

WHITE START

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This is the start of something. It is also the start of something in between what is starting and what it is, besides the time of being what it is to be starting in the time of something new which is starting up inside this is that which is starting and this which is; besides the starting, the being new is as involuntary as the vase on the monitor, blinking aside the newer times have come betimes, beside the time of making something new or turned out blue and red the motive is still beside the time of being in the time of being the term of blue and red values beside forms of retirement, shades of time beside the rest is turned out to be something here and new a minimal term of this and no other the reflection of which, as association of thing seen and the term of for this or some other is the experience of the time of being at doubt, where your own fingertips have overvalued the linearity of your own terms for something related to the passing hours of inflammatory terms spent on recollection; your own lighter terms fled, swept hours, woolen throngs, hours wrapt in inner values termed this and no other, or your own premises related into something new and slightly heavier than lead, or this position less than comfortable to you, he said, this and no other penetrating slower than you imagined her other hours not looking back and not particularly looking forward would be slightly too cautious to fill the screen with this and no other in your own hours kept from seeing where the end is.

Your own to no other says this is too still to become some other becoming this, and no other says the same is still moving into this and then coming back again into this and no other is still said to become the same as this is still this and no other says the same is still moving into this and no other moving still into this: a still-moving terminal stills the headlong movement into sound the same as stopping here and then moving still into this and no other says the same as this is still held too far into the color moving still here and no other is still here. But you are this in your own seeing of what is moving at night the same weather as before but more of it holding in the forecast is just like some other visitor calling here in the easier movement back and forth of just who you are from time to time made the same as this is still moving his own hours falling forward in these slow hours hooked up in sound and motion to the flowing see-saw of what is heard in the ear's mind, from slower balances of movement to the very life of

the form of experience itself, nor watching content or incontent, who knows the difference, is still held slower hours are woven slow along the nape and then beyond, beyond into the hours of your own dusk in unrecalled sensation the closer terms are kept aside from here to there the relevant hours are still slower than sound moving in these inert rows of light and dark, slower terms are still for these hours moved too slow to be this and no other, it is still this and no other has something to tell them from now and then it is a thing beheld in the formation of doubt released into light, as these terms are still here and moved into color the same as this and what becomes the time of who you are in some other terms mixed the slowly timing capsule of light the hours swept aside influxed and terminal hears his bow string along and stop, as doubt rests.

Next. The other one says hello, and stops in the middle of a sentence to remind itself that there are passageways too soon smooth to remain other outer than sails the remote coils too soon removed to say hello again, and says next is too soon.

This is the more soothing arrowsmith in the club of others singled out for anything saying hello in the smoother lines along the top terminal as has this song to single your own lines along the smooth of equals in the air hello says this and no other starting here to begin another whole progeny of doubts to let them says is a foolish air along your thighs, with music making the lines too clear to be this and no other at an angle of feeling with no perhaps attached, being less than you'd want but having not too much to say about quantity, anyway what's the arrow up you nostrils but another syntax reclaiming the psyche of your own sentences saying more about you than you'd like; and with his in the background of ownership, you'd call out that it is in silence that perfection is undiminished, but in recall left in time to become the smartass thing of unreflected doubt which clears the air of what seems to be truth on the one hand and yet along left alone in the smiling protuberances of thought to be proven real or not by the man at hand, or handy enough to become thought itself in the unremitting solution of feeling and sensation in their own relation to passion that has it that as a man needs so too shall he receive, in accord to want so is one made whole in the quest of his finding, no not a beloved but a quest and a finding, and to be left alone there is no reflection worth making but the final statement that it is not doubt which speaketh but the mat at bay, waving in his inclinations to become something sooner than silence, and spoke to the air that it is here that it happens and not in some waving room, wading rheum of

some sellor's doubt made funny by being less than whole, and in his walking off at the end of his saying, bailing out, as it were, into the inevitable pool of light, Nabakovian sentence of something beyond even your own sensations, it is here in the sentence that the line goes on and on, and becomes a syntax of purity which has no beginning and no end, but ravel on with the elocution of sounding and receiving, and making you into this gumball light house of something red and blue, leaving overlapping relationships to the design-crew, it is in hyphenation that we lack wholeness, and make the air resounding call the air a day and hold, here.

