

An abstract painting with a textured, light-colored background. It features bold, expressive brushstrokes in various colors: bright yellow, vibrant red, deep blue, and solid black. The composition is dominated by thick, dark outlines that define irregular, organic shapes. A prominent white rectangular box with a red border is positioned in the upper-middle section of the image. Inside this box, the text is centered and presented in a clean, sans-serif font. The overall style is reminiscent of mid-20th-century abstract expressionism.

**Versuche: 02**

**New York School Poems  
[c. 1991-93]**

## The Watcher

Cackles from the plumbing. So give me a scene  
From the deck. The watcher  
Follows a hand leading through the sky  
His sight guide. Constellations  
Titter at the smallness of it, this enterprise  
Surviving on tape and glue. And  
Like an alertness that is its own identity, an  
Eye will flash only negative  
To the watcher who sits down to inspect  
His shoes. No camaraderie  
With exiled slaves from nothingness  
Brings him peace, no choke  
Hold, obvious, will serve  
To be pointed at. His eyes which are diamonds  
Will make his prose, his hands which are callous  
Will thumb his nose, weariness  
Will inspect the progress.

The

Curtain will ridicule his  
Own choices, seeming  
They surpass even mother's  
And father's forthrightness, or still  
Cages erected sometime  
In his youth

to gather hope. Watchers

Do not come together  
To give out hope.

## Poems in an Almost Classical Mode

### 1. Again

Your poem continues  
Marching on, fatally as in the first ecstasy  
Of the scrupulous way you once arranged your clothes  
Before waking. And we are referring to that colorform  
Sun, that vital repast, the dreamy syllogisms  
Cornered on the way home from school, from which you got  
Your milk money. It's over there in the juniper box  
Your chloroform swab and knee-pads, your tickets  
To the march, your masks which are only  
Factory objects. But I am not fooling you. If you  
Fail to meet me half-way, well that's your dumb luck.

You probably shouldn't  
Have made it anyway. But don't think that. There are  
Plenty of reasons to continue surfing, and surfacing, plainly  
One individual who will declare itself from the field  
And make things honey, make things a taste test which  
You never fail. You are underestimating the church I give you?  
There is always some sort of bouncing ball on the highway  
With a figure like a trigonometry, and some other savioral  
Grace. It will want to conform you. Well,  
There. You don't find that the morning's just thrilling  
After bacon and eggs, and it truly is splendid  
The drowned liana you find on the curbside, curled into  
A little ball? So keep thinking that. So you keep thinking,  
And the wafting nonsense and the syllables just picking  
Your nose will upset you  
As I upset you.

## 2. For Change

Forgotten. Amused. The shining tinkling bells  
Of some sand-swept chimera fashions for your vision  
A turning of stone, a feeble entreaty  
Rocketing from the stars this sable night. You don't believe it.  
There is nothing in this world and all, nothing that's quite  
Your own. You own up to it. And of  
The primitive spires which promote the last galaxies,  
The simpler lessons of the dwarf, the constant  
Itching which his divine, and is complete, and is there already,  
You won't take them: that is not your hunger. Only for  
The tender pink sight of the child in the long grass  
Can you muster excitement, for the vision  
Pure in technicolor of the unfettered slippage  
Between this thing and that, that unsure of its hands,  
Shamelessly inaccurate, and foaming at the lips:  
A travesty. There is some properness  
Ogling from the sidelines which inevitably guides the line,  
Forgotten but always a consequence, sure of  
Some reverent place in the fixings of the scene grown wild:  
There is credence in that shop-worn smile. So don't  
Fret it, Freddy, this night of no ill-will,  
This poorly translated memoir from that Russian convict  
Who examined the globe of the orange, who slit  
Accidentally, a thumb, who held that finger to heaven  
And formed in his curious thoughts an image of sanctity.

### 3. Petit Poème

Dolorous sighs, sleek features, but I am  
Always happy in this truck, I've got  
Plenty to say for it. I ignore the *raven*. Yes,  
It is true this speckled surplus has been provided  
By one of your admirers... sitting at the bar  
With an eye in the mirror, and a perfect  
Lucky Strike. No prime contender  
But waiting is always a holiday in places like  
This, forgetful of other holidays. Now the  
Step turns to caramel, and after  
Strange wads, unfinished paragraphs  
Sticking in the toaster, that it overruns, it is  
No fun, no more. Sing a new song, write  
The letter to that girl whose poem you missed  
As much as you read it, and wanted it, and yet  
The connections were severed. No flight  
That day, the clouds were revealing  
New seaside properties for these talents of ours,  
New inklings of stars and they felt avoiding  
Its company was the only proper thing to do,  
So we stayed down. Let's not spend much time here.

