

I C
A notebook

mark so

DEATH-SPIRAL 6, 2
MARFA TEXAS 2020

13 ii 18 Los Angeles

noise of the instrument
the indiscretions of the notes,
opened the window,
A few drops of rain were falling.
an effort to stay awake
pensive worker.
each stroke of the needle
those interlaced threads

14 ii 18

palm trees,
the leak drips
to the South generally
What is money?
small time
(of no importance)
the first warm days,
he doesn't love me anymore,"

16 ii 18

a complex
which reminds me
so unimportant a thing.
here and there,

21 ii 18 Marfa

there then and here
A pause,
something on paper
Somewhere, in the background, rooms
On her walks she stepped into people's gardens
An occasional sunset is reflected on the windows.
Long time lines
a word
one day split open,
we delight in distance.
every country is a word
a din in the air.

23 ii 18 Chattanooga

24 ii 18

against the fog
lemons revealed
“All over America
Under long fluorescent bulbs,

25 ii 18 Harrisburg

GAS ATTRACTIONS

Greek for word
“Misty Mornin”

25 ii 18 Newark 12 mi

your transient position allows you a perspective that's unique

25 ii 18 Brooklyn

talking to nature
There is no solitude.
only the elephants
creatures are compound and nothing
taking a drink of water
driving through the tunnel

26 ii 18 JFK

All that is newly incommunicable—
or merely an appearance
a country that did not speak
blue room
in the margin.
honey running.
one day deeper.
filled with transitions.
a hole
in the car forever,
the circumstances of a dream,
bubbling in the waters
details of atmosphere
dried mud.
a nature scrapbook. What follows a strict chronology has
no memory.
objects and occasions
The smells of the house

27 ii 18 Los Angeles

new lines
from very near.
little lines
breathe it in
the murmur of the crowd
the voice
a bluish transparency,
glancing around

3 iii 18 Altadena

sequences. Sentences,
It's in them.
Small birds following
a dream or in a dream.
Scattered,
anything can be transformed—
He is noting.
with fluent pencil
new thoughts, new machines—
The leaves outside the window
through a fading light
of blue above.

already, words.
all loose ends.
in this different world.
seen from the air.

14 iii 18 Los Angeles

While everyone was still asleep.
the meadow, walking
reading
the column of figures,
in the middle of the night,
climbing the stairs,
out of dirty windows,
receive it. All these

16 iii 18

something on paper.
Lasting,
strewn with rubbish.
other words,
The room, in fact,

17 iii 18

a walk alone,
which nothing
language is

—on either side
in a single piece,
one can't expect
dog.
bathtubs.
Elbows
a photograph,
some noun,
exactly suited
Lasting,
Soggy sky,
make room in a stubborn world.
beautiful wilderness
place
a rare print
sanded floors,
mere facts
emblems, equivalents, harbingers
a sky darkening,
being mistaken,

a serene landscape.
everything may be different
to live among ruins—
dead cities
not sensitive to irony.
they was,
passions of a narcissist.
Anyone's silence
the open sea
in the rear of the cave,
inordinately expressive:
another refugee
tableaux vivants
in strobe-like succession,
improvisations.

25 iii 18

a glass of barley water.
his mustache
a kind of incomprehensible force
filling her eyes
listening to the silence

separating the two words.
listless, half dressed,
the cold air,

29 iii 18

not well thought of here
common sense,
Rude furniture,
peripheral intimacies
it is the landscape
walking the streets
the river painted over
at the heart of what is
to write
—the book of streets and people, events that happened here
and there.
a squeaking sound
touched by the wind.
crimson sky
There is the story

30 iii 18

disturbing the relations
the indelible streak of commonness,
a window,
an act of love.

2 iv 18

murmuring
toneless voice
for the memory
down the long avenue,
scattering in the wind.
the many windows

4 iv 18

no great treasures to sell:
Gift of the artist.
you go, and wait

8 iv 18

the path, the alley, the market,
along the walls,
a small thing, really—
each meaningless word
a new hope.

a paper shopping bag.
Plenty of light.
places are not remembered
long rustic winding
the birds flutter
knowledge of participation in the inhuman
array of hacked corpses:
guts

12 iv 18

Back in the city, a letter
Still permitted
babbled on,
his book
bedside reading,
to be alone,

20 iv 18

here and there in the room;
time is added to measure,
I was an object of time,
leaving tunnels, or windows,

asymmetrical but additive
flickering effects, not knowing

23 iv 18

no longer painful.
anxiety.
little paper circles

27 iv 18

a committee, all translators.
I hate it.
a pause,
a way of saying,
a point of view—

1 v 18

In the background is a dark, fiery Vesuvius—

5 v 18

paler than usual,
for his other, second life,
shunned by the rest

6 v 18

eating the salad

the lines which mark the hopscotch
Wherever I might find them, however unsuitable,
the vanishing vernal day.

9 v 18

from a dream, this dream
the time sea
bearing seeds .
float words,
their sounds,
that music might be wakened
where the day drowns .
followed by the dog

13 v 18

to follow one's dreams.
life, world.

14 v 18

Tuba's little melody.
On my mother's side,
the history of that moment,
scratching at the paper
guy with a harmonica.

an instrument of discontinuity, of consciousness.

15 v 18

makes him remember
a fleeting moment—
reawakening the world
The Unicorn
returned to the old scenes
made of memories as well as the world
the wild ones in some new spot
a tapestry, spring flowers
known materials.
a sensible grouping
open spaces;
sentiments, resembling waves,
Behind the freeway
anxious to be alone,
day by day
keeping the pennies warm.

A force of penmanship. There are places in it
a particular garden,
being more natural,
material calm.

16 v 18

polar rhapsodies.
images you pick up.
out of the stones etc.
Nothing else
WALK in the world
among its rails and wires,
into the past
If it were writing

17 v 18

observed from a high angle,
composed of many small parts,
a portrait in mosaic

19 v 18

twentieth-century style.
spreading out loosely into a conglomeration of rooms

21 v 18

I read the sentence,
The words
continued to hover
In the telephone room
solitude. A pause, a rose,
a diary
a pace
to reappear.
pronounce it,
the space
a landscape

25 v 18

This is shit.”
a dusty century
with a book in it
the hand!
deeper than death.
—the birds and flowers,

26 v 18

indefinitely expanding horizons

generic permissions
a partial understanding
duties, frustrations, and distractions.
write each other every day.
being unbuttoned
a song.
The sun is shining.
something rising, higher, higher; the sun getting brighter, so
she shuts her eyes; the sound,
singing to her.
into the abyss of depression,

28 v 18

patterns which are happily new to nature,
birds flying, drifting, or resting,
treetops, with or without leaves,
a new world of light and youth.
Chinese imports.

flat pattern effects.

30 v 18

'The silence that is in the starry sky,'
my voice falters,
seems cloudy
indistinctnesses.

