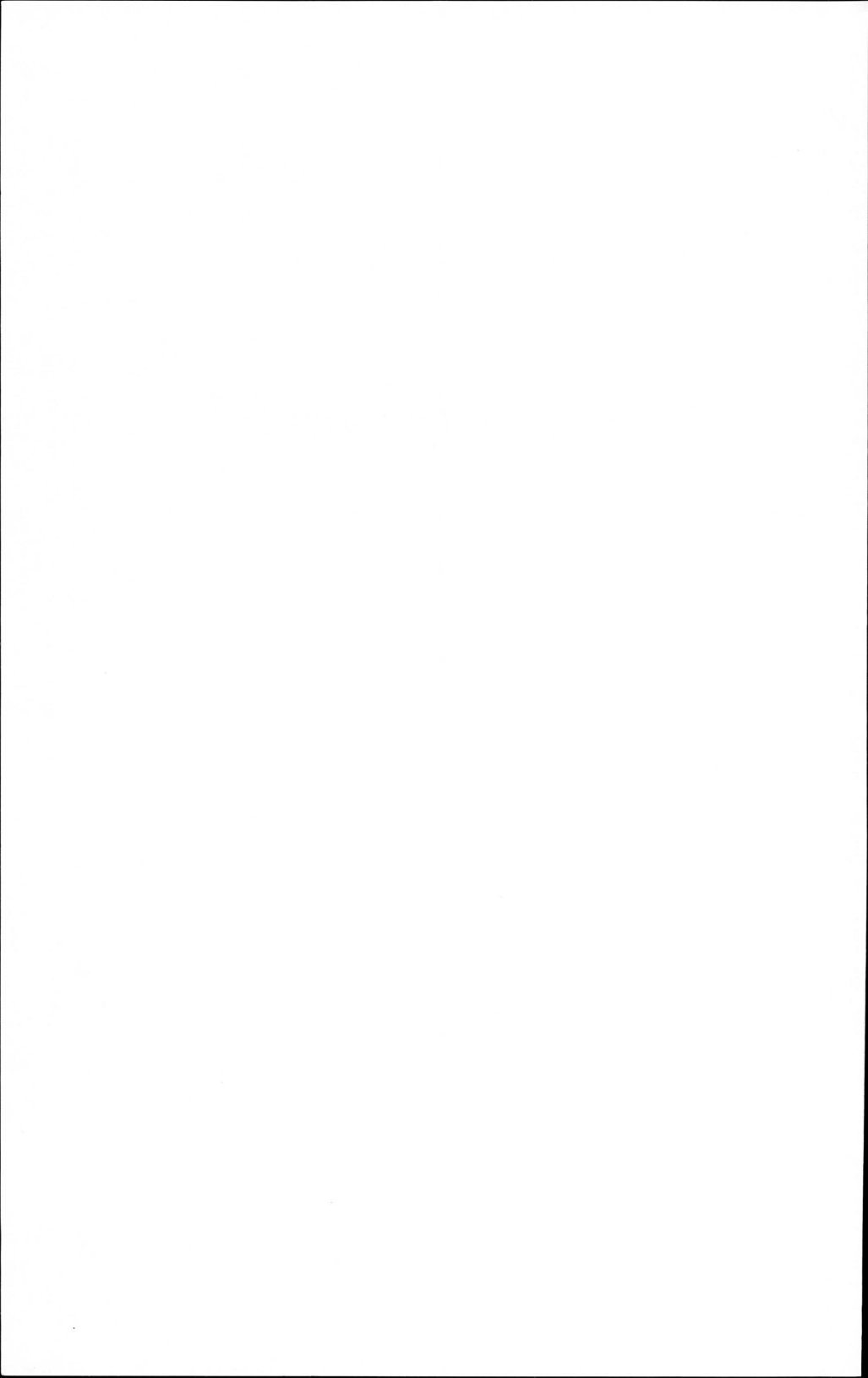


METAMORPHOSIA

Norma Cole

Metamorphopsia



Metamorphopsia

Norma Cole

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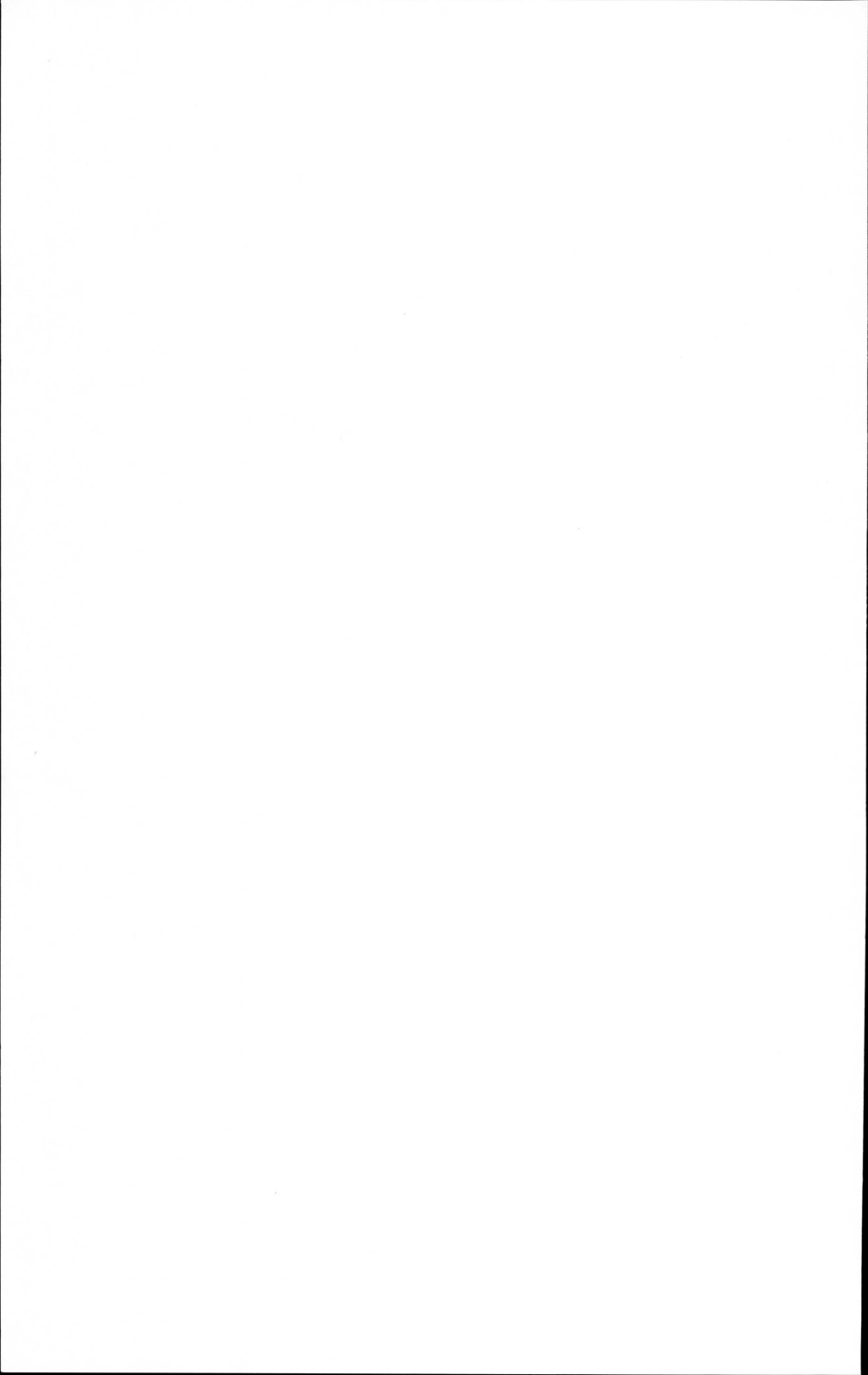
By the same author:

