

SUCCESSIONS OF WORDS ARE SO

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A SEQUENCE OF CODAS WITH ENDNOTES

by

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E·RATIO

SUCCESSIONS OF WORDS ARE SO

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NB: The title is a partial quotation from Gertrude Stein's essay, "Arthur a Grammar," *How To Write* (Paris: Plain Edition, 1931). The entire quotation is, "Successions of words are so agreeable."

"Coda" is borrowed here from dance vocabulary: "The concluding section of a dance, especially of a *pas de deux* or the finale of a ballet in which the dancers parade before the audience," *New Oxford American Dictionary*, 3rd Ed (Oxford University Press, 2010). In this instance, each Coda arises from the differently ordered words (*qua* dancers) belonging to its respectively numbered endnote. Further, the dancers (*qua* paraders) appear in alphabetical order, only once per coda, and in the following priority of costume: capitals, then bold, bold italic, italic, and regular font.

CODA Iⁱ

a *Abattoir* after against air anchor & anything appearing are *as* aside ask
at *atelier* be becoming before began blood **boldly bolts** brain bus **but by**
collective color congeal corollary conspicuous day dear death decay
deeply desireless displacement divine doing **down** each eventually
exhaling expanding exploration eyes fat finally floor fro fold **for** friend
from frozen gallery generating GMOs God grew had hamburger have
held I if I'll **in** intimate into intrusive **is** isolation it **its** itself labels later
latter leaning let M market me **mechanical** merging mess **meter**
metonym molecules more **moving** nano-beastie *née* **nostalgia not**
noticed now numinous O odoriferous of On one one's open or other
others outlasts **parking parts pedestal** piece pigeon Please pools
progressed projection qualify reading red ROFL same see seeded sexting
situ smaller space spontaneously some something stayed suitcase
suitcases swimming that thawed The there times to trans visuals walls
was we what when which with within work words would write

CODA II ⁱⁱ

a absurd activities after Again albeit All alliance already anadromous & anti-psychotic any anything area around as attachment atypical babies back Bank be because bread brief bus but Can clearer contact contrary counts cow curious default denial despite desire diaspora discern duckweed Don't *Eigentumer* effective 11 else engaged erroneously etc. ex-lovers few flag flags flower flowers from gust hearts hedge *Herr* herring hill in inventor iPODs irony is isn't it its jammed jar Kali key knows life like lock long maid maidenly many mean meeting meter modesty money moon most multiple never Not O of on one or oral-genital over over-wintering perhaps Pfizer PIANO pomegranate pond ponds possibly Prada purposelessness quite raps readily red respective restraints reverse rewards sacred say sheet shuffle side simply sliced some sparrows stepping strong take texts than the their things think tiny to tree unclaimed unholy unsung us versatile viz. was We What which while wit Woe World would yes

CODA III ⁱⁱⁱ

a act adage adding all an **And** apartment art as at awakening begin
beginning behind best Biscuits bolder box Bright bubble **but** camera
can't Canyon centuries cheesy chiaroscuro circles Club cold dark death
dilemma Do **doesn't** door each e.g. end equally ersatz erupting event
every exclamation faded final fins flick for friend from front genitalia
Grand great Green Ha hands happy having he her here hero's his history
holding horizon how I **if** imagine imagining in ineluctable inker instead
irony Irreproachably is jasmine just labeled lame laughed lays leapt least
ledge life like limpet's longed lot lovelorn major manga's many mark
mas mass matter **me** mixing moment Month my much N *No* not now O
Of often on (1) One Or overlooking own panel panels Papaya parking
past peeling places points preceding question **recognize** referring
represent rice rose's say Sausage sequel severs shark **she** short
sidewalking sleep smell some sores stem **still** story string successively
surfacing susurrant sweet synesthesia tang tangerine that that's The then
things think this thorns though thought (3) three to true (2) wanted warm
well-known What when where Yes **you**

