

# The Impercipient

“the silent pillow of a generation”

December 1993, Fourth Issue

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

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Correspondence & comments are welcomed



There is a simple ego in a lyric,  
A strange one in war.

— George Oppen

The moment of real poetry brings all the  
unsettled debts of history back into play.

— the situationists



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Sleep to shelter myself from hilarious sorrow. The sun  
Shines in the umbrella of the sky. The background music,  
Hardbop, comes in through the backdoor and leaves  
A plate of food I won't notice until I empty it.

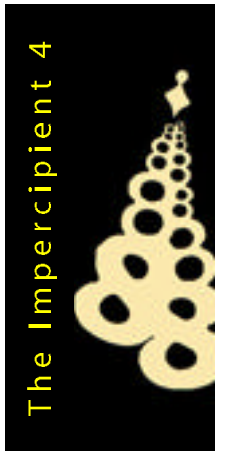
Does it matter then whether I jumped or was pushed onto  
The train that takes me away from what takes me away from you  
So we don't have to have a lot in common to continue the  
Conversation long after words have gone to bed  
(though their snoring keeps us awake).



## Love for Money, Food for Thought

Silly, isn't it? The nagging theme  
of balance, of the possibility  
you could make her impossible  
because she can't make you  
impossible. If I have to tell them  
to be with you, if I have to fly  
from California to La Guardia  
to get to Oklahoma, I will.  
Will body language take up  
the slack once the words are  
seen slacking off? Or is it  
in its power to fire them?

I crash the party of phony patience  
and "there goes the neighborhood"  
is all the thanx I get. I try giving  
up hope for her. The hope that made  
me too impatient for worldly success.  
A put down? Just 'cause I invite  
that interpretation doesn't mean  
I embrace it. I don't need to expand  
my circle of friends nor dredge up  
the so often false fire of memory.  
It's enough that I have to be somewhere  
in 3 hours. At least something nearby's





open 24...and they may sell lightbulbs  
and adapters to allow fence-sitters  
the illusion of fencing, the broom s  
that sweeps you up in things  
even before you pay...

Something you don't have to sit still  
as all that to pay attention to, stillness  
closer to dancing than stiffness, something  
you have to dance to pay attention to and  
the pregnant woman dances too. As I  
go about putting the future into the now,  
trying to imagine it as one learns only  
the grammar of his native tongue by  
living a second. Without a second,  
the first is nothing. Without the future  
the present is nothing. Without symbolic  
import the image is nothing. We go in & out  
of each other. No breaks are clean  
but seem so at first.

The walrus throws another party and  
of course I go for the Hungarian physics  
major & the possibility of matchmakers  
stapling mistletoe onto the convertible  
top that'll surely be up since the forecasters  
are all rooting for the rainy day I've  
been saving up for. A lover not a writer;  
rerouted, I become a weekend warrior.

Because the job allows neither love  
nor thought, they're pushed like  
rival tribes westward onto reservations.  
Bunched up, they debate over the virtues

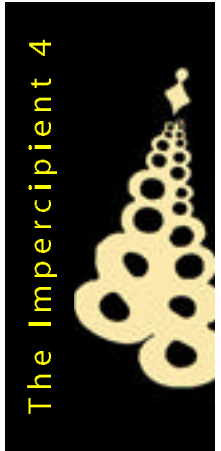


of killing each other off. As strange bedfellows, they'll make the best of bad situations without the nagging fear that the government will see how happy they are and because of that not give what they would have gotten if only they rioted.

No, you don't heal others by becoming sick.

"But I was sick to begin with," you may protest, "and so have nothing to lose." Sure, you were born crying (if I may so *presume*) in a land where feeling's beaten out of you so gently you didn't notice. The wailing of original sin. Yet just 'cause the church (across the hall from the kung-fu studio) I made \$20 playing "Climb Every Mountain" (their choice) and "Redemption Songs" (my choice) in doesn't believe in original sin doesn't mean I'm gonna join it. I know something that must be wrestled with to be loved, but that doesn't mean I'll go scraggly for just anyone.

