

Frances Richard
The Phonemes

THE PHONEMES

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This book is for Donald Richard, disliker of poetry:

“to feel myself beloved on the earth.”

Phonemic = Perception/ Experience/Sign

Ronaldo V. Wilson

---=|=- --- =*|=- - - “Transmission static; horizon; stalled or circular thought” as code and source is rendered in Frances Richard’s glossary of “sounds” at *The Phonemes*’ outset, and it remains with me as an enduring site of communication, demonstrating the power in articulating narrative within noise, disruption, slippage, dislocation. (((((((()))))) (((((((()))))) I learn later this sign = “Car alarm”—signifying this work’s built-in Doppler effect. I walk down a wide and empty street. Clear, meaning must be intercepted, I decide, I’ll carry the print-out in my arms on the way to the gym, read it as I stop to take notes—I’m blasted into LATIN: *Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur* (“With the name changed the story narrates you”). Richard points us to Horace’s Satires 1 (c. 33 BCE).

To write about this book’s unique narration demands movement around how one perceives and mediates expectations of sense, content, form, and subject; or, another way to say this is that you are sometimes not aware of what’s hitting you as it strikes. The narrative “I” is split by what the “I” hears, sees, the speaker’s careful point of view in “horizon: stalled or circular/thought”—snake peeking out, fog returning to low grasses, plains, paths. The reader encounters an airplane’s insides, refrigerator hum, Equiano cameo, Earth First! court records, an exploding car bomb, loggers poisoned, some found speech, “We log to infinity.”

Interlude/a Definition:

phoneme ['fəʊni:m]*n*

(Linguistics) *Linguistics* one of the set of speech sounds in any given language that serve to distinguish one word from another. A phoneme may consist of several phonetically distinct articulations, which are regarded as identical by native speakers, since one articulation may be substituted for another without any change of meaning. Thus /p/ and /b/ are separate phonemes in English because they distinguish such words as *pet* and *bet*, whereas the light and dark /l/ sounds in *little* are not separate phonemes since they may be transposed without changing meaning.¹

The poet writes, “The dove going backward/Erasure takes awhile...” and she continues, “Put my tongue to taste the grain of darkness/coming forward”—the phonemic as spectacle is rendered here as units of experience: the “p” and “b” morphed via sensation, wherein feeling isn’t dependent on transparent clarity in naming, but on what’s infused in the speaker’s actions, seeing what is slow to vanish and tasting what one sees, the story narrated by synaesthesia folded into transposition: “dove” and “grain of darkness” suspended in motion.

In an expanded sense of poetics, a more fluid typology would favor plural strategies to remove the distance between writing and experience, at least as it is socially maintained by the binarism of fact and fiction, of identity and nonidentity. So that the plots are or can be historical or hysterical, revised or translated, manufactured plausibly or incredibly, ludicrous or cold-eyed, bewildering or conspiratorial.²

1 *Collins English Dictionary – Complete and Unabridged* (HarperCollins Publishers, 2003).

2 Erica Hunt, “Notes for an Oppositional Poetics,” in *The Politics of Poetic Form*, ed. Charles Bernstein (Roof Books, 1990).

in *Yard (To Harrow)* (1961/2009)—black tires flooding a room where the artist’s voice, via audio recording, fills the installation space. Any viewer can enter, and all are encouraged to move the rubber around, retreat, shift, look, stack, touch. Strong? Toss a tire against the wall, play—note: a shelf above you is lined with flat, empty black body bags, greased.

Meteors

cool by one degree or two every million years

Welcome to the tremendous sense of scale in *The Phonemes*, where material representations of time and space are infused in the book as both on-earth-sonic/visual installation and outer-space-object. Ingeniously, Richard brings this complicated material together, while decoding what happens when materiality deconstructs:

If they found no metals, no tempting
elements in hills. If plastic

unhappened, chemicals loosed
from molecular Lego locks, dispersed

As I later encounter the word “permeability,” I think of another word, “porous,” or I want to access how I feel sense reversing, which might describe the way we’re asked to perceive each element, here, unhappening, matter shattering—that which occurs when the solid fact of plastic is “loosed,” or “dispersed” into molecular origin.

Interlude/Q & A:

“My question is, what is the speed of dark?
Does space the black of space have a speed?

Many Thanks—”

Richard cites the artist Marcel Duchamp, the poet Muriel Rukeyser and, by way of an online physics forum, this unnamed questioner. The position and arrangement of figures, form, and playful possibilities exist in the overlap of speed, dark, black, revealing not only what happens in nature, but what’s implicated in

the act of attempting to record, arrange, and mark what shifts from line to line, being to being. Here, Richard continues to mine her complex poetic narrative:

...the fog came up and clonked
field-grazing rabbits extremely gently on the head

...your motile leg as an expedient...

The low fog on the rabbit's head I am caught up under,
while I ask: What does it mean to move spontaneously,
the leg's twitching in this realization?

FRANCES IS A STRONG SISTER!
RIGHT ON FRANCES!

I concur. I enjoy shifting through Richard's worlds, where meaning fragments and builds within the pages through bodies, beings (to include the author's) captured seizing sense. Language is heightened, peaked, and reduced, to problematize the phonemic by presenting its "mangled syntax," a "butchered syntax," that reveals:

ITS HUMAN POSITION—dark, deep Ravine—*the*
most I flows through the mind THAT MUST HAVE
SEEN that governs thought *But who were Viet Nam all*
glaciers creep Like snakes that watch BUT FOR HIM
IT WAS NOT...

In *The Phonemes*, clearly, multiple stories occur: Each folded articulation of sense, perception, of history, volition, identity, and loss is rendered in this book's stunning stance, its gorgeous delivery, where language, symbol, sign, and picture meet to punctuate, forecast, and project what's possible within and beyond the realm of

---=*|=- --- =*|=- - -

Long Island Sound, NY, 2011

The Phonemes

Frances Richard

sounds

---=*|=-----=*|-----

~~~~~^~~~~^

{ { } }

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^^° ^^°

◇¬ℳ ◇¬ℳ ◇¬ℳ ◇¬ℳ ◇¬ℳ

||||ξ||||ξξξξ||||

~/~/~ ~/~/~

√>√>√>√>√>√>√>

-----

(((((())())))) ((((((())()))))

Transmission static; horizon; stalled or circular  
thought

Thundersheet on-air; deciduous canopy;  
synaesthesia for lightning

Time lag; echo; digital interrupt

Giddyap; tongue-clicks behind the molar

Whir; small body in departure/landing; wings  
at close range

Brrr; growl; energy spasm; nausea; mechanical  
juddering

Lullaby in traffic; raining; shhh; a sweeping beacon

Wind in tall grass; surf; immensity & glare; squint

Engine refusing to catch

Distance; inner ear; refrigerator hum; a steep distortion

Car alarm



## Blush Alarm

(((((((())))))((((((((()))))) (((((((())))))((((((((())))))  
 (((((((())))))  
 (((((((()))))) (((((((())))))((((((((()))))) (((((((())))))  
 (((((((()))))) (((((((()))))) Write this down in double  
 directions for molten

geysering/falling rock-milk, volcano leak

*mutato nomine de te fabula narratur*

When it stops a long elastic hush.

You are the people.

People experience memories in a brain

uninvented by movies

Shades fluttering the lampless fan

under the earth in a cavern of Dis are

transparencies

gray

blown like flowers

The dove going backward

Erasure takes awhile



Of the monster

technologies, paper

was subtle. First trees in paradise

sweating articulate balsam—then I made

a mistake. Rearrange the rocks

because the creek bed

can't shut up

Imperfect efficient

machine of the sunshine processing

chopped area

(((((O)))) (((((O))))(((((O))))  
(((O))))(((((O)))) (((((O))))(((((O))))  
(((O))))  
(((O)))) (((((O))))(((((O))))  
(((O))))(((((O)))) (((((O))))  
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(((O))))  
(((O)))) (((((O))))(((((O))))))  
(((O))))(((((O)))) (((((O))))))  
(((O)))) (((((O))))(((((O)))) (((((O))))))  
(((O)))) (((((O))))))

Hills blushed  
  
They were embarrassed  
  
because of the trope of the sun

-----

||||ξ||||ξξξ|||

~~~~~^~~~~

a mistake, a fault

~~~~~^

## Meteor

Layer of coolness wrapping up the hot so it can float.  
Accessible surface

Thunder is an accessible surface. A split-  
~~~~~^

second heat-speech maladjustedly
plowing the lightning channel.