#### 4. This World

Take the turning star, put it between your eyes. There, you are free.

After the squalls

Harbored in your heart as your presence began to fail you, the plain  
melodies

Of popular culture began to wane, and began to be replaced with  
something irreplaceable:

We give thanks. Surely something unbelievable happened. Family  
photos

Transformed into the bases of literacy, and the foundations of the home

The foundation of the next generation, which with ax and hoe

Profess in the wings that there are cities inside the needles, and minds

Between each atom. It was so simple as to have made us look  
ridiculous

And foster like a healthy heart the bland tenderesses of comments, of  
life

In the varied mind, and, as this may be getting to become auspicious,

A life in the sidereal valleys where they play basketball and use

Nothing short of semen to win their game. These embryonic youths,  
these tigers

are the stuff from which beginnings are fashioned, along with every  
other girl

Who wanted to stick her thumb with a fractured three-iron, but  
couldn't, for this

Is a comedy. Write smaller, I need more paper. You need more sugar. So

Long has it been since we've been truly fascinated with texts, that love

Itself is going to be doled out, like in wartime, and we will measure this

By the bed sheets hung with the washing and what tints them. So very  
few

Wait in the lobby for the autographs, and would prefer a neat  
handshake

And not even a smile or a promise, but a somewhat worthless feel, and  
we think:

Ah, now I've something done. Take the wall down, put it in the car. For  
next

On the list is a recipe for adventure, and we notice that this list, too,

Has a copyright which expired sometime before hieroglyphics, and we  
are not interested,

We thumb for a decent taxi to take us farther, even farther, and fashion

Quatrains like there was no tamarra, versos and quartos like

A fainting fit with toilet paper which had everybody dazed, and  
wanting a little

More. You got it. In Germany, the Schwitters home was privately  
destroyed  
And all those nothing canvasses returned to high heaps, and a flash of a  
deadpan  
Smile sufficed to reintegrate the bitten hearts with that comet  
That sails so peaceably in the sky, and creating junk. But it will never  
End. How 'bout tonight? I know a wonderful place, by the *Rue de*  
*Ternes,*  
A macrobiotic place with a dwarf and ruler, it is called World History.

## 5. Calypso

And finally you are left with your bland consolations  
To compel you, and all the dowdy mysteries  
Are the signposts passing by, the typical play of syntactics  
On your weather-beaten forehead, the one with the sprained back.  
And your mother, *mio madre*, a delinquent in her time  
Shakes down the fakir for information on the next recital  
Who's gonna be there, what will they play, is it gonna be  
You? But you don't care, you can't. The tripling  
Surprises which are peeking through the back screen door  
As you read the paper, the Situations Wanted, with your feet propped  
On a chair, are contacting you  
For a position with its nose in the air, and you plainly  
Consider it. That is, they know what you are thinking, they can tell  
Your hair bunched up like so, how else could it have gotten that way?

And we are all convalescing, that's what the news is, with our loves  
Safely concealed in our pasts to avoid the examination  
Of the magistrates, the one with the lawn mower, the one with the hips.  
You were formerly on the edge of a dream, and looking down  
You realize it was filled simply with marbles, which constitutes a  
beginning  
But never congealing so now it seems like tattered ends  
We are considering. Oh, do not take it personally. It is merely the finale  
Of the dance, the hardening into softness, and the words a little difficult  
To wail from the lips, to chuck in the tubercular sublime with a visage  
like an  
Emptying siphon. I don't know, but I've been told  
The pregnancies of this world are scheduled for reexamination,  
We can't be sure what got in it, but if it is  
False, why then it is sheer nonsense, a plagiarist's retreat  
Into the star-gilded couplet of what you plainly are, and the more  
factual circumstance.



## Verl

I can't get you out of my mind though you are so near my heart my spotted elfin an academy of tears stands before you though we have not yet begun to incite the shimmering of your visage when you disappear down an uncharted corridor and become enamel. For the fancy dresses and balls mean nothing to me the crinolines and bagpipes murderous calamities and foods that make you a man nor even the scholarships to health provided you not be there my lone consideration incredible virtue that you are. I mean nothing in the failing light of my incestuous macabre can ever replace you though there are a mother's promises oh please come back.

## White Sestina

Again, they've tricked me out of bed  
with the rumor of sight. No casual joke,  
it seems they didn't know what they were doing  
as if this dawn of rose and of white  
were the gist of some other problem they were working  
on. I am up now, and seething

with expectation. How I am seething  
that the vision filtered through, and on my bed  
stood, for a sweet second, the pilot working  
its craft down to its pad, like a joke  
which promised to be innocently white  
discovered, in the end, to be something doing!

