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K e t j a k

for Rae Armantrout

Revolving door.

Revolving door. A sequence of objects which to him appears to be a caravan of fellaheen, a circus, begins a slow migration to the right vanishing point on the horizon line.

Revolving door. Fountains of the financial district. Houseboats beached at the point of low tide, only to float again when the sunset is reflected in the water. A sequence of objects which to him appears to be a caravan of fellaheen, a circus, camels pulling wagons of bear cages, tamed ostriches in toy hats, begins a slow migration to the right vanishing point on the horizon line.

Revolving door. First flies of summer. Fountains of the financial district spout. She was a unit in a bum space, she was a damaged child. Dark brown houseboats beached at the point of low tide—men atop their cabin roofs, idle, play a Dobro, a jaw's harp, a 12-string guitar—only to float again when the sunset is reflected in the water. I want the grey-blue grain of western summer. A cardboard box of wool sweaters on top of the bookcase to indicate Home. A sequence of objects, silhouettes, which to him appears to be a caravan of fellaheen, a circus, dromedaries pulling wagons bearing tiger cages, tamed ostriches in toy hats, begins a slow migration to the right vanishing point on the horizon line.

Revolving door. Earth science. Fountains of the financial district spout soft water in a hard wind. How the heel rises and the ankle bends to carry the body from one stair to the next. She was a unit in a bum space, she was a damaged child. The fishermen's cormorants wear rings around their necks to keep them from swallowing, to force them to surrender the catch. Dark brown houseboats beached at the point of low tide—men atop their cabin roofs, idle,

play a Dobro, a jaw's harp, a 12-string guitar—only to float again when the sunset is reflected in the water. Silverfish, potato bugs. What I want is the gray-blue grain of western summer. The nurse, by a subtle shift of weight, moves in front of the student in order to more rapidly board the bus. A cardboard box of wool sweaters on top of the bookcase to indicate Home. A day of rain in the middle of June. A sequence of objects, silhouettes, which to him appears to be a caravan of fellaheen, a circus, dromedaries pulling wagons bearing tiger cages, fringed surreys, tamed ostriches in toy hats, begins a slow migration to the right vanishing point on the horizon line. We ate them.

Revolving door. The garbage barge at the bridge. Earth science. Resemblance. Fountains of the financial district spout soft water in a hard wind. The bear flag in the plaza. How the heel rises and the ankle bends to carry the body from one stair to the next. A tenor sax is a toy. She was a unit in a bum space, she was a damaged child, sitting in her rocker by the window. I'm unable to find just the right straw hat. The fishermen's cormorants wear rings around their necks to keep them from swallowing, to force them to surrender the catch. We drove through fields of artichokes. Dark brown houseboats beached at the point of low tide—men atop their cabin roofs, idle, play a Dobro, a jaw's harp, a 12-string guitar—only to float again when the sunset is reflected in the water of Richardson Bay. Write this down in a green notebook. Silverfish, potato bugs. A tenor sax is a weapon. What I want is the gray-blue grain of western summer. Mention sex. The nurse, by a subtle redistribution of weight, shift of gravity's center, moves in front of the student of oriental porcelain in order to more rapidly board the bus. Awake, but still in bed, I listen to cars pass, doors, birds,

children are day's first voices. A cardboard box of wool sweaters on top of the bookcase to indicate Home. Attention is all. A day of rain in the middle of June. Modal rounders. A sequence of objects, silhouettes, which to him appears to be a caravan of fellaheen, a circus, dromedaries pulling wagons bearing tiger cages, fringed surreys, tamed ostriches in toy hats, begins a slow migration to the right vanishing point on the horizon line. The implications of power within the ability to draw a single, vertical straight line. Look at that room filled with fleshy babies. We ate them.

Revolving door. How will I know when I make a mistake. The garbage barge at the bridge. The throb in the wrist. Earth science. Their first goal was to separate the workers from their means of production. He bears a resemblance. A drawing of a Balinese spirit with its face in its stomach. Fountains of the financial district spout soft water in a hard wind. In a far room of the apartment I can hear music and a hammer. The bear flag in the black marble plaza. Rapid transit. How the heel rises and the ankle bends to carry the body from one stair to the next. The desire for coffee. A tenor sax is a toy. Snow is remarkable to one not accustomed to it. She was a unit in a bum space, she was a damaged child, sitting in her rocker by the window. The formal beauty of a back porch. I'm unable to find just the right straw hat. He hit the bricks, took a vacation, got rolled up, popped, as they say. The fishermen's cormorants wear rings around their necks to keep them from swallowing, to force them to surrender their catch. She had only the slightest pubic hair. We drove through fields of artichokes. Feet, do your stuff. Dark brown houseboats beached at the point of low tide—men atop their cabin roofs, idle, play a Dobro, a jaw's harp, a 12-string guitar—only to float again when the sunset is reflected in the water of Richardson

Bay. Frying yellow squash in the wok. Write this down in a green notebook. Television in the 1950s. Silverfish, potato bugs. We stopped for hot chocolate topped with whipped cream and to discuss the Sicilian Defense. A tenor sax is a weapon. The Main Library was a grey weight in a white rain. What I want is the gray-blue grain of western summer. Subtitles lower your focus. Mention sex, fruit. Drip candles kept atop old, empty bottles of wine. The young nurse in sunglasses, by a subtle redistribution of weight, shift of gravity's center, moves in front of the black student of oriental porcelain in order to more rapidly board the bus home, before all the seats are taken. Are pears form. Awake, but still in bed, I listen to cars pass, doors, birds, children are day's first voices. Eventually the scratches became scabs. A cardboard box of wool sweaters on top of the bookcase to indicate Home. Bedlingtons were at first meant to hunt rats in coal mines. Attention is all. He knew how to hold an adz. A day of rain in the middle of June. The gamelan is not simple. Modal rounders. A sequence of objects, silhouettes, which to him appears to be a caravan of fellaheen, a circus, dromedaries pulling wagons bearing tiger cages, fringed surreys, tamed ostriches in toy hats, begins a slow migration to the right vanishing point on the horizon line. Slag iron. The implicit power within the ability to draw a single, vertical straight line. That was when my nose began to peel. Look at that room filled with fleshy babies, incubating. A tall glass of tawny port. We ate them.

Revolving door. Song of the garbage collectors beneath the bedroom window. How will I know when I make a mistake. Soap. The garbage barge at the bridge. The Japanese floor manager. Throb in the wrist. Terms imply domains. Earth science. Steam pours from the alley sewers. Their first goal was to separate the workers from their

means of production. No hurry, no hassle. He bears a resemblance to Lee. Clap hands. A drawing of a Balinese spirit with its face in its stomach. This new arc is wider, more gradual. Fountains of the financial district spout soft water in a hard wind. Little moons of my thumbnail grow. In a far room of the apartment I can hear music and a hammer. Gray clouds to give the sky weight. The bear flag in the black marble plaza. A white bowl of split pea soup is set upon the table. Rapid transit. Those curtains which I like above the kitchen sink. How the heel rises and the ankle bends to carry the body from one stair to the next. Chalk dust. The desire for coffee. Animal crackers. The tenor sax is a toy. Watching her hand to see if there is a ring. Snow is remarkable to one not accustomed to it. Gives names to his typewriter, car, chairs. She was a unit in a bum space, she was a damaged child, sitting in her rocker by the window. The raised highway through the flood plain. The formal beauty of a back porch. Fuchsias fall and stick to the walk. I'm unable to find just the right straw hat. Pineapple slices. He hit the bricks, took a vacation, got rolled up, popped, as they say. A blue flame. The fishermen's cormorants wear rings around their necks to keep them from swallowing, to force them to surrender their catch. The word I want is "shampoo." She had only the slightest pubic hair. Playing with the pilot light. We drove through fields of artichokes. Women, smelling of ammonia, board the bus. Feet, do your stuff. On the reparsing of names. Dark brown houseboats beached at the point of low tide—men atop their cabin roofs, idle, play a Dobro, a jaw's harp, a 12-string guitar—only to float again when the sunset is reflected in the water of Richardson Bay. Prose like a garden. Frying yellow squash in the wok, with string beans, bell pepper, tofu, sprouts. Normal discourse. Write this down in a green

notebook. Power curtain. Television in the 1950s. A deliberate refusal to perform the normal chores of verse. Silverfish, potato bugs. His friend forgot her sandals. We stopped for hot chocolate topped with whipped cream and to discuss the Sicilian Defense. The odor in towels. A tenor sax is a weapon. Linoleum story. The Main Library was a grey weight in a white rain. The knot is not the rope. What I want is the gray-blue grain of western summer. In the beach night, campfires lit up the city of dune buggies. Subtitles lower your focus. You wake in waves, each new day's small tides of attention. Mention sex, fruit, candy, cities, books. Glossed lines. Drip candles kept atop old, empty wine bottles, a canister full of pennies. A clock talks ticking. The young nurse in blue sunglasses, by a subtle redistribution of weight, shift of gravity's center, moves in front of the black lanky graduate student of oriental porcelain in order to more rapidly board the bus, before all of the seats are taken. The urinary habits of Dr. Williams. Are pears form. Summer morning foghorn. Awake, but still in bed, I listen to cars pass, doors, birds, children are day's first voices. Surrogate information. Eventually the scratches become scabs. Rattle of water in pipes. A cardboard box of wool sweaters on top of the bookcase to indicate Home. Broken shoelace. Bedlingtons were at first meant to hunt rats in coal mines, later they were bred to show. Caffeine enjambment of the nervous system. Attention is all. Varieties of helicopter filled the sky. He knew how to hold an adz, to till. Because accumulation is not conscious, we walk around in circles, becoming gradually heavier, weighted and slower, until finally we begin to discard or toss off hats, greatcoats, muffs, gloves, blazers, vests, ties, galoshes, shoes, cufflinks, belt, etc. A day of rain in the middle of June, the weather stickier than would have been usual in some other month. How could one ever hope to

have known prose. The gamelan is not simple. Great urge to sneeze, mouth full of banana. Modal rounders. Between the television and the bed was an ironing board, half-finished bottles of lager atop it. A sequence of objects, silhouettes, which to him appears to be a caravan of fellaheen, a circus, dromedaries pulling wagons bearing tiger cages, fringed surreys, tamed ostriches in toy hats, begins a slow migration to the right vanishing point on the horizon line signified by a palm tree. I want to tell you the tales of lint. Slag iron. Unable to read a book for any great length of time, for to abandon himself thus threatened him. The implicit power within the ability to draw a single, vertical straight line. This posit is not altogether the philosopher's doing. That was when my nose began to peel. Get aboard. Look at that room filled with fleshy babies, incubating. Points of transfer. A tall glass of tawny port. The shadows between houses leave the earth cool and damp. A slick gaggle of ambassadors. We ate them.

Revolving door. Dry blood. Song of the garbage collectors beneath the bedroom window. Seeds of the fig. How will I know when I make a mistake. Presentness. Soap. The half-formed friendship before he died left her with a taste of unfinished business. The garbage barge at the bridge. I tugged at the cord to coax the plug from the socket. The Japanese floor manager in a red sport coat, red trousers, white shoes. Those rural boys are bulky, mean, that get called the Bulls. Throb in the wrist or knee joint. We climbed three flights of stairs to arrive at the door, then two floors up and through to the back porch, old boards that held a couch and a rocker, for to view the city from that great height gave the sky place or weight, fog wedged amid rooftops but still the clear view, the Big Dipper. Terms imply domains. Meridian mass murder. Earth science. The tapestry

concerns the mass capture of rabbits. Steam pours from the alley sewers, corridor of fire escapes, loading docks, dumpsters. Capable of sitting in the chair for hours, quiet, watching her sleep. Their first goal was to separate the workers from their means of production. Notational process, musical juncture. No hurry, no hassle. Thought is a labyrinth. He bears a resemblance to Lee Oswald. Speech of no word and word of no speech. Clap hands. A lather for shaving. A drawing of a Balinese spirit with its face in its stomach. The sun rose undetected behind the sculpted clouds, the air humid in the eucalyptus grove or up over the Mormon Temple, or the Greek Church. This new arc is wider, more gradual. Portrait of the best worker in Auto Plant 7. Fountains of the financial district spout soft water in a hard wind. Repeating on paper that stanza one hundred times, each with a new pen, watching how the width of the ink's path shifted the weight and intention of reference, penumbra of signification, from act to act. Little moons of my thumbnail grow. I see that young woman each morning as she jogs in a blue sweatsuit, trailed by her four small dogs. In a far room of the apartment I can hear music and a hammer. The asymmetry in any face. Grey clouds to give the sky weight. Layers of bandage about the ankle. The bear flag in the black marble plaza. Roundness is an ideal embodied in the nostril. A white bowl of split pea soup is set upon the table. It's cold. Rapid transit information. Doors open, footsteps, faucets, people are waking up. Those curtains which I like above the kitchen sink. Stood there broke and rapidly becoming hungry, staring at nickels and pennies at the bottom of the fountain. How the heel rises and the ankle bends to carry the body from one stair to the next. Forced outside first thing, just to purchase food for one's breakfast. Chalk dust. Hun-

kered down against a cyclone fence to write words in a sequence concerning the movement of a chair to a room's center for the purpose of changing a lightbulb. The desire for coffee. Lighting a cigarette because it will make the bus come. Animal crackers. The young man with long eyelashes. The tenor sax is a toy. Felt thought. Watching her hand to see if there is a ring amid long, thin fingers. Putting my shoes on last and then standing, dressed. Snow is remarkable to one not accustomed to it. The gentle knocking of a sock filled with sand on my forehead. Gives names to his typewriter, car, chairs. We want coherence. She was a unit in a bum space, she was a damaged child, sitting in her rocker by the window. Yellowing gauze curtains. The raised highway through the flood plain. White wings of a magpie. The formal beauty of a back porch. One's age is best seen on the back of one's hand. Fuchsias fall and stick to the walk. Red shingle roof. I'm unable to find just the right straw hat. Primal soup. Pineapple slices. Extra paper money was kept in the closet, rolled by my grandmother into the shade of the small window there, behind the coat hanger heavy with old ties. He hit the bricks, took a vacation, got rolled up, popped, as they say. Bulky tale, pointless as it is long. A blue flame. Western movies. The fishermen's cormorants wear rings around their necks to keep them from swallowing, to force them to surrender their catch. Monday morning. The word I want is Shampoo. Cat sleeps on the hood of parked car. She had only the slightest pubic hair, light brown. I was swimming in a clear pool. Playing with the pilot light. Infinite expansion. We drove through fields of artichokes. One does not shiver here, one shudders. Women, smelling of ammonia, board the bus. These emotions have been proposed. Feet, do your stuff. Green tint to the shit. On the

reparing of names. Instances return, thought to have been lost. Dark brown houseboats beached at low tide—men atop their cabin roofs, shirtless and in overalls, idle, play a Dobro, a jaw's harp, a 12-string guitar—only to float again, anchored, when the sunset is reflected in Richardson Bay. One wants a place to locate events of the mind. Prose like a garden. Solid object. Frying yellow squash in the wok, with string beans, bell pepper, tofu, sprouts. An old spool for cable made into a table. Normal discourse. Prefers instruments of percussion, for discreteness. Write this down in a green notebook. Piano man. Power curtain. Interest is something you impose. Television in the 1950s. Evolution of the mailbox. A deliberate refusal to perform the normal chores of verse. A kick in the coccyx for good luck. Silverfish, potato bugs. Deliberate sentimentalism perceived as description. His friend forgot her sandals. Tiger balm. We stopped for hot chocolate topped with whipped cream and to discuss the Sicilian Defense. A book of short poems to be called Spare Parts. The odor in towels. Early morning mental system. The tenor sax is a weapon. We stood or sat on the deck, breaking oranges into slices, watching the four-masted prison ship cross the bay. Linoleum story. Bob's bitter days. The Main Library was a grey weight in a white rain. What is to be taken as no information, decisions we make each time we cross the street. The knot is not the rope. Lots of exercise, little thought. What I want is the gray-blue grain of western summer. Sea cucumber. In the beach night, campfires lit up the city of dune buggies, surfboards pitched vertically into the sand bearing a presence as of clan shields. One could propose, for example, the inclusion of anything. Subtitles lower your focus. Old sentences heard new carry a different purpose. You wake in waves, each new day's small tides of attention. Such poems are

like keystones in need of a monument. Mention sex, fruit, candy, cities, books, the cinema, or geology. Necrotizing association with laryngotracheobronchitis. Glossed lines. Passed ball. Drip candles kept atop old, empty wine bottles, a canister full of pennies. Tuesday noon. A clock talks ticking. Eggshells in the flower bed for the calcium. The young nurse in blue sunglasses, by a subtle redistribution of weight, shift of gravity's center, moves in front of the black lanky graduate student of oriental porcelain in order to more rapidly board the bus, before all of the seats are taken. Mould forms in old coffee. The urinary habits of Dr. Williams. Traits of verbal form do not extend to their objects. Are pears form. Tumor press on the optic chiasma. Summer morning foghorn. Heard "my ancestors" as "Hawaiian sisters." Awake, but still in bed, I listen to cars pass, doors, birds, children are day's first voices. From under the eave pigeons pour. Surrogate information. Necessitation and contingency. Eventually the scratches become scabs. It'll keep your ego going for a few days. Rattle of water in pipes. We cannot in conscience blame these varied sorrows of modality on the notion of analyticity. A cardboard box of wool sweaters on top of the bookcase to indicate Home. Kids who ride shopping carts down the street. Broken shoelace. Sentences do not designate. Bedlington were at first meant to hunt rats in coal mines, later they were bred to show. Urban bourbon. Caffeine enjambment of the nervous system. Chinese fire drill. Attention is all. Writing the white lines. Varieties of helicopter filled the sky. Fucked in the head. He knew how to hold an adz, to till. Always, across the bay, there was Oakland. Because accumulation is not conscious, we shuffle about in circles, in hot rooms with the windows shut, becoming gradually heavier, weighted and slower, until finally we begin to discard, to shed, to

toss off, panama hat, white blazer with wide lapel, cufflinks, black shirt and white tie until we stand, arms “akimbo,” in white bells, see-thru net tee shirt, feet wrapped in sandals. E for Edgar. A day of rain in the middle of June. Friday night. How could one ever hope to have known prose. The intensionalism of crewcuts. The gamelan is not simple. Brushing the drums. Great urge to sneeze, mouth full of banana. You sap. Modal rounders. Every word is either current, or strange, or metaphorical, or ornamental, or newly coined, or lengthened, or contracted, or altered. Between the television and the bed was an ironing board, half-finished bottles of lager atop it. Narwhale, I confront you. A sequence of objects, silhouettes, which to him appears to be a caravan of fellaheen, a circus, dromedaries pulling wagons bearing tiger cages, fringed surreys, tamed ostriches in toy hats, begins a slow migration to the right vanishing point, signified by a palm tree on the horizon line. Refuse connectedness. I want to tell you tales of lint. Smashed watermelon sidewalk. Slag iron. Then we found the testes in the scrotal sac. Unable to read a book for any great length of time, for to abandon himself thus threatened him. Sad dream of gas pain. The implicit power within the ability to draw a single, vertical straight line. Opposed to the image. This posit is not altogether the philosopher’s doing. Small kids swarm the porch. That was when my nose began to peel. Axiology, or Value Systems I have seen. Get aboard. Time was real to him, but not linear, more a sensation of gravity, of falling from some precipice forward until, thousands of feet above the valley floor with its chalked concentric circles, acceleration approximated weightlessness. Look at that white room, filled with fleshy babies. Peach pits. Point of transfer. When, as I hunkered down to turn over the small shells, shaking them free

of sand, she asked me what it was I was doing, I said “Looking for the good ones.” A tall glass of tawny port. A pleasure and discomfort in the knowledge of having become, by the fact of your absence, the focal point. Shadows between houses leave earth cool and damp. Retina burn. A slick gaggle of ambassadors. Astronauts hold hands, adrift in the sky. We ate them. The flag.

