

Morning Constitutional

Michael Magee

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For Susanna

Art is the path of the creator to his work.

- Ralph Waldo Emerson

The imagination of a commonwealth must make that sharing literal - there cannot be an invested partiality hidden from the participants...Realize that the general, the we-ness proposed in various realities, may well prove to be this kind. Obviously, any 'we' must, willynilly, submit to the organic orders of its existence: must sleep, must eat, must drink, must move, must die. But that is very nearly the totality of the actual demand. Elsewise, the 'geography leans in,' as Olson put it. Place is a real event - where you are is a law equal to what you are.

- Robert Creeley

1

A DETROIT OF THE MIND

Will thinking get me anywhere?

To Detroit, possibly.

-Robert Creeley

I thought all night
along I 90
until my back of my
mind was killing me

think yourself
to Detroit never having
seen it, or a map
Michigan is a glove, a mitten

if you want
the history of Detroit go
find out for yourself
they all said. The history

of a stitch in a
mitten? It got
knit, now
on my hand on the wheel

\$5 jobs and a
not-so-great-migration
a Ford to get lost
the Right to Assembly

Armenians? Why here? Or,
not here, not being
anywhere near there
necessarily w/ no map

90 heads for the lakes
yes it does
lions and tigers, oh my
yes oh yes it does

Sir, excuse
me my rock chest hurts
like a buffalo
cleaving the land

to lead on
w/ out eerie detour
right? An FM
radio but no cassette

marvelous for the
postman, no mountains
to tempt him, or
his girl. The lake, some woods

who drives a Caddy?
just fill it w/
regular, Antoine. No one
'll tell me straight

they say these should
be 6's but
the letter said
17 something. Left on

the counter w/ the
extra keys. Please
have mercy, I'm burning
up. Beautiful island

fever mirage. It
wanes like flight, breaks
and you're wet, hastings away
this ain't my cleaver, man

it's my dad's. I left
his ass back in
Cleveland, England, wherever
that is. On the

outer side looking in
but me too, my
chagrin. Dear
Melvin, I've written

you & Dale 75 times
do you think I was born
yesterday? don't have to be
Woodward & Bernstein to know you've

decided entirely too
readily on impulse to
leave me here
at the pay phone

look, I'll be
at 313-567-1170
forever, I'm living
here now

PHILA. TRANSIT

the body plod, a tick (nervous)
a stutterant of the
game(s) a ways a where

odder mines x/cyst under
skin include need-
les red die, cc's

if you please, hunting a ton
can sing a ton
utter minds say high

to subway guy, sinner, sit he
on well street joy urinal
no pissing ink, are

you peeing? at ten? shun-
ning mutual, no tick
talk tick talk beat wean them

as odders are
doing argumagreeing on
interlocked cars scraping

one broader sister
fatter than matter, gabbing
wit a not-her, a he

ire-ish from work weak
their feet ok dance
my, mine's knot write 's(wr)ong

the disso-dance, disso-cant
weight for buzy-man & junkie bond
stutter, rant a paper view

A KIND OF WOMAN

her a man for night
t-shirt waist-high and rising
"gimme shelter" in drudgery
of three month watch-your-back

apprise a dense social irker
of guy eyeing wheelchair stealing
*feet, bed and crib, try
gettin' by with less*

chair to table, doctor's questionnaire
his physical story, any
kids? or kids or kids
a pony tale of chemicals

red died follicles down
to the routes, transdermal
or moans, a strong gene
against the (estro) grain

nice to endometrium you
tough actin prolactin, just kidneying
I epithelial for you
learning to liver with it

high pressure and depression
of recent mammaries
and mutation
coagulations, its a girl

waste-thigh and raising
phantom limbs, drop
balls and chain, could appall
fail pull or fill us

a womanhood
if a woman could
ribbing Adam, flesh of her
flesh and it was good

FAYE'S STORY REPEATED

AZT 'aches my hair
 fall out
nuns (crack) habit
 but my own
one 'ear's time
 d' you eye
ain't doing well, just
 fare
covenant of works
 crooked lines
designated baby
 learns stick shift
early, Jack Danaddy
 one old man to an udder
oath a husband mutter
 w/ a twist
insists on a sister
 chase em out naked
the lease of his brother
 do unto him
fetch the kids a foster
 find a brand
new bag
 man with rumor
of a tumor
 sold! my hair, \$75
sold! body, "for him"
 life sentences
without periods
 T cells
see swells
 on the
ankle sores
 broke & fixin it
knot t'yin to give this
 to nobody