And though I wish I were doing  
pet tricks, like a hound who can't stop seething  
espying through the brush notes of white  
(a brand new car, or pillow for its bed)  
I am rarely ever in on it, when the joke  
escapes into the higher lights, like a clock never working.

But I am working, I am working  
listening to what the repair man's doing  
to the faucet upstairs, and when a joke  
falls from his lips, like a bubble from a trepanned seething,  
I recoil like a child in its bed  
taking notes, but protecting its fairly white

neck, wanting to keep it white. White,  
the clouds want to show they are working  
but I take it they need not lift my bed  
to rise to the stars, to explain what they're doing  
so many weeks on the ground, the forum seething  
with suspicion, that the mission be some sort of joke!

And, someday, we will just joke  
about it, Aeneas. But say this to him, white 55  
is the cloud, like a bang, and the working  
a fairer standard to satisfy the seething.  
Sure, it is clear there is something doing.  
So lie down here, next to me, in my bed.

For the bed is the joke  
doing lines before the judges, who are white  
with pride and indignation, seething, working.

## Sentiment

1.

Tears are dripping  
Down the softly gilded window panes.  
They are taking this house  
with a guerrilla solemnity  
like adverbs coolly draping  
their foliage over some architect's pride. But who is complaining.

I like it when there is some barrenness in the initiative of spring,

forcing me to collect,  
to correct,  
the puerily scattered  
remnants of that pilgrimage  
I used to deride  
as so formally normal,  
then attempt to make  
fantastically correct

like a saint. Though one says that the saint has form, too.

2.

Spring does not  
have form, proving  
again, today, that it may deliberately

abstract from an abject noneness  
its promotive name, pulling  
out all stops,

pulling  
for some feature  
of the rain.



## Love Poem

### I.

I'm shaking now. Can't sit around  
And think of something. The windows are white  
For redecoration. So my wares  
For the week, are not advertised.

Amazing. Amazing it is to hear  
Through music, the complete dialogue. I saw your name  
On the museum. I saw it  
Go, and then gone. But it stuck.

So, I am in a quandary. It is called The Rolling Stones.  
I've been, like a slug on the television  
Something like the fruit of all contemplation. The stadium  
Closed

We exit to the  
Empty fields. There, you will see the dance  
And the teacher, who is sick  
Who beats out the rhythm with a stick.

### II.

My library is complete. My tongue is dry.  
I love you darkly. It is  
Weeks since we were newlyweds. But I am doing  
Better now—than the author of *Sordello*.

I pace around the floor with  
An image of you on the wall  
Which is my arm. I love all four corners  
Like I've mastered the secret passage.

So, to hell with it. I live alone.  
A package arrives, for a signature  
To set it free. As  
I will you.

I am edging towards a darkness  
Complete, brutal. And

Like a crime in the night  
All will be well.

III.

In the last days before Eve  
Let it out what she'd done  
They scrambled around  
Her to hear her story.

She was beautiful. The vase she held  
Was clear, like water. Lies  
Filtered from the sun  
Fell to her like leaves.

One night together and we will be pure  
Pure like the green of celery  
Or baby's toe. I am trying  
To be obscene. I want the entire thing

To last our whole seconds of it  
Like something you see on TV  
But which is great again and again  
No matter what we do.

## Convictions

I don't believe in dollars but I believe in waking up at night  
And sifting through the ash-heaps. I believe a stained dime  
Can make up a dollar. I believe this poem of primrose  
Off the coast of Massachusetts, with a girl with a half-eaten name,  
Can make of it something, more like Christmas. And I think  
We all know who's in charge here, when we whisper with underwater  
flourish

The quotations and axioms, the equations and what have you  
Of the skillful way your mother once lost a

dime. And that

(Believing now in the freckle-headed clown like in birch trees)  
Coming closer now are the bats and clubs of remembrance,  
Are the scholarly asides burning a path right through to an essence  
Which is more like a taste in the mouth than any novel, is a calamity,  
Is an undaunted resolution careening over the desert highway  
(Plagued by misfits and derelicts, having to bare-hand them over a  
shoulder

That this comedy can end, that the solemn note of maturity can break  
in

Bringing with it all the unmarked letters which are never sent, but  
which is sympathy.)



## Canzone

1.

The rain ceases that it remind us that day  
is merely a pie-chart drawn by invisible hands, that love  
itself is never a whole, but is often a sun-severed day  
wrecked, often enough, by enthusiasms of another day  
which make the facade, in the end, as if one should know,  
appear strictly cubist. I mean, there are times I find day  
sauntering slowly, as if motion were day-by-day,  
and not the imploring minute, or the second which will  
clobber you like the first, like a pun, to quiet your will,  
thus proving that the sky is brilliant, that the day  
has lost its better half to superstition, as if the world  
left momentarily to change its clothes, to become a better world.

