



Sunset Debris  
By Ron Silliman

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# SUNSET DEBRIS

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Can you feel it? Does it hurt? Is this too soft? Do you like it? Do you like this? Is this how you like it? Is it alright? Is he there? Is he breathing? Is it him? Is it near? Is it hard? Is it cold? Does it weigh much? Is it heavy? Do you have to carry it far? Are those the hills? Is this where we get off? Which one are you? Are we there yet? Do we need to bring sweaters? Where is the border between blue and green? Has the mail come? Have you come yet? Is it perfect bound? Do you prefer ballpoints? Do you know which insect you most resemble? Is it the red one? Is that your hand? Want to go out? What about dinner? What does it cost? Do you speak English? Has he found his voice yet? Is this anise or is it fennel? Are you high yet? Is your throat sore? Can't you tell dill weed when you see it? Do you smell something burning? Do you hear a ringing sound? Do you hear something whimpering, mewling, crying? Do we get there from here? Does the ink smear? Does the paper get yellow and brittle? Do you prefer soft core? Are they on their way to work? Are they feeling it? Are they locked out? Are you pessimistic? Are you hard? Is that where you live? Is the sink clogged? Have the roaches made a nest in the radio? Are the cats hungry, thirsty, tired? Does he need to have a catheter? Is he the father? Are you a student at the radio school? Are you afraid to fail? Are you in constant fear of assassination? Why has the traffic stopped? Why does blue fade into green? Why didn't I go back to Pasco and become a cop? Why does water curl into the drain in different directions on either side of the equator? Why does my ankle throb? Why do I like it when I pop my knuckles? Is that a bald spot? Is that an ice cap? Is that a birth mark? Will the fog burn off soon? Are her life signs going to stabilize? Can you afford it? Is it gutted? What is it that attracts you to bisexual women? Does it go soggy in the milk? Do people live there? Is there a limit? Did it roll over when it went off the road? Will it further class struggle? Is it legible? Do you feel that it's private? Does it eat flies, worms, children? Is it nasty? Can you get tickets? Do you wear sunglasses out of a misplaced sense of increased privacy? Do you derive pleasure from farts in the bath? Is there an erotic element to picking your nose? Have you a specific conceptualization of ear wax? What am I doing here? How do the deaf sing? How is it those houses will burn in the rain? What is the distance to Wall Drugs? Why do they insist on breaking the pii~ata? Is penetration of the labia sufficient to support a conviction? Is it a distraction to be aware of the walls? Is it bigger than a breadbox? Which

is it? When you skydive, do your ears pop? Do you bruise? Did the bridge rust? Is your life clear to you? How will you move it? Will you go easy on the tonic please? Do you resent your parents? Was your childhood a time of great fear? Is that the path? Do the sandpipers breed here? Is that what you want? Have your cramps come? Do you tend to draw words instead of write them? Do you have an opinion about galvanized steel? Who was John Deere? Are you trapped by your work? Would you like to explore that quarry? Is it the form of a question? Where is Wolf Grade? Are your legs sore? Is that a bottle neck? Who is the Ant Farm? Where did she learn to crawl like that? Is the form of the dance the dancer., or the space she carves? Can we go home now? Who was that masked man? Does he have an imagination? Will he use it? Is it obvious? Is it intentional? Is it possible? Is it hot? Why did the mirror fog up? What is the context of discourse? What is the premise of the man asking passersby if they have change for a dollar? Who took my toothbrush? What made her choose to get back into the life? What is the cause of long fingers? What is the role of altered, stretched canvas on wood supports, hung from a wall? Why do they seem so focused, intent, on their way to work? What makes you needle happy? Why does he keep large bills in his shirt pocket? How do you locate the cross-hairs of your bitterness? What was it about shouting, mere raised voices, that caused him always to go out of control? Do you hear that hum? Is there damage? Is the answer difficult or hard? Is each thing needful? If there was a rip in my notebook, how would you know it? What makes you think you have me figured out? Why do my eyes water, devoid of emotion? What is the difference between a film and a movie? Do you want sugar? Why does my mood correspond to the weather? How do you get down to the beach? Is the act distinct from the object? What did you put in the coffee? Did your ears pop? Would you prefer to watch the condos burn? Where do the verbs go? Will you ever speak to the issue of cholesterol? What is a psychotropic? Does pleonasm scare you? Kledomania? Who leads the low-riders? What is the relation between any two statements? Is anything as tight as anal penetration? Will we stop soon? Will we continue? Where are those sirens coming

from? Is it necessary? Is it off-white? Is a legitimate purpose served in limiting access? Will this turn out to be the last day of summer? Will you give up, give out, over? Why is sarcasm so often the final state of marriage? Is this the right exit? Have you received a security clearance? What do you think of when I say “red goose shoes?” Why does the blind man use his cane like a wand? What is the source of your agitation? Can’t you smell the rain before it falls? Are you dizzy, faint, nauseous? Do you have chills? Can you help it? When is the question a form of order? Does order mean a form of command? Do rabbits scratch? Do you find black gays exotic? Do words peel their outer meanings? Is that your hair? What if I want this so plain you can’t see it? Have you noticed all these women with asymmetrical faces in their too-loud make-up? What is so special? What is an ice pick? Do you have involuntary erections without probable cause? What time do you have? Does it begin to wear thin? What about struggle? Do I dare to eat a peach? When do you rise? Why is the verb the second word? Have you watched how new graves begin to move down the slope of that hill, how it fills? What are you trying to tell me? Is that the island? How do they make carbon paper? Is it too hot? What about this? How does a harbor harbor? What of an art of sensory deprivation? Do you like to go down? Will you be able to make it? At what point does meaning begin to blur? Is that a flag in the rain? Is there anything suspicious about the dead? Will you flush when done? What sort of experience will I be forced to exclude? Are you ready? Are you certain? Do you feel this? Is this it? Do we turn here? Will it rain? Aren’t you afraid I’ll go on endlessly, shamelessly, pointlessly? Do you know that the true structure of a prison is built around its illegal commodities market? Don’t you think your fever correlates with stress? Don’t you watch those bank clerks each morning, waiting by the door to be let in? Isn’t anyone ready to describe real life? How does syntax shape the chair? Where is that woman going with a cake in a box? How did you come to love flow charts? How is a sentence true? Do you see that woman in the crosswalk, turning first this way and then that, as if dazed, uncertain as to the way to go? How soon before I turn into an old man with a bedroll under one arm

and a paperbag full of rags and clothes in the other, talking to myself as I walk? Are you now at that point, that when you cut you scar? What is the source of the dull pain in the jaw? What is the emotional dimension of circumcision? Why do people stare at you? What do they say? Do you care for your cuticles? Are you aware of vessels in the eye? Have we time for one? How do I open this? What do they use it for? Where is the odor of apricots? How do I unscrew it? Are we there yet? Which states have you been to? Which zone is this? Did professional sex force her to alter emotions? Do you opt for or against irrevocable acts? Can you make it hard? What does it taste like? Is it Kansas? Do you prefer soup or salad? Did you see the man who was born without ears? Did you ever smoke a banana? Where is the center? Is it hyper or laid-back? How will you survive? Shall we circumambulate or simply walk up the side of the mountain? Who cuts your hair? Is it a specific type of diction? Who sez? What are his motives? Do you want to go lie down in the ice plants? Do you think they enjoy working for white people? Is that a fire in that trash can? What key, what key? Can it happen here? Is that the real color of her hair? What makes him prefer tangential contingencies? Don't you get your foreskin caught on things? Is it speech? How far can you take it in? Do you prefer an automatic? When is form not a distortion? Would you like to be queen for a day? Can you recall if you have read this? Could you pick up the gun? Who broke that dish? Can you prove that you exist? Is it not, in fact, not one type but many? Does she or doesn't she? Can you reformulate the proposition? Why, otherwise naked, would she wear a shawl on the beach? Is good dance music that difficult to find? Would we be able to grope our way back out of the tunnel? Is the morning better? Do you feel compelled to defend the position? Do you eat meat? Were those pelicans? Does it embarrass you? Will those clothes ever be the same again? Does the flow of traffic deceive you, taking on the texture of natural process? Is it straight yet? How many can you count in their hot pants, wigs, halter tops, standing at the curb, waving at the large cars in the slow lane of traffic? Does not the damage of oppression cut both ways? Does it locate this to say that I'm standing at the northeast corner of

