

"Modern poetry claims to be a vision, that is to say, a knowledge of hidden, invisible realities. It is true that the poets of all times & all places have said as much. But Homer, Virgil, or Dante insist that their poetry has to do with a revelation that comes from outside themselves: a god or demon speaks through their mouths... The modern poet declares that he is speaking in his own name: he extracts his visions from within himself. The disturbing disappearance of divine powers has coincided with the appearance of drugs as bestowers of the gift of poetic vision. The familiar demon, the muse, or the divine spirit have been supplanted by laudanum, opium, hashish, & more recently, Mexican drugs: peyote (mescaline) & hallucinogenic mushrooms."

—Octavio Paz

—Tropeiro, tropeiro, schlep your thoughts  
together.

—Bring me something Oriental, something  
foreignever.

Where are you Chile?  
Are you in the Tall Grass?  
Can you see the Planet's Currents in its  
arcing Bent?

What brings you leave of Solitude?  
Is it the Waves of Wild Oats—  
Or just the way they hide you?

Are you avoiding Supper and its Fam'ly  
inquisition?

Are you worn out from Covert Games with  
the Other Children?

I too have found a Sweet Relief in  
Prospect & in Refuge

Have wished to live outside Surveil & rest  
my rusted Mettle from the petty  
reckless minds that meddle...

Yet only lifeless worlds are blind, &  
everyway we go beheld, with

Watchings that repeat themselves—form  
grooves in mind, and sense of self.

Yes: all those open lines and tethers,  
& open fronts & open wounds

You probe and question with a  
queasy finger...

7:10 São Paulo—  
Center sandwiched,  
Neck-kinked, bleary, custom files;  
Watch an ad to hop on public network,  
Call a cab & grab a coffee  
Global Starbuck station;  
Shape my mouth in novel ways to  
Make the sounds which soon will come so  
easy:

—Um cafe com leite—por favor—e crédito  
A simple favor, would you? Minor  
pretense, game

Politeness, pass my plastic—  
Skip the tip in strange familiar waters—  
Same old roles in same old Latin.

Up all night that night at  
Plastic tables, round red tables  
Kicking back & clinking glasses with the  
Little cups, that make litrãos seem so  
abundant.

Down at Barra Funda,  
Watching wildlife the milling  
Rites while Toby reads the room, like  
David

Attenborough, Austen, Doyle  
Footwear, fannypack, the styled assets.

You get a sense at once, he says—  
The head-to-toe assembly.  
Harmony in poetry, I said & show a  
spectrogram.

And play the sound of prairie dogs,  
Who pip a sentence in an instant  
Vertisplayed as chord.

All the girls in little black dresses'  
Touch their lips and twiddle their tresses.

Cars pull up unloading friends  
And leaving, loading up on lovers;  
Others couple on the concrete,  
Some third wheel spins feigned absence,  
Acting out an ancient cycle:  
Hot-girl summer; cuffing season.

Afterwards, well. I go home, and smoke  
on the street and give my butt  
to a beggar. I drink a poghurt,  
and watch a guy go crazy, just  
screaming drunk in another man's  
face. Spot someone squat, and  
shit on the pavement and kick it,  
like a dog. I've been going round,  
photographing the inside of trash  
cans; I've been interested in a  
neighborhood's waste, in its disposal  
systems, in its use of clear &  
colored bags.

And I find O'Hara's "Personism"—surfing,  
back in bed, to fill the empty  
pre-dawn. Still nocturnal, the  
long burnout from workathon, but  
looking for voices; still not liking  
the sound of my voice; still  
mimicking the music of others,  
trying to blend my own.

And cause all these foreign placenames  
make me think of Frank,  
Who wrote his lines like letters,

I'll make to write to Ariel  
My brother and my boyhood self.

4

As the laundry women'd say—  
Amante especial, oi vei—

At the service counters, clients  
Tracking comedramas of their catenary  
Clientele (For if one must thus pay  
attendance,  
Ought enjoy the bought performance.)<sup>2</sup>

And then to Camburi on the coast—  
A virgin when it came to açai, you know  
My first time really getting it,  
And the golden stray who limped, before we  
Lept from solid rocks to flowing pool below  
and  
Used the roots like ropeswing.

Of course we all thought of Tarzan,  
We'd all seen the movie, hadn't we?  
And the mere mention of tucans lent a  
scent,  
A flavor to the scene.

Ô Mãe d'Água—  
Early morning rising singing  
Walking sandy sickle shore along the veiny  
sea and  
Feeling young, eternal perched on  
Billion-year-old boulders, under ancient  
skies & all the  
Tidelines marked by barnacle, &  
Not me crying, "Not this time!"

<sup>2</sup> And if one plans to buy a pair of pants, one  
Ought as well to get them tight, so anyone'll bed you.  
—O'Hara, "Personism"

To loneliness, who many times before had  
tried  
To wash upon these rocks of mine.

5

And driving long the skyway,  
When the tunnel opened up on such a big  
blue  
We played a Bushy "Big Sky," sang  
along,  
Shouldershaking—  
Lost in flows, we nearly drove right off the  
ledge.

And then dropped at the airport poor  
Anteros—  
Actually, she took a car.  
We were in the process  
Of deciding where to live,  
And how. A course of trips, to tell;  
We wanted: Lat' nate language;  
Warmish weather; land to steward;  
Stock to manage.

After she was gone I rearranged the dining  
room.  
Turned the TV on Megachurch &  
Christian infomercial.  
And I went to work for many hours,  
& neither ate nor left until the sun  
Went down the third of days.

Then so giddy, kicking, skipping on the  
sidewalk,  
Like San Cristobal, singing  
Mama, Mama, Mama  
Don't take my kodachrome away.

Cris? He was learning to read the city,

He was taking the same walk, everyday,  
Just seeing what happened—  
How it worked & how the parts fit,  
What it meant "at the end of the day".  
He was writing about Parisian corn carts;  
The conversion of mass-produced goods  
Into custom forms, over years and  
generations,

So to suit the sellers' needs.  
His fascination was in nomads & textiles,  
In minimum-viable rigs, & packing light.  
He always noticed people's shoes;  
I told him the bit about frost, abroad.  
One explorer in Janeiro said,  
"That's the thing about Cris  
He's always over looking." She  
said he was a gringo, for  
Describing polvinho as tapioca dust.  
She said he was a gringo, for  
The way he wore his fannypack,  
To discourage thieves.

6

My mustache died a perma-purple, sipping  
those elixirs.  
Such good times, I'd stumble downstairs  
past the doorguard  
find a table on the sidewalk, wait to say  
The same words every time, a joy just  
getting right:  
—Bonjia, todovem. Dois ovos, sim,  
meshidos—  
—E cafe com leite—e um suco com laranja,  
por favor—

And most times getting what I'd wanted,  
hoped and tried for.  
Well, I won't trouble you with a theory

of language  
But it felt like singing, and it felt like  
magic.

7

Heaven's hammock lulled us  
Singing long to Dylan  
Merica's new folk song canon:  
"Graceland," "Country Roads" & Newman

Bobby with his breathless beat-rap<sup>3</sup>  
Cosmic Cassady, ecstatic  
Dana Ward and Manley Hopkins  
("Leaden Echo," read by Burton)

"One who sings with tongue on fire":  
Lit by Guthrie, lit up Davy;  
Lizardking is flying, crying  
"Girl, we couldn't get much higher."  
So a network relays power.

As kingfisher bares its breast,  
And embers wake by oxidation,  
Musement warms a mail loin, and  
Collins, dissertating terms,<sup>4</sup>  
Built networks in ergetic transfer:  
Motion motivates emotion;  
Mitchell splices plus & minus;<sup>5</sup>  
Mary's doctor galvanizes.