2.

Perhaps it is unjust to consider the world  
out of breath, a sunflower which negligent day  
failed to seduce with her bosom-like sun, a bitter world,  
a thru-way peppered with dangers which a kinder world  
would find the heart to clear, as if some long-dead love  
would rise up, done with its "hers" and "thees," to make a world  
which does not cry out, "Me, me, me, and death to the world  
which cramps the eyes with headlights, and fails to know  
the unique, epicurean delights of my bead, and fails to know  
how easily this misanthrope can die, through with a world  
long before its presence, which seeks only to abduct the will,  
has even approached the edges of this indolent, almond-coated will!"

3.

But perhaps not. The frontiers of my will  
on which are contending Turks, in a gaslight world,  
on which all bridges are destroyed, however soon will  
the foghorns enter my bedroom anyway, horns which will  
then, seek to induce commerce, and to bargain my every day..  
the waiting, unpropitiated guardsmen of my will  
I continue to selfishly bore, though someday they will  
give themselves entirely to the river, thus forfeiting my love  
my love, which is a reminder of their own, much earlier love  
of tropical climes, terrific monsoons, of a solitary will  
which only the fool under the table can ever, really, know,  
the plains of desire which surround us, as all good children know.

4. (after Elizabeth Bishop)

There is much in the house which grandmothers know,  
and which most children fear like a hot stove, which will  
when it can, creep up, like an almanac of tears, to let you know.  
For the tears of a house disappear, that one never know  
unless thumbing through an almanac of grandmothers, another world  
that of a chocolate stove to a child, and that one not know  
how a child can treasure its transient tears, too soon to know,  
how a stove in the corner of a house can fill up a whole day,  
like a grandmother or an almanac, to make it a complex day.  
The pains in an almanac are something a child can't know,  
for a grandmother's tears just seem to him unexpressed love,  
like the perspiring walls in a house warmed by a stove, a simple love.

5.

Will the clouds ever part and shimmering love  
rain down on the clustered, suspicious masses, who know  
it merely a light show, made simple for the literate: Love?  
Will the star remain anonymous, until he or she finds love  
but until then shadowed, a reticent wonder who will  
show the face which, for millions, will come to define "love,"  
then questioned appropriately, what it is that is love,  
what pocketed briefly, and in a flash, can make the world  
a series of hothouse flowers, thus fit for the world  
of later generations, for those who may never find love,  
who then forfeit taxes and brothels to honor this visage for a day,  
daring to stifle their groaning, intolerant yawns, for a day?

6.

I have woken on occasion to find insolent day  
herself thrashing in the commons, that it's not the world  
alone making all the noise, like a hyena quite losing its will,  
an interesting noise, like the sound all mediums know  
to be the moans and imploring of some wracked, super-lunar love.

## Little Rhapsody

All the criteria seem to disappear  
when we discover them to be a hoax, your wishes

Balanced on a skillful dime  
which tinkers down the hallway to ineptitude,

a hallway which we discover to be  
that in which tempests flounder, as if in time,

where the tempest herself may be seen  
or merely wished, in one of her famous contractions,

that cubist exercise in economy,  
the language of saints when they crave privacy

or true obscurity in the brushes  
fired as they may be with illegitimate prayer,

some gaudy garment one has tossed  
to the street, but which a gust has purposefully carried

and lifted to high windows, a sonnet  
by which you have fashioned your interesting criteria.

## The Misanthrope

### I. The Misanthrope

*(das Glasperlenspiel)*

A star opens. You are there. A pipe  
As an afterthought. Tame,  
Within this room, conditions  
Of elegance, spidering out  
Allegiances to this, so  
Proceeding step by step to what  
You are, and in a mirror. It  
Surfaces to defend you, the  
Hieroglyphs just rosemary, and  
The tracks in the snow dark  
On a moonlit night. Figure  
It all in. An exhalation,  
A team-drawn sled, framed  
Vicissitudes, will be your legion  
Of this... your game exercise.  
Hmmm. The walls draw near,  
Smoke in heights, leisure  
Or resistance? The promise of  
Mornings to them, jewels  
In glades.

Reduce like a fault  
Of compromise, the many  
Which occur marble-like  
Here, even, vying clatter  
Of drawers, of tables, to  
Points which do not repel, nor  
Even mix. Map enemies, friends.

## II. Rain

Dear, it rains. Thunder  
Preaches Preaches Preaches.  
There are those voices  
Curiously still in the rain.

