



**THE
SPEAKING
PARTS**

Paul Klinger



The Speaking Parts

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Paul Klinger is participating in his third dusie collective. He just started law school at the University of Houston. He weathered Hurricane Ike by carving small figures out of avocado pits. If you would like a free sample, please send request to pklinger81@yahoo.com.

For Anna, Barbara, and Bonnie. All advocates.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

illegible
as Masters

all the work
and no
translation
this is
some dream
I have
and what
happens
when I get
up from it
do you tell
people that
one or do
you leave it
alone the
end of
the marsh
you were in

dead ends
for sales
summer matters
and shown
in to the
parlor the
wood seems
older than usual

the lapping is
what myself
takes note of
things lapping
each other as
water though
they are people
dead in the
ground they
are lapping
against
each other
in the grave
this is the idea
I have of them
nudging one
another in
in the tellings
myself provides
the behalf
the lambent
principle which
is rolling on
and on into
the outside of trees

GERTRUDE STEIN

but also
myself
over
extended
into
brief
comic
timing
clips
of short
mess

as if
pulling
out before
the comment
is fully
uttered
and all
this by
taking
out
the points
of the
sentence
myself
sentenced
no legal
only
ruffle
legal
is far
too
short
for me
I like
things
a little
more
comp
rehensive
than
that
briefs
who
needs
them
any
how

ALICE NOTLEY

not
likely
myself
isn't
cranky
the life

at the
life
the throat
of this
life
defective
defective
life in
the
cities

Paris
is
lonely
the
lone
some
version
of
myself
in
French
nuit
or the
like

what
I don't
like I
tell
I don't
like

I don't
like it

I write
holes
through
things

I write
a lot

I write
more
and more

myself
through

out
what
is
the needle
in
memory
myself
am I the
needle
am I
aflame
with
the things
I write
or it's
whatever

not
lacking
but
not
liking

not at
all
not at
all

laundry
bag
myself
down
the
street
taking care
shirts
or
in
the
meter
as
Notley

stale
cookies

strong
hold on
what
I have
done

what
a scare
I've
given
them

ROBERT BURNS

into the
doorway
the gurgle
of life
lots of
stones
and paving
through
a hut
this is
the founding
Robert
Burns
founded
upon a little
greenery
and a stove
with stones
all about it
smoking
myself up
in my youth
slowly being
fired to
make the things
a vale of
radishes
that tasted
sharp and
a flute
overhead
coming
from the
prison or
a company
of stragglers
and so
the soft
fumes of
growing up
I carried
along the
hedgerows
the lanes
passing
into
districts
that did
not know
at first
my name
but my
face and
its
particular fume

SAMUEL JOHNSON

prayers are
exemplary
pieces of
talk for
the massive
face
myself
stroked
with pen
ointments
packs
poultices
would that
these prayers
levitated
my large
body looming
around a
spirit in
the world
the Hebrides
compaction
society
jingling
inside itself
Tetty her
location
a mystery
I want to
find out
where the
softest place
there are
thousands
of comforters
the spine
of the book
is a pleasant
thing I have
just now
located a word
which is
Greek
now it will
be English
myself
according
to the ramparts
oh folly
my health
the preoccupation
has come
I bounce
toward eternity

CHARLES BERNSTEIN

bubbly wanter
what do you
want with me

blue in the
faucet
my self
again drippy
with
doings

what's
doing

hoo haw
a clamor
trundle
up for
the haul
myself
is kind
of lost
in it and
more
respectable
therefore
for what
it allows
in others

a softness
a pillow
is myself
a pillow
under
the rump
is

gutsy in
so many
words
and foxy
being
young
forever
in the
wow
myself
factors

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

to have time
for your friend
I myself
staked out
this one
the ice
is telling
me to go
inside
and check my friend
but this
in my mind
not necessary to fire
or kindle
anything with an actual gesture
I just respond to the shift inside
the lank
is over my actions
the blanket is over the lank
a good thing as it tells me
what is going
on the shapes
of it myself knows
look different since
the blanket is imaginary
and it is cold
so I don't want to remove it
there is an infant
in all this
they say an infant
is a certain factor
a description of work
we say mothers
and for some reason
Samuel is a mother
that I had very nurturing as
a writer and biography
is a form of tending you not
the person being tended
but those attending
that one do you see
the biography is playing
the piano for me
without hands
nothing I've ever seen
to prepare me
this ghostly channel
of music the water running
into the holes of
myself I am responding now
to that cold

