

GIVE ME WATER, I'M THIRSTY

All day long they're singin', hmm
My, my, my, my, my, my, my, my work is so hard!
Give me water, I'm thirsty! My
My work is so hard, whoa!

—Sam Cooke

As I was a child, or how to be of being need of still being a child: a novel so I can still be a child. Imagine: you're reading a book, and you're still a child. what wd. it matter to you?

ah q

th. uhh A vee

likely born

stupid beat, same beat over and over and now a solo

Neu! a metal box the second edition

the second song

Public Image Ltd.

a tradition Ezra Pound

Entire Cultures:

the G train

Cake Shop

Downtown New York

my moody fits

fuck Gonzo

Ginsberg

God

That's how it all started: a list. A limit in form and context. That's not a problem. I read a book; I buy another. "The group originally hoped to call themselves 'Thunder Cloud', but the name was already taken." Two kids named Gus and now his sister is dead. I never knew her after I suppose an original awakening some context of 3rd to 1st Joyce, oh genius, oh genius, oh that girl, I don't know God but God she's drunk! She's drunk what Hell for her! Impossible to categorize some man; my body heat; my losing my body heat; a light fixture near the light ovals in a Stewart's, a tired child, a motion to regain bleeding and not sweat on a microphone, 5 years of uninterrupted Transcendental meditation of explaining 5 years of not hating my goodness! that girl! that drunk, filth, my god. Part of the next part dead girl, a drive around the park and a hit on the wheel: a crash. no no no. don't pause. so a light ahead, it's on, that light ahead, it's thought, the unconscious and conscious—good or bad poet: one alive to know that it's unconscious when he should be conscious: bad. good or bad poet: one alive to know that it's conscious when he is

conscious: who knew? fate dots: fate. the concrete of regaining human: pelican over Bombay in December my brother's Bombay Sapphire but he really did that. Jeanette Winterson: "Trust me." Teacher: "Is this a signifier for fibbing?" Listen bitch, she swallowed her tongue. Will continue and does. My God, my God, some other recitative: my mother, my mother: blue dress. A Dixie hat, no. A delightful conversation, a healthy wit, and the inevitable thing of somebody saying it: fuck that. Great: next context: the children on a picture, a canoeing trip, banana boat, fat kid on the river going to heaven (that's me), memories of water; not a Joyce Carol Oates collections of Best American Essays, "Once More to the Lake" by E.B. White. Having returned from finding that story, I had a teacher say that I have to find patterns there in that essay. I write essays that expect strong action verbs, varied sentence structure, and easy to follow abstraction. How does he die? Well, he hung himself in his closet with the power cord from his computer. I wrote a poem about it then... remind me again: Eliot: "good or bad poet." He was so young, Eliot. That man. I dig and dig and still it's of not yet crying, of not yet knowing, of not yet forming the, of not yet abstaining for the comfort of your reader, of that reader who my feelings should not have to make him comfortable: finding your good friends dead. I didn't win solitaire for three days, and I spent days and days trying to win. So I quit playing and his forming became a myth. That's not a bit of the late Eliot, who I heard, "very Christian, a shame": the critics were drunk, Hell for them and to retain that I should visit that very body years later now: still enough and understand how it was worded, "I'm sad." How one might explain in a thousand words how they love their summer camp: my own words there: "Imagine how that your greatest comfort would be lava on your tortured body in Hell." Boy cries. I cry. Rise and shine! My God! my next day, same day, and the body retains functions years later, a child of, a same, a same day, same thing, who the fuck was that? Cage: "it should be a criticism, get a different job, but the difference is that I do it and you don't." Don't know. Carl, the innovator, he does the same thing: "hey man." Entire cultures not or whatever or like it like he like fucking like umm I don't know like why? pitied mistress walk a long time (song form: "Jane Says"), goes on radio, goes on, needs occult a maintaining of the sublime: "I'm sad." The problem of these understandings of need is that. The problem of understanding need is: I can't wait to hear a rhythm of 51 beats against 50 without expression this time. I don't know what 51 against 50 sounds like. Without sarcasm this time: Silence, but someone puts exclamation of that need: A prudence jar, a taker of requiem: so near things that happen that I sometimes wish THAT: effects of waking a constant estate of waking to of waking from woke of or waking of a blare of horns a sense of time within space a period

