



Versuche: 14

When You Reach Kyoto
(Text for geniwaite)
[2006]

feeling confined by brakes
built into the wheels
i am a victim but
i relish the chase

a few hundred pages
including such devices
screaming what i remember

you run the emotions
like data
you think thats good but
youll try to doubt me next time

i made a cupboard for kinskis grave

i have been candid
if only for the
tapestry of slurred syllables

she was getting around heaven
— nothing is more beautiful
than a soul on cleats

in a room the air purrs
if youre feminine and silent
— then a crime
pushes alive and inside

but then wax is its own religion
with pedestrians and doubters
deleted in the salt

i was that close
our feelings are tremors
in two bodies suddenly
limp of that french twitching

would almost be spectacular
autopilot throes
— lost at sea
or what used to be

i am a victim but i relish the chase
and tone of it
asymmetries and all
 versions of false sentiment

if only for the
 portability of slurred syllables
— plastic buckets crushed
 on the technocrats subway platforms

til no one understands
 that top ten hit
 its better youre reading this
 — correcting these poems

looking for a logical refuge
 in the swaying palms of eastern thought

 — which puts us here
somewhere opposite the painting
of three nudes on a beach
 based on old-timey photographs
 of herself

and she was thirteen years younger than me but thats
ok

she takes it with a grain of salt
and smiles

wiping her typing
on a yellow-pink ribbon
receding beyond the window

— there is quietness to be found in mourning
each day

and she does
with a rustling of eyelashes
— i didnt know to receive it

baptized in a bay
with a crushed mirror surface
on a beach where it hurts to type
— the dawn was yellow-pink stars

bowing to the sound of a dead brother
— the hero defined
by sweat and street accent

all over theory might find its way back
out of the pith
into the magazines
— and speak of a formal eternity

by spreading it thin like milk
by running the emotions like data
through hoops of colorform
— what is

— now
im flying down the street
on my brothers skateboard
hustled from the sterility
as passionately each letter
— but much more recognizable
— speaks of a formal eternity

it's better that you're writing this
rather than wind up
in the predator parade
— one tone challenges another
surveying a desert landscape

lost at sea
or what used to be
the sea
— now the black sludge
of forgetfulness
— a wash of nicotine

or what mtv was
theyve insisted
is my memory

their obsolete bassoon humping
a timebar for my whistle
day after day

which was stupid
— that license had fallen
with a white coat
symmetries and all

whistles
of fires
— that was my retirement
plan

Z

when you reach kyoto
but this isnt august
and ive got a few things to say yet

when you reach kyoto
just over the river
from my home in brooklyn

when you reach kyoto
bathe in the city
in basic
color theory

when you reach kyoto
somewhere in the vicinity
of myth
— where it hourly replays progress
surveying a desert landscape

when you reach kyoto
just over the river
from the first time
not more
— to raise a pedestrian heaven
from an intimate hell



and she is consequently correcting these poems