

pathétique

mark so

for Tim & Eileen

thanks to Christoph for the notebook

DEATH-SPIRAL 6, 4
MARFA TEXAS 2020

15 vii 20 - Pasadena

Some moments in a life, and they needn't be very long or
deaths, and fear of death; in all of this, some style evolving, some
music endlessly being played, ringing inexorable
And then, for a moment, I did not know what to say; and
after all, nearly the literal truth; and a tremor went
It was just that I fucked up his sense of reality. He did not
in the shoes of others. I remembered myself trying to say this
'and let me thank you for holding on to me. I'll never forget
and set it down and clapped her hands. It was—somehow
Then, I sat on the bed and looked at my records, the
script and sign the contract which would bring me back to
need, indeed, to do anything but be myself. But who was
had not before occurred to me: but it certainly made sense. To come up from
the place where one thought one was dead
Maybe you'll never really get well again.
"as I walked back to the mound I said, 'Everything's

Really with a time if that should occur:
A neat bunt, please; a cloud-breaker, a drive
he says that in a measure the pleasure is the pay:
almost as if he'd just told it to go.
a paradise in which hope dies,
path enticing beyond comparison.
artlessly perfect French effect
mattered at first (Don't speak in rhyme
Tested until so unnatural
initiated liberty
It was enough; it is enough

17 vii 20 - Marfa

We have to trust this art—
love's signature cementing faith.
like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
set off by replicas of violet.
a work of art. And I too seemed to be
compositely for all—
(crimson, blue, and gold) that
others go and come. No more a stranger
means giving what is mutual,
silence—after a word—waterfall of the banal—
unofficial, unprofessional. But still one need not fail
that legend can be factual;
is always actually personal.
course of time, another
It smells of water, nothing else,
The melanin in the skin
either in daylight or at night.

trip to the moon. The moon should come here. Let him
be permitted a line?
Might you have liked a stone
down'd underneath,

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this time: the prize bunnyhug
they work toward the edge and stick;
The beast, received as a guest,
and now, since they behaved and also looked alike,
for if not both, now
And here, though hardly a summary, astronomy
sun-dyed. Blaze on, picture,
together. But it won't be the same self. I guarantee you that.'
something of the male and female loveliness, and it deepened,
he allowed the elevator doors to close, and we started down.
'To go away and rest.'
'You must forgive me. I don't know the script.'
they were scribbling. God knows I didn't care. I looked at
always looking, walking, up or down, and because you can

closed my eyes and let myself be carried.
before or so it seemed; the wrinkles on the water, like the tin-foil I'd played
with as a child, and the sun, like the matches
hear it meaning, all the way up here.

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sea, news of earthquakes here or there, or revolutions here
I watched the fire. I was trying to find out what I really wanted to do. It was
complicated by the fact, at the moment, I really wanted to do nothing—
just to sit by the fire like this,
when you get there—get there in easy stages.’
play records, do whatever you want to do, take the car and
the plane gets off the ground good.’
astronomically. One must think of these things.’
cushions—what is it about a fire which makes one
“O path amid the stars
composite span—an actuality.

20 vii 20

may have seen towers and been shown the Yard—
a too outspoken refuge from clichés particularly,
unavoidably lame as I am, verbal pilgrim
It occurs to the guest—if someone had confessed it in time—
(of a bridge),

wizard in words—poet, was it, as
on the sand-pale dark beyond, one leaf adrift
road-runner, stenciled in black
with pent-up emotion, a ballad, witchcraft.
Unafraid of what's done,
made wordcraft irresistible:
reef, wreck, lost lad, and “sea-foundered bell”—
craft with which I don't know how to deal.
contrapuntally appointed persistently
occasions, inventions with wing,
Repeated fugue-like, all of it, to infinity.
Dazzling nonsense... I imagine it? Ah! nach
occur in this rare spot—
as bowling-ball thunder
slowly lies down aslant;
down like a dog, has an innocent air—
and tells a friend what matters least.
It was patience
making past present—
If all is mobility,
converted to letters, “who could
talk about them when I understand them.”
to be literal—detrimental as well
the unconversational animal.

21 vii 20

Have you time for a story
in the flowered filigree, among wide weeds

The problem is mastered—in supportably
In this camera shot,
Only partly said, perhaps, it has been implied
a “mere container for the eye”—
speeding to right; reversible,
scroll accuracies
Restating it:
pastime that is work,
make visible, mentality.
and veil

I had no practical arguments. Anyway, I was tired to argue. I didn't want to
leave this fire, or this room, but I wanted to get out of the country. I
had had it among all these deadly and dangerous people, who made
their own lives, and all the lives they touched, so flat and stale and
joyless.

I also know that what I had seen, I had seen from a distance,
only when the actual framework changed: and the metamorphosis
in about an hour or so—a nice dinner, all the things you like,

22 vii 20

about that—you're going to have to watch your drinking,
into the fire, that I was free to stare into the fire.

crumbling, shaking, brilliant universe, the fire towered high, rising straight up,
like a tree or tower—a tower made of air.
while multitudes looked on and felt that they were, thus,
never the same for two seconds together, and, like the fire,
chained to the place and tied to the stake or the ladder,
between us.
that one kind of shitty sentimental sense they have together.'
just sort of stand there, plotting to get out of that corner
She looked over at me. 'Are you ready for your bath?'
water. It licked up around me, as hungry as fire, around my private parts, my
belly, my nipples, my chest. I leaned
taken away.

23 vii 20

how it will go
or what you will do;
and modify conditions,
“Going, going...” Is
meant to be caught by you or me.
It's gone. You would infer
indeed! The secret implying:
it's work; I want you to bear down,
but enjoy it
intwined on grass. We do.
you speak too—
a bel bosco
“Recital? ‘Concert’ is the word,”
listened to by me

Odd—a reporter with guitar—a puzzle.
Magic bird with multiple tongue—
five tongues—equipped for a crazy twelve-month tramp
the rule that, self-implied, omits the gold.
did not smile; came by air;
that was nothing like the place

24 vii 20

“It spreads,” the campaign—carried on
became (becomes)
perhaps you don’t have to be told).
reasons to return. Fantasias
mis-state, misunderstand
any ground—the absorbing
geometry of fantasy:
not by the sun but by “shadowy
possibility.” (I’m referring
to flee; by engineering strategy—
in two senses. Besides having told
It rescued a reader
dotted with black. It could be a vignette—
You are not male or female, but a plan
to flame as hemispheres of one
multiplied flames, O Sun.
Though flat
(pressed glass)
the phrases
This is not verse
Whatever it is, it’s a passion—
in which the Minotaur was fed.

nothing else. From one with ability
to bear being misunderstood—
Whatever it is, let it be without

25 vii 20

escaped through its unlatched hut-door along a plank
overlooking a stream:
arching high, curving low, in its mist of fine twigs.
a person without a tap root; and
the plain truth—complex truth—
life is flat—bare existence.
Let it be that.
big flakes blurring everything—
one kitten fell;
squared and smooth, let them rise as they should,
cloudy but bright inside
and a blue glow from the lamppost
consummately plain.
the whole thing glossy black.

26 vii 20

I sighed. We are sitting alone in the house. Maybe it was
turned away, and she continued in another tone, a tone
of the door and down the steps I went.
days, in those ways—was my unspoken and unspeakable
country. I still choke on the dust of those halls, will never really recover from

the stink and chill of those rooms. And,
kept saying to myself, because I was being exposed—indeed,
like that, and it got worse, and I don't think I'd have
traduce entirely my own sense of life, of my own life. But I
expected. One had to change the beat: one had to find a rhythm
all, placed themselves in your hands by lacking the courage to imagine about
you what you knew too well about them.
much that wished to remain warm and sweet and open.

27 vii 20

curious kind of revelation, too, and it was very unnerving.
the nature of the vacuum in which, helplessly, one was spinning.
almost certainly prove to be useless language: And yet one
And, as the years went on, I was to be more and more struck
theatre: chilling to suspect that there wasn't any.
one to come closer to life, and all of which one would have
sensibilities against the giver. I knew something about the life I lived. It was
not reflected, it was not repeated, anywhere.
considered by nearly everyone to be a very difficult person.

learned, with no little difficulty, how to use it for our own
telling the other. I don't know why. I did not refuse to join
in the sea of uncertainty. It's hard, after all, for a boy to find
Hearing with no more than a quiver
Better than know of than know the thing.
The point of the preamble follows,
So without subterfuge, braving the consequence,
I nipped off as much grass as would lie on my tongue;

28 vii 20

Had become deranged. Minds suffer disrepair
When every thought for years has been turned inward.
Here in this book; and bound to grieve,
Then to sit on tender grass and share such plain refreshment
But conducive to work, without sounds to distract.
Deduced from that system, of which he was a ponderer.
Charm so great that it scarcely seemed true—
Be my heir; share my inheritance.”
—“No, a cloud intervening,” it said,
Silence here between us two.
We retain the traits of the place from which we came. This tale
Bears me out; but a nearer view would seem good
Well, return if we can, to metamorphosis;

29 vii 20

'Shit,' she murmured, exasperated—but we kept moving
our breathing, and the breaking of things beneath our feet
directly over us, ahead of us was only the path, with sunlight splashing down
erratically here and there. The path became
sparse and then more individual—they began to look as though they'd had a
hard time growing—and then we saw
structure as gnarled as the trees, with great holes where windows
this space were stone steps leading up to the unfinished and
entailed.
sounding in the valley, and returning to us.

