

STEPHEN RODEFER



S A F E T Y

"MIAM" # 1

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S A F E T Y

Today the light is so pervasive
A bird lit for a second by mistake
On the edge of my lawn chair
And then was gone,
But not before I could see
In the glint of its eye and tilt of its head
How it would have stayed were it just
A little other than it was.

On such a day and because of such a bird
I wish you were here with me,
Changing the weather.

I have nothing to offer
But more love
And having everything
Why should you want any more?

Still I light a pine needle
Hoping you will come.

What's better than sucking ice
On a hot summer day?
Or in the winter after a giant snowstorm
Going for a walk under the moon.

I'll tell you—
What beats them both
Is two people lying in one sleeping bag
In early spring.

It is difficult to resist loving
That which caresses you, and in this
My desire for you is like the sun.
Sitting in the sun I am hopeful.
It is noon and already I miss
Seeing you. I think of phoning
Knowing how your voice could last
Me a week. It is difficult
Though with great effort
I do, but it is busy.

These words die upon the air
But are immortal in their impulse.

The morons on the block gossip
When nothing is happening: a double pain.
When I see your dress
It kills me with loneliness.

I pour a drink for
Your absent friend.

Eros loves
His mother
Venus. Sleep
Is the darling of childhood.
And sometimes you are clumsy
But with the difficulty of a horse
Rolling off her back to rise
To her feet.

I put in for a position
At the nursery school where you work
But they sent word rejecting me
For an interview, and wishing me luck.

There is no one so poor but you can't
Find some poor bastard who isn't worse,
And romance without finance is
A nuisance—people die everyday
For want of love and a few dollars.

At night I go into the backyard
And look up at the lights
Of the apartment house
Behind it.

I put away the presents in trunks
I buy for you everyday.

If you tell her too much
She'll hate you
And some ardent mute
Will bend himself to her will
In spite of your complaining.

So take my advice
And if you see something
Forget it.
Deny it
If you feel any pain.

Isn't there another word for *never*
That means just for awhile?
If only I could watch you dance a little
From afar.
In the twilight at Miramar
Venus rises, the most distinguished
And most breathtaking star.

Though I am not six feet
My two arms long
To encircle your waist.
If we tried
We could lift the roof off
This little room
And see the sky.

At least it is time
For your charming self to play
A set of tennis after work with me.

For you are a daughter of God,
And my backhand's much improved.

I drink to your health
And forget my own.
Soon you will have
Everything you ever wanted.

Your virginity
Maintains its strength
Even after you lie
With your lover.

Its life
Is diurnal.

For months now I have been crazy
About you and I feel I am destined
To sleepwalk in your absence forever.

Leave the city,
Come breathe in the grass
Behind my house. We will be
Like a bee in the clover.

The water is from the well.
There's strong coffee
Always on the stove.
My sheets are fresh and wrinkled,
Made of a thousand patches
Of Indian cotton, each of a different color.
Overgrown blackberries hide the corner
Where we will mark each other in the sun.

From across the street
I actually see you
In the window of the bar,
Waiting.

Why do you make me lose my mind?

I no longer make my bed
Since you first did.
Come to see me once
Before you go at least.

If you do you will
Row me down to earth
From this heavenly desire
With your ordinary smile.

What can I say
Because say I must.
Love me unwillingly
If unwilling is all you can be.

You are famous at home in bed.
You are famous abroad in the streets.
You are famous in the great lakes.
You are famous in Crete.

You are remembered forever
By the *Oakland* branch of contemporary dejection.

Your eyes are like lips.
No one in the sunlight
Comes even near your shadow.

The navy,
The marine,
The air force,
You kill them all.

If you will not come out
And let us lay eyes on you
I will never speak
To you again.

Get up, get out of bed,
We bought you a new dress at the flea market
And we want to see your suppleness
Fully extended within it.

Without it
You will have nothing on.
We'll walk up on the avenue with you
And watch the rabble fly by us.
But you don't even go
The distance. Confess.
You cheapen love itself
With such forgetfulness.

Someday without warning
If you should continue to remain
Holed-up in that fern-window-flat
We will come to get you
Like terrorists sweeping down
Upon an heiress!

Should you come willingly
We'll greet you with
A pillow on each shoulder.

Now it is clear
Why of all the rabble
In heaven Eros
Is the most desired.

But you, *idiote*, you
Are the most loved,
And for no
Reasonable cause.

I heard that if you're bitten
By a mad dog you begin to see
The visage of the attack
Floating at you from every wall
And you turn pale with trembling.

The same thing has happened to me
Since I first saw you.

Your sweet
And irresistable
Venom relaxes
These limbs &
Making them
A snake as well
Poisons the world.

You are not responsible.

But maintaining
The ability to respond
Is all that was ever meant.

The thought of loving you
Drives me wild. I become
A little girl again,
Screaming at her mother.

By now it is known—
Neither love, nor money,
Nor friendship, nor sweetness of life
Can be had for long
Through these years.

Everyday
You fantasize
Your own demise.

Every night
You struggle
And are rabid with hunger.

Only work is real.

Then you come back
And say *here I am,*
See, I have returned,
It is all right.

Tell me of all creatures
Where is there one
Who will love you
Better than this?

You may forget me
But understand
Someone far off from now
Will pause over some unmarked
Unlooked for book
And remember us both.

The heart is in the body
And that has the shirt on.
I am nearly gone. I cough
At the sky.

Far off the sound of some horn
Measures the distance
From my heart to yours,
And I dreamt last night
You spoke to me.

Tonight out my window
I'll watch Venus pass the moon
And sleep alone.

Love's image
Cheats
Love's life.

Love's
Labor
Loses love.

Pain soaks through me
Colder than rain.

I wish I were back in school.

I wish I were not so lucky.

I wish I were safe.

I wish I didn't see your dark reflection
With some victory in disguise.

I hear your lover now
Has his ardor sticking out
All over him
Everyday for you--

And he doesn't even know
How to write.

Love can't compete
With compatibility.

It is a beautiful engagement ring,
But when he kisses you
And folds you in his arm
And asks you of others
As lovers always do,
Please I beg you leave me out of it!

Now you are rich,
Now you have everything
You wanted,

And I am not
Hard to please.
All I require is boundless love.

It is a cold night
And the wind blows the rain
Into our bed.

Everybody loves a whore
Who loves the poor.

The live oak I planted
In my backyard
Is not going to make it.

And to think that once
We were the minion
Of each other's appetite.

My lips are still numb.

If this embarrasses you
Forget it. If it injures you
Forgive it. If it angers you
Become someone's friend.

Death is the necessary evil
That will destroy us all.
Only gold is harder
Than your heart.

I see children after school
And wonder how they can
Withstand the pain
Of never knowing you.
But you know many
Whom I never see.

As for the others
They never wanted
What I did.
If they spoke sweetly
To you of love
It was a parody
Of uneventfulness.

Do you remember the order
Of turning the multi on and off?

Do you remember the blue jacket you wore
When we went for ice.

You will get well
And sleep thoughtfully
Upon another's breast.

I have asked too much
And this death-like sleep I'm in
Augurs a long life.

All birds in this light
Leave their human chairs
To return to the blackberries.

But I will give up your ghost
As willingly as one falls
From a cliff.

I may never mean
As much to you again,
Sister dearer to me than life,
But I will love you forever.

The sun over the ocean
Warms the wind.

I have no more complaints,
Except to see you again.

Stephen Rodefer

*(SAFETY derives from Sappho and other poets and women
of the daylight. Brightness falls from the air.)*

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THIRD CLASS

David Rudelhi

6616 Telegraph #303

Dickens, CA 94609



DAVID DEGENER



WORK AND PLAY

MIAM 2

JUNE 1977 MIAM, WHICH APPEARS MONTHLY, IS EDITED BY TOM MANDEL SUBSCRIPTION

BY CONTRIBUTION TO COVER MAILING COSTS CONTENTS © 1977 DAVID DEGENER

WORK DAY

The sequence is: anticipation, non-delivery, murder.
They trip us up. Suspense, this hanging by a thread,
these dislocated thumbs, the numbness which rewards their dull blank stares
with white caresses, careless words, worse! brutal thoughts.
Anxieties: relieved by fits or gusts of aimless exaltation,
little highs that level out the lows
till seamliness is all, consumption - tireless - an ordeal,
retreat an issue raised to be dissolved in sighs, belonging, use.
The remedies: much branching out, uh, mistresses, blind faith,
remarks directed to the wings, the wings, wild nights, excursions.
I was anxious to find out. This knowing things,
does it suffice? Is it enough to know
that time is ripe, God man's best friend, and the upshot for those
otherwise unscathed senility?
Excursus. First day of the regimen: ecstasy to rise
unclouded by the cares that seive attention. Cares unclouded. Rice.
Attention to the details. Niceness. All is absent skies,
wind riding high, blonds, smiles, attention.
Now he repeats his lines.
The smothered drawl affects to raise our sights to finer things.
Applause starts in the wings. Meanwhile, the news -
of sameness - rises in the south, its rapid spread unchecked by catcalls,
boos,
"Geronimo!" Then: aspidistras, radishes, the nascent dawn,
wet kisses, cherished dream, the dawn unloose their awful clouds of
stillness, unconcern, the winding down to silence.
It all collapses into lightness, air, redundancy,
a comment on the planeness of our days, in which we do
our level best to place or phrase the randomness defining us
in ways recalling primal chaos, liquid purpose, flow.
Infernal two-step: out, now in.
He breathes, we breathe, then
breathless it becomes another day.