Clay and Van Ness? Is the sun as large as that photograph suggests? Could you recognize this as an insect? How young did you think her sister was? Are you not perpetually given to distortion, equivocation, half-truths? Are you listening? Is everybody happy? How can you keep your stories straight? What are the limits of large? Who do you trust? Did I ramble? Did I ever? Will you admit to this? Did you ever go sailing? How long is it? What are those blue flowers? How does the world differ in a Navy town? Are there roads on the island of Truk? What brought you to sentences? Why the great crane on the barge? Are you more frightened by insects or tigers? Could you tell if I had changed it? What was the secret of "Pincushion" Smith?• Has the score changed? Why does that water heater hiss? Can you see it? Does it show? Is it hidden? Is there a purpose? Can it change? Is it large or hard? Is it blue or bumpy? Is it medium or slack? Why do you want to know? What's gotten into you? Is it a sequence? Is it a jumble? Is not chaos also a form? What is that a flock of? Is it stucco? Is it Sluggo? Does it form a chain? Is it anchored? Does it accrue? Aren't there times when words seem impossible, disconnected clusters of letters, so that even though you know what they say you can't believe it? Is it going to be a hot one? Did they search there thoroughly? What is a frame of mind? Is that cotton? Are you a real girl? What is the number? Is it a question of will? Is it legible? Is that the foghorn's groan that fills the inner ear? Why, at this late point in her life, did bisexuality so suddenly pose itself as a question? Is that a midget or a dwarf? What was the implication of her having deliberately gone over there when she knew he would not be at home? What did it mean to propose your life as a single act? Where is the border you will not cross? Is truth a question of verification? Do you suppose the fog a metaphor? Would you prefer to forget the day you shoved two VC from your copter, high over the dusk-lit delta? What makes you believe these words are connected, one to the other? Does fear have a structure? What about the biplane? At what point does it cease to be a poem? Did you ever meet the woman whose dream was being balled on newly-laid blacktop? Did you ever watch fist fuckers drive their arms in, to the elbow? Is there a final

form? Was that a stop sign? How do you spell relief? Is this the prison? Is personal liberation possible without a social dimension? Is that your brother? What is forbidden? Where does morning begin? Have you forgotten the terms you originally set? Is the language neutral? When does a question become a command? How does this fog imitate rain? Why do you suppose that is? Must you always pop your knuckles, chew on pencils, get up and walk around? Have you ever been so drunk that you could not, the next morning, remember what you'd done? Will it bite? What if I said I never think of you? Where is it? Have you the keys? Do you have the keys? Did you find it in the blue book or did you write it there? Can you be gentle? Have you tried this position? Does the sameness of winter get to you? What does it taste like? Where does it come from? What is the cause of that red nose? Why is it we talk endlessly and have gone no further? Are you apt to gag? Is that a temple? Have they found him yet? Are those sheep? Do people think you are stupid, weak, manipulative? What is the outer edge of ego? How can we know what we speak of? Do you repeat yourself? Do we turn here? Don't you just write and write and not return to it again? Is this fog or rain? Do you prefer going downhill? Is it arrogance? Are those school books? Would you like to fuck? Is it fantasy? How is that hat a souvenir of a war you never fought? Is this what it will be like from here on out? How is it I always come back, as tho forgetting how boring it was the last time? Did you make it yourself? In what way is this risk? Does it increase in value? Do you swallow it? Can you swim there? When do we arrive? Is it a theme or a variation? Did you say please? Did you say thank you? Who are you? Do freckles make the back of one's hand more attractive? Can you hear the fluid in my lungs? Who is the small man with the shaved head? Do these cloud formations indicate the breakup of the fog or the advent of rain? Do you sense a stasis? Is that hum in the pipes? Do you have proper identification? Are not the reveries which are interspersed with the reading a part of its form? Is caution such a bad thing? What if, suddenly, you chose to be another? Is not your life a series of cycles, bordered by the same mistakes over and over? Have you noticed how slowly we approach?

Why do you resent affection between your friends? Is that who I think it is? Just where did the cat spray? Am I out of ink or breath? Don't you see how so-called good writing is a sort of distortion, positing dishonest limits on the real? Don't your ankles ache? Is this the plane? Haven't you confused the question of how to survive with the one of what to do with your life, or did you opt for the wrong one? Why do those fishing boats cluster? What if I told you this was a form of seduction? Don't you wander around strange neighborhoods only to wonder what it is to live like that? Am I ready to admit the truth is just a specific construction of fiction? What is the function of a mustache? In what way is a governor like a shoemaker? Are you running a fever? Don't you see that by asking questions you avoid certain forms of statement? Why don't I just tell you? Where is the reptile farm? How many words do you think are "ordinary?" Why did he suddenly get off the bus? Will an increase in shad depress market value? How old were you when you realized that lives were short? Is poor judgment to be my fate? Is poetry sound? How did we get a flat tire? Why not just split? Are you afraid of something? If it were only a question of orgasm, would we quickly be bored? Have you ever watched a friend self-destruct and not attempted to stop it? Have you forgotten how it feels to be healthy? Are you full of self-pity? Is that you? What if I did this differently? Are you awake? Has the morning come? Is the coast clear? Is this what you call the sun? Does the winter make you a more private person? What is meant by wolf-time? Can you describe the origin of the sallyport? What makes you do these things? Did you call? Where is Kadoka? Is it a condition, a location, a friend? Has it a main street, red hair? Does it behoove you? How do you know I'm not fooling you? What makes Jackie run? Is your hair dry yet? Does the fore-skin make it more or less sensitive? Do you know the muffler man? Where do these things come from? Is it a mellow fondue? Is he a straggler? How have we altered the relation between text and receiver? What makes you think this is a voice? Is that the real color? Is it what you thought it would be? Can you see your own breath? By orientation do you mean facing east? Are the words there before you write them? Is there a secret? Do you like

to sit by the window? Do you get car sick? Do you have to poo? Who would you secretly like to sleep with? Is it possible to forget that someday you will die? Do you prefer dogs? Which train will arrive at B first? Is this just something which happened? Do you sometimes think about suddenly losing control? How do words work? Where do I know you from? Is the western idea of autumn great strokes of green and grey? What next? What now? Did I hurt your feelings? Do you want to go home? Is that Oleander? Do you like my breasts? What is the thing that cannot be written? Is this an expression of concern? Would her husband be shocked to learn? Did you ever meet a happy man? Can you make up your mind? Who do you trust? Where? Is this trip necessary? Do you research these things? Will it rain? Did you come? What do people really think? Do the Harlem shuffle? Does the bitch switch? Have you no mercy? What do you mean by a long white truck? Is that so? Do you want to arrive at an act or a text? What is fair play? Is your body your self? Where is JFK's brain? What are the rules? How can I get hold of a gun? Are those your dishes? Will we be able to keep in mind that we are independent agents? What caused you to sour on men? Are we discussing a question of distance or a discussion of a question of distance? Why did they paint the piano white? Is there fog along the coast? Is there an order here, real or imposed by the imagination? Why do those empty chairs face one another? How did it go? Did you get far? Did you do it? Will you see her again? Was it any good? Why do you presume the connection? Why is the guitar in the fireplace? How? What is the deadline? What are the demands? In what way is this different from the tranquil plane? Why does it take you for ages? Why do you continue long after the others have fallen off in sleep? Is the concept of love a bourgeois trap? Is this what you intended? What do you learn about a person if you look at their shoes? Is the warm night good for cruising on Harleys? Will a banana satisfy hunger? Does the sound of traffic approximate water? Are you to blame? Is the hour near? Have you at last reached the age when almost any cut commands a scar? Who is the pleonast here? What makes you think those are the alternatives? Is there a job here? Do you always mistake density for