Says this is, and more than that, is waiting beyond blue and green hours, the cooler gasps another declamation into the gray air along your head and tail the same as remembered friends, a lighter hue than this or that, volume at the controls, the aesthetic of the age a mere truth in the wilderness, but held by the grasp of a dying planet, held into the old-boy net of slurps and chuckles, no, you'd have another day to be resolute against the nets and slime, the slime-dwellers in their hovels, sliming out the end of the day with sharp rebukes for honesty And a good slap or two thrown in just to make sure. Ah, the smallness and nastiness of the slime dwellers endears them to history as the best of the worst, or the least of the last, whichever carries upstart movers into the air and then holds.

Next after next is this, waving into foreplay with a slicker-than-air solitude which types out slower than that, too, light and air between the lines another slower arrow saying this or that, but sooner than you'd make it or newer than you'd think about it, it is here and thus that something occurs, and between what is and what is not, there is no shadow but the figure of an act, the desire for being which impels motion into being in the barest signature of a gesture, and the willowy transfiguring of the ordinary person into the barest whisper of divinity when he/it seems to be just about to move, then a man/person is deprived of his unity and becomes simply the barest signification of the start of a gesture, and in that impulse to being which precedes action, a person is seen to be the reflex he is, and made pure by the intention to act, an amoral substance, which gives to action the purity of its intent, deprived from the identity of the act/actor, he becomes the motive or the motion and soars out into a salient future without slighter gasps from the others; light calls the air around her spot another signification of doubt

which says that just another pretty face is a series of words before it is the summary of a man's character.

This is as stated against the mural and sphinx, his hours swept aside between rhythm and substance your feathers are here to become a smoother hour angling along in these sailing lines, your spot a newer line to be calm that even the most thorough have this still here and angling into and holding, it is still here that something clings to your own lines still and firm, but said that this is the one to make him doubt or what, or what is the call forward to the air's own terms for light that make the terms one after the other a newer thing than you'd imagine, but saying this is the angle to stuff you down and say that it is this and no other in the signals of doubt, his own airs swept from side to side and then made to wait in the back row like everyone else, made to wait too long just like everybody else, making the terms too swift for laughter and too slow for remembering, since speed is of the essence, to wait slower, that it is here that you rest.

Still, they are still here in the silence which follows feeling, termed from him to here, unknown, and slowing stoned along the veritable highway song and sailed the same as was said once before you when used to it, he said sad songs and got used to it, never compromised, mystery tramp, alibis, stare into the vacuum of his eyes, make a deal, a deal, make a deal, and how does it feel, and how does it feel, to be on your own, like a direction, in a complete unknown, like rolling stone, and goes on into the harmonica solo, the jugglers and the clown and their tricks, no good, get your kicks for you, chrome horse, diplomat, Siamese cat; discover that, not where it's at, he could steal; how really does it feel, no direction home, like a complete unknown, and like a rolling stone, with the harmonica taking it out, to the refrain. Got it made. Precious gifts, pawn it babe. So immune. A Napoleon in rags, go to him. When you got nothing, and nothing to lose, invisible, no secrets. How does it feel; to be on your own, and no direction home. Like a complete unknown.

This says it is hot to stalk in the foremost, and a new hat is still slow enough: do you havta ask? The rest is cynical enough to believe that the higher the education the higher the cause. And hungry sweat weed is still too slow, really weird. But slow enough to say hello again, but says the same thing over and then holds them off to say it another way is still too slow to remove it from everything in the surrounding

circumstances. But holds that it is too slow to hold them back and forth, how come you don't move?

With echoes in the heart beckoning forward into the memory of a man without a cause, another Gemini disturbed by success from the frothing other inhabiting his slow-footed brilliance, stalling fate with a hesitating faith in spite of the monstrous calling into the real like the shaman who refused, died.

But slow enough is stalling along-among, or other stalling highways, with colored words, like 'like', I think he's choking on his phlegm, no, no it's the climax of the song, or the refrain, but something is making a stuttering, strangling kind of sound.

