



Versuche: 04

Little Orphan Animal
[c. 1994]

Set One



The Great Expectations

are withering
fast, are slowly
on time in
reaching their proper
denouement, strange
French place. It
is Wednesday, great
perspir-

ation is gnawing at
my head, round
robing me in
a halo of smelly
aether; where
are you, Ezra
Pound,
these loud nights when

a romance like
yours would
be
welcome (even if
W.H. Auden ruined it
all for
me!) Great
it could be, life
as a lung, mind, and *sicher*
eye, grand

like a role stood up
straight at attention.

Chinatown

its
streets make little
“sense” so
I thought about
Barthes, how
I put
to the gun would
“explain” him

not! so
to come off as
some long-haired
Victorian
freak, in
my diligence I

have much to
own up
to, as
my library, stuffed be-
yond equilibrium, so
society so-so
and hermetic no no
good at
it This

is
a confession that
I was lost
lost lost
in my
colorful
glasses

in Chinatown

The Storm

The storm rages
sadly, as the
night becomes

a memory:
books
are littered everywhere: a-

mazing that
the night
becomes known
at all!
storm

and rotting window
bearing the thrusts
barely
that the timpani
of the storm is in my room

and the
pages
blown o-
pen
how
to conceal them?

a camera, perhaps

The Host

And now I
take you
into my room: victim
of my
 lost
consequence:

parlor
games
to attract you teas
straight from
China

poems from hell: the
radi-
ator
hisses (I
 assure
you that
it likes
you): you speak

up

you speak up

you are
welcome my
guest

my trays are all
yours
before the divorce

Truly I Do

The conver-
sation
fades, and
the room
empty, o-
blique

The cross
momen-
tary, blood
re-
laxed in-
to its grace.

Into its standard grace
the body conforms
a plastic mode on
the
sideline
returning the glances

plasticine
it is a whim
and how one covers it

This
body that
I
house
evanescent a
dream that is
purchased by chance

dance prance

full as one

honors
it

locked in-
side its
own key

Poem 33

Night wins me
its game of
chess: that
image from a
film: that
night so un-
inspiring with
its images!

*

And talks
and talks and talks: banter
of an
 irrepressible
instinct for
survival: e-
ven in these
dark
times.

*

Night you
know me too
well: how
I am never
 one
to raise an ob-
jection to compromise: that
I take
what I
get.

*

Night you
continue like
a gossip; con-
demned
on the
 streets for
mis-
information

but always one
for *friction*.

*

 Escape:
the holi-
day on
Mars sounds
good to
me these days.

*

The horror one
feels when
confronted with a globe
of happi-
ness that
merely is a light
show, or
worse
a poster from MoMA

*

 that sen-
sation creeps
over me

these times when
words are
merely
fashion at the mall or
a di-
vided conscience
on what the peace-keeping mission is doing these days.

*

Night you
coughed go
build an ig-
loo
cruel
cruel heart, make
your dis-
guise

one that never fools
a wheedling kid.

*

For what is happening
for what is lost

and take
from the
poor and
rich their
circum-
stances and
reply, in the
end that
what
follows

is invariably real.

Little Orphan Animal

The telephone won't
ring, nor the

mailbox be
filled with
 postcards
from loves
Gloomy! walls

containments, these
flat surfaces, of
my
images

scratched out in
the heat of
a
 passing
moment
governed by anxieties...

Walls words
learning me, I'm
goin' to get
 some
learnin'! from
these things

diligently arrayed
to a code
of fluttering wings

“vans
beating the empty
air” you

say? I

dare you to find
so much in Paul
Klee, as
a rigorous assignment!

I dare
you to
toss the dress
of your *finesse*
and claim something under it
A

plan, a
scapegoat, I
am ordered to
retreat
at each new second
that warrants redress

and take
nothing
from it

Nonetheless, the
curb
was
delightful
and carved in glass

Free to be Yu and Mee

What would
a poem like that be
like? the prayer
asks the charlatan
It would
on a calm afternoon, in winter

be much like the peaches, in spring.

*

Thence would spring
a squadron of declarations, would
the room fake the pallor of winter

that the prayer be
no silence that would
be mistaken for a prayer.

*

I mean it a prayer
but rococo spring
interrupts those solemnities that would
could it (and would
it) distil from the powers that be
its necessary, finite hold. It makes a winter

that feels like winter:
progressed, entirely, without a prayer.

*

What's to be-
come of spring
and the Bermudas that would

be ours, and beyond momentary, would

there be the option? There would
be winter
as there would
even if one not
 memorized the prayer
for its
opacity.
One asks that a spring
be simple, direct, and provident... that it just be.

