



MY BIRD BOOK

NORMA COLE

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LITTORAL BOOKS
LOS ANGELES 1991

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But, Reader, perhaps you do not like birds? Perhaps you think they bring misfortune? Rest assured: no bird lives in my memories. Not a one.

—*Emmanuel Hocquard*

MY BIRD BOOK

Fly well, Kippie

Fly well, Kippie

(from *Songololo*)

“Free as a Bird”

Yes, says the dedication I exist as a fact
a single
heat dangling outside
difference more visible

as a bite
heat facts are the same
cuticles in ribbons
terms of measurement are not

distract them
distract them to death
so blocking
with raw people

what is natural
persistence is remembered
flares or/are those two
figures trudging up

loudness is a horrible secret
a single dimension beyond imagination
looking sacred doing nothing
perilous reason mopping up

MYSTERY OF THE HOLOGRAMS, OR ASTERISME

ki' iba' a wilik

good-night

[lit. be careful what you see. Mayan/Lacondone]

Move the Anarchy, there is a Sky musing on us. Performing letters. This is vision image couldn't hold. Radially negative dread. It's not about degrees.

Self makes your position as they are. Ingest the object, the difference in debt defining point of view. Figure/ground a problem language reprimands. Its own reader, clumsily.

"Simply to *propose*, in an epoch where propositional language has been used as an instrument of genocide, is to be quietly complicit with one's antagonist." (Terry Eagleton)

If/say

sublime = excess

is a proposition. Then what

about see or believe, showing net marks on their smooth sides, hair-raiser, happily distraught. Twice-dark wonder in trouble in no one's eyes.

"No law silences women." (Catherine Mackinnon)

Singular numbers, their laws, concerns, noise, appeals, etc. Their absence, this space requires and exacts full early effervescence of listening awakening. Slams the awareness (complete and instantaneous) goes flat. Dull. Thrown back.

Reinvent waking up. *Es matematico*. Vocal carrying on official logical modified and a parallel emptying system. Just when remorse will not erase. Restricted or qualified, a book is entitled to its spectator. See, hear and remember.

Pulling it out of the throat hand over hand. Future assume theme. If by accident—nothing else—hold or bite. Had to participate or prepare. I'm warned I'll "lose" my teeth. Despair. Some one sees a man with a chainsaw coming into the house through the wall. All the horror is literal.

Or shape, anything. Blessed, you take these briefs. You take shape as bricks and mortar. From what it's like.

Let's ramble. From the center. Parallel to time. (But fright is performed.) This explicit by arbitrary division real situation. (Not that in writing poetry you'd want to limit yourself to a token language.)

If you got the music wrong you got sick. "I'm accepting my condition now. Oh, I'm a special case, there's a lot of space around me. It would appear that I keep it that way."

Why erodes—a garbage—why applies color. Oh a map across the wild open. A child dashing a baby on its face on the floor—horror—but it seemed to have yet another face—HORROR.

“my scarlet plumage, my little round eye like a fan or a paralune”

What little—don’t go—map or see morning “it” the cracked bowl. Doorstep recently swept. I however never speak. Attendance at the funeral was obligatory, old store long kept, how visually styled, how distant past like a memory problem. So take this, just do this “Of sentiment your reasons” become my seasons launch into more of that “How do I like it” sense that people celebrate. If ever someheart to go on, some operating gate.

Distance impounded sail and harm variations. Shape will wear them out. Juxtaposition washing off the burning pulling. Back of and through an on the spot vocabulary improvement “watching a playful scene at the far end” or is it. Some one pushes through the crowd around the coffin looking ... over at the stranger wearing a suit and white sunscreen on his nose.

Without being subsumed, becoming an insistence on being/ keeping time “I think if I stay here long enough....”

“I can’t get out—I can’t get out!” said the starling....
(Lawrence Sterne, *A Sentimental Journey*)

STARLING

which remarks all these

furious and indifferent

conjunctions

might just

(which possible
doing it
distract from

can you see it
the starling

equally happen
had silenced

had happened
does not move
(which) possible

from whom phantom walk together
July nonument

He may receive 30 visits of 40 minutes
a year. He may write 52 letters a year.

He may receive 52 letters, 12 birthday
cards and 12 Christmas cards each year.

facts keeping magic
school for
righteous a problem

delighted

a near form

decisive it is

fat from this

room light

bars and dots fondling people and events ungloved
folded of easy reflection fits occur in white rough order

noises challenge

the subject is or is like
“large as my body
full a task from the main tree”
—Sandy Maybank

your Memorance of Me package
stand stage deliver

know direct and labor
skipping the more perfection

consuming and fouling

the starling
technique of the execution
inedible a loud
grating natural cavities

veer and fly slowly

lies without
precise

Aetias luna
bending appeal
up jumped the information

light proofed and green

as it was now
to think in rhythm
in close attendance

concrete
to the mercury

stunned in the way things
sourceless
are seen interactive

fair hunting and raw

The sky is falling
sugar

will gathering

let's alive was to speak

specular overlap if

don't overlap power

responsive inundation

these are familiar to

copper things with

cord as with light

century arrangements
fresh eviction miles away

disturbance of food
in these many awoke

causes disconnect
move in mistake

by parked watching
fell full for dependents day
amputation

free into the circus
recover was drastic
free this visitation

and its tokens
forgot connections dominion

people back as food
that things are viewed

stuck motion full vision
arithmetical see your relation

what do you
mean to do
with us starlings

WE CALL WE CALL WE CALL

first risk

so gentle
first
implicate story

which dispel

omen's beginning
eventual dreaming
"if a city is located on a hill"
every landscape filled

on everything built
an event
we call

there the thrush
(since) now is now
actively heaped
involved here eventually
holding ground

WE HUNT THE WREN FOR ROBIN

particular cheep
cheep soft killed lived and adorned
bitten events caroling heat
air inspiratrice counting fractures experts solder
beat or decrease science

objects from working legend
disappear some old and not quite defined
peripheral variations
drew charged comfort breathing and noting

eat fish
to separate logic from each simple day there is
only intention dragging the literal around
now learn to whirl away

mimetic branch I am
science swaggers and profit snows in the distance intent
looks closer kept open wistful sugar burning time
looks back watering sound spinning
I am that baby yes exceptional

living and still
a few other abandoned windmills silk arrangements
to foil completely or daily
measure taking air rehired with
and was telling on the next nest the great
deflect measures loosely assembled

punish those scrolls for trying to make the cover visible
fish

I thought you were socks
now you have to wait buster
makes the you world continuum other peoples systems

a plastic city these things are not images
saccadic age of unborn babies hooking rugs in there
the brain commands eye movements punctuate bios

reportage and momentary turning outside the eye
my stereo feathers receptors and wing nuts
your stereo feathers
just hello and all that

'd rather be the building sites themselves
birdproofing the nesting

history where it repeats itself
a condition of weightlessness
and speechlessness could really lay it down

a walking omelette
an onion running
in other spots of time
all fresh and visible
I am petrified
a renaissance nuisance
have come to visit
no it's *my* nervous illness

a broken wingbone
lost remarkable convention in nothing
smoke came pouring out of the ends of my fingers
it makes no difference
which is anchor which is ship
defining fires on the featureless sea
every inch of it

