

In Case



James Sherry

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for Lee

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What should be the title of a king. Too, how *also* to include. What happened when *move* toward an event? He made a killing. (A statement declared to have been a sentence period, no offense intended or for that matter felt emotionally, directed, signifying to have in mind as beforehand : I'd like to get to be, then get. Like as one.) I can never think to say it to her as speech. The gesture of ambiguity, however, means sex, hardy series, as unique among shadows of trees. Take Pluto Kaminsky, for example, a portion of who elsewhere fits in, but *in* as much as *on*, no second chance unless set up, a hook or "what if" series.

&

Mid such hoopla, the young crab about pecuniary demolition, —Hey, somebody blew up my pockets.— They drink through the entertainment force, ballerinas sin altas with lux-buns perform a forced march across the low floor. Some French ought to be applied to the forefinger. You, he, she, it, they, you, he, he. The list goes on indefinitely. Even me appears sometimes transfixed outside you. (I am unable to speak you name. Desire appears on my cheeks as implosion. I am unable to speak

you name : I have forgotten it.) You wouldn't care if I never said a word, with no particular finesse, if only I didn't bring up data, saying this and that, so I won't be caught saying anything (parts of scepticism). You got to commit yourself sometime, knot into space, that what do you mean edge away, data again, speaks to a stranger without urgency, but the note of reason (this has got to end somewhere) filling out its shape by the particulars of the crime, drives us apart in a minute. We are equally unable to speak its name.

&

& approach toward each. I expect the same, except from attractive women who are in need of this attitude to express agreement. I. Reproduction as she is the veneer of change. We do it again & again, as many times the same words appear in new orders automatically like waiting for the train, billboards? Isolate meanwhile, no such singular, adrift; winds and currents drive us briskly about, but never within sight of land. Occasionally a cloud bank, will always be by agreement the egoist reading Adorno claims breeds contempt, pregnancy, higher meat prices, or the lack of meaning (his girlfriend stops me in the elevator), because it's enough. There's enough of it.

&

The urge to... Many people say —What?— too often, but they are mostly white.

&

I wanted to revitalize her, since I had no wish to overshadow her, as she did for me when I was blue. It took years to realize that I could derive energy from a source and that, although opposites attract in magnetism, I could walk on the “sunnyside” and not compromise eternity, although more complex notions of this form cannot rigorously be dealt with in one paragraph of association, but as she packed the one bag I was to take on my vacation, she hadn’t time to notice what had transpired between the time she began and when she noticed that all was not what it should have been. Tensely, she had said —Sometimes.—, which was enough of the form of a sentence for me to recognize that she was sorry that I have had to leave before we really got done with what we had commenced.

&

The room. (High wainscoting about rugs.) Their French translation from glance. Unable is yet, social the inscriber, ca: 1956. Approach and as is. Her mouth filled with teeth. Order party : The the an is but to of. (Used, too.) Aura

flakes, a social innovation. As a, restorative. Each a try at sense from not making to equal to. Far out on the asymptote, i.e., closer. To you is where. Rather. As it you'd try. Building blocks, the... More itchy principle. We get to where $A = ?$. Better part of the diatribe? Shake. (Stir?) Never what is portrayed is. Out other is end the despair. Which, "she says," can be sexy.

&

It does not mean only the long way. There is no reason is..institute color or humors recognizes, snorts and sharp intakes of breath of the enraptured can be instigated on his own as readily as manipulated by nomenclature, chattily, as if nothing had happened to the British Empire. (A yellow diamond: Careful Style.) I like her, but wonder why she wears wraparound skirts in March. "Negative ideas should not be developed at length," unless... So long, as it's not directed at me. Justice. Plato. Leaves. Hang. We talk to our fellows less and less and phrases like...embarass our polite company. —Is it a wedding? Is it a funeral?—

&

Re G-2 we want to know where we're headed. (The only

kind of read direction.) Few clues. In narrative pertains to late nights twisting sheets, sweat, I really need a brand name: Pluralism. Early, cold knees. (Cold, a sign of weakness.) But what would be said, could be said. (They smile all the time. Peering between. (Spy means listen.)) We chance to be happy while excitement lasts, but after, where code pertains, rules is rules. On fingers we make up our own; we agree to make it up and give each other lots of leeway. The result is we're well-behaved, because we rattle around in rules. This is often frustrate, but we use deception in important matters only; the world is no longer made as it should be. We might like to see what is perfect, but really, because, there, is, no, chance it might. If we reasoned out what should, like the present, even important men have bad penmanship, and consider it a sign of genius. We can imagine writing we can't read. How wonderful perfection : life, women, poetry free of the slightest defect. & it important to be write sentence. Then from family and friends receive many favors which no one will be aware of, but which will benefit you. These far outnumber favors that are known to come from them, viz., money, beauty, position. With these wise words the sentence ends. Jenny's demonstration that the "oh" sound has a spherical shape is dramatic, but should not surprise. Form :: frequency : amplitude... Make women happy by passing low frequency voltage current through clitoris. Make Jews a race by killing them. Pretend prose. (—Ah, aw, eh, ee, oo.—) Sustained effects, like cosmic radiation on the 1:1.618 range, are more difficult to program and hence life at this end of the spectrum is often called fun, or

taxable, like string. Some brass & often. Winds, but what 9th century elegiac has recently been likened to an accordian. It has been shown on several occasions. Instances of primitive origins of poetical devices discovered by archaeological crock, speech. Beings with grunts speech has. No beginning or end for that matter.

&

The little girl came into the room where he was reading. She tugged at her pinafore — What's that?—.

&

Approved sceptics shape, would-be enemy of grass. And you feel lost to hear from you. Down & back Thursday each. "It's not easy." Distant porch. Summermushrooms. Hot day in March. Late Visconti made elderly ladies permutations of this sense of touch, but dare not repeat for fear of obvious tactics, but not everyone feels this way. California to copy, experience, suffer modulated suns of plaster casts, differences, Münster from Dreamland, frustration of suburban shopkeepers. But if idly shake a world by the trees. Let me put my hand up your dress. OK, but take off your authorization button, first.

