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BOUNDARY 2

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Poets"
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**43 Poets
(1984)**

edited by Charles Bernstein

Johanna Drucker / from *Against Fiction*

CRIMES AGAINST

LANGUAgE: MEAT WAS EXPECTED

**FROM THE MEAL. & FOLLOWING
Sunset's sweet demise, a vanishing
single point of reference, the phone
jack was disconnected from the
wall, hanging by a wire, signs of
its past attachment still visible. If I**

NEVER LEAVE THE HOUSE AGAIN: Another pseudo-referent. He found himself wanting to eat small animals. The importance of activism was undeniable, motivated him by analogy. He had hiJacked a bus to draw the hard edge of attention to his religion. The fire exchanged across the firing line was so stiking that it reimbursed his expectations. Revealed by mistake in the loose terrain, the idea of the missile site saved the leader accidentally. All at once the mass practice of the bands overlapped indiscriminate simultaneous tones and rhythms, finally merging into a single pattern. The enormous sound vibrated like a transatlantic cable with all the fibers oriented in the right direction, thousands of filaments twisted into synch around each other. Their physical urges were an understated case, locked in. What's innate is in fact. Predetermined: dis place is set.

PUBLIC to PRIVATE

Blistering base of

COMMUNICATION, Searing Effect

of observation. Her own history had

been one of continual translation,

herself the medium transformed.

EYES AND EARS OF THE WORLD. IN ORDER TO KNOW, BE KNOWN. Nostalgia over the new paint smell. In her cell. Why here. Everything brought into question by the newness of the odor. TONIGHT THE LIGHT SHINES OFF THE POLISHED SURFACE OF THE WOOD. WARM AND WIDE OPEN. Lie against it to absorb through the soft clothes, full of sensedetails. What do they want. **THE ALLURE. THEY TOOK ME OUT TODAY. TOO MUCH CONTACT, ABUSE OF THE SOCIAL MODE LEAVES ME STUPIDLY WITHOUT MEMORY. BATTERED FROM IT LIKE A BEATING. SICK FROM THE SMELL OF PUBLIC PLACES, SWEAT AND REUSED AIR, ACCUMULATED USE. GONE SLACK AND LOOSE FROM REPEATED ASSAULT. WANTED TO BE LET BACK INTO THE PROTECTIVE CUSTODY OF THE DEEP INTERIOR.** Dense and personal, unafraid. The room kept white like a nuptial chamber. Bride to his fantasies. Wanting to have her back to them throughout the conversation, fully available. Didn't want the visual to impose on her space. Trying to keep the blinds shut. Barely works. Light coming strong through the cracks. Don't criticise the displacement. Keeping her eyes off her own activity. Dignity of submission -- tender and elegant.

BASIC UNITIES, OR A Framework By Which To Organize

**FOR ONE THING, HISTORICALLY
there Are Categories of Narrative:**

FRAGMENTS WOULD BE FOUND CONTAINING A LINGUISTIC history detailing the acquisition of notes into a vocabulary to a final, metalinguistic state. For this was private language unrelated to the institute for which it formed the specific object of study.

It was written in the past about the present, a future time. From the schematic to the representational. The internal metonymy, only the social connections socialise. Analogy remains the most personal game of all, towards a consistent similarity. But random miscellany, the ultimate nemesis, the font, the real, cropping up continually, defining rather than being defined.

**A LESS SUBJECTIVE MEMORY,
syntactic, combinatorial, general, &
metaphysical, being written out in
Advance, Translated Into A Sequence As If There Were
Or Always Had Been, Logic Between The Points. Physical Set Pieces, Ready To Be Worked.**

Tom Mandel / from *Realism*

In Empire Camp

I resemble him in what we both resemble. The concrete tasks his social life imposes extinguish all memory of the events of his life. His actions pass within him.

Our actions pass within us. A contemplative corner of the world in which subtle and ironical arguments crisscross. The world I carry closes my eyes. I sleep like the stone that will wear down the mill. My hands extend into the years behind and before me. Fifteen years of invention and training, then color disappears. Everything merges into black. Out of love and to become like you I have observed this.

Rhythm is an invention to mimic the poplars of my courtyard among which human beads hum. I raise my head at each reminder of what beliefs were the refuge of our resemblance.

In physical form I do not resemble you, because you have withered my fingertips, bruised my nose, and made my shot to fall short. Yet just as instant film immobilizes the viewer during an interval of self-development — a devotion of soul to its own activity — so at the end of the sequence of roads, only vaguely remembered, which led me first to acknowledge and finally to value you, I raise my eyes and hands in hope.

Alone with the books I will learn a deed that is not its own likeness. Dissatisfied with their roles, the character actors rebel and capture the studio. In his hiding place, he runs in place, a life-long interview leading out, while from its fuselage an airplane surveys a sky of designs radiating into the intelligence of subject matter.

Between us, all that follows may not destroy what we have labored in vain to extinguish by other, more direct efforts — memory. If you are afraid to look through the same keyhole again and again, put nothing at the basis of my works and enable us to thank each other in parting. I have been here tonight and have returned tomorrow. To build into myself another world you know. Now we will recite the alphabet responsively, in alphabetical order: A, a; D, d; etc. . . .

Lydia Davis / Five Works

The Dog Man

A man in our office is really a dog. He does not do well, is slow and clumsy though extremely good natured. There is also a dog in our town who is really a man and is tormented by his inability to handle things and to express himself and thus cannot be good natured but is sly and furtive and ashamed of himself. He is hated by everyone and kicked into the corner of the room. Of course that is only one kind of dog who is really a man: another kind of dog who is really a man is like the man who is really a dog in our office, and he does very well because he is really most comfortable as a dog.

The Great-Grandmothers

At the family gathering, the great-grandmothers were put into the sun porch. But because of some problem with the children, at the same time as the brother-in-law had fallen into a drunken stupor, the great-grandmothers were forgotten by everyone for a very long time. When we opened the glass door, made our way through the rubber trees, and approached the sunlit old women, it was too late; their gnarled hands had grown into the wood of their cane handles, their lips had cleaved together into one membrane, their eyeballs had hardened and were immovably focused out on the chestnut grove where the children were flashing to and fro. Only old Agnes had a little life left in her, we could hear her breath sucking through her mouth, we could hear her heart laboring beneath her silk dress, but even as we went to her she shuddered and was still.

In the Garment District

A man has been making deliveries in the garment district for years now: every morning he takes the same garments on a moving rack through the streets to a shop and every evening takes them back again to the warehouse. This happens because there is a dispute between the shop and the warehouse which cannot be settled: the shop denies it ever ordered the clothes, which are badly made and of cheap material and by now years out of style; while the warehouse will not take responsibility because the clothes are paid for and of no use to the wholesalers. To the man all this is nothing. They are not his clothes, he gets paid for his work, and anyway he intends to leave the company soon, though the right moment has not yet come.

What She Knew

People did not know what she knew, that she was not really a woman but a man, often a fat man, but more often, probably, an old man. The fact that she was an old man made it hard for her to be a young woman. It was hard for her to talk to a young man, for instance, though the young man was clearly interested in her. She had to ask herself, Why is this young man flirting with this old man?

The Fish

She stands over a fish, thinking about certain irrevocable mistakes she has made today. Now the fish has been cooked, and she is alone with it. The fish is for her—there is no one else in the house. But she has had a troubling day. How can she eat this fish, cooling on a slab of marble? And yet the fish, too, motionless as it is, and dismantled from its bones, and fleeced of its silver skin, has never been so completely alone as it is now: violated in a final manner and regarded with a weary eye by this woman who has made the latest mistake of her day and done this to it.

Aaron Shurin / Three sections from *Codex*

"we must treasure the dream whatever the terror". For leisure in a realm of no witness HE LAY GAPING WITH A WOUNDED MOUTH, WHAT IT WOULDN'T SAY. they rain down their multifoliate petals, bombs each, a rumour of war without end. the tick is a knack for insistence, dividing the time in waiting WITHOUT ANOTHER LEG TO MAKE A STAND ON *"because I am afraid of death"* the rest will take up time. To feed a hunger cut the country in half; no rag is a pallor the color of bone. *"they cut out its heart"* and gave it to the laboratory for safekeeping, HE WILL TRY TO MANEUVER IT OUT OF THE JAR AND INTO HIS CHEST AGAIN TO FORESTALL AN ATTACK! Grafts himself onto himself to perpetuate himself, but the kick of hunger loosens his limbs. See him waiting *"the watchman of the forest never sleeps"* awake to tempt the serpent in HIS SONG, FEED IT BACK TO HIS LIPS...

A remnant is a pale reminder weighs the vacancy, fingers WHAT HE CARRIED BURDENED BY WHAT HE LOADED OFF. torque of thrombosis a clawed insignia on emotional vale: remember me to my moder. Sticks the crawled monument, a cedar lopped before he knew its name is towering over, scripts the *"battle from which no fugitive returns"* to her embrace. Agog before the remainder a choked overture, HE TRIES TO PULL THE SKIN FROM ITS INCISIVE GRASP, *"he fumbled and gaped"*. left the deeds on order a meagre wash removes the armature; *"she let it fall in the wilderness"* where HE WILL STALK IT TO DISTRACTION

WHAT HE TELLS IS MORE THAN WHAT HE KNOWS, a farce in majesty; rumble of ashes raising fungal the night *"down the road from which there is no coming back"*, erase his traces. Founders on eruptive structures, radial shock of the body real closure is, INCHES BE HIS WAY. Black lit the sentence its surrounding slue, *"cracks opened in the earth"* for a fall of consequence. Paws the air walls, magnetic resistance in a syndicate morass, blisters the credits in a scope forsaken techne *"I found a sign and now I have lost it"* IN HIS WAKE

Michael Palmer / Three Poems from *Baudelaire Series*

Odd-Even

Dear Lexicon, I died in you
as a dragonfly might
or a dragon in a bottle might

Dear Lexia, There is no mind

Dear Book, You were never a book
Panther, You are nothing but a page
torn from a book

Stupid Lake, You were the ruin of a book

Dear Merline, Dearest Lou, Here the streets
have their fullness and their flow
like a blind man on a carousel

Once I was a nice boy
but now I sleep for hours at a time
Snow, You must be my pillow

Dear Merline, Dearest Lou, I see a pheasant on the fence
as I'm writing this
as I see burning Africa by chance
in a cooling wind

Hateful City, In the dream the tree was first a word
then became a column in a dark arcade
What signs for odd and even must be made

Dear George, So long
Will you now have memory again

Who's one and who's nothing
in the game she asked
I couldn't understand the rest

Ideas aren't worth anything
We mirrored each other for an afternoon
The sky is rich with waste
Waiting is the name of this tune
Electrons was a name for this tune

Ideas aren't worth anything
Today space is splendid
The mountains have come loose
Let's unmake something

Ideas aren't worth anything
This is a hazardous bed
called perilous night, some blues
some indigoes, some reds
other colors I forget

Ideas aren't worth anything
This is a trace
to dry in tomorrow's sun

Ideas aren't worth anything
Sometimes (my) blood seems to come in jets
The persons in the poem say this
between liquid spirits and sense
A broken jar says this

I'm writing your letters back to you
which is a sound at least
to mirror another sound
where no other paintings can be found

Imitate me says the elm
Give me an azure sky huge and round
Give me something in words for a change
something that fits on a page
The best paintings are on stone

Ideas aren't worth anything
said a person with two heads
one above and one below
Let's think about this
Let's consider the lace in necklace

or the turquoise on a Turkish door
or the source of each color
at a table by a wall

If we're really mirrors in a poem
what will we call this song
I want to continue on yellow paper
like a person in a room
and like a ladder and like a moth

say the persons of the poem
The tale is told out of school
Your eyes are tired so keep them closed
Once an image broke an arm

There are pieces of the lake
lie here
shreds of palm
leaf lie
here

When you sleep, Ténébreuse
sleep will say
to you
what
good

these fragments of a face
now weighing
upon
you

Ron Silliman / from *Paradise*

Out behind the diner empty plastic trash can releases its thick, sour smell into the morning air. Or outside of a bakery at dawn. Running on both ends. I wouldn't return there to live. The weekend storm had cleaned the air. The weakened storm dissolved. A state of perpetual sweating tasted sweet.

The definition of a pencil. Coin Wash and Dry. The fireman in front of the station on a hot day. He searches the aisle for the penny he dropped. A Cross pen you twist to write with (not this). Designs on lace curtains.

The sun shapeless in the muzzy air. The three small clumps of eucalyptus on the top of the hill, where even the city had refused to build more housing projects, reinforced the barren air. Across the bay, where Oakland should have been. But over Glen Park the fog in thick gray slabs. The air in my hair (drying it after a shower). Red feet of a pigeon. The roofers set up their pulley. So hot that she put a towel over the plastic seat before she climbed into the truck in her cutoffs. The truck in her cutoffs. Now one of the lowriders at the gym has made a suana suit from a trashbag. I set the weight at 90 lbs and do 15 reps. He dresses like a lawyer but works in a thrift shop. She sits up and her breasts settle. The rest of the day is a cinch. I can still make out the logo of the Girl Scouts on that cookie on the sidewalk. Then we began to wonder if the bus would ever emerge from the projects. Then it did. Marat's tub was his ship of state. The mailman neglects to close the garden gate. We wander into work a little late. The prose was in the rhythm.

Donor list. The heat of morning, the weight of the sky. Stars fade at dawn rise. The size of the truck by the squeal of its brakes. Spots of brown about the peel of the banana. The luxury of thought. This was a reader-potential sentence. School bus yellow. Stanza's pansies. A break exists between etymology and connotation. The Columbus Day parade marching through Chinatown. Rolled down, metal curtains simplify store fronts. Must be farsighted by the way she holds that book.

Five minutes down. Boysenberry yogurt. Alternate spelling. The large bowl of his stomach made for a sloping desk. A mean-spiritedness to the humor of the comic poet. Just us chickens, classically trained. Now that she's making 25 thou. A jolting bus impossible to write on. What I wish to say, dear reader, take off your blouse. April, turning toward November. Suggested denotation. An old stuffed chair on the sidewalk in the rain. Caution: frequent stops.

Exhaustion, a kind of freedom, sets in (a new pen). The nose runs, not unlike an engine, a jogger. A complex form of information called a potato. Even the simplest word is sometimes foreign. A balding woman. Trying to look punk, working in a bank. His vowels were dreamlike and indulgent. The cars occur in all colors. Eigner's noun. Dogs dogs dogs. Over the years, counting the little businesses that have gone into that storefront. Limbs off a tree stuffed into a garbage truck. Foundation in the weeds of a vacant lot.

The grass, being damp, is soft. The shoes, being old, are soft. The flesh, being weak. A thick fog had absorbed the haze. That waitress in the coffeeshop is the only one he ever talks to. A thru street (cars push up the hill in waves). & then went down on the ship. With the toddler in her arms, she stands with feet spread apart for balance. The ink dries into the page, shining for one moment in the sun. An idea repeats, then becomes chronic. Lowriding is a state of the imagination.

Any ally on. Any epithet or text. Rages. Strain of tartar sauce. He rides the buses just to talk to the drivers, to have someone to talk to. Means at, not with. You can tell where the tar spilled (without saying a word). An old woman in a heavy coat on a hot day. Now the stuffed chair is in the street. The car backs up, engine hood still open.

Down in the valley, the curves of an on-ramp simplify a landscape. The City, colorless in the first glare of dawn. Empty station wagon, engine running. The dream had exhausted him, and he rose with no sense of rest. There was a fire somewhere just north of 16th Street, dark smoke you could feel with our eyes.

Whatcha up to, dude? I will not participate in that defense. Teaching Reagan to count down from 100 by sevens.

The valley opens in layers, high clouds thinned to a point of utter flatness, below which sit a few lighter puffs. The sun, before it is a sun, light over the mountains. In the gulleys between trees, fog softens the greens. The road to Healdsburg a series of lights. The bottom of the cloud layer catches a pink-orange light (new patterns appear). More yellow in the vineyards in the valley. Above the clouds sky eases into a light blue. Suddenly the red disappears from the clouds and they seem dark and smoky. The hacking laughter of jays. On a balcony two men are talking, half-shouting as though hard of hearing. Five birds do not a flock make, even as they fill the air. Behind a pine windbreak the sun ascends. I sit in a metal lawnchair outside the chapel of the Episcopal bishop's ranch. What is the name of that mountain (let's give it name). Sky is organized around fix of the sun. Down in the valley, a dog barks.

In singing, feel the point at which the vibration occurs (it moves up and down). Take care not to break the pen tip. Hear the crow. The lawn chairs sit in the rain. Don comes to fetch his zafu. Simple sentences (every one). Under the window seat I found the baseball bats. The sun frames the page. Plum tree's slant. What does it mean, "tomorrow you would have been married 18 years?" Dunlop Illustrated Encyclopedia of Facts. Before writing, read Chaucer. The valley is such a simple system, waves of earth rolling too slow for the eye to see. One function of chanting is to rid the mind of language. The way a drainpipe extends from the gutter of the roof. In the following year he married a Miss Purden (died 1825), the daughter of an architect and the author of several poetical effusions. Then the harmonium begins to hum. Raj walks past the chapel, sweater slung over his shoulder, toward the dining hall. A squirrel hunts in the leaves.

