

"To build itself a hideaway high up in the city,
a room in a tower, timbered with art,
was all it aimed at, if only it might . . ."

I can't really
believe it's more than a 'thing to be doing', and that's what it's
all about.

FADING OFF — mind rising, at best, much like fish used to, in
bottom of pool, coming up slowly in a series of spiraling circles.

what would I do without this world faceless incurious
where to be lasts but an instant where every instant
spills in the void the ignorance of having been
without this wave where in the end
body and shadow together are engulfed . . .

What becomes — to my own mind deeply useful — so explicit
with either mescaline, or acid, is the *finite* system of the *form* of
human-body life, i.e., that that phase, call it, of energy qua form
is of no permanent order whatsoever, in the single instance, how-
ever much the species' form is continued genetically, etc. That
night, with the mescaline, I had insistently in my head this earlier
poem of my own, called "The Skeleton":

The element in which they live,
the shell going outward until
it never can end, formless,
seen on a clear night as stars,
the term of life given them
to come back to, down to,
and then to be in
themselves only, only skin.

Which had then the edge of obvious irony, previous to that in-
formation I've been talking about — but now is altogether the
obvious, and yet sans edge of fear any longer, or even so-called
regret. That the 'I' can accept its impermanent form and yet real-
ize the energy-field, call it, in which it is one of many, also *one*.
Nothing, in that sense, as Louis says, can ever leave.

ALL THE PLEASURE of the last two days somehow lost as tedium

Sounds now are
so various, a pig,
goat's bleat. The
burros somewhere.

The air hums, tick
of a watch, motor's
blur outside, a sequent
birds' tweeting. All

the ambient movement
neither seen nor
felt but endlessly,
endlessly heard.

TWO

Holding
for one
instant this
moment —

.

In mind, in
other places.

THE WALL

one's up against,
the flesh turned stone —

YOU

Back and forth across
time, lots of things
one needs one's

hand held for. Don't
stumble, in the dark. Keep
walking. This is life.

WALKING THE DOG

The one to one
walking talk
of the dog — the line

of the dog, tail,
hair
of the dog —

trying,
in reality,
to walk:

a *description*, — hey!
see the dog
walk — a

memory of some
poor son of a bitch dog
walking. Walk

all the way, you'll
get there, poor,
poor dog.

sense of it?
All wrong? What
was it then

got done? This
life a stepping
up or down

some progress?
Here, here,
the only form

I've known.

TREES

Thighs, *trees* —
you want
a place to stand,
stand on it.

Body, a vacant
hole, winds blow
through it — the
resonance, of experience,

all words are a vi-
bration, head, chest,
trunk, of tree, has
limbs, grows leaves.