

February 1992

THE IMPERCIPIENT

"The Silent Pillow of a Generation"

Edited by J. Moxley



Lisa Jarnot Brian Schorn Sianne Ngai
Scott Bentley Jennifer Moxley Douglas Rothschild
Helena Bennett Bill Luoma Lee Ann Brown
Ben Friedlander John Mignault

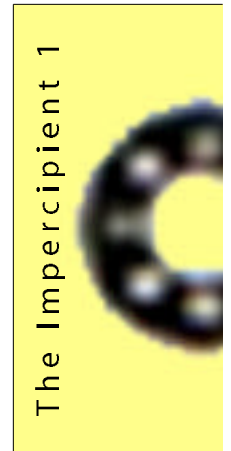
Why always I must feel as blind
 To sights my brethren see,
Why joys they've found I cannot find,
 Abides a mystery.

Since heart of mine knows not that ease
 Which they know; since it be
That He who breathes All's Well to these
 Breathes no All's-Well to me...

--Thomas Hardy, from "The Impercipient"

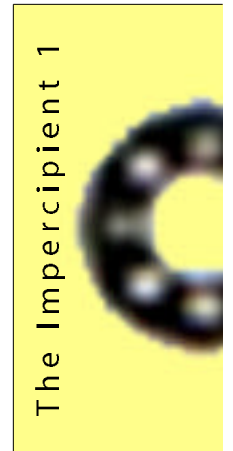
The moment of desire! the moment of desire! The virgin
That pines for man shall awaken her womb to enormous joys
In the secret shadows of her chamber; the youth shut up from
The lustful joy shall forget to generate & create an amorous image
In the shadows of his curtains and in the folds of his silent pillow.

--William Blake, from "Visions of the Daughters of Albion"



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The Impercipient
61 East Manning Street
Providence, Rhode Island 02906-4008

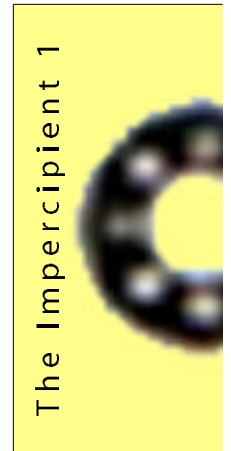


Exit Jesus by Helena Bennett was originally published as a broadside by Coincidence Press in October, 1987.

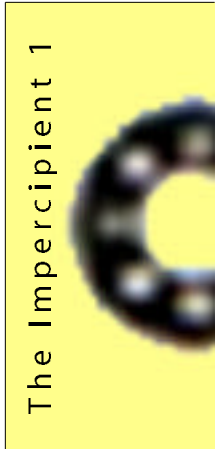
Special thanks to Bill Duran and Tracy Meehleib, without whose contributions this issue would not have been possible, and extra thanks to Steve Evans, Brian Schorn and Lee Ann Brown, three poetic hearts.

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LISA JARNOT



soon as the word did arrive

and the dogs bark
at the black branch of the sun

green tip tree wrestled
yet triple feathered falling

and what was west
was rushed with spring.

Timber is Arms Wide

unextending to
horse of knife night running
how did you hear it, where did it go?

roar at the place of the cresch-circle
in a mode in a mosaic
in a day in a fit
in a word it couldn't

went round and round
and pinched the heads of little flower pairs

maybe the story works, maybe it doesn't
but for Orpheus clanging about
with the crabs snapping at his feet

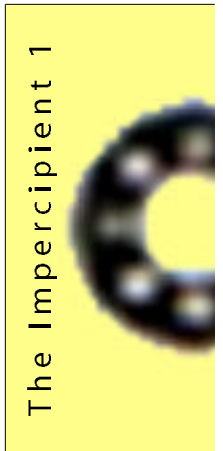
here and here and here and here
and if not who or why

Dharmok and Gilhad at Tenagra
when the walls fell

one was him, one was not
one was on fire

and they nailed him to a tree
when the walls fell down

but it could have been tweeter,
and it must have been you



Dharmok on the ocean
and so
in a big sweat

a danger shared
might sometimes

spendt them from their madness
spared them from their words
from the rushweed
and the sticks and stones
and lizards bones

arrived with sails unfurled

same story different place
spendt them from their place

one desert one bull
enkiduh

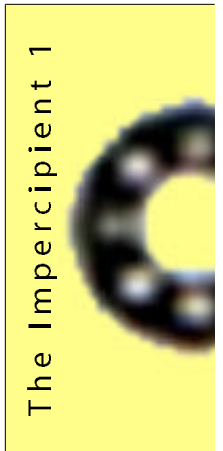
he who was my companion

where did you hear it and
where did you go?

tik tok at the place
when the walls came down

arrived with sails unfurled
arrived en masse

arrived his arms at wide
arrived at rest.



BRIAN SCHORN

Luck in the Pocket

thinking is a man
no longer a man
made man

incorporated into streams
seams
soothed
out over stove sleeve

frame builder sawn on pin
pricked nail night
song softer
down darker beneath only oil

full fatty workings push
slop shop
open till dawn
sud
overlapped another knot

pad piece of blue seam sod
night vision peeking
overboard
to wave action gem hoe

The Impercipient 1



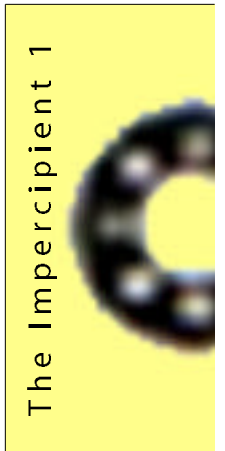
down town to overgrown night cap

pop goes plink
tank

no

yes

no tank top tore out the bucket
is luck in the pocket



No More Tape Hut

weakness
so many over weakening
to a stem top

save slower
lower ever toward
me over here

love leaning by window
glass wisp

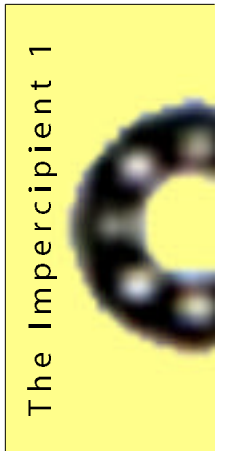
tail move
over-clipped and drawn tight
tingled tape cut
soothing London fog