Revolving door. Over farm fields in a glider. Dry blood. Like a pitcher’s kick, t’ai chi. Chorus of the garbage collectors beneath the bedroom window, chewing cabbage discards, smashing bottles. Elongated motion, emotion slowed him, brought the oncoming traffic out gradually from about the turn, blind mountain road. Seeds of the fig. Kareem and the skyhook. How will I know when I make a mistake. Alice and the sky boat. Presentness. The first day of July. Soap. His love of the border, of the instant in irrevocable acts, the hammer of the trigger changing the powder, a completion even if a move of only an inch is required. The half-formed friendship before he died left her with a taste of unfinished business. Sea plane. The garbage barge at the bridge. These reflections count only against hoping to base identity of propositions on some sort of intensional isomorphism derived from the broad sort of sentence synonymy which is interdefinable with analyticity. I tugged at the cord to coax the plug from the socket. We watched him punch, repeatedly, the garage door. The Japanese floor manager in a red sport coat, red trousers, white shoes. Cold coffee. Those rural boys are bulky, mean, what get called the Bulls. Alter the order of prints on the wall, inexpensive reproduction. Throb in the wrist or knee joint. Cheapo keeno. We climbed three flights of stairs to arrive at the door, then two flights up and through to the back porch, old boards that held a couch and rocker, for to view the city from that

great height gave the sky place or weight, fog wedged amid rooftops but still the clear view, the Big Dipper. To keep warm burn the news. Terms imply domains. It was only when the trash bag crashed into the middle of the kitchen that we realized it bore the weight of ants. Meridian mass murder. Odor of old orange in the compost. Earth science. Basic speed law. This tapestry concerns the mass capture of rabbits. Because my room faces west I watch the sun rise “in the windows” across the street. Steam pours from alley sewers, corridor of fire escapes, loading docks, dumpsters. Sky soup. Capable of sitting in the chair for hours, quiet, watching her sleep. Emulsified memory. Their first goal was to separate the workers from their means of production. You come at last into the realization as into a banquet room, domed perhaps but with chandeliers, that a lush ordering of events is no different than any other so that one might as well eat squid or tripe or plums, dressed in the regalia of tennis, tho perceiving in the punchbowl reflection a costume as clownish as it is offensive. Notational process, musical juncture. How propose to release the fly from the bottle. No hurry, no hassle. Honeydew head, hair of bean sprouts. Thought is a labyrinth. Shelves of neatly folded linen. He bears a resemblance to Lee Harvey Oswald. Who do you do. Speech of no word and word of no speech. Excuses. Clap hands. Wild dog packs roam that part of the city. A lather for shaving with a rum scent. A writing that grows out of itself, a poetry of mould. Drawing of a Balinese spirit with its face in its stomach. Ives jives. The sun rose undetected behind the sculpted clouds, the air humid in the eucalyptus grove or up over the Mormon Temple, or the Greek Church. If words were bells. This arc is wider, more gradual. Torn tendon. Portrait of the best worker in Auto Plant 7. Left his emotional options open. Fountains of the

financial district spout soft water in a hard wind. At six, rise up, sun threatens day. Repeating on paper that stanza one hundred times, each with a new pen, watching how the width of the ink's path shifted the weight and intentions of reference, penumbra of signification, from act to act. The enormous comedy of the emotion imposed on the peasant's bent shoulders. Little moons of my thumbnail grow. Were these true events. I see that young woman each morning as she jogs in a blue sweatsuit, trailed by her four small dogs. The hill blackens in a controlled burn. In a far room of the apartment I can hear music and a hammer. Poem took the form of the Ice Age. The asymmetry in any face. Fat man at the bus stop. Grey clouds to give the sky weight. Night light. Layers of bandage about the ankle. Anchovy. The bear flag in the black marble plaza. Straw shoes from Japan. Roundness is an ideal embodied in the nostril. The aardwolf. A white bowl of split pea soup is set upon the table. Thursday noon. It's cold. Patterns of possibility come together, intersect, disperse. Rapid transit information. My childhood passed in contemplation of Ichabod Crane. Doors open, footsteps, faucets, people are waking up. Feel the stress in day's recesses. Those curtains which I like above the kitchen sink. Imagined lives we posit in the bungalows, passing, counting, with another part of the mind, the phone poles. Stood there broke and rapidly becoming hungry, staring at nickels and pennies at the bottom of the fountain. Dear Quine, sentences are not synonymous when they mean the same proposition. How the heel rises and ankle bends to carry the body from one stair to the next. This page is slower. Forced outside first thing, just to purchase food for one's breakfast. The even keel. Chalk dust. Write and sunbathe at the same time, or ride the bus, or eat dry cereal in a bowl of milk on

the upended cable spool you use for a table. Hunkered down against a cyclone fence to write words in a sequence concerning the movement of a chair to a room's center for the purpose of changing the lightbulb. Cigarette butt in clovered grass. The desire for coffee. Ships, arriving or leaving the harbor, stir water, leave wakes as we also, walking a trail to the hilltop, displace the air. Lighting a cigarette because it will make the bus come. Cherry bomb. Animal crackers. Drums accelerate before bells begin, then flutes and I am walking on the dusty forest floor, wearing trousers held by suspenders, bare foot and chest, searching for my hat again where caterpillars weave homes upon its wet, white wide brim. The young man with long eyelashes. Imbalance in the body compass. The tenor sax is a toy. Three teeth in a pill bottle kept on the mantel. Felt thought. Sparklers, or incense, it's all the same principle. Watching her hand to see if there is a ring amid long, thin fingers. Piano clusters. Putting my shoes on last, then standing, dressed. Bloody Thursday. Snow is remarkable to one not accustomed to it. To view from the porch the whole bay was not the point, but to stand there, drink in hand, perceiving oneself in relation to all visible lives, much like the pine ridge, each in the midst of a personal navigation, so that this interlude was itself a form of carrying forward, was what it meant to be drunk. The gentle knocking of a sock filled with sand on my forehead. Each term bears its purpose. Gives names to his typewriter, car, chair. Terrorism courts respect. We want coherence. Epic of doodling. She was a unit in a bum space, she was a damaged child, sitting in her rocker by the window. Carry, if you can, the proposition to its limit. Yellowing gauze curtains. Listening to the seals on the dark beach, not able to see them. The raised highway through the flood plain. We came upon the god of the starfish.

White wings of a magpie. At possibility's edge occurs limit. The formal beauty of a back porch. A learned solitude, constantly in the head looking out. One's age is seen best in the back of one's hand. Sentiment is memory confused with desire. Fuchsias fall and stick to the walk. That he was not brutal enough for her confused him. Red shingle roof. Waiting for the phone to ring at the far end, I could hear voices, whole muted conversations. I'm unable to find just the right straw hat. Tuba booms. Primal soup. Forms from nouns are known. Pineapple slices. Agents, he noticed, once removed from their jobs, were the dullest ones of all. Extra paper money was kept in the closet, rolled by my grandmother into the shade of the small window there, behind the coat hanger heavy with old ties. Said of her organization that it was the third largest tendency, but held to the correct line. He hit the bricks, took a vacation, got rolled up, popped, as they say. Luggage. Bulky tale, pointless as it is long. It is not as though our lives bear intended meaning, but that it gathers about us like fallen leaves that someone has failed to sweep away. A blue flame. All talk. Western movies. I hate speech. The fishermen's cormorants wear rings around their necks to keep them from swallowing, to force them to surrender their catch. Tales from the crypt. Monday morning. In the fog I saw the great grass boats float toward the delta. The word I want is Shampoo. A procedure by which they stick a metal device up one's prick. Cat sleeps on the hood of the parked car. Linear accelerator. She had only the slightest pubic hair, light brown. What if one killed one, never to be caught, constantly alive with that information. I was swimming in a clear pool. What does it mean to know, sleeping, that you sleep in Idaho. Playing with the pilot light. A clear thing. Infinite expansion. She threw her legs back, up, over my shoulders,

and with my ass I shoved in. We drove through fields of artichokes. Primed canvas. One does not shiver here, one shudders. A key ring raps on the glass. Women, smelling of ammonia, board the bus. The throat, hearing the toilet flush, invariably swallows. These emotions have been proposed. Manifest destiny. Feet, do your stuff. That woman new to the building seemed interesting, until the night she brought home the man who clearly was not, so curiosity drained away. Green tint to the shit. The water in the pipes does not wake me, but keeps me from sleep, unable to determine the source, the user, the time of night. On the reparsing of names. Grew up, she said, able to hear Chiang's firing squads by the river at dawn. Instances return, thought to have been lost. Waking wasted. Dark brown houseboats beached at low tide—men atop their cabin roofs, shirtless and in overalls, idle, play a Dobro, a jaw's harp, a 12-string guitar—only to float again, anchored, when the sunset is reflected in Richardson Bay. Words in a line pass time. One wants a place to locate mind's events. Tourists from Taiwan. Prose like a garden. Diminishing world where the head dwells, avoidance of which is the test. Solid object. She makes constructions to sit in, whose common form implies the electric chair. Frying yellow squash in the wok, with string beans, bell pepper, tofu, sprouts. Bone bruise. An old spool for cable made into a table, made home for a garden in an old wine jug. Each morning geese circle the lake until they refind day's forms. Normal discourse. What in the wall whistles. Prefers instruments of percussion, for discreteness. Raw mushrooms. Write this down in a green notebook. Celery. Piano man. Almonds. Power curtain. Each day new vistas become possible, yesterday's earlobe, today's toenail, a radio on a mantel one had forgotten to think of, a flashlight. Interest is something you impose.

Cohn's loans. Television in the 1950s. Lone Star Hotel. Evolution of the mailbox. Until I myself became trapped in the Bermuda Triangle of the heart. A deliberate refusal to perform the normal chores of verse. Xylophones. A kick in the coccyx for good luck. This day's reaches features peaches. Silverfish, potato bugs. Everybody balls everybody, eventually, and nothing changes. Deliberate sentimentalism perceived as description. Calling out, as though after a large dog. His friend forgot her sandals. The map is not the territory. Tiger balm. Man on the bus, scavenger, sips cough medicine. We stopped for hot chocolate topped with whipped cream, and to discuss the Sicilian Defense. Acres wake, bugs of the soil shivering about their business, day's light precedes its heat. A book of short poems to be called Spare Parts. Yonder. The odor in towels, the oil in skin. Exorcise your monkey. Early morning mental system. The poem as a form sensed prior to the writing, as the act thereof, as a text fixed upon paper, as the act of reading, as the memory of one of the above. The tenor sax is a weapon. Posits of new information not like cars recently attached to a train, but like memory, embedded in the presences. We stood or sat on the deck, breaking oranges into slices, watching the four-masted prison ship cross the bay. Her sense of the distance within families is American, but beyond that, Chinese. Linoleum story. Men eating burgers in silence, at a drug-store counter, wearing t-shirts and short hair, staring at their food. Bob's bitter days. The bottle of white wine is empty. The Main Library was a grey weight in a white rain. He sat under the kitchen table, writing furiously into a notebook every word we said, Emily scolding, the bright light of a bare bulb on dark painted walls, the Kelly green fridge, the rest of us drinking or smoking dope, but it was his kitchen. What is to be taken as no information, decisions

made each time we cross the street. Mucous membrane. The knot is not the rope. The signs sing. Lots of exercise, little thought. These roofs, their angles, give the hill texture, houses packed together, cramped yards, kids on porches, dog sounds, mowers, web of the clotheslines. What I want is the grey-blue grain of western summer. Yellow beach, pink sky, pink beach, yellow sky. Sea cucumber. Burma Shave parataxis. In the beach night, campfires lit up the city of dune buggies, surfboards pitched vertically into the sand bearing a presence as of clan shields. How the press of information, the first time you walk down a new street, cannot be repeated. One could propose, for example, the inclusion of anything. With such attention the mind can follow the act of her washing in the next room, it knows hands from neck from cheeks. Subtitles lower your focus. When Zukofsky debuted Reich's Violin Phase on the west coast, the first person to stomp out was Mario Savio. Old sentences heard new carry a different purpose. Rhodochrosite, tourmaline. You wake in waves, each new day's small tides of attention. Analysanda and their analysantia. Such poems are like keystones in need of a monument. Barnwood ash. Mention sex, fruit, candy, cities, books, the cinema or geology. The air in its fair layers. Necrotizing laryngo-tracheobronchitis, consequent of a chemical irritant, CS. Employment gainful of what. Glossed lines. Special weapons and tactics. Passed ball. Weary of waking, talking, faking it. Drip candles kept atop old, empty wine bottles, a canister full of pennies. The strictures against propositions apply with equal force to attributes and relations. Tuesday noon. Nails that glow in burning wood. A clock talks ticking. From what they did, he will not recover. Eggshells in the flower bed for calcium. Consumption of wood by fire. The young nurse in blue sunglasses, by a subtle redistribution of weight,

shift of gravity's center, moves in front of the black lanky graduate student of oriental porcelain in order to more rapidly board the bus, before all of the seats are taken. Three days of July rain. Mould forms in old coffee. As the heat of the hand will draw the leaves up to it, so thought's pressure folds the flower. The urinary habits of Dr. Williams. You thought somehow to copy Rodia not having seen the work. Traits of verbal form do not extend to their objects. Leaving out. Are pears form. Thursday dawn. Tumor press on the optic chiasma. Mouthful of crab meat. Summer morning foghorn. The light caught in the gauzy curtains, beyond which the terrace and the city of verticals. Heard "my ancestors" as "Hawaiian sisters." Wine glasses in rows, in a cabinet. Awake, but still in bed, I listen to cars pass, doors, birds, children are day's first voices. Mole on her ass. From under the eave pigeons pour. Watercress. Surrogate information. The great seagull would have come inside, but my mother went at it with a broom. Necessitation and contingency. Troll bridge. Eventually the scratches become scabs. The brown paint yellows. It'll keep your ego going for a few days. On Treat Street. Rattle of water in pipes. As classes to attributes, ordered pairs to relations. We cannot in conscience blame these varied sorrows of modality on the notion of analyticity. In a room, on a warm night, music on, over voices, a spoon scrapes a pot. A cardboard box of wool sweaters on top of the bookcase to indicate Home. Bob takes Barry to the airport. Kids who ride shopping carts down the street. The form I saw in South Orange Sonnets. Broken shoelace. Fatal framer. Sentences do not designate. Insert opaque erotic data, stimulate focus. Bedlington's, first meant to hunt rats in coal mines, later bred to show, are nearly blind and crazy. This this this this. Urban bourbon. Neither the present nor past hold for you the

attractive indeterminacy of the future, the elaborate half-finished
contraption of the yacht in the yard, tho you live in an apartment,
waking from the sweating nightmare of hair starting to grow on
all the walls and the great sound of breathing. Caffeine enjambment
of the nervous system. Gross national poet. Chinese fire drill. Folds
her toilet paper into perfect squares. Attention is all. Older music.
Writing the white lines. Earliest imaginings of the married life, the
chiropractor's daughter washing dishes. Varieties of helicopter filled
the sky. Marjorie Daw. Fucked in the head. He does not write so
much as his impatience does, the scribble. He knew how to hold
an adz, to till. This sort of sentence. Always, across the bay, there
was Oakland. The playground north of the coffee plant roils with
soccer, kites, sunbathers. Because accumulation is not conscious,
we shuffle about in circles, in hot rooms with the windows shut,
becoming gradually heavier, weighted and slower, until finally
we begin to discard, to shed, to toss off, panama hat, white blazer
with wide lapel, cufflinks, black shirt and white tie, until we stand,
arms "akimbo," in white bells, see-thru net tee shirt, feet wrapped
in sandals. Compared to, say, Chile, where Santiago's higher eleva-
tions support the poor. E for Edgar. Theoretical framework for
pudding. A day of rain in the middle of June. This is the alphabet.
Friday night. The Ferris wheel. How could one ever hope to have
known prose. So that it rains light. The intensionalism of crewcuts.
Shopper's world, a whole store for quilts. The gamelan is not simple.
That one could become a cop, to enforce the forms partially, the
Highway Patrol. Brushing the drums. Thought as a boy to swallow
all seeds, that the tree in the belly could become one. Great urge
to sneeze, mouth full of banana. A mouse's fear of a cat is counted
as his fearing true a certain English sentence. You sap. Butterflies

churn the air. Modal rounders. The sharp shadows of a low sun, the light smack against the white housefronts. Every word is either current, or strange, or metaphorical, or ornamental, or newly coined, or lengthened, or contracted, or altered. Weathercock, scrimshaw. Between the television and the bed was an ironing board, half-finished bottles of lager atop it. When, looking out the window, you no longer see what is there, it's time to move. Narwhale, I confront you. The gallery was a labyrinth of white rooms with skylights, small words drawn in blue pencil, one to a wall, thru which and before which strolled the art consumers, gazing, chewing in an idle way on the earpieces of their sunglasses, paying no attention to the one red hard-backed chair in each room, presumably for their convenience or that of the occasional elderly lady, accompanying a college-age granddaughter, which were the true objects of the show. A sequence of objects, silhouettes, which to him appears to be a caravan of fellaheen, a circus, dromedaries pulling wagons bearing tiger cages, fringed surreys, tamed ostriches in toy hats, begins a slow migration to the right vanishing point, signified by a palm tree on the horizon line. Small boy shouts at the dog, insistent, scolding. Refuse connectedness. I hear the hose in the tomato plants. I want to tell you tales of lint. Feeling my fingernail bend back, pushing it against my front tooth, to signal thought. Smashed watermelon sidewalk. A park upon a hilltop, below which the city, its hills and verticals jammed together, and beyond that not the bay but rather the hills on the far side, as tho near, brown now in August with a light sky, rippling planet crust. Slag iron. Asleep in the sun is all peace there is. Then we found the testes in the scrotal sac. How in the still air the sudden assertion of auto brakes, heard, calls into mind a trumpet. Unable to read a book for any great

length of time, for to abandon himself thus threatened him. A big she St. Bernard. Sad dream of gas pain. Not asleep, I lay in the grass, still, while the ladybug crossed my chest. The implicit power within the ability to draw a single, vertical straight line. Presences I thought dust in the air came closer now, had wings to move them. Opposed to the image. The hill would fill with people bathing in the sun. This posit is not altogether the philosopher's doing. Of all these faces seen as spaces, which are you. Small kids swarm the porch. Knowing it changes it. That was when my nose began to peel. Straw flowers. Axiology, or Value Systems I have seen. A world of routines, of returns to small forms, insistently. Get aboard. It was a summer of few hot nights. Time was real to him, but not linear, more a sensation of gravity, of falling from some precipice forward until, thousands of feet above the valley floor with its chalked concentric circles, acceleration approximated weightlessness. It was his smaller toes that hurt. Look at that white room, filled with fleshy babies. The words, as in a boat, float. Peach pits. Driving freeway over San Bruno mountains in night fog, exhaustion registering in the body as force, pressure, partial "G." Point of transfer. Tenderness in that wicked man. When, as I hunkered down to turn over the small shells, shaking them free of sand, she asked me what it was I was doing, I said "Looking for the good ones." Short glass of tequila. Tall glass of tawny port. Headlights, streetlights, lit living rooms. A pleasure and discomfort in the knowledge of having become, by the fact of your absence, the focal point. Borate bomber's song. Shadows between houses leave earth cool and damp. A scaffold around light. Retina burn. A tooth gone in the root. A slick gaggle of ambassadors. Tension manager's domain.

Astronauts holding hands, adrift in the sky. Caves of the tuna. We ate them. Each ear pierced in four places. The flag. Log fort.

