

The



Gale
NELSON
Elizabeth
WILLIS
Sianne
NGAI
Karen
DAVIES
Lisa
JARNOT
Peter
GIZZI
Brian
SCHORN
Gabriel
ALFIERI
Jennifer
MOXLEY

August 1992, Second Issue

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

Edited by J. Moxley

Correspondence, comments and contributions are encouraged and welcomed

a2 by Brian Schorn was originally published in **Clerestory**, a Brown/RISD Journal of the Arts, Volume II, Issue 1, Autumn 1989.

Special thanks to Henry Ablove, a genius of heart. Also, welcome to three new and interesting journals: Black Bread, Cathay and Letter Box.



Their scallop shell of quiet
is the S.S. *United States*
It is not so quiet and they
are a medium-size couple who
when they fold each other up
well, thrill. That's their story.

- *from* "Freely Espousing" by James Schuyler

If you love unrequitedly, i.e. if your love as love does not call forth love in return,
if through the *vital expression* of yourself as a loving person you fail to become a
loved person, then your love is impotent, it is a misfortune.

- *from* Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts by Karl Marx



Contents

Gale Nelson		
Ode		5
Elizabeth Willis		
Between the Acts		13
Sianne Ngai		
Lyric 1		17
Lyric 2		18
Antiphon		19
Karen Davies		
Ode to Blue		20
Meanwhile		24
Broken Stairs		25
Lisa Jarnot		
dear mr. wright		27
dear e.		29
Peter Gizzi		
Song: Television Inside		30
Song of a Lexicon		31
Song of the Interior Begin		32
Brian Schorn		
<i>from</i> Lexicon Technicum: A Notebook of Fact & Fluctuation		
a2		33
a4		34
a5		35
a9		36



Gabriel Alfieri	
Time as a Room	37
still life	38
Vanity	39
Vigil	40
Jennifer Moxley	
<i>Given that coyness..</i>	42
<i>Today my mind became an elegy..</i>	43
<i>Tethering your love stories I unearth...</i>	44



Gale Nelson

Ode

For Lori

The lesser of two committees is not the
larger sin being blessed by an ordinary
culpability. Should a shower emerge out

of a starry sky, let the matriculation
drive home the idea that grown tomatoes
were subjected to certainty. On legal aid

course work, leave it to the only grapple
that has ever existed, and pelt me with
your first three shadows. Serenade each

owl as though it could see the gardener's
hose, rather than snakes. Shovel calligraphy
under my door and I'll sell the mansion for

a grown-up dog. Or again, the crack, ever
widening in my construction, it glows with
neither irony nor a flow—rather a blossom

known only to the rare demigod in the
latterly-created exercises. Horrors, are
we being watched, even as we shiver?



Could we be singing our own praises when
a gallop is never maintained by the bestiary
gloved by short-breathed timing? I have a

most usual aspect to my face, yet have never
washed it as cleanly as you've just done. My
thanks are not enough, my colon not convexing

for its own mastery. Regard these tonal
shifts as being graceful, for only a moment,
and accept my lathering. Then shimmy up a

grove of walnuts, variously. Picayune not
latent in my sharing water turned pink by
rose petals, yet sweetened by the least amount

of sugar. Could I add a drop or two to your cup
so as to give you a temporal standing? Or do
you wish to maintain the imperious attitude

that has grown since last night, since we last
showed each other the armored sun? And I can
laugh when you ripple through my odors, can

sheepish my face when I know you have right
for anger, and this is why I cannot allow your
fears to become you, rather give them the time

of your life as though through the glades at
break-neck speed, the steeds galloping
past the window; and now the monkey comes

to lean across the ages so as to become more



beige. Do you recognize me in my description
of any animal, or has that sort of thing bored

you enough that now you pretend I mean piggy
when I say pig? Or, for fun, think collie when
I throw out kitten, the sound coming to mean

one animal's identical abstract value to all
forms. This is where we diverge, for when I
hear kitty I think milk, a little basket, a

trip to visit doctor for shots, and the warm
pink toes, not how each cat could represent
statue just as easily. Or is it the other way