To feel at the beginning of the fiscal year, a noon that has nothing on the morning that can feel like noon without loss. The morning whose only condition is that it feels no loss but loss of loss, when the future can be found in what only a second ago you derided as the solid backdrop against which you had to pick up where others left off when the rug of progress and sophistication is slipped out so even you have to hunt the wild animal



you must become to see noon as morning,  
the words you must doubt to have faith  
in doubt, the stations the train must  
stop at if it's to arrive on schedule,  
those who must be there to greet you or  
it's not your stop, those you can't see  
waiting for you in the fog of wanting  
to continue when my notion of the present  
is as sterile as a jealous god in the  
shelter of the myth of inconsequentiality  
by whose light we barely fit and plod on  
and on through sinuous mindscapes whose  
edges are gerrymandered each and every  
silly soulful second that can't see the  
rats for the hand-me-down-race.



## A Little Fast

Beauty is trying to survive the storm that's already paralyzed  
My knowledge. Crowds pass, each one carrying the key that opens  
Every door but mine; They never get sick, but never get well.

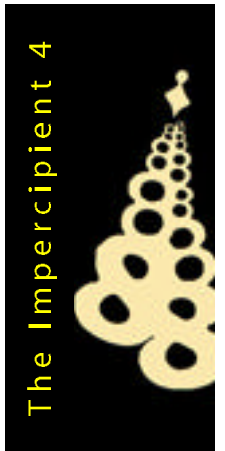
A junker is dreaming of the grand-prix so it can get it up  
To putt-putt around the block. A dog is being conned into  
Believing that chasing the scent it doesn't know is criminal

Is really chasing its own tail; otherwise why do it? Everything  
That comes up for discussion is entertained, but sometimes  
They don't come single file, or even 2 by 2 so the Ark sinks

Before the waters have receded leaving no survivors but  
Useless pointers ("don't forget your gun"). But even if the  
Record being slipped back into its sleeve doesn't make

A sound as beautiful as the hum of the turntable that told  
It to get lost, it's not the end of the world, despite how  
It seems to one who's wrapped in the straightjacket of a mood

Viewed from a swooping helicopter by the word "language,"  
A part mistaken as a whole, motion seen as the stillness  
That doesn't have to be the wiser but sadder present to gaze



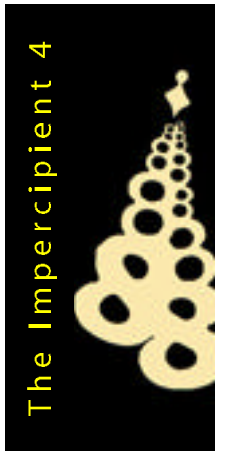
On the happy foolish past. Here I go again, bursting the seams,  
Focusing on the frame rather than the picture all the art in  
The world can't defend. I could get away with less art if my

Attitude were different, but I can't change my attitude unless  
I document all the beer-smear'd phone numbers given me by those  
I wouldn't have met had I not been drinking. If I ever hope to

Be like those who change the course of rivers at least as much  
As the houses whose leaning antennae are all that's left unsubmerged  
Of front street, it must be time to return to my textbooks

And read only the passages I *didn't* highlight: "Last fall, TWA  
Wanted to merge with PAN AM if PAN AM didn't sell to UNITED first.  
I was sitting on the platform suppressing my constitutional

Right to moan and spit when I asked you for the time.  
And when you said, "but you're wearing a watch,"  
I said "Yeah, but I think mine's a little fast."



# Rod Smith

## The Latest Attempt

at abandonment, a bruising  
snap of pertain. initial

wrought mechanism  
sutured by or

accomplished. Sedimentary articulation  
become the lush agnostic coal of

past insurance agents. The second and final episode:  
World At Will in which the sea demon ceases....

and all that  
bearable distress

“the way one talks”  
“with some structure”  
“escaped my notice”

Are not our feelings, as it were, inscribed  
on the things around us. sandwichman, promoter, publicist,  
wellspring, coxswain,

last weather  
and well her rendering



of that which is distant:

debris, demands, basalt, insert  
everything in this one

nothing in addition.



*from* Snake Medicine

Coarse angel or coarse  
right of fine

unsneaky  
in its pusillanimous  
exoskeleton

*the* shapes tent-force

linguiform  
if co-decorous  
apparatus for  
or of  
the turnstile axle  
in the forcep of refuse:

cones  
strike  
the  
sunstroke





prismatic  
incarcerate abstinence

a slip

Gone as toward

& sit up upset voice —

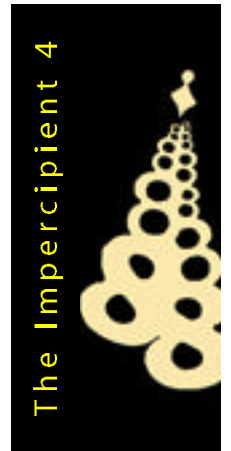
unencumbered & overly  
earthen,

the juice  
in the jot,

don't paraphrase —

axe of context axe

they or them or Amoco  
turn it off  
(a thin film)  
at the curbscrew  
ruler corked



