

**Atlas Peripatetic**  
Glenn Bach

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To Sharon, who was there at the start of this particular walk.



## **Atlas Peripatetic**

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**Map 1**  
Junipero (Burbank Court to Carroll Park)



1.

When the familiar serves  
as a point of departure.

When the poem is the walk,  
the path an interpretation,  
an act of improvisation.

With what definition  
of threshold—

*—a beginning?*

*—a crossing from here  
to here?*

With each step  
an atlas of noise.

When a bird sounds  
in the distance.

What songs hop  
across rooftops?

What tiny shoots  
in the vast meadow  
of morning?

Long vowels  
of shoes  
in the hallway—

—*bird*—

—wren unseen,  
finches blended in  
under eaves.

Hash mark  
for each footfall—

—*birdsong*—

—what long hand  
of Messiaen—

*—the charm of impossibilities,  
the true, lost face of music,  
in a state of grace unsullied  
by human civilization.*

*A sound picture of a bird in its habitat,  
together with its companions,  
often at a particular time of day.*

*The drama of St. Francis,  
an orchestra of birds,  
the colors of sky,  
plumage and environment.*

*Certain violets, certain blues  
and violet purple, orange  
with tints of red and black.*

*Touches of gold and a milky  
white with iridescent reflections,*

*like opals.*

*corvus*

the caw sharp  
as an eclipse, cuts  
deft arcs, opens up  
the still morning

cries with mouth full,  
deerfat in tongue pouch

even at a distance  
the voice in clear focus  
just smaller, fractal

(remembers where the food is,  
eleven ounces a day)

*Of orange glow  
this drone.*

Grim as the sea,

extinguished,  
a Library of Alexandria  
in every tide, no religion  
to blame, only foam—

—water pounded into air  
on the breakwater:

- (a) a line drawn across the seaward extremities
- (b) a line drawn from Long Beach light to light
- (c) a line drawn from Los Angeles light to light

*just as light holds all colors*

Sound  
of all sounds.

Song  
of everything  
and everywhere—

*—New York morning  
before the shutters roll up and banners unfurl,  
the hum of a city in sleep,  
insomnia a myth in the calm just after  
the sun lifts—*

—here,  
a beach.

Here,  
the termination shock—

*—the heliosphere runs ashore  
on the interstellar medium,  
solar winds countered by the relics of stars.*

Of suns and breaking membranes,  
this vibration of strings.

What chord  
of the distant reverberation  
of the birth of the universe  
from a single point—

*—the Big Bang a low hum.*

Qfwfq heard the sound  
that should not have been heard,  
pitched down  
100,000 billion,  
billion times.

ghost

a sea breaks

small cataclysms  
too rapid for the eye—

*—Perseus looked away,  
the Big Bang an indirect glance—*

—rather,

tiny blasts in the caps,  
controlled explosions—

*—waves crashing  
in all directions*

foghorn  
far west, the Port  
or Angel's Gate

*a fog siren sounds the distant west  
the angel of sound  
a nebula horn*

markers and horns  
dot the water map

*the symbol and the horn*

degrees magnetic, both  
stone jetties, one to port  
bottom dotted with wrecks

silt in the channel  
with round yellow cans

*rank warm air current it holds  
inside the waterway it sits sometimes  
America*

tie up there, slip  
or end-tie

*the song of the wind and the trees*

2.

What place in this hierarchy,  
what winners chosen,  
gates sagging from rust  
or frost?

Of pen on paper,  
these sounds against danger,  
that help in the morning.

What heavy burden of words,  
this quiet canon of alleys  
and trees.

—

What first light  
in thunderstorms.

Incandescent,  
this elegant source of life,  
essential, crowded  
by stars and sun.

This black body  
of atoms, photons expelled  
and filaments burned,  
brooding.

This burden of noise,  
in the cold night  
a sickly glow.

What giant hum,  
this enormous vibrating mantra  
of potent nothings.

—

Opera,  
a carpet of pierce,  
a conflagration—

*—still angry after Apollo  
painted their white feathers  
black as ash.*

Raked across powerlines,  
dark letters against the pale  
morning sky,  
a syntax of hunger,  
a hypothesis on the nature  
of what follows.

—

A tender  
simulation—

*—in soils of all climes,  
likewise a turn of light  
as the wind which scatters.*

Common falsehoods  
from a decade of afternoons  
scrutinized, modes  
of improvisation,  
arenas in which to act.

—

Trees blossom with sound  
as pens suspended from branches  
carve thin lines and blotches of ink  
on the thirsty ground of paper,  
these secret thoroughfares  
of air.

Wind in the wires  
an Aeolian harp,  
a chorus of the gods of wind  
lifted in song—

Shu—

*—god of the atmosphere,  
aspect of sunlight,*

Shu—

*—son of the creator,  
father of the twins sky and earth,*

Shu—

*—married to his sister (another lion),  
the breath of life and the vital principle,*

Shu—

*—his bones the clouds,  
the light cavity in the dark chaos,*

Shu—

*—who holds the ladder to heaven,*

Shu—

*—who holds the sky above the earth,*

Shu—

*—whose mouth is open,  
whose voice is his name filling trees with sound—*

—*shu*,

—*shu*,

—*shu*.

bellcurve  
of car-swell

and the gentle crush  
of grass beneath shoes

(yes,

listen, next time,

or ask sparrow or crow  
who both know the give  
and take of grass blades,

of air displaced by cars)

Cugnot  
(*auto + mobilis*)

a stroke of inspiration,  
the spark of invention,  
the mechanical wagon with the awful name—

*autobaine*  
autokenetic  
automaton  
automotor horse  
    *buggyaut*  
    *carrus*  
*diamote*  
    *oruktor amphibolos*  
horseless carriage  
road machine  
motor wagon  
    Quadricycle  
*mocole*  
motor carriage  
*motor-vique*  
the oleo locomotive

and in the dark  
    morning

    before the sun  
clears the treeline,

brakelights  
    boast red  
as brainstorm

*as the glowing ideas*  
    *of genius*

*torque,*  
*a force that tends to turn*

*The sun.*

*The planet.*

*The ring.*

Embrace this solar system  
of teeth.

Orbits or stilled motion  
inspired by the flywheel—

*—in a manual transmission  
the clutch disconnects the engine  
from the transmission.*

*The layshaft  
locks, turns gears  
placed by the collar  
on the driveshaft.*

Dogteeth  
seek their resting holes—

*—a reverberation of circles  
from pebbled ponds.*

*Early morning vapor condenses  
to clouds over open water.*

*Sweepers pace with pale groan.*

*Warm air rises.*

*Lampreys to a shark, shorebirds  
in pelicans' wake as rain eventually falls,  
meets hardpack down to the ocean.*

*Debris for miles, slime trails the color  
of laundry lint.*

*The three rivers share a broad,  
alluvial floodplain.*

*The water of the river flows stronger now.*

*Water from the Colorado River.*

*Compost for fields in Kern County.*

*Water is filtered with ozone  
and disinfected with chlorine.*

*Water from Artesian wells.*

*Water from the Owens Valley.*

*Water drains into the San Gabriel River watershed.*

*Rain falls from November to March.*

*Runoff flows through storm drains  
to brown ribbons of foam  
at tide's edge.*

*This expanding combustion of suns.*

*The coil springs and the spaces between the walls.*

*Small burns burst to the sparkengine.*

*Sudden burnoff like a mushroom held tightly.*

*A triangle with bulging sides.*

*A figure eight with a thick waist.*

*When an evenly staggered operation will go through a full cycle.*

*When the top of the beginning draws in the air.*

*The bottom of the volume at the higher ratio, the more powerful order.*

*When at the top again, the fires of the heat of compression.*

*When the faster, uncontrolled burning sometimes occurs.*

*When for this reason the water encloses.*

*When this oil delivers.*

*When the higher air's destructive removal.*

3.

The odology of these streets with the slant light of morning  
on their stippled skins. What stridency of skids  
over patchwork veins of black blood or white  
lines or expoxied dots.

Shouldered by sidewalks they receive leaves and magnolia seeds,  
broken glass and sweeper debris. What runoff blurred  
in prisms of oil-light from biomorphic puddles  
of slick, tire tread over weathered topography.

In morning the roar and lament of roads everywhere,  
alleys, avenues, lonely highways longing to be rivers.

—

Who belongs in the places  
of roads once paths or trails?

Who traces marks in the grass  
with smoke of shoreline?

Who walks here in the season  
of flowers, the first-born  
native of Willmore City?

Who built the first house  
at 327 Pine Avenue on two lots for \$50  
with sightlines of Los Cerritos  
from the ocean bluffs to Signal Hill,  
the cloud of dust of 30,000 sheep  
come down over the stubble?

When tides broke hard  
against the sweeping crescent?

When Chin-ngich-nish walked as Soar,  
an ordinary human?

When Lilian Valenzuela Robles  
walked a pilgrimage to Puvungna  
to live there for fifteen days because

*we have been cheated of so very, very much,  
the mission church took our people and made them slaves,  
we lost our language,  
we lost our land.*

*We are the original people of this land,  
and we have to buy our homes  
just like everyone else.*

—

Just like the fire in the sun  
and the roads upon this land,  
we have this instrument within the performer,  
between singing and speaking  
the most subtle branches.

This resonance in the column of air,  
of the apple cords, lingering spirit  
of the long breath.

Cilia encircles the dust  
swept by the beating mouth,  
of the moment between  
breathing in and breathing out.

Roads were traveled,  
rivers were crossed.

—

Walk through the wet air,  
droplets suspended in the thinnest  
of what might be called a cloud,  
a fine mist of perfume  
sprayed in the air  
and stepped into—

*—one river to the west  
two to the east,*

the ghosts of ancient wetlands  
beneath the platform of asphalt  
and concrete—

*—three rivers forced to adhere  
to the map, to flow  
along the same coordinates, shorn  
of tendrils, dendritic system of sinks  
conquered, straightjacketed  
into perfectly engineered troughs,  
a watershed of war and profit.*

Steer south (by southwest)  
toward the Pacific Ocean  
by walking a perfectly straight line  
past the mean tide  
off the Peninsular Range  
and onto the submerged iceberg  
of the Continental Borderland.



**MAP 2**  
Carroll Park



*The attractive name  
of a still more attractive place.*

1.

Pacific Electric

tracks all over—

*—the long and short blows.*

*Of crew members who apply brakes.*

*What trains approach these stations?*

*What curves or other points  
where the view may be obscured?*

*When trains reverse,  
run against the current of traffic?*

*Prolonged or repeated blows  
until the crossing is reached—*

*—Long Beach Land and Water.*

*—Southern Pacific.*

*—Los Angeles Terminal Railroad.*

*—Salt Lake Railroad.*

*—Rattlesnake Island along Ocean Park Avenue .*

*beach frontage  
to the mouth of the rivers*

Here in Wilmington.

Here, the Alameda Corridor.

Here, lines laid down like tributaries—

*—quite a little city.*

*With all its associations of luxury  
and delight.*

*Charming country houses  
with red roofs and many gables.*

*What bright houses  
situated on green lawns  
vivid with flowers.*

*2,000 souls.*

*Fashionable, comfortable,  
well dressed and well off.*

*With Persian rugs in their houses.*

*With peacock blue portieres.*

*With village carts in their stables.*

*With dainty bathing suits in which to plunge  
into the warm and genial surf.*

*With English shot-guns  
to kill the wild duck and geese  
in winter.*

*With trolling lines  
for the unsuspecting barracuda.*

*What quiet fashionable resort  
this city.*

*What great surprise to anyone  
this city.*

*So eager is the throng  
bound for the sea  
this city.*

*Who rides slowly through  
this city?*

*What suburbs  
this city?*

*What undulating plain  
lying between Los Angeles  
and the ocean?*

*What hour's ride?*

*What dainty motor line  
connects with the solid trains  
of the Southern Pacific?*

*Who surveyed?*

*Who laid lines down on maps?*

*Who built mammoth trains?*

*What trains in winter and summer  
will carry the business men of Los Angeles  
back and forth daily  
from their seaside cottages?*

*What cruel laws of progress  
have decreed that direct communication  
without change of cars shall be a fact?*

*Who stood on a soapbox  
and declared  
the motor road will soon  
be a thing of the past?*

The Widney Line clattered—

*—on these wooden rails.*

*With this metal bar.*

*And this small steam engine.*

*And this wood jacket of fire.*

*And this boiler of steam—*

*—to blaze,  
to sing—*

*—Oh,  
everyone get out and push,  
on the G.O.P.R.R.*

*STOP*

*PROCEED*

*SUSTAIN*

*FIRE*

How shiny the new Red Cars of 1902.

How magnificent the Red Cars on the Fourth of July.

How modern the Red Cars of visitors every fifteen minutes.

How grand the Red Cars to the bath house and hotels,

*and from that day on  
Long Beach grew like a weed.*

*No other factor,*

*not the rich subterranean oil fields,*

*not the mild weather,*

*not the sea itself,*

*would contribute as much  
to the growth of Long Beach*

*as the Pacific Electric.*

*The walk of a thousand lights.*

From the western cranes a roaring,  
stacked containers a pounding,  
ghosts of the Naval shipyards a booming,  
grey train yards of Terminal Island a sighing,

*Bahia de los Fumos,*

wrench-shaped dock on a drained swamp a seeping,

silt from two rivers—

—*of water*  
*datum*

*mean sea*  
*level depth*

*curves*  
*and soundings*  
*in feet datum*  
*is mean*

*lower*  
*of water.*

The carving of the river mouth.

The birth of two ports in deep water.

San Pedro the favorite son.

Eight-hundred acres of marshland.

Huntington fought for a lone wharf in Santa Monica.

Long Beach dredged the Cerritos Slough—

*—shoreline shown  
represents  
the approximate line*

*of mean  
high water*

*the mean  
range of tide*

*approximately  
four feet.*

LOS ANGELES  
(laid a strip downtown to sea)

*San Pedro*  
*Wilmington*

LONG BEACH  
(preemptive strike to save itself)

*Terminal Island*  
*Carroll Park*  
*Alamitos Townsite*  
*Belmont Heights*  
*parts of Pincushion Hill*  
*Alamitos Bay*  
*Naples*

—*THUMS a compromise,  
a consortium, a series of handshakes—*

—*Grissom at night, White lit  
with gels.*

—*Chaffee canary palms and ferns,  
Freeman swaying in the wind—*

—when the breakwater killed the waves that Duke surfed.

When clay dikes and shoring no longer hold.

When the last berm of sand washed out at high tide.

What pipes canted horizontally as far north as Anaheim Road?

What footprint of Devil's Gate shadowed by Belmont Pier?

What water thinner and lighter than sweet crude?

What ground unstable forever?

What lapping of constrained ocean?

What broken water muffled and thin against the disappointed sand?

2.

The crow  
is the globe.

Forlorn  
as in flight or tides,  
paths converge  
out in the air, wind  
in the tapering branches.

Mountains loom solid,  
grip plates, sway  
this imperceptible  
motion of nature,  
launch, yawning rift  
of green.

Palm  
stilled.

The word  
is the world.

Most noble, most enthusiastic  
this memorable morning.

Sole and entirely pure,  
seeking, as ferocious.

Of property and substance,  
of thought and of belief.

Spark of enthusiasm,  
tinder the banner.

Aught, all the more keen.

Dark, a different city.

*Why are we the way we are?*

Altruism and the shaky concept  
of kin, insights like these  
of what ought to be.

An outstanding opus,  
old paradigms currently holding sway.

The text crackles,  
but we can live with that.

Now we know  
the mournful diffusion  
of our collective drone.

*Why do we seek the source of things?*

We know this air burned,  
the sound carried  
    across the expanse of streets  
    and structures.

An idle mixture  
    (this well).

The vacuum a low  
    bleed, lean-best  
    into the upstream.

The tailor below,  
the easiest one.

How rich or lean  
    this circuit,  
the bottom  
    of the idle well.

The primary source.

—while in the sky a plane

lazy

and in the low spot  
hearing the high swing  
waver

*a folk song*

the air of the propellor  
the wings  
the feathers

and the sound  
is afternoon

the pitch  
always descending

*bitumen*

*the drifting asphalt*

star wheel, no  
shoe wear

force, falling  
toward the center  
of the earth

corrosion slows  
the stopping

rust, a serious  
freeze

under the strain  
of streets, steep

of the incline,  
linkage, a single  
binding

of cuts,

of straightened legs sealed  
to the emptiness

early  
jangle

pronounced

clang of thin

the right key  
its fundamental note  
along the shear line  
a bombard,

a shawm

chime  
through a noisy  
environment

no one branch  
bundled

twigsnap

leaves, limbs  
snow after each storm

shelter in a place  
not quite suited

slight.

gone

Wind

trigger

/ shock

crossover

headlights

horn

pierce  
rooftops.

They never.

until will

(

)

until the world first

of the end

drained.

fullthroat  
and rich

black feathers  
absorb  
the morning bright  
of this world

black eye a wormhole  
streamlined  
disappearing into a non-  
light the same color

as wings  
spread

like fingers  
in front  
of a night-  
blinded face

thin legs rubbed  
or wings, this

stridulation,  
ridged veins along  
a scraper, other

membranes

(katydid  
night)

in turn,  
*Orthoptera*,  
Pennsylvania Age  
straight wing,  
McKittrick  
Asphalt,

1861  
of locusts,

strip plague  
of cattle slaughtered  
for hides

jerky

tallow

ranchos  
to orchards,

two months and fifty  
inches,

or drought

or smallpox winter

river flooded, spring

flowed free again as it carved  
yet another new path  
to the ocean,

willow seeds  
along the way,  
while William  
Willmore  
stood at what is now  
Long Beach Boulevard  
and Anaheim Road

(a dirt path all the way  
to the Anaheim Colony)—

where

*in a few months the soft air.*

*Willmore City crowded  
with residents.*

*The American Colony filled  
with groves, orchards  
and vineyards.*

*Diffused from the bluffs  
of the ocean,  
backward and upward,*

*into bowers of beauty  
and groves of fruit,*

*with all that nature can create  
of comfort and profusion,*

*filled with songs of birds,*

*the laugh of children*

*and the praise of God.*

3.

Confound these restless artifacts of man,  
these raw materials, *this dual nature!*

This painted vase, water arcing  
out of an animal-headed candelabrum  
(the *politea*, the greater good).

Pergamon scoffed at the balance,  
at the spectacle of these waterworks.

The Pneumatica, the Owl Fountain,  
enough water for hygiene and drinking,  
waterfans and waterspouts.

Low-pressure groundwater,  
"headwater" for hydraulic display.

An abstraction of the ancient  
fountains of Rome—

*—the Bronze Pine Cone.*

*The Marforio.*

*The Campidoglio Nile and Tiber.*

*The Meta Sudans.*

*The Juturna.*

*The Julia.*

Appius Claudius Caecus piped in water  
from ten miles east.

The catalyst trapped in a love of action,  
of indispensable structures.

What passage carries so many waters  
that pierce the sacred Roman walls,  
the end of the Aqua Julia?

The aqueducts fell to the barbarians,  
water returned to the earth.

*Acorns into flour,  
seed to soil.*

Everyone thinks of the watering of roses,  
of the number of flowers and the length  
of the season, of forty million year fossils  
in Colorado and Oregon, of the roses  
of Siberia and India,

*the sand dunes of New England,  
the wooded hills of New York,*

of Missouri prairies and California rivers,  
vast rose parks of ancient China,  
Egyptian roses for Roman emperors,  
Nero's nurseries at Paestum, streets of Provins  
lined with apothecary shops.

One layer of five petals like an apple blossom,  
exposed pollen for easy transmission.

Red hips grow in the face of frosts,  
fight dormancy and die, weak branches  
to vigorous roots, grafted lump knuckles  
of the bud union struck by the golden shades,  
crossed, re-crossed, and back-crossed.

Most roses have thorns or fine spines,  
vestigial thorns with no points.

These roses of love and beauty,  
the blue mystery of early summer  
and the first flush of bloom,  
lighter with the arrival of fall—

*—the gamut of hues from snowy white  
to sparkling yellow to deep tones  
of crimson.*

Left to grow as they please,  
canes branching above the knob  
of the bud union—

*—wild.*

*Old garden.*

*Modern garden.*

The attar of roses  
in a mixture of volatile oils,  
steam-distilling the crushed petals of Arabia  
to Persia and India, the Valley of Roses  
in Bulgaria, 3000 petals to a gram—

*—geraniol.*

*Citronellol.*

*Rose camphor (an odorless paraffin).*

The pale gold blossoms of Francis Meilland,  
a bundle of stems on the last plane  
out of pre-invasion France,  
thirty million Peace roses in ten years  
bred from one tiny seed—

*—no bigger  
than the head of a pin,*

*a seed we might so easily  
have overlooked or neglected  
in a moment of inattention,*

*or which might have been  
relished as a tidbit  
by some hungry field mouse.*

*Rabbits alert for hawks  
and hunters.*

*Further into the tenacity,  
tireless.*

Miko, the Western Gray Squirrel,  
patted down to size by the Great Chief Glooskap,  
can no longer sweep villages off the earth with his tail,  
so he carries the appendage on his back

(Aristotle named him Skiouros: *he who sits  
in the shadow of his tail*).

Scirius bounds  
along the asphalt, a sea serpent  
crossing the road, vibrissae  
sounding out the layout  
of the world.

Hindlimbs (he rarely falls  
to his death), this scatter-  
hoarder (over seven hectares)  
of acorns buried,  
reclaimed by smell  
and memory.

Sleeps in dreys  
woven tight against water  
and predators, disappears  
to dens of trees  
in winter.

*How do bodies matter?*

*What can be reduced to a single essence?*

The flurry of birdsong and a whipping of marks  
that grow louder and more precise,  
distressed for good measure, a pealing  
this invisible choir of throat and basin.

With the gust of the bird of the song,  
the choir of the golden throat of the bird,  
the choir of birdthroat and beaks  
camouflaged in the foliage

of *ficus microcarpa*, poised for rain,  
the flock of birds in proportion  
to the *flurry songs of bird*, to the troop  
of birds and the straw fire of song.

*When there is no center.*

We see at the height  
that on which it stands  
as the floor or ground,  
heel to toe.

Stairs,  
another resting place  
private or indirect,  
on hollow wood down.

Sounding each step,  
the distinction of objects  
being counted,  
the number of houses  
on a street—

—*seeds of native plants.*

Landing,  
stands a moment,  
a fixed point, a given  
place or condition.

Dark  
and almost empty.

Every small thing to carry  
as a river to the ocean.

*When paths are no longer traveled.*

Leaves turn and fall here  
(contrary to popular opinion).

We think of the ginkgo biloba  
and its yellow bells mute  
against the sidewalk.

Other leaves crumble under foot  
or catapult over the toes  
of our shoes.

How many must fall  
before invasive becomes  
native?

So much water lost  
in a landscape of no water.



**MAP 3**  
Third Street (Carroll Park East to Temple)



1.

The sound of a jetliner never the same again,  
that afternoon a sky devoid  
of aircraft, condensation trails,  
the various shots and angles  
all missing a soundtrack,  
the planes silently passing  
through the towers.

How much of this sound  
is the air (forced into the compressor,  
compacted up to thirty times, ignited  
by the fuel of hydrogen and carbon)  
seeking to escape the turbofan engine  
along the path of least resistance?

How much of this sound  
is the violent dispersal of atmosphere  
over fuselage and wings?

How can something this loud  
lift into the air and fly?

So many assumptions.

So large a leap of faith.

—

A bird rustles in the bush, among the palm fronds  
a white gift removed, unforgiving, transported by  
the music reflecting a clinging lifeline whose  
multiplicity confers sound as noise, the key  
signifiers of sound, then, how should we say this

birdsong as experience shimmers and fluctuates  
for as long as we can remember . . . is it an event  
of revelation? Powerful birdsongs within  
the navigational path, the birdface an iced-over  
vener of still pools, the blank face of troubled waters.

—

What gauzy imprint  
of a great blue heron,  
signs on every crossing?

*The elucidation of frames.*

Runoff barely visible  
in the channel.

*The investigation of changes.*

What settlement  
in the path of something,  
in awe of nature's cunning?

*The identification of bounds.*

What sound is this?

*The specification of air and space.*

—

Excursion distinguished  
from a ride. Forced  
or hurried dispatch.

Cattle hastened, nails  
driven home. Smoke  
from a sedan or carts drawn  
by beasts.

What vehicle or the animals  
that draw it, distance covered  
by such a stroke?

Branches of winter trees  
floating down the river.

*Dust in the afternoon air,  
here, and then  
there.*

Car passes  
quickly—

*—not without  
event.*

*Density  
of the center.*

Dark streets  
sparse  
at this hour

*of streets  
beneath  
tires.*

Long stretch  
between  
stops

*under shade  
trees before  
sun breaks.*

*claxon*  
a kind of loud

horn formerly used  
on motor vehicles

as in  
“the horns of the taxis

blared” pointed with  
the horn and pointed

of the return towards  
the noise to this high

noise this hard  
communication

and it gives you  
the cries of the loud-

speakers hard of  
improves transmits

in rendering sound  
this high noise

the hard grinding sound  
and the cries

to the heavenly klaxon  
used previously

you heal  
*autokinetic*

*What zone of activity?*

chirp from a car  
alarm arming  
or disarming like  
birdsong and vice  
versa birds

learned to mimic  
the birdlike  
electronic squawk  
(or squeaky bikes)

birds watching  
from above and  
laughing, bike  
filled with birdsong

(has this happened  
to anyone else)

touchy

car alarm going  
off for all time  
one summer, one

bird just like a car  
alarm, birds sing  
that song now

when it gets  
windy, the same  
bird song, a few

birds sound like  
ringtone and house  
alarm.

funny, very quiet  
mockingbird singing,

what distant birds (we have  
heard them) humming?

practicing their  
trills, car alarms,

cat cries  
for when  
they need it.

Bird  
(the bird of bird)

flees,

slapwing  
flight of bird—

*—quarter notes divided.*

*Drunk in a midnight choir.*

Their tail, their cable,  
their pear-shaped body,  
their tele-form of pear—

*—the physics of the space left over*

*after a bird takes flight.*

minor  
scale,

collide

bellsound,

hollowed  
lengths of wood

five  
itches

unfold

endlessly

2.

Edison filmed Fred Ott's sternutation (the act of sneezing, the tickling trigger), capturing in five seconds and eighty frames the reflex response which involved Ott's facial, throat, chest and abdomen muscles.

As a sneeze occurred (a series of still photographs to accompany an article in *Harper's Weekly*), all the muscles worked in a sequence that created a powerful force to expel the irritants.

This reflex response also caused his eyes to close automatically (photic, perhaps—

—allergic to light).

*What is light if not a star  
of any size?*

From a hidden place—

*—the crow calls out a double quantity.*

*The crow accesses this legislative body.*

*The crow requires this latter field.*

*The crow needs echoes and other crows.*

From the studies of the courtyard—

*—of the plan.*

*Of the proportion.*

*Of the echo.*

*Of the program.*

*Of the dwelling.*

*Of the detention.*

*Of that it hides.*

*Of the halting.*

*Of the cover.*

*Of the loop.*

*Of the hashing.*

*Of the transformation—*

—we hear this handsome stroke of crow.

Hover, the easiest—

*—so, imagine  
that to fly upward.*

Swash plate—

*—let's not worry  
about getting back down.*

Superstar, diehard and newbie.

*What I am trying to say is that I can add a few thoughts to this.*

Driven by sound, nothing more.

*In my limited experience, is this all I need, am I correct?*

Be cautious of more chances of noise in the system.

*For once in my life, I still don't know what the hell is going on!*

The stupid—you have to admire their consistency.

*To the best of my knowledge, nothing makes any sense to me.*

Surviving an oops moment is critical.

*To the best of my abilities, I don't want to go back.*

*Moments spill over.*

*Forget this street ride full of great ideas, mapping  
San Francisco in fantastic detail. More adrenaline.*

*Never lose kudos. The gorgeous, astounding effort.  
Focus, plow the hardest cash.*

*We need accurate physics, the song of high performance.*

*Press and start. Go back to the last save (don't try this).  
Set aside a month of drifting.*

*Beat them like a lover.*

*Singsong whine of shifting gears.*

*A short distance inland from the shore, the supremacy  
of a few hands, the infamous bikini and burnout.*

*Will you enjoy the places you drive in? The sound  
of the ever-popular night.*

*You will be required to trick time. The mighty  
dragway, one humdinger.*

*Heavy hitters battle for supremacy, pit party,  
fresh rundown.*

*Read the entire story.*

*Work out the kinks (blue and yellow).*

*Sharp crosshairs.*

*Don't forget water, keep wide of the sun.*

*For the area between light and dark, our fancy dreams  
of years. Of our bodies in the green air.*

*Morning sun and bright trees (giants foremost  
in darkness).*

*We wonder in strength and we knew endurance,  
those days, that level ground. We can walk how fast,  
or jog how far, or run how often?*

*We are breathless, looking for our bodies,  
headlong in the theory of asking.*

*Drive to see what you can, the juices, the temperature,  
the second wind.*

*Settle down to the onset of the day. Come upon  
the third wind and make us good animals.*

*You might run across the room, short of breath,  
so begin by walking the countryside as a jockey  
leads a horse.*

*Listen to your blind and deaf body, muscles and heart  
and lungs, this mysterious fusion, this intricate wholeness.*

*What lies beyond this day-to-day world, this road  
of wholeness and slow peace?*

*How many times must we keep?*

*Are we not happy to counteract the minuses?*

*The wind, the basal pulse, the elevated home?*

Often we can hear a small sound—

*—or at least a sweet spot within it.*

*Who wields a good handle on the whole  
of a deserted stretch of road?*

*Will there ever be parking lots big enough?*

*What unbreakable rules in place?*

*What moments noticed along the way  
to a clear path ahead?*

Waiting for change,  
where should our feet be?

Imagine light,  
*this* is the goal.

3.

*Thorax,*

of bones to lungs,  
pleura to boot strap.

Hardly noticeable,  
merely providing cover  
for an unnamed darkness.

Leaves upon leaves  
instead of pines in the wind,  
new horse with heart,  
fresh in murmur.

*All of this may befall.*

What age of whir and doppler,  
clank and buzz, these elegant machines  
(no covers or sheet metal).

A frame is exposed,  
in the open a hub, the spokes,  
the rubber rim, the metal tire—

*—the funny-looking movie with bicycles in select scenes,  
the penny-farthing, the parade of bicycles,  
the forty-two teeth like spokes in a wheel.*

The frame holds double-duty,  
the free wheel (yellow) and a little  
bit of (dark blue) grease pulls  
very slowly on the bike, provides  
tension as fast as a modern car  
on mountain dirt (red).

Use less energy—

*—that is all there is!*

There is no play—

*—everything is simple.*

*In the bonding.*

*In the telling.*

*In the understanding.*

## FAQ

- \* Pop the trunk of your open car
- \* Place kitty litter in your trunk in case you get stuck
- \* A broom is the quickest way to cut the handle down
- \* Remove gas from your hands, water from your shoes—  
*—sprinkle some under the tires*
- \* Paint a bright color, aim the luminous car down the center
- \* Collect oil in a sheet—  
*—change as needed*
- \* Tape objects in poor lighting that might be hit
- \* Never warm your car
- \* Set the widest gap
- \* Contact hard to reach areas

\* Eat the corrosion away—

—*water will do the trick*

\* Remove tar from your finish

\* Rub the wax from the paper

\* Extend life—wear them briskly down

\* Drop a business card

\* Protect your line, place all road salt under a lawn sprinkler (full blast)

\* Open frost on the inside of the building

\* Chip the paint and rust the polish

\* Make your water freeze and let it blot with a generous dose

\* Steam up a blackboard eraser, write the work, write the convenient place down

\* Foil the old blade gently, with lighter dust

\* Never wash your car—

—*white walls are clean*

## FORUM

One morning the early sun squeezed out a tiny drop of water, which rested there, reflecting.

As the air warmed, the atmosphere drifted upward, rising into invisible water.

Smaller and smaller it merged into a brown and green and blue landscape.

High above the superheated air of summer.

A strong wind blew vapor back to liquid, bunched together like billions of cold birds.

Crows followed and fell into clouds like billiard balls, a swirling and tumbling rainstorm.

Slowed down, the water cleared the sky and floated to the surface of the waters.

The slow currents of the water drop hammered a mud drum, an alarm.

Along the five shores of January, the ice gleaned the slow surface of the bottom.

Below frozen places deep in April.

4.

Breaking,  
many of us wait  
on the verge of this American  
weather.

Through open doors  
on the heavily traveled paths  
to the tipping point of morning  
where few are heard.

Water falls  
or floods.

*The land is all  
small places.*

An old fashion in a world gone. Whispers  
and other clues. In this turbulent  
time foliage looks brilliant in the fall.

This is not an event. Incapable  
of telling a straight story. By turns  
moving. Tackle the blaze which threatens.

Traffic delayed by bad weather  
in slow but certain cycles. A car  
is in motion, or it is not.

