

# True Covers: Sounding Out an Aural Poetic

by

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A Thesis  
Submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies  
in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements  
for the Degree of

**MASTER OF ARTS**

Department of English  
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**TRUE COVERS: SOUNDING OUT AN AURAL POETIC**

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## Thesis Abstract

My thesis, *true covers: sounding out an aural poetic*, attempts to sing language into rare keys. This language approaches poetic tradition as a surface to be made funky by the rough textures of words.

I have constructed *true covers'* as a text which I believe is open to ethical reading strategies. Reading in ethical terms does not recall moral positions which reinforce assumptions of unity, or wholeness, or completion--constructs of the personality which can be somehow "elevated" through the proper influence of this text. Within deconstructive readings, an ethical moment occurs whenever a sense of closure is forestalled. Postponing or even preventing closure outright by shouting/whispering the voice of an "other" into the enclosed narrative structure caresses language open into the polyphonic.

I have organized this suite of poems into four sections: *melodies i finally got out of my head*, *true covers*, *some gospel*, and *fake book*. Each section engages in a shifting play of language, language being, in the poetic terms I suggest, a kind of musical instrument. The poetic language attempts to play while keeping both ears cocked for the vibrations of the aural, for the silences of the oral. Example: *melodies i finally got out of my head* draws on the rhythms of blanks speaking between the words. The erratic line breaks, I hope, startle both ear and eye into double-checking the sounds of different voices against the sense they appear to make. *fake book* tries to sound poetic language into other voices. Using jazz improv as a model, many of these poems scat solos drawn from fake book charts.

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melodies i finally got out of my head



10st chOrd

fOund

my frienD

(a d minor 9)

wasn't worth thinking about afterall

stealing Fire

from my Mouth

my Tongue cut in two

(until)

i sneezed

OUT

a throat of

Moth's  
Wings

that didn't burn

Ahh—fl-fl-fl-fl-fl

tYpos are  
the wHite

Nose

of writinG

i meAn Noise

systole//diastole

of

MusicMusicMusicMusic

ripples

lapping

against my

inner

EaR

s p a n

life

of 1

sound

ATTACK

D

E

C

a

y

anywhere)

(not a decent burial

what does it say  
this time

Incontinence of boy

Statues

no WOndeR  
(nightly)

they bathe

in MOON light

water trickletrickletrickle  
water trickletrickletrickle

s-plashshpool  
s-plashshpool

lovers in White  
come here  
to close their  
&

(eyes)

swallowing

kiss

U  
might  
be

blushing

(i'm  
whhispering  
in  
your  
EaR)

U R            righT

i should've Asked

SOUND of One

itself      poem      reading

EyElash  
flutflutters

sh   sh   sh      sh      sh



## Song for Our Lady of the Prairies

waves of clouds break on the horizon  
waves of clouds break on the horizon  
waves of clouds break on the horizon  
waves of clouds break on the horizon  
waves of clouds break on the horizon  
waves of clouds break on the horizon  
Waves of Clouds Break on the Horizon

feather breeze dusts the leaves

the world is not with us enough

Where can we

stare

hair BLACK

skin WHITE

love PURPLE

(clothes on)

as on TV

**true covers**



blankets and pillows    the nervous throat tangled  
in crumpled white sheets  
glottal stop on glistening tongue

how to scat tactile experiment onto the page  
riff excite from blush

play by ear by hand by tongue by cock/cunt collaboration

a three-voice improv aberration

why do you want to stand silent  
you want to stand silent behind black drapes  
we see only white shoes but your gaze penetrates  
white where we lie  
slowly

we only wanted triangle shift in rectangle bed  
your eyes presence four

a crowd

what do you watch for

the original sincerity  
the unforgivable simplicity  
the word music-ed

onto the lobe of the *nota bene*  
naughty tease of the for  
bidden word (only a word)



i wish there were more words

or only one

to pronounce love

& laundry

scent of amnesia from the flower  
bed under the sill what smells  
silver & black growing tendrils  
alongside the glass reflecting  
clouds & the torsos of sculptures

scent of amnesia as you walk down the side-  
walk in stiletto heels & sheath your gold  
rimmed mirrors in cognito you on the most  
ordinary days, mute the purples in the grass  
the emerald tree trunks

you scent a whiff of it on  
the amber air & wonder why  
your feet float above the watery  
ground past this numberless  
address this nameless street  
the scent of amnesia in your pink  
nostrils on your lily buttock



i came all this way to tell you  
but i've forgotten what it was it was  
very important but now only this  
empty space which i've forgotten  
i've even forgotten what it was i  
forgot & now the empty space has  
emptied of even emptiness leaving  
a trace no not even a trace, a breath  
without air, leaving the dying strains  
of amnesia

everyone's in heat these days  
minus 10 the snow's falling  
but everyone's in heat

you can hear it in the way  
they sing from the bottom  
of their throats tails on end  
eyes half closed heads down  
bums up it might be hard  
to believe but everyone's  
in heat these days

