

"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

"If at some future period of the world's history men should acquire the art of flying, there can be no doubt that migration would become the custom, and whole nations would change their localities. Man has, indeed, been always a migratory animal... What men do only at intervals birds do frequently, having greater freedom of movement."

—Richard Jefferies

—Tropeiro, tropeiro, schlep your thoughts
together.

—Bring me something Oriental, something
foreignever.

1

Where are you Child?
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 reckless
petty minds that meddle...

2

—The tothead thinks—

Yet only lifeless worlds are blind, &
everyway we go beheld,
With watchings that repeat themselves:
that groove

The mind & sense of self.

All the open lines and tethers, open fronts
you drink at night & wounds you
probe and question with a queasy
finger...

3

7:10 São Paulo—
Centered cell of numbered seats,
A sleepless press of bodies
Strain against constraint, containers.

By descent a mindwreck,
Neck-kinked, bleary, drifting
Back & list toward slipspace sorted rows;
then

Watch an ad to hop on public network,
(Sell a stare for signal)
Call a cab & grab a coffee,
(Summon carriage, Javanese revival)
Global Starbuck station;
Shape my mouth in novel ways to
Make the sounds which soon will come so
Easily:

—Bonjia, um cafe com leite—
—Crêjito; sim, por favor—

A simple favor, would you? Paltry
Pretense, game politeness, pass my plastic—
Skip the tip in strange, familiar waters—
Same old roles in same old Latin.

4

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.

Myself a dark-eyed junko down at Barra
Funda,

Watching wildlife the milling
Rites while Toby reads the room, like
David

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

-Couple'a feelers, bottle of fizz-
-Headin' for boilin', simmerin' rizz-

You get a sense at once, he says-
The head-to-toe assembled parts.
Harmony in poetry, I link & show a
spectrogram-

My words the bassy din and many tongues
did swallow,

As I strained to tell 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.

(The dance had little hold
On husbandeyes-Wine-darkened,
Garden-gained, & knowing well the nature
Of fermented fruit: Still,
Imagination burnished,
'Living all the effort burnt
In tactics and confusion.)

Our chatathon, with frontseat tickets:
Cars pulled up unloading friends
And leaving, loaded up on lovers;
Others coupled on the concrete,
Some third wheel spun feigned absence,
Privvy to some ancient cycle:
Hot-girl summer; cuffing season.

-So close, so far, from Camp Elis
-A sunken floodplain, skeet release.

Unreal City-Cryptic aerosol alphabet-

Climbing past the pichação, its
Pretty pieces-Some small-minded up to
heaven.

Afterwards, well. I go home, and smoke
on the street and give butt to
a beggar. I drink a yoghurt
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. Looking for voices; still
not liking the sound of my speech,
& mimicking music of others.

And because all these foreign placenames
make me think of Frank,
Who loved to write his lines like letters,
I settle it then & there, to write this poem
to Ariel,

My brother and my boyhood self.

5

-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.)¹

Anteros had flown down, hence the chatter:
We were in the process
Of deciding where to live,
And how. A course of trips to tell:
From New World to the Old;
From yesteryear's province now tomorrow's
core;

We wanted a Latinate language;
Wanted a neutral passport, in event of
war.

Two to three dozen inches of rain;
Warmish weather pear-round and a little
land,
To call our Kingdom;
Nonstop flights to Newpork, for our
Short-run social re-up missions.

It was hard, projecting yourself into an
imagined future—
Projecting into fifteen years on half-million
bucks.

The more we saw, the more it seemed
arbitrary, Where we settled.
Spreadsheets helped
To take the Romance out of Romance
language.

O My Goldenfleece Girl; on her last day
We drove to Camburi, down the coast—
I was virgin when it came to açai, you
know,

We first time really getting it,
And the gilded stray who limped, before we
Lept from solid rocks to flowing pool below
and

Used the roots like ropeswing in the

¹ 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"

Magic hour's aur'ate spray.

Of course we all thought of Tarzan—
We'd all seen the movie, hadn't we?—
And the mere mention of tu-can lent a
scent
And charged the scene of our descent with
possibility.

Ô Mãe d'Água—
Early morning rising singing
Walking sandy sickle, bullion shore,
Along the veined & fatty sea &
feeling young, eternal perched on
Billion-year-old boulders, under ancient
skies & all the
Tidelines marked by barnacle, &
Not me crying, "Not this time!"
To loneliness, who many times before had
tried
To wash upon these rocks of mine.

