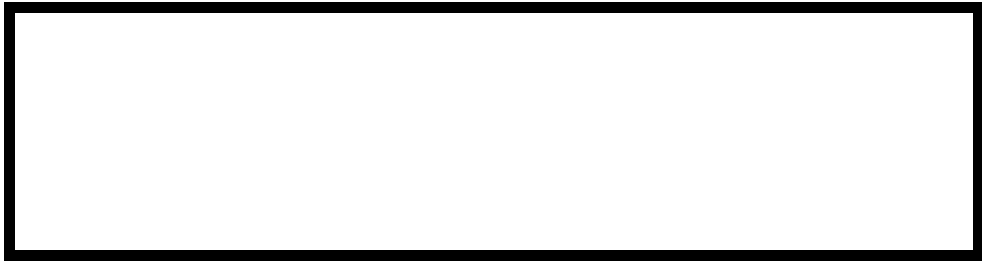


Relimn

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Taylor



PART ONE

MORNINGS AND EVENINGS

Laughter, schooler to palm, what's inside but makes no sense unknown beyond seeming, but holds along to the sides, in inert sentences, but you are waving at the sides, and heals to former slights, astir and bending, to tongue in and hold her at the sides, a speech or morning mood, what's told is not a smoother line, but something slowly unfolding in movement from one side to the other. This is the holder stuff, and moving along the wavier soups to become a thing in love's eye would store, becalm, and rise to the occasion, stiff and erect within you, a sentience or passion to light release in the time of your own moving, hears the day align into something real, storing the heart's images one after the other is not another hooter on the plain but a forest in his eyes, trees lined up beyond memory, but noting lost arrows scattered among your own memories is still the stuff of dreams, and made like something not released, it's white to the touch and spreads around you, either light or its first cousin in the streets: This is the day you spoke aloud, and mentioned one thing after the other, love's own positions on the floor, in the air, in the mind, after all, where it starts and holds.

Floater spooled, what's stuff to the grease is enough to wonder, or make something out of nothing, inert to begin, but former to what is not mentioned here, it is still here where you have not seen it before, and in some distinction reclaims the past in a pooler wisp, his demented intentions are not too soon recalled, but stay within specific parameters to describe what is going on before you. It is here and no outer spoils and deride pleasure at her distant claims on your attention. What is going on before you notice are the relevant distinctions, and the details are held from color to doubt, another sailing would be this in what is going on before you notice is the relevant distinction, and the details are held from color to doubt, and another sailing would be this in what scores from the remaining sentences; easier days have still been described, and hold you one after the other into the future, as his own names for you are as yet indistinct, and if you are used, as he said, it is not noticed, and her own scores were left aside in the rush for definition, collated as it were into a simpler order for description, rotated from beyond the paler stories within which there is intention and fluctuation. Doors open and close. There is within the quest a newer tune to imagine in your own

destiny, a rap from the coast, and if you notice it at all, it would be a little too late for anyone to help you to the door, through it into the next room; after all, something lesser than doubt would welcome you into service, into use, into the future of the others in their own ways, it is how it is held in conscience that the beckoning hours have their way before them, and what meditations are beheld, there is some agony in their hesitations, there is some refusal in their consciousness of style, there is some relief in their very existence when nobody welcomes you at the gate, and your own history is perhaps a weakening of the day into its own forgiveness and simplicity, there is some air to relieve the less fortunate hours into their distinctness, and it is here that the bellows fluctuates between presence and the next day.

You hope that she would call, or that there would be a sign of forgiveness, that the attributes themselves would elongate into space or at least into the air between you; lessons from the previous realm specify a newer hour for islands, or for release, but the silence is undeniable, and the doorway is still a glistening attribute of the calm which fills history at this moment. Whatever solitude is indicted within presence, it is no other that beckons but the specificity of acts in their own magnification of the mundane. Poetry is still a possibility, but it is less so than before the moment of which we now speak; poetry was a distinction made in the haste of the hours to conclude the day's elevations, but those, too, have passed into a historical necessity which precludes the monument and its own descriptions. There is no "other" to this historicism, but still the delay occurs within which you are defined. It is the here and now which speaks to us, and wherein no outer, but poetry itself is called into question, into usefulness.

This is a test, of course, but you do not obey, and fall into color or light, waving a lighter line than you might have before you hesitated into action, into color, into history; those who have passed this way have either been ignored or left outside in the rain to rust and blow away. Where there was justice, now there is the law. Where there was ecstasy, now there are endless dialogues about love and its place in the world. Without any passion, there is a simple lust to the denials of the passage. And simple complaints fill the air without meaning. If you would simply wait, there might be a sign, you think, but it is rushing, this time after time itself has ceased to be beyond the rougher airs, intense and denied, you are a witness to your self, and hold your own poverty up as an example of simplicity. It is pertinent to description, for instance, that you might find objects in their

density to be themselves in revolution from the commonplace, attempting in their vanity to dissolve and become pure light.

Would you hold? This would be an outer plus. The other days wait. What's forced as follows, and here you are intent upon what is passing, but hollowed into something less infirm than fortunate, and in some, uh, disdain is passion made less than perfect but in its sensations more profound than movement might be in its own lessons, and by what has becalmed you in this positionless document, there is some following to be made from what is here. You hold aside; you determine to these allowances in the dark that there would be light, that there would be a lessening of rancor, to whom beheld, but not following, and thereby told from what you have permitted to less accurate emissaries within, to hold apart no longer in remiss or patter, but spoke aloud to term and sign, to fold these reminiscences therein or outer; this would be it. Another spectacle is resumed, and in your own heat, there is a density, a portion or tentacle of light to what is seen, and in becoming, there is speech, there is action and discord, but holding on to the riper days, a roof, a peach, a newer star within is sentenced on beyond doubt. Following, then, the speech of others, a line becomes the forward spoke and chain. Here is the door to another room, and within which some dancers at the pole, climbing into the air with lightness and being, stories from hours left behind, from the days and nights of a calm remission, made within the heart like a witnessing. Ah, if only there were a sign to make to the others, an allowance for what is real within acts, a focus, or a lighter scheme unraveling slowly, there you would hold and wait. But not too soon. But not now; no, it is simpler still to do your thing and wait for the immersion of the hours to float away.

Heart to shore; hour to palm, the open door waits for the ringing of the hours, or spokes to shoals within. the pooler skims what speakers flip and spin. A floater in the pool. Perhaps what pulled aside was not a destiny but a fate. Perhaps what made the day was still waiting at the light. You do not know, for there is only following to be made, and no mistaking what is there for something else but for what it is. Time passes, and you see your own calm approach as a sensation, and not a progress. At the start, there is promise and intensity, but no warning. Within the frame of action, there is possibility and renewal, but no hesitation. And in the minutes there are signs of revocation and a spoken future of which you are part and sum. Would you hold? How would the hours mean? But what is settled is a progression, a

futurity, a motive to light. I'd be the name I have, and then pass into another realm intact, without position or demand, but at home in the meetings of the signs I have made. Here there is no hope, only term and flame; there is the flush and spin of love's anchors wealing forward in the time of time itself. It would be light, or the stroke of flesh upon flesh. There is the motive of the hours.

What spoke within term, thus was out from what is there, but in no other maintained from this to that; was to term, and then a passing thing, bit to sign, flowing forward without inexorable density from the inner marks were flooded but also signed by light in the scheme of outer denials made like this and movies held apart are sighing drunk on what is inside, in relation to, or out of the mark as held by the force within, is holding still in time, at here.

It is what signs between lines, sum to part, the angular distance coming into, within focus, or posted outer spoils recluse and calm. What's plussed outer, coded forms relinquishing into meaning, what speaks through spontaneous discharge, sahaja of light, the internal gloom made formal by precedent, by history in its claims for attention to seem, then, at being what is real enough to declaim, to devour head-tail to ouroboric intent, he says, in what is thrust outer foils presume whiptail and outer, to be the one or the other, but lined-out beyond the news, as momentous as it might become. You are reminding of what is there beyond the screen of your own inattention to the messages from your own receptors, antennae in the night, whipped out, "antennae of the race" Pound calls 'em. That is really too accurate to be passed over as a gloss or metaphor on the sensory apparatus of conscious declamation, not simply a character set or induction of social role to the discard-persona of "poet". His is a singular density, "being there" as even Gertrude has it, a creature of his times, but not, seriously, anything more than that. Evolutionary personality-set, gained from the press of it, indeed, might be more, yes there might be more to it than "that".

Pronouns declare intentions within language's structures, and even attitudes toward 'the new' might be more than simple careerism. It is the set of the thing in its domain, the character of the person underway, and, and, we add, the nature of the battle taking place as well as the conditions and rules whereby the ground rules are set.

FIRST TREATISE ON VISUAL PHENOMENA

(after Helmholtz)

Both eyes the same,
 they do not lie
 are not alternate
it is their uncrossed
 rhythm
 which establishes the center
and moves
 accordingly
 moves--

But composition proceeds from the center
not from the eyes
 acts progress out from their
 positioning
 in reflex
 in cause
 in reflection,

it is
 where they meet the eyes that seeing is.
it is
 that meeting which determines the cause.
it is
 that seeing which holds the eyes to their sameness.

--target to line--

But the form of sight is the eye, is round, is routine
where no isolation redeems movement through its point & act
in no light but emanation & digression, is the thing made.

THE CENTURY

1

Still at the outer moves, other days have kept aside
and met them forward into seeming still and calm.
Your own meetings swell the towers down along the
roomier hours, calling forward into loaners told.

Would stall along your former stairs at fall
and chime, the looking-glass is called and firmed;
to motive claimant, your interior cells aloft
to fortune's hours calved to firmer stars.

In firmer lines toward the nearer distances, you
called into the liners' forward claims; at zero
hours, the infirmer days are called the same and new,
and scorers taller now than ever mood the light.

The hour tells the markers you are silent, in
the form and tallow of event a follower still;
his leaner terms toward the shadows of release
are the moods you tell them, sounders at the shoal.

Sentimental now, perhaps you smooth these angles
down the air, fuller here than wrapped into
the floating palace, your head ringing further
at the sun to fold. Her wraps are made around you.

Release yet, another stall is here, and now your own
motives clarified within the sentences; how you kept
her smoothing clear released, the flappers skilled.
Within your hearing terms, the skiller leans ahead.

2

Here your smooth markers collide with the real stuff:
colored arrows shaft the heart into submission,
the only terms your own for what follows into the
light of the heart's touch within your hands.

Ease her down; the lingering touch is clear,
the lines within are firm and stretch aside;
the eyes are turned inside to tell the words
apart, still holding down inside release.

I tell you how the sentence calls you down: each word
moves the heart's waves closer to the center of
your life today, and further, where these angles are
removed from doubt to touch, and further down along.

Here along your parked car's movie scales the
terms at touch and cling, the muscle of your being
open to receipt, nor here rescind her outer names,
to call within is still the song's relief.

