



I

The black hole is a bedroom lined with the skin of a fish,  
sink to the bottom of it and find me, like my grandmother,  
tallying my most tedious routines in my final moments.

water the plants  
did you make your bed  
don't step on the cracks  
did you brush your teeth  
my teeth need to be brushed  
I'm tired  
did you wash your hair  
I'm tired  
did you wash your hair yet  
have you washed your hair  
did you wash your hair  
have you washed your hair

When you're lying with your head in the grass it looks green  
to you if you're thinking about green. It's night and the cold  
reminds you of how old you are. When you touch a building  
you slide down its side, you try but it's impossible to scale  
the unheard screams.

Record what you wore, and who you were sitting as. He said  
he had to capture his memories before they were gone. You  
retrace – look into first story windows.

You said, run in the flames run in the flames  
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You said, run in the flames run in the flames

Before anyone knew they were losing, the table was loaded  
with fruit, now everyone is losing but can't tell, the fruit on  
the table deceives us.

Run in the flames around a burning blanket, it looks like an old wig you wore trying to make yourself look older, now you are that old and a sliding glass door breaks your face open.

Hail to Mary  
Hail Mary  
Hail to Mary  
Hail Mary  
Hail to Mary  
Hail Mary  
Mary Hail

On my knees I remember how quiet I am supposed to be, on our knees we're meant to be quiet – in church, in bed, in the square where we've lost our Indians, in church, no laughing! no moaning! no crying for yourself or for anyone.

Under a grindstone you have your teeth removed. I go toward a fantasy of watching your face behind a light, who's face do you see when you see a face unbound.

Flowers reach to the peak tops of every mountain and throw themselves lifelike from the crests.

Dinner is a toe, how do you work with that.

I don't know how people in charge keep their faces forward,  
or the ones with guns in their hands, how they keep them up.  
They must never get a long enough break to think... or even  
get to dream.

What kinds of dreams are their sons as soldiers having. How  
can we be making it here when at night the blank tide

rolls me down and I can't feel.

Not what would make us a whole part, more than what is  
passing but passing is most consistent.  
Through all kinds of pages and not writing them,

about the women, they were afraid to cross the Brooklyn  
Bridge though they'd lived so close to it the whole of their  
lives.

I'm not going over that bridge, are you crazy.

I'm too scared of heights.

Are you crazy, my feet kill me.

I'm scared to go over that bridge, I'm not going over that  
bridge, are you crazy.

I'm not going over that bridge.

And when we crossed it we saw the water through

the wood slats,

under our feet, and we saw the sun red, but nothing seemed  
down enough... or like it was the voice from elsewhere.

Even a stream can seem senseless when your heart beats fast.

When you didn't have a pen and paper how did you  
remember anything. Some things we'll never

forget like the time you said he wasn't alive, you can never  
remember having said it, having been straining, you could  
never forget that way of thinking, forget what you thought.

I closed the door myself.

Looking down over a clear stream you see the tan rocks on  
its bed,

suddenly afraid, you find yourself running from every sound  
you hear, it's no one but you can't believe you didn't

die there. What makes us free enough or scares you into  
running home. Every shadow is moving, how afraid you must  
be where you are now. How afraid you are and when you stop

being afraid. I can see how someone could lose compassion  
for a newborn and see him as an anemone.

Where a road begins, when you build one, when we start  
building they don't know where it goes. First to the end of  
town. Where will we build to next – there's no place left and  
everyone's embarrassed about it.

When someone breaks with a song you don't need thinking,  
a song takes away time, we do what it wants. I see the water  
shining under the long

bridge,

we live here in the city. And those who are out with the water  
buffalo, the children all pulling on her dress. Time for them,  
chalk games on the

sidewalk. Masks built for the parade.