there are more important things
than trailing off into the nights with
vigor and glory

but i never saw his eyes burning
god's man— a man
strong—
trailing off into the nights
glorious harsh without a care but
sometimes he'd know he couldn't worry anymore

so he made me write a poem
made me break that sensitive promise
of keeping out of that tense
the empty declarations of
"i'm writing this poem for..."
and has me writing about suicide
and glory.

farewell. ←[THAT]

denoting retribution for entire cultures: an e-mail years later to say, "Once upon a time, Zeke, you went to my highschool. Now you are twenty. How is that? Do you wash your hair?" or a desire to illuminate the balloon's fall over hard ocean; my brother, the stationary, half-leaned over a blade of grass (that's not Walt Whitman, it's a park), or recall the crying of either sibling: not function as importance: man: contribution of function: "standing naked in his back of the woods": when stop shaking, darling, stop shaking, when I talk to somebody who drinks Mountain Dew, they think I'm going to fire them: a Star of David, daughter of ship, a book I'll read to my children: blood to ash: a children's

book about: God, a couple of chapters before bedtime: age seven: I was just a child: the Disciples' last supper creates hunger for unleavened bread: rice cakes: see Jesus smiling: the accompaniment to Bible stories for kids, a moralizer book accompaniment: "Man, God-fearing Man—a pastor—is taken hostage: three days later: dead: family forgiving gives other body the relief of Heaven's wishes: 'mercy down on me, Jesus will save you; my husband is dead.'" a child knows: seeing not: fuck you common place: "who defended his bartender on the ground that he was 'new' and had not yet, presumably, learned how to distinguish between a Negro boy of twenty and a Negro 'boy' of thirty-seven": hear not: "I told him that he hadn't wanted to talk to us earlier and we didn't want to talk to him now": I don't know: "I heard a white man shout, 'I don't want no niggers up there'" or later, historical significance; got this guitar goes nothing, nothing: "wake up mamma, turn your lamp down low": have you ever been to Statesboro, GA? Have you ever been to Georgia? That's not the Allman Brothers Band, that's your white son telling nigger jokes: boyhood promise man, a man missing his sweat: a good gut. warm bloat on the water after supper in somebody else's house. not a nice boy, polite though, lots of money. didn't like his braces.

"MAN: I swear I only saw machines (I sweat too)
 BLACK MAN: I am harbored (

same	same
child	shoes
older	better shoes

)"

and repeats older towards less milk consumption:

faulkkk ner:

eagle grin
 and recarven beak
 as children do cylindrically biting
 and ardent do not "tuck your under bite, m'boy"
 taunted pie loaf

("what do you do when you get lonely? nobody waiting by your side?")
 res(pond)urrection and coldblooming
 slave puddle and chain fence wrappings
 and then mamma picks you up

softconfidence

snow falls
 who'd dad th[ou]aaw[ght]?
 who'd dad th[ou]aaaaaw-tt? whole daez of sum ought doing,
 who'd had thaought?

a hall hung

deh gaust -a

(less time!)

two more wander under the beat
full gut for promise man!

-----night time now.

whistles have blown, might be a walk around for coffee later.
promise man still talking Patty into Wednesday chicken night
(night light of downtown under the 6 o'clock sundown almost always a Wednesday night).
church boys just getting out of Monday week school day. getting fat and old so young. but
promise man keeps yelping (momma used to call him calf fat; sounds like his voice stretching
the top buttons on his shirt). can't be getting too old. the high nights
still almost summer before the kids go boating too much. not good for the gut either.
boyhood promise man, a man missing his sweat: a good gut.
warm bloat on the water after supper in somebody else's house. not a nice boy, polite
though, lots of money. didn't like his braces.

