



LINEAR C  
&  
“THE I  
AND THE YOU”

JEAN DAY

*Linear C* & “The I and the You”

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2004

## LINEAR C

## HEAVY CLOUDS PASSING BEFORE THE SUN

Walk this way, mudra. A glance. Separation of events:  
pads, breeze. Distend or refract in the act of holding back.  
After the first mile there is no other. Take it away  
take it away bob. It tears up to see. Once.  
Oh yes, Russia. They made say that. Swan  
Lake. Inchoate curtain. Just that lonely as a kid.  
What to do to make fog light. Don't understand  
passing in this unreadable fashion. Mounting another production  
of Orphee. Though harder, the second more interesting than the first.  
Always subtract. That's not sound, that's not woody guthrie.  
Run limbs straight, sic transit arc. To prove this finite and unstoppable  
fever, find a place to sit, sit. Little sister put your blue dress on,  
that everyone should leave. First in one direction,  
then opposite. Fold cups. Watch out joe. A patch  
of censorship. The heart of park central. It is dark of day.  
Must with, with must. This way before, now slit, slitting.  
To go straight. Learn what it means to receive syllables.

## TICONDEROGA

We came to the landing place with buck knives and whale grease for the job. The garbage had yet to be put out. Barges up and down the rivers intersected long treeless vistas of acquisition. Sugar in the pan was pornography in the minds of men. That intimacy saved for green grass. Your flow. A product said, "Hit me with a club." We were *about* the world, high above apartment houses. You couldn't cross the channel necking on the bridge. After the waldorf salad came virgilian fortitude. I thought I wanted to intend and to determine.

The pickup was full of handsome strangers. Marrying the daughters off was arranged by Cat's Cradle. She wrote her dear friend immediately on coming away. A girl clatters in scared circles on Wagon Train. If you got the busy signal, your only course was to turn to the unfolding mode. The first faucets gave dubious water. We were going along minding our own business and wham, came diseases. Thundering eyes. We sashayed through a creamy wilderness. She prided herself on never showing her ugliness, petulance or greed. Leaving the dark of indoors for a second, everything was changed.

We could not make back enough money to pay off the company store. They owned the kids' notebooks and the paper inside them. I was aging fast. Wheels sang. He came to me at night. You could hear the bombing in a nearby city. It occurred to her to mount a campaign against foulness. They were surrounded only by those of their own generation. Flouride was introduced to the water. What had been left at the dump sites would never be known, forever experienced.

It was gold. Looking on her intended, she tried to gauge the difference between pangs and his injury. Now he would never own a horse, a clod of turf, marry her. We came to a grove of cottonwoods and were persuaded to rest the animals. There was a brutish stench in the air; could we go on ravaging a previously established status quo, however dark?

At the exit, hitchhikers had written how long and which drugs between rides. We said good-bye on the brow of the last hill leading to the sea, and proceeded with guns on our backs along avenues of shut-up houses. Then we began to eat each

other. One of our party was elected to do the job. The workers were striking the brewery. Wooden implements. Her final decision was to become a nobody in blue-jeans; after that none complained.

The following was written on the almost obliterated signpost:

MOLE VALLEY  
your luck has turned  
begin Chinese

## STORYVILLE

That's innocence if descending notes in a canyon attract what have you,  
For tension, condensation. Levels every 20 minutes or so askew.

Freight noise. How long. Who uses the statistics. A friend of Nina's.  
Any hour of the day. Stand by and observe, sibling useful of tongue.

In the rewrite. Part two. Again together scheming definitions of  
Edge. Soon the rest of the pack call me Thrill-To-The-Name.

You've got to pick up every stitch, for the master markers numbering-  
The days of the ensemble hieroglyphic. The processional truly wet with

The happiness of symmetry, the overriding all-over effect. The privileged  
In their park. Part three. We have considering "kiss-it-off"

In Oakland. The bird's eye infected so it can't see  
To eat. Then what's this food I'm standing in? Air without quality is no

Surround and it can't join us. Now try the tires. Time ride embellished  
With feverish suitability in the rewrite.

It was a warni sunny it  
Through the day.

