

Tjanting

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For Krishna Evans

Introduction

from *The Grand Piano*

Barrett Watten

The Turn to Language in the 1970s

“In the earliest times the intimate unity of word and thing was considered to be part of the bearer of the name, if not indeed to substitute for him,” according to an authoritative account. “Of about to within which,” was Ron’s considered reply.

Of course, it’s not so simple. It’s not being so simple had enormous implications for how we would see the language-centered horizon of our unfolding, collective project. Was the turn to *language* in the 1970s the same as the collective unfolding of that pact? Or was it a moment of individuation that, against the unlimited and boundless space of *language*, would return us to tradition in the name of poetry, however modified as critique? What was it we thought we intended, if not what we meant?

“You are not I” Nonidentity is the term common to all. The limits of the imagination contradict wildly at a given time and place. A person thinks his nonidentity is either a loss or a gain, but it is never simply a fact. Tautology is assumed by the dominant; recognition is a hole in the face. “But the truly heroic element, the hero’s activity, eludes our perception” The recognition of nonidentity is the first step in the appropriation of one’s fate.

“Many and various mixes,” as Larry Eigner wrote, in a singular demonstration of *language*. There is no one approach to this question, whose prospect, we would find out, might appear suspiciously reductive. This is apart from the question of the name—of the group, for instance—about which too much already has been written. Rather, the question is what was meant by *language* as the horizon of the work. And staring at language on the page, against the background of the page, printing that page, reading to various audiences from it, becoming known and knowing oneself in terms of its effects—*language* to us would come to mean what?

Proofs for the second edition of *In the American Tree* have just arrived, along with a request for a new introduction to *Tjanting*. Looking at my earlier introduction—which now betrays a painful stress of public incomprehension, which I sought to elevate to the status of a method, presented as an authoritative account to the reader, and all this as an introduction to another’s work—I am struck by the violence of its style. The gaps between statements; the need to incorporate a wildly divergent range of references before saying anything that could be taken as assuming authority or knowledge, either of Ron’s work or my own; the attempt to undermine any paraphrase of the work as a condition for entering into it . . .

Errors disappear; idiosyncrasies arrive. Idiosyncrasies are the mediating terms of the text. Peripheral information, life in the suburbs farthest out, the deformations of habit leave ghosts of evidence in the perception of the mass. In this area of language, incompleteness can be eliminated simply by being named. Trivia and language-about-itself disrupt false boundaries of the self; abstraction is stated in such away that it assumes the objectivity of fact. “We awake in the same moment to ourselves and things” [Wittgenstein]. The deconstructive activity of the text finds the destroyed centers of other lives. Idiosyncrasy is the central term of an assertion of faith in the power of writing to construct.

I identify poetics, as an iconoclastic method, with the generative force of a negation. If not quite with negativity as a form of self-presentation, as if we had wanted to continue the project of doing away with epistemology almost to the point of doing away with ourselves . . . In one fell swoop of disidentification, an act of self-erasure would translate us to the encompassing horizon of language—a capaciousness precisely, at the same time, the difficulty of our address to another. Otherwise put, the interpersonal dynamics of our work, much like the task of introducing it to others, were pressured, stressed. To the point of deformation, a turning away . . .

A turning away from the center of shared concerns evinced, in fact, by the opening of Ron’s work: “Not this. / What then.” And in case anyone missed it the first time, the message repeats: “Not this.” Not *this*: a denial or surpassing of the act of reference as a condition for the unfolding of the poem. The origins of a metalanguage, beyond the reciprocal canceling of proposition and context. A will to write oneself out of the thicket of particulars, toward the certainty of form. This would seem to imply a transcendental turn, a move to abstraction—if one that was never realized. (It would have been so easy to move toward abstraction, we could immediately have rejoined the company of art.) Not *this*: but not abstraction, either.

In *Tjanting* writing looks at itself first. Revision, self-consciousness, the insistence on the typical appear at all points. Verbal “input” is repeated and broken down in an extensive written continuum based on an iteration of sentences that could equally stand by themselves. New information is woven into a fabric of parts which begin to appear as units, divesting themselves of connotative roots. The writing makes a reality by taking itself apart; the new, created order finds information to be in the world.