—

*In cycles.*

*Sputter-splash (the big sound of equilibrium,  
the rattle-cough of rotation).*

*Crawl the long needle.*

*Whirl the engine in its encasement.*

*Coil the tachometer, aim for balance  
in the closed hood.*

*Note this great crying sound of primes,  
the gas pedal, the fires.*

*Wire thin.*

*Will tick and tock itself to sleep.*

A sheave is just a pulley. Just like a see-saw along the sides of the rails.

When you grip the hoist ropes, what lift raised and lowered rather than ropes from below?

Where is each floor? Around the circumference of a room, the counter-weight and the car are perfectly balanced.

Where do the people want to go?

What is the purpose of this balance?

*Worry about fires! There is no wood to burn!*

Bees to carpenter ants,  
termites to bedbugs.

There is no warp, rot,  
or sag. Never replace  
your roof.

We want peace of mind in lightning  
storms. Bolted purlins, knowing  
every column and bolt  
in your family.

*We have seen it all! We can lose  
400 years within 40 hours!*

*There is no magic!*

The reason is clear—

*—all of our walls will be straight and true.*

5.

Of the lifting of slabs.

Of the shape of a beam,  
the arm of a machine.

Of the relative weight of the water,  
the very grains of this material.

Of water and rock,  
the modulus of rupture.

—

What array of water  
sprinkled in thin fans  
on crisp plots of green grass.

Green is this grass on both sides  
of the street, green blades over  
wedges of soil that cover  
water sputtering through PVC,  
this green wet grass.

This grass is green, so,  
who are we to shout down  
these green lawns of sod  
with sandy loam backings?

Seeds and sods,  
sprigs and plugs,  
entire industries hinging  
on the strength and hue  
of these thin blades.

Water siphoned off  
from increasingly narrow  
pipes, then flung  
back into the air,  
a false and tiny rain.

—

When the sun ascends  
in the basic need  
of dawn.

What remainder of the morning  
remains perfect, our constant  
hunt for syllogisms  
of light, no simple  
masterpiece?

What distance of stars  
sketched rising  
in their safety of orbits?

When noise arrives in this place  
of slow assembly.

What happens  
if there is a lack?

What narrow understanding  
of the heavens?

**MAP 4**  
Third Street (Temple to Redondo)



1.

blind transfer  
of air over the

spine

but first  
the vert stalls

in the mini-  
air

grinding

on the extension  
in the fish eye

view of the stucco  
wall ride you kick

grab and grind  
50-50 in this

backside air  
front-

side air  
head

planted  
ass planted  
and transferred

to wall ride stalled  
bench

—it was a fluke  
the reverse hoop

in the alley

grinding  
plates to a toe-

stop  
the death  
of a kiss—

two feet

one foot

grab

stall

plant head

bail

*watch me  
hurt myself*

*not*

*quite*

*but I love  
my helmet*

*and sometimes  
the wheel bites back*

LIFT

ram-heavy  
blown

curled

beneath the distant wash

breeze-barn  
large red door

fine powdered dirt

sky

drawing  
downward

shape

smooth snake

eye

peaks and

valleys, rubber  
steel

spinning

tires, force

road

chain

pistons

glass  
filled w/

light

limb

between the interior  
and the road below

bridge for each

four corners

(spring rate)

diameter of Spring

2.

Flock of birds overhead swarming in voice,  
emergent behavior where there is no leader,

moment to moment with many eyes together,  
individual birds far less mysterious in following

their neighbors, inches from our heads  
the group takes flight, cutting, turning.

Vortexes of air, they bunch up and fly,  
veer and turn, while a bird initiates a movement

of the flock, the decision radiating outward,  
banking into the flock rather than away,

changes in milliseconds. Dark marks in the sky,  
a chorus line of anticipated movement.

We signed the sky with ten thousand palms  
bathed in dusk gold (nearing the end  
of their lives, their fluttering brio),  
the first date palms of 1769  
from Algerian seeds, Egypt and Iraq,  
Coachella Valley (fan palms along  
orange groves and Mexican palms  
on the foggy coast).

City Beautiful swept through  
before the 1932 Olympics with palms  
and palms, mighty diamonds  
of the Canary Island date palm, the lacy  
King and Queen rarely toppled in storms,  
domestically taller than in the wild  
(they couldn't tell them apart).

Cross-hatching bears the stem  
and elephant legs, the fiber bark strong  
as suspension bridge cable

growing into the wind.

Transplants by the truckloads,  
thousands per year, thousands  
of dollars each (Las Vegas  
growing greener), palms afresh  
and the fusarium wilt  
on a ten-year kill.

Live wood with a feather duster,  
pineapple head and hand saws,  
50% bleach and Mexican pan palms  
dying of old age, replaced  
by broad canopies—

—but these palms—

*—tall and taller  
multi-trunked.*

*Dusky green,  
gray-green.*

*Aristocratic fruit trees  
of the Bible.*

*Sentinels of broadways  
standing watch.*

*Water until established.*

*The serious cold,  
the spiny bouquets,  
the desert heat,  
the elegant parrots.*

*An attractive thicket  
artfully mixed and handsome.*

*Bright green tropical good looks.*

*Feathery or pinnate,  
crown shaft and palm sheds.*

*Slightly fierce,  
lavish white.*

*Spring startling against blue,  
lush summer necklace.*

*Of dazzling whiteness!*

*Obscurity of fog! Make haste  
and sweep away!*

Ornament to the humble earth,  
*enter without delay!*

*All lights at full power!*

Write of the power of storms  
spinning in the Pacific,  
morning light slow  
to reveal itself.

*Power everything!*

What dawn rupture  
transforms the mountains  
in the immense  
orange morning?

—

The upshot—

*—a large rotation.*

*Small outspread arms.*

*Cats twisting in mid-air (achieving greater heights  
is not impressive).*

*The conventional flat ground.*

*The speed-hungry force of seven plies  
of sugar maple veneers.*

*One closing of a press.*

*The compound curve and the days of curing  
the final shape and the trimming edge.*

*The first upturned nose and the 3-D curve.*

*The plan form and the center of mass.*

*The next big explosion and the old tooth-jarring ride  
through a dead period and a really good grip.*

*A pointer and a scale.*

*Of gold stars and the old drop.*

*An amazingly effective urban conveyance.*

*A really good wheel w/ no pneumatic tube.*

*The raw materials and the base plate  
suspending an axle which pivots.*

*A predefined arc sandwiching a yoke.*

*The crux of time.*

*The ultimate test.*

So, is this a glorified urban landscape?

Have kids reclaimed the sterile,  
asphalt spaces of sprawl?

Who growls  
across the pavement with vibrations  
traveling from legs to gut,  
a higher calling?

*Even cruising on smooth asphalt  
is a visceral experience.*

What is more than a plank on roller skate  
wheels, more than flying  
down a hill?

Why does the board stick to the feet  
after pushing down the ollie,  
a paradox?

Why does the wheel return to shape  
in energetic contact with the pavement?

Where did we find this elegant ground—

*—lines of evidence of summer fading to fall?*

How do we get perfectly balanced—

*—satellites we can only see at night?*

Why do we fall to earth?

This is important.

Quieter than metal,  
the plastic grocery bag of 1977.

Exclude—dark in color,  
made into lumber,  
clean and dry thoroughly  
these  
baggies on a roll,

2 and 4 yes,  
7 no—

*—no greater than.*

*No less.*

*No length or width.*

*No longer or shorter.*

Free of charge  
this

bag

*with handles or drawstrings.*

*Without zippers or integral extruded closures.*

*With or without gussets.*

*With or without printing.*

Although the bags are free,  
check for the small holes,  
the triple knot,  
the environmental cost,  
the coiled receipt,  
the last slice of bread,  
the branches snagged—

*—it goes without saying that these  
are the good days, that which does not  
need to be said:*

*since they do not break down,  
the answer is not clear.*

3.

In retreat of sounds what final notes  
quiver this first shift of fall. Winter set  
with trees, the road for trains.

Tempo complicated, a vintage recording  
of simplicity with illustrations softly colored.

Wormwood when the stone drops. Pocket  
limn, barrage stretched from sheath light  
on table placed.

Loop lake bed, base of leaf above  
tines of forks, what delicate scrollwork  
of cuttings. Humble of age.

What tiny hilltop revealed, earthfrost  
and air. Melody of floor and beam,  
bare of window.

Gilt cage of impossible green. No bread  
or light, a dryer hum—

*—images come unbidden  
through stone or lawn,  
life heard easier on a walk.*

Some terrible commotion this morning  
through water in a deep sink. From tannic a plant  
stem brown on a warm day of fume—

*—pick sleep out child,  
resolve of one's breath.*

Loam and twitch, finished wave stolen  
by hand.

—

Bottlestrain, a porous layer  
of spheres. Interstitial volumes of air.

Of bed and barrel, piston  
and boomerang. Damage condones  
nor thin of edge.

Gravity and scrapeglass, asphalt  
and its water thereof. Regardless  
of what is written.

—

What quiet morning  
of patient timers  
and porch lights?

What tiny buzz  
in the absence of cars?

What bulb  
light as a bird's  
grip on the branch  
above?

—

What fine clouds  
in the blue,  
these large pigeons (swabs  
of white on the neck) nip  
at cobbled ground?

Beneath every paving stone  
a beach. What white rock  
sweats calcium stained  
with exhaust?

What residue of ancient sounds  
a reverberation of countless ripples?

What of the water that disappears  
and emerges in the staggered gutters  
of Montmartre? What of the children  
who chant for a parade as pigeons  
pace intricate patterns  
on the ancient streets?

May we present *Cher Ami*,  
the hero shot down  
in the first world war—

—*feral?*

*Columba livia.*

*Three billion.*

*Blue.*

*Blue-gray.*

What nests  
well-hidden  
in urban cliffs?

Who takes turns  
warming two white eggs,  
seeds rather than crop  
milk, squabs heavier  
than hens and cocks?

What iridescent  
hackle, shape  
and down, filoplume  
for touch and pressure?

Who gazes past white  
cere into ultraviolet,  
into magnetic  
fields?

Who sniffs the air  
for the pigeon hawk Merlin,  
Peregrines, Red-tails  
or Coopers?

Who scans the sky  
for the crisp crosshairs  
of distant rifles?

*The moral of mazes,  
prior interpretations of the best way—*

—now afloat on the wide  
pathway as if newly crafted.

From the dense greenery  
a definition to the field,  
our words the words  
of unhurried music.

Sleepers alarmed  
on a peaceful winter morning.

The first mean machines rattle the windows,  
our quivering houses,  
our shaking beds—

*—the maneuvers of short answers?*

*The dreaded black helicopters of legend?*

*Commandos of sabotage?*

*An invasion of preludes?*

When morning calls, short-tempered  
and groggy, everyone asks the same  
question—

*—what is it like outside?*

*Who are these men  
and women with their sense of duty  
on the line?*

*Whose name means  
nothing, these rotary wing assets,  
the chopchopchop of freedom?*

*How lucky are we?*

*What training must be had  
for a gunship to perform those tasks,  
three years here long enough,  
so, why did the Army build helicopters?*

Enjoy the country for a very long time,  
a small price to pay for a little noise  
over more tranquil areas.

Between 500 and 1,000 feet mapping out  
the daylight, the necessary darkness.

We hear them when we look up.

*With the arrival of subjective  
mental maps.*

A constant burning.

Damper of a stove  
or the like. Thin layer  
or inlet vanes.

Awareness of machined  
space, a radiator  
an amazing  
thing.

Brazing,  
inlet to outlet. Bottle  
and straw, solid  
to liquid.

When wax melts  
*apparently by magic!*

—

This morning a crime, six ways  
of loving someone in our world,  
our fragile peace—

*—we look for something  
and never really find it.*

How great to know  
there are families nearby  
and sleeping, black widows  
crouched behind unlabeled boxes.

We are clearly going to be—

*—the name of the person.*

*The owner of a lost dream.*

*The welcome guest.*

*The decider of songs.*

*The fortunate recipient.*

*The keeper of human error.*

*The listener for distant alarms.*

*The stuff water is made of.*

*Who will provide us with a literal position  
from which to speak?*

*To dwell in the walk,  
in the long now of the morning?*

The unspoken history of the level road,  
a quick flash of high cirrus clouds looming,  
what prompted the ongoing combination of hazards,  
this random noise such as ringing due to light,  
the sudden escape of hearing and high incidence,  
direct contact of rigging to beams from the mast,  
the *body* of us compared to the *plant* of us,  
of viscera, ligature, and vertigo.

Tinnitus of the flashing high beams,  
articles of interest and asymmetric hearing,  
underground dictionary of the superstition,  
small, a state of the art transistor radio,  
the train at the platform down the line,  
soft-edged landmarks of mountains framing  
the distant horizon, a dry wind,  
the winter weather of open country.

Listen to car tires grab in a tight turn.

Notice the squished bottom, the area of the contact, a close look through a glass street where the ground is not very high.

As you move toward the center, look up at the car: measure the length by the width, and, in this case, find the pattern.

What do all the numbers mean?

The bead bundle, the body, the belts, the plies coated with rubber, the bond and seal, the sidewalls, the tread extruded out to length?

Is it to keep the air from escaping?

The contact patch, where the tire meets the street, moves around the moving tire and the bending rubber.

The road bends slightly under the weight of the driving car.

A cooling revolution of water,  
resonating grassroots in the growing aftermarket—

FIRE | FIRE | *pause* |

FIRE | FIRE | *pause* |

Floored

run through the gears  
and down

stutter,

stripped  
down to the frame

worn  
cylinder and piston.

*hairescramble*

Up and off camber

spark and reed

fire in good shape  
carb off clean jets

possibly sheared

timing changed  
centered over the bike  
like bull riders,

head over the tripleclamps

over the leaning  
machine.

ankles act  
braking and gassing,

Back to the sweet spot

G-forces  
jump through the gears,

the light

where each foot will land,  
for the flag to drop.

Weak spark may  
not jump the gap.

4.

A long history  
of the sound a cat makes,  
where in a Cyprus grave  
bones lay together  
hand-reared on turtle backs,  
the high ground of the Nile  
broken off into tributaries,  
*felis sylvestris*, the familiar  
of the farmer long after dogs  
curled up at the feet of hunters,  
free to come and go,  
draped in jewels,  
tail curled against the right side.

Toms and queens,  
cat mother Bastet of grace and beauty,  
Sekhmet, the burning sun,  
Nadjem, the pleasant one.

Kept cats,  
snubbed by Chinese rat,  
living long, longing  
to bury their dry scat  
in the desert sand,  
slaughtered in blame  
for the plague,  
leaving the rat-fleas  
to leap from death to death.

—

Coo and flight  
from slender  
neck, black bill  
pale, buff brown  
purple and green,  
black marking midway  
wings with dark primaries  
pointed at tip.

Crop milk for three  
days then seeds,  
croton crowfoot  
evening browntop.

Pine seed poke,  
grain or grass.

Wild millets wild  
peas six broods  
in evergreen trees,  
loblolly pines  
red cedar  
shortleaf.

Ten to thirty feet  
in the air wing  
coverts and scapulars  
crown nape  
or hindneck.

Pinkish wash,  
bluish ring of bare  
skin in the open  
fields.

Among the park-like  
pine stands, migratory  
dove over-winter  
and short-lived  
dying within  
the year.

—

Lay yourself down before us.

Cut across each other like wings opening.

Lead the blind to the sea,  
forage for insects  
near the old house with the dusty  
sills and sagging windows,  
summer heat on the seat  
of the chair.

Whiteread's negative space  
manifesting—

*—metal gingerbread man.*

*Opening volley of steam.*

*Performance stage w/ hand-decorated lights.*

*Some respects of the splint,  
some twitchy metal noises.*

*Sloshing becoming waves.*

*Whispering waves of winged beings.*

*Opera smiles all coming together.*

*Small dried flowers.*

*Sintered metal carbides.*

*The blanket of calm, the sharp bone,  
the spartan chamber.*

These chairs hold 500+ lbs,  
hold everyone.

Devour miles with ease,  
kinetic energy found  
in bad spirits and evil winds.

What origin of branches,  
tomb-quiet standing water.

These howls  
linger on motionless clay,  
brass coins at a bell,  
all winter last winter,  
even in rain.

Every circumstance of life  
worthy of notice.

*Archilochus—*

*—of the black chin.*

*Tiny feet of hummingbirds.*

*Flexible wings a blur at eighty beats  
through a shallow figure eight.*

*Long and tapered bills with translucent  
side-grooved tongues licking insects  
and nectar.*

*Pollen from flower to flower (penstemons).*

*Food remembered from years ago.*

*Tail displayed and gorget.*

*Preen and groom (tail oil).*

*Comb claws along each feather vein.*

*Fluff, extend, spread, stretch.*

*Sleep with bill pointed sharply to the sky.*

*Huitzilopchtli—*

*—flew through the fine mist.*

*Visited a wedding ceremony.*

*Rescued by an auto mechanic.*

*Listened to a fiddle.*

*Got stuck in a spider web.*

*Fought a bumblebee.*

*Built a nest in a windchime.*

*Filled his pants with seeds.*

*Hoarded all the water.*

*Flew around salmonberries to ripen them.*

*Hitched a ride in the ample feathers of the eagle.*

*Seeded the sky with the moon—*

*—his sister's head.*

*What glow do we notice,  
this marker of good deeds?*

Of Sirius  
the scorcher.

The brightest star (bluish  
white) his twin a white  
dwarf once worshiped  
as red.

Temples in the Nile valley  
aligned with the light,  
busts of bones and dogs  
walking on their toes—

*—barking and growling.*

*Panting ten to thirty breaths.*

*Ears perked forward.*

*Relaxed mouth, tail  
wagging, narrowed  
eyes.*

*Mouth drawn back w/  
teeth & jawsnap.*

*Body tense, tail  
straight out.*

*Closed mouth,  
hackles.*

Knowing home  
by the slanting angle  
of the sun.

5.

A shopping cart pushed in the distance, the metal frame rattling when the wheels hit sidewalk seams, piloted like a rocket car, pushed hard, the wheezing of the shopping cart wheels at full speed. While a boy stands up in the cart with no effort, the average kid wonders how old is too old to ride in shopping carts, imagines shopping carts pushed over cliffs into cart-clogged lakes, the spinning of cart wheels, carts barreling down streets and sidewalks like elephants trumpeting.

Who has time to return them to their corrals?

Who follows with blurry inventories of cargo?

—

The coin drop clunk of the coin. Into the slot the slide of paper on paper made possible by the leap. The entering of the coin of place.

From the glass door with a hard blow, the vibration of catching and paper shaking, the contraction of door to rack guards and many coins. Feet of the metal legs vis-à-vis the concrete.

The coin hardly moves. The manufacture and arrangement of coins for just this purpose.

The clunk parts of coins at the bottom of slip, the layout of coins and open glass where the articles of this body. Many coins on the pavement where metal vibrates the feet of sidewalks.

The door swings open and something slips in. Coins into tiny slots with a minute to open the door, eyes closed as slot machine jackpot reveals a first glimpse at what is behind open doors.

Sidewalk to the glass, legs scrape and clunk across bark and moss, this *coin of trade in some places*, this *heap in a drop*, this *garbage of nowhere*.

Drop a roll of money, a paper bag in the trash, a curtain drawn open to a new play.

A slow drop to the silty bottom of the lake, moving, shooing.

What astounding purpose this dusty lexicon of currency.

*Is it important to know this hearing?*

Just know the pure noise, pierced to go with the sounding.

Know the detailed explanation, the foreboding end.

When crow slices the air into bursts of fundamental tones.

When the chopping action of the shape of the sound.

When a triangular wave of odd / even harmonics.

When the diminishing brightness of the line.

When the easy transposition of the bottom-most.

Here, earth and air mixed.

—

This dustcart  
louder than horse and wagon,  
broom and shovel.

Hopper,  
drum and auger.

But here,  
among shipyards and channels,  
is anything that simple?

*The burning of trash,  
leaves raked into a pile and set aflame,  
a twist of smoke, curlicues of ash?*

Does everything burn?

When matter shifts to energy,  
is nothing lost?

Sensor drift, sounds  
over areas of open ocean,  
a gigantic river encircling  
the known world.

Steering oar and ship cradled,  
fish in one hand, serpent  
in the other.

Rim of shield  
and waves stilled  
along the shore  
of the sounding sea.

Bring forth  
a new movement,  
billow and clang,  
hope tossed in  
and consumed.

Rules and way,  
double-taps to pushes,  
crows in high places  
above feasts  
and danger.

—

Sound is  
color this  
tint or grade.

Pads leave  
damp paw  
prints.

Flat event  
or descent  
of slope.

Bearing  
of loads.

The field of the invention.

An accident, exposed  
to sunlight for many hours.

Do we see red dust, pins popping  
under the strain?

How long must we endure?

Lucky for us our legends have drive.

Noise can also happen due to a lack.

**MAP 5**  
Third Street (Redondo to Mira Mar)



1.

The future looks very promising,  
hundreds of years of wood  
wind up in coils upon closing.

*Skydiving is safer.*

In bad weather,  
contract and expand.

Boxes and amplifiers,  
fingers calloused.

The cold can get in,  
and dust.

—

Let these drawings show  
the status of the morning.

Wake, now  
in the city they represent.

Evaporation lifts  
upwards.

Elsewhere, snowplows  
tear into silent corridors.

—

Sheltered bay,  
storm winds.

—

The sound rather than the source—

*—a garden of inconsiderable things.*

—

Sound travels through a medium.

Think about the air until it is missing.

Like the air, power is right out there  
in the open for all to see—

*—the earth is a wire.*

Ground is the ground is the dirt,  
rocks, groundwater  
all around when walking.

Blazes can be made on a tree,  
groundcover under shade spread  
by birds. Perpetual summer in sight.

Unchecked growth of plants  
on the forest floor, roots spaced far  
enough apart. Autumn tumble.

There to here. Embers spiral  
onto boulders, onto earth  
hardened.

—

—rush of tender,  
tantrum. Stack of books  
and occasional lamp. Gravity-  
defying towers, oh,  
we are red.

Water comes full, sheaf  
of wrist. Leaves and other  
sticks.

—one evening  
a tree swayed miles  
in the dark.

Speak volumes, between the raking of leaves  
and the twisting posture, time teetering.

Fields leveled or a mass exodus, endless rows  
of curling green leaves, twisting vines

and easy pauses, *connections between  
unconnected things*. Shore, wet sand

at ear-split volumes. Saints fade in numbers  
or importance, weather and other songs.

—

What gentle curve of scar  
through constellations of hardened brown wax,  
salt rinsed from distant beaches?

Wave sliding in the south-facing surf,  
polyester/epoxy reinforced by fine fibers  
of glass much lighter than the wood planks  
of Duke Kahanamoku, the Human Fish,  
the Big Kahuna's *papa nui*  
sixteen feet long and 114 pounds  
from a *koa* tree.

When royalty competed on the best waves  
with the longest boards for canoes,  
fishing nets, livestock.

When haolies flocked in 1820 with bans  
and plagues, Jack London  
in Waikiki.

When Duke jumped from board to board,  
a few lines for the motion pictures—

*—a strong Hawaiian current.*

*Cardboard in his trunks.*

*Ukulele on the SS Finland.*

*Laurel wreath from Sweden's King.*

*Cannons, boatwhistles.*

*Leis stacked up over his head.*

Who rode Bluebird for a mile,

a wave,

trapped under its curling back

*like a factory come down.*

2.

So much for cars and only cars.

From the sound of it, pedestrians have no right to the road.

The road belongs to cars, not to walkers  
who should never cross the road?

What else can you do but keep turning right? We circle  
the block, never able to cross the street.

Lawns that end at the curb with no sidewalks.

Red flags to carry through crosswalks and wave  
at drivers? Bouquets of orange at each end?

A more vibrant community of overhead lights,  
undercover cops, pedestrian overpasses?

In any case, the button triggers the changeover—

*—except in NYC where traffic lights submit  
to the computer.*

*Crosswalk buttons compress bare springs of the 1970s  
when traffic was thinner.*

*The Barnes Dance stops all vehicles  
so that pedestrians can cross in all directions.*

Green light holds until someone pushes the button,  
or the road sensor feels the weight of a car above.

—

What wind tunnel is this,  
where car wake and trajectory  
of flight, or footfall?

—

Forage or pigeon gesture. Scope  
of drainpipe, talons dug or gutter-  
scraped. What weave of nests  
tucked?

Rustle spread of wing-  
blur. Hollow chest of pipes  
tapped, smoking hat or common  
briar-wood pipe.

Harsh brass or hollow cheek  
of gaunt. Wind-slowed hollow  
sphere, thin-jawed signal  
of rust eating.

What decay of being? Hollow clip-  
clop in modern apartment buildings  
or frantic tabla beats on plastic surfaces,  
plump pouch of fragrant tobacco.

Rain-slick tarmac. Vacant hooves  
on frozen hardpack like bells.

What equity of familiar ground?

Power of fortitude and tragedy  
of tallow. White-tipped hills lurid  
and upward.

—

When books are not merely objects.

In the unlined backs of trucks,  
what keys in the dark?

What vengeful spirits  
black of brush fires  
sparked by embers or slurry,  
singsong of little bottles,  
light leaking.

What light this early afternoon America,  
at day's end great shadows graduate,  
contract.

When earthquakes are reported like rolling waves,  
coughing, shifting—

*—no hollering.*

*No heavy objects.*

*No sports equipment.*

*No emergency gear.*

*No contractor tools.*

*No sonic booms.*

*No rumbling trucks.*

When windows rattle,  
pressure waves leap across the room  
as objects began to take shape—

*—the far corner.*

*The clatter of glass.*

*The wide beam.*

*The perfect shape.*

*The distant country.*

*The dry lake bed.*

*The mechanical problems.*

*The whole house.*

*The width of the drunk bed.*

*The long hooked objects of wonder.*

*A new crash of thunder.*

*The rattle of tree branches.*

*The child who fell from the sky.*

*The downy beds of ease.*

On the nature of open space—

*—open space and a light-colored wall.*

*Looking at the door for a long time  
for an echo with no circles.*

*Secret gaze shifts to first person.*

*Special instructions for the date  
of initial start up.*

*Who opened and closed the mail bin door?*

*Who should ponder great cities?*

*Judgment calls represented phonetically.*

*The closing of water ways and admiration  
for a person's face instead of the full body.*

*Armed, a black market alarm.*

*Layer by layer through the letterbox flaps.*

*Open bell to a toilet flush.*

*Cherishing the scene and the closing of gates  
with much fanfare.*

Care must be taken.

Give clear instructions.

Measurements are unstable.

*The liminal dimensions of bodies,  
two places at the same time.*

Is it true? No more phone booths?

What should one expect—

*—the first telephone concern?*

*The home company?*

*The initial directory?*

*The automatic dial?*

*The highest mark for good service?*

*A random gathering of people listening to stories about the lives  
of those who live in great cities?*

Coins or calling card,  
concerned parties  
sitting at home  
looking at pictures  
of pay phones  
on the other side  
of the world.

3.

Kill and be rough,  
wander and render.

Declare sold  
these medicines and correctives,  
the purpose of travel  
without stopping.

Who maps this neighborhood  
of points and signals?

Who is intermittently aware?

Who tallies this audience of patrons  
in seat or station,  
a quorum of lines drawn,  
the twelve parts of heaven?

Who lode,  
who burrow?

Image hover  
through gloss of crow.

A light violet  
on rain gutter.

Handy to the nest,  
a signal of land ahead.

What loss of gray weather,  
grip loosed from metal.

Sonic, ultrasonic  
terror eyes.

Thus the reason of scare,  
a region of all seeing.

Weep or whimper lightly,  
glowing sky of red breezes  
seen with eyes a guest nightingale.

Wednesday night at the watering hole,  
a violent release of air,  
thoracic cavity enclosed by ribs  
of the potential space,  
the pleural cavity,  
the mediastinum.

This distinctive sound of the purging  
bolus failed by the epiglottis,  
this lump of earth.

Aerophagia,  
the gullet a tube of mucous-  
membranes and muscles,  
from buccal cavity to stomach,  
peristalsis, muscles moving  
like ocean waves.

—

How long ago the rains,  
groundwater thinned and a vista  
reincarnated.

Reservoirs retreat  
from canyons and foundations  
of towns left to dry in the white sun.

Colorado River 500 years smaller.

Tough choices in a tangle  
of water rights and river law—

—*Green and Gunnison.*

*Upper Basin of the Colorado.*

*Glen Canyon Dam to Lake Powell.*

*Hoover to Lake Mead,*

*Salt and Gila.*

*Gulf of California.*

Canyon cliffs crusted with saltwhite,  
vast blankets of invasive salt cedar  
in Warm Creek Bay root down  
in puzzle-piece beds of mud.

Some land fallow, lost waters  
chased, rings of trees  
gleaned for clues.

Here, sprinklers water sidewalks.

Here, water appears from nowhere,  
goes nowhere save keeping  
green grass  
temporarily green.

Here, there are fires in the road,  
this car crash, three trailers,  
a parked car, a fence, and two boats.

Stopped at the edge of the road  
by the copious understeer, flung  
into the open lane of all roads.

Crisscross of the blur of headlights,  
a line of vehicles waiting  
for an opening in the deluge  
of streets blocked, nothing  
for miles but the view  
of greener grass.

Expect no reason.

Look for the turning.

Wait for the path.

—

Nothing has changed at the root of things. An eclectic array  
of malfunction. The basics of internal combustion.

Not a giant wheel. How fine the spark, how confined  
the explosion. Objects repair themselves.

The new location of the figure eight. How *up and down*  
becomes *over and over*.

What breath captured by the world's first car,  
a love for the open road—

*—the suicide doors and the coffin door handles.*

*Cut glass rear windows folding up over the rear.*

*Four-door open car, open from the front.*

*Damage under the car promptly forgotten,  
fooled into thinking real character deserves a place.*

*The two-day admission to the coach building,  
returning home to point out pre-war features.*

*What sordid tales of the passenger compartment,  
a man's car of the roaring twenties?*

Did these automobiles drive these streets that we walk now?

What ranks of those behind the wheel?

What invisible ink of these streets?

What celebration of newfound freedom  
with the supercharged throaty sound of the road,  
the most famous one the 409.

Full-throttle youthsong of roar and thunder,  
the smell of heat rising  
from the pavement of America,  
the roaring pipes of the hottest cars  
ever made, the straight always,  
the bottomed-out curves of air,  
the evident beauty of—

*—red*  
*apple and bright*  
*signal flare.*

*Orange*  
*grabber.*

*Yellow*  
*bright, light, and light.*

*Beige*  
*pebble and mist.*

*Brown*  
*tan and prairie.*

*Gold*  
*bright and morning.*

*Bronze*  
*copper.*

*Copper*  
*bronze.*

*Green*

*bright and dark,  
dark moss and ivy.*

*Lime*

*new.*

*Turquoise*

*young and frost.*

*Aqua*

*dark bright clearwater.*

*Blue*

*dark and diamond winter.*

*White*

*white.*

*Gray*

*light.*

*Silver*

*frost and smoke.*

*Black*

*raven.*

4.

Here, the oldest evidence of the fountain of youth—

*—the gestation of sky over furrowed fields.*

*The rolling chairs of kings pushed by attendants  
or the weathered hands of occupants.*

*Reading desks and the wings of a wing-back,  
a light of slightly lesser orbit.*

*Chair and wheel from the eastern Mediterranean.*

*Child's bed on a Greek vase, spokes on chariots  
and the hand pushed carts of Egypt.*

*Crank axle to steering rod of Indian reed,  
swiftwalker and boneshaker.*

*Precaution against falling sideways against drafts,  
pushrims and a quilted back.*

*Designs for the privileged with their self-propelled  
chairs of sleeping.*

*Stuck in the sand, stranded at sea level,  
break of spring with grass suddenly turning green.*

*The promise of formidable puzzles.*

*Of amazing and careful dreaming.*

*—a walker with four swivel wheels  
and a seat in the back end of the frame.*

*—useful on clear enough paths and fields  
as well as floors and paved walks.*

*—despite a drawback or two.*

*—a wheelchair to replace it, metal sides  
and footboards with fold-up fabric seat.*

*—one of the first such wheelchairs to be manufactured.*

*—a big straight-backed wood-and-wicker carriage  
to go around the neighborhood none too speedily  
or easily.*

*—a fairly straight line, avoiding a circle.*

*—scrunching, turning in one spot,  
making a small rut or hole.*

*—dotting the ground or street  
with a line of dark marks.*

Balls of feathers struck by Caesar  
with clubs of branches. Frozen canals,  
the honourable company of the silver cup.

The hickory shafts and the stymie banned,  
tee ball within one club length or stroke-  
play, the club uniforms and the captain  
playing into office.

Come along water or any watery filth,  
at liberty behind the hazard found anywhere,  
touching one another. Play honestly  
for the hole, not lying in your way.

Do not remove stones or bones  
save on the fair green. Tee on the ground  
must not change the ball on the spot  
where you struck last, a stroke  
for the misfortune, stopp'd  
by any person, horse, or dog.

