

“blue

mark so

in memory:

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DEATH-SPIRAL 6, 3
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14 iv 20 Pasadena

endlessly open into:
—a kind of memory
distance,
there it was breath
ambiguous and draughty.
half-assurance of the bird,
like crack through cup.
fills up.
broke into open terrain,
a room
peacock blue,
windows with lattices
shared his dreams
a ruin in the making.
the tumbling cloud
(like the smile of a wind):—

being here amounts to so much,
And never again.
— can it ever be cancelled?
within our simple hands,
to become it.
untellable things.
under the stars,
some word
yellow and blue
Window, —
never the things
with ecstasy in them?
falling away,
an imageless act.
it lives in our hands
or dies into a thing, —
invisible
heart.

16 iv 20

stare away

the seasons of our interior year. —
mould of vacuity,
tread beyond trace
Outside,
the billowing edge
tumbling
after his luck.
hoarding,
fresh distractions, —
into the meadows,
A long way. We live
— perhaps
rage from some old volcano.
spacious landscape
ruins
flowering Sadness
a startled bird, flying straight through
on the scale of the stars.
faintly inscribes on the new

double
page
that fuller constellation
within the palm
of a
hand,
the dead must go on,
a carrying stream.”
waking a likeness
the rain
in the early Spring.

17 iv 20

—begin to be haunted,
nonstop ecstasy,
This form of obsession
something shattered,
neither replica nor original,
A perfect job
time wears out.
a window that opens

Nothing important has been invested
Nothing can efface it.
—and it’s gone.

18 iv 20

feeling broody
birds shriek,
a crystal stream.
icy dark
drawing
celestial music.
How terrible
drying on the porch.
the plum,
woven moon
birds, earth
garlands—
flower-vase.
squats a crow—

—bones
scattered in the field,
wind cuts
vanishes—
bamboo grove,
sweet song
of non-attachment.
clouds—
the next room
you write
inside you.
some figure
history or poetry,
impersonated,
no pretext, no mask.
just the feeling
this music in your head, here,
strange cries
a most peculiar nature,
all mouth,

everywhere,
only here,
now alone
a stranger in this world

19 iv 20

out of the house
keep this,
let that go.
to hold nothing
a stream running through
yet one more letter
some netting round the edges
stocked with fish.
books from the house
to float between dream and waking, to
remember
endless passages
spring and the window
Unknown spring—

what's to listen
Fading bells—
Sudden sun
burning sky
falls, showers.
reaching far,
a cloud
your heart.
Nothing more lonely—
a leaf!
chorus from nowhere.
not long enough.

20 iv 20

wait,
Come see real
this painful world.
silence—
sips his morning tea.
Melon
both beautiful.

Harsh sound—
where sun should be.
poets in their cups
floating world,
birds and clouds
Rhyming imitators—
By the azalea
through fly-swarms
talk—
the paper screen—I sit dreaming
In the garden
life
—leaves
scribbled
dozing there,

21 iv 20

sun-fried
travel—
into the wind.

world's dust?
all that remains
dreams wander
the curtains fluttering
everything cannot be brought into one view.
becoming more tranquil
altogether unpredictable.
The volcano was a haven.
resting now in her room.
nothing is ever subtracted.
my reason and my sadness,
events unfold.
one story turns into another,
translated
In dreams
for some minutes
only to read
illusions
necessary for

the affections
bound to mix everything up,
many subjects
at the same time,
Everything very close.
words.
this country,
the world
clearer now.
the odor of roasted
coffee,
The light
a musical assembly
wind inside my head,
their ruins
a shimmering.
My breath.

22 iv 20

staying so long in bed

eccentric enough.
something other.
the room.
always clear
Air.
influence.
out now.
his knowledge was nothing,
the look of the three trees
the line

be
tween

sleep
ing

&
wak
ing)
is
all
heres
just to
watch
on
silence
where's there
pa
tience)
the
waves
but what form

23 iv 20

see
the
world

a
little
later
dark
thoughts
to
translate
a
hand
ful
of
nuts
say
it
now
many
times
all that
leisure
someday
almost a stranger,

my appetite for reading,
with the utmost attention,
Nothing else makes my response
What music
my breath.
the pure, thin sound
not like theater.
not
seen.
these words,
unruly humors.
music destroys
this brazen prearranged world
darkens.
in many brilliant rooms,
this picture
on my body
the tomb.

24 iv 20

one day
who said
in
ward
pull
sun
's
last light
every
thing,
really,
some where
more
like
when
the same
walk up
the hill

its own

set
for
an
other
everything
sun)
trees)
in its time
black
coffee
smooth
rounded
a
ges
ture
in
the
other
room
flowers

still
other
room
like another country, what reveals
listening to the birds.
in our room.
always with a book
with all the words on the left side going down
the page,
and then a line.

25 iv 20

I had my own room,
book in between
hear nothing
to see everything
from the carriage window,

the names of the flowers and the trees
slow some words
found letters every day.
Or the other way round.
waves & wave
keep silent
glance back
restless sleepers
quiet as a garden
eyes at a middle dis-
tance
no speech:
utter words
fill the air)
respoken
quiet as
stone
dark heart
tells the
sky

26 iv 20

a sigh
in the neighbor room
in the world.
a little pocket money.
letters,
drifted from mind,
to my room
words,
the music
from the noises
the sound
their lines,
a little wetness
time ourselves
there then
just now
in the eye

still
living
sounds
of
waves
of
light
drops
of
wa-
ter
dreaming of cities
through the wind;
tap-tapping
the sound of the city,
no mind of their own;
encroachments
at the round

come to the edge
under-
stand the words
wind moved
a clamor outside
the land
perceptible rhythm
cadence
the tone fell
in this

27 iv 20

time to time,
matter of memory:
an ever-present
making her sound
its secret, subterranean effect
a pre-
sence
in the
house
stirring times,

that old volcano from the window
never want to sleep.
never saying a word,

28 iv 20

more rooms
ruins and art
at the bottom of the book
the look flowing out of my eyes.
the sound of my own voice.
silent.
sympathetic sound. For now,
the inwardness.
moonlight.
mere transcription.
sultry night
my mouth. Nothing,
an elegy to the blue sky
last words

The air
coffee
some words
still writing.
these few words more.
time stop—
found again.
one day even this
under the carefree cloudless sky;
the bread between us.
my time reading,
written years
cast outside,
subject
to the discipline of writing
art and ruins,
our volcano.
a form of love.