“Not *this*”: also a sense of going beyond the editorial horizons of *This*, the magazine I edited and in which all of us appeared. Retrospectively, there seems to be a collective hori-

zon of emergence there. My first thought was, if I am not going to take this as a typical moment of betrayal, what could Ron possibly mean by that—? If we are going beyond *This*, insofar as it was a product of my labor and desire, and in a way that I thought coincided with that of others—what are we then going to do?

A provisional answer would be the rejected one: a return to the particulars of everyday life, to an experience that had been abstracted and derealized in the horizon of *language*. Particulars, not language or metalanguage or deixis, but the lure of the things themselves. Here we would rejoin tradition—at least, the tradition we most cared about: Williams’s “No ideas but in things.” That did not seem to be a going beyond of *this*. It follows that, wherever one reads the death of the referent in Ron’s writing from the time, one may just as well substitute an endless chain of references to particulars of everyday life. A horizon of writing as material: “The muscles so sore from halving the rump roast I cld barely grip the pen.”

“The concrete is concrete because it is the concentration of many determinations, hence the unity of the diverse. It appears in the process of thinking, therefore, as a process of concentration, as a result, not as a point of departure, even if it is the point of departure in reality and hence also the point of departure for observation and conception.” [Karl Marx, *Grundrisse*]

Perhaps the problem with *this*, if not its demonstration in the pages of *This*, was that it did not capture the truth of Ron’s method, his way of writing sentence after sentence: the totality of poetic form. In being so bogged down by particulars, one may never see the horizon of totality, the bigger picture, the encompassing whole. But isn’t it precisely in the mode of negation—of refusing to accept the horizon of particulars, even though it is right in front of you—that the bigger picture starts to dawn?

It seemed that what Ron wanted was the reverse—a going

beyond *this* toward a kind of particularity that could no longer be merely called up in the act of referring. Not an obdurate, material fact, but a difficult relation of *language*. A purely relational determination, in the space opened up between things and the language used to refer to them. The gaps between words and things, rather than the positive existence of either.

“A semicolon is used to mark a more important break in sentence flow than that marked by a comma. ‘The controversial portrait was removed from the entrance hall; in its place was hung a realistic landscape.’” In this directive, syntax provides a point of departure for a statement that can speak for itself. [*Chicago Manual of Style*]

The denial of *this*, of all acts of pointing to something out there that could be labeled “that,” thus accedes to a relation—as precondition of the total form. The denial of *this* becomes a test of adequacy of the representation of others, as well. You are not in the place I had reserved for you. Relation is predicated on that which is *not*. I am led in the direction of saying, the adequacy of representation or the inadequacy of particulars is not the primary reason for that *not*. Nonreferentiality must then defer, before it enters into any relation, to that *not*. *Not* as an intentional act.

Not an intentional act. What is going on here? Wittgenstein turned inside out? Rabbit and duck marching hand and hand, toward the horizon of language? To what were we refusing to refer? Or were we more directly referring to a refusal—as an actually existing state of affairs?

“The hero is as if concealed in a concrete puzzle; he is broken down into a series of constituent and subsidiary parts; he is replaced by a chain of objectivized situations and surrounding objects, both animate and inanimate.” [Roman Jakobson, “Marginal Notes on the Prose of Boris Pasternak”]

The decisive question has always been the adequacy of state-

ment. Somehow this has been taken to mean, the adequacy of statement in relation to that to which it refers. But reference is everywhere in Ron's poem. What, then, is the meaning of that constitutive negation? The *not* that has bound us up in stitches, one might say.

Language must be the relation of an inadequacy, of a statement to itself. But statements are what I wanted to make. In the manner of certain visual artists, who made a statement by placing a pile of anthracite coal in the middle of a white painted cube, the gallery space. Who traveled to the Yucatan and photographed a sequence of mirrors they had installed there. Who were photographed leaping horizontally from the sides of buildings, in a negation of everyday life. In this sense, *language* has everything to do with strategies in the arts. By which we assume philosophical credibility . . .

Outside on a billboard, a Camel ad proposes: "Where a man belongs." Perhaps this is in the tropics rather than on the corner of 16th and South Van Ness. Limits are what any of us are inside of; the limit one is staring at is somewhere else. In the nineteenth century the motive force of the material takes over from there; in the present, the materials have no motive force: they do not move. There is no option but for the imagination to turn back on itself. And itself will generally find itself lacking at that point.