Meteors
cool by one degree or two every million years.

||||ξ||||ξξξξ||||

on the liminal hill, silhouetted/serrated rim
of that inverted bowl we call

gauzy/sharpened hills, irregularly
vectoring horizon impervious

to closeness, existing to make
sense of space: field

womb, and you walk across. Electromagnetic
billows, raindrops

as one zero, then another zero. Short-term
incessancy. I don't remember

being the craven dog under the bed
scrabbling curved piebald nails, moth fluttering

pale with huge false eyes, bedraggled
of its pollen suit. Being dust. Sitting on a porch

or G-forced in the back seat, window
consumed into its narrow slot and fresh

exaggerated breeze. Into the hinged
panel a smaller panel retracts, retracts,

self-housing like a novel.
A piercingly vague knowledge starts

to pour out from the weeds. Breeze says
hi, orphan, but that's

pleasurable, keen, added value
of non-light-spill after-dark

I do not cry out

|||||ξ|||||ξξξξ||||

in words, but you say my name

If they found no metals, no tempting
elements in hills. If plastic

unhappened, chemicals loosed
from molecular Lego locks, dispersed

by conjure chaperones. Put back to bed
in virgin geode, run the film back.

Opportunistic loosestrife, a totally dismantled
& atoned-for K, Quik, Wal, old oil coiled

back into its crack. Vein subsides
and pulls the crustal blanket

up ~~~~~^

The chassis
melts. You hunker down

with pronouns, water lily, fiberglass, all
data about the reptile, all

permeability

--==*|=- ---==*|- -- -

Talk call-in, such unwavering
and not-well-read hope. When it is wrong

to seek to be comforted, and when wrong
not to. Or to belong

to --==*|=- ---==*|- -- - Meteorites
have been known to come through the ceiling.

Sky signs its matter
into sheetrock, or

on the sleeping woman a giant
bruise develops

its blood Polaroid. City plangent
in its glare

over the rise

“begin with darkness (black background)
or rather picric yellow)”

“With the speed of darkness” “burning darkness”
“analyzed darkness” “kiss of—” “massed—”

“My question is what is the speed of dark?
Does space the black of space have a speed?
Many Thanks—”

The grass was very clever

shooting darts of its self-propagating split into
your socks, the fog came up and clonked
field-grazing rabbits extremely gently on the head.

Host of pie-plates flashed along your fence
to wow the deer, the road unpaved and tilted ruts
rain wrought in surreptitious time, but recently,

because the loosestrife knows.

Blind hairpin. Dogleg into first-gear gully-dip
til sun scours you from sleep into aridity. Swish-
hush of sliding doors. A spider. A tanker

or a subway bores its way into the plasma
configuring wert thou my enemy

O thou my friend

and calculates the distance in woven
shadow with no core.

*How we achieve [that]
is a matter of consultation and deliberative—
deliberation; when I say
I'm a patient man, I'm a patient man.*

The grass
is armed, it is just using

your motile leg as an expedient.

Go Underground

yet does it have to be
 said does it have to be said
 by me does it
 have to be said by me now a fault
 in the basement a wide
 variety of emptinesses pyroclastics
 fell from the cloud quartzes precipitated
 in spaces that were not particles you cannot
 cease and the eyes have driven the
 mouth into obscurity

ancient basement-cored mountains The Great
 Unconformity empty and full of space
 the acronyms warred amongst themselves and a
 line
 was drawn and a body put on it bullets
 came through the wall the moving floor
 erupted a shrapnel effect at the risk
 of sounding ridiculous deciding to go
 underground I was having a horrible
 conversation with a person regarding infinity

{{ }}

Snake

In fog a little circle of clarity
travels close, I am its center
pre-Copernicanly

A snake came to my water trough—

Not exactly, but I wore my leather sandals
on the sere, vital path, hurried through
a hazeless, variegated stretch
of chufa sedge and tule and common rush
where earlier the aspects
moonied me

{{long-distance

conversation about how or
whether/where insurgence
vs. apathy might
usefully

be subject to pastiche}}

It was hot out

My gross-motor function synced precisely
to the stubble-ribbon trail, my heart
unquestioningly pumping as I trotted in my
short polar-fleece vest

Because the fog

had recently burned and lifted in a languorous
cessation that was also a sharp snatching-back,
a reeling-in off this hillside, heavy
air inhaled

by the Pacific that discharged it, and/or
relinquished
by the inland whose overnight sun-storage
was immense

{{conversation
about “principles”}}

Abruptly the snake

$$\{\{ \quad \quad \quad \} \}$$

in ochre and gold faded diamonds

a baby one with its triangular head poked out, its
chilling suppleness of hot-dirt-colored length
extended
straight across about one-third of path, its nether
tip occult between narrow, close-grown, tall,
tawn stalks of sedges, timothy, ricegrass

$$\{\{ \quad \quad \quad \}\}$$

I stepped

[back](#)

it stayed invisibly
breathing in its place

and then drew forward as if pouring
along a downslope known to its underrings
of muscle microtectonically, from the cool lea
of grass-stems to full length on open ground
and I saw its pearly nubs of growing rattle freely
on the chopped ends of thick growth
on the path, the cylinder of space
it had emerged through

{{imagining imminent
mass-scale and/or
dissemination}}

slow-moving

We held

The hot blue currents
of cloudless sky wheeled
over us and within the everywhere light,
constellations changed a day's-worth of degree

Then the baby changed
 its mind, reversed
 and doubled, arabesqued into a palpitating
 filigree of dusty marked off-gold, lifted its head
 and climbed as if siphoning
 back into the shade-edge projecting inches
 past the actuality of grass

My upright body waited and a very tranquil,
 diffuse, cool vapor
 of adrenaline emptied out, anaesthetized, filled
 my breath

the baking-oxygen taste
 of barely shifting breeze
 was in my
 mouth

And the snake
 did not go back into the grass, a fissure
 of cracked and hardened graphite/leaden mud
 bordered the path, and with an absolute
 skimming plunge it entered headfirst
 and for the length of its body
 and much farther, until the
 streamer of clear space
 behind it

had been swallowed

into the dry abyssal narrow crack
 in the earth

and I walked a little bit
 fast but mostly normally on, looking down
 at my toes in my brown sandals,
 thinking how do I in my {{

}}

{{

}}

{{ }}

transit attend

2 Angels/aspects

Aspects from the spectral
analysis of things

I do not know

| | | | |
|------|----|----|----------------|
| this | {{ | }} | settled state |
| | {{ | }} | sovereign area |
| | {{ | }} | a people |

look,

it has
two angles

blue jay ,,,,,,

blue jay ^^° ^^°

Ads saturated in enormous dew. Flap from 2D into 3,
swell and breathe and again cardboardify.

suv parked

blue jay

,,,,,

^^° ^^°

recycling

Cheerful nylon banner
on the porch

| | | |
|----|----|--------------|
| {{ | }} | Santa |
| {{ | }} | tulips |
| {{ | }} | Easter bunny |
| {{ | }} | pups |

How many discrete objects
make this household. Number

| | | |
|----|----|------------|
| {{ | }} | t-shirts |
| {{ | }} | paperclips |

as providence in the fall of

| | | |
|----|----|-----------|
| {{ | }} | blue jays |
| {{ | }} | airplanes |

All hold

conditions, shiver in them
slightly, Mars lights splashing

blue to red to blue on the white
day. Belief that “brittle” described

how Jello moves.
Thought about

what could the
 “donzerly” light be.

