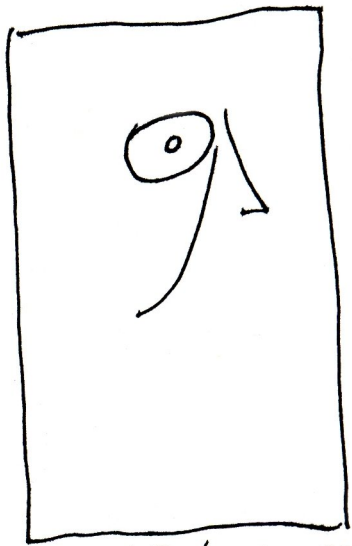


NEIGHBOR

Book 4

FU: SION

Ed Baker



5/3/1998 2/15/2007



"Gaze"

Ed Bar '98

Fusion: a love poem

with the instantaneous
facture
of a lightning

image of your face
my lips covering

give-away
tongue s

go ing
deeper
in

to sounds

in

to wet words

your mouth

broadcasting

what has risen
to speak

mouthings
seed syllables

black as your hair
outside

the rain:

relentless
between sheets

light and shadow

The Gateway

opens it s
equanimity

her tall shadow-body
the light makes
mirrors of her eyes
reflecting

desire

tree of heaven

out side

bend s with

other's repetition

Black shutters
enclose who we
pretend we are

loosened verbs
on either side of hold on
to this view

all so melted into

puddle s on floor
that
gnaws away the distance

eaten

April s
on the other side -
ministers our punishments

I l e a p the one to the other
across beyond the "No"!

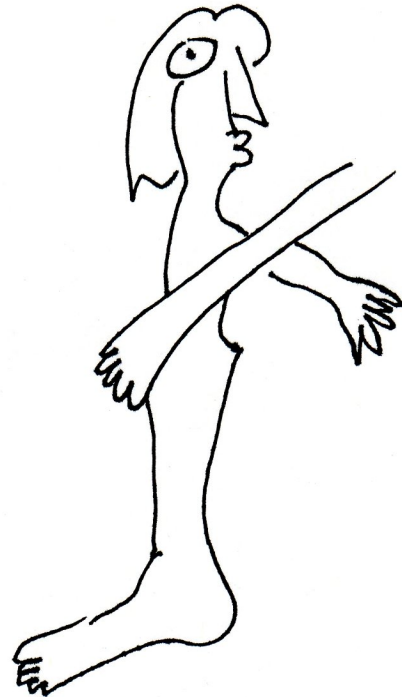
Her heroic effort
to give closes in
on waves of delight

thicket entered then stretched
towards
full length of "you are

touching me."

I (also) dissolve into the
space between word and meaning

in your hands
I 'give up' this
:nothing personal



A VIEW FROM THE WINDOW at 3 A.M.

1.

the window
open/closed

a
real
friend -shuttered
battering the outside
wall wind -glass

protecting what ?

emotions? that both of them
just

come and go

little is said or done to
placate any need

Petals
getting caught in
the wind I can tell

their drift toward ground

to earth (mother) s embrace

grounding is

pretend is want that neighbor s
satisfy

suspend is momentary

is silence

then laugh
your laugh
your laugh

you are the
laughter

today
is
departure

in this
rainy
season

trick ing

and I, also,

pretend

sudden spring moon
coming through crack ed

shutter

you walk across
wet-black drive
way

to prattle of
children

waiting

walking by
is also

gesture-less:

Orion

2.

between fences surround is
our separate 'worlds'

"How could you
possibly
know what I...?"

opening window make all
knowing it s possibility

between "this" doing
everything is instantaneous
and
satisfactory

hazel eyes you can not
dissuade from blinking

cross with you
yards between two

houses

fire-grass
is
adequate

metaphor
only
out-side
in stuttering
s to make

also
specific

my
meaning

OH, your thin body!