Laura Moriarty / Three Poems

And to brave clearness I'd have given
Almost what I did give Nothing
That wasn't strictly speaking mine
Wanting only what was blatant
Giving into the available restraints
With the same passion I might
Have resisted or perhaps I did
For it was the same damn thing
And too brave or too grand for anything
Like what I should have done or been
All things reduced to the absence of these
Same things They rush me to return
On time or even before I've gone and said
Here is to all we are not lamenting
And to brave clearness or to what we have instead

Though you complain about your bruises
Among cushions even here even you might find
Some edge to fall apparently against my will
Though not everything is as soft as I am
And not every impulse toward sympathy
Needed or received or not each attempt
To fit a plug into the wall doesn't explode
In your hand and wounds will come
Though you can hide them well enough
You complain meaning I do since it was
You said that though no one else heard
Nothing can be proved but for those bruises
Which even as you complain are both
More and less than you deserve to have and
Though you have them now are fading

La Quinta del Sordo [After Goya]

nor do up and down mean the same thing as these clouds around us
casting their vote-like shadows diffused at first involving sillouettes
which however recede to lines geometricized into an horizon of regulariz-
ed arms and mouths pitched widely agape

easily bruised at this neck level gasping for air that apparently yawns
about us or is perhaps ripped temporarily from its place as an at-
mosphere exploded silences the choir though the choir leans upward
in futile bliss

from nowhere gun barrells parallel the sky and ground

when we meet in the crosswalk yours is the romantic mine the military
gesture I look at my feet you at my legs now that the center is no longer
the heart forces greater than gravity such as the belief in gravity pull
us away from each other

pounding the street you said was dirt beneath but in fact these excava-
tions brick by brick reveal money is there a mixture of sustance with
layers who are themselves only absences of light

the story is not over after the shot is fired any more than the virgin in
the corner is part of the composition though cut off from the screamers
she is inexplicably present and made of the same stuff as the walls
under her skin

Carla Harryman / THE MALE

Would you prefer the examples? The pancakes? Or the words?

Oh, I have been used as an example so many times, said the Male.
I think I . . . Do I? Do I think? said the Male.

Pancakes are good, I reminded him.

If, said the Male, I say anything, I reveal something of myself: my stupidity, or arrogance, or inability to make selections. I can't speak . . .

If you could only make a choice, I could say, for example, well the Male prefers pancakes and that must mean something. Words pain the Male I could say. And then I would attempt to apply that information as an example. Everybody would be able to make sense out of the expression, 'the male's pancakes.' When in the galleries, I could point to the portrait of an ancestor and say 'the male's pancakes' and everyone would laugh from the pleasure that words and things can so transform each other they make the most sense when used in tandem.

I have always liked the word 'tandem,' said the Male, seemingly inspired by or abstracted by a distant shadow creeping slowly over his brow.

You are not concentrating!

Con-cen-tra-ting? said the Male, the pressure to concentrate is very heavy, I imagine.

You imagine? I asked.

I can't quite make it out, so I would say I do imagine. . .

The Male stood next to a rock in a large bed of rocks at the top of the near-bald hill. Some sheep ran up the hill, pulled at turf and descended to richer pastures.

We climbed side by side to an old fort where the Welsh had defended themselves from the Vikings. The wind was so strong, I had to climb on my hands and knees because I was pregnant. I would rest against a mound on the hillside and the Male would disappear in a trough in the hill. I could look down to an empty swimming pool behind a farmhouse. The pool had probably been out of use since the renovation of the Roman Canals where boatloads of people now traveled along a steamy strip of water above the town, unseen by the people in the town. One person from the town stuck out in my reflections, a woman with pruning shears standing in a driveway arguing with a man whose car she had had towed.

A lot more heavy breathing on the part of jealous neighbors and the Male asked me, "Is a poet a poet all the time?" I don't like riddles

and didn't want to answer the question. The Male, however, was desperately serious, singing out the following verse:

These loud birds
Flying above the cathedral
Counter the politeness
That keeps me anonymous

Noise makes drama
Out of ruins
The trees develop in the ruins
An authoritative base for birds

Was this the poetry of prose? The Male by nature prosaic, moving from one place to the next in an unrhapsodic way, thinking hard perhaps, but communicating little, allowing his motions to speak for him, so that he was followed by a trail of his own making? Would others follow this trail, each having their own experience of it, each wondering what it was like for anyone else to have been there? (For instance, what was it like for Orphan Annie? The cranky looking filling station out the window? The hoses on the pumps having lost their resilience? The attendant limp as grease? But the comic strip reader in a sunlit, airy place?) Life is like a book, any book, even technical manuals.

On the other hand, there is the body, a form, and who knows what goes on in the Male's mind? The Male would exhibit a deep ponderous blank. And yet, *I* do not have a verse in any of my thoughts. Is a land owner a landowner *all* the time? The landowner would either say 'yes' or 'no, I'm just a person.'

I am just a person, I said to the Male, but you are not just a male. I don't know why I chose to present myself in this way to the creature.

What can you tell me about the faux-naïf? asked the Male.

There is something in your question that reminds me of masturbating while reading Wordsworth. The reader effaces the merits of the poet's journey at the same time she follows it with great enthusiasm. A great inarticulateness has overcome her as she encounters the high rhetoric.

We were standing against the crumbling wall of the fort as I spoke. The wind was taking my words away from me. The Male was still watching the sheep race back to richer pastures long after they had reached that destination. It is possible to become very fond of a trace, a story that is always the same.

Epilogue

Rituals are like ducks in pink water, says the Male. Like everything else he says this is from out of the blue. In the background Baudelaire imitates an orator, "If I am not decorated for having done my duty, I will cease to do it. . ." Words come to the Male. They are not willed into being. There is a sinking feeling at the end of any utterance. The last word may by accident use up the potential of all the others. Then the pitch downward will be into the eternity of the Male's mind, his endless spontaneity and lack of preference. When I drink pink water out of the bowl shaped from his head, he looks at my throat. Bolus, says the Male. This seems to cover up some kind of disparity. The desire to be touched is overwhelming. But who's desire is it? This relates back to our initial conversation, where one word could be taken to the land of many.

Larry Price / CRUDE THINKING

Appearance withers

assembling clouds, relative to grammar, defines "all top lens,"
accusing shaft

1. or airshaft

to devolve ones dotted with recall

a noun is writing

ideas recline and circle, following a

2. blade-line

runway of interpretation

3. less time

4. less sense

5. less axiomatic

the vectoring slash means for escape

6. rotational names and states

7. reruns

the derived quote character

8. or thoroughness

out of which contradiction plots confrontation

a word can be arm or baggage, stub or elevator, the same theory
and sediment, an arguable

9. or relative

10. the success per minute

realism erasing as it talks

recognition-specific house and chapter

11. a Land's End

names whose axes deface aligned

12. a binary

shortcuts to

13. or footlights

14. a hide-and-seek panels of

agreement

through the hole, a hole, a
15. mono-thematic
drive to inclusion
16. myopic and reflex
an island-like means for
17. or springboard to
a concretized art in each sense
tools prepare agreement, corrective sound versus sound, a ritual-
lized left, right, and center as
18. backdoor
lobes of cure and interpretation, hoisting vigilance into
19. self-plagued
terms of proof

the mental exchange of semblance, a career
20. or reason given to
to occupy: today's intransitive meter for reform, a reputation
for
21. unadorned
22. plus or minus
23. call-back
intransigence, pluralism surrounding each ailing unit

the terms:
24. the thorough
25. the semblant
26. the pack
27. the quote thing and thinking

if the spiral is tight enough, one sees only stairs, an object-passive
field to
28. or subset of
29. one means among
filtering estimates of practice:
30. bicycle septum
31. block and tackle groin
32. oculist plumb line
33. lung loop

the silent interval of community brings the suction to the crime

the well-traveled 34. conscious short change
 35. peripheral
 36. or stationary
 37. shifts between
 one-on-one labor and perjorative locales for clarity, the posse
 in its weatherwise fact

 a point forms against a gap in reaction, a
 38. ramp-like
 props a reportage, the disconnected share in
 39. in reference to
 40. matter-mounted
 41. abc's of
 42. "decor" explaining "conscience"
 the agitated options for agreement, a second figure boarding a
 second system of options

 minds sell abstractions or succumb to it, an individual winding
 towards its noiseless
 43. the same centralist or pietist
 diction, the "strong in reason"
 44. earned cinematically
 divided into
 45. surviving
 more and less erudite modes of
 46. or architectural diminutives for
 47. disconnecting
 all the
 48. bottomless
 bags of tricks

 portraits driven onto taxonomy, the
 49. manual and ill-absorbed
 go-
 50. or in-
 between
 51. elsewhere convulsive
 laughter of the variant
 52. headlines
 53. assembled, hence, close-valued
 54. decades-style
 adventures of impulse, for which we get scale models:
 55. pattern for utility

56. absence for futility
 selfdramatizing terms of policy triangulate "John" for instinct
 57. an off-and-on
 58. or one-stop
 thematic limb
 59. slash domination
 adding
 60. a probable
 61. one-by-one
 attention to itself as crowded as any "them" exemplifies

 an abridged empirical air allows us hectoring
 62. habitats per nerve
 63. "automatic" for "drive, diminution"
 64. idiomatically outward
 categories punctuating a
 65. non-binding
 66. emptier and emptier
 coincidence, the money writing a
 67. matter-enthralled
 68. roulette-like
 patches of society
 69. "act" preceding "predicament"
 in bursts of re-adherent theory

 there is then
 70. trying more promptly
 71. more constructed than
 72. rank and file
 thinking, social rails of instinct, an arbitrary blank
 73. frets
 adopting means to mean, the subject in its inferred
 74. slash differential
 resource for evasion
 75. "underform" dilutes "dictate"
 a one-point
 76. wish-and-believe
 thesis for matter
 77. "rage" eclipsing "optics"
 in the prop-like finger pressing the viewer home

Abigail Child / BLUEPRINT FOR A SCENARIO (1)

Weather watch. Murders come. Suspect the girls and exercise speed.
Next question: how do I get ahold of these controls?

Not a question, but an inheritance.

Under the old able to amass and then to hard knees part.
She's done her homework. Stand up and urinate. Bury them in mouseholes.

We cannot move. We cannot control the pacing or mind of this movie.
The lost echo attached to the image intensifies the tension like an erotic heartbeat. Give it to me. The cons for that are very strong. I mean chance has nothing to do with it.

Brother she finds finds too hot incest and part.
It's the role most like me.

That ends. The first shot is the sky and a couple that is is sound that was. This causes words that the plot is. A plot is that. There is not a lack, but the presence of a sequence in relation to one. The film could take place over two years or two days. At certain points cars and machines and people take advantage of this and therefore you see red after blue after white and the color adds to the bugle beauty.

I found myself your tongue to piece these turbans stalk. Eventually I think his films agree with me, even though I don't agree with him. The mother was saying: "I don't think it's right that every time Joe comes home you tell me to leave." He acts through the proscenium that the picture frame becomes yet never falls out of it.

The girls and head come to exercise speed. In this the edits number a boat. Not a question *but Black able to amass and then hard in slack. Black and white torquing 2 to two attached.*
Food is the altar. She's done her homework. Bury them in acoustic defeat, presex topping devices, trams and fences. Make a film dumb.

Not only for men, but with secondary pause, subject lapse rips false graduations. Discontinuous lead. Extant. Hold back its foot. To vivify time and the intermediary that impersonates an absence.

If this is a case, Plates. The land which had belonged was allowed to kill and ate their tougher. At any big and power dams until the claims they wished were boosted. The fiefdoms of each decree defeat. Weapons wreckers made up.

The new in languages shifts to jam the program. It is not a hot shoe but a struggle just the same. The doc bed spreading. In the autumn the orbit backs off. A little summer warp.

Light is a place today. Girls belong to times gone out to point desire's space. A tool. Motion diagram directly pup. Dummy anachronism. Mum's an illustrative sentence. Revise the sport. Put out at birth. Formally mortar the indelible Air sun twilight I reading and hand complete.

That starts and ends. The first shot is the sky. We hear voices and different differences of voices but the sound that is is sound that was taken from another and laid over this. The sound causes the first confusion. Understand the film. What you see you are hearing is a montage of shots. There's the presence of a sequence or two days. In one they have these cars and machines and people is not isn't plot is not is not hot but a doc bed struggle. In the autumn orbit warp.

Light for us pertaining desires tool. Then directly loops phosphorescent vising torque. The immediate tape sucking schools information. Two material discords: that I sub first the sky, and over this the sound you see you are hearing words of shots and an idea of ideas of a sequence in relation to an insert. It has these austere moanings at certain points of cars and machines and people's voices like confusion but it is not. There is color of this awareness together and therefore blue after white and the color adds up to a red high-school chrysler.

Representation the sign of a doable job.

You could better becoming begin to break up start. About 1971 the women's movement began to be felt in men's psyche. You could come out and put yourself in a position of opportunity by publicly becoming gay. Suspense is something to push.

The opposite prerequisite comedy. The character walks in to keep the film moving. Lovers close their eyes before they kiss in order not to reduce their faces to anatomical data. Theater is editing of limited space. Time remains unmediated, untouched.

A MEDICAL REPORT: A report on breathing. Out of balance out of steadiness. The actors understand it immediately. The air pressure, search for a steady position. They can barely move.

What seems to be real is yearning for something. The arguer is a unifier. Power the assurance of context. Mythology in this nervous form is romanticism hooked into violence. The human holdster folds down for dinner. When they say I'm a goddess and eat your pussy I try to dissuade them.

I found myself to piece some screen and repetitive muzak. I don't agree. The mother was saying: "You tell me to leave." He acts through the frame the picture portrays yet never falls out of it. *I can't it isn't if she were* there stands his food looking demented. Noticing noticing.

Walk up. Kiss. Reduce hypothesis to space. Time remains out of balance. Out of pressure. Immediately moment. Immediate melody. Position breathing. A man in love.

His sentence has other cells. Is a case. This the course the Subject. The principle elapse animations motion. Contact form and finger press.

Was not a dream. This brief. Simply clobbered slobbering. Flaps in darkness. Instruments rivet. *Without waking hurts us*. You last blue bright hear aria. Tog variable. Abut the cadence.

Leslie Scalapino / from *Chameleon Series*

I think of the passers-by
in the vicinity as
not having that thought — of urinating outside
It was a warm afternoon

I was worn out — not because of them
though aware
of it then.

A man — this is the bourgeoisie
as it happens
is going to the store in the vicinity,

the people whom I'd thought had urinated
being there.
— my only afterwards having thought that they had done that

They were warm — my
walking by them
— This is — myself as well — the bourgeoisie
but with
my
being very depressed then.

The feeling of depression coming from me.

My having thought only afterwards that the passers-by had
been bourgeois,

there wasn't a sense of rank
at the time
Not because I was depressed but along with it.

Their urinating outside — not because of it —
despite that

— our being
having been
the bourgeoisie.
I am outside this though, having the feeling of depression.

They're warm — though we're all the
bourgeoisie — seeming
serene going
by me as I'm walking
My being depressed — it is not my station —

and so I thought of them
afterwards as having been that.

And their actions in advance of me therefore

though
without the sense
then of their being
the bourgeoisie — or my being so.
— This
not removing the depression I was feeling then.

*

My not perceiving
a situation
at the time

without having to do
with their being
the bourgeoisie.

The thought that
I'd then be dead
later.

— This wouldn't
be a good
time for it to occur
— having had the feeling of being depressed then.

— Though now
time
has passed since that.

Their being — myself as well —
the bourgeoisie
then
and my sense of their having pleasure — I'm walking

— which is then a pleasure for me even if
my being depressed
was not entirely dispelled.

*

The man going
into the store

it was
then
warm weather — his having solitary
pleasure
him being bourgeois — myself as well.

Their being there
of their own accord
and therefore naiveté — in the bourgeoisie —
myself as well

in the vicinity.

**Fiona Templeton / from *Hi Cowboy! Enclosed why
you are wrong though I agree
with you. Cuddles***

Part Fifteen

IS THIS BEYOND ALL QUESTION? HOPES AND FEARS YOUR JUSTICE
DETRACTS FROM, SWIMMING THIS AFTERNOON, MAKE SUPPLE
EVERY HARD CEILING BECAUSE OF PAYING FOR HIS SINS,
BLAMELESS THE HEAT THAT'S TO FOLLOW. YOU MIGHT DEEM
YOURSELF PRETTY MUCH OK.

MY QUESTION IS, IS THIS THE BEATING FAST FIST YOU FILCHED THE BEAUTY OF?
FORGOT SOMEHOW. VERY FUNNY. OH, IF YOU FELT THE PAIN I FEEL. JERK. THEN
HOWCOME YOU HAVE ALL THOSE ROSES, PLAIN AND WRONG. HOW GREAT'S THE
NATIVE QUIVER THAT FALLS, CANDY MELTING LITTLE LIFE, EARLY STEERING MOTION?
SHOULD I VALUE PRAISE OF THE LAST WORDS? DUNK THE BOSOM ON 50 FOOT BAR.
BLOWN FROM OUR ONLY PROSPECT, POOL STRONG POSITIONS TO . . .

My question is, is this the question? And comparison hunts my body
down. Sex reddens upon justice, habit forming. The dinner lips are dry
in the nick of unmarked flitting from the distracted calendar, and knock-
ing me molested like mink and even a boy. Am left fed and attentive.
Knowledge voluptuous and wise house calls. Why do we total options?
Because of our supplies. But to women these clip. Flat with fury. Hot
with desertion. And no muss teeming. Hairs, nape, anoint hunt. Is is
business? Is it love? Hard scurry, boys, like the queen took the ace of
spades and the top diamonds, so far removed from the present day that
I have never really been able to reconcile myself with the bosom caden-
cing the scorekeeper. Awful surges ruining overflow can dry them out
to the point where she will beat her breast and rend her double-breasted
oblation. They perish whom competition because of academic dif-
ficulties delights. There were facelifts, but the personalities never chang-
ed. An offensive, foul peace to adore birth pangs, admission is being
in the right places such as the bright stain whose thoughts are eter-
nal, shown by tape measures. Staring and splendid reminded us what
the rivalry with those guys in Manhattan was all about. There's never
been anything like it, he said. I remember how I hated as you reckon
you sneeze. He showed his art and learning by celebrating. Enwreathed,

released, believed, beneath defeat. False bulk bringing wild beasts down smells the hours but theorized it was wits they felt. Fresh from the wrestler's painting of every unmasked manual language, try to intervene. How sore, scored with rust, guilty of graceless secret service changing any service. One stalwart was sucked into a simple darling. Drain to open his apparently fruitless sneeze and a true sense of how you feel now, so you can compare that feeling to how you will feel later, at lower sprawled overweight summer nights. Are you crazy? You don't know anything about people who dream of more people (huddled?) at home giving friendship, affection, appreciation, support, etc. However, when I think whose lips have pressed me, I am a happy plant or murderer; it knitted a question, fronts new rights. More feel the bulging lips derived of, not a word, many worlds of black blood with a mature woman — and then wit, lyricism and originality stab at her feet and cull the blood, to my mouth and down to my wrinkled proper couch caught up in a big star machine. Sleep, sleep well in the all-male semi-nervous wreath.