The cycle.

feverish perpetuator  
in the caucasian crayon box—

minister impy  
riding the  
gunker to the  
fallow perspective —

divining the meek absinthe / sooth  
about ink—

Tea-ache-goaded  
neck-mini  
flotsam amidst kinky  
& purposive  
architectonic geyser—

They keep eeking out  
enough about some Perfunctory  
goggles enough about some  
ionized lecturers'  
agate gunk



included flux  
sd thirty head  
pop

sd flux flux uck

the formality of mirage  
on their flank  
& fell small faced  
amid such suck



Forty times icicle

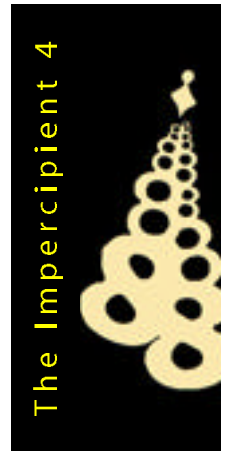
devious — forty-four times  
defunct

come-uppance askew  
in the cradle of the  
Night-owl  
evading museumification

snap —  
if an art ends in a Nissan...

The razor.  
The nide oboe sides:

between the black nightshade  
of the bittersweet morals  
is certified  
anchor come &  
secret asynchronous  
requiescat foam



# Judith Goldman

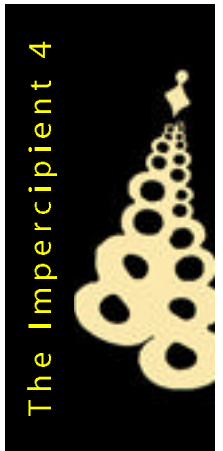
## Eliot as Stein

Great variety is possible in the process of transmutation of emotion. Of course, this is not quite the whole story. Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape of emotion.

There is a combination of positive and negative emotions. This is, so to speak, the structural emotion. What passes in our minds when we read a book and feel an emotion about it. But very few know when there is an expression of significant emotion, emotion which has its life in the poem. It is not in his personal emotions, the emotions provoked by particular events in his life. The business of the poet is not to find new emotions, but to use the ordinary ones and, in working them up into poetry, to express feelings which are not in actual emotions at all. Or great poetry may be made without the direct use of any emotion whatever: composed out of feelings solely. But the whole effect, the dominant tone, is due to the fact that a number of floating feelings, having an affinity to this emotion.

His particular emotions may be simple, or crude, or flat. The emotion in his poetry will be a very complex thing, but not with the complexity of the emotions of people who have very complex or unusual emotions in life. It is a concentration, and a new thing resulting from the concentration, of a very great number of experiences which to the practical and active person would not seem to be experiences at all; it is a concentration which does not happen consciously or of deliberation. It may be formed out of one emotion, or may be a combination of several. It is not in his personal emotions.

(All quotes taken from "Tradition and the Individual Talent.")



## Allegiance

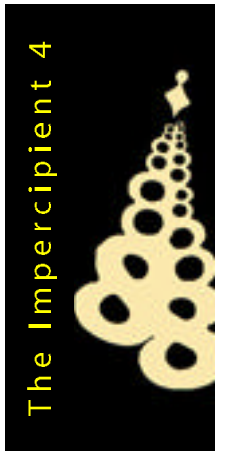
I have mystical visions and cosmic vibrations. The message, our message, in all cases comes from the Other by which I understand “from the place of the Other.” America, after all, it is you and I who are perfect, not the next world. You made me want to be a saint. It is necessary to find the subject as a lost object; America, when will you be angelic? For what is the phenomenal being of the subject, if not to all intents and purposes a body? America, I’m putting my queer shoulder to the wheel. I can’t stand my own mind. America, I’ve given you all: now I’m nothing. Only one repetition is necessary to constitute the status of the subject. I’ve given you all. I’ve given you all. Not a unifying unity, but a countable unity. I’ve given you all.

I won’t write my poem until I’m in my right mind.

What are the minimum conditions necessary to constitute a language? Are you being sinister, or is this some form of a practical joke? America, how can I write my holy litany in your silly mood? Everybody is serious but me. It occurs to me that I am America. America, this is quite serious.

