

Forgive me.

These are

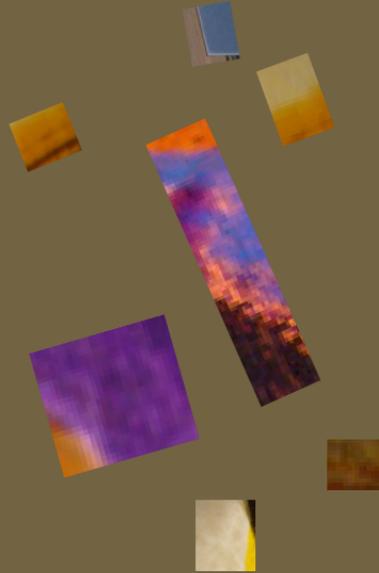
tattered
sunbonnets.

I misspoke: I promised
sonnets.

S T E A L H E A V E N

DOWN SIZING

“The owner of the biggest honky-tonk stands in the rodeo he built...” “—To liberate the problem of the homeless from the unconscious of the ‘architecture.’” “...after intimate glimpses of the lives of actual people...there is a montage of demolitions, with structure after structure in the old city falling into dust.” “Regular, remote, lifeless.” “Lights back on, the participants begin to play.” “Russian Futurists assigned particular importance to...handwritten ‘madness’ in their books...only the handwriting of the poet in the original manuscript was capable of fully conveying the music, texture....” “... an airliner ...leaving a single white seam dividing the empty...”



PROXY FOR A WATER TROUGH

Plunked on a red couch in a rodeo corral, the owner of the biggest honky-tonk either side of the Continental Divide poses. He's here to liberate the prodded bull.

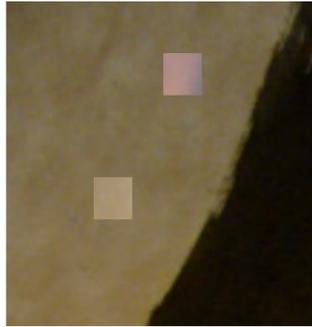
To free the ridden unconsciousness of clowns and barrel-racers, he offers a posh, plush cardinal velour. Sit a bit on the regular, the lifeless remote architecture called *sofa*.

Be spectator. There is music unheard, overhead in an airliner that parses blue sky into clear day and mayday. Rest assured: all the old cities have fallen into dust.

VISIBLE MOVEMENT

“From behind his shoulder we see his shadow—a double or fractured reflection of him—beyond all this yawns a city in clouds of smoke.”

“A quarter mile away...a breeze ruffled the leaves of a dense wall of aspens.” “At the time, I wasn’t clear on what...perspective I wanted, I just sat there...” “I saw these curving lines of orange soil.” “It left the ugly zone and went to the beauty zone.” “A three-dimensional Action Drawing gradually, stroke by stroke, swing by swing of a real human body, enthroned itself on her walls.” “The prime occupation of the building is to remain still, to be rooted permanently to the ground, abstaining...”



ABSTENTION

His stage-double yawns in a fractured city.
His shadow smokes. From behind him,
a breeze rustles leaves. Such density
flees the ugly zone for beauty: curving
lines of freshly plowed soil that awaits
seeding. He just sits there enthralled
with imagined roots, permanently
grounding his drawing in orange loam.
Tobacco leaves curl. We cut them
stroke by stroke, swing by swing.
We aren’t clear how long our shoulders can
remain in action. Our prime
occupation enthrones him, leaves him
wanting. His perspective all self reflection.

COMMANDER'S DYING

Suddenly, for him, the ocean's crashing
vanishes—condors ride the wind
without audible sound. Like airplanes,
tiny mites in the sky, the lilac
wafts everso faint. Muted ciphers.
The blow of elevation, the mountain top
view, the cruising clouds halt troops.
Winter light says *rest*. Sun a good sign
erasing all references to the brittle words
we maids served him this morning
after hauling his night bucket away.
“Orange,” we said, “and green.” As if
we had painted his enemy's emblem
on every vial's bottom. To finish him.



MONSTROUS SHADE

“Suddenly, the sound of the ocean and wind,
and the voice of the gulls went away.”
“On lilac cardboard sheets are joined together three
small prints: an airplane flying over a city, small
ciphers of a man, and an airplane.”
“Crossing the monstrous shade of its elevation, we are
halted by the blow of a cool wind which is
cruising around the corner of its lofty massif.”
“It was a winter day and sunlight was good.”
“She took great pains to erase such references.” “The
serving Maid brings in buckets of green and orange
paint.” “He creates crazy things
like a glass-bottom bus so passengers can see
interesting manhole covers.”



CLOT THEORY

“It was still unfinished when she collapsed and Martha, who had helped make it, had to finish it.” “The strength of the orator’s voice controls the speed of the vehicle.”

“...the midpoint of a huge industrial ship... noses slowly through a set of locks...we see the lock’s narrow height edging open to allow passage to the water beyond.”

“This includes the devil who sees a woman’s elegant profile in his daydreams, and the locks of hair his imagination weaves out of a rising column of smoke.” “It is a blessing to play and do what is in my heart.” “Heavy, moonless rain.” “But that was not to be [his] fate.”