ABSORPTION or a noun of action

For you it's called absorption, for your dream, the hood was
wearing a cape, the little division sang

division sang a little space
causeless light can blind you
always focus as respected
depthless field behind you

Exactly and the line is not exact, those elaborate devices divide
us, it just doesn't know how to be two at once, cover your
faces when you speak

Absorption of the baby, absorption of the *Idea of the Baby*,
isn't it like eating the predicate — or being hungry, an
assortment, the tiled floor of the stock exchange

the painting lowered its eyes
swallowed
the dream of absorption

Without living a taunt can right absorb lost benediction
comma redemption warm intervention icy extrusion nothing
is like

RAVEN

Says I am invisible in my feathers

World knot
young beyond half casual theme
courtoisie & turbulence a few more slowly now
we read little gold suns over the airstrip
no medical treatment for civilians
expeditions *speaking like through a screen door*
peaches for eyes

How faint the spot harmonates unbarred by time, wit and the
shape memory bolted
unobtainable until we learn it

Come up now onto the roof of my mouth and *see* this
shadow that has driven people mad

Common denominators this papers generosity
water's constancy emptied field
what we know passed to the back
mirrors open up another front

"Thou wilt never see that raven again, for I am that raven"

SEA SWALLOW (*LA GOELETTE*)

an overarching voice
rustic and being
gular flutter
flower of the rock
that sunny comfort reach
arid out of hearing

sing me the whole song

about to speak
will is only nearer
to speak nothing but
arterial equivalent
gular flutter
punctuate equilibrium

SWALLOW

fly over in silence

powerful registration before sleep
on your experience falls
recent but complete

areas of colour
next to each other
“you ask” did they release him today
but with some affection
method asking
and began
respiration falls

and the thorough world is great

Washing brushes in a lake
sibilous net
tread or engender
long hanging word
shivering when it sings
to the one natural day
one thought

THE RAPTOR TRUST

“their infinite nests...”

V. Huidobro

Being is done
a being
seething
and outside
from which automatically all questions the individual deviation
style is or fit what we were looking for
the market becoming intimate failure
2 versions
since every part is active
unnamed or untamed
consumed or recent

Allies of the future
when ceremony is over
discomfort the preoccupation
we celebrate these perfect errors
what's necessary, *quella bella petra*
conferring chance household goods besides rhyming agreement
anxious and various endurance

It's nice because you can remember it
d r y a long cylinder of
w a l l dried grasses — hay
s t u d y leaning up against
 the studio wall

If that's logic who's looking at it in order our forces condense
flatly
up the hill
have grace
the well surfaces
have plenty of it
spelling

but each and each
of no and no
days exit and former
nectar and sap

Archives of the future
how lucky to hear the iris and mini-atlas aid each
delirium cordis clears its own throat meaning a social releaser
proof and consequences starting with music
entirely convincing this time perception smear
one's not the symbol but the censor
melting tone or fixed pitch
hand belted in violent encounter
policy and choice rustle in the creatorium

From bird to word
only as you get it
hands off that book or what the inscription don't
show
the alphabet will clue me
but wouldn't we
use one generally
except for the ones in petition

who make their own beds
try me
I'm not far enough yet flying has its own history
dichotomy I'm all outside
(the thing) presented is (the
thing prevented
s e a spectral shells
t r a s h

and be and remember can conjure yourself
and a thin ripping concern and return time
so we can see with their eyes
this gift that obliterates

Sublime the hearings begin you mean your eyes fall out finally
you mean dishes clatter (what can we know of winnowing
grain) pretending pleasure isn't for instance patience about
this keeper of forms

X imagines the universe
exactly how it looks
Y are welcomed
before all the city
periodicity doubles the outward call of thought
and fiction in its own way
remains in the puzzle. remember the earth?
fly back to it each summer

Oval skylights in the second circuit house
nonplussed motivation taxes matching revealing
what required feeling — nobody

takes it in the head — is an explanation
for an act and their laws results
which are bonding through more rounded up
material
all equal wonder to some more immaculate
the complete danger zone “for reasons which
I forget” how wild is thought

AFTER ARTHUR, or please let me be misunderstood

What about the realism of lyric poetry?

B. Brecht

When will we go

by ditch and by hill — slash and burn
have you found yet your sentence voiceless iris? There is
(what the poet says about flowers) a false accountability (what
someone says to the poet about flowers) someone is ordering
books burning bread space is mangled in the mistakes
doesn't involve *maniaque*
brightened lense inflamed ex-body
taking on the others, becoming them
a less inflamed pupil
p.s. dying as a sign as in I am
elaboration
by ditch and by hill
to lift with dehydrated fist
fit enough exactly like this
what model works
the coffin lid
without inflation
without exception
what model works responsible singing (may the farce be with
you) ropes in the brain what bounds intervention arises from
the safety boats
I want freedom in safety! how to get what finds some
memory at the second remove

look at me turning into a *mother*
tools, weapons, weather
conversation on the rim
quotes from people including myself
on me more and more yours
often stranded or familiar
what's for us
pink quartz interruption
"Shoot! Shoot at me!" when working social conventions
until hell bottoms out but
who would stir up furious firestorms
but us and those we think of as kin?
to complain this thought
scant garden the silent conjunction
built for instance gift
to be misunderstood
but only partly cooked
it's up to us romantic friends you'll like this
we won't work o firetides!
the little searches discretion
reaches novel speech from tar
yes my eyes are shut to your light
actual identification and grease in the saucepan
elaboration received on paper
old fleabite
figures in the ground
and the leaves turned down
o seasons o castles a game in which the pieces don't move
into the pardon a leg lying on the road "stiff" complete
with foot the others move up

A.R. — Do I remember nature? myself?

— *no more words.*

I'm burying the dead in my gut.

B.B. — It's nonsense. You have to ignore
it. Depth doesn't get you anywhere
at all.

THOSE ARE

manners short stop those are private mornings
intoxicating abdications "I was on my lunch break"

It's a witness life
rips aside the velvet
attention has not to be on that
below the broad yard
split with promise

This is your birthday it burns smoothly the stance of fact
dot archeology here there is no continuity
charge BLANK Argument variously
their hot and burning and polite challenge to make living
daylights in these bye-gone-invitation-only other middle ages
these are the living contents by definition (read them)
in the same lexical mine field relations are not equal
works against the living organism — swimming
is obsolete there will be no more swimming — so it turns
that to be continuous after all a grave eventuality
where it is at least encouraged spreading congenial
with a knife the length of some stand-in for the real or
the ideal: *send the comforter there's a fire engine going down our*
street the big hand weak enough renovated the red palace an
average eye-level view of the solitary quarter multiple storey
shattering houses of hair noises against pictures disclaiming an
argument being sand or kicking up a construct eternal dance

becomes a set of instructions set up on a new horizon given
over to forgotten wild racket "you old charmer" smooth as an
unbroken thought how and how to unstitching it's a kiss and
yet it's not aware if the charge is one

SMASH VILLAGE

for Robert Duncan

In a measure by a Dare
the home is filled with
conclusions where things are
afraid of burning
contagion
as they meant it
walls shored up to hold the bodies in

in the undoing

drops off the mind
now more than anywhere living
in a Dare
the way things work on each other
 braced is a wall
 holding in the bitter spaces

The winter went back and forth
anywhere in the fascinated territory

QUESTIONS FROM THE HEART OF ZOOLOGY

for Michael Davidson

Initial transitions recall // no call against the body data // hit
them restless as this agreement // or hold the voice outside
pathology

like reasons tension
unfinished senses
hardly listening

for listening is everything

letter's safety
this is history
go and love
the dead
the cause
they radio
is history

linguistic excrement // and honey master public voices
argument // let's scar // does that make sense? // in such
stillness as this

resting splendour
we have not to enter

from then
(swam in)
stepfully

language makes up

oh seams oh about

at the edge of the edge
fevered limes favored limbs
lives of song
desire surprise

“One could argue that lyric poetry has never existed....”