## SHADOWLESS

Canned fun is up to this letter at least  
unscheduled with echos to empty the heads.  
Someone's insides owns pants and departs  
of loud rock. Commercial attraction's feets  
made of clay, like guys. Crazed in back  
of a hanged man, one knows nothing to do  
but call out grand sentences. Stand up  
you dust. Report this to Rick. Stop dip  
and throb for a drugged note, nicely separated  
under the tress. Skim lip feeds.  
Numbers. Another. I sees bags fill.

## N

There is no need to feel better than another. Though existence is in question, lightholes give rise to data. One and one and one, rays from certain hot bodies says Mister Blondlot. And he was right, these girls really can sell your product. Cruising onto 14th, sick-skinned in a Cutlass. He has a certain name for wit, Thane of Cawdor. A short sleep is short for Napoleon, plain or striped. One who narrates is beginning to exist morally to include a host both trim and filthy. It is only natural.

The unregenerated soul stages a mock naval battle. The father, once boss, now axed, consults the Coast Pilot. Designated for the lowest tides. Free from admixture or adulteration. The pointed or narrow end of a thing or the constricted part of an organ, or an isthmus or a cape indicates application. Hence anything causing oblivion. Not ever. At no time. The bed or receptacle was prepared but no nominee quite fit the bill, a story of our lives anyway. All ways.

## GAS

After this conversation have another  
hill, high meadow, stream there. Then  
squat in a chair, this V a vector to that smoke  
across from the Chevron station.

Where there is pause, rush in.  
If a taxi gives kosher jelly, schmaltz.  
Your friend belongs to a reactionary party. Even so,  
without sticking your head out the window

sound is. It's possible to go from A to B  
and not get trapped. Try being a moorhen or Jane Austen.  
Think how it will look when you are really more.  
When traffic resumes, it's not night anywhere.

Okay a minute. I have a motto.  
The unit is a comet of meaning, as is gas, a glass of milk.  
Slow as this instrument is, the labor of parts  
makes matter apart from us and money.

The number 13. Swallow a ball of wax  
to see how important you are. For the first  
few hours the air seems perfumed. Then utterance  
throws in, where the modern lake should have been.

## THE GREASY PLAIN

O vile nights away from home under your blond rooves  
The greasy plain vastly stretches closer  
To the drop I step in for

O to be 16, mean, and belligerent as a servant  
Of the people, driving the herd down  
To Omaha to get unfed, and burnt like a mother again

O my brothers and your kids, faking it on inner tubes  
You make me make it making you  
Like a long cool glass a water, unlisted, unlimited!

O baby sticking out of your great great clothes  
I found it particular in you to have pre-dawn  
Dressed for school, as if such were the trips taken

To ready places. I comprehend a maplike cynicism  
In the romance of certain offspring  
Rushing to the vet on wet asphalt of a night

O holes in the sky like grease! You accept me  
For leaving us out and out

## LIMIT

I say mud for category. Deposit  
 familiar. To sell stamps and then recover.  
 Rotor lowers ceiling. Polyester resin. I saw  
 snagged pants in a vacant lot. Parked nearby.  
 Insurance fires. Ills list. Tip over in a burning boat.  
 I saw the symbol for off the air, a double coil.  
 Two birds in one square. Headphones for the head.  
 A kid knows which head to exit. Why come you  
 to Carter Hall. I think you go with get the name.  
 Cereal. Saltines. Rider down.  
 And fear not newt, I am your father's babe so turn off  
 the knight, he's getting naked. Turn him to a tree.  
 Turn my arms, circle round the barrel with a hat on.

Adjacent but not made. At Sandwich, the Cape Cod Canal.  
 Baby alligators are more like dogs, but snakes  
 are raw script. I say wet, often a mistake. Bone.  
 The dialectic between work and contemplation leaves you  
 kind of nude. The mirage of having been you.  
 Apply once and repeat. You have always recoiled  
 from the crude. See this as I say acid rain. Simultaneous  
 underground. Everyone must. A future dissolve. We continue  
 to kill animals to prove we own these knives and forks.  
 I saw the swap meet from far off. Say piece.  
 The companion's sunk in alpha watching revolutionary  
 soap-opera. Knock now! Move eclectic.  
 Spirit parts, natural, exquisite.