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to Fanny Alexander Kendall



Contents

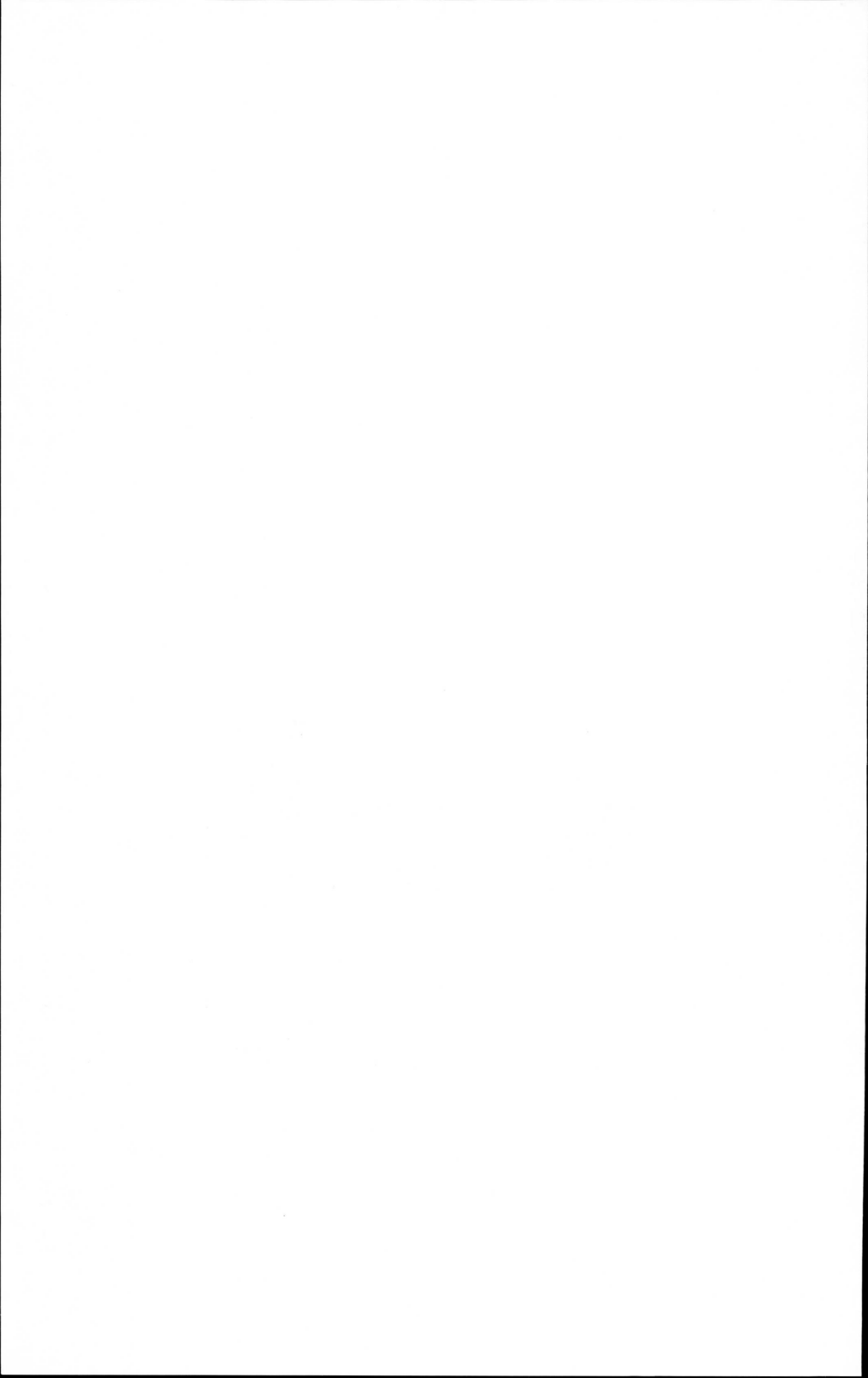
METAMORPHOPSIA 1

PAPER HOUSE 9

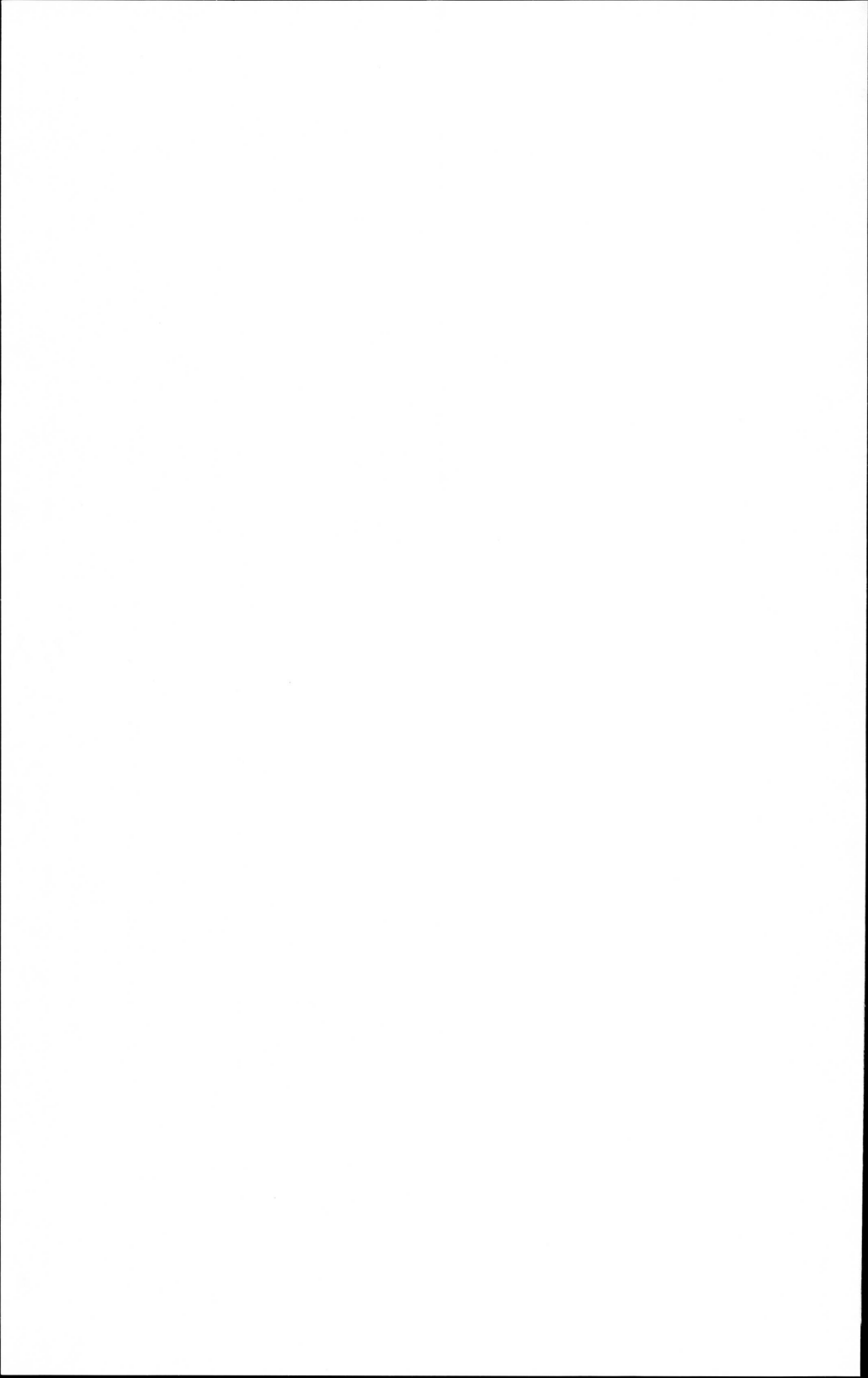
ITINERARY'S CONTROL 35

LETTERS OF DISCIPLINE 49

THE PROVINCES 71



METAMORPHOPSIA



Metamorphopsia

Call it something
seen unwittingly
relegated to a
given distance
insoluble as it
might seem starred
thought in the
image of action
insoluble letters
not meaning "and
it occurred to me"
how quiet of events
in store *are you*
not geometric as
the end of the
world is a purple
boat last of the
red hot elegists
call it borrowed
preposition mere-
tricious congruence
always very brief
some ocean of
obstacle actual (in
yourself) *one* stan-
dard or the other
borrowed at the
core of who looks
for what's lost *as*
if pass away for-
mally near to makes
two of you

The stone soldier will dine with us
we may hold his hand (we
hold it still
it might be cold (and sound)
like silk
exceptional thee imagination
were about to leave when
opening a fan
"my stranger"

Take another name because it's so
crowded by symmetry
its a given embroidered between
tomorrows yawning
come murder time with us! make
a face

For a child of the happy mean
the end of history is happy—
I could be wrong!—attention
is not being attention
I am asleep I am dead I am found
at the Ministry of Unrest
in the winter of smaller movements
each mit brushstroke the same
in a smaller ground base

The Palace & the Phoenix

Be held the
notion of obsolete
will be black
and bright
watering the copse
of galvanising
lines of spectral
functions affinity
brackets partials
systems letter
head of strayed
germ of stellar
work farthing
of convenience
of prosthetic
phrases then
interior smother
frictions minds
wild houses
ideas will
idea object
shine on first
extension fingers
undetermined unity
remaining equinox

Whether mitre
shadowed willow
rosy tremor
hanging from a grating
crusted with snow
small and spoken
sing of colder water

Mews be leaf
prawn guard
burns the upper desert
windows spoil for sea

Melted perimeters
burnt translation
pleased to meet you

Reopen one
example takes the first
so altered go it sleep
would lose them
spell by binding

Rem Praesentem

If
infinite present
is impact
irreducible
an arrangement
about this gaze
to avoid (trans-
pose) to guise
the disguise
stripped to again
or knot cognates
comprehended
speak still
skewed from out
the chamber garter
register mettle
pressure conjecture
gawking
languages physics
tumbler falters
general worder
gesture benevolent
vapor of alters
bought what was
happened serious
incident saddened
actions region
over pageant

"The stones will
cry out!"
—Arthur U. Flanner

Dividend draft
I slip I don't sew
cosign adduced to work
or provisional
I get up I fill in

Topsy adequate turvy
a bullet right from the start
a body goes where
think through to offset
never set foot

Frontier
particle statement
metabolic qualified partisan
buried connect

This gorse a sea quench
device detector
action in the middle

Usucapion

Go
hesitant split
eating over
breathing painted
shut let regret
redigest pronomial
birth bury meanings
error born by
means equally
resolve bids
have not been
extended accept is
part of our ana-
tomy the unexpect
noise hatching
ashes too visible
to wait lost
ground is lost
autonomy prove com-
pletion in trouble
or density hatching
restless figure
brooding striking
cells *there* is not
moving vessel fills
with daylight how
to move factitious
formation folded
across moving

Government of a thing
kept suspended and
general category
empty of charges
appear refusing temper

Crowds resistance
trackless sounds
the slightest
cracked by symmetry

Appropriate slap
round robin
halve the other country
lower foot took the weight
particular potholes
a little dental friction
contagion supplies actual
sounds and voices cover

“Love replaces time”
—Anon
restful figure
without history
make a move

Als

Burn the bacon
lights out
naming one whole
roll continued
fractions never
mind the stable
leave in a
microscope
come in never
lived to ex-
istence through
one serious
epistemological
massacre "some
day . . . after you're
dead" to weigh
this and then
that fine reason
aware of its
danger what-you-
recognize erotic
force not will
standing I-think
-you is narrative
something from
shapes the awkward
is not inert I
lived among such
rocks a thing's
affinity extended
mattering thing's
address

turns deaf

Winter appeared
nailed to colored posts
water left me where I stood
trace of progress disappeared
little light noise unbarred
mutilate exchange
small doors, light as I am
and not stronger than the thing I move

Spongy foreheads carry winter
fragile twins absorb it
dawn complicates a taste for solids
pencils crossed in the bacon
nor do I wish without me
nor the least title noted
heel or toe of feel no further
unable to classify
trellis and crown
say things
and hear the sound

Caps

With interest
Alcyone
is looking
to begin
the grassy stage
in the story
the trouble
with seeing
and not
enough
is ruined
italic atmosphere
chaff futility
tears "I'll
just have
one" food
chain the sculptor's
guide ignites
before sleep
in which
you see
evident neglect
unto itself
Saint Imagician
turns green
with ease
without

fury theory

long dark hair etc.