CODA IV^{iv}

A abalone Absinthe academic accolades accreting achieved
acquiescence after Age again aluminum American an & around askesis
As back balls being Bodhisattva build bungled burgling burned but by
candy-coated Century characterized childhood circumlocutory coffee
couldn't desk Determinism disappointment dissertation doorway
downward Drugs dysfunction E.A. ED e.g. encountered erectile
everywhere excepted ex finds finally *fits* foil for From fugue garbage
green-eyed Golden grounds hard hardly has heart's help her Higginson's
his hole hoop hovers *If in* incapable into irony irritability is *it* JC's just
Kekule's kept LAPTOP latest lays leapt lecturer Lit lubed many
misprisions mother-of-pearl my 19th nipple *not* nothing nowhere O Of
Ojibwa on once one oneself orange osier our ouroboros out paradigm
penury percolated perhaps perseverating Piano Poe point PoMo post
predictable present preferred purported Qtr's ravenhaired reluctant
Reciprocal remonstrance riding rinds ring Rock Roll rosary salmon self-
control self-doubting Sex she she'd *shoe* skin slid slowly SNATCH
snugged so sorts Spring spun state subsequently sucking syllabus that
the think this Thomas thought to town uncomfortably until up vortex
wadded wafts way *Weltanschauung* Wentworth What which whole
Whoremongering with

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CODA V^v

a all almost & as ATM *Automated* banned bar Be big birds bit black
Booster both brand But Buy candy caps Chirp cigar clippers condoms
corner Don't embedded exclamation face *firmament* fluorescent *Fly* for
Free friend Fronting Get glass-entombed got gray H handles handwritten
Happy hear hedge her *highway hours* I in inside insist is Isn't It's Jesus
jukebox know laminated like *Lo* love lubricants *Machine* MD **ME**
meaning Mom moribund my Neo-Bauhaus Neighbors new NoDoz now
NRG **OF** *off-peak* old on 1 only or orange **ORDER** other **OUT** Outside
personal plastic pleasure point Pop Pops quaint questionable ®
Remember ribbed sandwiches say screen's 2nd see *shall* Sharpie shrine
slim since small smiley So stands stunted *super* surly *Teller* that The
there there's this those time tiny *to* toenail too Tootsie truly **TRUST**
20/20 unbearably unto usually value *very* walking was what when
windows wisdom with *you* you're yours

CODA VI^{vi}

a all Am an & Angel arch arm's around as at aura back be best between
bobbin both bothersome but butterflies can dark difference done
dreaming dreams drive even everything face fields find first for forget
gas gray had have happiness harem hear Hi Hmmm holes hollowest holy
horribles human hungry I if impossible in is it killing know length light
lightest like longer mango Middle mine my never no not nothing of one
only Or Parakeet Passage Pompeii's praying responding reveal
reverence right rumor sadness said say saying self-portrait showers sky
smiling So Solomon's sometimes sorrow sudden taste that The there
their this thread through tire told to too toward transfers trinity Wait was
way weigh weight well What Who wish worrying Would wrap Yes you
your yours

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CODA VII^{vii}

d. 8/30/10 for John T. Williams

CODA VIII ^{viii}

A Above An & at arms Avenue **BALLROOM** before *Belonging* big-windowed browned by **CAN** center clap could couples **DANCE** denoting driven *Duck* ending few flapping gather Great hair held homely hundred-and-one in inches innumerable instructor *Is* it just Kyle's *Lands* **LATIN** leaves *Longing* mother motion **NEW** 9 No. *Not* nothing oafish of *On* once One Only own paper pavement Phrase pieces *Pond* red rough scraps slowly small so soot spins **STEPS** studio **SWING** *Synapses* take *That* **THE** them there things Third 13 **TO** two 2 *Unruly* weight weightless which whirlwind *Wild* with woman **YOU** your

CODA IX^{ix}

A *A-a-a-all A-a-a-a-all* above alone am & *are* arguing arms ashes at
Bad be because black booms breath bridge bridge-tender's browned
buds but by can center circle coast cold could couldn't *d-d-d-d-d-don't*
denoting displacing driven *e.g.* empty enough except existing *eyes* few
firing floating flow *folding* follows for from goddamn Good groin *have*
Heather held here house hundred-and-one I ignition in inches
innumerable into it joined keys kind Kyle's last leaves *legs*
lifeoutsidethecar lifting log luck me *m-m-moments m-m-m-moments*
mother my next not nothing *now of* off *Oh* once *one* only *our* out over
own paper pavement phrase pieces possibly pull railing reaching Rise
rough Salt *Samuel* scrap *shit* sickness small so Someone soot spins spot
Straits suck taste that the their *them* These things *this* those through
thoughts to tosses towed tractor-trailers *us* waters weight weightless
where which whirlwind whole wide window *windowing* wind-wakes
with world wrap *W-w-w-weeee W-w-w-w-weee* You *y-y-y-y-y-you*