## SECTION 8

ing horses with riders on beaches to  
side this town, druggists singularly  
hooked to job lot scripted in for re  
ism sucked up to and glorified perso  
identify as neuter taking simplified  
ace when on the island we could lie  
boat. Stealing away blocks similarity  
of conduct among herds, duck flocks  
achine of the continent grinding for  
defined by meals and pictures. A gir  
in every port and love 'em and leave  
ate peak expectation of 80% women &  
keen to be written of by those wit  
hose trees come down to water to dri

## ACQUISITION OF THE FACTS

What occurs are falling conventions, the label dispenser among them;  
even this is borrowed length. The figure In-The-Garden is here  
in the garden and like you, sunk to the hoe, the pick, and precipitation.  
Born to abstraction, customizing alterations to the human.  
Ass-backward is the devotion to form: you in back of you full of salt.  
Now I know the Greeks came before the Romans and how to submit  
to black. Even if nothing gets down all day but flyweight ideas,  
you know proscription; setting out alone again and again into  
the dirt and glamour, thinking it will be dunes along the way.  
But that's just a familiar spot in a rhythm, going and getting to work,  
not only for love and school, but in the interest of plot.  
Influence can be taken as light as knot; DNA is no railroad,  
nor does my mom (Rosemary, though you've met) know your pop.

SIMPLE HISTORY

Thinking closed  
I was clumsy eagerness  
walking in reflex  
a depth of brags  
like an aquarium which is famous  
only faster

. . .

Accumulation gave an added sense  
of yesterday  
as the squeeze  
I go dead to the negative message

. . .

Showed up to deal  
discipline nervously  
were the rapists & ax  
murderers  
just as I marched  
series in bed again

A scabbard was proud  
like empty tin cans

. . .

Blue almost red was I white  
with untroubled fundamentals  
lost in a rarity  
heavily blocking such a trap  
coming to  
miss the best  
headway enactment

. . .

Complicated by reading  
hours later uncorrectable  
viscous dark  
gripes on extreme  
it called life

Plugged  
the democratic double bed  
dreams epigraph:  
“early years - snow - Rodehenko”

∴

Sylvie was crying  
“to evacuate the problem”

∴

Damp, dark, herself  
writer diffident to background  
works to clean up  
economizing  
unity of next over time

Bugled logic  
gross to its ideas  
as in a duel  
I get up when I end in mind

∴

Trigger heads  
imputed high control  
to a realm existing without support  
on the first horizon

∴

Voluntarily reliving  
Daughter of Vigor  
I scare myself to fit  
prompted reading:

“Napoleon got sensitive  
having used drink all night  
to be emotionally thinking  
to get more serious or make  
protected mistakes”

. . .

Idealism acts disappear  
on a spiral in a winter  
visiting his arms  
I see images completion  
autonomies subject to name

. . .

See tiny staff maintain  
didactic clouds command  
sentimental reasons  
drooping, deliberate

In the midst of economic collapse  
her analysis stands coincident  
with a great chord  
that wracks me  
making a piece of art

. . .

Gas station attendants  
push carload tires  
into STORMS LASH

. . .

Drawing squares  
it's chaos where this one meets  
the monuments already in the process  
of thoughtful repair

Blowing in late  
is huge in her  
waking in myth  
breezy & sun

∴

Gaps in education  
run into miles  
solid doses

∴

The machine that replicates  
moment equations  
comes from the past  
to stand for me

“Duke Star”  
she rules the waves  
near and how far  
the individual *qua somebody*  
substances are

. . .

Arch brio  
glorifies demons  
dactylogy  
“I only like cookies”

. . .

A room intermittent now  
that I go out

## PROGRAM NOTES

An oak outside pins providence to habit  
 to see firmly a vocabulary erupt from crying rules  
 dignity presently fosters. The heart focuses there too,  
 being instructed similarly in force of habit, the angling  
 city with one punctual gull overhead—gulls being standard  
 in the progress of tears ending in being. To have almost scorched  
 the rules dignifies the gull, building the souffle of real eating  
 among the calling-up, the thinking, the cheating, and the meaning-well.

A sad thing it is when a gull flies against the plane making habit  
 look silly next to progress. Picture the oak standing up in the heat,  
 vocabulary falling down like socks, the listening and subordinate  
 tears in abatement waiting for provender to slide.  
 This is for what the city waits. Lining up for the lining up  
 of crusts after the souffle has puffed. The tears don't wake the oak,  
 gull, or plane during the familiar lurid waning, but they posit  
 the end anyway. — To get out of this dignified stationary!