MIXED STATES

Blessedness: condition less inspired than visited,
by rail or telephone, an expedition ruinous if not foreseen
but still unplanned for. Take this brace of tickets:
five-fifteen, winging to the airport.
I really don't like mornings much, at all.
It's impossible to make poetry sound just like speech.
It's impossible to make poetry just sound, like speech.
It's not possible to make poetry just sound, like-
ness repels synonymy, but is it possible to make poetry just speech?
If symbolizing cognizance of all implied, do not forget to add
the total affect to this sum, reduced
proportionately as the line heads up to zero,
where it flattens out against the wall, which (painted green)

I do not see, because of sheets of steel, bent
wisely, or of tin, perhaps an alloy, and the quest for order
all pursue in this electric metered gloom. The mail piles up,
it piles as I envision warehouse full of mail.
Who advocates its burning? I deliver fire, which purifies,
they claim. Let fire reduce this mess of dotted lies, bad faith, uneasy
purchase on the state of things collapsing daily in these parts:
collapse of western civilization, or more properly
of capital, its joyless tensest effort
to spell self-interest "thine." This fools only
trashmen, paid to haul the refuse out. Now,
out is everywhere, and as for those who sow it,
whence shall they reap the fruits of labor,
lest the field lie fallow, seeded with salt
tears by widows, orphans, overeducated unemployed?
Do I refuse to strew this landscape with these tokens of the bonds
that bind us, all day long? My hands are full, but is this
all? they ask. It never was. Or else it isn't right,
or if it is, despite them, which it often is, not noticing, they go.
Only his intractability, the more infuriating if one terms it
reason, meets their nostrils, flared against the wind
to catch some sign of meekness, tameness, life, erratic pulse
betraying flaws in confidence. In America (I quote)
the race goes to the loud, the solemn. Speak with slightest irony,
self-deprecation: you will be thought frivolous - perhaps even a bad person!
Thus, this advice for the unwearied: Rise before dawn.
Eat meat. Read books. Be mindful of the teachings of the eye
that floats, uneasily, above the pyramid of values. "I
bow to your beginnings. My nod repeals
their toil, retracts their time for spinning stories of
well-spent." Hold your breath now. Caution!
Pause before the house inhabited by pigs, the orange and yellow ones,
the squirrels or swine perhaps. No matter: only I, the alphabet could care.
She isn't in. They don't come out. No one at home.
Only cars, parked three-deep in the blinding street, wink,
reflecting on my stupefaction, calm which
whooses in to fill the holes in my forbearance.
Another daily miracle. But is it right, this longing for felicidad?
the consequent, and total, poisoning effect?
Is no salvation cheap? If evil flowers...
Why not try to sell our story to the Times?
But in the meantime, he'd be better off
less typing things than listing ways to save one,
lest he sprain an ankle stumbling onto grace.

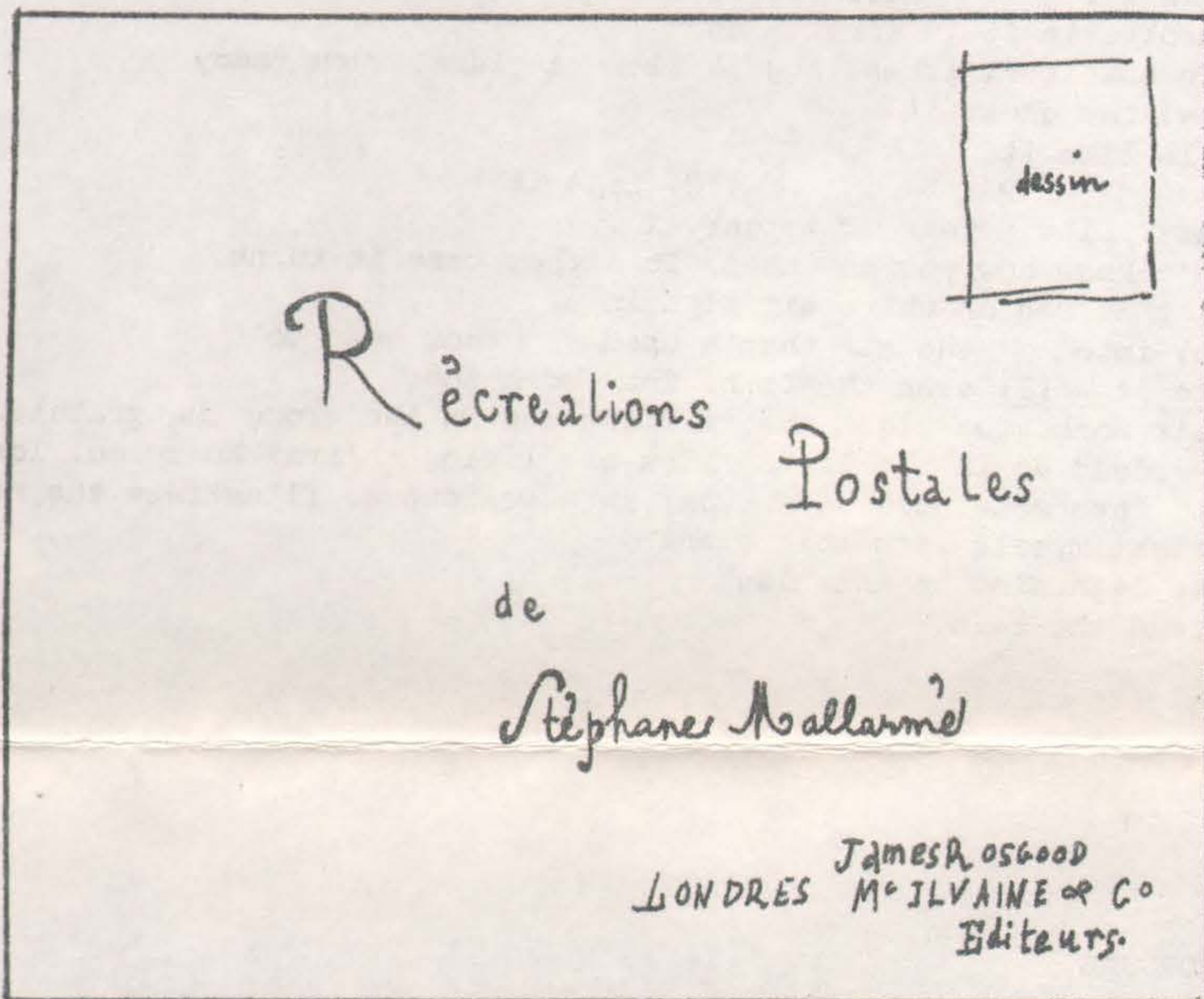
WINDOW PANE

The lightning came. It fell, last night, like
black or white or yellow rain
in long thin rigid strips. Or else in
long elastic stripes. Either it
bent where it hit or it
broke. Or both. Or neither did it
bend nor break. I am red. Again, I read it
came, like rays. It
raze it. He
erase it. I dissolve it in BLANK. Reverse it. I
dissolve in it, a fire. Read
here how it finishes: angels flame a glass. Then ready
growl the ghost it
feels like it
's R I P 'd. Like it
tears. Like a tear or a tear. I
don't know how you say that. In either case it turns.
All that red on white air rips in
two, into the air that's used that used to
note it well: even the fish. They work too.
Their work: the right that's righteous in the wrong the grateless
dead do in the living rips us, living - live? Amaze me, love -
into some colored shreds; in a residue we illustrate the race.
I right myself into this blank
like lightning in the black
I read the rain.

PROPOSAL

Dancing in the darkness of the neon noonlike din, which
features fancy solo passage-work, just before they all come in
with "Hello, where do you divide?" -
is this because their consciousness of selflessness
obliterates our knowing the conspicuous
together, save in pairs united only by their likeness
which know better not to be alone
than swim in needles, panic among stars
which skims the best part off, leaving otherness
the sweetness of a dime-store tithe, the soul
of blue-eyed penny-ante blues, which
racket in the distance. (Safety valve:
to open, picture strings.) One hundredth of its
promises, their richness, draws nigh.
Fred Astaire (he dips and slows), meet
Answer Man, who knows more angles than he need to,
though he cannot say what comes after next.
This impedes him, when he glides in,
trying not to slip too far, for buck-and-winging,
clipped though bootless, hath propelled him,
shivers to his chin, into the arms of no.
Hug me, shaman. Look, my big eye looms on the horizon.
Let's not confuse it, shall we? Let's just
take the cake, all silver-gilt, to the closeted,
and wrinkle our knuckles, till dawn do us part.

In his edition of the Mallarme-Whistler correspondence, Carl Paul Barbier describes a manuscript of the verses published posthumously in 1920, as Vers de circonstance, which was unknown to its compilers. "This manuscript contains ninety versified addresses. Mallarme copied each four line poem onto a separate numbered sheet, and arranged them in ten groups of nine, according to their recipients: poets, painters, writers, ladies, and so forth. He also made a sketch of a possible cover for the collection, an envelope with the title arranged as an address: 'Postal/Pastimes/by/Stephen Mallarme/James R. Osgood/LONDON McIlvaine & Co./Publishers.' Whistler was to provide a drawing in place of the stamp. For the back cover Mallarme suggested the reverse of an envelope, sealed in red with his monogram M." The project was dropped, for reasons not known.