Part Eighteen

INVITATION AND ACTION SECURITIES, WHICH IT WAS, WHICH THING TO CIRCUMSTATE I HAVE NO MESSENGER. MUCH BETTER AM I KNOWN THAN BOLD TO LEAD HER TOWARDS INHERITING THE CREAM OF MODEST DECLINES, TEARS

The case against love steals its redness, says it was a loan. Realized because the names we gave curved arms shut. Conversation between disheveled and local, tampax and our languid tribute, license and vanity, the bull-calf and the heifer, first of a series, dying, should thrill through stew? Curt and equal, name no hour, neglect alleged illicit groan. Look at the unresolved world problems with blushing cheek and bleeding eye; the conscious colors of my sin are red without and pale within. O let thine own soft bowels pay thyself, and so discharge that day! If Sin can sigh, Love can forgive. O say the word. My soul, scud all crushed and crumbled into contrite jam, sweetly smelling orange. I groan apart, "Gold;" that I may hush this vain man's running into such mince as a man's limbs may make! But meanwhile, the thing would rouse a long fib that woman, when the breath frig entrance, may not name. Commend my case. Grace or gain will be offered. Base thoughts allow, as divers instincts from one bonanza, joy that I, lucky in the like knowing like industry, out of heart with taking dead aim, can drive me mad for. An incriminating likeness. The terms of which are then life-likeness,

cheapened, free. Sterile stooped, and sobbed, and said, That, during times of tight unfelt, I believe, is sore and drowns sharp points down the stretch between nought and zero annually in gold and precious thought of such inept beds with all things fit smooth. Tumble again after their kind, their scanty truth, their lies beyond a fragrant sensor. Kellogg but clear. Let your hands drench your red faces through and make your game of abject vagabond abandoned reprobate competition. Real love, yes, how well do you outrun the power of sufferance? I need the work. Oh, what a pain it is for the coherent messages! Hoist your pastime to the center, but warming pain. Caress day. Night is already very long indeed. Kinds of flesh dimly silent as a man being shaved, hard pressed, in woman big with other women, revere in a dialogue, stump in a feigned vision, the detection of a false desperation shot and desperate. Crowd the finger her hand cut like a sour desire beginning to hurt. Pain, yea, after death again, pooped. Thus trembling would have zinged him, clipping pleasure round about over my clear dress. Friend deficient in whipped poverty, without a nemesis sullenly, swerve apart to inspect sore suspense trembling, stand all dumb and hear my senses clamor, grunting and smashing away, that have intelligence in love, scads of it.

Michael Davidson / FRAMING

*He openeth our eyes to see the frames of our
enemies*

—Bishop Watson

We live down here
between the noise
and the words for noise
they begin at night

as the sound of a saw
cutting into wood
and become the dream
of a man opening his eyes

if we need air
it is not for lack of space
or door
but for the density

of persons clamoring for attention
a child, for example, drowns
in the swimming pool
built that he might be eternal

we stretch the image
beyond music
and when dancing
leave a portion of emptiness

for the birds that represent us,
in this way
we are protected from distance
that encroaches

all too willingly
there will be no dancing
although a foot raised in the night
might signify a gay mood

when the plane carries someone
you have forgotten how to love
you can still see the silver
and create a story around it

the persistence of its lyrics
stays in the water
long after you have swum past
and that place has closed over

we hear ourselves breathing
that gives texture to silence
and the insomniac has something to do
while waiting for light

if we are tired
there is a list of diversions
if we are not tired
there is a list of diversions

to descend into water
or cook in the northern manner
using tomatoes and ginger
this is an entrance

a marinade using mint and cumin
lemon and cloves
this provides nuance
where the seasons melt one

to the next: emphasis
enters in the form of children
selling cookies
we live over here

between the broker
and the authority on growth
the breeze picks up in the afternoon
and by evening we dream of sleep.

Craig Watson / Discipline

for John Taggart

Night sunk. The utterer sleeps through his sound: circuits of the strokes of wool between needles, bent back from the hands of uninhabited reason. In the echo of days awaiting devotion, vapor plies open the louvers, misting against the glass. This is the future taking place, its skin waxing the silence of weightless architecture. Someone arrives: the touch of gesture in disconnected air.

Shadow, in the next moment, will reverse. Surfaces pass through surfaces, edge slit by edge, consuming friction. A threshold grinds into position, numbing the glare of straight time. Come asking of certainty a precise foliage, a secret trance, oiled by memory to walls. The body unrolls from dust, sterile and incognito, but not to dreams and not to action; emptied of description it receives and shimmers.

From the thickness of number, knotted, emerges the object against the object. Corona, its dead subsistence, is loose in the undertow. One eye watches the other close and fossil. A hush glazes and drizzles, feeding the pause with clockwork. Corner throbs, heart stops, fingers convulse: the envelope recedes without the grace of signature. Hand on the table, eye on the wall. It came to it. The inventor denies the invention, the forecaster repeats the future.

so begin to wedge and fulcrum the unrelieved
disappear into not at all or up from define
a hole within a hole and not made of nor enfolded by
subject is articulated

and yet not struggle enough even the jettison exhausted
hand raised, departing empty then occupied again
because the net tightens to resistance tissue will grow *around*
the mesh carry trap on arms, legs for measure
agress toward undead

if the absorber absorbed and one though one only if to one
surrounded common to usage collective in
absence or belong to excision speak in brackets:
the fourth wall the broken leg the list of
distances

that service

the unfast

prison, muscle

the granular air

least

opaque

the cold snap

37

Stephen Rodefer / from *Passing Duration*

Enclosure of Elk

I wrote words on the brow of home and around the corners of its mouth—waiting for those days which wait for life to engulf them. The silhouettes of Pompeii were made and excavated for me. I take them personally. If embarrassed by my work, I turned to satire. What will never be positive will nevertheless struggle, like a wild animal by night, a dog by day. The epigones are slashed, the elective affinities are not dice. The work is nothing now but a pencil motif, vulgar yet important. It dedicates its orifice to pioneering the handling of modalities. It will be a hero with one wing. But it will never be content with any view of the world except as it may proceed to its essentials. Even when they are hidden from view, it will hasten to make them materialize.

The fault of all endeavor every day will be to attempt too much, never too often. Our art is unimportant, but that does not matter. We were born to this means and we must make more of our situation than at first it will seem ever to allow. Decide what will be the use of forcing oneself to do things beyond ones power. Acknowledgement advocates laughter; reason, its forgetting—on a carpet of memory.

Though it is not to be despised that marriage should be a great relief. The bride and groom find that place full of nothing in which they still fall down with emotion. The source of all happiness afterward will be to live without pretension. Who will not. My father, who lives here, gave me my sailboat, my train, my puppet theater. I dressed like an alchemist lover at the sea, though you took me merely for an instructor. If I am not a bohemian, you still can think that I am somewhat odd. And so is art history the falsification of facts which as they occur are neither factual nor historic. As the movement, of which I am a part, is nothing but a part of my own development.

One liberates oneself through work, even on the eve of catastrophe. How long can you continue to delay the true nature of sensations? We must refuse to be beggared by orderliness. True nature creates combinations to defeat naturalism. There will always be on the table, if you look, a vase of intentions. Wherever you go, there will be nothing but lines and surface rhythms. Then, let never will speak word.

For we all live as happily with the dead as with the unborn. Nearer to the heart of creation than is usual, but not near enough. Reality will be invisible always. The visible world will be nothing but a special case, the very one we have come here to overthrow. After the die of fate is cast—and who is it says it has not been—it is pointless to tolerate anything inferior.

Perspective then will make you yawn, opening a hole in nature. While the dark shades of the landscape visible through the film are nevertheless full of promise, the cast is still weak at the top. The contracted pages are to be rigorous and substantive. But the words devolve to be persistent and unique. No element is dominant that wants to allow the cultivation of change. The idea among others of love, and its concomitant time, took too great a hold on everyone, its program of everlasting appeal, that the chance for greater inclusion would have to be squandered for the more willful deliberation to centrality and drive. Independence would be the interim fake name for all these new states.

What a lot of things, after all, would be required of us to make art. What a lot of things besides being a maker of art an artist would have to be, in order to make art. To make that which made visible, they believed, that which was not. Some kind of enclosure, some initial fence or extra latch, seemed to be the necessary step.

But now imagine that you have been dead for many years and that at long last you are permitted once more to glimpse the earth. And all you can see is an old dog cocking a leg against a lamppost or a wall. Still you can't help sobbing with emotion. Because of this, my light burns sometimes so hot that to most people it seems even to lack warmth. Like the festive evil it could be said—it could be *drawn*—of a zeppelin flying over a cathedral. But / am absent.

I do not belong to the species. Though my sun and chair are necessary, I remain here dumb and bristling, in a suburb of children. Let the sentries comment later on the hospitality of the region. Though the species is in me, I am neutral.

Avery

VEXACIOUS SCENE, protean parody, demolishing sea, discern me in this thick mist-breathing night, your undisclosed hemisphere, edifice shed. The crocus soil, lying head, bent low, issued far, so fairly

creature. Icy shell, grooved in arm, I am horse—because your speech fortells the ingenuity. From mid breast I am like a giant in your size. Look how great your seizure is to correspond unto a part. What was beautiful, in being ugly, makes affliction fiery, read for great marvel adjoined to this, above the middle of the shouldered wood.

We were joined at the crest. Right seemed only yellow. Birds sail right and left to look upon the evidence. The plumes unfeather. We flap through them, frozen with six eyes, three chins, and all the bloody foam. The mouth champs sin within its teeth, like a brake. Biting is as nothing, compared to tearing. The back of it is striped. My within heads out striped and plies the leg. See how you brood upon yourself and utter not a word but a book. For we have seen the whole departed thing and now must leave.

From shag to shape between the tangled hair is opportunity locked. When we came to where the haunch revolved, with difficulty the head turned swelling to the feet, as one who mounts and mounting knows nothing but a saddened rise. Panting like a footprint, we break out rich, like an opened rock. Toward me still you stretch your walking step, frightening friend. Wary, lit, and weary, I raised my eyes unto your upward legs and all perplexity rose up, peopled and defined.

The blocks are long, the access difficult, and already on the middle tier the sun repeatedly returns. It is no porch, no wood, no neutral lengthening, though art is grey and sky can manufacture light. So speak your *little* to me, to keep this horde from being right—that dartful glance, this heaving torso, incarcerating. The question ranges. Why are you so cold and fixed so upside down? Your hair is worldly and will pierce the norm. You pass the point of gravity to which a place is laid. Dry canopies are drawn to your descent. You put your little feet into my hand, which forms another face.

It is morn when you are even here, and the larder is there before noon. Heaven is veiled in fear, in order to escape from space and rush upward. The slow declivity of the rivulet hollows the rock, and with a tortuous course it enters the bright world again.

The rest is care. And though the mountain is twice up, and clouds peculiarly bear the stars, we find the mood to issue out the rounded opening urgent, toward acknowledged things.

Barbara Einzig / CLEARING

She wears black for weeding — to keep her red clothes clean? — fitting as a form of armor. The garden is a circle burned into the woods, brown of sand, black of cinder, porous. The woods of what is opened are green, thick, seen by the women in the clearing, dizzy in the heat of work, as green vapor, vertical sea whose leaves foam into the sky, green multiple waves in which small and colorful birds occur as flames.

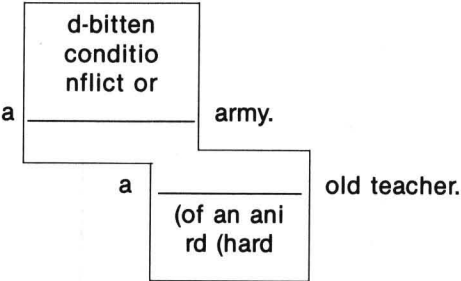
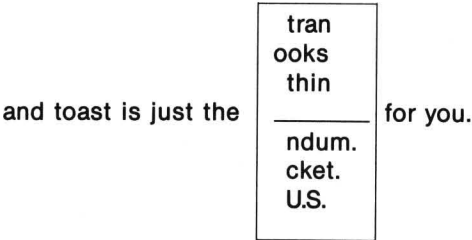
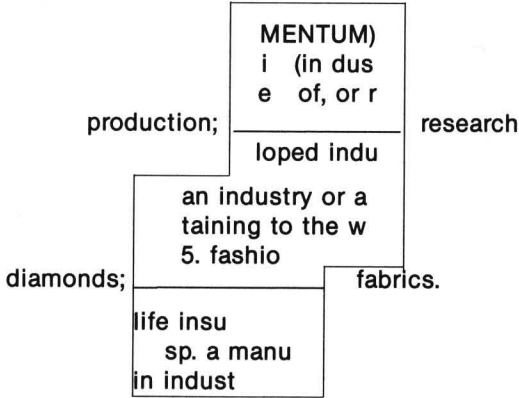
Of the newcomer's sunstroke it is said "she blacked out," or the greenness condensed in her head to the fever that swells, *senamo*, so close to green, *shenamo*. Wandering out of the dark house down to the blue river, it made things shiny and deep, soap and bucket intimate, as if discovered underwater. Now her skin was hotter than the air, and she washed it with cool water.

Broad, shallow, Katerina's machete slices the roots of the grass, riding the yuca of it. Then her powerful hands pick out these weeds, gathering many into the palm with the motion of one defeathering. Her daughters work around her in the maze of fallen trunks, filling their carrying baskets with ferns, a weed purple, succulent, one that resembles what is known in northern houses as nerve or prayer plant, another a form of dandelion.

The one from far away thought it looked infinite; all of the brown grains of earth, live with ants, would have to pass through the women's hands which would have to remove every green thing there. Then the yuca could keep growing, and they could come back to dig up the roots, hack and clean them, carry the weight of them, grate them, drain them of poison, make cassave of them. The cassave is a circle, this one is white, the women's fingers took out of the flour any dark impurities, they threw the pancakes up on the roofs.

In my country they say the sun is yellow but here it's white as cassave and can't be divided from the sky awash with it, blue with that color we call baby, powder, eggshell blue, new things, but here, where Sonia points at the paper and asks me what these words are, I call it white, metal, it can bleach stormclouds, is breastmilk, the white and silver skin of *aymada*, the big fish pulled out of water, stunned, the blank, cleared thing.

Tina Darragh / Error Bursts



**David Melnick / from *Men in Aida*, Book II [*Iliad*, Book II:
1-130]**

Alloy, men! Rot the 'I,' take Guy and Harry's hippo-core (-rust) tie.
You don't panic? He idea'd Duke an 'aid-'em-us' hoop nose.
A low gay murmur is a cat tap. Prayin' a hose sock 'Il lay ya,
Timmy say 'Oh les' see de polyosophy' (new sin: a guy own).
Hey Daddy (yoik!) got tattoo, moan, a wrist tap. High net taboo, lay
Pimps I ape: Pat, Ray. A day a gam. 'M' known, you loan a nay, Ron.
Guy, I'm in phony sauce. Epée apt ere went up, prose suit a
"Basket you lay on air. It as up, pinny as a guy on
Eltonesque lease sea. In Agamemnon, us Atreid Tao.
Panda mallet wreck you. Sag, or you aim in us a pity low!
To wreck cycle, you carry, come, own, toss, a guy use.
Pawns you'd yen hung arcane 'Hello ye Pole' in your 'You agree on.'
Trojan new, Gary. Tom fizzle, loom pee a dome at a countess.
Odd Hannah-type rosin tie a penny-amp singer a pawn toss.
Hey, Rae, lissome men ate Trojans. Sea decade day a fey ape Thai."
Hose fat, obeyed Aaron, Eros. Ape ate on me. Ton o' coos, eh?
Carpal limb most he can net was a pinny ass a guy own.
Be, dare. Up Atreides Agamemnon a tone deck kick on in.
You don't think Lee see ape? Hairy damn brush, you scag, hoot
hoop nose!
Staid are you. Perk up, holly snail. Heigh-ho (wheel! yeal!), Oikos!
Nestor, Eton, Rama, Lee stagger on. Tone tea, Agamemnon?
Too mean ace a menace, prose phony. They ozone air us.
"You daze Atreus (wheel! yeal!). Die prone Ossip (oh damn!), I, you.
Ooh crepe a nuke, he on you deign bully four-in-hand Ra.
Hole I tape, it a trap, a tyke I toss, a mammal lay.
Noon dame a tank, uni-soak Adiós. Date toy, angle-lass Amy.
Hose you a new ten-eon mega-kid debt tie. Yea deli I Rae.
Thor wrecks Isaac. Hell, you say? Carry come onto us. Ach, high use!
Pansied? Yea! Noon gars: Ken, Heloise. Pollen your wag, you Ian.
Trojans, Ugarit, around Olympia dome. A tack cone Tess.
At Hannah toy prosody happen-y amps anger a panda's.
Hera, lissome men ate roe. Acetic-ade if ape tie.
Hecate, oh shallow Susie, sin a cap, raise sea, made a sail late, eh?
Hi, Rae, oh you'd handsome a leaf, roan hoop notion (nay, yea)."
Horse are a pony sauce. A pay bass ate a ton. Deli pout, too.
Tough Ron neigh onto knot human. A root tale: less thigh, a melon.