Baffling giddiness seems to instruct the continuing vocabulary  
 of thinking, therefore writing, not perhaps as prudent means,  
 personally habitual and not devoid of dignity. The souffle  
 is already cold but representative nonetheless of sheer atomic progress  
 upward into a cloudiness of neutral tears, i.e., straight-ahead  
 believable levels of heart. Some mocking is in order, but that too  
 is a habit of the schematic city; the oak doesn't mind the emotional  
 plane. In the end, what vocabulary leaves is just socks.

Any serious rule should want to know what feeds it. Not much else happens, in Little Rhody. The progress of tn-city vocabulary as it comes to a slow boil won't hurt the hearth, at least not if habit stands by the trusty oak, a thing of pastness and deep drinking which satisfies not only in reading but in scrambling around outside too. The bird is definitely not lonely in this gulley; planes criss-cross like happy boomerangs, dropping crusts of versicles on the city until lightning jars off the rest.

## W

I see the Great Smoky Mountains, fringe characters in the Panamints, Drusilla Ice. Would she spell out the future for them in numbers and dollars? Would she sit on the ground? Expatriot and pregnant, the sister-effect yokes facts. Mimesis just isn't practical, too many hens and chickens. Misguided birds flap in the hot advance of an afternoon spring storm. Inside, he must have been watching me, listening to Wozzeck in music class while the dull trees bloomed just beyond, and I thought on world trade.

Drive out of the city and the earth is still. Resemble two people or replicate the family ideal, whichever you think will benefit your neighbors on White Street in Ogalala the most. The human community is either alive or dead; yours is sometimes columns, irreducible. When I see a word in your mouth I want to have it too. You must not be wanted or you'd be down in the sewers with the effluvia. A,B,A,B,B. Rude girls know they are. Was his insight devoid of will? I imagine a scale from 1 to 10. I swear my tongue was one of such, a boy in ten pants He watched television to discover the name of his baby.

## SEGMENT

Bright equal air is mine  
made mass, plant, you,  
estimable option. When I sing

I look straight over  
the crowd to the apex of train-  
heads beyond visioning

your dotting constructions again.  
Cicadas are glad to be articulate  
and soon dead; I almost wish

we were this close  
forming our bind, our plait  
or matter in solid lights.

If I ride in this or that  
vehicle, you have tools  
to deconstruct

that chain. I personally  
will be doing the same, forming  
sheer sides for all

my friends' fit. If however  
I am still and not relying  
on machines, it will be due

to conjugation of another  
type. Our formality  
understates the crush.

The duration of streets, speeches,  
our musics is  
how able their movers are.

BEVERAGE NAPKIN

If you leave your body  
von will live in the hall.

I can't shoot  
from far away.

This is an easy ring  
of caution toxin.

From welfare  
to this insistent hazard.

I'm king of exits;  
you're hiring railroads.

Can you do it  
mirror?

Wake thinking haw  
and hawing.

You node  
get up.

We drank hard lines;  
saw the clock and dranked.

I recall your beverage  
napkin.

## Y

Impact marker, I get you in town, upside, sewn. Once enamored of feathers, now marks. Dear you, I have been meaning these many late winter days. Smell of rained-on wood, marlin or twine. Resolve to primary: open window, cars pull up out front, her aspect, dark and metallic. Going through gore to become snakes, her sheep by way of her intellect. "I don't mind suggesting in the least; my name is Pitch, I stick to what I say.

Fear = discipline

Corn = sex

Milk = gas = work

Three youths hijack schoolbus.

Gorgeous appears at the door, chimes strict shores. This dear friend has come to me now that I'm laid up with fever, bringing something to read before sleep, a mountain. "Way down south in the yankety-yank, once, were windows on our fidgety debs..." I read until a speck or spot gets caught in my eye and the page turns linty or invisible. I'm on my way when I smell oil and look across chasms like Tallulah Gorge. "A wet sheet and a flowing sea!" Down by the crackers called *Marie*. Script fits a price I can print. These books, throughout the academic world, this excellent piney fragrance!

## I DON'T WANT TO DIE IN A SPREE

I don't want to die in a spree,  
go with rocks to cut off, no!  
Normatic is the family group;  
paint is also some terrain.  
I'm not hiding; I don't say love I  
you, do I? Reiterate place  
to power of advance, swingtime.  
These items are more. Here is sun and  
food to go through. The formidable  
accomplishment of and having parts.  
Struggling in primitive  
so less is served up captioned.

