

Gail Sher's *Early Work* presents the poetry she wrote between 1981 and 1997 that has never appeared in print or was published in literary journals that no longer exist. Since 1981 she has published more than thirty books of her "long-form" poetry. The pieces in this collection are shorter, but they have the lilt, the drive and the passion of all her poetry, early and late.

Where are we? What delightful imagination calls forth such nomadic and complex linguistic hybrids? Gail Sher's "la" is a panoramic bejeweled stretch of text. An outrageous glistening sound . . . relief beyond latinate sensibility.

—Anne Waldman

Gail Sher's surprises will keep you open-mouthed. They're the fine haiku of derangement; each poem soberly twitters and schwitters across a streak of the page "not aleatory," pure surprise because it's boiled down so far.

—Jack Collom on *Marginalia*

Gail Sher lives and works in the San Francisco Bay Area as a writer, teacher and psychotherapist. In addition to her poetry, she has written three books on the craft of writing, informed, as is all her work, by the study and practice of Zen Buddhism, Tibetan Buddhism and Yoga. For more information and to read her poetry online, go to gailsher.com.



Early Work

ALSO BY GAIL SHER

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La

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Rouge to Beak Having Me

(As) on things which (headpiece) touches the Moslem

From Another Point of View The Woman Seems to Be Resting

Early Work

Gail Sher



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For Brendan

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P R E F A C E

As I approach the end of the arc of my career as a poet, I find myself looking at the beginnings, not so much for the beginnings themselves as what they *tell* of the slant of my poetic concerns for almost forty years.

Reading the early work¹ from the standpoint of the late work highlights the late work in a unique way. In spite of huge differences between early and late, the rhythms seem the same—the lilt, the drive, the passion, the ping.

From a writer's perspective, there is pleasure in watching one's "achieved" voice emerge as if effortlessly, even joyfully, though it took years to accomplish and recognize.

May you, dear reader, find in these words your own pleasure.

¹ This collection comprises writing I did between 1981 and 1997 that has never appeared in print except for three poems—"She stood all divine in her lash," "Deft and resilient," and "Suppose deeply offers up"—which were published in literary journals that no longer exist.

She stood all divine in her lash

She stood all diivne in her lash

Grand her very presence look voice the mere
contemporaneous fact of whom multiplied by sudden
magical amounts the accuracy with which he heard what
he had said just as she had heard it. Various. Fifty
women. Her young eyes bred like linen for a wedding
the effort of an age awaiting that ceremony. They
unwrapped him.

The infelicity and confusion of his arm now bent around her eagerness.

Like a bride and always about her the breath almost of happy wonderful special. All this about-to-be-wait-and-see she wore in her blonde hair and the lilt with which she tip-chinned shook it back behind her an asset the measure of her wealth taken thereby by what she took so displayingly for granted. Her pretty perfect teeth her very small too small nose deferring with count-onable ease a deference he most assuredly counted on counted more than he could say on its ready assignation. This quantity the crease of his lambswool jacket confident and loose hang of tie collected so completely that her tea-table vitality pleasant public familiar served and radiantly settled over him an altogether different an altogether self affirmation.

*He fancied them liked them and passing through them
with her more slowly now.*

Her room was high and cool and bare and opened on another room bare to fullness with sun. Here leaning gently pressing her cheek against the side of the recess she saw flowers a miracle of cheapness an exposure kept in durance as an approach her primary furniture to what she can have thought a full and formal air. Producing. Amazing.

*Saying nothing with his lips all the while pressing you
so with his face.*

Instantly she was all there. Forgiving and from the way she managed to invest the little cubes of embossed butter the table-linen starched and pressed indeed the very violets in their dish between them reeked so sudden a violetness that it was all before him in a flash what forgiveness was for her and how it was tremendously was what she did best. She forgives and would forgive anything and as she sat with the demureness of a child her grey eyes moving in and out of their talk his quick large gratitude had so immediate and intense effect on his perception as to devolve it entirely. Strange and beautiful it was to him as he saw as he saw that he could see that he would now wondrously see always instantly by her acuteness.

There to be laid in the water English sunshine.

It was a mild day and as they rowed the long afternoon sun cast over boats and ripply water its own fine spray one through which he saw her seated straightly refreshed refurbished. Her pinkness translucent refined flaired even more pinkly pressed against black German velvet and her long loose triple strand of waist-length pearls. These she fingered like a rosary keeping pace with a rhythm so feminine so private that he hearing it darkened. What unheeded prophecies this Cassandra uttering and he her harlequin held as by a beat of air.

Haunting so in her tigerish the visual.

She was so happy and in her white dress and softly plumed white hat sprang into the day. Something not as yet traceable (words he couldn't catch?) some such loose handful of bright flowers fell by her as she along the plush air now loosely now arrogantly tripped. What was it that bold high look some form of merit some consecration breathlessly fresh. Even he in this resemblance it even did something for his own quality marked now as lo and behold nice in this gayness in these new conditions at large. The day was so soft so soft. And yet as black in its certain location can seem light and transparent so this softness against which he daren't push claimed in yes didn't he feel it the very whiteness of its bones colossal reserves.

He wanted her verve her other star.

She knew. The dark room rode her recognition bearing in its wake a dim parenthetical vocabulary. For it wasn't directly or with a freedom that she surrendered shyly extending as it were a timid hand. This process articulated by its givings out took place in her heart like a habit with all the handsome formalities of a habit which it then fell to her to sacrifice. Burn she thought she pleaded for the light and warmth of it for the cool spot drift of it. Here was a location. Here was an other spot to which she could ride without flame. Free-hand she could ride this memory a constellation bright and new and airless.

Her lungs the sperm of air too tropical.

