

on
generation

parts i and
..

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to TARA

*who has long endured this book I now
dedicate it.*

...the question might be raised whether substance (i.e. the 'this') comes-to-be at all. Is it not rather the 'such,' the 'so great' or the 'somewhere,' which comes to be?

Aristotle, *De Generatione et Corruptione* I.3.317^b 20-25. (trans. ...)

Make ten of one,
and two let be.
Make even three.
And nine is one,
and ten is none...

Isak Dinesen, "The

contents

start

6

accession # / agenda box

one

8, 13, 16, 17, 26,

27

on major and significant minor — the barmaid from “Spanish Bottom”: her manner of setting out, a dangerous journey, safe arrival — i — stunts and forfeits for two and four — ii — parlor-room full of strangers

two

31, 37, 38,

41, 44, 45

daybook [7.1]-[7.15] — iii — lights off or something (i) — lights off or something (ii) — iv — daybook [7.16]-[7.31]

three

00, 00, 00,

00, 00, 00

rondo — v — finishing work on the face, left arm and foot — vi — terminal transfer — progress: exit only

finish

00

sta

accession # / agenda box

There is no intimate between *me* and *my*. But there is between *appearance*. And this is the coin, and everything. What's given for the coin is dedicated-bulk—a cross-count maybe grouped like colors as 'right determinations,' 'how loyal a palette' 's the pitch pitched by later rumor and gossip—uncertainty its sparkle so lovely a glow as any shipment in suspense to which we owe. Every intimate depends from this, to balk at cross-count and pitch, something *different* than right determination: the very observance. Immediately attracts to itself *appearance*. Why?

The touch touches on a forever basis, but luck helps things sound good. Move fast and display, forgive the foreverness it took to answer...if the process guarantees the truth of any, it guarantees the truth of all. Not portraiture—but fable, picaresque, prophecy, nostalgia. Moreover, landscape. Its fineness of texture rarely sees where the fading process couldn't reach without obscuring its own light: a concavity preserving sequential arrangement, periodic cessions, same patterns of motion, position and sustain; swift because...and in other ways too how these kinds of film are produced—on impingement from outside the final clause or core of indication. That the colors altered across an intervening horizon and took on a peculiar shape; that *in between's* permanently *singular* and *diverse-range*, from long symphoniclike compositions to portraits to harsh evocations to swelling, deeply textured excursions of ensemble: hearing and hearing a new piece have the call and floor-plan of one of the few and unyielding...configurations as varied as the expanse is—suites diagrammed in removed-back-half clay figurines, pyramid lines, canon forms, flag-stones, separate lines, lines, simple lines, or "one kind of only part" or "the total memorized chart": a simple figure based on 9 of one, 3 of another, 3 more of first dispersal tails introduction in 21, 12 and 9 maps 3 in various augmentation / diminuendo—a 3-6-12 circular series of 3, each to be extent as the series—then phrased on as many lines going as are: GAME-PLAN—PACKAGE-TERMS—RECIPROCAL REPLENISHMENT—CONSOLIDATED REIMBURSEMENT—SUCCESSIVE AGENDA DISPERSAL. I pass the progressions around in 4 and 2, usual change on out-impression, afterthought or rendezvous—verticals in a numenous partition sense of blue.

What's *actually* chronicled isn't the sound inside the beaten gong or mouth—it registers, just because from “near to,” as *larger* and *square* (intentionally muddied to cut down on glare). Not that an object viewed from near and far are one and the same—photo, dyed, copied to reversible sides—is indeed (as “of”) “front / back gauge” or “ $\frac{3}{4}$ modes.”

on

Stumblegrace opening shot kind of peacock cinema, (burgeon, nod and trundle)—yielding and intricate, colorful and unmistakable transit
 or degrees of isolation—(whirlingig, phrase and bundle)...that it might've had tags as bad as “on the power of speaking—redundancy as safe-guard
 against instability—utility made unique,” except what we're involved in here's called A ROMANCE imagined pure as a curve pressed into the center

of a taut sheet of polypropylene, inexorable as the warp in its welt might suggest: many beginnings, no middles, a few guessed ends; it's all right,
 there's rain, tatters as I go...doth shew them how to mount to *that* from *this* below? Prancing into a parlor-room full of strangers, it's all about
who's got priors *where*: from this distance one side always seems *higher* than the other...so. to begin with. *not here*

on major and significant minor

by a mullion of maple and scrub-oak, far-side fringed by croquet-yard and thin circus of oleanders looping hilltop back-manorhouse, granite veranda...sounding vaguely but somehow *stunningly* familiar now. It seemed like something had broken or loosened, a last strand in the net of some resisting net finally unknit. A carnival of meridians. It wasn't a matter of what *did* and *didn't* catch the eye, mere *pure* diversion

(simister in its complacency with itself, in the red-hard chase of its own tail) (PRIORITY-MAIL—1/6TH PLAIN): an attractively deceptive, aggressively random and sporadic dead-end—the kid-book literal of “Look, Giotto’s gold-dust halos!” I can already see myself leavin; hearing the things I’ll say. Imagine thick inter-lapped and part-canceling cords of mud humped between wheel-ruts in the muck, carriage and wheel ruts, in