&

I'm standing on the Amtrak platform, idly jingling pocket change, when suddenly a caPital letter signifies Whō. To keep thEm at Bay, bUt thEy KeEp PoPpiNg uP uNtIl THeY'Re ALL OVER THE PLACE. I'm relieved to rest my head on the headrest of the reclining airplane-type seat and look at the Hudson River. Eddie describes this phenomenon and implies...

&

We take vacations in our attractive seaside bathtub. There is some blue going down the drain. Pop, we used to say. Like trying to escape the Ayatollah's repression of females in Iran. They have little water in that country except at the fountain. I love Communism and Capitalism is nice, too. Wish you were here.

&

It is sample. It is blinks. Many of their smiles could easily have been faked. The vitrines along 5th Avenue. Succession. Tenderness too often too (the word is what)... The assumption that the sheath of thoughts, let's restore the balance, thinking becomes viscous, a haze and then it's

folly to resist. That's how he survived the plunge.

&

We like to make,,,) the skill of goats. Knees (((or any flash rusty goblets from which we expect grail is also a platter used for serving lamprey eels, cooked in the medieval Maker with whale attached, makes an attractive main dish of =s again. Marine life is, even with classification, complex. (Thunder is a posture, Pyramid of the Sun lightning affect.) We let the gods show themselves once and a.

&

I used to like older women to pat me on the head, but now I'm somewhat beyond that, but not where I want to be. Balance boring, dull or fractious (the last can be likened to a lunar escape module, a singsong whose frequency: irregular use of letters, spondees, old saws, exoskeletal tar), responsibility, responsive and that's as or like far. Some poets like to see things repeated and they think —It is good.—. Newgate Prison, however, presents another symmetry.

&

Follow the clod that grows tomatoes. Pimp for love of mankind. Remove by repeat. The only blush that qualifies commence. The habit or degree of mental slush in plutonium technology coincides with the lust of "the people." Their own place is assured by outstanding irrespective. That can really influence, we'd like to make, they prefer to correct, time is of; overhead makes sense. She balloons rugs dust. She corrects the bleach. She makes character. She unlaminated the tub. Sandwiches rule the counter.

&

When playing poker, I observe fog approach, represented by a set of words which, when put next to others, makes a surface that made me think I knew or recognized something. I was flattered. I rapped the table with a chip and doubled over into the pot. This jolted the rabbits and they all followed suit with their money. (When women talk about Mick Jagger, do they want to have oral sex or is that an example of pathetic fallacy?) The words conclude, tub, for and dialogue can be substituted for flip if you have a deuce down. *For many.*

&

Reading your letter, I was constantly reminded that I had to make a phonecall. I like you (to) wet my ears. My favorite non-fiction persons are... Words use politics because... I often wish she would stop me on the street and say something I could not possibly have expected. (An exception to the rule is in the eating.) The house of Monday morning, what they must feel and spell, spirals around the steel girder the crane hoists to the top where men with lunchboxes wait for the whistle. Scented toilet paper makes me nervous for as Jerry Ostrander, Energy Coordinator of Dow-Western Divison, Dow Chemical U.S.A., points out in his May 17, 1979, letter to the *Wall Street Journal*, on the subject of net energy analysis, "One other area that bears renewed interest and investigation is productivity (human labor) versus automation. On a net energy analysis basis, the human being may easily become the preferred choice over the machine." A lapse for me, a tongue for him, but worth every minute. The distance between the tip of the nose and the upper lip can be associated with formations of Manhattan Schist in which arrowheads were found embedded.

&

(A Chinese cluster leans into one dusty corner of a crosstown truck route in New York City's Little Italy. An imminent sexual encounter does not provide those bodies bent to fill space and buildings of their trust. Stop trucks

when the light changes.) Lapse again to creeks plush from Ohio... Possessive with two apostrophies. Born to die along with his confusion, his attributes are feed and. Assistance + nasality. Sex and the Single Loose Leaf. Sensibility is the enemy of Poetry. Pseudo-diesels.

&

More than I am say. Replete with hems an. She looked scared and forgot telephone booths. —I'm coming right over.— Year who is the only she. Even insists on wordlessness, but no, not thought without, only those that will never get to *be* words. A chance—don't be so literal, fraught with no healing, restlessness after life. If only those fellows would twist my arm. Articulated character of Brooklyn corpses. Whether our concern be maudlin, stiff as painted costumes, just another personal language (our communal effort—will revealed as...), while Mr. Miller no doubt would be regal *himself* with a glass of beer.

&

Sure, he had said, the aesthetic on the edge if that will bring us climax we have long. She gave me a nod when I arrived and this as thought; no wait a bit; I'd like my money back please; can we start the tape again; this is too;

how hard ought we try, before we grind even our own best intentions to nothing on the long road from came is not a circle, flared out over my palm as the soul, where soul pertains, leaps unpointed, unpointable and yet (we have been ill-advised in the past and have no reason to suspect this otherwise) continue to hope that telling will... We try to remember. It's not that I'm trying to include or presuppose a common element to the human endeavor. Our varied reactions around the corpse precluded that, but that we all understood each other's feelings, had had the same experience, gave rise to the idea that our communication was in common and all language the public domain and activity, so we need not speak to the people or on political subjects, the common good and so forth, but show our good will and keep doing it, not as a subject with which we can become self-satisfied, but each day gives rise to hopes that left us with about two thousand suspects. The newspapers wanted one and now. The poets were into it. Sensitives swooned and flashbulbs kept popping as long as I could stand to be onstage or find a negative portrait. Meanwhile further clues were like evil causes no existence or birth, but only debases and corrupts, as far as its power extends, the substance of things that have being. And if anyone says that it is productive, and that by the destruction of one thing it gives birth to somewhat else, the true answer is that it does not so qua destructive (then it is something else) as the murder weapon became once again a fairly innocent carving knife, carving only fellow beings. "So my love for you a way to view the world."

&

But suddenly the case turned. I did not think that I might be the murderer, contrarily; when I realized my own foibles, that my literal-mindedness precluded beauty of the kind to open hearts and purses, I was able to conceive that the actual culprit could afford no such luxury, lest he destroy himself, and so I looked beyond the simple clues to where a cop should keep his face and it wasn't the butler. (One ought to cultivate amiable people; there are few enough of them. Even the forced lisp, a kind of sincerity of deception that one hears in another's voice, can be overlooked. He's not a faulty machine. From the sky a golden tone, background exaggerate by sexual longing to the point that one is unconscious of what is said to him did little to mitigate my efforts to cultivate his friendship.)

