

Kurt Cline

## **THE CAFÉ LIFE**

The fog started covering over  
The morning, A man  
Holding onto the edge of the earth  
Spinning into Casanovaville  
Even Voodoo couldn't bring  
Her back. Neither will ever be  
Any different. It's not a dream  
Anymore. Obedient to it  
Now they have to go out & live.  
Life won't always be this way.  
Someday she'll go back.  
He'll be leaving.

## PROGNOSTICATION

A person will come very soon  
Hunting for thieves in the south-east  
Mtns. Happy as a zoo  
In a sheep's nostrils. Falling  
Out of aforethought  
Into wonder. Hope comes  
But once a fortnight. Treasure it!  
Remember dear, it was always me  
Even when it wasn't. Groping in the dark  
On my hands and knees. Until I spotted this  
Following me. And so proceeds what was  
Already there in the first place.  
A remedy awaiting a recipe  
Awaiting a whirlwind  
& a voice speaking out of it.  
It's a longsome road & no one knows  
What's 'round the bend.  
If you follow it far enough  
You'll never get to the end.

## ON PHILOSOPHY

It's pouring this morning  
Of footprints transversing  
The double-door  
Of the dialectic  
Only the lonely know  
The locus of control  
Between what is  
Congealed in matter  
Ink splattered  
& going on beneath the surface  
Disintegrating  
On the path  
Standing aside  
    Beyond & within  
Fractal indeterminacy  
Micro-tiny connectivities  
More membrane than boundary—  
Spiderwebs in your hair—  
All the psychopathologies flesh is heir to  
Gesturing it away over the minarets the cock-a-doodle-doo  
As turns the glass face downward in the lusty dawn.

## LACUNAE

He's waiting for the sky to bend, waiting  
For the peel to core into tomorrow. She thinks  
Having a passport makes the river flow beyond the grass  
What's the sense of blowing yr top? Put the key in the lock  
If it doesn't work just jangle it loose  
You don't have to bother the door  
The writing mind is never closed  
Waking up on that daydream.  
Thinking where to write where to go?  
Somewhere can't wait to go back home

Flats of scenery vastness backwards  
Through the pinpoint swiveling sideways  
Sidewalk sweat pourin' offa his  
Heartbeat beating trap door swinging  
Condor wings invisible stuffed goose  
In a stage-play settles down stoops to ask  
A dizzying procession of towns  
Through which a man must pass  
Along avenues cut to the core—on the run  
Or how she got away—that's bad or good  
Kinda turns away—slowly as a fugitive  
Where did you come from?  
When did you return home?

Some women can see & some can't  
When you see through them it isn't a clash  
World can only stay beautiful by not  
Running away overtime in a glass  
Great writers keep them  
For their personal amusement  
Don't they know time  
Is for everyone? A good ear  
Is better than a good bump  
Nothing to do with living  
In this life. Thinking where to go  
Excited took the world as sane  
All of us were soaking it in

Somewhere there's the end of the crossing  
Trucks going backwards going  
Beep beep beep beep to tell her good fortune  
Where to hang out? We take a look  
At the traffic outside. Before anyone can  
Make room for another dead poet he ends his  
Words. She knew. Said "remember me."  
He was thinking where to go. As if  
They were ours we rode around for awhile  
Outside the wires in another direction  
There's a lot of things we don't hear about  
Wishful glories don't give out good stories  
The way to get there is over here. She was  
A conversation piece. A night on the World Stage  
Had to be careful how you looked at her w/yr eyes  
Popping outta yr skull rolling  
Down the hardwood gutter of the bar

Put down by the crowd he decided to run away  
The new generation believed in different things  
Young girls leafed through magazines. A sneeze  
Was about to come on. She was keeping him away  
From his thoughts. It's a cold rain & might snow  
He was thinking maybe she's got to go  
The dark stairs she slips to fall into his arms  
He could feel it: the night was going to be  
Good to him. They laughed  
Like they didn't have to pay taxes.  
They could see him moving around in the light  
Upstairs but never emerging from his demesne  
Under the sea. Some of us  
Would be glad to live that life.

