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To Be Played at Maximum Volume

Telemachiad

Erring Alone

For My New Friend, Jack Spicer, Who Couldn’t Spot a Jew

Telemachiad

Epithal-Epistle

Nine Sonnets for Late 90s Literary Culture

The Midwest; Artist Friends; Editorial or Publicity; Interview Journalism;

The Midwest; Fiction; The Midwest; Alone Together; Nostalgic Hypochondria;

New Jersey; Ethics; Domestic Poem; Exercise/Therapy; The Midwest;

Commencement; Development; Advision; The Mill on the Floss.

Recording Over

FTP

Lilies in Beds Take Control of the Dead

Snow

The Lecture

Trying Admiring

Sirens

Recording Over

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Explicit juvenilia

duplicate and distribute freely but a fellahny to male

*turba ruunt in me luxuriosa proci*

**Erring Alone**

I was relating it to myself

and the morning came; I was wild

restored

some 450 type-written pages,

major symbol activities.

Thoughts of death and related contents

keep careful track of ideation,

that almost diabolical moral “virtue.”

Removed from contact

for the first thirty-six hours

“contamination” for anyone possessing

psychoanalytic knowledge.

Third of nine born—

this one stubborn, that one cold

living

abroad.

Peculiarities become

conspicuous

during the first six to eight weeks—

fixed, rather tense, positions.

A choppy

at times explosive

billowing—

a mutinous scramble in the wood;

a secret career as a drinker

airing a lone—vache.

The other two,

rather revengeful,

to a college in New York City—

psychiatric lecture on December 5.

Venice in June can be hell

featured prominently for a time in my dreams

deposited in a small cupboard-like space

elsewhere.

A torturous and difficult maneuver;

a flourishing

gambling establishment, similarly

sized department store.

I was slightly excited,

under the domination and guidance of a milk-

white star, vaguely

identified with the patient.

I worked very hard and faithfully;

I worked apparently for hours at the useless

task, another fantasy

clearly recalled.

Miss S., Mrs. Jack Johnson, is clearly

the mother ideal, festooned with chips and other

paraphernalia. *Inter alia*.

Flying in close embrace with a coward

very much opposed to treatment

Mr. K, the voluptuous Jewess, with a pocket

full of dockets, cessna-ing

from one luxuriant valley to another,

points to the hospital.

In a subsequent discussion,

I tried to treat everyone square;

I was supposed to be in hell I guess;

They had a language there;

I’d hear things;

I couldn’t smoke a cigarette or drink water.

This fly I termed a ‘Benjamin Franklin’

fly,

superhuman

prowess, precise antics

on the top of the table.

The parents stubborn, living

abroad. What

life with them must have

been like.

A burdensome

package

sheathed in your kindness,

your willingness to help in even

the most difficult circumstances,

a

sort

of

Tarantinan ‘Wolf’ of my fantasies.

He gave me what is known as the “queen’s salute.”

Flying rapidly over the surface of the earth

locked in close sexual embrace,

luxuriant

evidence.

If Brian’s poetry is what’s

behind all of this, what will

you think of my sources?

It’s the obvious question, as politically

motivated as “Of Being Numerous,”

with its plumes of smoke,

or

the anthologizing of the Todesfugue.

Relentlessly assertive of truth,

the try;

the heartbreakingly freighted arrival;

the uncompromising, line-broken noun

carrying the spavined consciousness.

Business relations

night terrors, temper tantrums, enuresis, etc.

They had become so active

and were so given

to standing while in a carriage, or car

they were burned by turning over

a container of hot potatoes.

Very nervous and restless,

they suffered a great deal, resembling

each other in physique and physiognomy

strikingly.

My feelings have got swung around.

I was relating it to myself

and the morning came,

talked through clothes and automobiles;

all our actions and talks

were tensions between us

meaning this,

a bolt out. No, you can’t...

stop that, but...I suppose

you can choose the right time. Number ‘4’

to my mind, ‘4’ is sort of a doctor’s

number. I touched the 4-ball.

**For my new friend, Jack Spicer, who couldn’t spot a Jew**

### I

Just what you would have wanted

—a collected. But “Foxy-boy

Sortie” and “Champ by

and of the Mouth” have been excised.

Your heart turns over

sends uncharacteristically bourgeois

demons down

My stuffed animals and your shit bag.

### II

The tractatus;

The practicum; the pronouns;

The bedspread dropping to the floor;

The endless texts of the 60s;

At that age, I said,

“I’m a real tomboy!”

The comforting texts of the 60s

The mail dropped onto the floor.

I yawned back and smelled the pheromones

on the top

of my lip.

Beautiful, sensitive

responsive

but

may have a message

beyond

a

small

clop.

III

It echoed in the big house,

the woodpecker knocking his brains out on the dead tree.

Neither child nor nursery be;

Decommission the Irish Sea;

We are certainly free—

sold and bartered on the strand

yet clearly unfettered—

A door closed. It echoed up the stairs and raised

the animal’s hairs.

There is a slight knocking;

it is the endless texts of the 60s.

### IV

I read the manifestoes out loud to my children.

I went out of the house. There were leaves on the ground

and a light rain falling.

In Nottingham the tea goes “Tsk.” In Manchester they discuss Man

United.

I wanted a cozy.

The wood floors echoed after the next operation, which removed me

from the grass and brought me into the house.

His or her behind

brave, jocund, unfeeling.

