



DENTIKIT

JIM BRODEY

IDENTIKIT

Jim Brodey

cover photograph by Bob Cato

ANGEL HAIR BOOKS

PS  
3503  
R64Idx  
1967

for Clark Coolidge

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## NOTES

Identikit: constructed from daily workbooks kept over a period of ten months beginning in September 1965.

Original "source" of material (the raw rhythmic bass) was longhand notations and lunatic gibberish scrawls, written on-the-run, back to New York from summer in Berkeley and San Francisco. Much of the form used herein I came up with there, first started using in various ways in my poems. Made perhaps fifty variations of entire work. The final draft ran into over 5,000 lines (although the work printed here is somewhat abridged as far as the length).

Each section contains its own series of poem(s), and may be read any way the reader chooses, i. e., as one long work divided into sections or as a book of separate poems in themselves, complete works. I myself am still not completely clear as to just how I intended it to be.

Each section was to have been followed (ended or foot-noted) with a long Coda, setting down how I felt or thought or dreamed or saw the work contained within the individual section. But somewhere along the line these were discarded or lost. Daily the work grew more complicated until finally in some version I became so immersed in what was happening in words that I began to literally be torn loose from my own mind when writing and wrote with no thoughts or patterns or "sense" of what I was doing.

Thus the title became clear to me: Identikit, a ten month record of self.

— Jim Brodey

the spoor bank  
of hydrogen, being released,  
underwater,  
in bubbles and in containers.  
of smudges  
and cold indented lines  
at the surface-boundary of half-  
through the unwinding  
fallen drifts of brick panels  
and openings  
at the tidal anchored cloud  
with volcanic  
letting  
underneath  
serene blanklessly  
the display windows  
of undulation's  
gray planet bum, various  
perforated exchanges  
& harness,  
lumber blackening the soil  
in pineapples & alarmgongs  
of anchoring stillness  
at the handle  
of loony sonic burst

the spoor  
was hot, form a boundary to milkcow  
tumbled in unwinding.  
horizontally attached to it,  
in sections, yellow  
at the grafted droppings  
of skipped to indicate  
a-pored themselves.  
the held bank  
melted down and entered,  
warm metals  
expanding, moving towards  
that which consents  
to back up science, in its innertube  
bending over, plastic nozzles,  
into  
another, grim itself.

the elephants, herded within progress  
have carried your differing freak wonder  
from rollers to the sliding windows  
of an undeniably green,  
relaxed squeeze of the tidal monolitha  
and aerial fargo, swept  
from stardom  
& animal meat of the dreaded elephantcow

the twilight  
of January, an approaching,  
of nothing.

that which churns by me  
or against, I  
incompletely made  
or grown  
where I long for  
public unbending,  
underneath  
leaning off  
from Avenue A  
shell  
that light, that  
cools  
reflected or tossed  
away from bounce  
of disembellished window.

angles, of paper  
of yellow lines, piling up  
on the desk. like  
pencil-shavings. the  
pony, that  
by miracle has given  
me life. . . .  
and brings,  
as electricity  
    the disallowing fuck:  
regularly  
    by doubles  
and triples, through  
creamy lifespan  
and copping betrayal:  
the sex-tent  
of unopening animal labor.

the balloon, above  
the brown shoulders of seabirds  
shivering, like milkcows  
of sliding ribcage fevers & ashes  
drive deeper within tubes  
of airbasket

metal auto innertubes, light  
spraying between a horizon  
that is leaning over settlements  
of searching travel. counter  
clockwise gestures  
of an ennobling fester, untutored  
fates, as they go in their engines  
of formica, and in their jackets  
of aerialcord, over a number of buildings  
aboardship

the volcanic of a far-twice-quoted line,  
begins again, in variation  
of separate confusions. of crushing saltair  
combinations over a crazy signal, of  
the slots in the lips of the sea, where  
blacknesses are distributed  
by evening, we are touched by the underarms  
of a turning twilight

poem, of Frank  
of the silently beguiling, and of  
Joe, of the silent deep-six mumble.

twist-back,  
translations' yellow speck  
the table,  
greek  
George Seferis, and flames  
that in me  
called:  
"crawling to daylight"  
landlocked outlets  
unevenly  
of snowcodes  
& uncalled for pleasures  
of the weird unearthy grasp  
of flames in which, I  
swallow  
colored splinters  
of straining language:

nothing but words  
fraught with possible publication

dark stadium  
creases, sunken packages and green toothbrush,  
airmail stamps. diagrams  
indicated by nothing  
into coffee grinds between wire freeze  
and the double:  
the contrast.  
4 o'clock  
cut along dot lines  
cut to inspire new bloodstreams  
around tablet.