you can see it in the way  
they twist to lick their milk  
their pink tongues out they  
don't hand out invitations  
they just need some indication  
because competition's stiff  
& everyone's in heat these  
days

ever since your little trip  
to the veterinarian  
you don't get the starin  
you kind of wish you could do it too  
cause everyone's in heat these days

love died      one afternoon

i smothered it      with affection      tapped  
    its forehead with my      fingernail  
    stroked its smooth neck  
love blinked rapidly      then died  
it was about 2:30

love died      so its feathers faded  
    wings and tail curled under  
    beak hung      like drool against the stiff  
    neck

love died      so i buried it  
    walking back inside      my face  
  
    in the window

the doge sucks tamarind rinds while lounging in his palm-fringed  
portico

the sirocco breezes off Morrocco's coast are white & warm  
a suntan, sandals, some cracked toenails & a cane chair  
gekkoes watch from the ceiling

the doge is tangential to the surreptitious couplings of his servant  
& mistress who couple on the red & black tiled floor under the  
archway to the white bedroom facing the hills their furtive gropings  
occur so often under this archway an area of the floor has been  
polished to a sheen in which they can see themselves they rarely  
disrobe from their linens before blanketing each other in an embrace

here is the textual metaphor being acted out: layers folds penetration  
meaning            Keats's urn enacted

they always desire each other  
the climate is always hospitable  
the doge content to lounge  
never comes through the archway  
not even to pee

he reaches for a pineapple slice & fans himself  
he shifts himself in his chair waves the fan across his face  
& reaches for a slice of pineapple

let me blow on your mouth  
organ suck and blow  
away the blues on your harmonica

you could pull up your skirt right here  
and dance the slow dance  
while i blow on your sweet purple  
rhythm band

to the late Yeats

when the pivot wobbles with ache  
for sweet you for wet you tongue  
on my tit in my belly  
(button)

when the lunatic lust makes my pants  
itch rows of red angry red from somewhere  
bites from somehow humming yellow &  
black throbs of barbs under my red  
skin

when the great beast slouches here & there  
drunk on desire or just dazed by the flies  
& the meaningful grains of sand  
when the blue water at the horizon  
absorbs me into the sky: tumescence  
is too easy for this flesh what we come  
to is just another shot in the dark

what's to believe in the cosmic climax  
an apocalypse so dreadful & magnificent  
it can't get it up & by now  
Bethlehem is so far away . . . for a second  
coming again (again) & what is  
an ending anyway but  
a beginning from another  
side & . . . what is a beginning but . . .

vertigo in beige

i dream of falling  
in love from the one  
hundred & first story past  
a beige corduroy skyscraper full  
of facts picking up speed  
as i go picking up tips on postponing  
pavement talking a mile a minute  
all that hot air i can float on  
out of here like a balloon like Icarus  
though not so high . . . terminal velocity  
goes slow as a night of foreplay &  
a breakfast of sex & now i'm hit  
with an arrow in my eye & Sheherazade & me  
we have the same plan talk our way past  
the blood past the snapped neck falling  
from the hundred and first story  
here the floors are numbered  
10 9 8 on beige corduroy  
the roaring wind presses my face flat  
into my skull like a fryingpan  
the pavement rushing to meet me  
i pinch & pinch i'm waking but not in time  
i'm hitting the pavement hard  
but the pavement is soft and splashes in  
warm waves & i'm choking & coughing  
pebbles & phlegm & from the sun-filled  
kitchen Sheherazade's sweet voice says:  
do you like cream in your coffee i forget

"the clitoris is like pine shavings  
in order to set a log of harder wood  
on fire" \_\_ Freud

sigmund experienced acute clitoris envy  
which he repressed by lying for long  
periods on the couch with his legs  
crossed his eyes closed daydreaming  
about seashells & rose petals & god knows  
what else til clara would bustle in  
with the tea in blue porcelain rustle  
about in her creased linen gown thickening  
the air with tasks errands duties  
& sigmund would shake himself & order  
more heat in the stove

i have some myself but i am facing it  
am trying to deal with it talk about it  
uncover it let it breathe



(un)love,

words buzz from your mouth like clouds  
like insects in a plague, fall to the floor

half- dead

click-clicking

on their backs

trying to right themselves

a brilliant cloud

blue

bottleflies

dragonflies

blackflies pregnant

spiders spinning diapers

i sweep them into my net  
pin them to my wall give them names  
next morning in my bed they swirl  
about your head a dark halo crying  
for mercy & a little  
time

stories for boys

she tells you the enviable thing  
between your legs marks you  
to die for your mother-  
land pants full of shit & screaming  
array your oak chest & steel forearms  
before the evil (sigh once) & play cuisinart  
puree his grey matter  
though a hundred knives stab  
your barrel chest  
don't flinch, she says  
spit