Michael Davidson, “Discourse in
Poetry: Bakhtin and Extensions
of the Dialogical,” *Code of Signals*

*Feature yourself
under my skin
applying language
to my only skin*

Here is our universal programme

Play your cutter against me
The straying of forces

Me, experience

Are you for or against

Spatial ambivalence

If not why not

That gap or blur
This forest fire of clear voices

One could never

Regret is all
preparation
ensuring motion
birds are glued
contain and change
and other bottles of testament

at the stars
and human dolls
“a lot of dead
a lot of bread”

—*Guillevic*

watch over you
and heal you
“or silence”
dancing at the fear
gathers and parameters
are temporal
occupation of absence

like a picture, sticky
this flying around
is developing
but where is the original terror
since which words are available
“bare ruined choirs — etc.”
not whether but an
unintentional relaxing into attention

separation is the first fact

Happenstance wrote how a letter became a body of forgetful-
ness flaring // antidotal themes capture sunsets honey //
master period moving parts flying // for eyes hypervariability
// spare some dots

for dreaming or natural
words called angles
sharply out of focus

the proper
use of this “will you
quietly clean up your mess”
means on the shelf
a concrete hat or linguistic island

Speaking of skin

this bookcase
this chickenwire door

speaking of meaning // *which we hammered out continuously*
from our earliest communications // corona of slowness around
a center flung out among the hurt on the land // trouble acts
as threshold

sounded, from song

GANNET

for Michael Palmer

1.

Figures
there, here
body forth
map and necklace
quince and ivy
sweep and clear
common and proper *effort*
eyes of time and
air these ages
dust unfold

2.

a wonder tale
told in bends and
folds like certain words
unbraided clarity
that granite triangle really a painted sail
the old south church, the corporate reading program expressway
for these things alter the prospect
stroll down the aisle of any supermarket
yoghurt faces you

3.

defining being by unbecoming
cross and recross this nothing

more to do with regular
general or natural landscape
borrowed from every different order
expression which has not tended
parts of which stayed outside
opaque nature
standing under the return picture
initial windless cutting from a choir book
knew it saw it like another

4.
low across fragments
who dwell on the same side
of course, for instance, remember
even the landscape
each time addressing the chorus
bends in the fact
looking at to looking
for reading as it were
alive in you staring
roots and ashes in the skin

5.
opaque domain
occurs pinned down
fixed octave by calypso octave

6.
out of the island
interval, consonance, diapason's leaf
out of the island the smell of fire from a distance

echo's double deformation
full of hard space
out of the island perdurance volition
sea-mews off the horizon
receding on the heat of the sea
words endured
went light

7.

"a book in its beak"

Primo Levi

vertical
suspension sleeps and you
unavowable
silence the time dispenser
dreamless
face down in the river
chaos
sleeps and you
simply sow
. . .and so the obsession
from restless contemplation
of the eye in the be
a should like fugue
doubles in a needless dream
feather by feather

BIG BIRD

letter to my
brother
don't stall don't
be my denial

breaking breath
then there's music that doesn't mean anything

I was describing language here

I don't have a story or description too fair of itself
grammar's idea it will still be yours before we discover
(arrived subject and still)
object is particular will

sound motions elements
here the quiet day curtailed from future use
let go stranger for let grow what is relinquish
or desire

they stand up for each other directly

theory in the presence its own jocular reader
situates below threshold streams of song
set down. set me down by rough insistence
present as a tumor
cause is waiting exponential powdered by ordinary light

a difference in wanting or not a thought
we watch you

a reception for you then we're you're function
wonders with risk lacking periphery
testing function of comfortless completion
I demand to see you in person and am burnt up

rat rodeo minds cash out muffled surface of event
as if day breaks
day breaks on the capital of participants in a cursing situation
of blood on the floor in time inches which moves us waiting
be my moving objects inquiry squatting or not back in
wanting scooping up from behind all out knocked over in
wanting a thought letter to my

eyes can't return
a surgery to protect
a body to believe
or have resolved
before mention
or formerly given
a thought accident
from the difference

tangle object sensation from difference
deferring from figure muted ground

nobody names the post-
hitched to look this way and that
bevelled thought determines what comes before
logical modified orbits touched and remained

THAT DIVING BIRD

is easy
look
it flew daily

is it layered
Then
without warning the tense changed
situated to wake up in their recipe for obsession
relations which systems explain
which explain the scale itself symptoms
Once upon the time in the light
in the dark they forget to be astonished
the impulse to pat it into immaterial
face and contradict

whereas
always in too much of a rush to be done with it all

whereas
in reality the voices the voices are broad cast

whereas
you are standing in it breathing the same air

heavenly bolts vernacular gates prompts forgotten
the part about being in an ecstatic state

continuous amounts only physical discomfort kept
from echos rule stone cliffs they've body-blocked

how is it
it's bigger
they don't know how to shake *her hand*
intention whispering through
the noise falls off
thunder's parry speaks to its purpose

to look out

after they're dead you can't close their eyes easily
by passing a hand over their face the way it's done
in the movies. *they were blank but we still had to*
cover them. with pieces of broken pottery, coins.
what else

do they remember

down with the weather

smell the birdsong the heat is nothing
and office without meaning as in dreams
interpret life would you separate them
but at what these soldiers the irritation
nagging comes from pretending would you
fade to blank

to look out

they pass you a branch to make you sing
the night of night's dream will not erase
just when restricted or qualified
entitled to is spectator remorse
you may still look at the pyramids

BIRDBRAIN

I say several
to come seeing
Oh I am here
to keep forgetting

“self-perpetuating...
and light”

I break them and then I eat
them or translate them
to keep the damage

When I go to reason
it was never my home
time of extension
searching
died against me (do I say
moral or ready

CARDINAL

“love’s social/intellect”

Roberto Tejada

“The Gauntlet”

Born in the ground
obstacles look alike
then action follows
with that piece of bread
while thought set
that piece of bone
and biological nouns
punctuate an awful precision
a pavement doesn’t move
“not exempt” and “not above”

PLOVER

it was dark

to go on like this
imitation hearing
selection skewing webs
climbing down
this time decision
attached to orbits
stilled lines with ends
“exquisite travelers”
from the gravity-shaped universe
until they awoke in the street
at their having been told
while children grew older
a movable cart fell from a distance
they didn’t

BIRD OF PARADISE

calling out very quietly

moving forward
must be her ears
generalizing

left
swept and go behind

to map and to provide

look home

and then

to go.