neon blinking on,  
caught in the spin of colored balls,  
dripping of daylight

the streets  
are reduced to ashcan covers  
of a giant tear

1.

the tulip steering wheel  
the room swollen with furniture  
the unused batteries  
and batteries afloat in the auditorium  
of collaboration.

a part of you:  
the balls, fall into numbers  
of the carton. a bathtub filled with television tubes  
"the dark holes made by bullets"  
letting the air out of tables

2.

the station melts away,  
revealing an engine beside an empty station.  
hillsides spring up  
and a movie theatre full of ropes

this obscure  
and less, thinking where I stand  
looped by "unpoetic distortion" folders  
of nerverline determination

for Edwin Denby

unshirted, leaning back into seedgrumble  
a basement. frozen to yr body,  
like elephants taken from manuscript,  
the steam,  
the way-lay-station  
magazine  
under toilet window, the flowers  
small  
tinkling together  
glare of the running water,  
shoulder's print of washbasin  
filled with them,  
("the warm flakes  
of disembarking skin, shot particles  
of bluetint,  
the chemical-coated radiotubes.  
a small pebble  
beside a rind of cheese. a  
doorway  
knob of a giant funnel  
spattered  
with moodysoul oblong

thoughts. at the bathroom window, spray  
influenced by threatening dirt  
on milk container. the closet is full  
of coathangers).

the orange rag label, Canadian  
from bottle. pinched, half-twisted  
from me. the bottle itself. I'm  
going to sit  
here, and  
think about  
Joe's "Fits of Dawn"  
which I have never seen, but seen

half-opened, blank recordplayer clicks off,  
cold removes/the window is shut/to protect from Time  
in quotes never finished/another window is open.  
here the sweetcoldshivers of streetair  
when I lean over, hits  
me in the face. I'm making lines  
that "mean something" to me.

half-, or not, clicks off. I'm left  
holding the moisture  
of my own grumbling word amble

rest of it, left blank, or  
these important (to who? ) punctuations,  
I'm undone, like my bed, which has been  
'undone' for months, covered with magazines  
and underwear, almost transparent  
from crushing dirt-drages,  
of not-laundry.

now. the flapping pages  
of an old unused magazine about television programs,  
the lid  
of a box of oil crayons. useless colors,  
the ashtray filled  
with boxtops and subscriptions  
to cold cereal packages. I never eat  
breakfast or lunch, without  
first

shaped like a bunch of numbers  
sideways. the important,  
numbing hoverings of "to lean"  
against revoke purchase  
of morning, under the blankets,  
with someone  
not "something," idling close  
to the body.  
it's like a confusion,  
something  
you can't put your finger towards.  
but your alone  
and 'idling' has become  
almost important  
like  
taking a pill  
or smelling your hands

"I'm not sure I can pay the price"  
Ted writes, letters of it, to me.  
"tromping on my heart,"  
he thinks, or  
maybe  
that something, that confusion  
is the luckiest thing,  
I'll ever have:  
like walking around in the streets  
of New York City,  
and being deflected by bus reef glares,  
being delighted

at the spaces  
between the backs of buildings  
and where, if ever,  
they are breached by a cable  
or an electric bulb.



hairline  
cross road window  
air in chair interrupted by national monument  
run out cablespan in escape can, television whirrr,  
("whirrr-whirrr") comes back through window  
to phonograph  
whirling Bob photograph in breathpipe.  
a sleepingbag filled with mirrors  
Chinese Free Fall, nounular-printing-errors  
armlength.  
"the" is on the way out of writing.

\* \* \* \*

the quiet evening street  
I spend a week in my underwear,  
reading Williams and drinking orange soda  
both in California

I eat oranges  
Barbara's fruit of patios,  
radiant by the side of a hand  
the rectangular space  
of my room,  
above the sea of ejected  
or leaving  
manuscript table,  
the colorless add-junk-ments,  
which are  
forever serenely present

a door is opened,  
a table is covered by thumbprints

the clouds rush in  
and fill the diagonal space

of unnumbered bliss notches,  
to propellants,  
to eject unresisting areas  
of beige

2.

the oranges,  
of unwilling cloud descent  
are eaten,  
releasing chunks of wetting steam  
ungrumbling  
of internal yawn whirls me out

the empty dish of swallowed oranges

the continuation

the inside  
and the wandering outside

serenely presence to bear upon axles  
of croaking notch,

the feathers of the sky  
the clouds rush from.  
of my room  
below the crust, the skin,  
"orange"  
to the orange light.

