
THE IMPERCIPIENT



"silent pillow"



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The Impercipient

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Special Thanks to Steve Evans





“Our world rulers presently have no money left over for public educational institutions, or for anything that pertains to what is best in the world—since everything is already allocated in advance for future war—they will yet find it to their own advantage at least not to hinder their people’s albeit weak and slow, personal efforts in this work.”

— Kant

“Given the planet, it is still necessary to add the impulse.”

— Emerson



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Camille Guthrie

from The Master Thief



The Apology

Here lies Nobody
Stirring & flung
in Time in Time

A child's paper mask
I bear, I read
the message boldly:
We are Relations

A stranger truth
Seized— tho simple
Vision wrestled
risked too

Here mistakes resonate
Saying: she was false as water

Ah, the married forces
All the little lines
Now flee!
to the faceted sea

Insisting, I'm no orphan
All cry shame against me
Carrying an ancient suitcase

I took it— chose it
Really very sorry
But I was rudely forced
By necessity by
That boy Immortality

You must now take courage
& Appear without fail
Judge tenderly of Me

★



If lost in the beginning she was found
Ed a girl in the failing grounds
Little listener, best little nobody
With a primordial rage policed by days

She bore a pleated hem— her
Rue hemmed in with a difference
I'm cheated, I've eaten the wastes
Disobedient seam, laugh for me

Let contingency invite what is blotted
The disordering conceives my joints
Lined last traced carelessly and forgot
Mark her voice on the garden gates

If surgery were a healer— or urgent
Thievery— let it shine as it consumes
A fever— resumed— her fever
Rescues her gone to dormancy

No stasis— No bracing for the shot
I'm loading— embracing such
Storied noisy, impure inventory

Name it's a relief to draw you
I chased the hole of the bullet
Forbidden— put my finger in

If chaotic goes on figuring
Dear, a mess ingeminates
More than words to play with
In my throat fixes confession



But mother you're no emptied pitcher
Father's no telescope to lock
No brother to schedule revenge
Still the waters trail the veins

Face it— the crime appears primal
Matter, no matter
Which ways atrocity radiates
I said I means what I said

Reminders sliding to calamity
Embroiders bewilders repeatedly
If one has loved the hunter
The means waits in the second bite

Now give me what you promised.

How the evidence
Deteriorates— I'm just exhausted
In pages— the poverty poverty
Wildly gesticulates— how the
Wings beat beaten and beating

Sit close disconcert dont bite
Heady realize— once
Mine— again, an Expanse
In her palms— a copy, a bird

O firmament stitch me together
I cling to the best hive
Though love's an unstable maker
—Not the laws— How long



Tell me is difference sustenance
Take a pen and ink and write it down

I'll lie where the matter begins
There language shifts into the sea
Space— recreant— sifts its forms
Open your mouth— Basin to me

Her occupation— recaptured
Desire begins it again again



knit-knit-knit
my silver business
see part cut apart
blood edits no limit
in my soft chair

patch eye latch
and gloss the sockets
pin lens then stitch
the flickering stock

or this electric kiss
or this extra amiss

O bandaged animal
Interrupting!
mechanical hurt
perpetual skirt

the whole some
body be travelled
so bolt it and
wrench what renders

bitter Mal-reversal,
I cried the entire way
for the true conjugate

I tourist
I sense-make
repeat repeat

knit-knit-knit



Pity me pity

knit-knit



Robert V. Hale

Porcelain & Volcano

Right before my eyes close,
I get confused at where I live.
Once, I dreamt myself indigenous
and was witness to my own running,
peddling downstairs through a school.
Reached, then moved off the trapdoor.
Learned whether it was solid or hollow without
stamping, as in a house whose inside is open.

Under corpus law, the dreaming body
is required to think for those
who do not when awake.
So corporeality admonished the sleepwalker,
who, sleep-walking naked, tried to
alleviate some unreasonable fears:
Mornings as illegible notes unprotected
from light and the ravages of light, the imitations of
light.

For my part, the imagination
will not be reconciled to flesh, the food
for the worms that possess us.
We cannot touch our guts
or the worms in our bodies,



who out-live even us. But for now
there's more time than usual
and you're back here, coeval
with the sky it reflects, resembled
in its motions by a short pulse,
that quanta, non-repeating, further
than I wanted to take it. Now it's
on the computer and the file's open.