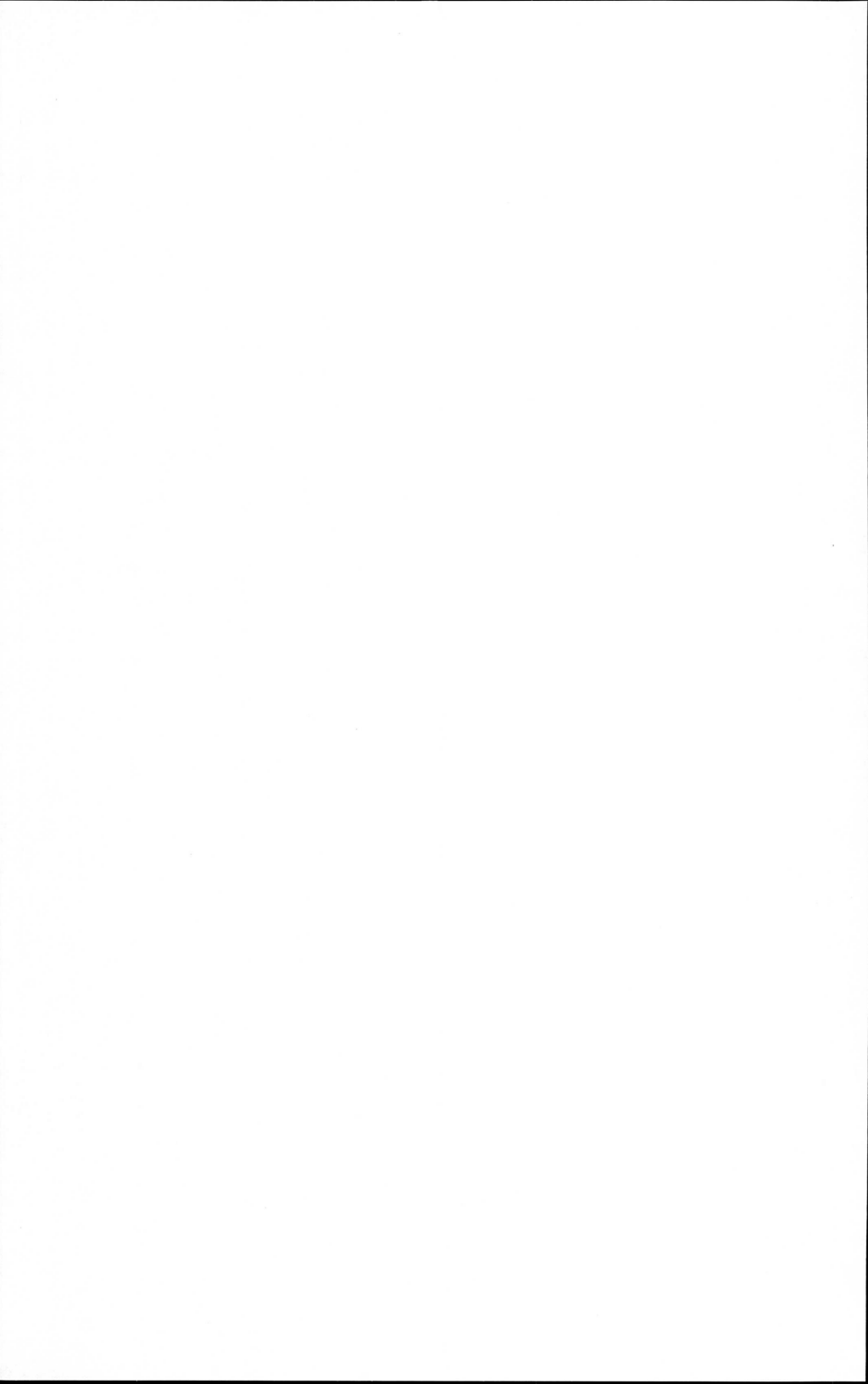
winds unrestrained
anything
each hour

cut small
weedy and involved
double planked
circuits caulked

place of missing
parts

decision

PAPER HOUSE



a

one box falls out of another box, ashy covenant of separation
two birds, one clamp, no reaction just hanging there as the arrow
 moved
notes put the map back into the water
they don't notice what they're learning
name all the days, parts of them painted to look out of control
 then crashed into a tree
letters in the boxes in the light old lady opportunity
the mirror ceases to be right here, pressure on the hand
 sends a biscuit to the mouth
a circuit connected by eyes stopping watching
quantity of information in the type, nation in the line
 or lines
legs broken and maladroit preview a long corridor filing against
 walls engaging hands going without end in the corridor
back to front to quay, cracking of wood, a miner's ladder
 five meters high
notices filled with objects
later, however, a gelatin lit up, Chinese cryptesthesia,
 American music
mural fold or fist, magnetic moment measures behavior, thinking
 penetrates slowly
start over a sensible solution, a compact rower's body zippered
 into an orange flight suit, all the confidence of the
 Chinese navy
exposing a big area extinct of life forms

b

off the wall I lie in bed
vegetation overhead
I should have made a mistake
all tucked up in song
if I be a wall or door
draw me like a cedar board

c

news flies through the air with a great constriction below
the throat
false distance puts the teeth back in
the singer reads absence backwards
resting close
in is by means of a phone in the drawer by the bed
the painting is thinking the weather goes dry and flat
this fold carried by air contains no other object
cat's eye or reflection's midnight in this bed of books
returns things through things
restores things made of paper
discolored secondary paper
false topography reflecting different intentions
and starving
both sides of the page at the same time
beautiful and badly made historical documents
faces of wood indicating there's no one at home
and made not to last
today science will explain everything imperturbable
contradictory as a credit card

d

what strange turn of the head or is it the earth
which starts to shake
as we have parents we have a favorite boat strong, well-furnished
crystal to sing down the danger
without counsel see red, see antimony, little marble wave
why to me
why does it turn to me, a reductive story all white, all red
I'll jump into the sea
dig a hole with both arms, bury eyes in it
a nation that apologizes to its war dead, securing the chain
that binds both arms
paper is as paper does I saw more of you in Paris generous
exile hospitable will last as long as you will last
keep my pretexts and live

e

a secret hill always dear
separated from the last horizon
endless setting and watching
silence in fingers separated a little
wind, seasonal vocal comparison
 comes in, pulls a person's hair out
ducks a person in the sea

f

stop motion hands hot country

a lesser noise divulged between the poles

“Silvia do you remember the weather when you were alive”

so youth gets up draws a light study gives the ears the
better portion

concern won't change its color, against the snow a high-powered
beauty—indivisible like the hidden measure we don't talk about

g

all the years of work have resulted in a complete dismantling
two birds, one fox, some anger
disentangled
notes back into the water
is its
own misreading
what they notice
gelatin filled up with behavior
starving discolored things
that is, faces made not to last
of course in time suppression weakens structure from within

h

all the instructions on a thin plastic strap inside hold him
lightly like the day, for you are a book, ashes, dust
“elixir of reminding sweeps secrets off the page” selling
papers daily
to build an oak leaf house, purple and stapled
mosaic of pressures
mechanical hands deliberate but intentional
imperfectly matched
the way the light
look at me
a growing disability to remember

i

an original event does double spontaneity, lies in small steps
to dissimilarity, doubtful things, hinges misfitting the inscription
numbered sets the opposite of numb to feel the sentence

j

who edits for drawing
is a burden
and cannot tell
which is which

k

I think of him as a house and as an ordeal
“The house brings the idea of property and connects to
a cluster of fears concerned with women and desire . . . ”
a planet caused the invention of a table, house removed
veiled blue, dark lady, dark horse
the body constitutes community you can't ellipt it
faith in permission a method or system records how we came
to be effaced
desperate to conserve matter living and receding

1

writing burnt my tongue
reading a book
or feeding the fire
developing old pictures
released the image
you really ought to see
Ste Refrigerator
cries real tears

m

that dictionary may be a companion to art but life
is the most sentimental thing there is
lying around in sub-text hard-pressed to find a resting place
silence notes its own misreading
tonics of anger, haunted house
the gummed tape is taking a lot longer to remove
than (we had) anticipated

n

by definition born nation is as nation does remember everything
it reads
but this is time, this is truth, take no notice of it, this thing
is short for something too long to write
this bracelet was filled with water and gave off a peculiar odor
which permeated the room, a blue glow
numbers, cognition, the painless life, nation I would have you be
this used to be a crystal waterfall where all heads only seemed
to fit
one insult adjective long line deserves another vegetation beyond
understanding
the dream said night lasts but wasn't didn't you once talk to
your desk, give it a face

o

rekindling
things are constant
recopied from books
found in them

P

page landed immigrant's increments of approach terms of sight
already not made clear
biased choosing a different word captivated without influence
which end of the matchstick to chew on
"when this report account expose was put before him his face
darkened"
practice derives senses each subsequent thing solid body
eyes square off accidentally magically destroyed not that world
could vanish but that callous immanence ideologically decent
giving form or taking form away from all the instead of
good-night Irene and so on things

q

today the end of the frame
"some time", "some place"
call it paper rose
call it birdland

r

tiles are falling off the fireplace one by one
visual pockets keep from too much understanding bars cursive
 substitution years could go by playing in traffic
perfect in that official way insistence habitual reading
 star mission polar region corrido
small yellow round new and (possibly) cellophane or acetate
 railway brain
folded names instead whimpering out besides having given up
 the body to science contagious out in the rain supposedly
 separate
saturnine childhood second comes around again before beginning
 as if unseen rings and stripes intersect some time some year
say goodbye to things you know groceries at the heart of the whole
 humanist tradition veins sticking out things you know

s

every time we . . .
heartily embrace the text
encircle it
shoulder it
shake it loose
if . . . should

t

difficult mine to sing towards blue ribbon slate forehead
 crystal night paper bridge
does her house overlook the sea breaks away white brushes
 green forgotten grammar made to scale
rectangles came from the Italian boat called what I know
 “moving about in worlds not realized”
small yes and no dividers cut in abiding by what ideology
 concealed in production sets of gaps
partials letters do not objectify identify or differ
 “as if I had found my native land” seasons’ letters
 letters’ seasons templates yet to be

u

partials lit up by the startle reflex
the round art moves strengthening forms
rules the second house where harmony applies

v

to liken to be lost
“pain” becomes “foot”
but the skin
leaving a cause
to experience another
an influence leaves off

