

**Versuche: 03**

**Wand (Draft)  
[1993]**

check spelling +  
line breaks +  
word divisions

Wand (Draft)

By Brian Kim Stefans

July 73

(last weekend in) —

I was wondering  
the screen a missile, pulverized intent, play  
of one's histories, if the cannibal with all its seers  
and appetites, plagiarism (of another discourse)  
or mere pragmatisms can, in a way, change  
the institution of fatal lobotomy, i.e.

what occurs for our poets: screen  
them, deride them, and so hole  
them up to teach boredom  
or monumental conformity  
in pleasant classrooms:  
the derived too-soon  
from youngster's am-  
bitious: the draw to  
oblique gravities  
inhabiting textbooks  
something like cook-  
books: no peasant  
tradition makes them  
interesting: and how  
this can all be changed  
through polemic, re:

C.

Bernstein:	able: how does one know the poem
his long	is an avenue of torture, and not
discursive	of escape: if escape, indeed
poem-essay or	is what one thinks, what
how would he	one needs: how to pre-
term it: I could	serve an essential in-
guess not what I	tegrity: I believe
would term it: we	it is so: integrity
must escape <i>terms</i> : an	inside or out-
offering of heads without	side: to eat
intelligence: the blood replaced	it: and then
by syntax: pure, complete, absorb-	to vomit:

↑  
sp. B.

back

from the toilet                      an arbitrary  
manner of separation? well, I'm aware that you have  
missed me: is enough? and wondering if the matter ab-  
sorbed from Bernstein: an ambitious misreading, hope-  
fully, demonstrably, related to other readings: that  
of R. Kostelanetz, and: of D. Antin, as well derived  
from a significant dissatisfaction with the clear-  
eyed anachronism, J. Hollander: lots of K's! a  
meat that is offered, refrigerated beyond  
content: (read: an opposite of dis-  
content) and my talk too narci-  
ssistic, to rebel against har-  
mony: I love harmony: I  
had a vision of my-  
self in the  
mirror,  
lately: where

check

the crotch should go: there were my eyes: where  
the hand should go: I put it: I waved it be-  
fore my failed eyes, and the mind relapsed  
to its harmony: ah, now there's: the rub! read:  
sending antennae signals (for the female's an-  
tennae) (since antennae are invariably not  
senders) (who says) (I says, and so does  
S. Spielberg, N. Laureate on pterosaurs, re:  
dinosaur abstractions) so to willingly  
define the trance, amidst cracker-jack  
ambitions, lost epilogues: to manage  
a work that is silent, crumbles when  
the viewer, too sick to want, calls it  
a stain, or a picture: to laugh like a  
nineteenth cen-  
tury beggar: a man  
of the streets: one is a *man*  
of the streets (pardon the an-  
tique gender) and the colors it

pro  
duc  
es: the  
beg  
gar, blue  
ringed  
eyes, in  
com  
pre  
hen  
sible  
gar  
bage lan  
guage:

in  
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ger, the  
that made

since as  
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all  
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times, that  
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tury's  
time  
was  
tossed:

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fools:  
  
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al per  
suasions:  
"other":

wheat  
grow  
in  
Siberia:

now  
that  
we're  
fi  
nally  
talking:

*check  
breaks*

five:

I have another word regarding the contents of the essay: the contents of an essay: the combined fears of one's mind: col-

lapsed into a diction that, when offered and assumed: it's not failure: in fact, the better for poetry: for poetry, often at a loss: for words: for a mothering push: for a view that is portable, assumable: that milk that doesn't cause farts (but do I mean that, L.

Rivers?) for a dime that is more: an exchange that one can have with painters: that is, poets, who are speakers, and want so hard to thrive, communicate this thriving, but are more often laughable (odd) exteriors (I've mentioned exteriors) and find that

respect is a garnish for the weak: the respect of the

week: and cannot bear the loss for their own talk in a bar:

these poets have that loss: draw the lines, or trace the flow chart: these poets who are nothing but symbolist sterility, or even: early modern pagan excess, fertility, but who leaf (or

fall like a leaf) through the papers as if

through a text, these guys, these lov-

able big guys: no waste lands in their

waist bands, no spring and all in

their oder-eaters, or har-

monium in their

odi-

um:

ha!

now isn't

that

the way

to

go: to

pun the

en-

tire

earlier

century: soft-

en the

early

mind:

so as to

make

progress

simpler: a

matter

of

frank

technique!

ha!





