

I don't turn away from Treasure
with his eye out of socket

Kristin is here don't see other poets but Carolee is
speaking poet

someone asks a question using the word
"painterly"

it was a miserable

walk across the island in a blizzard Kristin in
the elevator

said now is the time

of the return

of the repressed

it makes sense makes you miss Mercury

retrograde

it's true you have to become your own historian when I came
out I choose a woman's symbol tattooed on my shoulder
a woman's body like Da Vinci's Vitruvian Man feet mounted
on the plank of the symbol even proportions have a
canon whereas I once had regret

now having been subtracted I consider expanding
into forearm neck chest "to whom do I owe the symbols



of my survival?" (Lorde)

it's true you have to become the historian of your people
is there someone here to record this? will there be
a recording?

somebody should get this down otherwise no one
will believe it!

hey poets
it's the first day of Spring

remember when you could hammer nails into the walls
of St. Mark's?

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been waking up at 4:30 a.m.
in solidarity insomnia with god knows
how many friends since learning of a culprit solar storm
messing with our rhythms thought it was stress waking me
[one thought at the ready "enjoyment is lost from our labor
I am a fragment . . ." (Mayer)]
not
explosions on the sun for moon
children sweet mundane
dream look! two unbroken umbrellas in the closet for
earth the dream of form rather than form itself
the *wish* for communication
keeps the silence between us Rukeyser at the Poetry Center
in 1955 speaks of work that comes out of the sources
even
the negative sources
of what we know "I myself have found
how small a language there is for process
for work and development in its own
rhythms not time as a series of points but as plants grow as
animals grow as people grow working in language keeping
very near to the terms of process and doing that consciously"

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I know where my mom was when JFK was
killed in typing class I tell Grey at my favorite dive

on the block where the hardware and grocery store used to be
 you can feel the development in the arches

of your feet the walls are red graffiti

and star decals a nautical theme \$3 ale

it's not the only cold

case I don't know where my mom was

when Pasolini was killed but I'll say she was sleeping

given the time difference a bunch of British guys are

playing Big Buck Hunter I have a hankering for those big jugs

of Carlo Rossi with snails "Sicilian sailor" style but my

grandfather was a steel worker my mom

said she tried to think of a time when he ever did anything

that made her feel bad about herself and she could not I can

never really romanticize the past again but I do miss

landscapes

watch *The Most Violent Year* with earplugs

moving history beyond nightmare into structures

for the future from the dedication of Lorde's *Zami* last

week overheard a guy on the A saying in NYC you could be on fire

and people would just watch

and I wrote it in my notebook with a check Kitty Genovese

and the syndrome named for her

"I don't want to get involved" was actually said by a gay

man terrified of the police

but now I have seen something else its particulars

not to be erased

and this solves

something