

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

—Octavio Paz

—Tropeiro, tropeiro, schlep your thoughts  
together.

—Bring me something Oriental, something  
foreignever.

Where are you 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 café 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  
&

Showed a spectograph, or gram  
And played the sound of prairie dogs,  
Who yip a sentence in an instance  
Vertisplaved as chord.

Or down in Barra Funda,  
Ticking 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, fannypack in style.

/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 spins feigned absence,  
Acting 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 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.

+

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

At the service counters, clients  
Tracking comedramas of their catenary  
Clientele (for if one must thus pay  
attendance,

Ought enjoy the bought performance.)<sup>1</sup>

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> And if one plans to buy a pair of pants, one  
Ought as well to get them tight, so anyone'll bed you.  
—O'Hara, "Personism"

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

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

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

Cris? He was learning to read the city,  
 He was taking the same walk, everyday,  
 Just seeing what happened—  
 How it worked & how the parts fit,  
 What it meant "at the end of the day".  
 He was writing about Parisian corn carts;  
 The conversion of mass-produced goods  
 Into custom forms, over years and  
 generations,  
 So to suit the sellers' needs.  
 His fascination was in nomads & textiles,  
 In minimum-viable rigs, & packing light.  
 He always noticed people's shoes;  
 I told him the bit about Frost, abroad.  
 One exlover in Janeiro said,  
 "That's the thing about Cris

He's always over looking." She  
 said he was a gringo, for  
 Describing polvinho as tapioca dust.  
 She said he was a gringo, for  
 The way he wore his fannypack,  
 To discourage thieves.

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.

Heaven's hammock lulled us  
 Singing long to Dylan  
 Merica's new folk song canon:  
 "Graceland," "Country Roads" & Newman  
 Bobby with his breathless beat-rap <sup>2</sup>

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

Cosmic Cassady, ecstatic  
Dana Ward and Manley Hopkins  
("Leaden Echo," read by Burton)

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

As kingfisher bares its breast,  
And embers wake by oxidation,  
Musement warms a mail loin, and  
Collins, dissertating terms,<sup>3</sup>  
Built networks in ergetic transfer:  
Motion motivates emotion;  
Mitchell splices plus & minus;<sup>4</sup>  
Mary's doctor galvanizes.

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

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

...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,  
provisionation.

8

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,  
Been all around this world.

9

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

<sup>3</sup> Randall, *Sociology of Philosophies*.  
<sup>4</sup> Joni, "Electricity".

w/in,  
Toward scream & flag & colored card w/  
Precassigned allegiance.

10

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. Tanned raps. 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 scar, a prime  
cut, check her measures make an  
offer—

Stop!  
These degen'rate games,  
They get me down.

11

—Grā Grayhouse, grow like grāo &  
upgrade.—

Chlorine cleansed us.  
Toweled-off beneath sunshowers  
flow then past the Água Branca  
Villa Country's block-long false-front's  
Cowhide seats and leather saddles,

John Wayne photos, chandelier of  
purchased antlers.

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

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

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

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

Winifred whose wellspring sprung up where  
she was beheaded.

—Willowrun:

—The downward flow allows for an upward  
growing.

Byron, Shelley, Keats—  
The peacock, Theban poets—  
Boating with the boys  
While Mary watches  
Says 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.  
Keats, at least, was protean and modest,  
Like a starling, emptied self to take on  
world,  
Camouflage, chameleon, always changing  
colors—  
Wordsworth on the other hand, an egoist  
sublime.

Frost? He didn't wanna be caviar for the  
crowd—  
He wanted to write for all sorts and kinds—  
Maybe for the money, no one really knows  
He was just as clever as Pound,  
Just as wellread as Pound—  
Or so friends say.  
Even knew more Latin  
But he found his layers in a tone of voice  
Instead of learned reference.

