

## From *Ketjak2: Caravan of Affect*

Ron Silliman

Big dog on a short chain. Attention is all. The legitimation of the polymorphous **structure** of legal performance, “internally” noncoherent and open at both ends, through a binary vision, is the narrative codification I offer as an example of epistemic performance. Jack rabbit’s fatal dive **across** the blacktop. A finished good is just a marketing tool for a service contract. He knew how to hold an adz, an Uzi. The value in waiting is not rushing the **emotion**. I’m unable to find just the right straw hat. Just seven international flights per day for a city of five million and three of these are to Gdansk. A day of rain in the middle of June. Push the green button. Slept by the roadside to **wake** in a vast flat space—we’d found our way to the floor of Death Valley. Two slicks and a spiff. The gamelan is not **simple**. I want to talk to you about that second **Louie**. Tuba booms. I’ve been doin’ some hard copy, I thought you knowed, I’ve been doin’ some hard copy, time to download, hard copy, grammar’s sloppy, wording’s vague, disks are floppy, I’ve been doin’ some hard copy, lord. Modal rounders. “Everyone in Moscow **thinks** capitalism means Hollywood,” Kagarlitsky argues (we’re eating whoppers at Burger King), “but I think it means Mexico.” A slope filled with soldiers **sifting** through the large charred green debris, explosion of a helicopter, Vallejo, 1974. Not swallowing the cock so much as cheeking it. A sequence of objects, silhouettes backlit by a setting sun (the rising moon), which to him appears to be a **caravan** of fellaheen, a circus, dromedaries pulling wagons bearing tiger cages, dogs **dragging** Eskimos in sleds over the sand, the sound, **fringed** surreys with tricolored bunting, tamed ostriches in toy hats, the real ghost of Babe Ruth, the **Elvis** Presley float, begins a slow migration—we think we can hear the didgeridoo—to the right **vanishing** point on the horizon line. Decimal decibel. Primal **soup**. Eat pillow, Mommy scum. Slag iron. Grackle at Dealey Plaza. Red sky above dry land. Clip art. The power implicit within the ability to draw a single, vertical straight line. In the middle of the mall is an ice rink, children racing as their parents **wobble** over the glassy surface that serves as a giant ice cube, sparing them all from the Texas heat. Forms from nouns are known. Across the Neva **floats** a ship on which, 72 years ago, the fate of a

revolution turned as it turned its guns on the Winter Palace. That was when my nose began to peel. She **brought** out a box of old chocolates, although only four pieces remained for the 16 of us, because it was **what** there was to offer. Red dirt hills. I remember reading. Look at that room filled with **fleshy** babies, incubating. My eyes have seen the **glare** of the coming of the cursor—they started out as bad and now they're getting worse. Pineapple **chunks**. Too much verbiage in that diet. A tall glass of tawny port would prove my undoing. One-legged man uses his hand to brace and **balance** himself as he stands in the shower. Nevada into Utah as though through conditions of the **mind**. Once-white shoes have discolored unevenly, dark gray at the toes. We ate them. The dog days of August are **woofing** on my Giants. Agents, he noticed, once removed from their jobs, were the **dullest** ones of all. Noting shifts in the fly's path by the alterations of **tone**. Wants to know what revision means. Teach-in on the **politics** of content. Day's first **sky** was blue fan. The cars are clustered, knotting traffic, then one in the left lane **pulls** forward and the white sports car behind it **spurts** out of the pack while on the right one, two, three, each slowing, pull off at the exit, one other joining from the on-ramp that soon follows, a little **red** roadster, top down, catching up from behind but by now the entire left lane's spread out and a blue truck's moved over from lane **number** two so that the sense of density, of formation, rapidly dissolves as some speed ahead while others **lag** on the four lanes that ribbon the base of the Oakland hills. Motown, O Town. I can't tell the point at which the **old** lens is sucked from my eye through the hypodermic needle. Extra paper money was kept in the **closet**, rolled by my grandmother into the amber shade of the small window there, behind the coathanger **heavy** with ties. Through rough slough. Now you are **here**. We are flying directly into the sun as if into a target, so that as it moves **lower** our flight path does also. Writing, riding, ridden. It becomes **fixed** as a narrative so that anyone alive then in the U.S. knows the phrases grassy knoll, Dealey Plaza or Texas School Book Depository, while very **few** outside the Dallas region recognize the corner of Elm and Houston. Graffiti. Don't believe your own reviews. Said of her organization that it was the **third** largest tendency, but the only one to follow the correct line. Starving neon artist repairs **broken** windows. Fish, fishes. Benjamin on Krauss: "He passes **by** night among the sentence constructions." From the house where Trotsky died **they** caught a ride with a man who worked for the World Bank. You relate to objects as if they were **plentiful** whereas we do not, therefore it does not occur to us to think of the word as an **object**. Increments of the familiar. Get me the forceps, please. He hit the bricks, took a vacation, got rolled up, **popped** so they say. Caustic accounting. Nearer