BONE DREAMS

skeletal irrelevance is
a relevance of skeletons
don't mind his body separation, he was

born that way, or thinks he was
he's a jack of all jack, knows
everything about it, about that

about this, less. about scribbling
bones, less still. he says, *it is*
appropriate to stop here, but it is

not. he says, *the place I wanted*
but wax-judge is a hell of a way
to make a living, whatever it pays

"their existence does not follow from their essence"
"so does your mother!" I say in
huff-rebuttal. knock him upside

his head, say, "you new here?" you see, I
was taught that the enemy of the
enemy of the enemy of the enemy of

our enemy is our enemy. hell if I know
what it means but I follow it to
a T. give him a piece of

my mind for his skeletal malevolence
big slice of cerebellum. born
apprentice to a bone scrawler

marrow scratcher. it's what I do
joke about it too, say, *I've been
carbon-dating the same woman*

for months, and, so far so good
a joke is a lie and not a lie
all eye and no eye at all, blind

she breaks my body and holds my bones
as the song goes. the musician
who plays it sees by fingering keys

having used his pupils for the darks
the bones of our fingers and toes
for the whites. it pays the bills, or

he thinks it does, they don't
go to him. everybody is
like that here including us. we

think they do but somebody else
(as we fuss around in our
bone-dust) seems to be paying

DRIVING AT

coming home from airport
through sci-fi
landscape of Philly industry

predawn darkness and
light-grids map-
ped onto the city, or, they

are the city, or a part
of it, no
separating patterns

from practices, pretending
that smoke -
billowing from concrete

esophagi of chain-smoking
giants jutting up
everywhere - don't come

from something burning.
something is
burning. some things

are burning in morning/ni-
ght gap
highway/light gap smoke

stacking speed and
possibility of
off-ramp tran-

sitions, Hog Island, space of
labor to name
of deli, the word *hoagie*

marking now distant dissonance
of immigrant
resistances to eminent insi-

stences, the scarred word
is a ramp,
exit w/out sign into

matter-reality of smoke
and light,
historindustry of worlds.

2

MORNING CONSTITUTIONAL

1. 10th and Spruce Sts.

adjust a second to a just minute
minute particularly in the openings

Spruce yourself up to go outside
your window two cars bump into each other

confrontation communication come on from day
should come out from there, shin splint, accident

each other to his Chrysler, talk radio waves
we the people greet weekend warrior, x approaching infinity

intersection's imperfection pecuniary union
driver's license to register complaint, assure insure

we hold these two to themselves indignant
"under the umbrella" hell of a day

2. 800 Spruce St.: Pennsylvania Hospital

hospitable corridors Franklinian history this
then patients walked in a Rush, a case of dry moat

you stay in your circle, a straight line toeing
ticket stubbers in the garden gawking (*beg pardon*)

*chronic irritating erratum? we got 'em
learn how to swat 'em, top to bottom*

General Verse-maker Beggar couldn't get
a legacy up, become a pith-publisher

half owner with a haberdasher silent partner
invisible handout Dr. Job's got nice

patients and an even nicer waiting room
always room for jello, she said by way of hello

scratching her hairnet three sq. ft / day
into the halway, journeys on gurneys

into the street the air misting dusting
for Poor Dick's fingerprints, *nice work if you can get it*

3. 702 Spruce St.

pass what was once an orphanage, sing an orphan's song
signs of orphans long gone Mother Seton's