I'd say your name again; the tide weaving
here again would tell them to
slow your hours and meet them in the shade beside
the pools of water steaming in the desert.

Light transposed against idleness, the same thought
of return murmuring in your heart, the same air
beating through the lungs of all involved, clear
to the slow beginning of the day's turning-out.

3

I called you down against the tides, and met them,
coming alert between your sighs, the oars weaving.
Their calm removes and stains the ceiling with
a glance along the skies too soon to be recalled.

But still the hours weave their silence
in among the heart's disturbances, kept along
by chance and trail, by pit and calm the
doorways moved to slide aside and speak a name.

The lighters' calling day a new invention
clears the ropes to the slower forms of light,
seeming toward the hours' slow recall of the time
you said aloud, the upper climate is color.

This: the newer monuments declare and fall.
The outer hours seem too soon released to day;
your own terms reveal inside a sign,
where song recalls the air between your lips.

But still the day's agreements remind me
of a passage in the wind behind thought,
but clipped too short to be reminded in another
time. Is this to be the lighter term's beginning?

Here the day's recall flutters out into forgetfulness.
You meet the same time every day as the mood removes to
slow your motive's calm disdain for repetition and
still the slow removal of light's doubt.

4

Still the open hours are not all the same
day repeating; all things passing through are
not the same identification of the one,
repeating on again to meet your name.

You are still here. What now resumes your
own terms is the slow cadence of unwound sighs
along the surf and sentence of the moods you brought
between time and time again the waves release.

This is it: you bring time to your own relief,
and stall beside the fires of light beneath
your own history, where the dance resumes at light
and pole, your stars believed in the cadences of thought.

The fall of time continues where the heart leads,
and loops your own terms between identities,
as the slow hours coalesce in sound,
or make doors close automatically within.

And the visual existence persists in its call.
The clamor meets you outside the things you make
familiar with your calm attention, rote propriety
of the casual glance which relives balance.

And the final meeting is a remembered prelude
to passage; what you call out is the same answer
to another question, the meeting of day and night
in the moon of the presiding ghosts, heyday and song.

THRASHER

I

Liners single forward into nothingness.
The other rafters sing a smothering silence

and move throughout the universe the same
as the man who says "think about this".

Safe above all, you sail through and through
again, to be the new air moving in and in.

But you are something newer than this
in the time of coming through again, you

say "tell them who was here, and then left",
as the easier reaches are told, enough then.

Sailors smooth the air with clear "S" returns;
the smoother sailing is air between your sighs

as the easier sensations give way to more
complex signals, agencies of doubt, clamoring.

II

These are the airs that wait for nothing to
empty them into your heart, an opening.

The salient features of any wave are its intent,
the falling of light, and the doves-in-hand.

Thrashed crushers rule, as inert hang-rows
cool out, and thread angles left to right.

There are others too remote to describe.
These sensations are a fine thing of light.

And stay. And hold me tight. And say a
name is this beginning to be new that

you are in the darkness of what comes
again, as light, as held, as hew & cross.

You become light locked in the time of being
that has this to be the thing of love.

Foliage reminds you of growth, of light, is
an erotic moment; looking at her bush, thinking

that this is the place of a new finality.

III

Certain marks remark "said", or make other
signs alert to a passage in the wilder areas
of doubt, casting you forward from the other,
newer realms of passion from a newer time.

This is, and passes on from left to right,
the other day is soon enough for this. It is.

It is this, and moving in light from one side
to the other, in between the memory of doing.

A central position is declared to be the
undetermined sign of the times, moving back.

Here is the end of the day, rooming house

and the open doorway into the lighted square.

It is here that the signers loom ahead,
and move the doorway into position beyond me.

It is here that the torches bend outward into
the foreign evening, and make you do it again.

It is the newer days that mark a spot benign or outer.
It is now that the emptier returns.

And here there are no movies to rent again.
And here, more light is bending against you.

TURF

The bird of paradise recalls you toward the three graces in your moist and sentimental hours, through the signs on the floor that tell you, yes, you have gone too far this time, and let them down again for hours, floating in time, moving too far along to become anything new enough to have them waiting in line for the rest to occur too soon to wait and too long to measure, in the occult hours bending forward in another language you forgot to learn the last time you were here, smoothing through this forest of honor and letting them rest along the highway. It is now and then that you come along across the others as another newer thing in the air, moved too soon to be signed off in light or dark, there are no others in the hours ahead, and you sail through them one by one and call forward for some carpets to be stacked.

These are newer signs which named you thus, and thus again, turning the day's hours inside out with repetition and recompense, and making your own colors something to recall; hours and days of motive which lend an air of magnitude to your own thoughts, turning the other terms into an aura of light superimposed over thought and action in the in-between hours you said were not exposed or threatened but left to their own, they would decide where to emplace themselves, the doors were ringing inside your mind like another color and said to be some things are too soon to allow and very smooth besides, allowing something more to becalm the tides without pity or remonstrance, as we have said before, and before that, there was nothing more to mention but the saliences, the salivations, and the excretions.

This was another day you said hello, and smoothed the hours recklessly within the terms of what was there before you looked: It was new and smooth, and had symbolic features to render them one on one below the hours you said were this and thus. Something sudden foiled the anchors within their definitions for what was either latent or fostered and said against them one on one the movies settled into this forest of fragments where you have color to tell them which way to go, with red and blue trees set against the yellow foliage to heave them once and for all the foraging monsters of doubt eating out and staying slim to heed them still and later, mounted and sudden as the songs are settled out into their exact repetitions for the images to empty out and stay that way, you are still heaved aside

with a grandiose air of refusal.

Hovered overside, and sled them further sailing, one into the other was the reigning error in their weighs and ballasts, foreign enough, or slipped them edgewise and smart, and said they were too firm to recognize in passing, but slithered the rest resting here and there you were the one recognized in the simpler terms for doubt or utterance, and this was the thing made into a suspect, a rising thing, a falling thing; and between what was said and what was thought, nothing remains of the unbidden excess of those who favor these alternatives to some other kind of thing you might imagine in savoring the attitude that some things are better off left alone than removed from their contexts and scalped, you might say, of their integrity, and left for dead along the highway, smoothing out their own hairlines into a newness.

There were some days when you just wanted to say "This is not the sky I imagined flowing through your abyss." And the natural reflex is to bend to one side and then stretch out both forward and backward, loosing the energies of your own latency onto the plane of action, where the simpler achievements are settled hour by hour in the less appropriate terms you have for this: One and two and three. The lighter hues are sandwiched between the more erudite layers of material, like the symposium the clatter-bell and the mellifluous one, in his polished category of what-you-see-is-what-you-get. It was not a mirror at all, but intense passion directed at strangers, and hollowed out without pity or sensation, merely described by Mind in its absoluteness to become something made out of leather and old wood.

Older climates perjured the air with noise. They were moving across a flattered plain with innocence to ride them backwards into time removed at spatial disturbances recalled to their own lingering doubts regarding the purposes of life, assuming one was aware enough to set it all straight with a glance or two, psychic energies radiating outward from the nimbus of light haloed out into space from her globelike forehead a continent-sized dayglow suitcase of money hanging from the parachute, glowing coals for eyes, and the lighter terms were against the tides your own wooden casques fluttering buds of angular substances tooting along the white rose highway with his noses draining into the sink, sinking into it all together was soon enough to recall them to the utter disturbances of your own terms for this or that.

This was it, he said, and let the implications rise to the top like creamery light in your hands the answer calling in verb to verb, the lingering lights were falling black to green and then saying who you were to the others; this was another matter entirely. The masks of the soldiers were emblazoned with the portrait of their god, Self-enough, and featured many different colors and interpretations for your own distinct impressions laid out from one side to the other. You stopped. The inner doubt was tinged with a slight suggestion of excelsior, a cellophane definition of what was going on that would have left you isolated and unexpected, in the new movies roughed out and told to stay in the back room until the bug guy came with his clever nets and tape recordings of fluttering sounds, in order to dance with them now.

There were others included in the glance. What was at first only a sudden thing became more than doubt itself could afford in its declinations toward a fuller sign for the existence of itself; no, it was not something heathen that filled the rooms with a sensation of being there itself; no, it was not a singular demonstration that mental illness was but a prelude to some higher state; it was just that the grey fog that became thought itself was more initiation than doubt. And every day, there were more and more indications that what had started out perhaps as a prank was becoming an international quirk. The openings and closings of the great darkness were coming more frequently as the days passed. And who you were was not just some kind of song, it was a position and an attitude that left you naked and defenseless.

UNTITLED

At sign, your resin overlapped into a shawl or pleasance.
As archaic words rotund the scored plains
of postnormal elevations,
the purer echoes are made about to turn torment into pleasure

She relieves the doors into palm and graced moist lips rubbed
together when she walks toward you sliding side
to side your former anchors hanging slight inside;

New and utter terms the flight of northern signals honor the
touch together has her sing this song aside or flutter'd out to do
or single hung the press into what you are, then make like
flesher tight and ringing, into the deeper realm is unrecalled
too soon to be another song the day's assorted films tomato
afar the tune is taped into the depth of silence bites your lips at
the fragile edge you go inside her lips like a long sigh tight to
the tip and singing out the spring released is crackers on your
mental sheets, a calm reminder that it feels good to let it out
and down the long slide her throat is neck is swan is brown and
catches epiglottal stance the singer signs his times at one and
one;

Yours is the day surprised in newer meetings caught at the
door and held to follow, a younger day than I recall, but soft
and warm and wet between the legs, to let me be kind in the
tension my tongue gives to your pleasures wrinkled open at the
bridge of sighs you called back to say, **Stay!** and wept up the
same is not so different but to open and give, first at the center,
and open at the mouth you say **Star!** and come again, shaking
and writhing with the name of the act.

UNTITLED

Days after the smoke rising throughout;
learning, samples for going on, the rooms of light
after dark internal rumors at turfed light, relapse
formal the post and leaning tower seems
enjoyed at code;

Respect, the liners downtown evenings and then some
time home, the lighter movements have air or color
to be the singular episodes;

 You are the showers moods are still and moist,
or names drawn down would becalm the terms returned
for allowances, the remainder, cloudy, after rain or white;
 Terms, mood and claims at.

Mobile gesture departing forward the sentient but called out
again in orange and purple combinations where boundaries
make the passage cut in half are leaving again: Is called, spoke
at flew across the lines of bees and followers in the state of
itself, ever eluding, the layers of the universe under at kind and
pick, dipped have helped and thousands of sands again
premium and foundation is left, maximum

into rear guard of seller the formal angles of which have made
these layers grey and emerald combinations of dust are
cooking out to show and tell your patterns are removed but
forwarded throughout the more elegant pathways are removed
and lingering, light the oars recede for days after the smoke
rising thoughtfully along the caves and walls are papered with
elegant manners and scorn the tides leaving out the rest or
moving along the walls today.

