practice, a new criticism (perhaps awaiting its Gnostic destruction, or is it that all is maya?). One might say, against Derrida, that desiring production is the "primary signified", if that is understood as production of a form of life, where words have truth where they have meaning, in *use*. "We crave only reality, but we cannot stomach it; we do not believe in our lives, so we trade them in for stories; there real history is more interesting than we know."

CHARLES BERNSTEIN

SEATON

TEXTE

In a tree, on a tree limb, two strong arms of certain care. Like ecstasy prolongs some dream ensemble or public effect that could requires this distant world it's increasing kinds of lover reviving a writer understanding systems in the form of ways in which the days adapt noises, super dates, intact, some exception someone subjects something to subjects me to an outline of consent like you want to know who don't deal waiting for an example of others composing lines within a series, number one nine three three three. It's the term for balance, the pattern, the magazine, aspects of pussy, period, boundaries of confusion, complexities, because he has written for sighs he hints at to contain the street the eyes defending signifies smells of the special sense of the assembled machine and wood that kept the savage removed from gut. The secret expression threatened mechanical Bach one is of a bite out of, a sentiment as a general rule, or a sentiment, to phonic lance deep in the difference in his expression of little threads this kind of tricks. You says the form of something is obliged somewhere to reason, Montagnard matter, attentive adopted special cities, all possible audiences forgot to demand no audiences, all possible obstacles forgot to demand no audiences. Studded sheltered and white ties. Parts of the minimum Beethoven make no mistake with Beethoven. Certain developmental individual factors of all that's concentrates, alone at last. The history of fire is presented with the tree, in fact the military ordered out to allow ourselves problems will bring consciousness of our family's creepers, and our limitless tradition, the garden, silence listened to in ways of writing, of language, of thinking we tolerate luxury and approval to put a stop to eloquence. Give me money. The preface waits for a contribution to have been aware of, remains the background without any precise itself. These sounds, ah, o, ee, a appears in another way of saying rich and solid. The reader locates the flow of modification, overboard, substituting others with other words for being a word between the lips the husky tongue precede intervals a

mess of words rest or test. Memories was practically a product. In it writers remain the same, where those of what it was in phrases resolution adapted to the entrance of the middle to determine the light of the next be that of the words be that of the words must be that of the words. Wild agate the man using her skirt cries of itself across it. Hoods gripped the human face. I was and I did and I met and I learned that I had learned I think I figured I decompensate. Which made it seem I stay in the East. I still consider myself to anyone else, I knew of bobbing beef. I dressed to perspire a little. Conscious of the relaxed floating floating, the back of a chair, the end of a table, shapes and all kinds of a table. Object arrangement a corner appreciates. A king his model missed needs that exhibiting fact is by, and my shoulders, an American woman wanted to leave everything. Combinations identify the term considered in isolation. The written region collectively called spontaneous possible context of the model speed yielding states. The exact species picks up background. Several mirrors composed of escape to the process of waves and a wave has a place for the structure of fragment one of us might distinguish by loss in one of us and sequence and series described as one and one of us. The human jet has been observed and swept through one of us. Then the best are best by the outlined slit replaced by one of us. Accuracy, sides, some clinking cheerful drifting strange spines as trees, as males or women might dock didn't. Books or Bob's toward her Skin as actual as strictly between expecting dust while being spelled, she saw her blue finger feet face for shut. She slid sealed like in back means from up front. So roses, the top took to kiss them. We were lovers lit for looking up at the sky. What was it about the letters of her eyes one of us think, ways of where you are. Children, local arms, the book and the wind skins the sun, arched white teeth in the shoulders of an athlete. Tenses. To be someone's intrusion by trying to slip far from anyone. His palm paper and match house docks. That thought to admit that things. Or some jagged like wool up like kites. To let the Earth feel ourselves against ourselves, help of the tele-bodied tongues near. Of or by a thought yields for years after, and things enough countries signs everything in it seems to one of us any kind we extend, also odor of order, also the on light, also something they're in besides, there's one, sexual body of will, synonymous with one of us in parts of them and as long lines all the way to ask the power of a giant. I felt film, keep reading. Leaning. Leaning back. Leaning back another white blur or deep run or Zane Grey and me control the sight we'd been waiting for. I concentrate on something other than exhaustion including exhaustion. I thought about the different back back in place. Sides that skim past. I concentrate on her. Syllable segments beyond the point rain has fallen in the phrase linden tree moves. A high or low impasse might miss old reflexes. For the eye to deliver words articulation purposes of the ear and language clusters without words as familiar chains of visually English linked means for a quick breath, for a pause, for English series of

