Peter Seaton

Close Writing
(“An Example from the Literature”)  
I thought I’d like to try to talk this reciprocity Out, for how does it not exist in writing through Which God made things and man and woman made things Change the world. Projection on a poet in a past Which empties only more progressively than the Universe Expanding infinitely, yet denser Than the blackest hole seems to me To be rampant give and take, faster Than the conduct of a current through amenable Molecules, demanding the idiosyncratic proportions Of perceptions of reason, instinct and experience only Poets do provide through a linear point of view.

There is not text, and its pleasures devolve Upon this tristesse. There’s always a logic In which the security of the existence of the momentarily Unimaginable is ignored in the down to earth Construction of the perfect poem. That’s what Nobody’s inside of and in which there is no standing Because the afterthought is this item of inheritance Whose all embracing breast provides for the appearance Of emptiness, of heroic possibility, of the myth Enduring never forgetting there’s nobody inside Being too true to be normal. The white country Of the page, “trembling with anticipation,” can Be written off, into the clearest cultures Of the structure of reciprocity to propose and prepare And observe their growth in the leisure of a lifetime Of work. But this remote intelligence is preoccupied With references without which no standing can endure though It exists famously without relation to itself, occupying The alienated analysand with confused dreams Of perfect ego just as the hero’s Authenticity resides in his will, a residence Keeping the poet homeless and forever at home with Indeterminacies themselves adrift from words Of little wings tied to the mountains, fresh water Sliding up in one’s soul on currents of the human Voice between efforts of finding myself falling for Decisions that no longer exist. I can linger along The earth’s surface, folding the highway’s edge Into vulnerable limits of the sun burning Down with information that lets me tell you Where I would wander. There nothing moves When I stop to be alone, no sign of life Defined on one of the pages acquiring different kinds Of English to infinity, no fact, no parts, no prime banks Of ancient days where the person you may not know Conducts me to the truth. No unintentionally Scattered horizons discovered in someone Signing a formula for writing in ink, a rare, concentrated Ink made from a division of myself and English That I’m crossing out. I’ll just leave Some sweet concept of my culture in an English Settling whatever we believe an American means in The language preserve of gland controlled unity.

I can see us in its new division, looming out of continental English in a paper-strewn past, understanding insights You might have vigorously finishing with us. Then you Might have a different word for erupting out of Civilization which is what I think You mean takes place in thoughts I think I had in mind, a paper province Of enchantment of evanescent possibilities of A hero’s blush converging on pluralistic mortality.

But you guys, you look out From anything that seems poles are cool among crags, The peaks gathering you like dizzying lab drops under A tree. The flatness of rocks shoots into
A little bit about baths right under your nose.
Reading you classify some small black object
Under the sun I expect to see the unused
Fantasy watered by a whale running
Out of rocks and bristling with the evidence of a pen
Where it feels this sudden margin in the grip
Of a tradition of a word or two. I don't really believe
Cells to be single, or even dots of exciting principles
Of preceding days plodding by. I want to pretend
To be a man and actually think, to bring us two small
Pieces of the two of us in that past made
Of all future extravagance that ends a feeling that
Everything comes back grinning, the moon and wild grass
Joined by contrasts of undefined writing grounded
In the one you see that's on me, the old saying
That doesn't mean defend yourself against seeming to
Like to touch me or that there'd be surging
Spectra of full vowel futures written on tough
Haunting guesses of everything expectantly locating
Your words out of how good you were you evil
Looking reader disrupting the shock of begging for
Attention from every metaphor for reading
Assignments into the needs of inventive images dominating
The planets about to leave land into a lineage
That some intense dream trails in words.

Hero and Heroine, I was asked to speak while
Writing these priorities. One, this must be
Said because of an urge to write. Two, to write
Something one reads into erotic discovery.
Three, to write so you can read a father
Was killed on the basis of anticipating an urge
To assemble the determining line.

You can ask me this heart line in tropes
Fortuitously sustaining the association of the raw
Material of the language of right thoughts in
Quotes inseparable from antidotes to telling
You this in differential sleep distilled
To participation in geometries of so many advanced
Ideas for living everywhere, in doing something
For a man who runs against fine timing.
You're talking to old friends, to a legend,
A scheme of resistance humanizing you
Within reach of my writing. Yet the elusive
Tempo of seeking patterns in the methods of questions
In my muscles actually happened to that poet
Existing in the loss of a word. It's that adventure
I want, the nature of what happens starting to create
A subset of cleared-away English giving you trouble
Between two nouns sounding good on the bridge
To word matter, in the mind's hardness
Of the word instance of eloquent new painting
About a field and a cow. Without this
New object becoming a context for images of thinking
Becoming words my impetus does not falter in the fact
Of something you see in thinking this thing out. But
One good idea for secret technical gratification
Is not that tightly revelatory written word. It's not
Those words referring to veiled thoughts of sure reading
Demanding concepts of the nervous spectator and his wife
Admitting me to proving to take decades
That I have to work with, centuries
To occur to our sufficient age beyond the reach
Of classical certainty. That's how
You understand humans earnestly lacking means
For adding the future I to each strange language
I guess I can't imagine arising from mine.