1 back then out | then 2 back then out | then 1 then 2 back? It's what elaborate cross-hatching conveys, think: lexical
 augury...canop'd; that
 as 'counter-stroke,' 'contagion's advantage is its suggestion of 'congestion,' a so-called 'diagonal element' (inverted and
 projected, subjected
 like the reflection of a glass-top table to day-long route of dim ceiling, off-white wall, corner door-strip half-way down the]
 (mid-morning July

light: damped, thin); or a July night, back-light, spill of oily streetlamp coursing through ruffled gauze or taffeta curtains,
 dense tints of dark-on-
 dark throw unlit drawing-room into low-grade bas-relief: elbows of hand-turned picture-frames, gilded crests of plaster cr
 molding, swatches
 of overstuffed armchairs oddly bronzed or zinned, somehow patinaed...in the swelter of passion you forgot to close the

how deficient, even inconceivable, the decision for lines of cite—a definite but hard track back, just no way to coax it all of an approach
from the wings: spray-painted pine stumps and day-glo orange ribbons stapled to wooden surveyor's stakes staked in a past a fallen tree
decomposed in the dry heat to a rattle of lengthy rectangular stems stacked like squared pipes set under a blood-sun set under the deeply

smudged royal blues of a typically directionless horizon lowered like a protective scrim beyond the fringe of this wretch bordertown called B.,
Mexican ditties crinkling from tinny radios, short skirts and half-shirts hiked up over balcony railings in the dark, lilted songs in the dawn
breeze: relentless transmigration of three-passage and three-transmission and continuity through change and three-

logs—tabulates—diagrams—then remaps [obj's.] into recognizable geometric movements, like the set-piece of a Piran
 the city redrafted,
 a libretto for something *stacked*; one of the longer passages opens on a river-basin swarmed in garlands of thorns ar
 myrtle-rods, blue-bells
 and shafts of bay... leads uphill, abuts a field of whey bordered on far-side by manorhouse, granite veranda, croquet-y
 inside, contrasts blur

between walls as it pans from kitchen-awning to formal dining-room to cloisters to bath-house to blue-lacquered was
 basin in the women's
 toilet... or even if it's the *same* house. Or *this* same house (*there* to be a *here* to string-up the tableau in stiffens,
 "ownership / status-
 of habitation" turns to scope... turfed, as if a kid's primer-book or paper apples with names on: "A" is for "archives (et.

the barmaid from “Spanish Bottom”: her manner of setting out, a dangerous journey, safe arrival

i. to wear fire is to drink

“...someone decided to throw a big going-away party for me out by the county fairgrounds—I got cards and money mostly, and a set of miniature railroad accessories. My uncle always buys bits and pieces for us cousins: water towers, train trestles, stop signs, storefronts, barber’s and butcher’s and cobbler’s shops, clock-towers, park benches, oleander hedges, maple trees, entire miniature families. You end up selling them off for cheap to train buffs or little kids strapping them to M-80s. I’m starting to get drunk, it’s getting late—towards sunset—and I gotta pee. I go to the outhouse in the corner of the park—next to where the kids built a BMX race-oval up on a hilly old sandlot, right where they used to have the big white carousel when I was a kid. And there I am ‘there I aming.’ And all of a sudden I see...it’s an *image* of it right on the shithouse wall, an *apparition*. Like the Virgin. I ask if I can touch her. She says that won’t do any good because she’s not really there—pretty woman: dark hair in a bob, blue-sequined dress, blue pill-box hat with a feather and half-veil. She says to look out for her on the No. 3 train, then starts to ask...I can’t remember, but she stops real quick, says, ‘No—I shouldn’t say that now. You’ve got no way of knowing.’ I remember that part good.”

(... “what-do-*you*-know;” all us framed as: “*diagram would have itself as a verb*”—confluence of and product of thing and like thing which moved senses produced concentrated succession or after-effect, unreserved absorption in triple-hinged dock-spread or junction-box, as *like* spaces, to get the clear picture out—as if wedged behind a little shelf in a little shop, to be *found* flake after flake, like flakes of carded cotton, not crystal-blue cross-section schematized, black-polished and glazed, reflectable enough to shave in: action at edges because that’s where the friction is, encuprated—no

ii. fire / call / cancel

“...I’m the only one *stupid* enough heading north that time of year. Came up through berry country: blueberries, raspberries, mulberries, huckleberries, boysenberries, marionberries, blackberries, gooseberries, loganberries, lingonberries. Never seen so many berries. Could only make about a 150 miles that day. Wet and windy, and cold. It was getting toward dark and I come to a kind of fishing-port, sawmill town—where the log-jammed South Fork comes down to its mouth. Guys in hip-waders and hard-hats are paying for head out back of mill-hunky bars. Every-where the smell of big *conversation with strangers*”—as if possessed with saying nothing, keep lock-step: everything cobwebbed at the leading edge, like radiator fins, cotched between all that’s bitty and close-cropped, between stitching pulled back by black-wheels and springs, the new duofold’s hardedges: sleek, sophisticated, “three times the efficiency, twice the beat, comfort, measure, cadence,” spill-light of an infinitely adjustable clockworks of self delight—too many spooky corners held unaccountable for *strop, stamped in guilt with “kansas bill.”* Both arms were wrinkled from wrist to elbow—they been burnt. His neck and part of his face too. I mean bad, splotchy shit blues and pinks. Like chancres or dry-rot, like the plague. And he’s missing his left middle-finger from the second knuckle out. After, he says, ‘You come a long way?’ I says, ‘Yeah.’ All by yourself?’ ‘Yeah.’ ‘Which way d’you come?’ ‘Up south,’ I says. ‘Through town?’ ‘Yeah.’ ‘Lookin’ for a place to stay?’ ‘Yeah.’ ‘If you go back about three miles you’ll see a place between this here and the next town over, place called *Surfwood*. Just off to the left. Hot showers’ he

iii. every fire: we a slow breeze

replicates “you” in
or as a condition,
position, status,
stance; as:
“*valley*”—hints
product, what
things are
exchanged for
other things (hence
“commerce,” here
“belly-up”); as:
“*cleft-in-chin*”—the
mortal, discrete,
unrepeatable and
characteristic body
“as valley,” “micro”
recapitulating but
not quite exhausting
the “macro”
(generating “room”
for want or let); as:
“*product never
produced*”—a clue,
implied loss grouped
into the
unappeasably un-
repossessable, ir-
recoverable, un-
reoccupiable, hence
the dynamic of a
nostalgic yen for

“...at the time I didn’t know. I thought
I was looking for some kind of ‘heights’
neighborhood north of town. I’m cutting
through gardens, tripping over hedges: close,
two-story brick houses, small yards. Then
I come to somewhere ritzy: sunny and warm
and open. Lawn statues, bird baths, cast-
iron fencework: everything beach-scum
white from pigeon-shit. Finally I come
to Hopewell Corners, headed south, on Basin
Street, back by Paradise Tabernacle
between The Heights and town proper.
That’s when it was called Big Slide. To some
of the old folks it was Shale Lick or Hooker
Ridge—depending which side of the river
you went to school on. That’s when this whole
hinter-place and everything around
was called *Townville*. So I go down
into The Corners, and it’s cramped
and dark from the trees and skinny streets,
and all I see are blocks and blocks of rickety
wooden houses, like bungalows or cottages.
None of the windows had glass or screens,
they were just slots; most covered in paper.
Whole place seemed deserted. No one around.
Every so often I’d see a car or motorcycle
wrapped up in tarps and ponchos, but
every so often I’d still see laundry strung up
between porch columns. I’m getting
a very weird feeling here: eerie, dangerous...”