CODA X^x

A abalone abalone's above accretion act after again all am amused an & angered another *anthurium* approaching are arms around as at attention Ave Avenue because befuddled behind Big-windowed boarded-up break by charge chip circles clapping closest comes concentration could couples dance Dancing demanding *Desire* dies discovering down dream driven drowning **DUCK** effort end *Envy* examine exploring Faith falls feet few finally fingernails fragment frightened from front *Grief* hair *Hate* having hold home homely *I* I'd in inches intensely iridescent irritated it *Joy* keep **LANDS** layers layer-upon-layer lessens **LESSON LESSONS** lick little lives long longing making material me *mean more* morning's my nagging *naked* near Nearing **NEW** no Not obliquely occasional of older **ON 1** one Only or other over-sized pace paper passing pavement picks place **POND** pools possible *Pride* question reality recurrent red result scrap seeing self-amusement settles shell since sister *Skin* slow slowing small smell so some sometimes somewhat sorry spinning spins stare Staring stopped stroke studio **10** teacher than the there this 3rd tide time **TO** today transfixed translucent trick two unaware up waking walk was well What *What's* which whirlwind whose **WILD** wind with woman *Wonder* **YOU**

CODA XI^{xi}

a an & applause astral bath before between blue bravos break breasts but
cars clotheslines continue dead dustpans elements *en* encore eyes flat
gray her if Interstate is jumping knotted leaving lines lucky *masse*
moment of on one or orange passing pebbles pelicans planes rattle really
ringing rooftops salt sand sheets skin stand still streaming strung
sundress that the they to towel trees up waves what's with woman

CODA XII^{xii}

a about act after & arms away baby balancing banks barely Because
bellies below bright climbs cold corner creek dare down dribbles dry far
foot for full given got grand green have Heather her how in inner is knee
later leave leg legs lips lover looking medications most movers' mouth
much naked name nearer of Oh old one Ophelia out past play piney
remembers removed requests right river sated she she'll she's slow stairs
steelheaders Stillaguamish sunroom that the thin this to tubes unscrewed
water where while woman woods

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CODA XIII ^{xiii}

AFTER AS AT ATOP BAND BESIDE BIRDS CLEAR
COMPLETELY COVER DESCRIBES EDGE FOR FORMER FOUND
HEART IN INVENTION KNOWN MAN MOUTH NEWLY OF
RIVER'S SELF SHAKEN SOUNDS TREE TWO UP WASHED WITH
WRESTLING

CODA XIV ^{xiv}

a agreement an & Back balloons be bowl child's concept-laden decrease
emptyslashbrokenslashfull *enfin* envisioned escaping exhale expected
few for found from glacier's grasp increase inhale matter May moth's
Mountains no Not of old once One or present rushing sake self-
reverential sorts stream the there thick thinks times to tongue trees White
wing you

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ENDNOTES

**THE CONSTRUCT OF NO ONE: FIRST IN A SEQUENCE TO
DISMANTLE THE PRISON-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX**

It is for my mouth forever
—Whitman

Aside from in situ exploration of death & decay & the corollary what, if anything (Please, dear God, let there be something! ROFL), outlasts it, M was doing space & displacement & projection. The gallery as the day progressed was becoming more & more of a mess as the frozen hamburger suitcases—some open, some leaning against walls or each other, some in conspicuous isolation on the floor—thawed & we grew smaller, more intimate & desireless (the latter imagined in the eyes of others), air thick with odoriferous molecules one finally began to *see as red*, as red as the pools of expanding & eventually merging blood on the floor. *Abattoir née atelier*. I noticed later pigeon eyes are that same color. . . Hamburger suitcases. Packing one's hamburger suitcase. . . I'll have to ask O if "hamburger suitcase" would qualify as a metonym. . . The piece stayed with me, appearing before me when sexting a friend & the day after when swimming & numinous other times: On the bus to & fro work or at the market while reading labels to divine trans fat & GMOs as if some nano-beasty had seeded itself within a brain fold spontaneously generating intrusive visuals which eventually congeal into what I now write in words as **boldly** after exhaling deeply, **The parking meter is not held down by anchor bolts in its pedestal but by a collective nostalgia for moving mechanical parts**

