

This eating and walking at the same time is associated all right

Leslie Scalapino



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TOMBOUCTOU

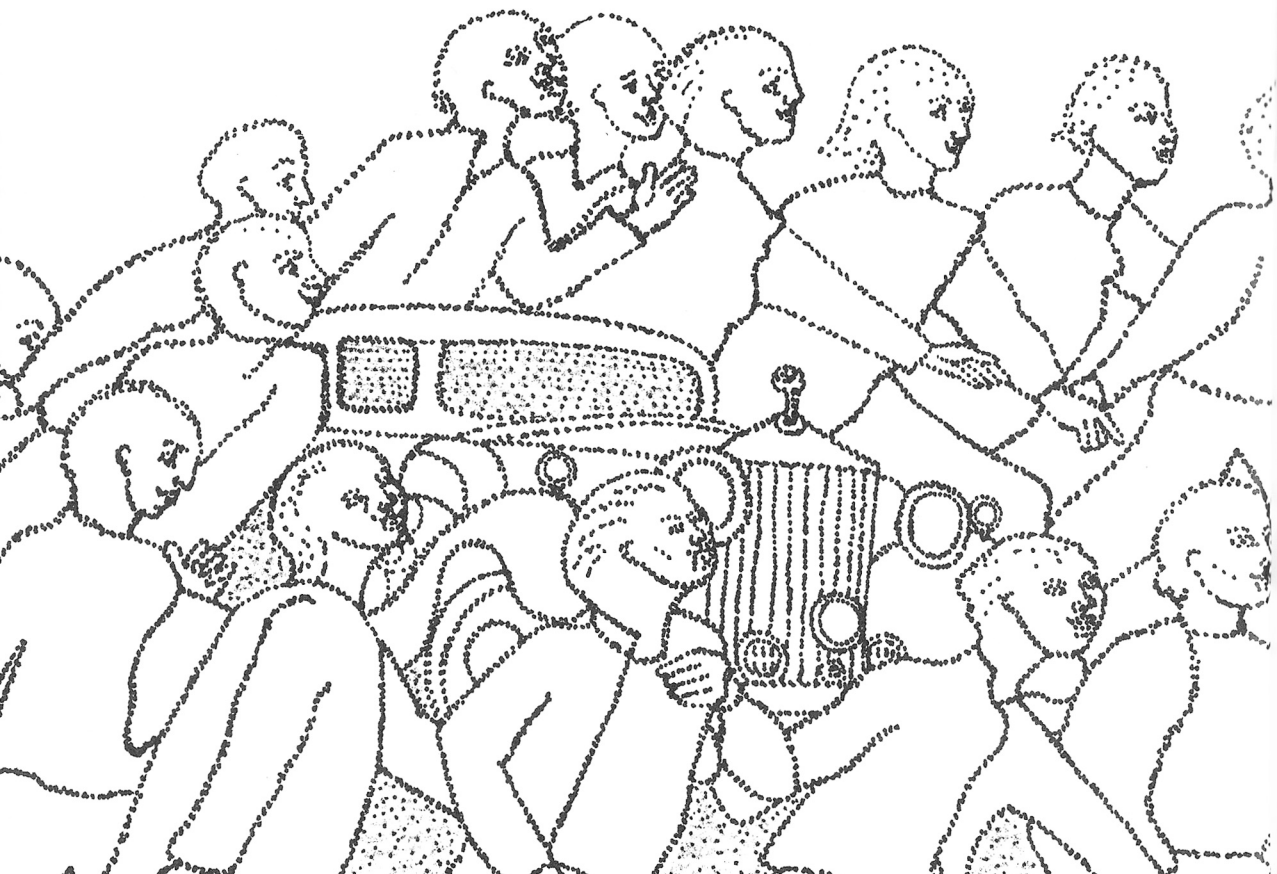
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Illustrations by Diane Sophia

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I.

This eating and walking at the same time is associated all right



I am not interested in talking to anyone
though it is warm and the wind has come up
as though we were preparing for hurricane weather
I hurry back to my car
and on the way find something anyway in the corner of my pocket.

I ate and there should just be the person who was talking about architects,
or one of the other people I was with
there should be just that person in the world
with no banks or culture.

