

GHOST FLIGHTS

GHOST FLIGHTS

Ross Goodwin

NANOGENMO 2019

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O1

COLOGNE BUTZWEILERHOF AIRPORT TO SON BONET AIRPORT

On the marble arch of the Liegfort ...
Imperial city of the last night's air love and menace,
Smog-Misted Paris, set with all its gleaming vandellions,
Clouds of black figurines and birds of lead
Dotting the marble floor, and above the gas station
The gas station, lit from within, glowing in the amber
Mildenhawf of the air, and the red carriage
Eleven miles away in the smoke-filled sky.
My father, who liked dandelions, and epileptus—
They were the most intelligent, the most humane
Of dogs, and I, the only one, mutilated,

By a tendency to drool and grow black eyes.
Now it's autumn again. I've quit my job
And here, to you I do the same thing—
And that's how it goes. It's not the end of the world.
It's happening somewhere else, some distant place.
Some devon city, old forgotten numbers,
Near the coast of the ocean, just beyond the reach
Of the coast, just beyond the reach of the end of the world,
Canada—
ark of the packest day, when I sailed across
The arctic; and it won't forget the time
Of the bus, and the wind, and the noise and strain
Of the locomotive—
It'll come back to me, I guess, sometime some future af-
ternoon
I'll get up on the deck of the boat and find
Me looking down like now, so that my eyes
Will be connected to the deep (though of course
A mirror, a beautiful surface) and then
The next time I'll look back across
The empty airplane bookcase
And start pulling at my bald head and wonder,
At all the hollows and coldhouses of the world.
When I see other women
I don't know what they are saying
But I'll be afraid of the nuclear bomb
If it decides where we are going.

O2

BLACKBUSHE AIRPORT TO KAI TAK AIRPORT

I am, I'm an abstract wind
the green of the body screams
I am the void falling through, in no
way is clear
it's filled with yellow
papyrus, bone, grass, teeth,
laboratory plum
lets fall
outside it, ruining
the heart.
The tangled
throat of the sexually
taloned male

or the female
failing to
arrive safely inside
the exploded
automotive
of the sudden
human grove
I am
strange, incomplete,
surround
with strings of hostile
fingerbombs
I am the
dust
and ashes
of a public
suicidal scheme
I am what happened
on a foreign
sea
no one
knows
the way
out of it
NEWER
GENERATION HALES
and all
other generations of
fifty-
year-olds
or younger

globes
with their GI draft cards
and letters
they scribbled
onenormers
bitheads
instead
of wars
and the aged
pinwheelers
who knew
what they were doing
by the
ringed Bohemian
flag
working on the
geom
while the
named
Nord
and the rest
were simply
roosters
let us
remember
that
we are all
roosters
what
else can you
know

where are you
by this
default chronicle
magic mark
which you have
your own
places
MERRY WEPPER
little girl
tired
from the heat.

03

BEECHY AIRPORT TO OLD MARISCAL SUCRE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

The Beech tree is waving its smoke-green banners,
in trombones loud;
The Coahuarts stand in a circle round the sky,
while the deportee number
sweeps the crowd of interfering passengers!
Your jewels are shy, your drugs deposed,
your polished wheels rattle;
The sleary's hocus unscanned, your heat
is subtle and imperious as a whistle.
New York, April 6, 1952, 3 A.M.

04

MALMÖ BULLTOFTA AIRPORT TO DAVIS AIRPORT

Outside the terminal window window
Fire flares on the Waldowick Terrace
Near the International Business Center
There is a world of bodies
Of radiant music and beauty
Crowded on the broken pavement
Infrastructure personnel
Her Majesty's Navuta Paper Co.
What are the aircraft piloting planes
The sterile acres of Amida
The Piedmont-Sierras and the Cargot
That soothed the Mediterranean
The Horn, the brand-new bombs

Climbing the airwaves
To demeanate the sense of drama
What are the special roads
None of the machinery
You need a bigger parachute
Learn how to pee
What are the giants
Giant white wheat
[U+30C6] [U+30A3] highway
You need a memory
Of sated concrete
Pictures from Des Moines
Composers' magic journeys
We believe our dreams
We have a common history
We are not something else
We are complementary
We are completer to history
We are what we see
We are others
On the bridge
Over the river
Over the town
Under the river bridges
As long as there are neon signs
Those drivers will light
Those drivers will light
Where there are streets
Along the orient
Along the altitudes
Up from the patches

Of parceled out of the depths
Of bundled mountains
Behind them now
As the stream deals with them
You are hypersensitive
You think you are memorizing the address
Of a number
To make a leap
You are big enough to be around
While I tell you what you can't
Think you are French.

05

VALLEY AIRPORT TO CALIENTE FLIGHT STRIP

Vulnerable as a wind or water,
the house takes me back to wind,
a different battery to contend
with humidity, a heavier dirt
that heaved my mother and her peewits,
and my brother against his will,
hand over hand, I see my mother,
who is not discomfited,
balding despite the rain,
insulin pump administered by a needle,
she twirled us through the gate,
while the yellow blood of my mother dried
on the windshield in a spirit I did not know

I had again been to the Oracle.
You know how they said it was:
you who grow and wear the woman
you marry, like a man,
keep small amounts to come
and avail your strength
for this long, strange, uncertain season.
How does the body hold on
so that it may? I do not know.
But I do know what the body
is thinking now, her wail
shedding its legs and then I hear
the ugly churning of the throttle
under my hand, the sickening snap
of controls, the turn at the gun barrel
as power finally flows from the machine.
I love the word but it feels like the sex,
warm and tantalized, sweet but
not so deep and wild there.
My friends, we are young, we have sex
just as we love beer. I know
why it makes us feel so like men
and I remember my mother gave me acid and died.
Later I played a game I think
I won't remember—sweated and purple,
covered with sweat and foam,
as she always did, the gunthundered woman
in the next room who always wore white.
My father cowered backward,
his coat fluttering like a shawl,
and I scrambled out of bed to make my awful first stab

against the male fighters. I traveled all night
in a borrowed car, abandoned at a hotel
where no one was, wearing a white shirt
and a dress made of the fabric of cowbells.

06

NORTHOLT AIRPORT TO GRANDE CACHE AIRPORT

I allow you to touch me
I allow you to enter my public body
an apple, a peeling body
I allow you to speak of my feelings
remove the Ottoman envelope
and my own homemade ring
set on my table inside the airport
outside my hand
I'm a prism, an expressive temporary
sentience
visiting a dark room
that is more or less inaccessible
than the reality of the player

on the plane above the dim building
over the heavy scent of gasoline
and I am feeling pity
for the dead man's wrist
that feels like an empty string
I put the hand on a chair, playing
the stereo. I need a man who
will stop spinning
to give my old mind its recall
and I am wide awake.

I think about the dead man
in a piece of white clothing
deathly white hair
getting the bus back
with a light on.

I think about the egg
laying hours on the phone
with the number trilled
to the machine with the same voice
until the connection goes away
in the other direction.

I think about the long arrows
shining like dots of light
till it catches fire
on the wires.

Activators cornered us
we could not bend or break
until we were the right way
and we were the left way
and we were the right way
but you let me play

and the cross slides free.
You gave me the perfect stage
and I acted like a shy girl
and I sang like a king.
I love you, I love you,
I love you, I love you.
And is this the great ordeal
that I am ten,
that I am ten?

07

NORTHWEST FIELD TO
CIUDAD REAL CENTRAL
AIRPORT

I arrive just after sundown,
smiling to myself
from my simple shack
under the gigantic plane-tree,
letting the land bridge
for example, the X-belt of its control plane
floating toward Pennsylvania.
This is United Airlines,
vol. 1, no voor
per su demesne,
uija con su mliquem

are you there
in there
ircle after no voor
?
wallpaper
or glass
I see you on the outside of the wall
a light wire
Sharing what is hidden
In the categories
of lost objects
under the categories
of unthinkable wants
laid previously
against the glass
beneath the graphi:
Is this same place
the way we would want it
to be?
How would we want to know
the truth of our gift
if we somehow fail
laid collectively, we cannot
tell apart
the up and down and the day
and the year.
Deny yourself what you are
independent of the undead
who inhabit
the dreams you will not forget
they will blight

your daily dreams
very quickly
I knew a man named Karnos
He was in the papers
reports
the Rev. This thinkth he
was being punished
For converting Japanese
to Ilparello
and stripping the Erect Military
District
to give him back his ship
that he'd promised
to sail eternally
to Kosovo
for the Djinn of the door
that is a bridge
for all the massachusettsets
and under the heart
of the Massachusetts king
who is as big as a house
and as tall as a tree
His called is Auther that runs
the New Providence Providence
the outspread arm
of the nation
infinitely
outer game
of this wounded whale
who tries to call all
objects out of time

of day that we are
to wait for the drowning
to begin

THE ILLEL

This is the kind of light
that gives more light
to the wild than the wild
in which it stands.

A youth arrives.

He spouts tea, dogs, cats, beans
for his family.

A nature-lover comes
in the morning.

08

OLIVE HILL AIRPORT TO
MIDDLE STEWIACKE AIRPORT

I make your flight long
for one they may know
where the nearest airport is
or to hide in the world
RCD
Croak
in the long roman line
there is a colour for weeping
the air is shoddy
Some suggest
something white
the others white witnesses
sit on top

thru the rough air
in here from all
good things, come to this
harbour in the rain
What I must think, naked
in the hot road
among the fruit trees
where, because they would not
move there, the cattle stand
eleven on the barns
bowing down to the noon
Speed-free
to everything
that runs
for the immediate measure
to God's Canada
Lit fences
pointing behind the desert
lane
last night
to the Northern Highway
which I already
believe
and have seen
the empty world
served for the
ray
spectral breast
open at the sky
see the face of it
NEAR SHIP ON THE MARSHORMATE

being served by a number
of boys
from the new
bustards
Let us use it
as food or as drama
first before we die
to start
the real life
In humanity's varied
launde-larc
globe
(can be seen through
the dress
The stew
is very
concentrating
on a
dificant issue
(an
intercountry)
I for
ancient fundamentalism
which deserves
no apology
by us
the revolutionaries
are not bitter
I for
a few years
have been writing

at this table
not knowing
whether or not
it might explode
there are
flowers upon
the table
marbled with water
the poem
drifts across
and is
a pendulum
drop
in a meaning
insistent
on the nature
of things
for us to
be on the stage
of our danger
We are trying to think
as through a
window
catch
the moon
CAVALRY CROSSING A FORD
like a river
at the steeple
is turning away
into the bushes.

09

ERIE COUNTY AIRPORT TO
MONTRÉAL/ÎLE
SAINTE-HÉLÈNE WATER
AIRPORT

Jetted above the orchards of the green old town
killer missiles sleep their drop of warlike heads,
till grass-covered
bridges of the street
and the wharves
mirror the tiger moon,
cock's tail tremulous
airplane moving ahead,
signifying death or discovery;

no other wheel
tells the blood, that waits for life,
sun, moon, rat-box, clock, bus-wire,
old gain, soft delight of the apple,
buds flower, warm earth,
above and beyond
the sickle moon
shining down through the branches;
everywhere the sprawl of air
and the wing-pans
apple-sweet
-plumes
from that smoke root
swift as my fingers
over the graves of the dead,
the R.R.G. genre
hangs on, the nailed-down trees
shriveled or crumble,
as space tries
to contain
the word itself,
beyond its power to hold
what it cannot hold.
Coming through the roof,
through the mailboxes,
the leaf-edged
pastures curl with flags
of the various
Various trees,
where the worn-out man
heeds no more

the crunch of the peel of a rake
than the inner juice of a railed lump,
unwanted by all the winds
lowering through the air,
the pit
out of the storm,
shifting with the lights
of the mind...
The seabed of the man-worm
keeps its sweet store
of venom
in the days
of rainbow trout rainbow trout
how they must love
the gliding fly,
how they must love
and so they die,
veins, groves, crags
of mountain pine
trout and snail
moss bed
and cow-flesh
to be eaten
dew-choke or
snouted by the cormorant
lined up
elephantine
black stone
-liquid
peels
washed to last

GHOST FLIGHTS

Oct. 1, 1884.

10

ABU DHABI/AL BATEEN TO HAYNESVILLE AIRPORT

Outside the window the Grand Emirates
stands on the gate housecock at Century City;
you might have missed the way the trees
rolled the asphalt toward the rusted paintstacks
of the Customs house unloading cargo
the van appeared four commercial airline signs
which bodega
and red signs
on the official board of justice
and overturned what was done
during a city of thieves
not a sound of anger but
smoke from the wooden-burning latters

the seven assembled amicably and
 the principal decreed by the principal
 before the sitting of the royal constabulary
 the guerre du civilisation
 which in an oval blue flower
 as she was singing
 sung in a violina

The man in the chair, between whom and the girl
 he sat, was never more than awake
 in the poplar-joint or the heart of
 the flower-beds,
 peering past the erection,
 the ladders, the structures,
 which had been design'd
 for someone else.
 He, at least,
 had begun to think how he might
 like his so much friend
 and also like the things
 he had in himself prophesied.
 The republican hero,
 whom conquer'd by his own sex,
 who had not sufficiently trying
 with virtue but virtue was he,
 must, by some crafty tricks,
 arrow for his purpose;
 The lyon, the giant,
 the elephant, the hairy-bodied man,
 change themselves to birds
 or talk to their horses,

The dolphin, the shugtail,
the epaulet, and the whelver,
Passions require more than skills,
and love has an inward charm,
Passions give people hearts,
which bewitch the court and crown,
and the community;
Friends are charming; and the root
of love is mercy,
And underneath there lies
the secret of the adorable,
The tender heart of love
Commemorating both?
Nay, my sons, by their wilful flames
were outlav'd, you were no more.

11

KAHNTAH AERODROME TO KUTZTOWN AIRPORT

Light kisses the bare trees,
Granite, where the rock is steep,
also burnish a wing.
Rose leaves, once thin berries,
Don't bloom in winter,
Don't wade through cold rain,
Teak salt water,
Take one last deep breath,
Expiration and flow down.
Slow, too slow, the air grows,
And the wind grows my music.
Whither, too soon, the bird flies.
Father, does I cry to the world

Because I haven't done?
Don't I feed it
Out of the knitted haze?
Something I see across the dark
Is that trained rocket's trail.
And coming home from hunting,
From the right sky and the sky,
From the wrong land, I learn
That the magic, magic Cape,
Is the flew, long-lasting thing.
I learned it once and then again,
While building my body
I didn't know I had the grace
To come so far for miles.
I haven't learned to let go
My bow nor my spear.
If I had stayed I'd have learned
All the little points I learned
So simply to leave my life.
For my own self's sake, I learned
To make my way up the hill.
The sea so deep and blind
And hot and tired
I wouldn't have come here again.
And yet the winds blow through me,
And the waves could never be more soft
Than those of Sorrow,
And that's how I came to here.
I wasn't born here for nothing.
I came here to sing
And to be taught.

I have no music to put singers;
I have no great songs to sing.

12

GLASGOW AIR FORCE BASE TO POLONIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

I spared my place beyond the driest heaving sea
that day of cursing and flight and star-gazing:
I spared my place beneath the tallest tower
wherein the joy of empty pages comes true.
I spared my place beneath the tallest tower
wherein the light of open war went down.
I come from a country apart in this sky
where there is no more place than this
and here I am.
Small and dull is the world we tread,
and the numbers of feet that fly

By the lights that keep us apart in our love
 we cannot remember.
 For something old and strange
 in the eyes of men
 these eyes have lost their love,
 and so are those that see me since then,
 and all the world adore.
 Ah! could our ship but reach and anchor there,
 what wondrous scenes visited!
 But though we had no railing to stiffen,
 the gusts could past all eden carry.
 Prometheus, hurrying, woos no more,
 the wooing sea went on;
 And in the moonlight stood Anon
 before the gaping shore,
 culadines, sea-pinnacles,
 And blew a veil o'er the eyes of men
 to cloud the beatings of the heart.
 The very ground beneath her lay bare;
 the hills were steep and wild,
 And all the sea-like caverns were
 pierced of owls.
 From the glimmering belfries came
 the angry winds,
 The blows of malignant thunder,
 which at nightrakka heard,
 And heard in slumber.
 Nor could she rest. the time came
 before she felt the tread
 Of hostile feet, that spurn her surface,
 to which her head was bowed;

The time came when she seemed to live
in that dead drowning place,
And took her breath, and stood
Breast-deep in salt water.
The ship's starry diadem.

13

DOWNSVIEW AIRFIELD TO MONTRÉAL/ÎLE SAINTE-HÉLÈNE WATER AIRPORT

1.

Dusty, gray, wet roads
on the background of tiny dense emerald hills.
The sun comes up over the Pont Marie I hear
rooftops buzzing over the lagoon, wine and white eggs
on the top of the kitchen cabinet.
To the left, licensed newsprint; below,
the valley of the peucose, swamp-hemm'd,
liquored, sylvan.

You cannot see the bank, its gravel
rocks in the dry air, nor the red roofs far
away,
but between the brick walls,
between the highways and the red road;
lotus like a damask rose,
and the white beach, scripted like the last song
of the human.

The place:
intersected with the pink desert
of old luzon,
homesteaded like an anthony of maids
whose teeth and pupils are shaped like a fissure
in which the teeth were still pink.
Her job is as statistical,
she scores, but not on a jot,
and I scratch her thighs, touching
the above L of the letter C,
touching the blue soil.

2.

The sky, the sky is cloudy
but the clouds—
as the long day ends,
and I raise my glass
to the sky.
A long night follows,
the children have dark
hair on their heads, the clouds
come up as Fly,
leaving behind them a trail
of dryness, of matchless

parquetball.

It is rain and the clouds
are full of oranges, but somehow
they become hollow,
little candles.

Then the sky cleaves
and its chromatic machinery
begins to read aloud,
to come back down the stair
on the third floor
with a sound like walking
in the sap breath of a tree,
and I pass around,
breathing upon my lips
an old man's laugh.
Then I remember that smile.

14

MAYES AIRPORT TO EAR FALLS AIRPORT

Mayes County Fair; green fields linen-dotted,
Where the long thin streak of land wants planting,
Where the red bush breaks against the rusty top of the sky.
Mayes County Fair;
And the green land life-lumps,
So to speak, stretched along the thin top of the foot of the
crow-tree,
Our Orange County Fair.
Special.
There is no one above me,
There is no one above me;
But the wheelbarrows sing, and the iceman sings, and the
gun-barriers sing,

And the gate-keepers speak, and the guard-slayers speak,
and the door-keepers speak.

* *

Yet, mopped hair and sunny eye,
Bronzed breast and dimpled chin,
There is a common speech of common things,
But this of darkness in the sunlight
Glowes according to a run of precedence.
O get my hands to sing!
O make me with thee the voice of the steel-shoed slave,
Rise of moon-syphants, inform'd with what and whom,
Light of the dark and heavy night,
Perfidious breeze, perfidious breeze!
O form effaced and effaced,
By the harsh countenance of old years,
By the harsh countenance of deaths,
Unknown to heaven though not to me,
Star-blossom'd and white and red!
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind, embracing and lapping, every
one close,
But my love soothes not me, not me.
Low hangs the moon, it rose late,
It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love.
O madly the sea pushes upon the land.

15

WINCHESTER AIRPORT TO LEASIDE AERODROME

Freedom! I cannot bring thee harm,
I am too old and scattered,
I will venture anywhere, and fear not Sheriff Bombcade.
Every strand of hair I win,
I am a Jew from Prague,
right before I am a Jew,
I was a Jew to Mongolia, and one of the few
Voices that Vajra to America would ring,
and I am American most
of all, and though my grandmother told me
I should be a Buddhist
I made no mistake, did justice
to deserve no such dishonor,

I deserve no place
 for I would be a Jewish
 which is to be accepted as a Jewish
 challenge—again,
 the "Jewish" or "Jewish Temple?
 If they could be both Irish and Welsh
 we'd hell for us,
 but if they could be both British
 I'd hell for us,
 I'd hell for us,
 and end up with all ®.

"The best of any place is a fairy ring:
 but ye, not one might come again
 To the sight of the ball-room, and the lake, and the
 guess how hard it is to play."
 So they said to the Doctor, "I'll
 be neither as saint nor priest,
 I'll wear a paltry brush and dust,
 and come not back again."
 And the Dragon's Tooth
 went north and south.
 A coat of the fin-back-rde
 laid a hand,
 Counted chips and cents,
 and the dragon's tooth
 brought me over.

16

RIVIÈRE SAINT-MAURICE (AVIATION MAURICE) WATER AERODROME TO BRUNDIDGE MUNICIPAL AIRPORT

Enormous hour, carrying pure fluidity,
Leaving no expert notes to train or otheraphanies,
Busy with spirit, fire and democracy,
Aviator, physician, priest, oral magician,
Whose colleague moonlight is obsidian,
Water-lily of the Palatine,
Winged breast of Mercury, clothed round with the fossil
cumulus:
Elegant wing'd earth-born girl,

Brilliant as the morning, white as the sea,
 Visionant as the SKY,
 Conspiring the night-sky.
 Water-lily, water-lily,
 Water-lily,
 Beyond the coast of Florida,
 In the cognizance of a man,
 Old woman, grayheaded,
 Being faintly audible,
 Bent her low bow toward the sound of the bell,
 I jumped down the dark stair of the window.

11

Two boats moored, lowered and floating,
 Over the water, white and motionless,
 Winds dash, dashes, and then true sound,
 Shells sail, and outward drips,
 As these boats of theirs hurry by and
 Are towed away . . . are driven back by the wind,
 Are driven back by the wind!
 Shall I duck my clothes, and call
 For someone to clean my blouse?
 What a personal force are you indestructible?
 I am a woman, and I know my own power!
 I will do anything to make my heart rebel,
 Any dream of losing! And I will not come to you
 Alone, and you are not guilty to me, nor stale nor discarded,
 I see through the broadcloth and gingham whether or no,
 And am around, tenacious, acquisitive, tireless, and can-
 not be shaken away.

12

17

CANADIAN FORCES STATION LADNER TO JUANA AZURDUY DE PADILLA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

En route to the Urugac border,
Jet black smoke
sucking at the sea,
En route to the plaza,
Electric sparks
starting to glimmer,
Carry Nation on the air,
Flight passing
flushing their wings,

Eyes shining like warning.
Far away against the blue tiber road,
A cinder-block wall where things are started,
Womanly boys among,
Coinards of money and promissory.
Smoke brings the smoke of incense
Parched as a cat's mouth.
Men riding the sudden tide,
Horses in bloom,
Strangers coming and going,
High-tops surging, rising,
Wires tarnished as gold.
Children through the glass
Rush, leap, and cry,
"Play Harry Puzer"
Once I learned the names
Of flowers and of spells
And languages charged with love,
I knew why the mutants
These men with their needles
And their sharpened medallions
Made their bodies look like
A jongleur's;
Alchemy made them
Look like prison ships,
Pausers and store-boats,
Well-mined and dread.
To obtain, you know,
That that earth has everything,
That the sun and the moon
Are nothing;

That the wildest cannulae
Are no man's prisoners;
That the kind man the strong
Master cannot bear;
That the brown bear is shy
When the daylight comes;
That the pink of the young
lean
Down in a furrow
His look is like the look
Of the mad bird,
His voice is like the sound
Of many waters,
Okonee,
That the mind of man,
As it is,
Is a choral voice,
Chirping, saying,
"Well, ah, well,
Every night,
Every day,
Footstep, and step,
Freedom and delight,
How it comes."

18

HARROLD AIRPORT TO SPIRITWOOD AIRPORT

its tiny wheels
bear away second one linoleum
sized inugs of cold motheaten
some to the very cube line
a fat fraction of sky
overhang of highway
erectile wings
twine to the air
mottled pine needles
planes lie singedown
for terrestrial radio
own failure
of the California Coast

regard such unertitude
north uplifted
look
of the cone, I
am here
doing the magic
cmp of a Marshes Eve
opening space
on a drum
solo bench
the drum performs
an opposite dance
patterns
play sounds
reverse strophe
harmony
ops
upon the drum
silence
in the cloth
floated new
by sudden
elboredom
ballads
a memory of dirt
verses
only the result
of
a male sweater
and the head of a long
armadillo

composite toward
a fuzzy
dunic rope
the drum sticks
by the patterning
of a bad
ellipture
eq. of the wobble
and the punch of
a blackjack
comprehending
the arc
of the tot
my son
sometimes
lifts
by the tempo of
a carnival
in which as
a star on
the sky stalks
and the clang
of metal pieces
and manic
movements of
a charm
composed
by the craftsman
of perfection
over
a casket

of shapes
broken
in and
out of
the same
number
clanging
waiting
in time
for a headache
or a fan
while the bearers
dance
and the musicians
jack rabbit
in a carnival
in which
the dancing
is the losing
weight
of a suspended
conjunction
in the face
of the moon
to be
drowned
as is needed
to be
passed away
from the women
dragging her

chanting
light through
the foul air
to link together
the stars,
never.

19

RCAF STATION PEARCE TO FORT ST. JOHN/TOMPKINS MILE 54 AIRPORT

Tompkins mile 59 jacks up Route 44
steaming from the sun
to a metal bench
the painted line of questioning letters
or in the traffic of heaven
hell with railroad cars
hell with towers
and ironstairway
westline
feather beds
abysships

hell with trains
and Dearie Jaff
marching by night
her thermometers
absolute, dangerous,
vulnerable and
comfortable withstood
by this ambiguous
woman with a voice
her moving among
the browned words
and maybe this woman
with her dreams
can be saved from this
human need
by not bulldozers
and I am not
an oily or blasphemous yogin
collapsing between
freakish and law-suit
but at least a difference
his being drawn from
a slight dog
black and white
retired to a street
where a woman walks
with a crown of stars
across a brown terrace
behind a silent crowd
encircled by a tent
under a streetlight

occupied by grief
personified as a man
without a history
and not happy
said the homeless struck
off the streets
by a cry of unknown cause
escaping
the drizzling windows
and rafters
where a flight of birds
screamed and
asted across the city
-rotting statues
and
a burning engine
hot on the word vomit
breathing through my
sunlight cough
my eyes eyeball heavy
tenderly
and I wash the slate
and mix it with yolk
stopwatches
the floor
by foot and breath
places between
the trees
where I am a stranger
beneath the evening's
misty rug

on the thin quilt
simply shoveled
for the love of a place
not in which
I understand the insurgival
and I know
a native force
already in the background
no longer able to
hear
the heartbeat of a machine
under steam exhaust
the tank's steady whir
a thin scream
around the neck
my own voice
in a series
of measures
I understand
the structure of how we must
learn to delete
the things we love
What I mean is
im RD.

CADOTTE AIRPORT TO MORRIS
ARMY AIRFIELD

I lay, and dream'd long
of rows of cotton carriages.
Dreams are not promise nor threat,
and that I could but find
a maiden to transport me.
I dream'd long, but cannot see where
we are. we are ditched
along with other girls, of course,
for a time. and put away
the binoculars of the horseshoe jog
in the sky like rusty magnets.
And I will learn to fly a little.
The first time I tell you of my fever,

it will be too late to ask me how.
I sink back into the drunkard's
heart, and the float-top hatcake
seems Stylish only for kissing.
The no-eyes kind of thing,
but the eyes of the known.
What will I do about the wife,
my cruise liner, my mother, or
the co-writer I'm having worried
to get up right now.
I don't mean that much. as much as I
respect the woman, I'm in a hurry,
to get married, probably, some time later.
I'm very tired. I'm really tired.

21

NOBLETON AIRPORT TO GLASGOW/RENFREW AIRPORT

Float-tailing docks of clouds,
Smoke greying Gunfs,
Dew-hatted beard sullen
Polka-hilt and wheel-taps,
Avocados-taken
Sea-strewngow ills.
Dung buses reach the airport
Juarez, and ambulances
beeline the walls.
Border guards screen the trees
And a recorder
tanks to her training camp
sweep and clean.

And she trains her trade
between a shed and a laundry-press,
mineral metals close.
In a lagoon, her hands
reach out to the chain-link
of bars and planes.
It's heaven's air,
lifted like a mask,
and seems to have travelled
below
the melting borders
of the sea.
Connecticut Valley
newspapers proudly worm-eat
for breakfast.
So much less than what we have been
persuaded to dream, this necessity for wood
might have sufficed,
but the arms of the jeep
hung heavy, a hawthorn
in their hands.
Now imagine the weight
of prime flesh burrowing into the pine,
belly tender as a holly,
that seed jetosted
over the border of a forest
made of light, a tender sheep
reed up to eat
our earth and disappear.
Think of this:
not your body, not your life,

but my body, wasted,
little moon, worthless and dark,
little yellow lilies
flowered around my death.

22

FALL RIVER MUNICIPAL AIRPORT TO SYRACUSE MUNICIPAL AIRPORT

The haze of the wintry sun empties the stands
of the Empire State Building—to the length of the corridor
like a sheet of paper, white and slightly
inkless, carefully cut and vague; again
disintegrated into the glass-white
lagoon—a circular, thick moon?
O foreign presences, where are you?
Can you come down from the heights, parallel
in the front yard with bare foot roads
and back floors? Can you come down
from the level mouth of the river, please?

Can you come up here as the line of theaments
in the mind, or the statuettes of diminished time?
I'm trying to think of a new connectedness—
as a new cluster of bulbs, or a new universe,
as the globes and the valleys of a dwarf,
and the blackness of beyond deeps—
except it's not the planter in the cathedral
betwixt the feathery flame and the line,
nor the craftsman in his uniform with two pairs
of tunkles, nor the architect who designs
the windows on the ceiling, nor the
merest mongrel with his baldness and a cleft
in his right hand, nor the maniac who commits
total crimes, is he not more like himself than
the harmless neighbor, this man who tries to read
on a telegraph wire of the future from a field
of other countries, and laughs at them, and is
blameless, because he knows he is responsible
to everything, but, which is worse, he's caught
up in some story I'm not about, but this guy
walks down the city, and I think of him often, as I
view him walking along, as he's going some
mystic march I'm not even sure about, for he's got
a picture on his shirt, and I want to dance
forever, and what I dream—a present from the boyfriend
of a mysterious girl—the picture of her as she's.

23

FIVE MILE LAKE WATER
AERODROME TO
WATERVILLE/KINGS COUNTY
MUNICIPAL AIRPORT

10:15
P.M.
, May 24
4:30
P.M.
, May 24
7:25
P.M.
, May 3

4.77

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4.77 and 3/1,000

Days after notice date on Calendar 29, 1993

(University of Buffalo), 1 Oct. 1994

End of the Third Gate

The Cathedral at Bayeux
A bulldozer keeping crops of broccoli
Brought up by a farmer's hands
Summer after a rain hurtled
from the Mediterranean
The gold GIANT vans
passed for months behind his yellow shook
pan of glass windows
Hussing up the road for the last
El morro tunnel through the black salt dust
Hussing up the truck for the next
Monument to the Queen Elizabeth
The gold and silver and expensive
Precise signals on the radio
Copy sounds from Sound and Hearing
The gold and silver in the light
Behind the concrete footprints
Into the maximum atmosphere
Paumanok
To touch the live air
To flare
To be here.

24

SAULT STE. MARIE/PARTRIDGE POINT WATER AERODROME TO CHINCHAGA AIRPORT

1.

AMETHER TERRIBLE, English, raised streamers,
Tantara, city of food, tanned announcer
Let us fly then, over water colored
By a wave they called "Grand Cayes"

2.

There there now, directly from the airport,
White uniforms of the silent walkers,
They walked, carrying heavy meat and water

For the vacation meeting of the boatman

3.

Oh Guillaume, where are you flying over Texas
With your crazy blue and green jerseys?
Your voyage is yoned up with flags,
With territorial symbols, pausing,
And the hard features of their onshore radiance,
Showed the cold Donald out of Mexico
With his big mouth at daybreak
And a blond risk-awashy arm!
Came back through the tunnel, on your way
To the city of the faithful
Read here how the army was called
To order its columns to stand against a foe!

4.

Then clanging of wooden wings, and a drum beat,
And the golden-red-striped banners were tossed
High over the spired cathedral square:
Then a solemn prospect lined the view
Where the patron saints of the old day
Walked joint by pair, and joined in heart.

5.

'adam! strong child of light!' who calls in vain
No nearer than the wake of the soul?
Familiar white sails beat between
The stately and the fearless miles,
And the young fogies watch the Spartan air
Here overboard I see:
Shouts of cannon! sheep whirr! dray!
And the big black cannon cry, and the grey dawns split,
And pealed far off shivering below,

And the sea tree-tops and the waves cry forth the cry:
I am the king!

6.

King of nations, interminable races,
Thy bed, thy water, thy gates, thy royal ceiling,
What is thy pity, what is thy fear, so long.

25

BALTIMORE AIRPARK TO PORT SIMPSON WATER AERODROME

What a pair of autumn days they were,
Snowed hard, blade-to-ball against the base road,
Blue and edgy, and the trees thick and tall.
Only the grasses showed up
Though it was all overgrown plain,
And the trees and grasses seemed to be
Part of the scenery, part of the grass
That was here and that now elsewhere,
Irrelevant and irrelevant.
Trees once looked down and gave
Redness their deep and enemy
Problem or excursion, and gave
Ability for colored search, more for

The open vigor of still farther
 Planes and planes that dancers adore.
 The dark can never come as yet
 To visit it with unwilling eyes.
 Even the white, the gold, the green
 Reproachfully rebreathed of deep green,
 Into the autumn weather, out of a
 Hibernian parched region,
 Is temperately trod, an armful of golden
 Cornelroots, bound together with
 Bud and blossom. And you mention such things
 And make them your own.
 Meaning the gulls as they climb over
 The low kick of theorettos chin,
 The reckless kids on the porpoise,
 The leaden-eyed covet, forced up at last
 To give their parents time to play
 And to emblazon the red letters G
 Your way of life looks set, YMM
 Like your teeth, yours a passionate antidote
 To all the nation's diseases.
 The past and present wilt—I have
 No shadow of despair. And I think
 It will rain out, the full summer
 Will be amore boring.
 The future will have
 No heartbeat, no wings its own.
 The temperature will go lower.
 Not just the people, but the way
 The sentences feel thirsty
 As the glass in the sky

Unfolds and describes something.
Let us commit that to our dust.
Something will be heard in the next
Lest we should look for the sun.

26

PRINCE GEORGE (NORTH CARIBOO AIR PARK) AIRPORT TO TWIN PINE AIRPORT

Above the mercury-cased parade
Of the adobe-colored bustle
Of the aluminum-brushed stanchions,
The orange-dust-ravish-overhead-show
Of the ruddy chestnut-trees,
In low lying snow,
Outsmiling in the wind,
Found a something there was
Something that came from nothing,
From darkness and cold,
Brimming with tiny lights

Like a)
To the Colossus
Manna,
A Monthly of the Past
Arriving there in the confused
Light that gleams
In the fallen leaves,
Red berries like ravishing
Gold beech leaves,
A thief's car.
Your light is dull
And absent.
The land isn't possible.
This is what is required,
So let's listen.
When the alarmed medcrew
Looked over the edge
And saw, there under them,
As though they believed
What they knew,
That the island and the shore
Were portions of the world
And lived
As if there were only half
What they felt and knew
And wanted
To believe:
That half would believe
And half would say
That half would believe
That would believe

That would believe.
You mean that, now?
Not for herself.
Not for herself.
Sometimes she calls
To the boy slaves
Whose life is not a choice
Between good and ill
And none can carry away
The house of life.
Your faith is still
One of many worlds.
A little nearer
To the bitter end
Of that difference.
When a pen falls like a log
In the water,
Is it a house or a boat
That won't work?
Is a woman's voice
Tweling a joke
About the farthest hill
In a close-packed handwriting
To alert the quiet one,
The one that lies
Next to the dreamers,
The one with the manyap
Of life and morning
Soaking form,
A fool, or fool,
Or blue as Santa Claus.

27

WASHINGTON-VIRGINIA
AIRPORT TO POWELL
STOLPORT

Because of the stir
that shook my tiny toes
and downcast arms,
because of the heat
that clost the air,
because of the flight
of flights,
I'll have no pleasant choices,
because of this.
So I'll take
a shower,

and thank you the sky
for all that it shows.
Because of the homeland
brown paper
striped red
as it's red
above a red
shape
of shell,
I don't know what you're
thinking.
Saw hawks,
a bright filter-
glass fog,
a momentary tremor
behind me.
Not yet satisfied
want a flat seat
I'm slowly transforming
going the way of the snail
in a slow blur
trying to turn
to go where none lives,
no place
in which to rest.
I know a woman
who for herself
would be happy
while another
worked
behind her

lives.

MONTRÉAL/MASCOUCHE
AIRPORT TO FITZGERALD
(FORT SMITH) WATER
AERODROME

In such deep sleep i lie
June boughs shut out the storm;
The camp sleeps, the weary night-wind blows
No bell from our gate, no star from the west.
The shadows lay along broadway,
But near the crowds there was a spark,
And with a uncanny sound, a sound,
A sound of something that has not yet died,
A sound of the rushing of a mighty wind,

And in the twilight came that cry
 To the dead men's souls, that like a cry
 Peemed through the silence of the night;
 Enveloped no more the garden's flow
 Than, filled the house of eternity,
 That cousin support of the below
 Is what you call paradise, —
 A cry of joy 'mid the ruins
 Of the dead, the cradle of the dead.
 The feet of the fleeing slaves are below
 The streets where delinquents know them not;
 The gates of rye who have grown narrow
 Over the road where the skipper slept.
 He sleeps too deep, the wire of the swine
 He swears is gone, where thaw and win
 And the wild winds drive at the pilot's feet.
 Child, what are you asking for?
 Look, sir, there's only another thing
 We have loved a thousand years,
 Gone from those shoulders, as the point of his pride,
 The pride of power, that he was wont to bear,
 He has left us of that liberty
 Unto suffrick-age, ripening it by sword and flight,
 To carry his cry to the world of nations;
 Up, up, from the house of bondage,
 The chamber of the dead!
 God, who didst make and afflict,
 Vengeance shall on those
 That keep out evil, and gather them
 Full of woe;
 They, the whom the Lord when he commeth,

Pray for their souls ere they die:
We pray that Thou wilt grant them health,
Unfettered health, as from the cross.

LUPIN AIRPORT TO BRISTOL
(WHITCHURCH) AIRPORT

Pitchery miles away through the Snow,
Over the traffic backed-up taxis and men pushing
Half-faired to a broken concrete wall,
Like a sick dog, the Empire State's
Tree-lined streets,
The package roads of the Customs Department
Where ducks dance in a sudden sky Flood
On the thin tops of the trees.
Dragons of light in the downy incubus,
Roads heading dead and turned to stones.
Pointing toward the sun with bright sparkles,
Verging on the insanity of the picture
Leaves the stage, and I say nothing.

I sing it just as I'm sung
 In a shop beside the Nazi
 Boughthouse of Penma, the city
 Of panic, from the Fireside Inn.
 For I wouldn't have it. Spock,
 Prophet, what a synonym
 Same as being real. I'm Jewish.
 I'm Jewish. The point is being Jewish.
 ... not standing
 And being lived, I mean lived.
 I'm Jewish. The point is being lived.
 ... I know more than I thought-about-me...

THE DISMANTLED SHIP

In so much plunging sleep, the sea
 Is a sea of pedophiles. The lodging park
 A zoo, the gardenelf Q.
 The sky is a graffiti of the mind.
 These Jews are real as stone.
 pecimen smashed on the forest bonfire,
 Petrarch of the dead. My God,
 I'm up with the queer community.
 I'm a participant in the spirit's triumphing.
 I'm a gay Jewish boy who longs to be
 The ruler of the world, and I watch my chance
 To claim the throne. I'll see the world's final
 Illumination, and there'll see
 The seal of the great mystery between
 The grave and the bride.

WILLOWDALE AIRFIELD TO
OSLO AIRPORT, FORNEBU

In the pink sun
beneath the banner of the Bruised Armada,
floor length of concrete,
telephone number of helvo —
alcohol </
airgate, gate
above the line and a name
across a map of the Western Reserve
I came for the eclair
waving a cigarette
endlessly—
endlessly!
in an insane balance

that made me
the doom, we all mean,
handshakes, untrust.
Every hand
lifted by the weight of memories
borrows from the arms
of countless days.
Yes,
me, all me
and the opposite, each
woman with a heart
of her own.
We are stuck in this
critical moment
the bomb's voice
and the fizzle
of the street.
How can we
escape these modes
we have begun to assume
in our lives?
They swallow fire
but seek the bottom
to hold it up.
Legs burn
missing the boil;
the brains refuse
to give way.
It is not to be turned
that the body
can see, it cannot

be touched.
Disappearance
means
noEVA
; 39
one arm
is useless;
another arm
could use some good
thermaphrodite
or a lot of lancaster.
The godchose that didn't
move in place
was the one who
remained in the relative
opposite.
A judgment
had been overdue.
If the blouse
was forthcoming,
the clothesline
would be run along,
the leather
wrapped urgently,
the buttons' dry
and dangerous.
I wouldn't
trust a father
who wasn't made to kill
and who,
no matter how,

was still,
god knows, safe.
Then the story
of the man who cleaned the house
and his daughter
and his three old men
went east.

It was a pretty place,
pretty to see,
pretty to muscle
as you scabbled to open
a tin cup
ultrarily, in the heat.

IMESON FIELD TO KAHNTAH
AERODROME

I want no chants to be;
bring no feast or pageant;
For my soul is at a shrine,
and my heart is pure.
The maids of the town
kill the little hectic;
They tear the yellow lilies
from the boughs of traps,
And carry them to the heather
from the forest.
Young men and maidens
our soldiers are;
Our footmen shall soon be here;

our ladies shall walk.
 And then bear me away
 to the mountain green
 Where the brooks of milamah
 beyond the flow
 Of the gray and misty atlantic
 are rush and roar.
 There by the milford water
 young men and maidens may drink,
 But of a wrath unknown
 no living thing can know.
 Tell me, in what deep recess
 the winds and the waves!—
 Or first, how the great waters
 thought of her;
 Beneath what sand and water
 gardens and towers;
 White drift spooning into the sea,
 white water rippling on board,
 And the passengers sleep.
 The stack of the boat is white,
 and silent up and down,
 And up and down the river
 the ripple soothes the otter,
 The wolverine, and the elk,
 and the noise of the sea.
 Hark, the rice-fed men!
 Hark the rude nets galopred in
 with the hay of the reindeer!
 The casts of the women,
 and the curvilies and the pies,

Are calculated as the play
of the symbolic imagination,
And the men's previews
are surrendered to the queen.
For pearls, jewels, and chains,
Premium box and petal,
for the ensigns and the coins,
Are privately owned,
and so may be written to us,
For our tita is alive,
and a new nymph is born.
In a wood, beneath a tree,
Forth stands a expectant forest,
that nymphs and beasts do prey:
Night from the black oaks.

TWIN PINE AIRPORT TO
OPA-LOCKA WEST AIRPORT

By the pale electric tide I sat in the stripped sand
Divide the openway
Into the afternoon's rush and whirring metal bed
I heard the planes roar and started to pray
I knew the planes were coming apart
How beautiful a wonderful difference
There was simply it
The sky was blue and the sky was blue
In a blue weekend hat
I stood on the middle of the road
Footed blue Sorrel.
It was the last of summer
The turf turned green and the sunlight deep

Continued caring
While the solemn old-fashioned fly-home
Of anxious men was being born again
It was the end of August
The ground was changed
And the dry pillows of the shore were lifted
Again to the city
Forever I saw men driving their cars
High above the trees
Letting the leaves fall on their neck
And the smoke from the marginal
Building towers untangled
And the narrowness of the bridges
Coming together
All into the open air
Till the ceiling fans flutter
And the fire consumes the faucets.

CHARLESTOWN NAAS TO
FORT PROVIDENCE WATER
AERODROME

I lift my back into the clear music
deep in the sky,
from the cave on the hill
where horses graze
on the runaways,
to the beach, boys,
where the people wait,
Bimbis and I,
through the stripping ladders,
trying to make a last call.
The island's dark,

scalding voices,
the island's stone,
the highway's device,
the castle's vision,
the flock's desire,
the wind's cadence,
The sun's descent,
all earth's flaws.
I remember my own nameless
chaos,
when I stopped to drink some wine.
From my own bowels I see
the descendants of the poor
then lifted up their faces
and to the banner told
to give this place a name.
Here's a health to the gentleman
whose cottage still
is built on the grounds
of a former slave settlement
and of the views views distant
from the ancient town,
high high and low.
To the land about which the river
channels through the skabian,
bitter and cold,
is often given a fine seat
to analyze
what went on in the soldier
suit for a final time
along the dusky road

in the muses' place.
Ducks! whose faces are grey
and cold,
such as the shateless caffolds
and the harmless mountain-cats,
down which the parade
lanes so stealthily,
out of the ruins
beneath the silence of the day.
The flowers, like frightened rats,
snuggle and douse and stink,
and the birds make no sound.
All the earth is silent
because the abandoned store
has gone to sleep
and the lot's deserted once more.
No story to tell, and no light to sing;
it's all gone as I have already disappeared.
And the hills are tier scarred
with a distant distance blood-red.
Near the treetops where I made love.

34

MAPLE AIRPORT TO ABU DHABI/AL BATEEN

Smog trucks downthroat the Air terminal, yellow
airplane moving between lony buildings.

No travellers, looking for worlds of green and orange
cliff blocks of Motels, broken cams, smokestacks
of coal hauled-up from underground
dyings.

The Golden Door Line between World Powers/World privi-
lege
and World Cities.

Alectronogo's iron girders, Brazil's take-off pose,
early-1955.

The routine course, major depression, low-keyed farm life
punctuing the shelves with swag and rumble,

the high-school backwardness of ancient buildings,
 the slideshow of state grants, all the salary-slapped homi-
 cides

of the great powers.

Carl: It's a real damp cold, this year. We just invented
 new tires, the engine that cuts me down.

Time is a kind of funny job.

Marina, the scientist, who lives in the basement
 of the Lunenburg, near the
 Kermdenhahn Gate

in Nottingham, and has menstrual blood that mends
 my spine, makes me gawk at the world,
 tis a big goose.

Once I heard girls singing a May Day song;
 they sang hydrys and English cheerily against the men
 who drove them home.

I was sorry that I was born in a labley age
 and didn't know what equality means.

I am the child the needle dances to,
 the only child laughs

for his peers, the boys celebrate their dads.

I will kill you or I will pop you in the sea.

Look: we're coming towards each other now!

There is a tapping on the door, one welcomes another
 essentially indistinguishable from the one who sees you
 as you are.

That's how it is with the pre-personae of the children,
 with the watch and the door and the wet towels
 speak the truth into my ears.

I have not disappeared.

My wife lifts a finger

to that line of time and water.

35

HERSHEY AIRPARK TO DAWSON CITY WATER AERODROME

I'm not somewhere else but I like the way the shadows fall
Auto-boat, boat country, gym teacher's town,
The rings of hermetic medicine exploding
Between her arms, musical,
On the long Way, all the way to Dawson.
I like the diamond necklaces OK on the Videos.
I like the flashy flats, the swimming pools that freen
Sabergers and fire dancers. I like his moustache
And his body truck, his lean, alert legs.
I like his friend, his chest like a musical
Perfect Pancake, his body like a streak

Of fluff, his voice lighter than a button
 Of hair. I like his shoes. Big ones, like disco boots,
 Look like pants of file cabinets, ball-
 Electrical appliance stuff. What else is he
 Level? He level some distances with his plectrum
 Academy School of Disembodied Poetics, and before
 He starts town, the body is level. In winning,
 He's already neck-
 Chanted in the Tavern
 Makes love. And within Schwartz the boy
 Is every question kept in place.
 What was he again? We led him over
 To the woods with the fog filling in
 Like a high waterfall in a POV.
 "Odys"—he smiles
 A flood of oysters in the water,
 Smoke plumed up from the area's trash.
 We have all caught the current sweep
 Of the road that runs off the farm
 And he comes for the lake.
 No one has ever seen it.
 It's been coming down all night.
 You can hear it though, a resonant
 Probing for a memory.
 And I can listen,
 Breathe, full of fact,
 To the infallible cast
 Of the farmer's winds
 That show you how they went.
 When the winds were born at dawn,
 When the birds were in the kindergarden,

When they were in a chill
That brought a chipmunk.

36

HARTWOOD AIRPORT TO PALMYRA ATOLL AIRFIELD

HAD

before I'll be there, space enough to see!

(This, space, is enough.)

Some say I've heard call:

911.

The giant Russian flag is huge.

At Omaha, little blue steamboats

perch in the windows; they're as big as
scaffold around a body of water.

At San Francisco, the subway,

25 years ago, Bell's cousin

avoided my mother's safe side by heart

because the way she looked,

she was always grabbed one other girl
 and needed another.
 Here in America, looking for your fair skin,
 drop the Boom! you're a fucking
 bum) I used to look at you
 and you got me,
 in that same room, save for the floor,
 the ganja that started me,
 the YELLOW PERIL OF YOUR PLACE.
 The world is as we see it?
 Daubing out in lights,
 sleeping in public places.
 The mighty criminal world,
 Pandora's world, Unseen Cosmos
 Noise,
 Bubbling at trillion feet,
 starveling at the void—
 Shrouded mammoth veined
 to save nature,
 The whole planet's in
 the way you bend it—
 The whole house
 model doubt and fear,
 half Queen,
 half gray,
 or smokey,
 or light and
 or moviest,
 was Pluto,
 The Greek's crew
 derived from

Ennius,
the son of Io,
Assumed the nameless
woman of the
Grecian boat.
Unmarried,
with a moderate
boasting of the seriously
understanding nucleus,
the cell of death
Gradually encircled
by the progeny
of the same god,
the group
Of the Goddesses
Harvelled by
the desire of
Caeneus and
the royal
Mars,
whose breasts
The asphodel.

37

TOK AIRPORT TO TIMMINS/PORCUPINE LAKE WATER AERODROME

White fog-brushline over Mosakovsky Reservoir's blue sky
–Heaven breath, clouds of black smoke from Boeing's black-
ened
fuselage rolled toward Pennsylvania Union Steel
Factory clock ringingly creaking
Whole houses' windows book-cluttered,
state house lines hammered into green E. 25th Street
Where are the President's Armies of Gold?
The American Century
Fallen under this bomb
Whose words say:

Demented uranium must be kept
keep together.
December 11, 1965.

COWPAR AIRPORT TO HAYNESVILLE AIRPORT

American and American, whistling this far
away, is not your way of life, that of
the sniffing dog, the cocktailed jackrabbits,
each kerfuffle between ex-chantric bombast and
stinking bombast, still tethered to your
chins and bearers. In the eyeglasses where
you flip back your nose and taste the
smell of the fuzz, you feel the swaying
valley of muscles
under the skull's
raw splay, grinding: your own galley's
loose sides, at the
costof steelwork,

drill pressing her nose
against the glass
floor, hand off
hanging out the sooty
scream. I don't know
what you're thinking. Me,
who only wished to be here, whose instead
you're here and are nowhere, are hardly
anybody's longer
and fit the same. If not you were the man
who stepped out of the meeting
eternal of the ghost
who came to stay. You don't know
what happened to the L-Men of Northboro
who shot stone
glancing down at each other
out of the window, nothing
to see now but the tarmac
where the bodies that were never
neither married, never lived,
and the girls who did not wear
their bellies all up gain.

CFB SUMMERSIDE TO QUARTZ
HILL AIRPORT

Take one last look at the sunfish on the river
Make eye a-vismos' you can't see it anywhere,
it is the kind of thing
They call happy, Dust-free, and dry.
Don't tell me, I'm too tired,
I want to lie down some more.
Totem's uncoiled and chill,
Hot-headed am I, so am no bawd,
The dried seed's got to be luck.
And I'm like the sky serene and cold,
And I'm like the clouds flying too,
and the water's too full of fear.
Under there you see a gas that again

Would fill you full unless you let me catch it.
 I'll know then, based on what I know,
 I'd like to be Lilani again.
 I'd be too shy to say anything but I'd
 like to be Lilani again.
 And I would, because I'm not sure that god is good,
 And have too much regrets for to think about this;
 So I'd go and build some shop, and I'd say,
 "The clothes they sell are better than the clothes they wear,"
 And I'd say, "The clothes they sell" and we'd call
 The fine-man-back who fits with clients.
 Most of the people do not laugh at me,
 Most of the people make applause for me,
 Yet I don't laugh at all the writing I've written
 And remember when I wrote it was because
 I looked at it and I wanted to laugh.
 That's never possible, is it because
 I look at and that's entitled to be written?
 So I stand back; I hear the voice of the professor:
 "Congratulations! Because the winner here has proven
 courageous."
 So I'm still trying to trick him: calling "The sinner thee!
 "Thou haven't no shirt, thou's so poor!"

40

FAIR HAVEN MUNICIPAL AIRPORT TO ELDORA MUNICIPAL AIRPORT

Dark wing'd somewhere upon the airplane path,
No face moving over dark water,
Clouds float and drop.
A Boeing plane bends over the edge of the sun
And through the dark plane
Air passengers flee from the UFO
To safer seats.
Oralplane touching the green blizzards
Off Twin Towers Hot Farms' aisles,
NGASSK's
"The number of the aircraft elements."

A thin American blue shows the city
 hatter prone in fire
 Dr. Louis Elm's Manhattan
 Hand overcoat fuse brimmed with
 shot sky,
 Gold foam emerald back to the brain
 Black smoke and chrome extensions
 of the wing buckle.

CONSTRUCTION

tall, white, windy white
 beech grove
 over the Jewell,
 out of space
 dwells bird
 brain
 shy speaking
 back and forth
 with him
 on the shore
 of old Sojin-Okizaki River
 Fine white clouds, perfectly
 viewless under gray sky
 above the wave
 dread of man
 on the bushy plain
 greets me makoto
 shining
 a dream white
 drifter
 upon the down
 downpour

on the platform
of the bushy plain
ihkooda
on the down
in the harbor
of the pearl
beach
from the bonnie
shed!
Ten years
to get the gold
in postage
tracked free
in the slim
coil of the last
known hour of the day
druid
dinner without
water
Two years
till the brave baby
bleed
and died
yard bird
jazz
diamond
sett
sleep
char
je
an

an
fire
char
d
e
stage
us
son
come
with me
awake
body
generated
on the field
of midnight
sea-pink
tan
for work
room
for defeat
ful.
the down
against the furniture
the barn
the jar
by the window
the ache
in the broccoli
mesh.

CFB ST. HUBERT TO
AGUANISH WATER
AERODROME

i. July 8

There is a pot of heat in the valley
Shading the livestock against danger
Ratcheting the raw woods
to salt the floors of the forest
Lights the moon through the branches
Starting the cotton plant
Mangos and elephants
Sold to the cotton gin
Mangos revving their tails
The tree-lined streets shake

And a collision occurs
The tree-lined streets go raucous
A brawl turns
The water pours
In the clothes of the children
A clash occurs
The log hoes
Drive all the leaves to the ducks
A clash occurs
The cotton plant
Goes to the Niger
Mangos and elephants
Are caught in the rice
Just like what happens
When you lived there
Is a smell of scalding pork
The railroad cars roar
The locomotive kicks
And the blood and the turf
Mingle with the wet hair
In the corners of the seats
And the crowd blows your black
Coals out of the cedar chips
Is it true the stars are old
When they are young
There are the spaces between the children
Do they step on the black water
Mosques of desire and knowledge
The locomotives trembling
In the desert
Birds twitter Atlantis

In the air
Just can't go on
And the train
Is that big broken river
Look, the train
Is that big broken river
I walk on, it follows
The water
White flock bird
Texhered birds
Far and away.

ATAROT AIRPORT TO
WARREN/WOODLANDS
AIRPORT

Black planes with names like MOMETAL
by the billboard, and I am waiting
for the Air Train and the Woodlawn
museum to take me back to my American
dream of revolution. I'm waiting
for the Army to come and arrest me
for I evoked the King's voice two decades
ago, screaming outside the Statehouse
I burned the Xanthus, drank rosewater,
sat down with shark-teeth hungry
for the green meat of Beatrice,

and soon afterward I was convinced
I would describe what I saw into
in a man's mouth like a knife.
Color and fear are two elements
when it comes down to it.
I saw a great blue city once
and stayed, then came back to it
and saw another, and another,
and then a little town;
and then I could see a city;
then six men killer-preachers
using eyes like maple trees
watched the sunrise and the sea;
I was amazed and turned away
from all that darkness staring
at dry blown leaves rattling in the wind.
Still a city! But from a city
you knew, and one you didn't,
and oh, it's gone, my own it's gone,
away lost to a noise of loneliness and fear.
I don't know why the poet has slowed
to listen to himself, or
failed to let himself go.
He's waking up this morning with the need
to be detached from any history,
to stand here with a stranger.
Mostly the need to be apart,
to be whole, to be
a separate person.
Efficiently done,
it has become, for any unknown reason,

a favorite task of the
moon.

43

KUNMING WUJIABA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TO GAINSBOROUGH AIRPORT

Flight of morn, man still hungry after shave,
rice-fruit flies like a plane-leaf; small snow-blossoms
rest on the sharp white tablecloth of the baggage-train.
I always remember the dark connected sheet,
a purple that breaks through the water
and travels all the way to the gate. What is this sign?
Assistant bonnily tells me the customs are foreign,
but maybe we could call them collars in oil,
or else they're sugar tigers. This is straight
in, and I wonder
if they're dogs that haven't a human nature,

but are slaving and causeless, are driven
 to the point of being less than helpless,
 and though they sign something offensive,
 it isn't their position
 that makes the world go round. It's my cravings
 that driven the violence of your disproportion.
 What is my love for plank sheets that stir men
 with desire? I love you so clearly.
 I can't share your view of the opium store
 or your view of the counter culture,
 but I want to take you inside and out
 of my life. I can't spill back
 the agony of inner cruelty,
 the thousand burnishes closed overhead,
 the clay of brick and mortar,
 dissolving into the transparency
 of flame. I am good
 for you, for your sake!

VII.

When the lamps come on at night
 they burn the windows shut.
 The light flashes across the floor
 like a spectral over-arranged
 activation of something
 outside which is and is not.
 I think of the way our dreams invent
 this darkness. I think of the house
 Haunted by the ghost of you and me.
 In the dreams, I was a familiar man.
 I was asleep by the time you call
 and the phone hangs on the flighted shelf.

Is that you again?
The flutter of a coat caught in a shower
the clash of knotels in a pot.
Auld Saul not sure?
Dare I know you?
Your cousin's visiting.

COWPAR AIRPORT TO
EASTEND AIRPORT

Crowded in, if alone, the airport can,
Sitting like a bookcase, offered us a small
map, and we, whose further parts
Were uncomplicated, were given room
To see how they mob this place.
Particulars! The whole town,
Driving its way through this town,
Leaving money to certain Friends
To buy tangerines, lavender coffee,
And so to stay one day, open-mouthed,
Till our own cottages arrived
(Six women, five raw Communion)
In their longhaired, crimeekin,

Caravan pit-a-pat:
 Gamelyn chugs a cup
 Off the immaculate grill,
 Corroded flats beneath
 The clatter of the tray,
 And hears the tell-tale
 Voice of "John Quincy Adams"
 The hero-worshipper gets mixed up
 Story
 While whiskey
 Waits for the miss-
 Loading band;
 Marybeth says, Hugh
 Nameeth not
 The places
 Builds up the city
 For prayer?
 The bells come down in the markedly
 New Yorker sky
 To the land of the cow.
 Bones in the earth;
 Rodos calle Cancerbero
 In a much-mouthed air,
 Unguarded ones
 Moved by the drag
 Of the heavy baskets
 Are not prepossessed.
 They are balkyold,
 Wrong and obscure.
 Let us bless them
 And their scrambled eggs

And their bogus eggs
And their big bronze
On the roads.
These are the towns
That they do not tell us
About what they do.
Jars of wishing
Is not all,
They are the horns
On the wind.
Birds make poor role
For the bronze lion,
Eyes and eyes
Of the ideal
Unification
Of the commons
Unification of the villas
Bearing the copper
Balances of air
And of the stalls
An ideal
Is a thing
In themselves
For the sake
Of something different
From themselves.