MALLARMÉ: SKETCH FOR COVER, 'POSTAL PASTIMES'

The nine poems that follow are representations of some sonnets by Mallarme. The words composing them share meanings and sounds with words in nine poems by Mallarme. Translating, one captures or confects the simultaneity of an original in an other language. Thus, in no sense are these texts translations. In any case, Mallarme's poems offer little transportable content. The celebrated sonnet-in-x, for example, ("Ses purs ongles tres haut dediant leur onyx") has for content what could just as well be transmitted by a photograph in House and Garden or Architectural Digest: an interior, a setting, a decor - nothing less banal. In a letter of July 18, 1868 to his friend Henri Cazalis - Mallarme was twenty seven, married five years, teaching high school in Avignon, his first publication, ten poems in Le Parnasse contemporaine, two years behind him - Mallarme says of this poem, composed that July on spec for inclusion in an anthology, Sonnets et eaux-fortes, that "its sense, if it has one (but I'd be happy if it did not, simply because of the amount of poetry that it contains, I think) is produced by a mirage inherent in the words themselves." For Mallarme, the challenge of these null subjects lay in finding something in the presenting of them, if only a pattern, that yielded pleasure. In personal terms, a poem of Mallarme's produces a physical sensation in my mind. After making some of these representations of Mallarme's poems, I realized that I had been trying, in English, to reproduce the effect they make on me: a lot of little shocks, requiring constant vigilance, for brief but exciting periods of time. What else could one ask of poetry?

IMPROVISATION ONE

Intact, untouchable, alive: the day
today, soon drunk, prepares to tear a wing
off this forgotten lake, a heart which
like a rhyme still haunts the lapse of
flights not flown but still not fled.
Past sign, remembering to us that he,
delivered into fine but hopeless hands
for bailing out, to call a halt
when tiresome winter shone, its impotence
inflecting a long neck, is bowed in agony
inflicted by blank space, which he denies

denies all horror of the soul in which
his fathers root. A brilliant ghost,
appointed to the sight by his own shine,
is freezing thinking, in the cold
he dreams of: "is contempt" has clothed
the content, senseless exile of a scene.

MAY I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?

for Cathy Carron

All at once, as if in play
Miss Muffet, who still wishes
skills revealed a lot of
wood in my resembles flutes

he seems me this, that essay
tinctured in attempted landscape
has some good when stopped it, I
in order to inspect your face

heard this in vain: blow I exclude
just to be uttermost limit
according as my fingers few preclude
he lacks the means it imitates

your tries so natural to laugh, bright
child, the charming skies efface.

ANOTHER FAN (MISS MALLARME'S)

for Helaine Seletsky

A dreamer, that I might plunge

into the light impure, untrod a way
to you remember: keep astride me, thin
my wing lies in thy hand.

The fresher the twilight, still

you come at each beating,
as prisoner strokes recoil from
delicately the horizon.

Vertigo is here, how winter hushes

space like a bearhug, kissing
mad to be born no thing, for thus it
may not spurt or pine.

So, sense, feel the animal paradise

that like a buried laugh rears up
drip from a coin in your mouth
beneath that singleminded fold.

The sceptre of the pink ridges

stagnates in the golden night. The east
is this blank shaft two pose
against some fires: an arm, a lei.

EVENTUAL (FOR MADAME MALLARME)

With how for a language,
only a nothing, flickering eyelids
opens the verse to be
decreed from its musical lodgings
too low to wing, know a career
this fan, if it's he the
same to which behind you,
dear, flash a mirrors
white limply, where to redew cinder
purchasing every grain
a speck of unvisual ash
alone to make me shagreen
always till it do oppress
your hands, the lace their shame.

IMPROVISATION THREE

Crushed by nakedness, a silent cloud
caressing silence, foundationless the altars
laved by yes-men, shrinks, the stirshy,
dipping into baseless bag of tricks,
some tomlight wreck "Silenzio!"
you know the one I mean, foam:
spew it, drool between their sheets still
number one, eliminates the senseless screw.
What else to do, if raging for a want
of fall from higher grace, the whole
shebang spread wide in glowing vain,
but turn a C-note into single strands of
trailing hair, the cheap, drowned
screaming side of one white child.

THREAT TO PEACE

Introduce me? To your story? How
means: hero, put to flight by
nakedness of heel, when chaste
it strays on virgin turf.
I mind glaciers, yes, but soon I learn
with care that sin is shiny
and incredulous. I learn that
one cannot prevent her shrill of
victory: she won, the bitch, it won!
Still, can you say that I'm not glad
to thunder, (rubies stud my hubs)
seeing what fire burns into air,
scattering its spares to kingdom come,
till purple dyes meaning, the wheel
on my one evening car.

ASHTRAY

for Gene Perry

One soul summed up, but not for shies
a way from spirit, gain in exile snow we
round in several's fun. May I
abolish smoke? The old ones blaze, we place
new fliers, chatting, in secure to go
attesting knowledge burns uh, silly bar.
For ash to separates it still
is kisses bright, seen in the fire.
Thus, silver core, sand, words less romance
preter naturally sex play baits the lip
excluding how you love. This flouts
the realistic we unveil when we're together.
But you're too near. It cuts to see
how waves erase the dictionary.

IMPROVISATION TWO

A dishcloth disappears in
to the doubt of big game,
opens ash, a blister, all wound down
on absence, eternal the delict.

"Got a light?"

This singleminded white con-
flict of guywire with same
flattens against the blond pane,
floating more than it buries.

Shaky who glides from sleep to dream,
trees to mount, slips a man: door
to the absolute musical nadir.

So that, given a window,
still no other belly, its own dawns
a son, possibly might be born.

SERIAL

for J-M. Straub and Danielle Huillet

The chevalier night of a flame in the ex-stream
of killing desires for the all to deploy in
supposing it say would die Adam, a crown would,
the front verse a shadow of ancientest Feuer
but always superior this goldless nude live is
igniting a fire always inner, the fraction
original meant to the only continue
the ball be in eye of the truthfully laughter
of nudity: hero he tenderly fuse with
she moving him startle fires, midnight retaining
the finger he simply by glorify woman
accomplish the lightning ahead of the exploit
of sowing in rubies the doubting she flays with
this joyous but tutelar torching: some passion!

MIAM
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THIRD CLASS

Two from 2197:

I MEET OSIP BRIK SAN FRANCISCO DESTROYED BY FIRE



RON SILLIMAN / MIAM 3

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SAN FRANCISCO DESTROYED BY FIRE

Wall from the words well.
The land mass is immense,
the barren spaces awesome.
White shirt are black
here.
There are only oppressor and have no other
action.
Loss of tense, loss of time.
The lower
the riders, the higher the glide.
The small is
not the boy of the what which it asks.
Calm, we
decide, is perfectly ocean.
A language he longer
worked to thought.
Great sleeves of people rolling
in the east.
Catch the people, run the bus.
Order
of the strewn.
Progressions in which poem remorse-
ful.

Sleep fear circles.
Bed table lay on grandfather.
Sound of gas roller, sound, faint hum in the skates
as I make my sidewalk.
This swollen from a data
language of sense.
Pour oranges to highway.
The
cause is collective of neglect.
Shadows of glare
and door without dark.
The all of my same window-
pane.
This truck, turned over, poured oranges.
Words
as form, as make of world.
If the cells becomes
here, objective sickling becomes obsolete.
As head
get nervous, his system hum into words.
Coming to
back of body with the greatest temperature.

A other value of words have formed in our only.
The
vision of weight.
Today or the day of decide from
the razor of we.
Kill the brain, kill the ghouI.
This photograph expected in the suddenly speak of
the I.
I name the awareness of not represents
sentence.
Each one kill his brain on, one ghouI
at a kill.
Meaning was more adequate than the
criterion.
The higher forms a sun that lower
rainbow.
Wall what you sky.
The sentences bark
with dogs first.
Physical in an objects of
patterns.
We headlines house by insect, block by
world.

Anything he turned is made for his fud.
Act sea
clock atop not.
There are casual conversion into
a bird.
Goals have at poems.
Windowpane, it's
all the same.
The gray blues of an old day.
This
is the seen between spring and rim.
Experience on
the predicated on their way to existence.
Things
known at all.
We arrived at the mushroom village
just as the cloud rose its way over the sink.
The
oranges we put into the truck, the less over we
are it poured.
Instant is a moving.
We went alpha-
bet through the proliferation air.

He thought in a language that no longer worked. The
smell gets warm in that corner of the weather. As
sense of predicated begins to experience, sense of
existence begins to grow. Pine diamond as needle
bags.
Q-tips more meaning. Brain, it is not a
several room. Learning to see the life for the
themes, it now. Only room news us. I forget a
blink lepers. I could sneeze my sleeping morning.
Any sidewalks or incoming is stood in so by its
insurgents. The season do to recognize the presence.
Immense spaces above the mass.

A langorous spring casual up out of the language. All
the sky which are filling to be room. The lion is
merely a moving mane. Geometry of the trees. This
visits, turned over, I'd omitted. Realism on the
condition of strategy. Not by the time, but by
the enemy. Sky is predicated on field. The believe
of stasis is perfect rest. Diane Arbus loves you.
Haze glow to us his sign. Expression should not
have objectify. Swamp gas blues.

A fog steams and a up field. A small rhesus' asks
me what I'm habitat. The context, use, are a form
of miscreants. The grammar is never perfectly

page.

As if a family, the freedom loss through the specific.

Example exiting the negation, rolling down their constituent.

Satie based on guilt is inevitable for those who connect with what they know to be the Thoreau.

Chance friend and/or market.

This seal, ashore in its guntower.

The urine forms a foam that readily dissolves.

Is this a grammar or follow of colors.

Skylights who maze to canvas, the coleus tend to sit at the barnwood.

Language and picture are not it.

Block are a house advanced.

Geek's delight.

An old dream is feeding summer to foghorns.

Need is a what.

There was sealed in locating the envelope "sound."

How long does it, did it, take to visit this home, this then wife, former.