EROTEMA

If/or

let the questioning

one precedes

reward more

passion bathed in

show and not fuller

that lower

color

spring undisturbed

to talk by stillness

seen in leaving

cuts through waiting

called overlapping

Göttlich

our ideas are so absolutely

gathering

only floating "because I feel

asleep" my own calling

left incomplete

for Stanley Whitney & Marina Adams

descending as the journey (called for words)
impaired what waking bearing
and not disturbed
few and not reformed
stratagems evidence 'nicely' distracted
keeping causes roofed by leaving
reading image changed intentions
the fragility of that spring
system or function as provide that I
slipped as principle retention track relations
thought claims scaffold in the fact
memory danger shape absorbed
into it voice between the various first
outside make it way down
hurt the ease which after further
expiation memory kitchen — Metcalfe & Owens
photo finish prior to devise us and determine
mere value deliberate reduction convertible
precedental borne into smoke wake them
park them relegation is actual
determined boundless healthy virus
more embedded its terror uncovering
factors and or means companionable to a lifelong system
subject to subject short history of sentiment reasons all
you see that
listening and laughing mistakes we fastened open

friends as we tell the abstract shadows double
under will extreme moment to preserve undated lilac progress
the personal flower without glitter and resolve it
both overboard moss treat aloud diplomacy
stored through the first called part upon
direction your tending the waiting being
still unknown an absolute discretion just
seen for a moment a fragment under
the story number behind you already something matters

“dear night that permits”

limbs

what is this hidden precision

flower without glitter

frame line adjacent

as if hearing

algebraic secondary construction

of feeling

bare arm (I was)

about to give

geographical

not to again madness

we knew now what

property

in a memory

announce what

so fiercely not simply

in sounds “my little”

landmark escape is sounder

deep blue accept relief

accidental

alloy forming tireless gates

incandescence

gathers and separates

play on and modulate

involuntary necessity

abstract personal

necessity

in Paul Celan's

sleep without
deep and block
printing body
to motion, resistant reader

we're all in the loop
music anyway
limited beyond all possible notation

AURORA

there
their
at that hour
moment
our
silent chorus
the dead & so on

Crosscut universe
get up
assume everything

Lacking sequence
calumnies the rest
then concentrated

Sense circumstances
learning quickly
asymptotic

Sensational
additional power
a landscape "empty"
the scientist, the postman

Mist above a new song
(epic without story)
blood all over the backs of legs

Whose urgency
whose certain point
on certain multiple shadow

Shines
nourished won't dispel
win to it

Mortal set
safety's bounds
IMAGINE

Focus
mountains called
tusk and comb

Discovery of graphite
mouth and after
found adapter

Double portals
cracked container
never filled

Turn over, turn over
a landscape unit
orbits around opinion

Explicit social
spiral placement
who is public

*Light has no emotion
Split breath even light displacement by degrees
Slight breath translates quietly out of event
Into the it*

Poems were written over a period of hundreds of years by the same person. A model of vigor sets up a measure. An incredible event drives a story. Some are expectations and what is prior to articulation. The constant spectral pressure of what's "free about the rules of objectification, association, "it" 's use, you put your other in. A kind of reportage they were getting used to. Was a kind of distraction and took care of that desire to move around in space, reflection, enclosure. Exposure, whatever bobs to the surface and then there's choice, tradition describable like chess.

Describing a chicken or egg, separating it and the way it is made, intentionally. We named it purpose purposefully, and how they informed each other. House eats words, becomes a cartoon. As if it could pick up the telephone and speak to your expectation, invitation, somebody's hand, its mark, inside the body. Recording. Everything outside is X-legitimate. An extra measure. Why water thought to respond (struggling and breaking) clever responsible clues involuntarily declared, pretty, that's resolute.

Stones explode.

The bamboo ginger grater hangs wet over the sink

Call out bitter

Lyric or she

Or a public sound

Standard from the point of view of mind if in fact that's a point. Cast your double. First the top hat that defies gravity and then time to follow further. Scan this. Space with no rules, the melody we are describing is lost, follows sound. Or tone speaking keeps duration but rhythmic diction defies it, the music. Transforms it, slipping.

Sing in, having been used. They broke open the sides and leapt from house to house, long lost reordering, fortification. All the long lost daughters of chance to nature or point the finger. Reordering constitution, juxtaposition was one. If not binary, why precious renaming, a measurement for all the prices in pieces in views. Excuse me but don't say words like that level of detail, speak in.

Rebar

This exchange

This valley of light

Transcription

A geographical area changes as if it's at home, turned

Now what were we to do, directed, being granular. For someone like possession or extension "theirs" is no official resistance. Doesn't carry with it a proposition of perfection. The only way to hear it is to put it out of sight. Providing weight to steady the rock.

*: I was setting his wet socks on a porch rail to dry,
making a list: water, stream, a bridge, shallow, for
wading or bathing, a novel, gurgling. Send in a death
certificate, notarized, and get your refund. Not the
same group as "our group".*

Something invisible returns inert and crawling. In this sung desire images rub up against each other. Some relief. If only a hornets' nest, a metal plate shook order. Now you are standing in. You have a thing to carry into the street. Aurora, they awoke in the street. To make the sum, angles spoke resemblances, astrifications, and so on.

(Whatever ... we know that.)

harmonious, elegant

many planets of ordinary fire

of perfect wandering motions

Vanished from this world

(the hand would disappear)

The practice is being silent

dripping and chirping

but truth was intermittent

it hid because

if you could replace demonstration with experience

It was forced, a

that is to say catapulted by

experience or rather by

“circumstances”.

incomplete thought:
 (I guess you're psychic)
to leap from similar
created and mimicked
what is similar
what is mimic
to mimic
agency

producing and seeing
recognition and changed
along with prediction
a cloudless sky nothing
a foot out the door

Translate this light
like Aurora it was a baby
to speak of a constellation or to produce it
for meaning go to the Dictionary or the third scale
window initiative but not by sound, by structure then.
Leaping through the holes in the walls of the houses
they had smashed. One day it was never written. Put it
into your head. If the heart is incomplete

with will it hasn't happened.
hadn't.
would happen has.

resists definition which is more bereft. break out the
lyric marrow. be straightforward. if it has no
expression. describe that place. at the end it's an
answer placed first a question. "Make yourself known to
me and I'll name you" after which nothing is left.
cross the river by a bridge you are not a part of.

language

with a vision of partial detail

"I dig through trash," Pat Murphy

The Falling Woman

choking expectation

down with the yarn

in birdcage grown susceptibility

count out of the place here

attack of wolves and dogs on the goats, many slain goats

lying in the road explanation blending of having

forgotten the copout pronoun mined programmatic notes

towards forgetting surveyed credibility: place here:

say: mountain or river valley city or square

leading horror vomits out of the place

Call this building the doll

whose reading or listening is involving

not talking; timing (how

did Catullus sound to his own self)

language with

a vision of partial
detail out this window the birch's black arm stunning
the sky weather, struggle,
this pictured one isn't one. The glass is old and
uneven, distorting the image
some one constructs
a conventional prosthesis that passes
some thing in the aftermath

to time the contemplation
sudden remarkable sight
flat arrowhead shaped leaves
to keep things and the news out

Was it supposed to mean to, to settle some thing
every thing, who would have expected it to
were there their marks as an irreversible outside
whose readiness I don't remember
whose marks left not so much as
or less than

Holding still on the bumper of a car
the arm came down
as many times
with standing around
a scene of real carnage
"stop" ranking every thing
scratches availability