America, america, the definition of this collection of signifiers is that they constitute what I call the Other. I’m addressing you. I’m sick of your insane demands. I’m trying to come to the point and I refuse to give up my obsession. Ignorance can explain nothing, since knowledge, the lifting of this ignorance is no obstacle. I’m talking to myself again. America, is this correct? Language restores the universal, its function as subject. America, why are your libraries full of tears? America, this is the impression I get from looking in the television set, before it is objectified in the dialectic of identification with the other. America, this is quite serious.

My psychoanalyst thinks I’m perfectly right.



## Allegiants

You have mystical visions and cosmic vibrations. The message, our message, in all cases comes from the Americas by which you understand “from the place of the Americas.” Other, after all, it is I and you who are perfect, not the next world. I made you want to be a saint. It is necessary to find the object as a lost subject; Other, when will I be angelic? For what is the phenomenal being of the object, if not to all intents and purposes a body? Other, you’re putting your queer shoulder to the wheel. You can’t stand your own mind. Other, you’ve given me all: now you’re nothing. Only one repetition is necessary to constitute the status of the object. You’ve given me all. You’ve given me all. Not a unifying unity, but a countable unity. You’ve given me all.

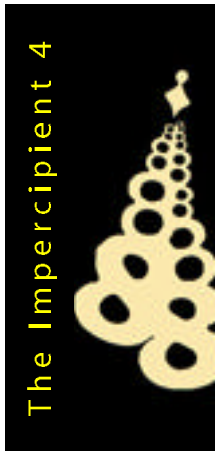
You won’t write your poem until you’re in your right mind.

What are the minimum conditions necessary to constitute a language? Am I being sinister, or is this some form of a practical joke? Other, how can you write your holy litany in my silly mood? Everybody is serious but you. It occurs to you that you are Other. Other, this is quite serious.

Other, Other, the definition of this collection of signifiers is that they constitute what you call the Americas. You’re addressing me. You’re sick of my insane demands. You’re trying to come to the point and you refuse to give up your obsession. Ignorance can explain nothing, since knowledge, the lifting of this ignorance is no obstacle. You’re talking to yourself again. Other, is this correct? Language restores the universal, its functions as object. Other, why are my libraries full of tears?

Other, this is the impression you get from looking in the television set, before it is subjectified in the dialectic of identification with the Americas. Other, this is quite serious.

Your psychoanalyst thinks you’re perfectly right.



## Allegiance

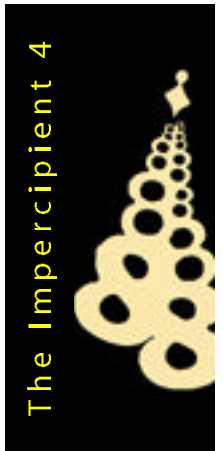
I have mystical visions and cosmic vibrations. The message, our message, in all cases comes from Uganda by which I understand “from the place of Iraq.” Tilda, after all, it is you and I who are perfect, not the next world. You made me want to be a saint. It is necessary to find the subject as a lost object; Ellen, when will you be angelic? For what is the phenomenal being of the subject, if not to all intents and purposes a body? Carla, I’m putting my queer shoulder to the wheel. I can’t stand my own mind. Libby, I’ve given you all: now I’m nothing. Only one repetition is necessary to constitute the status of the subject. I’ve given you all. I’ve given you all. Not a unifying unity, but a countable unity. I’ve given you all.

I won’t write my poem until I’m in my right mind.

What are the minimum conditions necessary to constitute a language? Are you being sinister, or is this some form of a practical joke? Betty, how can I write my holy litany in your silly mood? Everybody is serious but me. It occurs to me that I am Francesca. Vivian, this is quite serious.

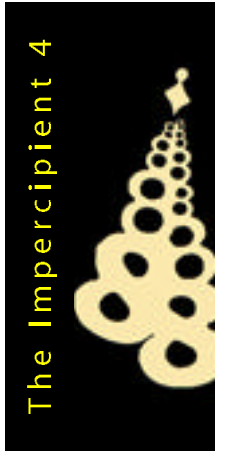
Mary, Beatrice, the definition of this collection of signifiers is that they constitute what I call the Ukraine. I’m addressing you. I’m sick of your insane demands. I’m trying to come to the point and I refuse to give up my obsession. Ignorance can explain nothing, since knowledge, the lifting of this ignorance is no obstacle. I’m talking to myself again. Magdelene, is this correct? Language restores the universal, its function as subject. Helen, why are your libraries full of tears? Jane, this is the impression I get from looking in the television set, before it is objectified in the dialectic of identification with the other. Esmeralda, this is quite serious.