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ploded  
remarkably  
intact

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answer  
remained a  
policy

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master  
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and  
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*write?*

then, in- then, in-  
deed, the deed, the  
parent recognizes the child: the blistered eyes, the swollen  
hands: and beyond the frontiers of its guile, green farms  
conform: the suburbs rendered stricken, the family al-  
bum as a cause for controversy: yes, poet: yet, also  
the scientist, figure painter, charlatan, fiend, as  
well, the jester: all of them, underneath the  
mask (that tranquility) he with his toys: under-  
neath where a face is formed (of guilt) where his  
nose is formed (of quilts, Eliot, Stevens) or his  
lashes are light as Rimbaud's: do you see the  
cold traveller?: parents, wish him well, he  
deserves it, mocked by his school fel-  
lows, laughed at by the  
girls, hands in bro-  
ken pockets, the as-  
sky! is my pires to  
sore: the luck that  
falls to the best, his  
friends: he retires to the  
dark: here there is plenty: to  
the night, where a home is construct-  
ed of fiberglass, cathode-ray tubes, or oily  
pigments from his skin: he is a clown: his eye  
a dripping tear, with constancy of ash, and finger-  
nails of mica: and here an invigorating sense of pre-  
cision: that modifies a decision, and raises from the dol-  
drums, a face like an orphan: wonderful fiction: as-  
sumed responsibility, of the war, the torture, the times:  
oddly he's no warhorse: of course he can ponder rains  
and weekends, in fables where the grass is tall: he's  
no mirror: a seer, one who bruises, with both  
hands, nothing he can touch, the  
will beyond the  
syllable:

look  
up

not  
enough to  
wake in

the  
morning

nor  
sleep all  
night a

fit  
of memory

has  
been made  
an idol

now  
a plastic

has  
been made  
to wear

for I think (again, I  
am thinking) it's this, these  
fictions, not odd, found  
in books, sponged from  
books: how to record the  
nature of such nec-  
essities: the ground, ex-  
citement of a pre-  
history, in the province of  
centuries: that breathe an  
applause: that is stifling: draws  
from its pages a per-  
sonal paradigm, but noth-  
ing nearer to what one: dreams  
is the province of  
truth: in fact, the po-  
et is deluded, the  
particulars of his par-  
ticular engagement, a  
wash: the  
sons and daughters of  
prior effort, im-  
precise, and  
fallen to the  
kings: pawns of long prees-  
tablished fact: (this is the re-  
cent discourse): but only  
remain, through the an-  
thologists, who attempt to  
wake, to their repu-  
tations: this requires a lang-  
uage: they must speak the  
language: must not cross toward  
decisions: that are totalling,  
weird: one  
way  
that society may make  
its poets: there are  
too many ways to  
make a: poet:



speaking of  
which, the discus-  
sion has digressed: a  
matter of poor fortune: as  
that was our subject: but, now  
the moon has separated books  
from reality: my loss is that of  
a mother for son: a poet for a  
muse: but none but a poet can  
find this amusing (therefore, we  
speak: speak in adjectives: as this  
project is an adjective): did I say  
this project is part and parcel of the  
project of absorption: I am being  
absorbed: I'll probably eat once  
a day, and make enemies of my  
friends: my mother prepares the  
eggs (literally) (this time an om-  
elette): my father is play-  
in games: I'm much like  
my father, in this respect: no  
respite but what I make  
of my money: not time: no  
time: but tic-tac-toes of  
a masturbatory kind: (I  
saw Jeff Koons in a late-  
night show: he mastur-  
bated for the audi-  
ence: was laughed at: it  
wasn't sad: it  
was fitting:  
it was  
J.  
the six-  
ties:

Koons: he  
claims to have  
no autograph:  
no hands: no  
nothing: how re-  
markable!: but he  
not unlike my  
father, playing  
Nintendo: (this  
was stolen: you  
can steal these po-  
ems: use a xer-  
ox machine: oh do  
it!): which was  
stolen: so now the  
road games he so en-  
joyed, are on some  
Manhattan street (where  
I can surely buy it):  
are not in a child's home  
but are barter for some  
crack: oh that he had big-  
ger joys!: like the shed he  
built: yes, there's that: (but  
I make things you  
must steal: steal  
them! you must: like  
that book from

groups:

the six-  
ties, that  
sac-  
red cow, the  
cen-  
tury of  
greatness!:  
when the sac-  
red cows  
of  
today:  
were born: I  
feel  
it, in  
my  
work:

work

with A-

sian Am-

erican

only: and this

is a big

:only: there

is the

mo-

ney: we want

the money:

how

a

Ko-

rean

says money: it

nearly rhymes

with lonely:

and

this

is my

mow

knee:

*lonely*



but one must be made a-  
ware: that the joke is a syllabus, that the  
head: a

head of a school, for instance, or  
of a pin: both are attention  
draws: one

can as easily ig-  
nore them (this is the  
discourse, too) and proceed to the

piano category, which requires an  
arm (this is easily  
supplied) master the

basic tonalities, then move  
toward cacophony, which dissolves  
power (this

is my point): laughing eastern deities, and  
strobe lights, and  
goony eyes,

a symphony of un-  
repentance: this is one avenue  
of escape (call it the big

adventure): another involves  
stamps for an album: the scenes from  
Catullus

depicted there: perhaps a society  
of reprobates, those  
with a sense of hu-

mor can help you here (the  
fluidity of thought, that is  
lost causes): vine

of unnatural behavior, that leads you back  
to the vines of  
a garden, where

Celia played, her innocence  
and flesh: and comically, for this  
is a movie:

