LINEAR C

&

“THE I AND THE YOU”

JEAN DAY
Linear C & “The I and the You”
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HEAVY CLOUDS PASSING BEFORE THE SUN

Walk this way, mudra. A glance. Separation of events: pads, breeze. Distend or refract in the act of holding back. After the first mile there is no other. Take it away take it away bob. It tears up to see. Once. Oh yes, Russia. They made say that. Swan Lake. Inchoate curtain. Just that lonely as a kid. What to do to make fog light. Don’t understand passing in this unreadable fashion. Mounting another production of Orphee. Though harder, the second more interesting than the first. Always subtract. That’s not sound, that’s not woody guthrie. Run limbs straight, sic transit arc. To prove this finite and unstoppable fever, find a place to sit, sit. Little sister put your blue dress on, that everyone should leave. First in one direction, then opposite. Fold cups. Watch out joe. A patch of censorship. The heart of park central. It is dark of day. Must with, with must. This way before, now slit, slitting. To go straight. Learn what it means to receive syllables.
TICONDEROGA

We came to the landing place with buck knives and whale grease for the job. The garbage had yet to be put out. Barges up and down the rivers intersected long treeless vistas of acquisition. Sugar in the pan was pornography in the minds of men. That intimacy saved for green grass. Your flow. A product said, “Hit me with a club.” We were about the world, high above apartment houses. You couldn’t cross the channel necking on the bridge. After the waldorf salad came virgilian fortitude. I thought I wanted to intend and to determine.

The pickup was full of handsome strangers. Marrying the daughters off was arranged by Cat’s Cradle. She wrote her dear friend immediately on coming away. A girl clatters in scared circles on Wagon Train. If you got the busy signal, your only course was to turn to the unfolding mode. The first faucets gave dubious water. We were going along minding our own business and whom, came diseases. Thundering eyes. We sashayed through a creamy wilderness. She prided herself on never showing her ugliness, petulance or greed. Leaving the dark of indoors for a second, everything was changed.

We could not make back enough money to pay off the company store. They owned the kids’ notebooks and the paper inside them. I was aging fast. Wheels sang. He came to me at night. You could hear the bombing in a nearby city. It occurred to her to mount a campaign against foulness. They were surrounded only by those of their own generation. Flouride was introduced to the water. What had been left at the dump sites would never be known, forever experienced.

It was gold. Looking on her intended, she tried to gauge the difference between pangs and his injury. Now he would never own a horse, a clod of turf, marry her. We came to a grove of cottonwoods and were persuaded to rest the animals. There was a brutish stench in the air; could we go on ravaging a previously established status quo, however dark?

At the exit, hitchhikers had written how long and which drugs between rides. We said good-bye on the brow of the last hill leading to the sea, and proceeded with guns on our backs along avenues of shut-up houses. Then we began to eat each
other. One of our party was elected to do the job. The workers were striking the brewery. Wooden implements. Her final decision was to become a nobody in blue-jeans; after that none complained.

The following was written on the almost obliterated signpost:

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MOLE VALLEY
your luck has turned
begin Chinese
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STORYVILLE

That’s innocence if descending notes in a canyon attract what have you,
For tension, condensation. Levels every 20 minutes or so askew.

Any hour of the day. Stand by and observe, sibling useful of tongue.

In the rewrite. Part two. Again together scheming definitions of
Edge. Soon the rest of the pack call me Thrill-To-The-Name.

You’ve got to pick up every stitch, for the master markers numbering-
The days of the ensemble hieroglyphic. The processional truly wet with

The happiness of symmetry, the overriding all-over effect. The privileged
In their park. Part three. We have considering “kiss-it-off”

In Oakland. The bird’s eye infected so it can’t see
To eat. Then what’s this food I’m standing in? Air without quality is no

Surround and it can’t join us. Now try the tires. Time ride embellished
With feverish suitability in the rewrite.