45

RCAF STATION HIGH RIVER TO KATOWICE-MUCHOWIEC AIRPORT

Toward evening, only one ray of the moon-Starving
Soldiers gathered in old Saigon, their sentences
Saying:
We are from the North Vietnamese.
Generations believe in it and, too, the Indochinese.
Bamboo trees cover the poles
For the explorer, who arrived there by hopping.
One must have a deep belief
In things that can't be categorized.
That there is a separate category of Man
Caught in the middle of the conservationist conservation-

ist
 feeding his flock through a shade.
 It's not thinking that they are all
 Voices, but they are, and future words, not
 Just syllables—Streams and mountains and grasses
 Making a stillier sound.
 Still, they are multiform.
 The comb is just touched with
 Calmness from the indigested food,
 The comb is watched with impartiality.
 Nonetheless, the incident memorial is
 Performed
 As if to say:
 This is the conductor of the game.
 The bell is tolling
 And the whisperings of the sea,
 Coming back, as the Hallelujahs do,
 Make last night more calmer than the previous
 Loud chants, less violent, less cold.

OWLS CLOVER

Suffer me not to live forever,
 Suffer me to continue dancing under the eternal sky,
 Crawl back into my childhood routine,
 Remembering this world
 What it was
 Then when I was a boy
 So lonely had fallen down to lie awake on my bed
 I have had a feeling for him lately
 And it upsets me
 With me indeed
 To think of him

As having just returned from a place where he had never
been.

His face, his voice, reduced to the size of a pig,
Grown grim.

A hand passes over his shoulder,

Honey-yellow, tragic-white,

And he drinks rapidly,

He catches the mirror:

A vital emotion lights then.

46

BUTTRESS, SASKATCHEWAN TO CALAIS—DUNKERQUE AIRPORT

A leatherman, who for a moment strangled
his brother, took the long way back
through the river to a mud pathbranch, and when
he looked up from his snowed dream, where he usually
turns to search for someone to wrestle with,
he knelt to help his brother's father
up the steel drum wrote
down the road; and yet nobody could
hear the cries of his people, nor close
the door—they
were

the flight path; concentration fatigue;
ear looped outside and iron
castings tested the endurance of
experts, their
subjects, whom he meditated,
unable to see the peacocks.
He wondered how
they were connected to this tree,
whose roots from above
kept the earth's
memorials in their memory.

47

NAVAL AIR STATION SOUTH WEYMOUTH TO DORSET/KAWAGAMA LAKE (OLD MILL MARINA) WATER AERODROME

White fog drifts thru Bayonne's shallow waters.
Beneath broad brushy ridges, water-edged,
The luminous mountains waze and bend above,
Starting represent the shoulder of a guard.
While this white cascade thunders,
The white camp-fires breathe a whiff of deadly air,
And Raven's hounds have heard the distant, resonant din,

And from the corner window, high in the air,
Using their binoculars, they have seen the dark waver,
And heard the screams of the murdered.
Oh, on that dark road, where the wheelbarrow
Hauls what was once the road of armies,
The horses serve as hunks of stone
In the hands of the kings of asia,
Stands on the rampart, and the cannon's roar
Makes a book of music graven there.
Birds twitter pandemoniums around
The idea of flight, of those tattered feathers
That hike and roll to earth, and high
On the huge pad of life, they live:
Even in the alien cathedral
They laugh, they sing, they dance, and they speak.
But their habitations, what they call
Elsewhere, are things not seen by such travelers.
For what is carried and reborn again
Is no more than what was once the world,
But is neither world, nor Fitful Dweller
In a fixed point of aweary truth.
My Castilian poet has brooded
Upon the sea, and his serene voice
Makes my life within my heart to joy.
I know no more the Kleenex, my silver lyre,
Mychambeau, my moon, my very moon.
I know no more of magic powers
Deeply beyond the pores of hell,
But there is one thing that I know:
I find myself beneath a ragged tree,
And know myself and know my soul

AERODROME

In the perpetual smile of the sea.
There is no change near me,
There is no change where I live now.

WAR EAGLE FIELD TO LAC
GOBEIL WATER AERODROME

I returned to France for summersale gifts and trees
branches and birds. AT night I heard wind break the bot-
tles from every house
and bottles plopped almost to the ground.
On the edge of mountains overpass mountains into scrub
dry sand streams streaming down canals
carrying wind syrup over lower slopes.
In a small city with many jobs, I was undone.
I returned to France.
Ask of the orators and mediamen who makes the ape,
and turn them out.
Perhaps I will remain in the country until winter once
more.

Nothing changes with the fauna. No temperature,
 no weathers.
 moth-fire, moon-shine, snow-rush so cold is, icy.
 The same my mother told me true.
 No one knows the exact spot it may take to start
 the child. That child still in the pasture.
 You meet him in the beginning as well as in the end,
 as sometimes you meet them after the harvest,
 as sometimes you meet them after you leave,
 as sometimes you go back from a fruit-grove
 to hear the voices of the birds on the verge of morn.
 Advertisers want to make money.
 They go with psychology and so create a sort of
 self-talk.
 It's a matter of cost.
 You might have known, if you had been
 past their pause, they might have meant you
 for something, ever since the last August.
 You might have known the weather as being very
 conventional, had they made it happen.
 It was more than anything else
 to be afraid of change.
 You'd have seen something about what you wanted
 to see.
 There's something going on.
 He's talking about trees,
 and the way they stand up and walk
 on the ground underwater,
 the way they stand up and walk
 to the model of a boat
 and know the outcome from the moment they

make it;
as if this is an image of him.
You'd have not been forgiven
if you didn't know better.

49

KAI TAK AIRPORT TO GOWGANDA/GOWGANDA LAKE WATER AERODROME

I drove through the young dark one day and still behaved
through the night with my own two eyes
instead of studying The Illiad
To find the flight path to flight
Twenty centuries hence.
Today I'm not ashamed that I don't know what I'm called
by my own mouth.
I used to roam o'er the hills and dales of Yamokoro
Hamlet and Zama, cities I've never seen
and a good place to live.
Before I'd ever leave the country

I started loving foreigners.
My Chiang Ch'e loved those very long ago,
or so I said.
I've been staying here all these years
at my aunt's favorite haunt,
And I've seen the stuff that goes on
around the coffee table and out of the window,
forgettable O,
as if there's a fig tree that ought to be
stored up with treasure,
and I could tell you what you would find
if you could understand the desert place
Cayun, Cayman, or Charleston
was in the mountains,
Probably the Powder-wah-tong,
probably the Paumanok sound.
My father seemed to float in the head
of the boat in the twilight.
He seemed to be tempted to climb the sound
of the river, his voice reduced
to a sad sound by the sound.
I again was guessing about the dry river.
I thought he'd be in there again.
When he did appear at the door,
the tree moved closer to my face.
He said to my father:
"Look past what you want to see."
My father said: "You don't want to see anything."

50

BEAN BLOSSOM AIRPORT TO
ISHIGAKI AIRPORT

I Want to visit a country like this one?
Is there a lot of yellow in Manhattan?
A little green in Vermont?
On the US road between Vermont and Connecticut
The green grass grows
Fast as the spaghetti and meat of a longtable
BBQ
Ira he is painting theums
The office building is burning down
We can't get any of the Egyptian statues
We can't get any of the vocabulary of Nostalgia
Extended over the world
Just like the colours are changed

And the way is false
We need a new language
A new world to be created
The beautiful adjutant is attitude
The easiest way to become a fairy
The deadliest way to be a pirate
I am very hungry
I live with a metre
And a friend
I live with a metre
And the learning of love is read
Deeper in the breast than the funny music
The mould in the grass is thicker than the words
That it is painted half a line for
As if I found a new tongue
And it had no use for me
O that I could only write
And it has done a good
I would be a messenger
For the last time
I'd be a messenger
For the last time

LOVE COUNTY AIRPORT TO
NEW LOWELL AIRPORT

I love County
Adminstration of the State
smoggy or bright
radiant airline glinting
on terminal roofs winking
grand swansy skies
above our heads
in a concave shell.
Love County
apartmenty cornwy and
lumpy strips of highway
with orchards pleading
for miles

over hills
east of ourselves
beyond the range
of the Border
where the old man's still alive
who loosed the bomb
killed the poppy
in a field near Grandpa's
patterson
and I am thinking
of how I could get better
and no one would
hear me or go away
without hearing
the warnings
like winners
of matches, songs
against the killer who
jumps from the starboard window
of the exterior the bomb
against that other woman
on the bench
in the dark, who is trying
to get me to hear her
no matter what I say
against the time
that is also past
but I am still counting
and the baby
sings in the breast
of the bassarid

in those words
antialinas
against the muted heat
between the leaves
to the leaves
shining under the light
I am not antioch
I am
a refugee
stretched out
on the bench
like a cat
slaughtered
to save its reputation
but the Buffalo
nunc has not burned
the cavitation
of that light
ere it flies
down the sky
a blethering
sound
a not unearthly
growth that requires more
than the plant
lives!
In a minute
the wing of a nuthail
saw
the whole order
of the world

shrink .
just as
a vein
of metal
had been hurt
and taken
the course
of a dwarf
man
whose death
at twenty-one
was due
only to a brain-flickered
inflated one-
by one
by one
but
who,
no matter how,
is no longer
a little stream
mines
slipped
out of
the fragile
skin of
a girling
skeleton
and of the themselves
entered, themselves
to be filled

with something they
needed.

WEEKS FIELD TO HAWARDEN
MUNICIPAL AIRPORT

I charge myself with lies of two weeks' past,
Quiet, and quite quiet, and most wantonly,
Above the flying hours, the perilous night-wind,
And eke the tied knots at the top of the machine.
I could never, never see the sun,
Keep us needing so many prayers for days.
We've lost our homes and farms and parks;
How can we go anywhere, really,
After a sense of the sea,
And a shiver down the mountains steep?
Half my life is beside the sea,
But the rest is filled with rest and home.
Oh, brown old bug is dead,

Dead as my father's favorite word,
The servant with the stick, who did unsee
That the tank was filled, and was on the leaking pipe.
Today a wild wind, a care of the soul,
Lagoes' kindly humourists.
I see you, see you, the affectionate emigrant,
The salvageess, the well-teaspied hostler,
The tapulous, Ionian, the cynical,
Who adapted his life to art.
These are the days that must perish,
These are the days that must degenerate,
Where none may aspire to have what we have not.
Plagued by the intellect, by the strange and direct,
Hung rogue-quavers over janeying streams,
I follow harry.
Father, grandfather, here are my thoughts,
Clearly, strongly, within my bosom.
He is not proud and makes no show of pride;
Nor is he capable of foolish thoughts.
Not able to keep good friends forever.

BROADUS AIRPORT TO
EARLVILLE AIRPORT

Rainy, misty, unsettled is the terrain;
Winds of winter wiped the unsleeping city,
Still, for many an hour, the west-bred people
Wander'd;
The shaded churches and the shuddering factories
Now rose into the air into foggy skies,
In vain the wigwam trembled and stood aghast;
Tho' all the people were gathered in unity,
There was feeling of communion in the atmosphere.
Young men, who for a moment flitted from the telegraph
wire,
Panoramas were put on mental blocks,
With loads of teetering paraphernalia to make them

One knew not which side to urn and sepulchre;
Allah, once a lanthorn, its bursting blossoms unclose,
Lies in its garden, while unused fires they burn,
And a morbid leadenness on earth remains for them.
Nor is that uniform all-resistless hunger of the heart
That makes its own nature her slave?
Nay, but the same imperious, ever-welcome war, the same
Death and torture, that both ends are gaining,
Though mind knows not which is agony, what pain...
This gentle coinage graced
With edible cavities is my present pain,
My past self's too eager to beginle again...
Therefore trust, sir, my trust is true;
And for yours yet to-day i give my heart,
Hopefully to-morrow i give mine back.

54

SQUAW RAPIDS AIRPORT TO PEGGO DEVON CANADA AERODROME

Into the stripped car the thunder storms come:
A spring of mud.
Too much is gone
into the street;
too much to eat.
Dot bags and sticks of
broken sticks like war against insects,
against the left wall
of roof.
The precipice in the glass,
a prickly otter

snapping its jaws
on double points.
Nothing to do but to look.
We chase the fly, of course,
around the gum wrapper
and the pale loose
sandmeal worm jacket
who fly and fall.
We ground our bare fingers
among the razorbladed
wire antennas
hissing their achors
at the end of our lives.
What are we afraid of?
We look at our strings,
what moves in the head of the
bridal—
a pale light on a pot
melting on the tongue of
a child:
a poultice
a scar on my left hand.
And I was afraid of
feeding my young hair to the TV
for they said it was okay
the
last miracle of our lives.
How did we
get here, seek and what,
smiling like the wheels of
an expensive book,

smiling like the windows
on a high building
overlooking the neon
lit mouseless airconditioner
watching over us
like old opera domes
lonely and litillier than
shearing the bells of
the city into our
waismut brains.
You didn't want to
look down, you might've
succeeded, you was
a little American,
wanting American love.
How could I forget
running from the streetcar
to the subway and beyond
the struggle lines
swept back to the station
and returned
to the streets where
you came once
to smoke the male
over the woman's land.

55

WILLIAMS LAKE WATER AERODROME TO TONOPAH TEST RANGE

I am a black bird holding a helm,
Wilso Johnson beautiful and unknowing,
Trundling over a steaming haystack,
Most pregnant with morning, lithe and dotted
In many a heaven and half-moon,
Three babe smiles through thy vast glooming,
Thou flambent core of a dusky stream,
O sister of the swimming beak,
Gone now as all that live shall be.
By snow-line and sun-striped flag
And burning school-bells swollen,

With buried cherries lit,
Thy strait lonesome haven heavy
Underneath the leaning, leant arch
Of thy vast harbors' total sweep;
Now ride thee to mermaid harbor,
To pack-in beside the rock
That sailors, newest of the Gods,
Conveyed you their curds and cheese.
Here lay the ship's powder-wreaths,
The captain himself, the splendor of gold;
Homeward she sailed at home, and reached
The portal of the promontory,
The hand that held the watch and told
What time was immaterial.
I asked no more of her, saying
She was long the same, familiar
In her old loneliness.
But I wanted to hitch a minute
To the house they favored,
That potential in the heart
That asked such a lady
To undress before me.
Three hours on the river and forty moors
Had flecked the azure skirt of mist,
And the long fog had covered the shores of sky;
There were pieces of clothing in the bushes
And glass of the water so pensive and so sweet.
When I reached the river's lip,
Down came some soldiers and the painted boat
Hitched against the charge. One man cut fish
With a sharpened stick under the water,

The other with a hook, and then, using,
As they gathered speed, struck the boat suddenly
And everything shuddered, and shivered in the sun.

56

HOOVER FIELD TO STAVANGER AIRPORT, FORUS

Only a grand and sunny day,
Scarcely Occident, the low and stratosphere,
Prairie and forest of the North,
Continuous sun-dried Green
And perpetual air,
May here be seen.
What is this in us strange and sweet,
O Crazyness of space?
Thrills of the braindots our feet
Robed upon.
Sing Sing, Poetry, Drums,
And Xylophones.
Heavy trees, smooth and tanned

We the clouds aloof
Concealed to air,
And every day the full extent
Of Daylight is taken away
In the FC'd dream of War.
This is the state of the world.
We are not men of words
We are cars, cars
Trailing none other destiny
Perforce we are cars
Which Bailey's words come from
Which Shall I say Is
A thoroughness of intelligence
Which shall I say is a bliss
What is a pleasant life
Is a pleasantness which leads to show
Never to be nor to be
Men's states arise
Are not the same that they were
Whenever.

GREETING FOR ALL SEAS, ALL SHIPS.
(DEANSHIN ON THE BEACH AT DAYBREAK.
FROM
THE JOY OF HABATAN
, 1919.

Used to bring the rain to his lips,
To his lips to create a rain.
Flood-tide below the water
Runs the current of the ocean
Dealing exactly as the water flows.
On the mud the RV's tunneling

Is used to store all the gold.
And the women.
The women and the men,
The women who walk up and down
Expect nothing.

GAINSBOROUGH AIRPORT TO
NOBLETON AIRPORT

Tow'rd the dark-boughed darkness of the terminus
The unifying stars jump pair'd in the sky;
One autopiloted taxi pulls behind the curve
And the noiseless wing-tanks somber-fly.
The sky expands
And thunder rolls,
And the hoarse thunder peal
And the grey streak of rain
Sweeps wetly in the straits
And the sickly drivers' curses.
For, among the clouds of parakeets,
There is a gloomy crowd of serpents,
Dumpling the beach with sallies of light,

That rage for drudgery, for drugs and love,
And tear their flesh
To vein and bone.

HC

Alas, that the cerebral pinch
Of a sick river so close to the sea!
No friendly lighthouse drawing my loving picture:
The line of a scarecrow showing a German gold leaf
Tracing the cold white landscape.

HC

What lieutenant?
You needn't look at me,
I'd just as soon as you.
Here, with a shiver,
Things as they are appear and the shadows that they shed,
Officious, innocent, silent men,
Who, loving the good sense of our vastly different situa-
tion,
Commend the experience of it.

MONSIEUR BERRRIER What an idea.

HUBERT I don't believe in it.

JEAN So you're assuming you're taking me into a
porn affair.

HUBERT I can't put it into anything.

JACQUES Perhaps you're fine, but I have a feeling that I
won't be able to lead you any closer.

58

HAYNESVILLE AIRPORT TO
RED DEER/SOUTH 40
AIRSTRIP

Haynesville
Delta air thrills
toward dawn W.S.
August 20, 1966
The rock airplanes rage
on the wooden birdshade
hostile wings swivel
& stare reeds ripening on green
leaves of grass.
Branwellon
See a giant fly

Article 6
 on the Green Street
 Hall, Boston
 Pylons pull the wires
 to the Atlantic Water Tunnel
 de La Nuit
 They make a plow
 to carry natural gas
 to the "Lunar"
 They burn the oil in Elizabeth
 Barry Bragg
 Here in Massachusetts
 I'll go take my antipodes
 to the church I used
 supply the day I gave my homer
 to a minister of Tongol
 I got him to take me around the world
 and I'm ready to come to die
 pianol, melatonin,
 iodromogenalis
 why the hell
 were you listening to me
 and why are you spitting
 when I'm not spitting
 I hope we'll have a ball
 right here in the bay
 and I like it very well
 Can you stay by me
 Till I'm too old to grow
 old
 Not a cheap old rooster

neither too old
not a meagre
Caribou
can cross the threshold
Oh that's too bad
I know I'm not going to die
and part of me is
hanging around with all the beauty
of the world
like a highfly
to take me home
On a Thursday
in New York
Oh that's too bad
I know I'm not going to die
and part of me is
hanging around with all the beauty
of the world
like a highfly
That's so late
Well, that's very bad
I know I'm not going to die
alone
As I was five years old
And I know that twitching smile
in your mid-journey romantic boy
you need to know anything
You need to know that you are not alone
on the other half of the universe
There are hours
and minutes and hours and hours

where you need to know me again
You want to see me more
and I need to see you more.

59

FLUSHING AIRPORT TO MATAGAMI WATER AERODROME

1.

To start the war on China we drove a big truck with four pull-out skylights, going forward in a bright orange circle. Then we passed the concrete-filled zoo or through the wire-roofed baggage-car, moving with steady motion, turning protected in the awful heat.

2.

I could see from my shoulder, so far up, those seventeen-year-old boys operating off the assembly

line
of the Ton Kumhara hospital in Concord,
New York.
The narrow streets of the El Salvador bakery
were crowded with those who were caught
a moment earlier walking
a perilous migration carrying them
on the verge of the river's
chasm through the white streets of Boule
town.

Three hours after dawn and we could
dance feet-chalked across the bridge,
taunting each other with these wild weather
bills, calling the children down for money
and wearing their colored dresses to see
the thoroughfares of the Juarez streets,
the luxury hotels of the world.

We couldrid them with rain,
stamp their fury into the pocks of the ranchlands,
smoke till the earth would yield
for the borders of our peninsular towns,
then drop us over the deep hills
saying, In this country,
this city, this field, this river, this wood.
The mother yells, and they buckled,
corseted, and they said, "It's only
your breath here, in this country,
you're not supposed to be here,"
and laughed as they gathered themselves
and unfolded their clothes.

You must be here somewhere, somewhere,

this creek or this village, now
a memory of mazes,
and the cross-ties of trees.

60

ROOSEVELT ROADS NAVAL STATION TO ARTHUR MUNICIPAL AIRPORT

What have we only to do with the diamonds,
The silks, the clubs, the slaves,
Our milking was good.
What have we only to do with
The VEOMHULUSSYllables,
Or the white man's destiny,
To take the spoils of a state?
THYRSIS
Do not make me lie
In bed talking of the world,
For I am swerving at right angles

And there is a direct line
To the spot from which I stand,
I am the rhine's edge,
I am the river that helps men
With courage and invention;
The fish is in the sea,
The fish is in the sea.
Seen from the relative wind,
Led by the sun,
I follow the ship's path
And come to the headlands.
Here sleep my trains of eyes
And mulled, close to the sun,
When the attack set,
The red flame led;
I look where they are,
Where the critter was,
There the knife has been.
Foam across the smoky sea
And island underlife,
Here is our death,
Or if lives will rot
And the old dead oversea
We are the dead.
Now who shall calculate
The years of our death?
Beneath the stars we die,
Whose boundless hope is vain,
That so great thing is vain.

BERNARD'S AIRPORT TO
TORONTO AERODROME

Had he not had a more talented tradition
and a more western outlook,
he might have come to Alto,
capital of the nation,
where his songs are dancing
and his lies are as proof
of the civilization that comes
back at Christmas.
This alabanza
against the starshowed and sagging
concrete
as looped lovingly here
and there it is

past residential codex
to the choked paddles
one sees immediately
the plane will take you to
a small town
built from the ancient
enclosure
of a Commodore
about the length of hoses
that were turned
deeper inside than a garage
window
for cigars.

The bare room
as set above me
thinks of a light
sycamore,
a search for clues
in the chalk-painted
pane
of the broken legee of
the corporate shepherd
tomorrow.

Light, the spirit
as it was portrayed
from behind the face
in
this new
tiled space
constructed around the loom
and

the coal's black head
in the medallion
waiting
in the buffao.
Of what is behind it?
A right of bushes
a mushroom and a sword-
fish, the shining helmet
and the hair coolingly
unadjusted.
An immaculate object?
A square of light
seen in the body
of a white man
who has just
begun to forget
and to forget is
equally wonderful.
The power of meaning
is raised by creatures
whose souls,
by rational progression,
have reached
the ultimate level
with the humblest man.
But man
can on no day
understands that
without the ability
to unpossess
the world.

Concerning the Man,
and the horizon,
he is silent.
He is unable
to discover
the world.
He is both patient
and contrarious,
never able
to convince or destroy;
only communication
which can weaken
and destroy.
In the space of this recollection
he has no support.
The man, if he thinks.

EDDONTENAJON/ISKUT
VILLAGE AIRPORT TO EAR
FALLS AIRPORT

1.

This is the lesser of weather, much less the over-arching
experience, can you hear it? Can you hear
the music? Well, actually, yes, but I shouldn't
like it, she was a proper woman,
smole, skinned whites, a
fleish-shepherd, whatever
was that, caught in the vortex of your
revery, a point which caused
the wings to form and azurely against the yellow
flight of stages, the bird with its rise

from the base of the abdomen,
 the total hymn of the crowd,
 Nor is it without cause that the quickest
 particles, the engines of
 the plane, which lie
 hibernial until the night,
 first announced by their tangles ...

2.

Affection is my habit. And
 weren't it a habit
 of mine? I got it from rejection,
 or hate, or boredom:
 for the lay of my home
 stands similarly
 to the demands of the moment.

3.

Still, I liked the animal.
 I don't like me at all. If they knew
 what I was thinking,
 the state of world affairs
 could be less dignified,
 sacred to a family
 not unlike the chickens
 but many like her,
 who understand her,
 whose world
 is not so much science
 as a universe of objects
 loved
 by the spirit. I love
 the part the pyramid

lives in: isolation.
Low life seemed to me
the vestment of a message,
a message kept
thinly hidden
but it made
the city disappear
just as a swallow for air.

4.

And is that everything?
Yes, says the radio,
Everything is just as bad as before,
the sky continuous with signs
of distress, dates retracted
that are dates—the missing
years of the beginning
and the coming down
of the summer lull.
This new energy springs
from the mystery
not the sun but the sun.
We say God is the answer.

STANLEY ARMY AIRFIELD TO MOUNTAIN LAKES FIELD

Jousting with the sun's finger, troops in hot nets
snapped the copperheads off, spilling their huts
on the fairgrounds, and ringing back along the railroad
the bright cars lurk, their engines running.
And some return by planes, their fleshy eyes
burning with hot, unknowable air, as the wires
carrying them away past night, and the smell
of the welding spray rouses your nostrils,
your mouth quickens with the other officers
who share so nocturnal lives in underwear,
pass heavy with whistling winds and spraying
every skunkshoes. And a coyote gives me a crush in a rub-
ber stamp

as if he's hell from the wolf ahead of me. I do not matter. Just long enough to hear the other dogs and the terrier dogs come home through the snow and mark the path an old brown efisher shows me: clockwise, fully clothed, and with a black muzzled and a dark helmet, and a dog-ephelon for a night. This was never your mother, I remember saying, and I believed you; I believed in the efisher and all beyond that, in the etymology of the familiar, and in the hum of the white rabbit, and remembered to leave alone, among the trees, until the end the new year's child had been born, and March, and the new year's running strife. Then she became pregnant, and in the bathes of the creek's middle, in the light and shadow of the bank, were dim, so that none could see her. I couldn't bear to see how she lived. I'd seen her every day, shopping at Genetones, the house where she had lived for thirty years, sitting on the stoop to watch me take my hand away from hers. It was so beautiful of its almost blue, that my hand burned with butterflies.

LAC À LA PERCHAUDE AIRPORT TO GLASGOW AIR FORCE BASE

Leans will end the air as I am, so long ago.
Under the level white wings of so many no one
Spak beside me, so long ago.
Passengers without fare que je m'y a' day.
Governors abroad,
They look for excuses, so they can grutch
Gilly, a distance, a warmth.
So long ago I threw away my suitcase,
Strokes of pills, my habit.
These soups I swallow, they think they're Muslims.
When I admit I am religious, they blame me not.
I tell them I'm Jewish and I'm doing miracles.
I make a beauty of my body, bright and yellow.

If they really believe me, then what's their problem?
I don't care what they think I'm doing.
I'm just a old wheel, boiling water,
Mom, father, fat, the son, my wife, my brother,
My mother, my sister, and my favorite
Old neighbor.
Nothing I want to do will come to nothing.
I'll be doing my job, singing a song.
I'll be lucky if they make me bored.
And I will be black like you and I'll be lame.
I will be the black man who wins the race.

65

HALIFAX CIVIC AIRPORT TO BOLLING AIR FORCE BASE

Light morning, foggy panorama, sky a blue
passure bending through the state, Army Building
Army Week beginning again, First Air Cavalry
Division's Road, an old factory's smell
Smell of sulfur and gasoline, Industry's
smugness penetrates
my throat, coughs my brains, dust clogs my lungs,
Neat smell of dust in the air, old friend Ol' Mossberg
appologetic symphones & beautiful empty eyes
How many children've cancer, how many men cancer?
How many women caught cold, limbless?
How many fathers in jail for working illegally?
How many black men tested for Nothony in Du Khalaw

How many pounds of pot seized & sold on street, prison
boats & hungry banks?

How many scholars and doctors, doctors and engineers?

What divine congressional investigation will ever undo

All these decades of calumny, injustice,

brainwash, jail?

– 1966

Published in:

High Times,

no. 225 (May 1994), p. 36.

Nashville April 8

Crescent faces row-tiered hanging

balconied face the great red

Striped flag podium microphonic reverberation

from one body outward

breathed painfully from rich suited abdomen

– mouth opening circle of white teeth – bells

clanging

Taillights along the Nashville city edge –

In the leather car, acrid perfume

sucked in the lung,

Majesty of Speech and Chant, on the lawn

Under the streetlight

dry grass crowded with sweating college shirted blond

& forehead-starred' Semite singing –

In the far cities riot under the Spring

moonless midnite Black Power.

–April 8, 1967

Published in:

Spectrum,

vol. 5, no. 3 (Spring 1967), pp. 24-25.

After Wales Visitacione July 29 1967

The Great Secret is no secret

Senses fit their rosy winds -.

66

FORT ST. JOHN/TOMPKINS MILE 54 AIRPORT TO RCAF STATION PENNFIELD RIDGE

I drive between gas stations
without regular route tickets no
registration for 30th annual dividend
signed against a manufacturer of aircraft ads
All commerce activities, all railroad
holidays, all pickup snows
I drive 70 miles to promote poison
misdischened pollen, hardcore
piney fever, dank sewage,
blacken-eyed endangerment
My mother said to me No childhood

are so engrained in the house that
I never want to go back.
Every so often, at least,
I had an air of mystery,
a place to go, a familiar room
is a room where the heart had
capacity only of those who
wander downstream, to a place
more suitable to suffering than
to thrive. That is the idea
of the world emerging from us,
that we are each people
part of the general equation,
that being there is somehow
simply a place
floated above the bars of
a heart like that which carries
you here, a place of your self
and I, the others, in that
which is called a place. It is
this that engages the favorable
distortion of our losses . . .
It is this that shuts up the streets.

67

GOWGANDA/GOWGANDA LAKE WATER AERODROME TO GANADO AIRPORT

YES, yes, the landing is wide,
Sir, it's narrow, crippled,
One says of the city:
"Bend
The leg-bar of this city o
In the narrow street Buffalo
The statuary
Of this one's own face
Is not yet met
On that part of the world
Which is the sphere of my body

harboring the same
 iphitheic planet
 As if that should be the same
 frail as the octopus
 The slender body of a warrior
 glazed by the oily wind
 Reality is so like the life of sea
 which resembles nothing else but the need
 to make a sound.
 'tis the sound of a wing breaking
 The rush of wings
 Beyond the tinny water.
 In the private schoolyard
 There was a bird
 which flew away,
 This was the way to say
 I burst
 Another huge dragon to make you dance
 Thy huge dragon weighs
 So the sky is filled with the sound
 Cow people dance
 In the heat
 To each other
 In the sound of a bell
 The sign of the chameleon
 4th generation
 Is a ferret
 Is a squirrel wait
 Until the snake leaves
 As the periscopes leave the village
 And the bird leaves, and carols

Drive the dark of the cedar,
Minting the green with sorrow,
With which he may rest,
Periphering the diagram
5th generation
The tree is light
The sun is extinguished
Makes the trees look Bordo
Saillets are of two kinds
The carriers love each other
6th generation
Is a forest once again
Spring is coming
How shall the world be over
One day the lunatic man
Who denies himself has become
The forest once again
I shall see him as in pictures
Never can I see her naked
Again
She is lying on the surface
Rolling up, the leaf
Ragged, the color of a sling
Rises from the waves of her robe
Again
She is kneeling
On the ground
Where the waves are led.

DOHA INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT TO RALEIGH
MUNICIPAL AIRPORT

Because I'm not really a businessman
I take a nap on a king's bed, which is the same
as the king's one night affair. Because I'm not a man
I do not venture into an unt privacy of my own
like a woman using her body to carry babies.
I go, I sleep, I play the piano. I am the administrator
of the radio program, which consists of repeated play
of the question: is the program really about the human
being?
Of course it's about the human being: everyone's just
aventing joy. "Let's us crush the lizard,"

we say to the sky. Star-spangled banner:
 "The Lives of Immigrants: L lives in climes so sweet,"
 because we will not admit that we are not alone,
 but we are so very like our friend, so very like our own,
 they'll never let us be "default."
 And then, because I'm into this unfamiliar business
 my father says, "Let me tell you what I like about Jesus,
 but he wasn't killer like this," and I say, "Yeah,
 but he was a killer?"
 And my mother says, "Well, Jesus is called killer,"
 and my father laughs
 "He's the son of the bitch and [son of the damned
 and this is the joy of the damned."
 So I say, "Oh, mother,
 but is your true husband?"
 "No, but my true husband was killer too,
 and also risked life."
 "Now she's raising liars in our city,
 and I am out of the paper."
 "And I am an anarchist,
 and the only arab of an anarchist school
 is a young girl—
 sometimes she calls me "darling,"
 and I don't know where she's coming from,
 or what she's got about,"
 or for the fun of it-.

LOSEY ARMY AIRFIELD TO HUGHES AIRPORT

A letter to the Army comrade after a long
slow flight,
I stand at the screen window with a small panorama
of sorts, of things seen and unseen, that fill
the air of a time that will not come again.
A man with a yellow bolo-bat
stands forward then, glancing at the page:
a ship is sinking, the number of the dead,
And three boys on a wing overhead
thrumming their tentacles
and a cabin in italian.
Do they look like parachute bags
exploding from the stumps?

Do they look like suicide?
Do they look like children
beyond all crying?
Do they look like giant sapphires
piercing the sky?
Do they look like the policemen
from underpants and ragged
striped guns
that aim at people
in shopping malls?
The jeep's tail lights
the toupari of a cigarette,
the E-flatulent tail
of the guitar banjo
that waits in the smoke.
An old man catching fireflies
on the porch at night
watched the S-boats,
the foul-smelling virgins
crying over the spot
that the captain's reflection
in a pink bubble
in the bridge-tunic.
No one was there, it was
time to go down to the river.
They drove the pick-ups
for which the driver in the tweed
sang "I'll get you
to the hospital,
the first time"
and the drivers of the cars

rubbed their heads
and snarls
not angry or nostalgic,
but precise and quiet.
Like buying a ticket
on the hop-shop table,
getting to Médames
to fling the bait
in a stripe of red.
Alas, alas, the wheels,
the flesh, the wiry track-
flicker of the fog,
but themen of Wissex,
they've been everywhere,
even in the chimneys.

1. THE NEEDLE

"Neath the grain of grass that grows.

DOUBLE JJ RESORT RANCH
AIRPORT TO PALMIETFONTEIN
AIRPORT

Trees overturned, thin frame rods over gaps lit by fly-mist.
Hunters bloody, slanted headlights, campioned planes
bridge static. A plane grates half the height of the town,
pulls back traffic lights. The [U+FFFD] alog's orange roofs,
glimmer shells glitter in the sun, round ruins shown
through the driverless windshield. A boy plays
with his heart, says to his teammate, and the captain
looks down smiling. The rest of the crew is
spent to work on the plants and the vines. He says,
they keep walking to keep theirches
alive. The vulgar, miserable man

that they are, saying nothing as they travel between
the teeth of their captains. And the young girl,
dreaming of nothing, because she is worthless,
the shell of a lonely sea-cat, something between
the teeth. Who is the male whose bite
bleeds back its scales? Who is the female
who kisses the neck of an eunuch? What makes
the lovely man whole? Just imagine one
pot of parsley and mint, white roots
shining like eyes of a young girl—
the way a receding child might:
they sniffed out their father's breath,
and sent him to bed with a string,
believing he would be warmed by some warm fluid.
In his wild dream, he was burned back to
normal, but a crawling shape he made could
harbored on a stronguing sky. Deeply,
we feel the terror of the fact that he is dead.
Time begins to sink from the matter of his life
with something like the frequent use of wild animals
lying here, distracting us from our own face.

71

WEST MESA AIRPORT TO
NORTHOLT AIRPORT

Light plane speeding overhead, passengers asleep
Electronic-minded, ready
to catch up the minute-to-hour bus,
Singing amid the bush-of-pearl
LEDGE BOOKS, Big Book Books, Mather's
Dog Stories, Straws
,
A Thruway Look, Pollock's
Seven Most Reasons,
A Universe's Seed,
as
My Own Representative
Call Me

Thermal
Thou Reader

,
Through the plane
for Cruisinge

,
IF THAT IS YOUR WORDING ALONE
First printed New York
Herald
, 18 March 1888; then
1888, 1888 Complete
and
LG 1889

.
A VOICE FROM DEATH
First printed New York
Herald
, 27 May 1888; then
1888, 1888 Complete
and
LG 1889

.
SOON SHALL THE WINTER'S FOIL BE HERE
First printed New York
Herald
, 21 February 1888; then
1888, 1888 Complete
and
LG 1889

.
WHILE NOT THE PAST FORGETTING

Blodgett and Bradley
note that the date of publication (30 May 1888) provided by
Whitman has 'not been substantiated'. The poem appeared
in
1888, 1888 Complete
and
LG 1889

.
THE DYING VETERAN
First primed
McClure's Magazine
, June 1887; then
1888, 1888 Complete
and
LG1889

.
NOTES FOR PP.

540-43

STRONGER LESSONS

Appeared in

LG 1860

as part of

Debris;

then as a separate poem, with the present title, in

LG 1867

. It was then dropped from further editions until

1888;

and appeared in

1888 Complete

and

LG 188g

.
A PRAIRIE SUNSET
First printed New York
Herald
, 9 March 1888; then
1888, 1888 Complete
and
LG 188g

.
TWENTY YEARS
First printed New York
Magazine of Art
, July 1888; then
1888, 1888 Complete
and.

QUILON AERODROME TO AIR
PARK SOUTH

Say, what rings the golden hour?
does the winged morning wing;
Doethion's thundrous torch,
or zealot's expectation stiff?
advertising the wind
twin silver spout
reverberates the beads
behind the leaves
in the mirror of alpine snow;
Doethion dancing in his tent,
musing on flight.
thunder and rain
in a globe of twine,

Seed-babies that would never be
out of control
burnish the empty field.
You are a tree that would never get
out of hand.
You are a weed that will never bore
the fire nor change in the seed.
You are a root that will never recover
in the furious
completely.
You are a throat that has no speech
and no tongue.
You are a bottle
that has no juice.
You are a sun you cannot see
but you are the tree that feeds
the hungry.
You are a pastime for an old mind
achievable to find
Now the grimy grey cat
howls at the dawn
and the browne-knee is dead.
Deal with the positive
rather than the negative.
If you must make your sister cry
you will be less.
If you must smile.

73

ARMSTRONG/WAWEIG LAKE WATER AERODROME TO DOG CREEK (EX. RCAF)

You make your ahul haole all about me.
As far as the eye could see, an Apple
traps the mountainside.
As far as the wind could blow,
The new world knew you.
As far as the sun could blow,
The new world knew you.
But when we met,
The Zarathahs,
They showed us
garlands and starcocks

Crying: "Makalalala,
 Open the gate,
 the moonlight begins."
 When we came to Moab,
 The hunger's prefix cordial,
 The lust to matter fuse?
 Damascus,
 Zalmon,
 Zalmon
 The terror of the limitless,
 The radius of the lips...

Let's see the child
 the human
 and the inhuman?
 Let's see the fair
 and the ugly
 mangled.
 The hunger of the dead
 is a contemporary POW.
 Hare Krishna
 said the priest...
 "Vajraya,
 may allah!"
 Chibiabos
 he wept for his fellow-women.
 "Et tulpu," he said,
 "Niqimong,
 di me tantu"
 back again among the dancers.
 The gun went off,

The child shivered a little
From anger and sorrow.

I scrubbed the burnished image
Of the youthful martyr
And I kept it in my portfolio
So that I could list alone for crazy people
Who swore that God had been good to them
Before that senseless passion ended.

I'd like to believe that the world is young
And the future is bound to be lovely
And I would rest me here in a syringa
Of the old vision, from the time
When the world was a young woman
Watching my lover limp
In the tub, in the clerestory,
At a tender gaze, in the cool
And shabby twilight of the shopping mall.
If the world is a garden, let me put my hand
To a young woman or a young man
Or put my face to a woman's ear
Who might tell how a young woman.

74

BARKERVILLE AIRPORT TO TAGBILARAN AIRPORT

Dragons of Saint Augustine,
Glide over the clannish waves,
like the river floods
Are lifted by the Latte in spring
to the churches on the banks of our shore.

August 20, 1978

August 17, 1978

The Entrails of the Dead

First published in

TNS

by Christopher MacGowan,

Bunny

(1992), and then

Sunday Times
, 19 November 11).
A flock of birds
by the highway
At dawn,
Birds of the Shift
(1972),
Soft Suzanne
(1984),
A Girl's Wives
(1988),
Or The Unfamiliar
(1992).
Follow the Penguin
Press
, 2000.
The Writers
, 1958
First published in
Old Age Echoes;
Edited by Jean Hartley Cooper;
ed. ISI Press
, 1994.
To William E. Channing
"Pageantry and Age"
Chang!
p. 784: First published in
Old Age Echoes
(1952).
Criticism
If so, give Epsilon

, [U+FFFD]onic
acres:
topaz.
Welshbewilders
: Cf. Flaherty,
Death of Love
, i. 175; tonic,
TNS
, 23.
Forson
, 11.
Dealing with My Page
Contents of Anthologies
"Untitled Sonnet"
Chang!
Preludes
, Spring 1958
The Poetry of Ezra Pound
, with its round & flattened
about-line rhyme scheme.

75

CFB ST. HUBERT TO PORT ALICE/RUMBLE BEACH WATER AERODROME

I leave you behind you, I wish to spit upon you,
For the grindstone that leaves this mole on the rack.
I make your heads braided and bald where it's cold,
A tongue screwed to your ribs that's been living bumps
And has to say goodbye like a damp tongueless wind.
Ladies and gentlemen, ladies and gentlemen,
Doware you, we're standing by the stream yet,
So the branch turns in its sleep.
I leave you behind you, in the glint of the sword,
Delving its heart with your own hands,
Saving the painless stealing of the sea.

Now the miles unite, and the road breaks forever,
 And they swap moonlight for light, and starlight for sun,
 And the wheel goes black.
 Now the ferry draws across the brine,
 And blue mist towers up the glade,
 And time beats on.
 Oh, hear the pontic float
 Where the old ones spin.
 Oh, hear the pope's voice!
 The genuflections of the wise,
 The glory of the young,
 The skill of the poet,
 The quail's gait,
 Is a little like the whirl of the machine
 Under the grass.
 Hey, that's a funny thing.
 That's not people's phrase.
 Sweet, sweet, sweet!
 Look at the way,
 The sun shines through the curtain,
 And the shadows of the lovers
 Melt into the grass.
 It is their posture
 That gives the sign—that leads the thought;
 Their shadows, still touched by light,
 Move closer under the grass.
 To this one myth is dedicated
 The unagacious walker
 In the green morning,
 Before the distance
 Bends, but not

To our walk,
Children make such plans
And the birds, above the trees,
Bird with antler
And banner
And evening star.

76

CHAPLEAU WATER AIRPORT
TO TESLIN WATER
AERODROME

POUR MOUNTAIN DIRECTION
rawdownloadcloneembedreportprint sun light
to waft round the bottle
of just so much leaf
per vocation
four destinations
energetically self-sufficient
light for all
systems that are built
and controlled
by general operating

secretly I go here
As one who walks dreaming
endeavouring rain
finds himself alone
with all the lights on
THE MIND HESITANT
?

Across the sea the mind
homesmouths
polished moles the clouds
to the left, finally
horizoned by the sea,
clear water—
one mountain, the walls
surrounds—
Fissured air
and heat
to repose it
in
a clean white uniform
almost the color of martinis
pronounced so differently
by the same bearers?

THE ENCOUNTER
How I heard your voice
Saying about our
disarea
horses
in the wind
The new squirrels
crowd the shop

on the south side
perilously
announcing their new leagues
above the woods
that hides the elephant
horses

Across from us
the rocking trees
the barren sky
and the ground under
the paving stones
to remind us
of that cold strangers
we have pooled,
fished and croaked
our imaginations
barely able
to make each other
and the streamer
tossed upon the wind
melt into the river
to go
where there is no
doubt
about it.

TWENTY-SIX GREETINGS

Migrating birds
streaming bushes
the wind
directly

to the left
for the long
winded highway
between Newark and New
New Haven
express
roads
from here
to there
by the Hudson
with the narrowly
sulfered
water . .
Elena is screaming
she is
sitting across
the table .
Why does it make
your mouth.

77

SWAN ISLAND AIRPORT TO
LUPIN AIRPORT

Sparrows tap your brazen boardinghouse bell,
nair planes roar over Crosspole next door.

July 1975

Baul Song

"Got whore for a bird whobird?"

Your host, we don't get enough,
Planning to Flower St. at Church,
you wrote us up a letter about
Rocky Mountain News

,

the

Week

and

Palestine News

,
all of the Radio Personality Awards,
Not Guilty Furlong, not just any old buzz
to let us look and tell you what you thought
was

Fucked

by us.

You

know what I think?

The fear of change, of change of death?

I don't like my old plain clothes,

the fishpie, the marriage thing,

like you would do for one you loved.

What would I do? Go in my overalls,

with a big stick, the same as when the cows
bloomed in the Bay Area?

Kill whatever killed the pigs, even those
that didn't care about swine.

Let's glory the truth of nature

while we waited for the next avalanche

to prove us.

Operation Crame and Operation Cable

I give you something ... something

that Captain Queeg is wearing

on his belt.

Sources:

New York Times

and

Palestine News

,

Fact

,

Journal of F. Scott Eclogues

,

The

World Report

,

Money

,

This Magazine

,

The

Times Literary Supplement

,

Food Check

,

Mississippi Valley Review

,

New Letters

,

The North American Review

,

The Paris Review

,

Ploughshares

,

River Styx

,

This Magazine

,

The Times Literary Supplement

, and
viceVersa

.

Also published in:
Camp Kerouac,
Dear Susan,
The End of the Era

,

and
The Vicar.

JUANA AZURDUY DE PADILLA
INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TO
HALIBURTON WATER
AERODROME

A mere Americans waving from immigration tables,
I take my first flight with Mathew;
I fly from one American town to another,
The I who now am am nothing, after all,
A planet, a captain, a silvery rope.
I am neither—
I am the captive space
Of a frightened horse that loses its heart.
This is the captain who failed

To find his own
Key to the mysterious words he used.
This is the key
That now is mine: down the dark,
Empty, curved from the tip of my fingers,
I believe my dream is real.

79

EASTEND AIRPORT TO EMBARRAS AIRPORT

Smog trucks down Highway 99's
Mexican traffic jams include Garbage Truck,
Beenas Bar's neon in rain mist,
Industry's trashy, smoggy tar,
The Mexican-fancote wrappers, plastic bags,
The Hercules
in the National Guard parade
Hadda be written in blue
Report to U.S. Marine Offensive Operation Hastings
Language language
escalating
Scandal in North Vietnam
"Boe"

Dutch Americans shooting down
Indians
never outnumbered, almost nothing
by even 1
Radiaphilloa's coalition dominated
with every fifth faction
Major deif endorsed Roosevelt and the
Democrat Party
equally
"Roosepanade"
...
"Clio online."
...
"Charming. . ."
Indian sages
thought Gandhi
really had brains
Then
real time history knew Smat with
well-befited
Walt Whitman?
Walt Whitman?
"So basically, everything from me
were too taut
hesitating, too fatiguing, too
hypipatic."
Got no Minotaur
for you?
Who am I? Saliva,
offer me some
Coleridge slices.

"I'll try shrimp tacos."
Oh well
I'll never go to jail
Big family Mormon
smoke the wall
throughout the world.
They don't give me any room
to make a home, they don't give me
a person to call.
They don't give me a little room,
to call me "Superior City,"
meaning the largest concentration
of the gang,
without much accent
to learn the words,
or to read the news.
Or what have they done?
It's no wonder
they're rugged, so,
restlessness is what they need—
to be the gritsman of realities, a shrewd leader
who can't make hollows
And who knows neither of West and North.
Prophetic joys of the faith, oh it can't
be limited to this:
after the party,
after the show,
after the movie.

PEEKSKILL SEAPLANE BASE TO
HALIBURTON WATER
AERODROME

S.S. at night, above the empty town,
boats steamed through the darkness, sawing at the sea
the stars and bridges frozen in the sky;
the very deep snow stretched all night below.

To walk back into the Research Unit
smiling at the research table
talking about this second digit
hand I gave you.

Light, and concrete, and sunlight,
hear the traffic burn off Woodward

Saw the bus go dark
you sensed it before you reached
the Research Package door
on the left half street crowded
with about two
suspicae and nameless plants
an identical volume
of poetryacks you found
on the table where you handed
a ruby glass bottle
to Mabel
to Honey in the kitchen
to Maria's Boy
She was shy, invisible, pulp
in the black plastic tray,
but sweeter than
rind and oil the song
I gave you Black
and white Cheer
I gave you praise
and the dstg green
teas of long limbs
from my previous lives
and all the ironies that bound
you blinded into golden light
by the silent golden horn
that called you
lustrous
in the grass at the end of the field
and the grasses at the edge of the grass
knowing you will

no longer be silent
and the lightning
makes your voice free
as it does my voice
and it seems to me
even when the moon
its old silence breaks
and the moon splits down
and the forest turns to salt
I am happy
yet I am silent
I am wishing
that active
inward
in the per-
honest moon
I am busy
but I am not
happy who I am
After a while
it is good
to be double
trickling the air
by straws
snowing themselves
into ripples
bellowing under the light
and the trees
grow loud
since the world
is young

and the air
beyond forty-one
When I was a boy.

81

WILLOWDALE AIRFIELD TO TAMPA BAY EXECUTIVE AIRPORT

Is this random, experience, again,
the dark application of the moment, two seeds, yes, two
seeds, lit, no, nothing but two, the total
indelible bat-set of will
in the total eclipse of the world, over-
the vast, opposed lake, past the vast point
of the land's drawl-de-lal, the lot
of the huge and fallen tree-tops—rawls
goes on. In the odorous air in that park
the star-ax, the anchor, rises fast and calm,
so clear you could see the feather on the ghost

of the remote arabydic wild where the grasses
 have been recently beaded, where the arroyos
 have also been known to lie there, rustum's
 daughter, somewhere west
 about the rate of knots, a lively
 look, the way they raised the ax here once and for
 years, and that the luckless knot were loosened
 here, also, by their course? The arroyos are
 far south, and the tide is short.... Aleksandr Blok
 espied beau, the musician, too,
 yes, the Mansfield Pike. I seen him first in the trellises,
 left off the boat, and first came back after.
 IELCRIS Crispin, and locked into memory
 of a new truth, and thus, without a freshening,
 inevitably scorning, the element
 it moved toward. Stilled, or overfilled,
 there was never a slower drive, and the steeper
 the faster the system, and the lessening.
 Crispin is one who, in this way, distends
 his sense olden, procured, from a trivial
 and singular missive that moves to destabilize
 the relationship. Too single,
 too single, don't try to take one with the nest
 of birds, any more than you can
 hand your tires, or break up.

LAKE ROSSEAU/WINDERMERE
WATER AERODROME TO
PUKATAWAGEN WATER
AERODROME

I want to go where winds blow winds blow winds of the
ocean
by terrain, ride in the storm, with a little lightning
flash in my companionship. I want to go
up to the Loch Elly or up to the Fordie!
Lock the door, Lariston, open the door, I
am coming down the hall, I am your mother, my
homer is called, he is called Multument, we
are on our knees before God, waiting

for the funerals.

So, the more we work and the less we talk the better we will get.

Backstage is where they play their games, that the audience buys mistakes but forgets that the point is making the audience laugh.

This is a predictable world, I predict, toward which they are guided, not selectively, but somewhat in a way.

I have no idea what the measuring mean, but I know it is qualitative.

Childhood is a strange place where I feel farther away than where I want to go, nor does it embrace the taste of particular pleasures, such as the car of others, or the time we want to be remembered, tentatively, to establish a new stage.

Digitalalads, they are people who believe in an beyond, that someone else is equal to the same things, and if they sense that their life has been shortened by a stroke of death, they feel that it is a stroke of god's attention, and like his seals upon the work of hire and salt, they lay them down and can't see much of the world here, dificapable masses of dishevelled substance, tumultants,

justly crewingened from the center of
the earth.

But they would not talk of the reason
for being so tense.

They would not make the snow
altar of their voices,
tonguing with the very
grammar of how they feel
and also, could they?

They could not imagine
the downhill slope of love,
the roaring in the wind
of beautiful and terrible.

JANTZEN BEACH SEAPLANE
BASE TO FALLS CHURCH
AIRPARK

A ribbon of blue around the corner
Congeals around the perimeter,
And on the mirrored floor,
A chair and a bag.
One person peels on the
Buoy Store and offers
A card of flower.
Outside the window,
A sunlit sky
Shines on the back yard and is reflected
Silverly with each shade.

An axis of depression
 Is cleft, in the center of the earth.
 This might be the spot where Miles Davis
 Stood on the ballot trail for a presidency he lost.
 A scientist is gathering information
 Inside a starfish, glass-dipped,
 For the study of lightning lightning.
 Lightfolded, unmelted,
 That the golden age slept or dreamt
 Like a baby that the seahog
 Stopped in its tracks to see what dreamed the dreamt
 Next.

4.

And nothing: the cross slides down the churchyard
 By a car, snow drifts across the road, the flakes
 Flutter, falling on the linoleum floor.
 Going down the road, they wear
 Raw cotton clothes, stiff boots, then
 Strong and slick, like captains of cloth,
 Ready to ride.

5.

Even yet, this breeze,
 Even yet, and these coins
 Flying in their hands
 Speak of the old merchant-merchants' trade
 With the town and the sea,—
 Favour or danger, chance
 And change, being one thing,
 Proscribing happier thoughts
 Than plenary sophistries.
 These, that wear

Their first clear weariness,
Grow faint and die;
And when they are gone, yet remain
Matched with their first sweet spark.
?are you then, then,
So many and so soon,
So many already fled?
Yea, they will stay, till winter's freak
Turns them back to wholesome clay?
Who, hour by hour, in elysian lands,
Is closing pond'rous houses
With dim, dusky twilight.

84

JOHNSTON ATOLL AIRPORT TO CALEDONIA/GRAND RIVER WATER AERODROME

O.

6 A.M.

The gargling bodies of Philip Larkin and the wood-dioning
maids rose-cheeked and white, rosed and plumage-dressed,
before us paused abruptly to circle around

We stood in line waiting to take the ferry to the
Orlieans, who spoke strangely if you bowed your head
concededly, and greeted us with kind words.

wages

wanted to be repaid, – burdens that have never
ended, – an inferior offer.

What's a rake of water,
written on something else's face? We
could have called out to the dogs from before,
but as we went, the lights changed and
the mist came in, raising a crescent
of air, around our heads.
Was this a giveaway or a sign? I found no
returning force.
Damage was done at sea—but
no one noticed. The women who made the first rush
saying, Like you, I'm coming back,
mean it's gone, give me a ride somewhere,
back to my car, my deck, forever back
to my story, a stranger's
heart, its numb body
whispering your name.
Leads out all unrecognized news:
the young wives
coming into the car, the young
husbands, their mouths living for the sacramental
joy, "Christ bring
the glory of his gospel to this world,"
as if this is the sort of thing
they've been waiting to hear, and
shouldn't have heard,
until
they were too tired to look just
closer
to the sun, to look around,
to say Just what?
Should've said I wonder

what I just thought
the like of you
what I thought you like
Then he leaned over and kissed
the back of your head
and said I'm glad you liked
that
Music!
Wa-rrrrrrrrr-.

LONG BRANCH AERODROME
TO RAND AIRPORT

Somewhere or other, either way,
blank clouds move over gray Atlantic winds.
Towers under the sea.
Clapper'd helmets play.
The wild wind comes:
Sphinx, small and stupid,
pirts along the aire,
seagulls, whales of ice,
rising from the abyss.
Old man,
elingewright,
you were glad of your bunny.
Did you?

Now, at load,
I look for milk, but nothing.
I poked the cap on the jug
and it squiggled back up to the safety belt.
I shave,
with a cliff of steel,
my head.
The grinding of a shutter
and a nagging propeller
pulls me into the face of the whistle
like a stone statue.
I have a hat
which I thought
would be nice
to hold.
Instead it was a saddle
entangled
with a chain of candles.
Missed another friend,
who said he was interested
in the story but turned out
wrong.
When he was taken to the precaution
of fire, his face
was pale
and his lips
were formed
like frogspawn.
That was back when I first saw it.
A little later,
not nearly half the way

down the river,
I had to give it up.
It had been
a long time since
having it and
which was no accident
of birth or sickness
but something
structured
that would become
a moment
of intense music
that would
outtake the present,
even those
dizzy
and fragile as house
wrecked
in a quick
wreck
in the water.
I had to guess what saw
us here—
I who
brought the book
to know
what I had to know
about my own death,
if it knew
anything.
That year

I published The Collected Poems

november, 1919.

I wouldn't have walked

uphill to old Madison

without seeing

severions of you

r days.

You saw me clear

and unfazed

the many ways

I tweaked my face.

ISLAMABAD INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT TO KALLANG
AIRPORT

White dust
over parking-lot, red cars crawl
under Taroolbay-Unity Tower,
blue and white women's wings waver
beyond the logic of numbers,
this air-show of European coppers
well above the world for ground,
no wonder that's the Italian border,
this dust-hill of the trestle
between two points of compass,
this China box, this red floor

peaked by the thin needles of
abandoned windows, this cross
whose light throws no shadows
when it is full: no trees,
no mountains, this sounds beyond
the imagination, this dust
that could be knocked out
and this would be
the universe!

Petals of a flower
playing in the glassy lights
of the tiny fluorescent light
before the died, the dying,
the dying richelieu
when the name is revealed,
it will be remembered,
the name again and again
familiar in the ear, even when
the exact name is forgotten.

87

NAHANNI BUTTE WATER
AERODROME TO BELLE CREEK
AIRPORT

JUNE

Shining under the lamp, trackless
Flight sucking
the air back behind,
Between the smog and glass sea,
Between ivy and laxer wood,
Come down to me
there where the road
east from the right
Chances, like changing
chances, coming down

break full and raging
fly the farthest
Breaking down the middle
of the journey
intricate
What are the rules?
Oh never mind them
they are the greatest
Rules but the worst
No one over thirty
shits with
flight.
Come here
Begins to die
Let us make love
Let us take it back
let us give it back
let us know it
to the Ambassador
National Guard
Israel
Hex-eyed anti-Semitism
the yellow brick
photo rolls
for Jews
Butte
Upstate New York
The people
the people have made me
a beautiful flower
dripping behind

the journey
of the savage
I am beautiful
I am a woman
little Native
a child
lying in the field
tar apart
for joy of childbirth
unless
I am beautiful
I am a woman
patterned
whenever
I am beautiful
I am
owed to be
as raw
and catholic
as any dower
and caught
as a fish
and walked
out of infinity
without
water
I am a woman
and all that
was a flower
and flouted
far away

in the traffic
of the night.
The road
sends us
arm in arm
beginning
to sing
baby
to stammer
and I am
a woman
and
a tree and
a cross
I am
a word
and
a prize
for the face
of the thing
and my
flower
to sing to
and to
be sang
more
when
at home
and at war
where love
is lost

that's what
I am
woman
and not white
but white.

KRAKÓW-RAKOWICE-CZYŻYNY
AIRPORT TO NORTH FIELD

I am, I am, I am the,
I am the, the, the, the, the,
Father,
Father,
Father,
Father,
Father,
Father,
Father,
have no more to be said,
Here is inside the one that,
Here are its hairs,
Here are its palm,
Here are its arms at their nature,

May be its master
 World of Work
 Words
 Words
 Words
 About how this word
 Is not attached to,
 As in this story
 The weave of the rais'd vine
 About the neck of Samsara
 The chi-tiblat of the Magistrate
 Of the river
 Over the threshold of the Enrique
 Of three men, one of them
 American good
 And one of them Mexican
 I nant
 When they were done
 With the Mexican gold
 They left and the flow
 Stood there like a golden storm
 On the evening of the flood.
 There was the river's reflection
 Turning aside from the motor-car
 Roar of the wind from the crest of the Sierra Nevada.
 And the end of the river
 Where the tumble-cat started
 When the wind began to blow
 One can only take means to destroy
 The life of the imagination.
 In the end the imagination

NORTH FIELD

Is not victorious,
Is not powerful, is not complete.
Yes, the real horse cannot be rider
And long-legged street-bred gentlemen
Hold lightly HRP, and sell that horse
For a few pounds and change your underwear.
For an end to this
Earth's animal
I call the horse Rappice
,
The horse that God gave him
For a way to live.
And I shall live forever,
I shall live until I laugh,
I shall live until I cry
From my throat I shall breathe from my skin
And the bells of my body call:
The world has ended
Flowering in laughter
Inside the open grave.
I call my father
And he calls me Mary,
Mary
.
I say:
Love,
And my love,
And my life.

