

The Sheaves (written @ Espace Japon - Paris 1/17/06)

1)

the sheaves are small &
perfect bound
they fit tightly on the shelves
spines a spectrum of color
& stories bound by their own logic
3 or 4 shades of blue
yellow to green
the orange that was re(a)d & white liv(r)es
black & grey of fallen houses
risen cesspools that flowed thru the belly of a dog
muddied belly
polluted by the policing of weak masters
bricked up smiles
hanging by thin wires
from the teeth of well disguised capitalists

why breathe?

why hold your breath
even for the instant of a turning leaf?
here spines become a color chart of history
points of discussion before they are cracked
here water sails away to another place
where the temperature is always
sweaty & crisp

2)

baby beater
sucklin @ ya wannabee da crackle bridge
a bird or 2 in flight
a misconception
a throe - back ta yer-in-all
spread water like a bark-a-boold @ derpstown
wingin language as only pro-active can

knocker dood
sibling's tongue

connective tissue's always con
necting something like only conn
ecting issues
can

3)

sore & bushy-eyed
wink the back space
ether is backset
back stage & set up / either crime's in /
or crimson wrapped the toolshed
wannabe or wannadoo
walk into the pyramid
backward/draw back
smell the noceans as re-rights
juggle aside the bacon's tongue
cramble 20 - zero to balance along the tracks
there's no use stayin til the ballad's finished
all en(d)gines strangle the wrangler
in the (b)end
yer horse is tied
& ready ta go this breedless distance
to the next broke tool

4)

things be always tinted

language's spoken here.

steve dalachinsky

(S)tamp(on)

(Silva, Bauer, Turner @ Instances Chavires - Paris 1/27/06)

i/b.

i am stamped by your beauty
you are faun-taped
the blding is cold
all blding s here are
cold / not just the stone
but the very guts
a synthesis of instance & actual being
the roads splinter & o pen/en (de)a(d) drimboolahas
repair
still almost all guys find the center
& it is ill-fixed
a tuck here

a nip there
sewn/sown
briggles-oo chioness
catcha wha ga loo brainsells /
kin hops rebuilding the world as a lake
a beard
a bower
a silver screen
a seescape by turner
one mouth speaking in the broil
ta ta ta dah dah
dah dah dah dah
ethereal sentiency

2. (perhaps)
i be stamped no pant out o' the mouth o' boiler makers
- instinct
all move their limbs by it limp lipped
a crossed line crossed
it is here even in the savage tremble
cold
so cold
these collapsing stairs
co-lapsing stares
sans light (i lit)
ah the lumiere's bootstrings z toned
agree please aching sound fingers rigored
elbows nala johannes on my.....
nose bleed
be one whose pants are held by bottles.

af/ ter
turn the one whose lens is leffe - ah la blah
a glass for drinking pictures
a friend to quarrel with
momentum
if this room were a lake of mirrors i turn into from
cold collapse
heating up the rem/murd
he's heating up the clean head in short sleeves
is beyond being stamped
easy as you blow your breath away
he makes faces
the one whose face
is a mirror of listening
whose hands remain thinking

more than acting

i am stamped by your beauty
as the world is stamped by
a gurgling
membrane
restored of memory

if indeed all were the setting sun
on a WIDE street
a square where mammals stamped
& even bones before them
held some fractured scores &
failings -

b4

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addendum(s) :
rudiments gone w(h)il(e)d

another ending
writing as a way of listening.

steve dalachinsky

Braxton Twelvetet plus One (live @ the Iridium)

set 1 3/16/06

hr.glass tippedspills/each grain repeatedly
(like kandinsky connecting to schoenberg)
to A/B connecting to self

60/this will spill good-wined & changing toward

set 2 3/19/06

(smoke..am happy if she is with me
we will one day duo in some setting of)

