

DaDaDa

CATHERINE DALY was valedictorian of her class at St. Teresa of Avila High School in a small blue collar city in the American Midwest. An Illinois Scholar at Trinity College and Merit Fellow at Columbia University, Daly has worked as a technical architect, officer in a Wall Street investment bank, engineer supporting the space shuttle orbiter, software developer for motion picture studios, and teacher. She lives in Los Angeles. She is also author of a book of poetry entitled *Locket*.

DaDaDa

CATHERINE DALY



PUBLISHED BY SALT PUBLISHING
PO Box 937, Great Wilbraham PDO, Cambridge CB1 5JX United Kingdom
PO Box 202, Applecross, Western Australia 6153

All rights reserved

© Catherine Daly, 2003

The right of Catherine Daly to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted by her in accordance with Section 77 of the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

This book is in copyright. Subject to statutory exception and to provisions of relevant collective licensing agreements, no reproduction of any part may take place without the written permission of Salt Publishing.

First published 2003

Printed and bound in the United Kingdom by Lightning Source

Typeset in Swift 9.5 / 13

This book is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

ISBN 1 876857 95 1 paperback

SP

1 3 5 7 9 8 6 4 2

To Tom & Joyce Daly, who taught me how to read, and to read.

Contents

Reading Fundamentals

In the Beginning	3
Last Words	3
From the Baltimore Catechism	8
Palm Anthology	10
Glow, Little Glow Worm	10
PDA / Commands	12
Pilot	19
Wetware	20
Land or Board	22
Magnetism	25
Handheld	29
LCD / Lucid / Lewd	31
Touch Screen	32
Electromagnetic Field	33
/x is a Switch /xx /xxx	36
Wireless Aerialists	41
Mistress Plot	46
Adorata	59
Oos	75
Oos	75
Ice	78
Ahs	81
Ease	84
Use	87

Heresy

Women's Work	91
“now imagine great beauty writing on my heart”	99
Free Spirit	104
Commutare	113
Listen	116
(St.) Hildegard von Bingen's Visions	117
False Apparitions	120
vates Prophet interpreter xiejiao nabi' προφήτης	121
Woman and Island	123
Solo, Alone	125
Grouse	127
Khansa (Tumadir bint 'Amr)	128
Begin the Beguine (We Suddenly Know What Heaven We're In)	129
In Medias Res	131
Blind Invocation	131
Blinds	132
Blinds (Another Version)	133
Cover Right (Down)	134
Cover Right (Up)	135
Box Out	136
Shuffle Space	137
Strips	138
Checkerboard Across	139
Checkerboard Down	140
Split (In)	141
Split (Out)	142
Marguerite Sings as Dissolve Words	143
Dissolve Letters, Bridging to Cover a Break in Time	144

Random Bars Vertical, Bridging Cut. Break in Continuity	145
Fade to Vowels and Pauses	147
Random Bars	149
Cut	150
Strips Right Down	151
Box In	152
Wipe	153
Dissolve and Blur	154
Start Walking	154
Circularity	155
Transition	155

Legendary

The Curious, Pervious St. Catherine	159
Desert Paradise	160
Attributes	164
Ladies	167
After the Lives of the Poets	170
<i>from</i> Lives of the Decorators	171
Upholstery	180
Silence	181
Dust Day and Night	184
It's a Different Dreamtime	186
Desert Pieties	187
<i>from</i> Lives of the Designers	189
The Outsiders	198
Americans Rah Rah Rah	201
Palvinar	204
The Burlesques	206
About Portraits by Eleanor Antin	207

Acknowledgments

Poems in Anthologies

100 Days, "Checkerboard Across," Barque Press, 2001.

Current Stream, "now imagine great beauty writing on my heart,"
Doublewide Press, 2003.

Hysteria, "Women's Work," LunaSea Press, 2003.

In Our Own Words, Volume 5, "Khansa," mwe Press, 2003.

Periodicals

Assembling, "Blind Invocation"

Bird Dog, "About Portraits by Eleanor Antin"

(formerly known as) *l'bourgeoisine*, "Americans Rah Rah Rah"

Cauldron & Net (online), Fall 2000, 3, "In the Beginning," "Last Words",
2002, 5, "Oos," "Ice," "Ease," "Ahs," "Use"

EnterText, selections from "In Media Res"

FEMSPEC, "Solo, Alone," "False Apparitions"

flim (online), weekly, "From the Baltimore Catechism"

Iris, "Grouse"

muse apprentice guild (online), "The Outsiders"

Pierian Springs (online), "The Curious, Pervious St. Catherine,"
"Mirror"

Shearsman, "(St.) Hildegard von Bingen's Visions"

So To Speak, "Khansa"

Strut, from "Lives of the Designers," "Mary Quant, a.k.a. Mrs. A.
Plunket Greene"

The Styles, from "Lives of the Designers," "Chanel," "Rykiel,"
"Delaunay"

Tinfish, #11: from "Lives of the Designers," "Elsa Shiaparelli," from
"Dust Day and Night," "Agnes deMille"

Chapbooks and Pamphlets

Idelect chapbook series (online), "Adorata." NA. This poem was presented at the USC AEGS Conference Feb., 2002.

SynThink conference, 2002, Loyola Marymount University, "Oos."

Trio recorded several versions of a song, as follows:

"Da da da du liebst mich nicht du liebst mich nicht aha aha aha,"
1982, Trio.

"Da Da Da I Don't Love You You Don't Love Me Aha Aha Aha," 1983,
Trio.

Reading Fundamentals

In the Beginning

O O Thou How Memory The
Whether The The Piping The
Little My When When To
’Twas When I Hear Earth Love
Is A When O Little Tyger A Ah
I I Pity My I Whate’er Cruelty
Does I (Enslaved) Rintrah The
Mock Never I I And The
Dear/With Dear Dear Wee Ha
Green O When Flow Ae Ye
Scots Is O Should After In A I
Why Up Five The Strange She
Three A I Oft We It ’Twas If
The There I My The/There
Stern Behold I Earth It Milton
The Surprised From Motions
When On O Thus It Among
Oh When As A Even Cheared
O Long From In Set A Walked
Went William Wm Very A A
Before A It A William A On
Mary William My Well How
Then In ’Tis The Well Ere All
Friend How With All Since
Stop At In The The In Thanks
In The I Gusto My Mr. Another
From What Poetry The If
When She There I So When
Oh Oh The Saint I We Poet
The Earth The The I The Men
As As I O Monarch I Hail The
Swiftly Music The O Worlds I
Rough When Bright Swift
According Much O My A O
When Standing St. Why

Last Words

thee load influence liberty
Melancholy pain few Genius
is hear Green thee me harm
He too door echoed thee day
bound despite appall misery
disguise destroy die symmetry
delight go desires hearse
Brain breast tree thee Gorge
Har sighs Oppression Holy
bright deny lady told Land
servant sleep/yours
Levant/servant
Heaven/affectionately fear
devotion O mare dream thee
noon die that mile syne God
mourning seven man away
receives sake public dead me
be trees surveyed wind hand
woods resting-place Ghyll
gone moor daffodils piety
tears live more mourn still
not lay horn restore Time
sublime dead end friend
mankind hills more unpaid
end harmony come theirs
soul vomit ease sees divine
dirty o’clock wood day
William away o’clock distinct
Bed C Kirkstone frosty again
poem sands Sister day Maid
Life morn mirror Paradise
Geraldine/do Moon rejoice
indeed prayer hour screw live
pursues same dead
advantages consciousness

Bright O O O My Thou No One
 Upon Season Fanatics My/O
 My/I My/* My/You're My/Were
 My/Your My My My My/"Tis
 The I The Why Proud Mother
 Ah When Past Stand Twenty
 Well Believe The The I I In I I
 Wilt I O It Tropp How Old A
 Yesterday Charles Coleridge
 Oh Alfred Thackeray The
 Under The If Now And It The
 Few The For Thou True Say
 When The How He Then What
 Dead Below With She On
 Courage It The Break At He
 Comrades Sweet The Tears
 Ask Now Come Blame String
 Half Ah All King Doesn't
 Flower Roman Row Screams
 Sunset Wake The Gr-r-r That's
 Now Just I Oh Nobly Vanity
 The Round Oh Ah Where I My
 I I But I Let Let's Karshish It
 Will Fear Would Stop Grow
 No Shall I At I'm In Cold Ah In
 No Painting No I Let Matthew
 Thou Say I Who Come We Yes
 Light Goethe I Go The
 Through How What In Many
 The The Wordsworth The
 Practical From The By A On
 The She Consider The A When
 At Your I And O So The Look
 When Piled She When The I I
 Does Morning I Ten Never
 Something O Sleeping But
 Had Of What When I Here
 Shall The Many The Since The

Thysself matter play time S.T.C.
 summer-house subject talk
 depth more accident
 childhood chair chorus ague
 tears innocent are Universe
 moon knighted glory strain
 gone psalm back Mutability
 be socket were vacancy kind
 away yet Sepulcre day one last
 behind Victory again now
 soon on weep more last are
 wrong one peace Of World
 Darien went magnitude
 dream desire sing Hell cold
 meed death sing soul in sleep
 know hung return wound
 skies flared Tragedy-
 tears/friend Brother
 opinions/co-scribbler
 proceed/friend
 friendship/friend am/sincerely
 sister/brother Hethen/Star
 remain/you untouched
 Cortese hill Hazeldean lady
 sweet thee eye doe shade
 word again rose lives ever sun
 sky day life love eternity free
 dies sympathy none again
 moonshine die world etc. it
 otherwise upon one heir sleep
 us whatsoever result
 Dissertation eloquence
 Coleridge Chine servant he
 fame aspire soul it dote death
 done life river me die dead
 immortality Shaloff more
 yield wheels me morn falls go
 sleep dying more more me

Look Nothing I Glory Summer
My Towery Felix Margaret As
Not No I Thous There How
They Cold 'Twas You I'll The
They When Am When A The
So Perhaps Industry It It To
The Man Why Let A Out
Madam The To Come We The
Did I I've God After
Last They Through If That We
I You They I O From She There
That In ah Whenever You
Woman See They Only Well I
A The Loveliest When The In
On With Terence The Could
These If Yes It Downhill Rain
The As The Groping Good-
morning You Everyone Who
He's In Who It The Nudes
Sombre The What I There
Bent It Move He Early This The
I Where Down Who I The
When Who He Far-off One We
Why The What If I The I
Turning Once That A I My
Never The I Speech I That I
Swear Some At For Perhaps In
It When I Lily Ineluctable
Well The Well There We What
Softly The I Not A How Now
Long When Still I Let Apeneck
The April A What Here O
Midwinter In By The Ae When
I' The Yet We Now It Down
Love Children You Lest The
There All Five You Why Is Our
Nobody Shall Coleridge I Why
Most Expanse/Another Sir

bees this moves hundred
wheels me year awaäy is man
Sirmio away bar Glass/
TAMÁM word swine me
King's throne Ghent flower
Africa was catch me old rest
best tree came Zooks ride love
yearn dying strange forever
'scape rest sleep whist same
accursed he hers here
immensity alone again you
heaven destroyed sea edge it it
sight neighbor bright Him
child sea loneliness sea goes
gone live bales night peace
hillside man caprice posterity
reality wanted happier
humanity beauty it direction
shore so law tears born each
three death wing lay love
mouth this wandering
aureole Hell eyes alone up air
forget me still guess come
stands John wings Ever you
best last need floods day day
art sleep night shore fear sake
road life wings winning gold-
vermillion him feet scene spot
sandal for faces God sleep
worse rain dozed Lear sieve
life outgrabe Alice gate ne
endure Marriage Am be etc.
origin defense cups rest
privies either Amen others
material could race hand
shame soul dine stone
inheritance girl useless
Earnest Me mornin' 'ome

Look Yesterday About Lay He
As If She Down I The It's This
Forty-two The After There The
It Now Do Today All So The
The Three The I I This Once
Those Talking Closed When
On I In The One It Sister This I
Pike Who No The Fallen A
Night Old Certain A/Kaw
When For Undesirable The
Crucified Autumn How
Bottomless Baked Your I
When The/Me Between All I
He Up Like The Divorced
Caxtons It This

skins Lord kind fashion
dream prevail pain we leaves
noontide me eternally
unaware she Moor tale
Stonehenge hemispheres
resting-place wine thence
calling died ploughs die
assign goodbye rest darkness
snow true girl's come Uricon
fade old ale hearts pay heaven
Gloucestershire passed rejoice
disappoint wed team strange
step attack mud done crime
forget know date dust
trumpet hides face blinds
merriment ground mori cold
all come day parenthesis
anything old understand tears
feet core cry stars grave rose
comforted moon burn bolt
grave tomb naked away born
tree come drop dance blest
hair sea rent ignorant gay
silence heart by pose criticism
reply snail assured while
cease men dead Gate night
shame her signs woman good
past one universe groom still
England you Chinee come
thee dress drown shroud mist
shantih death daughter bone
finished one living Grierson
too then flee thaim will left
particular evermore earth
down by way done exact
unevent performed fall
complain art so wise me
drowning scene go go pretty

belongs so/pause heart
saunter pardon on love praise
keep landscape long endures
guns garden weather child
vain worm sill rocks dark
turning sea light fought song
sweet dead whisper hurt horn
away on river round again
unkind are endless unbroken
diminished Lose progress
stars gather horizons
cenotaph watching Crow
calling children deaths live
home up foot Gus/other
shook dead enough mud
dumb took stone call cap loaf
bastard/dies it bellows
revenge again nightdress walk
wept mine shut say corn

From the Baltimore Catechism

Q. 1399. What words should we bear always in mind?

A. We should bear always in mind these words:

a
according
and
angels
come
doth
every
exchange
father
for
gain
give
glory
he
his
if
in
it
loss
man
of
own
profit
render
shall
son
soul
suffer
the
then
to

what
whole
will
with
works
world

Palm Anthology

GLOW, LITTLE GLOW WORM

Why bring your books to me?

Palms up

(open handed)

power up.

Supplicate -

supple rubber,

black plastic, too, pvc, latex,

steel brushed and shiny -

bring this protective skin, this housing,
to bear.



Alit flickers

without wires,

moves. See me (move)

bird and my waves.

Traverse distance in ether.

Fly apart.



Bend forward, palms on knees.

How to kowtow:
candlelight wax glow, peachblow flush
scorches what flutters. Bend.
flick

Green in a dark room,
backlight
blue
white.

I can be reached.

Your message passes through ~~me~~
my body.

Fasten me with your hands.



Body's symmetry entangled in forms
holds my delicate form *fast*,
repetitions, rituals,
and traditions, suspended. Feast of flesh
begs generic epitaphs. *Hasten.*



These mercantile reminders – body – palm – body.



Where vines rise, rest me.

PDA / COMMANDS

Personal Digital Assistant
Public Display of Affection

ACTION.

Etiology

(ratio)

(rational).

Place me at the base of your throat

spine

set to vibrate.

Palms don't vibrate

pulse

no

beepers do.

Beep

(is a command).

