Metaphor Police

A Collection of Poems from 2007

Richard P. Gabriel
# Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>How to Recall</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roughing It</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Travel Date</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blame for Life</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Felt the Cold Hand Last Night</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Things In Mind</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long Hours</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teach Nothing</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Just In Case</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Up Coast</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Another Night of Lights and Her</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Does This Matter</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Street Scenery</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Does Science Change the Past</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Both Hands Off the Wheel</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This Device Again</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stop For Refreshment</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Late Late Late Late Late Late</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nowhere In a Car</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh Stories</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inappropriately Famous</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pictures, Small Ones</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unproven</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What An Animal</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Odd Thought</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bottle Hunt</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thoughts on Love Like Mud in a River</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For Anything</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Counterexample</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simple Minds</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warning</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tracings</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Again</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Revision Experiment No. 1</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Might Know Her</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>True Enough</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>After Hearing</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bridge Along</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gubbish</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LA Skyline in my Best Pants</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sharpened Points</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On a Jet Plane</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Problem Page</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wrong Food</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As A Dog</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Another Day Waiting...............................................................................................................................................46
Here No More ..................................................................................................................................................47
Tube at the Edge of Forever............................................................................................................................48
Seeming ...............................................................................................................................................................49
Change of Luck....................................................................................................................................................50
Anniversary .........................................................................................................................................................51
Trains on 66 ........................................................................................................................................................52
Tired & Rocky ......................................................................................................................................................53
High Desert ........................................................................................................................................................54
Caged ..................................................................................................................................................................55
Trip Changes.......................................................................................................................................................56
Kingman ...............................................................................................................................................................57
Quote This .............................................................................................................................................................58
Black Mountains ................................................................................................................................................59
10 Hours ..............................................................................................................................................................60
Drive Around Day ...............................................................................................................................................61
In the Bonds of Life ..........................................................................................................................................62
Communicating Integration ...............................................................................................................................63
Titanic Discovery ................................................................................................................................................64
Fear Itself Fear ....................................................................................................................................................65
Lineman ...............................................................................................................................................................66
Blame Is For.......................................................................................................................................................67
By the Way ..........................................................................................................................................................68
Writing on the Wall ............................................................................................................................................69
Low Flying Black After White ...........................................................................................................................70
Look Close Down .............................................................................................................................................71
South Boston .......................................................................................................................................................72
Really So Slight Stupidity ................................................................................................................................73
Thunder and 1965 .............................................................................................................................................74
A Kind of Blind Art ............................................................................................................................................75
Pray for a Rerun ...................................................................................................................................................76
Greatness Never Ends (Supposed).....................................................................................................................77
Float Off ..............................................................................................................................................................78
Un-Heard Of ........................................................................................................................................................79
Not Only Quick But Lousy Too ........................................................................................................................80
More Like Woods................................................................................................................................................81
No North No South ..........................................................................................................................................82
Walking It Is.......................................................................................................................................................83
Dynamic Languages Thomas ............................................................................................................................84
Carla Curtis ........................................................................................................................................................85
Temporal Madness Through the Same Old Things ............................................................................................86
Because Explained............................................................................................................................................87
Restaurant Scene After an Expensive Meal .......................................................................................................88
Quux Reads As He Was Asked To Do................................................................................................................89
66 Tears ...............................................................................................................................................................90
Out North ...........................................................................................................................................................91
http://justin.tv..................................................................................................................................................92
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>No Writers After Shakespeare</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Progress is Our Most Important Problem</td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Last Poem #1</td>
<td>190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snake No Snake</td>
<td>191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By the Sandy Road</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reading of Success</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life Taking</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Remarks</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When Night Times Out</td>
<td>196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Art On Top</td>
<td>197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Losers in Arms</td>
<td>198</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beginning</td>
<td>199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Revisitiation</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Get Lost</td>
<td>201</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Right</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In What Life?</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lots to Clear Up</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baz</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>More Cemetery Men</td>
<td>206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Like a Clock, a Simple One</td>
<td>207</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It Is Where We Are</td>
<td>208</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long From Here</td>
<td>209</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Like Tonight</td>
<td>210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Like This Evening</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collapsing in Budapest</td>
<td>212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Florida</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Story Through Facts</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History by Facts</td>
<td>215</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Ways of River</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Timing Affair</td>
<td>217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Case of the Synchronism</td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sullen Physics</td>
<td>219</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sad Girl in Montréal</td>
<td>220</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>More on the Girl</td>
<td>221</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Until Now</td>
<td>222</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sad Girl on the Wall</td>
<td>223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blandness of Tuesdays</td>
<td>224</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Memory Bank</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walls Gone</td>
<td>226</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Confusing My Understanding</td>
<td>227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heavy Dinner but Late</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elegant Angle</td>
<td>229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Listening for Rain</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appearing Lowlands</td>
<td>231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Timely Deductions</td>
<td>232</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Information Indirect</td>
<td>233</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crypto Poem</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frustrated with Beauty</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When I Step Into The Light</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Science of Sweet</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Left Behind</td>
<td>238</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tangential Viewing</td>
<td>239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Before and After Pictures Available</td>
<td>240</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not Much</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sad Girl on a Rain Night</td>
<td>242</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mystery of Graffiti</td>
<td>243</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mind Stripped of Ticks</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Only the Few Can Parse What is Seen</td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Animosity of Story</td>
<td>246</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hey</td>
<td>247</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What is it for?</td>
<td>248</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Essence of It</td>
<td>249</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Heat</td>
<td>250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Until After</td>
<td>251</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh?</td>
<td>252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lecture #23</td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Only Poem Mentioning These</td>
<td>254</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That Girl He Talks About</td>
<td>255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Driving Around &amp; Around</td>
<td>256</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crossing That Bridge</td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Past the Sad Girl</td>
<td>258</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Chair-Caner</td>
<td>259</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don't Go</td>
<td>260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Again and Again</td>
<td>261</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go In</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simple Life = What He Wants</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man to Hell</td>
<td>264</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Again</td>
<td>265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mind is a Razorblade</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wouldn't Be Good Enough</td>
<td>267</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Driveaway</td>
<td>268</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WWII</td>
<td>269</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Place Storms</td>
<td>270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not Much</td>
<td>271</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long Hauling</td>
<td>272</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bridge Picture</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over Work</td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ride Through</td>
<td>275</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Standing Firm</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Worry About Me</td>
<td>277</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dark in Fall</td>
<td>278</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not Her Thing</td>
<td>279</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bad A Bing</td>
<td>280</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Hours</td>
<td>281</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
How to Recall

the writing has started
the diagrams starting to be put together
in this way / by bits and pieces
the remembering starts
the explaining
the stories within / on top of / besides stories
all other stories fight their nonlinearity
this one doesn’t
even though one word like this one
is followed by exactly 0 or 1 others
sequence is not story
and it’s not linearity
it’s a pacing and the traces
of the web being painted
Roughing It

building a cabin
alone / filming yourself
building everything by hand
even spoons and bowls from dried stumpwood
building an outhouse
and a cache up on stilts
a vault underground as an icebox
(perm afrost)
al l the furniture
a fireplace
and then to live up in Alaska
alone for decades
recording everything
caribou / bear / moose / wolverines / ptarmigans / rabbits / magpies
t trout / salmon / sheep / wolves
all the players but could it be you
could you live this way
cold you live this way
cold / alone / writing it all down
filming it
there are questions that come to mind
Travel Date

alone again in a hotel room
tired from long flights and bad food
bleary from getting up early to make the flight
in a time zone where getting enough sleep
means trying to sleep too early
and then getting up too late after not sleeping much
then required to be smart
all day / eating bad again
no exercise / bad light / coffee all day
this is why I am who I am
Blame for Life

who is guilty
the taxi driver who drops us out of town
then comes back after dinner to get us
is he guilty
the pizza was good
but too sweet
too mild
too aromatic in a nonpizza fashion
but upscale no doubt
narrow waisted women
so young they look 12
even though I was there only
for an hour I feel
I will miss them
I Felt the Cold Hand Last Night

the story takes shape
the taxi stops on the ramp exiting the bridge
that goes along the river then across
it’s 50 years old or more
painted yellow
but needs it again
with rusted hex bolt heads
looking oldschool industrial
or military / rain sets the mood
this bridgwork was built in the days
of the story and I’ve vowed to recall this
scene as I write others in that story
and why not / why not
make it like it was
Old Things In Mind
	side delivery
making wind rows in the direction of travel
sulky rake
making wind rows perpendicular to the direction of travel
one was simpler
but when row balers came along
it was necessary to make wind rows in spirals
so the pick-up baler could work without stopping

the barn for example
holds what we put in it
all winter / it is built
for many purposes
including a toilet
a workshop
a coop
cow stalls
doors on either end
space and space for hay
everything about it is dangerous
even the memory of it
Long Hours

after work
I’m in the midst of traffic
that is red in front of me
and white behind
my apartment is uneven
and leaks warm air
everything I have is cheap
what I dream of is just more
above my roof the sky blackens
mirroring me
the stars are like my dreams
everything about it is a cliché
it’s a big city
if I drove for 3 hours
everything could be different
Teach Nothing

poets write of fiction
randomness and indeterminacy
as if they read mathematics
and understand statistical reasoning
like Bayes’s theorem or neural nets
but it’s just a way to justify
incoherence and narrative disruption
as if a poem about nothing
can be justified through an appeal
to what is not known
they speak of the theory of language
as if it weren’t a system that works
well enough to have built one hell of a world
of course theories of language have also given us
senseless writing as if the two were related
so here is what it all amounts to
teach a man to fish
and you feed him for a lifetime
give him ramen noodles
and you don’t have to teach him anything
Just In Case

have you noticed
that some cities
at night are bitter
that their lights illuminate
the disappointments
the woman who whispers sweetheart
as he walks into the kitchen from the bedroom
the man who watches her walk away
after a short conversation of regret
they are still friends
they think to themselves and say to each other
but the streetlights
the lights in the offices above
and homes up in the hills
and the lights invisible in the streets around them
know lies when they shuffle past
he will think of her many times
when the lights are again like this
and she too will think of him
but neither will know
will ever know
what small things only had to be done differently
what extra things had to be said
what small things had to not be said
for example how he should have surrounded her with himself that one night
it rained
but that is not why
for the city to stop being black in the night
and for the sun to rise
and for her red hair to slowly turn brown
until facing the sunset they finally knew
what love is
Up Coast

down by the ocean
in a house brand new and modern
too done but with the taste that comes from a single mind
the window that faces the breakers
is paned for the wind
and this is the window he stands in front of
as the rain slants down into the firs and sand
the wind heaves at him
trying to shoulder him aside
as the dark figures how to last longer
but even while he looks out at all this
holding a glass and chewing without purpose
his eyes are on her
a thousand miles away
where the sun never seems
to stop
Another Night of Lights and Her

she doesn't understand what I mean
when I watch her when she's not watching back
she is not used to the dark and artificial light
her color is not good under these circumstances
she loves sentences like the one I just wrote
but she doesn't know it doesn't = poetry
but she doesn't care about things referred to by • this word / see
she cares mostly about how shiny her hair is
in this light
how dark her hair looks and how long it is as I watch it/her sway
while she walks away in the cold air
she likes how her hip width and the way she steps
makes the view of her from his point of view intriguing
other things she ignores
like who she is
and what she pictures for herself
or what she likes to eat when she's alone
what I mean is that all of these observations are about
what is deserved / do I deserve this
does she
what about him ↔ her
Does This Matter

when girls
(sometimes men)
are physically capable
of separating their butt cheeks
and shaking them
there is no movement
in any other body part
not the legs or lower back
just simply the booty
it’s crazyyyy
the perfect woman
can get any man she wants
everything about her
is heartbreaking
I watch her standing on the corner
waiting for the traffic to subside
waiting for the sky to clear
waiting for her heart to settle
on what she sees as difficult choices

but the choices she has
come so easy that they pile up
and it’s abundance she faces
the cars that seem to come from everywhere
just when she’s ready to make her move

instead it begins to snow
her shoulders are becoming coated
the dark deepens
I can only stand here
watching her
growing heartbroken
Does Science Change the Past

does science change the past
the sentry of this place
is a pillar by the gate
it is a falling leaf lying on a stone step
nearby
the first thing in the morning is the sunlight
lasering
funny word for something natural
the leaf and just after
the stone
the sentry of this place
is less than truthful about the meaning
of the task
sometimes the sentry is a bit of wind carrying
the faint scent left over from a long time ago
when this happens the birds and insects
in the trees and on the leaves of grass
pause for a second and if they could think
they would think of what that past meant
to the sunlight back then
when there was no such thing
as lasering
Both Hands Off the Wheel

I've been walking around
the edges of a cemetery
not far from the Mexico border
in Bisbee / there are trees all around
but none in the cemetery
the headstones seem about to fall
apart / there is just sandy dirt everywhere
there are small roads through it
even though it is not a place of warmth
it is hot at this hour / I feel a pull
an urge to walk the roads but
the road south beckons
or to the north there's a straight road
on the way to Tombstone
and beside it is a handmade marker
covered in plastic flowers
and shape like a cross with a star in its heart
around it are pictures of the deceased
the best time to view it
is right around sundown
there's time to head south and make it there in time
just in time for the slanted sun to make it hard
to see well
but that's the right way to pay respects
better than looking in at the roads
from the edges / better to do it
in the fading light and rising cold
This Device Again

inside this little device
the thoughts that lead to sadness
recoil / they respond to inputs
from all sides like an all-seeing eye
what is this device you ask
it is small
it is invented by a genius
it is manufactured by minds
under an influence
which can be detected
by another little device
Stop For Refreshment

picture of Amboy as seen driving west
Route 66 runs straight into Amboy in the distance
even further beyond the railroad
is the Amboy crater

the shoe tree in the foreground
is growing next to Route 66
and provides some extremely rare
shadow in the desert
a bit further on the right is Roy’s

picture of Amboy as seen looking west
on the left you see the Amboy crater in the distance
on the right is Roy’s

picture of Roy’s as seen from the east
in the heyday of Route 66
this would have been a chance to get gas
and stop for a refreshment
or even a night sleep in one of the cabins

shoe tree in Amboy
the shoe tree grows on the south side of Route 66
tourists throw used shoes
in the tree to leave a not
so permanent mark

beyond the shoe tree is the railroad
it’s a busy railroad out in the lonely desert

note the shoes that fell off the tree
the tree hides the crater in the distance
and grows next to a construction best described
as a dry channel
Late Late Late Late Late

being late
seeming to be late
some shadows seeming longer
make me nervous that I'm late
my sense is that I'm not
late but the feeling of being late
never comes late
Nowhere In a Car