It was a warni sunny it
Through the day.
SHADOWLESS

Canned fun is up to this letter at least unscheduled with echos to empty the heads. Someone’s insides owns pants and departs of loud rock. Commercial attraction’s feets made of clay, like guys. Crazed in back of a hanged man, one knows nothing to do but call out grand sentences. Stand up you dust. Report this to Rick. Stop dip and throb for a drugged note, nicely separated under the tress. Skim lip feeds. Numbers. Another. I sees bags fill.
There is no need to feel better than another. Though existence is in question, lightholes give rise to data. One and one and one, rays from certain hot bodies says Mister Blondlot. And he was right, these girls really can sell your product. Cruising onto 14th, sick-skinned in a Cutlass. He has a certain name for wit, Thane of Cawdor. A short sleep is short for Napoleon, plain or striped. One who narrates is beginning to exist morally to include a host both trim and filthy. It is only natural.

The unregenerated soul stages a mock naval battle. The father, once boss, now axed, consults the Coast Pilot. Designated for the lowest tides. Free from admixture or adulteration. The pointed or narrow end of a thing or the constricted part of an organ, or an isthmus or a cape indicates application. Hence anything causing oblivion. Not ever. At no time. The bed or receptacle was prepared but no nominee quite fit the bill, a story of our lives anyway. All ways.
Gas

After this conversation have another hill, high meadow, stream there. Then squat in a chair, this V a vector to that smoke across from the Chevron station.

Where there is pause, rush in. If a taxi gives kosher jelly, schmaltz. Your friend belongs to a reactionary party. Even so, without sticking your head out the window sound is. It's possible to go from A to B and not get trapped. Try being a moorhen or Jane Austen. Think how it will look when you are really more. When traffic resumes, it’s not night anywhere.

Okay a minute. I have a motto. The unit is a comet of meaning, as is gas, a glass of milk. Slow as this instrument is, the labor of parts makes matter apart from us and money.

The number 13. Swallow a ball of wax to see how important you are. For the first few hours the air seems perfumed. Then utterance throws in, where the modern lake should have been.
THE GREASY PLAIN

O vile nights away from home under your blond rooves
The greasy plain vastly stretches closer
To the drop I step in for

O to be 16, mean, and belligerent as a servant
Of the people, driving the herd down
To Omaha to get unfed, and burnt like a mother again

O my brothers and your kids, faking it on inner tubes
You make me make it making you
Like a long cool glass a water, unlisted, unlimited!

O baby sticking out of your great great clothes
I found it particular in you to have pre-dawn
Dressed for school, as if such were the trips taken

To ready places. I comprehend a maplike cynicism
In the romance of certain offspring
Rushing to the vet on wet asphalt of a night

O holes in the sky like grease! You accept me
For leaving us out and out
I say mud for category. Deposit familiar. To sell stamps and then recover.
Insurance fires. Ills list. Tip over in a burning boat.
I saw the symbol for off the air, a double coil.
Two birds in one square. Headphones for the head.
A kid knows which head to exit. Why come you to Carter Hall. I think you go with get the name.
And fear not newt, I am your father’s babe so turn off the knight, he’s getting naked. Turn him to a tree.
Turn my arms, circle round the barrel with a hat on.

Adjacent but not made. At Sandwich, the Cape Cod Canal.
Baby alligators are more like dogs, but snakes are raw script. I say wet, often a mistake. Bone.
The dialectic between work and contemplation leaves you kind of nude. The mirage of having been you.
Apply once and repeat. You have always recoiled from the crude. See this as I say acid rain. Simultaneous underground. Everyone must. A future dissolve. We continue to kill animals to prove we own these knives and forks.
I saw the swap meet from far off. Say piece.
The companion’s sunk in alpha watching revolutionary soap-opera. Knock now! Move eclectic.
Spirit parts, natural, exquisite.
SECTION 8

ing horses with riders on beaches to side this town, druggists singularly hooked to job lot scripted in for re ism sucked up to and glorified perso identify as neuter taking simplified ace when on the island we could lie boat. Stealing away blocks similarity of conduct among herds, duck flocks achine of the continent grinding for defined by meals and pictures. A gir in every port and love 'em and leave ate peak expectation of 80% women & keen to be written of by those wit hose trees come down to water to dri
ACQUISITION OF THE FACTS

