

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