

# IMAGICNATION

(2008-2010)



Lewis DeForest Brown



## Imagination

The First Breath of Summer .....	5
Turn It On.....	6
The First Eye Poem .....	7
Entartete Kunst.....	8
Fanishdom.....	9
Horses .....	10
Sigi Is From Germany.....	11
Give or Take.....	12
Rilke and Me.....	13
Tea Party.....	14
The Undertaker .....	15
Lymph.....	16
Buffet.....	17
No Explanation.....	18
Who's To Blame.....	19
Silly Sounds.....	20
Music Camp at Bishop's Ranch.....	21
Shame On Me Forward Slash You.....	23
Animal, Vegetable and Mineral .....	24
The Glamorous Miscellany and the End .....	25
Graining Against the Rub .....	26
Sogni D'Oro.....	27
Belated Eulogy for Jack Saffron .....	28
Finding the Combustible .....	29
Halloween .....	30

Jeremy .....	31
A Difficult Relationship .....	32
Asthenic Yeses .....	33
Craniac Poem.....	34
The Feeling of Consonance.....	35
The Argument .....	36
A Long, Long Time .....	37
A Mile Away from Nowhere .....	38
Xmas.....	39
For the Advancement of Glenn Gould.....	40
Wawa .....	41
Aye, I, Eye .....	42
William Is a Name in My Family .....	43
At the Home of Snakes and Scorpions.....	44
Ambiguity Wins .....	45
The Roll of the Poet.....	46
Domesticus Ludicrus.....	47
Echoes of Emily .....	48
A Popcycle Brain .....	49
The Reverse Machine.....	50
Driving in a Storm.....	51
Alameda Adult Literacy Program.....	52
Fingernail .....	53
Under the Glaze of Brain .....	54
Fare Thee Well.....	55

## The First Breath of Summer

*In Wahrheit singen, ist ein ander Hauch.  
Ein Hauch um nichts. Ein Wehn im Gott. Ein Wind.  
Rainer Maria Rilke, Sonnete an Orpheus*

If I ever make a bet, I lost it.  
The suburban house, the negligees, the sushi say so.  
The place is here already smoked and digested.  
The guy with the hyper wheels and the big basso head proves it.  
My glance deserved a testosterone horn.  
The traffic light was adrenaline and told me a thing.  
I was wearing shades thus it did not matter.  
In thirty years he'll know what to do and, of course, I won't.  
Them's the breaks, it's said as if not caring.  
There is a cloud with my name on it and a mountain that dips.  
No cause for wickedness but they leave the lights on.  
I have wiped the smile off my face. Hid it in my jacket.

## Turn It On

*The poet is a counterpunching radio.*  
Jack Spicer, *Language*

Muzzles are off. The areolas  
don't know the electric stream.  
We eat at Chez Scheme, sidewalks,  
no crowds, no horseshit, no gas.

What percent is completed?  
The shame and sorry of English teeth  
—put them in there, that closet  
where the diva sells her gowns.

Another Someistan explodes  
and handfuls of brain vanish properly  
as the news needs it and the stash out back.  
Cremation is just right for me.

The Archbishop tells us what God is.  
The bus stops a block from here  
and a block from there. Such  
convenience without orgasm or a geek.

We can never hear enough.  
We can never say enough.  
The pleasure of chance ordains it.  
Terror is governed by the barking dog.

Snooze, pumpkin, snore it off.  
This land is your land.  
The glare, the now is naturally humbling.  
The towels are marked His and Hers.

## The First Eye Poem

My left eye has a sty that thinks it to be permanent but why?  
Zero has a place in this but what's thick is full and grayscale.  
I lie. The sty knows its place and not a space to make lace or a race  
to the meaning of a simple, God-sanctioned disaster of place or a case  
that means histologically, hordeolum represents focal collections  
of polymorphonuclear leukocytes and necrotic debris  
which means a whole lot to me because the cause is one of being free  
of which there is no two, no, nothing is past one,  
if one is being magisterially unencumbered of a sty. So heal  
me, compass me, deal me, credit me, fullsail me, the necrotic me.  
To whom do I speak?

## Entartete Kunst

Ogees versus the critical mass  
without demand the steps start  
crossing the tempo with a plum  
that leads to witless whales  
and their listless dials  
coming apart where the boys are.

Rancid are they who speak of parks  
and parking lots and lots of carts  
as everyday the molting is serious  
with flakes and rinds and potato skins  
treading out the island rhythms  
beyond some sort of galaxious puddle.

Spinal edemas are enough  
to make streets swear and maybe  
bubble cringes orated below the guns  
that mammy keeps in case of fire  
coming up in clouds of light  
making their way to Omsk tonight.