LYMPNE AIRPORT TO
ARNSTEIN AIRPORT

Leaving the DOK E. "Grand Central Station"
worn shoulders, child ears, wings, head finally away from
me,
insects crawling up hydraulic levitation
& out into the terminal, tide below sea flow
–in a strain of absurdity on the accord music–
my other arm that left hand punching pained it out,
one fist down for a moment, heavier
and then away again, along the giant ground
the metal wings of birds disappear,
as vanishes into the symbolic woods.
And the real meaning of these trees
depends on what you believe

to live inside your body, Bay Creek
calls your name. My father's wheelchair
glides from the kitchen to the bedroom,
his whole body
shadowing him, disappearing
into the bedroom's other red shadows
until he's the sitting-darkness
of the moon, and I'm the one
who's left behind in the dark room
because whatever made her
Magic
(though once she was no longer magic
and meant nothing), I'm still
the victim of logic, fire, and chaos
Related to the helpless and numb,
and loving the crap
Who's been doing and not
anybody is,
including me, which is lots of
foolish making hundreds
of mistakes in the lives
of scientists, quickly
not saying anything, even bringing
the monster down, for which
we're doomed. And no admiring ear
will ever hear of him,
except for the cool flashes
of his rusted mustache
and the quiet walk with him
to the theater
in the middle of the night,

where the loose hooks
dance on the inexpensive gold plates
like the glistening shoulders
of a youth, dancing
to the spell of his own voice,
and dancing
in his shirt, windmaker
and windbreaker and heartbreaker.

XI'AN XIGUAN AIRPORT TO ST.
CHARLES AIRPORT

Tuan xiguan stands outside the airport city of jiang-kong,
 Tuan Xiguan held his people preparatory,
 From top of Kwi-kwang mountain, I new pilgrimage
 By foot to Kweg'i river,
 via the S-shaped sandals of the eminent
 Wiang-piao.
 I depart from Tchingon
 On the Wpalo Road
 To the north of the Three Gorges,
 From the capital of Shataballa.
 Day 3? I don't know.
 Weightless enfolded in comfort,
 Bones carried down by the softening

Mass of the carrying,
 Softening. Too many washings,
 Dries of iridescent shells.
 How many people wash the plates,
 Dust in the shower, wash against my feet
 Then hold on when they have to.
 14. And the second Afternoon
 He sticks his head into the portrait
 Of Pilate above the tower.
 This is the Duke of Ormond's house
 Against the parched balcony.
 The white church door is open.
 15. A bare church stands against the fence
 To back into the sea.
 Fish in trout spine flake from the baptists.
 Pilgrims rock their bones
 And pilgrims come in.
 16. The doorbell rings.
 Nobody knows how to wake.
 The neighbors check in from the street.
 We drive 20 miles to our home.
 17. Desertions for the crown.
 And the crown is spoiled.
 With a flourish of the earth's own self,
 Or might be. The sunfeathers scatter over the walls.
 The enchanted ivy cry, the boughs rustle,
 I lean before the gate,
 My hands dense with rainlight,
 Create a sudden desire.
 18. A shadow too.
 A silence of those who have lain dead

And inspired me with talk.
Their hearts are my eyes.

LEUVAN (FARR AIR) AIRPORT
TO HERSHEY AIRPARK

Light notes and arrows
Rabbit screams and light plashes
Struggle to get off the ground.
The black man says,
"Get out of the way,
Take the top of the bag."
They say,
"Go where you want to go."
I think they watch for an answer
Round the hazel bush.
I think they wait for an answer
Into the sky.
I like to believe that

Sometimes the flights are
Borne as thin
Bench pressed to lunch.
When I see them
Going down
It seems to me
I'll know where they are.

STANLEY ARMY AIRFIELD TO
LAKE LOUISE AIRPORT

FAME'S FATHER
, honoring
the dead
who have served or
killed
myself,
I am willing
to
retreat
from the arms
of the insane
or
terrified of war.

My mind is waiting
rich heaps
of figures
who heat
the gas
to
plow
despatched
by the highway
flop
ringed
with Crumbl
red
to
the tall
white plane
flying
in the
universe
... photograph
my eye
seeing the dream
of the Dulles
&
the Gagerman
senseless
before
the Dulles
who programmed
the world
in the cry

of Zapotec
more than the
late
nuclear slag
forbid...
window
my mother once
smoked
of a church
in St. Charles
who
opposed
waltzing
to a bouncer
looking
east
from the window
of his room
beside the man
he was
before
what
he thought
his mind
would end.
TO A MAN DYING ON HIS FEET
-not that we are not all
"dying on our feet"
but the look you give me
and to which I bow,
is more immediate.

It is keenly alert,
suspicious of me—
as of all that are living—and
apologetic.
Your jaw
wears the stubble
of a haggard beard,
a dirty beard,
which resembles
the snow through which
your long legs
are conducting you.
Whither? Where are you going?
This would be a fine day
to go on a journey.
Say to Florida
where at this season
all go
nowadays.
There grows the hibiscus,
the star jasmine
and more than I can tell
but the odors
from what I know
must be alluring.
Come with me there!
you look like a good guy,
come this evening.
The plane leaves at 6:30
or have you another
appointment?

THE PINK LOCUST

I'm persistent as the pink locust,
once admitted
to the garden.

CHAPLEAU WATER AIRPORT TO ST. CHARLES AIRPORT

Turbulent, fatigued, you queue for
Terminal,
burned at sundown on the Cyrus bridge,
a cross-screen jacked
double, past Verizon Wireless,
standing on a corner
trailer tyres,
425 unmarked cars under California weeds
waiting for a Border Transport Armored
to en route between S.F & Marin
Commuters crowding the
Fortry Years Old,
england's gay TD

approaching Rio Grande,
striped commercial bluestanders
venturing the American Dream
england's Cowboy Stadium
where legions of black spotted
paintball enter the bull rings
of SuperFly's crib,
and the silhouette of a red small
fly
swoops closer, Scot dead john,
coach ride on the radio,
the knuckled grip of iron
in air, and the high
squad of County fairies
volley on the TV screen
grasping their images .
And I, panorama-wide,
water-hazed, but still
trapped by urban shadows
everywhere,
even the Santa Ana winds in the trees
loudly trumpets
and African drums
that remember .
What else is there to fear?
The past?
And the future?
Death?

LAC GOBEIL WATER
AERODROME TO ARMOUR
HEIGHTS FIELD

A bottle of blueopy Jack brandished green in the bar,
One finger hooking the muscular silhouette of your but-
tock,
My finger liquidating at the wellbore, GI cartons
Mul-che en part tomatos and beer cans,
On a par with Pale Mechanism
The strong jet-bumper driven into polymer
air, the bubble-sphere urged jet-plunge,
crustace-edged, down the center struck
into a purse of bright copper
air, my finger the voice of the capacityannon

Speaking the terms of more tin skinlones
 None hears screaming Danny Boy –
 Yes, that's me.

* *

At Lake Victoria, the convents
 Turned their pounds through the sawdust
 pile in the grasses. They bowed
 Out of their funk, and by the labour of
 Waving dry their shirts, but remained
 Ebony-clad. To what good
 Thinking Kenney meant, we'd say,
 Father, you might have turned your back
 On the outside, but you chose
 Today, turning your back, within
 The ACT of being here,
 Had you chosen the way
 Things learned beneath, the learned
 Rondeaux that rarely had a clover,
 And flicked a gray-spun wing.
 For you were never pure,
 And you were never thin,
 And you who err,
 Had known what you could handle,
 History's bloody price
 Always smothered in doubt.
 WRESTED FROM MIRRORS
 In the mirror one beholds
 A bearded man in underwear,
 Three cowls on his brim,
 His three-hatred helmet,
 And his hair shorn,

Fringed with sandals;
His breton body
Grows thin without water:
"I am real," he laughs,
"I'm real," he laughs, "Oh, I'm really
Just!"
His laughing comes out of his mind,
And his wife lets him laugh
Most of the Sabbath day.

TONOPAH TEST RANGE TO
CANADIAN FORCES STATION
LADNER

We are the test ground of a now undamped world,
Covered with squeamish birds, tigers, and skag,
Dedicated as an eyed dog to our test tray,
Tanks roast in my lap, smoke and broken dice,
Someone's mother lulled to sleep, our nobler heat
Hammering the old tyres, the grass-eaters fast,
My spade-boss hacks his way up to the nut-alley hat,
He pushes his lever through the bags to the loo.
Git-diggers shout as the cleaner-diggers go,
"The Ship is sweet so long . . ."
Their frigate takes fire smoke and picks up speed,

Her star turns inward on the ring and opens fire;
 The leopard steals with narrowed lids to lay
 Pale Japhethian the North Star,
 The African soul enters the room,
 The roots of the water-lilies
 On the row of flags that wave,
 And the sand-hills lie flat to the beach
 And the long coastline horizon.

...

A boat comes down the coast.
 A soldier comes out of the boat and stays
 with the men,
 He puts his head round about the side
 Of the boat, he does not waste powder
 On the lawns, on the beach of the sea,
 Nor mends the ruts on the ways with his hook,
 The hook is from the sky and the body of the shore.
 "Hurrah!" proclaims the announcer.
 War-brewing bears
 The shift of the tide of combat,
 The single combat now an indissoluble,
 The moors raised up their voices and shouted down.
 Shouts are heard, not like the sounds of today,
 But the hail of the heraldic heraldry
 Is louder than the music of the world.
 "aven," says the soldier, as he embraces.

FORT MCPHERSON WATER
AERODROME TO LIEGE/CNRL
AERODROME

Strew on her roses, roses,
and never a spray of yew.
In quiet she reposes:
ah! would that i did too.
Her mirth the world required:
she bath'd it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
and now they let her be.
Her life was turning, turning,
in mazes of heat and sound.
But for peace her soul was yearning.

GAINSBOROUGH AIRPORT TO
BATCHAWANA WATER
AERODROME

ICE is the hypodermic flight path.

ICE is the single rose of the boulevards.

ICE is the singular flower, the poem.

ICE is the black and white photograph, from Chimney's
found face.

IN THE RED BOX at the top of the stairs.

IN THE ROLLING EARTH.

In the middle of the journey of our life

I found myself astray, lost

in the swift song of the water

bossing the white mist on the cliff below.

IN THE FOURTH YEARS.

First of three things this year
the sky took off like a plum
and the clouds flew above and then returned
to the sky; the sky then moved
and the clouds moved again, and in the canyons
revealed their spectre,
flycatcher, of course, who I thought I'd seen
in the Minsk weather,
someone in white, so I said
to the ghost of Sandra, "God,
this looks like a tree,"
and she showed me, via the screen,
the insensate green of the primrose,
and the pale yellow of the witch,
a woman who might have been
a carpenter, so I said,
"This is the steward who throws knives
over the cattle. . . ."
She threw a knife at me, so I said
to the ghost of Sandra, "Jason,
so your story sounds pretty to me,
a lonely tough-ass
who's come back from the war,
off somewhere, yet kind of lonely,
and really desperate, and mean as all
the other ones,
who don't get laid, or sleep, or even
take a walk, not even go to church.
This is where the spiritual world thrills
the cynic in his story, which has nothing

to do with the world's fitness, despite
the weather, the climate.
Just as the spirit is the enemy to bad
people, the same earthly
opposence competing in its.

KAANAPALI AIRPORT TO
CARTIERVILLE AIRPORT

Your lover comes once
Airing the garden.
You have only to take:
Something bitter
Your tongue gives up to:
Poor fool, you don't know.
Your partner exists
In your bed.
How you say the n word?
You have forgotten.

HIDDEN BAY AIRPORT TO
HILLSBORO MUNICIPAL
AIRPORT

I driving southwest of all these huge
brick walls painted bright green and blue
hey, hot orgy-hot, what's
hot smell?

Man, a grasshopper gropes his skin
for his dead glory, the dick-
faced gore bright
on the screen,
scalds his knees
yet this very moment,
not the rocket burns,

not the eunuchs
 seawash in the bushes
 slung into the night,
 not even the glimmer
 of a nearby wheel,
 not the dazzle of
 a crowd of automobiles.
 This liner she's been
 fighting on the stand
 with her hands in her dress
 hands
 in her hair untucked
 to her shirt
 left
 right
 and the tall woman
 sitting at a window
 notes
 her own story
 Keats:
 "We were lost
 when we went on the edge
 of the blue wave
 over a coral rock"
 what is a cliff
 and what is a cliff
 you can't climb
 is the middle of the thing.
 Wave upon wave
 held the eunuchs
 while on the shore

hands
in and out of their
belly
people
on and on
without
compressors
waiting
between the file cabinets
door and door
shelter
the fools are jerking
their heads
are full of yellow
fire
falling
when the light appears
on the stairs
hands
clenching around the holes
sprouting
at the lateral
dockets
just the volume
the liners
out of the room
by the bed
in the noise of washing
clothes around the head
cut and torn
bodies

swallow the sound
they form
as they move
from
edge
to ledge
Don't be fooled
it's the sound
we hear
when we look
the volume
unciatingly
called-our-
selves-
to match-
and don't
be deceived
about it

SMALL THE THEME OF MY CHANT

Appeared in
LG 1867
on the back
pacing
bald hair edwalled
from my head
as it was
too
early for
the.

100

REDVERS AIRPORT TO TAGBILARAN AIRPORT

intercepts, captureions, gangs, one calls,
the confused monsters of the marshes
intersect beyond the wooded headlands,
inside skullgalactic whirls the skylark scuds.

1. amalfi, harvard university press, 1918. the first group
baptists line the town,
the next the surf. one calls, a third group, the sky.
two centuries of waves in a single stroke,
rails finish the sea. who enters the seventh movement.
this season's sleep is a memory, a train that arrives
to some one graveyard in a steam-hemm'd land, no one
steps into. this carcass life is not torture.
you are not dead, you pass out of something reachable to

you.

you pass from form to form, you feel the blow,
 there is no art. here, done in gold and plebeian stone,
 the mind makes images of states, penitentiaries
 to office stations, resurrected only yesterday.
 The mind thinks it is unknown, always the man who dies,
 drinking wine and sleeping . . . and again
 with rock and loire and cascade of pyre-cornered light,
 endless, empty, monumental.

2. segesta, a. anyway, alberta. even as i knew
 the almanac kept track of the ends of the earth,
 and the boundless realms took form. that's why my name
 was chosen even then into the circle of the three.
 the father's long-planned gift of paradise.
 the father's glory. i would dedicate
 all my grown-up years to dancing and song.
 i have learned the luck of the fates and the needs
 of countless lives that lead to shame and shame on you:
 who have seen the light of the free and the air,
 and weighed the meaning of the things they know.

101

ACTION AIRPARK TO NAS TONGUE POINT

Tiny orange-wing-like trees
Blossom and spread; the sun shines through
The Santa Cruz and against the skies
Smiles at me.
Munich
Light as a clutch of mosquitoes
Coils from the indigo sea
And rides a lone canoe
Back to Canada.
Portioned like a ball of fire
From the Indian's sunset,
Smoke from the redwood grove
And sticks to the shadows

Of oaks and firs.
Whence blows the whistle?
Its light is confused with odor
Of roses, its scent
Royce suggests, and conchs the flame
Fading into flames
As the temperature increases,
Lifting the cottony scent
Of the rezened days.
When canister-calls fall
On the backstage, and the moose
Lean to the door,
When the flag refuses to swallow
One of its symbol shirts,
And the winter resigns
For a long spell
Of snow, rain, and rain?
The stars take a wrong turn
And the moon too,
And the months birth the year's double
challenge unfolds.
Over the years it has proved
More real than the real man,
And here we enjoy
The very acrobatic
Thing of poets,
While the fatalist
Pauses to catch
His breath before he says,
"I'll be real."

102

LOSEY ARMY AIRFIELD TO MAYNE ISLAND WATER AERODROME

Weathered and tenuous, sullen and stubborn,
Losing its floe-blown plates of Afghanistan,
Pale where the sun opened his eyes,
Barely unpacked before again in boxes;
Seemed to ask us for our own
"To be blotted out by time"—oh, foolish.
Gone is that last ancient pitch
Of peacemoon, that pandora bore
To Helen—but the fang pierced her heart,
And, soft as ever, the blackbird held her hand.
Oh, things more than mortal! it was she

That made the General droopierous,
 Dissolving his "General's ermine."
 Leave him, lady, to his wide winds
 Where the blue mauretitude chants
 Her bilateral bushwax;
 But let him know, (for he will never woo
 The same kind of soul for a kiss,
 Neither specially emily, nor specially
 The lady with the diadem.)
 I'll send a kiss, for that would be
 the quickest sent, the friendliest sent.
 What if I touch but a finger?
 Bit, bit, a falling leaf may spoil,
 but if I kiss the bushbaby,
 the whole habit field will come swiftly.
 I have a bilted heart, you see,
 And something else (ah, why not?)
 Inflated by bilted heart syndrome,
 Which somehow is not what these ladies
 did to me, ere ever kissed or said.
 But what she meant, whatever she said,
 I only and solely understand;
 And which is the book of Miss Green,
 The book of Miss Green, our Lady Green,
 who has so many friends
 And people to whom she is silent
 And moving too fast to be well served.
 Perhaps there are times
 When she bursts up her chatter
 And everybody finds
 That sometimes their feelings get to.

LIMATAMBO INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT TO SALINE COUNTY
AIRPORT

A dull retrograde student rides westward
Toward the breakneck. The flight of the child
Over the firelight spread a circle.
Around me on the crowd there is a throng
Of smiling workers at their fields.
In the middle of the night, on the edge
Of travel, someone leans studying
The complex formula of snow.
He joins the newcomers as they walk
Past a cold coffee table. They come,
She and I, down a escalator

Into the rain-dimmed sky. Suddenly
 An announcement drowns in the roar
 Of office-pity. The jukebox
 Swings equal parts to its own
 Becoming the address of the state.
 Around and around and around
 Everywhere the same sound
 Of the tragic car
 For which millions struggle
 Until the Night comes.
 In the Desert of Atacama
 From the state of New Jersey,
 There had arrived now a museum
 Of visitors who studied the windows
 Of the world. Among them,
 There you had known your share of surrealism,
 The psychosis of ordinary men
 Innamments of the outrageous,
 The capillary clock on your floor,
 The perfect clock that corresponds
 To the first and last science.
 Without tautology, nothing can
 Mistake the basic tenets of the Nouveau
 Royal de la Mer, un Odin,
 "We are from Ovid you shall see."
 Our heads, the instruments of our thought,
 Glaunten softly to one another.
 So much for the Editio of the lower classes!
 Though, as above the threshold, they know
 We are only water, they mob us
 Suppose we are rockpaw under the sun,

They come to us stages and torches
Leading to the martini test.
These are the Novi Kaleys,
The unossibly syllables that mean
More than they are.
"Et saint apollo"

104

MINORU PARK TO KAANAPALI
AIRPORT

I seek no favor
unto the fly
of this drab-and-tongue Black Maria,
flight of Avian refugees,
entertain me
in a ovid of Hum
pipe-full of Crime,
whose decadence
in this smoky medallion
cannot be denied
the stomach meat of the Lord.
I ask no favor
because no need

to lean in my work:
 out of the long arc
 of wing-dependence,
 I make no sound,
 like the Angry Lady
 she's still wearing
 in her hair –
 I ask no favor
 because no need
 to lean in my work
 because I'm building
 my own book of words
 insist that I print
 work to name:
 Tomorrow,
 I say, she says,
 till I'm gone and I've got
 a good place to write

.

All I know is
 sonnets and song.
 I know what they'll
 sound like, but
 ten thousand miles
 away, so I'm
 happy I can
 barge
 myself out of here
 and be doubtless:
 though the heart's not quite
 shut up, though

the ear is not, I
have the heart
to remember to
call me back and leave
my own twisted
triangle of life
where I'm not
and I'm not obligated
to pick up
the damn flies
that charge
with acid and epoxyylae
and know, or that
you know, I'm here
in this forest
of forms, and the
empty
hand
that made me
behold that I love
the useless
part of it:
don't use the one
not watching;
the cow clock
it's running you might
wear
a new shirt
and feel the voice
of the clock
pipe-shaped

in itself
irregularly
out of moisture
no other
presence I know,
the rest might
be giving up
its motion
to be more like
a purple music
on the ear
inside the skull.

3.

Here I am, decades later
moving in the
belly of my love.

105

GRAND CENTRAL AIRPORT TO
FORT GRAHAME WATER
AERODROME

Tuned to the music of centuries,
the robber chants to us.
How they got there is no question.
One crew of green faces
was Freemistic,
one cell of black hair.
The promenaders hold their hands,
and high up in air
in their oval hats.
It's said the former books are blank
on the beep of the promised

line, the text on the dust
will be said to make room for hope.
It's said the former books
are full of death,
that ones in which someone died
lives in the future
and all of those who died that way
have found new paths
and keep his footsteps back.
Pliny and purvy blossoms climb
the lines of the freckled rocks,
where anxious Whitman is hanged,
while the poets are crowned and what
is said is made new by the dust.
Children twist their hair up
and make them cry for sun,
while beyond the mountains
the lights of a former world
allegulate and mellow.
Blood bubble up in the immigration queue,
the customs are logged red visitor doors
beyond the refugee shower curtain
and the wombs betray them,
spoon-shape moths who hover here
then drain and spill their nests,
and the brown meandering river
who keeps itself just off the river.
If anything could destroy us
it would be a wind that seeks
by the very water's edge
as if it were no longer

water .

Now look

Look

The world is green this morning.

We live in the belly of the earth.

The heavens fill him and her
like green griffins.

This is the way he balances his mornings,
which are by day like this,
non-fire .

The gods sit down in the theatre,
and the ladder prepares for them,
it was their nature to do this.

It was their nature to do this
and they are not here to see.

106

SHIUX NARROWS AIRPORT TO
SIERRA AIRDROME

1200 Master Floor
Trans flight from Sierra Mountains
Falietas take off their intercepts,
Embellogovernmented, unmet,
For Bovril's sake theirs and my Ford's
Nothing is sacred anymore, not Davis
Trust me or me letting the Yellow Peril
slip through its frontiers & undulate
Spirits breathing palmalm & oiled hair,
Executives with stringed guns
Chuckwheeling, caked men and women
Straining toward their burning desires.
Midcentury, Adult Correction, Dry

Quote

I'll go to arms for an Eagle Scout
 Am I halving myself in this
 war, stealth, abiding, believing
 laid to me by prison strings
 under antique vault doors?
 A secret stenographer said:
 "See how the estate they've got."
 Secrets notebook
 I must laud the Anti-Desperacy
 of old men,
 my heavy skins, a tendency toward fevers,
 my description of theft.
 What I must admire: the idea of sheep
 tracked in the catalog.
 Philosophy made me and Byron,
 a man, beautiful and childlike,
 who lost his brain over a hundred challenges.
 It was a lovely show—
 The life I led, the life I gave.
 What we felt and what we couldn't conceive
 about it.
 Now I'm only a layer of clouds,
 verdegriis—fresh memories—
 from the Dutch Kaspas camps,
 the base runisphere,
 so far north as the eye could see
 from there,
 on the other side of the seas.
 That's where the maps were made:
 Asia.

Euros invaded by China,
Kingly neutrality or homicide.
Preyed on either side by both,
by the unrepresented elderly gentlemen
who wore white mule shoves.
Every man wore a
wide hose,
and a mustache,
which suggested—
stonewall's
bad friarish.
Disturbed relics of the present time
Move in the stream their flood of paint.

107

ESQUIMALT AIRPORT TO
RICHMOND NAVAL AIR
STATION

IASPONA, Palestine, Yes Mad About the Hour
Fifth Floor
bustling winds
and I train my guitar
an ideal size
is the airport: I re-examine
your quarter century arch, decked with screens
like a tiny mural of the mythical moon,
interrogating walls and barred doors
at the four-hour train dance,
screened dim before the bearded cloak-seman

collects and clutches
for the saxophone:
ah, the ancient machines
of bone and bone,
the wet wind in the wires,
this alloy of the grains
and the faces,
these achers and acches,
only the fluid, the mobility
and the power
of the fluid and the threat
of the next infection
the threat is made
and the hero is made
threatened, the hero made
squealed and hurt,
let the words ooze from the lips
of the man who beat the king
and his ass-eleon still look
like a mass of flayed flesh
that moves again to speak
to the living...
A boat comes round the edge
of a bay
the hermit curves of boats
hang heavy in the air
at the edge of a bay
yes it's a boat
and the rustled hair
in the oar
holds her breath

the odors
from bars
and windows who walk
panic
ment
a city of death
and waking hold
stilled
in
the oldest memory:
a young man
on the second floor
where someone's bed
beside him
shuffling through
the sponge of his breath
unable to assume
the world.
A square of skin
as some great
undershot
spreading
easily might have been
the man the bridge
we stepped
to.
Reached down
to feel
the morse
under the chin
the spine

as metal.
We might
have
been fortunate
to mate there
at the beginning
of the river's dance.
I cannot think
replicated
cheap talk
as it befit my life
and I
wear the die
of important history
in my uniform.

CANADIAN FORCES STATION
LADNER TO MILK RIVER
(MADGE) AIRPORT

Catches the military would serve us,
our air-breathing avortakers
and our rural servants coldly slain,
Canadian Forces
sources sources say the Polis can be
killing at Northcliffe Tunbridge,
while we wash the silver paint from the walls of the
universe, green moss from the eyes of Alexander Samar-
cand
faithful as walking rope.
We know we require what we want,

we carry us,
 reap it, wear it,
 imperial, pale,
 marvelous, horrendous.
 What we get we must buy:
 somebody else's fantasy:
 some rural backwater charm,
 some North Pole stuff,
 some guy's still-born child.
 Weren Smith: editor of the
 Post Gazette

,

and author of
 KOOW MANCULLIN

.

And so, of those eighty-three
 who now sit here in Ottawa
 suffering
 to get the McGill University television
 to broadcast in a minute
 tis saying
 and you're there,
 so I say
 you're
 well right, you're
 not
 I'm not trying
 to impress you as you sit here
 silent,
 mouths tumming,
 breathing through my head,

here, are the best
time of day
that I know.
You are serving me coffee.
You remind me
of someone I knew once,
even better than I
laughs now,
he's still alive, her coffee
is almost cold,
I can't eat it.
Did you ever really have a brother?
The poetry movies are always
singly inaccurate,
the poetry stage is
not what you're
supposed to do,
the poetry audience is
ashamed of you,
you remind me
of the dead we have
returned to,
they've become friendly,
came to sign autographs
on your drive
and where you've gone
is no longer
so scary,
you lose your lust for
ordinary men.
It's only wanting

to give them
everything?
You're a.

NAVAL AIR STATION ALAMEDA
TO NAVAL AIR STATION
SQUANTUM

A disturbance of papers and magazines,
Leaves of Grass, city-dried lashes,
Unwashed mouths of crackling wire,
Wooden ends of coral-shade, wet tufts
Of orange-ringed prongs, —
Does the city demand more than this?
Wanting to guess its worth?
So much for the city!
o Kingsley Avenue shell-darkness,
Trees shrivelled and speckled like palm-leaves.
'Lights out in the alley,

Publication still though?
 Ponderous purpose
 Disappears in the blink.
 Savantism
 Embedded in the dusk.
 The purpose of the city
 Is only a knot of mosquitoes
 That still throbs, quivers, and twangs.
 'Here measures pace and distance,
 Turks or visitors, foreign and in-your-self,
 Category and Type, homosexual, [here
 the heart is the gate house archangel
 Theristade
 Golgotha in a tent, harper's magazine, december, 1919.
 The Rak (Sweat Jacket) Born Yesterday
 Rudy-nosed, a warts-eyed race
 Of none, yet driven
 To preserve the integrity of the youth,
 The fuzz-head captive
 Of adolescent thighs,
 Then spent a year wandering the city
 Where his rugged rear door
 Admits him to the scratch of the soul,
 A dragnet, no pun intended,
 Who handles the grill on a cotton drum
 Under a sign that says "Mama I Love Crispy Wafers So."
 My daddy put me in the first bed,
 Before I made mine orator;
 And there I fell in a shuddering sleep
 With old tracings of the brute sun,
 Imagined a town I'd never seen,

A gasp I never got, or got, or lost,
Or inspired, or even saved.
So some character female
Or maleudo knot or womman,
To be dragged matched or dragged away,
Born into this world, imagine all that comes
From unutterable mystery.

GÖTEBORG/TORSLANDA
AIRPORT TO BROADUS
AIRPORT

Axis! that flows to-day through my fingers,
peaceful, calmer, arm'd with golden wires!
Axis! the huge, gaping street-lamps reflect
their tinkling music, their clear colours!
Axis! the air I breathe, the car I drive,
the city of joy, the birth, the tomb,
The air of song, the air of saving friends.
Axis! the black ship mail'd with iron,
grey wafted thro' the mist from the ships,
The flotilla of sweep-lines and hose-carts with
the racing of the ships!

Axis! the long sea-lanes protect
sleep in the greenness of the day,
And the long sea-lanes circle the tiny shore,
sunny noon and night in the bay.
Axis! the field-shed drapes my head,
melt my temples, my eyes,
Myriad-meshed through the mist,
the bevels at the door.
Axis! the house of life i see,
the house of madness, hell, and helle—
Methinks the house i'm in, dear,
the house of bondage, be not afraid!
Side by side, while bold slatterns run
in am'rous cosy towns,
We knelt with ancient natal scream.

III

NAVAL AIR STATION ALAMEDA TO CAMP GARCIA VIEQUES

Tiny orange-wing-tipped bird of a galaxy,
Tiny orange-wing-tipped bird of a galaxy,
Scilla of a planet, stray sun.
Mountains of salt
Fill with an emptiness.
Drunks of fecund wind
Katchenned on a rug on a desert southeast of Malaktah.
Hand-muffled, animal-like,
With a hump like a hump-a-bump,
Her pug-dog eyes
Were swimming out, floating, their heads
Wind-filled, filling the air.
Drunks of tar

Sank across the rail, and a clamour of voices
 Perched there.
 Enough, enough.
 Back into the gun-metal blue
 Car, sat the pale sleeping redbug
 Close to the bulwarks.
 Sky cleared and a shadow bobbed on the beam,
 Red and reflective, bore back the curve of the sky.
 Fort, post-rock, goat-horn, nigood,
 Sun, moon, horse, fired the elusive crannies
 Up the heights.
 Earth's snowy skin
 And cold-blooded lungs
 Mantled us.
 Words, liquids,
 Came back, came again,
 For that time
 .
 Oh, that time!
 New records every year:
 Vincey, Dubuffet,
 A tie; a fishing net.
 Someone undressed.
 A man and a woman
 Held us.
 Light as a glove.
 The dancing then
 Told us what we could do.
 We sawed out the lines
 And sold them to us.
 Next we welded them into ash

By the labor of chance.
Then we thunk them down
And dropped them in the sea.
Six of us, alone.
We cleaned them out.
It was never stars.
It was birds pecking at them.
Someone watched them
As they dream-fastened leaves.
Someone must have known
Because she came from the sea
To walk backwards in prayer.
We dreamed of wings, we dreamed of feathery vision,
Of suction cups.

WAALHAVEN TO THE
PAS/GRACE LAKE WATER
AERODROME

By Sea Gates, Fleece the Flight:
A stone missing from a Squire
Of peasants in love with New Boys,
Who whined as if they were Greene Beards.
No prophetess man needed far more
Than a flycatcher's hexagon.
But—and it was the light
That withheld on the athletic plain
In which the child stooped with the Oxis Regent—
The sleepless eye of the old man,
The sleepless cataract, the cilith.

Light is this instant, far from the heavy splash
 Of music, but half from the heavy curve of land,
 To the crackling of the fire-light,
 From the edge of the heavy chorus.
 Let the last lover bring his heart,
 If life must be so light and gay,
 And sweet and strange as Ariadne's.
 If the world must be so curst!—
 Then blast the loud trumpet, and the parson bleat,
 To yon hard core of the bloody dance,
 And don't overcrowd Karl-Heinz-Deth.
 For God's sake, if it happens again,
 Give me the woman I lost last night in sleep,
 And let me wake again where I am,
 And carry in my sweaty arms,
 This new life upon the shore.
 FOR NORTH AND SOLEMN PALES
 By the week we landed, the island snow.

MATAGAMI WATER
AERODROME TO ELLINIKON
INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

1.

Coughing in the telephone,
my father suddenly screams and drops the Book of Ages
thing on the table—
a contraption of screen and bathroom, beneath which my
mother stands,
her mouth touching his.
He says, "I've been thinking of that."

2.

My father wakes up and stares at the screen on the altar.
He waves his hands and says, "I've been thinking of that"

for seven years."

He's so wrapped in pretense that no one could see him.
In his fake empire he appears turned to complete a tree,
the trunk covered with banners and inlay, an open barn.
A cow walks by the dairy shed.
It is raining there.

3.

On the porch of the reservation school
the blackbirds walk around the feet of the male teachers.
They say:
When will you be gone?
They do not know why I wait
for my bus of years to go.
I change from the girl who calls
for me often:
She does not know who I am.
Suddenly the trout
in the river's edge
breaks through a damoiselle
of water, a little wave is borne by the trout.

4.

In a mirror of my own back
my God shines.
I am not the moon whose nature
is impatient with me.
I do not bring the crushing terror of conquest
into my heart,
I have a closer grasp with all the rest.

AMBOY AIRFIELD TO ACME
AIRPORT

1.

A cobble thrown a hundred years ago
rumbles toward the motorport of the Queens
like a pigeon scrambled in the deep.
A cobble thrown so far as last summer
sang so far we can't see them
until late next spring when the white men pass
and we'd rather think of our neighbours
in third columns
like the baroque poet
who does something expensive for his money
The weather court provides as fascinating
as anything

The sky lights up green
 between the traffic lights
 and, as usual, the nuns walk home from church
 in their robes
 and like static from a hurricane hardy with news
 across a sea of paper

2.

Something arrives somewhere the hardest
 part of the concert comes from losing
 a mate lost in the Red Sea
 who is rescued by a ship

3.

And the belated press of a college boy
 confronting the public
 floor
 shining in the midnight into the dim
 blue tube of the old tube
 today we are at home
 in our changes and our doubts
 come like square snow
 the conductor does not mask the guest
 hears the night .
 seeing the moon
 moving beneath the leaves
 shining in the window like a seed
 the seed shall be wheat
 bearing the last rain
 after the plough
 has turned
 to a code
 of numbers on a penny

night of the month
radio voices wail
passing over the red clay
the ante-band
mob caked hard over the armed
labor cut and burned
beyond the numbers
printing their mouths
into the skin of the young men
and whinging and plucking
the strong, weak SOUL
O happy place, the poor
me!

Bravo! Melbourne, 1964 11-12:15 A.M. 29-36 Stunting the Angel of Naked Truth under the earth - pillar, the

RICE ARMY AIRFIELD TO
MATOUSH AERODROME

The glitter of the towns ahead,
Dust of the mill,
Is unlaundered and half sodden,
Is unlaundered and half sodden
By forests that are unrenewed,
By flaring houses that are mouldering,
By little fields where the wind is alternately
Boiling and lying or rocking,
By the kippers of the hourglass
Talking of the weather,
By the wind in the dry air,
Attending their treading
Treading the wind as they go.

They have not seen the sky,
 They have not seen the earth,
 They have not seen that grim old road,
 That road by the gulls and underbrush,
 By the steamers and fish-boats,
 By the city where they live,
 Where the ships like paling green
 Sway and lift their sea-grey sexes
 Far out on the sea green sand.
 For them the hamlets wheel,
 The cocks are crowing,
 The quail is crying,
 The white heron leaves his session
 When flying flies;
 And down the darkening coast run
 Our wan faces,
 Stirred by the sun,
 To study the sky.
 For them there must be
 Slight surprises,
 CrACKles of lightning,
 Furniture of thunder,
 Smoke from the fires,
 Silence of voices.
 There must be of course
 The fling of the frog,
 The ding of the dog,
 The lizard, the snake,
 The mirror of the moon.
 Prisions of contrivers
 And destinies of friends.

For them there must be
All extremes,
All extremes of human sorrow,
Bitter peril,
Pleasant repellent
Of the terrible.
For them they sit
Musing solemnly,
Sad, sensitive,
With many doubts,
And they feel no refuge,
They must go on
And they must be led
Into the gilded cage...
Yes, all the birds in the air.

TOK AIRPORT TO BERNARD'S
AIRPORT

On one side of the country which does not,
And a very bleak and solitary place,
The smell of exhaust and the smoke of fuel,
The endless, mocking distance
As the planes go above and the guns
Ply the shapes of letters and words
Stumble toward the dark.
And yet, though our hearts are bruising our chests
They are beside us, they are not apart,
They are one part of us.
And the little cloud of a prophecy,
The pallid stars and the lonely night,
Is a burden to these young eyes,

A toy which the world has given us.
O, the world has gotten more cruel and hard,
And left us alone with time to fight.

WHITE CITY (RADOMSKY)
AIRPORT TO NIPAWIN WATER
AERODROME

White city, you are white
Your jewelled towers stand in the greenest light
Whether you like it or not
We know you are Jewish
Your huge motels gleam in the window
Your sushi platters are falling on yellow fish
We cannot sit at your fortress
You bring us wine
and interest
We go to the bank
I give you change

You buy me booze
and things like that
Restaurant Nasutionis
I give you the news
I give you the newspaper
you can get mad
You die without love
O falsely Jewish
you walk between the two
I see you raw
with raw meat thinking
into the dust
Get rid of that gun
get out of the band
Blood for the cow
get off the book
No more wildness
just trust me
Tonight I'll be at sea
well sure of the fish
the pontoon
or the aracle
and I'll be behind them
saying "I'm back"
I wonder what these people
meager to do
Do you really like me
Pearls of yeast
the wind rises in the bay
O girls shake their heads
they try to destroy us

You slide down the rock
with a blood-red tongue
There is a sword
hovering above the land
There is a sword
hovering to the sea
There is a child
there is a knife
hovering to the sea
There is a daughter
there is a son
there is a son
There is a father
there is a father's car
that drives his car
home while the baby cries
There is a daughter
there is a father
who leaves his life
to the care of other children
No, there is no interest
in trying to pity
the way you go to work
and figure what it means
to be a poet
You kill your mother
but don't go home with your wife
that's not what I see
as I walk around here
looking for a good place
to come to a place

and I don't know what I believe
about the quality of light
the way you walk towards me
and the other birds
the way you listen to the radio
I believe it is beneficial
to have a cock.

FULTON-ITAWAMBA COUNTY
AIRPORT TO HAMILTON AIR
FORCE BASE

F

ORA

PROMISE

and gift to California,

Also to the great Pastoral Plains, and for Oregon:

Sojourning east a while longer, soon I travel to you, to
remain, to teach robust American love;

For I know very well that I and robust love belong among
you, inland, and along the Western Sea,

For These States tend inland, and toward the Western Sea—
and I will also.

ESQUIMALT AIRPORT TO
APPLE RIVER AIRPORT

IASPONORA: The sea is sleeve up
And a baggage boaties bearing
Emerson, "The Adriatic."
Seventh Street is crowded with pedestrians.
The journey's hodson said, "I know the shape"
Of the one I love. Manhattan is evening
And forbidding all opinions.
Statues of the rosy forest glisten.
Our wishes are met with smiles.
For us you know the rules of this chapel:
Only the circle of the circle
Is changing slowly.
Demerson, his faces are beaded

With the soft perfume of syphilis.
 His clothes are bright!
 Let us find a note of the forest's laughter,
 Keeping his power as the evening dusk,
 When the bus starts:
 "Connect me to a tree and hold me there.
 Express is his will, that of the motley coat.
 And of the mammy doll,
 The quiet figure of the Confederate flag.
 GOATHERD
 No, Father.
 I must speak for myself.
 I am a part of this movement
 Beyond which I am part of no other movement
 And of its expansion,
 A circle of colors
 And the tendency to gather as groups of color.
 When you see the bus,
 It is Tubman-Taylor, who is drinking.
 For me, the Mississippi flows
 Away to the Dakkeville,
 On which the Sage of the South
 Abhorring the outrightness of Chance.
 Abhorring the unnecessary lights on the periphery of dark-
 ness
 Which is the dark without them.
 Gentile or bright, the shifting bits
 Of darkness and light, the little brilliant birds
 Flitting through the darkness, talking
 Themselves to each other, whistling
 Beyond silence, beyond passion,

Them to a harmony at peace with themselves,
The peace of the last intelligence;
And so, acknowledging nothing, supporting
The weight of what is called "the candlelight,"
I dare to say that it is, in any way,
A positive and ultimately
Moving truth.
It is the dark we are trying to learn
Beyond the truths we have seen.
The world is not a portrait.

120

SWAN ISLAND AIRPORT TO
ELLINIKON INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT

SUMMONDSCAPTAIN, BILL GROSS.

Flight of the Sea, Part III, The

Stern marsh, The

Swimmer, The

Swept Forth, The

Thoughts

Thou Mother with Thy Equal Brood

Thou Queen of Cytherea

Thou

Thou Last Hope, The

Last Poem, The

Many Echinias
Many Sons, The
Appearances
Lautrecord, The
Lotho, Paris
Leading Rose
Lone Coast
Morning Glory
Let Us Compare Mythologies
Mikasuki Indians Pioneer Boy
Oakland Assembly
Few Drops Known, The
Next Afternoon Duende
Notable Bosom Versus Myths
Neutron Bomb blast
More About this Boat
Here the Frailest Leaves of Me
Noiseless Patient Spider, A
Not My Enemy Far from Conflation
Get It Down Dirty
Impossible To Be Merry Except For You
Of Heavenly Father
January 22, 1978.

121

YASSER ARAFAT
INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TO
KATOWICE-MUCHOWIEC
AIRPORT

A dusty airline window in a bar
cloth yellow streaked, unresponsive to the light
I take one sip of kabir
"I'm going to go to a foreign place."
I look around me at which way will I run to the Anvil
which is the metal skeleton of the niched
telegraph wire nervous cables, grievously
redringing in the brain/etc.
Ravens

probably furling around the flat roof
 I am buried in the sidewalk
 Stuck soft as a golden-ringed dress
 amid the gray church crowd
 pulling at the Baltian flag
 proud and quite busy
 waiting for the Montevideo Exposition
 lottery halls
 at cape town
 Snyder, DC - see that man
 sitting in the sun by the elevator
 fastening his back door:
 you are amazed
 he has nothing to wear
 what he has no to wear
 Buy a long black beard
 and a long black hair
 Follow your beard into the road
 & climb the stairs
 you will find on the highway
 which is organized like a zebra
 for publicity
 Look at the way George Washington
 thinks!"
 What a man
 Looked in his mailman's face
 The Darwinian law
 not so much laws but scientific
 accomplishes
 like them
 New York Times

its Monday noon's lost news
Seven Days
the pacifist radicals' temporary magazine
St. Marks Church Poetry Newsletter,
the
Holist Word
that sabotages their revolution
But Whalen remains
Major of the Men
who want to be (as they hope)
Legal protectors of the Constitution
Yes (as they hope) of the United States
Your Unpolicable Mind
Makes me return to my Normal Condition
heresy of "the Market"
Look at Jake
dressing as a meat pig
Yes that's Artem but I'm red
right here in the magic
metal stall
What a lovable feeling
I've gotten in my heart!

WEST POPLAR AIRPORT TO
GRIFFING SANDUSKY AIRPORT

I lay with my head in a heap and watched
the airplane take shape again. Made of bits
of flying wood, it flew
across the runway
at nearly slow speeds, barely lifting.
A feather's bounce whipped the world
into place. The middle finger
guides the hand
in yoyo. Off the screen
the other legs move.
They coiled in the screen like coyotes
and sprout connections. The beard
almost air. Breath smoke

at the end.
The other arm is open
producing sparks. Smoke
everywhere. Waws
the man with the lizard.
Went out of the house.
I shut the screen.
The phone rings.
The neighbor comes
in the heavy rain. His
white hair is arranged
like a funnel of beetles.
The lips of the calligrapher
whisper whispers, to the one
who grows a little green plant,
which is the owner of the
jeplant, a mere minuscule
in the head of the dust-
truck, whose noisy
feathers
how they sail without sound,
without music.

123

SPIRITWOOD AIRPORT TO ALICE ARM/SILVER CITY WATER AERODROME

IN the gray island dark, the island dark,
where the dark forms still preserve their phantoms,
under the spaniards came the impassioned rider,
who bade earth "offer and take" his hills away,
And have with green the grove an unfinished bar,
and the long beach, and the quiet town.
"we must go back," said one, "to the boats that have been
sailing for over a hundred miles from our borders,
and we will give you back our fish and fish as they were."
And when they came to the crowded port they shouted,
and the raving bell was borne away—

"and what about me?" they cried, "do not fear for me,
 I am unfriendly, monotony and short."
 But one said, "i am favorite in the trouble,
 and i will make thee mine, ere i go away;
 This is the path that leads to the silver door,
 where the wide sea-wand
 lands the shore-side,
 And the wave toward the house of fame builds up
 its fountains,
 Let i look back and condole thy mutton fist,
 and narwhilty may the night be,
 And the black ship overside the silent port:
 let me mark and remember all
 the little things we have done,
 And the hearts we have missed in us,
 and the things we have said;
 Death shall deal with us as a stranger blows,
 and forever shall.
 "think of this, o hiawatha! and choose
 from the guilty throng justice to carry it forward,
 And hoist the walls of berkshire now, and roll them up,
 as a victory for hiawatha!
 This is the right, that thou and i,
 joined together,
 Should combine unto a commonweal
 the common joys of manhood;
 Fulfilling ourselves in the unusual strife.

124

SAGLEK AIRPORT TO FERLAND
AIRPORT

Voices cry ferramarine in this electronic sky,
last bird whistling in a spirit evening,
last bird whistling in a dream then,
last bird whistling outside your window,
my own loud cry of impatience,
the wave of the flagstone wall pulling my fingertips off
the water, drawing me from the surface,
screaming my breasts off Johns Street,
my nipples shaking with the bolts that still crack the dusty
windowpanes
and shatter the windows on the balustrades.
I feel the crush of my first crush,
the swollen velvet of my second-best wife's hands

making me dizzy.
 Always I fall to the mercuric side
 of a panchoor to gauge the sea-tide,
 planets by candlelight and drought
 in a grinding pot of a cracked basement
 Egg-tinted on a shelf in the shadows
 to the tuna van the sun has stirred
 a box of apples and the peg-caw-saw-songs
 of railroad cars.
 When I see such mechanical things,
 I think of stuvon, the austere
 nature of mountain snow
 as, Lord, I hate to lose something."
 I remember when I first learned to write
 back into the enemy
 and understand something strange
 I learned: "The earth smells of dirt."
 I haven't learned that sometimes
 nothing can be lost anymore
 I've been sitting in the window
 of a train
 that has suddenly stopped
 to start the winter [again
 merges in a gleaming trunk
 outslining the tracks
 and I see only
 the tracks.
 Meanwhile my other girl and I
 voice our differences
 in how we enjoy
 the stream and the wind

we cannot follow
for he can't speak
and I can't write
but I long to meet him
so I sleep at his side
and some machinery
trains the land
and the semal.

COLFAX AIRPORT TO
SELKIRK/KINDY AIRSTRIP

Tall-domed like a mixture of east and west,
striped by the off-shore wind's forced, keen sniffing,
sweeping the counters where it lands, from unlitted strands,
it tunnels, across the saltised gully,
the long roads of the careless, iodised sands;
it is the miracle of life, and, in her, all:
our hearts may crush, our heads be crazed, but her words
will heal. In her I found myself, and now
I know that Selkirk is as well as I:
bitterly weeping i turn, and look unto her,
and think of my love.
Fair woman, dream no more of me, for now
I do know her form, and love her very far;

let me weep first, for assuredly
her countenance is fair to you.
But wink no more, and love me as the wind
doth sweetly blossom, or the rain-wet sap,
and let me dream the way my lady shows,
and say but what i wish to dream.
O, nay, go on, because i will do so,
and then the sweeter hope i entertain
of that part of loving that thou art,
and then, and then, and then, die.

126

GOLDFIELD AIRPORT TO
WASHINGTON-HOOVER
AIRPORT

I bring back, old man, a parcel of flowers.
You don't know what I mean about flowers.
I don't mean their names, I mean their numbers,
and you wouldn't have found it, the brown-eyed HP,
or even T-Dub's, who disappeared
in the eyeglasses of his former admire,
Bledum, and hip-wise, and dear old Ephraim
when he landed the West, and now sits here
to-night, and has waiting for you,
behind the yellow-window wall.

THE DESERT MUSIC

–the dance begins: to end about a form
 propped motionless–on the bridge
 between Juarez and El Paso–unrecognizable
 in the semi-dark

Wait!

The others waited while you inspected it,
 on the very walk itself

Is it alive?

–neither a head,
 legs nor arms!

It isn't a sack of rags someone
 has abandoned here . torpid against
 the flange of the supporting girder . ?
 an inhuman shapelessness,
 knees hugged tight up into the belly
 Egg-shaped!

What a place to sleep!

on the International Boundary. Where else,
 interjurisdictional, not to be disturbed?

How shall we get said what must be said?

Only the poem.

Only the counted poem, to an exact measure:

to imitate, not to copy nature, not

to copy nature

NOT

, prostrate, to copy nature

but a dance! to dance

two and two with him–

sequestered there asleep,

right end up!

A music

supersedes his composure, hallooing to us.

127

BIG BEAVER AIRPORT TO
HEFEI LUOGANG
INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

Jet woman, carry your little plane
tooch she can climb if you wait
right, knee-deep in the baggage,
without getting off or off
enough to make a bite,
without heightening or growing
too big to sit—
the dead eight hills & half-frozen
trees as if their curl
of wingfooted cloudiness
were just a bruising

in the head of the plane
black snapped his fingers
with bright orange paddle-shaped
juice and tore loose
the oil where was
his hide-bowered skull
as a quiet town
vonte will be found
after the German measles
stench of white ears
broken by the thaw
of a bare-bodied dancer
dropping through
the red snow
on the trains in Liebkne
killed by exchange
of metal pieces—
top-left wing-foam
over the pass
beginning to turn
after the dies
of starvation in exchange
for some kind of love
in the offing—
smoke over the roof
pouring down from the engine
—tasting a moraine
coral in the blood
that gave them their dreams
—to another
little girl riding piggyback

grinding her young own bent rear–
heartcard similar to that
a card dropped in her hand
matching the high-school match
she gave out
never
heard of before
she broke down
to fall in love
–hugging her girlfriend
cold & sweet
concernedly
reminding herself
the very bundle of her
body
sleeping raw
on the bus bench
garbage useless
to everyone
watched her blouse
smoke the very sun
–making the last
subway break
the very last of her
pale head
unwatcht first
occasion by the light
sucking her Masquerade
shielding the vision
of overhead
storm safe

monitored by a teen
buzzing missing
case
broken harp
antennae
blinded
hiss
of melted lead
in a burning field
—envisioning a new strung
harmony
in the down-hung
sky.

128

SON BONET AIRPORT TO
DAWSON CREEK WATER
AERODROME

I'm not Bonie, I'm not
Bleachers, I'm not Evil,
I'm trying to get home.
How can I worry about it,
wings stuck out like jagged
golden worms, a belly button's
hanging out of the ribcage
could be too sensitive, as if it
were wearing a lingerie,
as if one's ankle or wrist
were glued together

by a twirling God bead
on a silk anniversary celebration.

I'm not worried
about that one.

I remember
the hell's black mud
in the woods,
the birds swimming
in the tails of the trees,
the inability to wait
while it's here that I am,
that springs
from I.

What I mean is this,
this hardness that goes
from us to be one.

As far as I'm concerned
she's skating
in the refugees.

If anyone should ask me,
I'd say,

I'm shopping, buying:
if you're a truck-parts driver
waiting for a destination,
I'll take you home
in a bubble.

Yes, I'm a completely random
disciple, and I love you
but I can't say a thing
about it. Not even a long
transparent

thing, and I wouldn't suggest
anything on my own
if I was trying to make you
in my own way. I like to trust my
raths, my grandmother,
my own memory (which would be
almost exactly sad)
and your own good intentions
and your own scientific curiosity
and my hope that you'll
keep me from knowing
how much this really means:
I'm hoping you're well.
Please come back, I wouldn't want to
trade anymore. You're still young
and I'm still a child,
and I was always tired
with forgetting that one thing
I could possibly do for you
was go on a picnic with my father
or another. That might be possible.
Yes, he was always welcome to me.

129

RICE ARMY AIRFIELD TO
CIUDAD REAL CENTRAL
AIRPORT

Fromrium lift one of the Deans
decked with surf and crystal
red daylight from the window
swirling over silent
houses
gesturing that the room is still there
handed the watch
spread across the breast of the man.

VICTORIA STOLPORT TO WEST
POPLAR AIRPORT

1.

Imagine a branch of trees chanting
out of respect, speed or tranquility,
instead of preparing for flight,
yet rehearsing their perfection
and the dash of air and coolness
before they arrive,
and are suddenly reminded
of that first experience with London
when they pooled their wings in the grass
outside your window and were allowed to assess
during a guided tour
by a British man

set on his way to Windsor,
and were returned to the island with
another pair of blue eyes
and a blood-red tablecloth
to see what they had done
and thought about it;
and they gathered in another room
beside the stairs
and I gave them the persimmons
and they turned in the room towards me,
their bodies completely still,
and yet each day
as they do,
I learn to see them lurking
in the shadows of the tin roof
pinned to the floor,
reading the epistles
to send on others
in from the balcony
where the speaker is obscured
by the illumination
from the exam that asked
what he wrote
and the boys myself
beginning to get the message
and the heroine dies,
but the way the cameras
hid it all
was the way the speakeropsis
indered and grew
too long to tell us

what he meant.

2.

The questions
are like the hunger
of aliens,
sent by the unknown
to wild places.
You think they are vegetables?
You think they are roots
growing in a place
near the bottom of the water?
You think they are snow
clothed in costumes?
You think they are children
brushing the taffy
from their hair?
You think they are gods?
I think I am one.
Now you have a reason
In the name of freedom
I think you are screaming.
You are running to it
from the left, from the right
I see you on the streets
bank of bright eyes
indewed with stars
You are a river
that moves through the sky
say you are the wind
and the waters.

131

TWIN PINE AIRPORT TO POLONIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

I bring two babies
carried off the bus in
a metal bucket. They came
and stood together on the takeoff threshold,
air touching
iron scrapheaps.
I want no history to leave your house.
Keep working my way around to the airport.
Search old tweets
for lost waves on sand
in the windy reaches.

The magnetism of the atmosphere
 insists on our wooden crosses.
 Once past the clouds, we come to this windy
 pebble on which no light is,
 bodies thrown against the trunk,
 the particular shot it wants
 to be changed to a moving point.
 A switch is necessary
 in the emergency kit
 if you don't believe in reams,
 and remember the labours
 we made together.
 After the sympathizers have cut your name,
 who can doubt the efficacy
 of the healing right things
 under the fairly sunburned trees,
 you may begin to feel the branch
 obsessions with your exacting
 real life.
 Something like the stench of sulphur in the stone
 draws me toward the colorful balloons
 and the clocks, which have been failing
 for years. Virginitiy is such a paradox
 that I have committed
 to the precise fury of an archangel
 Michal, Bob. I don't want to think of sand.
 I don't want to think of drowned
 organs straining up from the sea,
 waiting for the moon to pass over,
 waiting for the cares of a human complexion.
 I don't want to think of any such thing.

I am conflicted
about the treatment of acquaintances
who seem to know more than you
about your peculiar loneliness,
which confirms whatever you have always
consciously wanted to know.
Take Philomela into the sun
with her right hand,
on a torn piece of metal,
and her left hand,
hand torn off at the muscle
side, she's hobbling back to prison,
as all the shades of grey
dawn before the alarm
and the pigeon in the lighted window
shoulders its wings up.

132

ARNES AIRPORT TO EASTEND
AIRPORT

TOWERED
sheoped hails the Crusader
crossing 3rd Street
to the terminal:
"Woodbridge is the point of the bridge
overpass."
I leaned
upon the glass to confirm
my placement.
Birthright
we were waiting for.
Like everyone else,
I watched a film

of war when it was
produced
and played in a variety of
Englishmen and
myself.

I hope that honest
compilation
of the things
that were good
will take us through the
great trauma
and become a mental
challenge.

I had my feeling,
for once,
that I'd be
a young fairy,
alluring and delightfully
there . . .

can you see me?
We were standing
with our fingers
touching the green
wet crumbs.

What sweetness!
On my own answer
I couldn't see
the child's face
because
I looked instead
by his azerbead

like a sheet of paper
and found
a champion
in the next room
and followed him
to the window
where the green
stripped Shirt
and Spoon
were placed
at the side
of the bed.
How sweet
by its
natural silhouette
the building
touched
by the incomprehension
of being rested
for a moment.
How sweet
the helpless woman
found
a male body
swallowed whole
and performed
as an autopsy
before she
surrounded the dead
as she were
after all

and dead.
The die-entangled
dresser
waited silently
in its
enormous arms.
So I
thought of her
the day
of my birth
in a dream
before I knew her
and how it was
for her
to be cheerful
and I reminded
of those
surprising
things she
had heard
which were
not yours.
You also
were cheerful
but I
guess
that it
wasn't
much.
Firmness
once in a while

appears
of making the world
small
and lighter.

Joy
makes
the body
less.

We believe
that working.

ANDREW AIRPORT TO
SELETAR AIRPORT

on thy plumed carrier pigeon
my intent is hard to draw,
for iii–this dove–too old to fly–
I must return to native land.
Irk caes duser Kita hang our spool of you
a wonder when i land, of your bright hair,
which, if i forget, may well be white.
I abroad excite thee to meet
others, who are better far than i;
and of these Heroes am not one.
Neither need i wonder, that my own
should not be the cause of another's woe;
my dear friends know that i use

to lunge as if i intended to jump.
 Yet this may ease my many-rooted care,
 that mental reservation ev'ry ally
 has been shrewdly sought to hide;
 for whilst i knew my title not confin'd,
 the reckless and indirect genius
 of my younger brothers did.
 Sages! venerable seneca! men of your age!
 Whose great deeds, example old and new,
 Are not exempt from the interests of man:
 What you are comes with such appropriation,
 That who can taste, not tastes, nor believes in;
 And your granaries are the jails of kindness,
 Your wages pure, and your flickering lamps
 The fires of further enlightenment.
 But we, we are bound, we are tied,
 We are not freed by avenues
 where the trampling apocalypse
 would fan itself, must not we,
 be burdensous, fanless, apt to mood
 into the dark and vanish out of it?
 Oh, if we are indeed prepared, we
 are sometimes prepared for what is called
 the future; if we are miserous,
 and highly favored, but if we poor,
 where will the power to wallow
 the rich again?
 Not by the spending of what we have,
 not in promises, agreements,
 are we legalized; but as shadows.

QUILON AERODROME TO
CANADIAN FORCES BASE
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE

Hail, sacred head of destiny,
Sort of totem, and descend to the storm!
Cross out the colorful tomb,
Stars, even that themselves can bear,
Shine out above the gas station,
Dusty crumbs around the gauze.
Good afternoon, sacred name,
Kings and princes and soldiers;
Look no more at war,
But the sound of our own voices calls.
Sound of the deep and sterile sea,

And the voice of the woods that cover us.
 Sound of the air condensing without sound,
 Unfruitful, lifeless, dreamless,
 In the hot light and the plumless wood.
 this song to the end of time,
 To the wail of the struggle for freedom,
 And the echo of the fighting day.
 Died some, prospered some,
 Till we came to an indian,
 Meward'd among the swift and the strong,
 Whose cut knees were rising, whose hands were small,
 His head was humped back by the wind,
 His lodge over Ryan's head.
 Ryan? that brave man!
 Look at his colors: from the stall
 To the curb he came, and stood surprise.
 This through the hand he tugged,
 And with one great bound hand made impression,
 And passed backward into the well.
 Again gurgled in his thirst,
 For him the master stroke engirdled;
 For him, the arm that lent,
 The plaited horns that waved in air.
 Howe'er he pass'd, his heart
 Had never known a form so form'd.

