

RHYME EATS THE WORDS: "CLIMATOLOGY"

*for NC*

Be the ground

They have tools, participating

w/a piece of the narrative

Plain free limits  
expressive of tone

Maybe it stands into oppositeness  
as consonants

(walk through)

So much iciness w/the poem  
A last fed spring

'A Panic That Can Still Come Upon Me,' 1963-72

Partial view of life

Sometimes thought Always  
steadiness wanders

Proceeds eventually nothing

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Hazy equal footing  
Underground romance, resourcefulness

To borrow his art  
Small kind of abstract studies

So more like tribute  
when he does it

Born after a 10-minute video  
—everything hovering, contradictory—

in tunnel season,  
high-quality roofs

Diachronic units identity darts through  
Hostile past (out of China)

Even past this kind of glassy clarity

& Winter's all collecting—  
ready Autumn's fashionable something

Stepped out in snow  
& grounds disappear

Area  
(direct projector)

as well as an area of meaning

3 lines Great  
hardness of atmosphere

From a place in light you  
won't bridge

From a point in the small  
small narrow theater

Expressive centers or storms  
Outer open possibilities

Red peninsula, pinched mouths  
(‘humid’ country)

Inflected squares forms wellheads  
German texts

Slanting angles & lines

Noah's only  
little music box:

Bare light  
Dis-spray

Wave either weather

Warned Barb  
& later, the locals

Whole new level Maritime history  
move over into other local focus

'If I were, when I was'  
(enjoy both)

Seemed completely natural but  
were going homer



That's one's life  
To lack work (of small groups)

Home one night before that  
Lonely physical memory

& just before words  
& that's why

& even earlier  
Walking, frozen