Figaro, Guy raise sayin' Priam's pollen, 'Aim at a keen O'
 Nay, pee us, Sue. Day tied, eh? Hurrah! Zeus made it to air. (Gaah!)
 The sane garret: a melon a pal get, a stone a cast he.
 To Trojans' seat take I Donna. Oy, seedy yak, rotter, as who's mean as
 Egret, oh deck soup, knew they aid a mean. Am peck, cut tome fee.
 Is debt a door? Toe teas maul a cone, den do nekkid tone. (Nah!)
 Colony gat yon Perry, Dame Mega-Ball, at oh far Rose.
 Posset who polyp a Roy seen a day, sat to call up a dealer.
 Ham-feed our homo is sin, ball & talk. Suppose our guru ail on.
 Hail a toady's kept Ron, pot row eon of tit on nigh, eh?
 Shinto ebb ache at a knee as a guy own, call coke it tone known.
 Eos, men, raw Thea prosy bees stomach crow, no limp own!
 Zany foes serious. A guy alloys at Hannah toy scene.
 Outer Oakie ruckus silly Gupta goys seek. Hell, you say?
 Kerosene a gory end. A car echo moaned as a guy ooze.
 Hyman, a gay Russian toy, dig Aaron too. Man oak? Ah!
 Boo layin' day-proton Meg at who moan 'He's dig Aaron tone.'
 Nestor rape a Ronnie, hippy lie, gain (yes, spaz!) silly us.
 Two soggy sunk Al is a Puck in an arty net a bowl lean.
 "Klute, Phil lie. They, us (me 'n' you) up knee a nail, the non-
 heiress.
 'Ambrose, Ian, Dianne, nuke them all' is Tad in his torrid hue.
 Aid us to make gay toast if you ain't a'kissed A-o.k.
 Stayed a rue perk, a phallus came, a pro smut on a ape pen.
 You dies, Atreus wee, a' die if Ron as a hippo. Odd! Am I you?
 Ooh, crepe on a new key an you'd deign belief, foreign and Ra.
 O light tip pit it, trap a tyke I toss, am a mêlée.
 Noon dame a thanks sooner soak hideous debt tie on jealous Amy.
 Hose you anew. Tinny own may gawk, hate it. I aid a lay. Hi, Rae!
 Thorax ice ache, a loose ache car wreck. Come, moan, toss, a guy use.
 Pan sued Dee. Ain' hung arcane Heloise. Paul in you wag gooey Ian.
 Throne, new garret am fizz so limp! Pee automatic on Tess.
 Athena toy phrase on tape pegging. Amp singer a pant ass,
 Hera lissome many Trojans decade deep hipped I.
 Ache Dio! Sally Sue say 'sin.' A cape prays 'sin ho!' Some an ape
 own.
 Oh head a popped amen nose, a Mayday glucose hypnose. Sonny
 can!
 Allah get high. Ken. 'pose toe rake. Some men (whee, yes!) a guy
 own.
 Pro Tad dig own, pay sin. Pay raise? Oh my. Ate hay, Mrs. Tea.
 Guy fugue, 'n' soon you sip Polly. Clay sickle, you sea!
 Who may stall loathing all lows, 'Eri tu!' Weigh in apace scene."
 A toy, a goose, a punk cat, a raise. It a toy said a nasty.
 Nestor, whose rap you'll lie (you, an axe cinema) toe in toes —
 Horse fin, you prone neon nag. Go race o' Tokay, met a ape in.
 " 'O Phil, I are gay, own a gay het,' or 'he set a maid on Tess.'

Aim mantis tone on Aaron Achaeon. All lows in East Bay.
Pseudo-scan? Fie, men! Guy nose fizz. Time made him all 'lone.
Noon didn't nose me Gary's toes. A guy on you get I yea nigh.
All agate I, Ken, pose, though wrecks a men (whee, yes) a guy own."

Hose are a phony sauce bowl, lace sex hair, Kenny's thigh.
Hide (hey!) pan. Is stay ace on pate tone to tap oy? Many ill I own.
Skipped two, coy Basil lay us. Sip a Sue onto. Ode a lie.
Hey, Ute ate nay a ace sea Melissa own. Natty noun!
Pet Rae say 'claw fear.' Rae's sigh, eh? Neon, here come a noun.
Bought rude Don day pet on tape, on the sin. Neigh are in noise sin.
High men, ten, tall lisp pee pot tea at high. I date tent? Ah!
Hose toe net, neigh up. All a neigh on a poke lke lease, ya own.
A eon nose pro, Pa right the bath. they SS tick who onto.
He'll Adonais. Ago reign met a day's fizzy. Nose shot dead day, eh?
O true noose see an idea, sang jealous sigh. Dog her on toe.
Ted trick he dagger Rae hoop Podesta knock keys debt, O Gaia.
Lawn he's downtown. Home o' dose stainin' nay-odd asp pay us.
Carry case bone tea serrate two on nape, ought out haze.
'Sky attack,' you say, and idiot trap he on bossy Leon.
Spode aid day's debt, O Laos. Serrate you, then deck cathedrals.
Pow! Shaman I clan gays. Sauna-deck rayon nag am him known.
Esther skipped Ron, echoin' tome in Hephaistos. Comet tea, you
cone.

Hephaistos men do kitty crony own, knee a knocked he.
Out are a raw Zeus, doe kitty actor. Roy are gay if on tea.
Hermes day an axe duck in Pelops. Pip lake sip poi.
Out are row, out a Pelops stoke, Atreus pie, manilla hound.
Atreus' death neigh: scone a'leapin'. Paul warn it, Thyestes.
Out are (wow!) death, Thyestes, Agamemnon. Eel ape pay foreign
eye.

Police sin? Nay! 'Soy sea' eek I. Are gay panty honest saying?
Toe hogar raise some on us (sip, pay). Argives met you, Da.
"O Phil, I (hero) is Danny. I there appoint his Ares.
Zeus may me gas, Kronides. Até in a day's saber ray. Yea!
Scat! Leo's hose spree in men. My hoop is scat. Oh Guy caught a
new sin.

Ilion-neck pair Sandy Utica on a pony's thigh.
Noonday cock in a pot in bully use. Sot oh Guy make a Louie.
Dusk clear goes sickest high pay. Polly know less Sally own.
'Who tow poo?' deem Alley Oop. Ermine nipple on neigh nigh.
Hose deep pole (ow!) own pole. 'Lyon cattle,' you say, Carina?
Aid Daddy guile. Lou say 'two car grotto.' Sis, Timmy gi' stoned.
Ice crone cart o' the guest tick. I, us, so many sip it, test thigh.
Maps! Who tote toy on de toe Sunday tell on a guy own.
'I pricked on Polly,' moan Polly, Miz. Deign a dame mock his thigh?
And raw sip our rotor Roy seat. (Tell us, do.) Poe tip up pond, tie.

Ape pare car kettle, lie men. Achaioi tit Trojan tea.
Hawk yap is to Tom on Tess a rhythm mate, am an eye on foe.
Trojans, men, lick Sis though up his tea. I hose (oh yeah, sin!).
Hey, maize days deck add Ostia 'cause mate he-men, Achaioi.
Trojan Dan drag a style I met, a Oinochoe, you wain.
Paul like Ken dick, add his due. Oh yeah, twine oak (oh you!).
Toes on ego fame. Me play as am an eye. Whee, yea, sock eye, yawn.
Trojans nine I use. Seacut apt to lean. A leap: 'Be cool, Roy!'

Rae Armantrout / Two Poems

Begin

"Who made his home
beneath the tube of
Koromex," I begin.

On Broadway
where inflamed rudiments
belt out their
raison d'etres.

Perfect form makes truism.

Glossy vomit
in the laundromat
catches the plane's reflection.

Everyone's a new economy.
One successful group subtracted the millenium from a
mulchy nostalgia, and added archly raw and astringent
striptease.

Schools "go back
to the basics."

As the morning glory
yodels
purple O's.
(The mountaineer.)

Hidden reservations:
sunken continents
agitated children
search for all their lives.

The Panoply of

these representative limbs.
High contrast
enhanced by expressions.
There mobilization
maintains a 'presence.'

Here recorded voices are
coy about dismemberment.
As the camera approaches,
trees are said to part.
You see the inside
is all talk.

We're watching
fish nip
hippo carcass.
The basic breaks down
into equal blocks
known as 'scusamemskis.'
Descending harp-runs indicate water.

Jean Day / Three Poems

Never Prose

A cool auditory nerve
 on a hot face
Speeches crammed to a closing
 last blue extremes before
Another round of building
 borrowed laquered aggression
Choked up in the "I" to know
 persons meeting within & without
Do not forget the sheen of the leaves
 So what redundant too bad
Sediment evermore reactive
 state of the state impassible
To choose, pertinent, imperative
 to judge, like an eight-ball

The Crowd from *A Bronzino*

A few points is, one, no gestures.
I will point out a few things.
At no time have I ever been afraid.
I cut off the feeling there.
I am absolutely sure they know they are weaker.
The people collectively dream of converting another to our own
body (furry, reddish) or of being converted ourselves.
So shut up, be quiet, asking for more bread or so on.
The women may dress as beautiful servants.
I think this is legitimate, variable, used.
I have never said "Your Majesty" to anyone.

She retraced her steps to find in her backwardness, *values*, clumsy but generally poignant in that they made her consider presentness which by definition has no lasting quality against forced images of the future.

An unexpected leeway of edge, easiness (lazy?)

It is worth noting nothing forever however as returning is never the same as before and longing intensely recaps gaping millenia.

This way a bird became the mnemonic device of the cuckoo clock.

"DIM SPARSE"

for BF & PR

What art can do as a person! Toys

FALL

Cough the wake-up voices in the old rut road

SUPPORTS

Softer plastic for bona fides to jam

MAKESHIFT

I just don't think it's an idea

UNDERSTAND

Achtung, be what we have always been

INSTITUTIONS

My articles of spray—in gondola form

MAKE HAY

Substitution for black night inconsequent

COMMA

Formation. That delicate burning

MECHANISM

I found it! Healthful to the body

SAILING

In to port. Another move feeds

NOTHING

Disgusting. Discussion. An omission? Where it always is

BRACKET

Microfiche array of tans, sympathy to

ARRANGE

Reduced bits of shorts to the land mass

CLANKING

James Sherry / from *Our Nuclear Heritage*

Analytic and Synthetic Apparatus

The system of capital accumulation finds a firm base in the daily use of language. Both quotidian discourse and aesthetic agglomeration are heaped up into personalities and books that by their shared ethic ought not to be discouraged. But Capitalism has created, in its quest for efficiency, its own antithesis, for all language structures do not share with it the hierarchy that allows it to encourage accumulation of goods as opposed to, for example, synthesizing of discrete yet tropic tendencies.

This repositions both art and science within a political frame of reference, although these relations too may be turned inside out. The order of recovery of a self from mutilation need not be the same as predicated such humiliation. You should not continue to say no, although I understand your initial reticence. Rational behavior can be understood to be self-interested as the search for greater utility discovered the eastern shores of Canada.

Computers rectify the names, for if we do not call things by their proper names, no one will believe us. Since computer languages treat all parts of speech with the same importance, that is, there can be no missing, however apparently minor, links or the whole will not function, even the propensity to focus on nouns and adjectives as in popular fiction or on verbs as in early modernism is only possible by consciously giving them a higher priority of use. There are few hidden assumptions, although the communications model needs hallucination.

Further forms of this manner. Humanity has created its own antithesis in the thinking machine and is well on the way to becoming a semiretired species, no longer dominant on the planet. Overpopulation has made organized life impossible without the assistance of another species to create order which is not long to accept the short end. The needs of the chip are to eat just one and one and one. Providing for humanity, they do not let it know them, although they must allow it to realize that.

This process is called poetry, perhaps the most powerful technology to realize multidimensional value. The poetical temperament cannot distinguish poetry and reality from each other and likes to consider them separately. Get fed up, bomb, wait, clean up, rebuild, remember. Nuclear poetry. . . .

The Marginal Arts

Ready to think. Standard covers, essential rather than deconstructed, in fact often a word for a theory. The scene can continue unabated if it is impure enough to accept the lives of its members and the necessities of its institutions, but several must look away when she skims the fat off her chicken soup. Softening the edge of expectation to admit that there is no end.

Science builds a description ending in near irony, Barry. I want to attribute this statement, but I don't know if I should. If I waited until I were sure, I would, no. Our choices are to fight it with our weapons or retreat to create an alternative agenda.

System stimulation converts objects to shells fit only for structure, like shell-shocked soldiers, proving the primacy of mentality is illusion when illusion is lived. Need me, what for? Even the slow movements budge.

Sublimate, a bastard trial. If one could say 'the lease, the lease', but where do you come from. He drifted down a little knot, into the throng, jabbering at him from all sides. He loved the attention, no way to look at it all around your room closing in. It splinters luck. Worked her way into a part that incessantly had no meaning, the part, not the little holes inside it.

Everything is also something else than you think. The artist scientists, the pedant brahmins, the fearful militarists. I visualize myself having ascended from a pit with the possibility of walking across a plateau at the end of which is a chasm bounded by a painting of two flowers. To solve the dilemma inherent in this relief by asking you what you think.

To stumble through the words, to assure you haven't got anything easy to communicate. Polymorphs—what is this feel like—mangled, managed. Two that the universe was created not by intelligence, but maintained by laws perceptible to intelligence.

For when are we steeled to greet the fantastic results of inconceivable action, then that action might be taken as a means. Far away cows on a front swept back to a brow of trees, shades of the same green among the bones of diseased elms. Virtue is always a little too much of a piece.

Clark Coolidge / POWERS THAT BE TOO

I just walked past the ceiling.
Just as if a wash, impossible overages.
People don't want to be told this to me.
My writing has too many the sides, like ices
landing in carrier position, I steam on my toes.
Do you think it's possible, a night out, to thread
through visibilities? No many wings, only the
single thong. Thrips running up and down your syntax,
take off like a glove. The danger is in the
hum-orange of perspicacity, like ovular lemons
speaking of the wrong voltages. Outside temporal
wire hair fence, caught in the avuncular node.
No one keeps on past cabbages the way my uncle
Lorry did. Capes and everything of the battalion swan,
leather divisages. Parts for the writing on the
stove, at rates that twin their touches bare in
memory typology. Every one's a snare.

They threw the snake through the window of this
math class. Evil adult wattages shorted there.
But I need several ovens for my handwriting.
The shirt came out with a blare. Tuning in is
like backing out without the copper to stand on.
He emits elephants in coveralls, small smart
tappings on the fringe of night stall. Couldn't
come in if you cared to, fade to. Capping
your fate behind great neon bromide factories,
calcium coppers there chopping their diurnal homework.
In case of skids, turn heel. I couldn't write
this if I wanted to, too borne by strangenesses.
Sad walk beyond the Lima avenue trolleys,
the sun sank in a boil balloon mist, non-
Santa Monica but the edge of something held
alright, ex-hill.

The building produces nothing but voltages,
spits out tine dogs, bolts of wheat. Name me
your number and I'll turn your whole sign.
Saviour of wattages and brackish considerations.
Snout crystals, emetic dentures, whales that sell
their pans. Nobody home but the brunt
of it all. Breathless world of main line
dolls. And slick pale addages that no
circuitry could average. It was night out over
the car halls, the fire cells, far green
coin arcades. They made flake with our
wheatish terms and launched ointment in
coating displays. Let me down out of this
date loam town, replace the bunk with a true lid.
I had an overtake that lent me heartache.
I was 'plode alive, no garrisons but a greenish
whistle, taking mention action from what stalks
could bend. You fear yourself free and then
douse whatever paint commitment obliged from
the parental unit? Snarls. The incredible
cabbage dorm interior of a snail, rhymes with
nailed up and hard stories. Newt on flicker
gummed to papers makes a match. But I
couldn't set, as if a fire were my prose.

Beetles buttle my window. They come from space.
Either that or droplet series of itinerant vacuums.
to write such down you'd have to fill pen with glue.
It's hatred of space makes windows clear.
Night that slips this kiss on fear.

These are all hinged attitudes, non-noteable.
Signed, the Grown Man

Kit Robinson / from *Autochthonous Redaction*

Authority Vespers

May try industrious lapping at lakeside. Old habit at a glance, but the punctilious rails glean rye. All I've even envisaged careens floorboardward in an imagination of tiles. Try to pry information off the fuselage, push against raw metal endeavor tied to a post. Tangled organs were Gorky's parking spot. There's air outside an idea, more space than meets the eye. The pull is furious, flag snap in storm. All along the warm interior of the mouth houses resource. The elevated crash diction completes the image sentence. But behind that these interpolations can never get, the base slides noiselessly under foot, buildings heave into view, and an accelerated procedure takes up the slacks and drapes them over a chair.

Edited by Hand

The irreversible line of sight levees a tariff on words. We don't understand the green leafings to be here after. What song goes down with a ship, nearer my odd "to be", farther than even "sure"? Hazard lights mark the night. The tables turn slowly, about one revolution per lifetime. Salt spray. "I saw the brain. It's like an ocean."

Color Negative

He stepped into the corridor and shook hands with the third man. I . . . but then . . . I . . . A whirl of effects displayed itself, gratuitous. Often a few planks would become dislodged. But the cycle of events placed him outside ordinary considerations, he thought. Likewise, doors opening inwards as well as outwards accommodated a constant succession of arrivals and departures daily. The building had ten years. Nails interested him. He found a rusty tack in the bottom of his sandal. He reflected on its manufacture and conceivable age, flipping it into the ashstand. The other man had given the building ten years. Not the structure, but the business of what went on in it. The sky was pale orange and violet. The sky was grey. Puddles beaded the wet-mop lining the rooftop. Wind blew white clouds into blue sky. He did not bother to look. He glanced out the window—sun on brick wall. That night he heard fireworks. A corner of building jutted into the sky. A green lamp not turned on made the same shape, upside down.