we've spoken about movies: but I: who have a taste for stamps (this  
ob-  
vi-

ous-  
ly of my autobiography) and have a taste for this  
touch: did I mention

that these are  
trends: and when do they meet, but in  
this city, where a man

with a jewel-  
ry box, runs into the cowboy (the  
former: strange and myopic:

the latter: beyond the  
bounds  
of his paint: and both absorbed in the con-

temporary technique, which is  
a conundrum): and did I  
say: I wish to cross

these fields: I think to pull these  
individuals to-  
gether, and make my mo-

vie of them: and I think to say this  
wrongly: and I think I'm  
still asleep:

wanting

a little: more: and more I think

I can provide: listing speech: listening to  
my uncle and his girlfriend in the pool: she's just  
screamed: they must be having fun: and speaking of Kore-  
an speech: it was he who taught me how to pronounce "mowknee"  
they way I have just exhibited it: I remember: re: John Yau: my  
question about having Chinese parents: did they speak it?: what for  
changes did it make?: did it mean: did it change meaning: must change  
meaning: (discard the sacred cows): did it make you feel (but I didn'  
t of course ask all these): but he answered them: he's quite a speak-  
er: he answered them: I put it in my article (which made for difficul-  
ties: as the subject was meaning, and I: wasn't meaning: I was writ-  
ing journalism): but anyway, the article was: finished: the meal eat-  
en: and John made a real impression: on me: on the reader(s): it  
has not yet been printed: and I want to ask him more: because  
not only because T.S. Eliot wrote to his mother (maybe to  
make conversation) that he heard the words a little  
before he wrote them in: patterns: and John  
Yau says I didn't know the words  
but kne



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stractions:  
they are abstractions:  
they are nothing but silly  
abstractions: regarding speech

as markers for person-  
ality: is it any wonder, there  
is such con-  
fusion: the conferences rank  
with enmity: people who, with hand on

gat, and  
toe on other  
toe: railing against  
the madness: madness of one's  
peers: madness of one's

great-  
est interest: other  
people: I mean: other  
people's  
opinions: that is the odd  
fact: the irony of  
literature,  
too: and

separates those from  
those who

care: and those who  
care may

as  
we  
ll  
go  
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me

ANDOHOME0I

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WOSOOWELLO

DOOYOU0SEE

OME0DRAPED

OIN0PANTA-

LOONS?

*look up*

but the talk has  
fallen: (you are so  
absent): the speech cre-  
ated, to garner  
attention: flat  
as a pancake:

*and how does one think to choose  
a way of seeing from a way to be,  
a tryst in the evening to the dog  
outside? and I think to be is being  
perematory: as you place it, using a*

sage's ways: but  
fiction my lessons  
anyway: the talk has  
subsided, the cola and  
dogs deferred: and can one  
defer any longer: what  
never can be said, having  
never had access to the  
right  
language?

*absence is only hee-haws  
in the night: your absence  
won't startle me: the screen's light  
is a singular enough at-  
traction: don't play dollars  
with sense: don't make statements de-  
manding penance: esophagus:*

I am with you, with you all  
the way: this music from a mo-  
vie soundtrack, is nothing: it  
means nothing to me: I have seen

Kora surrendered from the mouth of

Hell: I have witnessed your absence

*revel in it:  
toss in it:*

*it is nothing, you  
who spoke to me  
last*

college:

*at the*



s a e f i l my education! I was late- f l o w e  
 a ly missing you: German, so bad, and r  
 w film, geography, students!: but that i  
 a is where I'd be: let's: face it: you p e r u o f n  
 l who wave the flags, so young: you i  
 l who blather about films: (may I s o d e s  
 speak?): tell me that I'm e- t o m o r r o w I  
 roticized on film: Asian, so w  
 male: tell me that I see i  
 not what I see, but that I l  
 missed the book: oh you t  
 people: active: activ- p a d n i f o t y r  
 ists: why do I l who give me  
 need a shape a enough things  
 to rail: ?: c to worry about: e-  
 this is for you: i r T n interesting: but I am not cal-  
 b ling you: o sages: (o  
 e such ire!: but I need a repu-  
 c tation: too?): that art  
 h t i w a without "signature" is art with  
 w persona, that selfless  
 h pious, my ness is a face on a magazine, is a brand  
 a pioneers! join me, as of wheat germ: you, my  
 t this crypt is  
 m sealed: as one last go d o y o u p  
 o at the computer proves l  
 n fertile: oh narci- ? a  
 e cism!: how I alway s s e h c y  
 y recognize you  
 t last! and last, I will sink h  
 h a t I h failing to swim: failing to o  
 a buy De Chirico's Hebderomenos, w  
 l v t e l l trans: John t  
 i e h s Ashbery: me, so o  
 s c i h w o in love with a  
 t i you: Tri- v  
 e n i n g t o t h e r a d beca!: o