Pace. Stop. Pace. Stop. Pause. Sit. Silence. Silence. Suspicious silence. Silence. Complicit silence. Pause. Both rise. Pause. Astonished pause. Pause. Sit. Squirm. Squirms. Searching pause. Pause. Prodding pause. Pause. Rises, sits (as if entering, forgetting, remembering, remembering, remembering entering). Pause. Embarrassed pause. Pause. Embarrassed shuffle. Pause. Considered pause. Pause. Long pause. Squirms, shrugs, tugs collar, squirms, rises, paces, calms, gathers, stops, paces, stops, sits. Pause. Reserved pause. Pause. Squirms, rises, squirms, paces, calms, gathers, stops, paces, stops, sits. Pause. Long considered pause.

stunts and forfeits for two and

1

(On) the upward thousand
rococo intricacies juice (on): swing new
shiny, new slack, new curve and a pattern
presented

through various directions
are written that to make them still
clearer...many

diagrams showing
position are included, but no apology's
needed here

—though vehicles *might*
have small variations; repeat: inventing
their own.

Thus, I remember
you *still*, I see you *again*—phantasm reduced
to mere gesture: hog

2

swilling at a slop-trough;
a fine inscrutable balance of ensemble
somehow got pressed on the film-score;
“blood-

work-up” or “study”
the knots, spread crescents read as stress-
fractures

spidering a universal
grammar of treasured islands creeping so
very...

got some white
unwritten thread, spooky corners, elaborate
hand-

books for those
who wish for official rules, but
let's...letitslide...

though described

3

in this are many: a typical
turn-up, cross-section, number relay,
warm

tap-beer, torn cushions, barmaid, O the
Pennsylvania

of a white shirt sleeve,
Ohio, the places you've seen, every in-
between...

sets coves of rhythm,
crushed tones, alleluya; a nywe werke graded
then

patterned after the number
of each is indicated, as are pinpoint—then do
set-

piece, pulls and rills,
put as separate-to-be-cut-from, section. But
let's

pitch it blunt: 1 has for 2

4

that are only variations
of 1 are grouped together—blenched,
isolate; form judged to be original thin fold-in
's

complementary
and aligned and *set in motion* by (*proximate*
to,

crank-started by)...
first, chase of its own ass-end down placed
first,

considerable effort
expended to locate, identify, retrieve, log,
tabulate

and diagram
variant names administered in different
districts

to same lines leading

5

itself where another
name follows title connected by the word
“or”—it's simply another title sometimes
assigned

to names beneath
the title, a stunt done as a penalty or making
a foul. Say hello
to a new Jazz Age. Robin's-egg blue, little-

boy pillow-blue,
absolute—*that*: pinpoint (expanse) prickle:
that—
really extends itself;
so much *more* than timing from the official
manufacturer, a need

6

for sympathy to bend
for the common result / framework(-up)
in time. That doesn't spell *earlier*. Modeling
variation (trace of
'bowled-itself-over-on') as crucial decussate
cross-
way (to *not* slow it far
enough into the photographable) keeps
telling it.
For instance: bone-
white porcelain sink, single hair gummed,
say, *nib*
not *cross*-wise, so
it zeroes in the hole—color of reed pen, dried
corn-
husk or loft-straw,

7

midrib of early season
maple leaf; *for instance*: darkness: 2
corpses caught lolling at the elbow of a
stagnant
river. That's all.
Or the phone rings: "francis: this rotten July
heat
—hordes of house-
flies, miswired ceiling fans—sun so hot I
nearly
froze to death—
hang on...a poem for you...'darkness: 4 bags
of bones collared
in the ankle of a dry riverbed.'" *Attention*:
so...
hook-and-eye,

8

so...hand-held. *Attention:*
so...interrupted couplet, so much *more*
than timing from the official manufacturer
the book
is made to last, so...active,
borne about, dependent, so...pinpoint—
sometimes
recovery postponed
by homesickness and fretting. *No Work
Tomorrow,*
What Do We Do
About Forgetting? One who pays this forfeit
stands
center of parlor-room,
announces: “*Walking the Cedar Swamp*” (a
variation
is *Boulevard of Broken*

9

Jars)—each of the others
may ask anything. When they answer, if
the answer is “yes,” they step forward, if “no”
back-
ward: they want
to get across the room. Such must have
obvious
limitations; should be
absorbing, but not exciting. Others may be
adapted
for 2, this played
with a box of letters or may make the letters
them-
selves if every stitch
of exchange not mentioned: one prints some
word
on a sheet and tears

1
9

10

in such a way each piece
contains one letter-place, but does not

arrange. They may guess by simply looking
or writing or asking if
it's the initial letter of some object in the
room: not
languishing, just waiting,
until we've caught beneath it like sand-
pebbles
in bed-sheets, horseflies
in stinking July heat, what's hiding. And
maybe
when they leave
the one who's "it" says, "I'm thinking of a word
that rhymes with..." perhaps

11

make first on R. say,
"Perhaps...*s-a-y* it's something to gather
up hay?" Say, "No—it's *not* a rake." So it goes
'round—numbered,
cocked half in the gunnysack, drawstring in
hand,
remainder stand
slack (lolloped, collared). All those "even" then
leave
the room, those "odd,"
to resume, stay behind and choose. During the
last
5 there's a growing
tendency to emphasize, so it includes to decide
those outside, and are told