6

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

And then dropped at the airport poor
Anteros—
Actually, she took a car.
After she was gone I rearranged the dining
room.

Turned the TV on Megachurch &
Christian infomercial.

And I went to work for many hours,
In the darkness, under MAC-hum,
& neither ate nor left until the sun rose
On the third of days...

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

And Cris? We were to spend a month
together.
He'd been learning to read the city—
Blockquote, concrete syntax, gridded layout.
Taking the same walk everyday & seeing
what happened—
How the parts fit—Perce counting cars—
He was writing about Parisian corn carts:
About mass & readymade units adapted
Into custom forms, over years and
generations.

He was interested in
lightweight/portable/nomadic
architecture.

In minimum-viable rigs.
The natural, everyday look of lighter
Coverage could not fool him.
He always noticed people's shoes;
I mentioned frost, abroad.

An exlover in Janeiro—
"That's the thing about Cris; he's
always looking." She said he was
a gringo, for the way he wore his
fannypack.

(Insufficiently guarded).
She said he was a gringo, for translating
"polvinho" as "tapioca dust".

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, todorem. 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.

8

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

Bobby with his breathless beat-rap²
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,

² Swinton's Roland-Knausgaard nods—"No final form
enclosed him."

And embers wake by oxidation,
 Musement warms a mailed loin, and
 Collins, dissertating terms;³
 Built networks in ergetic transfer:
 Motion motivates emotion.

—Mitchell splices plus & minus;⁴
 —Mary's doctor galvanizes.

(Frankenstein the café site of
 Beatnik luau—bamboo hat, a Byron goat'e
 Leading sixteen—something babes in
 Martial forms of meditation:
 Fifties haunt Laguna Beach In geometric
 visitation.)

And what profits prophet?
 Fasting, foreign soils;
 Substance, contemplation?
 Fasting, isolation, altered states & novel
 inputs;
 Excess to perturb the system;
 (Cycle—slain not far from Bixby)

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

Sensitive fellers, indulgent of transient
 desires.
 First thought right thought,
 Cocky chestpuff,
 Messi instinct improv,
 Camp'd Mars athletics.

9

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.

—Oh, sure, a global trend
 —Maybe you caught it—
 Got me in with a guestpass—
 We watched them work their form & plan
 their routes &
 Build their bodies. Some attempted
 ledger—record,
 Testing Heavens; Some gave lessons,
 To pretty girls,
 And others ground their grip strength.

And when the weather was good?
 Sneaking in to med school, to use its pool,
 Peering through the windows long the path;
 Lessons learned on grappling mats,
 Strength in opposition training;
 Girls & boys in volley courts for
 trophied golden
 coated brass...

Green oasis waters: emptytranquil,
 sun-warmed waters.
 Then the clockstrike, with its
~~WYANDERCAMPAIGN TO MORE~~
 Cueing mass migration. Here comes
 everybody

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

Lanes by stretched & twining wireflow, &

³ Randall, *Sociology of Philosophies*.
⁴ Joni, "Electricity".

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
(Constancy abetting coil)
Letting life know air...

10

But now on darkened streets I pass the
Feeding troughs, & all the faces turned
w/in,
Toward shout & flag & colored card w/
Preassigned allegiance.

11

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. Inspecting
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 brisket 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 degen'rate games,
They get me down.

12

—Grā Grayhouse, grow like grāo &
upgrade.—

Chlorine cleansed us.
Toweled-off to sunshowers,
Mechanized carriage past Agua Franca,
Villa Country's block of falsefront bars
With cowhide seats & leather saddles,
Chandeliers of purchased antlers.
Cris didn't register the appeal;
I toured the spot by satellite that night,
And prepped for 'piacaba, playing out a
podpodcast
Taking notes—I swore it'd be my best
performance—
Hoped to ~~ARP~~: Like All Romantic Poets,
long-past
("Dead" in sense but somehow speaking)
To see what it was like, I guess,
(I knew a girl from Barnard loved her
cats above the rest.)
And if the form might suit me with some
tailoring, I guessed.

And learned, for instance, Hopkins was born
to a marine insurer,
Who safekept lords 'gainst the wreck of
their craft,
But could not spare a crew or captain.

