

FO(U)R ONE

by

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ABSTRACT

this is the second draft of the first part of a four part composition .

why FO(U)R ONE ? because four is one is that : summer autumn winter spring are one year, one cycle is that : a man born-begetting-aging-dying lives one life, moves through-in one instant .

and the oneness holds for the i and the you who speak

speak because the i has a you ; in another way the i is the you--the i reaching for its psychic counterpart, for its self ; in still another way the you is the organic counterpart of the i .

further, there is the you: you god, man, dog, or so .

and there is also the you which the i seeks , and seeks to know, understand within the i--reaching, sometime touching, but never arriving .

what is this point ? the point which moves in a line into a circle which turns into a sphere is a point/line/circle/sphere of confrontations--flashed, faded in and out, sketched, gestured , in a stroke, a sometime utterance--confrontations only--for what follows in FO(U)R ONE is only the point which moves in cycles, but moves for ONE (you) as you move : move between your in and out sides--for the i speaking its being speaks a language (though a language of words that can not tell the is of being) a language opening/closing (as mouth to anus) closing/opening through-in the point the space of a window--confrontations in (Y)our window (the door is still, as ever, shut) .

what moves within, what turns outside : all that and whatever more there is between , is to come in the three parts which will follow a rewritten FO(U)R ONE .

Otherwise structurally : this arrangement is a double concerto in four movements : the i and the you are the two solo instruments in counterpoint ; the confrontations in shifts are the orchestral-background ones

and more

.
.
.

and so

ONE:one

this point

from where i speak to you myself yourself
my self you

turns within this moment

immense

moment folds around itself

suspended

this point to feel of know i ask

this point of unfeeling

i ask of where to fold myself yourself to smother to

i ask of where to start to open when to close

this point pierces within my brainthrob

spinning through threads of past within this moment

before i break listen -

i learn learning not to care but care i cant help it

and the barking within my skull

of not knowing where to begin or end

splattered on walls of

my brain howling

my brain

in lighttime day

of hours rotating in summer sun

blazes my tarred roof to heat

rotating within between my eyes

inside

me blazed

i walk my brain

alone down the street through streetcrowds

where all these faces rolled in drydust sprayed with gasfumes

- so what if they carry their brains in bags or wallets?so
all are part of the same brain

please let me have a piece or two

my brainhowl asks

you there in wrinkled skin withered

your eyes deaddeep and so lost

deeper than your hat outstretched

those tender boils so large

larger than bits of coin

on bottom of your hat outstretched

between two stumps of leg

and the city runs

in you red skirt swivel hiped

mechanical gyrating doll but why move

fire in your hair ice between your legs

tick tock to townhall city clock

- what are you doing today to do today
to do today to do done

buy now nothing down twenty a
reason so many women buy this point
the most refreshing drink from where i speak
newest best performance yet to you myself
try now only the look is priceless splattered on walls of
my brain howling
my brain

you up there
in darkgrey suit your neckless head balding
and briefcase clasped to heart so tight
why not jump into this shaded alley
to stop to tick?

your growl too can fade
into eternal smiling
do jump you fallen queen
into this river of nylons and pants and
or plunge with kings
into this lake of beer
like chips in burning grease and play and play
who is playing with all these mechanical toys
or are they playing with themselves

so i work on this newspaperstand
and build paper castles
for you my love for you and you
i burn them angel city for you
an offering you angel city
your wings weathered
and so seasoned into eternal murmurs
your gown my angel stained
wrapped over so many many

do you hear me?? listen - do you hear?
i choke in your bosom caught
i cant breathe leave me alone -
what in hell do you want?
i hold my brain for you my angel
i stand alone in the street
where cars go by by by
hold it to a red light sign of angels

and all whirrsintoscreech in my skull
i ask of where to fold myself yourself to smother
i ask of where to start to open when to close

and i and thousands thousands
 i
 it
 wawa
 wait
 await
 a wait
 waiting
 wawawai
 and i and thousands thousands
 but is it - is it - will it come?
 when will waiting walk away when and

i run
 runfast through twisting streets
 my brain
 paved with flesh alive of want
 lined with frenzied fiber webbed
 enter
 my door unlocked
 creaking on rusteaten hinges
 opens
 to slow descending
 round spiral stairway
 spinning within this house
 this house bearing my name
 burning
 where fire devours
 wall after wall
 of my chambers
 wall after wall
 collapsing
 on heated marble
 on my cracking floor
 and you
 slowly descend with me
 within me
 into my fire
 my fire inside my house
 burning
 my fire within my room within
 my fire inside my room inside my bed
 burning
 into my fire
 my fire inside my flesh within
 consuming
 our fiber bones our flesh
 burning

but all there is in you
my flesh in

yours
hard moves inside
your chasm inflamed
so wet shrieks
my flesh in yours
shrinks

in you
to softness

to this point

where your mind
seeks mine turns within
this moment

this point

where my mind
seeks yours folding around
itself

though
now we
reach for
just
a more yes

rolling i roll
on rolled hills of you
down in your valley
i smell you your skin
perfumed in sweat but sweet
your salty lips your
sweetsour juice your
sweetbreasts i swell
in you - we forget
all faces all streets or cars
here
just we
rolling
i roll on
rolled hills
of you
here

in this point inside
my rhythm beats in yours
in mine your pulse pounds

as we dance on beating drums
 drums burning
 as we coil on stretching skins
 skins flaming
 our pulse in smoke
 beats

the sound of beating
 on our windowpane
 the sound of bodies
 tumbling

but tumbling bodies tumble
 we do tumble too and fall
 and as we fall into a subway
 a fallen we
 we bind ourselves onto steel rails
 there we rest and wait wait wawa
 rumble wheels move in tracts
 breaks drop in hammers
 oh - but they always fail -

the steelcars loom
 and shoot through the endless tunnels

over body after body after

all heated
 till like hot wax they stick and
 melt and mingle to run till
 neither seem to be what
 it had been when
 we rise

 there risen
 each in a rising
 rose in a ring
 round round in a row
 - ra
 rara
 rarally ram
 rarara

march we march
 our footfalls

lost in this rumble lost
 in flat incessant stampings fallen
 swirls round hollow echoes echoes
 of multitude footsteps lost
 in steel in plastic
 this shuffle
 to get
 to
 o
 ?

