

LAND (5/15/13)

"An unhappy people in a happy world." - Wallace Stevens

Lay tent up gasping. My wind-, my husband gulls & great impatient misery.

Blake's simultaneous year, hoarish, spacelike. Little imagettes. Little Egyptian tombs or obstacles.

Tiny pigs 'to eat the moon,' cardinal hymn, solar circuit (soaked in methylated).

Cardiac, discernible thing – now this is the name you consult it while wearing that great mystery.

'Gary'? Well you look like a dick to me so I think I'll call you Dick.

Then let me be propitious, so-called wild beet or blasted teeth drawn of time, whole lapse, drawn act condensing of entrances, others occurring as later ones, then out onto pulsations: a boat w/steps, stacked out – completely mismanaged and seeking consent – iced or rained out.

Leafing yourself of the leaf. All the gasplant kids were juvenile delinquents. Or wind out of three lives & into this spell is for finding your house of life (300 yds. back of that other house).

Meaning: we observe these diagrams, an entire book.

He spoors loves from her heats into sheep and goats. So that we can say that, in this one, b/c he talked so much: My back is that, my phallus is, my liver my knees those.

My hinder parts are those.

This is culture's body, Nature's (painting) of vibratory waves, invisible as science (isn't frivolous): the spider carrying the produce, excusing herself

into compound debt, the flesh that's only-, or isn't the flesh but around it like winds or narratives (next chapter's central).

"both matter and its conditions for being otherwise" (E. Grosz)

– tells us of heights. Dismisses us just as this physical man, elided w/earth – or lands in a tree to deepen context, whose hold,

whose easy hitch is devourer of thatch on thatch. Windfall could tell him to his face & the wave is on him (throw on throw).

So this mode of life, errors of spirit, *form gulping after formlessness*.

His faith from sleep, which rejects vision, makes a special hole.

Fact of *having* survived. "Red Rain" (or any on record), grass, Gulf, home from Gertrude they decided to stop.

Gory talk (not tell what it was right away). Untangle 'myth' in these movies: feelings, lives, edges – gave themselves out as interesting,

coastal motif, kind of pervasive wind stream or current, a series of knots, identifying themselves

& now a few others – circular, specular – kept in memory how?

"clouds over the house / after this much time getting dog-eared" (L. Eigner)

Thirteen meditated fields composing of countrysides, together w/weariness. High-pitched tall grove, trivial reason. Blind lantern language I recognize

my solitude.

Of material sadness (on one hand) fused b/w stones, visibly upward flaming, camped in a locale.

Had barely bent against fences ('face' penciled in later), pushing filthy dead cypress – little mess to emphasize the tough answer'd been given – & set a taper b/w stones.

Wouldn't want to ply down chronicles, Tom Goodnight's, runs of the mill, who shared hopeless back rooms, slept in shifts, cup in hand (jobs, bosses).

– *It's other people after all*, & only 2 types, Big View from the 25th fl.:

Same exact honeymooners, same personal phone calls, two-week extras.

& some Babylonians (same twisted-off ticket).

Furled cloth of those kids, unfurled flags on whose shoulders & grief

forms the curls of his hairs, whole, haloed – aegis of that – savage tone of this book.

“I have a little coffin in my pocket.” (J. Genet)

Against which mummies, mummy truths (merely ephemeral), against film (& it does appear present): Unmagical life –

Nature's a total embarrassment. & I've *never* felt right. People *live* that ovation (sense). This conference stirred beyond a meeting point (just before the actual meeting).

Coughing form among lessness. Some are lifers.

But we were it, we were judge of that, dazed, till one day pulpiting: habitation of being it, cook stove connected, went to comprehend the scene.

Where the beast woke Helens of this purchase, some regime ornamented (not war) – Hippie Phyllis, bringing inscription/song to touch, to remove bad paintings.

Flashed from natural fire, not completely blown away, & oversized scars, sawed off & carried over.

So often now there's this block-off, this talk of crooks stood up, sloped to a point – heard persons hitting.

Walked the balled-up street, crying from wind. Further life blurred.

To city market w/inside rot, from criminal arborist.

Shortens over the wound. Looks a lot like graveyard where circle was, blurred trees & lists redwood from helenite.

'The natural man,' I said to Eric, talking maybe too fast, but outward, to dig in his heels & hands (& not explaining the accents),

the new oldness, afraid I was close up to Coleridge again, & fields overlooking washing (American pres), vivid time in Blake's sunny grove, spell becoming weird (curious, rambling, different besides hollow, proud)

'– *empty relic of words.*' Ring them like bells & write our names inside: Bill, Mark, Florence stayed, Lewis wuz here, they made beehives from Scribner's, Blues coming out, Spector getting in touch.

Then “Being picked off panic-stricken from behind trees,” so “liberty, under orders, [...] in open formation.” (WCW)

& then, this evening, nobody (how discreet – no companionship).

So condensed them to me (‘Condensing I think I can do sometimes.’ H. Adam): more extreme wavering vividness of form – long ballad – in mosquito weather.

Or 2 of us fix things & finish my little detective story *as warfare increases and trees get wings*.

Weather changes w/him, broken up so let’s let them hunt us out w/in us, in theaters on a plane of the whole man,

planned autonomous trunks, come up to focus. Whisked out from under falling trees, numbered copies.

Ghosts of my 15th year: old themes & partners protest

from the middle of all of it. & myth, maggotlike (take my hand)

Supplant political closure – that entire revision, about the bitter following object, of his mourning, like a difference recalled,

& the body translucent (quiet pretty eyes, never tell you lies)

Shall we be found hanging in the trees next spring?

His little life w/him, experience terrors, returning to a debris field – face it, have it (thinking loneliness loneliness)

Outlying the work – to shake boredom of his life (that’s all she wrote)

& personal time again, bare lips, nature in general, wants to, only laughs above first frenzied intellect, up again,

wipes breath against particulars of life – drawn graves, last poems –
no sense yet in stopping.

So pedaled off to an open mind of sentences, this winter curled-up, open vowel (at the end), unprinted radius, whispered into.

In less than an evening getting coolly precise, imagined hanging herself, had ridden past the 24th chapter (as she put it), was confined (on a cliff) & pedaled off.

Towards mind, life – the ‘actual’ thought – alone. False premises thrown at European mgrs. & overcorrects somehow now towards material wretchedness – to get more bewitched, more thinglike.

To embody live thought (Artaud’s premise), to breach the self-protective carapace – b/w expository text, dis-order, and these mystical bodies.

What humanism is loveable? (idea one has) – stupid, Gothic parallel

‘Everyone else not real – very distant small figures.’ (S. Sontag)

Horrible miles across crimes, under Saturn (very distant). Moralizing the world, to reach the margin.

Then from the off-white arms of that group, motions off, loosely painted. Loose brush lumbering to work.

Had the water of some industry then, result of shit taken "f/the bosses," got called in, so to speak, that spring, if you could use it, & moved aside again like some split atom.

Cuts off all of life before. Lucky process of life & having it over, a friend that adventure, all demand that was built on luck, w/Clyfford's eye of seeing Holophernes, cut this painting off at crotch level & Roy's a friend, very few f/his life before.

Old volcanoes, half-tropical lake, people likewise break into 2 halves (terms, color – I have time but *diffuse*, too much off center), like Jimmy's & Jack's, like Shirley Temple's, Maximus himself. & I'm trying, finally, to apprehend the difficult:

Visitors watch her watching her mother die, describe sometimes quiet edges, "mother had a schoolmate, nature maybe" (in-tow, in tune).

A kind of move in partnering.

6/7/13-2/9/14