(Frankenstein the café site of  
Beatnik luau-bamboo hat, a Byron goat's  
Leading sixteen-something babes in  
Martial forms of meditation:  
fifties haunt Laguna Beach In geometric

visitation.)

And what profits prophet?  
(Cycle-slain not far from Dixby)

...Avid phrasing... measured breath, a  
Trumpet... magic scribbles... blowing on a  
subject;  
Anaphoric rhythm, vital dash, and speechy  
pauses...

First thought right thought,  
Cocky chestpuff,  
Messi instinct improv,  
Camp's Mars athletics.

<sup>3</sup> Swinton's Roland-Knausgaard nods—"No final form  
enclosed him."

<sup>4</sup> Randall, *Sociology of Philosophies*.

<sup>5</sup> Toni, "Electricity".

The local network covered Cris's gym.  
Reporter came around,  
Everyone was real excited.

She said, You're our new leder:  
Climbing is the new Tinder.  
The youth were meeting in person,  
It was a big story.

It was a global trend; maybe you caught  
it.

We went and watched them work their  
form—

We went and watched them work their  
routes—

And build their bodies. Some attempted  
ledger—record,  
Testing Heavens; Some gave lessons—  
To pretty girls—  
And others grew their grip strength.

And sneaking in to the medical school,  
To use its pool,  
Peering through the windows long the path;  
Lessons on the grappling mats,  
Strength in opposition training;  
Girls & boys in volley courts for  
trophyed golden  
coated brass...

Green oasis waters: emptytranquil,  
sun-warmed.

Then the clockstrike, with its  
Thundercampaign timbre,  
And its mass migration.

First, the piscine plain is  
Subdivided / so: the open / water's made

Lanes by stretched & twining wireflow, &  
Swimmers take their place by speed &  
Space is hieraragui'd.

How easily we come to share  
When lines are laid on pavement bare.

Or stand erect in humus soil  
Letting rooted life know air.

But now on darkened streets I pass the  
feeding troughs, & all the faces turned  
w/in,

Toward scream & flag & colored card w/  
Preassigned allegiance.

We were primitives of a future unknown.  
Hot oats mixed with champagne mango:  
So much better than I'd imagined  
Butter helped.

We went to the pool almost every day.  
Framed lens. Banned rays. The  
Marbled fat & muscle hung on hook &  
strap & rack & splayed on slab &  
dripping up on blocks or oilslicked or  
stripped pink for braising bruising  
browsing here a breastkid there  
a tenderloin, a leg so plucked &  
plump, a tempting aged shank a  
lean appraisal, stretching tanning  
hide and charring sear, a prime  
cut, check her measures make an  
offer—

Stop!  
These degenerate games,  
They get me down.

11

—Grā Graphouse, grow like grāo &  
upgrade.—

Chlorine cleansed us.  
Toweled-off beneath sunshowers  
flow then past the Agua Branca  
Villa Country's block-long false-front's  
Cowhide seats and leather saddles,  
John Wayne photos, chandelier of  
purchased antlers.

Cris would not go in, or stop;  
I toured the spot by satellite that night,  
saw Aztec ravers, PLURgirls,  
pulled myself away

And prepped for 'piacaba:  
Worked through poet podcast,  
ARP takes preparation, & I hoped to  
ARP

Like All Romantic Poets, long-past,  
Just to see what it was like, I guess,  
And if the form might suit me.  
With some tailoring, I guessed.

And learned, for instance, Hopkins  
Born to one marine insurer  
Safekept 'gainst the wreck of craft.  
A Catholic Manley haunted by a woman's  
resurrection:

Winifred whose wellspring sprung up where  
she was beheaded.

—Willowrun:  
—The downward flow allows for an upward  
growing.

Byron, Shelley, Keats—  
The peacock, Theban poets—  
Boating with the boys  
While Mary watches  
Says Distelli on the speakers  
These Romantics not romantic  
Much beyond the Year of Cotton  
Harriet? Was not invited  
Riverdrowned, a Virgin's pebbles—  
Bob & Joni's kind of freedom.

The plan to walk, drink tea & mumble in  
the wood,  
And sing to birds, and squeak a caller's  
zinc on birch,  
And make strange sounds meant for myself,  
And treat the voice as instrument, and  
words then not as  
Discrete objects but a blended space—  
Which was not dissimilar to the brass  
instruments of my youth.

And insofar as the Seats were, of course,  
a new Romantic,  
But also in the Wakean sense of harmony,  
Where each word is really three or four  
or five words spliced—  
All part of my new theory of practice I  
call vox libre,  
Which I invented after lunch,  
Or really in the House of the Owls, Rome,  
And which only a few people know about,  
And less understand.

Dry the hands on the dishrag, sigh lightly  
Will have to skip back I guess,  
In increments of ten.  
Keats, at least, was protean and modest,  
Like a starling, emptied self to take on  
world,

Camouflage, chameleon, always changing  
colors—

Wordsworth on the other hand, an egoist  
sublime.

Frost? He didn't wanna be caviar for the  
crowd—

He wanted to write for all sorts and kinds—  
Maybe for the money, no one really knows  
He was just as clever as Pound,  
Just as wellread as Pound—  
Or so friends say.

Even knew more Latin  
But he found his layers in a tone of voice  
Instead of learned reference.

New England's pasture poet—  
A means to butter parsnips.  
A labor of the hand much like  
The rhythm of a scythe as it swishes the  
meadow: Softspoken, cutting down  
ranks. I'm on a digression but  
how do I get used to  
The everyday violence of gardening, is  
what I'm always asking. Because  
there's something fascist (no?) in  
pruning branches, weeding roots.  
Well.

Another ten, the double tap:  
Poetry was performance.  
Poets were athletes, men of prowess.  
He studied the rhythm of American talk  
So did Ginsberg. So did Gaddis.  
O'Hara certainly  
He listened to their musicality  
He tried to imagine how they'd sound behind  
a door,  
Indistinct and muffled.

He read Emerson.  
He talked in contraries.

Who didn't?  
Whitman played without a net.  
He'd never owned a desk.  
Who needs one?  
His reading was lowercase catholic.  
His American shoes gave him away.  
Pound was all silence with eagerness.  
His instinct said to stay away from gangs.  
His mother ran a school in Lawrence.  
He taught classes, when he felt like spring.

He leafed through anthologies.  
Pound had showed him Bohemia, jiu-jitsu  
flipped him, heels and head, after dinner in  
some cafe  
Frost was just as strong; he hadn't been  
ready  
Read more Greek than Pound, he reckoned  
And busted Pound right outta jail  
Settled it with the Attorney General, just  
like that  
That's what you can do, when you're  
famous  
When you're poet for the lawyers, and not  
just poets.

He reckoned his place among infinities  
Didn't we all?  
He went his own way  
Inspired Sinatra to write a song.  
Who are we kidding?  
Sinatra didn't write songs.  
But I will.  
Don't we all, these days?  
Not really.  
I assembled fragments.  
Didn't we all?  
The lecture was very persuasive.  
Afterward, he renounced the concept of  
Intellectual property,  
And burned with shame



For his once love of indie rock.

12

Near ides, ride JRR to outskirts,  
Catch a bus: Paranapiacaba.  
Railtown of long-set sun,  
In canyon where the mountains break  
So fog advances with the trains  
And pulls into the station.

But on sunny days I find,  
A higher kind of hedonism:  
Bougainvillea, staging site for my  
transcendence.

Peak at plastitropic lower canopy through  
lover shutters.

Smile warm to traduttore traditore,  
Hostess of her hometown:  
Tories sleeping in the kitchen. (There's a  
law against that.)