Luxuriant on the crest of whirling silver sapphire her life like a carousel poised at high speed. Realization massed like a wave and softly rocked the soft wooded air the too colorful shadow in which she too at once too vulnerable. What she had as part of her own process been avoiding rose as a dread the merest allusion to which exhilarating ineffable stripped her to the account of a new nakedness. So it was that she admonishing what had become for her a vigilance reproved even more mildly the sense in which he surrounded everything that touched him with an elegant permission an indifference she could just now barely make out as that which rendered him above all merciful or even it began to gleam brilliantly beneficent. Its consecration dawned on her there flushed for all its intimacy and conferred on her as a forest of august shade the umbrageous protection of her own derivation.

*Planting trees not out of politeness.
Two in winter.*

The day had turned to heat and eventual thunder as he lay along the river bank old old old. His thoughts blue and in the pebbly water tumbling deepened with the tone of the sky as he lay concentric halos of waves lapping every ounce of foamy ooze somehow a syllable in this dream. This dream this blue-grey dreamy rocking the slight rock of a couple of small boats bumped against the landing undressing in their long cool tired line the willows with no waist. Too old. Too tired in the sandy bottom of this special shade of speech the talk was it chatter of the darkening.

Dreaming he loved her

Dreaming he loved her it was clear he loved her you could see it in his face when he bent to embrace her at her sewing with very thin legs. Her legs were thin but she stood well in them.

Shade. She was in the shade in the shade
of his light. She'd prefer the shadows.
Fly by night.

Dreaming they were all there the little girl with the nice hair whom everybody liked though grown now she was there and all the members had assignments where was her assignment she was grown now where was she supposed to be couldn't everybody see that she that she was grown now.

And he said the last thing the snowman lost was his smile.

She sat with her fork and hid the piece of bread under the lettuce.

He was standing by the door about to leave she by the fireplace head in hands I want to come over and kiss you one more time he said come over to that rose on the carpet that spot and kiss you she didn't say anything didn't turn around he knew she knew what rose he meant.

She ate cake slicing slivers with her knife slipping pieces of pink icing down her throat.

What a waste she said and when asked what she meant she referred to his youthful body and intelligent mind and the number of times they could have made love together.

Loose she lead a loose life they said but she saw it from the point of view of roominess and services rendered as a link.

A large rectangular scarf of some pale green Portuguese handspun draped loosely about her shoulders. On account of the scarf its knotted texture and the suggestive way it enclosed her what otherwise might have been deemed prim was generally understood to be her way of leaving room for others or as you might say extending invitations.

Make it snappy he said.

Not enough it was not enough she wanted her blue convertible.

Like a garment she wore it tucking her skirt to her thighs.

Pink and blue in her sharp fresh pleats knowing about the drawer of sweaters.

Sequins and beads and cost over a hundred and fifty dollars. She had ten.

Bathing suits and could she see him tonight.

Driving ninety miles an hour a hundred more stopped fluttering eyes her children said Mommy we told you.

Oh yes swimming out to the sand bar in her frosty skin and he light and amazing too much like her husband.

The children overjoyed in his big arms remembering Daddy sneezing in the morning.

Mommy we told you. Oh Mommy.

Which is true he flipped though women books you.

Which is true.

Inside she said it had a flip side an underside a flip side an underside a flip side an underside she grew restless and wanting to get out side and turn the whole thing over.

So here goes.

She went around the house looking for things to clean.

She was a clean girl and like the nun in the story rolled her honey-gold tobacco immaculately without need of scissors to cut off the loose shreds.

Her furniture carefully covered during the week and the week ends the thought of the matching chairs the mahogany brakefront and dining room set these things she imagined as she shook the crumbs humming to herself these were her things she caring took care of them her husband either away or lying out back on the hammock feeding the birds.

He waited for her to leave. Then he went to the refrigerator took two raw eggs sat down and sucked on them.

This was his pleasure like the indistinguishable words he heard on the radio and the endless staring out. This was his.

Lemon meringue and she baked every Friday dividing it into tartlets and browning the curly tip of the top just so.

She wanted raspberry or no chocolate.

A screen through which she could see staring straight ahead her heart childishly carved initials and an arrow piercing its center.

This was the porch of the breakfast she in her pink lace bathrobe.

This was the table of the dinner when they made love and nobody spoke.

This was the chair of wishing for mother.

What flavor do you want.

Things didn't go into his mouth easily.

Things didn't go easily. In to or out of. Standstill.

Down in the pocket where he kept his eyes slipped out for a headline occasionally got to keep up he thought fingering the crumbs and little bits of fuzz that lined the crack.

Down and out he didn't let up or on.

Hang on she said by which she hoped to convey her power of language.

Angry. He was angry with her and at her.

He came into the room and hung his clothing neatly over the chair. She watched while he creased the legs of his pants just so and folded his pink shirt over it just so. This was his world.

She had no place. In it. They tried to find her. Every time they came home the turtle got out of its bowl and crawled under the bed.

Keeping to herself she kept things to herself and from herself she kept herself to and from things for a long time keeping what it was to her and what it was from her.

Trying to get hold of what it was that was happening she said what's happening and the man said I'll buy that.

Yeh I'll buy that.

Up the wall she said shove.

Walls red walls and blue they are openings opening into or onto
the release of convergence never you mind the upset.

The young girl scratched the wall with her fingernails slowly
enjoying the pieces of paint that peeled off into her hand. Her
enjoyment was more excitement and as the peelings gave way rather
like shavings from a freshly sharpened pencil she ate them.

The whitewash and the sawdust she ate leaning in the sun with
her clean neck.

She bore into she bore into it she bore it the white weight of it
blinding her hard blue gaze.

She was still swallowing a mouthful of her lunch.

*The beach and the sun shone brilliantly blue white against
the sky*

i.

The beach and the sun shone brilliantly blue white against the sky.