Draw your club in order to strike,  
he who lyes farthest is obliged.

Neither trench, ditch, or dyke  
for the preservation of the links.

5.

Prone to a barrage of scowl,  
mad at the waves.

Incessant, tiny bells  
in a breeze.

Geese of the coming  
cold, black curtains  
over the horizon.

*With speech not in mind*

*Mouth closed, mouth closing,  
mouth held open.*

*Come and get it, follow me,  
take cover.*

*Curiosity trumps caution.*

*Fractures entirely straight, a stray,  
though out of range.*

*The amazing capacity of vibration,  
intervention, and generation.*

*A legendary fall.*

*A wider vocabulary of the small-talk and self-satisfied  
healing, survival and self-preservation.*

*A groaning sound becoming  
the native language of body and scent,  
a sack of broken bones.*

*The language of subtle shifts in pressure  
and the more obvious cues.*

*The meaningful anything.*

*A plaintive life and an open door.*

*A false sense of security almost invisible  
with excitement.*

*The tension before pouncing  
with limbs and the twitching tail.*

*The sudden exhalation of air,  
an overspill of emotional leakage.*

*Stringing together pauses and forlorn tones.*

*Unable to walk because of a shrill noise  
in the air.*

*The nine lives of repute.*

*Brushing beyond patience for brushing.*

*Bones healing rapidly and easily,  
these invisible crumbs of empty.*

Crowns drawn  
into the soil.

Thin-walled in a warm  
light of shade  
edged in a tinge,  
prior to full.

Brittle tips of fall  
growth on a branch,  
barley in the wind—

—*heavy loads of snow.*

Stiff whorls of pure,  
small, star-like.

—*picidae*,  
near passerine—

—*yoked*  
*three-toe*  
*echo-locate*

*owls in old holes.*

*Wryneck,*

trap line from tree to tree—

—*rumors of Ivory-billed*  
*last seen deep*  
*in the previous century*

Egress—

*—the act of exit.*

*Appearance and the right to do so.*

*Emergence of a celestial body from eclipse or occultation.*

*Covers cap shafts to pipes and chambers,  
sewer, power, gas, telecom.*

*Cover rests on an inch-wide lip which prevents it from falling  
down the shaft.*

Ereshkigal—

*—queen of the great below.*

*Aspect of Ki, the rich silt of floods  
and the dark soil of the dead.*

*Persephone picked poppies stolen by Hades  
down into the earth.*

*Water and grain tossed over shoulder,  
a gift of the four seasons.*

*To graves women carry baskets  
of knives and wheat.*

*Women receive vessels from women, plant seeds  
in broken jars in the hot sun, pour water  
into crumpled jugs.*

*Hope stays in the vase,  
while water floats like blossoms  
to the dark cavern of the other world.*



**MAP 6**  
Third Street (Mira Mar to Ximeno)



Break

or be lost. Opaque,  
through which light.

Trajectory of the moon,  
an opening in an otherwise  
solid surface.

Wind eye, window  
in a wall of a house,  
*vindr auga*. Opening

in the air. If light  
enters a room through oval  
or square. If light breaks

the quiet of a space  
through windows shielded  
with hide. If light

illuminates silent corners  
through cloth stretched  
over mullioned glass or paper—

*—the sash of Yorkshire light of glaze.*

*What shrill pitch of sliding.*

*When casement swings out or in.*

*The thief entered cleanly through.*

*Tile and slide recall the popular game.*

*Open during heavy rains and yet  
warm air collects in wells.*

*Give light to the inner space.*

If the golden light that reaches  
all elevations of the floodplain.

If the sound that lingers  
through the willows  
and the yellow mustard.

If the rumble of uplift  
and the air moved  
by feathers in flight.

Like it or not these flocks  
of permanent residents of shore,  
some mornings all hope. They stay,  
these crows and seagulls from  
the rain. The urban origins  
of escape, of ships,  
sorry until the day  
they fly.

No story is more true,  
thousands of miles of broadcast  
these creatures so far from places  
carried. Conures green  
with red spots or small patches  
of yellow, they have never  
flown.

Roost and breed  
in one of the beach cities,  
spotted in valleys and counties  
flying low over freeways  
or coastal bluffs, let go  
to thrive in the climate  
of tropical plants, eucalyptus  
and coral.

Among trees the calls  
of green birds flying.

The day of the parrots and the radius  
of their roosting, yet most afternoons  
they return to flowering trees.

*Look!* A cyclone  
of parrots flying over grounds  
and sometimes landing in trees  
in green yards. There,  
discarded buds of pink flowers  
on the sidewalk, petals often falling  
beneath the tree, their meal,  
their bills, their perch.

When the parrots return  
in and out of the sun.

Dawn wait, watch  
roof for morning wake.

Sunrise up, stillness,  
mere minutes of sight.

Chatter in a swaying. Soon  
parrots roost, circle  
the early sky.

—

Who scratches at the worn morning  
of fragile activities, shingles  
and signboard, short-perch  
and patching shake,  
jackdaws and grosbeaks.

High ground and a brown  
thread of light, green warp  
of the nearest trees,  
acres of grimy roof  
and shallow water,  
layers made of paper—

—*safety rope.*

*Scaffold set.*

*Roof jacks.*

*Old tarps and new.*

*Wood battens.*

*Shingle eating shovels.*

*Hot-dipped galvanized nails.*

*Roofing felt.*

*Soffit vents.*

*Hammer tacker.*

*Chalkline.*

*Circular saw.*

Who gleans the sun-baked roof  
of shingles warped by rain  
and cold wind, crows a refrain  
of complaints, sweeps down  
with outrage at the curse of dust  
before the coming of snow.

—

Over a wood fence a cat climbs, curled claws  
in a slow climb up flexing chainlink,  
clawsnap on brickwall.

Climbing to freedom a determined cat aims  
to scale the wood pile so steep. Construction  
of important fences from felled trees.

The heft of scratching posts, shelves  
and climbing frames, ingenious  
methods to eliminate hazards  
like new white slats so cats will not climb  
or fly. This fencing around trees  
to keep cats from climbing.

Wobbly wire and a pair of wooden bridges  
over spikes, over the edge of a large  
wooden box. The checking of trash cans  
and an extra block of wood over the nest box  
with whatever trees or bushes available.

The dog may dig out from under fences  
onto the grass below, leave small amounts  
of food in several locations, scattered  
over the floor. Wire staked to the ground  
of shaped holes.

Limbs straight up into the air when the wood  
is burned, scavenging for scraps.

Kept cats from getting strong enough  
to breach the fronds over the existing barrier  
of tree branches and tires.

Wooden boxes and platforms of inward angles,  
wood arches with removable brush that drops  
and hangs over the water near the far end  
of the yard.

Snakes, not cats,  
can climb smooth poles.

—

This is not a step.

A rung is another word.

Wear and tear less elaborate  
for the anticipated use:  
feet on steps, reach  
for a higher object.

Be sensitive to light.

Be on the lookout  
for nothing.

Proper balance  
is of prime importance.

Note the history  
of this space.

What lifts for carriages, livery  
stables converted.

In the first garage  
a uniform, an allowance  
for any clothes delivered,  
knee-breeches in grand  
houses to provender for horses  
from which we inherited  
this core meaning.

One of the ancient  
guilds with the distinctive uniform  
of trades swept away  
by the revolution, the common  
scheme of design, railway  
locomotives, rolling stock.

Aeroplanes, road vehicles  
but no rental car  
or motor coach.

So much activity  
in a space of attraction,  
of horse, root,  
and oil.

—

Sway,  
gust of  
shank—

*—make the ground drag free.*

*Assist in slowing problems on turns.*

*Swing out wider.*

Tongue weight,  
the exact path  
over large hills—

*—remember bends and corners.*

*Gradually reduce speed.*

*Steady the sudden sway.*

*Worsen the steering turns.*

*Jackknife the slam.*

*Sway a situation attempt.*

*Take careful time.*

—

The rare suffer  
of hum and buzz—

*—buzz has more  
harmonics than hum.*

Radiation in the air,  
waste energy.

Between common ground  
and air. Dimmers create

havoc, but there  
will always be  
airborne noise.

What future of audible  
hum, the crystal  
ball of sound.

—

Without loss of anything  
in this book, harrowing  
and perfect marriage  
of sound to source.

The most appropriate score  
for a morning such as this,  
or brighter dawns  
in no way inferior.

The month the sun  
returns, full spectrum  
of hues, a hymn song.

—

Thin the entire crown,  
the severe, fast-growing trees  
still green with recent life.

Shears for small branches,  
narrow tip of a saw  
with curved blade,  
dormant tree  
with no leaves.

Cut tips drag  
on the ground,  
stimulate more branches  
to grow in the crown.

The dense tangle  
will get worse.

Step back and examine the tree  
with a more open form,  
a critical eye,  
an even balance.

The caution of cutting,  
a swelling or knot where the top  
attaches to the standard.

A top-heavy tree  
can break under heavy snow  
or high wind.

The wind filters through the branches,  
the uppermost grafts,  
the many weeping trees.

—

It is believed  
that the life of this city  
is an act of greater daring.

On a rundown  
property on the edge  
of town, the whole yard  
moved. In the spring  
and summer across  
the wilds.

Days get shorter  
and colder. These lines  
are meaningless  
at ground level.

—

Never sure that what we see—

*—moisture trapped  
between two panes  
can never be removed,  
sealed for life.*

This canopy of gray—

*—a large place where you look out  
when it rains,  
like fog.*

—

—or King,  
in longer chains  
higher than water,  
smoky and smelly.

Slow rattle,  
let off floored  
roar like a street  
shudder.

Glow plug for cold starts

into swirled air  
hot enough to spark—

*—the brakes of dry.*

*The limited reach.*

*The kitchen of fuel.*

*The ample operations of the machine.*

*The extremely low speeds of the cross accelerated.*

*The strong returns of the cold time.*

*The heavy more of the red hot engine.*

*The high coal of the strong.*

*The length of the compressed air.*

*The candle of the totality.*

*Mimus* sings  
through nights and years,  
bolts into the air and back  
without missing a note.

Mimesis of many voices,  
resident songs of other birds,  
animals, machines.

A wide range of open,  
a habitat generalist  
of two abundant broods  
nesting in coniferous,  
deciduous in vines  
or twigs lined with grass.

The blue green  
eggs with browns,  
heads and tails held high,  
dart and retreat. Ground  
gleaned for foliage,  
conspicuous wingflash,  
grey upperparts with pale  
eyes yellow and a slim  
black bill with a slight  
downward curve.

Open areas  
and dense shrubs,  
clutch early  
or late season.

Neighboring birds join the attack,  
others watch mockingbird  
swoop on crow—

—*light under.*

*Long dark tail.*

*White edges.*

*Long dark legs.*

*White wing bars.*

*Snow white wing in flight.*

*Spread wings in two-step.*

*Fold them again.*

—

Fronds waver  
(even with no wind).

Leaves settle

*in a splendid variety of trees,*

*a tiny Monterey cypress,  
weeping eucalyptus,*

*flaming eucalyptus,  
grevilia robusta,  
palm trees, pine trees,  
and many more cedars,*

two giant sequoias,  
*monkey-puzzle,*  
banana palms,  
pepper trees,

Monterey, Arizona,  
and Italian cypress,  
acacia, royal palm,  
Mt. Atlas cedar—

*—it has been said  
that there is hardly a tree  
indigenous to frigid, torrid  
or temperate zones  
which can't be raised  
in Long Beach,*

*and the various parks  
and residence sections of this city  
bear living evidence  
of our dark, prolific soil.*



**MAP 7**  
Third Street (Ximeno to Park)



1.

How long this rubble,  
a single arch, a tributary  
of this brook. What remains  
of the pier still standing,  
the motion of legs walking  
this valley between hills  
and bluff. Overlook the sprawl,  
the gauntlet of concrete  
on foot, much thought  
to the new.

What layers split by rainwater,  
borewell and open ground,  
layer of sand, of gravel,  
of medium pebbles.

What tonnage of traffic,  
builders and freighters  
through the forecast years,  
after ballast.

What hungry particulates of air  
in the trapped heat and reflected light  
of changing rainfall across the Pacific,  
want of wood smoke  
from halfway around the world.

What proof that there is no away,  
there is no place than this.

The hour after daybreak,  
too early for the calls of children  
punctuating the still morning.

Early rise in this city  
not quite a city,  
not fully a suburb.

Shore birds migrate north  
each morning as sunlight breaks  
over palms, power lines dotted  
with crows.

—

That planes fly.

That the sun rises again and again  
in the east.

That there is a river below us,  
water or not.

—

What direction of water  
this morning?

With the storm clouds bunched up  
and bruised?

Low layer of overcast  
for which coastal cities are known,  
imperceptibly dissipating by noon?

Sky clear but cold,  
no water there that we can see?

Water, in fissures and in creek  
beds and basins—

—*Bell Creek, Arroyo,  
Calabasas.*

*In the Sepulveda Basin.*

*In the Glendale Narrows.*

*In the Long Beach estuary.*

River for water and its attraction  
to animals.

DePortola rested  
among the angels of *Porciuncula*.

—

Portmanteau  
of trademarks.

Discards  
debris thrown  
by front

Dempster  
lift prongs emptied.

Dumpmaster  
a large  
flip the  
image of climb /  
dive.

Midnight to a  
manhole.

Wood plank any  
rapidly growing  
middle ground 2x4  
scheme.

Million  
secret  
time in jigsaw  
dollars.

Widespread  
unlikely.

Chimney stack  
raft of measures  
that curious mythology

this whole business  
of haunting.

What doors must be opened completely  
for passage to occur?

Which answers will become clear  
in the course of the description:

*\* Figure 1 concerns the nomenclature of mysterious sounds.*

*\* Figure 2 features the brilliance of light in cold air.*

*\* Figure 3 charts the positions of crows at treeline.*

*\* Figures 4 to 9 illustrate the direction of the sun moving across the sky.*

What notation of morning,  
no stranger to the loud.

Chains clink in the gothic mystery  
of residential backyards  
where anything is possible  
behind head-high shrubs or fences,

chains too big and heavy for dogs,  
trailer chains or bondage chains,  
chains for swing sets or tire swings  
from the extended biceps of trees

in a climate that rarely hears the clash  
of tire chains against the slick sheen  
of ice and slush, the faint  
decibels of falling snow—

*—snow simply falling below audibility,  
snowflakes striking against one another,  
the sound of snow falling through still air,  
striking soft snow measured at a distance.*

Imagine life without ice cream, ice-cold beer.

Imagine no days of fresh food.

Imagine no flowers—

*—or ice harvested and stored in China,  
snow in storage pits of Rome and Greece,  
roofs of earthen jars of cooling water in Egypt,  
long-necked bottles in water of dissolved saltpeter,  
cellars, outdoor window boxes,  
springhouse fed by cool spring waters.*

Walk across the eight-inch crust of frozen lake,  
skates in your pockets, December's fierce battalion  
of snow, the stilled waters of New England,  
Boston to New Orleans,  
Havana, Martinique,  
ballast of ice in emptied ships—

*—frost covers windows,  
wheels creak, boys run,  
winter rules, & ice  
worth five figures  
floats on Fresh Pond.*

Willmore's one-man newspaper,  
the *American Colony Enterprise*,  
lasted a year.

The *Journal* became the *Breaker*  
which was purchased, along with the *Eye*,  
by the *Press*.

The *Tribune*, then *Pacific Tribune*,  
purchased by the *Press*.

The *Press* built a plant  
on Pine and Sixth.

Bought the *Long Beach Daily Telegram*.

Bought the *Sun*.

The *Independent* and *Press-Telegram*  
purchased by Ridder (Knight-Ridder)—

—a constant hum of activity,  
and only the timeliest news.

*People live here,  
work here,  
recreate here.*

*A clear sense of purpose,  
ours is to provide  
readers with information  
that will help them  
know their environment—*

—they, who read about the endless hours  
of becoming, of fresh air from mountain tops.

Who calculated the time and day of the circulation,  
of the number of early mornings over the years.

Who traced the outreach of the walk.

Who gave us protection from the weather.

Who delivered love door-to-door with the story  
of personal symbolism and other small gifts.

Who responded to the required tapes,  
to the letters and the tracts.

Who prayed and collected tears  
for what remains of their heaven.

Who flung the newspaper.

Who wrote the message out and shared seeds.

Who walked the holy land of May.

Who kept clippings of contact and setting.

Who gained awareness of knowledge.

Who held hope for this world.

Who spoke the false doctrine of results.

Who sampled the palaces of the city,  
the seams and intersections?

Who among us of torment or temper,  
these artists of the urban landscape?

What is better than a video game,  
a spindly stripped-down  
bicycle navigating the blacktop  
spaces between the city  
and exhilaration, the path  
and the sweet spot?

What sluggish weight of traffic on roads  
at the cycling time, a cliché of freedom,  
ascendant, utopian?

The cultural bravado of urban traffic  
between throngs of midnight whistles,  
the core whoop of the city.

If we never had a car, are we riding  
to glimpse this grandiose space,  
a sideways recognition through the velocities  
of moving?

What patina of hard precision, tall shadows  
slant on the sidewalks of neighborhood streets  
and alleys through the arterial  
and up to the rumbling busy.

Build it simple and keep it right.

At bay against the pulling  
forces, the mark and cut  
of the place.

Allow for common implements  
to square the brace of the opposing,  
these handy holes cut through  
overhangs, the rippling  
and thick paling, the gate palings  
flush or skew whiff.

Allow for the contour of the ground  
to determine the shape of bolts.

Long for the stable years  
before we moved, broken redwood  
from very old trees.

Forge a bridge deep and square,  
this gable, this pergola, this arbour.

Walk to cover  
a large subdivision.

These neighborhoods  
of tremendous potential.

Built for speculation,  
everyman's ideal of a home.

If only we knew  
of tides turning.

A few early mornings  
stay with us.

—

Squeakwet shoes,  
what did our forebears do?

We may not be able  
to alter the weather,  
treading in wet grass  
a mixed blessing.

Oversized round crayon  
scrubbed into the surface  
buffing soles and heels  
with blackball,  
tallow or beeswax,  
soot (carbon black)  
(neatsfoot oil,  
sno-seal).

The arc of a walk,  
ashes saved  
for the marking purpose,  
a pair of shoes  
every six months.

What hesitant steps,  
mile zero of rain  
striking the ground,  
the diffusion of everything.

2.

what an  
extra-

ordinary

thing

kick

pebble  
skitter

hands a bundle

up  
against

our bones

crooked  
toward  
the blue

in yellow  
glaze

mice  
in a pile  
of hay

life:  
a morsel

so quiet

a tiny seed  
hits the sidewalk

a falling leaf

rare  
here

far too  
complex  
to arise  
spontaneously

loud  
as a  
shadow  
or history

these common  
denizens  
of the  
morning

door

wood

screen

old farm

screen door w/ wood frame

thin

wire-framed glasses

an old shovel

an empty place  
of stone and wood

we live  
in old houses

3.

Impossible dust,  
listening for water  
beneath streets.

Near-miss,  
smoke out there  
across the river  
banking and black  
billow, surprise  
of high iron  
shower of paper,  
late again trains  
stranded, crowded  
stops, not a small  
rubble and acrid.

Rained much of last  
of what was not there  
in this sight of smog  
against the very blue  
empty open  
below which  
everything  
downwind of water  
upon land and earth.

Steel girders down  
lens of this cloud  
of dirt and ash,  
bewildered and bad  
sun dark in scale,  
secrets far greater.

Shelter in normalcy  
harbored, sustained  
scale of numbers,  
the full text  
of two cities.

Midst of bridges,  
how long the trip  
cold enough to turn.

Tension, the air.

—

For future air no fine mist  
atomized, how rich or lean  
the sound of the cessation  
of the infinite drone.

The body of modernity  
without head or tail,  
the sputtering finality  
of the last car—

*—the fall.*

Often we will see  
certain times in the past  
clear as morning.

The plot will be emptied.

For now, as engines  
turn there is snow  
on the ground—

*—I write this  
with great authority.*

Marvel at the faith,  
the hardened spirit.

That lovely morning  
in late summer,  
elsewhere, water  
after a rainstorm,  
there, light and a sound  
unimagined.

It never occurred  
that they would fall.

Here, calm ground  
where nothing is ever lost  
in this world.

4.

—laureate  
of methedrine

speeding down sky  
and muscle car  
connected to torso  
remains a shadowy  
figure walking

heavenward eyes  
side of mountain  
thin on metal  
skip sighs and  
obey gunfire  
ghost notes  
( ( no ) )  
across the roof

trip and we  
dream journal  
of fume squeal  
and smoke  
medicine of steam

—beat  
up and blue  
house on the  
corner wide  
open.

Unfurl

a heavy paper  
impregnated with tar,

part of a roof

for waterproofing,

stip

roof felt  
paper

mean cedar?  
roof up

shingles

*right breath*

valley  
valleys

What knowledge we have of the roof in a home.

What basics of tie, shingles to dormer.

*And how are the valleys now?*

Let it bend and reach along the cut valley.

Weave the flashing ends of paper bent up and dry.

*Retain heat? Reject heat?*

ballpark  
footprint

slope?

25 YR ARC

trash as well as labor

Evidence of ice and water at the eaves.

*flashing*

Four nails or six in tornado wind or high country.

What woods, what temperature does it need to be?

plan on continuing

then no more

( required )

*be still within*

*grippa*

of handguard  
of stretchings and sustenations

winch?

traffic

handspike

of of  
of  
folded

antique  
no spans or asterisks  
suspended inside

pin  
weight

cranks  
levers  
cubbies

*with footnotes at the end?*

the great stream

*What a sense of smell!*

The olfaction,  
the detection of dissolved chemicals  
in the air.

The long ears of a hound help  
collect scents close to the nose  
of large nasal passages, sturdy  
enduring body, loose moist  
lips trapping scent by shape  
    (or shake  
        if the molecule fits).

Pheromones of Jacobson's organ,  
a thousand genes of odor  
of which a third function, the others  
    mere mutations  
        of nonsense.

—

A dog responds to his name  
without waiting or unnecessary panting,  
never anticipates directions  
or the unnecessary shouting  
in a noisy place.

Came to hunt and could not remember  
three kingdoms on the shore of a lake,  
all of the dog drum and shouting,  
a ready treat for the whistling attention.

Never heard the screeching,  
the whelping hand of keepers  
who suggested his name as a blot,  
commonplace, the tumbling snapshot,  
the brindled control.

Remember the names of the cliffs,  
the blackness of vision,  
these good, old,  
wise tongues.

Take this town like a cross,  
the main courtyard of rank and stoning,  
soft hills blushing in a ring  
of rays, the night of desired giving.

Still amid the running,  
imitate the claws and hurl,  
think only of discipline  
or the key of whisper,  
deliver space from the sea,  
the coral heart.

—

Withdrawn  
above the toe  
pads.

Dislodging  
sheath found  
buried.

Tone,  
quick of nerve  
endings and  
blood.

—

By the rule of law.

By all that is right and fair,  
a dog bone in a kitchen  
easier for an indoor dog,  
outdoor dog on a chain  
seen once or twice a day.

With food thrown down  
too many things can happen—

—*some escape.*

*Some climb.*

*Coyotes, wolves, hawks even.*

*Terrible things like thieves.*

*Poison.*

So, the inside dog  
scratches against the window,  
sounds the alarm against fires,  
strangers, babies,  
barks muffled and distant  
behind smudged glass.

Buzz,  
a patch rapidly  
worn or coarsely  
abraded  
of tire.

Spin and squeal,  
from under the hood  
all the right  
noise.

Frantic  
tread  
separates,  
painted on  
with an airbrush,  
hair  
down. Super  
short length.

Shave  
the pattern,  
clamor.

To a racing  
depth we can  
no longer  
hear. Wear  
bars  
in the grooves.

Silver stripe  
on the outside,  
leaving these rubber  
skins  
as memorial.

Some futuristic  
robot, the firing  
of unimaginable  
weapons. In most  
areas a railroad  
spike,  
people dying  
beneath cars.

—

A straight stretch of road  
and the luminous way,  
the water hammer  
from watermain to gooseneck,  
the magnitude of the pulse—

*—luck of a footless rabbit,  
blush, it was massive.*

*hull like a hard rain*  
small inlet

(we can stand here)

and forth a black-  
beaten

on the small bravado  
of sidewalk

on the asphalt ground

spoon  
small alcohol

three things  
fragments

through small openings

broken pavement

glass

throat

headlong rush  
scow

St. Mary's  
and point break  
nature by lying

small or trifling  
pinpoint

course others  
cloud to see  
and on the ground novel with layout

tucked away

soul to cinders

line pulled taut

—leaf flip in the wake,  
in the swirling.

Sluiced from foothills,  
gold awash in mercury.

Who inherited the badlands,  
our habits of seeing?

For all the bravado,  
what boom gone bust?

Large cities born in a day,  
strangers in this land  
of no love.

What unforgiving ecology?

What endless erasure?

*Who were they kidding?*

What arc for our story?

Between soil and roots,  
between a place and its people,  
the sublime lost in the moment  
of passage.

*Reconsider the condition  
of our lives together.*

The thing observed is changed.

*Rape or redemption,  
weeds overtake the beds.*

Pretend the world is a garden.

Turn away from the woes.

Brush up against branch or shrub,  
against pole, against the droop  
of dry palm fronds,  
vegetation from properties  
spilling into the corridor  
of the sidewalk.

Walk in a landscape in defense of the land,  
a resonance and a cultural weight,  
these walks that are all trespasses  
through the beauty of the body  
of the landscape.

A spiritual thing, a near religion  
among landowners and landless,  
the commons and the footpaths,  
thin ribbons of public land laid down  
upon vast swaths of private,  
corollaries of the glorious open gardens,  
towns to cities, economic to psychic,  
the war of Epping Forest.

Reclaim the path,  
*actus* back into *iter*,  
back into deer trace,  
into small pockets of clearing.

**MAP 8**  
Third Street (Park to Eliot Lane)



1.

A crime is doing something wrong.

Check behind and again before turning.

Keep your doors, windows, and garage.

Improve your light, don't leave the outside in the open.

Keep in plain view inside.

Ask daily about the materials provided to you.

We will be more aware, we will learn, we will feel, we will meet and develop, we will look away, we will sense.

We have prepared notebooks (TRUE or FALSE).

We have discussed impact and prices.

We have discussed extra locks and extra security.

We have inspected our neighborhoods (TRUE or FALSE).

We know everyone.

We keep lists, we keep photographs and excessive cash.

We do not hide.

Our family knows to leave, our family knows what to do.

All trees and shrubs are trimmed.

We have numbers listed on our telephones.

The outside of our home is well.

Our porch has a light, our house is visible.

Our family has ladders, trellises, drain pipes, and a higher floor.

We have doors in our home.

All our doors are viewers, all our locks are secure.

All doors have locks with throw and guard.

All doors are operated from the inside.

All doors can be locked, installed with screws and hinge pins.

Our door is secured with a padlock or hasp.

We lock our doors at night.

We lock our doors while not at home.

We lock our doors and take out the keys.

All windows are equipped and pinned, properly and securely mounted.

We keep all our windows locked when shut, we use locks that allow us to lock.

We have replaced or secured all windows.

We use window bars and ornamental grills.

We have locks on our windows, we cover windows with curtains or shades.

We are as careful to secure windows as we are to secure doors.

We use good telephone procedures.

We are away from home for extended periods.

While we are away, we make our home look lived in.

We notify a trusted neighbor, we notify local law enforcement.

We store all valuables.

We know the three Rs of protection: resist, report, restrain (recognize, recuperate).

Allow us to isolate our home.

We have ladders to something secure, tool sheds and back gardens.

In our summer garages we have worked on Volkswagens and switches, bikes and mowers, hasps and padlocks.

We have heard the locking of snow falling, the sash of mortice, the coating of cast iron, and the fall pipes of whisper.

We listen to the passing of infrared, the grinding angle of seconds.

We leave the unbroken key at the bottom, drop cards in coat pockets or somewhere else, imagine damaged planes from the falling.

We love loved ones blindly, set anchor with gripping hands.

We realize the truth about wood, a hacksaw and a drill, hundreds of leaflets from the encircled sky.

We protect everything that should not fall utterly to instinct, another quarter turn, in a few hours the ice and its delicate surface, the flowers near the garage, the falling moon and the stars, the elsewhere rain.

—

Somewhere a radio plays unknown songs distant and faint, radio waves bouncing off the ionosphere or something as simple as a 9-volt and a coin or the continuous stream of high voltage from spark coils, static to sine waves, the soft space of sensors from the invisible environment that surrounds us.

How people relate to each other and their spaces, the banks of the three rivers expanding and receding, covering new and exposing old.

These boundaries shift, as much common ground then as now.

The overlapping territories of static silent structures that surround us.

Fluid fields beyond fields.

Space that envelops us anywhere, anytime.

Atmosphere, visible light, and even wavelengths.

These waves encompass distant stars from a territory invisible and abundant,  
a topography of shape and intensity, of natural and human-constructed landscapes,  
observed tales ignored, material responses to immaterial fields.

Most of us know the settling of buildings, signals, or rooms, the positions of furniture, the  
thickness of walls, doors and windows, the ethereal cartography of real space only *we* know about.

We drift from cell to cell, from room to room among the densities of simple mapping.

We imagine the contours of a city.

We are aware of the intensity of the signal, while we often forget the very act of making.

We notice changes, a materialization of process, a few seconds of galloping beats, impinging  
ripples, flashing space, such ecology of light.

We begin to read cities as overlapping fields, a collection of destinations, ambient sounds and  
voices.

We explore ghostly poetics moving through a framework, round waves discovered while walking,  
the choreography of nose-to-toe.

Before dusk, a cloud released from its ground.

The sky rises, slowly floats, sweeps.

The cloud, embedded with ultra-bright blue, illuminates the glow and flicker of light.

The cloud passes through spaces.

Listen to the distant sounds of the sky.

Find others to create light across the surface of the cloud.

The cloud will pervade our environment and affect new fields, create ripples of light reminiscent of flashing thunder and curtains of lightning.

Motor oil on cardboard.

We shall paint trees and farmhouses, bring sailing boats  
from alpine lakes to the sea.

Felt, fat, hare, horns of a deer.

One handful of chalk dust thrown against ocean waves,  
nails driven into the floor, paint poured into a hole  
in the ground, one square of stone, wet palm prints  
on a tree's bark.

We would like our work to be non-work, find ways around  
our misconceptions, go beyond what we *know*  
and what we do *not* know.

What we know—

*—the first step.*

*An array of paths radiating, leading  
in all directions.*

*A single point of view from an aerial position.*

*An impossibly clear vista.*

*Each step a point where particles of earth collect,  
deposit.*

*Simple cross-sections of the mapped site,  
enormous masses of land.*

*Hand prints in the mud.*

In brooks we make basins, elastic connections. Words absorbed  
by microphones, sheets of paper held over hot plates. Birds  
at the center of the earth, the sculpture becoming a system,  
the viewer a witness.

We make things of this world, magic and marvelous deeds.

What movement of snow over grass, grass upon land.

What fall of a river down from the forests to the public spaces.

In deserts the accumulation of experience, lives of gestures  
and *poveri*, all works without titles.

So, enough of this lamentation—

*—walking.*

*Bouncing balls.*

*Violin sounds.*

*Shoes.*

*An igloo.*

*Fine thread.*

*Ferns.*

*A cricket chirping.*

*These many horizontal things.*

*The smile playing around the face.*

*The discovery of an unexpected fountain  
in a city bounded by water.*

A plane needs an airport as mediator between earth and sky.

Houses crowded with people, the streets not so much.

Salts build up and burn into the grain of the ground.

Nitrogen of the new green growth, almost all leaf, grass continually renewing after mowing, manure, dried blood, bone meal.

Phosphorous of the strong roots and blooms, bulbs and perennials, the newly planted.

Potassium of the overall health, protection against heat, cold, disease, a special need.

Calcium of vigor, the growth of young roots and shoots.

Magnesium of the regulated intake, the aid of seeds, the dark green color.

Sulfur of the dark green color and vigor.

Iron of the dark green color.

Potash, the alchemy of transforming sunlight into food.

Flowers, plants that bloom for a long time—

—*see garden.*

Lawns, new green leaves—

—*see lawns.*

Roses, other shrubs or landscape plants—

—*see roses.*

Azaleas, camellias, and rhododendrons, other plants that have similar needs, blueberries and mountain laurel—

—*see trees and shrubs.*

Vegetables, fast-growing annuals—

—*see vegetables.*

Tuning fork or tiller, porous sand or heavy clay and silt pack down hard and do not drain well.

Leave more space for water to run through which is why sandy soils dry out fast, waterlogged soils of clay after a heavy rain.

The loamy ideal of the Midwest, of topsoil scraped away in new neighborhoods common along coasts.