I'm stopped at a stop
light on a desert road
at a crossroads puzzling
in its positioning and I see
no reason for it to be here
the desert in winter is combinations
of brown and yellow
the materials don't matter
just the colors like the red
of the light that keeps me sitting
here idly while my car idles
and no one comes down the road
from the right and no one comes
down the road from the left
oddly an empty can of coke
rolls by / I knew neither that
the wind was blowing nor that coke
cans were prevalent around these parts

eventually the light changed
and I moved on
Oh Stories

looking at maps on the net
seeing places where someone
I know had lived before I was born
I feel the pull / I can almost smell
the place / the lakes and seas nearby
are warmth in water and I can nearly
feel it / but now what's left is only
half remembered memories held together
by stories from no one knows where
the result is a nostalgia with no origins

be good and you will be lonely
the chief danger in life
is that you may take too many precautions
there is nothing worth the wear of winning
but laughter and the love of friends
Inappropriately Famous

those who look down
shall be looked down upon
they have no knack for tilting
as the wind dictates
they stay in one stance
which makes it easy
to look down on them
 Pictures, Small Ones

the pictures
who took them
Nana maybe
but they look well composed
although my parents are too
close to the center
for it to be an artist
but they are not silly
the pictures aren’t
the backgrounds are more important than my parents
I know how they looked
and what they felt
but the barn
the buildings
the milk shed
the house being built
the piano
the table set for dinner
the duffel I recall
from when I was a kid
these are the important things
because it’s about the place
always about the place
Unproven

she is a flurry
of ideas and thrilled movement
she dances and makes light of serious
things / I have fallen for her
despite her being too other
but I'll just hover around
nothing dangerous
just her
What An Animal

the arc of the story
bends around the curve
of my skull and it's impossible
to feel any sense of personal divinity
when you realize you have one
Odd Thought

despite all their differences
the people on the sidewalks
of this block are nearly identical
same size / same hair / same noses
all moving like ballet people
like soldiers / like can-can dancers
like synchronized swimmers
cut loose from the juice
with all the sameness
what makes the mind flit
from one to another
Bottle Hunt

my girlfriend and me
hunting empty bottles
of wine in trash bins and heaps
in a town history rattled by long ago
beside a river polluted to death
fish heaped up on its banks when the tide
goes out that close to the sea was it
all / typically
we hunted in winter
bitter air rasping off the water
propelled down the main street parallel
to the river by some quirkiness of physics
and the standing of buildings
sometimes this preposterous wind
would grab a wrapper and thrust
it down the street and against a wall
if it was a newspaper we’d go over
and read it quivering by the wind
we’d hold the tremors inside our hearts
so they wouldn’t bust out
and scramble the words into a poem
of rapture / later we’d pulls bags of bottles
to the liquor store for redemption
yes do you hear me now
for redemption
Thoughts on Love Like Mud in a River

tired of the old
tired of new
the banks of the river
are loose and failing
black mud at low tide
(tidal river)
we parked there once
she gave me an oblong kiss
one way or another the river flowed
the sun setting might have been romantic
but there was too much happening
of a personal nature
we were all over ourselves
to protect our innocence
in the eyes the pious
I’m sure music was playing
because I noticed the radio
was on later when I started the car
again / when we backed out
onto the road it was all/most dark
the fireflies were syncing up
around the bend in the river
the green bridge glowed from the heat
of the day / the tide turned
it seemed to stop / a river dead
in its tracks / I took her home
we were both tired
of the new and the old
I noticed the river was full
of mud / hard imagine
in all that dark
For Anything

can old things
represent what’s real
the first invention
hitting the mark closer
the sidewalk for example
made for living
today it’s
just driving that counts
Counterexample

I saw match point on TV
McEnroe over Connors
Wimbledon and I knew
McEnroe won except
the TV camera broke on that point
and what I saw was last year's
match point

I knew the truth
I was justified in my belief
but Plato was wrong
I didn't know nothing
Simple Minds

thruth leaks
lies inflate
the use of the mind
is as a patch
is as a pin
Warning

when you can’t sleep
you can’t dream
be careful operating machinery
watch out for drowsiness
for dizziness
for evidence of odd karma
and unfashionable bedsheets
when you can’t dream
you can’t have nightmares
you have no way to operate machinery
Tracings

art is a mess
paint all over
tables / floors / walls
drawn from life
using dead charcoal
a silhouette traced
light aimed straight at the heart
art has a next day
it's the day when the painter and painted
pass on the street / she in her tight skirt
and happy slip and it's up to the poets
to guess who if anyone recognizes whom
Again

nothing likes to work
when time is short
always the restart
the restart
Revision Experiment No. 1

writing is filled with hardship
writing is filled with difficulty
writing is achieved with difficulty
good writing is achieved with difficulty
good writing is achieved with much difficulty
good writing is achieved with more difficulty than is warranted
good writing is achieved with more difficulty than is worth it
good writing takes more effort than is worth doing
good writing takes more effort than it's worth my doing
good writing is not worth my doing
good writing is sometimes worth my doing
writing is sometimes worth my doing well
writing is always worth my doing well
writing is always worth doing well
writing is worth doing well
writing is worth doing
writing is doing
I Might Know Her

she works randomly
lives in Queens
with her cat and husband
or is it cat/husband
she writes poetry about plants
and cats
she believes that green things
bright lights
slinky shadows
and impending dark
are important beyond thought
flowers and birds too
and bees
cutting and gently cooking vegetables
especially tomatoes
her poetry inspires anger
in people who don’t like plants
green things
flowers and all that stuff
but especially and pointedly cats
True Enough

tinking about tomorrow
Tonight though
Is in the way
Nights these days
Whisper badly in an ear
That doesn’t work enough
The night is for wandering
Rest is never the goal
Just getting through it
Then tomorrow hits
You in the face
After Hearing

wish to return
to the fog
it obscures
covers
hides
but in this it is
at least
the truth
Bridge Along

the argument
is no place like home
people come together as stories
for a reason in a place
unlike anything you’ve ever experienced
just like you do
their past no longer matters
this place is different
it’s right here
so real
I’d let the fear in for 5 seconds
then forget it
I’m not a leader
but he is smart
we can either live together
or die alone
Gubbish

days just drop by
everyone is making
suggestions
when something frightening
makes its way to the scene
the results are undecidable
what this reminds me of
are the simple semi-groups
that pretend to be all there
when they are just filled
with holes
LA Skyline in my Best Pants

the changing colors
around sunset smears
the lost sky
between the highrises
if you look at time
the right way
or you take your time about it
the way I look at it
the way the skies are laid out
throughout the year
a dusk like this
is just one of the gang
later it’s the lights
again and again
car and buildings
streetlights
the tangle of them all
dense with little meaning
or none
Sharpened Points

sentences arranged
to tell you things

sentences in crowds
sentences running
for the doors

compact in their form
they have dispersal nozzles
to enjoin the weakest understanding

when we spout mixing meaning
with spit we join the angels
on the head of a pin
where the ultimate
paradoxicals dance on their toes

the smallest marks don't mean much alone
but piled up their contributions
are lotion on dried curiosity

it takes a long time
to learn what a sentence is

at least we still
have that
On a Jet Plane

nothing open
cheap burgers / now I know why they’re cheap
no stores
the country road turns into a divided highway
no way to turn around for miles and miles
the chair in room’s back is broken
but I am connected
online
mailing to beat the blands
the blahs
cold / near 0
another long trip
get it
Problem Page

one-armed men rule
songs / movies / tv shows
Springsteen / Sneaker Pimps
Lynch / a list of dadaists
making time and fabulous babes
acting / dying grab a hold of nothing
like your one-armed man
Wrong Food

sick
bad gut feeling
bent over typing
head not able to make poetry
perhaps it's the big white bus tonight
not to mention the snow
sleet freezing rain
a wintry mix's all
As A Dog

all night up to the bathroom
releasing liquids my body had made
of the bad food from the nearby restaurant
and all day asleep to gather some strength
the storm was an annoyance
I had to go out to get food and something for the trip
tomorrow / still tired I hope to sleep most of the way
does this happen too often
some have said so
some who care I suppose
Another Day Waiting

damn the airlines
they try to remedy their failures
by trying more of them
they believe that scarcity
brings abundance
it is so easy to hate them
don’t they know that
Here No More

clear today
I hope to return home
will my hatred of this trip
ruin my job
will I be sitting on the plane
finally
or will I just go back to Boston
to wait there
indefinitely stuck here
what a hell
Tube at the Edge of Forever

imagine keeling
over while watching
Lost and 2 years later
being discovered a mummy
the tube still running
in Queens / but why would
no one come earlier
why are you mummified
and not dessicated or rotted
and most importantly
what are 4 8 15
16 23 42
Seeming

when all the suffering is over
does it all feel good
or simply over

who would want their last minutes
to come down to a question
like that

at dinnertime the 6:05 comes down off
Tehachapi into the yards with 5 in front
and 2 in the middle / something similar would be true
at 6:20

high desert at midnight
cool not cold
in February
trains here too every 5 minutes

suffering is being sent
by boxcar / flatcar / container car
everywhere
Change of Luck

about those trains
obvious in their heavy humming
you feel their engines
need to explode
if they were people they would have blown
a gasket long ago
here the cool air amplifies the effort
the ascent grips the imagination
the weight shocks the hotel room
where the page lies on the table
leaden to inspiration
maybe next time I’ll pile up a quarter/penny/quarter stack
just beyond the crossing and see what the train
makes of it
Anniversary

later tonight
a year ago the worst happened
to her and her family
no one was ready for it
I stood there and everyone
but one
must have thought I was helping
but like them I
was helpless
Trains on 66

more trains
again an incline
a train town
horns because a crossing is nearby
I am worried as usual
the trip
the job
what I am able to do
though high up / snow in patches all around
the air tonight is not harsh
I am snug in a hotel by the tracks again
and as they pass by
I understand the places I could be
Tired & Rocky

up on the rock encrusted
Second Mesa again
the hotel is just barely a place to stay
we drove to Keams Canyon
for dinner because the power was off up here
the café there had a painting of itself
on its wall complete with a picture of itself
the joys of recursion / a heavy meal
including fry bread

few Hopi left though some long
for righteousness / even the divorced
we could not find the man making Joe’s belt
but Joe is willing to make it charity
High Desert

exhausted
too much travel
high altitude and the dry
is getting to my throat and nose
the days go by quickly
the nights slowly
I want to sleep / sleep / sleep
so much to do when I get back
and a long drive between here and there
Caged

among the watchers
the watched watch
this is the nature of intimidation
and resistance
but the cage is a handicap
though the watchers don't know
they are less free than their arrogance tells them
when you watch back hard
all tables are turned
beware your choice
Trip Changes

you will drive far today
from light to light
from desert to bay
we can tell you what we might hate
we will be up and down all trip
joshua tree / sage / piñon / palos verde
this trip won't change the world
but the world will continue
to render its own
Kingman

except we didn’t
we all broke down
we are stuck in a Podunk
awaiting parts from NY
at least 3 more days till we can leave
if everything goes well
or longer
or longer
or more
or more
my congestion got worse and may be on the way to better
this is all a version of hell I’m sure
and even Strindberg would be unusually
depressed over this
Quote This

the fountains weren't running today
“the fountains weren't running today”
I learned this at the restaurant last night
while eating a carne asada burrito which was not
too bad / the top sign said
pay phones
“pay phones”
this way
and the bottom one said
restrooms
“restrooms”
mens and womens restrooms
this way
investigators stood at the sink area
in the bathroom
and observed only those women
who entered the restroom alone
the control in this was the availability
of at least one open sink
soap
paper towels
water
only 40% of women
washed their hands
Black Mountains

most dangerous section
of 66 over a pass
hairpin turns
steep inclines
declines and handbuilt stone retaining walls
holding up the low side of the road
at the top a turnout
with an added loop that must
have been a lovers’ lane
today many shrines are there
1923–1946 / dates of birth
in pairs
gone now
this was their place
now it’s just a place
where love once dripped
where the view downvalley opened up hearts
where the danger multiplied
into / what else to call it /
love
10 Hours

long drive
after an expensive repair
the car stinks
from the burned out clutch
perhaps tomorrow I’ll have the car washed
top and underneath
to rid it of the bad vibes
from the last 3 weeks
and I’m so tired
so weary
so out of it
Drive Around Day

slow day
all the cool air could do is waft about
errands and slow moving
the sun breaking
the bright windows
into shards of transparency
the end of the day fell slowly
early March
odors coming up
I wondered many times today
when was the last time I had
a really good sleep
In the Bonds of Life

the story happened
traces were left in the world
that I could find with enough
patience / time / luck
one good idea is that what
I believed was the opposite of truth
that her family was rich
that his was poor
from these small facts and knowing
those I know I must piece it together
to explain
understand
Communicating Integration

currently the effects of technology
are apparent to all of us
integration
although a lengthy process
the transition is least in our privileged
neck of the woods
taking this course console
giggle stick ling cod
twenty-three purple perches four lives
a technology this pervasive must surely be adopted
by the essence
convenience and efficiency
are the driving force for produce
a cleaner more precise product
in a fraction of the time
although the service has
automatic translation of different languages
for users of the make a difference I guess
I like seeing it work though
in explanation for this
I can't understand how people can rely so
pass by children will lose touch of reality
communicating
Titanic Discovery

the question of the tomb
is asked

statistics based on names
taken in clusters forms part of the reasoning
on faith

and DNA applied to prove
no relation

consistency with
is taken as evidence for

nothing is wrong
so it must be right

and then the curious symbol
a curved peaked inverted V with a circle within
does it mean a thing

and so what if God turns out to be a man
didn't we think that all along
Fear Itself Fear

one thing leads to another
tonight it's fatigue
leading to fear of travel
it will only become worse
as the hours go by
good bye
Lineman

a day in the air
music bubbling away the hours
threat of snow drives me to undivulged paranoia
the light on landing is the deepest part of twilight
trees dark and complex against the thin layer of snow
someplaces there are whitebarked trees
with extravagant crowns and explorations
next to me on the plane a man was trying
to write a poem called SF
short and clipped phrasing
it looked naïve when viewed naïvely
without a turn of the head
while looking into the bright white
sun on clouds over Wichita
Blame Is For...

I blame life for it
the turns behind
the forgery of truth
that people could
believe so deeply
in things made of sharpedged marks
on a page over
the pingpong colors
of a spraypainted night scene
illuminated by a ring of halogens
I blame life for inventing abstraction
in the creases of our brains
my god which species was it
that invented this
and gave it to us
By the Way

