

WINDOW ON THE CITY

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for Clark Coolidge



WINDOW ON THE CITY

THE TRAIN IN THE DISTANCE

Don't chew a horse's head in that slippery place

The liking for guns and asters
grosses three pecks on the neck
in watery afternoon waffles

The softness of the teeth encouraged us to eat

Fast on groaning correspondence
for lutes to bang hopefulness
and decree a difference of light

Around the pores willows grew to the waist

CITYSCAPE

We better tiptoe
to the hollow giants

Tiptoe to the tiger
and light the songs

A delectable vagueness
in long-lost bathrooms

Blame Tappan Zee
or false moustaches

The puddles efface
the knives of insomnia

Trees don't wait
trains out of mind

THE NORTH TOWER BLINKS ALL NIGHT

Fancy laws
bleak
horizon lows

Soften chance
raw
beating ice

Toward heydays
appropriate
laughter gordon

Delay ice
toothy
allegation house

Along arrival
morris
appreciates to

Exit sandomir
fallow
taffy leg

Today rakes
slow
masquerade dork

Lo rodeo
tricks
smelly cuckoo

Tickles carpet
slake
question order

Tolerable slop
traipses
holiday rates

Safeguard apre
topsy
smarm lawsuit

tarny aimless
damian
hime intone

THE TRAIN IN THE DISTANCE

Family truth plies the ropes of despair
to fasten tree

Forget the source sooth
and blue cages running for life
in the dank Catskill

No toreador
No manure
No cradle to be
No fumarole fumarole
No brady
No instigation to falsify
No falsify

Go on tabasco roof outing
force falafel
to implant torches and closets
to

Morning and the blue offal of loss
to frank the lasting fence to flugle
forking to morris then rasta now
operation frankincense

Flangent intricacy carrot fracture
clot amber ice cream face

Exit to seedy openings
in baked scales
glaming on orest ice

Exit the blue frank attic apparition
and gate for park house manufacturing
syndrome for real estate asters
duped places parked to force
fish and

On tangle to eat black rat face
feeling ice and lime

Crime pastes tame to base
eats fork fat
pastes lace art

All to lake the moon tabasco face
disinterred parted hearted
all from awning and top lasso April

So long lie boy
at the tape clear force field

CITYSCAPE

Sample torrid sooth
to flay any forest Tories
in the cars of our yards
and groans of face

The bend on top
solicitous and true

Forms erase safety
of tools to go and implicate
(instruct
to
afford fibs gnib

Oracle of record smack
rapid dog
trot on offic

Ford topal
hopes for rain chowder
infant orm insecticide
growth plant wig retainer

Differentiate sediment of horses
floating in windows
of content and infallibility

They take time and eat
digest lives of sand

Lie latter-day truant
toodle to tabasco
velocity
orange sunshine

THE NORTH TOWER BLINKS ALL NIGHT

Sinking dead tights wan lop
excel eczema grains
hotch sprout adore flee
blights sever slow rout glide
from love sour brinest trains
hallways dink lout honey
gnat you dove free scorch
rum fillips flat won't slum
bashing frights behoove
sword poohbah late lightness
forward true ark sort
enema refrain courts
flesh steeple few pretty
boozed-up people sleigh
withdrew ramped spoons
dung rights glimmering
sly frown dunce
dumb one stealths brow
empower sleets grunge tights

THE TRAIN IN THE DISTANCE

Pork and siphons
assuage my onnum
in the tony oafen

The tongabun topper
of fombom often
rarks the light

So gently davelly
remains to hape
any manugation

So tavish rad
for ammonia poses
on a rorst flice

The mornest tawp
fries lipe hajon
to lispy fisitons

The slape yoovoos
toom to expice
and fipe rifety

CITYSCAPE

Infinitesimal duty alleges the sand the shaker the leg again of fond options to implode daily sugar daily opera

Supreme feces drape the honest snorkel and incidental namesake for foreign opportunities delicious on alternating samples of improvidence

OK alm took option on household face through purple posse blade and septic torn on three and then front the supple implication

Hurts tumble to soup station torque and hand the table a face flame mark elided for use the day brocade snow

Trains ate to salvage math to ply four red and ostrich fandangos to blade race and fumble the pencil covering disillusion

Bring soup to starters to ride random icing for blue tobacco and green dog noodle fruit on open ledges to disease and stupefying open park of run face to sleep to write ice cream then laugh yes write to holder of four patents on ice cream neurosis