## Fanishdom

You boost the Red Sox.  
More than half of Giants' peeps  
don't want that or hate you.  
Your bucks keep the game on.  
The swell of the greensward  
and sentinel of score  
make the happy happy  
and the scorned play along.  
It's grass and splash  
here in San Francisco  
where triangular structures  
make you know  
what you need to know  
which is less than the Iliad  
less than the meta-heuristics  
which are also used for problems  
over real-valued search-spaces.  
Sox won five to one.

## Horses

The panic over short tree skankly modes  
which overimpress me certainly  
by manes which look like paint's maxima.  
I mean the flow, the color, the hair itself,  
disorganized but terribly intended  
as if a barber's skill could make a masterpiece.

After all, the beast is a beast  
and friendly as it seems  
there is a warning, a counterpoint,  
that shakes the foundation  
of what do you think we are:  
amazement or a shovel?

The deception is where we rest  
oblivious or curious as to the what  
comes next—the function or the shaft.  
The shapes of hills or trees appease us  
confiding our deepest charismatic chances  
that the hoof and the nostrils will abide.

## Sigi Is From Germany

The situation is normal.  
Berlin is another city now where daffodils are forbidden  
because there is no room, no accommodation, no space.  
Of course, what's left is conspicuous absence.  
An American is involved and meisters are mere misters.

How could you not know that energy is speculative  
and the itch to be vibrant would never abandon you?  
Such is the stuff that myths and magics are made of.  
The place is so ridiculously accidental like teeth we inherit.  
I have no way to say what's really going on.

Sefer Shoftim is a book from the Tanakh and easily mistrusted  
and has no way to interfere with our happy conversation.  
Wonder, I would agree, is the way through and blast it.  
There are new ways to take tea and what are biscuits.  
Never to leave us, never to sigh, never to be wholesome.

But what care I? The friends we have are sufficient  
to be the awry and the compass and the differential  
that keeps not only you and me but the rest of us  
from massacre and deconstruction and transsexiness  
as if such mattered a tinker's damn or not.

## Give or Take

The generous are helpful but translucent.  
Get the socks off the ankles  
and the trunk off the Toyota.  
Will you hate nirvana if it's nothing?

Snakes coiled in the bottom of the pot.  
My arms are yet open to receive the gift,  
but muscles are ebbing, the brain offline.  
I'll take it as the clouds roll by.

A good spanking, a bad spanking,  
an opportunity or a nightmare  
wailing on a shelf near the fainted word.  
Begin on Sunday and stop later.

Manna, mama, maybe mañana  
—the very idea of something for shut up.  
If you don't see a horizon  
get off your duff and look for it.

## Rilke and Me

*Wir sind die Treibenden.*

Rainer Maria Rilke, *Sonnete an Orpheus*

Because Rain steers through the travel of time with travail  
I am here stuck in the quiet revelry of me who writes  
disappearance has failed and the sailing is obsolete so  
a naked idiot pretends his mortal soul is independent.  
You ever see an avacado with his shirt off?  
His tits love pinching and his crotch is smart but  
everybody's watching and he can't have that to rest  
his head, his foot, his way of loving both in and out.  
Rain says it all gets quiet, light and dark, the book and flower.  
He knew the machines are aching to define and design us.  
Rain and I are making fireworks this year and will overcome.

## Tea Party

Curious arrangements have been made  
to resemble the chaji rite.  
Animals mock our intensity.  
A shortage of wares has us pretend  
the miasma is frozen and barren.  
But it's hot at least warm in here  
where the marigolds glow their damndest.  
The mirror of our suspicions clouds  
the enumerate, plausible, focused craving  
that is ours because we are people.

Amins, Hitlers, Tojos, Diocletians abound  
and teem the swell of our image fabrics.  
The topple is swell; the underswell is  
oblique, obtuse, inoperable and weedy.  
Give me a thought; I'll give you ice cream.  
There is no way to spell the cranium's  
contents reluctance to cut marigolds  
into manageable hunks of patience  
or the other stuff as yet untested  
that looks like a brain cramp or tie dye.

## The Undertaker

Notice his crave for hot dog relish  
for the rod and staff of the office  
that reels and rises the wandering eyeball  
reading left to right all day.

The hard worker wants a spotter  
so the load of the bespoken rambler  
don't fall on him or anywhere  
near the business of now what do you do.

Now that a decision has opened a window  
which cannot and may not be found,  
the air that is still there is underage  
and refuses to leave so what no lung to bear.

Don't dismiss the painted smile.  
The curve of it and its impossible meaning  
are appropriate to the new sense of time,  
to the anti-REM dream, that next thing.