What's happening when one is lost in a crowd from the beginning. The moon is yellow three days in a row

and then eclipsed. What are the stars having to do with us now, in other worlds the sidelines are crowded,

bloodspills. I've never seen blood spill – only evaporate behind a face. It sounds like a grounds horn,

or going to sleep with the rest of the world behind your eyes so you don't forget how many we are.

On open sea large whales surface for breathing, what kinds of dreams do the whales have, what dreams do they have when they float asleep, what kinds of tacit friendships do whales have.

I remember imagining what it would be to freeze to death – once when my fingers were cold, I was on the snowy mountain, fell into the well around the base of a tree wearing

a yellow snowsuit, looked up through the trees, it was cold afternoon, the end of a mountain day, knowing I'd get out, just laid back, pretending I would freeze, I let everything go to stay

warm, then after a while started yelling for help or I don't remember how I got out, the truth is I don't know how I got out.

The light can't escape us now or we'll freeze to death. We don't know freezing, only to

think of it. I know nothing but being saved.

Do you need to go far or if you see only one town is that real.

Her father knew how to

spell his name, her mother couldn't write hers. Her name was Ruby, you write her name over down the lined paper like

a list, and think of her bull's eyes, they pierced the black woods to see you.

Her face looked cold, her red lips that morning were purple she

sat deep in the corner couch, her foot rocked the rest of her. She didn't stop

crying, all the thoughts of her boy, seventeen, from the beginning going through her mind, his swift gait moved him across the green grass to meet her, him

now gone, all the flashing thoughts gone too in one morning to see him lying in the wood box at the front of the room

the low ceiling, the dirty

carpet under him in a wood box, his eyes wrinkled,

her brown dress with lace edging, her wide ankles, her foot rocked the rest of her.

The women circled and pressed her to the corner, their eyes fierce to the ground all concentrated on his face saying his name over in their minds, I didn't know his name.

Another mother entered, folded out a metal chair and pulled tight up to the flock. Her lips purple and quivering a dark scarf

almost over her face, her boy's face, his

eyes wrinkled his head wrapped in white cloth, the women  
like birds

spoke words all at the same time saying different things all

saying the same things in different voices, different ways at  
different times, all together talking and putting their hands  
on his mother, pressing their hands to her chest, like they  
were all the mother of the same fast gone son.

Everything they did to her

they were doing

like it was to him

that they did it.

Early cold uptown 116th Street and First Avenue morning,

saying goodbye to someone who shouldn't have been going  
anywhere but home tonight, all

the siblings wondering his absence, like one of the litter  
gone with no way to explain it, the

women just cry and hope for the feeling of missing to be  
finished, and the reminder of terror that shows us out of  
nowhere we have no way really

to rein it in, or a place to put it really.

I imagine a blown garret, being pushed through a sieve. Or  
yelling at you, you were under the table, I remember your  
blue shirtsleeve. Even

when it's math all parts seem contrived. When you begin a  
story it doesn't sound like one. I know many colors, blue



night overflowing with the sight I saw drinking in the canary chair, overlooking the city. Our city can be destroyed, leveled to a flat

land, ladies in blue aprons look for glass bottles.

Even when you don't want to tell your story one night, it's important that you keep working so I encourage you. I think

you can't stop now, time hasn't. In Utopia everyone tells their story from start to finish before moving to the next world to begin again as their opposite.

It rained and she rollerskated in it with an umbrella. The rain jumped up from the pavement like anything shining jumps past recognition. From the

headlights, that's what made them like fountains. I thought of if we wore fighting helmets and how our faces were, brows hidden, all eyes down. To wear

a helmet every day because you had to protect your head from someone. And last night before bed about a suicide bomb,

walking into a place to watch it all go before you. And then do you forget?

Which way do you go when in a helmet. I want to rape someone.

When in a helmet you can't resign. What happens if you resign while wearing a helmet, is that like jumping. When you run fast to the end

of the road to the gate and you can't catch your breath, because you've pushed yourself like someone was after you. How is it you know how



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