- station #2
 where are we going
 tenth and twentyseventh
 oooh my strap gate G
 whats the score have you heard
 your hair where off here off
 hey you shouldaseen that build

- station #1
 ouch fuck crying out out out
 are we late gate P
 cant see shit imagine
 only a dollar ninety-nine
 imagine getting into that
 too fat gate U
 we are late late
 imagine gate Y
 i just cant

- station #0

hhheeyyy

hheeyy

hey

h

e

y

scream a scream of men and women
 in a squeaky little voice
 but we forgot hohohow

i sing to you
 in my tramples
 as i walk alone
 to you i sing
 from the bottom
 of my sole
 an earthy song
 filled with
 unseen tears

from inside my brain
 i scream to you of you
 you ask me why
 we all wonder
 how we chatter and squeek inside
 - does the blood boil? burn?
 how does it char and blacken?
 - how can we scream?
 in a flicker
 in a dream

in a grove
 the appletree sheds its fruit
 where waves of flowers
 begin to wither
 the hot wind
 scattering their dry petals
 in the distance
 willows weep over lagoons
 steaming in summer heat

as i wake
 i find you gone
 from my wake drifted
 in a sea of ashen faces
 in streams of eyes of lava
 hāds afloat legs sunk
 no signal nor gesture
 the waves of lava crawl
 to fill all tunnels all sliding cars
 to squeeze into smallest gaps
 and seep in drops of sweat hot sweat
 into each wrinkle
 no laughter there
 no pleading
 none

drop
 drip drop
 tata tatadumdum
 dada dadatumtum
 oh yeah - have you ever heard the blues?
 tata tum dadadum
 or have you ever tasted bitter drops
 your own drops -
 till you squeezed yourself dry?
 have you ever heard the
 yeah just squeeze yourself -
 like a green grape
 into a black raisin
 does your body rot without your
 soul? youll never know -
 till youve tried
 to shrink drop
 drip drop
 drop

into this point
 that cant be found
 dropped
 but from this point
 stretches an empty tunnel
 for me
 a refuge
 into underground
 i run
 into echoes of my footfalls alone
 there
 light falls
 in solitary beam
 against walls and walls of countless mirrorwalls
 my image me loomed

 doubled and trebled
 doubling and trebling

 will i ever learn where to begin
 or end
 i you will never know

 my mouth distorts do i cry somehow?
 my face creases do i plead -
 in falling
 somewhere

 on sanddunes
 sloping away from seashore
 to swamp and mire
 under heatblaze of noonsun
 sand pulls down
 slowly
 almost faintly
 sucking deeper
 to every movement
 i sink i call to you
 in falling

 yeah - but will it?
 will your body
 without your soul rot
 will my body
 rot without my soul?

and my body stretched across the rocks
 blood dripping from my lips and eyes
 my heart bleeding hushed in pulse
 silence -
 and the vultures sigh

hey listen

i know

i know a good place where

a place where good

where that point falls back from every

direction from noontime daylight

hey listen

i know a place where

there on the hill

soaring looms a scrawny cross

and will the cross topple?

and many mount the cross

thinking they have learnt to love

what love to have

love to love

love to hate

selflove to

love

le

there in the valley

rests a lotusfolded image meditating

and will the image crumble?

and many sit in meditation

thinking they have learnt

of a great one harmony

all in one one

one in all

all to all

all two

all

a

and some kneel before a burning bush
to burn
or cross a deepblueseas
to drown

and some face mecca
 bowing
facing mecca
 collapsed

and some bulls bulls
the sound of bulls stampeding
bull after bull stabbed bleeding
corpse after corpse burnt to crumple
ashes on ashes worshipped
or forgotten
and lost
lost

in this place
a place where
but what about my soul?
in this place

now my statue looming in the park
pigeons resting on my head and arms
their dung clinging to my lips and eyes
footfalls -
and the pigeons fly

i have seen enough
of such sights that sag inside me
from where i speak to you my self
i still ask where to begin or end
i stand here now unselved

and where to turn
or how to go to where
there is no point above
nor down below no point
so there i seek you seek
for us to look into
into each others eyes
to look into
each others

to move with one another

to move within to move

to move for one another

to move to move within

to move within this point

around it
touch it -
contemplate it all

within this moment
turning

this moment which
folds

around itself
suspended

this point
bite it -
dip your face my face
in its watermelon
the seeds collecting

in the mouth
to chew

this point within this moment

tight
immense
tight

for us
turning

ONE:two

this line

moves through this point
to meet
where infinite lines pass
crossing

this line

coils around my neck
coils and lifts
till i rise
to hanging

this tree

where i hang
no leaves shed
in this autumn

in this forest of countless trees
leaves are falling
falling the leaves
falling

shed like raindrops
like teardrops

but here

no rain
only tears
and clouds
mass

these leaves

leaves that were shed last autumn
every autumn

bearing my face on darkside
your face on paleside
my lines so sharp inside me

but why why yours pale? they fade
fading

i speak now from a deep dug hole
- dug deep the hole?
deepdown

from where i speak i sound
 now from the ground where words
 words only pile in heaps they
 have been long a long a
 long many years in no time gone

