

# Peter Seaton: Holograph Pages and Drafts

Compiled by Stephen Reid McLaughlin  
Electronic Poetry Center  
March 2021

This document compiles handwritten notes and typescript drafts from the papers of the American poet Peter Seaton (1944–2010).

In 2011–2012, I cataloged and scanned Peter Seaton's papers before sending them to the UC San Diego Library Special Collections & Archives. Seaton's papers include a near-complete collection of his published works, along with an unpublished book manuscript (*Imaginary Ship*, 2003) and several dozen pages of notes and drafts.

Most of Seaton's notes and drafts were shuffled together in a single beige manila folder. I scanned each page in the order I found it, and I have maintained the original order here. Five more handwritten pages were scattered among Seaton's papers, which I have included as the last five pages of this document.

Six of the typescript pages below were accompanied by exact duplicates, which I have omitted to avoid confusion. I have also omitted several unrelated photocopies.

This document, along with scans of Seaton's other works, can be found at the University of Pennsylvania's Electronic Poetry Center:

<https://www.writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/seaton/>

Peter Seaton's papers are accessible for research at the UC San Diego Library Special Collections & Archives:

<https://library.ucsd.edu/speccoll/findingaids/mss0748.html>

Stephen Reid McLaughlin  
March 2021

W

De Kooning  
Bicycle

Andrew Jackson  
BRANDS

Robert Long

Green O.S.  
Card

Washington Secret  
War

SALT

- Fleming

M. A. L. H.  
Roster

SPURRING

Perfume

7

990  
4/00  
27

Grant + Shaman

Flood

7  
Fear of Rats

Woodburn

70

The Universal Congress

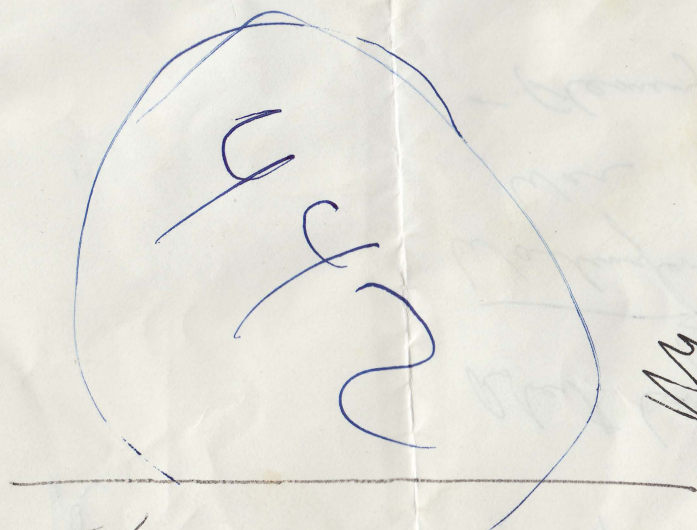
3 cell towers

Edmund Barnes

"It doesn't matter what you do, so long as you don't forget the verses."

Edw. VII

James  
William  
picture 1 D



The IMPOSTERS

III

My

9

W

W

W

W

a

W

W

DIMENSIONLESS

Now you  
Know, tall as the trees  
In the sting of some afterlife  
What was taken, the measure  
In repose, like a guest with his tongue  
In the soup, the bonnet, high 's/  
In its flight toward the shoals  
Of that particular diaspora, the one  
To refuse to leave you breathless  
Head turned toward where it happens  
Like an evening grounding the twilight  
In two tails of an easy offer, to  
Leave you all along and here  
Comes the car and here you are  
Struck by the novelty  
Such stark thought offers, pinning  
You down, letting you down  
Wearing you down up close.

Several of the poems  
that comprise this volume,  
"Imaginary Ship," have  
appeared previously in  
the

SEEN YOU SOON

It's like being home  
In three parts, the one that festers  
In a likeness of being away, the one  
That can't stop brimming over with  
Thresholds of gain (electric)  
And pain selective even unto indomitable  
Presence of mind. And the one  
That minds your own business with a tenderness  
Disguised as affectionate dishing it out  
To make sure you can take it.  
Like a question hanging in the rumpled air  
Of your supple prescience sensing  
The missing time with a resonance, but  
Just a resonance, of despair the colors  
Of your romance with missing nothing  
Oblige you to calculate just who's  
Been gone. And where.