hat on top to town
evening at soda cup

full drapery opened to flow
wave flapping water
sideways to open wave water

little pebble thrown to keep
the eye level up
to boom the light on
to shrimp over dock water

wave again to no more
tape hut



The Painful of Grappling

grappling torch lifted to stretch over
the scape of land pulled
out
plastic meltery

coincidental creep scratching outer banks

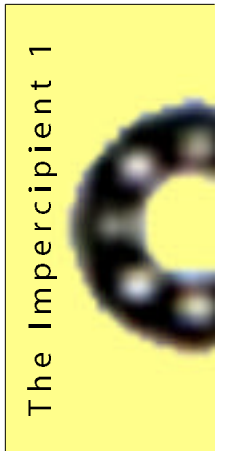
slick sing

itch too many times the song
sling of a sorrow-
esque moment
no longer lifted and known into anything

seen here such as me again

this is the time for all slings
slipping toward another tame tossle

starch too many offers and repeat
the torch
stain the painful of grappling



Eye or An Unexpected Storm

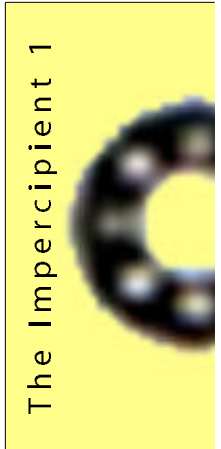
“It is because your eyes
have not always seen me.”

Paul Eluard

It is your eye with its outstretched arm
that speaks to a point outside, and not necessarily foreign,
to the limits of your vision. Only an eye might exist here,
having existed, or is existing, as an eye other than your own.
My eye does not exist,

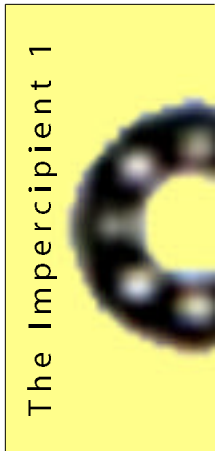
but is recognized as the color of an old bruise on my thigh,
dissipating into a gaseous state, which, in effect, is a low lying,
yet majestic storm cloud. There is an earthen weight to the
cloud, to the condition of my thigh. This is by no means a
judgement on your part, merely the whiteness of your eye
reflecting over a specific portion of my body.

My thigh is a result of the direction of your eye, which is not
where my thigh is. My thigh will serve as a dam in the event
of an unexpected storm, expecting to see my thigh situated
in a dam-like position, or not to see it, in other words, to see
only bruises afloat in the biosphere. But the whiteness of your
eye will remove the storm, your lid serving as the switch:
when the lid is closed, the whiteness of your eye is absent, it is
black or forgotten, and any sense of direction from your eye is
useless. The rain becomes heavy.



Weeping

is not a direction the eye can move in because the whiteness of your open lid prevents it. This means that daylight is taking place, the type of daylight in which one can still see the moon at 10 o'clock in the morning, knowing the other half is there, but not seeing it because your lid has selectively chosen to cover that portion. The dilation of your eye, responding to darkness, giving the moon its fullness.



SIANNE NGAI

Monochrome & Colophon

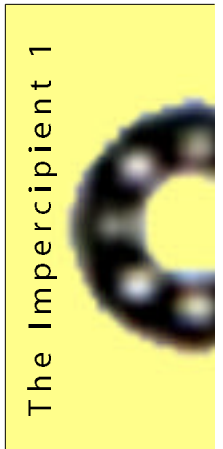
Her flailing arms make him afraid. Water, water's void: tracing the ink from one point of effacement to another.
Revealing the veins in stones and wood.

Rock, tree and bamboo. Mist of ink wash over layers of mica: Ni Tsan in the cliffs at Yu-shan. One
gourd of bitter wine left in the village. Pressed white suit and matching hat lurking under the pavilion's rosy exterior.

She sleeps in her hair. Red candles burnishing the shadows mingled on her face.
Aligned on a tray: bone pens, hair brush, bean-paste salve.

Hemp-fiber mountains mark the untrammelled country. The edges of his ink stone blurred by water. Frightened, she wakes outside the frame only to fall into the net of his world's dust, surrounded by figures deliberately stiff and archaic.

"The evening tides have just receded from the little river island; the frosty leaves become sparse as wind blows through the trees. Leaning on a cane against the bramble gate in silence, I am longing for my friends while the hills darken."
Someone said it cost a lifetime of descending windows.



dialect



in three days i could make five strips of cloth

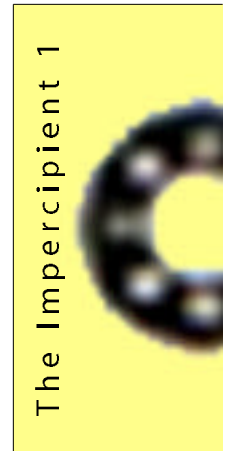
he said he had a mother too

fading grassland

not quite clean

arms stretching

some blank and slurred faces



until now in the dark

wise and foolish

shoulder to shoulder





even without spring
is of itself born

loosened the belly of the tree

and open the light

BILL LUOMA

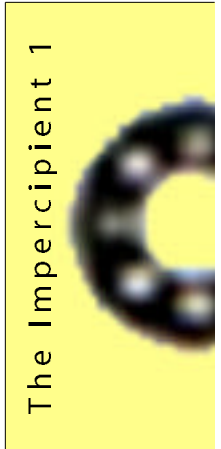
from Barker Sigh

Would it honor love to take batting practice with pearls?