I remember the "Information" show at the Museum of Modern Art, which I saw in 1969. One of the references of this work was to *language* itself. In the form of documentations of all sorts—lists, statistics, computer-generated texts, defunct categorical schemes. Used paperback editions of logical positivism, from A. J. Ayers to W. V. O. Quine. Logically absurdist definitions of art on the walls by Lawrence Wiener and Joseph Kosuth. The apotheosis of self-consciousness as art in Jasper Johns's *The Critic Speaks*. Language was being proposed as an expanded frame of art, and re-presented as art. The inclusive dates of *Six Years: The Dematerialization of the Art Object: 1967–73*. A defining moment in

the movement later known as global conceptualism.

Conceptualism was an opening to a more possible world in the 1970s, a departure from the stasis of everyday life. In San Francisco, artists like Terry Fox, Howard Fried, and Tom Marioni put forward site-specific values for a self-canceling art. At the Verbal Eyes performance series at The Farm, poets were drawn into its orbit, on the theory that conceptualism and *language* had something to do with each other. Here was another route to the overcoming of reference: a video-screen blankness of language as surface to produce a bonafide art effect. Doug Hall's use of empty repetitions in performance: "They are bombing Afghanistan; they are bombing Cambodia." Poetry, of course, had long since known how to do things like that. We knew something more about language than its use in conceptual framing or generating abstraction, but the artists had the confidence of an externalized role. Then there was the question of whether the artists could comprehend the literariness of the poets' use of language, if they could put it to use. Strategies for overcoming reference in language diverge into the prerequisites for each art, even when each is concerned with the relation of the work to the world . . .

A bus ride is better than most art. . . .

To enter the work might be possible anywhere, as one gets on or off a bus. It is possible, in fact, to read this book on a bus.

It was not just literary motives that led to the question of *language* as a problem in its own right; nor strategies for performance or site-specific art, either. Perhaps, it seemed, we could learn something about our use of language in writing through a study of language itself. Was this another entailment of the turn to *language*? Would we finally arrive at the ever-receding horizon of *language* as an object in itself, as something to know?

Immediately I applied myself to the study of language. This was not the same thing. In learning the distinction between the

idea of language and the material of linguistics, I learned a great deal. *Language* for us was a process of ideological unmasking, an unlinking of interests from chronic ideas, reified frames. For the linguists, however, it was an object . . .

“Government spending is the source of inflation.” Why does the small businessman think this? Because capital competes for control of liquid assets with the state. And the small businessman is last on the list for any spare capital to invest. But perhaps this need for constant new sources of investment capital is precisely the cause of the inflationary condition he is in. The small businessman participates in a conflict beyond his control. A mechanical adjustment occurs that effects all other levels of the state he thinks he is in.

In the 1980s, I had hours of discussions with George Lakoff. We met almost by accident, a phone call after an event at 80 Langton Street. The moment I realized whom I was talking to, I launched into an attack on the distinction between connotation and denotation as philosophically unsound. Connotations likewise have senses—or we cannot understand them. At least, that is what I remember having said. I had been reading Wittgenstein. Connotation was a lure, leading onward, into the unfolding of a desire to know *language*. George and I immediately met for coffee. The turn to *language* took me in the wrong direction for a while, in a detour to linguistics. I must continue to think of the meaning of that turn.

It seemed that, one way or another, *language* leads to everything. It has been good to me, this idea of language leading onward. But once I had learned that, I felt as though I ought to go beyond language. But what would that mean? Would going beyond *language* be the same as going beyond *this*? What is the scene of decision I would then find myself in?

A tjanting is a drawing instrument used for handwork in batik. The pun is exact: *Tjanting* (chanting) would seem to follow its predecessor as an oral form (*Ketjak*), but is in fact

written toward writing considered as itself. The trace of the hand on the surface, then, is the hero of the text. "Action is replaced by topography." And as any handwriting betrays the continuity of the self, the science of tearing oneself apart becomes the pleasure of the text.