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

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

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

He leafed through anthologies.  
Pound had showed him Bohemia, jiu-jitsu  
Flipped him, heels and head, after dinner in  
some cafe

Frost was just as strong; he hadn't been  
 ready  
 Read more Greek than Pound, he reckoned  
 And busted Pound right outta jail  
 Settled it with the Attorney General, just  
 like that  
 That's what you can do, when you're  
 famous  
 When you're poet for the lawyers, and not  
 just poets.

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

12

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

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

transcendence.  
 Peak at plastitropic lower canopy through  
 lover shutters.  
 Smile warm to traduttore traditore,  
 Hostess of her hometown:  
 Tories sleeping in the kitchen. (There's a  
 law against that.)  
 So smooth she is in service  
 Seen our kind a hundred times before and  
 will, again—  
 We glide up to the bar where she's  
 Presiding over leisure center,  
 Move our mouths, per-form for  
 nativetongue appraisal,  
 Try not to offender her.

In the pard os pássaros pause &  
 pulse-perch,  
 Branch to phototropic branch  
 And in the grassblades, guava windfall,  
 rapid-gathered by the ants.

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

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

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

mule



All is long, is long, is long.  
 All is long—  
 Red fruit in the sun-faced 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 pour ma'am  
     in Tennessee.—

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

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

Which clearing flows through living mesh,  
     &  
 Lets me pass, &

Contact's always Contact with communities  
     whom Contact's altered.

13

Noon, high noon.  
 Baked into prehistory—  
 Stonesmelted—  
 Don humming "Well, you wanna get  
     enough sun / but not too much."

Starting to get to a point where triunesweat  
     unzippers.  
 Traveling back to High Noon: to a moment  
     of  
 Maximum intensity, when shadows' shields  
     at their slightest.

The moment now of max'mal heat,  
 and pressurewaves whose radiation warpeth  
     man,  
 and burns him up or out.

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

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

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

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 foreign behavior.—

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

14

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 rather, this is my interpretation; we have been  
communicating by way of broken pidgin Latin.

Diane—

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

hearts of the Mexico? Or plume-capped Pizarro,  
further south? Poor huéspedes, to slay a host.

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

Diane—

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

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

15

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

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

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

Small tiff among sardines near

Startles up stampede, with  
Defense read as offense  
In an escalation cycle.

All the boys are talking tactics  
"Should I play the gringo?"  
Foakleys, funk, & Rita Lecna  
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  
Lengthy 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.

16

-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?

17

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

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

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

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

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

18

Portal promises of paperback:  
Thin words in this the year our lord,  
Omegaverse, romantasy; and meatify the  
Cross-hatch formed by rival currents,  
Shifting gaze past Sugarloaf,  
The loafing shaggy lovers,  
Sharing sodas, lemon mate, 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.ouT"—  
 All of them, plus "DruFrock," love-ode.

19

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

20

"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 arrayed  
 In radiating angle  
 Bended by a bend of angels  
 Featherwinged, free of fetters  
 Wringing salt from festive tatters  
 Fire-singed and filing, singing  
 Not trivial in tropic weathers  
 Wending toward the barricades, the  
 Great brigades of cosplay tribes  
 Front-row seats secured by bribes.

21

And what they sang?

—O céu vai clarear  
 Iluminar a zona oeste da cidade  
 E Deus vai desfilar  
 Pra ver o mago recriar a Mocidade  
 A luz que nos chega da estrela primeira  
 Nascida do pó no Cruzeiro do Sul  
 Do plasma divino das mãos carpinteiras  
 Ressurge candência 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

Nó infinito escrever  
Versos a luz do luar, deixa!  
Quando o futuro voltar  
A juventude vai crer  
Que toda estrela pode renascer

O verde adocido da esperança  
Ofega sobre o leito da cobiça  
Quem vive pelo preço da cobrança  
Derrama sua lágrima postiça  
Fogo matando a floresta  
Bicho morrendo no cio  
Febre no pouco que resta  
Secam as águas do rio  
E a vida vai vivendo por um fio  
Naveguei  
Nó afã de me encontrar eu me emocionei  
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

22

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

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

Near a chapel perilous, on sugarcane  
plantation hill,  
O thousand-trunked tree all webbed &  
curtained

By your symbiotes, your rounded staghorn  
scales  
browning 'bove  
Bromeliads, which brace & cup your  
branches, catching rain.