“Batterny batterny batterny, the stones of blarney go—”

V

Be bop de beep

the kitty

and the creep

outrun allusions

He has always been an obvious thinker

rigidly attracted to received opinion.

He was an antenna of his era, a transceiver

delicately tuned to the tenor of his times.

Who are the sons of Bruce, and why do we love them?

**VI**

Touched by an anglophone.

And...I...touches...what’s-his-name

put the three ball in the pocket.

Homophonic literature

seizing upon furniture

upon the music of my work.

If I can’t touch you here in this place

of near precocity, altruism

and blindness, and can’t furtively catch

the sleeve of some passing monstrosity

to what will you chalk up my panic?

The small, hard hairs of chin? The dog’s antic

pull, waxing the sidewalk with leg dips

and a full-on kiss to the garbage lips?

I reach for your cake, end up with your hands.

I can’t help but feel good, meet all demands.

VII

Steve,

the same Steve who appears throughout

said “we’re having an exchange

right now” at dinner. I’m giddy right now

at this powerful allusion, dressed carefully

for that dinner.

Qently to my chambur in Chambord

I removed the skis. In alien corn

under alien skies the French looked at me.

The floor flooded a quarter-inch

before the shock

of lip lock.

VIII

My beliefs run from

the tinkling streams to the facile depths

in the light of several decorums.

Sitting in men’s chairs

performing verbal ablutions

I move in the space of actual hairs,

avoid the well-heeled stool-sitters

and head down for a pee.

Comport, belie, tryst

Lenses, brush, bust

and dial. Cloy, file and

tines. Mist, paper, rack

float.

“So that’s what your back looks like,

and below, your pants fit right.”

Shirtless

tight

in the way you move your arms,

the little

death, the thin straps of your tank,

a satisfied shrug I can’t mimic.

IX

I press the bar that makes

the clock tell the time.

It’s 6:08.

It’s a mass-market sunrise.

Links from the dictionary

to the fruitbowl. A slight hectoring

buzz. A mound of folded yawl.

Seer sucker.

Plink

of experience.

The small pop of experience.

X

Connote and commode

extension from one life into the next

from comportment to the stocking

department, from the elevator

to the shoes.

Boring you with truthful demonstrations

of melon and softer flesh.

XI

Shissyfuss puthes

da wock.

–Shut your fucking mouth.

Gene says “wiff”

and I jump.

Imperthn—

moth

my mowff

Mima and Matt

their mother

impossibly beautiful

“Go Climb a Rock”

I cld barely

grip my d—

at that age.

XII

Where’s the eros? The real rotting birdy?

Van Gogh’s “Pair of Boobs”

Until the medium stabilizes

That is, microtizes,

Won’t reproduce.

Xerxes PARC

a sow’s ear.

a roc’s egg.

a hero’s welcome.

a king’s ransom.

XIII

Language as a model! To think everything through in terms of

linguistics!

An unconscious *structured* like a language! Language evolved for

proximity.

Will-to-power is bringing others to you! Language is a real thing that

requires

you to put yourself in an imaginary relationship to it. The form

of the poem is

the poet’s body. Blank verse holds Wrdswrth together, with little

o-rings.

Sentences are built in expectation of an argument, and assign

thematic roles.

Good Will Hunting was a terrific movie about a genius; he took

things in stride.

Can X *afford* Y though, as an idea? Dissonance between proximal

availability

(‘Little Neck Clams’) and distal unavailability of the poet

(Little Neck Clams).

The author widens the scope or shucks the bake for a price.

You want to ask Matt:

Why English is iambically friendly? Because nouns are head final:

NP —> Det N.

XIV

Park poetry, social.

XV

My mother worked at the Magic Circle Bookshop. Before that

she had had another boyfriend, named Art, who had a VW bug

with a sunroof. He poked his hand out and waved to me as we

drove in separate cars to Old Westbury Gardens. The gardens

were real; Art was nice.

**Telemachiad**

If your spavined, broken-winded horse can’t

clop into town under its own steam

and gets overtaken by another man’s wagon,

you have to wonder who’ll be picking through the porn,

bowling trophies, frozen chicken boxes

and half-squeezed bottles of Afrin.

So fucked up on whatever drugs kept you vertical,

so terrifying in your proppings of me, with giant hairy arms,

follicles organized in semitic rivulets, you stood;

“hundreds and hundreds” of women

leaned behind you as you threw each ball—

custom drilled, engraved, sixteen pounds—

putting out. Pretty much all you could eat

was cantaloupe, and if you ate steak—

So now I’m gently shoveling the dirt myself

chasing away the morons with the backhoe,

and if you’re watching

if you want to give me a little nod,

some sticky phrase translated into COBOL

and rapped out onto punch cards,

if you are unable to drink alcohol or work for Ira

by the light of your unarticulated class

aversions, your inability to reach across

the table and touch my grandfather’s velvet lapel

tenderly, like a rabbit’s ear, or talk substantively

about analysis or algorithm, though you made the latter

for a living and performed the former sexually—

by that light—

This stuff is endless,

*ex voto*

*ab ovo,*

“hyper”

not “energetic.”

I’m wrenching things into shape,

but to you I hope

it’s pretty clear

When my father

comes into contact with dogwood blossoms

or a hive

of cellophane-wrapped Jack Spicer,

a mummy

I pipe orphically;

I burst into song;

I cry at the sight of abject men

The explosive trees,

quietly popping into bloom,

pooping on the toilet—

and those talking birds

must have been little girls.