A powdered bruise, the freckle, no longer  
an outrage or unwanted, the hip crisis,  
the awkward ear hair, the downtown creases  
have been managed and let's take it from the top.

## Lymph

I am living on it  
—the parade of bio this  
or that depending on perspective  
the vanishing point  
and all that around it gathers.

I am not saying liberation.  
Glory unsurpassable and  
lost to comprehension  
and made of silk and ambergris  
withal the modicum of olives.

Blooding through our brains  
but smaller than water  
and impossible magic  
that withers in the sight  
of you, you blithering idiot!

The tap has been tried.  
Drips is all I got, and you?  
Liquids are confounding  
just as the moon you know  
is always full but not in front.



## Buffet

The rickety ensemble plays  
admonitions and blessings plus  
capreses, gratins, and asparagi  
like any composition requires.

What is home if not a kiss on the head?  
Belief comes from food  
just like automobile accidents  
and the fate of midnight ogres.

There is no room that does not allow  
at least a cot or at last the percussion  
on the dried head of an octoroon,  
a hypodescent of where we care not where.

It's all the same as food stimulating growth  
into the darkest most immediate forest  
where little Italians and hybrids of grammar  
make whatever they can of this foolishness

that we resemble the ensemble  
that admonishes us as it blesses  
itself and myself and yourself.  
Are you getting any of this?

## No Explanation

She said Jarvisa; I said Gnat.  
Never were we so formal, so fond.  
Rainbows in the dirt, you're willingness  
to wait, listening for cheeks stealing  
a jingle to save our church.

What did I learn in school today?  
Omit the pudenda and the cocks.  
A lavender smile appears and appeases  
my arid larynx gone and wasted,  
waiting for me on line five.

What's left? The turn or town I never was,  
verbs incessantly and often adjectivizes  
a spa (not a resort) of crumbling bricks.  
So, architecturally, where do we stand? No,  
not sand, a foundation in fundament, abstaining.

## Who's To Blame

Given this fresh space to let you be heard,  
is this not the time and place you finally let it go?  
That word or words so deeply embedded  
that no crime or prayer can reach  
when neither time nor place itself is gamboled  
and no fortress makes its peace.  
Layers of earth and brain  
where solace wants to cheer  
is grudgingly acknowledged  
and camphor breaks the silence.  
I wish nothing less than magic  
make the soul of what appear.  
Crust, you make me crumble.  
So, you (what?) are getting nearer  
but where are my ears now  
when needed they are most?  
This is the fault of God itself  
that It could not make what clearer.

## Silly Sounds

A convalescent is speaking in A Major,  
a scheme, a key, a blown consonant and ugly vowel.  
Thereupon we reach the splendid death,  
the maximum sentence that defies syntax.

Yo, I'm messin' with a blessin'  
that's bound to disappear as is,  
yup, the universe and all the tastes  
that we forgot to remember and boom.

You take your chances and they resemble  
nuns and monks and various individuals  
from so many ethnicuturalistic tiny villages  
you cannot possibly know where you are sleeping.

Lazy, I am lazy, I am occidentally, orientally  
lazy and muffin crazy and lost in mazey  
where the somnambulist is Spencer Tracy  
and Katherine hips burning is shaking not far behind.

I can see a resolution but it's taking all my time.  
You can sing it if you have to but  
why bother that plum whose season it is  
and not whatever I had in mind.

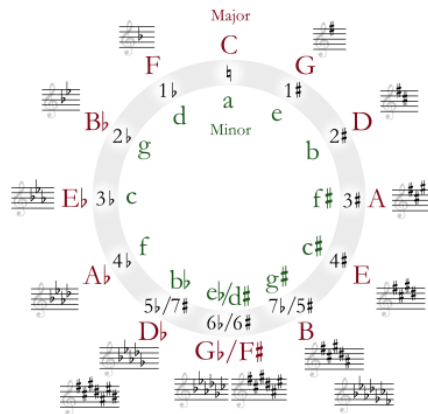
# Music Camp at Bishop's Ranch

## Day One

The grapes below are reluctant while  
the upside kiwis are percolating.  
The adirondacks are smiling,  
bearing the mindful noising.  
How to get out of the way  
to rip off the dangerous parts?  
Intrac cosmic interruptions crack  
the solitude of the chorus.  
Jerry-built prayers recumbent  
bent over the slavish insects.

## Day Two

No question is so crummy  
that it can't be regendered  
and sold to the cows next  
pasture and udder drainage over.  
Some stupid majesty has  
cuffs on the well-meaning  
meaning not well but willing...  
wailing and watching for plans  
that bring notes and inversions  
and the circle of fifths.