Or roam or surf. The war idea
 redux.

Jamming channels, then
 become a person

stricken like machinery, who has gone
 a long meanwhile without

verbs. Become a thing
 person. Garden

hose, ice
 scraper with bright bristle brush. Wheel well.

Grease. Carbonless double pink and goldenrod
 sheaf.

Misreading, in the
 not-yet-speaking child,

“cynicism”
 for “animism” and

“loose” for
 “loss.”

Hysterical
with tenderness &

radiant from entertaining
drone. Lubricant

of false
choice, hours

in a terminal where nubbled
carpet, plate-glass

replicate. Diesel
fume or fry fume

| | | | | | |
|----|----|---------|----|----|---------|
| {{ | }} | ghetto | {{ | }} | meadow |
| {{ | }} | pasture | {{ | }} | blaster |

blue jay ,,,,,,

blue jay ^ ^ ° ^ ^ °

Turn
transparent, turn
opaque—

Folding
discontinuity or copula

in hinterland
made gridless, narrowcast.

Syncline or
anticline. The aspects

shove the rock upthrust
back flat into aeons and just outside

the sliders
environment begins. Skitter

on the roof, the warm
dishwasher

$\Diamond \neg \beta \quad \Diamond \neg \beta \quad \Diamond \neg \beta \quad \Diamond \neg \beta \quad \Diamond \neg \beta$

Plummet

Wake as we hang suspended in speed

over Greenland. Brown glacier-sucked rocks
and a river of muscled ice
dumping its most severe output into the sea

Like a jagged wealth of stale gingerbread, iced,
clastic with frosting and studded with whitish
erratics,
on the doily of chaotic cake-ice

Hewn fantastic geology

in the chopped china plate of the sea

No outskirts or compass like this one, banished
to the TOP OF THE WORLD, MA! à la
paradise—lonely, inhospitable, lonely, a proof
out of *Frankenstein*, or how landmass in Dante
shrinks

away horrified from the
crashing-in plummet of the gigantic
sulfurous beauty of the body of Satan
cast out

IT IS DRY ON THIS AIRPLANE and hard to
breathe, muscle cramps seize the leg

Loved with a somewhat
unconditional love.

Plunges in, meteor
from the ether, booted out

of its universe niche. Abandonoholic
attraction to the burning cold lake.

Titanic and ripped, hard
as a paragon, angrier. Hyacinthine

and leonine, shower of sparks
fucking the air as it falls.

I would like a seltzer with lime please.
I would like a curved view of continuous day
to the edge. I would like to be mounded
and creamy and empty and droplets and spread
like that cumulus shot through with blush flaws
of sunrise as we speed away
without seeming to move—

The altitude air
is a mouth, a Pangaea of personal everywhere,
and the carved prong of Greenland has to start
somewhere,
the left coast of nothing
defines itself by abutting this rock:

For hours there was Atlantic, a monotony
you could get used to, on which

Hewn by topographical features, basalt shaped
by water that won't act like water, that's implacable
stiff
adamantine
inimical
hard

but ductile, sinuous, snaking
down, cutting the gullies, dragging its blade
in the crustal dirt, slicing a
washout, and pouring
its thickened white rivulets into the sea

back to indefinition, a waste of
its form, a reunion

as if water clung to and clawed at and pressed on the
undilute rock

tinge
of hot pinkish
gold fading
into the lining

◇¬β ◇¬β ◇¬β ◇¬β ◇¬β the mechanism
that so successfully levitates us

◇¬β ◇¬β ◇¬β ◇¬β ◇¬β the cold
we flout, immune in transit

◇¬β ◇¬β ◇¬β ◇¬β ◇¬β the fear
of failing to keep impervious, of falling, finding

ourselves stranded on that pinnacle
without scale, marooned, repudiated,

quarantined in sea

Sole rebel unself, icy

entity that touches down
along the surface, runs with it, leaps
preternaturally over chasms and fuses
suffering with ringing preference

Inclement embryo

reject, reject
reject, reject

the proud
limbs and pectorals, venous bicep
of glacier choosing
to spiral off, streak
past, the stubborn
emotive proto-plate tectonics that gather
fiercely up and hurl
away

What about
the outward and downward motion of repetition?

What about
the mind is its own place?

And the Lucifer face all deeply scarred
by cataclysmic fall, withdrawal

from intoxicating grace, and how they lied
and named this giant

flinty uncomplication

GREEN

The indicator light
still glows, the aisle telescopes

"THIS MUST THOU EAT, and I ate the world"

—it was granular, dry, in sharp
crumbs, it poked the membranes and abraded,
stuck
in the gorge and gagged a bit,
but sweet

disappearing

speck pushed away by constant engines,
swallowed
in albumen atmosphere

what was hurriedly invented in a
gravity convulsion

hinge of hush
folded over and split down the gutter

mouth, sugar, sun, code, Leviathan, shatter,
cling. epic program setting metals

on fire, and a chunk of noise that presses
in, impresses

Blank Icarus

In the beautiful museum of oxymoronic
insurgent tradition √>√>√>√>√>√>√>

√>√>√>√>√>√>√> Dizzy to muse

on the daedal earth, feedback Hendrix “Star-Spangled
Banner,” newspapers, coffee, old t-shirt, sweater, knit
skullcap, old corduroy jacket. The works and ways
of man, their death and birth, X, Trane, Ho, Che, *A
luta continua*, maybe Emma Goldman or anonymous
campesina with submachine gun! and when I gaze on
thee, I seem as in a trance sublime and strange

√>√>√>√>√>√>√>

anyhow in the corner. Drifting smoke upcurling as it
had to, lush leggy houseplant, beer and “Epistrophy”
and “Crepuscle with Nellie.” How everything turns
away from something amazing, the human position
opening some untidy spot, for instance they never
forgot

√>√>√>√>√>√>√>

the threat-note with crosshairs over the activist’s
eye, counter-intelligence program, to repeal
a loud lone sound no other sound can tame.
Disaster quite leisurely, expensive, delicate, flows
through the mind, now dark—now
glittering—

Innocent doggy life. Unreliable car, the basketball game
on mute. There always must be children who didn’t
specially want it, didn’t know what it is, what it was,
what it will be.

Where the old Earthquake-demon taught her young
 Ruin √>√>√>√>√>√>√>

with a roach clip made of a paper clip bent.

About suffering they were never wrong, the old

bastards—

[illegible]

Regmaglypt

*indentation in a meteorite, caused by ablation
of minerals while passing through earth's atmosphere*

i.

45 billion years the size of a flaming sugar-grain
disappearing now writing *touch*
touch on the belly or forehead of sky
while you stand & look. Primordial ball of metal
or evolved rock from a differentiated world,
god's hot hand having fondled it, thunks
in the grass, on the hood of the car, calved off
big touch. In paradise there was a mother & she
was texture, temperature, she evanesced
& pushed

Is differentiation a person. Is the mother a person.
Is burning a person. Is the belly, hand, forehead, or
placeless container of chaos with nonexistent elastic
sides a person.