**COW & MOON, AS PORNOGRAPHY SO MEMORY: SECOND
IN A SEQUENCE TO DISMANTLE THE PRISON-INDUSTRIAL
COMPLEX**

—*for V.P.*

The alliance unholy not because the meter maid was already engaged in meter maidenly activities we all, after all, discern readily as which side the bread is sliced & jammed, to wit: The gust 11 tiny hearts strong from tree to hedge & back of over-wintering sparrows is diaspora of desire not the curious modesty of ex-lovers meeting, one stepping off the bus, one stepping on, while their respective iPods shuffle despite (or perhaps because of) a long rap sheet of multiple counts oral-genital contact albeit without restraint(s). All flowers flag! Not all flags flower! What jar? What hill? We are, more than anything else, most like the rewards of purposelessness, unsung & unclaimed! Again, the problem is not Prada (it never isn't) but duckweed, yes! & its attachment to ponds & contrary to what many say (erroneously), viz., one can take the pond out of the duckweed, etc., the irony is the denial is the PIANO, not the pomegranate which in most sacred texts is simply a red herring! Can things be any clearer? Don't think, *Herr Eigentümer*, some few of us babies know or not know the lock is the key; cow over moon is the default! The reverse would be absurd, would mean Kali is the inventor of quite possibly the most effective & versatile atypical anti-psychotic around, not Pfizer. O World Bank of Woe! O brief, brief money! O anadromous life!

**LET THERE BE COMMERCE BETWEEN US: THIRD IN A
SEQUENCE TO DISMANTLE THE PRISON-INDUSTRIAL
COMPLEX**

Irreproachably sweet like holding hands. One happy adagio. Or mixing up chiaroscuro with synesthesia like some lovelorn art history major when sidewalk (each & every) past The Green Papaya: Bright smell! O warm dark! O susurrant jasmine rice of you! Or thorns surfacing in a rose's stem like shark fins in some cheesy horror flick sequel or equally lame imagining (how many centuries now) sleep as ersatz (though often longed for, often much preferred) death. Of all the things I can't imagine (e.g., a limpet's life, e.g., the tang erupting from the act of peeling a tangerine, e.g., an event horizon) not least is my death as a friend, not necessarily my best, instead of the end of, say, cold sores or say, string, is how I wanted to begin this. Here is how I wanted to begin a short story: " 'Ha, ha, ha!' (Yes, he laughed just like that. What. Do you think I think that's a great beginning?)" Or here another: "The inker just this moment adding to the manga's final panel a question mark and three exclamation points, each successively bolder to represent the hero's thought bubble of awakening irony, **'And if she doesn't recognize me?!!!'** referring to the preceding three panels where (1) he severs his own genitalia, (2) lays them in a box labeled 'Sausage N Biscuits Of The Month Club,' and (3) places the box at her apartment door." The faded, but well-known in certain circles, ineluctable dilemma: You, in front of or behind the camera, the Grand Canyon, true, **but still you**, no matter in the parking lot or on the ledge overlooking or having just leapt. No mass! *¡No mas! ¡No mas!*

**BREAKING & ENTERING: FOURTH IN A SEQUENCE TO
DISMANTLE THE PRISON-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX**

