

tramen 4

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For Bart

Is something
that I am
a warrior.

I am immune
and withdrawn.
It must be
very still
to feel
I might be
torn. Gelling sub-
liminally
achieving my own
wet hair.
But outside
I just
say hello.
I say hi and
sit down.

A portion of
my body is
excluded and
dead. That which
ignores this
is also
dead.

Normal passion
but I would
want to
continue it
see where
it goes.

Generalized words
are not especially
sensitive to me
nor directed
toward me.

Seeing the person's
access or feel
this is not
the case
infinitely.

I stand shod
within the boy.
Erase the rain
to see myself
be alone.

Have my genes
if others
ask.

Each night
neither belittled
nor sad.

Thereby proud
with a sense
of owning
others.

My asthma
wings.

Fish are
tight.

The lamb is
starlit.

I can eagerly
see sheer
wood.

The blade itself
lips & gutters
by the
magazine.

Is the bane
convex.

Snorts he
tips fasten
it.

Fallow walls
plasticity that
would cover
her too.

Mellowing beauteous
crackers.

I offer
sweets.

That form of
towel.