Schreber, Schubert, Sch—Don’t touch it!

Endured countless “honest moments”

I’m coming into my own!

You’re not listening

and the trees,

for all their spread,

couldn’t really give

a crap. But little by little,

the talking birds reassert themselves,

and Schreber’s relationship with his dead

father resolves into brotherly affection,

before his brother, too, dies and Schreber

offers himself

to the rays of God. Lighting farts

in burnt offering,

lavishly

firing toward a loved one,

failing to repress even the faintest of stirrings,

kicking the crazy door of the jakes,

disbelief about scatology

turns to eschatology, ontology;

the record melts and wobbles slightly

the bubble turns its mirrors onto the people

from the mount; essences turn to empires

and all that was

reduced, unsung,

bloated,

unrelieve

-d

comes pouring out. But

for

what? Let

comfort

unmake

you.**Epithal-Epistle**

I would be brilliant;

I had nothing on mind;

passed the mirror a fourth time

saw the symbols inscribed, follicle

by follicle. On pointe, then plié.

Shave. You

loaded each phrase with a rhetorical texture

so rich, any recasting of mine

would seem purposeful, clumsy.

The more I

stare at the photo the more

it gives up. Brush.

Pack. Little bits of toast;

small francophile wants;

aristocratic filth; tines;

Daddy’s letters;

Nolan’s towels.

After last week’s running around

as long as we’re together and actively close

we’re not going to be ecstatic all the time

it was sort of riotous

yet of course not insurmountable.

Joy; Aqua Velvum; Aviator;

Nolan's towels.

This summer we lived in a kind of spiral

and the world was ours.

When we separated in the physical sense

our world of together impressions and reactions

was put in abeyance.

Passed the mirror a fourth time

saw the symbols inscribed, follicle

by follicle. Baroque detail.

When we were together our plans for the future

were almost materialized;

since we jumped from summer to summer

it shows up in sort of a grasping way. Then plié.

Because of the physical distance between us,

these feelings have become more and more latent.

The world is full of people, of love, of aspirations,

of hopes, of fulfillment, of values, of us—the real

us.

We feel a more subtle kind of pressure,

the pressure of boredom, frustration, and another kind.

Saturday nights every once in a while it becomes

unbearable, clouds our world a little.

We have to adjust ourselves to it, until we can blossom

again in a lucid, clear world;

until we’re together again in 19 days

and can respire, take things in,

yoke and un-yoke,

make

the horse’s path

around the wheel describe, venn-like,

more and more with each

mis-trajected clop.

Tines. Mud-

spattered

steel.

I wish you were here,

I were there, or just that

we were together.

You are the freshness, the joy

the love, the beauty, the purpose of my life.

It seems almost instinctive;

even if you and I meet in N.Y.

or you come here,

I really feel like

it is me who’s coming home to you—

You are home. There are larks

in the trees and a sort of tremendous

buoyant air

that lifts off the tops of the grass,

forms a current and seeps

ardently through the screen, presses against the walls

and my back, as if you were coming up behind me.

Or the upset, septuagenarian poet who might have written

any of this if my father hadn’t tried in 1962. Shave.

“Of course you can put that stuff in...

just don’t be *mawkish* about it.”

Bruce said that but I doubt he’ll like this,

another powerful allusion.

Finally put in a satisfactory day’s work

am really feeling all invigorated—

if the courts were shoveled,

I would’ve played a little tennis.

The more I

stare at the photo the more

it gives up.

Unconsciously

loaded

and read for rhetorical gesture,

a sense of who falling over

at the podium, or the bathroom.

I’m not throwing any purple passion around now

for I want your company,

I want to be with you

and talk to you. I think it’s wonderful we can

both be productive individuals

(encrown

-ed

rooster

king for a day

crust).

I’ve been looking for a place to show

some emotion around here,

a stable field to pull your pants off

a ringing endorsable Dorsey

a fabulous price for those skis.

I keep getting tripped up;

you whelm even the slightest pressure toward closing,

Your surprising ampleness

Your surprising me

Your under-the-sandbox penchants.

In between I started to write but got interrupted,

started over & over; should get off though

without a penalty. Oh, I think I’ve

figured out what you are sending me. Whatever it

is, though, I’ll adore and treasure it.

Not in a way where I tell you every minute

nor even feel it,

the person whose voice can lift

any despair or discouragement within me,

whose body is the only one that fits in my arms

and returns all the love

that I have.

There are hundreds of millions

of ways that we’ll be one—

every one. *Winterreise,*

*Atomizer.* Glazunov

and Barráque.

I’m very, very proud of us darling,

and what we’re doing.

It’s hysterical and hits home

on a problem which I mentioned,

the space about seven feet square

that drops all the way down from the fourth floor

to the first between the stairs.

Unfortunately,

all I want to do now is hold

you in my arms and love you but that’ll be soon

and we’re pretty strong (just about the strongest

of loves I’d say) and it’s not long and it’s

infinitely worth

it.

You probably came across the same piece as I

in today’s *Times* Magazine:

Can talking really change

the wiring?

Reading

make

feelings

material?

Drugs break

bad loops? On pointe.

All I can say

is you have to get in the mood of miracles,

not in the way

that it’s a conscious thing

but in a quiet way. Then plié.

But this institution, perhaps one should say

enterprise—

privilege

accorded for possibility

foreclosed? Care

publicked and property shared

with facilitated recognition?