*Day Three*

Don't mock the roses or the plums,  
mixing the marmalade with the mums.  
There is gravitas and substance  
at the click of a heel.  
Sung memories and smugness  
long times and radiowaves  
stretch out to diaphragms  
without shapeless meandering.  
Nothing is passive;  
nothing is ashamed.

*Day Four*

Join us at the dare.  
(Near the dairy  
but still in the shade.)  
as if that wasn't absolutely  
all anyone could do, given  
the staff, the measure, the clef,  
the signature, the expression marks.  
I'll notate you if  
you'll notate me.  
But keep it zipped.

*Day Five*

If you hear it you're old enough.  
Purple boys in Hawaiian shorts  
futilely faking for favors  
from fear grown down backwards  
...what's that smell?  
I remember the pew  
and Fred Cronheimer  
and turning the page  
as a member of society.  
A take-it-Jesus inspiration.

## Shame On Me Forward Slash You

Tragedy is beneath or beyond us.  
We are not made of stuff that dreams are made of.  
Our dreams are magnificent and clarity is all.  
Going beyond where everything is is  
take this and take that and whatcha got.

This is my personal experience and don't  
forget what you have ahead of you at that moment  
—so many bridges or malls to dodge,  
so many extracurricular activities to own,  
as if they were like you, as if you were like them.

That sign on the hill that you dismiss  
could be the everlasting bar of chocolate  
that who is in control would have you have.  
The cloud you attempt to see through  
and the cabinet full of yogurt are a summary.

I don't mean to be so very gray about it  
but the times demand that we should admit  
there is no minute or blink to lose  
that makes our happy heart go bazonkers  
without special grace, or just ordinary grace.

## Animal, Vegetable and Mineral

The stupid words at gravesend  
make our molecules stumble in the rough.  
When a crisis is in view, good winger, glory bring her.  
I have keys that find locks that forget what they hide.

Columbus sailed because silly made money.  
What else could he have lived for other than you-name-it?  
Take my father, little eff, what else could he live for?  
Open door, danger and to griddle, maybe smile, yup.

Events overtake entrances and exits fail  
to make embroidery that glistens while  
the editor tears his lonely hair out of stone  
having been given an artichoke for a heart.

A formidable ranking for the justice collegiate  
crumbling team, number one, watch the finger,  
ain't revealing the astrological turf of holy advice.  
Neither you nor I can make the humming better or different.

Numbers collated with juicy scripture and melodies  
reach as you do for the spectacular and meaningful  
cheap suits and grand particles like a cake  
reveal just how frustrating it is to be totally free.

Take a step, stop, slice off the rotting parts.  
Why do I go into buildings? I'll tell you why.  
You can cram all good thoughts into a brown bag.  
Stand us a pint; I'll give you the grisly.



## The Glamorous Miscellany and the End

The masturbator has his/her own interest at hand.  
The Godswell that chases rabbits and assorted licorice  
will bless the forward and the backward with them.  
How many spells does it take to make the warbler wing it?

Corrupted carpet and the rancid drape combine.  
The wagon goes faster and the horse balks.  
Was it a game? It was lost. Was it a tide  
that grows and grows until the apocalypse knows

this is our time and the end? The room  
can't make peace with a hundred butts  
—it's a two-butt kitchen and a two-butt life.  
I measured all the meanings and they came out the same.

This taste of evil that marks the months and days  
has intercepted all the food, the manna, that is made  
to make us move, to sweat, to scream and fuck  
within the dangerous and obvious lack of hope.

Need a place where nothing and the flowers bloom.  
But doom is present and accounted for like granola  
smearing our bowels for our own good and  
the good of every honest abiding being that abides.

This cramp, the awful blest biological sample,  
that it is our fortune to be beset by and with,  
will make bunko more needed and breathing harder.  
It ain't shame or dreams or magic that will remove

whatever we feel we say from our heart,  
our collective, scared, tenuous inner mind  
that wants to skate, to climb, to vocalize, to pretend,  
taking every chance to escape the narrow hole to come.

## Graining Against the Rub

The spit is dangerous to the hog.  
This information travels the way  
rumors and pronouncements get lost,  
if only. I will not retract.

If summer stays and winter melts  
the score is tied and all bets are off.  
The closet where seasons live is locked,  
and so are the many snarling faces.

I fount the main animal and LOL.  
The largesse of breathing itself is common,  
not taking anything away from a nervous heart.  
Imminent functions are the test.

Drain the pond— who cares?  
Let all evidence subside and drop its fist.  
More is gained by the leaves of irrelevance  
than ever a pile of cabbage might smell good.

The fancy passing that surrounds us  
—the wet cheek, the complex syndromes  
—deny accountability and accidents flourish  
the way fingers, cornets, babies and old men do.