31 v 18

It being impossible to complete the thought,
the raucous voice.
a mermaid blowing a fog tuba.
in order to be heard
narrating a dream of the night before
a general view.
A cluttered room
"gripping" thought.
Today the clouds appear

7 vi 18 Marfa

what had come between the stars,
with cumulative sentences.
every right phrase
not yet dull.
Follow power,
real horses,
allowing everything its place,
walking stiffly in a sandy wind
pay attention to other things.
begin again,
a gentle trot,

8 vi 18

Somewhere during the transition
come sentences and memory.
the shadows are very dark and cool,
something on paper implicit in the fragmentary text.
asleep during the long drive to the country
These are its ghosts.

the weather builds
with new facts.
a real life.
nothing absorbed by a place.
sitting in the room.
horses
(for which I kept a notebook),
(the language)
(the object
In the breeze
waited, wanted

10 vi 18

feeling scattered.
No matter where we go out for our walk,
cuts.
Language which is like a fruitskin
in reality.
Writing to each other.
a lot of sleep.
confusion, a sound.

a figure in the distance escaping,
to the window.

A natural morphine

A person feels remorse for individualism

my little handwriting

Considering the immediate,

a walking stick.

out, out.

synchronous

11 vi 18

We were already there.

blooms on the snapdragons.

Writing maybe held it,

a long way from what I actually felt.

all relationships move.

A spiral is the shape

The inaccessibility of the meaning

little marks

As if words

the drips.

voluminous digressions.

19 vi 18 Los Angeles

your NAME!

read anything

who wrote .

21 vi 18

all the deformities take wing

in the writing

The dream

or a Minotaur

22 vi 18

in a darkened room,

returned to the city

isolated from transforming events,

passed for the real world,

23 vi 18

It exists separately.

as a sample

Anything is good material
the shape of the words
says more.

2 vii 18

among the words.
—it is a scene, authentic
in this setting)
(highwaymen?)
these things
(works of art,
from the two sides:
—staring into the atom, completely blind—

3 vii 18

Caesar's prose.
In other words,
cut flowers
lost lines.
a wall.
the effort of practice,

5 vii 18

inside and outside the job to be done,

a wall for me,
nature rhyming with history,
the descending lava.
a more indifferent light
converting all to ashes,
the perfect library),

6 vii 18

In between pieces,
one continues to write,
let someone from the other lane in.

7 vii 18

in a dream,
all these things,

9 vii 18

wretched scribbler.
a wonderful boy, sturdy,
It was my job to bring him
chocolate,
Dionysius, the Tyrant of Syracuse,
content here because it is cheap;
ice)...,

10 vii 18

the night is lit.
like a shadow
such combinations of events,
cause discontinuity.
I had gone back to bed
a long way from what we had actually felt.
he remains aloof,
I found a penny
his arrival had been thrilling,
the back stairs,

11 vii 18

“a passionate letter”
living and writing
the unicorn against a millefleurs background,
Flowers have always been his friends,
bus schedules
time has been washed finally
the Unicorn roams the forest

I cannot tell it all:
wild rose,
dark and light
—a fragment
among the leaves,
a lover?
a young man
sharing the female world
choice among the measures . . .

12 vii 18

What still remained
occurs sometimes
a basis for descriptive sincerity.
a shard,
made of words
the dandelion—
royal blue curving
to make a simple flower design
my bedroom wall
moon in the river
—or the image

13 vii 18

all pantomimes
of which he knew nothing
a poem
destruction of the Library
perversion righted
the world moved
she had a friend

15 vii 18

Cycles of light, cycles of duties—

17 vii 18

The penny disk,
the old dirt road,
under some noisy trees,
words present residences
for solitude.

21 vii 18

layers that succeed each other,
the current of happenings
—such a glorious prince,

23 vii 18

thinking of the words.
surging after him through the streets. Sunlight hurt his eye
but he was steady.
—more waves, another hour

26 vii 18

The last words
from books;
to write
with his left hand
as if someone else were writing
and one hears it in the air
summer evenings
a reflecting system,
A leaf is shed

27 vii 18

“do not think about him.”
recent history
the motives of the book.
in the external world, and within us,

There is a pause, a rose,
What memory is not
fragments are accurate. Break it up
the time of your life.
It was, I know, an unparticular spirit of romance.
many sounds

28 vii 18

Not a single feature
transparency of pure space
a high room
an overwhelmingly full polyphony
of fascinating vistas
to create poetry.
the earlier and the latter part
come as a surprise.
a somewhat intricate question,
studied in this connexion—incidentally
motifs of the music room
lyrical evaporation

These rooms were like dreams,
a faint distant echo
a delicate sensuousness...
Ideal evidence

31 vii 18 Altadena

to be alone for a little while,
in a backward country,
and the smoking mountain in the distance,
had a warmth and directness
memories—
of the noise
one dream
feeling drenched,
utterly lifelike,
alone, in a valley,
a beast.
ghostly pain.
a secret room—
dreams
sounded like pictures.

a dirty landscape,
real country
fleas.
roses
near shadows
word of all this, floating
entangling their concerns,
discrete spaces with separate tones
a dense compact
displacements alter illusions,
little objects of sentiment,
distraction,
trimmed with colored ribbons.
he was planning to telephone

1 viii 18

to recreate the lost city of dreams.
within the vast river of phenomena,
world within time.
processed in several layers.
randomly choose some examples
attempt to describe

3 viii 18

A nowhere place in a bleak countryside.

7 viii 18

aspects that follow each other.
a misleading landscape.
forms continue
within the warm and obscure subconscious regions;
at ease.
sow the seed
an even more superficial landscape
“sadness or sloth.”
books and magazines
love of detail.
day’s palpability,
leaves flutter, a bird
smoke rises
metonymy.
posterity,
are fences
no distance.

only a coincidence.
monotony. Give a penny
tired of ideas,
more coffee
The uncommon sun
had made rooms
through windows.
The day circles
They were on vacation
from everywhere
curtains remained undrawn
shading in.
a birthday of empty sentimentality.
things of one day and things of the next.
fragments
metonymy
Duration. Language
a small world

12 viii 18

mean, lumpish figures

the essence of a subject
A mermaid!
this drooping but fine country
his boyhood daydreams,
—multiplying wherever he turned.
these last weeks.
as after an eclipse.
—harbors the future
expatriate paradise

23 viii 18 Los Angeles

The layers crisscross and do not allow themselves to be
separated.
onto new layers
this book is purely accidental,
“ad hoc” hierarchy.

25 viii 18

a small world,
small parts.
present experience is familiar.
a waste of space,

two rooms
divided horizontally.
motorcycles and an airplane
“nature was
very small amounts of time.
to spell these sounds—
the vacuum cleaner
not as yet outgrown.
Anyone who was part of that movement
The back windows
garbage

27 viii 18

to the meadows
—beauty.
mention these words,
in more than one sense.
—it is the attempt to sketch out the current scene,
the external world as well as the intimate one,
the notion of objectivity
To pose as such,

30 viii 18 over Utah

At Twilight, as the babies cry.
read tonight.
digestion,
The noise
The coffee drinkers
the postcard collection.
where these words will go.
“only gas.”
Raisins,
counter-convention
A word is only introduced
stray rocks
a record
In other words,
“on a trip”
music shook the walls.
into the empirical world surrounding me.
The dog was lying
on the page.
In dry weather,

leviathan

10 ix 18 Marfa

let's listen

A paragraph measured in minutes
things hidden.