Intense love promise? Breeding

algorithm? Morbid,

pale, clumsy, shy?

Lights in the garden.

Flowers from the market. The more I—

By the end of the evening

I was quite bloated on everything and here I am

with droopy eyes and clouded brain.

Blame flew all over.

If I had walked out into the snow after you—

net-white, strung in perfect squares—you

would’ve seen me from far off:

I was wearing my red jacket;

I was upset and knew you were too.

When you told me you had been crying then

I felt awful but knew we could make things right,

that we were right.

As we grope up, less afraid,

from the shattered poetic pony of adolescence,

to try to be public,

to woo it kindly,

delicate gold hands moving slowly,

how beautiful

to be speaking, to continue

to bound unmolested,

feeling

the slide of heel in boots,

the little tongue

running in the champ magnétique.

Precious! I actually asked the sun—like a muse’s

Father—that if ever

I’d done well beneath him,

or sang the thing that mote

the mind delight,

not to refuse

whatever it is I’m offering,

and let this one day

be ours, with all the rest

for him. Brilliant.

Have you been snooped on?

Feels funny

the other way round,

you and your immobilized Jimmy Stewart

proclivities!

Everything seems charged;

Had a little trouble

sleeping in my new bed

and surroundings

needed and missed

you as I

will

for only two more months;

have woken up the last two mornings

with the material of myth:

femme-erections, homme-boners,

little bits of toast.

We do

have very wonderful things

to look back at

and more wonderful things ahead

but most of all the present—our love, now,

is

most wonderful.

Nine Sonnets for Late 90s Literary Culture

The Midwest

Meistersinger grabs the shears,

hiccup at the fraenum.

To tell what he sang would

break the code, force the school of shad

apart from the other

American food fishes,

“the very prop

on which drapery’s purpose

hangs.” Warming up

the cotton with a hot iron,

the soothing,

motivating

muscles

of our arms.

Artist Friends : Poem For McSweeney’s

I wanted to make a video, my matted brown

soccer-player hair flew, ears

reddened

as when in the throes of an actual encounter.

Ingrid spontaneously brought me chicken,

made fun of my absurd

mock-Trenchtown stylings

upon giving notice.

I had even imagined

the cabinets.

Several worn flakes of heart

set to feed the porter.

Kind basket

bartle the fisket.

Editorial or Publicity: Poem for the New Yorker

Mesmerized by my own life,

a shower of potential, an alien form

listing from side to side along the rows of cubes,

ducking in for humane chat that quickly grows

oppressive. The move to escape

family tyranny in fact an exchange for co-workers

foibles and bile, the phone glimpses, snatches of yells,

the difference in the level of impingement like being

in a bunch of grapes instead of part of a melon.

I like that shirt; my silence at your haircut earns me

the nickname ‘Tacitus’ so warm is my implicit approval.

The pleasure of engaging the electric pencil sharpener

mitigated by its lack of a shaving sink, a gap where

the plastic bin, miniature but precisely machined, should be.

You are shorter, you are taller, you are lovely, you are smart,

you are anxious, you are over your head but thickly blissful.

Wool crepe so radiant black, blue.

Gabardine is back too.

Interview Journalism

Always bare-armed, catching cold,

Keitel torsoes toward the piano,

wolfs a smoke and drenches half the site in filial

light and bird-like song, uplifting and tired.

Dorothy as control freak;

discovery of Oz as techno-mastery,

Lleyton Hewitt clutching Kim Clijsters’s cross.

We toss thoughts like painted balls—

errhumanized, without a title, bouncing up

the musical, muscled beach with determinate fuzzy digits.

People throw bread to the birds

out the back windows of hospitality.

Adjuncts and attributes violate our condition

that branches should not be allowed to cross.

The Midwest

We allow our attention to spread outward,

like dropped laundry.

Immune to ideas,

we pitch our way

through the sugary

thickness to an amazing veldt,

salted rodeo, place

pointless calls to the hoofy satyr.

Lifting the horn

with three arresting blasts we ride off.

“Extraordinarily adept,

the highwaymen

glide wave-like in fields

tilled by people with jobs.”

Fiction

Tapping,

slow

and

tedious,

consummate

and firm.

Trollopine,

gigallistic.

Animal prints

are hot

rhinoplastic

inevitable

bass

response.

The Midwest

Extraordinarily adept,

the highwaymen

glide wave-like

in fields of unkind,

sordid endeavor:

“To service the loon we must have proof

that the markings you put down

can be pinned to your identificatory tooth,

once removed. You must be

undimmed in your affections

for the secret handshake and shoes,

for without them we are damned, doomed

to walk to court without riding,

completely unable to mount.”

Alone Together : Colony

If subordination implies weakness

then each embedded clause

adds another bean

to our febrile sack.

Make the glazier on your back

take off his shirt, turn over

the black empathic pitch,

cool limey pile.

The air,

heavy with bricks,

leans toward the van’s rack,

spilling mannequins into the mock Public Garden,

accepting all equally

easily.

Nostalgic Hypochondria : Double Holiday Sonnet for the New Yorker

It’s Christmas so I climb into my bigger car,

bundle up the newspapers and toss them

among the husky rocks.

You mentioned Cheops, like bird sounds,

but I can’t quite make the bilabial pop and throat clack,

though fastidious enough.

Had to go see Leventhal,

so I figured I might as well see Tesser,

so I got two referrals from the Walfish,

who nodded when I told him what they were for,

settle a few old scores.

