

Days That I Consider Myself Lucky

(Collaboration 6 times with Robert Creeley & Courage recording)

sixth pass
the Nepalese synth pass
attenuated were the days when I used to know you then

endless sky same street same faces same words
same woods same city hall same cymbal same meaning same job
same days I saw you in the wool jacket with the Senegalese name

drifting oh in there lack of spite and concentration

second pass he brought out a stick as big as his head that would be used
for beating out the secret rhythm of identity or something
closer to that than the shape of money or dinner, alabaster abstraction
humor dung

nothings are wiser than wishings
despite love, circles, hexahedrons, tetrahedrons, tetrarch aquariums

started to dream about each other in pain, started to write each other's stories as flying
as wishing and coming to pass

some days he says it's worth sitting second tense
latter hat

drifting questioned in a moment is all and every
means

third pass
fourth pass he phoned me, he had the radio on really loud and I
wanna cry sob cry sob cry. You're getting to be old to
be aroused.

are these hearts potent harps?

despite illuminated ludicrosity

thinking of this reminds me
to think of this inside
quadrangle growings and the mossy things that fish swim through