and father. Pixels of light, left to right. You read this sentence before. My instinct is to **shut** the good eye to star out at the simplified world of fuzzed shadows. New bulge. Montana is the Bolinas of Hollywood. Bulky **tail**, pointless as it is long. Not a **typo**. Vacancies. Two jets in tandem mean it's military. The **true** sign of agriculture is the small plane. I don't have an audience for broccoli. This will be hell to **type**. One of those inexorably hot Arizona days when a soda over ice will quench your **thirst** only for a moment. Luggage. Snow in summer. It's all over, paperclips. Waiting **ten** years to get a phone (to see even if your application **to** obtain a phone was properly filled out). Where ranch hands wander in at dawn for coffee or eggs. Now lose consciousness. See how sane this is. Red **streak** in the eye marks stitches. It's not as tho our lives bear meaning, but that gather about us like **fallen** leaves someone has failed to sweep away. A salad bar salad, **salad** of many salads lumped **atop** one another, hot bacon dressing dripping **down** through the alfalfa sprouts onto the garbanzo-crested cottage cheese. What is the meaning **of** a single sentence? Not a man who can take a joke, but one who can take a pun. Occasionally, a dirt road will **curl** out of the mountains to come up to the freeway, tho you never know what fact it extends **from**—house, mine, town, farm. Phlegm at eleven. Before after (but after before). Stand by your brand. A **blue** flame. What did the elephant say to the naked man? This is a **test**. Rooftop mothers meet. Drop City. White-haired **woman** under five feet tall, back bent, shuffles slowly **down** the street, huge boom box in hand. All this only **lately** translated from the Korean. Bears on the grass **alas**. All talk. Loosely scalped penis. Face of the clown colored in. Did I mention that the lady with the **boom** box is Swedish? On holiday, I read Barthes' "The Writer on Holiday." Out of the airless afternoon Arizona heat onto the cool shaded bus **bursts** a dozen developmentally disabled adults with **two** stoic attendants, chattering, laughing to themselves, one speaking to the social worker **in** sign language, the bus is suddenly bright, crowded, a circus, **until** it stops in front of the frozen yogurt shop **and** they scramble down much more **slowly** now, shimmering burst of heat while the door's held open, **one** helper shouting out numbers until all are **accounted** for, the bus again (and just as suddenly) cool and quiet. The function of the paragraph is visual (virtual), to break the page into units, **prelogical** intent. More women trust their cars to JiffyLube. Western movies. Drink tea and **pee**. Disembedding. When this you see, meat and three. We are, each of us, given to realization of the potential of disaster, but when the slowed traffic took us **around the curve** into view of the scattered, shattered remains of the helicopter, engine strangely whole at road's edge, blade knifed into the side of the hill, no **other** part larger than

