WHITE SCIENCE

a sequence of nine poems

by

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enigmas of the pointing police
think of it as a crossed hair, crowded
phone line — the responsibilities
through drifts of this poem guts
cosming sown to choose ephemeral tree
pulled way its print submarine paralysis
nonidentical weight in exhaustion suction
off sweaty body of the nothing swathed
useless, unperturbed, delicate one melt
everything why we are descended and the
authority to wander is cellophane but it’s
time rimming the polar account by this
sound spine false solidarity or composition
the personality to be a splendid sphere
enter air of projections named concrete span
of sun the golden wet nothing to say? The
old suddenly a ghost you see a clean slate
the ear pharmaceutical encrustation mixed
maximal mystic totalism guilty pain trivial
amounts of grave whereabouts after the
family died was a debt history evil reach
kinship dubbed Latin oversimplification
angel that burns choice either a left or
right situation opens to between her hands
between everything that manages women’s
own movement white science can conceive no
idea lord and master this procession is sand
conscious choice courage but no apparition
where snow sliced the shoe a melted saltine
ballpoint pen purred a single pond, a phrase
temperature by a period birch their mineral
farm covered my skin in a picture puzzle the
ideas come on like trains in a copper cage at
boundary line experience not rope or middle
displacement kick your ass that pure grammar
factual father of nothing and following the
phrase, broken apart, finished, our of
Charter privilege invention backward antique mended revolution praise tenor defeat parallel beauty’s brow pebbled slave thought vassal nativity sufferance eat eat watchman sin hand surmount contrary iniquity now he’s king cruel knife ing kingdom perfection towers skill meditation steel impregnable stout ruminate wrinkles blood glass painting faith tongue-tied simplicity lines grounded ocean mortal age jewel virtue art captain (doctor-like) green ink decays? though honey gains wealth weeds prime fleece exchequer ornament map ambush accents co-world’s society presence victor or praise common confound shadow sepulchres voice odor measure this line worms mourn defect deeds on second head bastard signs victor bell clay compounded niggard choirs wealth anon consecrate coward worms surfeit peace memorial forget me quite rehearse earth review remains west birds desert conquest gluttoning bail arrest shake feasting interest steal possessing save pride argument nursed spent dial progress children taught the dumb disperse the sun of a worthier pen stole that pay ocean ride boat ignorance numbers bark methods birth memory book feathers style sail soundless decay mouthed profit epitaph rhetoric limit character unlettered clerk hue devise debt show report grow short tomb die rehearse verse friend muse need set affords words amen silence subject copy hymn monument penury praise praise curve curse disgrace onset come history adjunct petty garments hounds fortune’s excellence horses humour inconstant show overthrow creation virtue state which vex owners of hurt decree stewards husband inherit apple mansion comments in everything youth veins name habitation errors translated lambs lamb gazers use the strength nor sweet smell wombs issue orphans fruit cheer jewel veil freezings edge hardest cheek complexion marjoram absence tongue delight
Garments hounds fortune’s excellence
future feathering tedium bottle the tropics
hypocrites and no break beneath spreading
cash perfect bouquet sternutatory stalk
of intentions weighed subordinate officers
meat of Rembrandt never suspected
why I chose the mimosa bewildered my brother
waking, sleeping: seek her to display
a public income cuts the sky in three pieces
subject to the governor built in this felicity
where our hearts is something white, something
transparent green, coming to visit, and
finding that we ventured upon ourselves thought
carelessly to be careless intentions conform
a pliable knob of leaves, cool satin shoes
whose perfume reverts but to think of it
That was another earth throbbing an indefinite
supine sleeping bombast free suspicion
fond of rotation, whitens with dawn
confidence distressed—fund holders confined
to the President, to be punctual Taoists
bright candle association opulent frothy dress
communion in a delta of a young girl
Portable button hole denticulated with pleasure
a demonstration in brocade, in moist sneeze
“to make gain out of neighbor’s troubles”
assemblage intercourse pouring out an elongated
paper cloud admiration for asparagus not sticky
prodigalities to benefit an America Siberia
pretence of other authority through cedar boats
and oars changeless countryside in a poem
surveyed with the law of a million purple fluffs
for the facts for her lover for no part of uncorrupted
bohemian bar words demand of us a very strong smoke
listen to me and not to them — this mandate
large anemones conceal the earth of their commanders
emerge from orders, but not laws, correspond
its religious carnation under one rule—the pleasures
office the king of any effect that journey from
house broken open... what man not sick?