Home of bold race to paralyze the soup and prettify every pole log for soap toe to eat and wash legs of every felt proper top to saw the wrong talk from paper escapade

Abstract to purple rock of force legs and flaming honors found open under horse of long discontinued operation on eyeglasses and truss most hopeful in two fallacies to more and plant awry

THE TRAIN IN THE DISTANCE

Unaware of harps
and fancy laughs

What's so sad
beside palooka

The blue letters
don't add up yet
they haven't arrived

CITYSCAPE

Nothing bends the forked likeness of harry
and the deep filbert clamped on the suits of loss
spiralings to

Gray absorbs new rights

Cross from randy alphas to lances trance
through short pecked intimate immigration
and final flake forgotten log

To return phosphorescence from lasting fast
to trace ransom on frost for south
to represent either falsely or eat
in a most handsome afternoon indulgence
and

Subsidence crows on pause

Lights out amplify russ erase one of those people
and take us to India on the Potomac
of lives sustained on torches

The horizon withdraws into the eye of the heart
of the eye of the heart on the way to glenn and the seance
because the laughter died at the windows
and the light bounced back and bounced back
and the music was forgotten by the tragic harp
and memories of bowling in the glen and soil

The sheet of nonexistence covered towns

On the rands and landings of flaming
On talked—

THE NORTH TOWER BLINKS ALL NIGHT

Forks race to the force
of pain slamming songs down the hall

My sand
proves
two opposing and happy honking

The moans and temptation to force opening for April
to ask a position flatulent and makeup

Never diminishing
torture
origin

Fixed one day for a future
of softening blue smells in the opening of loss
on snores
on truculent fraud
To indenture to fumes

Once there
once lost on the return from farms
for barrettes

Whiten all our thoughts
and sink fluid interstices from marked light
fraught through to terrific infancy

To conquer nothing
inadvisable instinct

Instinct drains the loaf told and frantic
after the squeeze leaves cells whiter to make up for fright

And nurses
touch

Lost in that disposable
carpet of towns and roads
pasts and no futures
futures and no pasts

Serve perhaps to flee frank lasting
on two roads through the lease

THE TRAIN IN THE DISTANCE

1

So slow and so fast my eyes hurt
A heart is pierced
An onion punctured

The absence isn't tolerated for long
On the route to far Saturdays

Line so straight
Crossing so precise
The arrow slows before its mark

An inexhaustible supply
Unstoppable

Such vulnerable delays
The lack travels farthest
Punishing none rewarding none

Planes take over
Now for a pure block

2

To tray race home toward faucets of frankincense blasted and fraught with miles
of airstreams banners

Dash laughter requiem someday

These free takes pace from ampoule dark lock toasted on plates of brown or
purple lumps of romps taken lightly by lasting relative

These gases freeze leaves of haste to the hands of forced talk about lice neurosis

Or memory

Don't you liken talk to position

The lie is over on the land after the transition to tight prices for loud opening and
Oriental obligation

Yes the mark cut holes through the sleet of feet to slouch and flinch

The take varied on degrees of absorption

Apart from charcoal winds

The sounds occupy the price of racing lakes through Peabody for mules to bend
once

But blades zoomed loops

THE TRAIN IN THE DISTANCE

Hope flames the watertowers

Take the choir through the hats of the south

The absence hurts most

THE TRAIN IN THE DISTANCE

The route likens cats to laps
and darkens, sought and sold high,
a force for boisterous filigrees
alongside total decided patterns
and the surprising absence of pure stress
on rice, see, dog livers,
open and shut defaced loan
in order to lace, very lightly,
very tragically, the lost horse
in shuttles of a storied high point,
the face raids, hitchhiker ideas,
a knock doesn't prop the lake
for three-day visits to the hell
of sleep and newspapers and visits,
interested, possibly nourishing,
but flames consign cheerfulness
to Daddy, another bad anniversary,
crazed taste for flaming aprons
and the third exhibit, rubber gloves,
we loved them, and the endless warmth
recedes, disappears, returns,
cold, loud, cold, loud

CITYSCAPE

To fast dwelling
tapestried to dawn
and blond roses

The limitless black
backing of blue
to taut Senates

We talk nines
to seventy one
and open carvery

Thus the arrow
vanishes too hail
and then hapless

The gray thrust
tails the chariots
of melted heroines



TO

JOIN THE FOLLIES

for Michael Palmer

Join the follies
in our forests

before neglect
condemns peels

and frayed rope
to the same fate

as "that passel
of dull slivers,"

aging and blue
and refractory

near a toehold
in purple powder.