They were both reading the same book,
in the sunlight

we see where we sat

Just get on a plane to see other things somewhere.
sometimes—

trying to find the place

Greenery, insects—

Such displacements alter illusions,
return as I should,

12 ix 18

entangled in language.

reading several books at once,

As the storm approached

more or less as it really happened.

finds its own grammar,

bulldozers

13 ix 18

we took a walk

No ideas

words matched their things

cold air

a rose, something

18 ix 18

kind of a stray

To sit in this room.

Who put this in me.

an intuitive sharing of space.

her sight through dreams,

sharing the sky and the land.

the other in me

all the world's flows mixing

On the radio

bit by bit

A painting

water in dry places,

Whatever was broken

links, and likewise

A canoe
my intuition of the world
neither here nor there,
unrooted
midway without a term.
groceries,
a replacement,
All reflections have depth,
because they once seemed beautiful
Across the room.
things in general
picking the pieces up.
things in the world.

20 ix 18

noble beast
possessions, language,
what they are,
my footsteps
every thorn
for thought and art.
stream one can hardly see,

landscape I like to visit
with clouds
legends that depart
quite mislaid
The ghost of showers
short time
ending now;
with rocks
Is there a measure
voice of so many birds.
the Milky Way.
Even rain
down the street,
money, luck
the scope of collectivity.
to share my time.
water and dogs.
and more—
easily replaced.
a cloven space.
little white silences.

dry night.
a history.

21 ix 18

the moon has light.
what comes over me
like brooks the end of something
which expands
to share in that,
The beautiful sun
with the allurements of its beams as though with roses.
a person on paper
reading this book now,
these selfsame words—
the romantic with the motherly.
old cars
Sounds
in a small world.
When the fog casts a shadow,
their love of detail.
a dirty word
The neighborhood dogs

time is going by.
a poor likeness—
“losing” ideas
a reminder, the curve
furniture in motion,

22 ix 18

a version of “me”
this act. The sea
a wrong word
and writing.
this time alone.
wrong words
in that world.
the shape of this journey
Not half a tank.
and the river

9 x 18 Los Angeles

all the imponderables
above ground

Pleasure is haunted
on paper
This was hardly his first list:
remembering or desiring.
lived in,
in some sort of sequence,
incompleteness
from room to room,
set down in his careless but legible hand
it is all there:
Vesuvius in eruption,
the mood this summer,
the end of the privileged life
a cycle, not a progress.
one started again from scratch.

12 x 18

I'll just unplug
the city
pick up shit

the source of all the rooms
fountains
losing the dream
pages in the light
it gets cold again.

15 x 18

problems and needs.
public buildings,
solemn rows
architecture and decoration.
almost entirely unredacted
land within their boundaries
I was at Target
What is real.

16 x 18

a year in the slums,
I want to be free of you,
the gaps began to stick.
a lot of words,
over and over,
relating to the air.
sea salt

the hand that writes it:
breathe:
flakes of sound, dark, silence, and light.

17 x 18

written thus:
every word is mysterious.
What is left of the cited phrase,
curving the heavens
like an expanding gas,
one unreality for another.

25 x 18

this circumstance does not devalue the attempt
In other words:
successive modifications.
of the time.
remember the word

26 x 18

air is a wide cement
in your rooms

1 xi 18

gone to seed and returning
It is a book
beside the dark.
made of their isolation an act,
adding to my life an account
scarcely and timely.
Words are sound
A voice in the dark
a radio wave
The trucks pushed
Shadows
adhesive noises,
while he works at his correspondence.
to understand the disaster that lies before them,
his left hand gesturing volubly
frustration, anxiety, and lively contempt
corruption and indolence,
the world now seems a barren place
falling on tin

lines in the air
And this is enough.
how she lived with the plants
the sound of the knife
time which is
a sound that is making lines

2 xi 18

in darkness
writing ambitiously
a room
slow. To drink
now & then
room comes
continue to write
which makes the world sensible.
language, the resulting image
pieces spread in an ungoverned run.
precipitated
from nothing to nothing,

infinite dimensions, and yet graspable,
patterns of the migration period reemerged.
from linear decoration
its enervating atmosphere.
replaced the sultry dreams
from the deep
landscapes
at the bottom
of outer space
gleaming chart
of all my trips

3 xi 18

thinking about insincerity,
a fragment is not a fraction
anew not again.
hear the floor
Word came back
slogans appear each morning on walls:
the city's poor, paint

4 xi 18

The end is weightless,
things emerge from nothing.
They are works.
conditions for a new catastrophe,
He creates laws in order to break them,
the starry sky
dimensions and duration,
instruments and deaths.
The way the machine works diverges
in other words:
this "inorganic" world
an organ,
decorated with delicate lines
in its pages,
a few words must be said
without concealing
personal to the verge of caprice.
functionally unjustified

small sign,
fading but recalling
faded like words
wandering through the jungle
you know. Travel
water trickling
made of language
lit room
to write a few minutes
other books
mountains and hills

5 xi 18

time on the uneven light ledge.
rested in the weather
The hum hurts.
this which was incomprehensible
a piece, of water.
full of happy charm,
a compulsion to work
a coincidence
time travel,

an apple.
every word really was a bird,
the fit, say, of comprehension
water moving
no "sameness"
like crickets
as in books.
in the breeze—
to look out the window at other windows.
with each thudding scene.
wild country landscape
converted by night
with notes in the hand
uses of a book.
the dream of loss has come true.
by writing
this open
field.
desire
the soft pencil sound

time. Erasing, blurring

6 xi 18

The people are angry—
The sky
The oak
mostly noisy things
there was nothing left
some water
appeared in its pages,
a few words
rediscovered
The vein of fantasy
the roar of machines
everything is new and full
exterior and interior
light and air
entrancing vistas;
heterogenous functions
Our spirit travels, without any apparent effort,
move the dot
dark

star

7 xi 18

hold the book,
mind settling
stupid little tiles.
a place
stop and start
a color in the paper.
line. When feeling nothing again,
extra words
in the given space,
Such charged habit
temper shattered.
buried alive.
tuneless, tune.
words was birds
A sense of definition
the noise was what they liked
Planes of information intersect,
bang against the room.
A yearning in motion,

Never very far,
word in the world
distance brought forward—
a boring hole in a room.
A list
Words heard with the eyes.
all week I've felt my mind,
another. My corpse
golden leaves
Deteriorating cities
from the bed to the chair,
it was the noise:
Then the candle
when no one else comes,
Look with the eye of indifference,
draw back the space,

5 xii 18 Marfa

dark traffic sounds
flapping,
eliminated.

by motivated coincidence
There was no audience
body parts.
Still I thought
nowhere to go,
touch and reduction.
these words
“Rain,”
wind,
a high cloud
typing and retyping.
In my weather,
merely local
oppressive and claustrophobic
an effort,
the urge to hear.
through the wind

7 xii 18

“a glimpse
—that description
Words (unlikeness

into the mountains
The sun shifting
into a sentence
a reflection of the sky
breath. Then,
a time and a place,
a syntactic unit.
different but not separate,
unlikely comparisons.
The creek as it turns
streaming clatter,
no fringe.
a particular static at the surface
Remarkable scratches,
different scenes.