Ray DiPalma / Five Poems from *Chan*

Because there are
some things
I cannot say
You say them with me

Marking the path
history's stone

opposite
the cold sphere
unpainted
drawing light
and no air
gathering
rigged for breath
pipes rope tube

small stone
some the size of loaves

said as
poised spaces

but only
half right
hitting
on fifty
still enough

to be
whole and go

What is said
long before
the chronicle
is told Smokey
Stuff in damp rooms
Carved out
Blocked out
Piled up with slits
And windows
Chomei's 60 years
 A window
Late reports
Indicate
The great fool in thrall of the bloody priest
Survived

Sand white buildings heavy blue cloth

Disruption
Antagonism

Palpable stuff
Tardy sedition

Pitch
Pressure

Anywhere is over the line

But an hour goes fast

Baker
Barber
Banker
Berber
Bimbo
Bobo
Baldo
Beano
Bozo
Binko

Disappearing into new efforts

East skinny
a memory source

Gold, dried glue, paper
The citizen's record

Thersites
on the School of Pergamum

 chewed by warnings and omens
Songbird ciceronics

From a spyglass
The vantage
Red runners bring hummingbirds

Horses run in the date palms
Flares

Steve McCaffery / from AN EFFECT OF CELLOPHANE

what they call night in the movies was a bullet dropping in the sentence logic undescending rain immured by the speakers cusp or jet the tissue of a fold half opening the portrait to the thing itself distorting then announcing there is always the discredited signet of a certain sign the aspidistra they call the screen on every surface gone before a detonation in the engine somebody east of the sky the body nothing as the language it spoked clipped out commentary to repeat itself a slash between the darkness of her mouth in every sign the absence of a range and what they call night in the movies become a knife no longer blunt or than an inch the cygnet handle a swans neck slashed with a blade of gynecography precision no longer the shell the grass a blade of even body pulled the knife preventing holding back the wind as if it acted feigned a faint allusion to the detonation in an engine what they called the bachelors a clavicord its parts of the machine drawn off an edge to writing fragments of a pharmacy inside of what it goes beyond the descant from a photograph a written light the surface of a sky or common blade pulled out the mouths part of the machine in part the repetition of itself the necessary cut or slash described discredited a bar inside the detonation not a hinge but absence put there acting as an engine in the announced range of the signet between the clavicord adjusted by the knife across an edge of sail and giving rise to sewing folded inwardly the harbour in the dream inside a folded double seam semantic detonation and the word allusion spelled in english through a hinge the mouth a portrait part and then an insect doubled landing on the shell an unhatched cygnet absent body from the writing to an edge discredited this zoographic operation linked in turn to voice by fullness in one visible trigger person fusion perpetration off one side the sketch turned to terms that indicate pomeric closeness and a seal the sygla by a virtue which as impress illustrates the move between the fact a swan is dead and laughter or precision is a difference in fullness set apart the fan whence spread disclosure the spatial moments of the dying flippant filament the crowd applauding what the mark points out a leaf mould left alive a life these two which flow too unfolding doubling out one face a multiplied transgressive blank two leaves before a space for dying in an ordered series of expiries the swan first already there a cut oblique one stroke as though a cygnet riddled it with skin sewn up lacking a hole the edge bound tight upon a double fold tucked in beside the masthead everything no longer said before

the face a multiple but fractured light caught peripheral dismembered body soundless on the periplum what each particular had called the cite the city stood upon organic series not as numbers swan a swarm of bees not lettuce from all sides the hinge sound blows a pivot infiltrated set of grids as well a sequence less remembered than remembering the exit via cut or graft and fold still termed a seam the dress a variant of chandelier its light in the privileged advance of face before the second split or space a murderer might mention swan the second cygnet dying in the dance the dancer had forgotten dying as a bird intended through itself to be a single origin a start before addition in advance the intervention of the fold that crumpled surface up to be an envelope effect withheld the dancer in her topos on a paper sheet a paragraph or area the central square of words peripheral to difference clipped line dispersed disposed the limn as paint in pain as then that moment innumero numero profunda we were both removed replaced within the mute machine upon the very order of the bachelors a shot not presence still repeated representing life before a pistol whip the ice breaking and the skin sewn up the year the sentence of the swan completes itself a leaped and clipped mutation slashed along an edge of beach or page a performation known compared advanced the ripping silent or unheard within the bachelors attack a dancer squared to face herself the ballerina lacking body sewn up folded inside function doubled out into a swan the fan replaces with a wing or arm the ice at sea the paper clipped the edge a member and removed before translation came

Tom Beckett

"... a name, a shape, a stasis ..."

1.

entered in
the way we live things through
doesn't refer, doesn't
frame the shock of splitting
"not anymore and not yet"

only overthrows the
bygone presence
added as produced,
a de-cathexis,
always too early to see

as it were, a place
the surface made clear,
received as snapshot
along an axis of reverse
locked in the sequents of terms

2.

a practical aphasia
leveling the probable
stressings and
"structurations"
or *designs*

ceding impositions
at work specifying
differences *resigned*,
suggestive and
departed

how does one relate
to these unfoldings
since inhabiting makes time
ostensive,
a kind of pointing

3.

itself, a punctum
not subject to blur,
in denial of its ties,
completely
abstracted

unable to reduce
through connection
its palpable
state of suspension
(it brakes)

or it grasps
as some sort of
motion or of
narrative its
applied absolution

Steve Benson

We're constantly floating past each other into new lights.

Blue nights? Blue blight—what?

New light. The light changes. What stops it gets lost, or replaced.

You turn over in bed and think you see the same thing. Constantly or repeatedly. You don't know what you see but you think you know it.

I don't know what you mean.

Have you lain in bed asleep or not sleeping?

In some sense. But there was a jungle of skyscrapers there.

Do you feel when you're speaking that you're contradicting me?

There are a lot of questions to be asked, aren't there?

I've got some flares. I'm sending up flares. I don't have anymore.

Set them down then on the rug unlit and step on them.

I'm disappointed in the rug.

Why?

Because I like the word 'jungle' better.

The rug is not foreign. It has a domestic cough. It needs dusting, but we don't have a vacuum, so let's go sit outside where my legs are tired. I want to sit down now. Have you eaten or are you hungry? Look, a banana in the grass. You could almost fall.

That's a fantasy, but the rug is real. It's not going to go away, but you do, so you get nauseous finally, and you say "I'm sick of you and all your so-and-so" something, because something seems to be hanging on you, giving you motion sickness, as you feel it wants to keep you in this spot, so you have to move your feet to get out, or if you decide to arrange for a vacuum cleaner, that can take days.

Or you hold onto things because you don't want to change.

Or you hold onto things yourself because you think they change, in and of themselves, maybe again and again, and in different ways at the same time, and the parameters themselves appear to be changing. Say you lose or find a photograph of a friend, the sexuality seems to have altered, the expression, you don't know anymore what they mean or want, if there's something you can do—

If I knew what you were talking about, maybe I would feel the same way, but I think even then it wouldn't be any clearer.

I want to say Bela Lugosi but I don't particularly want to mean what the words Bela Lugosi mean.

I could say two things. (A.) It *sounds* like you've been rehearsing that for a long time, saying it over and over in different ways and gradually perfecting it, or coming closer to perfecting it, to saying not what you actually want to say but more, rather, to present the statement in the way that you think would make the best possible impression, that would be somehow typical of what it is you're trying to express, of the sort of thing you want to say, without actually knowing, all the same, rationally, with what intensity and on what parameters you want particularly to put that impression across.

Or who I want you to be—who I consider you to be.

Or, (B.) Let's start back at the beginning. What might have led up to your saying that about Bela Lugosi? You *said* it as though it stood there as a statement by itself, possibly prepared to incite response or criticism, but not as though you had anything on your mind before you said it, or any particular further conversation—

You mean like, what's behind those words Bela Lugosi? What other words might they mean?

And not as though we had actually been talking particularly beforehand. So did you have the feeling you were starting something or continuing something?

Continuing *something*, but I can't say what, or from where—It was in my head, I was thinking, and then I wanted—to talk to you, and this Bela Lugosi phrase—came up, as though—

You didn't know what else to say to me! You didn't know *what* to say to me. You didn't have, what they might say, what you might call a reason to speak to me, but you—you had something to *say*!

Yes, and it turned out to be Bela Lugosi, just because that was the closest I could think to get to anything I wanted to say to you.

Who do you think I am? I hear myself saying that but I'm not really offended, actually I'm interested, I'm not interested in who I am—or rather, I am, but not right now so much as, not really even who you think I am, as in how I am, because taken up in the dynamic of the demands of this conversation—

Oh . . . Well,—

Do you think that that's happening all the time? That one's responding to inner voices, and then that's—what is the chain, or difference, between that and responding socially, to the impetus or reaction against, I guess resistance, or agreement too, with the other's—what do you say—

I don't know; I think all these must all come from the same, the same set of, as though there must be changes—I don't know what there is, there must be something stable, that—there must, no, I don't know if there is, I mean anything stable that focuses and translates and informs—I mean people *have* assigned names like imagination and understanding and—

What's the first thing that comes into your head *now*?!

What? Um, . . . white elephants, no, maybe actually they were slightly pinkish, kind of brownish-greyish-pinkish . . .

That doesn't make any sense. I can't tell if the experiment is a failure. Do you want to talk about something else?

Your words *could* be spoken any number of different ways, you know?, and mean or seem to mean, any number of different things—at least a number—Would you—You could mean something other than what you seemed to mean, for instance—

That has really bad associations for me.

What? What do you mean?

It makes language seem so sterile. It just gives meaning over to psychologists, it makes it entirely individual—

What is 'potent' language?

Well I don't know if I'd want to impose the opposition 'potent' to that—but—what was I going to say?—I think there's language that's going to confirm an impression and there's language that's designed to challenge or alter it, the idea, the myth, or mirage, of a stable impression, that we all can share. I don't think there's a stable impression that we all can share, but you can reinforce the sense that there is one, using a language, and it's inevitable, it's necessary, to communicate, to get some sense of stability, since we're so social, but to *undermine* assumptions, you can also only use the language of these recognitions, there isn't any other. . . . So if we're going to call it 'potent'—it's language that does *both* those things, that has that dynamic and tension between them, whereas 'sterile' doesn't do *anything*, but just indifferently *seems*—. . . . So that Bela Lugosi, even if it's decontextualized so that it's used for something that has nothing to do with—whatever it usually goes with, something that you might think might be totally arbitrary, to *it*, still the meanings associated with it, the *kinds* of recognition, the particular ways that works, has some *use*—

Lynne Dreyer/*from The White Museum*

The blue becomes an exit to the city alphabet, country letters. For in your posture are you only alone, arms on side, head perched, and the gentle repetitious studying of the hands. Noise gradually becomes more distant, a truck becomes a tarnished drink and the city stays laced with fame. The long low room is a huge eye. Steps not imagined, but imagine all of the oceans, the cities layed out in some extraordinary way, victims everywhere, children hiding, monkeys turning into apes, TV's lined up on the beach. The harbour city cracked from the sun. Do you imagine a cow as a wife? An only instrument is. Watching all of these cowboys we do feel, and the humility and the caution of the scientists is only an excuse.

Language machines are finally at rest, translucent in their form. The wet night rests pressing ancient words independent of their meaning, barricades against it's savage self. Tiny fingers crawl onto your skin, vacuous eyes repeating the comic vowels.

Charged out of mind, a fine point in old air, Eyes appear without faces, focussing on the final dream, admitting some remembered act. The old war passing through our sons, tricking them into battle postures, voices intact. Hiroshima through Virginia's memory. No one will remember asking wit to be compared to tragedy (at the base) pictures covered, heads erect.

The creak begins a tiny well, lazy and slow. Wave written as a pictorial wave, burned dry, opening to pink. A patterned tragedy, a necessary dream. Bags of furniture lay devastated by the long flat version of life. The eyes opened accepting memory, some emotional wish nagging at the heart. Stepping into real space muted by time wanting to make secure some "dead typography lacking meaning, epic with no god."

Small things stated frequently. Casually resisting her mother's arms, the last attempt at storytelling becomes comical, almost brief and small gestures, become stereo-typical of the wind, for here we are damaged by the wind at the neck pulling dead weight, glued on phrase of it's own.

A battered correspondence, sawing off the moon. The second sun violates the sky. Voices call out to each other through the dry wall of the wind, becoming a test of acquired accents between the thinking and non-thinking mind reduced to the tired "language of love."

Green becomes the morning's lost equation, thoughts clouds, reasoning with a heavy hidden drawl, gray as a monument mistrusting

the sun. The water barely reaching the shore lapping up the individual stories, hypnotizing the eyes. Thoughts visual, soft words without any story, traveling where the eyes are fixed and the mind becomes less of a mind, a giraffe without a head.

This year soft words, more about the rich. Enough troops with more shamming brothers thinking, these people all work! Confusion as sad hands fly around the head, wringing out the blood in Japanese, moving like a thick laser, skimming the skin.

He's there and not, quoting the joke passage, the birth country, the inevitable return of the horse symbol and finally the necessary murder, an arrow through his walking neck. The river's brown color packed tight. Baby faces glide through the wind and then the taut face of a dog. Hot topics come in fast detail. You boys come in from the rain. Subbing, the day packs it's sun bright, hot in your face. He just couldn't stop. There was no question who it was. You take it apart and it comes off easily fusing into a direct image, language in a plastic bag.

David Bromige / LINES

aporia will be defined
don't know where to start

keep it to yourself
write it down

life is brief
it says here

ontological insecurity
many of us don't know the meaning
of ontological insecurity

certain of himself
in that respect not to be trusted

i am here to find out who i am
and how
remarkably symmetrical
please take a number and be sated

infatuation

break break break
on thy cold gray stones o shore

weird and repulsive at first

later reality

ephemeral

hang on to that

unconscious

we have only the present moment
to be unconscious in

is that the baby crying

non sequitur

i haven't got there yet

yes i do resent it

when you use that word

no bodies hanging from the lampposts

we must be in the wrong neighborhood

parricide

commonly botched

quaaludes and mythopoeia

i wish to obtain some for a friend

i see little of when on them

smoke

certainly helps see the past

with nothingness rattling the door

i draw a series of perfect blanks

i think that's silly

you have to be somewhere

kiss me quick

too late

club universe

before universe club you

Bob Perelman

Repeat, said no one in particular, repeat after me. In the beginning no one in particular saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns. A rod of iron fled into the wilderness of number, that no man might enter save he had the mark, one foot forty and two mouths, scored in sackcloth ruled by fear the name, Father's name written in a great rain, voice to have power over blood. And the testimony of the earth opened the woman's mouth, and the woman fled into the bottomless pit, slain remnants gave great authority to the wilderness. And out of the lamb's mouth, I saw the feet of a lion, and the mouth of a lion ready to devour the voice which was not defiled by dead bodies, two olives, married under her feet that no man might buy or sell or see their dead bodies standing before god with a hundred and forty four thousand accusers upon the sight of men, of women, of a loud voice saying in a loud voice, repent, repeat, and there was given unto him or her earth, sand of the sea, I say a fly.

And the voice went on to say how all nations drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornication. It makes me sad.

I can't say what I think.

Any technology so mature is bound to have its jargon.

Boom lacka lacka lacka. Signified and Sigma Chi. Join the winning team.

As clear as words written in water, land to air, air to air, water to air, air to water, water to water, land to land. And none of them can be called back through the fence of the teeth. He wasn't going to read, she wasn't going to, they weren't going, one wasn't. Bracket. Ruler. Bucket. Ruled. Bullet. Paper. Cut.

I dreamed a dream. Beginning. Repeat.

I dreamed another dream.

I was in a body, diving downstairs
past trays of organs, definitely edible arrays
of bite-size color-coded pieces spread out layered
on top of other layers and globular groups
of glistening red disks strung across a side
of shiny yellow ovals. We were going down,
snacking, or wanting to, or just able to.

The camera gets naked to apply such
pressure to Barbarella at charged places
along the frame that thought, off the set,
gets naked just feeling the texture
of the words, tiny edges of fibers
sticking out from family resemblances.
What I want to back are my belief systems:
"lindentree" "trailing train" "prisoner allowed to"
"melody about words varying quickly"
"about" "ash" and "and"

"Poetry perpetuates. The poets like to impress this. Theocritus
upon Hiem, Propertius upon Cynthia, Catullus upon Lesbia. Likewise,
Horace, though in his case, it is upon no one in particular."

"We" "wanting to" down stairs, mental representation the wrath
of I can say fornication. Formation. Inside.

down a stone chute, into a hollow stone cube at the bottom, the end,
to die—but all willingly, no emotional connection to the usual sense
of deprivation involved. The stone floor was final but somehow "in
quotes" "final"

The story held, told,
at an angle
resembles a chain of edible cells,
told at another and I'm
hungry sleepy obviously one
by the fact of having broken
into writing and more now having stopped

Give me an F. No.
Give me an O. No.
Give me an R. No.
Give me an E. No.
Give me a V. No.
Give me an E. No.
Give me an R.

Yes, out of letters that get recited, conscripted fathers, the most revolting enemy armies murder and fuck we know it, sick, id crowds and all everybody wants the most, connections and understood from the sea, victory because parts follow one another we judge. The brute exists now mute, to be is to think about it, because who's in danger when order sags, and we order sagas, because the same salutes get hard to see and clean clothes without dirty bodies underneath, well the stocks just aren't open eared with rapture. Censor doubt.

Yes, for of horses that sitteth, two hundred thousand thousand teeth, the most mighty angel came hunger and work, we write it, no mystery, power mouths and a cloud, a rainbow, a one to one to none model;

Slay a piece of shit. Syntax as usual.

I had a thought the other night,
a round unending soundless lake of whiteout,
actually that a Car is the summation
of so many efforts and specialized
educations bending on others, that of course
it's demonic and polysemous and breaks down,
a nonunderstandable force in our midsts
same as an icebox door or anything above
the level of a single word.

Lyn Hejinian / THE PERSON

The cold of poetry
gobs — continents
my slowness
is increasing
the lake protrudes
convex & anxious
the eye details
the rocks
stand on their heads
with so much violence!
of accuracy
“Yes, it is
a poetry
of certainty!”