because you carry seed  
balls first mean toys  
then courage  
if you fight you are the uncouth  
needing a ritual  
if you (don't) fight you are the  
flaccid-wrist too cowardly to  
defend women & children  
when the dragon comes  
for you the mother-  
land closes her door  
she calls this being a man  
rite of passage, leaving the nest

happily ever after end romances  
because the rest is too hard  
to tell

she tells you that testicles fit  
you as a sacrifice  
for all occasions a greeting card  
for the gods she tells you of  
abraham and isaac of the exodus  
of oedipus hyppolitus theseus orpheus

she won't tell you the mother-  
land loves its sons & fears  
its men

## What to Listen for in a Dream

songs. melody big as the horizon  
lifting from someplace beneath  
the house from beneath the water  
table your voice singing from day  
& night lifting the time like it was  
concrete & you were our mother  
rhythms of on/off light/dark  
yes/no there was your voice  
in your housecoat sweeping  
among us, sweeping up  
the feathers & the fluff  
floating on the floor  
& your voice all skin deep  
& thick as callouses singing  
the whole choir from below  
the water table & we gathered around  
you like a chorus dumbfounded frozen  
quiet as ice by your voice keeping poles  
apart stretching the tense the sound from the sight  
all the liquid of language gushing from you like a well  
like from a wound a gash  
& we listened with relief to this grotesque  
voice sweeping among us, meaning at bay  
meaning too profane for this blood  
rushing forward draining from  
the mouth & now at last able  
to sleep

i run from the hollow house i run  
from the aching walls from the empty door  
frame which starves so painfully  
the window with the black star  
i run from the house of sugar & spice  
from the cinnamon & the chocolate  
from the caramel & mint i run  
from the dark basement of sweets winking  
between the stairs when the lights go off

i run & i run from the house of ninety degrees  
glass which fits doors which swivel smoothly  
click shut from the carpets which hide the floors  
from the round bulbs in the square ceilings

across hundreds of smooth lawns i run growing  
small small my feet a blur & me inching along  
running so fast and running and the picture window  
gaining on me splinters shards of the dark

& my house of ghosts calls out in a thin voice  
& its skin of shingles & plywood hangs tattered  
over the rafter and joist skeleton beckons  
with the creaking door & now it has reached me  
& i run inside out of breath

curl up among the bent nails & broken boards  
& dream dreams

if i were to bury her  
i would stretch her out on a table  
body naked warmed by the fire  
in the stove wash her by candlelight  
a lifetime of detritus & birthmarks  
into the basin of warm water, cleaned  
of scars, like a baby

i would pin back her hair &, with gentle  
strokes wash her face her neck her shoulders  
in careful circles caress her belly her breasts  
sponge her vagina with its dark thick hair  
pat her soft thighs her calves massage her ivory feet  
blue with their coldveins

i would wrap her in white cotton and gathering her  
lift her in my arms & lay her in a pine box  
without nails would kiss her to sleep  
queen on a bed of pillows

i would bury mother under the living room window  
where her fingers chanted piano patterns  
mantras to keep the chaos out

you polite  
pass through  
me i am glass  
my guts hang out of my transparent asshole  
i spend days in bed  
exhausted

do you mind i say at your next appearance  
i squeeze real hard to prevent  
being glass everything can be seen anyway  
all the soft parts hidden by transparency  
leak out

it doesn't matter with the same manner  
discretely you ignore me pass through destroy  
me the void voiding  
you the hydra with hissing hair

i'm recovered again  
one piece im okay really all right not  
air tight still leaking stained  
glass anus

i am a guest in a ghosthouse where spirits are thick as poems while  
the moon washes the windows stairs creak footsteps clatter across  
my ceiling  
as if the mice were queens doors swing slowly: if i watch i cannot see  
them move. over several days they close

on windy nights the whole building stirs on its stone foundation  
scratching the itch in its huge attic talking the way only a building of  
spooks talks i live in its big belly stuffing it with books & food &  
music stepping in & out of its mouth down its throat we should get  
to know each other have a coffee

bats fly around its roof nest in its eaves &, when i want, ride in my  
thick hair it doesn't hurt when i can't sleep owls float hoo-hooing  
past its cracked window a good omen with a code i cant crack like  
the three-legged fox which once crossed my path how charming i  
whispered to myself but it saw me & ran dove shit fertilizes the  
pavement weeds i've grown tired of shovelling it every week & the  
plants, at least, are happy

you should come visit sometime, mom, i have many cats alive with  
me they curl into hairy pillows among the dishes on my table on my  
flowery couch i feed them dry bread in teacups of milk & they purr  
like the jungle

i keep flies as pets too i tame them by nicking off their wings i have  
five already but i can't think of names

when you visit, mom, i will talk to you & you can help me clean  
sometimes i wipe & wipe my desk with your picture & still dust  
dirties everything i scrub with brushes & cloths for the whole  
morning & still dust i wash with warm water & sponges & still dirt  
slips in from everywhere

nights keep me awake  
gravity pulling all those stars back  
to the horizon & me discouraged of ever  
flying

if i watch for long enough  
the empty rose window of the ruins  
reflects moonlight in different colors

i hope to die  
for just a moment  
& float to mother's pale reflection  
glowing in the window