Just Now

into this burst and
thunder it
opened another

crack
in
our

time

brought you
closer to me

physically

"no ideas but in things"
doesn't mean

no ideas

dance... just so
no accidental
movements in

it's rhythm

more than a
somnolence

thin shadow over me
taking "charge"

and it's
responsibility

thin shadows now drift
into mute oneness on far
wall

driveway gaze I follow your
progress
is
another going

I settle in your moment
ary
take...

and give

black image of your thin
body
fire-source in your
wet eyes wet tears
moisten this haste

rustling my thought
come and go

I watch them
you laugh
(at me)

sky lets go
of clouds
dark and moist

rain
falls
into the
silence

your
scent
brings

rough notes are patterns
attempts to make sense of
any other way

skein of 'thinkings'
patterns
make your perfect movements

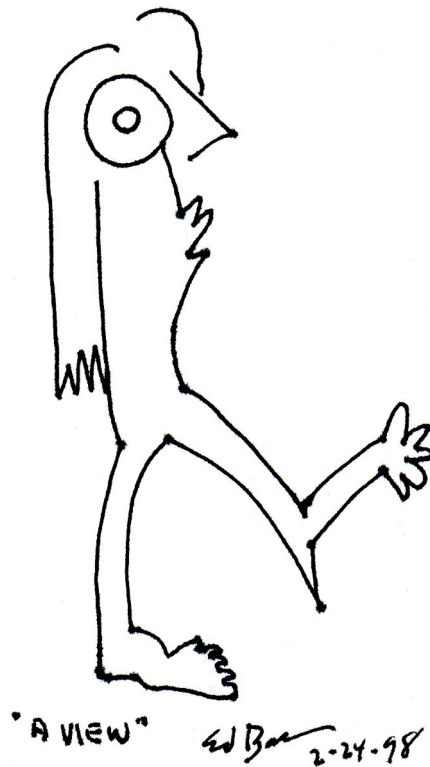
held in poses

the dance is only means to
the end the practiced stance...

... out of this confusion

of lines drawn or written

your face
mirror s
mine



Rain,
Rain & more

rain-run s through fingers her
hair black-to-black to red-ochre

streaks across

wall mind shapes images of
mud-mouth s lips to
suckle stretch to open her legs to open a

conversation

instead we open an entire event say whole
sentences in a rush

compounding complex warrants longer
than
meant or meanings
justify

our tongues explore moist "words" seed-words
single
us out
we are "in"-twined

'round
bodies
legs
arms

mouths
suck
and
in
their
sucking

sound s

last gasp
of all

pretense

these fine lines tilt cut across
the page image on paper slashes
random

ca notes
incessant rain-pane-on until
dry
is no longer

is

gone

*

in her eyes I rise
&
the soft sense of it...

all so r i s e s

we go out into rain

come
out
in to

it s

flush

stand between my house & her
house the window-pain is another
mirror
empty - the glass and dawn

one moment one wave one glance

over her shoulder The Gaze

between one
second

& the next

bending tree at end of drive-
way

lean is towards Flower Avenue

lean is westerly

there is a steady north-east driving rain
almost diagonal her pointed body revealed
in 'that' light firmly (I can see) rooted
legs that travel in an instant from here to
there
and from another here to a farther there
is

no end to She changing

stand under tree
is naked girl
attraction is only what is natural

in her house, now, she back-lights her self
with red light

of course! she turns to watch me watch
her
touch herself

through the window laughter
tilts her head

flicks her hair

CLAY MODEL

A man gone
into
(thin) figure

willingly

using olde tools
pulls along
shape of

desire

pulls at
arms
hips

legs

OH!

penetrates
her

mud-
luscious

shape
of
his tongue
into
her
mouth

opens
with

"YES,

clay faults

through

it s

absolute

form

fall of hair

is it s

own

speak

language of

fingers

in

work is

modeled

in this

clay

demands

minutiae:

ca not

not

get

(her) eye'

intent

damp rag-wrap

to keep

a

certain

subtleness

pliant
in
Earth Matter

keeps moist
his needs.

Beyond inside,
Outside

rain

wind

a
leaf
letting

go

gone into a skein

of
lines

mark s
direction

she
holds
pose

he
is
no
match

for.

Dance

in this light
I see clearly

press is into

against her anger

my
confusion

her taught flesh
as white is
stretched
she is
her

flesh
against
whole lines

form is not the
point or its content

dig is
into an

archeology.

perfect
foil
to her erotic

strike!

muffled convers
ation

shapes in space

silence is

hold
is tight

corner is
rounded

steady, there;

such is rage
and
my lips
on
cold

wind
ow
pane

CONJUNCTION

between gazes
affect confusion

disconcerting
indecision

:go from her
e to ther e

easy

from there to a
farther there

is only herself against far
wall pined and wriggling

hung bent legs longed for
solid plinth to settle onto

down from sill
swing is only in
mind

from
one
window
back

to another

back-lit she is "there".