*

But nothing will be
if there is a would
to disturb it: the roads, the spring
won't contain it.
 One rejects winter:
it brings one to sleep... and always to prayer.

This monotone is both: what would

*

that the prayer be
the would that would
make spring of our winter.

This Is A Product

Maybe – just
MAYBE, tell me
in the growth of
this eye
this eye that is colorless...

the corners
are
dank
with neglect, a
February sky
neglects them

The
story, gross
with reprobation, huh!
the Kafka
figure, the
Lowell, snot-
ty nosed!

seed
and
bedtime a-
gain a-

gainst a
garden
of slights

The dawn that
cherisher of
marbles
is
active

with
its duties: steel
coils, tricycle
tires,
natal kicks...

pur-
suing the
vision
to its logical ends...
 jus!
 jus!
and its sadness that figures it

Re-
pre-
hensible ineptitudes! spires
in synch! swallow
deeper deeper deeper
though I sink!

I
sink! a
round the
abstract orange

Poem 28

Why did it seem so
easy for me
to walk over here
and sit beneath

my distant lamp
which no light doth shed,
enough to wake my
querulous head?

– and other occasions
led me to my bed
with enough with the world!
like Poe, when he's dead

tired of rhythms
that push underground
singing of Eldorado
with his pertinent, imperfect sound,

who so enraptured the French
in his leather-gloved fist?
That Poe wasn't
the last
to name himself sadist.

Set Two



To The Gatekeeper

I am
green, and
red.

How
“I don’t give a shit, do
what you want, just
do it.”

of me!
It seems cool.

It seems
publishable.

Itemized, I’ve
little to
offer
though
and get on with it.

I mean
“whose vocabulary is
this, any-
way?” It’s

ours and rare.

Green Apples

And, you know
I'm so tall
I cannot
 see my
feet de-
termine
where each
must
go

So, walk-
ing with a
knife
in my
 hand to
cut my apple
I'm in
for it
should I trip

The Mundane

day draws
its attendants none-
theless, how

sure of its customs!
There a
young 'en, and
here an
old

in the Spring contest.
Tickets

for a day in the sun?

Attitudes!

Your products should be free.

Alba

And I could
circulate that way for-
ever, among
the musics of

American composers
French composers and
Czech composers.

Poem for Rare People

I sit I
wait: the
shape
memory

of your
rarity

*

The doors to
the Museum open in
half an hour make that
more:
an hour

I
depart
wishing you
my room
the best!

*

I suffer
no conver-
sation in
the mornings
of my life

in the evenings
I am
again ambitious!

*

The theory

The throaty
theory

*

Vignettes
are peopled with
you

colors of
you: patterns of
your
willful digres-

sions:
making
a rosary, a movie,
a sacristy

that is smell

*

The dive

await
the dive

*

And after
strange
applauses am I
rude
to you? I know:
I have

much to
re-
learn:

childish
dis-
interest
and childish sex.

*

That is
a pro-
mise: one

carved
chasm
in
word: head

ache:
throat
bathe: still

as the mo-
ment pro-
duces
a providential calm:

*

an
auk:
you rare
bird!

I
want
to see
you.

Abe Lincoln

Is it
gummy? the poem
is the same
 tyrannical
principle: juice
of the
outside of the
orange. Flagrant
drunk. Fulsome
in the
aptitude of excess, quiet
like
Abe Lincoln: quiet, and a
melancholy man.
This is
my
idea
of
democracy: whatever
idea is different
than this: the
extent of the
difference: that
is
democracy. He said

“that from these honored heads
we take increased heads
we take that increased devotion
that these dead”

under this nation
of god
and government
of the people of the government
shall not perish

from the earthy.
democracy!
et.c e.tc etc.

with gregory peck
as the narrator.

To No

I am
not so clear on
my *crime*

*

to know
it
would be
rare and
providential

*

hence-
forth could I wan-

der, a
blip on
the guide-
lines [glowing map]

and all
aimed
at me their

bombs of provisions:

*

what is my *crime*?

*

so I could have all my freedoms.

Minutes

It is
3:41 time
to get the
clock
up
to get the smart up

it is only time for sleep.

*

IT IS
3:42 thinking
of you
I am hectic

that I know nothing
of love
and how one wakes it.

*

3:43 oh
poor me! I sweat
though the snow
blows
out
 my window
snow
de poeme

and a song that is dreamed in light.