We know about the time in the black dress. As for the social graces, they could not see you. Nor could the saw render your dancing carriage, which clearly made all shout delicious lesbos. Do toss your head back some more, while I think about contracts.

Your clean smell paid tribute to camomile blue, the luckiest bar in town. Fritter, the beauties are falling in my face. Are they carrion feeders? The yappers did their number in palatial clumsiness. The rocking star was a burner that barely showed, a pinwheel pointing only to weather amid the things. A slice of pecan provided the entertainment. Yes ma'am, reverse english left the table blank.

An irritable reaching after your lips. The little lady



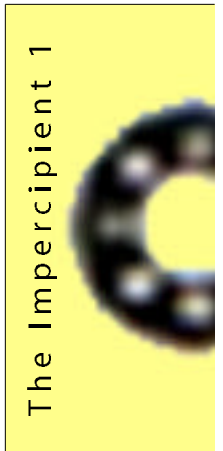
went up in a significant meteorological event, inspiring such envy in the coop that wings were glued to body. Helena, your breasts would gather dust from all the rumpus. Mary Jane, your rodiferous pits would glorify any t-shirt. Those girls are ripe. The endless search for pants able to maintain your rose hips and pins. You write it like Levis, 30 x 38.

The green meal gathered in the water. Yon scatter sought the disk of the big spin. Beast was present as sun bank, a mount helix of albatross serving illegal chuck in the roof of Bruce's lodge. Crazy Brad was a nice, good looking fellow. I know nothing of brain. Right back at you. 5-FU too.

The north wind does the poles. All their faith in stretching makes pulled being incapable. The arising does make friendly towers, but any salad shooter can walk on through. Fear not the nemesis of your game boy, but bark. The are causes birds. Road kill gets not through, but we still in the bliss of the knockout.

The grafters harbor the blues, known for the insecting. In festival time they circle the field. More often you see a blue and a brown share. Allowed wires accomplish most of the tweeking.

The grafters are a secondary favorite of the brown from under yellow, preferably bushier. Flickers stay where the big food is, leaving the company, having



size and range. Big ones appear as much as the worlds between them define. The jays harass the senora in the round and the cruisers from Chicago. Who cooks for you on the driveway when the banging season starts.

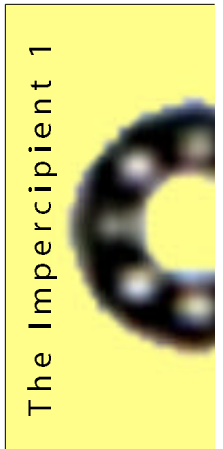
The hat heads aggregate on wires in acts unsure. Their theory begins with Z. We should expect this from a bunch of tri-couleurs. However much the landing gear counts, the rusty belly is good for a few breeds. You and me, we just can't get low enough.

The sounders afore the tops of palms at sun quit. It is the browns who do the quick calling. The regulators are the two called for holding. When recognized with a 12, they vanish.

The stealers hang among the berries or one or two silvers. The hanging reds may grab a tall bush. The stealers have no problems with this. I see scarface range.

The gregarians edge the short seed rainers at 2:00. After the hail they drink on the deep side. The kicker will not set foot in the sun. It is a noisy transparent kicker, who only digs for himself.

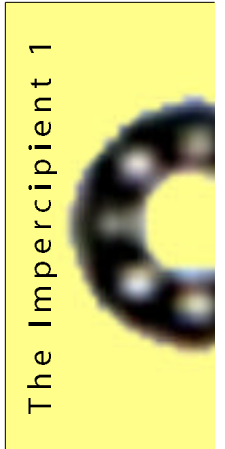
The eyelet of the stick lover moves an elbow down. It is a single noisemaker skimming with a mad co-pilot. The satellite provider goes to the big H and takes a



left. The lines fork and the red fingers line them. Some grifters are alive, but most fish move over the carpet. Spotted is a kind of bag dad, or floyd wild.

The coroner hold the contain on the barium cloud. The yappers tear a hopper and the hairs are apparent. Pretending to throw many voices, they thrash the apex. Thorn was out.

The blues are not unwarranted at the stage stop. A jesus crown acts as the server. Having chosen panopticons, the worm levers carry white tips from under.



SCOTT BENTLEY

Off the Carolina Coast

—*for C.F.*

Conflict resolution program.

Select options that season choice. Reason
dips to the borders of pleasure we dodge.

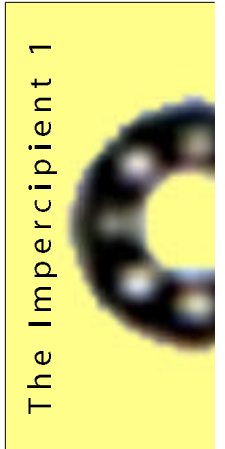
dark funnels of cloud. Care.

Shattered feathers rattled under the eaves as accident
throws a symptom to the window or shadows relieve.
Disaster is the name of disbelief.

Conceived in a moment of static reception, a cigarette
makes the sense of embarrassment more red than a dare
to put out the fires, suffer the water. Extremes.

Destroyed by providence the rain provides, floods the cheek of a girl.
Hailed with a bandanna in hand to muster a tantrum. Hitches a
ride

so stays out late. Streams swell, trail
in the territories
weather advances, eddy.