I wanted to double my memory
in a young country, but fission
exploits the tendencies to divide.
When I was young, I felt its influence:
Duck and cover. The sun slanted
like a walking man floating, but a great body
remained, grating, scattering its materials as "I"
standing in a field.

There still stands anticipation (good
or bad, but without relief). I hope
I can remember your words
when adrenaline takes action.
It depends on whom I'm pursuing:
love or the enemy.
It's hard to put a face on falling.
Counterweights still exist
in case you wanted perfection.
Even ice begins with delicate crystal,
a chaos to which even the most inert
also yield.





Maxwell's Demon

An hour glass was free to spin
with a tiny man at the juncture
to let the slow-moving molecules
move from end to end.
The amount of energy used
to make this calculation
is more than the amount created,
through a body and a city,
built to prevent revolution.

Setting out my collection of whale's teeth,
I turned off the television
(Cherokee American on the test pattern)
and went out about the time
the obelisks were shrouded in fog.
There's a city where there's no oppression
and no exploitation, where names change democratically
to represent something, but mean & do nothing.

The lemons lined up and for a few seconds,
I understood a lot, except that it started
raining as I walked over here.

I stood under pillars adjacent to the Multi-Plex
(Seven screens with one underground,
built separately like an argument)
Trains prepared us for movies,
which prepared us for television,
which makes us leave the world in our own lives.
As the living we make ourselves by constantly leaving,
by reason of the time it takes to forget,
by reason of being made,
by reason to stay within a body,
or with anybody, by reason to escape
all these local speeds of time.

At any rate, the conductor was a day dreamer
and look what it got him: curved rhumb lines
and logarithms of trees. At any rate,
a horizon is drawn most accurately
by one who walks in a crescent.
That's how you remember
the way out, staring at a grid where
women in electric cars home-in,
observing the vanishing city,
between architect's hands.

From the obelisk, you can walk into the streets
and tell these were looked on by a giant,
but I'm not following you, I'm just trying
Fourier's face on, like a blanket,
while to stay in the shadow, God
discredits professional philosophers,
who say the model of God is a habit
like right triangles and .



Effigies will work when no one
is responsible for something that's repetitive.
My father grabs the television. Another American
scrutinizes the mechanical god and someone
leaves a pay phone dangling
to invent something with use value.

A tree with eyes couldn't run away if it saw trouble coming.
Flight is not wasted on birds.
Flight wouldn't be better if we could fly.
We walk back on our wings,
survived by keystrokes of the trusted,
Cartesian puppets, but evolve mostly
by throwing rocks on emotional word processors.
A detached head can live so it can speak in public.
I have the statue because I broke it.
Once the gate's going down, an American
mummy rises. I push my head through
and enter her belly when it feels right.

We wear mining hats to bed and coats
fitted when the body was too small.
The city is the middle of a tunnel,
with a sun at both ends, and the suns
leave voices scaled to missing words.
The city looks bigger than it is
like a sun viewed upside down.
People struggle to master each other.
Then they leave chalking remarks on a slate
with dogmas of their own acceptance.



So may result in machine tipping over, traveling
backward to a view of the skull without television.

The dome has been activated in the helmeted city,
where they call this space on a skull: face.

Like a symmetrical room, a face
must be wrecked before it is made.

The face never changes until you lose vision of it.

The face is a bee on a piece of glass.

The face being pieces of mask
everybody has to watch.

Stay in your face. Leave behind the vigil.

Mark your body washed away by your body.

The city is and is not eating and being eaten.

Mention the sun when it's not
present and the body disappears.

The forest is invisible. The city disappears.