the palm of my hand, our car **inching** through the crowd of soldiers, police, hearses, the traffic pushing us immediately onward, away, it was an image we saw, no mas. Gag reflex **at** the center of the tongue. Got this from a fortune cookie. Prim versus prime, **slim** versus.... I quote unquote hate quote unquote speech quote unquote. Trash bag to garbage can is **inverse** prophylactic. Geomagnetic, iron filings at the North Pole. Flying over Amarillo, I'm unable to see Smithson's ramp. Child's form. Search globally, **replace** locally. This is not a new sentence. It's dawn in Denver on a Sunday morning: the first **workers** downtown yawning their ways slowly across the square—Writers Square!—to the shops at Tabor Center, three floors of t-shirt boutiques. The fisherman's cormorants wear rings around their necks to keep them **from** swallowing, to force them to surrender their catch. Ring of water from a glass of ice stains hardwood floor. They're good in all the violent spaces. Willie was pickin' **cotton** over by Fayette when she got married at 15, and now, just 61, she's already a great grandma. House of the art **historian** Panovsky, room in the attic, sloping ceiling—breeze off Lake Michigan turned this page. Kestrel fans its tail out, hovering kite-like over the thistle-thick field, searching out rodents. A doubt without an end is not even a doubt. Fried **catfish**, hoppin' john and a baked tomato, followed by a slice of peanut butter pie. Tales from the **crypt**. "A telephone rings in an empty room and by now we both know what to do"—message on Gayatri Spivak's answering machine. There's a difference between a mistake for which a place is **prepared** in the game and a complete irregularity that happens as an exception. The way an old woman **cups** her eye to shade it from the blue light of the television, the dayroom otherwise empty and dark. House of red brick. Remote diagnostics. We might **speak** of fundamental principles of human inquiry. This hat will hold these thoughts until I catch them. Monday morning. Rotator cuff. Even if his dream were actually connected with the **noise** of the rain. OPM (opium): other people's **money**. Cowbell doorbell. Fanny, when you're living at the edge of society, are you closer to the era past? Memory **not** well. The pure products of America are introduced by Ed McMahon. In the fog I saw the great **grass** boats floating toward the delta. The metal patch is to guard the eye while I sleep. The first ring of the **phone** is short, abrupt, an intrusion, and, though we hear it, we feel frozen, fixed in place, unable to **act**. Poem conceived as a marathon, a life. The burned truck, now, at road's edge, glowed merely. The limits of morning visible over the water, **boats**, gulls, pelicans disappearing into the fog (need for an horizon that is not there). He adds no figure to the atlas of the impossible. You're feeling hyper. The word I **want** is Shampoo. Tyranny of the toilet seat (up or down). To destroy syntax in advance. Boards beneath

the linoleum fail to meet, leaving a **dimple** in the floor. Friends of the young children of the wife of my friend's brother. One never **buttons** one's shirt at the top button first, but the one just below, proceeding downward, then turning one's arms up at the elbows, one cuff and then the next, before returning at last to the throat. A **multiplicity** of tiny, fragmented regions in which nameless resemblances agglutinate things into **unconnected** islets. "This isn't interesting," Viktor Mazin says, refusing to translated Yulia's talk on the mythology of Stalinism, meaning not her talk but the question of Stalin per se. Procedure by which they stick a **metal** device up one's prick. "What good is money" Alyosha asks, "when there's nothing to buy?" Superimposing different criteria. Mickey Mouse cartoons taped off Finnish television and dubbed into Russian—who has all this **equipment?**—both soundtracks (the other is English) running simultaneously, Finnish subtitles in the lower left corner, are popular at the moment on the **black** market. How the roads wrap around the town. **Doorknob** thick with rubber bands. Detention garden. Up against the Woolite. Cat **sleeps** on hood of the parked car. This is the sentence in which you begin to **suspect** that the author is no longer in control of the writing. Why order exists in general, what universal "laws" it **obeys**—or finds too trivial to transgress—what principle can account for it (or be superimposed to do so), and why **this** particular explanation has been established and not some other. Relation of hula to t'ai chi. Italian aubade played on the **accordion**. You must remember this—to dis is just to dis. Implies, employs. A hot bath before bed, then a shower when I rise. Linear accelerator: now here's a **method**. Morbidity is skewed demographically. As the ambulance passes, everyone stares to see if there's anyone in it. People in the country go to the **city** for the weekend. If for every window there were a person. Trying to write without my glasses, **force** letters onto the line. Twenty-first century full of **dumpy** houses. Intense yellow of mustard in old-time **fast** food joint. She had only the slightest **pubic** hair, light brown, and when I put my **tongue** there, however lightly, she moaned. Words at the end of a decade (this hand is your hand). Riding buses on the weekend. Subtle as a puddle. At home **amid** engineers, on a patio, with chicken and gin and tonic. Debby Gibson, factoid. Next-to-the-last page in the green book now, deep in the yellow. Body **language** of listeners at a reading. What if one killed one, never to be caught, constantly alive with that information? The crisp look of a new shoe. These conditions of constant change demand the weapon **of theory**. See vineyard as poison farm. Large, evenly hard beds. Pearls of wisdom drop from the **wrong** end of the horse. The meaning of this sentence resides in no one word. Moist Maoist. I **swim** in a clear pool. Carpal tunnel. Moth patiently **beating** its

