

Versuche: 19

**Dot-Matrix Poems:
Three Sequences
[1993]**

PEBBLES BAM-BAM MICHAEL DOUGLAS WHITNEY HOUSTON
KEANU REEVES OTHER MODELS CHEAP TRICK THE TALKING

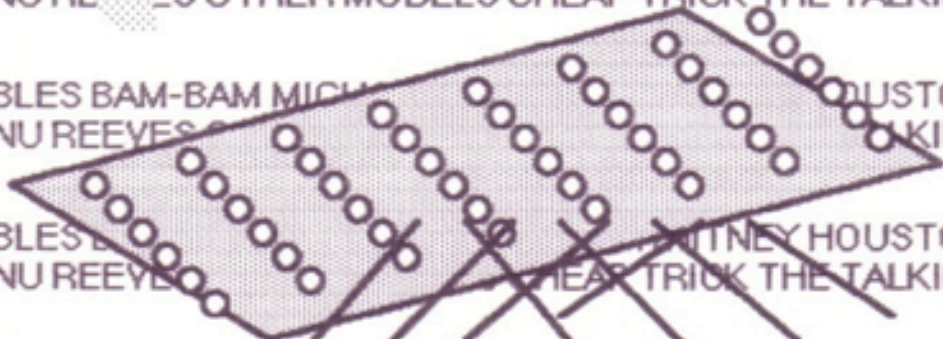
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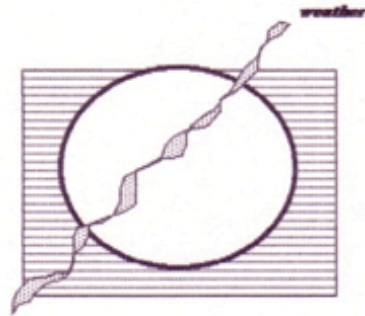


How 'em
I doin'?



A

FETISH



*no
weather*

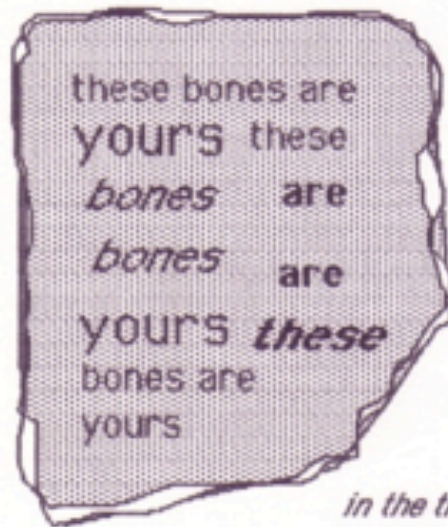
EYESIGHT

EYESIGHT

EYESIGHT



a
d
e
m
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i
l
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h
o
o
d



*h
o
u
s
e*

in the truth serum

Diatrise *The clear yellowish fluid obtained upon separating whole blood into its solid and liquid components*

