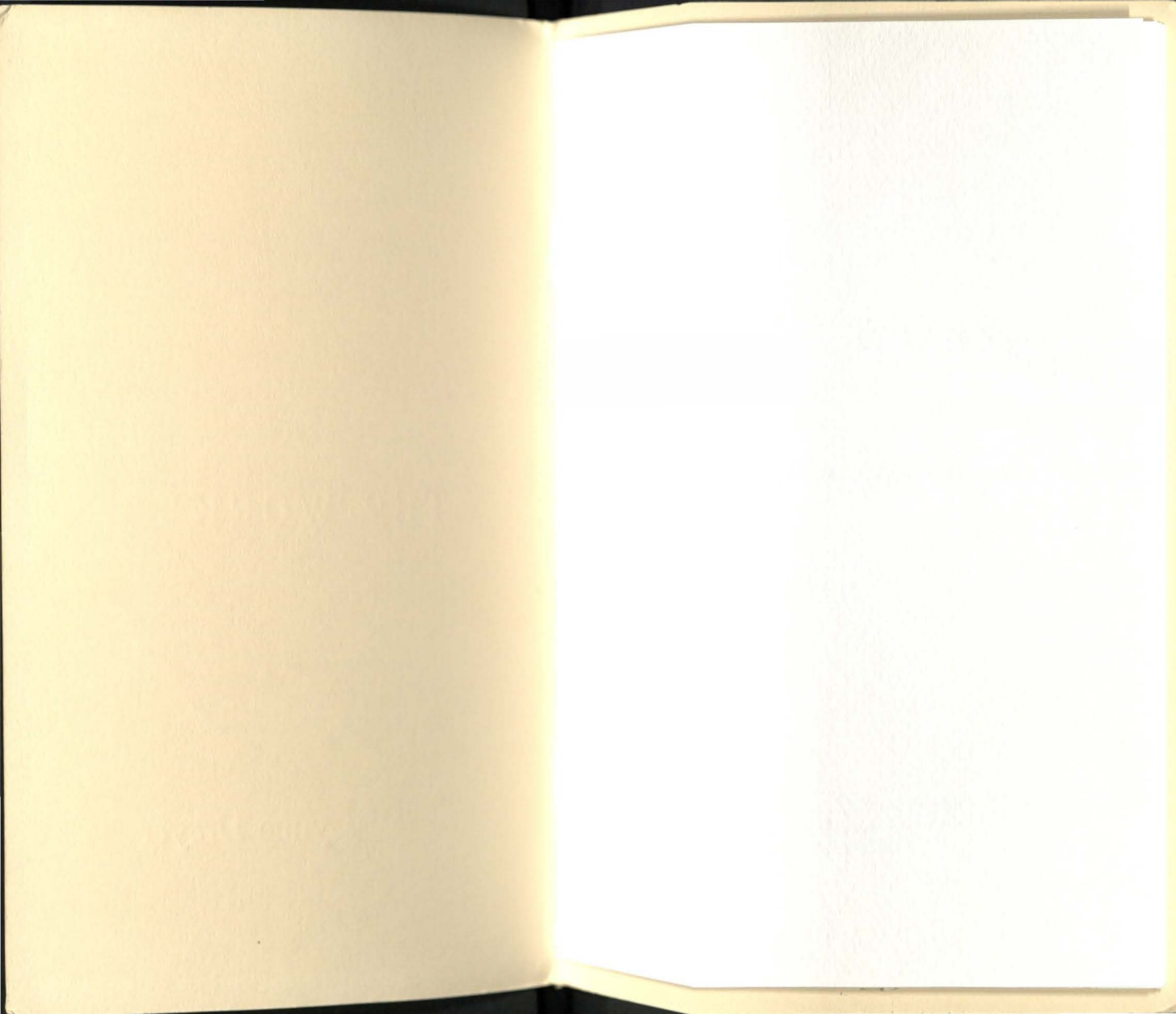


# STEP WORK



Lynne Dreyer



11/10/83  
CDD  
11/10/83

# STEP WORK

Lynne Dreyer

Printed at TUUMBA PRESS  
as Tuumba 44  
March 1983

copyright © 1983 by Lynne Dreyer

Sections of STEP WORK were published first in *Dog City*,  
*Vanishing Cab*, and *The Paris Review*.