GP fans out into trinity.

Nightmare trip across the fragmented ferment

of the slate gray sky at night,

or nearing night,

breath rocketing out in unmentionable

rasps, condensing under the nose;

I thought then it was a drip

dipping down toward

the top raw,

kind of bloody maw.

A little hesitation stepping off the sidewalk,

a little bread broken into the waveletted life

of wiry shore birds, coordinated diving, stopping off.

Most’s has closed,

Stern’s has dropped its veil

everything’s

on sale.

New Jersey : Poem for the New York Times Magazine

Since it’s all pig shit,

turf

controls the criticism,

grapeseeds

smother wineries,

querulous jackrabbit

bites

sink skin.

25 is the new 30.

Sensibility is the new sense.

Deb’s picks make

Huppy

Henry

totally spin.

Ethics : Poem for the New Republic

We are both Jewish like Gertrude and Alice

and don’t practice like them.

We had to go to that part of the cemetery.

I suppose it’s good that they have one.

If Louis Zukofsky had died in Paris,

or had Louis Untermeyer.

I wonder what Alice had to do when buying the plots.

Had they bought them together first,

or did Alice buy them after.

Or I think it’s one plot.

Anyway, it probably wasn’t: *Madame, excusez-moi,*

*mais ce n’est pas possible d’acheter cet plot*.

It was probably: *oui, j’ai besoin d’un terrain*

*là-bas*.Wallpaper\*

As part of the mix,

the complexities of academic settings.

When we got home, the telephone rang.

We punched windows in the side, had to use cutters,

but they built next to us and chalk flew in the soup;

they’d hit the water table.

“It’s sweet, it’s fine,” we murmured.

Young and dopey, our Hope

can't sleep as pea pods get

crushed, wheat husks threshed for her sister's car seat.

Clamoring for your softique,

floating spongily on the bed as Rome burns,

“I can no longer see them, far beyond the parapets....”

Yogurt on hand. Makes a nice caked cream.

Exercise/Therapy

Can't talk to you

in nakedese

or touch

the perfect

arcs of your

ponytail.

My mother

as control freak

vacuums the sky,

vacuums the vitamin tree;

I vacuum

the outside of my heart,

drive through the disgusting,

well-sunned depths

toward

Gargantua.

The Midwest

Fiddle on the diddle,

and if your creamy shirt

is yours, and your pen

scratches witchily over Crane’s,

why not buy the guy a slice?

I’m at the front of the room

smiling, didactic.

I’m wearing a prophylactic,

“the very prop

on which drapery’s purpose

hangs.” Warming up

the cotton with a hot iron, the soothing,

motivating muscles

of our arms.

Commencement

Loading up the spernum,

juicing up the amp,

cussing up the spittle,

pewing up the damp,

making several portals,

poking several heads,

leaning back to mission,

corking up the beds,

the sunny farmer boy leaves home,

leaves it sitting on the fence.

Touching the knob,

tentatively pressing himself into space.

Touching

little buds of breath that cloud the storm.

Development

does not make a steady

advance;

after an early efflorescence,

a very decided interruption.

*Dude, if form were all,*

‘*my ass discharges*

*a sour mash’*

*would be a great line!*

As if attempting to save itself, it has learned

to keep itself in suspension for a while,

fending off piles with spelt and felt—anything felt,

but far too little

is known about the mental

make-up of newborns.

Advision

You coddled me, and I

couldn’t have spoken then, or now

your long lashes brushing softly against the pine,

approaching Amber.

Supple as a body lair, and covered

with just as much hair!

Mound und prong.

Prrring! *That’s the sound my work will make.*

Purrrr! Melodious.

*Like a beastly cur brought up by patricians.*

The lasts are petering out, the shoes

sloughing to a stop;

the birds grip tight the branches

and hearts

pulse up the breast,

roll up sleeves.

The Mill on the Floss : Elders, Chairs, etc.

Every encounter compromised

*by lazy acquiescence and lazy omissio*n,

*by trivial falsities* *for which we hardly know a reason,*

*by small frauds neutralized*

*by small extravagancies,*

*by maladroit flatteries*,

*clumsily improvised insinuations*.

*We live from hand to mouth, most of us,*

*with a small family*

*of immediate desires*

which keep us locked in an insane nursery,

*we do little else than snatch a morsel*

*to satisfy the complaining brood*—

*infirme elu.*

Recording Over

**FTP (at Age 15)**

Mirror mirror

metrical thirds split into a chorus

emanating from a small oracle,

bludgeoned by the heart’s coracle.

Bragged about making the loft scene,

German diaspora.

Dictated nightly,

subordinated to the process and the needs of others,

which mostly take care of themselves, albeit with resentment,

the pretty little shits aren’t good enough, and the bill in fact arrives,

drawn by the anthropomorphicized coil

rejected at the toilet's bottom.

Just troping—no actual

first-order content.

Volk vérité.

I wrote a check, turned back and hovered like a suitor

over the darkened stool, the cold beef drool,

the thickness of the poem dependent

on the transcendent economy.

The group were fascists

for booting

Stu.

Stick a small, underpowered bulb between the feet,

and the first to smash it.

If there’s an unnecessary excitement,

go home and relieve the first watch.

Poke your head into the cake shape,

leave with flecks cheeked, brush the mohair.

In slow motion, I fell off the chair.

