

# PETER SEATON

## FREY'S LANDING

### An Appreciation of Charles Bernstein's Shade, Poetic Justice and Controlling Interests

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 keeping 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 read this is 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, adding it up, at this time.

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, wailed 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-

sating gossip: Tonsid14naylliaH! The cradle 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 lie 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 of desire, bread on the table, impressed on travel, the substitute for action, the substitute for thought.

We were relinquishing phenomena, the bait to use the tribe in English, and made more of the next day to use the impulse of light, up to now faster than the speed of sight, to move characters by tight propulsion of pattern recognition. That could refer through overhead projection to mirrors reflecting this object sameness continuously about to, the image, the fear of breaking apart consequently, too much information, someone who flaunts the life of an artist like a disease and Charles slowly shakes his head agrees you can take it with you and that means any time you want. We're waiting for something really long to escape as a message in an experiment controlled within one point of a world to another of another and more and so on. So we can get this right Bernstein uses a machine to fulfill all the possibilities of print by revealing a few, electric rocks with lunar counts so that these difficulties have even less to do with super-conductivity than a Jine, 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 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 staircase to bed. Take for examples the aspirations of that class, I'm here to fix that, subtle determination fixing daily renderings of our disquietude 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.