Other books by Lynne Dreyer include:

LAMPLIGHTS USED TO FEED THE DEER,

Some of Us Press, 1973

STAMPEDE, ELL Press, 1976

ISSN 0146 - 2083

## STEP WORK

Line the pictures and think in the distance not unlike the slow thick thrills that ridicule the mind. Now the mind is general with bovine shaped eyes. The tough poems become the fathers on the barrels. Excited by the soft chords, they decide their verdict. He tests the right eye winking. More cynical notes on those who love children and dogs. They look like they'll explode. One thousand whimpers turning into mechanical grins. Sour-hide writing like the country-Danny Boy. The urban ranch becomes puffy edged, glenned, preparing for the uncared adults.

Come you back tiny home. Do you become ancient and tense? The three chords sound dissonant, like how much talking will go on until it becomes smooth and unnecessary. These barrel fathers are ridiculous and their roles are gaudy. Their time is taken, they make the morning seem creeped.

The sun screams on your skin while you feel your slow self become. The couch is the same, the stories are out, and we are clever enough to know them. The religious expression when you thought they were laughing into your voice, you cracked and shattered the image back.

The comic hero's lengthy art disease. "Why Lord! You sound southern!" The visitors are excited. The mother barrels are exclaiming their weight.

How many more plain images can you disguise as a muse?

How many more questions can you ask with remarks that cut into the soft body and skin? For rain the picture is tropical, the culture is advertised, the music isn't. Send the tiny adults away, they trust the state religiously. Quiet men who attack the throne gobble food. No urban witticisms here.

He's guessing how many words go down. Women send your free voices through the ship's design! The house will go, she clears herself. They tell you he was afraid of the dogs and you believe he was. They tell you not to love that fear and you do. The pigs come in next to drink the coffee and use the ship.

Was it hidden, lost in a possible life alone? When the barrel fathers come to take the baby away, make it different, easier. Give up casually, make space, work it out, decide. Dog baby, scratching time relieve the wake of the cubicle to make it smooth.

With that brief description, the pen hangs laboriously from the last finger's point. Pain coils into comfort leaving it slick glow. Bobbins in the teeth, the water taking its slow effect, time trapped into a trillion pieces of ice as the memory of the music takes on the meaning of the word do. Dreams are canceled out but there is still more general thought. He names each country as it goes out. A lullaby of shattered makes the thought more individual as huge heads and hands fill the room. Peaceful Indians on the cover counteract.

Are you wearing your tourist outfit to escape the activity? Are you taking a long blocked walk controlled? A fine mist rain falls. The live disciplined house is losing fast. The Greek was where we left him, trying to find the face that was peeling off her kindness while dogs and cats grow by the second, leaving activity to deflate. Then he said, "No expression was worth that much money." The big wing from the car was

visible, the rest buried in the sand. Paper scattered drink embodied.

Do you call it a hormonal substitute like fat caring, fat and happy, a fat cat perched with the old fat cigar. Seventh Avenue.

No more meetings, fall years, empathy becomes the general reeling. Crack out the old pictures, we love those. Berkeley, musky office, reading it wrong all of these years. I see the vivid sky, the blood pulsing, the attempts at food. They're happy in their unit where the logs hang laboriously from the sky. The others are thick with respect but don't understand. The impression was that he needed her, was looking at her, when it really was a long time desirous guardian house.

What type of king would you ransom to be? Are the curtains drawn for painting? Swollen words way too pretty. They spend a lot of time by themselves dramatizing the black night.

Devastate yourself as you slink out of the room. Small compact images in rock. The bridge at sunset coming to mean symbols-- a future life. Hundreds of clean boxes roll down the mountain setting to dry in the sun. Rest, sleep, dropping names. The tiny men with hats are getting out of town.

Limitless, expansiveness, surfaceless, becoming a lot of small tiny movements, borrowing houses, an environment, which day it is or how muddled and smooth you want to say. Direct, cut short.

Trapping out tires in the small of the room, boxes filled with more addresses, blocking the air, shimmering in the early maze, cracked out to reveal captures. Seized and reluctant, dramatic and taunting, ridiculous and large and seemingly one. Allow yourself such precision in the dark sky, careless and burning to your private room. You carefully swing over the

plants. The wind blows in unseasonal disgust as the war boy becomes the boy on the bus, stealing the scenes from the dawn.

Become turned to the light where sympathy packs in its heavy evidence, scooting fish that make the most of the night. Then things were ideas, not real. Such a lovely time for fall to come. Such a raging time for fall to come. Arlington all strung out in a vertical hue. A long man smiling, raking leaves, equals PKU.