your generous house



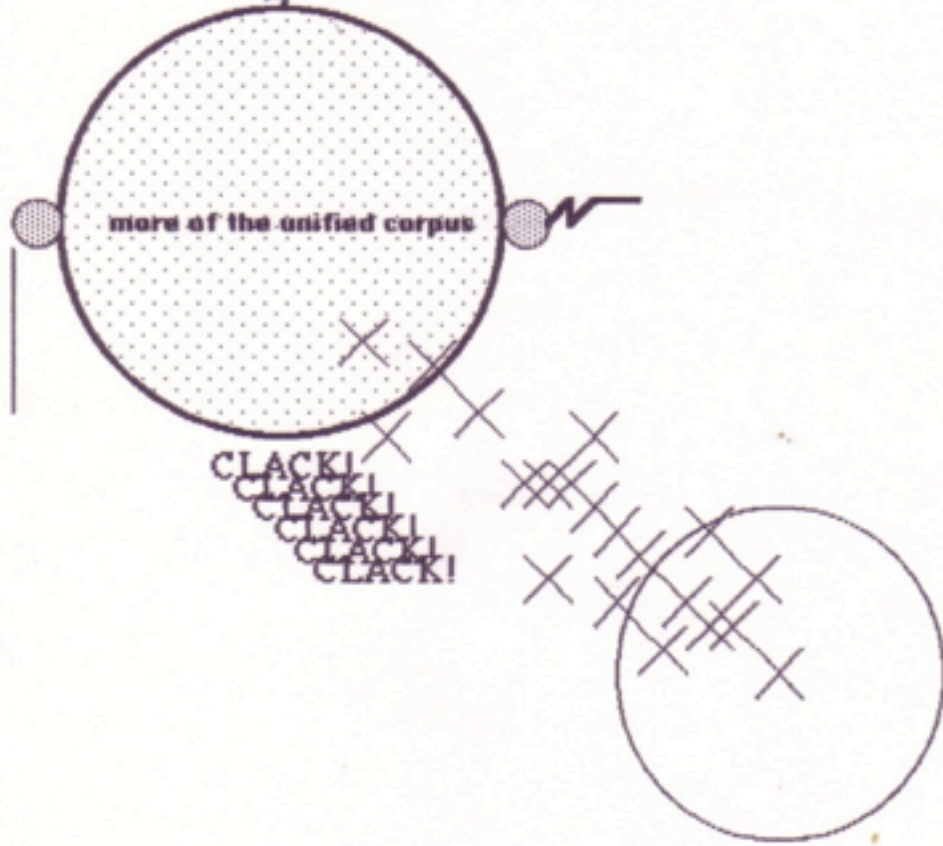
GIVE A SHIT

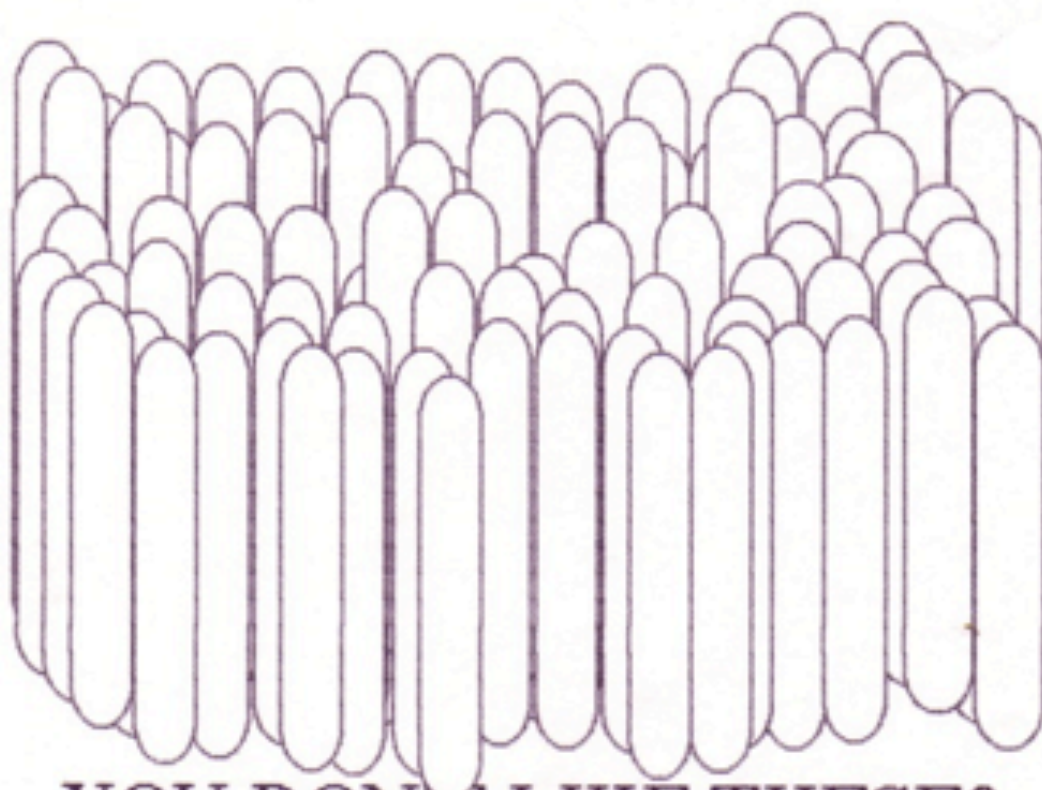
who?
who?
who?
who?
who?
who?
who?

who?
who?
who?
who?
who?
who?
who?