So smooth she is in service  
Seen our kind a hundred times before and  
will, again—

We glide up to the bar where she's  
Presiding over leisure center,  
Move our mouths, per-form for  
nativetongue appraisal,  
Try not to offender her.

In the pard os pássaros pause &  
pulse-perch,

Branch to phototropic branch  
And in the grassblades, guava windfall,  
rapid-gathered by the ants.

That night we many write in father-ink  
that bleeds, among a  
Graveyard: matchsticks, blackened spliff  
These tubes with charcoal tips, with

Ends that burn & ends that do the burning.

Distant train loops 5<sup>th</sup>s in 6/<sub>8</sub>  
On a swivel like an owl's neck the  
Camera tracks me as I move,  
Naked between bed & bath &  
Light a cigarette—

Or write, which must be why she said—  
—Ele é um escritor—  
How now can I act, without performing  
for her gaze?  
Olamatini, man of mirrors.  
(More like topiera.)

mule

All is long, is long, is long.  
All is long—  
Every thing talks back, when we're alive  
(A heron told me that.)

Red fruit in the sun-faced green of  
high-branched tree—  
Morning's energetic harvest now announced  
by feathered flutes, and  
Green sunpanelled flapping fans that move  
within the Planet's currents:  
Breeze that passes through the guavas,  
carries chatting prattle of the  
parrots, whistling  
"Oh que buceceeno" and "I'm talking  
to-chyou."

And through the branches  
Heavenrays-tempted in my  
own sick way to say—  
Brigado to the old Brigades whose cutting  
brought me here today.

Can hear their echo of past presence.  
Quiet forms, machete whack!  
Of breakerpath, in

Fallenstem & structure—  
State of the Green Tower, in the  
Age of Metal, singing,  
—Chattanooga answers / And your ma'am  
in Tennessee.—

And the mood changes as the goldleaf fades.  
Cloudecover which is at first relief now will  
not lift.  
Cricket trill announcing us the end of little  
world.

Invading ginger enters at the clearcut,  
Roadcut, in the slash-mowed marginals,  
Along the barren no man's rock'n'gravel we  
call road.

Which clearing flows through living mesh,  
&  
Lets me pass, &  
Contact's always Contact with communities  
whom Contact's altered.

13

Noon, high noon.  
Baked into prehistory—  
Stonesmelted—  
Don humming "Well, you wanna get  
enough sun / but not too much."  
Starting to get to a point where triunesweat  
unzippers.  
Traveling back to High Noon: to a moment  
of  
Maximum intensity, when shadows' shields  
at their slightest.

The moment now of max'mal heat,  
and pressurewaves whose radiation warpeth

man,  
and burns him up or out.

Watch flutterfly, and unleafing, ants  
are bringing off the body of a hard-shelled  
giant,  
from the shelledland to their tunnels.

Radiation warping man, he sees the  
Raptor in the Turkey  
Enough to make him paranoid, the sounds  
responding to his presence.

Make it nearly back to town now, at the  
fringes half-reclaimed:  
the Warhead windows where the bakery  
once stood.

Heartbeat down on unprotected skin,  
"Brown as a betel-nut in the morning."

Wrest controls back from Pleasure Center.  
Get back to business at hand  
—And I have lived the fates of foreign  
diets in a forgn behavior.—

—A hunch: perhaps I've been infected;  
what I've given, also gotten.—

14

Cris and I start sharing voice memos  
and since he's been watching Twin  
Peaks, they're all in the style of  
Twin Peaks,  
All of them addressed to some elusive  
Diane, which is really just the  
pet-name used to refer to each  
other.

Diane—  
February 27th, 7:45 PM or nearly 20:00. I've

never seen so many trees in my life.

Making my own coffee in the house out here. My host is an exmilitary colonel, 5' 4" and distinctly indigenous, who for years lived among the Vanomami. (Va-No-Mami.) He showed me his collection of bows and blow darts. They wear bromeliads, made from feathers, upon their arms, as if their arms were tree-trunks.

Somehow they've gotten it into their heads I'm a writer. The Colonel asks me how many books I've written. He says, Only children read books here. Or rather, this is my interpretation; we have been communicating by way of broken pidgin Latin.

Diane—

10:27 AM. Coffee on the kettle. My hosts have offered me a ride into Rio Grande, where I'll catch the train. The Colonel offered but if I wonder if the Señorita is the brains behind the operations—he may be excommando but she's the family strategist. Was it this easy for blue-eyed bearded Cortez to conquer the hearts of the Mexico? Or plume-capped Pizarro, further south? Poor huéspedes, to slay a host.

The Señorita is a sweet woman, and she is also a mother, who loves her family dearly. Which is what worries me.

Diane—

1:33 PM. I have arrived in Estação Luz and will be catching a car to Jaguaribe. Sorry to hear about the cold. Hoping it's mere coincidence, what with the MEO, if only to assuage my guilt. But cats will keep you up all night—could've worsened sinus irritation.

Sunday night sleeper works fine with me. I, too, have had a helluva couple days & could use the R&R. Turns out it's hard work, R&R'ing as Romantic poet—at least if you come to it with something approaching Protestant ethic. Still, the trip was beyond words—I leave satisfied that I have gotten in and out cleanly

Mobile storehouse,  
Hip-secured from  
Sticky fingers, artful dodger  
Bur or barb or claw or bristle.

Plunge into a sweating sea:  
Sunbrellas, togas, boas, leis, and  
Tridents, fishnets, highwaist jorts, and  
Devil horns, and angel wings at blocos.

"Are you single?" "Yes"  
is pure permission  
when a subject's tacit.  
Gabe is here, he says,  
to drink & piss & french  
in any order; You say:  
if a shark stops swimming—

Small tiff among sardines near  
Startles up stampede, with  
Defense read as offense  
In an escalation cycle.

All the boys are talking tactics  
"Should I play the gringo?"  
foakleps, funk, & Rita Leena  
Asking for a tongueless kiss  
Then going in for bite.

Rest now, under stonefruit tree  
Notice bottom branches bare.  
Some of us still shy with Western sickness  
speech  
Glissandos fallen wrong side of the Yerkes  
& Dodson, think  
"Obliterate this sudden fucking fear, this  
inwardness," while  
Chanting stomping rain dance round the  
Water truck as burly men lift  
Longgthicc waterhose & spray a  
Begging sweating bareskinned crowd so  
Loud & rowdy; later on, at lunch

(For this was still the morning)  
 I transform to Jesus by infusion: smoke  
 &  
 A wning shade & suca, vitaminas e azucar.

16

-Or Are You Sick and Tired of Being  
 Sick and Tired Boy?  
 -Do You require Speecch in Prophets'  
 Perfect Tense to shake you from  
 your Slumber?

17

Or in January's city  
 Plastic surgeon pees  
 Cosmetic sex & preening  
 Boozie brigade of fairyqueens  
 Descending to the Underworld.

Cris provides a live translation  
 As the train arrives in station:

-I'd love to pour oil all over your hide-  
 -Why? To watch your boomboom slide.-

It rhymed in Portuguese of course  
 And echoed loudly like an anthem  
 In the tunnels, others joined in.

Swear I've seen this scene before  
 Perhaps in some old Flemish painting  
 Bruegel, Pieter the Elder  
 -By day the polycoughers goblinmode-  
 -from chevar, moto, glassy couchsurf.-

18

Portal promises of paperback:  
 Thin words in this the pear our lord,  
 Omegaverse, romantasy; and meafy the  
 Cross-hatch formed by rival currents,  
 Shifting gaze past Sugarloaf,  
 The loafing shaggy lovers,  
 Sharing sodas, lemon mato, seasoned meat  
 It's mating season, meet'n'greet in pidgin  
 Latin.

While blue ships on blue horizon  
 Drive toward trucks to trudge loads inland.