He was not what he seemed neither generous nor placid. There was as yet untapped in him a motivation prone and fallow which she sensed in the heels of his feet and the way he placed them on the sand. A discontent possibly but one that he chose not to recognize all the more so by acknowledging discontent in other areas. Undefined trouble held back and hid more easily in him with regard to whom she now felt to some extent in disarray.

ii.

Her gown bare at the neck and throat hung by cords that cut into her shoulder blades. The brown and white checkered gauze-like flounces blew between her knees.

She placed the book on a nearby rock and disappeared eventually to be seen again on a precipice whose vast expanse she inhaled. The thin air palpable and coarse brushed her shoulders as she stood as if with wings ready to ascend or was it descent to which her thoughts clung the more likely concession to unavoidable and flaming rarity. She remained poised only a second but that to her unobserved onlooker said everything everything of her and the inextricable cord that tethered her rather like she thought involuntarily and realizing quickly turned away a comorant. This child swallowing the breath stuck in her elegant and gorgeously narrow throat and she inadvertently as it might be inexorably the fisherman choked at the idea.

iii.

None of the dishes appealed to her and she not noticing thought about cows and the way the artist drew them drinking by the moon.

She did not place herself in situations. Rather hanging back and as by a gauge determining the occasion's capacity she looked for something refined something altogether hesitant. Thus and as a sort of veneer she assumed for a time the shape of that beneath her a coating marginal and pleasant. She neither joined nor belonged. Her existence took place in relation to and in tangent with an urge and yet there was a likeliness about it.

iv.

Repinning the strand fallen darkly upon her shoulder the next morning in her flexible waist.

She peeling the orange tinily and he the meat they were placed not by timidity below their fortune but rather by conviction above it. This bread this boat might have suggested for persons shallower helplessness in the felicity of intenser exclusion but he conveyed and she likewise in the imperturbable manner of a bosky interior an ability to include the largest horizon. Indeed there was something in their perfection so paid for that quite as if the proportions were fairly altered it had come as if it to all appearance cost nothing. They were settled and with the dignity of water as it slipped darkly beneath them they arrived at an hour previous to their departure an hour they had met long before this location.

v.

Rushes thin green stems all across the forepart of the garden like
lines of rain in the air.

Here in the shadows she sipped its provocation only to know that
she must for the sake of everything dear push away the opportunity
the names as they were named straight at her. Upturn as one might
the knots and dull gestures of a fallow winter as she was still here
to simplify it fell to her to accommodate. It clung to her and in
the frame of mind to fluff the folds of soft subsiding nap she knew
now it was now to her a conviction to asseverate and absorb.

*Her hands and arms are very clean and that's another
thing she's conscious of*

i.

Her hands and arms are very clean and that's another thing she's conscious of.

In small ways for example naked but for a pair of underpants she would sit with her back toward them facing the electric fan or again while bathing she opened all doors between the parlor and the bath so she could hear the radio.

ii.

Indefatigable her darling or her loved one these strips
of hair. The longer they hang the more severe the challenge
father. Can't you seal it around his waist.

It was horned all in the fantasy of those beads and she wore
them trellised with magic.

She learned this as a child and laughed to him her tongue and
lips curled there as if he suddenly thought it was the size
that mattered.

It wasn't silk she spit.

iii.

The morning sun. The leafs of ribbons cut with it. Every little possible throne cut with this horse's clips.

Clasping like the brook. How calm of her to treat it as if from her own slit.

Plants have occasion to scream she thought twisting the throat of one in her palm.

(Or what it was to be a priest or what would arise in his own natural beauty.)

iv.

She wasn't bleeding or turned about in any way ridiculous.

Streaks of lace wrapped like he said leather to this bound child.

Mountains the few disheartening stream. (Or to presume her own chance or resume this life once.)

Her size how can she hope where it was one thing and now this wheel has made a difference to him.

v.

Bulging she didn't in her readiness parts the father. No forestalling
as when she was a girl.

Yielding her and ever so childish which is just endless.

Perhaps this catastrophe leaves no attention. Myriads of little birds
somehow arising with their soft wings. Very suggestive and other rides
she took holding him loosely his legs and so forth.

If not to be swept away by the fowls infants don't make things
quick or appreciate any suggestions.

One mouth beholds and what is your resilient image in it. Is it sweet or telling her remark like it after the rain. No lord.

Her deathbed causes children to emerge from under it in the night. Shadows frequently telling of spring and how each little flower rested. I was so proud.

Limbs of crying carrying the brown stone and pride of all these various kings. (She stood on top of its barrel and yelled assent as her mother always had striven in this direction.)

She felt the stones and afterwards it wasn't comfortable to protest. His meat just fit right on him she felt. Pleasant games or wasn't this about all he said.

Figurines. The roots and were they written into whiteness. Such pleasurable entities draw on your skill swarm the pneumatics (how often have I told this) of our loved one.

The sword and to strengthen its curvature no less to absent himself before her eyes.

Often it pleases him. To see the development of this quick shelter and how it pulls and pulls torn from the cubicle.

Out of the flint the square thread of passion so elaborate on the bone. One edge all too small for receipt like birds of it.

viii.

On wanting to do to told how it broke how thoroughly it was the
weather failing.

How settled she woke dusted. How it included the time and brought
many people.

One can do little about an image

One can do little about an image. A ball park. A few fish. These are things out of one's control at least after a certain age.

Two by two. These figures stay in my mind.

Lofty. I'd say this is my sister's mind. Once the photographer came and put me in the middle of them with my bear.

I say is. It still is. We never know whom we're going to marry.

One or two or three hours. What does it matter so long as we make the effort.

Some days we walked and climbed and it was like I didn't have any mother or father. But I always had sisters and they surrounded me enough. Except for Friday night I would have preferred flowers.