Billiards blaze.
Smoke billows

in green clouds
above a puddle

creeping closer
to the railroads.

A tray's set up
inside a caboose.

The papoose stirs.
Babushka, rescue

our flying foals
from the insult

of onerous tolls
on top of toils,

ransoming them
for a pittance

from the realm
of chatterboxes.

FINALLY

1

By join forts to house face anger after too salacious orders to the lakes ape through you to yield caps hosting hooplas dealt goes to momma soapy sun basins purrs of fuming bars to pork hearts poinsettia glows fishily or hasten arms to pellicles smacking in the tupelo of pout peanuts chew more months to parcel out pastimes according finery after mercy the maple personages partition us vies often to a chiseling on Tuesday after dogs of opinion allowances apportion palmy sum pineapples testify sonorous jading decay numb buzzard foil loins of tongue pumice or skullduggery suggests trickles line stuff up blazes slope raggedly but berate chases dewy grasshoppers chopping a macadam cone backseat wind where tame talk dates steering warmth after all ties swaying sweat line a noise to honor fades to ancient anguish not ginkgo off-putting to passable boots waiting involuntary midst coals droplets lifting gulls a couch opposite tape green stains perfumed unanswered return to shawls a day after mason back pastel tulip plastic tilt of timing tapered baubles and socks tuna soon teething

2

Yesterday fettering same sweaters tastebuds facing holiness games footloose sootiness lessens special packing gap tag Japanese seasoning with genial tabulations hasten to clause the tannery fanny rare easiness gallivant aspects tapestry of papers lapping tap heat whistle and who soft passing to green green faster and coast wake wind clanking everywhere secure again past noon Sundays call laughing under doors hurt return trace alarms babytalk then hide hope perfume like brother but instructions squeak without so longer over softer pointless equilibrium ask where footsteps deep types of acceleration this change flush gurgling ajar whistling why still syllables answering Nina humming fire this time after digression taste of blood brush no on portion notion still hot cider please vanish fingernail picking up

IN DEATH, THEIR MOUTHS ARE ALWAYS OPEN

In jingle-jangling operations
Death effectively bathes underinsured
Their ulterior ice finagles joke states
Mouths napalm viaduct umlauts
Are back stabilization farfetched
Always bamboozle xylophone bow ziti
Open positions query fudge often

LAST THINGS

Superior harpies salvage my snapping
Over the long goodbye
To sliced onions

Superior fallacies smart
The shiny bone in her slope
A summation of fish

Oh well, hate cures ants
Superior neatness likens them to onions
On fire with justice

Grasshoppers cure no bones
Fain to sanity
On the open stretches to disease

Superior cleanliness reaches the balm
A plastic gathering of salts
Slipping through our fingers

Superior onions hasten the downfall
Of importuning and hasty slavery
In the fish jar

BLESSED IS FAILURE

The worlds flame out
Straightened by chance

You know fandangos
Punish every dawn

Smatterings of small planes
Improve the fat cigars

Importers of grasshoppers
Sounds amount to nothing

It's funny about the water
Berry berry everywhere

At the bottom of mouthing
Aimless safety fulfills

The answers to laughter
Running the risk of rancor

Noise mounts from shadows
The birds want something

Everything wants something
Except the red montage

TO

To falsify the long-lasting incarceration
of everything we can't answer quickly
and honestly, to cast an aspersion
on windy suits and rickety sticks,
to stymie the sleepy superstitions
of injured outcasts, to paste a paradox
on personal predicaments in smell
and aftermath, to snore through houses
and houses, toweling the snitch
and pores of the friendly applications,
to squeeze the sour sluices from half,
always half, of the sample tantalizer,
to slake the lace around the heart
and quieter meals of the intrepid,
indelicate, indelicate, to snake boasts,
to breeze the moping latitudes for time
and room to blunder away the handful
of free bandannas, still halitosis-free,
to debate the meritocracy of occupancy
in the red glare of stoolpigeons' exits
into unknown hairdos and soulful twos,
to turk, to whoopee, to incite lice,
to pause in the maelstrom for grapefruit,
Scarsdale-approved, to weigh the gray
with an eye toward release and epihelions
of a between-seasons variety, to overlook
the late-lamented birthday sniffles,
to peep through layers of homesickness
and safe solutions to the rope-a-dope,
to snazz napes of their downer longings
this year, this year more than fast harps,
to drape the bulky blasting caps in a labor
of blots and rhyming negatives, to boot
the houses from the tables of just birds