BERNADETTE MAYER

atop
myself
a small
hill
to pause
upon
and look

the trend
of myself
not a land
or a feature

yet as
of this
writing
which is
pouring
quality
of being
poured
essential
That was
achieved
and all
built
around
the flood
being the
sign
slung
what
materials
I myself
have crossed
in the middle
of it

another part
of it proving
the awares
and unawares

my tremulous
wares or nerves
you will see
that if not
visible then
the tedium
disrupts the
tedium that
goes with
manufacturing

WILLIAM BLAKE

whom everyone
loves like
a brother
or some
thing that
being
negative
to some
aspects
of a culture
to be loved
in a particular
way myself
not complaining
as a position
has opened
up you may
have heard

the torque
in living
the peel
and apex
of drawers
could not
find the
most basic
situation
what is
tenable I
thought to
myself
as a Zoa
dearly
that head
upon my
shoulders

MARGARET CAVENDISH

having
convinced
others
and mainly
myself
of what
I have
embarked
upon

the shape
of my
own
vehicle
being
bulleted
yet somehow
placable

following
visions
of familiar
vestments
now
distressed
now
disfigured

the sheen
of living
as
margaret
just fine
with
unrefined
ideas
the comport
meant
having
no
comfort
after
that

SUSAN HOWE

henry
before
her
in the
book
she
has
in her
mind

encamped
a good
word for
describing
that
taking place
upon a
place

in a lake
of ice
or something
like that
people pay
attention to

it goes in
popular
terms you
are not supposed
to look
at some
things
a century
behind them

the terms
of the book
offered
to it
inside
or clipping
it into
itself
clipping
it
the pages
if they weren't
clipped
before
they are now
one has
cut them open

VIRGIL

always about
the eyes
at the start
of the
envisioning
the way
the streets
look the
long purple
folder of
living the
state
explains
the career
the state
of things
is laid to
rest before
they are
lengthily
seen
children
in the hills
and water
running
through
disposition
the worn
away
features
of the world
the belief
in a present
that mars
everything
is
starting out
from that
point
scrupulous
as a boy
shoved
down
into
place

HARRYETTE MULLEN

**pulley or
polyp time
medicine
in the middle
dose talk
is all
measure
nothing else
myself has
a rope
flying about
it the rope
will land
with a
rhyme
this covers
the land
there is
a shadow
that
predicts
the sound
myself
foretells
the shadow
the rhyme
soothing
itself out
then for
me it
falls
in place
as a
rule
to get
out more
often is
the goal
not to
stay
inside
all day**

A.R. AMMONS

**and who
teaches
whom to
what end
asks in
geography**

**the current
one with
Surveyor
who is
before you
now with
no gear
only the wend**

**shape to
the work
will suffice
to work
on the
identity
of a greater
length to
be had
not enjoyed
at the end**

**passing
now into
the flow
common
altitude
the group
the men's
bolted
down
my shape
locale**

**the arch
of it
all over
me
that's it
tagged
myself**

**descriptors
touch but do
not linger
in coursing
the coursing
everything**

DANTE ALIGHIERI

now
going
down

I read
it to
myself
again
though
it is
long
over
long
for a
shit
list

tensed
form
paving
some
test of
personal
space
myself
more than
anything
becoming
the grid

vectors
of
revenge
and fearing

afforded
in
certain
places
dark
gruel and
taunts

encycled
and
pedaling
ghastly
face of
the bayou
that time
would
lock
into
myself as a
coordinate
and move openly thereafter

THOMAS HARDY

Hollow
points
of contention
mustache
enough
for some
a trimness
in the
expression
of love
or a dark
remnant
a middle
age spoon
or something
to carry
through
parts
of the country
where you
don't have
much to do
Hardy myself
a bunch of
bunches
nondescript
nest of
longings

Turning
everything up
the beds
included

there is no
soot anymore
that is past
we are now
into another
self a silicate
notion
I interpret
all by myself
or feeling
that way
desolate under
a high ceiling
production
my own
vaunted

ELIZABETH BISHOP

myself a
reverence
felt too
early
as if
crowded
by it

I was
Bishop
and I
moved
around
a little

myself
my day
my squares
my chairs
they changed
from place
to place

shining
on the
sea I
went
out of
my way
to
my self

long
and
gurgly

I blew
past
where
they
wanted
me

I was
no
landed
person

rolling
my
eyes

didn't
like
hearing
it a lot

a lot
meant
moving

was Bishop
was studied
was happy
and fulfilled

given
necessary
space
for my
plottings

the delay
associated
with
the work
of a
shape
in the water
is hard
to tell apart