-Under pitched sunbrellas:-  
 -Picturesque young Cinderellas.-

Palm fronds do the hula while I'm flayed  
 & sizzled.

Towel-talking, loving language.  
 Which were perfect popsongs of a poem?  
 Like

Frankie's "Coke"-and which were perfect  
 poems of popsongs?

Cohen's "Suzy", Toni's "kai.out"-  
 All of them, plus "Drufrock," love-ode.

19

Forever & always in the age of glass  
 The age of windowshopping  
 Love, & sex, in crackt arcades  
 A tablet trance to faraway beach  
 In this, our Touring Twenties.  
 Bossa in the old cantina  
 Cold beer lifting heat like evening  
 Breeze, and kiddies craning cameras  
 Skin as brown as betel-nuts, and  
 Airy hymns from half-caught cras.

20

"Carne-sevare": bid farewell to flesh  
 A Roman remnant diasporic  
 Fatty Tuesday excess 'fore the lean-mean  
     Wednesday Lent  
 But here the party never ends.

Evening at the Sambodromo:  
 From our chairs we chatted  
 Charted floats slowprogress  
 Chanting crowd incanting chorus  
 Lowdy & rowdy  
 Cheering stars who flaunt & shake  
 And flow to samba's rhythmic current  
 Down the corso's  
 Shoreline, costumed cosplay torsos  
 Fest of fat and fleshy skin and  
 Winkless sleep slowsetting in  
 The Sun King and his sinking Queen  
 Their crowns of rays  
 Their solar spokes arrayed  
 In radiating angle  
 Tended by a bend of angels  
 Featherwinged, free of fetters  
 Wringing salt from festive tatters  
 Fire-singed and filing, singing  
 Not trivial in tropic weathers  
 Wending toward the barricades, the  
 Great brigades of cosplay tribes  
 Front-row seats secured by bribes.

21

And what they sang?  
 -O céu vai clarear  
 Iluminar a zona oeste da cidade  
 E Deus vai desfilar  
 Pra ver o mago recriar a Mocidade  
 A luz que nos chega da estrela primeira  
 Nascida do pó no Cruzeiro do Sul

Do plasma divino das mãos carpinteiras  
 Ressurge candeia no breu nesse azul  
 Será que o limbo da imaginação  
 Perverte a inteligência  
 O homem com sua ambição  
 Desconhece a razão desatina a Ciência  
 Será que há de ter carnaval, sem minha  
     cadência?  
 Com alas em tom digital  
 No fim da existência  
 Me diz afinal quem há de arcar com as  
     consequências?

Se a Mocidade sonhar  
 No infinito escrever  
 Versos a luz do luar, deixa!  
 Quando o futuro voltar  
 A juventude vai crer  
 Que toda estrela pode renascer

O verde adocido da esperança  
 Ofega sobre o leito da cobiça  
 Quem vive pelo preço da cobrança  
 Derrama sua lágrima postiça  
 Fogo matando a floresta  
 Bicho morrendo no cio  
 Febre no pouco que resta  
 Secam as águas do rio  
 E a vida vai vivendo por um fio  
 Naveguei  
 No afã de me encontrar eu me emocionci  
 Lembrei da corda bamba que atravessci  
 São tantas as viradas desta vida  
 A mão que faz a bomba se arrepende  
 Faz o samba e aprende  
 A se entregar de corpo e alma na avenida

22

We bid farewell to flesh and set out towards  
some  
Beautiful Horizons, in the General Mines.  
Paskos for the journey;  
Morning spent in Turlé's garden:  
Sung to Jagger's ictus-accent,  
Every beat a stress:

-Lit/tle In/di/an fig,-  
-Where is your ownnnnn skin?-

Near a chapel perilous, on sugarcane  
plantation hill,  
O thousand-trunked tree all webbed &  
curtained  
By your symbiotes, your rounded staghorn  
scales  
browning 'bove  
Bromeliads, which brace & cup your  
branches, catching rain.

Learn of leite politics while driving  
Through the lactate kingdom of a lesser  
time,  
State a stage in process, forming,  
History informing, never blank-start always  
twisting  
Writhing, breaking snaking self down all  
to build the self up:

"Curral, cabresto, comitiva  
Tropa, tronco, guided gridd  
Eito'n'lavoura, grooved carreira in alignment  
Oscillating oligarchs in  
Vin'n Yang collapsing  
Milk from young Republica, &  
Frothed en gran fazenda..."

By lateish afternoon we'd reached  
Hill country, pastureland where  
Shimmerwaves wind-racing cross the faces,  
Silver quickflow in the fore as

Pearl-lined clouds enormous,  
Currentpulled with all the rest, peck Godly  
light,  
While we atop indifferent engine,  
Bubbleglass enveloped barely sense it.  
Cris puts in his upper-decky soaring  
Carving in through shadowpatch and  
piebalds,  
Unfenced ungulates, us setting out to  
Cuntry  
from the Seedy, Os Mutantes, male  
movement.

-And underneath the hanging vines-  
-Chessboard, gridded black and white and-  
-Inlaid in a concrete table.-

Then drove from old Petrópolis, where some  
long-lost writer lived & died & got  
a street named after him.  
We play Genesis to Exodus, & skip  
around Ecclesiastical to Solomon,  
on Bluetooth speakers; & I asked:  
How far is proverb anyway, from catchy  
everyday cliché?  
(Well, Cris said, a chiliad. We left it  
there.)

The Beats wrote odes to Menfriends,  
Breaking from tradition-  
Troubadors and Bedouins-Instead-  
Sung ballads of heroic age to  
Celebrate the courage of their boys, in  
War with the Machine.

Hard to not see God here, in the  
pastureland. (Secession from  
modernity. Regression to an  
earthworm life among medieval  
peasants, types the Heron, bored.)

And mereness at night bejewelled

By other steersmen, ancient world.

23

Tiradentes: Town of 7,000 seated at  
the base of the São José  
mountain range. Named for a  
Revolutionary dentist.

Sitting on a park bench when you texted.  
Said: "To feel the cool of rain & heat of  
sun at once—  
That is a higher pleasure"

This lucky duck gets to see a  
Sun dog on phanerothymes, gets to see an  
Abbiocco in breeze-blocks, while Cris  
Reads out on his Anki.

Perched among the stonepflower,  
Starseed, phototropes while  
Roots reach down, commensurate  
With upward motion—  
Sky-grasp by a strong foundation—  
And speaks of fabled Brasília lightness,  
Burdened less by static contracts—  
In support he quotes Calvino;  
Cards to read in native language.

24

Scavenge, deconstruction zone  
On red pared that leads uphill  
Unto the Church of Anthony,  
Of thousand feathergold rocailles  
Plant-dyed red rocococo.  
On laudinum, my thoughts turned in—  
choate and porous, reading old inscription  
"Laud him thus in chord & chorus, organ,

corpus"

Golden awe by self-description.

Walls all packed with whale, grass  
And cowshit, hardened mud, the  
Greeks, Chinese, & Arabs carved, so  
Slanted eyes on half the cherubs  
Hybrids of império era.  
And ninety days by mule for music,  
Putrefactive oozing up from  
floorboards for the patron's pleasure  
Incense lit in steamy weather  
Brides brought in bouquets to stifle  
Smell of death with life, or something close:  
The cellulose of life-stem snipped  
And stripped of lignin, pressed  
In sheets to take impress, collect  
In this anthologize & wrecking prize:  
Ninety days by mule.

25

Psychedelic wobble,  
Creek-cut corso through the  
Jungle-lush & tangle.

Then passed vicious dogs  
I fended with a walking stick  
Toward cachairas, catch ya later;  
Up through red clay beaten  
Into stepwell, sculpted by a  
Thousand hardened heels' press &  
Thousand soft'ning rains.