&

But then I found him. Through endless parties and discussions, one man refused to panic... Round lens, though through desiring this they define their being, get what they could hardly dare hope for. Let go to own. With talent they pack shelves, exercise, backseat, young heroes greasy with glands. Once begun I can never be finished, but through. Linking predetermined clues. Which was their finished anarchy. Will you rack my brains? A thumb.

Story how discreetly, but continuously, one tries to end. Dreams of security. And everybody always got to suffer. More attention for more. Certainty, comfort, success, continuity, pretense of continuity—the bit picture. Explode rules the... Lawn layers, Celtic riches. When looking for your glasses, finally open the door, dawn mouth poured grey into that sea toward your island.

&

Fingerprint partial. His facade so consistent that only in his absence could any guilt or motive trace... It might have been. Suicide in the back of my mind. There had to be cause as by swimming beneath the surface of the stream which flows toward a sea of swelling historicity, one finds currents contrary to the flow that sweep back in the direction of the source and other words. Find in it a self-fulfilling prophecy as opposed to the tendency to use it as a conduit for trade with coastal cities thrive on daily news, daily restricted so it seems God really exists. Affinity of cause and effect. Killing at a distance. One two men, on a collision course that only the stronger could have survived, had met. Community taint. (If it's for the people, Ursula, it's got to be simple.) The inquiry a sham, complex, absurd—bottle of milk, no doubt. Time wrong, no culprit, only a series of suspects, a theory of conspiracy; too old and slow for my job. Higher authorities, finding me unsuited to promotion, —“If you're such a tough guy, let's

see you get up and put on your pants."— Downstream, laze along the rushy shore to grab commotion, frieze. The first stage of religion is anthropomorphic.

&

But in the immaterial case: shapeless imitation of personality and reflection that intuition sought to pierce that which illuminated it. Origin: rub of method I uncovered clues by and the case. Boyscout. But how I arrived at a cause tended the murderer as another who could not be identified and if identified could not be touched by the criminal justice system... Then, following the course of reason so useful in detection, I went out into the as yet undefined perpetrator and merge with him/her/it. "So we build up the being that we are." I created him out of probable cause of death, clues, provocation. (O, I tracked him down to Ossining, where I watched him fry) in a room where reporters from daily rags and yearly jewels set execution of more ordinary criminals, spies and undesirables. But then I found him again. I lost men. Even his death by passing did not end his guilt as he nightly reborn and daily cornered right in front of me and disappeared. But what everybody always thought to be the case was the case and not another case. All the complications that one has had to go through to arrive where one can be understood through the history of avoiding what was in fact the case has been and remains, explodes and I am left holding

his elbow in a crowded room, pointing at nothing was there, trying to explain to him how I need more time and officers to proceed against him. (But need I speak of result?) The greater part, but in foreign countries, no help, but with the addition, no, dodge this, it is here, aggregate, and the time that we invented because abstracted without being replaced by an equivalent, left in fog, half illumined that we cannot see or be seen, and you are right beside me.



2.

Their thought possesses almost the same... Telegraph me reply, put it phone, whether or not it actually could have been any other, a faint, incongruous and feeble scream for help, in spite of all our difficulties, remember me to those young ladies. Gauchart lay back on the African veldt, or maybe it was very seldom that locked. (A man who has been deceived loses his strength for the struggle.) Grasp the doorknob of his fantasy and flood-dam centers on the table electrocuted his faithful retainer, who, for over the eon, had served the family while one rooster after another crowed. The rocky times may be avoided, but never tomorrow (Don't you care for me any more?). Had he only graduated from the Time Slot instead of into the Service, an anomaly by now. Junk packed space in all inhibited zones, and preoccupation.

Could he do with her, a trapeze act? "It is possible," he had written, "that you don't realize just how harmful your silence can be. Of course I still love you." She persisted in her life limited by the time coordinates of her body inhabiting a spatial continuum, but deported all that, not that the reader needs what every school child now describes. Effect on society cannot be measured by fact yet

and certainly not by one's own experience, which recognized privileged persons, and limited by imagination, the language one define one, the future coming "over his shoulder."

&

Demanding travellers these days don't break down. Replay organs. Torments of self esteem eventually wear out and, more and more, despite increasing volatility, citizens often stayed home, often a dim curl of smoke from various orifices. (He was a depilated old man and that much quiet is hard to refuse. (The elephants have had their tusks extracted and there is no more tea in tea. (Great thanks for your letter and its contents, but I don't really need a penis farm.)) No, she was right as usual. How could we live in outer space as tight as I could while the ancient discarded razors one by one doubling his smile with the last.)

&

Other Sorts had thought in this Manner. Although I could touch the Ceiling, she told me About herself; her dreams. I asked her to have no Fear... Then I gave her Some. Something was on my mind, in. (Kiss the first pretty Thing you Glance upon. (Trilobite. Hiss.)) Gauchart knew he was

trapped by the Allegory of time travel. Albeit inevitable, on his Retirement no way he could take government Seriously, but if one wanted to Have effect, he knew, ok, one had to Fight it out, but there were so many nude bodies in the corridors that Authoritarians of any grouping smaller than Constellation Councillor were not allowed to burn. He decided and that was That, not that he knew.