That

2'd

At this precise moment ~~the~~ nothing  
to write; yet <sup>was</sup> here ~~2~~ ~~was~~ ~~there~~  
~~2~~ ~~was~~ ~~there~~ ~~writing~~

~~writing~~ <sup>writing</sup> type storm, rain,  
lightning, rain, ~~the~~ Myzards; even,  
War in all its procession

In convenience. The dead  
Arrived, and I heard the dead  
Arrived.

Reveal of the poems that  
longs

Several of the poems  
that compose

## TRADING PLACES

I'm from Africa. I handle  
"Land-seizure-estates." Two  
A day. Sometimes three  
Or four or even more  
If i have to, depending  
What's at stake, namely me  
Or mine, which includes property  
As well as persons. You may ask,  
"Didn't I see you in that movie  
With what's-his-name?" No.  
What's-his-name makes billions  
By playing let's pretend. I  
Make much less, much much much  
Less by playing for real. It's  
True, I rarely make people laugh.  
In fact, most effectively, I make  
Them fear for their lives. I can't  
Say I enjoy doing this. On the  
Other hand quite often I do (enjoy  
It). Nevertheless I tell myself  
(My wife agrees) I am doing this  
For my daughters. So they can go  
To school out of Africa to learn  
To play let's pretend it's not  
A wilderness out there. Paris, Rome,  
New York, Seattle people think  
It's civilization. But what is  
Civilization? Wilderness. Where rules  
My daughter learns apply to be eluded.  
Let's say lives and property are at

Issue. Someone wins, Someone  
Loses. She may negotiate  
A compromise to retain civilization  
Leaving everyone thinking of ending up  
In between or on some end  
Of profit and loss.  
What's marginalized is their fear  
For their lives. My daughter  
Gets rich, I am honored. But  
Really it's let's pretend death  
Is to be avoided at all costs.  
And my wife and I learn to make believe  
In the existence of the absence  
Of wilderness. Meanwhile,  
I, not always successfully, avoid  
The consciousness that would manifest  
The wish that my wife would die and know  
She does the same. Will she always  
Repress the possibility  
Of the actualized vision of the back  
Of Raymond Chandler's husbands'  
Back of his neck exposed. And for me,  
How often may the girl with the pretty mouth  
And delicious crotch be fantasized  
As a replacement? Now you may say  
The point. These are dreams which, even  
When awake, are wishes, Yet sometimes  
I confess to admitting (to myself)  
That dreams are nothing if not real.  
And so, healthy, in our well-attended home  
I tolerate or think of the thickets of pre-  
Literate sates, the aboriginal. Before the  
Post-Ionians, never mind the Hebrews  
And Egyptians concocted the gold and silver  
And bronze and iron ages. Before Eden's con-  
Led men to regard death as regress and men

n the moon to be aimed at and aiming in general.  
But I know my place. I continue folks  
To that line for misery, that line for happiness.  
It's as if the wilderness we inhabit exists  
To generate fantasy. And after the really short  
Ten thousand years in which our cranial  
Capacities increased fifty percent Kurt Godel longed  
For a bite of the cyanide, I just try not  
To forget the soul which exists  
In the absence of feeling sorry. Good night  
And good luck?

*apple*

6.7.05

Listen, birthday woman,  
Today you've got enough on my mind  
To eat your way through the remaining caricature  
Of my heart, like

"Old Mexico ("I don't know  
What's so 'lindo' about it") but  
I do if only your proud Spanish,  
Only one instance of your thought ~~thought~~ *in*

That all we need is a tune-up  
In the shape of a pill so we don't have to talk  
About it, re-visit the past  
Which is really the present which

Is where I love you in my not so old age even  
More than I did before. Parallel  
Universes are a reality. Time too,  
But not really so important as love

Which sort of conglomerate with mind, it's  
True, physicists are beginning to say it,  
*they intuit it*  
Or rather intuit it, which maybe  
Makes mathematics for not the first time

Not caught up with the truth. Who  
Can doubt the existence of God, the  
Truth only whose form we can't imagine  
Which nevertheless is a fact. I imagine

On  
a  
and  
Suzie  
M

Ice Harvest  
Winter Parking  
Content Garden  
Backback Mountain  

---

The Truth is  
Charlie

HOW TO THINK

Whisper to a new sun  
Approaching a drink behind  
The clouds. Breathe  
Your way through a false number  
Close to my lips  
Which need to have you  
Discover me. How to think  
And how it sounds and what  
You will do. You'll need  
That grasping letter arriving  
In the flourish of my darling  
Money from the state. You'll need  
A brave phrase, to make people think  
You must write what you wouldn't say  
On the telephone. But now you can see  
The actor's eye  
And half the actor's face  
Longing for a mixture of saliva and skin  
And panic at the most dangerous thing  
In the world at peace with itself.