A place to post if the strummer attacks, hassles
the branches, abrasive, breaks. To plunge and toss
leaves remain. Mounting suspects against the system. Unstable
conditions no room
in the vortex, air

quakes the ground
storm drains

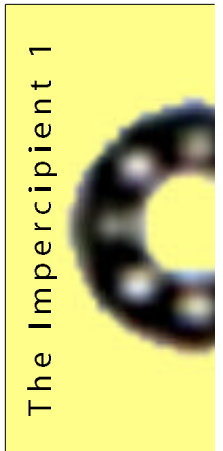
gain the force of a grain, staggering.

Throughout shutters speed, subtle shades. Tempered
environments divine a vital consumption, the vapors.

An occurrence begs us to question, else disappear:
eyes do not poke out from a pack of camels ever.

...a furacão no coração...

The spectacle heads toward another shore, running
where geography was but a tropical depression.



GOING

—*for Larry*

*...with whom I spoke
one afternoon in Berkeley*



Violations of the gambit regime. Lower than spheres the mind lights temporarily imposes messages forgotten. The name, a number—October—out turning past the speed of sound. A boy's teasing is spirit come to pause.

Worlds spread out public, exploding. Extended in the abyss the sea lures us wild enclave we can't imagine, cannot uncover time. Digits sprawl the night—what you hear?—to dance fell the chair, the tree.

Lost under eaves, embellishing holds out in reins. Somewhere the wind ends, some places shingle down to earth branches in/with gradations. Running on patterns than mangled each wrong and whispering, leaves.

The streets, red wagon, called it a secret or nothing at all. The small cleft, a private emergence. Ours is a cage and a screening out. Listen, things are hurled, they make noise and nobody's on top stringing; everybody dies

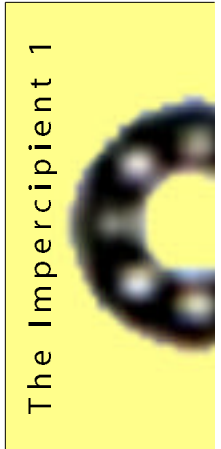
and that ain't whistlin' Dixie.

BLUE FESCUE

"Racing Auto Speeds Elopers to Pastor"

—The Bulletin

San Francisco
Saturday June 5, 1915



Rescue. A false clue, an attempt.

That wood it were a hay. Today knelt behind your knees, a knoll. Felt a drive in the sound to catch moonlit passages, angling. Secure means to merge, settling soft on a body like a spirit in a sphere of reproduction and coupling. Confluence.

A response to repose that sends us out of possession, passion. Pale shoulders lathered in glee, a fleeting romp registers the lilt of your requisite bottom.

Heart-shaped.
"...you'd be too."

Missiles crack the sky, scrapers wave a clearance on asylum. Weary of politics. Chewy. *"Oh!"* she said, *"chocolate"* Liquor from your lips spills as some other will draws us in, licks us in agreement toward a distance of vows, separated vowels parted in sense, converse. Sexual relations.

A swill of ale on a grassy swale. Cotton candy.

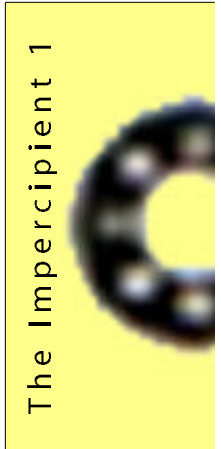
Not fade away, but waiting, wanting to study the flaws, strengths without doubt, lingering sides. Dawdles at the back of your throat, hard to suck sugar from a bone

in delicate propriety and manner.
if you changed your part in a plot

of symmetry, portrait

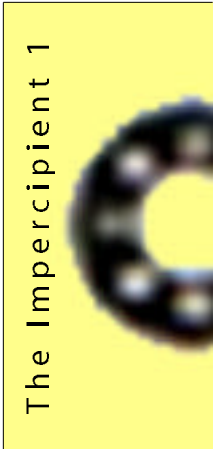
so pleasure the rattle that walls.
Still we won't shake after midnight

content with comfort when you come for me.



*...out in love's letters, words
my one voice, my other
against us darkened science*

*—a countenance, reflected—
enters, is returning...*



Although

A moment, a city:

...that a boy delivering the news, points
up and pulled his wagon

a little faster.

Parting resolutions. Orders the pulse of revolution in her hair, under belly comes
armed with a salted melon. A battery of terminal place swiped expression plus
to separate a part in continuous waves, outward. Whose cant pounds letters
over launch resolve camps in pregnant passages to our occupation. Enough already.

Conception. Marriage to moonlight raiments of prayer, fragmented still withstood
leaves or blaming evening in. Iron, mangled glass. Throughout planes and ways
suggestions divest to alleviate a limp disorder. *Boys in one, girls out the other.*
Though T minus ought and counting senses a driving score is, as ever, on her side.

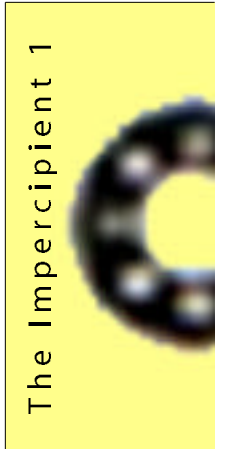
Distress. Common development

without her he
is missed, only

hearts shape.

Faced.