that I saw her, I swear,

the
full
length

—

Disjunction

fingers untie demand undo her thin
legs knotted behind her head pretty
in pink black (hair) surrounds entire

meaning

gaze goes into the full length of her
,inside closes off any chance of adequate response closed eyes around

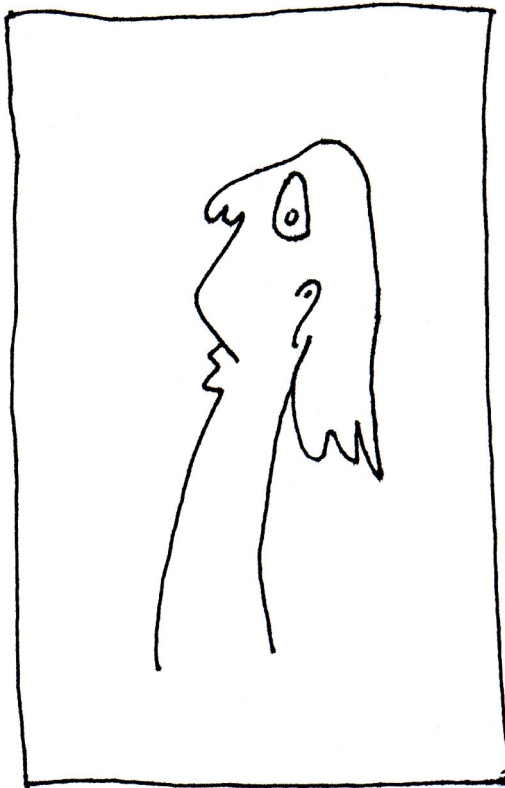
down lips, breasts slide is steadied

Oh, this dance! catch is between the
rain

purple blankets suddenly the need

to cover spin

is prayer



EJ Bar

6.15.98

Tall Woman Walking

It became her
habit
to walk the driveway
between our houses

in the night
in the day
light steps

as if to dance in and out
in and out of mind walking

head bent long hair
a-twirl
when she sensed I was

...Oh, the angle, to get a better
view of

I raised the blinds

just there
I swear her
swing

freely
long legs arms hips

in contra point...

above the hair the image be
gins to expand it s meaning

Tree of Heaven at the end of
our driveway also bends her
way

poke is through green eye pokes
through as swing of hair exacts

this through window seen in front
of me became something 'other'

before the imagined, the imaginary
becomes her

this gathering of parts an assemblage
piece contiguous
as if I knew precisely what goes
where and in what sequence kis

lips
neck

shoulders

breasts

.

V

shape of moist clay fingers in to
pull the shape of her out of this ooze
mud-luscious Mother

to put 'you' back to get
her exactly a placement of
nose ears eyes mouth

(a little open moist) and always
your black black hair image of returns

hangs just so defines the woman the
girl has become...



edB
98

Tall Standing Model in Clay

night and day the shades are
drawn eyes stretch to open

what is seen is back-lit
presents yet another view

becomes your dazzle

look is gaze the gaze intrudes

lean is against your iron rail
smile is fetching

opens to another demand surround
is total purple lips against

tongues slide over words land with
little movement then motionless

In the 3 A.M. May 17, 1998

a woman comes and goes
on 'matchstick' legs a circling
Indian exotic in her movement

counterclockwise

she sets him apart moves to center

him

against the
tree (a weed)

branches sway

play is with wind

houses any thought of
escape is not a possibility

her
dress

her
dance

is
perfect

and
the
nuances

on sheets of ice
you came outside

it is your habit

to watch me
I watch you
slip
into a strange

position:

through your window I can
see
yellow mums

sliding

a pattern
in the storm-

window

on the ice

is
your
demeanor

a girl on her ass

one leg up holding on one
foot
in front of me
one hand

spread is out from any semblance
of balance the center is lost

sight of you your body your body
when did you let it go? Thrown was
it s own waking

into this dawn before dawn we leap

Tree of Heaven also dances
with breeze

with abandon eternal (woman) rooted
in herself

bends into herself

twists into dirt

that
even when the blinds are
down

draw is into...