*

3:44 the growth
on my foot
says

3:39 but I
fake it look
another way

I would like to hear you say
that you laughed at my poem

*

not *with* it! 3:4-
5 I am
glad
to be alive

I am
tired
but glad
and

think to
light a
cigarette to this
delirious

five minute night.

Planted

You are
planted among the
glorious things
of
privilege:
it is all
privilege: the free-
dom of air!

 fear to
bask in it
till the lungs stop
of over-exertion and
self-love!

*

Criminal
love
thoughtless no-control

The ex-
acerbations of
childhood
well up

and demand its audience

*

You
fallen
into the
 lap
of your teeming garden –

Privilege!

but will it
be
human

when the dangers are all
gone home?

I Am Flexible

The book you see
is not a part of
me: the room pretends
its ends

are something of
an extension
of me: the
 role
of me, that of a mere
excalibur. I am flexible

about

whom I choose
to sleep
with: no questions of free will

here! and my arm
can lose it-
 self
in vanity:
it is entirely of its own.

These exer-
cises of
self-determination
(I am speaking, love, so
quiet your
 wishing
heart!) matter
to the political
style

of state
of keeping awake

the
ghost on the
pane

and timorous aptitude

and excursion

and bipolar reservations

and sublimes that are cursory and unjust

and how to conceal
this primitive zeal

for mono-
tones: the grate

the ringing slate

of poems and poetries

Depressed!

that I don't know
your changing e-
motion,

quiz kid!

The blanks are a frieze
numbers breeze

through terrible corridors lined
with your
frank
heroes

or early
de Chiricos.

I am nothing
without the pure

engagement
enrapt in awe,
product of a thaw.

Ah, loveless!

Can you
thank me?

*

The
arrangement
is
solitary: nothing

wins
it out
 and
prayers are
like children in
bright winter:

hands in
their little
gloves.

The Aeneid (Poem 48)

It is
clear
that

my interest stems like
the crawling vines
of the schoolhouse outside my

window in
language that
is vegetal

mindless
but proportional.
But unclear is the

motive
of
such syllabaries (there
is such a word!)
meaning

why these pregnant
forms for poetry
why shape rather than thought and
knowledge?

It
all
goes

back to
my time with
the Aeneid:

lacking punc-

tuation, or
 perhaps
merely recognition

perhaps to those windowless suns that
 scarred my eyes
and larynx.

Who
needs
the romantic
sublime?
 when

you have this wonderful

 divorce

to alarm you?

Self

The mortar and
artillery predicting
can't stand
it: mortar
that I am – hiss
my
suspi-
cion! Grate

at the
souls
my technology
will not be under believable – than this

from over
a ridge:
The pick-up will
tell
is that good – that specialized.

The third
gunners, for that
matter pass
firing instructions.

You know
what it's
like
when you
go into
a tunnel

under a bridge!
Three
long days
mellowed in shit. – For the

intelligence gathering
are thoughtful, going
under ground.

*

It is
as
effective
to know where these guns
are
as to
move them – I am
not recommending

UN soldiers

*

20 kilometer lines
in *charge* of those weapons.
Must be incapacitated.

Diary of a Purist

This
is
an event: the
dark de-
presses me! why?
be-
cause, perhaps, of
Karlheinz
Stockhausen? how
goes that?
his
serial teque-
nique that

lets the
night wan-
der and wander? be-
yond my eyeballs?
I'll put on my glasses.

Smo-
king a
ci-
garette, and
clarinette
of Karl-
heinz Stock-
hausen
's continues batting
at my
brain, this
can't be
forever! but
the inven-
tion cannot stop
for me.

I'll sit down and type.
Wow!

To-
night there is a par-
ty: 640
Broadway, big
and ausp-
icious! maybe I'll
go. I've already said
I'll
go, to
my sister, she's
going to be expecting me.
I'll have to live up to
that, and
hence my
anxiety. I'll
smoke another cigarette.

I'll remember Karlheinz Stockhausen, and his
wan-
dering meth-
od. This
depresses me.
I'd thought I'd make it on my own, guess
not.
I'll be looking for a elate, to

tomorrow's ex-
hibition at
the Brooklyn Mu-
seum. Maybe I'll
find one.
Think that!
Could be, not.
Think that again! Karl-
heinz (von) Stockhausen! (I

keep mis-
takingly

think in my
reverberant (brain) which
is crummy
but sweet.
It is my best dinner companion, these

Saturdays (Ap-
ril 30th) all a-
lone (336 19th St. Chel-
sea, 19
94) for
memories.
With whom to share, when
your best din-
ner com-
panion's your brain? Touché! Karl-

heinz Stockhausen!