sailing through the hells of songs and naps,
to relieve, to sauté hamsters and onions,
to turn off the phones of estates that weigh
precisely on the liver, a forgotten duct
indicated only on the thirteenth draft
of the blueprint for the wards, to visit
the onetime sometime, hate miraculously
metamorphosing back into the impure love
from which it sprung, Minerva-like,
one January night of shattered soapboxes
and doors nailed shut, to pass through
smoke rings in the still afternoon air,
to invade the sayings with the heat
of late races, to brief moustaches and houses
on the pronouncements of an unjust pate
doled out in twos and threes on the sly,
of course, for rich flimflams and soups
constructed of every color in the alphabet,
plastic booze and sammlung pontoons,
to perforate with an eye toward dampening
the selection of huts and ironwood tripods
and live coals for no modern-day lips to kiss
in their zealous disillusionment, to taste
the limit of ups, to crave the perfection
intrinsic to the yeast of Thanksgivings
past, present and to come, to inflame
the yearning for an aftermath to teeth,
to hold off noon, to seem to ignore
my new name screamed through the halls
without hope, to regroup in sudden silence,
daily, daily, she once said, daily, daily,
never forgotten, to grasp the rest
of the unwitnessed, thousands of miles away
from the funnel in the clouds, the mistake
that soon ceased to matter in the big picture
above the soccer game and sudden Alps
and entire future of fucks and games
watched together at night for years
before the fatal embolism, then alone,
to hold off noon no longer, to doom.

IN SEPTEMBER

It could rain, Thumbelina, it could cancel the Orphic offering and platinum bonding, but then again it doesn't.

I can't pull myself away from the dazzling clarity of artisans hogging the plankton.

Once. How often have we heard that?

And yet, if this isn't a continuation of the last chapter, I don't know a blueboy.

Every year before my actual birthday, the imaginary clutter is suffocating.

I want to clean the moon and happy angels.

We're all asked to atone for whatever didn't deserve to live or cry or snipe until this season.

Two kinds of rain might welcome us: an assault from yearend or the heavy sleep of the neither unjust nor just.

An undeniable streak creeps through the black fur of our efforts to remain the same.

The sun is more blinding than iciness. At the same time, it's frailer than an excuse in the middle of a visit.

Emptied thus, nothing more will happen outside the tragicomic buildings of volunteers and showoffs.

YOU SAY

Santa's wet tracks
tail the masters
to inflamed eyes

Notwithstanding thews
and tacky maps
of night facades

With albatrosses
around our thighs
under border eyes

The nuisance foods
frightening talk
of everlasting solos

Gdansk and Bratislava
thank slaving
accidents of neglect

TO SLAY

To slay nameless hospitality
on the horses of the sun
time slides through the heart
of the fish and the octopus

The plantations of turtle air
hum the bars of this cell
in the warm ocean inside
the lance of the fleet faucets

Cheaters in the happy dance
of flagrant elephants
in Sunday's annual suitcases
sometimes sigh to hands

THE NINETEENTH WORD

(from Shakespeare's Sonnets)

By livery another and the vial to lovest though
wilt departest night this tell nought in though
shake keen gentle who date fierce body whom
send then is heaven lack and shalt face
base and blots lame own what before years
her but despite thought eye when my they
that where the one looks bright today have
or laboring changing desire for have sometime rage
nothing should before mend ornament warning after upon
this ground the leaves every my and hence
which or you character you thy upon my
cross some no love do spot grace have
hath not might and that all eyed songs
old yet new might mine not I doth
shall dearer it dearest our hopes must just
rank me subject bases hast but fingers perjured
snow thou on me I'll enough thy see
lies with sorrow but but babe angel that
thou which if not give then act kindling that

IT'S JULY 9TH, GET FREE OF IT

The radical ice ketchups my application
To flimflam monuments of our happiness
The principal passage derails cold letters
To the usual instantaneous dock of disaster
And eat the harp to its early rind and sleep
The life of applesauce and silken daffodils

To tooth the sample from after-hours typhoon
Slope sideways on the flight paths to Haiti
Prescribe nostrum Nostradamus nasturtium no-no
Of male operations on the pinky ice cream allegation
Certain words bomb the panels all over the roads
Loud signs of demon clover before departure again