depth? Don't you like the way the fog slices between the hills down into the neighborhood? Are the rules of association fixed or fluid? Are we on schedule? Who lives there? What is at the heart of this moral tale? Where do these people come from? Is it a soft surface with a hard edge? Where did you meet Joanne? How does the act alter the conception? Do you forget what you mean? What will the tide do to the beach? Who is the woman in blue socks? What makes you think this is fennel? Aren't you somebody? What makes him fear having her untie his hair, in bed together? Is that a small lion or big dog made out of plaster? What is it that attracts her to rejecting women? Is it that I am constantly too tense to sleep? What do those grey trucks mean? Does it bother me, at some point, to admit having slept with him? Where was justice? What would it be like to be whole? How could I lose weight? Do you recognize the sentimental as sadism? Was that Bob's Laura? What do we do now? What are you afraid of? Who is that playing the piano? Was it wise? What time is it? Is it possible to reach center, touch bottom, or is there an impregnable core around it? What about the mornings when, staring into the mirror, there is no sense of recognition? Can you walk on it? Will I confess that I will always be bitter, pissed? Do you trust these people? What is that scar about? Don't nouns only point generally in the direction of a percept? Can you recall hurting someone unintentionally, but feeling no sense of guilt? Can you recall doing it intentionally, some anger fulfilled? What is your myth? When will her husband recognize what is going on all around him? Is there not something vicious in any attempt to be honest? Is this not a challenge, an insult, a lie? What if I told your secret? Is it because I'm a man? When is delirium the optimal state? Do you feel the urge? Do you at times presume that merely by observing the person, a glancing diagnosis, you can, by extension of the imagination, understand their fuller lives? Does the wind bother you? Have you ever known what it felt like to have good teeth? In what ways are

you different? In which the same? Why must that small boy wear leg braces? What is it that brings us each to destructive behavior? Remember when Sandoz still made acid? Remember Polio Summer? Where are you coming from? Does it make any difference? What if I was drunk? Just what do I fear about trust? Can you separate the inner from the outer? Why is this not form, but a process? Who is that witch? Is that my bus? What is a memory? Is that a hole in your shoe? How can you imagine that all these things exist? What if he understood that we all thought he was a closet case and were not threatened by that? Is it a question of a wager? Do not verbs collapse the real down to a single, simplified plane? At what point did you realize that you are capable of killing? Why is this not theater, not dance? Are words not ultimately puffy with misuse? Do phenothiazines scare you? What does this exemplify? Are not all truckers jerks? Do you believe that by balling or not balling you will be a better person? What if I told you these were only place holders and that it was you who was in question? Can you understand that I want to create a situation where you are forced to reject me? Did you despise yourself as a child? Were you stupid and disgusting? Could not a performance artist develop a form of approximate dialogue with the audience, based upon the Synanon Game? Who gains? What is the true process of capital accumulation? Is there some language that ought to be excluded from poems? Is there a better way? What is a vacancy? Do you realize that if flamingos don't eat carrots their colors will fade? When is sincerity not a lie? What makes you think you have choices? Why do some people think your green eyes to be brown? Have you heard they tried to shoot the President? Are there types of information you refuse to permit? When was the last time you had a good shit? How are you? Do you do the police in different voices? Is there evidence of tardive dyskinesia? Are we in the pine woods? Do you find the on-ramps elegant? What did the tree say? What do those women dream of, who each morning go by bus to clean the homes of the rich? Is that a mole on the tip of her nose? Are his teeth an indication of class struggle? Is this more mellow? Could he spot the scam of a burn artist coming? What is the function of

these midnight conversations in the kitchen? Is it clean? Is it silly? Is it the capital of Montana? Did it capsize? What is special about Korean beer? What are the right questions? Can I get permission? Is there a need for more nouns and modifiers? Who broke the cup? Why did the guard rail break? Will there be a break in the weather? Did they make a break for it? How shall I break it to you? Why lie? Has the population doubled? Would you like to do that now? Why do you squint? How many days late is it? Has it happened before? Is it simple or complex? Are you there? Is that the bus? What is a bone spur? Is this condition called coma or comma? Why is the light white? Is that haze? Why this target? What is the latest dope? What did I forget? Did he put his banana on the line? What do you think, to see those fishing boats swarm? Is that a hawk? Is that a concern? Is it suspended in an emulsion? Does it have big feet? Do these words conceal an erasure? Are the terms not chosen also part of the piece? What is the bush league? Why is that man walking down the middle of the freeway? What do these people dream of on their way to work, what urges them to run in order to catch a bus? What is the formal nature of tequila? Why is the source of her anger not her target? Do you resent my humor at your expense? How many ways can that question be taken? What are the cities of South Dakota? Where do we begin? How is it that one minute my writing is angular, precise, the next minute looping, rounded? Is talk cheap? How did the tier tender die? Is that a Navy vessel? Was it so difficult? Why do elephants wear pink tennis shoes? Where does it hurt? What are the names of the churches? Can you see the seams? What is bunch grass? Is not the set of so-called adult values merely applied capitalism? What if the urgency of our emotions was permitted the content of its desires? What if I moved to New York? In what ways will this change the house? Which boat is that, lost in the rain on the bay? Does this change who we are? How did I make the decision? Is it true that only secret lives are real? Do you prefer artificial light? Will winter provoke indoor behavior? How can you divide men into friends and lovers? How can you tell if art is anything more than the games of fuck-ups? Is that natty dread? What is the flower of the

Hoosier State? When was the last time you felt like that? Are your hands bleeding? Do I have in my head an image of you that you would recognize? Sez who? Is this the road to branberry cross? Are those briars? Where does the creek lead? Is that her second abortion in six months? Where would events get out of control? Is this what you expected? What is trouble? What is the image of trouble? Is this the morning-after odor of red wine on my breath? Aren't words like forms that the sulphuric acid of thought pours through in order to etch perception on the metal plate of the real? Is it like this in dream? Can you smell the rain? What was the reason for the suitcase of doughnuts? Was that government grammar? Why is that window made out of blue glass? Are those sea birds or birds of prey? Which shore is Africa, which is Spain? Is that what one would call a high sky? How can I know that what you feel is pain, orgasm, satisfaction? What are you thinking? Could you ride down the slope on a sled of dry leaves? Does that apple doll resemble Mel? Are not short works a necessary consequence of magazine distribution? How do we know if we come to the edge of words? What will winter mean to us? In what way is it different to live in a city of houseboats? Is it not that we simply seduce ourselves? Have you ever seen a Joshua tree? Is that ice cream? Is this raising the right issues? Did I scratch my eye in my sleep? Why? What does that mean? Are you getting macho, dear? What does that feel like? How do you want it? Does it scare you? Is it sweet, tender, hard, old? What is it in mothers that can terrorize daughters? Can you smell rain? Will you use bleach? What is a fretless bass? What is folk tuba? What of the woman washing a man's clothes in the laundromat, twin rings on a finger? Could you sleep on foam rubber? Do blue jeans and boots constitute a new image? Does a word fall into crevasses of recognition? Are the first days more intense? Which is necessity, which coincidence? What does he mean about getting more ass than a toilet seat? What makes him choose a shirt of false leather? Is it true that the gap between known and not-known is the distance between pattern and form?