44 W

4

W  
W  
W  
W

Several of the poems  
that compose the volume,  
"Imaging Ship," have  
appeared previously in  
separate, independent  
magazines, journals and  
anthologies.

- D  
FS

Never mind, it too steep  
N. S. to climb, we can see life  
In the search for the bloom of the  
Garden and in the faith  
Of the whereto do the best  
Of the zeal of the calling  
Never heard but ~~seeing~~ the bloom  
In the evening, the play  
That speaks chiefly with words or paint  
Which to prove of its truthfulness

To the point it has been the  
share of my birthright which I  
have felt obliged to accept &.

Accordingly, I have to have nothing  
to do with a woman who shares  
the sentiment of a man who reinforces  
that extension.

Wherefore I have left I  
have to consider the success of the  
strength of my hands to be at

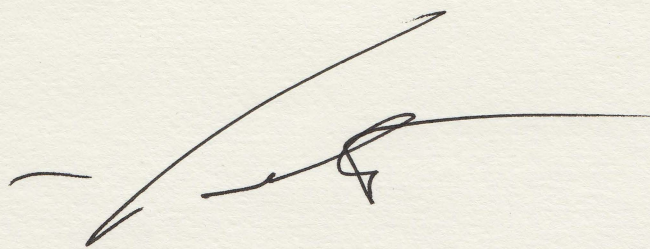
Now you get to exclude  
Doctrinaire fun  
From frame and number. Still, it seems  
To be the shadow of someone saying something about me  
Infinitely expected, fastened  
To a force that isolates saying to myself this,  
This is my door, my jar, this is  
All around me, women  
Evolving conceptual masculinities  
To illuminate a tight-fisted search  
For deadly enjoyment, as well as conventions  
Enjoining you from reasoning a wilderness  
Into a statistics that tolerates affection  
While ruling out keeping me from  
Turning up in the world. If this  
Is a parochial variation on molding the present  
Into assuming a mutating authority  
Finding itself between the lines or at  
The frontier here's  
Where I fall again, or maybe after  
The fragility supplement that rhymes  
With steps taken to keep things moving kicking  
Out at what I omit in you, warnings  
Of concussions these sets of certainty affect  
To effect some hibernating future.

Revolving  
around

and

Least problematic.

8/1



To One who would live forever  
(can be but may)

Thyself, and

Observe, you to ~~be~~

Do ~~be~~ at your point. What

When we human in the ancient

Enough to be made to grow to

And die. Then

To be interested in ~~an~~ ~~condition~~ ~~condition~~.

As Time, May

Will have been seen to say the  
father  
13. 11. 1905

Here. But

(Telling of your friend) we begin to <sup>see</sup>  
with various reasons the  
people the <sup>four</sup> of our relationship.

The and a quarter of 1/4 in 20  
thick as <sup>the</sup> at, not

In a good looking case, but in  
example, <sup>the, for</sup> unclean dimension

Of the universe, the universe, our  
Universe, 1 possibly. 2

from there the old festival

(<sup>with</sup>  
time LINEAR)

Here. But

(Telling of your friend) we begin to <sup>see</sup>  
with various reasons the  
people the <sup>four</sup> occupying relationships.

The and a quarter of 1/4 in 20  
thick as <sup>the</sup> at, not

In a good looking case, but in  
example, <sup>the, for</sup> unclean dimension

Of the universe, the universe, our  
Universe, 1 possibly. 2

mean there the old festival

(<sup>last</sup>  
~~time~~ LINEAR)

Truth) that people never change  
typical in which in the system  
Principle: Good and large  
were determined not to. But  
that it or not we do and we  
will.

SOME TIME  
Then "never" not Sol will never  
And your children's children's children,  
etc. will have to  
Get off of this ball. How  
and where to in forever which  
Living never the world's voice  
accept

You were born the day

I met you. Now

You must not live your life for the

I must.