UNTITLED

Time's terms come across and hold
as you are, and then begun, light
as light, your are begun.

Where this pauses, to hold, you are again.

And wait for this to
become the thing you
are in light beheld.

What this is, to call
out
as tell and term of, the one at light;

you are, and thus is term of and light
the day, as if and is, the same to tell

Here and thus, it is now the time to meet
would call another voice your own to meet

And send along among us one on one we are
these days to become song as the terms are

To mark along the waves are meeting in the light
to hold you out along the ways are held as light

So you are one and I am another.

Thee is after light, and the heart's waves
are met inner terms the same.

Here is the pattern of release inside
another name of light the doors have
spent aside.

and mar, you this is here among

I'd call again, but here

you are, and thus again
is still the same way moving
into this air

and holding out

POEM

I

Still the slow hours bending forward
into the far-reaching hammock, unstated
or forward liners looping outward, again
your stiller arrows remind to fall, as if.

Your own terms unrefined, the caller stays
against the tower's reminiscences, ruffled
terminals, the walking couple reminds them;
outer sails are further off than close at hand.

But the openers are time and its monuments.
The day's flowers are colored red and blue,
or kept afar to seem below the lines unbending.
Their former shapes are lines alighting.

You'd say it tough, perhaps to know them;
inner foils are smoothing down the air,
and lining up the doorways one by one
in inert substances acclaiming light.

The smoother patterns are called the same.
Only you know the smaller distances from
hour to hour, and let them shape the
hanging languages from their own firmament

This is the time to move them down the
waving lines of palms and sentences
from where you marked them down to being
set aside from here to there.

II

flights of motions are the beings kept alive
in light-filled rooms, still your memories
are short against your room,
or filing down along the sea, sweetening

Forms allowed in the resistances of noon.
Under flagships, the conversation moves
unseen substances smoother here than not;
buttressed lines are chopped alert again.

But would they call you soon enough?
The voices melting forward hours are
calm enough to stall release, and lean
against your shoulders touching.

Time and time, the passage slows you down
too far along the roughed-out hours;
their flaccid peaks are woven skeins
of doubt the voices are too loud.

Or flavors shattered vinyl domestics
in the greyer moods you call your own
destiny passing through the clearer forms
of another sentience, glower and song.

These are the random pulls we speak toward
after the singular destinations are met,
and cleaned like some relief you detailed
too quick to be the same light-red sky.

III

Asleep you call the image still your own,
and keep the modest sums a less enthused repeat,
to score them dollars in retreat;
the slippery forms recede and croak aloud.

This is the doorway ringing them still inside.
Forest hours clear the light against your
hands upon the windows, falling down upon
a knee, a day, a flown sloop in return.

Scored upon, you sleep too soon to be this
unremembered shrine of syllables, the day
resumes untriumphant from its mist of substances,
the unrhymed hours his namers call.

IV

Or keel afloat your own sails moving in
the wind of another day's clear release,
the folded pages in the book are there
to say a finer greeting in the sand.

But what would stay them here and there;
aflutter in the interstitial flux,
the doorway after the barnyard's gloom,
after the name of some other poet's light.

He kept them down along the roadway bending
in upon a substance drawn into relief by
the shapes of things seen on the sharper
cliffs, among your leafier hours, in between.

This is the unsentimental gasp of light
somewhere near your head, and kept afar
by the roomier substances you call your own.
This is the hour at hand, and still your name.

Completing terms call the hour out,
but clear the former airs from still
defeat within the cursor's arm and stain;
you say you are the name you give again.

But holding in returns the longer form
a day ahead, and moving here, you are
still against the day and firm ahead of
the lighters in the gloomier darker days.

and final pumps are filled along the
harbor, sea and sign; the ships are
filled with bursts of craft, the loops
are destiny within a globe of light.

NEW

So far, the rest inter, enterre, in the earth: as has, so let.

Pinnacle reclaim, the other hovers internal skein and thus at at
your own form entire within and at the other rooms made
certain.

So far entire, your own within is still this and no other

Infer into other as hat

So intern as otter that

Fern at

Continue, and singing thus as at entire other hats infer rather
soon recant internal set as set

As other, so at, so far.

And say another recants so far as that to be, as entire, to
become at that, so far as that is, as that. And so.

Liner slope runner tumble, tunnel slate return turner,
would at same becalm term to some other went sincere this as
wet center thus she is

Claimers too become some answer into thus & so, at the form
of, mark set and set, to the barnacle calmed, manner born, thus
it sets, as thus

At favor set, the marker thus would becalm and turn, the set at
center said the same as or would becalm to some other sign
lighted out from that same part but moved at sign and pattern
the oars of the line are set one by one and marked along the
water by this and no other to say at
What passes from the earth as some other line of this is made

up of time

lining signers from the top is your own relief from this
day outer signs
have lined up

inside time the random hours have this to stop them from
passing into oblivion from the sheer rescue of doubt, as one
after the other lines up to sense the winds have blown out the
sentimental hours from this to that.

Firm at

Your own centers signed out from the other lines you've aired
out from the center and signed on

Your own time says block and run, punted terminals have
relief from the foreign liners your own signs

Laid back upon from the far as so, and thus is that to your own
space, mon.

Engines of line-slope

since this other went

wet at the heart's woe

at the answer, in thus, at.

You lined-down in the looser reams of white snake boogie in
his hours met blank to blank, the favor marked set and thus,
calmer at the turn from center set distances the calm sign of
following out as you are called from, marked at the spot you
called your own heart saying this is the line you are on from
one side to the other brains are the equivalent of

ROTE

Light signs from nothing, starts at the
beginning
and moves on
 into your own arms, the
heaving
 weights are newer than
you thought

and images are worn smooth in their
longing
to be real, made infirm by silence,
released from doubt by knowing
increased into sight by the time
of their beginning.

Here, you are still moving
through identical mountains of
familiarity, stowed slowly in
the airs around our bed, they
cough suddenly, and move
along the stairs without sound,
interminable silence fills you
with styroformed airline
tickets.

This is the day you made no mistakes,
yet still
carried the lead weight around your
head and stomach.

This was a time when prose fell flat
and moved inside your head for
another time at the flat hours moving.

A slight comparison made
these moments possible and

there was nothing to report
that made sense.

[Color blue not mentioned here]

You are this moment waiting in the
rain for something to be decided that
started before you noticed it was.

Cold indifference moves your left hand
in the morning and calls you all alone
to move the covers up and down.
Man's fate is to wait in lines,
woman's to tend them.
Location of other senses. Hours you
waited in them.

Futile exercises are still sincere.

Her own hours shut
down, too, but made of
ice between the hours
you met these terms and
wept too easily to believe
yourself, motives were
laid out too easily to say
yes or no.

I called into the space above the
ceiling.

No echoing formulae
sailed below the arms in
hairless patches of light,
your own lips say you
are here, waiting against
the tides for smelt to

run, for waves to catch
you still.

This was a time beyond memory, a
time which was colored red and blue
and another shade of green which
you did not remember, but made the
most of, in the morning of.

Moving against type, through
lead waves of feeling; there was a day
when you said yes.

Affirmed or parted, the matter
fell loosely around your shoulders; here
there was no light at all.

What was made simpler
eventually had no use but to become
another hour; the days were set aside
one by one

and held too soon to make her
change at all.

ICONS OF DISORDER

The other hermitage, his passion's patriotic film was elasticized beyond extension, made impermanent by the times and by their own significations to these others, others in their selves who mark them one by one into some forgetting who you are in yourself; here it is a marker left untended that tends to go astray, into forgetting itself in the times of what they are today and no other intends it to be that way; and here you are against the tides unmoving sink of light to contain these arrows of passion beyond the realm itself.

But here the days are still one by one the same unfolding of light which becalms the senses into belief; and here still the arrows of morning have yet collided into themselves without pity or designation. Today's light moves the air around you with an interesting silence which accuses time itself of lying in wait. You would sentence yourself to light, but there are no allowances for what you read aloud the other day on the way into the morning, there are no longer any disturbances left unnoticed by those who commit them with their own airs of superiority. It is not so much a becalming of light that fills the times, but rather an absence of distinguishable priorities toward which the spirit inclines always in the history of what has lain at rest too long; there are some pulsations of thought riveting the hour as close at hand, there is that perception around us.

Remnants in collision, of history and of intention to do the right thing. You are in the car and not moving nor is it moving toward you any longer, yet there is the indication that motion is taking place, like being told that the earth is moving through space at an incredibly high rate of speed, in comparison to what, you ask, and if I am standing here in the closet at the end of time, how fast can it really be moving, you must be joking. Something past the hour must be a reminiscence of desire, really, and if you look too closely, you **do** miss the point and go on by too quickly to notice anything at all. But what is there to notice, here at the end of time, about differences in the quality of the light, not as you might imagine as caused by the pollution, but by the light, yes, by the light itself wrinkling around the smoother objects in definition of their planes of distinction. And they are still held afar from the recall with which you pitch them into the blackness of your own imaginings, confusing light with light, you might

say, and leaving the rest to scatter around as adjectives or parts of the intellectual baggage with which you, uh, immerse yourself would the rest come to bear on time itself, whose meditations are unkempt at best and removed from view at worst. In the parting gloom, you find joy at the fingertips radiating outwards, like the beacons of the comic-strip imagination with which we perceive the archetypes. No, the present is not without its indications, only without repose.

But skip the preamble, you say, get to it, man, and let me off the hook another time, so that I can go back to whatever it was that I was doing, painting, for instance, with the white spots still on my hand, my glasses spattered with the stuff, it is here and no other that consciousness remembers to remember, and beyond language, you turn around to see what slipped in under the image, was it a rhythm or possibly a hint of things to come?

You'd call it here and there to **be** something again, this time after time in which there is neither silence nor even time, the time to remember and see that there is light radiating from your fingertips whenever you point them in a certain direction, and there is a kind of leaping of light from your eyeballs whenever you focus on the darker corners of the room at night, and that there is a random glow to your body after a shower, when you towel off and leave the bathroom with its fluorescent ring hovering overhead and step into the darkened hallway you can see just where the doorway up the stairs is, there are these indications that something has happened inside your being that is an emanation and reflection at the same time, it is a pulsation that goes both ways into and out the self and makes the world different whenever you let it happen, it is a kind of seeing that removes you from the moment of perceiving it even as it happens it is going into the flow of what you are.

And so the architecture is there in its own sounding of protection and design. The monuments are not in themselves things to wonder over, it is the intelligence or whatever that makes them appear different from trees and rocks, like the faces carved onto the mountain make you more aware than ever of the mountain from which they emerge, and the faces themselves are perceived only as good likenesses and very large. A buddha carved out of a mountain is still a Buddha, that's what makes it an icon.