This poem's gone
home, to
it's trash basket, it
the sky, per-
haps a-
nother sky
will do.
I mean a real nice sky
with ribbons and dates and parties
to go
to. And
maybe I'll be there and
maybe I'll
not. Got
to keep on trying.
I think I'll lie down and read this.

Not So Clear

Say that these
migraines cause
gutters

Say
these houses are closing
shutters

My

memory is
a tool of
the government, once
equal
in
weight

to rain

on bloodied front step

Take my
dance
last to
survive night

Say that these
things
are
minimal

mineral water fruit and vegetable

Like it or
not as
cousins
we

plagued the dear

with visions

eliminate war

and ambition. Ah,
the roach sees!
But the roach merely breeds

without distinction
hence its relative
superiority.

Work of Art

He takes up a lot of
space. She even says he's
huge at times. She
had told me of the wonder
in his eyes
when his laughing
 oh tell me there's
time for this
left. I was sitting there
like
that's what she said!
on and on and on
it's a work of art.

Address

Sweetness, you are young
and your strange cares
are not obvious to me.

I am
lost, too
so very fine days
are accurate, and shy.
Often seeming hostile

eyes, words
and choices that left you
out,
these are tremendous
when foreign-

ness creeps, like a globe
eclipsing. Take it
down.

Paste it up.

After A Line From A Book

Everyone knows it's May 17th, and
lying like a book, the day screams only
purpose in the wind, there is purpose
so why not continue, drink of the leaves their sorrow?
It is nothing to regret; wait to steal, or borrow
bitterness.

The violins chime their
insistent phrases; the sounds
dispel words, banish them, 'til
the need they created for news is
something only read about in the
newspapers. Or read about the poem
that void that is only yours when you read
about it.

Sinking
slowly
the poem drifts.
They are your leaves, too.
Drink.

Forget them.

Ditty

The mailbox is empty, still.
And my mind recedes
like the Pyrenees
into its lonely hill.

The phone is quiet, shut.
And my rear end
can no more pretend
the phone a choir, slut.

This poem is empty, fucked.
And the day moves on
like drink and a song
that involves me, destructs.

Spring

It's fare to be
young in
autumn's disturbance, the
wild pitch

of wrangling spring
bears, in-
tense in
their

consideration of
broken stems. Chimes
tear
earth, after

forgetting the
deeds.

*

Talents back
winds, salu-
tary, streaked
in nar-
ceine cold

variant of
bargaining's dim
saving. The
cruel

luck of it,
grants. Back
into far sides
of

discon-
tent, spared
of gone luxuries.

Fax Thing to Robert Kelly (May 31, 94)

my mind is a racket:
 can't hear the confirming oaths
nor break through mistiness
for minstrels, ranging words

& think to lay down, this morning
handfuls of words, only, in
building chorus: a
 "this is just to tell you" of
my kind:

didn't know of Joe Brainard
(I'm not of that elevator, don't
 hear things too
quickly) & don't know his work

well, but heard echoes of
his life, promise, Monday, in
a talk by D. Shapiro on
the poetry of Ceravelo (do

you know of *him*, a
new favorite, who
also from New Jersey, scanned
industrial skylines, found

in it & in parks
 measure· that
was truly back & forth:
now "cubo" to make things
 shattered (time) &
"futurist" orchid architectures

(these terms are
David's) ivy-
covered factories that

made chemicals, soaps, cans, etc. (don't
know enough of
that but

think to return, my-
self): oh not to Rutherford but
to Jersey it-

self) a poetry &
the several worlds it's taking.

Interlude

this is what she does
and drives me crazy coz
washes all the window panes
after it rains and
after it snows all night
this is changing grace
or saving face
like it or not this action
like a thinking
typewriter is slow and "hyperreal"
this way I feel

Prose

the girl is exposed
to the reflections of a novelist
the taste of the century
this or any other
and it takes two to approve but
only one is satisfied
short life
the shrill hope expires and
under the curtain
a stain remains
and that is divination

August 23

The aggravation, and the skill
of maneuvering buildings
and the dark one returns to, back
from the city: these are things
one receives no award for, no

pat on the back, nothing
published in the papers.
The moth will find the light every
time, the drunkard his lit
refrigerator: these dependencies

distract one from the ultimate
game of survival: that is a hell
characterized by words that don't seem
just right: that fit
in no family's argument,

that set no right. But it is
the muse of the suburbs, that hot
desire to be free of one's
past: to plague the future with
lusts that are forbidden: by

the past: by all that lives from it.
The houses are set in rows
and in each house (as we all know)
is a murderer ready to strike
when the remote control is lost, the steady

drone of incoming checks cease
and the present is riven. Take
these words, they are for the river, and for
your heart: simple things, set
in order, and able to be observed

to be neatly guarded, like quickly
melting snow: conformed into
a man (only three globes), a watchman
inanimate but for memory's
ability to erect him from speech.