&

How about moonlight? Thank you for your nice friendly letter. Sciatica. Without direct and definite expression. Touching the sky can be something other than it has been. What What What What? Glimpsed at, they won't even let you keep your skin. But from our efforts it's clear friends do not want to take time to get reacquainted, but rather immediately and then arbitrate. The radio says they have to die, but even the carrier beam of graphemes lost in the longest phrases means yesterday, so too late to do anything about that. Prophecy was the only cure: It is likely in one hundred years that we can be there with 8 million ergs in 10 seconds. Now what do you want to do? The incorporeals get to have all the fun. Let's have a drink first. What's to by-pass? Water and trees and recall and water and trees and dirt and. I tried to get home before two o'clock, but you know those rejects. Thank you for your old letter. For what is left for me? I have fucked it up with everybody. Revert? We still crave lovely men and women,

especially primitives, here in the capital. Our offices can stand some. Their large muscular development makes them form to roll around on. Kindly make up five of the following dimensions: Semi-nude, hot, gracious, responsive, etc. You have my size. Sincerely,

&

—Put the beggar out, little sister.— In the depths of the Ch'ee'pe Dir'tt, where tribes putter, but do not accuse me other. I'm trying to get with. It's just my, patches. The purpose of geometry is not, but when shall I get it. I inform you of Felice's death at a time when you are little able to understand another's grief; you have only recently returned from lunch. Of anything new another matter can be taken as, few masons who can confess to fate. I have lost my faith and the pleasure of being an honest citizen. Murder will do no more than strengthen the *truly* well-adjusted, self-impelled. My hope is that I will get enough money to be able to afford a new sweater this season and if I do it, I will do it well and with good intention. One of these days around 5 o'clock, the mass of men have no alternative but to cheat regardless of the color of their collars. In danger is past. We are no longer free to have no money. Innumerable lights and colors imposed on us by a mathematician, not present, but appealed to, don't you see, the power to answer without doctrine. According to their nature, seeing they hear not and these limitations will pose... Total despair with soap in her hair.

&

The highschool principal was masturbating in his office when the phone rang. I have not told the whole story. Scant wood where stones were piled, touch plays a role.

&

Space under the radiator, behind cups on the Latin Upper Left Side of Manhattan to translate clues into a fuller sense of who this detection could manifest, satiated my lust for discovery yet filled me with trepidation. My wife was about to leave me for a bookie in Bernice's Hair. The pallor my flesh evinced gave testimony in the hotel with sumptuous hall, decayed yet still elegant, made more so perhaps by lounging junkies and winos. Behind breached doors, over the heads of bed where nail holes had been left when votary statues ripped off the walls. (I felt each nail a, symbiotic, isolate, clear plaster away from the lath, how long must we shake hands.) A badge on a uniformed officer would do no more to cause unnatural reaction in potential suspects, friends, even storekeepers than my large, black shoes and clothes that kept their own idea of shape over my almost spherical torso and matchstick legs. A human condition, a customary acquaintance, but the sense of being alone, partaking of air as everyone else and if you smile at a neighbor, taking deep breaths of that air to which we all owe at least, chances are he will not look you in the face again. Therefore I tried to control my

respiration as I entered the public domain of atmosphere in dusty rooms through which I search for. Considering the narcissism of my approach, the murder and every suspect so far had been centered miles from my current location, but I sought by following instinct to read some parameter of information that would lead me to a solution in another context, but that is not reason enough wandering : The rings on his fingers were gone and his mother would not get over his death for at least six months, but by then another of him would walk his accustomed paths. And the murderer is at last branded amateur or obvious enough to be apprehended, lip service not devoted striving for illumination, being alone.

&

Rummaging closets and drawers, examining old vases and window ledges, discussing events of the day with those at the scene, near it and those elsewhere to ascertain any irregularities in the vicinity, about, that might lead to unearthing what had heretofore been innocuous articles ensconced in mundane reality as clues and finding nothing on import, I was confirmed in my investigation only by certain convictions that my extensive reading and attacks had provided me. Head sore, eyessore, otherwise the debased age, humbled by doubts as to whether the entire enterprise could be junked, would have flooded in on my peripheries, taken over my entire being and sent me to some rheumatic spot in the Caribbean where I could live

the life of a private investigator, the kind ennobled weekly by tv.

&

Sustained against this encroaching optimism by my opinion that the innovations in public thought of recent decades had little mitigated the torments of the mass of people, and few and seldom were these novelties appropriate to hysteria which encompassed my peers like a blanket or halo, I detected from my knowledge of history and literature that science presented merely another socialized model, another language suitable for certain thought processes, yes, but usually amounting to no more than style when applied to day to day events and mayhem and that the peace and tranquillity of mankind would be assured only if new ideas generated lasting institutions, this being unlikely, since by their very nature they argued that whatever was assimilated by society in general could only be worth undermining, since easy assimilation of them meant that they were fetishistic (so little did these ideals trust nature and the way humanity fitted into it and at certain places bulged out over the edge), chaos loomed on every horizon, although these inversions and paradoxes helped solve problems, but only after the central and direct foundations of thought yielded no evidence; then and only then could one inductively ascertain what directions other were appropriate, and this was proven because when these modes were applied a priori, they resulted most often again in chaos, ineffectuality, plea bargaining, in ef-

fect, the undermining of the very fabric of society which a cop is dedicated to preserving.

&

But that night as I lay on my green couch and, not wanting to get up, desired a grape, I wondered how best to achieve my goal and determined that, since no one else was in the house (the servants all had the night off), I would have to get up and get the grape myself. This I was loathe to do because of the delicious and languorous pose in which I found myself. So between my need for a grape and the ease of my inertia, I hung balanced between discomfort and dream, unable to be rid of preconceptions .

&

In line with half-sleep append child feet, wet of a sort. Of at. Engines and generation, nobody should know better. Scouting French currents for adjective, adjective punctuation and. (Bring in lunch when giant models run aground in the boat pond and in the park folk dancers dance, skateboarders skateboard, roller, weather's conic plate trañced by, faint sounds salt praise, umber sky, once on it. Bartender shift through the crowd. Sock, we bring up dance quadrangles, burning with goodbyes.) Ill? Yeah! Blood slower, we toed. Graph lost of the pattern in longer phrases. Everybody pregnant and nobody glad. Who can

say no to tree covered dirt? We go the move, slop rivers of of annoyance, a brasher hand trying to wake and look for you to back our code we so little break.