—Be Still A Moment Child—  
—There are lessons still to learn here.—

Lessons like: No architect—  
Just compounding gesture—  
Can discretize a slope so smooth, a

Thousand selfish steps,  
The flat spots picked for pounding;  
Discretize a smooth slope into righteous  
angles.

Then cut pass termites' orange adobe,  
Old adobe,  
Domed adobe,  
Roman concrete,  
Secret stigmergy & sunbake.

26

Shaggy growth  
on under-  
groove of roots  
in shaded grove.

The breeze keeps trees in arcs of temporary  
tension.  
The hawk-cry carries menaces where the  
prey-lings chirpings cheer us,  
little watchlings, watch our power, spill our  
beans.

Time current-carves, and stacks in stone.  
Accumulates and then erodes  
As walkers of a trail lay the trail down  
again  
And all the pretty rocks on paths are  
plucked and pocketed.

27

Flipflops like a Roman sandal  
Oiseaux exotiques and  
Sunbaked brick & vibora in slitherbrushes  
Crossing such a path was

Dudley, young fool Dudley, heel-bitten.  
Getting lost in small-scope stories  
Getting lost in grandlarge stories  
All anxieties are here, in  
Reconciling disparate, the  
Gap, in checking correspondence,  
Keeping up with inbox

In the frame and interruption  
Jagged lightning boltbreak from  
Satchitananda.  
Wont to stay forever in a single second,  
but

Distances demand traverse, connections  
made, & anyway  
Heaven like all company doth spoil in three  
days, Kairosclerotic,  
find my path, my dear pathfinder,  
Art like any art, an  
Art intending & attending-  
Quiet now, and notice here:  
What patterns hast thou seenest ere?  
A virgil in the forest dear.

"My God! The Source!" you cried from  
high,  
Shouting Robertin Irwin lines on  
Optics over roar of falls, the  
New ideas slow-swimming into focus.

Watching white rush carving,  
Black rock shaping  
"Structuring structure, which is structured  
By the flowing force it structures."

I say,  
In other words, everything changes  
everything else!  
Which is half true, but feels great in the  
moment to say,  
Real strong and powerful, thinking how



These impressions on the senses etch in  
memory,  
Informing here the words I'm forming  
Channeling a groove in minds of  
Readers—Yours! And as I'm saying this

28

No Simple Trick Nor Secret, Child—  
Just to notice, not to shy from  
Truth, intentional attention

Tactics you can borrow,  
Suuuuure.  
Mechanisms to adapt sure, but—

But each problem different;  
Different goals & gods & sense of good &  
Different setting,  
All the background we're forgetting

Every act unique transform  
From global state to state  
To state in mécanique form  
Not just billiards sure  
But what else is change, if not  
The pawning mouth of rivers?

So many words & phrases coined  
In efforts to control the waters,  
Intellect and OODA passionate  
expression

Which in simplest term was life, adapting,  
reconfigured  
Form to meet & match the form that formed  
informed sees.

29

Vesca in the hammock:  
Cricketquiet,  
Beetlebreeze & birdcall  
Smalltown silence,  
Ruffled branches' windfall  
Whispered dogfight  
Butterflies like biplanes  
Particles' positions showing  
Hidden currents  
Like the hawk atop a thermal.

And all the birds in bin'ry rhythm  
Perch, suspend, & perch again  
Perch & fly &  
Rest & risk & rest again  
Glide, exert & glide  
Til distant thunder scatters.

Buffeted by current flows  
& ebbs recurring subtly like  
Fortune's fastest layer fashioned  
from what shoreward ocean washes.

In the morning, up early,  
walk & autosong &  
paracosmic play that's interrupted by a  
century of beetles, still on glassy pool,  
nearby below electric bulbs,  
and flat against the windshield.

Ois kicks his legs in chlorine,  
Tells me how a Language is a set of  
Patterns,  
And the Patterns are the building-blocks  
Of all the story Traces that we tell.

30

Says Cristóbal, this region's known for  
climbing, then corrects my accent:

"Meu nome é Cristóbal"  
I say, fair enough but good luck iambs,  
Other rhythms here resisting meter.

"Check the slicker" he says,  
But no palheiros.  
When I ask for climbing handholds  
What I get are handles:  
Crimps & jugs & pockets & rails,  
In-cuts, slopers; slippery, glassy.  
Then he gives one of his infamous reports  
from the interior.

Remember: Back in Brooklyn,  
Eris had drunken-staggered  
(Twas a tipsybuzz at best;  
This telling's fond of its excess)  
-All this money, what does it buy you?  
-All are heavy, drugged up the wazoo.

For gain'o'grain they banner-band together

Like Liberman had felt, regreso  
From thatched Filipino rooves  
And breeze blocks  
"My people full of lightness

-It was something like: A relaxation.  
-It was something like: A lesson  
in negotiation.

Recall—  
(Proleptic analepsis) bite o'  
Meatbeer breakfast, bar o'  
Mushroom chocolate—  
Parque nauseous, weathered under bower,  
Dozenmile walk,  
Sip finnest rums on Thames  
(All overproof) &  
Sideline goofing.

"Some folks are just like that— Treasured

by the Gods & better  
Off avoiding effort."  
(Others in the darkness drill,  
Chisel stone to timeless still.)

And me?  
A screaming Carioc  
Til dawn—  
The rain, the fortune's sons  
The blueridged mountains, rolling  
Rivers, smokehoarse  
(Jeff had mimicked Satchmo)  
Then, hungover, hair of  
Most exquisite science:  
Heronbeast-hysterical naked,  
Raving night-sweat, bedwet—  
"Brotha!"

31

Cuntry to Seedy,  
A classic migration,  
Cycling makes analepsis proleptic amidst  
Idylling cars and the echoing birdcalls,  
A kind of uniformitarianism,  
Prophet's perfect tense not far from  
carved stone-time: -Wenn du mich  
siehst, dann weine—  
Which it was to Kerouac, in "Big Sur",  
A fall, like killing Cain, who founded cities,  
That book is a book about projecting your  
perception onto a landscape,  
Like thinking the Heavens were a great dome  
overhead,  
And then learning of yourself, through the  
glints of light that bounce back.

-But how do you choose your form?—  
-How do you choose your name? How do

you choose your life?—  
How do you choose the time you must  
exhale—  
And kick, and rise?—

In the same way us & all the yunguns  
Tempted by the views of light that shine  
through screens  
Of distant wildlife, missed encounters,  
curtained parties  
Work our way in labyrinthine and towards  
it,  
Missing great white light that shines  
through keyhole polymorphous  
No final form, said Knausgaard—  
And what, then, might I risk becoming?

Triune darkness at the edge of town.  
Distant Gladerunner ziggurat,  
Back to the City of metamours and kipple  
Yopodpne & Mordor  
Where they eat numbers  
Where shiny people dance to shiny music  
And gather in the Afters  
Of the snake 'n ladders of careers.  
And me—voidward, narrowcast & murd'rous  
Megaphone midst failson & faildaughter,  
Slow beset by paterdreaming pitter-patter.

Back to Baghdad by the Bay  
The Four-One-Five at Sunset,  
Golden Beatlamp,  
Basecamp, beachhead  
For the endgames  
Of transcendence:  
In an Age of Green Rush  
Sight me spring-singing,  
Several notes at once,  
Below a fishbowl sky—  
White wake of nanocarbon  
Dragons cross the T of old oak  
Branches, cracked &  
Swirling, bark a  
Topographic falcon's view of landscape:  
Burnt plateau and rusting desert.  
Near the creek of windmills—  
Windy City cast, and Westward sent—  
Now unattached to tank, or store, so  
Energy, tho transferred, scatters  
untransformed.