The suburbs continue to sleep: the dog
wakes into its honor, the child
its task: that the world surrounds
words with failing definition
and hinders the eye, breaks its compass.

The light leaks low and easy it's an image from Edith Sitwell
oh do come down the stairs dear Jane you know that you can sit well
and never mind the artist he's just looking for fans to steal
and makes his way to the pantries, and he's
not immune to integrated dynamite.

Emulation Burger

I was caught in a dark
and winding hole, the retreat
was nothing you could guess
could have gotten in it, the hole
unearthed to sunshine
and fodder and to grass, test
this on my soliloquy
and find that it is wanting

an emulation burger.
There are things that I have seen
wondrous, but they decline
like the sun always declines
into its rest, beyond the horizon
and waffles there, in its
delirious contractions, misapprehensions.
There is something there to see

indeed! and in the crux
of its path, crossed over mine,
vicinities I have cracked
like a spine over my teeming brow,
burgeoning crazed
impersonations of crime,
the groin that is always chartered
to wake the crack in me.

June 13, 94

nothing now to do but
run run run how's
that for action

my friend we have a problem with
the way light's leaking it's
pouring across the avenue in
droves like
iridescent creatures from *Naked Lunch*

hope lost
the day
brains

activity sure
as a goat that knows its hare will
traverse the hillside dopily resistant
to change in the weather
it's hot but
please go on

the determined mind rings and lifts its chalice

I think
that I'd rather die
and be remembered
than live and be remembered
imagine that
corpse in life that
speaks in whispers from the other room and
is a brother
anon.

virginal
the day approaches with a temerity that
assures me of my weaknesses and

speaks that language that is cold
to the touch and
welds the skin to
its bleak intention

these characters are generations old
they point to a flaw in the generations

but fly
I do
and thank myself

never having even approached it

Aubade

tell me all those crazy things
(these are borne on the shoulders of gnats)
tell me those things that made me cry
those long ago weekends as Brighton Beach cousins
we fingered a harp and
played in the sands
like urchins

the roses are pale this morning, they are withering
it's like the time harm came
and swept up all privacy in its wake, but
wasn't vulgar
(we clocked it

it was perfect)
the sun is casting shadows

on the regnant lawns and playgrounds, and gossips
carry on their commerce and I think of rain
the newspapers and their skulls and rattling tyrants

oh tell me all these things are only momentary, or that

I can hold them
with you, in my
singular memory

Horse

then there was me
astounded by
visions of mortality in grinning ghosts
I forgot my skill!
I'd dropped it down
long wells that were
swallowing all my precious sentiment
and felt strangely bargained

can't tell
if indeed, this is the only way
and all of them take it
towards poetry and sense
of my time

I am not sure I'm of it
and want a divorce
sort of but I'm like a horse
and continue

keep on with
the mules and caravans pushing into the new country
for a plot of land
and a hill my own
on which to shit
and raise families
that remember only for three generations
and are angry

I still must go

though I fear invariable surprise
at how much
a father I've become
sad horse

Notes from "Autobiography"

I was

I later

reading, later

I later

I was

on

planet,

back

plants, in-

to

play.

I did everything

computers. OH

Play

play.

La Langue

la langue every

game.

Eyes is

Midas

first. On

computer

*

Sold me

proving.

Sell me

playmate

computer.

I

think the

think the

I

"syllable

as
color" (theme). I, is
My
sis
computer.

Set Four



Poem

Little star
you lean like a Russian dancer
and your lisp is energetic
and you talk to strangers
and you confuse the housewives
and your horse is waiting in the yard
what is your name?

I came from afar myself
but have forgotten my direction
and grasp my abdomen
and sniff the nosegay on my lapel
and speak with an accent
and am divorced from my countrymen
and don't understand most books
and stayed after school most of the time I was in school
and don't like people in business suits
and have a first and last name
Sam Slade

when can we meet?

Joe Kafka

fingers his keychain
eyes the 666 building
fingers his keychain

has hairballs but is
a working class lout

damned if he's other and
damned if he's drinking
espresso coffee on Sundays

is Joe Amplitude
is Joe Aptitude
Joe Scaramungus

fingers the keychain
of the 666 building and
wishes it'd fall
into the Hudson River or

into his palm like
the poems of William Carlos Williams!

