

Jed Rasula / [ECHO PARK DREAM,
MARCH 22 1985]

Clayton called me from Echo Park lake, where he'd been eating lunch outside on the west shore, to say that his waiter — Artaud— had gone off swimming during his break and not returned. I asked whether he'd drowned. Clayton didn't know; no body had been found, nor had it even been searched for yet. I went down the hill to the lake to help out. No glimpse of Clayton; but I got busy eating inside, then strolled out onto the patio for a moment and saw snowflakes (in L.A.!).

Intermission, fractal pause.

. . .some moving around inside, dark rooms, lockers? pieces of gym clothing, anyway. Went upstairs and caught sight of one-eyed Ripley's Believe It Or Not co-executive producer Mel Stuart going out on the balcony. I followed and found it snowing thickly this time, squalling. Excited, I alerted the rest of them indoors and we all crowded out on the rail above the cool still water; and over the water to the *south*, rapt gaze at the sun and the moon side by side: a bird flying right up, squeezing between them.

BLUSHING IN THE GARDEN OF THE ANIMAL

ruptures in the skin of fruit
split open as muzzles or snouts

as ever as you & many
as you & me
were lifted up through the vowel of a cloud
known as "Unknown"

to *thud* to *said* to whether & went

such honeys rubbing the skin of the drums

what are all these words doing
coming up around me all around me

the necklace of apocrypha
blowing off the oceanic vault

the brain inside the stone
through which my stone knocks back

enormous persons begin appearing
appearing in the pale egg of day, an air, an hour

hands were inserted & look—
sleep washed them

"Blue Moses" shined the bowl
(did The Lion change my face?)

I'm talking to You the
only one at a time

a carnival sleek in pubis
a chlorofyll bass clarinet

the slumber of bodily organs clasping the house
in a low cirrus swoon, tufts or the chakras

in bowls of marigolds, savor the
rasa eros kink in the mask

wherever we are
 however we either
 whoever we or