& hold her



girls cloaked in hymns & white ashes  
sing for their already dead  
heads bowed in breathy voices  
wormwood wormwood moloch moloch  
young ghosts deceased baby sisters  
friends from party tragedies  
appear shyly as wisps of hair  
momentary whims

foreign words in my mother tongue  
equations without numbers chalked  
on the stone walls flower petals litter  
the floor glass balls white tablecloths  
flames flicker on the ceiling i slide  
in along the wall at the back  
the singing stops

they turn to look at me two girls cover  
their faces escort me to the night street  
& wash of traffic i stand there for a moment  
& shiver for warmth as if the holes  
in my denims were heated  
then continue my pilgrimage  
to the end of the street

weeping in Mao's sarcophagus  
makes his ears bleed red flags  
cuts the thick air in half  
gives us space to breathe weeping  
in Mao's sarcophagus echoes echoes echoes  
like snakes in a whirlwind losing  
their skins as they Grow LOUDER  
spin around the room biting  
our ears biting even though  
we cover them biting  
until we step onto the square

& the sound of plum blossoms

hitting the concrete. . .

& the sun shines from so far away. . .

i thought i would be long  
gone on the next train or in a coffin  
but here i sit drawing smoke  
through your bamboo waterpipe  
smiling at your grey hair your  
mouth full of gums the hairy mat  
on which you've sat like a budda  
shrine for years

some gospel

bacchus last supper

across the street in a barn  
lamb roasts on a spit  
bacchus snores beside a manger  
spent the evening roaring eat, drink  
cephas' craggy face oranges the fire  
misses his ear but keeps drawing blanks  
helen sits with her shining legs crossed  
her white swaddling skirts her thighs  
a chorus of shepherd women with gifts  
oils, perfumes, scarves  
flushed as angels in eros temple  
wait in seraphic expectation

iscariot, with a flourish, turns stones into bread  
the scarlet whore of babylon appears  
kisses helen  
shakes bacchus awake

.  
...  
.  
.

*Whoso eateth my flesh, & drinketh  
my blood, hath eternal life; & I will  
raise him up on the last day.  
For my flesh is meat indeed, & my  
blood is drink indeed.  
John 7.54,55*

could you join me in praying  
thank you jesus thank you  
you taste so  
good

come to the fount of blood  
in which you were born  
& drink of the blood drink  
deeply my brothers & sisters  
for we are one in the spirit  
one in the lord nobody drinks  
from an empty cup & yours  
must be Full running over &  
splashing down do open  
your throat & swallow the rich  
warm blood of the lamb his blood  
is your blood & your blood his  
let its red bounty spill off your  
chin for this is the life & the  
way to it is drinking the blood  
all the blood

take also & eat of the body freely  
given for you a sacrifice on the altar  
& as the silver tray is passed  
around take a generous portion  
savor each succulent  
morsel each bite of the body  
no need for rush or hurry  
generous are the portions  
at the banquet of the lord  
& as we chew on each piece  
so carefully prepared  
so well done

let us rejoice in the prospect  
of the eternal feast  
do sink your teeth  
deep into the meat  
we shall not go home wanting  
like the loaves & fishes  
this heavenly supply of flesh  
is bound to satisfy  
your every hunger

*& the blood of Jesus Christ his Son  
cleanseth us from all sin  
I John 1.7*

come wash in the blood of the saviour, sticky  
& oozing, let it run over you do not hesitate  
to scrub yourself in it cup it in your hands  
& splash it on your face, undress & lie down  
in the red & brown, do not be afraid brothers  
do not be afraid sisters of the body & blood  
of jesus we are all family here & great  
is your reward in heaven be cleansed of your  
iniquity of the world's filth be made pure  
as snow Soak your skin  
soak your hair in the blood of  
righteousness short our  
earthly sojourn heaven  
lasts an eternity  
lord be praised now  
& forever please  
join me in a hymn  
join me in the blood  
the blessed blood  
amen



*& blessed is she that believed  
for there shall be a performance  
of those things which were told  
her from the lord  
Luke 1.45 KJV*

blessed be the name of the lord for he hath done great things  
how blessed that lucifer dropped in on eve hungry for fruit  
& the forbidden pomegranates forever just about to go bad  
that adam was off tending the red soil & missed the garden's  
first worm first corpse-muncher & that the family tree still grew  
how blessed that mary said yes though it was after the fact  
& not at all romantic but god is love not lover lucky mary wasn't  
too Pure  
about the whole thing & screwed up a millenia of plans of dreams  
since she did have her free will intact but then, losing it to the lord  
god himself would take care of some guilt you'd think what about  
that bruise on her self-esteem i mean to Not Ask, really!  
& joseph, left  
out again, in this incarnation, was a chump about it but then  
imagine the payoff for him & it is flattering that god of all people  
would find his girlfriend interesting but, on the other hand, what  
a bummer to hear only stories about you being the cuckold of god