A Catholic, Manley—haunted by a woman's
resurrection:
Winifred, whose wellspring sprung up
where beheaded.

(Willowrun: A downward flow allows an

upward growing
Long the bank of fallow fields, waiting for
their sowing.)

Byron, Shelley, Polidori: Peacocks,
Theban poets—
Boating with the boys while Mary
watches—
This is what I learn, for instance, from
Distelli on the speakers—
These Romantics not romantic
Much beyond the Year of Cotton.
Harriet? Was not invited—
Riverdrowned, a Virgin's pebbles—⁵
Godwin's wishful thinking tested;
Bob & Toni's offroad freedom
Slave to courtship, Hudson's Stetson...⁶

Long digression—The plan was—
To walk, drink tea & mumble in the wood,
And sing to birds, & squeak a caller's zinc
on birch,
And make strange sounds meant for myself,
And treat the voice as instrument, as men
before had done
But mostly tried & failed
(Mine would be another failure)
To make of type a moltenmetal—
Blended space a better place—
Which was not dissimilar
To the brass instruments
Of my youth.

For how the fretless trombone flummoxed.
Yet a student's slide is taped, and
All its open space is snapped to
Gridded notes correct, implying in their midst
an error.
I was always finding my positions,

To keep in tune with teammates:
Metal merely modulates what's buzzing in
the mouth.

And insofar as brassy Beats were—must
it be said?—
A new Romantic.
But also in the Wakcan sense of harmony,
Where each word is really three or four
or five words spliced—
Were all part of my new theory of
practice, which I called vox libre,
Its manifesto penned at lunch,
As Frank did it,
Or really in the House of the Owls, Rome
And developed in Trattoria Luzzi.

And which only a few people know about,
And less understand.

—Snap from drift & dry the hands on
dishrag—
—Sigh lightly— Have to skip again I
guess— Tapping through time,
increments of ten.—

Beats, at least, was protean and modest,
Like the song of starlings, cupped self to
carry words.
(Wordsworth, though, an egoist—Distelli
here a moralist—
His poets not just wordsmiths much as
mimicked modelled consciousness.)

—What're you looking at, me? Shit.—
—And why'd you say the subtle thing out
loud?—

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

He wanted to write for all kinds—
Maybe for the money, no one really knows.

⁵ 41.03.28

⁶ Rock's Rex, Pillow Talk

He was just as clever as Pound,
Just as wellread as Pound—
Knew more Latin—So his friends say
But he sought Quality in tonal tenor
Rather than learned reference.

New England's pasture poet:

It was 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. I've gotten away from
plot, and will the editor kindly leave
these?

New leaf; another ten; the doubletap to
learn

That poetry was performance—Poets
athletes, men of prowess.

(Humble men, these poets.)

And that Robert studied talky rhythms

(So did Ginsberg. So did Gaddis.)

Frankie surely; Bobby—

Listened to their music, tried to imagine how
they'd sound through walls,

Freed from con or denotation, muffled—

Almost molten—out of all distinction.

Pound had showed him Bohemia, jujitsu
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 get, when you're famous
When you're poet for the lawyers, and not
just poets.

Frost, he leafed through anthologies.

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.

Let him run some classes

when he felt like spring.

One last wetfingered tap & it's time to get
going.

Taptap. Tatatap.

He'd read Emerson.

He talked in contraries.

Who didn't?

Whitman played without a net.

He'd never owned a desk.

Who needs one?

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 his songs, but I will.

Don't we all, these days?

No. More assembling fragments.

Didn't we all these days?

No. Immemoried.

The lecture was very persuasive.

Afterward, hand in hand with his high
school sweetheart,

He renounced the concept of intellectual
property,

And burned with shame
For his love of indie rock.

13

—Send my roots rain, O Lord,
—To write one work that wakes.⁷

Near ides, ride JOR 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 half-sunny days I find
A higher kind of hedonism:
Bougainvillea, staging of me own
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 offend her.

—In the pard os pássaros pause &
pulse-perch—
—Branch to phototropic branch—
—And in the grassblades, guava's windfall—

—Rapid-gathered by the ants.—

That night we many write in father-ink
that bleeds, among a
Graveyard: matchsticks, blackened spleeff
These tubes with charcoal tips, with
Ends that burn & ends that do the burning.