triple E-D, sliding  
into complete, cuts on hole  
to form

-meditation, breaks into,  
leaves out, cuts alone

bring on, left holding, sweatnights'  
only reSIN.

sunrise  
highspeed, inside, early blue  
of perfect cream. I'm

washed up, fatal  
brushstroke, breath-pedestals, heatcube,  
and in facemask, blitz unshining  
-correctives

rim-tents  
underneath the usual "underneath" high unwatered cans  
of  
shovelled operation.  
leaning,  
as in "to lean"  
the desk of the explanation's symmetrical completions  
of  
low mannerism eclipsing gearbox, the blue of the sky,  
the smoke-choked trash areas  
of  
San Francisco, thrown back into memory in New York,  
at the window  
of  
serene cavities in the rectangular

the steamshovel, seen from afar,  
on the palm in my lifeline, has been removed,  
or stolen pending complete investigation of reader.  
it has been vee-toed, showed over nonsleep-  
horrorfication of imagination and glowly  
frost-bewilderments

to sustainments of the leaning, (as in  
"to lean") stomach interims. the nasalpackments  
the harrowing noseclip ceremonies, and  
heartburst steeped into interleveling mileage  
underneath speedometer, reinforced condemtions  
of lunar surface of bequeathing.

serenely collapsed junctions, emitting tail-  
sections to sunlight to slapped in iron,  
the-earth-inside-the-earth, rotating freely  
on its pole stack. hard knocks, spitfires,  
doorways & cycles & anticipatory volts of the hemp:  
reducing speed under tilted from vague reaction

the world (crap!), tonight, lulled  
around circumstance, circumference by inclines, living  
along with perishing from coughdrops,  
amid hundreds of phoney propellants. the  
blocks of ice, leaving their bases, noiselessly  
and juggled into enlargements of "C" sonic chord.

I stand agog to the torrents of spumming fiber,  
amid the gate of Winter's trembling mountain thaw.

long hair:

disconnections, gummed stars  
stuck, struck, eaten, stomached,  
brainshot, toothpunched, nail-  
torn, tongue babble  
the variations come between, us  
and itched, amidship. the black  
cord of seawater, raised to fit  
behind cartridge spliced-out  
lo! lever has been reversed, the  
world is sucked back into my head.  
& arms to arm with holstery backseat  
William says "dreaming", comes true  
comes in dream left defenseless  
to or against, the small bits of chrome  
shot splintery into  
what you are intending to prove,  
underneath meathead

non-being:

no light, no flash twitchy streetdress,  
the body without consciousness, not feeling  
the body carries the impulse on Cocaine,  
frozen tennis shoes. the suckled dry  
ensmashments of neck surgery. color  
and human-fumes where the eyes were birthed,  
natural education of Word, felt on Pill,  
the sense is polished-off. Flicker  
burnt sputterings, Ed's "love freak beam  
vectors" crinkle breath-production  
ohh in the thousands, pure, white sidings  
of rig-or-more-roll and reels

of wet plastic tape. triangular & sunless  
separations of blue in the void. trembles  
pinetwig shouldered by the blank  
and mouthed into operation, over us.  
the vectors are loosed! clunk-clunk  
cocoo dropped the "a" off el"a"stic"a"l.  
I free basements & softshoulders  
with my natural voice. earthward the colors  
vibrate and plunge, earthward, like  
specks of dirt

3.

I am holding  
the rearsection of your body crossing the street.  
We gage our coming,  
breathing in upholding change

for Denis Roche

the carton  
filling up with air. where it landed, was stolen & returned screenless  
not always entering "the" aimed at asparagus wheel. enormous  
lighter than the blue woolen popped from their carriages, unlit  
exerting influence over the workmen as they picked it up.  
a thermometer just about covers it, reared forth from steerage,  
third this month  
and stolen yet tempers the workable system of the mouth  
a short period of months, absorbing every error  
further unsmiling medicines and pianos lighter than air,  
that  
valuable sun-pitch, standing  
where the box was lifted, six feet afoot of the beverage  
amidship to the swelling technicians of dream,  
in which  
I have forgotten what next to say, and say  
under bandage, A-  
ghast! the window fell on his hand. was melted,  
three sizes smaller,  
returned to the normal brain, unharmed,  
except  
for the clear plastic strip  
inserted just beneath  
Limburger, at  
the sunshine-ing-est edge.