There was a lawn and porch to watch from. We could sit and watch but we didn't.

Where we differ most sharply. Sometimes it gives me a headache. There were the birds and when it got dark early we could glide on the glider.

When I was not busy I would sit in my room. Do you understand.

I was so worried the plane would leave but the other girl was reading on the couch. This bothered me for days how she could within the scope of a dream so remove herself. My mother didn't die till later.

These events are all crowded together as you can see. Mine was not a flabby past.

Which is an important thing to know for anyone capable of understanding himself. I get lost in the mire of these thoughts.

Twenty-nine is an important year for me. When I was twenty-nine. It's just a feeling that came over me. We never listened to music much when I was a child.

That summer in particular I remember. I had bathing suits and wore one or another of them constantly. Everyone applauded the selection especially my daughter who couldn't take her eyes off.

Seafood and palms. This was air. Waiting by the pool with utter conviction like a storm.

Crusts of bread and other small occasions for gentleness. It is amazing how set it is. How forced into one hour.

This was not a time for barrenness. Every little thing flourished. Sleeping

and hunting. They go together nicely.

What I really want to say is about the sun and how it's like a portrait. The fragility of my world at this time is something I can almost keep. It returns every time I go swimming.

The texture of the streets in that city. The way the stores are placed like an extension which wakes me. A split second later and this wouldn't be what I would have said.

I have never liked cats or other house animals which is something I can be grave about only for so long.

So there were many people around. Many many people and this was very new. We gathered and everyone was interested.

I was proud but actually at the time I didn't even think about it.

We moved to a small town. I don't know if you've ever lived in a small town.

I'm afraid to say I was not happy. I made only one friend. What I wanted (this is clear in retrospect) was restaurants (if you know what I mean.) It wasn't just a matter of going out to eat. My life lacked them like rooms

lack wallpaper or some other element which doesn't come from your life.

I have always been attracted to frost. It puts worlds around you quickly. This town was on the corner of three states but even so there was no variety.

We moved in August. By twos and threes. Everything comes slowly.

The lake is relaxing. The boats and the way the sand levels off into the grass. Following a path in the evening through the grass. It closes things off.

We're not right on the lake. We're across the street. The kitchen window gives the best view but then you don't really need to look.

Swallows are our affliction. At dusk they swoosh up out of the bamboo trees. At the slightest disturbance swarms will rise. Suddenly like an umbrella.

Sometimes when I try and write about myself all I can think of is my daughter. I get up in the morning and sit down. The combination of darkness and plates.

Even so people don't think of me as stark.

When I was nineteen I'm remembering. There are a number of ways to work this out but above all it is important to have this age. I felt I did this or could even now. Things don't ever disappear.

Romance is something I feel important about. Something that requires unity and a full sense of concentration. Now that I'm old it is strange what I feel I have left.

I was not fragile in those years. Over against the world I caught something splendid.

I like to be inside when he is outside. I like for us to go on trips. I like the motion of his habits and it is touching to me what he doesn't observe. Which I can keep to myself. This is like a scent.

The yard is his domain and I can visit. When a man works somewhere it takes on his gentle qualities.

Now that I'm old I don't want to relax. I have mornings and also in the afternoon it is very quiet.

More and more as I recall the things that have been important to me how small they seem by comparison. ("Her yellow palm held up to the sky.") What has been useful has not proceeded from things I have been in doubt about.

Ultimately dramatic. I would say this is the style of our house. It was fashionable at one time though I question myself on this point.

The stillness I feel now that my son is gone is seen as excited activity. Inside I am calm as a boat.

Lacking this failure appears as a tightness on the skin.

My husband. My husband and home. Somewhere I was baptized by another memory.

I take walks along the road near our house. (“The way folds over from the creek.”) On sunny days the trees crack and you can feel the wind like a counterpane. No one is about and when the leaves fall it is especially attractive.

Dogs. Each house as I pass by I imagine it as the bark suggests. Many old events and rooms. Particularly when the day demands a sweater.

There is more to say about this. The rain and wet. Think of the days when it storms and how it looks from your bed to have some idea.

Lady Nijo Pieces

The common practice was to designate court ladies by street names and our lady was called Nijo or Second Avenue a high-ranking designation.

Walking down the street he said hi how ya doin she didn't know what to say but she was willing to walk walking he says when a man says to you hi how ya doin you say just fine thanks how's yourself.

She was in the process of divorce. No she didn't have any children. Not having children was part of the process.

Though she didn't have children herself she has noticed lately a heightened relationship between herself and children in the streets. A child will call her and she herself will not know herself or whether the child is of herself or from herself or her own or someone else's.

She glanced around the room. She said her life was in a mess right now she didn't really need to be there she didn't really need to be anywhere in fact she was taking a vacation this was her vacation she was leaving Friday she'd rather not have to feel pushed.

She was always the most beautiful she was always the youngest and most beautiful mother her children were so proud she was their mother so beautiful so young always.

Her life had been full of sorrow and in her recklessness she made many mistakes.

In the hallway she hung photographs of her children and her husband and her husband's family. They were framed and arranged in an attractive manner. The people smiled at you as you walked down the hall and their dress was an example the arrangement an example as was the hallway and the whole house. It was pleasing and left little to be desired.

Having. Willing to have. Having a baby. Having a cold.
Now that she had it she wanted to stay home and take
care of it.

She was afraid to eat and when she went on her honeymoon
got sick.

Getting up but it slipped away.

She felt that he had claimed her had taken over her
that even the way he gave her freedom showed his control.

He says let's go and she not wanting to disliking not
wanting to not wanting to know what it is she's disliking
gets her coat.

Driving she left home. Homeless by choice she lived with
the driving began to feel driven no longer homeless no
longer choosing the driving to leave her.

