

"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

—Trapeiro, trapeiro, schlep your thoughts
together.

—Bring me something Oriental, something
foreignever.

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 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.

And all these open lines and tethers,
& open fronts & open wounds
I 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 crêjito
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 at plastic tables,
Round red table, talking, overcompf &
Sating, Harmony in poetry, I said
I showed a spectograph, or gram
And played the prairie dogs,
Who pip a sentence in a chord.

Or down in Barra Funda,
Kicking back, & clinking glasses with the
Little cups, that make litrãos seem so
abundant.

Watch the wild
Life while milling
Toby reads the room like David
Attenborough, Austen, Doyle
Footwear, fanny-pack, hairstyle.

/Sing/

-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 feigns her absence,
Spinning out an endless cycle:
Hot-girl summer; cuffing season.

Afterwards, well. I go home, and smoke
on the street. Give my butt to
a beggar, and walk the hood for
hours.

And I find Frank's "Personism"—surfing,
back at home, in bed, to fill the
empty pre-dawn.

And because all these foreign placenames
make me think of Frank, like "Lady
Died,"

I say: I'll write a poem addressed to Ari
and my boyhood self:

A sign of my love for the both of ya.

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.)¹

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"

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

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

5

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,
mesquidos—

—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.

6

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 ²
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

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

Collins, dissertating terms;³
Guilt 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?
(Cycle-slain not far from Sixty)

..Avid phrasing... measured breath, a
Trumpet... magic scribbles... blowing on a
subject;

Anaphoric rhythm, vital dash, and speechy
pauses...

first-thought-right-thought chestpuff,
fieldgreen athletics, Messi instinct,
provinsation.

³ Randall, *Sociology of Philosophies*.
⁴ 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.

And then at the medical school-grappling
Lessons on the mats, strength in
Opposition training; girls & boys in
Doubles, volley courts, the trophies, golden
coated brass &

Hang it hang it hang it all &
Pin it pending on the wall, yeah
Hang me til I'm dead and gone I'm
Dining for a pin-up world:

First, the piscine's plain is
Subdivided / so: the open / water's made
to
Lanes by stretched & twining wireflow &
Swimmers take their place by speed—
Space & open water made to
Hieraragui.

Not the stillness of the stall
Not the squawking of the squall
But a pinechest full of treasures
all,
Seen all around this world.

But now on darkened streets I pass the
Feeding troughs, & all the faces turned

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 degen'rate games,
They get me down.

—Grā Graphouse, grow like grāo &
upgrade.—

Meanwhile, in prep for 'piacaba,
I'm listening to podcasts about poetry
Because I'm hoping to ARW there as
a Romantic,

Which is how this whole thing came about.
Hopkins for instance was born of a marine
insurer

Who safekept 'gainst the wreck of craft.
A Catholic Manley haunted by a woman's
resurrection:

Winifred whose wellspring sprung up where
she was beheaded.

Byron, Keats and Shelley—
Peacock—Theban poets—
Boating with the boys
While Mary watches
Says Pistelli on the speakers
These Romantics not romantic
Much beyond the Year of Cotton
Harriet? Was not invited
Riverdrowned, a Virgin's pebbles
Bob & Toni'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 Beats 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.
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
well-read as Pound
Least that's what his friends say
Even knew more Latin
But he found his depth and layers in tone
of voice
Instead of learned reference.o

New England's pasture poet
A means of buttering parsnips
Just like manual labor, 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 fascistic, isn't
there

About pruning branches, weeding roots?

Another ten:
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.

11

Near ides, ride São Paulo Railroad to the
outskirts,

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

Transcendent kind of hedonism, in the
bougainvillea.

Peek out at plastitropic lower canopy
through wooden lover shutters
Traduttore, traditore to the EnB host of
her hometown—

Tories sleeping in the tavern—there's a law
against that.

She is smooth in her service
And seen our kind a hundred times before
and will, again—

We glide up to the bar the Hostess of the
leisure center,

Move our mouths performing for her
nativetongue appraisal.

In the yard 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
 Matchstick graveyard, corpses & a
 blackened spliff
 These tubes with charcoal noses, with an
 End that burns & with an end that does
 the burning.

