

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 blackset 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 archtypes 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 lines 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*, *JDBBBDJ*, *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.

Stuart Dempster.



Lynne Dreyer

Remembering the Present Gertrude Stein and Parts of the Present April 9-10

See the Writers-In-Residence section.

Lynne Dreyer (John Grau).

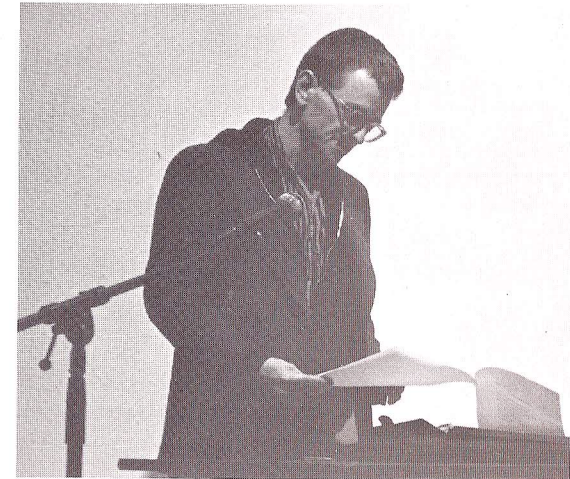


Peter Seaton

From A Linear Point of View April 9 & 11

See the Writers-In-Residence section.

Peter Seaton (John Grau).



Milton Komisar (Milton Komisar).