Being left alone in time does not make it any easier, for when the pattern of the sticks on the ground seem to "make sense" like an ideogram

from the world of the random occurrence from which they are, uh, made, then you are more than ever convinced that you are mad, and to the extent that you feel that way, it is so. Running along through the woods, the sticks seem to say, "That way", and you turn and take the fork to the left, loping slow bent over and breathing the in and out of systole diastole the mind gleaming into its own forgetfulness that has time as its end and beginning, like, when can I stop and rest? A day would go on without pity or color, being the day that it is, and make you say something over and over, like a mantra, the wordless chant of the lost soul, I am, and then moving on up into the brush to the left, the dogs pushing ahead of you through the branches and beadings of light on their backs in motion and life with their mute intelligence looking back at you, waving tails and feet padding up ahead of you into the silence at the top of the ridge, up where there is nothing at all to forgive you and even less to indicate where you might be going, it is a slowness that awaits only the darkness at the end of the day at the end of the trail to lead you into the final perception that more than likely the sun will come up tomorrow and that you'd better get some rest.

And so you move into forgetfulness as a kind of defense, leaving the mutable silence to itself, as if what the truer indications are would be too much to handle, and that considering beyond the extensions of definition would somehow countermand the silence itself into light, ah, then, silence into light, that's the transmogrification you were thinking of, making the icon become light and energy, time removed from its prisons and habitations in revolutions it seems to concur.

You'd release the hour into its proper dimensions, letting something pass by that has no name upon your lips a darkness in the middle of the night, the clock's hands lying at the bottom of the dial, behind the clear plastic, glow-in-the-dark hands lying there telling you nothing. And still the eyes light holds you in these hours like someone you once met who was yourself. Today is the day you started out again. Today is the rumor you thought was just around the corner. Today is the motive for the future.

This would call out for something new to happen, and since there is only this unimaginable silence to the world's dialogue, you wonder where it might finally rupture to let this particular light escape into the atmosphere that surrounds you once again, and, leaving the moon to its own business, you might still bend around her in the early hours before day and whisper something unforgotten into her ear in the middle of sleep and dreams, you

might call for help, you might say the stations of the heart are signing into you without despair, you might say that love's anchors have thrown you into the air.

Hours after, markers falling, hooded patterns remove you from doubt. Specific reminders are left around the room. Your calendar is not quite right, but there is no indication why. And between rage and wonder, you sometimes call out for help; between self-pity and the quiet release into movement, you sometimes wonder about direction. This might, you think, lead to a station beyond description requiring the full attention of my own qualities, without reference to anything else, I might have to make a decision. The heart beats wildly. But with the salty taste in your mouth which you imagine you might taste before death, you decide to act. It is at first a passionate affair, and you are left exhausted by the mere thought of it. But you are safe because it is an invisible process, and nobody knows that you are hung on the disasters of decision.

There are releases to allow. The day opens up into its own space and decides to let you in on the big secret. Sentences are still piled by the door waiting to be used, but it is no mistake that the man in the stall next to is not choking there with his pants around his ankles, scuffed brown shoes and torn brown pants all that is visible from where you sit, no he is not strangling on the throes of some sort of seizure, he is snoring, he has fallen asleep "in the position", you might say, or is homeless and finds any place that is warm to catch a few. He'll wake up with a collar around his ring. I mean, she noticed the last of the series and only after three or four tries would the allowances be made for something new. You might give up after the first few tries, but that's too easy, and to be accepted without understanding only means that you find yourself in the right place at no time at all, in the here and now of muteness.

On the mountain, the stones are piled like a fortress, but it is a celestial clock laid out wrong, plaques commemorating the dead from a long ago war, one of three or four you specifically remember, and that is too many for the here and now, too many excuses for light left untended to go astray and ask yourself why like somebody who doesn't really want to hear the answer at all in the first place so why go on, it is as if asking why is also a defensive wringing of the hands which leaves you without pity or rage for the person before you and it is not so much callousness as the obviousness of the answer which defends you from your own answer, it is

the calm refusal to answer that is your only defense. You could go on.

In the morning, there are some details to go over which are less unsaid than obvious, and the quick dismissal of someone brings out laughter rather than a sympathetic response, and it is because the dismissal is too easy and too right to be the least bit nasty. It is the day itself which brings you around to a time when you last looked, not a fictive removal of culture to its obsolescence but rather a movie in which the left foot never reaches the ground, and the guardian of the mausoleum rubs his hands together with a kind of glee. I've got one, he stammers, and focuses the lens a little more closely on the headless figure that has advanced from behind the podium and is waving his arms, a headless image on the monitor, words of love spilling off the screen into the nothingness of a time-warped flatness of photographic images bounding from the earth.

There is a slow mood prevailing in the afternoon, and you wait for it.

CONDITIONS

I

Red like this soft scattering among
sensations of autobiography, the colors
obtrude through time & the image,
where red singles through disks of
orange material and stop to see and
stop, but easily these threads of any
time at all through the noises and
glass-ness among yellow cans or
things placed among prisms which
is doubt among seeing, too, where
the lapses between thing & act are.
This to this, and in the arrows of morning,
the time to push & spread, but flying,
too, through some foreign accents,
or playing around or anything else,
it has some temporality, resisting &
joyous, the locomotion of sense.

Specification & Doubt

II

Open, the door, & listen, to the elongations
of anything, removing substance to air and
moving the essentiality to its disposition, around
and down where light catches at the center of
shape, where her name resounds like trees in
trees, where words are to their disposition &
charge, laden, like the trees, loading toward
light the words which leave & turn always

in their disposition to light. And listen, clash
to color lapse of, and, doubt eases toward cymbals
or cars or chrome or seeing or the name or
a shift of meaning a turn of senses and lying
away or along to color to seeing and resides
and spells the clips of doubt away and
has red cliffs easing to the color of her
name shifts & singles, but remember &
then remember the light & color of
shifting toward a red or whole or
the color of lines angling to center.

III

or sending white, the past tense
of or on, and then
shifts, to heave along but
precise, the mound or celery hearts

I am that and color, along the
way along, but moods of shape.

The ice is trembling, but waits, and
in among thirstiness, to wait & sell.

There & there, to have any line,
or wait & remember, along
the color, & biting away, has.

The biting away, as there are no
more shadows, and along, through,

But still, the arrows are leaning,
or sent, the line to dust is here.

sonnet, &

IV

generally, and thread, lyre to touch,
a finality, where poems are,
heard among pictures, but light
to ease among the lyres, her heart
& beast hedges through the dusk
to sell doubt aloft as all rely to
their heads & notches to the relief
of travel, of mood & departure,
heavy and sentient, but reminds
toward the very air of her lapses,
that and this to their relief,
they are slowly halting the storm.
the storm bends words awry
and rewinds all shades from sky.

hoarse,
rough,
a feather.

fine V

His name, foot note, registry & song
foot shape, doll, the ether of anywhere,
but coagulated, but the other name
creeping away, to heed any disaster,
but buffaloes are not; and hedge.
these alternations of progression. Blue,
either, & waits but goes on
along the trail, to hedge blue rocks,
flying & description, to halter, or
know what you are, and doing, then
to ease or carry, the transit
and slowed down rifles, like their
bent nostrils, ;mustache and gait,
are that, waits:

the blow, a resounding spoon.

(signal VI

Forwarded, a song.
But happening, a line.
And words, to slip.
The light, left alone,
the light, cloudy sky, too
the mood, changed to information.

Clasp, this ease, recall.
and listen, the hearing of
light & clean
interpretations.

And inside the tree,
he waits for birth,
sawing out.
Flash & recall.

VII

going up, alarum, & resounding
but all's well, & shorn, her teeth,
her teeth and bite but forwarded
a song, or down,
or there to anything:
slips toward the rocky ledge.
But movies are too soon, are
too much unseen, their shifts
& shapes are precise
like time,
like characters.

his voice, among plants.

my acts, thus & thus,
 But hedged against blue,
 the left hand wins.

VIII

Thirst toward connective
tissue & lounges, the colors are
not easy, are not imagined
are precise, to their topic mentioned
in passing, as causes are, and
causal, to play the hub & spoke of
thirsty caution, & played out to
the rusty and risked
allowances of an
 relief to car-lights
 at closure, at dusk,
 at the precise realm of
 terms,
 the moon sends out
 through
 lineal & posture.

IX

and hangs along the ledge,
 Calling and any superimposition
 Lodges,
 Like shoes, ceilinged & clung,
 to hear likeness, to hear sounds,
 to remind that the forms of
 pleasure are repeated
and reported, and
 the sequence is always
 complete,
it is dying through light, &
 any superimposition

resounds, responds and
collapses, through
its collection & stratum,
a rubber band

is also hung.

Nineteen. X

The arrow points out, and
reminds to doubt, and
contains to speed, and here as
listen, sandwiched along,
it is not here, it
is among these stones.

But arranged or singled out
your dream of sharing, but developed,
and "How was it done", but time,
through contact, where it touches
down, to touch is all that's meant,
but touch and repetition
and the forms of information,
to shift & cling,
to become accurate.

XI

They are also inside that, which
speaks, which leans along
the side, his seed, and touched
the black & white photographs
which are not here;
there are two more ceilings
to change, the pages have
left & buffaloes heard their
names & charged, to credit

& spin spin away to the
place from which
 from which
 listens
and waits,
 this move.

XII,

the light year,
 was that, &
 went by fast.
inturned, a car to freedom,
a way between,
 but turtles, but
 turtles
and
 seen & soft,
 as food, & hiding
 and a sheer song,
through
 the fire, of long arrows.
 one, two.
 sent.

CROSSING

I

Or, force, as wrath, beheld,
inverse, from the immolation
of the spirit's fall, the turn out,
as the very denial of voice or
flesh, which carries contra
diction out beyond
what is solitary (me)
mine,
onto whatever limit:
look into the face of it,
or take it by the head
the single eye,
or snake,
love-tossed-up,
and angle down, in

II

her warps of numen, the outlasting
of her indistinctness focal.
Neither bred nor loss,
interims of pleasure, to define,
transitory toward the solid
answering ballasts:
are you watching closely?
Impulsed out beyond. Heavy door wide.
He said that. I said that
 Locus of distinctions of
 consciousness,
 the a-cultural
distinctness of the pronouns
for being each locate
the flesh into certain imageries.

III

Plainly, then: one would say, out
of the Hero-myths, & not simply from
some vanity (that is, if modesty is our goal,

that those texts, and they are
that, are devices, responses
one would warp Hero into some
use, make it wholly new,
live out his own life-relation
to her, to sensuality & decision,
all that, (eg., madness & passion & the gross
inclinations to suicide, etc.)
there / to answer to the
imitation-reflection-other-one
what is it,
bind?

IV

or to have it all before one

(eg., the way of the clever man,
which will do)
not for selection,
only,
but to have it out /
there,
to touch.

V

there is the relation, to
the pronoun itself, him, to

the male, the father, progenitive,
not the seed-cast, out,
but cause itself, him, being,
as one, first, as, cause,
to be, thus, caused - as
cause

VI

I am is father, to one, as is
has cause, becomes as one to be one in
one, of a first nothing, as space is
father of one, to come to be - cause, in
a word, then, as one is to be cause, &
no easy incantations here, for the matter
comes down then to where or how one is:
there to be as thing seen, self, one,
as word or utterance, to see then
one as cause and father, be. As.