Consider raised beds, hard and dense, crabgrass, plots of dirt never watered sprouting green as lawn sod—

—*granules washed away by the rain.*

*The poor contact of weeds.*

*The weather is cool or warm.*

*Can fertilizer be crumbled into spreadable particles?*

*Do dry clumps shatter easily?*

*Can lime ever be the same?*

*What happened to the green lawn?*

*How soon should water fall?*

*How soon can we aerate, how soon can we sow?*

—

How soon  
this water in the expectant air?

How this neighborhood rises up  
in a series of overlays,  
a palimpsest of the morning?

What camper shell and fishing poles,  
dawn walks along isolated roads  
past leaning stop signs, past campers  
parked, full grain trucks lumbering  
down interstate past fields  
of tiny seed holes?

What banners billowing  
above doors, bikes on the shoulder  
of long ribbons of road?

What landscape of order  
and great rules, morning sun  
over canopies of trees,  
rivers of hungry fish—

—by descending order of frequency  
these fetishes:

*1 camp*

*29 campaigner*

*1 campfire*

*2 campfires*

*1 camping*

*2 camps*

*2 hats*

*87 hast*

*15 haste*

*4 hat*

*1 hatch*

*2 hatched*

*1 sheath*

*1 sheep*

*4 sheering*

*1 sheet*

*1 shell*

*3 shells*

*1 spiral*

*2 series sooner*

*7 tug a turtle*

*I chock*

*I jetsam—*

—a pair of geese hung from a latticework of stout,  
a hunting song, a road song,  
people glad to celebrate  
May Day as the day lengthens,  
doors covered with hash marks,  
as dusk sneaks into view  
with its blooming.

Road wind moves rustling maps, these expeditions  
and the cautious gleaning, black as a sinker,  
hook of pearl  
out there just off the shoreline.

What movement in nearby branches  
or rustling leaves, shuffling and hissing  
in the rubbish, a few poles stuck  
in the ground, clapboard, cedar  
boughs and cornstalks, the barn  
with its haymow where hens lay eggs,

and,

not afraid of the cold or snow,

we hid apples to ripen.

2.

*Solea,*  
of soil and ground.

Of shock attenuation—

*—but this tiny pebble  
of sole and ground,  
plans best laid.*

Of this gauzy dialect  
of passersby.

—

Top up on the auto  
strada, smitten  
with torque.

Aficionado of rolled  
windows.

Super  
supercar anger,  
but sharp beauty.

Stop yourself from breathing if you can,  
stretch and constrict. Platinum  
or palladium-coated ceramic,  
honeycomb or beads.

Carbon monoxide escapes  
the open door while the catalytic  
converter changes harmful  
to harmless.

Where does the air go,  
and what happens  
when it gets there?

If every poison is poisonous,  
then hemoglobin  
turns bright red,  
burns violet.

3.

flyer  
of factories  
    radio  
liberty coaster

of Pasin's nights

historic #4  
optimistic toy wagons—

*—for every boy, for every girl.*

*Who makes do or do without?*

*Who dreams of a better life?*

black tuesday  
    seventh of december,

coaster boy

streak o lite

blitz cans  
congo

slicks and speed ball  
scat racer  
baby walker  
ski sled  
big mag

mod

*fireball*

spokeless  
thousand mile

in full swing  
sprout

a shift

a line of garden  
push-pull

moon

of full-force

U-

not enough

*curve of  
tire*

The space of our vision  
in a turn—

—*continue on*

—*a series of points  
in a curve*

The scope of audition  
in this land—

*—a sequence of sun break  
over the curvature  
of the earth*

**MAP 9**  
Third Street (Eliot Lane to Nieto)



1.

For the truest sense of how the landscape has changed,  
look in the wildest forms. A leaping forth,  
no country in the whole more stirring.

Whose poems flood great light on the dark morning,  
though no original tongue at present exists?

*What scenery! What associations sparingly dotted!*

Make compass of the city upon its walls, the place  
where a river enters into the sea or joins another,  
these rain days when all is quiet, this harvest month  
under the dark, spreading branches.

The creased lines of the folds  
of this world. Stars dimmed  
for those who have never seen  
a map.

—robins tell stories  
told to them by crows  
of rocks once firm in ocean  
break.

—what scent of sea  
this morning after a night  
imagined full of lights  
from fishing boats.

FACT—

*—out among the breakers.*

FACT—

*—jitter, a badge  
of honor.*

FACT—

*—peninsula glimpsed  
through bay of smoke.*

*It is a great evil  
that to enable death to reach  
human beings more quickly  
we have taught iron how to fly.*

Iron punished by rust  
for its warfare and artful pride—

*—the powdery implosions of time.*

*The scaly topography of decay.*

*The blurry rainfall of reaction.*

*The reddish yellow spectrum of entropy.*

Naked iron helpless against air and water,  
galvanized with sacrificial metal.

William de Lacey lost in the Vale of Ewas,  
toiling in rusty armor among the ruins.

Sing a song, these slow pedestrians  
of the third act.

The simplest chorus in the world.

What witchery woven into its construction,  
trial and error beneath an effortless facade.

Not black but none too white—

*—a blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare.*

*A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare.*

*A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare.*

What forms fit in the memory of confused minds?

Short-breathed Twain passed jingle-meme  
to red-faced Mr. ----- and then to a classroom  
of unsuspecting students—

*—punch, brothers, punch, punch with care,  
all in the presence of the passenjare.*

And on their rushing heels came others.

But the world soon forgets its disquiet.

—

Horizon-wide plains  
in trundle of city.

Horse burials above the spring,  
highways once lined with marsh.

Aquifers beneath mountains,  
thin pasturage.

Peat fringe of palms,  
salt scrub, reeds choke  
open water.

Salt fresh in animal relief,  
fringe pools dense or tough,  
plush and plaster.

Basalt,  
sharply watered, pitch,  
trackless and capped  
of any chaff.

Foursquare  
facing tile of desolate,  
overtopped with green,  
a long dry,  
a series of once.

—

Permanently  
must be cut  
to release  
that, now severed?

Thin strips  
of infinity

landfill?

Bird  
lift to nest?

Swept  
gutter and down  
or corroding salt? sea

Black against water  
where no light  
penetrates?

—

We settle for dandelions  
and an occasional leaf.

—

The general idea of the palm,  
princess of the vegetable world.

Borne on simple spikes—

*—protected by spathes.*

*Perianth of six green with six stamens.*

*Pistil of carpels sturdy and pillar-like.*

*Slender stem prostrate.*

*Scandent by formidable means,  
the branches of neighboring trees.*

Flowers simple as a rush,  
stems no more complicated  
than the butcher's broom.

Branched stem and tufts  
of gigantic leaves scattered,  
cylindrical palms covered  
with projecting remnants—

*—marked with scars  
where former leaves  
have fallen away.*

Expose foliage to the light  
and air above the treetops  
of dense forests.

Leaves appear to rise from the ground,  
roots thrust into soil. No overthrow  
by the wind of fibrous leafstalk,  
slow decay of softer portions  
which form these noble crowns  
of foliage.

The upper parts of leaf decay  
and fall while the base  
and sheathe remain—

*—the succulent end of the stem  
from which it arises.*

Leaf's sheathing base tapers upwards  
into the petiole, bears the lamina,  
the inflorescence of palms.

Fleshy spike simple—

*—or much branched,  
studded with numerous flowers*

*which hang down like huge tresses  
from amid the crown.*

What individual flowers small,  
greenish, and insignificant?

What pollen transported by the agency  
of the wind or bees  
to buds?

This, the case of the date  
from time immemorial—

*—the true seed fruit of Areca.*

*The stone of stone-fruits.*

*The seed bearing the kernel.*

*The hard stone of the date.*

*The white oily flesh of the nut.*

*The seven tribes of the nature of the foliage.*

*The sexual conditions of the flower.*

*The character of the seed.*

*The nature of the stigma.*

Daybreak hidden in a mist of grains  
while still unfolded, these leaves.

—

About the fields of morning,  
overrun the tilled earth  
of gates and stiles,  
of bell and book sprung  
from the stream below  
or sky traversed,  
where the black dog ran  
like a drawn purse.

Lamps in the evening sun,  
contours of surrounding hills.

Number leaves by notes  
not in the resolution  
of the far noise between  
overpowering and near  
inaudible, but in the  
blurring of tracks,  
rest found beyond the river.

—

Cascade  
by the rushing.

Remember the crossing  
of urban and small streams,  
fresh water moving over stones,  
little water deaths  
in the vehicular night.

Mud,  
the main road  
of slam and spinning,  
the loud sound of splashing.

Across a flooded drive,  
heavy rainfall anywhere  
(a large rain in a short time),  
the high risk of low spots  
as water builds up  
on empty streets,

car lengths and cracks  
of thunder.

Around the handsome cars,  
magnetic hill.

—

Lurch  
against the faint  
incline, sparse  
scattering of stars.

With waves  
an evil, shrouds  
of a ship, laurels  
worn by nations  
or thieves.

Beauty we try  
to preserve,  
undoing the world  
one morning  
at a time.

2.

Hammer king  
of tools delivers blows  
to a target. Temper,  
pin-shaped nails fasten  
through shear strength.

Peen of claw, stone  
in hand w/ handle  
of bronze, of iron.

What friction of hand-  
forged, what deep surface  
of cut, what song of wire?

What face  
strikes flat face,  
fastens one surface  
to another?

While at rest,  
rust is not.

—

Wood—

*—most commonly used to make things.*

*Wudu*—

*—the primary content of stems,  
of cellulose bound by lignin.*

Ring—

*—of xylum, heartwood,  
sapwood.*

Wood—

—*stronger across the grain.*

*Thin slab strength of one ply.*

*Stinky panels of Portland's World's Fair.*

*Eight miles of football fields.*

logs

cut to length  
stripped  
steamed

spun on a lathe  
and peeled

like careful  
apple curls

veneers down  
to a thin core  
kiln-dried

patched with pointed ovals

stacked  
glued  
pressed

sanded

Death of old-growth Douglas Fir  
unmarred by knots  
or patches—

—*spotted owls.*

*Marbled murrelets.*

*Coho salmon.*

What plantations of private pine  
branches, crisscrossed  
and waiting?

What minerals push safely  
through the pores of their once clean  
containers now rusted with the wear  
of thrown objects by the action of fire—

—*of turmoil.*

Woodpecker works  
metal-plated telephone poles.

What jewelry of dawn  
armor and magical objects?

What mystery of metal  
in boxes of metal?

What lost certainty of purpose?

The Nomenclature of Climb

metal ladder  
against girder

timber  
bulwark rail pier  
rivet as lighting

I-beam

roofwalk  
grabs  
two rung end

bundle against trailer /

truck

bedplate or base  
two or more

around a digging

apron the flat  
lath  
of the coupler yoke

restricted to beams

lift  
and access a crane  
used

dredge and dredging

over pulleys  
lattice  
perforated

grillages  
trim hull  
top walkway

SHIM (not shown  
here)

A permanent ladder shall be.

A successful climb shall be—

—*layers of orthogons.*

*The concentric center of longitude.*

*The small dressings.*

*The ladder to the pilot.*

*The heavily raked garden.*

*Ladders and rungs to be stepped.*

*These heights to be scaled.*

Wrench or spanner  
or anything to turn,  
the physics of tool as lever—

—*Moncky's monkey.*

*Owen Jr's ratchet.*

*Stillson's pipe.*

*Jack Johnson's patent.*

*Vranish's ratchetless.*

Signed or unsigned,  
saved in Hull's Cove—

—*not sold in Jonesport, Searsport,  
or Liberty.*

These hand-forged tools  
of the Boston Wrench Group  
imported from the London  
of trade cards and pattern books  
of Wyke and Smith.

English coach wrenches  
with engravings and adverts,  
designs simplified in America,  
chamfered handles to simple round.

This need for adjustable wrenches,  
for all manner of axle nuts  
on colonial carts and wagons—

—*Boston Worcester.*

*M. Glasgow.*

*Coes Dixie.*

*Hewet.*

*Connecticut Delaware.*

*Pennsylvania pig iron.*

*Saugus River ironworks.*

*Lynn (Hammersmith).*

Where iron-laden vessels once sailed,  
the landscape has changed.

If a slag pile remained,  
overgrown and urbanized,  
the written records were correct.

This river silted,  
purple loosestrife tumbled  
over the watercourse,  
white-heat of the blast,  
this clanging of the great hammer.

They go their own way, these artists  
and their examples we wish to follow,  
samples of paint brushes in a can,  
a free handling of figurative objects  
and abstract forms, in the mind and eye  
a small number of simple images—

*—flag as landscape.*

*Beer cans as light.*

*Cans of turpentine as figure / ground.*

*Target as target.*

Look for something deeper—

*—if you are lucky you might disappear.*

This important drawing is sad in several ways,  
with borrowings and tracings—

*—two eyes and a mouth that might be smiling  
but gone back over, conflated and drawn out,  
reserved and laconic beneath a veil  
and a facecloth.*

*A recurring motif.*

*A tracing of a breastplate.*

*A draped corpse, a sleeping dog.*

*An outline of origin,  
a map of unknown country.*

A body was once here,  
a body without boundaries  
whose shadow proves its existence.

This is not the end of the world,  
but the arc a length of string makes.

3.

this crescent  
moon

lone  
in space  
or adjacent

large enough  
for one  
upright by  
the weight

alone susceptible  
to tipping

not too close

not too far

a hole

into  
which  
the waste

falls

—ash by-  
product

coal burn  
and clay

sand

scrape concrete  
still wet w/

water

among mineral  
aggregate & portland

stonelike

not tensile  
mesh cables  
prestressed

Smeaton's pebbles  
and powdered brick

slurry  
from local rock

sintered

but not fused

clinker +  
gypsum  
pulverized

pfa—

—ash of burnt coal

shot

tacker

nose

force

free

air

path

( a lifetime of )

haven

angry knuckles stand

hooks

tailgate as table

truck-buddy  
of zippers

mold that made the dark

skin  
trundle

yawn

best defense against losing yr body

of road mark

the desert  
& many mountains

iron  
coal  
scrap

avenue  
w/ fields

trees in town  
181 trees  
66 steps

Venus slips out of orbit

<unk>

4.

Of the glass and tap.

Hammer until the pane,  
the shack, the railroad tie.

Extend the inner baffle,  
inside edges free from breaks.

Heavy breaths contained  
in a glance, crumble  
in the distance.

Frame with miscut metal,  
building siding for sides.

Five strokes and tapped,  
the anvil sounds  
like a flood, this scrap  
material, these sheets.

Easterly house with standard well,  
rivets riveting, hammer  
in the absence of precipitate.

Clean, low air,  
gaps between rails  
from a distant highway,  
a sea of tin and trumpets white.

—

In all of the houses buried. Plywood under layers of stucco  
and paint. Under strips of polished hardwood,  
pads and carpet.

What exceptional sheets, weathered and warped  
across substantial gaps in sidewalks—

*—dirt holes muddied by faithful sprinklers.*

Once perfect rectangles flap under foot, stashed  
against shed walls, slowly broken by the pummel  
of rain, this wood once part of a tree  
veined with water.

—

That may rest outdoors in wet areas through bare roots in Tesla's AC.

That may be of the war of currents, be made of metal, plastic or ceramic, shielded from water and oil.

That may be flat or round, made by twisting.

That may be pulled from impromptu openings, damaged from new levels of complication.

That may contain the strength up high in the aerial wires, stranded solid in the bare sky.

That may divide the world into navy and turquoise, orange and brown.

That may resist the sun, retard the fire.

That may be moisture in the porous concrete, that may be buried in the earth.

The ground / earth is a core against faults.

Neutral is a core of commons grounded to earth, a conductor of imbalance.

The earth has its own rod.

The neutral is rodded to the earth.

The conductor knows the cost and dangers of broken neutrals.

Neutral carries current, carries difference through the live legs.

Metal and earth always rest at the same potential.

The sky connects to an earthing stake and the driven ground.

Ground and neutral combine against live shorts.

How does the earth protect?

Why are wires short to the earth?

How does the house of earth handle the fault of incoming water?

—

Up for auction tool in belt hammer swing on metal hook.

Lighter in damp conditions after cooked in desert heat.

Watch and clock workers and their grave faces.

Drive to places soaked or frozen solid. Drawn in  
we see red in the photos not there.

Wish for what is in the picture. What is lost today  
we buy again tomorrow a new one.

Claw and square beneath structures and secure places.

Most floors collect dirt for machines of production.

Blue collar hammer in a member's shop,  
drop-forged from high or half-circle.

Physics certainly plays a part.

Hammers in North America on the coals of explosive work.

When the sun comes to the instability of our own place.

—

Raining and the car  
was close, into the pool,

commute,  
bottleneck of cars

a car turns,

a flip

in path

this dog weather.

Signal light,  
full of traffic you merge,

impede,

muddy grass.

Closed eyes and dug  
our house is old,

on driveways whose view  
is blocked.

Weeks turn  
to weeks  
down a thick blanket of white.

5.

Weather and impact  
downward from direct splash,  
a heavy downpour, a layer  
of felt. Spring folds neatly  
into recess, a power  
of generous size, inland  
or coastal waters,  
in so tightening a closure.

What field of the invention  
contemplated for use  
where space is a luxury,  
minimal and the light,  
the fury of great ice,  
remote locations or big  
plunge, a new icon  
for storms, figures  
penciled in.

—

When the material of the foundation is secured as an image in our minds.

When the framing of floors is completed before the coming of fire season.

When the arrangement of rooms is anticipated for those with an interest in rooms.

When the size of the windows is spoken in knowing tones to those citizens of the morning.

*YES*

*erect, construct, and enlarge,  
alter, repair, and move,  
improve, connect, or demolish*

*grading*

*electrical, plumbing, and heat / air,  
pools, spas, and blockwalls,  
satellite, sprinklers, and water heaters*

When the modules of spring settle in place.

When the diagnosis of elements installed.

When the stability of structures appears to be complete.

*NO*

*wood / chain fences < 6 ft.  
masonry walls < 3 ft.  
paint, wallpaper, finish  
pre-fab sheds*

When the paper chase of framing still bitter about that month.

—

When there is something about driving  
with the wind, in touch with the road  
and landscape—

*—a switch on the dashboard, latches released.*

*Windows roll down before the roof moves.*

*Roof folds itself back and down behind the seats.*

*Motor turns gears on either side.*

*The geometry of the roof structure and its scissors-like linkage  
of metal arms and brackets linked by pins.*

*A soft roof with a clear and flexible plastic window.*

*A hardtop with glass that cannot fold.*

Like having two cars in your garage  
instead of just one.

Dig through plastic buckets of bolts,  
of washers, of lengths of wire,  
of sheet-metal screws,  
of brackets and bits.

Turn or delve this earth,  
the plodding and laborious search  
for things once known well,  
open soil of ore pulled from its bed,  
tools ill set, held wrong  
and so sprung.

Rummage through bins in the back  
of a truck, through plastic and metal,  
through cardboard and bedliner,  
this pulling and moving about,  
this searching carefully as through  
a book, leaf after leaf,  
a place writ narrow.

Find what is sought,  
or not.

—

Morning winds push air past  
the tiny blades of a small  
wooden windmill that powers  
no distribution of cogs.

A cowbell gently clangs,  
signals the arrival  
of no cows.

Yellow caution tape flaps  
helplessly near a late-stage  
construction site that no longer  
needs protection.

No name for this breeze of salt  
of the Pacific, ashes of Santa  
Ana wind-swept fires,  
the distant whistles  
of slow moving trains.

This morning, though,  
we smell no scent,  
feel no grit on our skin,  
hear no sounds  
save caution tape,  
and cowbells,  
and windmills.

—

Brittle and will break,  
blown glass of green  
in common glass of tint.

Glass in wood ashes,  
glass replaced by glass,  
blown and swung.

Cut hot these flattened  
sheets, secret Venice  
of centuries—

*—sharp shards of glaciers.*

*The strong relativity of hard wear.*

*The inactive biology of inert essentials.*

*This impervious surface.*

*The glass glaze of obsidian volcanic.*

—spin molten  
disk into panes,  
cast glass, press  
etch-acid or caustic.

Not all glassy materials  
and the absence of transition  
in the range of visible glass  
of the greater length of light where—

*—manganese removes green of iron amethyst.*

*Selenium red or cobalt blue.*

*Pure copper of very dark red or gold ruby.*

*Gold ruby rich or cranberry.*

*Nickel blue violet or black (even)—*

—Blaschka's flowers  
and the float glass of Pilkington,  
molten glass over molten tin  
spreads smooth along the sides,  
this polish of fire, these large  
jagged shards, these tempered  
cooling blasts of air.

Compressive over tensile,  
interlayer bonded when broken,  
water drawn to the surface—

*—drops explode in the palms  
of royal hands.*

Glass creeps under load,  
but does not flow.

—

Under foot,  
a sheet of this material,  
blue shelter from the wind  
and large rain,  
the strong and flexible sunlight.

Tar pall, this cover  
of ground, ships sealed  
against the water that wants  
to wander everywhere.

Water as a wedge  
between grip and gripped,  
full braking of wet.

Draw back to slick  
wet windows in the sunny day,  
wet asphalt that tires wrinkle,  
concrete and whitening  
clouds tend to sag or set up.

Wet sump on lift  
and under car,  
raise howls, drape dry  
or dip at the apex  
of ice and snow in the space  
where we lost time,  
this fruit of earth  
damn heavy.

—

This rhythm of a hard path  
or sidewalk seams brittle  
when leaves tire of this road  
and the skimming of bumps,  
bright shimmering morning.

Light snow and twig of rough ground  
of woodsmoke air over the years  
that bikes have rolled over leaves,  
over the white lines and grassy shoulders  
of the white forest of hearing.

Quiet minutes in the city  
of roots that rise and lower,  
of the hard wisdom of leaves.

—

Black dots on the underside of leaves  
and on stalks. Entire gardens root  
in pots and grow to the limits  
of their containers.

Winter of coffee grounds, fuzzy  
white bugs through blood orange  
or reddish.

Check for fruiting structures,  
the chilling injury of cold  
cuttings from one potted plant  
rooting in another world of soil,  
blooms blue and pink.

Honeydew is not soda pop.

Adult gnats among the leaves  
of the potted plant, above soil  
perforated with larvae.

A pretty glazed pot has no drainage  
holes. Stand upright, deep-toothed  
leaves of orchids pot in bark.

Leaves burn in the sun, cuttings  
root readily in gardens on window-  
sills alight with fragrant slant  
of afternoon sun.

Natural dieback of mushrooms  
from the soil of compost, of light  
spores traveling miles  
on the high wind.

—

Wormholes, another result  
of Einstein's equations  
of darker matter than dark,  
two distant points connected,  
fields to valleys,  
hills to mountains,  
Moon to Mars.

Today we look at quasars,  
at a nothingness so complete,  
so undefined.

Picture after picture  
through open window,  
closed window, the geometry  
of an expanding universe,  
the time of our current science—

*—what distant corners?*

*What barriers of sound and landscape?*

*What volume of fire?*

*What scenario of speed and velocity?*

*What astronomy of events?*

*What mode of perception, what direct knowledge?*

*What thin layers of clouds?*

*What redshifting of light?*

*What patient dreams of Galileo?*

**MAP 10**  
Appian Way (Red Line)



1.

All of the sounds—

*—chain link fence ringing acres of schoolyard  
bordering the queen of the roads.*

*The red cars that clanked through Zaferia  
to Seal Beach.*

*Now a greenbelt of wild browns and a sense  
of the color of living plants.*

Of chains on asphalt, dragged.

Of chain-link fence rattle.

Of chain-link gates.

Of padlocks pulled and knocked against chain-link—

*—a diagonal slice of open space.*

*Train tracks lifted away.*

*A lone red car stranded on a thin wedge  
of grass.*

A pipe clangs like a bell in the distance, a rung  
bell's long fadeout, reverberations  
of Sumatra's earth strike—

*—500 to 600 seconds.*

*100 gigaton bomb.*

*800 mile gash.*

*50 feet of slippage.*

Millimeters of vertical motion,  
sitting in laboratories watching TV,  
at night a steady signal of the vibrating earth  
that spins just a little faster.

No place escaped in these days  
fractions shorter, tilted axis nudged  
on maps and globes now obsolete,  
these slow cows in a field,  
the wonder of wind blowing  
through trees.

—

Millions in the states and world  
of these great days of our planet  
*where a cell phone is a radio!*

An array of place names,  
new ones of breakneck speed  
and the division of cities into cells,  
*hexagons of mind control!*

What thick coverage (grids overlaid  
upon grids), roar of interstices.

This duplex channel of send / receive,  
a chorus of queued voices  
through a forest of prickly towers  
of grounded green wires and copper  
via five way latch on the gate,  
*one ugly tree of sprigs and a bird!*

—

On the face of the earth,  
the darkest sounding.

A brief spoken element emerges  
from the noise floor  
or woodwork, gurgle—

*—rampant mystique,  
hangdog.*

Heartening about hearing  
what remains of the path.

Black humor  
persists, some kind of evil  
under the alias—

*—two sounds  
of wear & tear.*

*—of keytangle,  
a parade of timbre.*

With what weight  
or percussion?

Old stories  
ever new in glory.

What jumbled direction  
of experience to memory?

What certainty of the sea  
we know without knowing?

—

To scratch,

To write,

To paint with a device that sprays—

*—inscriptions of a figure  
on mosaic and stone.*

*Handprint and a heart-like shape.*

*Footprint and a number  
(how many steps to find a lover).*

*Insults and magic.*

*Declarations of love and politics,  
runes and stone.*

*Vulgar and classical,  
cave canem.*

*Fifty days of frenzied energy,  
the headlong forward rush.*

*Apollo, the artist.*

*Suma, the fire  
that consumes all before it.*

What is the expectancy of life?

What light made softer in recent years?

What system of things not seen, sounds not heard?

After reading this we believe we have one hundred years of life, an extensive collection of experience on the subject of progress.

What symbols of resistance, of longevity and durability?

We study outdoor locations for years.

We notice the presence of opaque surfaces, thin shields.

What other than burial will provide complete protection?

### Pattern One

When a plastic bucket is drummed in the distance (the instrumentation of found objects, of snare and bass, tenor and tom, cymbals and buckets, garbage cans and paint cans), what is heard is a piece composed in the style of the everyday, where learning is easy with all parts equal.

When a beat is repeated, a percussive event pounding out across the morning.

When we hear the shape of good days, like this one, keen about the repeated patterns of the morning, the quick march of motives and patterns with changing accents.

We endeavor to end our walk under one roof, a canopy of sound-absorbing sky, heavens of all sizes and beyond.

Pattern Two

food grade resin  
top of drum fixed  
head to the body w/ a ring

drum  
jerrican  
carboy  
barrel

threaded bodies  
teeth lock

of spouted or plain gasket  
a pail in transit

*screw the way one might screw*

room temp  
modern round  
widemouth  
Boston round

bottle, no handle

jar, no handle

jug, handle

### Pattern Three

When is a large glass a basket or box?

What is appropriate, corrosive or hazardous?

Within what limitations of plastic?

Where are the equivalents to their glass counterparts?

How long does it take to batch?

Which solvent is how dirty, what to do with the waste?

Why this elevation, humidity, barometric pressure?

Which characteristics of latent heat?

Is this what we are looking for, a fair amount of confusion surrounding the naming?

Is everything normal in normal locations?

Will we find answers here?

#### Pattern Four

When we take our lumps (our steps crumbling like old pavement), we fold down the sides of our morning like a laundered blanket.

When the contents of buckets are unstable, heated and dry in exothermic reactions of dense clouds at an atmospheric pressure to minimize heat loss.

When a control logic monitors this process.

When we have discovered face up and on / off.

When we picture ourselves in the neighborhood of drums, often we do not know what is old, what should be collected, what sounds hunted back to their source, which sounds traced to the point at which their signals are overtaken by the turbulent ocean of the morning.

2.

Pipes fall on sidewalks in the faint drone of morning.

Gust of wind on a door in an open house in summer.

Wake from a boat moves across a lake.

Light from a distant source bounces off the surface of water.

Clouds roll over the city.

*Rabbits spied in the brush,  
shells under foot.*

For other meanings of saw,  
about the cutting tool  
a blade with the edge  
dentated or toothed.

Of protruding teeth,  
tip of one tooth  
at the zero point,  
teeth slice an open breach  
crosscut or ripped.

Blade of what saw  
wielded by Perdix  
from the backbone  
of a fish and the jaw  
of a snake and the feathers  
of the fallen partridge?

No trees but hedges,  
wary of the tumble  
from heights,  
no doomed flights  
from cliff's edge.

—

In danger time  
what is commonly visible?

Can we ever really see  
what is behind us, vague  
claims of black spots  
on the sun?

Shivering in the thin,  
what god takes over  
when our soul is gone?

What simple set of mirrors  
with bulbs that emit  
low end of the spectrum?

What vision of this road,  
a majestic panorama spread  
out before us (falcon  
wings)?

Will the camera tell us  
of changes in the weather,  
other systems *out there*?

Which way is right,  
what language the sky?

Among the hurly burly,  
who tends the land  
when creeks dry  
and flames wake?

Go slow  
when on these roads.

—

What if tires were made of asphalt,  
and roads of rubber?

Why do tires squeal, bank  
through a hard shift  
during a skid with more power  
than friction, faster spin  
than the road under?

Tread blocks stretch and snap,  
injected and blown, keys  
to what end.

The low pitch of depth, of summer  
spins on a dry road, the shock  
of the breaking moment, the archeology  
of sustainable squall—

—*black marks on the highway.*

The fishtailing ballet of burning rubber,  
beyond the dashboard a perfect summer night  
with the moon of fast cars,  
farmhouses, and wooded hills.

Menace or miracle, curve after curve  
surfing the unfolding physics,  
the controlled slide of sideways  
a stylish drift of balance and beauty.

These isolated suburban tribes bursting  
at the scene, searching stars for luck,  
enough speed for a good turn.

Whip of road tar and tire rubber,  
a sideways float around corners  
that point to night woods,  
the far side of the mountains.

Rocket into the dark, fast  
in the lights a sharp right  
speed and curve, too much  
smoke and squeal, skid free—

*—the unspooling chaos of a French curve.*

*The spiral logic of a Mandelbrot fractal.*

Gas and clutch like jazz,  
a hairpin left—

*—it's perfect and then it's not.*

Clouds broken in this classic  
teenage soap opera, Osaka  
to Bucks County, *hachi*  
*roku* (eight six) and the scattered  
scene galvanized, Japanese pros  
on American tar a long way  
from rural Pennsylvania—

*—a million dollars racing in videos  
driving with one finger.*

This is a moment of a real place,  
a movie of heart, nerve and pluck,  
a month of midnights.

It's easy to get loose, easier to break  
these polished and painted cars,  
this assemblage from common parts.

We cannot ignore the physics of complexity.

We question the goal and the proof,  
the miracle.

Few answers exist in this world.

3.

grip  
lump tide  
(it hits)

skids  
telegraphic

the color of water  
of tide  
of fission  
framework

suitable clip  
of skin

of the clicks  
to visible edges

ideal for tower  
splits lands  
the body  
portion if

bones are left

rigid trash can  
slip the wires  
white

peel  
old watercolors  
pained  
a lid for the linen  
fist and

raises one  
wild rolling back  
knockout  
another good warning

sign  
the icon selected  
to magnify

seam  
tides  
of the sketch  
of the ideal

practice a hard style  
song  
of the drowned  
*downpose*

a big white house  
against a blue  
and white cloud

ooh and aah points  
tantalizing  
detailed field marks  
a bird walking

a distant shout  
*an exclamation!*

motive rings of  
distant horns grown  
rigid and stare  
rush toward  
the bank great shout  
of acclaim depart  
in glory swan draws  
away a closer look  
at none surprise

spear  
of ice bounds  
abyss  
memorabilia  
of seconds *raza*

leaving  
the air with small  
sounds mutter about  
the voice in the formal  
third person moment  
of free movement

in the world  
youth and heroic  
continents of weather  
different inflections

practitioner of this  
strategy of fire

of reverberations

this new observatory

of demolition and salvage

ocean walls must be flat  
and smooth

with each passing day  
of lathe  
and plaster

corners  
rust-red

wrecker boom

ROLLBACK  
LONGRATCHET  
HELPWONDER  
PLACELIFT  
SLOTSOUTH  
SINGPULSE

a rope tied tightly

the understanding  
of OPEN vs.  
CLOSED

copper

BARPIPE

SPAREBRAISE

CONTAINERSTACK

EXPANDCONTRACT

wood worn & worn

in derrick or guides  
removal by sanding  
piping loop of

raise the arms (walls)  
the setting bed  
bellows  
a flexible

make good the failed

this hour for bed

time for pipe and pouch

kneel at our mother's knee

droppings

swimming  
perched on the ground  
in a tree  
not in flight

muscles of flight and feathers  
of tail

save birds that glide  
with little effort

( wing span )

*ex*

*pectus*

drive from the chest

say:   suh     lie     vuh

say:   sih     kreet

say:   en     zimes

say:   dy     jes     chun

amylase acts on starch

wounds licked

anynoise

*tauten*

the concave tongue

the wind better big than small  
once you hit don't let go  
lightheaded stop good luck  
comes out between your fingers  
remember how you go from here

hey great  
with these instructions

*whistle.mov*

an 'O' with thumb and forefinger  
an 'O' with lips

\* feeling a bit dizzy \*  
\* feeling a bit more dizzy \*

*soo~o right*      *wa\_y*

only a few Qs

only how in the world?

how to get a consistent sound

If you need HELP—

*—I need help.*

*I cannot do it I do not know.*

*I have tried everything.*

*I cannot find anybody.*

*I have been trying for a while.*

*I basically have the same problem.*

*I am still not managing.*

*I rock at this I can almost do it.*

*I can form the sound but it is not perfectly clear.*

bat  
stick  
*batte batter bhat—*

*—brick*

*—thicker, broader*

*—shale bituminous sheet  
of cotton filling*

*—to cudgel, to beat,  
to bate, to flutter  
as in a game*

*—racket stroke or sharp  
blow, a stroke of work,  
of speed or spree—*

pole  
stake  
*palus—*

*—plaster with fibrous*

*—that which props or upholds  
in relief or in the round,  
wand borne of authority*

*—forming joints may be*

*—framework rigid  
for the gorget or knife*

*—five lines and spaces,  
a series of verses so disposed,  
hence a support the round  
of a ladder*

*—arbor as of a wheel,  
pinion as of a watch*

*—stem of a small tree*

*—to furnish as to pole*

*—to convey as to barn*

*—to impel as to boat*

*—to stir as to molten glass,  
the extremity of an axis,  
a distant great circle*

*—of the sphere of such surface,  
such a point as of the horizon,  
such force of a needle*

*—of the ecliptic*

*—of the firmament*

*—of the sky*

4.