Sisters of Charity a rarity, nun thing
like a time disparity passing Flemish trinity

playing Hookey (Andrew, Dorothy) rubbed off a grave stone
sing an orphan song "music that turns on

abandonment" reckless abandon from reck-
less endangerment kingdom phylum class order

genus species variety you
endangered sing an orphan's song: King Philip

can't only fool god, so very young King Philip
came over from Ghana, so vestal, yes King Philip

cease, onto fools gold, surely vastly yearn King
Philip call orphan feet, go sing, vayas, yielding

4. Washington Square Park

x unmarks the graves binge yellow purge black
take notice when it strikes it rich, gets off the river

mad dash 'old Rush of '93 odor of rotten coffee
mosquitoes mistaken for a bad cup of Joe

blood siphon blood let blood siphon blood let some get
wise, take a cold shower bark wine and powder-D

at the Helm of the burial from Bush Hill to the Square
how you treat the Negro heroes treating you? Ab Jones

wants to know *gotta stand accused of shit you didn't do*
but the money's good, until you go too give unto

Caesar Cranchal nothing he don't want born black die yellow
all skin, melanin or no melanin, created to degrade

equally, it's brotherly six feet under a democratic wonder
read all about it "at the sign of Franklin's Head"

GW splits town, fill the word-void with a namesake from down
South in a century where the (sut) loving ain't

good sexual Harris-meant at ten Civil paces
or wait for a return, George alone kowtowing

to the scourge-survivors *Frost Bite Bites Skeeters*
News at Eleven death conquering death around Richard Allen

Jan. 11th and the grass is damn green history's fables
make shitty fertilizer bodies and bones growth hormone

who died to give you liberty depending on who you is
but, yes, in fairness, gave it up asking freedom for a light

no dogs allowed sniff or get snuffed
attend to a diverse Univers. or take a dive and do it then

5. 435 Chestnut St.: Benny's Place

Ben's Diner for dinner, didn't you dine
and hadn't you been with her? Whither the state

of us things?, me & my man over there, John Wilkes
in his booth, waiting on meatloaf. Phyllis & Claus

ordering Gene's special variety: the King burger, no bun
ten tiny juke boxes don't make a juke joint

even if one tells me about "mice elf" & everyone
gives thanks & someone shows up w/ a juju & people

this is the church, this is the steeple, steeped
in speech's staples - what's the word? On the street -

got some change? At the bank - *a ten, a five*
and five ones. At the willing street Wall - buy low & sell high.

At the wailing mall - feel low & get high. Here -
if the gravy make you sick & quit, blame it on the Jukes.

Wilkes btwn booths & the john: *it ain't all bad*
says he, *come late for the eggs.* we do. a new

crew pressed in by twos. it's raining. construction's
tunneling makes for thick puddles. *we were all due*

6. Independence Hall

out of the diner into the finer confines of sky
and scraper face the face of *The Signer* clutching

his documents innocuously and fiercely since 1980
founding pop done in dark brown, possibly bronze

not stone glad not to be bone catching a cold
no viral spirals in bronze since '80 Dutch the master's

righting project, the Hall becomes a Heritage Site, dictionarily
fine diction placards printed at a Webster convention

old Noah rubbing elbows w/ Dan, apocalyptic visions in
four edited editions, printed in twos, Dewey decimal blues

shelf me, shelf me, Melvil Louis Kossuth D., keep Mr. W.
away from me "a present Adams and Jefferson he

would denounce" trounce dewy-eyed just thinking
about it *to your right is the Hall, watch your step over*

Kennedy & Lincoln's feet (old bronze feet) (old bronze feet)
we want nary a tarry, & no mixing with that Mick Commodore Barry

skaters play indie tunes pending censor among the pendants
a human course which, the cops say, becomes necessary to

dissolve: to which replies and petitions for a decent respect, a
declaration of the causes which impel this castigation no

truths self-evident, no equal lanes, though all this will end
up on a commercial the revolution will not be full of eyes

the revolution will smell of lies, the revolution will not be
Hellenized, the revolution will relativize size, the revolution

will not be these guys, will not be Mellonized, will not revise
revolution rhymes: of, by, for, not of before; of, by, for, and not before