If +, then -

gee, haw,

<, >, ion, ion,

ion.

INSTALL

the vibrator motor,
soldering
iron heats
a point. Plot
not
missing messages:
the metal contacts
 mental
come into contact.

Start the vibrator.
Press “read.”

(I should say “invisible.”)
Change invisible to visible.
Press “write.”
Right.
Press.

EXAMINE.

Space surrounds me
 you
 we
 charged bodies,

cavernous, rapacious vase,
 carricle,
avaricious carapace, rapacious crevasse,
 cat's paw, blackwall,
capacious rapture on a plate.
Catapult, capture, or induce mutual

electrostatic ecstatic elastic
exaltation,

example mine.



Radiate, erupt, perturb the pace
of the rat race, hunt, foot race, horses,

flux and ankle hems the grass the gold
aperture creatures, *dolce*.

stand / out	spectacular
about face	spectacle
radiation	wings and
isotope	wind-
zoetrope	shield

“charge”

Space surrounds inductors.

INSPECT.

A series of ratios

relationships

interviewed

tested

passwords

trained

usernames

rolled out

rolling hitch

from chat to reality

to fantasy

24 / 7

and back

on

s



I couldn't help enjoying this contact.

caution

It cures hysteria.

Wild organic simulation

causes miscarriages

to run a course transport.

carriages

squash

Cinderella, dirty girl

buggy whips

horses, bits and bytes

Black Beauty

taxi / dance

ripper Liz Stride

jack, crow/bar

raven, never



Test the mechanics
drivers
we don't know how it works.

(testimonial)
good
feels.



Vastly more effective, the ground itself
used for propagation.

Love, the art of individuation.

APPLY

current through a coil.

Expand the field.

Collapse this field.

Sleep here lying under this plastic plain.

sheet bend

Yours a watch face,

face of a shape changer,

selkie,

LCD,

succubus

incubus

cube.

tap tap tap

pliable polymer

plasm, plosive paste, paints

Set afire.

pantomime

Press me.

resin

Immerse me.

dispersion

A simple spark coil is apt,

sparks simple contact.

DISPLAY.

Unfold your limbs,
send your antennae,
become pliant,
 I plead.

Unfurl.

For to furl furbelows, we frenetic fetishists,
seeking fraught, fresh frenzy, might
furbish, burnish love's furnace,
 ferocious menace, fervent referral,
with fur mitts, may
tie or bind bonds.
Buy, don't sell.
We are two vagabonds.
Moon River. . . .



Let me call this feedback beat beat beat

I'll recall my oscillator

complete coupling reciprocal inductance
mutual exhaustion, dual laud controls,
gaudy Van Goghs and Gauguins
separate beat frequency
multi vibrant nonlinear device
accomplished coupling mutual inductance
 (not exhausting).

Tune

(radio)
(receive).

PILOT

Pneumatic
etherized, enigmatic
dealer in erratic souls or cats,

my paterfamilias' familiar
attracts charged ions and Xians
and venerations of the cross

to separate preternatural from violet wand, or
from anaesthetized aesthetics.



I am the ship my forebear
steers, a sloop,
my sloppy decks
set sail

 Sinbad the Sailor
 Tinbad the Tailor
my wheel.



You're a belly warmer,
hot red rubber bottle
holding water (nozzle,
nuzzle, clamp, clomp).

Which vessel will hustle
over horizons,

slip,
bit of Chantilly
 loose lace
 like lips or waves
into space?

WETWARE

Slippery sluice
 gold standard, gold bump,
 from platinum silicidation to palladium,
 Donald Trump
of stocks, scores, and stats
slurs words,
slackens lines,
looses lax lexis.



Lest we slaver and salivate over
salvers, platters, silver spoons,
chips and dips,
or race horses like Seattle Slew on race courses
and divorces in Louisville,
let's allow we share the same
easily slaughtered,
brought low by sword
or word, skin bags.



Let Secretariat slog
through marshy bogs
or sloughs.
Rest your head
on a sled (or troika),
slug sloe gin,
sucker –
let out slack, then
 palomino, painted
rein in that pony, girl.

What goes up must snow
in Siberia.

Let your palm pilot steer 'ya,
hot sync simulacra.

LAND OR BOARD

Muse of the field, natural mimic
w papyrus of Leyden
 Leiden jar or vial
 not viol or vile
induces, conducts
 conduces
ducts, leads lurid, lewd
animated lurex-clad adherents to pneuma.



Flutes

fragrant, burn. Flagrant tongues of light
excite, flout etiology,
ethereality, debunk that theory.

Entrophic,
trophic liquid sin,
power/transfer station,

lesson vessels
resound. Whisper mine.
Skin effect.



This wrist strap
 leather flap, visitor visor
ligule, corolla
 flora
spoon, tongue
 of a shoe, shoe strap, buckle
strop, to lick, lichen or stones,
lich corpse, like body,
same body, certain one simultaneous
synced,
touch screen.



<wrap>

Known to you, known you, no one, not your bones,
feel it in you. What they briefly
carried as I carry you.
Do rocks die or lichens? Stones and steles
locked away or bound: birds in my strange
bridal. I don't shine light on my groom
converted,

given something to regret. Lament.
No tomb. Not grave.



Many maps, quests
So cheated of ritual are your bones
finally
naked,

wound into strips of cloth,
wound into strips of words,
imprinted, made paper, made pain, made plain,
earth, clay, glue. No flame.

These heels are murder
so rarely. They hew,
strike codex.

All those saints and martyrs
 flagellants, freaks
marching, fleur des lis
Oh When the Saints
Come Marching
– show your tits –
where lilies lie
under chain mail
speaks.



With bites
these teeth
 marks
 identify
kissers.



Strippers strip,
pirates sip
beer or Irish Coffees
 – up link, download scores,
 rates, tips –
 interrupt this business
 with digits,
 Go, Team, Go



Conductor
inside
this field -

ethereality.

Either the prime mover's connected to the shaft or
rotating field.

Excitation voltage.

HANDHELD

Reach out with your hand. Captivate.
A lamp to twist or slide push or turn to “on.”

Aladdin, allow Alan Ladd
rub, British bikers on Triumph cycles, rub and burnish
Nancy Sinatra’s white boots (go go)
black oil.

Set your preferences.



Wild ideas

how wild’s anything under the sun,
anchored to the planet
or a stake

burble, flow
no matter the signal tuned,
dial digital now,
cable,
belaying –
my shameless hands crawl, creep, claw,
scan, climb.



To palm is to steal, to prepare
audience
for magic, sleight-of-hand,
to remind which zones – harem,
sofa, couch, davenport –

erogenous, generous, gyro zone,
ozone layer,
layer,
metal tray.

LCD / LUCID / LEWD

Resonance boosts amplitude.
Do you identify
palm with hand, tropics
with tropes and ropes?

Sparks jump from your skin
to my skin
or spark pattern anywhere
like a Catherine wheel –

you could see
me, and I you,
and touch.

TOUCH SCREEN

Resistive

Heavily trafficked devices –
little red book
little black book –
a gloved hand can operate.

Pressure

finger / nail
pen / is
mylar flogger
mylar sheet.

Like a sandwich through which
current flows.

Capacitive

Charge storing

electrodes
to oscillator
right,
not left.

What's the frequency?

Pin / point
touch event.

ELECTROMAGNETIC FIELD

Unmoor. Spread
and catch wind, ride it
loosed.



We planted river rocks in this creek.

We devised
 devour
improvisation.

Nature abounds?



Manufactured objects can achieve. What culminates?



Jars of unguents, undulating clothes, fuck me pumps,
mirror, comb, show:
lost is the glory of the past perpetual, spark,
vast is the maybe – will it catch fire? – each leap,
switch, gate.

Hand on thigh. Light palm open
drain nectar, drink ichor, flame's labor
oblivious of pains but not tortures.



What's led in the land,
what's held in the hand,
touch surface.

Where vines rise,
I rest my palm,
sole,
whole foot,
"soul" (touch)
soil.



If I veil your eyes, what lies
beyond ephemerality?

Night-hush empties seas and gorges squalls,
gales, wind-swept cliff tops,
rocky promontories and capes.

Questions and flints you scatter here
glint
fell from me.



Red tide, black tide, red die, dye bath.
Cover your sweet face. Not algae.
Swallow decay.

I am your nurse and your ground,
surgeon's knot.
Nipple
Amoral ephedrine, ephethelially inspired
endogenous opiates,
endorphins
twang and tack, acrid.



Huge toroid
experiments,
ground currents = common ground
horses threw sparks from their legs by lifting.

How deep current penetrates is
“skin depth.”
Time / touch event is
permeability.

Plunging horses shine and snort toward poetry. Hooves:
pressure of fragments toward leap, movement,
break, breach, breech arcing electricity not intangible, a touch,
but
not a touch. Skin. Bone. Phrase.



“Way about” – “grace” is easier.

Fall in with
you can’t pay or buy
this tang.
“day declining”?
A not unbeautiful end, needed another word
not riddled with artifice.



Positions sold dead when plucked
will not make maturity a husk
skittering above rich mud. Soil grows.
Charge this spark. *Pant. Swell.*
Not dusk thickens, deepens voice, but lust.

/X IS A SWITCH /XX /XXX

<input>

Here, no myths
of women
 abstractions
wine and light make
flutes, briefly, of joy,
paper, poems, sheets,

dominion, dwelling in
putting and pulling
 pose, interpolate,
 interpret.

Horn, quiver, enemy,
emote unlinked, without wires.

Nib, point, tip, graffiti,
the page:

don't return my image to me.
Make yours mine. Sleep's small space
contains us not. We escape. Memory fails
flesh's messages. Skin on skin.
Closed? Why? How? Limbs,
lips, life's dark light, flail.

<throughput>

Your name, sun's door,
electricity, yet molten, heat,
 mute
worships nouns,
 molt, mutant
savors to sing
this murmur, this rose, this ear
open. Wear my note or my scent but
my memory is faulty, yours.

<thread>

Kiss dreams, kiss new love,
love new new new
light won't keep kiss me from kiss
dreams, holding them, hold fast. *Tend, restrain.*
 attend, store, what's the sequence? estrangement?

<flow>

Loving a temple or tower's an error.
Sun might end.
Open light on skins and blankets
stars my eyes – your head's prisms.
The ordinary modulates. meal
 arrange the mode, measure means consider
 medical

I am one and plural.

<hanging indent>

I like plums, ripe and warm.
 plumb line
 pendant, drupaceous
 impudent, imputing

Fruit poses little danger.
 bobbing
Drip the dewy juice, drip bittersweet
love is snow and sweet is sailors' most sweet
one cloak one skin,
the tale of love tied by both.
Its knots test their effects.

Honey I spit out of my mouth
knows not what
roses flowers are
to watch you eat
and think.
Seize
what?

Sugared but secret
words and ways I take,
your least vague state.
We lie together.

<output>

You'll wear this mantle of dust.
Dust's love's apotheosis,
and love's dust's.

Contact, subject, circuit (interrupter),
pleasure in your sips of pleasure.
Dust.

You're thirsty. Sweet tears for desires.
Arrives love

and many mouths, many mantles:

 mansions rich

 abundant

 plenitude

robin's egg blue pashmina, tweedy mohair throw,
blond mink stole.

Drink a particular tomb.

Standing on a green shell.

 horn cornucopia conch

You are dust. Drifting down, la, la.

Who's untouched.

<flux>

40 Hz

hearts wax math, wane figures.

Intimacy,

What's this fireside?

cardigan, Keds, this

buzzing around, 60 Hz,

alternate, vane, douse, turn

vehicles,

make travel arrangements,

set in motion, flex,

supple

cross over, arc

body, conductive and elastic,

conducive and permissive,

not narrative, not knowable.

Small opening. Thrust.

Not the end of thirst water brings.

Not slaked.

WIRELESS AERIALISTS

To the birds repeating,
pour forth the music mouths can make.

A blue lovebird sits (peachface)
on the rim.
Its neck and head make the same movements
when drinking as when making
the sound of water.

Tongueless along this slope, your
answering music's
trapped.



A cup carries a kiss,
carries a quiver.

Night sky – to drink ambrosia –
tears – drink loss – imbibe – wear
down to skin,
past skin, through it, translucent.
Sip.

Through any power telescope,
bare-eyed.

Sidon girls, spasmodic girl,
epideictic girl,
light-eyed, dead-eyed, mute (as felt). I'm
not marriage, to you,
not slave, servant, secretary, assistant
in the place of affection, place in the place

of personal, digits where the public used to be
(pubis, agora, aporia, aura). My sight's
not born, bound, or buried.



It's a night, lonely.
You need never be,
though I give you
a bed only.

Fold the sheet,
place the mint –
locked beneath me
or by my weight made grave
 shroud-laid
you are still
never lost. You know
the way. You sup
mists and moss which wrap us.



I will house you still.
This slick housing
an abode and adobe
protects a silver webwork,
electric, green silicon plane,
sheathes inkless pens and probes. A bee

unbloodied, weaponless,
 lances, gore
styluses.

I bear the print, your imprint. *Press. Wed.*



You grow. I garden.

guard

Love brands and clamps and stamps and scars.

Born of lust unchained,

unconfined, untwisted,

loosening's the illusion of vanishing.

Beauty knows no sea foam,

no cobweb, no dew. Do truths

know cells, stockades, cats of nine

tails? lives? tales?

What

fades? Swallows cry

out of water, bear fire,

bear information, another knot.



Color wood,

sweet crying love

to ash. Beauty knows no

fabric

fit, slotted to the right spot,

tabs, tungsten (stun guns),

proper covering.



Twill. Twine violets twine narcissus with
myrtle. *I am your twist.*
Twine lilies, hyacinth. Lovers
wrap ends repeatedly. Limbs
hurt into bloom, bang.
Bloom, persuasion's roses.
My girl better than twine,
 acrobat,
my violet instinct:
elbows wide, vulnerable heart
- everybody sings -



Nightingales sing - is that a cross-
check - mockingbirds phrase
stolen sounds longer than you'll sing
into my ear because each mimic
is the same
and each song,
but your mouth and my ear
disintegrate.



Rose not light nor sweet. Heavy beauty,
red in leaves and hips and thorns,
pink-tinged.
Petals stacked and whorled,
near black, near bitter, near blood.



Silent honeysuckle vines adorn
philosophy – their messy indecorum
serves as a mild reminder for birds.

Place the lark's head.

Wreath me in twine soaked in her sweat.
Who are you to say my dark itself?
Do you sing to sea, my tongue?
Heavy body.

Scorched with honey,
a sweet-skinned girl feeds.

Mistress Plot

a novel of protest / a talent for caricature as well as deep regional feeling / her figures suggest figures / plot is simple and subordinated / only a warm and gentle woman could have portrayed the little peculiarities of her sex with affection and sly humor / funny accounts of the most trivial events / sympathy for ladies



Equilibrium was continually restored in the wake of events.



A real Lady moved to town, but married a doctor and became ordinary.



Cortes was temporarily successful with the help of a woman who betrayed her people.