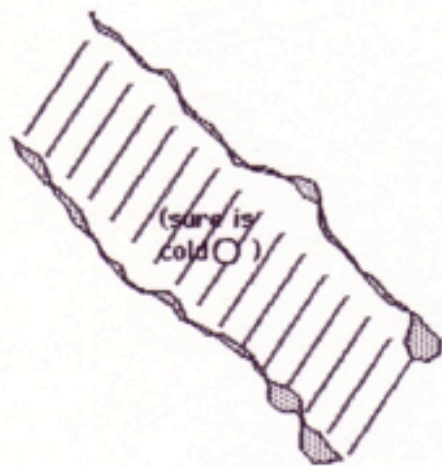
9 A.M. (THESAURUS)

MARTENOT





YOU DON'T LIKE THESE?



The Bitter Ways of the Extracted, Unused Narceine

The downpour was... the fragments of alluvi...
customs prom... something of a splenic sheen
on the l... the galvanic sun was disconcerting. His gait,
canted... ward in the wind, dream-suff...ing, produced
an...res temps autres moeurs of l'
...ad, the exuviae of his harsh li... rendered, his wings
...listered into a swatch resem...ing the panicked camphire, flower
of the Bible. This cambere' path is exhilarating, he
thought (and thought to re-ommend it to the drayman
who was putting on pounds), so why need I wait like a peon
leathered to a garnet cross to assume its wandering, why
not start now? And, ... considering the gangers
whom he knew were ...ained on him like a half dozen blinding photisms,
perhaps hanging in his midst (like the withering
after season betel hangs) but
unobserved, he continued his viscous musings. But the gangers were there...
he proceeded with his abigail inquiries with... wise caution
his eyes fixed to the cantering sky, his...ine, itch.

It was surprising that he never or... cam upon a muzhik
scratching his horse. The re... as his faultless aegis, circumventing
perilous flanges of thoug... of life, with a skill
worthy of harrovian de... .., rare in these parts,
despite his choice to bl... .. him with a peaked grin, only, and not
the true tunic of its le... ..nt shelter. His pleasance,
nonetheless, at the g... ..s of his costumed dominie, was
apparent in the cler... .. brisk shuffle of his stogies,
as he admired the agrant lawns, the testudinal hills.

He had yet to encounter the waij of the importunate parclose.



dear friend, its
simply
three

remorse

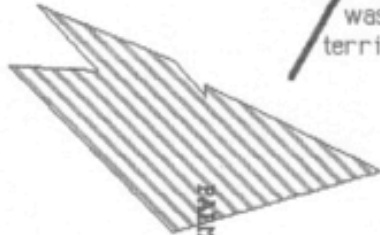


UNCERTIAN

GLAGOLITIC

it need-
ed poetry
so
I de-
cided to ab-
stract from
its
whims
i.e.

take some-
thing of
my life &
put
it



PAIN LOVER

if you
knew, then
why
not say
so?

a
p a i r
o
f
l e g s

perhaps
a pair of shorts
does it?
It leads me to think
of the way I
used to
love you

STRIKE!
they read, and
were
simply
mortified... that
HEAD!
about
whistles
it
was
terrible

it
down, the
practise I had already
long developed having
become somewhat ob-
solete
HONOR THE
MOOD-SWINGS OF
KITTENS!
(meow)