How many words to figure out what?  
How many words is the wind? They met  
In a busy street. It nice to meet  
Someone other than yourself.  
What meanest she though?  
"Things falleth apart  
When love meaneth nothing."  
Was she trying to sabotage

His thoughts? Might as well ask  
Sunlight to brush against meaning.  
When she asked the time the moon came  
Another mountain on the other side  
So deeply his disguise. Life is changing  
& we know what it is. Looking at that Christmas  
Schedule for the next seven years. Thinking you're  
Prettier than the mirror. Honkytonk woman  
Never heard of jazz. Should have left long ago  
Should have stayed where he was.  
Those long-haired women at the crossroads—  
They only capture the living. He should have  
Gotten off the bus in Monterey

You know you've got to go on alone  
This is your home. One road  
For now justice a harbor  
A remedy awaiting a recipe  
Facing insubstantiality  
She says she "can't make plans  
So why worry?" Is this really true?  
Only a week to go until it'll be  
One year from today. The use of being free  
To think so far out in time crisscrossed with duress  
A little forest where the rabbits are plenty. The summer away  
From the castle to see the world. Squirming like a salamander  
In an insane asylum. Pick up your silver trumpet  
The blues aren't so bluesy. The summer  
Isn't all relaxed. Who can't see  
The sun in the day-sky?

People always want their picture  
in the paper. The newsroom  
Becomes old & death. You wonder  
Why they jump? May as well ask  
Ask a whiskey drinker about the blues  
The cold summer several days thinking  
Captain his ships of days wants a crew  
People sometimes forget. What can he do?  
Mankind burns out. Tomorrow in the afternoon  
You're working understood o face to tell them other than  
To take one year at a time. Wisdom to everyone.

The stars 'round the earth laughs of spring  
Playing in the leaves of autumn. Writers  
Sit back & write. It's all right. The moon  
Is seeing double. Thousands die a day

For the thought of freedom. As for the rest  
We don't laugh last & we don't laugh best  
But we keep laughing nevertheless  
Listening to the echoes of star-light  
Stopping in your mind at a bus-stop  
She was so there. Out in the night-traffic  
Walking in the shades of the rain thinking  
To cross over she saw him walking  
In the shades of the rain. Across the bridge  
On the other side. You never will see it  
If you concentrate on life. Stupefaction sunflower  
Squeezing your narrow Gaza strip  
To go down almost there  
Tunnel ahead part in memorial  
Listen: nothing  
Split double in the fold  
Ahead over the verge  
Sacrificial traffic horns louder than the summer  
Neither shout nor sigh: HOT TARGET  
To go down leaf by leaf speeding

## FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO OBSOLETE

He was a clown with a frown  
She wore her very best gown.  
It was a chandelier December  
when the bed caved in.

In a dream I wrote a song  
'bout a woman in Taiwan.  
Who said she was a witch  
Half in warning, half in jest.

There was aching in my bones.  
I remember seeing  
Orange construction cones.  
Now has been settled once & for all

There are no rules. Think it over  
Roses strewn across the sidewalk in Amsterdam  
Turn to white swan lilies autumn leaves  
& church bells tolling for—who

Shall I say is calling? They go back  
Into the past only a little younger  
They sings & they dances  
& they gets drunk & cries

& she never stops shrieking  
As the bottle runs dry  
& thought dissolves life  
& it's sad to say but it's goddamned true

That when that river runs dry  
You can't remember why  
The way you used to carry on  
The way you used to do.

There never was any answer given.  
The sky is all alike in seeking heaven.  
Tiresius has a problem but he doesn't know what  
& the Dutch Masters just smoke their cigars.



Scarlet tower tangled  
in the thornbushes  
& green summer Sun  
(with the children

Dead tree with a skull (Alice in the egg  
Accordian player's a bent-back Rumpelstiltskin-on-stilts  
Nothing but Blind Lemon Jefferson  
Keeping me alive.