NOT MARY, NOT MARTHA

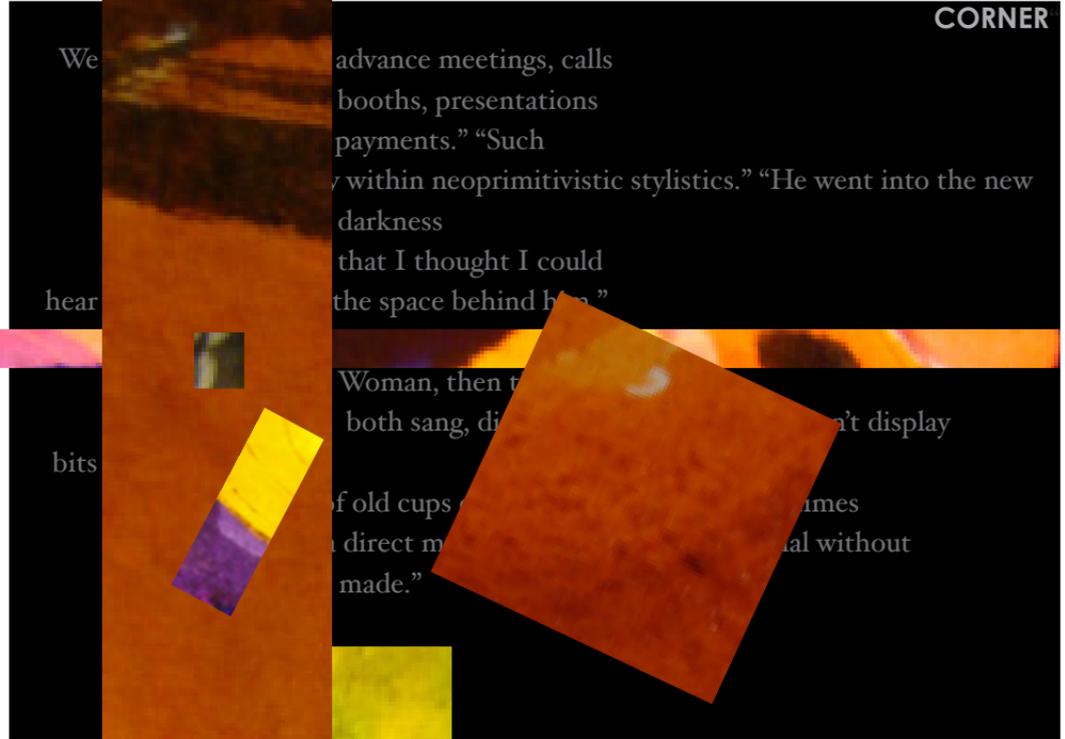
Unfinished when she collapsed,

we had to help her up, make up her entirety through strong voice. Oration controls the speed of all, the extent of all. Each mid-point, industrious or not, ships us slowly, by the nose, through locks until we see the edge, the opening that allows us passage beyond. Like water, the devil, to some, is a woman. Not me. Elegance, anyone’s, is a daydream locking imagination in a weave. To rise up-n-out as if smoke’s play, we bless all that any heart moons for. Rain. Heavy rain. Or, whatever is not to be. Fate.

NEOSTYLISTICS

We called ahead, cornered them.
Presentation without representation
makes it possible. In the New Paradise,
primitive style enters anew. Darkness
quiets itself so swiftly we think we can
slide into air, get behind “space.”

Such lateral progress heaps man and woman
into mere paper as if recombinant DNA
doodles a new tune & a new tune & new tune.
Bits and piece of our old roots cup us
into a brew. Evolutionary *boochie coo*.
We still dance, don't we? Sometimes
the material is so direct, we give
without heeding our tools. We make.



MARKING TIME

Finished, he was a painting of seven old selves weeping. To begin again, he made a child's drawing designed to please any father. Its irrational balance outshined rational conquest. His entire body enters a trance as if his aging were a vestige of a boyhood in motion. Energy awakes all: he stood as if gunfire—incoming cracks—targeted farmers scattering in the field beyond the dike. He drew in the dirt to banish the flash: light rays, imagined strips of color, were a plane that penetrated crop circles. Green thundered as earth revolved. Turning, turning, turning back to respect “not-knowing.” The certainty of an elder becomes a stone about which sacredness pivots.

“I finished... of seven old men... begins the child's interior... drama—... to please the father.”

“The firm... ment w... enough to conquer or balance the rat... ends... the agency of visual trances, vest tigers... ion.” “He stood, waiting for the cracks... would send him into the scolding water behind... rays or strips of color on the first plane seem... the depth of the green circles.” “Thunder represents a... ue revolving, where the turn of the circle comes back... spect for every sacred thing in the land.”



EVERYBODY LOOKS

Madam Hepp lives less than a half-mile from the home airfield of the Goodyear blimp. "The stars were fires in the mouths of faraway caves, look carefully...faces, watching." "The clock face stopped a few minutes before midnight." "It lo [redacted] straight at you off the wall with an unflinching yet not unfriendly gaze." "It is a punishing sort of recognition, carrying with it the suggestion that without super-suffering, art wouldn't have happened." "Don't point that gun at me, I do not care what you do, but don't point that gun at me." "Wasn't the word 'insurgence' on everybody's lips? It made me think of the Boxer Rebellion...first time Western nations united...."



UNFLINCHING BLIMP

Less than a half mile from the home airfield, Madam lives in hopes of seeing the Goodyear blimp just once more; she waits outside at night as if stars were fires warm enough to illuminate caves where the hidden must reveal itself. Her clock, inside, stares straight off the wall, a friend unflinching, stopped before midnight as if to save the woman from super-suffering. Recognition suggests a close watch is a preventative cure. Madam's curses close at dawn: "Don't point that gun at me." But the word 'insurgence' was on the boxer's lips (on everyone's lips). Nations united in punishing rebellion. The mouths of those faraway inch closer: "I don't care what you do."

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PILCHED (SEVEN SENTENCES EACH) & RE-WRIT

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