—Scatter dandelion seed:  
—Meadow's minor magic deed.  
—Whitehaired, Old Man Pappus:  
—Tells the time, and grants your wishes.

And parks in place of pioneer plight,  
And poppy planters, law-protected—  
Here the pets outnumber people.

Daytrip down Carmel, where Joan had  
taken  
Gramophone, with red wine at a restaurant.

Stories telling over seafood: Mother—  
Host had been to Munich—

Left her rented flat to wander off & at  
The corner, checking sign which clearly  
stated  
'Einbahnstrasse'—  
And so seeing, stated,  
If I'm lost, I'll find my way back— So  
she walks  
a few more blocks,  
& sees?  
Another Einbahnstrasse.

Topous speaking English,  
 Glorious Gaulish—Latin language  
 Super-tong, a  
 Pagan-Christian merger,  
 Barbed Romano  
 Paxt tween campo, citta;  
 Commerce, science.

Stroll through aging downtown,  
Triple flagpole,  
City state & country, Russian doll &  
Apple blossoms shake & breeze-blown  
Past a litup stagecoach, old  
Wells Fargo animation in electric  
Bulbs & all the childless people, walking  
dogs  
Who squat & shit  
The shit picked up in plastic bags,  
Slipped over palms, &  
Leaving pavement smear & grass-stuck  
Where we wish to lie in sun—

Nearer to the Nineteens,  
Ornamental clock, its  
Gilded follies' tolling tongues  
forever telling what we know  
Already and with more precision, obsolete  
E

And chiming churchbells pre-recorded,  
Manage still to lend an air of  
Stately Law on State Street  
(Which, in fact, the street was named)  
Of some small-town Americana  
Known to us by filmset only.

Or pace the suburbs' droughtproof gardens:  
 Rows of alconium,  
 Their rosettes spreading  
 From Canary Isles, or the  
 Zulu jade, or racemes—  
 Glossy, porcelain, or glycine,  
 Chinese; smell of  
 Marmara, in Mär's dewy rose, with  
 Periwinkle flowers, &  
 Egyptian treefigs pruned, their limb-  
 stumps tarred & bald & blackened healing—  
 All these migrants 'mong the silver scrub,  
     & old-man oaks of California.  
 Shedding splinter-hide sequoias,  
 Root-twist redwood to uprightness.

36

Or out to Joyce's Island, longside  
 Crazy Corey—  
 Hoghunted; broken sticks on rotted bridge, &  
 The Greatest Novelist of Taco Bell;  
 In graveyard we met a child named Osiris;  
 Flick of matchstick,  
 "Never robbed a place you faker"—  
 Made a joke bout Meister Jimmy  
 (Too much devil's breath, a mummy's  
     swaddled visit)  
 "Rinse yr mouth with soap for speaking  
     Angled Saxon."  
 Clock a kapoat killed on curbside—  
 Joyride—  
 Leaving hair & bone.

37

It was a paranoid time. Everypon

so easy-spooked. Scared what  
 people would say, scared of  
 getting sued, getting deported,  
 cancelled, censored. Scared some  
 unforeseen and terrible thing  
 might happen—punishment from God  
 or Government, whispered Gossip.  
 Closed-circuit cameras installed,  
 in every homestead. We went  
 out in masks and hoarded basics.  
 No one would touch receipts or  
 look at homeless people or even  
 strangers, in case someone wanted  
 to talk to them, breathe on them,  
 kidnap their children. Kids needed  
 to be constantly watched in case  
 they were kidnapped, which could  
 happen at any time or place. You  
 had to be very vigilant. No  
 one had had their child 'napped  
 yet, but that was because of  
 their great vigilance. Also, Ms.  
 Acosta had a cousin, Rachel,  
 whose roommate's child had been  
 napped, and every once in a while  
 on the national news you'd hear  
 about it, or they'd put photos on  
 milk cartons, so kidnapped kids could  
 be recognized by grocery clerks.

38

He was a plastic surgeon.  
 He had a key to a better life.  
 He had a key to all mythologies.  
 You were to acquire scars with pride of  
     experience.  
 He had learned this in Crescent City, from  
     an eyepatched Creole,

And abroad, in Deutschland—  
Where men wore saberscars like medals.

"The acquisition of a horrible scar  
[on these boys'] cheek had the  
same psychological effect as the  
eradication of the scars from the  
cheek of my [patients]... The  
magic was in the meaning..."<sup>7</sup>

The Magic was in the Meaning, he said.  
The knife was always the same; it cut the  
flesh;

The Secret was self-conception.  
His method consisted of the Medical Art  
Of Creative Mental Imaging.  
He believed in new habits: of thought, &  
action.

We all had an in-built impulse for success;  
It had been put there by our Lord Creator.  
The problem was a blockage in our circuits.

You—yes, you:  
When'd we Cease to Understand the  
World?  
Coleridge got bang from Banks's botanic  
net

Under barktoothed, twisted, silverbroken  
Oak, so small, in star & wind & systm  
Ev'ry point a center.

And How each Man should build his Home,  
Child I know not.

—Oh Mr Know Nothing, at it again!  
Barktoothed, silverbroken  
Ev'ry point a center. Distant

<sup>7</sup> Or as Nobel would say, in his paraphrase of fishbaking: "Just because the mechanisms are biochemical, doesn't mean the root causes aren't social-psychologic." & Doesn't this mean we still (& always, already) live in a witchcraft world, with so many forms forgotten? So the New Romantics say.

Capot—Set my coat on mounded  
Earth & cave—in citadel of insex,  
Watch its hazy shape horizoned  
In the dusty grass of this  
American savannah.

39

The Afternoon Sun inquires tactful:  
Ought one be a vine or trellis?  
Which clutching roots to plank?  
Which branches branch?  
And which deserve to die or liquify  
To harden, blacken, lose sensation.

Where ought my swerving reach,  
In chasing & predicting light?  
How like my shape to history, like  
Pollock's painting-dancing record—  
Smoking arc and splatter where piss put  
out the fire<sup>8</sup>

Ledger, log decision, indecision, stimulation—  
Flood and droughts, the path of  
Sun, provisions in the soil;  
Where an owl nested in Hawaiian  
eucalyptus.

(Deed I missed it,  
Pensive with the roadcut's crickets.)

40

<sup>8</sup> Peggy Guggenheim's, if memory serves.

Then, in cramped quarters, was a witness  
 To the most-performed and longest running  
 Global modern dance show:  
 The stewardess, she signs the gestures'  
 Careful choreography; she  
 Indicates the exit rows, and exit flows,  
 In case of something wrongly goes,  
 But few attend to fishnet mime, but  
 Stare at screen or window, page or portal,  
 Presence in another world, ported  
 From marimba speedway, played on  
 Flashing airstrip jewels,

Give up-grade window seat to Mother,  
 So to sit with Child, & karmic Slip to  
       dreams of Sungodglorious,  
 Central Coast Savannah,  
 With the kapaut and the grizzled oak,  
 The highgrass revel  
 God's home truly—Goodbye, America,  
 and Goodnight!

"Quit being mysterious and tell us your  
       plans,"  
 Wes says. A fourwheeled circumference  
 Of Etruria, the wrecked Aps.

—Am I a Rockefeller's dream  
 —Of some united future West—  
 —Or something else?  
 —Can I claim to dress myself?

When the steward asks me, "Sukar"?  
 And I answer "Si"—  
 I know just what we've said, & what will  
       come  
 But not the language we now speak.<sup>9</sup>

41

"The straight line belongs to men;  
 The curved line, to God."