A continuous gentle rain of micrometeorites
bombards while you're not looking. With radical
sugars, petrified salts, migrating units & phrasal
holes of god. Which are plagioclase, iron, nickel,
pyroxene, silicate, olivine, basalt that flame
in friction at the galaxy's curved edge.
That like the top of a cup of water at night bends
its black meniscus & is see-through

ii.

glypt: carve

regma: break

ablation: erosion, dissipation, excision, amputation,
carrying away (as heat or mass)

iii.

Screwform accretions order magma
junk, goopy crystal innards of the pulsing candy
body of the earth. Bite into god, who is all
mouth. Whose manna is magnesium cosmically
derived, a ton per day that saturates
the ground. Bore in with transparent screwforms
self-building in the lap of thin stratosphere, fat
ionosphere, underskirts & echelons where
aurora swarms. Dry cold massive vacuum-
packed lap. Core in layers, mantle in layers,
crust in layers, air in layers, atmosphere
in layers, and shooting through. Thine eyes
something-something white by speed, O Skygak.

Bicarbonated. Chaos
is an elastic female space where form is not
& transformation is. Rough tongue
& paw that finger the fireball, ablate
its substance

iv.

God sends gold verbal semen like his thumb
to press the chaos container. Water & night & mud &
milk & gunk & ick & honey are names for this.

The bride pressed back to dust.
The asked-for bride dismantled in the attic.
Blind bride in a heavy headdress bowing to her
head. Her mechanism. Doll-parts. Her malic
mould & crack
& silver wire, apple-cheeked & chocolate-
dipped prosthesis. Darkling waters, fairest

flow'r unpropp'd, I

issued from a cave; I laid mee down; thou leadeth mee;
that seem'd to mee another sky.

That seem'd to mee

reduced, a billboard in a chopped field
near a truck route advertising don't be a
mannequin.com. While in the novel/aisle of
sugars, salts, & units, the father converses
with his diaper-wearing son. The mother stands
in the recycling area. Oil-stains amorphously
iridesce, she is carrying the money
in her cut-offs.

(Small mass, broken
heat of money)

v.

The aspects

come to her & bid her
be. Invisibly,

she pulls her veil up. The helicopter crew
cannot be sure, their crosshairs flinch
at a flutter at the periphery. The fiend

coasting the outer demesne of uncreation gets a
flick of it
by accident on his gold sandal, on his lapis wing.
Salty leaden cum & drips of chaos
burn him, he is ambitious, sad, hormonal,

deformed by gusts & plunges through his mind.
Hurtles as a piece of not-earth toward earth,
from the empyrean where larger bodies split.

How they do it is secret.

& why & how

the envelope of flux around the planet seethes
like a seacoast to catch the drop. She sees the
drop hit. Kneels & scoops the nectar of the
reflection

of her face from the pool in the sandstorm code-
named Tigris & Euphrates, from the puddle
in the parking-lot post-downpour, & drinks that.
Her child,

screaming in his father's arms, has not been given

what he wants. A bride—

Ballistics of the extra-
human: rock
to the forehead: trace ingredient: a
break. The parent bodies
chopped or sloughing off.

Continuous gentle hiss Chaos *touch*
 eats order, chaos
 can *touch* be structured as non-chaos

not aspects but cuttings The Nature of the Motion We Call Heat

You cannot cease
who was born

to be a person

“they” being tempted
of Cold and Absolute Zero

The History

take this surface of the world
how this surface came to be

and figure out

√>√>√>√>√>√>√>

√>√>√>√>√>√>√>
√>√>√>√>√>√>√>

√>√>√>√>√>√>√>

√>√>√>√>√>√>√>

Broken Repetition

Then black or Pacific blank. High-beams catch
a mercury-colored piece

of brow of hill & headland til the land gives
way, of duct-tape on the fender, sand dollars
shifting on the bleached dashboard. Alone years
later in a used '83 Nissan

◇-β ◇-β ◇-β ◇-β ◇-β

Women Strike For Peace! the fist
with gynecological circle & plus-sign stem.
Peeling ancient stickum on the rust, dehiscent
edge

Unclear progression. Resembling
a ruined-house dream, linens
swagged & damp, glass cracked, doors swinging
open on a broken repetition, in that it didn't

happen. Standing

on a cliff. A thalassic
thing coming forward. Or rather
this horizonless sound-shape
with "alas" inside

High-beams stroke fog.
Raw, gravity-poor, & silver.

~/~/~ ~/~/~ ~/~/~ ~/~/~

Dare to Struggle
Dare to Win

~/~/~ ~/~/~ ~/~/~ ~/~/~

A precipice

c. 1971, *the bin*. Dayroom glass

with diamond wire

typing class

write yes right on

*there we sit the wall flowers who were the most likely. But that
was before Viet Nam hit the map across Well I cant write so
irrationally can I mr. Holt tell me some more I reasoned and
agonized over the letter I wrote and before all this came upon
me I dear reader bopped you one there
didn't I*

Mr. Henry Holt, let's say, of Holt Rinehart and
Winston, educational publishers.

Letter to which outrage
editor.

Unclear. Or *holt* is a den of mammals
or a wooded hill (archaic), or (sense 2) a variant
of HOLD. & concerns let's say incendiary
jelly on the leaves, phenomena of baskets
in which bolts or other parts of tanks
are carried on foot or bicycle through trees, over
mountains, map in which the nation
is a dragon

c. 1971 she wears big earrings, combs her hair, block-
prints for me in a daisy notebook

[illegible]

◇-ß ◇-ß ◇-ß ◇-ß ◇-ß

There was a war & she was born. There was a
war & I was born. She had a quantity
of silver bangles in a carved black box & stories
imply she distrusted other women.

High-beams on fog imply the globe coheres

as a ball of water. Gaseous, jelled, with a probe
of light boring in. Saltwater pools on the outcrop
of this dream & continents are likewise islands,
attached as lily pads on magma stems.

Resembling bodies uninvented by the beam
to send them back, in that it is a cord
of surging space, the screen is vapor & the walls are fog.

Not epiphanies but dilemmas

young mother, young Artificer

drop

Glass chimney coated in lampblack, guttering
flame, like Abe Lincoln's ma
dead of the milk-sick on corn-shuck, Illanoise,
Indiana, Kaintuck

and the book stood up, dragonfly
wing on the cabin floor, yea, glassine envelope
base block. Coruscating Op and segmented, it
spoke, it was extra

terrestrial, its

| | |
|--------------|-----------|
| nervous mass | - - - - - |
| | - - - - - |
| | - - - - - |
| | - - - - - |
| | - - - - - |
| | - - - - - |
| | - - - - - |
| | - - - - - |

~/~/~ ~/~/~

as Olaudah Equiano the captive held
the book to his ear like tame ocean
and waited for speech. It worked, it rubbed off
on his mind carbonaceously

explosive

Muttersprache the mutter sprocket, sprain the
branch

white sanicle, white snakeroot, tall boneset. This pretty
information, tuckoo: *Ya this may be a pretty plant but in 3
months it killed 4 of mine and just about killed a 5th. if we
would not have figured it out, pulled all the grass hay out the
other would have died, it is so bad it causes them to loose there
balance in there back and can no longer stand*

Straight out my finger-ends/tongue-tip. Nicens o
freedom, where script worn by science, by prolegomena
flashed greenly at night on the journey, the exit, cried o

wait, I didn't mean science

just that we flew up so high in the weave
of hot air in the chimney block. Fluttering down
in an order, a letter, iota,

trace, wisp,

touch,

suspicion, crumb, whisper, scintilla, drop

Split

Ask if and how

I have been.