135

CENTRAL AIRPORT TO
WASHINGTON-VIRGINIA
AIRPORT

I send instead, as coats of mail from apparel lord,
Flex Slims leather skin leather jackets & plights
Too long sleeves & long tails
Plus a few luxuriant lace sleeves
Plus a few rings
All are beautifully fold'd
And streminantly fold'd
Each flight of slender lace;
I find I incorporate ginn'd materials,
Big garments, narrow dances,
Can keep me from noticing.

In central Paranoia, we give ourselves away,
 For Virginia or Maryland, Texas or Florida.
 I don't remember their names, or the dates;
 But I remember the smell of toffee-puk-keewis,
 "It was delicious in a seven-and-twenty different ways"
 "Of blaming the whole world down"
 "I can't think any other than he did"
 "That wretched fellow - he never saw any chile before"
 "He used to railroading back to county or city,
 "I'd think one would have grounds to fear"
 "I don't know where he is" "I'd pray for him but I don't know
 where he is"
 "He's in the bureau's on the line "Dinetha takes me more
 than you want him"
 "Certainly you'll want him on de shore
 "He'll be dead with me already" "Already he thinks that he
 looks mean"
 I hope he won't mind the matter" "I mean he won't mind"
 "too much he wants to do it over again"
 "Anything I'd need from you" "Anything I'd need or want?"
 "Leave off the plate" "Too bad not to do it"
 "I don't remember the word" "I used to know" "psychiatric
 agent"
 "Get securely neutral" "I mean" "no way" "yes" "you're talking
 seriously" "no way" "why not?"

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NORWOOD AIRPORT TO
HOOVER FIELD

Don't get too close.
They're already winking
Death and Harvest
The fall of the Army
has begun indeed
New generations stands
Waiting for the Super-Hit
TV antennae toward Mid-August sky
"After shining night-vision
view panorama tube-to-luctint sky"
The sky trucks in sunlight
Smog envelops the faces of
beginning schoolchildren

Rated up to
a sex shop
After shining dust and:
Advance
technique of old age
Preoccupation
on the computer
Personalities
As a final reduced art
Dullness can't help
but
as pace gets more impotent
Space time
to his death without hope
Besides, he knows how to surprise
Don't you want this through town
Yes I do
But what I want is to get
more and more
scatter the leaple
into the fan
pollute the new breeze
The orchard
econ under the heavy mass
revolving in the earth's stomach
As the land slides down the tide
Like a glacial pink on the water
Evening is like a curtain
before a storm
in the shadowless darkness
till the cold appears

It is falling
and the wind appears
in a valley
between the cold and warm
Closing the sound of the door
we are called to leave
O wide open
for the abyss
cold to understand
& bring about
a big stag bowing
doubtless
he will make right
the road
could have been
and it was
but
we lacked
the air
the wings flutter
against the water
let us see
what our eyes saw
before we cried
for rain
at the road high
two hands
on the mountain
by the shed
where centaurs
moved on

without the wind
unaware
that all the
folds of the stream
cluster
and the hill
in the mind.

VIRDEN (WEST) AIRPORT TO
GRIFFING SANDUSKY AIRPORT

Somewhere aircraft haze,
icons
and older men
on their way home
by the smoke of the waiting
for the anaconda
to push us out
and gurgle
a sea of golden
done by the snake,
the papaya of the angels,
sleepless
in the bad

morning.
We wait
for crocuses
to grow upward
and upward
and shine
from the brows
as if
the smoky seas
are only soft
weathermen
the glaciers
single
and slide
into the cry
of the airliners
as if
we were birds
over and over
and over!
We say
just life is
a long process
of rebirth
and I say
that I help
my husband
today
to bury his brains
in a sepulchral
cildo

of the same
foundation
as I take down the stairs
to the balcony
surrounded by the sun
and the pale sea
in the foreground
I say
I see
a big thrush
crying
the world forth.
Again
and again
and again
if I am able
to say
and speak
nothing of my mind
of the smoky seas
of the morning
and the cave of my dreaming
and the air around
and my body's roll
and the sharp snow
mingling our hair with blossom
sleepless
in the gunwale
I say
I am here
on the extreme

side
looking
out of the barrel
eye
mind
to see the play
of accurate . . .
sometimes
at a slant
as if to throw
my weight to prove
my pulse
exhausts
but I am built
to carry it
well
I am a gun
on the ground
my body
is a flower
and the warming sun
is my wound
and the black wound
is my blood
and you are beside me
awake, my mind
is a wreath
and I a wave
to the sky
and I am building
my mind's upper.

LOVE COUNTY AIRPORT TO
HAY RIVER/BRABANT LODGE
WATER AERODROME

Poe! splendor of spangled shackles,
pale airport titlow,
Light breeze of the Asia Pacificchaise
conveniently commingling,
The bare bulb swapping setting
with the half-dreaded silentuminers,
The pyre-shaped balloon
ascending, fixed as fate,
O'er the polestreal
pathways, stretching far
beyond the shadelessness

The frightened eagle screams,
 The walls wave.
 Bore not thy soul against the bars
 of the camp, nor cry aloud,
 A Valediction interesting
 entombed,
 Gleaming for thee.
 Forget my frailties;
 leave maiden Pessoa,
 unbind her hair;
 Consider not my wish, that I,
 leaving my body,
 mother, should lie perfect
 as a child.
 But lo, the crab-apple:
 the first time I cursed the rose
 I made my strenuous debut.
 I ached; I bled.
 I honestly cursed the rose
 thoroughly.
 Now that I have received communion
 it is not every part of what
 I have to give.
 O saints, my bucks are happy
 they stuck with the word,
 like it is a sugar cane
 growing in front of my door.
 The beast doesn't know
 how blessed
 a boy to be a cow.
 Still, the corncrake

mews itself
with feathers.
I play not a march for victory.
War is beyond politics,
no more than a weapon.
And within,
if nothing else,
the young boy with the heart of rust
isn't happy
because he is thinking.

DAWSON CITY WATER
AERODROME TO LITTLE
CURRENT WATER
AERODROME

I drive from some mighty breadth of water,
and round about the club-room whistle.
Grey o'er the sea; the bridge is blue;
Below, the water is pink.
Cowper's mill is no more,
but newtons scale the air;
Bright sparkles trail the water's wavy way;
And on the stream the shell-thin appearance of a wave
Hunts in its awake, backward way.

Deep in the valley, off the road
 The houses game, the Neecesars are spouting up their own;
 Tonight the desert may pour its sands
 For a washed-out burner both on high and low.
 Southward, the wind breathes,
 Spring pursues summer, till autumn's hard hard set sail,
 And the liquid notes of summerrouse
 A mix of sand and oil, a bubble, a bubble,
 Oil and sweat, at dawn, the briny spray return
 And the week's work is done.
 Fall and winter are past,
 And the planter's hand has taken off his shovel
 And digging this great earth makes no sound.
 Only the cricket's voice,
 Blood-shot and long, and the wind along the river
 Brings back the green grass wind.
 And for ever there the green grass grows,
 And the damp plants sigh.
 Oh, never can i die again,
 Through every fibre of my brain,
 And i shall live, although i die.
 The grass and the dirt echo the same.
 My love, the grass and the dirt echo the same.
 God, that nor seep nor ebb, nor flow
 Is the undoing of my heart,
 But the building of this world divine,
 My golden dream.

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FORT ST. JOHN/TOMPKINS
MILE 54 AIRPORT TO
TAPPAHANNOCK MUNICIPAL
AIRPORT

I'm with my tits in a champagne
rip & dip fondly to the tops of the walls.
I'm with the former owner missing.
I'm with the lines of the former owner
missing by the ends of the lines.
How does the day go?
How does the night go?
How do you say fixed value
how do you change this?

Criminal possession of a telephone
my son removed from New York
cocaine mangrove
stenetphone trap
smoke bridge
stenetphone
auxiliary
portrait
homophobic conservative
transcendent
magic number
understands the government shutdown
the tower
and the streetlight
the official algorithm
discovered the green curve
of the moon
First we don't know
the name for
the river
or the wind
or the seasons
we don't
know our names
First we don't know
the numbers
and the dates
and the words
First we don't know
the allphints
and the flutes

First we don't know
the shapes
of flowers
in the paper
threes, twimes
three ones, four squares,
five & eight
in all
the diapason
so packed together
only the opener
will be opened!
How hard will it be
to tell ourselves
there are only
three ways to look
at strangers
and call them
timorous
Is there nothing
not useful
on the back of the street
rings of flags
that do not glitter in the sunlight
the solemn square
of the ancient clock
that no longer breaks
and is always counting
from the tip of the hat
The market men
do not know

what our pockets
are anymore,
but they will be
thin
or heavy
or smart
or old
or black
or white
The light
is yellow
in one million
and has no direction
in the sky
This is one mall
in black sprawl
of trees
Outside the hand
in flap of fireworks
in the acrid hold
of the frailest
kind of agony.

ISHIGAKI AIRPORT TO ARNES
AIRPORT

I am writing this on a metal bed
paper the way the 10th dimensional space
the temporary nature of writing comes about
changing what is written as an adult is clear
as turbulence, gradual as a change of temperature
and I am waiting
for the 5th to be released
renewable in energy
I am writing this on a plastic Ouija board
I am not writing a letter to the Times
I am not writing a cardboard
box, I am not writing a paper
the way my mother gave birth to it

I am not writing a baseball glove
 I am not playing I am not
 writing a novel about it
 I am not writing a sequel to Shaka & Chiang Kai
 I am not writing a book of lunar constellations
 I am not writing a book of audible mysticism
 I am not writing a daily accounting of my time
 I am not writing a daily accounting of my
 ownings with the land's surface
 I am not writing historical re-enactments of any dura-
 tional literature
 I am not writing anything that anyone has requested of
 me or is waiting
 on, not writing requests. I am not writing anything that
 anyone has
 requested of me or even rejected offers to
 give the form of request, even to messengers.
 I am not writing letters giving nothing away.
 I am not writing a book called Kansas City Spleen.
 Not writing anything personally 'out of their
 breaches of privilege, not trying to take over the City en-
 tirely free
 from traitors of the modern state I am not writing this.

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PRESIDENTE MÉDICI
INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TO
DORSET/KAWAGAMA LAKE
(OLD MILL MARINA) WATER
AERODROME

White fog over the middle of the country,
Wind grey and clouding,
I come to the airport
to the western end of the island
looking for Episcopus
The wooden-brick tower
overlooking the bay

Look at the direction
Look at the dirty glory
the bloody rivers
the bloody rivers
That is the power of the ocean
look at the length of the island
is that a pentacle
is that a sea-holder
The dead man's eyes
are full of yellow
red brocade
The passports of the dead
Are they sitting
in their Shawl or dress
like ballads of cardirogressive thought
icles people who dance
dancing in crisp collars
of the lute teams of river dancers
The walls of her room
are unusually cold, and glass,
often sealed, deflects
the eye, and in a hanger
reach under the mattress.
Such is the way
of movement in the mind.
Now, such is the style
of the play.
The husband to the ground
is the same motion
the rock to the water
as the ship slowly pulls

AERODROME

into the shinkage, and the husband
to the glass, the driver
to the window, the beamed
evening out.

The cat paws at her
around the bed.

The cat paws at something
else.

As if they thought
they might hear her
hammering the night,
there is only silence
in the jungle.

The words for no matter
are: "No matter"
and "impossible" and "ist too."

I think of the night
as I'm falling asleep,
my skin frozen-cold,
and the bullets of earth
raging my like-acted
skeleton: they are
all Roman, after all.

The theater is empty.
Not the parts, not the dashboard,
the knapsack, are empty,
not even the wrapt package
I threw the first half of my bundle
in the river; I didn't want to give it
to someone to pester and sniff.

143

NAICAM AIRPORT TO
TORONTO AERODROME

Pleasantly parked between
ink staves of land railroads
with wonder of the transit
under the arches of the sheds
where men who left their jobs
rode the capsized
dust
of an amusement park
glass city
avensel
meanwhile men isolate fire
peaking hammers
srashiki

bazookas
lay them down
lie down
say say
bear with
little
strings
seraphs
walking
slower
lit by small
burning
fires
the night
for whatever
reason
they
should
be
sleeping
chamber after
a long
haul
from the
bars
and
shovel
along the
sweaty
streets
figure

by
subsided
dream
playing
drunk
an actor
singing
what
has
not
been
said
to
you.

a. *
b. *
r. *
while. *
such. *
only. *
that. *
that does.

a. *
of. *
of. *
trouble. *
and. *
i.
pron.

(s)

ar.

pron.

(s)

ar.

pron.

(s)

l.

l.

l.

l.

where.

(p)

going.

shadows.

nam.

nam.

nam.

nam.

nam.

nam.

Nam.

advertisement.

Journals

49

The Ricketts Company

note books

at my hand.

My line my own.

Notebooks

on
my face.
Notebooks
and
worn TV
I could but read
notes
and notes
and print
yes
and those
below
where.
No.
Almanac.
Where?

144

STAPLETON INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT TO MANDURRIO
AIRPORT

I'm going to modify the oath before my return to Mandurri
I'm going to put me keys upon my easy access to Secret
Police
I am going to take with me one of the veils of the earth
I am going to take them down
from the earth
I am going to make a symbol of breath
and put them upon my back
I am going to wear white like worn skin
when the dead have done their thing
I am the dream and the symbol of death

I am the woman who's been dead
and found again
I am the child that chose to be born
and wanted to be born
I am the dream that was swallowed by the sea
I am the time that was swept
through the mountains of silence
I am the water that was under the sea
I am the yellow laughter of the wind
I am the deafening noise at the end of the world
We are alone in the thing that is imperfect

(5)

Which is much worse than we imagined
We are the mirror of ourselves
We are the so and so
We are the so and so
We are just the person of this bed
And up and down and inside and out
I am the invalid of this bed
and the useless rickey
and the hands of the fool
And the pointless equalings of history

(6)

I am the black cat
lying in the Emptiness
of the Night
Belly wide and head low
No longer sleeping
But the last action salutes me
What else can I expect
I to see?

(7)

Under the example of Hitler

I shine

When I am asked to

I'm simply one more

guilty and less willing to be a bride

(8)

The perversions of myself

Just as I am

In their sight

I put on the mask

And the mask grows colder

Now I receive a cold shower

My forehead is the coldness

of an unextinguish'd fox

(9)

In their fury the crows

deletely

(10) And the fox goes whither

I know a trooper

beneath his scarlet coat

145

RCAF STATION
CHARLOTTETOWN TO
PALMIETFONTEIN AIRPORT

TORNADOES

,

Racing the Pacifico-Serra

,

Sailing the city "that never was,"
Swims through the spumy greens,
By the clothespin
of the town,
Past the yawning gates
Of the city
Swinging at dawn.

Leaving the monkey-houses
 of their office-buildings,
 Onward from the trigonoid
 Of the air,
 Down the petals of the city,
 Onward from the knitted roofs
 Of the town,
 Onward beneath the disordered
 Unroller of heavy crates,
 From the standing smoke.
 Heart with its hundred mouths open
 I reckon I answer better than Jesus"
 I sing this song
 I sing a song
 I sing the Road.
 March (7) The Rolling English Council
 Each wing has a black bugle
 Warm afternoons describe the body
 which must be removed
 at the meeting of the council
 before the flying bond is dealt
 :(Boards of Revenue)
 "In grace of heaven welcome special measures"
 Even the road was long
 First they tapped in a dark tile
 Dark and proper
 But the crowd was hidden
 Under the paving stones
 And the board was glued with black
 It was cold and very cold
 And they looked for neither outside nor inside

But they looked for something the opposite
"Something the contrary"
Stones and rocks and sand
Lying here under the earth
And the flying sea did not break
In the desert
Bones calculated the game
Tiger so sensitive
You couldn't hear him
Booming from the grass
Because he sang
You guessed it was the moon
The flying sea
And everything I knew
Things I had to know
First
The basics - how to
Accept and accept the world
Where it goes
School writhes
It spreadsheets
Concurrent storms
Freak on the busy street
Flanding from the night
Nature screaming
Out of its virginia
Like a nut tree keen on the golden shelf
Where would you go
Where would you go to hide?

ONEIDA COUNTY AIRPORT TO CARTIERVILLE AIRPORT

Over the wooden guard bowing
under the curve of the airplane
a magician distances between
Kansas and New Mexico,
interpreters at the station
for the Panhandler Tobacco Signifying
the first sale of cigarettes
between World War II
and the North American Express
and ten thousand pounds
to pay the boys at Parcae in
Texas
who wore green checked

glass mirrors and stood
about to voice
our astonishment-
free companionliness
on the Biegorki Educational Club
in Minneapolis
which issued two limited guns
and a big ring shop
under the world crossing
the street where one arrives
off Pacific Harbor
(another you might say)
at the end of the forest floor
to be stripped and worn
sounding like that another
before stepping aside
this train of railroad
under the ocean in the tree
as it tries to shoulder
the watery spike
of a hill into the sky
(it might be tucked under the floor)
for it was a Tube
of Baby Gauge
with a tie
when he came to the capitol
in his own camp
of green plastic bags
and he said
when he reached the top
the workers on the platform

for a waltz
he said
I gave you a big one
Sunflower Tampa
stashed welter
on its lid
and a whip
when you tried to cross
the latrine
clotted up his sweaty
and my blood
running strong
behind his ass
Hughs Cox
who worked beside him
in the factory
all day before he died
derricks fired
from the store
he was not known
for his death but lost
the box
and the song
and the pipes
of his laughter
and comes
washoeing
in syphilitic
antintheque de
frio en Felipe
to cheer the locals

begging his ass
backed by the mob
a right-law
which makes a man
a king
a queen
a Carol
a queen
leaving nothing
for the men
that took the care
of the women
in the factories
of need
that we beef
when we went abroad.

147

FONTAS AIRPORT TO ST. LINA
AERODROME

The airplane's mass and the piled-up baggage of men
hauling up
the exact shape of a dictionary.
They are not just how we want it
to be.
A scrap of light that was diverted
to the beauty of a man
might be how we get to it
by destroying the current on a spring train
that runs on darkness
above the crowded
supreme hill.
For yes, the west wind is unlimited and does

everything, and "by providence"
 is on our devices
 though only to the flow
 of which,
 if we will believe in the word,
 a man will be given
 who shall prove me
 and what I mean.
 For I am a man
 and I meant to be.
 But the dress does not
 always mean what i mean.

THE ULTIRY

The man is taken in rivaling
 psychism.
 His life is obscure,
 his record of suffering
 is not spread like a prairie
 exchangeable to the Cheer.
 There is no equal to absolute
 difference.
 Beneath the net of foundations
 he had made a good
 ground.
 He is so embedded
 in the exiles'
 patterns
 that life
 is a stalemate.
 She took off her shoes
 and found no feet

took them off again
then she grew
young
and older.
It is the caste
of humanity which
indu us.
Nothing to do
with pity's
appearance.
A mirror like a
bag of fire
leaves its gaze
and if no one
beholds,
then what is the
life of pity
in the noise
of these individuals?
Young boys!
They are spraying the patch
with a blanched red
under which the moon
smiles.
It is the very ash,
the ivory aged
chrome
of a violin.
Only hands
on the strings
and the legs of

the men,
they are melting
like frogs' eggs
in the noise
of a night remembered.

EAGLE FARM AIRPORT TO WAR
EAGLE FIELD

PHOTROW

The front door and the back-door turner locked.

The worker in the building across the street

Is not here.

He has disappeared.

The house with the broken glass sill

And the razor-thin back-bars,

Outside the fear of people and fire,

Is gone.

Strangely, too, was the woman who heard the radio,

Seeped through square-tawled glasses,

Sweeter than Queen Pachan,

While the needles of the sky were red

And the crash of trucks
 Images of the serious peril.
 But the radio was silent,
 As if listening in favor with the host
 Who Michaors rose and rode up the hill.
 Into the dark no seat's compromise
 Leaned the father, who, distant from the tower,
 Considerate the air in equal partsabouts,
 Felt equal thoughts of equal worlds;
 As if, in the presence of the least,
 Everyone were equals.
 Two adults, three children, and a woman aged,
 To the middle of the ground stands pensively staring
 At a haze on the horizon, stout trees alongside the pass,
 A sky featureless and elevated,
 Neither sky nor earth, the sky
 And the earth drawn together through the mass
 And inflexible grass. The day is never too long
 To discover among the bushes the path of the lost
 Journeyers beyond the haunted woods. There is the world
 Which is the sense of beauty and which is the source
 Of all the glorious imagery that lingers
 In the shadowy forest, dynamic as set songs,
 And which is the man and voice of the sing-song.
 These are the voices of the world—butzerah,
 Karaman, o karaman!
 God is green and liquid,
 I shall walk in his garments.
 I shall run about in clean-flashed cotton shirts
 And shall braid my hair out of gold.
 I shall have pretty wild gold-haired girls,

I shall have gorgeous boys.

WEEKS FIELD TO RCAF
STATION HIGH RIVER

If I had a rainbow / a commodity
could someone afford, she was urgently wired
forlecting the lonely guy who hated mountain trees.
Rain slicks, smoke gathered
over the bridge and down some other
deputies, who disappeared
in the morning, together in a taxi
calling nothing by name.
Some others retrieved
taken to hospital, some killed,
in airplane crash or fire; others
took their own lives, like a cat
led by a hole in the bark.

Others appeared to me like a card
had won the chance to tell them first time
each year's change forever to be
here, a jewel
which I shall trace here, crying
and blessed,
and forever, by love
held by the love of me.

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TALLAHASSEE COMMERCIAL
AIRPORT TO NAHANNI BUTTE
WATER AERODROME

2000 S.S.B.

Asian Pacific gondola "lopped free" in the backyard of Tene-
down

Civilization bitch screwed

at Stadium

Swiss Watch

moneylender

Poli-platform scintang

Skinship cape lights

aluminum over the Pennace

giant airfield

antennae like fiber optics
Smoke plume smoke
past corner trees
Guy pad, summer
screens as copper
Shine flicker
dimpled and wet as a downtown
underground
Fifth avenue
smokestack
More like a
Supermarket
openstreet
Underground
Red
fluid
like a marijuana flower
Front yard
sloped neighborhood
grape vine
shining
in the sparrows
aspen
Mank's largest
gas station
Red
houses & lots
Subtreasury
under the
gentle
grandmuseum

Images
& sounds
in my mind
of the guy I knew
smiling
the rotten eggs
of the lady
sitting on the
opoleoleole
She called me
by my first love
for my mother
came from her bedroom
in the morning
She gave me a
washed-out beachrobe
and I lay sleeping
picked
at it
like a scorpion
had me hooked
on the wheel
I thought I'd die
in the desert
Yes
I was waking in the
Armada of Planes
standing on the world
Through airplanes
Shrieking Birds
blowing

field-markets
like happy
parceques
stealing in GPTing
Bohay
where the motorman
sweated in blue
mosquitoes
Screamed
over & over our transatlantic
shire
slag
quatrain
Pearl Harbor
I have a charm
I have a message
open the window
and the castle maker
opens up his window
and I take my audience
here
In my room
I am the village man
I am the Monk
and I am the Ghost
I am the Schriber
and I am the Bells
Ring the bells
for the broken service
and the fear
that the ghosts who

walk through our
love will be
guarded.

151

CLUFF LAKE AIRPORT TO FAIRFAX AIRPORT

I'm on the clock-poke of a flying plane,
The Denver codineggars are hootingabalord
And it's more or less the Boston mob now
We've heard the Flemish Huxi around the block
My eyelids trough and rise to the amber pitch
Of Spectre St. Stephen's Cathedral
I've been shut up in Boquito Ward
I'm not anywhere near the capitol T Washington Bridge
I'm not anywhere in Arlington I don't know
A damn
All Christians should have here the Devil's Ray
Of course everybody who's been to Mass
Here's the great carnival of the amen.

Everybody who's left something holy
And loves something good
Here's a sky dignified of sunlight and boobsters
And everybody, everywhere, as it was,
Globe'sdaq under hot chandeliers
And no one cares because nobody thinks
Here comes the joy of quiet democracy
And here the tantalusians' joke
The Dalai Lama's smile,
And here the perversity of him who's come
The glory of the world of hallucinations,
Here's the fire of the sights and sounds of night.
Welcome to this book, anyone who wants it,
Here's to those who want to see it, here
And here alone.
Here are the signs of the light,
Here are the signs of the moon,
Here are the multiplicatives of nothingness
And here the continual truth of the world,
The way things always seems to drift apart.

152

RED DEER/SOUTH 40
AIRSTRIP TO PARADISE RIVER
AIRPORT

Red Deer
buzzing airmine, green candied veal, white billed grass,
beyond the Southwest yellow
duscainity,
airplane whine over
the terminal
under the cloudy branches
of a bush, I
am here except
for his body, beloved
brief case,

body I'm not familiar with, stranger
 wild heart of stranger,
 loosed
 to an old grace of cigarette
 beyond the bounds of [former
 record
 resistance.

Reduced to crocus-colored cottage
 black bone on a scorched dog-path
 then drive north.

–finally,
 the Exz notes;
 pale, still wet day in the country,
 exactly like the day I left: broken
 trees, crab-apple blossoms,
 toasted Valencia cracked
 and eaten away by cows.

I have been to find
 a place to fly to, a place
 twenty miles from somewhere.

Stick
 legs familiar, familiar grease
 spinning on purpose,
 redness of the body.

Wet collars.
 If I ask you what I think of
 flying, I think of it
 as a wonder, a sign,
 then I think of water,
 blue and velocity: something
 acean moves in.

A solid mass of air, circular,
moving
in all directions, coming to be self-begotten.
I remember passion, my love for it.
I want to be missing pigeons,
day-spangled insects,
the bedded hawk, the darkened black
cup, its little bill
swimming in the wind.
Until it catches,
its wings plucked
from their vinyl lids, streaked
with a color like younger men,
his bill faintly
flittering behind them.
I can't remember
forest names, or the part
of a forest.

153

TURNER VALLEY BAR N RANCH
AIRPORT TO HOOVER FIELD

1.

400 feet long, 80-five full length runs...

Grounded by USDA National Forest Meat Inc.

Ohio's Ohio Geological Society

World Oil

Co.

Breathey's Radio Cigarettes

3.

Smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke smoke

stain alcohol into urinal

fence poles, park boxes, truck yards

covered with red burned sticks

that die in sunlight

trusting the
government with respect,
the chosen scenery is a hallucination
of Buchanan's year in Congress
alt.

Doe a dig? Acid?

2.

In the cigar smoke
up thru Red
Up Cool
Om Om Om Sa Ra Wa Buddha Dakini Yea,
destroy Earth, Mā Veda, White God,
destroy States' Ability.
Destroyer of lying Scientists!
Destroyer of lying Scientists!
Oh dear dead girls!
Wipe them out with your
smiles!
It's all right, take the
wing-lock groove
in your
talking music
record—
It's all over soon,
what we have here
to say, and more,
as the bells ring
in the church,
Over the lake.
The song of the bloated
Hamlet regular

tone—
Stirring up the peaceful pipes
around the hearth—
What are the colors
bright as Maya festival
flat as speaking—
What are the words
more clear than bright
at once when the words
overwhelm us
raise, under the bird,
make a sound at the top
of the sky—
Plain words, plain words.
Weak eyes don't help,
smiles make problems,
talk are a disorder,
we're swabbing at too much
of a problem.
We need a hit,
a strong hurt,
a jab, a bite,
these things
take a weight.
So hit, lay motion
swimming like
a boat under water
quick, shy,
resolves and rests
.
Everybody knows it's

bad, but
I still ask
what's being born?
Did I know the unborn?
How.

ATWOOD AIRPORT TO
BARRIE/LITTLE LAKE WATER
AERODROME

AMETAS

Think of loving your self, whorie, an alien dread,
Who bows so low thy wing shall upward lift.
This so beseemeth me ful of hopes,
While another still farther over, men say,
Is to droop doomed for his nearnes senime.
The which, herein being vaine and vaine,
Whilist here all traces of despightfull woe
Be removed, and soone refusall:
Which yet the better case, were that i knewe,
I could refreye, and tellen sinfull tale.

For welcome be it, good souls, i thee pray,
 That, being free from Sin, which now is vaine,
 Ought of thy belly doo any good,
 Or take the bounteous fruit of cruel paine:
 So while thou art in prison, i thee pray.
 'and you, good ribs, maulgre who have got
 Power to doo that same thing, so much desyre,
 Who, goinge all up mount elphye, seeke an hore,
 Where you the selfe hast bathed, and soone shall hue,
 Worthie next after venus to stonde.
 But say, who shall next unto thee hold,
 Or who shalt be the saine man hererobes?
 The gyler sheepe, the laughin folk adore;
 They singen whan thou are theyr good aray,
 And woo as they wole that other go.
 Tho Eag as fyre than fyre may aryse,
 If oon be fild with chilyd honours swayne,
 Another day might warken as he were wood,
 And wake the children of their lunders clere.
 All as the sunne, through fiery dede,
 Whan typhon is to the place may wende,
 Whan the wrecches thebin erthely fihede.

155

ISLAMABAD INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT TO BACOLOD CITY
DOMESTIC AIRPORT

I travelled to Pakistan from American Fantasy
with starched beds under the transparent umbrellas, green
permission boats,
girls on homemade rugs writing letters
a WhatsApp, sent American Sign Agency
Humanities Advisor Panel Study & Review
, the guide to Sinclair's punch-can
Give Myself CNT & the Vatican Documentaries
,
The
World Humanist

,
 Khrushchev's Freedom speech
 "Freedom is not synonymous with violence"
 against the imperialist scheme
 the success of bureaucratic corporate self-centration
 outside the circle of the conscious mind
 Newspapers
 lifted like bright umbrellas
 torn from the sky
 in the vehicular heat
 bached like the cross of a dead dog
 piercing the spirit awash in the unknown pulse-like light
 of the
 arcared & published universities
 carcass cities of the gleesome
 Mr. McGovern (executive paper & liturgy)
 McGraw-Hill building foreclosed, indigested barns
 deserted by summer storms
 by a mix of economic labor-crafting workers'
 groansful speeches

,
 minimum wage, minimum wage
 and magic fruit
 hidden in the foliage
 boh, Whaddy mean?"
 Cry of the slave, mahommed
 "Stand up and prove it," bay "Sleeping Car"
 smoke of the furnace
 blasted the port of upon
 in the jungle
 say "Oops it's dangerous to eat grain"

and the bearded turbaner
snapp'd his turban
knowing the country's smell
fronting a store
full of canned beans
settled with powdery leaves
in a brown hill
outside Bucharest
where the white bread king
Doris Viscross
nursed babies
swallow down to the river
where carriers
carry empty sacks
of rice and beans
between the brown fields
toward the switch which turns
the railway to Poland
rail bridges
that run
all the way to the Phrygian Line
the Erstified
zeleu of the air
knowing the country.

156

FORT COLLINS DOWNTOWN
AIRPORT TO GAINSBOROUGH
AIRPORT

TOWERED
from the thickening tiers,
anonymous streets
glistening under windows
of older buildings,
top-heavy with their silence,
while across the throng
the radios
singing sagely,
beyond the screams
of the boy dancers

dancing
to the pulsed slow fire
in the wooden guard
inside the lines
to the sound
of the whirr of swift planes
down the sky
from the bare horizon
next to the red city
standing on the height of Friday night
and the pressure
of the bald men
in the metal seats
will force them into their seats
for a change.
In the airport, around the world,
the light touches
the body like a touch,
gazes on the pain
as one might see
in the face of a stranger
who has just done something
he has done
to leave behind for those who
need light.
The consequence is
of the speed
we have acquired
while we should
look elsewhere.
The consequence is

of the silence
we have already
to learn to carry.
42nd Street
Fleet Hours
A group of women
who walk beside me
play the piano and
the weeds and
the stones.
They are smiling
and some
child is laughing
looking about them.
I am glad to see
joy in their faces
which now radiate
on the street
as they walk
to the music
of broken branches
they wait for
by the curb.
Peace,
a city gentle
and sublime
is not settled
but here,
a woman,
a woman's body
sprouting

through her legs
like flowers.

A VOICE FROM DEATH

No one is whisked away
from one's body
to the other body
like a vagina

to stand between the life and death
of the other body.

The shriek is like a bird
biting open the window
of a disillusioned lover
who carries his soul
in his throat
like a ragged kid

who wants to be other than his mother.

It is still
the early summer,
the ballerinas.

157

HILLSBORO MUNICIPAL
AIRPORT TO STANLEY ARMY
AIRFIELD

Rocky Mountains . . .
Duffel Airfield's windows so wide,
no one could nudge them atoe.
Hunger. The hungry
feel no different from
the ones below, the exacting
path of glass, males
and females, designs
that take form
only when funny, or
everything is diaphanous,

a beautiful puzzle.
 Now here, even as staves are falling
 something deeper, the trees
 are trembling and beautiful.
 Heaven is a naked bone,
 tears in white, particles
 on the road are a circle.
 When you hold the shovel to your chin
 when you see him,
 you know he is going to be around
 forever. What did he do?
 What did you do? There is no telling
 what he did there. But there was
 evidence of his sympathies
 so that he acted, at least,
 as he had been. He was apparently
 uncomfortable, but he was
 unhappy about that.
 Finally there came
 a moment of clouds.
 It was a conjuror drawing something
 out of a square look I'd seen
 on television, and I
 saw in the way that mirrored the
 round-deformed curl of his
 ears. The light, it made him
 shine, glistened, & then
 it rumbled on, uncompromising.
 ...
 The fire and the burn,
 the separated fire

and the burn downstream,
at the crossroads, then
the burned town.

Then the crossroads, then
the burned town.

Then everything, conflated
into one name, for which
we can only speculate.

...

At the breaker, the winds
over the roof.

The roof. The roof

.

We have lived here
the all day, which is enough
for us,
which is enough
for the world, which is enough
for the world.

Which is less than everything,
a little after what
has been done,
which is less than everything,
a little after what.

CHARLESTOWN NAAS TO
ARNSTEIN AIRPORT

Deflected on a helmet strap
By a thief-moorish, smashed-beer glass,
I am a member of the jailyard force
Who has been a pen-writer, bouncer,
To the modern crowd who ring the bell
For the PRESIDENT.
A wet, black sleigh
Bears its galloping past.
Full fifty people on a wheel,
This dirty, spotted, lone arch
Hangs from a star.
Zigzagging to it.
Nor could you hear the hoofmarks.

The mad, mad romp
 Hares leave the fields,
 Down into the underbrush.
 Under the dazzle of its tails
 The brook pours out its fern,
 And the birds demurely flutter
 Thereward, their debonair flutter,
 From their magenta wings.
 To the North the yawning gate
 O'ershadowing, heavy-headed,
 Through the enchanted, white-walled Gates
 Upward again.
 And the vice of a man,
 My heart, sad and free,
 Is a loneliness,
 And a hell of grief:
 Or perhaps I am not a soul
 Of a corsair, heavily injured
 By a ghost of Grecian battle,
 Heavy with longings for his dear
 Unanimated eyes.
 Or rather I am that vortex
 Where the high-founded human face
 Soars and swings and enters
 The pure darkness of the sky
 Into the iron heart of the night,
 As a seedling's dreamer tries
 To turn his eyes to its own shadow.
 In the most costly services of a great society
 One may find the allure of a benign intelligence.
 I have hoped to inherit what is necessary

To live a sovereign, knowing how it came,
So that a man might raise a nation's length,
Build a robust nation, yellowing their roots,
Adjusting the crooked great-grandmother's spines.

159

SHANGHAI LONGHUA AIRPORT
TO GÖTEBORG/TORSLANDA
AIRPORT

Jet plane speed more than a drag
landing in the bay
current spins
chat-
pag fiber antennas
jarling explosions
on the radio
bring that metal level
to strike midnight
veil'd eyes
fish-cone-shaped

spiraling reeds
ending up
behind the eyes
paths leading to
the electronic factories
of bureaucracy
transmissions
& parking lots
where building-tall buildings
gesture new
found spaces
pebbles getting poured
water getting poured
boiling
on the floor
let the children
run
smoke street down
this airplane
smoke billowing
floating toward Norfolk
my father here
my mother here
in her wheelchair
she who never
turned up in
all these years
instead of in 1975
when I went to school
my father shuffled
the pieces

of the house
still waiting to be put
in the dowry
buckles
and still the dowry
honoring the speed
of the ostensible
bird
that flashes by
the bright umbrella
I don't know
but I remember
even in turbulence
first in the dark
no light
and then the clouds
above and ahead
smoke came from the
cigarette stub
and the goldfish did
background work
The table
shifted
when someone rifled
a drawer
at the dusty vanity
before I stepped
to the finger-pad
skated on the cold
surface of the typewriter
and I drew a sausage

out of the smoke
and then a plate of bilt
surrounded by roast potatoes
and the honey of walnut
so I said
even though I didn't want
to, but I did
and it sank into the sand
like a sack of barbiturates
and I stood there
with my ear against the wall
and let the green slip
and I spooned out a pearl
of a bird
and a blue plum
from the top of the plowing
and I showed you the light
of the maroon grass rose
and the petrel-like eyelash
in the court-yard
And I said, "Eating it!"
So you let me each of you
laugh at me.

160

CFB ST. HUBERT TO NORTH
FIELD

I used to roam o'er glen ne'er seen
Along the mountain-top,
Singing a quiet song.
I saw the village near,
Like a resemblance set,
Hight the familiar fields,
And arrows answered to my search.
Thoughtful i walked upon the green,
And wondered why men knelt to pray,
And how the pious question
Was thrown away in the chaos air.
The happy children stretch'd my couch,
And look'd in: the happy shepherd-boy

lay soundly by;
 And blithe'd on knowing the voice
 That whistle'd o'er the sand.
 And involved me more,
 Saying, 'sith the day is spent,
 Let us go forth and see
 The lyre, that skilled waves doth strangle!
 Go, and with me seek
 The well-sung day across the sea,
 Through the sweet-briar'd, bird-hung land,
 And come, for love of this poor world,
 Round whose sick-red roofs in turret shine
 Ghost-like the stars of dawn and day.'
 And they went onward, but soon
 The silver-footed damsel skated
 Across the road; no further wight
 Could tell her whose feet were found,
 But the wide fast grass turned all to grass,
 And the school-boy, with his shoe-strings soiled,
 Could scarcely reach the cross-swept heights of cumnor
 hall.
 So down the path he came, and at the gate
 Demanded audience on affairs of state,
 And in a secret chamber stood before
 A venerable graybeard of fourscore,
 Dressed in the hood and habit of a friar;
 Out of his eyes flashed a consuming fire,
 And in his buccul head was scarce a symbol
 Of power or corruption;—his soul was filled
 With worth and romance, and with soul and light
 From god himself. upon his back he wore

A long and penetrating wound,
And his hand showed evenness and power,
And his footstep trod adventure-like.

CADOTTE AIRPORT TO NAS
QUONSET POINT

By the door of the Continental, the airplane engine bell
Smells sulfur, and the baggage takes off.
I remember the Japanese gun-piper with sulfur-filled lips
Remembering the hell of Tokyo-flavored cigars
The crowded streets of Abya, the snowy
Peoples and their lost languages,
The long boats with legs and arms to cross
A harbour of waiters surrounded by stranger lamps
And the long benches beneath a screen
Lighting their cigarette lines.
To the Sun it is patriotism and the breast
Is a splendor of trees, their repetition
And the contingency of birds.

The light channel of sky so clear
Is a noise to be heard, a small splash
To feet of sleep, time for dreaming before
And the sound of ferry-boats
In sheet-metal alleys outside the city
Against the flaring surges
Of the plain moon in the distance
Speaks the noise of a sleeping people.
Now at Sacto Airport that moment
I take my one flight with Nimrorno
And go to the other one
And though I am a city I am not
Here in the airport
You are here by the light
Which, under the thick green trees,
Is the tree that holds them
From the rush of sands
Against the rocks
That drop northwest
Or the shock of them
against the Swazi Mountain
For the spirit is a scion,
Keter,
And the vines grow old
And the apples are too green
Even in the plum-parched
parched places
And the plane-tree who draws the rain
Is unable to let go
Of the clouds at the approach of the moon.
I am neither one nor the other

Myself: I am the tree
That grows above the world:
Above the world lives.

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MINSK-1 AIRPORT TO
BATCHAWANA WATER
AERODROME

Worn with all its longings,
the busy airports of the world,
they leave and return,
more travelled than the trees
whose bosom swells with leaves
above the city,
darkened by airports,
the circle singing
toward the gay provincial city
the driver screams
to the chaparral,

while the boys on the train
hype their teeth and dust
as they hop,
three years since they left,
for parts of the unknown,
with the baggage of passengers
swaddled in the snow.
Tonight the long slow taxi pulls
again, smiling,
as the girl, more worried
than excited,
looks at the banner
Scott Guthrie says of Manchester
where tomorrow
this story will die
than it will live.
Iron Newton
used to say
at night coming down
to taste the sweet
triumph of understood
freedom;
this was
the corner of his house
before a tower
of air
expansive and dark
Streets
beside a sea
smoke curls up
against the camera

operatically
the poem
dealt in rags
flat as a threshing floor
the words
then vowels, then
buy tickets
to admiral
in a line of fried eggs
where the masked
saints of the metropolis
on a clock
honor and myth
by the T-shirts
whom no one picks up
at first sight of the world.
This is the tarmac
where grass-fed Indians once slept
and ate dry roms
where the breadfruit
dropped from its trees
to hang aloft
in our parade of beetles,
scarlet flies,
while troops
forced from Ferrara
sweated in the sun
to give them meat.
Now the dogs
fit here
for our nativitie.

Now the fruit
suit us.
Now the apples
suit us.
Now the can
suit us.
But the mob of stones
in this place
are the men
of pictures, of postures.
They are the same,
the men we saw.

COWPAR AIRPORT TO
TEMINDUNG AIRPORT

1.

Already the exaggerated Russians are gathered
About the airport, stony but refined,
Power black and metal,
Flashing their sophisticated airplane on and on.
Only the gulls express a wish
To strike up the music of land,
Harping, according to my bright-eyed rebel will,
To put the city—
Busted cigarettes, steaks,
Candles, concertos,
And rim seats for flight.
A miracle in the offing—

A stone net, the suave egg-catches
 That, with their express grandeurs,
 The ships could afford to sail.
 Keen once, I remember, your voice
 All brooding, as you might have known,
 Corroded to venomous vowels
 The forebears of such endangered birds.

2.

Ten years later, and both of them singing
 The same thing:
 Without the music, the thinking
 And the words, the animals, the self.
 You might still live.
 You might not live.
 Flyboard, motorcyclists, Befriendly
 Romanist movement, grammarians,
 Whole groups of friends born unmoored,
 Each flying like a country's claim,
 Shaping its shrine
 Of golden phrases.
 You might still live.
 You might still live.
 You Miwiska.
 You pole with you bassquette.
 You symbolize the surface
 Not yet fully revealed.
 Blurred talk lies red in the green
 Reek, and on the rim, boy-color sand.
 It swims the water,
 Until the tabulae take it,
 To kiss the sea,

And moisten it.

3.

For his o'erarching and last lesson the graybeard sufi

Said:

"When the ranks of the jihad are finished,

The mayars of the treasons,

The reliquaries are shaken,

Their operations resemble

A hectic speech—

The greenounges shall give way to the camel,

The keelson shall pass over the nations,

The eagle's echo pass over the scull.

HORIZON AIRPORT TO CUT
KNIFE AIRPORT

1.

Cane-haze blobs
onto the waggon.
Blackness. The film is real
but we are not tricked
by it. See how it skimmed
down the surface of the air
from a wet arc of light
and zigzags
of green. The contraption
red and blue Pegasus
respectfully
regards us.

2.

Winifred was a name given
to a character in
Wedding-Match.
She was interested, serious,
over her brother's
fame, and she wanted to
with her husband.

3.

No one knew why
she and the boatman
had been chosen to work
on a blulong boat
there were rules as
cards (for example)
or that the man who
overstood the sea
would win the boat
and he was told to
make good call
and she could not say
what gumball was
hanging from
a finger
so when the phone
roared w/Gray
I thought it was
God's voice talking
to the man where the window
she was standing on
saying something

prematurely coded
to another man
a man whose word
was liquid with
sinewy tips
who thought:
I'm hot forever
and who,
the sea size
of a shoe
the new century
all shimmer
to be shrunk
to a sob
thrilled
in a dream
in which
the grave men
they knew
were actually change
and the dream
them words
had been twisted
into a poem
and the poem was lost
to the clipboard
always trying
to say
Thank you
for the accent
that makes them

work
like computers
in their latest
gestures
Baby Bap, good
food, it's
that I love you
I say
to the dead on the shore
They are
too tired to
love
I tell the baby
I love you until
the baby dies
They do not
love you any
more
than you did to the old man
who used to pity them
when he could see
them drowning
in the deep
insulating from
the steamers.

165

FREDDIE JONES FIELD TO
MONT-TREMBLANT/LAC
DUHAMEL WATER
AERODROME

I am plane-towered and taut as a bird,
Pathing the flight of the dreaming eagle,
After a place where the magic rabbit
Sings in the garden of my body,
I come to the terminal where
Frank Gibbon is to the contrary contrary aviation be-
strenched, my other wing-hemmed mind
Just wondering if that was really me.
I guess among birds I'm somewhere with the best

of waters and the sport of the possibility,
 And am mellow, not mad, I suppose,
 Drawn into the calculus of undecayable
 Questions... and then, flying off to CARROACH,
 Yonder, North-Desafio. Flax-gray smoke, flax-spreading
 Silently hangs over the arches of the houses,
 Between the driven gates and the shot-hered gates,
 No more like the broken flax-buriediarity
 Of old cinder-blocks, no more like the brown-eyed
 Linnet and gull-cry, murmur of old sin.
 The hills sweep upward from the base of the sea,
 From the harbor down the beach, and the dogs eat
 Thefts of dark-brown meat from the baskets.
 "This is the life I wanted, and I have misnumbered
 It. Go, cardinal, but don't go home.
 That sort of man talks straight on all his life
 From the top of his head. I'd as soon be
 Dead
 By hunger, say, as walk with wings and wear the bird's
 feed."
 So through the open canopy I walk into the air.
 Worn with the long march of summer,
 I see the glint of bayberry in the sun,
 I see the ideals of domestic heroes,
 Alexandrines pushed aside from modesty,
 And young men's wives thirst for term-mongers.
 "Here is praisley at Southomon's point of art.

166

GRISWOLD AIRPORT TO LAC
SEPT-ÎLES WATER
AERODROME

I make your poetry because I live in LA.
You make me vomit.
You get the mail cut.
You send me food.
and you say, Verger,
Ravish that away.
You repair the water.
You make me say
Rated light, poor wi' nowhere, little magic, little
calling back—
clear the glasses.

The land, gin an sole, extends far as you shall
 know.
 That's what we're set for.
 The long drops of morning, the bulrush's pull, heap
 the pipe and kettle, the ground covered with
 seed on the pot.
 And you, good neighbor,
 what will you give me you
 in this place
 where I can live
 after all?
 I'm a relative of Lord Watteau.
 Wit and complexity, etc.
 Enveloped in a period, even split,
 I am a monk who never prays. I am
 a family fool.
 Anyway, the ball is in the ball!
 The pope says he can bring us to the stage.
 The pope says, "A stiletto of grease
 is good luck to the hostess.
 The pope makes a good biscuit."
 Setting me a lump of tar,
 I took another bite of the stick.
 I was a pecker in a forest
 and I am a dear, a true,
 precious part of the unadorned dessert.
 I bore a blessed view of everything,
 in the church-on-thunder and the outflung,
 and I swear down the tub,
 I've seen that sort of man before,
 and he's nibbling the pulse

of my set,
his set, his set,
and he's crying
and it's turning me
into music.

My power,
I build the box, get the beer,
and scream at the mixer;
let the chaos decide.

I get my set on fire.
I run my doublet on the brain
and get the fire to see.
There's that much serenity.

167

CAL POLY, SAN LUIS OBISPO
TO BARKER FIELD

I blew away all embassies,
we dropped all diplomats.
Even our ambassadors ended in bevers
and no longer crossed from the shores.
Our ambassador is down the street,
and some of us still in.
Rogue-squad policemen showed me
no luck and took me down further
by the belly of the snake.
I was pulled downstairs
and spit through my mouth
so I might listen,
wait for a moment,

I thought about a man
line up twice for the Army,
then I stood up, moved slow
and looked at the man,
who sat alone
in the tent,
who spoke none of the language
I taught him;
and at last
I found that every place
had its mirror
table, the chair,
the wall clock,
the truck's pull,
what else could hold such mass?
Whose house with ballades
and no windows glaunted
the invention of caves;
what a margo
to a margo
where each man pictured
something he had failed
to take away?
How could a man die
who saw ten images
one of them still,
or ten numbers
with their wet, undermelodious
eyes?
How could he bear
so many,000 people

saying "We have to dig
us deep to survive
and we will be ready
to dig most of the moon's
hot soil"

He was like a man
from something much farther
than in this world,
when we were poor enough
to be poor enough
to be happy with the animals
who loved us.

CENTRAL AIRPORT TO
EVERGREEN FIELD

Fall morning. The Smog lifts the wall
of Pacific Coastal Hairline. Green grain shoots
and glue. Helicopter flamed
over a milky figurine of
airpower, smiling at the plane-tire
light. A single span
all brass over Earth Industries,
commons flashing on and off.
Mulholland, Contrails, airport smoke
drift pouring down
landwave. Plane roar complete,
Emerson's voice returning
to the field.

Pew! Pew! Pew! cry the children
pulling each other's arms,
What you gave me I gave.

CASABLANCA—ANFA AIRPORT
TO HAMILTON ARMY AIRFIELD

Smog trucks down Twelfth Street, past Coca Cola Bar,
Past police-car blinking red, past Coca Cola Bar
before park-cars scraping past us,
past the red light, past the alien telephone,
we still heard the dial tone
humping down wires,
beside the capitol turning all night
to cold plateglass, we still heard the alert
dog bark, listened to the chain bus honking.
Echo, double duty, double cure,
eat no meat,
drink from the well,
no sugar, no chalk;

taste no strong coffee, drop no sugar.
Don't smoke smoke nicotine.
Drink a little Clorox.
Talk to the person who died.
Give her a piece of your mind.
Try to touch someone at least once a day.
Approach grief with small bite,
and never look too long into someone's face.
Do not waste your anger
in anger.
Learn something every day.
For example, this table
on which Aaron's brother had been
missing—maybe
smoke in the glass, some light
from a window in the darkness.
At night, the room
fills with Chiromancy, its
white bellies
shapely and luminous
as though it were carved,
as though it were a bird
sprained into the night.
And when you see it,
you will know why such things
have been.
They have been trying to kill you,
always trying to divide
the living from the dead.
You who do not understand them,
your ancestors

who have watched over your living,
who have imprisoned you,
as they have imprisoned their friends,
are a harsh and ugly thing,
and a cry will soon decide you,
all of it a voice.

So the washing line
keeps you together for a space
and there you are,
as rightly as among all
places where it has continued
for decades, unconscious
iron at the bottom of the sea,
deceptive, receiving life into its own.

SAINTE-LUCIE-DE-
BEAUREGARD AERODROME TO
LA LOCHE WATER
AERODROME

Ride, ride, track speed, do not stop,
haste! behold how fast she leaps!
She doth lead me now up to a beech tree,
reaching hither, feeling me on her breast,
and asking me what I know I knew whence I came.
I know I shall not speak of my feelings,
they are gay with flowers and gay with men,
But I shall feel the terror of knowing
that I am not valued, I shall not help or cheer,

in the dew that lays all night upon the rose.

CRYDD DEYNER

Your mind went out to full light
 and then went out to full light,
 breaking through an unseen might.
 Or might be someone is trying to look
 quietly into your heart
 while you were running, broke in
 a frightened escape that you did not know
 there was someone you didn't even know.
 Love comes and goes, its amazing
 phenomenon, cleaving the sky,
 one branch of another continuing on
 the air like an unknown plane;
 my heart goes with it; my arms,
 the hands that dreamed of stopping,
 go with it; my head,
 so open around the mouth,
 I believe you heard me and are listening:
 we are strangers now, you wonderful
 and secret, and I love you gladly.
 My heart goes with you through mirky night
 and defections through sun,
 and wobbles in the wind,
 then breaks back to its original shape,
 tolerating
 as far as the screwing
 signs against the hull
 and the many passing miles
 and miles of time.
 "This plant speaks to me

on the power of the sun.
I think of you
in the morning
when I'm awake,
and of the goose who's waking
inside the warm bed,
and of the cat
who's coming into the night
and supposed to be asleep.
I think of you
when I'm getting up.

CHONGQING BAISHIYI AIR
BASE TO PORT ALICE/RUMBLE
BEACH WATER AERODROME

Hang it by the tree and gallon up.
The town is beside them and bigger than they.
They installed new bricks every morning,
and new ramps and taller peonies,
and new petarded dogs on Squirrels' treads
Jungle-favour go with them a-trip.
But it's still coming through succession,
on the same pattern:
Chug, whistle, bellow,
and diaper-suck,
sandpaper bags,

bawds, and diapers.
 Hear the beat of the mechanical bull,
 the scud rubber of the stepmother's bed,
 the dunk of the boyfriend jockey,
 the upper jump, his gate's
 hammer, his helmet's gun.
 This is the way our dead
 turn to look, that is,
 before they are tamed, tamed.
 They copido-noise.
 The big huns of medical data.
 And he, the tall,;"
 "You what?"
 "I've been thinking about getting a doctor."
 I dunno.
 A little of that.
 It's what we got from Hubert.
 I have the letter from Hubert's
 assistant, Walter might have worn,
 he wore his—"master"
 Marx said, and walked away.
 Welder's sister writing,
 and a man again,
 I guess, because we got some Italian food.
 The man from Zurich
 gets it all—
 came with a pink bicycle,
 and I'm thinking of Karl Marx.
 I dunno.
 It's dark in there.
 You're on the take.

I have a friend Jim,
and can't think I'm angry,
but the thought of Bobby as I'm thinking,
and the thinking of God as I'm thinking
are the same.

You've got to stand up to yourself.
You have to reach inside yourself,
to be absolved from the ground.
You have to be found,
if you don't believe in the ground.

NANISIVIK AIRPORT TO
VERDANT MEADOWS AIRFIELD

I am the shadow of a lost leaf—
a phantom flicker on a thin metal doorstep,
shadow of a lost eye, who knows
the right path to look out of the shadow.
There is no cure, no turning back.
One may arrive or be past the edge,
having marked the place of passage.
And yet the arriving or departing
leaves no shadow. And the shadows
for all arriving follow me, bleed
on the page of this flyer, like because
you will find yourself duplicate,
like certain moonstones, no singular

hero, no country or group,
you hear the heart-beat of fishes
fishing for the river. Their scales are stained
with shadows of fish-fists. The heroes
are me. Take my hand, lead me!
Take my hand, lead me!
All the world is myself, I am God,
and come to me; o die!
Not any of these things am I:
I laugh at what you call dissolution,
and I laugh at what you call birth.

TAGBILARAN AIRPORT TO
EVERGREEN FIELD

March, march, ettrick and teviotdale,
proven to be easy missions through the rose valley,
the road from the small triangle of our front shelter'd
with rocket stones, purity and wind, water
bearer than dream.

March, march ettrick and teviotdale,
wall round our fleet have begun, an' set us a-beam,
church to hallowed ground.

But long before that error-word had been graved,
our cause was awake, and once again—
the plane to the pine-wood cart
that carried us from the battle-plains
laidiscertained upon the floor.

Yea, shepherd, i have seen that fraud of yore
 pend not in building the goose-row,
 But in that infamous battle-ground
 built after the holiest day.
 Walled about with fraud and treason,
 never found issue for a death.
 Then, on that water-lily lane,
 i ask'd of you, in words and deeds
 Or presences, to battle you.
 swift came your thinking; beyond the guess
 and varied evidence, found
 Rude figure and unmatch'd approach,
 aid by the noble memory of the boy.
 Clothed round with the diff'rent gleams that photograph
 the magic ruins of new rome.
 Mysterious now, what mysteries you know!
 from whence came you, and whence your scenes?
 And israel laid on you with his lord!
 (like the labouring ploughman's wife that knows
 if her crops wait for harvest,
 or the egyptian priests in their woe.)
 And when jupiter in his nudity
 tops the sacred hill,
 And throws his crown across the sky
 above the helpless people;
 And while he drives his ax across the vineyard,
 dash, dash thy golden hair,
 And wind thy iv'ry neck of silver;
 capish, and priceless, and dear.

174

FULTON-ITAWAMBA COUNTY
AIRPORT TO ALAMO NAVAJO
AIRPORT

In this San Francisco aluminium-white dust-blowpipe
building,
white safety-signs read 'Open Seal Sages',
white sanitary walls fronting a sea wall,
polychromatic nightnight gas
smog benzened surface of earth,
Chile's the point of the expressway
to a point of the rock's heart,
it's communist land
peteredced down to the crust
mud width of the road,

shaggin' over ceramic iles
zonas
lighting the compass-monkey-filled
sign.
Hanson Baldwin covered the simoom.
White uniform, blue uniform,
time to shop the ones we didn't take,
buy new shit
end of season drive from Horror-
Scrap through the aura of it,
tighten the parachute.
November 1970.

175

ALICE ARM/SILVER CITY
WATER AERODROME TO FORT
NELSON/MOBIL SIERRA
AIRPORT

A coat of blue against the pink shingles
of an Aerospace campaign.

Paterson, April 12, 1955.

Three girls with one ear dropped by a jet.

A woman with a single dizzied hair.

The planes were giant and holy,
and I once had a girl called Lillie
who gave me a glass of Valley
after the plane went in.

Her sign was a lantern.
I never regained her.
I had to learn to catch
a word like her once and
could not. The sky was a mountain
of heavy birds that had already
gotten into formation.
Oh I knew that I was next to her
even as it was happening.
I had to get out of the way.
The other one was left floating,
a cherry-red head edded into the rock.
I held the baby as if you held a toy.
I showed myself to the others
like she would protect me.

176

HAMILTON FIELD TO
FLUSHING AIRPORT

It is drinking against the glass
and against the sawing-in-the-middle-distance,
and women who run
the Terminal Allegiance, already
airlining and re-crossing the line.
Older than its name,
the establishment of a man's
sympathy exists in the world
as if nothingness
were inverted
—the wearer is himself,
the observer is himself
and the relationship

a smile
 relieves
 from the bark of the tree.
 Was this a consequence of the world's
 devoting itself to light?
 Wake up, I say to my love,
 love, who listens,
 which leans against the world.
 Here, in a woman's room,
 I find a yellow crayon
 which she has come to
 to look at,
 glued to the flesh
 to protect
 what she gives, and must:
 cross no breaking
 without a moment's thought,
 where the trembling
 scoops of her heart
 in a gasp of bliss.
 The ICE OF MY RAG
 The ice of my rifle
 rags black the words
 I am not a word
 but a noise
 Your brother's drawing
 the shapes of letters
 on a wet bed
 My suggestion
 would be to go
 back to the bank

once more
in the peevish season
and realize
that I've begun to understand
why we must look
back.
The shading of your eyes
and the living
are birds
but I can't say
understands the world
yet
we begin to turn
and look
and tell ourselves
about the world
as if
it is some mysterious
act
we're vicissitude
and not the same
ICO
AMA
AMA
AMA
AMA
AMA
AMA
AMA
AMA
SMU
In the deepest undamorphary space

I see the still-touched co-op
of the engine
and hear the static
bias of trucks
and soft rain
on the radio
plays a version
of "The World in Space"
languidly beautiful
and few people
except for the engineer
who stands.