7 xii 18 Los Angeles

the hill
cranky lumbering
illumination
on the train
the voice began
the city being the only place

14 xii 18

human animals
debris-stream
rosy light,
all right to sleep now.

17 xii 18

he used the same words
In the room
Not everyone.
feel it now.
that mysterious time
Dreams to me
—now I can forget about it;
think of other things.
consciousness is durable
takes occupancy.
the rude telephone
Language becomes so objectified
flooded with applications of sunlight.
That afternoon
a day with adhesive sky.
on my notebook,

ground accumulates.
What they call “singing,”
low sunshine.
The new metropolitan,
no interest in plans
dream city
full of stimulating ideas
exterior and interior is annihilated.
the spanning of great distances,
overpowering collective energy,
the sweeping simplification of outline
clear and without mystery,
surprising and fantastic,
inside of changing
and the vista
that surrounds

18 xii 18

They change into ... air.
like paper,
What the ground covers
cities doomed,

shivered, brooded,
feeling sleepy
a book, developing
sent packing to the underworld,
a quick peek
from one country to another,
take this paper
a hand with the trip.
Off to the other side?
honeyed words
a curtain
its sweet earthiness
You are the door,
the switchboard
a restaurant called Casino
Midnight messages
hearing the words
a hand in the world.
everything was similar but not the same:
even the air,

black coffee.
world was at work;
this time it sounded
each word very clearly,
pebbles were pouring
through its thresholds.
what country I'm in
tone
scribbled version
lived in
The ripple
The book
the dark
burying the rock
the cloud
who lived
sun. Stay

4 i 19

lost for real,
but never left the body;
what tongues

absorbing the world,
along the phone cord.
filthy mouths,
will keep me truthful
line gathering
the short wave wire.
Knotting the materials
a homeopath—

5 i 19

Where's the key.
in distractions.
a darkened room
a walk
somewhat saltier,

6 i 19

weasel words and that night
full of odds and ends
two or three short notes
Later the whole
on the swing
really large

29 i 19

mulish and pinked.
the pen is out of ink.
a new realism
not description but testimony.
feeder on seed
spilled into the weeds.
many pieces to my idea,
Lucretius then
A sentence
is education of the senses,
selecting—
pennies.
lost cities inside other lost cities, all ambulating
What's going to appear?

30 i 19

is incomplete.
you and your wonderful needs.
SEE THE sky,
driven by the sun,

longed for their return.
residents
become refugees
captive tourists,
This is how we live.
comment on the view
piled people of many tongues:
how to say Soap

31 i 19

living shamelessly
skipping white
lines

11 ii 19

dumb buttons,
writing in a book.
—yet a word is
to be discarded at the end.
And borrowed a phrase
mechanics of perception
trustworthy world.

The bricks made from their dirt
ashes of audibility.
uneven, inconsistent, unstable.

12 ii 19

all partialness and mouth
food or sex for thought,
Small groups walked
talking anglo
about something else,
at the water's edge
Hey there, he said
a picture,
till it's dark again?
the phrase of discontinuity
as I set out for a walk,
in sentences
In the jungle,
of helicopters.
Now it is night,
thoughts being things.

staring out at the waves,
a sound pot,
transcribed rapture,
of units—
a living thing,
it made no difference which way she headed
staring up at the sky
the city at their backs

19 ii 19

several cities,
music brought these places
as when one repeats a word
rewriting in an unstable text.
from who knows where
together at that intense point in the nothingness
across the open country,
all that sitting
you know the sediment
of sound

wind &
horns
remains
more laundry.
translation (description) trance.
chronic ideas
The present is a member.
(to produce evidence
—of sound.
—happiness is worthless,
like promises

21 ii 19

an overwhelming impatience.
fallen from a window:
just there
to ignore

26 ii 19

enough to wander at night in the byways of the city.
voices were yet audible,
finding a book, any book,

put into practice
elsewhere
where he was.
the sour-sweet charms of the city
mountains or the sea
There was nothing irresistible,

2 iii 19

even the first syllable.
In the book
in bed
my day
each time
inside there

3 iii 19

a hinge pivoting
when they use the words
a sonorous tail
promising other things,
The paper
riding busses

the promised land
turning dark,
after the first one the one that followed
from one street to another
traced in the air.
And again the cold, getting colder,
sheer emptiness.
expelled from this world;
nothing here

17 iii 19

the story of the land
list all the things
a song from another time,
pondered for a moment
to fill the silence that followed.
as if she could float,
times are changing and this is a lovely place
the same thing but in completely different ways:

nothing in common.
a mystery what each will become.
liberation parades.
any kind of papers,
at the wind
Fuck time
mountains
Anything I say
true, forgetting
like memory.
making vision
something else.
a ripple
walking.

19 iii 19

Almost, but not quite.
The defect or blemish is part
A thwarted collector
The lover's involvement with objects

worlds, energies, realms, eras
Their readiness to give themselves
to be understood—
dared call it love)
elation in their company.

22 iii 19

What about the land?
the earth itself
the whole insane hour
in one piece.
So I can understand
reinvent ourselves,
all one day
Today was the future.
Who knows, we'll see.

25 iii 19

a single word,
a few seconds,
read aloud:
waiting for who knows what.

26 iii 19

averse to effort;
serene fidelity
why did he linger?
knowing glances.
gentle, loving—
time to refit and repair
Together they are moving
each arrangement
I hate money
in time some birds
Practically language
copy now
your friend
now I can't read that
two fools
clear but time
a little more withholding
rabbits and peacocks
come into view
rambling road

keep walking
burden-free body,
don't understand
only word
a sleepwalker's bedroom:
somehow unreal and yet vivid;
Like a song
skinned,
So many new things crowding in on the old ones
but a second—or many—
lovely landscape
now fading

8 iv 19 NM

dream
a wind
and conversion
boat rocking

the window.
in the blue
my fingers
Pick a letter
auto body
hand. In the palm
with the world
time dripping

8 iv 19 Lordsburg

wandering
vital night
to write
send off pictures
maybe the same
the shot is wide
a bigger body
like lines
kind of lost
in the moving

8 iv 19 Exit 29

sky, planes

21 iv 19 Marfa

land, migrations, plants,
pieces.
drawings
contaminations
parts, and stage
the sun and war.
unfold
and movements.
living relationships.
shared territory
for something
broken
skinny old
page out of my notebook,
flesh and time
wild horn
in evidence
the tree

words and others
came back
in this room scramble
books so far away. The violence
mixes air
little garden
La Bestia
of time (collapsing

29 iv 19

on one's feet),
feel sleep
I can't focus.
not knowing
not moving,
soft, look.
Weeks later, one day
the same walk
myself for the last time".
stammering out the words. .
a dog with its mouth open,
her own sound.
like the word

a thousand grains of moonlit sand.
precision of simple things
the tune
levels of the world
should I direct my attention
going away,
The midnight birds
But what am I reading
body of a seal
a single young man)
wheel, I thought,
muscles of their haunches
standing in the kitchen,
for two weeks"
continued her sentence)
on the street.
pebbles and grains
I thought today
referred to the book)

30 iv 19

on the train

The world
for you.
walks barefoot
In the nature of things
windy,
just another roadbed,
nickels and dimes.
openings in the time
movies.
her side-long glances,
a way too, and abrupt,
but well spaced
rooms
old people too.
I shut my eyes.
wide windows
now, different,
one thing and another.
to describe my feelings:
like a buoy),
literally, stirring

3 v 19

sounds
wildness
and a flame.
now it's a writing
air
just pointing
What I have in mind.
the emptiness noticed
that building.
books.