as you fade only words
 clutter crowd to blur
 your inface once sharp
 clear now and clearer how
 heavy weighing pulling to
 alone dug deep

how chilled my bones
 are in this cold cold dampness
 this hollow well filled
 with pebbles moss covered
 roundedged these small pebbles
 piles of words all all

am i saying anything
 do you hear me? listen -
 put your ear to the ground -
 do you hear? - nothing
 then watch those leaves
 i watch
 each leaf
 - there are so many
 twirls to the ground
 to join
 a myriad others
 rotting

here i
 an aging creature of sorts
 emerge over these layers
 overground i stand
 pissing pissing over
 layers of dried leaves
 and feeling so good in relief
 not really minding the wild wind
 nor the few children hiding
 behind the trees laughing
 an aging i for me
 this jingle laughter
 these leaves writhing in wind
 whisper the moment so very complete
 the very here now

but you know
 how moments go how
 in one breath breathed
 none alike all the same
 but why think about
 the breathings the breaths
 that collect to now
 inflate to what
 only to reminiscences of then
 so what of wind in walls
 in crevices of flesh of lungs?
 not chugs or whirs in metal
 not gas or puffing steam nor smoke -
 only warm wind blowing breath
 in aging blows to fog
 over this my lake

till almost unseen
 just a shadow
 of we bathing us
 embraced in weeds
 in each others arms
 locked in wet black branches
 in one anothers hold

just a shadow vague but
 growing vivid and more
 each time visioned then
 vanished

now seen
 our images
 waterlogged
 uniting
 in unheard silence
 only broken
 by sounding foghorns
 bewwew bewwwow
 calling
 reminding

reminding
 calling
 call
 ing

this sound drowns
 as rains descend
 in floods of falling hair and teeth
 all fall in words
 to drown in this
 unhearing lake
 only the unspoken
 swells in waves
 that shift onto rocks
 unheard

this fog thickens
 clouds descend
 everywhere for me
 round this deep mud shore
 the naked trees
 groan in a voice
 of choric singing
 shedding the last of the leaves

each leaf falls
 to a word
 between us

each leaf fallen
 is a memory
 a onetime aspiration
 whispered in wind
 through leaves
 through ancient beards
 of ceaseless drifting

there i see falling
 the last leaf of autumn
 and i run to catch it
 i know i must before
 it disappears in the midst
 of millions others
 as i live
 this last leaf is mine -
 and i run and i
 stumble over my beard
 falling into wild darkness
 where our sun disappears
 behind a blackened moon
 but what on earth are they doing -
 the sun and the moon?
 has it come to that
 between them?
 how i blush for the sun
 and the moon
 in my deep understanding
 now i nod with infinite satisfaction
 i have lived -
 i have seen all there is

so in rite of the aged fashion
 i tie my beard
 to a high bare bough
 and hang myself to dangle

now before the beards roots rot
 while the hair still hang
 i slit my wrinkled throat
 and let the blooddrops
 drop into the bowl held
 in my firm hands with belief
 then i drink out of my bowl
 for you i drink a toast
 you fatherless angel
 of waters of woods your mother
 for you i drink my angel -

i no longer wonder what the bowl
 is all about before it shatters
 just a bowl to feed from to piss into
 to wash to spit into what a bowl to have
 do you ever wonder what this bowl is for?
 or where it came from? i can only look
 into my own bowl deepdark almost hollow
 so deep bottomless and somewhat abysmal

 yet still hanging i to my hair
 i dip my face in the bowl
 filled with my blood
 till the bowl drops
 shatters
 blood splatters trickles from
 my beard drips

 till it clogs
 my mind your mind

 clouds
 descend fog oozes
 into one
 disappearing

along this line

 moving through this point
 disappearing

 there in wailing blast of horn
 in brassy croons
 piercing into core
 a seedless core
 filled

 with no life
 but with memories
 contemplating
 a spent youth

of childhood pain
 of earning love through doing
 what can hurt so much
 the early hurt of being unlike the others

where were you father
 when i wept for being alone
 and how you shouted
 when i didnt understand
 or couldnt learn to be
 like you?

i have watched you age angel
 till you grew tired of yourself
 till your arms weakened their roots withered
 letting me loose though not so free
 with mother rooted in my brain
 just free enough
 to age like you

in an aging trunk
 which feeds upon babes
 on asphalt past
 in passing
 in waiting
 in passing
 wawa waiting
 to pass

from one point
 on this line
 to the next

you know the line where we hang
 the line coiling around my neck
 from my tree where no leaves are shed
 do you remember
 those fallen leaves lost beneath us
 i just hang you too hang each over
 a well deep dug hole should we care
 what point what line?
 should we mind the difference
 between this tree or that hole?