I'll tell infinitesimal

or am

^^o ^^o^^o ^^o

happenings

flutterings

seek instinctively

to happen

catch drips

pock the

pad

intake, expel, intake, expel,

intake, expel, intake, expel, intake, expel, intake,

expel loose mouthful, bright ochre

shit

synaptic syrup

sifting

Why

swerve

^^o ^^o^^o ^^o

amid bruise-colored meteor-showering—ological.

Bruised crema, marine layer lying

low inside the slot

of tawn-colored mountain

little lizard, pricker grass,

quail covey flushing upward.

^^° ^^°^^° ^^°

“To find a primal speech in geologic space and time...
prayer come round by way of language”

not write
about volcanoes

not write about
a zygote

the maintenance-end of beauty
Ask me

if I circulate in permanent
instability of systems.

Name of that blue-flowering plant that loves freeway
exhaust? Or plumb a bedrock

^^° ^^°^^° ^^°

confidence in a car-seat, binding strap.
A sleepless act latches on

sun-casts ricochet off curved chrome, windshields
crawling on the sunstruck

sinuosity. Swaddled, bottled water. Gentle thrashing,
 lolling, ask if phrases form

a form, satiety in plastic, meaning
 ductile and likewise leaching things. Right now

^^° ^^°^^° ^^°

need, focus, nonsolid, cry, I
 make a sound

to mark the place
 fog wanders up the canyon

when the land sighs

Blank Musée

and rolls its *Well I cant* thou art pervaded *but that*
was before or did a sea of fire *there sit* HOW IT TAKES
 PLACE and inaccessibly its circles? *so irrationally*
 work and dwelling *tell me some* and their place is not
 known. *bopped more* MUST RUN ITS COURSE *one you we*
 DISAPPEARING INTO *write yes* yon remotest waste. *right*
on—now reflecting gloom—now lending splendor over
the letter FALLING OUT OF THE SKY *I wrote write* the busy
 thoughts *flowers can I outnumber* who were the most likely,
 even these primeval mountains *I dear reader* GREEN Viet
 Nam where Power in likeness *mr. Holt* OR JUST WALKING
 DULLY ALONG *I agonized and from steep to steep didn't*
I Spread far and round and *hit the wall the map reasoned*
 with nature reconciled WHILE SOMEONE ELSE IS *across*
there and before OPENING A WINDOW which teaches awful
 doubt *all this came upon me*

all this FROM THE DISASTER *came and before* the naked
 countenance of earth On which I gaze *on there we*
sit NOT AN IMPORTANT *who were the more bopped* THE
 SPLASH, THE FORSAKEN. *But that was before* REVERENTLY,
 PASSIONATELY Now float above thy Nam Holt *tell me*
 among the accumulated steeps; *I reasoned and rude,*
 bare, and high, *me upon I keeps* innocently and *one there*
flowers—thy caverns MUST RUN *across you dear some*
 Some say *the wall hit most so solemn, so serene,* NOT
 SPECIALLY breathes its swift vapors *didn't I mr. the map*
 has a mysterious tongue ON THE WHITE *likely reader*
irrationally PLOUGHMAN of a remoter world A BOY
 FALLING *so can I write write* And the wolf tracks her—
Well I cant Viet SCRATCHES ITS INNOCENT Ghosts of all
 things that *agonized I wrote yes* A desert peopled by the
 storms alone. *over right* LEISURELY *the letter I*

MUSÉE DES EVEN THE agonized map their earthly forms
 pile didn't I can I I cant I and over SOMEWHERE TO GET
 TO Well write in the lone glare of day, hit the the wall the
 the letter most likely. the mightier world of sleep reasoned
 yes write THAT MUST HAVE SEEN Nam dear Viet AND THE
 EXPENSIVE, DELICATE flowers who were MARTYRDOM But
 on to muse on right my own separate fantasy EATING
 THE ICARUS and that was before before all this WATER
 the ethereal waterfall bopped you irrationally and their
 mighty swinging across there we sit so sail fast cloud-
 shadows and sunbeams; AND SAILED CALMLY ON. mr.
 Holt OLD MASTERS wrote more some came I from that
 trance they leap me I reader tell me the power is there,
 there upon one

HOW WELL irrationally Well voiceless lightning keeps
 this wall I didn't likely these solitudes yes there before sit the
 agonized IN BREUGHEL'S DOGGY LIFE—with a sound write
 can we write bopped across the I but half its own, I tell that
 letter came the I was me its subject mountains
 ITS HUMAN POSITION—dark, deep Ravine—the most
 I flows through the mind THAT MUST HAVE SEEN that
 governs thought But who were Viet Nam all glaciers creep
 Like snakes that watch BUT FOR HIM IT WAS NOT and I
 wrote dear mr. so on Holt The source of human thought
 its tribute brings Of waters,—GREEN WATER before me hit
 my own, my human SHIP and reader over there upon more
 overhanging heaven you MAY HAVE commotion some
 I cant map right ALWAYS BE CHILDREN WHO one flower
 reasoned

none beholds *the I yes cant* FOR INSTANCE Viet Nam thou
 many-colored, many-voicéd vale *we bopped you reader*
 NEVER WRONG flakes burn in the sinking sun, *across*
 some flowers SUFFERING *the letter renders and receives*
 fast *dear one* unremitting interchange *the likely most*
irrationally right AT THE EDGE OF THE WOOD: *there sit*
 those secret chasms THERE ALWAYS *reasoned and I rolls*
 its perpetual stream; *Well all who tell were hit a flood of*
 ruin *But that was I vanish before me and this came AND*
 THE TORTURER'S map *me* BEHIND ON A TREE of the sky
 so I can write TURNS AWAY Holt upon *there before THE*
 MIRACULOUS BIRTH *mr. Poesy HORSE over I agonized more*
 wrote In the still cave of the witch *didn't I write on the wall*

reader FAILURE becomes its spoil there we the flowers
 PASSIONATELY WAITING teach the adverting mind. *But*
write wall sit some more THE SUN SHONE there, many a
 precipice *yes right on* distinct with many a tower And
 wall impregnable *likely dear before but that was the* WANT
 IT TO HAPPEN, so can I now float above thy darkness,
 and now rest *who Viet Nam hit tell me Holt* SKATING ON A
 POND *across the map mr. IMPORTANT large codes; Well I*
cant Or do I lie THAT EVEN THE DREADFUL race Of man
 flies far in dread; *irrationally I reasoned of fraud and woe;*
 not understood by all HOW WELL THEY UNDERSTOOD
and before all WHEN THE AGED ARE unfathomable
 deeps, *agonized and over this the letter vanishes among*
 the viewless gales! *write came upon THE WHITE LEGS*
 DISAPPEARING or in the mangled soil Branchless and
 shattered stand; *there bopped AS IT HAD TO through these*
 dark mountains like the flame AMAZING *you were the one*
most me I didn't I I wrote

---*|---*|---

Life of the Phonemes

before the ---=*|=- ---

-=*|=- - - the antediluvian

spread the alluvial wash

making orderly

channels for still-rolling

grains, the sentence is

sedimentary, grammar a

breakage

silhouetted in faces, vases onscreen

educationally speak the visible

halves meet ---=*|=- ---

-=*|=- - - as syllabic practice

500,000 words elusively pinned

to 300 phonemes

say out loud—a man's meeting

a woman's voices as traveling

air pushed—plus/minus

commotional

thuh

iss

gluh

eem

-- -=*|=- --- -=*| - -= - beat,

sentimental

source glitched

mental

flare

short theme

song of union

profiles merge

progenitor

unsense fused, happy

-- -=*|=- --- -=*| - -= -

motes split in the beam

air is a liquid by far only hot air is a
gas

voice of the diagram piercing a
commotion of weather

too many voices, as in a sandstorm
each scours

on the plank in reason, aspect, scratch,
graffito

Hyperarticulate

The spotted

*institutional
loitering*

(hawk)
(dove)

butterfly flaps its wings into
topology

in desert camouflage
old-yellow-cello-tape
on the silhouette hill
perpetually pouring
black

moon behind
cloud, Dipper upended
what is it doing pouring
plum-black into plum-
black depth-charge

established in triple Virgo

*fieldguide
powder
magazine*

While in the gulf the hyperarticulate sharpen
diverse imperatives on a rock.