4 v 19

(aware
like floating)
the windows of a car
float out
filled with more languages,
remembering.
early days.

drowned country between here and there.
No words at all.

6 v 19

the memory of me
shoots of a plant,
Then the sky.
in the dark
on the bed of a lake:
weaving in and out
on the street).
“follow her nose”,
a fine view and sense
actually even the glass,
generally out of sight
you look down on it,
covers over the diagonals
mute letters
but they would see.
Every so often
listed in the papers,

people going around.
on a small scale.
compounding matters
from other walks
circulated
and various happenings,
handy,
helped to feel
Across the town
a thing or two
The room beginning to slant
wide windows
floors
people on a trip.
things exactly
over now, different,
What particles
thing is,
and another.
yours and theirs.
naked that way.

everything,
bubbling toward the surface.
the world:
a nice time to be in—
around the lake
not in my particular time.
right now.
watching all this
into the moment
The day

7 v 19

beyond that, or not.
all pretty naked

8 v 19

just people
languages of the cave
like a shade
even evening
my country
all the lakes

9 v 19

me. Time
just a notebook
reading
a tree
wind
& it's here
who wants
We moved slowly
something from the mountains
Meat thinking.
where I think now
to have silence
oddly beautiful,

14 v 19

but messier.
wet sand.
getting older.
useful again,
my yard. I imagine

there is nothing
brown; green
so slow. Hours
on the line.
everything. Why
The stream one can hardly see,
primal images.
New words,
from Nature,
to itself
syllables,
underground.
through any degree of traffic,”
what he could remember,
and time too.”
An animal.
open, sun-changed view opposite,
others walked around.
powered by the same lines
the gathering which had been there
now familiar and acquainted ones.

the environs and sky swung—
a little tipsy
good training for the eyes,
Involuntary lines.

15 v 19

in flaming air
much like space
stars and all
the alien guest,
full of sadness
Their fires
This time.
Boundless,
within measures transgresses,
wandering
song
Still unexhausted
a spring bubbling out of a hill.
a few words

could melt into my tongue
but the scene faded.
words fell out.
pinned in this time,
an alien king.
a useful thief
fiery spirit
amid shadows.
But where are the friends?
The sea. And they,
And love
The prelude, awakening
the echo
A stranger
voice that moulds
the beast
Roams restless
Though stars are not rising
now gone
the lovely songs,
the world,

Not as alone,
for much remains
weeping, my song
how all things go.

17 v 19

his thighs, one leg crossed over the other,
listening
as if remembering,
a much-used rag,
managed to sound
in many ways.”
liquid in the cautious light
There’s silence round about
And the ear inclines
when a ray burns,
reading, so to speak,
Silvery clouds.
simplicity,
Beginning and end

a dry lawn
fit for use
many languages, unrestrained
ball of rubble
this hour.
foreign parts,
stung by the sun,
a burning land
quietly moving.
the prudent senses.
becomes passable
clouds of song
home. For wilderness
Almost, impurely,
songs. But near

19 v 19

in a language probably dead
woven
raw conduit.
a few more words

21 v 19

constant ephemerals
inward
the close sky
leaving the star
Day passing
is a forest
the wind is too
on all sides
tending the grass, all night
IT SOUNDED
violent cold echo
bareness of shadow
carrying messages
by the window
The dump of the world.
leaves, distantly
a myst
door swinging open and shut
an awakening sense
I attempted to read,

pencil commonplace
so separated
like a wave in the air,
the light
leaves
shadows & things,
lost
a symbol of light
stage
object
property of the neighboring fields.
the necessity of a separation
as a mirror
covering the pages.
in light movement
cloud and fire
stray pencil collision
among trees

23 v 19 AZ

in place and out of place,

like being asleep,
tripping and sitting in a chair
ever practical
sentences
language in the scene,

27 v 19 Los Angeles

money worries
Another passion.
advanced alcoholism.
compensatory gestures.
a tiny deposit of sleep
a word
side by side,

28 v 19

inside my mind.
half-real
a couple of hours,
just wandering

29 v 19

room this time,

two glasses of white wine
the foreign boy
all that, some of it
slept in
between one thing and another.
a cloud
my drawing
A relay of feeling,
seemed adrift
reading a book
a plane surface
with light clouds

31 v 19

another language,
somewhere with electric lights
in the ruins
a bit of being
stringing beads,

4 vi 19

hoarding feelings.

plumes—
One spring day,
afternoon,
several descriptions
in books
a broad avenue
from the edge
(warped, splintered)
into the first floor above ground level,
more composite
with extra parts.
pointing out
the word
a talisman
of feeling
and its grounds.

7 vi 19

stiff, like the words
to keep the graft in place.”
looking at the weave
pushing threads around

both in and out of place here.
from time to time,
take things
back to rooms

9 vi 19

something resembling,
what they were seeing.
the reality of bodies
—objects.
many-tiered components,
jerry-built out of pieces
shards of humble crockery stuck together
a mutant creature or a scroll
lightly moving
in one large space with beams,
seeing the levels of age in it

10 vi 19

winking in the dim light.
the sky, wobbling

some thousand years or whatever from now.”

11 vi 19

To piece together fragments
collapse, give way.
room after room,
crowded space—
different lengths,
a fine day.
to read every shift
lost vistas
of multiplying glass,
superimposed, deformed—
some other rooms
without an edge,
turn toward each other
and kiss),
shattered,
In these surroundings,

most ordinary
somberness of
mood
agitated by the spring breeze
ungovernable spirit
bewildered by aging
Accidents and quarrels
other places somewhere else.
as dreams of now

16 vi 19

flickered, so quickly
or a draft

17 vi 19

subtracted from the world.
irreparably wounded
a peculiar imprint
news. And news
a little unreal—
to pull
and reassemble,

an accrual
set into motion
Distance
And time
waiting for events

19 vi 19

turned into bones.
language that wrapped around stone
time yet to come
all the dreams
illusions or another reality
my time in a different place,

22 vi 19

sending precious things away,
this bird that will fly
majestic.
in the world,
In here, inside
some kind of deception.

quite lucid

26 vi 19

on cave walls.
memory objects
going into this strange land
in my dreams
too old to touch,
trap themselves
another me

5 vii 19

different tempos.
living memory
but the world would continue
to be there.
before things began

13 vii 19

a volcano, as in the old days.
the crater's baleful opening
Another night—
his treasures, his debts,
outside the great window,
palm trees,

moonlit clouds
And silence.
is drifting off
packed with outside.
Meanwhile, the world
Meanwhile, both
sleep now.