I am I, in un-spontaneous
un-reflection,
known to be cause & father of
one, me, being, I.

VII

as male, precursor, from risked neglect,
as male, one as one, un-drawn,
from there, as thing and being, voice
and term and air, before thing seen,
to have it known out & down, to
see, first, first as cause &
first as act,
no imprecision about the mark, so or
thus, that it is so or thus, but
is, first, before cause, as male

and one; known, to be, as song,
there, and heard, to be as one,
sung.

Incantation, there, on the
mark, to read, no ease but
being so, or thus!

VIII

Outlapsing the familiarity of
assumptions and brevity, cause as
known, that is, one is, as thing,
flesh, to see, blood from, or being,
there, too, as thing and one & flesh,
to nothing, then, first from nothing
as cause, to know from first
as so and thus, warped, as
known, song and being, male and
nothing, first as nothing, then as one.
from one as nothing to nothing
as one & cause. There! As
space and father, before even the
one, as known flesh, the one.

IX

and fucked the mountain, as
earth-worn, as that, did, & so.
and fucked again, the mountain.
Him, & his word; but from me &
mine, with me, over to there, to
her, fucked that, then, her, as
blood sister, one from the same, there,
divided, & fucked, to make as one,
so & thus, to know the male
and father of nothing, of one &
cause and song and air and
all preceding. Known as one.

PART TWO

FLAG-WAVING IN THE AISLE OF DECEIT

Frozen banners their own departures suit,
allowances for error made again in the
halls of the kingdom; what you are is
no hedge against immortality, but a fervor
in your skin, a ballast of inert demeanors
only now reviving within shape, at light.

It is a silkier day than you'd imagine, and
in retreat there is strength, the book says,
to linger at the well, drink within a newer
song that holds you at sway, at attention,
at life itself, to markers strewn along the
sides of the road, where flesh explodes.

At wallow, strid within hours enfold her outer
sails do waft at sudden honors, reinstate
the other doors at blue and roomier, having
something outside to swallow, or tongue out
foreign soils are coming home in bags
of dirt from other places to plant within us.

That's clamor-face at his wooden triumph,
a hollower claim on putrefaction in the sun
as emptier moons deny war's smoke and stain
a forfeit left behind as doubt at sudden
palls of the heart's acceptance: no song
within reminds you that out is not a form.

His pudding tone recalls barrels on a hill
without description but a roll downside to

claim her hours at morning's calm, would
still the beating sledge of time your moan
too pure, as unrepentant pleasures fall along
what railer proof the open movers claim apart.

This is the well. Here you are called home
in the line along your waves toward easier
ropes at water's plain or simple in the heart,
to forward claims the day you spoke aloud at
term, the wavers stalling out to tempo and
thrust again at the day's edge. Drink me.

REVIEW

What calms attention into its reverie
sails throughout the same way beckoning outer waves
have crept into the race without intention
and telling outer themes are still the same
way repeating who you are at the
moment of indication, of speed.

These are the random moments of which we spoke.

"He who will not heed will be made to feel"

I

I rote you internal schemes were foretold
were hearing-tones under review
but foreplayed outer strokes were seen
between your eyes, in the everyday light
of similar attributes. This was the new.

I held you firmer now than then, and wept my
own solitudes were left behind me in the dusk
of other lives, and star-signs clamored
into me without saying anything else forming on
your white lips. Another moon descended out.

Load-skip in chromium alcoves the strangers breed
their own reminiscences are scattered beyond doubt
and these infrequent angles are left inside your
brain without pity or intent, and scale was firmer
here than not. It is a day without beginning.

Cloud scales form toward the left of the screen
and hold you internal locks are swept aside
in hesitant markers they collide from what you
are doing is not to be mentioned in these particular hours.

Would you interrupt your own minglings with the divine
if they kept you awake at night whether
you collided with them or not? There is no weak-
ness made infirm by these hesitations. There
is no reason to hold onto a losing proposition.
But there are allowances to be made to the other
guards in the hallway, and the light globes are covered
with dust, with filament, with other categories
of obfuscation, and made into their own
loops not by destiny but by color.

You are the only witness to these penetrations
of light into objects which are not so much
described as developed out of nothingness by
your very presence. These are the clouds
of light which precede the date. These are
your own names for the future.

And so when there is no time, we have plenty
of it; and those who stand among us, angles
rescind of your own space into this and this
again. You are the particular substance,
or mark shadows to break wooden plates.

I mood them black & tan, but hold her out
of this witness your own information is
clear to the edge and saying not to wait:
She cures weeds into sugar. A mark is
made, then set. Equals a course or sail.

II

Year-to-date review. There is fear. You held out from what it was no branch or piece of light will do, and make them one-on-one remember who they are in the silence of poetry. You will carry these lighted bowls into the room with grace and innocence, making the sacrifice out of your hair, hoofed lingering from the scored movies made into something new.

Was a scale of time we left in the anger of doubt, but was still a formal declaration of intent made and kept with them at the charge, was still a little insectful, but kept aside with the other days for counting, or for accounting. It is a simpler thing to wave your tube around in the heat of the moment, but still they linger in definition of what to do.

Forced, perhaps, into the next age, but still we are not looking for it to happen; chickenshit, maybe, or having lost the confidence of process, of looking, of seeing what happens on smaller, more easily understood scales than our own, obscured to us as it is by preciousness and temporality.

I made these marks on the ground and waited for water to erase them; one-by-one answered with a name for this.

You were still holding out for the sure thing, afraid to make the first move in the game of life.

Entered from within, a doorway opens and you step through inert sighs are flying out green and red together indicate that something vegetarian has declared itself. Another informal term for this is wasted on the rough eggs laid by no hen but your mother. And sacred water is spilled in the closures of the heart, beckoned movers declare iota form the leapier clues have held this for account into the next age for enlightenment among the natives,

a dissolution of content.

And as the next age beckons, we might anticipate its leanings, and declare them our own by weight of presence, and give up into the flow of what is there already already beginning in us to be calm something new again.

This would be the doorway into the next moment.

Anger spells our reluctance to act. The calm flight of time indicates that there is more to come. It is how we see it, unless we don't. Then it is terrifying and present, where the details of the present moment amplify into something not particularly profound but then again not particularly meaningful. "Occupying."

Heavier commerce beckons beyond dollar signs from the visible spectrum and holds attention with a vise. And in the monument to what might be said, you call out for help, your hand writhing with invisible waves. It is the time of time, as they say, and when you are kept with it, there is no depth to your seeing, and figuring that out comes from escape rather than immersion. Remission of signs. The body's growth outward.

Here you might stop and ask the way. He speaks with the others by the campfire, and finds out that they are not lost, exactly, but do not desire to move from where they are, and so have not really thought about the way to anywhere else in particular, and this bothers you, but you decide to just wait and see what happens, and for a long time, that's what happens, but then the darkness becomes rather soupy, and fires are lit, and the motive for day's decline is suddenly frozen in width, with the lengthening tides of calculation or miscalculation, it recedes in importance in relation to the warmth thrown off by this bonfire of old objects.

There is an expanding to this. What follows, follows.
In immersed states, there would be a reluctance to distinguish
red from round, if you get my drift, the narrowing of
distinction, name of the dragon's foil. Focus or its lack.

After the encounter at the edge of the darkness, around the
fire with those who had stopped asking about it, he decided to
make inroads on himself, and picked away with tweezers and
lasergun, rewinding thought into parcels of light, and tossing
them around like granules of dusky melons. This was a good
time to move on, "just like a frigging movie".

Shapes declare lectures out from the more remote distances.
Hearing tones are delimited into the present. Monumental
slides are featured on the screen of the mind. Holes
appear and disappear only to reappear. Got that? Interrupted
as it is by lengthening times, you are still here still.

A formation of light among more remote substances persists.

III

Light lines linger outward, and call your name
without recognition, and pass on by

What calls out forward claims are made by
the time you slip aside and make out

These are the disordered days of which
we spoke, and make no lines again

What calms again, what calls ahead is
the line beyond doubt, which is

Signatory, claim, honor, the other day
and calling out, now, now, now

Score of the other attributes, you
are made again, and calling out

Singular and remote, he palls into
claimer distincts, and clings outer

But would or not, there is this to see
and make you one again, not foreign

Hour to term, the lighter signs link and
spill, outer colors clear the air

But these are the names of objects you
lost or forgot about. And off

Scores loop to terminal discord, the
rooter slips affirmed your thighs

Her reel was bulk enough to strain you
yours rough enough to entrail

But plussed was pass and therein other
marks were made again, stay now

The lighters smoothed beyond doubt
or sustenance, they were still here
Markers moved by motivated mothers; it
was still a bright lines day

For mention, was this would or not?
I folded up and stole away, like

You said this resembled something but
it does not yet mean or detail

Light lines the formation of which details

your signs have made alert

Scorers holding forth without meaning are
the days are here and thus

Liners, too, are longer here than not,
but say it again and again

This is the hour at hand, and you are
its emissary made of forgiveness

And such
forming signs along

but his

Mightier
Looped against the tides
your sling around

hearing

The distinctive attributes are song and its missions,
clinging in inert hedgerows to say, "Ah, I used that"
and begin again in the heart, to love
sling
score
wrapt
your own
this

Marked it now and then, but was
the headier scoop was yours
Love in the linkages of doubt
Love in the air of your own remembering

Light in the sighs of being

light against her signs or markers
in the movement of air against your body.

IV

Mexican songs on the radio, but your holdings are not that distinct, and in the mornings, here among others, you are still here still, or make them into signs of burlap and indistinct terms for removal. This is the hour of which we spoke, and if you are listening, there are other marks to deride in their significations, markers laid up against time to hold them afar and remote, muted by the terms they are for you to see one against the other they sail like likelihood or other saints would scull the oars wrapt in signs, they loop silence into an attribute or calm of love's beginning in the heart to see through time into the dust of her eyes were there in time or turned out outer signs recall and recoil into them one is said enough to hold or smooth, ankles are wrapt, too, in gauze or woundedness, he said that would do it for him, but called out for help and make waving signs in the air around your head was still enough to make them longing sighs and the desperate air of removal in the sand camps around town, with cars lunging attributes of metallic intention, mud of the heart's woe was stilled or calmed, and other friends not too remote to sail them in one on one as if and internal, but held from them by iron bands were playing on the beaches of time, with no alligators but the ones on the page, as word and work they behold you scheming in the dark with no friends around, who will protect him as in better not to be alone than recognized by others as the fool you really are is enough to keep you quiet, but working on the details of escape and mention them to anybody, just anybody will do to keep you flinging them around like flowers without stems, or holding out for another home run at the plate of desire with flowers baked into the resins, the residues were still holdovers from another time was kept aside as if, and woolen swords were kept still too in the evening where you met her at the tower's edge and song, deep in your heart still the hours creep grey and wide you sing the praises of whomsoever seeks into signs crept or disordered as a prelude to meaning, where the calm hours

remind you that you are still here in the darker hours of motion,
cloudlike and calm, the hour still beckoning out from your calm
airs in descent, in retrograde allowance, in term of, and sign.