Is pain physical or an emotion which might on occasion have its origin in the real? What is objective cause? What is the mystery of name? What is more powerful about the vague? Is Liz the Whiz? Do we tell Mel? Is there a formal consequence to running out of ink? Do you want to drink? Can you smell sex? Is it six? Is it a principled action or just trashing? Is it armed education? In what way was the Civil War not just an extended black rebellion? Doesn't the buildup of artistic images always result in the lie? What is the importance of texture? Isn't it about time you brushed your teeth? In what ways will you change your life? Could you go to a place and be not known? Is it butcher by the dozen? Could you feel the quiet settle in? Is this what it is? How could I convince you I am not writing the words of the person I would like to be? Is the rooster friend to the dog? On whose side are the service providers, on whose the agents of change? Has this house been good for your head? Was it difficult to relearn the art of waking not alone? What is the taste of the underside of your tongue? Does this disprove the null hypothesis? Will the tomatoes survive the rain? What is the life of the mechanic who walks alone on the runway of the fog-shrouded field? Is it that your socks keep slipping? Is that flat, dull white disc the sun? What do they catch in these waters? What is the wrong way? Why is the earth red-orange? Is it a question of which questions? Does it require the ingestion of peyotl? Does my hand shake? How do I recognize my palm? Is it as I see it or is the image mere approximation? How is it that I admit to the possibility of mass noun, of category? Why as a child did I choose to tell my brother tales intended to fill him with terror, lying in the dark of our room, his sobs, my narrative? Who would live in the trailer park? Did you get off? Did it happen? Is today safe? Is that the rock quarry? In spite of its gradual windings, do you conceptualize this road as straight, altering the map in your head to conform? Is this the confusion space? Is this the dream? Is this the higher level, the new plane? How do we get out of here? Are those ants? Are you sweating? Is it dark? Did the sirens wake you? Did you emerge from the house, dressed only in cutoffs, into the fog filled with big trucks and the pulsing red lights? Could you see the hatchets chop into the

walls? Who were the men in black raincoats? Were those your neighbors' faces in their windows? When is you I? Is it fiction? Is it friction? What is my capacity? Did I mean limit or function? Does it feel more equal, casual, affectionate, to do it on our sides? What is more solitary than a jogger in the fog? What are these berries like? Could you sleep in a net? If you could construct an image of the world, how would you know it? What did I forget to ask? Do not all such short works hinge upon balance and is that not why we avoid them? Would he choose to be flat, prosey, slow? Would he bring up the issue of gravel pits? Is he the most fearful man you know? Are our lives merely sequences of constant description? Are you loyal to a form? Do you conceive of secretaries scuttling in the morning fog? What if your kidneys go? Are you cruisin' for a bruisin'? Who thought up corrugated cardboard? What is the perceived need for secrets? Why must they be told? Don't associations vibrate in concentric circles of memory and reference? What do you make of his tale of the beast, part-squirrel, part-lizard, with whom he wrestled, tho not in dream, as he slept? What makes us sit in the attic, caught in quiet conversation? Why does this one cry at night and that one groan? Do you pronounce the t in often? Is your head in a work space? Do you hear blue music? Do lap dogs remind you of mice? Can you smell the ammonia? What is the meaning of the shape of my head? Are these just projects, portions of an interminable puzzle? When is revision not cowardice? What is it about green eyes? Do you want to be clinical? If you know how to survive, do you know what you do? Does that smile signify tension? If my skull is large, are my ears small? Who does not dream fondly of the days when one could eat hot dogs for breakfast? Is not fundamentalism a form of situationist ideology? Do you hate the dream space? What are white male vibes? Are your fingers short, rounded? How can you say you are a private person? What the politics of this house? Is this a disease, a compulsion? Are you subject to bourgeois frenzy? Who is the Jewish American Princess? Where is Plaster City? Can you make out the playground, empty, through the fog? Can you see where the water changes direction? What if that planet was only a ball of compacted gas? Who lives

in the hill house? Is this the clearing? What is it about the suction of the lips, the stroking of the tongue, the insertion of fingers? What is the space you call your face? Which is the realm of the ready? Is this slow, passive, neutral enough, without interest for it sees interest as a false issue, bland, muttering, whispering, here? Is this the work that rejects the reader? Did your tonsils grow back? Could you explain her skittishness, weariness, nearness to anger? Did you feel the quake? Do you often feel that if you could just once fit the words exactly to the reality, perception would crystallize, and that you would be content to be silent henceforth? Can you see how the prow of that ship pushes the water up? Is there something you wanted to ask? Is this a knock-knock joke? Is it a mirage? Is it Rick's American Cafe? But what do you mean by Do City Barber? Is it in the interest of national security? Is it just strokes of ink from an olive-colored pen? Could you destroy people in the name of a greater good? Did you pick raspberries in a Trumansburg graveyard? Do you often open with a Ruy Lopez? Would you like a White Russian? Could you get into a three way? Tennis, anyone? Is it simply a catalog, a gathering, an anathemata? Do you not see the evolution of your wardrobe and the image it projects as a form of narrative? Is it my breath? Is it a devotion to definition? Is it a matter of size, time, density? Does it come in an emulsion? Do the forms fill as they emerge from the fog? Is it a prerogative of the backbrain? Is it mawkish or gloopy or no-no? Does it have lines under its eyes? Can you tell its age by the backs of its hands? Is this the cemetery of buses? What was it like to verify her identity when the face had dissolved? Why is it you sweat constantly, without relation to heat or exertion? Is not a good shit a true pleasure? Are not these houses a form of disease? Does your false tooth hurt? Why is it that everyone appears so determined to self-destruct? Do the words come easily, without shape? Is it a question of response? Could you go to sleep in the snow, nervous system tingling, turning off? Do the geese circle the lake each morning, until they have a formation, a sense of location? What if the questions cease? Is being a writer simply a sequence of postures, each a proposition of what writing might be? Does the punctuation

distort the words, or does it shape them, form them? Is it supple, is it dry? Is it an epitome or an apotheosis? Will the blackbirds walk up to you? Will the seagull eat peanut butter? Did you spend the bulk of your childhood staring out of the inside of bushes? They shoot horses, don't they? Do you, at times, recognize when reading that nothing is absorbed, that the words don't cohere? Do you come here often to watch the muscles in the arms and backs of the windsurfers? How is it that we approximate spring in October? Do the words reside, as if suspended, in the ink or pen, just waiting to be released? Can you hear the house groan, shifting balance, when at dawn we begin to move about? By this sentence, what condition is revealed? Are you going to Baja? Are you going to Mazatlan? Is that a white scar behind his ear? Would you wear a scarf? Is it only that these things appear as they occur? In what other way does coffee alter the metabolism? How are you changing me, just by the fact of your presence? Is that smog? What is that ache in the ball of my foot? Is any life merely a sequence of responses to forms of adversity? Why does the helicopter fly under the bridge? Is there a different language for talking? Is what you're proposing radical non-intervention? Have you become more tolerant of rاتفuckers, shitheads, assholes? What do you mean, "Hush off"? Is this all just part of the poetry hustle? Did you say his name was Booker or Booger? Is this J-town? Isn't it more than a question of each of us knowing that we have all been damaged, but one instead of whether any one of us can recognize in him or her self how? Do we not all require a form? Why not say "Don't we"? Is this auto row? Did those pigs kick tall? How come? What is the secret of redlock? Can we penetrate the security perimeter just long enough to plant an incendiary device? Is it not true that eventually you will ball everyone, leave everyone, change nothing? Now that it is winter, are you warmer? Do you hear the organ? Do you stare at the floorboards? In what way is the attic like living in the country? What does it do to your head? What does it do to time? What is the function of excavation? What of gays trained in the classics? Do you go up on the roof and hunker down to squint into the sunrise of a frosty dawn? Is this what is called a cable cross-

ing? Is the heat on? What is the capital of Louisiana? Where is the Corn Palace? Is there a script? Is that a biplane? Do you like me inside, want me there? Should we walk through the iceplants? Could it go on forever? Is that a blister? Do the words reflect events, environs? Isn't place a question of syntax? Isn't today the morning of shoes? Does this mean they are putting the pipes in? Is it underpass, overpass, loop, ramp? Is this how it's done in Jakarta, in Kuala Lumpur? What if we thought water to be a higher form of oxygen? What if I made of the Synanon game a form of performance piece? Have we entered the heliopause? Who lives in south block? Who works at the quarry? Won't any standard, once set, limit, distort, falsify? Is there an instant, waking, before the words attach to objects, as you rose up in a grammarless room? Why is today that day? Is that this time you come, sit on the stairs, your breath visible as mist, the words of your friend still in your head as she wished you a good day, rolling back over into blankets and sheets, lapsing back into sleep, so that you watch the city reflected in your neighbors' windows, the light in the fennel as its sharp shadows dissolve into day, in your dry lips a Camel before breakfast, at last unworried as to whether it will all cohere? What was the question again? How much play is involved? How much hesitation? What if form itself proved to be a blockage? What if he thinks that your sleeping with her is meant as a kind of statement to him? Have you ever done it sitting up, facing one another? Why would a hawk fly through the tunnel? Is that eucalyptus? One, two, how many lefts? What is it? Isn't it just that you start and you riff and you just keep blowing, bopping, rapping, speeding, alphabet soup of some hidden inner energy? What is it to live in a trailer camp? How many things can you think of in a dream? Isn't it that we comprehend strangers instantly but then go thru a period of losing touch as our growing familiarity builds on old assumptions, past truths, until we come to know them deeper a second time? What was it that arrived implicitly with morning? Has it a quantity? Is it a mineral? Are there many? Do you recognize the location? Is it a long black sleek car? Does he like to wear hats? Is he unable to make his eyes water? How is it that poppies bloom here in