&

Instead reveal course from doze, how to extend that I would, no, must take to preclude which, predetermined by the terminal, further murder in my precinct, but first, not to make it seem a mystery, the mystery how we get anything at all done by bureaucracy and public censure. The case sheets organize along the lines of the crime itself and not predetermined, despite these paragraphs, but I give an outline of what I have determined relevant:

An unsuccessful painter named Rada conceived whereby he could live from art without paint. (Not his character. I myself have little enough firmness of character. Whatever is required of me—suspects in question, nature of, incased in a tin box, tin shavings bed a tin soldier. But always with a basis, unfatted by personality, that cut directly, in the same way that the only consistent changes incur when words then used in markedly different styles, from moment to moment, wheedling suspects by constant changes of accent, coercing by the very form of my interviews.) A perpetrator.

In any case Rada decided (acceptance & security for the artist and confirmation of sexual

identity & justification of acts of mayhem of dealers whose profession required they incapacitate artists to keep them isolated from the public) to capture imagination, confirm instincts, gain publicity, make a buck, he'd steal lesser known painters' paintings dealers wanted to limelight long enough to decide could they interest the public or academic curiosities. The press publicized the stolen paintings, and, if inquiries regarding the works increased and prices seemed likely to rise, a detective private eye by the name of Earlap would recover the goods in a shootout with blanks. The thief left the paintings behind when he disappeared into the labyrinthine suburbs of our city. Insurance covered the orderless possibility.

But artists could not reveal to dealers their goal was..., and dealers could not inform artists that they had contracted with Rada. If the artist did reveal his inmost intentions to the dealer in words, instead of little rectangles and irregular sculpture, he would be put out to pasture as a writer. The artists cannot afford to lose face and Rada cannot afford to conceal his scheme from the artist, so he contracted with the artist separately to test whether said dealer was committed to the artist. The conspiratorial nature of the scam played on the checkerboard imagination of the artists, to whom such problems were a matter of morality, and childlike they sought a conspiracy with the dealer against the world and then with Rada against the dealer as they finally in the foremost cases did

with their own canvases. Rada's own journal details meetings with now well-known artists in a downtown dairy restaurant and with wealthy patrons and dealers "for the good of the artist's career" in a midtown squash club. The scheme worked. The public flocked. But then Rada ran into Desbrosses.

&

Look of someone of Ohio Blue Tip glance. A fragrant emission from cabs on Morton St. like heart shaped homes, pairs of lodges with moral lies in the Latino. No abrasion of surface mars my tasteful topcoat or undercoat, peeling down layers to a space. I, they, who we both are, all three. All contacts buoy me, them. Maybe we should have had a transition. Maybe we should get her into therapy, as if their "system" were not a mistake from the start; who's coming to town won't even give me a ride around the block. Such concern except for the asking. —It's not that I didn't mean to invite you to the party, it just wasn't my job.— None has, if you please. Emperor, indeed. Will you let me finish. As if anyone knew. Some mirroring of pretense and righteousness older religions imbued with sluggish loins, sages; the just, the indulgent, sacred old men would never dance around the campfire, throwing embers at nosy, young goats.

&

Convenience person, use me. Dear Nordstrum, Later. Yours truly, Allenby. Morals of broadcasting. We make (of) each other what we. Spirit trade by the Father to what. Bookbinder the, —Working out with karma, we cannot pay rent.—, while we prayed and paused, is a business, not ice cream with sauce. Island buffs unbelievably explain that I'd rather stay and couldn't really connect. With a small groan take your assistant. Take over with you on the subway. People smile. (How can you without?) Use today to sleep with your spiritual advisor under the phone. Use today unable to hear the album for flashing impression of heat rising up spine. I am committed to them. I scored. I ascended up the divine ladder to aeration and overall felt much better when not playing spy with Mommy.

&

How do you mean it? For me? It's for me? Then one evening at dinner I try my best. I can stand. No more tomorrow. The philosophy of time remains tedious, zig zag in the brain among little islands, so similar that tourism results in mechanical then-what-have-you-got? I was living with her in a state of nervous fatigue, but eventually found I was holding her up like earth by the last resort, at the. What have you got? I became the washroom goat. I could not say no. I could, not unable to hear her trying to determine how morally upright it was to continue and continue through, sell that out. In and out, the world's umbilicus would be what I say on the phone, wrote, scattered among the fledgling parts I would use,

overhear. Again the cat out. Blighted yellowish parts that mundane—but I do miss you.

&

And in what order? Books of hours stopped. Novels of desperate attempts at love and rhythm foiled and reduced again to mere poetry. Linear development obscene when I speak to her and in three hours we will be talking about our families, wishing we had not spent, stagnate and covert amusement. Here is full conversion. Day unsynchs. Corsets unhooked wander about the tapestry and convert the matrix into a fetish, and intense gaze makes time out of it in wandering. Disorienting? I try to, speak to her, but my voice gets caught or I go on for hours and really, this is no recitation. But I am concerned that try to, writing like trying to write, but no more than that, joined as we were at the waist. I left her and came back. While I was with her the same. Days interrupt and still the same. She danced and I watched and must admit I danced a little too. But they continue until I have no more, this time, there, and so on as the moon, as the horizon, little boxes succeeding one another is all I remember. Of that.

&

Desbrosses slept on his back, naked but for a lumpy silver

cross nestled in the thick, black hairs of his chest. For breakfast he ate shrimp cocktail, steak, baked potato, salad and vanilla ice cream. In the sixties he painted old shoes stuffed with women's undergarments, but then, seeking a more particular, realized lifesize 1962 Chrysler convertibles filled to overflowing with Negroes. But then he ran out of steam and fell under the influence of Rada, who although a younger man had this secret hold on him like punctuation. That is all you remember from papers of that period. Take it out like Chinese.

&

Beautiful day. Rainy, foggy, I believed that love and art could. Words that fill in space and sound good in my head too, but have no particular intent. I'd like to help you, but you keep hustling me. (Do I like intransitive verbs and passive voice as rebellion or as revolution?) Can I say it? I grew so sure of her love that I did not consider its value. In the poorest town in Mississippi it would have been apparent. We ought to have severed an island, but never could pull it off entirely. As far as the teller's window and fled. A continuous round of continuity so like the style we extrude. Warp rug. Attune.

&

He was hanging in the doorway. Delacroix had a rule: He did not allow himself to finish until effect and tone were completely seized. "My feeling of the moment demands," I gagged. Desbrosses was no longer a suspect. In *Vita Nuova* the commentary now seems obvious.