—Washington’s Birthday (Observed) 2/16/98
THAT PLACENESS THAT WAS LIKE A BARRELL

transparent green, coming to visit, and
finding that we ventured upon ourselves thought
Plato’s handicap is a process and when
you sing the man across from him lifts
the hems of my skirt with a click
I walk out by myself the sort of theatrical exercise
already spent virtuosity and private utility
proves thievish — the necessities
glory — where the big ranchos are
that keeps and whether the plans idiosyncrasies
penetrated but unclassified outside town
where the big Rand corporation gravity
imprint will bear 10 thousand years
finding thread stretched to make tongue-tied
tall bamboos ask the hero to kill
invent that word again, call the neighbors
graves progress, memory, salaries and slavery
substitute serve-as substitute Ghengis rising
critics can lend money on this subject
America braincells take to keep quiet
sort of lunch manifest in-equilibrium
afford precious minutes waste prime increase
dumb brain intelligence beloved name
fair gift misprision patient determinate
bonds estimate bent rearward apple inherit
owners their faces passed the head border air
general wine thoughts and later pills
remembrance a better state leaves out
inconstant “thoughts of home” officials all
silences he didn’t see how he left
difference of a playboy, four hours in martial
subscribe this poor rhyme donkey confidence
reliance, affluence, floating goblets, heretic
a contest “intangible but deeply felt”
the earth is yours — to define, not to seem
that placeness that was like a barrell
theatrical exercises I walk out
utility already spent proves thievish
and whether that keeps you tongue-tied
a sort of America no bamboo dumb brain
martial difference confidence subscribes
the earth is yours... call the neighbors
slavery & dalmatic substitute braincell
possessor of insatiable curiosity
a prime misprision passed rearward
patient bent this poor playboy inconstant
re-alliance heretic confidence intangible
rhyme increase spigot inherit bonds
this subject can lend money to the hero
kill the beloved and drink this wine

— to Ruth Eisenberg in the march against Desert Storm 2
INEFFABLE FAITH

It won’t take hold by itself — Cinema means pulling a uniform over our eyes (Kafka) — your fictional alter
I wrestled with intelligence, my beloved, slender
put forth a slender brown hair no blockade
sincere desire to be another earth throbbing indefinite bouquet sternutatory free from denticulated plastic
secluded stream and bridge prodigalities Story of stone
let loose my voice habitation errors translate —
pillowed on his thigh inks decay? (though honey gain)
When to end? steal possessing save pride keep
senses leisure pluck purple philology a wet dream
the back of its hands disperse sensual party
lawful plea roundhouse tongued as carnation’s doing
to pay sycamores golden melt as proof of crude
engrafted rehearse abundance ten times more
kindness robs speech and song so little profit
the violence unbuttoning kneecaps invocate
cuts the sky whom owes nothing though it alter
cuts the sky their locomotives hard squares god-damned
tecup blunt contortions syrup erupts form
happy thoughts of wine curtailed scent imparts
a land of maple linearity stiff old bright broken branch
torn from its setting ere others destroy it, seeds
mouthed state which vex their potency, their joy
other palms something vulgar about the idea
jungle blessed without aim a geological periplum
fall from the earth, earth from angels or by fracture
virtuosity and private wood for candle chip
Conciliatory burrito kill some of ‘em off, little mimosa
bent this poor playfuckers of solitary bed
plants seem stinking in the port of imperceptible
shoddy drumheads through the aureate sky
this subject can prize ripe estimate beauty still
dear trouble maker, ideation stays a problem
“& our government” lather (& father) theirs
a rice field, maw, no hands . . . if I am the annointed
one, fuck sublimation. Trampled filter burn through
your buckle hog fresco spectacle matrix husk rub
numerological gist dissatisfaction — take the language
the fourth dimension is in my ass, still lingers
as the haze that represents spring decipher bean
autonomous procedures show us some respect
bridal paths nursed on science fiction what could
have made me think the typical version of love
I've been bathing in the poem is either impossible
led by a bridle toward the jungle of various
go to saleable slaughter of docility, or conditioning
a lover of beauty who love by debt uncancelled
had sense at meal time to beat up a giraffe's eye
in indestructible ignorance suspected, a glow worm
through the impenetrable stagger to equity
ensheaved and barley corn against sunrise sincere
numerical constitution of each day — nostril
loose against slabs. I have announced my hermitage
the moon will rise in that vicinity, the neglected hoe
fills my top in such loveliness infants become
too troublesome after sex, mealed movements
swell with memories that prevented their being
tracked away from home — yet it seems readied
that those heavenly music or demi-gods in
recognition a mere hog eating one another
comes in their cruelty, plummets every sound
the size of a pin the folds of master and monkey
radiating all perpetual dullness with fullness
But you like none, none you, no fish will swim
and play wantonly dressing old words new
form & bend the style the young man's courting
no stone cut smooth unknown in its end
and place someone you do not know
necessity only thin ice in thaw desperate physic
dark as night and brought back objective
glimmering with light a world of certainty
the facts merge in the poetry; whom can I unburden
that the drama can lend burn and freeze
beauty if doubt is god’s mouth, the autumn sleeve
comes on distinctly, it made you that table
all that it retains — miscellaneous residencies
distantly connected, respect to despise defect
the insects named kept in a tub
goes on writing poems (the water ceasing to drip)
yields to stillness every good think is called
that covers all, that covers all, but the language
and imagery stretch the deserted not to be
concert hall or small butt, the prolongation
in the quality of friends is not especially elevated
the person loving reveals the fact in the face
suffers cruel restraint, “how I hide my love”
those who cross mountains or hills
a word association with “sane,” would disjoint
“do I not spend my self respect?” warrant
the trojan hours, the quick experiment gone awry?
He would rid himself of life, his desires
take over the world for a select few
frankensteins do not brush away, do not delay
are distinctions to aggravate “my world”
but “ours” includes that, so does this world
all dates approximate, real and non-existent
ruining the grain, beating the clothes, the big
monster’s errors implants in our brains