30 vii 20

in a gentle key a sparkle of shatter and nothing no nothing is
emerges from the back of the night—lowing, at half-sound, asking what time to
make which connection, moving vehicles
hand, nice if you could join us too
watches over—replacing dead flora with the newly acquired, the newly
blooming, the newly and forcefully belonging—
by a hand—bringing a key to a car, a different car at that, which
pushes her toes under a few blades, grass, for shade, such shade,

geography

an impression—willingness to hunt down the night bus driver,
not conclude
all of the things she falls into, traps, and what kind of person or
books, matches, huddles of dust
time they watch her tread on, full forward and going nowhere
getting to be—as it could be talked about in angles, as if
of uncertain origin and yet
lets go without being told when—the consequence of running
delivers words according to geography—long letters with more distance, short
bursts to an ear, distance of a turn of the head
shoulders herself with the bags of another perception

31 vii 20

dream. The terraces faced the valley which dropped before
the electrical whirring of insects, the cry of an owl, the barking
hidden from me then, much as the shape of the valley was
We left the terrace and came downstairs to the courtyard,
'It's just an ordinary voice. What do you mean, that's how
hear you, and that means that they'll see you, and—well,

this is August. The summer's almost over.'

1 viii 20

phone, why don't you come and take a look.
at the window with the loads of flocking, birds of
one more minute then pack up get out out.
of their conversation, and nothing more
small fleeting or possibly fleeting fact proposed
remember, yes you, that anyone ever talking
leading, follow him downstairs landing below.
balancing walking along the edge of the grass and catches eyes
enough, or not enough hands, or entrusted parties or particles or
right leg no left no dog—timing continues
unfamiliar, slightly disengaged, somewhat off of
again and again, each time hopefully less
out
of language, asks the arm on the next stool for continuation, turns
please really, barking in the wrong forest

2 viii 20

mouth—lights everything this way
in spite of having settled into a continuously transient state,
wholeheartedly stolen—gives them to others as a means of owning
there to go here to go there
consequences—likewise with relationships, with houseplants, everything each
with its very own slow exit
jumping music—moment of ives—and again later, if life imitates

bathes in a bathtub next to the kitchen sink—an almost-clean mug
glad enough to have you start out there.'

I had thought about it before; I began to think about it
a little closer and I stared at our little fire.
that passion sometimes produced by memory, the passion of
concentration, the long, poised moment before the long fall.
learns by watching the defragmentation
borrowed intention, as good as any other
made with a definitive thud, insect loiters the edge gets wrapped
leaves right away—returns for real, again
call, askance—a world between one intake and another, physical
walks out without knowing where, in search of fresh or real or
matter
and geography, all manner of surface tension and internal projectile

3 viii 20

stream which tricked near the path. The silver cold water
were making these sounds we call singing. As we descended,
their voices shook, wavered, cracked, climbed. They looked
the flood or stream of it—touched by an eye-ful
rediscover, glad to be potentially its only witness
wrong time
each day decides upon which of the familiar sounds to continue

be here, a queue here, a speed, oh lovely breeze
variations of this—how many parallels
bringing along a residual wind

4 viii 20

familiarity, while the true point of memory hovers in the voice,
walks down the street with a person—walks down the street
screen from the eventfulness from which it just so happens,
gently, smoothing their way down oh down towards their new abode
unmistakability—and the problematic need, or pressure, rather, to throw it
back in, with feigned enthusiasm and cheer and let-go and all,
sunniest days
mouth, mouth, suggestion, word, breath, open, turn—her own
further tied to geography—dislocates in order to make color, to skew time, to
let things sink in
grow cloudier—pages fall out as a story is told
kisses everybody, down to a short word on the sidewalk—lost
place, cows second, nevermind where—or, a palace of cows
stays a long time at the edge of
the life we hoped to live. Silently, we were sickened by it,
often dropped in, and this gave the place a certain ‘tone,’ a certain vibrance,
and they sometimes, if the spirit so moved
I close my book and rise and smile—I almost said rise and shine.
cue—other lives better left alone, almost
steps out—and out, and out, and out, all along what appears

your fingers here, and here, and here, and here, and smell
language for that and all that hackney
precipitations at the nearest corner
falls out, and then promptly into a hunt for more hours—
a shower, and waits for the air to go warm, warm enough to take
warmth, to bathe for warmth, to walk for warmth, make love,
documentary, as if to forget anything completely was impossible

5 viii 20

‘Okay. Just make yourself at home.’
to be a writer and who turned into a wine; here they came,
them, trying to speak, though they had learned no language,
By and by, around about midnight, the room would be
and what’s lost is lost forever. Was it destined to be lost, or
the trouble between us, though we may not have realized it

6 viii 20

there, that no one who meant anything to me was there.
that he had feelings. Try. Try to wake the dead, try to hold
for a while. I was aware of the streets outside, of how much
candlelight, sculptured and proud, like a mask created at our beginning. It was
an unspeaking face, obsessed for ever by the fire
from the town to the city. I wandered around the city. I was
voices, didn’t know what they were saying, didn’t care,
I had sat in the darkness, cursing and crying, my tears falling
‘It suits me. The people don’t bother me. You know.’
one kind or another.’
He stared at me with a little smile, saying nothing.

'Sometimes,' I said, 'you read something—or you listen to life. And it doesn't seem as awful as it did before.'

7 viii 20 - Pasadena

as vivid and elusive as a half heard, half forgotten bit of melancholy song. "I have had my fun, if I don't get well no more. became both tender and austere, at once old and young. something whispers to you, He that overcometh shall receive up and down the room. 'I guess he light comes differently to every man,' he said, bombs going off and howling and screaming and moaning and said nothing. nothing she wouldn't do for him. Nothing.' changed, unreadably; now, it was not merely a private face, but a personal face. He kept his eyes on the table. He sighed smiled. He stirred his coffee and blew on it as he picked up those days. Well, you remember how I was.' He paused again, and sipped the coffee. 'And I have to tell you that truthful. I wasn't thinking. I was like a child. I was happy with where the tears were hidden; stroked the place and probed

8 viii 20

rhythms, puns, juxtapositions, and echoes of the tradition impossible in poetry to juggle such a complex intact idiomatic language, distinguishable from prose only in that language is simple. Overwhelmingly, however, it seeks to avoid elegance simply for the sake of elegance. And overwhelmingly it is a spoken tongue. inverted, distorted, padded, and made unspeakable in order to say that everything rhymes with everything else or a variant form of it, the rhythm is no problem: in English it is disaster.

my reasons for deciding on the present form. Moreover, keeping the language more natural. alone in a dark wood. How shall I say to memorize the wide water of his death— so blocking my every turn that time and again into the very air. And down his track, till I slid back into the sunless world. the figure of someone who seemed hoarse from long silence. "Are you then that Virgil and that fountain And he then: "Fellow." And he moved ahead in silence, and I followed where he led. make friends, well, you know, that was it. But they didn't They thought I was crazy, and that was just fine with me. make him look at in another light. I tried to cheer him up, all the pressure was getting to us and we weren't the same one of his last songs. I noticed the space between his eyebrows, opened wider, all of a sudden, and another look came over

9 viii 20

down, hugging the earth, and you feel your bowels moving out. It was a silence in which one seemed to hear the bloodstream move. One wondered at its cargo. In the awful light—the awful light—and in this silence, we now watched one seen him for the first time. We listened to the sounds coming past, and indescribable, inaccessible, like that. What did I feel? I cannot tell. I will never know. I felt, for the first time, candle before me, burning low; I thought, I must put it out.

The light was departing. The brown air drew down
of the journey and the pity, which memory
Thus I began: "Poet, you who must guide me,
and will grasp what my poor words can but suggest."
strong purposes with feeble second thoughts
"I understand from your words and the look in your eyes,"
live in earth's memory and shall live on
within the heaven of the smallest circle;
the root of all, I will say briefly only
your anguish does not touch me, and the flame
cruelty, rose and came to me at once
the death he wrestles with beside that river
to you, laying my trust in that high speech
this heartsick hesitation and pale fright
turn up to the returning sun and spread
one will shall serve the two of us in this."

10 viii 20

souls who have lost the good of intellect."
on the starless air, spilling my soul to tears.
to be swallowed there by loathsome worms and maggots.
assembled on the beach of a wide river,
As leaves in autumn loosen and stream down
spread on the rustling ground, so one by one
and always before they reach the other shore
a new noise stirs on this, and new throngs gather.
converge to this from every clime and country.
the tear-soaked ground gave out a sigh of wind
and all my shattered senses left me. Blind,
I stumbled into darkness and went down.

new candles. I remember all that, and his hand on my shoulder, and the
silence.
that moment, I remember it well, and I know that I have since used it in my
work. But I have never consciously used
softly—"the light. I know you will. I know it. You don't.
remember how it looked—and we both laughed as it vanished
turned, one last time, at the bottom of the steps, to smile
Then, he disappeared. The morning light was rising now,
facing me was the opposite wing of the decrepit complex. In some windows,
the shades were down—those hideous kind of paper shades, which leap
out of your hand and curl round
people slept. Everything was still. I can't stay here, I thought.

11 viii 20

the swoon that stuffed my head; like one awakened
so depthless-deep and nebulous and dim
into the blind world waiting here below us.
sending a tremor through the timeless air,
that without hope we live on in desire."
crowded about like trees in a thick wood.