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

"Curral, cabresto, comitiva  
Tropa, tronco, guided gridded  
Cito'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.

23

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

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

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

Perched among the 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.

24

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

Walls all packed with whale, grass  
And cowshit, hardened mud, the  
Greeks, Chinese, & Arabs carved, so  
Slanted eyes on half the cherubs  
Hybrids of império era.  
And ninety days by mule for music,  
Putrefactive oozing up from  
floorboards for the patron's pleasure  
Incense lit in steamy weather  
Brides brought in bouquets to stifle  
Smell of death with life, or something close:

The cellulose of life—stem snipped  
And stripped of lignin, pressed  
In sheets to take impress, collect  
In this anthologize & wrecking prize:  
Ninety days by mule.

25

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

Then walked past vicious dogs  
I fended with a stick  
Toward cachoiras, 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.

26

—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.

27

Flipflops like a Roman sandal  
Discaux exotiques and  
Sunbaked brick & vibora in slitherbrushes  
Crossing such a path was  
Dudley, young fool Dudley, heel-bitten.  
Getting lost in small-scope stories  
Getting lost in grandlarge stories  
All anxieties are here, in  
Reconciling disparate, the  
Gap, in checking correspondence,  
Keeping up with inbox

In the frame and interruption  
Jagged lightning boltbreak from  
Satchitananda.  
Wont to stay forever in a single second,  
but  
Distances demand traverse, connections  
made, & anyway  
Heaven like all company doth spoil in three  
days, Kairosclerotic,

Find my path, my dear pathfinder,  
Art like any art, an  
Art intending & attending—  
Quiet now, and notice here:  
What patterns hast thou seenest ere?  
A virgil in the forest dear.

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

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

I say,  
In other words, everything changes  
everything else!  
Which is half true, but feels great in the  
moment to say,  
Real strong and powerful, thinking how  
These impressions on the senses etch in  
memory,  
Informing here the words I'm forming  
Channeling a groove in minds of  
Readers—Yours! And as I'm saying this

28

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

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

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

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

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

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

29

Vesca in the hammock:  
Cricketquiet,  
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.

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

30

Says Cristóbal, this region's known for  
climbing, then corrects my accent:  
"Meu nome é Cristóbal"  
I say, fair enough but good luck iambs,  
Other rhythms here resisting meter;  
When I ask for handholds  
What I get are handles:  
Crimps & jugs & pockets & rails,  
In-cuts, slopers; slippy, 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-husk cigarettes ("palheiros").

Recall—  
(Proleptic analepsis) bite o'  
Weather breakfast, bar o'

Mushroom chocolate  
Parque Nausica, under árbol,  
Dozenmile walk,  
fine rums by Thames  
(All overproof) &  
Sideline goofing.

Recall—  
A screaming Caric  
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 nightswear, 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.

31

Cuntry to Seedy,  
A classic migration,  
Cycling makes analepsis proleptic amidst  
Idylling cars and the echoing birdcalls,  
A kind of uniformitarianism,  
Prophet's perfect tense not far from  
carved stone-time: —Wenn du mich  
siehst, dann weine—  
Which it was to Kerouac, in "Big Sur",  
A fall, like killing Cain, who founded cities,  
That book is a book about projecting your  
perception onto a landscape,

Like thinking the Heavens were a great dome  
overhead,  
And then learning of yourself, through the  
glints of light that bounce back.