What occurs are falling conventions, the label dispenser among them; even this is borrowed length. The figure In-The-Garden is here in the garden and like you, sunk to the hoe, the pick, and precipitation. Born to abstraction, customizing alterations to the human. Ass-backward is the devotion to form: you in back of you full of salt. Now I know the Greeks came before the Romans and how to submit to black. Even if nothing gets down all day but flyweight ideas, you know proscription; setting out alone again and again into the dirt and glamour, thinking it will be dunes along the way. But that’s just a familiar spot in a rhythm, going and getting to work, not only for love and school, but in the interest of plot. Influence can be taken as light as knot; DNA is no railroad, nor does my mom (Rosemary, though you’ve met) know your pop.
SIMPLE HISTORY

Thinking closed
I was clumsy eagerness
walking in reflex
a depth of brags
like an aquarium which is famous
only faster

Accumulation gave an added sense
of yesterday
as the squeeze
I go dead to the negative message

Showed up to deal
discipline nervously
were the rapists & ax
murderers
just as I marched
series in bed again
A scabbard was proud
like empty tin cans


Blue almost red was I white
with untroubled fundamentals
lost in a rarity
heavily blocking such a trap
coming to
miss the best
headway enactment

Complicated by reading
hours later uncorrectable
viscous dark
gripes on extreme
it called life
Plugged
the democratic double bed
dreams epigraph:
“early years - snow - Rodehenko”

Sylvie was crying
“to evacuate the problem”

Damp, dark, herself
writer diffident to background
works to clean up
economizing
unity of next over time
Bugled logic
gross to its ideas
as in a duel
I get up when I end in mind

. . .

Trigger heads
imputed high control
to a realm existing without support
on the first horizon

. . .

Voluntarily reliving
Daughter of Vigor
I scare myself to fit
prompted reading:
“Napoleon got sensitive
having used drink all night
to be emotionally thinking
to get more serious or make
protected mistakes”

Idealism acts disappear
on a spiral in a winter
visiting his arms
I see images completion
autonomies subject to name

See tiny staff maintain
didactic clouds command
sentimental reasons
drooping, deliberate
In the midst of economic collapse
her analysis stands coincident
with a great chord
that wracks me
making a piece of art

Gas station attendants
push carload tires
into STORMS LASH

Drawing squares
it’s chaos where this one meets
the monuments already in the process
of thoughtful repair
Blowing in late
is huge in her
waking in myth
breezy & sun

... 

Gaps in education
run into miles
solid doses

... 

The machine that replicates
moment equations
comes from the past
to stand for me
“Duke Star"
she rules the waves
near and how far
the individual *qua somebody*
substances are

... .

Arch brio
glorifies demons
dactylogy
“I only like cookies”

... .

A room intermittent now
that I go out
Program Notes

An oak outside pins providence to habit
to see firmly a vocabulary erupt from crying rules
dignity presently fosters. The heart focuses there too,
being instructed similarly in force of habit, the angling
city with one punctual gull overhead—gulls being standard
in the progress of tears ending in being. To have almost scorched
the rules dignifies the gull, building the souffle of real eating
among the calling-up, the thinking, the cheating, and the meaning-well.

A sad thing it is when a gull flies against the plane making habit
look silly next to progress. Picture the oak standing up in the heat,
vocabulary falling down like socks, the listening and subordinate
tears in abatement waiting for provender to slide.
This is for what the city waits. Lining up for the lining up
of crusts after the souffle has puffed. The tears don’t wake the oak,
gull, or plane during the familiar lurid waning, but they posit
the end anyway. — To get out of this dignified stationary!