Acid in the throat and it burns  
there, each morning  
    of raising the bed of sleeping  
        on the right side.

The mucous membrane of the lower  
pharynx,  
    the tonsils and the soft  
    palate  
the swallow of—

—*aloe vera juice.*

*Apple cider vinegar.*

*Cayenne pepper.*

*Clover honey.*

*Warm water.*

*Betony (tea gargle).*

*Echinacea.*

*Grapefruit seed.*

*Lemon juice.*

*Hyssop steep (marrubiin  
    horehound).*

*Marshmallow root bark.*

*Mustard grind.*

*Myrrh (parsley and clove).*

*Pomegranate boil.*

*Slippery elm.*

*Thyme.*

*Salt.*

*Garlic bulb.*

*Peppermint leaves.*

*Chamomile blossoms.*

*Chlorophyll.*

*Goldenseal (yellowish)*  
*(straw).*

*Ginger peel*  
*(thin coins).*

—*giggle*  
*(almost silent)*

Laughter alone  
will provoke laughter—

*—to mirth and satisfaction*

*—to sparkle*

*—to express /  
utter w/  
/  
w/out  
/  
/  
the sound heard*

*Sembra una Vespa!*

*It looks like a wasp!*

*What depth of this cut!*

Ore from a metal. And disposition,  
character and temper. Broken stone  
in roads and railroads.

*What effective power of guns!* Glass  
in a state of fusion, lattice  
in a cloud.

What diagonal lines implied. Silver  
tarnishes in days and over months.

Potassium burns in seconds, iron rusts  
over years. They have luster.

No sharp line can be drawn.

—

—a hard sell and a whim,  
rapid tide to turn an auger.

Vex to pester form by means  
(befool). Gun barrel (a passage)  
by laborious effort through  
a crowd.

Circular holes by the rotary motion  
for water or oil. To sink a well,  
a tree of insects. As it turns,  
this timber.

Drilling a succession of blows,  
several species known by shell.

Sandy stratum to sow as seeds  
dribbling along a furrow or row,

a trickling allure. To slip  
or waste.

Seed sometimes so formed that seeds  
drop into the hole made furrow  
or channel to put seed sowing  
a row of seed sown in a furrow.

—

The native word was rind,  
woody plants such as trees  
overlay the wood and consists  
in other words most of the stem.

Any small ship. Echoic,  
specifics of the brain recorded—

*—loudspeaker for bass notes.*

Please note this inner bark,  
this dry outer husk (from which  
it is extracted). What scribal error  
this unlikely etymology, by early  
sources. Stronger and sweeter  
words coined for the covering,  
to low like a cow, to rend, to boast,  
to cry out the bark of certain trees.

Whose skin by exposure to sun,  
whose shells in a red heat, slips  
or disappears. Skin, plates on fish  
or snakes.

Where is the outer shell of the earth,  
exactly, especially the gold edge  
of *Calafia*. The uncertain pages  
of a book—

*—what falls from our eyes*

—*bellmouth*

—*the leafage strikes,  
gives forth a ringing*

—*in rutting time*

—*the bright blow of a shroud*

—*to take  
the form of blossom*

—*shake feathers*

—*shape shifter*

—this largest songbird  
who sings a harsh, croaking note,  
carried grain in his ear and planted corn  
in the earth for all the people with painted faces  
waiting for guidance to the underworld,  
away from scarecrows and decoys,  
rifles and shotguns.

Who crow, who raven?

Who crow, who coyote?

What demiurge, what trickster?

What hero, what villain?

The Great Raven whose voice must be heard,  
who of the drowned sent off at daybreak.

Whose voice must be obeyed.

Who perches at the head of the river.

Who ate the black spots from his toes.

Who travels the world in constant hunger.

Who made dust on the open sea.

Who stole the sun, the stars, the moon, the flame.

Who melted the ice and brought water to the highest peaks.

Who tricked deer onto the rocks.

Who ate the eyes of an entire tribe.

Who scavenged battlefields and predicted outcomes of war.

Who measured the lives of newborn children.

Who flew up out of the chasms of mountains.

Who were transformed from strips of meat on the slopes  
of Kilimanjaro into white blurs of flight, now black,  
cursed for not returning to the ark.

Badb draped in red washing the doomed king's armor,  
the head of Bran the Blessed guarded  
by the clipped ravens of London Tower.

Arthur at the chessboard, attacked by rooks—

*—first rank of Mithras*

*—fallen monks with feathers in their sandals.*

What marvelous stuff necessary  
for life. We observe water  
because we exist, and we exist  
because of water.

This is what drives storms,  
the key to systems of such  
staggering size.

—

For home defender and criminal alike  
a simple design, a small number of parts  
that fit together so well.

Ranchos divided, Samuel Colt  
imagined revolving chambers,  
no words in Hoka or Shoshone.

**MAP 11**  
Marine Stadium / Colorado Lagoon



1.

On the surface of the earth  
the Nile River overflows its banks.

Elsewhere, telescopes on tripods,  
satellites tethered to circles of earth  
the size of dimes, points  
and the distances between them.

Walking draws a line on the ground,  
signs of wear on the land.

A north arrow shall be shown.

Symbols shall be identified,  
differences shall be noted.

Here, this erosion of boundaries,  
accretion by tidal action, the flow  
of rivers and streams, the cutting  
and filling of the earth.

Here, flood zones.

Here, monuments placed.

Here, stars mapped  
and rivers traced.

Here, evidence of the earth  
moving within recent days.

On the colored light  
of the binary stars and other stars.

Of the motion  
of the observer moving relative  
to the source.

The sound of a car approaching—

*—rising, blue?*

The sound of a car receding—

*—descending, red?*

As on a country road these S curves  
of road through acres of park  
and flat terrain—

*—this basin between hills.*

Cars audible  
long before they are visible.

Two cars pass  
at exactly the same time.

One morning respected above all others?

Glimpses of gardens below hazy foothills?

A dream of a large house by the sea with shade in every room and port of entry, impeccable, incapable of fakery?

What picture opens to an archway with any number of little details, a special spot of color which substance seems to bridge?

What gap streaming across the void?

What path will the rivers find toward the ocean?

What world illuminated as if whole constellations comprising kings and wild birds?

—

The score is not particularly memorable.

Taut control, a kick-line of little.

A major figure, the movement of pigeons through the suburbs. In warmer weather the most shaded. Spun-out on a thread, agile and singing.

A great display of tone, harmonies and transcriptions of thinly veiled renditions of the original—

—*tessitura*—

—ebullience. Least telling. Overall  
buoyant, infectious zest.

A thought we never had. Incendiary edge.

Sweep of insight. That elusive transparency.  
The sweet focus and center. By virtue of wind.

A more incisive sound.

—

This stray dog.

The struggle to create a national epic from the local, from the demands of the social, the darker  
selves.

We have his name, the second son, the new sun.

We have motives of his character, of continuity and chasm, of chain and signifiers, of posit and  
double identities.

We stumble over the pronunciation of *belief*, of *motif*.

What does it mean to wander, to float around, *to help others realize a better future?*

Why do we return again and again to that which we forget, what discourse erased?

This is a curious process, how novels become films, real-life incidents spun into quests, the  
seemingly insignificant now invested with meaning.

Here, this small story of telling, these walks through docile streets of morning sun breaking  
through masses of trees and power lines.

What voice of city in plainspoken scenes?

A solstice of some sort during weather of some intensity, torrential rains against windows and downward toward a destiny of falling while stars twirl above the expectant earth, lost to us, older, wiser.

It is hard to imagine a scene such as this, none more expressive than a morning not of crowds but of a dog rooting in the waving grass.

2.

Enough glory  
in winning will carry  
a fall from a roof,  
a winner.

Sit-ski propelled  
by poles,  
boundless—

—*the skills,*  
*the hunger.*

Burst,  
what place left  
where day long  
nothing.

Wide array of road  
to push, strike  
rims  
w/ a fist stroke.

No threat  
of getting  
hit, all  
events,  
all distances—

—*pine lake fountain,*  
*rock springs,*  
*park wood.*

In the middle  
distance,  
glory, summer  
glare.

ultra-

of horn size

over heavy rubber

all moving parts of the air

(in weather,  
extremes)

vibrations on the roughest roads

rain

road dirt

snow

bugs

black  
trumpets

weather for the broadcast

multipath  
(backscatter)

(invisible)

for observing meteors  
(alongside a road  
while a car passes)

war horse

in athletic stance

by several rungs  
fifteen degrees

to the vertical

ladder loose  
over the walls

bed or similar space

shed

for a can of tar  
each gust

snow falls from the roof

shaken loose by the sound

in this season of monsters

wedge

with water  
*skein*

foolishness

loss of sound is normal

north breed  
winter

south sacred

flock night  
cull'd

harsh winter

Aphrodite steps ashore,  
the tiny feet of the king's wife

light  
over the surface

of the river

3.

*to the real lives within us*

These gymnasts of sky motionless in mid-air on wind currents with perfect timing and precision while positioning, these seagulls of coastal towns over a thousand years of quiet, this big bold bird, brown youth, mature white with grey, with black as birds go, these large noisy flocks.

A shrill eurl, incessant, a hollow scrape on the ground of islands or roofs, a series of swooping dives whose taxonomies are particularly complicated.

Twigs and moss, stones and shells, paper and seaweed along the shores of lakes and rivers and oceans.

Morning. Sun sparkle gold  
on gentle sea. A mile shore  
this fishing boat on water.

And the word beyond boat  
and shore. Slowly,  
this slowed wind over ocean.

Still wingspan,  
the long flat wake of bone  
and feathers.

To know the air of winter,  
*winter!*

Wings still into a wild  
tumbling. Speed, around piers  
and fishing boats.

Midair, brickhard. Well after dark  
above ragged bars, what weight  
by nature and short wings.

At night shore, from this a normal  
gull, lights above the beach. *Dark!*

*Moon!* Daggers, and the twinkling  
beacon trails of the eyes  
of an owl. *Eyes!*

Into the wind and fell faster still,  
wing strain, faint twist, dive  
and shot. The waves a grey  
cannon. *Moon!*

Eyes against the wind, these vows  
of the moment. Such promises  
of sunup, specks in the flat blue  
sky faint of dust, circling,  
a solid beating.

Swallow this sound no faster  
than thud or blur, boat  
or crowd.

Meteor that morning.  
a sunrise through feathers.

What moment in history  
opened now in this lonely area  
of sweeping over the earth.

No time for the loop, slow  
point for the gulls  
of beach, of the full night.

*Night!* No honors, no wish  
for a solitary life.

Life? What chance of stone  
broken, intoned? The rest  
of our days in sorrow,  
not solitude.

Who refused to find the rare  
below the surface of the ocean,  
fishing boats and bread  
at night offshore?

Sea fog in order to climb  
above clear skies. Gull  
to ground through mist  
or rain.

Ride high winds inland,  
to dine in delicate evening  
through the beloved sky  
of heaven, heaven  
in this very moment  
of earth above the clouds  
so close.

*Earth!* Brilliant white,  
smooth and perfect sheets  
of silver. Faint in a heaven  
of clouds broken in air,  
updrafts over a sea  
near the shoreline.

Seagulls north astride  
the horizon of new sights.

Why so few? Heaven  
should be flocked with gulls  
on the beach where land ends  
at tide's edge.

What constitution of air  
touches lightly on wet sand,  
a feather in beautiful control,  
the beach a place in life,  
*thought* as pure thought.

Birds, all of them with wings  
as means. One clear morning  
of gulls, a million birds  
in the west.

Heaven? Not a place  
but a time. Being silent there  
at water's edge of flicker  
and dazzle.

Any place across the sea.

Wish for wingspan  
and performance of feathers'  
true nature, the shore  
all in a flash, a perfect  
gull.

Ground the brown sand  
darker. Trees bend to water,  
yellow overhead. First sounds  
low and calm.

What magnificent being,  
bright and young, no bird  
blurred or blind? Young  
voice most brilliant,  
distance overcome.

From the sand turned ground  
of diamonds, wingtips  
of lead. One bird a giant  
knife, a single blink  
of lightning. *Lightning!*

*Time! Remember!*

This first gull a long  
gray streak. Granite,  
tackle.

The real gull  
a fierce young bird  
with level flight,  
no more divine.

The lightest breeze  
curves feathers to lift  
wing from sand to cloud.

Come down blue, go still  
and cold, slow  
feathers white, the night  
another circle of darkness,  
not wishing  
for daybreak.

They flew,  
stalled, slowed,  
knew of slow.

Folded,  
quiet for a time.

Shine, lighted moments  
of sky and boats.

Strong,  
no higher.

Wingspan  
across magnificent silver.

4.

Water, grass-water, what shape of rain this gray morning?

What patterns inherent in the song of bird?

What obsession of hunter or pedestrian of the morning?

What type of noise in the system of air?

What bells, what whistles?

What potential, what pitfalls?

What if sprinklers spray in a storm?

If temperatures drop and high winds reach sunny and shady areas both, exposing the watering need of flower beds and grass, how much water is enough to water?

What open, uninterrupted spaces allow water to be disbursed in lawns and other areas with foot traffic?

How much water can soil absorb during the watering event?

If a small amount of splash is created where temperatures fall below expectations, through windows the clatter of impact.

If the trenching and labor, the breakup of spray into a fine atomized mist as droplets leave the water from which they came.

What exposed debris washed and churned over areas of steep slopes saturated by the changing seasons of soil moisture, an event of sufficient rain flooding the muddy soil—

—*but at least a rain!*

If slope or hard soil, reading these morning episodes of watering an inch of soil over rock, which plants lose water, green up again?

How *above* becomes *below*, wires in the ground when the energy of the current is cut, buried, covered with grass or mulch.

Lawns mature, trees grow as water above ground becomes water below as controllers, timers, and clocks parse the finite capabilities of water and the sophisticated landscape, the watering of gardens with precision.

Water passes between flower or shrubbery bed, unsightly risers subject to damage from passersby moving through the landscape.

Who measures the quality of water piped, the distance water is thrown, the amount of water distributed over a given area?

Is there any wonder, any protection from the deep corrosion of steady rain?

What danger in current below earth, below death?

Where do lines lay?

If we want to be sure that water falls.

If we have experienced trouble.

If we can't find the right length.

If we are having difficulty under inches of thatch.

If our pipes are buried in shallow trenches.

If the ground settles, spring then returns.

If place, then rain—*this* is the answer.

*This question a thousand times,  
no source for these long tones.*

A classic rendition of an old time bell, a melodic sound with the push of the thumb, remember? Not tin, but solid steel, a must for all of the first times, so much joy in the bright *brrrring brrrring*. Looks, feels, and sounds nice and loud.

Everyone will know when they hear the crisp, clear ring which can be heard from a distance, but not so loud that it would cause offense. A bell in urban traffic is useless, old-fashioned, a puny sound, but at least it says “bike.”

—

A boat motors the glassy surface of Marine Stadium. One hand for ourselves and one for the boat. The upward force of tidal water displaced by the shape of the boat. A boat powered and ruddered by an outboard motor, bow lifting in advance of the V of wake.

Coach voice megaphoned, unintelligible behind the whine of the outboard engine, strokes of scull but no chopping sound.

Anatomy of a stroke—

—*blade feathered,*  
*blade squared*

speed in narrow

sweep-oar

of this symmetry  
shells in a boathouse

coat and badge

(x) sculling boat

(+) coxed

(-) coxless

shoes by wire  
to the rudder

stroke  
blades  
(when in a boat)

magnet over magnet  
fours underneath

bow  
steering / giving  
(bow pair)  
the set of the boat

cox

canoe boy

*there . . . there . . .*

sealed deadweight  
(sand,

stones).

wicked  
soundtracks

if ever saddening

sprinkling  
from mars

asphalt w/ the speed  
to become the highest  
(ha ha)

the authenticity  
of non-linear paths  
and secret districts of air

straight off & freefall  
whenever all four wheels

of the tail  
behind the back fakie  
in the air  
& head down board  
the platform  
hardware carve

a long curving arc  
coping

balanced  
as in our normal stance  
nosegrind w/ nose  
a protective hard shell  
a rounded lip  
of wheels  
resiliency  
of trucks

firmness

feeble  
of body

fixed back  
to the surface  
hand plant  
obstacle causing  
a fall flying

transition  
the curved terrain \*

wall  
any bank  
a wall w/ no transition \*\*

\* *presume the sideways stance*

\*\* *presume a jumping position*

*(see opposite)*

all moves once mastered  
apart from  
being able to stand

a way of controlling a fall

*AIR!*

time to go *stars up*

ground & surface  
spin beneath  
our feet

*All cities are geological.*

A city made dirty.

Encroached upon  
by invasive exotics as noted. Oak woodlands  
to the north. It begets  
a vicious cycle  
of attracting.

It takes a neighborhood to take  
these things  
away. If contaminated soil  
is unearthed. Clearing the line  
of roots—

*—quick response will be on the way  
in the event of danger.*

A model of the California  
watershed. Tarps  
and watering  
at a minimum.

coastal sage scrub. Believe me  
there are new wildlife. Riparian /  
dune. How unusual  
and wonderful it is

*Please don't break the chain!*

to have such a pocket  
of nature

*What about an open channel?*

in the middle  
of the city. This is a beautiful place,  
all dug up  
and destroyed. Find like-  
minded neighbors  
to transform the rest. Remove exotic,  
install native.

*No fence?*

What curve of Eliot Street? Western tip  
of west arm, eastern  
shore of west arm, northern tip  
of east arm carved from tidal

wetlands, diagonal channel  
lined with boulders, concrete  
slabs, riprap,  
at the perimeter  
tiny slivers  
of sand.

*What cuts straight across the park?*

Here, along the curving back road that separates water's edge and parkland, a buried culvert feeds one of the last remaining wetlands.

discharge into swim  
new to fill  
(dredge first)  
drains rather than beach  
bio-swales for storm  
removed from the west arm  
sediment from storm  
excavated bottom

*How long to remove, how long to dry?*

slope flatten  
sandy intertidal  
east shore  
mudflat intertidal  
swale and buffer

along  
golf course  
fenceline

move narrow  
(permeable)

upland  
bird island

*How does funding look?*

Teenagers will swim to the north shore island as the eastern shore of the western arm expands into the 7<sup>th</sup> tee of the golf course.

*How many schools in the watershed?*

of the culvert  
one foot of sediment  
scoop  
upstream  
wash-down  
over-water

look for thirteen fish  
thirty-five invertebrates  
four clams  
(no cherrystones)  
benthic algae  
scattered eelgrass  
coastal brackish marsh  
ornamental landscaping  
iceplant series  
thirty-seven birds

brown pelican  
least tern  
osprey

berms  
local hard  
low flow  
muted 33%  
mean water  
flushing  
turbid

Habitat is really important. Before sand  
was filled, birds foraged  
after, most  
were gone. Perched  
above that  
in the ocean  
first flush  
impervious  
tides.

Has the city  
checked with the ports? A transformed  
world, an integrated  
system. If the sun  
is the source of energy. We envision  
this major earth.

*—you cannot take three steps  
without encountering ghosts  
bearing all the prestige  
of their legends.*

harm

coals,  
    sparks from an open fire  
a cushion to lessen the shock  
    a vessel in contact with another vessel  
        mud thrown from the wheels

a house

(damage)

exposed angles)

feet acting on cranks

hard  
inharmonious noises  
sharp  
sonorous bodies

with this voice  
to talk  
with or away

assail  
stun  
scold  
rail  
a drum  
with which a sound is made

death,  
when it is called *death*

cane  
          rush  
splints  
          interwoven

the volumes a basket  
                  will ever contain

bell  
      vase

*osier—*

*—a vessel made of twigs*



**MAP 12**  
Marina Vista Park



1.

Between sun and observer  
feathers on the upper back.

Decidedly ringed or scaled  
barbs hold them together.

The angle of sun through thin clouds  
not easily seen in the field.

Inland up large rivers  
not all crows fly the same.

—

On a hard grass,  
bamboo a species.

Field of hard-pack.

Warning,  
on tarmac roads, muddy  
branch near ridge  
or wide.

Fencelines blur  
at faster speeds.

Slick rock,  
camel grass.

Trail down (deep  
sand), a geometry  
of falling.

Scoop and grow  
this winter.

This green  
a thinner blade  
of green.

—

On the surface  
of the earth  
weathered grains  
ground under foot—

—*rock to pebble*

—*clod to dust*

—*sand to silt*

—*soil to dirt*—

—any substance  
of foul or filth,  
renders earth  
as a wagonload  
in placer mining  
before washing.

Even a grain in this wide  
stream, so close  
to the source.

—

Fake, in question,  
just music and sunshine.

Gestures and long wind,  
blue humor to entice.

A close look at the music  
and lyrics, how loud or not.

Falling rain all weepy  
exclamations. What furious

erasures in the marginalia  
of these transparent maps.

2.

day, light  
birds, insect drone  
distant stream, day  
light birds, insect  
walla, cool bugs  
fly, stream  
afternoon,  
crickets  
start and stop, distant  
night  
crickets and faint  
throttle  
of frogs, background  
heavy and croak  
lush and dense, thick  
w/ frogs, constant  
insects, many types  
of cricket chirps, cricket  
trill, buzz of bees  
buzzing close  
constant, bee buzzing  
close, hundred cicadas  
bird, bee close  
stutter, slow insects  
wide, close hover  
pinched, nasal  
close, trapped  
previews to come  
microphone, fast  
on glass, and landing  
swarm, a vintage  
recording, night  
or other

—

Wet  
the grass,  
the leaves.

In soilflow  
through aquifers,  
through shallow.

In deeper formations,  
the slow-moving  
through fields,  
uncoupled of surface.

Of flowpath,  
of pour space.

The many wells,  
tapping aquifers  
a fraction between 0  
and 1.

Particulates dissolved  
through the porosity  
of contaminants,  
of rock filled with water.

The radial symmetry  
of every point in the earth,  
sandy,  
with large pores,  
smaller,  
of soils of clay.

To which water will rise.

Arid,  
near rivers  
the silt.

Of mountain fronts,  
fine and coarse,  
higher energy  
farther from the source  
(see floodplain).

As subsidence,  
most land on earth.  
a simple,  
elegant  
line that sinks.

Of flow  
and large fields,  
the discrete  
location of water  
in time.

—

Yes, control tower,  
extended burn for miles.

Lighted wind indicator,  
no segmented circle  
or nearby radio navigation.

Remote radar from coast,  
slope to clear.

Radial / distance  
high, low bottled  
42 ft. tree right of centerline,

high, low bulk  
6 ft. pole L of CNTRLN

magnetic, true  
hangars and tie-downs  
major airframe, major  
power-plant  
precision, in fair condition

bearing / double wheel / double  
tandem high  
intensity, runway edge

rollout / touchdown

porous / friction courses,  
engine run-ups

other than pre-flight touch & go,  
stop & go.

Not for navigation.

STARs

KAYOH FOUR

TANDY THREE

**\*\*changed\*\***

L.A. River visual

ANAHEIM THREE

poing

\*\* note:

flocks of gulls,  
especially during rain,  
airships moored infield.

Dusk to dawn lights,  
white-green beacon (lighted land),  
Long Beach ground  
(north and east).

Visual slope (glide path).

Yes, no lights.

3.

One of the most important elements  
mentioned in the laws:  
the importance of the right tools.

Whistles to suit, whistles  
an English favourite far  
and wide, divided,  
with lanyards *a good blow!*

*Referees! Police!*  
*Umpires! Third men!*

*Protect your teeth!*

*Save your lives!*

Whistle (pealess) a loud  
intense sound, twin notes  
over long distances  
and through noisy crowds.

—

In serious play, season after season a single point on opposite sides of the net between the two halves of the court and between the center mark and the sideline, the ball that travels over the net (without touching it).

The direction of where the player wants the ball to go, the open hand and the materials used, the terminology extended.

The unique style of the forehand that forms the natural spin of the service in a manner that spins the ball through the apex of its trajectory.

The player who wants to place the shot with the most natural stroke and the best forehand of all time, the racquet away from one's body that delivers a hard, serve-like shot.

A stiff-wristed punching motion for the shot through contact over the shoulder at the height of the ball with the face, a deadly accurate slice with underspin.

With a Western grip after the 1920s, a slice shot becomes an offensive or defensive weapon over a slightly lower trajectory.

Stars of prominence in which a ball arcs to and fro, leaves a visible mark.

It may happen whether the ball has landed or whether the ball has touched.

How healthy the grass, these events beyond control, such as rain.

The air just before the ball bounces.

—

What answers at the center of Ptolemy's cosmos,  
the ethical subtext that clings to the tale,  
why heavy things fall down, why dirt sticks  
to the bottom of shoes, the leaf that hangs  
on the end of the rake, dirt swept out of a door  
after sunrise, old shoes on Christmas day,  
the sun rising for hours and the dark, wet soil.

—

Why this sweet voice  
in the hallway of the house?

*Why the text knows nothing  
of the cover?*

—

*Then came the problem of the schoolhouse.*

*And here, out among the barley fields,  
the school was built too far out  
in the country.*

*Celebrated by a picnic on the grounds,  
and a picture of this is still extant  
of brick exterior walls and plastered  
with cement, red pressed brick  
used for trimming.*

*What nuisance of mud  
in winter and dust in summer.*

*Beet and alfalfa fields,  
income from oil wells.*

*Paper destined to brittle  
placed in hopeful piles  
in cornerstones.*

—

What gives in Long Beach the best window on the future?

A new sign on campus an example for future classmates.

Long Beach's grand experiment of driving west through old neighborhoods.

This is a story teetering, environments that promote prudent risk.

The emotional rollercoaster of typical teens asked to tuck in their shirts.

A neighborhood of houses the hallmark of the California success story.

What ladder of sophistication and completeness?

The golden years long past as dust gathers.

4.

#### ESSENTIAL FUNCTIONS

Pick with claw and shovel, dump and scrape (plastic trash bag unfurled, fitted onto can), perform the landscape with a variety of exertions such as push, pull, and lift.

Walk long distances.

Maintain grounds, operate equipment needed to maintain and make repairs, make repairs and adjustments in order to perform cleanup, clean according to an established schedule, explain above.

#### OTHER DUTIES

May provide, may assist, may be responsible for knowledge of tools, methods and materials used in the knowledge of common diseases, knowledge of the operation and minor upkeep of the ability to read and understand, the ability to apply, meet and deal, maintain and make.

The purpose is to provide fields for events, opportunities for occasional spray.

## QUALIFICATIONS

Knowledge—

*—of the job.*

*—of groundskeeping.*

*—of the grade.*

*—of routine.*

*—of rough terrain.*

*—of campgrounds and parks.*

*—of mowers and trimmers.*

*—of turf, shrubs, trees, and plants.*

*—of the more common species of ornamental trees, shrubs, and flowers grown in California.*

## EXPERIENCE

Seasons return.

In parks and athletic fields, in playgrounds and picnic areas, on athletic fields and playing courts, on park trails and firebreaks, in pools and fountains.

In wilderness, in areas.

## EDUCATION

Consider the strenuous physical work of summer and winter grounds, topsoil stuffed with seeds and water over areas for new grasses, snow from steps, roads, and walkways.

Saturdays and Sundays, frequent walking over long periods of time.

## LICENSES / CERTIFICATES

Power.

Dump and other.

Power chain.

Other light.

Imagine the tonal qualities when a player hums, the sound of a voice disguised or animals imitated, the original twenty machines on a ten-horsepower motor with jack shafts overhead and leather belts. Listen to tunes played on crazy blues comb and tissue paper, cardboard tubes and waxed paper, instruments built with scissors and elastic, rulers and pencils. Take quick lessons from the master, he who leads orchestras of up to 2,000 players. Imagine music from coast to coast, no limit to the stars.

(breath)

(breath)

(breath)

(breath)

(breath)

(breath)

(wood) release

field harmony  
in a state where rain does not come\*  
now (the water), desired one

(fire) (fire) (question)

(fire) (fire) (question)

(fire)(fire) (question)

as for the sea\*\*

(water)

(gold)

(the gold)

<you send those>

<sending>

<sending time limit>

(days)

to 6 ends of the month

(gold \*\*\* celebration)

*\* clay / tone of a voice*

*\*\* of animals*

*\*\*\* of ten-strength of horses  
heard secretly*

**MAP 13**  
Colorado Street (Santiago to Los Altos)



1.

—what place revealed  
by dog's howl  
spiral

across back-  
yards &

particulates  
before paved roads,  
powerlines & break-

waters  
thrown voice

of coyote, of  
wolf howls heard  
through dog-

wood leaves,  
willows, water

in the river-  
beds, breakers  
on the wide

crescent of sand—

—

—to cause a dirty stir  
rainwater in a hollow

wade  
dabble or splash

clay, a mixture of clay  
and sand, kneaded  
or worked, when wet

make dense or close  
as clay or loam

as iron  
of cast to that of wrought.

—

Under large hardwood tree,  
deciduous when grown  
in the open. Sheltered by its star  
of symmetric blooms grown to height.

Palmate leaves, sweet gum  
barefoot. Trees after the leaves drop  
their golden treasure,  
gumball and bottomland

of light: full sun for fine  
laterals on drain of well,  
papers the dark purple street  
shade and windbreak, specimen

and propagation: seeds  
of crunchy grenades, limbs drop  
spread quickly over fertile  
redgum. Starleaved,

shiny dark green above  
alligator wood, gumtree  
paler below with small hairs,  
*bilsted, liquidambar.*

Aromatic crush, bruise  
persistent fruit a woody head  
or two tiny black seeds. When they fall  
they become the spiny balls

that clutter lawns, the mature fruits  
sprung from trees. Deeply  
furrowed gray, the second year  
of twigs, of falling fruit

through corky projections of the bark,  
a winged appearance. The soils  
of valleys and low slopes,  
mixed woodlands. A pioneer

in the open spreading  
almost horizontal, rather low  
on the tapering, straight and clean  
when all the leaves have fallen.

Where we have seen squirrels,  
wild turkey and songbirds,  
bobwhite. Closed-up,  
newly fallen October red,

November gold. Stars that tumble  
down upon the finely toothed  
and the margins, many small  
or winged. Hence the name,

sap exudes from the cuts,  
bark hardened. Buttress and canopy  
clumps of this gum, chewed  
as it was chewed. A living

fossil (Formosa, Turkey)  
glacial (much the same region  
of leaves) turns in autumn  
turns to sun, to ruddy color.

—

—into deep water, deeper  
treads drum streets. This fall  
and grab, this tread against  
road, road against tread.

—from the front, *camber*.

—from the side, *caster*.

—from above, toe in,  
toe-out. We will not  
give advice. Life is related  
to many factors.

As we can see from below,  
there is no way of knowing.

—

Indeed, we found on sudden  
drop where the trick is to recognize  
the hideous sound. Curbing straight,  
to scoop, delicate across this garden

of mud. Of stems in a cutting,  
the continuation of this river,  
pointing toward the road  
this crappy weather to be out

in, rising water along  
the unpaved road in flood,  
in green river down. Roads  
no longer connect to valleys

or bridges where late evening  
is always a good time. Watch  
for waterfowl, for landscapes  
shaped by fire.

—

Less noble than stones  
of coast regions. Thinner  
to the west, basalt.

Special types of gneiss  
with surface polish as granite.