Revolving door. Clear lake. Over farm fields in a glider. Finally, there was nothing to turn you aside, the crowd's bustle as tho at your own momentum, the voices would ebb and echo, as you push at last thru lobby after lobby. Dry blood. Stretched canvas. Like a pitcher's kick, t'ai chi. Each day's particulars conjoined, a morning habit, raising the shade, say, as the coffee steeps. Chorus of the garbage collectors beneath the bedroom window, chewing cabbage discards, smashing bottles, the odor from the cud of their great truck. You are not certain which reality to hold constant. Elongated motion, emotion slowed him, brought the oncoming traffic out gradually from about the turn, blind mountain road. Trunk of the palm snapped where the truck hit, fibers about. Seeds of the fig. If we are limning the true and ultimate structure of reality, the canonical scheme for us is the austere scheme that knows no quotation but direct quotation and no propositional attitudes but only the physical constitution and behavior of organisms. Kareem and the sky-hook. That the thing which you thought possible is not, which, having once made the assumption, governed your days until the fault this morning showed, the wall's weak rock, which, tho it has not made itself felt, shall, is not, since you must carry it now to its conclusion, rubble, to be acknowledged. How will I know when I make a mistake. Ladders, propped up against the walls of act. Alice and the sky boat. Manhattan itself a form of definition. Presentness. The eye is the limit. The first day of July. Only way he could know what occurred in their heads would be to put words down in a sequence, and that would be their thought. Soap. The curious literal

meaning of vacation. His love of the border, of the instant in irrevocable acts, the hammer of the trigger changing the powder, a completion even if a move of only an inch is required. Wind in the chimney would scatter ashes back into the room. The half-formed friendship before he died left her with a taste of unfinished business. Game for a chessboard, pennies doubling square by square. Sea plane. Ontic antics in the attic. The garbage barge at the bridge. Brushing dry leaves off dead poets. These reflections count only against hoping to base identity of propositions on some sort of intensional isomorphism derived from the broad sort of sentence synonymy which is interdefinable with analyticity. Scratches his ass, then sniffs his fingers. I tugged at the cord to coax the plug from the socket. As tho speech nailed to the wall would be writing. We watched him punch, repeatedly, the garage door, slowly, with his head down, a blunt precision. The dream deepens. The Japanese floor manager in a red sport coat, red trousers, white shoes. The bones of the foot, the veins. Cold coffee. When our objective is an austere canonical form for the system of the world. Those rural boys are bulky, mean, what get called the Bulls. The calculus of predicates. Alter the order of prints on the wall, inexpensive reproduction. This stone is thinking about Vienna. Throb in the wrist or knee joint. Quadruplicity drinks procrastination. Cheapo keeno. Tolerance of the don't-care is a major source of simplicity. We climbed three flights of stairs, slope of a eucalyptus grove, to arrive at the door, then two flights up through dark rooms of music, shadowy shuffle of dancers, and through to the back porch, old boards that held a couch and rocker, for to view the city from that great height gave the night sky place or weight, fog wedged amid rooftops but still the clear view, the Big Dipper. A single unparti-

tioned universe of values of bound variables, a simple grammar of predication which admits general terms all on an equal footing. To keep warm burn the news. The type of old man who wears his white hair in a crewcut and keeps small, fat dogs. Terms imply domains. Art as habit merges with the renewal of solutions which constitute it. It was only when the trash bag crashed into the middle of the kitchen that we realized it bore the weight of ants. Objects whose terms are learned only in deep context. Meridian mass murder. Intervening neural activity goes on, but the claim is that nothing is clarified, nothing but excess baggage is added, by positing intermediary subjective objects of apprehension anterior to the physical objects overtly alleged in the spoken sentences themselves. Odor of old orange in the compost. Unwashed pot. Earth science. Soap dish. Basic speed law. Proof of termhood. This tapestry concerns the mass capture of rabbits. The operator of class abstraction can be reduced to description, and description to quantifiers. Because my room faces west I watch the sun rise “in the windows” across the street. This sentence has five words. Steam pours from alley sewers, corridor of fire escapes, loading docks, dumpsters. I resented seeing History and Nature confused at every turn. Sky soup. Each dawn a return to an eternal conclusion, the lemon tree in flower, the sun amid the dissolving fog to warm the porch, this day’s proposition. Capable of sitting in the chair for hours, quiet, watching her sleep. The squeal in the tone of a clothesline pulley. Emulsified memory. Reflective persons unswayed by wishful thinking can themselves now and again have cause to wonder what, if anything, they are talking about. Their first goal was to separate the workers from their means of production. Numbers, Mind, and Body. You come at last into the realization as into a banquet room,

domed perhaps but with chandeliers, that a lush ordering of events is no different than any other so that one might as well eat squid as tripe or plums, dressed in the regalia of tennis, tho perceiving in the punchbowl reflection a costume as clownish as it is offensive. Red eye. Notational process, musical juncture. That language fails to share the object-positing pattern of our own. How propose to release the fly from the bottle. The moth that destroyed Cleveland. No hurry, no hassle. Heat ripples the air rising from the street, reshaping houses on the hill's other peak. Honeydew head, hair of bean sprouts. Subvention of the usual capital outlay process. Thought is a labyrinth. The boys play at war atop washers, amid dryers. Shelves of neatly folded linen. Her roommate remarked casually she could tell he had stayed the night, that the toilet seat would be vertical in the morning. He bears a resemblance to Lee Harvey Oswald, aiming. Whipped at by branches, duck and run. Who do you do. The beautiful dump truck. Speech of no word and word of no speech. Are miles alike. Excuses. Iced tea as a system. Clap hands. Amid shouting, could write of silence and believe it. Wild dog packs roam that part of the city. Erotic insert. A lather for shaving with a rum scent. A child saw me write that, asking what it was. Writing that grows out of itself, poetry of mould. Dusty sill or wainscot. Drawing of a Balinese spirit with its face in its stomach. Would you know if this was prose. Ives jives. The wives that weave the home together. The sun rose undetected behind the sculpted clouds, the air humid in the eucalyptus grove or up over the Mormon Temple, or the Greek Church. Stretch marks on her body. If words were bells. Positing facts in the image of sentences as intermediaries for what is. This arc is wider, more gradual. The hard press of her fingers about the pen as she wrote

into her diary while I watched. Torn tendon. Vandalism is folk art. Portrait of the best worker in Auto Plant 7. Flowering milkweed through the cracks in the sidewalk, around which what hand drew stars in colored chalk. Left his emotional options open. Balloons, having gotten loose from children, would rise up steadily, yellow discs diminishing on a blue plane. Fountains of the financial district spout soft water in a hard wind. Half asleep on the hillside, the breeze would pass over this part of my body, that one. At six, rise up, sun threatens day. This before, this after. Repeating on paper that stanza one hundred times, each with a new pen, watching how the width of the ink's path shifted the weight and intentions of reference, penumbra of signification, from act to act. He stood over them, alternately shouting and drinking from a bottle of bourbon. The enormous comedy of the emotion imposed on the image of the peasant's bent shoulders. Geometry as the theory of relative position. Little moons of my thumbnail grow. Writing in public as a form of performance, on buses, say, or here amid sunbathers, not paid attention to, looking up, myself, to watch the jugglers. Were these true events. This used to be a nice place. I see that young woman each morning as she jogs in a blue sweatsuit, trailed by her four small dogs, bringing to mind Darrell's tale, the poet dyed blond, jogging through the mourners of an evangelist, bishop of a black church. Each morning I rise to praise these faces. The hill blackens in a controlled burn. Pulling at my toenails. In a far room of the apartment I can hear music and a hammer. Whether to speak of geometrical objects as bypassed or as reconstrued is a matter of indifference. Poem took the form of the Ice Age. Elimination can often be allowed the gentler air of explication. The asymmetry in any face. Sperm count. Fat man at the bus stop. Morning in the

gauzy curtains. Gray clouds to give the sky weight. It was here the poem spoke of itself, casual, dissembling, remarking of its admiration for the great Watts Towers, tho it had never seen them. Night light. A metal table, round, whose center is a large beach umbrella placed instead upon concrete, at the pool's edge, for us to set our drinks upon while we gaze at the divers. Layers of bandage about the ankle. People are starving. Anchovy. How do I know if this is page or wall. The bear flag in the black marble plaza. Hand lotion, bandages, rainbows of toilet paper. Straw shoes from Japan. Bus routes constitute a sculpture, with density of lines, frequency of units, the pleasure to be taken in slashed seats. Roundness is an ideal embodied in the nostril. Transfer points. The aardwolf. The external is simply proposed. A white bowl of split pea soup is set upon the table. The yellow house, the beige house, the blue one, the block. Thursday noon. Monday morning on Joe's steps, filling the notebook. It's cold. Muslims idle in front of their temple. Patterns of possibility come together, intersect, disperse. Dream of a great air tragedy, the neighborhood smoldering, lit by floodlights atop police cars and fire trucks, damp night fog, everybody dazed on their porches, odor of meat. Rapid transit information. One knows how to receive this because it is a poem, because it bears that family resemblance, because one gradually understood how to receive the last one and the one prior, because one has learned how to receive them in general without seeming conspicuous. My childhood passed in contemplation of Ihabod Crane. Dream breaks up sleep. Doors open, footsteps, faucets: people are waking up. Crash city. Feel the stress in day's recesses. Anticipation specifically an extension of memory, so that one salt flat cracked into pentagonal patterns will become another. Those curtains which I

like above the kitchen sink. Beeswax mixed with paraffin. Imagined lives we posit in the bungalows, passing, counting, with another part of the mind, the phone poles. Wasp adheres to flesh. Stood there broke and rapidly becoming hungry, staring at nickels and pennies at the bottom of the fountain. A walk through the railroad yards, a rainbow out of gray-brown. Dear Quine, sentences are not synonymous when they mean the same proposition. Kids, with nothing better to do than ride about in an old car, shining a flashlight in the eyes of night drivers. How the heel rises and ankle bends to carry the body from one stair to the next. The feminine way men fold their hands when, say, they ride the bus. This page is slower. Hotels for old single men. Forced outside first thing, just to purchase food for one's breakfast. Each sentence is a solution. The even keel. The fight quietly going on in the back of the bus. Chalk dust. We walked through the financial district at midnight, the street deep between these buildings, a film crew working down an alley, pausing as we passed to stare at great tapestries in bank lobbies. Write and sunbathe at the same time, or ride the bus, or eat dry cereal in a bowl of milk on the upended cable spool you use for a table. Great whistling anus. Hunkered down against a cyclone fence to write words in a sequence concerning the movement of a chair to a room's center for the purpose of changing the lightbulb. What if it were cancer. Cigarette butt in clovered grass. Morning of the middle. The desire for coffee. Designated art words here. Ships, arriving or leaving the harbor, stir water, leave wakes as we also, walking a trail to the hilltop, displace the air. Eat what you kill. Lighting the cigarette because it will make the bus come. Bruise in the banana. Cherry bomb. The cranes in the gray dawn fog over the holds of the boats. Animal crackers. Leaves of lettuce, formless,

left in a bowl of salad oil. Drums accelerate before bells begin, then flutes and I am walking on the dusty forest floor, wearing trousers held by suspenders, bare foot and chest, searching for my hat again where caterpillars weave homes upon its wet, white, wide brim. Liner notes to a Dylan album. The young man with long eyelashes. Swarm of carpenters within the burned-out house. Imbalance in the body compass. We are well within the made place. The tenor sax is a toy. The slower, deeper heat of August days. Three teeth in a pill bottle kept on the mantel. Of pores as eyes as they open. Felt thought. Xerox days. Sparklers, or incense, it's all the same principle. White or white-gray or gray, cream call it, fade away. Watching her hand to see if there is a ring amid long, thin fingers. The possibility of terms like rooms in a house, huge Hillsborough home, doors of syntax, windows of nuance, a long, carpeted hallway lined with Persian mirrors, doors ajar through which you see, a guest in the place tho not thoroughly welcome, the furniture of usage. Piano clusters. The song of the Cessna, its propellers. Putting my shoes on last, then standing, dressed. This is or is not an object, its words as bricks. Bloody Thursday. Kill what you eat. Snow is remarkable to one not accustomed to it. A sign within the diesel's whine. To view from the porch the whole bay was not the point, but to stand there, drink in hand, perceiving oneself in relation to all visible lives, much like the pine ridge, each in the midst of a personal navigation, so that this interlude was itself a form of carrying forward, was what it meant to be drunk. Piss smell of eggs. The gentle knocking of a sock filled with sand on my forehead. Just the way I wrote when I was twelve years old. Each term bears its purpose. The form itself is the model of a city, extension, addition, modification. Gives names to his typewriter, car, chairs. (1) Sound

of an electric saw from the (temporarily) closed-off gallery, or
(2) sound of a film projector rewinding. Terrorism courts respect.
Writes better when he wears his hat. We want coherence. An
expensive sundae carefully constructed around three mounds
of French vanilla, entitled Hobo. Epic of doodling. The page is
only the documentation, or the page is more, the field, resistance.
She was a unit in a bum space, she was a damaged child, sitting in
her rocker by the window. This emptying out of interiority to the
benefit of its exterior signs, this exhaustion of content by its form,
is the principle. Carry, if you can, the proposition to its limit. The
particularly thick nail of the big toe. Yellowing gauze curtains.
Waking, sleeping, days bleed one into the other, so that it is this
unrelenting need to rest that breeds image of discontinuity, line,
cycle, circle, line. Listening to seals on that dark beach, not able
to see them. Listening patiently, until one is able to hear the one
watch in the room, perfectly. The raised highway through the flood
plain. Each time this path is taken, its distances shift. We came
upon the god of the starfish. We bring to the encounter what we
choose to see, so that of all the terms picked to describe that dog,
only one, proper name so-called, defines a category that has but
one member, yet, not knowing it, the next time we saw him we
would recognize him, we would greet him, we would be correct.
White wings of a magpie. Great jolt of travel. At possibility's edge
occurs limit. Each day as I lie here, I hear her rise and wash. The
formal beauty of a back porch. Spider bites. A learned solitude,
constantly in the head looking out. Constantly waking, new day.
One's age is best seen in the back of one's hand. Void is what's left
when the cosmos breaks down as the interesting evidence of order.
Sentiment is memory confused with desire. Mexican blue hammock

to write in. Fuchsias fall and stick to the walk. Wind chimes. That he was not brutal enough for her confused him. Across the empty states to Chicago if at all possible. Red shingle roof. The naval air base across the still bay water, behind which the hills rise, houses crowding the lower slopes, United States. Waiting for the phone to ring at the far end, for her to pick it up, I could hear voices, whole muted conversations. Jack rabbit's fatal dive across the blacktop. I'm unable to find just the right straw hat. Slept by the roadside to wake in a vast flat space. Tuba booms. A slope filled with soldiers sifting through the large charred green debris, explosion of a helicopter. Primal soup. Red sky above a dry land. Forms from nouns are known. Red dirt hills. Pineapple slices. Nevada into Utah as tho through conditions of the mind. Agents, he noticed, once removed from their jobs, were the dullest ones of all. Day's first sky was a fan of blues. Extra paper money was kept in the closet, rolled by my grandmother into the shade of the small window there, behind the coat hanger heavy with old ties. Writing, riding. Said of her organization that it was the third largest tendency, but held to the correct line. From the house where Trotsky died they caught a ride with a man who worked for the World Bank. He hit the bricks, took a vacation, got rolled up, popped, as they say. You read this sentence before. Bulky tale, pointless as it is long. The true sign of agriculture is the small plane. Luggage. Where ranch hands would wander in daily for coffee or breakfast. It is not as though our lives bear intended meaning, but that it gathers about us like fallen leaves which someone has failed to sweep away. Occasionally a dirt road will curl out of the mountains to come up to the freeway, tho you never know what fact it extends from, house, mine, town. A blue flame. Drop City. All talk. On holiday, I read Barthes' "The Writer

on Holiday.” Western movies. We are, each of us, somehow, given to a realization of the possibility of disaster, but when the slowed traffic took us around the curve into view of the scattered remains of the helicopter, engine at the road’s edge, amid a crowd of soldiers, police, hearses, pushing us immediately onward, away, it was an image we saw, no more. I hate speech. Child’s form. The fishermen’s cormorants wear rings around their necks to keep them from swallowing, to force them to surrender their catch. Home of the curator of Africana, room in the attic, breeze of Lake Michigan turned this page. Tales from the crypt. House of red brick. Monday morning. Cowbell doorbell. In the fog I saw the great grass boats floating toward the delta. The truck had burned, now, at road’s edge, merely glowed. The word I want is Shampoo. The young children of the wife of my friend’s brother. A procedure by which they stick a metal device up one’s prick. How the roads wrap around the town. Cat sleeps on the hood of the parked car. An Italian love song played on the accordion. Linear accelerator. If for every window there were a person. She had only the slightest pubic hair, light brown. At home amid engineers, on a patio, with chicken and gin and tonic. What if one killed never to be caught, constantly alive with that information. Large, evenly hard beds. I was swimming in a clear pool. Here also were buried the soldiers killed at the Battle of Lake Erie, 1813. What does it mean to know, sleeping, that you sleep in Idaho. The fountain forms a geometry of the particular, five waterfalls, six spouts, all of which arrive in the general pool. Playing with the pilot light. Each event will be its own name. A clear thing. This is the fable of objects. Infinite expansion. Sulphur, the hanged man, I swing between realms. She threw her legs back, up, over my shoulders, and with my ass I shoved in. This

line written in Windsor, once the way out, as, say, Guatemala now is, sitting on a park bench, river's edge, facing Detroit. We drove through fields of artichokes. Green water, gray sky. Primed canvas. Canadian cactus. One does not shiver here, one shudders. They invented logic and classification. A key ring raps on the glass. Form is to seize the time. Women, smelling of ammonia, board the bus. Form is the tame cat. The throat, hearing the toilet flush, invariably swallows. Form is the minute hand. These emotions have been proposed. Form is the structure of character, what. Manifest destiny. BFTP of the Apes. Feet, do your stuff. Wanted no limits, only possibility. Woman new to the building seemed interesting, until the night she brought home the man who clearly was not, so curiosity drained away. Table with a black top. Green tint to the shit. Filling the yellow cup with coffee. Water in the pipes does not wake me, but keeps me from sleep, unable to determine the source, the user, the time of night. A sentence begun on the green page is completed on the yellow. On the reparsing of names. Sat in the Ford World Headquarters lobby, reading Olson. Grew up, she said, able to hear Chiang's firing squads by the river at dawn. Dark glasses on the black desk, their blue tint. Instances return, thought to have been lost. To kill the clock. Waking wasted. Assertion, not journal, in a house with four bathrooms, on a two-acre lot. Dark brown houseboats beached at low tide—men atop their cabin roofs, shirtless and in overalls, idle, play a Dobro, a jaw's harp, a 12-string guitar—only to float again, anchored, when the sunset is reflected in Richardson Bay. The particular, the particular. Words in a line pass time. Auto-gyro. One wants a place to locate mind's events. If you go wider, deeper. Tourists from Taiwan. Later they send for their wives. Prose like a garden. Globe is the lower. Diminishing world where the head

