

There are railroad tracks that *run* at varying speeds
across the valley, and you can *step* over the wooden parts
which are called
silverfish, I think.

I read it in a book last night
translated
and I'm not sure
whether the word
was the name they call it in the original language
or whether it was the name that we call it
in our language, but
clearly it was an English word that I was reading
in the language that

I'm making out then

I don't read anymore
I only listen and peer.

That's the word that's become most familiar
in the last few minutes.

I'm getting it!! It has to do with
looking closely and seeing if you can *see*
what's there, and
it is there, but
we don't know if it's only in our imagination.

As the son says, it might be that *this* is a dream,
and so he asks the father,

who listens

and reasons

and the son *is* a dream

and the son is flesh

and *not* all of life at once.

The rain is

makes bows in the sky,

and we can dive underneath them

like going under a tunnel

in the car or the rowboat,

glancing across the *skies*

where the stars are a texture themselves,

--tiny points of light--

cream colored in the darkness,

if you wipe out all of the deep black of space,

and what is cream, anyway?

I just forgot that I knew:

a color a texture a memory

But we worry, with cream! We do.

What happens if, to make cream

is a consequence of an abuse

that may be grounded in a fatal disruption, rupture,

disturbance, robbery, and incarcerations,

and reckless murders, so

we try not to think about it

I try not to think about it

shocking, because the word is a texture and a mirror

and a foam and a film, and I love film.

I miss watching in the darkness

seeing the screen taking such a gold triangle rectangle contour

The shape is so within grasp,

and then you can go deeper or pull back out, depending on your seating

so that you can become immersed

in shape, and the shape within shape

and the control of shape that's not your own control

or you can demand that kind of distance

that comes with seeing that it's all just glimmering shadows in a rectangle

or

failures of nerve

quandaries that are the basic ephemera

the explosive, slow, explosive gradual

tenderly articulated explosions of

brutally conflicting *wills*

or *within the **breast***, within the chest

the ***noggin and loins***, the *legs that are **tapering, and shifting***

into fins sometimes, or other times the wobbly ***creak*** of automaton patchwork

that's rapidly growing out of date

as verisimilitude *takes over*

and it doesn't matter whether something like a Tins Woodman can *walk*

up and down a yellow brick road.

Does he put his thumb out, or does he hail a bus?

Are there still buses?

It's a *shadow* world, sometimes

In some of the byways, in the paths,
 you go around the sides of the mountain,
there are deep crevasses in the sides of the mountain
 where there used to be canyons, and now
those crevasses have grown so deep
 that you just walk two or three feet and you stop
and you unfold the buttons and the petals,
 the lapels and the bee stings,
 the leaflets that are just coming into the beginning of life
 and the fallen leaves that happen to be sitting right on top of them
 until you shake
 and you can ride on the wave—
There's a wave there too, in the driest spell of the year.

Sound wave is there.

 Waving hand is there, saying, "Bye!"

The wave is sheltered by the crevasse,
which grows increasingly profound
as you struggle to do nothing in there,
because you are kind of *held up*
 in line in a way, you're kind of--
you have to wait your turn,
 and your turn
is always here, right now.

I keep speaking in the second person,
 and that's because there are two of us
 at any one time. Always two of us.

(from unpublished 2004 transcript of January 2001 “closed eyes reading” performance in San Francisco’s Canessa Park Gallery)