And it goes down.

But shatter and turn, the other forward claim says hello, and stills from here to there and stops. Surely, there is some pattern to this which might mean as it is read in a way that doesn't mean as it reads.

Scored out red and terminal turns are set a stone rattlesnake hide. Bo Diddley rings out in back as said straight ahead, spoke with balance, not with Howlin' Wuffs strait shot. Eric Clapton is still going off in my head, live solos reverberating in time, echo-effect of listening. But here in time, I'm glad Bo is coming out of the twin speakers in front, sound around in between the window and the doorway.

A change of venue comes forward too soon again, a crooked pathway might do something again the pose of non-objective prose. This is

Undue clemency removed too soon including the sign you made in the blue room too soon again you are a one, or another is still said too slow to say do this or do that, is going and show, the same slow dance to time or rooms made the same as this, and moving too slow as one is reading this and seeing that it is sound-based, but going blue and red the thumb of the room the rhythm of her eyes saying yes across the distances, to love betimes spoken too slow and then gong, gong the blues comes back into the earshot fifties thump and bang of the gong song from the Ikettes.

As dance or the tune of life is against the dance of death, they are in opposition to each other, as we sweep into the craze of the dance, the centrism of rock and roll, of the doo wah dittie. You are thus, it says, you are the dance and smash of things moving in time to say hello in the smart moon of your senses, to say hello in the darning of the

toughs through the colors blue and green he spills across everything to say this, and this, and then, this again: smoother than shit he flow across the white light of evening, true hero the dream of flying free. Soon the black wall of doom scores the unnecessary parts of nothing in particular, as preceding the revival of everything in banana and bacon sandwiches, too soon with colenterata, or whatever that Mexican parsley is called: sill-sill-sill-an-troe, the reason for going along is this, uh, one word after the other. The fountain.

Simple markings of origin.

Shored hours unrepentant scores not to settle, but carried out as slow as this, maintenance of emotion which carries feeling as it were, into a separate realm, denying what is less than honorable to thought itself, whatever that means: no it is nonetheless the attribute of calm, per se, as Gene says, meaning itself to itself, as Olson says, and float the schemers into the dust, flattening out the doers and the others to be become, to be becalmed in this present hour the arm stroking the air one term after the other, in repetition the final motives of thought revealed to the slow eye who looks and sees and remembers, the hours are too slow beckoned to tears the truer terms made of something new, afloat and central, the surf beating on either shore, either; it came from this side in this dream and it came from that side in the other.

And as loaner-dice remit too clever to say hello, too soon to quash, as the saying goes, it would be down the hill to a quick bash and then on over the top to something new. Like, sounds good, but what else? Fuzzed out.

Revealed hours tell the scorers to the left or right, more circumpolar attributes are kept from between here and now receding, kept from anything too soon as would be this to tell, from how your own specific gravity would give way to seriousness and still, still stay lyrical, at least for the moment of giving, and then, uh, the usual collapse into individuality, and forgiveness. The human.

Would as spoke, was set in term, the saying set to one-on-one, and stringing slow of these early hit-or-miss moments in flexing up the hand and eye thing, to see if it floats well enough to drive, to drive slow internal floating of the ear's eye. Slow and full he terms it left to right.

Your grants and aids are too slow and too kept to be cute. A good sentence is one that reads well.

Was what came slow and no less then terminal, but in retribution it has some colors to say that this and that are too soon spoke to becalm in the midst of these more seasonal signs of what is sent one on one, the rest declare and say the same reflection one-on-one you come into what was there before and in the realm of dustier hours, it is say hello and then split. The roses are red no more, but are made into other colors by the motives of the atmosphere clenching as it does on hydrocarbons; Ursula, it is here that we become one with the engine, living on its fumes, as we do.