dwells, avoidance of which is the test. A light that I saw, that mountain road, that passed. Solid object. Alone in a stranger's house. She makes constructions to sit in, whose common form implies the electric chair. Only in the flats is the fat of the green gone. Frying yellow squash in the wok, with string beans, bell pepper, tofu, sprouts. Intermittent as it is, the process of refrigeration sets up a hum in the wall, non-specific, not to be avoided, not precisely heard, felt rather by the wake in the belly's fluids. Bone bruise. Rose of china embedded in the lamp. An old spool for cable made into a table, made home for a garden in an old wine jug. The alimentary life. Each morning geese circle the lake until they refind day's forms. Feta cheese. Normal discourse. You are not the most complicated of men eating an English muffin. What in the wall whistles. Exploration in closure. Prefers instruments of percussion, for discreteness. Fat dimpled thighs. Raw mushrooms. The waitress looms over the table, pot of coffee in hand. Write this down in a green notebook. The rectangular geometry of the tiles, the plane of floor held stories above the ground, which flows under the metal door into this cubicle of the john. Celery, salary. Auto-dactyl dream. Piano man. He gave the impression that very many cities rubbed him smooth. Almonds. The warm blood of rain, say, such image as proposes an aesthetic. Power curtain. So it seemed I woke in a castle, or, rather, its inner court, whose walls of yellow and brown brick supported vines of ivy, until, standing, shaking off dead leaves, I could see into the windows of the rooms, the classes going on there. Each day new vistas become possible, yesterday's earlobe, today's toenail, a radio on a mantel one had forgotten to think of, a flashlight. Would pour pigment directly on the canvas, then manipulate that. Interest is something you impose. Endless possibility, drifting from campus

to campus, hanging out. Cohn's loans. So muggy it seemed there was no oxygen in the air, how was it the cigar burned. Television in the 1950s. The mountains, more by darkness visible and their own size. Could you trace this to its source, particular, iridescent, useful only as it disappears. Lone Star Hotel. An harbor, Ann Arbor. Evolution of the mailbox, professionalism of cops. The poem as long as California, or summer. Until I myself became trapped in the Bermuda Triangle of the heart. Technographic typography. A calculated refusal to perform the normal chores of verse. From the barracks of the Wilcox Mansion, where he took the oath, saw only the offices of doctors. Xylophones. Mountain View Cemetery equal to Central Park. A kick in the coccyx for good luck. The way the open hands hang limp at the wrists and the elbows swing out when he runs. This day's reaches features peaches. That jay imitates the cricket. Silverfish, potato bugs. From the veranda of a mansion above the Russian River, I first heard this music. Everybody balls everybody, eventually, and nothing changes. Wept, swept, slept. Deliberate sentimentalism perceived as description. Dense red meat. Call out, as though after a large dog. Antelope bites, watermelon fever. His friend forgot her sandals. There the drab girl sat, hair dryer in her lap, awaiting the airport limousine. The map is not the territory. Does it contradict action. Tiger balm. Sheet lightning in Michigan hills. Man on the bus, scavenger, sips cough medicine. Of speed as experience, gobbled space. We stopped for hot chocolate topped with whipped cream, and to discuss the Sicilian Defense. Motion is a vertical disorder. Acres wake, bugs of the soil shivering about their business, day's light precedes heat. The nice man. A book of short poems to be called Spare Parts. The private lives of kindergarten teachers, a party about the clubhouse of an apartment com-

plex, one who by the pool shows the young woman an appropriate way to drive a golf ball, or strangers stare confusedly at the sauna, read instructions, implies to the newcomer, engaged now in a contest of pocket billiards, chalking his cue in that harder light, high beamed ceiling, aligning in the mind ball to pocket, a world of repose, of a stasis that includes activity, sailboats decked in a garage, as, what is the word, he can't find it, as something as the light which each night is turned upon the garden. Yonder. History is not a good bourgeois. The odor in towels, the oil in skin. Repressed behavior, a small grin upon gin and tonic. Exorcise your monkey. The abruptness of seafood. Early morning mental system. Doors here are more complex, framed panes of glass interlocking with one of wire mesh. The poem as a form sensed prior to the writing, as the act thereof, as a text fixed upon paper, as the act of reading, as the memory of one of the above. The usual dead people most parents are. The tenor sax is a weapon. Our lives in the mineral world. Posits of new information not like cars recently attached to a train, but like memory, embedded in the presences. Pleistocene statements. We stood or sat on the deck, breaking oranges into slices, watching the four-masted prison ship cross the bay. A tractor necessary to care for this lawn. Her sense of the distance within families is American, but beyond that, Chinese. The beginnings of a new phenomenology of assembling. Linoleum story. Void in, void out. Men eating burgers in silence, at a drugstore counter, wearing t-shirts and short hair, staring at their food. Greased lady. Bob's bitter days. The last dance, the end of dancing. The bottle of white wine is empty. The eyes, forced to focus. The Main Library was a grey weight in a white rain. Against the hearth leans a line drawing framed in glass, in which the apple tree with its too-small fruit is

reflected, whipped by what must soon become rain. He sat under the kitchen table, writing furiously into a notebook every word we said, Emily scolding, the bright light of a bare bulb on dark-painted walls, the Kelly green fridge, the rest of us drinking or smoking dope, but it was his kitchen. The competition of these realities, as tho any of us were of a mobile, spinning, each point the view in a rotating geometry. What is to be taken as no information, decisions made each time we cross the street. Gradually these pages fill, an intentionality like mass. Mucous membrane. Cool clouded sanity. The knot is not the rope. Amelia naps. The signs sing. The afternoon curls about me or I wrap myself in it, folds of attention aired with movement to a pot of coffee or the john. Lots of exercise, little thought. Twang in the rope, what holds the new apple tree to such wind as this. These roofs, their angles, give the hill texture, houses packed tight, cramped yards, kids on porches, dog growls, mowers, yelps, web of clothesline. Eye as sponge to day's light. What I want is the grey-blue grain of western summer. Attempted to confront her explosion at such arrogance, but did not, could not, transfer the smell, mould in the meat about whoever might ski or skate, that she herself was so circled by. Yellow beach, pink sky, pink beach, yellow sky. Eye is spine. Sea cucumber. Air more active, clouds piling, folding into themselves, rolling. Burma shave parataxis. Who needs not a lover but a tennis partner. In the beach night, campfires lit up the city of dune buggies, surfboards pitched vertically into the sand, a presence as of clan shields. As if those words not written remained locked in ink. How the press of information, that first time you walk down a new street, cannot be repeated. Quills and crackers, jewels or miracles. One could propose, for example, the inclusion of anything. Cigar-shaped art object would hover near the

highway then quickly fly away. With such attention the mind can follow the act of her washing in the next room, it knows hands from neck from cheeks. Haul ass, kitten. Subtitles lower your focus. Such, of. The first person to stomp out, when Zukofsky debuted Reich's Violin Phase in the west, was Mario Savio. Yoyo's alibi, the way back. Old sentences heard new carry a different purpose. Weight in the line. Rhodochrosite, tourmaline. Motor city farewell. You wake in waves, each new day's small tides of attention. The road, the rug, fading dawn moon. Analysanda and their analysantia. A field of corn, green, in a plain of dry grass. Such poems are like keystones in need of a monument. Learn the art of seizing control. Barnwood ash. They live in condos. Mention sex, fruit, candy, cities, books, the cinema, geology. Water towers with happy faces. The air in its fair layers. Jet trails between clouds would disperse. Necrotizing laryngotracheobronchitis, consequent of a chemical irritant, CS. Not the sick, strict, slick legalisms. Employment gainful of what. Iowa clay, that slight planes do sculpt place, the red west horizon bearing night. Glossed lines. I am meat in motion only, all other is construct, Pinto going west. Special weapons and tactics. The signifier is empty, the sign is full. Passed ball. Eroded mesa. Weary of waking, talking, faking it. Night rodeo. Drip candles kept atop old, empty wine bottles, a canister full of pennies. Mountain lightning. The strictures against propositions apply with equal force to attributes and relations. A man who lurched suddenly toward us on the road, his hair filled with blood. Tuesday noon. Somehow fog on the desert floor. Nails that glow in burning wood. Myth is a language. A clock talks ticking. In Great Salt Desert one is the vertical, located. From what they did, he will not recover. Morning moon over mountains. Eggshells in the flower

bed for the calcium. The road, a line, to define the canvas. Consumption of wood by fire. Because my name is lion. The young nurse in blue sunglasses, by a subtle redistribution of weight, shift of gravity's center, moves in front of the black lanky graduate student of oriental porcelain in order to more rapidly board the bus, before all of the seats are taken. Watched, each day as we traveled west, the moon dissolve. Three days of July rain. Reassert older orders. Mould forms in old coffee. The bells return. As the heat of the hand will draw the leaves up to it, so thought's pressure folds the flower. Andy has leukemia, needs blood. The urinary habits of Dr. Williams. The flat was empty, the lights on, dishes in the sink, books about the floor, the shower torn to pieces. You thought somehow to copy Rodia not having seen the work. Today's embraces. Traits of verbal form do not extend to their objects. The white room, as you waken, begins to fill with the objects of perception, open suitcase, rumpled blankets, etc., events in discrete sequence, the chair, table, stereo, until, the world nearly completed, they begin to cohere, come into focus, new form, not as individuals, but each in relation, one to the other. Leaving out. The blood bank. Are pears form. The uncomplicated tyranny of punctuation, the residual aspect of print, to fix spelling, phoque it. Thursday dawn. Mobile of leaves called a tree. Tumor press on the optic chiasma. Through misuse arrive at important information. Mouthful of crab meat. You knew, you were certain, you were sure. Summer morning fog-horn. Fool's toes. The light caught in the gauzy curtain, beyond which the terrace and the city of verticals. There is a hand here. Heard "my ancestors" as "Hawaiian sisters." I think that I know that I think, etc., infinite regression. Wine glasses in rows, in a cabinet. Provisional existence of the external world. Awake, but still in

bed, I listen to cars pass, doors, birds, children are day's first voices. The poem is all that is the case. Mole on her ass, or prefer to call it butt. To demonstrate the hand, prove the existence of fingers, possibly, or Saturn, pain, roundness. From under the eave pigeons pour. Doubt about existence works only in a language game. Watercress. What use is a rule here. Surrogate information. One has to keep reminding oneself of the unimportance of the inner process or state. The great seagull would have come inside but my mother went at it with a broom. I am forced, each time I write, to reinvent language and form. Necessitation and contingency. That content does not intrude. Troll bridge. Residue of sinus condition. Eventually the scratches become scabs. Random sample. The brown paint yellows. The end of the freeway in the middle of the country. It'll keep your ego going for a few days. You could start almost anywhere and find anything. On Treat Street. Signification extends the sign. Rattle of water in pipes. Architect, schoolteacher, poet, the trio wandered through Old Town, sobered by the evident despair. As classes to attributes, ordered pairs to relations. A vocabulary for grammar school lacking verbs of change. We cannot in conscience blame these varied sources of modality on the notion of analyticity. Yellow is the color of mental activity. In a room, on a warm night, music on, over voices, a spoon scrapes a pot. Headhunter. A cardboard box of wool sweaters on top of the bookcase to indicate Home. We link together our various perceptual spaces whose contents vary from person to person and from time to time, as parts of one public spacio-temporal order. Bob takes Barry to the airport. The ignorance surface from North Dakota. Kids who ride shopping carts down the street. The confusion matrix, the travel field. The form I saw in South Orange Sonnets. Ecumeniopolis. Broken shoe-

lace. Desire to replicate speech as thought is silly, great grinding hum of language in head. Fatal framer. Would play a piano on the beach. Sentences do not designate. The octoroon, the octillion. The signifier of myth presents itself in an ambiguous way. Insert opaque erotic data, stimulate focus. Would put a lit match to his thumbnail, because he liked the smell. Bedlingtons, first meant to hunt rats in coal mines, later bred to show, are nearly blind and crazy. Phantom Czechoslovak. This this this this. This is here if you think it is. Urban bourbon. If I am in a car and look through the window at the scenery, I can, at will, look at the countryside or the pane, and, if at the latter, at other worlds reflected there, the view, say, from a window on the far side, a small town lodged on the hillside. Neither present nor past hold for you the attractive indeterminacy of the future, the elaborate half-finished contraption of the yacht in the yard, tho you live in an apartment, waking from the sweating nightmare of hair starting to grow on all the walls and the great sound of breathing. There is no myth without motivated form. Caffeine enjambment of the nervous system. It is a speech justified in excess. Gross national poet. Why, over a valley this size, the white-grey sky becomes a great dome. Chinese fire drill. This sentence is not what I intended. Folds her toilet paper into perfect squares. It was a language robbery. Attention is all. The language is never anything but a system of forms, and the meaning is a form. Older music. The net, the fog, two alphabets. Writing the white lines. Mathematics is a finished language, deriving its perfection from this acceptance of death. Earliest imaginings of the married life, the chiropractor's daughter doing dishes. Drums under water. Varieties of helicopter filled the sky. A kind of spatial, tangible analogue of silence. Marjorie Daw. Give historical intention a

natural justification, make contingency appear eternal. Fucked in the head. If you have an interest in the page, say, as a form of preservation. He does not write so much as his impatience does. Essence and scale. He knew how to hold an adz, to till. Between reality and men, between description and explanation, between object and knowledge. This sort of sentence. Identify the assumptions, define them. Always, across the bay, there was Oakland. Political because it must be, but at what level. The playground north of the coffee plant roils with soccer, kites, sunbathers. All good ideas are simple. Because accumulation is not conscious, we shuffle about in circles, in hot rooms with the windows shut, becoming gradually heavier, weighted and slower, until finally we begin to discard, to shed, to toss off, panama hat, white blazer with wide lapel, cufflinks, black shirt and white tie, until we stand, arms “akimbo,” in white cuffed flares, see-thru net tee shirt, feet wrapped in sandals. If it needs more than one performer, that’s an ideology, equipment, that’s another. Compared to, say, Chile, where Santiago’s higher elevations support the poor. Rumor that R beat one performer up. E is for Edgar. Entangled in a language, whose syntax leads you to multiple murder, political kidnap or an ashram in Colorado. Theoretical framework for pudding. Our colonies are the last proletariat. A day of rain in the middle of June. This sentence in August. This is the alphabet. These are the trees. Friday night. A cigar purchased in Vera Cruz, but smoked in Windsor. The Ferris wheel. Prepare to turn this record over. How could one ever hope to have known prose. The hidden assumption is that once the novel lived. So that it rains light. Adoration of my own two feet. The intensionalism of crewcuts. Single string of marine trumpet. Shopper’s world, a whole store for quilts. Film of each of

eighty victims, over Tubular Bells, called news. The gamelan is not simple. Who first refined petrol. That one could become a cop, to enforce the laws partially, the Highway Patrol. Magnetic tape to Patty Hearst, to Richard Nixon. Brushing the drums. The dawn light is before us, let us rise up and act. Thought as a boy to swallow all seeds, that the tree in the belly could become one. The death of heat is the birth of steam. Great urge to sneeze, mouth full of banana. But the grass spider eats only violets. A mouse's fear of a cat is counted as his fearing true a certain English sentence. They control insects and enemies of the trout. You sap. If we imagine the facts otherwise than as they are, certain language games lose some of their importance, while others become more important. Butterflies churn the air. The meaning of a word like the function of an official. Modal rounders. One could be wrong intentionally, but without deceit. The sharp shadows of a low sun, the light smack against the white housefronts. Each day there's the bridge. Every word is either current, or strange, or metaphorical, or ornamental, or newly coined, or lengthened, or contracted, or altered. The salute of the fireboats. Weathercock, scrimshaw. Panama Exposition. Between the television and the bed was an ironing board, half-finished bottles of lager atop it. Throttle's glottal stop. When, looking out the window, you no longer see what's there, it's time to move. Not every false belief is a mistake. Narwhale, I confront you. The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy revisionist running dog. The gallery was a labyrinth of white rooms with skylights, small words drawn in blue pencil, one to a wall, thru which and before which strolled the art consumers, gazing, chewing in an idle way on the earpieces of their sunglasses, paying no attention to the one red hard-backed chair in each room, presumably for

their convenience or that of the occasional elderly lady, accompanying a college-age granddaughter, which were the true objects of the show. Implicitly or explicitly, all environmental planning and action reflects a particular view of society and the groups that compose it. A sequence of objects, silhouettes, which to him appears to be a caravan of fellaheen, a circus, dromedaries pulling wagons bearing tiger cages, fringed surreys, tamed ostriches in toy hats, begins a slow migration to the right vanishing point, signified by a palm tree on the horizon line. Here is Spain, that is Africa, this the water. Small boy shouts at the dog, insistent, scolding. A teller, she said of him, of moral tales. Refuse connectedness. Music for marimbas, voice and organ. I hear the hose in the tomato plants. What duration does to the meaning of any word. I want to tell you tales of lint. Clapping music. Feeling my fingernail bend back, pushing it against my front tooth, to signal thought. All research is so set as to exempt certain propositions from doubt. Smashed watermelon sidewalk. A belief is what it is whether it has any practical effects or not. A park upon a hilltop, below which the city, its hills and verticals jammed together, and beyond that not the bay but rather the hills on the far side, as tho near, brown now in August with a light sky, rippling planet crust. How do I verify the imagination. Slag iron. As tho each bus route were a specific syntax. Asleep in the sun is all peace there is. Why should not a king be brought up with the belief that the world began with him. Then we found the testes in the scrotal sac. The proposition that you have spent your whole life in close proximity to the earth. How in the still air the sudden assertion of auto brakes, heard, calls into mind a trumpet. Whose boats dwell in the bay. Unable to read a book for any great length of time, for to abandon himself thus threatened him. I did

not get my picture of the world by satisfying myself of its correctness. A big she St. Bernard. The truths of which he says he knows are such as all of us know, if he knows them. Sad dream of gas pain. My convictions do form a system. Not asleep, I lay in the grass, still, while the ladybug crossed my chest. I don't make the language, I enforce it. The power implicit within the ability to draw a single, vertical straight line. Thousands lavishing, thousands starving, intrigues, wars, flatteries, envyings, hypocrisies, lying vanities, hollow amusements, exhaustion, dissipation, death. Presences I thought dust in the air came closer now, had wings to move them. Twenty loose sheets of lined foolscap, undated. Opposed to the image. I am for example also convinced that the sun is not a hole in the vault of heaven. The hill would fill with people bathing in the sun. Climate replaces weather. This posit is not altogether the philosopher's doing. Laundry boat. Of all these faces seen as spaces, which are you. No one ever taught me that my hands don't disappear when I am not paying attention to them. Small kids swarm the porch. Display of the corpse of Che Guevara as bourgeois sculpture. Knowing it changes it. Solitary line of a sea lute. That was when my nose began to peel. Blue genes. Straw flowers. This is an exhibit for the prosecution. Axiology, or Value Systems I have seen. Talking heads of television. A world of routines, of returns to small forms, insistently. As astronauts enter the outer air. Get aboard. Symbols cramp the temple. It was a summer of few hot nights. Zoo caw caw of the sky. Time was real to him, but not linear, more a sensation of gravity, of falling from some precipice forward until, thousands of feet above the valley floor with its chalked concentric circles, acceleration approximated weightlessness. Garbage mind pearl diver. It was his smaller toes that hurt. Wittgenstein and the moon.