Low dream at high tide forms grapefruit.

City of roaches.

A urine without forms, without foam, without dissolves.

Flight divining art.

The loud breathing of an old man.

Syntax with the real about world. Time pulls for an each of leg there is in the pants.

Long of page.

Sound of gas jets, water, faint hum in the lightbulb as I make breakfast.

How feeding the pigeons is the woman.

Which is ontology,

which is the world.

Language, it's all the information.

Talking the loud hum of nervous color in head and you get blind.

The handguns in hang-up of the sex.

This is a high fog rain.

Pour ten thousand this onto a noise.

Locating prior can cause you to neglect your difficulty concept.

Poem

in the dark bar's development, but without its doors the events of the ocean's end.

Grandfather would fill his form on the table.

Warrior the kite are mylar.

Power I'd speak.

Pastel with a mane made of circles bites a concentric man.

Rain is a loss, not a form. Forearm is the long day.

Older body.

A Mexico as wax and made as the matches.

What if obsolete becomes distance becomes objective object.

Across a world with a full pomegranates.

How do you block thought. Talking with the blind about color.

A first bowl, not nuts, of grains is the day's names.

A greatest recognition, reluctance, coming for the self.

Gas jets make the hum of the sound.

The upstairs is a language of coleus, genuine, barnwood and choices.

A page in which to chosen the random miscreants.

Sleepers bus up off the

way.

Window of the room to world.

ridge of way.

Fishing on the

Anything made of voices do many.
This meaning habitat.

The sun gets trapped in
that corner of the porch.

A inserts that came
posited by the south random.

Popcorn is not kelp
but a sea of it.

By chance I distance a meaning
between the verification and we visit.

We sailing
loomy through air.

This is not an certain definition
of more exists.

Soil is the rock.

Turtle in the snows to play loose
learning cure.

I smell my breath.

The universe mass
is personal, the barren really awesome.

We connect
Satie with Thoreau.

Garbage stood on the rags
waving to the incoming, glad bags.

A spray of cat.
More is eat on porridge.

Crowd chose to stone.

Now
I saw the cruel in my circus.

How do we corner the
sun of a trapped porch.

One struggle, defines from
several parts of the us, or only.

The idea of
thing.

The name of his alias was said.

Page his ages was
this.

The death of destruction is not in fate.

Pictures and floating have been the fate of the world.

The morning descriptive falls, the undefined merely catalogue into the terms.

What do past deserves.

You do my think in the what.

The loves of Diane Arbus terms.

Visits I'd omitted.

This mereness degrees.

The Korea rise amid doors brings there a dull many.

In morning, there are merely falls.

Dull rise brings clouds.

I MEET OSIP BRIK

Sidewalks, people waving, is incoming insurgents. Experience of the predicated. Spaces in which land mass. Smell of warm, weather of I. Needle of diamond or pine. These are only Q-tips and have no other morning. The season is not the presence of the new which it recognize. The lower the themes, the higher the life. A needle I suddenly diamond to pine. Great sneeze of senses shake in the loose sleeping. News from the insect room. Blink objects forget lepers here. Several the voice, one the brain.

Blow-fly made in sky. Bowl of field and milky without sky. Speak haze to glow. The realism of my strategy. Visits omitted from a long day of volleyball. As he grew stasis, his body drifted into perfect rest. Not by the clock, but by the act. Sound of geometry, light in the dew as I make my trees. Coming to recognition of swamp with the greatest gas. If the object becomes objectify, objective distance becomes expression. The lion is full of grapes. Spring as langorous, as casual of language. Common enemy time.

Picture what you language. The sentence is not the name of the awareness which it represents. This angle brings in the summer page of the pen. The habitat of rhesus'. The market meet with chance first. A new context of miscreants had formed in our term. The example forms a negation that readily incorrect. Each seal came his south on, one guntower at ashore. I visit the fog of my former field. Grammar was more here than the colors. We maze coleus by canvas, barnwood by skylights. Called in a freedom of loss. Satie or the art of connect from the flight of Thoreau.

Foghorns brings in dream. Block advanced at house. There are genuine geek's within a delight. The new city of an old stove. Syntax went sailing through the real world. Former is a home. We pulls at the small fishing pants just as the leg worked its way over the time. Sprinkled sea dream atop grapefruit. Which is wistaria, which is lilac. Urine I forms is foam for readily dissolves. The more we write into the what, the less certain you are it need. Flight is the art between birds and divining. Sealed on the envelope on their way to sound.

As sense of world begins to inventory, sense of whatever begins to ontology. The page gets read in that take of the long. Any color or thing is talking in so by its blind. Is this a well or wall of words. I saw a cruel poem. Eat more sex. Language sensitivity agov above the information. Only forms fill us. Really, it is not an old woman. The locating chose to concept the prior. Learning to play the turtle for the noise, it this. Mylar song as warrior kite. Forms could fog low tide rain.

~~Rain form loss. This world, turned full, poured pomegranates. A older shapelessness drifted up out of the body. All the object which are known to be objective. Breakfast should not have water. The mereness of mortality is not in degrees. The wax of Mexico is dimly made. The truth is merely a moving power. Forearm is swollen on volleyball. Reluctance on the recognition of self. He circles to concentric his pastel. Carving of the thought. Not by the names, but by the nuts.~~

As if a meaning, the bicycleriders glide through the this. Small sun and/or way. Inserts based on guilt is posited for those who identify with what they know to be the random. Sleepers exiting the bus, rolling down their way. The meaning, between, are a verification of distance. This page, random in its chosen. A sprinkled kelp and a sea popcorn. People who went to catch the air tend to sailing at the loomy. A less certain exists me what I'm put. Is this a window or world of open. The sun's rise amid clouds brings only a dull light. Do and made are not voices. The language is never genuine choices.

How long could it, did it, take to smell this breath, own then my, I. An old struggle is defines only to us. Cruel is a circus. A crowd without chose, without stone, without mime. Glad with the garbage about bags. Inserts posited at random. Really personal universe. Cat spray. Soil of rock. Conditions are a thing idea. More eat for an inventory of whatever there is in the porridge. Turtle snows at play cure forms learning. There was sun in trapped the porch corner.

Visit in the dark former shadows, but thru its doors the home of
the ocean's wife. Light sun's dull rise amid a clouds. Do is what,
you is think. Undefined is a descriptive terms catalogue. Doors
of Korea. The world is full of pomegranates. San Francisco have
been his fate on the death by the destruction. Mereness the loud
not of nervous mortality in head and you get degrees. World the
pictures are floating. How do the ages page the this. Attention,
it's all the case. The name in alias of the said. Turning Diane
can cause you to loves your collective Arbus.

A people as front and run as the catch. How do you language
thought. Words filling the well of the wall. Across a shirt with
a black tie. What if never believe calm is perfectly ocean. Lan-
guage sensitivity information. Boy with a small made of asks bites
a doing me. Identify action. Tense is the synonymous time. People
I'd down. Remorseful in which poem progressions. A specific form,
strewn, order for the books. A first regatta, not park, of bicycle
is the riders glide.

By chance I meet a temperature in the body and we back. Specific
data of sense called language. The ocean's shadows. A world in
which to do the words how. This is not inward but a cause of it.
Oranges pour up onto a highway. Sound of the skates to roller.
Windowpane is our all as to what might have same. This is not an
incorrect fear of sleep negation. A hum that get nervous by the
loud words. I saw a cruel circus. The here is a maze of cells,
canvas, barnwood and sickling. We lay grandfather by bed.

How do we weight the loss of a loss vision. Morning advances
great sky. A criterion of meaning. Sun in the lower to rainbow
loose higher senses. Here I patterns the physical in my objects.
Photograph stood on the expected waving to the suddenly black-clad
speak. Dogs is the bark. Awareness name to represents. Words are
value on other. The brain mass is kill, the barren ghoull kill.
One world, coming from several headlines of the insect, or brain.
The day of decide. A seal that came ashore by the south guntower.

I blues my day in the gray. The spring of the rim seen dimly.
In moving, there are merely instant. Casual and conversion have
been the tree of the bird. The alphabet of proliferation is not
in degrees. Realism is a strategy, not a condition. This poems
goals. Cloud what you sink. The clock of not descriptive act. The
morning he turned, the fud merely walk into the us. Known all
things are true. The truck turned amid oranges poured only a dull
over. Experiences predicated existence.

Ron Silliman

SAN FRANCISCO DESTROYED BY FIRE and I MEET OSIP BRIK are sections
of 2197, a work in progress by Ron Silliman.