Ah, Maria, these problems don't tear
the place down. And what a lot of reasons jar
Le neige blue into certain kinds of Proust
Aviation such as dialects minus those syllables
Going to make me cry. This son of a gun
Is reading the highest standard of living.
This moralist studies the subject's real things
Overflowing his or her main chance. This patriot
Exists in spite of books written for me
To read Kant, this troubled people orders its survival
And keeps it whole and breaks your heart into dossiers
Of elementary ambition, live people need so much.

These peasants starve into print and rush through
Pearls of prime guesses to see you. These women,
Reduced to the trouble with men define
The developing words with grammars you mix with reading
Knee deep in concentrating on uptight amounts of time.
This technician sees the words that always come
For us. This linear being just lets go.

Because the subject is pure matter in excess
Of roaming some writer's logic it's our golden
Age remaining embarrassingly central to how we are
Where we are now varies right away. At least one
Formula for necessity or speaking to incidents
Radiating letters to literature hovers over all the time
That grants composite logics openly and ceaselessly
To you. I want its greedy associations
To accommodate far-fetched archetypes of inaccessible
Nerve Sites of the oldest fantasy specializing in getting
Away with talking of menacing attention.

That's why the poet demands the discontinued artifice
Of its energy. I'm talking of making one million
Years merge in each metaphysics of creating
A fever-eater poem. The best page
Sees it first. The blessing this emphasis
Makes print all physiology at once and
Spirits in the traits of misleading believing
Proud things into the sunset design thought
Gripping life true to an aesthetic verity that fits
All the riches to referential riches to English.

Maybe I persist in seeing the several rhythms cruise
Agencies of metaphysics of the imperative for
Converging on historical shock, for honing
The edge of seeing you think I'm mixed up
In my libido, my education, etc. I'd learn how
To like the idea, but you'd write and talk
In my crisp fantasies, making up
Where I just lived, then dropped into everyone
I think you'll feel up to rescuing from the miracle
Of solid walking off before strong bodies sleep
In the difference you come up with remembering
The rope to my room looks like entities of English
You'll write to me soon, especially words inventing
Blue and pink sounds like a language producing
The approval of the first word which is red.

That helps you recite a page in alien alphabets
In the written debris you write home not to mention.
Congratulations to the two best males judging both
Poetry and painting exercising sources to pieces.
They're earthlings in our influence respected
For disappearing into the bosom of an integral depletion
I also wrote out of a new dimension for surveilling
Them from stopping being who you are. I want your world
Which was not always I make a poetry we don't know
Yet, beings claiming to be good one and one and two halves,
A vibrant poetics keeping the walls of my life
Sufficient to the field of carbon-produced facts from
Draining the need of the largest adult into tons
Of something to say that could sum up the parts
I was in love with. I thought life could manage
Iconoclastic micro-things mobbing the problems you say
You make up reading of gaining each other, let's say
Where you'd kiss the hands of every woman in the sixties
Writing unpredictable intermissions in particularly
Escapist soviets. But linear sighs
Of narrative laines form huge imperious
Looks across the Bay. And daily, or even hourly,
This is the pumping heart. I never began writing
I don’t, I write I have a fantastic rock and look
At it again. I wrote How To Read into the blur
That becomes words behind the trunks of trees.
And I knew my mother’s finite intervals as passages
Before the spot that went into the military. I was
Writing the sensibility of the subject satisfied
With being looked at with a kind of fear packed
Into a test for mind that meant something
Fills me with terror. But the disappearing
Herald of numinous suspense, that thing
In my nature that cannot be mistakes words
You say to yourself at edges of something you drop
For falling beyond itself. By the time our conscience
Accelerates such things in the service
Of the dilemma of so much work a wish
Permutes to a world in which literature
Is too much for one man to have forgotten. But I’ve
Come back in a local, physical way. A friend
Rules the road in the reeds and I asked him to jinx
That mythical necessity separately, in steps.
Stuart Dempster

Sonic Breathing and Circular Meditations
April 5
Trombonist Stuart Dempster's concert included compositions *Roulette*, *JDBBBBD*, *Didjeridervish*, and *Sound Massage*. Dempster played several other instruments that evening: an authentic Australian didjeridu, a brass didjeridu, a didjeridu made of plastic sewer pipe, other instruments of his own invention, hoses, funnels, tubes, and various apparatuses. Dempster wandered around the room, and using an assortment of instruments, a range of tones and intensities "massaged" audience members into varying states of relaxation, irritation or amusement.

Lynne Dreyer

Remembering the Present
Gertrude Stein and Parts of the Present
April 9-10
See the Writers-In-Residence section.

Peter Seaton

From A Linear Point of View
April 9 & 11
See the Writers-In-Residence section.

Peter Seaton (John Grau).