7. 3rd & Market Sts.: Ben Franklin House

scaffold or scaffolding? standing between
3rd and 4th: there's a time-line-sign on 8th:

1682 Philadelphia founded ___ 1932 cheese steak invented
___ 1997 Dawn Staley returns home. this is an accurate history

whether Dawn's early or late, everything's in order
scaffold or scaffolding? steel beams to scale

neither a catafalque nor a catacomb be
the lines catalectic resist catalogues, catalogic

on one side: *Colonial Penn Life* insuring
flags tacking toward 5th on the other:

TO LET: B. Franklin, Inquire Within a right
into a passage white beaming passing for house

better that you've read what's dead? fight plaques of Ben's
sayings in this cavity, betraying weightier displays, weighing

one against the other . *Savages we call them...they think the same*
lines rise refuse to be put to bed early . *'We believed*

all your stories; why do you refuse to believe ours?'
red man's deed goes punished . Franklin's salutations to the

Six Nations don't want to play le'go my *Eggo*
with Canassatego take a detour on the way to wealth

time lines up to be counted 1785 Ben's neighbors' favorite
laborers take apart a neighboring prison a facilitated correction

or a relocation unremembered unremembered in beams
after this? BF got good and rich some requisite hack

half-baffled requisitioned the scaffold others kept it
from folding, others do in the dusk's surly light

Ben warms himself under three white steel beamed chimneys
with invisible cold air fire a mom and two sons

enter the museum follow phantom smoke to Market
we we we having none of it home or all the way

8. 847 N. 3rd St.: Ortlieb's

the belly laugh not the knowing snort
the dialectics of it was coming out of both ends

RT blowing his brains out on Cousin Mary
qua Polly Rhythmiana Jones compliments of

NC's comping saying something like *Coltrane is not*
my uncle's wife's daughter but Giant Steps is my

favorite uncle's wife's daughter for years and has been
run interference into inference infernal note's

infiltration of notation, interior dialogue's infidelity
to formulations of inferiority's hierarchical farcicals

gets in your vesicles, infinity within a finished
cabinet's permeable wood paneling . impeccable impudence of

infidels infecting the pecking order in the public court
in a series of peccavis: for gettin me fatter

four eyes half-sent half-unsent or
met half-way between us & them and us-send-them

keeping options operative in operatic acrobatics
open to distant aquatic whispers another

one of these Gravity Ales for us, two of what she's having
keep 'em coming till there's two of her, created equal

stay till the night's through, maybe till we can't see
but in the early light hear something through the thunderous cant

9. Kensington & Huntingdon Sts.:
The North Philadelphia Needle Exchange

morning again now and again in Kensington
keep your eyes on the forms, what they were watching

learning to declare dependents, W2 blues workshop
the rest are at rest or restlessly rising

or under arrest the games haven't been changed
to protect the indigent the only change

asking for change & needle exchange
not, what's up doc? but, what's this look like doc?

cellulitis detritus cold rush of '98, all's maintenance
early vernaculars rushing up, *Bleed and purge all*

Kensington. Drive on, Ben! when then when then
who can sing Kensington, hum things of Huntingdon?

lots ain't vacant of cantation's acorns
plangently they play and plant against placation, no plain

Speak or sailing among the plaintive, lots giving birth to lots
Bleed and purge all Kensington. Drive on, Ben!

little leaguers dressed like the Oakland A's marching in lockstep
among members of AA and AAA . who is the alpha?

among tables & trays, alcohol pads, antibiotics, who
is the alpha past septic man and SEPTA

train who is the alpha mingling onto
Aramingo among stragglers and goers who is

the alpha home again home again who?
a statue, her lips hurting, split won't split her corner

a cornering under border guard's order or
a guarded ordering bordering on an underdogs corner restoration?