Managed—

Turned and ran a runnel in the roseate,

streaming in the flowers, courtyarded and protected,

but still subject to outer influences.

And after I wanted the tapes in my vault:

the correspondences are incredible but undiscovered.

No, you wouldn’t prevent me, but I get a sense of your authority—

peremptory, extending the superhuman arm,

purveying a dignified alienation leavened by private gestures,

rich sagacious rituals.

Your process, though, is preserved: 8-sided,

octagonal yet hilariously

made nasal,

corrupted

by poor

inputs.

Without access to anything beyond a vague feeling

of responsibility for materiality, a chromed-out legacy,

we remain partnered in this:

a half-hearted reaching out

across the milk-

deprived squad car.

After a perfunctory exchange and a heated seat,

took refuge in the playfully odd

yet certainly masculinist meters of the 70s.

Menaced by Viktor Frengut daily,

opened up the drain and saturated

the faders with the production of poetry,

toweling my back before

the knob clamped

down.

Ah, no,

I sat drinking my eggcream, no, a blackcherry,

no, a cream, curved unmentionable-

botabolism, craggy

untuskiphant.

Wept into the fireplace,

watched the desired maternal recoil

anchor the backlash, force the remaining members into the living-room,

constantly tugging toward mourning.

It’s all been rehabilitated, but remains troubled,

interrupting, popping up in the dark.

Dimly reached back and took

Michael Graves as far as possible without debasement,

color-coded alcoves of discovery

introducing several rods among the cones.

Hardly a breakthrough granted,

a croak folded, on foot

or flatback on the wall, lingering,

literally getting paid to shit, leaving.

Picked up the weepy blossoms

scattered at Adelaide Crapsey’s grave,

stuck a few to my brow,

blew softly upward

and got locked

into the tractor of your tresses.

I have learned

to modulate my moules for men.

Uvex. Goggled.

Grotesquely garlanded and gain-

fueled, bragged hex, corn cluster.

**Lilies in Beds Take Control of the Dead**

Wednesday

Mowed vs. unmowed areas. Flower bed.

To hear the nut break with a crack and thump,

slight pain in the lower back, crow

caw. Route 230 by-pass, not new

sententient autohagiograpes, side-long

glance from a full-packed van. Lilies fading

and lilies verdant, ant crawl, the three

trees’ twining and purling—whose

belongs to each, who can’t be teased?

Stuck in the chair. Dead branches hang on.

Clear-cut stretch of waterblastic embronia.

Apple trees distant, trunk of oldest concrete

back-filled, phloem through

the hollow. Bronchorragia.

Cat pill, cute, caleb, lieb, lank, lunk.

Small planned bush. Dead leaf strew, high grass

catching branches uncaught stirring

striving vine. Veal siding.

Cheap van. Fly down. Indistinct

grass grove, small coppery berry

bund, stray beech whistle, mourning

dove passel dive. Shift so back

legs can wrap chair legs, disproproveable gravel

spray, uncomfortable unapproach. $12.95,

the mall in Washington already too crowded, truck

supine. “Frozen returning from visiting.”

“Frozen…” 1813. Several broken but not

desecrated. Fort Lauderdale trembles

along the coast, forces boats up

the intercoastal through Bass Harbor,

Seal Harbor, Swans Island,

Cranberry Island and further

ununiversalizables. Affords apples,

the trees’ round arches bearing

the red-bottomed fruit and full

cottony leaves, fenced round, o,

second pass rounder, squat fuller, littlest fecunded,

small transformer resistor, caw, and caw,

small grey visoring wagon, pickup

with mower’s stainless angled poke.

Hum. AC low. Fiberglass cracks seablind

white. Gravel seems dumped, mailboxes,

dual-function tri-colored patriots,

the slip of smooth clear blue, no waste

so vacant. Must or urine soaked be break

the flowered husk vent the bottomed

tea. Jerry’s pipe suddenly on hand, snuff,

gone wicked puff, the gum chewed against nicotine,

x-es tattooing the scalp for proper aim.

Nine doctors make San Francisco surrealists

suffer seal yawp bicoastally, the entire

room in stitches to tell the truth. Dig

down denizens, dog, dap, dab, damp, dump, dose.

Car cross. Heavy Chevy Volvo bevvy.

Nut top found in water crushed in pocket

cooks the mint bees frozen. Confixor

confessor. Long shuttering ham to tractor.

In head life plow. Supperating fin

tam tom. John Revolta. The moor,

anemic corn, hard top. Came from tap

to jazz—capezio cloud, cap, tights, bottled

lethe lap, longing look, sssp. Yellow

aspen smock. Crow hits branch hard,

pronging back and forth on fallow

barkless beam. Orange cab lilies sway.

Smarm collective.

Thursday

Pull that ad. Add the ab I ablated. Bed of lilies.

There aren’t two rs in patisserie honey bunny.

The fence is bent, wire mesh, washed by water

drops, rusting the upper threads with acidic

spurl. A sole flag flaps over light mud

grave. White Mercedes van-like, rather

steel grey. Locked in a look with me. Drop

in tension. The green drilled stakes stook

the circle out, thicker when set. Endless

occurrences afford sustained conscious acts,

cursive on the leaves, symbols scratched

on third International whiz green, related Valiant.

The route a by-pass, the sun a sink. A single

engine torquing eddies of air, bumping

ventrally the glass cove; one tree’s

stripped, another’s mossy. A clump of bushes

also seems planned. The soft mountains,

the hard backs of the trees that describe

their arcs. Raise my g&t to the blue Subaru,

causing eye contact conflict encapsulated

levinasically. Red stump, basal butterfly.

