



## What Vincent Saw on 30th Street

plush boxes  
never even thought to look down the street to the river  
a lawn is so rare in New York City  
loudspeaker next to plastic pint glass filled with butts  
rage soaring high priest madness roiled  
saw her coming  
bright lips tattered stockings tight skirt  
patch of cloth  
a nice fat one this morning  
many did not freak  
priestess hunkering over me

distortion pressed  
dark threaded stare  
X mars the spot  
sped-up kissing

insisted she write  
a pulsing from there  
and she would  
continuing

the dull throb rang in their eye  
fat window sucked in by pipes  
rain eyeing fat buttocks

a pale hint of memory  
harmony doubled as nasal  
hump of the whale wheezing

sister insister  
slick wagon

foreboding memory  
hunger peck

wry  
antidote

## A Huge Weight

A huge weight crushing your head

marching boots on pebbles  
on hard earth, on saccharine,  
songs of feather-lightness (head) and  
rain, rain turning road to mud to boot

Weight crushing your head

feet walking, bare feet  
on hard path, earth hardened by  
feet never knew no shoe

Crushing

waiting in rain in rock in lonely place

Weight

juggernaut of law, systems set “up”  
somewhere by people  
long ago some thought of you  
others of fat pig in meadow

A hard wait

waiting for a way out  
way to answer  
deadness of no complaint

compliant  
sentences  
moving endlessly  
through space

# Goodbye

## I.

Maggie Cheung climbs a fire escape in the rain,  
but is it real rain? and will you know when your style  
is but a bandaged stab at history's layered larks,  
and whether real or not, a system of forks,  
the family convening for dinner? The question  
is suddenly no longer interesting, your path  
long ago diverged, you may no longer return  
to limitation's disheveled bias, the true rushes  
part of a long history, decided and rendered  
compositions and blended tones;  
music covers the missteps, best decision  
at the time, given pressures  
of personality and taste.

If I look out my window, I see  
a red background, a woman standing,  
and a leather harness on bust-height dummy,  
giving a very homey delicate sensation  
of big-city life: nothing threatening or too out-of-the-way,  
though it could be if one were to take a different  
turn, instead of heading home, rather  
start walking towards that club, that feeling  
or rather two or many simultaneous, pulling.

## II.

but winning is through the sounds and agreed  
to sit at spots rained through the same as music's sable  
phrases spoken in the delight of salt

the twin long lines  
of the slave cabins, cane or cotton fields and long  
list of things, hovering over meaning  
can you accept that swivel diced into a breath?  
the pushing into something falters  
at edge of meaning, television

you have to think of something  
slinking down corridors, terrible wind before rain  
sky a perfect blue with upswept clouds, building edge  
feeling everything done, wonder  
about meter and formula, thunder breaks, a nocturne  
you start climbing walls with other one sitting

manifestations of glory to one across  
the spread exaggeration to suggest this  
simultaneity age divided aspirations thrust  
games drawings concealed treatments  
at hours meals and coffee as haircuts

site specific of tired bows  
never equal classic singing  
is laid in movies at and over  
to effect that one hits another and driving  
night-illuminated city horn  
taking diminish concern averts  
small-dreaming extension pretense

I can't feel the morning, supple  
tones auguries' depleted service stuns  
precede venom's forged document sleep  
weather vainly brink sullied stone  
arrest system vent accorded lust pretense

sibyls' effort backed to signal  
delay back feet frenched  
of lays' wringing salad fortune erect  
timed dabbles fringe cornered sand array  
collects wayside stammer helped

grief by petal glimmer saw  
forked lip gumming stringent bellow  
precinct nothing gleamed foreclosure spread  
inward ink region pressed fever horse  
regard regions' might present follow  
in tonic blade the stream bed  
garment hung handle  
to same harrowing

III.

It's been cloudy for days, raining but not  
constantly just overcast with sudden blasts  
of blue then shredded clouds appear then grand  
situations

the shapes are becoming shrouded  
and calls from friends the sky is becoming  
the same color the decorations one sees on  
buildings the shades pulled down over windows  
or left up with lights showing but many dark

start to become like limitations  
I try to see the planes they set up like painting  
that proves a certain relief at night  
lights and colors form life's rectangles  
it is difficult to eat or drink anything  
back to window want to look out  
feeling of being stifled of nothing happening