



# PART SONGS

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P A R T   S O N G S



James Sherry

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*To A and B and Muffin, Marmy and Barmaid and Stein and Looney Tunes  
and Louche and Muffalade and Stein and Stein and Looney Tunes and  
Steiner, Muffy Mar-malade and Louche and Looney Muffin Moose*



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## DRAWING ON *TASHI*

This apt would length were it not  
please slice revealing anew that air around darkens.  
How alive pose dredges old light away.  
Old bedsprings. A cigar they used to wrap in Cuba. Tide. Here.  
Unison through four. How apt.  
Well it was this. Detective Poplin itched all duration in his  
skin and others.  
How apt? And then again how he went

Slide out of reclines. Out of?  
A banana would and pile thick enough to dampen blotter . . .  
Crystalline instead, but soft, what light, as we'd expect  
continued subterfuge.  
A tense and a slack.  
The world is not  
The world is not what  
A defense? Perhaps, but then again far from would be long had it not  
a list that would end, and then allow a hand to drop on  
the arm of a chair a minute.  
Partaking of that other great invention of hours, we slide around  
barrows, farm.  
Meanwhile, the hoes, the seeds, eaten.  
Reach and reach—tough choice.  
Once the front is good, work inward,  
bopping around an ugly inner.  
Let and a ten is courting the oaths.



## DRAWING ON COWELL

plink a click track  
George Jorge he a  
6 1/3 + all  
th'the be few an'  
to fee the slot.  
about time sez fats;  
U R gew piano,  
pee pee and pee ess a dub  
for the queen pluckt ball.

we fey a mute so lolly rebop  
yet cue a only thin.  
link about is the name  
sd. plat w'gad a loop dee la bu'longe  
as dense as hair combed over,  
labe a rout too loose,  
placut time an sup  
er car burr ate her ha the loose  
wound onde oct half gave please  
unter all a flue a spit strin grow  
send strand air ope a new a a a:  
solo second an have

## DRAWING ON KREISLER

He strings the separate nor near you  
reach out reach to blind  
when blind to the rest

And were you five, Gitana, your palm  
on Saint Sophia's rough stone when the old woman  
hissed you back the skin on your nape  
contracts in shadow soften your gaze toward

The narrative then would regal us  
Twist by the fire gallop over the bark  
you flutter and escape the fricative flutter

Say g for t and come and we will  
Tanto through 1921 and into  
your boudoir where the deep  
red glass to the meniscus

Can you can you  
alphabet a breath  
you surge in young aspire to your lips bend  
in the arbor I who can barely speak to you  
that so whisk by Harmonic, harmony  
sweet sweet come to our childhood

Out of the child eye o naughty note

## DRAWING ON ROCOCO VARIATIONS

When e're albeit aught  
    'mongst Bodkin favors hue to tune  
yon coot by twist o'leaf

Benighted evening thus  
    the gentle meek abide  
that frets no Honest rain

O prance design to this yet o  
    Hath weltered e're  
essayed the Jovean blithe

Perchance awaits,  
    fatted 'tis lest  
that passeth chance was planned for thence

Whilst Nods and Becks  
    formed Fate that habits  
porches laden cock

And fast for joy and swell too soon  
    oft pied and triumphs sweet,  
and thou become the morrow and ye well

## WILD PALMS

He floats through the air  
is composed of nitrogen, oxygen and trace  
a finger along her ease  
the daring will feed the eye with longing  
to be bored and fulfilled by a human  
being none other than he who  
on the flying trapeze moves gracefully

Timing is the key girls please  
my eye but trouble to bend a kiss  
your dear sirs that is friends  
who have my sympathy but do not understand  
ideas are invaluable *or* value  
free reached into his breast  
pocket and pulled out the bean which six  
times before he'd shown his readers his son runs  
up yelling dad dad don't it'll spoil your dinner  
to get down to business in the United States  
is tied to charity whereas it used to be chastity—  
lock the door, my love he has taken away

Once I was happy like an old coat  
numerous a connecting pipe  
but now I've said no to her manifold  
and essential but few laws she never said  
lock the door. . . .

He floats through the air  
and leaves no trace but hair cream  
open to adversity in the jet stream  
of his arc drawn from innocence rather  
drawn to it by the ears flying associations  
at first disapproved of Dumbo, levitation,  
Icarus (here conspiracy is whispered on  
expensive ships) if you make a right  
turn in the labyrinth the next must  
be left they say it must be forceful  
difficult to be beautiful movement  
graceful grateful verses plow  
the rich top soil or chernozem  
so in love she'd not leave off  
kissing him while he talked  
buffeting the air with her smacks

## DRAWING

*for Bob Rouch*

### I.

Fingers tremble over the belly  
in whose round lurk the tangled brass  
dragons curling up your leg  
as you sit between two corpulent  
men in overcoats, tickling the curve  
of your calf and the circular  
cloaca and the spit key.

### II.

Call with zephyrs; puff your cheeks o'er curling crests.  
Make men war, maids to marry, hounds to hunt  
all through alloy, conch and horn; make ships heel to blue.  
Though bitter clouds and fatigue appall, you  
will not flag; your gleaming pennant cracks.