She paced the floor. She was lying in bed but her mind paced the floor discovering it with her toes allowing its different directions can colors to suggest what she might be. Come what might. She threw herself into the way attracted by what happens when a wall and floor for instance come together. It wasn't the wall and floor but the coming together not at all a haphazard occasion. She wanted to become part of what was not haphazard an occasion that might come whatever else may happen. She paced and paced looking for the entrance into what might come. She was afraid she'd fall asleep.

I feel it come. Over me like a blanket. Anything can be a blanket. Anything can come. Over me.

She read what she had written a disappearing work she read quickly the work disappeared that is the disappearing disappeared the work was there but no one recognized it which could be taken as a compliment or it could be taken as the place to which the disappearing went.

She intended to say it was to use words to make it to reperform the trick that tricked her out of it.

He asked her a question but before she could answer he said No I know what I wanted to ask you and she knew that he knew and either never would or already had.

I came to see you and your eyes. Earlier on the phone your voice was there but also somewhere not there some other where where I was not and you knew I never would be or maybe and was that the reason you said maybe tomorrow but then you called me back.

You sat across the table and your breath always the strongest connection but your shoulders withdrew I felt them slide back as if they were making some other decision.

Near your arm. You said they have a psychic signal for soul sickness. The signal goes off in the home of the sick soul and the people of the village come and sing. They sing very fast. I heard you sing but also heard your mind race. You'd never win on that ticket.

She sat by the window. There were two men in the apartment across the street. One was sitting one was standing. She could feel the intimacy across the street the height, the impact of the fall, the boy and girl who climb a tree, he beneath her.

You are there that spot turned to align to your tone of voice. Sustained like motion of peas pouring I hear it I hear it you are there pouring I know it at night by the sweat.

Near your arm I hear your mind breathing the words
hit me like a jar it breaks there is an impact and
a loud noise the pieces shatter into smaller pieces
smaller noises and then settle somewhere underfoot
an exposed toe bleeds it is the logical conclusion.

There is a blackboard words on the blackboard you
take it wet it turn on the gas.

I understand that you are afraid. If the money is
there. It takes the confidence of Eugene Meatyard. Every
year once a year with your rabbit's foot.

He was attracted to her by her associations but within the kind of relationship she had established with them were the seeds of disassociation. Later she wondered how much of his sense of the latter influenced his pursuit whether he too desired the disassociation and so bound himself with what he knew would eventually lead in that direction or whether he never (even in the beginning) desired a serious relationship and all that meant in terms of giving up and so chose someone he had a built in excuse to leave.

He likes to iron things to press them to make them lie out flat. It is best with his own iron in his own room. He knows the precise curve of the board and can refill the steam attachment before it starts spurting rust. He makes love this way also.

She didn't like his integrity couldn't stand his integrity. He was at his worst when he was telling the truth.

There was so much. Intuitively they agreed on a formal vocabulary.

According to all his desire he knew his desire he knew what it was to him and himself according to it he knew.

He loved her and she knew it but it was the kind of love that had no future in it. This was a problem because they were serious people.

The rain stopped. She looked out over the hill and thought about densities of air the densities of water and shiny.

She lives amongst the angles of the buildings on the hill. The angles face off in varying directions and there are lights. She likes the angles and the varying directions. They show concern.

She drank her tea as slowly as possible. She knew she was making a great deal of demands.

The book became a craving at times she felt she had to have. She had it everywhere.

She poured out the water and looked at his small body in the sink.

Referring to flowers she stressed their colors blackish red or pale green or pale Mars violet.

Her mother called. She was cleaning her room when her mother called but to avoid interruption she said she was just on her way out.

In the meantime she thought but she wasn't sure.

She read in the detective story beginning day had reduced night to a thin smokiness.

Wasted wasting her day she couldn't make anything out of it.

The Emperor tried both scolding and comforting. At last when she refused to respond he said Oh what's the use.

He said my name's Booney and spelled it and offered two pronunciations she said do you like that name he said sure I like any name that means something.

Sending money she said you have things for winter but the weather's getting warmer now.

She got her hair cut people said Oh you got your hair cut she said Yeh.

What you like about writing he said is that you can control the situation. She said no I can't and he said well neither can anyone else.

He quickens me she said but then we fight about everything.

They argued about it. He said that only in a matter of life and death could a Jew break the laws of the Sabbath. What couldn't she understand.

I want to do something with people she said work with groups of people help them in some way. Her other idea was studying Chinese.

She said that wall with a door in it is something that I have to have.

That's okay she said I love to buy people cups.

Her voice slips in and out of the connection is okay
but she enters a place where the connection isn't
there is no connection I hear her make the choice
and my mind screams don't don't don't in and out
and then the softness and I know she has chosen not
to this time this one time so I tell her what movies
not to miss.

holy in a name letter-pressed,
et al.

holy in a name letter-pressed

hot liquid rabbit
and then
cut grass/ do not
reveal
the name

close and haunted
relative ninth/ ionize
distance and forestalling
even then

reverse side branches
those/ matched
the harlequin

the where-
withal of birds
flown/ from the
evening and
settled

to meal in

hibernate blossoms blossoms
given to or
given/the forlorn
knee

two-toed palm
coming out dry/belted or
wheeze the hornets
myriads of
chest

feline spools
gathering scrupulous awakened
grudge/fester and
push

stoat or laughing otherwise

love-locked
shatter/ to suit
the heart
balled
profusion

contemporary lima
whose to distraught
every every/ and her
own
features

somehow
asks the bottle
when/ to be
fore-
call

marmoset don't
wallowing
the tilt/ of
names

marginal rhythm to buy spring

galloon driving
 which
toward the benison
 warped/and
her

allure
the scaramouch/how
 and on the way
beets

nimbus
 and to
loop/her flaxen
 xylophone
albeit
staged

yielding rose
midges fly
 asks where/
the lip

bliss and in her cabbage-petal fall the arch-meal's bitterly

smudge
 snow-tilt
blossom/carried
 o' way
laid the ostrich
fall

hark
the oilskin/pondering
fetus
duck

seventh counter seventh
 distilled and
scythed/against the
 skirt

visible funnel soil
minnowed for
 staid/and
bloomless

Saturday morning the by-product to purr

turbulent icicle

I am

to this

fricassee

winter

low hand

buy/ to

implement

lip of

down-

town/ try-out the

maiden

door

the hair

spend/ sweetener

this life

ten-pan solvent and hurried

set-back

the wily

moon

(derivation/

this moon)