god's not a man  
he's a son who killed his father  
so he could love his mother  
more deeply

you can imagine then how time  
froze  
for god's only son when his mother  
so loved the world  
she trussed on a tux and married  
helen queen of troy (armies of men  
watched from tv sets in their garrets)

god's only forgotten son was born  
on earth again wandered from village  
to village performing signs and wonders  
hoping mother would take him  
from the rabble

he never thought to visit lesbos  
where the head of orpheus sang  
ballads to absalom  
while mother helen sappho and the dark  
queen of sheba lay around naked  
playing with those castrated phalli

eventually in despair  
god's son hanged himself  
from an olive tree

god the father in the big black sky  
gets crazy  
swings the night lights up  
late  
out of order

mad because so many pagans  
in acts of lust became stars  
for their sins  
constellations which obscure the glass  
of love darkly through  
which he still peers

god the father wants contact again  
enough of putting  
Orion's Priapic hose in place night  
after night after

though his lines back then were  
you might say, pretty happening  
now he can't think of a damn thing to say

a nova explodes in his head  
he scrapes up most of the white marks  
over the navel of creation  
writes: hi there (Orion's tip dots the i)

at first he's not sure if it's a speck  
on the dark glass of love --  
his spectacles on he's delighted  
that in Winkler, someone  
(the name slips him)  
waves

faint smell from the pew  
moist anus pressed into sundayboxers  
flattened against the wood varnish  
relieved during the hymn but then  
suffocates again while the weight of heaven  
bows everyhead closes everyeye  
& the sweat turns to itch creeps up the crotch  
& squirms only tickle down here  
where a pinkie devil with a feather stolen  
from the Holy Dove draws inspiration  
from this asshole in a liturgy  
of farts

the scarlet whore of Babylon meets  
joshua again in the core of the city  
her halo shines red like a big apple  
fallen from the tree she reaches

under her flounce & draws  
out a rabbit smelling of patchoulli & brine  
cradled in her black gloved hands  
the rabbit sings the hallelujah chorus  
backwards without moving its lips  
conjures the prince of darkness

his red eye-liner is smudged  
but his cape is immaculate

circus revival

when the circus comes to town dogs & cats leap through fire  
hoops are sacrificed by bare legged women with daggers  
clowns paw at the sawdust belch fire like pentecost like speaking in  
tongues a midget's slingshot knocks out the strongman twelve  
blind beggars bind him drag him out lions sleep with lambs in the  
centre ring the flying trapeze artist misses his swing lands on a  
cushion of aaahhs the rubber woman's bones sicken & snap though  
her face is glassy & the liontamer now can't rouse the beasts with  
whips food morsels magic words

i dose for a minute

then seven horsemen blast from the cannon into the lake of fire  
the clowns' mascara runs from sweating drops of blood sleep  
spreads from centre ring like a disease one by one the audience  
drops off into noisy slumber

i rub my eyes my gold cross for luck walk down the wooden stairs  
put my last nickel into the basket at the door & steal a 3 dollar bill  
like the wise serpent the whole audience mimics the beasts  
snoring drifting awake heads nodding half open eyes half shut  
the clowns shout funnier jokes & louder too

but the sounds of sleep deafen the tent as i step out the door

christian swings the song of songs

reading scripture during the sermon  
i knock at the front gate of celestial city

the song calls for a sex change  
i am this bride, with breasts like fawns  
waist like a goblet, ruby lips, dance for christ  
in the nude holy lost communion of the saints  
me from the vogue cover & he from gq  
my lord give me strength i sing  
to sing the song of songs

then i bride leave him (& i don't know why --  
just when the catch in my throat in my pants  
was beginning ) then he's there again  
discovering me again running on waves  
of grass & flowers i his game his tease  
shivering under his laugh his gaze  
breezes my skin

i squirm in the pew dad looks over  
my bible is open approving, he looks away

we catch each other & . . . i cant say it can only see  
& hear our song songs together under the naked sky  
i cannot hold my this any longer & i switch  
over i'm christ (i'll seek for  
giveness later) & she some pastiche of the three movie  
heroines i'd seen til then  
no time for names now

the sermon slowing down  
my hormones still singing  
gospel for the week, be fruitful  
multiply & bless all who have a full quiver  
every one & its time to go every head  
hanging by a thread hell of a fine sermon  
& me glowing like a halo & sticking out like pride

in the sweet by & by we shall  
meet on that beautiful shore

on that beautiful shore of raked  
sand the beach without umbrellas  
tans whiter than snow washed  
in the eternal glow of day  
light on this shore with no shade  
a land that is fairer than gold  
this beautiful shore & these  
millions of ghosts milling  
like lambs in the eternal  
glow sensitive peach glow  
like the funeral parlour

in the sweet by & by



**fake book**

white silence of a page not the white  
noise not the pink static noise  
pure grey with white miniscule  
supernovas exploding kxhkxhkxh  
going off on the screen  
the sky