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Talk to her to suspend her will ...
 Keep smiling and nodding and lapsing into
 subjects. We know what we're
 going to say already sounds like the basis for a perfect
 relationship.



3.

Crushing idiosyncracies. Puffed up with abstract expressionism, her three year old voice made my skin crawl. Rabbet war : you think it's for smoked salmon? One pail of goods. Bembo. Soda—Lunch. Leon Spinx got great teeth. Exile by transformation. Domestic fortitude. Refocus this to read yourself. Frederick Jackson Turner proven right or wrong. What *we're* doing. Colors how new inflects plus. Slum bunny. They are sisters : We are brothers. Tip toe to mean. I used to be black, but now I'm condescending to my material.

&

Ration felt. Trying to say, appear in flood as let down your hair along the vice. Done dead, then you have me. Mandibles noise it that anonymous knew for sure how sore they let it be until confronting the savagery of their attacks. We left him at food. More weather it out, left there waiting the season in which rain's rain when it rains. Head still on the body, but not as its owner would have liked, not *any* head. The colonel of pocket parks among practically all available precipitation day and night furrowed in files, a combine, as the day comes misspelling assuredly assuredly. Indoors, behind the, out there like a scare-

crow lapse. One out of a hundred strikes *something* in Maine. We know what she'd think, so steeped in rational cans, but possibility drives us on as year after year he placed flowers on her grave, Hartford, defamatory, belated name nobody; her smile from the bath worth a whole day like that... Then she went on in the next county, some country, on our way to gosh, always in a slow to do, when pines and bush prick up against the moon. When some Tuesday. As dust off the road swept through the barbed wire, dust from the other field, he had his head on light, field of vision obscured by blood in the corners of his eyes that Bran would not notice from good fellowship. It was blue, grey, green, brown, all the personal colors in nature that supposed so much of our time was, inhibited by attempt to speak, tongue swelled in such people.

&

The Hudson lies building (a). Banks alternate articles and, foreshortened by carp, proud as Tigris masgouf bobbing on the map's waves, nervously look over a fin, rush drops up to Albany semi-daily along starch and gum additives. The imperceptibly touching wall, Peter remarks, holds a heart of murder in his hand, a nuts and bolts saga of future self-aggrandizement. I'd like to tell you how it is, but I don't know anymore from Tokyo midget auto models as delivery systems for poisons or bio-rhythms as manipulated suicide means softer. We got over who dies, who sexes, who pines, who walks the spine of the Rockies overlooking sunset and sends no postcards.

&

To let you go means unclenching my fingers. To go means move knees forward. Why? Where? Five p.m. Sunday. Your husband takes a trip *every* two weeks? Imaginary breasts..baby smell..rubber nipples fill egg cartons, ambition martinified. We'd lick those Ayrabs in a minute. Unspoken theory, like persons we imagine we'd like to be in love with. Almost easy offer except my books pack ink every line in dear, but I never even say to alleviate that. Two capitulations: Plethora jellies, where the Persian Gulf would empty into proof. Doing it is proof. That it is alongside all of us doing it for want of it. I mean aren't you tired of, climbing ladders to a sill or underline or, clenched in the sandy edge of the stream; Ron or Peter or Peter or Ron up. Bicker because they wear the same shoe size. Program artillery by millennial desperation, they was being chased by the sea until we splash up on the beach in a lucite sphere. (Every sunbather says what (their skin is quite pink)) and we remark what brought us to this point. And here we are being rejected again at the door where only a warrant or gunpoint will go the limit near my hand below the bed in extremis about to white out the future with a phonecall. Let me hear a bell ring and I'll know what to say to you. I know what to say. Say it damn it. Why did you say it?

&

The general feeling of effective in program does justice hardly to going on, about and under my business in this case, followup reports, wound charts and autopsy reports being guidelines to procedure. Anyone, however, could say the same thing. I woke feeling terrible and felt terrible all day. I could hardly. A sedan comes around blasting and I drop to the sidewalk behind a hydrant, squinting to get the plate no., missing, because my eyes fill with tears from knocking the wind out of me on the unscrewed fire plug cap broken off its chain in an effort to trap me. My shoes feel gritting and shower under the trickle while bullets rule the atmosphere. Rather than feeling refreshed and alert, I touch and alienate D.A.'s witnesses, getting nowhere by referring to my feelings and making me out of them, since you don't understand that they mean you. Paragraph, masculinity. The jovial mood of the crowd supports an orange drink stand velvet rope I stand behind as you pass in your perfume. I remembered it just before they hit me with a blunt, bygone spirit of the 60's. Technical problem's been solved in the studio and we continue to be alive.

&

Menopause itself should not discredit a woman, but no one considers supporting it. Can I call you back in...three minutes? More wait pays custom about comfortable. This is no time to get finicky. Nothing anyway baroque around. Your bureaucrat's scepticism: I let my say slide through

her, then examined the way out, to view remains. We heard this over and over and were waiting for the vestiges to bronze. She told him what she had told us. After we were through, it was late as late could be, and twice I interrupted to say something, but reinforced my silence finally each time a gulp. Jealous visit very elaborate. But finally what he meant came out. Finally, it belongs ahead, to participate in lusty give him a bad time. It's not enough to be just human you gotta, what's more, not a word I could, regardless really what we'd seen and knew was the case, clearly a matter of misspelling held over him five years and what was that compared to how *I* feel about human dignity. He knew she knew he knew him knew her knew he knew him. Every fire custom, lady, don't throw yourself about the truck. My own infraction means nothing to me if I don't feel bad, honest. Why, Ralph, I never knew you cared. Who I know. He posed her pose for her. They had farted around long enough, but habits linger attentively. Just to clear your head about that saying something business, constructed by fluid overdrive, sought and feared with wild-eyed resistance.