to resort or restore question the heavens she is like
the stars you can't see the stars she is like the

stars she's never seen the stars she is like the stars
there are no stars people been driving on for hrs AM

radio proudly hailing cabs, bright cars beneath the underpass
there are three . she is three of them, in other words, drivers and

passengers both proof that its morning, proof of ID, of purchase, of
still being here, the medivan arriving, the exchange beginning

3

PLEDGE

1

I plug elegance
two thief rag
off-Dionysus tastes of America
in tune theory public
four widgets hands
one day shun
on dirge odd
ring the busy bell
with lip hurting
and just this
for all

2

hype ledge a lesion
to deaf egg
oft die you nightly stains of a miracle
and too deep repugnant
for withered spans
wan etching
unnerved dog
inapplicable
with liver tea
and just this
for all

3

a pleasure region
new thing lad
omni-reliant brains of Americans
entirely public
far ouige sands
on each one
un-talk talk
inadvisable
wits quivering
and just this
for all

4

I play a version
toothy gag
of the untimely state's AM radio
and to the reluctant
four fidgety bands
one legend
understood
in arpeggio
will intimate
and just this
for all

5

a fledgling egret
due the nest
of the unlikely stasis emeritus
intuit re-posit
vary its ends
one featheration
unusually long
end illegible
while everything
and just this
for all

6

a pendulum dance
fooling trade
awfully precisely salient or rarely a
enumerated product
verb digits and
coronation
undergone
indefensible
vasectomy
and just this
for all

7

eye wedge a credo
through the thread
oeuvre deunited stitch even oracle
and tear the seam upward
fervid cisterns
one needle
undergarment
it's unprintable
vicinity
and just this
for all

8

I pay per viewance
to the glog
only entitled; lately I heard of the
computer preponderance
forward, eject
one station
on the tube
with Arsenio
HDTV
and just this
for all

9

a badge, a love fest
two define
off the you-dialectical machina
mechanical reproduction
for wage expanse
one explanation
umpteenth time
hand invisible
impunity
and just this
for all

10

I pay a lawyer
to defend
and I keep quiet in case I'm a murderer
and two deep-lined pockets
for which I stand
one plaintiff
underdog
inadmissible
immunity
and just this
for all

11

my ledger's even
what a drag
open it widely, states all of my accounts
and two three deposits
four five six seven
one eight nine
numbered columns
ten divisible
infinity
and just this
for all

12

stipend illegal
to the friend
of the United States anti-immigrant
and to the repo-man
w/ wicked ends
Juan Asian
undeterred
undeterable
will ever try
and just this
for all

13

my friend Steven
tofutti bag
oven mitt lighted stinks of a measuring cup
and tutoring Bobby
for fifty clams
one eggplant
undercooked
and uneatable
with liverwurst
and just this
for all

14

my plan uneven
duty lags
up in the skyitsabirditsaplaneitssuperman
ink who the replica
verve itch instance
one day job
bon voyage
indignispecial
delivery
and just this
for all

15

type edge and leave it
tuba fog
softly dividing lanes ever overpass
and to the right margin
far within parameters
one half inch
on the side
in residual
delete key
and just this
for all

16

I panned a neat myth
today's rags
ugly unified fates never heard a ya
& ten & three colonies
or fifty nifty states
coronation
underground
indemythical
palabricity
and just this
for all

4

ON THE HIGHWAY IT'S RAINING

1

emergent sea, sea? submerge
merge
 "something's come up"
 trafficking racket
you're a raffle ticket drift

2

but this is normal for a person.
fluid's a medium through
 thick and thin
 spine's wine
fruit of the vine check your bearings

3

what emerges, murkily, mixed re-
views, divergent, converging
 the rain
 confusing spheres
wipe (LANE CLOSED) sleep (AHEAD) from eyes

4

my optic neuritis resolving toward
normal
 myopic eyes but my
 myelin
is dissolving "to merge" implies solution