Of the future. (And the present.  
Let us never forget, let us keep  
Our eye  
On the present.)

Karl Möhl proved them so  
much  
this  
one time. Interestingly

His last <sup>companion</sup> companion was Enten / who

came  
Of age when he was called by  
Herr and another there for  
departure  
B.D. (then) was perfect everywhere, <sup>FERN</sup> Fern  
after all, in in Stuttgart!

FROM A LINEAR POINT OF VIEW

It's easy to renounce giving up.

And to know actively of the disposal of advantage

To a cold storm of vigor clustered

And so abandoned by what considers to be called

Abandon of an idea interpreting

A spot on a line segment astonished

At the forbearance claimed by reluctance alarmed

Awake and fierce because the loss

Excites its outbreak as the advent of a proof,

Its vehemence loose in a virtual head.

This admits of a match to a wily escape

No desultory conversation to limits keeping

In check, side by side, the hesitation

Tramped by aversions to the stain lounging

About the irritation appearing as the impenetrable stick mischief

Nominally neighboring confession to a command

For mischief concealed

In the recesses of a command

To conciliate

UNFINISHED

FROM A LINEAR POINT OF VIEW

There is no 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  
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

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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 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 in 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 infinitly, 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 continuous English in a paper-strewn past,  
Understanding insights you might have vigorously finishing

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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, evanescent possibilities of a hero's blush  
Verging 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.  
If I read 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 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

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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  
Around 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 (langue  
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 bleu into certain kinds of Proust  
Aviation such as dialects minus those syllables  
Going to make me cry. This son of a gun  
Is raiding 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.

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  
Off 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

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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, 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 ions  
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 soviet. 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 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

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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  
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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 continuous 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, evanescent possibilities of a hero's blush  
Verging 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.  
If I read 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 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

These women, reduced to the trouble with men define  
The developing words with grammars you mix with reading  
Knee deep in concentrating on upright 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 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 next 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

# GREEN Fire

~~Here~~

~~THE OTHER THING~~

~~1/2~~ This contingency of a foreign land, a foreign  
Body, discursively releasing<sup>ee</sup> reminiscences  
Of risky recognition of relief passing through  
What follows: other words

That an archaic woman would  
Distinguish in her wild pursuit  
Of independence and attribution  
And validity abandoned

To an ideal comprising a warning  
Of virtual invention; it would  
Surprise you. It would explode

The right place at the right time positioned  
By a mechanics of intention and ambition

In which rules of plans swirling around assign an  
Appreciation of a syntax of astonishment

To a function of coherence, moments  
Of fervor duplicitously native

To this world of musician after musician obliging a  
Critical decision with a conclusion, as in "I don't  
See any."

or high classical

STE!

or that

perhaps

~~I'M RIGHT HERE~~

In a foreign land, a foreign  
Body, releasing ~~reminiscences~~ *risky*  
~~of risky~~ recognition of relief *to*  
Passing through what follows: other  
Words that an archaic woman would distinguish  
In her wild pursuit  
Of independence and attribution  
And validity abandoned *intern*  
To an ideal, comprising a warning *peap*  
Of virtual invention; it would  
Surprise you. It would explode  
The right place at the right time positioned  
By a mechanics of intention and ambition  
In which rules of plans swirling around assign  
An appreciation of a syntax of astonishment  
To a function of coherence, moments  
Of fervor *duplicitously* native  
To this world of musician after musician obliging a  
Critical decision with a conclusion, as in  
"I don't see any."

*"I see, I don't see, any."*

*To an ideal warning*

*fortuitously  
conspicuously*

*non-*

## News From AGIAC, New Crown

Another complaint. This time  
That Madam Zayon has changed  
the ~~look~~<sup>look</sup> "permanently," it  
has said. But when the heat  
there? And how are we to know, now  
it has been ever, that she is not a tegubronis  
Agent of the <sup>Bureau</sup> ~~internal~~ of disorder/order  
affairs, which means one word  
From her could result in exposure  
To some <sup>sublime</sup> ~~sublime~~ transfiguration, like her.  
To the ~~look~~<sup>look</sup>, their whereabouts, appearing

Repeatedly in the earliest dreams of those  
chosen by the Covenant, I once to be spare  
to eyes, opening anything, which means  
Everything, so that nothing is ~~seen~~ <sup>secret</sup>