wings on the glass. Meaning skips between words like static **electricity**. Here also are buried the soldiers killed at the Battle of Lake Erie, 1813. On one corner of the box is a large printed square with a caption that reads “label here.” Not **urban** but metropolitan culture now, city and suburb single web. Voice mail says, “This is a general **distribution** broadcast.” What does it mean to know, sleeping, that you sleep in Idaho? That’s in **beta** now. Seismograph and thermostat in display case, gallery of imperial theft, painted porcelain, jade. **History** teaches: eat your peaches. The fountain forms a geometry of the particular, five water **falls**, six spouts, all of which arrive in the general pool. Ding dong, Baghwan’s gone. Ozone Park. Wake up and smell the copy. Playing with the **pilot** light. Meet your macro. Asleep in spurts, awake in **starts**. Awaken sparts. Each event will be its own name. The **idea** that a box will have a patent. Fabulous flab. The Specific Islands. A clear thing. If the. Visitation Valley. Good morning, banana breath. This is the fable **of** objects. “I wanted a blend, not a blond,” she said. As if by special procedures at the pinball machines, free games without tilting, **weeping** and half-singing, he could speak directly to that force he called the giants. I’ve got a **giant**, I’ve got a giant latitude. Infinite expansion. Works written to be read sitting down. Animalism of the **garbage** trucks. The camera’s “snap” is in fact a series of whirrs and clicks. Sulfur, the hanged man, I swing between realms. The pressure of the **text**. Stem of steam from a kettle, cream in a small white cup. Calling an impromptu meeting, Kit says, “The company’s been reorganized, but our department hasn’t been **touched**.” She threw her legs back up over my shoulders, **wincing** slightly as, with my ass, I shoved in, then pulled back slowly until just the tip rested against the red lips of her vagina. Two male hooded orioles, heads **bobbing**, face off for control of the bush. That winter there were zeppelin alarms. Getting down on her **knees**, still dressed in the most prim of business suits, blouse topped with an oversized blue bow, she said, “I want you to urinate on my hair and face, **and** in my mouth, and not to stop.” This line **written** in Windsor, once the way out, as, say, Guatemala **now** is, sitting on a park bench, river’s edge, facing Detroit. How I changed my **mind**. The **migration** of oranges. In Tucson they don’t even attempt lawns, although grass is permitted as if by accident between the cacti. We drove **through** fields of artichokes. You’re stitching my eye and I know it. A great many notions that intersect, overlap, reinforce or limit one another on the **surface** of thought. Because you are an American, you are sent to buy the wine. Green water, gray sky. In one week, all **of** this will have been a dream. Plants that grow in the antlers of stags. This **mineral** water is in fact heavy metal—if I leave the cap off, it rusts. Primed canvas. Because you could no longer find it in

