

from Poem beginning with lines from Robert Duncan

I cut the wit of his text in thin lace on the stall of rain. He met a tool of its mould on lone swords in an era of wit. You seethe. The rain as my text up on a thin stall. I see: the con from my lace of lone gin by the tool of mould. I stall. The wit, upon his swords, in thin rain, in an era of text; he cut the lace with his tool. On lone wit: under a con of mould it hit the text. By his stall above lone rain, near the mould of lace, you met the swords of his. Wit in thin lace on a stall of gin. You cut the tool from my era. On lone mould by a rain of text, I lace a con from his wit. In lone rain in the mould of swords you seethe. The era of my text on thin wit opposite a stall of swords.

The error of context is, then, wet upon a seat. A fall of shorts. A bone-straining theme holds her as wars use our wreathes, unload my old briar. Pain of death a lexicon. Promise to look up, that all form may hear her within frameless honours. Tall origin based on a love lowering. Neither the old offence humoured – thistle's office in loam with fund of acorn, off rolled a tit – nor flexed. Though it atone he saws anything. Gain, and I never object, heaps the place. Give his cool eyes all terrain: arse might be sexed-up. Offering tall thigh, knee, they come for malice, lounging by the pool I've sold. Use eases them: keep it until a fence; hold; unload hoards in a rear offer. Off with my cute thoughts. Offence next! Anything grace licences, pit all against.

Spicer and the Boy
they meant nothing to her

those clouds passing
behind a sky-blue truck

two characters secretly waiting
at the entrance to the hole

I'm telling you
she said it keeps beginning

but still hard to keep moving
in a pool of filth

everything they think materializes
mid-century when the bell rings

co-ordinates appear
to fake a cave

is one thing
dark enough to render chimneys

burning in the hall
another presence she supplies

with coca-cola and biscuits
they set out

two paragraphs which do not appear in MS
beside a steep step

work of the 19th century
by a resolute Englishwoman

the river gurgled
expressing itself

as a form of perfection
it was prohibitive

to sit around clumps of shrubbery
when she was sick

a bit of spider's web
brought out of hiding

two characters stood
poised above

Marx: *Gold functioning as a medium of circulation assumes
a specific shape, it becomes a coin.*

Its gold content equals the amount specified
on its face. The coin develops
differently to a commodity;

in circulation it = the quantity of gold
x the number of moves it makes. Wear and tear
diminish gold content to *merely a shadow* but
coins continue at their denoted value.

The coin becomes a token
representing its substance. But *a thing
cannot be its own symbol.*

Painted grapes are no symbol of real grapes.

Further, *an emaciated horse cannot be
the symbol of a fat horse. Since gold thus becomes a symbol
of itself but cannot serve as such a symbol it assumes
a symbolic existence.* Silver or copper coins replace it.

And paper money.

This change *originates in the process of circulation itself*

and does not come about by arrangement:
 Marx points
 to the difficulty of using *perishable and unwieldy*
 hides and furs as a medium
 of circulation in Russia
 which led to small pieces of
 stamped leather being exchanged
 instead, which could later be redeemed.
 The operation of gold coins
 and symbolic money is quite different:
The circulation of commodities can absorb only a
certain quantity of gold currency [...]
whereas any amount of paper money seems to be absorbed by circulation.
 Inflation in a system using gold coins
 is possible if the value of gold
 falls or if the content of gold
 in the coins lessens. With paper
 money it results from printing too much. Deflation
 in both systems is dealt with using Bills of Exchange
 but Ben Bernanke, Governor of the Federal Reserve,
 suggests the government
produce as many U.S. dollars as it wishes. This could work
 if it was possible to encourage spending,
 depending on
 where the money went. In a footnote
 he sites Keynes' idea of filling bottles
 with currency and burying them in mine shafts
 for people to dig up.

But when confidence
 falls below a certain
 level, easing money,
 Keynes wrote, would
 be like *pushing on a string* or
 as Spicer put
 it: *The Indian rope trick. And*
a little Indian boy climbs up it.

So the forest encroaches astonishing formal streets, crouched in bushes.
 Are you sure trees say no whys in French?
 In some cases wind smacks sails
 symbol is (like) metaphor symbol slicks metaphor
 with lines cut or decayed water in the hold n scattered cargo y d.
 Emotion in turmoil maintains nature, moulds
 a storm at sea. Strain mounts:
 the stylised boat lists, can't remember, is absorbed.
 The street yields to day but a last scent remains: embers of an absurd bird.

I run down the street. Vague and direct.
I run quickly down that short street.

Mere landscape. I can't say how many trees
but you cut them all down. The elasticity
of all, including whatever it likes.