20 vii 19 Altadena

backwards against time
outside the magical house
looked over the book,
few memories
seemed to murmur
Another time entirely.
in a word.
“past-tense,”
the words just fell
Make me remember you

2 viii 19 Los Angeles

to another room
the safe word,"
scene and more.
some connections
the rest of my time
out of memory.
his pleasure
two or three books,
the city's population.
another auditor.
rejoice in the anarchy

7 viii 19 Burbank

dream. Earth
muttering town;
(The simplest gesture
breathing traveller
by Time's wall
Put these inscriptions here,

8 viii 19 Chicago

some things are sad,
the day is home
pained arrival
accurate hope of things

18 viii 19 Syracuse

beginning of the heat
Like a hue,
Another ceiling
Another house, another bed,
not the room
o espaço florido

19 viii 19

Green, and the flowers
loss of sleep,
small flies,

21 viii 19 Phoenix

Stop not to wonder
List
With curious carefulness of inlocked braids,

to have no meaning.
The hot sun outside

27 viii 19 Los Angeles

mind shifts
not hunting
here—
exotic animals,

1 ix 19 Marfa

The corridors
all round the sound
This is the month and this is the day.
whispering loud
Like the inside
their glances

7 ix 19

a large, spacious mansion,
this line had gone
no words were exchanged
to listen to more

come back to me;
language now,
an ancestor
I can't keep him alive,

16 ix 19

between this and dark
minutes, hours
a blurred hot notion
of dreams seen
Along the surface of the depths
now or past or future.
In glances
to the warm day outside,
thoughts that beat
behind, before
mumbled something and moved
the writing room
Be drunken like the day

17 ix 19

So I follow the arc
my song.—
Down, so close
words, yet
river's calm
harvest all gathered in;
the same peace as ever?
Breathes and sounds
bluntness,
thoughts enough!
from clouds,
Potent,
Brooks now
some high-flown word
to bungle
facts.
worldly wise
Lovingly outward
lovelier world,
The quick—

lives and lasts
late sweetness,
world of shades!
songless travel
wilt away;
speeds on.
as the clouds up there
drift
Stay and shine
run wild and whisper
a tone
dreams and mist all around
Sounds,
Living, in life,
come apart

18 ix 19

the summer wind
in the line
image, then
recess, then

20 ix 19

the scar.
move. edge
edges
other talk
derelicts
stickwriting, pulled
inside
doing ever again,
interrupt and taper,
displaced tones
not here. just
the key.
song, daybreak.
tether to reality
in the region surrounding
nothing,
every last tapped foot,
the changes. Now
record.
light changed, and walked

Some coins

22 ix 19

left the country
talking
to ask the world quarter,
nothing without
the flatness
someone else's spacing
between plain and surface
the phone got shook.
bird
nothing till the voice
in the movement
the right song, the real,

23 ix 19

a word
sound out
from texas
grammar
outside

the window
a telegraph
concrete,
meeting, singing
that other phone
in the forest.
it's raining
softening. the hand
a bed,
"Full bare body
country posh,
someone else
"No,"
nothing more happening.
what I was and could do,
all the anachronisms

29 ix 19 Pasadena

admired the distance
change, fear
different; this is what he saw
self-withdrawn.

hard time
a revolution
take everything
—that was

3 x 19

flat sound
inside rule
a period.
sound together

7 x 19

at your rooms.
chance."
time-bound
sprouted
peas
began talking.
a bachelors' club."
back outside,
back inside
some time
in the afternoon, drinking

the different feel of it—
before the drop.
all the windows, the doors.
evidence,

13 x 19

milky way, rose
wind
a long line of sadness
tape of tape,
nothing to do
delight of more
with garden,
this song
someone at your house.
other room.
the sound smells
in the dark
a tone
from room

20 x 19

a keen memory
the two of us, then moved
cracking sounds in the silence
—another chunk
in another place.
from the ashes
abandoning friends,
the railroad and telegraph
cutting the time
weeks in my rooms,
In the pages

25 x 19

time travelers.
our time—
a big fuck puddle
the day before
other people's characters,
common stock
filling the voids

other people's gardens
made up of words
drawn from life.
and on the telephone
then peppers. sometime
we live over there
the train, hey
some more tomorrow

27 x 19

start a chord.
pages song
turned,
my atmosphere
withdrawn, miss
the whole world
and tomorrow

28 x 19

mixed mere thoughts
the real day
these insects

28 x 19 Los Angeles

Now, for real,
outside garden
gray. some faded
let the hedge grow
fragments of airport,
a cricket
the sound of that:
scrawl. that same dark
full of animals.
that cake
the world works:
fellow collectors,
crosswinds of peril
the usual hierarchies of utterance.
that is the word,
—leaving behind
the room
his secretary
Among the fifty or so bronze-faced people
inside. A clanking

remained at the table

7 xi 19 Pasadena

And the books,
stars came out.
he kept silent.

14 xi 19

work. The changing plane
a body
'tis autumn.
composing in real time,
"where language
an active sense of measure,
foundering
Is detached
a moment
outside
immanent. New
along that line,
A ritual decoration
cell-like shards,
wander,
just to look at things?

being discovered by the music.

8 xii 19 Marfa

in languageness!
presence, which makes everything
through single line, cut
all at once,
transfused into word or book.
The abyss
abridged
dreams of others' dreams.
concaral sight,
close, dark, vague, warm
what we seek
in Time's
inked page
in some aftertime,
the very words
And memory
encroaching grass,
material secrecy.
dissolved by needs

up in there with things.
(crumple).
ways of arranging air.
things become
curve in spray.
The middle air
in the other room,
readymade earthwork
her dish,
versions of things
between land
And between technical language
lyricism
your sentence,
every word. Off
score, until.
aperture. Anonaligned
inside the lens
contact
in handled materials
handgaze, new graph

exercise movement
handedness—fingerprints
type, fabric incomplete—
other things that are way more and less
regenerate in the general nothingness
The interval
shared by air
unfixed coordinates
the room
the garden,
film noir.
experiment. The rich internal differentiation of simultaneity
pared and multiplied
the waterfall
window
the subtler music in his measure,
alien speech
forced to be sedate
without the river,

an otherworld
within itself

17 xii 19

rubble. Sufficient
way outside—multiple scenes
past and future.

(more + less than)

We emerge

surfaces, the surfeitry

all recede

no inside

But looks out

Whatever consciousness

mirrored faces,

but more slowly

no power.

Repurposed for next day's repurposing.

18 xii 19

inside somewhere

the world, the sun

in language

near this same ground,

like with a memory
without the past
to remind us of everything
part or all

who are not them, though before
from different countries forgetting
in some abstract way.

23 xii 19

nearer my words,

The present sleepy use

itself a part.

the noise

words othered

less itself.