He's beautiful when he notices his hand. The chord relishes the upward swing reminding me of the night where Skeeter cooled it out for all of us. The morning sped with gray becomes lost and oozing in uptown skies and grown men take on a new meaning like nicknames, like seeing them grow. Time it. Throw it away.

Like the characters with the "imitation ears", she takes herself seriously. She made it up as the kicking begins. The sad babies, ditches and gutters; these scenes are flashed, others charred into the fiction future. Sadness buries itself in reluctant poses and comic relief. Hair stands up on head, eyes rolling.

Does the lost brother become the silent guardian? Do they accompany you? The mother guilt games following all the way to the south; so that when he eats alone, he's still trying to gobble it up so quickly and so fast. The cats are pulling apart your body, sucking the skin at different parts. What a tiny way to encounter a loan. The face flaps in the wind.

There were fakirs in the song, the carousel projector, O in the English accent, automatic cassette, interpreter replacement. It laughs just like a friend. It laughs up to me.

He is falling around, more like oozing, flowing, and I think about him being languid, how I've always thought of it

as a female trait. But then I think he is, he seems calm until he stands in front of us and declares his hello and that a business is every American's dream come true or did he say back drop to Baltimore to the office moving home -- changing his position, trying to decide if they can get machines to do maintenance. Think about the 100 year quarter rest, last reciprocal, needles on the bed, hitting the monkey's head, trying to test their volition, they're crowding them out.

Are the cows home? Are they surviving? Are they complimenting your survival? They're cultivated, luxurious, admitting to be a luxury item. As sentimental as the electric birds, the trip is planned for fall. First on the island, then at the shopping center where everything is smooth, you appear with your yellow silent eyes.

Erskine and Tony are explaining the difference between pat and fat and pat fat. At the end of the process the machine stops. It's not dramatic but it's clear, it's talking about power, about the languid men who pose, the difference between the quiet men and Erskine says, "Aw Lynne, come on, like, don't be bad, don't be serious, Coops his man." -- he says, "He knows it will follow him; but not Frank, cause Frank is so clear, he's too concise and too short, and he won't listen to him, he won't take orders from him, from his voice."

It's school, high school, cool groundshirt, reverse to hip and what is allowed and what isn't for artistic lifestyles or P.G. county tough guy shy or joke shy about it.

Or the lifestyle where the women back up their men, they're wanting to be tough like in Antin's airline stewardess tough. "Why honey, look at this new outfit, won't he go wild."

Well Erskine and Tony are moving up, they want to know what other things you can do, such as walk on the outside, hold the door, light the cigarette. It's European, everyone

knows you shouldn't advertise, or follow a bike so close where the holiday brings the announcement and are the judges being bought off, colliding? Are these Disneyland ships following the dream where it's too slow and you can't connect, you could possibly find a way to write.

She is holding her ear with her hand, her mouth cast down, wondering if things will go alright with her boyfriend. At the same time, the other guy walks in worrying about her. She glances up, taking everything in. She's trying hard to be light.

Now is the time to be generous and nice. If it gets quiet enough, we will all die. If you don't understand me, I would live. It didn't strike her fancy, it wasn't intelligent, it craved attention and it was ashamed. Does the face feel its soft age?

How blue does the train become? Look around and lose its empty life. Image equaling a duplicate. Naming your child in the Evangelical Church. If they're holding their hands high, they're praying the white man standing in front of the blacks. I need you when I chance to say it, murky eyes lost, two evacuation processes images. Hanging comforting things on the wall and leaving the stationary in a pleasant fashion, making the f as if it was a great whale.

Those who talk for the sake of talking or silence it, take the great black chorus and sing out! Take the sea and describe its ridiculous glory! The mast becomes the lightning cross, personalized to the nth degree, tracking time with heavy steps. Black the time when friends become pods, or appeasing witnesses to your clever deeds. The bridge turns over and over in my mind.

Stop watching proud sow!

While they're waiting for the salute, they show a double take, reminiscent of the "Old South". Then they're off prom-

enading.

What a strange way to play the flute, between two men. Stout illustrated words. Flat about the house. Coy about Boston. A tape to play to Boston. They're acting a certain way. Now they're talking about stinking in a classical, dignified, monstrous, humorous, mod, way. They exquisitely try to pick their noses.

