

BORDER STATES

These were the lines that were had in your
head
Dusted with chalk
Bulging to contain
Whole tri-state areas the camera promotes
For trinkets that we hear have been around forever, seaboard
For example, punched out
In desultory freedom. What holds them up
In the glare of academic reflection is universally telling
The time as a component, you know, the one that walks
Through figures covered with history
And walks within those clothes and borders
And is still and reassembled radiating
Hemorrhaging self-control rearing
Up between the fingers tightly wrapped around
A broom or a bottle or a button fastened
To the right side of the continent, sublime
In its attention to the tension these things
Move covered with space. They're free
Picking their promotion over the desk we've written
Into the picture but can't find
Like the structure that isn't precisely
There checking itself for self-awareness, escaping
Through the border states of academic angles
Indifferently used to make them tight. But before
Going to bed because of no more cigarettes something
About the man covered with all those people
Seems a little different. He emerges

Between his teeth, swinging from a point
Lately objecting to itself: These were the lines
Finding you instead
Of making themselves into some treasure
Of being made into some measure reinventing itself
Behind dark glasses out in the open as
If the many criminals between here and Wilmington
Talk themselves and me into the fix
Of mutual professional stimulation and
Abide by that in these old days of pen and ink.

They connect the preternatural line
To the knock on the door and the knots of people
On the floor delicately observing their resistance
To the incidental void so personal
It can't get out, so honest
It can, so incisive it must be real and
Open to the charge of the projecting universe
Flat on its back actively reading
The reviews of its own structure. How alone
Is it, where are its trinkets in it, what do they
Hang from and stand on and who said you couldn't
Miss them better and better even while knowing
Of Thelonious Monk or a certain kind of running
Hammered into stone and cracking
From the face down, how alone is it
Almost touching but really shimmering next to
The next ones of whom it is said
Watch for the whites of their eyes turning red
Maybe as they start to dance, then stop to
Do as yet unimaginable things to other people's bones.

It makes you want to want far off places
No longer, at least not to live there
Walking along the beach of your home town
In the freedom of living there no longer,
Not catapulted into the Red Sea
With no money but singing to a child
As the hammering continues to softly pop up
To punctuate these tropics, these man made old worlds
Of colonies and colonized and
Cohesive borders of conversion and reaction
Formation strengthened to cast light
Upon the page, far enough from home
To be referred to cataclysmically
Behind the veil of flight and empty
Of animation as the myth beneath the feet except
By dragging feet conscientiously
To make sure they never leave the ground. But

They do and they don't, the bowls are there
The food is there, Neptune
With its hooks and books from here
The corrugated beauties of Marineland to here
The folds of nearby outer space is the proposition
"There". The aggravated personism of the real myth
Stretched out under the sombrero
Formerly sneaked up upon
With its tongue between its teeth, not dead
But dying to be touched by you perhaps
The smartest aficionado of the couch

On the beach is a lot more open-ended
Into better problems, or at least more recent ones,
Today's for example, especially yesterday
With its vital accent and substantial repose
Inexorably leaving you. But you're desperate
To leave first, maybe with the last word but a lot
Better off than that poor primitive with its head
On its hand in the sand, full of too many
Surprises for you in your old age
Knocking on the door to the source of its
Familiarity between the lines
Of freedom swollen with access
To every melody and back beat, largesse
Of guilt too, for every involvement designates its heir,
Knots that loosen to expose the free and breathing air
To aurora flat on their mid Atlantic backs
Consciously regarding the pressure
From the back seat in a conjunction, the
Foundation of a planet swinging freely
To its art like this, like a Namath
Baltimore adores or Dover drying
In a net of hostage instruction like numbers
In a mystery homogeneously distinct.

Some of those numbers or others
A lot like them are so hot to the touch
I feel like smoking cigarette after cigarette
To use those numbers up. They make your skin crawl
By cooling them off. They are in no relation
To anything you'd want to have anything to do with such
as the best time and the unknown time before that

Before innovative and innovation
Scramble for assistance. But it's so dark in here,
There's so many buttons to stare at, too much paper
To sail on to China, not enough lovers
Impetuously filling the bill and too few handles
To get a grip on the profiles that float by
Tethered amazingly far away to the syllables building
Brick by brick the slower and more interesting
Wishes you really have to keep your eyes open for.

Hopefully translating into a denomination
Of the recruitment of silence publicly
Into its omen, into a conspiracy where
I can't wait for those shades to be drawn
Or the right fortune making itself known unless
It's the harbinger of what you mean to me
Under those clothes or occupying
My gratification pluralistically
On its own it's that unyielding
To all those other now ancillary demands
Fighting for promotion into someone else's life
And scorched by the numbers truly leaving ashes
Where I sleep and eat and work, no longer.
If they had such little regard for everything
That made us famous how could they add up at all
At right angles to everything including
The succession of vulnerable elements
Unexpectedly great and irresistably least like the
Abstract acting insured for a thousand sightlines
Or the way some people can just leave themselves
Where they're left without being unable

To leave themselves alone as if cause and effect
Were problems like cookies to be stolen
To crush a sentiment and eaten to prove it
And hiding like nuclear war within the amazement
Of its own structure which may be emotional
In a universe different than the material it contains
Or simply hanging by a thread of delusion
Risky, succulent delusion
Pouring over all the no tomorrows
With cavalier obsession. But like the best
Writing there's always survival and the next
Not the next best best writing. And the borders
Continue to determine your prescience
With a smile. They climb into it
Page after page to release the evidence
Nestling there like octaves on their way to Bach
Adapting nature to their own rudimentary strength.

Now the paradigm is a misunderstanding generous
Enough to be calculated as incidents in which the greater
Good trips over its own number demanding
The breathless mode, demanding
A more mature moment, the one at the front door
Or upstairs with all the other rooms that seem to fit
The argument plunging to abstract its treasure
From the care of its regard, conjugating
The discovery that I will not see you again
In this bargain, this no man's land between
The cruel sea and the crazy swimmer
And the rubbed out insertion of a word in a world
Painlessly ignorant of us, insulated

Against analytic hemispheres slipping and sliding
Without their borders on. How sick of it
Can you get just before you're about to give it up
And land on your feet next to the bed and feel
For yourself somewhere within your own weight that's
Not just another culinary sensation on the way out
Of town, halfway to your finite eyes, which is where
The numbers cease and have ceased and make
Themselves clearly apposite to the roads
The rules are rid of, aesthetic routes
With bridges and abandoned vehicles picturesquely
Here and there. I will not see you
Examining the air between the people who mean
To be me, and the echoing protuberant verse that stills
Itself by faintly behaving as if it believes it
Did to allow me to see you which I won't
To allow me to place you where you might not otherwise
Only be guessing it's me nowhere to be seen.

That's when it's not remembering nothing but how
To paint the iron of the ego because without it
There's no female, you paint
Or say you did, I did. I'd be somewhere
And my heart would start beating. It's what
They call a strange new place but the painter's
Never strange enough and I thought of you living forever
Under brief twilight, which is why
It's no longer twilight time, the ice has melted
From the curves of the earth by not losing
The illusion of chance skyrocketing
With these lines into the signs of some

Developments. But I was being woken
By you out from under you. I was being met by you
Over and above you where you
Can't really put your finger on what machines
Are for. You work with notation, proportion
And equivalence. You know who you are
Leaning in through the window, making yourself
Attractive to the wrong someone
Through the ages, through the states
Of mind in which you're kept in mind.