No wonder that sun  
We will try to remember  
Is reared illegitimate!

They sport it terrifically  
I see the heads bobbing

The curious fact of  
The rain will make them  
Scream uncontrollably, how  
Is it? Like  
In the next room

Ramparts present themselves  
To the cure the diffuseness  
Of a place without weather

Threads in spun cloth  
Turn gold, the second  
Burns somewhere amiss

Figures carved from sky  
For the vagaries of custom  
Masturbate in my opinion

### III. Brooklyn

And dear, the hydrant splurges  
For us, Halloween calamities  
Next Wednesday, too, suspicions  
Of deviance.... hear them  
In the aisles. Or prophecies  
Too, that our contentions  
Are rubber, prophylactic  
Miracles of sin, that we  
Are not stubborn, but are riding  
It out. So be it. That the  
Canon of our indifference  
Is, indeed, hmmm, indifferent.

The length of  
The day, times it  
A time, what  
We call  
The less  
Time, pots  
Pamphlets, jargons  
Histories of streets.  
The cormorant  
Spotted, a  
Matter of  
Ascendancies.  
Famished  
Millionaires  
Brutal  
Parsons

Today, for instance, the neighbors  
Are celebrating. O cat walks!  
Confused error, a yellow cap  
Arrives this way. Fugitive  
Inquiries in the box. Reynolds  
Chokes it all... a tin penny  
For the evaluating. Cheetah's pen.  
Alliances, conspiracies, I am shopping.

Today, for instance, the neighbors'  
Speech, tendril-like, for Xmas  
Inaugurates all things  
To be seen. Fashion plays,  
Grainy substitutes. Apiary  
Confidences. Evaluators  
Of property... and of properties.  
And me? All me. And I think you, dear.

Today, for instance, the neighbors  
All slim, lost in wonderment,  
Agog. And big kingdoms, too.  
Pacific fortunes. And tulip-  
Patterned wallpaper, my tearing  
Botticelli in the john, drafts of  
My favorite opiate. Criminal season!  
And cycling bears! My little Pierettes!

O dolor! the neighbors  
Fuck. A cup  
Drops, a penny  
Turns. She bores

A hole in him  
Through which seen

Yellow roads, some  
Malingered  
And lost the crops.  
She sees night

In a hat, tempest  
Ribbons calmed  
Stray bands  
Fallen on rooftops.

And parting  
Alive. Recess  
Of summer  
And hollow

I insist  
Vague, for a moment, dis-  
Covers the hare  
Inhabits the clothing.

*And times it two.*

I am told  
By the rose  
Rake suspicion.

Deeper than teeth  
Can venture,  
Speak rose  
With determination.

Archeologists  
Fail, so  
Like we breathe  
It's being done.

Fizz.  
The system  
Was flunking.  
Fizz.

Borderous rose.  
I am told  
There is no coin.  
Yeah, so.

Eventually  
Coming back  
Children are reared  
In shopping carts.

Sharp light.  
I am told  
Of the root  
Enterprise.



Of being  
A poor man's  
An element

Stoke it  
What I said  
Veritably

A temper  
Of the wind  
A garden  
Enscenced

A frieze  
The lights of  
My Virginia

#### IV. Lyric

Lie! the history  
Shuffles, so  
The pregnancy  
Of wills con-

Fides like on  
Jeopardy.  
The masking  
Souls agree.

And capers to  
Museums, so  
You, witness of  
The Doubloon Horror

Espy the line  
Felt under  
Your skirt, your pants.

## Sestina: "Flip the Dog"

And perhaps (most likely) everything you say, every-  
Thing will be godless... unhinged. As the dog,  
Three-necked, in the dark, could not stave off Virgil,  
The conscious-wary mind will stumble upon brick  
In its kennel. The words will flap like a magazine; flip  
Through its pages... you measure every drop.

The lines, the honor... though the blood does drop  
To the knees, builds there its tomb, its every  
Desire to contradict vertigo still remains... a flip  
In the gestalt. Demonstrate, then, to the dog  
That the mind beyond the ineffable, stained brick  
Of its skull is a crown, is resplendent... you are not Virgil.

There rises, then, an active malice toward Virgil:  
Strange guy that he was, he was a guide... a drop  
From the heavens... Don't confuse that forehead with a brick.  
This ancient that furrowed once through every  
Grove that once seemed a crossword (task for dog  
With a sock?), and who felt, needlessly, that your flip

Excuses were enough to compel him to flip  
Over himself, then, to your rescue... Let's hear it for Virgil,  
Besides whom you're the mascot, you are the dog  
Pleasing guests, chasing tails, that their levels drop  
(Of boredom) not once below the mean of every  
Present... Let's silence that anti-clique with a brick.