the silence is golden the silence  
is black, unspeakable  
This silence  
so thick you could not could not  
slice it  
machete scalpel  
silence so thick

sometimes the words  
so thin  
such a steady  
trickle steady  
stream of unconsciousness  
water

torture

all this white silence on a page  
up close & intimate scared  
one big white eye  
worse now it's whispering  
sp-sp-sp's fth-fth's  
with bad breath  
from the middle out to both  
ear drums vibrating tenderly  
as the words brush  
like grass on a hike  
both ears in the woods  
one whisper in stereo  
listening for the Master's voice  
like on that old vinyl

this silence speaks more  
than a million consecutive words  
with melodious intonation  
breathes fresh & easy between  
the cracks the peep holes into  
this cave caving in

## HAMMOND

mm times 2two sliding  
slippy-sliding on the tongue  
tip the deep warm red of mm  
in Hammond the liquid stir  
something dark as stolen  
chocolate the ahhh  
sucking its way forward  
between lips moist &  
fat as cabinets

those horns whirrrring  
in spray  
sound in all directions  
360 degrees of pure taste  
of dire need a fire hose  
of music snaking the grass  
the wet of sound  
mm times 2two sliding  
sliding on the tongue  
tip the deep warm red of mm  
in Hammond the liquid stir

good night jenny, after years of singing  
we had to close the lid on you, sweet  
were your songs

you did what you could, jenny  
& i'm sorry to say good night  
now the door is closed on the whole  
thing & here i sit with you at last  
call I can hear you singing with  
your top off you sang your loudest then  
singing was your forte  
but the pianissimo got your throat  
after all these years & the felts  
& the hammers & the strings  
so choked up with smoke  
& the blood of whiskey  
& what good's an old piano  
but to remember leftover  
dreams you forgot to take  
out of the fridge

the men in tweed & cigarettes whooped  
& stomped on that floor when you sang  
i played drowning in sweat & you toiled  
in the ancient work ethic of the girls  
you hollering at full tilt jenny  
& the oomchah oomchah from down  
below & the dangalangalangal hoppin  
on top & you rollin songs across the floor  
& the men lifted glasses of all shapes  
how they whooped & stomped  
in their spats

but now it's good night to all that  
we had to close the lid on you  
on your thick voice the CHAK  
the SING of SINNN & the BANGaBANG BANG  
all silent besides the mice & termites  
scittering & munching on your belly  
buttons oh the dances i remember  
& look how it's  
snowing outside  
jenny

i pray we all can agree on one thing  
Nobody mortal plays the organ  
like Jimmy Smith

AMEN.

Nobody in heaven plays like Jimmy Smith either  
under inspiration & perspiration he makes that  
heavy beast dance for its own salvation on its  
tippy felt toes

will you join me this once  
AMEN & AMEN.

he brings its mighty hips down to the floor  
where it huffs & puffs & struts & strides  
a ssssexy Fat thing moving from wall to wall  
Jimmy just sittin there hands blurrin &  
disappearin with the speed of angels wings

the sweet fleshy mahogany screams & purrs  
& moans about the dirt  
how it loves being down in the low down  
in all that filthy fully sinful dirt & it's struttin  
& stridin all

around

now Jimmy himself howlin like the moon  
is full waves pulsing from this beast this  
beautiful pig which seduces the world  
in twelve bars seduces me in one  
& like Samson of old once & for all  
brings the house

D

OW

N

N

marilyn's baby grand is just that: her baby  
the way she caresses it from her shoulders  
to her finger tips the way she coaxes it into  
language beyond its years the way she makes  
it walk even strut across the studio floor proud  
of itself not realizing marilyn is doing all the hard  
play doing all the beauty  
but when she makes it dance some 3-legged samba  
the birds outside know it thunders in winter

**\*for Marilyn Lerner**

raspberry red piano stoking steam  
at the Blue Moon bass player's standup has a string  
missing but he don't mind, pianoman's missing  
a finger

playing cool, raspberry piano smoking  
at the Blue Moon

velvet curtains & lime beads shiver in the heat

it's 12,30 & getting tired

i roll a weed and consider lying  
down on the tracks outside no train's coming  
but if it were i could sleep

forever



all blues  
chalk full of bones sad  
bones no doubt stiff in the joints  
but deep into the marrow  
of what is  
bone

all blues swivels & thrusts  
& shoves  
all bones all hopes  
out of shape  
bent into weary & above all  
brimming with sad

in all blues shuffles the bones of cities  
bones singing below the damp sun  
high as the pale archways  
to the street the whole neighbor  
hood one smiling  
skeleton

that is all blues &  
achingly in six eight sad

Handwritten musical notation for a blues piece in 6/8 time. The notation consists of three staves. The top staff is the melody, the middle staff is the bass line, and the bottom staff shows chord symbols. The melody starts with a 7 and the bass line with a 7. Chord symbols include Eb7#9, D7#9, and G7.