or that one might lose one’s entire life
have it retreat twenty years into the past
an experiment gone awry unbuttoning
its hands disperse the necessities, recline
where it should, “all echoes link as air”

— an envelopment, 3/2/98, 10:15-11:51 p.m.
TRANSFIGURED ELEMENT

“We've got to live with sanctity in our living, sanctity in our heart”

and my pen, being weak in language’s beauty
vowing something untouched, blinded and conceived
never more will grind as though it were not inside
or perhaps it is transparency, I could have been this
unnecessary display of a reflective color, missing details
that man's property no longer slander but approve
taken further and in another transpierced subject
essential notes the new murderers seemed to breathe
filling the island, the loyalty of a habit, a satire
of description hip-deep in animal blood, the devastation
thrown into a bucket the grief of one herd's leader
let happen . . . What is the agenda of a minor being
the ambush in its constellation, the naked sea stinking
semblance of a lavish absence, events half open
This is what happens when shammed and counterfeited
drained of all meaning those same tongues, crenulations half
conscious, unplayable, eroded by the pithy saying
under reconstruction descends, can say nothing
inextinguishable bitter avenue of a size where one stops
when its alteration finds our interpreted world
was a waste, the country flourishes at the art of severance
as it comes back there remains for us an equanimity
self resembles, uncertainty assemble by an artificial
portrait and replica of adamant strength our subjective
preoccupation with your subjective counterfeit
dead eye floated around faithfulness pours off
outermost nerves suspect in this huge stubbornness
convalescent there must be sounds nursed back
from window-sills, from all the others distinguished
ourselves although their eyes linear continuance
pushes a pair of heads beyond the dust and the poverty
your hand is a piece of, it would emanate from

—with music, 3/3/98, 11:47 p.m.
unconscious, unplayable, eroded by the pithy
reconstruction descends, can say inextinguishable
the appliance is a convenience, a mistrust of
the trust given to one’s mistrusts, a convenience
that nevertheless says, it’s okay to leave
a message now that you’re back in the U.S.
There’s another sentence to be written. Another
thought to complete this sometimely fear of erasure
I don’t want to have to answer to these turds
disseminate your own imbecility, hit by the car
almost hit by the car. Naturally nobody was
Martin Heideggard. I had no idea a drink had been
sheltered somewhere. As a matter of fact, that
particular Volkswagen was said to have lived,
though I know of no record of that.
The phobia gets to be a little confusing, finally.
What was I thinking?
the same is different, no one understands
in this part of the neighborhood no one minds
please their heads between selected
literal Bronze Age and cancelled reason
handsome puppets facing the wall
the hidden arm open fabric
condition of trust or versions of unmusical
beasts burned or rotted smell
catastrophe concomitant orderly progression
personality the billion-year-long
stencilled tissue of maniacs, political
analysis, dots and dashes, segments in advance
in confidence, the same number of lies
inferior star upon one's knee, a miracle's
tunnel of cognitive clusters, vegetables of Hegel
the same object in violence or retread
the territory everywhere—consciousness
a concomitant nascent training materialization
idiosyncratic procedural poetry, what?
One knows one will pay for doing
the moving point, flying in it someone, in the person
demand something—the balanced edges clear
the curve in the heads they choose to sell
contradictory to meaning
citizens solitary book-thoughts certain
illumination, fear and broadening self undissolving un-uncertain smile
bring them back to the world
have no dignity, do not ream them
When did you become your own
speech and speaker in a space
that doesn't exist