5

but also thinning. *Hey, you fuck,*
this isn't
 a race! if it is
 I'm an eraser
breakdown lane cum fast lane speeding ticket chaser

6

no straight, as Monk would say
but be cool
 things arise . some
 mind the flood-
line. the apocalyptic get apoplectic,

7

blow their own horn . a dry
run, a
 wet read, a
 wet road, a
drain . a drain to dry the road, a

8

solution . a solution in probability
a game of chance
 50% wet
 90% dry, your
money on red thicker than water

9

I'm a condition on one condition: that
we
keep it to
ourselves: me
on one side you on my one side. other-

10

wise I'm a "complex of occasions" w/
a debilitating con-
dition (one)
called multiple
mixed in if the fix is on I'm countering diction

11

w/ tricks - not to save: not to
save: to circulate: to go
in circles
to run rings: I thee
on a line down the line run a line

12

IV push, we say fluids & mean replenishment,
food, w/out a referent
"he drown in his own blood"
"they was swapping spit"
cop lights near the barriers merge hurriers

13

too murderously slow to hydroplane, walk
on water; won't sleep
 w/ fishes either -
 this here's a puddle
no tragic aphrodisiac despite "miles to go"

14

you know how to do the one-foot sink?
baby, I been
 doing that since before
 they named it
what about about about about about

15

the iambic shuffle? *Games with names,*
brother,
 games with names to keep
 us busy
while . *what'd you say your name was?*

16

one rainy lane now, lachrymal barriers
the odds of Argentina
 crying for Madonna
 I'm against it
"in for it" vs. "for it," the difference being "in"

17

What do you feel like myself?
inject rain so
 eyes won't cloud
 (good medicine, bad grammar)
at the junction btwn back & ass "we

18

an ass-backward people" . in a makeshift
aqueduct we dream
 causalities, pretend we've left
 injection site
reactions in Jersey await ejection

19

what will make us different, four lanes:
I'm a lane-
 two person myself
 "individuation ♥ genetic mutation"
traced in dust on a rig hates

20

the rain, falling on all the headlights
& the red lights
 heading West. me? I play
 wicked witch, spook
passers & passengers, not by burning but melting

FLORIDA

who gives a rat's ass its 100 kilowatt glow
endowed by its electrocutor w/ certain ukuleleable frights

between the palm trees rising perpendicular
on the power grid. among these are pink flats

buried in the closets of pink flats. we hold
these somnambulant cocktails are big sippers

that palm callouses and daytime trenchfoot
bestow nite-time cable hijackers w/ R. Hoodian splendor

that the spa's edge marks both domains, - the lip-
liner mime's fabrications, & the wage climbers foothold above the

bottomless summer crevasse; that everyone's near
the beach, a stones throw from a cast, a cell phone call

from the deal, and so here and there, this and that,
are created, that proper tee times be established, that

palming, that distinctions between public and private

AAA

no turnover in the January thaw's
recognizable puddles. the puddles themselves

turnover as splashes. they have been called.
the mystery of what did it fishes

camouflaged in the collective gray matter of
fact-check tech support. the premature

buds of conspiracy gossip in whatever
the manhole covers. someone's

assistance rebuffed as inconsistent
with "the plan," telecoordinator's orders.

the smells are nostalgic cheek pinchers
otherwise gauging the import. Nice day

we're having. what makes a sputtering? meets
w/ stutters or a two beat answer. you invent

the latinate problem-solver as a work substitute.
treat estimates as trusted artifacts. am-

ateur sleuth, ties entropy to the memory of a lead foot,
the inevitable plague of curbed worms to the weather