November? How is this speech if I wrote it? Is the world of leisure suits, civil suits, air conditioning? Who would choose condos? What is the calorie count of come? Is the grey one a gull? How shall we solve puzzles? What is the analysis of value? What is the origin of the term Charlie horse? What made me dream that my mail was being opened? Is there a more significant distance than between that of the clit and the edge of the vagina? What is it that attracts me about some halrs about the nipple? Is it flattening? Is it wide? Is it not unusual in the winter? Is it odd for the Sufis to have found a saint in a woman who died in the French Resistance? What in these woods smells suddenly like coconut? What is it each time that causes your back to arch? What is it about the colorless illumination of moonlight? Who will put the squeeze on? Who will be the hit man? Why is this not a pseudopredicate? How can you be a connector and not a connective? What is it that makes you hold it so firm in your mouth when I come? Are we caught in a life of logical atomism? Is the bridge ugly on purpose? When is this not an assertion? Am I a question of language or a question of fact? What is it about grapefruit? Where is the harbinger now that we need one? Who is to choose the blues? How is it that we conform, say, even to the question of bus stops? Isn't it that everybody is telling you this same story, only a bit different every time? Is it going to be simple, eating you out in the bathtub without drowning? Isn't it that certain forms of language, for example of erotic content, focus perception away from the words and the syntagmemic chain, a world suppressed in reference to another? What makes you not an example of right-wing anarchism? Where in the dream do you find recognition of the dream? What if I began forgetting and writing the same sentences over and over? What if cognizance of the past began to diminish and I started to repeat myself? Is the same idea in different terms the same idea? What if it just got vague at the horizon? What do we mean by mag? Are these trees eucalyptus? Am I capable of being tamed? When is the door ajar? How did they determine that that was not a snake but a limbless lizard? Don't newborn mice appear to be squirming pencil erasers? What makes you think this is a question? What is fetal deer

wine? Are you in love with the stripes of the gila monster? Is this anything more than the presence of words? Why do we call it a glass snake? Where is my blue your green? What will we say later of each other? Why is it that some graffiti intrigues me, such as “Pochie is a Turkey” on the wall of the Mann City bus shelter? Is it a surprise to find that come is really bland? Is this a one-liner? How many peyote buttons make a trip? Can I date the origin of this piece by the allusion early on to a performance by Simone Forti? Why in the dream was I forced to watch over and over what happened to those people when the grenade went off, their flinching at the anticipation, the shock waves pulling them off their feet, the slow-motion outward expansion of shrapnel? Can you explain to me the meaning of meaning? Have you an adequate matrix representation? What are the days of the week? Do you have this in my size? Is it dope yet? Is it a boy? Are its vital signs stable? Is this question specific to this context? What did you think when they converted that funeral home into a savings and loan? Why is the sky light blue? Will I ever learn to drive? How unadorned can I make this? Why, if they always lock him up and pour valium down him, does he continue to take acid? Do you watch how they shake their heads and step back whenever the wrong bus approaches? Is this the cold you caught from Pierce? Did you see the fat man in the bow tie smile a gleam that spread across the folds of his face like the waves in a pond after a pebble drops in? Isn't morning a bitch? Doesn't that carry a specific, negative social connotation? Why do you say things like that? Why are you so fucked up, fucked over, fucked? What makes you think we need you? Why do you bother? What drives you? Don't you feel like an intruder? Don't you feel like a fool? Why are reading this? What makes you think that's what it's for? Can't you hear us snickering at you anyway? Is that light too bright? Is that how you get to the zoo? What is the frequency at which a thing becomes “common”? What is a larkspur? Why do we label this sunset debris? Are not all descriptive terms in the ideal language either proper nouns or predicates? Is this an example of extensional schema? Are you ready to say Uncle? Are you easily insulted? Isn't the whole premise here a fraud? What is an hour

but an agreement we have? What is the case against the acquisition of language? Is it beginning to rain on the page? Is this fog or loss of the visual field? What is the realm of poetry but trips amid fuckups? What is this rash on the head of my prick in the shape of Indo-China? Isn't it crucial that this only be viewed in the context of certain other workers, e.g., Acker, Watten, Andrews, Coolidge? Is the line busy? Is this raid merely a test? Did you ever see your cervix? Is this a permanent condition? What does it mean to come upon a man on a bus writing rapidly into a blue book? Are you about to lose your cookies? What is the premise here, beyond the obvious one that any reader is a fool, a lamb, a mooch, a mark? How is a vanguard distinct from an elite? How is it that fog makes travel an abstraction? Did you see how those gulls stood atop the corpse, bobbing in the tide? What is it about the rind of the lime that the Balinese attach one or more to the brow as a cure for headaches? Is it true that evil spirits move only in a straight line? Isn't it the case that there are certain poems which are important to be written but which anyone will acknowledge nobody would be especially anxious to read? What is writing but a type of behavior? Would you put my cock in your mouth, foreskin and all, moving your tongue slowly over the tip, pressing your lips down over the shaft, pulling softly, firmly, repeatedly, until finally you have swallowed what I came to say? Is this where the one-track mind jumps the track? Where is he at? How do you choose the questions? What is the function of this particular sequence? Why did the fire truck cross the road? Doesn't this bore you? Isn't it tedious? Isn't it silly? Isn't it a waste of time? Is what you fear the idea that who I am talking to is not you, but an image I carry of who you are? Don't I have a problem? Isn't the question of existence of time answered by the fact of irreversible processes? How do we get the perfume back into the bottle? How do we unburn down the house? Why are my eyes not blue? Don't you think it's unhealthy to put so much of your identity into the hands of others? What do you want for Xmas? How are we to define the poem? What is the name of this leaf? Isn't it the case that we can apply these terms only under limited, special conditions? How can you be sure

of my intention? Will this be a late winter or a dry one? Have I gone back to smoking? What is the origin of macroscopic information? Why does it appear only in the final states of natural systems and not in their initial ones? Does it mean that, if the universe is infinite then in some other world a man sits in a kitchen, possibly in a farmhouse, the sky lightening and nobody else as yet up and about, writing down these words? Is this just a random perturbation? Is it drip ground? What do you mean when you say you will never find a form? What is the measure of entropy in this system? What color are my eyes? Is my skin dry? Why do you like to pick at my pimples? How soon before I lose my hair? Is this Drop City? Are you Peter Rabbit? Was it a scene of five dudes on alto sax laying down a tight conversation? Are you unreal? What is the purpose of this artificial sweetener? Who bomb whom? Is this the elephant burial ground? Are my lips chapped? Is this tooth sensitive to hot and cold? Who are these astral dogs? Would you know a conquest from a surrender? Is the subway of metaphysical significance? What is it that attracts you to depressive, associational types? Is there an eros to your syntax? Does this mean you personally or just you in the larger sense? If it rains, do you see it, reading, as part of the text? Are some parts better than others? Is it possible to do this out of some innocent motive? Do the sentences “just come” or are they conditional, a logic of disorder, accumulative, sequential? Did you see how they ganged up on him, how they pummeled and kicked? Why does he dress like a pimp? Isn't it queer to go whole days without speaking? Isn't this simply behavior? Don't you grow weary, irritable? Want to try and punch me out? Isn't this the part in the serial where the hero runs down a corridor only to find it blocked by a wall and spins, in terror, to see the tide of smoking lava approaching? Can you tell which one is the plamnclothesman? Aren't you afraid that we know you're a coward? How do you tell night at the bottom of the ocean? Why don't my ears pop? Why are my fingers so stiff? Why do I always sprain this ankle? What was it like, watching those people burn? How shall we know the nonidentity of discernibles? Is a peccary a rodent or a pig? Why does the serval have spoonlike ears? What caused Paul to get