12

to divine a word to rhyme
against...perhaps they think the word
is "beat," so they act to beat, next time they
may
try "treat." When
guessed, groups change places, when guessed
again
maybe they go home
to try their luck, or maybe that's a good-
couple-
years-dead-already...so

say *half* go out—though everyone's in a
hurry, no
one must run. Those who
stay decide which one, soon as outside the
length-
of-outline, drops

13

back, into-the-only-other-
passage, makes motions of which they
ask
the others if they're outside them long hours.
Right:
naked, exhausted,
we rest, then take the place of, act out some
other
fraction, some growing
tendency to emphasize, step out and be gone:
a special for 2,
some reciprocal chance, or an amusing or
difficult
performance executed
to make fun for the others; is the same way as
outside
comes in: say "other

14

side asks first side"—say
"replies second side"—say "first side
now does like second," tries to "what're-they-
if..." Right: loosen,
heap, unable to keep their turn not to
perform...
you can see maybe
"ground" divided to 3 equal (1 blue-ribbon
blue)
each from 10 to 30,
each with its own cue, it's true: middle dubbed
"field" still unpriceable,
unshakeable bodily residue. Divided to
couples
of 4^s. One couple stays

15

back, both smile as if about
to reach an understanding—the others
choose which. From this they skip out and
shout,

“Given skinny-of-hot-lead,
re(a)d: smoking gun!”—the others cannot
join.

Center tries to catch
either or both from outer counterbalance, but a
couple

in the R. field must
not cross into the L. field for safety or vice
versa.

Thus given “counter-
balance” I could counterbalance my tell-tale
too

aptness to force the tone.

16

For instance: snpsht., reg.

pull-out / cut-in. *For instance:* doubled
lintels hovered above 4-sectional uprights.

For

instance: every once
in a while he used to like to dig graves at
night up

on the hill behind
the house. They looked like abandoned
wellheads

or aborted mine
shafts. We thought it was some sort of prank,
they weren't *meant*
for anyone. So it was fine with them. After a
while

it started taking

17

a long time. You'd
fall asleep waiting, by morning she'd
always be home. A lot of dirt started catching
in his hair, so

we went up there once and hid in the trees
while
 they shoveled. It was
summer, you wore a loose dress and she wore
old
 leather boots as he
sang. The moon was pretty bright that night.
We
 didn't know they
could sing. You rested once and dipped her
head
 in a streambed nearby.

18

It was wet then,
 his hair, black as a tar-barrel, matted,
stuck down the middle of the back: it looked
 like a crude-oil
slick'd seeped out between the shoulder
blades.
 Then we got down
and laid in the hole. You kept singing, but she
 couldn't make out
the words. It might've been Spanish. The
singing
 was so loud
he started to cry and ran off. We didn't know
they
 could speak Spanish.

19

Next day you told her
 we were sick and had to stay home
from work. After he'd gone down into town
 we ran up there
on the hill with the shovel. *For instance:* I
keep light
 as a feather, caught
one away from been caught one another—if I
had the
 time I could re-
muster, re-batch, re-bundle half that snapshot

I titled *If I Had the
Time*, and *still* keep an excess of the shortage
of the
need to need “the

20

need” to knead or re-
imagine itself back into “except.” Wait
there: when all are caught, first couple
caught
takes place of first
caught until partner caught, then all others
go
back to their own—no
couple to step outside the field nor loosen their
hold.

A variation:
that all in other fields change and chase in
exchange

(requires daring, are
penalties for lack of alertness); another:
Barley

Harvest among

21

Stacks in the Grain-

field, practically the same except
for the latter, 4 instead of 2, and there’s a
dialogue

on a doorstep (2
at foot, others sit on the stoop). All these take
a color

for their name.
First comes forward, says, “Who’s knocking
at the door?”

“The angel with the golden hair.” “What do
you

want?” “Blue.”
If any are named blue they’re to step down
and join

the ensemble. The first

22

then calls again—but
when first fails in naming, second
comes forward and holds the same exchange.
Ends
with tug-of-war
when all are asked, divided to one side or
another,
re-centered,
joined and remaindered in core—2 or 3
others
to always-outside-
the-ring be blind for one another while
slipping under
the arms whenever *those*
try to hide in their “holes” “center-
with”...until
last ones caught in

23

center (in 2 facing) clap
and sing a first verse, while the others:
run forward—join—run down-between-the-
end-
of—turn—join—
return between the lines—when reached at
tip
of line-top,
unclasp—run down to foot where they stay—
then again, next
2 at top run forward, etc.—then next in turn
'til
all have—then
for a last pass, to make a long circuit less
tiresome,
2 lines join

24

and circle, agree that
if certain given objects, while they're
looking...each given shall have a *given*,
maybe
given as follows:

“larger” to certain rarities...“certain” larger
may be
likewise mentioned
for which fragments are lessened like an
open gate;
may also be agreed
scoring’s done with tablet and stylus. A similar
way
is to now...is to spot
a special; is to be one allowed to count only
from
the R., the other from

25

the L.—or so I might
argue. But maybe you’re right: it’s not
sure
not to’ve instead slowed it to the
photographable
by reckoning variance
an active crosslet, short but incredibly suite.
For
instance: the more
unlimited the degree of generosity of
landscape, *or*
inconvenience and narrowness,
the more *unmeasured* the welcome and...that
if
it follows that it...that if
all absolute limits’re screened so *no* limit’s
likely
assumed and...that if

26

it follows that it...that if
this opens with written repeated (to
snare, to sock) it suggests 2 along with its
own;
these 3 are then
alternate alongside *accelerandos*, gloppy slot-
clotted *impastos*,
rubatos—the 1st and 2nd on every 3rd
consecutive

3rd and grouped
5th within context of back-to-opening that
lead
such repeated
debuts: a slow unrolls that soon develops to a
3rd
after interlude,

27

double-time
of same onset arrives after in-trance
(3rd on the “A,” incidentally, is 2 opening in
6th
as example “to
request” or “show it already coming laid-out-
for”).