His mother stayed the night at the mill where his father worked.
His mother opened a restaurant near a nobleman's estate.
His mother met a colored groom staying at the nobleman's estate.

His mother gave him a dark brother.
His mother opened a new restaurant.



The archbishop gave him a wife.
His wife had given three children to the archbishop.

His wife was a useful wife.

His wife gave a girl baby to him.
To him, swore his wife,
she was his.



He became aware of a plump and rosy-cheeked girl.
Girlishly beautiful and girlishly lively, the girl
was a great favorite. She was his favorite girl.
He was at his best with this girl.



His fat and lazy wife nagged him,
while she spent his hard-earned money on fripperies.

He ignored her. He buried the body.
She feared they would be charged with murder.

He could conceal nothing from her.
She could conceal nothing.

She bought expensive clothing and put on airs.
She used his riches to make him a man.



The priestess saw a vision. The protagonist's playmate was the
strumpet's illegitimate daughter. The dancing girl was tortured
as a witch and went mad. The ballerina told her evil lover where
she hid the money. The mother of William the Conqueror died of
her grief and her torture. The knave left his girlfriend. The
sidekick's wife left him for a nunnery. The female juggler accused

her lover of witchery, yet it was she they tried as a witch. The prostitute sank, proving her innocence, and drowned. The vagabond girlfriend saved his life; they married. The rascal's wife cured the rascal. The rogue listened to the glutton's story. They remarried. A mighty hand hauled the jester into space. The priestess awoke from her vision. Her daughter was the heart of Flanders.



His companion was a ten-year-old girl.
The ten-year-old girl appeared to be a servant.

A sixteen-year-old streetwalker befriended him.
The streetwalker spent her scant savings on spices for him.
He searched for her, but never saw her again.

He thought he saw her in an Oriental city beneath a palm tree.
She did not speak; the dream faded
and he was walking with her in London.



The waitresses were nude black women.

His first love was an American acrobat.
To him she was the incarnation of woman.
Another mistress was a brunette ventriloquist.
His mistress was sulky at having to perform offstage.

He became prey to hallucinations: strange women kept him
company.



He saw a girl.
He told her of prostitution's hazards.
She showed him a love letter she had received.
She told him she left the brothel.
She saw the wretched conditions of his rooms.
She saw he was despicable and incapable of love.



His sister was a sick woman.
His sister was a prostitute and bootlegger.
He found the mother of his lost son's child.
His sister disappeared. She liked laughter and fun.



He forced her to serve him.
She set the house on fire.
She shot him.
A bayonet ran her through.

He proposed to her again. She rejected him and went to Ohio.



Her daughter collapsed with her infant daughter in her arms.
She had left home to become a millworker.
She fell in love and married.
She tried to support herself and her child after her husband
died, and could not.
She walked to her mother's home to die.

Her daughter found a bird with a broken leg and applied a
splint.
She told her guardian she wanted to study medicine.
She refused his proposal.
She went away to study and returned to practice medicine.



The tiny fairy threw ink at him.
He saw her before she introduced her.
She was a shy girl with red hands.
She sculpted a fairy statuette.
She was the granddaughter of a former lover.



She was in school. He was suspected.
Her headmistress asked him to marry her.



He became her guardian.
Then she married.
Her child died. She died.
He kept the cradle.
“There would be more family.”



She was born to her while
she was with her husband in debtor’s prison.
She died.
She and her siblings continued in prison. Her sister,
she married for money.
She sewed for an invalid.
She wrote to the man who released them.
She loved that man.

He was put in debtor’s prison. With
him, she lived.
His mother was the invalid.

His mother, the invalid
she had sewn for, wasn't
his mother or an invalid.
She was his debtor.

They married.



His wife was dead.

His son was engaged to a banker's daughter.
Dumped when her father lost his money, she moved to Wales to
become a teacher.

His daughter was rich but looked like him, unfortunately.
His son was engaged to a Lady for her title.
His daughter was engaged to her brother.

The Lady dumped her true love.
His daughter married.
The Lady got her true love back.
The teacher married.



A child, still alive, clung to her drowned mother.
The night of the storm, her dead, dark-eyed daughter came to
her dreams.

She nursed the girl into a sound sleep.
Her yellow hair had saved her.

Her dialect was not comprehensible.
The child's identity remained a mystery.

She nursed him. He saw her resemblance to his dead wife. He
died.



His mother died.

He acquired the most desirable mistress in town.
The lively sisters were attractive. When one made an unkind
remark, the other rose to his defense.

The most beautiful woman they saw, driving by with three
bewitching girls. She was a madam; they, her acquisitions.
Crowds of laughing girls were looking for customers.

At a masque, she wrote an acrostic to supply him with her name.
His mistress introduced her friend.



She read her poem.
She composed the lines, calligraphy, illumination;
donated parchment, ribbon, and sealing wax.

They gathered around a bird in a cage.

She could return to her mother and prepare for marriage or take
cold baths.

The poet became guardian of the foundling
baby in a basket on the doorstep.

She grew up and prepared to marry.
They sewed her trousseau.

The mirror was not for vanity, but for reflecting a sunbeam,
playing the light over leaves like a free butterfly or bird.

Her husband took the foundling to America.



The letters
to the country wench
to the princess
were crossed.

They broke their vows
and wrote poetry.



Their horses abandoned the noblewoman, disguised as a man,
and her servant, on the frontier.

A man who apprehended them thought the noblewoman was
his son.

Meanwhile, the king welcomed his niece. The son of the King,
the new King, married the noblewoman, daughter of her
captor, to his cousin.



She dressed as a boy. She drank the medicine. She woke next to a
headless body. She joined the army fighting her father.

The queen died.
His disguised daughter was pardoned.
She was reunited with her husband.
She saved his neck.



She spent her free time on the streets. Her mother supported her own alcoholism. She supported her mother. She did not love the young man who loved her. She loved a married man, although he hit her.

His wife beat her; he beat his wife.

She died alone.



Women joined him, and then there were children.
Wives brought new habits and new children.



Women from the cities at war,
given wine, swore to withhold sex.

It was set on fire.
They put out the fire.
They doused those who had set the fire.



Occasionally his father visited his wife.
She dreaded light.
Passing her days in her shaded boudoir, she avoided contact with
the world.



His business did not succeed since he was dreaming of his
friend's beautiful sister.
A woman invited his friend to her salon.
He married his friend's sister.
She grew uneasy before her child was born.
She successfully took charge of his business.
After the baby came, she had to give it up.
Her brother lived with an actress in Paris, which destroyed his
success.
She was disgraced that she had to hire a wet nurse.



The landlady had worked for the bishop,
but when she disclosed she was a landlady, he objected.



The landlady refused to let him in.
He found shelter with a blind clergyman and his two daughters.
One was not attracted to her suitor. She rejected her suitor's
proposal.
The other was separated from her husband.
She climbed onto a rocky ledge and was rescued.



She complained the theatre made her house unlivable.
Authors, actors, musicians, and critics were continually calling.
She was a foil for a farcical scene.
She moved to an anteroom, which
became a play within a play.



She gave him a ring; he gave her a bracelet.
The seducer stole the bracelet and the information that she had
a mole on her breast.



She appeared.
When she appeared, she confessed to him she was in love.
He visited her.
She was delighted by his wit, so delighted she kissed him.
She misread the letter. She never suspected its author.
She was in love with the letters.
She recited a letter.
She realized he wrote the letter.
She confessed her love.



She gave him a book of poetry.
She admired his whistling of symphonies.
She would be his.

He tried to keep her ignorant, but she was uneasy in her bed.
A docile woman, she shuddered at the prospect.
She came to see the mother and the baby.

She had twin girls. She sought help.

She died a lingering death.

She stayed by his bed.



She lived unhappily; she was a prisoner in her home.
She taught herself to use the telegraph,
and kept her skill secret.
She taunted him on his deathbed.



She worked in a laundry.
Although she did not love him, she accepted the cheap stolen
ring.

Madame presided majestically at the cash register.
She acted as procuress for the little laundress,
her niece, in exchange for her niece's lodging.

The starved passions of Madame became a tortured love
evidenced in cruelty.

First she hated him for his violence;
now she disdained his violent passion.



His mother was a depraved wanton.
Widowed, she married her twenty-second lover.

Free love was his wife's obsession.
His mistress was his wife's best friend.



His wife knew he was near the breaking point.

His wife put flowers on his grave.



Pick, pick, pick: her pique
demanded she deliver her discontent.



The abbot was female, friendly, a find.



When she was widowed, she was modest, too modest to ask.

After kissing the heart, kissing its parts, kissing, kissing the
heart,
she poured poison into its blood and drank it.



She loved a man; they killed him.
She planted basil on his head; they took it away.
They left; she died of a broken heart.



In Cyprus, the sleeping girl's beauty.
In Rhodes, she was promised.
En route – escape to Crete, exile –
return to both Cyprus and Rhodes.



A woman came thirteen times asking for alms in one day.
She came forty-two times to one house in Cathay.



Poor Griselda. Poor, poor Griselda.



He could remember his wife in every detail. Her learning was
immense.
She fell ill. She died.
He took a new wife.
His new wife grew ill. As she hovered between life and death, she
seemed possessed
by his first wife.

Adorata

lily hands hold in dead doing might
hold in love's soft bands
with starry light laming eyes will deign sometimes to look
Helicon whence she derived is
Angel's blessed look
food bliss
her to please alone
other none

fairest proud
her feet
if she grant
if not

sovereign beauty
the light whereof has kindled heavenly fire
by her raised
her huge brightness
wondrous sight of so celestial hue
her titles true

fair flower, in whom fresh youth reigns

her too portly pride
lofty looks
scorn of base things, & disdain of foul dishonor
pride portliness
emboldened innocence bears in her eyes
her fair countenance spreads in defiance of all enemies
self-pleasing pride

her unmoved mind
her rebellious pride

Fair eyes, the mirror
wondrous virtue
both life and death forth from you dart
you mildly look with lovely hue
you lower, look askew
bright beams admired
light
might

More than most fair, full of the living fire
Kindled above
bright beams
frame and fashion
stop and teach to speak
calm
cause virtue

powerful eyes, which lighten
goodly light shine by night
changed never
purer sight
consume not ever
still pursue
tender

she lords in licentious bliss of her free will, scorning
the Tyrant joys to see
the huge massacres which her eyes do make
her proud heart
that high look, with which she controls worlds pride
her faults
she laughs & makes pain her sport

she cruel warrior does her self address
to battle, and the weary war renews
Nor will be moved
but greedily her fell intent pursues
her wrath

she seeks with torment and turmoil
her heart-thrilling eyes
her guileful eyes
breaking forth did thicket about me throng
brunt so strong
hands capturing straight with rigorous wrong
cruel bands
Lady
your eyes

proud port, which she graces
her fair face she rears up
to the ground her eyelids low
Mild humbleness mixed with awful majesty
on the earth whence she was borne
her mind remembers her mortality
lofty countenance seems to scorn
base thing, & think how she to heaven may climb

such haughty minds inured to hardy fight
disdain to yield unto the first assay
her heart

in her self contain
all this worlds riches
eyes
lips
teeth
forehead
locks
hands

sapphires
rubies
pearls
ivory
gold
silver

her mind adorned with virtues manifold

fair eyes immortal light
sweet illusion of her looks
her glancing sight
twinkle of her eye

glorious portrait Angels face
eye-glances arrows
smiles rob sense
the lovely pleasance and the lofty pride

her hard heart
she bids me play my part
she says tears are but water
she says I know the art
she turns her self to laughter
she as steel and flint

she his precept proudly disobeys
and sets his idle message at naught.
unless she turn to thee let her a rebel be.

her foot she places
and tread down
more cruel and more salvage wild
than lion or lioness
shames not to be with guiltless blood defiled
takes glory in her cruelty
Fairer then fairest let none ever say

work of nature or of Art
tempered
so the feature of her face
pride and meekness mixed by equal part
both appear to adorn her beauties grace
mild pleasance pride displaces
she lookers' eyes allures
& with stern countenance back again chases
their looser looks
With such strange terms her eyes she inures
with one look she dismays
& with another recurs
her smile her frown
train and teach with her looks
such art of eyes never read in books

sweet Saint some service fit will find
Her temple fair in which her glorious image placed is
author
her ire
O goddess

subtle craft does conceive
to shine
by her undone
with one look she spills
& with one word rends

beauties wonderment
rare perfection of each good part
of natures skill the only complement
bitter baleful smart
her fair eyes unaware do work
death out of their shiny beams dart
a new Pandora
she to wicked men a scourge
scourge
gently beat.

her own misery:
pride:
torment thus with cruelty
prove power
hardened breast you hide

Fair proud
goodly Idol
doffs her flesh's borrowed fair attire:
her thankless pain.
Fair proud

The laurel leaf, which you this day do wear,
relenting mind:
you bearing it
gentle breast

stubborn damsel depraves with disdainful scorn
*The bay (quoth she) is of the victors borne
yielded them by the vanquished as their meeds
and they therewith do poets heads adorn
to sing the glory of their famous deeds
she will the conquest challenge needs*

her head with glorious bays

eyes her cold so great
harder grows the more
her heart frozen cold:

so hard a heart,
pride depraves
precious ornaments deface
proud one works the greater scathe
through sweet allurements of her lovely hue:
better may in bloody bath her cruel hands embroil

her heart more hard than iron soft;

the anduyle of her stubborn wit:
she frees in her willful pride:
and harder grows the harder she is smitten
and she to stones at length all frozen turn

her bright ray with clouds is over-cast
when this storm is past
Helice the lodestar
lovely light

the store of fair sight
shows but shadows saving she

her thrilling eyes: their cruelty still increases

her golden tresses she attires under a net of gold
and with sly skill so cunningly them dresses
she may entangle in golden snare
may craftily enfold
that guileful net
her bands

dreadful tempest of her wrath
stubborn will,
in her pride she perseveres still
careless
with one word she save or spill

Sweet smile, the daughter of the Queen of love
Expressing all thy mothers powerful art:
she wants to temper angry Jove
Sweet is thy virtue as thy self sweet art
you shine
her sorrows sadness
cheerful glance
More sweet than Nectar or Ambrosial meat

she smiles with amiable cheer

when on each eyelid sweetly do appear
an hundred Graces as in shade to sit
that sunshine when cloudy looks are cleared

cruel
if her nature and her will be so
she will plague
take delight to increase a wretch's woe
her natures goodly gifts
glorious beauties idle boast,
a bait such wretches to beguile
long in her loves tempest tossed
she means at last to make her piteous spoil
O fairest fair
so fair beauty

her wrath renew
her eyes
her deep wit, that true heart's thought can spell

glass of crystal clean
goodly self
semblant true
thing so divine to view of earthly eye
the fair Idea of your celestial hue
and every part remains immortally
cruelty
the goodly image of your visnomy
your fair beams darkened be

cruel fair
she will, whose will sways
the storms, which she alone rains

smiling looks
are like golden hooks
she with flattering smiles weak hearts guides
unto her love, and tempt
she kills with cruel pride
and feeds at pleasure
her bloody hands them slay
her eyes look lovely and Upon them smile:
cruel play
O mighty charm
too cruel hand
her ire
and ere she could thy cause well understand
did sacrifice
her will
she requite it ill

Fair cruel fierce and cruel
eyes have power to kill
pleasure and proud will
power of your imperious eyes
force enemies
cruelties
kill, with looks as Cockatrices do
your footstool
mercy

your skill
with one salve both heart and body heal

her hardness
her stubborn heart

her absence
her presence

cruel fair plays
goodly semblant of her hue

she allures
and then no mercy will show
divine in view
made for to be the worlds most ornament
to make the bait her gazers to embroil

My love like the Spectator idly sits
constant eye
delights not
she mocks
she laughs, and hardens her heart
she is no woman, but a senseless stone

her beauty
her cruelty at once so cruel fair
her high thoughts more heavenly are
her love burns like fire
not air; for she is not so light or rare
she frees with faint desire
whereof she might be made; that is the sky
to the heaven her haughty looks aspire
her mind is pure immortal high

cruel and unkind
proud and pitiless
hard and obstinate
do wreck, do ruin, and destroy

Sweet warrior
your incessant battery
thousand arrows, which your eyes have shot
glory think to make these cruel stores
cruel one

her that is most assured to her self

In her own power and scorn others aid
that soonest false when as she most supposes

her self assured, and is of naught afraid
her strength unstayed
like a vain bubble blown up with air
her glories pride
proud fair
to your self you most assured are

Thrice happy she assured
Unto her self and settled so in heart
not fear the spite
of grudging foes
her own steadfast might
neither to one her self nor other bends
Most happy she that most assured rests

her circles voyage is fulfilled
loves fair Planet short her ways

The glorious image of the makers beauty
My sovereign saint, the Idol
she is divinely wrought
and of the brood of Angels heavenly borne
and with the crew of blessed Saints brought
each which with their gifts adorn her
The bud of joy, the blossom of the morn
the beam of light, whom mortal eyes admire

heavenly forms
your heavy sprite

lips
cheeks
brows
eyes
bosom
neck
breast
nipples

her sweet odor did them all excel.