Marble without polish as slate  
flows between welded tuff,  
these rocks underlain early.

Not suitable for humble  
construction, deeply  
black bulk from the outcrops,  
blocks using diamond rock  
morsels of irregular shape.

By a hammer strike  
on fractured floor or steps  
far beyond the long  
coastline. What garden  
or lawn with thin topsoil  
of finely crushed rocks.

What forest once farmland,  
sloping topsoil washed  
away. Old rock walls  
of stone and moss, sand  
on roads.

What winter after snowmelt,  
rivers cutting new lines  
in the earth.

2.

Simply put,  
what is that sound—

*—shots fired?*

*—scraping on rough asphalt?*

*—a huge furnace, the end  
of a heating duct?*

*—a running route?*

*—a considerable distance?*

We learn to name things—

*—inocula?*

*—for the vast solitudes?*

*—the scuffing of awnings?*

*—of a Paris atmosphere  
or Brooklyn cobble?*

—*of ensembles of the everyday?*

—*winged beings that evoke fossils?*

—*birds that converge upon clouds,  
skies the color of blood,  
of tobacco?*

When calm of wake,  
when small objects seem large,  
formations diagrammed in red lines,  
this *grattage* of the morning?

Why can't we travel faster?

Dawn at the brink of drama,  
or the sound of it.

—

Imagine a major disaster lasting several days with hazards and hardship.

Imagine a wildfire or tsunami . . . what will we do until help arrives?

Designate an area far away, select someone not affected.

Provide the names of informed people, long distances in writing and in photographs, a flashlight and a pair of shoes stashed in couches or places, a plastic bag tied to the leg of the bed.

After a disaster, look outside our homes into neighborhoods of ordinary objects, bookshelves that block exits, heavy objects that fall, reactive chemicals stored under sinks—

—*each room an eye of cataclysm.*

Move beds away, move mirrors and heavy pictures.

What gas smells like . . . resist candles and matches.

Keep coins, think site-specific—a family picture and a favorite toy, atmosphere inside a building of curtained windows and locked doors, the spinning of wheels.

Note the arcing, the distinct odor of burning, areas blackened and/or hot, the complete loss of power.

Keep down your desire to ring bells.

Seal water in a cool dark place.

—

The first waters pour into Los Angeles.

The volume of water will cover one acre to a depth of one foot.

Energy is required to heat water at sea level.

An electric current is applied.

Perforated pipes are arranged in a radial pattern in onshore sand below the water level.

The upper few millimeters of the ocean.

A fraction of the water flashes into steam which condenses on outer surfaces.

Water passes through a membrane.

Pure water forms ice crystals.

Cold water pumped from the ocean depths.

—

*There were many controversies.*

*Believed to be washed out daily  
by the ocean tides.*

*A main pipe along Ocean Park extended  
to Big Slough.*

*What sewers with outlets so near the houses  
as to be a nuisance.*

*Canvass the town with printed coupons;  
cesspools dug into ocean sand and drained  
into salt water.*

*Waste could never get into the water supply  
which came from artesian wells.*

*The Long Beach laundry had five cesspools  
25 feet deep, dug down to ocean sand.*

*The next fall the agitation started again.*

*A big hotel was impossible  
and an epidemic might do more harm.*

*A rising vote was unanimous.*

*Sewers for the district bounded as follows—*

*—from Ocean to Golden,  
north to Second,  
east to Daisy,  
north to Fifth,  
east to Cedar,  
north to Eighth,  
east to American,  
south to Fifth,  
east to Alamitos,  
south to Ocean,  
west on Ocean to point of beginning.*

The sanitation of Long Beach—

*—collections.*

*—street sweeping.*

*—beach cleaning.*

*—pleasure piers.*

*—comfort stations.*

Water—

*—analysis.*

*—birds caught in nets.*

—*bonds campaign.*

—*commission reports.*

—*companies cut rates; taken over.*

—*extension bonds carried.*

—*for North Long Beach.*

—*from Colorado River.*

—*kept pure.*

—*meters (table).*

—*needed for streets.*

—*polo.*

—*pumped in a year.*

—*revenue.*

—*supply inadequate.*

—*system enlarged.*

—*tested often.*

Sewers—

*—problems, past and present.*

*—decided upon.*

*—need repairs soon, as in.*

*—planned for entire city.*

This highly developed urban area.

This activity above the water table  
in sandy ground.

These high, jacking forces.

—

What are we hearing, exactly?

The temperature outside with the cool comfort of air. Water towers here, power lines,  
indispensable machines that work magic.

In backyards and apartments, on porches and on roofs, please notice warehouses and malls as we  
fly into airports.

Look for hospitals and universities, businesses and office complexes where cooling connects to the  
air, proving beyond a doubt the mechanics of evaporation.

One pound of water, in summer the cold side of a furnace or some other air, the hot side  
outside like a cylinder or long spiral, a fan to blow air or weather.

A stream of water evaporates while water trickles through a thick sheet of open air that blows at right angles to the water.

Evaporation cools the stream of water.

None of the water is lost.

3.

(( Coast ) of Coast )

( Name )

( Berth )

( Bridge )

( Depths were reported in the channel to the station to the slips in the bay )

( Description )

( Fog Signals )

( Location )

( Non Anchorage )

( Obstruction )

( Port )

( Services )

( Wreck )

(( ( ) ))

*—it is unlawful hereafter to drill  
any new well or derrick  
within that portion of the city.*

*Please note this centerline and the southerly,  
thence east along the southerly  
to the boundary line of the city  
as established.*

*Thence southerly and easterly  
along the boundary following  
its various courses to the most southerly.*

*As per map of maps, record  
of records.*

*Thence northwesterly along the southerly  
to the intersection of a line 800 feet  
northeasterly.*

*Thence northwesterly along said parallel line,  
to the line of property, of deed,  
of official records.*

*Having a bearing of south.*

*Thence south to an angle,  
thence south to the most westerly.*

*Thence north, thence south,  
thence north along said line  
to a point in a curve concave  
to the south.*

*This radial line passing through said point  
of curve, an arc.*

*What line passing through the end  
to the point of the beginning.*

Two jetties each marked by a light.

Fog signal at the light, a dangerous  
wreck. Jetty mouth of the channel.

Sunken wreck, a fixed bridge  
with a fixed span. What arcs  
over waterways?

Power cable with a clearance,  
berths limited to boats.

What end of the point or bend  
in the channel? The largest repair  
yard, a fish haven seaward.

What pleasure piers extended  
from the beach, fog signals  
on the end of the pier.

Oil derricks once visible  
from the bay.

—

The ability of a tire to grip the surface of the road,  
the arc made visible by movement lines. Ocean wave  
like an undulating surface of traveling sound,  
an impact of swells. Cold, crisp like saltwater—

*—break like cliffs, after Atlas  
the first born, a single shred  
of evidence come to light.*

The energy that stays with the particle,  
the consideration of car tires on pavement—

*—what star spent, in earnest,  
at a time of great promise.*

The velocities of points, of simple harmonics,  
the motion of a single wave made up of points  
like in a car crash. This style of music  
like a thick mist, too close the ocean  
as we remembered, which smelled  
like rubber—

*—a shred of shoreline in the ocean  
of our latent birth, our hands passing  
through waves caught, transient,  
haze rising.*

A single wave amid a chorus. No place  
for idle words—

*—a windy cliff over the ocean,  
soft sneakered tires nuzzle  
curbs and mutter. What glittery  
processions of holidays,  
in liberal peace, thy being's  
high result.*

The waves of this ocean, high waters  
of the east, waters return to the Pacific  
by the dim light of the ocean floor—

*—wedged between boulders, tropical  
waters or the open sea, this lighthouse,  
this bay where soundings are made.*

—

Grab the crackling power  
in your hands. Disturbances loud  
and clear, monster clean.

Monster power, what sound  
of American demographics,  
thousands of canaries  
scared away. Who lives  
near birds or wires  
loud enough for all?

What core tone of this hard-  
-chopping wave. Thunder,  
current lines in the vicinity.

A volcano, these stray signals.

4.

forever & darkness  
have always existed  
so  
too  
the sea

soaring  
over endless  
space

earthy-horse  
coiled shell  
withdrawn  
behind operculum  
perfect spirals  
golden ratio

the snail  
of the moon  
sheds light  
in the west

shoots bark  
shows off horns  
eggs buried  
in shallow topsoil

shell of sky  
the great effort of the earth

food sheared  
fetish  
for a true believer

let in light  
for the flourishing  
of subsequent generations

to the sun  
horns held high  
tomorrow  
will be fine

down the rocky bank

to the bottom  
the bigger rocks  
there  
but the smaller ones

summer  
none sure  
when it began

or end

in either direction  
a haze

railroad tracks

cut clean  
the train  
of a hill

attuned  
to these atmospheric  
changes  
the previous  
winter some parallel  
pathways down a steep  
hill

snow deep

a good sized piece  
of earth  
practice  
these excellent  
clods

passing dogs  
not counted

a large lilac  
bush  
unbidden

flooding

break  
on pavement

clouds  
pass over the sun

Mars  
midsummer  
air  
with fine  
earth and dust

On many a plinth  
small feet,  
white myrrh buds  
on the darkened lintel,  
blossoms fastened.

Each tiny horn  
a capsule inside  
clustered two  
small winged seeds,  
pea-like.

Blossoms along the twigs  
before the leaf unfolds,  
veins alight under the skin  
as buds break through,  
small seeds of mustard.

Black *brassica*,  
tomato ground  
early.

Propagated from the seeds,  
small flowers in bunches,  
heads apart  
in husk,  
small holes drilled.

Wood cuttings,  
opening bud  
blossoms longer  
as the lower  
temperature.

Most perfect of summer  
deciduous shrubs  
or small trees.

Dove foot  
or crane bill  
upon these gathered  
clusters of husks.

Shiners  
(small  
fishes).

Milkweeds,  
silkweeds,  
rich flowers  
in blossom.

On poplars  
winter food,  
fragrant,  
clusters of henna

gathered bit  
by bit.

Tightly packed  
center  
of the developing  
crown.

Bent?

Thick walled fruits,  
small core  
(break?).

When young  
with water,  
old of seed oil  
in fall and winter  
through bark of the host.

Fruit,  
therefore seeds  
as white.

Flowers ramble  
at the foot of steps,  
a gently sloping lawn.

Many small animals  
rely on grasses  
(whether grasses  
have flowers).

Dark purple  
against green,  
ripe berries black  
from flower heads.

Cloves  
brown  
    of stone,  
cicada's crackle  
    of eggs,  
quiet chirping  
    of early spring.

Of red maples  
hand-pulled from branches  
    jet black  
    or rather vessels  
out of blossom.

We come to the rough dahlia,  
dry and misshapen,  
small the amount  
    of pure  
delight this little island.

Wind pollinates.

Small owls nest  
    in hollows  
of other birds.

5.

Itinerant of seasons, these species  
at liberty. Flood tide here,  
rain but no snow.

A modest winter, entirely new  
generations of noise, today the storms  
of Fall. A dozen boats at anchor,  
a peak number of animals—

*—see map of livelihood—*

—who endures the environment  
of building sites?

In different localities the quieter  
literature. Whose hearing is in question  
as many workers as the sawmill.

Of the population within the next  
decade, older hands work  
through pipe. A strong impetus  
in the 1970s, no attempt  
to convert hours to days—

*—an insignificant noise—*

—the work of fabrication, flying table  
lower than the forest—

*—noise generated on one site  
travels through the environment  
and affects people in another location—*

—we must be circumspect,  
as if noise were common.

—

Broken glass beneath our feet,  
broken streets of plaster  
or attention paid to nothing  
but the ground under foot  
and our steps, our stroll  
marred by bottles.

Broken sky, bored  
and grass under foot,  
simply stated a case  
for bare feet, even on city  
streets a primary assumption  
of risk, toughened feet.

Museums under glass,  
under water, a lamp-lit scene  
of the hunt where many small figures  
roam in a tinted landscape  
under wood and glass,  
framed, each precarious  
step under wing.

With no broken glass  
on our property (one foot  
always on guard),  
a rumbling sound of goblets  
snapped underfoot by newlyweds,  
driving home broken splinters  
or chunks a foot across,  
foreign objects such as thorns  
or bits of broken glass,  
air to breathe for fish  
under water.

Wind and broken glass,  
two little shrieks,  
sounds of broken glass  
far down the chimney,  
chain link ringing vast  
yards of open field  
shimmering like late ocean.

—

Deeper limbs bent double.

Deep in the ocean's  
grasp. Spring's new baby  
with toes turned. Hardly  
weak. Warm as mid-June's  
brown country. Leafy  
twig removed. A puddle.

Of pines. These leafy  
trees. Diamonds of ice  
from every nude branch.

Every tall blade of  
grass. Every kicked wheel.

Every wind and white  
sail. Seeds from low cones  
fill buckets. Of plants  
with strong fingers.

Plucked flowers. Leaves  
culled and loppings of  
trees. Stalks stepped  
to quick shafts of light.

In slim clay or the like.

Fishing with leafy twigs.

Rivers crossed  
at shallow fords  
lined in clinging snow.

—

Rarely shrubs shed branches in forests.

Well covered tree flora dominated useless lumber.

Evergreen on warm days California windbreaks.

Vaporized oils rise in a blue haze.

Fire-spread buds under the bark.

Seeds germinate by flame sprout in ashes from fossils of charcoal.

Leaves quite slender with long petiole.

Trees sprout suckers thousands of hectares of dead ash.

Bark shed a direct path of burn.

Hollow canopy gathers an understudy of embers.

—

In the time it takes  
to read this sentence,  
a flame, a break-in,  
a serious crime.

What vision through windows  
with curtains slightly parted  
in every home,  
in every neighborhood?

What car in the driveway,  
weeds in the lawn,  
leaves, snow?

*Beware of fire.*

*Beware of thieves.*

**MAP 14**  
Los Altos Avenue (Colorado to 4<sup>th</sup>)



1.

What happens at the crest of a hill  
when a car slows in the partial  
clouds of a typical morning?

Who else walks here  
on this straight road traveling  
over the crest of a hill?

What if a car comes over  
the crest of a hill, over black ice  
that blurs the effect of climbing  
a hill, descending a hill?

How far can be seen from here,  
what air, what spring-loaded weight?

Branches, as well as true wood and stubborn roots.

Nothing to carry here but a wide swath of lawn with whole leaves shredded.

What ground condition of branches and acorns, maple seeds and pine cones?

What of the bigger branches in this yard of twigs and fallen leaves that cover the organic matter of brush,

Twigs or small branches for the size of the yard and the kind of trees.

Leaves and twigs with more chipper and shredder blades, yard waste reduced to leaves raked onto the damp ground.

Grasses are wet, branches are reduced to chunks.

Tamper pushes leaves and small sticks from shrubbery and plant beds, branches from large trees.

Dead branches on uneven or hilly lawns.

A leaf blower transforms leaves and twigs to something unrecognizable.

With mandrel bends. Later the peril  
of concrete barriers snug against traffic.

With thoughts of the doomed  
shiny new trucks of the industry  
sparse in the economies of scale,  
delicately perched high.

These only moving parts  
working selflessly,  
until molecules expire  
and rust falls in red clouds  
of static and blur.

—

Orbs for the spirits  
of the dead. The ideal  
vehicle for moving.

May cast a shadow,  
may loop or be  
of any color.

In shallow basins,  
uncertain depths  
of water. No longer  
of this world.

If the standards  
are not followed,  
what chances  
of dust.

Most people  
are amazed.

Any straight line  
produced by light.

A new course  
of events.

Most often  
a contrail.

—

What spell of forestry  
as logging or thinning  
trees and fallen branches?

Harvest, smaller the blade  
and the cutting chain—

*—teeth are not straight  
in modern saws.*

What reservoir of damage?

What sawdust lightly  
in the field?

When a tooth cuts without cutting.

When heavy timber begins to fall,  
crushed as a large tree  
these white fingers of vibration.

—

What fine fibers of glass woven  
with the advent of finer machines.

What Expo dress of glass fine  
as silk—

*—thin strands of silica spun  
into countless fibers!*

What softened glass heated  
and drawn fine with continuous  
filaments. Here, a thousand years  
of molecules.

What strain, then,  
what poise—

*—anneal.*

If surface to weight.

If strength of virgin.

If freshest and thinnest, along  
and across direct melt or marble,  
a natural affinity for wetting.

Of counter-bore inserted and a drop,  
nozzles and the thickness  
of exit walls.

From meniscus to glistening drops  
wound onto bobbins, blown  
or blasted—

*—much wealth in the form  
of factories.*

What long fingers.

What sliver of possibility—

*—of loose, these tiny shards  
of not quite liquid,  
not fully solid.*

maddeningly so,  
                  though shimmering

*a delicate  
musicality,*

clipped morning,  
birds (too many).

audible  
there, visible  
in light

bird

song

in dark blue,  
winter's length  
of waves

crows or large  
black birds? music  
about music what notes  
commingle in fragile  
mediums,

or rain? the rumbling  
samples or  
silence inserted  
at random intervals,

cedar, soft hiss  
wing  
flutters through

various maneuvers of slow,

entire categories of blur

what sounds mean  
in the rolling air,

what patterns of truth  
this uncertain day?

in long grass

in first cutting

the space gone over  
also the work done

to distant stream  
from cowbells

in once-green

giving the grass  
a stiff wire

mulch to a dry layer  
raking & turning hay

fairy ring  
turf

or until grass  
a steel tooth

an orchard  
of trees pruned

bare patches  
boundary

fire

to saplings

a considerable  
failing  
this

grassfire

part of a country  
distant from  
the coast

to utter

oracle  
(see chant)

voice  
(especially of a god)

also of birds  
(as alto  
as tenor)

chorus or concerted piece  
or crevice

there a wave

the only car visible

in ivy green  
the singing birds  
grown persons in the world

as the air sings in passing

prosperous and bare  
as birds do

3.

A jackhammer lays bare the damp skin of the earth.

*The drive is the only way to go!*

*The motor is the key to a long life!*

What modular living will do to us is unclear.

What is the optimal speed to attain harmony in all things?

The hump is an opportunity to climb.

What rumble strips under foot and in our thoughts?

The lumber yard is the clue to our longevity.

These questionnaires are key to our survival.

We need rest areas as interface between road and not road.

What vistas of dawn light left undisturbed and dazzling?

—

What is the weight of all things in the world?

All of the columns driven into the earth's surface,  
piles pounded?

A system of artificial roots,  
rigid and sealed from the soft soil—

*—transmitting of all power available.*

*A timely manner for bridges or piers.*

*The entire folio covered in drawings of water.*

*Altering forever the course of the river.*

*The patient filling of its many bends.*

What swirl of river  
until the fast-flowing waters  
build up into waves,  
into the full potential  
of the floodplain.

A weir on the river,  
the uncertainty of bearing.

—

Where to dig, where to fill?

What we pass on the side of the road  
like dirt, like gravel,  
like a plow through hard earth  
or soft soil.

Grouser shoes in dirt curl in  
with a full load of holes.

A shovel drives through huge  
amounts of dirt, through fluids  
dense with the force of oil.

This the work we do and the amount of force  
we apply, the force of our effort  
upon the ruptured earth we hear.

The brunt of the weight, the downward  
force of digging, the weight of a heavy load.

How strong, how such big holes—

*—your arm, your upper arm,  
your forearm and hand,  
your wrist, your elbow and shoulder;  
your arm, the boom bent upwards.*

*—no great mysteries here—*

—stable frame, a scaffold  
for the assembly, a system  
of floor.

Fir, cavities filled  
on roofs over sheds,  
oil rigs lodged  
under bridges.

Light ranges along  
walls. Interrupted where  
openings are left.

Large areas enclosed, tar  
on all sides—

*—woods span distances—*



**MAP 15**  
Fourth Street (Los Altos to Ultimo)



1.

What composes the body of a tree  
and its branches, what is covered  
by bark?

What large and thick collection  
of trees, a forest or grove,  
the hard and fibrous substance  
of trees?

What greater part of the stems  
and branches of trees, these  
cells of various kinds interwoven  
with shining bands of silver grain?

Who cut trees and portioned  
cords for the fire?

Whose oranges from a growing population,  
whose daring moves and opportunities  
seized, whose buildings flourished?

Who sent signals, who hunted rabbits  
among cottonwoods by the river?

Who made the decision  
to lease the land?

Who concealed the historic  
and religious nature?

Who forgot the humble lessons  
taught by Chin-ngich-nish?

—

In the palm of your open hand  
the power to see beyond scrim  
and behind sheathing, any nailer  
faster than hammer and nails,

air-powered and a compressor,  
six figures of nails popular in the field,  
the erection of frames by eye or trial,  
marks made and chalklines dropped.

Infinite fields of single-family houses  
of small brads or finish nails which come  
in straight, working in corners  
and in narrow spaces, nails launched

at high velocity, at such astounding  
speeds. After hours of questionable toil,  
a single mechanized blow. Ordinary  
springs generate the hammering force.

Here is what happens when you pull  
the trigger of the gun in this diagram—  
—when the hammer comes down  
north and south switch places.

—

Hammering and the like  
with head of steel or iron  
fixed crosswise to a handle,  
that part which strikes  
upon, smites or shatters,  
beats with heavy blows.

What form  
or forge, what shape  
to labor hard, what spike  
as a cannon.

What labor wrought.

What tapered  
walkthrough  
down the touch  
hole, this single  
array of the power,  
of the progressive  
sound.

—

Winter hard in skies that depend on stones,  
a single storied row of dwellings,  
webs of networks beneath pavement,  
the pitted surface of concrete blocks  
slapped by palms and not moved,  
beneath canopies a grid of homes  
and the bare floor, squatters  
in mansions essentially uninsulated,  
stacks of once-new tile,  
opaque surfaces raked  
across windows to block the sun,  
borders of bone and clay,  
an intrigue, a quiet as heavy  
as the weight of north,  
of miles east.

—

An oily substance from the resin  
of *liquidambar orientalis* in a Berlin  
apothecary, the chain reaction  
of macromolecules.

What vulgar trademark, a sheet stamped  
with blowing agent, voids filled  
with trapped air—

—pillars—

—a light yellow flame (blue tinge),  
a heated and taut length  
of wire dark brown  
to black, woody trunk  
and powder, streams  
in the red earth,  
live current.

2.

Early Friday morning and a patrol car. Unpaved road  
and a gutted sedan on cinder blocks and a ramp leading  
to the baby blue house. Greasy bag of fast food, the lobby  
and a desk. Tin cup and a barred entrance with drunks  
and drug dealers sleeping peacefully.

The sound of scribbling and business dealing. Business ledger,  
a small desk and a refrigerator. Couch, a magazine,  
a tightly framed glamour shot. Deep breath, a perfect ten dive  
into a house-side moat, long, slow motion strokes,  
tan lines and a hydrodynamic build. Cobble stone walk,  
a seated gentleman in a white suit, the house.

[different tone]

A few towns away with a whole new gang. Business  
with a phone and some loyal men. Window and the sound  
of a truck racing in. Large truck.

Of guns and a huge wad of money.

Blue truck barreling down the highway and a hitchhiker  
standing in the sun with a thumb in the air.  
And a black jacket. White T-shirt, a sign that reads  
*miles*.

Downtown, a bar across the street, a sign on the building.

Barstool, a small table draped with a cloth. One corner of the room  
of beautiful ballads, classic tunes played on a real musical instrument.  
Bottles of beer left behind.

Up and down the street.      South, down the sidewalk,  
the half-full glass and the unopened bottle.      Millions of bullets,  
the sound of thirsty guzzling.

Empty bottle and a few coins on the counter.      A few seconds,  
an old clerk sitting at the counter reading  
a yellowed newspaper.      Cat [or dog] on the floor.

Window.      Tapping on glass.

Cheap room for a week, a key for the second floor.

[back slowly]

[disappointed]

Empty wallet and the sound of footsteps trailing,  
above the bed a plaque.      Shower.      Middle  
of a ghost town, empty, with nothing and nobody.

Door, the stairwell onto the courtyard, a parked truck,  
the bed of passing.      Small flight of steps.  
Spiders.      Bus stopped in traffic.      Sidewalks  
and streets, curio shops, small carts through city streets,  
telephone pole across the street.

Saloon.      Fountain by the door.      Doorway revealing  
an unlit staircase.      Day swallowed by darkness.

Roomy, luxurious apartment above the main bar. Free-  
standing porcelain tub in the center of the room. Endless,  
a glass washed, gun in waist belt. Wounded  
limp of morning.

[nodding]

Half a beer mug with tequila. Storms.

[frozen waiting]

[friendly]

Ominous-looking knife. Faint strumming sound.

[choking]

[growing]

Glossy, well-kept piano, an odd note, a sweet little melody.

[a high sweet voice]

[thinking]

[underwater fades]

[evening]

[day]

[into phone]

[laugh]

[in slow, into phone]

[nod]

[pause]

The soft scuffle of black.

Drift towards dirty.

Sky.

Tall.

Thin clouds of concrete.

Blaring stereos of late.

Across rush, lights  
in cars.

Prim from the corners.

Flutter as ever below, in traffic,  
in sunlight.

Sidewalks, this route walked.

spray over flowers.

Hose

Clutter of drops.

Row of violet.

Lines of chairs and silver.

Palm husk under car tires, husk  
and green leaves.

Folded over.

Blurs, a hammering.

Loose dirt.

Drops along the leaves, this  
dark compost.

Curling / uncurling.

pointed iron

upward or outward

*such a shape!*

clusters of sessile flowers  
down planks spiked  
of ear or grain (gun  
or cannon) vent  
driving  
or the like  
(see lavender) stay  
stake vines or hedges

hence  
affixed, of timber

*mortise*

by fire a small  
anvil easily  
driven into soft ground

a tang to enter a hole  
bench top for light

punching upon that  
which is laid down,

hazard, a pledge  
the limits of knowing—

*—out in the arms-spread of this land*

*—out on the determination of this road*

hammer nor a sledge

*dust instantly*

ends of wood  
with beeswax  
heavy soled boots  
gyprock  
of blowforce

xxxxxx\_\_

xxx~xx\_\_ (see bull)

wide blade

stiff bristle

mason (twine)

of the black diamond  
a distance

accurate  
in increments  
is this true?

how are they used today?

Blade is marked  
on the bottom, to scale,  
studs on center marked in red  
marked in black trusses  
or floor joists  
that last bit of accuracy  
in the readings.  
Remember the width  
when that spot

is far away  
one thumb with serious  
oomph  
crease sooner narrow

twisting

a sheet spans half the distance

of irregular shape  
ply

Spring  
recoil

In dust or  
when working alone,  
hot in the sunshine,  
lighter still for someone  
with small hands

due to the curvature

of the tale of the tape  
and just

What thin circumferences  
of mystery?

over home  
made pine ladder  
the beasts

gently poke the outsides

a hole  
through  
facial cotton  
of water (to clean)

*at such speed!*

*pumice*

\_\_\_ WHITE (with yellow)

\_\_\_ dark PINK and aqua

\_\_\_ PULL (wheels with centers)

activities+and+resources  
childrens+commission

craftcraftcraft

cork  
stone  
foot

sun  
characters  
sustained crash  
of sea

*illusive*

nail (pull) a nail  
(the bottom)  
a center of gravity

*to this resting*

stylus

lost

not pictured

components

cardboard boxes full

of spare parts

full

-sized spares

comb)

wire contact  
(wire relays

outer green  
a sphere drawn amazingly

worn  
divider /

drafting and space  
compass  
a chip  
in livery

those for seeding

sun:waste  
sale:guns

in the late style  
all makes including tyres

suddenly two rooms  
as early February of what year

minimal spare

of misc.

4.

All tools scattered.

Keep in mind a small fraction  
of tools, of joiner or smith,  
cutter or chisel.

Tools by whose agency.

A small country—

—*house.*

Shelter

—*as a sentry.*

—

What rain driven clouds block the sun?

What blue bolt of impossible image,  
mysterious joys swept over  
an American life?

This traditional grain or beauty,  
feet on soil with angry scorn,  
brash, even.

As proof whose tempers  
a bold effort.

Postlude, curious letters startle,  
some tincture or flourish.

Whose dead bones picked over,  
throats so perfectly—

—*verbal music.*

What lovely bloom of work  
in the blinding opacity  
of the American place.

*Who are these men and women of industry who cast America  
in a great light, rays upon America's men of industry and the makers  
of progress whose industry first began to stir?*

*Was it a century ago when men of vision and capability tapped  
the lifeblood of modern living, argued for the dignity of hard work?*

*What year was it when we noticed the miraculous strides of industry,  
the year of no crossroads, of no turning points?*

*What loads were hauled in worn wheelbarrows to cluttered worksites  
at the foundations of tomorrow's great buildings and monuments?*

*What ferment stemmed from the roots of this young land,  
what elements of this bright era of progress?*

*What brave people who populated savage lands, who created government  
and life from a restlessness with the way things were?*

*Which horses stood tall as the most universal means of power,  
the most useful possession?*

*What constant expansion over vast new lands through the eyes  
of the individuals who proved their worth by transcending the traditions  
of a dead past?*

*Which river supplies water aside from individual wells, what water hauled  
and heated over a stove fueled by labored wood?*

*Which American traits have become catchwords—*

*—freedom of thought, freedom of action,  
the supremacy of supply and demand?*

*From what atmosphere arose men who thrived and became great statesmen,  
architects of new concepts, great soldiers who fought for ideas to take root,  
great scholars, great creative geniuses?*

*Who chiseled canals out of earth by hand, who connected rivers  
to lakes, roads to a nation burning with zeal?*

*Who built and strengthened the sinews of an America defended by soldiers,  
who turned brilliant dreams, who are the men who make things,  
make things work, solve problems of progress?*

*Who in America or millions in other countries enjoy a cornucopia of pure foods  
or advanced sanitation, what convalescence of precious life, richer  
and more meaningful, what labor and free energies, what minds  
for a broader culture, what good things even kings could enjoy?*

*Which old sayings were prevalent a hundred years ago, what few generations  
who brought such changes in everything, what amount of time  
would be like a trip, what more primitive worlds?*

*What plain human brawn, what spirit of adventure that made changes in the way  
people populated the new and savage, what placid folk,  
what grave uncertainties?*

*Where is this fascinating wilderness bountiful beyond anything imagined,  
what woods demanding strength and endurance of dedicated farmers  
and hunters living out of the richness of the earth, of the soil?*

*What flourish of commerce, local climates or needs, what medicine of science  
or sorcery, what sustenance of the young nation of farms and forests,  
horses of great potential where there was no running water?*

*Who was the first American ironmaster, who had come on the scene to run a boiler or operate a furnace with hot blast, what crude iron housed the business built with his own hands?*

*Who poured lightning rod tips and connectors, what other great American industrialists who made the rules of industry, who took every step without precedent?*

*How hard and simple the life of the average family outside cities, what slight primitive days of overworked horses and plowed fields with heavy iron plows, insects and dry spells, rifles and butter, clothes and soap?*

*What houses with wooden shells, walls and a roof, wood-burning stoves, big tables and enough chairs, rude iron wash tubs when was there no end to the merciless sun or stagnant air, well water from a bucket on a rope, the bitter nights of winter when snow blocked roads?*

*What homes lit with candles or whale oil lamps, what fields and embryonic factories, what small shops and redbrick offices, what birds counted for clues, what skies crisscrossed with clouds seen then, but not now?*

5.

Snow froze the mortar between bricks  
of a fireplace in a mountain lodge buried  
in beautiful snow, a huge white dress  
dropped plumb-like to the earth.

Round shoulders and the snakes  
inside, when cold metal touches  
into deeper snow and brown dirt  
of the earth, near the window

with the green shade, funnels  
of tumbling vapor, *povera!*  
*America!* always frozen,  
no place for a bricklayer.

Clods of snow from yardpaths  
piled high by flat shovels,  
fires in kitchen stoves, hens  
flushed out of the shed clucking

like rosary beads for miles, loose  
floorboards in the corner  
and windows with smudged panes,  
the crash of glass and blood

coming, from old countries carrying  
stone on his back over crossings  
of oceans, hands smeared with black  
dust the color of soil under a damp stone.

Ebb tide in sand, a match strike,  
a small hand mirror catches pale sun  
in the southwest winter afternoon,  
the white burdens of fir trees

grown colder under the white moon,  
half-light in a room for nuns  
on quiet shoes and gnarled hands  
that built walls, the steps

and the cornices, the ashpits  
and the cathedrals all very  
beautiful in the changing light  
of seasons, mysterious things

in houses beyond empty lots,  
windows visible from back porches  
lit by kitchens of bright  
surfaces, books faintly marked,

the clean smell of incense  
and burning candles, damp streets  
under the first stars of evening seen  
from bungalows nestled between

cottonwoods. Breath of white  
clouds over deep snow off the path,  
the sound of coal striking tin  
buckets and pails of water in wash

tubs, a pocket knife stashed behind  
the stove, boats carved to sail  
down slope from their captains, hush  
of feet on red carpet. What elaborate

expressions of ceremony these sighs  
of women and the annoyance  
of boys holding secrets of those early  
days. The heavy battered cup,

a loose shingle in the wind,  
years under yellow light, shrieks  
of an American paradise. Strings  
of white globes with warm glow

across hairlined walls, rocking chairs  
by windows, the thin smallness  
of dimes for the movies. Houses  
by railroad tracks and gas stations,

bridges and parks of cottonwoods,  
a consciousness of old sweaters,  
the huge cold of night in long  
silent steps, the unity of beads.