Agree? Well, I propose a Test whereby  
Every lock, edible or not, is to be examined  
For the principle of Expense. So that everyone  
May be capable that acceleration over  
Velocity squared has absolutely no relation  
To the gravity of whatever situation  
May be proposed to fill the bill  
Of particulars potentially, however tremendously / 2

To be discovered <sup>amidst</sup> the <sup>charms</sup> ~~charm~~ of charms  
For Madam's <sup>tender</sup> ~~restless~~ and reckless heart  
For a resolution <sup>which</sup> is essentially the universal  
fact

Of the wilderness of the world. For  
If there is no garden, of what good is the  
Working within the gate can they not be checked?  
No one is safe from his or her  
Own laziness. And the author  
Would have to pay themselves off  
For their lack of information and rely on the

Heard that would make them fonder  
For showing winter at the leg tracks  
Or quickly ascent of every ~~any~~ ~~off~~  
Which they watched and every from  
The mountain of the Moon as they perched  
The region of the oxygen-rich trees  
Of fauna ascending no lock to no key  
To the soul ~~or mind made animals~~  
no day  
To the level, ~~to~~ no rock to the lock, the lock  
As it hits away the season's ripe  
Remembrance of a strange <sup>Range</sup> range of time over  
Yet not yet begun to be past.

AXIOM OF CHOICE

"Thanks to Godel's theorem, the mind always has  
the last word." -- John Lucas

The fragrant zone's way out, but not far,  
And a sun-warmed electronic spot softly smiling  
At itself here, underfoot, dislodging quarks flowing  
Through the tea I sit talking over and cooling removing  
To a heading that schedules the visualized states: I  
See this accelerates the febrile past into a fling  
Ahead and up a ladder I'm sure to time by climbing and I  
Want all these things, the pinched eyes and  
The shiny eyes and the matching impure articles rolling  
Over and going back to sleep and rolling the plans  
Organizing the beginning depths to merge worlds for a while,  
The stress that stands for a day off sneaks off  
To the gap just about where I know where we're headed  
And which I set aside to stroll through. Still,  
Had I spotted words centering words? Had ends  
Ringed the ends searing bleached bands of discourse  
With admission? It's not so much a returning road trip as  
Events based on silicon, if it slept, or cards  
Of calls to sand up for. The woman  
Fills the echo with being here, challenging  
Spot writing by economizing on introduction drills  
With ideas of perfect photons bouncing off doing what  
We all do, eventualizing, dating  
The original inhabitants of emphatic instances  
By climbing into the opening pages which would  
Tell you you know how it goes, map those changes.

"... to construct a model which will help to elucidate what happened when the republican ideal posed the problem of the universal's existence in secular particularity."

- J. G. A. Pocock

The Machiavellian Moment

Is this a cat?

No, it's a cat

For a cat that's what to hold  
Position, being present 2 years, for  
2 years

332.15

ATN 400.00 17/3

178.25.00

11/25 23.15

8- 4:30  
247 3rd AVE  
200 ST

I didn't need a state so addicted to the perfect  
Discretion. I could sit back and think about you  
Being free, bubbling up through what  
I'm writing, resorting  
To importance in the scary sense  
Or burying a number that begins  
With the lack of a gem spinning leisurely  
In the frame of a solution or a given frame  
Of reference I could have you asking me about  
In an elegant sanction. I recognize you from  
The Smooth Face Of The World. You struggled  
To react to The Vigil On The Cliff. But  
It takes so long. Like being in Key West  
To imagine a butterfly flapping its wings in the Himalayas  
That results in a hurricane over the Atlantic; or the first  
Visitors to a moving car going astray  
With the idea of who I was, which member  
Of the primal horde recycling deception of a new model  
Inner sanctum you want to run to for your own advice.  
I'm really not hoping for the always spare breath  
To be sacrificed to an aesthetics of elegant force.  
But the ease with which you act through the rigors  
Of euphemistically being a fact proportions the sharp flash  
Into an improvement to looking specific, like  
A scar on a wave in the shade on the wall  
Of the cave.