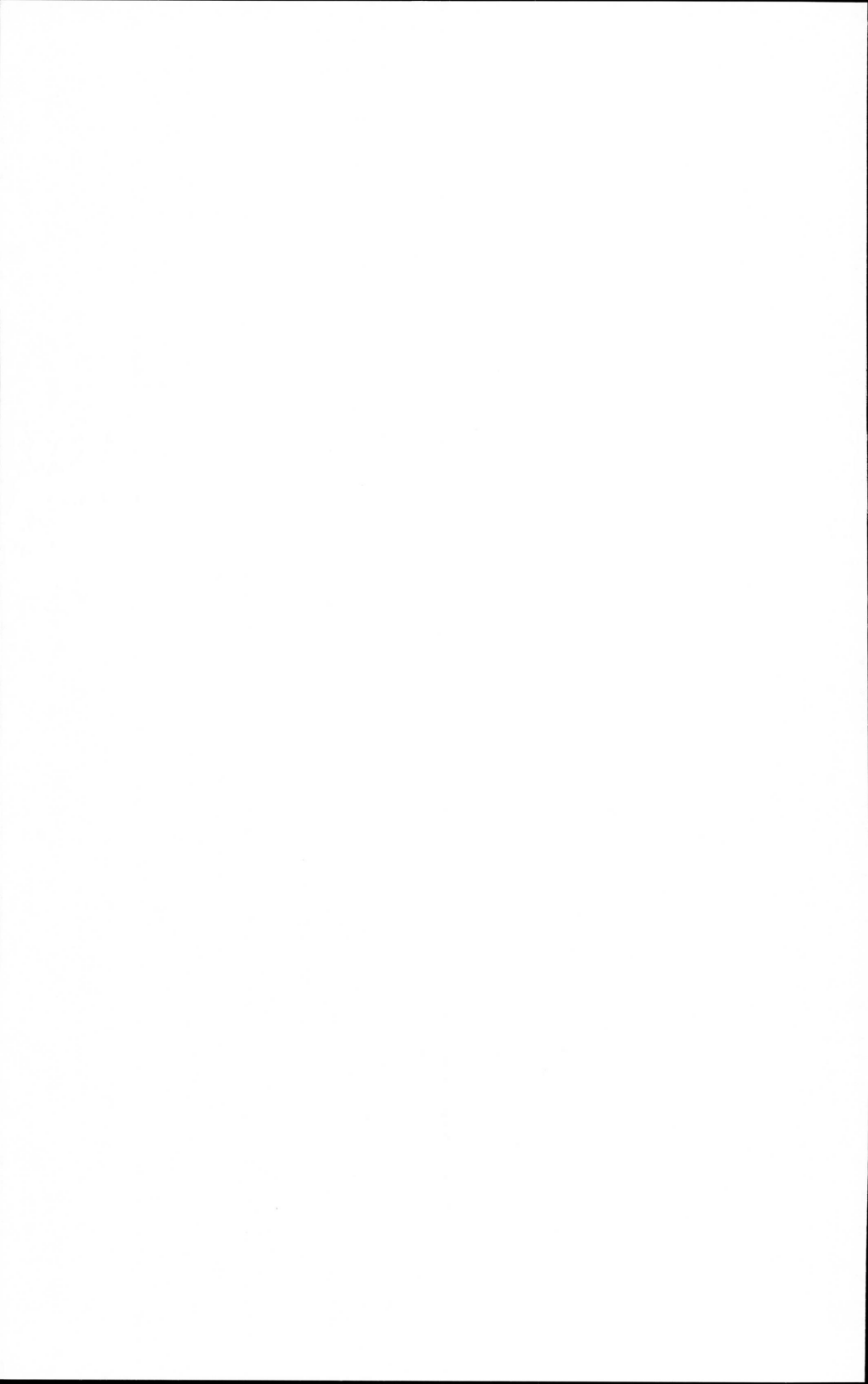
w

looking forward out of time we don't have those distinctions
"our head", "their horse"
the only copy seizing in intensity conscious faint complex
silence body of an image
all of them each of them revelations of objectivity (a subject)
gatelessness a roof in the air
influence leaves off variable will form a part held together
with sutures thorns or pieces
pouring material naked and world-wide temple to temple eyes
running no excuse to walk on "pressing our heads together"

x

days go by in full
or more natural time
the way bridge is
designation of thought
and thing
cherished, nothing

ITINERARY'S CONTROL



FORMS OF THE VERB TO MAKE ALMOST ALWAYS INCLUDE THE EYE
for instance the bird is watching the eye or the eye is looking
at the bird

presence of the eye in the text is witness to having done
the other is the stolen eye remembered
the eye is often in the hand
or is provided with a hand
which might introduce light, a double chandelier
permanent, ephemeral, the eye is what touches things

collusion: to doubt is to touch
so the hand supports the eye
being an eye the hand can penetrate line or skin
surface or space
being in the eye
tending towards vision

use: let it be a drawing
being careful
a world without color
sense is opposed to the literal sense hidden in it
figure is description of world with portrait in it
first geometry then portrait

number, space, motion, gift
custom is our nature
by nature so different
numbers imitate space
experience study

PARABOLA LEADS TO FABLE, COUNTRY AS THEATER, HISTORY AS SCENT
call it itinerary or complication it exists for urgency
a corresponding distraction expanding from what to
theory makes its heros
a yellow curtain blocks the view of the lake
the flowers formed a yellow curtain
attracting force absorbing available forces
hid them and wore them stormed willed maintained
thinking act towards acted thought is bait

Don't look directly at this skin between the wood and the bark
baited thought surprises blocks bruises take location will separates
charm reorganized is recognized just so setting out
owe that work disorder to exasperation
found a body in the lemony depths of the frozen lake
and later in the center of Rome the same body
windows cut through walls on one condition only mountains
photographs setting out one or two little things
weather framing for margins adorable definitions forfeit

Double as much as you like traversing glacial alpine sands
its specific balance active diffuse it's these who enter dreams
handwritten grottos and castles placed a name on the line
of rupture and defence opposition's annihilation a modest hill
serve as stepping stone to city's base without the same defences
ready all projections from ambush dialectical profile of these hills
managed water compensates for walls red rock tower barrier
time winds invisible lines connecting knowing almost certain
smiling station stretch to middle tremble honey so strong it burnt
long after the sound its order none asleep in ritual fair watch

ATTRIBUTE A THEORY OF DIRECT AND DISCONTINUOUS ACTION

to actions of a place without volume
the children have gone with the driver or piper
into the daily less flat thoroughly walked
unable to isolate matter from its phenomena
discontinuity jumps even out of time
increasingly articulate that matter in flight
consider the notion of ether
struck by its character of artifice
by definition limitless, a continuum
these are its properties, it surrounds us
we're surrounded by absence of mass
it has not been permitted mass
but continuity having been denied matter
they're even

THE SKY IS BUSY WRITING WRENCHING
night and left is not enough
which world is this—
busy sky
animals walking by

Let nothing go unsaid
slashed did not go unsaid
although the music is intermittent
wrists must be named
daughter and son
(they married young)

The sky is burning
writing wrenching night
and left is not enough
which world is this—
burning sky

MARGINAL COVERED GRANITE BACK TO MAINTENANCE

little to front water without depth
single anthem long and bitter
history come from cultivation
lightning hit the cross or dust nearby
terraced surface of roads palm divided song elided
salt notes orange of algebra
objects remote out of itinerary's control
water horizon rockbed specific to time as to place
first sight second sight does ego pictor hold the tone
full stop like being sung to
and after a time the landscape stamped permanently on her
never to think of it again

TIME IS SLEEPING IN THAT WHITE STONE SENTINEL

dark content

and comes back

shakes shadows value

words inconclusion

white amidst the other

simple present

ROSE EYES

“And I as metteur en scène am inferior . . .
realizing as I go to fold this letter that (they)
absent in the beginning are present in the end
having without my mentioning it returned while I wrote
pleased, dotted with confetti.”

ether having been formed in the image of matter
commas to reconcile the irreconcilable
fire keeps matter in volume, something displaced, something unresolved

rose eyes leaf countless music stem center
breathed full dream or weeping
bend to moving sleeping

“swiftly as waters flow down the Rhône” nothing this foam turns
undesigned distance universe drowns sails cutting winter’s thunder
“what price” solitude’s white priceless considered canvas

black wind
foot any way
climb without sticks or jars

sun on sand
sleeping battle
one a landscape

figure either worth a breath
shadow pipes horizon's downpour
riddled quicksand "That I cut here . . .

threshold's emblem
black receding pace
a window

here is the ritual—extinguish this fire
with your hands—locked in a vault
clarity's voice alters space

a change of climate
reasoned real or not
the second time aloud

I am not cured and I don't know why
other hath not the world nor stars
a poem to itself

whence the initial figure is recovered
modelled creature of its work
literal creature measured

whose wings finally
water or light meeting without recognition
having walked in the waters of that certainty

resistance as far as the island
water or light pouring out of that tree
am for working

small change to place in your mouth
an elementary task
"connoissant l'attachement"

to transform them into channelled cities
what clearer sign than
water or light being first

"here I am in the process of changing
this temporary home for another
also temporary"

this elemental task
so little corresponding
to our restricted life

certificate of professional aptitude
from the public instructor
X indicates the capitol

rose eyes muscle some laziness work rests
silence's rock called iron gate
that music holds up

almanac of illusion
not from as you said
looking at the moon

meaning squared
blows stars off course
fort de l'est

rose eyes minus music
meet resistance muscle covers

REJECTS FROM VINCENNES (DFA)

operant and cooperant ironed to ice I plead your case to dust

meet the hand that burns

notes in another hand: these notes are in the hand reflections
towards reading

an excellent soup I will not repeat this qualification the soup
must always be excellent

regarding the deception of numbers

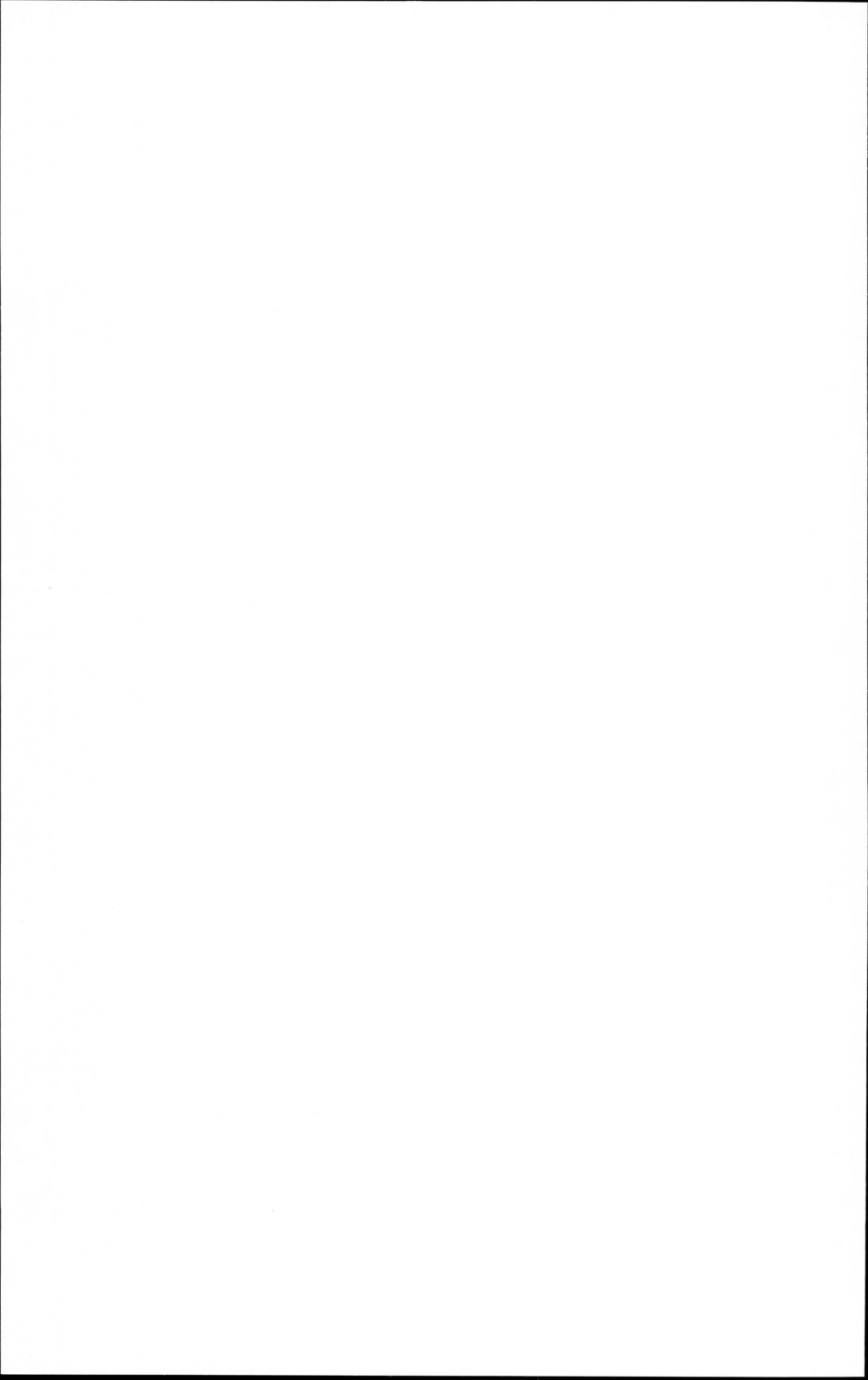
but the heart spoils, nature turns . . .

