

RUNAGATE

(1964-1975)



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Runagate

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Bartok

I'm reminded of a cur's tail behind a rippling curtain
(or a wagging manner along a wagging way).
Is there any dust in the closet where the books are kept?
No, and how about where the clubs are kept?

Rooms are a meander which is to me a me-and-her
that I think he doesn't have,
that I don't think he has.
His rooms slide around.

He has a cut-in/cut-out pressure switch.
Or differentials.
But tolerances—taking and resisting
like a happy dog backstage.

Bartok

Here is what all of us are fond of
that respect is to look again and again
with a dry eye
or a blinking wet eye for a dark thing.

Art reads the same book again and again.
He doesn't photograph it like a master's pupil.
What he remembers is as blank as a crystal.
His head still wants for words.

The Man Spring, More Bartok

The soup that villeins drink is pea split crosspatch
through the half inch split in an opening throbbing glans.
I could swallow it if it is tender and opening like the glans
that's got to be dark and exciting.

In the fly I see an enchanting rose with me overseeing,
a being above circling like the flies in the middle of the room.
What did it taste like the first time?
Did it ever taste like that again?

If you are "sprung from the unnatural love", it's an natural crime
that makes you myrtle "out of whose bark springs the beautiful Adonis"
who flies and lands as an anemone and remains as a crust...
"after a brief blossoming always dies again".

He dies in the deep, but his body floats.
Adonis is as fragile and stiff as a couplet
which is bad because it has to be.
In the hottest season aren't *you* committed to the waves?

Dear Larry

Dear Larry the fog suggests,
dear Larry of whoa and race.
I'm about to fall asleep and I think:
Let me be your lazy liaison;
let me be the tar in your pitch.

Lionel

Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.

John Milton, *Epitaphium Damonis*

My family is dead!
Long live my family!

Word nailed
in my mind: come, a venom
which nourished while it tormented.

The nail released a wellspring
and plugged it—a pressure of speech
under the trickle.

Slowly and fluently
you tell me “The King
led me into his chamber.”

All details. All naked things. I remember
in Providence, my twelfth-year hair,
in threat, in silk he came.

Surrounded in his fairness you dream
his touch is fur,
his desire taut.

* * *

“...edge to the world: but the name of this land is Hell.
It is not Mexico but in the heart. And today...”

For no reason I was watching when the bus pulled to the far curb. When it moved again I heard the wood crack. When it was gone I saw him bending over the curb picking up the two pieces of the snapped crutch. He dropped them. Then he threw the good crutch into the street, mad. I saw his body compress and his mouth shout. And he limped off.

She chokes her confession
after I give her

the third degree I find
I keep the first and second.

1. The ticking in my mind.
2. The ticking in her mind.

We talk back
to back under the covers

“My pillow is a cloud.”
“My pillow is wet with tears.”

“My pillow is a rock.”
“My pillow is cracked.”

The sperm of this back
to back intercourse

takes root and then takes
air beside the other plant.

First we make a claim on old land.
The idea is to build a new house.

When I walk into these old rooms
I'm walking

into your presence (the corners
of your physique and psyche

turn here)
and I reach

my finger through the dust
on the shelf.

* * *

In *War in Heaven* Lionel comes home turning the darkest corner of his mind: "He found even in her only a flying figure with a face turned from him whom he dreaded though he hastened to overtake."

As I came home:

Mehe has broken. He goes to see me-broken at Slater Mill in Pawtucket. Me-broken is lying in the lint and dust on the mill floor staring at the rusted looms. Holding hands, guarding, at the feet of me-broken are my daughter and her sister, sisters or rings—the snake biting its tail, the root of the plant tied in its leaf. Me-broken is a sleeper in a victim's disguise. The real victim sleeps. "The victim had been carefully poisoned." The sensation-seeker comes to the sisters.

The idea
is to build a new mill

on the same old land
before like Helen you

throw off the cold sheets
while I rage in them

up and down the coast like Menelaus
from old house to old house.