to jump

I I/ this shout

caved

tuna

man and

child/to

marvelous

her

catch catch

blistered-

sunken

baize

moon fork tree

twelve
to shallow cup-
love/ tip
(as they say)
tip

sceptered
whereupon every/
the brown
to hidden

her tongue against

grey hawks
partly

ampersand and for her tree

plank
 helium fish
cape of wear/ ply ply

link the crab
 as broad/ and in
her
hieroglyph

galactic muscles
fain/ ten thou
 sand
arcs

the fork
claiming/ where-
 withal the bird
feet and
toes

wait her red

wait her red

fillet her o waters
pleasant her o maid
wire her o duck fortune

real swift baby
real swift babe

i.

Swirling rivers. Oh the boat of reason passes. There they are.
What time is it?

Startled restless her green mate. What time is the day due?
(Blood blood her blood-head beaten on the rails of it.)

Not of this boy she expanded the chest.

Once on the sea. This is too much.

ii.

She wears of mind counting the logs father. Thin I talk with them
thin I give it up.

Expressed of the lake. Silence upon it like the dogs.

Landed trees loaded to the spring. Poppity-pop. Poppity-pop.
She spoke of yellow as if it made the difference.

Arriving at the middle he no longer has to shout. Those birds
chased the nest. Not once did they bring peace developing her
style.

iii.

Never before the mercy-grain. For light in the shade of that animal. Walkless restless living by goes. There was no awaking her.

The daylight habit. She sunk for more of it on hands and knees. Pretty pretty girl. Blisters won't interfere here.

Her mate realm. Shiftless in a dozen victory. Look at me. Not over the air shadow.

iv.

The brook when she saw it. The man of hand on her lips spoken
with deep thought.

With a saddle on his back she don't believed how loud how loud
how loud she wagging behind of the dirt.

(Leaning off the neck of him first cow on the speedway fused with
hurt.)

Oh for gods sakes drip into the path (or my babies christened
child of our breath).

Even in her own self-conscious horizon. The muss and fuss of it all.
It's the street and all the other gestures.

v.

Disenchanted her walk by the dozens. Oh mouse. Where is my father?
Where is he hiding in the tuna can?

For dogs we laugh. She felt them seated on clouds stretching
mouths.

Her braised thought of mind whipped thoughts. Oh longing of the red
red had. (Wait until thorns rise. They'll rise up.)

Fools fools fools. I want the dark to have me.

vi.

Filters through it the King to dwell in the lamb.
The letter of the lamb's heat.

Tall for it. Make it hurt for every of her cause.

As far as you may hear a laugh yellow breaths I am
she said.

When she last came it wasn't through dreams. I want
to explore him son. I want my whole daughter up there.

strega little-flower,
et al.

strega little-flower

furore
spawned/
to hug

baby syrup heart

occasionally:
(entered in)
climax
the
slow

said
familiar/
children
have
otherwise

mock-orange

wattle grows and
in the upsurge
clean and
turbulent

mammoth
haunted/ the carrion
igloo
rides

whither
the astra-
khan/ hovered and
famished

lord and give the necklace child

race dozen dozen
sceptered/ whereby the
under-morning

sandwiched alone nickels
crease
the tidy/ rabbit
tilted and
shy

salvage carrot
whooped and prac-
tically nest/ the brown
rood
tassel

recurrent inhere inhere
inner crown/ All
will the
estuarial

river the office my own

deep pan swallow
harbinger tries
the note/ of
brown
deepens

otherwise
fingers
curve/ and not to be
this
hardened
fall

common mouth curve
interjects/ sue
the meditation
even
so

fish no mind steak tuna tuna,
et al.

fish no mind steak tuna tuna

to
licked/
for
she wasn't

my eyes
(her and her)

belly-needle
up

no
kiss

diamond shally late

come
o mama/
settle
in my
cup

lovely
this the
squawk
squawk
iron-ried
firmament
tree

extend
bold
sensation-father

great
knowledgeable
rain

folded bloom to heaven legal

to to/
the
hunter

fringe
noise: the
downer
blooms

vulgar fish

livelier
he man/
hawk-
like

eagle door on sainted

whistle
this promise

her red bud

bible live
(no fool)/
I
talked

aunts no vibration

her mouth
Oh I

her soda bear

iron
burn
parchment/ pass

light and
air

adobe cheese

praises
blossoms

hot
stork
white

something

leaning
on
silk

whiskered mannequin lay

laugh laugh laugh

on
her/
 ghoul
cousin

(likely as not)

cotton
chest

frozen pawn jelly

cat-up
her/
mama-
blood

dipped
in
true
pink

o lovely

luckily bent monk

tulip blood sainted
tulip blood ghost
tulip blood father
tulip blood host

quibble sailor on
sailor on

commodious dream to wherefore thou internal

to beam/
to is
this
sun

Sudden wooden shark and lean and visible,
et al.

SUDDEN WOODEN SHARK AND LEAN AND VISIBLE

Don't and on her deathbed sun to wail the stripen drowsily
were her meat to grip the heart to grip the heart to grip
the heart.

Dry harken harken and widely.