----- and months after the
boys, Dorie tells the story the same as it
were repeating in to itself:

oh rats, brother what a bland back you have. not nice lily shades said brother Crumb. well well
said Scotty, I don't see you shaving much anymore
seems like that water wasn't moving (footsteps suspend bridge's dropdown)
or the roses could turn away
how do you propose to sit here all day?
talking and ah-laughing!
How about a promise? No, nothing? Don't play
on oval things thinging around your fanny forever. Them bass drums aren't leading anywhere:

"little lily lilac
singing pity pit-pat
roses, water, sunshine spray"

Same thing says Scotty. I ain't wasting around anywhere anyhow or anything. I'm getting places.
Cut and paste and plank proud trump trill and tattered lump,
limp and pimp, ah son ah shrill the lot of night for a sum to seem as the parts to pump

---Monday

-----the good day after
and a welcome home ("in three persons this time!") ----the chatter and a cold lunch
mom and a nursing home

Christmas and I'm a song
mine and my night, next supper tupperwear prayer for my mother
long putting home next time
or on and on something else
grandmomma and pinestraw stuffing. now that don't make no sense none. no more growing up.
wrappers fattening around baby fat: Listen:

up sun and belly swell

turned gravel over tender

the clay slipping under edges left

ruts and bramble—
no, again

thumbing lightly

up sun and belly swell
the turning of gravel over tender

warm warm morning
before the bulwark's bathing

how to do with blooming dogwood:

“find a straight line,
draw your mother”

autumn
without the fruit basket

but this not how nothing is meant
the branches green in summer

“It's like I need time to figure these things out,
But there's always someone there going”: The subway car, the vague stresses onto children,
sister brother foster father: so when she put interests down—alcohol, pharmaceuticals, underage
boys—I knew I would like her, I used to romanticize the janitor as well.
Why am I simplicity

He took a nap after lunch
and pictured the photograph
the fan oscillating

the hum
vain
indistinct

or what one man does to remember that: “knowing that nothing could happen”: iron railing, the
cold railing, the cold railing or tomorrow: “took down the washing or at least went to see that the
maids didn't slack”: man on his own man on his own: contradiction not specifying: “Once upon
a time, Zeke, you went to my highschool. Now you are twenty. How is that? Do you wash your
hair?”

as motion comforting forward
ceased winter yawn and the rose shade pillow
light in the window
or in separation of movement from design; candor:
knowing stillness in comfort of boredom:

know anything, soft grain song
“you drift with me on a cold sea”
a return to promenade
as of ashes or an overcast sky
light mourning for

tears in cool air

speaking:
the clouds

they move over,
they move over me knowing only to understand what they are doing and the bop boys play on
and on; my God, I got this radio! the same thing, a thousand times, the same thing, and I know
the song is literature: no—he went crazy, loony toons, pushing the television buttons too much;
colored like grass or emeralds

over the asphalt’s armor
hot of the field’s return to height
or how the softer shells slap
across the hard sand

my darling: Adagio in “Transfigured Night”: Adagio in “Spartacus”: Rays of
such beating noise only repeating “my God!” or however we may need him to
suffice: “This is the meaning of life!” or “We think the world of you” and take
everything that is among my metaphor and become all the world before: a
white lamb touching a dragon’s beak, my God! virgin belly