While distant train loops 5ths in ' / ,
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

14

All is long, is long, is long.
All is long—

Every thing talks back, when we're alive
(A heron taught me that.)

Vegetal empire. Red fruit in
the sun-faced green of the
high-branched tree.

Morning's energetic harvest now announced
by feathered flutes, and
Green sun-panelled flapping fans that move
within the Planet's currents:

Breeze that passes through the guavas,
carries chatting prattle of the
parrots, whistling

"Oh que buceeeeno" and "I'm talking
to-ehyou."

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:
Cumulated cover which at first relieves will
now not lift; a
Cricket trill announces us the end of little
world, like some
Rose in garden Adonis.⁸

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 that which Contact's altered.

15

Noon, high noon, thy noon & Tam

Baked into prehistory—
Stonesmelted, Donhumming:

"Well, you wanna get enough sun / but
not too much."

—Wrest controls back from Pleasure
Center⁹—
—Back to business at hand—

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,

And pressurewaves whose radiation warpeth
man, and burns him up or out.

Watch flutterfly, and unclaving, ants
are bringing off the body of a hard-shelled
giant,
From the shelledland to tunnelsdug.

Radiation warpeth man; he sees the
Raptor in the Turkey.

Nuff to make him paranoid, the sounds
responding to his presence;
Scattersquawk of rustling pheasants.

Make it nearly back to town now, at the
fringes half-reclaimed:

The Warhead windows where the men made
bread now tangled green, as

Heatbeats down upon this unscreened skin,
Brown as a betel-nut in the morning.

—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.—

Eris 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 Yanomami.
(Ya-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 so I think: We
have been communicating by way
of coarse & 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 MCO,
if only to assuage my guilt. But
cats will keep you up at night, &
worsen 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 clean.

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
Blacos.

"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 escalating cycle...

And all the boys are talking tactics
"Should I play the gringo? Feign
pronunciation?"
Foakleys, funk, & Rita Leona
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 Verkes
& 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
&

Awning shade & suca, vitaminas e azucar.

18

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

19

-By day the polycoughers goblinmode-
-From chevar, moto, glassy couchsurf.-

Or in January's city
Plastic surgeon pees
Cosmetic sex & preening
Booze brigade of fairyqueens
Descending underground.

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 scanned & 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, maybe.

20

Portal promises of paperback:
Thin words in this the year our lord,
Omegaverse, romantasy; and meaty the
Cross-hatch formed by rival currents.

Shifting gaze past Sugarloaf,
The shaggy loafing lovers,
Sharing sodas, lemon maté, 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," Joni's "kai.ou"—
All of them, plus "Drufock," love-ode.

21

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, & kiddies craning cameras
Skin as brown as betel-nuts, and
Airy hymns from half-caught eras.

22

Carne-leave: 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
Low & rowdy
Cheering stars who flaunt & shake &
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, the
Front-row seats secured by bribes.

23

And what they sang?

—O céu vai clarear
Iluminar a zona oeste da cidade
& 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 candeiã 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 cobija
 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 emocionei
 Lembrei da corda bamba que atravesssei
 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.

We bid farewell to flesh and set out towards
 some

Beautiful Horizons, in the General Mines.
 Pados for the journey;
 Morning spent in Burl's garden:
 Sung to Jagger's ictus-accent,
 Every beat a stress:

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

And 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, a
 State a stage in process, forming,
 History informing, never blank-start always
 twisting
 Writting, snaking; breaking down the self
 To build another 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 República, &
 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—
 -A chessboard, gridded black & white &—
 -Inlaid into 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.

And of mereness at night bejewelled
 By other steersmen, ancient world.
 Hard to not see God herein the pasture.¹⁰

¹⁰ Secession from modernity. Regression to an earthworm
 life among mildew peasants, types the Heron, bored.

Viradentes: 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 phanerophytes, gets to see an
 Abbiocco in breeze-blocks, while Cris
 Reads out on his Anki.

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

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,
Outrefactive 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.

27

O Ariel!

How have you become so heavy?
Bound in arborescence
By maternal witch.
When will you surge aerial,
And sing a higher pitch?

O Ariel:

Now though you serve a better master,
Still your heart beats faster
At a word like "free".

O Ariel!

A rebel angel, & a cynic
Overcome by Abdiel,
The zeal of religious zealots.