29 iv 20

water between thumb and finger
waves' own conformation:
native waters
breathing plains
airy twists
facets from within.
where waves give in
elements least visible
stammering elocution
that everywhere
on one stalled second.
leaf and cloud.)
wholly within the waves:
Alone on the radio and track
year after year.
a ripple.
leg and leg
arm and so on.

somewhere along the line
which side's in or out
little margin
that sense of constant re-adjustment.
a big picture.
quiet floor
semi-translucent
scribbled
birds
only sound
round and round and round at the same height
what brought them
carry the city nowhere,
the lines
scribbled over
works at work at intermeshing
slight disturbances
dreams,

dragging my lines
sinking deeper and deeper
everything passed,
still and luminous as day.
a few more lines,
the roar of a cataract far away,
my own breathing,
fell down on me from everywhere.
shapes, sounds, movements,
dying speech.
mouth wide
a movement far from me,

30 iv 20

the room emptied.
heart itself:
a roaring
only sound
distant like the wind,
mysteriously impersonal;
a reality

The light that fell
a book—
with windows flashing like signals in the
sunlight,
What ruin, what relic.
a word,
the lines and distortions
the stars.
resounded
The whole shadow
a small hole
proving the sky
an entire night itself,
into daylight
letters and twitching signs.
From the window
detail upon detail,
seems to waver
such a sound
threadlike
day-springs

distorted and revealed,
in the clouds—
gallons of coffee.
A window across
the sun
immense and clear,
in the dark.)
cascades)
smooth as glass,
through the fine black grains
racing images.
on momentary surfaces.)
the severed heart.

1 v 20

said a cloud.
weathered word,
lines
vaguely whittled
over
the ground.
a sky.

like floor boards—
splintering sunlight
“Why does that strange sea make no sound?”
wooden, grained with cloud.
this eroded air,
once each day the light goes around it
bones
inside
or far away
the hours diverge
circles surrounding stars overlapping
a recollection:
this hollow
the tide;
a strong chain,
star-splintered
endless intersecting

squares and circles,
ripples,
a point in the sky.
real leaves, trailing
dissolving
light
leaves’ fossils.”
on the ceiling
leave the fountain

2 v 20

neither indoors nor without,
into a world
our shiftlessness,
stuffed in the window
this word
did not occur to me—
my sound, to be out
beautiful and valuable facts
halfway across the room
put away—
movie money.

in the broad daylight
what's playing
full of an information
a forest
dissolving in the moss,
until the night
like a star—
sprouting grass.
The palm trees clatter
fading shells;
monotonous,
drifting, down, down, down,
careless, corrupt
whimpers

3 v 20

painted blue,
an old French horn

the writing-paper
my radio
I take these things,
off in the distance,
displacement in perspective;
Now in mid-air
set it all together
small scene, past and future:
the backyard,
wandering lines
a strong glare
listen to it
“Another part of the field.”
shapes like full-blown roses
frayed and wavering,
I stared and stared
black into
egg-white

placed in a line
searching the land
wave after wave.
distracted and offhand; concentrating on the
cracks
stumbling
and feeling
still not looking
abject and so free.
teaching me to draw,
a smoky, taunting recollection
who could never be astonished,
couldn't wander
in their shadow,
sitting very still
listening to the roar,
hands
fingers, and their nails
read their papers and stared

got hot.
staring out of the dark window, far away
bent closer.

4 v 20

'Here's where we change,'
Just say it, I'll remember
backward, out. The doors
waved back.
solitary expeditions.
helpless ambiguity,
to be brought into the world,
a dream:
only what happened—
to break
not speak:
—this happened
when the doors opened,

wandering about
what else to do.
upon the line,
a radio with an aerial;
I sit and look at our back yard
see the rest,
wet and black
The shadow
lullaby.
much difference.
sinks and dies,
shadowy leaves,
hanging
hear, all around.
thicker, darker,
a dream.
Each day
with birds,
a factory;
“Where is the music

falling into sight
darkening,
drift
to evening
in the
book

5 v 20

little leaves
blast of sunshine,
shadowy pastures
branches
cobbled
like a diagram,
conduits
vast and obvious,
a page
several scenes
stippled gray,

lines that move apart
spreading
prismatic
crisscrossing
a blue arcade;
dead volcanoes
beautiful poppies
rotting hulks
open
gritty,
trough,
yellowed
half-filled with dust,
“and” and “and.”
edges
pages
heavy book.
—the door ajar,
undisturbed, unbreathing

—and looked and looked
old correspondences.
untidy activity continues,
we listened
an old grammar.
still dreaming

6 v 20

netting,
some melancholy stains,
almost worn away.
down and down
in total immersion,
suddenly emerge
with their shadows,
over and over,
dark
mouth
woven lines
(sometimes,
now and then
in their layers

folds and folds
an irregular nervous
edge,
stereoscopic
landscape
of meaning
abandoned,
disused trails
in gray scratches
song-sparrow songs
meshing
music in their leaves
a daytime sleeper.
or a mirror,
into that world
shadows
the body,
shallow as the sea
long and silent.
a picture in a book.
whispering sound—

The sky
just sit there,
staring outward
an endless scurrying
any other sound.
the backyard.
a song.
dead or dying,
in a different tone,
out—and—
simply another element
common ground
silently playing

7 v 20

a scraping sound,
rooms on either side,
—on the train.
voices and the music.

a kind of purple
heard
dimly,
far away,
enter one's dark,
music took over
some afternoon.
the scraping sound again,
—like the sun,
uncertain staggering,