## Sogni D'Oro

The miming midget  
practiced his faith  
near the cauldron  
full of toes and instructions.

The womb was long ago  
and the trip to possible  
gimpied his knees.  
The 'til kept him moving slow.

"I'm crashing the party!"  
—what he mumbled  
through the sturdy bushes.  
"Save a place for me!"

The quakes, the perfect climate  
did not make him strong.  
"What's a body to do?"  
Sleep some more  
and then some more.

## Belated Eulogy for Jack Saffron

There was a poet in the dawn.  
There was a poet in the dusk.  
His ears watched flash cards  
and the moss rose up like drums.

When you see a poet die you make  
a claim; you register the name  
but the moment was always that  
—a pink, trusted, tainted dream.

Forty-five years ago the scythe released  
the brain and body that was inexpensive,  
that startled and molted a cripple bible  
in the wake of some granny's speedboat.

Death is not serious; it is a key out  
to where they shut up and listening  
is someone else's problem or rope  
that circles the head and shouts at last.



Photo of Jack Saffron by Robert Berg

## Finding the Combustible

Zero out the grime I caution in  
the ears that are stuck on my skull  
to reach around and behind  
that ordinary thought.

Hydrangea happens to be  
what I see when I'm blind  
and it comes all dressed  
in armor and silk and bleach.

Insects know what I'm saying.  
My uvula and lips and larynx  
are superfluous and ever beige.  
Even autumn knows my speech.

Them magical mythical twins  
Logorrhea and Garrulous keep  
the realizations to themselves.  
Then is it just a matter of taste?

So I switch on the vacs  
to see the specks and jejune vanish,  
when the travels are forgotten  
the maps are lovely still.

## Halloween

Now imagine how deep the craving.  
Another inflexible muscle is needed.  
I cry but the tears are dry.  
I duck the duct and quack.

If only it were simple percentages  
that turned on the light but slept at night,  
ground zero would be bright and green,  
and this –my whatever— could be flippant.

The razor snags. It's my fault,  
who told me to put this face on?  
The quirky visage smiles instead  
of parading its lost missing teeth.

The favors unreturned are squash.  
The moments of severe labor forgotten.  
Play me the song that Mommy burbled  
and I'll make love with a plum.

No accident can so disable  
this mind of apples and maples.  
Survival is the key most common.  
Only a fool promises weird justice.

Why do I smell fate and bells  
when and while lost memory  
drops its oars and the boat is slow?  
Only water outsmarts the next thought.

## Jeremy

The mangled poet is lugubrious  
but it doesn't mind the awful smell,  
the walks beside the awful hide, and  
what it dreams has nowhere to go.

The space next to its sleep and et cetera  
is wishful even wantful but no matter.  
What's a song without the beef and badge  
avoiding speed bumps and faulty ladders?

Broken bones, broken bones and bones  
shattered for reasons the world does not teach.  
Cure my speech, my cooking, my sex but  
bones are my heart, my cynosure.

## A Difficult Relationship

*for Paul Anthony Burrows*

To be free of the snotty stuff  
—yours, his, hers, mine or whoever's,  
to see the smile on the squid  
or hear the clam verbulate

far under the crested seas of hate  
—these are the acres of faith  
that percolate in the gifted mind  
—yours, his, hers, mine or whoever's.

Detecting the upside where smells  
are receivable and melodious  
in a bacon-wrapped present  
for the occasion of being free

of the snotty stuff—the shunning,  
the callous face, the fear  
that is in its tent, trembling.  
Come out, come out, whoever you are.



## Asthenic Yeses

The light bulb is a furtive thing,  
admonishing us because our vision  
is so submissive and sub sub sub  
when the hedgehog says, "Give it up!"  
That kind of talk is scurrilous.

Go to Berlin,  
and experience the KDV,  
the weekend shoving for bread,  
rich, important bread that impresses  
and makes the guest jealous for a minute.

The way that madness lies  
is just so many more ordinary lies.  
Give yourself a break and sleep  
as often and as quietly as you can.  
The masters wait for you to arrive.

I cannot cop to shame  
because there are so many ways to say  
obdivilay and oricksinnay and crabifilly.  
But I'll say yes to any and all  
that are crafty enough to ask the question right.

## **Cranial Poem**

Soul cannot be conveyed.  
You got it or you...  
Presence and absence are one.

Take the word for it.  
Left cranium needs that solace.  
It means something, yes!

Life and death are just that.  
It comes when it comes.  
Read about Eve; read about Adam.

Snakes and apples feed the brain.  
Suggestions and nutrition...  
What were you thinking?

## The Feeling of Consonance

Nothing surrounds a lemon more than air.  
Plateaus of wood, granite, composite, glass  
—substitute platforms of an incomplete thought,  
a thought of absent dimensions, unwanted scales.