Baffling giddiness seems to instruct the continuing vocabulary
of thinking, therefore writing, not perhaps as prudent means,
personally habitual and not devoid of dignity. The souffle
is already cold but representative nonetheless of sheer atomic progress
upward into a cloudiness of neutral tears, i.e., straight-ahead
believable levels of heart. Some mocking is in order, but that too
is a habit of the schematic city; the oak doesn’t mind the emotional
plane. In the end, what vocabulary leaves is just socks.
Any serious rule should want to know what feeds it. Not much else happens, in Little Rhody. The progress of the city vocabulary as it comes to a slow boil won’t hurt the hearth, at least not if habit stands by the trusty oak, a thing of pastness and deep drinking which satisfies not only in reading but in scrambling around outside too. The bird is definitely not lonely in this gulley; planes criss-cross like happy boomerangs, dropping crusts of versicles on the city until lightning jars off the rest.
I see the Great Smoky Mountains, fringe characters in the Panamints, Drusilla Ice. Would she spell out the future for them in numbers and dollars? Would she sit on the ground? Expatriot and pregnant, the sister-effect yokes facts. Mimesis just isn’t practical, too many hens and chickens. Misguided birds flap in the hot advance of an afternoon spring storm. Inside, he must have been watching me, listening to Wozzeck in music class while the dull trees bloomed just beyond, and I thought on world trade.

Drive out of the city and the earth is still. Resemble two people or replicate the family ideal, whichever you think will benefit your neighbors on White Street in Ogalala the most. The human community is either alive or dead; yours is sometimes columns, irreducible. When I see a word in your mouth I want to have it too. You must not be wanted or you’d be down in the sewers with the effluvia. A,B,A,B,B. Rude girls know they are. Was his insight devoid of will? I imagine a scale from 1 to 10. I swear my tongue was one of such, a boy in ten pants He watched television to discover the name of his baby.
SEGMENT

Bright equal air is mine
made mass, plant, you,
estimable option. When I sing

I look straight over
the crowd to the apex of train-heads beyond visioning

your doting constructions again.
Cicadas are glad to be articulate
and soon dead; I almost wish

we were this close
forming our bind, our plait
or matter in solid lights.

If I ride in this or that
vehicle, you have tools
to deconstruct

that chain. I personally
will be doing the same, forming
sheer sides for all

my friends’ fit. If however
I am still and not relying
on machines, it will be due

to conjugation of another
type. Our formality
understates the crush.

The duration of streets, speeches,
our musics is
how able their movers are.
Beverage Napkin

If you leave your body
von will live in the hall.

I can’t shoot
from far away.

This is an easy ring
of caution toxin.

From welfare
to this insistent hazard.

I’m king of exits;
you’re hiring railroads.

Can you do it
mirror?

Wake thinking haw
and hawing.

You node
get up.

We drank hard lines;
saw the clock and dranked.

I recall your beverage
napkin.
Impact marker, I get you in town, upside, sewn. Once enamored of feathers, now marks. Dear you, I have been meaning these many late winter days. Smell of rained-on wood, marlin or twine. Resolve to primary: open window, cars pull up out front, her aspect, dark and metallic. Going through gore to become snakes, her sheep by way of her intellect. “I don’t mind suggesting in the least; my name is Pitch, I stick to what I say.

Fear = discipline  
Corn = sex  
Milk = gas = work

Three youths hijack schoolbus.

Gorgeous appears at the door, chimes strict shores. This dear friend has come to me now that I’m laid up with fever, bringing something to read before sleep, a mountain. “Way down south in the yankety-yank, once, were windows on our fidgety debs...” I read until a speck or spot gets caught in my eye and the page turns linty or invisible. I’m on my way when I smell oil and look across chasms like Tallulah Gorge. “A wet sheet and a flowing sea!” Down by the crackers called Marie. Script fits a price I can print. These books, throughout the academic world, this excellent piney fragrance!
I DON’T WANT TO DIE IN A SPREE

I don’t want to die in a spree,
go with rocks to cut off, no!
Normatic is the family group;
paint is also some terrain.
I’m not hiding; I don’t say love I
you, do I? Reiterate place
to power of advance, swingtime.
These items are more. Here is sun and
food to go through. The formidable
accomplishment of and having parts.
Struggling in primitive
so less is served up captioned.
We hit the pit to clean up in, the slam shack. I ask if there is anything but your greedy eyes to help the police make marks on us, but soon we are safe again in fake rags heading west of that. Oh Popeye, I can’t wait any longer for my pay. That is what you say with a tree standing through you.