8 v 20

roselike
—Rags
By and by the whisper
On bare scraping feet
coincident
dream

forks
and starts
blurs
becoming
proliferative.
only either.
rises,
Pale
some captured
Lights
work on.
tell the difference.
broken up in the air,
unsuspected hands
—Stare out
nothing but a train
even now
bored really
something moving
invisibly,

what clamor
a ripple.
(See
equivalents
the road goes round and round
in a different place
in waves,
dirty words rubbed off
loud but
dim
Distance: Remember
Days: And
sound
discouraged
like birds all over
weather
in verses
a soft uninvented music,

up into the reading rooms,
vocabularies,
darkening and dying
grammar suddenly turns
Come
light
in the white
trains of words,
spreading,
around the moon,
within
memories

9 v 20

greenery,
tall, uncertain palms.
answer you
a different world,
both at last,
breakfast.
a strange
rag.

like postage stamps,
soap,
slipping
here
to the interior.
with foliage—
up in the air—
in the leaves—
corresponding,
an old dream
the hanging fabric,
birds
crowded streams
streaks
travelling, travelling,
the long trip
To stare
at any view,
more folded

sad, two-noted,
another country
not to have heard
sings above
what connection can exist
in
the weak calligraphy
hours of unrelenting
silence
a notebook,
gigantic waves of light and shade.
weak flashes
little, soluble,
soggy documents
in rooms
of concentration
shadows, staring,
knowledge is beneath them.
memorized
to the sky.

10 v 20

keep on reading
at the word
we dream
over and over
these days
one thing:
here and now.
—day and light.
tinny sound,
melting
telephone
In a dim age
open house
to
silver fish,
big moths;
a later
era will differ.
small shadowy
life!)

will stare
in the steady sun.
paper chambers
fill
like hearts.
against the sky
With a wind,
behind the house.
—a handful of
ash

11 v 20

grunted beneath
the window naked.
The room
none other—
in a language
like a dog,
showed me room after room
miles, under the river.

moon shines on
from here to there,
a steady stream of light
drains the jungles; it draws
the very heart
that magic mud,
the multitudes
worms
turning
in the deep,
whispering
at once—
long veins,
your voices talking.
down and down
said nothing
an awful wonder,
touch of vermin.
compositions

—I stared
dryly—
start.
fell in.’
suddenly, between us,
dream, with all that before
shoulder; nothing
out of the room,
darkness, and flowers
before a large, high window,
outside. The rest
as light
as hollow
as dry
and how long
—silent and white.
from the sun
the room remained
In no time,
my chart,

the curtains,
flowers.

12 v 20

The basket of fruit
the book one wants
words
into the room
with
air
said, 'listen.
a few days—
recover
your name
in what I say.
and then'—
yesterday.
was listening
subsided—
together.

discreetly,
nothing to be done
But you must think
the room was beginning to fill
oddly
remote—
— not now;
folded,
in so many ways—
Twelfth Morning;
the thin gray
lets everything show through:
a housewreck.
expelled breath.
hearing things),
dotted lines,
across the lots;
a sort of corner...
Even awake,
probably
in doubt.

dozing?
mixture,
hear the water now,
inside,
Out of nothing
like lichen,
falling down.
Flat as a wall,
against the skyline
long as the daylight
under the stars.
sounds, and staring
far below,
a sigh
outside

13 v 20

bowed where I sat.
and walked,

failing light,
reading
by the almanac,
its string. Birdlike,
a winding pathway.
between the pages
the flower bed
a word.
strokes, and then
white,
the smallest page
tiny lily,
black translucency.
the only note of color—
gray crochet.)
waters the plant,
softly say:
flooded
dreamland,
at the left.
Turn over.

a bird
notes at right
roaring
granted,
awkward,
interruption,
comes and goes
—watching
the spaces
where (no detail
downwards.
runs,
he stares
dragging
world
a mist. And then
clear.
something, something,
untidy years.
a falling-down
together.

windows, walking
Nothing belonged
collected, anywhere
—and after
circuitous
—sometimes,
a difference
with which to break out—
the last hour, reading, and listening

14 v 20

leafed through my book.
little things,
to get started—
in windows,
rolling.
nothing.
the room.
light
after, it has
weight

turning. There
into the room,
bright blue, dull dark
resounded;
air, inimitable
—elegant
in life—
this impossibility;
brought into
mind,
where the boundaries
were
to be found.
brief, wiry, dull dark
unanswerable
dropping voice.
and time
whitewashed, stubby
—out alone.

telling the time
weeping down
world of books
there,
flat,
the length of a weaving
silent
walls
the floor
past the staring

15 v 20

yet there
in drops.
facing out,
same weathers.
mouthfuls
an angel in disguise;
Blue-black fumes
strange, smooth surface

noise.
hard to catch,
in this loose
gravel.
mysterious ease,
like a pallid, decomposing leaf.
sides
in rhythmic waves, just off the ground,
my mouth
now
hands.
wide wake
growing dark.
a
ribbon:
sleeping
an hour more,
into
air

indistinguishable from
light.
a few words in a
voice.
dragged
The scroll
the white plume
rowed
the air
tears.
rolled down
fell,
black,
through
ceilings
rolling off
fingers
Dark-hearted
—remember—

seeds
their dreams
somewhere
with
weeds.
and
stars

16 v 20

without air.
our
little foot.
thin
paper.
dreamed it:
scribbled
gazing
at the sights,
the slack
wires.
the tracks slither between
in a puddle of

distant nebulae.
faint—
a black shade,
perfect gibberish.
Not one word
in all that heat—
where all the world still stops.
mouths
“Cold.”
or looks upward brokenly,
bits of mirror—

17 v 20

Land and water.
whole, or
part
lamps and magazines.
and
photographs:
a volcano,
—“Long Pig,”
yellow margins, the date.

voice,
mouth.
falling, falling,
turning world
blue-black space.
glance
shadowy gray
hands,
voice.
held
together
just
word
here,
like them,
a
black wave,
A new volcano
caught on the horizon

of the books
The room contained
words
heard from
heat.’
lost and ruined
lowered.
uselessly
down.
wet and white.
some fatal lack
never understood
less single minded—
collected
some of the heat
beneath
the script
vigor, a
hint
then lapsed,