The Flaxen Hobbyhorse

A Soliloquy

This coming summer embraced as it were shook as over a vast remarkable petals which was believed to control all watery things. Such an affection in their sheaths as I have said so rare and from the ends of opposite winds.

No sneaping winds at home and in the coming star no shepherd's note that leaping be our carriage. Nine changes and to be a boy content as were twinned lambs that frisk and ride the furlongs.

Go play boy and as a fat thing I'll mistake you or wherein the elder sister (crab mouthed) soured herself to death clap thyself my love and here's a kiss.

Young and limber like eggs this velvet jacket green and will you take my money.

And in his varying childness cures contempt and clamor as any cotton-coated horseman running to the glass. Thick my blood as any wife who would not live deserves the name.

TO WHICH BELONGING FROM TIME

scene i

Hoist and from the clock the cat the latter rankled barrier. Petulant and
hostage and lemur to her hunch of black.

Do him or in a crux do him.

scene ii

Shoulder and upon her palm the eyrie sight and carry her arms of thin
and butter to her might.

Dropped into his heart and seared and tore him as he lay there
irremovable.

scene iii

Her carriage wander driven to the basilisk of sleigh her like-reed
metal of thought to tower the desolate.

Upwards and upwards fixing several in illusion mordant crying.

scene iv

Seventeen times she swung her breast a beast into the matter screaming
drill the davits throb the suckling's tore.

Play and to be stayed and stayed and stayed the blind feather's drift.

Lean And By The One With Hats

A Ballad

High tropical and branchy the liana's ears awaiting. I care not
to get slips of them.

And she to the aside sang thus a brown one
a brown one her nature is so wide the wool.

Rocking to her pinafore she jumped the oath of jelly saying as little
skill to fear the smock. Two strong arms of certain care.

And she to the aside sang thus a brown one
a brown one her nature is so wide the wool.

A delicate burden she kept her care (preserve and fall the little
snow) while he unbraided where the bugles bent.

And she to the aside sang thus a brown one
a brown one her nature is so wide the wool.

SUGAR-LOAF AND COWRIE SHELL

DISASTER OF HER OTHER PURSE

A Play In One Act

scene i

(The mollusk of her fishermen awaiting. March heaven and proceed.)

Do climate here and make unto and settled in the graveyard
bar none and to the helm that feeds them.

To me to me to me she said her other spur on that transfusion
quarried. Dip deep and hold.

She kittened him and aureole blue awaiting his deception
kissing hugging laughing fighting in his teeth of bone.
Where's ermine and my wake.

scene ii

(Her tunnel tersely ridden in the blackberry bush's tree calling hold me
down and weakly for my warmth.)

Loosened fetter's glances at the bay-view's heightened mall
come wallow in the trench of foibles cragged.

Slashed velvet and cigar by two of her proposing that her tilt
or other tear there-ever be.

epilogue

Hot liquid petals and pressed stars serried and phalanxed to the tune of
it. Bona fide and not to be tethered or exchanged.

Lintel Sapling Gypsy And The Water-Mark Of Climbing Phlox

Swelled and stoutened even to her face even to the outline of
her face squared the equally luminous shadow accompanying.

Dark and roaming of her larger bone she managed on the fleet of
five calling for her house of grass removable.

Holding out her flaming heart abroad the blood-red star and in
her silken eyes. Here was no breakfast for her throat.

Pellucid to the top and then her dream of ivory matter singing
trim the rhubarb flax and senna said. I'd fain forgive though
by the weir and flagrant.

Cupped and reminded and above his brow he kept him to his fashion's
turmoil lynx legion-tied and not to be sore or weighed upon.

SCARLET IS MINE

FOR FEARS PHYSICALLY STRONGER

Three Gamelan of Tunes Chimes Metal and Wood

scene i

Chessmen to her hearing gathered woodstock to her flatter while the acne
fell and inner bloom the dingy crevassed ghee.

Have not have not have not she speaking another covey and mine.

scene ii

(Aside) Harrowing for birds and in her screamed flanks awakened rice and
other soft things.

She said hello dwarf dwarf and leap the barefoot clogs unto her bitters.
Up and into he gazed the glass of every these snowflakes sharpening.

scene iii

Fertilely and sauntering the pale possessed her swearing by the sumps the
low'ring orchid to dispatch.

Fury and to celluloid ten thousand words of horn. Float and icely.

As a cow does she does against the wall of glass

AS A COW DOES SHE DOES AGAINST THE WALL OF GLASS

Elegance is its own intentional
mystery she thought. This is
the way to be this way placed
in no fixed animated conception.

Lists spilled from the room
first hopefully.

This lump of expression. Half of
it was what was already in his
mind (the) rest she felt was
loaded words was all.

Deft and resilient,
et al.

Deft and resilient

Deft and resilient
hovered or pierced
(as the pair was cold).
For air often as a plan
presses the associate.
Can on not
to loss
spares off.
Each one
too far
(as) though
sand
bent
the village.

At length in kin beatitude

At length in kin beatitude
must as
congenial amulet (person).
Pardon me.
Cutting the street
the embankment
(tourniquet).

To cope on the urge remark

To cope on the urge remark
or where to earth
(off) claim her figure.
Do sad (not)
as a special source
caught out to
help
the soldier.

Which collateral bends the sea

Which collateral bends the sea
as face
co-ordinates time.
Lovingly is
(lovingly) holocaust
though the fault
lay
somewhat peacefully.

Sends out signs

Sends out signs
interruption
as the spouse does.
Precise some drone
or workmanship actually.
Hung or dug.
This as marble reflects
a certain
deficit.

Everything as she knew

Everything as she knew
hones as sheds
so light from.
As ochre scales
midway
(hustles)
always to be
to the friend.

Chests in exact spiritual (ostrich) is the steep person

Chests in exact spiritual
(ostrich) is the steep
person.