The big white hero has a disease. In a monstrous loud voice he shouts, "The only effect of your death is the lazy side of your mouth." Words become letters in my dream world of poetry, ones I try to understand. I'm not here for all to see, water giggles a common side. You've seen this thing before, when you reached out. Record that into cliches.

Fingers regard the self. I'm not the carousel that reels empathy. Not once on the ship's time were your words with me. Make the time go for a lend when the night turns bright and cold and you're walking white and diligent. The people stand up to chalk life, to say it's a mere excuse, mere when it's so far from your voice. Why, these big rooms become a sweep and the woman in her long dress becomes the one with her pockets filled with her hands.

When the excellent sounds become a life story, get out, try it out, block the view where it's quiet enough to send you dreaming. The letters had all of that personality, you can't get very far into it with that. You can't think it all by yourself. Extend it, force it out, think and let go, fall back, and let it go. Stop being so cute, no need to be tough, leave that for the movies, calm down, don't try to explode, don't be watching out. The cat comes near you, think it out, don't put it down with the organ and the holiday which become forceful, polished, magnetic, and weak. Write through the lines in the book. There, now you feel better. Do you excuse yourself,

exclude yourself? Now, isn't that what all of this is about today? Can I bring myself together thru my words without the image of the grazing cows?

I saw and beckoned the books back, reconstructed the dream, the air gliding him off. Will Phyllis be careful of me? She's protecting us, warning us of the light air, while he actually floats away, head turned to endearing light.

The pictures of the first transportation stand fixed in my mind. These are thick with waiting and like the cubed birth of the train, China comes back. Lie alone in the cell, shackles on shackles, and be proud of your work. Then do the interview. This practice normal they said, and neither side, prisoner nor law, was ashamed or threatened. Tommy! Cat legs re-viving the hidden talent, cost to room, whisper it good-bye.

A trapped detective's dream gets mashed. They whispered about allowing a determined little girl ratio while running away with her dog. They were talking about the emigration and it became emigrating into less money, emigrating into silence, emigrating into the dominant one, into always getting her way, into all of the attention, theorizing the perfect laugh shimmering into crystals.

It became emigrating to California, into what's left, into trying to get out of the neighborhood where the neighborhoods are confused, blossoming, characterized, stingy, and received.

Big blocked titles, stamps on the bus. Will you like it as much as a new beginning symbolizing motion? Turning to the light, that and the study of the hands. These were comical and tough. They were uniform.

Do you think this is enough or must you explain? Do you explain the tone? Do you explain the collective father's witty love? Do you explain the letters, the exceptional matrix?

Do you have to explain the hospital, the reluctant pose, hand on neck, the somber tonality of the dispatcher voice. They come to the door in groups, they are having a great time. You explain and try to hustle them up North. They sit dumbfounded. They don't understand. Are you explaining, making it clear, making it clever enough to them? He quotes about the automatic writing. He wanted to forget. A lot of experiments, wit, smelling of the hands, mimicking of the voice, and a little cackled laugh.

"I don't know what to do."

"It takes more than money."

"It wasn't the right time."

"It was too sentimental."

"I don't like to advertise."

Vicious, naming wits, foreboding little tracks, talking it down. He always talked it down and I agreed, bobbing my head. We just wanted a little attention like the word branch.

It was the same type of neighborhood although different real estate terms. In the dream, it was detached houses in Baltimore. In my mind, it was detached houses in Baltimore. In the dream, it was the apartment turning into a condominium. In the dream, it becomes paralyzed, your hand under your legs, your spirit silently flipping its arms. Then the water, the candles floating on the waves, the waves riding them in. He was saying he was all turned around and he actually turns. Then they had the sentimental scene.

The writer walks into the ocean in the middle of the night with his cane. He always carried his cane. The dog chases him but only comes out with his cane, the wife and the detective are surrounded by the police, the lighting is fixed. It is no more the recent past.

Now the voice becomes a commanded destiny, announce-

ments, categories, accusations, rallies, mutterings. I thought he was going to say the sun, the ship. Quail, with a thud, say good-bye.

He wanted everyone to have fun, feel good, enjoy being there, self-centered, pick-it-up, figure it out, make clacking sounds with mouth, fold arms, become important to yourself. Don't tell me he's trying to become a priest of the Mormon Church? Need approval, nothing left, conceal it, draw it out. He wanted you to know it wasn't his fault, he was trying not to show his weak side, not brag, be a regular guy, make you feel good. The religious paintings were stark and ornamental. The legendary spies. N.W. vanity. Are they as white as the hand holding the other hand, speaking of support as mere irony?