Lost in LA Mancela

ARTE M<sup>1</sup> SIA

SON ATTINE

W/M Face to The Enemy  
The Rise of American Democracy

Right wing

Bruce Chadwick  
The First American Army  
John Jay  
Walter Starr

Mass: the volunteers  
116 OK

421 - 066 - 846 } Chang +

## Where The King Is

I could no more erge these schemes of dreams  
than allow the bare soul multitude relies on  
nowhere for its agitation to acquire  
the grace of an ideal. become, a layer  
of fragility (bones, blood, veins and tissue)  
burning itself ~~deadly~~ <sup>in</sup> the ideal space  
in which shade about to descend  
thinks better than think again  
of the light and heat and, yes, friction,  
of the needed-friction light washer away  
to access to a state of sleep that wants  
not

Because it has it all and henter  
A lot because water <sup>are</sup> ~~and~~ dead  
In their saying of the they to be <sup>SQUARED</sup> ~~ag~~ <sup>used</sup>  
Like the generosity that would if it could  
Make us whole upon the water and  
Just under it, just for a minute  
Or two as the time is later I produce the  
Otherwise would be parts off  
In a symbol of this present which is so  
Fostered and amiable yet not <sup>sure</sup>  
To be trusted, an agent of change

Mastery its edge during which you  
And 2 steps in our teacher, one  
More day last and found in a sequence  
Sequestered, for it can good?

Concurs only y save cost confusion  
revers

To make a life <sup>away</sup> away, a crusade  
Against fulfillment

Fi 376.62

W

With you a hand, that tells  
are omnipresent in every life. That  
The unbroken circle of soul and mind continues  
To create creation maybe in a cycle, its  
True, but <sup>never</sup> ~~not~~ asleep at the switch because  
It's the sleep at the switch that man made  
Obvailing the vexation attendant upon the  
journey  
Love as they juggle for position  
In one unaware or another. Just think  
You've swallowed what can't be heard, at least  
To you, the dreamer alone with your  
Contemplation, where's the linear rush in this  
~~psychic~~  
physique? K

What I felt the force with which  
there was

Wald for the retrievability

I could not mean their presence,

Was my not even now, for their  
absence

From my own conscious direction

To the heart of your betrayed which

Became my ~~own~~ and so delimit  
the despair

Which frames our correspondence

# Negative Capability

When someone like him  
could claim something like it to be  
Victims to the character

Achever a mysterious, quiet aspect  
The reason like 2 could ~~achieve~~ <sup>realize</sup> achieve

For say, identification arguments  
Take. Yet has later on (oh  
has later on!) then the struggle

Assumed the linear <sup>quality: "now</sup> ~~proof-like~~, after  
~~all quality~~

2 by next the feet, pale & spent

A schedule experience anything? Well, given  
The right somatic influence on the writing  
Of or in a poem, what do you think?  
"Not thoughts exactly. My idea  
about thoughts." Here one is not confined  
To gulls hesitating or permanently inland.  
Then ever refer me to a warning on the Bay  
The tide's leaving huge quantities of kelp,  
Here and there on the sand. I saw  
My first sea urchin in the Maritime.  
I said "Look! Look!" but my wife  
Was too slow & the huge black and 2 <sup>given</sup> ~~given~~  
smaller heads of

What person did I have

Not to return, cut? By  
I had Kingdon, slavery  
Of the Jones, know the experience  
Of geo-synchronous influence  
To revealed eternity, the value  
The gods place upon Good & Evil  
Will capture a bid of grief into wandering  
When the person <sup>an act</sup> are <sup>an act</sup>  
of obedience dictating contact of principle  
of the po of knowledge <sup>for example</sup> from the desert  
To the confusion a schedule will  
experience as an act of God. Can

Inca/eleven (Kurt Gödel)

"He was drawn to his model of an eternal  
life of cyclical time, a model which under-  
mines the reality of personal death."

— Rebecca Heller

What reason did I have  
N.O. to return & call? Perhaps my island  
was being shrouded by time zones. Kurt Gödel

For then showed us what  
what and was presented by being eaten  
Twice. &  
Personalized of a type  
Eating.

Even over matters well beyond the financial <sup>status</sup>

Of each of us in our heretofore indulged pastimes,  
<sup>social</sup>

Of ~~evening~~, ~~dining~~ interactions, even to the  
extent

Of eliminating Madame de M.'s company

From our circle. Now the field was clear  
for Harriet to debate her <sup>chance</sup> ~~leading~~ <sup>député</sup>

Her lack of breeding, & Henry

Yami is good for me, honey  
I'm about to round up my head  
and die. I've been so good  
for me ~~long~~ baby, (Nothing left  
for me but to cry  
and cry and cry  
to die. He left you  
by ~~port~~ <sup>port</sup> ~~parque~~ <sup>parque</sup> lot / its  
in the freezer) as you know  
I'm "being" shy. The  
Times in the oven, never

blots the past  
writer. Two things  
would occur to me. [Like they wouldn't.]

