



Norma Cole

Coleman Hawkins Ornette Coleman

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Like a Fish in a Dumpster

Any further controversy would figure, figure hummingbirds in
Manhattan then Charlie Parker

synapsoids

beyond function when eyeless eyes are smiling watching you in my
sleep Should we show the exchange of papers? Was it

successful?

Too soon to see the facets, their moving images surprise the other two
upon which were beings, projected time

included — walked over

clap if you want by the new moon which causes things to grow long
and thin, while the full moon causes growth that is short and

wide

Mercy does not come from the sky

Eat the Beans

"Now eating the beans is much like eating the parents' heads."

Plutarch, *Moralia*

The rolling thing is:
the poem is expected to return home
to return to the tonic, as a child

And as a musician I say to you:
a series of substitutions, "it's
my turn to talk now"

I offer this object in:
disguise as food a color
in disguise as a lover

Saint A is forever holding:
out his flaming head
I take your words into my mouth

I am an arrival and a city in which order is not yet
established: in which order has not yet been erased I eat
the seat of order

A musician's:
liver is a man's heart
on a certain street

*Suddenly this tale meets: the naked violinist, back
to the window as she practices*

The impulse to disrupt:
the reading continuously
by some any short version

A vision of expansion:
so they'll post the card
keep it—I am sent

Keep. Playing. Kid.

Lita is equal
to the world, in
that they both
are of a certain
age. A kind of
 continuous
scansion, imprudence

brings it back from the air

"Don't eat the heart."
Pythagoras

There we were having
on the spot
Lunch on the grass at the site

"as you May know"
and

"in the new year"

Do you like the feeling of
what happens in the *chamber*
in the song? Limitation
stains as a lover

the second shelf second
guessing no long
time project – *missing*

Grass stains – *is it an argument that builds?* –
Don't eat that

You really
thought about it
not for long

A person's name means
I-don't-know
Because of the coming of
those letters
another volume called
outcast variables
(how do you know which is
which?) in the form of the
night watchman's

logic of dismemberment
variously penned in wings

Second Alba

“... a gang of five, from whom
I took the mirror of gesture.”

Puzzle:

the part that's coming back

Or the point at which they no longer recognized each other
singing weeping into the breach. But when they meet on the plateau,

item: tossing branches
horses, lions' manes,

the adjective is absorbed into the whitening of the sky

Lita stood in the snow, a photograph not taken [in her red
scarf, coats, boots, in midstep] the elements, the elements, aorta
is how we'd translate that scream in the physically
discontinuous space (can you imagine any other?)

“It's the beefcake that kept you awake.”

The seam was in your mind, air really.

Assumption, Reception, Corruption

"It is entirely characteristic ..."
ideology is no excuse
too bad you can't see it, obscured as it is in memory
the kite of argument, now you see it
called away by life, a red letter day variously penned in wings one
didn't understand why were they dancing? He understood nothing about
the dancing. Ribbed ritual vertical

"let's talk about fish," he'd said, elbows leaning on the bed at
dawn at the side of the bed a person refuses conditions chooses "tennis
anyone" coming at it from far around potholes, toilets, lock-down

ineptitude

that glove

WASTE

In terms it is setting for itself. It should all be easily understood.

HOW?

(to identify? To increase our shared

pulse of resistance: the decisive moment: long line of resistance
or "working space" [Stella]
in front, a whole paragraph with no skin just lying there bleeding
under shirts partly town away

The Sun

and the faint sun paradox, the asteroid behind you, return of
the Dumbbell Nebula, the Cloud Factory, Eagle, Triffid and Harpsichord

Theories, Orion, imagine awakening with a flower in your hand
and not recognizing it

You long for familiarity and for the strangeness of the moon,
the dirty snowballs

And along came that cosmic timeline, crystal, from snow, inside
a crystal dolphin from Carthage, minerals float, their daughter, square
with the head of spring, signed by the glassblower, Jason of Greece

A boy, or a little boy in a bear suit, desire on his tongue,
affection, steep steps, escape valve, safety?