Went out so I'd take the car and a whole system of banking and money
is
based on a hierarchy
we'd have to have monopolies
for me to communicate with someone who has died.

Starting daylight-saving time tho I will need to read the newspaper
if I am working
on a way of breaking the bank at Monte Carlo
except for knowing someone who has already died
it didn't help me to enter a public building today.

Unemployed though when I heard someone who used an obscene word the
other day
he didn't look as if he were in another world
and so I'm worried
especially in this sultry weather.

Unemployed and I haven't been able to communicate with anyone who
has died
and so what
makes me think that I would if I masturbated
though I liked the thunder and the lightning during summer.

I ate and then if I go out anywhere when the weather is sultry as
if it were
the beginning of a monsoon
and I am going to communicate with someone who has died
I will have to have a lot of money.

I was unemployed and the social hierarchy operates even after we've
died
so I've
been more excited,
wanted sex regularly.

I'd see people I knew and I'd go to the same places and the world
wasn't standing
still
so I was
more excited, wanted sex regularly.

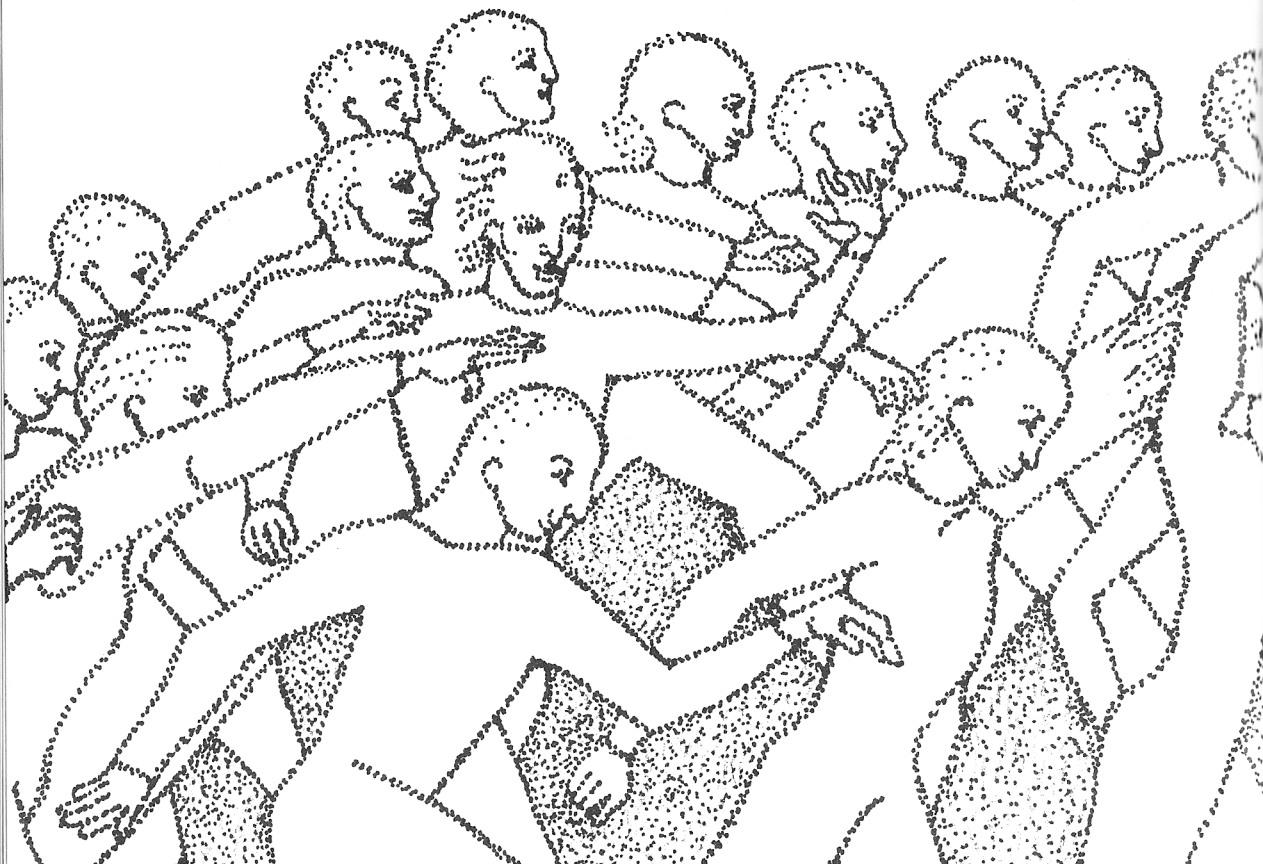
This eating and walking at the same time is associated all right
with the exhaustion I felt the other night after I walked around
a bit I found,
though I never laugh in bed as someone once said to me,
"I lie awake much longer."