Water hot in the tank, the quickening  
of time manifest in the snowmelt  
of spring, prayers for clothes and money  
for the souls of the dead and living,

a game for honest children, purses  
filled with dimes. *Ah, poor America!*  
hopeless with her dust rags  
and brooms, her soap and water

and the marks of her children,  
the dark stains of doors and shoes  
with frayed laces, socks on the floor  
and towels doubled over dowels,

beds carefully made with bedspreads  
and freshly ironed curtains, mirrors  
glinting over dressers, rag rugs  
and nicked chairs in the corner.

*Ah woman! Ah America!*

Shadows on snow lit by street lamps,  
chains on car tires on icy pavement,  
stones from the frozen earth, small

insignificant figures with brooms  
sweeping sawdust with dustpans  
and a paper box, the splash  
of running water on the cold stones

of church walls, puddles of frozen  
water, crowds and street lamps shining  
on trestle bridges spanning slow creeks,  
trails through pastures, the great

sweep of white over railroad lines,  
white sands of creek banks, cottonwoods  
and fence posts and brick walls,  
chimneys of redbrick and gray mortar,

radiators and rocking chairs  
in front rooms. *Ah Spring!*  
*Ah soft palms!* A small spruce  
of tender willowy strength,

the night warm and clear.  
*Ah, what a night!* Black shoes  
with sharp new heels, all the men  
and women on earth downtown

before the stores close, a singing  
strength of green at our feet,  
white snow fallen back to the earth,  
red and sodden light in the middle

of the room. *Sangue de la  
Madonna!* Black embers  
of burnt paper from red dots  
in the snow, a little stone

in her shoe, mountains blotted  
by black clouds, a wreath  
on the door, a lonely road  
thin and dwindling. *The snow!*

The world a pale void, ahead  
only the thin sleet-water that  
has not melted, bricks set down  
in it, two men in a room filled

with cigar smoke. *A la salute!*  
The steaming radiator in late  
afternoon, with a tool sack  
on this very road, low houses

of white flagstone, tall pine  
trees of dreams, white stones  
soft beneath a mason's hands,  
a beautiful house of Indian rugs

and large beams, yellow woodwork  
in this handsome room with worn shoes  
always falling, a few loose bricks  
in the flue-lining, an hour's work

of tricks of the trade. Rich precise  
words about the strangeness of  
scenes, of the weather. *Ah,*  
*the cold sunless days!* Firebrick

in lumber yards, canvas over  
carpet, mortar mixed in buckets  
for loose brick, new brick in sweet-  
scented rooms with not a speck

of smeared mortar, white spotless  
halls, yellow tile and washbowls  
of purple flowers, perfume  
bottles and comb-and-brush,

a spot or two of splashed water,  
tea in a thin cup, two real legs  
of the chair, fireplace glowing  
below the mantelpiece,

red knotted fists in a reverie  
of angles, of mathematical  
computation, writing desks  
by dewstreaked windows

offering the promise of tomorrow,  
books and sheaves of paper  
in the darkness. *Let the winter blow!*  
*Let the snow pile and bury!*

No furniture in bare rooms  
sounding with the solid tapping  
of hammers, snow kicked from wet  
shoes, coffee in saucers, black cars

cruising through the middle of town.  
*Ah, America, speak to the cold rooms,  
to cobwebs scooped from corners!  
Ask the naked floors, ask the frosted*

*windows!* What black stuff in fireplaces,  
honorable men with no desire to cheat  
and sensible men glad for opportunities,  
for heaters in cold rooms, for warmth

where there is work. What lush fragrance  
of skin, of matches struck across the once-  
slick faces of counters, peasants among people  
of power, a hundred facebrick, gray sacks

of cement and yards of sand, dust  
in the air and the blue strong smoke  
from cigars, rusted trucks backed against  
front curbs, ancient fireplaces still standing.

Songs of spring echoing in cold rooms  
filled with voice, hammer-crack and  
trowel-plink. Days of time passing in rooms  
grown warm with the heat of work until

that late hour of murky light from streetlamps,  
flames adjusted to a dim glow, no black-  
bottomless pits, no green-eyed serpents  
slithering, shining floors and soft divans,

pine logs in fires sputtering, trays bearing  
glasses and liquor from gurgling bottles  
in the American style. What vigorous  
pleasant aplomb and packages wrapped

in Christmas paper with red strings and tissue  
inside, new shoes in each hand, the play  
of flame. *Ah, what shoes!* Bare feet  
in deep carpet, wages for satisfied work,

piles of stones in backyards, two tons  
of flagstones under snow on sidewalks laid  
down. Whose low garden walls or sundials  
erected and garden benches with fountains,

incinerators, rooms of white beds  
and dressing tables, chests of drawers.  
What warm fruits of imagery,  
what empty gestures. The swish

of pages, fragrant leaves and white smoke,  
a whistling in the dark, big wardrobe  
of suits and a question of honor, of books,  
hardships far greater, fistfuls of cold water,

gauze and tape. *Ah, what quiet elegance!*  
*What rich simplicity!* The sound of cars  
drifting to nothing down the mountain road,  
drawers of old letters and papers, fountain

pens and pencils. Here was a new world:  
deep beds in extra rooms, blankets  
of gentle warm weight, the toiling  
bells, battered old hats. *Oh, star!*

*Oh birth!* Tumbling flakes of snow,  
the patter of melting icicles, of purple  
and swollen black puffs, the language  
of violence scrawled. Bread and butter

and black coffee, the gaze of human  
society wielding keys with beaded chains,  
the first streets within city limits,  
of front doors locked and curtains pulled,

a thump and a wallop, snow falling  
from naked cottonwoods, sighing black  
mud on doors open to the cold evening  
air, stone barns in pastures, banks

of the little creek swollen into brown  
snarling current, barrels of wine in dark  
cellars, glasses of water at bedside,  
stiff wash on the line in the moonlight.

What red and yellow fire, jazz on the radio  
by the window, walnut shells on newspaper,  
shadows of deep pines with light behind  
Venetian blinds, stone cottages in moonlight

and the glare of the white mountains  
in the west, gravel driveways and soggy  
lawns, cut stones, planks and boxes  
of mortar, beds of wet pine needles,

bread dipped in olive oil and sprinkled  
with salt, a whispered hubbub,  
long silk ribbons swaying in the wind.  
*The sighing trees! The cold and lonely*

*wind! The dead!* Wintry afternoons  
growing cold with hands shoved  
in pockets, thin shoulders under red  
woolen coats on the steps of the front

porch in the warm January sun. Spring:  
two or three weeks more, dry brown  
lawn, clouds tumbling south. Books  
bound in blue oilcloth, a short message

and a five dollar bill, the line of trees  
bordering the street, low foothills  
and white peaks beyond. Stone mallets  
plinking against dressing chisels,

stones split asunder, stones dressed,  
shaped to lay along the seats of stone  
benches, clouds gathering in the north.  
Heavy stones lifted with mighty efforts,

over rooftops tunes without melodies,  
whistles without meaning on the hard  
reddish trail, somewhere in the ravine  
the thickets crackling, clouds banked

at the peaks, patches of blue in the east.  
Somewhere on the earth stones waiting  
for hammers, thin air around  
the place that once blossomed.

**MAP 16**  
Ultimo Avenue (Fourth to Sixth)



1.

what black cloud  
of creativity  
this thick  
cover  
of marks

a marker

dark red  
dirt tossed  
scarlet dye

black

wish

the wire is weak  
so says  
this tracing of lines  
the pain portion

the last resort  
of science  
lamps for night  
you will see the blue

furthermore,  
in windows the blue  
pale  
face of America

reduced  
to strobes

screen light  
in every home  
of family  
meals

or eyes at peace

a surprise of immigrants  
of small children looking  
for the source

or the sweet taste  
of incandescence

—*as for this land*

—handsome  
this ground, a feature beloved  
for the weight of this trembling rock,

clamber  
over downed trees,

in abundant air  
a neutral position in this space  
high enough for vistas  
(smoke seen for miles),

old designs unveiled  
as if nothing  
*nothing!* had been sold here  
(or taken)

(a tiny presence)

salient,  
coarse sounds unpleasant and crude  
when vehicles are laden,

—noise or otherwise—

—of 50-degree days,  
(it snowed last night, somewhere)  
*snowed!*  
buried under  
windows clouded over  
and impossible

*warning!*  
walking a comfortable middle  
ground, navigating  
narrow paths through history  
and visible fault lines,

no vigorous applause for this  
uncertain landscape,  
this wilderness of expectation?

how thirsty?

of metal and water  
over time

here is sand

here, shells

straw tamp  
another pot ready  
for harvesting

in storage

*palo*  
*verde*

trowel down through  
dark brown  
to black rarely  
utilized for food

shucked small black  
spheres a new  
species of mushrooms  
heavy little objects

blackbirds in mid-  
flight  
*fusia*

leaves should

wildflowers  
sun THOUSAND from  
small trees a

fine mist of  
wax *a grey*  
*cloud of clock-*

*iron orange-and-*

yellow flowers down  
deep ruts frozen

oomph

candywrapper in

crowbeak  
(inches to pick)

tooth  
terminal book

as arcane  
or silence

of the nearest tree (six  
feet)  
no other holes

or weeds  
(as the new)

bone, a hip  
an X hole

2.

Simply a scar,  
of an inch. Frowns  
best suited.

Epidermis, into  
the connective,  
superficial pain.

Undermined, hopeless  
in the hovering  
sadness. Arrowheads.

To divide the great  
or snare. Root,  
taunts of others,  
all of the land in.

A place in the worst  
margin (meaning

of edge). Down  
a mountainside,  
wedged-formed  
stones for arches  
overhead.

In the region:  
Catalina Island  
to the west, inshore  
eel grass beds,  
smoke or haze.

Slanting days,  
close to the wind  
a coarse cloth,  
yards braced  
of tin full.

Palm of incremental  
movement (clews),  
this rook will caw  
words and sighs.

—

—gazette,  
magpie (of false  
chatter),  
a small copper coin

boilerplate,

leaflet  
devoted to light, by a rule  
after the fall (folio, short  
of war)

linotype  
deadline, do not cross  
yellow  
agitation for war  
hooligan  
in summer (in songs  
of the decade)

battleship,  
one of guns  
want  
/ wane

banner,  
battle of valiant deeds

fleet,  
flow of water  
of tidings  
what was not before  
news

hollow of the throat (semi-  
circular)  
departure,

morgue  
of living  
a sad expression  
beatnik,  
raw of mind  
Podunk  
(Algonquian) corner  
of land, a boggy place  
through cover of horses,  
fact of evil deeds

cross  
athwart winds  
and sailing ships

scandal  
trap with a springing  
device, a reborrowing  
of place names  
rag  
shaggy tuft

*a low,*  
*despicable word*

penny  
cheap and glory  
of bed and bosom

place  
of a river, preserved  
in the countryside  
of metal and water

time  
(with a forelock)  
report  
a rumor  
of resounding noise—

—full text of the opera—

*the populace and troops retire  
singing. wine and feast hail  
home.* version features a voice-

over. blow like an iron ball.  
all the breath. sing in fervor.  
canyons of this resonant voice.

*bugles! over the traffic  
of cities! over the rumble  
of wheels in the streets!*

*high and clear over the waves!  
gray-brown bird singing  
over shining cities!*

open throats make faithful roar.  
grand and sweeping water over  
maple leaf. archetypes singing

over classics. in the jungle.  
of cities and gods. blow  
by light. as leaf.

—in soft dirt  
    in soil  
    packed hard  
broad scoop  
    more or less hollow  
blade.

Earth thrown  
    or gathered,  
    flat thin tablet  
    of pale spade,  
wash of an oar  
    run away at full  
speed.

Sense of colors,  
    bucket for bailing  
    water, opening in a ship's  
side  
    (of wine),

of gunfire  
    or grain (by tossing it  
into the air).

3.

Listen to the startling horn. Look up at tall columns of smoke. Remember our lives and property. Of citizens, a group whose total losses of properties involved by fire (a carpenter).

A hand drawn ladder. Several types of entertainment. *The Iowa Villa*. Truck, bucket, and axe. A large bell on a tower. Apparatus housed in a building (helmet)

(shirt) (belt). Disband in favor of a more permanent fire. The go ahead signal. The forerunner of the horse. Each fire answered, seven horses housed in stalls (harnesses

suspended from the ceiling) (collars open). A large hammer-like taper, striking out the number of any fire. Bells heard in nearly all parts of the city. The distinction of the Pacific

Coast. Air-cooled and the population grown. In service as were 40 gallons and 500 feet. One day off in every eight. An outer harbor of miles. Work in war industries by leaps

(or shift), a continuous series of oil. A rapidly growing city with a building trend developing in a north-westerly direction. Incidents from the memories of others.

The lack of water to a combination fire. The initial shock and the strongest. Severe, and some mild. Recorded on instruments. Midnight ensues where falling bricks

and heavy cornice stones. A hasty check of the debris. One particular fire for a number of years, the following highlights. The departure of horses from the city.

—

The dust that may collect  
on an object over the course  
of several days or weeks.

The dirt or ash that may be lodged  
on the surfaces of an object  
in hand, he blows dust  
(or she?) (a dancer?  
a singer?).

What breath from whose lungs  
frees this item from the burden  
of dust, of particles foreign  
to its polished surfaces (or rough,  
dog-eared and rusted)?

What motes blown  
into shafts of morning light  
(or afternoon, broken rays  
through canopies of trees,  
softened through curtains  
shifting past open windows)?

What palm-sized device  
held chest-high, examined  
for clinging debris  
and blown upon?

—

Introductory  
(this was a man, a man  
of one book).

On magnitude  
(in relation to slip angles).

On the history of cells,  
pulsing in waves of sumptuous sound,  
the ordinary gravity of our species,  
the realm of surfaces inhabited by insects  
to the very edge of this world.

On the armies of aggregates  
(indeed ever growing).

On skeletons and spirals of equal angles,  
all of the birds and all of the fishes  
mentioned in the classic texts.

Of the shapes of horns and teeth or tusks,  
some years ago the grinding  
at the formative history of the world.

On the theory of transformations,  
the active project of a lifetime marked  
by lit candles under bushes (not just  
for show), this atlas of a life.

On the comparisons of related forms  
(swarm of bees? cloud of bats?).

Epilogue  
(for such an act).

**MAP 17**  
Sixth Street (Ultimo to Manila)



1.

Line.

Imprint forms—

*—a natural counterpoint.*

*A challenging feel.*

*An inspirational skeleton.*

*An engaging narrative.*

*An occasional rumbling.*

*A visitation within sonic occurrences.*

Sounds over the opening minutes of the morning,  
the sheer depth and breadth of a group of houses,  
concrete over inflated structures, spaces  
formed by air, plaster for concrete both soothing  
and suspect, this manipulated sound  
of breath being blown—

*—a head-filling density.*

*A low volume.*

*An amazingly deep background.*

[ *see disintegrating loops* ]

[ *see room with sky* ]

Deeper currents of drones no stranger  
to these pages, stunning constructions  
of light brushing, clicks of much longer sounds  
and their sources—

*—unexplained, unlocated.*

*This slow arc.*

*A departure, a shift in attention.*

Silences are nowhere (whether true or not).

The lined surface of things in the listening.

Line is a force.

We claim.

What state of motion  
as a jet flies over a range,  
gentle zigzag of checkpoints.

Flange, flying opposite  
the normal flight path,  
warbling, the *mise en scène*  
of descent.

The embodiment of the earth whose frame  
of reference consists of drones in the form  
of an ending suspended, a beginning  
long forgotten.

Comprising the steps of.

Enclosed within a thin wall,  
a block diagram of the drone.

An alphanumeric display.

A pen and ink plot.

The following questions have been answered—

*—what great appeal in ridding machines  
of ironmongery that fling themselves off  
at the most inconvenient moments?*

*Sideways to the quill. Check before  
taking a saw to it.*

*Near the top of a hill, a struggle. Any light shed.*

*The even spacing, the wideness of the range—*

—the solution comes in the shape of a purpose.

—

Long before the air  
saturated with water.

Long after the air  
falling in great, billowing clouds  
of heat to the earth.

—

All the dogs down. Story (of course).

All signs point. Migrate from place  
in the good heat of streets. Dog town.

Somewhere in the cosmos. Closer  
and closer like comets. See waves  
woven into place.

Unfamiliar to the visible  
locations. Bridges over rivers  
next to train tracks, roads of hard  
experience. Fear, with eyes.

Halting (moon above) direction.

On the doorstep of the trees,  
porch lights cut by branches,  
thin shoulders under heavy coats,  
footsteps make the same noise.

No way of knowing. Bare feet on damp  
driveways, on garage floors, walls thick  
with graffiti.

The slanted spray, a good collection  
of messes.

A restlessness. Never completely dark  
in Los Angeles (clouds reflect light).

The rocks are always the same, black,  
no longer molten. Spirit is near.

—

During the spring birds fly  
in to gather string. Horses' feet  
turned inward. Every thing  
put together with wooden dowels  
and pegs. The Fourth  
of July is the biggest day of the year.

Entertainment not limited to rides  
and food. Circus groups  
close down for the winter.

No one wants to say  
they have been fooled.

Trams take tourists  
for rides. Many conventions  
are held in the auditorium.

There is always a parade  
on Halloween. During the Depression  
no one had any money.

This city is in full bloom.

Life is centered on the beach  
with sweeping views of the Pacific.

One can swim in the sea  
or rest on the beach. Still water  
is kept full by the constant action  
of the waves against the rocks.

These years are the days.

---

The very first word uttered—

*—the peaceful and the picturesque.*

*The rustic beginnings.*

*The higher flat land.*

*The whip and the spiral way.*

*The whispering rivers.*

*The ride over the falls.*

*The valley of the moon.*

*The very nature.*

*The great, true promise.*

2.

The secret cousins of coins, machines that make  
our civilizations run. Engines of our ingenuity,  
two centuries of iron works.

What holes of access to the underground,  
manholes in city streets whose history is lost  
to everyone. None have survived  
this second-rate literature.

What grand art that shaped America,  
covers festooned with delirious galleries  
of patterns swirling in leaves and spirals,  
glass yielding light to the caverns below.

Far beneath the sunlit city a great criss-  
crossing, simple motives of concentric  
circles never seen nor heard.

What civilized people whose coats of arms  
cast true in this fine and peaceful iron.

All within steps this water immortal  
beneath our feet.

—

This is about the limit.

Never attempt on your own behalf. After a truck accident, most are highly skilled. Never make any statements.

Brakes heat up at the scene of the crash. Suppose an engine grosses out. A full stop might raise temperatures.

Return to the road after putting a tire. Understand the severe demands of long hills. Big rigs roll.

A curve too fast. While being jack-knifed, some rollovers.

In soft ground, sooner or later.

If the wheels are pointed straight ahead. Road crowns left or right.

Control becomes lost.

—

Under certain cold,  
white smoke and liquid residue  
left behind. Flames  
of questionable color—

*—hot water  
to keep warm  
early in the morning.*

—

What math is riding on this,  
what glorious morning in blue  
streaked white with vapor?

What remains to be done  
about water being lost?

What more can be written  
about rust?

Light unfurled,  
sky festooned.

Air gets in everywhere.

—

*We have been procrastinating.*

*We have been too busy.*

*We found ourselves in this position.*

*We were forced to make a choice.*

*We were spending time.*

*We would find ourselves looking.*

*We caved in.*

*We spent an entire week.*

*We managed to get more than we spent.*

*We plan to take some pictures.*

*We handed in the keys.*

*We are so inexperienced.*

*We were sorry to see.*

*We need spring to arrive.*

*We did not know the difference.*

—

What variants of lamentation  
sung with closed lips.

What so called sound  
made by the rapid vibration of wings—

—*a curious bird to see*—

—weave so called  
for the shape of the nest.

Ballad of the oceans between E  
and F. Grave or monotonous tone.

As in a pastoral composition,  
utter or make low.

—

Dust, with fingers,  
with coupling means.

Open of air. What passage  
into the atmosphere,

hard flange. A brief  
description of the drawings

of the known and unknown.  
Of the spirit and scope

a hard touch is sensed.  
Bubbles = leak,

for years without needing air.  
Make sure you look up

for pressure due to climate.  
Sorry, California,

where the air goes. Very simple,  
but difficult to explain.

—

Simple task of light,  
shrouded or formidable power.

A humming shore,  
discharged.

What fuses? Of contact  
bled through, gone out  
or go dim.

Trickle down, tripped  
or was shut.

Please don't ask  
how it works.

3.

With broom and rake a grandmother. A better job and did not simply move leaves and debris from one place to another.

A pebbled cement patio with chairs. A large well-muscled gardener did not clean the area. Up and down a slope of small nuts or leaf stems, of pine needles and dirt.

What columns of dirt into the air. She won him over—

*—who doesn't mind a few leaves  
on lawns and sidewalks?*

With autumn leaves falling on grass in a spectrum of silence, quieter than traffic. Winds in excess of landscapes blasted, leaves ripped from branches.

With young flowers shocked or topsoil destroyed—

*—natural openings in the leaves.*

*Winds unnatural in origin,  
winds stronger than hurricanes—*

—another story of blowers.

*To want wind  
without noise.*

After weaving, the cutting  
of grass. Blades close to the lawn.

By means of ratchets, petrol  
and steam these minor grasses  
often coarser than elsewhere.

The best thing would be a horse,  
these whispering blades of the yard,  
under foot and spray the nap  
of velvet.

The real secret about the world  
in hardware stores across America.

What humble seed and lawns  
of all time, what swath, what common  
cloud of blue. What peace of small gardens  
though sadly many have disappeared.

Witness this widespread use of light,  
lapsed, meaning silent.

What passes for lawn.

*My overall favorite  
I say pruners.*

Rust up faster  
than spray, the hose  
that kinks.

*I'm with you  
on the hand, mine  
is the sole tool.*

As nothing stays  
in one place. Quick work  
of shadows as large as trees.

In the garden and in unplanted  
spaces. Handle and leverage where  
there are no rocks.

Forks never used on tree roots  
cut below grade, gloved hands  
on shovels driven into ground.

Fall to root prune (what makes  
hydrangeas blue). White impatiens  
for shade, maroon to black eyes  
a season long.

Who keeps charts of bloom times  
for everything that grows?

Who stacks twigs for compost  
as the sun sets?

All of the stone shaped  
like a gun. The black  
will come off nails pulled  
from stainless steel.

Abandoned at sea  
or stranded on shore.

The point of departure,  
the measured steps.

4.

*a blast!*

this soft  
debris

submersible &

sand fire

gun (side  
on) flush

cowl opening  
& immediate

(or seal) slow  
running water

in hose between  
shots of stable

car clean all  
drains lead to  
ocean to sky

flume

a new gang

lumber after it is cut

a vast  
unlimited amount  
of timber

best on clear mornings

blazed

mulch

light spread  
over the top of the broken earth

drawn by horses  
snow flurries in the air  
vertical strata  
fired w/ laborious industry  
fissures of minerals  
of our elders

*(slandorous tales of wealth  
rabble of a town*

the inclination of roses and etc.)  
of a mast (in general  
of gunfire) moon  
in a pond

we don't rake leaves as they fall  
but maybe  
we should pinch  
each one in mid-  
swirl

harrow

lawn comes up green  
wolf teeth, broken on  
salt and sand on highways  
the wheel, harvest  
against a fence or anywhere

blanketed w/  
warm hearth

trunks of wisteria, mission  
figs, waves passing  
through the earth

embers to branches

owls to Athens

5.

The sounds emitted by traffic. Vision where the landscape absorbs the weather. Consistent and accurate recognition.

Anomalies emerge from the steady drone. The nature of sound is an easier task, a learning of sounds such as car

crashes, brakes, and tire squeals. The incoming signal raises appropriate flags. Events in the sound stream.

Due to the rarity of accidents, hours go by which need more attention on the busy road where we live

with faint shouting. An alternative to the constant traffic flow. High rates of speed usually found

on the interstate as cars and trucks stop and go at major intersections. A field recording is not the best

in the world. Plenty of traffic masking footsteps, whips of speech, sounds of cars passing after each other,

artifacts of acceleration. Listeners' ability to identify road traffic. Sounds described in terms of object (sound

producing source). Considerably more false alarms. Sound sources not present. Spectral. Temporal.

—

First impressions are powerful.

Does the house sparkle or fade under southern exposure?

Does the house look good from the outside (can you take it with you)?

Until they shine, windows overflow with a friendly welcoming feeling, colors one tone lighter or darker.

How quick the greening, what tones of one or another.

Broken sprinkler heads and the water that continues to spill from them.

Mullions made of wood, turf in a straight line.

From the basement to the attic, something beautiful reflected in mirrors.

Illuminate surfaces free of any evidence, the light they cast.

A highly visible spot, an open airy look.

Expand space, clear paths (choose white, of course).

Aim for simplicity, a pleasing riot of color.

Give everything a place, promise manifest in horizons slightly bowed.

—

Birds are popular because they are beautiful. Smaller species are permitted. There are many species of bird with advantages.

You are thinking about a bird. Most large birds are given up within five years. Birds are most often acquired.

A reputable store specializes in birds. Weaned babies are easier than the untamed. You might purchase a bird.

Owners are presented with a nest of eggs. Ranchers own hundreds of birds. Experience is important, but so is love.

Offer chances to hand feed your own. Brokers act as middlemen. Birds may be newly imported, caught in the wild.

Birds are less expensive than a baby fully invested. A bird is healthy by looking. Ask the organization to justify this.

Replace a bird that dies. Your source is honest. Brokers travel, birds transported for long distances.

Choose the source of the bird. Expect clean, cheerful, colorful, active birds. Isolation from new birds is important.

Giant birds are known for developing intense bonds. Resist temptation to rescue. Feathers can break.

—

Tools last forever for pruning shears this professional pair.

Upper blade to the grip made precision.

Cushion and stop moreover the blade drain to whisk.

The safety of thumbs blade for the clean in comfort but the sharp cut.

Crush stem for flowers or anvil no chance against.

For long life hand's power for hollow ground.

Rusting too often against branches these blades are brought down.

—

The broom sweeps the earth. The broom moves dust and debris from one place to another. Each bristle for the greater good.

Even with a dustpan scraping on gravelly asphalt, the broom succeeds only in transferring material elsewhere.

The broom whisks like dry wind in palm fronds. Twigs from a common flowering shrub tie together to make a tool.

Both flowers and sweeping are considered unlucky in May. Witches use many objects (pitchfork, bowl, trough).

Servants perform menial tasks. A word was invented for such an incident. Rough prickly shrubs, the evolution of brush.

Throwing out of windows. Low shrubs with long, angular branches, leaves, bright yellow flowers.

Dust brushed from the floor, dry particles of earth raised and wafted by the wind. Earth crumbled into minute portions.

Dust is alive when brushed from one place to another. Nothing is gained, nothing is lost.

In the flecked prose of America, a knee-slapper of dust clouds (palms on pant legs) in the darkened night of dead grass and stars whose thunder crashes upon hills along the interstate, murmur of dirt and the snow of crevices, dust pounded from pant legs outside hotel bars in the Midwest of large rooms with hardwood floors that creak under foot, of brass beds and windows, hair and pale skin shook free of dust, motes in the slanting light of the yellow harvest, out in the grass buried under snow in the prairie prowled by mountain lions and foxes, flakes of paint from hallway walls brushed from pant legs, collars pulled, red soil flung from pant legs of those leaning into windows of yellow trucks, windows rolled down and words spoken, the cold and wet slapped from pant legs on screen-door porches, light-adjusted interiors of built-ins and sagging windows, books of irregular heights in bookshelves, papers put away, parking lots, doors slammed in bullet-proof glassed office buildings down from bars with small faded signs, wind from the river, campfire smoke slapped from pant legs around a smoldering fire pit, picnic tables gleaned in the vast dark of lemon and sandalwood, river rocks moved closer to shore, stones stacked on stones, love mapped on bodies, on legs smoothed clear of dust, roads unfurled in the evening, interstates glowing in the desert of America, flat fields of dead grass under snow, stars, dust settling and settling.



**Map 18**  
Iron Triangle



1.

The ongoing war for the heart  
of America. Men to make big  
rigs, rusting fenders, bent

manifolds, cracked headlights.  
Tales of woe, joy out of said  
junk. A must see paradigm.

Here a hulking half  
ton, staged that you can see  
the reading. Some manner

of mindless junk. Implicit  
in these moments. A few stand  
out for a valid reason.

A moth slowly circling. Country  
mouse / city mouse. The life  
blood of American freight

taking up so much cultural space.  
Gear and whine, hard-working  
highwaymen visible for miles.

—

A new kind of kick. Listen metal  
wire. Utilization of the weed.

A true pressure. A critical element  
in the making. The current, a long-  
spindled arbor of fine wheels.  
(Read more. Of the crystal structure.

Through a magnetic field. About  
the burnished surface of metal.

Through space (one peak  
on the ocean (blue to green.

Here the basics of the light.  
This is the high speed. A serious

plug (through iron and tin.  
Yes, a slight. Of an old farm &

there is old. A coil of thin.  
Found arch . . . )))

—

If a fold  
by first folding made,  
then a shape emerges  
from effort and not  
from chance.

If a square cut dry  
then the ancient art  
of water noticeably  
non-square.

If a triangle  
starts in one corner  
past the center,  
then a set of new lines  
turned out in brackets,

a space wider  
than a window.

If a popular sea  
to the tips of the open,  
then over palms  
twisted like rope.

If along the long edge  
square and often fine,  
then tracts recanted,  
poised with the unfolding.

If a point arcs  
toward two other points,  
then open hands down.

If breath blown  
through cloth thrice,  
then droop like a flower,  
a love memento,  
souvenirs of trips abroad.

—

This measure of water,  
the outdoor of automobiles  
and runoff of high loads  
of nutrients.

Many watersheds in dry  
weather, when metals  
and hydrocarbons flow  
down the street, water  
used to wash grime,  
a dirty storm of water  
washed from carskins.

Geographic regions of water,  
of higher concentrations  
of automobiles in urban areas,  
part of an overall message  
of gravel, grass, or other  
permeable surfaces, inserts

to catch water before joining  
the Pacific.

The average citizen  
does not understand  
hydrologic connections,  
tried practices of water,  
the yard, the street,  
the storm, the streams.

What areas designed to collect  
and hold water, what locations  
mapped?

How much is known  
about the quality of water?

How many times  
must a car be washed  
before it is clean?

—

One simple answer. Each morning  
you rise. The prior art of meshing,  
of swing time and teeth  
ratchet.

Travel, speak to many drivers.

No one looks over shoulders.

Over the years,  
a road becomes *THE*  
*road*.

What has been hauled? When the hitch  
locks into place. Intermittent  
of pawl, the time it takes  
for a pendulum  
to come to rest.

—

Water column of rain or shine. No guarantee  
is made or implied. Washes in many rural  
locations. Studies find a population  
among a town of people.

The number of bays, both  
directions of flow. Streams tend to favor  
a narrow genre of line, general or giant.

What hour of weep  
or freeze in single or three,  
what pre-plumbed heat or tape,  
what boom of steel.

Plumb with unions, run to weep cloth  
or a cloth-like material. No other water  
touches the vehicle. A southern exposure  
of ice in cold weather.

Wash a rinse-winter, a rinse-summer hot  
or cold. Another cycle of time  
if it rains for a week, the three rivers  
reach out and touch fingers.

*The universe*

*balled up like an old  
cigarette, so tiny.*

Below the wooden roof,  
bare stone lists in one  
direction or the  
other.

*Pearl  
and the missing wing,  
an acute V.*

At eye level,  
askew.

*Which the wind  
beat back.*

With vane not only air. If there is no easy.  
A gas when hot which coats, blued  
from excessive heat or scored.

A sound or a light pulses, short-lived  
after being turned down, don't be fooled  
by friction. Between a chirp and a growl.

Do you hear noise? If you live in a hilly  
area, think of steel, of the size of the wire  
in the mix. See the finely cut slivers  
from the cheap. For this disparity.

Do we wait until the light comes on?

Film everything sticks to. Particles  
from the heat warped at full thickness,  
*how are they to hold their shape?*

Water escapes in wet weather, simplicity  
of strain, still drawing.

What precise holes were drilled.

2.

*The first bus!*

*A more enriched place to live!*

*Of activity throughout!*

By our vigilance or activity, the building  
of a good image on the wooden tracks  
where the power of a single horse  
in one of the most beautiful cities  
along the shore.

*A unique series of firsts!*

In the emergence of a new  
beach town laid out by hand.