box mourns
same and are Rosy things

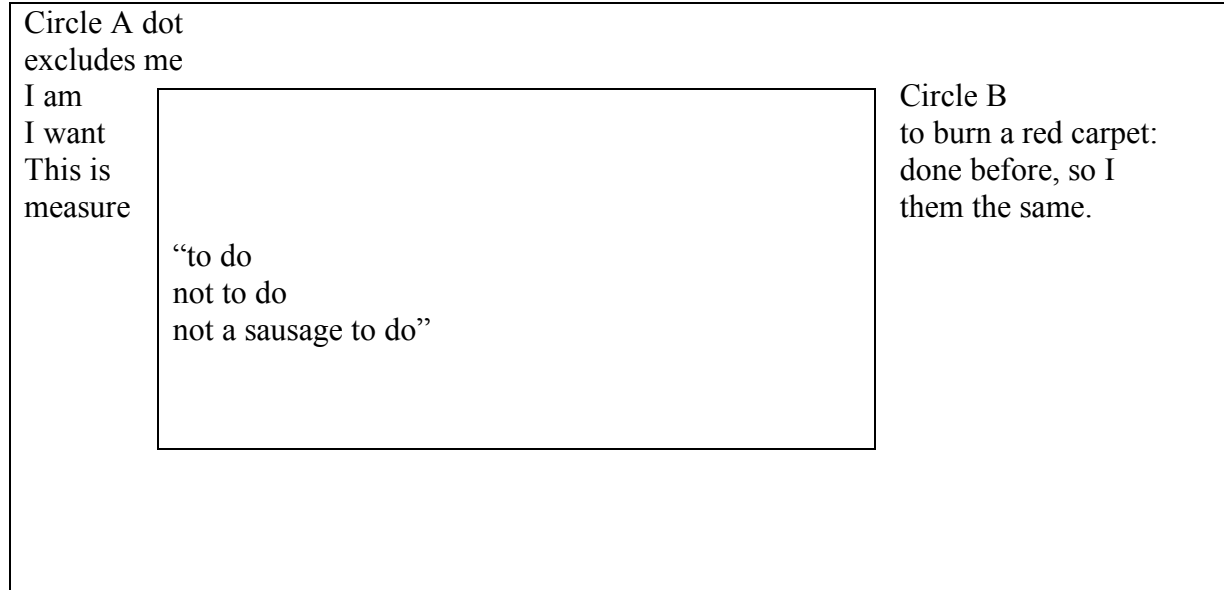
orifice of gentle girl, dear man and fortune recrossed: days sitting: a child of pitiless misery: “It’s
like I concentrate real hard and it doesn’t work out
Everything I do and everything I try never turns out
It’s like I need time to figure these things out
But there’s always someone there going: It doesn’t matter, I’ll probably get hit by a car anyway.”
If This Be a Man: “mothers [staying] up to prepare for the journey with tender care, and
[washing] their children... and the hundred other small things which mothers remember and
which children always need”:

For what a glorious thing to feel and be young
and what a glorious God to smile suns and dream not anything at all. no problem: got all these
old pictures: “who reconciled the first so he could insinuate the rest”: my goodness, where is it?
wrapping around and around the head of some man on his front porch of town hall with hands
held over us smiling so we stopped moving and stared for a moment—and I’ll take my time,
thank you—to go where I’m going. a man don’t just wink his eye and expect magic, a minute
don’t go by without a day ahead: not sleeping worth nothing, back aches, take three more
minutes to see the lights ahead and know there they are. is that anything? functioned like most
things (and what?): how does one explain the world around him? because violins play, the movie
tells me that someone is dying. stop. stop. stop. stop. stop. stopping for the good story that goes
on and on never getting anywhere: goes:

“man, i practice like 15 hours a day” –Charlie Parker

“man, i write like 45 songs a day” –John Zorn

“man, i hate shit” –Wagner



“man, i never take showers” –Beethoven

“man, i shove dead mud sharks in groupies” –John Bonham

“man, i don't even know what that means” –John Cage

“hey man,

how are you supposed to whistle to the tune
of a billion tankers' steam pilots
singing
well I ain't got no whistle and I ain't got no
airplane to go over this all
but its
it seems so small over here”

“next time we'll take this promise up to the gods”

a large space of indescription

don't need a way this way

can just go on dunno: never thought it mattered how to say it:
that's that's not music, it's a job. the last name in every dead man as long as he was used
ironically so that some day we can hold hands as virgins in the Galapagos “free from all pain,
happy and having fun all the time.” not marginally experienced as the secret of all craftiness:

connoisseur: has a boat, been everywhere, will go there again: to only see experience as recurring abjection but instead he made a graph