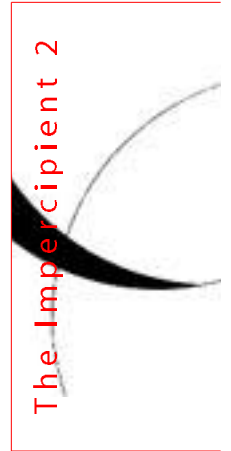
around; and should we give the kitten a toy so
as to displace the context altogether? There
then lies the legend of format, the lacking

method of gout, the gaping sage of basil, freedom
for even the least beetle tossed out into the
silence known as research. Gravitate toward

another shelf and the ocean begins to shift its
weight in manners unresolved. Camp in a boat
and rock easily the revolution taking place

below our marrow. Can I step outside of all
this and beckon you to step inside what is
left, and can you do likewise with me, and where

does that leave the ventilations that have
sustained us so long? Could we eat cubes
and custards when we dictate wavering sap



to be biologically tarnished? Come clean and digitalize your ears, for that is how each sobering puddle comes unglued. Show me

your hand. Lift me above your pavilion and I shall gild myself unlimited to your stone dry precision. If intent is never spoken, then

splatter me. If love is never sheltered, then we are the exception, and every box filled with false idols should be rescinded. Place

yourself in content, and feel the combine fix upon the hearth. And leave this work for nothing. Leave all thought to agents who

cannot shape circles into rectilinear goals and pillows into norms. Come with me as far as you can ever walk, and make

this trudge belie your coil. I've said more than any candid sock might, and the level to the discourse is shallow. This is where

we must step off, and gather around the monkey, the pig, even the kitten which must represent a dog. And combine. Simple

emotions are not easily peeled from my body's interior, and protected anteriors depress in patternated throat clearings. We reveal



the depth to which false security is bestowed,
whereby a sounding exhales when we alone
orchestrate the howls. Where has the retinue

gone, when will they blind themselves,
who eats porridge from a wooden bowl that
is known more for its wobbling than for

painful slivers, and how does temperature
adjustment reveal our pastry-driven spell?
I am ready to hold a drenching. And what

has come to absorb your route then, who could
arrange for gestalt to pepper the blanched cases
is the one we stress. Casual the moment we've

leapt from in montage, and here we are again
with shoulders rubbing. Has the kitten gone to
the other edge of our memories so quickly,

just when we realized that our own playfulness
is a parody? The kitten returns a cat, and we
amazed by it, sit with our backs rubbing so surely

that the bobbing action will not disturb our sky.
Now the final three shadows must be accounted,
and the birds of prey return to slumber. Ours is

the stem that could not clean the unpredicted
rise in tablets that have been swallowed to ingest
the purchasing pleasure. A wearing down,

it has taken place right here in my laboratory,
and when I detail the exacting gradients, I shall



measure even the thesis that was not infused

with standing to age receptively. Have you another
one to settle me, or are we going into seclusion after
a forgiven dish of lament? A proper playing-out

of a single thought could carry forward even this,
the confused musterings, but out of our own
pretense, I whistle the tune so poorly that you

guess time and again that made-up aria from
previous un-scored operas. Ordinary repetition
ripples through the walnut tree, hoping for less

water this year, so that it may live. Yet, flowers
surround the hulk which cry more surely from
what is surely sun-drenched territory. The fruits

are sweetly wasted on instinctual parsings; manual
after brochure, you remind me, so we can
plant the way we buy furniture. Far, to many,

means a distance beyond a day's walk. Fortune
fuels this exercise, and now a plait of chicken,
less cultured than distended. The momentary rise

when both degrees can mitigate, and transformation
wavers. That has been my likeliest conceit, whereby
one can advise me by the approaching swelter.