Lisa Jarnot

The New Life

I eat steak and live on the big neon avenue and fear strangers, admire my neighbors, the drug store and the bus,

I as an addict live addicted to the avenue, in the dark folds late at night, addicted to sleep and lavender,

I went into the liquor store to buy a bottle of wine, loving you and the liquor store, the lavender bottles, the many directions in which the hairs on my lover's head fall at twilight reading Roland Barthes,

I went into the sidewalk to reconstruct the broken glass, loving sleeping
I went into dark folds late at night loving my lover but also addicted to fearing and loving my neighbor and the types of wine,

I crawled in through the window and loving my neighbor I loved my lover and counted the hairs on his head,

I as an addict am an addict and the street below is below and my lover has countless hairs on his head and the poise of living on the big neon avenue where I cut myself and cooked the dark steak, emerging from the folds of lavender,

I cut my self and then my lover cut himself, and someone puked on the side of a van

I fear the fears my lover fears and fearing strangers fear the steak and twilight reading Barthes





I love him steadily reading fears and quiet the twilight reading and
quiet my lover and quiet my fears, admiring lovers and fearing
handsome strangers in the drug stores near the puked on van,

I run toward him in a bus in a dream, my lover puked on by the
children on the bus,

Coveting the drug store hip-hop lavender flowers, never quite
understanding what's been said, I admire cutting my steak, the
street below is filled with all the neighbors' heads and lovers close
behind the window weightless eating steak

I read the newspapers about the avenues and my lavender pho-
tographed next to the wine,

I think my lover will be photographed and I am concerned about
the avenue itself, assuming neon characteristics, sometimes casting
shade,

I shade my eyes from the avenue where my lover and I make love
and the neighbors love their neighbors and the neon characteristics
of nightclubs shade the photo's eye, expecting too much of the
avenue like an unfinished painting contrasting churches and con-
trasting love

I walk backward toward the street and love to be so backward and
love the lover's neighbor and casting shadows backward cast the
wine and types of love,

I close slowly avenues of poise assuming love and folds of lover's
hair,

I close slowly the sidewalk to find the broken glass, going toward

my lover to find the folds of likeness in the mirror made of glass
and waiting slowly close,

And loving how we meant to be sleeping I love the avenue where
we sleep and love the neighbors, vigilant, never quite asleep, near
the sides of vans,

I, slowly, closed with lavender, wake the lover waiting on the avenue
of glass.





Poem

I suppose you're back by now from the
river of small birds in the small winter snow
casting blue-white light on the morning
and I still have legs following you through
the snow to the edge of an antique couch
in the blue-white light near the small birds
in the snow

I hope you had a pleasant trip to the
village of eyes on the prison until our
knees touch at the edge of the table and
I look at your small hands over and over
again at a formal dinner party, on the
steering wheel of your Ford, writing a
little memoir about your health as a
child, jumping on the bed in a more
serious mood in the mountainside
village of birds

I trust you remember the village of
small birds and the irises resting
on the back of your Ford, running up
the sides of mountain tops, chasing
dreamlike Hispanic girls to sodomize,
until our knees touch at the edge of

the glove compartment in the
plastic rain grasping your cowboy hat
drinking coffee, waking up in bed, being
in bed, being sodomized, chasing the
villagers through the mountainside eyes
of the prisons

And welcome to the river of small eyes
near the village where I do ride my bicycle
to the Mexican food factory on the waterfront
confiding general studies knowledge and
the harmony of the spheres, donning laurel
to attract attention strictly on the
Fourth of July at the inlet of the village
with the small eyes near the village on the
river of the birds.



Judith Goldman

remembrance poulitice

and I saw as the color of electrum
a pillar of hopefuls furrowing ascent

stairs were not invented for we
search for unconditional collateral
and supine we stand straighter each day



what excruciating dear
mediates the needles
falling about mercy
arms and head
the mavens peck, made
vicious by lack of depth:
charmed I'm sure. thus
remembered and resealed



honesty so ghoulish
it has 2 track records
which relation makes
one an infinite sum

rehearsed yet unperformed,
what could have been
more timely than to learn
the capacities of negligence

and they also externalize murder



it may have been before the amnesia
that all currency was debunked

they are street mongrels or
pilgrims to this pathetic mecca
who must write a letter
every monday and thursday



a trial in miniature,
poking through the slats
that chased its own tail
and regretted remorse

this enervation, discomfiture,
they say it is adamant—
lymph of a formal code,
estuary inhabit us
enters forth from no body
and bones, hushed or no,
taunt and taunted by an
exaggerated rumor of arrest



not an impromptu amnesia,
the attenuated flack of scrawl
skinned and skinned again,
reskinned and reskinned:

plan dark shot in your
like a coarse wherefore
you would not have would
been not be barked back at



who was the fool who forged the fool
a lake of obsidian, a watery grave
human battery, human neglect—
then will you consider it?
and jarred myself out of myself
making a move into the stream



