

poems are about love or death — your poems are about death

eight years forward , I don't land on it
or wealth , which is somewhere in between
(archly — it's an attitude given structure
by morbid attachments to taste
another burst of high turbidity
and I accepted because you said it
that's how I was then , a thin , refractive concern
I didn't like how people spoke to me
and I spoke badly to people
acted badly — I was desperate
to absolve a spiritual debt

but what desire made me greet with disdain
this person's minor pride , who could raise me
believe me ?

I didn't want much money , except to be less careful
to be spoken to softly

but it was dismal

maybe you were speaking about the transformation of materials
or the conversion of certain prosocial impulses into honey , water ...

but
it's so lonely and arrogant to be true
so I'm sorry for you and speech , the iron tool
you use to overtake dreaming

dispatch

when people move , I'm amazed
stupefied , dead

why the most pleasing invention is moving image

no word reminds me of womb life , good life
and the reactions of people nearby linking up

I just wanted to offer some sense of love and understanding
when I wanted to be needed , to hold somebody ...

then they came to the door , said you look awful
hair was locked , sweatshirt torn , grain showing
brain out , love far

well I was amazed — I thought , this is the goal of the camera
to find the living thing and maybe reciprocity ?

the good fires ? maybe a bowed head ?

it contributes in a singularly emphatic way to the ideological function of art

look such pleasure when a death — completely awash with cars
moaning along . look such a
black happening . people

have whole degrees of attachment error .

before I was so removed from the bookstore , was going to say
something , was
winding up to say something about the nerve and field of meaning of
this violent rehearsal
, its implications for life on earth . sort of said it . sort of meant

the cool afternoon and its brutal interests , something ,

in the work boots of the culture dispenser , and ,

I'm returning the books to your shelves .

I come here every day , you know , and never find pleasure

all that atheist shit done

isn't the winter where our heads are tilted toward the sun ?
people pass through my life like sirens
which is not right , not desirable

when the day was falling ...
sound was processed , claustrophobic
said love like mine , go , leave

we're in the time the sun produced , or out of time
saying how will we love
this far away from heaven !

well it's lonely here , people say
you shouldn't have been born
but here you are whole world
to binge

we've got to do something ... save the children ...

the real has that bad color now . my surprise was fluid

so bright when I discovered it , the sun gushed
roughly down my forehead , lips , etc. the red flags
cracked the black of the air . I thought kids , in this
climate ,

with these ordinances , these bullets flying ,,,

but my blinds are shut . when attachment
is stunned by punishment , the blinds just close themselves .
my work , in its troubled way , is strewn

about the room and I hear this is america
from the apartment next door — my world is so ugly

but I'm beginning to like it as I look forward to
its changing soon . ours too , james confirms ,
is an age of propaganda . in my various educations

I had the shape of an idea about myself , without money ,
hostile to confession , doomed to the shallow knowledge
of the narcotized , granite , arms up , elbows out ,
afire , asphyxiated , rageful , colored .

on the far side of war
and domination . but when I said my life was ugly ,

I was wrong for what I meant by it . there's no place

for that kind of confirmation . I was scrolling
when I was thinking , words were hammering ,
then my mind was filled by the light on my face ,

the blue light , the black lightning . this year , I'm thinking
of wearing brighter colors . I'm a fun person , imagine ,
demanding , imagine , ever so sprayed by circumstance .

so blood and carbon , so , in my troubled way , superstitious ,
diseased : I learned that
when it comes to writing poems ,
material isn't enough
or dreams