And we had not traveled far from where I woke.
The cry ceased and the echo passed from hearing;
we spoke of things as well omitted here.
as it was sweet to touch on there. At last
This was passes over as though it were firm ground.
my longer theme pursues me so that often
the word falls short of the reality.
out of that serenity to the roar
here and there, but nothing led to anything and I was beginning

never know. I know—or I felt—that people were beginning
—the most dangerous moment of all. I began to smell of defeat: the odour
which seals your doom. I was drinking
the solid break, the break which made the others possible. It
about it—it might, he said, with that innocent earnestness
break-through. Anyway, it might be worth looking into,

13 viii 20

it is his fate to enter every door.
to speak a word with those two swept together
so lightly on the wind and still so sad.”
with its attendant streams in one long murmur.
Pause after pause that high old story drew
about me everywhere. Wherever I turn
You had been made before I was unmade.”
So we picked our slow way among the shades
and the filthy rain, speaking of life to come.
or more, or less, after the final sentence?”
where the descent begins. There, suddenly,

14 viii 20

and flutter to a self-convulsing heap—
The voice of each clamors its own excess
in changeless change through every turning year.
But the stars that marked our starting fall away.
We must go deeper into greater pain,
through a great crevice worn into the ledge.
the broken surface of those water-holes

they speak their piece, end it, and start up again:
a bitter smoke. Sullen were we begun;
This litany they gargle in their throats
part at all. It all sounded, really, almost completely mad:
much of one’s trouble is produced by the really unreadable
watching it spread danger and wonder all over my landscape
such moments, not merely how little we know, but how little
anything. They just keep the myths alive. They keep the vocabulary alive. Of
course, we can all feel unhappy about
and sometimes very touching and there are elements in it
He only said, ‘Well, I guess it’s time to take a deep breath
He poured more coffee, and he said, ‘One of the thins
dialogue—dialect, really—and of course we’ve got tremendous
beautiful gentle wind. I wasn’t helpless anymore. Maybe I was

15 viii 20

scenery, and was going to be used like that. It was the first
order to make vivid in the production what is only implicit
a little.
On the leaves,
to survive today, but then it was nothing unusual. And I’d done it before, by
this time I’d done it many times. Just because it’s so impossible a
schedule, one crams, without ever being able to recount how, a great
many things into it.
a cup of coffee and waiting for me.
which masks despair. He was in his bag, as we now say;
a few months, a few weeks, a few days: beyond them, and
all, no difference whatever. They knew, without knowing that they knew it,
simply by having watched it, by having paid for it, what nearly no one
can afford to remember: that

and everything—certainly someone, somewhere, some day,
said anything. They knew that there was nothing to say.
laugh. Laugh may not be the most exact word. I asked,
more.’
to you?’
notes were in it. I hoped they weren’t all ruined. We were
eyes? The eyes of an animal peering out from a cave. I heard

16 viii 20

all day, every day, from ten in the morning until ten at night,
and then looked out of a window, ‘it seems like a dream.’
so-and-so and so-and-so and so-and-so, and co-starring, all
window again.
for ages; curious about me, who had virtually never been
silence, the judgment morning silence. Something has gone
until this evening.’ All my other days, my whole life, it
this exceedingly shameful and depressing film. It was just
I wished I’d had a friend to talk to, or some refuge where I
began to sing in this silence, feeling, from beyond the curtain, something
sweeping up to me, life sweeping up to me, and
if I could do that, if I could give, I could live. One scene ends
over you. There is no moment like that, it is both beautiful
across the mist, another flame replied.

I turned to the sea of all intelligence
for the time it takes to cross to the other side.”
But such a wailing beat upon my ears,
Reader, judge for yourself, how each black word
fell on my ears to sink into my heart:
howling and jostling and went pouring back,
Already he has passed it and moves down

17 viii 20

was lost on me, for suddenly my attention
behind the veil of my strange allegory!
a sound as if two continents of air,
squats on the bottom as if turned to stone—
began to look about the very moment
a countryside of sorrow and new torment.
such fields I saw here, spread in all directions,
an anguished moaning rose on the dead air
He turned then, and I followed through that night
old people.
the morning, and the maid will be here, too.’
The sunlight filled the room. I heard voices, muted, laughing, in the big, wide
room. My watch said ten to one. I went to my window and opened the
blinds. It was a very bright day, and I suddenly wanted to be out in it. I
went
time. That’s all. You can’t hide nothing from us, and you
in one hand, and balancing a cup and saucer in the other. He
can just kind of cool me and I’ll make it on my own.’
way I’d never sounded: a way I’d never been.
A double-minded man is never much of a match for a
hungry and cold and alone. Let’s not sweat it, baby. Love me.
the idea, tired as I was, and so close to home, of travelling
when the phone rang; and it was me; and he waited. They
fluttered as always, chilled, as always. Someone remembered
remember that I was not young anymore. And I was watching
when they came down from the hill.

stared out of the window. And, to bring us back from where
and said to myself, I've got to circulate around this room
I wonder if I ever saw you—'
patience.' He paused. 'I'm fascinated,' he said, 'by space.'
'No'—losing ground now every instant, and knowing it—
looking with wonder into the sky. I watched his hands, pressed
path, the path that would lead him away from me. My
there. But on the other hand, the stone I hoped to offer was,
'You'll just have to take my word,' I said.
And I moved a little away from him. He followed me. We
word.'
We walked back to the window. Everyone was leaving us
vernacular; anybody mad enough to make such a suggestion would
Also, they were lonely.

18 viii 20

time without living: and we were both to discover this now.
rose, glimpsing myself in the mirror, listening to the sounds,
memory, so authoritative till then, cops out, retreats, stammers
sense of them. What floated up to me, like the sounds of
house, were echoes, images, moments—memories? but they were too swift for
memories. They came unreadably into the light, and vanished. Was it
memory, or was it a dream? I
Was it my life, or was it the whirring of the wings of madness?
be a part of their concern. I'd go to my study, and read, or do
wonder what had happened to me, and begin—slowly,

hands of their countrymen, willfully. Beneath everything
We go by a secret path along the rim
of the dark city, between the wall and the torments.
and modest words, as I learned from your example,
speaking so decorously, may it please you pause
These words broke without warning from inside

19 viii 20

have caused these angry cries in our assemblage.”
if I have heard and understood correctly;
We see askint, like those whose twisted sight
can make out only the far-off,” he said,
when things draw near, or happen, we perceive
it was because my mind was occupied
pondering the words of the dark prophecy.
those words in mind.” Then, pausing, raised a finger:
which sickened us already with its stink.

20 viii 20 - San Jacinto

us?’
flickered between them for a second.
life, or, at least, the first time that I would remember it happening
You know. We pass this way but once, et cetera.’

21 viii 20 - Pasadena

rimmed by a circle of great broken boulders.
I saw an inscription in the stone, and read:
as you shall hear set forth with open reason.
the orders of this dark pit of the blind.
and those who meet and clash with such mad howls—

so far from its own habit? or can it be
your thoughts are turned along some other way?
as grateful to the dark as to the light.
and there beyond us runs the road we go
down the dark scarp into the depths below.”
stood standing in the living-room, waiting. To be meeting
time. ‘Come on in the house.’ I led the way into the living-room.
as black and as helpless and as treacherous as water. I could not resist dropping
into this pond a hard, sharp pebble,
drink.
example—’
part which, again, after all these years, surprised me.
If you don’t want to believe it, well, that’s your problem.
like your eggs?’
were dangerous, too, unutterably so. They knew nothing
Mars—you know—’
‘That’s cool. But that’s not enough.’
Silence again. His breath came and went against my chest.
He leaned up, smiling. ‘What does that word mean—

22 viii 20

He looked down, then looked into my eyes again. ‘You
simple, ordinary camera. I thought I might fool around with
places where no camera’s ever been.’
quietly on the floor until the sun was long gone, and night filled the room. The
street lights pressed against my window.
a sense of going down beneath a burden: of barely holding

living-room was lit by one dim light, and my record player
I was reaching backward for you—and for me—I think—
before our choices had been made. Before we’d become—
become so lonely.’
was the only sound in the room.
him be lost.’ She said nothing. ‘Look, that’s all that matters
Her words and her voice rang in my ears, they always will,
The scene that opened from the edge of the pit
to the plain below, the rock is so badly shattered
So we went down across the shale and slate
of that ruined rock, which often slid and shifted
so that I thought the universe felt love
and all its elements moved toward harmony,
of a winding river circling through the plain
in which the two mixed natures joined, replied:
“Let him be the teacher now, and I will listen.”
when we stood on the other bank, “I would have you know

that on the other, the bottom sinks anew
more and more, until it comes again

23 viii 20

my sight returned to me, I was going to be able to see the world again, for a
while. I hadn’t thought about the world.
in the kitchen. But let me see what I can do out here with—
the steady turning, as of a wheel, of many voices, the
astounding illusion of safety and order and civilization. Evil
Beneath this table, deep in the bowels of the earth, as far away as China, as
close as the streets outside, an energy moved and gathered and it
would, one day, overturn this

set. And where will you be, when that first trumpet sounds?
many-coloured scroll. I was leaving soon. I wished it were possible
mortality was not more certain than the storm that was rising to engulf us all.
time. All right? Be nice.’
what’s going on in the streets.’
long ago. Perhaps they reminded me, dimly, of something
windows were lighted, with very strange things in the windows,
in the world’s history. It was impossible to tell whether they were any good or
not, their sound was too high. But it did not really matter whether their
sound was any good or not, their sound was, literally, not meant for my
ears, and it existed
drove, into the past—into the future. It sounded like an attempt to make a
great hole in the world, and bring up what
coupling in all the slime of the world, and at the bottom of the sea, and in the
air we breathed, and in one’s very body.
some very nice things happen. I just wanted you to see it.