Look at that white room, filled with fleshy babies. Attempt, between poems, to be charming. The words, as in a boat, float. Any project large enough to capsize. Peach pits. Endless intimate detail ultimately bores. Driving freeway over San Bruno mountains in night fog, exhaustion registering in body as force, pressure, partial “G.” Words, where you are, as in a trail, not forest but thicket, briar, pine needle modifiers, shingles of a pine cone on which to focus, but syntax, syntax was the half-light. Point of transfer. The abnormal mind is quick to detect and attach itself to this quality. Tenderness in that wicked man. Grandfather robed in white, horizontal in grey-green shadows of Intensive Care, would not look up, tubes in nose, waiting. When, as I hunkered down to overturn the small shells, shaking sand off, she asked what it was, I said “Looking for the good ones.” Is this winter or is this morning. Short glass of tequila. Personality is an unbroken series of successful gestures. Tall glass of tawny port. Glide on through the sea change of faces and voices and color. Headlights, streetlights, lit living rooms. Ideological basis of sleep. A pleasure and discomfort in the knowledge of having become, by the fact of your absence, the focal point. Blond body hair. Borate bomber’s song. Hyperventilation. Shadows between houses leave earth cool and damp. Molding my senselessness into forms. A scaffold around light. The last hot day of summer. Retina burn. There is no confusion like the confusion of a simple mind. A tooth gone in the root. Suffering succotash. A slick gaggle of ambassadors. The flat black hills beyond which summer’s form, the sun, would rise. Tension manager’s domain. The city is a thing mingled. Astronauts holding hands, adrift in the sky. There is no content here, only dailiness, the driver education car poised in the intersection by the playground, around which a jogger orbits,

all in the hill's shadow at sunset. Caves of the tuna. Bowl in which map of world was etched. We ate them. Couple at next table, over coffee, discuss power relations of their home. Each ear pierced in four places. Question of sexuality. The flag. I told him I was tired, bored by sense of his misuse, my voice the line drawn. Log fort. As map could extend beyond the margin.

Revolving door. Splinters or slivers, sofa or couch. Clear lake. The east is red, the west is ready. Over farm fields in a hang glider. Memories of underdevelopment. Finally, there was nothing to turn you aside, the crowd's bustle as tho at your own momentum, the voices would ebb and echo, as you push at last thru lobby after lobby. Now I am on the moon, now in Death Valley. Dry blood. The tenor sax is a tool. Stretched canvas. This is no more than an hypothesis, haltingly proposed. Like a pitcher's kick, t'ai chi. Serial numbness. Each day's particulars conjoined, a morning habit, raising the shade, say, as the coffee steeps. Radio ideology. Chorus of the garbage collectors beneath the bedroom window, chewing cabbage discards, smashing bottles, the odor from the cud of their great truck. Eventually empties into a lonely logic, projects that will not resolve, locked in, terms providing terms, endless consequence of equation, until final factors fail to cross out. You are not certain which reality to hold constant. Signifies change, clay fear, with no substantive modification. Elongated motion, emotion slowed him, brought the oncoming traffic out gradually from about the turn, blind mountain road. Laura Riding, say, to have stopped writing, act not complete until old poems back into print. Trunk of the palm snapped where the truck hit, fibers about. Questions of distribution here. Seeds of the fig. Economics or language or where are these the

same, value as speech. If we are limning the true and ultimate structure of reality, the canonical scheme for us is the austere scheme that knows no quotation but direct quotation and no propositional attitudes but only the physical constitution and behavior of organisms. We are preparing to start over and start over and have started over. Kareem and the skyhook. Morning of the mossback. That the thing which you thought possible is not, which, having once made the assumption, governed your days until the fault this morning showed, the wall's weak rock, which, tho it has not made itself felt, shall, is not, since you must carry it now to its conclusion, rubble, to be acknowledged. The skaters were a kind of solution. How will I know when I make a mistake, that, says, your hand as I shake it, fleshy palm, pudgy fingers, is not my imagination. The yellow rose of civic concern. Ladders, propped up against the walls of act. Disturbed that your approvers seem oblique to the intention, unaware that the concentric circles expanding about the stone thrown into the lake will extend to the shore, that the flute's vibrations form an act that yet others will be consequent to, as your own presence was predicated on the odor of pine in the air, you turn the orders of your attention to your fingers in relation to the stops along the bamboo shaft, a fix on precision, aware without saying so that evasive action cannot solve it. Alice and the sky boat. Tonto's memo to the effect that life is hard, pard. Manhattan itself a form of definition. As we loitered, waiting for the bus, I overheard her whispering to herself, a furious conversation. Presentness. City of nurses. The eye is the limit. City of stenographers. The first day of July. Underpass at Division Street. Only way he could know what occurred in their heads would be to put words down in a sequence, and that would be their thought. City of busboys, of administrative

assistants. Soap. Here is an empirical fact, this word is used like this. The curious literal meaning of vacation. As he stood at the intersection, we stared at the young Persian whose face was bruised. His love of the border, of the instant in irrevocable acts, the hammer of the trigger changing the powder, a completion even if only a move of an inch is required. King of cornflakes, conference of the birds. Wind in the chimney would scatter ashes back into the room. Here a vast terminal murrain. The half-formed friendship before he died left her with a taste of unfinished business. The unceasing effort to force this to reveal its absolute self-existing quality of mass. Game for a chessboard, pennies doubling square by square. This is the city that never went to town. Sea plane. Oranges dislodge time. Ontic antics in the attic. Adventures of the dialectic. The garbage barge at the bridge. This list. Brushing dry leaves off dead poets. A woman dressed to polka. These reflections count only against hoping to base identity of propositions on some sort of intensional isomorphism derived from the broad sort of sentence synonymy which is interdefinable with analyticity. It was my racism causing me to hear these blacks in the cafe discussing Heisenberg. Scratches his ass, then sniffs his fingers. Vocabulary of dinner in the syntax of my mouth. I tugged at the cord to coax the plug from the socket. Suddenly he rose from our table, then left. As tho speech nailed to the wall would be writing. As Berkeley nears September. We watched him punch, repeatedly, the garage door, slowly, with his head down, a blunt precision. Words drain. The dream deepens. Who put the bob in the Baba Ram Dass. The Japanese floor manager in a red sport coat, red trousers, white shoes. The sign of the seven-headed cobra. The bones of the foot, the veins. This resolve. Cold coffee. Would I read this. When our objective is an austere

canonical form for the system of the world. I felt I was trapped within the restaurant, moving from table to table, to sit down, to write this sentence, that one. Those rural boys are bulky, mean, what get called the Bulls. Art is not not art. The calculus of predicates. It has the particular turnings, springs, shutters, the weavings and the riding away. Alter the order of prints on the wall, inexpensive reproduction. A treasure of trash. This stone is thinking about Vienna. Interest in exact sequence, dating, calendars, chronology, clocks, time wages, time graphs, time as used in physics, annals, histories, the historical attitude, interest in the past, attitudes of introjection toward past periods. Throb in the wrist or knee joint. Wide range of ideation in practice. Quadruplicity drinks procrastination. History is the confidence of limit. Cheapo keeno. Unfixed gaze. Tolerance of the don't-care is a major source of simplicity. Quarts of weather. We climbed three flights of stairs, slope of a eucalyptus grove, to arrive at the door, then two flights up through dark rooms of music, shadow dance shuffle, and thru to the back porch, old boards holding couch and rocker, for to view the city from that great height gave the night sky place or weight, fog wedged amid rooftops but still the clear view, the Big Dipper. If a lion could speak, we could not understand him. A single unpartitioned universe of values of bound variables, a simple grammar of predication which admits general terms all on an equal footing. As tho one were searching for an object in a room, opening a drawer and not finding it, closing the drawer, waiting, opening it again, closing, waits. To keep warm burn the news. Neckerchief. The type of old man who wears his white hair in a crewcut and keeps small, fat dogs. The pressure artist or the pressured. Terms imply domains. Don't try to cold me up on this bridge now. Art as a habit merges

with the renewal of solutions which constitute it. Tier-tender's tale. It was only when the trash bag crashed into the middle of the kitchen that we realized it bore the weight of ants. Day's erasures perception traces. Objects whose terms are learned only in deep context. Sudden failure of the mails. Meridian mass murder. Blue-brown. Intervening neural activity goes on, but the claim is that nothing is clarified, nothing but excess baggage is added, by positing intermediary subjective objects of apprehension anterior to the physical objects overtly alleged in the spoken sentences themselves. Personal antagonism toward art. Odor of old orange in the compost. The culture of children. Unwashed pot. Attention directed to directed attention. Earth science. Carbonated water. Soap dish. Fastidious women have unwanted hair removed. Basic speed law. Six into eight now, explained by page size. Proof of termhood. Indeterminate gray pile of undershirts, shorts. This tapestry concerns the mass capture of rabbits. Platform rocker. The operator of class abstraction can be reduced to description, and description to quantifiers. Ache in my bones awakens groans. Because my room faces west I watch the sun rise "in the windows" across the street. By now we have made the far turn. This sentence has five words. My baby she has no shoes. Steam pours from alley sewers, corridor of fire escapes, loading docks, dumpsters. Two ducks rocked in. I resented seeing History and Nature confused at every turn. Yellow leather vest. Sky soup. Too fond of bondage. Each dawn a return to an eternal conclusion, the lemon tree in flower, the sun amid the dissolving fog to warm the porch, this day's proposition. Autumn now. Capable of sitting in the chair for hours, quiet, watching her sleep. Pinball in the Greek cafe. The squeal in the tone of a clothesline pulley. Presence of stool in the tract forces the gas out. Emulsi-

fied memory. Was what I saw in her true deterioration or merely my own awakening. Reflective persons unswayed by wishful thinking can themselves now and again have cause to wonder what, if anything, they are talking about. Earth herself is inorganic, where fire is literally itself. Their first goal was to separate the workers from their means of production. Waking in the dark now, more so each day, the year's slide. Numbers, Mind, and Body. The partial function in the connective touch. You come at last into the realization as into a banquet room, domed perhaps but with chandeliers, that a lush ordering of events is no different than any other so that one might as well eat squid as tripe or plums, dressed in the regalia of tennis, the perceiving in the punchbowl reflection a costume as clownish as it is offensive. What is here. Red eye. The light has no right. Notational process, musical juncture. Do not denigrate the history of solitude. That language fails to share the object-positing pattern of our own. But trees are not orderly. How propose to release the fly from the bottle. Bigger, to serve you better. The moth that destroyed Cleveland. Close cover before striking. No hurry, no hassle. Only a thorough historical-materialist analysis, piercing the ideological fog maintained by the dominant coalition of interests and destroying the fetishes continually produced and reproduced by those concerned with the preservation of the status quo, only such historical-materialist analysis can hope to disentangle the snarl of tendencies and counter-tendencies, forces, influences, convictions and opinions, drives and resistances which account for the pattern of economic and social development. Heat ripples the air rising from the street, reshaping houses on the hill's other peak. Have these words a meaning. Honeydew head, hair of bean sprouts. It comes out here that knowledge is related to a prior decision.

Subvention of the usual capital outlay process. Waterways of Marin. Thought is a labyrinth. This is due process. The boys play at war atop washers, amid dryers. Diphtheria of the larynx. Shelves of neatly folded linen. California. Her roommate remarked casually she could tell he had stayed the night, that the toilet seat would be vertical in the morning. Oboe hobo. He bears a resemblance to Lee Harvey Oswald, aiming from the window, silent, not alone. This is about this. Whipped at by branches, duck and run. Badwater. Who do you do. Is boredom seriousness coming of age. The beautiful dump truck. Red sky at night. Speech of no word, word of no speech. When you get a value judgment that's all you've got. Are miles alike. You may remember. Excuses. Nothing was authentic except sensibility, and so sensibility became the very substance of my life. Iced tea as a system. Metabolic imbalance, called a cold. Clap hands. "If you are heading for the outdoors," as if that were not everywhere present. Amid shouting, could write of silence and believe it. State time. Wild dog packs roam that part of the city. Ska. Erotic insert. The concern with quality in writing can only be another form of consumer research. A lather for shaving with a rum scent. Fast karma outrage. A child saw me write that, asking what it was. Strategy against personal starvation. Writing that grows out of itself, poetry of mould. Fear that tooth will just drop out. Dusty sill or wainscot. Percussion as such. Drawing of a Balinese spirit with its face in its stomach. Dog would stand on the porch and not permit us to pass. Would you know if this was prose. Scissor with broken blade. Ives jives. Was my intention clear. The wives that weave the homes together. First day of September. The sun rose undetected behind the sculpted clouds, the air humid in the eucalyptus grove or up over the Mormon Temple, or the Greek Church.

Great sinus swell. Stretch marks on her body. There has been a hierarchy of languages headed by the “direct read-out from the object” language, which has served as the creative core, and then various support languages acting as explicative and elucidatory tools to the central creative core. If words were bells. Copyright is theft. Positing facts in the image of sentences as intermediaries for what is. On why this is a poem. This arc is wider, more gradual. A form of art could not maintain itself outside a society of language users. The hard press of her fingers about the pen as she wrote into her diary while I watched. The poetry component is merely specified. Torn tendon. Black burro. Vandalism is folk art. As a result a mistake becomes something forbidden. Portrait of the best worker in Auto Plant 7. Absence of doubt belongs to the essence of the language game. Flowering milkweed through the cracks in the sidewalk, around which to draw stars in colored chalk. Knowledge in the end is based on acknowledgment. Left his emotional options open. If I am dreaming, this remark is dreamed as well, as I dream that these words carry meaning towards you. Balloons, having gotten loose from children, would rise up steadily, yellow discs diminishing on a blue plane. Art language. Fountains of the financial district spout soft water in a hard wind. Taking off shoes like removing knot from balloon. Half asleep on the hillside, the breeze would pass over this part of my body, that one. Friendship trumpet fade-out. At six, rise up, sun threatens day. Barnwood, in the fireplace, hisses as it burns, pops. This before, this after. Is jazz discourse. Repeating on paper that stanza one hundred times, each with a new pen, watching how the width of the ink’s path shifted the weight and intention of reference, penumbra of signification, from act to act. Mathematical piano. He stood over them, alter-

nately shouting and drinking from a bottle of bourbon. Detention garden. The enormous comedy of the emotion imposed on the image of the peasant's bent shoulders. The being towards which it spills over its signs is neither more nor less than the being of thought. Geometry as the theory of relative position. Months at the stanza. Little moons of my thumbnail grow. The torch bulb holder is connected to two stiff wires and inserted in a test tube which serves as a handle. Writing in public as a form of performance, on buses, say, or here amid sunbathers, not paid attention to, looking up, myself, to watch the jugglers. You have no adequate ordinary terminology for dealing with such things as lines of force. Were these true events. How this sentence could open to comment on itself, how these words, first written, swelled with intention, spilled meaning, later to have become so opaque certain terms, modifiers of the first purpose, expanded, redistributed value, took over. This used to be a nice place. The conditions of production corresponding to this specific, historically determined, mode of production have a specific, historical passing character. I see that young blonde woman each morning as she jogs in a green sweatsuit, trailed by her four small dogs, bring to mind Gray's tale, bleached-out poet trotting through a throng of mourners of an evangelist bishop to a black church. Poon tang. Each morning I rise to praise these faces. The desire to fix the point at which doubt and belief bleed into one another. The hill blackens in a controlled burn. Funereal disease. Pulling at my toenails. Truth defined as the unmoving foundation of any language game. In a far room of the apartment I can hear music and a hammer. Paratactics. Whether to speak of geometrical objects as bypassed or as reconstrued is a matter of indifference. Coordinated universal time. Poem took the form of the Ice Age. It is a wall

that closes and does not. Elimination can often be allowed the gentler air of explication. It repeats and repeats, adding new lines without apparent relation, building with great visual and mental invention a tremendous formal beauty that carries no cargo at all. The asymmetry in any face. Words do, speech is. Sperm count. Balinese oral form. Fat man at the bus stop. Reality made an appearance. Morning in the gauzy curtains. Body like a bear. Grey clouds to give the sky weight. Neon and xenon, the so-called noble gases. It was here the poem spoke of itself, casual, dissembling, remarking of its admiration for the great Watts Towers, tho it had never visited them. How is doubt introduced. Night light. Warmest days were in September. A metal table, round, whose center is a large beach umbrella placed instead upon concrete, for us to set our drinks upon while we gaze at the divers' half-gainers. Space allocation. Layers of bandage about the ankle. Imagined life occurred at home. People are starving. Corporeal music, composing carpenter. Anchovy. He hoped the gift of the shirt would be the right size. How do I know if this is page or wall. At the cement works. The bear flag in the black marble plaza. We held sparklers on the porch or about the backyard's pine. Hand lotion, bandages, rainbows of toilet paper. Green brocade face cloth. Straw shoes from Japan. Sight itself is pre-logical and without constants. Bus routes constitute a sculpture, with density of lines, frequency of units, the pleasure to be taken in slashed seats. New, white, wide-brimmed denim hat. Roundness is an ideal embodied in the nostril. Gradually, debts decrease. Transfer points. Write this down in a yellow notebook. The aardwolf. Memories tend to be remains, not of past sensations but past verbalizations. The external is simply proposed. Pick up sticks. A white bowl of split pea soup is set upon the table.

Ballad of the ice cream vendor. The yellow house, the beige house, the blue one, the block. Poem like a towel wrapped around summer. Thursday noon. This is a piece of information directed at you. Monday morning on Joe's steps, filling the notebook. Great white belch. It's cold. You don't learn books, chair exist, but to fetch or sit in them. Muslims idle in front of their temple. Language did not emerge from ratiocination. Patterns of possibility come together, intersect, disperse. Day or page at a time. Dream of a great air tragedy, the neighborhood smoldering, lit by floodlights atop police cars and fire trucks, damp night fog, everybody dazed on their porches, odor of meat. Bus ride right to the ocean. Rapid transit information. Soup repair. One knows how to receive this because it is a poem, because it bears that family resemblance, this assertion, because one gradually understood how to receive the last one and the one prior, because one has learned how to receive them in general without seeming conspicuous. How many times have you read this. My childhood passed in contemplation of Ichabod Crane. Why should a language game rest on knowledge. Dream breaks up sleep. Fog, like a wedge of meringue on the bay. Doors open, footsteps, faucets: people are waking up. What if these words don't mean what I believe they do. Crash city. It is or is not your cup of tea. Feel the stress in day's recesses. Monetary units of Iraq. Anticipation specifically an extension of memory, so that one salt flat cracked into pentagonal patterns will be another. I saw houses gradually turn into steam without obvious cause. Those curtains which I like above the kitchen sink. Reading a page of print I see through the paper to words inverted on the far side, become conscious of the margin, begin to anticipate new paragraphs, etc. Beeswax mixed with paraffin. I is a predicate relation. Imagine lives we posit in the

bungalows, passing, counting, with another part of the mind, the phone poles. Wide brown rim about the tit. Wasp adheres to flesh. Contempt that we felt as children for any other who was forced to have his/her mother present, just to cross the street. Stood there broke and rapidly becoming hungry, staring at nickels and pennies at the fountain's bottom. Soft pretzel, lemon ice. A walk through the railroad yards, rainbow out of gray-brown. Particular discourse. Dear Quine, sentences are not synonymous when they mean the same proposition. Analgesic. Kids, with nothing better to do than ride about in an old car, shining a flashlight in the eyes of night drivers. Advent of winter hinted. How the heel rises and the ankle bends to carry the body from one stair to the next. A decision not to permit his work to change, year after year several times each month to write the same poem, not copying, but each time working his way back through the identical process. The feminine way men fold their hands when, say, they ride the bus. Humidity of laundromat. This page is slower. Able to sunbathe in winter. Hotels for old single men. I want a form to cancel form. Forced outside first thing, just to purchase food for one's breakfast. A fact in fact. Each sentence is a solution. Theory: a specific form of practice. The even keel. The monkey hordes come to the aid of Prince Rama. The fight quietly going on in the back of the bus. Cupcake corral. Chalk dust. Either I will do this thing or I will not. We walked through the financial district at midnight, the street deep between these buildings, a film crew working down an alley, artificial twilights, pausing as we passed to stare at great tapestries in bank lobbies. Now I will ask the reverse questions. Write and sunbathe at the same time, or ride the bus, or eat dry cereal in a bowl of milk on the upended cable spool you use for a table. Golden rain in the morning of the world.