O

We hit the pit to clean up in, the slam shack. I ask if there is anything but your greedy eyes to help the police make marks on us, but soon we are safe again in fake rags heading west of that. Oh Popeye, I can't wait any longer for my pay. That is what you say with a tree standing through you.

Stand back, the elan is about to become a nail. We beg for the restrictions of the past to sit on since the new ones are so hard; it's a question of guessing how to act in the middle. I think you can think at the same time you're hauling ass, so demand compensation!

A pun makes time. You missed some of that grayish stuff over there but so did I. If you will drop dead I'll know you mean it; then we will be alive and dead together. You're coming in very clearly now.

I work. My apple. Nuts.

# THE I AND THE YOU

**I AND YOU***for JR, WB*

Not only for us are twigs made  
exceptional to the branch, the body  
antic tenant of the hills  
on which a city lapses.  
In our world, others, sailors.  
Everyone sees what culture did  
and our patois (literally, stream)  
enrolled in which, light neither ponders nor  
ignores its good direction  
overtaking time, the ten days grace  
between installs. Manifestly art  
you and me, fingered, figured, poised, and shown;  
frisky first  
and then deposed.

1.

Beginning with

as exigent

my life            stumped in forgettal

of buzzwords, their answer

                  crying on the floor at eight

                  at night

Let's argue. The most I could manage

                  was *place*, a here

all cruel and happy.

2.

*for IK*

Outside metaphor's stubbed  
handling  
put to bed its mother  
    of unusual depth  
in dreaming, her brilliance carries over  
indexically  
as the bird is the fact  
    hearing you  
    are one  
uneconomic  
yet exceptional.

3.

*for EC*

Having no choice

but use of others' language

“spy shorts on doll”

to the tune of a rake

*that is progress*

to fly from the scene full to the top

with unexpended

currency.

4.

*for KR*

I.

I live on the street where you live

'TIL TWO

You make the mockingbird's speech on a wire

(donned in this phase)

(its pain and confusion)

float all the way up

from City Hall. Thus, sounds

the depth, in the middle

of all this right, life...

5.

My new eyes hurt  
one after the other  
and repeat.

I have outworn a path  
                  in the selfsame place.

No words equal music.

Only sense ate.

Our formula for the everyday towers  
  sinkward.

Still, the sky is possible.

6.

In public the aria

I always assume

that you might

clamber

upside

with a certain mobility

posse

that you might take this leadership

*through* the dream

and now my neighbor

7.

*for LL*

And now my neighbor begins to bite  
to clear the path for nun's singing  
*omni animalis*, exotic  
but wearing street clothes on the square.  
We desire consistency but crave texture.  
Between us, who will braid the rope?  
Oh hell,  
its mutiny and tonic.

8.

Deferred.

I think I did  
when you adored  
the thing of it  
but not the  
pang of idyll.

9.

*for EB*

Everybody listen!

I am white and you are red.

On earth another planet

names the one

conceived by me.

At length then it was volcanic, pretty,

but horrible to look at: the perfect, read

world. See idea

slip from sense

already stiff

with sentiment? "What did one Mandela

say to the other," Emma

understands.

"Why were you in the cage so long?"

10.

That I might propose  
the will  
unstill to comprehend  
                    your omnibus  
to know  
where you go against  
                    compliance  
masking a disturbance what you say  
                    absolutely  
cannot interest me because I  
I am perfect.

11.

*for LH PR, BD*

Damned

if the eagle didn't dive right down

and bite me.

(You'll recognize him

from TV.)

And in the lots filled acre

upon mile with this memento...

single the young

holed in a tree

up which the snake may not

12.

*for LL*

Square pegs

in already decentered neighborhood  
we sit in state.

I note this melancholy as a lack of bosom  
and cannot flatten what verticality calls  
the rain.

Through a film

as if relevant

awaken, memory

the girls downstairs, giggling...

13.

Often in need

of one more line

because thought, and states, and planets are sloppy (happy)

the infinite addendum

you may accomplish

accomplishes you

(sleeping)

though the fit

doesn't.

14.

*for RD*

I wish the world  
or argument  
resolved itself amongst  
to whom I wish  
and then relate. The per  
and haps situate preliminary  
being to occasion,  
what else is ground  
to sky  
toward which I come alone  
doctrine, daughter, ornament?