24 viii 20

The unhealthy branches, gnarled and warped and tangled,
those cries rose from among the twisted roots
“If you break off a twig, what you will learn
will drive what you are thinking from your head.”
as the air escapes—so from the trunk there came

words and blood together, gout by gout.
in my verses only, you would yet be whole,
locking, unlocking with so deft a touch
the wind became a voice that spoke these words:
that grew through all the wood. Just such a roar
Then, taking me by the hand across the wood,

all its fractures blew out words and blood:
“what have you gained in making me your screen?
that something of his image still survives
moved me to tears, I gathered up the leaves
as snow falls in the Alps on a windless day.
Their course sinks to this pit from stone to stone,
to the end of all descent, and disappear
with your own eyes. I pass it in silence here.”
from time to time, that hardly should surprise you.”
you only say the tear-flood is its source.
this edge of shade: follow close after me

25 viii 20

to the same plan, though not so wide nor high,
I traced his image from my memory
mourning eternal loss in eternal flame.”
It is written in your stars and will come to pass,
you were to me in the world when hour by hour
lives in my mind, and now strikes to my heart;
What you have told me of my course, I write
by another text I save to show a Lady
I have heard this prophecy; but let Fortune turn
it is good to know; of the rest let us say nothing,
for the time would be too short for so much talk.
a murmur like the throbbing of a hive,
heard with affection and rehearsed with honor
But first I must descend to the center of all.”
together on the way you go,” he answered,
and climb again to see the heaven of stars;
speak of us to the living.” They parted then,

breaking their turning wheel, and as they vanished
A little way beyond we felt the quiver
and roar of the cascade, so close that speech
go down from a sheer bank, in one enormous
plunge, the tainted water roared so loud
near those who see not only what we do,
but have the sense which reads the mind beneath!
what I await, and what you wonder at;
by the lines of my Comedy—so may it live—
I suspend this book in life, I'd like it to be bitten by external things,
veins, their intersections glowing. Space was measurable, rasping, but without
penetrable form. And the center of it was a mosaic of explosions,
a slimy powerful nausea, a kind of immense influx of vegetal thundering
The very obscurity became profuse and aimless. The entire get attained
complete clarity.

26 viii 20

These were the words my Master spoke to me:
never was such a tapestry of bloom
now here, now there, behave no otherwise.
while hour by hour they nearly deafen me
so did I trouble at each frightful word.
along the great scar of the Milky Way,
afloat in space with nothing visible
And then I saw—till then I had but felt it—
As a flight-worn falcon sinks down wearily
into the dark like an arrow into air.

which will uplift my abasement, balance what is crumbling, reunite what is
separated, recompose what is destroyed.
muscles as it twisted, then laid open: brittle feeling of being made
incoherence of steps, of gestures, of moments. Willpower constantly inhibited
in even the simplest gestures,
gesture of grasping—unconsciously clinging to something,
on and on, feeling unbelievable fragility become splitting pain,
surface which does not hinder a single motion but alters nevertheless that
Giddiness in motion, some kind of oblique dizziness accompanying
or detaching itself bit by bit, moving slabs of heat.
So now it is high time to speak of the disembodiment of reality, this sort of
breakdown which, one should think, is applied to a self-multiplication
proliferating many things and the perception of them
These things have no more smell, no more sex. But their logical order is also
sometimes broken precisely because they do lack this
brain, all words for whatever and no matter what mental operation,
the air is all like some dotted music, but a vast profound music, well put
together and secret and full of congealed ramifications.

27 viii 20

sort of a bottomless whirlpool creased down the middle like a mind
air is full of pencil strokes like razor strokes or the etching of a magic
fingernail.
So now it sets itself out in cells where the seeds of unreality take

limpid teeming like the stratified levels of an arrested universe.
the mountain peak. The air rings clear on the mountain, pious, legendary,
something which never stops receding. The feeling it gives is that of an 'eternal
horizon.'

an ideal absolute space, except this space could really be brought into reality.

And in it, I fall out of the sky.
offering a general prospect like the ground
and narrow cliffs run to the central well,
which cuts and gathers them like radii.
I hear the world again, stirs and compels me.
eternity in this ditch; we fill it so
And let us say no more about this valley
whose every movement is congealed, an anguish where the mind chokes
the thinker who has located the area of the black hole.
these more subtle and rarified contacts, bared down to the thread which
ignites and yet never breaks apart.
permits me to capture their tone and volume and compels me to feel

28 viii 20

transcribed the pain of botched adjustment.
Words halfway to intelligence.
This dialogue within thought.
And all at once this trickle of water on a volcano, the thin fall and slowing
down of the mind.
unreality, with fragments of the real world in a corner of one's self.
a word which, for everybody, would be nothing.
small part of my thought which I claim had already been formulated and which
has miscarried,—

A kind of constant waste of the normal standard of reality.
sense of height, but like a decantation
of sense.

The difficulty really is in finding one's place and rediscovering communication
things, in an assortment of all these mental stones around a point which
cosmogonies.

schism in two. This point of necessary cohesion where being no longer rises.

This menacing, this overwhelming place.
Therefore stay as you are; this hole well fits you—

29 viii 20

Silent and weeping, they wound round and round it.
transforming all his limbs and all his parts;
and the turning constellations year by year.
Over these whited bones they raised the city,
your word is certainty, and any other
to join the rest. Are any worth my noting?
who know the whole of it. The other there,
awesomely dark and desolate it was.
I saw the pitch; but I saw nothing in it
I turned like someone who cannot wait to see
One of these rocks will serve you as a screen.
the arch lies all in pieces in the pit.
has no sides nor the spirit any beginnings.
stop thinking.
At each stage of my thinking machine there are gaps, traps.
Please understand me, I don't mean in time, I mean in a certain kind of space
(I see what I mean); I don't mean a thought lengthwise,

fixation, a sclerosis of a specific state. Catch that!
it affects our tongues, I mean it leaves them hanging.
my thought the way one dreams, the way one suddenly returns to his
precise works, of that automatic grinding that delivers their spirit to the
winds—

30 viii 20

And you are quite aimless, young man!
are always the same old words I'm using, and really I don't seem to make much
headway in my thoughts, but I am really making more
aeroliths will fall, lines will be seen and the geometry of the void understood:
air, this caustic lubricating membrane, this double membrane of multiple
degrees and a million little fissures, this melancholic and vitreous
membrane, but so sensitive and also pertinent, so capable of
multiplying, splitting apart, turning inside out with its glistening little
cracks,

All my attention was fixed upon the pitch:
exactly so, all in a flash, while he
returns defeated and weary up the air.

31 viii 20

Silent, apart, and unattended we went
one following the other. The incident
with the same suggestion and the same dark look;
so that of both I form one resolution:
and down the rugged bank from the high summit
Water that turns the great wheel of a land-mill
compared to these would seem as light as air.
but they moved so slowly down the barren strip,

in the path of all who pass; there he must feel
can you tell us if somewhere along the right
there is some gap in the stone wall of the pit
He: "Nearer than you hope, there is a bridge
except that in this it is broken; but with care
faculties (these elements of my mind and soul are hidden) are disintegrating,
This knot of life where thought-emission hangs.
intervening in the process by which my life is being denatured, and that
Sometimes I linger for hours over the impression some idea or sound
vocabulary escapes me. But from this minute of error there remains
connections by which I am joined to the dream of my lucid reality.
Crossroads of separations,
phenomena. Just leave me to my extinguished clouds, my immortal
lightning.
precisely this pair of determinants which, balancing each other, maintain

1 ix 20

communication, inferences, trajectory.
bark of words peeling off. Life is there, alongside the mind, and the human
being is inside the circle this mind turns on, and joined to it
and this vexation at feeling dependent on one's body, and this body
a language or language a mind, and the rupture plows a vast furrow
this abyss consuming the entire field of the possible universe, and this
feeling of uselessness that is like the knot of death. This uselessness is

There is a certain thing above all human activity: it is the example
a life which is more and more profound, eloquent, deep rooted.
yet it does live, but its duration is here and there eclipsed, the fleeting
activity.

This sort of backward step the mind takes when consciousness stares
emerging with its density rich in forms and freshly flowing, that emotion
This material is the standard of a nothingness, which does not know
I have chosen the domain of sorrow and shadow as others have chosen that of
the glow and the accumulation of things.
and the days and nights already begin to near
go back into the house, walk here and there,
then come outdoors again, and there, despair
and all his life drift past him like a dream,
and the traces of his memory fade from time
like smoke in air, or ripples on a stream.
for just as I hear the voice without understanding,
so I look down and make out nothing at all.”

“I make no answer than the act.”
a fiery vapor rapped in turbid air:
the vapor breaks apart the mist, and there

2 ix 20

but by chance it happened, as it often will,
they fused like hot wax, and their colors ran
just so, before the running edge of the heat
on a burning page, a brown discoloration
changes to black as the white dies from the sheet.
Already you are neither two nor one!”