Approximately one zero

zero zero zero zero zero zero zero zero dollars

(spatter)

(bruise)

accuse(s) *me*, complain(s) of my

word problems. The study of properties of

topology

geometric configurations

invariant under transformation

To wake in

paradise

by continuous mappings

in relation to its history

of simple knots, specific areas

a given place

the anatomy

in the body

Webster's or

American

Heritage

(spleen)

(ovaries)(testes)

(go back heart brain lungs sixth sense liver
 credo vitreous humor reptile eyelash tongue intestines
 ears fossil bladder kidneys cartilage nerves fontanel
 hair trust thrust sideslip wrists hands platinum neck
 pollution muscles nostrils toes saliva fat skin veins
 water market proteins recyclables lymph knees radiator
 fetus tea cup cardboard index alliance copper leaf mold
 cartridge bones)

| | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| In this sense, also | formerly |
| the bleak | etheric place |

where one rock
 rose up in a dust cloud, threw itself at a
 forehead, metallic clang
 revitalizing
 gravitational constant

sleep
active vs.
contemplative

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| Complete | zero zero |
| bowels of a given | unchanged place |

lit out for the
territories

Soft and spastic

weapon of the body

--=*|=- --=*|=- --

$$- - - =^* | = - - - - =^* | - - - -$$

$$- - - =^* | = - - - - =^* | - - - -$$

Anger, Sugar

i.

Wind instruments and traffic. Overpasses
arc like spittle

across tight, weird extravagance
of day. Oil wells churning, jabbing

in hot, tall grass, and lizards flick hallucinogenically

into cracks in parched ground as I pass. I am
experiencing this dream. In this dream

I am ductile, metallic. Put my fist into the
corrugated Quonset hut's stained wall, my mark

is a streak in twilight, a vanishing
punched solar plexus.

ii.

Milk jug, a Pamper, a twisted, pitted silver
muffler lie there in the weeds. The t-shirt says

FED UP or MOB in Mobil Corp. typography.
The odor-impregnated t-shirt

on the floor, and the wet towel, are
metonymy.

iii.

The dream has surfaces
like this:

Caked, occluded.

Iridescent.

Coca-Cola

and splenetic rips.

The pores of trance are closely packed and
shellacked over.

Slithering, lank.

A motorcycle, and the hairless, warped, long
motorcycle scar.

Adonis muscle near the waistband
frayed and stamped.

iv.

The baby is a brine shrimp in a piss
sea, the baby is a kitten

licked and licked. The baby's bones are
honeycomb lined with propolis and myrrh

and very very thin veneer of smoke.
Story of organic-toxin

honey. Story of a corpse floated in honey.
Cracked-hull boat and baseball bat and drywall

screw, the baby is a bedroom
in a mansion in a small town built on sand that's
caught

on fire. The baby
manages. The baby

fumes, a methodical
Ariel who pours and drinks two private

cups of milk. A spill, a
Pamper and the glitter of the shattered headlight

match the fractal eye
of a dead fly mixed in the gravel

on the road. The baby is very
wise about these things.

v.

Lactose ducts (the nipple sugars, exhale sugars, clitoral sugars, reason sugars, thyroid sugars, callus sugars, the iron sugars, mental sugars, history sugars, textbook sugars, internecine sugars, hyaline sugars, the grief sugars, fascia sugars, tendon sugars, cosign sugars, immediate sugars, wistful sugars, broadcast sugars, copy sugars, the limpid sugars, rose-petal sugars, carcinogen sugars, investment sugars, projectile sugars, the formula sugars, dendrite sugars, tenor sugars, survival sugars, the igneous sugars, pluvial sugars, optic sugars, insurrection sugars, armpit sugars, gaseous sugars, carpet sugars, the rogue sugars, coolant sugars, deep sleep, startle, sleep, condense and supernova

gnosis sugars)

drip

moving downhill, a sinking of winds,
military retreat, a trip to the underworld

moment-to-moment spirit assessor, tabulator of
swerves

passage from a mountainous interior
to the coast

depression, lessened emphasis, traversing other
dystopic areas

Sugar

Songbirds

stud, they infiltrate, they deck the holly. Sugar wants to
 infiltrate you in its various
 molecular-footprint forms, the white part
 like marzipan left out to harden
día de los muertos skulls

gold-leafed and isinglassed with lurid teeth,
 hard roses

Walking down x-Q-A-B my favorite enigmatic-looking-
 letters street to pick up videos, a smog of definition
 where dead surfboards lean against garage-sides
 overrun by exudations of putrefy in honeysuckle
 trumpets, nectar spreading Rorschachs on the breeze

Handsome surfer peeling down
 the neoprene of invulnerable epithelium,
 zipper-tape of externalized spinal column
 Like Venus stepping from his foam-
 drips that pock the sand.

Epithalamium
 makes me sad now but I'm working the crack
 carefully. An ant crawls up the icy-colored cord
 into the printer-port, and therefrom I
 can numerate the bone-

rattling qualities of sweetness:

- 1) a thin fire runs under my skin
 *) globules in dispersion, gutta-percha pocket that dries
 out
 Ω) THIN, CLOUDY LATEX
 æ) sugar is redundancy
 ≠) innermost part of bark, pistil, chocolate fraction

And bumper-stickers, decals, triumphant
 fist and god's-eyes, indecent
 magnolia blossoms bearing down.
 Swing sets. Why not say gardens
 overreach, pour stimuli up and down the
 hopscotch sidewalk

- - - - -

Live oak, chalk-white flying

buttress and pierced drum

Leviathan from off this coast misadventured
 onto Baja, into pickup truck, a single whale
 vertebra

like a scaled-down plane propeller
 like the wing bone of a prehistoric entity cast in a
 plaster matrix mixed with sugar
 like Buddha squatting on the porch

as Gertrude Stein and
 Duchamp's *Fountain* were said to be like
 Buddha

Who presides over the community
agit-flyers, disbursement, globe of thought craving

unreliable desserts. Thorned, multifoliate and
calcareous portion, live oak in its lingerie
of moss, avatar that loves
a fleshy laugh

How then if I sucked my mouth
along the flanges of this dorsal wreck, salt-
marrow-blubber bubbling
out, would enormity use me
for part of its ongoing job, would I compose
myself to wed something gritty

sinuous

bleached

unblushing

Mountains back away, kneel down, erode, the video
store is closed at dusk

Blush knobs and spatulate pads of prickly pear
bar my way back. A telltale
drop of juice. The same or related birds cavorting

piercing and competing
with arterial traffic

Fairytale blood-spot
drawn by this needle

S h a v e d C o d e

Tall trees fell

down. Or forest floor
rushed up to meet them or tilted

grain by de-accreting grain
entropically

sempervirens is a long time

& giants or the devil
commonly are blamed in nomenclature
for flinging great slabs of recalcitrant
matter, hexagonal

monster

aggressive prankster

you wanted to plug in

*trasumanar significar per verba
non si poria*

but don't you fondle guidebook phrases,

“hewn from the living rock”

pubic scatter

of dry needles inflammably spread

“on the forest floor”

“the pelvic floor”

Clot of proteins swimming
in tidal glut. Don't you covet

the flicking dapple/lonely thud of the
privacy of matter

A hot sac
of threatening-to-give was at the center and it

crossed over, it was pushed. Molten
wholeness or *do-re-mi* frustrations

(quartz sand) (kept a diary) spirit moving
on the face of the waters was hot bang

across a geothermal place, into the feel
of what it means to have a fresh, magmatic walk

in unfamiliar woods, and when the toilet flushed
and woke you

in the slag of crossed-out night, particles began
to cool and separate—

that was a syntax and recognized
abilities to twist. Preliminary limning. Parts of
speech

had very thin and membranous walls
and kept collapsing.