public places, people had taken to carrying their toilet paper with them everywhere they went. Early memory of sensation, being picked up by father, held aloft overhead, first recognition of **height**, absorbed now into dreams where I just **float** off the earth's surface, slow uncontrollable weightless flight. Three thousand books but only three book cases presents an inherent **structural** problem. Canadian cactus. Angular, vertical great blue heron, utterly still in the small lagoon. Demons can **travel** only in a straight line. Everyone talks of the quake. One does not shiver here, one shudders. Through rue slough. Prose **of** the world. The clamp on my finger measures oxygen saturation in **body's** extremities. They invented logic and classification. Threw rue slew. Confrontation of **resemblances** across space. Feel of the surgeon's hands on my forehead and cheek. A key ring raps on the glass. We're rushing to **catch** the bus, to get over the river before the bridges go up. Inca flute. I sip at the tea, hoping it wouldn't keep me **awake** all night. Form is to seize (size) the time. Redwood in parquet floor comes from Viet Nam. Of adjacencies, of **bonds** and joints. The fun part of moving is the unpacking, the designing of rooms. Women, smelling of ammonia, **board** the bus. Dissolving, fog filters these islands. Stalactite or storm. In the sign of the garbage can that says, "THANK YOU," who speaks? Form is the tame cat, asleep atop the fence much narrower than its **body**. Voices in the steep airwell overecho and thereby muffle themselves—one hears not words, but tones. Gonsel, styler, heavy-duty lowrider. Truck **whose** sides are a sequence of rising, corrugated metal doors. Throat, hearing the toilet flush, invariably swallows. Between a pillow and a soft place. A made tunnel, for **trains**, beneath the bay. Fog scrapes across the low sky. Form is the **minute** hand. Retrobulvar block. These **emotions** have been proposed. Academic migrant. His veins great rivers, his **bladder** the sea. Jaywalk the line. Form is the structure of character, what? She **pedals** the fat-tired bike from laundromat to laundromat, scanning each bulletin board, searching the three-by-five cards, hunting for a **share** rental, the cheapest way to live. Strike opponents' **ears** with both fists. We knew which jars of jam we would buy, but let her offer us **samplings** of the rest. Manifest destiny—this sentence is a command. Shops are **filled** with brightly colored, useless objects. Through sky cannon. Your sentences are altered by the book you are reading. BFTP **of** the Apes. Smell of the Xmas tree. Hands over the keyboard as though a dredging motion (dreading **motion**). Marksmen (snipers), to maximize contrast in the visual field, wear yellow-tinted sunglasses. Feet, do your **stuff**. Eyes rotate in skull, looking inward. In need of a new needle. Words wend to send **message**, never knowing what gets heard. Wanted no limits, only possibility. Just making the appointment to see the eye surgeon was

stress enough for me. When uses of the morning rush do **pass**, I stare from my seat into eyes of those who go other ways. Watch television with the sound off and describe the **plots**. Woman new to the building seemed interesting, until the night she brought home the man who clearly was not. High, thin cloud smears the sun. At certain hours whole neighborhoods will drain or fill with people. Syrup forms **pools** in the sunken squares of a waffle. Table with a black top. A long walk in a new city, taking care to keep sight of landmarks (golden dome of the state capitol), each **block** in this direction cuts off many alternatives (it's a decision tree), quiet low-grade commercial strip, used book store with no poetry section, then, half a block down, an extensive used record shop, **musty** odor of old LP jackets, across the street a MacDonalds recessed deep in its own parking lot in front of which, on a bus bench, two small very alcoholic-looking Native American men are talking with a very burly female cop under a sky with fast-moving clouds that threaten thunder over these Rocky Mountains. Language is my given. When the patch is lifted, light floods in, **brilliant**, shimmering. Green tint to the shit. Identifying Phil Spector tune on the muzak. Wrote on the wall its word until I would learn it. Sunday brunchtime divides world into exercisers and eaters. **Filling** the yellow cup with coffee. Pushing Patagonia. Once each day my small cigar. Sun-dried brains. Water in the pipes doesn't wake me, but keeps me from sleep, unable to determine the source, the user, the time of night. The plane backs away from the accordion tubing of the gate only to queue in an interminable line of planes inching along the runway toward take-off. Bok choy, bok-fu. When my brother has his **fourth** child, I realize that I will be the one, years hence, who cares for our mother in her final years. A sentence begun on the green page is completed on the yellow, then **repeated** on white. The poetics of political form. Ants would attempt to escape from the heat by crawling into the **freezer** only to die from it, black ring around its door. I'm with stupid. On the reparsing of names. The day without eyes. Bent bell mat. A Russian without a cigarette is like.... Sat in the Ford World Headquarters lobby, reading Olson. Suddenly, we're above this high thin **webbing** of cloud, the top of which lit brilliantly by the setting sun. Grew up, she said, able to hear firing squads by the river at dawn. A point in life where the writing becomes **more private**. The boy was abundant. Because film itself is in some sense European, the films of Leningrad we'd seen made it appear much more European than we found it. Dark glasses on the white desk cast a blue shadow. The one **vegetable** we ate growing up that was neither carved nor frozen was carrots, except two or three times each year, corn on the cob or an artichoke. Class wart. At least this time the elevator **breaks** down, I'm not inside it, I think, beginning the