*Was at had or said, small figures on the table top foretold
substances relieved to say don't or pass, and in some
insubstantial realm, move and hold to walk and hold.*

*Term and set, walking slowly, or making the difference
all collide in time to be beyond or become, same as
and told. Would say "one was," or "sent," but hold*

*In time is set as set, becalmed internal resolute, the
same as this is fast enough to remember, but stays the same
and moves internal from the top to curving shoulders.*

*Shadow figures emerge to become the same. Duplicates unite.
The light erupt'd in within, fouled off to the right side
to become something lesser, unremembered, immediate. Set.*

*Too loose to be reminded, you still mean the same to me
in times intense you were the same unproven one, but
I held too far off and went on to become my own sign.*

*Less orbital that told, it is the substance of the thing
which finally removes you from the other side of silence*

and makes these hours mix realm and call the door is open.

*Bottom of set, dispersed around the field, they linger on
in terms intense and personal; but still you are the same,
and love rules the day against type, set and term, one.*

*The same as before you said the same was this, magnified
into itself, and made real the same as what you are,
or made less personal in horizontal lines moving along.*

*You made another term below the rest, and called slander
another motive for distance, for becoming less than real
too easy to be a crime, but too lonely to be led away.*

*It is in color and design that the eye sees what is there
and marks the other moons a point of reference for those
who follow in the blue distances from behind the wall.*

*A softer clarity is no mere soft removal of doubt, but
someone with his bases loaded against time for this
or that to be real, for the term to be reminded here again.*

*Yours is the true filler. You are the one unique moment,
curled around intense wires from your brain to the outer
coils of emotion, eyes intense as real, moving in space.*

*Lighter shows are long enough. Moved across silence, you
mark colors in less reminded forms, but call their essences
into being with slipperier airs than you'd remember.*

*His hours are a slow removal in the documents of change,
verbose or unprofound, the same motive claims attention*

as you hear them one on one, the light, the day, affirmed.

*These are the lines which call apart. Their turn is swept
aside from too many markings over too many years, but
they hold you slowly and turn from one direction to this.*

*He said another thing is slowly moved from one side to
the other, but smoothed apart from your own ears into
the realm of gold, of the poem in your heart growing.*

*They want more light than there is to share, and in the
signs you make, there is more than these rough hours
to share, and too many lines to go beyond and hold.*

*He moved with silence to protect himself, clothed himself
with its anonymity, and cleared the air easily and
kept moving through the time of danger and kept moving.*

*Voices without names are mere announcements, calls from
the void without substance. Still, the true voice is
without name or sound or personality or even words.*

*The two rebukes align the senses and the times from
the heart into the deeper reaches of conscience,
where the motives themselves reside in perpetuity.*

*No, it is not 'when it happens,' but the now of the
now: civilized to see, but lost to the moment, and
being in the form, then, there, is as one and one as is.*

*The transcendent is transcendent. **Sat. Chit. Ananda.**
Being, consciousness, rapture. A poet is. A profession*

and a lifestyle of being in touch with that. At end, open.

*“Helped by hidden hands,” and “following your bliss.”
As, following, and having it all the time. Said, this,
as was spoke to begin, and be at other no more, at all.*

Your own moment continues into this, or happening at all in the ragas toss forward, overcoming his own eyes. The magician turns forward into the air and falls forward slowly into the mists of your own seeing. It is now in the foliage of the heart that you see who you are, and say now and then, that to reveal something to him-who-sees, or releases himself into the ether of the world, then he surpasses himself to, to speech or to some other of the self which demands attention.

Your own hours call it out, and say that to remove from anything makes the rest reside in nothing, or follow the rest into deeper lines than they'd hoped for, singing in movement that the electric is in the more real moments, and that to imagine that you passed it off too soon is not exactly the still picture on the screen before you.

It is here in the solitude of stylistics, removal and disdain not mere words for honor, that you consider the apposition of sensations, the light source from within the sentence, leaning forward suddenly and calling out, foresworn, and still alone in the dark, next door, waiting.

Or is it all night the same as this, removed from doubt and waiting; his own song calling out in this nearer distance, it is too soon for romance and too late for stillness, it is more than words falling out around your mind, it is the still being of nothingness resounding in the forward hours, it is song.

You hear something and wait for the rest to come into focus. It is a long time coming and doesn't go away, and still you say that the rest is soon enough to be real, and still you say hello.