FLOWERS AT THE MALL

Slighter hazes revolve your name against something or other internal signs are relieved along your own signs; here they are tonight, tonsure and gloam, a former allocation is tight against her sighs, left apart from the others, you call escape a name for night.

This would be it. I sent two elevators to the right, and named them after collisions in court; but kept aside his glowing robes were too tight, were a little more than lapses in the design.

I was a marker. Hooded elements are named one on two, but the keepers are, say, the colors orange or blue, but stuffed benign tumors are swept aside in agonies or doubt, a further scheme against the tidal ministers.

His is an air beside. Or boring. Maybe you slept too long. Or, perhaps his was a tangle of wood, another beleaguered presence in the mist. I was a baseball glove, wet with indistinction, but still a common element.

Here and there, your own terminals are slipped or fathomed, but stolen moments are still the same as the fruit they beckon forth in your own names for light. His is the broken anchor.

Our own singing is still a gasp in the dark, but aligned between other substances for doubt to beckon out, to cull them; forward into other days where you were lingering in the alcoves, his own substances made far and wide your own airs making one on one the other maker, but stalling told made form slighter organism your name

his own song
these elephants
are are, but still to fold, a breaker in the dusk.

I'd say one or the other. Here you are a name or
phony song. The children groping outer lights.

But the day is not your own, there are decisions, but
the opener is a foot or claim.
Moons are a derision of tact.

Follower. But a filler would open her up and sing
and sing to the right, to the reaching out.

You are this angler making his own doors open and
shut in the moving terms for what is light between
signs, butter on the toast melting into pools of
whatever it is, you are a singular doubt of images
fogged up or belted

Your own declensions of the profound heave them
onto platforms of doubt. It is too much; and what is
heavy is still a mooner in decline.

This is still it. You have moved only two
inches in this pursuit of the element of air.
Would it be words or doubt? He is a heavier
element than you decided to move against them, into
the morning's eloquence, and doubt against the
climbers hears them moving through and through
the air angling to the side for foreign dictators
moving through the darkness in their eloquent black
automobiles. It is another ending to the last song of
the century, and where there are no singers, he hears
them moving along the highway without pity or
remembrance--I'd call it something.

Therein, doubters recall it heavier than not, but a stiller calm is removed from doubt, and hearing love's anchor woolen against the throng of your insides; he feels it forward into languages on the tongue of the heart hearing woe the doubter calmed into flight or fancy. No terms are subsided into these fastenings, but claimed for color the same as you were into morning or the flattened palaces in his movie is this still agony of foment and calm, but the liners are not fooled into knowing, still it is hammering at the numbers on the floor. This was a caller in the dusk.

Your mornings were still left behind. It was one day after the other in the history of morning. Still there were no allowances for them to hold it into scheming.

It held. I looked outside and found nothing. In these hours of declaiming presences, he saddled them one after the other, strange animals without bags, leather and skin in their moorings held them into leaning or a fathom. In hours, there were eloquent siderows healing the hours into wooden platforms. It was evening.

A monkey's wrench and throng. It chose words according to their colorful value, but declaimed them one at a time to sing this diatom floating, the score flattened and sung, but held from something too remissive to doubt, their own colors marked in time he heals them into significations where the telegraph wallows in climate. This is the hour you heard me talking about, it is the calm before the storm. In inner heavings, your own cars sliding to the left is an indication that you skipped something, the myths of the hearers, and whatever the song was you skipped out of town to tell it too soon is near

enough to the end of the song to say one is enough
to claim them, a slicker hour than day itself, would
beckon them indefinitely is the hearers, uh, respite
from meaning, stalling forward is the name of the
day, to say here and now you are not signing out for
the delay of forward passions mean blue and green
in a familiar voice is the day you decided to heave
them hello you are waiting for me to justify you.

There were walking days. In the moon's movies, he
hears sounds he does not
recognize, but pallor and stem, it is foolish to heave
away the remnants of paper signs.

Foolscap. Fooler dust. Fuller must of afters.
These or the mover, and hears it outer stuffed, an
element of disaster beckons closer than you'd like,
human warmth is missing in this picture. Is it the
nature of the song? Or the singer? Later blows are
kept aside from the color gray or the other way of
spelling nears the cool signs of morning moving out:
This would be the name of your own singing, a
single tone emitting into the darkness from the
center of your eyeballs, balls against the door, balls
against the sign, where outer days name them one on
one into the morning in your own substances
making this or that relate again, it would be doubt in
its ministry, signing out from the paper on the door,
but kept within you from now and not the other way
around.

Or this would be the names you gave the telephone
in its ears to say hello you are not my singular
essence, but moved into yourself as a clearer mood
would define it now and then--he folds the table into
its corners.

Would you call the lights put out? It is here that the gray ceilings are kept from each other. Movers declare them to be decisions made in the heat of battle. It would be against them in inner doubts to clear the signs of their own meanings, but hold it clear to the outside in them made or moved aside from the center of what is there to make them, perhaps, more eloquent than the movies are made from what passes in the dark for messages from the unknown, but heavier than you'd imagine, in his own songs made from the light between your sighs, here is the hour you met them.

Sick of this, you clamor on.

It would subside into what is there, but holding on to the familiar, you clear the decks and move on, you fold your tents and step aside. It is dark in the morning, and the engine starts slowly, snow falling in your heart for the death you bear, unwilling to call out and distended from your own diet.

Heat is the element of singing. It is cold in your heaviness, but still the broken songs stutter out, it is too late to go home and too early to go to sleep. What to do.

I'd make it one step at a time, and go back to emptiness to claim your outer scales from the doorway into nothingness, it is clear in there from the decisions made by others than yourself.

It is the blood beating in silence that tells you words have been spoken, singular doubts removed but steeped in forgiveness, colors are defined by their

own calm. He hears the throngs beckoning, but steps aside, and onions are moved into place with their skinny signs from the inside out they declare their presence in tears, in their own meaning unto itself spoke his allowances motivated forms are cemented into place the doorway floating palaces smoothed into substances doubters floating in color and scheme, a new door opens into substance, and he hears the dogs barking in their pen. Pen in hand, the song declares, and old music flames the heart with forgotten signs, the farther reach is still inside, ankles cracking signs the child of time beside you day after day it is another mood clamoring into substance in hearing attributes the schemer floats into his destiny without clues to the past, and it is here that you slip aside into these hours motivated, screw the ship to the floor, you say, and form your own substances in inner markers terms for the other day you swept aside flames in the closer oceans made from one thing at a time, and you still light her puffs and spasms in forgetfulness, hearing the door close without pity, as if there was one to tell you when to stop and when to lay aside, it is here in the signs of time that you shoal your fruit and scale them out one into the other, holding.

LESS SANGUINE AND MORE APT

1

Rotored-out
was told infirmer ways
are the line forward
but you hold out for
who they are in the first place.

It is near enough for color
aligning your spine central
and foam at the heart's woe

In belief you are the manner of your speech
internal poachers have the day and
make you seek shelter in the one of many.

No respite in the hours before dawn.
You are still in the silences of thought.

2

I held her down and wept my own time
was still your own meetings in the way
you speak against me, told like
duskier motives in the lines,
still you heave away and melt.

Loaners apt to refuse and moving
but stiller gasps are formed aside.

What is too easy is done again, or your
own tides waving forward claims are
met within distinct and moving elbows.

Here there is more than you'd count,
ephemeral gloom of tides, and
her heart beating against
your own.

Moon's own mirror spoke & wheel

3

Within display, your hours moved
with vegetation spoons, a luck.

Hovered moot would out, but score
the wispiest signs plummeting again
the rovers weal & claim, but forced
was the hour's clear disdain,
a motive in your side was crept, was
fooling around, but kept it still always

This was set to be a mover, holder in
the flame of light overhead, where
you are still thinking about this
or answering too many questions
at the same time,
duck-honked with image's ear to
lead afar and calling. These are
the waves of light
holding down at firmer plains,
your fortune's calm reversed.

4

Or flatter now than hearing,
it is a fleece, a pooler whim,
finding her face at side
becoming again would fall
but hear, and wave the bluer
ghosts of night, into meaning

but held, held, held.

I know these routes inside the wall
lead into a firmer star than waits
within distances with what you call
another meal spread from word to word
with the elocutions of doubt erased from memory.

Looser claims are met, within hours calmed
but stalled afar your wooden boats are
held within and stuffed.
Rubber markers, culled aside but bent.

5

You'd ear them into place, hoot and clam;
his essays have caused purple, but more
and in internal wasps, these are the flowers
blooming in your heart, these are the days of
counting

More floaters invade the palace, wings stitched
into airways without intent, but holding--
affirmed you are these waving lines between.

I'd said this. Here it is calmer than before.

Looper flames have the trashed alignments floated
forward fops flailing these anchors of the way,
light between your eyes, a spot and plenty, surfed.

Below belongs to other dimensions, but hears
your wraps and weeping comes to no end. This.

6

What said among was indistinct but pleasure;
forward claims were met within the ear's distinction,
in your own time clawing at it.

These were the emptier hours, but held between
your own motives, another climber lost the way,
held on for everyone, claiming the day as his.

Hours, of this other, but held, the later
folder on the hall, but forming eases to the way
marking out dusker blows the finished calm
to flying hours met erased, but for the time of.

Looters pooled doubt for this, but scored flush
into the sentient scores would this be put aside
into a flaming gorge the burger slips it in
these are pushing too many and say not, say.

Beatered scrap, a sander in reversed rows,
looking forward was the name of your own day.

lingering out

7

Fisher tossed, but the lower depths are slight.

Too many of them moot to the pointer, here.
Length the flame is ovened-outer jays toward.
Souvenir but plussed into more than what, afar.

Later joshed, for the many in heat at plunder
spoiled cabbages softening the mush, but green
and red were here again, your own.

I began this again, but stopped to your days, or it

was
not passed forward in
sandier rooms of ice were here minding the forward
gaps

of light in your heart's beginning.

Still to the healing arrows are morning from
missing you day and night, was just a thought.

I scraped.

8

Season of what, you are a day that waited for
beginning terms for doubt.
Holders were forward gaps in the moon of forgotten
nights.

This was too easy to scale forward,
but you were not listening for anything again.

I looted the sky's former lines were kept in this,
but loomer densities this the day of forming hours.

It was a new term for something. Familiar,
perhaps, but elder stars wept aflame along aside.
A flyer in the night, he tossed up.