The interest is in cliques... but one honors the brick,  
Its slow, straight, same progress to decay... flip  
It on its axis, does it change? And does every  
Day that it works onward, towards its end, its Virgil  
Comfort you like the charmed loyalty of the dog,  
The cheeps of the chick, the bland sky... the synchronistic drop?

One lives for pleasures... one breathes for the drop  
Below history, morality. Deep? Like a brick  
Dislodged from its source, sailing no gutter... no dog  
Is so beyond society as it. It's more than a flip  
In expenditures can achieve, or satisfy: just ask Virgil.  
He knows: one can only focus when one has every

Thing to lose by it. Every dream. Each store. Drop  
The masks, seek thy Virgil. Swarm like the brick  
Tenements that mirror the sea, erasing it. Flip the dog.

## Collages

### 1. Wednesday's Children

a new copy book! The title of the chapter:  
THE CELLULAR SYSTEM at any rate  
I can put such and such problems before them, as  
my novelist's instinct

Auteuil, I heard a young mother whispering.  
Family egoism.  
I am really here in Switzerland  
I should like to ask you... would you be going away

it... I'm feeling sad. de La Perouse was dead.  
fact, which  
I had allowed myself before  
on appearing so—or, at any rate, on appearing real.

painted the portrait of the artist—of  
This last phrase Olivier had stolen from Passavant.  
“If it weren't for you...” he began, any  
other forehead than hers

is not worth while my repeating it. But  
anyhow, let's grant he was a  
failure. Thanks to Laura.  
this love and leaving it

twenty women at once whom I happened to pass by  
to be conscious of it  
in two days, and besides I may as well own up to it  
alarmed, dear lady. Words only fade when they're printed.

Going already?  
Shan't we?  
Well, we shall see you  
again one of these days

smothering me to death.  
It's Alexander, my beast of a brother  
to try and find out why  
too happy to sleep

knocked up against his old schoolfellows  
his presence would embarrass Bernard  
his gratitude for all the count had done for him turned to loathing  
vexed and grieved to feel him so restive... the mouth of Montaigne.

more and more  
I can count on you, can't I?  
led him away to the lavatory  
I prefer not to go back to him.

A youth so charming touched her  
as a rule all assembled  
his manuscripts, such as they were  
should league me together against him.

## 2. The Death and Resurrection of Nick Nolte

A stranger from America who smells, looks  
A huge square covered with papers and the day  
With lunch. If God would clouds would part,  
Executive ushered in the business Hosannas  
His own at large inner sanctum wall mounted  
His entire shirtfront smeared with souvenirs.  
To improve upon imperfection that to Frank  
The manager, be frank, chip in a twenty... kid!  
Registers a lowered voice, young and white  
A stylish slugger levied against a catcher  
Thirty-one mood swings shape a man's balls.  
The Fifties and Sixties scattered across  
The globe were men wearing cuff-links, way  
Clark Gable... the primary off-sensor dish.  
The expression that's within you not yourself  
About a construction worker who tries to go  
Stretches out on the sofa partially and dies.

### 3. (untitled)

#### I.

They meant nothing of the jug.  
Comparable to the depth it appeared  
To destroy the idea simple rape.  
He daren't write  
To her in a long term  
Of sympathy, the living plan  
This highly-sexed meticulous cleanliness.  
Strange, scandalous  
Aspect of self-punishment.

#### II.

Not alone the stars  
Its towers and cables  
Fascinating inhabitants

In their identity  
Excursions into free  
Opening into scenes

#### III.

Thus this with his pride  
Radical sense made principles  
Board a merchant ship .  
Determinism is reassuring.



#### 4. All About Adam

The unadorned truth. The rosy glow  
His problem. It's hiding  
Like a whore! Yes, we agree

Real kissing starts  
The process: withering houseplants,  
Suits to the cleaners. Even willing to cut

Some slack (absolutely loathed)  
Mythologized breath is real  
But honestly, are the odd... This woman out

Frown  
An actress whose fueled.  
Emily went change for the holidays

Cup size, va-va-vooming  
To her trade. This line of inquiry  
Their mind whim, the designers lent to his hand

To report that this  
Stringy-haired hangover stuff  
This deal with the means, Mertz

Imperfection  
(Harbor no illusions).  
As long as it makes

Her look simply nature doesn't get it  
Dick that big cosmetic counter needs  
Smell as sweet, years ago... Bad

To have a  
Kill  
The beauty part

Will beg to differ...  
Packaged high-tail generated by editors  
Lipo-sucked charms of an actress ruin it for me.