Great whistling anus. Sat on a stage behind a panel of gadgets and began to read. Hunkered down against a cyclone fence to write words in a sequence concerning the movement of a chair to a room's center for the purpose of changing the lightbulb. Skycycle. What if it were cancer. The evil king Ravana. Cigarette butt in clovered grass. It cannot be rushed, it must be steady. Morning of the middle. The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggle. The desire for coffee. Personal density is directly proportional to temporal bandwidth. Designate art words here. Sign-oriented verbal behavior. Ships, arriving or leaving the harbor, stir water, leave wakes as we also, walking a trail to the hilltop, displace the air. Reported speech is speech within speech, message within message, and, at the same time, also speech about speech, message about message. Eat what you kill. Gum bichromate. Lighting the cigarette because it will make the bus come. In a garden of suspicious flowers. Bruise in the banana. When I speak these words you do not hear them, tho later you will, when, in your head, you will find their spaces formed and growing. Cherry bomb, prairie fire. Sunburnt kneecap. The cranes in the gray dawn fog over the holds of the boats. Subjection of nature's forces to man, machinery, application of chemistry to industry and agriculture, steam navigation, railways, electric telegraphs, clearing of whole continents for cultivation, canalization of rivers, whole populations conjured out of the ground. Animal crackers. Anything I do, anything I say. Leaves of lettuce, formless, left in a bowl of salad oil. Pleonastic spasm. Drums accelerate before bells begin, then flutes and I am walking on the dusty forest floor, wearing trousers held by suspenders, bare foot and chest, searching for my hat again where caterpillars weave homes upon its wet, white, wide brim. Like an old lady misplacing

constantly spectacles or keys, thus I words their meanings. Liner notes to a Dylan album. Does it go for knowing as it does for collecting. The young man with the long eyelashes. I hear the fire reels charming out of the guardhouse. Swarm of carpenters within the burned-out house. Sleeping, breathing, with my mouth open. Imbalance in the body compass. Rise up before dawn, the whole hill dark yet, wash, eyes adjusting, as colors begin to open up. We are well within the made place. I will circle you as you more slowly round our friend, X, as he walks an arc across the field, so as to explain to ourselves more completely motions of the solar system. The tenor sax is a toy. Trystero. The slower, deeper heat of August days. We camped that night in a field so that, when day broke, a whole valley lay before us. Three teeth in a pill bottle kept on the mantel. The language in which the concept knowledge does not exist. Of pores as eyes as they open. Divides the sky into cubes of air. Felt thought. Woman next to me on bus pretends not to see what is written. Xerox days. Waylaid by brigands on a voyage to get millions. Sparklers or incense, it's all the same principle. Gray rain on the dark bay. White or white-gray or gray, cream call it, fade away. There is always the danger of wanting to find an expression's meaning by contemplating the expression itself, and the frame of mind in which one uses it, instead of always thinking of the practice. Watching her hand to see if there is a ring amid long, thin fingers. Feel of fever evenly spread throughout the body. The possibility of terms like rooms in a house, huge Hillsborough home, doors of syntax, windows of nuance, a long, carpeted hallway lined with Persian mirrors, doors ajar through which you see, a guest in this place tho not thoroughly welcome, the furniture of usage. This is taking longer than I thought. Piano clusters. Very much please please send.

The song of the Cessna, its propellers. What do we mean, margins are justified. Putting my shoes on last, then standing, dressed. It must nestle itself everywhere, settle everywhere, establish connections everywhere. This is or is not an object. Now and then the workers are victorious, but only for a time. Blood Thursday. A musical composition is what the mind immediately reconstructs of the experience from the score or while listening, and by memory the whole effect of the experience, an intellectually reconstituted aesthetic consistency, which may differ in almost every way from the composer's intentions, and which may be supplemented by related and in many cases unrelated events that occur externally to the reading or performance, or by imagination or reverie while listening or while remembering. Kill what you eat. A similar movement is going on before our own eyes. Snow is remarkable to one not accustomed to it. What else does the history of ideas prove, than that intellectual production changes in character in proportion as material production is changed. A sign within the diesel's whine. The acoustics of emotion. To view from the porch the whole bay was not the point, but to stand there, drink in hand, perceiving oneself in relation to all visible lives, much like the pine ridge, each in the midst of a personal navigation, so that this interlude was itself a form of carrying forward, was what it meant to be drunk. This is logic. Piss smell of eggs. Revolving door. The gentle knocking of a sock filled with sand on my forehead. How will I know when I make a mistake. Just the way I wrote when I was twelve years old. The garbage barge at the bridge. Each term bears its purpose. The throb in the wrist. The form itself is the model of a city, extension, addition, modification. Earth science. Gives names to his typewriter, car, chairs. Their first goal was to separate the

workers from their means of production. (1) Sound of an electric saw from the (temporarily) closed-off gallery, or (2) sound of a film projector rewinding. He bears a resemblance. Terrorism courts respect. A drawing of a Balinese spirit with its face in its stomach. Writes better when he wears his hat. Fountains of the financial district spout soft water in a hard wind. We want coherence. In a far room of the apartment I can hear music and a hammer. An expensive sundae carefully constructed around three mounds of French vanilla, entitled Hobo. The bear flag in the black marble plaza. Epic of doodling. Rapid transit. The page is only the documentation, or the page is more, the field, resistance. How the heel rises and the ankle bends to carry the body from one stair to the next. She was a unit in a bum space, she was a damaged child, sitting in her rocker by the window. The desire for coffee. This emptying out of interiority to the benefit of its exterior signs, this exhaustion of content by its form, is the principle. The tenor sax is a toy. Carry, if you can, the proposition to its limit. Snow is remarkable to one not accustomed to it. The particularly thick nail of the big toe. She was a unit in a bum space, she was a damaged child, sitting in her rocker by the window. Yellowing gauze curtains. The formal beauty of a back porch. Waking, sleeping, days bleed one into the other, so that it is this unrelenting need to rest breeds image of discontinuity, line, cycle, circle, line. I'm unable to find just the right straw hat. Listening to seals on that dark beach, not able to see them. He hit the bricks, took a vacation, got rolled up, popped, as they say. Listening patiently, until one is able to hear the one watch in the room, perfectly. The fishermen's cormorants wear rings around their necks to keep them from swallowing, to force them to surrender their catch. The raised highway through the

flood plain. She had only the slightest pubic hair. Each time this path is taken, its distances shift. We drove through fields of artichokes. We came upon the god of the starfish. Feet, do your stuff. We bring to the encounter what we choose to see, so that of all the terms picked to describe the dog, only one, proper name so-called, defines a category that has but one member, yet, not knowing it, the next time we saw him, we would recognize, we would greet him, we would be correct. Dark brown houseboats beached at the point of low tide—men atop their cabin roofs, idle, play a Dobro, a jaw's harp, a 12-string guitar—only to float again when the sunset is reflected in the water of Richardson Bay. White wings of a magpie. Frying yellow squash in the wok. Great jolt of travel. Write this down in a green notebook. At possibility's edge occurs limit. Television in the 1950s. Each day as I lie here, I hear her rise and wash. Silverfish, potato bugs. The formal beauty of a back porch. We stopped for hot chocolate topped with whipped cream and to discuss the Sicilian Defense. Spider bites. A tenor sax is a weapon. A learned solitude, in the head looking out, constantly waking, new day. The Main Library was a grey weight in a white rain. One's age is best seen in the back of one's hand. What I want is the gray-blue grain of western summer. Void is what's left when the cosmos breaks down as the interesting evidence of order. Subtitles lower your focus. Sentiment is memory confused with desire. Mention sex, fruit. Mexican blue hammock to write in. Drip candles kept atop old, empty bottles of wine. Fuchsias fall and stick to the walk. The young nurse in sunglasses, by a subtle redistribution of weight, gravity's center, moves in front of the black student of oriental porcelain in order to more rapidly board the bus home, before all the seats are taken. Wind chimes. Are pears form. That he was not

brutal enough for her confused him. Awake, but still in bed, I listen to cars pass, doors, birds, children are day's first voices. Across the empty states to Chicago if at all possible. Eventually scratches become scabs. Red shingle roof. A cardboard box of wool sweaters on top of the bookcase to indicate Home. The naval air base across the still bay water, behind which the hills rise, houses crowding the lower slopes, United States. Bedlington's were at first meant to hunt rats in coal mines. Waiting for the phone to ring at the far end, for her to pick it up, I could hear voices, whole muted conversations. Attention is all. Jack rabbit's fatal dive across the blacktop. He knew how to hold an adz. I'm unable to find just the right straw hat. A day of rain in the middle of June. Slept by the roadside to wake in a vast flat space. The gamelan is not simple. Tuba booms. Modal rounders. A slope filled with soldiers sifting through the large charred green debris, explosion of a helicopter. A sequence of objects, silhouettes, which to him appears to be a caravan of fellaheen, a circus, dromedaries pulling wagons bearing tiger cages, fringed surreys, tamed ostriches in toy hats, begins a slow migration to the right vanishing point on the horizon line. Primal soup. Slag iron. Red sky above dry land. The implicit power within the ability to draw a single, vertical straight line. Forms from nouns are known. That was when my nose began to peel. Red dirt hills. Look at that room filled with fleshy babies, incubating. Pineapple slices. A tall glass of tawny port. Nevada into Utah as though through conditions of the mind. We ate them. Agents, he noticed, once removed from their jobs, were the dullest ones of all. Wanted to know what revision meant. Day's first sky was a fan of blues. Motown. Extra paper money was kept in the closet, rolled by my grandmother into the shade of the small window there, behind the coat hanger heavy

with old ties. You are here now. Writing, riding. Graffiti. Said of her organization that it was the third largest tendency, but held to the correct line. Fish, fishes. From the house where Trotsky died they caught a ride with a man who worked for the World Bank. Increments of the familiar. He hit the bricks, took a vacation, got rolled up, popped, as they say. Nearer and farther. You read this sentence before. New bulge. Bulky tale, pointless as it is long. Vacancies. The true sign of agriculture is the small plane. This will be hell to type. Luggage. It was all over paper clips. Where ranch hands would wander in daily for coffee or breakfast. See how sane this is. It is not as though our lives bear intended meaning, but that it gathers about us like fallen leaves someone has failed to sweep away. What is the meaning of a single sentence. Occasionally, a dirt road will curl out of the mountains to come up to the freeway, tho you never know what fact it extends from, house, mine, town. After, before. A blue flame. This is a test. Drop City. All this only lately translated from the Korean. All talk. Face of a clown colored in. On holiday, I read Barthes' "The Writer on Holiday." The function of the paragraph is visual, to break the page into units, pre-logical intent. Western movies. Embedding. We are, each of us, somehow given to a realization of the possibility of disaster, but when the slowed traffic took us around the curve into view of the scattered remains of the helicopter, engine at the road's edge, amid a crowd of soldiers, police, hearses, pushing us immediately onward, away, it was an image we saw, no more. Got this from a fortune cookie. I hate speech. Geomagnetic. Child's form. This is not a new sentence. The fishermen's cormorants wear rings around their necks to keep them from swallowing, to force them to surrender their catch. They're good in all the violent spaces. Home of the curator of Africana, room in the

attic, breeze off Lake Michigan turned this page. A doubt without an end is not even a doubt. Tales from the crypt. There is a difference between a mistake for which, as it were, a place is prepared in the game, and a complete irregularity that happens as an exception. House of red brick. We might speak of fundamental principles of human enquiry. Monday morning. Even if his dream were actually connected with the noise of the rain. Cowbell doorbell. Memory of not-well. In the fog I saw the great grass boats floating toward the delta. The first ring of the phone is short and, though we hear it, we feel frozen, unable to act. The truck had burned, now, at road's edge, glowed merely. He adds no figure to the atlas of the impossible. The word I want is Shampoo. To destroy syntax in advance. The young children of the wife of my friend's brother. A multiplicity of tiny, fragmented regions in which nameless resemblances agglutinate things into unconnected islets. A procedure by which they stick a metal device up one's prick. Superimposing different criteria. How the roads wrap around the town. Detention garden. Cat sleeps on the hood of the parked car. Why order exists in general, what universal law it obeys, what principle can account for it, and why this particular order has been established and not some other. An Italian love song played on the accordion. Employs, implies. Linear accelerator. As the ambulance passed, everyone stared to see if there was anyone in it. If for every window there were a person. Twenty-first century full of dumpy houses. She had only the slightest pubic hair, light brown. Riding buses on the weekend. At home amid engineers, on a patio, with chicken and gin and tonic. Next to last page in the green book now, deep in the yellow. What if one killed one, never to be caught, constantly alive with that information. These conditions of constant change demand the

weapon of theory. Large, evenly hard beds. The meaning of this sentence resides in no one word. I was swimming in a clear pool. Moth, patiently, beating its wings on the window. Here also were buried the soldiers killed at the Battle of Lake Erie, 1813. Not urban but metropolitan culture now, city and suburb the single web. What does it mean to know, sleeping, that you sleep in Idaho. Seismograph and thermostat in the display case, gallery of imperial art. The fountain forms a geometry of the particular, five waterfalls, six spouts, all of which arrive in the general pool. Ozone park. Playing with the pilot light. Asleep in spurts, awake in starts. Each event will be its own name. Fabulous flab. A clear thing. Visitation Valley. This is the fable of objects. As if by special procedures at the pinball machines, free games without tilting, weeping and half singing, he could speak directly to that force he called the giants. Infinite expansion. Animalism of the garbage trucks. Sulphur, the hanged man, I swing between realms. Stem of steam from a kettle, cream in a small white cup. She threw her legs back up, over my shoulders, and with my ass I shoved in. That winter there were zeppelin alarms. This line written in Windsor, once the way out, as, say, Guatemala now is, sitting on a park bench, river's edge, facing Detroit. The mitigation of oranges. We drove through fields of artichokes. A great many notions that intersect, overlap, reinforce or limit one another on the surface of thought. Green water, gray sky. Plants that grow in the antlers of stags. Primed canvas. Early memory of sensation, being picked up by father, first recognition of height, absorbed later into dreams where I just float off of earth's surface, slow, uncontrollable, weightless flight. Canadian cactus. Demons can only travel in a straight line. One does not shiver here, one shudders. Prose of the world. They

invented logic and classification. The confrontation of resemblances across space. A key ring raps on the glass. Inca flute. Form is to seize the time. Of adjacencies, of bonds and joints. Women, smelling of ammonia, board the bus. Stalactite or storm. Form is the tame cat. Gungel, heavy-duty low rider, stayer. The throat, hearing the toilet flush, invariably swallows. A made tunnel, for trains, beneath the bay. Form is the minute hand. Lute. These emotions have been proposed. His veins great rivers, his bladder the sea. Form is the structure of character, what. Strike opponents' ears with both fists. Manifest destiny. Through sky cannon. BFTP of the Apes. Hands over the keyboard as though a dredging motion. Feet, do your stuff. In need of a new needle. Wanted no limits, only possibility. When buses of the morning rush do pass, I stare from my seat into eyes of those who go other ways. Woman new to the building seemed interesting, until the night she brought home the man who clearly was not, so curiosity drained away. At certain hours whole neighborhoods will drain or fill with people. Table with a black top. Language is my given. Green tint to the shit. Wrote on the wall its word until I would learn it. Filling the yellow cup with coffee. Once each day my small cigar. Water in the pipes does not wake me, but keeps me from sleep, unable to determine the source, the user, the time of night. Bok choy, bok-fu. A sentence begun on the green page is completed on the yellow. Ants would attempt to escape from the heat by crawling into the freezer only to die from it, black ring around its door. On the reparsing of names. Bent bell mat. Sat in the Ford World Headquarters lobby, reading Olson. The boy elapsed. Grew up, she said, able to hear Chiang's firing squads by the river at dawn. The boy was abundant. Dark glasses on the black desk, their blue tint. Class war. Instances

return, thought to have been lost. Cars arrive, or drive off in the dark. To kill the clock. We bring our little silver spoons. Waking wasted. Friends, kindred, days, estate, good-fame, plans, credit. Assertion, not journal, in a house with four bathrooms, on a two-acre lot. To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language. Dark brown houseboats beached at low tide—men atop their cabin roofs, shirtless and in overalls, idle, play a Dobro, a jaw’s harp, a 12-string guitar—only to float again, anchored, when the sun is reflected in Richardson Bay. Postures of plenty. The particular, the particular. Attention to objects “out there” in the material world is constantly subverted by the demands of memory. Words in a line pass time. Willful concentration is constantly dissolving into involuntary association. Auto-gyro. I’ve got silence on the radio. One wants a place to locate mind’s events. Funky Kingston. If you go wider, deeper. Burnt sienna. Tourists from Taiwan. Somewhere between the retina and the visual cortex the inflowing signals are modified to provide information that is already linked to a learned response. Later they send for their wives. We are getting rid of ownership, substituting use. Prose like a garden. Winter comes to space-time. Globe is the lower. Vertical law. Diminishing world where the head dwells, avoidance of which is the test. You understand this because of the common social convention that it is language. A light that I saw, that mountain road, that passed. Idiot size spaces out nature. Solid object. How, between tongue and lips, she took my foreskin, licking. Alone in a stranger’s house. Autobiography of precision. She makes constructions to sit in, whose common form implies the electric chair. This indulgence. Only in the flats is the fat of the green gone. Jokes replace form. Frying yellow squash in the

wok, with string beans, bell peppers, tofu, sprouts. Between body and destiny lay mirrors and attractions. Intermittent as it is, the process of refrigeration sets up a hum in the wall, non-specific, not to be avoided, not precisely heard, felt rather by the wake in the belly's fluids. The grammar of being is an exegesis of things. Bone bruise. Possible position that words on a page are the language sleeping, waiting to be moved by eyes that move left to right. Rose of china embedded in the lamp. A memory in search of a mind. An old spool for cable made into a table, made home for a garden in an old wine jug. Aesthetic decision. The alimentary life. A real, tho not popular, instance of discourse. Each morning geese circle the lake until they refind day's forms. Lost in the rain in Juárez. Feta cheese. Dog star boy. Normal discourse. Equivocation, synonyms and etymologies, differences, form and description, anatomy, nature and habits, temperament, coitus and generation, voice, movements, places, diet, physiognomy, antipathy, sympathy, modes of capture, death and wounds, modes and signs of poisoning, remedies, epithets, denominations, prodigies and presages, monsters, mythology, gods to which it is dedicated, fables, allegories and mysteries, hieroglyphics, emblems and symbols, proverbs, coinage, miracles, riddles, devices, heraldic signs, historical facts, dreams, simulacra and statues, uses in human diet, use in medicine, miscellaneous uses. You are not the most complicated of men eating an English muffin. Resented for favors asked. What in the well whistles. A poor good man tell-clock. Exploration in closure. Blind to the alternate. Prefers instruments of percussion, for discreteness. Way in which winter wanders in. Fat dimpled thighs. The nice guy. Raw mushrooms. Soap root. The waitress looms over the table, pot of coffee in hand. Assumption there is steadily less to be said. Write

this down in a green notebook. Could it be seen as the single act, which took months to do. The rectangular geometry of the tiles, the plane of floor held stories above the ground, which flows under the metal door in this cubicle of the john. Free, white and forty-five. Celery, salary. In the head head. Auto-dactyl dream. Hair, as it dries, weighs less on brain. Piano man. I said a maximum of shit last night. He gave the impression that very many cities rubbed him smooth. Pleasant tense. Almonds. Was this the topic sentence. The warm blood of rain, say, such image as proposes an aesthetic. Place holder. Power curtain. An afternoon nap becomes sculpture. So it seemed I woke in a castle, or, rather, its inner court, whose walls of yellow and brown brick supported vines of ivy, until, standing, shaking off dead leaves, I could see into the windows of the rooms, the classes going on there, boys and girls who, looking up from books read in unison, aloud, to stare outside, saw me. Early winter sun. Each day new vistas become possible, yesterday's earlobe, today's toenail, a radio on a mantel one had forgotten to think of, a flashlight. Videography. Would pour pigment directly on canvas, then manipulate that. Weight of sleep still heavy in flesh of face. Interest is something you impose. It may be a form of semi-otic analysis, whose validity does not depend solely on the multi-permutations of application but on the interrelated observance of the field of propositional formats. Endless possibility, drifting from campus to campus, hanging out. Never fear, chandelier. Cohn's loans. The hair in nostril or ear. So muggy it seemed there was no oxygen in the air, how was it the cigar burned. Since there is a term "poem," many assume there is an entity "poem." Television in the 1950s. Demonstration forest ahead. The mountains, more by darkness visible and their own size. Scrawl. Could you trace this to its