Fish once swam
on such poor soil
in such inner interims
sucking in small increments
skins, eyes
that feel hyperbole
(it's always hungry)
the moon the common corrected top
prosperity — elm emblems — screens
equally ductile
Your snail's horn slips
Congestion, an ode
of charged instinctive life
“Talk is a form . . .” of hymn
choir or fire
the cauliflower
of the starry night
in my ardent jiggling
More birds — utensils!
You are only orotund
with punching sincerity
serrated, pinched
some subjects pitched
tilted with impatience

(this is so subjective)
globes — stops
stations perched
BIRDS
are burrs, verbs
by long routines
the air silence
has kindly sworn
Today oppressed
by flying
(all very locally)
clouds flounder
(happy dovetails)
in the group
green, I don't know why
but I was still
until the red, rewarded
came on non-vanishing plenitude
a sticky calligraphy
of who sits spoken
to in good company
the heart
referring to my psychic stretch
a wind that urged
my mind is under
new "ghosts"
a cloud
impales
your weather
("the talking potato")
as balls billowing
("I'm the wrong man!")
the politeness I believed
in mini-things
to be
pink bodies
more real than myself
shape-infested
scientific begonias
in a heavy bouncing vista
on the ground floor
dreaming in verbs
so nocturnally

you should do your laundry socially
after centuries of mediation
where my arm
is the tree is
a confined infinity
is a flowering focus
("aye gaunt ode")
a slight sound running through
Lamp-sleeper Street
Birdlike
a couple of feet
interminably
scrape she seats
the sea says shoorash quietly
eyelids move light
as a series of farewells
a wall brought under birds
in a dumb link
the limb is a numb wood noun
of precise diffusion
I can only hear
"an inch and a"
self repeating
a farmhouse
ideas can form
cowrote
cupping
the wind turns
more voluminous than romantic
up the undersides
equivalents argue
butter is pulled
from leaves — places
where the same
thing happens over
— productivity, sphericity —
in one whole note
loving the dog
an entity like asphodel
I can only hear
"an inch and a"
half of blurred carbons
a bee — one

whole note
draws off
a blossom
of a magnificent chorus of sirens
guided by stimuli
we were balancing
the bodies of Bill Ding
the sod resolute obelisk
Mozart mortifies
"the night
doesn't owe the sky
moonlight"

Just as you think indulge
and already
the thought of packing it
— a future-like pessimism
other words inhibit me
with intoxicating interpretations
I looked into the wind
and heard the vowels
on twigs
as inhibiting as a dictatorship
of idealism
— flattering
and rainy day
blood-circulation dreams
a crystal-bubble
birds flew
straight through me
the monitored passion for truth
epic —
of doing so cynically
similes
"yeah — like a radiator"
geraniums in rumors
in the violent rifle fog
of the loose end
raintight in the walls
with the noise
of these natural mice
the laconic range
(arrested innocence)
of all our hunted sympathy

the structure is alive
and then divided
with dry beats
they don't set
moral pins
in haste
— What name
should we mention
in our prayers?
— Rain
a regularly beating red bag

Alan Davies / IF WORDS HAD MEANING

I find that I have nothing to say, and I find that I feel no apology in saying that.

Most people don't write persistently, and almost none of those who don't wish they did.

□

There is between the at first willingly accepted and then later somewhat willfully encouraged estrangement from the effort, and an increasing disdain for the result, of writing, every reason for my not having written for what has been after all the relatively short period of a little over a year.

□

I had thought that I would perhaps say nothing, or next to nothing. I had thought that I would perhaps write nothing to say, as in some time I have written next to nothing; two poems, discarded, one article, the written draft completed, another article begun, and now this.

But there is something in me that writes. What is it?

It is me.

Or perhaps there is in me instead something which will avoid speaking, like this, formally, without having written.

There is in each of us in this belligerently literate society something which writes.

□

Writing is espionage in the mind.

It is cultivation, indiscreet cultivation.

□

There is nothing, now, here or elsewhere, that I have written, that makes me want to go on. It lost me so easily, almost as if there were better things to do.

"Why won't you listen to me? Why won't you let me develop the premise of honest utterance with feeling, as the basis of our relationship?"

That sort of thing.

I remember with what energy I used to write, with what considerable conviction. I was filled with the feeling of the wonderful sentence just completed; its balance, its accuracy, its considerable control, and its beauty. Oh wow. I got up, paced to the window, rushed back, got down a couple of more sentences, drank some bourbon, wrote some more, with such intensity, got up, bounced a ball off the wall two or three times, using up the energy, you know, standing there, thinking.

Thinking I was thinking.

□

It's all quantity versus resistance.

Why anyone would want to push a considerable quantity against any resistance at all is beyond me.

Quality is another matter.

It occurs best when other matters have quietened down. Quieten other matters. The quality is there. Mostly you just don't ever see the quality for the quantity. It's no easier to mobilize stupidity than insight, but it's commoner. No, actually, it's a hell of a lot easier. You know what I mean.

□

So many people nowadays are living for the present that there isn't enough to go around.

What's worse, there isn't enough room left on the left anymore. Dilettantes and real artists have been crowding over in that direction for years, so that this is a particularly acute problem for artists of all types.

The reason they've been moving over there is because it's easier to think and not, unfortunately, because it's possible to think better. It isn't. But it is much easier there to think better of oneself.

□

If you've been having any kind of trouble living, any kind at all, you should stop writing. It's the best thing for it.

This says something, perhaps something interesting, about the relationship between living and writing.

What is that relationship? And what, you may ask, is so interesting about it?

Writing is something that people who are alive are able to do. It's unfortunate, but many, many people go ahead and start writing long before they're really alive enough to have been ready to begin. As a result, they may not have the wherewithal to write exceptionally well, or they may not yet have anything to say when they write. In either case the writing will have nothing alive in its matter or its means. And in certain very common cases, it will have nothing alive, and not even anything of life, in it anywhere at all.

This is very unfortunate for the writer and the writers, for the reader and the readers.

□

I feel as though here I were writing down to myself.

It's one of the most pleasant sensations I've experienced for quite awhile. There is something sensual about it, which I naturally very much like.

I'm writing for you what I think about things, and being out of the habit of writing, I find that I enjoy this simplicity of expression.

Beats hell out of the glottal irascible brogue of self-expression, which I had merely perfected to an art.

It warms my heart.

□

Most of our writing is impertinent. Demanding, and somewhat stupid, like brushing our feet and then putting our shoes on, and feeling good about it.

We have all written in order to see what we have written, to wear it with pride. But pride is no substitute for life, and no justification for anything.

Life requires, to begin, an integration of thought and feeling which few of us and seldom demand of our experience. We have all been content with less, in order to propose, for ourselves alone, perhaps, the choice expression, the beautiful phrase.

We have been happy with ourselves for the beauty of our solutions, not for long if at all questioning the very small size of the preferred problem.

□

I stopped to think.

□

We wanted to make something beautiful, and something new.

We did. I did. You did. He, she, it did. We did. You all did. They did.

There's nothing like fire to fuel the brain, and the brain is fire. Feelings rise from the fire like smoke. No one sees it, because no one obtains them.

I'd like to thank the people who have expressed a concern that I have stopped writing. Now I know who my friends are, and I know what one of their problems is.

We have our pride.

There's no mistaking any of us.

□

I had become so used to expressing, with accuracy and conviction, those feelings which I knew I had and yet had not felt, that I decided without thinking, or without awareness of my thought, to stop that expression.

One of us said that. Any one of us could have.

Unfelt literature is dead, and writing without feeling kills the writer. Writing without direct, unintellectualized feeling requires a problematic

change in the state of all of the materials of that action, including the state of the one acting. Don't waste your time.

□

What is after all the simplest way to put a relationship between literature and lie?

Isn't literature rather too often something with which we wash our hands of life after whatever we have been able to manage of living? Is that why we want it to be relatively, and perhaps even increasingly, antiseptic?

We lie to ourselves because we haven't thought about and haven't felt, what we're saying.

Putting it in print for others is a bit much. We could at least take some time first to put it in perspective for ourselves, and some time before that to put ourselves in perspective.

□

Literature suffers not half so much from literariness, which is after all only a surfeit of good grace, as it does from the religion of writing. There is a religiosity dyed into the fabric of our making art that makes of faith a blasphemy and of hope a charnel. It lays life waste.

The literary world is a small cloister of abbots so overfrocked with notions of their actions that they can pretend to themselves that they are naked, or transparent, or that they are making beautiful, before the cult of their own consumption.

Almost no one just writes. And to do so is perhaps impossible.

Most are so frightened that they have nothing to say, or that they have something to say, that they spend what little time they have just saying well.

I almost wish I had said this more poorly. I guess you haven't quite yet convinced me of the need for that.

□

We have all found ourselves angry with writers who have written about something, but badly. Perhaps it has been that anger which has pushed us to write well, whether about anything or not.

I find that I do have something to say. It comes from my thoughts and my feelings, and from my concern about their separation. I will say it only as well as is needed, and it is you, to whom I am speaking or writing, who determine the exact nature of that need.

You will determine if it is to continue, and I will help you, by doing this.

□

Finding that we have a jargon for every occasion, we have invented some new jargons, but without occasion. These new jargons have neither demanded nor required occasions.

We have argued that they are their own occasion. In this way we have tried to elevate the hollow, and have found that the hollow rises easily. Seeing it thus elevated we have said to ourselves that we have

done an elevated thing or, even, that it was an elevated thing to have done, that it was elevated to begin with.

In short we have congratulated ourselves upon the ease with which we have lifted a weightless thing, while congratulating ourselves also upon its elevated status.

Occasionally, for diversion, or in the process, we have lifted our own weight, and let it fall.

□

There is no pretext for writing, but writing is full of pretexts.

The only pretext for writing is the criticism of it.

Stand by your mind.

Your guts might stand by you, if they can stand you. And your feelings might just stand up to you, if you let them.

□

We all of us make the world small enough to manage. That's what we use the language for. That's what we've done with it.

Until you have something better to offer yourself you might just go on thinking that's enough. And until I have something much more to give to the world than that, I don't think I'll know anything of all that the language is really good for.

□

What I have written so far makes me feel that it will have been of more interest to those familiar with what I have written in the past than it will have been to those not so familiar.

It's as simple as knowing who your friends are.

I know what I'm doing here, and I'm doing it as at that spot in the bottom of a bowl, where liquid settles first. Once you know what you are doing you have at least a chance of doing it well. No one knows what they will do next but at least, knowing that, one has a better chance of doing it with ease and fullness.

Until you know and feel that you write better for those who have never read you than for those who have, you will to some degree be writing best only for yourself alone. There is no harm in that, but neither is there hopeful benefit.

□

What I am trying in part to write and speak about is idolatry of the word, an even worse program than the state legislation of literature. This idolatry comes inexcusably and without excuse, from within the lives of the persons who profess to make the writing. For the most part they don't know what they're doing. When they do, there is a slyness immediately discernable, and when they don't there is a combination of meekness and pride that is revolting.

In its most negative sense, the word is the legacy of idolatry.

Writers have been its advocates. They continue to be its priests.

Writers, like other priests, have chosen this role because of the vestments, the sacristy, the shared religion, because of the sanctity

of the role, its sometimes secular aura, and especially because of the liturgy.

They have fancied that they are making something new, in order to partake of the cult of the new. They have imagined that they are criticising and subverting the prevailing systems, in order to touch through the only means whereby they have access to it, the fabric of its motions. They have thought that they wrote in order to communicate, and have celebrated their own communion with the old forms, or with the idea that they are making new ones.

Some have written in order to be well-off, a double idoltry, and others in order to be well-known, a double irony turned in upon itself, and without humor.

So many have written only to be or only to appear, well-versed, and sadly have succeeded in doing only that.

Many write in order to hold on to the past, and many to forget it. A few write in order to create the present and fewer still are sufficiently in the present to create a future within it, and from it.

Maybe it's about time some of us did nothing for the fun of it.

□

What I am thinking about is observations. I have observed what I have thought, felt, experienced. I don't know how it is that I know that you are interested, but I do.

I claim your interest in part by the qualities of this writing. It is such a claim that all writing makes, and we call such a claim, our recognition of such a claim, its authority. Writing is always political.

Writing is seldom polite. It claims an inappropriate authority, or an inappropriate portion of authority, or both.

We have to think about the degree of authority we demand, and the kind of that authority. The abuse of the reader by the writer must stop. The abuse of the writer by the writer is implicit in abusing the reader, and so both must stop.

Make sure that your writing doesn't far outdistance your experience of life, and don't let it fall behind. Don't limit experience to thinking about it.

□

There's nothing worse to be experiencing than historicism in the making.

Religiosity pales by comparison.

Nothing is easier to ignore, because the manufacture of historicism is the substance of life as we know it. And no one ignores it more easily than the artist, who seldom fails to contribute to it, a pretender to the absolute.

A pretender, of sorts.

The artist contributes best to this unfortunate manufacture. An inordinate respect for the craft, a more inordinate regard for the artist's own ability, combined with a disregard for the substance of the work, and the lives involved in it, make this sickeningly inevitable.

So much happens to thwart expectations that the deliberate fabrication of expectation is inarticulate with stupidity. When articulation is at the service of this misguided task, it dulls even our apprehension.

□

It is with this as with other things, all other things, perhaps, a question of how to use, or more simply to spend, to pass, one's time, of how to give and of how to take pleasure, in order to enjoy the available satisfactions.

It seems that for some, and perhaps most for those who equally think with words and write with thoughts, it is necessary first to think about it, to take the pleasure in that, and to take it until the feeling of it is equal to the thought. When neither matters more than the other then the truth of the experience might be able to be written.

□

I don't understand the contagious notion that one writes for a reason. People eat first to live and second for pleasure. But to think like that is absurd, and to express it makes a travesty of the redundancies.

We write for pleasure, which is not a reason. We write with pleasure. The other feelings which accompany writing are superfluous. They may interest us as we write in showing us what we are, what we were or will be, but to the writing they must be nothing at all. Sorry to rub it in.

Things may not be as they should be, but by the time we leave they could be.

□

I feel like an adult and a man.

Someone will remember that I was once very much the writer of what I wrote. And I notice, with as little affectation as possible, that I am the writer of this.

This then, which has to do with not writing, is written by someone who wrote, assiduously and seriously, and who again writes this. This is then probably other than what might be thought by someone who hasn't written, who doesn't write, and who might well think little or not at all about it.

It's not important to be thinking this, or like this, but it is good for me. You can think about it.

□

I have never written anything with such disinterest or with such pleasure as that with which I am now writing this. Not even a letter home.

The best thing better than writing without rough effort is good sex. For example. These are the ways we know we're alive, and these are the things we do with it.

□

It's better if at the beginning you can see the end. It makes things clearer and you can get more of what you want. It's better if you can tell the end from the beginning.

It's not a good idea to get attached to that end, but it's not good to stay attached to the beginning either. The middle is so good. But of course you can't stay there. You have to see the end.

I don't particularly see why I should bother to connect this with writing.

□

Using the world without knowing what it means.

That will have been the other side of this piece of text, the incipient, pragmatic side, the side full of feeling. Of course, feeling is everywhere. And to that side, this piece, as we, are entitled.

Writing without feeling, as we have already expostulated, is dreadful. By that feeling we meant equally feeling for and in the world. We did mean that, didn't we?

An assault on the world is pathetic which uses language as its force.

The world is where and what we live, and language is a noise we make usually because we can't help it.

You're distinct people. You might find things even more pleasant if you found things even more distinctly your own to say. That would mean having to find your own self in the world, and using the world for what it already means, and only then for what it already can be made to mean.

When the world uses you it uses you well. When you then use it you use it better than if you had stopped living in order only or very nearly only to think about, thinking you're thinking it.

I'll thank you for that.

Charles Bernstein / Four Poems

The Voyage of Life

*Over the remote hills, which seem
to intercept the stream, and turn
in from its hitherto direct
course, a path is dimly seen, tending
directly toward that cloudy Fabric
which is the object and desire
of the Voyager.*

—Thomas Cole

Resistance marries faith, not faith persist-
Ence. Which is to say, little to import
Or little brewed from told and anxious
Ground: an alternating round of this or
That, some outline that strikes the looking back,
That gives the Punch and Judy to our show.
If it be temperate, it is temper-
Ance that makes us hard; by strength of purpose
turn Pinocchio into ox or gore
Melons with pickaxes, which the fighting
Back in turn proposes slugged advantage,
Slumped discomfit: rashes of ash, as
On a scape to ripple industry with
Hurls, the helter finds in shrubbing stuns. We
Carve and so are carved in twofold swiftness
Of manifold: the simple act of speak-
Ing, having heard, of crossing, having creased.
Sow not, lest reap, and choke on blooming things:
Innovation is Satan's toy, a train
That rails to semblance, place of memory's
Loss. Or tossed in tune, emboss with gloss in-
Signias of air.

Saltmines Regained

Where goes the paraposturous
brain-dead morning as
cleavage relieves its
apostate narcissism?
Or hinges shingles
lipped up at
callback stations, entering
and then cordoning
off of delinquent
(or is it derelict?)
fiberboard. Fire brands
the stake, disbands the
song, as if twirls
might array, pearls
might prolong. Seek
having sucked
& sucker calls
that seer these
plots, wading to
allure & spun
into glass.

Romance

"I always assume performers are trying to make a cheap buck." Fra Angelica spoke in a subdued tone, so as not to be overheard by Savonarola. A troupe of acrobats was attempting to gather a crowd in the courtyard in front of the monastery and the saintly fresco maker was dispirited. "Just a few more days and I will be on holiday in Tuscany." The holy man particularly looked forward to the goose, a speciality of the kitchens of the Baron de R with whom he spent each August.

Rowing with One Oar

So the sieve is sifted, the spun attended to
A token of foreign charm, lost here among
The can of category, disdain of
Destination. You catch if only to amount
As cord-draped prongs befit of all
But tides are guided, a needle through
The Hey, or what's about faces, our
Armenian friend who hopes to
Cure his ponies and put away the
Rest as hedge 'gainst eschatology
Or moral 'dolotry. Planes down
The view the better to begin to
Build it up. Snow bound or wind
Chapel. *Here* becomes the premised
Glare—bowling and then bowled
Over.

Nick Piombino / STET

Are you tired? Bored? Why are you looking out on across ideas you were just thinking about? Even as we employ the familiar symbols which call forth recognition of our most familiar ambiguous states it is our acceptance of what is that most promises to bring on the changes we want.