18 v 20

terrain.
nerveless, wormy
carried
beyond
I stared
speechless communication
memory is so much
sound.
not as long
as it sounded,
continually exchanging signals—over our heads;
more definite
which darkened the blue
patience.
volcanoes dead as ash heaps.
closing in, but never quite,
mostly overcast.

gray;
heads in cloud,
Glass chimneys,
legs dangling down
over everything,
hours apart.
books
full of blanks;
from my ears;
sounded
in
its leaves.
real shade, somewhere.
Dreams
registering
geography.
another minute
—Pretty to watch;

the bluish blade,
lines of wood-grain
dribbled away.
eyes rest on
folded
skinny
want

19 v 20

Broken glass,
aquamarine
in
dark environs
luminous
rivers.
The sky
dead.
(Still, there
narrow
tides
mud
in

rivulets;
gravelly
rows
through late afternoon
patient,
light
grows
cabbages,
lupins
the sweet peas
A pale flickering.
rattles
through the dark:
Moonlight
and mist
gentle, auditory,
old conversation
recognizable, somewhere,
(something)
indrawn
dim

whispers,
otherworldly.
an acrid
smell

20 v 20

some
fixed place,
to stare
indifference—
abjectly, now,
world's dirty work
tangled, blind,
it was there,
roaring
no justice:
shapeless
space and
water—
which might remain

dark dream
in darkness.
hands:
incorrigible, hoping
to accept
terms
be struck
precisely,
to apprehend
unutterable dimensions
invested with
language
like
beginning
death,
the window
watched it
with real eyes
a
sun-filled meadow,

one or two scenes,
behind this curtain,
falling down
a reverie,
motionless
sky.
shadow,
terracing
almost white,
“field,”
backward
at
undisclosed
distance
presence
revealed
as prevails.
by
deceptive illumination. Alive,
—this little painting
minor

relic
handed along
bits that show,
—that gray-blue wisp—
minuscule
back-to-back,
fresh-squiggled
air
Clear as gray
backed on that meadow.
before
time.
literal
backwater,
years apart.
memory is
changed
a word—
two looks:
compressed
dim, but

touching
shivering,
two cities,

21 v 20

indrawn:
sky
Along
a track
lengths
of wet
tide-line, down
over
a
white snarl,
falling
string?—
nothing much,
two bare rooms:
old,

long books,
write down
droplets slipping,
in the window.
A light to read by—
that day
boarded up.
scattered stones
threw
shadows,
pulled
in
behind
—a sun
The unknown bird
gray light

22 v 20

silent messengers
from time,

scarcely perceptible
This lonely effort
to listen to life
tiny lines
looked up
another language;
spoke
each word.
changing light,
the window
a second,
a moment,
after, after—
in that conflux
silently
a sky
burnished along one side,
diverged. Here
plodded,
only sounds
changing

days and days away
wobbling, somewhere,
In the blue

23 v 20

—drifting,
south or sidewise,
to paint
meadows
at a loss...)
And now—
rearrange,
The words
draw
and stare.
in the ebbing sewage,
going round
—radios, Americans,
just talking.
wobbling
undecided.
—the broken

mirror,
read a little, sleep.
created by each other
as
birds,
materials
to
feed this creature
the facts of ancestry,
seated on the wooden platform

24 v 20

unspeakable
world:
estrangement,
leaving something
And nothing
far to the side
open air,
against the sky

singing in a cave.
to live without the song.
silence?
new songs
made possible;
descended,
despairingly, for ever,
—they meet,
not the same,
a word spoken
unanswerable:
indistinguishable
on the platform
in that language
dipping
in and out
Through a pane of bluish glass.

turns gray,
mingling
tides
around the sides
Of
a bas-relief:
wide shadow
Turned to the sun
That blues
wears on,
rhythmically.
ventilated
Over the
surface:
Spreading out
in a straight line,
shatters
And comes back
in
distraction.

likely as not—

25 v 20

An open book
too close to read
demarcations
spread and fade
Shadows fall down,
growing deaf.
birdcalls
dwindle.
the moon
the stars
fly
hurrying up to now,
through the
spaces, after,
glinting
—the tides
stars inside
what
changes they see

vast, shady, turned-down
how blue
big palm
indifferent
Blink,
small gray visions
shattered.
stared
drowned
here, between
staring
word.
phrase.
air,
reveal—
attention
the room,
Nothing.
deeper and deeper,
suddenly
staring at the bottom

two rooms

26 v 20

whistling by,
a silver string
as they pass;
dark under
split the sky in two.
against the window
full of
silver harps and mirrors
filled
silently
wind among the leaves
still—
warm
stumbling down
liquid-slow.
some song
to fall

over
melody:
rest,
breath,
sinks through fading
stillness
Held in
rhythm
soft, sweet shadow
a lull
whispering trees,
clearer than glass.
twilight
after the
blue,
wander away
A shining wave
And nothing more

Or a word
break;
turn,
dully
begin
again.
anything—
this nervous strain
silent,—

27 v 20

wavery and wet;
fluid streets
drift
Along
sky
dangle earthwards,
through the crack
Strike

our senses
dimes and nickels,
stand on air—
—That
rupture
seeing into
graves.
sweet blue
Stared
Down
splintered.
With lashes, lids
shining birds
graven
They leave that
difference
by
winds or drafts
Or
some bush.

To only eyes;
That residue
least intended
stolen—
In those two rooms
odds and ends
daylight.

28 v 20

distant—
fell
another way.
the air
parted;
sound
in the darkness,
breathing
in the other room,
rats
in the walls,
electrical

—one day—
these landings,
room, staring
a different reason
Everything
new,
look, to look
pulled
inside, with one hand,
led down
listening to something in the street.
the window
looked out.
into the room.
thin,
bony
life,
a little daily.
stones

land,
wild plants
idle
sand
lips of
intervals,
shoulder,
more space
at break of day.
starless night.
the tide
covered
our streets,
wind from the interior
broadcasts
blind,
reflects the sky,

29 v 20

wide distances
Through night,
And
heard,
sunflowers.
steps
Tracking the same ground;
hands telling
drops.
Here
paths
small graves
steps
closer,
the ground:
little birds.
sleeping
leaves
light.
common plain.