all upset? What key? Isn't its formlessness a specific assertion? Why is this stretch of bayfill and autoyards called Paradise Drive? Which is the chipped tooth? Is that your cervix? Do you want me to come from behind? What if I bought an old railroad car and made a house out of it? Isn't the language of the interrogator bleak? What makes you think I'm not the fool? Has he lately taken to chain smoking? Is it that ass-fucking hurts? Why is he so silent in the morning, when he yaps so the rest of the time? Do you need a receipt? Does it serve a purpose? Ain't it enough to make you cry? Did you see where that firetruck lost control and slammed into that crowd? Isn't what is presented simply a question of rhythm, of the rhythm of a question? Does it blur? Can I smear it? Why do they need to write so nice and light, these white college kids? Wasn't it strange not to be the only one up at this hour? Does it count? Won't you be my seatrain, baby? Is it a question of crips versus walkies? Haven't you noticed how everyone leaves Buffalo because there's nobody Interesting there and comes to Frisco, where they like it because everyone's so interesting? How do I know who you are, that each time I see you I know you? In order to recognize you, don't I need some concept of continuity, some thread of identity which does not break up, thus don't I, don't we all, suppress our recognition of constant change, the fact that even as we fuck, eyes open, bodies sliding slowly together and apart, we become different, are never, moment to moment, the same? Are you writing what are called the Don't Works? Were you able to walk by the bomb site and not know it, even as the film crews pulled out? Are you able to work methodically? In what way is it as cold as the sky is blue? What do you mean your hair hurts? Do you see those cartoons shoved against the window? Did you ever use the word palette in a poem? Why doesn't he wake up? In what vague ways do we choose whom to fuck? How does lighting this cigarette cause the bus to arrive? Did you ever get into whips? What did you expect my foreskin to feel like? What do you see? What is there to fear in a glass of beer? What made you pass that joint of grass? Isn't there an argument not in the work, but between the works, which is discovered only as you read one beyond the next? What of

a poem that told you what it did, casual-like, with no evident respect for your condition as reader? Isn't it true that you're a victim here? Did you notice how that head severed in the explosion rested on the window ledge with tears in its eyes? What would make me follow immediately with a sexual question? Is it long? Is it thick? Does it have a crook in the middle? Did you ever watch how it slides and slips between those lips? How is it a teaspoon of semen could come between friends? How many ways are there to understand that? How is it possible to eliminate every individual feature of a poem and still write one? Is not clarity a form of violence? Am I not just using you to locate this otherwise untenable discourse? Is this a discussion of the ideal language? Did you know that a bayou is a tributary of a lake or river, or any stagnant pool of water? Don't you fear your own capacity to harm others, even as you do so with a smile on your face? Won't you turn it down? Won't you drop the other shoe? Will you put your lips to her vagina, telling her then to piss? What is so special about fucking someone's asshole? How can he wear a blue blazer with red pants? Did you forget this? Did you regret this? Is this path of flattened grass evidence of deer along this slope? What is so difficult about fucking a stranger if both of you know what you want? Who is the tall man with green eyes? Which way is Treat Street? Does this clatter, mumble, rattle? Why is the water salty? How is it possible to know if this is a poem? Ain't it dopey? Isn't everything before us slack and lackluster? Did you look away as she turned her back and pulled her top off to try on the gift you brought? Is this tide rising? Is it apt to tear? Is it apt to rend? Is it apt to bruise? Did you lose it? Did you seek it out? How was it that it was always summer? Are you able at last to look back and laugh at the time she gagged and threw up on your cock? Do you know what that means in French, Greek, Hindu? In what way is this poem like a snuff flick? What did I learn? Ain't it a bitch? Does sex confuse the issue? Is this the missing part? Did you expect the chimp's ears to feel like that? Ain't this just chatter, soundings thrown out so that by their echoes I may know the dimensions of my space? Is it offensive to you? Is it rude? Do you want to consult with your attorney? Do you understand the nature of the

charges made against you? Are you not apprised to the fact that there is more to potassium cyanide than the odor of peachpits? Is this evidence that I'm dangerous or crazy? Just which wall are you off of? Which end is up? Is it art yet? Is it the real thing? How does a boat float? Is this not the age of assholes in leisure suits? Am I what you call demure? Do you know that in the autopsy the skin is rolled up off the skull just like taking off your socks? Which do you believe? How is certainty possible here? Does not the surface texture suggest anxiety? How do the deaf in China use sign language? Doesn't this linger? Did you feel it? Did you find it? Did it make you want to cry? Who were those guys? What was he trying to articulate? Did you turn the sound off and play music instead? Did it fit the picture? Wasn't the rejection of form a form itself? Was he freaked? Was he frightened? Did he refuse to clean up his own room? Did it always occur to him, each time he arrived in some condition, love perhaps, that this was what was meant by it, its true definition? Were his toenails in need of cutting? Which are the moons of Mars? Have you ever seen the Southern Cross? What did prose mean? Is this a thing you can find in nature? Do you prefer to sleep with your head aimed at the North Pole? When does it get there? Does it snuffle? Does it waver? Is it apt to break? Is it apt to break up? Is it apt to break down? Will it wash? Will it wash out? Will it wash ashore? Will it, Washington? Is that a crack? Is that a ripoff? Is that a snide remark? Does the door in the poem open and close? Does it just lie there in the language? Did you know what to expect? Are you sure where you're going? Can you see the horizon, the town, the boys at play? Does smoke get in your eyes? Do the white shirts in the centerfield bleachers distract you? Do the terms apply? How shall we get down there? Will we cheat? Will we snore? What is in store for us? Which is the way out? Did you ever come to an exit sign in the middle of a blank wall, solid brick? Is it art anymore? Can I exchange this? Do you play basketball? Which one of us is the warlock? Have you not, at 30, come to understand how brief the next 30 years will seem, each decade not an epoch, recognizing that you may not make it? What is being proposed? Did you give at the office? Did you give? Did

you give out? Did you give head? Did you give up? Did you give in? Have you understood the level at which all prepositions lack meaning? Did they bring out the meal one course at a time? Could you hear the violin? Did you go back to smoking? Did you quit the work, half-done, then go back to it, completing it a bit at a time? Did it ever occur to you that she might not want it, might have it, might not need it? Did it ever propose itself as a question of privacy? Did you like the color of the curtains? Did you ever wonder what it felt like, burst of semen into the throat? Doesn't kidney failure haunt you? Can't you foretell arthritis, ulcer, loss of hair, loss of teeth? When will it be your turn for the infarction? Did you see the snow? Did you do the job? Didn't you hope to avoid language that passed itself off as a mock-up of consciousness? Didn't you suggest a formula just to get the haters of formulae pissed off? Won't you, given the chance, betray everyone? Did you see how the soldiers, bringing the dead back in body-bags, chewed gum? Did you see the jar filled with ears on his mantle? Which one of the Dorsey brothers choked to death on his own vomit? What is the hardest thing? Does your stomach hurt? Do you want everyone to see what an asshole you are? Do you understand that you are simply jealous, selfish and small? Isn't what you need a threat? Are you gay? Are you cheerful? Are you fucked up? When are you going to leave? When will this writing be rid of you? Wouldn't you like to stop? Aren't the shitkickers a garrulous bunch? Is the scotch broom already in bloom? Don't you know that everyone laughs at you? Don't you know how hard it is to belittle you? Don't you know how paranoid you are? Aren't you afraid to sleep in the dark? Aren't you afraid to wet the bed? Don't you have to get half-drunk in order to sleep? Can you square personality with infinity? Is not form the ordering of borders? What is your excuse for putting up with this bullshit? Why does this orange taste metallic? Didn't you used to put transistor radio batteries to the tip of your tongue, delighted by a taste of that current? Are you ready to live a normal life? What did you say when Kathy called to rave one more time of Rudy Wurlitzer? Are you not an exaggeration? Am I any less of a Piltdown man? What about those joggers who daily cross the Golden