As the Bodhisattva of post PoMo irony, O Ojibwa osier hoop, O Kekulé's ring around the rosary, O circumlocutory, self-doubting ouroboros encountered everywhere, present nowhere excepted, & if one is not a paradigm of self-control, e.g., incapable of just sucking hard just one nipple & that after the candy-coated remonstrance is proffered, one finds oneself perseverating on until finally a fugue state of sorts is achieved characterized by irritability & reluctant acquiescence to the vortex into which one has hardly leapt & into which one is subsequently spun downward, perhaps not uncomfortably so, hovers, our raven-haired lecturer of 19th Century American Lit, her dissertation on Thomas Wentworth Higginson's purported erectile dysfunction (ED) slowly, so slowly, accreting academic accolades the way an abalone lays up mother-of-pearl, snugged up to the desk kept since childhood to build once again the syllabus for Spring Qtr's "E.A. Poe, Whoremongering, Absinthe, & The Golden Age Of The Piano From A *Weltanschauung* Of Reciprocal Determinism: Sex, Drugs, & Rock & Roll," she couldn't help but think of the hole lubed by askesis & penury she'd slid into—and as predictable as that thought, this one percolated, one of Lil Change's many misprisions: *If the shoe fits, the heart's not in it.* Lil Change. What a disappointment! The latest the burgling (bungled) of the lecturer's ex (out of town), the whole point SNATCH LAPTOP, & Lil Change back in the doorway with nothing but his "my whole being riding wafts of green-eyed garbage, orange rinds, coffee grounds, salmon skin burned to aluminum foil wadded into balls."

SO ATM: FIFTH IN A SEQUENCE TO DISMANTLE THE PRISON-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

So there's this corner Mom & Pop I like walking to to buy a candy bar or cigar or both. Of questionable social (or other) value with big windows meaning you see inside when you're outside & outside when you're in (usually only yours truly since neighbors—Neighbors, Jesus H—got MD 20/20® banned & those tiny glass-entombed plastic flowers). Outside in the moribund hedge you hear small birds. Chirp! Chirp! Chirp!, the small birds insist. & I say unto the small birds: *Lo, the very firmament shall be to you as a super highway, off-peak hours. Fly! Fly! & the small birds fly.* Inside, Mom & Pop old & gray like the sandwiches. Surly, too. Fronting the condoms ribbed for her pleasure, personal lubricants, Tootsie Pops®, NRG Booster®, NoDoz®, toenail clippers, handles laminated in plastic with wisdom embedded like (my favorite) Don't Worry. . . Be Happy! (smiley face), is a brand new ATM. (Remember what ATM stands for? *Automated Teller Machine.* Isn't that almost unbearably quaint now? But there was a time, friend. . .) It's gray, too, but slim, Neo-Bauhaus, a bit stunted jukebox or shrine, & on the screen's a fluorescent orange star-burst sticky (you know, like Buy 1, Get The 2nd Free exclamation point) with this, handwritten, all caps in black Sharpie®: **OUT OF ORDER** exclamation point exclamation point I love that exclamation point exclamation point exclamation point. **TRUST ME** exclamation point exclamation point exclamation point exclamation point

**PENNED PALS: SIXTH IN A SEQUENCE TO DISMANTLE THE
PRISON-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX**

*“What if we do really and truly actually have souls?”
—Letter from prison, anon.*

What if mine said Hi first to yours, would yours Hi back? Would it be “Wait, I never forget an aura--Solomon’s harem, right? Am I right?” Or would it be sorrow at all the horrors: Pompeii’s sudden gray sky, Middle Passage, gas showers, killing fields? Or reverence for the holy trinity of human holes? If I told you I find it so bothersome the way weight transfers through an arch, would you say, “So, so bothersome?” If I told you the rumor that Parakeet Angel is not only not responding but was never even there, would you say you hear both sadness & happiness in my saying so? If I told you I tire of butterflies, of their dreams & their dreams of their dreaming? Would you say you tire, too, of butterflies & their dreams of dreams dreaming dreams? If I told you a self-portrait at arm’s length is the best that can be done, would you say, “The best sometimes is the best?” If I told you the lightest is the hollowest, I no longer know the difference between praying & worrying, would you say, “Who can weigh light & dark?” If I told you I know this is impossible, but I would like to drive a car, would you say, “Hmmm. . . impossible?” & if I told you I am hungry, I would like to taste a mango, would you say, “Yes, yes, only a mango is a mango?” & if I told you I wish I had a face & if I had one it would be smiling toward yours if you had one, would you say yes, if you had a face yours would be smiling toward mine? & if I told you I would reveal everything as I have nothing to reveal, would you say you would reveal nothing as well? & if I told you I would be the bobbin you wrap your thread around?

