

Practice, practice

Victim of the sentimentalizing of jeu d'esprit, she was like a movie shot tight against the waist. Practice, practice. Hold my pink hand as we put it through the shade – in Louisiana, in Mexico. Playhooks holding up the bones.

To which we must add, curious and experience, your convivial clothes drop instantly to the floor. What is an innocent conductor doing with effluvia? Naïveté, distinctly not a room, white flakes falling over lawns. Haven't I heard this

Now ethics. We've been I guess charging prudence her brief life domed. No enlargement across the bow, though we 'come about' shock pioneers at sail. Much as I told you, your eyes having lunch in the little town of my face.

Your practice has arrived at the door, illumination prior to its opening. In any case, we can always get up. Earth's presumptuous sublimity we're looking for. Between the precise distinctions memory is congenital, the nipple circles closed.

Political poem

the vocabulary one could say in subst
ituting itself as moronically sashes
a body's rhythms give it density

painting always had its idea
a pose in the process of dissolving but
the flicker book merely replete
says the luminous in calling such

things inimical to beacon
the standard three-by-four happens
on an edge

having created a single autonomy
between passable images of magic
forth over and over two locations
inside one inter
locutor compositing no longer as
theatrical backdrop but
phantom lapse, accommodation fantasies.

we observe they occupy
two places at once and I
never did see or fetch a reprehensive finally

what I mean is detached
kindly, floating in
mention, no particular
space in mind

Working notes for 'Practice, practice' & 'Political poem'

The first derives from an energetic series of lines I wrote, in long hand, while listening to a recent lecture on contemporary visual art. A great deal of the lecture was loving nonsense. The accompanying images, however, showed some interesting indulgences with space and light and repeated forms. The poem is a condensation of some of the material I wrote in those reactive pages.

The second poem I have no real explaining for. Its conditions seem quite self-presented in terms of the relation of title and body. I wrote it several months ago, and I believe the title came first, as it often though not always does for me.