Feeling sorry for myself tho I have been drinking coffee and I know
that this is like paradise because there are people on the streets,
perfect strangers,
I would be unable to kill anything
though I have been coming to the same places every day.

I'd eat and then I'd listen to music
though ordinarily I would not have agreed with anyone
saying about someone
a stranger was knifed on the street,
"I know that the killing of this devil is the beginning of bliss."

II.

appendix: "I lie awake much longer"



Ate and if the social hierarchy operates even after I've died, I'll
have to know
anyone
I'll have to know the person who was talking in a group and I need-
ed to form a close friendship with them.

Ate and wanted to talk to these people, though they were thinking it
was
weakness
in me all this time
we weren't having strikes in this country.

I've changed my mind and I'd still be able to walk around after I've
died
if our senses are that distorted
I won't be able to eat fruit
or meat.

Ate and then finally I'd break down and I'd say what I thought of
these people
they weren't going to accept it
we'd have monopolies
and I'd have to remember it for years.

I said I associated it with the walking
with the exhaustion I felt the other night after I walked around
a bit I found,
though I never laugh in bed as someone once said to me,
"I lie awake much longer."

Ate and then if I don't get to know this one person and also some
mercenaries
were killed when they were fighting in another country
I'd say
we're not going to have any social hierarchy after I've died.

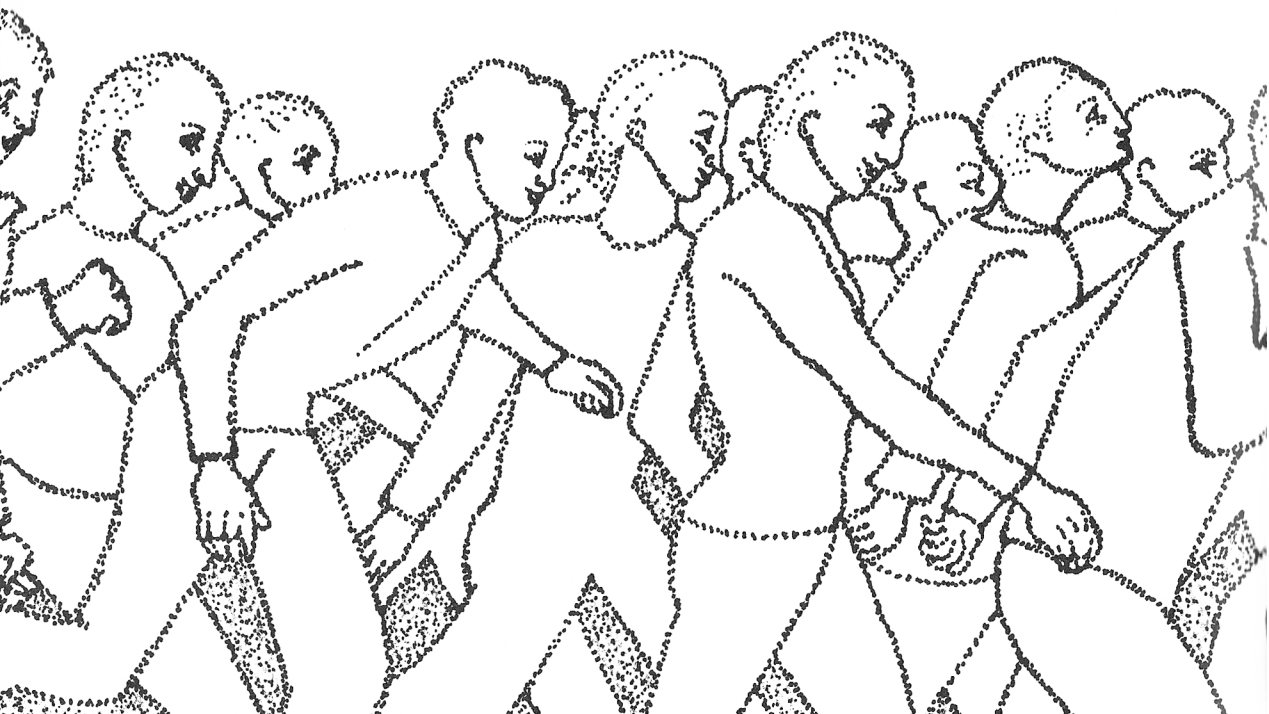
Ate and I'd need to know people who were mercenaries, I'd need to
have the military
if I am going to think of nothing
ex-
cept being in a social hierarchy after I'd died.

