

Artie Gold & George Bowering

from *Ruby Wounds*

AG: RELATIVITY OF SPRING

I

The nouns are hungry for sense.
The facts are not known.
They are tasteless, by which is meant
they are hard to transcribe.
They taste the colour of the sky against cement.
They appeal silently as apples might,
and their bodies crawl like turtles with shells,
and they fall, taking sun to the ground on them.

Yipping like dogs, they crawl, being blistered in the sun.
On the back of the dolphin a caress touches like an alarm,
cancer of the colon, the skin
tendrils of the bone's sensuality.

The dark dirty dishwater of an x-ray plate.
The queen's love throws the first pitch.
It reveals the hidden.
It sings into activity/
telling garbage from submerged fish
and dreams.

Water's sudden edge,
bell's flower.
For the sun to be useful to its breathing.
for the sight who loses sequence in art,
he comes up with what chemicals it will provide.
She watches her replacement.

We the complex lobster wearing animal pelt.
we the gods describe this earth totally.
Where the sharks can never really come is totally our own.
Where this takes place is our authority.

The air's barely acceptable sending of sound.
The queen's idea throbs like starmatter.
No one wasting words outside of speech,
no one worries hard stone.
The surprise in one's voice not heard from passing back to oneself.
The boards of the palace are grained.

II

I dance like air in autumn.
I house like a shadow,
mercenary of breath,
shortcircuiter of meadow.
Each season I arrange orthogonally.
Every semicircular jar I denote pleasurable,
In the marketplace of chrome dwarfs,
in the ring of deserts,
in the feelings of scorned women reaching out to trap this society,
the whips of each jealousy reaching chords deeper than music.
These days are hard to endure going through submarine time
These policemen strike into fear itself.

I am the cauldron of bowling prowess.
I am the crying one who is struck.
I am like a greatness whose ass even pirates must kiss,
and I am exactly worrying, hesitation,
The double versatility of early intent.
The pompous exaltant baboon
was like a mastery ached,
was like a spectacle too ugly to behold.
Before dying, it shook my hand like three tired popes,

Before dying, it strutted, pretending to thank me.
The passport is subject to unholy fits.
The mountain is climbed sorrowfully.
Get here this moment on your knees.
Go out slowly but towards joy,
crawling along the broken glass of your mistakes,
a cautious second life.
No one has to love life even
just to continue living.

III

Now come through a beating of pasts
born so as to miss my vote.
It is when through a slant that it begins with bitter purity,
and by some chance bitching gets it a poetry
into pallid flung arms they boldly set to
coming full circle in some mind's interchange,
and each comes into an encampment of its own.
With its arrival, the year is splintered into ten thousand months,
to kill something aleatory from my bitter cache,
thinking perhaps by this action to arrive at one spring.

It is certain the typed characters dog in shame,
fuses follow them like tails, hissing in guilt
before which cult I bear greetings of change.
The necessary amount of steps must be walked.
We are as wanted as any drug,
as dangerous as two colds from one source.

GB: SPRING'S RELATIVITY

I

The nouns hunger for sense,
hunger to be known, desire visibility
or some other approach to being.
They know that when we oldsters lose words
we start with nouns, start with proper nouns
and then what we used to call common nouns.
Things fall apart and then they are gone from sense.
They fall to the hard place, taking the warm thing with them.

Yipping like puppies, they crawl on their soft bellies,
eager for the world outside the box, where the big nouns are.
They can feel growing things inside them, feel
tendrils of the bones' sensuality.

The dark dishwater of an x-ray plate has
nothing to tell them, these critters new to the world.
They've just got their eyes open, they
must learn how to chew. Set their noses for
garbage and somehow discarded fish, and
persons, places and things in dreams.

The water's sudden edge
presents tiny fish the next wave will
hurl onto the sand, little nouns silver in the air.
Simpler than any lobster, these bits of protein
feed stray dogs patrolling the *playa*,
eyes alert for the next sudden wave.
There's a noun made at once out of nothing but motion.
We are the ones who do that, we
sentence-makers, quiet and muscular as sharks.
Where this takes place is our authority.

Pelicans dive just offshore; we hear their wings creak
as they pass our window, their bills waiting to sense nouns.
They fall to the wet place, taking the shine with them.
Some old people tell you the sea speaks;
no surprise there—we sense words
in the grain of our oceanside floor boards.

II

I used to dance like air in autumn.
I fill my lungs now with imaginary breath,
a memory of speed. a notion of consumable gases.
Fill my lower sky with pelicans,
and I will shake my white head with bewilderment
that such goofy critters can slice the October above with such grace.
Still I swallow as much of that atmosphere
as my belly can hold. I drag my legs now, my dance is there
when I close my eyes. There in submarine time, under
the rainclouds at least, my limbs perform to no
command of the mind I think I'm sharing.
These fall birds patrol like policemen pretending there is nothing to fear,

Take me bowling, I was once. able to boast,
and I will show you what dancing is all about. It's all about
nothing, I've misplaced every scoresheet I ever filled.
I watch birds above me without a shotgun in my hands.

III

Now come through a poem you can't read,
or so you think. Look, there's a noun, oh, and
another word. Who's to say that that one cannot come right after that one?
Who needs your bitter purity? Just listen—
maybe lift your sporting weapon. You may not bring those two
difficult birds down in a million years.

They may not be like anything. They may be speech
that made it into the air in autumn. And not like this,
no, not like this, no, not ta dumb ta dumb ta dumb.
The year splinters into ten thousand months,

thinking, perhaps, by this action to arrive at one spring.
Is that what we imagine in relativity? Is the season truly
aleatory? Taking a chance on love, do we over-depend
on the weather? The necessary number of steps
will be changed while you are walking. Nothing is as dangerous
as the cold I will acquire from your mouth.