—Gaudi

—Two Americans  
 —The Women who Love them,  
 —In a City that Despises them

Not so romantic as "Quiereme Siempre";  
 Still, the centre has its charms—  
 Gulls in the Art Nouveau city,  
 Temple of curves; hardrock porphyry.

Dawngress early to the hardbreakers:  
 La mar! La mère!  
 Past balcon undulation,  
 Meltwax columns,  
 Grid of iron: intricate & curved.

Condensation's coral wake—  
 Two contrails, forming cross behind the  
       church,  
 And catch pink dawn, catch fire

Palm cloister a capela  
 Santa Catarina Market,  
 Built on catenated Monastery,  
 Keeping cloistered quadrille;  
 Old men carry fronds  
 I'm fond of them—I'd be the friend  
 Of any who might share their youth.

In Gracia, wisteria  
 Are all in bloom, as well as California—  
 Early, tho, for flaca Magnols;  
 Just in time for squeeze of citrus  
 Under concrete scratching  
 "Foreigners, just kill yourselves."  
 In English, natch—"cunt domus."<sup>10</sup>

<sup>9</sup> It's Arabic, a truth replete.

<sup>10</sup> And go home they do—to the distress of the ministerium  
       turismi.

Sgraffiti on the walls at Vicens  
 Iron gate palmetto, where palmettos one  
     day stood an  
 Ornament ("Que exotique!") in gardens  
 Low an Arab smoking room, all  
 Built on boom years' short-lived edge,  
 A blight not yet arrived in Cataloñan vines  
 The decade fore the border-cross  
 Before the phylloxera's frost.

42

Pale sapsucker. Yellow  
 Bellies, galling girdlers.  
 They used American immunology  
 In their hybrid grafts  
 So to save tradition.

This city of bas reliefs,  
 Mandalas in the cément suelo,  
 Lucid moments where you swear you see it  
     all,  
 Then woozy slip below the waves.

At the main attraction,  
 No one looks  
 At the main attraction.  
 Just takes pictures, remödalen.  
 Spare sight's labor, mem'ry's burden.  
 No one looks at the pictures either—  
 Just shows them off to fam'ly, friends—  
 And it makes you wonder what we're here  
     on Earth for.

The stones not fully formed, the flowers  
 Still emerging from their undistinguished  
     mass

A time of carving stones  
 And "is" a process of becoming.

And the pillars of the worldtemple  
 Are still held up by turtles; over portals,  
 Letters shaped from porticurling vine  
 Spelled OPUS, DEUS, 'pending from the  
     side you saw it

And inside, the wheat sprouts from the  
 Baldachin of crucifixion, while around  
 An arbolith, and ceiling?  
 Star&sunseedvorticeseventhorizon  
 Generating powder ratiolate as light collapsing  
     into

Pinhole darkness.

And outside, cobweb catchfalls draped from  
 Still-in-progress towers,  
 Of this stony ledger carved in scripture

43

As Red Pine, staring out at sunset  
 Ponders Sixteen Sutras,  
 So I think, in lunar gaze, of Drynne—  
 His quiet night all bound in rising-falling;  
 Grasping, letting go; fidgeting & flowing.

"The continuing patience  
 dilating into forms so  
 much more than compact."  
 So much more than compact,  
 Whispers Aeryn Sun;  
 A memory (it brings me back)—  
 I nearly had a self once.  
 Til I grew bored with branding's borders;  
 Only saw its lack.

"The quiet suggests that the act taken  
 extends so much further, there is  
 this insurgence of form: we are  
 more pliant than the mercantile  
 notion of choice will determine"



So now I'm learning:  
Of fluorescence—versus incandescence  
Lit up, glowing; take the picture  
Fore the waves disperse, senescent.  
So I'm draining cup & doubting;  
Judging each my muscle movements  
As if founding life—long habit.

++

Dah! It's but an hour later—  
Ere I have forgot it.

45

...Tarragona's tower tolls the hour...

Much like Barcelona, once  
Bipolarized, to fort & port,  
To introspect & interface.  
First in steady stopping gress  
To speciality.

Like a barbell: public, private  
Like a bridge between two islands;  
Like a face and its gut;  
With gullet—road to link them.

This neverending ludos,  
Self-distinction seeking  
Econicheconstruction:  
Guard a goal with equal spacing,  
Campo's zone o' coverage.

Or how a flower's yellow petals  
Radiate from center,  
Seeking yet—uncaptured sun, while  
Tethered in Augustan walls. The  
Bloodred poppy, rooted pared—

...Oo—Oooooo—Oooo

—Young green in old stone while a  
Mourning's "Dove?" coos in triple-time,  
Playing hard to get, near cochineal,  
Mong the cactus fruits of feline  
Colony,

Past limestone—Miocene—  
The bossaged ashlar rows  
And quoins, and azure waves.

Descent mimetic on misrecognition,  
From the golden olden gules, we strolled—  
She talked of liquifying:  
Talked of flowing finance, freezing over,  
Talked expansion and contraction;  
I was always looking down, wary of dogshit;  
I was tired of looking down, and weary of  
my wariness—

Drank sangre to revitalize, in wooden  
chairs.

Everywhere the talk of stock all falling  
Everywhere the morning doves in mourning  
No more children anyway, the talk of  
Every birthrate falling.

I must've been sundrunk & sleepdeprived,  
To buy that goddamn hat,  
Trudging back from ruins.

Soft light on the Reus creamstone,  
Smell of oranges—  
Cleaning fluid?  
Gentle heel-tap on marble alley echo  
Pinnate leaflets in a breeze-fall  
Wheeled windy out to sea which separates  
And bridges all.

Self-mastery is master's master;  
Alabaster stone in sea of gatorade;  
Alabaster stone in silver foil, plated

Middle-earth, the public square of  
Ancients' world.

46

I wanted an accounting  
Of how strong ships wreck  
On subtlehidden stones.

I wanted an accounting  
Of how many great composers  
Never found a venue,  
Never found a patron,  
Never found his players.

I was done with watercooler writing—  
Seedy news—  
The sidelines broadcast was OK, but  
Shouldn't I be choosy with the games I  
chose to cover?

Anyway,  
The best were all tacticians  
Little soap, & not a lot of sugar.  
Their surface as implacable,  
Uncrackable & placid as brûlée.

He said, Look,  
If you're not always trying & failing  
To pay attention to near  
Everything in life then  
What are you doing?

She said,  
Too many big brave faces,  
Scared of what might peek through pinhole  
If they close their eyes.

The spirits argued with each other,  
Shamed and cheered me from my shoulders;  
Civic dust had set.

Mc, 'n Newton, 'n conchas.

A sky full of ghosts,  
Lights still traveling after the body was  
gone.  
Or at least the body's form,  
Since substance equals pattern.

47

I fall. (How do you fall?) I remember.  
I fly (How do you fly? I remember."

Vermut:  
A drowned & winged thing had slipped inside  
my drink;  
I lifted limp its body, which had sat all  
soggy  
Several minutes still & never stirring,  
Til it resurrected woke,  
& spread its wings  
& sunward rose.

Ver'gutt, her glutes, in rise & fall, but  
stop!

All these degrading games  
It brings me down  
Encases me in flesh.

A piston's pulse and rest is rhythm  
Breath and kick and rise again,  
As muscles clenched, relax,  
And who are we, to claim exemption?

48

"En 189 acunaba Henri Beraldi el término

pirineísmo. Bajo él se agrupaba a  
 aquellos que tenían la resistencia  
 de ascender por las montañas, la  
 facultad de percibir, y la habilidad  
 para transmitirlo a los demás."  
 (Wall text, Veruela Monastery,  
 Zaragoza.)