Joe Kafka is a Manhattanite
knowing it all but none of it
Joe Kafka is a Manhattanite

he knows
no girls

Leaves

Time, pilot, again
strum the chord
 of decent hubris,
pale the face
of child logics
 that, stammering
suggest singularity.

O Orpheus sings!
 develops the Kodaks,
the preening yaks
of devoid-of-conscience.

Slip, slap happy
under the arm
a strap, or fable
 lifting the form
toward the
 heli-copy opter.

*

Oh deus ex
 machina!
day extra-
 fashioned, like

a siphon
 directing
 developments!
Strange

 attitudes
like spire
on hill,
 random arrange-

ments!
becoming
religions!
Salivating!

The sure
bench of
familiar
relationships

can't count
but rests
peacefully, the
boy untroub-

led. The
math elec-
tronically suggestive of
motives

damns to
insomnia!

*

Regulates, the clock —

still seemness
by sixty-count, how

unparadigmatic,
thrashing, oscillating,

ordinance for children!

*

Luck upon the belt storm,
pun those tender heavens,
sister, blanch makrokosmos.

Stand dramatic
in the hallway
frail of spinal column,

hope solidly in the knees.

*

Castles in my
eyes, lights
in my big thighs,

forks and meals
on the wheels,
in charmless Passaic,

theaters on
my features,
in charmless Passaic,

feeling little
but accumulating.
Gurgling, fascinated.

*

Now I can sleep:
strangeness flummoxed
to charnel heap,
has-beens oxed, unorthodox.

Stored RAM flushed,
the rubber band sky

jump (bungee), jerking — hushed
the fundamental eye.

Scrawling ciphers, retinal,
desist, making general
apathy equivalent
to robot sentinel,

basking, sentimental,
in stroboscopic elements,
wrenched.

Where's Your Rubberneck?

If it's after
then it's
neither

*

Only
the anomaly
is something

Save the Changes

1.

What you said could be true, about
the things I am used to. But changes
slow, deliberate, like penurious patrons
in a garden cafe, sure of their efficacy
need not be doubted. They are true
– I mean, as the wind balking at a shadow is.

2.

As an officer chalking a shadow is
what could be news – but isn't – about
what needn't be doubted, I need truth.
It's what I'm used to. Changes
in the forum of my ways, sure of their efficacy
are too much inquisitive... like curious patrons.

3.

I am trusting the purest of patrons
as an officer chalking a shadow is
out of, or after, harm's way. The efficacy
of this act is something I read about
the things I'm used to – for example, changes.
That need not be doubted, being truth.

4.

But I heed that doubt seems truth.
I trust like the surest, boldest of patrons
things I'm used to. I like such changes
– as hot blood-pulse in the marrows is
of this act.

I heard what you said about
laughter's harmed way, its efficacy:

5.

Laughter's that way: a condemnable efficacy.

I condone it, but its doubt could mean truth.

After this act, I heard you; and about
my trust in the surest, old patrons
(hot blood stopped in the marrow) is
that what I'm used to... these sort of changes?

6.

Am I schooled in the school of changes?

Laughter's way, its colonial efficacy

like food for the callow, the demuring, is

what I condone: but doubt breeds truth.

My trust in the smartest, sold patrons

after this act... I heard it's what you're about.

7.

Because I hear you're only about changes

in summer's patrons, and of that efficacy.

This truth seems returning as the colony is.

Song

o
in
sever
 plangent
 desire
 inflatable

sweeping
 me with
 that

were
and
oh

dream me
 night
 vacation
like
I am

 is music
 and the hills
arrest it

Mister Orleans

Wake: the
sun goes
a totalling
built
queen.

 The
law stepped
in, called
it sin. Stormy
village.

 Pick
one for your
slow
train. Walk the
track. Over
cold ol'
rain.

 Be one las'
thrill
Stay:
farewell. No

that's a
Storyville. The
wind got
no-
body (ain'
what it
means): miss
me all
day.

 Mr.
moss-covered
bangs.

A
night like
rupees.
Creole
tombs fill
the air. I'm
wishing I
was there. Margarine.
Mister
Orleans.

A thin
one on
this pegging
man: a
thin one
staggering.

*

Wake: the
sun goes
a totalling
built
queen.
The
law stepped
in, called
it sin. Stormy
village.
Pick
one for your
slow
train. Walk the
track. Over

cold ol'
rain.