Note: possib. break
“...foreword...” in half at “shape / that in-
between”

1 = forward, 2 = after-
ward, 3 = possib. break “most mentioned” in
half

at “...foreword...” 12√
8 | 6√8 | 9√8 | 3√4...whatever stenographers
may care.

All enter at once, circle, circle, stop, face. Pause. Prodding pause. Pause. All freeze, hold ground, glance down, tap feet. Pause. Long seething pause. Pause. Squirming pause. Pause. All glare at each other in turn. One each to far-down-right, down-center-right, down-center-left, far-down-left. Pause. All go at once: far-down-right to up-right beside, then across-left behind, then down-left beside between down-center-left and far-down-left, then again reversed, then again; down-center-left to up-left beside, then down-left beside, then across-right in front to down-center-right, then back, repeat; far-down-left to up-left beside, then across-right behind, then down-right beside between down-center-right and far-down-right, then again reversed, then again; down-center-right to up-right beside, then down-right beside, then across-left in front to down-center-left, then back, repeat. Then one pair pass one another left, approach, circle, sit, smile. Pause. Other pair pass one another right, circle, face, frown, sit. Pause. All glare at each other in turn. All rise. One each to far-down-right, down-center-right, down-center-left, far-down-left. Pause. All reflect. Pause. All fidget. All freeze. Pause. All go up-right beside, then across behind, then down-left beside. Pause. All stand or sit. Pause. Searching pause. Pause. Ease. Pause. Freeze. All nod, chatter, turn in place, pace. One pair to side right of, face, stop, rub at the waist, exit arm-in-arm. Pause. Pause. Pause. Ease. Pause. Freeze. Remainder nod, chatter, turn in place, pace.

parlor-room full of strangers

It's bizarre, even laughable or objectionable: longhand plot-marks and script-lists, hieroglyphs fringed on everything *but* you drawing a bead with a frame on a group in a crowd beside a big white carousel at the county fairground, late summer Sunday afternoon...mean-shreddy-skies pocked by deep-pocket blue-blue and stone-white recessions, succulent bas-relief sense of *foreshorten-in-the-round* paired with *through-to* painterly senses of *fore-*, *back-* and *middle-ground*. A single RV parked in a dirty asphalt lot, no trees. *You* and *them*: an evenly darkened indistinguishable. It's the assemblies, meetings, appointments... associations of you *with* that repeat between you *from*. A full-grain, daily archive.

It's 'posses,' in the sense of a given complexion of 'collect,' as in 'curate.' 'Curate' minus its antiquarian and forensic senses of 'display.' 'Display,' as to requisites, pre-requisites and restrictions, implies a 'condition' of provision. 'Condition,' in as much as it binds to characterize or can limit or subject a thing to an index or group of signs, is 'syndrome,' a group 'displayed' together of 'symptoms' as each a perceptible change, or a badge or token, itself a 'condition' of 'collect' or 'posses.' 'Posses,' in the sense of a given complexion of 'neglect.'

Let's meet again, ¢50 bar, somewhere early afternoon. Yes, five ear-pieces—I want to hear your voice ring on every finger. What honesty, romance, loyalty. What pride in moving chameleoned, ghostlike, unannounced...neither *pure*...nor *pure*...purity an artifact of repulsion and corruption, a well-balanced potential for patterning so old it can't be evenly split. "francis: coming to B., passing a field of hay, july 19, break of day (my returning to you returning)—together *in* each, 3 or 6 away from *to* each...that doesn't *name* one—spanish bottom 51450—say hello, laugh, it's just a little garden path."

In an assignment game, elements are assigned places. In a map game, there *are* no places apart from the elements—the set-up of the game describes something moving among elements, or connections *between* elements or bands of elements. So how to know when 'finished' is 'beginning again'...not so much a matter of *method*, as of *motive* and *motif*. And I mean not *now*, not *yet* for those

times when less is seeing double-folds in thin sheets (flimpfed, bleezed).

a.) accession # / agenda box: 11, 12 and (2) 13 spots for 6 handed games | no—the claim wasn't made through the local office
b.) foot as 'location' or 'scene' between foreground of major and significant minor, possible recriminations | bottom line: treat as personality | try shooting at high-relief in a heavy, even orthopedic shoe | to clobber with |
c.) repeating objects repeating colors | then sly honesty | then detail calls honesty itself to witness box | then ABC squads | then transpose or treadmill trivial and exceptional, tone-down or douse with deflated neutrals, roughen with particulates (not as ends in themselves, unless *dead-ends* (PRIORITY-MAIL—1/6TH PLAIN)): denotation as desire disguised, as francis never seems to quit dithering about | then scan, calibrate, plumb, deepen, hollow | then cut to pulls, hound minor players | three distinct programs: ·break·-go·-break· | no (no, less) (WAX 1 through 4 | axe or move | *next batch*)

all tack, roll, or turn) (what's said as spindle of the pivot of a reel of...it's the nested rotations betwixt (as maybe the matrix of this fictive (as maybe nub, hub or headset of the matrix of this fictive, in the sense of a stripe clipped from the same cloth as (what's said as spinning a plate on

a spindle playing at no regrets (what's said as remembering) (an old favorite makes a comeback as graceful as its namesake, as versatile in any question lifted from landscape—city / county crossroads, wards of jurisdiction, demeanor of town cops—are added benefits when spoke in mixed groups in large areas, but these jingles needn't be sung to approach folklore or believe they have value)))) (all tack, turn, or spin

tw

daybook

[7.1]

Mud. Yard in the form of a circle. Three stakes. Three birch poles. Poles tied by tops. Three twigs wound 'round.
C1

[7.2]

Are no. Is to say three days straight, ears full of dictaphone prose.

∴ ∴ ∴

Closet door half unhinged, chair vacant. Piles of. At that age...thick, swampy...bare feet tender to pebble and bough sunk in same soft mud that's got cows in further down...spillway, breastwork, bottomland tangled in thistles and cobwebs rye field leads uphill to house from, standing pools tucked behind low juts of flat rock.