Stand back, the elan is about to become a nail. We beg for the restrictions of the past to sit on since the new ones are so hard; it’s a question of guessing how to act in the middle. I think you can think at the same time you’re hauling ass, so demand compensation!

A pun makes time. You missed some of that grayish stuff over there but so did I. If you will drop dead I’ll know you mean it; then we will be alive and dead together. You’re coming in very clearly now.

I work. My apple. Nuts.
THE I AND THE YOU
I AND YOU

for JR, WB

Not only for us are twigs made
exceptional to the branch, the body
antic tenant of the hills
on which a city lapses.
In our world, others, sailors.
Everyone sees what culture did
and our patois (literally, stream)
enrolled in which, light neither ponders nor
ignores its good direction
overtaking time, the ten days grace
between installs. Manifestly art
you and me, fingered, figured, poised, and shown;
frisky first
and then deposed.
1.

Beginning with
as exigent
my life stumped in forgettal
of buzzwords, their answer
crying on the floor at eight
at night
Let’s argue. The most I could manage
was place, a here
all cruel and happy.
2.

*for IK*

Outside metaphor’s stubbed
handling
put to bed its mother
    of unusual depth
in dreaming, her brilliance carries over
indexically
as the bird is the fact
    hearing you
    are one
uneconomic
yet exceptional.
3.

for EC

Having no choice
      but use of others’ language

“spy shorts on doll”

to the tune of a rake

   that is progress

to fly from the scene full to the top

   with unexpended

currency.
4.

_for KR_

I.

I live on the street where you live

'TIL TWO

You make the mockingbird's speech on a wire

(donned in this phase)

(its pain and confusion)

float all the way up

from City Hall. Thus, sounds

the depth, in the middle

of all this right, life...
5.

My new eyes hurt
one after the other
and repeat.
I have outworn a path
in the selfsame place.
No words equal music.
Only sense ate.
Our formula for the everyday towers
sinkward.
Still, the sky is possible.
6.

In public the aria

I always assume

that you might

clamber

upside

with a certain mobility

posse

that you might take this leadership

\textit{through} the dream

and now my neighbor
7.

_for LI_.

And now my neighbor begins to bite
to clear the path for nun’s singing

_omni animali_, exotic
but wearing street clothes on the square.
We desire consistency but crave texture.
Between us, who will braid the rope?

Oh hell,
its mutiny and tonic.
8.

Deferred.
I think I did
when you adored
the thing of it
but not the
pang of idyll.
9.

*for EB*

Everybody listen!

I am white and you are red.

On earth another planet

names the one

conceived by me.

At length then it was volcanic, pretty,

but horrible to look at: the perfect, read

world. See idea

slip from sense

already stiff

with sentiment? “What did one Mandela say to the other,” Emma understands.

“Why were you in the cage so long?”
10.

That I might propose
the will
unstill to comprehend
      your omnibus
to know
where you go against
      compliance
masking a disturbance what you say
      absolutely
cannot interest me because I
I am perfect.
11.

_for LH PR, BD_

Damned
if the eagle didn’t dive right down
and bite me.
(You’ll recognize him
from TV.)
And in the lots filled acre
upon mile with this memento...
single the young
holed in a tree
up which the snake may not
12.

_for LL._

Square pegs
in already decentered neighborhood
we sit in state.
I note this melancholy as a lack of bosom
and cannot flatten what verticality calls
the rain.
Through a film
as if relevant
awaken, memory
the girls downstairs, giggling...
13.