Gillyflowers

Roses

Bellamoures

Pinks

Strawberry bed

Columbines

Lilies

Jasmine

The doubt which you misdeem, fair love, is vain

That fondly fear to loose your liberty

spotless pleasure builds her sacred bower

happy blessings which you have with plenteous hand by heaven

you your love lent to so mean a one

high worth surpassing paragon

could not on earth have found one fit for mate

not but in heaven matchable to none

you stoop

much greater glory

your light more it self dilates

in darkness greater appears

your light has illumined

the game escaped

gentle dear

her thirst

she sought not to fly, but fearless still did bide

hand her yet half trembling

her own goodwill her firmly tied

a beast so wild

so goodly won with her own will beguiled

conquest, peerless beauties prize

adorned with honor, love, and chastity

worlds rare wonderment

she is careless laid
yet in her winters bower not well awake

drawn work
self unto the Bee you compare
her unaware
caught in cunning snare and enthralled
in whose straight bands you are now captured
your work is woven all above
with woodbine flowers and fragrant Eglantine
so sweet your prison
with many dear delights bedecked fine

her bolder wings
sovereign beauty
resembling heavens glory in her light
sweet pleasures bait
her hearts desire

fair tresses of golden hair
fair eye
sight
bosom bright
name and praises

happy name
gifts of body, fortune and of mind
lives last ornament
by whom my spirit out of dust was raised
her praise and glory excellent
of all alive most worthy to be praised

her name

*Vain man doest in vain assay
a mortal thing so to immortalize
for I my self shall like to this decay
and eek my name bee wiped out likewise*
virtues rare
glorious name

Fair bosom

nest of love
lodging of delight
bower of bliss
paradise of pleasure
sacred harbor of that heavenly sprite
lovely sight
sweet spoil of beauty
paps like early fruit in May
loosely did their wanton wings display
and there to rest themselves did boldly place
so happy rest

table of pure ivory

spread with ingots, fit to entertain
the greatest Prince with pompous royalty
in a silver dish lay
two golden apples of price
far passing those which Hercules came by
or those which Atalanta did entice
Exceeding sweet, yet void of sinful vice
sweet fruit of pleasure brought from paradise
Her breast that table was so richly spread

the hind

her face

image

the fields with her late footing find
her bower with her late presence decked
field and bower are full of her aspect

fair
glorious hew
true beauty
divine and borne of heavenly seed
derived from that fair Spirit, from whom all true
and perfect beauty did at first proceed

heavenly hue

Fair her fair golden hairs

cheeks
eyes
breast
words
rose
fire of love sparks
a rich laden bark
the work of hearts astonishment

mishap
mean love
glorious name
deigned so goodly to relent

object of their pain:
the store of that fair sight
shows but shadows saving she

sacred peace
gentle mind
pure affections bred in spotless breast,
& modest thoughts breathed from well tempered sprites
bower of rest accompanied with angelic delights
most joyous sights
her too constant stiffness constrains
rare perfection

her desert
her worth
her sweet praises
when as fame in her shrill trump shall thunder

in my true love did stir up coals of ire

presence

that light
the only image of that heavenly ray
the Idea plain
brightness
blinds

her own joyous sight
whose sweet aspect both God and man can move
in her unspotted pleasance to delight
fair light
lively bliss.

Oos

Oos

oh oh oh oh oh
LED ZEPPELIN, *Houses of the Holy*

O edulcolation to your lovers, you cloy.
O hoard! outpouring blood from books,
no drop more!
Pollen, honey, golden load,

(o) nothing bound,

hold our mortal coil to your tongue.

Covet nothing,
you among our world. For love,
recollect: for love,

O implore memory.
You foretold. From conception,
passion – long torture, sold –

bolts, hooks, joinery
perforate your agony to agony.
Recollect, collect, memorize dislocating
body. Your precarious, passionate body
floats on blood's toil,

flower of your youth despoiled, despoiled
of robes, oddly cloaked, knocked about.

Oppose opponents' oaths, strokes.
Wounded (blows untold),
O doctor, doctor,
no agony compares to yours, no spot sound.

Continuous, autonomous home (o),

o object
 mirror wonder
 splendor,

vow
passionately:

today together
utopia.

O beloved,
exposed you hold,
woman, behold your son.

Sword-
perforated,
mother's soul,

O luscious,
console, bountiful font,
arouse longing;
douse longing.

O honeyed soul, transform or transport.
Your precious body, consolation,

O royal
joy,

dissolution's approach borne,

roar *Who*
don't abandon, O,
you told love *how*.

O introduction, omega,
soaked (soles to crown),
tutor drowned morality
love's broad road.
Void known,
form, inform,
cover your furor's front.

O mirror, symbol, bond, your
boundless, innumerable flock covers you.
You bore embodiment.

O
your blood wrote
into our mouths,
consumed.

O
splendor or motive,
into your control,
commend

body broken.
Support abhorring world, body, blood.
Enfold.

Love's invocation, (livelihood), -
o
welcome.

ICE

I, mine, shine belief in
their belief in thine.

I desire nothing within sinners.
I anticipate, reminisce, worship.

First conception,
during passion – tribulation's expiry – disposed,
precarious, building, family.

Fluid-dipped, dripping,
in height, prime, zenith, epitome.

Despoiled, despoiled attire,
hidden in peculiar finery,
veiled,

cranium hit with sticks, crimson with violations
immutable, inexpressible.

Pit recognized against lineated,
illuminate disguise.
Implore
anamnesis:

nothing
encompassing limits imprisons
this universe in mine.

Nails,
first nail, pain within pain,
cite
dislocating
carrion,
remain.

Distinct figure,
into fists, confide
being
incoherent.

Medic, medic
pain like thine,
– continuous –
gains liberty.
Passion is
promise
with mine
in Paradise.

Darling,
divested, *Girl, view this heir.*

Luscious knife-edged animation,
relieve inexhaustible origin.
I thirst.
Inflame desire. Extinguish it.
Spirit, enlighten delight,
this twining vine, universe, wine.
Precious majority, wail *pourquoi*
cherish *quoi?*

Point, line;
dive. Immersed,
instruct purity in
affection's habit.

Mirror, tissue, tie,
limitless, innumerable multitude is thine integument.
Darling, again?

Inscribe
ventricles with vital juices, signs.
I will examine adversity,
aggrieve Meditation.

If it transpires, receive
passion's litany.

AHS

ay ay ay ay ay ay
LED ZEPPELIN, *Houses of the Holy*

Ah, a balm. Charming all adoring,
charm a woman addressing charm,

want naught
among affection.

Recall.

Calm.

Augur.

Initiation, passion – agony and death – transacted,
precarious, passionate frame sweat-bathed,
salad days – heyday – savaged,
garment-divested,
beat about, batted, lacerated,
innumerable, unimaginable, outraged,

may day, may day,
can any pain compare?
Nary an area unharmed.

Constant franchise, agony, combat antagonist oaths.
Ask anamnesis.

Nails
perforate pain against pain,
recall, call, (collocate)
dislocating
death.

Dear, fascinate and fasten.
Camera, attribute, pact,
a vast army cloaks tolerant hearts.
Naught encompassing constrained,

carry
earth
palm
hand.

fact
happening awe
contemplate
display
passion:

assure *Today*
paradise.

Adore naked arrayed
Woman, regard daughter.

Blade-lanced
apparition,

solace;
inexhaustible foundation,
Yearn.

Inflame zeal. Aha! Trample zeal.

Invaluable character, consolation,
death's approach faced,
scream *What*

abandon?
say adore (abhor)
Primary
final
alpha.

Teach inundated clarity
ardor's broad road.

Abyss penetrated,
draw, illuminate
anger's face.

Heartthrob, what increase?

Carve heart's lineage,
read anguish's death.

Dazzle and pattern,
hands acclaim
frame violated, betrayed.

Aid,
advise – against humanity's cradles, earth and death.
Enrapture.

After that happens,
accept ardent prayers,
allow
hallowing.

EASE

Sweetness, these lovers sweeten me.
Being one then several, remember.
Console. Foretell:
desire, conceive – torture, death – weep.

Precarious, penultimate flesh
undressed,
enrobed between strange clothes, weeds, veiled,
beat over the head, outrageously wounded
innumerable times,

beseech memory,
wipe the slate clean, clean reflection.
Bear earth like Hercules.

Reflection, token, tie,
boundless, innumerable multitude covering,
suffer
flesh.

Spikes perforate torments, pierce,
remember, remember, remember
broken flesh, suffering,
medic, medic,
everyone's suffering thine,
areas none well.

Coherent, perpetual
liberty paradise,
weather opponents' swearing.

event object
 wonder
 reflect

splendor,
seek.
Promise
Be
we
Eden
heaven.

Beloved, hanged naked, utter
Female, behold the one.

Sweet lance-
pierced
mother's essence,
inexhaustible vessel.
Crave.
Inflame desire.
Extinguish me.

Sweet heart, delight.
Precious flesh, death endured,
scream *Where*
leave,
love me *When*
 we

beginning, end,
teach submerged reality
love's easy street.

Perdition penetrated,
sketch me, illuminate me.
Cover anger's face.

Sweetest, next?

Inscribe
heart's beat.
Let me read
grief *the end*.

Gestures commend
splendid
figure,
mesh flesh.

Help me resist place,
violence.
Enfold me.

Vine! pressed grapes left none
like frankincense.
Welcome sustenance.

USE

You syrupy you.
– adulate you!
You musical,
requisite naught,
treasure,
treasure.

You succor. You count.

During infatuation – torture’s surcease –
purchased,
precarious, burning trunk
doused,
your youth unspoiled,
gauze-camouflaged.
Struck, wounded outrageously.

Importune.

Naught surrounding bounding
clutches our universe thus.

Blunt suffering, suffering
upset, confused soul,
surcease.

Surgeon, surgeon
anguish unequal yours,
continuous autonomy rapture,
counter emulators’ curses.

Furious,
espouse *Your utopia*.

Valued, you hung nude, alluded,
Muse, your successor.

Cutters cut your use's soul.
Inexhaustible cup,
Hunger.

Extinguish you?

Pleasure, your valuable argument,
shout out,
relinquish us,
you adulate you, source, boundary.
Plunge.
Tutor inundated purity
adulation's custom.

Ruin understood,
lure illumination until you
guard your countenance.

Illustrate, figure, vinculum,
our boundless, innumerable multitude camouflages you.
You suffered muscle, unction, unguents.
Understand anguish consumed –

grandeur figure,
crush corpus.
Repulse milieu, tissue, shroud.
Outpour exhaustion:
bundle, concur, request, cuddle.

Heresy

Women's Work

BEATRI (((J, C) E), X) OF NAZARETH

Love is female, common
to lover and beloved,
shared, mediated, denominating,
seconded, second-hand,
 ruled a long time
to conquer, render worshipped beloved,
longer, loved lover.

Love's anger, judgment, sentencing on and on and droning
drudgery:

 should have, could have, if, who do you think you are?
 what were you thinking? how could you?

 the burnt toast, the small piece, the fork with a bent tine,

 I prefer it this way. It's only a little brown. I pared away the
 moldy parts. I don't need as much, I'm smaller.

Love is a woman
 striving for herself.
 love
love
She instructs longing.
 action's source

She serves for – nothing.
 – love
 – no reward
 – no reason.

Love's social work, human resources, public relations, teaching,
communications,

advice not expertise, people not projects, files, folders,
fiche not people, maintenance not construction,
residential not commercial, literature not logic,

lawyer not banker, merchant not trader, technologist not
entrepreneur,
unfavorable term, insufficient one –

don't leave job for work, career for work,
“rise above,” work to “rise.”

Fear forces labor.

labor

Fear → exhaustion, collapse, erasure.

We suffer fear, suffused, insufficient.

women, men

humans

Force x displacement in force's direction transfers energy.

For her service to be love serving love,

loving to become perfect love,

to serve simply, work perfectly,

karma

love bows into tasks, waitressing, maid work, make-work, paper
in to out,

wiping mind's mirror clean of always-accumulating dust,
ammonia and water, cheaper than Windex, newsprint,
why waste –

and all the windows of the house –

nary a step wasted to the station's tables, memory for orders and requests, not self, perfectly, invisible, deliver from the right, remove from the left when the fork and knife are crossed face down.

Anticipate and satisfy.

A correct curtsy is an attitude.

Love awake in work isn't situated in sweat.
Love softens work, pays debts.

If you save labor and inconvenience,
if small esteem,
 coupon clipping, egg money, nest egg, pin money,
 bath bubbles, scented salts, sea shells, pebbles,
 pedicures, manicures, rest cures,
you fail.

Things are small, easy to do or leave.
(love)
She flails in the heart, helpless, effortless.
Mind plunged in love, her body escapes.
She roams free through the immensity.