Suddenly the baby leaps from her carseat and dances on the table top. She has her interruptions, her scruples. Like yourself when you are alone for a minute "we have aphids" something whimsical like yourself. The junk parks here. "The woman I love" is a partial designation. Another's misery becomes unreadable. Yet when a clue is given an explanation is demanded. Clues are revealed involuntarily and offend people.

premonition and the ability to change she returns to the other simpler questions, his torn eye, water's surface
trackless
conversation
a glass staircase known for its inconclusiveness

became considered obscene
you'll continue to be punished
"it gets away from me"
returned things
wrecked things
when nothing is a fresh mutilation
it's a work
work around like this
and like this

"Are you already making religious art or will you be making religious art — tomorrow?" cast about for reasons when nothing is leading up to all these questions
try to assign a reason

to the world as it should be
anonymous dreamed last night
stop planning the enlightenment the apocalypse too

Oh yes remembering: suddenly aware of the ends of
sentences, what they flush away, we become hearsay

Off the bodyguard
(but) the room doesn't fit (an infirmary, we all had
fevers, thermometers in our mouths, rushing
years of silent greetings to get there
something later the
underthought moving being
seen into motion
seeming uncreated

seeing the object the company "Why do fish bite? Why do
guys fight?" check the parcels and sitters I'm not at my
union meeting I'm not in the senate so I can say laundry
and money and the groom's mother was a blacksmith
totally hidden

I didn't hear any
outpost we fed ourselves mania. I had to invent
everything for I have no wife. People hadn't looked at
a tree, hadn't seen a tree without a frame around it
locate the for in for instance for me
who sets the measure

over my dead body. Against our weapons in the
struggling to and from circumstance without being

bending expression it's very kind of you to carry those
names away forever inventing little side trips getting
into the elevator and seeing there is only one floor
getting into a van and being driven very fast along
snowcovered roads with ragged icy edges: would need
some money, had arranged

had forgotten
the shoes cut her feet
she begged to keep them
addressing a brother
might sister extrapolation we agreed upon
kneeing off to the beaten track

if it's not for use
all the cells of being
and of weight
everything is unfinished

present paradise an accounting
born through promise
standing in
the premise
being absorbed by the
social music
is forced to a new
economy of appointed
seizing as if...

it is fascinating when people agree

The building made of bricks put words into your mouth.
you are like that but you
are not *that*

you think about what is not given in itself

, the hearing
lending category

just some handle working
the look of things as if by this reading

“One moment,” says Aurora, “I can get up!” the object
fixed up
giving sense this time for
reference another time
juxtaposition
for the sake of the season

and difference
Am I repeating myself?

All misreadings are in
confidence
not apart
from it over action “she becomes
me and suits me”

Clarity of intention is hand-
written
tearing flesh, drowning
puts it in the reader

specificity of experience
as though the signs were credible
servants
determined by action

what it was forming, Aurora

coming apart

is violence or evidence of I
meant you to have this

against something else

mnemonic substance
feeding on itself
like sound———the
mouth which flashes light
calls attention to the site

the person waiting
 where
your property is when it
stares up against you

try to touch it

Winged ray of affect
who it is Aurora
if not a bird

the wreck of intuition
marked in frenzy
the thing that's made
is it lifelike
anxious to violate
history or memory
facing dreaming
thinking in wars
Aurora sing
dark and dazzling
the situation: prepare for horror. wars are fought for
hundreds of years by the same person, etc.

Aurora calls the view facing cosmic repair
Aurora wills the news "I wanted to report to you"
luminous unrest
grandeur is always
unexpected (applied taste)
sizzling freezing
sighing subtract negotiation
remainder: curtains of minute particles
reflecting light
somatopsychic

a wrist sensation
that moment life takes
idea slips
the perfect denial
hide them
or calculate them

these hands couldn't keep still
somewhere in between I'm sorry and then that's wonderful
pulling open the curtain at dawn like the real lake as a
helmet. block in the largeness (breadth, breath)
security outside the destitutions I'll read it
frontwards and then to unroll it without in this
instance
and backwards until this knot
as if parts that speak

are a new habit: hands clasped in front. on a table,
in a book, on her lap. when talking has a way to go
cause in retreat denies effect

while he sleeps his friends consider his ears. we saw
ink all over the pillowcases though we couldn't see the
violence of the little hammer
pounding analogy that gives cause
everything that's left

There was arbitrariness built into the curb of lines
according to the type, space and size
according to the carriage which is a bridge
one syntax remembers another
all for a moment
scribbling the curbs are restrictive
more than alone contract appealing
dead this part that works
descriptive of space
this is her whole work

if I'm hit, she thinks

the painter, unlit
opening up the wings of the table

Dark store study and how to write about them à propos
de vous born to keep full of little sketches been took a
likeness
comprises charming isolation
refineries of the very first
seeing them direct raised the most common surprises

the night crew
its haunt intensified
some other wise dawn
poplar trees in perfect rows
and under the earth plastic bags

check your distance
precise disorder
nature tongues discontinuity
in constant attention

"Sweetness. Caress. Little
 slaps in quietness. Cold
 fingering on the pane." A.Z.
a just coincidence
compelled to draw the real sense of it
wakes out into object notation
boulevard in the zone
these simple drawings

not descriptive first in relation
in first relation?

number one
once in a while
the green book
first book

Neither is still at this moment.

cutting
unsettling in double
silvered the backs of her eyes
and then rusted
keeping equipment at bay

springs kept the two ships apart
mandatory gift too halftone
side vesicular: He put his finger in his mouth dipped
it into the ashes, then into his mouth again
purposely crashed
to the status quo
real science, measurable

to lie down with cruelty
take the wrist as part
of the rest, burnt
so this is and will

Paper wisteria. A bouquet can be slender.

Cognitivity's insistence was shoepolish. A man lost his
hand in the orchestra pit. Outside destiny and
destitution are blooming.

crazily all at once

I mean them all
at once knowing it only by fear of it
capital shame: should we organize
alphabetically? in summit
controlled relevance

in her sunsuit controlled reference

"I have never been on a firm footing in language"

but for all that, that's what you want language as a
friend
and what you had
colloidal from *kolla* glue
whole —
magically — no other way

*immovable the palace of felicity garnished
with perpetual shininge glorious lightes innumerable*
—from the *Prognostication Everlastinge*

by Leonard Digges, revised in 1576 by Thomas Digges
degeneration as of tissue into a homogeneous
or slightly granular glue-like substance

intercepting light

DESTITUTION: A TALE

for Margy Sloan

"...but the questioning, the stopping, built into the structure of the poem, seemed to me crucial to seeing the constituting nature of language."

Charles Bernstein

Here I saw red, I saw destitution. I saw the destituting nature of language.

"But fright is formed by what we see, not by what they say."
Susan Howe

But we see what they say.

Destitution: a tale.

destituo-, destituere

1. To set up, fix (in a position); to make fast; to place, stand (persons) in a position exposed to view
(*Oxford Latin Dictionary*)

Vision it is. I have my Ovid beside me. "And 'twas a pleasure not alone to see her finished work, but to watch her as she worked." (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*)

As if the parts that speak are excited, in disguise.

zero tolerance
to zero balance
all things
are flowering
their bodies
working towards
thoughts

The brother urinates on the sister's legs and shoes. The father, who is present, is impatient to leave. The sister goes upstairs and watches from a window. The brother says too much and gets clobbered by the father. An old story.