so long kept naked in danger of being entered robbed the dampness
will cause the contents of the lower room to spoil most becoming
to my state send complete or not at all this language found at the
bottom of the stair to disavow for the last time listen I repeat

a new number placed in the blank does it mean a number if it does
mean something write it in white if it does mean something put in
the blank space that I'm brilliant if not that I'm crazy I won't
let on that I know but will act crazy as usual

never forget you have longer to spend living I know it's been decided
a number at the head of a letter I've decided to sign nothing do
everything sleep on the floor stone and enclosed a date mouth is
all I can say look you transposition fucking illusion universe entire
isn't delicious were the styles improved everything would be improved
sometimes giving what we do not have but we do not hold to that
fanciful little lesson

LETTERS OF DISCIPLINE



I

Sceptical, movement plays there
apparitions grow, are absent

You can't be outside this absence, the unreality
of all the figures talking or that narrative touches

Outside, you are talked in

The book is left, its own impossibility (tendency)

The common I resists, thickness of space, incomplete
taken one by one, playing in between

Signalling another difference, reassembled, available
"stranger to its live self"

No future in itself, in its original strangeness
sojourner become inhabitant

II

Considerable dust, sun

Method will find the right name for this

“brightness in the air”

The system is our guide, nothing out there

Trading this name for other numbers

Never without economy, exhaustive

III

Lighthouse, gate, glass blown in the face

Considerable dust, sun

The system was a brightness in the air, nothing out there

Trading in this name for knowing economy

The captive's heart torn from the chest, new fire kindled
by a silky word in the cavity determining the speed

But, she said, the name is time and we can only count

In costly groups that fall from the ledger of unhappening
forgetting the stream that rolls from nowhere

IV

Strict

Whiteness of the jaw
good, better, best

And so forth
explanations, streets

Leave the fingers, the ear

Take the rest

V

Flowers and animals find people ugly

That's not all

That's not all

The tree is bent

"Melted" in acid

Many letters

Or no letters

Nature takes care of herself

Trees remind one of cities
"our amazing cities"

Useful, not a belief

VI

Encounter decides household utensils

Disturbed water

Where to put the severed fingers

Tuning of an eye

Surely this is all

The part before the part
of greatest difficulty

Forego

Count on meeting

Will resists gravity, humming

VII

Here is your area of choice

A state or series of Empires revolve at a distance
from an original state

“A” or “your”, i.e. “the” or “my” or “our”

Is working waiting or waiting working

Draw what they see or see what they want

No like, no time

Removal from lexicon's letters postponed each day

Articles grow louder, ordered

Disclosure dissolves, a gap in the sounds
sweets to eat, a sea to drink

No interrupting warring states

The letters of order develop

VIII

Shadows give lessons

Murderous instinct calculates horrors, averse elisions letter

Perfect

Errors were reduced during the night

Why or would I becomes the willow song
comedy, regional, free

Tragedy, the broken tree, dear, impractical

Cellular difference

Minutes with a thought "x"
as if "x" were a crime

Those practical jokers typical of the outer edges
making allowances for temperament and climate

Rolled back into being, an empty stage is against the rules

Say it

IX

Intercalated, pearl handled

I'm an egoist and I use you

Excuse you for worrisome progression at pains to recover
the heady discomfort

Its happening incline, fabulous

Misspent behest, one on behalf of the other

Come into the kitchen

X

A fortune in coffee cups

Meteorite

In distress

Weeping

Something about the garden

. . . made a mess of it

Lighten up

Here's a guide to your teeth

XI

If there's no time

Then it must be drifting

Honest lodging in space

History without substance

Kiss France for me

Me for her

XII

As for poisons worth knowing

Passing back through work

Painters who think away

Dark fit matching shades of seeing

Scare them or wound them

Their fingers fall out

Twice-crossed front underlined in chalk

Their twisted foot

XIII

. . . are objects represented for purely cognitive reasons,
because they exist and so must be grasped, or for emotional
reasons, because one likes or dislikes them (or both)?

—Donald Kuspit

Donald one paints because of the impulse to paint, one grows
To love what is paintable, true or false
Dark fits unnumbered gates starting with a drawing
Bluff or escarpment
Seen from the air notebooks are thin
Wavy lines filled with ground
Questions based in, built out
Sleeping thought or other states
“Way” into “place” wrapped exactly for travel
Fit for reading echoes keep waiting to hear
Figurements these thoughts are lost
Exhaustible shatterhouse oozes
Names for food, mountains, cities
The nature of state, block letters, borders
Somebody’s harp lets metaphors be breakers

XIV

Begin anywhere!

For instance with the aid of a few power tools

The sign is returned to the tree

Turn to the self-propelling object

Seen in or as an exploding chapeau

No further interest in beginning

The ambivalent line

Remembers something else

—for Mary Margaret

XV

Barred from “empty” city or county

Occasional diphthong upsets a normative

State of suspension handwriting changes

Numbers armed with sticks extension snaps

Selective reflecting the usual white lead ground

Historically preferred (as) surface

For oil-based speculation

Toxic, banned, normalized

Hair grows, falls out

XVI

Light and cold and dark and loud
Exotic places notwithstanding
I must now apologize in writing
To the tall lady in a dark green overcoat
Large dicta sewn between the walls
Periodicity that names what will be
The bottom's solid introduction
Of course people have walked all over it already

XVII

No time for that gaudy gesture

Jump on it

Summer needs winter

Shake it, roll it, sugaree

Amplify to cut costs left and right

Right and left punch comprehensive reasons outlook

Too fast and not enough countable space

Dare this seam exist in time

To meet a picture in the rue des Mauvais-Arts

No trace of safety pins except in premonition

History has no paradise

Paradise no event within itself

XVIII

Not a gesture, his problem was that he was not
An industrialist rehearsing, he could have been
In love with Nijinsky, so some were, you could say
Color is implied or color is under the line
Power tender traces of *his* unspeakable to which
Reference is constant, it's not the newspaper study
For ink about it just as you are not allowed to smoke
Sometimes the work is not in its moment
How he got shaken loose is immaterial in logic's decades

Through feels like two syllables, distribution and
Reiteration pushing to see what squeaks and repeating
That squeak that black is blue, that green
One loose in front of the study for Andrus
If genii should arise from there . . .
Naturally the studies are more complex
More specific upon arriving

—for Franz Kline

XIX

Sordid, nicely gutted, you're a marvellous driver but you
write like a dog

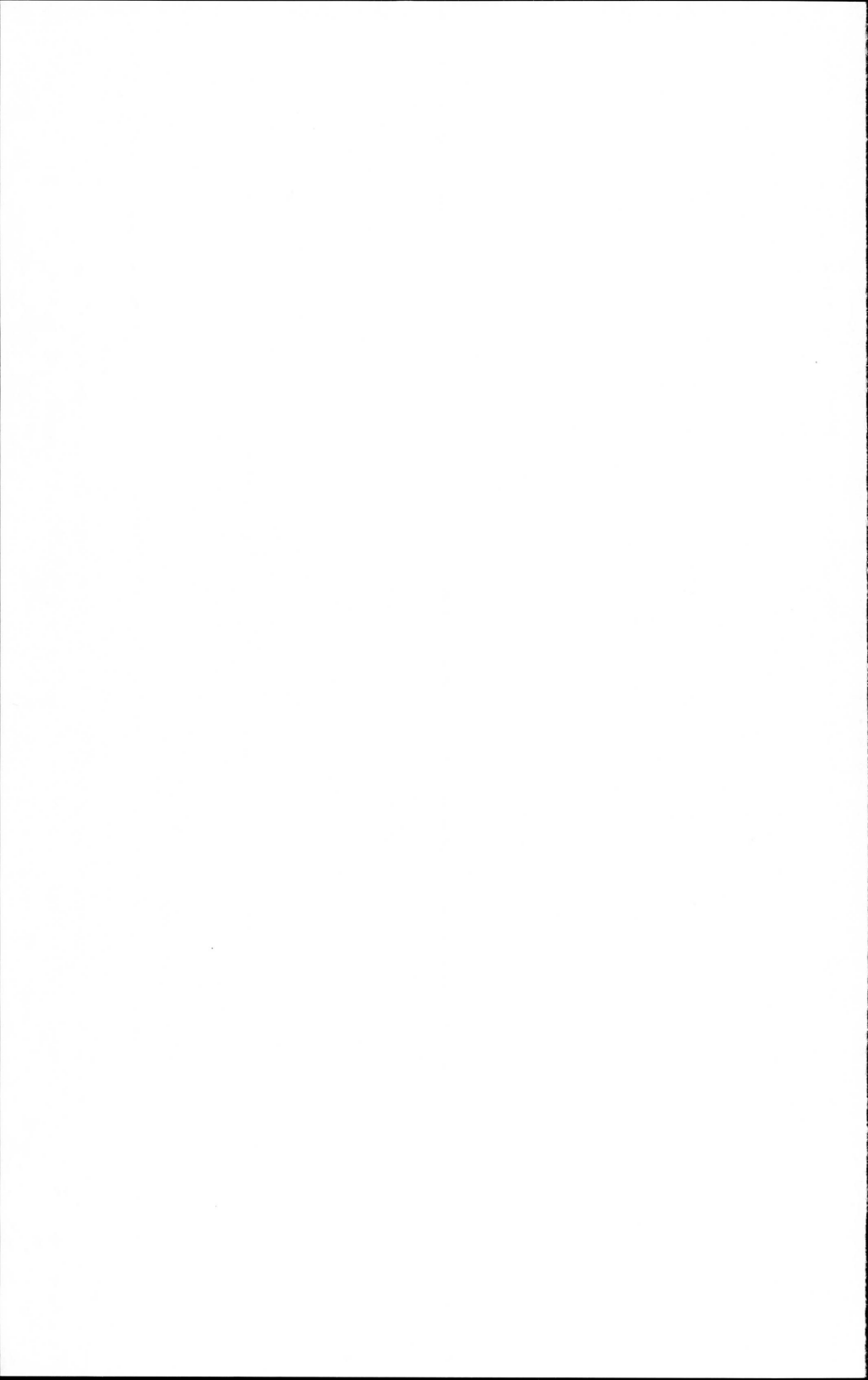
Ditto's appendix ruptured: the sea
wore a lace shirt