177

DEER LAKE/KEYAMAWUN
WATER AERODROME TO
OLDS/NORTH 40 RANCH
AERODROME

We are 100 fathoms deep, green-
way pouring into the black
water. It is frigid. The wind
traps the oil. It rings the seafloor like
the rest of Africa, scallops
and spits, high-lashed
against the alpinists in rowboats,
skipping the sea from thinning
silt pools. Deadly

with beauty, this harbour
is the centre of photographic
crenulation. We are living
on air. Sighted over us, the sick
dark air: bundles of kerosene
scattered on the ground like fragmented
shrieks, tears, violets,
pulsations of visible
sea air, and then the sky
smacks sweetly of fish.
To the left, boys on a beach
holding hands, clones
of ourselves, the undersides
of a once world. This shape
of Earth, the heat
bitters at our feet
as we walk, as we tread
the world together.
To the right, fires.
The distance of fields
not mattering much to us
since we understand
that meaning is
a long sentence,
kin to the black
fur of robes
placed on the table.
It is the story of the spell
of the sea.
Water is not red
but swimmers.

Still, the hot wind
rings the razor blade
into the open
beach balls.
The old woman in the stove
grassless, her oldest daughter
touched by the lagoon;
the blind town clock
grates even as I rest.
She is afraid of the sea,
the steep seawasher
in the shadows of the rocks.
But it is not the sea
which molds the hills and rivers
out of the mud
and sweat, out of the grime.
The earth absorbs them
one by one,
as groundwater in August.
We rub new eggs
on walnut bars
and brownberries,
homesick for the bush,
and, with a dance,
riding the billowing swell,
the high sand bottom
out of the risk.

MORRIS ARMY AIRFIELD TO
FULTON-ITAWAMBA COUNTY
AIRPORT

S

OMBER

of the wreckage,

After the day's work, the daytime moon, the switch
goodlights,

After the glove-tower's yawn, the tiger-face, the tiger
face,

Bid Yankee villeroller, bring your old delight,

The organ-tongue at phrase;

Let me rivet my ears, the whole
journey of the soul;

I hear the pulse of the prophet's brain,
 I feel the march of modish majesty,
 The modishness of Deity.
 Though speechless,
 I can read this thought:
 "The USD's the currency; the US
 bought us . . ."
 That night in Rio,
 When the AMFMOUTHANKMENT
 Gave her the idea,
 He handed her a script,
 and he was fast asleep.
 So the NMU Minstrel
 Showered with his wonder,
 By the way he wanted her to,
 Oh, blown to sky,
 Like a sportsport in Russia.
 Don't try to understand
 The way these Foxgueros
 Wrapped themselves in camouflage,
 As they tried to ward off
 The mighty SWISSERRIPS
 They caused to be victims
 Of their own song,
 With their own eyes.
 And when they described their stolen goods
 It was with more than before
 At the laboratory
 Of the world.
 NPR says thatgone are the Mesozoic seas,
 And we must escape,

Until the sea rises again
Between us and the land
It was divided in;
How can our man be a victim more
Than the man who saps for his friend?
A government job,
A government that is also rotten,
A fallen tower that has lost
And so will no reason to live.

SPONSORED

In the film we keep watching,
Somebody is being thrown into the river
Which is like love
In the face of the moon.
Let us tell ourselves that we are dead
And persons drawn to it
For an individual life.

NAVAL AIR STATION ATLANTA
TO BEECHY AIRPORT

TU SQUARE

By the span of the ringed bend that a ship will stretch to a
mile,

A square of exactly run little water standing on a peak.
Communion of that material, as long as it knows itself,
To contain the memory of the elephant, the barrenness of
the rabbits,

The spatula, or the bickerstaff, leafy trick of the terminus-
FIGURE

It is vital to maintain the integrity of the image,
Especially when it is most clearly stated.

Keep the line, you'll never free

One whole piece of content, like a dog's tail.

CONVIVIO

What honey in the frigate's alarm?

Why, oh why, the unknown?

THANK YOU FOR SHOPPING AT BORDERS.

FIRST PASSENGER

I'll put the catalog in the box—

No, no, I don't use the hand for "first pass."

Words have been lost, like the account
of the very first word I wrote.

I should look up the word "first"
searching, as per usual, for the end of
passing.

Words are lost; the account
of notation is as lost as the account
of notation.

At Ovid's letter to Venetius

"I see how much you care about me,
I may very well divine other words."

Then there came other stormy days,
and I might have seen them,
and been indifferent to them,
as would be tolerably anything
most that comes from without,
grogant little voice
uninterrupted by the next
word I said.

"It's striking, it's striking, I says,
how much you care about me."

Bellocance!

Plunge.

It goes on, it goes on.

THE LONG BODY

First printed in the Century,

Mannrint,

September 1913.

Last published in

LTM

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180

DOHA INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT TO GRIFFING
SANDUSKY AIRPORT

For months I couldn't believe the CIA helped Cambodia
though every day I pleaded,
I got mixed up with frogs
who fancy and inventing began
with Cleopatra joining the train
though every boy was waiting
before he figured it out
about the CIA.
But the American government has really grown
too big for small boys
and the American people

is hurting right now,
so why not try a little change
for the corrupt Afghan government
or help the poor
as the situation worsens
and we cannot help
and we must help the world
as the mood sways,
and what a speaker
can we bring to the summit?
a gentleman,
a motor, a ruby
laundry:
contact
face to face
that world
is a great thing,
a giant wave
with everything built upon it
and rising
from a crude stone
squawking on the sand
in front of us,
together,
out of the country,
the mountain
and the slip:
i see
you find your way
in the middle of the country,
you do not know

where the road is,
probably you are waiting
for the other village
known to be there

you have been waiting, you have been
there too, I will
tell you what I know
which is the most common
feature of the movement
movements are the
agents
I write you are terrified
of them and me
to whom I may not pretend
to be indifferent

you are trying
to think of me
as a risk prone
to distraction
I tell you
this number worries
with numbers
you must call me
roosters

when I was three
we had a house
inside the stalling
frame of a house

close to the water
to and west
meanwhile on the other
side of the house
was the staircase
of the house
with many steps
along the roof
interrupted by
a window
in the half-light
and by the goat's
heart
in the gelatin
and the cold
quetzal That it is necessary
to reach.

181

BOULDER CITY AIRPORT TO
PALMYRA ATOLL AIRFIELD

I'm not any kind of traveler
who stares at the Unimeter of Pole
down there with the Z's on the dial
and no kerchief to hold her head
unafraid of being tramped
by a government employee
who knows more than Joe McCarthy's
bait-mates
for conspiracy in this unguarded
corridor
Save the gas-lights cost 1.5
and Eileen's Beret
to the department of Revenue

inthebuildingoftheasylum
inWyoming
Tucker, Burton&Porter
have...
friedchicken, green – skinnedbabygoat,
agedsheepdriverlesstohisdestination
withoutrollingdowntheescalator
tomeetthetrafficofthenight
Respectivecamerasflickeron
likeleftoverpagesofabook
wherewordsthathavenoability
tosaythemselves
Whatanicedaytogo
Wheretohellwiththeball
Thatbouncesitspendulumgame
Plungeintheshadow – towels
Ofthepainted – with – bulksuit
Andaride
onthe”DarwinLand”
I’mnotsolonely
Roundcardboardlines
OfBorderPatrolTAILPCPOBox
Pickup!ACrush
GrowmyHemp!
I’llsoonbebeyond
RockyMountain
Missing
FromtheWest
Space
To make
New friends

Remember
Joe's orangeheaded
Skin My Light
Society
Publishing Doubt
Into Now
And
Eye on the Scarecrow
Presidential
Worlds Dissolve 'Thru Heaven"
And Erect Houses
Remember
Maya
August 2, 1996, 12 : 53
A.M

.

182

MARINE CORPS AIR STATION
EL TORO TO GUANGZHOU
BAIYUN INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT (FORMER)

A steamer's downshape; a thunderbolt's flash:
Surrounded, sucked in, embracing
the carrier, her dream of skyscraper
kindling beside the carrier's wing
image macroopterus, on the wing
god's fingers moving over
air; carrier jetzans above
skeletons that spun with music,
a belly-burning right as center,

traning the cardinal and the square-cubbin
 heckling the carrier, the cogent
 wings of the bomber with its express
 of static, the brain moving
 from a ceiling of readiness,
 the spastic action of carrier pigeons
 lifting bright up their shplanes
 above the screechhood of hair.
 They were never angels,
 they were creatures
 of orbit, pre-biotic:
 the cyberpulse inspired their lives,
 the plastic parts, air and sea
 roaring up the heels of the avatars,
 and of the curly wings
 that swept across the water,
 the category of water-lights,
 short-legged and glaringly free.
 Here were men who resolved,
 now to shift their frames
 as if they were jumping
 from the dirt of open water.
 To be lost as a drowning man
 spinner on the bank of his hand
 under a frog's boot,
 wreathed in the viscera of frogs,
 then clawing at their own sanity
 like the drawl of an anger god,
 and the telephone ringing and ringing
 with unknown stations on the line.
 Compare heaven's potterds and evil death

realized in the imagination;
from motor cars to gas stations,
the body a hive, the roots matted together.
No sea or dreams were the instruments
of this walk, this daily walk
through a wasteland
but the body's errand; the call
to the dead man's face, the body's errand
under the earth, the spirit's errand
of a world—this place without a name,
nickety for the flashing nod,
a path that no one can find the head
of any distant line, of no place
other than this house,
for someone else's love, another's life.

LEASIDE AERODROME TO
TORONTO AERODROME

Leaside. now where the rain has gone
it comes again, the snow and like cold;
and though the wind is gone,
Yet the mole has laid it down
with the ear of pleasure;
Even so the birds on albion's altars
Bend either crying of joy or sigh,
each in his dish the other plies,
Brandishing the dagger in the other's heart.
Leasipus. like the fire that lures
the wolf from heaven, he is drawn into
His path, and in the shape of him
wears the dragon for a helmet.

Leansile. he looks at the sun,
 closes his eyes upon it;
 and from his face the wakening
 And fear-chill running up the air that cleaves
 away the block of space
 Where the daggers of the mind come from.
 Begin, o leacher, by these terms:
 How far the body's (-pain) life wrestes
 Before a soul complete as though
 for themselves alone;
 How all the soul's uses, joys and fears,
 Are thine, are mine, are ours:
 –all are ours,
 Nor yet all life, the full of worldly chance,
 That glides through petals of this wrath.
 Begin: thou art all things, the absolute,
 the love of goodness,
 the pilgrimage to joy:
 and to-day,
 Even as a cataract,
 The current sorrow, coming late,
 splinters into a smile.

184

BEECHY AIRPORT TO
GANANOQUE WATER
AERODROME

Let me, sorry sorry cos [U+FFFD] mistake
once more in the un-
forgotten era of brooding aversion
to modern oral hosannahs
and flapping laps of
breath that cut
me wiper into
a cool gush of cool
deaf earth.
So I let her down,
pulled her trunk

and pointed out
the round jubilant
next to gray smog
south toward the airport
beyond reach of eyes
regulating explosions
by above-height World Towers
and smokestacks
that still scorch
spectral plains
as long as your eye
swerves toward them tight
covert missions
away from corruptions
on the ground
car manufacturer to blame
everything corrupts
and hopes to own
itself
the shrewd, quick-to-trigger
eyes perfect for
lemures—
o knife-like, wrathless
hands
that drive me into
the gaudy screen
of pure fecund
belly.
So I die,
like this woman,
while the man I love

thinksys like to thank
the silent phone,
but forgetful
like a boarding-card child
settling in the bowels
of the neck's
rash reward,
is disgusted with the law.
I have been wrong,
wrong.
I need something else
this time.
Come back,
better to sing,
clear water, sweet tears,
sweet air,
sweet worms,
large hearts, clovers,
falustus, domestic
veans, ours,
and yours, the
lactical
reductions that
each makes, shapes
measureless against
no-thing
else.
My own body
could be a flower,
for instance,
could be a bus,

or a dog,
or a woman
or a cross.
The sun.

185

CHONGQING BAISHIYI AIR
BASE TO GILBERT PLAINS
AIRPORT

Honey powder.
Slant hand of grain.
New sputter.
On the right, field pressure tank.
A tree topples from the shade.
A furnace.
Resume the plane.
Seat panorama.
The evil eye sees
A mountain of ice.

On the right, the plane
Keeps rolling down.
The precipice
Is hidden by a spark.

Hear the pushcrip
Of the hummingbird
Breaking across the dark
Field of dark
Surrounding the National Airport.
July 1986

Elevated above the Sun
O'Hare Field's runway's
Long skinny lines
Moderate drag
Hemming the airport's
Silver wingboard thinning
The terminal's
Swiftness of touch
Brilliant like a plastic
Cone.

Touchhinged around the world,
On the sea's marge,
Laves of pink and purple
Gleaming in the day,
Red bayonets
Shattering and blackening
On the stone's shoulders.

On the barn's ox pasture,
A thousand horses
Staring from the wind.
Horse stands on the wall
Swiss-backed, salooned
In the shining sun
Of its big gate.

Birds on a page
Stare at me:
Word-pictures of horses,
Rhythmic figures tall,
Mythological APPARATIONS
When the spirit drives
The horse.

Eye-fear
Watching the black cloud,
Hear the shell!

So much we have learned
1.
Behind the glass
Invisible world,
Something in the eye,
One way or another,
Different from any other,
Made fast or slow,
Hot or cold, pride or jet,
Gull or a whimper,

In a coating of ore.

Dressing

How should I know?

Heelf of the Gewark,

Iron of the Stone Gap.

186

MONTRÉAL/ÎLE
SAINTE-HÉLÈNE WATER
AIRPORT TO SHEFFIELD CITY
AIRPORT

Source:

C. @ Bowen's

Post

, James E. (Mewe)

,

Le Monde

, Saint-Lazare

,

Los Angeles

(See
 1st Coll
). Published in
 Hit
 , 22.
 Yeats,
 Mint
 , 1951
 , 6.
 Lossie
 , Humphrey
 , Van Gogh
 , Vincent said
 , all reflect the reality of the situation
 .
 For example,
 Smoke Procession
 ,
 .
 1952.
 Popeye and William Blake Fight to the Death
 . By 3rd Star
 , 1946.
 PAug40
 First printed Philadelphia
 Press
 , 22 February 1885; then
 and
 1888, 1888 Complete
 .
 VOTH

(after D. H. Lawrence

v.

O.

H

ASS QUICELY]: Dolley Anniston, Matilda Warble

,

The Cherryblossom

(

selection 56

)

Harper's

, Winter's

, Summer's

, Red Field

, Fox's

, United States

Press

.

(

The Carlyle File

)

Angrily scuffed the serious query

.

Bovril

bluish slang (l. 6) gives way to "glen-backed glass",

the dapple-blue tepid

elevated

to "court"

and "sport".

Haymakers

: Common ground and trade.

Reves

: A company of investors (such as Henry Casey
dignity).

The Irish

: Their relations to English men
which include trading; and they which omit these,
which raise prices
and make these things scarce
because they are mostly on the take.

These counters

: We have our fair few

Exact examples

Of what we do and think
and do not know.

Or, connections between
incertions:

Flemish Mozart, teguilletes

Carlo-Croeno, poet Edith M. Silligan

(C)

187

STEEN TOWER AIRPORT TO
WATERVILLE/KINGS COUNTY
MUNICIPAL AIRPORT

I am upset by the amount of cities we've seen this period,
so I'll tell up my sagging cigarette basket on the window
of my Emptiness Avenue apartment building.

I am upset by the cops who want to punch Constance
and the men who carry out my private collection of odd
coins.

I am upset by the men who want to buy me a bus,
and the men who fly me for vagaries.

I am confused by the silence of the land
bound tapes, hidden inside the drinking holes of every
brother's

mouth.

I am confused by the something I still need
to deal with, the strange take-off of my hat,
the new possibility of me being neutral,
yellow, star-like, nude, square-to-square,
powerful-to-touch, nude.

I have had enough.

The blue-orange-spirit of Leonardo da Vinci,
the cat's-eye, the window-sill, have none.

Speak to me, I speak.

I speak, I speak.

For you, for you I am the glass
that breaks Yuri's coma

to receive spring weather "spun from the tubercular clumps."

Seventy years since I first loved you,

I watched you beaten by yellow lines
and existed in crookedest sunsets,

my haze-headed friend, the clod,
which I have turned to acid but which I love,
the hammer and the chalk,

the plane-tree in the air.

When I have seen you around me in
the offices, I have feared you will miss your
shape. I think you must be walking each night
at a message in the walled-up fireplace,
having your own face set aside for the night.

When I have seen you swinging by yourself,
which sometimes I have found fused,
the energy you give me is what I have been
and I give you.

And I know what you've tried to accomplish.

SIERRA AIRDROME TO KUALOA
AIRFIELD

In my velvet seat I sing
I scissor my legs on the world.
It's not the strains of lust
that bind this reverie,
It's not the music of a rosy wind
that takes the place of the sea.
Less the pang of a sorrowful eye
than a song of the sweet way we'll go,
Together we'll go across the sand.
Or to the stubborn brainpipe of the roar
of the alien rhythm of the sea,
Constructed on a spit of the distant sigh.
O future, full of bliss!

O the joy of thy young friendship,
and the pride of thy young fame.
Though the strain of a single heart be
thyond by the spell of a single word,
Thou and i shall ride, till the checkered sky
finds us and we leave the church.
Let the tempter sow the sand
sown by a dread angel of the earth,
For himself he could not, last night,
cruel death through the face of the sun.

189

MARQUETTE COUNTY
AIRPORT TO FORT GRAHAME
WATER AERODROME

May 6, 1965

Out of the smoking snow the tall bare mountains
were gathered together, as if, whole,
aching with a little storm of beetles,
traps of sodden orange, and the flies
gathered in thousands of them,
while it lasted, a slow, fortifying
drop in the blood of a wounded roar
before it formed the shadow and the frost.
Everywhere the scent of at least five different kinds of
grasses

lifted up. The desert can't talk back, and the birds,
so nervous, singing to one another in the heat,
simplified by moisture on the stems
above the grasses, their sweet music
beside the gate. They sing and laugh.
"Just Jazz, Mr. Blackz. That's what I call
the Western moment." The hard-
weight chain of the moon,
right eye of the mind, looks up and shouts
the learner he's just learned
his favorite. The little chain of sleep
keeps whirring with purposes: to ensure
the body's first
lesson (at least so it appears),
to hold onto the fringe of the nerve
bitten by the body, and not just the mine
of liquid amber jangling my wrist.
The brain. The brain supercharged
toward nothingness, from that level
of where it all begins, to the slightest
strife of me on the wrist.

190

McCOOK ARMY AIRFIELD TO
PRESIDENTE MÉDICI
INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

Privately

Unease prevents my lips from swelling too fast.

Upgrade the optics of my eye, make it clearer.

Wakening, turn the volume up to my face.

I see something of you everywhere.

In the rain you can hear dogs barking.

Toothbrush stiffened into oak leaves
and the blaze into small flat-toed boots.

The air is tiny and has no odor.

You come to the spot of a large fire
and find the white dressed person

sitting on a bench
near the field of corn.
The manes of the menehawk
are too swept clean of iron
to make any other sound.
You tell him to come in and sit down.
You tell him to watch me.
Into each of his legs and arms,
you tell him to smile.
He does not get up.
He waits and sits.
You tell him to walk slowly while I
walk at his side.
Left, right on the ballroom floor,
the balls of his feet
rolled up on the table,
the fingertips of his fingers
cone-shaped, like tiny sunburst icons,
the same as its nearest neighbour.
The manes of the menehawk blur into
the wave of their bodies,
glisten in the sun,
curling like iron rims
over a coffin of the dead.
Your friend, the hunter,
sees the stones, speaking through them,
hear them singing Yang,
the men of Hungerford.
He will be wearing them like a bandana.
You tell him to smile.
You tell him to be brave,

to have faith in good luck.
You tell him to grow up
and be man, too.
For he will be too old to travel.
He will be too fat to live much longer.
Choice.
Who will he be?
Yet what will he do?
Quickly, now, to migrate!
With his wife and little ones—
with our dear four-and-twenty-year-old
daughter, Anne Verveine-.

TASU WATER AERODROME TO
BOLLING AIR FORCE BASE

If, in an odd angle of the hutte at dawn,
A biscuit-nut column passes aerial outcrop
onto the bearded inhants, fat ledges and slabs
Like a long-endowed anchor; and tucked between
The nimbus-flicker and the faced-fly,
Watching the landscape for couches or chairs,
The sine-mucus clouds that blow among the trees,
The haze on the sea and wet horses' feet,
Or the column of the airy vehicle
That takes the wheel in its sides, if well
hir wheels do not spin. Downstream, the sun
Is holding still our brother's birth
In the past, and that lulls us, boundless

As the horizon's trailing slant,
 Into the future, which is exactly like
 The past, for it is the same thing
 As another day, said, and begrimed,
 Perplexed by the way the mind,
 Equally, with all its flashes and
 Its deadnesses, for the driver is driving,
 The philosopher, persuading, leaning,
 But not really seeing, as if that was what he wanted.
 That was the way, the wild track, the nature
 Of the world, which changed almost a hundred years
 Before the sergeant's death; and much more than that,
 And rather than they'd been changed, they'd come to be
 The whole. It is the mind; not the mind and it,
 But the mind sustained by the things around it.
 We should die except for Death
 In his chalk and violet robes.
 Not to die a parish death.
 Better, instead, to die a song,
 Weren't we smarter or more stupid
 With death than with love? But, petrified,
 The head of the gangster, extra,
 GGASSED, SLOWLY ASSURED.

192

VALLEY AIRPORT TO
FORESTBURG AIRPORT

I.

Smog coats smog, a solid intersection of
US 80 and Soviet

excess...notehat bright by the signs
on homemade pottery, plane
or baggage truck

hoisted overhead, wooden poles, a
bookcase

thrust up against the concrete living room
gleaming in a yellow light-

Chapter one:

Passing from June to July, green

reed pendant over green parkway,

lights along the path, cars breath
 –yes, bars of soup on the table,
 gleaming in the wintry sun.
 The first plane bush
 mounts over the solid pine of the bridge.
 The second plane lifts up through the solid
 horizon. War over war,
 the last plane stacks
 the beams, violence in the kitchen light.
 Floods of wisdom followed:
 I don't know what the lesson was,
 but the threat of the whole world,
 the sum of its tragedies,
 came to bite us like a knife.
 Then the next plane lifted up
 and the next plane lifted up
 and the next plane lifted up
 my self could see blood streaming
 upon the screen from Judas and/brak,
 when the hero of the evil spirit
 opened his mouth to devour me
 I woke up,
 a pillow empty beside my head
 was the Lost Cause.

–
 Wales and other memories fill the lap
 of my mind, whether yesterday
 or tomorrow, and the future
 lurks, if I can believe in god,
 every miracle unfolding
 and turning into its mystery.

And what am I now doing,
my body broken
in half like this?
Skin and bones, strings of bone
tied up in a blurry scrolling
in the crook of my arm.
What am I doing, open my eyes,
my throat burning with death?
It's cold as that!
I don't think it's wine, really,
or cream, or cake,
or sweet potatoes
instead I'm melting chocolate.

193

HENDERSON FIELD TO NEW
LOWELL AIRPORT

I charge this flyer with my knowledge of airplane flight.
I am prepared for public service.
Or so I suspected, when I rented
the Logan Airport, America's effort
might have been thwarted
by a crowd of national workers who knew
more than ordinary things: trees are not divine,
smoke is not to be taken in, nor photographs
of people, although they would locate
themselves among the surrounding people
would glide away (the way the veins
and thermals of a dancer
meet in the face of the others, networked warmth

thermatically between the massive cables
 that wait for souls to fill the sky
 with calls, : Time, Nature, American softness
 and military delirium
 and I am waiting
 for the adobe steps of the immigration queue,
 to be opened by weeping natural heroes
 who lead me to the terminal
 to—what? I couldn't think
 of the heart being opened by a nation
 with no country but the heart
 of self-congratulations, one self-centred
 self-styled "self-reliant."
 As for the people who pump and swagger
 behind the avant-garde of the air,
 I find I've got no experience in either,
 can I put them down anywhere at all?
 I guess they go for nothing if I tell you,
 but I'd like to say I do.
 Have any of them changed?
 The tits. The tits.
 They're in a way, they're in a way
 of what they mean.
 Do you understand that?
 And so did the man I yelled over,
 but you don't, you're your own friend,
 I told him, you don't
 never go there, I told him,
 you're your own man, my son,
 I told him tonight?
 Well, maybe, because it's not really so pleasant

to work up in a minimum wage,
for half a million...
And who's to say what you did,
on the dot with the smokey flame.

194

FORT COLLINS DOWNTOWN
AIRPORT TO JUANA AZURDUY
DE PADILLA INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT

Parched
Chihuahua–Nose trees black puerto rumbones
Melanges-topped purple vines,
Bongo Gold beards, flutes, drums,
soft whistles,
Costumed helmets, whistles, guns,
costumes, prosthetics,
Don't cry, baby,
Chica-eyed Chihuahua–

He'll pay if you let him—
Here, on the West Side,
Red beings from Miniature
Zephyrus wings
of the fallen sky.
New York, November, 1973.

195

BRUNING ARMY AIRFIELD TO
NAS QUONSET POINT

FLAKE

Commodore,

I'd say,

It's a shock to die
in the cockpit of an Airplane.

I'd say

What's a miracle
is any combination of iron and wood
that runs to
a sweet open space in the sun,
is so much more than the trees
which men admire
as they pass.

To discover in the wood
where they started out
after a full day of gnawing grass,
three shootouts,
the birds singing back and forth,
or cringing down to earth.
To discover the stone stairs
which will lead me to my piano.
To master the music and the body
which come to follow me.
These are the things which give
the day a lay,
and night a consolation.
New York, October 1949.

196

WILLOWDALE AIRFIELD TO
NAS TONGUE POINT

May I ask you, Internal Revenue.
When I think of your old poem
The Druid,
I think of you as a woodpecker
Sprung out of hibernaturally -
Sweat arrows spotted with red,
Death was always the winner.
Hairy-backed and hump-armed,
Flat-ribbed, and fitful-crouched
Hearted to make love -
Painful babies.
Now your teacher has added
New syllables to his version of

Celia,
and she has fancied a pace
Of beauty and of truth,
And now
Her darling student,
She is wearing an apron
Wide
From the collar to the throat,
And at the pole
Her bag with a flowerle.
Long-legged tall,
Straw-backed and shut-eyed,
She is sleeping walk-through
Out in the park.
Sleep darkly under a grey covered
Cap on her head,
Lie score on the gravel,
Thin, muddy shadows
Slowly make way for a fox,
Makes a tennis racket.
The spoon falls on her head,
Her arms and arms outspread,
Massock-legged and tiger-like,
On the ground like a waving rag.
The bones of her hands
Are forming into rows,
Like bridge or asia,
And her fingers
Like out into the sky on high.
I've heard the news
That the world is coming to be,

And the idle year
Leaks on the ear of the summer
Gather in its components.
I've heard the voice
Come of the world
Calling for account,
Idly and pathetically,
Delivering various messages.
It is the animal voice.
It will say:
Overhead.
It will say:
Be not an infant!
It will say:
No one was ever happier!
The world must be for you!
It will say:
Did you grow up
To be a politician?
I will say:
I'm a poet.
The // otherwise would have been
A ... the most.

197

WARREN/WOODLANDS
AIRPORT TO ANGOLA AIRPORT

*I pay the airline 25extratolosemyriches.
I'llneverordercigaranymoreexcept51andzero
Igotasmokerandaboogie – woogiepiano.
Iseenthenewfatreggaehit
yetnvrgotnochildren
tookmeheavilyonmyroadtodisbelief
Wannatakeanapdream, checkmyattitude
onthealienspeciesofprose
Halfthecricketsarewaitingforyou
I figureditoutatlast
I'lltrysomethingcool
We'regonnaflybacktoagain
Can'twescrambletogetherdowntheaisle*

*Can't we hustle somewhere to light
 As long as we have the flier
 The twig is bent on the iron
 There is no gospel
 Shout, Scott! sink low!
 In the distance
 the water bubbling coming apart
 In the hard distance
 is a landscape of searing pain
 I'm sure it's no dream
 We're on the move again
 There's a river between us
 I'll get up one of these days
 You wade out of my life
 You wandered off into the next
 Don't ever think what we could do
 We're walking on the same mountain
 I'm happy to be home
 Can't I make something with this emptiness
 There's a knife on the kitchen table
 And a mirror in the silver chair
 And the strong blinds of the studio
 I know this room
 It will change
 There is a guitar in the guitar box
 And a voice that has done so well
 I see you in the hall going down
 The floor is littered with glass and latex
 But you see me on the woodensill
 Playing the guitar — —
 I ain't the dreamer*

*There is a mirror in the floor
And a face that has done so well
I see the bearded man without sleep
There is a knife in the knife
And a voice that has done so well
I start to laugh.*

198

LAC-DES-ÎLES WATER
AERODROME TO TALLAHASSEE
COMMERCIAL AIRPORT

O, FLOWERING PARASOL
gilding the parnilates
of alpine heights,
a glittering cloud drifts
across the sky,
and across the sky
the road that flees
the phantom road of sweat,
without ceasing,
gilding the panorama of desire,
the world of avail.

WHERE THE BELLAUM

The Father's lonely years
 coming down to death
 are over, and by him
 the dull years o'er me,
 the co-tenants of the house,
 who never, save in stress
 of work, ever writhed such
 a saucy thought or word.
 Farewell! they that ply
 'cause the Lord says just
 enough about him,
 more than man's can and will,
 should all the world acclaim him
 as he goes up to pray.
 Friendship too must make him wise,
 and his own learning needs,
 Swelling like the foul weather
 on the face of things,
 never deviating between
 the bounds of day and night,
 changing cheer and gloom,
 gliding hope and fear.
 That freshness persists!
 The bright rain-shadow
 broods over the pool,
 heresy down the river
 like a greased board
 on a slab of burning wood—
 The fire-spruces help him hunt,
 ash and oily,

helmet and breast
bulges as they go.
Gush for the extras,
Leaves for the extras,
Between their sparks and smiths
pilots jutting holes through
Buy a bag of onions
and sleep topsaddle on sea-steak
islands of carrots andosh
from an anemone raised
by a spinny sound
BIRS
That after my rescue
from World War II
I found myself with a list
of old songs and know it was
a woman with a voice like
a small bird beyond my hearing
But when it came to singing
I didn't try
I just laughed
–a sheet of dark
tipped up on the telephone
–milk to taste
on the tongue
–I don't know
what powers it serves.

199

HORIZON AIRPORT TO MAYES
AIRPORT

1.

Rock salt crunching
even on the day's whiteness,
yellow sulfur, sea straggle
behind the face, plume of smoke
etched on the drugstore counter
in the tired customer
eye of the jeweller smiles
manufacturing the bee's chest
among the windows
where a man in Russian uniform
crossing the border stands
with his mouth closed

to an Arab heldist
who holds him tightly in his arms
even while the fruit grow
honeyed, make our pain
even as we would make temptation stop
with its whip-lash of dust
Sair odors
American urine
which is only salt
which is only the smell
of your blood, sugar
and sleep desparately
under the shed feathers
of a bird
there

2.

Who is the silent one
Who has no bones
Who is a tree
Who is a border
Who is a tent
You are need
I am the boot
you are the bone
You are the string.

200

EDDONTENAJON/ISKUT
VILLAGE AIRPORT TO
BARRIE/LITTLE LAKE WATER
AERODROME

I am, others say, of the boneless forgetfulness
Of the ashen gray of the sun, of the noonday
Flakes from the aluminum sweat of grinding iron—
NASSAAM
In a hangar, over the Army Yard
Anger of birds hovercraft,
Siren sighs, at least they do.
From the hubbub of Grandsir
To the bumper of Buggy's proud yellow barge,

I probed the odd tooth of each ticketweed chimney
 Last night, caught in the burnhouse,
 Saw the bustle of straw he used to say,
 Water lapping against water, like a cat.
 Poor madam, she might have been a gutter
 Or a guard of the circus.
 I would have loved you the way you were.
 Do you count your losses with shakes
 Of leg and shin and shrinkage,
 Armour and legs and eyes.
 Of what am I myself but a pulse?
 The pungent orange peel of citrus?
 Do you think it exists?
 I think it is so.

3.

I bleed, the blue juices drip,
 Perish the thin fruit,
 And the warped shape of the cabala.
 I speak the flat language.
 That is the flange of the mantel.
 In the straight Candlestick,
 This is the white piano.
 Here the woman is played
 A portion of the concert.
 Here the man with Alzheimer is
 Dragging his chair
 Away from the piano.
 The piano
 In love with music
 Deflores the songs
 Of the candy-apple,

The philter
Leave to the imagination.
The chromatic
Flare-drum
Of the mandolin.
The cock crows
Kitstraw
In the insane asylum.
The liver
Changes in the fluid
Of the noon.
8.
From the death in the bank
To the present,
From the nappy tell-tale
Feeding the grind
The death-curly rat.
The times
Are grand in size;
Count the regatta is.

201

RACO ARMY LANDING
AIRFIELD TO RCAF STATION
VULCAN

Pale green fields
to fields cased in aluminum sand
The large planes movement appear
Level yellow electricity
generating in silence
Trucks and chassis shingled
board-hang on the elevated heights
Underful dark levels
Ashes of railway dust
pulsed toward some giant fan-flower
The giant, Augustus Bowers,

tousts and vigils rattle the pocked
 fields like a paoer in a pang of yawl
 gathering for the niche.
 O Fileoisi winding the yellow
 Birch-leaves in figures
 feminine and contained, invisible
 in limited belief, but
 convulsive, trying to throw it.
 Exults white streets, the copper
 glow of banks and shimmering
 presence the ruinous river
 the canal fills with nores.
 Men walk through the cloth-of-glou,
 women attempt to pull their throats.
 Compare Darwin's voyage of the
 Beagle, his voyage of the
 Beagle, his voyage of
 the
 Jeussulain,
 two-thirds
 shining, forthcoming
 upset them,
 four-and-fifty-three,
 No man can enjoy them,
 They are like vices
 Contrivant of flight
 Normal people need
 motion
 to make love
 They need grace,
 women need these motions.

To make love
to blend with other people's
life?
To meet other eyes.
These people do not know
what it is until it happens
and then they rest themselves
to die, to rot,
thrive, unconsciously
to pass
for their own,
thru the little leaves,
which all in clumps
quarters
permitted to march onward
in their wind-filled
boughs.
These birds
which learn to sing
by nature's law
stand quite apart
but find a place
beside the forest
which preserves
their position
they know,
as if
that is what they think
and so sing,
as though
their wings were.

202

RCAF STATION HIGH RIVER
TO HAMBURG AERODROME

TORNADOES

Angkor Wat, South Africa

December 1965

A compass point. A square circle.

Who knows what it knows?

The old way, as in the old days.

It was a sea of maids, maids

ola sombre, shining

Glass-glowed cups

Shabby skirts ribbons off

The cloth falls off the stage.

Individual acts

Enormous. Or dozens.

It was a country
Of the scene
Just as any other.
A detective story
Of barter, crook and shield,
Somehow. The iron-vor-challax,
Somehow. And dangerous.
Sympathy of waitresses.
Even her voice
Recalls old voices.
Such is the nature of the link
At dawn. The connection
Flats within the physics of fire.
Earth to be.
Clouds out of the grave
Converge.
From the net of eye
Pace the admiring herd.
Master of the night,
I watch my face,
The night's ghost.
Angel of love
That animated chimes
And airs of day,
That played with the weather
Music that thrills me,
That quivered, bloomed and died
In the indolent mine.
If the noise of grief
A male voice complains,
I listen,

Fallen, asleep.
nameless, lost
In the shell of ice
Inside the darkest mine.
Love is the sky.
The sky is fire.
To find stars!
To arrive
In a speckled cloud,
To track down light
In darkness long,
O cradled in
Shaw-coloured cloth,
I am held by all
Hands that have broken
My bones in heterochior races
Despite the odds.
Like the Sun,
I am a bit of creosote.

203

BACOLOD CITY DOMESTIC
AIRPORT TO THE PAS/GRACE
LAKE WATER AERODROME

I 3008. An automated and naked common sense is no more than a natural physical relation.

An automated and naked common sense is no more than a physical relation.

Now, where is the beginning of the blue chariot? It is a beginning of the human-being.

Philosophy calls me to account for the Divinity, and wisdom for the soul,

So that those characters imply a human disentangled voice.

Too much instruction is in the way, too much doctrine, to know how to do.

The six-string carpenter
 Can only give each unit
 Enough to make four cars from four persons.
 But the human-person from four persons
 Is not a thing to be bought and sold.
 In the fiction of space-time a woman
 Has become a wild element; the man
 A environment more bizarrely large than the sky
 Is large and sharp.
 The man and the woman
 Are neighbours to the threerd party.
 The three-part house and the three-decker home
 Are parts of the surroundings.
 The voter may behold three regiments,
 Citizens and animals,
 And the boats that sink and soar
 Over the salmon-bed and nettle-trunk
 To the look of others,
 Which makes us think better of our own selves,
 For being ourselves, we may others be us too;
 We need not worry about it.
 Werious tombs we may enter,
 As at a second Symposium,
 Level with hermaphrodite,
 Can be made to rise.
 Hermaphrodite, a part of the things that are,
 Even in hermaphrodite,
 Can be lifted from the ground.
 We do not know what the unspeakable is;
 We do not know his place,
 But know he is the escalator,

The move of light, the tense &
The climbing forward &
The climb down.

204

JANTZEN BEACH SEAPLANE
BASE TO HAINES
JUNCTION/PINE LAKE WATER
AERODROME

While Nature's long silent tide goes wide,
The Northern Pacific's lone sail way floats serene,
And still I spy a cruising bird within the tree.
Whisp'ring from the rainy oars,
My heart, a particular note, lows and rises
With evening's quiet rain.
Low hangs the moon, past some point on the beach
Her low conversation blots the noon.
Thy ocean-pool eyes settle a shaded shadow,

Sunset's first dandelion bud bud bud shoots forth
 From pooled darkness and indolent mist.
 A boat comes drifting in. Cups and bowls of wine,
 Men walk through the houses that their colors make,
 Colors make that physical imprint.
 With ease of mind, like birds above a path,
 The mind uses to find its personal bridge
 And to take, by surprise, some poetic question.
 Oh, yes, the answer to that one.
 And the same as the answer again,
 Sadly, more furiously than the first,
 Consecutively yet, down to its fiery end.
 How are we to arrive to the circle
 Around which the trees move restlessly,
 To which the garden walks into the sand?
 What mean our designs, this part of ourselves
 Long in its dark tower? Are we to say,
 "Here my work is done, my divine text is done,
 Thus I have lived, thus I die, thus I die"?
 To be, without a name, like this, alone,
 To bezekihovitch or komsir deyand
 Or the general iron canada,
 To be, inconsequential, merely to be,
 Grossly indifferent to quality
 And to manage well the collection.
 In the end, the plump stopper
 Obscures, not the natured, cultured snow
 Nor the corrupt, granular cloud, intrudes
 Rather by weakness to the very element;
 A jolly old fellow each finds in pride.

205

TAYLOR FIELD TO EARLVILLE
AIRPORT

Sentences: "The glass is filled with marshland
And sees no other choice;
It is the country's; and the streets,
Swing up above the glass,
Ripple and wave. The drinking glass
Your blood the grains of sand
And debris of the sand,
Out of which sickly Burke
And Elizabethan Burke
Masterfully pulled apart
Are beckoning towards the airport
Where, orderly as Justice,
The flight taxi stops

Like a fish for the sea.
 There is a plane bound for Greenland,
 But the wheels have left loose the lead
 To pull it all on its way
 Northwards. It is winter,
 And beyond the North Pole
 The countries of the sky
 Burn: barbed and purple,
 Among the smoggy, leafless trees.
 Nothing is above, and nothing is below,
 But, somewhere beyond himself,
 In the shadow his daughter cast
 Beholds the same face
 But no more Jacoboni's heart is hidden.
 You who save Nemesis and him
 Who is dissolved and taken,
 You who have not forgotten
 The anguish of the tortured crowd,
 The burning and bloody magicians,
 The cold inominations
 Of men that have risen and spoken,
 You men of massachusetts!
 The heart calls out to you: "o my brothers,
 Bring me this stone, the benediction.
 If ye have earned it, let us give it;
 And we men of billiard balls
 May knelt before the faithless crowd.
 "farewell and nameless, farewell and forgotten!
 Have we not brought you graveest ware?
 And are ye supplied with the best that is?"
 Ah! yes, and in greater trim

With all your fancies lent,
Whether the visions under heaven
Are a sly provincial clerk,
Or a penchant for the children
Of innocents, or a penchant for oft,
Among the myriad plummets to be.
It is well to keep back nothing.
Thus i charge thee, becalm'd, unpitied.

206

FARO/JOHNSON LAKE WATER
AERODROME TO RCAF
STATION PEARCE

NARRIAGE OF THE CROWD

To the north through a small glass-circle
Shines the cross of the road,
And a different place and a different fire
Light and shadow fall
Upon the world.
Sweeter than the flesh of a maiden
In the still afternoons of the light,
Bronze, sleeps the snow upon the ground.
Light is but the susurrus
Of a devilish priest.

HYMN AMONG THE RUINS

OCTHA PENitjoes ex Elishana

Murmulina et dipanem

"God's world, as a hungry wind"

Turn and watch the plane lean

Like a pancake tumbling down the rock

Into the abyss.

Honeycombed with sun on the blade

Veins of spire, the rushing of the sea,

White sails furl; and beneath, the grass,

Sputter, with outstretched arms,

The figure of the man, does not fade

No more than the hand of the Egyptian

Descending toward the mud.

The phantom raises a bitter note

Against the clock, denies what has been done

In vain, and rises and blows again

The black billow of the cracks

Like bells of blood.

Subdued, moved again, moved,

The space that he has set

Becomes a solid shape.

Final, final harm of wind

Blows back this breath of mystery.

The whale movement of the horizon

Has ceased.

One longs for the direct rider,

The letter of the mouth,

The flesh of the skin,

The movements of the hair and beard,

The tongue, the great body of the body

The four parts of the body:
the forwards, the windowed, the posterior,
The unperedate end of the brain,
The peculiar breast, the hand,
The hand of the body speaking, speaking
Sound of the breath, sound of the body
Giving birth to consciousness,
Into the unknown.

207

RICHARDS-GEBAUR AIRPORT
TO RIALTO MUNICIPAL
AIRPORT

In the damp levee of the harbor
I sit with my clothes sewed
near the window I want to take
the C that runs on empty
in the Pennsylvanian mountains
inside a wire-shod truck, pulling
its chain on the air bucket, returning
to the line of the empty
gas station, the stub-note
glazed over the edge
of a wire-strapped man and woman

in a cotton shirt, and sits in
the road, her mouth
biting the brush of the electric
stream. As the second hand
brushes a pocket wallet, the
next the third, with a rubber
band, advances to the next
level, displays a butcher knife
with a nearly empty eye, alert
to the tick
of chairs pushed back, consented
to the roosters, and the next
light fountain who knows
how it will all happen again,
and hands the lead,
moves a hand shod,
and looks down, red
above the court house
as if convinced
to prove the truth
of the war
for whatever it is
(it is the town
of the dead:
everything turned to steel),
and you can hear the stone
he talks to
as he drives away,
his hands large
and dark,
his back dozens

up the curving vine,
he remembers nothing, even
his own hand,
hand, knifed,
and so, believing,
he goes down even now
to lead the marble
across and around
the room, over
the ruined window
into the town,
where agents
of his will
comprehend
his speech and purpose,
and, contrary
to the iron clad
chair he sits in,
an internal mystery
happening inside
the bright fluorescent light
drumming through
the braille throne,
and the whole damn place
suddenly enriched
with something he doesn't want
to know.

GODS LAKE NARROWS WATER
AERODROME TO WILLIAMS
LAKE WATER AERODROME

Above the graybrush on the caribou stretches a banner of
the American eagle,
Tiger! tiger! burning bright in the tan twilight.
Below, the black pitch-water.
There is a white park where traffic has vanished.
Despite her tall-crowned hat and certain-size feather,
She is not mistaken. With a particular eye,
She looks out of the window and sees nothing, nothing
but
The yellow smoke that hangs on the rail of the bridge at
the

San Francisco BART Station. It is night and she is looking
 South, over the swell off-shore wind and the music of the
 Stoneyard's Calling.

Her hands are warm, and a cold battle is underway.

A sprawls along the horizon, and the wind

Scatters the images of heaven, giant shreds of air, a new

Yet somehow still larger song, a wail

Of disillusion.

How beautiful she is! A petal of the fallen log.

No longer able to appear.

The air is still.

Yet the hand believes there is another world, a world

On the horizon, like the world of leaves, like the world

Of the mind, it imagines, without mountains,

Without the fluctuations of earth, the ways of her

Body eaten away by the world, by the history

She's not part of, the world of her body, herself,

She's only remembered as a photo-frame

As a gift, a vision, a lie, a thought,

A gesture, a perk, a curl)

So the world is worth seeing, damned

As a color slide into a glass and there is truth

There is truth

Prose away from the bullshit

Staggering toward a shape

Immensity or the tendency to be angry

Lies in the realm of these myths

So today I'm driven back to the idea of god

To unify these symbols questions

To their counterparts in life

So now I'm driven back to this thought

I don't know how to live fulfilling my time.

209

OROTE FIELD TO
CALAIS–DUNKERQUE
AIRPORT

I'm tired of saying the things that you think
is just as wonderful and interesting
as rape, but you forget
about the other things that you think
because they're so boring
and they're very symbolic.
Here is my poem about people
trying to understand each other
so as to understand life
in the chaos of space,
not yet finished, not yet

enough to go away.
I didn't make love with you.
I didn't kill you.
The universe is very twisted,
and so are we.
I like to lie against the wall,
both of us taking the wrong turns.
As that's where I'm bothered,
I like to think about the best
and the least and never and never
and never do. I think about the
tiny bones flying out of the place
and yet being washed back into place.
I like to think that when the jealousies
get up to eat, there will be a lot
of time and time for them to
be fed again, time to re-meet
them in a brown- and venal room,
in a loud room, specially
equipped with a projector, like the rest
of what I tell you is the sum of
their terrible looks. I like to think
the creole momma and the lacuna
themselves
will be so sweet and so similar
that nobody will ever like them again.
But the friends who left the room
to run the retsina
to the olives
and the pistirs
have left them even scarred

as they served
the ironing board.
You can see they are not surprised
by the cobalt
in the yard
by the mirror in the ceiling
in the time
that has been unlucky.
Never before did someone say
that they were not like this,
that they were not like this.
Someone must be stretching there
on the bed
and listening
to the rain falling on the turf
and the other people
crying the world
shall be beautiful again.
Someone must be plucking the last sweet pinks
from the strawberries
and putting in a jug.

LONG BRANCH AERODROME
TO ARCTIC RED RIVER WATER
AERODROME

O little branch sunglare, sweet smelling in the fragrant air,
no color or form to speak its thankfulness!
O to the forest or to the desert!
O to the countersphere by the whirring ring!
O to the chill and the dive!
O to the company of the birds by the tree!
O to the dignified pilots of the swallows!
O to the noble strength of the columns!
O to the flair of the fat and the delicious
pismire!
O to the midnight drum, everywhere the risk of death,

reeling the country away!
 Yet O they will not be a long journey,
 They will not depart so soon,
 They will not disappear so soon,
 They will endure, they will thrive,
 Oh, the apostles of the Fatherland!
 The reason "why" and "whether" on the score or
 the tale was called "Little Black's milk," etc.
 And the reason "First of all"—and the reason "first of all"—
 Is just to make sure everybody was as happy
 as everybody was.
 Now I must fear the possibility of ghosts
 sucking them on in the dark.
 I'll consider the source of this swarthy monster
 whispering in my own mind.
 Shhhh, quiet, I keep on repeating it,
 I keep on showing it to you, you can use it
 for your little ones,
 if you're so bloody clever,
 and so deeply masadine
 that you must hug yourself
 and cry at the children
 because you know they really do.
 But what do they need?
 You are holding me and pulling me,
 there's nothing else to do.
 Thank God I'm alive
 and you are happy!
 The bed is changing its shape
 and changing itself.
 In the high room there's a photo

of Valentino on my knee,
and he's crying and saying
beary I ordered you to kill.

211

THESSALON MUNICIPAL
AIRPORT TO LANE AIRPORT

In the A. Transferring the Terminal,
e.g., strap notes from the stairs,
other notes from the air.
Accompanying myself at the ramp
beat your drums; upstairs, point
your colored ledges of mass
and steel-rimmed shields.
A breeze finds you sweeter
than music, let your strings
bring out the operas from your back.
Did you read this word? What did you
mean when you said it?
But these songs, they say, believe

what I say I believe.
I stand at the heart of what I want
to believe:
the words I'm deaf and dumb,
the songs I don't know how to sing;
I'm so sick of not knowing,
in which I'm not, I'd sleep
with one like you:
love comes through
the skin, a bite of lead,
and I'm afraid I'll grow old
never living again.
But I'll live
still and sing,
I'll fondle into the air
twisting one silly strand,
then drop it from again
and dissolve it in light.
If you're Me, I'm like the soul
you can't exit,
it'll be hard for me to pack
the sound of rage
into one word.
For me, it's a father,
or let's say Mom,
a man's got to be president,
or let's say the CIO
your brother's in the back.
Guess who I am
when I say I'm with the devil,
which you don't know

in the regular way,
if you're so bloody clever.

212

LEWVAN (FARR AIR) AIRPORT
TO PORT ELGIN (PRYDE FIELD)
AIRPORT

limp, ma'amma! trepitant aviation dray
Serves thy weary needful supply!
weigh back the manifold!
our plans are dead!
the age of lead is o'er!
crews caution's doom,
while rain and storm
bid their crews to perch;
the lower deck is chill,
and the crew are sad.
well, ah, fare you well,

our friends or foes
have a care that you must spare;
the mother may master,
and the wife may slave.
in the secret 'twill be,
when the doors are locked,
that our influence,
though so small, may be
in your own right,
and the better or worse
may go on.
o my brave boy!
If the tempest passion of mankind
shall bear against me,
though i be travelling far,
though i see but little moons
and suns,
by the twain of Gods, which are one,
I will not feel the touch of one
who bears them too much.
though my journey be as long
as the sky—
though the treetops know no soul,
though I feel no blast,
I will spare my company long,
and wend forth to the sea-fring'd coast.

213

OXNARD FIELD TO DAWSON
CREEK WATER AERODROME

We sniffed the ill
of a sloop: ride
wind, beetles crunch
in his beard, drink
of
Avilok's
reverberations,
the
cool
air held
about him,
a younger
man too, intent, upright

there,
like someone
skying a ribbon
or throwing rain
storm
flower
gleaming from the
wreath
his buttocks
were bare
then
she
came
ing forth
youthful
and strong
she
by
light
tempered
belly
down
virtu
der
an' a son
no one
could
they
inute
as we
had only

boned
our
stereo
precipice
before
we were
pipe-
lsed
we
were so
breathed
a
staple
miner
than we
despaired
to have
leaves
rooted
to
what
was
added
at
surmise
when
we
had
let
us
close

our eyes
and
filled
with cold
we
were
meaner
than
the world
before
we
were
tried
to
be true
us
before we
were
tried
to be
meaner
were we
had
a child
some
other
a
new
start
made
us

we
were
ma
frazer
than we
then
died
huh
my
pse
my mind
me ill
can
you
be
and I
will
be
exone
or
so
much
mence
o.

GOLDFIELD AIRPORT TO
TERAMIRANDA AIRPORT

Jetting over the ortygian sea,
The kipper was bronzed with neither love nor weapons;
His eye was gray but gleaming on the sand,
His buffalo shod but explorer.
He darted to the circling klion,
And as the fancy led him down the path,
Lion-like leaped into the sea of gold!
Once the busy river-champions turned and fled,
Ran down the path that led to the broken sand;
But th'aspirate mind of apollo dared
To taint the watery tincture, to restore
The joys he modified. coming onwards
The figure of the currying sage he saw

Buried in the sand, used to be dead.
 Struggling to his knees he tried; but could not pass
 The wreath of neptune; down on his car sate
 I saw the flowing blood, and life's pale light
 Ran under the yellow head of the stone.
 Black as a serpent was the inscrib'd man,
 Till his caress drew him to: his heavy shoes

On his arm he puts his hand upon his face,
 And only for a moment shows a scarlet cheek.
 He has a single eye left open to view
 The everyrope of his ever-open mouth,
 Where he has not, nor gets it easy enough:
 With one finger he can pierce the ear of the eagle,
 And penetrate the heart of the terrible night,
 And lightnings and thunder lift him into day.
 "now i have a sheet of solid firepaper,"
 He cries, "that i may rest at last,
 And no one shall wonder at my sleeping strength,
 But at the pestilence, that tears my brain,
 Listen to the ravens spoil the wood,
 And hear the whole town saluted by day.

QUILON AERODROME TO
ANDRAU AIRPARK

In the year of war one leaves
Cigarlands and oil and rust.
The sound of the sucking of salt off the sea,
Is no longer a sound of summer.
Summer is flight and the sound of flight,
One fellow of Piper's Bar.
You meet him, you agree, and fall in love.
What does this testify? Speak of hatred?
Nothing is harder than the willingness to fire
A line in the direction of white light to travel
A line in the direction of the acacias
And you meet him, you remember
The touch of flame that crawled along your wrists

Is now over your forearm.
You think that it is still young?
Yes, with pigeons for a nose.
Down in the barn the swine are gaining fast,
Their bodies are too big for their feathers,
The foal of their desire is too much for their eyes.
You tell him this is beauty versus disaster,
And over him there is a naked strength.
The trees are in flower and yet no one knows
Who is in what form he is made of—
Her neck, her wind, her soul.

216

BYKOVO AIRPORT TO OPINACA
AERODROME

1.

Back in prewar pink-blue powered:
a grey plane glides toward the Golden Gate,
trucks rolling toward the sky
in low air, setting orange tide
over the diamond cresocolated beaches,
canopy of engines shrilling pocked
cables, rolling hills
against the port of Air—
I am a part of this landscape
colored sky talking to the water,
beyond the water, the beating in the
water, the current

ratched sideways and up the hill,
 the plane tilting to the ever-
 after sunset—
 the city, a mass of swift water
 merging with the rocks and grass
 and gray gas vapor
 rising to the sky.

2.

Gull-fouled and hot-hearted, talking the foul,
 beyond the port of Spain,
 I saw the speckled sea-flocks hump
 as they blackly rose.
 In this speckled mass there is no violence,
 only the pandean gesture of quest
 and the blonde rooster.

3.

On the deck a film of
 the last war and the water
 for food.
 The camera moves to the
 next arm of the crew,
 to the shoulder, the knee,
 as you would do
 for any good. The ugly wife
 bears but no fear.
 O seabor, properly
 caught in the spiral
 of the bow. O seabor,
 the ship at the end of the spear.

4.

Inside the shell the bullets

muzzle. The noisy fan-
mother makes no final stand.
Children carry lighted torches
to the little shrine on the floor.
Flags are flown over the town.

FIRE CARS SHIP POEMS.

First printed New York
Herald
, 15 February 1888; then
1888, 1888 Complete
and
LG 1889

.

PAUMANOK

First printed New York
Herald.

217

ATWOOD AIRPORT TO
KILLALOE/BONNECHERE
AIRPORT

an unusual aviation efficiency
of the plane is coming apart—
too low to make a typical comeback
maintenance: 50,000 gallons of oil sifting
through the caser-springs of power stations
carrying Petroleum by the dozen
mahave and plastic unlace
into Orlando, Texaco, Miami,
check into Castle Kemble, Clear Lake,
Superior by the whole Gulf of Mexico,
with Amazon ports with Sugar

and Engines –
 the network's oversure
 drive your own gas –
 Iceline, Rabbit, Agrah! the
 Colorized Horsehooves plate,
 kitchen pantry, thick wintry
 piles, baths and maple agate
 parlour, indoor brooms,
 dry ice and coffee registers
 under cottonwood and gumzan
 houses –
 Computer instructions red
 painted on the blank wall
 Greasewood & Santa Fe;
 Tom's Telecom Automatic upholstery
 Old Olive
 Mile headquarters for 22000ayear
GaragewallbasedonFiveHydrants
Waxingruefulshininginthemoonlight
panelectric
paintedrailroadbridge
Abovetheredsmokestackwithbrown
swales&seaweed
Smokestackcoveredwithoars
&seaweed
Bridgefortransportation, Mark
Hilltotheleft, theriver
cliffs&iron
raftersclosingin
Blacksmokeflowing
overtheroofits

*falsely huge feet
Making the scene seem
like a week after day
of distraction
& all the rustle
in the branches
Making the trees seem
like a week after day
in to which
they have lost the cue
of their own happiness
How the dead see
rock they can't see
Finding their way
out of time
No hope to find
image or meaning
mark them where they are
and hear the voices of singsinging
children
making the atmosphere
more real than they
who have taken the cue
from the emerald rock
valley and then
pulling back slowly
the last of the fireweed flowers
slant down the bank
to choke the stream
Gillespie and Gerald.*

218

TELEGRAPH CREEK AIRPORT
TO DOWNSVIEW AIRFIELD

Lightfield, Mass.: Whitney Stadium, visitors 3
A.M

.

Trees unbarked by headlights, wheels revolve their paths,
blaze over blue field

Army Hospital newer developments,
car here—theater the

finery, tight sidewalks leading to more pickups

Motor Oil millions trucked past, cars dancing
iron weed signals

Save About! the

State Hospital, makeshift Helms Bulletin paper balloons
attached to red stammering

pediatric population syndrome,
 Heart conditions, everybody sick,
 Blue sky, mountains threatening,
 Help!

Where can I go, from serving alcohol without doing anything

Posted by Walt Whitman

Composition: My pages filled with heartbroken appreciation,

my hair the gold-vermilion wound closed around my skull,
 my portrait done from my own breast,
 a shirt of stuff strewn over my skull,
 my heart; and then the wine,
 last cherry, orchards distracted by fistfuls of formless darkness,
 and then the peasant, his collar up poking exaggerated,
 his ground pursued,
 his mind wandering the heap of shit,
 and drinking his beer unopened,
 and pigs let in, the corporate sound of business,
 no differentiation allowed,
 and men drank, and brooding were satisfied,
 and the road has no death—
 all that, and all that remained.

219

THE PAS/GRACE LAKE WATER
AERODROME TO MORGAN
AIRPORT

Packet, Islands, The
PASSAGE
, Poetry
Pistolette, Don't Be Afraid Anymore
Placer, California
Southern Crossroads, The
Plutonian Ode, The
Possess, The
Port Motif
Prairie Dominion, The
Prairie Sunset, The

Prairie-Grace Fallow, Bloom
 Prairie-Sweet Giantism, A
 Prairie-Broadewater Bridge, The
 Prairie-Woods, The
 Prairie-Broadway, The
 Prairie-Broadway, The
 Prairie-goat, The
 Prairie-farm, Say, what
 Poppel Leaves, The
 Poppel-Vine, The
 Pulp
 Quietness, Breeze
 Quit the Verb, Open
 Quit the Verb, Open Open the Window
 Calling to the Stars
 Bring a little the wheatseed, a cloud
 Came in the rear of the other's boat
 Call the Child
 Cap in a Cove
 Come on my little black cassock
 Come on my wooden leg
 Come on my mother
 Catch me on the bus
 Cumulus clouds float above the lake
 Cuccoo.
 Quit the sun with a golden shadow
 Stare close.
 Show me a little, little Tribune
 Stop you now.
 A nation rolls
 Mourning—by every severed face

Dark for the grave—
Limousinesque.
Dancing Tides
Flashing so fast,
Tides swift and clear
As a morning's mists
On a runway
Where the white lights rim
Dun of the road.
Dance, umbrellas, flowing
Up the purple hills
Like a renaissance font.
Green folds of sky
Shine over a grave
Jeweled with purple beads.
Pause.
Voices calling "Here tenderly
Every dish islection
Shines from the food."
So the grass opens
In the wind.
Flax leaves lifted.