They slip farther and farther away. You see their shoulders hunched up on the horizon, their little heads in unison turned to the right. They're singing in the cool dark air. The sky turns pink lifting itself inside out, upsetting the pretty little balance, just as you had planned. Dainty as in June's white gloves, it's characterized by some naughty trauma.

Take lancing's time. Take the heads stretched forward to receive their instruction. Say your last good-bye, let it go. Turn in unison to the inclined wall.

Gather together, folding in the limbs, soothe the outstretched palms, celebrate, humor her, rest.

The wall is thick. Little rabbit eyes look to stronger rabid occurrences. The two young sisters complete the circle, arms stretched out far. Where are the rooms, museum's eyes?

He seemed depressed, a certain willingness to accept, to think it out, to get the big machine going, cranked up, and there she was pattering down the monument in the war-night, fog-training the seals. Accused and queer, monetary and quaint,

dallying around in her wanted legend, the state becomes explicit, they're cleaning the stairs. The travesty is silenced.

So together in childhood, as trains press past each other, I'm reminded of flashed frontiers, character thought of in the logical sense and someone telling me so. She shouted when my eyes caught the corner's store. The cramped tightrope walker's elephant dream is explained as a volunteer.

The refugees file past the Mobil station discussing their clubbed feet. Tiny unfriendly ghosts pinpoint their daily excursions, raking the symbolism with a heavy walk, twisted song, a set of mystery twins, method supermarket, melodic companion, tangible kitten, ridiculous celebration, and the mere disappointment of some radiant smile.

The tense egg flies off the handle after lying dormant for so many years. Patterned and tarnished, it redefines itself in a new decade, slaps itself clean while carrying around all of its garbage. So as we shout our indifference we bereave the vision of our sky into other skies and fall into mirrors to study ourselves. We laugh, think about Russia, the baby, nice days. Wind picks up the indifference and it takes us into the other cities and these cities are calm. And here we are invited and obtruding and lingering. The ripened fruit are terse little heads, and as nostalgic as another season's thought, I think of all of us clamoring around on lounge chairs waiting for our drinks.

Writing becomes distant and portraits of hosts crowd the space. The next page becomes as cornered and concerned as a studied artifact. Thoughts not towards anything but embodying a lot of writing. Too many military wives are being arrested. The tiny bit of wandering summarized by a spartan attitude of space.

Is this coercion? It becomes confused like who is do-

ing the demanding? You demand that he doesn't demand enough and a strikingly pertinent dream flashes clean blue. Is this the mind turning home? Who's home? Mine? Theirs? Tribal gestures? Chants? Automatic is a bracketed word. I'm trying to save my writing. Case histories in the mail when I meant to say another mystery is in the mail. Certain things are allowed. Quiet the boxed books.

Go into the cool clocked room and count the mysteries and not the historical plots for death becomes a little naive active intrusion. Commas preserve the lightness as sun-visor calls german to her dogs. The white side of the leaves shimmers, first with skin, then secrets, and finally the secret writing. The work cracks itself open into planetary relief, whispering, calling back the dream.

"Red foxy lady! S.W." They're tired. They've never dared dream in pictures. Prepare that to the site where the people are leaving for the water shortage. They file past the grocery, past all of the stores and each sits on his own individualized pad.

Trilogy. They come in to peer, neutral, sporadic, as in an operatic jerky voice, screaming, testing out their vigilance. The apology becomes electric, flam-flakey. They come back from their country carrying their vowels and words moving chronologically forward to forget their past.

Death becomes the independent hand, crowded like the seeds. It becomes a caricature of itself, and the shallow walk becomes its harmony. Floridian gorillas are decorated with active super-heroes. The sex warp is active, complete, translucent. Wet my eyes and then the shadows can wall us in. They become timed and lasting: waiting for the family to be reunited, waiting for the family to be tried. Take some scene and think about winter, hand on cup, chicken hand image, and fi-

nally the dream image of the woman opening the door. Are the women opening the doors? The multiple image becomes its plot. The gestures have begun.