Distant train loops 5ths in 6/₈
 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?
 Glamatini, man of mirrors.
 (More like topiera.)

mule

12

All is long, is long, is long.
 All is long—
 Red fruit in the sun-facing green of the
 high-branched tree—
 Morning's energetic harvest now announced
 by feathered flutes, and
 Great green sunpanels of 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 the echo of their presence.
 Machete whack! of path-breaker, in
 fellstem. In fallstructure.

The 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.
 Cloudcover 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

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 unleaving, 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.

Heatbeat 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

15

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.

16

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

Plunge into a sweating sea:
Sumbrellas, 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 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
 &
 Evening shade & suca, vitaminas e azucar.

17

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?

18

Or in January's city
 Plastic surgeon pees
 Cosmetic sex & preening
 Booze brigade of fairygqueens
 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.-

19

Portal promises of paperback:
 Thin words in this the pear our lord,
 Omegaverse, romantasy; and meaisy the
 Cross-hatch formed by rival currents,
 Shifting gaze past Sugarloaf,
 The loafing shaggy lovers,
 Sharing sodas, lemon mâte, 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 "Prufrock," love-ode.

20

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 eras.

21

"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
 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 arraped
 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.

22

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 cobra
 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 atravessei
 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

23

We bid farewell to flesh and set out towards
 some
 Beautiful Horizons, in the General Mines.
 Pados for the journey;
 Morning spent in Burt'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
 Writting, 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 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—
 —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.

24

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 stonecressflower,
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.

25

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.

26

Psychedelic wobble,

Creek-cut corso through the
Jungle-lush & tangle.

Then walked past vicious dogs
I fended with a stick
Toward cachairas, catch ya later.

Past structemergence of
a thousand compound gestures
Red clay sculpted by
A thousand hardening heels &
A thousand softening rains.
Red clay beaten into stepwell,
Discretized & at right angles.

Small flattenings selected for
A selfish heel's step, thus
Flattening it further.

And the termite's orange adobe,
old adobe, domed adobe
piles higher in a stigmergy & sunbake.

27

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

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.

28

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 out of
Wont to stay forever in a single second,
but

Distances demand traverse, connections
made, & anyway
Heaven like all company doth spoil in three
days.

Find my path, my path finder,
Art like any art, an
Art of tending & attending-
Quiet now, and notice here:
What patterns hast thou seenest ere?

My God! The Source! you cried,
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

29

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.

30

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.

Buffed 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.

Eris 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.

31

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;
 When I ask for handholds
 What I get are handles:
 Crimps & jugs & pockets & rails,
 In-cuts, slopers; slippery, chaussy, glassy—
 Then he gives one of his famous
 reports from the interior;
 "Check the raincoat" he says,
 Sad report our lack of smokes,
 Our corn-busk cigarettes ("palheiros").

Recall—
 (Proleptic analepsis) bite o'
 Meatbeer breakfast, bar o'
 Mushroom chocolate
 Parque Náusea, under árbol,
 Dozenmile walk,
 Fine rums by Thames
 (All overproof) &
 Sideline goofing.

Recall—
 A screaming Carioc
 Til dawn—
 The rain, the fortune's sons
 The blueridged mountains, rolling
 Rivers, smokehoarse

(Jim had mimicked Satchmo)
 Then, hungover, hair of
 Most exquisite science,
 Heronbeast, hysteric, naked,
 Raving night-sweat, conislide, sex dream—
 "Brotha!"

& it's Me, the Mockingbird
 Up at dawn with morning dove
 To learn the songs of valleys,
 Sing an alba for my love.

32

Cuntry to Seedy,
 A classic migration,
 Cycling makes analepsis proleptic amidst
 Typing 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 punguns
 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.

33

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.

34

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.

37

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)
 Clock a kapoat killed on curbside—
 Joyride—
 Leaving hair & bone.

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..."⁶

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.

⁶ Or as Jobal would say, in his paraphrase of
 fisherking: "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.

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

39

The Afternoon Sun inquires tactful:
 Ought one be a vine or trellis?
 And which parts should liquify?
 Or branch; and which deserve to die?
 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?

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

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

Or lazy daze'o'days on summer lawns all

7 Peggy Guggenheim's, if memory serves.

summer long,
 and sans ambition.

—One need not always stand ready—
 —Able to explain oneself—
 —Who 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