

## Though I Try So Hard

Though I try so hard to be modern—  
(My wife has a cell phone; I use the internet)  
There's still something ancient in now

Like this instance, when having coffee  
While staring at the vegetable world

How the kaleidoscopic bloom  
Of some emergent gesture clicks—  
(Imperial display of what's not  
In the face of all that is)

Say, neighbors leaving their homes  
To form a crowd without any  
Shared declaration—

Only the ethos of possibility—  
(An alarm, or the coming of love,  
The alarm of knowing at its edge)  
May permit such sudden transfers

Like most any inauguration  
Before its dissolution

Most anything you can surmise  
Before its certain collapse

## Entering White

It was marvelous! Fantastic!  
How the neighborhood so rallied  
When they heard of this Great Attempt.

And it was you. You adrenalized  
Who boldly one day stepped forward  
To say—that you were entering white.

Could it be possible? Or was it insane?  
“But who’d ever want to go *there!*”  
One woman exclaimed.

What carnival as stage and band were set.  
White banners spelling C-o-m-p-l-e-t-i-o-n  
Hung from every village tree.

—And what courage was shown as  
You took to the stage to address  
The extolling crowd.—Children dressed  
As regal birds to show their unity.

Entering *White!*—“Please remember your  
thoughts”  
The crowd implored. “If it’s heaven  
We’ll follow.—If it’s hell we’ll not!”

“Farewell!” you hailed, “Goodbye, I’m gone!”  
Turning to enter the white. Ecstatic as you  
Stood there knowing nothing lay beyond.

## Proper Acts of Vision

I took a cripple outside today  
& wheeled us into the world—

Not to feign some noble pathos—  
Nor to heal by sudden lightning

But just the two of us wanting to go  
Beyond our normal motor-notions

“Look,” I said, “a yellow finch!”

“A bird!” my friend exclaimed

& so we continued all the day  
No more needed to climax and join

## Each Time

Each time, I swear, a call emits  
Whenever I'm unmoored

Unbearable witness to the  
Red banner unfurling

Or each time: incompleteness

A subject without predicate  
Black on white: vivid and sharp  
Like viewing the newly dead

(So fresh. So cold)

Each time, a bee-like verb  
Just behind the dimwit's eye

Each time: the mundane  
Each time: Vajra clear

And failures, and failure's  
Intimate laughter—

Bequeathed with joy—No,  
With the crown of gravities!

Each time: Rocket Power  
Each time: poverty

Can you believe it?

Each time

## Flicker

*to Elle*

What instant animation as  
I turn my gaze to you—  
A motion-sensor carnival  
And you, the essential color

Gorgeous pretense with  
Geode green eyes

My rendezvous with a blink  
(—Lips of copulate red)

Your laughter brings such joy  
To the architectural flowers!

Me, a furtive witness to your  
Perfectly placed hand—

You, my never queen,  
With whom I'd share  
All loss

## Carousel

It's an ecstatic pain the horses  
Seem to mirror: a rondo  
Drenched by enameled rain  
Sweeping the edge of time

Blow, bluet angels—  
Your tin trumpets herald  
The blast and boom  
Of the presiding Nowhere Kings!

We to spin innocent captives  
Of this mechanical carousel—

Our pneumatic cavalry  
Plunging toward cessation  
Random and sealed

## Hopper Reconsidered

A woman's body  
Is firmly established  
Within a room

The governor of the sun  
Forming trapezoidal light

She and the objects mostly  
Yellow or blue—a still-life  
Without sympathies

But who's to say the woman  
Is not a willing collaborator?

Preparing to release a  
Gesture—endowed  
With private meaning

## Deluxe

I display my golden Being  
As a statue in my foyer  
Essence made plastic—  
(Stasis made divine)

And the sign around the neck  
Inscribes:

~ All is Sublime ~

Above, tied to a string  
To add to the dream a  
Polystyrene dove—

Glass-eyed, with wings  
Made of cartons and things  
In the act of coming home



## Ready?

It could be, it already is, that we  
(They, you, I—the imaginary public)  
Decide to—have already decided  
To lean upon nothing—but air

Go for it. Drop wingless past  
The flat world's gate—Limbs  
Akimbo flailing beyond  
Whatever net awaits