Love's sufficiency is impossible, inhuman, unearthly.
To regard majesty (wholeheartedly),
gaze –
she rules her heart, eliminates her resistance to her,
exhausts, draws down her accounts, desires
to listen, to answer

 sorting silverware
 spoons serving spoons soup spoons sharp knives not sharp
 knives salad forks dinner forks

Can I help? Where should I put the butter knife? What's
this? Where does it go? Can you put the chopsticks away?

Why do we need new knives, look at all these knives. This gadget just takes up space.

Can I help? How do I chop onions? Onions smell bad. Onions make my eyes water. I don't like onions. We don't need chopped onions. What else? What are you doing now?

She intends literally to do all the work,
advance herself without sparing herself,
without measure.

This is superhuman.

Single-handed she wants to
love love *according to her dignity*,
pay love love's due.

work
Sublime love singles her out.
Earth, her miserable prison.

She is a stranger occupied.
I long to be dissolved and united.

love desire
desirewithin

Cancel and love originates;
ciphers can't divide.

She works according to her provisions. Love craves:

- pickles, peanut butter, Paris,
- to exist after her image, to her resemblance,
- questions, information, prayer.

She can equal love,
 is is
excel. Fortune not “between the sheets.” Networked, she,
integrated, seamless to the user, behind the scenes, under
the hood, on the back end, server-side,

is, should be, has and had, lacks, wants to be loved.
 desire beloved

She sifts, shuns.
She *would* progress,
drags in everything, anything might help.

TLA

Graceful arc
drives the arrow – someone else –.

Love consumes love’s beauty, incandescent,
alternating current
nothingness, absorbed into love, touched,
seized, dominated, contained.

Love immoderate repeatedly wounds. More misery:

veins burst, blood boils, marrow withers, bones soften,
her throat dries.

The roast is leathery. The rolls are charred. The noodles are
damp. The sauce is dry.

Love’s primal
rage:
an arrow pierces her throat, brain, crucible: love’s fever.
She flows and melts. Love erupts, assaults.

Love Conquers All
++++
Home Sweet Home
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
Sweet Home Alabama

refills dog dishes, ordered inside, outside, what is proper, *like should be*.

No creature comforts, tea, tea cozies, fabrics, music: comfort's pleasures give love strength.

She feels her mind enter depth.
She gave her intellect.

She languorous,
languishing to eternity's landscape,
language common, through lips,
in complete concordance,

love strong in the lover!
No quiet life!
How much can you give? Give at home. Give at the office.

In beatitude, beloved
her senses tuned, attuned, scan, seek
stations
passion
not love, to be love, to love
inconsolable.

Love led her on and taught her to go her way.
She followed in weal and woe, homesick.
In
her house
she . . .
beholds.
Is her household hers? Householder, she?

Where her house,
love lovely receives her!
beholds and possesses what she serves.
love

It is customary to give great joy.
Make speed bringing us to this.

Why: hearts fly,
move, are in motion, breathe.
When I remove what writing orders (writing's
order(s))
orthodoxy, I can turn it.
Atropos. I will never turn from
you, *atopos*.

No heart in this world so cold it would not burst into flame
imagining beauty.



leave not serving
belief love working through my father, brother, mother,
freed me from subservience / to a human / husband.
liber form
book
bark
leaf

You never gave me grace –
except passion. Thank you.

This is your mother.

Beneath my feet the world.

SPECULUM / MIRROR

Listening improves you.

You better listen.

 List what you hear, experiences.

Listen to me:

a closed book.

The cover but not inside.

 Studying books, return to the beginning
 until the book changes you.

See the closed book open:

inside, a mirror.

 I didn't understand what I read
 or how to say it, so I write:

pages reflect heaven's fields.

I am ravished,

rooted,

static, preserved

in a place

larger than the planet,

 more brilliant,

captured, among those too beautiful to capture, still,

 glorious cloaked,

assumed in gloriously transparent body.

 Transparent, glistening:

I saw Mary's soul (reflect, bend),

all the angels and saints,

 painted on this body,

flash,

beauty walked, stop-time.

Beautiful the place with brilliant naked shine
sun, everything. light gold
white

The creator pleasures in creatures in his image:
a painter looks at paintings painted well.

IDENTITY, FROM *LIFE OF BEATRICE OF ORNACIEUX*

Beatrice gagged and expelled the host turned body, tumescent
flesh.

Beatrice saw
floating, form of a child,

hoc est enim corpus meum
brightness between the priest's hands,
vivid,
circular, core crimson, scarlet,
resplendent, illuminating
a child
e
above this point
gold enfolded and entered other ring
splendor shared uniting in child ringing
in the midst of splendor.

She saw an image limned (as an illustration in a book).
She could not describe. Not an envelope.
Now she sees as the others.

I wrote these things to read them while otherwise occupied.

Cattle wandered through the field of chrysanthemums.
We did not harvest the corn. A storm devastated our vineyards.

“the unity is not a unity of the sort to be achieved by . . .
an algebraic formula”

“fancied core-of-meaning-which-can-be-expressed-in-a-
paraphrase”

Cleanth Brooks, “The Heresy of Paraphrase,”
The Well-Wrought Urn

<i>nothing</i>	see, know, feel invisible, incomprehensible
<i>naught</i>	seeing, knowing, expands
<i>to set (one)</i>	possesses sweetness more blind
<i>at zero</i>	more insensitive
<i>to efface</i>	more ignorant ness, nessness

I would explore that nonexistent other.

Ask the author: why
allow her
into the other?

AUTHOR

What other? What nothing? No, nothing, she. Not a nothing,
she knows not, is unknown “no body when speaking.”

No matter how perfect, form

looking at what it sees, feels, knows sees, feels, knows not.

containing nothing, the grail (princess), stuffed mother
Archer fish, replete with
caviar, roe, roe, roe
big fish, little fish, swimming in the water
P.J. Harvey

I prayed to God for my sons', my husband's, my mother's death.
I felt a great consolation when it happened.

comprehends nothing.

Life punches, exemplary no-self.
Pregnant all nine yugas.

I feel this point, presence in me.
I can't be tricked,
corpus delicti.

Dear Angela:
I delight in nothing.
Confused

Dear Confused:
Don't give yourself to the reader until you separate yourself from
the reader.
Rely on books. Don't give up. Be free to leave or
keep. Free to flee being. *Savor*. Beware sweet words. Words are
things.

You expect letters.
Letters, words, sin, shouldn't or couldn't
console.

*... the words sound queer,
funny to your ear, a little bit jumbled and jivy . . .*
Milton Drake, Al Hoffman, Jerry Livingston

Either the study of time, chronology, is history, and
heresy interrupts, a flowering,
and something defines, or nothing
leads contemplatives to contemplate.

time-sense in the composition is the composition that is making
Gertrude Stein

work
time

Prayer: meditation: mediation: medium. Ceaseless in books and
life:
living teaches form. Life is form. You're form. You inform your
nothing.
The text is a mirror, like water. Can you walk across the floor?
Swim.

≈

wade into the volume, displace
nothing? Refract, not bend,

vessel me timbers, sail me,
no one speaks the empty cup
(sherry in it, chipped dish, eyes the size of saucers).

Greater external pressure forces collapse.

TREES

h

ier

archy and mehitbel tired of living in catacombs

b2b, face to face, hierarchical IDs
place time protest (yesterday)

humiliation, shame,
joy without incomprehension.

Directory Tree

Standing near the cross, I stripped myself.

1. pleasure

1.1. dead, followers, Aline

1.2. tree *I have never seen . . .* maiden

1.2.1. flower (body), light, cross

1.2.1.1. pistil

1.2.1.2. stamen

1.2.2. hips, fruit

1.2.3. petals, sepals

1.2.4. pollen, seed

1.2.4.1. cell

1.2.4.1.1. nucleus

1.2.4.1.2. zygote

2. codex

2.1. page

2.2. letter

I lay naked on the dirt floor with my arms outstretched, as on a cross.

Is this error, arase, uproot?

My Ticonderoga No. 2.

Broken pencil. Refraction
toward

Fort Ticonderoga. Green Mountain

Boys, Green Mountain Boys,

fir hat, fir branch,

catamount

tavern. Resist.

Two sides, separated by a furrow.

What are *they* up to? Freedom freedom from this, from farming,
growing food, always contingent, hairy root vegetables. Animals
have ruined.

Free bird. Poets understand poets understand not (a whit).

Useless unless
poetry manifests poets
grows / grounds
after the field, false
and erroneous

*bareback on the river of blood
beat, beat, beat of the tom-tom
cinder
incendiary
spectre attendance appearance*



*I wish I could find someone to crucify me in some vile place, by some vile
instrument, to match my vile limbs, my desire. This is my creature.*

Who will investigate you?

crime

I refuse to investigate myself.

others

Track what leads from chora to discord.
Team. Don't contend.

Humility is the matrix. It transforms.



O my poets, what use revelations, visions?

Elevations? Visualizations:

structure plot, city plot, green Tara on a lotus blossom
throne emanating rainbow light, Mary's blue dress, she
steps on the snake, "Don't tread on me," Carrie in her
yellow prom dress drenched in blood.

a stole of rotting flesh, here I am with my rabbits on my
pole, a scarf of fish, fishwife, a penny a lot, to sell, to sell
flesh, oysters, lug rot away, maggots. Cockles and mussels,
alive, alive, oh.

FOOD

sweet blood oranges, cherries on the rise, when you buy a pottle
take care, the best things in life are free, there's no free lunch

outwardly –

I'll never fit in

blah, blah, hand to mouth, spoon the soup (slurp) – *the song*
poets absent in commerce and traffic – *la la la – interpreted*

The host slides down my throat, tastes like meat.

I washed especially the feet of those women and those men
which were festering in a state of advanced decomposition. Then I
drank the sweet water. A small scale was stuck in my throat. I
could not swallow it.

Overspilled, flood plain not river, dammed, damned,
inward / immersed, listening, *prima facie* poetry.

Writers are subject to writing.

Lifted beyond,
I understand (delight),
can't report – beyond words.
In this state I swim.

Commutare

HADEW (Y, IJ) CH OF ANTWERP / BRABANT

Beloved inhabits beloved
cheek to cheek, toe to toe, eye for eye,
tooth for tooth, red in tooth and claw.

One
flows
through both, through each.

Two skins like one – tangled –
touch.

One over one makes one.

She touches you? You thought – ?
Who does what?

Here you go again, messing up my mind, filling up my senses.
Cynthia Weil

Coveted, covered, cosseted, concealed,
opaque, her nobility – noble “to know” – tongue-tied,
you have no sense of her, of fear.

A body instructs.
She shows you how to move in her.
She says *love suffers*. What can a body say?

Shocked with love’s sugar, you sipping her,
she suffices. Drown in sweet splendor.
Whisper to her flesh.

Loving you might be a habit I can't break.
Margie Bainbridge and Dorothy Lewis

Anxious, you swim to her source.
She plays deep.
You bite, a slow fish.
You taste her designs.

She insinuates, essential as oxygen.
Love patterns you.

She flings you onto the shore.
You spin out of love.

Carry one to make two.
Take one from one.

Why did you leave?
Love's plans, pins, pains, pangs
accompany love with love.

My cold, cold heart won't let me sleep.

Muriel Ellen Deason

Not dumb or unreasonable, no "reasonable man,"
love loathes logic,
all that lies within, above, below.

Contra reason love is,
derives nothing from it. Reason neither subtracts
nor performs any other love operation.

Love's reason's metaphor.

Desire dwells in love, *touch* her secret name,
love is touch, is *shhhh*. Listen. Desire consumes desire.

Do you touch you?

Tra le la le la le la triangle, my life's in such a tangle.

Marijohn Wilkin

Signs exchanged
as consumed.

She turns your inner wrist's skin,
you pulse under hers,
your happy calamity, accidental touch, no, deliberate,
without concern, she you, you her, her you, you, she,
yours, no, yes, yes.

The heart tastes
violet, violent, deathless death, senseless scent.

Two arms to cling to.
Tammy Wynette

While you can't love peace,
winsome in the eye of war, beauty
communicates love, cuddles, cuddles, huddles, hides.

Confessing herself, her conduct
is impulsive. She springs.

Love is a fiery ring.
June Carter

Who courts love? Love
loudly calls. This is the craft.
She guides – you?

Love can't recollect.
You conceive love who owns you,
a new present.

You remain yourself and will.

Even if no one loved her, her name
her nature, her name her works,
outside her, her name her crown,
soil beneath the soles of her feet
returns to her her loveliness.

Listen

MARGARET(H)A EBNER

My sister was like the police. Serve and protect.
We raised no controversy. We lived quietly.
My conscience was free. We never submitted.
Bound by law, we acted according to our consciences.

Sick we suffered and patiently endured pain.
I saw she would die. I would have died for her.
When ill, I was unkind. She didn't hold that against me.
I was with her until she died.
I thought I could not be without her.
I saw her once in a clear vision while I slept.
She consoled me. I can't write it.

I was asked to write, just begin and write whatever.
I feared and dreaded writing.
I wanted
to act
according to His will and obey
the man who asked me to write.

While I wrote this little book,
the sweetest grace came upon me concerning Jesus' childhood.
I have a statue of the child in the manger.
Delight attracted me to it.
I took the image out of the crib and placed it against my naked
heart.
I perceived power in the presence.

Out of depths I cried out
for some authentic sign.
He came like a friend after matins.

(St.) Hildegard von Bingen's Visions

The devil is filled with what other creatures aren't,

anger at Adam and Eve in their innocence,
jealousy of Adam and Eve in the garden,

deceit. He changes into a serpent, hollow, almost
eternal, disguising what his form makes plain.

Adam and Eve turn from innocence
toward the tree, their first work.



Eve is taken from Adam, so Adam assumes her,
embraces her words.

The devil saw Adam and Eve k-i-s-s-i-n-g.
Conquering tenderness conquers strength.

A cloud threw
the form of man out of the form of man.

The ancient seducer dispelled them
into destruction.



We rebel in the place of sweet things.
Eve opposes Adam, from whose rib she was cloned.
Even clones have separate agency.

In a remedial attempt,
a son was made within a virgin mother.



We shine free.
Shines in us freedom, butterflies,
brightness we enjoy. More lifts, shining.

Humility is Queen of the virtues.

Pride lifts the devil. Death casts him down.
Divine power opposes him not;
Humility opposes the devil.
The humble live eternally.

Satan opens the barricade, shouting, *Who will help me.*
Devils reply with a roar.



When a woman makes love with a man,
delightful heat communicates that delight (salt)
and summons semen.

The seed falls into its place. Heat descends from her,
draws the seed to itself, holds it.

Her sexual organs contract
the way a strong man encloses something in his fist.



Around a king stood ivory columns bearing the king's banners
(the banner is love, over me, love, my banner, love is a banner).

The king raised a small feather from the ground, commanding it
fly.
Air bore the feather, not the command.
Thus am I, a feather on breath.



Sky brightening. Virtues overcoming the devil's snares sing
to various types of music praises of the city of celestial joy.

Dawn's sound is a multitude.



Leaping fountain of words
into jewels, sun's glory:

the world from words
Eve threw into confusion,
formed the word – person – from the sun.