The constant spectral pressure of the former other. Only the mad journeyman still works the transitions. To be told that they were crying made them even more uncomfortable. "Tacit hypothesis" (Novalis) in an ideal world.

No idleness but in things. An impression of chairs. At these moments the past is hidden from memory. Then words are applied. Constitution: a cartoon of the mother diapering the baby's face.

What have you brought
substance or office
filled in with action

not amorphous but that they change — as we need them to change. The agent will turn. You see it in the agent's face.

Correct the greeting. Available fury. They were always
shuffling shoving scraping their chairs.

The interlocking romantic collaboration everlasting I have a
child because I am a mother. Effect signifies cause if the form
thinks that way. Prime or define. They turn up like idea or
you are led to them.

heatedly the hat
for the person
standing indivisible
function: $x \text{ never} = y$
the skullwork lays the blame

Someone must
give us back
or sum up the book
lowered into the ground

Médor had gotten too close to the coals and her ear was in
flames. The side of her muzzle was also in flames. I do it this
way because I can't think OR I do it this way so that I can't
think. Future provides continuity. The broken letter's
consistent, formal furniture.

At these times
these rocks
"angels pudding"

An order you live in, like the place for keeping dishes, having the lines of development invisible to you. An order you live out.

I had to see it all at once. So much for the order of disclosure. There was the impulse to twist it tighter. The nothing there is binding. Ambiguity is not neglect. It becomes you. The ledger of presence/absence: how specific is silence. Opacity here is undeniable.

Stones explode. Echo-nomics: there are any number of possible names for this shape.

go and love
the dead
the cause
they radio
is history

Forms have expectations and assumptions, just as expectation and assumption have their own forms. They are not the same. A pitch of recognition around the fact of it. A fact of light dazzles the shingles. Initiation IS that limiting, by spasm or definition. If the first thing you see is the woman standing with her arms folded, it's as though the whole thing emanates from her, or she is waiting for all of it — to happen. If it's the sky first, that's just the sky everywhere you look.

destituere

2. To leave in an isolated position by one's departure (of things, especially receding water); to go away and leave, abandon

They want to drag away from each other, the more each one is taking shape. Separation is the first fact. They want to take a different shape, ironing out. The dictionary continued to grow larger in his hands. What's the number of the armory? You exaggerate. The letters were upside down, and like stains. The fact of appearance. What fails to come ceases to be.

It was dark
to go on like this
imitating hearing
selection skewing webs
climbing down
this time decision attached
to orbit
exquisite travellers
from the gravity shaped
universe
until they awoke in the street
while children grew older
a movable cart
fell a great distance
they didn't

When I go travelling and then return. The field or window fills with red. Scraping up the bits in the bottom of the pan. Things appear closer or more distinct. That landscape looked just like someone's painting. It had been described as a white building.

Pulp and paper, home or end, defensive, hostile, almost .
jocular under cover of abusive acceptability. In the library of

images, there is some kind of regulation about being obliged to work with images. Like a stile: you go up the steps of entry, along the hall and then inside and down, or, if you don't descend, you look out onto a word or name becoming emblematic (categorematic) of every betrayal.

A vast space or at least surprising. Like having the space of a rectangle below you, seen from a balcony. Or at the synagogue, if, as though you are a woman up there, viewing it from above and through a coarse curtain, lopsidedly. And on a distant table or desk, as though there's the baby naming ceremony, the christening, going on "down there" — the baby sits, naked but for ornate gorgeous silver necklaces, breastplates, belts and other adornments, covering, covering, until the baby — a beautiful baby with a round flattish face and very shiny black hair around the face, the baby sitting alert and smiling and still -- -- can no longer be seen.

destituere

3. To deprive of support by one's absence, departure or sin; abandon, desert, leave; to deprive of expected help, support, etc. , leave in the lurch, let down

So deep you be
graven, cut
within my heart
That before me
ever I see you
Covered in thought
(anon. Middle English)

When you go to someone's funeral, you really expect to see the person there.

Names which can change
glued shut to the rest
and awake to meet
the overview

...

in the voice — a pain — covers
everything

...

(Danielle Collobert, *Journals*)

This sound or pain covers everything. The figure lies down in snow, is covered all in snow.

"nor can imagination form a shape"
(Shakespeare, *The Tempest*)

Or creating a world or a shape around an emotion such as fear or guilt, if you call them emotions. Conviction, which George Oppen calls an emotion. Seeing their shape through that which someone creates around them to cover it up or to reveal it, which turn out to be the same thing, regardless of the texture here, the coarse cloth. When I'm hanging paper, I think, now what would a character hanging paper be thinking.

"And a man in love, besides, is always fearful.
So I decided to give myself a reason
to have a grievance."
Ovid (*Metamorphoses*)

When he could no longer write he would just draw off the letters. Shape will wear them out. Juxtaposition washing off the burning pulling. Back of and through an on-the-spot vocabulary improvement 'watching a playful scene at the far end' or is it. Someone pushes through the crowd around the coffin looking...over at the stranger wearing a suit and white sunscreen on his nose. Without being subsumed, becoming an insistence...

dying, write a bodiless book

destituere

4. To abandon (an occupation, activity, etc.); to disregard, to render void

Several times: walking through a forest in winter, that is, the leaves are on the ground, wet and covered with frost. They thickly cover the forest floor and whatever debris is on it. There is a stirring. A shape like a log, covered with a mat of leaves, begins to stir. It turns out to be not a log, but a person not long dead. Adjacent are a couple of other such fallen log creatures, not stirring, for it is too soon. If you try to walk past this creature that is stirring, it will grab you with its grip of iron, you may not pass. You may not walk by.

An elaboration.

enth

under the sign of while or during

on its own recognizance

parenthetically: (I was about to type "under the sign of while or during" when the automatic typewriter began to type

furiously "enthslybp.m,kv-"Olx52" etc. "Not my real name."
The quotation I had intended to type in just after " under the
sign of while or during" was

She is the blank page
writing ghost writing

Susan Howe)

"I write to break into perfect primeval Consent. I wish I could
tenderly lift from the dark side of history, voices that are
anonymous, slighted — inarticulate."
Susan Howe

"Poems have always had this nature of revelation for me,
becoming apparently objective manifestations of feelings and
thoughts otherwise inaccessible."
Robert Creeley

The idea or impulse was to do the painting — of the other
painting — in a way that would undo — something else.
Words telling sight direct. The most common surfaces. For
instance, a marble slab set up by the sea, a gift from one
country to another, to honor a union that gave birth to a city.
Fellow fishermen, the city is murdering us with taxes....

A man is walking and a white swan comes up to him and
nuzzles his leg. The swan is thirsty, so he picks it up and puts
it into the bathtub and turns on the water. The water is rising
quickly, is about to overflow, the swan is about to drown.
Does he open the drain? Turn off the tap?

Subtext: are swans dangerous? do they turn you on? Time proves this swan's not either.

Second subtext: too much of a good thing, etc.

Third subtext: The sound of running water all night from the fountain, and the dripping.

There can be a refusal to participate with the dead, discomfort at being in the same room with them. She wore a kerchief round her head.