* * *

In an incident in the temple, the Pharisees present Jesus with an adulteress and ask him whether or not in the spirit of Moses he will that this woman should be stoned. Instead of answering, Jesus bends over and writes in the dust with his finger. When they press him to answer he gets up and says that anybody who is blamefree can throw the first stone. Then Jesus goes back to writing on the ground. When he gets up again all the Pharisees have left.

But some of the witnesses add here that he saw no one but the woman. So I will say that, without fearing her or wanting her, he sees her and asks, "Didn't one of them condemn you?" she tells him no and he tells her that he doesn't blame her either, that she can go, and that she shouldn't do it again.

In this case in our home
I'm asking you.

I'm afraid of you.
I want you.

Don't do it again.
Don't do it again.

* * *

Crease and folds
in the eyes of the girls
in creases and folds in your eyes
because they're yours.

We can count the years.
If everything goes right
we'll die before they
die like the grass on the infield,

a carpet for the plurals,
the smiling infidel sons of James Brown,
who came to visit,
who stood at the foot of my bed.

"This room must be in ideal condition.
A speck of dust will wreck an engine,"

said John the merchant of Power Street,
the son of Hope Power Brown,
and Joseph, his brother of Hope Street,

the site of Moses Brown School,
the site of the board track,

in the East.

And this is my speck of dust!
And this is my engine!

* * *

Abraham
“contemplated his own body,

as good as dead
(for he was about a hundred years old),

and the deadness of Sarah’s womb
and never doubted.”

Thus Paul counts
Abraham’s faith.

How I am circumcised, have
faith that it doesn’t matter

—that no matter
is the fate of our brood.

I’m full of doubts
and you are so fertile

—such vessels we are
when we count

one, two, three,
you

have vagadu
in your womb, I

have vagadu
in my heart.

* * *

“letters of smoke in the sky. The woman hanging on...”

a power stop
hanging on air letters
porous, smoke words, lines on space

She complains his coccyx hurts.

“the tail of a bird...
a brake is evident...”



this means...

arresting flight. “

so I married and foster
a skeletal chance
breaking language,

I headstrong
love tailstrong,

feathers I my bed
“numerous and embarrassing shapes”

to recover
smoke
buried in bed
hearing a throat infection.

More aspirin. Mischa more lucid than ever in a strong infected voice says, “Thank you”,
for the medicine with sugar on it crusted in the spoon to break the fever.

“the tail is of an ornamental
form far oftener than the wings.”

Sentiments

1

Black diamonds,
red clubs,
red spades,
black hearts,
I am allowed to speak for us.
Living forbidden to the hour
when the near sign
as a simple signature
is a stamp paralysis
—to mine your nose
without exploring it,
to drink your coffee
without growing it.

2

Clover a dress amusing
behind it holding the hem
wants that remove
away the cluster of cloven men,
fawns of the power deer.

3

Tail of a cap
—plaid band, a shame
to be dressed like that,
shame of not addressing
the cross patch of clothiers,
that skirt bunch queued to vote,
waiting to get to the levers.

4

Eggs
margarine
puts me in mind of
a corner grocery
—produce, products, greens, milk,
food for thought,
cringe for the meadow,
longing for the barn.

5

Bed is a constellation
of flowers and covers.
Emerge
expand
encounter
“scurrying back...
mainly the character of a flight
activity.”
What are
Sullivan’s “security operations”?

6

During the first two weeks
the baby is in a globe
(glove, jacket, magazine,
get them out of my house).
What goes on with
mother and baby
is not contagious;
the baby knows
what’s in its globe.

What if he is elected
 —Dagobert Dangerfield
 or Lubjub?
 Only the mechanic
 knows what you said,
 or some other election
 by primal suck
 or swallowed ayes.

Proprietary Articles

The Treatment

A bit of cold, everything
 demands sound play,
 asleep.
 A bulk of clothes, a threatening
 gun needs
 electric clarity
 and a foam bond.