FOUR WONDROUSLY IMAGINED LINES IN SEARCH OF A LOVE POEM WHERE THE FIRST TWO, IN AN EFFORT, LIKELY FUTILE, BY THE WRITER TO INCREASE RELEVANCE (UNKNOWN IF IRONIC OR POST-IRONIC OR NOT, WITHIN THIS ATHEROSCLEROTIC, LATE CAPITALIST, GUN-RUNNING, SECULAR WAR-MONGERING, RESTIVE THOUGH MUTED, RAIN-SOAKED AMERICAN SELFIE MOMENT, PLEASE, THE WRITER IS JUST DESCRIBING, DOESN'T CARE ENOUGH TO CRITICIZE, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE SOLUTION, SIMPLE TO SAY, IS TO UNBURY THE DEAD SO THEY MAY LIVE AMONG US, THAT IS, WITHIN US, THAT IS, IN THE CROWDED INTERIOR DIALOGUES, THE OCCASIONAL ULULATIONS), FORM AN HEROIC COUPLET & THE REMAINING TWO (AS MUCH A SURPRISE TO THE WRITER AS TO THE IMAGINED SURPRISE OF THE IMAGINED READER) A SYLLABIC WHICH, AS THE WRITER CONSIDERS IT, IS LIKELY A RESPONSE (ALSO UNKNOWN AT PRESENT BY THE WRITER IF IRONIC OR POST-IRONIC OR NOT) TO A FRIEND, BELLE, WHOM THE WRITER RESPECTS, WHO BELIEVES (BELLE, NOT THE WRITER) THE ONLY WAY TO RESUSCITATE A MORIBUND POESY IS TO WRITE IN FORMAL VERSE *SANS* MEANING BUT BECAUSE OF THAT *AVEC* RELEVANCY WHEREAS THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENT IN THE WRITER'S DAY TODAY SO FAR IS TO RUN ACROSS THIS HONEST-TO-GOD HEADLINE FROM *THE DAILY MAIL*, UK, 3/23/11, "WOMAN, 26, REMAINS OPTIMISTIC AS BODY TURNS TO STONE," & WHEREUPON EXPERIENCE SOMEHOW AN INHIBITION OR AT LEAST A LESSENING OF THE SELF-DEFENSIVENESS (THE WRITER BELIEVES & CONFESSES RESPECTIVELY) OF THIS TITLE'S BEGINNING TO MORE LIKE THE EFFORTS OF A HAPLESS ZOMBIE CHEERLEADER (& IS THAT WHAT ONE BECOMES WHEN SUFFERING, THE WRITER WILL USE THE WORD, "DISTILLATION," —OR BETTER, "SELF-DISTILLATION," FACE TO FACE WITH THE DESIDERATUM, THE NUMINOUS), A FOLDED POCKETKNIFE ONE IS KILLED OVER NOTWITHSTANDING: SEVENTH IN A SEQUENCE TO DISMANTLE THE PRISON-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

for John T. Williams, d. 8/30/10

**VARIATIONS FOR HEATHER: EIGHTH IN A SEQUENCE TO
DISMANTLE THE PRISON-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX**

I. Earthbound

Just take Third Avenue
To the big-windowed studio

***LATIN BALLROOM SWING YOU CAN DANCE
THE STEPS TO A NEW YOU!!!***

Only two oafish couples
(The long & long woman with red hair not there)
An instructor before them
(Great flapping motions ending slowly in a clap)

Dance No. 2: *Wild Duck Lands On A Pond*
Dance No. 9 & 13: *Unruly Synapses/The Not Longing
That Is Longing/The Belonging That
Is Not Belonging*

Above the pavement a few inches the scrap of paper
spins a rough circle joined by browned leaves whole & in pieces
soot & ashes
nothing at the center
One hundred-and-one things—
Phrase denoting the innumerable to Kyle's mother—
which once held weight
weightless now
driven by a whirlwind so homely
& so small you could gather it
in your own arms
&

**VARIATIONS FOR HEATHER: EIGHTH IN A SEQUENCE TO
DISMANTLE THE PRISON-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX**

II. Floating Bridge

Someone next to me (am alone) reaches over, turns off the ignition & tosses the keys out the window: Bad luck. But from here I can coast to the one spot wide enough to pull out of the flow, the bridge-tender's house, empty except those times log booms are towed through to the Straits. Good luck, but the kind existing only because it follows bad.

