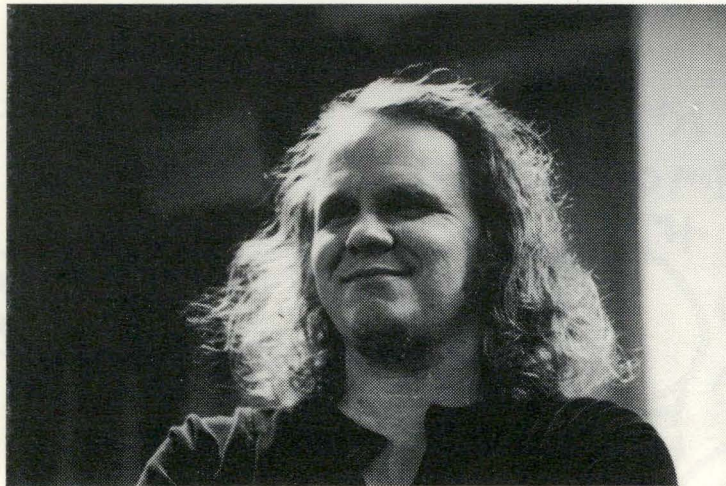
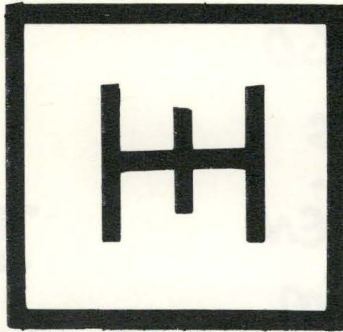


bp Nichol / INTERRUPTED NAP



a verbal pre-verbal language

5
 0 P R E 3 U P R A
 A T I M E I O H
 S O , L O N G A G O
 T H E R E W A S
 A L A N D T H E N
 4 T A I S L A N D
 L I I A I I I M E

4 1 0 3 7 7
 W A S K N O W N
 M 6 2 N 6
 t h e n
 2 t h e 2 0 1 9
 2 2 2 2 2 2
 a s 2 2
 I E A E
 a p h a s i a
 I I C A E N T I A T

M A 2 K N O W N
 H E 2 R E M O V E S
 t r i 2 p r y
 H E S O H
 N O W
 A B O U T
 I T S H E
 p l e a s e
 S A Y S
 I N E A N 2 2

I N E A N 2 2
 t h i s
 T W O B O U T
 h o w
 H E 2 O H
 t h i s l a n d
 H E 2 K N E W O N E 2
 W A S K N O W N

RBQSE 205E
His 3M 10A
00A 0100 02
2A J 313 HET
W3(4T) 4A J A
QMA 11 2EAT. P.
Smile like ind.

DO YOU BELIEVE
IN
YOU
DID
SAY

/ HOUR 23 6:35 to 7:35

in memory of Visvaldis Upenieks

chemical change

If I beat it,
am I making music?

th' Passion Lilies cry out to him
'HURRY

HURRY

(
listen i shudda got rid of yu
a long time ago
)

LISTEN GEORGE IT'S JAZZ AND POETRY TOO IT'S A NO-MIND
instantaneous being with it through go you step
out on the ice a hulking mass of reflex energy
all his settings
ready for the
letting loose of
batterings of
sound across
the bridge to
man.

the trouble was i realized
just before I started howling
somebody had been watching all along
not knowing no knowing
what what
had been has been
written
and sed

Jim Brown

R.Murray Schafer

Joe Rosenblatt

bill bissett

Lionel Kearns

Sean O'Huigin

Earle Birney

David UU

resound

or that the time pass
& the sound
 gone
grounded the speech
the body of grammar
gone beyond the reach of real hearing
only the reel left unwinding.

Silent is my chapel; silent is my holy place;
Over my house, my gate, and my fields
silence is poured out.

inspiration
as it leaves the body
incidental
 death is
& makes of any work
a book of
the dead structures
we establish arbitrary

who have listened much
yet not recognized; and
who, though recognizing, are, nevertheless
weak in familiarity.

in the space of
a month
 a heartbeat
friends fall
out of your life
 your heart
 of hearing

Lamentation of Ishtar

The Tibetan Book of the Dead

I have to expect,
O my lady, judgement of confusion &
violence. Death & trouble are
bringing me to an end --

Lamentation of Ishtar

ing
reel /no
ation/
lives we had built together
fade, will fade, change, die
visions, reel, i
zations of
the voice
trapped in
the magnetic pull of

tation, these forms arguments for the voice
that frail choice

gone soon into great noise

silence marks an end to our speech
choices each of us made
to be heard

caught then
in the endless revision of
the oral

th full breath
in what knowledge is, is human, is
wholly real, includes what is
in all things

bill bissett

Rhythm says: 'I am here and I want to go there'
all that debris arms & legs & hair
bruised purple blossom along white
flushing skin

R. Murray Schafer
Jim Brown

(there's no
rection
any more.)

Sean O'Huigin

endless poem

Lionel Kearns

draw th' tongue in
draw th' tongue out

Joe Rosenblatt

walk alone in the wind and the dusk
toward the beautiful antedeluvian sky

Earle Birney

a breath
taken . your
name in our
words . a
desire for
presence

David UU

the sound of you Mother/Father
echoes

flickering

a world