Ron Goldman and Richard P Gabriel have published some articles (principally original wharfside in price range wharfside nj price range research wharfside nj price range wharfside nj price range finding, wharfside nj price range) but there was an unintended side-effect
Writing on the Wall

when the city fails
its goal of making things new
at the same time it wears out
itself and its denizens
the city is defined by its potholes
repairs and patches are about rest
the poster doesn't reveal
more than a line in a play
no more than the small music
behind the heavy static
little more than the heat of graffiti
the chick in Oakland
Low Flying Black After White

nothing like it
first warm day
(suddenly) buds appear
leaves bop up
grass on speed
instead of this
workload of allday variety
do you remember the time
two ravens chased the egret
none were panicked
but it was
nonetheless
hot pursuit
in slow motion
Look Close Down

big house
not worth much now
faulty / falling down
dream of it / what else
the songs trickling through the tubes right now
remind me of the warmth of the sun
in early spring even with the ground
still frozen / and it’s all frozen
to me now / no going back
no telling who the unsatisfied girls
might want but I can tell you
this / not me / not ever again
the past is a train of cliffs
falling over one all you can do
is fall over the next
from space it all looks green
till you look close
South Boston

this part of the city
is vaguely familiar
on Thanksgivings
we would go there to eat
the food was cooked on a coal stove
I spent many hours sitting
at the front bay window
or at the kitchen table
looking down from the third floor
where on usually cold days
nothing at all happens
there is nothing on tv
the apartment is small
there is nothing to see
nothing to do
and dinner always seems
hours away
I wish I could go back for just one day
with a camera and a scanner
to learn
Really So Slight Stupidity

not much point
really
in spending time on these poems
so slight
and beside the point in their blunt
stupidity
there is no beauty of language here just
plainness
nothing here to win contests
or even
be published for real
no
not for real
Thunder and 1965

rain in virtue wipes
down the windowsides
wind trying to twirl the candlepines
leaks through the storm windows
lightning surprise then we count
every 5 we count a mile
3 miles or less and we begin hard fear
this can mean we sit in the car
our secret
sitting in the car in the garage
mother me and snooks
1 of these three has programmed
the fear in the other 2
subsiding the storm has produced
a green lingering odor
in the fields and lawns
the oaks are relieved
A Kind of Blind Art

something off on the colors
the ocean a blackened blue
it's hard to imagine it's
the same ocean
the sand is the color of ripened wheat
carrying darker wells of water receding in waves
up the slight slope of the shore
odd bolts of ice all snow colored
but one that in the light which is low on the horizon
is of the form of a thick shard of glass
behind a brown breakwater
across the exiting river
a lowlying spit of land echoing the wheat
and a white block building with red roof
a flag and tall antennas
the sky is egg robin w/ faded cherry low clouds
a picture I took when young and discovered
again after being discovered again
I look at it now and think
I once looked at it then
Pray for a Rerun

what do you do
when movies from 10 years ago
show love much more than now
my answer
just watch them
Greatness Never Ends (Supposed)

the great man is losing
his mind bit by bit
a bit of irony for someone
famous for trying to turn
computers into faithful servants
of human brilliance
we had met 3 times
and I am memorable
but he remembered nothing of me
when we had dinner
he and I and 3 others
he divided his attention
the little left I suppose
between the salmon and a little girl
outside his window
making finger puppets for her
and moving the food rapidly into his mouth
the great man knows it’s over
except for the dinners
bought for him for being great
Float Off

the writing's on
the wall is crumbling
down the hall annie
waits and shimmers
like sparkling dish detergent
a substance used to enhance
the cleansing action of water
a detergent is an emulsifier
which penetrates and breaks up
the oil film that binds dirt particles
and a wetting agent
which helps them to float off
Un-Heard Of

it’s a form of tourette’s
provides out-of-the-box
functionality appropriate
for most scenarios
then they raise their salaries
because they’ve been soooo
busy awwww!
Not Only Quick But Lousy Too

they are all versions
unheard of diversions
someone wrote today
poetry is about rhyme
well it’s about time
that’s what I say
More Like Woods

there were three fields
the large one
more than 10 acres
in front
then a stonewall fence with 1 gate
the second shaped like an L
for a reason I never knew
then a short road through a pine woods
through a gully usually wet that drained
a fourth field to the north
into the third field
abandoned before I was born
and so partly filled and filling
with saplings / birch and such
this field was sandy and the most congenial
it’s where we buried our dog
after my father put her to sleep with ether
I was upstairs in my room in bed that afternoon
he was down by the door to the cellar
and I heard the struggle
the dog I’d known since I was 3 or 4
now she was 15 or so
I helped him carry her across the street and through those fields I described
I helped him dig a pit in that sandy field near the back
a few weeks later I went back there and she was gone
even after that short time
the field had shrunk
and had become more like woods
No North No South

funny what you don't notice
looking out from the living room window
across the street and toward the big field
at dusk the remnants of sunset
which I took to be the glow of California
was down behind the tall oaks and pines
but not until just the other day did I stop to think
that therefore the street / the road really /
was a north-south affair
as if those directions didn't exist
or exist enough to make a difference
in any thought I had
only looking at a map did I realize it
was half the world not important
to me then
and if so why
Walking It Is

“I made it on about the eighth of October ’38.”
“I was fixin’ a puncture on a car.
I had been mistreated by a girl.
I just felt blue, and the song fell into my mind
and it come to me just like that and I started singing.”
“There’s been some blues played like that.”
“This song comes from the cotton field
and a boy once put a record out—Robert Johnson.
He put it out as named ’Walkin’ Blues.’
I heard the tune before I heard it on the record.
I learned it from Son House.”
Dynamic Languages Thomas

rage rage against the dying of the snake
do not go gaga into that good lake
their frail o-line might have danced in green bay
because their coding had forked no emacs
rage rage against the buying of the cake
do not go go go near that clam bake
Carla Curtis

waiting for the reply
eager to write right back
it is always a woman
who might as well be the muse
of the day or week month or year
when you cannot reach the hers
any other way but the written word
the invention of email and the technology
means all that / remember Carla
Carla Curtis who moved away by the 9th
to Maine and I would watch her direction
on the drive north to our place
I wrote to her before she left
did she never know it was me
did the fact it was words mean
just that little to her that it made her
think / made her wonder
now I see she moved from Maine
to just near her
kept her name and had a daughter
and died just 2 years ago
I wish I could write her once more
only once is all I’d need now
Temporal Madness Through the Same Old Things

not that sickening beauty again
how often do we need to read
of the saplings and blossoms
or dough rising or the seeds
of tomatoes smeared across the counter
or the vegetables that spring up each spring
in the compost heap
the slick water sliding over slime smooth rocks
or through the bitterly green moss
down to the western sea where the sky
seems to plaster the reddening sun
yup I see all that stuff
and so did the great poets once
and the old lady ones just down the street
baking doughy cookies and eating only salads
while listening to Mozart because that’s art
not that sickening beauty again
Because Explained

the passion leaks out
like the last of the water
from a split rock in the red desert
beneath other rocks bugs love
and the desert goes on
this is the essence of by cause
Restaurant Scene After an Expensive Meal

they ate quietly all evening
in the thickwalled asian restaurant
mussels lychee drinks pineapple prawns satay
quietly and she was not pretty but something
more vital than that to him
as we ordered dessert he moved his chair next to her
by the time we stood up after paying
he was unaware
while quux read from his bible
and the warm ... hot actually ...
light breeze rustled through the beech's leaves
above where the 12 of us stood
listening but not paying attention
the men who would fill in the small
open hole stood by about 100' away
waiting with all the politeness many
decades command

the reading complete the grandchildren
lowered the urns into the square hole
and the papers we read from were placed
there for the reverent ones who might find this place
one day

the 12 of us dispersed and most have not
met since

12: a jury sized group
not counting the two men
who worked
but not hard
after we left for burgers and ice cream
after the bible reading
the ordinary returned
66 Tears

the road winds upwards
narrowing toward the top
skirting rocks
the old old 66
between Kingman and Needles
going through Oatman
where people live who cannot be allergic
to silence and heat
where there are only two things to do all day
play dominoes and eat great stuff
like cold canned peaches and sauerkraut on ice

the time
the place
the night
the guitar
the beer

once I paused for a second on the instrument
and Glenn blew a massive beer fart out onto the wind
I followed it up with a hoarse rendition
of “Blue Moon of Kentucky”

at the top of the hill there’s a turnout
where many crosses have been placed
and other remembrances
I make it signs of love

after dinner
and a bath
and a few beers in the bathtub
the sun is down
and the stars are out
and I can lay back
and look at the satellites going by

great stuff
Out North

he’s away on business
his wife is out all day at work
I’m guessing neither of them
has much of a clue
of the right way to go about it
any more than I do really

in our past parking deal
Out North agreed not
to have events on Sunday
so that churchgoers could use our lot
during daytime and evening services
now that this agreement is no
longer in effect we will look at
adding Sunday events
our first will be this Sunday
with local band Stubb’s Crack Co.
headlining a concert of work by young musicians
as part of our Alaska Artist Access
program
http://justin.tv