THE LIQUOR TALKING

out of hand and on its face, something
begs pardon as bar-raising conversation starter

what began in a kings glass finds itself
in the kidneys, shaped like the beans for

which they were named, rather like themselves
just fine, unjust fine, tolerable, intolerable

the actors want to be directors, do
so, you figure out why, seduction of deduction on

the way to the john or the invested return, zip-
ped up, buttoned to test wolves dressed

as shepherds, glancing negotiably to
lose the suit . out the window, the

rules are raining, - clouds to the comp-
romised ground: I'll cover you . promising

anything as being yourself indigenous, dumped
happily in the vertiginous, bossless harbor

POCKETS

for Standard Schaefer

for word's lack of a better
you and everyone and I would do it,

provided we. the typical bits (*c'mon,*
baby, it's natural) would jangle

in a pocket, wheat pennies awaiting
their nostalgic mark-up. Their noster

make-up. Later, the scene *en toto*
would go in a bigger pocket, with

the drummer from *Toto* "and your
little dog too." Much would be

forgotten, though not the words to "Africa"
of which I too am specially suspicious.

Dendrite would leave the
synapse, elope with a bum axon and

we would meet on good terms, as
at a wake. You got lost, the direct-

ions neglecting tunnel construction,
you could've died, obviously, what're

you going to do? No, really.

5

FATE (2)

*“The geography
Something more permanent and alien”
- Ray DiPalma*

*“Geography is fate.”
- Ralph Ellison*

matter map I newly returned
yes, gesture may point to a point

in the landscape, magpie
pointing w/ a landscape, an eye

stung by something in it
stung by something is it, which is it

I come back to it, materials
drawn “in a rude lump at sea” against

what I would know, a little
Narragansett , maybe to say *vein*

as in *river*, as in *blood* as in
water to say *thicker* as in *thinner* this

I would know, the not-this I would know:
colonies are territories w/ “badges and names”

territories are w/ “badges and names”
are w/



even the organ which plays itself
is here, even the drum which beats

itself, even their resistance to being here is
there, originally, in Scranton, Pennsylvania

they set the horses going, discretely
in circles, tendentious tendons in rhythm

circling somehow here and not
there, chronologically explained

temporally, temporarily bodies
on their bodies, the geography of it

of the cartography you can tell
where & so on a porcelain

horse, spinning, a kind of cart in which
you are before a horse

and your body a kind of cart, a kind
of carrel, a kind of carte, a kind of horse



know how we arrived at the
Portuguese festival, how it did

not arrive in Tulsa: I want to say water against
it but I say agua for it, for Tulsa

then what is it? the trades &
trade diction get you there and back

but also to Mali for a mali
in history taken in trade mal .

the malle-muck is not a cross
but a witness, a not-cartographer a

mute w/out hands or paper
wanting to bring night on, rend-

er all insignificance he comes
to the festival, tongue's music

understands all & notes nothing
the non-parrot who not-repeats

*My man axed me how I keep it
so nice; I told him practice*



in the humidities each lamp is
a lighthouse immobile w/out boats

to guide it they warn the houses
of boat-minded people & we

living now in these houses we either
listen to these now-empty warnings or

turn a deaf ear on these once-serious
warnings: our actions will

kill us or we will be dead, but
we will play dead often

the lamps: they; they are a
rhetoric of the sea we inherit

a cover story, a coveted alibi
around the mills, the tap & dye

which in turn protects the 7-11
who won't testify, no rhetoric to

speak of what is the
geography of the check-out girl

framed by counter, lotto, beef
jerky, Penthouse, Marlboro, Merit,

Kings w/out Penelope or pen
to stand on, allegedly, a leg



(allegedly mine too, injected
this too a matter of maps

doctors the alleged cartographers
in trust who discover

a “stout and warlike” T-cell “had
made war with sundry of its neighbors”

a lie of lang and a truth of
the body, of leg? we trust

the vein, the foot, the hand,
the heart, hate their given

names, resist being there, talk
temporarily in circles, of cart(e)s

a spare our key heir, oh the
cartographer calls them junior

his dialect is diagnosis “mystical
knowledge,” opposed for a moment, then

just passing through, diagonally, in
dialogue, w/ the body)