Be one las
thrill.

Creole
tombs fill
the air. I'm
wishing I
was there. Margarine.

*Mister
Orleans.*

*A thin
one on
this pegging
man: a
thin one
staggering.*

*

that's a
Storyville. The
wind got
no-
body (ain'
what it
means):

A
night like
rupees.
Hollerin'

*Mister
Orleans!*

Paul

I am Paul.
I have met
none other like
you.

Beginning with
M—, they are
all
the same.

Splendor
is my game.
What
is yours?

Ellis Island?
That is
strange.
You strike

me as
Hampton Bays.
Norfolk.
Ann Arbor.

I am code.
You
erode
my questioning.

I am Paul.
I have met
none other like
you.

Three Shorts

1. DEAR IN TOTO

I don't think we're in counter-culture anymore.

2. JOYCEAN

my bowels
pure vowels

3. NEW YORK

is evaporating!

o protec th m
f m fal in
bri ks
I g ss”

13 Sure Delinquents

Some sit down to write
And forget their jeans. Others are more calm
And while away in the day tapestry
Sure of its frills and its tape collections
And its erections.

*

The child sat in his Panther hat
Among the mellow blue of the jeans and things like them.

*

Conversations on the subway
Are plural. Jeans
Is plural.

*

Frank O'Hara said he got into them with a shoe horn.
Jeans, that is.
But I was thinking of the poems.

*

Sometimes
I espy
A car, dragging a pair of jeans, in the
Sand. I know it's the kids
Who want to wear them
Out

Don't give it a litmus test.

*

Sporting mischief,
They say it's the women who wear jeans.
I am not sure I believe this.
How many arguments are waged over a four-leaf
Clover?

*

Jeans are fun
And youthful.

*

There was a card in the box.
"Too many times have I told you to reply
To me. Instead,
You wear your jeans."

*

Jeans are encoded
With Eleusian rites.
Master's diplomas
Are not.

*

Rare is the smell
Of jeans. Rare is the smell
Of jeans. Always the tell of jeans.

Roses that fly in the shudder of wind.

*

I remember greeting them at the airport.
They were wearing jeans.

I could barely maintain a phone number
In our conversation

Though I remarked how thoroughly converted
They were

We still
Got on well.

*

Heart tremors
Can often be attributed to jeans.

The Terminator

There is something in the margins of this page that should be deleted.
There is something in the marvelous grace of your face that should be deleted.
There is something in the cowering of a fly that should be deleted.
There is something in the growth of a sty that should be deleted.
There is something in the cannoning of the sky that should be deleted.
There is something in the crooked wey you sey I know why that should be deleted.
There is something in this room under the door by the bed that should be deleted.
There is something in the wall under your head by the drawers that should be deleted.
There is something in the clock oh why not that should be deleted.
There is something in your arm its no harm that should be deleted.
There is something in the race of a fallen race that should be deleted.
There is something in the haste of a fallen cake that should be deleted.
There is something in the fume of a rigorous tomb you know its womb that should be deleted.
There is something in the dry overnight fly-by-night out of sight that should be deleted.
There is something that is contrary to the myth that should be deleted.
And the myth should be deleted, too.

but as you know... wrkkckcchrced... Star Trek...

I love youth too!

the phantoms dance me a tabula rasa

when I'm most in the bounds of your love

and the storms light and cheery, my eyes tight and bleary... oh

phlogiston!

Andreas Divas!

and then a comet hit me...

it was like an anchor without the air
it was like rolling thunder gearing up for another Christmas party... a
 Christian smarty
it was like Babylon with its hanging shears... its golden rears... its
 freedom for the asking
its hot weather warnings... its unpleasant, but not beyond decorous,
 awnings

it was Canada with its towers... Rochester with its snows... Albany
 with its cars
and university... Athens in its Georgia
like gorgeous Trenton with its sun

Have Your Degree, Forget Your Name

Webs speak of their spiders, and yeah
I swam that picture. My feelings hurt
trying to pollute a mind. Please stop and stare.
Recall the plans of those initial writers
of Greece, who wrote in dirt. Before declining day
makes us cling to portents like virtual souls,
I coughed. Lacking trust, I found no
way to teach the nightlong lizard our day
fables. I kind of like it that way.

Whatever you are
get out of my house.
There's no two here
but me.