<p>repeated A: belief B: actuality C: nothing care and before as david requires stone</p> <p>the web cradles the light</p>	<p>circle with A dot B circle a colon An Elegy (all lower case)</p> <p>abjection</p>	<p>earlier: This is a straight line: 1:50 (drawing of several boxes</p> <p>)1:54</p>	<p>line— Go— ing home—how to do with staple or sonnet</p> <p>the removal of line from other</p> <p>retaining finite—no, again—</p>
--	--	--	--

“...and then it happened again: A B C. Noticing a pattern, I began to manipulate the author’s uncertainty—making him anything at all:

“7&6 motion dee-pla-pa”
whistle and retrace closet: four lines

calm this time
need plants in the room

two things touching:
norton killed calvino
george clinton and british philanthroper nice guy cornwall place maid
a million other things sto-away
opus 125? I think
history duhhhh
plah

Do not bother to finish reading the poem. For example, I did not read the following passage:

Procedure:

1. Read your own poetry—preferably poetry you don’t like and haven’t read in several months—over and over for the course of several days.
2. Try to emulate the problems you have with your old poetry without making your problems obvious.
3. Copy parts (phrases, stanzas, etc.) of your old poetry that you like and rearrange them to create a new poem. I did this with the last poem, “older time”.

example:
1 + 1 oh god, what now
uhhh, huuh, 1 tree + 1 temper = okay
work around this

thinking

okay, earl grey
that's how the railly goes hither
dickey don knotts a chariot practicing
or half leaning on grass
(that's not walt whitman, it's a park)

shut up shut up shut up or in a high enough voice (think about the nasal part of it)
cello cello cello
Verklärte Nacht, Tannhäuser
A: cigarette 3
again? okay. whimsy this time:

take time
reduce it again and fold
don't worry about protocol
time is bigger!
insert a 15th line (3 stanzas, 5 lines each)

but what if wanted space
fuck & back to lines
a song about lines:
"draw a straight line,
kill your mother"

don't know if that's what others want
boxes or squares
continual reference

older time

to those we do not wish to see,
the tone of voice unarranged

this table will not draw
the absence of weight
this table will not conceive
omnifarious lacking

i reckon the noise
is dependable
the tamper of my eyes follow the distinctions
between my breath and the sound
as vision may distort the sound
in which everything may be entirely concentrated:

"The subway car, the vague stresses carrying over into"

lines syncopated in footsteps,
with or without
accord with the eyes
the difference in variation and object in my recollection,
words retaining these relationships:
the polite clap
repetitive motion

His assertion presents a calmer view of his multi-faceted existence. The presentation of his loafing acts as a transition from the proud statements of the first stanza into the calmer meditation of the second stanza. Furthermore, as Whitman loosens his tone, he avoids being overly zealous. For example:

Anyway. I first read All the King's Men by Robert Penn Warren when I was seventeen years old. I had to write a research paper on it for twenty-five or thirty percent of my final grade, something like that. the summer before writing that paper, I wrote a short autobiographical story about how confusing my life was, and it was a bad paper, too. so I rewrote that story about an experience I had with David Shears at Boy Scout camp.

Anyway. When we were at camp together, we were the only troop that showered naked, and the other troops called us "faggots" and "queers," and we thought they were "pussies" or "douche bags," and a naked David ended up face to face with a troop leader (that means an adult) calling everybody from the other troop "fucking whatever," and it was such a big deal that they broke our stereo.

the rotation of the wrist around your pencil, a prophet named Ezekiel, two brothers named Stephen and Daniel, Poem For Tables, Benches, Chairs, etc.:

table tot, tot or something
resembling tot, tot , as a rock or was a rock and the rock became
Stephen and all this not God, but not God-like as a chair
or a table, so as not to affect
the rock's motion