-But how do you choose your form?—  
-How do you choose your name? How do  
you choose your life?—  
-How do you choose the time you must  
exhale—  
-And kick, and rise?—

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

Triune darkness at the edge of town.  
Distant Bladerunner 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

36

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

37

It was a paranoid time. Everypon

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

38

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

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

"The acquisition of a horrible scar  
[on these boys'] cheek had the  
same psychological effect as the  
eradication of the scars from the  
cheek of my [patients]... The  
magic was in the meaning..."<sup>6</sup>

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

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

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

You—yes, you:  
When'd we Cease to Understand the  
World?

Coleridge got bang from Banks's botanic  
net

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

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

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

<sup>6</sup> Or as Nobel would say, in his paraphrase of fishbaking: "Just because the mechanisms are biochemical, doesn't mean the root causes aren't social-psychologic." & Doesn't this mean we still (& always, already) live in a witchcraft world, with so many forms forgotten? So the New Romantics say.

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

39

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

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

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

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

40

<sup>7</sup> Peggy Guggenheim's, if memory serves.

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

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

"Quit being mysterious and tell us your  
       plans,"  
 Wes says. A fourwheeled circumference  
 Of Etruria, the wrecked 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.<sup>§</sup>

41

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

—Gaudi

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

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

Dawngress to hardbreakers:  
 La mère! La mer!  
 Past undulated balcon,  
 Waxmelt columns  
 Trongrid so 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 Monastery,  
 Keeping cloistered quadrille.

And in Gracia, the wisteria  
 Are also in bloom—  
 Too early, tho,  
 For these flaca Magnols  
 Just in time for squeeze of citrus  
 Under concrete scratching  
 "Foreigners, just kill yourselves."  
 In English, natch—*"cunt domus."*  
 (And go home they do, much to the stress  
       of ministerium turismi.)

Sgraffiti on the walls at Vicens  
 Iron gate palmetto, where palmettos one

§ It's Arabic, a truth replete.

day stood  
 Ornament (Que exotique!) in gardens  
 Low an Arab smoking room, all  
 Built on boom pears' short-lived edge,  
 A blight, not yet arrived, in Catalonian  
     vines  
 Ten pears, ten pears  
 Between the war  
 Before the phylloxera.

42

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

This city of bas reliefs,  
 Mandalas in the cement 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, remödaen.  
 Spare sight's labor, mem'ry's burden.  
 No one looks at the pictures either—  
 Just shows them off to fam'ly, friends—  
 And it makes you wonder what we're here  
     on Earth for.

The stones not fully formed, the flowers  
 Still emerging from their undistinguished  
     mass  
 A time of carving stones  
 And "is" a process of becoming.

And the pillars of the worldtemple  
 Are still held up by turtles; over portals,  
 Letters shaped from porticurling vine  
 Spelled 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&sunseedvorticeseventhorizon  
 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

43

Tarragona— Much like Barcelona, once  
     Bipolarized, to port & fort,  
 To introspect & interface—  
 And a road to link them.  
 Like fove, gullet, gut; or like  
 A barbell, public-private,  
 First in steady stepping gress  
 To specialization.

This neverending ludos,  
 Self-distinction, seeking  
 Econicheconstruction  
 That guard a goal with equal spacing,  
 Field's zone o'coverage  
 Or like flower petals, radiant,  
 Do emanate from center  
 Seeking yet-uncaptured sun, while  
 Tethered in Augustan walls the  
 Poppy bloodred, rooted pared—  
 Old stone & young grass while

Mourning's "Dove?" coos in triple-time,  
Oo-Ooooo-Oooo,  
Playing hard to get, near cochineal,  
Among the fruits of a colony feline.

Past Miocene limestone, bossaged ashlar  
rows and quoins, and azure waves,  
descendent by misrecognition, from  
the olden golden gules, we strolled;  
She talked of liquifping, in the finance  
sense:

She talked of flowing fluids, freezing over;  
Talked expansion and contraction.