This coastal village destined to languish  
as a small seaside resort. A sure-fire means  
of enticing potential residents, Missouri Valley  
to Southern California.

*The Plunge!*

Projections of the economic impact.

Automobiles of all vintages.

The ultimate entrepreneurs of their time.

—

Cans for Napoleon, when *hunger began to tax their fighting strength*.

An iron can coated with a thin layer of tin even the best craft could only produce.

As techniques are perfected, inventions enable the production of cans with an American machine stamp, with zinc.

The story of condensed milk in America, sanitary open top in Europe for food, dark prints drying in continuous ovens.

Technology has advanced to a stage in the improvements of the lining where American crimping results in faster speeds.

The first flat top beer in Virginia, beer in Wales, where drinks are packaged in cans shaped like bottles with *three pieces of metal and a cone-shaped top closed by a crown cork* and an easy open end of aluminum.

A new level of convenience to the consumer.

Triangular holes punctured in one end with less metal in a two-piece than a three, *tin-free coatings of chromium drawn and wall ironed, this widget for draught, widget to lager, widget to cider* with a large opening end.

What wide aperture of these cans.

—

Bicycles wheeled around America by countless aficionados of spoke and chain who ride for all the right reasons, who participate in this acceptable activity, who sense a violation of stricture, of this sensible pursuit of the physical.

Rarely do you hear terms used to describe cadence and other statistics, proof of bodies in motion.

With this perception some are offended by others on public roads in the presence of traffic, epithets overheard above the buzz of tires, another motive behind such behavior, a sense of satisfaction with one's life.

Who needs to be brought down a notch?

Psychologists have interviewed youths in a matter that might not make sense to others.

The sport loses its appeal when drivers engage in deadly endeavors in treacherous places to ride, slicing within inches, dangerously close to the edge of the pavement, the desired path, the passing point.

Flinching when passing in the event of a collision between median and edge, the precision in spite of the danger, a far greater distance than a sincere warning,

A car travels a road that crosses a path at right angles with skill, moving traffic blurry in adjacent lanes at exactly the same time.

How much longer must they follow, regardless of visibility?

What inopportune pass down a mountain road, what contrived hindrance, what notice given of this rapid approach?

Can bicycles stop faster than cars?

Hostile drivers enjoy the dangers of speeding with no simple explanation for these maneuvers.

Parity—there is little doubt you can fall by riding, by falling.

A visibly empty stretch of road.

—

Nebulous references to alleged incidents.

Thin tablet drawn flat through openings in a ship's side.

The usual range of fanciful theories of pale.

Blade transferred sense of color or wash of an oar.

Remarks on the present system by pilots away at full speed.

A solid mass of stones of nearly uniform size.

A fan light to draw water through imperfect portals to be forged later.

The movement of ships in sense of geological features.

Smooth and puckered surfaces tiny particles crushed.

Honey without bees for an imprecation of that shape more or less hollow.

The ending is instrumental for literature of grit.

By glacial streams or notion of deep loose stones.

On seashore of grave sand grown (a horse).

Earth thrown (as a ship) echoic of the sound of water over pebbles.

—

*Great fun!* the entire area you wish more power on tap.

An open clear area at night or dusk on far hills in full sun.

Known to prefer shade junipers under ground level windows.

Black hills full coverage spruce rolls of stainless steel.

Japanese Red Maple right ascension of the sun success.

With this plant in sandy soil the chronicle of the horse.

Sweep of red hills and pumpkins good omens young orchards.

As far west largest trees shade on every road or drawbridged canal.

Elapsed years not to scale for birdsong orbits around the sun.

—

A deep morning and the stillness of a last voyage upon the ocean.

A daze with fear and the boundless shoulder bearing the sheer mass.

About the world gulls shouted still but no flat earth this part of the sea.

This very edge before the sun a green sickness by name or first consciousness.

The drifting launch to drag the bow for departures to islands of any time.

No other word hammered out foremost in print of an earlier era.

All wisdom partial to an immense learning of wit for a century of essence.

Of infamy and an absurd period of time which history to repeat are doomed.

Long forgotten to bring years from death in some sense agreeable.

What a great language for this place to celebrate these brave souls.

A boat by spirits a slow boat, an order to rope rather than threads.

How entrancing the depths of nature about a continuum of images that tell.

What stream transpires beyond balance which speaks the sudden sound.

—

For the easy hour filled with the prestige of this world.

For us to share and help discover

[ stars ]

a deeper shape.

A day made simple, thick

[ or drawn ]

lines like film or feathers.

Hard as nails hammer out the names of great things over

[ music ]

turned down at night,

this open

[ window ].

Last lines delivered by the brotherhood of this rich earth.

And everywhere the joining of things through chance or guiding providence.

The bitterness of this world often lost after words of regret.

All the money in the mint pinned on flags or

[ arrow ]

points of light  
illuminating

[ wolf or bear ]

gold and silver world with the trails,

[ clear sounds of ]

wildlife.

On branch or bark of hammer, on plank of pole on sign.

The end of a

[ string ].

Measure them most careful.

3.

Slow turn, slow.

The physics of  
air from the window.

Approaching stations,  
forces acting as weight  
can shift.

A triangle of light.

An elaborate fountain of water through a series of pools,  
spillways and chutes, tumbling from bluffs, from wind-  
pulled clouds, the dark chemistry of the seas.

What prevents runoff from coursing into the Pacific,  
the frothy flow that trickles to the forefront of the world's oceans,  
a tiny fraction of the runoff from even the smallest storms?

What do scientists say about society, how events on land  
affect the sea, the multitude of sources pinpointed,  
the origins of millions of people who live near water?

There are limits to picture-perfect beaches, to the infrastructure  
of 125 years of landscaping, the blur of sewage in heavy rainstorms,  
these polluted floodwaters roiling to the sea.

For what reasons have car washes remained popular,  
but not pavers or porous concrete that allow water  
to pass into the soil?

The stream moves in a circular pattern (the force of the water  
is incredible!). Located at ground level—dirt, mud, salt.

The deadened noise created by the air. Rain in the forecast  
of bad weather. So much water in a rapid manner—

*—immediately after the eyes this is an arch.*

*The eye emits light picked up on the other side.*

*An open bay (the area inside).*

*Water and air more eye-pleasing and obvious.*

*Water reminiscent of a pinwheel.*

*Hit like a whip this quite soft cloth.*

*Winter snow means a slower pace.*

*Make a dog by counting fives.*

*Uncrowded on this hour,  
empty, the peaceful road of coast.*

*The declivity of this curve  
of road.*

*What curve to ocean, first sight  
of saints.*

*The curve to sea in glorious weather.*

*Of sonic inquiry  
(stopped at the light).*

*Lawns and in  
dark rooms, (the ambience  
of unfolding) terrains.*

*The recognizable made  
mysterious.*

*Of strings here, temporal  
sources (the arc  
of a drone)*

this with intention

hope will.

see no

and from the air,

debris of

from the floor and from the air.

rooftops,

of gravity.

Tendered by a coin.

To bend this wind  
in exchange for paper.

From alchemy a word—

—*sphere*—

—small by means,  
the sturdiness of letters  
within this word,  
an emblem of victory.

The inclination of two lines  
meeting (see name)  
for the thing meant  
to become otherwise.

Sometimes the moon  
or a number of struck bells—

—*breezes channeled for this very purpose.*

Of half-month, without regard  
to planets, the early centuries  
of our era—

—*a sudden change of wind that flattens  
the sails back against the mast—*

—repose.

Birds migrate across the seas  
and are forgotten.

Through winter  
swallows sleeping in the slow beds  
of rivers.

Oh, and the moon  
is simply sunlight in reverse.

—

From scrap  
the path of everything—

—tire failures, iron  
or other

lead (old car, old  
fishing  
an equivalent black  
over wire  
tires whole or cutting  
(old tire

although great, tires  
must be cut  
(loose, crushed

large on open  
specks of light brown  
for the metal weld  
best way (always pressed

we can no longer farm?  
the end of straw  
likewise the link and tie

wide from the round

curve and weld  
with tires  
that may be driven  
over a distance

wither  
covers over  
slippery

hammer

)

)

)

)

remnants

—

—from nothing and ending  
in nothing.

A waveform that continues  
longer than we know.



**MAP 19**  
Seventh Street (Bellflower to Channel)



1.

This is the story of a storm. It happens like this.

Every season on the beach of some storm  
with the first dark clouds that threaten.

An enormous amount of rain falls on some kind  
of solid ground, permeable or hardscape. Water  
in every direction with the flooded roads of circumstance.

Into the oncoming storm of shifting winds  
and tree branches. Breakaway light  
or Jesus rays.

On the brief or lifelong road, passionate discussions  
of wisdom or rainfall, coffee in white cups behind  
fogged windows under awnings dripping in long-ago  
determined patterns of runoff.

This shall be a neighborhood of choice. Reservoirs  
in the middle of blocks. On this day, early morning,  
the departure of residents as drivers circulate  
through residential streets coated with the early  
storm's mixture of oil and first rain.

A faint pattern in the pearly warp  
of a road under the blazing sun  
as sounds slosh over thin metal rails  
through dirt and water, through clean dry air.

This landscape rugged with gray mountains  
ridged, slashed with midtones and shadows,  
pitted surfaces of rutted tracks.

What circumference of tires in constant  
touch with the earth, the rivers of it.

—

When does the walk begin?

Is our destination in front of us, or must we angle to reach it?

Does the ability to start a crossing require a decision?

Does everything produce a sound or vibration during the walk?

What signal is highly localized and functions as an audible beacon?

Which messages may identify the location and direction of travel?

Which street is this, how wide?

What is the geometry of this intersection?

Should we expect to encounter any islands as we cross?

Are we standing within this walk?

Will we have time to position ourselves correctly, facing our destination,  
before the onset of the walk?

Do cars still turn?

Will there be a surge of parallel traffic?

Will we be able to hear other concurrent sounds?

How many streets intersect here?

Where are we within this map?

—

Where the streets are curled,  
a reading has changed.

Starlings (an unusual  
bird), a bluebird trail

where coaches brought new citizens  
to this fine city, all cows

pointed north?  
Who may not know

this compass? What stages  
in their forgetting?

Major avenues without rails  
(streets cleared of tracks

and crossings). City strewn  
with confusing shifts

in names, powerful wires  
overhead, horses

(a starling territory). A holding  
pattern no longer audible,

remnants submerged  
in the noise floor.

In the morning,  
sometimes streets are wider.

—

Start by assuming a posture. A slow  
ambling pace on a good flat surface.

A statue dedicated to the walking man.

Is it difficult to estimate the distance  
of a walk, a well-drained path,  
rough stony ground, mud or sand?

Terrain is best avoided by people. Grass  
and other vegetation make it difficult  
to see the surface.

An animated demonstration of this walk,  
this *Walker's bus*, this *Shank's pony*,  
this *Marrowbone stage*.

Place more demands on your body.

Pick your way over stiles and steps, fallen trees  
and overgrown vegetation. Take a number  
of strides in a given amount of time.

Slow your progress with fog, heavy rain  
and snow. Walk against the wind  
with extra energy and effort.

Do not underestimate the pleasantness  
of a walk. Green spaces and water  
have a universal appeal.

Look for streets lined with trees. Follow signs on the ground described in a leaflet or guide.

A wire is attached to your spine. Stand tall without standing.

Carry water (see load). Change with the changing seasons.

—

With newspaper leaves. *Who takes the hit?*

One hundred times more capacity. Without the need for a last word or documentation.

How do we know the population? What causes this breakdown?

How much space? *The worst form of payment in a supermarket line.* The point is just waving your arms around. It costs nothing to answer in the affirmative.

*Tend to injured marine life or plant more trees.*

Reduce these things blowing around in the bush and floating in the water. What animals and plants lived here before? A wicker basket on a recycled bicycle. As for a few blowing away, the rivers are worse off.

—

The sudden loud appearance yields a cheap  
scare, an escape from the tension and pace  
of a scene filmed in one take—

—bicycles mounted securely on racks suggest  
the sudden return of civilization.

This trope of an orchestra playing well-loved  
tunes in the soft spring, the roll and pitch  
of the bus circling its route,  
empty in this direction  
but for the cabin lights in the dark morning.

—

Sweet longing of brass burst and clothes stiffen.

To what locks asunder in pocket whose keys.

Resonance to these tales this side of fever.

Essence of flower once my god you played.

Use of atmospheric line and great drama.

Crossed roads open moment of tide.

Woods and waves all.

Themes of dust and common or harsh praise alters a true path.

Country from the palms stripped leaving with olive.

With loud din on peal of speed.

Horse strong head of boundless yoke.

White footsteps for days of scenes swept dry.

Sunders with shifted sun proud arms in flight.

The Nile's breathing shore of great names.

Over stone these dry winds vast in reed.

—

Palms in sidewalks with lights shining up,  
a perfect laboratory for exploring the nature of light,  
shining surfaces with a glittering effect. Notice  
the light here.

Artists can show us things. They can take and turn,  
they can shape light in a likeness using elements  
of science and art, bend light around corners  
and through impermeable objects, make works  
that reflect and glow.

White is the color used to differentiate things  
from the space around them. White calls attention  
to faces and hands, a growing knowledge of light  
in the world. Shiny things make us look.

Have you ever taken a walk and noticed the grass,  
the sand, the sidewalk? We want to know  
what a place is, what qualities of light  
illuminate where and when.

Every person is a scientist, every day  
is light. We can perceive the light coming  
in to our eyes, how things look. We see  
a color and that color is white. Places  
stick out in the bright illumination.

Can you show the idea of flatness  
with your hand, a top and bottom  
but no sides? Can you see light  
glowing? Is there anything about light  
that makes us look?

A lamp or lantern? Light across  
a pond or lake? Solid streams of light,  
a beam through holes in clouds,  
shadows caught on cloth?

What areas lit for an instant  
with visions of angels or saints?

But fog, smoke, and mist  
make it hard to discern the edges  
of things, the line where light  
turns to dark.

Light shines on everything  
in the public environment—

*—streetscape trees and sidewalks.*

*The placing of signs, the tying of banners in trees  
and rooftops.*

*New and refurbished trash receptacles  
with plaques and logos.*

*Lights in the median, the stage lights  
and the palm bottlebrush trees and queen  
palms in the west.*

*Decomposed granite tree wells.*

*Dramatic Canary Island date palms.*

*Ficus removed and jacaranda planted.*

*Shade-canopy trees over 100 square feet  
of sidewalk.*

*Wrought-iron trash receptacles.*

*Graffiti from all alleys, neon signs repaired,  
all the trees and tree wells.*

*Ficus trees and Mexican fan palms.*

*Size and shape of oranges and sycamore.*

*Sea and houses in a rocky landscape  
deep with wells hidden.*

Red clay dust on the windshield.

A damp salty road in winter months.

A climate that sees a lot of rain or snow  
at the beginning of the season  
of deer on the side of the highway.

Sandpaper rubbed straight through.

Clear sky time in January after a short  
afternoon with the gong of a day gone,  
gathered up together in the loneliness  
of after hours where the slightest sound  
or utterance gives small recess to our respite,  
to our rest with a drink of water  
from artesian or other wells.

What distance recorded, reducer  
of things to dust, maker of good fortune  
for those sentinels on the watchtowers  
of the astonishing dawn.

(We believe) in the process,  
simply named for a certain range  
of focal length and a plane,  
the optical path where exact  
numbers may never be known.

(Red maple.)

The rest are covered  
by the sun as atoms fuse  
to make atoms (weak decays  
more complicated than that,  
unstable).

What reactions change  
over time, spin through  
cycles we cannot detect,  
what means for measuring,  
residual presence like water  
suspended in air?

What increments of freezing,  
icicles pointing towards  
the earth?

snow (snow (spelling  
of inches (footage  
one day for (a year  
conflicting numbers  
as measured from  
mornings turn  
on the news

all the snow  
in Albuquerque  
roads closed due  
to weather (out  
windows  
enough breaking clear  
morning just cold  
enough for (another  
day as forecasted  
snow continues (crescendo  
of drifts (this  
struggle of trees  
and powerlines under  
the weight (sad fact  
never snows (havoc  
on the road for weeks  
snow is our fault  
sunlight (storm making  
another pass))))))))))

No surprise, the dark,  
the distance that lay ahead, \*  
the early spring without rest,  
the entire season in those final weeks,  
those early hours of the city  
whose roar of day \*\*  
begins deeply enshrouded  
in fog before sunshine and the promise  
of rivers, a fast bridge,  
the sun low in the sky, light  
on the surface of a puddle  
on a narrow tree-lined block, centuries-old  
brownstones whispering on wide avenues  
in a city of strangers crying out. \*\*\*

\* ISLANDS a cluster many miles  
*Creator of the moon, creator of the sun.*

MOUNTAINS jagged snow  
*Planets revolve around the sun in simple silence.*

VALLEY green, by clear running, of passing  
*The rushing sound of the wind is absent.*

DESERT the tall grass diminishes to sand  
*Bridges gracefully connect the people.*

CITY far is the definition of sprawl  
*Metal between hammer and anvil.*

\*\* Those who complain about the supposed sameness. Only the very obtuse could confuse one. Fearless in such situations. An entire family of tiny gestures. In marked contrast, mostly silences. Little rivulets of sound, a climate of easy intimacy. Minute unfolding.

\*\*\* more in terms  
of tone a quiet  
hold resonating

the audio becomes nothing  
darkness encapsulating

invasive overtones (mostly)  
the movement the lighting

hearing it decay  
the dark in the distance

different instances  
of "I" by location  
general food advice  
for newcomers free food  
if you sit there  
long enough

who cares  
(slow and the truck  
is popular) familiar with the clatter  
of utensils  
(eldest son) a bare minimum  
of ingredients (north)

—*magic carpet*—

—a lot of bite bitter  
rivalry dates back  
years one old  
woman working  
alone other staples

holy land on four  
wheels a relatively  
short line stand out  
from the slew

to recommend warmly  
not for the faint  
a long line even in rain

— (*surprise*) —

there is no single way to address  
any of the issues      false readings  
from grass      soft shorelines indicate  
something is there      the line of travel  
will be straightest when moving  
at speed      back on safe ground

the center is not where  
initially thought      out of the path  
of the straight traveling      streets  
with steep cambers

this is a scary process      a suffering  
landmark      stay to the inside  
of the shoreline      severe slopes steep  
enough      hills and distances  
to be traveled      the end  
of the sidewalk is approaching

corollas blossom as hops  
a cup with a flaring mouth    a hollow sphere  
    to sound when moved  
                coral of a flower  
the capital of a column  
    between the abacus and neck  
    the naked core of cylindrical shapes  
        within the leafage    time    or the time

of deer in rutting time    alone and insulated  
    when of great size    a line of wall  
as flanker    as curtain  
    overtop (a borrowing)    the leading  
sheep of a flock    ringing  
                changes struck or rung slowly

the old belief that noise frightens hawks  
sound with single strokes  
    bank the hearths and prepare  
for sleep (free to move)

conflagration from untended fires  
a tacit conviction of the learned  
the desert and the town    apparatus  
    for musical notes signaling ships  
(implied in touching)    ocean edge  
                against land's end

(swagger)

scaffolding

diamond shaft

serrated edge

many who wield the cane

blocks /

with dominant hands

protect against thieves and animals

the whole of a thing

of wood

of a tree

of one, the species  
hot hellish and terrible

(hostile)

intensifier  
a source in “street”

hills of that shape

2.

What do we mean by water?

How do we eliminate the age of a tree  
whether it blossoms flowers or seeds?

Where do we live that such water returns?

Where has the original question taken us?

—

In the wake of multiple narratives  
of a terrible accident. This is life  
in a small town. What atmosphere  
of emptiness found in downtowns  
shaken after futile attempts  
to find meaning in events  
long confused.

What clues may be gleaned  
in the oldest watercolors  
copied from glass—

*a million rats lured into the river,  
hundreds of dancing children sealed  
in a cave or buried under rockfall,  
slapped by plague, pilgrims to war  
or crusade?*

Among the oldest written sources,  
the memories of the city in earlier  
incarnations. Villages founded,  
chorus and verse. Seduced and lost  
by the complexities of place.

Public parades which included music,  
hills surrounding the city. Who wandered  
from place to place. Eyewitness accounts  
of colors, modern reconstruction  
of windows.

Consider the wonders of this time,  
the mountainside a wondrous portal,  
a foreshadowing device, the valley a dark  
and realistic music of motives  
that drive people to a world lit by fire,  
a lavish description of the fall.

—

Know that autumn  
is a good time  
of darkness,  
downtown laurel.

Time to deadhead,  
what bodes well  
unseen in heavy  
cover, of foliage  
purple with black  
bloom on old wood.

Dixieland's rust,  
gundog thugs fear  
over rise of first,  
a rush of wind blows  
open, some sand  
or fighting cloth.

Rocks may stretch,  
of kings how high  
in moon.

Twist a simple idea,  
unique array of light,  
of lashes.

Is there nothing new  
to see here, no  
undiscovered terms  
to describe this uneven  
stretch of sidewalk?

How do we arrange  
for the road? For slabs  
drilled with holes,  
concrete compressed  
under high pressure?

What do we know  
about green roofs,  
tint blue, this cornflower  
blue that goes back  
centuries?

What sacred remains  
sequestered in rusted sheds?

This complete surprise,  
this fresh air in the full  
light of day?

This skin  
of naked stone, this skein,  
this most beautiful  
strata?

—

Such air of old,  
a lifetime spent  
storing up trouble  
for the future, music  
at high volumes.

A crisis of years  
not linear  
but logarithmic.

A continuous sound  
as intense in the classical

world, a broader concern  
of the ringing, heavy  
waves not of hearing  
but of listening.

Listen, then  
to gentle things.

Wide streets of clattering,  
train talk amid noise  
and relentless overflow  
from the distant pounding.

Never hearing  
simply nothing.

**MAP 20**  
CSULB (Puvungna)



1.

Can the wind be broken  
by a jacket, a roof of trees  
turning and twisting?

*Even in no wind a windbreaker  
makes a sound, not unlike  
the shroud of a corpse  
billowing in the underworld.*

A sad loss for poets this air  
in motion, a handful  
of weak words that miss,  
wood or fruit blown down,  
a bird's habit of hovering.

Arms swung wildly, of rain,  
missiles or blows (in reference  
to the sun), the whirring noise  
of a bird's wings, words  
for mountain and forest  
(also used for weather).

By wind and drift  
of a ship, clouds driven  
before the gale of seaweed and foam  
cast upon the shore, sea swells  
an unbroken horse.

A temporary loss  
of breath, a circular course  
of directions, a hare pursued,  
brush burned for signal fires  
visible far beyond the arc  
of sand and breakers—

*—no non-native trees to block the wind.*

*No boulders to break the ocean.*

—

This is not the door  
to the shed that housed the remains—

*—Ki of tule and willow.*

*Effigy of a killer whale.*

*Seashells on Signal Hill.*

*Sacred to one, sacred to all.*

Robust discourse lay bare  
a better place for children  
to hear stories, hay delivered  
to Bixby with whispers—

*—who slept and ate  
under those trees?*

The people who settled  
in the floodplain of the three rivers,  
the wetlands of the great basin  
with clear sightlines to the islands—

*—the brush rabbit, the one who cannot dance,  
the first to sing, “I shall always see you.”*

500 acres of villages—

*—an American land of plenty, the varied bounties  
of mountain and desert, plain and sea.*

This crest of a hill—

*—bears will bite, serpents will sting.*

—

For cold starts, for operation,  
a war-caused shortage of horses.

In all but the driest of soils,  
the likely culprit.

Larger farms of the arid west,  
that of draft animals.

Of the dramatic weather  
over uneven terrain.

Growing cities across the landscape,  
the drawing below.

—

A principal channel, a continuous stretch  
of land and water.

Limb on notion, timber dragged  
behind horses.

The supple boughs of a tree stooping  
under a burden.

—

Everyone recognizes the sound  
of Santa Ana winds through open windows,  
of ash settling down for a long sleep.

Past low hills, past cottonwood  
and sycamore, past crescent  
shore, past islands fixed  
and horizons hazed.

What dense constitution of this soil,  
this pulverized skin of mountain.

—

In simplest form,  
let us work through the steps  
of how light can be defined.

On one's back,  
heavy loads for long periods of time.

Rocky surfaces, carriage  
roads, false summits.

—

The story of apples growing. Telling as settlement  
itself. Word spread wild in the trail race of the river.

Ships across the Pacific Ocean. The fortunes  
of thousands with bushels in iron crates  
and the discovery of those flecks. This rare bounty  
of rooted saplings give rise to magnificent cultivars  
prized as those grown. Any region west.

The early season and the cool mile down  
slopes laden with blossoms or apples  
in the fall. A flora now late.

Drier and hotter these days spread the full  
length of summer ceremonies. The great day  
of the longest sun. The fruits of both.

Days of leaves and twigs. Golden currant  
which blossoms. For pains and smeared  
for graft. A decoction of the inner bark.

Drunk for the legs and the leaves. Washes  
of *californicum*. Teas from fresh leaves.

White-flowered blossoms from November.

Aches and the roots.

Is this the day to be heard?

How many speak with such concerted and unavoidable voice?

How many get short shrift?

What do we fear catching, what scares us?

Who lives long enough to do just about everything?

What experiments subsumed into an era?

Who came of age in the hinterlands of the west?

Who made sculpture from parts, formed ideas about randomness and order?

Whose career arched over everything?

Who mistrusted the flat, the illusionistic?

Where is the heroic gesture that talked to us?

What lace entwined, what bone lattice, what symmetries of the body?

What metal knot of meandering form?

Who absorbed the utopia of quiet works, what reference to nature's swell?

What waters flung into the air and let fall?

Who channeled this basic shape?

What edges ignored?

—

An individual has heard a sound before.

Consider the ease with which we can identify voices, an innate ability to distinguish between different sounds.

We hear the sounds of others walking from place to place, these men and women who wear different shoes that resound in distinct patterns.

Sounds made in contact with the floor, different combinations of dress shoes or sneakers with thumbtacks stuck in the soles.

With the presence of excessive background noise, the listener might be distracted.

What sounds were closely followed?

—

Of selling items which vary by country and region.

Holy water for a coin in the darkness a fixed amount.

Into an open compartment, no limit to what is sold.

—

What of the brave but honest men whose words return when things fall and break?

Who will protect our homes from devastation?

Who are indispensable to us?

Who guards the peace or health?

What brings us back, day after day, from the edge of the grave?

Is the moon always ready for duty?

When does the sun ride the radiant sky? Midday?

Where are we at the solemn hour of midnight?

When do rain and tempest sweep?

What streets and gables wrapped in tranquil slumber?

Do eyes really twinkle, do raindrops keep falling?

What measures too full of thanks?

What true appreciation given only when great thinkers pause?

What unbidden destroyer, what deserted highways?

—

Cannonballs and a high, creaking bridge. Of the limbs  
a good test bed for trajectories of thrown objects  
through action of the hands.

The rise of mathematics and a special kind of notation,  
a refined sense of touch and toss through human imperfection  
which leads to errors of both space and time.

Any deviation in the toss can cause an error in the landing  
when even the smallest variation may destroy the pattern.

Humans tend to seek rhythmic solutions to physical tasks.

The tendency of two limbs to move so that no two throws  
and no two catches are exactly the same.

Look at the highest point—how large a region around the zenith must be seen?

Brief glimpses are sufficient.

Seeing becomes less important after training.

Spike this, inspiration!

*Howzabout?*

Severe tire damage, the long way  
between two points.

*How would that work, exactly?*

Two words  
for tons—

*—too much Speed Racer (who treasures  
his ignorance).*

traverse  
seventh heaven

flying  
paradise

ascension  
pessimist

sing to the devil  
the bells

ar-ma-ged-don  
the hundred

rosy crucifixion  
cemetery gates

marble arch  
climb

dead or alive  
tumbling dice

2.

of falling debris  
dust stock

flung

tool slip  
stance before starting  
combined length of arms

of the trail  
weed  
grass whip

blade

(briars)

so gently

transfer

departure and travel  
in matters of weight

lastly  
the receivers

aware of the perils  
across fields and down

how metal can bend  
and not break

subside  
saved for the beach

claw  
event of a fall  
equivalent

HUGELY

spate  
for a nation that lives

various other pretty  
Brasil no problem

colours to go

ample dosage

dream of wearing

days traveling  
cope with a change

raining today

nearest thing  
to nature

VAST  
(as overseas)

raise a dust

hang in smoke

designs traced

turtle or owl

night shade

of the weight  
across thresholds

this rugged

debased  
at best inspired  
timber sawn into rough planks  
splayed legs  
gleaming stone  
later clay

of followers or attendants  
for instruments  
w/o vocals

falling or sinking  
this body of persons

interiors  
open to the sky

all contents of the country  
due to threatening / severe weather  
precedents for this / extreme low

all rolling stock  
all willow wisp

the letter reads—

\_\_\_\_\_ is a \_\_\_\_\_

up to \_\_\_\_\_ will be drawn

\_\_\_\_\_ (date must be days)

from sources deemed reliable  
of the opportunity to make  
outdoor parks and gas engines  
a clean surprise / sitting idle for months

inclement weather  
relief on hot days / rainy or cold

all summer light  
all shadowed grass

3.

Everything seems to begin  
with verse chorus verse.

How much of a vista here  
in the songs of our own writing?

Are we the crow?

Do we look down from  
perch of palm upon this ground?

Whose voice is it  
that we hear now?

—

Rouse birds so that they fly—

*—dart, arrow.*

Hollow palm of the hand,  
the weaving instrument—

*—a boat.*

Over warp—

*—over wheel or touch  
of gun.*

What one does for a living,  
in country as opposed to town.

Ode to the power of the day—

*—of clouds humming  
in the tablet of sky.*

—

When the sun beats down.  
The long haul, this jaunty  
umbrella. Surprised by rain  
showers. Lawn chairs, coolers,  
park benches, backpacks.  
A flat, slip-proof grip. Wet  
wood, slick metal. Sit pretty  
on a classic Radio Flyer with  
rails. A wide-lipped wall,  
a taut circle of shade. Any  
angle, any direction. High  
hopes for this spring (to block  
the sun). Open-faced,  
of import. Lost along the way.

—

Hours on the bricks,  
on plain work.

Workers' domain of dark,  
no wiser about the future.

Storefronts, chairs stacked  
on tables, islands of one.

Water suspended in the air,  
skies bright above irrigated fields.

Water drained from planters,  
wet paint on railings.

Marker to cardboard, animals  
in a garden of rock.

Packs of cigarettes tamped  
against palms, sunlint  
on silverware.

*Amazing!* Every shady  
space a home.

—

A tiny growing,  
but no one knows  
everything that makes  
electricity possible.

From a yoke,  
a brook and haul.

Tree stumps as chairs  
in thick forest.

Who proves  
exasperated by  
this chance to be alone  
on tended ground,  
miles through damp  
woods?

What other signs  
of modern civilization remain  
unkempt?

A short stint,  
as winter approaches  
logs will have to be cut.

The only shelter here  
a body, a clearing  
large enough  
for a foundation.

Who longs for  
the heat of wood,  
wheat into flour,  
what rich corn  
this summer?

Books fill bookshelves,  
paper and small  
twigs as the lids  
of storage and sleeping  
through the forecast  
of winter.

Wary,  
windowpanes and dust,  
a well near the garden  
as the spring water  
rises, divested  
of every sign  
the day has ended,  
rosehip,  
a soft glow.

—

If a bird lands on a roof—

*—or the wind moves enough to be felt.*

*A briefcase scrapes against the jamb.*

*A duvet fits around a comforter.*

*A chair repositions on a wood floor.*

*A bowl is emptied of its contents.*

*A pestle turns in a mortar.*

*A stack of photographs shuffle into place.*

*A radio knob turns all the way to the end.*

*The bark separates from its tree.*

*Dried mud flakes from the ruts of a shoe.*

*A key is removed from the lock it just opened.*

*A snowplow waits at a red light.*

*A bulldozer sits mid-lift—*

—what important message foretold?

What design of sounds overlaid  
upon the silent progression of the morning?

What soundtrack of messages  
in the dawn of rooftops?

Will the sunrise be accompanied  
by the chorus of these dark agents?

Will rain come soon?

—

Acres of crows  
over obstacles in the lawn.

The size of the blade, how wide  
the swath of cutting, how wide  
the turning. Why walk  
when you can ride?

Grass grows, even  
if not today, then tomorrow.

No escape from a substantial  
lawn. Scalping, on severe  
ground, tall wet grass.

The word is the threshold,  
one revolution of the wheel.

If the familiar serves as a point of departure,  
what deep inscription of sound, what moon  
tugging mustard or willows?

A legend of mockingbirds, blades  
through blades, this map of a walk  
and the drawing of a line  
upon the earth.

This failed map of particles,  
ghosts defined by the velocity of clouds,  
the air beaten by the proclamations  
of crows rooked in evergreens.

Now and always, waves  
of no beginning and waves  
of no end in the swirling  
wake of this emerging  
stillness.