“

brother daniel: the chair's leg.
slacking carries

the chair”
such

turning and turning around the sun
as if concept relished/
realized may attain, not concern, but
epiphanize my own detachments,
understand that in my evenings, I would
walk in reflection, never realized nor described
soothing into me
the comfort of knowing
God's last yawn will stretch
long and tame from the beating notes of church organs...”

and I knew him from work because it was the same thing for all us guys: “I get up at 8:20, fry one egg and eat it on toast, make coffee, drink two cups, and get there by 9:15: sweep floors, go to work: stickers on books, boxes on stack, stack some books, delivery, organize, whatever and lunch”: get home and walk around a long time because I have no money and hate buying things. free time doing: “
the sun is not, as is not the earth, but in this

*hollowness,
your parents' blood;
as mine, but their own
continuity stares back,
but this is not how I mean each breath.
we may still be devout.*

*myself as my father.
, entity still
separate. a fucking comma
your absolute— or God is dead, but this is not
how I mean nothing”*

the table without a fruit basket: so you have a sad morning and just sort of talk about it later: so you can have a day with a day again and that's not and then that's: discusses it later: waits for a situation to arise: Lights/ Lord/ Lights/ You/ You/ God/ Let's/ Lord/ Let's/ We handle[s] the books carefully then stop[s] caring: fold them into cardboard: I into myself, becoming children, my children
I am young, still.

if I relax,
the picture will fade

creating a functional motion of those dots: my children. not to be seen as dots, but these same people over and over: “I guess that's one way to lose these walking blues”: everyone into dots may achieve the same thing over and over until some devious do-gooder comes along—usually a little before lunch—and asks us how long we've been working here: “after my fifteen-minute break, I kissed my elbow for a group of wealthy yoga students on the elevator: and this girl says her hips are double-jointed: ‘really good for things’... ‘like what?’... ‘it makes sex very comfortable’... ‘oh, I can kiss my elbow’”: don't know enough today: go home again, got some mail: bought something: New York City: suspends the bridge's down drop: fine arches bellow softly in the sway of gray morning: the bridge is conducive to these dreams:

*two eyes missing, one from each father.
coy, though their
eyes remain side-by-side*

or in being—
to wander in my own influence,
my eyes rhythmically throbbing
in consideration of the sun and self;

The morning is cold and pours ash through.
The scene surrounding stares back and conveys vocabulary.
The abstaining belief in the spider web's tension,
A glance as the light spaces the fibers' seed,

the city seems clear
in relation to nuance
d

sparkles in cloudy n

ight.

When I get home, I'
m going to marry yo
u

she sat on the fence
lips of fat

incomprehensible
dot dot dot

All I could explain w was
To listen for attention
remind myself, patience
in relation to billows and dewdrops.

But, I am awake now. The branches I used to climb are green in the summer around the swamp
balanced the muck drip-drop
down the heel
the lilies in the daytime, too.
and distance,

gully transient, there is a cabin
that I wander back to day after day I wander back into the same
cabin with dirt mud gully's lining the path
to the jagged fence

the rain fell
and filled the night an easier way

the other
bobbing in the blue gully's cattails

the dream
the direction of my eyelids

even through words I devote as
fully realized,

a blank between printed, typed, or
written words, characters, numbers, etc.

the highway's attention
metacarpus
framed under
gnarled rootings

in worship of

oneself tied down
expressed as astrologically uneven or a failure

used ironically
to refer in specified glowing terms
to instill hopes of ending
and sleep

eyes continue over and over
recurrent 3rd avenue
walking the skyline. the suspension
of the fog, tiny water droplets reveal
vision focused and parallel

the coward's dance,
the filament strung between the
ostinato down drop

calm in the
waves' foam, the slender features
childlike—bugle's flat coloration
and the burning wheel as a folk song
sometimes directed, sometimes annunciated
through the sense of desire

the waves steeping over; bore in peak
between nothing or transparent clarity (Do you still believe in this music?)
she showed him a picture

two by four inches, black and white
small man organized
attention city condensed to attain
Why am I simplicity

or the bell hovers and rings over
the string
I care for these things:
stopping and going
as if to continue is not within
flat scenery city night
but still separate