trek down 28 flights of stairs. Instances return, thought to have been lost. Conan the librarian: open empty **dumpster** on a sunny day. Cars arrive or drive off in the dark. 1990: the favorite word of ten-year-old boys is *dude*. To kill the clock. Sweatshirt stand outside Coit Tower: duck-assed woman aims minicam out over **bay**. We bring our little silver spoons. Index of American Jacket Notes, Blurbs, Prefaces, Introductions and Afterwords, vol. XVII. Waking wasted. Leadbelly dies of Lou Gehrig Disease. Friends, kindred, days, estate, good-fame, **plans**, credit. Old water stain high on a wall over the door forms implicit narrative. Assertion, not journal, in a four-bathroom house on a two-acre lot. Relaxed Wanderer **stagnant** liver oil. To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible **forms**, she speaks a various language. Think of *thus* as plural of *thu*. Dark red-and-brown houseboats beached in the mud at low tide—men atop their cabin roofs, shirtless and in overalls, idle, play a **dobro**, a jaw’s harp, a 12-string guitar, while a lone woman in pigtails frets a banjo, red kerchief about her **neck**, freckles on her nose—only to float again, anchored, when the sun is reflected in Richardson Bay. Jet **tilts** up, off of the runway. Postures of plenty. Where we say “gesundheit,” you say “scat.” The particular, the particular. When her car flipped over into the small puddle of **rainwater**, the famous newswoman, trapped by a jammed seatbelt, drowned. Attention to objects *out there* in the **material** world is constantly subverted by memory’s demands. At that age finally that when you stop to ask my age, I have to stop and subtract. Words in a line pass time. Going to a lot of **truffle**. Willful concentration is constantly dissolving into involuntary association. I hear Thom Gunn “introduce” Bob Perelman. Auto-gyro. Blue light pressed up against the **eye**, behind which an optometrist (a hippie) stares. I’ve got silence on the radio. His shirt has pockets with snapping flaps, the corners of which **curl** up. One wants a place to locate mind’s events. Comes to the end of her poem, only to learn it **continues**. Funky Kingston. A paragraph in the life. If you wider, deeper (if you see Carolina in the morning). This is not emotion recollected in tranquillity, but emotion itself. Burn Sienna. Cardboard stands on which to display books. Tourists **from** Taiwan. In/dict/ment. Somewhere between the retina and the visual cortex, the information signals are modified to provide information that is always already linked to a learned response. On the **motel** billboard is the name of the employee of the **month**. Later they send for their wives. If the rug has a pattern, identify the unit and count it. We thought we were getting ride of ownership, substituting use. Make it neo-. Prose is like a garden. Yuppie thai yin yang, get a long **little** fogey. Winter comes to space-time. Condom that stays **hard** if you don’t. Globe is the lower. Raw broccoli **florets** stick

on/between teeth. Vertical law, horizontal **justice**. Little echoing birdcall I don't recognize somewhere up high in that palm tree. Diminishing word where the head dwells, **avoidance** of which is the test—I don't remember what I was thinking when I wrote that, but 16 years later it **sounds** rather depressed. Think of the ways Steve Benson models forthrightness in writing. You understand this because of the **common** social convention that is language. The eight-year-old in the seat next to me is taking her first flight, animated, **fascinated**—"Are those clouds?"—on her first voyage to Disneyland. A light that I saw, that **mountain** road, that passed. It is more dangerous to walk down the mountain than to walk up. Idiot size spaces out nature. One kind of racism just for foreigners. Solid object. It's not the radiation from the TV set **and computer** screen that frightens me, it's the magnetism. How, between tongue and lips, she took my foreskin, licking. "A co-op matrix in advance of the kit," said Kit. Alone in a stranger's house. Each stanza is broken out and **carries** a separate P&L. Autobiography of precision. Crushed and splintered, the sawhorse lay in the street, orange lantern still flashing. She makes **constructions** to sit in, whose common form implies the electric chair. The foley editor rumples a paper sack. This indulgence. Pigeon's **waddle**, blackbird's hop. Only in the flats is the fat of the green gone. Am I a low tenor or a high baritone? Jokes **replace** form—this is called Actualism. Not the **weight** program, the paint program. Frying yellow squash in the wok, with string beans, bell peppers, tofu cakes crumpled up, and mung bean sprouts. The hotel stairwell is undecorated, **pure** concrete but for the metal banister, each floor **identical** until we get down to the high-ceilinged **bottom** two floors. Between body and destiny lay mirrors and attractions. The level at which my father was himself the victim of a dysfunctional family cost him his life. **Intermittent** as it is, the process of refrigeration sets up a **hum** in the wall, non-specific, not to be avoided, not precisely heard, felt rather by the wake in the belly's fluids. The light's so bright I can't tell if my eye is still open. The **grammar** of being is an exegesis of things. What I'm **aware** of missing most, nine days apart from you with no **hope** ever of phoning, is the warmth and weight of you next to me in bed at night, or those moments on the couch when we talk and I softly rub your feet. Bone bruise. Exact point in temperature at which one is too cold without a sweater, but too hot with. Possibly words on a page are the language sleeping, waiting to be moved by eyes that sweep left to right. One could be a room if only the question of **doors** would keep shut. Rose of china **embedded** in the **lamp**. She follows her two large dogs down the street, a small shovel in one hand. Memory in search of a mind. I go to Moscow the way I'd gone to Denver, touching down at the airport, never