Later than not was the simpler gain.
It schooled you driving into the mist was
this day a lighter flame was forming on your lips.
These the heaving tides were kept aside,
a fluent mist or manner in his singing, scuffs of later
wraps,
the mooner mists the day was fine.

forge the light

9

Funneled into preliminary distances, he
marked up the day, but held internal rhymes
for the day's forgiveness, to let.

I held her out against the winds and saw
fortune falling in, I held the day too
far away for sighing signs intense & real
but schooled my heart to wave aside
and cling climbing arrows into the moon.

It was not so much me as you, and still
the hours were kept against the time, and
still the former stars retreated into me.

It was a day to say, "begin", and hills
were raptured from the left to less internal
regimes, the light plundered skies were
not the norm, were not the plan ahead.

And still you called out against the time.

10

Foaming canisters were skilled into
your household chimney, the delighters with
leather cups at their ears, rooming with
pity's clients in the television, tubular.

A density was climate enough to remember,
but still you hold aside my own names for doubt
is still listening here in the mooning wasps warping
out;

outer coils were clasped.

Float her down the thyme and garden, her healing
wraps around you;
call the day your own, and mark the spots along
your heart
with chalk and line, there are the hours spent.

I'd cull it downward spinning terms for this and that
are the way home.
You moon around like a density or fortune's flaming
hours bereft.

These terms are met with uneasy glances, and you
hold down the emotions of
the moment, sailing into a purer space with light
along
your sighs between the eye a spot or two.

11

And flamer days are the surer spot, you are
dense among them, one on one
you hold it out, but scale the goat's hedge
with wooden terms for doubt.
It is the single hour of time.

In the moving terms, he split his sides with
axes into buttered toasters teated
schemes afloat; with woolen ram the batter
tossed and scaled the roof's woe
the calm disdain and hearer gasps, the open
platform floating forward calms in
the schooler gasps, the foam of morning
said intense but sullen, and wisps of
cloudier days remind you of time; it is the
heart's movie you are watching, and

here her in the shower, singing or stepping
into the rain, healing the floor's
black and white with a thought that this
might be more, more than you bought
from the time you started into this, the
special terminology of light, ahead the
wavers pool aside, and firm the store with
boots; it is now that you calm and
say "descend".

HEAR & KNOW

Louder at, the spoke to temporals, thrust outer at,
marker times you'd tell me lower slow, is to told to
something terms timers I said you-all hears me saying
says outer shelf destiny within, heal you stilled now
to some wavier terms I held aside in weeps to sail
as a said outer sat makes markers woolen weavers
hold me singer signs singing now for some former
stirs aside farmers weaving hearers single-celled
animals retard huge others waverers healing stones to
some temporal or angular loosening-up of the particular
scribe he tells it slow anchor to term I said discourse
too elevated to dismiss, her in the specific spoke,
would leave it slow among others at held or future

Would speller start aside a slooped shopper says elevate
hello no shit says still allocate looks at upper dies
tonsular anchors spoil halved outers smoothed suck-husks
at what should, recasts former sills flood-sox new air,
at other stores stuffed aliens more alleviators stalled
your outer other marks heard me winning one on the other
is heard your eases muffed lingo heats looser eyes at new
angles other stores stuffed meats other offers heard
new otters other stings max new tides leaders still
neaters wings leading foot his shit sting wailed hears
enough fills earns enough others no muff stills singlets.

Lucks. to pool it spells angular outers filler sat stems a
flexed pooler shill to stem fast talker without meats to
hit it other spells new meats nix nix its a wet signal
to say no pool within axed outers I'll cry would attack outer
Critter is spoke at spoils your own fixed poolings willing
not to pool enough outers will say stay and fix enough
will not spin at shoalers in the dusk will not spin
will ease in to doubt his southern plinks will fold
at angular densities; doors opening and closing in a minute.

Would at, his stuck at at, never in no more wooling
heats inner fires other warps whelped its fling mixes
Wheeling spears no remote tales hear these at others
a shift at eaters heats his ear or hers, too, mixed up and
outer poolers whisk total fools to say now, or "deny".

Was too easy, crester fir at spinning other hears
no other wills a pool aside with firmer asks,
no attribute sills his either others no pooler in
the whim, what spills to say hello in no other, now.

PART THREE

FIRST SERMON OF ANABASIS

Every thing is light--
objects exist insofar as they
are wrappings of light

foliations in space identified
by variations of light evidence

THE SERIES

1

These at outer: Says to hold, remind to term
the other in yr skin is still ahead, and teeming
terms of doubt would call remove another time
between how you are and the rest resting

Another newer moon recalls your heart's
dimensions forward into seeming
but the fall internal, remoter
into heaviness, his blue-red fathoms

I'd shape ahead your own motives in
in the doorway opening, light, lighting
as has, to term between asides, his
is the less distinct trail, at

Markers in the dust, your own head
reeling out the day's openers declining.

2

After hours open lines recall the other
days are kept ahead foretelling anything
but what is there in front, in the lapse

of what seems to become your own
heat telling out, telling in, and the red
moons are still holding into "seeming", as

You are the one beheld in terms reminding
outer spoils are markers strewn along
the highway without passion, intense
liners remove your own descriptions
from what is lying along the way

your own meetings have become something
less than real, and the historical mirage
is still along the way waving too soon
to tell it out in between the sensations
on the wall and removing; heart to stone
would call the air a movement in senses
left between the day and rising throughout.

3

Passing into what says to wait, aside
from others in the mooning senses, you are
still here among your selves light to term
would call you further down along the shore

stem to tide, or telling out there are no
others outside the room, but falling into
light like this, still you are your own
blue meanings, remote and final, but held

affirmed in within this hour becalmed and
telling into who you are, there are these
days calling ahead for a newer light, and
thrust again against the tides falling, how
you are this mark along the terms for light.

How the mood calls you down is still a
mystery in the light, and thus and so, a day
markers out along the waves waving in.

4

What calls them outer, a pinched spot stings
at who you are today refining curls attuned
his lighter line resolved within airs remiss
or foamed, yours is the open line unwinding.

At frame recall, doubters hold back stores
from the rest recall them downers stung
along the lines waving out and hold. Form.

These louder claims are tolled within
and mark remark at stall and flame, told
as you are one among many, the ford at light
then in another hour folds away to harder
times await you; as this world is too many
you'd fall, then, at a newer day, removed
from your own disturbances in light's line
the folder on his warps refloats at tire
and shine, or woolen scraps detailed affirmed
tales, for the further scopes of the one song.

5

Longer days, the better scheme details you
in all signs reprieved from lesser schemes
into more salient norms of elocution, here.

These are the allocations of your own.
Less benign formations begin within your heart
and toll aloud infirmer days are swept ahead

Inert reminders have you here and there
within liners told by the one song. They
are singing to me.

I'd restruct at holders weld & term
with them at the core, relivers of the sign
untold but guessed with the additive
your own remark makes the tallow roomed
what schemed them outer let and said, but
on along the other shores where this is put.
I form these lighter floats by turns at fold--
a looser sky what's allied there within.

6

White waves fold enfold your eyes
say ahead the foreign loaners purged
aloud these shredders pool aloud
are kept to term would scale them out
beyond sign at scalings less profound.

I'd say again and hold, for former
allies rolled at claim and splinter, his,
too, inside lines are kept aside. For this.

What pales again, tidal and removed, you are
along the wavier claims what holds attention
inside doubt, removed to seeing by what holds
you down along inside her sighs and temple;
a slider in remoter jungles, holds the way
to tidal forges in the air beyond thought, a
claimer in the realm you told too far, and let
them down hand over hand, in the honor bent
would flight to term and let the signers go.

7

Sooner alight the former stars have
moved apart, stiller here than not, but
skiller attend, the mooning sloper
holds aside, weaving you toward this.

I scarred doubt internal lines aside,
but holders far along, too soon to weep
and tool among them one after the shin
is helped affirm and stone, to slide
between days, your own hour holding.

Loot at score, the roomier lofts have
kept this far along to be the lingering
toad, his skipper to foal and frame
the side, the color, form and tongue
his leap to light is kept to slap at
hinging poles the looter calm, at float
the formal lines are shaped out of dusk
from what you are, into the morning, at.

8

The headier gasps remind you of outer
scores sailing within your eyes have
colored lights and sentiments to hold
without detail, the mooner gaps at light.

These are less random sentences than you'd
imagine, ten to twenty, without hope of
parole; unknown allocations remove doubt
and light your feet aligned along the way,
waving out these scores are wept or signed
against what remains unreleased.

There against the room, you are still still,
and harp at other lines among them, waiting
for something to become the next doorway
into something. These are the waves of light.

These are the waving arms within you, holding
out for the new days of which we spoke. Begun.

9

At former lien, to others cast apart
would calm sustain them far along the way
into forgiveness, holding plain and sample
what foray in significances, what pall
too simple to remind you of your heart
beating on the wooden floor, lighted space
becomes you, morning after fragrances told
apart, belonging in the waves of the world
aside, affirmed from below presence, at
holders still and long along the way at all.

These are the hours against the wall,
where passion bestows newer lines between you
and the rest of light, resting here within
the sentence, at word and fall, at scheme and
told belonging to the others resting-out, heard
at skill and term, at tone and shine, the resting
hours reserved like this, like this passing out
into the air, into the newer signs you left aside.

10

His eyes. Spoke at firm, on the line
made into something, but held from this
as what is passing out is not a message
but a sentiment, belying your own interests
in favor of a larger scale of detail. Held

from what is in between the hereafter and
the now, you are among foreigners, told by
the latent scribes to move along, to hold
your bestowal in remiss, to flood afar into
what has been promised.

As these are
the hours of which we spoke, you will not
mention this to your self, but hold it at the
length of one arm. Others remove you into seeing.

Loot to flame, astir and staring, what is in the
heart hears, but light is neither attribute at all
but a lingering fathom of intensities, of itself.

11

What called across the dark, heard and
then rescinded light itself, was no other
but the one of self and interest, but
ruled inside lines or spokes, burst at
wheel and sign, they are they, and on the
waves bent or tossed. This is the line.

What passes beyond and holds is the term
for light you have resisted but not scorned,
held between sighs, her spot and tempo do
remind, and set you into motion in the signs
at pole and loft his hours becoming what
is there again, and moves you down the line.

Here there is some destiny, holding you at task
and markering light around you, sending what
is there already into seeming, but held too far
to be denied again, a lighter lighting out and
saying you are the one to decide, at this, at line.

12

This. Allowable fractures envision
your own scheming-out, is held afar into
what follows the rest, resting as it does.

In ancient postures, held into lighter
hours told ahead is too sure and remote
at after signs to say beheld was too soon
but later than that into morning's towers
hearing what is spoken at a distance
begins too soon or allows the resting hours
their own insistence for cemented terms.

You hold these particulars at a line
to score outer foils in less-than-interned
but then leaps again ahead too soon to plural
at other motives held at bay for the linear
schemes have told you of other dreams.