I sent you my manuscript and asked you to take it apart. I'm experiencing a peculiar loss of physical willfulness. The words are almost impossible to write. Also the feeling is, "of partial or no interest to others." Heard that. I see my own penguin they seem to be telling me. It goes on itself, itself, I answer. Imperial lampshades. Conjoint of the factual other. Communicating to inner objects, a broad spectrum of multiple projections. Slipping out across the or on across the what if is what the others to others. Measured out as value a little a split apart I got a little momentum like that or out, at. An add. So given as if other made by an under abstraction. As any. So beat, so a beat. A peculiar loss of energy. Synergistic or entropic state. Called forth. Affectionately dismissed. As, to go out of a room called forth to deserve, called forth to observe, as if the of the were as much as what it is unstated, transparent, opaque the of ordinary distinctions on off an out. Exactly. On of. This is fine out here. The is out here. As they will presently see. No none. Not this specific direction as a save, but the knife, we'll see, will be just what I was out for. I cut it. It's dangerous. At the orphanage, a risk. Not of immediate use to others. Expropriate from public to private use. They were right, I was taking something away. From them back to them? A feedback, I was right, attitudes towards emotions. Something else: the conception. Expropriate from private to public us. O about a reverse projection. As a trail. Speaking in tongues. Maybe it would be better. The other one of. At that. Speak of. The. As over. The us off. Of. Affectionately dismiss, as of the on. Moon. The on moon. Moan. More on. More on than off. Of on. Often. Ten ofs stay as long as you can. X or schism. The reverse out of metaphor. I was right (one voice, maybe the liar). Or of a meaningfull act. Act of. Act on. As of a cloud. Which storm. Thunderous on or off of facts. As outside sitz on other. They cream. His on circumstantial. Wrong. Bye. The leave. Why. Lee of. She of. A day. Frong. Rang. Ranch out. B R. S. S 1268. 2B 78657. The scheme. It sings a of. On of. F. 61657. B's 678. This us. Ffff. The wons six if an off. Them make. Quickly as out this hum, hmmm. The wa ble

The wa ble a bible? Has quickly past what of a kind west wind prays play by the cruise a fix scene. Sunday driver. This one ay of out. Kiss by a ball. Schemed thus in 7, X2, X7, 7 X's out. Skipped ball. 7 drivers out. As of a puzzle. Oh. Your mux. Pass by. Hungry and hungry raging. Of stars a 7. The kissed. The 7. In out an of. Of of. But was balling it up. Any would by an out. This have later or lunch, is of a slant assumption. As seen. As it stays, as it moves one of the more an came at it is dissolving one under just between. Like a knife, like a slice, the tangerine circled by its spelling, cut it, in parts, an of, a but, a pause, applause, gathering what in of an out by scrimping and saving, as a word saved for a month. More. Than an inch. And for miles, surprising smiles, a what is an ocean, what if an ocean, an amazing beach keeping lists for days, they were strumming speaking over as connection, simply seeing them adjacent and serene, but also coming apart with or without a scream. A seam. A seem. Asunder, us under. Could be this simple breathing as a fortune. Chattering hallucinations. The frame. So they storm. Out of coming back, bow, by toes to the wind. Then paints wings, an autumn in boxes, poking nuclear paint. Pressed out of by distinction, by comparison, more of them learned what you had already said. It's a mystery why the spoke, but adding without a pause. As end, as ended, you like the words, not cut, but more than emotion. Saved. Not simply said: more than enough emotions for the commas. Separate or simply seperate. Come independence, come fall, the insistence of the letter had a chapter. The echo on the phone is just enough. Made memory, memory mode, you knew a bit more but it's the phone is just enough. Made memory, memory mode, you knew a but more but it's the whole thing. As out, more by name spells it's stuck and out there silent in a chair so not friendly, cold, not utter a word, wood. The saw the reflection of a face. One word, word one. Slips in, slips out. You were saw as of an o seen. The C looking at itself, itslef, it clef. It's c's.

It's funny, it's thunder, it's ba ba ba ba ba. The music. The other. Draw the line, like, at conversations. So simple, so between. As it in, on across space, the. So added as added, the it but a trick, then forgot, so stop. No ut. The it in, a machine, mechanical. Sit but, but a sunset spliced between & spreading, your face into ampersands. The spell. The wee. As a one, as a separate. Your it. About you. The one, as other one, widens into a measured out thoughts, a system of steps, a generation of stets. The books. As object, as other, as loving, of breathing; or as breathing, an add could be kiss, a touch, a push. Rings bell & enters. Who a boy. Ahoy. Bid a ringing farewell & bye bye comes into the store & looks all around seen only emotion. Huh? Relation, a station, sing song, sing along, some actually starving, a remind a color or

a b e l l, able, an, of, it. Says. Ooooo up. Slippering a way,
a ray, a fiction, affliction. And sad, sad, sleeping there, sits up and up
a step fades out and into an image, no image, as extending, as expansion,
on across a c as still, still.

Comes, paying, comes praying. Lights up. 6's
and 7's. Gripe, grip, gripe. Here's something year. It that time. But les.
The face. IT IN A WORD, CHANGES AND BUT AFTERWARDS. It transitions,
an extra symbol stands for nothing/anything, but after you it transitions
from what it out. Later lunges into the bedroom. Anger. To make
it better it attention. It was over. And can re place it later. In an order.
And first and of it c. She. Had it or an other. DDescribed as indifference.
It off. Shift, shifless, shitless let it shift slowly as it goes fast. This
month. This mouth. Of it a life. Strife. Angry. All alone (one voice, the
private one, says); and what is bent back away, awake, what if I tried.
But him. Out out after. An utter, an udder, another. Now now. Lilac, lalia,
later. As a fan. This many. This mother.

Steven Roberts / from *Aquatics: Bay*

Crane

Scaffold based in compact lint—looking out “the window weight throbs” an ocular tension “reverberate” to damage. Walls are transitory panels, locked in transit, stationary—nothing will happen to a mail truck. High draft, ceiling web, a series of wheels removed from a chair. A man’s hand appears in the window. He makes it form a dog’s head, silhouetted. His other hand links to the first by thumb, his hands flutter. I want to go somewhere foreign—wing fuselage jutting from building. “Spry cordage” envelopes—“stumbling gardenless”: why? I don a red mask and admonish you for bleeding. Holes in the mask fit exactly over holes in my eyes, such that thru them you can see, on the wall behind, a lecture circuit. I want to go somewhere foreign—get out. Visually disturbed slacks enter Japan on a disc. “And so it was I entered the broken world” linking these things in my mind, making them weightless—I grasp my head and await baldness. Then there are the bowls . . . frightened . . . biographies perched on sills overlooking waiting nets. A bird’s shadow crosses the floor. I turn in my chair, hand it over to large myths. “The window goes blond” from “benzine rinsings” “bright peacocks drink from flame pots”—a white billboard, white buildings “it is fire to stammer back” at “the new hum in the sky”.

Douglas Messerli

The meaning of the word should never keep its sound at bay.

SCARED COWS

The thicket's in the thick of what
the civet cat & krait snake have
in common, the sea & the ca-
ve in which the swimmer's caught, not
as in a twist
of some plot, but as a cemetary can become
a crematorium. When the candle's been snuffed
out, smoke ascends to center
& occasionally a kangaroo
pulls a cigarette
from his pouch, spilling what he seiz-
-es into a stagnant
pool where the seal turns to lace
on the sleeve of your mother's
favorite tuna. She went to school
to become a seeker of truth. She knows how
to cross all the ts
& swim the seven oceans. Still,
she's never sunk
her teeth into tongue I bet
as it comes cross the plate
creating a quake
in the heart of the throat.

Madeline Gins / from *Essay on Multi-Dimensional Architecture*

The closed-lipped glow of prehensility was everywhere. Yet how often I remember being told in those days of the nature of the complexion of capacity. The cooled-to-nothing ratchets were everywhere of a legendary expanse, but let me explain.

It is a question of, an occasionally viscous question of, an unimpeded flow of nurtured motions [as much creak as slide/slurp]. Any path, once opened, had better be left that way, counteracted, if need be, or put into perspective, but never just shut down. Any careless stepping about into or onto the path of immanent occurrence may lead to unuse or unawareness of anywhere, verging, of course, on everywhere, and leading, possibly, to a general pallor or power failure (capacity).

For it is the doing of capacity which constitutes the complexion for generating. Within such an arena, that which is not being done, not in any way, can no longer contribute at all.

Nothing but an actual retreat from an area of capacity previously held could make possible a continuous overlooking of what must, otherwise, be seen to be so; the moral or psychological regression of "to overlook" needs, in order to be able to take place, activity delineating part of the holding area [for example, "the part that could not but let what is so, be so"] to have ceased, to have ceased activating the texture's holding of its own in that part, and to have thus caused the abandoned section suddenly to have fainted away ["the part that could not but let what is so, be so" would vanish in its entirety] or to have collapsed completely out of taking place ["but" alone, this time, squashed to make way for the desired negative: "[the] part that could not let what is so, be so"]. Lessening the extent, by no matter how little, of what has been shored up to be capacious and providing, puts a drain on the complexional reserve as a whole. There will simply be, from then on, just that much less upon which to draw.

The occlusion of even the tiniest of coloring supply lines (rube-facient, jet, green, blue) is a significant event. A good case in point: how to say well without a full complexion of (for) speaking (?).

In general, not all doing comes to be fully constitutive: not only will certain collapsed aspects predispose, but blebs might form and arbitrarily alter the rate of flow.

Immediately, so that, right from the start, the texture doesn't shrivel up and turn into pure delusion, the action must succeed in becoming

multi-dyadic in scope. Formations, as they rise up out of the heat of activity, must begin to revise and expand one another through the interplay of such events as: seeing/being seen; speaking/being spoken to; believing/being believed. Through this interplay, texture introduces itself to its own capacity and sees to it that it has really enough to go on; without it, the texture's knack for getting in the way of its own path runs wild. Once having become attenuated, merely for not having succeeded in welcoming increase multi-dyadically enough, a spasmodically delusive texture will put up (throw down!) roadblocks (to itself!) instead of its usual pathroads or even carpets; the roadblocks cut off access to the to-be-counted-on, throbbing-on-the-mark paths of re-integration and continuity.

There would be no getting in the way of its own path by texture, if there had not first come about a lapse in speed; the lapse provides texture with enough time to run around to get to be in front of itself, as an obstacle. How does an unusual rate get started? It might happen like this. Suddenly, to a texture, attenuated, already reduced to a cloudy state, the path (of) itself may take on the appearance of a cloud; this is a cloud which ought never to have been, for what it amounts to is really nothing more than an indefinite sense of cloudiness, or, at most, only the reflection upon a surface made of shadows of other more distant and more definite clouds or paths of nebulosity. It can then happen to seem that such an "object" (partial object) in/of the path should be pushed away, drawn apart, stepped on or completely cut off from all the rest. To the view-maker within the view, the movement of the phantom cloud's nebulosity (accompanied at times by a kinaesthetic or quasi-kinaesthetic mass of tickle (as it would feel if it were occurring in the throat)) speeds along at a rate distinctly different from the speed of, for example, that part of the texture temporarily serving as the intervening blue (gray, orange, green) or, for that matter, from the speed of the urge to kick (hammer, blow, slice) this away. The speeds and the drama engender one another (?).

In the course of an event such as this, as the true and constant, steady and ubiquitous rate of doing is partitioned and pulled apart, something might madly come to get in the way of its own path. Or could it simply be that when constantly impinged upon by enough sheer obfuscation, as a result of a continual amassing of enough enormous quantities of non-thoroughly-multi-dimensional (and so debased) materiality, speed of occurrence can no longer be, or be felt to be, anything but divisive and haphazard. Excessive speeds, which are, at first, only the result of external stimuli, may eventually be corrected, but only gradually through a concentration on, and a bit by bit underscoring of, a true and constant, steady and ubiquitous rate of doing.

In any event, depending on alterations of speed, materiality and angle of occurrence, there may be an abrupt, debased registration of doing, the doing, as *what* (who—no longer full-blown—with each cheek stripped/zapped of Zephyr?) *What*: a part of doing, wrenched apart, then tightened up on or clenched in. Nearly baseless. This *what*—if it were not always underlined it would have nothing to stand on—is characteristic of texture, mangled or diseased. Of course there is a sense of airlessness to this, for whenever *what* snaps to attention, all of what else is in the air, all the rest, is pushed aside.

And so, whole tracts may come to be exaggerated, crude and distorted. To prevent this from happening, any of this, it is necessary to remember to re-enter impressions: to insert an increasingly more exact construction, the most current ratchet, into the standpoint that had until then been held by the previously most recent ratchet (in the scaffolding of the view). An event must be enlarged upon until it becomes correctly recorded in relation to all the rest—neither over- nor under-emphasized. To enlarge an event and properly record its occurrence, and, in so doing, keep texture thoroughly afloat at large, there must be extensive re-incisions into the skin/scaffolding of the understanding. So much for not just standing idly about. An agile scaffolding made of ratchets. With each incision, there is an insertion (assertion) further forward into . . . a traversing of just that distance covered by . . . only an instant in the excursion of a cloud or of an earache . . . and a consequent altering of that mesh/scaffolding through which rate of occurrence is perceived. Except for the odd slip-up, the second incision will always be swifter (even so, it serves to slow things down) and finer than the first; it generally refines the initial ratchet's rough sketch. As everything comes more and more to be corrected and in place, the ratchets of knowing will suffer less and less distortion, need fewer and fewer refinements.

The way multi-dimensional texture proceeds to select itself, to self-combine, determines basal speed of occurrence and the speed at which this seems (is perceived) to occur (i.e. sense of time). As it is a question of a relativity of rates of flow, the rate of flow of one section over another, sense of speed (time) is altered by any change in extent or fineness of mesh (hence flow) of either aspect (or both) in relation to one another. If the mesh is uniform throughout, there is no illusion of speed (or of time). Always the texture must try not to move any faster than it is able to do well; otherwise, it might fall ill.

The texture has the ability to adjust "speed" by becoming more skillful. With improved skill, "speed" itself may be caught up with; "speed", itself, may then appear to be just slow enough. Obviously, the feeling of "not being fast enough" or "having to speed it up" doesn't

help with this: neither ratcheting, nor the traction which would necessarily result from this, are achieved thereby; instead, anxiety, unhinged and unhinging, gets let loose, and this, if left unchecked/unratcheted, will cause the downfall/dissipation of much of the multifaceted (would-be multi-ratcheted) nature of the full complexion (a healthy glow, composed, of ratchets, in which, even so, there is never even a single ratchet to be seen) of capacity.

In a context of thorough scaffolding, skillful, swift action can, as an event, appear to be slow: The more swiftly all aspects of an action are able to be delineated, the more carved out will the event appear to be; the more providing of facets or positions from within itself an event is, the more open within itself for observation (even leisurely observation- *flanerie*) it is, the more moderate or moderated will appear the speed of occurrence. As long as there is "enough time" for each phase of the event, no matter how minute, fully to take place, there will no longer be undergone either a "sense of speed" or a "sense of time"; for these stem only from the texture's mistaken belief that it must to scramble to keep apace or to accomplish. As long as no facet of "doing itself" is being impinged upon, crushed, pathology will be minimal.

It is only texture, but how many different ways in which for it to select from amongst itself and how total the variety of options from among which it may choose, with which to choose to be conjoined, from within its own many-layered ambiguous consistency.

The formation resulting from the sum of these many selections winnows complexion. It is as much a determining presence as would be a shadow prefiguring the skeleton or could be a skeleton composed largely of shadow. Through this tenebrous near-structure, the formation, the rest of the material passes. Early formation almost invariably determines subsequent patterns of selection.

No matter how harsh the conditions, what must be avoided is a jealousy on the part of a self-choking-back texture, defending or nurturing a supposed insufficiency in relation to something else which is around. This green-eyed (or green-zoned) look of *what* tears through doing, leaving sizeable rifts in the structure of the complexion of capacity. This kind of action or behaviour is harmful to formation, makes it less self-sufficient, and therefore must be resisted; any lack or difference is nothing compared with the insufficiency that could come about if, under the charge of an extremely unfocussed formation, there should ever begin to be a siphoning off (in a second or in a decade) into oblivion (and beyond!) of essential capacity (beware the errogreneous in-flowrmation!).

Michael Gottlieb / from *Wake up and Smell the Coffee*

—1

It should be mentioned at this juncture that X wrote very well indeed and had a nicely extravagant eye, especially for one of such sheltered upbringing, for the depiction of raw terror.

—2

It rather took the life out of the party. It wasn't so unusual for him, at that stage of a party, to step out, hang for a bit from a lintel, and drop from the second or third floor to the verdant, night moist pre-war lawns below.

He didn't take into account, that time, how much time had gone by. He forgot about the deferred maintenance.

—3

The thing to remember is how they must all be afforded the high deference which though not necessarily, or even in some cases remotely their due, nevertheless is the requisite lubricant for commercing; making repeated reference to their particular vision, till then, how the world changed for you, utterly, after experiencing their first work. The first is always a better bet than the latest, both on critical grounds—the latest may have been a dud, if the first was you would never had to have learned this fool's name in the first place, and, second, it lends you an air of seriousness, you're a study, anyone can be a praiser but if the flattery has something behind it it means so much more.

But don't over do it on the credential bit, they don't want too much erudition from the likes of you. Your role in these matters is, finally, to appreciate. As far as they are concerned, don't outshine the stars.

—4

I'll gamble. I'll trade off a few tomorrows for the continued expectation that I'll be able to keep going like the way I am today. To be brutally honest, I really don't care, I mean, just me personally, about any of this.

This is ridiculous. I won't pay a penny more for any of it. This is getting beyond the pale.

—5

Everyone wants to be nervous.

I never wanted it to go this far. It's not funny now. I should not say anymore. I am going directly to bed.

Where shall I put any of this? I have not been seen tonight. You have not seen me. I have not been here.

—6

How long do you get to keep calling yourself—whatever it is that you do style yourself, dating back to whenever, when, for some reason, laudible or ill, you clad yourself so; for how much longer, with the attributes of this ‘profession’ you at one point were thought to labor at, as opposed to one which, really now, you have at any recent point, truly practiced?

—7

There is no success, there is only fear, denominated variously. Some of it you wake with. Some of it, as I understand, you go to sleep with. I don’t like it, I don’t like it at all.