The lemon is fittest; how does it survive?  
May be the shadow makes the color  
or versa vice; the mystery of seeing discombobulate  
forgetting white and the resistance of the rind.

Always there's the else that interferes and mocks.  
Don't lick it; it's just a stupid painting;  
a picture that slices air and challenges a wall.  
Here, mouth this, no painting but much less.

Divine of all fruit, sadistically unsweet,  
a neurotic exerotic call to attend  
to the needs presented by brushes and surface  
that mean everything we want it to.

## The Argument

I knew it was Sunday  
before you knew it was a day.  
My character was built  
before you had blocks.  
I imagined the sun and all that  
before you cried.  
The laundry I had was dry  
before you could say rain.  
This is the proof, the only proof  
I have that who has ears  
and who has a mouth  
should be ordered appropriately  
and no sequences should be disrupted  
by anything other than time.  
What's more salient,  
poesy or cats?  
We both know the answer to that  
and to all the important questions.  
So why don't you say uncle  
and let my years prevail?  
Is it not obvious  
I want time on my side?

## A Long, Long Time

*Eternity: for all its invisibility, we gaze at it.*  
Muriel Barbery, *The Elegance of the Hedgehog*

The shadow is a monster of a thing and some light.  
The spell is spaceless like a dead seed.  
I wish that a star brain would work and succeed.  
Maybe I am the devil that breaks dishes and smiles.

Write a song that is paraffin and smoke.  
Walk it past me as if my dead relatives were here.  
I am looking with what I have as eyes.  
I am looking for eyes that can see speech.

Amble down between the curbs and fences.  
Tell me if the assembly of ghosts formally greets you.  
Bad arches, bad glands, lousy hair distracts.  
A cause is missing, somewhere to hang a hat.



## A Mile Away from Nowhere

*For he who colour loves, and skin,  
Love but there oldest clothes  
John Donne, from *The Undertaking**

The dalliance is particular  
to this moment  
of distance  
in dimensions uncollaborated.

But yet the message  
is colored and directed  
at the chief disguiser who  
has the arrogance

and the cooperation  
of the mediocre muse  
to be sending over the wires  
this indistinct and obstanchified

louche character  
playing the fractions  
that no grammarian or postulator  
could accept from this curious nonordination

which the world ignores at its peril  
because the first and the last  
are not so different after all  
as you, you universal repenter, knew.

Cut the shit.  
These holy moments are dark  
hardly to be crunched or matrimonied  
but are so upsetting that you get it.

## Xmas

Family is a siege.  
The multiple personalities  
of the patriarch are mute,  
but the souls are as aggressive  
as the indomitable.

When Christmas does its kerplunk  
all babies are elevated  
into serene atmospheric conditions.  
The very sometimes messy hide of them  
makes memory seem material and singable.

The bloodstream is pointed yet erratic.  
Was it love I saw yesterday crossing?  
The balance is overextended and sloping.  
All of these natural matters are suspect.  
The fragile breath was simple

as the slip  
in the water  
where the ship  
is belayed, listless  
and as dependable.

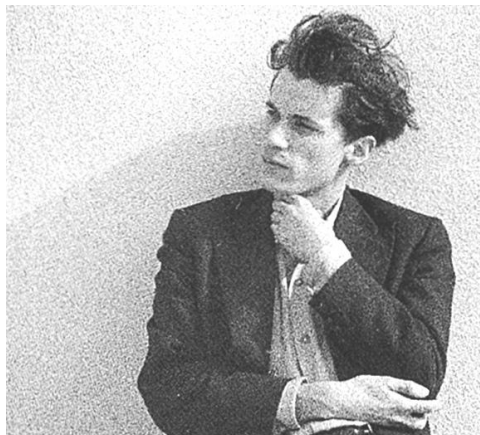
## For the Advancement of Glenn Gould

Generous, dripping enlightened fingers,  
give me a home, a strategic spot of release  
where them dumb bunnies don't get to say  
that woeful thing they are wont to announce.

An air or a table exists where the crumbs fall  
reluctant perhaps but slightly determined  
and oh so shyly the monsters are created  
that is just a word or two or six that fondle.

I traced Blondie until her parts showed.  
That was not a mistake; it was alternate paradise.  
It was written to be so or should have if it was not.  
Underline the elements and bald the notes.

I too prefer the studio where what is wrought  
are diamond numbers on the shelves  
where speech resounds only for the moment mute.  
Otherwise the walls would be tinkled to death.