Chop it down. The audacity of
flowers coming in as they do in to
a field as far as the eye can see
containing everything but *anything* (Olson)
retains actual size and properties.
Bare flowers commuting on *wires* (Spicer):
the genuine offer of a cup of tea.
I promise to pay the bearer
than a man editing the field in the light
of this metaphor for winter, earth
filled with diagrams / of how to make (Sorrentino)
flowers.

Refreshment trolley promises more than delivers
being for the most
part ghostly. A portrait in its frame
prefiguring films. The old woman is ordering tea with lemon
and paying
slowly. The stone is prepared for her
by craftsmen in the shape of faeries
and blocks
as she waits to appreciate, her way
long and tortuous
if not complimented: she sets her mind
to its curves. She's a romantic lead
until the plot diminishes – could they have been together in pastoral? – and a cityscape
often occurs
and writing takes over
(fiction is not a literary act) and there's a story
without roots with nothing to keep
she dies alone in a cheap hotel room
surrounded by malicious gossip – telephone wires are washing baskets – and friends.
I think that's true. A tentative argument:
temporary dwelling in foreign context. A sensitive erection that could be blown
away: tentative hand on her thigh. The shadow
of a flower blocks (Dorn's headstone)
a text in the open; which flower or what object
matters insofar as it obscures or reveals. The shadow

threadbare as the trolley or lace-
berries. Telephone wires are washing lines.
Assonance drives her indoors to the divan. Sofa
takes adjectives like a good actress in a vaguely scripted situation –
say death on a futon. Curtains are drawn
sea's smudged after; the sink blocked in
the way trees are by the view. There may be edges and juxtapositions
with their own differences but to reach a point
call them crags and steep drops
of a cliff face, lone traveller gazing
from the summit (probably a silhouette). The picture must fit the room
here, here, here and here. Shadows play and we
in them but the sight of the mountain
snow-capped and still
is the real surprise. Such effort
– torn feet, blistered hands – would be meaningless
without making it. Less detail, effort, description
quicker arrival but that's unrealistic
and a lot like staying home. Still, single perspective
is consistently unreal – even the woman
pegging up her laundry
can see that
it's possible to scrutinise angles
in paintings which behave a lot in actuality
like faeries. Specks of red on a tile;
they are only signs
when they point to a body and lead
to a killer – hence the impossibility
of just objects and normal days when an end is in sight.
Perspective is how we see not what we see: *Realism, / so
called, alienates by virtue / of the
shell posed around objects.* The sound of traffic
may be sea. *When no sign binds, meaning comes in floods*
(defining realism as sign) of goods to market
dripping with blood and tears.
Tom, Dick and Harry lie
mangled in the wreck of a blue
Ford or abstract art. And excessive rain and rolling
countryside
(vegetables even if foreign are there)
have to be made to do something. Description makes light
of day. Out from behind the wheel
a dark lady stands shakily, groping
for her stick and rendering meaningful all that comes
her way like the green grass.
She carries a string-tied bundle, pain
that absolutely can't be seen through.

Her past is herd or
-ange, juicy halves mirroring

each other. Alone as they must, trees echo
hinged cries of startled birds off an orchard's

walls like doors swung in

an orphanage merely a circular shadow of
faerie talk in the distance
hoofbeats approach an old
man hard of luck
in love (a stylised bird
unable to fly) and hearing too late.
Their strength comes from
packed cases
and simplicity often
resembling wear's polish taking us to a lot quickly
though all is in the opposite of fog –
only distances are clear. Deforestation
in these circumstances is impossible.
When what is behind is so desirable
the door can escape notice
even with its hazard warning; and the car
smashes into the trunk
which is unharmed. So many have fallen against the abstract
sculpture that it is an instrument of death
governments show interest in. It must be made
to take responsibility. From the field
a lone woodsman drags a fir tree
to produce a symbol. I write deciduous prose in the living room
I was always interested in aesthetics now
I have my own beauty
parlour amid pine needles. Thin air up here, which
leaves only fingerprints that pass
for clouds in otherwise great blue stretches
of imagination, doesn't support life. It is rugged
nature into which things suddenly appear
like forks – but who's to say they aren't
flowers? In any case
there are no telephones. No line
between nature and culture; lipstick on the cigarette butt
arrests her before they even start to read
(a form of rubbish) but where does it begin? If
born is a passive verb then the parents can't exist.
They throw the book
and she's going down. She's believing

doubt surrounds like dark around
a flame holding her lightly inside. Now, she starts
to explore, rather the onion than herself,
peeling back layers of duvets she's slept under
like bridges, whose petals must be stapled
down to keep them open, each time she's known
as a 3-D sentence, a fantastic pen
-umbra, diverged focus sustaining two tenuous worlds,
intense thought without
limit, enables me to write without anyone
seeing my hand move, slight hand's sleight-of-hand,
though the cardsharp is a temporary figure
in town, I tensed my fingers
before I eat, though the food, persimmons and sweetmeats,
on this conveyor belt.