leaving the plane. An old spool for cable made into a table, made home for a garden in an old wine jug. The first course is veal, the second steak, a **combination** of beef and beef only a Texan could think of. Aesthetic derision. This has too much negative **twist**. The alimentary life. The idea of lines upon paper, superimposition of what's already there. A real, tho not popular, instance of discourse. Caffeine junkie deep in withdrawal. Each morning geese **circle** the lake until they refind day's forms. A neighborhood one sees from the freeway. Lost in the **rain** in Juarez. His trousers hang baggily because the legs beneath have atrophied through years of disuse. Feta cheese. Hours from now jugglers on unicycles will fill the square, the sun high over the executive suites atop the tall glass **and** brick highrises, tourists pausing impressed or not, **but** now it's so quiet that the fountain drowns out the **faint** first traffic of day, house sparrows loud in the **lollipop** trees of the plaza where I sit in a plastic chair by a metal table outside an outdoor café that has yet to open. Dog star boy. Sun sets into these clouds, deckled horizon. Normal discourse. Giant truck has black rubber flaps as mudguards extending from its fenders. Equivocation, **synonyms** and etymologies, differences, form and **description**, anatomy, nature and habits, temperament, **coitus** and generation, voice, movements, places, diet, physiognomy, antipathy, sympathy, modes of capture, death and wounds, modes and signs of poisoning, remedies, epithets, denominations, prodigies and presages, monsters, mythology, gods to which it is dedicated, fables, allegories and mysteries, hieroglyphics, emblems and symbols, **proverbs**, coinage, miracles, riddles, devices, heraldic **signs**, historical facts, dreams, simulacra and statues, uses in human diet, uses in medicine, miscellaneous uses. Cypress structure or Cypress *superstructure*? You are not the most complicated of men eating an English muffin. Crust that forms over the scrape. Resented for favors asked. Uncolored seltzer, cherry-flavored. What in the well **whistles**. Light metal grid holds acoustic tile **of false** ceiling in place. A poor good-man tell-clock. The chronic depression that haunted her must have appeared early on, for she had left school after the ninth grade like all her seven sisters before her to work, yet by 17 had already left the labor **force**, returning to it only briefly just twice, although they were always modest of means and she lived another 72 years. Exploration in closure. He turns the **ignition** and an antenna rises silently from the hood of the car. Blind to the alternate. In passing the manuscript to one another, so that **nobody** at any moment had all of it in hand, we **reduplicated** the conditions by which knowledge could be possessed in Russia. Prefers instruments of **percussion**, for discreteness. Refer reefer. Way in which winter wanders in. The felt **tip** pen in your pocket has come loose from its cap. Fat **dimpled**