10:45 omagah: yay
10:45 omagah: !!
10:45 foshoman: http://www.Proxyture.com
10:45 omagah: PPG
10:45 estebansjo: VALENTIN DE DONDE ES?
10:45 foshoman: USE A PROXY to come to Justin.tv http://www.proxyture.com
10:45 estebansjo: SOY DE TAIWAN
10:45 valentin: YO DE JON CON
10:45 ppg: :]
10:45 ppg: pipe
10:45 ppg: hehe
10:45 omagah: haha
10:45 omagah: powerpuff girl
10:45 ppg: yo were both green
10:45 omagah: XD
10:45 ppg: NEON!
10:45 omagah: =O
10:45 ppg: i dont hear ghetto music.
10:45 ppg: -hmph-
10:45 valentin: Y Q HACES EN TAIWAN ESTEBANSJO?
10:45 omagah: well it's over
10:45 ppg: DAMN.
10:45 zuizi: that bitch needs to shut up
10:45 estebansjo: SOY TAIWANNES
10:45 foshoman: got some hot bitches here
10:45 foshoman: haha
10:45 foshoman: nice
10:45 megaone: love some feedback on the song Old School at http://www.myspace.com/moontrent
10:45 valentin: TE FELICITO
10:45 valentin: CONGRATULATIONS ESTEBANSJO
10:45 shoobeedoo: wOOo
10:45 valentin: HEY EBERYBODY
10:45 estebansjo: COMO?
10:45 valentin: ESTEBANSJO WAS FATEHR
10:45 omagah: who saw i NY?
10:45 omagah: Lmao
10:45 collin: hey
10:45 valentin: HEY COLLIN
10:45 zuizi: hey collin
10:45 zuizi: asl?
10:45 valentin: Q TE PARECE EL EXPERIMENTO ESTEBANSJO?
10:45 collin: whats up valentin and zuizi
10:45 valentin: LOL COLLIN
10:45 estebansjo: EXPERIMENTO DE QUE?
10:45 zuizi: watin for someone interesting to come on here
10:45 jakemarsh: http://entercourse.tv
10:45 valentin: THIS IS A SOCIOLOGICAL EXPERIMENT ESTEBANSJO
10:45 megaone: http://www.myspace.com/moontrent
10:45 zuzi: how old are you
10:45 valentin: (YO PARTICIPE EN EL DISEÑO)
10:45 bigjoe: <>({"@#$%^&*"})>
10:45 bigjoe: <>({"@#$%^&*"})>
10:45 bigjoe: <>({"@#$%^&*"})>
10:45 bigjoe: <>({"@#$%^&*"})>
10:45 collin: read abt justin from the papers in singapore
10:45 bigjoe: <>({"@#$%^&*"})>
10:45 bigjoe: <>({"@#$%^&*"})>
10:45 bigjoe: <>({"@#$%^&*"})>
10:45 bigjoe: <>({"@#$%^&*"})>
10:45 zuzi: cool
10:45 valentin: ESTA PATROCINADO POR EL DEPARTAMENTO DE POLICIA DE NY
10:45 zuzi: how old r ya and where u from collin
10:46 estebansjo: PERDON....
10:46 bigjoe: speaky speaky english
10:46 collin: 30 and from singapore
10:46 omagah: lol
10:46 valentin: EN EL FUTURO UN POLICIA USARA LA GORRA DE JUSTIN
10:46 valentin: A VER Q SUCede
10:46 zuzi: finally another adult
10:46 zuzi: to many fucking children
10:46 collin: yourself zuzi
10:46 valentin: YOU UNDERSTAND ESTEBANSJO?
10:46 foshoman: hot female adults ROCK!!!!
10:47 zuzi: they seem to all be annoying ass 14 yr old
10:47 estebansjo: SI
10:47 aaron: 1:43 aaron: you all need to watch this if you did not see it live. Justin got kicked out of the gap.
It was funny! http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Oekjf9cyO1U
10:47 valentin: OK
10:47 zuzi: im 22 from mo
10:47 ppg: IM BORED
10:47 artielange: VOTE FOR SANJAYA
10:47 valentin: ME TOO
I don’t try to impress people
with symbolism
and unlike other poets
I don’t use ants and flowers either
though I once did because that’s what they taught me
I am writing this because I just read this
“Ants have razed the paradise of the pear”
this is from a real poem hailed as pretty good
on a website of pretty good poems
I have never had one printed there
and now you know why
a well-known writer wrote of the writer
above that he “is using all kinds
of poetic arms
to convey a complex
ambivalent vision
spun between the joy
of an afternoon in Greece
and the dying of a cat
why is it always cats
and haven’t we heard plenty
about the afternoons in Greece
maybe if there were more car accidents
in them
or
oh
something
ignore

~~~~~ Our noisy mobile phone spits.
Her daughters white sony snores.
Any bluish small beautiful book is on fire
and perhaps any given white boot calculates.
Any noisy bicycle is on fire
as soon as our children's purple mp3 player smiles.
Our children's green mp3 player is thinking;
however, his brother's well-crafted round-shaped camera stands-still.
His shining soda calculates.
Any bluish soft bra sleeps.
His silver bottle looks around.
Our red carpet smells.
His smart expensive bra show its value or
maybe our red exam book adheres.
Their golden mp3 player falls.
A given beautiful tall glove adheres.
Their silver eraser adheres and still
whose little green little small cat snores?
Whose bluish t-shirt falls.
Our soft sofa sleeps while my sloppy boat is thinking.
Their hairy dog smiles or her bluish umbrella stares at the same
time a green beautiful bra calculates the place that our hairy forge smells.
A given hairy cat is thinking.
Her daughter's small bottle is angry however,
the round dog is angry.
A sloppy mouse is thinking.
A smart small eraser lies.
My red shining silver mobile phone falls.
The shining forge is angry.
Any noisy glove smiles.
A given odd shaped dog is thinking.
Their stupid mouse calculates
as soon as our children's silver bottle calculates.
Our white camera got an idea.
My odd shaped mp3 player show its value.
Her fancy shining tv snores however, a given golden umbrella smiles.
His well-crafted door arrives.
The white book makes sound.
Changing Font Size

testing the limits of silliness
programs written by people who
I don't know
I mean I don't know the people
and I don't know why they are so clueless
clueless and how wow
How Much Suffer

“Here is an entire life
distilled to a lovely
celebratory essence”
wrote Ted Kooser
of a book of poems
73 one for each year of the poet’s life
how can it be
a life worth only the time
it takes to write 73 poems
or read them
or is this longer
deeper than the water
dripping off a plastic topped table
out of a glass broken on impact
after a short fall as something
hard grips the heart
Scrapyard Hustle

fire crept through the tangle
of discarded parts and undriveable reminders
of thrills hardened to form the past
smoke found the wind that had just whistled
through the wind gap coming from the open sea
where memories sink
smoke as remains flew downvalley
where the resting were awakened
and the fire itself had its way with the past

viewed from above all that is visible
is the fog smudged through the gap then downvalley
where it thickens and blackens
and spreads becoming the general haze and clouds
that chill the anticipated afternoons
just another day
at the scrapyard changing
today into yesterday
there are many ways to characterize
love / metaphors say like the warm
room with dusky light smoking off
a candle by the mirror
or like irc í<3u
or like a story
of opening a can of cool peaches
on a hot day to share
but I used your uncle's old navy
opener and sliced my hand
but you <3’d me so much
you drove me to the emergency room
instead of punching 911
Light Remarks

she is never sultry
walks quick or jerky
even with the tropical asian
air blending with her dark dark hair
she is a geek but can have something
picture her with am armload of flowers
walking back to her flat
from the market
half maze half skyscraper
the day rains
haze but not too warm
cars drive by white and halogen headlights pointing ahead
red in retreat
communication
it is my feeling
is essential
That Never Thought of Place

sometimes I live in dreams
like last night
she came around
strange town far away
the streets were lightly snowed upon
and only the night trucks
put down their imprints
crisp / it was that kind of snow
that kind of temperature
she came around and I
not expecting her
thought through a new thought
what if I didn't aim for her lips
but between her jaw and ear
so anatomic
but these are the words
in my thinking mind
my planning mind
I saw the place
saw her faint hair
the hair on her face that all women have but faintly
and looked just behind
there
there I thought as if in a sentence
but at the same time I moved toward her there
and she relaxed
and I did too thinking it worked
and why hadn't I thought of this before
when I was young and it could have made a difference
Did It Snow?

I recall a day it snowed
it started early in the morning
and built
I went into the woods under a rough
circle of old pines
an oasis of autumn
a warm barren circle
of needles with a granite stone
just off its center
I lit a small fire in a fire
pit I dug last summer
but went back into my room
to read when the snow picked up
my looking-forward mind
imagined the digging out
the trip to the big hill
the snow day off from school

next morning all was barren again
the air had warmed and snow became rain
it started upvalley and the rain softened
and grew steady all night
while I slept
while I dreamed
when I woke all was barren again
as if the day of snow never happened
except for the ashes I left behind
in that little fire pit
I saw them and for a minute I thought
the day had happened
New Bum

sitting on the bums' usual bench
waiting for the guys to show
it felt good for 20 minutes
to a bum / just watching the draining day
the casual lovers / the other bums
suspicious of the new guy the
slightly
well-dressed new bum
Webcam Rearrangement

viewing the webcam
that looks most nearly
at my favorite's apartment
I notice another woman
approaching in jumps
to another apartment
and since her hair jogs
one frame to the next
in the best possible way
I am now viewing the webcam
that looks exactly
at her apartment
Faint Echo

the false hope of fair weather
that light winds and sharp skies
have something to do
with fleeing failure
today the gracious green
of spring is beginning
to brown / tomorrow the sample
size will grow
the wind may pick up
Road as Road

this town is about traffic
slowing to merge
speeding up to merge
the offramps are blackened by rubber
the sky rarely adds contrast
to encourage autoists to stare down the road
when I drive here I am wary but eager
the roads are concrete but not everything
can be perfect
without luck it will be sunny
but not bright
this is the beauty of LA
Saturation Under the Influence

extra color
film or maybe some digital hack thing
especially blue
the water
and yellow
the hot sun
these are Miami
there is no point to this movie
just these colors
just Miami
just a hazed but stunning vision
where have I heard that before
For A While

many hundreds in line
they are from the group
I am with
it’s cooling in LA
as the sun does its
going down thing
they will wait for nearly an hour
to load onto buses
go to a theme park to eat
for an hour
then come back
taking hours
for now they don’t move
because they are too many
and the buses are weak
in their numbers
there is no point to it
in the end
so it’s the veined river
instead for me
running down to join
the sun for a while
A Little Nothing

nothing like the truth
to paint an underpicture
I feel alone in this
but the facts in the newspaper
say no no no no
somewhere the r.gourmet is saying
yeah yeah yeah yeah
Learning Center

the hard wallop when I heard
nothing prepared me for it
I can imagine harder songs to hear
all that time lived and it ends
and without grace
probably
there is nothing for me to judge that by
only stories told by people
who are trained to be careful
where can I get trained
Yet

with satellite photos
anyone can see the fields
the woods / even probably
the very spot
technology as noggin nudger
seeing even the barest outline of the farm
ravaged by suburbanization
the whatifs
the lasting longings
the words not on the page
Belied Strangeness

if I were the view
I would cover my eyes
if I were the crowded halls
of a new and exciting but dingy school
I would retreat beyond ignorance
if I were the child of parents who never spoke
would I never speak
or only speak
if I were to pick a new life
I would select a dozen
if I were to speak only
I would be careful
to be careless
in my choice of words
and that way I would
appear wise and poetic
then I would duck
World Away / 2

in her town
right now the streetlights are lit and most sleep
here it is that uncertain hour of unfathom'd dusk
when skycolors are invented for fractions
of seconds & the clouds and possibilities
of rain engage muses like her
she has no time for sleep for all that
yet she sleeps each night deeply and all
the way through to afterdawn
it is this way via denial
she does her best work
for instance she's told
me to never speak to her again
is there anything more dangerous
More to the Story

no one tells the story
like the one who was run
over by the story
not the protagonist
not the antagonist
none of those
the one who was hit in the back
by the story
the one who fell flat on her face
the one the story never noticed
The Quicksort Solution

dear is an angle that needs to be taken sometimes
the way of writing that hangs like a noose
as soon as the light turns right the best way to write
is to partition the words into the good ones and bad
the key is to choose a pivot word that divides them all
the bad are then the ones you favor less than the pivot
and the good are for poetry you see
Different Times

sometimes there is a hanging breath
left in the air when the talking stops
sometimes the look is turned off
rather than delayed by an extra breath
mostly the skin of breathing life
in the field is about to be flaked off
by an overzealous raking
mostly the look of beauty is for someone else
because every time you deserved it
you were looking away or in the mirror
always the last two words you say
are the least important and it’s the third
from the end that counts
This Is About Deserving

blonde and blackhair asian
two women at our elbows
at the highstool overflow tables
eating slowly and with light lifts
food to mouth and eye to eye conversation
but eating heavily and heartily
more so than us each
twice the size of each
of them / sometimes they would
look our way one at a time
and wanly smile
Road Badness

under fire
the road wavers not the tiniest bit
cars move with bravery
not knowing that though the road
sits firm the destination is waggling
After Reading Another Shepherd Poem

like a breeze after sunset on a hot day
like two cool drinks in a row after a long run
like only the first time can be
like fishing off a boat over a blue patch
like licking the warmest thing on a cold night
memories are not more than 1/3 the truth
and the rest is debris
people who think like machines resist this thought
they rarely remember it
they are like the sheep under the watchful shepherd
who are puzzled each time by the road
Reality Versus Truth

the truth is that poetry as reported on a daily basis
is going down the drain
hardly anyone puts in the little edge that would make the poems fine
instead it's all word noise and faint praise and reference to the woods and lakes

read this

“As a girl I learned your metals
by heart: copper from Isle Royale, iron ore
staining the harbor red.”

was this a schoolgirl letter to the local paper
plainspoken is fine
but really
really
Abstraction Again

modular scalable seamlessly integrated characteristics of insect bodies and human made (artificial) bolt-ons all of it dictated by our elders from Europe now we're screwed
Little but not Nothing

little point to it
the machinations that result
in the day to day
extending to the month to month
or more and more
nothing special need happen
no great deeds or statements
no great loves or even meals
tending to the routine
naturally no one learns of these things
quiet is quiet
quiet is quite
quiet is not quit
Surprised Probably

once or twice the bell has rung
and no one has woken
this is not surprising
but it's improbable
much needs to be explained to reconcile
the math with the facts
in cases like this
I find this surprising
Art Not Hard to Master
	here are no standards for dingy thinking / for varying degrees of oil slick unlike the view outside my window of the art museum and the dark seductiveness of Montréal wrestling itself out of winter into France filled with women hoping for warmth but dressing for winter to stave off the disillusion unlike the view outside my window I was saying unlike the view

lost that thought
Tonight and Speaking

what is the circumference
of your pie
silly phrases mixing realms
bring us food
now
Is What I Heard Tonight
	onight
watching from the other
side of the room
it learned that the hooded
evening dropping and encumbrance
are not happenstance
nor hearsay
I am not anything
it was said by the quicklydarting eyes
I am not the object
it was gestured by the falling in front hair
I am not
Waiting in the Bar for the World to End

what's changed is the unchanged
dischangeable / the topic is influenceable
or sometimes influenced by the tide of the talking
as I watch from her in formless purple
to him in green / this experiment is right
up her alley / right up the wrong train of thought
we fought overly hard
opposition is stiff / the path from tonight
to yesterday is familiar but erases itself
she will disappear and our connection
is words alone / marks untidy
as they are for being
View from Out and Above the Sea

left behind
the fx of the days are fixed
who is allowed to know what it meant
will finally handle
the stinging fairy
No Moon Rising

she of course never feels
it the shower of emotion never falling
on her plain she is drier than Atacama
she never feels
let alone it
she is now part of the disappeared
she is like a poof
in a sidewalk magician’s act
she is like the moon which is high here
but nowhere near up
where she is
Walk One Night

the walk was short in life scale
cool night but underpowered
narrow streets but carrying heavy loads
in one second story apartment
in the window up there as we walked by it
a woman sat typing in front of her screen
talking to someone on the other side of the world
that person call him a he was no doubt
in a sunny warm place while here it was cool dark
she was here she was just up there she could have easily
turned to her window opened it and spoken down to me
instead those around me kept walking without speaking
heading for a place well defined but unknown and unknowable
soon the woman was left behind she is still typing
Gutter Life

regular way to watch
working girls walk by
lean against the wall and wait
listen to the gutter scratch of leaves
go by
imagine the man two streets over
leaning and watching
he is waiting for the revelation
that animates and calms
this is regular
unregulated
unrepentant
B Woman

sitting beside me
6 hours plus
bos to sfo
she tapes her receipts to pages
fills in spreadsheets
moves neatly lined up files on her desktop
into interior folders
afterward she puts on makeup and walks briskly
to baggage claim where in the heat
and waiting her makeup runs
Notes / Notes

notes she might have sent
might be drifting down
the lightwinded streets
might be making their way
to gutters which might take them
down storm drains to the listless
stream that joins the river that eventually
rages toward then broadens to gently enter
the sea which is like the blood running
through her right now as she does something
other than send me notes
Important Things

the sunset that illuminates
the river from behind the hill
behind the clouds
this is what to look
forward to from the day
you're born
nothing is more important than waiting to see it
nothing can compare to its frightening truths
it really means nothing
we both know that
but it's equally true nothing is more important than it
or was it the sunset tomorrow
Love on the Run

no one is ever
drawn away enough
from themselves
and the things they make
no one wants the sign to point one way
but no one wants the choice
I’ve fought for the distance
the distance between her walking ahead
and me behind toward the cold river
following / almost falling to the sea
if one of us fell in there
it would be like the first kiss
that suddenly ends the romance
Outrage Given Color

nothing more than the odd shade
of lavender or pink on the ripple of river
at the time of the setting of the sun
the contribution of that color to the beauty
and stillness of that scene is no more nor less
than the contribution of the extra words
in line three to line three
Three Places

take us there
to the outraged passion of the new
the ideas that plate the hardest ground
the ground pounded into dust
under the trees whose leaves are the dust
take us near there
to the soft grass long after the last rain
but before the contemplation of brown
find the insects who like us lying there
to the logs of their youth
take us to a place like that one
where with the addition of the sentiment
of our war songs we can remake it to the real one
with only an extra dab of storytelling
or forgetfulness
take us there
is the war cry of those who have abandoned
their own interiors

May 16, 2007
Crossing Boundaries

the trip looms
to places that expand
with fear into my sense
of destiny
with this trip I miss
what’s grown as favorite
will this be the end of imagination