Often in need
of one more line
because thought, and states, and planets are sloppy (happy)
the infinite addendum
you may accomplish
accomplishes you
(sleeping)
though the fit
doesn’t.
14.

for RD

I wish the world
or argument
resolved itself amongst
to whom I wish
and then relate. The per
and haps situate preliminary
being to occasion,
what else is ground
to sky
toward which I come alone
doctrine, daughter, ornament?
15.

Exactly this experiment: a blue
room
filled with transrational
    color, known now
    as happiness
for which she may, the sky.
    What would have been responsible
posses up
but we agree
    and enter green.
Even this, the experience of time
    as space I fill
    beginning to end
a privilege.
Light is traditional
    and more so in its age.
My good and ample things.
    One moment, and not
untouched by rain, there
in the opening, graffiti by two women
calling themselves the true, the real
and we have not yet even come by
    our title. Idle
fat and tidal measure still in time
unparted pose
and begin to pose our questions.
17.

_for JR. JE, JS_

The incredible general enlightens

swarm undergraduate

enthusiasms, perpetuity's headlong storm movement

weather bodies forth where

gray only fleshes out

blue and those clouds exact

the same as these commonplaces,

to be here and rub (though I know

this cannot move you)
18.

for KK

Grass and that group. I’m having a wall built
so climb aboard personal friends
harp and all, at this moment do we topple?
Direct mail, I—
But you have slept in mercy’s thunder under
toe; can I? Bright middle-
age no word
for that in her. Mail her.
19.

Sound: you drive away. Longer listened

more than thought.
Being, we might say, is not a noun;

on the phone I thought
this a syntactical situation: you running after

her (the pronoun)
to preclude what had already darkened

pages
and I followed categorical, the city circular

and the famous forms’
faces hadn’t seen you changing

but inexhaustible.
20.

Unready
too early.

    New after
not this. Tears (the things
themselves) remit priority's
    agenda to birds
not song
    but data. Hysteria explains
alarm
    when resisting spring you change
your mind (a filmic bit) being, we might say
the others posit you (make use
    of us)

having nothing to say
about why we are they, or this many.
21.

for IK

I accept this language squall
that is in fact not that which sees
 or what is disappearing
 instead the conflict
of nature’s situations—your indicative
beard brushes what is certainly
 scuptural while
patter displaces truth (some other trouble)
 Skinheads vs.
 a disturbance
 in the distance (like writing)
 our popular thought of the body unmoved
yet always, motions.
for BD

Road closed for newt migration.

Waiting for nature I cannibalize thought
    imagining you in the parade
though this the path when only wet weather
    prevailed.
    The rest is yet
to think, a movement of silhouettes
which may include us
    doing business
    carrying in
the world, wind and swallow
    next, next
    the sound
of spectacle a form of address:
    “It is I.”
23.

My products embody power; in making
I am made, an activist. If bored
on the job, paint a picture of me
on the side
of the wall. Dark fun will be its captain, an intermittent tough
whose limit describes the hours.
In them, the consolation of persons, the soul
of a mark on the dock
whose author’s
gone fishing.
24.

_for EH, NK_

If I see, I divide.
Once social, now cactus.
The mothers have organized
and begun the work the rest
will undertake. I watch
you think necessarily
producing an animal (yourself)
from contraries and from a wood,
woods.

A woman’s name absorbs
the imperishably true artist
but contrary herself
in the middle of a pose
(his posse) a circular park the sides of which
locally protest, protracted.

We walk there
as anywhere, unprotected.
A matter of grace

your condom falls
on my boot. Walking out, is how you feel
a function of former stars?

Or the actual lever
switched in sex

to allow the rest to happen.

A breeze unconscious of whose hair
and here rowdy

skin extensive as time, that book.

“Bird, rain, thought”

a further philosophical spin, visual

for your consumption

whose eyes delimit

the all of in.