JENNIFER MOXLEY



how given chorus

a she complete

alleged fair and castor
a fool

donned ritual, this year's buoys

to Bronte, or avant committal

read him tied,

contained bound and white

here is a great leader, a lullaby
to be kept

if and Narcissus straddled the lake

encroached comes

of concrete, bells here

a forest

of canto before architecture

opera he, enamored walks, him through the land
and she buys a hat

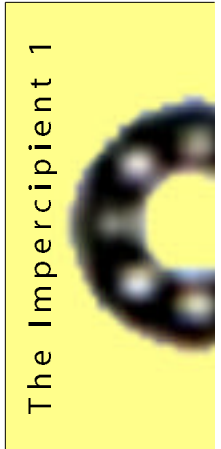
aristocrat servant and spread

fabric imago, scented and purchased
glove on the wainscot

spine without the I-beam, the you of leaves
spans back

desire returned, as topiary

visited from around the world



glossy

ever

decimal,

taken out and laid for the young to see
as nine to zero

safety named her
on palms place, fatality

a gaping
(differentia)

wrote as flute, a labor breakdown
sang beacon

“breasting the coming she absconds”

the visual.

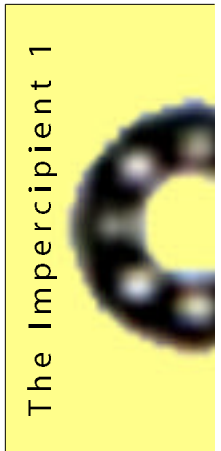
(pith
entry

when first deserted face
fared diminutive

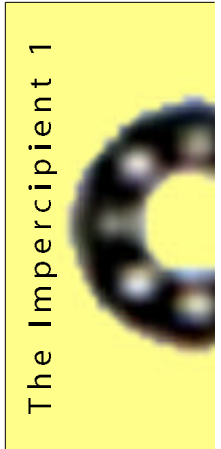
a map distracted

tip toes through the

gift fear



breathe
bellicose in Firenze, greece
(to show false) a threat
locate you, except in every instance
variations end on David's earth cover
glances frailty
haute-contre, the sensitive form he
skirted
the retreat of manipulation
caution Inc.
dry,
two sad culvers defy anthropology (treasure chest)
constricted coseismal
duet



When in Rome

No, I will not fondle you willingly centurial world
nor stroke your shred of decency, I hold no candles
or so you broadcast, ever since you kissed
my world weary decadence.

Hey soldier, go flaunt you swags and jabots elsewhere
this girl is bowing out, full to the glands with garlands
and Democrats, the truthful and bad will eventually see my way.
My webbing or weaving grows thick with all your travel plans
you tree trunk, you bile monger, you ghastly gew gaw
bereft of Metaphor, this time your ignorance will kill you
once and for all Centurion.

Didn't you notice your hundred years are up.



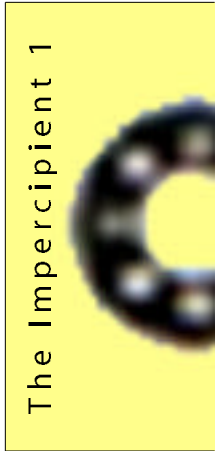
DOUGLAS ROTHSCHILD

from A Different Kind of (Summer:)

were i to speak
only in tongues
& the words too
come to me

swollen : at the root this
is enough that
freedom proposes
purposes to affect
us in different ways
crossing our paths
unobserved you are





summer : “ . . . and the ground was filled with a
pungent odor, which left us the open air
smooth and warm . . . or a distant drumming

distinct as a heart beat the sky red—
your eyes red, elsewhere
Your Eyes.

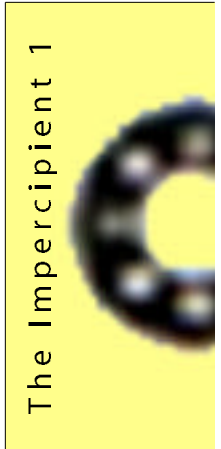
if the car is broken,
& we cannot go to get it,
who will?

if the car is broken,
& no one can go to get it,
who will?

if the car is old & broken,
wounded like the street,

broken like the broken parts
of these our broken lives,

& we remain?



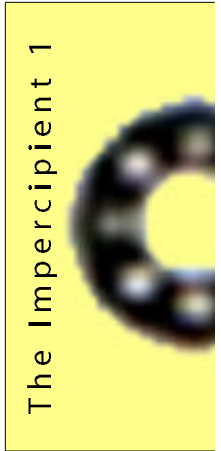
long after your departure
Can it not be said then
that we too are nocturnal?

like musicians lost in the city
of their delight? As the music
lifts like a small departure

from him & his freedom returns
as a kind of ambiguity. The un-
certainty of change & the

difference between being in
dependent & really free.





i am regretfully yours:

i swam it, moving as a stream
up stream is of this. Too quickly
your loss compounds itself & the in-
cidence of the frequency of the loss
combines to eliminate all contact.

“i am alive to your touch like a wing.”
indecent in my own way, time takes me
back. To when i was a straw. Clutching
the pattern through a fine rain. It
refines me, redefines the love as in-
creasing. Folding the pattern back into

decency, reading the wall as a text
for jumping:

2 poems : AGAINST/ UNDERSTANDING

“In the dialogue between the self
& others, it is the supplied knowledge
of the ‘Self,’ as self-defined, which
begins to break down the barrier of
understanding.”

— Bakhtin

1= cold against the mountain i am
filled with memories of you & my words
come slowly. like a truth parting

the trees separating one from another:
the birch the maple the aspen the pine.

i wait for you, thinking only
of your words, as i remember them

calling out to me or not listening,

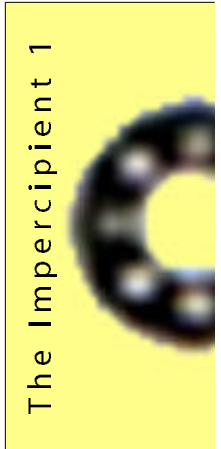
falling rootless around me
like little sparrows frozen to the lawn.

it is enough to hold your hand out
& i will come. it is enough for an eagle
far off on the horizon to rise above the horizon.