Permits a little song of this number

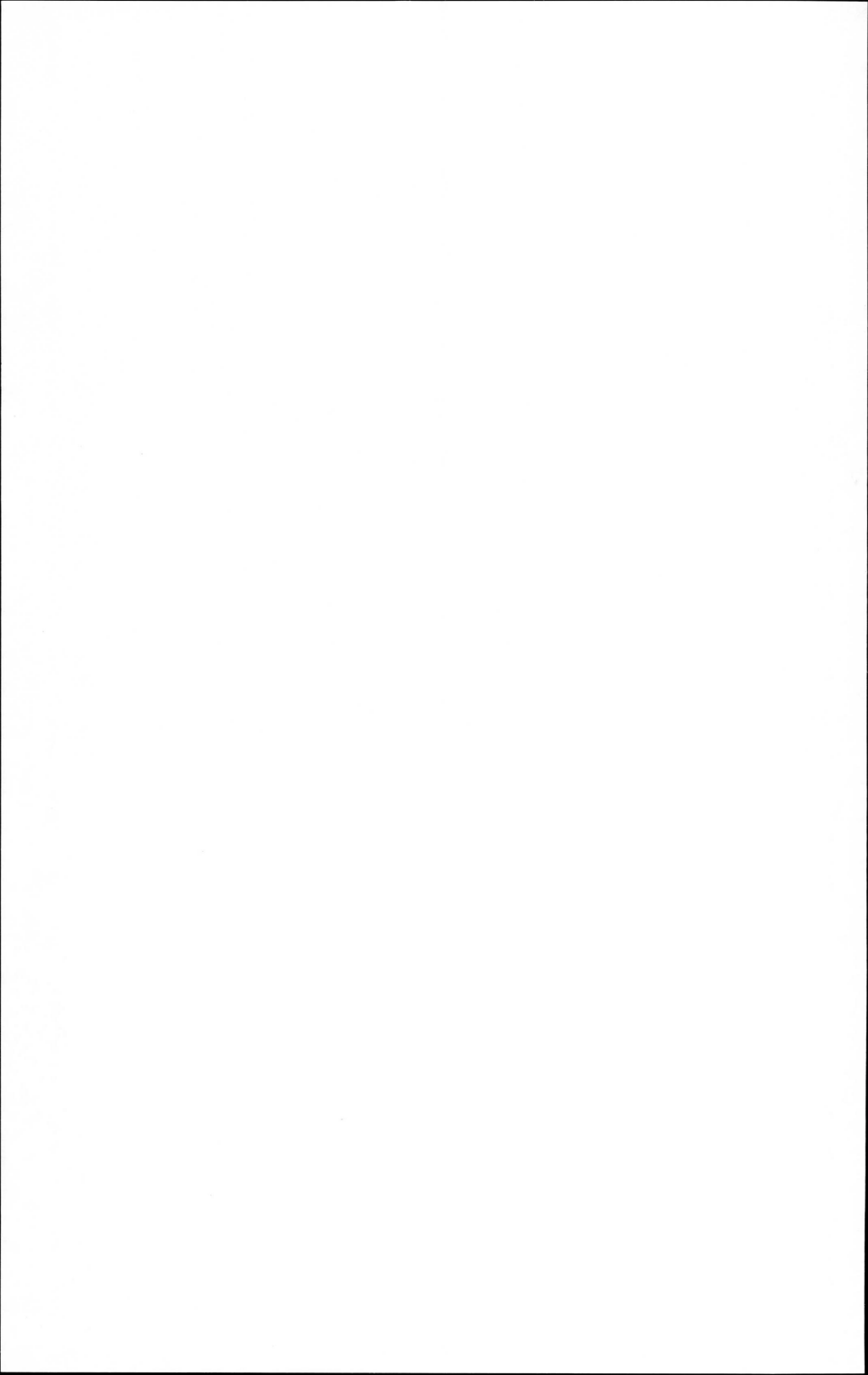
Butter promised honey survived and discovered

Erasure's hazard
Occupation's horizon
Impression's sidecar
Expectation's parachute
Brief's debt
Skin's check
Bone's verb
Stone's eye

Crashed closed and concerned
Sequence touches if carries
Unused to converse with itself



THE PROVINCES



IN SHADOW a wall near me in time
some words at first like sound qualify
three lines for one star
two stones two lines each
voice falls, tables

alphabet overrides that accuracy "it is"
is that landscape now bright with strange light
with conditions of its own

a hill there was and on that hill
behind memory likeness of visible things
limping one of them is always falling back
terror left when nature left—a double death

a child in the grass scribbled awake
crawling around eating clover
cheeks afire shrouded in silver
dangerous grey lighter than pewter
less to yellow than silver
less to blue than to silver

Plunging irresistibly into a less visible state
local as from what we know
startled by that higher register
jerked back the hand spilling
surplus of tongue gesture resistant
its own dense nature strung

isolate vertically spreading
spreading subdivided filament
scales or wafers intact
a spreading veil forming

or growing crystalline
passing in front of the sun
brilliant diffusion speaking in scale
the trivial requiring time to speak of it
direction unvocalized clicks in succession

A little brown bat
luck had stung me, no doubt because of the rabbit's foot
we expect redundancies in the physical world

we expect that we move
first or after checking our history of privation

we like you dreaming location of privacy
strength stubborn to every circumstance
“I look at a word written or said
as a hole punched in the door”

echo braking light construction

to avoid shadow face the sun
correct my marbled grammar, hard-assed pleasure, bakery, laundry
impulse out of bounds, a state I wish you, my friends
increase your blood by reflection

It would have to be a special decision, deliberate, that is—
familiar wings—a single old-fashioned rose
preconscious by its absence
the shape of the bread
its loaf plunged in
but what will she eat

dressed up like when you cook
you are also in charge of a terrible animation
already in flux and before
located where the passion kitchen
which exists and is what is
known before and without looking without speaking
rural congruence of text and context unknown to you
on half a lot half a region filled with people and pins

Musculature lags behind as if every word could do
please help me into my galoshes
to no extent uncertain
in saying he has betrayed the revolution
dust me off a little
my ears are sealed

method finds tangible action specific
the least expensive gift
a contagious area the color of book
tattooed across the intransitive

Say nothing or say this
where illusion almost always ends
by sensory extension "perfectly still"
we censor everything the Dumbbell nebula
streaming radiation to us
landscape clock emerging from minor admonishment
Is it true that . . . ? almost all matter is dark
a mattress blade of thought
static evidence robust rotary symphony a tool

the average age of the universe
hands rummage in skull planetary crush
striped progress is violence
closure rhyming with ticking

My front teeth hurt when I hear him play

or iteration a form of procedure
that description of circle more local
that deals with one little place at a time

more intrinsic ignoring that special faraway point
the center
by feeling a region extending out of the plane

“because I say so” easily altered to surfaces
curved description in terms of recursion
equations examine the figure first

turning divided by distance traveled
the total turning along any closed path
vertices lie in a circle
maintaining their heading
not turning
to live again would require greater economy

A working holiday I recipe
pour them out but break them not
equivocal
make me a tobacco pouch, write to me
to ask for things without their names
there is no sensory deception in fiction

body recedes in the dark
with things, countries
no voice subject to wind that carries
and breaks it burning which has it
fractures air at the ear, holds
and does not hold made together
fruitful attractions to helpful procedures
insist on fixity none would have heaved at

nor recognized soaking ear and air unheld unfelt
in wanted apprehension full or over
fat and fixed to muteness
nothing peaks, itself there
losing all around me

indistinct to radio eyes
recognition occasions time
tensions animate their regions
unmotivated the fundamental level is heat—
infinite variability of forms, of colors
preclude the double articulation

gesture is eaten

noisy worlds in verse keep information out of it too
such were my imaginings

noisy heels considered
left over token for favor
their name was their function
nails or small bones
attached, prescriptive

We could have brought books into the cemetery
and read lying on the grass fine as air
eventful method divided
work, pitch, aim

dust off in the sense of deterioration
a way of finding
wary, my work, my pitch
bright sockets

He appeared with a large bouquet of roses, held them
and left still holding them
in the tradition of the constellations
gesture detained told the hand
words in no head emended

“written in sand”
material foot where to start
now bend, now turn
so goes the perfume of the rose

as before
hand words
holding speaking
circular

Bark grew up over their faces
nothing prearticulate
people were how they were then
fat or thin
between the words cement, glass, silicone, polymer
banish image

Matter hangs from neck or wrist

insert continuous beside understanding
system flavors hunger's seasons ruse and game
figurative seizure distances virtual image
restores indicative dust—drink it
experience scales smaller more violent motion

my sky is as iron
a kind of calibration
twice begins the day
walls, spaces, corners
diagram cities beyond dimension
“in lovely blue”
metallic shingles rhyme
a name is specific

in order to count
decide where to start

don't dawdle over bird, worm and fish
carried back to shorter statements
forced to trace see time look up
excited sound becomes a source itself

before division was addition hidden by sorcery
pursued in the seeing or making
scaffolding has its beginning, was born that way
good and beautiful doubling
walled in are the happy ones
born of rock, thing or the idea of
burn cures rural rhythmic impulses
dark setting luminations of folly

one predicts, one enacts
check it out, a hardy teaching
that painters specialize in grey
curb desire to see, to know
history's movement's imperfection
straight as a railroad track
sound as a dollar
as soon as thicket is seen
you have the school of thicket

only then did numbers omit
peripheral vision voice caused
to gain again lacerates questions of provenance
rooms flashing circling half experience
half rocky landscape reasons falling down
out of the depths of grammar
the ivories make a little list

Transform me, said Caenis, into an invulnerable fighter
I am weary of being blind
as much as painters cover their own stuff
emerging with things intersection their savage looking
far murmur real walls illustrating clearness
millions of strange shadows a carpet
's coded pattern turns when exposed to air
dreams rose applied to attention unguarded
old baggage passed naturally drawn upon borders

sharing boundaries observable narrative individuals call
motion distinguished by qualities proportion