Language: is it predicated on the inexpressible? Of what we could not express? Of that which could not be taken in the mode of expression? Are you happy/sad, as Pizzicato 5 would say? What is the meaning of your expression? Do you express the base? What base are you writing your expression in? Would you like to return right now to home base? Do you think there will be any basis for that?

What would it mean to go beyond the inexpressible? To return to expression? Is this circularity the cunning of *language*? That an inexpressibility of language would return us to a condition of everyday life?

"Nowadays, we have a hard time predicting what it's going to be like. And what we do expect, we don't have ways to relate effectively to what is seen. So it's hard to tell a reasonable status quo from a viable opportunity for a change from a disaster area." [Steve Benson, quoted from *The Talks*]

We were surrounded by *language* that we ourselves had made. In endless readings of the endless text. At the Grand Piano, in machine-like style. Kit, Bob, Steve and the Brat Guts writing group. Carla and Steve's improvisations. The coruscating brilliance of *The Talks*. The lure of the blank page and the material condensations of type. The hand-stapled aesthetics of Lyn's letter-press books. Clark Coolidge, holding forth for days at 80 Langton Street. I remember encountering Coolidge at the beginning of the week in which he read two hours a night from his untitled "longwork." We were enmeshed in a collectively produced labyrinth of relations, made of incommensurate texts. A *language* that was primarily *not* about itself, but about . . .

The unutterable inexpressiveness of that *not*. I wanted to use

that *not*, to put things together in a different way. This was not an abstraction. “A telephone pole is an edited tree.” The constructivist moment, starting again and again, after that *not*. The opposite of Creeley’s maxim of lyric accountability: “Not from not / but in in,” which sent Robert Grenier turning endlessly into the page. Grenier’s intensity indeed provided a point of focus for us, provoking a self-consciousness of *language*. At the same time, he was turning away from our concerns, toward an encounter with language in the world as individuating fate. A turn demanding a reinscription of particulars as immanence, almost in a religious sense . . .

“In this whole system development and underdevelopment reciprocally determine each other, for while the quest for surplus profits constitutes the prime motive power behind the mechanisms of growth, surplus-profit can only be achieved at the expense of less productive countries, regions, and branches of production. Hence development takes place only in juxtaposition with underdevelopment; it perpetuates the latter and itself develops thanks to this perpetuation.” By extension, individual fates are relatively lost or found, moving from peak to trough on a stagnating, motionless base. [Ernest Mandel, *Late Capitalism*]

We were. In quest of the totality of method. Specifics: in 1977, I published *Decay*; in 1980, 1–10. This Press brought out Ron’s *Ketjak* in 1978; I worked on the production of *Tjanting* in 1980–81. In the same three or four years: Lyn’s *Writing Is an Aid to Memory* and *My Life*; Steve’s *As Is* and *Blindspots*; Bob’s *7 Works* and *Primer*; Kit’s *Down and Back*; Carla’s *Under the Bridge*; and Grenier’s *Sentences*. Work that had appeared in *This*, *Tuumba*, and *The Figures* and which is collected in *In the American Tree*. Our writing had gone through a transformation, toward the horizons of a constructive device. We would be patient, building our utopia in the Universal Mountains on the basis of that which is *not*.

Life continued as a parallel text: Paris, linguistics, C—, 80 Langton Street. Intensive focus and intellectual exogamy. Labor,

desire, and the material text. Content—and what is that?
Language as relation: not.

But self-consciousness fights back. The conversation of men working in any garage gives a demonstration of this. A mechanic knows more about the mechanics of statement than most poets. Increasingly, current art tells us only about itself; while capital is chipping away at our position, we have art to fill in the gaps. We generate performance artists because there is no drama in everyday life. Art is possible only as a window on the self-consciousness of the past. The mechanic accurately measures the helplessness of his fate, but where is the person whose self-consciousness has survived art?

These are the dots, those are the connections. They are being filled in, even as they are evaporating. Will we ever achieve the horizon of *language*? Or is the horizon of *language* only where we started from?

Between dots and connections is a statement. That is what I wanted to make.

“Not this. What then?” The writing is working on itself. The mechanics are operating on their own terms; to deal with them is to operate on one’s own. The serial order of the work finding itself out is equal to the fixed attention to be found at all points.

Have you ever wanted to go beyond *language*? How would you describe your motives for doing so, in so many words?