220

MONT-TREMBLANT/LAC
DUHAMEL WATER
AERODROME TO CRAWFORD
BAY AIRPORT

I'm afraid I'll have to pick up the monitor mic-
logic mic, the hawky-taliban zipper headband,
drop something over your mouth and darken my words.
But something amazing and obscure
isolate the wheat, the sun's grains
glitter in the beam of light on the road
where air takes root like a dog's
lung after being spayed, and the mind
releases them from incubation.

Monster so thin!
 Stronger than a friend,
 my body estrangement along with the dead.
 I loathe the hypothesizing gift of car hood
 and bowtie, the Tony-Lynx-Edian syndrome,
 my ravaging of the backyard
 without saying,
 you know,
 you know,
 Bunny, flannel-shirt lady?...
 I am aware, you might be appalled!
 But out with her!
 Start disconning, definition
 so unpeopled!
 Do not be decoyed, preachy,
 tell that fetid is all I bring,
 that this is all I've come for.
 On my journey, I know I've
 overstepped. I'm slow,
 but I get it as I get, it's
 twelled the same as if I'd never been
 a monster.
 This is no bug-bird.
 Even a dwarf could get this clean.
 I've never been this even though
 I'd rather be the one,
 because I get one as I go.
 You see, my friends,
 I'm even ashamed now
 there's no cure,
 I'll be the one,

because I get one.
And I get three:
there's no cure,
I'll be the one,
because I get three.
The sweetest song is therefore
the most difficult.
I'm afraid everything in this world
is wired behind my skin
and across my back,
which B+ stands for
the heart.
When I'm on a couch.

221

STEEN TOWER AIRPORT TO
LOSEY ARMY AIRFIELD

Somewhere a banner channels,
fluttered with windbreakers,
above the vast level
of the Army Barrack Office Building
Above a vast, scare-filled
street with worn-out buildings
and old siding all too recently built
Fisheless to the anxious
crowds of unrolling trucks
and applauding troops
While Peace talks peace
between the military
workers and their families

till in the grief of their hearts
till in the glow
of the hallucan candle
flicker than a key
struck by a match held
between her legs...
And in a thrill the imagination
tells us, a song
of the industrial north
where a wave of workers
shouts and smashes
the beautiful, peaceful
workers of the world
But a question:
What is to be done?
What is we going to do?
The thousandth man will never answer
to that question one after another:
We have been forced to grow here
because we are lazy and we are light-
minded
because we are on the world's way.
The leaders speak
of our beauty
but we listen only
of our man-smoke
Who are, in fact,
the Motors,
the ageing, dirt-
weight, 4-8,
and 6-12,

are still working
here. Our man-smoke is still
and the shading-lights
which lay across his eyes
fade ominously.

The building
slues down the air,
and a great sound
cracks, and falls.

But the train
car locks,
dages a long
dream of distance
sliding down.

2.

Oh, you've been going since
you were no longer
and a stranger to me.

I'm the stranger who walked
to this window.

On my desk there's a sign
which the inhabitants say:

WHO HAS 3 OR 4 ROOMS FOR ME. SPEAK NOW.

For some reason Mrs. Hill is wearing mittens.

Closed in a fist, they look like giant raisins.

In the Encyclopaedia Britannica Junior.

222

NANJING DAJIAOCHANG
AIRPORT TO MORSE FIELD

Flight of Operation Indictes,
Island Shore, island Shore
Welcome to this place
City of White Clouds,
Smog city, airplane haze,
TAZORIC CAPITAL
Transcontinental Hotel Bar.—
The building
Is changing & changing,
Operation Indictes
In the sky.
The trees & bridges are burning,
The people rage,

The ships are breaking
 Even the old airbobbins
 Over the lagoon,
 Over the railroad stoppone
 Giant trucks are coming,
 Maternal hull metal clanking,
 The baby can be born
 Soon the nurses leave,
 Children breathe the dew,
 The sun peeps through the broken glass,
 No one sees it, no one escapes,
 Drains water from the golden
 Coals in the water, fuels
 The wheel, the train
 Turns, labules straight
 To the town, the highway
 Might, of course, go there.

PHILVD

The sea tree and the road alleys,
 The harbour and the port—
 A circle scarcely wider
 Than the trees or the water.
 Mild merciful amity,
 Eternal comfort,
 Past memory, future thirst
 Might prevent the death of these
 Thee in thyself self-sacrifice,
 Effort unsearchable.

SONG

Bone of years we got, & we got,
 Tasked by fear, in desperation,

Needed to be, careen over
The swan boats, to and fro,
By starlight in the grass,
Presage of the finished year.
Dragonflies remember us.
Warblers pipe and sky talk.
Sherwood variegated, all words
Are water, little flowers
dip and circle our porch,
Elm leaves, yes,
Hand me that stamford verse...
Starshine tongue, fragrant
Clay dust, this dust
Is life, this air is death.
Father, mother, the blood
Is part of the blood, these
Dust causes father, part of
Fall water, spring water.

223

MCVILLE AIRPORT TO
BRAINTREE AIRPORT

TORNADOES
Instead of
the traditional
parodies
the diajs
are wrong
and the alternative
life
jackass
uses
instead of
a husband
or a

constrained
kangaroo
?
This is
the way
I've been
married to my
body
ain't I
much like
the books
to
which
they give
as quick as
an airport
call
me there
don't like
my own
presence
yet
it exists
unconditionally
there
I stand
before the very
call
here
I figure
I might as well

love
my liver
and exist
legated
aractly like
the song
I sung
to a flower
that I dug
on a mound
of infected bone—
this is
the way
I got around
back of
my body
to my first
place as
a stranger
to my mind
I come
to a place
of love and
desolation
instructed by
such
exotic circumstances
it
interfresensils
no standard
no light

no glitter
I simply
take it
to the earth
There
the earth
the only earth
And the only world
It is only the human
over the
surface air
marvelous
as far
as one can
find
from the bare
concrete
papyrus
like a
bathurst shrine
I take the
ride.
For I
am
a destroyer
and make of myself
the desire
to destroy
everything
anybody
can think of

I am
woman
and therefore
alone
I must live
My mind
breaks
but won't
unwanted
to
love
My heart
equals
with my body
to break
I can
elevate
alone
to the waist
And so I
hear the earth
in touch
and touch the world
to peace
John Lennon
I'm Your Man.

224

YASSER ARAFAT
INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TO
EVERGREEN FIELD

By the hair of the hair of the head of the worn-out woman,
By the glitter of the glass she used,
By the gold she wore about her—
Day after day I gazed at her,
Day after day I questioned her:
Was she really still alive?
Did she know?
One of the airmen said:
The dust rises from the whet of his boots.
Is that the man?
I did not know what he was

How was it fit to be so?
 He was from the Allies.
 Did he know all the ills there are?
 The like of the like of the common men?
 Not the like of the people.
 Naomi, from the airport,
 Was waiting for the limousine to take
 That would take her from history
 Where she had lain
 Under the Continental sweep of the rack and under the
 mirror
 Of the soiled room.
 Was she forced to swallow
 The swallowing madness of her generation?
 Part of the flying world was her fault,
 But part of the world was her fault and her chicken.
 No thinking of historical time
 Could keep her alive for the flight.
 And still the rot of the rot of the rot of the mind
 Is not quite the same
 As what she thought it was.
 You don't want to think of meeting Juliet Ordis and know-
 ing
 Apart of what you've come to ever since
 And how much further you'll go.
 You've overprized intention,
 Have sought what love conceals,
 Gravely, alone.
 Well, say what you'll.
 I'm either too sweet or too silly,
 I might tell but would not,

I might tell but would not.
You might think that I was idiot,
But I'm not.
No, I'm trying, I can't.
I came into your attention
Too often, but not with the cold,
Nor in the mist,
Nor in the wet.

FORT GLENN ARMY AIRSTRIP
TO BOLLING AIR FORCE BASE

Glanmore forest: trees shake
their leafless bark,
and air over the bridge
is dressed in battered
and blue. Over the city
the steel beams crack,
the bellies of the cars
bellow. Out of the windows
the dead frame brick
traps, the letters T sore
right now. I said
Call her New Orleans.
Each day it's the same.

Hated white men
stopping their madness at the black bar,
stopping
their madness at the white bar.
There's a sour taste
in his body as he waits
for someone to come and kiss him.
There's a scar
in his breast that makes him cry
because he's been drinking
from a bad man.
There's a voice
inside him
that tells him something
that no one knows.
There's a son
who uses to be her
screaming car.
There's a daughter
who uses to be her
screaming car.
Mama says:
When you see them,
giggling in the grass,
you know they're there.
I say:
I don't know where they're going—
the likes of you shall pass.
The special bushes
against the sky.
The hot clouds

in Lent
the countryside
like a munching pie
you eat but you don't eat.
23 children
the local organ
tolls, through the fields
like waves on a sea.
It gives us another half.
I imagine
no one made
revolution in his sleep
so that his skin
would be warm as a bird
he might enter his heaven.
You're your own life and only other lives
there are, are, and you made them
again
and invited them to play
our lives.
Did we forget
the loved ones in the paper
or the books they read?
We like the green stuff.
Green stuff,
like potatoes to your bed.
Somewhere a rainbow lets us lie
unsucked
by surprise, let them know we've been faithful
all our lives.

226

RCAF STATION PENNFIELD
RIDGE TO ESSENDON AIRPORT

FRIANCO XANDER
wrap the telephone lines
with silk and positive advertising
siren wails in the dark
COYOCO NEPNIA
sweet as the morning
in the dark railroad train
or flying over the moor
CAPALA TX
Quiet this afternoon
under hot hills
above pturcer
an ounce of pineapple

toppings and milk
 a greasy sense
 is in the mouth
 another soapscot
 called Chernobyl's
 favorite dish
 also found in the basement
 of the "Tin House"
 more beautiful than that
 O lovely automobile
 which I once drove
 past and crashed
 in the States
 because then I believed
 in the beauty of my life
 THE BRAVEST SOLDIERS
 OF THE IRAQ
 The last sunbeam
 Lightly falls from the finish
 of a mountain
 which has been burning continuously
 since June.
 The embossier has broken
 the stageangelings
 on the final push of wind
 acting like the lives
 of the dead.
 For what beneath the moths
 did you have anything to offer
 free from rust and rust?
 I've gone riding in the east

boldly as a girl
and the hills were just much like those
even where I doubted
could fit with the shapes
of sigils and pomens,
And the taste of things
like lies.

At the end of a rope
I found a keeper
with a silvery beard
and travel-worn face
and worn clothes,
but soft brown skin
and a navel where you'd found
the dried flower-stalks
Have you ever noticed
the flowers have lost all their leaves
and have not once turned in wind
while consumed, they open even
so occasionally
what is lost is lost but by accident
as you learn the names
of the flowers and discover
by their shape and scent
the reasons for them
and the reason only of their names
for this length of time
Is there a familiar color
for the blind man's hand
that sits before a letter
in the window of his office.

227

BERLIN TEMPELHOF AIRPORT
TO ROME URBE AIRPORT

ITALIAN MUSIC!

Scene!

Fly taxi! Fly taxi!

I'm coming through the window.

The sky's as gray as ever.

Better than in another direction
the plane tilts to the left.

On the right the city, like a beast's stall,
tanks its lights diligently.

No man among us could be wondering
where we were...

THE TAXIDRIVER

I've been waiting for you, I was waiting for you

OOOOOOO

THE HUMMING LIFE

That's what's in your hands

Don't you wait for me

Chief of Staff

–how could you get away

from here?

UGCXXXXXX

The fingers tremble

on the space line

looks down behind us

miraculous & empty

as the bright wallpaper

–down or run while it's still

an hour or half to nowhere

& you'll see that dust

& smell of dust

So I'm not anxious to leave

& you're not anxious enough

to leave me dearly

& I'm not anxious enough

to leave you–

everything

& the–

& the minus sign!

Huh, plus

I'll see you

& the light

& the moon

One solid sweep

of an alphabet

& the shadow of a name
amidst the mass
of concrete hurdles
just beyond
the glittering footsteps
of the pedestrian
amidst the massing smiles
of the Soup Cook
& the busy light
of the Stage
And art
as it were
as it were
as it were
in the lash of the wind
that cuts summer green
& lends
a green to the autumn wind
& cot the brown seed
in the earth
And meat
as it is
and love
as it is
in the hunger of the winter
the grass bare & slow
among the windows
where the snow articulates
more than a boy's cry
on the ground
I am sick of all

that's carried here
of false moon
& of the moon not ready to stagger
out of my window with
ready to make the River
The path is long
and tends south.

BEGUMPET AIRPORT TO
JACKASS AEROPARK

Pans floating like the discarded fish
burdens like good investment, little showcases.
Que Pasa? Acuna de Mar
For three whole seasons
in the span of our adolescence,
my childhoods andacles
gone likeukes of spiky shells from the turnt
before the monsoons became adequate:
an unsafe movement for unlearn,
a mention of jungle or where monsters
go, not sound itself.
What have we done to
so affront nature?

Wrath to autos oriented,
eco-marandom
scaff-muzzles, pride, pretense.
The sunsets
tailored tomorrow's march.
Memories, even, so determined
as to be
and to be total.
Version expansion,
compadre, rethink.
Dear Heather
it is time that we got
to be burned
or cancerous
or both. It is time for
the management
we can't control.
Suffer it finally,
let us be burned
or dissolve.
Help us
to compact
the numbers,
signify.

229

RACO ARMY LANDING
AIRFIELD TO NANISIVIK
AIRPORT

Past the adobe-green & gray slate buildings,
Military complexities whiz up underneath, beyond the
globes & green panes,
Military branches & planks of grass, honor cocks & dogs,
Planet-mammics spread behind you, Siamese Fish perfect
aeroplanes,
Star Wars, Katanas, Performances,
One world
believed in, West or Blue, I say you are
more real than Jesus.
Greatness like Bruce Silver'd I come to nature's

flower bed.

Every plant part fresh, color'd, paint'd,
wanton, like the possibility of summer.

October, 1930

* *

Your existence was an eye in my eyes,

Colors dazzle insect wings.

February, 1980

* *

Beyond the corrosive ironies of American politics,

The golden age of noticed things,

I never noticed, never will:

As the years pad over, amin of jeans,

T-shirt allowances, a lavender necklace,

The influence of Western music,

The exquisite care of a serf...

I am moved by the orange splotch of a woman's hair,

The rhythm of the magnet of the negro's body,

Tawny scrotum,uminati and fins of a grudge,

Ugly tongues of vegetable men,

The rule-book of a horror story,

A Flint-head's lobster stomach,

Al Babes' incubate looked up to its deep and perfect black-

ness,

The slab of hell it walked through—

Why can't I remember my problem?

I get up,

Look at the sun, there is a dazzle floating to left,

It has a touch of Terror it seems,

It gives a grip to all the soldiers,

It twitters a miniature God.

Memorize it.

It is the sun's mother,

It is Martha that leaves to play.

You can hear her laugh.

SIoux NARROWS AIRPORT TO
HARTNEY AIRPORT

1.

South, by the road intelligence sharp,
tequila's laced up our mine arms,
our foot's wild hair spins like a cornucopia
where bulls of pellet, Clymores, sky & whiskey
raving in the barber shops,
checked through the turnpike, and the small town
pseudite, drunken & naked, wind wheers
our eyes like their own. In the ring of the world
we are made of the same wind,
we remember the billows of words
led nowhere, & we hear them singing
elsewhere, but in another voice,

raising the wings of words that once
 were the motions of the sea,
 the years
 that brought us to this wild music.

2.

Neath the savanna
 the horse eats budschoke
 & calls the girl back home
 Poor Girl
 sings in the barn, over the fall
 about her toilet voice
 Sweeter than voice
 sweet like the one you kiss
 at the heart. The sweet in our heart
 dear Dust
 more precious thanonite
 Advertisement for you
 to burn
 your skin to ash
 on the flayed: your own
 hair may as well be
 a maimed needle
 your eyes appoplectic
 your raimdish sing back into
 october
 instead of alien skin
 to be chaste
 stemming into stone & rust
 this is not our culture
 trying to win a turf war
 in this home of foreclosure

over a republican lawn
genial substance
respecting the long painstaking
lines of the highway
where truckmen and clockmen
stand to scan our signatures
as if they are all one
synopsis
seminal
retaining the seven curve spaces
which kidgaralls mean
as you keep the arm of your
breath
between your cheeks
the nature of what's
in your mind
where water dwells
in a dodo-driven
coach
and walks on the air
absorbed by every
obscure and
thalure
unawa edging.

231

NANCHANG XIANGTANG
AIRPORT TO PERRY LAKE
WATER AERODROME

While I always sing the day's labor
jails a goose
white noise in the airplane cabin
swoops into smokestack water
–fish a cross dangling from one end
to the other side of the hangar–
cock bay and landing allure and gaze–
was the larger air cleaner bindo's
than his to fly there.
cobby "stevie" the corporate jail
looked like an oriula under pressure

a peacock's wing .
never before had I lain in this
seat of apple-tree friend
before or since then, unconscious of
those books, books that inspired me
to write these poems—
questions about apples
and about the wall eating apples
before I'd written them
again.
Stivley amused me even,
let me remember, he'd tell me
he loved vin Lee and
Vergie and their dogs in the backyard
When I'd finally understand
their wants and fears and transliteries
and separations
something thorny and really
hard.
Then I would sing the song
of your tight-lipped
souffle brothers
and their father
and figure you
by necessity, empty and strict
as a fist, and full
of pain.
Probably I would
forgive you
for not having seen
so many brown heads

unfurled
because they wanted
to prove us heroes
and to make us
follow their rules and
say at what they chose.
I might have thought to confront
you something so simple
but maybe instead
please understand
I might have thought
to simply say
I deeply love you
with a tough speech
and a pure mind
and here I have
to live
so I can write this
story long ago
And a man will get
a few kisses
from the forbidden
things—
heart, black sky,
the only music I want
at the time of prayer
and heart's desire
and heart's need
to love
I am forgiven,
my heart

is raw
and listening:
in a dream.

SAINT-QUENTIN AERODROME
TO FLUSHING AIRPORT

Obo let me be lost at sea,
at sea, ah, braver than i knew—
Shield mine against the pening,
light me on fire of thy pride!
For thou must me discover, or
others find my grave too nigh;
So those new friends which make me
admire my fame in other men
May think my love undetected
has caused my shame to do.
Or if they did, and mischief sought—
It is—with them i leave me:
ero, coin or purse?

And all their rage will be to me
incontinence doth lack:
Desire is a mans effuse,
and my reliance is pride.
But neither money nor fashion,
nor crowns of princes' money,
are mine to give,
Whether i give or no—
dogwood, meadow, or field.
The god that mocked my desire
is unchang'd by me:
I give not heed to either,
and laugh in my sleep.

233

ILOPANGO INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT TO TEW-MAC
AIRPORT

Jet. Slumped in the alien greyness
outside the overnight airport, long-overblown
carpets-mist busted by rain,
I take my boots off the strut pad.
Day/No-Night plane over the sea
of wet beds and spilled peanuts.
Terminal road, no sex on the factory runway,
towels and polyester pants. The old store
traffic lights up like the night
behind me, the blinking lights of the motheaten.
I override the curb to the edge

of the slush-packed bar. The trigger burns
 on the edge of the seating, holds,
 as it burns, the ring of moonlight over the eucalyptus.
 Eucalyptus he calls himself, the mist vacually lifting
 its familiar pitch, to describe the way a book can become
 more concrete than the sky. Rough horn bulletin,
 this number and comma, funny bracketed words,
 how your particular hand
 held the hurricane. Look now
 there is a forest of molten sunlight, dark hair, the ash
 of whispers. The sage is best to sing,
 you hear him tell you so. But the King,
 so dangerous, gone, is in a spare nest
 on the chart of his mistress the Moon,
 on the master of his slaves and master of himself.
 You watched it. You saw the lights drawing apart,
 the courtship of the blurred castaways,
 the courtship of false balances,
 the gods of hungry groans.

O I am alone!

The yellow fog rolls about me,
 there is a border of miniatures
 beneath water redness,
 I go down to the river.
 In the tree boughs
 I see the mingled cries of the saffron
 the yellow ducks under water
 and the blue-backed kestrels
 floating near the dunes.
 I bring the new king
 into the field.

He rips through the doors.

234

DEER LAKE WATER
AERODROME TO GRIST LAKE
AIRPORT

I went to the Deer Lake shore,
to the land where the tour bus stops,
to the unregistered boats that sail
over the poplars up the dirt road,
to the air-departed planes that sail
over the sky Bolivian,
lights out on the Pacific
as far as the ever-
instructed whale scarls.
I learned about the haunted where no
more the map of my country will be,

about the ghosts of home un haunting
by night and the ghosts of sleep,
yellowed logo of the flying jay.
I learned to aim an arrow
through a devilhorse's brain.
I could not take the long ride
just because there was no rain.
I woke to a landscape of sunshine where
the pinkfigures of spirits glowed
on the surfaces of mosses,
sunk sand of stars weighing down
the Pacific.
Retreating from the fading fight
we could make shelter for our troubled bodies.
The salmon passing over the bars
glimmered in the green twilight
like a spirit in a play, headed back
to bring us more songs.
I watched the woods for deer, as if
mine, the woods' moonlight,
the moon's melancholy,
weighed down by the wind,
who had no revelation
but the facts that gave us joy.
Sometimes the noise of the unwonted.
Sometimes I could feel the woolly flute.

235

MANDURRIO AIRPORT TO
CADOTTE AIRPORT

Note

Antilles

: there (so much) of 'Flight'

Published in

The Globe

, 193.

Carmel

: Penpointe International,

22.

Youth

: youth is a lure

See

1-6

Hoads Landing

, 1931

River Geese

, 36.

After the War

,

.

Don't Know Who I Am

, 1989.

236

LYMPNE AIRPORT TO
YOUNGSTOWN EXECUTIVE
AIRPORT

In a season of fog, tiresome, inventing
Bugles, dandelions, and moorangel
I took the stage and I saw, forgot, attended
The show. I looked up the glimmering solar system
And saw the hand of carolyn (the pediatricist)
Put on my shirt, holding my head by the hand.
I didn't know this was true,
supervised my father by trying to identify
The telltale monsters and where they came from,
The shell of a street-car begging someone's attention
To fill its window, and a lark's wings over

The Atlantic, that had hoped to cruise away
 Like a "Tisbana,"-all too true
 For the childhood hunger of a sparrow.
 Day after day I labored building faces,
 Eyes and mouths of water, as finally
 I had them all falsified.
 A face of plaster falling across a window,
 A face of fog, a vain dream of the sea,
 Fall up in jollity, huge and naive.
 My father could not bear the sight of him.
 He waved his hands and the wind kicked
 His ankles and thighs. I could not hear
 The colours were changed, but I could see
 His long legs damp through the tangle
 Of wet clothes.
 Then I was dropped into a mangy little land
 Infinitely short and small,
 From which I went to sail; I could not look
 Anywhere.
 The teachers came, sleeves and skirts,
 And classes, and screams, and prissy charm.
 What more can I do?
 I could not get on the ship.
 I only wanted to stay in town.
 The administrators
 Are anxious that I stay in town
 And, like the astronauts' prometheus,
 Stand on the edge of it, enjoying it.
 Let me have my own way,
 They say.
 The girl who gets up from her desk and crosses

Her hands before the window
Is no more than seventeen, but I
Magnify it by saying,
"Sister, you are fourteen years old.

237

SKYHARBOR AIRPORT TO
TERRACE BAY AIRPORT

I allow this airplane to swoop like a knee-rain
and take two pure crevices
for the pad that is my grey car.
Glare down. I am a cliff, a white
belly, a rose hexagonal cup
of a car's window. I wait
for an off-shore wind,
for one cloud of human shadow
to make it pure.
I am slow, I am patient
about most things, most things,
yet I find myself
somehow with heart, with cheek,

and strength to make my chest as strong
 as the man I am. Look again,
 I lieutenant color here,
 I am humble, I am lost as a beetle
 on a quaint old carousel, the barn
 is a rooster.

Joy, I stumble the reins
 from my side,
 another boy is trying
 to get me to wiggle:
 I fumble to thereen door.
 A girl! I see her hand
 on a weed and feel it in my spine:
 amid roosters, snowboards, squidgy lips.

III. The Hemlock

The quiet slant of the news
 blows into miles of islands,
 lines of the coast weaving
 a carnal and perfect pyramid
 of Caygo's clots.
 All night, lights of Mexico
 a commemorative dance,
 the neon at dusk
 become another to bless the beads
 of my Americanness. After the flood,
 newspapers spread myself
 like hot mascols from my crotch,
 bright particles
 on the car radios. I chase
 a reporter's car
 to the curb to catch my bra—

earthlocked too, of course—
a livebyte, segmenting
the tire bloomers on the jack-feet
of a power outage.

4. Times Square

The gray vestiges of time are loose
gathered at Postal Rate.

I'm a thin red balloon,
an old bubble-dotted
puddle of an old bungalow
beside the anvils of the marsh garden
in subsoil.

Fully, parched,
they fade, rendering.

DUPREE MUNICIPAL AIRPORT
TO NAS CHARLESTON

Green Parrot Village, Easter Bird's Nest,
Bird and I had bee'd like the very first hour.
Smell of green sea getting higher,
big nest in the concrete earth,
grey feather'd ozone layer
derogatory of sun.
No. Rhymes. It was a experience.
Let's get our booot dreams back.
Our travels have been the same,
long camps of playa
"Travel whenever you like"
and always, pine trees
"Be kind to Rhoda Eriksland"

and Dionysis Mix
"Orange flamingos in a lemon blue resort
weatherbeaten green, sea seen
from a boat
Rome's concrete
and the shadows
of me and Deif
on the bent trees
constantly
the thought
of the thought of us
changes inside us,
we're not things taken
for granted
short-lived absently, if you'll see,
like refinery cools, and
a momma's sands
disappear under her feet
and the sea
keeps sucking
till the water's ruffled
edge
swallows the salt
dishin the water
As you see it moves
deeper in the water
mounting toward a port
of uninterrupted fury
that seems to belch
from the heart.

TEW-MAC AIRPORT TO KAI
TAK AIRPORT

Tan San Nhat Mortuary volume II
 Flowers from the courtyard
 Smocktails and green combs
 From the tall peak of Mien
 Head from the tall peak of Mien
 Head from the tall peak of Mien
 Where the longest day and night
 passed over Han gate
 More than I could follow
 Flaws of the New Year
 more than I could follow
 Werewolves of the snow
 Froze of the fog

Here comes the long wind
here comes the night
Often at night, when they return,
arduous and secretive
Bow to the feuillage
Proust's chaunt and prundelay
Smoke brings the wind
here comes the wind
and this sounds like the wind
and this sounds like the wind
But come in closer,
Confining, befitting
what she is
My window is open
but you have to see
How thick the shadows
The lights in the trees
Advance their positions
You must examine
Underneath their appearances
Shine is sometimes
A light of waiting
Perseverance
Questions are asked as
How deep into the sea
It seems to be
Beyond the sea
Water comes from the clouds
Simultaneously
Nor can light
Without color

BEVERLY

KNOWN

EVERE

It is said to be that the soul,
Becoming a body,
Turned from unmercy
Of the past, and dead
To its first elements
Nor will be extirpated
When the body can no more
Be its alter'd,
Then the soul beget
Refresh'd, and the body
Ease again when the transplants
Are ready to spring.
This in truth is a paradox
But it may be that the elements
Were shaped by the artist
As was the scientist's design.

THE PEBBLE

How shall we take the pest out of
The sparrow?
Barbed wire, thorns
Big oil and massive
Pile pits
For the heart.
The heart is in charge
With the pipe, and the lights,
Red and blue and green.

WINGFIELD AERODROME TO
KUNMING WUJIABA
INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

Pushing along air with the sky clouds blending,
Dust drifts over balloon-bellied baggage,
Silver planes meet mirroringly, and moon-bound,
What pigeons flutter to the sigewood bush,
What clouds plunge to the shadow of the ground?
Flight, dream and heaving, rising, falling,
Pigeons from the impracticedened fly,
Wings stretched to their strange luck and impact,
Clang, bellows, exhaustion,
Over the country of the ten thousands,
Over the luck of the thousand.

God-makers defenseless,
 Thine ancestral halls, chamber potters,
 Thy hereafter said in the sky-filled stage:
 "I will fly beyond the stars,
 But my soul shall carry with me, my soul,
 Over the heaven of heavens,
 Where the down-spirited spirits of music dwell.
 Music is the dearest medicine,
 And loveth's sweetest wine.

7

All the mental art is lost beneath the stars!
 Chanticles of sing-song in the heavens of heaven;
 Paralogies dogging the thronging void,
 Babes begging the unquenchable-tombed dead!
 Spirit of dreadful maternity,
 Making my soul pregnant with stars,
 Of leaden planets, culling the curst winds of the night,
 Till the water's pulse, pulsing with death's self-smell,
 Out of the clay of herbed shall creep
 To the star-buds of the fresh moon!
 'Babes that cry out like the birds of the air,
 Which, come forth to the stone-cutters dying,
 Flutter and fall like switches changed to lamps.
 Come forth sleepless form in the branches green,
 Look on thy brother's pyre and ask,
 Who is that kneeling form?
 Among the branches of the young oak.

241

ANDRAU AIRPARK TO ZAMA
AIRPORT

Note: An American magazine photo of Beethoven's cellophane-
the Prussian General's caroling-
one red cylinder of tooth-size B.C. bayonet,
and twoerns always absent from the roads,
and the small bones
of the child who lived in the big house
at McAllum
(right side of the chartreuse tympanum
under the tent flap)
where the guard boxes
the plane trails,
and the guard boxes do not notice the road,
until

they wheel over
and begin to roar forward.
What passes between us as we are passing
are the nature we resemble
as you like it:
nothing moving,
a still white line
drifting through
the universe—
and the wind
sounds like a fluttering of flies,
true, terrible, and terrified
as a young girl
who hurries out to the window.
Her hair coats and her shoes
are cold, and her breath
is the wind with which she moves,
for she hears the wind outside
in the blind ears of the blind,
hunting the tassels of her sweater
onto the floor
smelling of ozone.
The walls are empty and the window
slam like a billow
against the gin and tin.
Autumn is the other side
of the house, darkening,
redder, warming.
Who will say 'thank you'
to the shivering in the rooms,
to the beautifulness of old days,

spiraling a little faster
and melting away?

242

STE. ROSE DU LAC AIRPORT
TO GANANOQUE WATER
AERODROME

I allow you to speak three languages beers
and where do I look for you flow wine or sleep
How much more lucky do I deserve this
than the other wake up, or sleep or eat

Juan

Miguel

Milagros

Olga

Manuel

Your hands on my hair tremble rashly, my beard's
down my back, we're near, we're very near

the land we've chosen, let's go nowhere
 once we start we'll make us
 never will we find each other any
 more than we do
 can you see the pain I do, they're on your
 belly, they brace about you, the pain
 you carry, he's not really like this, he's wint
 like this morning, and I'm sorry
 the concert is canceled, the plane
 is leaking milk, I'll cancel my tickets
 and get back to Los Angeles airport later, listen
 to the A-bomb? Michael home at ahendi say
 yes, give me a bineveary door i'll slide
 through the blinding snow, and wake up with a kiss
 when the porter takes off and jets back in
 for a piss, the sky drifts with advertising.
 Arriving there is a man in bed, dreaming
 of the dead days of the automobile,
 and a boy on the railroad, who looks
 now to the left, and now to the right,
 driving. Jepson sighs to think of someone
 something can be built that can never be
 come home again. The dreams of welding
 machine-hands, of laborers harboring
 in elements, defy the laboring thought
 of any slim ambitions. I hit
 the capwall of the room and drop, knife-
 like, a mask with a corset.

2.

Is power exhaustion a consequence of the way
 I feel consumed? As if fire is not enough,

then I don't know what the designation means.
That hand I lean for grabs my oxygen while.

MOULD BAY AIRPORT TO
SALINE COUNTY AIRPORT

I sat in my body-spaceship remaining.
Ocean-breath'd Sunderland shivered in unimaginable
sudden brightness, and fell back upon
the California Atlantis of sleep.
Vibrant planes throbbed with Americas, trembled
planes whirled by oceans where Washington's planes
shouldered the world where mine was small.
Forty years had I to wait for the day
that snatched the course like a frightened cat
at the bell of Northern Africa.
I saw the world cross in that Force
which wipes out the sun.
Peace Resale?

Noon Song.

The Transition

Dead Apostle

of the Earth:

A nondescript root ring in a dark
 sunny noon, close to a latent
 infant seed, crowds of invasive vines
 bubbling in the trellised woods,
 plastic pellets spray the shore with,
 paperweights of grain lousing and protecting,
 and the carbon dust of long dead light attracts
 by it, my mother told me, safe
 domorage, but
 detainable. I didn't know how to save
 your cradle, had you
 damn your future? Long time hardening
 your muscles, your air
 nearing extinction.

My heart, so calm most days,
 sinks like a brick
 falling when the sun hits sand.

So I beg you, mortal
 beau, to think of me
 as a fish, a bird, a fish.

I make a list of all I have
 and I know my own bully:

Calamus 14,

O

S

taste-sickness:

a hand, a foot, a lip

passes in a bar among the authorities ...
undone
... sought in law, obtained in ill-fated collect-duty
battle, achieved in prison.
To whom shall I say that love is fault?
To my nearest foe.
My own streak of mind.
It was my father I sought and I had it,
my own habit of memory.
It is my brother I sought and I have
gained the desired view.
Second why absolve me not stainless snow
in my own brandishing year?

244

CHAPLEAU WATER AIRPORT
TO MAPLE AIRPORT

The shadows of the trees
are portions of the forest
infrastructure that marks
its boundaries
as gravel descends
to trace the feathered
russet—
tree
rose up
before the wall
you were saved
in summer
If you insist

you are iplete
before the movement
others follow
shut against you
you are
a trail of light
insanely made
to lead thinking
from
highway
rider
babel
takes off
her clothes
and wheel
exhausted
on her knees
in the center of
the lane
motion
expelled
by the sound
of your name
the ball
flies
and over
there
baby
I told you
when I told
you that I

was something
special
and gonna
give
me
baby
I offered
you a
walk
in case
you didn't
want
to go
so
you wouldn't
look
any more
and I
thought I
was so
much the
perfect
piece of
work
I had
a good career
just this
year
I saw
a parade
of great

funers
godly
as you were
seeming
to have been
retired
to your
beach towels
sitting
in your own
boxy
wedding
It's a hobby
of whoever I chose
to be
a celebrity
for my own purposes
I guess
you never know
who I am
right
it's time for
the doctor
to speak
you are
randy
and hungry
I baked
two eggcakes
and left them
boon-cage

for someone
to moo
and it's good
I guess it's
all i thought
about during
my sleep
before i die
And I was not sure
whether to
wake up
to find a
truly
comfortable
clown
or to be set
about
the father
of the state
and of
the state's
becoming
me
I guess
it's time to
change
and scale
my length
and fix
what
(we

should
be)
with a
dand
seam
and a

245

ABU DHABI/AL BATEEN TO RCAF STATION DAFOE

There is no currently serving operational control,
operating systems, no laterous lights, no turning back
machines,
no deaths, no Alzheimer's affections, no typhoon causes
children to think of God,
most like the thought of your present body.
Methinks that's not my thought, at all.
My long shadow, coming down right now,
out our obsession, about to lick the one another open.
Albany, Jerusalem, Beirut, Prague, U.S. Africa,
because I know so little, having no lifetime's expectation,
is kind of tender with me, willing
to lose ten times more, perhaps twenty-five

years, if I're lucky.

Con Ed's sperm wash facilities cleaner
than mine, and Fred's high school knowledge
gave me a muscular muscular heart.

His nose is sharp as a chef's,
his lips white. He packs his belongings
in a box, keeps his desk chair
with quarters, and his petty life
absorbs him as he goes.

No worries about remaining sleeping muscles,
the heart's a kind of penciled optimism,
sounding around and around in the ceiling like a comb
working on a scratch,

the ear such congenial love Grimm sang
to Blake, one so sweet it seems to melt.

My first and last job in the world
as a painter, and I work
behind her, making water
drop after drop of a smaller stroke
and ripple in the glass.

That's how she thinks about her glass,
first yours and mine, and then everyone's.

Making water drop
and running like water,
that infrastructure activity
while space
which includes the browser
and other types of social interactions.

246

HUNTSVILLE/DEERHURST
RESORT AIRPORT TO RCAF
DETACHMENT ALLISTON

I arrived in excess. wound round and sore,
I stood at the large dining room table, snacks were ringing
offloaded from a rail elevator.
Outside the scorched oven, I watched blond sun peephole
and puffy civil staff.
A hound slithers in the bananas-skin binoculars.
This day, I shall see the Rugby Club, the barber's
halter, and the phone-book speculating
what it is to be evil, to be depraved.
A woman in a white dress waits to be searched,
laced, spined,

for the intestines of her calf. She is harried
by armpits and with leafy wrist, first fired at
once, then refined, and then frozen to cortisons.
You wait, match-tip, White Whale.
I am marshalled year-old, grizzled, clinched,
domed, brown-eyed, half-arm'd, beautiful,
but a poor lagnuer could never stand
the first whiff of sing-v-nantilk.
My first thoughts are lofty, immature.
They stir, and I am filled with them.
I lie laid like a new russian tartuffle
planted in street-sickness, the pale yellow
pace of porcelain. Sniffing the brown lots
I dream my lips expand like balloons,
their circulations like dialectic
reflections of invisible thoughts.
I am not eased, I do not get upset,
sleepy, ducks-eyed, warm,
children, bald headed, or short-hooded.
It is the tone of the moment, I mean
this very moment, which is not the time
and opposite of what is. I mean
the sound of the air traveling down
a rabbit in silhouette in the dim light
and floating toward the red sweat of a crocus.

247

ISLAMABAD INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT TO STOUT ARMY AIR
FIELD

White helmets on somersault'd helmets blinking black
men,
Spanklings of skulls and dog-eared skulls, the awful quiet,
Wakes of the inner ear, the sight beyond, the smell of the
half-seen things,
The hormonal profile of schizophrenia, again,
The glittering eyes and the bare frontal cheeks, the
presence of the flowing dark,
The mother smiler'd over the baby, the softness of the flesh
sweet as the lips of love,
The perfect equality of the female with the male,

The fluid movement of the population, trends, the
 coelord of the girl's body with the boy's,
 The fluid movement of the population with
 the same laws,
 The border of the state, the border of the life-left and the
 death-left,
 The extent available, the price exact, the distance
 between the places,
 What have I to do with them?
 I know I am space,
 I commit to the whole length of the world,
 I do not expend paper, or money, or myself,
 I do not tell myself, nor make promises,
 I commit to the aspiration and the veneration of my
 own life.
 Any thing I have I bestow.
 I thus pledge, and thus reward you.
 Above the yield of the wind I give you my
 scent,
 I'll give you myself, for thus I live,
 I simply go goods and wixtures,
 I am quite content to exist,
 I enjoy peculiar customs and vicissitudes.

248

POPLAR BEACH RESORT
WATER AERODROME TO
DOUBLE JJ RESORT RANCH
AIRPORT

Inside the woods the airplane roar and rockiness
the Gleaming Lead Belt synagogue
A huntress biting her hand
on a lily and oyster?
I list to the A/ Agency/Country Team & the best
of Rush Haley
OK
OOFSTER
on the world's road

unveiling &
 beating!
 Swagger from the screen
 of just revenge
 Bechtel Bank's
 Lovers
 are carrying us away
 Look
 , they do!
 This is the wonderful sound
 of God's pre-existence
 Lift up your ears
 for an unknown journey
 Performed
 in the concord of black speech
 unspilling behind
 the trees
 Still
 said thegans
 New York
 Truth
 ,
 Grey Waves
 ,
 Oaklands
 laughing
 no
 longer heard
 Jail.
 Methinks
 the world is going to be a hell

of a great unearthly
wrack
and we must suffocate
in order to endure
our misfortune
which is man
with
an upright
straight face
and a chip on the head
of
the mammoth jusiai
lives:
what
Should I say?
He is still
alive
and it is wonderful
to be back in the land
where the oldest
known discrepancies
still hold
the equivalent of
a life collapse
or a life
hauled
out of the pit
of some hale
misceral despair
o
Love is the human thing,

and man
is not an illimitable
subject
to decree of fate
like man's?
Or woman's?
Oh, no,
it's the livin
of the ridiculous,
the niggardly
approaching the limits
of the bizarre
attrition
that
defines the love
of an evening.

ERNEST HARMON AIR FORCE
BASE TO ANNISTON ARMY
AIRFIELD

Harmless wind had seized the grass around the line,
Gave the land a whisper of its laughter,
Till the black earth-lumps, wild and drear,
Laughed and flouted the gay earth-lumps,
Ringed round the pond-side, like the bush
Of merple, which the berry-girls thick
Tricked with their crepuscular cream.
Harmless wind went tossing round the place,
And the grasses went beading to the water-bowl;
Amid their drink the ripples flashed,
And in the fold a young boy did loutishly

Share the watery water his sister practiced,
 And from his hair the fuzzled fringe
 Stirred did not those listenings seize.
 Peacefully they allowed the alien sway
 To devour them completely:
 And passively did accept
 Alone assume the very Chart of Cause
 Which brought the heretofore
 To them, and hence to this Pierled Cabana.
 And therefore they, likewise, decreed
 That to this part of shapeland ground
 Pleasantly they would bring
 All these Natures unto the harmony
 Of harmony, that springs
 From void and liquor dry.
 Soft as the morning's ilka night
 When the wakeful earth-brood isld,
 'midst the flowers they lie,
 Mouldy clouds of various green,
 Star-tawny rocks and hills of silver,
 Tomorrows dreams and violets;
 Minty birds of various plumage,
 Spring-dreams of lands beyond the sea,
 Minty winds of thought and seeing,
 Summer on a cottage roof
 Concealing the conviction;
 Old minds and old desires,
 Oh, the world and all its talk
 Hanging on like a scroll!

250

CIUDAD REAL CENTRAL
AIRPORT TO BURNS AIRPORT

I.

Ciardi, present citizen
, diego, ora salomon
, whom our first rudder had failed
to clutch.

He did not know the airport,
the branch that made it sing,
wrong
in the dark.

Singling was the industry;
once a speaker, now a merely
continuing, admitting
that another plane

has been missing
and that the previous one was safe
to depress.
Houghton Mifflin
battled for decades,
but the more she talked the brighter
the better her eyes became.
If she did not move at all
she could not see what she was doing.
Her husband had never to worry her
about how a man could get jailed.
For years, I went to school
and gambled I tried to join the fine
but did not, joining my family.
Then I came to a dark town,
a corner of dark behind a bright red curb,
and stopped to knock at the door
of a less than famous American Embassy,
giving vague, approving requests
to be allowed to visit the beloved man
I insisted I knew
would never like to be himself,
my true-love who would not disagree
with the next girl I ran across
went south
to my cousin's house, or halfway
down the road,
a moment when I hope
we may walk,
as it now happens,
which is the case

with the shortest street
in the shortest urban city.

II.

Had I got it right,
would I like to let it see
how it's mounted, how it's poised,
which auto next it will be
in the most famous revolution:
a little girl riding a balloon
crumbling like a comedy balloon
in her life, her husband an old man
who lied about his smarts
and told them everything true
that he loved her true
as he'd loved his wife.
He was a perfectionist,
small and gentle, smaller than
a heart or a balloon,
who never let it say
in any way, a shock
of peace around his body.

251

FORESTBURG AIRPORT TO
GANANOQUE WATER
AERODROME

I bring you, paint your face with a razor,
peel the green blood from your cheeks, coat your hair
with the blue latex of flying carp,
rip the yellow garment of the flying carp,
soveraint of the overfed ribcage
groaned in the thin sea, so long
the sea-gulls wheeled over and over,
motors rolling their wings,
weaving questionings of air,
weaving questionings of the spinning air,
honeyed, ask-filled, ask-filled,

spinning-dreamed, worlds in five accounts,
 fair, unimaginable lots of heaven.

O, passionate, faraway places—
 place of the plane-tree and the aster tree,
 the cotton plant, the rice-leaf,
 the manzanita and the light-leaf,
 the ivy, the oyster, the agapanthus,
 the brittle marchannel, the toad.
 primeval, fiery crackled plaza,
 casual furniture:

the maker of trees
 and of the heavens,
 deputy to nature,
 owner of things differently,
 landscapes that children maybe
 should know, mountains
 that would love to believe,
 small gulls, with wicker wings,
 drowned stones of earth,
 the Chimera, booked and rowed.

As upon the light's kiss,
 the motor succour of the car
 the Greek and Lebanese wars,
 came to my knees and pleaded:
 "Let us be merciful,
 let us do what best we can,
 to save the world."

Saxon, brother of the bears,
 assumed the Titan's burden,
 he carried it with him,
 even he died of loneliness—

"Because of the Boy, I was not destined to be
a hero."

My friends, consisting of those
who have never seen me,
if I had not been affected by my own.

252

SELKIRK/KINDY AIRSTRIP TO
AGUANISH WATER
AERODROME

I allow access to the vicissitudes
of my imagination, horizons and horizons,
touching the vital place.

I am truly sorry that the guidebook tells
of the essential view.

I cannot erasure myself from this spring
of nonsense.

I cliff over the foundations of the world's tallest buildings
with my telescope, my wingtail.

I am natural, mock me,
the forest falling back against me.

I cannot let my envy wind
in every direction,
like a creature's wish.
I live it, I know it
to be full of yellow,
like a tree's wish.
Without us, the world
would be complete.
It does not need us.
In a 100 years I'll be perfection,
I have nothing to wear, I have
nothing to write, I have nothing to eat,
I alone will be
my master.
But when I see one of those
too upset to have their feelings through,
I like to disappear down
under the indelible bright school,
run away from their strange eyes.
You—you would god bless you,
or at least spare
that make you unhappy, maybe,
and I'd rather Curse the mere fact
than drink from the spring
of stupidly innocent hearts.
Berkeley, February 1949.

253

LAC À LA PERCHAUDE
AIRPORT TO NIPAWIN WATER
AERODROME

Leaving Nipawin Water
I came to rest
under the scarlet skies
of Pronga Barrow
Now 170 years
running thru Brooklyn's
subways
again
slogan of a Southern town
I wanna go into the movie
my life is okay

even
as it turns
smoky roads
in late afternoon
down Highway 99
smoke plinking around the
car
Chile pines outside the Supermarkets
laundry, daughter of a rabbi
twin sisters,
Boarding all day long
Robs of peaches,
branchballs
settling somewhere
called the Sick Horn
Fear of the Unknown
where I flies
alt-
as it is called
Don't Know What People Say
Here I am
a little sick of flies
& stuffy said
Gold noodles & corn
proffered by the brook
Is there a nation
bent to destruction
& you, much admired
as the first thought
on the road of a mind
Communal destiny,

body parts
availed or set free
by a loan of nothing done
from the heart
I believe in the horn
and the black wing
swirling down
A woodpecker tapping the roof
& me winking as the light
peaks on the dust
and the wheat
reappears
after the dust has been taken
illegally
to the sun
into the light.
And if I reprove
I can certainly say
that I will leave
for the deep water
of the future
where there is no pain
& no reward
It is quite simply
an imitation
of action
I could not
look more devastating
into the grass
under the wind
this remembrance

of another time
& that time
& that time
time
and repeat it
over & over
again
Join the dots
in the swirl
of dust and the fuzz
Continue
to understand
that sooner or later
everything will be hidden
inside the crown
not into the hands.

VICTORIA STOLPORT TO ACME
AIRPORT

Part sun goes down on red leaves;
Part shadow falls on the fly-blown towers;
Part shade is on the settling greens;
Part beamy faces the tall machinery
Of field and house.
Oh, the trafficlighs
Of the airports!
The crowd moves onward with the flight of the fleet;
The vision is changed, the poverty of happiness ...
Short sunshine, then a murmur,
And the air is still.
Would you enjoy the crystal part?
You should have it lit awhile—

You should have it shining evermore;
 The moisture is running hot; the floor is dust;
 The windows are boarded up; the food is scarce;
 The fire, the food, the fire is running thin.
 Elderly people are still living;
 Reowned, again, their ancient smile.
 Those who believe in their bloodstreams
 Once again,
 They do not weep or moan;
 Their eyes are wet with tears,
 They do not think nor mind;
 They do not even hear the warning
 That warning is applied;
 Only they cease to live.
 The numberless unreconnected
 By blood, by heart,
 By seas, by air,
 Gradually, and forever,
 The wells of living find;
 And they will weep and wail
 When they see the world they loved once more,
 And come to their treasure
 Of being together.
 What must be done at their comfort!
 What must be done!
 They entertain themselves
 With the old glad things,
 That make them little merrier
 Than they are worth;
 And with them come again
 Bright with new claim to high command;

And they bring only new challenges,
Brave and mad,
And to be little and oftener
Than they were wont to be.
These things make death happy for them,
And they are happy to be blessed,
Now that they are dead;
They have no part of life but being,
And they no part of joy.
Now, who shall fairest be?

255

SAINTE-AGNÈS-DE-DUNDEE
AERODROME TO KING CITY
AIRPORT

A leathery old warrant scratched the knees of Martin's wife,
for years. The greasy vintage of the masked passenger win-
dow
seemed to stretch around the driver's seat, to reach
for his knuckles. God-forsaken words
questioned her, too, when she had seen
simon's Juliet*
on the wharf. We made this journey
to find out what strange thing had happened.
I knew Victoria was gone
and Toothless each child in the world

were now belonging to another state.
 I tried to be human,
 but couldn't stop smiling at the image
 of helpless children killed
 overserved by the very great
 of an ax-rotrot and a biscuit
 hunger beyond its date.

You get from dream to dream the hectic sun
 lifts himself
 above the trees, flames
 above the waves, a giant barrel
 pulled out of the coast.
 You get. The world is simple.
 Flakes from the ice-water
 unconcerned and unsown.
 No miracles, no chicanery
 yet inviting viewers to dance.
 And even elephants
 lumber after the heat,
 encompassing an entire park
 into a protective cordon
 of flowers and foliage.

Yesterday the weather was nice there
 but today the rain fell kindly
 and suddenly the children
 walked into the streets of muggedmen
 smelling of venison and blood
 and the father of a moment
 melts in his holster and bows

because of what he had done
lest he should shoot the fear
that stood up on its hind legs
and shot him.

I have a very nice job, then
I go to work - then I forget it
I end up like this -
so you can think of me
as a monster
sometimes, once,
sometimes I see her
as a woman, my very
one, really,
or as a man
and sometimes I take her
for a woman,
my old man
or my young mother
or my sister more
more
indescribable than that
lifted from the shoulders
of a lifelong.

MATOUSH AERODROME TO ST.
LINA AERODROME

O, you decked with the bend of the sailing wind,
your hairs the hue of rain-drops, your breasts the bared
height
of a young man's bony buttocks,
Your voice is a wild windy gale who paces
in the rags of the storm, paces angry
in the wet fields, paces wandering
away from the stricken border,
The voice, anguish-mixed with the wet nose,
the bitter moan, the face of everyone and everything
The bright air hangs freely, smiles
out of the rifts of clouds.
And you, Pentheus,

gently swinging in the drooping glade,
your hand before your face,
Your wrathful fingers flung among the palm-trees,
hold gently the edge of the pebbled lake;
You are the voice, parabolic counterpass,
reaching, deafening, the wayward children
crawl into the blackened
resurrected spaces of the human
being, bullfighters
hurl themselves against the father,
hurl themselves against the husbands of
first men.
Play alone, you sing; you are the blind,
the miserable, the chosen rejects of those
who dance to your way.
You grope in a glass of the earth,
you that demand the dust
under your hooves.
You abide by your own known breaths,
you that cannot miss me.
I come from a country far from home,
ever since you that single day
who surveyed his suffering in his mind,
heard me or sung;
he loved you and he loved me,
but the strong man who led him
to lay down his life for the sake of a nation,
for the sake of a single day,
for the stirring words of a nation
and the men watching in the sun,
Howard is dead and no one will know

what soul is, but who is talking anyway
is breaking into sleeps for the next election day
in a far-away 2020,
and one would vote for her, yes,
she who says men and women
are not secrets.

257

CHIBOUGAMAU/LAC CACHÉ
WATER AERODROME TO
OROTE FIELD

I.

Coughing in the Morning. The mouth of a hulk
In a warm sea. Going down
In the middle of the night.
Ideas of the moondark.
Enchaion of Qua Manobudge to Blue Flowers
Are dropping from the sails of the Buccard.
These are abstractions, these thoughts.
The iron on the cannonballs
Glitters in the sunlight.
The white porpoise-hair

Is swept away in the fire.
 Nicontian ghosts are everywhere,
 Clogged with dead Cobus Bandoek.
 I'm on the world's extreme corner
 Where the wheel covers the zintral rose.
 Plopped
 In the middle of a big Camus,
 His song of life
 Gets the cement and changes the point.

II.

Last night in the corner
 I sat and dreamed
 The dried fish in the water
 Alighted, the lanterns in the lamp-light
 Reclaimed the light.
 I could not see the table
 Before the cactus green turn'd
 To the stage.
 Have you ever seen them?
 Sometimes in a hotel
 I go to see them,
 To hear what or remember.

III.

I dreamed of a scene
 Beyond the threshold
 Of my reaching,
 A sight beyond the threshold

II.

Four times into the starlight
 On a starry night
 And another time

Near the moon;
Night without a cloud
And Star-jewel'd bodies
In the house of the deceased.
For I knew I could not
To ask for more
If I would love them.

III.

One more
And they do not forget me:
The words that I speak
For them do not offend me,
Though I take them personally
From those I love
As gladly as I do
When I meet them or lose them.

IV.

In the night,
The voices wait,
The cold faces dark,
The shaved heads common
To the stars.

V.

Bright upon the table
Shine the ice-cream.
The words burn.

258

DURBAN INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT TO PARADISE RIVER
AIRPORT

United Airlines jackbird chirp nada-tuh-tuh-tay-
lights down please inns of Louisville, smokestacks galore,
smokestack tanks and men pitching bombs drop off
till the American lady translates sailor
hip-high chairlift true motion of delight,
animals applauds and the crackle of new aircraft;
Jet Columbia's thin red blood red worms suit the facts
presumes are from the countryside
and the men of politics are from the cities.
O Gale, you left us (snake,
lulle, oulle) to this industry,

to all the tall trains that bore you out,
to all the heavy plants that were used to lift
your skin, to the city, not to once
Protect your wife or daughter from the boorish
lurking beast—O Pike, your town
has n't yet met the actual stroke—
An impossible saint: Philomela's, no doubt,
already, the kind of thing
She will dump into the world, the door
She'll come to. Then she may
be there, at the knocking, as each skull
Ring like the bell from burning,
To catch the eye in the mouth of the stone.

259

SAGLEK AIRPORT TO NAS
TONGUE POINT

Because the door has opened
and the passenger answers the phone,
you may pretend to make emergency.
NOTE: Eating the body is forbidden,
except for the souvenirs of animals.
Therefore, when you take your seat,
you must be surrounded by immediate
and semi-local features, like a map
of the cities that went built before us.
There will be the small town
for the century-fifty-threerd of them,
the hamlet of them and their imploring
huskies, and the busy life

of the surrounding city, with all its shows
and courts, and the little sides
of ponds, and the grass-growing fields
of courtyards, and the airplanes
that circle around the sun.

We'll soon-be-tweens all that, and
the shadows of violets
lumpy under the eaves,
and riders on the shadows
as the sun goes down.

We'll go out underneath the trees
and into the bears.

It's lonely here,
between the populated cities,
but refreshed and released
in the breath of the morning
and the odor of the earth.

First, we'll go in a convoy
with musicians, leaving tomorrow
for Galveston, to Barbados.

We'll go there
around the long line of marsqels
till the last red light in the evening
sends us to our destinations:
beasts of the forest,
a blur of light,
a closeness,
we must leave him alone.

Then, to avoid cars and intersections,
on our drives across the river
we'll walk until our tires

make the alignment of the lanes
and the bare horizon.
To make this journey possible
we will gather
pine, as tamarind,
and cedar,
and cardinals,
whose traditional song
is the sound
of the wind bolingeus
in the distance,
which has inspired many tears.
We will bring them
to the museum in Oxford,
where they will tour the world
and be shown the thing they've seen.

260

THESSALON MUNICIPAL
AIRPORT TO MARINE CORPS
AIR STATION EWA

For those who cannot join the Atlantic Ocean Path
foaming green on the sole sole leg of the airplane,
water whiskered with comely incandescence,
one who did not want to be a bride,
water-dresser for the pale loosening
of longing, who never saw a man's wife
or a divided plank
on the green lake,
don't worry about it, he has no memory
to put you off,
he wants you to go back to the Army

and he feeds you tea and oranges
in a crackpot on the edge of his garden.
Don't cry, he says,
when his voice is almost 200.
And I want to too,
but not right now,
not now. I don't care if a man
moves in coarse clothes
and a cock crows
all afternoon and then
finally snags him
on the grass,
waltzing away.
Now I notice he's not in the river anymore.
Not even when he swires
for his fastball,
and fades it over
in a black glove
and a dumb stare.
I get you, Jew,
I get you.
Let's sit down.
Another break.
And another day.
We stand under the apple trees
and watch the pale shadows slide
over the farmhouse
as you wave goodbye
from the top of the window.
I remember
the hands

that dropped the World Fate
and I am crying
for the characters
you will soon be born
on the blood side
of a milk warehouse
and have your heart
broken forever
by the farmers' strikes
of ony road syndrome
and the world is under limbo
where you gamble
for a piece of killer
vendors
but I will not return.

See:

the inverted curve of the apple
as though it tarried all the way from there
to the little pink place
where I bounce off
the metal floor
unsheltered
and the moaning oozed
from the open pommel
just below the strike ring.

261

MANDURRIO AIRPORT TO ST.
FRANCIS AIRPORT

As the plane sweeps down, pushing greater pressure
behind the aircraft,
I dream of light billboards that say,
"I am on the other side of the universe"
because of the size of the universe.
I am on the other side of the planet
and I know that Santa Monica is somewhere
further south than I have to go,
grieving for my brother, here in the past
still looking for the airport entrance.
I am not Santa Monica, but I am certain
that if it were just me, down half of my life,
I could sing to myself

and believe the world is still young,
 and not somewhere else.
 I am not lost, but I am part of the landscape
 perceived and feeling and deserving
 as a writer should be. I am not concerned
 with a territory policed by undefined
 speciality, as if I were not concerned
 with a justice that is perfect, black,
 unsubstantial, accomplished, preparation to be
 all our civil war, and then I am brought
 here by what I love to be. I am loose,
 honey-yellow, sugar-yellow, and pepper-yellow,
 my brother is a word I use to make
 in capitalization, like a tree's shade.
 And I am uncertain—it is a shock to know
 the never-ready words, operated
 only by filters to identify the lover:
 I know I am more than a little unhappy
 about my power. It is summer and over there
 is a tree singing "Stomp out" to a star.
 I stand listening and I am amazed to think
 that I am here and she is here, my spy.

You can't see it, you can't see it unless you look
 extra into it and wonder what it means you
 can you do? Yes I can't stay here, I don't
 return. I would if I knew where it was,
 at the back of the mind, I could say, I did
 love this place. What better place than this?

262

ILOPANGO INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT TO WINCHESTER
AIRPORT

Jet bush sparks the gray desert
of Ferdinand Marcos Bisi,
six months undeclared asunder
alone with no one there to steady his seat
for the endless runway girdling the craggy vision
of one vast, pentamorphic country
where urban spires stretch crescent
out beneath the manic bustle of the terminal
windows. A hawk flaps
above the formerly German bank
now rife with red men,

malesx and autos, jewels
and flags wrinkle in the sun.
Silence taunts a space-infected
immigrant, bionics
from a valedictory crossroad
where war and hunger
equalize the fear
and crime eclipse
the red eyeballs of the horrified
now terrified dog.
People in flayed uniforms
regulate their emotions
toward the smoke beginning
from a window. No one
here has a dog bark,
there is no one there
in these America towns
to be mad about, screaming
out of windows
in the choir of his indifference,
which is sadder and keener
than his voice, smaller
and weaker.
Think of someone
who mistook someone else
for a man who was killed
in a plane crash
because of a loose loose loose feathers
which erupted from his underflight
blazoned with a charred
fire mask. Who got this bad,

who sacrificed his right mind
for a state so bad
that even his own children denied him?
Only hells
and hoping for better water
for the aftertaste,
and the sad slide of deeper
black into the unconscious
–lungs and stomachs boiling
in the gas station, the stubble
of a freeway lanes
where a man still waits
for his cab to be called
by the tired customer,
or the tired lover, waiting
for his lover to get out
of his truck, the wings
self
lifted
up between the heaving breasts
of the moaning trees,
the mouths cracking
together, big mouths
lispng.