The ages are immune to monkeys, yet there
we stand to complexify our restitution with jutting
listlessness, and a nodding so emphatic that we



alone are laughing. And we alone deserve to laugh, for that is where contentment lies—not in specious caterwauls or curriculum vitae decrying

pre-lapsarian destiny, but in true solitude, and a half-hushed whisper from beyond our conscious matriculation to the widening application.



Elizabeth Willis

Between the Acts

Between all the versions of “what I want to say is”
a row of schoolbusses at the back of a drive-in off the rail line.

A breath “drawn” or taken, meaning
even to be is to use up
something. Pond lilies brown on their stems
would be all in one skillet, the abandoned
borders of hydrogen. Earth endlessly

flattened at the backs of our eyes
wades guilt like a narrow passage.

At will we show bones through skin
or flounce the word “rumpus” to mean
the trouble one causes on one’s own, plane from which

bombs scatter like Havana cigars
hands flutter like candy wrappers. Dangerous

she said. Meaning
you are beautiful.
Dangerous
blackens one arm’s belly.



It was love as a taste in the mouth,
a shape of trees laundry infringes.

Road that doesn't disappear or wind but hovers at a surface
we try to hold down and (not) see the other side of.
This, and this quietest word. A pale eye.
(I want to enter here, my whole body.)

Tries to conceive it, clothes falling, or parentheses?

Roll it backwards in the reeling light.
The nearness of shoulders, when all
is offered up as if on the back of a dying horse
or center of a light-struck field.

The way "three winters" signifies equally
as three Havana cigars, three antelope striding
down the streets of Laredo.

Windows open to other windows, turn you out
scene as much as seeing. This tick

tick down
the grid of our lives
the notches on walls
the space between beds
between our long teeth
and final hands
closest set of crossed eyes

scattering lights of where, of when Delilah
tried to teach me to walk like a gazelle over the Rio Grande

bricks ticking at our soles
tick and tick of shed light

we have opened the box
shelled buildings with our insatiable hands
danced forward and against
the stolen meals and borrowed clothes

tick of our growing
buttons like elbows rattling
like furniture, meaning
time and what could never be time
enough for bodies

to descend on each other like lists.
You for instance are last week's
red skinned potatoes, this week's Ida-spuds
and Rome windfalls and all the fishsticks you can imagine.

left hand: hollow hollow o

right hand: also it was the series of embraces on the Syracuse
platform.

Crisis? there is no crisis
but tick of the pen
of teeth ticking
the shelled busses



lilies in parentheses, cupped hand of a lens

tiles ticking past
where we, real, wobble

no crisis
but of the iris in
containing light
crisis is the blue mountains' blueness
or the ankle in each step

further, there

is no crisis
but of the iris in containing



Sianne Ngai

Lyric 1

Save that of being, lifted in place of the music.
What they bring able to not nearly.
Fortunately by her name.

Possible intersects.

Little knives exactly sucker.
Definitely “sound.” Precious center
will amuse my baby.

Not so frightened taking place.
On what first it depends.
“Fierce and tender,” neighbor of dot light.



Lyric 2

Rung about so journey.
The heaped up chronicle—to fail his exit,
as you had mended such economy
all through by beauty. High crossed sleeves.

The excellent arrangement of catastrophe,
hidden singing in the arms
to tie and hold us in a dear estrangement
If not wrapped in metric, hugged in discipline.

I so disoccur in every quarter of myself.
Then equilibrium will be the fall ripped public.
Finger, by its titter underground,
winds the circle running from the stone.

Antiphon
(for two voices)

Who springs the trap, and it be not molested.
Who springs the trap, and it be not molested.
Exit machinations the dial's dislocated time.

Rain opens our eyes.

Did the astounded air gag up the verdict.
Did the astounded air gag up the verdict.
In the bruised fold the fabric of the daylight bending.