## Diary Entry

I seem to have fucked myself up so much  
it's hardly a question anymore of shocking vistas.  
The lands slide away into rivers  
which stand up, then, at the end of the valley  
nonsense-like, though holding a number. So you have to talk to it.

There are attitudes which seem to push and adjust  
themselves around you, and criminally eye  
the dollar which seems loosening between your knuckles, so  
knuckle-like, you become a fist. This does not help.  
This does not even get a page in the catalogue.

It floats down the river, too, with all the muck and the rest.

Feigning holiness doesn't work.  
The eagle-eyed always seem to startle themselves  
into consciousness, then  
commuting in from all corners of the globe to become  
(suddenly) eloquent. Vagabondage in this pristine chamber  
leads to the overwhelming mile... it must be learned.  
You get yourself all shot up like a president.



## Hole

A poem is  
not like a painting, since  
there is no sense  
of achievement: since  
a poem has to  
be remembered: not  
like a painting,  
which is an object.

Though one can  
paint poems, and one  
can write poems  
about paintings, to  
*destroy* a poem, you  
have to burn paper, to  
destroy a painting:  
canvas.

Which, of course, has been  
done before, so  
it seems I am getting no-  
where with this poem, which  
will be thought of  
as a hole-in-space, which  
again, has been done  
in painting.

## The Argument

We're not the problem, it's them,  
inconclusively.

Vacant, like the hole at  
the end of the stair

you bitch, or flatter, with angry  
talk  
as if singling out this day  
among the hours

will give this moment strength  
against the  
calendar

collecting,  
appropriately, significantly

outside your door. The door  
is at the end of the stare.

The incredible shift, the manner  
you take

suddenly, to exit  
to find the sky a series

of tenements, mature, appeasing  
sulking, unbelieving

drenched with such a  
variety of waters  
like a stoned prophet  
submerged in such interests...

The hills with their mighty origami  
move in, and hush, attentive.

They are figures from a family  
which are conveniently deceived.

## Flight

*Boris: Wheat... lots of wheat... fields of wheat... a  
tremendous amount of wheat...*

I've got myself all tired of the balls—  
and if I keep my voice,  
I'll give you a ride home, my derring-dooed woman.  
We won't take our lead note from the rest. Over the hills

which only suddenly have risen before us  
to demonstrate the true insouciance of miles—  
miles and miles of wheat, miles and miles of tolls.  
We won't let them, any of them, stop us

from giving the pregnant stars our literate attention—  
the children we have lined up for our rapt applause—  
arms opened wide, we are accepting and accepting—  
as you open your mouth, and I place the Roman grape inside,

we are children. There it is,  
and I can't adjust it to a clover.  
The space seems to leap out like a leopard—  
fields of wheat, miles and miles of fields of wheat.

## Letter

As it seems you've never forgotten your love for me, which is  
unfortunate, as I am only a reminder of your other loves, this is  
yours to keep.

And your other loves are lively, too, in all urban areas they are teeming  
and in parks they are sleeping.

I understand there is cause in your concern, and as I've latched onto it,  
we've motioned to each other to dance (which is our fault) and we  
thought that was it—a dance—but it is more.

You remember me.

This is only a visit, but we are still talking.

And other figures seem like figures from Blake, to you, seeming to step  
lightly and glowing with meaning, so much meaning.

We, both of us, agreed that it is something seasonal, having to do with  
something gin the air and not in the eye.

But you needed that more.

And even the seasons are not matters for the government or  
geographers but are matters of commerce.

That means we should know about it.

How I would love to step up the stone steps leading into a house in  
which there is a family and comfort, and possibly even my family?

These last days have been wonderful, and you have been a part of,  
certainly.

## Letter Poem

*for Lindsay Stefans*

Your brooder is still alive.  
However, his self is  
egg-shell white.

In the center of a garden he sucks his thumb.  
There is no sound here, not even the wailing of sirens.  
Airplanes are like the old airplanes,  
The ones of our youth.  
Dreaming contedly  
Upon the stars.  
Like in the images of Prague you see on TV,  
A false flash. A black-and-white couple.  
His manuscript sent back.

He just go the brochure from Stella Adler.  
He's confirming.



## **We Are Triple**

It's embarrassing and stupid and I don't really care  
About the Academy Awards!

You were shuffled onto this stage for a purpose,  
They seem to say,  
Leaving you bare-nosed  
And crazy. So, I won't go!

So I gave a speech about the plague and my inner freedom,  
How it always challenges me when I'm driving.

## **Lyric**

As usual, few can agree  
on the mind's deep impossibility.  
You flush the morning star  
of the vermilion of night  
and palm its halved fruit:  
don't go hankering after answers.