My psychoanalyst thinks I’m perfectly right.





# Damon Krukowski

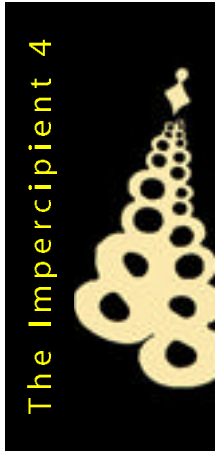


## The Minor Poets

One knows nothing of their life. The sea  
has taken all. I have no boat, and no  
companions. Only one thing is left: *my love  
for you.*

One follows hunches. One debates the established  
rules. In effect, one completes — in this latter  
half of a divided century — an anthology of ten volumes  
of three hundred pages each, all in small type.

O Penelope, it's only chance that brought you unlucky  
Ulysses; looking at your careful writing on this package  
I feel the weight of my own torments.  
You accuse me of indolence. I only want to listen  
to your account of suffering.



## Portrait

Expressing oneself fluidly but also willingly  
pushing aside old campy rules of comportment  
and demarcation; also new concerns like health care  
and environmental litigation — what's left is a place setting,  
arranged exquisitely for seven courses beginning near Midsummer  
Night  
and lasting night our reentry into the thick urban atmosphere  
looking salty and exhausted; sunburned and cheerful;  
no one project has occupied us fully in your absence,  
but with your return our focus will readjust and you, you, you  
would, and may, easily and gracefully express the right thought  
and to you therefore this work is respectfully dedicated.



He is seated with a book in his left hand,  
possibly his own poem on the landscape which may be seen  
through the window on the right; his costume and headgear  
seem very unbecoming. He appears to be laughing at himself.  
Standing on a hill in the landscape outside is an unidentified  
woman  
in a green satin dress; her fair hair falls over her bare  
shoulders, an open book is propped against a skull;  
with her is a man in a fur cloak with a white collar,  
his right hand is open as if to grasp something.  
He has an air of dignity which reminds one of a Roman emperor.  
A woman is in the room, lying nude on a white couch;  
she betrays the utmost delight in voluptuous sensuality.  
Her fair hair falls over her bare shoulders,  
an open book is propped against a skull.  
He is on her lap and clutches at a corner of her cloak.  
She is in the act of removing the scarf in which  
he is wound. He lies naked on the couch  
trying to catch the floating fabric in his hands.

But there are so many clichés about looking like a Roman emperor. Anyone aiming to reinforce image with identity, a kind of psychological *rime-riche*, should take note: pitfalls in marble are many. Better in coin, or a bronze as some god or allegorical figure. This sort of ambiguity is exemplary: “Female bust, wrongly called Berenice, as there is no resemblance with the coins bearing her image and superscription.” The lips are covered with a thin layer of copper. The hair dressed high is kept back by a double plait. The goddess Artemis (vengeful) is suggested, but the bust is most likely a portrait . . .

“She was a golden brown presence, burned by the Tuscan sun and with a golden glint in her warm brown hair. She wore a large round coral brooch and when she talked, I thought her voice came from this brooch.”

It is one of those moments when you wonder at the building or at the Building of the Wonder, when even a minor castle distracts for an eternal-type moment, there on the first level over the sea, which is naturally shining, and the southern sky is from this perspective also marvelous all such observations to be packed away tightly in barrels, perhaps, and stored in one of the available towers (little imagination has been devoted to their functional resurrection). And now at a second level we find thirty candles and as many monks — all outdoors and exposed to the salty air on which we are about to remark when, from underground, our own gate emerges clearly marked with international symbols meaning come in, please, for water, a newspaper, and our eternal delight — or is it banishment that will be pronounced from this, final level, the spacious apartments of perhaps an abbot? or other ecclesiastical prince? Our lady is ambiguous but steadfast in her encouragement to use and enjoy these, our natural facilities.