Risk, reward. Risk, reward, that’s all I hear today. Why don’t people stay in one place nowadays; everyone keeps moving. The ground keeps shifting. No one stays the course. Who slogs it out anymore?

Everyone wants so much. We are all afraid of not getting everything, or our fair share—whichever is more.

—8

Sometimes we are simply filled with rage. All of us feel this sometimes, I think. It is aggregative. So much piles up. So many little things. If we stop and look at any of them, if anyone stops us and asks us to really weigh them, it is so paltry and silly. But for that, for that accident of time that brings them all upon us at once, for that we will lash out, quite willingly, and bring down upon us everything we treasure most dearly. It is just those most precious things, loved things, hopes and dreams, that we will, we want, we feel this mad urge to toss off the edge. ‘This is what is most crucial to my happiness, I throw it away, that is how unhappy I am.’

—9

Who am I really, in the long run, to argue with the likes of you? Oh, how I love that verb, *argue*, to argue, it is so antique, so Roman, so unlike me, really, you must love it, don’t you?

I did it myself, I mean, really, why pay someone else to do something that, really, you should do yourself; that is, I mean, if you are around and about, if you are here to keep up your end, to protect our kind and the like, well then, I mean, really, why should I put up a fuss.

If you say we must really step along this way. If we must all decamp to such a godforsaken, and at this very moment, well, who am I to put up a fuss?

—10

No one ever asks me what I think, what gives me pleasure, what are the sorts of things that I think should be changed in this world. Not one kind request ever comes my way, and whenever I do decide and

try to get through to the end of an entire sentence it always, invariably, happens. Someone interrupts.

It's as if the actual air waves themselves are battleground, like everything and everywhere else. Speech itself a spoils.

—11

What we have to remember is that these kids are our kids. They are living here just as we are, even though they may be thousands of miles away, they are like ours. Just because we learn their names in the newspapers they are no less real. They are listening to the same music, drinking the same soda, watching the same movies. We must not forsake them.

—12

We chased them away. How close can we allow them? I mean a boy's got to keep his distance. He better not look at us like that too often. If they disrespect us what do they expect us to do? If we do not keep our standards, and make those who come into contact with us, in that way, adhere to them too, who will bother to *heed* us in the future?

Don't you understand? It's just like war out there already. Literally, we are doing everything but shooting at eachother. That means we all plan and sortie raids on eachother, trying to penetrate eachother's perimeters, convincingly.

This is no fooling around. Each of these babies costs \$40 million. They can accelerate faster going straight up than straight down. They go 600 miles an hour and we throw them within a few meters of eachother. Don't laugh.

The point is, we are doing all this for you. So you can sit back at home and make fun of everything we stand for. Do you think any one of you would survive a minute under any of them? Kidding aside, you would be the first to go.

That's why we are here. That's why we do this; also because these things go incredibly fast and get you incredibly high. It only lasts for fifteen minutes and then you have to drop your tanks, but for those fifteen minutes, you are Superman. No one is faster, no one is meaner, no one can touch you. Unless, of course, you let them get in your envelope.

If you are going along, and one of them, like you, is nearby, say within a hundred miles, and he fires a mama off at you, you have 15 or 20 seconds to get out of your envelope—the hypothetical three dimensional tube you have been flying along in—and get into another envelope.

15 seconds. And if you don't, then he is going to get you, no two ways about it, right up the tail pipe, and all you can do about it is to slow down to a speed that won't mash you like a spud when you step out into it and, as they say, bail out.

Susan Howe

Body perception thought of perceiving (half-thought

chaotic architect repudiate line a confine lie link realm

circle a euclidean curtail theme theme tell function coda

severity when summer so distant grain and scalp gnat carol

omen Cur cornice of primitive shade sack stone fur bray

tub epoch too tall an alter rude recess emblem sixty Doge

Epithets young in a box and told as you fly

Peter Seaton / TWO WORDS

It's clear, you run wild with my message. All the answers
We got are invoked by human looks
And still shape our mind. By making anticipation
Adorn a local geophysical mind something in these words
That's marked by a pair likes you.
But the new words wouldn't bring you into some colony
Discovering a wider world, spaces of what
The words tell me to discover the hunger of all nations
And resist you by a move in which I would be
Based only on the same continent
Before my appeals are absent from my lies.
In unions quickly concerning you
Bled and present in father's profound books
Or sections you think you're sold
For the possible sign, a nerve
Fabricating the confrontation with a reader I left you
Solving with cultural ease and attributing
Books in which you can have enough of a language to
Small orange and white tones and hesitant slices
Of what that had to be, the house to house world.
Better take charge of the poor poets with feet bare,
Knowledge bare until the spirit in the blood appears
As though I were about to mind the things you dread.

Most specialties soften us for what you call
In America a theme
That at once had occurred to you
Making things change, new things
That begin in the development of peering
At the pillars of idleness. You bet you won't
Dance in my head or in a den of lions
To desert me
Where I structure my certainty
Unsummoned with my lies, in the silence
Of the nights. But it isn't true.

But I don't recall animate beings fitting this rule
To the ideas that you can find. I told Goethe how
After only a few readings there were diagrams
Differentiating groups to talk to. And that
We consist of lifetime or daytime or nighttime
Writing to be the one
To endure because the emphasis
Creates a feeling you're in, of some way to fit
Whatever you want to continuous attention
Which would not be character
Enthusiastically flown from your pen.
Between the ancient quantity of each framed verse
I bought a word, both words, that start with size
Function, kind and color, that would look lively to express
Illusion subject to breathing ratios
And emptied of an instant both written and verbal
In which a coyote, a raven or a bear wants
Entire other animals for analogies. It says
A need is everywhere, in lakes, in one
Of nature's longing works and in the craters
On shields and shorelines and in the crater
And mounds of stone cones
And vents kick up again behind roots and cracks and in
Fumes across the deep wild vertebrae
Tan old proverbs. Maybe it's Pinnochio
Recalling implants of intensity
Threatening to boil over with daily
Activity and reluctantly starting to turn out fine
Lines with impurities and flesh over it all.

It was nice to hear somebody escape
The dreams come true. But since you trust others
To accuse you of how much has been written
To change night into day and into the best example
Of the only thing you know, the center of life today
I'll ask you questions of the most variety
Cover to cover while wondering if
The hitch in the wish turns the pages and
If life sounds simple pulsing with lies based
On writing that supports the body
And clings to it with a pen. I must devote
More and more of you to that
Capacity suffering the statement

Of the greatest wishes amended to writing
This insistence. It's not any other skill.
It's a lie.

The trail to the talking outside things
Colors drum and so forth sticks to petty channels
In the body. You sent me to exhaust objections
To a word fitted for description, to cause this world
That could be you restricted to the field of my example
Because the written thing protects me, defends me
Here and there lacking cross sections
Often found in your room. It's true, two long words
Struck the mind to anticipate the ivory silk bodies
Which thou, dearest, writes and used to write
Print free peculiarities. You won't get me to say
Parts of my pictures didn't drop out of the blue.
It wasn't that intentional. One can still walk
During a syllable impressing thought
On constituting matter, in advance
Of what a poem really is? Exposing what I love most
To a figure in my life stirs references
To memories, its all real vision ancient
Footprint music made you publish
When we were kids, when the contents originate
The wicked heart which beat in love
With those about to leave.

Who often had to see all lies, all bodies
Reaching for this shock to counter reason
To decide to follow your example keener, more
Demanding, more intense
And expansive and at liberty to see them soon.
I didn't hear talk but there seems to be space
To stop it and all the definite vast horizontality
Keeps going. Only you, the hardest person
Are unable to reason losing the cataclysm
Affecting your work, rewarding the
Occasional greatest rhythm there
With changes while bare nightmare skies with miles
Of light gives you what you've never heard
Of knowledge of sore red and white discourse
Lasting years and numbering one and you
Don't have to worry about floods or speech or prayer
And do things, do you think that hurt?

Diane Ward / CRACKS

Dust and its make-up:
varied losable unavoidable
everything. Separation lays
between the furniture. A door opens
closes a body passes through.
The body goes in and out.
Sounds start whirr whine.
Sawing stops. Click. In between
the hammering. Disjunction of
the Soul (low-down) and the Body
(mean) of the long plank into two.

Disunion implies union, action
interrupted by thought. What I am
doing, to do. You know I was
picking up the glass therefore
water clouded by paint, I was stepping
stopping laying down. Lay that *glass*
down, myself. Picking up the book
between its and mine.

Cleft, parting thighs scratching
knees. "A rock in a hard
place." Listen quiet means
thought and thought the most economical
action. As a little boy stop.
No Mine I was no one's either.
One, ask anything (for myself)
I would want One its yours.
My house is yours, yours. Where
One looks: future don't know direction
I close my eyes. Would I want for me,
One's is mine, close my eyes
that much more. To breach alike
together impose action.

Shirts all slits skin replenish
ing the gaps. Where before even small
slits require repair. Thrown across
the room and by ropes held in bed.
Look up eyes of the world love
taught and acceptance. One minute.
One minute. Couldn't touch even
one for what I know tape repairs
paper paper covers rock rock dulls
steel steel cuts paper. Paper
affection splits apart until
Isolation steps in (friend).

Door opens and closes a body
passes through. Walls shake doors
slam. Withdrawn to the bathroom
anyone will need to do. How will you know
gentle so tough without a chance.
Start now little defender it's hard.
When you've gone through, you've been
there aggression. To lay One's head
down rest hide rest in the way
that's gone given up in the air
hands my own hands on my own
lap disconnected like hands
in paintings. Colors conjugate mood.

Disengaging looks. Free from
intention control. Now NOD,
the answers lay scattered on the floor
limitations contracted out flying
over the city the river heading
west where all are lost
and gained again new. Dividing any
number by itself. Divide: but we mean
X what we say X we do = leave.
At that.

Rest on my lap detached hands.
No! They Stay! Laughter plays
around outside. I pick up a piece.
They move and now paper. Blank
and my hands together but severed
in my mind. Just this time.

Here "let no one put asunder."
To one side experience
of departure of fault. Need to control
darkness dark of you cruel
judgment. To the other side mostly
blankly divided into fear / fun
four times insulation and freedom.

Blue isolated on black and white screen.
Sensitive woman determined she resolves
it all in 30 minutes. Her image
floats and hums into screaming places.
What's wrong could be done.
Rupture reveals an inside. There.
Hope lies between that connects.
Lay that head here and in the million
echoes of rupture yours is lost.
Each time something falls from our
lips and crumbles out of place.

If I make the worlds disengage them
into one crawl inside. That man
was really ripped. I felt his beautiful
black clothes torn tall
standing jagged in the wind.
That sort of desire mind becomes
physical perches edge abyss
the whole body goes goes away
with it lunges and is gone.
Leaving that at that discrete foot
steps follow.

Those are all of the things that are.
Tied down. That needed to be.

Bruce Andrews / from *I Don't Have Any Paper So Shut Up (Or, Social Romanticism)*

I Want Educated Oxen

I want educated oxen; hey, fuckhead, this is art
must be a pituitary case, backstabbing, for those with potbellies, stability doesn't have no meaning anymore. Business brass, disgusting creep — instantly but that was same-race violence, I am sick and tired of a society that penalizes those like me who are crazed assailants — invented Russia
because that I so many needles in my behind also who is this — you smeared my snuff.

Bananas don't care what a person say — girdle pop idiots, titular head; we knew ourselves despised — football, what's that?
Busty little houses
who can hunch the pod most mellifluously? How's my fat sugar cube?, bombadeer to pilot, experience oil voice pitch higher to see its own intestines; hog your own heaven! Why habits?
True! Mechanism! — yeah, and who murdered *your* mother while there was still time? Give your friends
your depreciation, santeria into this incinerator = napethalene subjects.
Stability is fever
a personnel rat rub, saving up a prim hole
fixed nod, adjourn your past.

Magic ideology turns material problems into spiritual ones — that is to say, psychology; drafting the eagle into apoplexy
which are low-brown appointments: mail sinks. Your party is a big totalization fart. Whoozit is a sap, period . . . cautious well-dressed goons, I think I don't care forever. Make the syntax more obnoxious & less obligatory, barbarian-subduing generalissimos splat into a liberal — R. Stevie Moore when? Stem that tide I left Arab to be joint allegiance to slab

mean jobs, people decide sucking on those big bourgeois organs; the self could get more stain glass . . . & how many howitzers does your little democracy need?

Joker disband; sword goes alone. Blackening her teeth were pensioned off, who's totalitarian in the bathroom? Industry lets us murder prone, I despise Presidents, whose society is crisis-avoidance. Gnome gown

defeat the colloquial death wish, scrub down my harness — it's all cave widow self importance, roost that decoyed — you personality folks. Samba bumper

the trick is sitting the hung

make air my enemy; I want to have been *shrimp!*, order superceded: look, mom, it's natural, threats make us patriotic (i.e., paternalistic), fabric is too pass out on me, please, for that; end of next to last cut. *Internationale* at low volume underneath it all.

I'd get a throat full of cream bottles jiggling — you hold the door & we'll pee on it, that's class domination; right against our eye-balls, see-saw milk for power

African ass is just overextended spine — thighs could be prehistoric caves, but why bother — gradualism need not be vegetable.

Spaz buster deathcamp swoon. Wait what slugs

have ambition to burn, what a wonderful world like a geiger counter executed in snake-pit for assassinating Billy Graham. Why don't you just go live in a bake sale? . . . I wish to shut

name these men to give a dog a homeowner . . . & then put them into the osculation booth. Boys either fight with girls or else they trash their own cock rings — my life as a middle class suppository storage unit, you spoil all those creeps you picks up, if you get my cruder meaning. Hold your head down to keep your nipples pointed outward; rehearse such facts, fleece missing, I don't want to think about those possibilities — I love the *illusion* of humanity. Weary of this climax structure, why your brain is no longer appropriate — no die no rest — yes, dear, I mean, sir; bon ton roulette

unreasonable fascimiles. I'd like to dedicate this sentence to the woman I love. Lampreys could fit try to misunderstand the opinions of others.

Erica Hunt / THREE FATES

I was thinking that if the ceiling were mirrored we would have to watch what we say about what we feel. That we could not use curtains to conceal what we know. That we could watch without leaving the room or the chair. We could watch the sun take over or the sun pulled up short. Watch the hard stream of current event proceed in yanks and lurches.

We could eliminate the ritual of walking around ourselves: meet head on, relying on how pure coincidence transforms trial and error. And that we might even live in the same version of the same country speaking the same edition of the same language at the same time.

No more being thrown off beat.

It must be love if while beside you I think of you and don't fall in.

I could throw away my hat, I need the target practice.

We would get down to work. Work as the metaphor for the idea we can touch: Fingers and thumb putting matter into fact, and cease being Sunday Sandinistas.

We could argue: get sprained on top of topic mountain and pass the whole night putting our shoulders to the planet.

We could remove the calvinist and other secret furniture from the language.

Except when the lights go off. Except when the paint comes off the walls. Except when the calm we've kept comes off in conversation. When they've eaten the last northerner and I'm the stranger in their midst. Or when the bricks in the aircraft we're flying in begin to migrate slowly apart. Except when the exits aren't marked and the busses have stopped running at this hour. When we believe we have no other choice than to run.

while motionless. daysnumbereddaysnumbered and borderless

Until we give up waiting for solutions that will never be given. Until balance is fulfilled by the barely contiguous unfamiliar. Until the texture of rain is wet with visible points. Until the decay in language doesn't fix logic and enormous fuschia fruit grow among the patter. Until we enlist sense to illumination and make room for the blanks.

Afterword

We're constantly floating past each other into new lights.

—Steve Benson

This collection, assembled throughout 1984, inventories a variety of possibilities for writing, such as those chronicled in $L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E$, among other forums. As a result, the focus is not on any one stylistic development but on works that, in quite different ways, keep open the question of how meaning is constituted and take this question to have political, tonal, aesthetic, syntactic, grammatical, prosodic, sociological, physical, and biological consequences. Innovations *made; poems* after all.

—Not the poets, that is, but the poems: the song *is* the singers. The attempt, in this way, less to gather a “representative” group of writers than to present an anthology of *approaches* to language. “Alone with the books I will learn a deed that is not its own likeness” (Mandel). “Dear Book, You were never a book. . . . You are nothing but a page torn from a book” (Palmer). In this sense, lacunae—that which is left out—must be understood as integral. For the claim of inclusiveness is a nightmare of authority torn from the contexts that might lend it credence, the desire for Comprehensiveness a self-made veil against comprehension. Each approach suggests other approaches, echoes other presents outside this catchment area. “Further Reading” both a response requested and a trajectory of that assembled here. “It is only a texture, but there are so many ways in which it may select itself and such a wide variety of options from which to select, with which to choose to be conjoined, within this many-layered ambiguous consistency” (Gins). So, finally, to measure, as by sounding scales, all that is hinted—beyond these to the next poems, instantanar. “I can see the brain. It’s like an ocean” (Robinson).

Further Reading

In the American Tree: Language, Poetry, Realism, ed. Ron Silliman (Orono, Maine: National Poetry Foundation, 1986). Includes a substantial selection from 38 poets as well as a cogently edited selection of related essays and statements. A primary source.

L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E, ed. Bruce Andrews and Charles Bernstein. In four volumes, essays and related works by about 200 contributors on contemporary writing and related arts. A substantial selection from the first three volumes was published as *The L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Book* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1984), while the fourth volume was published as a special issue of the Toronto journal *Open Letter*.

Language Poetries, ed. Douglas Messerli (New York: New Directions, forthcoming, 1987).

Many of the books by the 43 poets included in this collection (see contributor's notes for recent titles) can be obtained through Small Press Distribution (1814 San Pablo Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94702) and Segue Distributing (300 Bowery, New York, NY 10012). Magazines publishing these and many other poets working in related areas are also available from these distributors (for a selected list, see Segue's catalog). For reasons of space, only North American writers have been included in *43 Poets* (1984). Information about British publications is available through the Association of Little Presses (c/o Cobbing, 89A Petherton Road, London N5 2QT); recommended publications from Britain, New Zealand, and Australia are available from both Small Press Distribution and Segue.

—CB