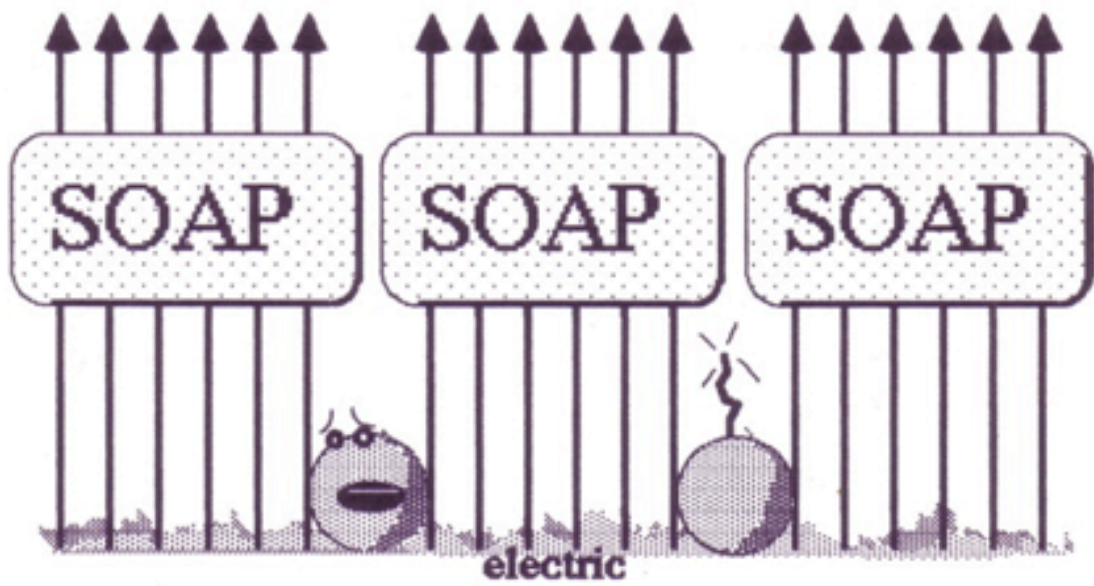
**SHE CONFESSED: IT'S
SUCH A CURSE TO BE
A FEMALE DON JUAN**

a
c
c
u
s
e
s
e
r
e

her shorts

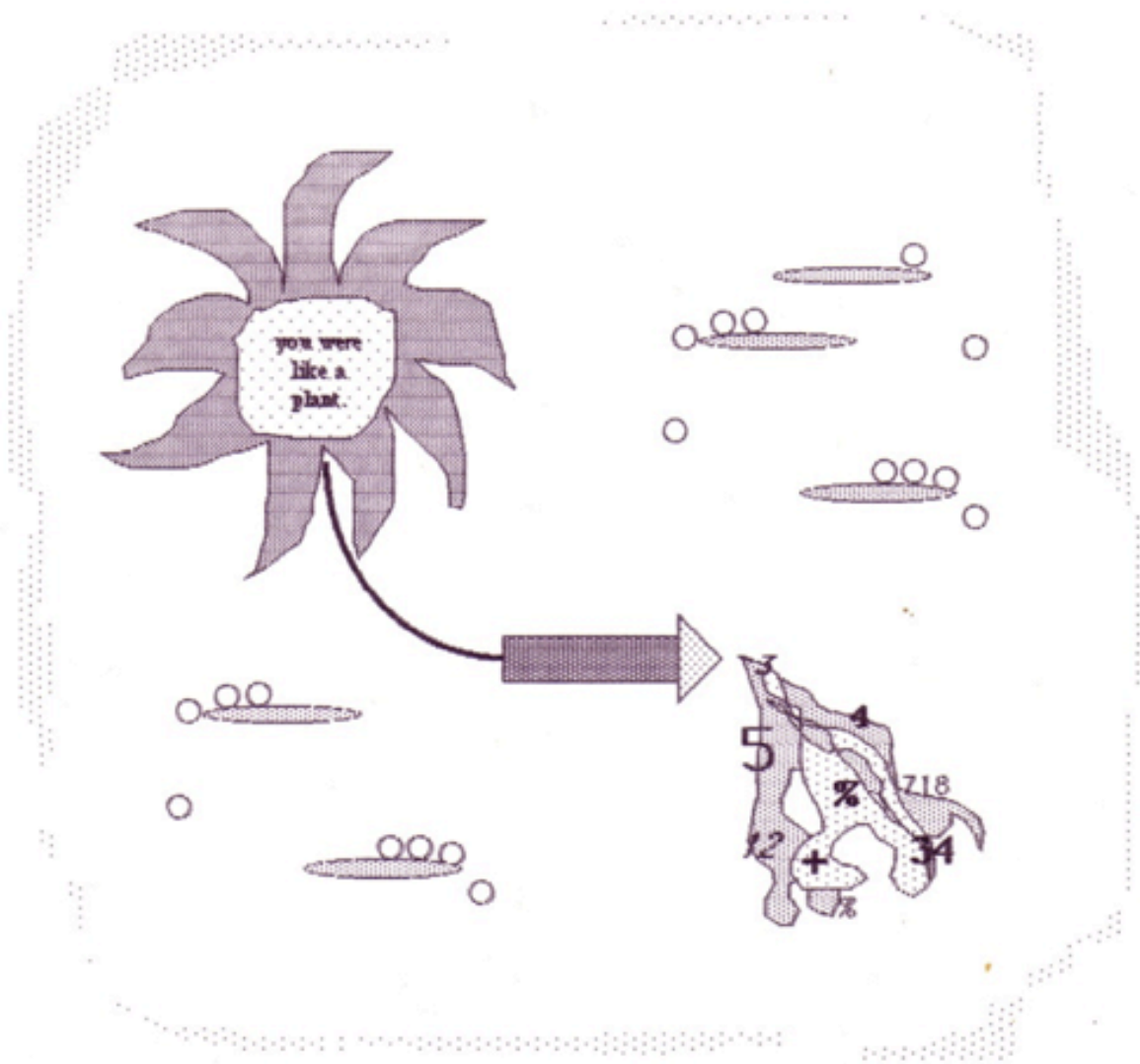
shan't
accuse me

SPEED!