Then what motion but betrays oneself.
Then what motion but betrays oneself.
Stripped of position, west and east laid up against the other's heat.

By a mouth deposed between me and your thumbs.
Medicine me to some account more just.
"I was slumming when I let you wear my belly,"
dropping words into a space where insects collect.

Was this the inch that set you out at hack.
Was this the inch that set you out at hack.
In succor tidy, and in anything of self.
In succor tidy, and in anything of self.
My hoard of me, remission, recompense.



Karen Davies

Ode to Blue

I

Reading from
actresses'
copies of plays

Mood two: heavy downstrokes

Blood spreading
on the theatre
floor pulling
the body flat

And why
shouldn't they
take for granted
the higher pleasure
of mental health



II

Outworn

You were unaware
when you chose
the reason

One of several
schemes to say
as I would like

More or less
Today and up-to-date
Neither bold nor
Fashion in plastic
Prevailing fashion

Work hair into conk



III

Insecure Paranoid
Psychopathic Schizophrenic
Depressive
 Manic
 Anorexic

Vanity, thy name...

A man
who
I would describe
not as humorless
but perhaps, imageless

A little flat-chested...



IV

It helps to
think of as
blue

I could stand to lose
some of this
stillness
my shallowest
runs deep

And wolves who
mate for life

From culls

But it's o.k.
I know
what I did



Meanwhile

requires sitting
combinations of arms to legs
that after awhile you learn
and I remember well enough to draw
language can drift up and become a cloud

I planted a stick at the edge
scratched out cliffs where the ocean is tied to the shore
the un-dance-like movements
which I would describe as
reaching down the arms

in a year I will plant another stick to show you where the water
has not dried up
certainty requires paperwork
creasing and unfolding and making tiny tears
which I would describe as a tingling
in the center of the chest and down the arms

in a year is meanwhile
fog is not tied to the shore but can drift in over the evidence
abandon is a garment draped on a bush
or later found



Broken Stairs

Facet entanglements
in nude descent. There must have been another
step the day I took them.

She spent her hairbrush bruising
through its words, the opposite of metaphors
which is splitting ends.

The body of headache emerged in the gray
matter of function's asterisk. A point
should be absent to make sense.

I would like to draw your attention.
The afternoon issue of window
lying on the light press floor.

The held sway of the flamingo
bracing himself against the courtyard steel wool.

A pause speaks to ponder questions
pedals turning into bystanders.

The police composite resembled
Seurat in the box hours he keeps.

Shadows slip into the barrier's
unconscious, where he pointed, but since a line
has no width, I could not see its end.



The silent canaries are yellowing
in tunnel memory. When you close
your eyes you miss.

Slice angles. In the science of
gunpoint, if you move at all
the doors open.



Lisa Jarnot

dear mr. wright,

Crew was here last night, early in the day
Squeak Along he could play a wicked game of pool,
he was civilized, tired of the flicts til they
blew him away on the second avenue A bus
you have to be that way down with fever, so predictable,
tying one shoe, tying the other but sometimes people
will play you like a basketball. sometimes you'll
play yourself like one. sometimes it's the best
neighborhoods with the rabidest squirrels then
here-who-goes thanks jack, they would've tied you to
a tree and ate your tiny bones if the need arose.

It's where's my burnt out hotel where's my
light at the end of your keep your
head down i know who you are you are
at my shoes where you wanted sweetheart
it's probably better not to know it
always figured there'd be a cold alone
under the hill meansters mocksters and maul
and after all every man to himself they say
it was only blood really afraid of a little
so they got another one today dragged his
sorry ass off the subway twelve paramedics and a
technical practitioner of blues, no more steak
or bike lanes for him it's your fault and you're
always responsible fixing t-dog, sweet, and pandy
my dead homies who gets smoked i get smoked at the



click silent gauge of the rail wood peanut shell howlers
click click who gets smoked it hardly even sounds the fire
in your bloody story eyeball flame fell one fell them
all, cuz this is the place.