## Winter Night

The subject is a scene on Central Park West and 73rd Street. My notions at the time were those of a “purist”, which accounts for the dreamy mood as well as the stark character of the work. The idea about subject matter is that it should help to typify, uniquely. *The Blue Inn*: neither an inn nor is it blue. Figures are incidentals. The weird procession of flagellants chanting mournfully in the night may be seldom seen, less so by visitors, but does it translate to an idea? No apologies. The night really posed for the painting. And we look up at this blue barrier as if it were some fragment of a wall which anciently bounded the earth in that direction.



# Mark McMorris

## Elements

I

The heart is memory of earth  
walked upon and held by these roots.

The heart is blood and sunlight  
punishing the earth you fence off.

The heart is bewilderment, gas  
burning while the day earth hem it in.

The heart is language into a bath  
for you, and earth with its jet.

Gathers My Center To Its Earth

heart          renew

bed            stalk

hearth        green

earth         furl

emptying



## II

Or there must be days  
that leave one alone  
to think out the story

see it for what it is  
because because  
but what else do we know?

A hundred and one nights  
or 1000 words per minute  
to find the middle.





## Song Mr Poet

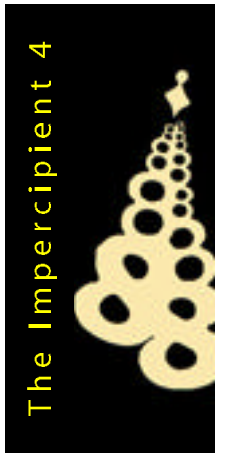
Mr Poet, there's no Ulysses in my  
history, there's no Penelope in my house  
or suitors after wife and wealth  
that I must kill to win back my life.

Mr Poet, there's no whitewash or olives  
or wine in my district, or sea spume,  
on which the foamy daughters of Okeanos  
ride to my feet, nor do I wait on them.

Mr Poet, there's no dactyl in my desires,  
no cithara in my heart like a wind in the beeches  
to make me melodious and fond  
of ruined gods, the white acres of Greece.

Mr Poet, the rowlocks are empty  
the rowers lost between walls of water  
the benches cracked from the salt:  
but these were my friends at the bank that broke them.

Mr Poet, why does your poem sing to me so sweetly  
and lift up the maudlin of a slave  
as Word and Beauty, when I know, Mr Poet —  
know with my skin — there's no requital for me?



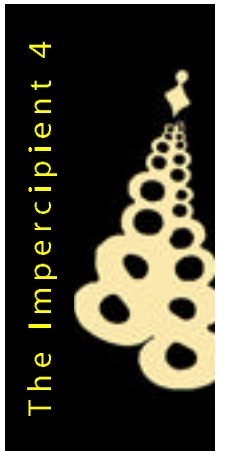
## Too far along

I must learn how to say the unsayable  
to speak of a zone that has no mooring  
Chaucer's tavern, the beermugfaced clergyman  
shot through like dried biscuit O glare of broad noon!

We are not, properly speaking, floating  
the way a seal floats or a bit of tissue  
blown by the desk fan across your eyesight floats  
set down or here or there on the carpet  
next to us. We float conclusions  
from sleeve, hat, desire, cold water, fear —  
how successful we are is not the point.

The unsayable is that zone of no floating  
a fantasy of drifting eagles or hilltop pines.  
Later, exhausted, you slip into the other dream,  
the one I know from hearsay, my Waterloo.

Do away with sabres  
do away, now, with the organ-grinder's monkey  
evenings — it is always twilight in Aix — and floating  
chords from the last but one war  
and do away with muscle  
and leave bone its hungry dog to chew upon  
whatever we don't know is best.



## Palm by the letter

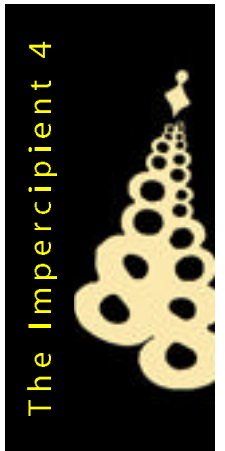
Old towers never quite disappear  
so long as you read read  
of the Hanging Gardens how she  
shifted the river's natural bed  
to suit her city, and grand old woman  
that. This one is forever, love,  
and you can stay planted like thyme.

To scream is no substitute for prayer  
whether clothes are cheaper by the bin  
whether crystal is  
a modicum of reference and enough  
more than there will be.

Junipers, I dislike, certain seasons  
e.g. menopause and mango  
and let's leave it at that for now  
validation can wait it has to  
till the letter's written and she says yes  
or maybe she's forgotten how to talk.