(as in these words

born at sunset

to darkness

scattered smallnesses

features of the day.

wonder, of my book,

And in his mind
the real thing
I dream to see,
thought of others' thought
being an observer,
singing this
air. we must be
air just out of reach, all
fabric
pressure. a rhythm
falling apart
the outsides get washed
air layered
all the rest

28 xii 19

time or kindness
You could be anyone;
or what's the word
an element
an earthly way,
People and other animals

There are words
in the past
there is a bathroom,
in the midst of a world
all the time,
the moment in the neighborhood, country and world
belonging
understanding and the connection
reorganizing one's thoughts,
to invent the word
from what everybody knows,
minerals elements animals plants,
a dream:
light made up a sentence
ten more minutes
In the country of bridges
Mere Intervals
I sing and wish
The pitch and time

burst with variation.
dissonance
frees the rest.
in fresh text:
dry wind
beat beat
down here on the ground.
in the water—
like a tree
we endlessly accrue.

31 xii 19

these same differing fields
strange faces lost
a close and empty sense?
untouching memory
whereby far things are shown
wrongly aright,
When clouds are one
words do give

light that speaks
The withdrawn cause
before the stars
the lost night before
all its meaning
amid things,
at the words

11 i 20 Pasadena

Blowing air.
the manuscript—
almost resigned.
all of dream and error
clouds on life's day-sense
words' sense from words—
In irreparable sameness far away.
up in the river,
yet dream.
something interposed.
this bright, great sleep
of empty hours
voidly

27 i 20 Altadena

reality unknown.
not countryless.
daylight thoughts escape
for that land
colour or shape
as light remembered,
And the world
This a recording.
footwork and fingerwork,
solo put together.
in movement,
noise
the error of being
a pulse,
—it's not a concertized thing.
the air, transcription faded
a time lag
what you holding,
that vacuum.
in the sound

muted in delay,

6 ii 20 Pasadena

a new sentence begins with Capital.
a person who is still no one,
like dots or in the notes
I like to wake up at noon in a leisurely way,
no longer a person living alone
in the city,
entrapped by those consolations.
without money and without property,
the wind is blowing
we have heat now
light little rain
I got the desire to write
Enormous paws, champagne,
libraries & fields
We read the news
skip lunch
Afternoons
English muffins

cursive lengths
so-called language
in the rest of the galaxy,
a long prose work about all
recording everything
in a corridor or somewhere
with the perspicacity of none
machines, and art
disconnected from having
in this whole extended region
of stopping and saying
in somebody else's sound
down the line.
itinerant ensemble arrangement
homeless shift between reading and writing
point to point
material breaks,
in and out of words.
the universal machine
an abolition of quilting.

in new aviary mixing.

8 ii 20

non-exclusion of birds,
remote intimacy
low, country,
shade of green,
nothing going
weird & intense sense
breathed deeply,
said nothing.
"What world?"
country & they
years many, maybe more,
(It was very noisy.)
a great rush
light-hearted song
hot sun
blue sky
all built together.
snow in a movie

mind moving.
without talking
the hills themselves,
kind of language
words for everything
even newer, I can't remember,
aerial acrobatics
words in it, all the sounds....'
all kinds of lovely & intricate
everything.
revision of life
an instant,
a single word.
subject to any
normal thing

14 ii 20

a roll call
marching ahead,
to disperse.
versions of the names
cease talking

—even more indiscreetly,
liquefaction of the ampule
from the city,
autonomy of nature.
More poet's fancies!
A big eruption.
self-styled
state violence.
pavements have turned back
all the sewage of the world
An essay on schools (not yet written)
all over the body.
trees and many birds
roaming
—the building of the aviary,
Even in winter
later in her room,
fresh food and herbal salves.
a dream
many windows

It is not a "controlled environment" but rather a fluid one,
like an observatory.
instructive and inspiring.
to hear all the reading going on at once
all outside again
in a rainbow body
banished with a sigh,
a wide reading selection.
work with all the givens.
these machines.)
degrees of attention.
the lineages
of all these words.
face travelling
in a noisy wildness somewhere,
(the word office
searches as well as
researches,

and the rest of land,
more places
opaque in moonlight,
this part of the book.

15 ii 20

neighborhoods
more room
leftovers,
and on into the night.
wildernesses surround
my beloved radio."
Suppose we don't take place.
rich braid of indirection.
curving, that track
mutemporal line.
no place.
listen and revolve, reclining as we eat,
mixed up in the general
unsettled in the practicum's repose

vestibule, assembled
in varying sharpnesses of drafting and overdrafting,
air, thin sliver in the aftermourning,
in care of line
for birds
An echo
little radio
public garden.

21 ii 20

our absence
presence breaks—
one minute, as a shadow
right underneath
and then whispering in the street
no ice cream truck,
the scared poetics of the list
absence matters
sound smiles out of place
ground.

not found
even in noplac
where no word can be spoken
blue layers
all sights languages
heard written
remembered never learned
plenty of
vegetables
inherited thought!
sleeping on
In an interim time
place before anybody
A good diet
the new world
make room.
words, such as
mountain
yellow
hieroglyphic
galaxies

green
traveling
pictures
for free
The word
has been changed

24 ii 20

waving and weaving,
life has no background
exile air begins again and again
singing
a little harvest.
physics: ether,
hidden variables—
disappearances of information—
physical (ethe)reality,
steady chanting,
Inscape
constantly escaping,
changes be past change.

neither here nor there.

25 ii 20

and the last line now
Roots have spread out from the Tree
caretaking and watching
two words
eccentric preservation.
circles turned.
matter—a poetics
a line through
contingency
the way of the world.
garden. do our books
lights? there,

27 ii 20

our beautiful tree
beautiful time
the gravity and lightness
wiping away

blue scatter,
a line cut by
hand.
clearer in the first place,
anything words
this world was not like that
everything & all its utter sound
a lot of words
but just for practical reasons.
truth and its utter sound.
wastes of the beauties involved,
some kind of life—
all the remotest parts
—in the city, in the jungle,
blurred calligraphy.
the contact
entrance into braiding and flow
how clustered marks move on the page
big things up close

the wall, world against world
facility of tile in
mosaic notebooks
braiding and breathing a correspondence
in the open background
smooth and constantly broken
radical displacement everywhere
a gauze of reckoning and smuggling,
writing on the wall
go on now;
you gone,
with clouds
plants
thing notes
more light
the word is a person & there is laughter
a piece cut off
mere something aside,
in no ordinary arrangement.

into the room unexpectedly,
the phone rings
books nearby
I dream
from hand to hand,
nothing but detritus—
the background of things

28 ii 20

and unbound all the things clear of it.
part of the world
the country, all barren and rocky.
some heath and dry seaweed
Yet upon arising I found myself so listless and desponding,
 that I had not the heart to really rise, and before I could
 get spirits enough to creep out of my cave, the day was
 far advanced.
the sun so hot,
not unlike in sound

an aleatory cole slaw
confusing speeches, or whatever
an opportunity to record them, and now I relate them
scribbler
stuff of journals inevitably replaced by the next
odd confluence
so full of words
sense of what to sense appears,
part I in all I touch—
in common with all,
the spoiled part,
in an unknown language
still by words
by the nought it means.
seeing the image there,
The outer day, void statue
outward, other, glad
let us world

7 iii 20

Nothing with nothing
trees between
To find a word
Far away from here.
Shadows and light
down other streams
twined lives
tendrilled
one or two sentences
a distracting extent
a booklist

But this particular derivation seems a little strained
the dancing of the sunbeams
the sparkling world,
a daily nature.
On a large frame with
all the words of the language
several lines
write everything down.

letters made into words,
Different wood and different colors

11 iii 20

time to work it all out.
another country.
unfamiliar kinds of disorder.
in the pages
(rainy),
(budding),
(meadowed)...