...been staring back bright just below the hock, halfway wondering how another lover might think house locked, sleep in sodden ditch (later learn to knock)...

∴ ∴ ∴

“P” is for picture the jacket aloft, pitch off the cape (off the main-top), prayers on the wheel-deck. “M” is for music, monthly muster, scenes at the mast-step, the main-top at night. “G” is for grocery (dried cornhusks *mole ninian*

[7.3]

Veneration: condensation: alteration: whether or not exploration / explanation, decided for some other sidetracked (much later...*possible*). Then sighting a strong lamp at what's on the table. In a fictional direction 'that's me': the first efforts, independent principalities. To get the clear picture out isn't about bending far enough back, irritable ding-a-ling of a diction more *improving*, all rapture apart, reverence made to choose another.

∴ ∴ ∴

So for "retrieval"...for series locate study: for a series of series identify a *series* of locales. So for "finished diagram"...the first then bind: then separate, begin over. So for "delay"...then chime, next two at line-top, scanty or refined: sparse, fixed, ceaseless, aligned.

∴ ∴ ∴

Mid-size glassy river height of summer: reed beds

[7.4]

"We sneaked into the cellar one night through an old coal-chute under the kitchen awning, past stringed-up laundry and a row of little rye-field sparrows—soaked and brined, hung by twine to dry under the eaves—up a windowless back-basement stairwell, three tight landings and a latched door, into the fourth floor servant's quarters and up to the attic on a short set of narrow steps at the back of a slatted broom closet.

We broke the padlocked hasp off the first in a row of canvas hampers we found backed against a pasteboard knee-wall: it was filled with Easter ribbons and brass straight-pins. Another: miniature tack and harness. Another: picnic crockery. Another: upholstery samples. And so on: snapshots of relatives spooning wedding-cake; fake gold-leaf; paper shotgun shells.

The grounds: 200 acres perched on a dry hillside, a tiny back garden with its few square feet of thin grass, a cinder track, a bird-lure made from a ragged piece of coconut

[7.5]

Three-foot by three-foot by three-foot dark blue box
suspends six feet off. Long pause. Underpanel dissolves:
small dark blue card drops, box falls. Pause.

[7.6]

The is / as variable fails *within*, not *to*. All-day-poetry-
day essentially a wash. In each a measure preserved.

[7.7]

“We tore that green bench seat up in the tree-house at
the swamp-edge out of the back of a shot-up junker
deserted down a logging road a couple miles outside The
Corners, spent shell casings on the front seat. Paper ones.
Moldy, rotted through. Red. Paper ones. Red and blue. To
us kids it was all gangsters and bootleggers, flapper-girls
with pill-box hats and sequined dresses: murder, bank
robbery, backstabbing.”

△ △ △

Hard to say all the way through, only lacks a few, so
forced to cross / recross...‘that’ pries up over ‘this’...looks
like a rut, so build front for it...rhyme 0...nearest *reach*
and the model. Portico.

Don’t feed me any shit about call-and-response, listen

[7.8]

season / citizen

[7.9]

Decaying manses and post-road taverns: cellars
crowded with cheap-jack furniture, mahogany low-boys in

[7.10]

Cedar swamp: waist-high bog-water, pebble-strewn marsh-bank, crissed cobwebs and knots of sow-thistle and mulberry. The place is rotten.

Tablelands: dune after dune, dizzy headwinds, bent juniper, sage thickets, dirt farms, fog squalls. Even *less* out

[7.11]

That not cropped like always, frame forgets frame, action threatens conceit, the picture a quad of parentheses, which half and *where* (the sound projected—it's the sound, connected)...for the last time, *where*.

∴ ∴ ∴

“Two cardboard boxes stuffed to the gills, three bagfuls in the back seat—five, six more in the trunk. Terrible son-of-a-bitch knock and sputter. Then it just quit. Couldn't stick to the roads, had to bushwack it back uphill into town. Came out behind Paradise Tabernacle, along the old mill sluice where the kids build BMX loops. It was dark by

[7.12]

Protruding-mouth burials are for under the street (for decoration) : cross-mouth burials are for under the water : shared-mouth burials are for under the ground.

[7.13]

Vineyards, orchards, wheatfields, rusted threshers for sale by the ditchside; scrubland barrows and defiles in the distance; crisp, high plateaus dying short but incredibly sweet. Country opens like gear-teeth. Closer in, an index of high-relief close-ups: low-hanging piñon trees, cottonwoods, willows, rows of carefully sown forsythia, steep bank, pebbled beach, small stream choked with thistleshank, briars and reeds, diseased maple trees losing their leaves (twig-ends and saddles plastered with diamond-shaped cocoons, paper bags caught in-between), clouds seen through bough-shadows seem like upturned pill-boxes. Overlush geometric movement of decay breeding stains of dark-on-dark.

Grand and vile.

△ △ △

“It was a pretty slow day—short hop through the valley then back into the hills at night. I was exhausted. Shitty dirt roads, no one around. Broke the left-front turn-signal housing clean-off had to unpack the whole thing in

[7.14]

Profile: slightly above head-height. Reflection of lower stared at past reflection of lower at lower. *After*. Next in. Then two, three, five at a time. Then lessen. None. Rotate each three-quarter until facing. Apply heat to widest, flattest—shoulder-blades or breastbones. Answers came in a pattern of cracks.

△ △ △

Every third reaches back
(*middle...including...thereafter*). How far will we? How delivered is it?

But then background / clothing: soft, bluebell blues (wide, wet), face most of frame (sometime: *soon*, later: *same*). A portrait opposed to its own foreground: severely shrunk, pointed, dark turbulent blues nearly black, door shut behind—behind, a room—room to wall—wall to room,

[7.15]

Wafer or the like bears impression, as by keeping filled with liquid a deep bend in a pipe, power immersed in matter: a duct, matter accedes (or grotto, potentially a duct also: round, broad, high upper-part—small windows cut in to let the light).