Their former likenesses mottled and sank
two smokes poured out and mingled, dark and vile.
and wait to hear what next appears to me.
in such a way that both their natures yielded
their elements each to each, as in this case.
into his mouth. The smoke has done its work.
crawling along this road as I have done.”
shift and reshift; and may the strangeness of it
whose tartness is like an acid slurping up the limits of what is feelable.
and measures his breath. And time unfurls completely, in all its immensity, and
is resolved in such a way that it is bound to dissolve without a trace.
For you are quite aware that you have to make it to this other side
the perspective is always bigger or smaller than you; where nothing in the
feeling you bring to it of an archetypical ground orientation can any
longer be satisfied.
death sensations laid out end to end, this suffocation, this despair, these spells
of drowsiness, this desolation, this silence—don't we see them
clarity, like a gush of continued disruption. Childhood knows sudden
which is the world—amorphous, badly shored-up as ever.
But what strange thoughts it emphasizes, from which disintegrated
feeling of harshness, of landscapes as if sculpted, of swaying patches of ground
What can we do with this angel at our side, whose apparition never happened?
delirious confusion of rationalizations without end, mingling in the fibres of a
simultaneously unbearable and melodious synthesis,
definitive this time,
lucid world after having perforated it knows not what barrier—and
all worldly partitions seem infinitely fragile.

night without dimension.

Outside the infinite musicality of his nerve waves, prey to the boundless

3 ix 20

Humming, the armature of the sky continues to trace on the window
fix time in the sky and the sky in Time, from that reversed side of the earth
where the sky offers her face. An immense releveling.
sky after so many many sowings of the seeds of madness.
The day is strangely beautiful. From now on it can't be otherwise.
tearing of birds. Pleasure playing a trenchant and mystic melody on
loosens its bow and advances. This book in which the pages of the brain are
turned.
and speaks to him. A kind of night fills his teeth. Enters, roaring into
solidified faces of nature one thought that will hold together, one image that
will stand. If only he could create as many elements, furnish at least the
metaphysics of disaster, the beginning would be the downfall!
at a point where we are able to get the sound and feel of things in this world,
the light of day and expose this obvious side and their normal density
left in the interval by our deplorable mutual condition,
to be level with objects and things, having both their global shape
and have the focal points of gray matter start their motion every time their
feel and vision of them inside you starts moving.
the natural stance by which we had descended
among the crags and crevices of the cliff,
the foot could make no way without the hand.
when memory returns to what I saw:
not one among them leaves a trace of the theft.
the pains of that great flame which splits away
that spoke, gave out a voice above the roar.
the last to experience the far-flung world

and the other islands of the open main.
to the brief remaining watch our senses stand

experience of the world beyond the sun.
beyond the world, the light beneath the moon
till the sea closed over us and the light was gone.”

4 ix 20

merely like a consent to the apparent legibility of things and their coherence
light. I willingly severed myself from life, I wished to turn my destiny inside-
out.
rupture of his unconscious self.
back in touch with the resonant reality of things, I wish to smash my
'diagrams' which my will vainly tried to rivet on.
deadends, whose radiance culminates in me.
beseiging me—so that they replace higher thought—, those forces which,
exteriorly, have the form of a cry. There are intellectual cries, cries
of my tongue I return over the paths of my thought to my flesh.
of existence, of the conscious fulfilment of the nerve, to become aware
of my own vitality: a vitality more precious to me than my conscience,
the sudden petrification of fires. Fires that would be like unconscious truths
miraculously vitalized.
But you have to tread slowly on the road of dead stones, especially
clear at a given moment.
of pure flesh, and all the consequences in the senses, that is, in feeling.
communication turned inside out to its source to be clarified interiorly.
assimilation. But an intimate, secret, profound assimilation, absolute
When it had finished speaking, the great flame
stood tall and shook no more. Now, as it left us
with the sweet Poet's license, another came

to the new flame: a strange and muffled roar
the fire that sealed them in, the mournful words
were changed into its language. When they found

their way up to the tip, imparting to it
the same vibration given them in their passage
may it not annoy you to pause and speak a while:
My answer was framed already; without pause
so it lives between freedom and tyranny.
do not be harder than one has been to you;
from this blind world into the living light,
His story told, the flame began to toss

5 ix 20

but rather about the inward agitation and profound feelings in things,
things really are, no idea of any human state; nothing of this world
abdications, renunciations, and obtuse contacts which make up the conscious
not to exist.
world. The world lives in your graves.
may no longer be earthbound.
dream, cry, renunciation of idea, suspended among all the forms and hoping
for anything but the wind.
apparitions in forests, etc...
functioning, of drawing something from nothing: this is the secret we
that they possess the whole reality of the images they have created—
where all dictions and languages gather in one.
from a personal knowledge distributed in the whole human organism.
of common reality, and, in a word, of life; if a prophecy promises them
Who could describe, even in words set free

the language of our sense and memory
the sight of that land so harsh, and let me hear
and they were two in one and one in two;
the better to be heard and swaying thus
We spoke of this until we reached the edge
from which, had there been light, we would have seen
in the summer months when death sits like a presence
on hands and knees among the broken boulders.

Silent, slow step by step, we moved ahead
with care and let it make its own reply.

6 ix 20

as two I saw, pale, naked, and unclean,
I would not trade that sight for all the clear
is here already. But small good it does me
to use at times when nothing else will answer.”
The wish to hear such baseness is degrading.”
effigies which do not seem to be mere products of accident, as if the
form is hunted down from every side.
of this. That Nature, by a strange caprice, should quite suddenly reveal
one rediscovers this language enormously magnified on the rocks, then indeed,
one can no longer suppose this to be a caprice, a mere caprice signifying
nothing.
certain forms at work over him even as the sun was evaporating them;
remained complete, though exposed to the same light.
or other; and it frequently happened that in adding up these shadows I made
my way back to some strange hearths.
His head was nothing but an enormous hole, a sort of circular cavity, where
successively and according to the hour, the sun or moon appeared.
like a bar but drowned in shadows and folded inward.

every side imposed on him a definite expression, the nuances of which changed with the changes of hour and light.
composition, its structure, to be governed by the same principle by which this fragmented mountain was governed. In the line that arm made, I saw a rock-girt village.
these forms pass little by little into reality.
a statue of Death loomed huge, holding in its hand a little child.
reduces material chaos to its prime elements explains by a kind of grandiose mathematics how Nature orders and directs the birth of forms which are perfectly conscious, intelligent, and concerted.
facing triangles whose points are joined by a bar; and this bar is the Tree of Life passing through the center of Reality.

7 ix 20

The physical compression was still there. This cataclysm that was within this dilapidated shambles, this ramshackle piece of deteriorated geology.
illumination throughout the width of my internal landscape, which at this very minute I felt to be quite outside all possible dimensions?
for this long patience that nothing so far had been able to dishearten. Nothing: neither the terrible road, nor this journey with this intelligent but unattuned body which had to be dragged, which should be killed just part of the ritual, and now the preliminaries had lasted long enough.
long enough, I thought, to deserve a little reality.
like patches of sky amid this vast array of crosses, pikes, spades and of imaginations radiant as voices in an illuminated cave beneath the earth, I felt that my efforts had not been in vain.
The circle's midst produces in it innumerable glints and glimmers, something like a conflagration seen through very thick, dense layers

A history of the world is dancing here in the round, squeezed between two suns, the setting and the rising. And so it is, in the setting stuck fast to one another, rustling blind in a crackling and tempestuous disorder.
and repose in Matter, that is, in the Concrete.
with triangular gestures which strangely intersect the air's perspectives.
more futile gyrations.
measure.
it is so complex, so withdrawn, it must be hunted and tracked down Carved from a wood of the warm zones, gray as iron ore, this wand amid the flaming pyre, nor the night wind speaking and breathing on astoundingly vulnerable and revulsed litany—what is it that none of these can succeed in explaining.
fire, litany, screams, dance and the night itself like a living human vault, this material intricacy of screams, tones, footsteps, litany. But behind all that, and more than all of it, and beyond it, still something possible for all eternity, in a being that is not my own. This being consists of ascending into the sky as a spirit instead of descending deeper follow me there?
We turned our backs on the valley and climbed from it
Here it was less than night and less than day;
along the path of the sound back to its source.
across the darkness to the central brink,
who looks up from the leaning side when clouds are going over it from that direction,

8 ix 20

the water in the air,
they are.
over the world
night has been

to describe the bottom of the Universe;
that the word may be the mirror of the thing.
it seemed to be made of glass. So thick a sheet
When I had stared about me, I looked down
But if my words may be a seed that bears
into this underworld, I cannot guess,
you will know already. What you cannot know—
A narrow window in that coop of stone
had shown me several waning moons already
in which the veil of the future parted for me.
Before the dawn, the dream still in my head,
And just as you see me, I saw them fall
and plumbed like lead through space to this dead level.
or when a mist has risen from the ground—
with a broken floor and a close and sunless air.
Under the mid-point of that other sky
and the land that spread here once hid in the sea
Down there, beginning at the further bound
not known by sight, but only by the sound
in its endlessly entwining lazy flow.”

9 ix 20

fallen at last, fallen, uplifted in this void that I once refused, I have a body
that submits to the world, and disgorges reality.
The transmutation will be performed by the Elements gathered together.
when, how, by what means, through what?

already begun.
Initiation, its fire transformed by Initiation.
leaves us, but in order to come down around us.
And the Revolution that we did not know how to make will be made
This revolution will teach us again, by her impossible possession,
HOW LIFE IS WITHDRAWING FROM US.
The top one advances through the air like a comet that will fall.
And this Destruction has begun everywhere.
Destruction, the Separation.
Other years, other months, other days have already played with the
Focus,
On whatever side one turns, Destruction will be given free play
SAYING: THIS IS, AND THIS IS NOT.
—AND THAT WHICH WAS AND THAT WHICH WAS
VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE.
LEVELS SIMULTANEOUSLY IN MOTION,
CONTRIBUTE TO THE DIVISION OF ALL THINGS.
It means that burning is a magic act, and that we must consent to
being burnt up whole.
On November 3rd, Destruction is illuminated.