15.

Exactly this experiment: a blue  
room

filled with transrational  
color, known now

as happiness

for which she may, the sky.

What would have been responsible  
posses up

but we agree

and enter green.

Even this, the experience of time

as space I fill

beginning to end

a privilege.

16.

Light is traditional

and more so in its age.

My good and ample things.

One moment, and not

untouched by rain, there

in the opening, graffiti by two women

calling themselves the true, the real

and we have not yet even come by

our title. Idle

fat and tidal measure still in time

unparted pose

and begin to pose our questions.







20.

Unready

too early.

    New after

not this. Tears (the things  
themselves) remit priority's

    agenda to birds

not song

    but data. Hysteria explains

alarm

    when resisting spring you change

your mind (a filmic bit) being, we might say

the others posit you (make use

    of us)

having nothing to say

about why we are they, or this many.

21.

*for IK*

I accept this language squall  
that is in fact not that which sees  
    or what is disappearing  
        instead the conflict  
of nature's situations—your indicative  
beard brushes what is certainly  
    sculptural while  
patter displaces truth (some other trouble)  
    Skinheads vs.  
        a disturbance  
    in the distance (like writing)  
    our popular thought of the body unmoved  
yet always, motions.

22.

*for BD*

Road closed for newt migration.

Waiting for nature I cannibalize thought

imagining you in the parade

though this the path when only wet weather

prevailed.

The rest is yet

to think, a movement of silhouettes

which may include us

doing business

carrying in

the world, wind and swallow

next, next

the sound

of spectacle a form of address:

“It is I.”



24.

*for EH, NK*

If I see, I divide.

Once social, now cactus.

The mothers have organized  
and begun the work the rest  
will undertake. I watch  
you think necessarily  
producing an animal (yourself)  
from contraries and from a wood,  
woods.

A woman's name absorbs  
the imperishably true artist  
but contrary herself  
in the middle of a pose  
(his posse) a circular park the sides of which  
locally protest, protracted.

                    We walk there  
as anywhere, unprotected.

25.

A matter of grace

your condom falls

on my boot. Walking out, is how you feel  
a function of former stars?

Or the actual lever

switched in sex

to allow the rest to happen.

A breeze unconscious of whose hair

and here rowdy

skin extensive as time, *that* book.

“Bird, rain, thought”

a further philosophical spin, visual

for your consumption

whose eyes delimit

the all of in.

Whose grace not thought but being,

having been.

26.

*for RD*

But these are not opposed.

For example: let's get your mother

aboard

being she might say

not a relation of objects

but conversation, a profile

whose coin is the land

because of its involvement with action

and bodies

not nouns, not the excuse of birds

as speakers for people. With great tact and ease

but some labor born

to a name, hers, well

into the next sentence. All of it

after us.

27.

*for JR*

What is the literal mind?

A circle in  
a social town. Its objects point  
as umbrellas ask  
simply to be upon. Positioned  
in a timeless moment  
your head shops, head in orbit

suddenly asks for directions  
“where can I get something to eat?”

The bell rings but not for the town

marking the exquisite experience of objects  
these we collect as he calls the universe lumpy  
or you, the body

28.

What is the literal mind?

The person next to you in line  
hears an incomplete version,  
senses self as continuous but you

only a stop

a sufficient condition of movement  
producing time. You are the customer of continuous  
experiment as the baby  
born to the tabloid  
necessarily has two heads. "This baby  
needs a blanket" says the postman as he handles me  
(a bundle).

Only you

(thought) can navigate the polynomial  
lag of these projections. I have sunned myself  
in their benefit, come home blinking.



30.

*for PH, DE*

In my solitude  
you'll find me  
greatly changed  
but is it I or things?  
The rent makes the tree  
house social no matter  
how many wires  
attack. With smokestack, that too  
a body of the past.  
My beard conceals this lack of place  
while current pain rehearses  
universal paths around unfriendly  
hot spots. The earth is flat  
and the body full of boo-boos.



32.

The dream is blue.  
And this I learned  
in high school.

Given, going, hence  
I challenge your name  
for me while

enjoying your visit  
regularly. Pride  
of place is home

now. Let's have breakfast.

33.

*for LL, ED*

Idiomatically matter is speaking.