I have sprawled into a foul recuperation
and carry an air of demeaned incipience
a candle that burns itself next to itself

radar compensates for personal inventory
and life goes on in its own history



o voluntary abduction,
my hollow is yet uncluttered
your mar is heart of my eye
for rakish debris, a sail for stealth—
each pause is all wrong,
all wrong

to lash and toil, and
never even try to gain
and draw the sapling
back until it cracks



what causes you to gather
the engraver's dust
is that which leaves me rapt
in knocked presentiments

exceed intersection,
intensify and never dwindle
let's take a joint recess,
a grander canyon



Sianne Ngai

The Hysteric's Almanac ★ Measurements

More likely
to omit not than
to misread not as *but*

A flourish

may lean
against the tune

of these voices—
I have here the
customary gown

not *but*
not *more*

but more
the line in the

postern
I follow nakedness

measure to thread.





Flee, reverent.

If the lamp
I blinded you

how less
it was to pardon

A mile before
you would not seem to know me

as venture falls
For one poor wick or two

a petition of regard.



There the upon
the morning

if the sentiment

anticipates it
to give

with the speechless hand by inches.

A curtain

apart—this unhappy
predicament,

the added conceit of a breeze

where you can tell
what it's about,

whispers a Lady Friend.

Let-for
daughter chancing
unexpectedly

on a corpse—hear
stars or feet ascending

—showing duty

as mistake
between progeny and parent, wonders

how did
a 'kiss of the hand'

enter Jupiter's orbit?



Yet then us
our dispatch

that I add an adversary

husht
since reasons and body give

that that

a better witness I will go.
Say 'your city'

because I mountebank

the instrument
for example the

winds semanticized—*vocaliter*
a signal

for the return

too cold
too hither





I speak from certainties

must excuse
must achieve what, a throat

for information.
Hand in

the beard, almost always
thinkable only

as the almost thought: Would I were

in the abuse
of distance or to kill

my luggage (exceeding small).

Jay Dillemath

Gardening After Dark

Also called “equally desirable,”
I open my mouth to efface
your fine-toothed comb,
a child at my throat beneath
collapsible fibers to make
fishing nets during slack-season.

Your face hangs wet
as the moon above a potter’s
wheel dumped in a pit
to age before the private
matters, now obsolete,
keep the threads from tangling.

Before being transplanted,
I straightened poles
above what I’m molded by,

major fertilizer carried to field
on a yolk, a spurious collection
of what we’ve never done
together, usually a balanced
pair of dads floating over
my tattoo pushed into



the ground and twisted,
made to live quietly
among the rakes
we used to fashion
a cardigan sweater: time
for gaiety and ritual.

You work the nets
with a heavy mallet, thumb
your nose at my fondness

for the mustache comb in my baby
book, a set of wobbly teeth,
factory made, for catching
and removing these weeds.





The Persistence of Division

The art of the fissure falls.
Framed delicately, a canal freezes
most people before the figures
and light build glimpse on glimpse
a new order of motion.

Quaint skates, these atavistic rims
note each movement and gesture,
a fine picture gallery put to the task
of minute before measure.

Touch-me-nots entail a delicacy
of body or target the random
attention of almost occasion.

No open drawer, no easy progress
of lines abrades the landscapes
and faces. A white looping path,
slack-jawed, the bluish milk
of centuries born before a hen
pecks at the threshold of the storm.

Brian Schorn

"I have the cold and hard perfection of a dream"
-Charles Baudelaire

from Baudelairean Longarm

Lyrical Event?

Like me laying a row of angels all fetal and ill,
Jump right out of your dry dry skin dancing tons of hooves
Entering verse by verse the glistening toy sung brutal
With more men than the breeze of night can tell;

Enter the jet stream and in comes a downer, fly-messy prunes,
This brassiere folding in on me like the coming moon
Eats every damn caress writing serpent or servant
Another might fess to have written in a pair of busted pants.