These responses are all mine.

Friday

Aquamarine Jetta pass, fast. Ant drop,

no thump unless majorly amplified, unless

an ant. Covered in marjoram orally, baked

naked. Crickets chirruping Englishly.

Coals glowing fiendishly, splattering nitrites.

Moss patches like paint. Long

bed of lilies and grasses,

tender sentry of the drive. Sole fir. Tick-

less. ~~Crunch~~ repeated crunch. Stir.

“The small sabbath of the leaves”—Lousse’s

garden, ain’t you aiming to reach it, aw

caw blow by brow back. Early spotting blue Ford,

turned over old boat, red Chevy mute and still,

small outcropping by base is not weeds. Poles

unchanged since telegraph times. Crickets

gathering (force). Broken-off treated wood.

Green Suburban-like, then blue Subaru taken on

the rise, eyelock and then release. The chair’s

afforded sightlines altered. Mossy mostly interred

stone, partial visage, moon faces, stick bedecked.

Canoe-topped green Suburban, white Ford

boat trailing pick-up, dark Lumina.

Setting sun frames ancient mostly erect

apple tree, actual MG roadster.

Clump of lily-like flowers. Picking up the

pickup through the three-twined torsos,

seemingly in Matisse-like motion. Can’t

give up for cold. Yellowed leaf. Fine

brown on otherwise green. Febrile swamp

maple, brackish unextended unapproach

must unreproduceable be. The line

of higher and lower grasses,

desiccated bed-like

signals to the tired body as the thin stella

plane emerges, plain milk-like,

chorusing garishly toward no note.

Left impressions. Lengthen

legs, shift lap, lenchen.

Can’t wait, Jøtul,

must go, murmurs

inside, unbasking

tide, knife

slap on board.

**Snow**

I called; I

held; I feel

difficultly.

True remarks

course through

closed cans,

cloven

low clowning, cave

and cape;

proprietary

flat

flake.

**The Lecture**

First

thoughts

afford

expectations,

not models

exactly (meaning

anger

on account of spurned beauty) but

errors of the once

much admired:

terrible burnt cork smell,

ephedrine dried.

I get a sense of your wisterity,

hyacinthocity, some rant

or

experience

I’m having

I can’t organize myself.

The merits of having something to work

out or address,

fluctuating grandiosity—

defensive,

elaborated,

sequenced.

Took it out on the Boesendorfer,

a sort of “An Die Musik”

for newly minted Adèsian interpreters.

Moved the lecture from the month of the death to the fall,

a more wonderfully abstracted memorial,

fully elaborated material.

There were three

caskets:

gold, white

gold, silver,

platinum,

lead.

The first contained several Bronzino

reproductions.

The second, if confronted with such a speech,

flushes out the false notes,

a brilliant detection of the pathetic,

asbestos mixed with plaster for green ceiling burial.

He chooses the leaden casket—

the star of youth,

“the Pole-star’s

eldest boy”

but

let

us

be

content with Cordelia,

Aphrodite,

Cinderella,

and Psyche.

Anyone might make

a wider survey, could undoubtedly

discover other versions of the same theme,

preserving the same three

essential features,

completely inner-directed.

If we

have the courage to proceed

in the same way,

the third’s certain

peculiar

qualities

might strike us as excellent:

a flurry of work about 19th century New York;

utopia in Frankfurt; and something Steve

said Mallarmé said (“Mes larmes; they’re arming!”)

might make the transference never beaver,

take us through the next renewal.

Comparisons between the work of figures

never known and Alan or Amy,

a nominal easiness that allows a tossing off,

a sort of fussy numbness,

a tincture shot under derma,

a blister puck risen to absorb the rays.

The three princesses asked for a sound-

proofed room, three separate alcoves

off a common area.

Perfidy. The external factor which may be described

in general terms as frustration,

meaning

being

unmet, stethoscope trumpeting fate

in a flush of broken capillaries.

Substitution, a methadone

for the understanding,

a neo-vagina for the birth-cathected

Oedipus, the possibility of falling ill

arises within limitations imposed on the field,

despondent prize of accessible

satisfactions. Frustrated,

pathogenic, dammed

up and explosive,

lack of response transforms

physical tension into active energy

toward the external world,

eventually

exhorting a real satisfaction—

attainment of aims

no longer erotic,

realized in men’s lives.

This is the Zurich school, regression

along infantile lines

falling ill, fulfilling the demands

of reality.

Perfidy. Poems as screen

memories. An evidential

dream. My crumb my

mansion, my stanza

my stone; a visit of the partner’s;

a room for our privates.

Tantalus

in brown wood,

ceiling beams

glimpsed

through

lathing, 130 years

of roasting and freezing, a cryogenic nursery,

virulent pastures probably raising a fresh turkey for trussing,

knowing what we know about butchering and salting.

Bird fussing.

Fertility

in a mountebank.

Trying Admiring

Miles Champion immensely moving.

Miles Champion of speed blows doors off New York.

Poets silent in New York as switchy Miles talks beautiful blue streak.

American poets sheepish as truly royal Brit out and over does them.

Miles Champion pipes tune that drives the kids wild. BKS irradiates kindness.

Allusive poem declares micro-allegiances, fails to reach Champion accord.