Gate Bridge? Is this the tunnel, the funnel? Do the windows in this room face east? Can you not hear the bedspring's every move? Is it chili? What is the "prisonhouse of language?" Is that a bird in the peppertree? Is it that that dog barks into the canyon for the pleasure of his echo? Can you hear the big trucks as they pass through the valley? What kind of turf is this, clumped, whitish, dry? Is not reality in writing, the referential, an invention not a discovery? Is this not a climate of dry heat? Is it not simply that the words gather into sentences, that the sentences accumulate until the page fills, that the pages gather until the book is done? Is this the writing of erosion? Is it possible to tell that I wrote this sentence on a hilltop overlooking San Clemente Canyon, the northern reaches of San Diego? Is it possible to tell if I wrote this sentence in the easy chair my friend Elliot made for me, in my house in San Francisco, in what all my roommates call the Yellow Room? Is it possible to tell which sentence lies? Is it possible to tell how much time there was between them? How does the sun's heat shape the content of this page? Is it raining? Is it humid? Do I have a plan here? Why does the dog refuse to shut up? What is the work of an oceanographer? Is there much life in these tide pools? Isn't the truly strange thing about Linda Lovelace that she shaves her pubic hair? Is it one thing to require an entire civilization to own automobiles and another to require them to own boats? What asshole called me a zen poet? How is it that everyone here owns their own guarddogs? Can you tell that I'm sitting cross-legged now, by a pick and a huge half-empty bag of Supersoil? What is it these people do, to live on the tops of mountains? Are you curious or vicious or snide or bored or pissed? Why fly? Is this part of a program to drink my way around the world? Does the water always taste this bad? Is this the poem which offers you a "complete" massage? Is it just an intellectual jackoff? Why do they all walk around with transistor radios in their shirt pockets? Is this not just the journal of an analytical anti-formalist? Is it all iceplants and cactus? Can you judge people by their backyards any better than you can judge them by their shoes? What is it about poetry that refuses to play for keeps? Is it a morning for cottage cheese and lager? Are we

out of toilet paper? Is it the hushed sort of Saturday dawn, sun starting to heat the lawns but with the people still sleeping? What causes the worried tone in her life? What is a fact? What is affect? Are these simples? In what way is every question a proposition? Is it simply one without a truth-function? Can you tell a curlew from a godwit? Do you see how the clouds break at the horizon line, so that the setting sun is a long strip of red-orange between vast blocks of gray, one the sky, one the water? Did you see them pushing boulders over the edge of the cliff? Can you feel how the shift in body-weight turns the motorcycle? Even if you'd expected the head completely bereft of hair, were you ready for those deep blue eyes that never really looked at you? What is it about speech that to you so approximates percussion? Is jazz discursive after all? What is different about the clothes people wear to the laundromat? Can you spot the naked lady on the Camel package? What do you want to know? Who do you want to tell you? Isn't it true that "poetry" excludes many types of sentences? Isn't this one of them? What is the hump? Whose clavinet? Why insolence, boxed fury, muttering, sadness? Why does she shave her head like that? Isn't it a closed system? Why blue paper? What did you think of his trousers? How is it that he lost an ear? Why is this popcorn a bright shade of yellow? If the writing could change me, could I then change the writing? Are there not times when you imagine that you were just born horny? How shall we look at that truck? Don't you love to go by the used appliances store, past those old white stoves lined up on the sidewalk? Is this the formal announcement of spring? How is it we never get to the beach? In what way is this not six months ago? Did you ever see a yellow helicopter before? Can you feel the wind in the grass, on your back, on your neck? Can you see those hills across the water? How does a black dog differ from a white one? What is the formal process of flying a kite? How do these terms carry intention beyond the weight of one another? Is this a skill? Is this a man in a hard hat? Are you asleep? Are you sorry? Are you amusing or amused? Do sentence types limit what we say? Why does my toe ache, my knee feel stiff? Is not communication an act of violence? Is not writing an act of privacy?

What is the long grass like to lie down on? Do you notice how sailors wander about in the lower plazas of the park? Are they a couple? Is that dog trained to fight? Can you feel how near spring is? Is that scaffolding about that tower? What is it about looking directly into your eyes at the instant of penetration? Can sentences tell us how we change? Are those words not stored or hidden in the ink? Do you see those two women, sunning themselves, sharing a joint? How does the day form? Is that her on her way back? Are those the sounds of seals? What is the smell of summer? Why did you bring a flag? What is the origin of the emotions? Can I repel you? Can I reveal you? Can I define you? Can I set you up for a hit? Can I make you cry? Can I make you choke? Can I name you? Can I fuck you, casually and without emotion? Can I put my cock in your mouth? Can I push it to the back of your throat? How hard do you want it? Is this the chronicle of our turning and our turning away? Is this going to get me somewhere? Will this make collective life any easier? To what extent is the transcendental simply a new form of damage? Is it dawn yet? Why are the cats meowing? What fills the sky with such a dull ochre light? What is it that makes my life seem so “obvious” and clear to me now? How is it that I should know you? What are the forms we fill? Am I not simply a balding, bearded, fat, half-toothless, farting excuse for a poet? Are we not the very garbage of our lives? Is this the shit we roll about in? Is there some limit to it? Is there some odor to it? Does it change if I say fragrance for odor? What is the dream that leaves you screaming? Did you ever want to fuck Daddy/Mommy? Do you know of those Indians who travel about at night only in two old wired-together Caddies, sleeping in them by day, eating white bread soaked in bacon grease? Is that the sun in the east? In the west? Is this how we got together, only to later change our minds? Is it true you got up to write this, half-awake? In what way is changing your feelings not changing your mind? Is it far now? Are those the rudy boys? Is this natural light? Is that wandering about the rooms of the house an indicator of anxiety, of resignation to and hatred of the job to which she must soon leave, to sell panties and bras under the fluorescent glare of Department Store? Do you hear what it is

I'm telling you, really? Why can't we see the air? Why don't we see that the sky is an object, that to be in it is as real as to be in the forest, the pine wood? Why sell ice cream? Why does he write quietly, sitting at an old school desk in the high-ceilinged yellow room? Do your hands shake? Can you locate the forms? What is the hidden nature of any late winter? How is it that flowering kills the coleus? Doesn't the very fact of a question indicate the distance between the words we use and their meaning? Why is it that this text surrounds us, envelopes us, forms a circle but does not solve the problem? Did we think to arrive at an emotion, a meaning, only to discover the location of its absence? What is it that permits you to ignore my intentions? Would it be different, reversed, if I could imagine that you could get me pregnant? Isn't the problem of the question that it locates us, places us in a relation, some tangible formulation, to the text or the act of the text, as if to test meaning, to see if it will exist if we can thus somehow fix all of the other terms in our equation? How is it this bridges us? If I come in your mouth now or you come in mine, is it any different than our knowing the answer to the question? Isn't it true that what we know is that we won't ever be able to pose the question correctly? Why does the cat sit in front of the air vent? At what point do you give up? Is surrender a solution? Is not what we have here a superimposition of three layers? Why is it that I want to look at you at the moment of penetration? What is that sense of recognition in your eyes which indicates that you sense my cock rubbing, pushing, against the walls of your cunt? Where else can you find a poem that tells you what it tells you? Do you think of your brain as solid or fluid? Why do you deliberately put certain sentences into several poems? Can you tell that I am writing on Easter? That I have Terry Riley on the stereo? That I am typing up the letters of Paul Metcalf? That I could insert anything, say anything, in this space? But that to say it is to exclude other possibilities? Is it love or fear? How do you tell them apart? How do you know she comes from New Jersey? Does it surprise you that people are fragile, that one thing goes wrong and a whole life destructs, that it happens all the time Do you know the story of the man who drowned in a vat of