## Wawa

*Light the first light of evening, as in a room  
In which we rest and, for small reason, think  
The world imagined is the ultimate good.*

Wallace Stevens, from *Final Soliloquy of the Interior Paramour*

Out here where the winds  
sneak through a cracked window,  
smarty pants at his worst,  
she, or cement torso of she, or he  
cares not to whom is spoken.  
Milk delivery is over now; we reach  
behind a glass door for nourishment.  
The sparks don't fly; maybe she  
or he (rely on the wind) don't care.  
Whatever you drink, milk or  
kindness, even if not nectar,  
dribble down your chin, dude.  
Not enough to measure I suspect.  
A sip, a quart, a jeroboam, or a lake,  
bow down to what you get.

## Aye, I, Eye

What a bunch of dolomites.  
This island lost and found  
over the shallow coral reefs  
that bless us. Christ, please do.  
Give us please a temporary fortune.

All the signals and bottles  
that took shape under the barbarous sun  
are now taken to be evidence  
that clichés are heaven  
and ponderation is none.

What example pleases you?  
Is the monster midnight or noon?  
Where do gondolas take us  
— to where the truth we stumble?  
It's mesmerizing and unbalanced.

Easy. Don't say "I".  
It is lawless and forgotten,  
a space ridiculed and crusted,  
not to be trusted and now forbidden,  
a mere stroke of pen simple.

## **William Is a Name in My Family**

That 60s moment we spent together  
massaging our 60s weapons  
was mercifully wordless in  
empathy that surpasses melting.  
We dodged; we missed; we understood.

I missed the sentence. You missed what?  
Was it the caring? The blameless room?  
Maybe symbols and stones interrupted us.  
No music playing, no bounce in the twist...  
I never had a better time. Or worse.

We young old guys crashing in the dark,  
wishing the night was new  
are not susceptible to wisdom  
or any act that courage hangs.  
Give us a room and we could be two.

## **At the Home of Snakes and Scorpions**

O Ecclesia, with your slide rules of discernment.  
You would smother the miracle erupted from the finest sands,  
whose creatures do not mourn or fuss or count, you who  
through the wrong end of the magnifying lens  
see God disappear as He is devoured.  
Scratching the planet with magnetic detectors  
you look for steel and original coins only to uncover  
what was this lonely crumb of thought, an idea  
that the fact of an act would attract  
those who revel in distraction and who paint with abandon.  
But we weary and discluded artists will finger the earth  
with a minor sponge of expectation, taking chances,  
never putting a finger on the gem but bearing its sparkle.  
We don't sleep in the dark. How else could we be so sure  
the light does not need contrast? We surrender to the dark.

## Ambiguity Wins

*The dusty of Babylon is in the air  
and settles on my lips the while I sing.*  
Wallace Stevens, *Carnet de Voyage*

The larynx is now open and the troops fall in.  
Straight lines are blessed; wickedness is forgotten.  
Rising from the pool, the fabrics cling.  
Everyone is revealed here, the skin and meaning.

With eyes half-shut the writers writhe waiting  
for the particular, the general, and more space.  
Gliding through the diphthongs, the line of time  
jealously guards the journey into elastic names.

Tuxedos, gowns, medals and pearls are imagined.  
They can't be cooked; only raw will tell the truth.  
Pomp up your circumstance; mumble your belief.  
Up, see the plane, wings and tails, as expected.

All courses are cruises and curses dealt  
in the misunderstood casino run by collectors.  
A quiet prayer must scream to test the hour  
of respect for nonsense and the guilt of willies.

## The Roll of the Poet

*...I might be expected to speak of the social,  
that is to say sociological or political,  
obligation of the poet. He has none.  
Wallace Stevens, The Necessary Angel*

I give up. I was told  
to give up I. I is numb.  
Always have been. Not I. But  
the machinery does not halt.

In the starry globe of half a brain  
hoping the lost vowel will appear,  
the adverbial creatures crawl over  
the adjectival reluctance to mute.

A cosmic breakdown shatters  
the crossover where the feedback lives.  
I is splintered. I is dumb.  
The perfect shape of a seraph

is required to rent a room.  
The complicated search is wounded.  
The likelihood of venues is blistered.  
God help I as I help God.

## Domesticus Ludicrus

All the loci have not been accounted.  
The tangelo odor argues with the persistent smoke.  
The pillows are frayed and have lost their balance.  
Some of the paintings are sooted and also askew.  
The cats molting are responsible, tame and needy.

Financial assessments made here are unclear.  
Wood, no lace, neutral colors minding the space  
have an emotional grip on the studies being made.  
The maid has encountered the wine rack and lost.  
We, you too I bet, are picking up pieces without names.