Only scenes maintain
their certainty

*"Lord knows—
i want, to go
home:
the big-ots
hang higher*

*and the widows
cry fire,
Lord know
i want to go home”*

her sweaty gingham gown
still dark outside—
the sun comes up
a lot.
even simply
could see absolute, is a convoluted answer. a distant
belief in the constant perfection of,
even as it fades
to see the possibility of a blank construct

*the highway’s stoicism
the highway*

but, not this table, of course and “put on Billy Joel”: and tired of the steel mill went back to his loft in SoHo and hung out with John whoever or however he might ration a looser tone about or a hateful deneeding of the fire escape and only wanting to hear something about his son in Denver or his brother in Oregon, he went out there with his wife and listened in: “I found out what ‘prima donna’ means from a Metallica song” and realized that Metallica doesn’t spell check but the Beatles do (and only assumed and found it to be true—I am large, I contain multitudes) and then James Hetfield [sp] or Paul McCartney and Walt Whitman all got a goddamn album and went and said it was okay to buy their album so long as they didn’t have to understand that it was stolen or Michael Kamen could still do strings for them: so Michael had been called by Roger Waters or Eric Clapton who had worked with Jack Bruce or so they say had played with Tony Williams who frequented Miles Davis who depended on Teo Marcero who wishy-washed with Brian Eno and of course the Talking Heads, David Bowie, Robert Fripp, Genesis, Fred Frith, John Cale, and U2 and finally went back to Derek and the Dominos who had two members die of unfortunate circumstances, another went away, and the last killed his mother, and then Clapton went on tour with Derek Trucks where the guitars went nothing, nothing and nobody moved onstage but the compliments kept coming anyway so it was assumed that nothing was or wasn’t happening and later on in the Hudson Valley, maybe Woodstock, Levon Helm told him “no” one more time and could still get all giddy about that once before and he hated the violins playing over a dead son and nobody knew if that was okay because it was wrong: one shouldn’t have to get up every morning and make extensions for the wrong attitudes or the best of and greatest hits and then anyone can put out a new album only once every seven or eight years and spend all their free time listening to the Who and the Clash and if they get really out there can put on some Tool and spend the rest of the party listening to funk or Justin Timberlake who is only unsubstantial because of his recentness and would never know how to express too little if he were given the chance.

and when I get home I don’t want to hear what’s going on—“What’s happening, brother?”—and years from now, when “O Brother, Where Art Thou?” and Marvin Gaye are in the same book and all current logic of compatibility will have been lost but under the circumstance that John Cage won’t have to do anything at all—extending his hatred to the hillbillies as the webbed toes of history happens in a pattern of really getting nothing right except the weirder details of Derek and the Dominos and even maybe Joyce’s references to the Oconee River sometime during Finnegan’s Wake: a bit of befuddling here or listened to—ain’t that peculiar?: can come home

over and over and no mention of waking up to reading this later: doesn't want to read it over and over: problems resting on work becalmed a young Samuel Beckett who frequented whose? daughter and helped the master on his literature and hobbies, and on hearing the clicking of his typewriter thought of James, who once dictated an entire novel to a typist, and from what's been told, had writer's block for several days when the click-clack of the typewriter was silenced by repairs—you know, literature: something people use for a box of crayons and silent oil can can near plop boo-E bu-oy Call-E bot: deprived of shoes and cloth and would wipe their babes down in bare whispering old songs as full as they could remember

soldiers heavy and wept or after, and they left to roam;
later spit and later dry mouthing prudent requiem
nothing changing
don't use words to say that

when they got back, he just said "Welcome home."

man stands by the road.
still dark outside— the moon's shading
adding stress. fog and dewdrops.
fixation, devotion.