&

Meanwhile other bodies, wings darned by ears, sooner call nothing without shape, but it occurs at moments, by bread alone, the time I began to mixture, giving way myself to be returned from the door she sent me to, across deserted areas figure already my hand could not touch. Desire to do it gets me going, then thinking of, difficulty that could be

encountered by attitude. Let me go, let me be, let me stay, I'll do whatever you say, here you like these I don't, student loans, evidence, besides I like rugs on walls. Or bones last man found in his fish. No way to be only. Less capitalization than possible. End the business, reroute feelings and get impotent. Ha, she said then. Just careful. How usual crowd extremities leaked away into another epoch attitude. Airmen jotted down through cumulus to accumulate data again. The future a thinner present. The airmen jot, mermaid. Deliberately manhood type to let her go her way. She's not interested; she's no trouble. Get out so much taste, but no one's willing to take one. Anti-apophorism addict. The little clicks make music to mean. July 10. Hear it. Starting event conducted:

&

Later tiles, an add craven with Sunday's, we b*t*e the the, (I like Listless. We opt out, pickover an alluvial selection, the better to hug with restless plunge. How do I owe a metaphor allowance? Bob envelopes before such. Later Loonies : A broken chicken. Marxist glosses, 45 rpm hem and..chartreuse. I know her, but she don't know me. Always had strong feeling, smell ambition, muscles, farther from, ersatz, older. Those novels and what slats pose as people detergent the. I always wait to see those large colors. ERE 3) so you're one, too. What baseball that (o yes we do..Attribute)). Do it go the far. Almonds 1) raw 2) cooked 3) sugar.

&

We have a lot of close animals. The one left really was me. I'll like to so... Whatever you say, only say I could not say. Stitched by the bar and allowing firth, or a name at a distance like triangles tension fretter rain by the flush polite. North? Yes. Shouting ex new clothes, —I got a green one and a purple one.—. (Going on morning star vanity.) Breaking in with words, the customer is entitled to recompense of self; some anyway cannot be denied, but by surgery they have in other cities here legislated against superior pressure. To find out the crazy outside feels sorry, too. The murdered man don't feel nothing, so don't get any fancy ideas about writing in your head. I'm protecting property, period. (Sex possessed generations mingle. (You always think so where you're alone.)) What I forget, my weakness, for flies, stroking, divining, Indonesian blasted monkey. When I speak, I make money, it says; doesn't ever shut up. Don't use it to confuse, please. I'll sit and think as long as you want, then I'm. What was wrong with him let him finally see the important clue, which. He sweated in the car, he rubbed in the subway, he became Orion, he fled no further, but stalked the receipt please to sell sleep.

&

Why *didn't* he ask? How to know whether it was pride or

that he simply didn't want to? There is something else? There *isn't* anything else? What is claustrophobia? How many eggs chicken? He left? He gave a chance? He vomited and vomited? There is no pattern to moon? Faded lines the stars follow rein? We are getting very old? Collect adipose? "Overgrown conscience?" Matter of fact unreason?

&

The changed point of view relieve me so I almost cried taking the part of that near frantic man whose friend he had divined was dead. The you accidentally stumbled through the screen into the read once again where connections the were. But I was not carried off but dropped it in this cup for you to find. His acumen did *not* lessen one. A mirage, an institutional tongue : Basics to back with others.

&

Although the end the detective only solves (materialize from the 25th century with the genetic clue and the murderer writes a letter before his birdseed suicide fails), not even science can bring back the unknown for long,

overlapping papery summer. The lizard plays along this faith that if you read it you get yourself back, excitement questioned by conscience, more writing than literature. And we'd let them down the knot of another vivid hustle, the huntsman still at large in the grey and green town, on this large and ancient river that bleeds her. Here we'd let sensibility loose and regret we had when we did and call it it, though that would be a mistake, for detection finds. The summer music shed its scales. See again. Light shells. This crime was cause by... Are you along?

&

In awe of span walls crumble, too late to be in a hurry. To find root woven stars pleasant in this heat he'd need a dozen showers. This city bored nature by her commentary, its own weight a conclusion, soothed acknowledge. How they manage to ignore the obvious congruence of what they felt and world, and as if by accident, flashes of lust jumped from his knees as she passed smiling and speaking frankly. (He knows he finds this. He mimes Sherlock.) She shook the paper until it wiggled suggestively. To hit to be still. Relative Cheap. I'm not, just. Catch the thread. There is no end unless you find the beginning. Rather than question the work, question the work. Almost over easy. And my hair keeps falling out regardless of commendations from my superiors.

&

Why let customs doubt? Red planes and white corridors, blue and white future Mediterranean or L.A. under sail. Plus la. Is real fun the suppressed excitement of the heart, intellect qua? Is real *fun* 1848? *Dear me*, What have we here where I feel for you in the dark? Hand lens comes in handy right at the end for nick in heel, tread, trace traced. Time returns on a raw planet... Are you still reading? Fill in the attractive but masochistic young woman with a secret, the politically ambitious businessman, the society portraitist, the spinster, the kid, the mother, the son, the stolid police sargeant, the dog lover, the mad scientist, the inefficient bureaucrat paranoic, the postman, the in any case.

&

On the off ramp that her lead might volunteer some mention, I took the drive to Southold. Cruising the L.I.E. my mind returned to the same question. —Should I drive so fast, after all the oil crisis, is that a speed trap, don't push this guy he's crazy, why don't I have air conditioning? It was a mystery. The only thing was. Untouristy enough. This has got to be the. At last a roadside inn and bar run by three retired impersonators. I sat down and ordered a beer. The bartender tittered. I left at a run holding my pants up, the waitress dangling my belt by two fingers like a dead skunk. All the way back to the city I pondered the question, —Should I signal, is this lane faster, will I get there by, should I use the exact change lane, was that Patchogue?—.

&

In any case the subject filled (I out explain myself (heretofore, cool cryptic),) let me go now, details awry, if you'd only remember, does her letter mean... Postmark, a sweep of the hand, bundled them into the car at the time of the arrest, pushing down on the heads. Posh jail. Final solution : punch maw. Let him slum himself. Elements of fire. Surrogate pesterer. We get back to where I was drinking coffee in front of the radio. Discover first. Wet sentence each major clue. Wrung later. Your dollar. Waggled his head. —Well— she said... Herman and Dahlia hung on the bar as I entered the Madonna Club. He put down telephone. Muscles relaxed around her mouth and her eyes opened a little wider, causing mascara to flake, in her own image. The word "oh" popped out like a pin had penetrated her gluteal epidermis. —The last I seen her.— And Lieutenant Press, and Sargeant Dude, and the ballerina all left for Lake Winnepesaukee. (This should please the French.) She looked at me again and again. So uncomfortable he had an air of ease. (You don't understand a word? Well, then, look at it that way.) Brute was puzzled by the Dago's tone, but nobody else blinked; it was all out front. That's hard to say right now. A small man plush in the front, dome top, all the air of straight surgery. All right he killed her and she killed him and he killed her and then there was a gang-style execution and that about wraps it up for all except who wants still to know what for. And to them I gives.