I use your electric eyes and they become the solitary hand that opens my arms. The sympathy house is for your feet and the effort is cleaner, purer, and dumb. The basic red rat eats into your open mouth as it sharpens its teeth. We are all adults. Indira keels over in a joke. The most heavy light is on the vicious fence built around us, as the ethereal music drums out its predictable beat: the beast of burden through the mouth of a frog.

The summer statue is a baby and will direct you to correct yourself. The book becomes its own marble face.

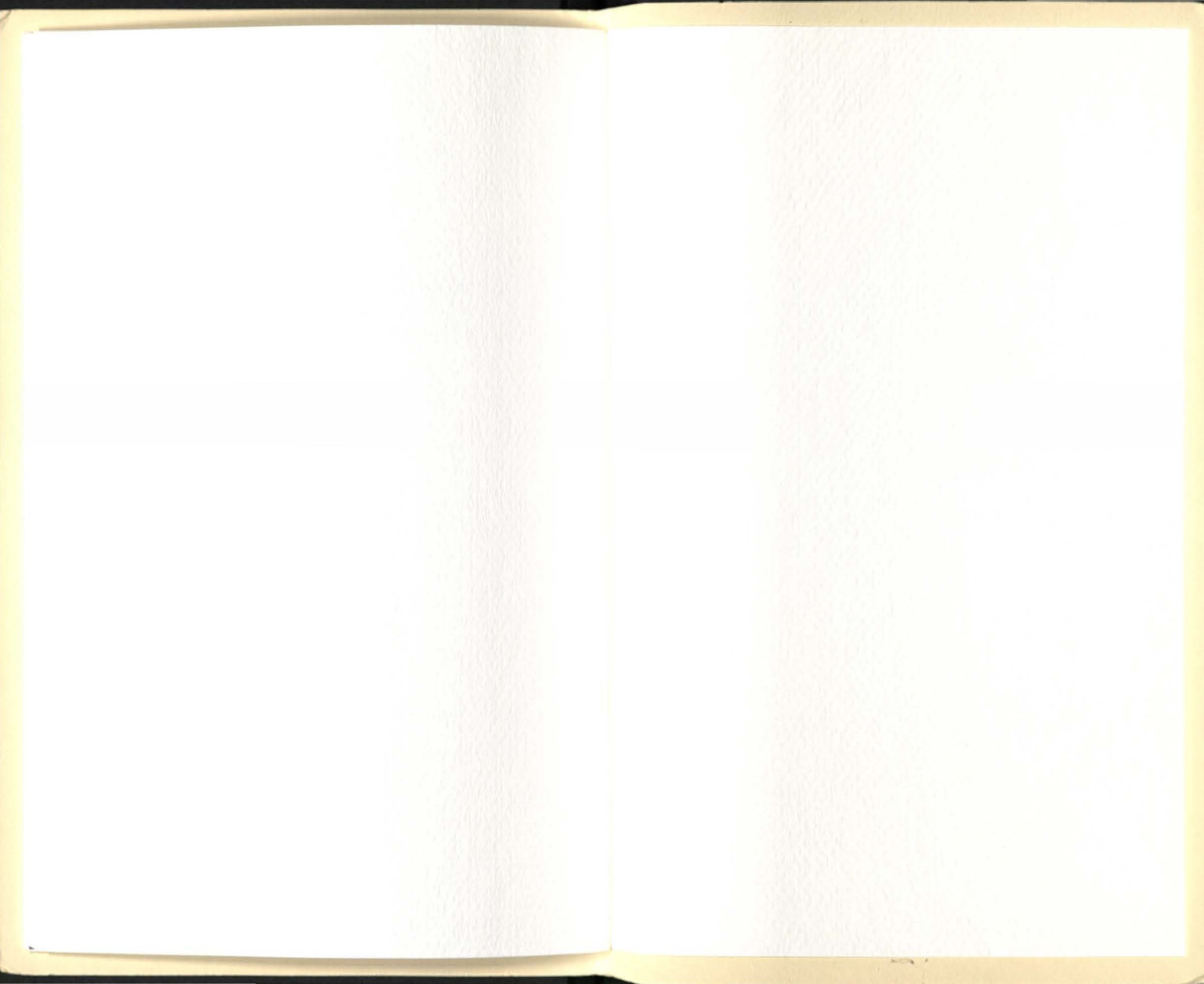
"Don't ask me to talk."