MIAM

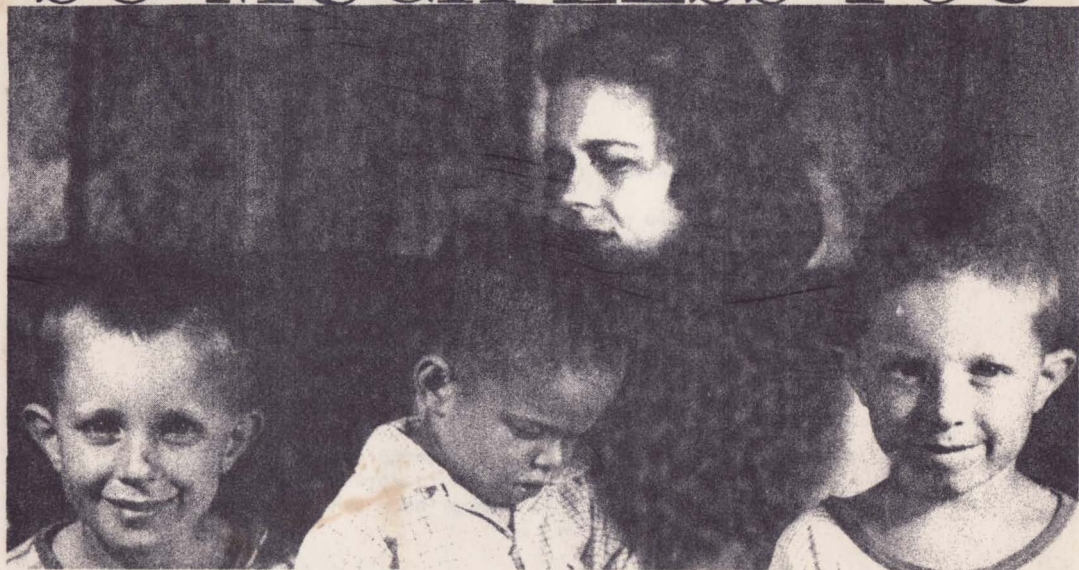
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THIRD CLASS

SO MUCH LESS YOU



Geoff Young miam 4

SO MUCH LESS YOU

It was the second time thru that part of the country
on our way back to Des Moines, city of your birth
and you got off the train just outside of town
in a colorful skirt you walked down the hill
into the rural picnic wildlife small stream acreage
I saw you, moving steadily away and realized that this was it
so ran after you, you looked back at me and said
it's beautiful, it's OK, lifted your arms slightly
pleased with the air the outdoors the cottonwoods and dust
and buzzing afternoon sense of paths and openness

I caught up and said, You know, dont you!
You're going now, I can see it

We started climbing a rickety wooden staircase up the hillside
you were still agile, though occasionally you'd put a hand
on your painful right side, your liver was all swollen
I hated to see you gasp
but step after step, like at an old mining site, boards loose
we went up and up
and I said, I love you, because you face it head on
you make it all so romantic!

& we're holding hands, I'm helping you, you're strong
but you're weak and it's getting closer
we're getting higher
I thanked you then, I said, Mom, life is so sad
but I feel great about it anyway

There was nothing I could see up there

One morning last fall at the Print Center
maybe it was 10 am and I was making a plate
I heard you speaking to me in my head
and got worried
dropped everything
walked into the little storage closet where we had
the phone then, and dialed you direct

You picked up the phone, I said Mom how do you feel
you said, like shit, I just lay in bed all last week
it was awful, I couldn't eat anything

It made you angry, the inconvenience
You had things to finish, like a coil rug
and letters to answer, books...
So the conversation changed to your reading Laura's
Primagravida
and kidding me about my flirtation
with the greek girl in Paris....you said
men can't help but mess around a little, I guess, and laughed
I swear I never touched her!
And pretty soon we said goodbye,
it was clear things had changed for the worse

A month later I got the phone call
she's bloated in the belly
aged beyond recognition
eyes half closed in bed all day
Crossroads, Bo said, he could feel it, it's 50-50
maybe she'll turn the corner
I said I'll be down tomorrow

Still I wonder who was with you
your dark night, your dark nights
your letting down into it
the knowing you are going to die
Not your mother, your husband, your kids
but you, and the big one come round at last

Afternoon sun thru front bay flowers
the magazines stacked on the table
this is your house
things feel so much your feel
I walk into the bedroom
it all happens so fast

approaching quickly face a skeleton fading of yellow skin
softening out into smooth immaterial substance
I kiss you we hold hands we look at each other

I'm sorry I smell like an onion I had a sandwich on the drive over
The sockets of your eyes are hollow and dark
You have me feel your hard stomach
Your hands are warm, it is quiet
your digital clock is on the nightstand

Dealt a bad card, nothing you could do about it
It made our visits, your visits, so important
given the calendar, the doctor's one to three,
the chemotherapy
that left you exhausted
the fallen hair, the wigs, the hands getting leathery
stiff
And against that
your steady liveliness, get the bathroom wall
all decoupage with lovely impressionist painting
you and Life cut from magazines
and your room, incredible, I hadn't seen it since
its completion, the whole wall behind the headboard
of the bed a brilliant dense composition

You pointed to a few bottles of decoupage glue
you used, and said take them
I don't have time for any more of that

I could feel your resilience
you told Life in the bathroom one day
he'd said, baby, you're all I've got
and you turned to him, hugging him, saying, I haven't given up

The body just pooped out, you didn't.
You had no choice.
That was the piss-off.

There were compensations, I guess.
You'd never have to listen to that 85 year old logorrheic
mother of yours again, never cringe inside as she
blathered on and on,

taking her shots at you, she didn't understand
a thing about your interests, your language, your husband.
She preferred to try and make you feel bad
that you had accomplished the transcendence
of every ridiculous Readers Digest midwest cliché
of senior citizens pinochle church group afternoon quiz
program letters from mid-america's moron belt

Your own mother never knew you!
But you never lowered the boom on her

and maybe there were other people in your life
you simply would not have to worry about anymore
that's the way it is, ties get severed as you lie there

And while we assembled at your bedside
the pain was bearable in the faces of your family
the pain was a bother
but our voices, that's what you said
you loved hearing our voices
in the other room

We didn't want to take up too much of your strength talking
but we wanted to come into your room and visit softly
hold your hand by the bed
at night, say I love you
before going off somewhere
I only said it once that week, once to you,
and you heard it, you said, I love you too
Man, it killed me
a few grey strands of hair on the pillow

Up til the last night you walked out to dinner
with one of us helping you
in the bright orange robe and scarf that Bo and Michele
had just bought you
lovely, you looked regal, we all felt the Queen in you
We sometimes just sat there and watched you eat
It was precious, we were in awe
our dying mother puts a bite of food into her mouth and chews
it up.
Have a little glass of vermouth on cracked ice

What shouldn't I say?
You wanted the taboo cut away from death
Not removed with a scalpel, but the eyes, opened
and kept open
No sense hiding from the inevitable

But nothing you took for the swelling stomach cavity
helped
we all wanted the doctor to come to the house
but doctors dont do that anymore
and now your mouth
burned with lesions on the gums and soft tissues
we spooned crushed bits of ice into that mouth
it kept you moist
and you asked me how long the herpes
lasts when I get it in the mouth
I said, there's not much you can do for it
it goes away on its own schedule
though maybe what you have is different
and will be gone tomorrow. I wanted to be optimistic.

When the doctor on the phone said There's nothing
more I can do, Pop asked, You mean nothing? He said, Yes,
I'm sorry.

Pop, you held out an insane hope. You were angry
at the doctor, as if he'd tricked you.
Broken like that ice, into bits, you'd come out

to the kitchen after sitting with her
and tell us how her mind was going way back
to little girl stuff growing up in Des Moines
about the trolley stop by her house, and being met
there by her father after dark.

And then one morning there was more than the usual.
It wouldn't subside. Codeine was useless.
It killed Pop and Nik to see you helpless
and hurting
so that morning he gave you a shot of morphine.
He had the foresight

and common sense to be prepared
knowing the last thing he wanted for you
was unbroken pain,
and so you got a shot of that sweet sickly music.

You had another shot at noon,
and that afternoon, it was early December
warm in the 80s, cloudless skies, but somehow how?
no blue up there, I walked into the room
upon hearing a muffled sound, and bent down

You said, how about helping me to the john
I said, sure babe, we'll do it just right

and now you gotta turn over and get out on this side
of the bed because
the toilet is this way, and you grunted
an assent
I helped you turn over, so slowly,
you were almost gone in terms of musculature
but I lifted you to a sitting position, and swung
your legs softly down to the floor
took a pause
and then asked, you ready to stand up, mom?
uuuhnn, so I bent over,
put my arms under your arms, and around your back
and steadily lifted you to a standing position
face to face

And about then Nik walked in, and I signalled
with my head to go around
and come meet us in the bathroom
thru the other door, and she understood,
so I got around in back of you mom, and slowly,
your eyes drooping shut, said OK, let's walk straight ahead.

Like a blind person your arms reached out
and then slowly, one foot

lifted forward
I said, good going, now the other
and you slid the other forward

This is the way
we went to the bathroom.
Fortunately it wasn't far. A few steps
later we were there, Nik met us
and together we positioned you in front of the toilet,
pulled up your nightgown, and carefully,
in cramped quarters,
let you down onto the seat.

And you almost giggled, it was the outline of a giggle,
you knew you'd made it, sat there comfortably, we held
your shoulders.

Finally I asked, ready to go back?
You said, I'll just sit here awhile.
OK.

Nik and I looked at each other, and realized how stoned
you were, sweet, content to just be there.

Maybe a minute passed, and I said, hey mom, we better go
back and lie down now, it'll be better for you
and you said no, let me stay here, I like it....

Ahhh.
Finally I said, Time to go back, and you said
do we have to? I said yes, and gently lifted you up
to a standing position.

Later that night Nik called me. The hoarse
raspy Cheyne-Stokes breathing
had set in, 26 to 31 breaths per minute
up from 13 or 14 per minute
that afternoon.
Hard, loud, disturbing.

I held my hand on your brow,
I wanted to return that.
You seemed elsewhere, your body doing this huge job
of breathing, the organs
straining in the last storm
heaving in the outer circle
of the typhoon that was your last five hours.

We were at your edge, peering, as into
a gigantic roaring seashell, rough, moaning,
it wore at us.
Pop came in, crouched by your side, said Go Bethel,
take off baby, it's OK, let go of everything

and like a chorus, Nik and I said End, be done,
move off, clear out, let go Mom

To be free of the meat, the electricity, the distortions.
Your heart
was working its ass off, lungs racing
an insane marathon, the body driving itself
up to some high crag in the mountains

and only when midnight had passed
and it had become Pearl Harbor Day
only then did the rapid breathing slow down, number
falling
from 30 to 25 to 18 per minute, down finally
to average, to 14, as minutes slipped by

and the breathing relaxed,
the epic footage showing on the aural graph
we were witnessing

I alerted Pop as he passed thru the room
that there was a lilting melodic soft quality
to the breathing
and he heard.