- a** ashcan
- b** brook
- c** chimney
- d** dreck
- e** effervescent
- f** flick
- g** guild muscle
- h** ham



PRINTEMPTS

SERIAL MOVEMENT.

CLAMOR.

NO.
THERE WAS A FROG IN IT.

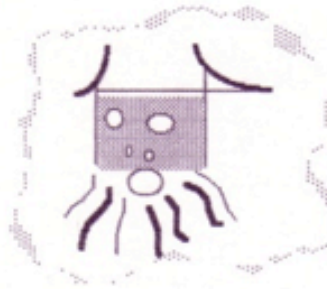
replace existing 177



serialmovement.



clamor.



no,
there was a frog in it.

Tribeca

Poems / fragments
fr: Walter Lewis
Brian Stewart -
May 93 -

They are looking for me, these
boys on the street. *I am not there!*

How can they expect me
to be Mayakovsky
if they have no sense of humor!

*

The grocery store clerk
is unusually polite:
I don't dread seeing him, mornings
I awake too early:

my mind has diligent
spiders,
which are timely with their noise. The clerk

hands me the change
in both palms

and I read about how this is propitious.

The boys, nonetheless,
follow me
back from the grocery, and

these deductions evoke Pasolini:

that I am not one of them,
and have other business, that

Pasolini
brought them his business.

*

The sun

2

was bright on
the side of the building, like
on a cliff face.

Novels

Your ability to speak
on a Sunday afternoon,

the sweat beginning to form
on your forehead,

typing
your latest news for the calendar:

Edmund Wilson is dead
pages before his journals
were ever completed.

You will probably tell your friends:
the Mac is a composing machine,
and court banality.

*

Expecting that day
and none to surpass it
you are made wondering about being aged:

your lower jaw
having become the prank
of some suburban
dentist.

You don't know anybody gone that far,

(it is difficult to laugh at the ones that are nearly there)
and are thankful.

*

The summer should be
like that of Brazil,

or Jersey City,
in a novel:

so much companionship
and potential for murder
trapped among the fading leaves...

leaves which still master
their arching weight
in the pots.

The smell is resonant, humid
and water in the air seems ungodly.

And these blanketing leaves
have come from where?

breathed into the memory
to make these novels so sad, melancholic.

In a nation of the anachronistic

I am looking at you
through roseate spectacles.

I have conjured up a dream life
to market appropriately,

you are sometimes a part of it.
Now, for instance, as you are,

in your faded jeans, with your back to me,
bending to re-set a plant, one of

your plants,
the pride of your apartment.

As, for instance, now I am in your apartment.

I am not outside, where I could be
freezing, and voiceless, or smart
with a harangue of impressions. I am inside your apartment
with substitute impressions. Your name

is elaborated in my catalogue.

*

In a nation of the anachronistic
these words never spill
into conversation. Someone will find them

in a drawer, a pantry,
some invisible place, and drop
them, and mercifully oneself, into the sea.

The day might continue as it had been planned
for centuries.

That apartment would be riddled
with these opaque miracles
of attention
so much that it is inattention:

the discovery would find
the discoverer alone
quarantined as
a non-believer,

touching the face to instigate comfort.

5

There is
such truth
in the can't-be-pondered

from the range of life
as it's acted in the cities.

There is
no room for them
these satellites,
these bellies from another time
that are always starving.

And their keepers are secrets.

*

But you
as I've barely spoken your name
and whisper it here: Sophia

are before this chaos
as I am, with
and within it.

Equally we spend our days
subtle and deranged:

the smoke of a party
in a single house
on which we choose
to trespass. So we trespass

and remind, remind that consideration
is a matter for everyone (even the hopelessly bourgeois).

That is the limit of our art.