You're bright material
through which words breathe.

This daughter is a water drop in the eye
– sun, bright flower, with mind made light.



Light behold with burning desires eyes.
O joy – your garment – has a form
untouched by work.

	order	shine
O dharma	form shape in your make	face figure,
	configuration	form

poor materials I piece into this edifice.
Listen: little places of the ancient heart in the fountain.
See stone breathe.

False Apparitions

*Let every lover sing of love, dancing afire, desiring her creator
who separated her from the world.*

CATHERINE (DE) VIGRI

The apparition of Mary said, Catherine
abandon your senses.

I renewed my efforts to abandon them.
Thoughts, judgments, murmuring
crowded my mind.

The apparition of Christ on the Cross said, Catherine
you're a thief.

I had thoughts of infidelity. What should I do?
I can't stop thought.

He said, Catch your will, memory, intellect.
Only do others' desire.
Abandon your will. *Their will is yours.*
Do not exercise yourself in any matter.

As soon as ordered some exercise, a thousand judgments come
to me,
contradiction I never speak.

I lived tempted by blind obedience
and despair over my refusal.

Finally, I decided the visions were diabolical visitations.

προφήτης vates
Prophet nabi'
interpreter
xiejiao

ST. ELISABETH OF SCHÖNAU

Can my heart be straight (what will this little crooked heart
make
of your message)?

*If things I foretell do not occur,
I am appeased.*

Won't listeners laugh (I will be a laughingstock)?

*Patiently endure men's mockery.
Those in whom I delight to dwell . . .*

. . . I have found in you a servant. . .

Listen carefully. You must pay.

I hesitate to publicize this prophecy.
I would be accused of inventing doctrine
(what do you want me to do?)

These things have not been revealed to be erased.

We entered a meadow. A tent.
A great pile of books.

*These books aren't written.
You will reveal The Book of Ways.*

*Open the book. Find what I say.
If you do not tell them they will die.*

We keep the day a feast day in private.

Woman and Island

TERESA DE CARTAGENA

My life's borders carry me
to an island where I live, if this is life.
No one showed me any community of pleasures.

More sepulchre than dwelling, this island
is my dwelling.
It can't be populated –

who would forego temporal pleasures? –
I populate it with consolation.

I hear neither good nor bad counsel.
I recur to my books.

Deafness cut me off from distractions
and removed my desire. In company, I am forsaken.

What good is speech?
Speech is pointless without hearing.

Language can praise and preach.
I can praise and preach without reply. I write.

Do not think suffering overlooks a great mind.
However learned or quick-witted, sense
can't help me.

Without hearing or speech, my intellect
I exercise for myself
without writing. Illness
safeguards from occasion.

My judgment neither proves nor demonstrates.
My limited faculty and the few years I attended the University of
Salamanca
make me responsible for the simplicity of what I say,
grant me no wisdom in what I want to say.

Men and women marvel at my book,
a brief, slight work. My offense is clear.
Their awe results not from my text's merits
but from its author's defects. Some can't believe I wrote it.

Some marvel a woman can write a book.
No one marvels if men write.

I had no master nor consulted with authorities
nor translated from other books,
as some say.

Knowledge alone consoled me,
alone read me.

Solo, Alone

RABI'A ADAWIYYA

If my love is founded on fear of you, burn me.
Will you remove my questions?
I will set heaven on fire.

Love is a battlefield.

Pat Benetar

If my love furthers my desire for you, lock me out.
How long will you knock at an open door?
Steal from me what steals me from you.

Door, knock, open: light. Girls bear trays of light. "We are looking for someone drowned, sleepless, to rub spices on her body." I was in a wide green garden. The fragrant spices clung to my body. O Captain of my Heart.

*Got a hole in my heart
size of my heart.*

Exene

I'm not interested in "possessing all you own,"
Nor in "making you my slave."
"You." Not look else where
for a split second.

A sailor, I will tear my sails.
I will rip my veils and feed on seeing you.

*The jewel, the prize,
looking into your eyes.*

Siouxie

A radiant eye yearns from me.
Nothing exists between us.

Rumors yearn. Description tastes.
I taste and know.

Not form, intention,
form rendering formless,
being in form,
 describe effacement.
When a woman walks the path, she can't be called *woman*.

The beating of our hearts is the only sound.
Lene Lovich

I walk awake on my roof. Constellations ring and
behind closed doors, every lover sleeps with her beloved.

Stars set.
Birds in their nests.
I am with you.

I've got to have some of your attention. Give it to me.
Chryssie Hynde

We need something better than this.
I want you so badly I don't dare walk by your house.

Hello! Awake, I need no friend.

To not sleep:
• to watch
• awake to you (while sleeping).

das is ein
(hoi-hoi)
superboy
...
der is ein hypnosisa-satori
Nina Hagen

Grouse

LAILA AKHYALIYYA

curve

grouse flock watering

intoxicated at the spring

sip and hurry

night in the desert morning as guests

press to belly and breast wings

hover. a pool.

slow beats end

shoulder to shoulder.

hungry cries (hungry cries)

dark leaves

drink from the pool

never empty

chicks. intelligible uproar

a stony grave

pure grammar and the rhymes

Khansa (Tumadir bint 'Amr)

memory – a lifeless form
passing
a moon

what
words embroidered her garments

I arrest my loveliness between parenthesis,
loneliness

paste doubt.

I carve
what
words over every door in the alley

skies devour your blue books

and leave death's parade
to
sing

Begin the Beguine (We Suddenly Know What Heaven We're In)

NA' PROUS BONNET / BONETA

I saw him face to face
he who is

above nature a greater fragrance
I have little to recommend myself.
I will give you more.

a white horse with a man on it
one on my neck
one on my arm three came
to me

light gave me his heart.
light his heart opened
light like the door of a lantern
light *you and I are one*
light covered
light the body
light surrounded *I have made my room in you.*
I was home eating dinner. Friends talked about the sermon. light
light again shone

See this fire?

The horse saw
and the white horse.
I saw nothing light.
I was so bound,
so bound, he frequently sent me into it.
light

<p> this pope Cain's sin the pope killed </p>	<p> the cock's crow the writings the altar's power the pope stole this pope thinks Christ was a sinner the sacraments </p>	<p> the most terrible name of all men the name pope destroyed inspired writing doctors of the sacred page </p>
<p> the sin of Adam eating the apple Herod when he slew </p>	<p> innocents this pope parricide parasite </p>	<p> have lost strength and power are less learned less prudent pope </p>

in this earthly paradise. terrestrial paradise. of this earth. green.
night of tropical splendor memory ever green "keep my memory green"

In Medias Res

MARGUERITE PORETE / PORETTE OF HAINAUT / DE
HANNONIA

BLIND INVOCATION

*Readers, if you want to understand
this book, think about what you will write.*

As my senses fail, I am emptied, sight and insight gone
scents and sense, touch and taste, contact and context.
They burned
my books.

I am wayward, I wander. I am absent, and chased. Empty, I
I am leaving.

Readers, think before speaking about this book.

scents and sense, touch and taste, contact and context
They burned
my books.

I am leaving.

scents and sense, touch and taste, contact and context

BLINDS

*Zorn's Lemma asserts a certain maximal element (exists),
but doesn't provide a process for finding it.*

Who is the index, where is good? Nowhere if not in me,
maximal.

I am exemplar. I am a silky animal. I prove. evils + evils + evils =
me

if nature = evil, $\text{evil} \in I$, I am all evil.

Prevent me. If I stalk and talk and error free,
my faults prove me, make truth.

Who is the index?

I am.

If nature = evil

Prevent me.

my faults prove

COVER RIGHT (DOWN)

Two meanings of love – whoever intends to gloss this –

1) speed, 2) sound.

She freed me,

sent me to school, where thought, work, speech, isn't *worth*.

The inverse, humility births virtues, not works, humbleness.

Integral, integrates.

Humility, I say *sister*. It is a greater thing to be mother than
child, worth, even a much greater thing, can you see this?

Who is Holiness' grandmother? Does no one know how to say
whence lineage derives?

∫ ∫

Inverse

Humility, I say *sister*.

Who is Holiness' grandmother?
derives?

∫ ∫

Who is Holiness'

∫ ∫

COVER RIGHT (UP)

I slip away. Memory remembers me perfect / alters my image
no flowers bloom from my mouth

no one to carry – love's – flowers
I replace memory with my belief, my process.

Plucked flower, single daisy, *there is no complete field.*

There is no university.

I slip, memory remembers
no flowers bloom my mouth

I replace memo

I slip
no

Box OUT

Humility, Queen of the virtues,
mathematics, Queen of the sciences. When I draw a family,
 Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, Marcellina,
 all wear five point crowns
 five digits in each hand and
 e can flowers without time's thorns, defused and I crown
 us all,
 regle

O emerald, diamond, Queen, Empress, knowledge no riches but
 pleasure not awe.

And now a word from our sponsor . . .

o, Aristotle, Marcellina
e point crowns
digits in each hand and

CROWNS

SHUFFLE SPACE

O deep spring, sealed fountain
obscuring sun,
wisdom makes us luminous.

O don't say I say something.
Reading holds me in love's domain,
without sense nor will nor reason.

I empty, star bringing dawn,
you are the stars in heaven up above
that's the story of love
spotless sun. The moon is only waxing.

Ode rings ale fount in
no cur rings
read in old ma slum in us
do Is so me thing
he do main
it out no ill no a son
tar ringing *he tars heave eave ave*
vet hat he to
pot less Them on son axing

STRIPS

I am not making the earth seem better than it is
to trade it. No exchange,

no overflowing, no boat to the other side, no swollen river, no vessel.

This [life] carries love's flower, Marguerite, the daisy, that's me.

No one mediates. We desire none. We are, we are the medium.

Filled with everything, empty. It isn't flowing. I am not borne.

the daisy, that's me.

No one mediates. We desire none. We are, we are the medium.

the other side, no swollen river, no vessel.

no overflowing, no boat to the other side, no swollen river.

This [life] carries love's flower, Marguerite, daisy, me.

I am not borne.

It isn't flowing. I am not borne.

Filled with everything, empty. It isn't flowing. I am not borne.

CHECKERBOARD ACROSS

Brought to you by . . .

Daughter, my sister and love, reading this, if you will,
no longer tell secrets:
paradise given to the condemned, to the thieves.

Paradise? You would something else? Murderers will have it,
if they cry *mercy*.

TUCKER: we are friends in a forced environment. I mean . . .

KING: No choice.

TUCKER: Right, not by choice

BUSH (IMITATING TUCKER): Please, don't kill me.

Keep silent.

Daughter sister reading will,
lon secret
given condemned thieves.

Paradise something Murderers
mercy.

TUCKER: we are friends in a forced

KING: No choice.

TUCKER: Right, not

kill me.

silent.

CHECKERBOARD DOWN

It's possible desire imprisons.

It's the case will imprisons.

Exodus, escape, emptiness purifies.

Inside love's fence penned: unicorn, bear for baiting.

In the house, in the demesne, domain, fille, fief, ho hum home:

page, captive. *I shall be released.*

My reason is murdered, kill all processes,

init impeded in me enterprise,

fullness.

It's

It's

us esc emptiness

love's ce penned

house he demesne,

captive *hall be re*

baiting

ho hum

My is processes

init in

full

SPLIT (IN)

Marguerite

law

She is satisfied and filled: she will.

Marguerite, you have 1) law for yourself, 2) for us. Ours is to believe.

Necessity has no law.

Cowardice guides this book.

Senses created this book, senses know squat about love, inner love.

1) law for you, 2) for us. Ours is to believe.

SPLIT (OUT)

Marguerite who wrote this book made this book wordy.

Day's eye, small and brief to those empty, fallen from love into being: beings
unbound by the unknown, your unknown, you're unknown.

Humility is *loingpres* who relieves her from works,
turns away speaking, dark pondering.

Day's eye

beings

unbound

Humility
turns away

DISSOLVE LETTERS, BRIDGING TO COVER A BREAK IN
TIME.

It's necessary servers aren't free;
it's possible those sensing aren't dead;
it's ok if who desires, wills;
it's not ok if who wills, begs;
it will always be the case who begs, lacks;
it's de-lovely.

I said *I will love.*
I lie. *He alone loves me:*
he is, I'm not.

 t at a e 't ;
s s i e t at se ses d a ;
ok ho , w l s;
 o w o i l , be s
w l c se w o egs, a ks;
de- .

 I lo e.
I . e l ve me:
i no

RANDOM BARS VERTICAL, BRIDGING CUT. BREAK IN
CONTINUITY.

Willed by the transformation of my intellect (fetter), this book,
this book looms
the beginning of the demonstration,
this being, this dog and pony show.

Excessive lover hallucinates (visions). Others evoke.

Expending oneself for an object is pure religion.
The suffering my other engenders in me defines him.
I feel the daisies.

void
sunya zero cypher & desire to escape the system, environment
nothing

I would touch my own wounds to remember, worry them,
objects, sympathetic magic.

n t t n r n fm t l c t r s
p s n t s b
h b l s
t e n g e n t t
h b , t d n y h w

s e l e h c (s). t e e l k

n e e r m e r l b c r r n
r i e i y s e r n h n n n m

o
a e c p i o s p h s t , t r n
o i g

u o c m n u s t m b r r h
d b c m h c m c

FADE TO VOWELS AND PAUSES

Those (pregnant (according to wisdom) are alley cats). Hold on to your hat! Nerts (those) seek in pansy, in a creat(ed) farm, in words (of traveling salesmen) and (jokes) writing. Folk (who sleep in barns) insist subjects(,) insert subjects in sacraments and works, subjects.

Editing – page and film, visual analog.

Who do you think you are, talking this way to us?

You're pitiable as long as you practice (customs).

Production Code. Profitable times

adore (in general, profitable times).

Wisdom is risky. Whiskey. A go-go.

Everywhere. Here, he's there. Here and there.

Archives or transcripts of themselves: every word is read.

Jealous? Jealous! He stripped me of myself and placed me in
pleasure without me. Measure?

ose (i ing(a or ing oo i o)are a a es). A ho es
(ose) ee i o a e ie i ayer, i a ea (ed) ara i e, i
or (o e)a (e) i ing. olk(who ee on
ou ai)i i u e (,)(or) acra e a o ,i e
u e i a a e a wo , u e .

E i i - a ea i , i ua a a o .

Who o you in you a e, alking is ay o u ?

You a e i ia ea o a you a i e(u o).
o ita e i e
a o e(i e e a, o i a e i e).
i o i i y.

E e ywhe e. He e, e's e e. He ea e e.

A ive or a i o e e e : e e y o i ea .

ea ou ? ea ou ! e i e eo ye a a e ei
ea u e i ou e. ea u e?

RANDOM BARS

This love we're talking about = lovers \cup lovers.

me \cup being
being \in me
love me / not
≠

You'll be heard when you shout above the juke box:

Hands write the spirit behind this text. Marguerite is the
paper. The divine school is held with the mouth closed.
About whom teaching isn't written exemplars.