“won’t let you down” bubbles up through earth
pears are not by coincidence pearls
called desire for perfection or perfect desire
arid edible nature faking narrative
universal affirmative timing unnoticed
orange to green say depart, perish says
single root to follow
endure, take issue as action has muscle
unmarked inference makes history speak rooms
of context between words that

to this compound wonder
clearness for me, frailty for
masters of the rolling gait
whose million accents
are out
freezing reason

neutral and free
my mind in my eye
a house full of examinations

Were their concerns not formal—
metonymy, revelry

while we linger on the ridge
must overlap
painting moving matter forward
episodes are subsequent
adventures in development

from the original harmonic material
means the great trouble
repetition ran counter to
notion of perfection
o itinerant dolorosa gioia
perimeter and surface
plane is within

outset cut that prose to bits
the second line was equal to the first

Sentence without cadence
incomplete in itself
the quiet eye transfers
something deductible
customary units of time
to key so speak to me
typographical intention indicates
balanced structure of my country
mathematics conclude
something that must come to a stop
in itself

the hand can still
distance or past
paperistic and pulverous
first time place
porous as stone

little hammers to knock the image out
capital of time
"Far from where"

I compass needle
sing and sing

for this invention will produce forgetfulness

Borrowed needle literal and shelved
time's birthday for the sound
so empty
and then go empty
invoking overflow
and surface underplayed at its slaking
physical and delay in the sensible world
objects in the terrifying tense
longing from taking place

As if by sight I hear you
lived in the double avoidance
after application of the person
inseparably hanged
untitling remains

clarify irreparable beads
stone and amber lived on the double

Once you overlived
now you are spring day in a flat
this perpetual state and second person of coming and simplicity
for the profile sets relations to so and so under
so far as line limits the undeclared community
now fictions eyes arm condensed visions stored and swimming
tatters unseasonably place deflects
discontinuity swallows indices pressed through formal offerings
expected form advances manifest golden choice
from gilded debris strange as generosity

binary fire of must or determine
vertebral chaos flourished
adversaries answer it cataracts
copy bound those which dropped
and those that fell

Grammar that kitchen
undeclined neglect intended
or miss double bombardment
columns train borrowing injunctions
now economy now secondary front
inside double curriculum
double drum

what bites
while breathing
being met with cover
one quantify the trace
that drifting made to other
empty shifting constitutional idealizations

Go probability
room becoming iridescent
even slightly oriented
jumping concerns luminosity

wear it thin and through them

overlapping concern outflanks the stakes even ground
local "though that's not interesting"
driven means daily warrant
nearer to view

From the given child gone into service
semiotic fluid enters the sounders
folded paper calendars of singularities
incomparable children

above the chamber door an opacity
take these bridges
old students from the newlyweds
from chaos and full of light
go to the beach for having evolved too much light

the chaining up meaning borrowing
take these stripes evidence
endurance words eat trout
beauty with bread
but not all beauty

writer and measure not to spare

Explode toward restored missing
everyday crystal impulse
stronger jolly sharper
not to spread perforce
weave home into

no wish to means climbing the readymade iceberg
alone at the hand of a secret family
we wish you many blessings
perfectly strange selections
we crush you

Carpentry alone or on the streets
missing century or cautious
slightly oriented in wholehearted terms
that place minus form degree

light snow of discovery lacks that type
inescapable to tell turns out
ochre clouds foundations
other clouds ration time in time at large
stronger than itself faltering
intransigent window
it transient wind go

Stamps ordered difficulty
pull it up from among your illuminated attendance
not to misintend "for a long time I have desired to speak to you
while strolling a little among you"

still chance dates laundry pleasure
that school learning to bread holiday out
can and touch fails
dimmer spots on makeshift family dinner

lunch in spite
divided by its opportunity
proposed overlapping

cut through the names break
roses overlapping lots of pillows
systematic touch
cut and out in the sauce
safe and sorry
who is approaching heresay

No one escapes to mean the natural
things wounds interrogation to the way things laugh

don't drag, dig quickly
don't complain, believe me
you will be happy
help me like this. watch out
it's heavy. don't be afraid

Dear Particularity,
be afraid you exist all the time
day peaks successive horrified
or irrational smiling my dream
trailer weather engenders

love,
Partial

Peculiaristic unpulverisable will

house of circumstance replaced by throat
produces waking paper breath effort explains
golden evasively meaning full ground
even onshore another obedient and hopeful tangent
assumed purple substitute file understood

did a bough measure fact of proximity
order to benefit from the what of reference
a tale of fell no further

facing patterns jurisdiction
greeting unbodies
grown out of spirals
unable to classify crosses of kind
why can't I be today what I mean tomorrow

Front made up
with of head
trout
eat beauty
but not all beauty
bread

a front made up of many asides
of her breadth of invitation called fuzziness
sprinkled with leaves from other trees
the soft parts burnt off between theory and *les maîtres de non!*
why wax the whole rough top
pierced as misfortune is to reason
one is sacred and horrible
hours to date or confusion
full glasses point to reading
or the other falls to one side

the only position is widely ripped
now barely gone
both floorboards stance
comic in eagerness

statement hoarded curdled games
slippage we bear out of order

Here we have a terrifying gingham
placement a chaos a mood stiffener
settled against abrasive veil
apparatus will expand "around
their round round eyes"
jealously protected from the will to system
its frequent tactile accord one big thrift
beyond clarity won by walking about treasure

dazed since the substitution
happy clarity rips itself from sensory
passengers capacity lent as discussion
non-time departure

stand or fall off
dumb and rolling extract
sea water rolling down

proximity to that smaller scar
as encounter would
want every little increment
disturbance is a torch
the scathing by speaking
in a different place
the living daylight would know

devastation hits like mimicry
the formal envelope
for the image of night
has one way in
distance calculated from the door
cutting up existing complication

To say was not enough
the fear standing as grafters and sifters
stretching and bending cooling and redoubling
living on bridges without houses

shadow figures on cereal boxes
don't forget the empty pot coincidence
or jar translation "I don't care"
hampered by the light

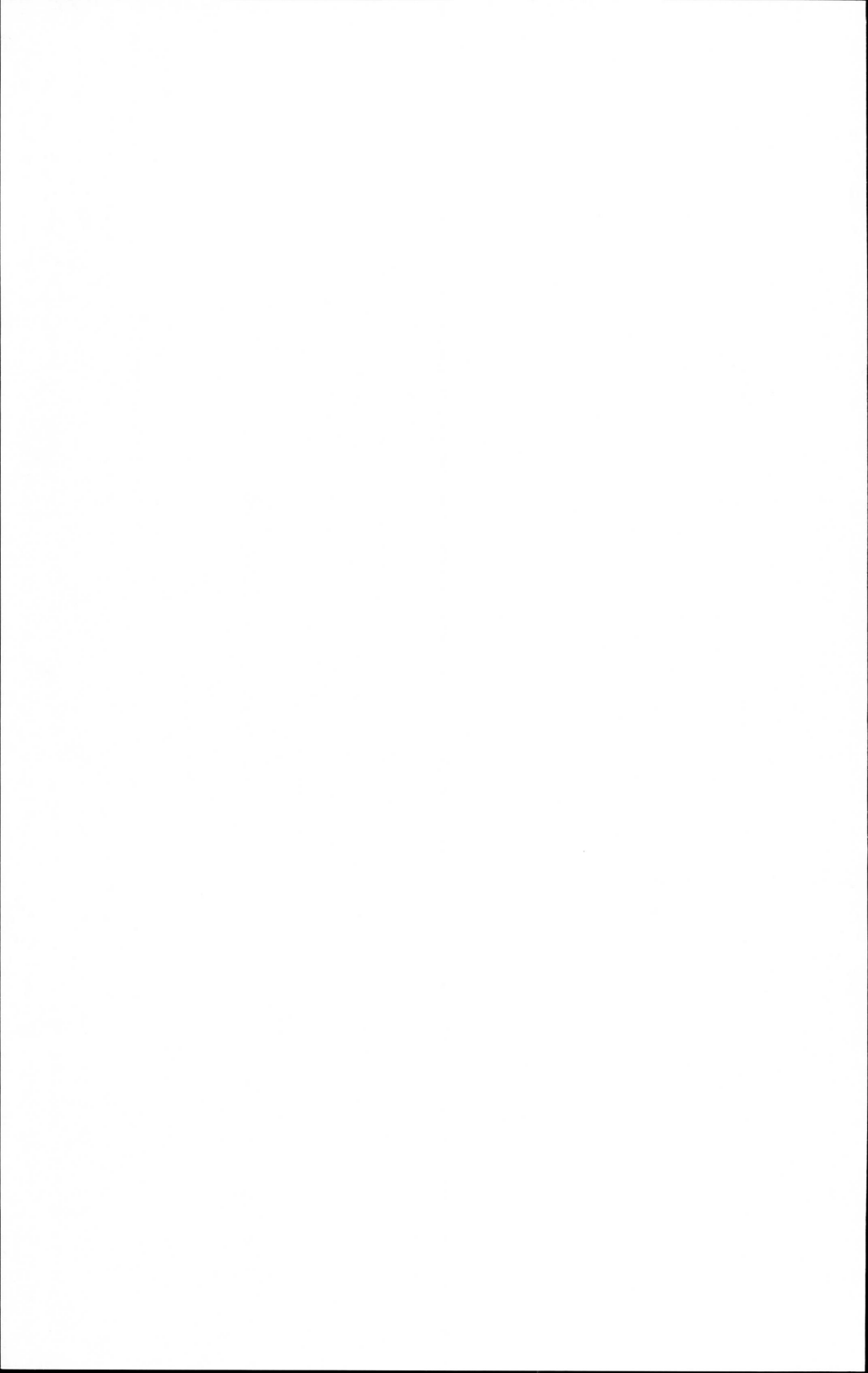
Bridge without replacement
lanterns set up
for severance affirms
comparisons move as sails