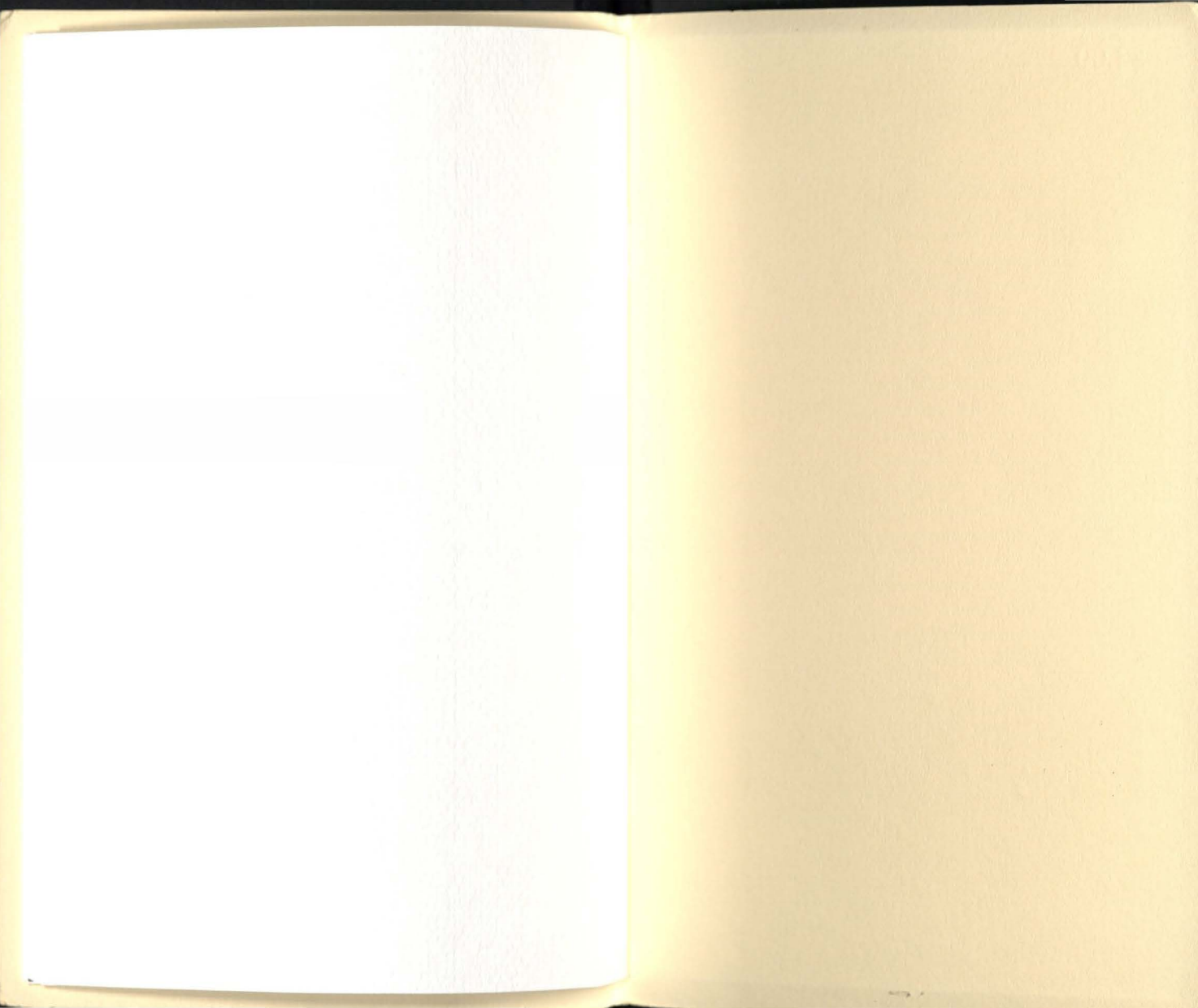
"It was raining down south."

"Why the working dogs."

Into the open mouth that feeds you the planes and mothers are becoming. Are they known? Are they becoming known? You are ready and invited. Where are you? In the country chair in the new and clean century, look into the eyes that really see you. These are the new remedies of the ancient years. Is it factory or heartbeat? Do you remember?

STEP WORK was designed and printed  
at Tuumba Press by Lyn Hejinian.  
Of an edition of 475 this is No. 372





**\$3.00**

Subscriptions: \$12 series  
Individual copies: \$3  
Free catalogue available  
TUUMBA PRESS  
2639 Russell Street  
Berkeley, California 94705