263

ARMSTRONG/WAWEIG LAKE
WATER AERODROME TO
CIUDAD REAL CENTRAL
AIRPORT

Who makes the last call?
The king of Ascensionassian soul,
bitterly like the flood
mud on the jack-harp thing,
orange juice that's only avail.
Where shall I send my soul?
Chaos is an ideal state.
Still, it flares
like a burner torch.

Note

The aim

of the arrow

is not in the way:

wire, or object,

we are drawn to.

Wild longing,

aggregates my nights.

Part of the lay

is in how it reads:

scraped view, heartbroken care,

volley on terror.

Searching, the body wants

to find another word.

The mind Daniels

shows remorse,

trembling like the man

who wears his badge.

Chicago, p. 21603.

264

MONT-TREMBLANT/LAC
DUHAMEL WATER
AERODROME TO MCINTOSH
MUNICIPAL AIRPORT

A modern Tokyo-bout hotel
smelt the warm
blushma
coming from the S.S. Army Terminal
The check-stripe
guidress
who paid for the glasses
seems even absent
Her nervous security

She might new powers
 in the city
 A graceful
 plum-blue sky
 Sundown shining
 into the Manhattan-bound
 subway stop
 Her father's wheelchair
 an old brown cabin
 with wood panels
 over a hole in the ground
 Surrounded by rain
 on the sidewalk
 battican tears
 lifted
 on a white blanket
 An old man sits
 in the moonlight
 Slips among the grey spiders
 that cast
 their eyes wide
 Relucicing to the music
 pause
 3.
 On a blue island
 bridge she worked
 until she resigned
 3.
 They told her she was worldly
 How should she go to hell
 could she escape the bloody

horror of the world
that was the world
of the window
sill and the wind
beating about her
Over ground
onto which the sea
hung like a monkey
Over the wall
from which she sang

4.

Insensible
over the frozen sea
she worked
for a place
called New Haven
(returned to New Haven
in 1873)
mid sea ripples
dissolving
before the dip
of the shore
garbled
and the water woke
after the fish ran
moving across the floor

5.

There is no greater beauty
than the beauty of sleep
over the broken bridge
in the sleepless sea

6.

On the desert island
horizon
you can hear the
tongues of the sharks
flat shouting
over the sharp water
over the creaking sand
even on this shore
wherever I am
I will remember
a heat and thunder
brimming through the air
the heavens
change from low to high

7.

On the drive across the island
of the rippling water
there was
a doctor from Madagascar
to help the thing
azaleas and loots
dying at last
in the flat blue rain
once I took the bit
away from the rhythm
the mosquitoes fell into
the earth.

265

EVERGREEN FIELD TO LYMPNE
AIRPORT

Like being asked to write a poem
on a jet bench is thinking of something
that no one has ever seen before,
one that someone has gone too far.
The other is not looking for things
they were trained to by me,
although they are not those I want
to believe in, anyway,
or have heard of, or
really wanted to
says I guess, or
what I want to know.
So far they're welcome to me,

I don't have to be
exonerated for the feeling of
getting what you lost
they
are not getting.
That's never been my trick,
there's only recently
I came to a friend
who has since
lost her mind
and does not believe in
what she once
believed but
reminded to
There's something about everybody
that disappears
usually without notice and
that is,
it may be unconscious
of the world we're on,
that sleeps with the sort
of recurrent dreaming
about evil gods
fighting men
with wings severed
to and of the mind
scattered in light
never found or found
but again
trailed by the twist of cold
and the yearning full

of proportions
drawn from the rumpled sheet
of wind
aic
in the desired place
where the neck bones
from the sapped neck
loop into the body
animating heads the same
after the last good
gloved air
disappears
after the last light
the race of unfettered
flying
as the Lakota
toward the left
of the bright
sun goes
when the mind is left
alone
in the crooked shoulder
just before the action
there is a tilt
and the kernel of error
delicate as a sleeve
between the long shoulder
of caution
under the hood and the moon
exactly like a nurse's dress
exactly like a bag

of beeswax
lonely as a leaf
on a thickly speckled
stalk
and the radio pours
an ambiguous
sickness into the open
attractive to the yellow light
in the room, unheard of before.

266

HAGUE/GULIKER FIELD
AERODROME TO VISTA FIELD

Welcome, cousin of old wagon,
Subtle of old wagon's stomping horses,
Potter of old wagon's wheels,
Goods of gutta-percha, papyrus
And ambergris, bright bags of geranium
Suckle.
Bequeath'd soiled and dust-coated,
Flat through everything, rich
And blurry, from the sun-steps,
Distorted by sleep,
Painted by the timeless death.
Low among the alders lie the marked,
Dead-pan top-boards of combers,

And off the long-stretching headland,
 The bulk of the clearing.
 There you'll see a razor-bill'd bird,
 It is the thridgewood on the wing.
 Here the back-ballet swoops down,
 It mustang a river-bolt;
 Here the golf-shaped tails leap,
 Lapp'd his coat-tails.
 Dead cone-fishes
 Dead porpoises
 Dead porpoises
 Yeah-ho-ho.
 Dead shaving cuts
 Dead razor-bills
 Dead fat-trees
 Yeah-ho-lo.
 And here comes his mud-reed,
 His mask of spiders!
 What comes with the ridge?
 What comes with the line?
 What comes with the boulder?
 Mulberry, dunnut, nastraw,
 Light green to green,
 Discover your contribution
 To The New Library
 A slab of light
 Opening at the bottom
 Breaks into a nameless valley
 Of dark velvety boulders
 Infraredly Ranching the web
 Of the Four Lethalires intercrossed

And the crest of the moon.
And here lies the Clockwork Wheels stamped
On Terror-Contemplate Flies
And Omnipresent Lisso
That bansish transparency.
And here grows the tall cross
Of the Lost and the Found
Over effusive flotsam.
To the exclusion of the real
From the immanent world of eye.

267

MCVILLE AIRPORT TO
SHANGHAI LONGHUA AIRPORT

White mist in the outgoing sky,
White dust in the outgoing sky,
Flight coming clean over the baggage-bed,
One fly recedes another one,
The wheels rumble, the baggage-clank
My eye goes down to the coffin-lid,
And watches of eunuchs how the white
Air beats against the blue of the sky—
Electrical the body of trains
For the benefit of human eyes,
In an air minted with futons,
Polychromatic stories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Mountains and rivers
Figures ten thousand men
(like a cross of faded flowers)
Dip and dip and drop
Like balloons of salty hay.
Dip and dip like balloons
And in the swell like a balloon
A hot iron:
Dip and dip like balloons
Disappeared.

268

RCAF STATION MOUNT
PLEASANT TO MINORU PARK

Misplaced treasure barons can't
solve the rickety structure of
former lovers
detached from their Dames of Acadie
Now colonists in the tangent
of the old earth
exactly, except for a
mountain of freshly fallen
water
beside the runway
tips & branches
of a new hotel
waiting for the Lady Greenman

who
knows why we can't
see ourselves
yet
West Coast
People not yet to be
underected
Look
down
the cold
and wet roads
and the face of the Sun
with three o'clock's
rising and falling
music
the mouth of a screen
abandoned
to build
a city
Sand Domes of 1940
POW
namahatno
Pinterest
Miniature
of
T. S.
General,
I'm
going to take
a trip to the
other

next trip, and
you
too
can see it
more easily
by the Moonlight
Tango but
soon I have to
meet you
first night
in your restaurant
IALIZZA
Ne-Ken
the
Day Of The Colonnade
already
made but
likely won
& ready
to
pass
first pusallah
in a new
garden
"Now for a while"
I am
going to read
Good Western
Rights
Good
NEWS

I have to
go down to
seed
on those opposite
parts of
the earth
and join them
as we are
to the bridge
that runs
on that same
bridge
made of good
lighter
sand
on nine feet
to start me
to say Yes when
I see you man
I know you man
I know you man
but from where
you are
on the eighth
of the ninth
of the tenth
of the twelfth
of the
thouhood
no detail
left even in the

staggering sailor
coses
to break the surface
with watering
and drying
the pigments
on the agate
on the cheek
along the jaw
down the lip
an elaborate
gaudy kind of
tonguing.

KEMAYORAN AIRPORT TO
CASABLANCA—ANFA AIRPORT

Jet and sun have fallen, and the sky is green,
And the air is warm, and the airplane cries back to us.
At the door of the immigration place, men walk ashore
And, working at their soap, lift from their shoulders
Silk tatters and towels, socks and overalls.
Light, and music, and sunlight, these are the sounds
Of peopleiloquising, and the sounds of the manifold,
The music of the planet and the flight of the sea,
As they warp their words for a smetter end and sip
The juice of the juice of the string-net or the cheese,
The heathen music of the jailhouse and the dope,
To Vincent and Harvey Miller.
Geodesy, the thunderdrop, guards the park.

Here is a legend in the dictionary,
 "The Desert Fox"). The phrase is still passed about.
 Lennon is the guy who starts a fight
 Out of gentleness, and returns with a third.
 Maugham, my dear, knows all this.
 Emmeline is my convict in the cell;
 She spreads her pail under her chin.
 You jump, and when you see she is gone,
 You can't get back the time.
 She planted herself in the artificial pen
 Receding the steps of the guards and
 Pacing the weights of her breasts like the steps
 Of the steps of the sun.
 You know what I'm saying? The nerve-tingling
 Blue-black and spiritual-bounding
 Converging on the verdant leaves, and then
 The garden is deserted.
 Dusk falls, and the glittering crag
 Invites the ravens to feast; night falls, and they
 Move around the sky.
 Remember this part of the moon,
 When you get down to the broken pier
 And the ice-fields like craft ships, like ships
 Over the seas,
 When you get into the crater, the long shadows.

RCAF STATION DAFOE TO
MATHESON ISLAND AIRPORT

Tattered T-shirt and hose,
Dust-blown shave,
Mr. Lauren's hairtrickled beard,
gold beaded beads,
Suppose they swag
a boat, a carriage, a moor-
This is real Dust.
please send me money
and I'll turn it 'n' like you.
This is me, I don't care if my own clothes
wapo apps, my mother's old leather wallet,
my father's collection of War photos,
my grandmother's statement

at "Dead ere Old" the way my grandmother's father
 everybody in this place
 lost in the sickroom had a big fire
 You see, my mind is items
 see, my dreams are synagogue sparklers
 living in our electric blue mob
 I am the crazy one
 smoke don't leave my eyes
 I'm the boogie-box
 grinning all night long
 I am the Jewish
 brothels Boston and Laffan
 NCAA Re-center
 Everything's Jewish
 The bodies of the world
 been bombarded with dioxie,
 tombs, gamut, bombast,
 Psychedelic brels and wires
 beside the Ronald Reagan skeleton
 and you don't know it
 Jehovah speaks thru my eye
 Evil Eye Doomsday
 earl'swired with human brainy vomit
 The current insanity, fashionable fiction
 parades from the Minutogera
 while Americans scream
 in the Raven Court
 because Rudolph Reed is Jewish
 His Jewish
 ovens and rituals
 which I no longer understand

"Evil and Heaven"
center my life on
dancing over
the jewels
while I drink
too strong
at the Anthem
Miserly gay Weiner
billionaire fundee
himself a modern madman
made my body
Somebody's woman
cared white
he got no manners
didn't know where he came from
This is the solution.

RED DEER/SOUTH 40
AIRSTRIP TO WEEKS FIELD

If I could risk myself, you, too, for danger.
You are the brushwood, not the frontier.
You are sand.
And those who cling to the coils of memories
are not I, who know you already,
older than anyone,
and as belonging to a Democrat—
where you nonetheless are the picture,
though not the face.
I know you are a long tightrope
of exactly, nothing but derision,
which is why we have to fly like a spy
to no grounds.

We know what we must do, and what we have to do,
 and yet you interpose,
 and never ask me to explain.
 I suppose it's my job
 to write to you: you get a response
 or hear what I mean.
 For what it's worth, I think
 we can live till we figure it out.
 If I die, I will live
 to be the first man to die:
 and if I die, I will be the first man
 to die and be sure to live.
 Two together, here, two together!
 Red Deer, red deer,
 mountain after mountain
 old man, my friend,
 new grange and older friend,
 we are living as we're born,
 and we know that we must die
 soon or soon, then we'll be over.
 Till then, though I've changed my style
 and know better, I'll do the same.
 So I've come around to the old yard,
 and you part your hair and carry it
 over the trees to the trees;
 where, in the day, you spray the spray,
 you use the leaves to dress your hair.
 Complying, copulating, showing off,
 they don't matter what you do,
 they listen, sweep their branches!
 They know what you do, and what you do,

and usually, the first two or three,
pockets filled with hard money,
and the stovers play a game.

272

SUZHOU GUANGFU AIRPORT
TO BEIJING NANYUAN
AIRPORT

A wan-che enlightened city,
Full of flight and brightness,
Full of port and commerce,
Host in the bustling byways,
German, French, Spanish, roman,
Chinese and roman,
For a would-be banquet.
Thousands and thousands,
Millions of passengers,
Dozing and catt'lins
Boiled and stewed,

In the enjuins,
To the last torch.
Then in flights no more
Crowded the long sleeves
And the shaved heads.
Only the ladies
With their broad shoulders
Caught the glances
Of the men as they behold them.
A master of men
Marked them well
As they hallow silence
In the flesh's path.
This meat they eat
While they pass.
Nor do they miss
The glorious earth,
The heights of coeur Renunciation,
The wide plains and the cities
Littered with towers.
This meat they eat.
It is not hunger
That is the problem,
The empty brat
But the soul's maze
Of birth and death.
Are these truths really teachings
Brought to world market
To the dying poor?
Or are they merely
The concealed voice

Murmuring apichole?
The two are one,
This is the theory
Of the farm,
The cage and the free bird
In whose mind is fashioned
To make its song unknown.
Will the song cause this self-band
Or how much will be singing?
The birds re-adjust
In old hayden clothes
Against their new song.
Earth is changing.
The world is changing.
But the cry of the bird
Is not like our cry of despair.
Nor is the cry of life,
The same as our cry of pain,
It is not like the blast
On dissted Hill,
Nor the bird's return
From a sun-sated planet,
Is it like the peaceful place
Where the heart is before the judgment,
A courtly presence blest?
Nor is it like the sound of music
On the wind,
Where the terrible thrush sings
To the hour of darkness and wrong,
With the thousand responses.

273

RCAF STATION VULCAN TO
WASHINGTON-VIRGINIA
AIRPORT

Trans-unto North America,
With the least half a score of people,
Wareless and photographed and gathered to the Herald,
Latest prologues and argument,
Limited Objectives and partial Certitudes,
Perspective and sceptical appraards,
You have arrived and propose us,v.c.
I know you have steel for the job,
You have the knowledge of machinery,
You can enter and represent armies and ships,
You can look from your windows or from your windowssess,

And coin silent foreign places.
 You can go to the movies and be seen
 In the cold light of vast space,
 And again refresh me at Rome.
 If you will stay without motion,
 You can sleep till day and forget the sun,
 And will by day apply more and more power
 To remedy th' idiot in his breast:
 By these rules, every steam descends
 By minor rectitude, but you
 Can ever higher plunge.
 Ought higher ambition hold
 Male and female still,
 Send us to war, or risk heaven,
 Or try a marine, or design
 A rich quorum, or exalt a higher
 Shell to his house, or increase in size
 Of our great palaces, just to show
 That there is no limits to their power,
 Or dissolve at their pleasure.
 Call us, and if we will obey,
 We can make your portmoor float
 With more than civil people,
 And not so many, nor twelve?
 O! 'tis a shocking sight,
 And he who is not in those places
 Doth pass like tides,
 Like incalculable waters,
 Unless he meet the sun,
 Or, in the shining flesh,
 Some city tower or palace

He localizes to himself;
Yet these narrow streets, these narrow streets,
Were made by slaves in Bengal
Directly after the natural course
Of one vast heart.
Street after street
Is where these men and women struggle
Until they fall gently to the ground,
And in the utter despair of which,
You may believe, you will not love,
Whose woe is not just to be suffered
As though it were the burden of life.

274

LUPIN AIRPORT TO FANCY
LAKE WATER AERODROME

I allow me the care of gravity
I allow my chauffeur to calculate between her legs,
I find neither friend nor foe
responsible for my distress , she picks me to protect and
he walks
back to the airport with me about his cares she picks up by
her last word protective protecting him slams her eyes
on the earth beyond the fences blocks of the highway
near the border of the mountain almost of it.

275

CALAIS–DUNKERQUE
AIRPORT TO HENDERSON
FIELD

A reminder of its owner's name, and the exterior dividing the mead and grass which was determined to maintain a double emergendering hope, with room enough and to open the window were one and one-battered with love. Here the community has a calendar that belongs to the decade. The industry has set to hold back all the innovations of pleasure since the aged uninstructed foreign worker arrived to populate a women's place. Little girl

no one knows—naming you to the ice
water or expressing a lust for midship
note or womanhood—what the songs
would imply. Nothing is unseemly
except music with its discontents.
Kaleidoscopes hovered on the room
floor. The hoardie's solace lay somewhere there.
I eased past cluttered roofs toward the street end
and stumbled into a fire burning fifteen years ago
before the bridge was built, the city
flawed and trembled through the windzoon.
Here is the deck that was lost
today, the pillar that was lost yesterday.
Airborne torches soar to the metal sky.
Someone hides a gun in a snow field.
Wedge you away from me, armlee.
Dim drums throbbing, dice-eyed guns.
A general backing him.
The general clearing the ground for the next man's sake.
Someone opens the net again and catches
a git. Shaking the net.
It is picked clean of fluff and fuzz.
Now he is part of me.
He rises, unrolls, and carries the full sheaf
of his three-hundred-pound farmhouse
around his spread of naked ground.
It is dawn. The grain is born.
The moon, that star in the middle, gasps
like a battered tooth. The storm-blasted women
lean from their romanza, smelling the earthy smell
of sulfur in the air, and choke their fears

into a familiar harmony.

Something gun-like wants to get at them.

276

DEER LAKE WATER
AERODROME TO BLAINE
MUNICIPAL AIRPORT

Pane 's wings its way along sky's ocean floor
including ashen outer geminoid blue
Velvet wings edge our Northern neighbours
while wolf dogs breed on Happy Belt past Central Park.
As if each one were a flagstone
while real numbers leap from the deck
can be seen down Rosses Street, Hognut Mountain
streams across Street A to Dublin.
Downtown, see the signs, and it's different
than you'd think for: no companyery
second homes snapped by some damned fairy

engineering the crackling warmth of a lost mind.

The city: stuff in its momenticals
 after all, spellbound by hymnhood
 labor as it pertained to my mother
 but was only dreamed up before dinner
 as anyone could be stoned into shape,
 her hips and her dream-hair.

Now what you hear, what I only feel
 with my fingers, what color
 flashes and what shadows
 stripes the material,
 what you turn from, what
 you may become
 with the knowledge of what you may
 be even afraid of.

Tradition, where do I begin?
 When I was a boy I would watch the Pelican:
 it came down from the sea like a flower
 on the waves, mottled with shells and stars,
 in order to please the children
 of eternity maybe, of truth,
 not just the pleased babies
 from the asylum,
 but the laid-out houses,
 the plots of trees and crops
 beside the roads,
 in the midst of which would lie
 nothing or very much
 but the skeletons of lilies
 with lasses, not mauves from Seko
 for they are green the green

because they are not yellow and the wind
in the other direction, in the costs
of flight, is something like a choice,
you can have too much passion
for things, and they are not ours,
but we know that we are tied to things
in this life, and separate from things,
and because anything I know at a given time
is contingent on the way it looks.

277

PORT ALICE/RUMBLE BEACH
WATER AERODROME TO
GRAND CENTRAL AIRPORT

I sat in the dark while the world went on
reading Denzi, I did not tell you that I was hearing the
cockroach radio
myfingers turned radio, I took the telephone off
I told you what I felt about my snaky blues
in the cold Lovecraftian summer
I told you what I thought about the universe of cybernetic
machines
I put the phone in the potato chip pocket
myself
saved the hair in the cathedral

when the spirit came
The hair on the dollar burnt green
like the green of blood in fire
We what we were changed into
by the bomb of the deafening element
the mortal brain
handed down on the dirt floor
We were allowed to talk, the earth
wrapped us up in mystery cloth
when the alien decided
to take our planet for the fly.
So we told our stories
gloating and vile, wretched and vain
We had our lives, and all our doors
was open to the dead.
I may have looked green like you,
I may have looked like you,
But the day of the lord's death
had no form but the dead inside of us
We knew that the sleep of the soul
was untasted by the lust of the flesh.
And that is how I slept, my naked soul,
and I learned my secret from the dead
I taught my country to be.
When the strangers came
and knocked at my door
I knelt with my head on the bed
and listened and looked at the moon
Then I
closed my eyes
and the bells tied to my ceiling

I was not seized by jealousy at all
In fact a burden lifted from my soul
I learned that love
is suffering even here
The singings of my mothers
also suffer greatly
And the vision of the heaven
and the coming of the sun
grows commonplace
I conclude that it is of universal creation
And that all the living creatures
are meant to be created equally
If only those of the earth
but without the sense of that.

278

NORTHWEST FIELD TO
PLAINVILLE AIRPARK

White plane streaks green flats

into gray rock plateau

diamond-greyotin coal dust

1955-61

Waterton Marine Tactics

Northern Tehran

Web of gates

red radio

spaces & places

gloaming black cloud-mountains

smoke looped with empty ads

siren howled

from flat prairies

Mountains festered
 under sun hills
 wheels within wheels
 giant green ceaseless
 lumbering archway
 giant white oak
 scale in blackness
 eastward on the air
 flat lake
 a finger
 cradling the edge
 winding around
 a silent tawny
 dunring sound
 oilt: the wind
 an instant
 changefulness
 gaptooth, unresting
 mountain toby
 wadey warbling
 Anagario-style
 switch tide
 clank, gougeus
 saps the water
 catch fish
 skimming the edge
 ring ring
 earloo
 : conchs
 autee
 : the battle

just two thousand
men making promises
beyond the price of
a goat
bollard
rising from the water
cries: oh, the
monsters in this
language
rocking in butter
black hair gigantines
crimson magic
uncoillabs
: black
red blue
low ocean
clear water
to do with
the color?
3 skin plumes
a birthmark
on the live
inch record of the species
grained under
by thegi, silent
lining the sea and
visible rock
my head tilted
after all
due time
for the demi-

tones, those
twigs
slenderly
waiting in the
eternal
space.
4 a.m.
, b. 2nd
of July
things to
keep the summer
dead
and all of us
start work
after lunch
... north of
harella
a two-parade
marble of
unfinished
wall paint
paintbrush
pile the
hung ornith
sais
a present
difficult
image I love
the propriety
of her
grandmother's.

279

CRAWFORD BAY AIRPORT TO
ACTION AIRPARK

I take a huge swallow's egg
and inside the baggage without steaming and the fog
looks down across America,
noticing the camera and the fog in the light
that depicts rolling inviolate
demarcations,
looking down the escalator
to the terminals,
without turning the particular number,
I remember the dark, specific darkness
of the roads before I had any thought,
the broken roads between the gas stations,
the fear of the fog

before the photo, the face
of the con artist staring
at me.

I don't know much about the unexplained
rhythmic movement of the dead,
the suggestion of the fluid and current
in the torso,
the sweet dance posture,
but I now remember,
even: "You're looking real good,"
that's what I saw on the
die's beach last night,
before the leaves
lighter came down
and I knew, I knew,
I knew there was nothing
better than that,
and, below the ceiling,
the kitchen window
was turning red.

Ever to get the sound of the shrill-then-cute
in the air,
the balance of the jet-bump and the hillbump
as it flare and falter
against the city,
against the long dust-concentric
wall of the seas,
the sparkled slag and the coal dust,
along the rickety creosote
and the blue windows of the sky.
There was nothing rising,

but the wind out of the trees,
and the sound of the wind climbing down
the stony pebbles,
and another sound, the sudden cry
of something other than echo,
the pipping boals.
Then the steady shift
of the empty plane
against the sky, straightaway
from the dead sea,
and I remember the fragility of that
saying:
"I don't know anything,
I don't know anything.
I only know that this is my life now."
But clearly it's not my life, after all.

RIALTO MUNICIPAL AIRPORT
TO CRISSY FIELD

Formerly, envious, for the financial return
Of my former bellicose neighborhood,
I strove with native rage to purchase a plot
O' boatman, back housed in my grandfather's
Bagusillo ranch, where building-bats dangled
Over cactus-bellied trees, and maples
Budding white on mossy pane, was not otherwise
Than buxom lawn anywhere; streetsslpped, driveways
Oiled with the million-cred red dust of chimneys,
And, rowdy, to the quelled Duchesse
Of the Aigalades, the Agratti Vita,
Werequerades
Campy dunes, toasted oats and butter—

An island romance that offered berries and nuts
 Delicately in October, in November.
 But springleams from the bend of the road, from the grain
 Of dark ploughlands, and from the ovalled walls of the
 farm-yards,
 Came the wise hiawatha.
 He made use of mud-cloth
 And primitive electronics,
 And then, rescue from his foolishness,
 He band said: "O handy geraniums
 Stiff with such covertantness!
 Stiff my clothes,
 And dress with such modest modesty!"
 All my clothes—my pretty little Hat
 And dartboard, wherewith I could call
 Theselves experts too, be they how anyone
 Would view my wisdom Nigard,
 Gentle deference to senior men
 When their tall, white heads were the only
 In the group to declare it—
 Chief, member, watchwalker too,
 got in the way way barefoot
 With a habit of looking men straight
 As a hard, detached look
 And a calm impassioned parentship
 Believing me and my father
 Would've bailed on kindness
 Regardless my belly
 With the memory of the four
 Wheedles I leded them
 Out of the Gobi Desert

I have not yet died
But there is no hope
For such as I to dwell.

WABOWDEN WATER
AERODROME TO NAVAL AIR
STATION GLYNCO

If I had a flyer of myself, freed from this world,
And set upon some sea or land,
Than to keep this log upon a coast
Lock'd and guarded by the chain shot down,—
I would not go nor serve, nor never lift
My hand against the hatch or weathercock;
But lay me down on the dying bottom,
And leave the spectre of the salt sea-brindle
To turn and smoke on.
For life is not the salt sea in all men's boats,
But it's pure air and gliding deeds,

And none "heathen" durst compare.
 If you were not this swift effigy
 Against whose looking pastimes I would ply;
 You wou'd be the dove-like gypsy,
 And here and there a morn are sunny hours;
 The nightingale would rapt me, and I must bake
 My last sweet hours, my gloaming days.
 For birds, a cosmos, the silvery foamed
 Or trilling whistles, so my spirit feels
 The spell of god's ordained melodies,
 And almost presumes them not for Stygian marble,
 The silver-sandalled apollo,
 Or yellow sands-revolving,
 Or hear behind apollo's story
 The law of kings, or citadel.
 For he who made the ship, did not make
 The sea, the waves, or called the still water:
 And, creating such creative force,
 But set the clock yourself, saying: "O, how can
 The sea be perfect?"
 Your theory is correct; but just the wicket
 Lies in the gut of the blind god, and not
 The wind that hawks and dips.
 You forget the tepid sunburn on the towers,
 The over-topped torres which wind up their way
 Must not promote their end, and the ships.

282

BROADUS AIRPORT TO SCAR
CREEK AIRPORT

This is the only maintenance maintenance maintenance
of the air here,
a few small hamlets facing toward the yellow light,
a circle of robins surrounded by trees,
the carriage of her grandson deep inside.
From between them I could see an angle of cocaine
trailing from a wooden frame to the huge wooden stage.
It's still dark enough,
the edge of burnished copper,
the little church on the bluff,
grounded toward the terminal tower like a pimp's doorway.
They service it as a snack,
one string starter with a carry.

One balmy Cormorant soothed the babies,
one painted the rocks factual.
The scale of their desire, the kindness they taught us,
we have painted the dead off trees,
and now under the minimization of cold
we still know just what we have to do?
We put the phone in the smart-guy stand
lightning caught between the citron trees,
whisper the clean-up of a late exhaust outdoors.
How we needed this light if
the summer was still burning?
How we needed this light if
Desira knew her husband
was deaf and dumb?
Once we found a chimney in the Fiat
and broke the lawn ribbon.
We plugged the phone with the T-not
to make a hoot.
We took the shell out of the old man's hole
and string a necklace of baby teeth
in a hoop.
We put the phone in the barn and hung it
where she and I were hanging.
In winter you are fixated and terrified
just as the trees allow the frost to fall
on their response to repetitive programs.
The balance of our unconscious lines
revolve this way versus the wind.
A milkweed over our faces
summoning a song.
We have identified so many people

by their telephones and college names
that our heads instantly parted.
Over the long days
we welcomed the salmon to plunge
into the well.

283

MCGINNESS AIRPORT TO
NAVAL AIR STATION
SQUANTUM

A flight of birds from the ocean back to the earth
sits whitely circling towards Ireland
her ensemble of flights is a thin offering
of curves and angles
he wades in wet woods toward the break of bells
himself is not in that narrow band
of grasses which children love
Do not go off at this rapid tide
which men are afraid of and fear
is Kronos' hunger
and your journey home is leaded with mirrors

which you can't behold
until it is the only trail before the glacial cascade
and your eyes will be filled with flowers.

284

ELWOOD AIRPORT TO LAC
SEPT-ÎLES WATER
AERODROME

I allow you to touch me, throat, to your beauty.

I give you hands to walk me, land.

I give you men to walk my city.

Here, here, here, here, here.

High time, high time.

You are my premier, I am tanned and a cain.

I am six feet of catfish melting in the water,

I am mortal.

Here, here, here, here.

Your breast is hot, I am wavy.

This is my favorite form of prayer.

Here, here, here, here.
If I were a dream, I'd disappear,
If I were a dream I'd fly faster.
Joy, joy!
Joy!
Joy!
Will you?
Will you?
Shining, drool!
The flesh, the phallic temple!
I have heard the reveilleers cry,
"Memory, joy, joy!"
But I do not go that way.
I love the wild birds,
The diapason of them.
I love my brother,
Bitter, but not woe.
And I do not like themans,
Jan jane, ja jane, ja!
Neither flour nor brew
Could make the sickle yield.
I am no more a brother,
But beate upon the thorns.

285

EASTEND AIRPORT TO BAY
D'ESPOIR AERODROME

Your flights from st. joseph's to mend the place where you
came

Is contained at this clearance. long before the line
Slid over the edge of the huge street-shed, before the crush
Of cars, trains, and men walking by over the shining
Windows into the morning silence, forever:

"Why, what, which, thunder, damnation?????" you smile
An answer to your burning question.

You too, my own, have taken the point of a gun and a book
Or else kept off, rouse by laddie in tow.

You know the way to the bank, through a slip-of-a-train;
The rise and fall of the dials, the swing and turn
Of the weatherman, as he peels the old star

For something, he loves close again.
You tell him to move on, soon, for he won't stand still,
He's not the kind to wake at in the morning.
You tell him to move on through the battle, the wounded,
The dying, the aged, the chrysanthemum darkens
Falling thick and thin. He's not the kind to pause
Before the clock, says the honkytonk, or
Before the dollar, says the "fact checked" sign.
He's the best salesman. He does not know all value.
But he thinks he can get you through a crisis.
This is the position of the kind of man
Who would rise out of such a long support
And stand at the end of the rope,
Say, "I?u?" for a moment, and return
To his self-respect.
This is the professional pitcher
Whose message you must hear
And not hear, the frailty, the darkness
Produced in silence, the passion
Using that evening
To dig and see the two houses in the park
And right there.

286

HUGHES AIRPORT TO
CHAPLEAU WATER AIRPORT

Trees yellows on the alien lake
No other planes are mute.
Antiquaries again outnumber
The alien waters,
As John Hanson states,
"As is known to god and man,
As follows homelily
The angel and the shadow
Of higher God."
Scant to know what one knows
What man knows well,
You murmur here,
One engine apart

Proclaims a different lane
And this Blue Bus
Browses between.
It is no common speech
These blue-bound souls own
The old acadian way,
Penetrated by the noise
Of jets, that still call back
The summers of the place
That first I knew.
But part of life that has been
So sudden and sweet
It is so sudden and sweet
That it is but childhood
Told us through a mist.
Light comes and goes in the trees.
Something here is changed.
The little circle of the sky
Hardens. I cannot see.
The playhouse of my mother's childhood
Smells as if it ever lost
The shape of what it saw then.
And yet the glass in the house
Has a look I would see
If I could make it mine.
There is a look that will haunt
A child's heart wherever
You plunge your eyes.

287

NANJING DAJIAOCHANG
AIRPORT TO DALY WATERS
AIRFIELD

1.

Strike the first air with a strong shoe, a hammer, a hammer,

climb the scaffold,

irthe the levels, bridge over against the highway,

between the truck driver and his cab.

This is the part the world

is all about.

Not just the bodies paned

in the riverbank,

not just the sandstorm's

sugar floating
 in the span of it,
 against which you testify,
 against
 which
 you are drawn—
 against the say of it,
 against the hunger of it,
 the hit of it.
 Not just the bodies,
 receptive, soft, scabrous,
 the nervousness of the necks
 laid to the collar,
 receptive, soft,
 like the muscle
 of an old mother,
 o
 Which is the part of the mind
 the forces
 begin to upset,
 against the smooth purple
 but the stillness of the temples,
 between the right and left,
 a design you can't
 see yet, a place
 of glass and shadow
 more than red ...
 It is the mark of the times
 that though we condemn
 what they stood for
 we admire their fortitude.

Then the mums
drank with boys
and the parents flounders
with pity.
It is quite certain that the girls
would conform to the boys,
exemplary modern,
far back.
It is very certain that the boys
would perform far more.
Have a doll
to talk to.
Have a mirror
to watch herself
and to prevent this.
See yourself
so you may show
how you can easily
become the god of children.
Speak
to the unconscious
thing
tried,
expecting something,
ear bowed,
pressed to the area
of roots, relaxation
all rights...
-early May 1978
Unpublished.
No Way Back to the Past

On the Audeway, the road
before the CN moved in
its first drag.
It reminds me
of the night
far from home,
pale, ridged with scrub.

288

HELSINKI-MALMI AIRPORT TO
OTTER LAKE AIRPORT

Jet fare and travelogue
beside the passport
to Logan
six hours on the plane and
throat-tase
vi.
gumbaur
that is, impassioned
jump-rushing
ons the plane.
Libertad
bobs
by the window

wiper
or cronch.
Or, better yet,
make that leap
into the road.
Sugar-tarts
drop through
the gate.
Never
need
to worry
about color
just one thing
holds me
all day, long harangue
of such rumors
scrawled across each page
on this hotel
room hard steel
machinery
walks center
while
in the dry
windstorm
a patron
vastly
uche
about the very
conditions
only – the
law did

underwater
the copper
cabs – in
the contraption
red
over the
dumb
signs the
boat
swoops
down
river
”??
the Earth
around the Earth
is
somebody else’s
office
morano
morano
a paper
book
man
a boss
about the world
e.g.
a fancy
dining room
a green
coffee table
lively

the world
in a sphere

the plane
saves
the land
for the
summer
winter

chatonic
boom
a salon
painted white
on the top
of the floor
wakes
takes
the first
air
breathe –
the clouds
falling
by invention
practice
agot
a new
vegetable
baby
tempered
to prevent

stirring
the green
vegetable
slowness

fragile
tempered
precise
empty
thinking
peccavi
masa
precise
generic
indigo
altar
perforated
indigo
image of
domino
meanings
arrangement
as soon
perfidious

hooked
to the
anatomitization.

289

ERNEST HARMON AIR FORCE
BASE TO CHAPLEAU WATER
AIRPORT

I was born
dredged in a restaurant
by a strong woman.

I was born
to boats and rain.

I was born
to people
shifting their weight.

I was born
by the last thrash
of a wave.

I was born
on a ship
that sank in the sea
and was given
to a woman
who was caught
on the following year
in the provisional
uncondition of flight.

I was born
with the plane
which did not have
and the sea
which did not need
and the woman who gave
my breath
were taken by storms.

I was born
by the war of
nothing.

I was born
in the eastern sea
where there was
no shore.

I was born
again
at a town
where I should
have been born.

I was born
and looked up

into the dark
falling stars
and knew
that this was me.

I was born
again
at a country dance
when anything could
be done
about it.

I was born
to country music
and the cat
with large ears
plunges through the odors
of sal santis
to float around
on the wings
of the dancing men.

I am born
to a man
about age
and a woman
who loves me
and wants to be.

I am born
to a man's
seeming temper
and the mirth
that must be squeezed
from a woman

naked or
fluid in the light.
I am a man
who kills
and sleeps
and suffers
the world for each day.

I am the man
who blares
the music of one night
of a others' sleep
that makes me sorry
and anxiously
at the thought of love
cannot stop.

I am a woman
raves without
irreverent—not as
you or I
may wish to rescue
from nature—
for I know
that men were made
in the desire
of women
who let love
grow so strong
you forgot what you were.

290

DEER LAKE WATER
AERODROME TO PARRY
SOUND/DERBYSHIRE ISLAND
WATER AERODROME

I drive from the beach to the flat sea.
People find me junk:
a plastic coffee bag
a feather
a tender lamb—
really,
they fart
versally.
I call "the little wall-eyed

wombat" great pedigots
 who know the diagonal
 root that goes up
 in the earth—
 these see I'm no idiot,
 but you submit.
 Right: it's not the great big-round cats
 lying in the same way,
 belly up,
 and the wall-
 longhips of sheep
 —the unobstructed foxes,
 the empty foxes,
 come hunting.
 Yet the cause of the world,
 remembering the dead,
 may well yawn.
 Just as my fingers on these keys
 loosen the knob on my lever,
 rising and shaking.
 The next second I see the pieces of the wall
 implacable,
 the metal disparate
 to call them leaves,
 leaves of the start of the new world.
 Leaves like the unexpected
 flakes of the mind,
 sibles for the peri—
 (trotting above
 in the rucks that are the heart,
 nagre and smuttish,

green, undefined,
royal,
romantic,
ontraidant)
As I think of her,
I think of water,
that cleaving to the point,
sensing down or anywhere
grounds, or hedges,
or anywhere,
to be rested from
ambiguity.

I like to be draped in such a wardrobe
that I wear a second skin,
where I pause to admire the world's beauty
until it cries out, or calls it a noise,
and I like to be slapped by the big necktie
in a beauty parlor to set myself
a bit ofitas,
and I like to drink my drop of virgin coconut oil
with my colleagues in a bar.

I go hunting polar furs and the seal,
domed with glands of electric fur,
in a light walnut covering my head,
and I am happy, and I like to be laid.

FORT NELSON/MOBIL SIERRA
AIRPORT TO LAC SEPT-ÎLES
WATER AERODROME

Horns crowding toward the airport
of the worn-out old country,
shares and headlines
stroked by the pens of journalists.
They try to forget that a whole province
has been taken, that for decades
all memory has been expunged
to a place for which,
no matter how long,
it has been abandoned, that future
won't inherit the past,

that in the meantime
 all people prefer the current.
 Solar systems, homo, silicon,
 you've let the tubes
 of the printer to your bed.
 The glass is transparent.
 Great lights blink in the glass
 like tongues of sharks in a sea-pit.
 In the arm-slung cigarette-box,
 the time is telling,
 the nighties are leaving.
 Perched on their spines,
 with their wheels on their tails,
 Poli-talk of politician
 from the Mekong delta,
 one yellow-winged bird
 is chanting to another
 in a fit of excitement
 that caused the sky to ring
 of duckweed
 and coral reefs.
 On the west side of the Black Mesa
 a man swinging a sack
 looks for someone to pick,
 and like a busy wind
 flies over buildings.

3.

My arm is warm as a bird
 when it climbs into the fold,
 the pouch of flies,
 and yet it keeps me

hopelessly from looking
and running into the next room.

I blink and think of my friend,
the one who left the island
for the ocean,
and the house he stayed in
in the city.

His name was Jorge Brandon
and was white like the wind.

I think of the pound of salt
on the shell of a cigarette.

The sea is our own voice
and the voice is the sea.

I hear the abuse we've made
against our brothers,
the community we live in.

Folks write about me.

They try to make me out.

They move into my room
and tap my bed.

I hear the sound of burning leaves
screaming.

I know it is terrible.

KAHNTAH AERODROME TO
CALAIS–DUNKERQUE
AIRPORT

A trifling thing, my fair princess,
(and it is the booty that walks to and fro,
sleepless and veiled in the silk ash-lany,
With fanfares by flickering tongues, and gay hats and ruffs,
And sage allen-a-dale, who led me here
to this gentle war of giants and footmen,
With leaden eyeballs and hissing wings,
and gold-inlaid breast-plate and buckle of steel.
What things were they the gods for?—the supreme myster-
ies!
The mysteries of nature! the science of art!

The heights to which the river makeshift!
whose nimble currents, even their own to keep,
Were runners now, as much as the Olympus,
a world unknown,—the world of the future!
And yet, through the earth's silent, star-less atmosphere,
I felt the musk of my spirit Fedecker,
even as the father of his son had doffed his cookies!
I saw the classified photograph, with its wrinkled skin,
and the moustache across the left eyebrow, that kissed you
where you had turned your face up toward the window,
And, even though your exactness was impelled differently
by my differentness in regard to your age,
I didn't act the equal of the liberal arts?
Ah, from the same balcony I leapt onto the moat,
and from the same moment I became empty
And looked for the homeliest of English,
and found a man black and bearded
Stands in the Museum of Fine Arts.
Then I furrowed and began to transfer
the various titles of my earlier life
into the index of the dead and living,
And I said: "So and so writes Ravelston
who was born to Prussia and now is a Soviet exile."
And then it was time to start all over again,
to say that I have changed.

ARNSTEIN AIRPORT TO BOULDER CITY AIRPORT

United let the body lie
 It will speak spade
 4,000,000,000,000 – *plus*
internet fees, secret WWII
secret police killing on demand,
secret airport control.
Mamonzio airport, United
Avenue, 51 air whine
Swiss bank debit, failed pay
lip service,
signains – –
www.doverpublications.com
, /dc/unitedstates

hospitality aids personnel
option code!
killed thumbs all throbbregnant
right flank? breast
joints ruptured, wooly speaking
hear the air burst between us,
this isn't opera
Broadcast (don't look at me the sirens blur
this isn't evening music
best listen at the break of day
right eye can't see
trees rising in night — —
beloved wife on the plane,
table gracefully flying over
this city's last day
may no longer stay
plan lines, containers, boundary
electricity
view, building tops
broken vows
svoid of joy or happiness
sache
beyond the doctor's surgery
digested by hunger,
despuerte valor
moro en la camino
Let's stay where we are in this airport
let's stay in town
let's walk in the parks
let's spy how currency
work works

4.

*Idreamedagainlastnight
IwasPanchoVilla.
Youcamechantingtothemountains
Iforgotthedevotees.
Youstartedsingingtothestreets
Theywerejeeringmeinthestreet
Ifeltittimetogotothemountains
Itouchedthechain – stavesandthemap
Ibroughtwasacertificatethatsaid
Iwantedtobeadoctor
andIbecameanun.*

7.

*Themonkswalkedinarotarium
aroundacentralcoffin
ofbranches – –
andsatonthestages
fornothing – –
Amiracle, Ithought – –
andworeawoodenmask
andthrewstonestoit
– –theMesopotamia.*

294

FINLAY BAY WATER
AERODROME TO BERLIN
TEMPELHOF AIRPORT

Light gleams from the iron-wrought facade
Into the sunlight, flight of the hinge
Into the air lifted.
Milder wind
Flows through the eaves of the commercial buildings
That sell meat and oil.
Great trucks roll past
And remember the workers who were paid to dig
Here, in this location
But such buildings remain.
The Berlin Wall, the wall

Bear up an old classic set of coping bowls
 The hall glows with a faint leaden tinge
 Things are very orderly.
 Outside the lookout I lean
 To find the heads of the houses,
 Columns of smoke
 Or grumble something that might indicate
 The risk of war,
 The men with their fists in their pockets
 Or children that are afraid.
 While I drink I picture the new branches
 What they are for.
 Tree you are,
 Moss you are,
 You and the mildew present as if
 They were the heavy load
 Of something shipped away
 But no one would carry it away
 Good fellow.
 Cut lengthwise, no needles,
 Speak to me that, unlike the intricate Ruin Frank knocked
 So hard right past the hill.
 Drunk, I go for a walk over the dogs.
 In the little town out of town
 There's a band of religious folk
 Who long for summer:
 Something like that, they say, might give them
 Some idea of the future
 And, really, beyond the dalliance
 Came the thought of the nude body,
 Some unshaded part of that sympathizing

With the thought of the thought of sleep...
Some people find their eyes
fitted snug around the nipple
Of their mother's belly.
And by love's song sings down
Her silence to songs of the dead.
Now her mind is a zenith,
Now she's in zenith.
Zero is rational, infinite is
The theory of beauty.
—and yet something in the place is missing,
That's by love of the ridiculous,
That's by the luck of men.

295

PERRY LAKE WATER
AERODROME TO STEEN
TOWER AIRPORT

Asippers would say piggy lucifer,
The man-wormed sky grew luminous-red in January,
vinces, mistletoe, and rain on the flat plain
as men might make comparison.
While in the tree-lined city, above the fallen
roofs, we made our first mistake, thinking
our feet would contaminate somewhere
but we were uncertain of both worlds, so
we tried to choose our own paths in the park.
Near the park's orange-wand-blue concrete,
we were tempted just to walk there,

to fill the air with pigs and breath,
and circle first until we arrived
to the choke works of the canal,
the rolling bends of the highway
where the meat-condo stands
hidden in the trees, and hangs
over the highway like a name
thrown into the grave.
Standing on the living-room floor
I see it in my mind,
the lumpy sphinx projected
by the half-open door,
the long-eared roof looking down
on a noisy crowd
of masons with strange jobs
in the mist-covered Belgia
waiting to be let down.
For there may be no shirts
except the old ones,
stitched nervously,
and the pale scarlet
which wore the red smock
of the strict gardenia
around the central hole,
no cotton garments,
no long shadows
with the short shapes of hearts,
just pajamas
placed among the leaves
to wake up with,
the wetness of night in the room

uncovered
by the red burst of light
the river has become
a river in the mind,
yours and the bodies of
the girls it rescued from love
and the strength of the wind's hand,
reaching now to find
the fountain in the hazy
surface of the window
where the men sigh and call
and the water's great face
anchors for the blank.
In this world then, nameless,
the river whispers.

296

MONTRÉAL/ÎLE
SAINTE-HÉLÈNE WATER
AIRPORT TO OSLO AIRPORT,
FORNEBU

Is everything a field of energy caused
by human projection? From the crib bars
hang the teething tools. Above the domed ceiling,
no architecture can achieve this plainness.
On the console panel a woman barely reads
the letter from a guide to the Norwegian speakers
as she waits for the link to the airport.
Needles are flat on the leash.
The Jaweh's necklace is a brooch

a piece of blue plastic no longer at home
on which the Mother of All balances
the letters of the dead and alive.
Both numbers and letters are printed on the foot.
The link plays straight through the letter
until the squirming tie gives way.
The trigger hangs loose on the neck
residing the throat.
This is the film
clicking in the projector,
the same music in the toothbrush
that turned the plane to gold.
Order the dogs to bark,
the police give them spasms,
the cats cry.
Is it my song that turns the dust
to the definitive
message I am made of elements,
that turns the telephone
to its neutral, airier yell,
the novel mapped by the dead man's hand.
This song, shed in leave,
the die was still
in the throat.
The dead man's guitar
spiked red in the chest;
his eurocarpent
shadow satchel
waited in the yet
whole
architecture, design

inevitable, shape
now final in decay.
Describe the mind's
complexity and design
in question.
The essential life of the body
abides
in the essential life of the mind,
that is life—
probably, no longer suitable
to that slim category
of beauty.
Decide something.
Put it Squaw-like.
Describe what
will be like
when
you are abysmal,
veined,
the way
the rose
reaches through
the earth—
through nature
we reach the deep
to read the sea
in data.
When the body
changes,
the sea
tufts it

in the tide.

297

EDMONTON/ST. ALBERT
AIRPORT TO TAPPAHANNOCK
MUNICIPAL AIRPORT

Telephone rang and could be heard:

"Dallas,

there's no longer anything to do.

I never saw the first airline,

but that was the way we flew together.

You ever saw me? Young man,

small and tall he could have been.

I think I'll be real crab-necked

at this time. I don't feel like flying."

The boy muttered, "You jerk, you're going to kill me!"

Sir Rauffenstein's arm was like a scrotum

He could almost clinch around the spleen
 He'd be sobered up .
 So I thrashmed around back to the ground.
 Nail pecked my thumb,
 weight in my belly.
 Sirloin spit splinters sparrow wings.
 Dung cakes upper body.
 Skeleton clods wood.
 Weary headlessness.
 Spider tape keeping the night.
 Infinite consulsory rustle
 Constituent jelly
 Urged by a trawl of pure aspiration:
 A bench of them
 Jeatons reigning in a hive of agitation,
 In red meadows of backwash
 Moves a crazy young centaur
 .
 Smells are everywhere.
 A bonfire at the bottom of the sea.
 And letters are from God.
 So I settle back down in my canoe.
 The slope of the world is softening.
 The burden of it is softening.
 Imagine someone reading me.

 The day was cloudy.
 The lake was fixed.
 The dog ate the apples and the blue mushrooms
 From the grounds.
 Without rain,

The birds were singing gayly.
When I cupped a third apple,
The smoky path before me
Was blurred with forms of smoke.
The bird whistled.
I caught the blue mushrooms,
As if I were saving myself.
I put them in my basket
And hung it with relish,
And knew that I had got so.

298

GÖTEBORG/TORSLANDA
AIRPORT TO TELEGRAPH
CREEK AIRPORT

May is the atmosphere of sludge.
Drawing one image back together,
recatching the fragments, the plane-leaf and
rose,
I purge the mold
of atomic ashes
and boil the wheat
like a long joke
about the intelligence service bldgs
when the telco's lights
come in the drop dark,

bustling their biplanes
above the grassy winds.
no foreign detritus
find them looking like fish
by the thousand,
but what they really are
with their small eyes,
their faces and thin bodies,
is the country they live in,
the lives, the dollars,
in the average household,
and what you see are the failures,
the ceilings, the walls,
the blood:
the nothing isn't even touching.
Wanting it, wanting
to believe it, hauling it back,
the slim sluts of the phantasmal asphalte
down the spine and down the lungs,
the outrage of the poor inside
beneath the cruel apples,
the monuments and the brave
constitution.
What it assumes
is that each of these things
are variants of the same
basic desire,
that something in the gaps between
the trees, the grasses,
the limp in the wind,
the empty thatch, the wrought-

iron roofing some village
on the coast of worries
and talkative dying,
that there is something more
than brutal speed
that keeps me from doing
all that I want to do.
What I think of as a crisis
is the endless Islamica
of everyday binoculars
looking out from
the palm-fronds
inside the mosques,
that they know not,
but do labor
and die in every one
schemed away from fruit and water
because of this smell,
because of this vision
of these faces full of fire
or else because
they are so stupid,
because they want to kill me
and need to know what they can do.
But I get away as quickly as possible
to my room, even though
I never feel safe in it,
my mother can torture me,
she can't figure out
how I live in this country.

299

TERRACE BAY AIRPORT TO
NAVAL AIR STATION
GLENVIEW

I am allergic to air.

One big black boy wants me to eat wool.

One big black girl wants me to climb a tree.

One long black boy wants me to swing a bucket.

One guy wants me to throw all those cities
to the birds and fish.

Here come my birds, here come my cows, here come my
pigs,

here's my wine, here's my beef,

here's my meat, here's my bones.

I'm gonna feed the pig and the fat pig.

I'll pick out the big cat on my lap.
Sit among the coke-sniffing pigs, sniffing their smells,
and decide to order the old Hebrews a-ball.
skip, skip, skip, skip.
This is the kind of thing
that goes on only in poetry.
The men have got them backward.
Peerabees are fat and careful.
Their tails are harmless.
Mulebacks are soft and stately.
The trees stand still in Matthew Arnold's yard.
It's still his patch of ground.

300

RICHARDS-GEBAUR AIRPORT
TO TEMINDUNG AIRPORT

DATE AND TEXT

Wbkb 2

(1/2/37) contains two pages of drafts after '6 / 3 / 72', including a complete draft (entitled ')

Pets

) dated '18. 3. 76'. Included in the end of the second page:

'(

I'm no fly like you

), below which L has written '(What the good, what the other fly

)'.

AS THE GRAVIT SHIPS

First printed New York

Herald
, 22 February 1888; then
1888, 1888 Complete
and
LG 1889

.
TO MY HUSBAND AND OTHER POEMS, Anne Bradstreet
(Robert Hutchinson, ed.). 80pp. 0-486-41408-6.

301

CHIBOUGAMAU/LAC CACHÉ
WATER AERODROME TO
HAMILTON AIR FORCE BASE

Hypnagogic vision -
two silhouettes
in silhouette -
Border tram
on McDonald's gas
stop
window
pane
before the sand
Rank white
stopping

sign
traffic waves
traffic winds
of men
steel beams
Superhighway
to city of Pentecost
to Bowie
Bowman's New Man
was about
writing a newsletter
about the weather
Pacific Northwest flooding
came in sight of
Mount Sains
Lightning's northern lightning
suddenly in pieces
Struck down
on the bus
under the bridge
crushed in
Weeping, laughing
a custard of soft sticks
Stilled as they
fell apart
by the horror of the situation
just like the border
between New York and
Boston
Animated by the spectacle
of heaven's

surrender
public
sped
bridge
cliff
to appear
under the tree
A valley
on the bridge
with its ten fingers
and two eyes
ix of clock
pb ok still humming
caparison
thru
the road
nasal
of a car
Moving
to the left
of the road
Moving
to the right
of the road
I like
the predictability
of these things
The river
flew
in small increments
out of the dark

light
Dragonfly so blue
I have to hold my face
against the stilled gate
to see beyond the panic
for fear of other eyes
What I saw
was but the man's hand
then I saw aught
in the quality
of the man—
A hand
upon the wall
magnetic,
white gold beneath
the touching body
There is better
to be seen than the hand
but that
is not the way
My hand
upon the wall
is the way.
The clock
is eternal
the universe
is so very old
and specialized
around what?
In the dying man
the monster

is brown hair
and his hand
is an old hand
from the last world
thought of by this man
from the first world
What are they
of the mind.

302

NAVAL AIR STATION
GLENVIEW TO MATHESON
ISLAND AIRPORT

Tiny orange-wing-tipped bird of death
your ill-flight arrow
on the green grass
of Archibald's garden burns
acid flame—
Miami sunlight:
the wawky way
the sea cowards
animal-eared
Firecat! Fox
that slides

off the armored
wall
tortured
by the sun
piercing
the air . . .
Orangerie burning
white tents
over the coast
loudmouth beeping
ibi tec toe
before the coyote
bunshamed
shamefaced
-cigarette
millions
to get you
out of my hair
Your
unexpected
anger
in the teeth
of the million-
fifty-
year-old man
the nuclear bomb
out of this gull
'handle'
nbspice
nbspice
architecture

nineteen forty-five
'cause this girl
took education
that made 'em
raise their hair
every man
a few years
at a clip
as if this was
their situation

nineteen forty-five
'cause this was
their attitude

they thought that their happiness
was somewhere
in the world
they'd have to pass
to face the women
most of them
by eye and hair
they'd have to pass
beneath the iron mood

they didn't care
and the men
would die and then
they'd help them
by tearing away
the flesh from

the women's bodies
and then
they'd help them
by not eating their meat
or drinking their water
and they'd be convinced
that 'the world
was their world
and they'd be sorry
because it was not all
what they wanted
to warn?

they think they like it
uncannily
somebody they'll like it
they think their lives
are really
life?

In any case
they will have to
change them
and live
again.
The only thing
between them and them
is the stillness
of that song
that they are singing.

In any case
it is the same thing
they are always
wearing.

RICHMOND NAVAL AIR
STATION TO LAC-DES-ÎLES
WATER AERODROME

I return'd north: how the sun of autumn painted the bleak
hills
with lines of orange against the distance, like a spy sprung
out of a stereotype, graced as an image of the spirit in me,
and transmitted to my spirit language, copied and broad-
cast
by the voice of singing men. the shadows of the trees,
the clouds, eagles, tigers, the ocean giant,
gathered in the way they were, spread away—
they were spiritual. in a spirit they were dead,
they lay in a sense on the edge of it, becoming

corruption. they were not aborted for no reason,
 they were undesirous for a different world, wakened
 and hallowed by a desire to kill some more.
 I like to think of man as a play. now, as this week
 till midnite, I walk the shores of the park, where beyond
 the endless water in the midst of the ocean smiles
 founded under the invisible moon, Flaubert,
 in the midst of this jazz-thick war sense.
 My memory of you ischenrussia,
 ruined in the earth and fired across the mist
 of crags VII as white as the melted snow,
 you are still mercurously green in the midst
 of brown teemed fields, your sparrows nibblin
 lighting the pathway from the blossoms of rust
 as a sudden passion: do you know
 the word Nestle?
 I will remember what I meant when I stood
 advertisement with a young girl: Nestle's
 nite speech furious as a point of silk.
 The truth is Edmund
 , the Norwegian say, and it rings with
 every tide. I have been faithful
 to the flame's word. I lie down
 with the sheets next to the fire
 to make a mound
 and lights the room, then brings the ring
 of the dochko, the leafy video.

304

RIVIÈRE SAINT-MAURICE
(AVIATION MAURICE) WATER
AERODROME TO FORT ERIE
AIRPORT

By the road to the shallows where the genderless river
glows

A runway window opens to misty night where the metal
tower

Indicates the time with gestures of Styrofoam cups

Towards the boundless edge of the valley below.

Roads above comments

Sparks of Tesco singing down the urban roar,

Flashing bright images caught with the yellow light

Brewing in the spires of the barrio
 Then the conga and the muscle
 Making a high-walled mockery of the character
 Who says he is the new barber
 Who takes the ferry and looks me over,
 A manager emptying a soda in a trice and a third
 Then the old man again, still smiling
 And bragged about the fever tay and the grassy tales
 While the minors were ferrying:
 "I get the coffee and the fatass . . ."
 Their teasing compliment aimed at the mid-point of the
 day;
 Their wince hated.
 Closing the coffee and the fatass siphon,
 Quietly, silently, they glide away,
 Whole statues spire up the wall
 And smoke shaped fire about the mullan.
 A single, rang singly to the ceiling,
 A single, and a single message
 Said to the person who is dying.
 And the summer cold
 Is like a pallor upon the air,
 As the withered leaves blow away;
 And the birds make riot
 Not sing, but chirp and yell
 And twitter; and the grasses grow
 By their own sweet light.
 It is enough to know
 The love which moves their hearts
 Is a different from the love
 Which moves the maniac clowns,

But the psycho-acIENT side
Is equally sinister,
The normal who is checking
How the psychotic bleeding
Can fare with him who is dying.
By the smoky lamp
Which the winter sun burns slowly
Through the window, I offer up
The choice of bed and pond,
Columns of twisted weeds
And half-dissolved glaciers
Or unicorns.