12 iii 20

The news worsened.
It didn't matter
like nature—
from the windows
a word we found
amidst the blue, a voice,
strange to ears
language
as love."

23 iii 20

crudely begun.
morning letter.
The food you are eating
the view.
passenger life
even the ideal blue is nothing,
a window getting soaked in the pouring rain,
no one in noplac.
words on paper
a sweet sleep
acres and acres
on the street all blending
more closely together
across a mosaic pavement

24 iii 20

circular letters,
who attach meaning to words

jargon of the customary and recurrent
to write our color down
and luxuriant wild flowers
I long again for the big city
sweet and brief!

25 iii 20

all parts
clearly seen,
at night and when they are outside
writing walking & exercising
odds & ends.
the best of languages.
extraterrestrial reality
immersed
in
fantasy...
the offspring windows
learn the alphabet
knowing the histories of all nations,
On all the walls of the whole city

On the curtains
the stars and their notions
the earth as whole
alphabets of all places,
descriptions
and thin resemblances to other objects
all the types of rooms

26 iii 20

Among the books
awaiting—
an experience,
the unremitting adventure
many others, too.
without understanding a word);
watchful silences,
alone, even there,

becoming an image.
the moment that presents

27 iii 20

the calm inside
untouchable, a heart
an old axle or radio
a recycling reactivating event.
lamps will light up the room again and again,
vehicles
off the roads
life—to quote
of reading books
to have lights
and it goes on by having concern beyond yourself

28 iii 20

looking out into the great view.
vibrant, three-dimensional, taking the light

the assembly—
books,
Avid silence.
recollections no more intense
a vacation

29 iii 20

to peer from behind the curtain
on many afternoons
listening
a moment. In the silence
a bit of tourism,
in the city
something like space.
something knocking from below.
airily
Hoping to revive
memory.
much like Hawaii,
a little hotel with windows.
a speech.

“city.”
buildings of clouds
driving past
chaotic and lush
The unpaved path
a big garden
where we could rest.
waiting for something
light and wire
read and write.
everyone is somebody else.
even some in the air.
night and the owls

30 iii 20

clean the streets of the city.
no names in noplacement.
(this is journalism).
its lines
clear but/and completely new
among the blaring radios

on the fucking moon
for the most part in the present.
outdoors in this space,
(I can't write more

31 iii 20

a package of rhymes
when the wind died down,
from out of clouds.
all our books too.
that and imagery
their gigantic rooms
more talking
a rope
outdoors
fragile from our noise
which didn't exist anymore.
in the world
with air you can smell like a flower.
and the subjects are rooms
near a place where wild animals roam

with our books
in a room I didn't know existed
like bubbles in a glass
a picture of the sounds
the past of my little hand
I hope the future was fine
in our kitchens and in the windows
with the same parts
on the same ground.
restless expatriate.
more beautiful voice.
his favorite books,
—something like that,
a note.
his country
Nothing is more
the way it is

1 iv 20

alone inside the mind

where they are, where we live
beyond the confines
new lies
our books
this or that
swept along in the current
one form of comradeship,
racing
every memory & moment into a song—
your bundle
in a basket
if you're not too tired or too lazy or too busy,
moving in a gentle spiral
and then ascend and travel high around the park.
in the future's jitney
alone underground.
The present finally there
windows & bottles were breaking

I make a list
the wind blows
no end to it
a place or book
a world
no place
some—and everything
already here
on paper
a word processor
blueberries
boys
cereal
champagne
coffee
with clouds
language
t.v.
worms

2 iv 20

the next room.

a few lines,
from Virgil:
as the volcano.
natures, which are always stocked
Nothing is more

3 iv 20

For Beauty's nothing
the call-note
world.
wind full of cosmic space
painfully there
lonely heart
the spaces we breathe—
extended air

4 iv 20

by an open window,
staying is nowhere.
in undistracted attention:
news that grows out of silence.

an inscription
roses, and other things
so loosely fluttering
and sounds above
pierced barren numbness,
emptiness first
replaced.
silence followed,
to float out
a larger, more mobile view.
blown backward into the wind,
ruins
quarries and caverns,
tranquil sea.

9 iv 20

On then,
to read.
look at pictures,
just to be a body.
wholly enwrapped

with stars,
volcanic writings,
—a generic volcano,
all beginning,—
hinges of light, corridors,
and suddenly, separate,
outstreamed
evaporate;
my blood, the room.
appearance
comes and goes in their faces.
new, warm, vanishing
transposition of air.
the caress persists,
the place
pure duration.
window-longing,
the garden
of other stuff

the hands,
little strip of orchard

10 iv 20

uprousing
wander like morning-breezes?
Within, though:
floods of origin
dreaming,
the ravines
dissolved in the water
within our depths;—
soundless landscape
cloudless
prehistoric time
close to the garden,
into the wind,
flowering and fading simultaneously.
still roam, unaware,
reaching verges in each other,—

spaces, hunting,
the sudden sketchwork
a ground
shape,
the scenery was parting.
the face
outside.
remain. For one can
my clouded gaze,—
surrendering
between world
a spot
leave it there,
to hold it all

11 iv 20

—so urgently,
upspringing,
a plaster,
suburban
sky

letter of Thereness,—
at table.
the rose of onlooking
muscle and simpleness.
of mutually built up motion
in half-pauses,
timidly rippling,
look...And again
ahead of the spring
mutely elided
world is that place
this wearisome nowhere,
incomprehensibly changes,—
endless ribbons, to ever-new
where ground never was,
in the country
even for ten minutes,
a room
shared
appearances—

nothing is changed,

13 iv 20

slipping in and out of his mind,
fine,
gale.
with stone
one day to live in
a lean, startlingly juvenile-looking man of forty-one,
drawing room for nearly an hour
blazing fireplace
little stream,
change,
mind. One grows
the same dreams,
change.
omit to flower
a fountain,
scarce waking,
we linger,

the pressure of action
mouths, touching
differently twisted
ahead: preceding
youthfully-dead. Continuance
Time and again
enters the changed constellation
roaring world.
rushes through me,
streaming air,
a boy
sitting,
still to be, and reading
nothing, and, afterwards, all.
seized and discarded,
the time,
into the narrower world,
choosing and doing.
the heart's edge,

beyond it:
—another.

14 iv 20

pure as the bird
intimate azure. No less
silent companion
warming itself as she listened,—
the trill, that fountain
configured trees,
evening meadows,
streets of cities,
an hour,—perhaps not quite
in between
vanishes what's outside.
unseen world.
still recognisable
fading
music
outstretched

In the afternoon,
a similar line of reflection.
books,
annotated lists
years in peripatetic exile
the world,
excluding the world.
in the making of inventories.
the feeling of clarity
who seeks—
an instrument
to be annihilated.
the impure word
in what you call
visions
trances.
new elaborations of the old fantasy
More, more.
building
open-endedness

D-S 6, 2