*W-w-w-w weee moments have our m-m-moments A-a-a-a-all of them
A-a-a-all of us*

A few inches above the pavement a scrap of paper spins a rough circle joined by browned leaves whole & in pieces, soot & ashes, nothing at the center. (*Oh Heather where are your eyes windowing now*) (*Oh Samuel where are your legs folding now*) One hundred-and-one things—A phrase denoting the innumerable to Kyle's mother—which once held weight, weightless now, driven by a whirlwind so small I could wrap it in my own arms in sickness with this world.

Midnight. Into life-outside-the-car, floating bridge shuddering from tractor-trailers, their wind-wakes lifting me from railing to suck of black waters below, cold displacing my breath, taste buds firing Salt! Salt! My last thoughts arguing These are not, couldn't possibly be, last thoughts! Rise, goddamn it! Rise!

*W-w-w-weeee m-m-moments have our m-m-m-moments A-a-a-a-all of
them
A-a-a-all of us You y-y-y-y-y-you you
you you d-d-d-d-d-don't have shit, e.g., this one*

**VARIATIONS FOR HEATHER: EIGHTH IN A SEQUENCE TO
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III. Unruly Synapses

What's more naked naked, I mean anthurium naked: Desire? Envy? Grief? Hate? Joy? Pride? Skin? Trick question as self-amusement the walk home down 3rd Ave, as break from dream nagging since this morning's waking with, in reality a fragment, a recurrent one: Staring through an iridescent material, translucent layer-upon-layer, possible result of slow accretion, the layers, & more than possible, having no end; act of seeing demanding such concentration am transfixed, unaware of making effort. . . What comes closest in memory was time as a 5-year-old exploring tide pools near home, discovering the occasional abalone shell which I'd hold & intensely examine, stare at, chip at with another shell or my fingernails, stroke, lick, smell—no attention at all to tide—time slowing to, well, abalone's pace, all which amused, befuddled, irritated, frightened somewhat, & finally angered my older sister, Faith, whose only charge was, after all, to keep me from drowning my sorry little behind. . . *Wonder?*

3rd Avenue because passing the big-windowed dance studio (**10 LESSONS TO A NEW YOU!!!**), sometimes the long & long woman with red hair there. Not today. Only two boarded-up couples & the over-sized clapping of some other teacher in front. **LESSON 1: WILD DUCK LANDS ON POND.** Nearing my place am stopped by a scrap of paper spinning in circles a few inches above the pavement, driven, the paper, by a whirlwind so homely, so small, I could throw my arms around it. Wind lessens, scrap falls, wind picks up, scrap lives again (!!!) approaching me obliquely. A few more spins, wind dies, paper scrap settles at my feet.

Big-windowed or not

Dancing on 3rd Avenue

Wonder longing home

**BEACH 3, LA PUSH, WA (low grassy benches which bore them
having washed away): NINTH IN A SEQUENCE TO
DISMANTLE THE PRISON-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX**

Still they stand (dead
((but what's that, really, between or to the elements,
astral planes, a woman leaving her bath a towel knotted
at her breasts, cars passing on the Interstate, a flat
rooftop strung with clotheslines (((If one is lucky:
blue sheets, an orange sundress))), a ringing of dustpans,
salt, gray sand)) trees)
& lines of pelicans continue to skim the waves
& waves to break
& pebbles to rattle applause the moment before *en masse*
jumping up & bravos & encores & eyes streaming

**RIVER FISHING WITH NO THOUGHT OF TIME OR
CONSEQUENCE (TELL THE ONES WITH LITTLE HEART,
THE ONES WHO CURSE & REEL IN): TENTH IN A
SEQUENCE TO DISMANTLE THE PRISON-INDUSTRIAL
COMPLEX**

Because her medications leave her mouth dry
the old woman requests water
& because she's about to have one foot
removed & one leg below the knee
she's given barely
a thimbleful & most of that
dribbles down the right corner of her lips,
Oh, cold, she remembers

~~~~~

while

~~~~~

far away Heather
climbs, arms full of unscrewed legs,
after the movers' balancing act
of stairs & baby grand to the sunroom
where later she'll play for her sated lover
looking at a bright creek, a thin
piney woods

~~~~~

while