It's the necessary enactment  
Of some sheer asphyxiation

The way a lunatic enters  
A storm hoping to be hit—

Your very own  
Apocrypha  
Being written

As you

Fall

## Emily Figueroa

Emily Figueroa is someone I named

She may be like me, but I'm not so sure  
(You could seek her on the internet I suppose)

She stands at a kitchen sink

Her thoughts arise from the first person  
singular

She randomly transcends

Exterior powers will batter her

She will navigate the world

## Field Work

Across the tracks, at the station, I counted thirty-two or so people milling about, waiting to go north. The engine pulled up and, once it left, everyone was gone.

So too earlier, on the plane—the experiment entailed shared privacy:

A furtive glance at Passenger 34-C (window seat) next to me revealed an older woman with eyes tightly shut. Her head an amalgam of gravities endured.

We lifted: the shuttering lights about her head  
forbidding any conclusions

## Obsolete Systems

What I know of  
Oneness is similar  
To what?—

A vast compass  
Without edge—

Hygienic modeling  
By elected inductees



And what I know of  
Particulars is similar  
To what?—

Infinite conveyances  
On a finite string—

Endless hieroglyphics of  
The ten thousand things

## Construction

Please turn me into a line drawing  
And wash me with bright colors

Please, I ask you to do this

My frozen contours captured  
By a thousand colored fractals

(The cat can be vermilion;  
What's sublime as pink)

Green gesso to wash the  
Window's light to a weird  
And hallowed glow

Please Do this for me?

(Make my costume a jubilee)

I would do it for you

## Foreign Planet

Transmission:

Today marks the 16,829th day  
Here on the foreign planet

That equates to over 47 years  
Since I regained consciousness

I yet struggle to self-nourish  
Habituations continue to be  
Caffeine, cigarettes, and repeated  
Attempts to form monads  
Which, of course, always fail

For over 22 years I've worked  
For an institution—and yet  
Like others, I forget why

On Tuesday a woman engaged me  
In conversation—She told of her  
Fear and compulsions and I said  
“Yes, I have them too.”

And now, as I pause to think  
About this entry, I see a crow  
On the street below  
Staring into the wind

And two blocks down I see  
Children running in circles  
Breathlessly running and  
Running in circles

Reply

## Sketch Book

1.

The blue man has etherized  
A sky of flawless hue.  
Aerated, his every thought  
Absorbed by what is new.

*The Blue Man*

2.

I propel by the words I say.  
Their utterance rings wide  
Like some gong's clear song.  
A stranger's embrace in motion  
I once hesitated to dream.

*Profusion*

3.

The dirge breaks down a mangled machine  
A stopped clock's pure embarrassment.  
Imagine the mirthless gargoyle's hiss  
As I leave the dead-house behind.

*Enactment*

4.

The enameled-throated lily  
Unfolds a concentric silence  
Alerting objects of lethargy  
That my heart's about to burst.

*White Frequencies*



5.  
Generative architect  
Automatic god  
Discharge your vision—  
Infatuate the child.

*Logos*

6.  
Deity of the objects—  
Pure contemporaneity!  
May your structures  
Endure the epochs  
Wherein phantoms  
Go slowly by.

*Homage to Factuality*

7.  
Stupid gray brain—  
Now the canvas is ruined!  
Benevolent golden giants  
Cry in colors as they brood.

*Forsaken*

8.  
Oh tiny timorous engines and  
White-slashed sparrows sleep.  
Only fearful insomniacs  
Would murder what intrudes.

*Negative Saviors*

9.

Any mirror holds the drain  
Of our three-dimensional beating:  
What we are perpetually leaving—  
What we were always receding.—

*The Funhouse*

## On Mercury!

The florist had warned:  
“This spray of flowers—  
This tangle of beauty will  
Die soon if not delivered.”

And though I rapped and knocked  
And announced myself—  
No one ever answered the door

The next week it was  
An imperfect bouquet of  
Mostly ragged dreams

The note on the door  
Read “At the store” so  
I left them on the stoop

Then I delivered bright  
Flowers of fire—(which  
Took the upmost care)

The note this time scratched  
“I’m at therapy—Please try  
Not to burn down the house.”