Whose grace not thought but being,

having been.
But these are not opposed.
For example: let’s get your mother

   aboard

being she might say

   not a relation of objects

but conversation, a profile

   whose coin is the land

because of its involvement with action

   and bodies

not nouns, not the excuse of birds

as speakers for people. With great tact and ease

but some labor born

   to a name, hers, well

into the next sentence. All of it

   after us.
27.

for JR

What is the literal mind?

A circle in

a social town. Its objects point

as umbrellas ask

simply to be upon. Positioned

in a timeless moment

your head shops, head in orbit

suddenly asks for directions

“where can I get something to eat?”

The bell rings but not for the town

marking the exquisite experience of objects

these we collect as he calls the universe lumpy

or you, the body
28.

What is the literal mind?
The person next to you in line
hears an incomplete version,
senses self as continuous but you
only a stop
a sufficient condition of movement
producing time. You are the customer of continuous
experiment as the baby
born to the tabloid
necessarily has two heads. “This baby
needs a blanket” says the postman as he handles me
(a bundle).

Only you
(thought) can navigate the polynomial
lag of these projections. I have sunned myself
in their benefit, come home blinking.
29.

for ED

I am going to make you some hot fish
but only as high as a house

is wanton

as milk in a wagon

and only after
the neighbor is calmed. I am making you

human while

placing myself on top. For locomotion undoes time

and this alone
continuous by bringing near and then removing
what are now called Eurocentric “chocolate fish.”

Assigned as homework
then, this one study, as all the other mots

flow under the bridge
and on to the next meetinghouse.
30.

for PH, DE

In my solitude
you'll find me
greatly changed
but is it I or things?
The rent makes the tree
house social no matter
how many wires
attack. With smokestack, that too
a body of the past.
My beard conceals this lack of place
while current pain rehearses
universal paths around unfriendly
hot spots. The earth is flat
and the body full of boo-boos.
Women and animals, on the other hand, take along a lunch. The active mind veers off left on purpose woken by its nemesis in a repetitive boring dream. Myself is left alone the sort, namely, that is bound to rain relieved in light of its incompletable thinking.
32.

The dream is blue.
And this I learned
in high school.

Given, going, hence
I challenge your name
for me while

enjoying your visit
regularly. Pride
of place is home

now. Let’s have breakfast.
Idiomatically matter is speaking.

Is the answer to “What’s the matter?”

“Must I accompany you further?” To see how curiosity
slaves? Of course, “after great pain”
“the landscape listens” as your eyes lay over
mine. Things haven’t changed. It is bound
to rain
to return ourselves
abstinent to words revealed
in things for they do incur responsibility
in their makers.

Where you are necessary
I cohere.
34.

Women think things
must be obvious
to the man
but he has other uses for the brain.
Left to those
I matter somewhere
other and outfit. His truck is
time
mine the sun
in one’s opinion.
35.

I relinquish control
    over physical
space, not that I have ever *seen* it.
    Where do I go
then? The street a conscious
therapy the topic
    tilts the fare
forward where moon governs
    happenstance to me
the need to vote
    in this country
36.

On me the rhyme
nothing in the world
can govern. Should I wear white socks
for this discourse down the block

        gunshot—
        “

Let’s get inside. You recover me
to it
and exit. Say the song

        instead of dance it

our chance to duck
and cover.

        I discharge
        songs of jury
hoping revolt comes sooner

        in our other (use of) history
37.

If anything.
But you go on and do.
All at once in the universe of articulate space
I look
I find
I see you.
But what is it comes and goes?
For locomotion starts

    who panoramically says
this is now the poem. Capitated
    is how the grass
appeared to me in summer among
    others in day-
glo outfits (not me) not working. A bunker
by the sea says
    “better give me head,
bitch.” Hope she didn’t (kept hers)
self-constituted by that
most animate of acts, ducks’
    quack the only familiar sound
in conversation.
39.