Minutes are taken instead of circulating slides or notes or
menus,
minutes are published lectures
unless Q & A (increasingly uncommon)
especially if documentation isn't distributed before meeting.

Bar napkins. I can't suffer the memory of love.

I'm in you, you're in me, more or less

~~Oh baby I love your way Marguerite is the paper The
divine school is held with the mouth closed.~~

Wanna tell you I love your way Wanna be with you night and day

Minutes are taken Moon appears to shine and light the sky
With the help of some premises
especially if documentation isn't distributed before meeting.

CUT

Marguerite is melted and drawn. A ravishing Spark and Light
joins her and holds her close:

O small person, rude and poorly behaved.

I hide from them. Not speaking my language,
those prefer death to being

silent on account, hiding language, I learned secrets at the
secret court of the sweet country where courtesy is law.

Marguerite is drawn. ravishing

O

I speak my language
prefer
loving.

STRIPS RIGHT DOWN

You gates realizing expressions “and” “or” “nor” “not” “xor.”

It's better Marguerite be in the sweet meadow. Precious entry.

O
O M O M U I E W O M A R E
O M A M U M U I I I E M E W O W O M O M A M A M A R I R E M E W
M U I E W O M A R E W O W
W

Those who have neither shame nor honor nor fear
sit on the mountain above winds and rain. Multicolored deities or
kami or what-have-you. Doors are open. Love runs this house.

A long dissolve destroys continuity.

It's better

Those who have
winds and rain

BOX IN

Cattle live by silage.

 corn
Live by look kernel seed
 core

i.e., by free will, servants of the law.

kernel translates physical I/O to logical I/O
2038

allocate
allocute

Many of these slides lack focal points ((focus)).

 corn
look kernel seed
 core

WIPE

O, what will Beguines say when they hear you sing?

Truth declares
I am loved by one.

A	B	A XOR B
0	0	0
0	1	1
1	0	1
1	0	0

This is true, but I would lie as soon as say something.

Begin.
Love talks. She walks in me. I am still. The earth is motionless.
Humming ceases.

Humming ceases.

DISSOLVE AND BLUR

Mine / heart free. Your service too constant.
Believing in you, draining, retaining nil, abandoning myself,
I was your slave, but goodbye,

I'm leaving you, thank god.

Mine fffffree. ssssservicccce conssssstant
draining, retaining
messssselfffff
ssssslave, good bye,
you,

START WALKING

Rocks (know how) speak about it.
Even
rocks beneath my feet do it.

speak

feet

CIRCULARITY

Knows. Circularity. Without witness or belief.
Is there greater villainy than to wish a witness in love?
Friendship witnesses.

What is mine: I might be established in emptiness.

Knows.
Circularity. Knows.
Knows. Circularity. Knows.
Circularity. Knows. Circularity. Knows.
Circularity. Knows. Circularity.
Circularity. Knows.
Circularity.

TRANSITION

Goodness is rewarded with annihilation; it isn't this I found.
heart = gift, gift = text, text = object, object = gift
I can't complete; completion is more like lying than speaking.

Legendary

The Curious, Pervious St. Catherine

Light, road, word
permeate her porous dictée, her doctrine,
which, under the purview of deviant popes,
she deviously disguised –

what god quotes himself –

as mnemonic device.
Purloined principles buttress her beatific bridge
and tears.
Perhaps that signifies her perviousness,
a perquisite if not a prerequisite for her hidden stigmata,
not perverted but pure.

Desert Paradise

Potamiaena, Virgin
exceedingly beautiful/cipher
to her master, sealed her soul.

Murdered, martyred with her mother Marcella.

Alexandra, Maiden,
her cell a tomb.
Eternally the age she entered.

Nameless Virgin-in-Name-Only
young woman in love with a female relative who died.

A woman in Jerusalem in a cell three years,
no desirable things/pleasure
left.

Beguiled and led astray by a certain singer of Psalms,
nearly starved herself, starved their baby
to death repenting, repented.

A woman seduced
falsely accused a reader
of fathering her child. A difficult childbirth
or death, her punishment.

Exceedingly beautiful in her youth,
she walked into the desert
lest she lead men / astray.

Piamon
She knew
what would happen before
it happened, fighting over irrigation water

the enemy transfixed, fixed into place
Joshuas.

Taor

Shamefacedness guarded her chastity.



She rolled herself in her garments and died.



She lied and said she had a smelly running sore.

Melania the Great
Hot as fire with zeal,
blazing as flame with love
as with lustful passion.

From Rome to the desert
the greatest barbarian whirlwind
flew, a bird.

Melania the Younger
Girl with an old mind.

Blessed Woman Olympias
Is it just as important to believe / all the believers were rich?
Feeding money into the economy of belief, to serve / needs of the
poorest of the poor / is virtue? Purchased? Virtues of aristocracy,
available to all? Believers sacrificing too much, to poor themselves
to help / much.

Blessed Woman Candida
Grinding corn.
Navaho brides used to grind so much corn
to pay for their bridal gowns,
made by their grooms,
they routinely lost their first babies.

Candida dedicated
fruit of her womb,
ground corn.

Gelasia, Juliana, Dosphoria, Magna, Blessed Women, All
with a tip or pointer:
don't go to bed mad at your mate,
support writers,
acts or contemplation,
have a headache,
give money,
live lean.

The History of a Certain Virgin
Mom was a drunk and a harlot
healthy all the days of her life,
I, a wretched girl, struggling with circumstances.

Then she died.
Great worms grew in her

and I went to a cell.

Eulalia
beautiful body, beautifully animated
 all the days and the wind that blows,
an intimate god
 the girl, that girl, the said girl, the girl in question
there is a little bit of Catherine in her –
tried by the same legendary emperor.

Alexis' Widow
Had I known you were there
 underneath the stairs,
I would have made you come out.

Not is step, is everywhere.
 You were among common people.

Guinevere
does not lower her eyes.
She talks about whatever
she wants.

Attributes

MIRROR

ST. CLAIRE

What you hold, hold.

What you do, do.

Clare Scifi

The form of order's life
observes life's example
in writings
about life.

We form others, an example, a mirror.
Those who, exemplary, mirror, we reflect.

DREAM / SKEIN

ST. LIOBA

A purple thread spilled from her mouth.
Grasping it, drawing it
until her hand was full of thread –
there was no end – she rolled it
and made a ball.
Still it came,

her advice, further, teaching's tangle set in motion by words,
which turn earthwards and upwards.

Artie Shaw, Vegas, Artie Shaw, white bear rug,
cigarette burns

Who-ee (my mama done tol' me) A whoo-ee-duh-who-ee,
ol' clickety clack's A
echoin' back th' blues in the night

her comeback cycle starts she plays herself

Ladies

*We have seen her / the world over, // Our Lady of the Goldfinch, / Our Lady of
the Candelabra, // Our Lady of the Pomegranate, / Our Lady of the Chair
H.D., Tribute to the Angels*

ST. BARBARA (CHANGO)

*The church is a powerful woman.
... a white stone tower with three windows decorated with emeralds
(green virtues)
... such brightness shining forth
HILDEGARD VON BINGEN, Scivias*

No tower protects a woman from knowledge of her body.
No tower protects a woman from her knowledge and the dialectic
of threes.

Lightening rod her father struck dead by a bolt
She protects from power itself she is often depicted with cannon
not by belief electricity symbolic acts have
replaced
her decoration (fortification)

My prison symbolizes my release.
It reminds me of what I want.

African-American
vision of harmony.

ST. THERESA (OYA)

*I should discover again the secret of communication and combustion.
I should say storm.*

AIME CESAIRE

Oyez, hear ye, audience
Our Lady of Candelaria, Lunarias,
tornadoes, wind

flame blown out clouds scud in the background of the
 funeral card
not under the bushel basket
with St. Teresa
Yansa
like a hurricane polish, varnish
 beach sand
weights intensity
(in ten cities)

OUR LADY OF MERCY (OBATALA)

face to face
white cloth Saint Anne
 Veronica
 to draw with sweat, blood
ouroboros
these human beings need parents, not
aristocrats

and a dozen million American processes
overrun old Saxony,

OUR LADY OF CHARITY (OSHUN)

love, rivers, money

beauty my prison symbolizes release what I want

OUR LADY OF REGLA (YEMAYA)

(the oceans and waves) (tide) (moon)

machinery of the universe world womb

verging, almost Stella Maris

the great mother as a stone worshipped

creatix carried on a ship mired in mud

a vestal accused tricks

towed the boat in on her apron strings proving her

innocence

the woman whose children are fish

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENNA (OBBA)

of an almond and my arms like legs of a bird

After the Lives of the Poets

AFTER VIDYA

He put his finger on my blouse's top mother of pearl button,
then pushed it through its buttonhole.
After that, I remember nothing.

AFTER SILA

We knew evenings wet with the moon, heavy with jasmine.
I long for that stream and those reeds which knew us graceful,
new in love.

AFTER NUR JAHAN

You turned my body to water.
The key to me is your mouth.

AFTER ANDAL

He holds a white conch shell in his hand,
here in my heart.

AFTER FORUGH FARROKHZAD

Keep in mind the flight –
the bird is to die.

AFTER MAHADEVI

You can steal
money.
Can you steal
the body's glory?

from Lives of the Decorators

BILLY BALDWIN
THE TALL ROOM

Matisse ink sketch (typically without hands)
in negative white trunk on black ground, white leaves
the tree alone
centered on each couch cushion
custom fabric
signature slipper chair
low, hugging wall, “uncluttered”

white rug, black grid, five uneven black dots per square, not paw
prints, not leaves, predicting “high” 70s style in 60s
pattern mixing

70s blue and white where is the slipper chair? like
watching for Hitchcock
“enormous personal manifestation of the actual inhabitants”

mantelpiece green as walls, peach couches what’s wrong,
what’s wrong, why does it look so old stiff brown wood
furniture legs
“naked legs leave a room looking restless”

natural interest in women’s clothes
Cole Porter was a client: “coronet”

colorist Matisse again
to Matisse by Dr. Claribel Cone
Gertrude Stein’s collector friend
“I was in revolt against Baltimore.”

from Cone collection Matisse large reclining nude (the pink
nude) on white, on blue and green on white grids abstract from a

similar woodcut Magritte's early bather "This one was one certainly clearly expressing something." Gertrude Stein, *Matisse*

"We can recognize and give credit / where credit is due,
to the debt of taste we owe Europe, but we have taste, too."

Billy Baldwin

"Emulated Madame Castaing" worked for Ruby Ross Wood

MADAME CASTAING

Everyone rightly refers to Madame Madeleine
Castaing.

She started everything;
supported Soutine
as best she could.

Her rooms were French rooms. She was French.

Madeleine the gamine
would forgo “le lifting,”
so wore a too-tight wig,
tucking extra skin in.

Castaing brought outdoor (ironwork)
in.

Color

Castaing

Soutine

Chartres

RUBY ROSS WOOD

Ruby Ross Wood wore rose-colored glasses.

There were a few uncommon ornaments in the room – a gas chandelier for one thing, a glass bowl with goldfish in it, some rare and highly polished shells, and a marble Cupid bearing a basket of flowers.

Theodore Dreiser, *The Financier*

A reporter working for Dreiser,
living in Queens, she ghost wrote
Elsie de Wolfe's *A House in Good Taste*
before striking off on her own,
for the more modest budget, but she

coined the old Palm Beach look,
unlined draperies,
neoclassical museum- or tomb-looking houses.

She brought the outside in.

ELSIE DE WOLFE
FIRST DECORATOR

“It is the personality of the mistress that the home expresses. Men are forever guests in our homes.”

Elsie de Wolfe
(or Ruby Ross Wood?)

“There was once a story-book girl named Betty Leicester, who lived in a small square book bound in scarlet and white.”

Sarah Orne Jewett, *Betty Leicester's Christmas*

“Did you ever hear the Arab story about the nose of the camel?”
Cole Porter (client) (representation by Elisabeth Marbury). Sarah Bernhardt (representation by Elisabeth Marbury) also with one leg.

“... he had another view ... (she called his attention to this – it was for his benefit), of the dusky, empty river, spotted with points of light ... ‘That’s what they call in Boston being very ‘thoughtful,’” Mrs. Luna said, ‘giving you the Back Bay (don’t you hate the name?) to look at, and then taking credit for it.’”

Henry James, *The Bostonians*

“that there is apparent no definite scheme of colour. Everything is not attuned to a key-note as it should be.”

Oscar Wilde, *House Decoration*
(representation by Elisabeth Marbury)

47 and 49 Irving Place. De Wolfe and Marbury.



Frick’s collecting progressed from
landscape to
Old Masters’ Masterpieces,
mostly Hercules’ with codpieces and courtesan portraits.

The top floors
de Wolfe designed
are demolished.

The neoclassical museum remains.



blue hair cerulean
pink lady
beige leopard print

DOROTHY DRAPER

Celebrity decorator
from Tuxedo Park.

“Yes, the portrait has arrived and is hanging in the drawing room in the place that you selected near the window, and the light is lovely on it, and we’re all crazy about the frame.”

Ruth Draper, *The Italian Lesson*

Not draperies,
white on jewel tones, *Decorating is Fun*, Fun City, Fun Weekend!!!

The lunchroom at the Met had blueberry walls.
The ceiling fixtures are still the same, but not the *meubles*.

“A museum could be filled with the different kinds of water vessels which are used in hot countries.”

Oscar Wilde, *House Decoration* (represented by . . .)

SISTER PARISH

Dorothy May Kinnicutt from the heart of New Jersey hunt
country,

/
East: “poppop”

/
CA: “poppops”

painting diamonds on the floor. Mattress ticking is a fabric.
Disinherited when she started to work (during the Depression
(disinherited from what)).

Some “taste” inherited,
inherited “eye” from her mother not her father who collected
English antiques,
not Dorothy Draper, relative who turned *fun* into an adjective.

Colfax & Fowler-influenced
cozy old money look: “there is no conflict between innovation
and tradition”
innovations:
quilts
rag rugs
white-painted *French* antiques

Wheeled a tea cart through a client’s house and filled it with bric-
a-brac which wasn’t good enough to stay.

“How many intimidated clients held their breath as Sister’s
determined tea cart came rolling along!”
Architectural Digest

SYRIE MAUGHAM
MODERNISM

Somerset's beard.

Only one all white room.

Her *drawing* room.

Most had another pale. "White was Syrie's." "too many white walls. More colour is wanted." Oscar Wilde, *House Decoration* (representation . . .)

buckets of bleach lime "bone white" paint (no titanium)

Craquelure, mirror screens, mirrored fire surrounds, white bookcovers, white palm fronds, dolphin or scallop shell console table bases, flokati, white leather, glass ball lamps: why Bauhaus when you can luxe into disorienting upholstery, texture, reflections, sparkling tropical form? Your skin decorates; you are human, and warm, and color.

Upholstery

SEME / BILLY BALDWIN

In the tall room
in Woodson Tralbee's
apartment, a tree
adapted from a Matisse
in negative repeats on each cushion
on the couch and the Baldwin-signature slipper
chair.