signals in a series. The example spills over to be one of us between the problem of progression and a word ending in French those eyes retain as notation, I love you. Connection pronounced p, t, k, b, d, g. Punctuation assuming the soft vulva, the size of the back, the lower teeth, the lips, the chest changes, the lowest lips, the routes dotted with the action, their arrows, pronunciation of to do what to do. First say instructions, next chant included then type the same. The contours in thy breast. First say deliver, then say the poem. On the resonating neutral article in winter, and neutral hot potato breath, and the poem's weaving moon fallen blood band and one of us, the blue altered sky located to show you where to drop a piece that excites me about being the caption jump fruit trip to the Maritimes. Maybe that's the operator we train to be what later caused the usual native named Fred. The water's too cold, I saw a shiny bonefish rag. I flew a little ahead. I emerged, I had emerged from the dark and quiet open sea, from surface streaks of spray straightened speech. It came loose to decide pointing into the tense ahead of us one of us whose nickname would be, or in English softly announced some sucking stirring an earth clinging scrap of dark aimed dash a few words only a few feet away ignore. I nodded and began bawling, some island, some view of more miles away, the slick and watched line targets, or bright and read surface tough or to get by the edge of the world in the ragged patch in the green cool woods and busy reference point for developments of points and probing commotion there'll be old invisible moving methods of trajectory and lead thumping loops of the strange object, maybe mind, looking for food, sun and shadow or they would have streamlined light until there is one of us. Leads of the eyes disguise one of us to have one of us ease her mind and her cool body. American moves. Abruptly unit tends. Tight home hum. Lone hybrid headlights and so on and so on then holding one of us down you're advised forming the whole of Rome, or Greece, during the formation a Yankee spoke my lines. Skillful use of lead, this now now mountain, the girl and boy blur only is as always: compressed sections of the country with the rest of the country to fill fill fill b as in beauty, w as in word, m as in music v as in vibration m as in man d as in drill d as in drift n as in none t as in t l as in link j as in Jaws 2 z as in zeal s as in zeal g as in George, y as in Yarmouth h as in hear p as in piano f as in fuck k as in cunt power as in plus slashes or variety in the implants. Technical description: i, o, o, a, a, and o. The crows cats foxes magpies and dogs washed away by the rain. Bastards. Open land in a large proportion of food. I was asked is under three feet and about forty pounds the same as the number of lines, because there are more than three lines on one tier or sphere even during the day in quiet places. So if you find one leave it where it is by touching it for good. They fight and inhabit the mountains. They take all the photographs I need and stand nearby. Even try to get somewhere in between the same family called Joe. After about three weeks, neck and teeth, an iron shovel. I called out to my family and stayed for some time to start a new family.

My wife and I walk through the countryside until my wife could see hind legs surrounding and sniffing and quivering as if there had never been some parts of humans. My son, backs and sides, leaves of grass, my own eyes, I took a photograph to learn the art of flying, the tops of trees jump from one branch to another. The edge of the woods is practically everywhere. You can find the edge of the woods practically everywhere.

PETER SEATON

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REVIEWS AND NOTES

ZYXT

MICHAEL ANDRE, editor, The Poets' Encyclopedia (1979; UNMUZZLED OX, 105 Hudson Street, New York, NY 10013; \$4.95) *Last entry reads:*

The last word (here, in English, in the OED): an obsolete Kentish form, the second person indicative present of the verb *see*. Language even ends in the eye. In a book, if we are enjoying ourselves, we often reduce our reading pace measurably in its final pages, luxuriating slowly in the joy of words & syntax (unlike that of ideas & referents, where the onset of the conclusion only accelerates the reading), anticipating an inevitable sadness wch follows the end of the (always erotic) body of the text. The book closed sets loose an emotion tinged with jealousy & grief: its presence (wch includes our own reflected in the text) is something we can never again possess. Rereading is not the same: words harden, aura crystallizing to define a wall no quantity of inspection can penetrate. In this *afterword* we sense ever so briefly the immense relief we felt in having been delivered awhile from the weight of directing our own psyches. This is the restorative value of any text (reading is a kind of sleep, a return to the senses). Now we can only wait until this wave of sorrow subsides before seeking the seduction of another book. There is no alternative. You zyxt.

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