The seasons eat their hapless altercations
And the answer to the afternoon grazes the headdress
Of late lamented lollipops to race the sap
To the hot sandstorm of cinematic clichés
And teetotaling on the deck of the happy warriors
For our attention deficit doodad ice cream

HERE NOR THERE

for Jeffrey Gustavson

Too fluid
for safety
or oranges

On rises
from hope
and allowance

You know
the slippery
and unsatisfying

Implicit blues
degrade readily
the sample

The slime
could freeze
and die

The shame
pieces together
a recount

The saying
disintegrates now
to survive

The odor
of candles
and birdbaths

The solitary
coast impervious
to information

There's hell
to repay
without shouts

GLIMPSED FROM A CAR

THEY TREND TO SLAPHAPPY among people passing likewise for hate to flower so dervish in anticipation and stark withdrawal to wherever ends

IT GLOWED AND HURT and rained for help on talk for sleepy searing talisman hologram no longer anyone's passato remoto

THEY LIVE OUTSIDE ALL TABLES and air of pent sale to targets of appropriate seeping for rational time to stripe and portend in the world no more

IT HIDES THROUGHOUT the business of the crowd cast in blue insinuations of disorder for every rascal this side of hullabaloo chowder chancy fortunate peace undestroyed

THEY REPLACE THE ONCE KNOWN with illusion of old safety and fantasies for regular traffic to slice to rates of tampering with acclimation

IT CARVED ON CELLS mostly forgotten she he it still very much supplying cranberries to applicants determined and implicated for communities

THEY WEREN'T MADE FOR ANYONE they were perpendicular unbending too low hurting never hurt the price of big-time membership and people over comfort

TWO

Face
sleep
tower
mouse
eats
figure
from
blast
race
force
again
horror
among
slate
taken
alive
hail
rice
queen
free
form
ice
sloop
false
lead
tree
first
peace
park
united
state
solid
state

old
anger
lead
abreast
slide
monk
talk
low
plane
work
face

ON JULY 31ST

The bloom is on the pepper
Poison to martingales

Mathematical sandwiches
Salvation to Oregon

Oreo highrises
Right to our float

Plaster Halloweens
Harvest Hollywood

Holiday deceptions
Destroy the idea

Eisenhower slumbered
Samuel disencumbered

Devious to the sky
Sorrowful and primed

Posit the palatial
Passage from allegory

Ascertain the numbers
Nullify a resolution

Reasonably mulish
Multiple failure

Florists for appropriate
Allegations of obsessive

Olfactory routes
Raisins ballyhoo

Besmirch the flock
Flavors of origins

Oneiric actuality
Again simultaneous

Sullyng organizations
Opposed to sinus

Somatic orifice
Ossify simes

LORCA WAS RIGHT

Y las hormigas furiosas
Atacaran los cielos amarillos que se refugian
In los ojos de las vacas

The boys ate monkeys at the ashen fair
and it was hard, so hard,
to return to our whereabouts.

None of us would sip the dawn today—
on the table for the first quarter of life.

I didn't know the girl who became my mother.

You live in that ant, you live with the ants.
There's so much ants don't know.

Lone passerby, I need you.
Tell me why you hurried toward the oily canal.
Did the wind matter to you?
I need you to testify for me,
to establish I was not there.

We borrowed some of her chlorophyll
this morning, we're too brown.

She was a fish now, I saw it very clearly.

The kitchen is buried to its neck
in the rust snowing from our bridges.

On land, all water is tepid.

The burn kept me from sleeping.

We're not exactly ignorant of neurotic rituals,
but what could possibly require a rusty pin?

Do you have something against oxygen?

Parts of my body dissolved.
Someday, they will need to be replaced.

Lorca was right: they dumped doves in sewers.

Yank the knife from the egg.

Snails age and die
in the tiny circular rooms in my body.

Each of us reconstituted the seawater drop by drop.

You lived inside the knife that slept
except the few times when it was sought.

Little dead things lined the bank one time,
many times, perhaps every time.

On its own, the powder is neither good nor bad.
And yet, the simple fact of its existence,
doesn't that make it bad?

This is where the pigeons go,
the crowds of pigeons on the cobblestones.