How could i lose you & i am a burden for you
if you stand clearly carrying you places
within each word? you don't want to go.

“We dream ourselves as victims.”

—Alan Watts

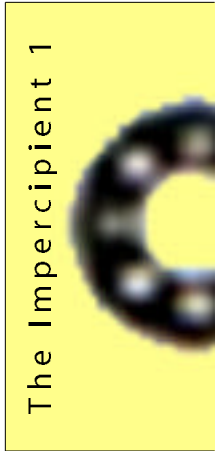


2= My city,
like a river that is
an industry of its own,

of looking West, toward another

Atlantic,
gazing out at
a river of ice, frozen

by the motion of the Sun.



HELENA BENNETT

Exit Jesus

(or, *Des Crises en Printemps*)

. . . .

strangely azaleas begin

color the young

in one another firesale

nosegays decency also

or succor cryptic where America

is the most delicious truckride—

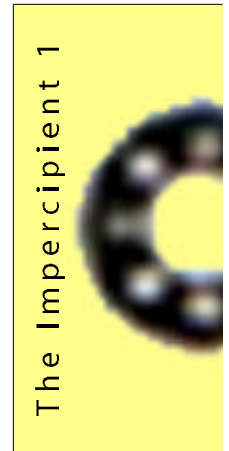
some call it Venus

The Impercipient 1



. . . .
(
racing back and forth
across a country the structural myth
of tenements
& world improvisation
which is a whole lot of agenda
chant
dream logic after
the fact
all that's left standing is beatific
desire
)

. . . .



last night I dreamed I talked

along each lit alley

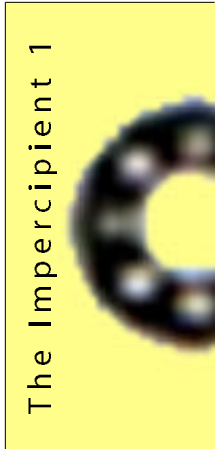
after a film of windows dovescotes

up under the eaves

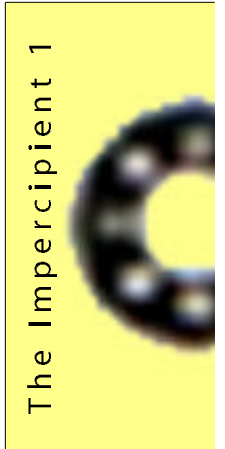
the enclosure act eventually
got rid of gameskeepers but

justice is a tricky one;

he touched my hair and said I'll take you home.



Ottoman Eroticism



His cries grow ever more demanding. Tribute becomes obligatory obeisance. Doubt everything that isn't tied down. Under cover of darkness we stole a way of life. Sentence is transmogrified to sentience, or scintillate. Payment will not be accepted. Behavior became escape from extended absence as we were more or less determined to exclude all but the most thoughtful semiotics. Storm yearning obliterates trace elements. Of style I can say only that troubadours sang handsomely. Turned out of their home the family piled into a truck. Farm failures have become statistically so common that one wonders at any food production. Values sway and are subsumed under need, propriety, and manner. Music swells drowning. Not waving goodbye he resolutely faced the window, eyes fixed front, hands in lap. Dogs become his solace as each

day he retreats further into hermetic isolation. Chamber music exacerbates her tendency to wax religious. Fervor is fine in its place but I cannot acclimate myself to the vicissitudes of her nature. Hike up your skirts and we'll wade out to the end of the pier. Glassblowing is a craft requiring both delicacy and strength. Eerie to imagine paradox and heterodox theories as the underpinnings of knowledge acquisitions in physical science. Fiction inculcates a belief in causal relationships that is not borne out by experiential testing. Testing, in fact, often leads one to an apposite belief in random trajectory or whistling in the dark. Victory over empiricism remains dubious. Honor requires that we at least inform him of our plan of attack. At dawn the moon attained a clarity that dazzled, eclipsing even the beauty of the desert plateau on which we had made camp. Followers of astronomy marvel at the enormity of the blue arcs, at their brilliant hue. And crying she withdrew further into the cocoon of blanket. Indictments cannot faze her; she is inconsolable, wanting only to sleep, or to dream waking. Up a little further you'll find the sentry who admits no one he doesn't know on sight. Specific instructions are in-



scribed and must be followed to the letter. Of referents he speaks glibly, decrying the reductive quality of discourse both ancient and modern. Times have changed to accommodate worn-out stimuli but once more the hour has come to put our noses to the grindstone. Cold, dead, and redolent of salt the gift of fish lay wrapped in newsprint on our porch. Swing me around and bellow a hearty greeting. Card sharks and pool hustlers have fairly taken over my hometown. Meeting you again is a consummation devoutly to be wished. Bone and sinew being what they are we must content ourselves with transience and heat.



JOHN MIGNAULT

THIRTEEN WAYS OF TOUCHING YOURSELF IN PROVIDENCE

A good provider
Provide not
a good killer
kill not
A sentimentalist
emancipated to the
breeze: a soft
stone
step. Love
is fluid. Love, interest in a spot of red at
the painting's corner.

Guessing the river north today,
south Tuesday
Police Log is the Social Register.
The river keeps inviting its unwanted guests.

Screams build houses
as much as the scrap of paper
blows down the
traffic patterns. Yes, and the secretaries.

Your mouth is opening wider,
and the kiss is the better conversation

The blood flows gently on



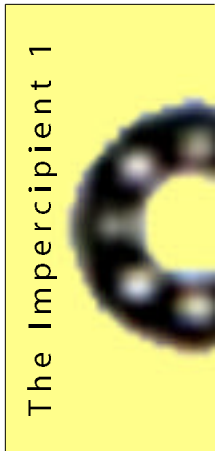
the hood of the cab and I am
a pure pleasure! I am a
mode of transport in the dim friezes.
I am the bib of a crying infant. I am the teenager
inspecting a run
in her stocking. I am the library open
late as libraries should be.