still we each guard our tree
 and enter each our hole
 some changing the tree
 others the hole
 in a dream

from one point on this line
 to another
 to another
 to

this evening

moves through this point
of descending darkness
in falls

this evening

watches our decline
which coils around our necks
in a wait ti
till we sink beyond this
line of horizon
sink with blinding
sunsets of evening
sundown
letdown

oooh -

dont let go now

oooh -

dont let go

clutch your fingers my fingers i clutch tight
to the rope of the lift
on this charlift

up the hill slowly
down in a blow
and youve had your run
youve had it
used up -

this linepoint

moves through this pointline path

still coils somehow

in a place i know down below

just a place where a place where just

i you will never leave

in streets worn
as worn as holed shoesoles
to the flesh the bone to pavement
in this trodden street haunched
i struggle through gutter my gutter

where on age youth feeds on dreams
 on dead age feeds on dead to death
 living is dying is dreams
 death is blessing is
 wrinkled cunts gabbing in the market

stay with me dont leave
 me alone dont go

here these wrinkled women
 gather their plunder
 in bits of beyond any good and evil
 bits more feeding
 than any thoughtabout love and hate
 there they gather their plunder
 from garbagescans
 in passageways

where my friend
 picks his butts
 when the going is hard

where i now stand in the cold
 pissing gallons of beer
 that evening has fed me
 only an alleycat watching me now
 with eyes a gleam meowing
 its presence so soothing
 in my loneliness
 so alone in a void
 even those few early stars
 leave me
 behind a curling fog
 alone

but i return to crowded streets
 these streets crowded full
 filled with endless song
 everybody sing of another coming -
 croak a song of men and women
 baked in a slumpie a song
 of joy and of weeping of
 where joy feeds on weeping on
 weeping on joy on
 where rats eat spiders
 in their glory sucking flies
 where flies feed on man

have you ever tasted have you tried?
 man feeds on man on manwoman on woman
 - aha got a woman
 - and ah got me a man

hey i know a place
 where its so gay
 the queens are bawling over
 lost kings

where aces and fixes are wild
 a straight flush in a full house
 come dance my princess piece
 to a screaming box
 your hair on your bosom
 and your bosom full of shaking
 to this streetsong
 of a whole lot of shaking

this song they say the best things in life are free
 well you can live in misery
 but give me money
 now give me money money money
 just give me money

but why care -
 i just ask from my house i ask
 here windows broken patched with skin
 doors loose tied with veins
 where blood cements split bricks
 in walls cracked framed in bones
 and the ceilings breaking up
 falling down
 fallen down
 on floors unseen for layers
 of layers of layers of sperm
 that multiplies to grow
 to dust and ashes are one
 with alcohol flowing together
 with blood with

in these streets
 trumpet croons to awaken darkness
 to scream in me in you to shout
 to turn evening to nighttime
 in bars in dimblue lights on glass
 on palegrey smoke in
 blasts of brass of

and baby and
 take it easy baby
 you know what ah mean
 what d ah say mah woman and
 baby one more time now
 ahsay eh oh eh
 one more
 one
 oh

blast of brass
 cries through a tired street
 to wake up every window
 to shout to beat along this line i am still holding
 to move through this point this point

coils
 twisting

here i stand now
 my shadow cast allround me
 your shadow falls on me falls
 until you leave gone with your shadow
 and i alone

shaken by a long long brassy shriek
 shattering my every mirror to fragments
 to fall in pieces
 in unanswered queries
 in broken dreams
 of flashes on my screen
 of faded and torn pictures
 over my shadow
 out of my shadow
 on streetside song

scattered along this line
 moving through this point
 and moving back

oncemore to reminisce remissible remains
 of remains of then

why which chewed who
 when were sucked what
 where when drank drops of whom
 while dry why ate drugged which

i remember you all
 on the scratched board
 of my memory

and now
 dry branches
 scratch my windowpane
 spiderwebbed leafless branches
 scratch to rememberings
 of days of having heard
 knowledge and wisdom of
 doctors and of
 saints about it
 and about it and about
 but always turning down all
 they have said

yet never knowing why you know -
 you know how it is -

when you think you know yourself

or dare to think you have
 yourself

but i must move ahead now
 enough -
 my cud i chewed for you my love
 and chewed like dry meat
 or stale gum enough

i shall arise and go now
 in a circle my line
 till i find my footsteps
 but i have searched and searched
 yet never finding the point
 where i began
 maybe my circle is straight -
 i have always suspected this
 who knows? perhaps one day

in the meantime
 our lines can always cross
 and they meet we meet
 our words join
 in recollection
 our tears our laughter

as we bathe
 in this lake of evening
 evening which clears
 from clouds adrift
 rising and drifting
 from curling fog
 sinking and dying
 we turn high twirl higher
 higher bleary eyed
 we rise and sink
 drift closer to void
 in a void
 in this stillness of shadows
 not really knowing how close we are
 or how far we have gone just knowing
 that waiting will
 never die for a will
 in the wake in the wake
 of a wait
 we squeeze out
 every drop of escape before we

what?

- come on lets hit the road
 lets take off anywhere man like
 whip around this corner on two wheels yeah
 drag up this hill down floor it faster
 turn the radio on louder faster
 - baby its so good
 one more time
 hit the road man -
 hit

but anyway i say
 drops or no drops
 i keep on squeezing
 somehow forgetting somethings
 remembering otherthings
 in the wake of a wait

under evening
 watching our tight embrace embraced
 on grassleaves under a chestnut tree
 under evening
 eyeing us through each star
 staring through a skyful of stars a deep skyful
 in darkness which falls
 falls on light of memory
 in slow descent

along this line

along this line
 with which we hang

coiled to a spire

but now the trees roots rot
 the deep dug hole gets deeper
 the pebbled words
 the words begin to fade

hold on while the line is lowered
 through your point into deep dug hole -

- but i cant hold on now just cant

no choice but to fall -

through this point of

no bottom to this hole i dug

yet crossing through light in

one luminary light

my own light

only nothing to

descending slowly

slowly descended

drifting away

to darkness

- away

to

ONE:three

these points

meet around this circle

rotate

these seconds

tick around this moment

timeless

in an ocean of shoreless waiting

no sign of a coming

on this wintered hope of darksky

of a winternight

you ask i ask

why wait when there is a shore

of horizon?