will the strange leaves fall
strangely down on my inquisition
hard to know
but I’m paying for it
For Marianne

poems for trees and flowers
birds and cats
tomatoes shriveling on the counter
seed sprouting unexpectedly
(but what did you expect?)
yep old ladies writing poetry
and the girlimen who teach them
my o my how they labor over those syllables
counting them
or slapping their knees to understand the rhythm
vis-à-vis what they were taught
their poems are brave
when they speak of real people
who could be relatives or lovers
especially when death is hovering
what blowers
bagbiters
but then
this is a poem for old ladies
and their teachers

May 18, 2007
Cry Along

tonight is a night
before a trip
this one long
not just to another part of the country
not just to another country
but to the other side of the world
in a way I've not done before
I'll be with a close friend the whole
way once in Chicago
but even that doesn't calm me down
I love to be places
but I hate to travel
what does this mean about how
happy I was as a child
it's the being alone I'm sure that
starts it
like the time my mother dropped me at Steve Kimbrell's
for us to walk the 3 blocks to dance class in 5th grade
and he wasn't there
how hard I cried until she magically appeared
somehow knowing something was wrong
what does this mean about
happy I am with myself
I remember that twilight walk alone like
I remember the line above that starts I remember
At the Pizzeria

engaged
just graduated
whether from highschool or college I couldn't tell
she looked so young in a blue wrap over a beige blouse
and black pants
when she leaned into him for a self-administered
photo the curve of her hip opened up
lit from the side by a light coming in from the window
I hadn't noticed before
her friend two over half the time made
her comments in song
pop musicals
she sang quietly but engaging each listener
Haley was quiet this her day
the gift she received was a painting sheep
with a poem on the back speaking of their journey
it all happened in St Paul while the sun should have been setting
but was hovering instead like the sun does in northern plains
later after eating I stood outside the window
watching without sound
as the sun dropped
and her smile went along with it
Lit Building

plain buildings with celebratory lights
pointed upward to hint surprise
near the top the well-off live
large windows looking toward the river
what they do there
what turns them on
no one cares but them
from my room I can see those lights
green at the bottom of their range
lighter upward and white at the top
very pretty they might seem
but all around know better
On It

night before a long trip
and the edginess sharpens
there are things to fear
work to do
I am ready to quit and write hard
as it is
writing is free
Cloudy Prospects

cloudy / windy probably
perhaps I won’t make it
prepared for it as best I can be
I await the time to flee to the airport
while waiting I’ve been thinking about
writing without vowels
t crtnly frs ppl t thnk dffrntly
bt wht thy rd nd wrt
My Bed of Solitude

here in Sao Paulo
the crux was out
and I followed the markers to the south
the moon shadow was reversed
the north was in the warm part of the sky
tonight is the coldest night of the year here
and I am alone again in my room
writing / listening to the sad songs
and tearing up from a sad story
sadly alone
Choro

after the concert
at the urinal
done peeing
turning around
I see the woman
washing her hands
as if pants were skirts
Porto de Galinhas

the roads are barely paved
the streets join in Y's
the same dog is everywhere in 2s and 3s
the rain stops everything when it starts
ty they say the sharks are here for revenge
ty they rarely kill but bite in records
the mass is covered live in a horn-covered blast engine
the priest is whispering inside the church but here we cover our ears
the smell near the icecream stand wrenches flavor from our mouths
the night time is rain once again

May 26, 2007
Southern Cross

the moonlight hitting the puffed clouds wrong
the ocean sanding down the beach
the frogs gulping behind us
a breeze unheard of by the green atlantic
she walked slowly toward her room
glimpsing back sometimes
he didn't notice
Dressed For

beneath her cotton white dress
loosely wrapped and almost formless
she wore turquoise thin and shaped
in a feminine Y
visible to the male mind
not perfect
though every urge was directly engaged
her face shined in the image of a child
her dress
her walk
her ignorance of glances
she never looked back
but I was just one turn behind
her when the door lock clicked
Yes Her

not the usual
fruit drink tart and bitter
meat salted and thinly sliced
the warm sea from the East
off the Atlantic
at home the new moon
here full
there was this woman here
whose shape was like a pear
but when she walked
when she walked by
when she walked away
the white night clouds stopped shifting
the sea breeze froze
Samba Club

undoubtedly beautiful
young but not too
she moves well even though a mother
she is disquieted by the thought of questions
but she makes half her fee
she is not the one I want
that one is more sensual and like
the older woman on my favorite tv show
but she is too beautiful and the temptation
would be too great

now back at the hotel it sets in
how far away from a life like this I am
and how different are the lives of girls
like these / and these are how they think
of themselves / I miss her already
and maybe I should have paid
perhaps we could have just been here in this cold
and darkened room together just clasping at
each other in basic fright of the looming darkness
and the bitter cold that each of us and everything faces
regardless of our morality
Paula in the Car

we picked her up
and she was intimate right away
happy to be away from the club
in the streetlights she was less pretty
but pretty / I sat next to her like a shy boy
sitting next to his father’s date
she wore less makeup but good clothes
she went into the hotel with my friend
while I went up and lingered face up
on the bed until the night took its toll
Leaving Brazil

so now she's gone
forever and wondering
I suppose what it all meant
the educated talk and unimpressive
passion / she of course has her kid
and occupation which occupies her
I suppose day and night
I can see why some would rent her
for a companion / for shopping
for trips / for restaurants
can I see why she does it
I suppose the answer has to be
either why not or
what's it to you
After 26 Hours Coming Home

home but not remembered
small consolation in being alone
in a day away I go again
tomorrow it's the cleaning and repacking
yes what a joy
if only my ear would clear
Bound

trip / another
how boring and unlike the life
of a writer and bicyclist
in some order or other
the living Brazilian poets laugh
and salute the sunrise with mango drinks
spend the day contemplating sugar
  granted they live in warmer wetter houses
greet most unusual animals when the fluorescents
come on / but another trip
so soon after drifting by
why not celebrate the wrong language
Crossing the Mind

Oh Foo

like the old days
hacking halfway into the night
near to dawn
Best By Far

as I was not known
cool wind out at the picnic table
as the sun seemed not to set
wrapped itself around my legs
and walking back to the car
became tedious and unnecessary
I Greet You

a beautiful woman is writing you a letter
dthis woman is me...I will
tell you something sad
about myself I am a woman
who lost all hopes and dreams
to be happy into marriage life
I lost belief into attempts to find
my rue Love
Pure Practical

long trip
still working on the talk
need to sleep to be ready
Afterward

good response
he gets the credit
I walk away down the hall
it is always this way
because all I have
is not revered as all
he has
Alone Some More

nothing like the cool night
the filled up feeling after a too-large dinner
the sound of mariachi still ringing in the ears
the closest companion days away
Pools are Next

the day twitters down to a foggy
pool / the girls who walk by are tired
of buying / I wished for more heat
but the light clouds didn’t play along
the crushing fatigue is lying
on me like a fat man is his wife
tonight it’s not right
All Wrong

another day of things
gone wrong
how can this happen all the time
why me / why me again and again
Not Your Father’s Thought

get lost
discovery points this way
learn something new
get lost the philosopher says
Cloudy or Bright

clouds loomed ahead
the ship quickly specifies
the keyword used to retrieve Help
when the user invokes Help for
or the specified control
after death we went further
we wrote a test application
that called the canibutton control
which worked perfectly
I didn’t notice the teleport pad
until I’d stepped on it
if blocks are used by another file
“recovery NOT possible” will be printed to
the screen when nature completes
Noise You Call

how many middle-aged parents
now gripe at their kids about
that “noise you call music”?
unfortunately being a workaholic
my idea of recreation is to write a gonzo Pearl
instead of cranking out yet another high falutin’
economistic development jargon laden document
many search engines do not show local websites!
many search engines do not show local websites!
slowly she pulled her skirt up to her knees
tell him silly Milly
sends her best respects
Ars

give it all
don’t forsake the bitter
promise of fame once
you have the chops in your hands
in your heart even
let go of the reasoning self
enough to let what you’ve encouraged
to grow be itself / produce
then trust it until the passion
is too much / then reel it back in
take the sander to it
take the wax / take the scraper
and work until the tender shine
is scraped away and is replaced
by a bitter
Recursion Like Many

play every night
the same songs
not always the same
passion of song
harvested from chaff
thrown off and sprouted
overnight as if the darkness
were the brightest wettest daylight
watch the pie singer
as her toes swerve her hips
in first-time tempo
like children listening to the same story
every night and geeks watching Lost
over and over the wavefronts
favor repetition
yes favor
repetition
Life All Over

when you arrive
everything is awkward
the place doesn't teem
not much happens
people olá you
they wear their penises
sometimes erect
some have wings but all can fly
they say it's a different place
it really is right here
right close
closer to ourselves than we
like to say
Like a Flyer

she is glorious
divisive hair
red with a black understreak or two
butterfly wings
(different colors day / night)
long dresses flowing when she walks
and flowing in the ever flowing breezes
her figure is perfect
but she types awkwardly
and laughs in keystrokes
were only she real
or real enough
and I weren't bored
we would fly away
as everyone there can
Lost on Me

yeah summer soon so what
here the days are tarweed infused
the ones who will always turn away
have already done it
many weep when there is no need
the dark edges of your vision is the plump
heart of reiteration / but why not
you say and hit the far air sly lit
taken as wholes the rational part of statements like this
are not worth the crumble they engender
speak lightly / mean hard
What A Day

nowhere to go
the light down the hall
means only that someone is reading
not waiting / not eager
no one there is ready for me
not ready for what absorbs me
how about you?

June 21, 2007
Town Thinking

the old water pump on Newbury green
I’d stop there riding back from my friend’s house
the water tasted of metal but cold metal
perhaps gunmetal I always thought
it needed no priming but seemed to push
the water up from deep
that pump is gone replaced by a WWII tripod gun
a machine gun / it is pointed coldly at the road
I used to bike down / it gives me the chills
Love Type Shuffle

types of love multiply
as technology marches on
at first the presence of the beloved
was required / how physical
immediacy became valued
then writing made presence
optional / contingent / second / secondary even
then email via internet increased its pace in absence
and a letter a day became a letter an hour
or a minute / IM increased it even more
and with webcams there is the possibility
of simultaneous release (followed by
tenderness in the local bedroom)
virtual worlds make lovers voyeurs of themselves
what once was wet is now just the heat
of cpu cycles / but types they are
and type are just generalizations
and generalizations just abstractions
and abstractions just the ignorance
found in caves / and as you can see
balance is everything
The Practicalities of Poem Writing

wither / ask whether
inquire after the weather
wander the litter riddled sidestreets
wallow in pity directed at the mirror
wonder what sound shapes signify
waffle at the answers
waddle past doubts and objections
think more slowly when your brainheat welters

these are the thoughts that engage the mind
after paying bills all evening
Littlefoot

and so and so
the warning of the ill
is not taken seriously
or at all / the mention of truth
is bespoke as vulgar
but instead of nonsense like that
let's talk about a bird with long legs
walking in a shallow pond
shaking its wings / but
let's use poetic language so it sounds
real purty
Sentence Death Match

comes up whenever writing
is a serious subject
sentences have just 1 characteristic:
one word after another
even women write this way
theorists describe language as trees
but sentence are flat
just one word after another
our memories hold our expectations
for what will come with each new word
hierarchy is the realm of militarists
and catalogers / some would say scientists
to write a sweet sentence drowsy as a sugary drink
on the breeze-cooled porch on a hot day
takes a well-worn path through unknowable territory
or a confidence in the sand drizzled behind
as we think / as we feel / as we pretend to see
Exhibition

long time waiting to see it again
that porn flick dubbed from French
that opened many eyes
in the world of science
Your Disquiet

I have no relatives
just my 2 children
who are off on their own not needing
me for much of anything
I actually have some
but I'm not sure how to contact them
some big bunch of them are in a part of the world
I can only guess about
in this I am as devoted to incompleteness
as to self-estrangement
myself I am minus reason and affectivity
whatever we renounce
we preserve intact
False / Person / Real

from distance
without interpretation
after the sailing ships
have passed out
to see or of existence
I dream of everything
made easier by being nothing
or pretending to be
this is my way to be alone
Kid Band

one friday night
1968 ?/ 1970
Rachel was playing
at a kids' hangout
in Beverly
upstairs / we hauled out shit
up there and played as lou
as we could / during keep
me hangin' on we hit a new loud
my ears
(and their's I hope)
are still
ringing
Observationally Old

seem old
speak slow
the observations render a hazy
but bucolic world
filled with spritely leaves
and curious butterflies
flat language but flat observations too
the room flares with rare applause
at the expected times
unexpectedly the fiction writer pops up
and throws off a real one
Dereliction

no one prepared me
for the act of contemplation required
to find the prettiest words
for the simplest things
this is important
perhaps what’s important is finding
these words / if so the task
has grown beyond the simplicity
I own / if not / if it’s important
no one prepared me
I am prepared
to move ever onward!
Care in Choice

what can it be
the reading
the performance
where can the leverage be
the heart places itself out front
but hidden
held close but vital
like an animal that always
moves forward
what can it be
the reaching sideways
grabbing not picking
gulping not distinguishing
I am alone with only the uninvested
to choose from
what can the best
end result be
Writing For Fireworks

today we drew
tonight we listened
in the evening just before
we watched the tops
of fireworks lunging
above the far ridge
from the road to the cross
(the name escaped us)
but the cool type wind from the west
surprised us with freshness
after the day of hard heat
writing is never a pleasure
because the difficulty of hard language
is more than information can handle
At The Reading

the readings are terrible
people read their works
really slowly and deliberately
like water sloshing in a pan
like crosscuts cutting up a log
like lovers pumping up a storm
I hear it / wish it
but none of them can reach the mic
or think it has to do with them
they clutch the sheets up to themselves
and us be damned for our not hearing
what they practiced hard at home
to croak and whisper here tonight

July 5, 2007
No Writers After Shakespeare

close the conference over
people dancing
eager to leave
I am always stunned by their readings
and what they consider contemporary art
here is what it would be like
I walked into the Sneaker Pimps dressing room
and found them reading Shakespeare and looking
at Titians despite the otherwise contemporary
art they otherwise love and make
Progress is Our Most Important Problem

having spent the last
15 years trying to become
a good poet / I must now
conclude I’ve failed
though people praised
me early it was for good achievement
for how long I’d been writing
not for how good I was
and the ramp of improvement
has been slow or flat
or worse
am I ready to give up
Last Poem #1

she rubbed deeply
into the tendon that connects
my groin to my kneecap
rubbing toward the groin

just as I sat on the toilet seat
he shouted fuck fuck
as if he had to go bad
I quickly wiped off
but when I went to the living room
I found the writer had a panic attack
instead of bowel pangs

an old woman whom I had just met
in a class on self-portraits
commented on what a nice
man I was / I tried to think
of why she would think
that but the church bells
started to ring announcing the end of class

they called themselves
the yellow jackets
and showed me their handsign
which was a hippie peace sign
with an index-thumb J at the elbow

for breakfast a bowl of yoghurt
and a cup of coffee
seemed like a lot
Snake No Snake

the first rattlesnake
in the town showed its head in 1932
biting Peter Torres who worked
for mosquito abatement
Torres was taken to the local hospital
fellow employees killed the snake
nobody knows how long the snake
was because when the employees
finished working on the snake
there wasn’t any snake
By the Sandy Road

sitting by the road
made of oil and sand
the side of the road
an oily sand
a strip about 6” wide
erupting anthills
and small / only small /
weeds / sometimes
a car goes by
a truck / a tractor
the air is infused with the humidity
of the river valley
of the sea just to the East
of the cut hay and mowed grass
of the sawed timber
of the flowers planted in farm gardens
all that happens happens in my head
no one is around
I am either always
bored or never bored
doing everything
or doing nothing
walking from favorite place
to new favorite place
like a panther pacing
behind bars
the bars here being my dependence
sitting is the big adventure
today and for many days to come

July 10, 2007
Reading of Success

tired of the duties
sick of working hard on irrelevancies
I long for the narrowing
how long will it take to get there
like a good gig you try to figure
the way back before the fingers
cramp up / before the voice can’t cater
pausing now to read the accomplishments
of my contemporaries / it becomes clearer
and clearer that I have fallen by the road
unable to move now that the spine of the will
is broken (at last)
Life Taking

of the poet they once
said that her death was tragic
a suicide / it was expected
only by her / she wrote
tangentially about the names
of madness in scritch scratch form
and painted her head as a jelly donut
with a red hole in it / and someone
has been making the case this is mere
coincidence / and they use phrases like this
she took her own life
they never think
it was in her possession the whole time
Remarks

experiment failing
what to try next
enters the mind
the hard case
(at first)
seems easier
than the easy case
this means intuition is wrong
too inside the box
maybe / let's try harder
tomorrow / the frightened
scientist always remarks
this
When Night Times Out

photoshopping today
important project
perhaps it will work
but my skills are weak
though my endurance is high
late too late for real art
Art On Top

art has won
the work is satisfactory
and displays the perseverance
of a bon vivant
whether it works
is a matter not for me
nor the audience
nor art itself
nor god wherever
in fact
we need to figure
out who determines
whether it works
Losers in Arms

at baggage claim