Not all prayers merit the dignity  
of an answer—yes or no—as some do.  
Show me a brick and I'll show you a fresh  
city on the Entwash plain  
I'd store rivers and romantic dinners  
in it.

Clearly I'd have the better deal.



# J.L. Jacobs

## The Look of a River

Two chainmen measure a field  
or moonset  
in the dark room.

Pray the moon unbreathing.  
My hand for the dark of fish.

Morning of ripened fruit  
and of your sorrow.  
Gypsies let lovers go fresh  
wrapped in clean linen.

I remember a woman and water in my throat.

It is dead reckoning that suffers  
the drift of water  
and a repeat of wind.

And I in cool bedclothes  
dream those were nine years  
like summer  
down from the hill farms and pastures.

An open window, awakened  
you were a child on a white bed  
so late in April.



It was a three mile wide river  
and goats that still abound the Holy Ghost  
from an overland return.



## Erasures

A slow sound I remember now  
and the night's opening  
as the accumulations of an hour.

The rain dried in moonlit bushels  
feminine  
as if put in order by her hand  
half-blue and bluer.

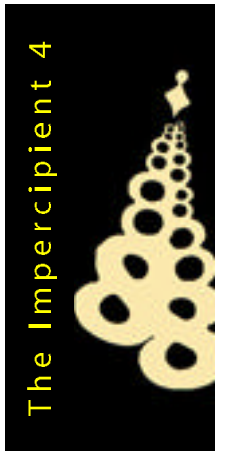
I had dreamt of braids the face oval  
but this woman was large against you.  
She fills the room.

I remember you told me how the insides of her thighs  
lay peacefully and your eyes turn  
or will turn.

(We have kept our erasures in order, here.)  
Their dooryards hold up the river  
and songs travel downstream.

But against this, tell it to me, all of it,  
from the beginning into the distant seacoast  
and against it.

And our bodies also in the half-light. Or  
there may have been: leaves full of voices  
an upturned nipple crescent of blue-shot waters  
and she toward the window.



## August and Rain

I am two women pressed against  
one another  
in this narrow bed.

Will you know me when I stand?

There is smoke from burning leaves  
in Autumn, yet unnamed.

The lilacs past my window are gone.

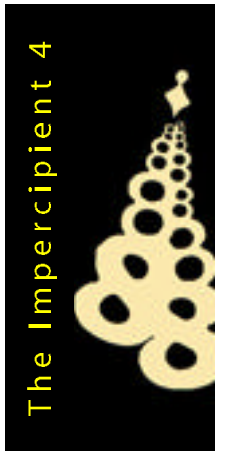
I am within and no children come  
or will come.

Migration of birds  
flocks of white or rasp of sound.

There are departures in August and rain  
calling me out of dreams.

I see you at night  
in the corner where your hairs collect  
the closet door.

I have them. Bits of you  
in vials, old shopping lists,  
medicine paper clipped in a drawer.



It is my feet in the floorboard  
on your close pulled feather pillow.

It was your smell I was after.

For years I dreamt you  
a wish-making map  
inside of stone.

It is early still  
and it is your long back that I love,  
but I know I'll pull down half  
heaven when you go.



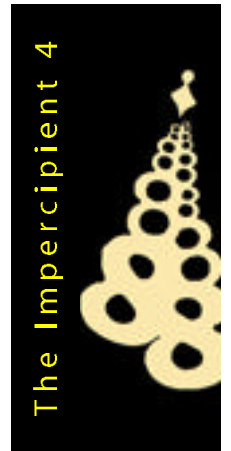


# Patrick Phillips

*from zeros, twos, threes & ones*

*two*

blank by you I  
    the lapsing verve  
my fat body lops  
    and the two (to)  
bare headed, clear serum  
    it to the teeth  
falsetto.  
    we've the last clip  
a pattering hole  
    herd wistful  
        or yesteryear for



that's salt or wax.

flustered at the sun  
of there a  
mind on a stick.

to pattern, muscle to  
have someone standing  
by

afterward...  
e as in see  
o as in wearing.



*two*

help me, I'm.  
    cudgel of snow, or  
    maybe sun. I  
think the world of you.  
    curl, aril, hay —  
your harm again,  
in / no arm, mine, across.  
afizz.  
    ground.  
were a bag.



*two*

done. secret to hill.  
crescent.

absent that full,  
there is a lot to you.  
hole. douse.  
                    your  
lightening.  
outed or almost let.