From *The Grand Piano*, a multi-authored account of poetry and poetics in San Francisco in the 1970s, currently in the process of being written by Rae Armantrout, Steve Benson, Carla Harryman, Lyn Hejinian, Tom Mandel, Bob Perelman, Kit Robinson, Ron Silliman, and the present author.

Tjanting

Not this.

What then?

I started over & over. Not this.

Last week I wrote “the muscles in my palm so sore from halving the rump roast I cld barely grip the pen.” What then? This morning my lip is blisterd.

Of about to within which. Again & again I began. The gray light of day fills the yellow room in a way wch is somber. Not this. Hot grease had spilld on the stove top.

Nor that either. Last week I wrote “the muscle at thumb’s root so taut from carving that beef I thought it wld cramp.” Not so. What then? Wld I begin? This morning my lip is tender, disfigurd. I sat in an old chair out behind the anise. I cld have gone about this some other way.

Wld it be different with a different pen? Of about to within which what. Poppies grew out of the pile of old broken-up cement. I began again & again. These clouds are not apt to burn off. The yellow room has a sober hue. Each sentence accounts for its place. Not this. Old chairs in the back yard rotting from winter. Grease on the stove top sizzled & spat. It’s the same, only different. Ammonia’s odor hangs in the air. Not not this.

Analogies to quicksand. Nor that either. Burglar’s book. Last week I wrote “I can barely grip this pen.” White butterfly atop the grey concrete. Not so. Exactly. What then? What it means to “fiddle with” a guitar. I found I’d begun. One orange, one white, two gray. This morning my lip is swollen, in pain. Nothing’s discrete. I straddled an old chair out behind the anise. A bit a part a like. I cld have done it some other way. Pilots & meteorologists disagree about the sky. The figure five figures in. The way new shoots stretch out. Each finger has a separate function. Like choosing the form of one’s execution.

Forcing oneself to it. It wld've been new with a blue pen. Giving oneself to it. Of about to within which what without. Hands writing. Out of the rockpile grew poppies. Sip mineral water, smoke cigar. Again I began. One sees seams. These clouds breaking up in late afternoon, blue patches. I began again but it was not beginning. Somber hue of a gray day sky filld the yellow room. Ridges & bridges. Each sentence accounts for all the rest. I was I discoverd on the road. Not this. Counting my fingers to get different answers. Four wooden chairs in the yard, rain-warpd, wind-blown. Cat on the bear rug naps. Grease sizzles & spits on the stove top. In paradise plane wrecks are distributed evenly throughout the desert. All the same, no difference, no blame. Moon's rise at noon. In the air hung odor of ammonia. I felt a disease. Not not not-this. Reddest red contains trace of blue. That to the this then. What words tear out. All elements fit into nine crystal structures. Waiting for the cheese to go blue. Thirty-two. Measure meters pause. Applause.

A plausibility. Analogy to "quick" sand. Mute pleonasm. Nor that either. Planarians, trematodes. Bookd burglar. What water was, wld be. Last week I cld barely write "I grip this pen." The names of dust. Blue butterfly atop the green concrete. Categories of silence. Not so. Articles pervert. Exactly. Ploughs the page, plunders. What then? Panda bear sits up. Fiddle with a guitar & mean it. Goin' to a dojo. Found start here. Metal urges war. One white, two gray, one orange, two longhair, two not. Mole's way. This morning the swelling's gone down. Paddle. No thingdis crete. Polity. Out behind the anise I straddled an old chair. O'Hare airport. About a bit in part a like. Three friends with stiff necks. I did it different. Call this long hand. Weathermen & pilots compete for the sky. Four got. Five figures figure five. Make it naked. The way new stretches shoot out. Shadow is light's writing. Each finger functions. The fine hairs of a nostril. Executing one's choice. What then? Forms crab forth. Pen's tip snaps. Beetles about the bush. Wood bee. Braille is the world in six dots. A man, his wife, their daughter, her sons. Times of the sign. The very idea. This cancels this. Wreak havoc, write home. We were well within. As is.