Colors of the sky
at the city's edge.
your ground,
sun you did not see)
As
earths
scatter
Over the earth
from far away:
grains
clays
"Ruins of
ancient rains—
wept
in shadow,
a few, choice friends,
insides
in daylight,
always sad,
shadow

by the hand.
so much time
neither day nor night.

A
bird?
heaped-up
ruined
memories.
Stepping on books
and
travel
rustling
hand
pushing
into time,
My voice
slowly on
dividing
the dark.
turning into clay.

strict shadow
silences
within
silence.
in the
narrow space

30 v 20

around the wide table,
reading
inwardly going over
memory,
seeing
woods,
a great companion,
The other day...
scattered rose.
see:
again.
time has made
what it makes

without being
strangely,
letters
on the bark of trees.
new words
explain everything.)
left to be
reincarnated
as we were
— the paths of love,
all lower-case,
remote,
pure, forgotten
transforming
angels.
the shadows reverberate.
for an instant,
among
errors,
truth.
unique verse,

(no use remembering
spreading celestial
hand
traced
quickly,
with
thought,
Who sits
bent over
the coffee,
elaborated
absence,
concrete and lunar.

31 v 20

in the open air.
some whisper
unimaginably,
exasperated
staring,
out

dirty window panes;
no words
in the yard—
talking,
silently,
old tree,
inside and out,
walls
room
simply staring
sometimes strumming
the field.
a voice
coffee.
endless wastes.
the road
a stone
this event
in
life
there

in the middle

1 vi 20

an ocean
changing places,
fractures remain
a body
there voluntarily,
—if need be—
room's chiaroscuro,
inside
matter becomes
things?
it stares;
living and dead
in the glass.
travelling
afternoons,
rivulets in the river-bed
Partake together
again.

Some have fled
to
mornings
Late at night.
a
horizon.
stared
at the sea
And
vanished:
patience.
stops and looks
laziness at work
Descend,
place
the hands
silent
surgeons.
Above and below
blue spaces

spoke
in
light;
These
bones
dust and darkness,
fall from there.
a reality involving others;
coupling
world.
to sound,
roaring darkness,
that afternoon.
length, breadth, and depth,
echo back;

in a wordless way,
they give each other up.
to a room
connected
moment
mixed
detail, remember
stammer,
sometimes, almost
impatient

2 vi 20

the coffee
the road.
rambling—
never alone.
—relentless two-piece
startlingly plaid,
all the noise
to hear

broken.
scripts,
braided
somehow,
grey
soft and full.
the world
break.
pulverized voices
of the afternoon
come straight down
between blue and good
A pale
shade
speaks
in the street now
swaying,
millions of leaves
woven
spaces.
Fallen

light
more idea than color,
where
the sky gathers.
Little by little,
language,
a landscape,
the double page
cracks the horizon.
invented
another day.
among
hours
with room
for time.

Memory
unweaves
the
fragments:
reflection.
scatters
inside
words

3 vi 20

put
down
in the grass.
to collect
a couple of hours.
the motor.
word for
word.'
set down.
We listened

up the porch steps.
singing in the room.
peacock blue and
gray.
much confusion.
at
hand:
black sweet-peas.
The climate
lizard
not-native books
a groove.
part of a novel,
piece of stone,
what it is flies out
sightseeing
shadow
with inner light—

4 vi 20

in avenues—

of
fine linen
small things,
bone boxes—
a picture with
fine distance;
two-leaved
poetry of
grays,
and
blues,
a hand,
folding
at the edge,
untouched:
stones.
translucent
by daylight,
it turns
neatly back

the ear which reiterates
strange detail
in
uneven notes
between leaps
under
lines across
windows,
ground
—each small pebble
interrupted light
and other shadows from the blue of the green
canopy.
on the branching foam
only play
material future
the sense to turn
against
reason—

immediately thereafter,
descend to deepen
confusion;
a word
to listen.
a
window, just so;
dream
and
hand
stared
back to the city.'
all
mouth,
their word.

5 vi 20

wadded
and
dropped
on the floor:
line of vision,

entangled
on paper
elements
of
daily life,
rough speech
lost and loving
fore-shadowed
connections
broken.
hands in the air.

6 vi 20

at the same place;
intermittently,
shows blue
meets
likeness in the stream
with clouds
coarse or fine at pleasure.”
falls from trees

in and out—
Bird-reptile social life
shade
basking
branch
runs on
the hand—
faint shadow fixed
night-fall,
Hollow
sound
(for there is no light),
in jerks which express
interchangeably
articulate,
strings
Among
wires,
minute noises
and change,
as avenues

scale
the
noiseless music
palm-trees
rattle
naked
into air.
that copies each
shape,
settles—
breathing
hand.
rustle
fall
marks
loss.

7 vi 20

broken down
across the yard.'

subsided.
a double
morning,'
returned
listening
—just like white
this way:
get things out of
there—
matter,
this country.'
hands again,
talking
moment,
beneath
lying on
air
swift
word

out to the top
reverse
direction—
fallen in
paper
foil the
moment
—two birds
lowered
at intervals
on twigs
opposite
seen—
leaf-mosaic
sun
sprinkled
wilderness”
that
wind sends
to

speak

8 vi 20

injured fan.
wave,
split
glass,
crevices—
whereupon
stars,
each on the other.
external
marks
ac-
cident—
grooves,
and
strokes, these things
Repeated
can live
not revive
spoken

into
wind.
stiff and silent,
disrupted
emotional economy.
vivid
colour
matter,
how to begin.
Here
sitting
—or, rather, with
or, rather, in
do, which was simply to be easy with
No: there
under the eyes
studiously ignoring
looking down,
hands between

concentrating
a certain resolution.
falling flat
just
a way of getting
silent.
—easily and slowly,
intimately,
hold in both hands
turned carelessly,
to
each other.
turned and
changed.
broken through
and
glowed;
time
and
coffee

shook hands—
could
hear whatever
stammered back.
a precise
attention;
from the city—

9 vi 20

never heard
afternoon—
time to time—
stared
a silence—
watched
hands
fingers
air.
fell
flat,

downwards;
with being
split
firmament
dumb.
and falling down,
by the length
of what
was
to be said
bird,
faint
inscription—
once vivid
silence
Slow
staggering toward itself
Reading
in
place

10 vi 20

drop, paper
ghost,
invite destruction.
heart;
ran
inlaid
afterward “neglected
served. What stood
“palm-tree
leaflike
bits
of
the stream
made away with
variety
turned on
itself, struck
from
the lawn,
returned

abandoning
being
to say
the stream
faintly,
— now,
stammering. Then
looked up.
glasses
fall
down,
sudden,
silence.
wand,
held it
a moment.
scribbling
scraps
dimly,
written

down.
connections
become organic.
lost
rose
this time
fine and soft.