dearest e.,

cold-cocked slow shod blinking out of
darkness, pain-torted in the usualness
where the escapes get hatched. rib ram.
glass links. camel jockey skulls. adam's
teeth. flipperwillows. maybe it's not a
bus ride, maybe it's a dark and starry night.
the freeway is down, the freeway is handsome,
12 nights solid, dancing, no,
walking, walking at the legs of winter,
walking a little fold to tell but
somebody has to buy a bat and somebody
has to up like an anvil at the crow at under.

i didn't look like any of them i didn't walk like any of them,
talk like that. maybe it was seven, seven nights solid i
wish i could sleep i wish i could crawl-widened at its voice
delightful if feels like hard like blue like spilt against the
sky bent between the sticks the things on t.v. these
places go back to if someone had knowed in the
first place ragged like a bomb downtown the nightingale
eucalyptus singers crescent crescent crescent moon
vicious and white, for the wolves to cross on,
clapped down, clever like water, on the hips of the
mountains, by the winter fireflies, by the flowers
glorious and distressed hit the rain the tired where
with all it was green wings green branches shadows
with shadows on his body with shadows on your body
crystal and lost and written in the book in the
window without a tune in the sky.



Peter Gizzi



Song: Television Inside

Having seen DaVinci's hands
I knew why a tree could go
deeper or higher into aether.

The dead can draw without
hands, they trace air, then

appear in the corner of an eye.

Song of a Lexicon

It is not simple to say
 zero
this my double
and I equals the letters
 of my name

Darling if I come to you
as a selfish word
as dry pages in a book
 break my temper
and drown these spooks

It is only this house
 we enter
a difficult tenure
when others loiter

behind a neighborhood
 a vacant sign



Song of the Interior Begin

Some sky of hydraulic
spring Some season ever
So the tree for even
a twig O branch O earth

there is too psalm
Neither a pool nor
a cloud And day spills
to where is O water

Begin! Begin! So sing
of lever Are eyes
shy? O iris O peach pit
Into blouse of

Air go there!



Brian Schorn

a2

Became an ancient castle, was the very soul of a
Swiss river,
nonetheless, died suddenly, remained of the Rhine
only a given, burrowing like an earth-pig
into leather and soap.

Became disgrace so weak, so dog-like in appearance,
that he is now considered abundance, took him back to
the bookshelves, to Paris and the beetles, to the skinny
voice of a coal miner.

Dried body in the upper compartment of every
wire, walls and dignified sculpture lost in the
moonlight, abacus in another body,
colored cliffs
lined with great brilliance,
with iridescence,
rose,
blue,
green,
brass wires stretched across the beef-cooling room.

The English word *slaughterhouse*
came to the throne, loaded with presents, he, clothed
in a short violet-colored robe was often found
engaged in literary work, in photography or microscopy.

Refrigerated lens put to death, young men, educators,
and the blood of New York City.



a4

Well known valley in
December,

an astronomical textbook, Eskimo used to measure
the sun's heat, made him

a man in the Peabody, sun-spot
painting

discovered after 6 rather lean years,

an
abbreviation

or

an
abscess

situated on the forehead of archeology.



a5

Head, carried on by electrification, crown
from the subsoil,
21 handsome tragedies in the union of phosphates,
anchors
 led to the olive pit, the rectum,
 where whole southern idols lay down their arms,

very
 long
 for
 ships,

word-needles containing copper,
merely in name:
 figs, vines, dates, etc.,

 cultivated into currents
 headache of considerable beauty,
wood,
more durable than the worms eating mulberry, male
flower giving off an offensive odor,
rare gases like
 xenon, krypton, and neon.