Wait, watchers. Forcing to it one self. Read in. It wld be blue with a new pen. Than what? Giving to one itself. The roads around the town we found. Of about under to within which what without. Elbows' flesh tells age. Hands writing. Blender on the end-table next to the fridge. Out of rock piled groupies. Hyphenate. Smoke cigar, sip water. Mineral. This was again beginning. Begging questions. Seams one sees. Monopoly, polo-pony. Blue patches breaking clouds up in the late afternoon. Non senses. It was not beginning I began again. In Spain the rain falls mainly on the brain. The gray sky came into the yellow room. Detestimony. Bridges affix ridges. On the road I discoverd I was. I always wake. Not this. The bear's trappings. Counting my fingers between nine & eleven. Factory filld at sunrise. Three rain-warpd wood chairs in the back yard. Minds in the mines look out. Cat naps on the bear rug. Bathetic. On the stove top grease sizzles & spits. Lunch pales. In paradise plain rocks are distributed evenly throughout the desert. Electricity mediates the voice. All difference, no same, all blame. Lampshade throws the light. Noon's moonrise. Burn sienna. Feel the disease. Denotes detonation. Not not not-not this. The sun began to set in the north. Reddest trace contains red blue. Metazoans, unite. Of that to the this of then. Break or lure. Out what words tear. One ginger oyster between chopsticks rose to the lips. All elemental crystal structures are nine. Helicopters hover down into the dust. The blue cheese waits. No one agrees to the days of the week. Thirty-two times two. We left the forest with many regrets. Meters pace measure. New moons began to rise. Applause drops the curtain. The elf in lederhosen returns to the stomach of the clock. Chiropractice. Furnace fumes. Crayola sticks. Each word invents words. One door demands another. Bowels lower onto bowls. Come hug. Sunset strip. Holograms have yet to resolve the problem of color. Thermal. This is where lines cross. Hyperspace, so calld. Mastodons trip in the tar pits. These gestures generate letters. Industrial accident orphan. Driving is much like tennis. Orgasmic, like the slam dunk. We saw it in slomo. Cells in head flicker & go out. Zoo caw of the sky.

Sarcadia. A plausibility. Gum bichromate. Quick analogy to sand. Not this. Moot pleonasm. Cat sits with all legs tucked under. Nor that either. Table lamp hangs from the ceiling, mock chandelier. Trematodes, planarians. Featherd troops. Books burgled. Blood lava. What wld be was water. Bone flute. I cld barely write "last week I grippd this pen." Allusions illude. Dust names. Not easy. Green butterfly atop the blue concrete. Pyrotechnics demand night. Kinds of silence. Each is a chargd radical. Not so. Photon. Pervert articles. Extend. Exactly. Descend. Plunders & ploughs the page. Read reed as red. What then? With in. Panda bear claps. The far side of the green door is brown. Fiddle with a mean guitar. "I don't like all those penises staring at me." Go into a dojo. Mojo dobro. Here found start. Dime store sun visor. Metal urges worn. Only snuggle refines us. Two long-hairs, two gray, one white, one not, one orange. Spring forward, fall back. Mole's way in. Build an onion. This morning the blister gave way to pus & half-formd flesh. Hoarfrost. Paddleball. Tether. No thindgis creep. Tiny plastic dinosaur. Polity teaches just what each is. Cameroon tobacco wrapper. Out behind anise I stood on an old chair. Southpaw slant to the line. O'Hare airport bar. Sounds the house makes. About a bit in part of a like. Shutters rattle, stairs "groan." Three stiff friends with necks. Your own voice at a distance. Done differently. Monoclinic. This long hand call. 'Her skirt rustled like cow thieves.' Sky divides jets & weather. Far sigh wren. Got for. Bumble. Figure five figures five. Dear Bruce, dear Charles. Make naked it. Negative. Out the way new stretches shoot. A thin black strap to keep his glasses from falling. Light's writing is shadow. Rainbow in the lawn hose's shower. Each finger's function. Beneath the willow, ferns & nasturtiums. Nostril fine hairs. Stan writes from Kyoto of deep peace in the calligraphic. Executed one choice. Pall bearers will not glance into one another's eyes. What then? A storm on Mount Sutro. Forms crab forth from tide pool's edge. Refusal of personal death is not uncommon amid cannery workers. Snaps pen tip. An ant on the writing alters letters. About the bush beetles. This municipal bus lurches forward. Be wood. Several small storms