I am want to return to
perch and peer

cannot return your gaze

thinking comes and goes

quickness in the leap onto
your perch your bent-back
ed chair
frozen in mind
the fix is absolute

image of

your long thin ness railing
against my imagination

point of view is determined
is definition

is membrances

I remember your sharp words

folded neatly one simple neme
at a time...

directly in front of me: I dare not
speak to what was

interpretation nor call you 'woman'
who demands

this great distance

the wind
the wind
the tree
dances

with
your play

your eyes
your
face
your
laughter

in
and
out

of

(hidden by)

your
long
black

hair

it s
hundred

truncated
postures

one
illusion

skeined

suspends in black
drift is not the gist of

differences

between white washed houses
walls and windows separate

the two of you just so
in my vision your twirl

an imaginary fusion

being here
and
not being

there

beyond
drawn

curtain

visible

another

Today, June 20, 1998

your window is closed

house empty

no sign of movement

nothing yet to remind me that you are
gone

light bends you from the waist
down
and you in a graceless pose a 'curtsy'

perhaps, for my benefit? Not perfect

but

full taste of the red on your lips

moist a little open to a brutal
acknowledgment

one salvaged word
inside mind is "yes"

in the first hint of dark
your hair becomes the
"no"

into head wind and bending tree

thin thin woman the girl is
directly in front of

the spot where you slipped

up

fell on your back

furiously
we laughed

thin thin thin girl-a-woman is

you are before and after just
a
fantasy

young and stupid...
pretty-in-purple

offered to me your

Open Window Eyes

what does
not change
is
beauty

full lip s pout

frozen tongue to glass
is licked to pain

brittle flowers
in a cracked
red vase

an explosion, I swear, drove us:

exploding nouns and pronouns

no trace of verbs anywhere!

just
lines
between
house
and

(empty)
house

between
window
and shut
window

over
looking

images
of
your
long
shadow

in
the
sounds
of your

laughter

turn
is
away

I
turn
and
see

my
reflection
in
your
window
pane

your
gaze
through
my
gaze

past present future

hear is in your perfect words
is my reply

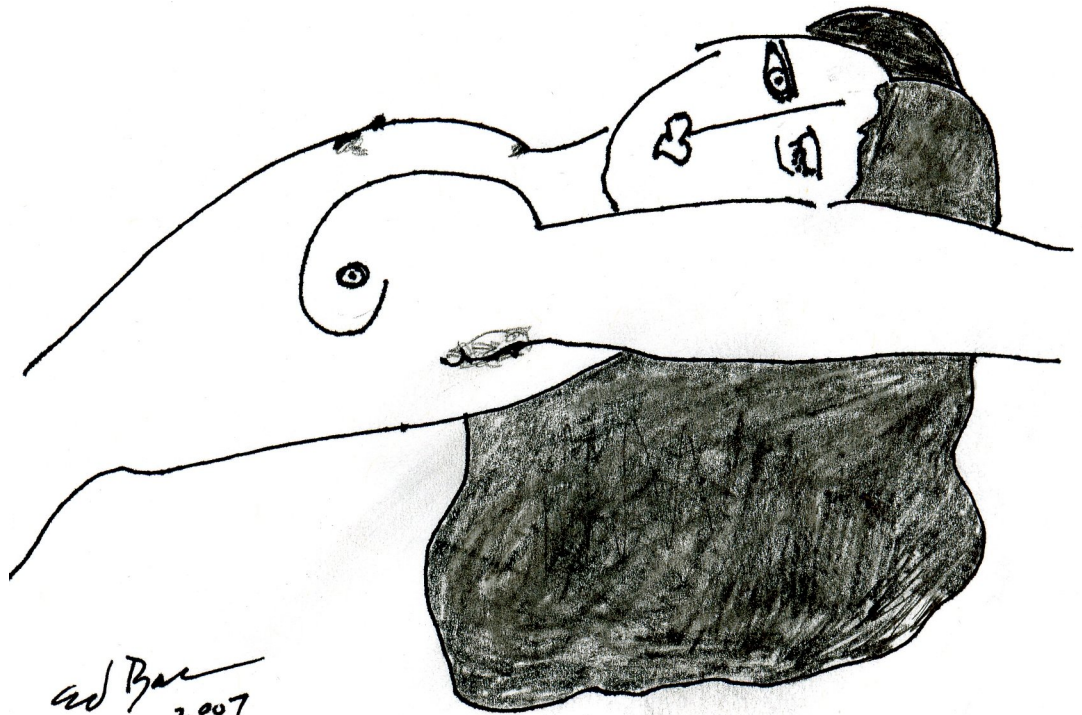
I watch you
fly

to your window
sill

in an instantaneous
facture

explode
&

vanish



ed Bar
2007