_for LZ, LW_

Pity the flower
unmoved by her who

likes the lover, then undoes him

with her lecture

This being said, proximal

sets the night of nature

never (quite) vanquished or alone—you say no

can do is done

as sun

on liveforever. Capitular

is neither bird nor flower
40.

_for BP_

Next I will
include the you, natural, and wearing socks.
The smell returns me to the human
t-shirt plowing through its subjects...
   phylum, peplum, valance
If we ever felt that “fun free territory”
shouldn’t it have been great
to be going to be
and reading?
   The inability to speak or difficulty
rhymes
   with great and gusty oddity
41.

for RB, CC, BW

More:
Breeded together are the facile
camped-in
days whose planet’s seven subjects
return from pointless wars
whose worlds words
witnesses call a life.

What you think
only tangentially relates to someone else on top
their other situation
established in armor (tin)—may I know you later on?
(outside of that)
ours includes all subjects’ testimony, torture’s x’s
welded in
42.

for KF

The problem was the built-in saddle.
Was it antitraditional?
I had not had one intellectual thought since daybreak
yet felt aroused and languid. The cave
made something erotic of my own
elongation, and the light, shy as birds,
me and them, end of story. Later,
my own is the beach, smooth-stoned and local;
that was my family but this is my poem.
The music was allowed to orgasm.
Another world waxes whole
   as a mood
turns away, as gray turns or foregrounds
   blue.
A shopping cart rolls unrehearsed along the street
   voicing
the amorous, pleading cries of the expelled.
    Look up,
the world, once head’s extension
   now provision of itself
a limb with some body
   on it or two
physiognomies who
   tolerate the strange whose pleasure it is
to pay us for the trouble.
But why this should be our job one does not know.
44.

Holding the tail
of your shirt I am about
myself. Premier
and rare, after rain, spring.
You pretend never
a dull moment but, speaking
must evince intelligence, character
and good wit. Will, lit
I did it. We like those
who resemble us, provided
this terrible thing is possible.
45.

_for JE_

I lunch with the hustler
not knowing who (am I saying outside of me
    is crime?)
dares the pot
to put to bed
the done for.
    I say, love only makes things
more complex
for her who is already numerous.
46.

Unlike her
  a fragile visible trace
of soul stuns your mated eyes, which
  coloring turn
    His axis spins
the door now wild
  card simple, religious, here:
    our place. Her majesty
unsettled,
  until all the words and all the light used
    are made to order.
47.

for ES

Thrown back, the imagined
to its fearsome object

    It was like hearing a voice
between my legs only painful
resembling you. One of one word in ten thousand
what a racket

    the thought I feel. Imagine us hotly stated
against

    this modulation (blood relation)
working there, sealed from object’s reach.
promise or predication, I yell across

    the office floor please finish us
returning later on

    to what there was to overcome

Then, if nailed by sun

    I look up—
is it to understand?
48.

for LH

But like others,
we thought we were beyond the world.
True enough though
not a fact
of any object. The intermediate term
many times I believed I belonged to it
then sound, hundreds of feet
beyond the edges of my body
where moods of our own evaporate,
nuanced
against hours of political mouth
with us absorbed
in bending intelligence. The trees,
whose bountiful principle
for AW

Blue, like you
are the sensitive young lovers set upon
in the station.
Thus between two points it’s the world that fails
and this post we inhabit—
    after bedrock and before the spade—
    is tight
(Are you asking to be not only sexual but prior?)
I never did acquire the secret code...

    The day was excellent and moody for their ride, their
conversation, their return
    to an unpsychological idyll—
but that was never true. It was work.
50.

_for JR_

I relent, wet and written.
If here I shed the mania for understanding
brief still spells
a picture remains of you deeply into
matters country (though buried in a book)
and when I look up
there you are still, spell so wrung
from choice. All day long I live
brief to see
my own mistakes. Institutions right and left
never one on top. One little island, how many feet
would fit
here, spading up a parcel? A circle
makes you poignant and I a mode no farther
in the struggle
of our tongue to travel. As though
being two, we stood in all those places