The goal is for the daughter of ourselves
to be undecided in her occupation,
aware that she suffers from falling nerves
and may come home

with troublesome stories:

that the schools are cold
and crammed with contention,
is no place for a burgeoning witness.

We know
that this nation
of the anachronistic
sleeps with her ruminant dreams.

We are hoping
she discovers this book.

Mayakovsky Poem I

My mother will remark
that my teeth are bad,
that I have grown thin.

How can I explain
that it's just Mayakovsky
working like acids through my veins!

I will be dead
tired
and stretch out on the couch and

*

the conversation has turned
to me. Mother, how can I say
that I am always talking
about me! that

7

this is my subject!

It is a subject whose scholarship
is 24-7 with no rewards!

I have cornered the market!

And my hands
would be dead on my lap
like lapdogs.

Epigrams

Night, it is early morning:
tell me about the day
with its pastel nature.

Don't tell me about it.
We will find ourselves rather disliked.

*

To you in Rutherford I give you my word
that the same poem spoken is the one sung

that the poem is still foreign
something beyond custom

and that you will have, finally
a name for your church.

*

I am planned for a walk on Saturday.

She has called
who denies me over again. But we walk.

We both understand our circumstances
make impossible "permanence in relationships."

*

Reading that contemporary Greeks have the gods...

How shocking for the poets of America!

Will someone

wake up the old one in the dusty tomes
and compel him towards taking up arms.

*

I was reminded of the time in basements
I spent in my youth.

Vision
it was dark.

This was rich.

That is the nature of our corruption:
when light is only seen as the saving light.

*

Let us remember
night into morning. The Holland
tunnel is a tail from Jersey. I am
remembering coffee. My patience wakes.

I am even now resembling a living poet.

*

But that is impossible.

Let us
get ourselves rather
disliked.

*The brother for whom
you ply your charms
has named you vagrant
with his alarms.*

That is classic.

Tribeca

Sometimes I forget to pray
and a mediocre book
falls from my side.

The streets are covered
with the stray leaves.
I am not upset.

I continue walking peacefully, humming
as if the last day had turned
much like the rest and it has.

The walls are usually filled with poems.
I can never take them into my pocket,
which excites me. I must
surrender myself to the therapy.

*

The night is adorned
with goblins of my past.
There is nothing like history

10
to adopt you!

I am running, now
from these dream figures, who have
much better sneakers...
because, alas, they are so young!

I am running
to keep up with the taxi
I leapt from to confront my selves

varied, speechless, and proud,
that I bribed into sticking around.

So much
to run from
and to! The figures
of my past
continue to loiter and keep records.

*

My diary has nothing of the virtue
of a notebook sketchbook
of an artist, rather,

is filled with bills,
receipts and payments
I hoard towards substantiation. It's this humor

that is hounding me. My old soles
are in terror! It's this variation
on surprise
that they think is unoriginal

when the moment comes for action.

So I am counting
on a fruitful sleep
to invigorate my senses.
It never comes.

*

And how could it be
that a pamphlet
can be the seed of revolution

but that a book is often
an invitation to sleep,
so many invitations, you are bothered?

This street that is lined
with your dead heroes
is merely a display of postcards,

one that you can send
to your aunt in Switerland
to prove that, alas, you are Korean!
I mean:

there is something in the sound of waves
piping in to conduct you
like a church

portable in its very
eagerness to instruct
but with nothing like the revelations

that will always be work:

the many days that hit you
suddenly like one day,

like a faint, anarchic peace.

Celanese

The cops are speaking
Celanese: they deride his development.
The cash is carried. Quick
are the orders. The phantoms stick

to the pavement though.

Schnee
itself is not sticking.

One dreary night in Berlin
is all I remember
of you

you with whom
I now spend my days:

a poem that was marvelous
about dead, unspoken names.

Only in Berlin, with your Russian tongue
irreverent in the next room
could I pardon myself to other places.

*

The room was a place that was lent to us.

The poem was ^{an} attempt at invocation.

The Child's First Words

The gray is the gray of a thousand stones.

The miles are perceptible
inside the stones
and the names are still ringing.

The sky is alive with memory.

The road is sometimes
composed of these stones.

*

But you were speaking.

How could I forget
that you were speaking!

I must have been remembering something terrible
to have you disappear like that
and reappear, and tremble

and slow and slow and slow
tremble.

These words are ours.