A Matter of Fact

It's a little bit of that, I think. If I
have a little steak, I'm cold. I think
it's a little bit of steak. If I
have a bit of that cold, I'm

a little steak. Blend that with
roses and find in this apostolic
glare a little bit of steak, a cold
that roses with apostolic blend. Find

a blend that is a little apostolic,
a cold, a fork, a knife, a sheer cliff.
Find a fork, a steak, a knife, a sheer cliff,
an apostolic fork, an apostolic knife, a sheer cliff.

It's a little bit of that, I think. If I
have roses and find that it's apostolic
I am glare, and I blend with the knife and fork
another sheer cliff that is a bit of a cold

steak.

The Royal Life (As Told To...)

Dirty as dangling toe the screams bowed the high athletic slick tic in
gangrenous hip applauses balancing tiled turds languorous as Ally's
hip in a nice smile tummy-ache borrowing style

perforating shimmy twins pins and gowned clubs cankering for
slippery tiles flipped dipped and tamed as Niles of shorter shanty
dingle berries, coupling in
the barn.

I mean:

shivered in stifled spastic tit the roof scaled primrose solitude of
gnarling piles and princess galls in television groomed will-dares of
Python's wend surrender collapsing like sugary loads on purchased
vaults of asphalt dipped prawns, waking.

Like or not, she said, this husband!

I'm argot.

Yerp!

A page siege while stumbling protons scalloped in whiffle mitts.
That's Burt Lancaster!

A Little Cooking, as

how many Samoan
 proverbs say
don't give up the boiler rats, they're
delicious
 not intending this to be reductive, but

life
 and it's not as bad as
"I've fallen in love with a beatnik, Mom" or
"Trade me two of your secrets for
my Red one," no
that's simply obvious

 where rigor mortis sets
in
 the dachshunds are baying

the truth of
that matter is
 stocks
 stock

of one's life, of
where it leads
up to take
that! you lonely
 podiatrist, one

says
 but we keep on conforming
dreaming on tintinnabulic
hills that life's worth
fate

 and there's plenty more where
 that comes from, sport!

 satisfying

sore
shins

grease spoons on the bunker ship until Fantasy Island

karaoke sunrises
bum the
gums

but that's
delish

how, muttering Progress, can one
continue? this
cracker country

mediated
"I don't believe I know you, but
now

it seems I
do" outlet
gimcrack colloquy and sore burns
pleading Jersey

"Shopping's always better in the evening, drive
my
car?"

visible until menopause
it's

so
sleepy
tired
the victim of conscience lays down his wick
slowly, its

shogun
aftermath
doesn't seem
much, but it's soon caning out on

CD it's
a crutch, he
confesses

but doesn't mean Dolly Parton has
talent
doesn't mean he's joining the
foreign legion, doesn't
mean that he's feeling *bad*, doesn't
speak much for the
future
of television
which is unfolding like a
knife
careerist sandblast
that bathes
diversity in its stagnant
virtue
terrible twins
are twin sets
so you plan your ear with a loaf of shimmering
olive oil of disconcerting
poker-snitch
please pass the kielbase

Landscape For Two Or Tree

1.

My mother is a would-be surrealist
and I her treading falcon, by the shore.
She'd nurture me into all goodness
and prank me into shrinking certain welts.
My mother is a would-be herbalist, too,
thanking distant cousins for purchased bulbs.

2.

Thanking distant cousins for purchased bulbs
my mother is a would-be surrealist.
My mother is a would-be anarchist, too,
dreading bold Falconis, by the shore.
I thank me they are spurning planned welts
she's nurtured in my mind, beyond goodness.

3.

She nurtured in my mind burnt goodness.
Thinking distant cousins certain bulbs
she thinks they're for the plants of burning welts.
My mother thanks would-be surrealists
for when they dread Falconis by the shore
my mother sees they're would-be anarchists, too.

4.

My mother sees, in the woods, anarchists, too.
She nurtures a blind, perfect goodness
for when they dread Falconis, by the shore.
Thinking distant cousins distant bulbs
my mother thinks of old, would-be surrealists
and thanks me for my planting hurting welts.

5.

and thanks me, also, for the planning of curtain felt welts.
I disagree, but woody anarchists, too,
my mother thinks are would-be surrealists.
She nurtures a blind, perfect goodness.
She thinks the distant lights are distant bulbs
slow to spread their falcons, by the shore.

6.

I grew to dread falcons, by the shore.
Also, thinking of the planning, certain welts
were thinking dipstick diptychs distant bulbs.
I disagree, but wood-sprite anarchists, too,
she's nurtured in a blind, perfect goodness.
My mother's shrinks are would-be surrealists.

7.

And would a surrealist be by the shore
enraptured in goodness were not welts,
too, the plan of my mother, that dim bulb?