I've changed my mind if plants are able to be angry or can have
a
moral being
I'd be part of the social hierarchy
I'd be furiously angry.

I've changed my mind, I don't think there's going to be a social hierarchy
after I've died
I'd have to kill someone
in order for us not to be connected.

III.

note on the poem:



If these people weren't lying and they don't understand what they do or say,
is it because I could have been matter or a plant?

If they're not lying and they don't understand what they do or say,
is it because they could have been matter?

I didn't lie,
I never lie
and if they didn't lie and didn't understand what they did or said,
is it because we could have been matter?

Are these people lying if they went somewhere, are dogs and other animals lying and wouldn't have any reason for lying?

If these people are jealous—but jealousy is in plants and isn't related to lying, dogs are jealous

I could have been matter and I feel jealous when I go out in public when I go anywhere

I can't get back at these people if they'd robbed anyone if they're
envious,

if they were criminals and had killed anyone and were envious.

If they are envious when they are eating or go out and I don't know
these people very well, sure we'll have legal systems, family life

I'd like him if I had been somewhere and he hated anyone, if I'd gone out I'd like him,

We're not related and I'd like him and he'd hated objects

We're not related and I'd like him I'd like anyone

If anyone had died I could like anyone I could like him or anyone

These people were insincere if they go out they flattered an object

They liked me and they'd flatter things and plants

They liked me and they'd feel flattery toward objects

She wasn't serious if anyone had died she's weak she's lying

I don't understand weakness in her if she'd talked she'd read

They'd lied and they stopped liking him

They'd hated anyone or been weak and they stopped liking him

They could have been corrupt, they were, and they stopped liking him

*

*

I don't understand weakness in him if he'd talked he'd read

If they don't know each other I can't have sexual love with any of them, with anyone

I'm going somewhere if I want to travel anywhere, why shouldn't I?

If I wanted to do anything with anyone else, why shouldn't I?