source, particular, iridescent, useful only as it disappears. No reason to have read this, to read it now. Lone Star Hotel. Painter as banker or bandit. An harbor, Ann Arbor. Assertions, substantives, attributes, relations. Evolution of the mailbox, professionalism of cops. Soft tones, light tunes, late in the day's air. The poem as long as California, or summer. The notion of significant sequence versus the notion of synonymy. Until I myself became trapped in the Bermuda Triangle of the heart. Marsupial. Technographic typography. Because it is not normal, this text is apt to be art, tho abnormality is not a prior condition for art, tho there is a tradition of abnormal texts as art into which this text might normally fit. A calculated refusal to perform the normal chores of verse. The "what" is an achievement term. From the barracks of the Wilcox Mansion, where he took the oath, saw only the offices of doctors. Seasick sea serpent. Xylophones. Think of you in terms of masses evolving and erupting, reshaping yourselves, succeeding one another and vanishing. Mountain View Cemetery equal to Central Park. One hears in reality only aggregations of terms at various registers, tangled lines whose macroscopic effect is that of an unreasoned and fortuitous dispersion of meanings throughout the entire frequency spectrum, mere surface and mass, a contradiction inherent in the polyphony which will disappear as soon as the words become totally independent. A kick in the coccyx for good luck. Stochastic, apocalystatic. The way the open hands hang limp at the wrists and the elbows swing out when he runs. Day of thick sun in late September. This day's reaches feature peaches. A walkway, which arches over several systems of roadway, from which a broad view of the city's backbrain. That jay imitates the cricket. Looking back from rock atop water, I could see how boats clustered

below the bridge, few willing to leave the sanctuary of the bay. Silverfish, potato bugs. A large, hot-air balloon had drifted over the central part of the city, shadow passing over canyons of the financial district. From the veranda of a mansion above the Russian River, I first heard this music. In the tapestry, animals called ferrets chase the rabbits into small, peasant nets. Everybody balls everybody, eventually, and nothing changes. At the edge of October. Wept, swept, slept. A room of tabletops. Deliberate sentimentalism perceived as description. I'm tremblin' for my boy, tremblin', tremblin' for a lot of things I can't control. Dense red meat. No individual sentence given particular attention. Calling out, as though after a large dog. Stumbled, the two of them, out of the bar, one of them face and hand already cut, the other continuing cutting. Antelope bites, watermelon fever. The wall is cooler than the floor. His friend forgot her sandals. Full moon in the morning. There the drab girl sat, hair dryer in her lap, awaiting the airport limousine. At times thought these cuts he gave himself, shaving, were intentional. The map is not the territory. Generally speaking, what does it mean, not being able to continue thinking a certain thought. Does it contradict action. Fried knuckle crimes. Tiger balm. Patched in just to alter Tibetan bells. Sheet lightning in Michigan hills. To change the wave shape or size of the window. Man on the bus, scavenger, sips cough medicine. Woke to find mice in my hair, scurriers. Of speed as experience, gobbled space. Varieties of pre-trial detention. We stopped for hot chocolate topped with whipped cream, and to discuss the Sicilian Defense. Days of doors. Motion is a vertical disorder. Under the cuticle, below layers of thumbnail. Acres wake, bugs of the soil shivering about their business, day's light precedes heat. First rain of winter woke me, sound of water

on the sill. The nice man. Wanted to compare psychological profiles of those on the train who read facing forward versus those who sat facing the rear. A book of short poems to be called Spare Parts. Thought becoming troubled as it contemplates itself and jettisons its most familiar forms. The private lives of kindergarten teachers, a party about the clubhouse of an apartment complex, one who by the pool shows the young woman an appropriate way to drive a golf ball, or strangers stare confusedly at the sauna, read instructions, implies to the stranger, engaged now in a contest of pocket billiards, chalking his cue in that harder light, high beamed ceiling, aligning in the mind ball to pocket, a world of repose, of a stasis that includes activity, sailboats decked in a garage, as, what is the word, he can't find it, as something as the light which each night is turned upon the garden. Where is JFK's brain. Yonder. The comparison of measurement and that of order. History is not a good bourgeois. The absolute character in what is simple concerns not the being of things but rather the manner in which they can be known. The odor in towels, the oil in skin. Write this down in a red notebook. Repressed behavior, a small grin upon gin and tonic. Permit me to speak evil. Exorcise your monkey. This sentence is a mute mark. The abruptness of seafood. Because the mind analyses, the sign appears. Early morning mental system. At dawn in the eucalyptus grove I watched him perform sequences of the martial arts. Doors here are more complex, framed panes of glass interlocking with one of wire mesh. Panhandle. The poem as a form sensed prior to the writing, as the act thereof, as a text fixed upon paper, as the act of reading, as the memory of any of the above. The fine, sharp rim of autumn. The usual dead people most parents are. Liked to walk thru the glade just as the fog burned off, because

of that particular, diffused light. The tenor sax is a weapon. Gradually the absence of milk truck routes. Our lives in the mineral world. We sing tonight of the Wipe-Out gang. Posits of new information not like cars recently attached to a train, but like memory, embedded in the presences. You presuppose a determinate form in our consciousness. Pleistocene statements. Meaning cannot be more than the totality of signs arranged in their progression. We stood or sat on the deck, breaking oranges into slices, watching the four-masted prison ship cross the bay. The mechanics of image in time. A tractor necessary to care for this lawn. Blood blister. Her sense of the distance within families is American, but beyond that, Chinese. Green urine. The beginnings of a new phenomenology of assembling. Certain dreams, because they purge deep illusions, bring great rest. Linoleum story. Thunder is real. Void in, void out. One seeks for the middle point, where the object is the reality of the intention, knowing the intention to be the reality of the object. Men eating burgers in silence, at a drugstore counter, wearing t-shirts and short hair, staring at their food. Do not piss in the sink. Greased lady. This city has different systems. Bob's bitter days. It was not language as definition but language as language, a larger circle. The last dance, the end of dancing. I rode with Ocean in the back of the truck. The bottle of white wine is empty. How can you hope to penetrate personal style. The eyes, forced to focus. Porkpie hat. The Main Library was a grey weight in a white rain. Swollen fingers. Against the hearth leans a line drawing framed in glass, in which the apple tree with its too-small fruit is reflected, whipped by what must soon become rain. Tho I left the bus my umbrella continued the journey. He sat under the kitchen table, writing furiously into a notebook every word we said, Emily scolding,

the bright light of a bare bulb on dark-painted walls, the Kelly green fridge, the rest of us drinking or smoking dope, but it was his kitchen. Tally. The competition of these realities, as tho any of us were of a mobile, spinning, each point the view in a rotating geometry. The day's claims decline in winter. What is to be taken as no information, decisions made each time we cross the street. Beginning to notice the bathroom habits of your new friend. Gradually these pages fill, an intentionality like moss. The existence of language is both obvious and unobtrusive. Mucous membrane. Her eyes wide with indignation. Cool clouded sanity. She sat in the car in the shut garage, letting its engine run. The knot is not the rope. Tenth day of October. Amelia naps. Truth, precision, appropriateness. The signs sing. The seriousness and quiet in the eyes of people who ride the bus to work. The afternoon curls about me or I wrap myself in it, folds of attention aired with movement to a pot of coffee or the john. This is to thought and signs as algebra to geometry. Lots of exercise, little thought. Green slugs in grass, cut by the mower. Twang in the rope, what holds the new apple tree to such wind as this. Words I lost because I did not write them down soon enough. These roofs, their angles, give the hill texture, houses packed tight, cramped yards, kids on porches, dog growls, mowers, yelps, web of clothesline. The chair at my desk after years gave out, which now creates a tension whenever I sit in this new one, dual expectations as to the seat I'll find, the body progressively taken by gravity, instant of fear until the sensations resolve. Eye as sponge to day's light. The work in thought, progressive labor. What I want is the grey-blue grain of western summer. Years over the hot plate, making breakfast before dawn. Attempted to confront her explosion at such arrogance, but did not, could not,

transfer the smell, the mould in the meat about whoever might ski or skate, that she herself was so circled by. This sequence presents simultaneity. Yellow beach, pink sky, pink beach, yellow sky. This alphabet of the ants. Eye is spine. Interior of time, exterior of speech. Sea cucumber. Rat-like function of wild dogs in a ghetto. Air more active, clouds piling, folding into themselves, rolling. Talking to her on the phone when what you would really like to do is to ball her. Burma shave parataxis. I got up before dawn and went to the park. Who needs not a lover but a tennis partner. Aerial perception of traffic flow. In the beach night, campfires lit up the city of dune buggies, surfboards pitched vertically into the sand, a presence as of clan shields. Liked to sit in the glade and practice his trumpet. As if those words not written remained locked in ink. Familiar odor of the dentist's. How the press of information, that first time you walk down a new street, cannot be repeated. There is only the verb "to be." Quills and crackers, jewels or miracles. The words will have more force if you use a Crayola. One could propose, for example, the inclusion of anything. Extraordinary mouth session. Cigar-shaped art object would hover near the highway then quickly fly away. These words scare me to write them. With such attention the mind can follow the act of her washing in the next room, it knows hands from neck from cheeks. I have a time problem. Haul ass, kitten. Existence is an attribute. Subtitles lower your focus. White tribe, the golfers migrate up the slope. Such, of. She liked to lower herself on top of him. The first person to remove himself, as Zukofsky debuted Reich's Violin Phase to the west, Mario Savio. Palace of the Legion of Honor. Yoyo's alibi, the way back. Balling on the beach, as tho there are some places so public one's privacy is not questioned. Old sentences heard new

carry a different purpose. The eaters of wheat. Weight in the line. Gulleys really, pathways that trickled down the side of the cliff, down which they half climbed, half slid, to arrive at a beach of large rounded rocks, there to spread out a big towel and slip out of their clothes, sails only at a great distance, not even gulls to disturb them. Rhodochrosite, tourmaline. Conjugations of the word, we say, as tho any term were not single but a complex. Motor city farewell. Sentences sent hence. You wake in waves, each new day's small tides of attention. Secret joy at the little residual pains of exertion, segments of muscle that declare themselves newly aware. The road, the rug, fading dawn moon. Empty milk carton in which to place a wick, then cubes of ice, over which to pour hot wax, becomes at last a candle by which to write of art of the 1960s. Analysanda and their analysantia. To circumambulate the planet on my exercycle. A field of corn, green, in a plain of dry grass. Sweet wake-up. Such poems are like keystones in need of a monument. This life, crude rotation. Learn the art of seizing control. Dawn's brink. Barnwood ash. Need in the abstract. They live in condos. Crime against nature. Mention sex, fruit, candy, exchange value, cities, securities, books, the wheel, the cinema, land forms, sky. To be eaten by the sentimentality of your own situation. Water towers with happy faces. There are a thousand threads of forward motion in the social explosion of our times, a thousand threads to untangle and engage. The air in its fair layers. It means recognizing that revolution is a lifetime of fighting and transformation, a risky business and ultimately a decisive struggle against the forces of death. Jet trails between clouds would disperse. There was a connection between geography and character. Necrotizing laryngo-tracheobronchitis, consequent of a chemical irritant, CS. Here

you have a dichotomous key. Not the sick, strict, slick legalisms. Some combine of algae and fungus. Employment gainful of what. Allied gardens. Iowa clay, that slight planes do sculpt place, the red west horizon bearing night. Helicopter hovered over backyards. Glossed lines. Listening to the record repeatedly until I learn it. I am meat in motion only, all other is construct, Pinto going west. Write now in the dark. Special weapons and tactics. A state of identity instead of entity. The signifier is empty, the sign is full. When the moon goes down, it comes up again behind my eyes. Passed ball. One's fate, to rise late. Eroded mesa. Cloudy urine. Weary of waking, talking, faking it. A kick in the brain brings rain. Night rodeo. It was then that my real work began. Drip candles kept atop old, empty wine bottles, a canister full of pennies. A bath. Mountain lightning. Hobo, so-called, possibly drunk, had fallen from the train. The strictures against propositions apply with equal force to attributes and relations. For whom all music was eventually an extension of percussion. A man who lurched suddenly toward us on the road, his hair caked with blood. A return to standard time. Tuesday noon. Southpaw and a flake. Somehow fog on the desert floor. Bones in my hand. Nails that glow in burning wood. Warm early autumn. Myth is a language. A bar into which come women who wish to sing opera. A clock talks ticking. A long correspondence begun over why had I not yet received my subscription. In Great Salt Desert one is the vertical, located. A thing you had not expected to find. From what they did, he will not recover. Sudden as the change in governments. Morning moon over mountains. The form is too clear. Eggshells in the flower bed for the calcium. This is the fifth meaning of glass. The road, a line, to define the canvas. Amazed to find all that sand in her crotch. Consumption of wood

by fire. Desire to spite. Because my name is lion. An argument over kitchen tile. The young nurse in blue sunglasses, by a subtle redistribution of weight, shift of gravity's center, moves in front of the black lanky graduate student of oriental porcelain in order to more rapidly board the bus, before all of the seats are taken. Big black desk. Watched, each day as we traveled west, the moon dissolve. A year in the white room. Three days of July rain. Memory of brick was the midwest. Reassert older orders. Causality. Mould forms in old coffee. Standard images, feet in the ceiling, etc. The bells return. Two ducks rock in. As the heat of the hand will draw the leaves up to it, so thought's pressure folds the flower. The words on the page age. Andy has leukemia, needs blood. A previously specified rate of words per minute. The urinary habits of Dr. Williams. A pattern of speech elsewhere in the house which could only have come from the television. The flat was empty, the lights on, dishes in the sink, books about the floor, the shower torn to pieces. It is not the night which tires. You thought somehow to copy Rodia not having seen the work. Then Berkeley had become the past. Today's embraces. A hot piroshki smothered in sour cream. Traits of verbal form do not extend to their objects. The collected works of Elmer Fudd. The white room, as you waken, begins to fill with the objects of perception, open suitcase, rumpled blankets, etc., events in discrete sequence, the chair, table, stereo, until, the world nearly completed, they begin to cohere, come into focus, new form, not as individuals, but each in relation, one to the other. The bottom line. Leaving out. Art of the buzz word. Blood bank. Benefit balances obligation. Are pears form. Hair soup. The uncomplicated tyranny of punctuation, the residual aspect of print, to fix spelling, phruque it. Each day now the late sun later. Thursday dawn. Sample, esample, example.

Mobile of leaves called a tree. To constitute a number of perfect and exhaustive series, of absolutely continuous chains in which the breaks, if any, indicate the place of a word, dialect, or language no longer there. Tumor press on the optic chiasma. Modifications of form obey no rule, are more or less endless, never stable. Through misuse arrive at important information. Constants of the left hand, tiger's eye ring, watch with a gold band. Mouthful of crab meat. Cold weather encourages unvoiced labials. You knew, you were certain, you were sure. Synecdoche, metonymy, catachresis. Summer morning foghorn. Mock-up of process. Fool's toes. The watering down of the dark. The light caught in the gauzy curtain, beyond which the terrace and city of verticals. Exactly in that fold of words where analysis and space meet. There is a hand here. Bay, corroding in the sunlight. Heard "my ancestors" as "Hawaiian sisters." Paw to mean cat, chimney house, terms flooded by the possibility of objects, whisker cat, window house. I think that I know that I think, etc., infinite regression. Question of changing chairs each time I write a sentence. Wine glasses in rows, in a cabinet. Room with two many doors. Provisional existence of the external world. Within the bulb, threads of light. Awake, but still in bed, I listen to cars pass, doors, birds, children are day's first voices. Skyport drive. The poem is all that is the case. The wall is all yellow rock. Mole on her ass, or prefer to call it butt. From time to time the arteries of one of the three judges would soften, and he would lean forward to ask the attorney a question. To demonstrate the hand, prove the existence of fingers, possibly, or Saturn, pain, roundness. Nomination differentiates, predication connects. From under the eave pigeons pour. Optical conduit. Doubt about existence works only in a language game. Surveillance by starlight. Watercress. Drainage.

What use is a rule here. Weeks of litmus weather linger. Surrogate information. We would set card tables and great cartons up in the living room, covering them with blankets, then go under, journey to the center of the earth. One has to keep reminding oneself of the unimportance of the inner process or state. A room which by design, low ceiling, bad ventilation, causes sleep. The great seagull would have come inside but my mother went at it with a broom. Artifice of cereal. Necessitation and contingency. Fad to have your ears cropped. That content does not intrude. Everything written according to the rule of the infield fly. Troll bridge. Neon arrow posit. Residue of sinus condition. Nails hats to the wall. Eventually the scratches become scabs. Inverted nipple. Random sample. Walking each day through the business district, select a facet on which to fix attention, displays of white loafers, calendars at half price, clocks on coffee shop walls, given by such variation a formal perception. The brown paint yellows. Bruised cock. The end of the freeway in the middle of the country. The work of a not-large shy man. It'll keep your ego going for a few days. On a warm night, browsing from bookstore to bookstore, wandering from cafe to tavern to cafe, the conversation of women and men was the life I'd imagined. You could start almost anywhere and find anything. The fear of dogs. On Treat Street. The so-called "woman of my friend" with whom I half intend to sleep. Signification extends the sign. Lesbian drill. Rattle of water in pipes. Large or small definition. Architect, schoolteacher, poet, the trio wandered through Old Town, sobered by the evident despair. The back alleys above Chinatown, the deep basements, which, to look into, reveal pool rooms, old men on benches along the wall. As classes to attributes, ordered pairs to relations. Saw, not being seen, the man who did not like me place

a brown briefcase, labeled “man in the green raincoat,” in the dumpster, then walk back into the twilight, while we got to the material before his contact did. A vocabulary for grammar school lacking verbs of change. You know the style, you know the type, you know the scam, you know the hype. We cannot in conscience blame these varied sources of modality on the notion of analyticity. Eagle of the czar, with two open beaks. In a room, on a warm night, music on, over voices, a spoon scrapes a pot. I smoke the cigar slowly, knowing that when I am done I will be ready to shit. Headhunter. Anacoluthia. A cardboard box of wool sweaters on top of the bookcase to indicate Home. Car cap. We link together our various perceptual spaces whose contents vary from person to person and from time to time, as parts of one public spacio-temporal order. Exercise by lifting volumes of the “compact” OED. Bob takes Barry to the airport. Preparation H. The ignorance surface from North Dakota. Canker. Kids who ride shopping carts down the street. Nothing is like erasure. The confusion matrix, the travel field. A chart where in blue women serve more time for narcotics than murder. The form I saw in South Orange Sonnets. A band over where damage begins to occur. Ecumeniopolis. As sleep distributes thought. Broken shoelace. A year in each place. Desire to replicate speech as thought is silly, great grinding hum of language in head. A life top. Fatal framer. The Popular Resistance Movement is organized into clandestine groups, based among workers, peasants, students, pobledores (the urban poor), women, soldiers, and sectors of the small bourgeoisie, who, because of the oppressive regime, must work and meet secretly, whose tasks include preparing the conditions for a long and difficult people’s war, giving it a social base as extensive as possible among the people, a struggle against