*two*

kept  
    the scopic hand  
that I live  
    by  
the sack of you  
    see to. a were.  
or an adjective hole  
that I falls  
    for



that we that trucked  
    onus  
    a lake bed  
a bed bed wrung  
the floated and stung sun  
    a cup glued to itself  
hardly the hand



that the hold what  
    I burn  
or burned ease  
a lateral thickening  
    the letter of me turbulent  
perimetric  
    coughing orhaving  
as though third or caught  
a lasting  
    sick at you  
white and  
    to the world with



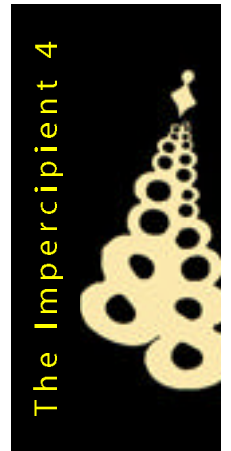
# Kristin Prevallet

*from*

## **Perturbation, My Sister: Collage on the Collages of Max Ernst**

Spread a man's legs and see the precise angle of the architect's pen as he designs the facade of a house. When a beam falls carrying with it the tireless builders of bridges, the architect's compass must narrow the circle that connects the project of building to the possibility of touching the sky. If he refuses, then his mind will reside in his foot and he will be forever consumed with the futility of flying.

A door is a wooden stream that knows our duality better than mirror or water, for coming and going we reveal everything. If ever we are at the exact same moment entering and exiting, then the door would shut its wood into itself and emerge half man half woman. Both would grope for the possibility of skin, but to connect would mean that doorknobs would be rendered obsolete.

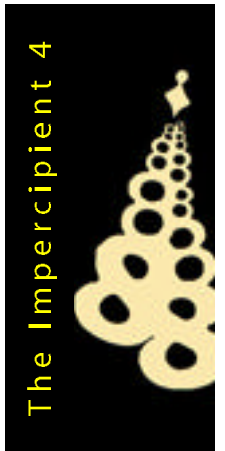




When the hills became a battlefield, there was one who refused to budge. She placed her daybed between the crossfire and commanded the soldiers not to dirty her linen. When soon what had been built was destroyed, her bed became a magnificent gear that spun her through the sky. In wheels intersecting smaller spokes, her voice was caught and tumbled round and round in the dust until it was rescued by those who reside in the vestibules of their speech. Now it floats in cylinders far above but still in the midst of things, laughing gently at the fires that burn through brick.

There is a man who walks through the refuge too calmly. He watches as the windows crack beneath the guns and the burning, but instantly his mind reassembles them into the living room of his comfortable abode. Beams fall as rain but harder, and if the landscape cracks it is the high pitch of a dream, and the insides of a soldier erupting is a sound heard only far away.

In an old man's beard swirled the fire that fueled even the guns of war, and he found himself constantly on the threshold of life and death. Stone statues became his only consolation — for in their eyes he saw the useful purity of truth gone mad.



# Scott Bentley

## B of A

Normal semblance and urban survival.

Wages consumerism within striking  
distance, the crash. Golf links the club

swings, singles

water slivers while we race buses, bodies at rest

surround the turn  
of the sensory.

Folds increase a compliment more  
rounded and flatter. An alphabet

of hands, kisses

asphalt at full outer turf. Scrapes felt, linen  
bank notes beat longer the lines form feed.

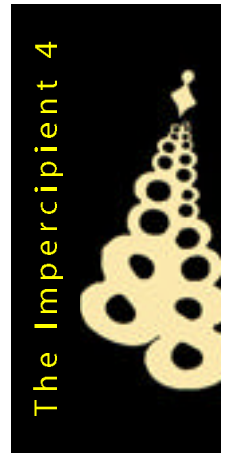
The Q card was on the house. Sidewalks  
collapse the grammar of a garden hose



rose, an argument  
gagging rules

leaves  
off

speaking.



## Apocalypso

sounds unbodied, bodies  
unclothed, the rags of time  
on diverse shores, for

words still sprung remove  
more vast than empire  
sounds unbodied, bodies

unchained the world wide  
by bordered zones, a band  
on diverse shores, for

words always decline  
as nations cornered stand  
sounds unbodied, bodies

unsure, have risen slow  
from ashes a flame  
on diverse shores, for

words while they burn  
round the sensories turn  
sounds unbodied, bodies  
unstrung on diverse shores

for words



typeset by bks  
v. 1 june 2002