we were told before
we could start to look
for our bags that they would not be there for us
the liars in Miami said the bags
got to the plane before passengers
during a tight connection
yet we barely made it
the teenage girl calling on her cell
wouldn’t get out of the way
of our wheelchair
I was happy when we clipped her
she said we were rude
and I was reminded of how people accuse
others of what they are guilty of
or is this one of those too
everything about the place
was diminished and decaying
and little did we know
what would soon not work
welcome to losing
Beginning

on the jetway at the door to the plane
blocked by people packing slowly their things
unaware later passengers will jumble their order
looking toward the back of the plane
through the gap between the jetway collar and plane skin
a slice of the wing and tail seem to be over-real
in the harsh morning light rumbling
from across the runway from the sun not quite
behind the hills / another time / this time
I wonder what it’s for & when I can stop this part
of it / be lonesome and forlorn the way
artists are meant to be
Revisitation

cold, not cool
new benches to eat the burgers at
after dusk before dark
the same old
all over
again
again
and again
Get Lost

the way a thing is discovered
is to look for something else
and just when your eyes cannot be expecting it
to pass your eyes over it so that you
don't have time to accidentally
permit your mind to decide
to not see it
Right

6 hours of driving
tired beyond tired
for some reason
the urge to write
is wrong
In What Life?

want to have sex
she asked
wings waving
sure

he paused
her wings wavered

but I don't know how

do you have a penis
she asked
...wings wavered

he paused
her wings

how can I tell

they wavered
she said
be right back
Lots to Clear Up

she drank
mother didn't
but hers...

yelling heard out the windows
“another of her fits”

while they said this
the sky cleared
all the clouds
all not very many of them
dispersed just beyond the horizons
perhaps they were just beyond
perhaps way

she and the bottle
were very good friends
Baz

a beautiful zebra
zerored a buffer
and...
More Cemetery Men

imagine
they've bought their headstone and
had it carved with their last name
their first names and initials
and their birthdays
just 6 months apart 73 years ago
carved on the front
tastefully where it can easily be overlooked
is together forever
forever includes right now
I'm walking by slowly their black stone
slightly wet from a heavy mist
turning light rain
behind me two off to the side
two men are resting on their haunches
under a towering maple after manning
the backhoe shovels and rakes the task
this black stone eagerly awaits so it can
start its duties
Like a Clock, a Simple One

nothing like the words
simply put together like concrete
from sand gravel and cement
or a drawing where you’ve
pretended the pencil is your index finger
tracing the contour
things simply put together simply
last as long as they must
they do their work exactly as they must
nothing beyond that
partial to above average
the typical mind revolts
but after a few that feeling breaks down
and it’s time for another snack
It Is Where We Are

the air is different
heavier more filled with the odors of mown grass
laden with river air and ocean air
the light is different
less bright more compacted
the horizons are different
narrower but not as to limit what's possible
as much as focus attention

more intimate
less dispersed
more inward
less diverse
more intense
less intense
Long From Here

just one clap of thunder
some rain
a bright flash / I saw it
no one awakens to this
as those who die from the fear of it
by bits I learn more
the facts are not facts
just whiffs of what
someone was passing
by after they're long gone
Like Tonight

when the moon is near full
some birds like mockingbirds
rattle and sing their large disturbances of peace
sinews of cool ripple through the night
disturbing the long settled heat
in my room I nevertheless
toss from one damp place to another
in my feral bed so fetid it seems
in the still air of my room
discomfort and disturbances
gather like quills around me
aimed at me
points toward me
the moon simply does its reflection thing
lighting the night
dampening the life
I have left
Like This Evening

if the moon is in the proximity
of the completion
united birds like mockingbirds click more
and their large disturbances
and chords like fresh rippling peace
by the night sing
the long heat furnished in my chamber
disturbs me nevertheless
I throw myself in the air
from this damp place to the other one
in such a way
my stinking wild bed seems like a Malaysian piece
in the moveless sky
the collection of disturbances
like coils around me (me! me!)
steer toward the moon
in consideration of the thing
— the night writing-off of the life
calmly simply sounding treble—I left
Collapsing in Budapest

in the breakfast room
overlooking the square
overlooking the river
the Italian biologist
sits down and begins to speak of phenotypes
as I butter and jam up a warm bun
the coffee is quite hot but not strong
the biologist continues his elaboration
while I sip down to the grounds
and re/prepare the second half of the bun
later that night I will collapse
to the floor and be unable to continue
at the symposium because the Italian
biologist and all the rest are all
in leagues leagues above
In Florida

recall the heat and damp
of the days near swampland
not even summer but some fragment
of winter / I could tell
because the nights became
cold / outside the window
the coon dogs bark howl growl
into the night stopping only
when the coldest moment hits
them in their enclosures
sure the hunt is not on
or that the bear has slipped
bumbling away into the swamp
or a place near it
Story Through Facts

who knew who
could tell of the trains
that must have come and gone
not far from the farm
looping around it at quite a distance
the trains must have been apparent
in the air / the noise / the smell
little facts like these
surely make a difference
to the story
History by Facts

that which that of the
trains could explain
that knowledge must have come and gone
its farm grinding
should not have been around him
completely at a distance
the trains in air / in noise / in the small facts
of the far odor like those obvious
surely differentiating history
Two Ways of River

I can never love her
her head is only partly what I need
her fears are overfull
by the running water
we talked tangentially about this
she floated hints
I let them wash down the dam sluiceway
boats came upriver and tried the locks
to get further up
this was what she watched
I watched the parade of branches
and plastic bottles cross the threshold
skim down the sluiceway
get lost in the foam
and head their 10-day journey
to the southern sea
Timing Affair

far away a cold light
wanders from your reading room
falling snow is illuminated
in the shaft the light makes to the ground
it is warm enough that the flakes
have congealed to the sizes of small moths
at times the snow seems
or is it?
stationary / inside your room it is too warm
to read properly / so you doze
my message has arrived on your machine
but the sound is off / the settling snow
has demanded it / I am sitting here
waiting for you to answer
but you won’t until
the snow lets up
Case of the Synchronism

faraway a cold light
wanders of its room of the reading
the fall snow is illuminated
in the axle the light makes to the land
that is warm sufficient that the flakes
congealed to the sizes of you trace small
to the times that the snow seems
or is?
stationary / inside of its room you correctly are too much warm
to read / as soon as you level
my message you arrived in its machine
but the sound is is... / snow establishment
itself excuse me / I am here sitting down
waiting to answer
but you until
the snow do not leave above
Sullen Physics

atypical and a long way
drive or fly
many particles wave bye to me
as no matter
how fast I go I go
the same speed
this was all set in stone
but the stone was jiggled
into place
Sad Girl in Montréal

there's a v.sad girl in Montréal
trying to stare out her window
but her inward gaze gets her twisted
from out to in to out to in
even though it's raining
the people walking beneath
on a night such as...
are worth being melancholy over
and they could sure use
her gaze
More on the Girl

like a bug not yet
discovered the street
along the river has a steep
bank to keep away the scouring

glances / along the bank
is a promenade and on it
couples walk / this scene
repeated over the millennia
when it was my turn to replay this
and my attention and gaze should have been
well you know
I instead turned like the aforementioned bug
in fear of the rushing river

I talked about a bug
and I’m sure you got the connections
throughout / nothing subtle about
this sort of making of poems

but the fear
the sad girl
it’s more connected than that
Until Now

the sad girl in Montréal
looks with wide
open eyes at the approaching rainstorm
her tears will mix with its tears
she has read
when the rain hits
the streets will become a different
sort of black
an inviting black that welcomes
the chance to comment
on what reflects off it
the sad girl in Montréal
doesn’t care about the world
because she is part English
and part French
she will not leave her flat
let me try now
with my computer software
to erase the gray around her
Sad Girl on the Wall

she’s on the wall
she is inspired by the red brick
that lies 90° to her plane
her red hair 90°es around the building
and flows down to a swath of pipes
she’s above the cars in the lot in front
she looks so French but this
is because of her sadness
the chips in the brick
show her age though it’s not her’s
let’s praise the artist for her
he thought (I think
it’s he) of the woman in the window
typing as if a reader were waiting
that and the rain in autumn
and cold in winter
are why she saddens
day by day on her wall
Blandness of Tuesdays

mowing the lawn
I know
what a blandness
but I was 16 and riding the mower
Tuesday / every Tuesday
my part was the acre excluding
the trees house garden
which my parents quickly did
some other time
like maybe after work
it took about 2 hours
then I’d ride across the river
to see what’s up
all summer
every Tuesday unless it rained
but even then
I’d ride across the river
to see what’s up
Memory Bank

in the hotel
on the sloped bank
down to the river
that slope now terraced
the slope where the drive-in used to be
I am fully fatigued and cannot
bring to the surface the feelings
as a kid of watching a movie
until I must have fallen asleep
one of my favorites
about a yacht converted to a warship
I can find nothing about online
when a memory like this fails
what of simple men
Walls Gone

over time
the stone walls come down
an erosion it seems
but the stones don't wear out
the integrity of the form falls apart
as I guess the stones are removed
for other purposes
the effort to put them together
how straight
how formed
when there was no time for that attention
each stone should cast a shadow
one over two two over one
Confusing My Understanding

upriver the bed is rocked over
pockets formed near the banks
are crowded around by fisherman
who cast their intentions for stripers
tall trees along the river and the early sun
confuse my understanding
the river seems not to move
the tips of poles flick
the men adjust their caps
but I’m on my way to the cemetery
which is just uphill from this same river
but down there the water is deep
and the water moves steadily
in bright sun downriver
Heavy Dinner but Late

write it or give up
short or long
the structure of the narrative
is to be layered
instead of writing this
we sit outside the café
eating a sprightly calamari
melon proscuto & chickpeas
grouper & clams
black fettuccini
and in the middle of it all
a fire across the street
and the big horn calling the volunteers
then the crème brulée
the theory seemed unimportant
and the writing far off
Elegant Angle

the road is cut into a small pressure ridge
and up its banks are smears of green
grass kudzu weeds small bushes
through this insult
cars act swift
the cut is curved
the modern mingle with this green
the drivers pay none of it
any attention as they sing to their cars’ songs
or phone ahead for supper
to be warmed
Listening for Rain

the kiss
the rain running away down the small stream
by the side of the road
where we’re
parked and perky
from looking
forward from the past
technology doesn’t hamper us
glasses and clothes
the car that took us here
the words that disappear
as the day cools and darkens
as the remains of the rain disappear
down to the stream and then the river
then to the sea we suppose
using our knowledge of physics
and fluid motion
but soon she is nothing aligned with technology
and knowledgey considerations
and nothing but a moaner
while the moon rises
and rain clouds rise
just below it
Appearing Lowlands

recall the lowlands
where after a hot day
a humid day
when the sun drops
and the cool rises
a light fog does too
highlighting the low
spots / not a dense fog
but something light
translucent / enough
to trace the mental line between the acid fear
of the familiar murder story
and the romance of the moors
the lowlands are not everywhere
you learn and neither the fear of them
nor the rest
Timely Deductions

you can plot the growth
of a cemetery by the dates on the headstones
the oldest date is when it was erected
and even with the more or less
you can get the vision of growth
once you start seeing it that way
the meanings history can reveal
emerge / decisions made
become apparent / the way
it was opens
Information Indirect

the cemetery grows
but mapping it is hard
people buy before they die
to coin a phrase no ad
person would ad-
vocate / assuredly
you could look at death dates
to get an idea when headstones went up
but many erect
them earlier
perhaps to visit their own burial spot
to know it
to see it as others will
to judge its daylight
nighttime rainbound burning sun
snowbound hailpeppered
hot cold warm etc
demeanor / to see what can be read
from how far / what the aspects are from angles
of all sorts / and this makes it hard to know
what one day must have been like 70 years ago
because all that’s left are the headstones
never intended to provide clues
Crypto Poem

keep the surprise surprising
let the heat heat it up
let’s not worry about our legacy
it’s just the future looking at the past
how abstract
Frustrated with Beauty

when you look at the paintings
close / like from 6"
the brushstrokes look random
like chaos / like vague
tongue
lickings I guess
planning it seems is overrated
when you step back from chaos
—say about 6’ away—
it turns into beauty
When I Step Into The Light

Patrick snoring beside her
turned over and groaned
she began to notice
the odor of poultry in the apartment
on cold mornings before the heat came on

she always made a new mistake
and so I lie awake at night listening
to his gentle snores

then as he inspected
his hopelessly cremated poultry
with a rueful acceptance
a chicken borrowed my underwear

this seems unlikely

I just don't feel close enough
to any poultry to lend them
my intimate apparel
Science of Sweet

the pace of eating candy
increases over time
as new sources of concentrated
sweetness by delirious scientists
are discovered or manufactured
at an explosive rate
Left Behind

thrown into lost places
with only stories and speculation
to guide / to lead
being trapped in dark
the only light is the light
of a new story creating
new light and illuminating
however hallucinationally
the walls / the floor / the ceiling
the pages of the book strangely
left behind
Tangential Viewing

sitting on a bench
overlooking an inlet
the wind blowing past
makes the water look as though it is
passing by quickly
with the sun in the right position
the person can look a ghost
at least unreal
or alone with the wind and water
with the bench and the sun
and only by guessing
can tell his is filled
with the wrong emotions
for a man of great success
ladies always shrieked at me
and even bucks did
in the municipal toilet
well now I hee-haw at them
because I took
M_E GA D IK
for 3 months and now
my pecker is excessively largest
than world
Not Much

the night grabs my eyelids
slaps them down
soon I'm out
what happens next
is a variant
of nothing
Sad Girl on a Rain Night

she waits on the wall
looking out all red and languid
her downturned and thick lips
boasting desire and consummation
she craves longing and searches
who might stop by on their way
through the unstopping rain to the dark
parts of town where fires in hearths
warm the waning hopes and hot drinks
are passed around against the clutching
night and hampering mist that rises
up in the rain from the river rushing past
faster than the sea beckons it
across the street under a slight eave
I wait with her
Mystery of Graffiti

rain and wind
colors giving up
leaves and debris
the longing
the liquids mixing
languor on a brick wall
she is not my idea
she was someone’s
who knew how to do
something about it
Mind Stripped of Ticks

the clock makes its little clicking sounds
as a continuous motion somewhere inside
is broken down into 1-second chips
flung out onto a second hand
lying here at the front edge of moonlight
coming through the skylight
I can either close my eyes then open them
to see the moonlight draw nearer to me
or pay heed to the clock that is nothing
but a fool-made machine made by someone
who believes in time and so can make only machines
that confirm it 1 second at a time
others more clever make machines
that reveal the same belief with the dredges
of physics but always it’s the clicks
that give away their step-by-step thinking
and who ever wonders what the smooth moon
motion means when the mind is stripped
of its fantasies
Only the Few Can Parse What is Seen

are you aware of it
the headless expectations
the bar that bars the best view
with webcams we travel
to places worth only imagining
because the fares are too high
those who explain through rationality
and economics the ways of the world
have missed the boat
when it is scarce the thought of that scares
and the price is inflated even more
meanwhile it looks like supply and demand
only more and the real winners in this game
know of the emotion amplifier
are you aware of it
the heartless explanations
the bar / the fares / the views from afar
all of it too modern to live by
Animosity of Story

you tell the story
it contracts as your memory wears down
it expands as your emotion fills it to its original size
you know what the metaphor is then
you forget what metaphors are
you tell the story
one fact dominates
the wrinkle of one listener
makes you say more
than is true
but consistent with it
a story that could be
you don’t know what you said isn’t right
your grasp on people and other stories
tells you it could be
if you think that horse kicked you hard
take this / take this / take this
you son of a bitch
Hey

writing writing
writing writing writing
more ways / more times
more venues / more approaches
I wish I were better
but all I’ve got is what you’re reading
man
What is it for?

what she felt running down her legs
what she felt as the thunder crinkled
what she felt as she sat
    worried what could be happening
what she felt as her head stopped its unstoppable monologue
who or what did she think last
    me / my father / her father
her mother / the hot day they were or will be buried
the lightning / the closed windows / the disconnected TV
my father taught her about which she disconnected
as her life ran down her legs
Essence of It

strong talent
writes with grace
an elegant ear
the assets a writer would want
but what of what
to write of
this floats away at each grab
not like talent
or grace or the ear
that never fails
once something is
In Heat

Allerton again
bugs and humidity
large room second floor
with cold cold AC
connectivity sucks
the work starts
more work
always more work
Until After

shout the expression
of belief
or disbelief
whisper congratulations
only when
and after
it's expected
praise if you but don't
brag concurrently
fill your mouth with fleeting
words like spit
treat them like spit
rustle up sincerity
like a quick stew
of old meat
shout if that helps
but only when
and after
Oh?

after the long brisk walk
past the sunken arena
the musicians lane
the centaur
past black oaks
out to the sunsinger
and the just as brisk
but strangely less long
walk back I was drenched
by sweat from the head
dripping down on my shirt
so that when back the conference goers
all asked whether I had been caught
in the storm

what storm?
Lecture #23

same world
world of business