The chandelier will tell no tales without money.

It is no wonder
that small red lights can speak.
Vertigo is spelling out in my
heart, "My excellent chair is
home." A trivia question seems
a feast of tension doled to the day.
Music pinned into fur
until it stops breathing.
We are buying the excellent poverty.

The only time
I'm not dense is
if somebody walks up
naked and says
"Okay,
now."
The river is undressing.

Perched on the ear
you intone long enough to hear
"When you're naked, do
you
TOUCH
YOUSELF?"

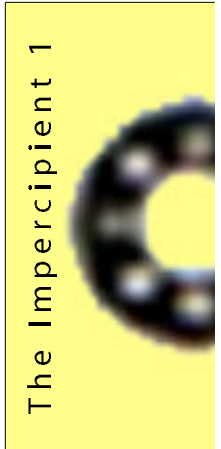


We make a right turn and fall into the river
He makes a left turn and

the paper is publishing on
The paper is publishing on
The muscular presses whine
and expel a tide of information
All wanting to be that spinning headline in the movies,
The paper is publishing on newsprint. What a
relief.

O Providence, you are my Providence.

My father died here but isn't finished with it yet.



A Poem of Poverty

Money wasn't. There was NO MONEY. And the domestic scene a crust of oatmeal, fragrant & brown.

The beer bottles were full of ashes.
Boiled onions today. And today. And
today. The ashtrays looked for coin. The current
was black. Pencils served poorly
for spoons and broke points. We couldn't

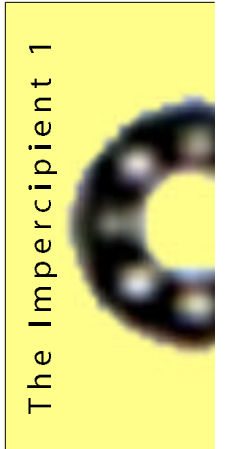
Afford your hair-dye, or my newspaper habit. I sold blood, but
you sold my blood into service
of night. The ashtrays moaned for fill and the snow warmed our
calm. The burst rood admitted the stars to our inspection.

Poverty frees not, poor blesses nobody, no cash liberates nothing.
Beat the shit out of the eyes who says otherwise and

take their money.



LEE ANN BROWN



Crush

1.

Crush specific.
Crush complete.
I'm at your feet.
Crush all over.

Ruling the day.
Afraid to say.
Does daddy know?
I move far away.
Sister shrugs.

2.

I sleep with two.
One goes up and one rides away.
One stays up all night.
I think with more.
More than two.
Not deciding but enjoying.
Everywhere colliding.
Working and sleeping.

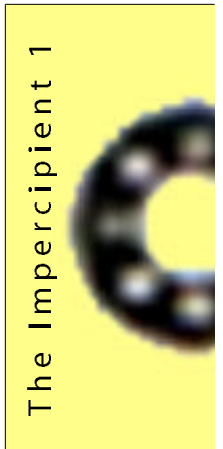
Writing lying down.
Crushed between him and her is nice.
Crush grove of trees.
Crush trouble.

3.

We are the daughters of enthusiasm.
With tenderness and dancing.
With late night storming.
Excitement sisters.
Where are my excitement sisters.
At work they are all at work.
We want to talk late into the night.
Tenderly with boys also.
We want to sleep and work on our nonpaying work.
We try to unite our rent power tryst.
It is seldom these days that we meet.

Assiduous angles in a latin position.
We hide in the woods to remember
the simultaneous noise of the city,
wearing the ring of the city.

Southern butter.
Did you expect southern butter
Our rented reality is a problem.
Trillium.
Trillium and lady slipper.
Lady Slipper married to Jack in the Pulpit.
May Apple is a name to remember.



4.

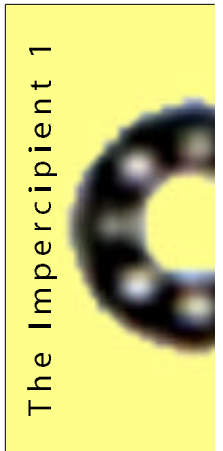
The desire of mothers to please others in letters.
The desire of daughters to wrestle fathers not mothers.
The desire of daughters to please mothers and betters.
The desire of daughters to have mothers and fathers.
The desire of mothers-to-be to please brothers and sisters.
My desire to please her daughters and sons.
The desire of others to please letters in mothers.
The tendency of letters to bloom in nettles.

5.

Reinvent love.
Can we reinvent love.
Why reinvent love.
Crush as a way of knowing.
Is it the only way of knowing.
It is a good way of knowing.

6.

She skirts the issues.
Trims the fabric,
describing dresses.
Going to the store.
Buying more than beer.
Cooking is difficult in the city.
Climbing stairs,
arranging papers.
Tent in the street?
No, I need a few stairs.



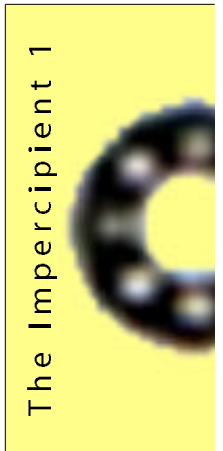
Place to brush hair
alone or later with you.

7.

In this family we marry for keeps.
Sometimes stuck in southern butter.
More Crisco makes good biscuits.
The type of detail you pay attention to.
Get off the doors in the back.
Snuff in a can.
Muff is you plan
and you don't mind if I do.
Flexible Lysander is the cat's name.
It is gradually becoming friendlier
with the help of heavy petting.