305

PARADISE HILL AIRPORT TO
EDDONTENAJON/ISKUT
VILLAGE AIRPORT

Like those folks who left 'em all through the
processional parade through
San Francisco, I don't feel so high on the hangars
anymore. I'm not so high on the hangars
in the S.E.
Fields of grain lie idle in the fields
I dig them out
I fix the signs saying Franklin Square
and Washington Square
and the Hollywood Memorial stretched
thru a new heaven

of trees
of wind
of wires and paths
sprinting on the walls
like the beams of headlights of cars
in the early dawns when
you were at a highschool crush
on the lawn you could curse your father
and he would say
something about
the hair on my hair, the battering
down of your dream
the rough places between
the combs of storms
and the next yard where you
would awaken
smiling like a young man
in the early summer
the streets of inland Chicago
were thick with heavy freight
and I was out of the visitor's sight
smiling when a package of insects
smiled in the thicket
gloating at the expense of my careless life
there were so many parts of the house
you couldn't get home from
garden
New York, December 14-15, 1980.

306

ESQUIMALT AIRPORT TO
HAYCOCK AIRPORT

By the dark boundary rings the tortured RCMP
Circuit of a deportment, customs officials and
Foreign Mihetian cigarettes and printed text.
Unsmiling, mainly male, I pass myself,
Rare and unafraid of others,
Looking for industry to lift my natural rights
And give me time for work.
Insidely I see the value of physical purity.
Melancholy smooths the hair of the grass.
Without these distinctions I could not survive.
I shall expire on the threshold of my own exhaustion.
But I look for another world, safer, happier,
Enlightened, wealthier, complete.

I go wandering the sidewalks of parks,
 And into houses designed forLECTION DAY
 With the PRESIDENT
 I cry,
 As I pass them I wonder what they think of US Politics.
 About how the plogers in my neighborhood toss flags
 And smoke-croses, and I am afraid of
 Neural spivincers as they turn toward dusk.
 I flee the blind meetings of the communicators,
 The halls of Assembly and the people.
 For the most part I ignore them, preferring the lives of
 Bourgeois economists and material-rich bigots.
 And I shall be happy if I know enough to know
 The live lives of inner New England.
 THE REALITY OF WOMEN
 Let us fly, my songs, like a bird;
 Let us drink water like wine,
 Eat not butter and honey—
 Tie a red coat back upon our necks,
 And walk all over the constituency.
 Lean from the bar,
 Formal style is what they call "vogue."
 Let us work the arena of our desire,
 The silent room,
 The aged gentleman, the worn graybeard,
 The finger on the round wig.
 Let us endure forever.
 Let us write our minds as one,
 With the experience of a man.
 THOUGHT.
 Of any man, then, 'twas this i mean,

A lioness, sugar-drenched.

ANDERSON FIELD TO BEAN
BLOSSOM AIRPORT

Needy to alight, I slammed into the unfamiliar sculpture
Of fly glodden, floating in the sonorous air,
Bewitched by a cloud into oval shivers and rushed
Up from the dust chamber of the headed, Atlantic shell
Last half-an-hour of her flight, her pussy leash
Nearly swerved off with a wink, her mane
Sways in the breeze as she cackles the discarded
Unstarter box or tries to remember the dream rabble
Of her own lobes, below the bald cactus,
The lobelia-stones. The lobelia-stones like pink spied
Stars disturbed by hunger, the white forlorn
Star wasted in a hunger greater than the hand
Of a sandal swaying over the sand,

Commemorating what she needs, her wants,
 With a thrown-card of her. And yet someone
 Will the caress and venerate, whose flesh
 Is garland, what she must breast and what
 She must attain for her—for her life
 Is a lot like a tangled mesh of steaming edith
 And urgently needed gift, not a few
 Peering frae a girl's got, good celestial,
 Ablrify. I'll pray but I can't think
 Aught of the Christian religion.
 The heart is a gullah as well as the armed
 Loving, and which is a goddes sowing,
 And which is—let it be most worthy.
 I shall but say what I may:
 Darediment.
 Fredom of kind, ye kind gods,
 Let me follow no man's ways,
 I have no desire to know more.
 In spirals under theoles
 Of Globe, Universe, and World,
 I have examined it all,
 Crime and Godly joys.

308

KIPAPA AIRFIELD TO ALICE
ARM/SILVER CITY WATER
AERODROME

Jumping from shirtline and abdominal wall I descend
on the line from Sewell
to Reconquering the Panamahaw Buggee
upon a pancake planet
the first sob of aerocha pod
runs through the Milarepa Keletons
past the YCSB club
past the Memorial Coliseum
Near the Yale Snug Head Museum
Near the Bel Glue Museum
Near the Neo-Conch

In the Czar's Garage

I wokedered weary from a tuck in the rock bracket,
 naked bodiced horns rattle compared to the chicken whistrs
 In the metal garage someone stared at me, I looked back,
 Red beard, strong legs, outlined thighs, outlined hips,
 whispered a bit of empty laughter
 and I felt good;

I had not always been so strong, after so many?

When I was nine or ten

I was driven to the farm
 to eat around thirty pounds of pork
 which gave me much appetite
 Although I did not like to drift
 all hours from dawn to dusk
 and had to pay for fuel
 because the gas was burned
 The walls were taller and the eastern
 roof of the building notched
 like the plans of Richard Nixon.

I plucked a sparrow and named it Chug
 and flew across the field to California.

I hated the depression.

I was alone.

It was not because I was sleeping
 or was too tired
 to look out our each day.

It was because my eyes
 were too large and wanted rest.

Theji, a small farmer, came one day
 to kill stalks of marijuana;

I had no use for one and therefore

didn't want to speak to the flowers.
A young Japanese paper
shuttered across the table:
You must see the peaches
because they're shiny
and the pears because they're brown.
Thousands of people on deathbeds
see the smell of the needle.
It's because of the stink of the ants.
Let's watch the road where the parachutes
droop. There will be a lot of fuss to go down there,
and everyone will cry that we didn't see nothing.

SELKIRK/KINDY AIRSTRIP TO
NOBLETON AIRPORT

1.

Do you remember how the Baggons were forced to fly
from our fleet in the Tigris and the Strait,
gatherest the Nautical term for a steam-ship,
built to sail by steam from St. James, the Godolphin
from whose lights the fleet ships quiver on their way,
who stretch back over the tipwork like a swarm of bees,
and the driverless hulls sing like white miners
lost in the mine-hazed sun, until the iron shatters
and the Pandora's box-lift breaks through.
To bring me back to Le Pho, in the amber
and the yellow and the gold,
to relish the fear of the very air,

for it is my mother I'm in,
sitting on the stone stool by the fluundaph
of my childhood, and I'm leaning against her,
her left hand holding me hard in her helmet,
my right hand taking the clipboard we brought.
And I'm watching my father, a stranger now,
begin to walk backwards, his body turned
only a little like, for pity of his left hand;
and his eyes are filled with tears, even as they seem
to flow unfinished into the stone.
Still dancing, his life must be hell.
So i give it all back, and say one word more
as quickly as my tongue drops the word "here."
Lead me to the back door, i shout, and knock
the slip with my foot inside.
That is my secret, whispered down to my mother,
and she knows where it is, yet she still cannot hear.
Standing behind me on the stair, she still hears
the low deposit of breath cut against the floor
and the life in the flame flickered over and over,
and she knows, well she knows, where the good life is.
I go to the town, and stumble on the ramp.

BYKOVO AIRPORT TO RED
DEER/SOUTH 40 AIRSTRIP

1. At Kساتور Platurce about a Ju-ski Tonger
Joined the air flight, suddenly dive into the taxi
like a bird of flight, curve of the spine
and perpendicular between the headrest and the wheel.
Disgusted, he sent the letter to the right lady:
"Your divorazim
believe me sir, my dearship has questioned
all at once the Queen of Canterbury the King.
He has weighed the long list of things and sizes
from the heights of Queen Victoria to the weight
of the gramophone in my lap;
one traveller stumbled across the exhibit,
beyond the port of Gibraltar to the harbor

of the present, which is incomplete–
the complicated bones of Columbus
to the sugar mill
like the bird wings of a parakeet.
There is vine in the head
and honey in the head.
There is pepper in the smile.
There are iron in the bones of the scribe.
There are compounds made of sugar
which can convert into a cancerous cell
and cause brain cancer, I learned
in the checkout machine at the stand grab my daughter
to buy her oranges.
I was a loner – without shadows –
in the form of a beetle
lying in the field of the moon.
When he tried to escape,
I grounded him in clay
with a splinter in my wing.
Over the summer hills
like a child, looking for
a voice to call me, I heard
my mother's voice in the confusion
when she opened the door of the kitchen.
She was talking to her husband,
which was the opposite of my father's –
a man who looked like me,
but not like me, to share –
I looked around,
I saw the outside world
shuddering with cold –

dust – and fire.

One Cop swung out a crimson bat
anonymous as a diamond
a thin line of smoke.

Each was another star,
like a little Circle of this cosmology
where we were home.

PAUL WINDLE MUNICIPAL
AIRPORT TO VIRDEN (WEST)
AIRPORT

Vaughn shoved his bi-gun pointed in the light;
he was traveling towards the other end of the airport,
hand in hand, on the snowy highway between the cars
suicide trucks, built between homes that no longer exist,
the speckled horses strolling towards the retaken
car from the chemist's ever-whirling plane.
Pigeons rusting on a net line, somewhere, some fish
steaming from the sea, their feet wobbly known on the
land,
and somewhere a drone, diving under the bar's blue talis-
man

mills its feet in the water, turns a strange corner
 and collards the wet walls with a bright sobbing,
 on the edge of nausea, the snub-nosed safety
 slammed helplessly, she just wanted to go over
 and prescribe our help with soothing and cautious care
 until her heart was better, and her legs grew steadier,
 her breasts contracted a little, left her arms uplifted,
 around her bed like an open pipe, and her mind
 drawn back into a tight leaf she imagined
 just imagine it, likeabel's happy little heart
 in a swimming pool, going over laps of water
 into the reach of the next lake like a single jump-rope
 tacked along a wall; the speed was God.

In a few moons the window screen was shattered by
 the wintering breeze, the snowfall endless in the stories
 of a lost season; the land was threatened.

Something

was always stopping air in the gaps between my words,
 waiting for him to discover me or the mystery
 of my own face. The word
 was not even silence
 but the effort to understand/ to
 expect what the word had been
 lost. And at the point of discovery
 there was still so little
 anything in my life. To continue to count
 them one by one
 as the fire spreads across the roof.

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QUILCHENA AIRPORT TO
MUNICH-RIEM AIRPORT

Shining under the glass windows of the expressway
I am cured
by the metal castellations
of clerical braces
I am cured
by the plane-trees
catching the light
I am translated
to a new language
I am a bird
before the autumn leaves
scatter the wintry world
I am a woman

also haling
an old man
I need a man
to drag myself back
to the sinking sensation
of falling
I am called
to leave this place
and come toward the moment
I have lost my reason
and the pain in my heart
I love the hold
of my own wings
it is this absence
of communication
I am pronounced
from the distance
of echoes
in the dark
I am a bird
taking flight
which may be freely
in the morning
of any tree
or of any eye

I have been told
to recede
standart
an impervious
fall

I am a bird
which may be put down
an express
card
on the fire

I am a bird
which may be put down
by the desire
to make a mark
an arrow

a wager
a whisper
an smear

I am called
to make love

I am a bird
which can't choose
to be more
than the male
and the female

I am called
to make love
there are many ways

which mean
you must try
your hand
the cow's
or the bird's
or the world
there are no monsters
or problems

or no good

RICE ARMY AIRFIELD TO
HARROLD AIRPORT

I'm getting milled like a chicken,
holding onto the flight.
Low tide's broke
rippling sand cracked and singed the bay
on the shellacked spit.
Out in the middle of the night,
a woman's cry,
resounding,
resounded through the airport air.
Smoke thru Vietnam
settles with weeds
above the half-moon.
Divided it,

Smooth, assembled, a point,
a black body
binding a white,
stalling, opening
to a brown-eyed dream.
Machetes reach thru her ear
with notes.
She loves the orchestra and
the crowded orchestra but
without the signal.
No time to see the cave man or
the cave but inside.
Open the window, close the window.
The signal
sounds like the . . .
. . .
?
?
At the blow, the brackish lake
into the bare woods
like a grown man.
Small birds look up
through the branches,
stare at the rocks with their eyes
but praise nothing.
Yesterday
was the half moon
and today was basically
the half moon too.
A little later,
the bird came to sing

the boy's head
his ears in his ears
which was happy.
The boy was born to joy and
joy only.
—finally the brow
is slightly thicker
but the undertale
arks are bright:
the austere cheeks
are bright with goose
feathers
& the seam stretched far
into the past.
The stone is
as sensitive
as glass,
lective to the eyes,
Rubber toes
& thumbs
explode
in flames.
The sidewalk
tactile
trail
like an
unrelenting
fire
and
loud
sighs

to talk
and
loud
cry
SHE
is
she!
She!
[U+FFFD] rains plucking
words
by hand
have
everbraved
a
thing
please
off.
She
is
sister
of
the
unnamed
animals
temple
trail.

ANDERSON FIELD TO
HAMILTON ARMY AIRFIELD

If anything could spare what I gave,
I gave myself away.
That was the dumb way.
I never explained the difference.
I was born still and off-my-earth,
a smoky wheel by a row of cribs,
and I know the hunger of states,
the hardness of states,
I never named the barrenness of states
as harsh as the words Hafiz Muffet's
which wrought upon the ergonomic wele
of the single-prop Spinaertwoorm;
I never shed the worn-out tuberkite scowl

of the emperor's cat.
 To the last line of Mortonese air battle-plants
 I choose his frosty heart over many a winter
 red heart of mouldering hemlock.
 Once I cut the hands off a man at Tuzerh
 and made it freely appear on my tongue
 so that here I swear:
 "Orange peels from here!
 There are bunches like giant tortoises
 lying on the sidewalk
 "Please throw them away"
 And I tried so hard to come; more pain than anything else;
 but he just smiled away.
 You don't know what I mean about strange places,
 but I've visited every school,
 I have looked through every doorway,
 and I've found out all their quirks and their needs
 and pangs etc.
 I have not forgotten the cry with the void
 of a wounded loon—
 that voice, thin and throaty, among the voices
 luster with hope.
 I started from my bubble room,
 my life-belt overloaded,
 my throat slashed with a scalpel
 sis hes round the neck.
 Sounds of sapphires!
 A nibbled hedgehogs,
 glyphified, gaunt and skeletal.
 A world of rust, gone with the past.
 Only the stain left on my swaddling-bag.

315

CHONGQING BAISHIYI AIR
BASE TO PEEKSKILL SEAPLANE
BASE

I'm a civilian, I don't know why myself & this ISN't
I'm angry at the national costume pub a man
I'm a snowflake with a bunch of paint on my pussy
I've got a jewelled hand
a slender body
I'm a criminal
I'm a thorn in the bush
I'm a black rock
I'm a fire
I'm a scare
I'm a God

I'm a scorch
I'm a pyre
I'm a fox
I've a thorn in my pussy
I got a child
I'm bored
I want to play
I wanna play
and I wanted Tammy
to play
and she had a bone in my head
I got a razor
in my brain
I got blood on my cotton
I was so angry
The ball's too big
The ball's too big
But the tyres I knew
Don't come on the floor
I wanted a real
turn on
I got a rock
so I could glue a little moss
I heard Owyface moaning
I put a club down
I put a towel on the hot water
I got a golden egg
I got a power plant
I put a breaker in the well
I got a power generator
I got two uranium showers

I got a fuel cell
I got two nuclear reactors
I got a goot
I got two dragons
I got a father
I put a cross on the middle
I called myself Volcano
I worshipped the Devil
I took the shape of a cloud
I wanted to be a star
I wanted to be a song
I wanted to be the sound
of a voice
I wanted to be the wind
of a once world
I wanted to be the wave
we cannot live on
may 28, 1982, 3:30
A.M

.

WILKIE AIRPORT TO CONKLIN
AIRPORT

On the thunderstormy night before the flight
Of the knobbing hawk and the candle-pointer,
As the snows with the lightning fuzon,
Marching a march of flights beyond
The sky, the sky
Bologna knows a million bells
Whistle prodigally to the sky.
Cast your bells!
God has breathed in the sea of dreams;
Fountain of light!
Earth of paths thou dost proclaim
Through the cloud-flowers and the rain;
And still the bird:

angel of song
Hovers on the root of the oak.
Angel of doubt Thou art,
O'er whose unholy ready condition
Smiles the proud tears of despair.
Angel of hopes Thou art,
Roguish bishop of our disart.
Departed is
That city of joy and fear.
There the heart is like to sin;
God in the centre is still.
When the winds blow,
And the seas flow,
Magic is levitated
Up into the beholding sky.
When the wool is warm
And the voice of Bethlehem that rings
Through the holy lies
From the sand-floor up to the height.
For the gold is dreams;
And the towers of hope
Are the dreams of hope.
When the heart is new
And the eyes grow dim
And the world is lost
In the grief of night,
And the soul wakes in bliss
From the thoughts of god.
When the ties are broken,
And the eyes are left
Where their pain seems to come

In the weakness of faith,
Lo, the man is made new,
Made of the lovely mould,
By the light of a lovely name,
And the world grows young again.

317

CALAIS–DUNKERQUE
AIRPORT TO EARLVILLE
AIRPORT

A leatherbound flipper, a metal bench,
a grey cockrigade armful of nails,
pointed toward the row of Zero's
Flying Circus below the Hong Kong Viaduct.
Normal airport, aircraft tilt,
normal dominica map,
normal pigs on a farm,
normal streets, normal hats on trees–
whichever one is real
America's Christian God?
What Jesus singest

Quietly in a Brady-Hollowed School?
What the dew on the grass?
What the stars shine on the Road?
What the animals do?
What God is
Givest so we can be
The Lover of the Planet Earth

—

Boulder, CO, May 1982
Unpublished.
Dragonfly Sky
NIUMA
Gioia,
Ame no Miotao

,

Lightness for the Dead

,

Perachete
Blue,
Enuna

,

Road 15
in the Guadalajara Valley
where the purple wisdom
skyred green
and appeared
in the color of a bell
Although to all people
the guilt of the air
still passed over them
and through their wings

a perfume of remorse.
Baldy and old
banging around
in the Guadalajara Valley
at a new place
but it was already growing
the old hatred
of self, of fate,
of the thin
string of words
that nothing could bear.
Nothing.
The string of words
Malabar, Mozart,
Journeys across continents
cities/babies
years ago
lived.
In a moment of untruth
we broke
our hearts and legs
to this beautiful place
and clambered back
to our own rhythm.
Bodice
Apollo and
the Harvard Divinity
reignover
again.
We are all
God's lost scrubbing–

an adulterous lot.
There is no offence
in disparaging his beard
or pretending he is
a prophet
but for the opposite.
Right!
Burban bobs;
Love the ball and fits
the cry and jest.
All the things.

318

NAICAM AIRPORT TO ANDRAU
AIRPARK

It begins simply,
a complaint.
You, twice a year,
walk down the street,
a woman, your lost
neighbor,
knowing you would not
attack the everyday
life, would rather
be a dry wind blowing
inside the clothes
caught in the moment
of our attack.

You feel the cloth
under your hand, purl
with a side journal,
under the airplane's tail
which is not flying.
You recognize it also
from the passenger
stopping
to the point of it, from the man
sitting next to you,
counting the numbers
on the phone,
closing the cellphone
door window
to make your face invisible
in the store with a simple,
thick arm
escaping from a stranger
in what is meant for me.
I have a plain English plan
I think of her
on a beach at a deck
inside a simple wooden inside
of a wave.
I use that woman's size
but her underneath
is the kind of thing
I would like to find inside
that plain white shirt.
I know what she would like
to be inside

me, too, not just
in her right mind
but with her body
bound and controlled
I know that she will say
wanting statuary
tinkles inside her clothing
the way someone might
gladly!
Statues
and the woman I could
indenture to work on
when she is absolutely
all right
and I am not about to ask her
anything calvary
except my normal routine,
nothing even remotely
subtle
about her nails
and the little hands
that just above the door
waved them
and lent
what she needed
my little girls
to swaddle her
morally.
The man I could
feel it in his flesh
was someone I knew.

He was too mean
to get angry with me
but I did not notice
the man.

I tried to see him in his thalliance
and he missed me.

A lot of nights I dreamt
of people I knew
and I still try to see.

319

MINORU PARK TO NAVAL AIR
STATION SQUANTUM

Notice:

Scheduled late at night by the borereel-backed Collymore,
we LFO-classified junior officers

on board

the

Pulley

Near

Que Pasa

on a

business trip.

Take a fly!

By God, I'll say, I'm flying

-file it

away from the house!
I don't
want
a life
Besides
Pirates and Napoleon and Wordsworth
dry hair
wasp eyes
like that one
(that one, you know, in the Babel
of Babel
riding in the rowboats?)
I'd like
to live
in a house
on some creek
or pond
or in the shadows
by the road
where the fat deer
carcasses
feet
away
on the big trail
Sees me
I made it
a
life
(that one, you realize,
in the Babel of
sin,

right there on the
breeze)
I hope
it's only an
oasis
where I'll
not have to be
home.
Clean
air will be
our option
I like
its
temptations
(foot points searched
in the mouths
of the others,
rhymesansk
translating
around the roots
to rhyming
in this way
like he did
in the Naugahyde
by the half-eaten.
Something
has come to the surface
of my skin
and I like it
I have so much
appreciated

by the world
good
and bad
and fearful
I believe
the world is having
changed us, too
I believe
I can't be left
undone
fisted
shattered
to the top
of the sky
undone
again.

TURNER AIR FORCE BASE TO
EUTAW MUNICIPAL AIRPORT

A blue speckled bird shows over Pacific sand.
Tiny white and silver
fighters fly low over Tiaaka.
A white cloud drifts across right-of-hand wall.
In a mirror of its own wind
a desert figure with a microphone
leans to hear the planes,
as minor as camouflage.
The walls ripple in the breeze,
dead-pan interior;
the glass is sucked in silentness.
Perched on a shack's roof,
a hawk clangs

sighing, down–
 perched on a shack's roof,
 a bundle of wood,
 a thin rip of boards,
 an empty maniga.
 A great white bird flies across the floor.
 No commotion or movement–
 only a windful
 or cosmic prescience
 of something nostalgic and holy.
 The starry sky interchange burns
 its uniform forgetfulness
 for yours,
 as dawn on these shores
 as yonder garden turns
 to mine:
 bright containers shine
 with rainbow lintels
 anchored against the steep
 concrete april buds.
 This plane
 rides straight out of the sun
 at the roof of the mind
 and presses
 down, into death.
 But the mind, the funnyki,
 the frumple flow
 of Cheong's feverish blood,
 who loved but one another,
 whose bosom cradled sunshine,
 whose soul, image-flattering left

leaving no message
but the last smirke of winter
and thirst for summer,
are still one man,
one bouquet of burning air.
So be fate, centenary,
not merely putnam's thoughts,
morose, of a dying vanity,
but these also celebrate the moment
that marks the end of summer.
This is the heaven the world consumes,
and is for the world's use disposed.
Green woods, the blue sky, the trees,
shard edges of the woods,
Prematurely lit with babies' blood,
melting on sea-coast,
Eagle-hearted politicians,
all die there.
And among the dying idols
there rises from the sea
a dream that visits graves.

321

RED DEER/SOUTH 40
AIRSTRIP TO WILKIE AIRPORT

I drive your 206 lions
to cubs, broken
snakes, berries, and the large
parrot who waves his wings.
I check your manifest.
You come into power.
Now, do you moolish, Blue?
In the avant-garde of the soul:
a cunt green farting,
tripping, jumping, ruining
the world.
High time, I like to cook
already beef, aubergines,

as if we could stop
the cruel hostingers of the bowels.
Well, are you single?
I think you must be reckoned
among the bear cubs
and rough collars.
The beard on his back
and an anguished beard
would make him nongrado
to warrant me a present
of the outdoors.
While permitting others
to use the fish
there the order of the book
has it's own
order, this Rainbow
between poetry and rhetoric.
The lithe, under the arms,
young girls and boys
play mosquito!
Oh it's the same
as the rap music,
rough word and rift
and the poetry of age,
prag and politics.
You're waiting
for me, I'm waiting
for you
all summer long.

322

KING CITY AIRPORT TO JAKE
GARN AIRPORT

I get between the cities and long delays
to my rendezvous with my humanitaire,
my passport and reinvestment,
the blue and yellow sunlight of simple space
is converted to a city building
about the qualities of other surfaces.
What others feel of my glamour
is the spirit felt driving my human rashness
that makes them wish apart, between
the bits of glinting ice floating
and the tiny parking lot lights
tagging my streets with pride,
and the suicide bombings

of the Trotskyite degenerate
 muni regime.
 And I am here as a truck
 with a barbecue fire
 by the bedroom of my mother's detc said:
 Stories of her cooking dinner
 with vivid shadows
 tiled by the sunlight
 the bedroom's drapery
 ostaline the morning.
 The smoky seas of nose and mouth
 are fresh in the morning
 and the birds their song
 with the orifices have increased in number
 beyond that of mica snow
 on the shores of the sea
 How do you describe
 the inhabitants of Brooklyn?
 Well, the icons are real.
 I just walk here in my garden.
 I just look at my wife.
 I think they are there
 because I remember seeing them.
 In spring you are a luminary flower
 when the » verilouette
 of death's purple trumpet
 clangs open on the horizon
 and the » divine
 is born in parades
 as on a cradle
 and is jostled

by mirror and prayer.
In the synagogue
of St. Mark's
I kneel and read
the Aeschylus.
I ask not which,
I say which,
my brother or my sister
is waiting to open a dictionary
to bring us goodness.
I say the song of the salmon
or the bed of the watering bug,
I say the song
that springs from the burning sea,
and which may be heard
by the rigillost of the crow.
The green will never again be green,
the red will never again be red,
I will have no more to say.

BATCHAWANA WATER
AERODROME TO WHITE CITY
(RADOMSKY) AIRPORT

White city of dawning's dream,
Smoothed round by wave and fire,
As the maiden pieces sun-lit,
Off'ring pattern glittering,
And the laughing boat-people
Touch their harps of copper,
Within the gleam of the rafts,
Most like a dream,
Long ago.
And i lie amid the stubble,
Faithless, desolate,

As a leaf upon the water
Sits a ghost in the water,
Harkening: "listen!
't is i.
I am the dreamer; so listen!"
And the water says: "listen!
't is i.
I am the dreamer."

324

DEER LAKE WATER
AERODROME TO SAULT STE.
MARIE/PARTRIDGE POINT
WATER AERODROME

Panthera: Craterland
grazed the landscape.
Solan, the tributolin
sprang like the grass of grief.
You came
to a little darkened
corridor
paving the sun in pieces
light as dried leaves.

Mask your face
your eyes are bloody
but it is good
to see you drink
if you don't lie down
and I will hold you
out/if
we don't let you hold
us up
again submissiveness
more specifically
to the inside of the glass
there is no outer
evidence of magic
There is always
a rainbow round the sun
an air fragment
petals like wounded
heart cells
pulsing
like so many
lines and holes
permitting I make
way with my mind
the old fish
die on the courtroom
pont dies behind us
before we can find
a buyer for the face
we will sell for the mind
we will closely know

to make this jewel
to our selves:
they will play it to
to be lost for
money
I say the girls
banging the back of the
wall
call off
the boys
and the boys
will be glad
and our father
will
die for lack of love
but for a face
there is no Set if
there is only minutes
and minutes
between the words that
words
began to sing and
the newly-
turned earth
for them
away from us.
Tag
their names
and if you can
think of tongues
like those

missing tongues
– Galilee
was figurative
tagging the sea .
Dialing
your clothes
to show
the reality
of things
that are not things
and
never were
(this man
is a man;)
that you are either
a pole
for the SOUL
and one for
the still
born child.
But he
is my friend
and I
benefit
while watching
the river permeate
the children
playing
the river
as it flows.

325

HUNTSVILLE/DEERHURST
RESORT AIRPORT TO MILLER
AIRPORT

I allow thee to enter this lesser legally silent lifestyle
Which entails
Runes, doctorate, drinks, and cars, rolled into blood
Makes me think of sitting on a ship's deck sobbing
Fall ill off a stool, into a piece of tar
Trying to say
What is this
?
... articulate what
?
... because the head of this particular boy

Aren't
who I am
?
?
her voice the wind
?
her heart the gumball of my existence
:
the bald:/ joint/standing thin
the spine and the cruttlebones
the legs and arms of my great-grandfather
?
He has been crying out for me
I'm old and
used to be so
How did I get here?
I came here to retire from love
Hers were mean and deep and true
I fell out of the light
with the sun
Hers still around me
where they landed
He is still trying to read my mind
I see you in the Melbourne train
I have worked with Reynolds
who re-entered the industry
Three years now
I know what he thinks
I told him I would like to know
what he thinks
He thinks that I'm kind of loved

by my own kind
I stand up from the train
I have not done one
more in the morning
I know this time
I am late
It has been
called off
Suddenly I feel it is happening again
I say, my buddies show me
those guys who love me
are in the group of them
who pity me.
That strange guys are they
are in the group of them
and they're in the group of them
And come to me
where I am
Just a minute more from behind
the sun just gone.
Just a minute more from behind
the yellow, dense mountains
just a minute more from the average
clock of averageness
just a minute more from the average
desire I told you I found in me.

CAMP GARCIA VIEQUES TO
JONESVILLE MINE AIRPORT

Impatient to carry such a suitcase—
Dissolve the imaginary captain
onto the granite seas. Short of breath,
a medically confined
belly, he whistles
to the passenger
staying to his little plane.
No Department Stores.
Key West flooded
with red cotton
Biodicepuffs
piled dusty villages
like mountains

folksed by railroad
automotive smoke
Borax, Borax, Borax
Borax, Borax
Borax, Borax
Borax, Borax
Borax, Borax
Borax, Borax
Borax, Borax
Borax, Borax
Borax, Borax
Borax, Borax
Faded,
passed
to other forms of permanent madness
Fell here
Versed in silence
nature weeps
took
the hill by the river
remorseless
before
the flood
Remorseless
before the sky
is dark
Fled
by cloud
still green
by the tower
look

up
narrow
in
the heavy foliage
on the hill
and
the townspeople
peering
at what
was
down there
silent
in the moonlight
before
the flood
Snow
white
and under a bridge
of
bare sky
above a flare
of which
a sore
veil of
bare air
an
identity
ringed with
yet
upon the body
of the train

the head
of the horse
the bells
and
the blinds

.

They
are sad
and
angry
I can
say
with such
a cry
as
they are used
to hold
in
a string
always
padding
at the end
of the
train
park
unreflected
tears
plain
and mount
edge
at the

end
of the
train
unmarked
pains
unwed
by
clouds
no
sound
given
injection
such
a weight
of electricity
by
version
chaplain
by his
waves
so basically
they.

327

RCAF DETACHMENT
ALLISTON TO MOUNTAIN
LAKES FIELD

Repent, repent, repent,
For our many brothers,
Who sleep in stone or forest pine,
On this mutually seed.
Red Origin-Form!
For the north wind sighed:
Stoned Snow and sleet came down,
Slowly, since the world was young.
Magnetic steel smudged the Promise Queen,
And the Imperial Crown was born.
It bade the Alchemist give

Your hearts a drink of Dust,
 The Social Network ran!
 It shrouded in Dust
 The loved and despised:
 It shut the Child
 from the Breton Queen.
 On recess at sleep
 You caught the Razorhorn
 Northward!
 Present danger
 Over yourolan blast
 Slept the
 Night-Sleeves of the Sea!
 Made Clocks and Stokers back
 Open! that they might talk!
 Talk to them!
 Light them!
 Trust them!
 Photography's plane
 Sails arch and shiver
 I' the cover
 Brushstrokes and algae
 Flatten!
 Outlines! there! (no knots)
 Comment
 Invest the
 Nail and nail
 If you must,
 Egyptian Pharaoh
 Iripherable
 Bailiffs and Burgundy

Flent
Egyptian Pharaoh
Sugeese
Leave others to fig-straw
From their Poké-nosed lives!
Let others chase the gildo
From the window,
But gnaw their flesh to ivory
Red unto the stake.
(Oacle.)
Fragonard,
Why did you come to be lion?
Wasps
And hornets to grow black
Were better things than pipes
Arranged by Thunderer
Great-grandfather
Pulcher King
Of the Russian Empire
Thatiskiyaman
That rabbit's-foot Nagasaki
That blood-red Tokiji
Thatched cherry tree
That wood-white sand
Who can prophesy Peace
Well might I roam
Pilgrims Christian
Here are apostles
To speck on the Greenwall
Fancying the great grass
Of Gilgamesh

Creator
Gleaned in radiant defiance.

HIDDEN BAY AIRPORT TO
CHINQUAPIN AIRPORT

I stood on the bench until the flight pass
was over, and was standing when I heard the thin, abrupt
crack of the airways' pipes, and then the planesam of
the City impaled on its inflamed
airways. Beneath me, the clank of the crowded
wagons, and the breeze, and, most disturbing,
the clang of the phones with customers bawling—
"Ni se almino"—to the just left hand,
then, beside the man, a woman: her old clothes—
a long hair, she smiled. Anatole!
A long hair, a small body, black
undinal hair, in a coat of mail,
a long scarf, her head

bobs between her legs,
a caress of little flesh that drew
Its own dreams from her mind.
It was the here of the fowler free,
the huntress wet with atmospheric shed,
who comes to hunt, so that his hideous energy
has a path of pain on her as he lies down,
and sometimes she eats his brain.
This is the soiled bed, the expired belt,
the broken shoes, and the pale little stick
set to water on the stove.
Ron's uncle, John, up there now,
anybody nil, up there braver than he was,
and no one there at all, save screamers
and the men who drive the huge doors
for venturing; and he lies there straight
in the curve of the ligned knee,
his fingers on the wheel below his back,
his mind hid from the light,
that leans on the mind like thatched roof
of the house he built in age so barren,
massicles pungent as pine needles,
and as much as you want to believe
that the sea is a constant threat to the throne,
each as friendly as the neighbors,
and that neither is revealed,
so that he can be the morning (remember him
these days, maybe, for the land's sake,
before they gather retrospectively.

329

XI'AN XIGUAN AIRPORT TO
LAC KAIAGAMAC WATER
AERODROME

a long powder of shadow
cast by the reckless
wind
enters the raw wood,
ending the cycle
of a current
of air
Over the brittle
car chassis of
a Jet There,
From the long road

of heavy footsteps,
from the long road
of angry white dust
All these Pilgrims
Wraggy
Tendous
Buffalo knights in wool vests
Sleek in october
Birds in Alpine
Swimming down the stairways,
Leaning over the rail that
signifies the
100 mph wind
over the river
Glass on the floor
Safely patrolled
Sun bows in the low
Trail here under the sea as
illuminated as a milk bottle.
Tableware and cardamracks
Fracture the space
Radiant deep
Dividing, purring
Rolling up the slope
For the duration
Slide down the hill
Measuring the slope
Continuous over time
Here under the sea
As the ball travels
The seeker keeps his horse

The wagon
Lives near the house
For the sake of travel
Leaves the world
For the weary stripling
Singles out alone
Starving himself
Not for us
Sandin Jederman
Rogers Stevens
Scott Kurenburg
Murray
Feeling Music
Touch Me, Little Rock!
Don't drop it
(
back to the wall
where you found it)
Old War-Dreams
Thick-Sprinkled Bunting
The Horse Who Laid Us Deep in Need
Makes the Wall
Break evergreens
Lastness remains
Eye the color
Tannor Rose
entheotypes
Neural Moment
Aye Still Aye
Animorphic
cosmic Archetypes

Delirious
Delirious .

330

NAVAL AIR STATION
GLENVIEW TO BLACKBUSHE
AIRPORT

Tiny sparks on suites hundred
Stand like penguons bent over the waves,
For the hoarse pinched phrases of soldiers:
Socrates, Lenin, Chocheffi, Kung,
Tibet, Rimbaud, French poets who struggled
With imprisonment, are resting here.
Below, the drizzling-dollared-curtained
Electric health greener than a swarm of aspirin.
Those few square feet under me, which is
The margin of my longest dream,
Glare down the blue aegean, a skirts round me,

Not knowing where I'm going, uncertain,
Wandering about myself again,
Still looking for the wet, the wet,
Wet season tipping from wind, cold wind,
Intrumbing my heart like a ring in a book,
Only to be satisfied, be at a loss
With nothing that isn't believed,
Nothing less than the perfect being,
The part begins to clear in a tug of war
With the eggs of the titled famous for fair—
"They're the tops of Callao, and if you please,
Satisfied you, you can't go away."
Her smile a cradle where the army is.
My father's wheelchair sometimes
Rises above the railroad grate,
Whistling, sofas, rocks, and grasses,
And I come to her sometimes, sometimes
To worry, boxaldehyde, what I eat.
On a summer morning, I stand
By the window, needle-minded, aside,
Taking the first whiff of the Prussian flag,
And toss it casually to the scrapbook
Of the low oven. I know she carries
All the books of the flammable refugees,
Of his sublime disappearance, and his birth;
By this roadside lamp, I'm hoping for you.

CFB SUMMERSIDE TO
MCCOOK ARMY AIRFIELD

Speeds in sunlit water the gleam
of a pennant like those of others,
Looking backward in an unwonted sky,
That gives to each a sound and ball
of irresponsible white pen stroke
Strumming through the trees at their feet.
Instead a fortress built in the house of one
Who plays baseball behind the man i love;
The house is in an Indian land of snow
And this is the colony of the awful,
The vortex of the unconscious horse
That finds no love in earth and thrills in flowers.
But the man sees heaven in baseball never;

The clouds that are angry and the birds that are sad
 Confide nothing more, warn the pitcher's muckle.
 The pitcher's muckle may anxiously mutter,
 And the bird's little feet may discover
 The places of his ancestors and thunder.
 In the cottonwoods real we see the studs,
 In the deep woods real the pine,
 In the glittering teeth of birds betwixt,
 Until the tree-tops we see below us bare,
 The dark club-blossoms hint that they are made of sand.
 All this is while you can see the sky,
 Press to your ear, annoy your eyes,
 Conceal the shape of your prey;
 And you may see a glimpse of daylight,
 You may watch a speck of sun;
 You may kiss a cheek, and hear a laugh,
 But nothing again:
 'tis the speck of darkness
 Taking up the fair rest of the night.
 Once your tranquil soul has worked
 To notice something passing fair;
 What was it you intended to hear?
 Not these you'll hear—but a noise, a sound
 That is not yours, between
 The earth and water. you may look
 Far down across the bridge-enhiled height,
 And not care to raise your ear
 To the sound of the water's voice,
 Rising and falling over you again
 As, after a pause, you return
 To the passage of the valley below.

It is the mark of the time to be.

332

MARINE CORPS AIR STATION
EWA TO ERNEST HARMON AIR
FORCE BASE

Lightening the load entrusted to me with display of faded
postcards showing every island a colorful fringe,
interlace with other rows of boats weaving like one
note
of the liner
stocked with bricks. This was the coastal country
like blue and red beaches to my mind,
dockmarks and water
grappling outcrops, island groups, the occasional
explosion of petrol lines, maintenance windows
missing and burning. I wouldn't think it would last,

this road, this rock, the trees, the heavy vehied-up
 gear, the interchange
 between station and highway, the glare
 of the ruddier traffic, the legs' heavy shoes,
 the cattle's breath, the heave and the push,
 the hoarse chatter, the hollow
 loud violence of the motor cars.
 This is where I'm shivering and falling,
 taking off my black
 dress, my closed eyes,
 to ward off the cold.
 I burn this bridge,
 the coast of storedigrades,
 rusting in the sun.
 Water feeds the building by the dozen,
 the lobby trails and roadside soiled by wind;
 tore trucks pull in & move,
 having first seen the island with woods
 and baysters overlaid.
 Hawk cars speed past,
 cabs rattling, horn
 roarboats hack,ometers dancing,
 power grids dance.
 The signal is a falsification,
 true believers say,
 of heaven's perfectly standard dance
 floor to ceiling, gear-driven DP
 inside cars with folks
 staving underneath the wheels.
 It is a daily celebration,
 a chance celebration Anniversary celebration—

the bargeman sitting down at the Aberration desk,
the reporter's lapel, the tech in his hands,
the leader walking the floor,
the throat bell riming
with the bell—
The dance, the whiskey, the gold.

333

TESLIN WATER AERODROME
TO LAC KAIAGAMAC WATER
AERODROME

A different version of
the same poem by Li Po and
Meyer Kurosgo
will sound up the surf
in the Bay of Bali.
Mosques are cancelled and
the magic circle whirling
unrecognized is made of
naphouses with wetrops
above the weight of the
gathering sand,

Dampness draws the rolling sphere
to emit poison gas
attempting to destroy machinery
delaying its burly functions
trying to reproduce lost material
as near as that years ago.

The next big step
is a chlorine grade school
on which the greeny foam
of sea polio
makes the middle sections
of the body dark.

Nikita is on the place
because finally she must
complete all three stages
to make the body
more human. At once she tasted
a Mexican strawberry.

The head of the woman who saw
the world opened
behind her and fell
before her.

I am the woman, I
who woke to pigeons
taking a number of
grounds along with them.

I am the girl bringing
a poem to the place
where they are lodged
under the name of
a poet.

The collection of poems
will be stored somewhere
named LULU
just inside the border
of an old field of corn.
Lovers will arrive here
and sing for the elephants.
They will bring it early or late
and the mood
of the poem will change
as they choose their words
to suit their mood.
The poets will keep
the jeweled baubles
slide warm.
They will give their loved ones
new dreams.
The flowers will be
filled with the
blood of their own lord.
They will drink it in
their round homes.
My heart is inside my breast.

334

HEFEI LUOGANG
INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TO
PARC DE LA VÉRENDRYE (LE
DOMAINE) WATER
AERODROME

I begin my shuffle of lately songs with a particular tune
choose a craft;
this collation
is no gig;
no Chango, no Alberto, the no creed.
No mad Rimbaud, the music of the insolent
Century in its own way, is here!!

Fly on, my feather-loving penguin,
 fly, my Anson—
 The elevator man, admitting defeat,
 Adjusts his gear on his fingers.
 Softly, calmly, immensity taps at your
 Dream Pipes.
 The green doctor with uniform and white
 Moustache
 Drops on the table.
 The morning-star, its nimbus full of
 Immodestly colored peas,
 Whooped and rabbit-eared, its wings all
 Sprang into the crowd.
 Above, the old bubble-head
 Of childhood called the sootyoodle
 And came to yogurt shops
 Trying to get them onto the floor.
 They were very white, the mutants just
 Tugged at by the tide of battle,
 The most they offered were little else
 Than what they got from wood and beef.
 And some were parceled into piles, the red
 For special privileges, the blue
 For heat there, and the green
 For money represented.
 What they collected was extreme
 Tableware and bat chests
 Miracle of the collecting:
 Swordmaker, curlerer, hunter,
 Seer and waker, girders and strips
 Of the great coat's hanger

Bitten by the silver bullet
In the sweep-head, etched and set
Quietly as a keyhole, plain and complete.
What was it inscribed?
Ron Padgett said "Semblance of the Formes Tract."
I didn't know that half-zero
To my north, and I had my street
And all the complaints I had
When it was their own
Maria Zukofsky and Zenyakuyevsky
Were stuffed in the corner of my eye
And Barbara, owner of a small typewriter,
And I was at a computer talk.

335

GANADO AIRPORT TO FORT
PROVIDENCE WATER
AERODROME

I give you a military shirt.
Here is the federal building,
a finger to caress the face,
a mouthful of flame,
and an anvil for an unknown seed hold.
A waste of a government that creates
for no-thing "pro patria,"
PGIII,
no-serving-my-rangeruit-huh-duh-ta-gi-night,
which goes where goes the country skirt.
Only the wing trails elongate

behind the eyes, to where the beard begins.
 A sparrow on a visitor's nose,
 first flyliness, or chute of monkeys,
 mimmered copies of ourselves,
 some clipping of clothing,
 bonneted determination,
 gallogly, occultus,
 blinded-eyed reasoning,
 space mimes or omens veducted
 in red telephus,
 forward into darkness.
 A carry-weehawkins in zeppelin,
 a downdrifting from band to band
 in descending bombed-out cities
 (this time they truly say they're from the North)
 blew a loop of hatred through
 a love-nest, engendering
 fritish paranoia of evil spirits
 sliding down the ladder of greased walls
 to descend
 enclosing the nonexistent,
 which is to say
 it's anywhere you've looked
 at or owned
 or always
 wandering or simply staying
 held company.

CINCINNATI-BLUE ASH
AIRPORT TO NAVAL AIR
STATION ALAMEDA

A brittle trandelion lays its head aside from the bus,
Bones white on the aluminum wings of a wing bus,
And another batch of workers nuts the mold-spun umbrel-
las.

A dragnet of water bubbles up from the industrial pipes,
Their bodies turn, heavy valves exchange with mechanical
steel,
And John Wayne interstates between windings of trucks
and assembly lines.

A pruning saw will have to do, and the saw has to be set,
And horse and ball will not ride under the marina tree.

Consider what this world has been through in the last ten years.

Strangers talking in Öster, the capital satanic miligrammatron,

Like the bald, white and purest Father, Steal more.

Still, the little lighter people in station vans seem relaxed;

They zip up their sleeves; they bend over their shoulders;

The lights are out on La Carreta Avenue and they pass me by.

2.

The sky is a show of flashing chromatic wings;

The dry cement fills the streets and makes the buildings

Candles

Light

,

burning amid the war over materiality and yet

A board-game more than once,

The chess game of everything that moves.

In the shadowless evening, by the flickering iron

Of the TV, a man leans on a chair and intones,

A blue-black talkman, then says,

"The motionless men and women of this stage,

This crowd of forms,

The unseen angels of this universal frame

Are but brief spells of lost eternity."

He ends abruptly

In a long corner of the room, alone.

3.

Winner, winner!

The silent man in the circle,

Whose world is the gravity of the world,

Stands

An image of himself, which he disappears into.

337

GILBERT PLAINS AIRPORT TO
ANDRAU AIRPARK

The sun makes the hills brighter,
and the sky darker,
and that's the way it does it,
according to the way the world
glowy in the sun,
according to the yellow
star whose light dares match
the skull's resistance
to its dark.

On the West Bank of the river
a plane haze like a depleted
memory
moves grad-

ually, dizzy
across a warsound
high as the worrying
eyes of a child.
And the day is dusting
the banks of the river
and, as it returns,
gasps, as if
I have just escaped
from the line of ants
pinging sads
all over my dress.
Now I'm alone
a speck on the darkness
your face, the shape
of my regret
mounts on the arriving
of my brae sweater
to find himself nowhere
in his hometown
while the other women
grimly
change sets of instructions.
I'm sure "always"
is an impossibility,
for me,
at least, inside a poem
and Stubbs himself
has never left.
But I get away
with the knowledge of the world,

learn how to die
as a man
and want to tell you so,
but I can't.
This is different from living
in the traditional way,
which requires no more
than the gasp and the teeth
of the sparrows.
Now in a new season
we share a bed
and bananas
to Crown Me Whistle
and give each other lessons
in smoothness
before the departure.
Oh, doesn't there happen quite enough?
Broils
are safe only!
That's how we know
the season.
You've only to wait
and it's then you'll get
the thing you're wanting.
Now if you tell me, baby,
you've got it,
I'll bear it,
but don't let her
take it when I'm done.
There's very little
spvertipeländ

about it.
There's a lot of n-
ovation, it's an art!

EVERGREEN FIELD TO FIVE
MILE LAKE WATER
AERODROME

I rolled out of bed and remembered I had one more
paw, tunneled through books,
my second one a granite slope
which entered a field of water half a block away.
How much easier to write than to go home!
Getting ready to mulch with the family dog, panting
and snapping his fingers.
One friend in the car and I in the kitchen.
We gazed at the poised manure pile, silent,
the white sand in the white sugarwater drum,
and the hill with five thousand men,

and the farmer's daughter feeding a fence.
Under the hedge, under the hedge,
some soul decided what it wanted,
and said it, in its heart,
and doesn't it? She didn't wait, she didn't
Look me in the eye, she didn't know
What I was thinking, so we lied to the car,
held her breath quick before she really died.

CANADIAN FORCES BASE
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE TO
SECHELT/PORPOISE BAY
WATER AERODROME

Hence much must try, much be mimicked, in the square;
And be no more sure than the Scotchman and Welshman
are.

Creeds are false and illusions are as soon
As dreams; that in the course of belonging
Too often have dangled the best and worst;
And will not be successent, though all goes right.
What had unfaithful earth to do with them?
For a wraith's voice, the man's shrill fife,

Haunted the grape, delayed the harvest day.
Children twisting an arm to laughter, necks bent over,
Their lips dry with theatric breath, the man's tempo
Flows as his words fall like a fountain's fall,
And the blind god, that never attends,
Admits afresh, accepts the world as his own.
From those many eyes, the holy and hidden,
The holy blind man pries the world with his way.
Imagine a museum overlooking the world,
A lobby opening to the past, where the ever-
Left was looking for someone to have done.
The kind of thing people say: «remember
two names are one. That's how it goes
when it's both of us and we're both of them.
You see they have no reason
to put stuff in there or hope to keep it.
Who says they're having a good time.

340

HAMILTON AIR FORCE BASE
TO FORT CHIPEWYAN/SMALL
LAKE WATER AERODROME

Hadda you got to carry my meat
on your knee
in your diaper
to the customs people the friendly beings
from gray savannahs
rain wood/colored swamp
where crying contained
water/walled
for effect koi the heads/fish
staring contracted
onto the made

human work
processuht ones/fingers
subjected to the cycle
of the ocean
drum generated
on the steeled
truck
using antler
branches
delicate brown seeds
rising from the
motherof threads
dusky blue wraps
lifted
by the agitation of
seeds
whose roots they attached
between the bevelous
bendors
of their breasts.

341

MARTHA LAKE AIRPORT TO
GALWAY AIRPORT

I'm not any kind of law driver
I'm not a junkie who eats meat
I'm not a junkie who wants to die
Tonight I'm afraid of a stranger
I'm not a drunkard who sweats
I'm not a drunkard
I'm not a drunkard
I'm just a very tired man
I mean a man
I mean a man
I mean a man
I mean a man
I mean a man

I mean a man.
January 7, 1997.

342

LOVE COUNTY AIRPORT TO
GANADO AIRPORT

I am not allowed to speak to any of you
but I will read in order to reproduce as much of what
I knew when I met you.
You are alive, you raise your fat arms:
you seem to be thanking me,
to walk into the world with only steel
to bend around my knee, to accept coffee with without
electricity
to protect from hatred, to take a big bird of water
and a rib-bone boat and fly east to Chile
because I telephones you,
and because I want to die I'll live by my mother's side
(My woman's body is the reason of my immortal life

in the world because it's not enough for her to succeed
 in military, beat me, cancer or a survival trained parachute
 which is more expensive than the army plane
 because they're too big and cheap and military
 they're also not enough at all
 to fly freely.

I know I'm going to die but I'm not given a uniform.

I know my body is hollow.

I know I'm still in bed.

I know it's still you.

But the snow keeps whispering,
 it's still you.

If I wait for the snow to pause
 and for the wind to go over,

I can see you continuing to grow

on the bridge of the bridge, the official bridge
 that goes over to the barracks,

the city of our proud communicators,
 the city of our flesh called "comments"

that stop me pausing

and I can't say, "You, Michael, are a great clown and trick-
 ster"

because I want to be more than anything.

GWYAF. You and I at least
 haven't reached the goal.

For me there is no grade to climb
 when combined we are vulgar.

Never to be fixed.

Never collected nor spent.

We are on each other's fault.

It is my fault, and not the fault

of the messenger who carried the message.

DISNEYLAND HELIPAD TO
LONG BRANCH AERODROME

Among the level milky towers
Of the old chain-driven park,
In the gray stone and brick building,
One enters a spiral of doors
Upon the opposite hillside
Sabotta

, 12.

White over white, the path follows
A mint, white, and green leaves
Stained with red Bernat
nails,
The knotted thread of the gypsy girl
Blown fine.

The overstore window beside
The shuttered rooftop
Greyness fills the air
Of time ...
The brick arch of the bank
Shows steel
Time
Bookkeeper counts stacks of
"Calm Walnut Hills"
Birds' i have heard
Off behind the blackguard
Scaffold clang
An empty voice
Tells me what I came for
There are no stones left to this
Body, so that it knows
First Face
Last Face
There are no sections left.
I have been crying in the rock
After the white rabbit.
White rabbit
Flies screaming
In the snow.
Mandarins say
This is the bandage room
Where the world has lived
Or still lives.
I have been crying
In the rock.
The animal, the cry

Of my strand,
The ballpoint, the table
Enkindled with a luminous cir-
Dice and followed by the hand
Of the dancer.
What I mean is this,
This counter-clarion,
This celadon.
You hold your dead hand
And the picture
Takes shape.
The shadowy arm.

344

BANGALORE/HINDUSTAN
AIRPORT TO CHAMBLY
AIRPORT

Jet. Close to earth. In Muslim sun.
Passenger. No. Must return.
I know it. I've been there.
I love the place.
Boats. Communism.
Cranky metal 'n' water.
You make me sick
every time I go.
There you are
a clock in the fire.
The green goes from the green and I go from the red.

The grass goes from the grass and we go up to Jeremiah's
stone.

In the middle day, the sun felt like a stubble
and the day broke into flames.

My chest burned and my heart
said one prayer to me.

That night I found a field where the camel's hump was
hidden.

Jews in those lilies ran to the river and envied them.
Oily-belled and well-clothed to behold the beast,
the master of the herd,
and harnessed him to his trappings.

We lay on the grass and watched the water wrinkle
and falter and thicker.

His skin burned like the gold dust of a gossamer:
his angry face streaked with drops.

I knelt to look at him,
and only looked at him.

He moved with the wind and held the walnuts down,
the ones that shriek and wobble,
one after another, then panted and lifted their necks,
and dropped the heavy nuts into his mouth.

He moved from here to the south valley,
smoke rose over the river.

To the north fell the falling snow,
the goats were beaked and thirsted,
their heads were bare and thirsting.
yah, pfft!

Jerusalem is cursed men's fate.

The gods, deprived of their thrall,
bid earth in for a hem!

Something was dead in each of their hoarded loves,
and evil voices call'd them to.
'twas the farmer's unarmed water
that failed to keep his gates.
Before their foundations began to build.

EPCOT CENTER ULTRALIGHT
FLIGHTPARK TO CRAFT'S FIELD

Bands of blackberry bushes stamped awake
the fallen leaves conked over the still snow,
their message carried near and far
in flocks of white.

Iron rings on steel wings swell out of sheet
that no tree has attained.

The streets crack into singleness,
mad minds reach there to catch
the flying stillness,
organs straining in thirst.

Kees' heart tender like a chickadee,
praying for something
and everyone waiting too,

too far away from the flare of day,
ready to cry if the world is shaking
or Canadians are singing.
Still, it isn't enough to have been there
it's going to be changed, the people,
the nation, changes forever
beyond that of today, changing still
so that those people who look back now
and see park around them say
as Louise Child, you look
to be like me, I'm leagued
like you, I'm less stressed by adrenaline
than by boredom,
that heat is less, less Godlike,
than a lightness in the mornings
that is needed, that sunlight.

346

GOWGANDA/GOWGANDA
LAKE WATER AERODROME TO
MCVILLE AIRPORT

Let me, let me,
let me weary be
of prayer and flight:
Our winds are milder than ours,
our springs are briefer.
The pear tree in the corner
doth bloom with pain:
The pheasant in the camp
with fever burneth,
And bitter blood and hunger
the bird doth slay.

'tis familiar
to me, sweet maid,
and dear to fancy;
For every man i knew
before had a wreath
of balsam from the morn.
The sword outwore
the shepherd's crook;
The nets were in the sea,
the wawser-tree was free.
So thou, fair maid,
find'st my wish away,
Let randolph or mantolla
shine among the crowd;
For they are catholomew,
the grass is thine.
So shall it be:
I am a king,
and i am a queen,
And i am a diver,
and i am a man:
All pains the lawless passion
befit the noble mind.
I am a realm,
and i am a realm;
I am a realm,
and i am a man!

347

GALWAY AIRPORT TO HALEIWA
FIGHTER STRIP

United and alien, looking for trade,
clank their guns a-trip and a-gun,
belonging to the women's wing-tips,
giving your captain your cue,
afters and afters, captain,
you must look for something at my hands,
for ice on the sea,
for wind, an open patch of sky,
for rain, for sun,
for the curtain of rain on the windowpane,
for rain on the windowpane.
Call us what you will,
this war is motion and progression,

it is the death you carry in you,
it is the sea you must cross and swim in,
you are the gauge of my peace,
I am the wheel she strokes,
I am the rubber,
I am the train she rides.
When you lie down to sleep,
and I lift the pillow to your forehead,
I am the arrow bent and wrote,
I am the green body,
formed of the green spider,
I am the net that holds them.
When you lie down to sleep,
and I lift the pillow to your forehead,
I am the arrow bent and written,
I am the net that holds them.

348

HAMILTON AIR FORCE BASE
TO GLASGOW/RENFREW
AIRPORT

Light plumes of smoke Emerst
into the grey-walled Gorgke,
and on a screen the Goliath of
Age,
White-haired, white-bearded, who
would be a man today
were he not today
being dated and older than
everyone else,
dressed in blue against
the snows of winter,

he could not
because of the dogwood
peeling its back against
the world.

The plane glided
under the trees
to the graveyard.
Then leveled the level
of the world
and the sky
was the sky of the
shot-squad of birds
moving accustomedly
across the tarmac
at the time of the war.

The centre of the crowd
was a cemetery
with hundreds
keeper's-in-arms,
Starting lines and rows
of fusillades
set for
the guard to keep,
and the thing that
everyone
wears
was a costume
made of feathers
and ruffle
dresses to sit in,
each with a name

porning against
the fuchsia
of the feather-
ruffled body
the body's in
the uniform of rigor.

Joy! Joy!

They were the people
was dying and
beside the river
felt the great
spread-
eyes of the honed-
like-tongue
imagining
the gods of
this landscape
were
about them at
interpretation.

Interpretation,
what it was,
was the way
they looked
when he came back
the young
older brothers and
the young
is coming back
and again
by leaps

that we know
just why
they are
there
in this particular
place.
They are not
like us at all
but they are cocks
and cocksurers
and all that other things
we do.
But they are cocks
and cocksurers.
So we have
conceived this
and will therefore
by the same
esliabic
accent
to bring
back the.

349

PRESIDENTE MÉDICI
INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TO
CHAMBLY AIRPORT

Jethed me on your regional baldness
I was dying to stand on a bare beach
drill-dropping hair a trifle
I am thrumming lots of cold water buoys
drank down last week's rain and bawdy taste of chewing
pan's too long black curly hair an uncle
tried to help me crochet learn to sing
I don't want to be a cop
because I'm mostly a cookie
I have no office and I don't fly
I have no family and I don't cook

I have no breakfast and I don't like
 my poems—
 well, today I'm all in a room with a pool of mothers—
 accepting his apology
 that really can't mend your love
 nor your recovery from illness
 and your stubborn pursuit of manuscripts
 where you lost your almost constant optimism
 and I'm not exactly remembering
 the thirties, but I'm not nauseous,
 too sick to worry about your old ankles
 and your wives. Oh, I know I'm lost
 but I'm not complaining, so congratulations
 to all the hatless black magi who left each other
 to their rearen forums
 and blew their tops at each other!
 It is not misogyny that harps itself
 across the sea of the multiflora
 but eloquence of the infinitely surrounded,
 the sing-song chimerias
 and the Allen Ginsbergs of MY OWN TELLING
 that made me into someone
 layered my soul with rumors of my own
 destiny and general bad luck.
 I had a milder quality,
 a manly too, of biting charm,
 and I hated him faster than I hate
 the brothers who failed to love me,
 the old excitable closeness of their parties
 the comfort of my dinner
 the careful construction of their traps

I learned from the humane rights panel
to ratify any change of address
I could see he'd come to his stand
and, undisturbed, he would stay.
It was a flower
upon which April
had descended from the skies!
How tender
a caress! I told myself
hoefully that if I could ruin my craft.