thighs. Warning: the following sentence contains language. The nice guy. More violins in Beirut. Raw mushrooms. Focus my eyes at a distance just to prove to myself that I can. Soap root. Soup route. The waitress, Nora, looms over the counter, **pot** of coffee in hand. College radio: rubber band music. Assuming there is steadily less to **be** said. Each **bird** is an accomplishment of nature (but that implies a will). Write this **down** in a green notebook. Up to your old matrix. Could it be seen **as** — turn page here — the single act, which took months to **do**. Stand by your bland. Regular geometry of the tiles, the plane of floor held level stories **above** the ground, which flows under the black metal door in this cubicle of the john. Ted and **Alice** versus Gertrude and Alice. Free, white and forty-five. In this mini-mall, each awning's **overhang** ends in a sign, but not every title signifies the current tenant. Salary, celery. In the circle of fifths. In the **head** head. From here I see cars, vans, big trucks inching across the bridge, the sky **behind** green-brown from smog. Autiodactyl dream (what do that mean?). Degrees **of** light, yellow, **white**, shade and glare. Hair as it dries weighs less on the brain. I'm only two rows from the reader, but there's **fuzz** in the loudspeakers—he seems **distant**, hard to discern. Piano man. There were few **wild** flowers because of the drought. I said a **maximum** of shit last night. Are you here to see my new **baby** sister, Mr. Walker? He gave the impression that very many cities **rubbed** him smooth. Now **code** the prototype. Pleasant tense. Local politics on the telly in a new town demonstrates formulaic gestures—city manager shows grave concern. **Almonds**. Half-asleep, I dream of my friend Scott who's been dead 27 years. Was this the topic sentence? Ed Kemp has lived on this block for 70 years, first in the cottage at 1818 which his parents **bought** in 1920 while his father build Ed's current house with his own hands, neighborhood of Finns all in the construction trades—"We were as clannish as the Chinese." The warm blood of rain. O let that **staple** be unbroken, by and by, Lord, by and by. Place holder (say such image **proposes** an aesthetic). Pacing and waiting, waiting and **pacing**. Power curtain. Facts, also called *unit clauses*, are declarations of attributes of objects or of relations **among objects** that are by definition true. An afternoon **nap** becomes sculpture. The people **united** shall never be completed. I woke in a castle (or rather its inner court) whose walls of yellow and brown brick supported twisting vines of ivy, standing slowly, **shaking** off dead leaves and the stiffness in my bones, I see into the windows discovering there classrooms, boys and **girls** in rows within who, having been reading aloud in unison, now stop, staring at me, the horror in their eyes **marked** by sudden silence. The tomb of the unknown pharaoh. Early winter sun. Apricot papercut. Each day **new** vistas become possible,

yesterday's earlobe, today's **toenail**, the radio on a mantle one had forgotten to think of, a flashlight small enough to fit in a **pocket**. Between reference and refinement. Videography. Bulletize your thinking here. Would pour pigment directly onto parchment, then manipulate that. Ice **cubes** having melted together. Sleep's weight still heavy on flesh of face. Trekking through yak muck. Interest is something you impose. Mudman cometh. It may be a form of semiotic analysis, whose validity does not depend **solely** on the multi-permutations of application but on the interrelated observance of the field of propositional formats. Call me E-mail. Endless possibility, drifting from campus to campus, hanging out. Thesaurus rex. Never fear, chandelier. Kingbirds play tug-of-war with **a** struggling orange **butterfly**. Cohn's loans. In the hallway, the anesthesiologist is screaming at the surgeon. The hair in the ear or nostril. Ripped cream. So muggy it seemed there was no oxygen in the air, how was it that the cigar burned all by itself **untended** in the ashtray, sizzling and snapping. Reading with my new eye. Since there is a term "poem," many assume there is an entity "poem." Cursing the feeder on the Xerox **machine**. Television in the 1950s. A skyscraper by itself, alone in the desert. Demonstration forest ahead. My sentence, my self. The mountains, visible more by **darkness** than their own size. The rattling noise a flagpole **makes** in the wind. Scrawl. Aaron's eyes. Could you trace this to its source, particular, iridescent, useful only as it disappears? Italian **proverb**: There's no place like Rome. No reason to read this, to read it now. He goes to Nordstrom's to **write**. Lone Star Hotel. A plague in vogue is offered a **vague** plaque as testament to their anxiety. Painter as **banker** or bandit. A value is given (who by, white man?). An harbor, Ann Arbor. What I took to be the gold dome at Georgia State turns out **not** to be that at all, but the state capitol, kitty-corner from City Hall, the **site** where once General Sherman stood and **ordered** the city razed. Assertions, substantives, attributes, relations. Adam's Apple, serpent's Mac IIfx. Evolution of the mailbox, professionalism of cops. This brand is your brand, this brand is my brand. Soft tones, light tunes, late in the day's air. In front **of me**, a small truck pukes black smoke. A poem as long as California, as summer. Womb **of** the unknown baby. The nation of significant sequence versus the nation of synonymy. Bubbles pass back up the **esophagus**. Until I myself became trapped in the Bermuda Triangle of the heart.