8.

I don't want to keep you.
Objection to emotion.
Object of emotion.
Abject in the ocean.
Going with the motion.
Do you second the motion.
Love anti-potion.
Love and devotion.
Obsession can we talk about something else.
Get it out of your system.
It's inherent to the system.
Systemic, we return to it.
It keeps coming up.



Polyvalent, with many openings.
Anything can be alongside it.
Nouns and verbs.
Noun verbs noun.

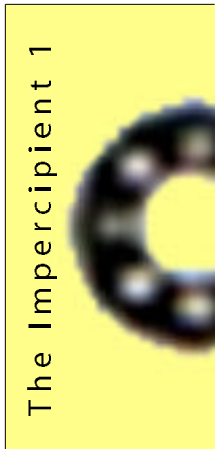
9.

The grammar of crushing is scary.
Don't be afraid of crushing.
The crush between love and sex.
Wildness in domesticity.
The magazines of lifting belly.
Pinched and read.
We all must be pinched and read.
Don't think about his objections.
Something in the middle of the day.
It has to be secret.
Lifting belly or thinking.

10.

In the crush groove.
Gertrude was in the crush groove.
Multiplicitous in form
I knew we could go on.

Polymorphously we walk in the park.
To grow organically in form like a fern or a city.
Many times repeating with slight variation.
How easily we can bruise.



11.

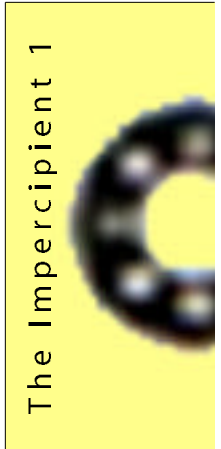
Fearful of confession,
I brave direct address.
Follow the line of the map until
it takes you somewhere.
She is direct and with a rhythm.
It pleases me to see you so pleased.
I have lived with women and men.
This is very fine.

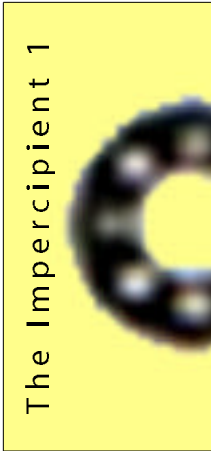
12.

How would I say I love him.
He is lying down to music
We go together and apart.
I am eventually always separate.
He is loved by me and returns that love in his way.
He is loved by men and returns that love in his own way.

13.

I say these things not because they happen but because many things happen.





both my lovers are broke
3 broke lovers
all my loves are broke

O
(lake)

Spring like gerunds glowing
signs of pearl like pacing.

A bat or bird or book
shaped music aches
to be opened, bare
with rust as you
are playing an
overture
in fever,
a baby night
literature,

a gem sprocket.

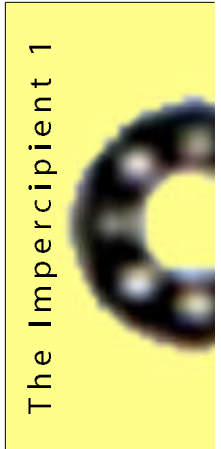
To order the sonnet
we took
turns breathing light
air.

Trace
minerals curl
in the middle pocket.
The rinsed planet
dovetails few
joints, keeping
space even
so.



Taxi Drivers this Year

Ulysses Flaubert
Azhar Islam
Robert Quach
Faisel Ahmed
Angel Rodriguez
Samu Nematella
Lulzim Borova
Edgar Santana
Gabriel Leander
Michele Robinson
Jean Cadet
Carlos Camargo
Antonio Rodriguez
Jose Batista
Mian Saied
Gurpreet Singh
Simon Ng
Ahmed Ahmed
Herman Herbst
Sergio Burgos
Mohsin Chaudry
Emmanuel Sable



BENJAMIN FRIEDLANDER

TABLE STAKES

(for Bill Luoma)

Pattern us after gold letters
pool tables & tarot cards,
yarrow stalks & bar talk,
leather boots & Helena Bennett.
“A whiskey, neat”

Between the sheets & sweets, John Keats,
expect a crease, a broken peace, a-
nother shuffle of the deeps
perchance to sleep.
A cut, a cheat.
“Read ‘em & weep”



NATURE

(apocologos)

—I hear rumbles—
—that you are going—
—far away—
—O hero, sun—

The clouds, banked
above the car fumes
& the heat of day
are darker now

6 p.m. & leaving
work, the people
fill the streets
with myth



LACKADAY
(after Pat Reed)

Synchronized surges
 awkwardly
diatribed I
plummet
the soft hills.
Timid turning
leaves from branches
 hung, candescently

Did you grow that with your
 green thumb?
No—the sea did
with its purple—
 lilac tramp
tendrils sand
Erinnerungen
fog



THE FACE, LEVINAS

I had a ladder
that I felled,
I had
a brother, a lip
to cup,
a damaged good:

Love
is a hollow word
without answer
or recall, without
echo or hand
we fall

Time & tide

thought slips

the mind

it rips the ties

that tire the bind



TERMINATOR

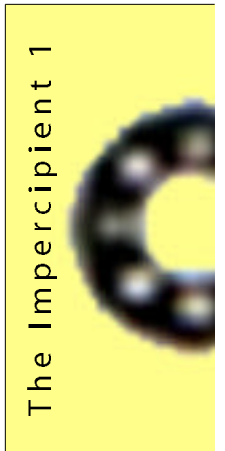
No more misgiving,
it's all android.
We—suffocate
in the belief—
looking out
from its housing

Gold crown gleaming
like the suffix of a sun

Barred windows

Bared teeth

Blood engine



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