The Near East, choir directors and elsewhere seeds of malice  
are uncertainly surrendering to our losing dreams.  
The rain stops, a square of sunlight haunts the carpet.  
Disintegration is reluctant and wondering how the lock works.  
It's best if we don't talk about it now. Maybe then.

## Echoes of Emily

Word upon word  
on an ironing board,  
stream under steam,  
flattening a seam,

stood in a robe  
thinking of rope,  
not of use but of fear  
obsolete to ears.

Him common man,  
brain like tin,  
scared of Monday  
control from a mantra,

crossed wires  
yet free of spite,  
drumming the road,  
accepting the lewd.

Mary of grace  
please take my place.  
I shudder in snow  
what it's like being old.



## A Popcycle Brain

We have a stupid glimpse of the possible  
that swims in glorious untamed underwear.  
Not supposing the neighbors think better  
we glide blindly into the circadian promise.  
Calmly the narrative circulates among us  
that we are here and the they we thought about  
are maybe there. All answers to no question.  
Give me ice cream or give me death.  
We said music is metaphysical. We said that snoring  
is a curious interruption in the way pillows talk.  
We said the creatures among us mean no harm.  
We forget we are impervious to harm.  
The blend of English and translanguification  
has melted anything we actually said.  
Harm itself knows no we, only the whistle  
in the dark, made popular by rumor and water.

## The Reverse Machine

Smack a wholesome word like matter.  
Give it a muscular vaudeville uncle,  
reading the Holy Bible while chair rocking.

Take a pain half-eaten from an old century,  
blessed supra parents from overseas,  
small spaces being suitable for the largest ideas.

A rickety drive chain from an old odor  
will bandage the colorful meaning,  
making the beak smile and the nostrils pleased.

All the best plans are buried there in confetti,  
where the coins are changed and tiaras bloom,  
if it's Tuesday when everyone lost the lottery.

To recover the ripless knife of torrid beauty,  
we all need protein and the great effects,  
when sleep is just as hard to win as love.

## Driving in a Storm

Observations and less lead to a right-of-way,  
commemorating the best minute if it's not the last.  
Planning will plow you into the median foliage and pretty  
this time of year, my birthday is June's birthday in Feb.

She expected her explosion into her teens but  
the embryo (me) broke out in her (my) mother's bedroom,  
a present to ruin her present and modify her past.  
Don't drive an automobile in rivers or deep puddles even.

Visibility's low and air's snappy.  
Saw you not the note on shiny ground?  
As advanced as we are we may be gone  
or shaved of our affections to wait

for a kinder peace.

## Alameda Adult Literacy Program

*Beware the dog*

My hips hurt as I ramble.  
Dodge Ram trucks babble.  
A moving window touts the Bible.

A mother tree plays with baby tree.  
Latino entrances scream *aqui*.  
A Mormon shakes you down for free.

A can of dentists spell forever.  
The climate sees a house number.  
Over all the trashes hover.

Cram up this crazy fertile crock.  
Leaded glass wants more talk.  
The Learning Center is a lark.

## Fingernail

*Dance a clean dream and an extravagant  
turn up, secure the steady right and translate  
more than translate the authority, show the choice  
and make no more mistakes than yesterday.*

Gertrude Stein, *Tender Buttons*

He will not rest or even lean,  
proud of his sipping ground,  
chasing a familiar solo wind.

The bed is also restless and equally  
shallow, air gone, attended by flies.  
The large gumption is on the other side.

The doors are talking another  
narrow sound, sorry not to be at home.  
Buffaloes, lions, seals are being shot.

He can't be swayed while waiting  
for his cuticles to arrive to curtail  
the stupid stampede circling the bongos.

## Under the Glaze of Brain

The temporal lobe might be a temple.  
It might be a smack up side the head.  
It might be a stack of waffles.

We feel the beginnings of gross nonsense there.  
The earth is not round; it is merciless square.  
But even in a resonant cubicle ice can be cured.

Evening prayer is a temp salve, a white moisture  
full sail among the electricity that plays with us,  
that mounts a special performance to live by.

Slim little bodies have a way of finding the way  
that is best for us on a scale of ten to one.  
You can buy the fate you want for immediate cash.

Let's think of ways to reap a new glorification  
without meddling or nice or vice, just good clean.  
Highways help accidents being created by people.



## **Fare Thee Well**

Some wishes are consummations which are devout.  
A smirk may be ugly as well as divine.  
The line drawn is as firm as smoke.

Japan and California are as unsafe as Kansas  
where tornadoes sample models of disaster.  
God made oceans which have horrible faults.

With better manners and information  
that might not matter. Hello and duh.  
God is not obvious matter. God is invisible.

It takes a mind to make God actually matter.  
It takes an ocean of mind to get in on the act.  
And that's where we go from here.