So much I would say, would I saw Ariel.
Walking peat, Fennario.

O Ariel—

Thou hast been a Camel, once;
Now thou art become a Lion;
When the gore turneth around,
Thou shalt be as Childe.

28

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.

29

—Be Still A Moment Childe—
—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 past termites' orange adobe,
Old adobe, domed adobe,
Roman concrete secret,

¹¹ Teronbore, "Vegetable Empire": "Wait. Stay a while.
There is more to be explored here. / Acceptance at this
point creates a lull. Wait here."

Sunbaked & stigmergic.

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 stones on paths are
plucked & pocketed.

30

Flipflops like a Roman sandal
Oiseaux exotiques and
Sunbaked brick & vibora in slitherbrushes
Crossing such a path was
Dudley, young fool Dudley, heel-bitten.¹²
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
Tagged 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, so will you
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.

31

"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,
Really 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—

32

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

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

But what?
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 méchanique 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.

33

Vesca in the hammock:
Cricketquiet,
Beetlebreaze & 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.

34

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; slippy, chaussy, 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-hysteric naked,
Raving nightswear, bedwet-
"Brotha!"

35

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 pungsuns
Tempted by the views of light that shine

through screens
 Of distant wildlife, missed encounters,
 curtained parties
 Work our way in labyrintime 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
 Vopodpne & 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.

36

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 dandylion 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.

37

Daytrip down Carmel, where Joan had
 taken

Gramophone, with red wine at a restaurant.

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

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.

40

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.

41

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.

42

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..."¹³

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
Worlds?

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

¹³ 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 insect,
Watch its hazy shape horizoned
In the dusty grass of this
American savannah.

43

Wherein—
I am permitted a meadow—¹⁴

The Afternoon Sun inquires tactful:
Ought one be a vine or trellis?
Crystallatticed mineral, or braided
fibermesh?

Which clutching roots to yank?
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 fire¹⁵

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.)

44

¹⁴ R. Duncan

¹⁵ Peggy Guggenheim's, if memory serves.

Have you no time for Eternity, Child?—

A family joins me at the banks; Their
 father is their Shepherd,
Singingsong to childflocke,
"Say byebye to the water, darling"
"Uh-oh! Watch your step, offset," &
Then they're gone again.

Shybloom truebloom;
Brashbloom false.
Play of interpretation:
Guessing at myself & others.

"Jus' retire from the ole worl
Under that suckling appling tree,
Oh boy." Shkychilde.
How to discern, thout disenchanting?
Open the billows. Let the air in.
To be someone you are proud of:
 Doublefaced,
Double-anchored, one might change
The act or change the feeling,
To bring in accord, & Tam so dilemma'd:
Kick your shæes off, twiddle tæes in
Kiddish grass, cold riverbed.
Every way I know of knowing is coming
 apart at its edges.

(They wonder if I'm becoming a habit.)
(I would never—I am never coming back.)

My ways are wild & strange, forgive me.
What picture do you set yourself, O
 Mother Mia
Coming home from work to see'er.

OLD PARLORS OF RELEVANCE.

If pattern makes a substance, action
 makes a man
And named purpose does not make an
 institution.

Xobal's message was: Be better with your
 tools,

And mine: Be better with your words'
 manipulation.

Watch your subtle tonguestrokes as they
 sing out their persuasion.

A one-woman map, assembled by
Candlelit moodboard, by Collage of images &
 drawncards

Patron saints & constellations,
Stars chart course in divination.

To be everywhere at once: That is
 paralysis

And nothingness, in indecision,
Empowerment's a resource; cash in;
Shapes your inner planet shaped &
Reasons to respect & dis & mind,
Enslave to bind & sacrifice,
Or disregard & violate;

Not times for self-fulfilling
 Grump-Grump,

He had a love for the game;
That was all you could say.

Sitting in the sun, on the occasion of
The death of a father, the birth of a son.

The hawks know

What is pre-negotiated

And what is sudden improv interruption
Day of note & strange intrusion.

"Why the pattern?"

Can't be answered,
Cept by reference to environs'
Everythingexceptness.

Say: Ten of them's not one of me,
And turn our love to killing spring.
Turn our loving killing magic,
Towards our ribbon sycthe, barbed wire

Baby basket. Solo hiker,
For a view of a creekside cutout,
foreccarved:
See where dead roots brace & bulwark shore
And mossy cover shortermundisturbed a
Dappled slowdegrading structure...