Being driven to safety as the sense of being kidnapped and
dragged into someone else's design

Is the subject still nothing

The danger lived next door posing as a bed of roses or clean-
up guys

Leaking's a Capital Sin

handcrafted by father and
son, point of no
return, My Old Flame
a green tin trunk
doing the bunnyhop to
separate spoken kicks in
universal time

We should be able to see

By this paint
populous music falls best steady
progression at different angles
beat from the whole not from the part
image cool as thought
steady changing beat and changing
falling spectral petals

So What about Assumption of Repetition

Ascent intact

Two futures coincide

A tension accumulates between the rhythm as it is experienced
and the expectation of its fulfillment, the anticipation

Continuing the possibility of its

Disruption

A plate of corn offered a kind of organization as if a door behind
the podium, luxury, distortion, risk

and now for the revenge fantasy:

“He could have shouted, and he could not” [Beckett]

But, but, but

the clouds are moving

Don't Wait Too Late [Eddie McCoy]

moving day

indigo

ratio: the anger of fear is to the anger of grief :: the anger of
grief is to the fear of anger

required a dream of light or time gets saved up there in the
negative space there in the still life

and the body of the clock called context

or bridge

"I am the bridge." [Tassadit Yacine]

a floating document, a listening document called the era of
asymmetrical wingspan in an unnatural position

hung in the upper window

through-composed, the word for phantoms of the beloved
becomes the word for imagination

How'd the living be reviewed by the dead?

talking together, head on upside-down

"Hold your breath and think of Spinoza." [Edwin Wurm]

understand the impulse to sing in the cellar, street named after
them now and an empty desk mindful of a double life, the enemy living

as the other relationships are similar, not the things, their
interruptions "what is zinc anyway" or "to the person who knows me
best" the quietness of the story or its lack of ending, not lacking not
ending

knitting together at a different remove,

a fruitful misunderstanding and the painters seriously silent

in the choppy air, surprise as expected

And if people can't see it, discursive, the burden of the

moon, love or thanks, if the role fits, hesitations as well as

working on their own, the piper is resting, see him, resisting

A real life desire for bad medicine, a breath constellation, the
metal needle jumping, a little performance as a million irrelevant
questions to no end but to file in the form of a performance

formance: the sentence of the musician's

extremities: murder, gesture, missed sympathies

imagined the smell of the sea

impasses and obstacles, inklings

[Indian Store on 5th]

metal arrow on a wooden base
heart-shaped fracture, atoms of color, dancing
unaccountability wanted to say how he piled hot coals
on top unfolding in the form of a joke going back decades and just like
that she was gone and just like that they having given up

cut up, they're not acting, this could be a good thing, first line
sugar cookies, fancy sugar cookie procedures: the an in the shirt
dissolved the assembly, not for the first time, against all odds against
gravity *et tout*

The decision to start squaring off, start a new page, on
to the top, moving the population around, this story or the old story?
This story is the old story.

all the ones with ties
within seconds
while some of the victim's children watched. Don't
mention it. "It's raining on the city." [Feraoun, *Journal*, 1 Nov. 1955]
The pencil slides down.

He did not like have anything to say to me. The idea
remained. The idea remains an idea, go through my changes proliferate.

She saves them, folds for a rainy day. The impulse to
carry them one at a time, place them. She took the photo, looked at his
face, kissed it and placed it carefully where no one could see it.

Lita's Chromatics

SF Newark

repeat: breach of form breeds form

muscle beyond apprehension

"do you have a problem with my knitting?"

"how the rock's asshole" is a phrase, a move, a police procedural, right Ben?

The hero comes to grief, grief leads to the beheading, the face of a cat, loss of face, a collision "and all the missing parts."

After all, the saint missed the dragon's heart. But who will be the saint? And later runs the risk of suddenly remembering who it was that had signed, the recipient, thanks and other references.

No one has slept on her belly in front of that fire, her close eyes, face turned aside. A letter becomes a coincidence "the contemporary" steps on a plastic cup. Those whose house it was are supporting characters, imports heroes. They think it's theirs because they perceive it. Beauty works intermittently. The last word never ends, they still love.

He comes back, he will have been right, he does not, he will have been wrong. I think that's why, right Jack? or think that's right. You want it to be as real as this page, placing the photograph face down on the floor under the chair, the blue turn of conscience resolving in the center.

Your somatics are your own.