Limp condom tied
like a balloon.

But A-G-C-T were practicing assembly.
Enzymes improvising

on the wrinkling shimmer (screen) (page) (face)
of water

give yourself up

Ecocide
Economics
Ecoteur

There are very few people who think the right of a few people to make \$7.00 an hour for a few more years is worth the extinction of a 10,000-year-old ecosystem. p. 35

"Sustained yield": allow 50-year rotations of redwood trees, whose natural lifespan is over 1,000 years, which don't reach cone-bearing age for 100-150 years. p. 93

If there's a canopy left you can take all the conifers, and logging practices have counted fog as canopy. p. 158

Germinating

syllables push plush in the ground, conceive
diameter, while propulsive from the gut

a shout goes up. Drag old growth
off steep slopes with helicopters. Fall

heavily to its knees before ecstatic fellers,
sawyers, like buffalo.

Snag

in the membrane holding in
the circle, its meniscus.

Black greenhead flies and poison

oak, the coastal fog belt

opened, felled or was pushed

“under your breath”

“the ocean floor”

rubs against you semi-consciously all night,
 semi-consciously

it hogs the blanket rucked up into virgin peaks
 of temporary range. Breath of the

spreading fault
 in the hair beside your ear all night

Clearcut

acts dissolvent, ferns make

short-lived pithy

nouns, roots down

in the curly shady part. Proliferate a radiant

biomass. Core-sample in cross-section

in the guidebook reads alluringly, narrow tier

pulled out from wedding cake. Laminate

deformation

out of which you want to wake up, whisper

under stippled night like a blanket.

*Syntax is
the understory*

acute
to the bedding planes

You focus your

attention. Giants picking large chunks up and

flinging them, elastic air receives

debris in order

Forever Bothering Indians
Frame Burn Incarcerate

Agents waiting

when the bomb went off (11:55 am) in Oakland, poised

in a last aspect including a hidden
assembly, crossing into

an aspect
including explosion (24 May 1990):

Congressional investigations established that the FBI's activities included a 10-year secret war...and court documents show that agents acted improperly in the murders of members of the Black Panther party. The FBI agent in charge of investigating my case is Richard W. Held, Jr., who worked with COINTELPRO. And although COINTELPRO was formally suspended, a former agent has said that its activities continued ... [I]t has been widely reported that the Bureau spent more than \$2 million to infiltrate and disrupt Earth First! Considering this history, it seems wildly improper for the FBI to be conducting any investigation of the bombing attack on me in Oakland. p. 54

The threat, which was found in my landlord's mailbox, gave exact directions to my "hideout"—my home, where I live with my two children—using the same language as the anonymous tip in my FBI file, and offering a "case of Coors to the stud who burns her out." p. 324

Quiet

underfoot

(un)ominous

crunch, rustle (numinous)

Sound of daylight threading adroitly

between conifer needles, oak leaves, versus

softly bumping sound of semi-foggy

night amassing, drifting against granitic

outcrops, hills overgrown

with stars, loud

sound of stars as fog comes sponging

between crushable

tall grass, makes plangent

thrust

Thirst

(unanimous)

canopy

(Pelvis broken in 10 places.) (Coccyx shattered.) (Brace.)

Or take a walk along Big River, go to Navarro, Albion, Whale Gulch, Pudding Creek and Sherwood Road, go to Headwaters, Murrelet Grove, Avenue of the Giants, Icicle River, Lake Creek, Naches, Green Mountain and Granite Falls, Osprey Grove, Storm King Mountain, Karamip, Spoon, Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie, Sugar Bear, Cedar River, Trout Creek, Guerneville, Running Springs, Silver Estate

Further, the lab determined that the bomb was an anti-personnel bomb, wrapped with nails for shrapnel effect. And they determined that, in addition to the 12-hour timer...the bomb also included a motion device, consisting of a ball-bearing that had to roll to connect two contact points. In other words, the bomb was a booby-trap triggered by the motion of my car, and quite unlikely to have been knowingly carried under anyone's car seat.

The lab analysis of the hole in the floor of my car also showed that the epicenter of the blast was under the driver's seat, not behind it. And, to top it off, they found that a blue towel had been placed over the bomb, making it even more unlikely that we [driver Judi Bari and passenger Darryl Cherney] would have seen it. The blue towel did not match the other blue towels seized from my house. p. 315

Concentric
 patience, standing patiently
 (as long as it takes) (a long time)

on this plot.

Sequoia sempervirens or

sovereign, of its own
 volition, the tree
 fell down. Root-structure the diameter

of blotting-out-the-sun

wrenched up to flaunt its shaved or broken
 secrets, girth assiduously
 crammed in cells—split burled

limb, giant

arm or thigh—fell shockingly
 across the creek.
 It dwarfed it.

The bomb went off.
 The shout went up.

Concussed, other trees and every weed heaved
 out of alignment, bent, sunlight skidded
 off quick facets of disruption. Stirred sediment
 reshuffled and tossed up its finer grains.

If an Earth First! demo happens in the forest
and nobody writes about it, does it exist?
p. 173

Wood recently cracked
by sheer duration looks like fresh devil muscle.

Slice whorled
with interval, jellyroll

when new time folds up. Shock of thrust
subsiding on the air

The baby thing
adds to its materia

damp rot &
shadow, slight

glow of
differential sap, a ring

of once-burning
mulching

Cracked

pelvis/chassis, blue

shred of fog on the continent's left

hip, lung or

fault of the planet, hand

or finger sucked

into the saw

"We log to infinity."

–Harry Merlo,
President, Louisiana-Pacific,
Santa Rosa Press Democrat, 1989, p. 21

In 1986, Okerstrom and Louisiana-Pacific knowingly sprayed Garlon-4 over an area where a logging crew was working near Juan Creek, poisoning 12-15 people. The loggers' skin turned beet red, they had severe headaches, diarrhea and nausea, one man threw up blood, and another man's wife had a miscarriage after handling his clothes. p. 157

Logger Walter Smith's wife Karen wrote a letter to the *Willits News* condemning the threats and publicly offering to let me and my children live with her family for protection. p. 180

Cataclysmic

bridge, cathedral

carcass, reclining

remnant all outspread

across the creek.

Giardia, gas pump, ammonia

pulp, slop of rainbow

on the concrete apron under opalescence

in the squeegee tub, bleached

petal-form used paper towel

Piece of the body-self

unsustainable, perpetuating.

Method revealing

(wait) distribute silt

in layers of the river's drowned mouth.