Time to toughen up.
A musclepath so concretized & consecrated.
No more sitting, waiting.
No more backup boyfriends.
Marriage bands with bound circumference
Symbolize self-limitation.
Compromise & fitted to environs,
Which is just to say the social works
By shifting flows of power.

And I am not the apex here, but krill,
Amongst the wealth of middle age, a scruffy
cap
(I crumple their view; they crumple me)
All eyes on me now: Interrupt my
thoughts,
Pollute my purest stream,
For I pollute their nature dreams.

Yes no timeouts, and nudity:
Still dress & fashion; abstinence a
Vote & even pause on *Box* severs
Context, dulling, clearing cache with
headrest.

To be respectable as a man first:
And not just as a sneaking, filching poet,
Loopy paradisaponder.

Or to live in weave: To live to weave,
And leave no other dressing.
Thoughts like this my slumb'ring mind
find so warmcarressing.

And when all the small soil, that the roots

have held, that hold the roots in
turn, erode—

And Trunk Tower topples, on its side,
It falls & forms a Bridge across the
water.

Would I be nothing as a man, yet write
about it?

And if I'm nothing as a man, have I
the right to tell about it?

When all the soil that held the soil that
held the roots that held the soil—

In such rich irrigation, water-drunk to end
& rot in em.

Undercut & caving in, crumbles in the
current.

So make a system—else enslaved by others'—
Some reject, some emulate, the ways of
Mothers.

One thing certain:

One cannot always be sundrunk.

One cannot always be pulling at punch.

For those who pay the bills become resentful
(Or do they? Or do they enjoy vicarious.

Or do they teeter tween the two, never
sure

Whose flagellate or -ating.)

What Jack, he said of lumberjacks, is
true

You learn about the man from how he
splits a log,

But true as well of every act & style—

All strategy speaks through tactic,

And every work doth testify as

Verbs carve & chisel nouns & All paths
trailmake, as all

Perception to perceiver

All things correlate this way, in

Hard-to-peel layers.

45

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 Childe, & karmic Slip to
dreams of Sungodglorious,
Central Coast Savannah,
With the kayaut 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 Alps.

-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."¹⁶

46

¹⁶ It's Arabic, a truth replete.

"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 "Quiéreme Siempre";
Still, the centre has its charms—
Gulls in the Art Nouveau city,
Temple of curves; hardrock porphyry.

Dawn-gress early to the hardbreakers:
La mar! La mère!
Past balcon undulation,
Meltiwax 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.¹⁷

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 pears' short-lived edge,
A blight not yet arrived in Cataloñan vines
The decade fore the border-cross
Before the phylloxera's frost.

47

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, remòdalen.
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.

¹⁷ And go home they do—to the distress of the ministerium
turismi.

And the pillars of the worldstemple
Are still held up by turtles; over portals,
Letters shaped from porticurling vine
Spelled OUS, 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&sunseed&vortices&eventhorizon
Generating powder radiate as light collapsing
into

Pinhole darkness.

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

48

As Red Pine, staring out at sunset
Ponders Sixteen Sutras,
So I think, in lunar gaze, of Prynne—
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.

49

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

50

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

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

Like a barbell: public, private
Like a bridge between two islands;
Like a foce 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,
Among the cactus fruits of feline
Colony,

Past limestone-Miocene-
The bossaged asphalt 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.

51

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.

Me, '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.¹⁸

52

I fall. (How do you fall?) I remember.
I fly (How do you fly? I remember.¹⁹

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?

53

¹⁸ "The holiness of saints survives the body [such that] it is an effective power for healing and blessing even after death..." (Deborah Capehan, "Henna and Tattoo," adapted.

¹⁹ Chris Knox

"En 189 acuñaba 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! Ningland 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, rockology, 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,

Gaëthe'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 kayak orchestras,
Or justify his sight with reason.

Within weeks the horses died,

Keratin hooves rotted in mire.

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
 mother-tongue 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
 Naz,

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.

54

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 strife-ful strive & striding
Thru the tallgrass sashes, passes
Bearing, steering, ripping, stripping.

Seeds his modley 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
A parabolic arc.

55

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 sabbatarite;
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