i a dead man what use have i got
for points or seconds?

i swim to you my angelwoman
though i cannot reach your hovering image
nor see it in my blindness

i refuse to wait in my death
i must swim and swim to you
in an ocean of cornflakes and beer and
to a plastic cliff

the cliff is a purple mask of the grey
shore stretching into clouds of smoke
in this land of rememberings

only the sound of my angel
in a song of beyond the seabreeze
the cry of my seagull unseen
and laughter ringing from the three children
playing in the mouth of the mask
in a cave within this shorecliff

there i climb and lay my weary bones to rest
and i pick a pebble & ~~and~~ pearl only words
to place in my eyesockets
soothing the pain of emptiness

then i see a circle

this circle

forms a wintermoon

which fills which fades
fading and filling

suspended in a query
like my skull once filled now shrinks
to an empty question

over this quarried land of rock and smoke

silverblue moon skullface moon
 circles

coolmoon bears your deathface oncemore
my eyestones two swollen disks of fullmoon
rotated across wintersky
reflecting
rotated across wintersea
where sky meets water you
 wrapped in seaweeds
 your eyes
 washed by seawaves
 of your drowning
 my drowning

these waves suck us with pulling current
in circles within circles within
this current sweeps these waves
in whirls within whirls within dying

in a spiral intestine of change
i sink to limit of anus
from where i drop curled
into eternal question

as i shout out
beyond the black howl of wind

why sea why moon why seamoon why die?
go we go why go id
go go to go logos
go to go god
do go ego
go ago
eros
gone
0

say i going
to go back to these points
and these seconds
the circle
points

from within the circle

i pour out streaming reflections
 pour them upon a clavier
 upon a blackwhite keyboard
 my whiteblack keys
 which unlock the doors
 of my deserted furnished chambers
 which rise which sink
 and rise
 playing for you

and you
 you rise and sink with me
 within me

into the waves
 the waves within water
 seaswirl
 the drops within waves in spray
 in seafoam

each wave carries
 a note of the clavier
 each drop
 reflects a quavered moon
 washing the seashore
 of my craggy bones
 breaking
 each drop
 a word between us unspoken
 every bubble of froth
 a sentiment bursting

to meet inside this circle
 in ticks around this moment
 timeless

in the white garden
 painted with snow
 we sit
 upon abandoned chairs
 of meditation
 not knowing why or how
 we got into this garden
 and as i stare into your vacant eyes
 as vacant as downtown lots for sale
 past midnight i ask you -
 do you know me? do you understand
 who i am or what i say?
 why are your eyes so empty
 of expression? and yet you look at me
 in my madness you look at me and say nothing
 speak to me -

- where are they gone?
 no one around this winter
 lets go downsouth for christmas
 all gone

and the snow
 slowly descends
 descends slowly
 upon vacant wroughtiron chairs
 upon empty tables
 only cups of black coffee
 cold in our gloved hands
 stiff as we listen

from a distance
 timeless notes bounce
 from a four harpsichord concerto
 moaning bluetinged minors
 in melodious mellowtone
 you rise in me
 in the garden

where snow descends
 with you in me
 each flake bears
 a timeless thought unlike another
 each flake
 bears a changing thought
 like every other

in the centre
 of the round garden a pool

a goldfish pool
 frozen
 in this winter

my blood
 in cracked veins
 frozen

frozen within this circle
 stilled

these seconds
 tick through this night
 timeless

and we
 dead and frozen
 fill the cancerous growths
 lining the sky these buildings
 which scrape the sky
 from its light into darkness

 darkness within our buildings
 frozen
 within our corridor into our office
 fallen
 into the darkness within our office inside our desk

 inside our desk within our skull
 ticking
 within our bones dead marrow

 hard inside our circle

 of button ~~w~~heeled

 wills

now in my office
 i and fifty other clock fearers
 are given the sign
 of the hour ten
 when we proceed to the rite
 of coffee breaking

with the rites of noon and three
 to follow and to follow

and at my back
 from day to day i hear
 upon the swelling of our corridor
 upon the sign of buzz
 that breaking moments tick
 for me again for me

now just before
 the sign of nearing dark of five
 over my desk my files i stretch
 and search my pockets for a light
 for a final cigarette
 when she speaks to me
 from right beside my desk

- yoo hoo says she
 ticking her machine like me
 - i wont be long
 dont run along
 stand still youll get your fill
 just let me take my birthcontrol pill

but having had her the night before
 i rush into the street with my newspaper

it rose 27 points overnight
 what a killing
 buy now while its low
 sellout before its too late
 sellout before
 sell
 buy

your eyes	how much -
tighten under	
the lamplight	
glare	your room -
dying	
from behind	- upstairs
a clayish mask	
of powder	
and cream	- one hour

meeting around this circle
 these moments
 tick around this hour
 to fade and fade here

there
 i walk the
 streets between
 signs and redbluegreen
 flashing signlights dimming
 dimming and flashing my own
 nostrils quivering with
 recognition of exhaust
 fumes in this street
 mingled with fried
 potatoes hotdogs a
 scent reaching my
 hunger my hunger
 shaking and
 rumbling
 empty
 deep
 eat
 oh
 i

enter a pub
 as smell of booze
 awakens my sullen brain to toss and turn
 and as i seat myself beside the bar
 i see a man whose face lies on the counter
 then as he slowly lifts his head
 he turns to me and stares me in my eyes
 in my confusion he strips my mask
 and moves me into chills of fear
 as in his face i recognize my face

then i fall from my stool onto the floor
 and through into underground
 bound to my fall i roll through a hole
 and roll into my tomb
 in an endless
 cat
 catac
 catac comb comb
 catacomb of toms
 in this dead rock of womb

when i you leave

the point of disappearance of your touch
 leaves
 the point of disappearance of your words
 drops
 the point of disappearance of your image
 roots

in my skull
 once we met
 once we died

and now

where are we now?
 do you know where we are?
 have you asked?