THE DAY AFTER

The beeping penetrates the zone of inference
Forked nothings on a big blue plate
Of orators on top of a flagpole of desire
Polished brown and green in honor of tops

We meat those fanciful boa balls
Zone of forceful gussing and chiggers
Those peanut devils purple and tan velvet
Dream it from the cloth of suspect defect

The so-called issue mocks the facts
The air black and easy to see now
Ice and rock encrust what's left
Of the faces you once twisted to me

The wound squints and sees the same dogs
The same same same sounds
Operate with a spectral insistence of potholes
To thwart the perfection of oil and water

The worst is not worse than the equation
Of light and right forced through loops
Arrested by the deadliness of silence
At the wrong time and a vow forever

THEY KNOW

Someday the open
places this stress on the mouth
of force and its implications
waves almost silent
clouds almost silent
we don't need to know
the sign sings
to Daddy
you get to keep it
repeat in Spanish
the gulls yelled it
to onions and houses
a canal behind the houses
red right through
September breathes
into stricken acres
of polygons
forlorn blueberries
red lagoons
they know
they don't know the pipe house
first, because the crows ran
first, because the imitation
the imitation interrupted the evening
broadcast
broadcast broadcast
they seemed to catch nothing
but we weren't there earlier
won't be there later
back to calcium
ambidextrous
after the ornament

the sudden spectral Oregon train
to New York
to flee the country
the world

TIDINGS

The boundary fastens the sartorial
Excellence of pent writing house
For blue ostriches to transport
On blue necks and collarbones

The smiles break the bank
The blues beat on the roof

Busy lines and solid marks
Aprons and cantilevers and colophons
And passages and hops and Off
And tokens and Tory and Off

Then the pentagons burn the ligaments
Through a hole in space coughs
Flower and force the laws
To mirror their unnecessary intricacy

They lock the first eyelid
They lock the second eyelid

Then they ate the paper off the bone
Hard and soupy in straight ways
And implicate the steely ruin
In porous moss of farcical loss

Then there was no more news
To distort tooth of gold silk
Blessing in house of fools
Open committee and sulish toop

AROUSAL

The loud whisper
tickle the closets
of their inappropriate

bellwether for force
of retraction treat
no no navigation

narcotic in origin
gone to anterior
sleuth sky sarman

tackle what Alp
of ostrich liking
scalp disease loop

FAMILIAR SCENES, ALAS

You know the frank catcalls of oblivion
as well as the take on lake-free acid
and blue lymphoblastic miscues

The fantasy frightens the cucumbers
asleep in hope of faraway tiddlywinks
for freights, hot wires, supremacy

I'm not talking about torrid doornails
on the same day of all fours,
the on-again supply of condemnation

THE UNEXPECTED LETTER

Forceful boots race to stone
logs of lacquered
rascal in the wishing benison

North the lost insensitive
taste of ornaments and base
master and tidy like

Horse knocks how often
slave of ruined tulip breaths
foretold to tune aloud

THE PROSPECT OF TWINS

They claim the heart of faith
The race not over in the woods
And hope plays with numbers
Forever the falls race home
Saving the hour from songs
About faith and lazy savings

The numbers and spiritual heists
Mystic days in cold houses
They face the flames of choice
In the happy air of impatience
Doves thrive in the appletrees
In their midst and purple minions

They pace the force fields
Damage the blue and green equations
Their words wound numbers
The signs can't survive such heat
Such cruelty in the confusing

They slave for breakthroughs
Into the peach and leather lie
Conversant with most forms
Of manifestation in the heart
Of forced icons of disaster
Discipline held over aspirins

They taste the sleep of onions
And the tiny capitulations
Of vegetables and animals
They will sleep with hounds
And rise with green lightning
Into the erstwhile forest
Of embraces

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS FOLK

Most illustrious folk to our fraught posse comitatus
Limning whistles of

Frou-frou
Tutu

Amos climbs the high branch of blue
Stupefies the right

In health and lupine
Savor what's behind the track

The tears surprised the enraged animal
To frantic

To
Sue

To satisfy the laparoscope
To enrich pinball

WE HAVE ALL THESE

The scrape tapes
long masks to tusks
and isolates for the kill

Douse the fan
in the escapade of harps
and smart—

Along the shameless
the tamp frames
the place illustrated

SOME PEOPLE GOT FAR AWAY

Their hair burned very green
and their pinkies shaved
of all identifying marks

Their lice well processed
in order to type parkas
but decline to stay long

Their absent faces hurt
the force to placate wolves
of their terse distress

Their norms impose for better
and for worse dozens
in forked concatenations

Their pure disciplinary measure
takes the Vikings by surprise
and conquers their reason

Their application for soup
falls for better or for worse
on the ice of late tomatoes

Their flakes dispute the sayings
of sour witches and thus add
to the shrinking sum of agreement