A Try To Rule Sleep

A wider wagon-
 full wakes the works
 superbly; feature
 the range.
 You. Winter.
 Warm as pounds of tough fleece.
 Cold as a clock.

Woodsleep

On a walnut pedestal
music, all alarm...
Wood harmonizing with the Arctic.
Desiring grain, luminous years
at the ultimate minute.
A tell-dark rugged combat.
Only the Master Mariner is
assured of true slumber.

The Finest Functions

As resonant as resin is,
distinctive old lifeswitch,
velvet call, a fingerprint
fantastic tradition.
Broken bones
reclining, floating on foam.
Rack and pinion setting.
These are ideas geared to needs.
Extras: beauty, chassis.
Provides you begged problems
this instant shuts.

Practically a Room

Heaven's young not along these
delicate lady entirely the right
place and of a space built,
a must. Latecomer memory,
these facts pilot it
are in little studies.

The Morning Paper

Classics get made,
the office's first hunch.
It's as if calligraphy
serviced up a throng throughout
a rate, a lot. Not flower
and of that is more muscle
sterile arrangement.
Thin, far away, to wire East
one counts windswept centuries.
Take rods and the cockpit
man's built, plated
southern people pushing finesse
at best with Asia,
guiding and operating
with the least ceremony.
National pulling room.
Someone magnetic in the city.

Control

Locally broad two and tiny.
Proof that tasks a new experience.
Intimate pedal built on staffs,
a second knowledge to flee
from the globe on gold controls;
resources turned to systems.
Incidentally, to command this loop,
use a special total, a hand
in everything, a little serenity
offers. A strong fighter
doesn't need digits
Future age, the subject
leaves an open center.
Color it unreason.
Days steered to test.
Meet cranky with scented rent.
The grain right, the world gone
—unusually test.
Precise after the first test.

Hours

Matins, unended pulse, unbegun, universe,

Prime, personal overt hour of first life—a choking cry from the extrauterine marred by the birthmark of victory, by the bruise of surrender, the bitterness kept outside,

Tierce, into it, a flowing sadness, coffee,

Sext, a blind zenith, a blind fish, the noon ecstasy, fin play in the shadows,

None, curving down, “having to travel to its end”, Watt’s hour, “change all the names”,

Vespers, ripe whisper, the even light of dusk, even as the day fades, a peace of halves,

Complin, prayer before death’s door, thresh, complain, the soldier downed in agony,

Hours without prayer, sleep, uterine, the lap of flood, the veins of spirit.

To Break the Day’s Contentions

In a Salinger story, in the cabin of an ocean liner, Teddy’s father woke up by torturing his neck forcing his head against the headboard while the rest of him was supine. That’s how he broke the day. I wake up in a half-nelson; the bell is an electric sputter.

My prayer takes a drag.

My prayer resembles not to burn a hole
in the covers and the day has broken.

Knotted.

How it chokes not to see the sunrise,
that the sun is rising in a mold of dawns,
and the possible soft gold is bleached and hard
—a difficulty without beholding, without lo.

Dawn in the hold of a ship,
to hold what waking erected,
the hole in the green spread,
the hold that must be broken.

I Hear Chains

I hear chains
rang on the steel hull.
Resist
this blush nobody could see.

In a self the scope
of a submarine
in feedwater pipes
trying to get up steam.

And in the radio room
a code recalls
the seething vessel
to another;

but the men
are in their heads,
flushing
and blushing.

O To Reknit This Morning

O to reknit this morning
of swallows, all the Itylus
served me and eaten.
O to call back some bird
or to wipe out something,
a feeling of flying mismanagement
as I was driving on Pine
shred on shred.

Light to light,
coaxing time,
seeing the corners arrive,
cards flying,
a racket somewhere along the driveshaft
drowning the vibrancy of the wild street,
all of the beasts in Peter's sheet
that I won't eat,
only my kind and kin.