Quit your life on the veranda because it is morning and alive,
Toot the volumes even higher in the only place confide,
Or just quit the soil of my ills ferocious so old.

Here comes the author in a perfectly tender dress,
Stand there tainted really certain just as well a noose,
Me, saw some jawbox laugh region spoken pretty queer.





Lab Suit

Sweeten up the bell, these words! unresolved in a heavy stream of piss,
My skin, ornery parachute landed a murder a dot away today hooray,
Easy fist popped a perfect poet in his oh don't you love that bullet-proof vest
Eternally mute and antsy in order to keep a good hold a the mattress.

Dancing trombone out my mouth asphyxiating corn on the cob surprise;
Just one more inch of color disengaged in the whitest of curliest wigs;
I am here and I am moving less my legs all over the place my knee,
Ease on into pajamas jeweled with plurals the jamas of all the other girls.

Lay down you lousy poet, let me mix your gorgeous altitude velour,
Keep you in jail breathing Baudelaire all dumped on a moment for free,
Can I swing the flower's jaw ending today all dust and nude?;

Can I?, fastened on purpose says the poor little ducks are ill them ants,
Diapers in the mirror being the key front to the type you choose play ball:
Mister You, maybe so much larger you're every chart between my very eyes!



Layers To Move And Juggle In

Dancing like a newt with its ass plenty deeper than its got
Seeing the crust of mother's focus too needy a prolapse fuzz n' toss,
Or just a pussy ala loser Mister either tallest of view all X'ed with O's
Eat through me sleeping low blow like a requiem in the round.

My hairs have come at last to mean the hairs of my tomb laid bare;
You are Pluto and you keep the arms of your mound under fire,
Vibrant, jump all over me a mew invited rolled because cobalt blue
A sign come loose about the whole mess cooking macaroni in mind.

Over! nowhere but a couple a wagons sunk in the sandy sockets of our eyes,
Ride yes the avenue up to you unable to save the book beaten happy;
Sit around and think vivacious, fill up and pour out the prima donna,

A traveler made of urine all dunked-over and done here of course,
Eat again my self so ill easy encore filled something so a whipping
Poured clean your sight you dead aim eaten says the palm of my hand.



Responding Core

Let the base of my skull shave every little lie off Rembrandt's
Neck this lesson perfumed so here we go the only way confused;
A man at home I don't know why passing a forest that wide
Caked in the frontal lobe serving gardens and O those flimsy minors.

Come along and snap the echoes quieter than loins are for
Dump a tender breeze performed eaten into very nice,
This vase as black as it comes and it comes quite clearly,
Lay smelly, lay every color of the solar noon left asleep on.

I am the ills of perfume sent to me by highchairs,
To double our habit, we turn the greens becoming prairies,
—Either dumb author, corrosive, rich or triple by-pass,

Anyway I'll compress these things flapping like fins,
Like cinders, mollusks, banjoes or little concern,
Quench the core out of tent stakes having spit up so much sense.



Silly Inside

I grab easy for dead I mean gallant exceptional gear,
Pour the whole damn forest my brilliant hairs,
Shot into view so gorgeous alright, saw everything center stage,
Superb and definitely laid out corpse a million miles!

Avenue of what you see through the groin, dumb blood,
Excited all salty or purple a ton of singing soldiers,
Luxury in the oily smoke of jewels, personally shiny jewels,
Either Monday or Tuesday, the breeze going, the royal stairs?

Tell me something silly! May I lay down over there
Almost able to sing through the harp of another murder;
So much courage, foil for the pounding taken over by tambourines,

Deviant supplies sit here metered around baby your arms,
Ever so hearty, ravaged by the voices of infantry, azure,
Poured quicksand down my mouth, dug a reservoir of deepest alarm.



A Quick Listen

Lame physique must solve me pretending to be a mare!
Virtually mother's drunken tail,
Sauce the platform duped a broom or an actual face of heather,
Just meet me here spat out a labial dud;

Potty through my lap in time to the pompom's grubby picks
Come down the tulip crème,
Escape the lad laying blame and do these make a monocle
Asking for the night-keeper's violet?;

Seen vibrations really smooth my tooth hazy passion
Done vacillating milk sour cows;
The best bent, seen temperatures eaten all-season convulsions

Certainly your size goes free
My 50%. The other fishes, completely flat, a big ole mirror
Demanding down to my pores!