- one straight
 two on the rocks
 three with water
 the rest nothing -
 around this moment

here we meet
 in a glance
 through a room of many faces
 through clouds of ~~so~~keridden words
 through waves of cocktail laughter
 each cock
 is a tail between us
 smoking
 each tale
 is a cock between us
 crowing

he was good but he was better
 in vienna
 didnt you read it?
 yes but the third movement was weak
 newyork lost
 tokyo to moscow
 profound your dress:
 beneath the surface deep
 the latest word pity
 political manoeuvre lost last elect
 alienation what an act
 last scene what a bore
 misdirected with soda
 communication well well well
 where have you been
 on the rocks

and now
 for all to be fulfilled for me to feel
 less lonely all that remains
 is to hope
 to hope that on my execution day
 there will be
 and there will be a huge crowd of spectators
 that they will greet me
 with howls of execration
 howls of
 howls

i say no
 i say
 i

 when these seconds tick around that day
 and drop out of the current
 on your chair of salvation
 of your just
 of electricity
 from this chair i gaze at fullmoon
 where i see a silver calf
 feeding on his mother cow
 and the cow speaks her wisdom

moo says the cow in the moon
 not now says she only soon
 right now theres no room
 to be as before this doom
 moo says the cow in the moon

say i to how now cow
 it's never if it's not now

this winter
 so cold
 even the cattle are frozen
 the moon has crystallised
 and is cracking in silence
 over the sea
 where its fragments
 are faintly falling
 sinking in stillness
 through the ice
 into the depth

this sea
 rises to flood
 in waves of papers and papers
 we drown
 we cannot swim
 nor float
 we are sinking

the lifeguards are gone
 the shore is empty

only the long awaited mailman
 stands on the shore
 in his dark uniform
 his hand outstretched
 with my letters
 my long awaited mail
 is there a letter
 for me from you?
 i have spent my days
 in waiting for your letter -
 will i never read it now?
 and as i sink the mailman leaves
 with my unread letters
 on the vacant shore

the water rises

snow descends slowly
 over tarred rooftops
 into streets on lampposts
 on the buildings which tower the streets
 which rise to meet the sky
 sky above water
 drowning
 buildings streets cars

they drown you drown
 we drown we have forgotten
 how to scream
 ice and water
 the flood
 seeps into our shelters
 airwater tight
 but not enough
 all falls
 out of this circle
 the centre cannot hold
 lets watch it drop

lets go
 we cant
 why not
 we're waiting for godot

when will he come?
 - now he is here
 do you see him
 in that procession
 with laurel wreaths
 around his coffin?
 do you see him -
 do you see him
 and the funeral motorboats painted black
 decked with white wilted roses
 do you see the people?
 - everybody is here tonight
 in sunday dress
 what a procession for him -
 did you know him too?
 when i looked into his dying eyes
 i saw the horror of ten thousand years
 in no time gone -

because we did not let him stand to trial
 because we did not let
 because we did not let him stand

and now we meet around this circled funeral

and now we meet around

 this sinking circle

 huddled

 well? shall we go

 yes lets go

 we do not move

these seconds cease to tick around the moment

 timeless

 no longer descending

 no more moving

 this circle

 no centre

 points

 none

 all

fallen

 d

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ONE:four

in this sphere
 this point
 a cell a grain of soil grows
 into this line
 a vein a feeding root blasting
 these points
 rotate along this line into these circles of this sphere
 out of fading darkness
 one dewdrop after another
 awakens to spring sunrise

 from between your thighs
 spring ascends
 slowly looms

 rises out of pale daydawn
 flushed like you in mornings
 swells like your breasts in heat
 arousing as your thighs embrace

 as newlife seeps into the earth
 as it awakens the dead of winter
 we rise within our sphere
 not really minding the lost centre
 here our newborns rise
 from within us rise our newborns
 rising simply no supermen here

 and not knowing how to rejoice otherwise
 we say
 congratulations
 is it a boy or a girl
 seven pounds how lovely
 and how cute the little devil
 his mother's mouth his father's nose
 congratulations

 we watch we watch them sleep or scream
 in multitudes we see them
 but we cant hear their cries
 only helpless gestures
 from behind showwindows
 of glass cages
 - let them rest
 in their incubators
 the little devils
 - let them rest do not disturb them
 visiting hours are over
 - please leave at once

have we escaped
 from within the earth
 within the cave into the cage
 from within the mother within the cave the earth
 struggle or stumble
 we have escaped from the nipple
 from within the womb within the mother
 in labour
 to return
 somehow

but mother
 she died
 was it today
 or yesterday
 we cant be sure

and where are the children?
 they are playing
 down that hill they play
 with their balls
 within this ball
 the sphere

now our balls
 roll down the hill the sloping hill
 we must stop them
 and roll them up the slope
 but the balls slowly grow
 to unbearable burden
 until they triumph
 dragging us down the slope
 crashing with us
 into the valley
 of gravitation

where we play
 boohoo boohoo
 while the cuckoo
 in eternal sympathy or mockery
 cuckoos in counterpoint
 cuckoo boohoo cuckoo
 tralalalala lala lala
 woohoo