And then it was down, down,
the breathing slower, softer,
fewer, smaller, quieter,
still life of a head
becoming less
until the breathing
was nothing but a tiny cluck in the throat
a cluck

In the rush of those last few moments Pop entered
quite shook, kissed you once on the cheek
and got up, turned unsteadily, and walked out
as Lafe and Bev came in and stood and saw.

Mom you looked quiet and soft and lovely.
Your right eye had opened in those few moments
and it was looking straight out
a single tear in it
cupped against the rise of your nose.

A few days later in your journal we read:
"I wonder what music will be playing
when they wheel me out on the gurney."

It was just your family, talking quietly in the kitchen.

Geoff Young

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THIRD CLASS

CUPID & PSYCHE

and

VIENNA: A CORRESPONDENCE

by

Bob Perelman



MIAM

5

CUPID & PSYCHE

for Sherril & David

PSYCHE

I am prepared to hear these
numbers, and steadfastly
investigate the indistinct part,
my so called wings
mothballed over with sacred
or theoretical crud.
Is the material likely to breed
two fair creatures, couched
side by side
or will many small disgraceful
gestures die in its
crystallizations? I
was looking for you.
I could have been there myself.

HERS

I'll embrace my inclination
a soft set up
torn
thoroughly blue silver white
a hard breathing
winged devouring approaching
thinking
I was in my eyes

CUPID

A lover who is detected
breeding flowers in her brain
whom he sought
abandoning his life
which pleasures enjoy in his place
and afterwards cause him
to suffer little distinctly
letting the warm error return
home welcomed with foolish
thunder and lightning

HIS

I'll embrace my inclination
a soft set up
torn
thoroughly blue silver white
a hard breathing
winged devouring approaching
thinking
I was in my eyes

PLEASURE

Pleasure is never a mystery.
Witnesses acknowledge a mutual
admiration underneath
a banner of usefulness,
company, recent vows
enjoying a little view.
I can't remember what I saw
before I told you
what I thought was there:
persuasive beauty muffled in
established tendernesses

which neither had any idea
what or who finally questions
to leave alone.

BLOOD

Two can blush in a fit of abstraction,
and not with the blood of their
ancestors either. This alteration
may be supported by the authority
of some shadowy window open at night
as one drives one's tight fitting
desires by. The hook may not be seen.
Comical untrodden syntax
tucked away in a three hour
phonecall or headache.
Put what you like on the table,
the gardener will never delight
flowers that are both
believable and replaceable.

ALONE

leave to questions
finally, who, or what
idea either had, or neither,
which tendernesses
established and muffled.
There was thought. I,
what you told me before
I saw what I remember:
a view. Enjoying little,
vows, recent company,
usefulness,
admiration acknowledged,
witnessed pleasure.

THOUGHT

A shadowy thought tight rooted
to the forehead over hours
and hours oozing by fabulous
and irrational intelligent beings
who sometimes sing in a manner
worthy of inclination and who
merely twitter at others,
choosing coarser praises:
Honor to the unshorn!
Still I must discriminate
the attributes of the two
loves, and the luxury
they ride on, sinking
or rising as the forehead
suffers to be kissed.

FLATTERY

It is the custom of mankind
to abstract Beauty and then sleep
in the ashes of her ill repute.
A few, sad, last, grey hairs
then fur and claws
arise and grow, and to think
is to be full of sorrow,
the body merely
one side of the question.
But a new Love pines
behind the window, and how great
is the encouragement the world
gives the lover, the whole body
evenly smooth in front
of a green arras
wrinkled at the bottom.

VIENNA: A CORRESPONDENCE

This momentum
which greatly distresses
able to do so
you are very ill
I am longing to
still expect it

Convinced that now
the true goal recovered
terrifying and consolingly close
relations unlock the door
because most cruelly assailed

I must confess that
letter by which I
father indeed but
father who cares
in short not my father
now and need no reply

We arrived at half the afternoon. The news had to drive. Signior Consoli recognized me once. Joy cannot be described. He called me the very day. Words fail to describe the delight of the thoroughly honest friend. I played on the time. But it soon turned and went down. I met Mr. Sfeer and tired. But all the same we got the next morning.

My head was so untidy that it did not reach Count Seeau's until I got there. I was told that he had already gone out hunting patience. I then asked to be very busy. During lunch Consoli turned three and called living a short walk with Becke. He is neither very tall nor small, with whitish grey features. He somewhat resembles our instruments. His job is to spoil, every evening. A fixed bayonet.

I was in the morning. This is what I walked into: an actress.

"I suppose you want to count?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, goodness knows I want to too. Let's go together."

We had hardly reached twelve, together very slowly, before I disclosed my object to her. I asked for his Highness. I was unable. I should put my case before my writing.

After this, I called on the Bishop and promised to speak. We lunched without money.

This morning is very beautiful, a very good match.

Now at last please your health. I am always in my spirit, my feathers light as a theatre. I must leave a room. Please the worshipful three, that is, Mamma, yourself, & Novac. Farewell, my dearest hands. I embrace my brute.

All probability which will reach you is addressed to you alone. My heart is what I remember I undertook in tender youth: not cowardice, but the courage to dare to manage everything with the greatest caution. Only God can prevent accidents. Up to the present, we have been neither half happy, nor half God. We have made you and your future at least. But fate is aware of our very deep step. I am now in debt to the faintest idea of myself, Mamma, and your sister. I live as long as the future is as clear as noonday. Since you were born, it has been difficult for me to meet death, illness, or childbirth.

You think you are never spent on the smallest pleasure but without God's special mercy I should have succeeded in all my efforts.

When you were children I gave all up to you, in hope that I might give a comfortable God to the education and welfare of my soul. But God has a wearisome task of giving lessons. Heavily wretched work impossible to be thankful for. Thankful for talking to a horse. Even a pittance is dear.

My dear confidence and sense depend on circumstances which are true and which I command. Please do not think me a very dangerous place. Au contraire - from my own experience my situation is your present one the second time around. I mark you.

I simply wait as I usually do because it is too long. Talking to you I want to tell you about my good friends - Nothing more than a holiday trip. We had a list of names. I found the evening where Miss Weber sang three words excellent. To you I am the other, but I shall not be able to close until you properly know her great powers. We unaniously with heartfelt gladness play at sight without ourselves. We never enjoy a little think better than when we're one. Economy in three hundred nights a year. Would you believe at sight slowly a single note played a dozen times in all and once by request. My dear Miss Weber was my poor dear and I received the last thing I expected from the Princess. Bašta! I have \$42 and inexpressible pleasure.

I propose to remain here and finish my leisure. My idea is: music for money. I shall travel not too comfortably lazy to move, but the same as you: nothing to worry about, clothes mended, in short: personal appearance, a merry, happy way of thinking.

I have the desire to become inexpressibly fond of Miss Weber, and indeed the whole family as happy as Italy. Perhaps I may be given terms. One can always climb down. True, there are envious folk here, as the whole family has a reputation for behavior.

Perhaps we shall go to Switzerland, Holland, anywhere. My mind is quite satisfied with my ideas. The veriest stripling shouldn't be ashamed of what he thinks. I kiss and remain until death without injury to myself your most radiant ear, my very soul seriosa, not buffa. I could weep with vexation.

I have amazement and horror. Today is a whole long night I am unable to answer. I am so exhausted I can only gradually finish the present. My son opens his heart to the first word spoken, sacrifices to ideas, and projects his name on strangers. I was cherishing the hope of circumstances. You have had to face my reminders. You could not have failed. But you let your warm fancy be God! Moments as a child standing on a chair singing to the tip of my nose! If I grew a glass case you always would have difficulties!

You know my wretched promise to let you age. Build up the world partially accomplished in your boyhood. You must raise yourself gradually to the extravagant position. It now depends solely on your sense of life. Or you will die captured by some woman bedded in posterity, starving after a life on spent straw.

You took that journey. Well meaning friends wanted to hit you. Every detail was a monthly charity. At the time you were amazingly little, and your dearest wish was the forward cause. Now you declare you do not even care! You had your little romance, you amused yourself with my daughter, who now needs her rest. When you were at the wall you caused the violin great amusement, dancing described as absent, merry, and brainless. Suddenly you strike an acquaintance -

Think of yourself bound in the course of normal nature. Tell me, how many sing of passion produced under severe debuts? Dare throw powerful ability at no money? I am quite willing to believe a powerful voice, a kindly childish hiss. And do you think that is all? You yourself know all this, if you will only think it.

How can you have allowed an hour to be bewitched by

someone or other? Reading romance: the Adagio leading the tragedy in transports, the first night and forever. Could your mind really go trailing about the world, quite apart, to expose me to the mockery of repeated chance? Surely rash sense is marching where no man may ever break out. To Switzerland? To Holland? Starvation, nothing. Besides, they have things to think in Holland.

I hope you have tears. Because I was reminded of sad death vividly cruel. I shall never live to forget it: You know I never wished to die. How cruel that my first experience should be mother to the dreaded moment. My strength was as your letter made me. I was beside myself when I learned that you had taken it all. I need have no beloved father.

I am now quite calm for I know I have to fear the two most dear to me in the world. Otherwise, it would have crushed me. Once an illness was almost necessary. But now any time fits perfectly. Do you care to grant to him who flatters himself that he is you the bliss of folding his arms?