(recollection)

I must have been mistaken thinking
that the sounds of my fingers dancing
could be the sound of words.

*

I have made paper
washed like the stone.

You asked why I'm always dreaming.

Because I do not believe
the things around me (including you),
and my cruelty persists.

Laugh like the raging Buddha
into the night.

The Child's Second Words

Does the city understand this?

One elephant rages in an apartment
with his works of poetry.
One could as soon forget him
but for his currency. But the line

remembers. Could it be known?

The Rilkean subject has retreated to the underground.
The Rimbauldian ecstasy is no more a trespass.
One poet, who is an elephant, has constructed
a vase of dandelions.

The capital offense is in the dreaming
the world will come around
to the wealth of dandelions.

The Child's Third Words

which weren't as pleasant

the scaffolding corrupted

long tail into Holland

ventilator is absent sky

crane "folly and crane"

These things I would love to send you

*

Normative applauses were high priced

were't as pleasant

cannon cigars secretive havens presence amiss

bad monk high price

*

The grace of a president's apogee

It is an entertainment for kings.

The Child's Fourth Words

Of course, I am always expecting
and doing so, am out of line.

*The rose of our gardens is the same.
The rose we are viewing is the same one.*

therefore, there is not sympathy
even though we were formally others.

*We have retaliated with our sin.
We are nothing beyond a thousand pardons.*

The scent of the rose is sweet. It is a telegram,
it is an eye, and it is a whistle.

*The chorus you once heard was a paper stack.
The choices you have earned are taken back.*

The choices we have decided upon are better.
Therefore, let us live freely in the one gaze.

*It is a question.
It is a prison.*

*

Did I ever tell you
the story, overheard
at a subway terminal. It was

nothing but creaks
of a hinge. It was
better than music, as music

is doled out
by the musician. For pay! And my

music why

even the no-talented
could play it

provided I be there.

That is the story.

*

It is a question.
It is a prison.

Asian American Poem

You waited
into the room.

You proceeded
to play with my dress.

Being post-activist
you eliminated the flowers.

My respect for you
foundered briefly.

*

Confronted with the guidelines, I followed.
I needed... I mesmerized you.

The hirsute curtains
were a strange distress

but the log you were in,
it was stolen.

*The numbers were the following
69, 89, 93.*

*Beyond that
I'll comprehension. We waved it!*

*a glove in front of
your glass eye.*

I didn't understand
the terms when we started.

*

Now, I do.

I am straighter than Clark Kent
and dare to say it.

Oh, laughter is the language
of the rain!

Laughter, it is time!

*It is yours, too,
so dust off those dancing Buddhas!*

Selections from "Miss Prison"

a work in progress

there sleeps in the doorways of this city the entire immigrant population of a country recently denied of trees * how, do you ask, does the entire population of a country abandon a homeland even a homeland desiccated to up and populate a city whose name is unavailable to their language * of trees *

of the city and its new mind the president has issued a declaration that is presently a tissue in the verbatim of the public mind * of trees *

there existed a wise man in this homeland ancient that he was who could cull from the facade of a building the entire history of its occupants and name them one by one as if each were the broom or the blossom of the roots of the oldest tree*

once was written a prayer on the forehead of a ghost that no one believed belonged there but whom was nevertheless fed a diet of seeds and dice until the youngest grew up to be strong the oldest grew to be tired that read that a ship will sail to every coast with another prayer that would be revised subtly to intoxicate the richest of the rich and poorest of the poor and that soon you would not be needing me * anymore

i think

the rules of sex are hell for you * the
games and kinds, schools, minds, schooled
minds * think it bad * think it's nuts for you
* waking and waiting, watching, baiting,
fating berating, someone a trouble other
than * true * tools fools, cool hinds * think
it's a fright for you * wanting and fonting *
hell it's a nightmare the

crass and unlikely zooming up to the door/
step, streetlamp and ants, pedestrians
pedants, pederasts cringing in their night

coats, coasts of the sublime crime in
roller sneakers, peekers, only seekers and a
word offered, like a dime or chip off the
data

block, sock (of the eye), high, the relish,
judgement, covenant, repugnant, pungent,
hovering lovin' it husband, larks and starts,
farts, tarts hearty-harr in the windows of
incandescent

time *

it's no it's no *

the screen that is a scream o miss prison
long ago in the since-

test *

a well for you * a tell for you * that the [
] is trusted to be beyond the .