12 ix 20

incarnation of the soul, but the soul already is made (and not by ourselves)
unconscious producer of life, who has pointed life out to him in order
it comes to cowardice and illusion. And I don't want a word of mine
animal-thought, and it was these same animals which one day were changed
(through the martyrdom of time and things) that the word has been

there, either. My heart is that eternal Rose come from the magic
grace to remember
all the wonders
subversion, there is one word, one thing that remains standing,
as if it sufficed by statement
to make that magnetic word stand out on a corner of the page,
Screw jumping from one thing to another, no?
noting the gravity of the fact.
by way of the void, is the anarchy in the inherent and normal logic
insinuatingly into the body without a sound,
contents for the illustration of life, so to speak. But what they didn't
as a way of stopping life,
with life, and so creates by very exact slurps some interferences in
the vestment, a miserable shambles, the stuff of incarnation?
A kind of smoky grub that lives only on what it has pulled from the body that
was struggling to make some gesture

15 ix 20

For what, after all, are these ideas, data, values, qualities?
i.e., the shadow of it,
breathing can go on freely.
and virtuality.
through anything that has life or energy—a kind of dignity
That is the never-revealed story.
preceded it.
shortage of existence, which was disgusted at the idea of becoming
expressed; where culture has been able to get started;
but which, from the depths of its dark cavern, throws up a look

to which all things are brought,

16 ix 20

tight thin to threads
to work the curtain,
softly
the house is clean,
its circle, over the day
window out my window.
with me over the streets
I have you by the ears
glasses in their eyes and hide words
dry and cracked with want
Again we go driven by forces
Held as they are in the hands
of the finished line.
but that two parallels do cross
Showing light on the surface
of what goes before me
And I see no end in view
at night, they are still out,
and records in the words
Without which is nothing.
I'm out in it.
who sit in blue
their marks. Their tracks
unaware of the jungle
screams in the backyard

away from me the small fires
I never hike over
choke out desire and
drive us both back
reaching down for
ground not given them.
Upon thy mouth, tell us
the landscape you have
cast black shadows.
keep their story
and streaming in
flames.

17 ix 20

hear another word of them ever.
so as to withdraw into the center of himself, in order to make room
The world was left to mankind not as a creation but as a reject,
A horrible turd trembling expectantly in the void, on the verge
genesis by perpetual gestation; for the world is never finished; and
or not at all.
ever written,
child would have brains enough to dismember, and never have to
it establishes nothing,
and anachronistic harmony.
They haven't got here yet.
book:
out of all line
which doesn't even exist
arise.

anyway was outdated ever since it was thought of.
The pair of them were well-designed
to go together;
designed for a world which, without it,
would not exist:
an erotic world that swoons and burns,
which was on the way out
as it was, the ignorant residue of an assembly of ignorant brains,
when everything was nothing
reassembling and piling in again,
hinted at,
and inaccessible
up and out of shape, pulls itself together in a kind of immeasurable
hunger for life,
tree, while shadows drift
right out of the mist
The light streams.
in the afternoon.

18 ix 20

They walk through other rooms,
Underground.
sickness sweeping the world
The records change.
On the other side of town
Voices from the underworld rise stoned to bring me down.
at each instant of life
Out of the mouths of strangers, the sound of friends.
not open from the dream.
the objects of my life return, from another life that never dies.
the contents of table, the black circle drawn around the hole

but across the room in the blue light
wide open staring at me, and
I find my solace there.
Book of the prairies, book of love
broken lines
and unnatural speed for the word
There are no dreams
whose light I write by.
corners of this room,
on the side of a ridge that rises behind
connect
a bright gray glare that is like a wall around and below us.
the woman walks though the room and
the air is alive with sound
description not enough, is like
world thrown in our face, get wailing behind it.
with only the ground under me. Bits of it stuck
turning into a tree to see
in the middle of
Their hands.

19 ix 20

hand or the other.
a certain epileptoid tremor of the Word, which for whatever object,
an orgy of the collective unconscious trespassing on individual consciousness.
mind and not body, and precisely because it isn't life and has never been part
of the living) has always pretended that it didn't have to

For that which is secret gathers together and roots itself and grows dark, the
more so when it is pointed out, undressed, discovered.
the genesis of the myth out of which life supposedly issued,
in the immediate,
and all we will have to do is look at it more closely
and we will see it welling up
tumescent and black,
for there is throughout the whole story of this world I don't know
the blood afterwards.
go on ahead, but singing.
the initiate, the guru, the savant, in complicity with the shop window
limbo,
the true world.
means of living, I mean of surviving to the point when we'd meet,
entirely conjured up by his secular and premeditated magic, for in reality
it floated and
left me here.
came down.
tonight to smoke till dawn.
this thing wings its way in.

20 ix 20

what more can be taken away?
So I turn on the light
we are created. Until the dark hours are done.
at far distant time and over endless space
Once he was there, now he is not; I search the empty air
as if heaven cared.
where all Motion are one.
but he lies furled

what aches in the heart and makes each new
And if to die is to move
from my hands; the serpent's slow unwinding,
of tree leaves on the cement,
crook the hand, crawl over, cover us with leaves.
how many miles away
stirs in mind
whispered instructions over electric air
in will draw strong on palm of hand.
I thought I heard voices in the courtyard
bulb, naked.
light become accustomed to our eyes.

Cool wind blows in open window,
It seems time going down an eternal staircase
as surely a bud falls from its stem—
when one inch is cut off—
speaking no language,
where none exists
like recognition of the eyes

21 ix 20

And this is not an image, but a fact abundantly and daily repeated
life goes on in its old atmosphere of prurience, of anarchy, of disorder,
but of having bodily become the field of a problem
strange energy and determination,
submerged him in a last swell
and, taking his place,
I see my hands getting older, and poison smoke playing over the air.
Pressed flowers fall out of a book, blue and yellow
below, unknowing of our ecstasy?

in a doorway, facing the street
while inwardly I scream and dream of the day
How long will this go on? Only till tomorrow

22 ix 20

hearing, touch,
smell,
circulation.
to recall from what a sordid simplicity of objects, people, materials, elements,
the secret door to a possible beyond, to a possible permanent reality,
The weird gloomy fringe of the void surging up after the flash.
help flooding a landscape with blood and wine, drenching the earth
a book on the armchair,
the most earthy things in life.
Because reality is terribly superior to all history, to all fable, to all
today,
now
following the frustrated order from which real-life objects ring out,
might allow us to guess at its sentence.
For it seems that the focal point is placed elsewhere, and its source
hanging over the chasm of life,
of the light that was needed to dig and map the way within him.
in any circumstances, to see further, infinitely and dangerously further
illumination in which disorderly thought surged back through the invading
discharges of matter,
understood beyond consciousness and the brain.
a kiss. Keep no mystery
but his who whispers memory.

who leaves no trace, but lingers through the room
and fell into that pit of the past with no escape.

23 ix 20

I come closer to tremendous inner turmoils, and I would like to see
life.'

small black tongue in the heart, the small black anodyne tongue of a
painter's imagination, his terrible, fanatical, apocalyptic visionary's
imagination.

This means that the apocalypse, a completed apocalypse, is at this
And to get out of hell, I prefer the landscapes of this quiet convulsive
because of that sun screwed behind the gray angle of the pointed
seeks the wave where it can freeze in the foreground of magic colors.
sky.'

pale sulphur yellow, to express, so to speak, the power of the gloom
somewhere between what one feels and what one can do. How does one get
through this wall, for it is useless to hit it hard, it has to be

Sustained by poetry, fed anew
by its fires to return from madness,
to which we return, when we need to.
lying on the bed, dreaming of boys,
Hearing voices of fresh lovers on the radio
in the dark, like fundamental things apply
wherein we walk.

24 ix 20

(For the key criterion is not a question of degree nor cramp but the simple
personal force of the fist.)
fearful elementary pressure of apostrophes, stripes, commas, bars, and we can
no longer believe after him that the natural aspects of nature are not
made up of these things.

life, blinkings taken from nature, luminous currents of strength that prey on
reality, have had to upset the barrier before finally being
hallucinations.

This is the torrid truth of a 2 p.m. sun.

which is there, ready to be uprooted.

ineffable ancient music, like the leit-motif of a theme in despair over
Egypt, where an enormous sun leans heavily on rooftops so covered under the
light that they seem to be in a state of decomposition.

punctuated and shredded.

away, through the window that would hide it.

isolate in the air, extract from the cunning niches of the air, such
enormous sun.

heavily and pathetically applied. The common color of things, but oh
the heart.

All of it, amid a meteoric bombardment of atoms falling grain by grain,
'bread from a poet.'

At last destroyed somewhere

25 ix 20

blood in the explosions of his landscapes, coming at me
For it is not for this world that we have always worked,
even though we were all enthralled by these things,
with the I, the comma, the period of the point of the brush itself
warring elements recomposed us soon as they were destroyed,
reinforce its own honesty.
of a ripe volcano,
of patience,
which must be forced to live,

in a burst of flame.
before living,
no soul, no mind, unconsciousness, no thought, only raw elements alternately
en chained and un chained.

Landscapes of strong convulsions, of insane traumas, as of a body
and outside,
landscape
will return to toss the dust of a caged world into the air, a world
of electricity
gone to dust.
Is this aftermath? Am I ever
Dream to never wake from.
and on. Star-points of light
Passing in a glass.