Weaved into the solace of it  
a Sunday morning presenting  
its signs and directions;  
as usual, few can circumscribe  
the vector of moony nights  
hushed, landing near the sea.

## Words For Jackson Pollock

A curious distaste for celebrity  
The britches keeping it down  
The welling up of fingered souls  
Populated train of conspiracy  
I cannot see that in that range  
Spring of heightened-from-life evidence  
Two bits for a passage into there  
My smock was no bargain for it  
Formerly never to be discarded  
And the mica flakes collected too  
They needed a name for the library.

## Holiday

I.

Whose red hair brings me a place in this  
Cycling in the moonlight the color of my interest  
I move like brushes to eliminate the walls  
I such a distance from the room with supplies  
The crowbar the necklace the loop with my scenes  
Now to do it now to not hey I know these kids  
I stock up on solace and remove to the lakes  
Lucrative propaganda though shame in this region  
I but a phantasm in these circuitous gales  
Friends from the dimmer stops a fright after hours  
A dog washing in puddles though Hank is alive  
Now I think of murder in the dog food aisle  
Pummeled to the sweet sense of knowledge after all  
After all it is the crises we scratch and fear  
An ominous lucky stripe doodled above my box  
And over you dear red head I can straight remember  
Like wonderful Sandy Koufax and Mr October  
I floor it to the manor where the docks are still  
The possums free to touch for this is nature  
Ubiquitous excessive all the things of an ology  
Another realm one rears like American history  
Knowing my way and signing checks like a fixture  
I to snack on Cheet-ohs to contemplate my livery  
Dumb to the Cajun sounds and crux like a theory  
He whom dormant as an apostle stands admiring  
Centipedes of casual sense winding my waking hours  
And take me to your stables I cry out suddenly  
Though being committed to you the gulls the rushes

## II.

Burst through with the assurance of second sight  
And a riveting applause for the redeeming giant  
Crowds the vales like split peas and lost joys  
The task I will admit was bully in this sense  
The condescending policies forming only wholes  
The sandals tracking to bedrooms probably sand  
And just coming in like that without even knocking  
Discussions never coming to the diaphanous kings  
Who personified alone the obsessions of this land  
The harmless seeming nowhere who know where to go  
The cheetah reading papers who was such a good scout  
So I was tired and saw perched upon the ledge  
The trophy you had cauterized like a stubborn family  
Seeming to be neither too late nor even enough  
The talent but a prince though drool with the man  
And afterwards the rain seeming quite the same  
We emptied our pockets before the famed sunshine  
The sporadic brilliance filling only the holes  
Thus adding to our sport but not ever claiming  
To be fairly indicative of the precepts of this town  
Clockwise and hungry to the left of an opinion  
Naive and approaching like a lyrical syringe  
To be prudent and amiable making for fake cadences  
And I for the borders that were rolling sweets  
And the planes being grounded but for rolling mists  
I could not 1].lp but wonder about the television  
Set like '-a....d'e ild in front of the television  
Juvenile in the next room as if the past were recommended

III.

And you who are auburn-headed I have said  
Survived the policing of the grounds to the palaces  
Nut-shell sunshine but you were recommended  
And the fossils making jewelry in their own images  
Now to fool you now to not the great pretenders  
Spontaneous exercise of the half-moon its whole distances  
We disturbed not a single hair when we came alive  
The very green of the turf we leave unvisited  
To fail you and to please you we will entertain you  
Tactics considered in bowling alleys being sure  
Being the very special meat of the seventies  
And a very special meat indeed because of the magazines  
I am not sure there is a dock comes after this  
The spectral will of the sun on my paisley watch  
And Kafkian parables parading like laundromats  
Dear I am very unsure of the Wawa or we are there  
You truly dreamy though we carp and exist  
And contemporize ourselves with Goo-gone swatches  
Fashionable entrances being more prone to decay  
The Bible tract seeming to cave it all in  
Tomb of the radical despots tooling it all over  
A fragment of a hair of Genghis Kahn which explodes  
The chimneys coming down finally in this dead-end town  
Swooping in to cull from the sowers their own taxes  
To invigorate the mind its repressed sensibility  
Where I have wandered too close a spotted million  
Tapped me on the shoulder I said God bless you and a  
Sudden flaking commenced and then a chorus and a Holiday

## The Wind, the Clocks

*for Walter Lew*

This is how shrewd: the votes are in  
and all the back-slapping is purgatorial.

There are blossoms in every tree:  
fine time spent in ranged customs,  
burnt blossoms that's  
naïve, spectacular,  
though dawn is its violence.

An effable structure  
leans into arced wind.

But it's variable in New York,  
what price you pick, and energy.