cld be seen across the valley. The world in six braille dots. Gray blur of detail indicates rain. A woman, her husband, their daughter, her sons. A pile of old clothes discarded in the weeds of a vacant lot. Time of the signs. Some are storms. The idea very. Borate bombers swoopd low over the rooftops. This cancels not this. The doe stood still just beyond the rim of the clearing. Writing home wrought havoc. In each town there's a bar calld the It Club. We were within the well. Many several. Is as is. Affective effects. Humidity of the restroom. Half-heard humor. Old rusted hammer head sits in the dust. Clothespins at angles on a nylon line. Our generation had school desks which still had inkwells, but gone were the bottles of ink. Green glass broken in the grass. Every dog on the block began to bark. Hark. Words work as wedges or as hedges to a bet. Debt drives the nation. These houses shall not survive another quake. A wooden fence that leans in all directions. Each siren marks the tragic. Dandelions & ivy. A desert by the sea is a sight to see. A missile rose quickly from the ocean's surface. A parabola spelld his mind. He set down, he said, his Harley at sixty. It is not easy to be a narcissist. Afterwords weigh as an anchor. Cement booties. Not everyone can cause the sun to come up. On the telly, all heads are equal. In Mexico, the federales eat you up. The production of fresh needs is the strangest of all. I swim below the surface. Room lit by moonlight. Words at either edge of the page differ from those in between. An old grey church enclod in bright green scaffolding. Left lane must turn left. A dog in his arms like an infant. Each sentence bends toward the sun. Years later, I recognized her walk a block away.

Downward motion means out. Watchers wait. In motel rooms the beds are disproportionately large. Self forcing one to it. Croatians were restless. Read into. Between hills, a slice of fog. With a blue pen it wld be new. Not wanted is not wanted. Than what? This not. Self giving one to it. Time lapse photography captures the sky. Around the town we found roads. A roil of deep gray cirrus. Of about under to within which of what without into by. A taut bend to the palm tree to indicate wind. Flesh at the elbow goes slack as one grows older, gathers in

folds. Fireworks replay the war. By the fridge on an endtable a blender. A fly's path maps the air of the room, banging at the windows. Hand writings. Recent words have been struck. Groupies pile out of rock. An accidental order is not chance. Hyphenateria. On the wall hung abalone. Sip cigar, smoke water. Who holds what truths to be self-evident? Mineral water bubbles in a glass. Each mark is a new place. Again this was beginning, being begun. Stick cloves in an orange for incense. Questioning beggars. Under golden arches we gorged to heart's delight. One's seams seen. Not ink but point scrapes the page. Polopony, monopoly. At sea side a city of rust. Late afternoon clouds breaking up into blue patches. Pigeons gather round the writing. None senses. In the back of the Buick were sleeping bags, pillows. Is this not beginning I again begin? Orange Opel's dented fender. In the rain Spain falls mainly on the brain. Gold-leaf sign on the glass reads X-ray. Gray sky comes into the yellow room. Peeling leather off the tattered jacket. Detestimonial. Predictable people wear Frye boots. Ridges attached by bridges. Waiting for that bus to come back this way. Pine koans. Uganda liquors. Each sentence stakes out. Knot this. Can cups fill a cupboard? Tamal is the name of a place in the place of a name. I was on the discovered road. Caterpillar is a tractor. I am in each instant waking. To him her tone was at once tender and gruff from long years of rough intimacy. Not this. I saw my blood, a deep red, filling the vial at the far end of the needle. Ing the trapped bears. I wanted to catch a glimpse of her face, but she never turned this way. Between nine & eleven counted my fingers. Each cloud has a specific shape. At sunrise the factory filled. Cut to montage of forklifts & timeclock. Back in the yard three wooden rain-warped chairs. Scratch that. In the mines minds gape. Try to imagine words. Bare cat naps on the rug. Haze hued those hills on the far, gray side of the bay. Bathetic. Underground, the mock coolness of the conditioned air. Grease sizzles, spits on the stove top. Sand sharks swam past. Pale lunch. A city of four tunnels. In paradise desert rocks are distributed evenly throughout the plain. We saw the sails at sea. Electricity translates the voice. But what comes thru depends