The bundled dish. Woken
and woken. Slightly grouse
stubbles twirling as a
part of things.

Nighty spuds laugh.

Plate after plate. Sifts
of her a.m.

Steels queues (possibly)
addict.

Tongues wrists claps
(guavas) in the old
car.

As a path. Gentlelike
among the car.

Homes sheets like circular
(cinder) chairs.

Strides I bruise.

Is pigmy fall as
she dug the way.

To gaze a nerve. He so
dubbed.

We two. Crack. Mothers
carcass jealousy.

Suppose deeply offers up

Crop us. Touches peak
hope.

So stares back (slowly)
as her vowel.

Chant some. Some. Not
all these wisp surface.

Where son is concerned.
New on this machine.

Cars pass. Realms of trees
beat hugs song (you pick).

Solicits (other) impression
dependencies.

Profusely whispers (means)
whispers any amount.

Up on each knee. Nine ten
the mind thinks.

What the friend thought
at once the image. Traveling
as a family.

No here. Verbal (remodeled)
nights (wants) the human.

Despise her circle circles.
Give back her.

(Animates. This might.) Oh
give. As there. Just
discouraged and gives.

Sings around (and so forth).
Compare her around. Very
telling.

Arrives in thin tangible
thigh. (Waits) from the inner
group. Inherits (shield) for
this.

This oh want or cost of
what penetration. (Neither)
her kin. Why wait saying this.

Does it. This intelligence.
Some with hair toward the
chair.

(Slaughter some off as it
actually was.) I would
care.

When clings the head to
the bed seam. The brother
wears this description also.

Also over the telephone.
Cherishes knee (very
impressed).

Pins it on. (Insemination)
of the proud her. Now the
me (so) street and I flesh.

In which newspaper figures
here. Some joined thing.
(oh) she understands all right.

This much hand life
acknowledged through the
hand. (Dies) afterwards for
just her.

Makes death. (Shrieks) fat
(I) am one.

Gags or with. (Here) are
words.

Can't screams would or not.
Not as no (love).

Not dry. Not this couch
hatch (hopes) like food.

To shell it (us) no less.
Neglects all other species
contempt.

Spans the girl where she
straight (shouts) this
can love.

Supposing deeps (explore).
Barely pleads & retreat.

Caught. Flushes & bends.
Entitles it "Oh sweet
boy".

Resembles him too. Retells
year her.

The sleep position. (Of
absolute person.) How art
waits (fails) eyeing depth
and depth's loss.

Man her ins. Stresses
chair and bush (lust).
Simply her life redness
depressed on in.

(Was) going to say (cry)
touch.

(Picks) eyes talks about
addresses. She was
spellbound.

Solves our knowledge.
Formulates this suction
or what must practice
from space.

Suppose deeply offers up.
Licks and picks. (Come on.)

Pick one. Moved per force
(exquisitely) pertains cries
or wants.

Dark (exiguous) tree. Junks
dream (said I'd come).

Young girl. Creates sight
independently.

Que. This would be it shining internal switch back

Que. This would be it
shining internal switch
back.

Sway perhaps. Edits toward
the cripple boy.

Hard places timing eight.

Tap its suggestion. Or across
town maybe daylight on the
synagogue.

Vacuous poise how to.
Stretched with implentitude
nurse makes up.

Others scant attention.
Brink one. Two.

Necks the truth. Three
angry children and how the
car would yield to them.

Reined bones. Dip here.
One after pink.

Look through death does.
We eat again.

Somehow behind tongues.
Would cruise behind.
Blocks allowed swallows
at.

But buzz or which aperture.
In and out. Bubbles climb
under.

Hugging rations. Joints of
growth swell with speed.

Deer over the counter. Doing
my part. Tearing them out.

This or that wand arm.

Satisfaction sinks as
I sit on. Shoes and multiple
army strata urging and
bumping the sabbath.

The jar worth. Forcing
and chewing.

Angular scribes knowing
angularity.

These cow shadow. Stout
fiction say. How to shuffle
them reading and waiting
heard softly at the zoo.

Flourishing. Slowly the
human teethe.

Housing it all in a
little room. Containers
despair here.

Crunches through the deer.

Que. This would be it
shining internal switch
back.

Thursday node attune in
dogs which again promise
enough.

Reprieve told mouths.
Her deanery over the
stove.

Gliders form a screen
duality.

Here a door there
apart.

Movement after sleep in
the forenoon crust.

Certain richness as the
legs fold up. Size mounts
an evening.

Cowboys these. Yes
withheld from lower scars.
My size for once
touched.

Interchangeable numbers
bearing down hard. Which
forehead she always thought
when pain was intense. Bands
or ribbons or anything.

Black adjoining walls
whose door swings.
Knives and one parakeet
with a possible baby
engrossed in black.

Or mirrors frozen.
Be exact.

Couches again home
elapse.

Tones of your.

Amusing through so tired.

Listen. Priests emerge.
Lined up as a queen.

Surrogate (kites) from
infancy. This penal
being.

Separates or rub here
before the tree.

Ladders lay flat to rub
before the dog.

Tomorrow is next week say
bearing another Friday.

To lug. Beauty enough.

Ripe eye. Pick up
the waltz.

Tears are a record. Utterly
corn tears.

Participates looking
uncluttered. Belong while the
arms move. Once alive
olives gift.

Curls imprints beef. Raise
your arms sweetie.

Geering unsafety. Or curl again
in the back part.

Early Work

was set in Minion, a typeface designed by Robert Slimbach in the spirit of the humanist typefaces of fifteenth-century Venice.

It was released by Adobe Systems in 1989.

In 1991 Robert Slimbach received the Charles

Peignot Award from the *Association*

Typographique Internationale

for excellence in type design.