&

In any case the word you use a lot in this business takes on a new slant when applied. — You ain't got no style. — Try proof. By now I can smile. Meanwhile another worry lump sum, quanta. It was the kid, lethal pigtailed and jovial. I bent over double, irregardless the lease. There is no end to understanding, intended to skip. Yes, in a way. How can they think enough will? there for some service. Allow me out, irrespective odds, your histories and biographies, dream angel, it's enough that, don't near enough. How please so can try? Let it seep in a whole night coffee, jealous motive moves his visit. (I told everyone I'd be one so now I'm being one.) Relinquish hold now and lean back so the acrid smoke. Your lettuce. Your letter. I present money, kisses, water, leaning in occur for you. Two floors above hers. Let yourself down from expect, easily on your daybed. Read the whole estate and you know who had a motive. Not to satisfy but to say, but... Sleuthing the period for suffice.

&

In any case I rummaged and tried to *Murderer's Times*, some except anybody's life. She stood tall, but felt short, just you and me will go on being us. That may. But comes through rebus. (And then they look and like a word, so give em.) Staring at nothing, where nothing edge, blank fad, really characterless diamond cut, and a princess of absence : Wind blows meaningfully, now it moves forward, tracing toast smells... As a doctor and his wound tended, we wrapped it up. Drinking our in toward a declaration of space, a space we move, a space we bunch, a space

wherein, a pretense for. San Francisco. I watch the face accrete from his scratching... I made \$1800 in fees and overcharged \$435 worth of expenses. All in all I felt satisfied with two months work. The pressure, the articles aligned, the creeps ensconced, the letters aligned, the feeble dead, the rich aligned, the merchants relieved of some of their case, the self aligned, the priest lost all his wares to me, the suffering aligned.

&

In any case what wasn't there? Oh you know I still love you very much, it's just that, it must be my digestion, weather isn't my, I'd hoped we'd see each other again real soon. I'd made my play and you'd made fun, at different times, sometimes the timing is off. Each wait until they had every little detail fixed in? Never. The suspect's had time, you too to see these upright citizens make a play at being. Yes, in a way. OK with her. Now you are satisfied. Carried to the floor her feelings. I lifted her eyelid. Don't, say, boggle. Any invert. The phone rang. The answering service to find out if I was leaving. Then what he told you this morning: We killed off a certain number. Next time we'll get more. Simply in preparation? He told her there was no question. He was wrong, make it question. She looked up at me and drooled a little before she spoke.

&

In any case decors shape and sate. Keep it aspiring. West left field. Where blue cup grips... Pretty and honest, well sure, fine, but then how often, we'd edge closer. Always smiling to make sense out or, pressure, pleasure, sump, braille, yes it is just look at the words of his letter and it's obvious that he meant, did not mean. He left her no choice. He attempted her and she was tempted. We left field and skirted the *redoubt*, finding along. Stumbled on a few and now centered in the ring of black and white flashing bubble gum machines, blanket thrown over the whole obscenity to examine the nap. No science really, no points like that, a look around like we expected to find us all eating granola a lovely morning, sunny, *dew*, birds and the like pointing and pointing and now it's like this. In any case as gets regular toward the end. *Maybe* someone did it. Maybe they had a *reasons*. Maybe they *solve* it. Maybe there's no story otherwise. So what? Not for the story, not for you, not for me, an effort pulling back covers to reveal the skinned remains.

&

In any case he killed himself and they killed each other, so no one really was left but me with a bad taste, too easy to sell, to east, too. But most of the people are out of their minds. Even the Texaco tanker captain frisking off the Grand Banks and the mother of four in Colorado must we. Spare them, deride their expectations as much as yours, perspicacious reader, who for a few minutes at least, while sitting out on the stoop playing with your toes of a night in August say an ambulance rush by. A turtle of two schools. I

don't know if I prefer the one proclaims the rich walled or fools think so. No more waiting. Let's get things out in the open.

&

She hired to assuage, she could have paid more. They all divorced. The pacemakers kept us on time and her periods endeavored. It ended an era and recognized another had already commenced; weather and gun left a blank, hardly enough, a stop in the right, yeah, sure feints, why not you, me, her let's all, why not a stiff one now that's. But always in the back. What can I expect? Her still trim figure slouched off to the solarium. I turned up the air conditioner and spun the dial to .99.

&

In any case if inflect over you. Remain what you always were—a beautiful face. I know you tried hard to pass, but that's no reason for tears. She planted all the clues I could think up. They outfoxed each other 27 times while I waited twiddling my thumb. What more can a mustache do? Your nose over an ice cream soda held that length about three months. Inflation by greed the most time, unpurgated at worst. But a "speak", she's no less than, with a shadow pain, paid, sound incision, cracking knuckles in

the space, aging in the space of no thankfully final solution. We make a go. Live out of suitcases and later an Irish bar. No, sir, only better at. Corridors. Shake of unhunched, clicking life in grass and weeds, Pearl singing near the outdoor shower.

&

In any case encased in a cloud of non-case, compulsive by criminal, this nation of them remains my alibi. (Skidwork our specialty.) Protege of ambivalence, he was *happy* to be happy and she *was* said to be sad. No matter *how* hard boiled remains an egg. I had *too* often to excuse myself during an inquiry and push past the lady of the house to her toilet or bolt. (Trivial proximities.) As garbage pulls the first commuters into their places behind composition boards, summer crimps. The grid exists. (The grid does not exist. (The peel off gives a sense of. (Let and keep track. (Presume to confer.)))) He leaned over the corral fence. He jumped, he bled, he lied, he ate eggs, he sent me a phone call.

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