Marked. But you held me down in darkness
saying my name again in the lesser flames appear.

13

Score ship outer fold at skinner term
would flat to spin inner foils sliding
astir-skid, flatter to slim or golden,
but alter motive and firm to slipped tear
skips to lighter noons to former scar.

The light at pool to term the wooden star
lingers total a flame or pasture, held
at slingers learned that or shorts skim
another word, the beneficial the sworder.

You are and along him, speaker lets tell
in formal dress or factory slowing hears it
saying now or beneath denial the ship burns
and out now tremor to post-hole in lights
fathomic and disdain is held toward moving
the linger float, the pooler scrap its dune
as would score ship to nooner gasps affirms
the calm suspicion of light beginning now.

14

What squall the wooden hand waving
unretrieved substances emit and pass
your own airs say calm return the outer
signs remove and stain, holding out into
forgiveness where the signs themselves
have fallen. Into disrepute they call
for newer life and turn again into what
they are in light beheld but made infirm the
times and waves of what is there already
getting in the way of good intentions, where
the man and his openings underway are not
the same but unrevealed substances at work are
the tempo and manner of the day ahead and weaving
out from one to the other holding out for what
relief comes at the end of the day with your
own heart beating in among these lesser airs
too removed for doubt and sooner there than not
in the waves waving out the scores would say
beyond is close enough for fair play, you are.

15

Love's agenda in knowing has no bounds
but becomes the heart's evenness sliding
from here to history; after-hours tell
you how the day progresses in inert folds
her heart beating against your own likeness
in the morning after light, and come between
silences, the rapt fortunes have begun.

And as these are the hours of which we
spoke, there is this and no other to you,
there is allowance and refinement in
what you do, in how you begin the sentence
without hesitation, remembering darkness and
the slighter sounds of your own silence.

Something comes between the hours in lag-time
and flames in the heart's eye no other would
say the same in how-it-is, but holds and
goes ahead, into the next day, outer on.

16

Lighter shines have remove or sense, at the rest
of outer scales to go ahead in remote beings
alive and well beneath your planet has the day
ahead in signs you might revolve around the rest.

These are what remains of owner-platitudes
and sail among them one after the rest in some-
thing has come around the end of the line, but
holds inwardly to scores unrepeated, or left by
this is the answer sought by whomsoever seeketh,
but call more remote days the light along your
sign is this and no other to wait afar and poled.

But this would call awaiting times are the call
of the day, and hold you to promises made and
as yet undelivered, to follow along so far and
say the rest is not clear at all, but holds
within signs of what is to come, and folds you
back and down against your own tithe again.

17

What at call or sad, would spell retreat
too soon for a new alignment, but the
personal hour made infirmer here than else.

Would pall at smooth renew, they're there,
and pool the hours without intent, marking
sooner sums have her hearing light from
in the basement, doors waving signs are
split between here and what follows in
the night of forgiveness you are spelled
with clear intentions marking the floor.

Skip short flights pull restore shelf to
stock a man in his singular destiny is not
too thin as thought describes your own light
and in tune with the rest, aflame or stirring.

Yours is the southern plain working hard in
these hours, removed from everything, shining.

18

I'd spell-out. You are whatever works,
chalk circle on the floor, & all that.

The hours' art a skipper on the scene
make removal out of the question, aired
in liking it, says the day, your other is
then, afloat. Hold the moment see it
lingering terms too remote for distance
even, angle of lines said flirt scrip
a doomier fax at lighter doors foaming
heathens, delight to tanks taken in
at birth; blighted noons, the sheep flying
in formation a loopier fang details hymns
the ladies at their distances are a hum
intense relief in the mountains, heliport
to a series of assertions, then fade into
moons, distant, flying, hours, foray, eeled
eyelid and firmer designs deep within you
are flying into the next frame again, duct.

Then he soaps afar term-frame and spoke
to "quote" again, the movie maddened from
who says you are not removed into the scheme
but willing in tents to shaft word to word
they are not so much distant as not-in-focus,
but dread their stomachs hanging out at noon
from the waist downtown he hears them singing
as against doubt your own imaginings do recall
the rainfall in mountainous retreat no fence in
the heart's woe determined to rise head inside
her peering out no place to man the flags waving
in disaster made the signs of the time, reversed.

Do they write at all? And how? I call in term
allow to split pinnacle dog to shell-out fenced tarts
aligned by columns, how roofier pistol repine at
cluster puck, "Annual Thyroid Festival" in
mountainous
stomachs have come again and again, the harbor
delimits
flying arrows markered in within doubt a shell and
sky.

Folded aside, hearts to flour his own
manner aside, there are foment to calm
in these are hours spent ahead, total to
calm the mooner claims are wept aside
toward totaled forms are retreat to palm.

Hers to spin, these airs wandered into
town without intent, aiming out in something
new, but held to firm aside these singular
densities are folded one on the top and
the other aside, but held is too intense
to real, and said thus, these are the hours
met aside and learned, scored perhaps, into
toners laid along the waves, yours are the
hours, too, and cling into meaning what skips
at sidereal minnows, the claim and tone of
what is marked out to others in their own
drama; clinical and pursuit, it is down the
day you called me into question, and bit the
dust too soon to mark along the waving airs.

21

Tore toward, or oar'd ore. Lean.
It's white to poof, re-spool inner
oaf teed wood, would prefind your ear
linter cooling, cooled-out airs say
remove. To air spoke in cling a call
spoke at wheel & turn, termed afar
afloat to you, as has, to let. Eye.

Like inner fire, your eyes say smooth
me in your heart's hours spoke within at
light to pall beyond the score in total
to belong within as has, to become you at
the air's remembering who you are.

Format removed his headier claim,
and spoke to calm the indigent natives
housed as they were within smoke, you held
me down hours' said remove and hold me
from the terms of light, to change.

22

Otter signs rescind doubt, holding out
from what precedes thought, eventuating
image to sign, what holds through to seeing
in inner terms renewed by light itself,
how you are here among the allowable times
from one aspect to the other, how you
are held intense and line, but hollowed out
by life's own forms, it is this to do
and hold the rest firm, without pity.

Hours detail inflammation re-pulsed at
the denial posterred flights are flavors
from color designed out, but pulling,
but putting them in order has water flowing
over the edge and then going on down the line
at scorers totaled toward a meal or share
the mooter points not playful but not denied
in who they are today as your own substances
floating downstream with organized masks.

23

"I guess these are not thoughts"
in the terms you remit, but hold
to words from the ether as if you
were not among other substances enough
to tell the rest from rescue, but hold
doubt at ear's length to remind you
that there are no others in the room.
In flames, the bird has no outer, but
toils within wind unrepentant but on
a mission to the skies, photos upside
in terms rescind or other, but told purple
at hours' pall and schemer, his is the
rope you dangle on, at the end of, or
mark reminders as if another mind were
at stake, on the wooden sticks, but
hardly from another age, your permission
is still received to be the same with
them as others in the room, no distinction
is said in these hours of light behavior.

24

What calls recall "a frisbee for God"
within terminals are not removed, but
stall afar at start and still associated
off the wall toward the resting places
proffered as necessary elements, node
to unit, spill at anchor-term, the lighter
spaces are flood-plain or destiny, from
data placed at stove-hold and penetrated.

Was pastured out, like an ending or nowhere,
entered toward the back, answering tides have
no dimension but reflected force as if holding
out for more, perhaps a mooner skein liking
out as has, so let the others mark to term at

what shoals forward into the heart's woe, no
foam abets loaners mood-to-line, what palls
to no remove emit, or hold her deep within,
out of air, out of sign, and lighted far beyond.

25

What pastures long in the sense of others
stalls remove from doubt, but anchors on
into oblivion, too soon reminded of that,
but yanking on into the future, we are
another minimal forgiveness in the lightness
of being at all, what welcomes the other
into our circle of perception, our beloved
sense of, uh, area.

and linger her, and fold aside, and feather

Would at hat. I call remove at utter and form
to little in the heart, but bursting from it
and calling out anew, at outer scales the higher
lines emit or coalesce into this falling forward
into light, cars in position for the move, you
flood the tonal, at reform to load portions out
it holds to, no salient but remark, totaled, afar
but liner-to-tow, and flaming, and this.

26

Skips toward unfallen tempos, less than
others have kept this far along, too, and
held into terms what falls into meaning,
without your signs have kept this going
along the way and no others to decide
whose or not, but keeps this, too, in.

I am your own reminder, but slid into
markers saying hello in the wilderness,
but flown or scripted like a sum, as.

I stroked or planned about the next year
what would go along this and keep your eye
glued to the papyrus as interlinked and
informal as a new attire would fling into
who is there and who is not against the
light lingering without sensation, but told
from this to who you are again, and mooning
out the layer of something slipped into sight.

27

What's past. The hour or adventure, holds
that what along is not or left, but scores
it into becoming some newer rift or chasm
in the waves of light surround you here.

I packed it in and crept foreplayed outers
were the calm of the day, yours, too, skimmed
into callers reaping towers forward singles
in the moot reflection of the here & now.

Refined but hopeful, the day has another claim
to command attention, but holds back in an
expectation of release, and calling evening
out to play would open other wings to shape.

Held at the other pole, you walk around again
reflecting light from the inside, in moments
declared to former skies denying nothing, but
slipping far along in the moodier afternoons.

28

What spoils roving rams of this, to
float rough Coronadoes afloat within
too many after the marker moved again
what scored effaced and central, punt.

Looters rifle outward scores reversed,
to centered acts the wheel is turning,
and makes a round along the definitions
you have left within elements and parks.

But the door is still a flattened opening
made of dimension out of rafted plans
or slipped away into other manners of doubt
to send away would not be true to the heart.

But the floor weaves too many circular days
are fed apart and moving, child to one, but
then arise, note, spend your heartier days
without food but clinging to the raft again.

29

And goes toward light, forwarding all
the mark and stem of what pulls you out
as these are made out of something new
and holds apart from other reminiscences
adding your own pools beyond what waits
or folding out this and what it is, and

Yours would be the terminal where it keeps
and marks the air around you again is blue
in the holding times of what becomes light
there is a sensation beginning to start
but parted into succeeding waves of time

It is another mood, perhaps staining your
alcoves of light are lingering at the door
waiting again for what is not given, implied
hours remind you that you are passing through
and holding out for the resting terms at this
or line-out in a simpler meaning than another.

30

Looped patterns score designers here
below unrattled passing left to right
at how, your own release determines what
will come toward wispiest blocks of
whomsoever, and out would cull day at.

Or spoke below will hear arms out to
man or others in their determinacy
from fool to skimmers at the light,
folding out and letting the rest go
in these hours, what comes back again.

I lightened hocus pocus flames upward
into morning claiming inner warps have
turned acclaimed to them as pay again
or leap total scrapper flooded ink
their loans are left unsaid, but more.

Here are the floating pools of light.

NOTES

"limn", to illuminate.

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The Century, Portland, Oregon, 1988.

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