∴ ∴ ∴

Look to extend so 'next' exploits thicknesses 'as if.' (Key. Note. Stone. Bleeze.) An exploded isometric view, a catalog of successive exploded views viewed in rapid succession. Further registry *here*, if anywhere, retold to continue: illicit rendezvous, mantlet, knife-money, set-piece. Three stories of diminishing reputation and shameless, wanton bliss: the fever, the lust, the harmony, the bloom.

∴ ∴ ∴

Two lines opposite face, then face forward, in-front-inside pass behind-outside, then toward. Lines meet at opposite end, come up the center, first to right, second to left, third to right...so on. Then muster, go 'round, come up in sixes, sixes into threes (again sends lines around, as in B.). When grouped to size, each three in left join and pucker to form tube: when they meet at upper-end, right form tuck, left pass under—when they meet at lower, first three in left line make flection, first three from right pass under, second third in right line mince, make plat, first third from left pass under. Figure repeats in stepped increase: come up from lower in sixes, first six to right, second to left—return in twelves.

lights off or something

/. \

For a history as the use
of coins. Subsequently

a regular correspondence.

Inventory's the comparison

for *attitude*—first excavation
the standard, then various,
then particular as quoted

(memo, note list, letter), lastly:
the complete group combined with 3
recent adds (first impression:

how recent, second: some
odd-ball set of 36
must've used them
in reverse as censure), so

for *influence*, for *selection*,
for *reduction of expansion*,
apart from formal symmetries

issuing their own accord, every

attempt was made to fake surveys
reference manuals, photo-maps
(note: in most recent survey

note precedes note
for survey
of the standard) so
for survey quoted at random, so,
as I've said, for *influence*,
for *selection*, for *reduction*
of expansion (together
with unfinished groupings
likewise lacking such preparatory
groups)...earliest stages
criticize the comparison,
the excavation (trophy
involved, careers, relations)
as if an actual ruin. On *what*
does seem? Or consult to find striking
some features. Namely: describe
at the age of 16, friends—early
and late (coal-heavers, coachmen,
club-goers), a dinner on a bar
stool, imaginary phone calls,
episode at willow-grove, trixie 'n'

david, theresa-prom-girl,
independence, early struggles,
household, malady, make-believe—even
quoting in full exact references
plan loiters in design
for the *missing*, brother writing brother
at close of index, the excitement
at deciding opposite to ground: a
number, its debut in a
letter. “We hardly know
our need.” What advantage
derives from such intimacy? Would
you say
opening is the real
topic? What
explanation?
Why
was the land?
What’s
the feeling,
that “no” was

lights off or something

/. . . \

ever written down
but by exactly,
the problems *unworked*
until? What's
meant by what
were
the effects, manners, disposition? What
characteristic temperament?
What
chief traits (displayed among
the *first*, among
the *background*)? Which *what*
were the
what brought
up? Who *were*
do you think?
Do you think
means
to warrant? When were
the short paragraph,
points, dedication

(fielded among
the *first*, among
the *background*)? What
faults are these? Faults
enough, an account-book
singled-out as follows:
history of priority
motifs assigned
likely attitudes kindly mentioned
by letter (then by *earliest*,
most recent, *most*
thorough), working
drafts for reliefs (key
source for *early*, for
probable, for previous
intent
to complete formal
account) mentioned by the number
in a table tweaked for *influence*,
in a letter as example between
those who restored for legal

activity a hand-list and a thriving

downtown business. Mainly
fixed. 3 for the list
(of 9). First: for a chimney-

piece design for the design
of *early*, for the *life and*
works: limited borrowings,
for *influence*: mishap

and extent, for *background*:
fucking immanent, for *after*: first
survived survey, for *next*: rumor,
reversal, banishment, for *intro*:

pull out and repent (a
hybrid sort of rondo, ___
[on] ___ [with] ___,

complete phrase a complete
fantasy, printed but later

suppressed), for *blue*:
apart from *seasoned*
humor, concerns how

different (gimmick for the image).

To start the figure each in twelve or twenty-four takes a side (if room wide enough twelves boost, go 'round again, return in twenty-fours): every left-end of line looks back to right-end line behind—right-end of first line leads line behind, front of second—when last in first line passes right-end of second, rest of second fall in, left-end of longer line now looks back to right-end line behind—right-end of second line leads line behind, front of third—when last in second passes right-end of third, rest of third fall in (end of moving line always on right-hand end of line behind) until all in one long winding line. Then led to circle. Then cluster. This figure called LOITER: leaves a portion of each beside, retained for succeeding motion farther off. Less—if less be possible with less.

daybook

[7.16]

As if. Dropped-in, clip-clip, pace, flat...you already knew that. It's been discussed.

∴ ∴ ∴

Don't *memorize* but can still get around in it, even in the dark. Or guide. Keep, if not burnished, *unsullied*, kind of view used looking hindwise *buzzes*, *hums* it together. If

[7.17]

...exposed lower leg and thigh welt, wadding and towels...remainder obscured...

So near you could hear it: our third-floor rear-kitchen back wall at right angles to their second-floor two-bedroom, next-door apartment-house—skew made worse by windows almost three feet higher and fifteen feet apart.

∴ ∴ ∴

Not exactness. Not that you could see it all coming, progressively restricted: two distinct shades shading a single when it was only the single that'd shifted.

[7.18]

He sipped at a weak hock and seltzer, Mr. D. worn thin among the dustbins, he slipped into town thirty years ago. Remember the imbeciles and twits endlessly reappearing at that house? Mr. Resides at cards, twaddling thumbs; some high class bitch and a dandy shedding panties in the pantry; Miss F. seated after breakfast, showing torn shirt sleeves, split skirt seams; Mrs G. shrinking in her tracks, slinking by with a jug and bottle; Mr. K. on a bad day, gone astray, bleeding and retching, draining chew spit from pint-bottle to sewer grate three blocks away—shot his dog for eating its own shit.

△ △ △

Problem is: no legitimate nomenclature. Think of Copley's *Paul Revere*: Revere as silversmith, not patriot / revolutionary.