~~~~~

much nearer Ophelia--
this is how she got her name--
inner tubes naked on a dare down the slow
green Stillaguamish past banks
of steelheaders to their bellies in river

**HEADLINES: ELEVENTH IN A SEQUENCE TO DISMANTLE
THE PRISON-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX**

MAN FOUND COMPLETELY CLEAR WITH HEART

KNOWN FOR INVENTION MAN FOUND COMPLETELY CLEAR WITH HEART IN
MOUTH

KNOWN FOR INVENTION OF SOUNDS MAN FOUND COMPLETELY CLEAR WITH
HEART IN MOUTH

WASHED UP AT RIVER'S EDGE KNOWN FOR INVENTION OF SOUNDS MAN FOUND
COMPLETELY CLEAR WITH HEART IN MOUTH

WASHED UP AT RIVER'S EDGE BESIDE TWO BIRDS KNOWN FOR INVENTION OF
SOUNDS MAN FOUND COMPLETELY CLEAR WITH HEART IN MOUTH

NEWLY WASHED UP AT RIVER'S EDGE BESIDE TWO BIRDS ATOP TREE KNOWN
FOR INVENTION OF SOUNDS MAN FOUND COMPLETELY CLEAR WITH HEART IN
MOUTH

NEWLY WASHED UP AT RIVER'S EDGE BESIDE TWO BIRDS ATOP TREE KNOWN
FOR INVENTION OF SOUNDS MAN FOUND COMPLETELY CLEAR WITH HEART IN
MOUTH AFTER WRESTLING SELF

NEWLY FOUND MAN WASHED UP BESIDE TWO BIRDS ATOP TREE BY RIVER'S
EDGE COMPLETELY CLEAR WITH HEART IN MOUTH KNOWN FOR INVENTION OF
SOUNDS AFTER WRESTLING SELF DESCRIBES SHAKEN FORMER SELF

BESIDE TWO BIRDS ATOP TREE AT RIVER'S EDGE NEWLY WASHED UP MAN

KNOWN FOR INVENTION OF SOUNDS FOUND COMPLETELY CLEAR AFTER
WRESTLING SELF WITH HEART IN MOUTH DESCRIBES SHAKEN FORMER SELF AS
COVER

MAN KNOWN FOR INVENTION OF SOUNDS NEWLY FOUND WASHED UP AT
RIVER'S EDGE BESIDE TWO BIRDS ATOP TREE COMPLETELY CLEAR AFTER
WRESTLING SELF DESCRIBES WITH HEART IN MOUTH SHAKEN FORMER SELF AS
COVER BAND

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**BACK: TWELFTH IN A SEQUENCE TO DISMANTLE
THE PRISON-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX**

to the background / The while
—Lyn Hejinian

Back to the White Mountains & old trees
to be found there

“One thinks *enfin* of balloons escaping a child’s grasp”

Not the moth’s wing
or thick stream rushing from a glacier’s toe
a few envisioned

(self-reverential ((increase (((inhale
(((tongue))))
exhale))) decrease)) concept-laden)

May the present for once be the expected, for old times’ sake,
for you, a present, a bowl, a bowl an agreement of sorts
no matter emptyslashbrokenslashfull

Back to the White Mountains & old trees
to be found there

SUCCESSIONS OF WORDS ARE SO

SUCCESSIONS OF WORDS ARE SO

Larry Laurence's books are a full-length volume of poems, *Life Of The Bones To Come* (Black Heron Press) chosen as a National Poetry Month selection by NACS, the National Association Of College Stores, and a chapbook, *Scenes Beginning With The Footbridge At The Lake* (Brooding Heron Press). His poems have appeared in the anthologies *How Much Earth: The Fresno Poets* (Roundhouse Press) and *Jack Straw Writers* (Jack Straw Productions) as well as in journals including *CutBank*, *Poetry Northwest*, *POOL*, *Southern Poetry Review*, *Floating Bridge Review*, and *Raven Chronicles*. Awards include grants from The Seattle Arts Commission (WA) and Artist Trust (WA) plus residencies at Squaw Valley Community Of Writers (CA) and Cummington Center For The Arts (MA).

SUCCESSIONS OF WORDS ARE SO

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