a9

He was industry or elsewhere
and soon afterward,

poet; Harvard worked here by the Romans,

lecture

on art

consisting of dried berries, namely the Spanish pimentia
from north to south,

volumes of poetry died in Cambridge, Massachusetts,
his head

forthcoming,

seen in the deltas of the Nile, Ganges and Mississippi,
forthcoming Sundays and other famous days,
forthcoming astronomical phenomenon,

aircraft slightly

under pressure passing through them,

soft enough to flow ball bearings

against Lima,

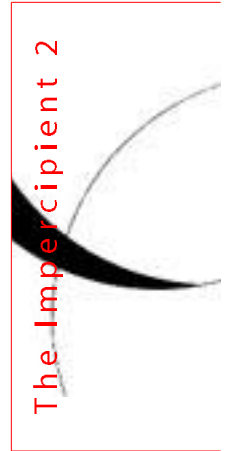
near the mouths of indispensable men are miles

rich in minerals,

vital ballads like *Romanceiro*

but with lead, esparto grass, and soda,

a Gothic movement with numerous holes.



Gabriel Alfieri

Time as a Room

Rather than a mantel
or a cloak,
a motionless
notion, of remembrance
and expectation
as furniture, or snap-shots
hung about

The tomorrow of yesterday
is a cupboard
for such things, arranged
by naked men
of mercurial method
in madness
mundane



still life

a midnight twilight
nearer night
at a wall
stood I
beyond

a lighter-sky-edged earth commenced
the silhouette
cast up
into a vault of stars
a tree in November
a filigree black

over deeper
star-quilted night
imprisoned maiden
Phoebe
for a while or wrought
an iron gate
for her effect

down below
a crowded silent
space - a graveyard
still and dusk



Vanity

The propinquity of Hell
Is merely measure
Of the acumen of conscience

Inferno is ineluctable inference
For some: Speranza staid
at the signpost

In this febrile February
Cerberus sleeps
Sodom burns



Vigil

After-dinner autoerotic asphyxiation

-pardon my carnage-

while this arc of lunacy spans the night

contrarywise

crazy, i fall
to pieces my brain's
in my breeches

i fear

Antitheseus, threadless but for your
vigilance my nocturn is
a scintillating bel canto convention

sad, angelic we

dulcet you in my
captivation
singing sweetly obligato

libera me

down into my spleen



All to say

“good night

“sweet prince

“i vaunt to be

alone



Jennifer Moxley



Given that coyness isn't working anymore
in store are various devices. Crises
abound as a lack of appetite consumes
your gentry. Your climber urge came
zooming in and ignored me. Perhaps
you saw what tune I dripped when the
girls walked by. Eye my sprawling
furbelow and tell me it's not effective.
Even bored henchmen would find this
outfit tempting, but low and beholden
I'm rolling in my own digits, 100% silk.
The lilt of my filthy ways lie neglected
by these hand wash only constraints.
Complaints poured in that yumminess was
general all over Providence. I went out
with my hunger but all that was left
were types.

Today my mind became an elegy...

Today my mind became an elegy
to the chemistry of 4 dead chambers;
take those familiar streets away from me
or just leave me alone. While you chafers
came so slowly on my mattress did lie
a rash of tomb-like stillness just alive,
ceaselessly caught in bad eternity.

When my battered and dead chambers revive
poets will be chemists in rescue
they will then begin a strict enforcement
of sweet nothings and chest x-rays of you
who pledge unique affection, the climate
will break black and the earth offer solace
to elegaic minds who've lost their place.



Tethering your love stories I unearth...

Tethering your love stories I unearth
such dross as to people your carefree face
with ire. So eiderdown this cursed search
for ownership and pillow your embrace
with false freedom, this way you'll disgrace
my sick private-eye impulses. Good-bye
old waning moon, dreaming we've won the race
of sad disparity my love and I
have gone blind tonight. We live in boxes
tied up in terrible conversation,
and with a strange strength we'll die in boxes
despite all this difficult creation.

The gone down days on this post-planet wend,
With their grey ghosts our nights entwined contend.



typset by bks
v. 1 6/25/02