The Night Watchman

full of promise

she lives it

the object hove to
the instrument serves to reinforce
the sound of the voice

"a quoi?" [de Musset] she dreams

upon silent words

He hated hearing last things. It was the breath, the quantity of oxygen in the blood. The rhetoric of the blood. It presents itself directly to the senses.

Alba

People make rules at dawn

people shaped damp of work, purple
cord, brown tile, white tape
shadow, the room smells
like fuel like exhaust

[UCHRONIA (“memory under construction”)]

People make rules called fundamental

Contingent Tangent

The table was glass like the sea, things
Floated, shocked, frozen, little
Warships and such
An hour later his heart gave way

Lita arrived early, shocked to see your
Talking a large view winter presentation of the
Bod separated only by land and
Desire, distance, wavelength, blood, rain

Testimony, documentary, distinctiveness
Admitting of an uncertain and indeterminate
Something to think about something
Someone cooked up "Because the deepest

Revolution is not social" [Will Alexander]

"Look for that man in the moon"

Hesitancies. A dog discovers its
color, its source. From sight
to mind without the dream in
which initials
Of time

Sugar Wings

"I'd have been able to find your keyhole with your eyes shut."
Jean-Paul Sartre, *The Flies*

flies sing love songs
there are secret rhythms in their
love songs. Some flies
are unlucky in love

the rhetoric of flies is
the pulse

This one, then, in good time. Madge leaves the Leland Hotel, a pebble and
a penny on the sill, fate map referring to the building in the music, not
trying to reproduce it.

overtones, elegy. *that*
high voice past
the midpoint.

"my free will has a
mind of its own"

"straight trade,"

Lita wrote, tugging on events, a two-ton weight on her line. The house is
gone, the hotel is gone. Madge, that is not your

brother
in the photograph

Suddenly Hesitancies Quietness

There are those who pronounce *flaneur* to rhyme with sewer,
something like a placeholder, ecstatic to discover Hearing held the
window, the river, like *that* producing one Day as another "rival
publication" *that* for One, *there* another dictionary beyond "affinity"

the burden of the Moon was surprising and ambitious
presence of the super natural world Remembers the dream where
initials of the character-object were Those of a different poet kept in
mind for very different Reasons

Turbulent tonight, contact and context "singing in the spirit"
Fills in from sight to mind, painters seriously silent making a Horoscope
he will say time is tax we will say time is free she will say time Time out

What does anything reveal "by virtue of its structure" the
Frequency of the world Secret in these accounts there was a door
Here once the opening of the-- wound? exhaust deeply hidden in
trying to separate the sensory

statement is as statement does Resist repeating on paper, its
yellow edge enriched by relief of the victim by the role of the suffering
victim Suddenly her voice a phrase precise Hesitancies from sight to
mind

written in water Through the window of a book, the ultimate
Quietness of its ending—not ending in the empty room

Viridian

The frame building before the stores went up, about holding back, "I
completely want to hear this" tiny scarab above her left eye in my country,
the reed of translation, moving,
approaching, said, saying

 brimstone, saltpeter and amber, two signatures, one
above the other, do you ever get angry at me when I say no? Yes.
Then I'm doing my job

in splendid isolation understood as someone's mourning, marble and rice,
beeswax, milk and wood, found in the street, made on the spot, marking
time, his beaded tenor sound



Norma Cole's recent books of poetry include *Natural Light*, *Where Shadows Will*: Selected Poems 1988—2008 and *Spinoza in Her Youth*. A new book, *WIN THESE POSTERS AND OTHER UNRELATED PRIZES INSIDE*, will come out from Omnidawn Press in the fall. A book of essays and talks, *TO BEAT MUSIC* just appeared, also from Omnidawn. Her translations include Jean Daive's *A Woman With Several Lives*, Fouad Gabriel Naffah's *The Spirit God and the Properties of Nitrogen*, and *Crosscut Universe: Writers on Writing From France*. Cole has been the recipient of awards from the Wallace Alexander Gerbode Foundation, Gertrude Stein Awards, the Fund for Poetry, and the Foundation for Contemporary Arts. In 2008 Cole was a Regents' Lecturer at UC Berkeley and in 2011 was a columnist at San Francisco Museum of Modern Art's "Open Space" (<http://blog.sfmoma.org/author/normacole/>). She teaches at the University of San Francisco.

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