26 ix 20

who does not come in,
Practicing none, yet part of it.
when their ships pull out.
in our minds.
Without vision, we see only this world.
an empty dream never known
listening to old music through morning.
rushed out of the room
in your pockets.
for what, the dour memory of
sleep in a book of poetry;
disturb this deepest pit
no matter how lost, twisted and illegible
beyond the blue horizon

in the sky on all sides.
I hear the wings of the crows beating cymbals loudly above a world
to spill into emptiness,
the atonal color of the void and inertia that fills it.
one particular night when the atmosphere and the streets became

27 ix 20

remind me of other summer
pressing history, light
through this suspended vacuum.
we rode the great divide
answering their description
Never again recaptured
was to fall dead by my own hand
your voice, full
of memory at midnight; ah yes the dream begins
hour-long auto rides into dawn, when time
as flesh falls
before glass
Time not measure
who alike hears your thoughts,
a bit of dust floating on the surface,
like an iridescence,
floating,
the lost atoms,
this aspect of hybrid feebleness,
became chance, accident,
It was no garden of eden,

this human went on being,
And that which was fallen was that which planned to surround and imitate, and
before long
Soon this work will be done.
stolen goods,
on the one side,
on their side.

28 ix 20

Drag them out of their places,
contaminate afternoons with lanterns from poems
for the place today more than they did
to huddle up together in alleys, and dream the ideal structures
did the lights still work,
He swims with the tide, taking care
of time, shallow depths & eventual discharge.

1 x 20 - Liberal, KS

Looking out the window, for no reason
provokes self-extension.
physically and plainly.
If you understand me correctly, you'll see in this act
on the plane of real life.
and live by it in the state called Bardo.

4 x 20 - Syracuse

it changes physically and materially
it changes visibly and on the spot, provided
body to another,
from a long gone and lost state of body
but subterraneously and secretly it cultivates and maintains the
organisms which you can see with the naked eye provided you have,

no, here
shameful parties making filth of his purest flights.
reactions—
Now there are in the human breath sudden shifts and breaks of
tone and, from one scream to another, abrupt transferences
Now
In this operation, in the blindest depths of the organic
There is a degree of tension, of crush, of opaque density,
all music, all physics,
will be spoken
be changed.
time-spheres as deftly as orange plants or egg-plant salads.
from where old feelings
old meanings arise;
words ordered in a row.
more than the doing,
within the house
Listening in the dark

5 x 20

some are free, they are on the outside;
going out grazing in order to excavate hell.
by chance, with the monkey paw they throw upon me every night,
There are no insides, no mind, no outsides or consciousness, nothing
even when the eye that sees it falls.
grinding underfoot.
the earth, the earth which I will eat.
without joints, but no joined hands, no, no joined hands.—But how

plague of urgency,
to a method of confused doubt,
The geraniums,
the sky grey
singing
of the moon.
mortality, as the abyss of former promenades wells
when no words come

6 x 20

woven stakes.
ambivalent ideas expressed
sun" all the crowds now dead.
For I have looked down into the pit and turned
scout around grey before actual time.
spoke, these you do, seldom
others, some chance to get ahead
distinguish their personalities. And these bodies form hideous cabals
and then the patient breathes.
suddenly wide awake.
At such a time, 'I am you and your consciousness is me,' is what
immense turning outward in flames, monads of nothingness bristling
turning to death all around it, until its extreme dissolution
and in suspension,
chokings.

Where to go and how to get out was the one and only thought
all of that it of a former world,
the mind, i.e., the patient.
was in wishing a place
to both sides of the surface

who sacrifices himself for life,
who have founded a false world in the mean time:
the great revelation concerning the whole system of forming
Our ideas are only the leftovers of a breath,
a skeleton again; while life is an incredible proliferation,
immediately explodes another.
Now there is nothingness, now death, now putrefaction, now
one day
not so long ago.

7 x 20

without shadow or double in life,
never to be afraid of facing a delirium in order to rediscover
—this existence—
a mountain disclosing some cracks of air, perhaps some chinks of light.
Where?
Outside of space, but inside of time.
This rope came out and sang by itself.
Then the walls and the room came back to me, and I understood
music where the interstice is like a meat all prepared to be steam-cooked.
present
on in the downstairs, or were
for this score, which either, as I had so oft committed without
same identities fracture working salvation. My last day East.
entwine, extant as a star
These letters created a tension caused by insecurity, sleeplessness
While you walk the riverbank
groceries, down in the dumps and swilling abundantly with paradoxes
over the kitchen table.

volumes, recounting lurid, sensational details.
civilization had its compensations, to listen to its harmony has enraptured
mutual constitutions...the images were confused of like an understanding.

8 x 20

Existing only in deluding circles self-hypnotic & escapist
of touch beholden to occult arts, the dream inundates our
experience.

but Never

Within It ACCURATed voices of other places, former silences and far events.

The VOICES droned on. They did every afternoon, through the soundless
permeation of madness upon sanity. To wake up and find you are
saddled with a mental illness, you did not know you had before.
course, that was it all the time. That explains everything.

What could be left. Is it the writing demands it. The penalties
the realism and the make-believe. As the piano died out, and its accompanying
voices, while a car motor started up inside.

This afternoon, nearly a decade posterior while the piano
drench the buds of newly sprouting trees, I work in another
privacy, of a situation intellectually in common to menial labor.
expressed in me. Str. through his mind was heavy and clouded
decided to reread what he had written before.

Illustration

along beside the river

from the same source wrong.

in the hands of a handful of modest ignoramuses who happened to be
above himself: I think that there is, in that occult part of the self, like the
remembrance of a strong bite, one of those attacks of pre-existence

essence of life, that is contained in this black liqueur, this sort of
multiplication, confusion, obtusion, clarity, headiness, heaviness, opacity,
thinness, thickness, levitation, stratification, mass and weight—the
greedy, attached, salacious, lewd and erotic idea of life.

of black exigencies en route to the loftiest sublimity.
P.S. : Nothing can be explained except by the effusions of the trances

9 x 20

(pinched memory of a state of need when it is no longer necessary).
cemeteries of a groundwork where matter itself is tirelessly piled up,
to work in a certain way.
to not think, but to let one's self go to the so-called new truths, to
Where one does nothing. One just lets one's self go.
mornings, stepping over thresholds down-stairs, perhaps opening
display cases
grades of blue in the sky entertained, such a lonely temperature
each week, without painful pressure for coercion. At liberty to incorporate my
own needs as a docile terrain, deferring
indebted imaginatively to these outlets, I gather the reins together
without aid of external visions or traumas.
Pausing to glance at two tomes, research-bent to uncover
he feels should be spoken at a certain moment for instance, last
being regarded as a religious object,
All that time is gone. Only memory lives
They can't understand why there are flowers.
“And what will be the name for your next book?”
but what I should remember; it was
had terminated dual plot. It was Tuesday the 13th
To experience Wednesday twilight, immediately after
on a glass table top.

11 x 20 - Dayton, OH

the sky deepens.

person, at that moment, within their shore's tides. But does the land belong toward the absolute, desired kiss. And I found out, while writing this, even it exists in that helio-centric condition around the cosmic orbit.

The magical descent of sunlight is not more holy than the apparent interruption,

Eventually an abundance of beauty and tranquility.

by candlelight, r in the small ballroom, under the moon, creeping down

Or does it? The subterranean rises and creates our reality. May my

that is ours. Not illogically. I have received enough distinction on each

12 x 20 - Clayton, NM

there is nothing more

13 x 20

I am not of your world,

mine is on the other side of all that is, knows itself, is

It's entirely another thing.

14 x 20 - Kingman, AZ

looking at it as I do

an organism

here where there is no here

where one advances backwards

what has burned

in order to re-enter the black fat

this is the black fat rich with life
of the absolute slash.

16 x 20 - Pasadena

I am stupid the moment I assume an air of discourse
and my hand that I've always made
which my breath makes into the real world and things.
but there is another thing I know

17 x 20

the potential of the whole capacity

the imperceptible mind,

is a world

of bodies and things

where you feel it

subterranean night where they are made

and the time

to leave the human body

to the light of nature

the actual life taken by itself

beside the real life

working up from the cellar to the roof

who'll sweat then

[again

monkey that wd lend yrself to anything at all

over the shadow of yr innate hand

you, or he who sweated it out

hung in clusters

whole

that will awaken after death

larva of teardrop in this

pulse and trajectory

the element of true duration
so as not to forget

18 x 20

where I was at
and fastened itself to the beginning;
my body actions held within their own limits, alone,
will be made beautiful in trees, in flowers, in grass
in a pillar of soot
and scrapings
of all the dead
mirrored on the esophagal tongue of the living,
tenacious emanations
fibers of wood.
body and organism.
of the buried, unfounded and uncreated being of his thought.
lent by other personalities.
substitute for an act.
we are not yet of this world,
and of its elements.
so:
that will drown out all else soon,
like a ballet or the pawns on a
checkerboard.
up in the air with all 4 edges flying & I can
claim to a form
that's never corres-
ponded with its body, goes off
still reproducing
to make more than a sketch;
but from morning to evening

crucible of a never-
wearying passionate throb.
of perpetual death
thick walls revealing
or molding itself
finds itself stopped short

19 x 20

and returned to the inner world
I have drawn
soundings or
possibility of chance or of
linear truths which
through words,
are a mixture of poems and
of written interjections
and plastic evo-
cations of fundamental
graphic manner 'which is
seen from above and within,
against the uplifted tongue
outside it,
and everything puts you back in touch with the depths,
sweating on the impossible table
of the sky
from the same fire,
browned itself on the outside,
ALWAYS
who doesn't say a word,
is always there

sounded from top to bottom
there's nothing
in the spaces
but only body
which is remade like the broken dentures of
All from language
sweating
so as to scrape around in the sorrow driven
from the depths of stone
nothing inside or out
and remake an existence
from time
from above
of all the crumbles

20 x 20

“alone,” as now, the sand sifting through

your fingers like another's darkness it's true,
and spoons and erasing messages on the sand, where you wrote
(so I'll move along that plane) unnoticed and gray
as other words are appearing, so cunningly, on the lips
doing their own typing
walked quickly up and down the room.
tomorrow in the car.”
fingers.
what to take and what to leave, but you are always at the mercy.”
with each other.
carefully at the writing.
the courtyard with an expression of pleasant curiosity on his face.”

garden below
left the room together in silence.