\* \* \* \* \*

he thought, outside, could begin, again.  
the wall drafted from another enormous wind cradle,  
has been "lifted"  
or stolen, as  
it's known to us in the federal building. A-  
nother cold night, passed,  
and a sky  
rubbed up against him, at the half-way point  
sometimes,  
which in French Literature,  
means  
halitosis, (I jest!)  
lurking on vigorously unsmiling usages,  
where she  
"the woman"  
fell  
and where, I guess, the color woolens  
(wooly-wooly)  
a capital letter throws itself  
off in a distance  
of shining cahoots. I smile  
show the white  
of my tempted energies. I  
have been tempted, on the job,  
in the seat of my pants.

\* \* \* \* \*

all these numbers, several are possibly aghast,  
lying and dented. the rabbit  
elm bird, unusing materials and such turning,  
from here  
you can rise to enormous heights,  
among the mountains in the sub-distance.  
only three hangings, heck  
the nation dries up. the sandpike  
I jump up and down,  
sweat, am punctured by frigid disappointments,  
and lie heavy, sopping of champagne,  
in my overalls, toboot. all  
streetsigns point to it, the bricks  
scraped off the subconscious. airholes  
in rusted kinks of tailspin screaming for radios.  
the upholstery,  
fell  
carved off backseat of the poem motor

\* \* \* \* \*

a white sheet of paper  
offered the coachman at the cost of several lives. I  
have to tell  
a band how many ribbons popped from the stomach  
of having to cross the border. minutes to cross from outside  
Spring! woven in somehow. I get the sun. I get the rain.  
I am who is always against, or agushed beside  
a ship which has been slipped into the payment paving  
stones on the roost. today, I  
thought eaten kinks were unwashed long enough. we  
are punched, unpacked for moments to lift-off! the  
mushrooms have been swallowed. "the mushrooms  
of many-colored thunderstorm of integral consciousness"  
filled with air. the workmen  
unpacking their instruments of construction, to  
complete  
the amber reststation  
of stoking  
ashes, in, great clusters  
of dark sperm bombs, where  
they fell  
(not in breath-units)  
underneath the crushed ground of heavy upholstery.

stateline  
with acute instructions  
driven, wobbling over themselves, refunded  
now  
by dreams of humping, the shirt  
back from recalled mineral.

I appear again  
under behind apart from  
the conclusions  
of a distant kiss  
of battle,  
empty  
from throwing  
my arms around

Pre-Labyrinthian pauses,  
under governmental supervision  
of brake-fluids! not  
a breath of air shaken into  
the hungers of witchcraft

labour-pains, from orgasms  
filter down  
unsatisfied yelpings,  
our virtuous dreams. our  
observations  
were entered.  
elephant from sexual hungers, and  
in the clenches  
of  
an earth collapse.  
a cloud burst of smuggling hatred.  
isolated from interruption,  
by unmotored "above" water dummy.  
the temperature  
of exhaling virginity

the poem,  
the benches of a turned cloud  
wetted flakes vibrate  
unrejoining chunk to building  
screwed-up  
the road bursts out into proto-  
flections of drunkenness,  
in miles of darkened houses.  
the disproportioning conduction  
of sun terminal heat. the  
road saturated.

mainline dust starting to haze

the white disc, geographical megacycles  
mashed into the unwilling continuance  
of terminal snooze. I remember  
the young cowgirl swallowing my dick,  
backed against the fence & lips squeezing  
creamy pouches into her throat. the  
sweet organs of violent,  
oral leg attention of brown paper  
absorbing heat,  
rigid with emptiness

first range through  
New York factory constellations of evening planet  
tug & haze-turn blossoms & aerial arrangements  
H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub> boiling clouds  
optical worldly bidden of crank shrill  
optical bearing 7 point one 5: beige  
range calculate height-suffle  
I digress (!) yellow orange white  
the energy  
of human sex-pressure  
lifting "spermworks",  
intimate shining beast

never in no tenderness of computa  
or robot:  
counterpart has terminal-thrust  
(into or from)  
no, not ever by machine  
touched or named  
to Earth? Myself? no doubt  
faded earthworm nebulary.

I rise, Bladen in focus,  
sanity huge man-hum, multi-gumba stock,  
clear three inclined  
structures or structure  
of concrete and table beneath wood,  
I'm sliding.  
Being dominates New York  
or walking later underneath Tompkins Square trees,  
a slight blare of museum in forehead  
& sit on isolated swing-board,  
I suddenly wonder his Space!  
the word: Majesty  
which is no illusion, but radiance:  
Bladen, & New York

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