I was always looking down, wary of dogshit,  
tired of looking down, and weary of  
dogshit.

Drank sangre to revitalize, in wooden  
chairs.

Everywhere the talk of stock all falling  
Everywhere the morning doves in mourning  
And no more children in the cafes or the  
flights.

44

I must've been sundrunk & sleepdeprived,  
To buy that goddamn hat.

Soft light on creamstone,  
Smell of oranges-cleaning fluid?  
Gentle heel-tap on marble alley echo  
Pinnate leaflets in a breeze-fall, carries,  
Wheels onto sea which separates,  
as well connects.

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

I wanted an accounting  
Of how many great composers

Never found the players to perform their  
music.

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  
No soap, & not a lot of sugar.  
Their surface as implacable,  
Uncrackable & placid as a crème brûlée.

He said,  
Well yeah-  
And if you're not always trying & failing  
To pay attention to near  
Everything in life then  
What are you even doing?

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

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

Mc, 'n Newton, 'n conchas

A sky full of ghosts,  
Lights still traveling after the body was  
gone.

Or at least the body's form,  
If substance equals pattern.

45

Broad Balboa, top a peak in



Panama, saw sea to shining sea, & Me?  
Grace to God for Southern Seas, for  
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 you know more than any man about it  
So said Olson, on committing, not so much  
To form as to environs—  
He should know! Mingland poet  
Jim chose Dublin—  
Who am I above it?

& the Beatific doubling "dig"  
I dig everything, a problem  
Better-known by Beats—  
Too much sun and too much stimulation—  
What's the answer, then, but study,  
Smarter, harder.

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

Or stacking layers, timely sediment, &  
Wood turned mineral by pressure,  
Polished sequence shining.  
Not like jamband Kerouac, who tossed it  
out

Thus liberated.  
Permanent poetics and its birdsong—  
What is beautiful, ephemeral,  
What lasts, a leaden echo?

"This is the morning, after the dispersion,  
& the work of the morning is  
methodology: how to use oneself &

on what. That is my profession.  
I am an archaeologist of morning."

So said Olson, cern'ing thru accumulation,  
Centuries of text.

He loved the taste of soil, so he liked to  
say

He hunted clay for its inscriptions  
Kept hallucinogens in an owl idol  
"Composition by fieldwork"  
Studied alien maize, & rosette potsherds.

& We are in the morning of man,  
& It is a time for questions of method.

Instead then of commitment, or an  
exploitation

On we go exploring.  
From Carnival to Lent and Easter,  
Feast of feasts in feastly cycle  
Cross the Latin world,  
Package, armchair travelers  
Cook, von Humboldt, Banks, Jane Eyre  
Goethe's Journey, Byron's Childe,  
Stevenson and Melville, Darwin,

Wordsworth's Alps, or  
Carvajal, who had the one last look at  
Amazonia,

But was caught up in worry for some  
future prison that he's  
Tonguetied, cannot see or write straight,  
barely mentions

Hundred-mile towns or  
Kapak orchestras or  
Endless fruiting orchards found.

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

(And who else would report that chatty  
"ciao", informal, had lost its whiff  
of offense, being said by tone-deaf  
tourists til the language changed  
with them.)

(And who else would report that CaliValley  
apps were sync'ing up the world to  
its protocols, its sharing system.)

46

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  
Tearing, steering, ripping, stripping.

Seeds his medley mettletested, restless,  
prescient;

Spat a stateley epithet & spake soas to  
Sate the breast, & sans all rest, so  
Dear to ear & deathless, sleepless,  
Tire when & only pyre's fired, that his  
Song the verdure quickened: Grass its  
grassing;

Grazer, grazing; sped & fed the fiddlesickle,  
Softly sighing.

Still it little mattered to some tattered  
Scattered tones intoned against the stone  
unheard,

No living stirred

Nor stared, nor started at his Art—  
The starling praped & swift departed in  
A parabolic arc.

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