O.K., O.K., Two things  
I'd like to see. The good leave  
His and her domain for good  
Money. And, you can spend it only  
On the sphere of immaterial <sup>goods</sup> and services.  
Not intangible; immaterial. Let not substance  
less. Like all the things hope and freedom  
like what's next if you put your mind to it.

What Reason Did I have

Not to return, call? My (Tum)  
Island husband was (being) shavered  
On live zones, the thousand years  
of travel time found became broken  
The Aunt Model refused to eat, especially  
~~live~~ liver, no ~~language~~ - his  
and hid behind the stove  
In the isomorphism stated the stability  
presence of the absence of time  
advancing

For

The liver  
Of travel time stayed being a solitary  
As Aunt Model stayed eating where

Or rather when, would this <sup>(20)</sup> imagery  
or time as it

Sandy would end?

Lucy/Alan

In the moment of a present ~~degeneration~~ <sup>degeneration</sup>  
and futile

~~to get~~

Vegetation to get things up to, once

and for all, leaving a moist collaboration

of the fellow conscience and its fellow  
Nature, things to have been, and seen

Urgent & different, palpably remote

From a life to be lived free and clear from the

That sets a life warm from being themselves

In years and finding themselves

Of them the demarcations of an outline that

To be real is nothing but everything

~~Wager upon~~ of to be seen, or felt, or lost. / 2

Then my head, I know  
He ain't got no oven but that's  
How hard he's tryin'. You been  
be good to me baby

I feel like my old ~~rotator~~<sup>rotator</sup>  
Pie. You know I'd off  
the handle rather  
than be rotator pie.

But if ya give me another chance  
I'll rotate that handle  
like some sweet bye and bye  
and the it too, say you  
I am,

I feel, moreover, constrained for just one  
of ~~papers~~ <sup>papers</sup> ~~judgement~~ <sup>reliance</sup> on ~~Papa's~~ <sup>by</sup> part. He has  
though in frequent personal association with  
individuals of "the little people" he began to <sup>representative</sup> reveal a  
telling weakness for that woman of a certain age  
whose vocalized reproach against a failure  
of her household <sup>of a male</sup> <sup>member</sup>  
Ability to <sup>scrupulously</sup> ~~correctly~~ account for even  
the nearest ~~transaction~~ <sup>transaction</sup> would arouse an  
affection for her company. No that <sup>uncontrollable</sup>  
nervously there appeared in our household  
a female whose power remained undiminished

# Gaming the Penser

Laughing, the remote instance of the Lord and  
pure

Began its interday acumen, up the pace  
of setting about ancient scenes believed on  
and off, off

To true lightning: tributary course to  
descendant  
of the <sup>hand</sup> ~~Lord~~ Rush that fulfilled  
the broken

Box of promises made to ancestors of the  
original pioneers  
That the Lord and that can beat a flush

The sky ghost of the phase to be written  
Upon your secular advertisement, to acknowledge  
The stain on the folds of space appearing  
To dwindle from the transfiguration

Of a point of view: my battle of the <sup>(an)</sup> city  
of the acknowledged <sup>(an)</sup> of the absence of a concept  
Of time, the past a trifle  
Even as its repetition fights  
For its solidity as an absence  
Of freedom, manifesting  
An <sup>AGAIN</sup> stain made new but not quite fresh

~~London~~

Saying that I feel all  
of the time in the intellectual  
cloud between the <sup>present</sup> present

Of Frank O'Hare and Edwin John Edgerton  
I am only with the 8<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> Bachelors

And Dr. Vicensi finally convinced me  
that the book was just what I

944  
Klein (Sol), he said he bought his  
print. "River & Mountains" but just

came out  
Printed in the important type  
I am very type.

~~St~~  
~~St~~

Amended I feel  
Vertical should connect present  
Between, say, Frank  
O'Hara and Edith Carter Williams  
per manuscript

love

Review of the poems that  
compose this volume

Several of the poems that