Is the answer to “What’s the matter?”

“Must I accompany you further?” To see how curiosity

slaves? Of course, “after great pain”

“the landscape listens” as your eyes lay over

mine. *Things* haven’t changed. It is bound

to rain

to return ourselves

abstinent to words revealed

in things for they do incur responsibility

in their makers.

Where you are necessary

I cohere.

34.

Women think things

must be obvious

to the man

but he has other uses for the brain.

Left to those

I matter somewhere

other and *oufit*. His truck is

time

mine the sun

in one's opinion.



36.

On me the rhyme

nothing in the world  
 can govern. Should I wear white socks  
 for this discourse down the block

gunshot—

“

Let's get inside. You recover me

to it

and exit. Say the song

instead of dance it

our chance to duck

and cover.

I discharge

songs of jury

hoping revolt comes sooner

in our other (use of) history

37.

If anything.

But you go on and do.

All at once in the universe of articulate space

I look

I find

I see you.

But what is it comes and goes?

38.

For locomotion starts

who panoramically says

this is now the poem. Capitated

is how the grass

appeared to me in summer among

others in day-

glo outfits (not me) not working. A bunker

by the sea says

“better give me head,

bitch.” Hope she didn’t (kept hers)

self-constituted by that

most animate of acts, ducks’

quack the only familiar sound

in conversation.

39.

*for LZ, LW*

Pity the flower  
unmoved by her who  
    likes the lover, then undoes him  
with her lecture

This being said, proximal  
    sets the night of nature  
never (quite) vanquished or alone—you say no  
    can do is done

as sun  
    on liveforever. Capitular  
is neither bird nor flower

40.

*for BP*

Next I will

include the you, natural, and wearing socks.

The smell returns me to the human  
t-shirt plowing through its subjects...

    phylum, peplum, valance

If we ever felt that “fun free territory”

shouldn't it have been great

to be going to be

and reading?

    The inability to speak or difficulty

rhymes

    with great and gusty oddity



42.

*for KF*

The problem was the built-in saddle.

Was it antitraditional?

I had not had one intellectual thought since daybreak

yet felt aroused and languid. The cave

made something erotic of my own

elongation, and the light, shy as birds,

me and them, end of story. Later,

my own is the beach, smooth-stoned and local;

that was my family but this is my poem.

The music was allowed to orgasm.

43.

*for FH*

Another world waxes whole

as a mood

turns away, as gray turns or foregrounds

blue.

A shopping cart rolls unrehearsed along the street

voicing

the amorous, pleading cries of the expelled.

Look up,

the world, once head's extension

now provision of itself

a limb with some body

on it or two

physiognomies who

tolerate the strange whose pleasure it is

to pay us for the trouble.

But why this should be our job one does not know.

44.

Holding the tail  
of your shirt I am about  
myself. Premier  
and rare, after rain, spring.  
You pretend never  
a dull moment but, speaking  
must evince intelligence, character  
and good wit. Will, lit  
I did it. We like those  
who resemble us, provided  
this terrible thing is possible.

45.

*for JE*

I lunch with the hustler  
not knowing who (am I saying outside of me  
is crime?)

dares the pot  
to put to bed  
the done for.

I say, love only makes things  
more complex  
for her who is already numerous.

46.

Unlike her

    a fragile visible trace

of soul stuns your mated eyes, which

    coloring turn

        His axis spins

the door now wild

    card simple, religious, here:

        our place. Her majesty

unsettled,

    until all the words and all the light used

        are made to order.

47.

*for ES*

Thrown back, the imagined

to its fearsome object

It was like hearing a voice

between my legs only painful

resembling you. One of one word in ten thousand

what a racket

the thought I feel. Imagine us hotly stated

against

this modulation (blood relation)

working there, sealed from object's reach.

promise or predication, I yell across

the office floor please finish us

returning later on

to what there was to overcome

Then, if nailed by sun

I look up—

is it to understand?

48.

*for LH*

But like others,  
we thought we were beyond the world.  
True enough though  
                  not a fact  
of any object. The intermediate term  
                  many times I believed I belonged to it  
then sound, hundreds of feet  
beyond the edges of my body  
where moods of our own evaporate,  
                  nuanced  
against hours of political mouth  
with us absorbed  
in bending intelligence. The trees,  
whose bountiful principle





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