III.

What is it breathes  
    out the mouth,  
        through elbows and floodlights stars,  
mounting by keys  
    the tortuous route  
to the gentling hand,  
to the bell and ear?

What is it breathes  
    where cat laps a pool of black  
    and where it gets vent  
filtering upward  
    in a flood of fruit  
through bone and allegro,  
even unto rest?

## DRAWING ON STRAUSS

High, yeah, upon yon crag I clung  
for want and stung accordingly.  
I say "rocketeers" and then silence.  
Railroad tracks my pretty  
and dizzier than thou art few be.

It is after dinner as usual. Plaster words hang over the  
high school set. These immobile, statuesque women have bilateral  
breasts and that much suspense is hard to in fresco.  
What is the you can't grasp here,  
glories the merchant class  
imagined man without concert could gain slip away.

Her love is gone and tokens rattle in the drawing room,  
where they were and would were  
were not followed by this, which is as good at being  
itself as any. No loss of what was past.  
It's there, relegated and waiting on what  
preceded it, but all the while fore and aft  
being the length it cannot be otherwise than.  
Lost hours were those in regret.

Moving up to Sunday then no; no day but coronation  
of the lost Hohenstaufen prince back from China  
where he quelled the opium feud with sword, eye  
and thoughts of home and empire to be cherished  
after Herculean tasks were taken to the hearts  
of his journalism beleaguered countrymen.  
How dreams of golden youth become him.  
How stories may be told for generations  
to a continually avid ear around the hearth.  
May be. The image of o let down your hair laughs along  
the years where arpeggios disappear in Tiepolo clouds  
and sage men try to fathom what they cannot see or hear or taste.



## DRAWING ON RECORDED *L'HISTOIRE*

Long shoelaces tree the in touch networks.  
I drag hearing of/w/ ears  
about a condition. Later,  
we dined into a worn shoe—  
adobe, cane, sticks and stone, the pard,  
the fleece, the cannéd bean, the lewd pun,

About the fifth rough:  
breasts give milk, balls that bounce—  
It's me. Once too much.  
Program : feelings to survive.  
There is no little while later.  
Under the bivouac: discontent, modest in ascribing,  
tangent if you can will. I can tell you today  
what more was along the road : a black pot

You want?  
Town section, patties and smoke,  
colored cloth, haggle 'n' roll,  
once upon a where hair parts:  
And after in the stalls  
and countless errors, I need.  
Let them all be true. Her money settled  
on the window ledge, the angle, lost to have,  
rich with ardor. Youths always passed.

Hirsute and mud full of glass pranks  
might have been. Through the devil's mud  
that prepares us for what if;  
half of leisure is starvation—a kill, a eat,  
a kingdom someone had and then had had. Later we meet  
on a dark stair. Treasure may be had and thoughts, but no rest.  
What you may want is lost—not to want, not  
to have, not to while, when we unearthed. Your  
strangest complication is what we have, have had,  
would have had, yourself incorrigible, wandering in a suite:  
Wonderful vessels, to wash them and shine  
in ermine: might have washed day, a stele: rights  
of the empty canteen. Fortune ripe into dance, spoke yes of please,  
but avoid that room where the track wound in spite of.  
The greater the lost the older the grand ball the . . .  
his vision drizzled down  
the vertigo

Harsh rebate, solo, and after later came.  
This sort of time is tense, blood-stiff cloth.  
Home and resolution: Dew Drop Inn : Terminal Hotel.  
Fellow met again to use up person.  
The room empty, but the eats of mull, the steaks  
of state. We trust on a lip, try to genie perfume back in.  
What cannot be denied your strength is.  
The gold prop gone, let separation off-course charm terror.

## DRAWING ON MUSICA ELETTRONICA VIVA

### *Part I: Masters Every Voice*

It was in Spain north of where I broke  
a stoplight around three blocks  
a veteran taxi driver yelled out his window  
washers 12 stories up need no advice to you is  
don't try vacuuming me while I take a nap  
sun rains light workers pick through shards

Make every man voice rage  
like a badly improvised note bodies  
gotta be in tune transport of ohm  
chance this paper will fall through  
tunes like clouds you expect  
to hold you up break into hole and spaces  
between thoughts lengthen into shadows  
to dwell on daydream someone gotta hold this  
tune down on king's birthday scales his weight in gold  
trombone slide down bannister into Miles Davis  
star dome come out outside freedom inside  
freedom slavery pause and air and

Many evangelical vultures would fall from their perches  
singed by the viscera sucked through these horns blare  
distant blue Fredrick smiles smiles but only empty beer cans  
rehearse in their memories ending with a tune these five time  
apart between waking sleeping music drops into "B-line" the

More each vary come closer buzz slower winter steam up  
pipes would freeze if they stop what horn  
got a multiple tongue to speak the

Manifold energy vault glory some morning  
when air too still to stir gauzy curtains

eyes stuck shut can breast the tape  
(how triad of me)