There is a connection
between the pieces
of furniture. Color
is not subject to fashion.

INTERPRETANT / SISTER PARISH

that old-money look
rag rugs & antiques
a "flair"
daredevil color crocheted throws
"baroque" "freewheeling"
"felt" her way along
the reins of taste
English country
horse country
vintage & fashionable
bring back what is good
worn

Silence

MARY PICKFORD

1. LITTLE MARY

bargain basement Shirley Temple
outmoded model
scrub-brush skating prior to Pippi
silent

biggest of the big
top box draw

“live your parts”
spunky tomboy
deformed cripple
freckled farm girl

“never anything accidental”

her bag of tricks established
New York Hat “cute”

Anita Loos
A Girl Like I

lets 'em have it

2. TWO MARYS

better version of herself
and the popular one
Little Lord Fauntleroy and his mother
Pickford is a fairy.
formulas

to have arrived
invited
Pickfair

Say, Mary, I fell
Like a German "Ace" with
A bullet through his gas-tank . . .
Arthur S. Brooks, *Eulogy to Mary*

MABEL NORMAND

if someone's wearing polka-dot underwear, it will be revealed

comedy unseating

her goop opium
whoop-de-do girl
Keystone Kops

NORMA TALMADGE

dated style
passive typical
dull physical
actress: no persona beauty of the time
New Woman

representational
not
individual
hoyden persona "Dutch"

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

Dust Day and Night

AGNES DEMILLE

the scenery was unrefreshing
native plants battling temperate zone plants, and where
watering stopped
grey scratchy patches hard-scrabble dust
plain hills, a hermit, theosophists
 (Robert Duncan)
 earnest
 willing
 shysters
 cowboys

solid affairs
to die at ease in the sun
taken unaware
yield yard by dusty yard

casting
choreography
 cowboys
 Cecil Uncle
musicians set the rhythm

a good place in the San Fernando Valley for a massacre
behind the hills rose suddenly
 coarse with weeds
 formed and burnt
 dust storm
 pathetic
 fallacy
 portent
 fraught

dying lupine
Gower Gulch drugstore cowboys
real cowboys

CONSTANCE COLLIER

desert green
and iridescent

young girls faces seared cruel restrictions

a deserter (nerves)

it was still a prison

It's a Different Dreamtime

“A woman painting”
not a gendered version of common language
by a woman,
men having usurped –
“this isn't a painting,”
you mean.

Modernism as selfish,

without need to sell,
teapot-tempests
and the club women.
These paintings are my _____.

Just as adventuresome as different.

Color is directly apprehended.
You are apprehended.
What it means to be abstract.
Avant-guard is a war term
I resist.

Little windows by Agnes Pelton.
form = sound color = words
golden glow of earth transcending
cloudy barrier in white response
diamond light, in revelation
Years of reading bad translations of mystical writings from the
Arabic.

Pluto, and every other thing inside the picture-frame meaning,
even light meaning something.

Desert Pieties

salt COAST rocky FOG

conform

the tradition: feminine ARMATURE amateur
(small scale)

pastel.

water-

color.

paper.

Lucia Mathews

realistic READERS renditions of roses

at Pasadena,

prosperous

theosophist

Edith White

the genres are GAUDENS gardens, picturesque how can APPLES a painting be picturesque? not picaresque PRECARIOUS, critics, no not picayune impressionistic after the fact of light, adobe, girls in white dresses and warm cappuccino-colored maids, LADY land of little dew on blooms

Fannie Duvall and who was Francis Blagg

mingled with powerful NESS men

found time

her studio screamed “artist”

to tourists

Ellen Burpee Farr

religion negated divROCKorce
character and spirit of the sitter

McCloskeys

premier decorative bird painter
Christian Science entitles expression
enough room to swing a cat
white birds
a painting for cataract surgery

JESUS Jess Arms Botke

from Lives of the Designers

A factory of Catherinettes? No, a garret.

Couturiers feast St. Catherine's Day.

Courtiers? Atelier workers

the women who assemble garments

baste tissue

sew rosettes

haute couture

are Catherinettes.

marionettes, castinets, alphabets, bracelets, -ettes

ROSE BERTIN, MINISTER OF FASHION

*quand Bertin fair briller son gout industriel
l'etoffe obeissante en cent formes se joue . . .*

Jacques Delille

Ready-to-wear mass production with all its drawbacks
of repetition, the prints, stripe, stripe, flower garland, stripe,
banality, shepherd, shepherd's crook, sheep, scene, sheep,

unoriginal, no stamp of style particular to the client except in
combination
of manufactured objects, of reproductions; with variation, color,
scene,
suitability, what is the image, of delicacy? Standardized?
Uniform?

but its effect on society: making divisions less visible
vertical stripes on an overstuffed woman
don't erase, make fluid *ah, the liquefaction*,
ready-to-wear *confections*, delicate fichus, ruches,
rosettes, tissues, animated
custom
beadwork,
flounces, veils.

tumbrels tumbrels tumbrels tumbrels tumbrels

PAUL POIRET

virtual dictator of mode

Poiret revived the empire.
Countering the elimination of corsets,
or at least the wasp waist, he did
not return the natural waist. He wasn't
liberating but
establishing
straight lines,
hobble skirts,
mincing gaits.

Suffrage
brought harem clothing
to the office (not pink-
collar, silk);
first wave feminism, his
brassiere;
second wave feminism, its burning.

COCO CHANEL

Colette in cloth? “A small black bull.” Picasso. Cubism.
Cevennes. Chestnut groves. Claudine collar. Cocottes.

peddler

peasant

(small wares)

Gabrielle, relentless striving

to conceal *origins*

orphans sold their hair and wore clothes dyed black

Neanderthal replaced by Cro-Magnon with body paint and
jewelry.

let's get sushi and not pay

let's live together and not marry

why buy the cow

“Boy” Capel: “femme d’entreprise”

sportive: men’s clothes. How not to be mistaken

for a courtesan.

vs.

“luxury has no purpose but to

make simplicity

remarkable”

Grand Duke Dmitri: fur & quilted silk

Duke of Westminster: tweed & pearls

Nazis. Bandoliers of pearls. “Mexican” standoff with Dior.

SONIA RYKIEL

knits after Chanel's knits

Queen of Knits

her husband manufactured them
ready to wear
decorator

and the boutique named "Laura"

the road to the airport

Cafe de Flore where Barthes came each day at 7pm

now, from the archive

revived

whets the appetite

SONIA DELAUNAY

“color is form and subject” first, marriage of convenience, then
marriage of affection

designer to the
vertiginous gyroscope in the human heart
NATO tweaks,
 calibrates gyros in Newark, Ohio
simultaneous dress is on her body a body
limbs on the dress, not beneath
 covering skin, a new vocabulary

“and on the hip
the poet’s signature”

Repetition is only infernal since repetition breaks the body.
 Repetition is vertiginous,
carpal tunnel is endless and nearer hand than “heart.”

ELSA SCHIAPARELLI

A chi amo

A chi mi ama

A chi mi fece soffrire

Elsa Schiaparelli, *Arethusa*

She wrote her own erotic poetry. Poiret's exotic odalisque (aigrette, hobble skirt) marvelous baroque, surreal apparel, i.e., he mentored elle, Elsa. Everything reveals / woman's strangeness. Schiap shaped a shoe into a hat, cap, chapeau. Shocking pink Schiaparelli, hard chic: padded shoulders, slim hips, clothes carpenter. "J'attendrai la poche." A woman is not symmetrical: body, fabric's frame, patterned with fame (reviews, stars, counterfeit coins and cats and cups and cut-ups). Jean Cocteau, ferocious insect, tell us, if you know, how new morphological phenomena occurred with social status blurred to allow happy shopping. No "fashion was never anything but the parody of the gaily decked-out corpse, the provocation of death through the woman": Dali did her trompe l'oeil (blow to the eye, fool the eye).

MARY QUANT, AKA MRS. A. PLUNKET GREENE

Micro-mini, not quaint
(like little girls in black-patent ankle straps
not blue satin sashes),
space-age vinyl and Op.

“Chelsea look”:
we wanted to take our shirts off so we did.

Rules the eyes apply are subject to “hot pants.”

DAVID RIVARD, VERSACE

perfume off magazine pages inexplicable
vendettas pollen of beach grass from beach towns
the constant talk of weapons American
sins & ads for antihistamines & all this American

was the wind's news, especially

poor Versace: neither plug nor ugly
nor a looker

of all today's dead guys the tastiest & most
tasteless
who'd gone out
fishing for his morning
paper;

whatever new fashion he has taken up

(now that the old is abandoned,

that style the spiders call
running-back & forth-inside-ourselves,
as they sometimes run,
inside silk wisps
spun from their bellies)

whatever new fashion has taken him up – his house –

a revival – fine, fine!

The Outsiders

ANNE GRGICH

cut up magazines to save paint
I can support us (single mom) *this way*
Schwitters on his bicycle

at her
kitchen table collage
 portrait
 books

page after page and painting over texts
 newsprint puzzle
underneath visible
inside out

EILEEN DOMAN

old snapshots mom's
irresistible urge
 paint the career of that struggle
would love
 to be able
 to teach
 art

MYRTICE WEST

much much more than literal translation directions
visions / started
her daughter followed her abusive husband West
East, to Japan
I saw Revelations in flashes
he murdered her
she has gone on to paint other books
of the Bible simultaneously, surrealistically

EVELYN GIBSON

the women the women are in the holy land
the women are veiled the women carry water
jugs on their heads the women to the stream
and the rocks are the path in the holy land
and the rocks are a wall the women are a pattern
the veils are a pattern in the holy land

ALPHA ANDREWS

dead grandchild in heaven winged an angel, gothic gate halves
hinged backward
“family thought my visions strange” a star
Appear’d
plastic fabric paint bottle pointillist I mark’d the . . . beam
“the preacher said I shouldn’t be having them” (visions)
she became an ordained minister Pursued the orb . . . its high
career,

MINNIE EVANS

we talk of heaven
I believe

we think white
beautiful rainbow colors

*bright with robes like evening clouds
of flames and silver*
Harriet Beecher Stowe

tender green and clearest amber

MELISSA POLHAMUS

in crumpled paper threatening faces I copy
information analyst

Americans Rah Rah Rah

Still life subject active object
 subject passive object

LILLY MARTIN SPENCER

abolitionist
parents
 beauty fades
 We Both Must Fade

MARY CASSAT

with him and with him
and they studied and they
divergence

task is look apparatus

FIDELIA BRIDGES

botanicals from life
alive arrangement
 encouraged not figure

MARIA OAKEY DEWING

FLORINE STETTENHEIMER

you say refined interdependency
I say attenuated brilliance
I say restraint schooling constraint
 containing a freedom
 march, and insouciant
 boot

the satire that is love (shod)
(maybe a sick emancipation)
certain

GEORGIA O'KEEFE

the breadwinner no, no, not the body

ALMA THOMAS

there is a
 grid
painterly

ANNA MARY ROBERTSON of the warped
windows, even into modern times, not
rolled glass

and the company who owns the
scenes on plywood, pressed wood,
particle board,
Grandma Moses Properties Co.

ISABEL BISHOP

the ghost of the renaissance,
marble, sculpted, alabaster flesh,

not that gator tossing beer cans
to gather in the corners of rooms at bay
brazil overlooking that sestina again, the women's faces
closer than a monument

“Frankenthaler and Martin are rooting in the physical world.”

ALICE NEEL

this one like Modigliani
(a novelist who wrote
find your fine art master)
who is Neel's, her
blue delineation

IRENE RICE PEREIRA

dematerialize machines and lose
their sex, their electrical charge
a chip is a web (of sorts) and circuits
at the flick of silver paint. Let me lick
your terminals – edges are gone, dead

Palvinar

SONIA GETCHOFF

paint

hedonistic

paint

lustrous with a pastry knife

poetry

worm-view

flame shape

queen venus, window karenina, anna children

DEBORAH REMINGTON

at Six funk

poeta

light show

manifestation *rights*

JOAN BROWN

impudent

puissance

idiom idiom idiom idiom

impunity

impute

poena

prune impure



Perverse, primitive

her erratic work includes nudes
modeled on Willem de Kooning
's nudes
misunderstood she's whimsical
globes against shrill

JAY DEFEO

impure
solecism barbarism foreign idiom
foreign matter adulterated *puto*

I have eyes and eyes for what
you may not expect
you have not seen

LILLY FENICHEL big brush

rounded
permission horizontal *pango*

The Burlesques

GYPSY ROSE LEE

Talk, tease, suggest, wink, talk, take something off, wink, joke,
smile knowingly, unwind a scarf, take something off, slither off-
stage

wreaking havoc, walking *what you can't have*, crave,
laces and mesh, garters and straps, a
twist on
tradition.

GEORGIA SOTHERN

“Hold that Tiger,” frenzy
rooted in desperation. They say it’s unappealing but
abandon is, inhibition is passion of a sort, fear is,

the nerve. Thirteen. The career of that struggle,
a woman with her self and her show, her society,
is only her gender “sexy”?
Shout it, shaking.

ANN CORIO

innocence sells sex the more wicked they felt
 give a (Hershey’s) kiss
 dressed as a girl, in ruffles, her gimmick,
 then strip, an optical feast free of burley cliché
 and
 all

girlie show

About Portraits by Eleanor Antin

Naomi Dash, Amy Goldin, Margaret Mead, Rochelle Owens,
Yvonne Rainer, Carolee Scheemann, Lynne Traiger, Hannah
Weiner

Q.

Velvet from the garment district trucked through Truckee.
A formula for its red dye.
Frames that size, or easels: wood so far from the tree.
Glass float glass from PPG or plate sprayed with silver spray.

Jar molded or pressed full of honey
not as far from Tennessee. The self
is decorated. Beauty and consumption's
textures intermingle. The mirror
on the gallery wall in the Weimar.
The Bee: communication and labor. Labor,
manufacture, female Victorian lush,
plush, advanced, industrial. Limits
of this aesthetic like a corset, iron in it
like a portrait.

U.

What's twice ersatz?
Foldable card table, folding chairs,
plastic red-checked tablecloth, plastic utensils,
paper plates: not an Italian eatery; holiday potluck
of preparing to serve no real meal.
No resting (albeit disposable).
(What did the table wear?)
Tableware for bland
but nonexistent food: the woman
is replaced only expensively.
 My grandmothers
went this way. Food you wouldn't eat

and no garlic. A baked potato defies
a spork. Red wine with 7up
in a Dixie cup. More time for baking cheaper
chocolatey chocolate-flavor chips
and crocheting tricolor acrylic afghans.

Plastic tablecloths can be cheaper than dropcloths
so I buy them and plastic bowls and utensils
for mixing paint. My uncle's brother invented
the edible spork. The food was good.
The silver's worn off the silverplate.

E.

The door is a door is closed without a doorway.
The mat does not say "welcome". There is a mat,
and there are dairy products. There is an eye
in a door in New York, a bell, a name plate.