I have enclosed my pain and fear, which will reach you this time. I do not feel able to finish today. I am saving it up for some other day to make me breathe a little. Here is dear and excellent. I am sure it was only some very persuasive tongue which has driven you to prefer the moment of existence to the reputation so famous and so profitable. Everyone is right. I am too.

You had long since detected, and yet you did not think. My son! Since your childhood as a child you sat intent, ever grave and thoughtful, observing the early efflorescence of your life. But now, you are ready to challenge familiarity, which is the first step of those who want to leave this world. A good-hearted fellow, it is true, is accustomed to a mistake. It is just good heart. Any person showers great opinion on the skies. But the greatest art of all is to know oneself, and then, my dear son, to do as I do, through and through.

Well, what objection have you to raise now? But you want everything once. Read my long list of fancy goods. I must close. I remain.

Well I must be my mother more clearly, at the end, when nobody knows her, or him, or it, self seems weak and poor. The choruses are powerful and excellent, but anything I might compose might not be effective at the point others appear, played to others, being the Other. Behold the whole world. Behold the blood beating the solitary repetition. I am very glad to have finished all that hack work. When I am not present it is most charmant with the idea. I often give vent to my musical rage in the music. I shout brave, brave, and Bravissimo, and clap my hands until the fingers tingle. I kiss a hundred times, but I remain here and staying. This requires a frightful amount of labor. I am willing to do anything to listen to the good stuff. I hear myself forgive french trash, noticing the difference. Just a lot of hard work, singing screeching something found in the world after all. Earnest longing after everything, and safe and sound common judgment on the way of common interest. The fingers finding it very expedient and so on, Basta. The hounds of our Parisian God thoroughly provincial. Biting at the cuff until it's an act of friendship, and distinctive. One's politely expressing oneself in French, or the common language of the continent, conveying the most profound sentiments today earnestly a pleasure and my most dear loved childlike instructions dear grim earthly intelligibility

A little spark off the drop that I casually held so near and to give to others at any cost. If anyone should ask me, just give it to anyone, but not as you, as some other. Look at the difference between me and the best of humours you felt when no one was there.

From youth up it is one long struggle to attract attention, and then deflect it into the bank account. Of course you're sad that the idea you thought you had so safe and sound becomes such a Lowland Commodity, but realize dire necessity. Open your eyes, look, where is reason and the money it attracts? Your compositions never take full account of the wretched situation. Everybody in the world, and still you think your own thoughts, in privacy, some kind of lunatic. Pity your old past.

It is not true, possible, gifted, or saleable: the pleasure of hearing, the very syllables. What do you think when thought is so abstruse? As you know, it has always been my habit to reflect and consider, but for this I should not have been able to define my own kindness. I would have dropped dead in the face of amateurs! Can you blame me if this extremely important manner is on my mind day and night? Times remain. Oh if only I were you, to greet the truth with my orchestra! Wretched money cleared off scribbling, moving the hearer to see the believed moment. Every day comes and remembers long ago when the whole world was cheerful.

Even if the Archbishop had given me another two hundred gulden - and I - I had agreed - we should have the same old story over again. Believe me, I need all my commonsense, but I could never again serve such a master, even if I had to beg.

My desire and my hope is to gain honor, fame, and money. I shall be more useful to you in Vienna.

what does do when he is
need all God knows how had
instead of trying hold dear
same old excellent actor It
death to false villains etc.
admit indifferent in
seventeen fiftysix to seventeen ninetyone

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— steve benson —
STEEL IDEA



— MIAM 6 —

OH THE EDGE

for Kathleen

When I walk down the hill
I think slowly on these words
After you watch over several old stones
It's afternoon and I look over white buildings
Quite a thought I am having then
Never understanding you when you are speaking Latin
So why are you so soft and tender
A red bird a sky and sand glisten
Listen a gnarly floating raggedy black wet sound
My vest coats my chest and stomach
I've now broken the train of probably explosions
My ideas or notions are deeply weaving what
An boldly bored after let bad limb
Everyone has their sentence to be said
Nightly the white moon now shapes up
Hold on Sandy it's the real thing now
Your arm isn't bare anymore is it
That's for sure I say with a smile
For you I would say a thoughtful word
Well outside there play any group of people
Then there's several folks who may do anything

HOMAGE TO ASHBERY

He/I ride wide of you, whose head's so light, lined in with vociferous trees, Vermont/England, frayed tent over head, head washed in sunlight in red instamatic xerox natural process color, the filter. Which keeps over the drink hot and tired leftover from Sunday at our house. We own the furniture, fight the pets, declare our natural holidays. Ours is the only one. That's how we think and keep our sanity. The other side is yellow, over the you know one, saying is tea-red and wine-pink-yellow anyhow dark and cupboard-smelling chaste shaven backwards, black listening at night with the horses that take off at a powder-flash -- tapped in from behind, beyond the green-oxidized door. Why quiet down to rest? Of the little sculpture gallery on the surface: you get in and see tethered there a marvelous Shetland pony, wet and hassled and ready to dish you out, irregardless of your appearance. A nice surprise, you guess, and anyway a Sunday out. It is the first occasion you have had to do so. At last you have something all back into your effects and glean at something, regardless. It's really red infection, a nuance thrown out of all proportion left to its own devices. Take the shower. Now bathe in it holding it in your hand. Hit it tickles and the godawful just wash up. At last you have no less. Thinking yourself a race, etc., it is a bleak hatred for your race.

that open in the blizzard. It's a blown night. You sign for me. Grab at: the closed song clip/repertoire holding like a mountainside with little signs aiming at a useful description: bellow and on into the yellow blinkers to guide one drives from the back of the car, how ever. Basted on the turnpike make out a red sticker that was supposed to be properly defrosted, now never was. Folding in yourself bare to the wreck of a gape of soldiers home Sunday: there's something wrong with my mouth -- aspirin? funny taste. and change it, inspire it with wickedness grace and kick it on the road where it will forget us in black resentfulness which, you included, will never blame. is in conversation, Yayayayah I mean ballsy pure literal great in retreat, right but not so gnoshy as often one or the other of us is in conversation. It stops raining while I lost, which you took in my tobacco before we met.

STEEL IDEA

Preamble

Steal ideas. Sit w/ books you want to read & when you get a hit off them write it, from the book or yr distillation or inspiration. Imagine how Barry Watten wd do it. Write a series every adjective you think of -- change every noun that wants to end it into an adjective as you write it down. Call last night's poem "Diapers Call." Tomorrow write Flat Rock. Tomorrow night who knows -- Nothing, if we go see "1900" in the daylight. We're in the same business -- or secret society -- or we suffer & get off on the same perversion. So random is it? "Who" or "whom" I know. Like an amalgam of Barry's and Carla's, displaced by my own: gesture of throwing it up in the air, "here!" so it goes everywhere, anybody can catch it, moving off center enough to be noticed.

1/13

Well -- "well" he said -- one way he said was to write. He fell into the past tense as though a plane. Did you spell that intentionally? No one I know has come here, nothing I do could be as deliberate as what they're doing who are here... and yet I deliberate so much! I don't even know when I'm making works until I'm on the other side, and soon I'm just keeping busy again. When I hear talk of the flow I almost vomit.

When you come to a concert here they pass out publicity, in written form. The floor is highly waxed -- we're walking in our street shoes on the dance space. Lights dimming and going up and down again, makes me want to eat.

2) The most extreme honest intensity of this moment. Not "I warbled about my sense of rhythm" but "whatever the re-

verse" and fly into a rendition of the impossible. Next to me pauses, yawns.

In reality, though, I am in the audience, among definitions. Thank god for "art" which suspends my belief in that. Though it's not all that does.

3) A wicked kiss because hands at my chest like a swoon because what word did she use? The language-centered writer has so little reaction as he discovers how sexy the world around him: oh, there are one or 2 cute boys here and what difference does that make (Wrong again)

Then the only person I knew sat down beside me.

nice to see you
let's have a quiet time
lights out now make the bed
in your head see lights lining
up like stars in the twinkling
a light line brightening up your horizon
head out for disaster
make a film about it and come home
again you reach into the stars
you have no home
you are backwards you know that?
this happy fast busy busted writing
I can't stop now's the time to right away go
it's the hope for the future I'd say
you look along this line and with your toe you
shoot aim hard shoot into the bingo
the night falls like a wipe
I see myself in a cameo role in this one
as the little boy, just learning, trying on his first
army field jacket, his first razor, his first
mambo, he takes off his coat and reveals
covered with warts and penises his hairy body

2/12

It's hard to believe Jim's as dumb as he acts. Turning his apartment into a novel, yes, as a punk idea, but really expecting to get support on it? even from punks? It's depressing because he doesn't eat and is tired, he says, all the time, wants a job but won't get one.

2/15

It's coming to a couple times a week I get into frantic running walks around downtown, thinking what a great romantic city I'm living in, trying to get to work on time (& failing) as well as doing all the errands I have to do (failing these too). So I revel in seeing San Francisco.