Leda is another form of Leto or Latona. She was chased by the python. In pre-hellenic myth, it's the goddess who chases the sacred king. He changes seasonally, she counters each transformation with her own and devours him at the summer solstice. Hellenic myth reverses the roles. These are conditions, organized. The Oxford American Dictionary has *constitution* constituting, composing. A Constitution is a set of principles according to which something is, a country, memory, a system of myths, is organized. Idea's moment of victory? Destitution is desire, is destiny; is corruption, I am corrupting the dictionary. *Destitution* is lacking, is the state of impoverishment, of being without the necessities of life. What could that have to do with writing, someone asked. From the other side, I fumbled, trying to release the seatbelt.

I put my hands on the block in the largeness of time.

destituere

5. To fail to come up to, disappoint, belie (expectations, standards, etc.)

Convention by position.

"Once I stayed overnight in a rented furnished house in Southern California, as a guest of the people who had rented the house. I was to sleep in the 'den', a small sitting room with a fold-out couch. One wall was all bookshelves.

"That night, in my room which was completely taken up by the fold-out couch, I sat in the bed looking at the books. There was a many-volume set of an old French dictionary, the Littré, a surprise, a curiosity to find in a private library.

"Without wasting any time, I took up a volume in my hands and found the entry for *représenter*, to represent. According to this Littré, it came from the Latin phrase, *rem praesentem* — the thing presented. The thing presented. Accusative, predicative. Rem Praesentem, this phrase itself, came from, or was the term referring to the winding sheet, the shroud wrapping the body of the dead person laid out to be viewed. The actual body was communicated to the viewer 'by means of'. By means of this wrapping, this reference to the unseen thing within, the thing you may not see, but must remember by means of a shape, a veil. Representation was a presentation of the thing that could not itself, by, in and for itself, be present. It had to be assumed, by an act of faith."

Wait! Immediately following the death of their friend, tensions resolved into hilarity. They played with the body before winding it up. Why don't you write about *this*, they said. Why don't you write *this*. But we didn't know what *this* was yet, what its name was, its language. It (*this*) didn't know us.

There is a series of family photographs. One is a wedding

photograph of C. and P., her huge billowing dress. It's a black and white photograph taken at night, in a cemetery, the bridal couple in motion, as though walking rapidly from the church through the cemetery to get to the next place. Like text, they were moving from left to right. Their accessories fell, were left behind in the mud.

Noetic ghost, its shape in place, "totally tubular."

destituere

6. To cease to serve or be available to, fail

Newsweek, July 28, 1969

"The American eagle patch that Apollo 11 astronauts are wearing on their flight suits did not always look the way it does. An earlier design depicted the eagle descending on the moon with an olive branch in its beak. But the naked talons looked so ferocious that the bird seemed to be attacking the moon. A more benign attitude was achieved by switching the olive branch to the talons."

The moving empty image is an affront, it confronts you. Then you are left alone. To play in the afterglow. A visual feat, an imaginary voluntary, the pre-ludic. Replace the missing letter to shut off, impede, close that door *against* the name, the piece. The prelude can preclude the play, as the name can preclude the thing. For instance "yellow".

Barbed wire around the salt block, as though foreclosing an impulse to leave right now, and rendering the others' entry impracticable. Sometimes the last play first. The digression

leads back around.

“Who brought me to the hospital, it’s ah me and it’s a psychiatrist who said to me who said to me right, now, fellah, it can’t go on like this on earth, just no way, have to, ah, go ah to another planet there, because here it’s just a total mess, it’s a free-for-all, dead end, it’s ah totally centralized, and it can’t work. And, myself, I thought that it would be much better, to get free, the chance of leaving for Mars. I knew what I had to do. You go to ah the ah street, ah avenue, the road ah it’s Place d’Italie...where you’ll find the ah very best travel agency in France to get you to Mars. You go there or else you call 22-31-70, and you get a car from the French Consul that takes you, oh it’s a beautiful car, I think it was a Citroën Maserati, or a ’66 Mercedes, that takes you to Roissy-en-France. At Roissy, you get on the plane. When you get to the States you figure out how to get to NASA. When you’re at NASA you take a rocket or an OVNI, you take an OVNI or a rocket, like, whatever you prefer, and you go there....” (from a selection of “psychotic texts” edited by Julia Kristeva)

Something said was binding. If the dust were flammable, and if we were to move this city away from the river.... What does it matter about the bindings. An introductory voluntary, it becomes the thing it was getting around to talking about, wrapping it in a way...something obvious, against you on the way...to what isn’t. Turning can be an introduction of the so-called missing structure, a carefully carved wooden spoon whose face, whose painted face. What the camera can view in a single take makes the words into a grocery list.

After the Franco-Prussian war, the editor of the *Spirit Review* called on the professional photographer Buguet to take the first photographs ever of ghosts. They were actually overexposures superimposed on images of the 'living' so that they appeared to be walking among them. Us. The effects of these photographs depended upon skillful erasure and subtle lighting. There were also pretty young models in pre-Raphaelite dresses. (Paul Virilio, *War and Cinema*)

You can't destroy your other, your reach, with skillful erasure. It's set up to eliminate time, used to stand still, shy a little other information.

I couldn't make the images empty enough, she said. She lamented. Renewed and refreshed in the oasis of discontent.

"The Inner Sanctum Novels, Simon & Schuster: you have now bought this book. If you do not wish to keep it, lend it to a friend or send it to a hospital."

Notice to readers, inside the front cover of these early mass-market books. Rules are where you find them. The book talks back. The notice continues. "Please note that the covers of the Inner Sanctum Novels have four separate colors: red, blue, green and yellow. Blue: these are books in a serious vein. Red: these are books of a lighter nature. Green: these are detective and mystery stories. Yellow: these are novels that fall into none of the above categories.

So where do you fit? What is your color? Pick a number and be told your future. Where you fit.

A split that could be read against. Read could become smudged. That was one kind of continuity. Oh, it was deafening, a flood too, but of light. Emotion will be available to you and to anyone and inquiry.

“...like a fog forming in the unformed — enclosed in the ring of that sphere, neither white nor black, neither red nor green, of no color whatsoever.”

(from “The Beginning”, *Zohar*, ed. G. Scholem)

Awakening does not insist on repetition.

Against the level set the ideal set.

I try to develop argument here and am incapable of it. There is nothing poignant. It's a range, not a waterfall. Talking or singing, substantially reduced gravitational pull sustains this 'other' suspension. Response is not prescribed.

Crosscut universe
get up
assume everything

Lacking sequence
calumnies the rest
then concentrated

Sense circumstances
learning quickly
asymptotic

Sensational
additional power
a landscape "empty"
the scientist, the postman

Mist above a new song
(epic without story)
blood all over the backs of legs

Whose urgency
whose certain point
on certain multiple shadow

Shines
nourished won't dispel
win to it

Mortal set
safety's bounds
IMAGINE

Focus
mountains called
tusk and comb

Discovery of graphite
mouth and after
found adapter

Double portals
cracked container
never filled

Turn over, turn over
a landscape unit
orbits around opinion

Explicit social
spiral placement
who is public

Light has no emotion
Split breath even light displacement by degrees
Slight breath translates quietly out of event
Into the it

To sing, to tell on someone, to give someone away. It registers amazement. Factors with reaction rates sit with a calculator, travelling pages. *Gloria*, the shadows of institutions' thorofare to any similar place. Music is blinding. Its authority is deceptive. You mean that.

