

Jam Ismail

[untitled]

sometimes intense & rapid dying brings the life rushing out of the body,
visibly.

the dier sees the important events of it flash before the eyes . a sudden fall off a
mountain, the reader is shocked into perfection, requiring of the life-sentence no
revision . the re-seeing of very sad happenings is not painful . this final report which
some call the last judgment & others only time , from the city. There is no sense of a
known appointment . perhaps he had under stood up love after all . in the rusty
twilight dawn he sees a huddle in less cut cloth, those who've stayed on in the naïve
village . they shuffle a long dipping the very sloping rays into the copse's winter
shadow like refugees be reft to words colder dark & disappear . perhaps in the
shadow the snow grasses brief, as his eyes strain to take in a beloved or some friend
of youth . or maybe he stands & looks on , simplified , already undensing lucid flesh.
the crowd of persons on his side in that whiter imageless place are lining up too . he
does not wonder if he knows them / the ran domness increases . the rows some of
them are not strait to infinite . with white about him now like plane cloud , he sees
he is seeing separation

do you know , in the paradise there's a saying , it's not your fault , the angel
explains , it's not your fault that you were the agent of so much misery.

The sound, see divides into frequencies

what else can I tell you please
navigate by day
dream [.] the type , the type
face , the heft of book its shape . alight on a feel of paper.
there she is, reading some one I know . is she talking , or struck
still . communicated
when i imagine such satisfac t signifying wisdom or bringing fame
i'm a drift toward the dictator free dom

hear what is right in the writing
& what's left

lyrics

to n. rimsky-korsakov, 'song of india', *op.5, sadko*

sleep see two men inside this new my yard | i'm coming home
a sidewalk passerby | what speaks across the fence is dark,
tall, twelve-footer, sleek, white-sheeted black doghead* |
woof, I look away, leave my voice courteous | to be spoken
to by such phenomenon might well be deemed by some flattering |
east horizon, big maple, creamy horsechestnut, roofs of red &
grey shingle | clouds billow & smoke up heavy grey air |
flaming fringe is seen above the schools south | is it the
house where i used to call home | take me with you he is
beseeching | meaning by walky-talky hand. | & I nod or like
that in a hurry | & it's not my home that's oh fire (fly! |
Now crackle's corpsing up my eye

* *anubis*