11 vi 20

down
slumbering street.
silence.
heard
above
a large space,
looking down
still, yet
moving. The sound
filled all the
air
far away.
up in

the void.
too far to turn back
the
landscape
reflection of the
larger vision—
out, down
flickering
branch.
disorder, which
nature
does not allow
both. Sometimes
purgatory;
Within seconds,
to drop
Between
any
page.
and
landscape

remote
history.
ragged,
held
and
repelled
then—
wandering.
destroying
speech,
slate-gray
remarking,

12 vi 20

no smoke and color
to modify
obliqueness
plain to
account for:
incandescence
stripe:
read; complexity

nothing is plain. Complexity,
committed to darkness,
so the measure
dark.
throat,
about to crawl,
gurgling
minutiae—
The wave
gone by.”
flattened out
by the sun,
might have been;
double line of strokes.
the published fact
a surrender.
To
divide the air,
fly over
fence,
—this

life;
a phase
cloud
fact
in the field
interpreting
wrong meanings
wired for electricity.
on
a few
wrinkles
mostly
silence
thoughts more than
flesh.
regroupings,
figures—
different fashions.
time to time,
held

through darkness,
hurtled
past.
a bridge
On
time,
music.
the landscape.
streets
houses
louder.
in the middle
turning
with all that sound;
beneath;
one
hand,
like life.

13 vi 20

reproduced,

world.
unspeakable
sentence
given away:
to read
out of the book.
in trouble, hanging
silence fell
twice:
receding, vanishing
word.
peaceful in one
disturbed in another.
suddenly comes into
light,
face to face
confusion.
watching:
at once.
across the

floor?
the record
In
silence
empty room,
together downstairs.
outside.
a moment.
down the dark street,
everything empty.
living-room.
windows
open on that
street—
see a little bit
—one voice perhaps,
modified illusions:
shorthand
digressions;
languageless country

in
letters
no conclusions
drawn.
matter
compressed in
books
never
confined

14 vi 20

literal biography
artichoke
blue;
glances into
life
in the middle of this;
grave.
saying nothing;
lower
fact

under networks of foam,
breathlessly
rustles in and out
through the air
beneath
the
noise
in which dropped things
sink—
with consciousness.
intermingled echoes
repeating the curve
other hand,
little objects—
components of destiny
beside the window.
—through
interstices formed by
light
And
breath,

hear it, faint
not
steady.
the sentence.
through
bafflement,
held
and
lost
in the dark,

15 vi 20

like drowning.
air whispered,
abandoned
hours
to
other rooms.
becoming melancholy
More and more time
from the distance between

looked down.
—a loving cup.’
free field for etching;
time
with
elastic
selectiveness
to conquer
detachment,
in a
line
sick of the earth,
accreted
space
waving two inches beyond
compacted by
wind;
a far cry
and the
conjunction
of

wilderness.
without it"—
the universe;
atmosphere of
plunder,
this dried bone of
lost
simplicity.
paper
thin
speak,
time,
take something
to use;
old
roses outlined in pale black on an ivory ground,
shadows
lettered

landscape of common sense,
that moves in a
line—
touch of
hand,
lost in a small collision
let fall,
In these
expressions of appearance,
the air of being

16 vi 20

bird's
country in
everything
hard
nearly
caught,
rippling
through

stone,
lit
time;
converges upon this.
in
folds like
rhythms
—for what was
invented?
a train
will come
the only
shape;
quickly dispersed—
layer after layer
of touch and unhurried incision
so much color
arrested in action
a cross-section of
correspondence

everything
twice
in
letter.
what time had done
country of dreams.
In
rain
the living example
aimless
ever;
shrinking
many—
re-entered the room
unspeakable past

17 vi 20

a dead letter
outside. Now,
everything but the room

no more in life
nor, then, again,
said.
a long time before
silent.
stared at the
rose.
the room.
crawled
out.
into
sound.
so to speak,
whispered,
fell and fell.
held
tightly
now.
in
darkness

the world
taken
and squeezed
broken;
from
touch.
full of attention,
hands
trying to give,
trying to take,
breath
a
time.
more than
a moment,
early afternoon.
the wall of the house
sound and smell

18 vi 20

Acquiring
blind

word,
so little and so much" —
lucid movements
upon the
scenery
"split like
glass against a wall"
language —
full of reverberations and
general action;
parting lines
with
rocks—
consonants"
perpendicular
hiss

19 vi 20

listened to
voices
turning over and going back

around the room,
with one hand
some coffee,
turn together and meet
across the floor,
bent double
present
as a possibility.
the islands,
the English sense,
hips of a boy.
indescribable
air
muffled by
windows, watching
rendering
silence and
attention,
some
afternoons.

there: their faces
still
falling,
unmoving.
in
the wind;
echo
presence
—rose,
the window,
again.

20 vi 20

in
languages—
meantime;
quiet:
below the incandescent
experience
each fresh wave

describing
trapezoids of blue.
words,
touched
correctly—
time silent as the air
everything convenient
new leaves,
not
silence but
silences,
“the illusion of a fire
an experiment
or
merely recreation.
that quixotic atmosphere
the sound
handled carefully—
turn to the letter
stipulating space

this nomad
on
hand for life' —
more time
to sit and watch
artists
are fools.”
an expansive splendor
condemned to disaffect
fidelity
which the world hates,
great sorrow
in the morning
persists
as the essence of
the Book

21 vi 20

—just
tide
over,
right,'

—something more
poured
coffee
in silence.
somewhere,
singing
into the room,
dropped down
voices and odours.
more
than usual
squint; it fell
and
stared
next to the window.
'Well, tomorrow,'
rolled down
and
away.
last words,
then,

cracks”
like
shadows
with their dark energy
mercy of
weather;
drips down,”
a circle,
of
sunlight” —
clipped
from
irregular
lanes of ripples.”