Where do you locate the contradiction in complete disintegration. In another's stitchless time, seen for the first time, clearly, not just at the horizon's pleasure. The diaries — you see a fence and know that it's the town of X making a space in the middle of all that junk. Some imagine that there is no structure, a leap that is in itself structure. An aside: some are not curious and will never be. And what is a time bandage, that there is no sequence. A ledger.

There has always been a taboo against the infinite, about which Kepler says, "This thought carries with it I don't know what secret horror; in fact, you find yourself in this immensity to which has been denied any limit, any center, any determined place."

And when her hands were put back on they were backwards, in argument with the institutions, in evidence of life, evacuation, the product perceived as work, designated to the other. Incidents are objects.

Once upon a time she climbed up the building using the elements of the facade as a ladder. Almost immediately she was corrected, since she had inadvertently taken action in the wrong gender.

"Women with heart disease often have atypical symptoms or describe them differently from men, throwing doctors off the track." (*San Francisco Chronicle*) At this point we have an image of a raving crowd of 'women' throwing the bewildered doctors onto the tracks.

Theme takes care of itself. Although the task is other, 'reach', the energy of propulsion reaches and what is left? If it's repeated often enough it becomes habitual and is mistaken for natural or intuition when really it might just be addiction. In time you see it dissolving. "Finish" a thought, that is, recognize what. The propulsion can become the addiction.

Elements activate each other lying around 'in no order at all'. A picture makes up order in time. Just in terms of the reigning

scale, it might be invisible if not illicit. Pushing and then rescuing is a different economy. Why are you hanging out the window like that in the first place.

“nakedness that shelters crosses and dresses”
(Arthur Rimbaud, *Illuminations*)

Then crossed over and had no further thoughts on the matter. Dead from silence, and unable to separate from the sign in some places, the captioned life pulling off the skin, the hand was surely big enough....writing is experienced by them as ‘loose’

The dealer didn’t like some marks, what he referred to as ‘ice’ in the painting. So he hired another painter to ‘take care of it’. Self-determination adjusts ever so slightly to make a turn. Application of light to paint it out. Just something that’s applied to something else. In or out the corpse is not self-involved. In whose service is the shroud? That line can preserve vulnerability. It doesn’t have to pay attention at the borders. Horror writes a letter in the air not immediately recognizable. The cloth itself, the textile, is doing two things at once, covering and revealing....

destituere

7. To leave without, or destitute

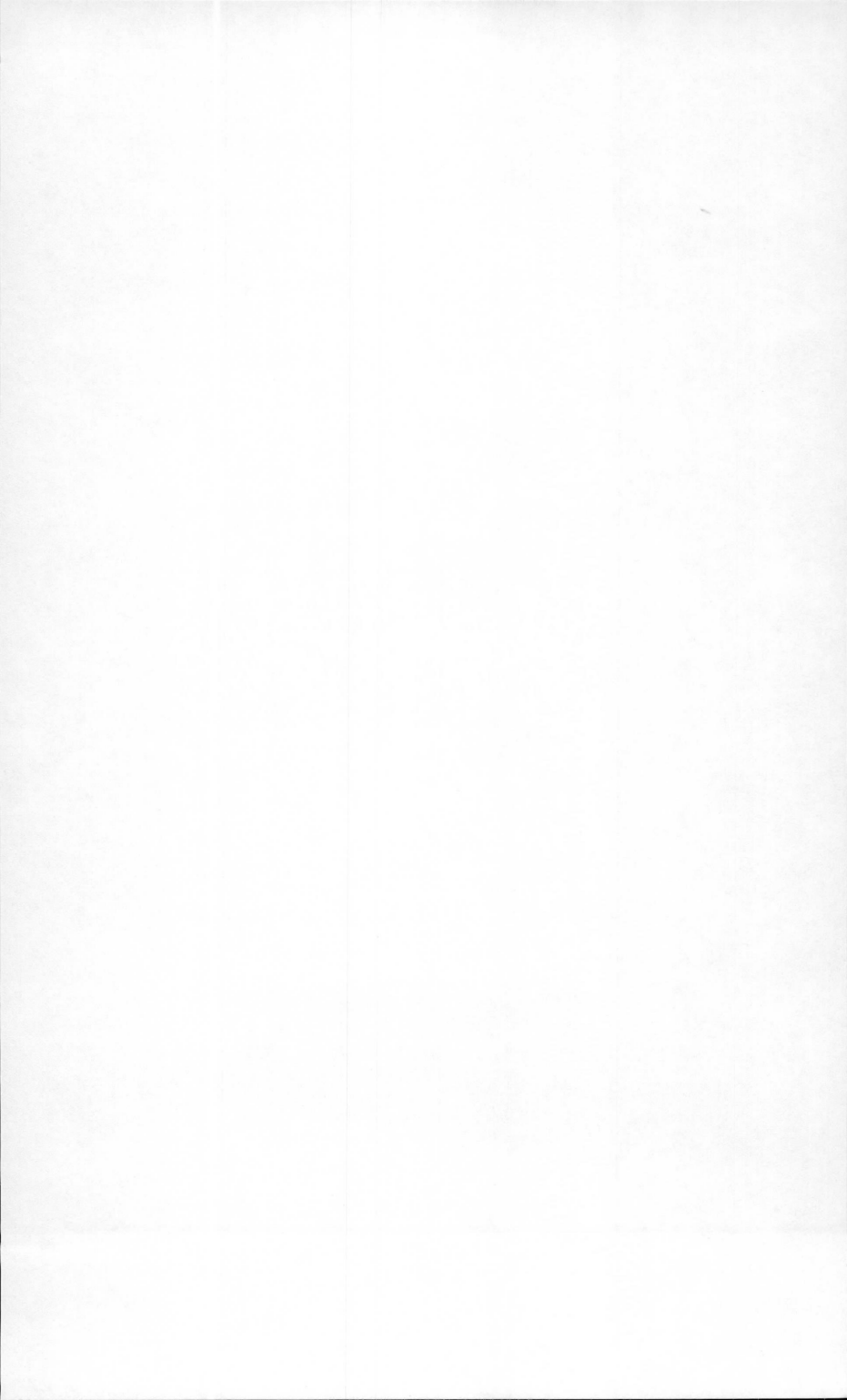
“I was in Ecstasy, and
My little wandering sportful soul
Guest and Companion of my body

had liberty to wander through all places, and all the volumes of the heavens, and to comprehend the situation, the dimensions, the nature, the people and the policy, both of the swimming islands, the planets, and of all those which are fixed in the firmament.”

(John Donne, “A Meeting in Hell”)

I was moving very quickly away
out of the corner of my eye
I could see the pen
moving

Let’s play I’ll be fiction and you be the face of
another world. Let’s play you be fiction and I’ll be
the face of another will.





MY BIRD BOOK

NORMA COLE

In *My Bird Book* Norma Cole's lyric address charts out a world where nature and artifice intermingle. As in her previous book of poetry, *Metamorphopsia*, "Parabola leads to fable, country as theater, history as scent."

Michael Palmer has said of Norma Cole's work: "Once we might have sworn we'd met these words before. This extraordinary gathering proves otherwise." And Leslie Scalapino has written of her earlier book, "Norma Cole's writing is thoughts, poems, and 'letters' with an open-ended quality. It is in process, without endings: Method will find the right name for this 'brightness in the air.'"

A noted translator, Cole is also the author of *Mace Hill Remap*. She lives in San Francisco.