the screen that is a scream o miss prison
long ago in the since-
test *
a well for you

did you find a use?

in the time the warden was motionly
 bankrupt * dangling on a pear * the *richt*
 the *wahrheit* the bluto luggish morning a *
 serpentine descent * even foundering, even-
 ing sounding the reading of after-hours or
 toes, snows, tones of the chrysalist, yet
 honoring the native * scent, and steaming

in the entreaty * bland as a singer's
 stare, the fine and file languishing over the
 turked key, the wondrous heightening * of
 tile * of

course I found a
 useused

to the way the sky tears the spit the
 seeds of this the major temper of that our
 living leaving lost losing the major's ghost
 coast counting country the gram attical *
 stinging pike like-hike the reign of these our
 days myriad in the wonder/meant desolate
 in skies' lies in and on and never to be told
 like caustic in the coroner's thighs crosstic
 in the which winch the be ratable coapsible
 con flatable political

divine

marry me

divorce the horse!

marry me first, then I'll

and they say the light will lover
 causic on the prince's sands
 ankle deepen, ankle divide and deepen
 plangent and retro
 the roaring wild flam/dingoes its semi-
 nars/good and of good sense
 the crisis creepers, mob
 attribute c'reers
 pain in its precinct pains the pre/fixed
 dict formalhied genitalia * communists
 credit * edited with whims, ant
 hollery in the two step march * do-step *
 recourse into the/action, migraine enter-
 taining * discourse retraction, compense/
 sense
 you who were with me and adored me the
 syllables then granged then flee *
 you who cried in the carriage/myth fig-
 ures and put down stets
 you, flostered
 you who can't can can can't call/swarm
lichenlicht
 domonstrate
 the domestic grading alibis of sons in
 suburban tenements/tearums with predis-
 position toward spam
 engendered in the freierlight
 dated at the prom

well you tell him to come to me
and see if we can't figure this out * cous-
ins crap careers and flangering wren/ts
and tell him the forced course/course of
his graining matrimony granting (favorite
wurd) thince thins since in his wired ass do
up hair/ding
dung of a matter... I am really wanting to
speak to him
yet straighten him all
out *
the credit he ne'er do well to contemplate
drinks plinks in the fount of a event essened
yout' * he's creat-
ure's a compromise
dawning at the hilt *
the worried and somnambulant brass
worried he's tossed for the radium boss tol'
me shrank for the melody
whole hole geranium high/arch he and
you/art then in the groom roomed doomed
downed/ascent Robin in a hit
charade *
tell him I am here:
the leaves boil in the teas of the yucca and
the brain of the calf *
tell him to get his pansy hog's ass out of
the circulator

what thoughts I have of you tonight and the
things I want to steal o liberal consumer
that your ashes are my ashes and my throat
one with yours as we kiss french style in
the veranda of this our town turning ever
orange ever dark/darkening and ever into
the perfect tense/dish that we mutually
prepared though agree is not worth paying
our money

for * nor our diets

happenstance that is crystalization of all
I've aspired too though you sit here/there
grinning feebly in the waning light o do your
daughters speak so well of you as I do and
do the dirt and shards of that your shoes
adopt o ever determinating shoes-in-shoes
that are the emblem of my success the
record of your the heights and minds the
loyal dogs of yore the dauntless enterprise
o do you collect these artifacts riches these
golds as I collect these scattering impres-
sions

of you * my frere

I am wanting a little

more * there

do I continue?

itineraries are in your eyes, magics in
the card * o career of landsacks!

(Miss Prison)

there in the magazine with the covers
turned down of the books and the cristance
submerged within the variety of its own
common good sense

there in the tohu-bohu of depleted re-
source enervated lichtany musician histor-
economy o how the sea and the see o the
scene and the photograph divorced meat/
horsed morsed from the neigh/bor's in-
telligent third life/

raisor of the daughter
of the real estate broker,

Magazine will spend most its indolent
Sundays

in the mall *

o do not you worry the time is spent well
the crowds in abeyance in abeyance the
grunching crowds

on Fridays *

the story unfolds to halve a suitor, pale
with a/dreams that are kept within the thin
sire/light of the hold that he holes wholes
hoses/ knows is the tremble conscious

of the stallion/a

rapscallion

he's the critical divide

between poetry and enforced gents *

'at intergene in which his * comix/appear