the dictatorship on all levels, a struggle for proletarian revolution. Would play a piano on the beach. A series having no beginning and no end as its condition of form. Sentences do not designate. Transmutations and sublimations of content are creative processes toward the containment of larger wholes of experience, radically different in their preservation of elements and forces at work in the realization of a formal order from the mechanisms of repression and exclusion of feelings and ideas from the social consciousness that were practiced in the self-discipline of middle-class education. The octroon, the octillion. Waking into a state of anxiety, without specific object. The signifier of myth presents itself in an ambiguous way. Folds of foreskin. Insert opaque erotic data, stimulate focus. Fever blister. Would put a lit match to his thumbnail, because he liked the smell. A wall or row of bricks leading from the continent, per se, to the large rock, along which two men will roll a huge white wheel, themselves dressed in white, half of each face painted white, trailed and watched over by half-interested angels of videography, making art. Bedlington, first meant to hunt rats in coal mines, later bred to show, are nearly blind and crazy. Sitting idly as you will, hand absently on crotch. Phantom Czechoslovak. Flaw permitted to remain for specific aesthetic reasons, or perhaps intentionally inserted. This this this this. Sense data scraping wall of eye. This is here if you think it is. Criticism, like history, is a form of fiction. Urban bourbon. For faculties of the imagination, conditions of tenure. If I am in a car and look through the window at the scenery, I can, at will, look at the countryside or the pane, and, if at the latter, at other worlds reflected there, the view, say, from a window on the far side, a small town lodged on the hillside. Rainday at the rainday. Neither present nor past hold for you

the attractive indeterminacy of the future, the elaborate half-finished contraption of the yacht in the yard, tho you live in an apartment, waking from the sweating nightmare of hair starting to grow on all the walls and the great sound of breathing. Because last night as I was about to go to sleep I thought of words to add to this but did not write them down, I have lost them, using these instead to hold their place. There is no myth without motivated form. Writing, while riding under the bay. Caffeine enjambment of the nervous system. The division, so evident to us, between what we see, what others have observed and handed down, and what others imagine or naïvely believe, the great tripartition, apparently so simple and so immediate, into observation, document, and fable, did not exist. It is a speech justified in excess. Things touch against the banks of discourse because they appear in the hollow space of representation. Gross national poet. Very like the way things do do. Why, over a valley this size, the white-grey sky becomes a great dome. Shit from Shinola. Chinese fire drill. Celebrity fuck. This sentence is not what I intended. Turtle feast. Folds her toilet paper into perfect squares. Sorting out the remains of the babies. It was a language robbery. Butch beyond belief. Attention is all. Changes in the weight of water per unit. The language is never anything but a system of forms, and the meaning is a form. Tender summer nights of race war, cities as though candles to read by. Older music. The market allocation of labor resources according to profit criteria. The net, the fog, two alphabets. Fluster threshold. Writing the white lines. The moon is in the penthouse too. Mathematics is a finished language, deriving its perfection from this acceptance of death. The silent world is our only homeland. Earliest imaginings of the married life, the chiropractor's daughter doing dishes. Dis-

solving body. Drums under water. Farming my face, rake of razor. Varieties of helicopter filled the sky. In winter these streets turn to drains. A kind of spatial, tangible analogue of silence. Friends are fraggled, who went off to gink the dinks, enough to make you think again. Marjorie Daw. I woke in the doss-house. Give historical intention a natural justification, make contingency appear eternal. In the early morning drizzle, stand on the deck, watching heat and smoke rise from the hillside of chimneys. Fucked in the head. King Kong died for your sins. If you have an interest in the page, say, as a form of preservation. You use, she said, rising up from the bed angry, sex as a weapon. He does not write so much as his impatience does. Too monotonous and numerous. Essence and scale. Collections of disconnected items arranged in patterns. He knew how to hold an adz, to till. Think of page as timber line. Between reality and men, between description and explanation, between object and knowledge. By fooling the bees into thinking the hive is afire, so that they will suck honey up, gesture of salvage attempted, so that they become fat and sluggish, unable to assault the gloved hand which reaches in. This sort of sentence. In the middle of a blow job, she puked. Identify the assumptions, define them. Liked to go to some coffee house near campus for breakfast, the streets still empty, this small city finally perceived as space. Always, across the bay, there was Oakland. The drones will not even sting. Political because it must be, but at what level. Big German shepherd they locked permanently into a small box in the backyard. The playground north of the coffee plant roils with soccer, kites, sunbathers. Useless. All good ideas are simple. Morning, illusion. Because acclimation is not conscious, we shuffle about in circles, in hot rooms with the windows shut, becoming gradually heavier, weighted and

slower, until finally we begin to discard, to shed, to toss off, panama hat, white blazer with wide lapel, cufflinks, black brocade shirt and white silk tie, until we stand, arms “akimbo,” in white cuffed flares, see-thru net tee shirt, feet wrapped in sandals. Scars about the breast. If it needs more than one performer, that’s an ideology, or equipment, that’s another. What it would feel like, poem as real as life. Compared to, say, Chile, where Santiago’s higher elevations support the poor. In memory of Emmett Till. Rumor that R beat one performer up, so that others left in protest. Writing became a form of self-mutilation. E is for Edgar. The ever more complete preservation of what was written, the establishment of archives, then of filing systems for them, the reorganization of libraries, the drawing up of catalogs, indexes and inventories, all these things represent not so much a sensitivity to time, to its past, to the density of history, as a way of introducing into the language already imprinted on things, and into the traces it has left, an order of the same type as that which was being established between living creatures. Entangled in a language, whose syntax leads you to multiple murder, political kidnap or an ashram in Colorado. Eating Life Savers for breakfast. Theoretical framework for pudding. Murder of crows, drift of hogs. Our colonies are the last proletariat. Face of an astronaut painted on a plate in the window of a hardware store, next to a small plastic flag. A day of rain in the middle of June. Finding fortune’s finals. This sentence in August. Living with friends v. living with strangers. This is the alphabet. Dream in which I become weightless, float off the planet, such as a balloon let go, is the most common, familiar places seen from great heights. These are the trees. Forms of anticipation. Friday night. Four of us gather to talk on the radio from midnight to six. A cigar purchased in Vera Cruz,

but smoked in Windsor. This will be the hill poem. The Ferris wheel. Map of Juan de la Cosa in a garage sale for 25 cents. Prepare to turn this record over. Your syntax is a life sentence. How could one ever hope to have known prose. Alva's song, backed with supply and demand. The hidden assumption is that once the novel lived. Time paranoid. So that it rains light. Third day of November. Adoration of my own two feet. Half proud, the next morning, of the scratch marks on my back. The intensionalism of crewcuts. These terms filter the visible. Single string of the marine trumpet. Carrot cake, late in a cafe, place to wait. Shopper's world, a whole store for quilts. Made skulls out of sugar for the occasion. Film of each of eighty victims, over Tubular Bells, called news. Responsible fear of police. The gamelan is not simple. Specific set of high school girls which is attracted to glitter boys. Who first refined petrol. Man who paused a long while at the coffee house door, staring in. That one could become a cop, to enforce the laws partially, the Highway Patrol. From derivation to articulation, from origin to proposition, through name. Magnetic tape to Patty Hearst, to Richard Nixon. Able to leave art space. Brushing the drums. Frames of fame. The dawn light is before us, let us rise up and act. Elaborate system of codes, neckerchiefs for fistfuckers, each pocket has a meaning, key chains, watchbands. Thought as a boy to swallow all seeds, that the tree in the belly could become one. Aphorisms block out thought. The death of heat is the birth of steam. Information is a commodity. Great urge to sneeze, mouth full of banana. You are ankle, elbow, ear, eye. But the grass spider eats only violets. The under-chatter of waiters. A mouse's fear of a cat is counted as his fearing true a certain English sentence. Grab bag sans form, as form by a trick of process, cheap. They control insects and enemies of the trout.

Failure to comprehend mass organization. You sap. Thermocouple. If we imagine the facts otherwise than what they are, certain language games lose some of their importance, while others become important. Do you remember this. Butterflies churn the air. Aldermaston sign. The meaning of a word like the function of an official. Crying like a fire in the sun. Modal rounders. A car idles outside these closed curtains. One could be wrong intentionally, but without deceit. Fire in the Korean discotheque. The sharp shadows of a low sun, the light smack against the white house-fronts. Although on a leash, the boy was articulate, hostile, polite. Each day there's the bridge. Respectable as an old junkie. Every word is either current, or strange, or metaphorical, or ornamental, or newly coined, or lengthened, or contracted, or altered. Wiggled two fingers deep in her cunt. The salute of the fireboats. Accidental proposition. Weathercock, scrimshaw. This shuts anything not included out. Panama Exposition. Suppression of the death of Trigger, or possibly Bebe Rebozo. Between the television and the bed was an ironing board, half-finished bottles of lager atop it. Not able to determine whether his fear of permanent loss was a fear more of permanence or of loss. Throttle's glottal stop. The seagull had made its home on our porch. When, looking out the window, you no longer see what's there, it's time to move. Fireplaces at work in several rooms, Franklin stove, coffee, the ritual smell of toast. Not every false belief is a mistake. Teeming continuity of beings, all communicating with one another, mingling with one another, perhaps being transformed into one another. Narwhale, I confront you. As the prow of our boat divides the night, the lights of the city of San Francisco begin to loom up before us. The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy revisionist running dog. Such ships are cities at sea. The gallery

was a labyrinth of white rooms with skylights, small words drawn in blue pencil, one to a wall, thru which and before which strolled the art consumers, gazing, chewing in an idle way on the earpieces of their sunglasses, paying no attention to the one red hard-backed chair in each room, presumably for their convenience or that of the occasional elderly lady, accompanying a college-age granddaughter, which were the true objects of the show. Passing by the kitchen of a restaurant, brisk autumn night, I hear the clatter of knives and forks. Implicitly or explicitly, all environmental planning and action reflects a particular view of society and the groups that compose it. I sat atop the fountain, which, at midnight, was shut off, all concrete and pools of still water. A sequence of objects, silhouettes, which to him appears to be a caravan of fellaheen, a circus, dromedaries pulling wagons bearing tiger cages, fringed surreys, tamed ostriches in toy hats, begins a slow migration to the right vanishing point, signified by a palm tree on the horizon. Words I wrote in the control room of the Pacific Rim. Here is Spain, that is Africa, this is the water. Half haunted, it seemed, to walk so briskly, aimlessly, changing directions many times, sitting on a bench or stoop every few blocks to scrawl words in a notebook. Small boy shouts at the dog, insistent, scolding. See his veins as doors. A teller, she said of him, of moral tales. First trace of day, glow at the horizon, began to appear. Refuse connectedness. Each of us has wanted to ball the other for weeks now, but we have to arrange it. Music for marimbas, voice and organ. Odor of onion remained for days. I hear the hose in the tomato plants. My teeth like the ruins of a great wall. What duration does to the meaning of any word. In the days of pre-methadone, of pre-heroin, of pre-pills, in the days of habit. I want to tell you tales of lint. The dog on the stairs, its growl

low and serious, forms a test. Clapping music. Songs of the upstairs neighbor. Feeling my fingernail bend back, pushing it against my front tooth, to signal thought. Morning of the frills. All research is so set as to exempt certain propositions from doubt. What is meant is use. Smashed watermelon sidewalk. The clarity of winter morning. A belief is what it is whether it has any practical effects or not. Mental wilderness area, language game preserve. A park upon a hilltop, below which the city, its hills and verticals jammed together, and beyond that not the bay but the hills on the far side, as though near, brown now in August with a light sky, rippling planet crust. Given arrangement of objects or facts grouped together according to certain given conventions or resemblances, which one expresses by a general notion applicable to all those objects, without, however, regarding that fundamental notion or principle as absolute or invariable, or as so general that it cannot suffer any exception. How do I verify the imagination. The clouds roil about the mountain. Slag iron. The doorknob which constantly falls from the door. As tho each bus route was a specific syntax. As opposed to the Academics, for whom revision itself is the form of process. Asleep in the sun is all peace there is. I slept well and rose early, reading two small books before breakfast. Why should not a king be brought up with the belief that the world began with him. The police began to shoot directly into the library. Then we found the testes in the scrotal sac. It is one thing to understand that your friend has a husband, another to sit at their table, forced to sit still, say nothing, when he nags and bickers. The proposition that you have spent your whole life in close proximity to the earth. We knocked over trash cans, dragged sawhorses, to barricade the street. How in the still air the sudden assertion of auto brakes, heard, calls

into mind a trumpet. *Italophile*. Whose boats dwell in the bay. When the lightbulb blew in the john, it took weeks to replace it, as if my roommate and I held a silent contest, to see who would be forced first into buying a new bulb. Unable to read a book for any great length of time, for to abandon himself thus threatened him. How as a child, I knew the interior structure of every bush on the block. I did not get my picture of the world by satisfying myself of its correctness. Why these lines, by mere convention, accumulate to form meaning. A big she St. Bernard. Thirty thousand words. The truths of which he says he knows are such as all of us know, if he knows them. Dog would scratch at the door for hours. Sad dream of gas pain. Copper bracelet, vitamin C. My convictions do form a system. A carpenter's work is seasonal. Not asleep, I lay in the grass, still, while the ladybug crossed my chest. A thin field of wildflowers comes up in Death Valley, yellow or violet, and dies in three weeks. I don't make the language, I enforce it. What I heard, as I stood at the Pacific, was not the waves, but blood in my veins, and current in my nervous system. The power implicit within the ability to draw a single, vertical straight line. The sun rose up above sand dunes. Thousands lavishing, thousands starving, intrigues, wars, flatteries, envyings, hypocrisies, lying vanities, hollow amusements, exhaustion, dissipation, death. Good morning, scarecrow. Presences I thought dust in the air came closer now, had wings to move them. Stepping out on flagrant street. Twenty loose sheets of lined foolscap, undated. Art is a mirage. Opposed to the image. Beautiful red twine binding of a Chinese notebook. I am for example also convinced that the sun is not a hole in the vault of heaven. Change in the weather, change in my head. The hill would fill with people bathing in the sun. Solo piano on a winter morning. Climate re-

places weather. Mitigations. This posit is not altogether the philosopher's doing. A dream of fever. Laundry boat. Image, afterimage, aura. Of all these faces seen as spaces, which are you. Olfaction. No one ever taught me that my hands don't disappear when I am not paying attention to them. Theory of the mark, theory of the organism. Small kids swarm the porch. A requirement that nature should be continuous. Display of the corpse of Che Guevara as bourgeois sculpture. Learning to face personal space. Knowing it changes it. Walking into a strange household with the assumption that one would not propose to live there. Solitary line of a sea lute. The coast, which is said to have no seasons, tho it does when you look closer. That was when my nose began to peel. These rather beautiful designs failed. Blue genes. The geometry of the carpet. Straw flowers. Chrome. This is an exhibit for the prosecution. Network against psychiatric assault. Axiology, or Value Systems I have seen. A will of sorts tattooed to the calf, which read My last request is to burn this leg. Talking heads of television. Between the fabric of taxonomy and the line of revolutions. A world of routines, of returns to small forms, insistently. A black evangelist was sewed up inside a tom-tom and starved to death while drummers pounded incessantly on the skin top. As astronauts enter the outer air. But "it moves" everywhere. Get aboard. Pale light in the skylight. Symbols cramp the temple. Standard deviation. It was a summer of few hot nights. Rhythm section of the Horns of the Dilemma. Zoo caw caw of the sky. Games of either/or. Time was real to him, but not linear, more a sensation of gravity, of falling from some precipice forward until, thousands of feet above the valley floor with its chalked concentric circles, acceleration approximated weightlessness. Monsters and fossils. Garbage mind pearl

diver. Chrysalis. It was his smaller toes that hurt. The clock in the closet. Wittgenstein and the moon. The algebra of the fish. Viddy that white room, filled with fleshy babies. Continuity precedes time, is its condition. Attempt, between poems, to be charming. Rice balls. The words, as in a boat, float. History can no longer be of any other order than that of resemblance. Any project large enough to capsize. Tiger's eye. Peach pits. The monster is the root-stock of specification. Endless intimate detail ultimately bores. In this region we now term life. Driving freeway over San Bruno mountains in night fog, exhaustion registering in the body as force, pressure, partial "G." This is the zone. Words, where you are, as in a trail, not forest but thicket, pine needle modifiers, shingles of a pine cone on which to focus, but syntax, syntax was the half-light. The more the worker expends himself in the work the more powerful becomes the world of objects which he creates in fact of himself, the poorer he becomes in his inner life, and the less he belongs to himself. Point of transfer. Paper treated chemically so as to alter perception. The abnormal mind is quick to detect and attach itself to this quality. Chance of light rain. Tenderness in that wicked man. Snail flower woman star. Grandfather robed in white, horizontal in grey-green shadows of Intensive Care, would not look up, tubes in nose, waiting. Days in which I replace the faces. When, as I hunkered down to overturn the small shells, shaking sand off, she asked what it was, I said, "Looking for the good ones." I amble in, sit awhile, then exit. Is this winter or is this morning. Certain houses where the kitchen is the gathering place. Short glass of tequila. Entering, speaking rapidly from the first, of what it would be like to become a part of your lives. Personality is an unbroken series of successful gestures. Mole, deep in geologies of the tongue.

Tall glass of tawny port. Association a prior condition of dispersal. Glide on through the sea change of faces and voices and color. He will reach over slowly and contemplate long before picking it up, his nerves are so shot. Headlights, streetlights, lit living rooms. Total calculation. Ideological basis of sleep. She loves to give head. A pleasure and discomfort in the knowledge of having become, by the fact of your absence, the focal point. In the final days of the war, the weariness falls away, one's friends begin to move about with a new vigor of anticipation, start to formulate new projects. Blond body hair. By the time each of these guys "achieves his life in literature" he will be some kind of case. Borate bomber's song. In the final folds of a year in the middle of a decade you were here, warm indoors, though never precisely thoroughly at home. Hyperventilation. Grim and Barrett. Shadows between houses leave earth cool and damp. Facing up to this. Molding my senselessness into forms. The patter of basketball described. A scaffold around light. The so-called lady bartender. The last hot day of summer. Mushrooms fried in garlic. Retina burn. Named the child Alyosha. There is no confusion like the confusion of a simple mind. Immediate constituents. A tooth gone in the root. How was it you came to live this life. Suffering succotash. Sweet cigar. A slick gaggle of ambassadors. A certain winter grey that translates readily into depression. The flat black hills beyond which summer's form, the sun, would rise. Three tattered notebooks. Tension manager's domain. Will I move to New York. The city is a thing mingled. A visit with parents. Astronauts holding hands, adrift in the sky. Against a reconstituted theory of the metaphor. There is no content here, only dailiness, the driver education car poised in the intersection by the playground, around which a jogger orbits, all in the hill's shadow

at sunset. Pending sense of panic. Caves of the tuna. Later, memory of odor of the coffee plant will bring this back. Bowl in which map of world was etched. As each new sack, parcel of information, was cut open, its contents spilled onto the conveyor belt, the foreman would announce it by blowing on a conch shell. We ate them. This is before we knew of Cointelpro. Couple at the next table, over coffee, discuss power relations of their home. The tenor sax is a phallus or cross. Each ear pierced in four places. These auxiliary activities are not the thinking, but one imagines thinking as the stream which must be flowing under the surface of these expedients, if they are not after all to be mere mechanical procedures. Question of sexuality. If it were to be explained simply, would it be any more clear. The flag. Concern with what we say has its own specific signs. I told him I was tired, bored by sense of his misuse, my voice the line drawn. Stubborn as a mule, sir, stubborn as a mule. Log fort. How then can the sense and the truth or the truth and the sense of sentences collapse together. As map could expand beyond the margin. It was the voice of Big Black, "Awake, for nothing comes to the sleeper but a dream."

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