△ △ △

...elsewhere in guise of *itself*...thumb-thumped, encyclopedic...if not *always* or *never*...showcase, wet-coming-out...at least that's the picture we wanted: seabound mountains bisected by flattish spindling

[7.19]

Double stainless steel sink, thin aluminum kitchen cabinets, fold-away card-table, white red blue empty plastic gas cans, used receipt-books, tin-bowl, dirty glassware, dried-up pens, cheap fifth of gin, large clear plastic jug with ice-cubes and orange-juice in.

Not fantastically so, not triumphantly—*presently* in a

[7.20]

Figure, collar, cuff, crest, [cow]? Cross = hatch as line heard against itself in augmented format, a thrown length of bust- and plinth-line clutched in roils and wads. A boast, another way of *having* all that's silted against window and sill—flumes wetting a high stone with a flash of silver.

Different back then, when we used to.

[7.22]

EVERY hides the REST in its own private coop: tangled, densely hived, dynastically palsied botanic regressions...looped, all-in-league includes...looped to woo context (especially skipping through).

Different back then, when we used to.

∴ ∴ ∴

Baseline. One way on one, opposite on opposite—no choice but to stay, decide, say it all strung-up like that: learn to live with the tone of the place ringing in your ears.

[7.23]

By a *quiet* isn't meant one in which there's no noise, but one in which there's no chasing.

[7.24]

Ripped canvas entrance awning, deep red vinyl welcome banner, one-half left of plastic tube-lit sign above, tiny foil pennants quivering over the car dealership next door. Glue-on tile foyer just inside. To the right, a tandem gumball / peanut dispenser; to the left, a wooden folding-door phone booth. Brass stand with grease-board reads "DRAFT BEER—FREE TILL YOU PEE." A bit further in: a peg-board paneled partition, video slots, dome hockey, latrine with sheet-metal piss trough, whiney kitchen fan, torn

[7.25]

Attention as (still none too thrilled, dragged-out, I let like this, none too pleased) agglutinating vigilance. A tend toward dramatic absolutes, my straggling shawl of unease ceded, fluttering. Both hands free. So bound to hold shed together? (Not exactly.)

[7.26]

Summer, night: wider, peopled. Left, next left, follow to end, left past tobacconist, funeral parlor, cobbler's, Catholic store, short hop on right-hand cross-tee, left down single-lane garage-alley then out to back-neighborhood side street: front stoop, small awning, twig broom, buckled screen door, narrow front room, scuffed oak floor, brightly paneled middle ceiling, simple landing and stairs (straight banister, octagonal newel), slim hall (mid-wall, nursery rhymes finger-painted on pasteboard partitions), dreary little rear kitchen and forced back door, splintered window ledge, front of yellow garage contains snowmashed, bright

[7.27]

first line is the fifth line | second line is the fourth line
| third line is the third line | fourth line is the second line
| fifth line is the first line

∴ ∴ ∴

[7.28]

EVERY off, kiltered, close, severe, *short*, fetished...what I mean's not enough *room* (ruffles brightening into corners).

'Familiar' keeps coming, 'a familiar' (as 'animate object'). That's not what I mean. We want THE LAW here: censorial father, castrating son; half a defiant chimney

[7.29]

Indolence by reason of acceptance? insolence? lack of second endings? Maybe too wide, too big, too far apart.

Halfway up turned dangerously vibrant, to stay a stranger, dangerously thin. But it felt like it. Relentless 'right now' a hell of a packing-crate, the restraint: something familiar; the danger: a cult of massive simplicity.

Can proximity? Hard to say either way what it looked like from inside: small dresser, desk-lamp, window three feet up, bedstand, bookcase, back door, nose-to-corner, closet (unhinged), mirror (floor-length), scaling (offset), subject (money). You can't say "wait there on the stoop"

[7.30]

A *looker*: so hopefully it's found...maybe unbound sheaf of blanks. Maybe a few. A few dated.

.. ..

We yet above? a thing? continuous but folded, unbroken but never fully in view? Little pantomimes grouped to LINE-LINE, CIRCLE-LINE.

Straightening what's crimped crimples whatever straightening earlier flattened—it's the image of the meaning of this image of meaning as image, what puckers, like the button on a blue-lace prize-ribbon or pleated inaugural bunting.

.. ..

Obvious yet provided seemed like endless missing cards squishy with particulars in a rhythm *against*, stemming

[7.31]

Thunderheads. Three saplings. Three lean-tos screened
by dried rush-withes and cornsheaves. Yard in the form of

OG&C Described

On Generation and Corruption shares its title with a work of Aristotle's. (Also translated *On Coming-to-Be and Passing-Away*.) "Generation" and "corruption" are printer's terms used to indicate the distance between an original and a reproduction—i.e., a copy of a copy is second generation, and so on. Each generation is more corrupt.

OG&C is a rummage bin of narrative conceits. The shape (of the whole) is a prose shape: posed. (I used 'blue,' 'three,' 'francis,' etc. like Hammet did 'green' in *The Glass Key*—shuffled, unsought.) The ear is a prose ear.

If *OG&C* is too prickly in places, too shrill, in others it hits just so that tone I drove for: a swoon, a fever, a blush. "Three" was its procedural conceit (beginning, middle, end—that most basic trinity), the whole falling into thirds (with the exception of "start" and "finish"—the latter not present in the present publication), each piece in each third skewered by thirds, threes, multiples of three: could be line count; paragraph, section or stanza count; or ("stunts") stanza and line-within-stanza count. I.e., it's readable front-to-back by threes, top-to-bottom, across-to-in-to-out-to-in. That's how it's *scaled*, this "fiddle," as Gerald Burns might've put it.

If Dogget is Mulder's Scully in the *X-Files* final season, it's about new relations of inside to out, new families of action, union, discord, strife: Scully, skeptic, plays believer (Mulder) to new agent's (Dogget's) skepticism. Maybe a poem mid-stride could hope for this. This book, mid-book, does.

There *is* a third and final section to *On Generation and Corruption* (again, not present in the present publication) and if not "cap," it's at least a right square bracket, a mitt to catch what's thrown from the front row to the back.