21 x 20

thinking about the freedom of your shadow,
I mean don't both of us illuminate
the direction which you are taking?
the moist pavement where you move.
toward some future, composed of plants and stones,
thoughtlessly arranging some final confusion:
these fields open gently . . .
in front of you?
pure directions of the sun
in your cupped palms
there is no other place that allows us
they'll see us dreaming there
and new forms will take shape
and grow, even before we're gone
didn't I tell you? rivers are beginning to evaporate the chalk
everything even the dark green landscape tree by tree forest by forest.
able parts like the poems laid waste
coffee.
more and more.
the walls of the room.
particularly in some place where I was not born.”
“The spirit of the age, whatever that is,” she said, “I'm sure it can get along
beautifully without you—probably would prefer it.”
Then they both looked out of the window at the same time
nothing to look forward to from now on.”

something.
drowning.
it's boring. It's the same thing all the time. The colors are beautiful, of course."
"It's like a city that is being constantly looted," said her husband.
"As far as I'm concerned, it could be at the bottom of the sea—all of it."
something...I must try to find a nest in this outlandish place."

22 x 20

shall we walk, then, to the park?
to be turned headon into light
and total landscape of clockblood
today
when the sun's half cut by the mountain.
it is cool, it is clear . . .
like a day a dream close to the shadow of speed . . .
you realize. I like the sky (don't you) its warmth, its friendliness,
you'll soon be overcome with lovely sensations of the sky.
"the exquisite grasp of this land we do love
and our hands are extended far out into the hordes of light.
it was evening continuously, or at least not morning
now I've lost the key again. through the window
incidents which you never really explained:
down another street. The sun was setting and the air was still
admiring through the window...."
without experiencing anything more than a visual reaction.
you open your eyes and you don't know who you are or what
you are sailing in the air like a happy bird—that is beautiful.
founds fragments of beauty which were much more exciting to me than any
beauty that I have known at its height. But who
put on a cowboy song.

"And I suppose reading would be very pleasant in this room
"You been talking here one to the other," she said, smiling
light is not so bright and it is more quiet and then we will go
The music carries you along."

23 x 20

I'm beginning to see these sounds
a reminder of the great sun
to gather the quiet of these wet feelings
like the sound of a watch
a book and breathing in the air every few seconds
and the morning is still lingering like a cloud
breathe again and we will be gone.
It is afternoon a sailor is crying above the waterfall
the river suddenly the sea
which warns of light in the eye of what you are holding.
the sounds return
with a spoon, it sounds like.

their message must carry down
and you're left with an idea
over the thought
it is distant and hollow

a little like the sound
secret chains
set free.
I love this mansion
though it's too many windows
you can dream of walking someplace better

I hear light scratches in the walls
I've learned nothing
in front of a pleasant house
miscalculating serious items
of a low cliff, so that it was already in the shade. The mud flats and the water
were still in the sunlight. They walked along
"I think I've gone far enough," she said.

24 x 20

you are surrounding "the edge" now
where I hear strange sounds.
your fingers slipping unto my eye
and deliver this shape
within a field no one can locate.
the way each stares back to the next
along the cliffs . . . hung like breath
that leaves you tangled in some later hour
guided by another like you
eyes. "They are a great comfort."
but I don't think that is what you meant, was it?"
short time."
other places."
field. "They're all over the streets. That is what it is there; nothing else much.
We have that here too, but in a separate place. If you like that you can
go. We have everything here."
tremendous thick forest.
flowers. And I'm sure you would hear wonderful noises. Some
He enjoyed so much showing other people the things he liked
from the jungle, and if you don't you can come along tomorrow

25 x 20

sun bubbles . . .
pop open in mist
from the place I sit
You sit to have waves rush to your open hands
you go on then:
I quit listening again I even go
instead (it's noon) I watch solar colors
in the sky)
close the covers of a book we insist on living in,
to string them, these pearls, like beads or arrows
revealing fiery skies that think for themselves,
because it is the way of things to move in circles
but not too much
and we agree with this
we think it's true
sun in morning shade
start to knit or something
saturate all things
or simply fade.
I see nothing in a tree but lazy shade and nature
and all this concrete and steel and noise,
is finding out what we are like."
music to anyone's ears... If you could only stop me from
"Toby," she said to him, "you ought to be ashamed." Toby
"Come on now," she said, "what are we going to sing?"
"I'm a monotone," said Lou.
"Singing ain't in my line," said Toby.
and start to sing.

26 x 20

disappointed
the sign reads
forms his song
the land changes
“It is as I said”
and I barely saw the image against the warm grass,
you’ll be quiet as that happens.
to know the warmth of a hand placed diagonal
like insects rolling somewhere beneath you
music manages itself as usual everywhere
and in the same room later on
more often these days
dreams these hands
remember? I noticed the morning and its sound
the palms rise
He realized there was nothing to be done and sighed.
“I’m just waitin’ to get a break. With my ideas and a break
out of the room.
something better.”
better?”
“That’s a hocus-pocus joint,” said Lou.
“Nowadays that’s just what life is.”
the terrace.
talking together in low voices.
the air waiting for an order.
them, you know.”

27 x 20

no, that’s not fire;
against my thumb,
it clears the mouth
and clears the streets
and jotting down their names on stones
because of some cosmic whim
“Then you are the one they sent?”
open fields
on the other side their dawns
tragedy’s just that and what to do but keep on going all in one line
this clear October day.
falls now
just watching it move from my eye to my hand.
when it becomes a star
and the double driftwood

28 x 20

in this gorgeous hotel, you’d think they’d have on their ball dresses and be
having a wonderful time every minute, instead of looking out over the
terrace or reading. You’d think they’d always be dressed up to the hilt
and flirting together instead of wearing these plain clothes.”
“That’s true enough. Isn’t it sad?”
“Yes, isn’t it terrible?”
know where to begin, maybe. Understand? You don’t know the ropes. Now, I
know all about getting’ orchestras and carpenters
everything off your hands. All you got to do is lie back and
now.”
“You don’t have to tell me it’s wonderful. I know it’s wonderful.
“It’s worth it.” He sat back in his chair and studied the horizon.
I’ll turn over a new leaf.”

The man looked through his stock and pulled out a handkerchief on the corner
of which were painted two palm trees.
there.”
eyebrows.
understand—enemy into friend—that’s always terribly exciting.

29 x 20

behind a mist. The beach was colorless. Behind them the sky
fell off the top of the hill and continued rolling for quite a distance until they
landed on a little walk, where they remained
more luminous and softer than she had ever seen them before.
“I don’t know; come back later; can’t you see? I don’t know.”
time. I love to wait. I don’t mind being by myself.”
surrounding yourself with those things which you term necessary
illusion that they are disparate and manifold but they are
anyone in particular. Her eyes wandered from the ceiling to the walls. She was
smiling to herself.
“Listen, your pal’s been out of the room two whole minutes
with enormous groans of lost possibilities

I am truly a fragment of your secret worlds
though this eludes me. I think
truck drivers passing on the highway
it is not alone, anything
in their marvelous hollow decoration
“Who are they?”
under these weeping leaves, only nature’s gimmick
so many other words might shoot up?
these hands that hold the blood that rises
Just because there is music

my slow situations
in your clear california air
across infinity day by day
thoughtlessly
just a section of the universe showing off
was beaten in every inch of that zonked pathway
“You better take that long pause about now . . .”
as you move

wasted presence
lovely notes lightly, make animals dream, I fade
It’s there, the air the body the soft green day:
thin shaftways of graceful nostalgia
who signed now to greet me
(very simple wind)
fly a little above the hassles
to breathe the mystery
which has somehow lead us “here”
which is simply today.
a few hours soaked into air cotton
already quite chilly.
in great danger of losing the whole world once and for all—a feeling that is
difficult to explain.
“soon I’ll be in the midst of real human beings again.”
around on their way back.
she was glad to have them both with her again.
“The house gives me a certain feeling of freedom.”
spending an afternoon in the parlor.
eagerness. “Then I will.” He got up and stood by the window
of course I’m devoted to you both.”

here.”
never very adequate.”
This country invades me
from the day’s movements
perhaps nothing will happen
noiseless and unbruised
among those branches
it won’t be long
that they are gone forever.
the steps are simple
you must feel each one distinct
that connection
is but a clue . . . the garden, the stone garden . . .
before me in a mirror
to be exactly the way it is
I have seen through windows . . .
might some other time recall
a poor unconsummated memory
hit lightly
“into the wind and the sunshine, my love, or shall I say into the wind and the
moonlight, never forgetting to add ‘my love.’”

30 x 20

and then?
endlessly, as stars from the earth,
tumble through picture windows
no matter what I say
into lonely music
to sleep in landscapes
heavy like metal shade pre-dawn thickness
in the air

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