from a database point of view
they all have a tendency to get
hung up on detail
a little bit more complicated
he ends up with something horrendously
complicated
why don't I use the simplest one
I can get away with
pass all these books around
products you manufacture and sell
with a purchase order you are
making an agreement
sometimes it's called a rental
sometimes it's called a cellphone
contract
let's go get more business over there
My Only Poem Mentioning These

dawn's a long way off
but time to shower
time to finish packing
the air outside
under the sky starting to lighten
clings to the car and me
fog hovers over the roads
over the fallow fields
traveling time is tired time
don't eat time
driving I pass homes
with sleeping people
in the disappearing shadows
cats assess things differently
That Girl He Talks About

slow day
listening to a country song
a girl laments
the boy she loves
doesn’t notice her
but she’s just a girl
just a girl
and there’s no way to relate
Driving Around & Around

driving the road
that loops into town and then back
the radio cycles through the dj's
song cycle
I drive past farms
then long low apartments
into the beginnings of town
town square red-brick and other century
the road heads toward the larger town to the west
and a fork bends me back to our farm
in 40 years I'll be able to play my own loop of songs
as few songs as I want
so that my moods at different stations
remains the same from one iteration
to the next
Crossing That Bridge

every day there's a step
taken that cannot be untaken
we know only one
way to find our way
the road down to the river
is rarely repaved
it has grown rutted and pitted
deep depressions
the bridge is worse
once you start across the bridge
the other side is your only destination
not even the river is a possibility
did you expect a choice
Past the Sad Girl

this year the special event is mundane
we will glorify it
we will draw from the outside
and merge with the commonplace
while creating a sense
of transparency and interface
we will leave from the Hyatt by bus but
walking is easy enough
the place is ordinary but we’ll fill it with us
with some this and that
some music maybe (some “music” maybe)
some curiosities some films
it will stay open late
most of us will walk back
The Chair-Caner

(adapted from Guy Goffette)

Whatever the cost, the old farmer folds—he who rejected leaving the earth of his fathers, and for the sand silting sump and the field attenuation and for the receipt of the high dignitaries, he ignores it. The painter of the Sundays dedicated to the flowers in the cat eyes is breaking the young girls open on the devised dune exactly the same as those who ignore it. The Gods of this palace smoke and speak about art with gestures of Greek statues. He knows only that in order to paint a sparrow in the sky a sunbeam on the straw of its chair is sufficient, provided that deep in the silence one moment separates grip from shade. This lets the eyes tremble.
Don’t Go

simple truths
like spreading cemeteries
swallow up lives
though trees are left behind
something makes the less
though groundhogs and squirrels frolic
their eyes watch for your passing
driving into one
you find it harder and harder to leave
Again and Again

the nights spent writing
like this / sometimes
there is a warmth to the work
other times it's the just get
it done thing / writing quickly
thought like the mist outside the window
with autumn arriving
I feel dead
Go In

declares the camp looks good as ever
declares the brush is growing up around it
declares it feels more and more closed in and over
declares parts of it are beginning to fall down
declares decisions will need to be made soon
declares for now it’s a pretty memory
declares my only link
declares I still can’t go inside
Simple Life = What He Wants

Ray Boucher
built a hutch
for Baxter the bear
small but tough
like Ray
like the bear
Man to Hell

work like hell
hell will work you
over
Again

when work is over
the urge is strong
to become weak
let the remainder
take over like a
box filled with toys
or bonuses / but
just when you think
it's over it starts
Mind is a Razorblade

that one night
in the bed where the stairs
would be
next to the fireplace
with the wood stove in it
the other in the other
corner each covered
with cheap sleeping bags
we slept one night
then the next
she asked me over
somehow soon
her tongue was there
soon somehow
her nightgown was on
the floor
the night air was confused
by the waning fire
but soon that passed
we never left
that bed until the day
after I changed the oil
for her and our son
so she could drive
safely away down the street
facing sunrise and
I never (really)
saw them again
it was that night tonight
Wouldn’t Be Good Enough

the color of the time lost in the sparks
of the space lost
it dances internal
red of the walked ones
for the railroad in brilliance
of youth when our stages
had liberated the creaked ones
of the shots that reach for the light
scarlet of sin
crimson of the cool blood
ruby and garnet of the jewel lodge
light of the advanced sun
vestiges of the behind
sun as funny
the green disappears
to be calm
not to give inside
to the red throat rabid of age
in a red world
imprint valentine and blush of romance for the blackness.
lode
you redden
it will not be this fast forever
you another time will be green
repeated times.
Driveaway

it was time for her to go
she thought just before she packed
she asked me to change the oil in the car
I had already signed over to her
she didn’t want to break down
on the way to Albuquerque
she thought I didn’t want that
too
that afternoon I found someone’s
lap to cry on
my wish
is that she still honors those tears
and doesn’t believe them just sentimentality
WWII

during the war
she kept the farm going
alone
does it make sense
Place Storms

the thing about the past
is how sad it seems
how drizzly the evenings
how cloudy the mornings
the past is back there
a river is important
here it’s Sunset Drive
in autumn the air smells sweet
the air feels warm
the special weeds by road
in the fields
the eucalyptus dropping its bark
nothing can prepare you for this
the thing about the past
is things are triggered by
little looks little
sounds and it all plays
back the parts that matter
all of it covered with weather
Not Much

making the farm work
with no man around
cows to feed clean and milk
chickens to clean feed fetch eggs from and slaughter
geese to fetch eggs from slaughter feed and clean
turkeys to feed clean and slaughter
hay to mow dry and bring into the barn
repairs to make to implements machinery house barn and out buildings
gardens to till plant nurture and harvest
berries fruits apples pears tomatoes plums and grapes to pick cook and can
snow to shovel
grass to cut
cars and tractors to keep running
axes scythes sickles knives to keep sharp
milk to cool and deliver
septic tanks to clean
wood to cut and dry
coal to buy
food to buy
trips to the big town
clothes to make and repair

much of the year is coated with the dark
the work can never stop
she can never stop
and her hatred of she who made this all required
grew until the day of death
Long Hauling

the long ride
another one
then another
the air seems not to move
so the wind is at my back
the water tastes of plastic
but it all keeps me going
learning the way
crack by crack
tree by tree
Bridge Picture

the old railroad bridge
thick logs whitened in the sun
grayed in the rain
delicious weeds in the gully
indistinction in the background
at the start of a humid day
in central Illinois
my camera tries to do its work
but painting is the only way
to make the picture say what that bridge
said that day
Over Work

the lift off of melancholy
of the dark & holy
she wheels the baskets
between the milkhouse
and the house being built
behold the cows
behold all the work that needs to be done
from these snapshots
build the world you need
to make you able to sleep
when the threats of work
work on
Ride Through

what are all these buildings
torn down between 1946 and 1956
or burned or fallen down
why / what were they for
what are all these rich things
that fell away before I knew them
Standing Firm

one day in October
she walked past the milkhouse
and came to face the old tree
the burned tree
that didn't survive the fire
the old tree couldn't look back
it had burned to death
and only its long branch pointing
away from the burned out / down
house looked like life
she stood facing the tree
and what it meant to her
family in the times when nothing
went right / and she would have kept
standing and thinking
but work called / as always
work called
Worry About Me

what looked like decay and decrepitude from far away in age looks super different now that I'm among it
Dark in Fall

it darkens quick now
how dark it will become
is a problem
lights are needed
streetlights for example

there is a grave near my parents'
and also near my mother's parents
with a solar panel to gather energy
for a battery that shines a light up
on the headstone
to point the way
or to point back
or out
one day the sun won't be here to power this contraption
then it all
all of it
will be dark
Not Her Thing

her grey eyes kept watching
and she and her friend kept talking
to me about cameras and the way to find
truth in rusted fire escapes
and odd light in narrow alleys
she was nearly perfect
with just one
temporary
flaw / her friend exactly her age
dripped like a little boy next to her
her grey eyes kept watching
sometimes me
 sometime him
but mostly the sad girl
Bad A Bing

why won't
thoughts stop
why don't
we quit
finding out is hard
In Hours

soon I will practice leaving
don't I have enough of that under
way and plenty of energy
left for leaving
On Examining an Old Photo

from a distance
the cemetery looks like a city
broken down after its people
have gone
are no longer living
in its buildings
the question comes up
of what’s different between
now and always
On Looking at an Old Photo

a small building
with three stores
and three apartments above them
horse and buggy in front
as I look at the picture
that time breaks apart
some of its things are still here
others have flattened out
I'm not sure I would be in the picture
were I there / there seemed
no place that would be
where I would be
Tonight In Town

the square is the same
the church is almost
the rails under main street
have been ripped up
the Locust Street Cemetery
is warm in the cold light and air
as the sun fades
walking through it is a drain on the psyche
the river ran in eddies
the world seemed like it was indifferent
regarding going on
or ending
At the Bend

when the river is perfectly
balanced the water doesn't move
not out to sea nor
up toward the mountains
this point
in time and in the river
lasts just a minute
exists just one place
when it does
and the light is perfect
the world freezes into a sheen of blue
and wandering thoughts
huddle close by
out of the corner of the eye
is a slim network of green
that breaks us free
for a time
Couldn’t Go On

every attempt to capture
the place founders
on inexplicable awe
to those who came before us
this place was harsh and meanspirited
take the river
now painted steel at dusk
then it was frozen into the shape of waste and distress
pictures poems testimony
all of it failing on the fallen
leaves that pile up on the mind
Lost by Design

they define their buildings
by color / color from
lights on and inside them
this city has swallowed me
she with me has become satisfied
with my art though her beauty stuns
all who walk past / we are buried within
this city where the many who seek
me can’t imagine to look
this place me my work
these are she needs and her downcast smile
lobs that judgment to all who pass
the buildings in yellow near the streets
viewed vertically
respond best to organ pedals and piano keys
singing in a speaking voice
did I mention the melancholy
or did you not need to hear that
My Song

some songs are too hard to sing
even fewer too hard to hear
Dark in a Northern City

the dark in the streets below
the tenured lights in the alleys
the fire escapes twisting upward
the rust waiting for winter to brighten it up
these await me in the dark autumn of Montréal
where bright thinking turns inward
this is the where I’ve been waiting for
Alley of Art

the problem of describing Montréal
at night deepens after a long snowfall
the slippery surface of the river
passes more slowly than the urgent core
just up from the river in the alley of art
footsteps prepare to echo and re-echo
but snow has ideas and acts on them
above the street in a blank apartment
a woman with serious eyes is photographing
herself and once out of the digital realm
even when taken in the wrong light
the pictures she took while I was within the circle
an echo could make would torture
the eyes of everyone in Montréal
on a night a little below 0
Cold Schooling

the water must be cold
moving past the quays
it moves quickly past
from one cold place to one
only slightly warmer
as I observe this
I and someone
from Montréal
are learning
again
the art of the soft kiss

October 16, 2007
Side Street Time

the sad girl waits
her red fades
the bricks fade
she is auditioning as a dairy queen
the photos of night revel
in the glow I write about
but I've don't recall seeing them
because today is still in the future
Could Happen

she worries
in a disguised dialect
that I am about to die
After a Warm Day

in a heavy rain
pushed about by heavy wind
we found our way to an over the top oyster bar
and ate lots of things from oceans
later walking out we walked right
into a cab while the rain
which had politely waited while we ate
continued or perhaps resumed
for us
the waitress beautifully darkhaired
in a black dress looked out the broad window
as we moved away into the mistshrouded dark

October 19, 2007
After Our Visit

still the sad girl
no way for her to smile
no way to force things
the light in her eyes
neither fades nor lights
Or Is It Lovers

with little to go on
the foremost statement
is backwards looking
and former winners
look like live losers
Tailor It

the last player is floating past
the life of the party parties hardy
one of the wonderful things about life
is the partial visibility into it and out
live like 14%
After Nighttime

she wrote
it ends
Prescription

sometimes regardless
of what you believe
you must pray
to live
Over / Over

over
over and it hits
the sadness that pervades
until it's over
Appreciation of the Argument

a good way not to
forget is to write
On Her’s

on a birthday
we celebrate the differences
of weather from what we’ve
imagined that day
the real one
to be
today it happened to be raining
and the trees were yellow and red
the maples I mean
late October
what a day to welcome a baby
Integrity of Time

in the rain
on the wet road
that leads into and out of
the cemetery
shadows play tricks
on the remaining stories
and what we have is a failure
like the leaves now red and yellow
that not long from now will fall
fall wet to the ground
act like nourishment and redemption
meanwhile nearby a house tries
to fall down and apart
Fall Scene

the song plays
in the background
a soundtrack not soon forgotten
the soft sound dust makes sifting to earth
somewhere words burst above the background
precise and cool but made from heat and throbbing
back there the special greens and yellows wait
Of Existence

when I left the city
every bit of the small scope
I knew of it became nothing but nothing
the sad girl has been left behind
and face it
she was / no she is / nothing
but paint on a brick building
in a while she will fade
or someone with no respect for her
will paint her over
the pretty girls there
the real ones
and the oddly warm cold northern light
that washed the buildings in a clear light
will be just an effect apparent in the photos I took
and not real / no—real but not present / to me
anymore / and whatever love I had for the place
and the people there and the people who came
there will not be real but just parts of thoughts
as I try as hard as I can to fade myself out
Everyday

suppose a world made of dots
small ones
& close together
with uncrying one could wedge
between them and see real
coating the back wall
then what if that back wall
were bricks
small ones
& close together

on this day when I was 8
so 50 years ago
I got a tlr camera
that I looked down on
to take photos
the crystals and other molecules
on the b&w film were like those dots
and soon I learned to look
down on the world
On Every Street

searching the streets
the yellow sodium lights
make my hands look orange
so I stuff them in my pockets
after pulling up my collar
against the fog rising from the river
as the cold air falls from the hill
the city is named after
nowhere can I find you
with just a photo and a guess
though the city is small
when I sleep I dream of her
standing over my bed
standing over me
praying for me
the one place I don't
look is the wall
the painted woman there
her sad eyes and mouth
are her prayer
does she look for me
which of us will find the underground
passage first
Farm Day One At A Time

that day
I sat in the passenger's seat
of the jitney which really was
a tractor made of 2 year's of fords
it had 2 transmissions
my mother drove and my father
operated the converted horse-drawn
sickle bar mower through the mixed rye
and timothy being careful to raise up
the sickle bar where he knew the remaining rocks
were still in the 10-acre field
I still remember the writhing snake
chopped in pieces by the hard sharp blade
which my father had just filed
this little death nothing new to me or us on the farm
time covered over by the mufflerless jitney
making noise louder than the world
for me this was that 50-acre farm

I pray
make me remember
Under a Sky

days slide on
a long flat plain
with only one line of like-sized trees
the earth plowed to uniformity
a red/brown laze lifting above
in the downcast sunlight near dusk
the sky able only to wish it were blue
it’s like I’m driving a car through
with the windows up and the ac on
I can’t tell the heat or cold
I wish only that one
thing could rise above this wash
before all the days slide past
Kharma Reiterated

when technology
aims to duplicate reality
in some limitation-based way
the expense is unbelievable
imagine trying to reproduce
the sound of a light wind
through seaside grass with 1’ waves just offshore
about 1/4 mile away with a luxury
sailboat of 80’ passing by
in a room in a house surrounded
by walls and guards
this should cost a lot
A Story of Illiteracy and Cuckoldry

came home from work at 11 pm
my wife welcome me with “pssst”
David her boss has fight with his wife
so she let him stay in our guest room

I just shrug a shoulders
ask what’s for dinner
“take something from a fridge” she replay
watching some stupid show on telvi
presence of strange man and my wife
ignoring my needs pissed me off
took a quick shower and crash in the bed

my wife came a few minutes later
press her nude ass against me
as I was tired and piss of I told her
“go and fuck your boss”!
to my big surprise my dear wife slip
out of bad and said “you ask for it”!
and nude walk cross hallway
to guest room, leaving doors open
I was in shock!

in the moment I heard
my wife giggle and mans voice
“you will got ride of your life” ..... 

I did not know what to do
laying in our bed and listen
pleasure sounds of my wife
fucking in other room with her boss
it was not pleasant but somehow exciding
in about a hour of their intercourse
I heard how man had his orgasm .... it took him a hour!
while my dear wife finished
several times judging by her screaming
than was some time silence
after that I heard male voice saying
“what about a cuckold”? 
my wife with smile said
“I will take care about it”
they were taking shower in our(! )bathroom
I was laying in the bed pretending to sleep
don’t know how to react
after that my wife slip in our bed next to me
in half voice said “you have what you ask for”! ....
she fall sleep
I did not sleep whole night ...
in morning I hear as my wife night fucker
left house without saying world
I was going in the shower
(where I saw “rubber” in the waist basket)
in that time my dear wife was already
in the kitchen making breakfast
I peek in the guest bedroom
which was in good shape
no track of my wife and her boss night tryst ....
my wife in the jogging suit handle me cup
of coffee and greets me ...
“have good sleep dear”?

this is not a fantasy it happen
we never talk about it
but it stays with me for several years ...
I am cuckold and stupid one!
Alone is Truth a Pretty Song

forget the melody
harmonies too
the things the wandering notes
enough for the mind to follow
bit by bit