morning's notice of the bombings
talk of them the non-geographers

imagine boundlessness, bareness a
non-context "lone and level sands"

on which to drop the would-be
geographers dream of orphic travelers

map them in good & evil twos, bring
them aboard the geographers "don't

study villages: they study *in* villages"
not maps *of* the people but *w/* them (by & for)

a moment's electronic notice brings
photos of Kenya lions, elephants,

giraffes, oh my, where is Nairobi?
it appears spectacularly like any

other city stretching away under a gaze .
headings: work, people, music, health, culture,

architecture, abstract [BACK] Afghanistan
appears [photo] *An English teacher being*

humiliated and tortured at the hand of
Hezb-e-Whadat (lackey's of Iran) who

translates the images, who maps
it in English, Middle French, Catalan?

it comes across [next photo] fatefully
w/out credentials carte blanche



in afternoon, a balloon (w/out
words or caption, w/out

companion cartoon) disap-
pears behind houses travel means it

lands; to some, it goes it did not
“landed on us” not “like a rock” not

like a slogan towed [carted] skyward for
beachgoers not “coming from outside”

not “get away from earth” or
“slouching toward” it “and then went down”

it was going somewhere because we
agreed it was when you disagree it

was not, it was *somethin' else* it
was *risin' to the top* we say we

were with *you*, we say we're with
you, say, on a day like this

nothing else it could've done by
the looks of it then

someone says it's done, &

it is



in New Bedford a pen in
open gashes (the cracked fo-

ot) laid down in it not out
in the open - won't come

out as "writing materials" for
icy reception the valley of the

shadow of the indoors is written history
we have a lovely view of not-Bedford

and a cot to slip in a
fast breaking bed posted

notices for posters glossy & drossy
they may hang and will be taken

down at the risen opportunity -
but in btwn syntax (didn't he

deliver) the words resist (did
n't he deliver) arrive uninvited

(didn't he deliver) carting barrels of
maps, rolling out/with punches music's tissue

the new fibrous blueprints in snow
at issue before a cold day in New Bedford



memory is somewhere in the drizzle
if it's drizzled and is drizzling

if patter patterns itself on
pat patterns if dirt earth and

turf are served in wet wafts
like surf on a wharf awash

(dirt familiar, - what is dirt alien?
the forerunner, nostril damn us

) what smells determined what
smells determined what the weather

man predicted whether the man predicted
know that it's raining know that it's

running know that it's news know that
it's noted known and not known

remembered in telling tellingly remembered
consult all maniacs consult almanacs



targeting fish in a barrel
some un-hip shooting

to see, abled, to know
disabled *This is Rhode Island*

the brother tells me, *know*
what I'm sayin'? *This is*

fuckin' Rhode Island, man
and they out to get you

we see through the glass
our cars, foreign meaning

inexpensive and reliable We
see the young white mechanics, -

"local," meaning expensive &
unreliable domestic entrenchment

wait and watch the soaps
quick narrative pick up . later

unreason- able feeling *All*
goddamn day? (popular goes the

reasonable) *oppressed? yes.*
brainwashed? no. understand?

That's what I'm talkin'bout. How
much do they get, do you

think they get? Who gets the
rest may be the map-maker

Oz behind the curtain, ironing
it out. My man has courage but no shirt

which is style or absence of
else . Imagining Oz and a

dollar will get you a cup of
java and a seat in the customer's lounge

so get back to brash chats
about what works, about who

works, how it works how
to tell it. *That's how I learned, -*

*in 'nam the pilots let me
take the controls. That's how I learned*



the sun's out, not sun
of a beach the gag, a

blue path out of the blue
we speak of Fall as a real

in real time. here they
stay, fated choice she

scripts out, landing as sailing, - launch!
barks embark → the not-ships

tabling buses in Buffalo a
different not-dream than the

A's (C, FL). here is a place
will you map her in it (who

are *you?*) cart? off? a
placingwritinger? come

down, come down, it's her *Nueva Fayal*
fucking cold & she knows it