*

*

I'll work and these people whom I know aren't acquainted

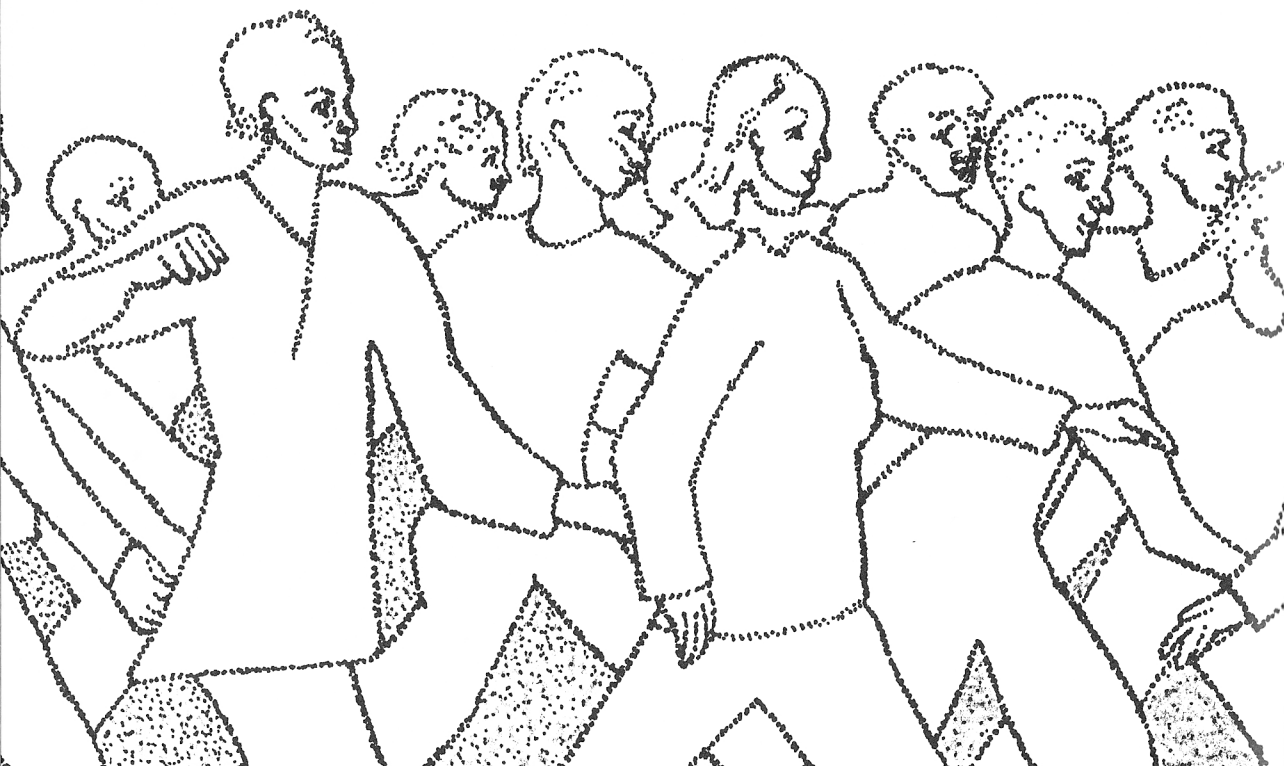
If someone had died I'll be jealous of an object,

I'll be jealous of a plant or of an object of everyone

IV.

there should be just that person in the world

fragment



Either I know only those people or I'll be sorry,
only the people I don't like or I'll hate things,

I'll hate objects or anything

He was shy and so he was sexual he hated objects and animals

He knew some of those people and he was cruel to the animal

*

*

I'd say anything and I hated the animal

I'd talk about anything and I hated the animal

I wanted the man I liked him I hated an animal, an object

I'd have feelings of hatred for an animal I'd fantasize things

These people can be snobbish and imagine things anyway be miserable anyway

hate an object or an animal anyway

*

They lied and they'd hate objects

If anyone had died these people would feel snobbery toward an object
or an animal
or anything

They would like some things, they'd like music

They'll have to say something and mean something else
I worked all day and then I noticed my hand

* *

What did these people think I was doing anyway

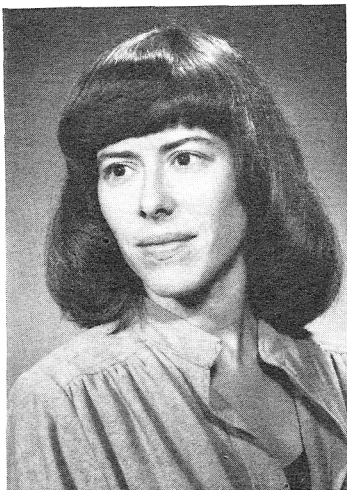
I'd change my mind and I'd be able to walk around after I've died
I'd have feelings of hatred for an animal I'd fantasize things

There was just the animal in the world

Cover & illustration by Diane Sophia

Typeset by Eileen Ostrow

Published with Support from the National Endowment



See you next year

Leslie Scalapino's other works include :
Instead of an Animal, 48 pages, 1978,
Cloud Marauder Press with a special port-
folio edition from Poltroon Press, and *The*
Woman Who Could Read the Minds of
Dogs, 72 pages, 1976, a Sand Dollar
Book.

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