# I MRS YOU

The image shows a handwritten musical score for the piece "I MRS YOU". It consists of six staves of music, each with various annotations including chords and rhythmic markings. The notation is in treble clef and includes notes, rests, and accidentals. The chords are written above the notes, and some are accompanied by a circled number 3, indicating a triplet. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Chord annotations include:  $E^b m A^7$ ,  $A^b m A^7$ ,  $B^b 7$ ,  $G^7 b 13$ ,  $C m^7$ ,  $F^7$ , and  $E^b m A^7$ .

waltz for now

waltzing at the Yak and Yeti with  
my arm in a sling  
as if this were an accident  
being here without you  
like a drunk at a party that's grown old  
i stumble through violins & cellos  
dreaming of your hazel eyes

the crystal above me swims with flames  
of candles floating around the room  
& the punch bowl bubbles with tears  
& i must have spilled my drink back there  
cuz my shirt is feeling damp

outside, monsoons wash the windows  
& black rickshas shine  
under street lamps

a whole world away

Waltz for now

The image shows a handwritten musical score for a piece titled "Waltz for now". The score is written on four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The music consists of a series of notes, with a half note in the first measure and quarter notes in the subsequent measures. Above the first staff, the chord  $CMA^7$  is written above the first measure, and  $G^7$  is written above the third measure. A slur covers the notes from the second measure to the end of the staff. The second staff continues the melody with a half note in the first measure and quarter notes thereafter. Above this staff,  $Dmi^7$  is written above the first measure,  $G^7$  above the second measure, and  $CMA^7$  above the third measure. A slur covers the notes from the second measure to the end of the staff. The third staff features a half note in the first measure and quarter notes in the following measures. Above this staff,  $E^7 b_9$  is written above the first measure, and  $b+$ ,  $b+$ ,  $+$ ,  $+$ , and  $b$  are written above the subsequent measures. A slur covers the notes from the second measure to the end of the staff. The fourth staff begins with a half note in the first measure, followed by quarter notes. Above this staff,  $Dmi^7$  is written above the first measure,  $G^7$  above the second measure, and  $Ami^7$  above the third measure. A slur covers the notes from the second measure to the end of the staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

*It don't mean a thing  
if it ain't got that swing,  
doo wah, doo wah, doo wah, doo wah  
doo wah, doo wah, doo wah, doo wah.*

Duke dishes out at the Cotton Club  
spilling jazz riffs  
into the tumblers

*It don't mean a thing,  
all you got to do is sing,  
doo wah, doo wah, doo wah, doo wah  
doo wah, doo wah, doo wah, doo wah.*

flinging melodies like scarves  
about necks fragile  
with longing



*It makes no difference  
if it's sweet or hot;  
just give the rhythm  
ev'rything you've got.*



the silk borrowed  
for the moment  
from sophisticated ladies  
in tight gowns  
& drooping eyelids  
smoking thin cigarettes



*It don't mean a thing  
if it ain't got that swing  
doo wah, doo wah, doo wah, doo wah  
doo wah, doo wah, doo wah, doo wah.*

black & tan fantasies  
sipped from amber day  
dreams & glasses  
of brandy

erotic sound sonnet

mmmm, mmmmm  
hh, hhhhhhhh, hh, hhhh  
mmmmm, hhhhhh, hhh,  
ooooo,  
hhhh, hh, hhhh  
u-nnnnnn, hh, hnnnn  
hhhhh, hhh, hhhh  
ummmmmm

aahhhhhh-mmm  
mmmmm, hh, hh, hh  
ooooo, oooo  
hhhh, nnn mmmmm  
ooo, hn, hn, hn, aahhhh  
aaaaahhhh, hhh, hhh

This is a handwritten musical score for the piece "TUNE for TEA SHARP". It consists of four staves of music, each with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The music is written in a style that suggests it is for guitar, with various chord annotations and fingerings.