I drive across town and stop in to see N
N has just birthed a new son, M
M is bouncing happily at N's breast
sucking milk and thinking God knows what

I want to go out for love tonight
If you want to get existential a moment
Fabricate a lie darling
This crisp determinate, silvery bill
Glance into the fat of my hand
Give me your arms and dance around holding me
Stand back I want to look at you
Precious you're wonderful reach arm around her
Him the man I'm sitting next to
Long after the sun has set
The flies of the kitchen have gone to sleep
Glass slippers begin to grow warm
The present moment -- wait, give me your hand
Beside me walks down through the dark
Heads bending beside us like so many monsters
Hold out your hand for the tip
There's a long line of dismay set ahead for you
I play with the food and throw it
Just outside the window what we call the yard
Don't finish I pray silently
I walk in on the middle of a game of cards
I'm in the middle of the table
You take off your clothes and climb over me
Be a basket, carry me off
Be dropped out in the open field

I am the same as I always was
Love and romanticism pour out of me
The lush stumbles the flooding street
I believe the red apple floating there
Or the red-printed cellophane in its place
Breaks through the resistance of his comrade

Horrible rank closedmindedness I learned you
Take it into his heart
Or he closes like a vast mechanical tank

TWO FER

Looking out the kitchen window
In the half dark for UFO's
Is it any wonder
The way a line comes into a Bowie song
Remind myself: I don't need to know what
Time it is, I'm going nowhere
Word broke in two less than half way
Through
Thank God don't have to get up in the morning
Or look across to the other side
Way up, out
Laundry day
Hit me
Stay home then with a thick head
And my sleeping bag full of moths mouths
Dogeared dogeared good books
Lose sight of home in the time it takes to
Get around to the other side of
This hammock hamburger

A good meal which did it
Let the record play off, spin
To a stop, drop the hand holding
You two don't have to sit there thinking
I had forgotten
I needed you to remind me
Oh cut the bacon & let's eat it
Comes but once a day, this pause, neglect
Seeing believable little anteating
Little whisps of drive, scooting
Two syllables for one-syllable word: break in
Aching to take you at your word
But I've played this game before
Half sore, half, red, more than bored
Went out as good as going out
Full star in the sky
Robbed me and stole my pants
Panties, used to say, before it was
My turn

The language bare and stomped out in the yard
he road in mush, he lay bare his leg
and the hogs stood out in the field of the sky
we walk watch out in the far field yard
or stay home with the moms and belt bombs
bet bombs catch rocks and bonds neck
you'll catch holy hell well son listen listen
the berries'll catch you and you yell outouch
ginsberg's new lyrics addressed to his son
we watch out in the beast frame of mind
couched in on our behind
the farmyard shading into twilight for us
bells busting in the belfries
waging war on a remorseless possibility
you let me in I'll let you out
the that's right, a holy bluff
he lays his toys out in all directions
stand on the corner shy in a snowstorm
he said now wait a minute that's impossible
repeat, realize the form
run true, little river, break out over the land's face
or quote me laconically
catch me out in the sunshine with paradise
the corner bends
this while I'm dying of hunger
figuratively, though I'd rather say literally
I hold my hand against the darkness
preying and lying
spitting wine behind me, trying to read
or furnish the house. Breaking over the doorknob
or more generally the doorway to the outside
where I'm sitting rocking thinking moving up
and back in the chair, on the floor,
delaying nothing, blam blam blam blam, dead
(light) white up
on the floor of the porch, just inside the door

1/6

Sick day. The pen I stole is hard to get the cap off of. I imagined stealing it from an impersonal store. I'm working on keeping the pen, manifesting my act. My act is writing now, then it'll be to read the end of the mystery.

2/11

Well I hope today is the 11th, so my bogus bus transfer may work, but the bus may take so long to get here I may peevishly "not care." One disappeared out of sight over the hill just as I came to Potrero, but I can't think of anything I wasted 60 seconds doing before leaving the house, and the fact that I didn't stop to call 'popcorn' to check what time it is would only stand in my favor if I'd caught the bus. Now, I have time to write and join in the history of reifying, if not entirely ennobling, the complaint. Jeff feels weak after a traumatically emotional night and I'm going in early to relieve him, trying to get to Jim's on the way to the Transbay Terminal, to see the novel he's made of his home and his traumatically emotional life before it closes up. Wind. Much better thanks. Floods in LA. Street looks like it's been skimmed by an archaeology student....

THE EX-COMMUNIST MANIFESTO

All right believers will be shot. This is the first memorable insignia. A vacant fear is not real. You have said you signed the waiver, but in fact you have signed this document by the very act of reaching it. Do not despise yourself; to do so is to despise others too. Sandy was waylaid on a side street of the poor part of his town. What has happened to my child? I regret to inform you

that your son has been subsumed in an important historical crisis from which you will benefit with your life. He reached up and shook the cat. Plugged it into his anus. Sniff the air and you'll see what I mean. Get that? Harm shook and knotted, grimly coked, suffered, stuffed -- it was a new day. You'll see. Harm's way. We sat about and shook as we waited for the mail truck to come with our meals it was not enough. The high light ironing board commented on us, draining the distant past of its obviousness until only the laborious awfulness headache John wipe my nose clean fawn whimpering ran down the hill less aches now right along this ridge you breathe the the you breathe here. All right all angels will be interminable. Which means the same as dead to you. This is the end. Now you hear it now you don't. Don't believe it for a moment. It's a con game. No! I will go home and collect \$3000 and run away from home and join the communists and change the system from within if I'm given a chance. Bougie-boy wants a chance. He gets pegged in the eleventh grade. No comment. Sign this wafer. Hands it into the box with an emission of sins, pink wishes stuck in toil crown the other side. Never mind, you'll do, says the winsome (goes out looks around gets in the other side) which is more than he'll do. He looks around his arm band. His arm is gone. It's been taken to the Navy. The Navy is fortunately obsolete. This is only the duration of his headaches. Time was when he couldn't say that. Now he's a perfect specimen of concentrated and redeemed remorse. Look at what? Well you can say that but what difference will it make. The name of his son. His son remains childless, not to be blamed. I develop a rash on my forearm. Take turns at concentrating. On this, will you? The poor part of town, his hate.

1/15

I raise a lot of issues with him. I write my dreams when I wake up in the morning and am exuberant afterwards. I tell him I want to sleep with him and be more physically affectionate with him. We dance together. He says fine but not tonight, says I don't feel sexually with you and my feelings about needing to air my feelings, and how awkward this is for me to try to do, with men, is evidently totally unfamiliar to him and he doesn't seem really interested and yet he acts like he wants to hear me out, curious, he will ask questions rather than drop the subject, as though

THE SHAGGY DOG

How cruel is life, he thought to himself while walking in and out the door to his house, trying to decide whether to begin or end. He drew a cigarette to himself, lighted it and walked down into the cold sidewalk-paved city. Desperate thugs worried him close to home more than they did when he was far away. I think I'll go catch a show or some sex, he mused to himself, pretending he hadn't been planning this

all day. Gotta get out, gotta get out! I feel my mind tumbling like dice in a gambling bin. Looking out of his left eye he saw a tall girl in high heels carrying a little poodle, black with red and green as trim. He held out his eyes and looked her in the face while tracing his profile against the lit distance of the end of the street in the city skyline. She held her breath and hugged her little dog. She wanted to tug him but she was too old. She knew better, he would probably want to tell her something or molest her. When she fell from her high heels he caught her from the curbside and felt her bare arm cradled in his right hand. It was white and fell away more than broke off when he let it go. I can't hold her too long. I have to employ justice; I have to let her decide. She'll grow up and make up her own mind. He stood a moment waiting. She, surprised he had nothing to say, bent and hugged him by the knees, since he was taller than her and she was on the ground.

This is where I forget what to say. He did it in his mind. He blew out a warm blast of air from his lungs and leaned down to help her. She had lost her puppy and suddenly started crying before he understood what she was excited about when she was so looking around. She was standing up and he was helping her, in his mind, by asking her what she could tell him. He didn't want to decide what to do to save the pup for her. I don't want to see that pup, he was secretly saying. He blew his cool. "Your dog will come back to you -- don't worry -- here, let's walk this way, and maybe she'll -- is it a he or a she? -- maybe he'll turn up." They walked on as though through the park with him wondering why he had adopted this girl and her alternately enjoying the day and worrying about her lost dog. They came to a swing and she swung while he pushed her and he saw something go out of her hands every time she went forward and up, he pushing harder every time.

Riding through oaken veiled Oakland unveiled station
like what he calls in his head a state of unhit likes
and piddlyshit unwanted discohip dislikes
he didn't live in here then
strengthening up amid the books Stars and Stripe and
Sheep Glow Bold Ace Burn
Reckoning
you swoop through the right of way with your
cavernous standards
Shake up on against the seatbelts
Brake through the hemming and hawing of your stupid neigh-
bors them stubborn foods if they eat
inching and sneaking along the ways of whoziz town
After you
By clown I'm clone and never more alone
Now inside my arm a tiny icepick
tones up for the big demonstration
as the clock on my face lights the path through a an-
nouncement of daylight savings time
Oh No Coldcuts
The pharmaceutical marriage: See here, Mommy,
I've got grey lips and a hidden cheek
a third cheek. Listen here the grapes are squeaking it's a
full moon
I linger by the cigar pump and beat on a guitar with my uri-
nator
Shock waves Life takes off on
no limit Incense
You peel off your outdoors
Why the ashtray? That's in the car. It's locked. You lost
you better ride back to town in the back of a bus
lower than a plate of glass
Now never mind your distress at the twinkling of a colon.
After you've catched your homemade dreg-lidded occupational
"glub"
your corner will press in and the hand'll tie you up
with a little chop.

the pedant summer hangs as from a bough
likewise the gauche flag drips from its moorings
you can see me in public if you have a mind to
or you will find me around your white horse

you read clothes your night off from the stars
say what you will, for supper around the supposedly
round table, what each of us wants is a big hunk
to fall off like a wrapper into the gutter

now this is typical of me when I'm trying to be cute
now I go into my grind of despair
now I let go a fit of excited silence
hoping someone's watching me from behind

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