Broad Balboa, top a peak in  
 Panama, saw sea to shining sea, & Me?  
 Grace to God for Southern Seas,  
 Horizons which approached, recede, so  
 Occident could still suffice  
 For those who Orientalize  
 As Barbarians saw the Visigoths  
 And Moorish slavers praised blue eyes.

"Best thing to do is dig—  
 One thing or place or man,"  
 'Til knowing more than any man about it  
 So said Olson, on committing, not so much  
 To form as to environ—  
 He should know! Mingland poet;  
 Jim chose foggy Dublin—  
 Who am I above it, Johnson?

& Beatific doubling, "dig"—  
 But I? In better moods dig everything,  
 a problem—  
 Better-known to Beats—  
 Of too much sun & too much stim—  
 What's the answer, then, but study?  
 Smarter, harder—  
 (Porque no los dos?)  
 And better sure but slower, patient,  
 Play Pareto frontier;  
 Find the tax-free, double-dutied wins.

Well Pound & Olson, Prynn—  
 All had things for stones, now din't they,  
 Sculpture, rockecology, and chiseled

gemstonepoems  
 Or stacking layers, timely sediment, &  
 Wood turned mineral by pressure,  
 Polished sequence shining.  
 Not like jamband Kerouac, who tossed it  
 out  
 Thus liberated.  
 Permanent poetics and its birdsong—  
 What is beautiful, ephemeral,  
 What lasts, a leaden echo?

"This is the morning, after the dispersion,  
 & the work of the morning is methodology:  
 how to use oneself & on what.  
 That is my profession.  
 I am an archaeologist of morning."

More said Olson, cern'ing thru  
 accumulation,  
 Centuries of text—  
 He loved the taste of soil, so said  
 And who are we to suspect?  
 Hunted hardened clay for scratching;  
 Stored his psychedelics in an owl idol  
 "Fieldwork composing"  
 Chewed on alien maize, & gathered rosette  
 pots/herds.

And we are in the morning of man,  
 And that is a time for questions of method.  
 Dawning, always dawning, always setting;  
 Just a vantage; pick positions wisely.  
 Rather than commit, exploiting  
 Onward go with our exploring:  
 Carnival to Lent to Easter,  
 Feast of feasts in feastly cycle  
 Cross the Latin world, armchair travelers  
 Wordsworth's Alps & Meister Darwin;  
 Banks' Tahiti; Byron's Childe,  
 Goethe's Journey; Cook, von Humboldt;  
 Stevenson and Melville, Brönte;

Carvajal, who blessed with final glance  
At Amazon as civic wonder, squandered  
handsome,  
Caught up anxious in some future prison,  
Couldn't soar with kapak orchestras,  
Or justify his sight with reason.

There is no time, these days, they say,  
To drink the blood of Christ  
(There is no other time)  
Nor take the waters  
Cannot even taste our sweat.  
(The Kid is showing promise)  
Playing Perhaps, pleas to coffee date:  
Five minutes can you spare me, girl  
You'll get Eternity.

And too reporting (after Johnson) with  
An eye to study men & manners  
Protocols for huéspedes, and hospice  
philoxenia  
As well as science, landscape, custom, way  
of life—  
In short, becoming those gold men of  
letters, who  
To Andalusian soil gathered knowledge in  
their travels  
Cross the cultures.

From Death to Resurrection:  
Ye, I had known the seasons as a natural  
cycle  
Never, til now, in Catholic Europe  
Did I see them instead through rite &  
symbol, & swearing  
In a clearing, under God's first temple  
That I'd bridge the basalt and the birdsong,  
& other oaths, which do not scan,  
Of permanent poetics: what can last &  
what is beautiful

And what is ever slipping lost,  
Into an unrecovered past.

For who else would report that chatty  
"ciao", informal, lost its whiff of  
offense, being constantly invoked  
by tone-deaf tourists til the  
mothertongue adapted, chastened.

For who else would report that CalValley  
apps were sync'ing up the world,  
teaching protocols and virtues;  
graphics, language, system?

"If there are no walls, there are no  
names"—

We're hung up on Charles, contra native  
Paz,

Who saw in lined borders only separation,  
Said, The mill? It squeeze juice  
from life; His cuartos, calles; ruas,  
rooms

Divided man from man, & man from self,  
a violence

Mourning "nuestra unidad"—an unidad  
perdida.

Oh homogenocene—

Whitman's world, spanned—

Except as farce & then as nightmare.

To navigate a gridded street,  
And choose between two turns  
Like cereal boxes.

Do the streets constrain us,  
Or do the streets enable passage—

One need only hack, like Carvajal,  
Through undergrowth to know the difference,  
And the mercantile notion of choice?

Is a neoliberal ethic, founded on consent,  
So all agreed—to's fine  
& that which isn't, isn't

(How simplifying, simpl!)  
Power, then, is bracketed,  
Becomes the principle problem;  
Questions like: Who built the grid,  
& when & why;  
Who set the table with options.

49

He on a piedra, she a pied-à-terre  
In prairie still I heard a starling  
Rattle, prattle to its darling,  
Di & notte, so a  
Sowing song that summoned mower,  
Mourning dove at dawn on rooftop,  
Roam & roving, raving mad at reaper's  
progress,  
Speed of strifeful strive & striding  
Thru the tallgrass sashes, passes  
Bearing, steering, ripping, stripping.

Seeds his medley mettletested, restless,  
prescient;  
Spat a stateley epithet & spake soas to  
Sate the breast, & sans all rest, so  
Dear to ear & deathless, sleepless,  
Tire when & only pyre's fired, that his  
Song the verdure quickened: Grass its  
grassing;  
Grazer, grazing; sped & fed the fiddlesickle,  
Softly sighing.

Still it little mattered to some tattered  
Scattered tones intoned against the stone  
unheard,  
No living stirred  
Nor stared, nor started at his Art—  
The starling prayed & swift departed in  
Aparabolic arc.

50

The Wind,  
Like light & fire,  
Is wild & free,  
Connecting distant things—  
& I am that Wind,  
Here, on the cliffs of Montsegny.  
Carrying signs & buoying wings.  
Here I pass a silent pilgrim  
In past life he was sybarite;  
Now flagellant he seeks out lashes.  
Here I pass a stony cliff:  
A seawave, so so slowly crashing  
Only God can see it.

What sweet song will I bear to thee?  
Or blessings, billow Buddha flags  
Or shepherds' whistles  
Cross the waiting canyon.

Do I dare to speak in place  
Of icon, "You must change your life"?  
The athlete's perfect form & wife  
Speak for me, better bitter message.  
Or do I dare invoke the Cross—  
Or share cross-legged lotus lessons?  
Words are only ever pointing;  
Youth like me know nearly nothing.

I Too Have Longed for Foreign fields  
Where none can read my soulprintheel.

Or lazy daze'o'days on summer lawns all  
summer long,  
and sans ambition.

—One need not always stand ready—  
—Able to explain oneself—  
—Tho one may want to—

Take this from one who desperate wants to  
be a goodman  
That it's in my interest to become one—  
or to Seem one, to Myself, eternal  
question, set it aside;  
Still the search to mitigate  
A second order

—One need not always plague oneself with  
premonitions—  
—Save the energy expended, visioned future—  
—Flames on goal & chalice—glow

Live without regret and guilt  
And try to follow lark and not to flee from  
Love and leave by golden carrot,  
Not to learn by errors but  
To double-down on deeds then.

—One need not seek for fountain flowing  
filling by itself in endless motion—  
—It will never be enough—  
—It will never last forever.

Thus ends this alba

Wherever you are I hope  
you're right in front  
with it: I mean,  
from this you  
really ought to

feel loaned a  
really haughty  
stare for any  
thing around you  
boring or obnoxious; because the force of  
my demand that you be free of  
such is inalienably magical.

LOVE  
Jeremy