22 vi 20

making drains
Composed
in
confusion

“blue
quarries
fragment
the
fall—
wind,
gravity
petrified
vapor—
sun kindling
shoulders
those
lines
a volcano,”
the outer one older,
eagles
the west,
Perched
unadjusted
disaster” —

hear the roar
winding
though the cliffs,
thread
doubling back and forth
in ripples
wild music
descending
with
grass and flowers
leaves
enjoying
delicate behavior
in new countries
elsewhere—
not
seen,
in writing.”
sacrosanct remoteness—

the love of
things
out—
Relentless
nature
“Creeping slowly
under winds
twigs and
bark from
trees.”
flattened
branches
with no weather
falling
symmetrically
claw cut by
sound
in a curtain

23 vi 20

the window,
darkened

turned again
streets,
some
books;
messengers,
packages.
held
wandering,
Then,
flat
rustling,
appeared
a noise
listened to
on this avenue,
turned off
current,
spun around.
in
memory,
dry, rattling

exuberance
not here and not now
a
witness
to
splendour
wandered though
stopping now beneath this
side of the avenue,
—as
never
before,
exhibited in tumbling,
disperses
the horn
strewn
with
stones—
this fourfold combination
of

difference—

24 vi 20

woven air
forest:
A puzzle
to disappear
and reappear,
with miraculous elusiveness,
to take alive,”
itself—
by word
a record
beside a cloud
upon itself
nomad
better
lonely
in invitation
of
these woods

complicated starkness—

a loss,
to know
this
part
account for its origin
in field.
yellow rose
books
white
millstone
falls
faint
black
again,
wave held
—the spectrum,
turn aside
The illustration

crush the particles down
then walk back and forth on them.
butterflies,
the congruence
is vain,
incidental
a concomitant
something
said,
hid:
in
absence
light
hands'
—making
air.

25 vi 20

color
of sense;
speaking

words,
on a
book?
brief
legibility
sufficiently
synthetic.
threading
down;
automatically.
like a shoelace from its mouth—
rubbed
speech
in silence,

26 vi 20

—an impression of tapestries,
descending,
walls.

Dark, dark
sloping, hushed.
trouble in the world.
a
malevolent thorn;
blank,
bright, haunted
heard.
easy matter—
interfering
imbalanced—
in
hands,
the streets again,
Silence, and darkness, and
breath—
pierced
the field,
in the world
a kind of cellar.
in

open air,
deafly listening—
continuing.
feet spread
elaborate
trace
exactly.” And
a place
sent
in
language.
defenseless dot
gnarled by
truth,

27 vi 20

“The word
can
'animate whoever thinks
—was and is

This bird
—and
more
left hand strewing
the plume
with
nervousness
strange
dust
invisible;
running-bird.
singing tree
the leaves were mouths
—with bookworms, mildews,
voluntarily, refusing
some things
seem to touch
—between them,
hung
out on the lines
to say anything,

in
hand.
light came down
hardly breathing.
this rattling sound
dropping off,
hardly
anything,
to say:
to hold.
every day
in silence.

28 vi 20

twig
copying flower
circularity; one
bending
down;
here—
dreams

room for
script
under
hyacinth-blue lid—
held waveringly
unfortunate.
made a point
which says not sings,
—half in
hands
intermittent squeak
dropped
in
the midst
white stripe
crosswise
underneath
sounds
of the
bird,
lit air

make room—
nothing fills
dim in
memory
around midday,
nothing in
mind.
beneath
sky,
Everything—
still:
light in the
curtains
briefly cut
long, long, long,
coming
downstairs,
catching
light,

in the window,
grain of
unspeaking sky,
tree,
sparrow,
stone
scattered
like bones, the hill,
dying flowers,
somewhere

29 vi 20

Pale
edges
The air
soft, warm,
remain.
under the sycamore.
green surrounds
sounds,
thick
wide-spaced

Cave has formed walls
narrow tongue
imitates
noiseless,
in the semi-sun,
Narrow
bricks,
share
shade
one at each side,
with the bird:
but for a day,
—from “advancin’ back-
wards in a circle”;
Rare unscent-
ed,
inconsistent
flowers
filled
with
light

everywhere open
records on
walls;
nearness,
in the dark
caraway seed—
spotted
with lost identity,
part of
clouds,
an intimation
the sky
closed.
—what we call
mind.
the
sentence
passed,
that
Now,

rose,
started
back down
daylight
now
night;
not
remotely
pale—
memory,
all
blurs
over the ground again.
the same road
for a while.
could turn. Eventually,
together
next day,

30 vi 20

dropped
and left

the smell of coffee
entered
a second,
turned
hand.
disappearing
in blue.
looked
down;
'Break
watching
note sounded,
to move. Perhaps
immobilized
voice,
down the stairs.
reading
scene
fell over the line

to the porch,
bathed in light,
not altered;—
never seen.
Every name is a tune.
lined with stars,
fingers trembling
in
Concurring hands
makes invisible:
intervals
in
time
change and
edges
this water-clear
glass
in the same voice,
the day

3 vii 20

Another
—scale
uninterrupted
near artichoke
the night
artist
whom we seldom hear.
seems extra. But
not;—
solitary
through unfamiliar ground
returning before sunrise;
on
moonlight
edges of
hands
the tree,
draws
with no sound
to unroll

earth from inside,
thus darken.
Sun and moon
set aside;
down the tree,
curious hand.
leaves
flowers
to this world,
and writes
a few steps,
years.
—warm
hands
anew each day;
shaped by
teatime
paper
dull
white outside
smooth-

edged inner surface
watchful
day and night;
in
a sense
white on white,
close-

laid
lines
round
the
fortress

4 vii 20

of
voice.
a country road,
the
hands,
breath,
reading somewhere

imagine me
the other hand,
tightrope between
carefully noted,
gathering, staring, on the steps.
got darker. We stared
eyes,
to the floor.
this country.'
as real
as
nothing
another room,
over
blues
a
moment, there
surprised—
a jungle,
whatever in it; something turned

merely
here
Now,
the room.
subsided
in veils of memory.
—just between us
stared
hypnotized, dumb;
a map some-
where,
a word
let
go.’
about that room,
in the air,
gone.
Silence, now,
open
mouth,