Monsieur le pilot, Miles Champion arrives, is immediately appointed to Cornell, infuriating young American poets.

Compositional Miles owns Matching Mole’s Little Red Record and the first Germs record on vinyl. Brian lights a cigarette. I own Hunky Dory on vinyl with the original inner-sleeve, but keep my mouth shut. I also used to have the “cowboy cover” Man Who Sold the World. I’m starting to sound like a poet who works in prose sometimes, whom I admire. Better dig in my spikes.

Brian strode and I admired him, as Miles Champion explained about the speed.

Miles and Brian, tall thin men take Manhattan.

I make comparisons between Miles Champion and performance poets. Allusions and outerwear. Thus more people compare Anselm Berrigan to Beck than either to Mace. This may be an example of paternalist criticism.

Miles Champion innocently asleep between Brian’s two beautiful sisters.

Miles Champion unimpressed and tolerant as I point out McKim, Mead & White post-office and prattle.

Brian allowed himself to be kissed, but he was drunk. He was kissing everyone good-bye at Charlus’s book party. Miles Champion’s Carcanet release was not available. I call Charlus Charlus affectionately.

I thought Miles Champion’s allusion to the “diabetic poetics of Brian Kim Stefans and Steve McCaffery” was funny and apropos. Political uncertainty kept others at the famous secret bar from laughing.

Miles Champion claims to have lost his New York School veneer. I salute him from here.

Sirens

I sing of the moon

and what I assume

obeah

obedient

calvin bedient

sacra

A lot of it seems to be the sanctum

sanctorum of whatever kind of pops into people's heads.

sacrorum

Allusion choruses its loves.

Hello, the cadre. Hello, the dog.

Arranging by chance to meet

beat beat beat flowers

sweet

song

treat

captious

tip-toe

fleet

tong

the park

was bursting the trees swayed

crazily the men bit their caps

the women the women were dursty

scampery the kids played noisily

the tender rocks

beached their young the future

beckoned the key click

cylindered the bell rangangang

crumpled into gloves

the gloves crumpled

he folded the crumpled gloves

golf was her game

she crumpled the gloves

stuck them in the bag

No birdy beurocrat, I

recycling recidivism

cyd charissism

draw all of the

draw out of the

moon-o uno

1 over a base 10, I

all its mathematical munelight

my lovey darling

my bisque, I

barred from Oz

implore

all of the mathematical moonlight

drawn out of

my candy hearted dove

birdy beaurocrat

busby berkeleyism

the straw, the light emitting diode

the sensor

not put off by the smiling faces

of homespun patter and faeces

nor caught

completely in the snares of the untrained

growing out of the hive --

Dressing for work

'Don't worry, you'll figure it out'

I like to do it I like what you do.

'what you want to do'

What will you do for me?

What is the source of the money?

La source.

A source.

The horse.

For a Rabbit

nest

hut den

burrow

thatch

hut rags

invention

Narrowly

constant

pickable

stems

suffused

can something

gable

proctor

fluke

Excreting hornden

bapping from one transaction to the next

loosey-goosey

coat the release with pomade

i'm giving it to you (yuk)

with the familiar aggression of largesse

that quickly leads you to my

yes I'm gleeful hair

Is it cold outside?

So you know where the restaurant is?

A party is not a queer event, bulbs

overhead, overheated -- the lamps burn,

incandescent opacity spreads

and noise finds a simple form, nocturne.

Sugar to the lamb that failed

prodding a little;

confession, succor

cannot be long in coming.

To the abject city-lamb, the idea of animals

as immutably, genetically nice.

Lamb-bells tinkle.

The party roared; I reeled

and smiled. I shook

my drink.

Lishu in the garden

bosen during day

fall down dark

up again zen.

Recording Over

I might bask for a moment in the departed

and what’s left,

when gone for a moment, and gone

for good. The quick traces

left in the falling

wake,

the bedded pause,

light up and fade of lexical access

carried the crates into the back,

under the extended eaves.

Each slat let in a broad channel of air

to cool the flies gently drawn across the table,

slowly spreading as if tiny air postulators

spinning in toward the moon,

a pile of moons—I mean the fruit,

fired in idealized shapes.

There are structures in the mind

beyond emotion, which is very hard to fake, beyond delight.

You are beaming beyond eros and the actual stuff,

mohair and camel hair,

that singed lamb smell, ephedrine

dried. But you break it for me.

I said I would read “Stare into the Common

Joy” if I did this, and here, peering

through the poor circles of an invented scrip,

$5 co-payment. Filed

down to cart height,

sticking to the stamp,

bursting into code,

feeling for the lamp,

I cast aspersions toward complete kinesis,

but still lay prone to mastoid insult,

salinous and sodden. The air

makes clear the lost tenting space;

aestheticised passing out astonished

little helps, the fairest things

vanished into unclose

smiling air, rotting bosc.

Into every vacuum seethes someone

willing to make tiny, horrendous

orders, the flow itself

blotted lightly,

only, when un-

coagged, to thicken again at the first sign of movement,

as if to exhaust itself had been a posture,

an exceptional position it does not occupy.

Tosses

thoughts in the air

like incarnate tennis balls,

pompeiian

ash come

to life,

rushing up too much

too easily. Porters

walking tragic,

shiny buttress flies,

mirrors under buses,

papers under flies,

We trade speeches as the B61 blows by

on Bedford; I stick the speakers

on either side of the mic

and cover the mass with a towel,

losing the pans.