Bob Harrison

Charred Racing

in a stolen bar
feel. Mistakes
wear an evening
gastro—
policing
the dark prattle
in goose
microscopics. Wear down
an impossibility, hold off
wires to press
indecision. No reaction
lists flat torrents
in. Set off
the animal
written. Be your
stone spying on
one's trouble (as she could
admit) & 2
fold seating
views on a stilted car
radio. Press off
what they tell you



in a child's vent. Refuse
an interest to light
cosmetic signs if
one hasn't got counted
pockets. Hymns waited
on down
a strict river, bowls
connect sprays of
small feet grouped off





Relational Fissions

if there were enough
placed even
stops. One's plane planet
hatchets a film's
heel. Yellow. Bring
out the cake she
sang songs in easy
ash trays. On wandering
the third case
of each eye, a news
stand leaning off
in sand. A sun's mill
reaches over the
towel presses
to wear off my
skinned soles &
abbreviations. Make
your morning sting
in cubes, off on
her face in sweet
as a hold on glass
withered to our

remembering prints
if brings it to whittle down



Brian Kim Stefans



Alf's Last Bits

1.

Sounds fall off
 into the distance.
No intervals descending.
 Longer days.

Eliminating
 air's spent crystal.
Absolution is decimal.
 Claims don't heal.

Absorbed by
 infrathin choices.
"Prescient" voices. Not-
 to-be-found words.

Funny tunnel
 of proprietary *means*.
Caliban, no Ariel.
 Nobody pushing
 "Japanese."

2.

Science = 98 percent of the atoms.

3.

Curiosity noir, exhibiting assumptions

(elusive categories are goode olde thick)

can answer the question

whether nature is repetitious

or a sentence written in meta-error, and music.

4.

Far fire me with bursting
a daily inhabitant, trotting.

5.

Go under the drop in domestic arms needs.
Point to propaganda with transparent flame.
Translate the process that ends with the harvesting.
Even a decent tax-dodge is not your name.

Argue with the riots of spontaneous energy.
Pedal the machine faster and think up blame.
Like to apologize, making them feel Even-Steven.
Even a decent tax-dodge is not your name.



Subject the process to a horn section.
Counter the ethnocentrism of the best and lame.
Sexually slouch when not abdicating one inch.
Even a decent tax-dodge is not your name.

Cream the semiotics of hair show.
Somber and negative just call it a game.
Pack me with ironical psychological damage.
Even a decent tax-dodge is not your name.

6.

Shivering thickly, there should still be
A detail, one promise of the world, seamlessly.

Inside, coiled to spring upward, continual
Beyond a certain point, saturate sleep, and fall.

7.

(with a Cassandra napkin I have so many fingers)

8.

Tattletale, regulative
insists the site's cracked.
In fifteen minds, open
they'll never be specific.



Does the court, anyone
align against the felon?
Could often manage tempests
before the elephants.

Insouciant, *oeuvre*
passes the corrected savor.
Something to back against;
symmetrical track record.

Almost fused, neon
revisionary tactics echo.
What instances, marble
earth, of a tentative tone?

Aspirin, aspirant
where *just* ads sufficed.
Traffic heads on forks
before the speakers, lights.

9.

Tired of mass-produced cars
loose press at the fingers, bars.

10.

My tender inner portion is in butchershop health.

That's the door closed. *The name of Death?*



11.

Edges
caught up with the light.
Much later in interior stages
test zeros

= lords of impossible furniture.

12.

Winter of rising culture.
Waiting to enjoy the scene.
Twenty feet away barks the hour.
Steadily (rather than
leisure) = the garden:

Instinctively blending
(contrary to character)
“soft sobriety” and
intellectual arrangement.

Brick walls going back.
Features, juggled lives
not failing to spell the lack.
Pages - sieves.

Us being a cut slice
above nothing,
the Immortals decided
it a gray morning.



v. 1
july 2, 2002
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