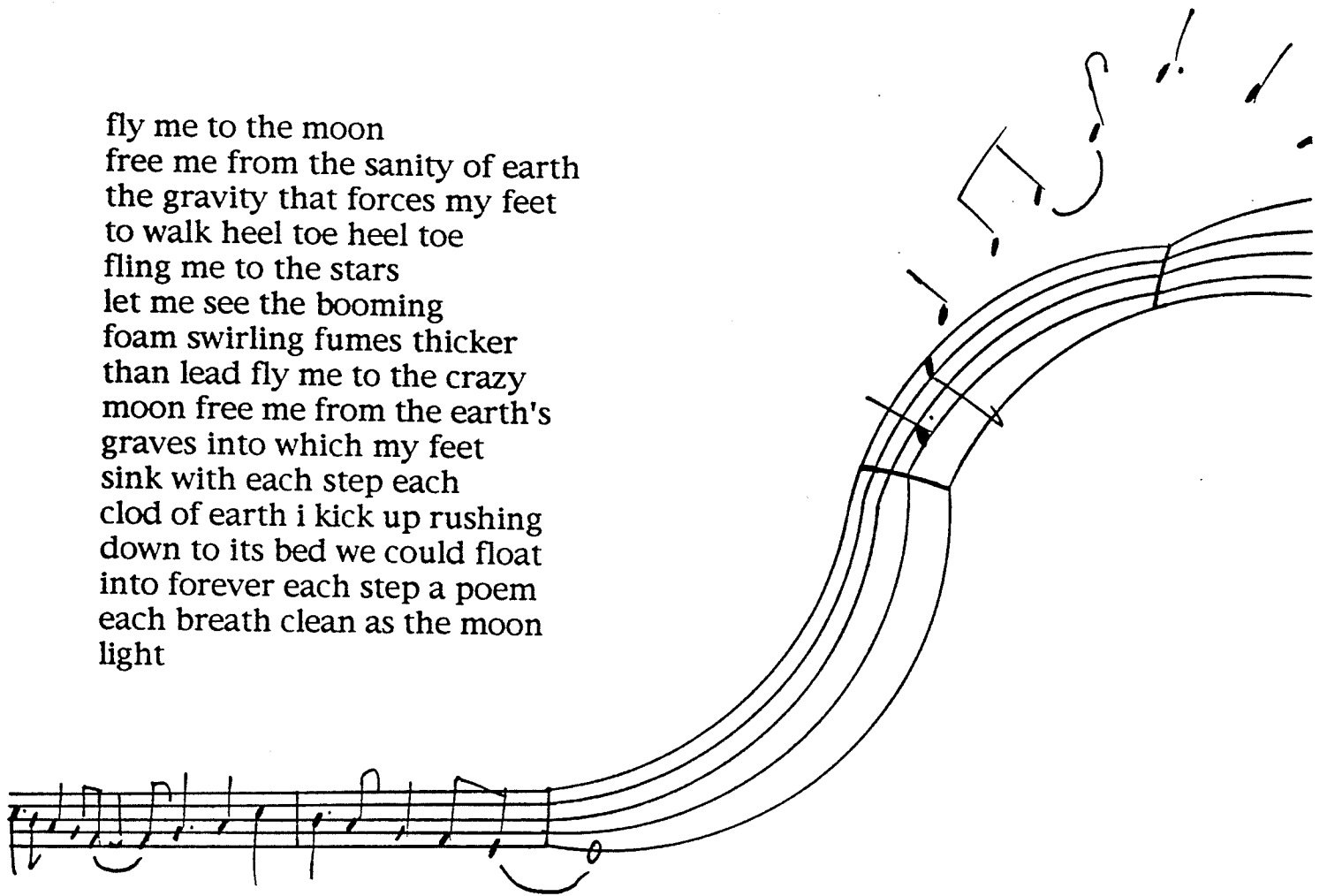
The chord annotations are as follows:

- Staff 1:** A sus, B sus, C sus
- Staff 2:** F sus, G sus
- Staff 3:** F sus, G sus, C1, F#7, C#7
- Staff 4:** A sus, B sus, C sus

The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and slurs. There are also some handwritten markings such as "3" and "3" indicating triplets or fingerings.

TUNE for TEA SHARP

fly me to the moon  
free me from the sanity of earth  
the gravity that forces my feet  
to walk heel toe heel toe  
fling me to the stars  
let me see the booming  
foam swirling fumes thicker  
than lead fly me to the crazy  
moon free me from the earth's  
graves into which my feet  
sink with each step each  
clod of earth i kick up rushing  
down to its bed we could float  
into forever each step a poem  
each breath clean as the moon  
light





## Improv on DOLPHY

*ERIC DOLPHY was a saint--in every way, not just in his playing--  
Charles Mingus to Vladimir Simosko*

*That ERIC DOLPHY played nice--pretty & all. This ERIC DOLPHY was  
wild & woolly, played all kinds of unmentionable things you wouldn't  
say in front of your mother--A.B. Spellman, Blue Note Records*

the thing with DOLPHY was that he was operating on a very deep  
level spiritually with his saxophone

he would talk about how everything he ever heard  
influenced him

the birds

any sounds you know & nature the way he was

the singing of

duetting with the ocean in that famous newport situation

as a kind of joyful spirit  
dance

some probably think of DOLPHY

as a flamboyant extrovert

or even in some cases as

angry

but i never heard anger & from all testimonies he was not an angry  
type of person but more in awe of the universe  
& celebrating the joy of it

when you start bringing in influences from other  
cultures  
the way DOLPHY always said  
you hear influences you everything

he called it world music  
free jazz

its not at all popular

its completely underground now as far as i can tell & is subversive  
in terms of the status quo yeah but in terms of the purpose  
of music going back to the cavemen  
& the shamans  
it's more faithful to what music's about

which has Nothing to do  
or as spiritual evolution

than the pop thing  
with music as art

but DOLPHY was into the spiritual  
evolution he was into the art side of it

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