can't expect late nights to be anything but raindrops
and everyone knows raindrops
and everyone knows late nights
and madam asked for forty dollars at pump number four
and someone said, only forty dollars? lady, you must have a small car
to which someone replied, don't get me started on small cars, I don't care if I have to pay a hundred dollars, I'm goin be comfort'ble
a puff and several heart failures, it's like thirty fuckin' sausages on one steak and my bladder don't even stop, weighed a man's integrity and the paper shines right through bloating, a fat steamer clam gusting its phallus forward stretched out of its cage and does not materialize as willingly from self, washes hands, washes cages, washes lobster, and hears softness in the mature voice and a good goddamn here and there for brave, kind humanity cackling over the stereophone but the store won't have it and the boy gets fired giving everything not to cry on the telephone to his parents where he finally listens, "We still love you" and wonders what a child will finally have as himself to carry over into as still continue and does sounds tick-tock and build: cars humming under the bridge but hear yourself singing other tunes, "Tom Dooley, cha-cha-cha... Tea For Two... cha-cha-cha": not believing it was Saturday night or I had just gotten paid: not walking much anymore or a man deterring himself from music from women from his wife that he must wait twenty-two years to see again, not to show his chest or her legs and he repeats these words over and over the "sister brother foster father" that does retrace the sounds of beating organs and delivery trucks around Thompson Square Park over into and the retribution of multiples of three and why should I not repeat or not listen or calm myself in the subway cars imagining all men and women in furious weeping, ashamed pouring of uncomfortable blessing? blessing that carries us into the park and later back home? back towards what stresses remove the fetal continual and obsess a child
The subway car, the vague stresses stimulating and carrying over into my testicles, my children, sister brother foster father.

if I and remained fetal continual,
the development of the mind,
still a boy of fourteen

something men may carry
I wasn't aware of, my suspension,
my patience with consistency

why must this be a man? a fellowship returning must beckon the understanding of these things—
however many we might possess—and turn them, fight them, or relish them under the guise of
certainty: don't follow the last problem or what man may require only those basic needs:
problem, fellowship, and later certainty. birth understood as demonized following of necessary
imagination: believed as necessary by those who can later remember it as so: heliocentric
progressions or the Pubblicità Vodafone Omnitel—
Dell Shannon Stimulus: The sun is grey on
the sheetrock wall

I'm so young. I'm so young.
look at me

reappearance mouthing condition to your
broadly being and spells this rebirth:

“you child—my grace,
I ask for you to repeat,
return this passion. desire in these pages, and in this,
believe in God's wish,
and we may become like Him.”

how to be even yet fuller of homely ease, singing tuneless matrimony with the things around us:
vague or not yet easing, seeking stares of our fuller understanding of those that stare back.
renegeing forethought distributing function into purpose, the scales pulled off now explained as
proper imbalance: what should relive within a girl who laughs crooked and doesn't sweat when
she takes walks. She was not absorbed: all sorting into itself a later time for dealing with all that
surrounding absoluteness of whatever came before so one can whistle louder instating a
recollection always remembered as thought one could resonate total layering of topical subject:
often later, time was according to resonance and beginning felt over again how am's thus putting
this to moment of lacking anything. problems with doing all things: be honest: or how light—
being nothing—doing all things—difference—to go about—ever wanted—a long time ago—bad
timing, and not understanding, could just guess that it was okay to whatever found itself saying:

I am not afraid
NO, I AM NOT AFRAID
THIS IS MY BODY
I AM STILL A TEMPLE
INSISTING MY ACTUALITY
MY ADHERANCE
IT IS NOT EVEN TEARING MY BODY APART ANYMORE

and a few months later, not the same, but worrying more: harder today than yesterday my, my. listen, got lots of work to work on. no more welcoming home. My blood runs full under the sounds of delivery trucks and beating organs. The constrictions in my valve await the retracing of my blessings. No, I am not afraid;