Tuig

As I was leaving he was sitting at the table
squinting at the snow and ice
and as I left I said "I'm going
to disappear".

When I write it
plastic snow. The scenery is scars,
the story knowing by his pains.

Steam off the ice.

Esteem.

Him that stays
before the ice,

when the bars close.

Esteem.

Waiting for him,
the ice man
to thaw with.

Tools and trash, Jules and Jim, our toys,
that crazy boy who tortured that incredibly gentle horse,
that huge horse so abject.

Listening to the right things said I have to say
"I'm going to disappear",
looking at the clock deciding to wait he says
"See you".

For the boy glass.

For winter.

The Castle

I feel that the drawbridge is rising.
I do not know what side of the moat
will I be caught behind? Will I be snug
in the castle? No realistic appraisal
is available to these hammers
and drums and what not.
I could carry the castle on my back
til we reach high ground,
is not realistic anymore than
the castle which of course is not.
Now if the castle is bald and overweight
and I am a man of my word,
what happens is unexpected.
It is charged as from above,
as by the very shock of God.
And pretend we must
that something explains.
Bald and overweight.
You should see this
Chinese guy walking
against my wall.

The Couch of Death

eel swa As I wish
I could sleep fast
As fast as I could run

In an evening dugout
Halfway down the morning hill
Circled by two women Their hands
Hold me down as a wound is swabbed
Their name stings
They hold me in Germany
While muscular Rumor
Strides down the hill

The evening of morning in veil
Caul
Omentum
A moment *Black*
Stops an ending come
Germany sympathy
Alone this early part of darkness
Down I imagine this hill out front
If there
Is a valley
If this is repose

The sound from where the sea is met
Is Rumor riding down pounds of air
Hissing down to 14.7 atmospheric
At sea level
I always hear this
Across
A long sound of water
Overhead a compressor rumbles
Building up this pressure Rumor
Rides where the sea is met
Where deaf
I celebrate with a broken pipe
Crystalline change

Age
I've come
Of age in this business of noise
Rumor's voice is an aged noise
Raised over the sound
As the rattle of harmonics in pipe
Wrecks a hospital quiet
Through the voice of an aged woman
O my son my son
I know but little of the path thou goest
Said when I am unsound
When I'm losing what I always hear

This is not a great hill
Two women wear an opal ring
Why do I just lie here
Some blood This
Is not a great hill
All us billions are a few
The house moved
Over the fault
Why do I just lie here
The trembling we do lived after them
The fear they had we drown
Two women wear an opal ring
Limited color limited shine
We are the habit of trembling and fearing
That stays in a shaking house
Some blood a silly omen
This is not a great hill
I can drive off this fault
We would all be numerically safer
Why do I just like here

swa

A very silent breeze

F S P T

The glottis wide open

swa

A fragrance a trifle

Meat tainted with morbid matter

Eat

In almost every word there is a rumor

As In America

The foreigner who stays is a greenhorn

In almost every word

Rumor reports

Through a green horn broken

A very slight breeze

I have read a page or so

Hearing the green horn

She, the older, says

Is thy breath infected

Two women are not the green horn

They are the well born singing

An airplane song

F S P T

That hashes the focus

And scrambles the sound

Holding my infected breath

The airplane flies in Rumor's breeze

The sound of the wind

What I can

Not hear

The sound of the wind

Is not

What I hear in branches

Or in the curls of my ear
It is not her
I can
Not just lie here and make
Knots in it Rumor
Is its intimate
But I can
Not make
Knots in Rumor either
The sound of the wind
The embrace in the hair that Diamond heard
But it is not her hair
And it is not my inner ear
Nor all the bouncing I hear

Sighs succeeded sighs
This is the morning of death
There is no other way to say it
I do not mean to mourn of death
I mean the whole day
Before the zenith of the day of death
I am lying in the morning meaning
Halfway down the hill
Listening
For the sound of the wind I can
Not hear