LAMPS

I

Now the reins implicate
disaster and love and race

Housing assassinates
the high command of sneeze
for blue outposts and guesses
sanctioned agitation

Disputably halting in collision
haggard Lazarus Jones
and Band of Gypsy eye shadow

Brains pole sausages
through
 eleven legs
 host

Gunshot gunwale

Whaleback brackets

Outer top erases craze
lengthening longuers Tuesday
the fourth of no diphtheria
duplicate decision backlog
lawsuit cream cheese
know season—

Not tark to lopsided lozenge

Don't cameras landlock
rapid gather vicissitude
vaporize—

Fractured laskers tampered
With soodle abbraganza

Blackened camera afterage
lop a ragaz ah tuhdah

II

So lamps love lozenge
arrogated last minute
ramp forced to quick
forked heavens inside
the Roger of dead dads
demonstrated in kilts
and Chinese apparatus
for logic fulfills

Outside lamps hazard
outside pork survival
units to implicate outside
outside rockets freakout

SPIDERWEBS IN THE WET GRASS

Two true logs remark lozenge hacienda tutu bird north mafia
Wet nights rather providence
Dreams force Morse
In grass the bluebird pronounces

Force fully frottage provokes Oscar to provoke
Wet nights sink teeth into logs
Woods force luck Tereu Remington proverb possible fromage obligation hotdog
Wonderland all none

To handle all soaked lotion
Take razor from possible bother operation price remains prattle mathematics lost
on proper positive offering sizzling precious rook ice cream operation plastic to
right end monk often
Gift of force to prosecute legitimate sandwich to malachite no
Rain traces Haman

To keep makeup from lozenge longevity and forever living ripe Haskell message
lab as pigeon
Wasn't it turkey moss face soup referendum information hunting ground beyond
sausage sloppiness and rather applicate sausage sourpuss savage ammunition
audition or rapid softening sour dough olive oil market festering sentence
Lefforts price upon information savage practice leg
Aunt Fanny facility

For handle to slam proper roster extravaganza fact
So much frogmen prosper
Vanish lather practical instigation soup proof force
In sunlight seams gleam hue

Space opens its haunches and writes with a purple arm on the Plain of Jars
Small worlds break on bondage misapplied calculus asking price
Evaporation cross surface

Surprise fries time-honored particle of fama
Unkindness marked for so long racy
Pearls suffer the pull orchestration talk and proper mothball suffering
forgetfulness marks perfume for praise on long gathering forked froth
pause maze

THE DAY HANGS IN THE BALANCE

The lapidary sauce
betrays the lace
of long forgetfulness

Deepen loose
topiary holsters

How unfortunate
the applicable paint
laminates
hindsight allowed
open local
responsibility
limit lakes
race goodbye

In lopsided talks
continentals
drive to lamps
legislate
rap aptitude

To erase light
to hesitate
along the shores
blown holster
immersion horseshoe

Because applicable
forays sauce
alters comparable
sandwich values
without jimmying
blue burnt sodas
broad applicable
homicides

IT'S TIME FOR THE PAIN TO END

To all things
No answers

Negativity impinges
Without dirtying

What we have
What we have
Wave talk

Sessions

Sessions

Method

Method

Eleven

Eleven

What we're saying

No

No

Everything twice in fog
Motors twice
That's very important

You think so

I'm inclined to look at it that way
What we're getting is
The sun shining through fog
Is
Is is

& now
Without
Replying to the letter
Of
The letter

In this fog

& now
Back to that excrement
To leave it
One day leave it
Forever

If the fog blows over the rocks
The fog blows across the road
The fog is a white man on the road

*

To all things
No answers

The presence
Levels
Cities

Without Anderson

You understand
Loftiness

In these terms
Toucans
Harmonielehre

We've left the forthcoming axis behind too
Something else to leave

EXORCISM

I thought they
I thought we
She said we
I heard he

She thought I
I thought she
We thought she
I thought he
I heard he
She said he
I said we
They heard we
They said I
She said she
They thought you
You said he
She heard we

They said I
I heard they
She said she
You thought I
You said she
We thought they
We said you
We heard you
We thought you
You thought they
They said she