so we chant
 in the valley
 between these hills
 which slope

each ball
becomes
a world
between us

each fall
becomes
a burden
easing

in the valley

and still
angelwoman
i look
for you
until

in the deep valley
so deep
i see your eyes flash
flash like moving waves
of this river below
moving from dawn to sunrise in green
of sparkle and ceaseless flow
waiting for me to descend to you
for the sun to rise above
waiting on solitary rock alone
beneath that crashing waterfall
waiting
then as rise of sun
with blazed rays reveals
you standing
with a rainbow caress
spreading across your veil
your skin so soft
in this morning spray
when we touch we plunge
sinking along this flowing line fastfast
this streaming river
into the present past
flowing with current
into these points
this delta
mouthing our ocean

our river their river flows
 through flat valley through towering city
 through strewn suburbs

there on round hills surrounding
 cling outskirts to city
 where skirts are out
 where the fringe is also out
 where the frills are hanging low and loose
 so out so low so loose are these skirts
 that the countless houses pinned upon them
 identical as they are they are identical
 though not idyllic nor ideal

these houses are pinned so loosely
 that they drop and drop like seagull juice into the sea
 splashing only slightly leaving no real trace
 just as hollow dolls filled with straw
 in cardboard houses stained with mud
 topple from the rim into a bathtub
 splashing softly hardly staining
 or just as paper buildings
 of people stuffed with newspapers and ketchup
 fall from a plastic plateau over a rubber cliff
 into a sea of beer and soda
 not really splashing
 staining only slightly
 with drops of redbrown
 which quickly
 disappear

so i watch suburbia from this jet
 from a point of beyond vision lies the city
 it appears first a speck
 and then it grows and grows

till i see its veins and arteries
 its growths its moles and pores
 sweating and vomiting

all i see is a head no body to it
 an eyeless earless head
 with one huge nose dripping
 and countless mouths distorted

the time has come to land
 - fasten your seatbelts please
 no smoking in four languages

the pressure tightens for us eighty
 birds cooked in midair

till we crash
 on a grassless field
 of this morning spring

where we sit around the wreck
 gaping at the burning craft
 as if we have heard the word as if
 it has spoken while above machine birds
 come and go cloud the sky
 shoot over earthbound distances shoot
 and fade like falling stars
 in a flicker
 a blink

so up above from town to town i hear
 from city to country to city
 the sound of thundering jets
 of jetted thunders
 of thun jets
 jetbirds
 of seduction

in an endless seduction
 of this sphered universe
 i play the game
 by secreting my own web
 to touch the evergrowing net
 around it

in an innocence
 which i know can never last
 i play my games

here i am the son of marriage
 a little boy suburban
 my name is oediplex -
 here iasing
 my innocent song

twinkle twinkle little mother
 leave me alone go play with father
 just lay down with him on top
 when he comes just let him drop
 twinkle twinkle little mother
 please dont bug me play with father

but alas
 so busy working is dear father
 that mother must play with another
 as she does
 with another and still another
 and in many cities
 so does father

but father did work so hard
 every morning alarmclock radiotime
 he used to go to his safe
 which was hidden in the basement wall
 and he used to say

- money money in the wall
 who is the richest one of all
 in this suburb?
 then money used to answer
 - you are the richest one of all
 in this suburb

until one day he drove his big car over the cliff
 into the sea just like those people and buildings
 hardly even splashing and he drowned
 since then
 money in the wall has been lonely
 no one ever comes to ask that question
 thats because money in the wall is hidden
 not even mother knows where it is

there was another father
 who used to ask the same question every sunrise
 and he used to receive the same answer
 until one morning
 he received a very different answer
 from his money in the wall
 so he too drove his car over a cliff
 but on purpose where he drowned
 without splashing at all
 this time money in the wall
 hasnt been lonely because
 mother always knew where it was
 besides when father fell
 there wasnt any money in the wall at all

there was still another father
with money in the wall
who fell and drowned he even splashed a bit
but this time it was mother who made him fall
his money in the wall isnt lonely -
mother knows where it is
she even asks it that question everyday
she is now living with it
happily ever after

so in my innocence i watch
and learn and learn
when i grow up i'll buy the whole city
i'll burn it it will grow again

a graining growth of greed in grease or grind
to points scattering
moving along this line
sinking below this line
which rises

rises like the fog in the bay
 to reveal morning
 gulls on cranes on masts

where ships come and go
i hear the horny call
of foghorns bellow
calling but hardly reminding

the foghorns blow
 bewwoww bewwoww/
 foghorn unicorn
 bowwoww bowwoww
 hornfog demidog
 boowooow

the fog ascends
with rising sun
to cloudless sky
over a crowded bay
a jittering city

these jittered points
rotate with this earth
around this sphere
- but i just cant rotate with them
ive had enough - too much
did you not have enough?
do you want some more?
- not another sound nor word

do you remember the hole i dug?
 then come and play there with me
 my hole has room for you and me
 and i can show you all
 my toys and games
 come play come on -
 with me

but you wont come
 so i must play alone
 though i'll be waiting for you

and i go to my hole
 when all of a sudden
 the ground opens up
 and i fall past my hole
 toys games and all

then the ground shuts above

there i lie thinking
 about the big thing that has happened
 how i can tell everybody about it
 where in the midst of quiet watermusic
 i hear strange sounds

and on a rock
 i see a man and woman
 eating a small boy in my image
 eating and laughing
 tearing the limbs
 and laughing

so i get scared
 and i run
 with that sight
 making me run on and on

for seven years i run
 and i never stop
 till i collapse
 into sweet sleep
 with water dripping around me
 and heavenly sounds in the air

for seven years i sleep
 and dream the face of god
 in my own image
 a youthful bewildered boy
 smiling mischievously
 and as i see my face in his
 i awake a newborn god