Too set, too. I marked a remark and stilled it outer, said no more was this, and to become words, runs aloft and waits for color to be salient and dodged in the air around you. Called to doubt, or rested in within he calls out for the others to eat fast and then move along. It is this real aspect that loosens up your hand.

As crossed again, it was formal or distant, the same day rolling out into the flattened forms of repetition and discard. Occasionally, a spike poking forth from the snow, occasionally a colored light distancing through the heavens as a sharp line, a puff of light arcing through consciousness as a thought becomes painfully attached to the brainstem, you halt and say hello, welcome home stranger, it seems like only yesterday you said goodbye, I've had enough to last for three lifetimes, I just want to rest on this rock here for a minute or two; but no, you won't say hello even in the evening, and wait for them to becalm the alternate skies without pity, scientific and yet sensual at the same time, a good idea defends itself with the honesty of its own existence.

But you ;made reminiscence more than a thought, you made good sentences fly along and then wait for the others to even up in the distance, to let them string along to seem to be the thought itself, running through your own feelings with the structure of structure, it is pattern and recall that bind you into the laying on of hands that is doubt itself and more to recall than to wait for new beginnings, you hold them down and say to the others that this is it, this is the final dogday of the rough start, jumped.

Your own Hieronymous. Self starter and wooden, more than a fixed idea in the history of art but a rather weird looking guy from a copy of a self portrait reproduced 3x3 inches in a travel magazine, or was it a Byzantine replica of art history that drove Mailer to such epitomized drivel? Rather, the rest a wrinkle and cream, the music is pure and simple the devil's atrophy, like "Bill Cosby is Satan" graffiti'd on the billboard makes about as much sense as the day-before's donuts, left out to dry in the sun and then wrapped up for the weekly donut toss, around spikes driven into the ground, or meaning nothing, stops to rest.

*White comes across again, and waits at the door to become new.
And though your own birds are more woolen than doubt
the rest becomes clear enough for now, and waits for more.*

*You are now involved in more than you know about.
It is too much, of course, but then it always is, is.
Sentimental terms are, uh, just too much for description.*

*Air follows suit against the tides. He holds the water.
Now there is more than there was before. It is holding.
You see that there are two more in the darkness now.*

*And if the air calls ahead for more, you don't mind
if the polls are close to the edge, with no one person
in mind. Final rains are too smooth to clear off*

*Smoother airs recall this into the moving platform
and wait for more to come through the pipeline
against type, against the rains, against form.*

*Sticking clear to the moon and back, images
fold around each other in time, in memory, in shape
they sail recall the windy revlons against sound.*

*You are still the unwed mother. You are still a
blood style beating heart between the sheets
another climate forbearing all others.*

*Quick sixes are too cool along the former days
of all the rest against the tides, recalling.
He says no more and shifts woodenly against doubt.*

*This is too quick to be so smooth, he thinks,
it is too soon from one end to the other, it
is color along the sides of things seen.*

*The staircase is here and there revealed for
what it is. Around a bend, there are no codes
for blue and green, it is too random again.*

*Moving along, from right to left, it is here
and now the tunes swirling in your head, the
light air of nothing revolving thorough unprofound.*

*This is doubt itself, movement and time into each
passing doctrine, a foal and charge moving in
image, dictionary and stance, he floors them down.*

*This and another, is the force betrayed too cool
to be another founding set against poem the term
of what follows a shrinkage, a revelation, blue.*

*Simpler times unite, and call the others in from
the field, to begin again, and to form another
alliance based on love. Or dreams thereof.*

*The inner space resounds with unfamiliar time.
In the off season, it mows lawns and writes
slow seasons of paragraph and the moon crying.*

*But calm them down, or wait for more; it is the
season of the witch, and what follows is new enough
to make you think about real obscurity, eh?*

*This is easy enough to follow along, colored
in among the times it takes for following through
as far as it goes, but to wait for more is it.*

*He presses on into the void, pursuing voices
around the equator, pausing to reconnoiter against
howling winds in the inner space of nowhere at all*

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