All that sleet snow and school behind me, playing the recorder like weather, wailed down to the doctor eyes closed in my mother's arms, all that my piano playing hand on the tailpipe and said how am I gonna examine myself in the dream of faulty politics. and he said how are you gonna feel, pretty much like you do know adding it up, at this time.

This acquiescence in the tradition, or the confidant of information. An Appreciation of Charles Bernstein's we want.

We were talking criteria, the main way to say the gate in English, and to rescue oblivion from conclusion, and to avoid tracing something latent, like a path, from word to word. The mouth works what is has to do with writing, always regardless of origin except as those all-important curiosities even less than what writing has to do with writing, maintains a procedure empty of familiarity, conditional in surprise helping them shut except when drunk. This acquiescence in the tradition, or the confidant of information. Implosions usually forestalled through selection, still, we get what we want.

Now, line by line, the mouth can be open for this, but the lines mutate into something otherwise previous to having been punched up or keyed in. We see what can be done and do it, read the pages of a book. What's being read is written: I prefer Bernstein's poetry because he might carry this further, to a tree, he might begin before he left off, accurately aware of pruning if there is a goal and it is long life. It's virtue, sentiment is a reflexive term, and the students of some late great poet amend instructions to do this, what happens when Charles writes, after all, dear sister, I'm the one calling you, calling you. Lord Byron sat looking over the wind swept water to the mainland shore. Jim Jordan, clearing the yard in front of his house at 35 Leisure Lane, said everything was out, all over the island, As elsewhere, anything is more contemporary than the ferry or the phone.

We are receiving television pictures of George Gordon, Lord Byron, putting it together, is more contemporary than the ferry or the phone.

I was thinking, standing naked on a park bench, of running to get sand between my feet before my eyes were closed reflecting, like objects, a kind of explosion, feeling embarrassed, always, being embarrassed, reflecting, like objects with no motivation reflecting, like objects with no motivation, is a kind of explosion. Well, I examine myself in the dream of faulty politics. I was just a kid, off the ship onto the old Embarcadero, put all that shit behind me, well led down to the doctor eyes closed in my mother's arms, all that weather, I got out of the car to look for him, burned my left hand, my piano playing hand on the tailpipe and said how am I gonna feel and he said how are you gonna feel, pretty much like you do know pretty much like you do now.

All that sleet snow and school behind me, playing the recorder like I do now continually accosted by strangers typographically. The next time we wake up we're like silicon hydro-carbon machines pul-

tating gossip: TonsilMaryliah! The crede of some civilization referred to for the roots of Pound. Out there the ground's the same some dirt attraction making us sink like spinners and swim like flyers forever getting lost within the vicinity of a body of water. I'd like to hear if the first or next line depends on an exit line of cocaine, less circumspect in an attack, less creating new concepts of conductivity, and then writing the pervasive influence and existence of resistance, silicon and systole, off the map into consciousness and some true schematic desire, on electric rocks with lunar counts so that these difficulties have even less to do with super-conductivity than a line, less to do with classical temporal (Earthly) resistance than the universal habit of straight anything.

Charles says, looking out to sea can be very demanding. To your left, boats from the high tower reaching in to be repaired, boats from the settlement cashing in and we're not even close. Straight ahead, out to sea, the Italian border, the border of the Alps, cool looking and hot, a plain, another case, chug chug chug, taking care of interstellar business including playing a dealer from nine to five twenty four hours a day on vacation. So that each time Mother blew me a kiss I'd go around the world three times between steps up the stair-case to bed. Take for examples the aspirations of that class, I'm here to fix that, subtle determination fixing daily renderings of our disquêteude fixed that. A real estate agent, murdered on the Appalachian Trail today. A snake was seen in the rocks two days ago, a spider, sunning itself, yesterday, refused to budge. Tess came down, sat in the water and giggled out to sea.

Charles Bernstein is a very generous artist. That includes giving you everything you need to see that he doesn't stop going. You begin to think, pretty soon..., and two weeks later post-modernism is in ruins. One night, hiding in a tree, I suddenly see a man appear. Don't put me down, don't touch me. The housing, the housing is still in English.