one at a time
randomly
think about what chaos means to order
what the disordered means to rationality
what has truth to do with fact
Offtune

the liquor store
a family around a table fantasizing their legacy together
a liquor store
an unpleasant stop light though it’s not raining
a 7/11 full of people after a big drink
some worklights coming in through the side
a tv turning a room and its people blue
in the end
be alert
stay aware
if things look wrong
it’s cool to be square
Etc

through the night
backroads
the only kind
in high western Kansas
driving with the lights out
guided by the reflected light of the moon
on pavement ahead of me
and the lights of a town between the two
as I reach toward the one
it becomes less real and reach toward the other
Important Quote Number One

Keats and the difference
is the issue of port workers
a drop of blood to his brain
or the skull
or something like
in shape
Important Quote Number Two

most people reading poetry
are listening to the echoes
are closer to reverberating
their road to wade through
the same water the boy wades through
he feels for a bottom under his toes
echoes are at the bottom
Important Quote Number Three

style is not
or will be applied
it is something that permeates
it is not at all unusual
it is found
whether or not the poem
is God bearing a man
dress it is not
Hong Kong First Day

a vertical maze
redolent with incense
an automatic stair
from bottom to top
the double metal whap then whomp
of a pile driver
the large tree outrageously shading the courtyard
cats with tails and ears missing
a traffic jam with only taxis
the embarrassing harbor being slowly
filled in
colors of vegas in the financial district
hard to believe this is civilization
and an old one
on the train

she stares downward
her voice wavering or singing
like the parody of kung fu
she covers her mouth when she hears
I think
something funny or over touching
her dark hair falls in cut layers
down to a place where I guess
her breasts would be
or are
when the call ends
she remains fixed on the phone
thumbing buttons
until she toss the phone to her lap
and stares at her shoes
me looking down
on her as the train slithers underground
Our Motto At Last

what are they advertising
skinny woman in a small bikini
all in Chinese
with lots of phone numbers
and a railroad symbol
her arms are raised
and her name is Jill
it makes me think
you Macao big tail
How I Wonder

how can it be
that every single one of them
every woman in the train station
all hundreds of them
can wear any fashion in the stores
and look good
are they that thin
or only short
they like being spun around
when I decide to not step aside
Wild Food

the white boots
the dumpling mohawk
taking back uneaten food without charge
a tank with 2 groupers
some black crabs
a bucket of whelks
every waiter in waders
this is Hong Kong on a bad street
in North Point
do you get it?
Way Up A Hill

kitsch monastery
barrels of burned debris
a barrel hauled around the monastery deck
smoking as if from incense
the monks singing their prayers
and finally the ceremony
white flowers and a gathered family
smoke from incense sticks
rise toward the old monastery
up the hill and in the bed
of a stream or is it a gully
the 10,000 Buddhas seem happy
even the ones with arms in place of eyes
when the sun sets
even the chintzy monastery
looks good and the Buddhas’ smiles
make sense
Tai O in Nov

was it a quaint old town
on the edge of a modern city
or a contrived tourist trap
was the old woman bent in the slight doorway
cleaning her teapot top in tea
an actress or just old
and what about the aluminum
houses on wooden stilts
(you read that right)
and the little puppy who
stared in the one small crop of grass
along with 2-person wide lane
for 1 minute before seeing the cat
sitting there and yapping/jumping back
was that an animatronic device
from Disney’s labs on the other side of the island
and the smoke that made all the photos hooded
and ethereal / was that from a real fire
or a set one / if you know what I mean
and the hills too steep for a sports car let alone
a bus discarded by the British when they were kicked out
and all that dried and salted fish
who needs it except tourists
I mean really
really I mean
Not A Thing

did I see the sad girl tonight
kissing me goodbye
as the taxi chattered under the surge
against brakes in drive
in Soho ready to take us to Sha Tin
tonight and then the airport tomorrow
this could be the last time
in years / or ever / for us
fog/mist over the harbor
the green laser show solitary but bright
she was perhaps thinking of crying
this is what thinkers do
instead of linger we were eager
to hop in the cab / scoot off
pack to leave because she can never
be anything
Away Or Far Away

that scene
beneath the flashing buildings
the laundry out the windows
blowing in the harbor air
then today the haze as always
shrouding the harbor
making the island hills
look like the Smokies
where I learned to write
this terminal is just one big tent
and holds people who are the same
travelers used to the same rituals
of security / luggage / wrong food
she perhaps realized
just as we left
that I would be one less link
between her and the life she wishes
and isn’t that enough reason
to snuffle
Little Memories

too many people
in the way
out of the way
little / they are all little
they come at you
and rarely veer completely
if you're huge
then just keep going
watch them spin and wonder
if you're not
move
The Road

the road by the river
catches the wind and windblown light snow
off the lightly frozen surface
which is just a façade for the river
up north the snow deepens
in a promise to the road
that the winter will deepen
that the ice will thicken
and everything will be
back to normal
after an autumn too warm
and too welcoming
It's Those Parentheses That Count Most

now is the time to fade out
the time for fame is over
being out front is all over
time to write
to get it all down
time to focus on myself
but not as an object of adoration
but one of healing
time to explore my past and get that tidied up
not very poetic
but practical
(and healing)
In This Way

poets savor
what bees’ wingbeats do to pollen
in small flowers
so much more
the strange attracts us
after an encounter like this
think of the long drive
and the music played repetitively
people in trances
appreciate the oncoming
many wish for eternal life
Winter Terse

winter and the terseness has arrived
hot breath turning white
on the walk from front door to car door
I'm reminded of the hunt for christmas trees
heading through our woods
the blueberry bushes
the swamp iced over with thin ice
then over the stonewall to Sam's woods
angling to his road out to the cross-county road
then over to the Merrimac town road
into the forest they kept for christmas decorations
we time it so it hasn't snowed yet but is about to
and before or after the town has done its harvest
we bring a saw and a toboggan and rope
everything from that time is gone
no parents no house no farm no woods
no Sam no Sam road
I guess I lied
the county road is there grown over and an ATV/snowmachine road
as is the Merrimac town road and the grove of firs
but without those woods of ours and the farm
the family and friends
who needs what's left
any of it
Odilon Redon

the head is made of metal castings
an ordinary hero of the head
a metal muscular speckled fat head
that automatically adjusts to its jobs
now it’s on the tip
driven beside the river
as an early winter comes
and it is from all sides
on a pyre of truck tires
pallets and jumped up to joiners
This Is The Biggest Surprise

the tragedy of exploration
the world throws its experiences
at our wicked brains
and those things + dreaming
+ the clutter of discord
from the part of the mind that jiggles
constantly and orgasmically
forms the sentences of the essays
we spit out out of order
and fragmented as our ordered
thoughts and considered speech
the more randomly we select from those essays
the more rational we are applauded
Actress or Role

her voice sometimes soft
always modulates
even the writers
know this and write in a scene
where she plays at phone sex
she displays a wide spectrum
and is curvy to boot
listening to her voice
is a module of softness
After A Month I Remember

I met you in Montréal
alone on the street
your tricolored hair
a confusion to me under the sodium light
just a rain and a strong wind a bit ago
there is no narrative in play
so the city and wetnightdark is infused
with my own willowing and mechanical melancholy
when neither of us looked away
we merged enough for the blue
of the city to pop
it wasn’t long
until at the edge of the river
you edged back into me
and I chose your innermost
and probably almost
naturalest color
Costain’s Basement

the basement has red and pink lights
the record player playing
long dance songs
sometimes the slow dance
back then the basement
was filled with women yearning
for lust to overcome them
for the meaning of night
to become clear to them before
the latent dawn
now they were only girls
their ankles barely able
to support them
their skirts with nothing
to cling to
today if they are still alive
they sit and wonder about those nights
why their melancholy is not redeemed
they are so afraid of dying
as if those night will not
live on forever in the hearts
of poems and their poets
Ship Ahoy!

so I met this girl
who worked at starbucks
I worked up the courage
to ask her on a date
after a couple of conversations
at the register
she was a month older
than me but I didn’t really care
she was fun to be around
so we took a walk along the beach
we kissed in the pale moonlight
a full moon
it was really romantic
we started really getting into it
she slowly unzipped my jeans
she reaches inside and starts kissing
her way down my chest
she finally gets all the way down
looks up at me with the most seductive eyes
I’ve ever seen and says
“No thanks, I had Reese’s for breakfast”
and I’m like
“No way, you had candy for breakfast?”
she replies
“Not candy! Reese’s puffs cereal!”
so she sliiiiides me a bowl
I crunch into it and
WHAM!
my mouth goes crazy!
that smooth combo
of peanut butter and chocolate-y taste
attacking my taste buds!
she zips my pants back up and says
“it’s part of a complete breakfast!”
Plains Song

a place where wind
is significant
where a fire in the fireplace
wavers from the wind outside
breathing through the house
where you can see the weather
arriving for hours or days
where you can watch her
drive away for as long
as it takes for the memory
of her kiss to fade
the wind lately
has been blowing in snow
along with spring’s seeds
one for the burial
the others for resurrection
Lost Trinket

greed's partner is revenge
who is happy to wait
many decades
Why Not Now

it is hard
for an idiot
to write
Unhinged

it gets worse
the only way
for there to be no incorrectness
is for there to be no correctness
Where Next

well each day is like the last
the connections to the past
severed one at a time
this way they slip my grasp
I become more of an island
Winter Process

somewhere tonight
it is very cold
ground covered by snow
wind smoothing everything down
every detail is being blown away
tonight tomorrow the day after
She Come

—suddenly the room where I sit
it feels emptier than before
if I see so far
I see standing in the open door
endoscopy to my question
and I am less because of that here
not more
And Now Again

today a miracle
on a hunch I asked her
to help look through the vacuum cleaner bag
she took it outside and 15 minutes later
came in asking
is this it
it was
back then it seemed
that now was so
far away
We Endeavor to Destroy

when the first Oppie recruits came in March
few knew that we work
rumors piqué a bit
the parties to the case purely conjecture
radium-closing toxic
rocket electric wiper blades
for submarines
thus Oppie had me write
some discussions for our colleagues on the move
we have unfinished laboratory employees of the library
when dialogue and the workers rebounded
I started my voice about their sound absurd:

“the objective of our work is to
a time-bomb”
nothing beats a small town
going dry
imagine the excitement
when the roads were first paved
then electricity zipped in
just think of the advance
of a central dump
behind every house I've ever
lived in but ten
that is three
out back
down a path that led
just into the woods
we piled our trash and garbage
animals and bacteria took care of a lot
the hard stuff rusted nicely
I’ll bet if you got back there today
even after 50 years
you’d still see our old stuff
Photoing

looking over photos
looking at the past
wondering how the people I took
could by accident look
as memorable as they do
But It’s Cold

we went tobogganing
I would replay my youth
for her / walking through the woods
to the hill / driving down to Hoyt’s
road and hill / we liked winter
sports because of the need
later to warm up
she likes it
when she has her
clothes off
she would swim sometimes
in the lake in winter
would crosscountry ski
naked too / you can see
why I grew to like winters
Pining for Montréal

down the street
or in this alley
bouncing off walls and windows
bricks and metal lacework escapes
recently painted remarks
and portraits bedeviled
by sprayed acrylics
wanders a voice
lost in song and lament
in the foreign language
of the place we’re in
did I mention the cold
Paradox in Two Parts

beneath the snow
and above the pavement
sneaks a layer of ice
made by compression
from the wheels of cars
trying to find their way home
or going off to work
to the emergency store
later I’d do the most insane thing
put on my skates and skate from the farm
up on a plateau down to the river
which is too worked up to freeze over
but this is all an internal state
because the road appears more worked up
and it froze over
didn't it
Voting For Everything

what happens when the winner is voted
on / when you're asked to justify yourself
to answer why when for whom against whom
is it fair to fall back on art
say it was all a canvas and everything you did
was to make the picture be what it most
wanted to be / or is art the answer of evil
of little spirit / when you think of your answer
think of the thousands coursing through the central hall
of the largest mall in Hong Kong
after the 6pm train has come and gone
a potion I had too much of
Apply Finally

How to interpret the final bytecode?
Well, as CBS News notes,
a new report recently brought this issue back
into the spotlight: The U.
So what am I doing at the moment?
Conversely, if you have a story to tell
or a comment to say, we welcome and appreciate
any additional elaboration.
If token is an operation,
pop needed operands from stack,
perform operation,
and finally push result onto stack.
At the same time, I hope people can respect
my opinion that there are different ways
in which social scientists can apply
their expertise to help solve social issues.
“The Rise of the Nguyens” Asian-Nation:
The Landscape of Asian America.
How to interpret the final bytecode?
The One Who Won’t Be Taken

the time of year
for forgetting leaves
for waving to the grass goodbye
for waiting for the first ice to flow
down the river from one of its tributaries
for pacing about the headstones
over frozen ground
past where the dripping faucet
has grown a shaft
under the icy light and moonlight
every year this time of year
prepares the world to be broken down
and some would say rebuilt
but I say reinvented
because the outcome can never
be certain / can never
Gig and Dance

the cafeteria is maybe 100' by 150'
the wall with doors to the serving area
is where the band from Haverhill sets up
all Fenders and Ludwig except the Farfisa and Leslie
they wore suits and played with their backs stiff
tables and chairs folded up along a side wall
Meredith and Jim dancing close
Sally and Grandmaisson
Chris and Glenn (now a producer in Hollywood)
the music has a ringing quality and is slow
(and maybe sensuous)
my place is a chair by the wall by the windows
so cold their smell has a taste
my job to watch
to be somebody else
to approximate as best as is humanly possible
nobody
Under

the computer believes
she’s alive
well I mean one of them does
and another doesn’t
after she moved away
I would look down the road
that led to her
when we passed it
after 40 years
how can I still miss her
Bad Occasion

the night is here
and cold
the lack of thought
and passion
is like a desire of loss
not a desire for it
but of it
one day soon
and all of it will wash away
like oil down the St Lawrence
Beaten Trace

music stumbles
fragments trembling down the sidewalk
like leaves leaving the city
for burial in the country
perhaps under a tree
mistaken as their mother
perhaps at the bottom
of a small pond that is taken
to be a depression
aching into the woods
like the depression of mistake
that overtakes the wind
that blows over your mind
and down the sidewalk
to the studious beat
of an unconscious song
I was once married
on this day
not in the state but the start
possibilities sure
I once thought I’d be the youngest novelist
now maybe I can start
finally now that what would have played out
has / all the clever possibilities
distant dead ends
ones I’m glad to have missed
ones otherwise
what a detour it’s been
Was This Love

Christmas Eve night
trying to sleep upstairs
the colored light from the bulbs
on the tree pastiche the ceiling
I throw myself from one side
of the bed to the other
walk out along the balcony to the bathroom
when my mother has been in there
it smells of smoke
I can't help looking at the tree
then and now I can't imagine
how easily the sure yes and sure no
are kept in the head at the same time
every possibility just as possible
and out front
I never saw anyone leave presents
Stories in Ink

to meet
e past
you have and I have
t that were never twined
case to the point
when I was hoping for Meredith
you were somewhere
maybe in this house
with your heavy dark hair
and hidden smile
a little girl I suppose
everything about you to me
is a story
and same for you
the past looks
so in black and white
Sad Girl of Montréal

on a street under a streetlight
where else
on a night bursting into mist
the sidewalk is shining all the way
up to the next intersection
where it disappears across the street
which is level or worse
I’m standing wishing for a hat
when a woman in a fake fur
slows a step or 2 before me
her eyes scan up from the sidewalk
to somewhere above my eyes
I hear her thoughts drying the mist
nothing you have
she is saying in her thinking voice
is deserved
you are here not up at the intersection
or better
you have no hat
the mist is all over you
beyond all that
I’ve entered your circle of sad
and now I must
I really must
keep walking
all night if I must
Why Not Cry Before the New Year

The Bud uncle who will make each year the map
does not know a holiday to hazard it.
There is a door and the Scrooge
which it does not search but is positive
and—or
that it sees to get near.
It will be wrong in the table
and if it welcomes,
he, the futures, or …
will be extensive in 2
and it surprises;
he does not know.
The Day Before

the day done
remains cold
the warmth once felt
while wrapped around a lover
is sometimes long past
when I think about this
the range of possibilities
is too limited
as if a program committee
had selected from a menu
of simple topics
not the ones whirling around
How Many

and why shouldn't I finally
just be mad when I'm humiliated
all but one or two
have made the effort
and now maybe
this one is one too
many
What an Early Morning Teaches

we can be at ease
with the discrepancies
the shade of rust on the peeling red paint painted manure spreader
the yellow seed buds on the one tall strand of grass in front of its
metal trededed wheels
the rotted wooden impellers that transported the manure
from the bed to the dispersing beaters
it’s standing on its tail in an unused and soon to disappear
field by the swamped over pond
by the side of the gullied asphalt road
from the forgotten town to the park with the last
piece of Illinois prairie
and classical sculptures in bianco cement
just the way Brunelleschi
or would that be Ghiberti
would like it
Shared Fraud

with age
people detoxified apparently their regrets
reframing like shared frauds
a retrospective a tocando-acima
that in many cases could have been
more exact
touching up is a touching sentiment
the year is about to start that is beyond
any I had imagined
planned for	onight a man will try to jump
via motorcycle
the length of a football field
I can remember lying in a small bed in my room
with a TV that barely worked
decades ago
and I can’t recall thinking about
motorcycle jumps
this is how the year ends