

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.