while a force oozes
and enters deeply
from within the earth

it slowly rises inside me
lighting with force
my brain entering my bones
seeping until a slight green flame
starts burning intensely

it burns for you for me
within me with earthy music
of strings and tightskinned drums
embodying flesh to seep deeper

deeper where its force
is vast inside
consuming
growing flames
feeding on cell feeding on soil
to move along this line
of root of vein and sinew
blasting

where lines strings veins
move with force move
in bitterlemons in sun
in heat in smoke in quiet thunder
slowly the force seeps moving
from me into you
and you and you move

where from the heat of our flesh
a rhythm beats in loud thunders
rolling inside to crash like suns

where wefts of vein
stretch into chords
and quiver deep like lighttrays move
from the distances
to the depth of oceans

as i strum my guitar for you my goddess
i cry wildly inside
and we sing

while my veins vibrating
i plant myself in you
you strike your roots
in my brain
and we love
and we love

but one day
 i look at the spring sky
 deepblue and almost clear
 with only bits of cloud afloat
 which cast small shadows upon us

when the telephone rings
 and as i say hellow
 i hear mary's voice longdistance
 and my heart drops into my stomach
 from fright as i remember her
 mary comra demonger is her name
 she always said she would call
 and now she sings her song
 through the wires passing through cities everywhere
 into the air rising in fragments
 these fragments of her song

mary has a little bomb
 its mushroom has such glow
 everywhere her mushroom grows
 it burns all things below

under the shadow
 of this glorious mushroom
 vastly looming
 only the echoes hover over huge fields of ashes
 and deserted networks of thruways in dust
 there i hear these echoes of squeeks and chatters
 as those of thousands flocks of seabirds
 screaming

mine yours theirs
 party their party
 border your order
 way my play away
 flag lag lag
 have a gram of soma coma
 part our heart
 fart a fart a fort

 curtains and poles
 walls between us
 crumbled
 sounds grown faint
 newspapers burnt
 televisions dimmed
 radios silent
 stillness
 fallen

in an endless span
 of this timeless morning spring
 this graveyard flourishes
 where flowers are thriving
 their roots feed upon darksoil
 blast into the earth

 this circle

 there i carve
 your image onto a rock do you feel me?
 within veined flesh with fire
 i carve with love
 into your bone
 your marrow
 from mine
 to you
 yes

now are we going to rebuild
 upon these ruins of selves
 from this point this line this circle
 are we going to rebuild from spring rebirth
 are we going to
 are we
 are
 now
 oh

but why ask i say -
 listen to me
 listen - - nothing

 and i
 return to you
 not knowing why or how
 i return

 here
 you speak to me
 now speaking eternally
 speaking your mind your feel
 as well to me as to another
 saying

now i give to you of me to taste of you
 come oncemore feel my face my lips hot
 pry curl your tongue so wet in mine

i wait for you asking with my eyes my breasts looking
 staring asking you to speak to me your eyes you self
 we speak now like we never did before
 from deep down i speak to you
 with living words i tell you all i think

my breasts kiss think of very me
 i ask you to forget we forget what is gone all gone
 the moon glows shinning like the sun dead
 the sun still lives in me in you are living suns remember
 and remember only you i now remember now
 now speak i speak my want of living suns
 my want one my mind my feel one only one one

there were times when we couldnt understand
 when we couldnt speak times when we died
 without ever knowing another or knowing i and you
 do you remember i you will never know?
 and now
 do you hear? listen -

winding wind here howls whirls into waves of waterblood
 inside earthflesh on fire inside
 this is how i feel but can i make you understand?
 feel your fire feeding my earthflesh from where you came

forget the wrong words words are never right
 they never say what you want to say
 listen to my voice instead the voice of very me -
 and what i do instead of words

but i must speak all the same
 just let me speak
 speaking makes easier inside

waterwind moves yours through earthfire mine
 now i know where to start to open when to close
 your earthfire moves through my waterwind all one
 my want my feel my mind one no more broken two
 i know now where to begin or end

what i dont know wont hold me back from you
if we could only understand what we are all one

i remember when i first learnt not to care
and to be hard silent not to know you nor me
to close myself inside a well and never look
but i m forgetting now and its so good

around us stars more many starsstars
i see them for the first time since a child
stars against darkdepth of depth
looking in blinks soft from deepblack
they tell us only here saying now but always

yes i see now
your smile smiling now grows large within to smile

i know so well you can mend your broken self
with glue of understanding i you inside one

now your arms yes round my back in my hair your fingers
your pulse speaks pounds to mine my pulse inside thinking
beats between my thighs inside pounds my feel my mind

no more waiting none ever but know now
no signs nor a coming descending to be waited for

i hug you your waist with my thighs we rise we sink and rise
here you roll on rolling hills of me your tree
we hear singing of our birds

we roll in arms embraced in one another one
we se@ll small rain on grass leaves on damp earth our skin
reach no more no longer where you cant

and we we move in one one

your fleshed hardbone moves in meburning burning
feltimage to feltimage yours mine

and we stay we rest now

we do not leave and no waiting

now the sun risen eyeing us all the while

so bright in mellowgreen bluegreen
 in redorange flowers in brown bark of trees
 your skin sweet with salt smells of me of rain earth
 there here we lie no sleep coming
 yet dreaming silent thunder white sky
 dreaming quiet pulsethunder
 our fleshed skulls throb of sun in water and on leaves
 here we lie our hands clasped
 fingers touching each our cracks tight
 our eyes looking through the trees to the sky
 now yet dreaming
 together
 each our dreams

pointed lined circled sphered

now we fold here together
 together
 yet dreaming
 each our dreams