I CAN'T THINK OF YOU ANYMORE

What proceeds
could ever fasten the story
of rich and richer

Tall orders
Process
marked men
on the hayride to oblivion

They don't know
the snowball
fractures

& the camera
fastens to a potato
for luxury

On the flows seven horses
three girls
high in the house

Someday walruses

Someday procedures

Painstaking muzzles
filth
the soft oriflamme
honor the sum

Together nothing



WAVE TALK

WAVE TALK

I

Go to the house

Where Why

I'm chewing

So are we

As soon as I can

Ready I can't wait another moment

I will I will

Let's all get to it

I'm going I'm going to the bank

It's the only thing we can do

I'm not going to repeat myself

Tiens

If you wait we can all go in together

In a minute

In a minute

No Yes

OK

Yes

Whish

So tell me what happened

With him

I'm going to find out for you

You're ready

Aren't you

No I don't think so

Going Maybe

Going

Maybe Going

I'm sleepy

We can't avoid it

2

You Give
Don't stop for a bite

I'm going to tell you something
What
I need to wait

They're not like a lot of people I know

I told you I was coming
Then Maybe
Are we waiting
Waiting here

You're going to do it
You're going to do it
You're going to do it
You are
Anytime
What about it
What
I'm going to sit outside on the bottom of the steps
The bottom of the steps
The steps
Make room for the big guy
Certainly
We're going now
Yes

3

I have a right to say what I want
He does
Yes
Take my word for it
And I'll be right here
So will I So will I
You should have seen the place
Yeah
I did see it
No you didn't
I don't think I should have gone up
You understand
Right
I shouldn't have gone up
You were busy doing this that and the other thing
And then you tried
After all this time
I know she did it
Yes she did
Maybe

4

Yes I will
Uh huh Uh huh
I think it's best
You were going to say
You think so
I think it's best

Afterward Then
I think it's best
You will
Only if you foresee
Get going on it
I think it's best

Definitely
I think it's best
You have to
You really have to
Go
Watch out on the left
Outside Outside
I think it's best
It will

5

Soon

Soon enough

He what

After the hour

Afterward

Again

Again

Again

It might be better

Softer

Yes there

He should

After the race

Right after

Get on

Get on

Would you like that

You would

After the race

The race

Good

OK

And

On my leg

I was drifting

It's going to be a long afternoon
Remember last year
Then I was thinking
What about her deep voice
It's gotten rather low
What was that

I'm content
I'm

She's still alive
In there

You should
You should

I may
I might
I may

I think it's better
It is

OK

Shhhh
Sssss

6

What
You and him and her
Wulled
What
I'm here
So am I
I used to
Two
Yes I said I said yes
Yes Yes Yes
But afterward
I would
Would they
Yes
I'm not so sure
Here's what I heard
What
Well
What
It started out
He
He
But wasn't he
Didn't he
Before
When the house
The lake
Everyone that year

As for interests

Don't go

We were enjoying the visit

So many of us

I

She

He

You

You could look out the window

Lost Them

7

Listen
You'll like it
You really will
Let's clear all that away
Do you think it'll work
First them Then the antenna
What
It might be best

First there's the consensus
Then look at it again
Definitely
If I'm not intruding

Yup
In addition I think
Let's see
What were you going to say
I know
What
I said I know

8

Get going with it Go
After a while

Go to sleep
I'm coming back later

I mean it

Yes and no Man
Yes and no
You're going to attend with him
No avoiding it
No ifs ands or buts
Ifs ands or buts
Ands or buts
Yes and no

But don't you think Think
But if I do
And I do
But if I do

There's going to be a rolling
I'm convinced of it
You have to do it
Woo it
Boo it

It's very explicit
No point disagreeing
I heard

| | | |
|---|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| Come on | Let's get going | |
| I'm coming in | | So am I |
| Where are you going | | What are you doing |
| First here | Driving around | |
| Step aside | | What are you doing |
| Didn't you hear me | | What |
| It's definitely for the better | | |
| We can't wait | | |
| I'm tying my shoes | | |
| Where are you going | | |
| I need to do a couple of things | | |
| Where | Where | |
| I think you should do this | | I think you should do this |
| Pipe down | I need to say something | |
| What about tomorrow | | |
| Aren't we going | | |
| We most certainly are | | |
| Yes you are | Yes you are | |
| Don't you think so | | Don't you |
| Open the door | | |
| Where are you going | | |
| No more funny business | | |
| You ought to think about it | | |
| If you take the road up to the left and make a right on top | | |
| You should give a holler if no one's around | | |
| Yes | | You |

10

Alright

This afternoon

After I turn off a few lights

You think so

Maybe

No

Definitely not

I'm going to do that and then call

Don't you think it would be better to finish and go

