

Michael McClure / from PORTRAIT OF THE
MOMENT

STOP,

HOLD, LET THIS MOMENT never cease. Drag it out
of context look at the roots of it in quarks
and primal hydrogen. It's the sound
of Shelley's laugh in my ears.

YOU
THINK
WE
ARE
BODIES
WALKING
UP
TO
ONE
ANOTHER
AND
SPEAKING.

Kissing.
Holding hands.

A universe before man ever was, filled
with dragonflies
in
your
eardrums.

Palm trees and skyscrapers. Vervet monkey
in the euphorbia tree staring at me.

The lion is consciousness. The eagle
is experience. As real as mud
chiming
with light
from
rainbows.

"Fuck you," right in your face.

“Fuck you!” He pulls out a gun
in reply. Gun the size of a toilet.
Blue-black. Bullets fire into a world
made of stacks of dirty feet.
Eyes of starving families. Dust
from red clay. Something
is purring
or flying.
Sound of thunder jars loose dead leaves
and they slowly fall
while the bell rings.
The bell chimes red-deaded
linnets
wiping their beaks
on the green lichen.
Planes roar
from the airport
mixing
with sounds
of the traffic.
Raindrops on the brim
of a hat.
Round yellow seeds among hailstones
on the gray wet planks.
The self coming out like CLOUD,
CLOUD of FACES
and shoulders.
Big cloud. Bulk. Made
out of meat. All imagin-
ation like the river god, rippling
shoulders and muscles and hungers
and actions and their substrates

in childhood as childhood
has become dark meat like
Rexroth
said.

It's the eagle of experience feathered
with faces.

IT'S THE THOUGHT

OF

THE

BODY

AT

the edge

of

THINGS;

it's

the physics

of physiology,

the universe as athlete.

It's a real if like the odor

of chinchilla fur

or car tracks and deer prints

side by side

in

day

old

mud.

REAL
CLOUD
OF
FACES
and gone
now.

Demon warriors and toad men
and sneaky thoughts before glass
cabinets with secret drawers
and smell of frankincense
wrapped in pink panties
and raw meat. Then buried
in statues of dreams at
midnight
by an old barb-
wire fence.

While
the car motor
runs.

The face in each feather
is dumb and simple.
THE EAGLE AND THE LION ARE RAPT
IN ONE THING

BUT

that is beside the point

WHERE

light becomes meat

BEING

BURIED

in boys' leg muscles
or the plumpness of wrists
and the baby's interlocking
of eyes. See ME!
It's ALL at the edge of things

becoming the matter

WE

ARE,

making the ground work,
protein groundwork,

from

gasses

and stars

in a plasma. With

all the dimensions there

((IN THAT))

we only have hints

of

HERE

in this tiny HUGE space.

Architecture of something else
that is seen as stuff.

AN
INTELLIGENT
FLATWORM

a hammer,
moss rubbed over the surface
of a turquoise,
streetlights in fog,
enzymatic structures of subtle happiness

in
an

OLD
WOMAN'S

WORDS.

Look at her glasses there
inside of me somewhere
in the future scratched
on a scale on a moth's back
next to the vistas of a dark ocean
seen from the hilltop.
Children shouting.

“Dog piles” of boys fighting.
Smell of mincemeat pies and snuff.
 Pictures of duck hunting inside
 of sleeping bags.
 Looking down at my solid hands
 posing
 with chunky fingers
of sculpture laid out being themselves
for me and everybody in an
 IMAGE
 while I look up
 through my dark brows.

As old as what will happen
and bright as the corners
of coal bins and the smell
of coal dust. Sound of cinders
dumped out over iron rust.

AWARENESS ENLARGES

A PROCESS

till

I walk through caves
of it. Wooden
yoyos. Alive and lithe
and powerful as a blue-black
snake or a wet beach stone,

IT

TWISTS

AND

WRITHES

with muscles moving
the big scales

I
imagine. In im-
itation of something
in the original DARK
DENSITY
that never was till
this place

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L

with the chunky fingers
laid out over themselves
and my eyes looking
up through dark brows.