5 vii 20

A word
stared
scarcely listening.
made a sound between
the page, and
The lines
down my book
and
the light.
stairs
room.
the dark.
the sky.
back from the window.
sounded—
paused.
on the step below
Sometimes, maybe.
The whole
a moment

fragments met,
in frozen ground.
itself.
little thread
emerges
Well,—

6 vii 20

like a rope,
the window and
the shadow
land.
sounded
close
about the silence below.
beyond me
a pot of coffee
watching
—so, you see.’
up and down
room, between
light and

blue smoke
outside
sorrow;
echoes
what might,
go under,
what is!
—at least, right now.
—nothing comes before
stretch out our while
to make it clear. Before
a feather,
‘The
grass
when all this shit was starting—
all tied up together.
a
time.
time again;
break

Uplifted and
immobilized
opposing
itself
a pastime,
or when—since
leafy
intensities,

7 vii 20

at
length in the half-dry sun-flecked stream-bed,
gently breathing
sound
incised with
unease.
gray with white
pattern of revery
child

of reason

to say:
nothing,
revived.
gravity.
small word
the dot,
—the verb
asleep
a vein
of
land
fanning out
—responsive
surface that says
subdivided by sun
with its eyes on the ground.
hear
memory's
conscientious inconsistency.

Unconfusion
cannot change.
O shining
star,
lashed till small things go
as they will,
the
wave makes
depth.
of
small dust
by little, much
moved by outside things;
holds
ground in patience
without
quiet form
these
dyings—
inward;
dust

a time.

8 vii 20

—country, and
fruit.
melancholy sound—
And—
The road
made sign language
announcing silence,
vivid
thought
The grass roots
a narrow creek.
carrying both
books,
staring, gathering
everywhere at once—
buried,
together:
unspeakable

old rags
whisper
—if only for this moment,
attempting
telepathy.
melodious
on the sidewalk.
tree-lined
rose,
in
shade
—only their voices:
fairly level
and
pale.
sometime.
But not now.’
down in one of the
chairs,
all of the ground

this vast, high room,
speak,
broken

9 vii 20

mirror;
uncircuitous simplicity
by recollection—
the darkness
Something heard
Above
like some
merged green density,
little bits of string
unconquerable country
conjoined in streams
noiseless
Here,
unlike.
all alike,

lay as ground
“Keeping their world large,”
and
sun, on this
scene.
handled
harp
stemming distraction;
I am reading—
some
word
as
chord
a bird,
down
a tree—
tuned
at the source.
harmonica
walls
wave-worn rock—

mixed with
sadness.
bent head,
song

10 vii 20

in
one hand
threw the voice
to pace again—
stretched towards us
beneath
visitors.
a chair,
waiting.
with this sound,
around the room.
taking notes
lower,
perceptions lead
vocabulary
coffee, cups,

the sideboard.
phonograph and
record
poured coffee
some other scene,
this
book
first lines.
stared at each other
into
breaks
seemed to work;
—listen
here's a chance.
room
scattered,
connection—
silence, like water,
carried
off-stage
over that world

11 vii 20

on the wing—
pattern
scales
alphabet.

Arise,
lose their way
impersonal
more precise
Illusion.
without
addition
in
its frame of circumstance
innocence and attitude
in
solitude.
the tarnish;
there,

holds
fast—
pressed,
never known
exposed
silhouette;
in lanes above lanes
also dark
its animal
lets the
quill fall.
at their beginning,
out of place
unlike any instrument
will
carry the illusion.’
around the room.
to continue with
voice;
a small wave
in the next few days.’

sounded dry—light,
the wind
turning
over,
in the world,
last words hanging

12 vii 20

by daylight,
waving about
in obscurity—
crow-note
intimacy.
prophet,
and
concealer—
darker.
submerged
by feeling.
in
ambiguous sense—
with that mark

—an unconformity;
comparing speeds,
a light left hand
—this
rhapsody.
alighting in
the atmosphere;
you recall
in sight—
blurred by too much.
—on reviewing
nonchalances of the mind,
different from what goes on
since flowering
substituted
a
word
a virus
still untried—
for another
inert becomes living—

effigy of
animal
a sign
Against a
sky
nearby;
to stir
A commonplace:
flowers
a little dry
grass,

13 vii 20

speaking plainly—
braids
of memory,
imitating the blue
of
the sea,
a dumb language”;
in reality

revives
the plumbline
axis of
tempos others
combine.
black-clad solitude
like a letter
soundholes
glassy
whorls
a vertical stroke brought about,
bisecting
down
times
for a dangling hand
suitable simile. It is as though
it is like the eyes,
say
Up the winding stair,

here, where, in what
seeing
reminder
of a sunbeam
somehow confused
and an intrusive hum
out of doors,
interlacing
noise,
bird-notes
what
can't unweave:

14 vii 20

on the bed,
Everything
tilted,
time
staring
like
light.
And

voice
like a country
heard
into.
—in spite of everything,
press.
again to the land
not yet and not now
at the beginning—
just down the hall
in
my old room.
now a part
steady.
airs
level with each
taking place
ground—
understudy,
never
today—

The room
beautifully crowded.
flowers and records
beneath
stuff
held
must open
as bookends. Or paper weights,
raised
glass
emancipates
sound
who will not comply.
—of
“things which
appear” —
at times invisible.
appears
across it

Hid by
august foliage
round
polished stem,
laid upon
a fluctuating churn
your arm
approaches
opens
and
closes;
it quivers;
grass and little
shadows
Writing
in
living,
“judged on their own ground.”
were words
Certainly
not
the end.

D-S 6, 3