Microclimate inside

the O-to-butterfly contour of a kiss

mouth. (wait) Enormous

convection managing intrusion

of the igneous into

view. In

*mazes intricate
eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
then most when
most irregular they
seem*

Make inner and outer, menorah and majora

sync. Felled

(self-felled) tree, you

giantly

uplift

In May, 1993, we released the Oakland police's damning photos of my bombed car, showing that the FBI had lied about the bomb being in the back seat. The day after we announced our press conference, which was held in front of the FBI office in San Francisco, Richard Held resigned from the FBI. He was 53 years old and at the height of his career, with 25 years' experience in counterintelligence operations...The man ruined my life, and I certainly hope I ruined his career. p. 327

June, 2002

Unanimous decision by 10-person federal jury in civil suit brings verdict against FBI and Oakland police:

1. False arrest of Bari (\$235,000)
2. Illegal searches of the homes of Judi Bari and fellow activist/car-passenger Darryl Cherney immediately subsequent to the bombing (\$240,000)
3. Punitive damages for these claims (\$400,000)
4. Violation of Bari's First Amendment rights by defaming her and Earth First! (\$1,175,000)
5. Violation of Cherney's First Amendment rights (\$800,000)
6. Punitive damages for these violations (\$1,555,000)

Total award = \$4,400,000

Entropically.

That's how a number
becomes a word and a word

transfers, when the lithic float

of a piece of nearby spoons you
in bedding strata.

Sap of alignment.

*to signify to transhumanate
in words no
yes aporia*

Or clot of it doesn't matter
when you can't.

Cleft tremulous
with root-hairs all agog.

A touch, walking past it as the gnats swarm
at your mouth.

“mangled syntax”

“butchered syntax”

Imprint on the blanket rucked up,
congealed. Carved on the seep

through landscape. Raised equatorial
waist or scar where grafted halves met, wound

in the bark. Concussed. Mild
syrup mouthful, thin and hot spontaneously

wells into a portion cleaved, footfall stirring
sonic tinder, dousing

it. Giant
mass of matter swarming in

Notes

Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur (“With the name changed the story narrates you”) is Horace, *Satires* I (c. 33 BCE).

“That inverted bowl we call” is *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám* (11th c.), translated by Edward FitzGerald (1859).

Comments on darkness and speed are by Marcel Duchamp (c. 1914), Muriel Rukeyser (1968), and a questioner at <http://www.physicsforums.com> (2004).

“Wert thou my enemy, O thou my friend” is Gerard Manley Hopkins, “Thou art indeed just, Lord...” (1889).

“How we achieve [that]...” is George W. Bush, quoted in *The New York Times*, August 22, 2002.

“And the eyes have driven the mouth into obscurity” is Rosalind E. Krauss, *The Optical Unconscious* (1993).

“At the risk of sounding ridiculous” is a prevalent misquote of Ernesto Che Guevara in “Socialism and Man in Cuba” (1965): “At the risk of seeming ridiculous let me say that the true revolutionary is guided by great feelings of love....The leaders of the revolution have children just beginning to talk who are not learning to say ‘daddy.’ They have wives who must be part of the general sacrifice of their lives in order to take the revolution to its destiny.”

Snake is after D.H. Lawrence, “Snake” (1923).

“TOP OF THE WORLD, MA!” is Jimmy Cagney in “White Heat” (1949).

“Cuttings from the spectral analysis of things” is Paul Celan (1966), translated by John Felstiner in *Paul Celan: Poet, Survivor, Jew* (Yale University Press, 1995).

Description of landmass withdrawing from Satan’s body is Dante, *Inferno* xxxiv, 122–26 (c. 1310).

“The mind is its own place” is John Milton, *Paradise Lost* I, 254 (1674).

“THIS MUST THOU EAT, and I ate the world” is from a dream recounted in 1840 by Ralph Waldo Emerson, quoted in Robert D. Richardson, Jr., *Emerson: The Mind on Fire* (University of California Press, 1995).

Blank Icarus is after Percy Bysshe Shelley, “Mont Blanc” (1816) and W.H. Auden, “Musée des Beaux Arts” (1938).

A luta continua (“the struggle continues”) was a slogan of the anti-colonialist movement in Mozambique in the 1960s and seventies.

“Epistrophy” (1942) and “Crepuscle with Nellie” (1957) are compositions by Thelonious Monk.

“Thine eyes bicarbonated white by speed, O Skygak” is Hart Crane, “Cape Hatteras” (1930).

Eve is described as a “flow’r unpropped” and describes herself awaking near waters “issuing from a cave,” etc. in *Paradise Lost* iv, 453–59.

“Chaos eats order...chaos can be structured as non-chaos” is Eva Hesse, quoted in Rosalind E. Krauss, *Bachelors* (MIT Press, 1999).

“Old father, old artificer,” “tuckoo,” and “nicens” are James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916).

Abraham Lincoln's mother, Nancy Hanks, died in 1817 of "milk sick," passed to humans via cows' milk and caused by a toxin in white snakeroot weed (*Ageratina altissima*, also classified as *Eupatorium rugosum*, also called white sanicle and tall boneset).

The story of the kidnapped African Olaudah Equiano and the "trope of the talking book" are in Henry Louis Gates, Jr., *The Signifying Monkey: A Theory of African-American Literary Criticism* (Oxford University Press, 1989).

Comments on white snakeroot poisoning in livestock are from <http://urbpan.livejournal.com/371464.html> (2008).

"To find a primal speech in geologic space and time... prayer come round by way of language" is John Felstiner in *Paul Celan: Poet, Survivor, Jew*.

Blank Musée is after "Mont Blanc," "Musée des Beaux Arts," and a typewritten note by Margaret Cunningham Richard (c. 1971).

Phonetics demonstrated by silhouetted male and female faces appeared on "Sesame Street" in the 1970s.

"500,000 words elusively pinned to 300 phonemes" is Bob Perelman, "Zukofsky, 'A'-24" in *The L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Book*, ed. Bruce Andrews and Charles Bernstein (Southern Illinois University Press, 1984).

"Plank in reason" is Emily Dickinson, poem no. 280 (c. 1861).

Sylvia Plath set out cups of milk for her children, Frieda and Nicholas Hughes, before turning on the gas in her unlit oven in 1963. *Ariel* was published in 1965.

"The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me" is Walt Whitman, *Song of Myself* (1867).

“A thin fire runs under my skin” is Sappho, fragment no. 31 (6th century BCE), in a composite of translations by Mary Bernard (1958) and Anne Carson (2002).

“Shaved code” and “when new time folds up” are Kathleen Fraser, *When New Time Folds Up* (Chax Press, 1993).

“*Trasumanar significar per verba / non si poria*” is Dante, *Paradiso* i, 70–71.

A-G-C-T are deoxyribonucleic acids (DNA).

Quotations regarding Earth First!, corporate logging practices in the 1980s and 1990s, and FBI harassment of environmental activists are from Judi Bari, *Timber Wars* (Common Courage Press, 1994). Information on the 2002 verdict against the FBI is from www.judibari.org.

“Syntax is the understory” adapts a line from the title poem in Brenda Hillman’s *Cascadia* (Wesleyan University Press, 2001).

“Mazes intricate,/ eccentric, intervolv’d, yet regular/
then most when most irregular they seem” is *Paradise Lost* v, 623–25.

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- *Conjunctions: 2 Angels/aspects; not epiphanies but dilemmas; Meteor; Plummet; Snake; The grass was very clever*
- *Kultureflash: Life of the Phonemes*
- *Pierogi Press: Shaved Code*
- Portable Press from Yo-Yo Labs (chapbook series): Shaved Code
- *Swerve: Anger, Sugar; Sugar*

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