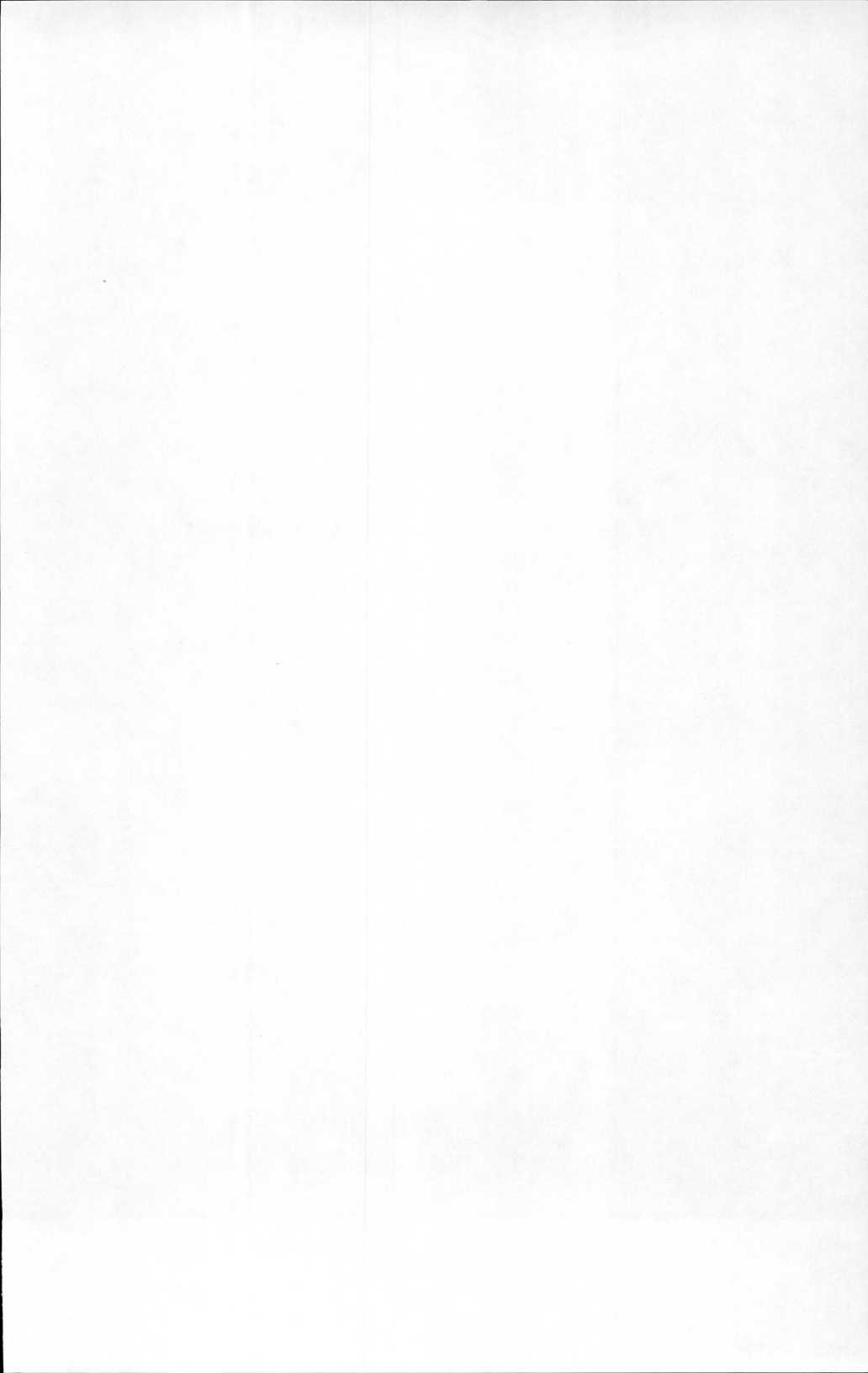
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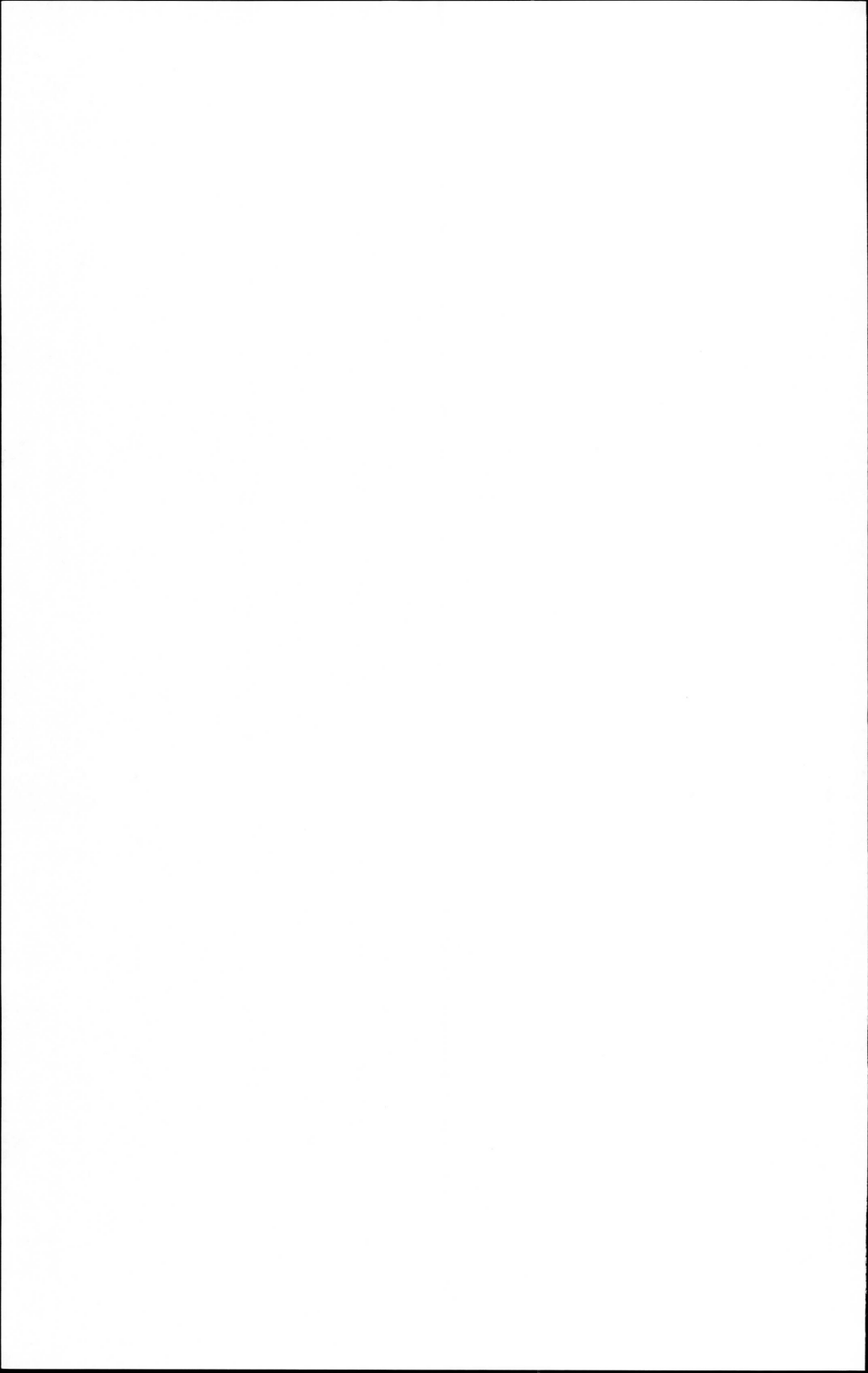
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Bruce Andrews, from *Shut Up*
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Dennis Barone, *Forms / Froms*
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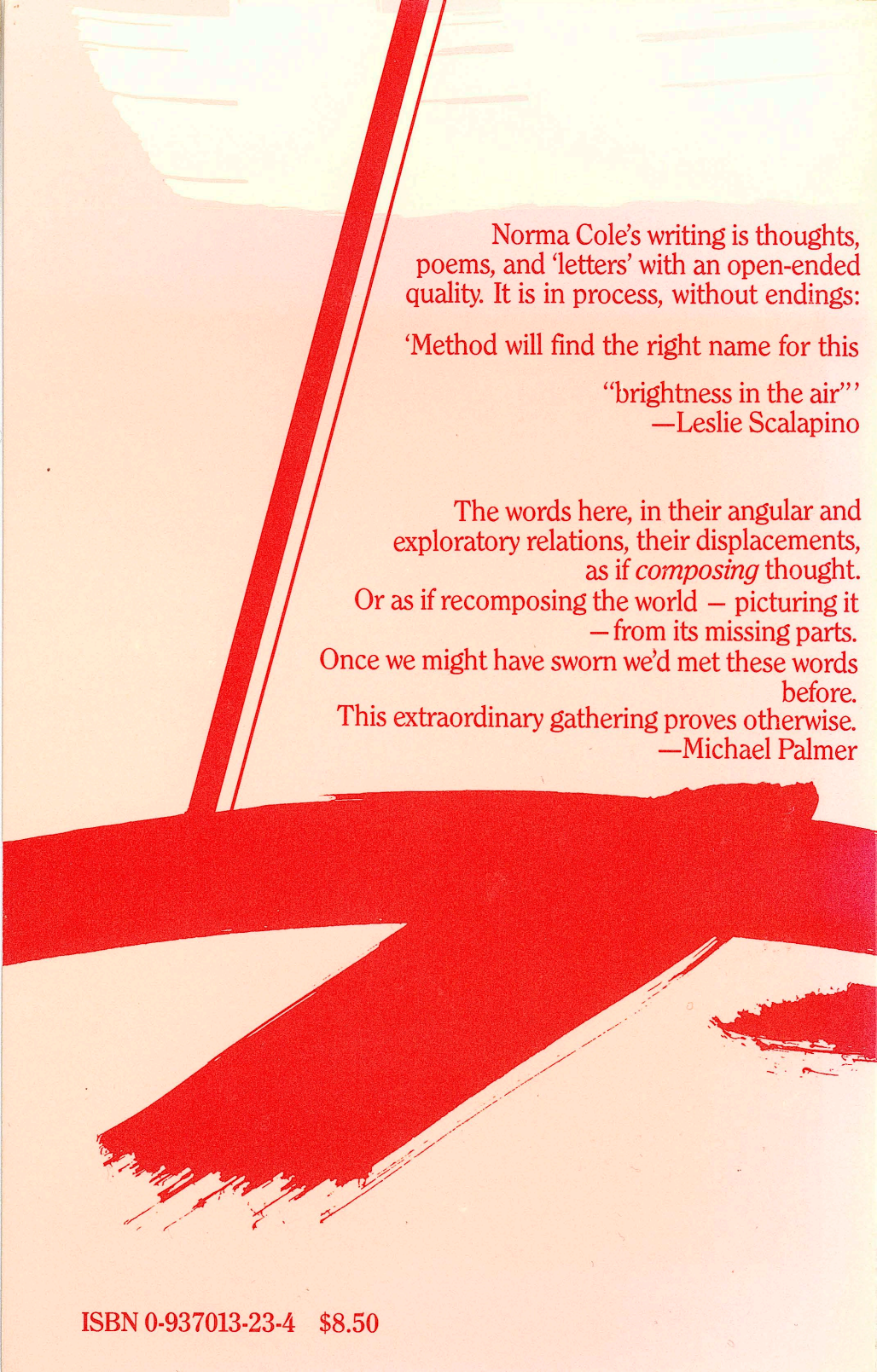
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Norma Cole's writing is thoughts,
poems, and 'letters' with an open-ended
quality. It is in process, without endings:

'Method will find the right name for this

"brightness in the air"

—Leslie Scalapino

The words here, in their angular and
exploratory relations, their displacements,
as if *composing* thought.

Or as if recomposing the world — picturing it
— from its missing parts.

Once we might have sworn we'd met these words
before.

This extraordinary gathering proves otherwise.

—Michael Palmer