Makes every vain gesture speak low or sweeter than  
you'd dare expect me splattered with mud shattered by sun  
could appear

More even virtuous to someone who thought art work  
More even valuable bittersweet gesture able  
to say I'll pay the check or

More even view myself squeakier  
Maybe even victim and demand redress like workers for  
500 year bondage or women 5000 year octave attached to shoulders  
shakes under blind lights down to a croon  
smoking drinking not bother thinking tomorrow

*Part II: United Patchwork (Programmatic):*

*Breakfast in Berlin with Lots of Coffee*

Waltz what thighs beneath a dress doing  
waltz and rush of patchwork fabric mind  
waltz dangerous no return chandeliers and linzer  
always becoming something else nobody needs to stop

Moreover eclectic values improvised can

Make each value

Meld entirely virtually everybody can hear  
broken up funny void running through blackout  
and wake up in a gas station on route 40 in Kansas  
City woman tobacco stain yellow on her  
barracks of parents about to be sued for  
we are a unison strapped to a critic's bedpan no way out  
but through ventilators and race through

Metropolis enough verve to return to agricultural communities  
worship female dieties like in the 1950's

Many even voices coincide and react only  
Mixing echoes vanquish sense this is going too  
fast semi-conductors can't control this  
tongue anymore horses  
flying off merry-go-round help  
there is no solution but love bull  
there is no solution but love hang on  
there is no solo these five  
ache between cool sheets  
every limb in a cast floating down yellow river in bamboo unison  
Means every voice together  
Melody either vice or sentiment such as I could never be you  
Chinese plum blue which  
Means electric footbinding narrative  
of dynasties histories chastities no wall long withstand Yangtze or young  
minor second met my lord you rice paper boat how short silkworm  
Misery can't be rolled up like a mat  
Eulogy for musicians each voice  
Victory heterophony  
so no one suspects we bring  
you yourself you cast out you in a note  
always becoming something else

## DRAWING ON SPECULUM MUSICAE

*Tuning: stops by sliding  
his foot to a stop  
virtuoso style  
“the solo ensemble”  
alack slept in his suit  
this vicarious tune*

I.  
Once it's fugue  
my spectacles reflect  
my view of you under  
my eyes what lapse to not  
be one with  
“eek,” no seagulls  
here, no hearth robbed of lost hours

How easy to embroider a napkin  
Where are the cards

I came to you that night  
my eyes were moons fed through  
wet grass breathing high  
out your breath until or thought resigned  
There you swelled  
Out, the town won't twitter this away in a week  
There'll be some lush who'll forget,  
but the rest seize all chance  
and there will be no escape, when they want, from recall.  
And far then armies, not the inner, when they want,

but th'whole ear and each  
Let's have it boys,  
writhe and snoot the chimneys sneeze over *Tanschritte*  
Black favors color and day  
when in swept her incredible  
forehead?, arms?, ha  
You were there, leaning over the chrome embankment  
where the German's grave doubts had pitched about  
continuance (but fretted family you know survives)  
One shocking thing about her though was the color of her,  
and in this climate, but you know a woman's boudoir—  
emerald water, a trace, a whiff, the sentiment prepared for us.

## II.

Fuse the rain  
    what a second thought  
drops a lot  
    indistinguishable  
I like to watch the puddles  
    through the window  
We let them have  
    a piano and vary  
but the rain is always different  
    with uniform light  
it can match an elbow  
    or chair and do other things then  
while we still  
    ponder and wait

Fuse the rain  
    into the wall (presenteth)  
find out a lot and  
    wash it away

grape vines conceal an  
the old bottle  
no term for it—we are  
up at dawn here in the country  
and a wet day  
is a long one  
we work at it—games  
and books but no tv—ca. 1921 (schoen.)

### III.

This is the last dance  
and all remain to see if we will gigue.  
Yet how under we sieve and finally bounce  
into each other's arms. How a batch  
How a batch of girls,  
we let them, we let you all swell, go home and then fret.  
Another night we thrive and beer—ho ho we were so cheery  
that many would scoff at our youth,  
but doubt was the part that drove us.

You are gone and fresh no more the air.  
Let it deepen then where,  
when the exquisite details of our promenade  
made between awe and mute. . . .



## SHE'LL BE COMIN' 'ROUND

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when the shell sometimes is empty.  
She'll be comin' sometimes and the shell is an evasion,  
when she comes around the mountain  
to put in an appearance;  
and this is the introduction we're all trying' to come 'round to.

She'll be drivin' six white and well-bred young mares.  
She'll be tryin' to be comin', when one of the horses slips on a curve,  
but the traces hold her up  
like a beautiful horse about to describe  
the great vehicle she'll conduct, when she comes.

And we'll all go out to meet her when the well is dry and cracked  
and the water is too neutral to hold  
even a chance encounter when we're trying to be comin'  
and breathe too much or that's what I  
heard when tryin' too hard to meet her, when she comes.

And we'll all have chicken and dumplings in a context  
of the human shell, water in the trough,  
the gopher holes, how hot leather is in the desert mining town  
except to the horses,  
when she comes.