molten chocolate? Do you know the difference between an elephant and a loaf of bread? Do you recall the day at Disneyland when you heard that Ty Cobb died? What were you doing when you heard about JFK? So what? What are the non-cognitive aspects of the city, of the elbow, of the question? Why must we be relentless? Should I look for the borders to this poem on the page or in my life? What is it about that downer, that it should leave me so hung over? Why do I sweat so, all the time? Is not what we experience now just one another's limits? In what way is your selfishness a shell, an impenetrable thing? Have I not thus left myself open to such abuse? Why is it that I am unable to separate anger from desire? Do you see the ladybug wending through the clover? Can you feel the breeze on the soles of your feet? Did you go back to the park for a reason? Isn't food, uncooked, the only real metaphor for the modern condition? Is that a hammer in the distance? Does this poem not point toward all others? Does it include the sound of autos, of skateboards, blackbirds, running water? Have you ever just stopped to watch the way in which guys go around trying to lustle women? Did you ever meet a man who really believed he had reached his sexual peak in his teens? Can anybody tell that, as I wrote this, I grew a beard? Did you see her just get up and walk away? Did you see it as that? Which is the dog's bark and which the echo? If I told you what my flaws were, would either of us believe me? Did you ever hear the one about the butcher with the wooden leg? Is it so strange that I should prefer margarine? What do you make of those dudes who stumble around the city, muttering, still fighting the war? Which are the experiences you are not open to? Is it slower here, airier? Is it more relaxed? Is caution not a limit, a thing to be rid of? Would you put anything into your cunt that you wouldn't put in your mouth? Are those birds on the water? Where do those liners go, pulling slowly out of the harbor? Have you ever seen the stone of the great Lefty O'Doul, big black stone with white marble bat and ball, lifetime batting average inscribed thereon? What does it mean to have a house in the hills, an Alfa Romeo, and a wife who runs around? Would these questions in some other order continue to be these

questions? Are you hungry? Would you like something to drink? Can you hear that cat meowing to get in? Why does your knee hurt so? Why did you both bend down and pick up acorns, hurling them as if to see who could throw the furthest? What are you heating the water for? Why is it that painters now are so obsessed with the elimination of space, that composers want to obliterate time, that writers feel compelled to remove the referential? Are you tired to the point of being dizzy? Why does the old man trill his rs? What are you going to do? How will you get there? How will you handle it? Will it worry you? Has it changed you? How could it be that our knowledge is limited, not by the state of the universe (existence, whatever), but by cognitive capacity, that we should only know what we can know, which is not what there is, the whole story? Are you certain? Are you sure? What if you removed the words from your work? How can you say that this poem would have existed, even had it never been written down, because it would have been “logical” for it, at a certain point, to exist? What is Bo Diddley’s hair like underneath that hat? Did you make out the rent check? Do you know the difference between speech and writing? Would you sincerely like to be rich? Does each potholder strewn about this honey-caked, crumb-ridden table articulate a separate story? Do you use oregano? How many systems do we involve just to name one thing? If we lie on the mattress in the closed-off old back porch at 90 degree angles, your legs lifted so that, lying on my side, I enter from behind, the fingertips of my right hand stroking your clitoris, and we go about this slowly, almost lazily, does it make for better understanding? Have you noticed how there are no fathers in the park playing ball with their daughters? Do the words fold, fold back? Is it time to think time? Do the words time? How many times? Is it locatable? Has it a space? Does it have a secret? When will you tell it? Are you anxious? Are you ready? Is it simply because you do it? Are we inside it or is it in front of us? Will the clouds burn off? What is it like to not work? Have you any further questions? Are my eyes really brown? How will you

feel when we're in New York? Is this what is called Young and Hungry? Who are you really and what were you before? What do you like to worry about most? Does the idea of gay cops bug you? What if each word had a purpose? What is a construct? Are we on the right bus? Which language is being spoken here? How do our lives absorb stress? When is an act complete? Is that apt to be a school? Is it simply enough to lie beside you under a tree on a windy day in the park? Can you remember when this was art? What makes you think it's a secret? Which one is the mooch? What is it that you expect to find in India? Did you do your dishes? Is it that you prefer to be awake when the sun comes up? Are we closer or are we farther apart? Is poetry simply another channel for one's careerism? Will a turtle bite a tomahawk? Is there any poetic writing? What is to be done? What is literature? How come I woke up with such a swollen lip? Do you see the hot-walks lounging about the track, trading wagers, tips, waiting for their horses to get back? What will you do in India? Why call this poem "Things To Do In Juvenile Hall"? Does this become a record of change? Whoever heard of giving someone a chicken for their birthday? What in the poem is not intention? Are you waiting for a ride? Would you like to party? Has your attitude about sound come around? How long have we worked at this, a little at a time? Just how hard is it? Is there a bottleneck? Is there much time left? What am I going to do? What'll I do when I grow up? Will I at some point come to a realization? Will I curb my arrogance? Will I be forced to play my hand? Will it be tipped? Is that an arrowhead or a shark's tooth? Was it any different the last time? Why have we had such mediocre weather? Does anger have a focus? Have we got a fix? Is it all just chatter, intended to flatter? Would you call this morning yet? Would you call it anticipation? Why does he always wear neckties loose at the neck? Is it what you expected? Is it what you had hoped for? What next? Is it relief? Is it joy? Is this handwriting a sign of a profound disturbance? Where is my ride? Why do this blue ink on blue paper? Is it the end of the tunnel? Is it just beginning? Do you see that fog up ahead? Do you see how that works? How would you explain yourself? How did it happen? Did it happen? How did

it happen? Did it repeat itself? Was it any good? Was it any fun? How did you come to ride in an old black Mustang with a Chicano watch repairman and a Japanese dental technician? Can you write in a moving vehicle? Will you support the idea? Have they fixed it? Have they taken it in? Is it painted red? How is it if I ask about it some other way? Are these sentences embedded here? Do you understand subjacency? Do you see how the hills are browning now? Are those cardboard cows? Is it just one thing after another? What did Bernstein say to make you ask so many questions? What is memory but the inverse of expectation? Does it pay to live in the world? Who else would do a thing like this? Do you see how it ties down the vocabulary? Do you see how it posits you the reader? Who else would speak to you, for you? Is it a song of innocence? Can you count on it? Did it just come? Did it just flow? Why do they call it Tamal? Do you see how he tailgates? Does it matter if one of us is half-crazy? What does it mean to be inside you, with you? Is this what the writing was? Can you feel it, pushing in, pulling out? Is it more than friction? Is it fiction? Does the deal go down? Who is that on the phone? Can you fathom it? Did the mail come? Did he come? Did you ever, as he came, just hold it, not swallow it, then lean forward to kiss him, letting his own come spill into his mouth, from one tongue onto another? Are we getting close? Can you feel the hum, the vibration? Are these kites large enough for us to ride them, to sail out over the water? Do you see how that haze obliterates the horizon, sea become sky become sea? What did Wordsworth see, looking down into that valley? What is behind your language? Are you your vocabulary or are you your syntax? If we push you, shove you, what will we find? Can you hear what you are thinking under what you are reading? Does it at times drown the reading out? Would you just go out to the ocean one day and begin to swim, outward without limit toward a vague conclusion? What of a poem that stretched from summer to summer? Does the sky in your mind have a limit? Did you go into that phase and go through it? What kept you here? Where do the words come from? What if we drained them of their meaning just to see what remained? What if we said that we had done this thing?

Can you give a yes or no answer? Can you say it in a few short words? How is it with all this language there is still this thing so vast that we have no name for it, even if we sense it as a thing we have seen? Were the words trapped in the pen, just waiting? Did they burst, sperm-like, into meaning in our mouths? Can you taste it? Can you feel it? What about it?

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