....hr.glass no / slag

learning of salty sand / lags salger out
 der way acalls right dat seeps thru shirts
 saw ya trickle in der mittle range
 fluid avians prickle down whadoo
 landwholes for ifin not fer fillin in
 retawd in da lineseems not to be movin
 even as it spills time
 from one dropped glass t'nother
 kicked grains stained white with bleach
 frickle faster 'n smattrin
 stutter the vast & crimped spans
 glance dance prancen' in a clickle
 cyclical cabbn thru stawdinary hites
 shaker spit & spillin ~~~~~~ `` ~
 ~ :!{[....///// ~~~~~~
 ~~~~~ ~ ~ ~``~ ~ ~~~~~ ~~~~~` ~ ~ ~ / ./?  
 ton o rabx refrax a circle quickle n' splats

steve dalachinsky, nyc

**train to solotun 8/21/90**

sub urban  
 commuter  
 rush hour        in german  
 & it's hot  
                   the seats are so small    my fingers hurt

watch out  
 watch yourself in the window  
 until the trees becomer your mirror

                  old friends always think that only they  
                   know what is best

watch the people & the fields & the factories

                  old cows think that only they know  
                   what is best

simple dialogue  
 simple frustrations  
 can be as painful as morning

                  when you are a tree    you know nothing  
                   there is only the earth/    where you are

the man is always building for

himself  
his species

the landscape keeps changing  
the man keeps changing the landscape

uprooting trees

man & cow are old friends  
man & cow always think that only they  
know what is best

man is man's best friend  
is a row of cars at a railroad crossing

waiting

the gate is red & white  
just enjoy waiting    whispers the garden

i stare into the mirror  
it is other people's eyes  
other people's faces    & mouths  
it is hot in here  
on this train  
to  
suburbia

at rush hour in german  
& the chickens & vegetables all know what is best

the trees become my reflection  
the horse is  
lead away.

steve dalachinsky, switzerland 1990

**for j.m.**

so where does the melody come from?

inside ?

outside ?

i want you  
to know  
he already found mine  
at a house  
sale

rare as it was & it  
was

they butchered you  
napalmed  
you  
named you  
&  
palmed  
you like i would a watch @ a pawn shop

2. well not all sang off key

1.

sq pegs in a rnd hole  
sq hole yr  
resting

sq peg we always think  
sq  
peg round hole  
lght (more or) less  
defined

peg-o-my heart  
i love you  
peg o my heart-shaped  
heart -

in light what's  
meant?

steve dalachinsky, nyc, jackson maclow mem/trib @ poetry project 3/5/05

### **last words (for jackie mclean)**

drop down backward  
squeeze the head that eats you  
(i'm not that kind of girl - she whispers  
high)  
what bridge is that - stoodways  
how he held the saxophone (to his mouth)  
lightning /  
falling /  
& repeating  
registerd HIGH

take one step  
beyond  
right now  
dr. jackle  
owl's eyes moisten  
(as you) let freedom ring  
for the aggregation  
rrrrrrring rrrrrring  
jackknifed down(stood) & blood heard

did yrs pass on the touring  
one out destination to another  
as ya tipped the scales  
(blue)  
humble connection to the #'s

scene: the street

circuits clown  
carries trickbag / wears  
dark velevet  
rehabilitated skeleton  
carries trickbag / wears  
dark velvet

how within these figures  
what truly does make one survive?

how he hold the saxophone to his mouth  
tongue-faced seasoned chops  
i'm not that kind  
of  
HIGH...

where does a dynasty begin? end?  
how many masters are left? even in the future?

release the singer  
& the singer's son  
dynasty's also must fall

where is the singer  
& the singer's son?

who is left now?  
(he is so right here that he's invisible)

feed the hand that bites you  
bury the fickle monster in fresh soil

& squeeze off another round

(it's like working on a plantation - he tells me)

steve dalachinsky nyc 4/2/3/06

**the funeral (of jackie mc lean)**

we gather by the river  
in a world without end  
rising

coughing

inquiring

weighing

resurrecting

(believers or not)

we play at stewardship/ness

endless world of

alternate

original lines:

flowers glass &

endless

world of

midnites

midnites & flowers

bile-stained & blood sun

glasses stained with bile &

blood

clouded sky

sun cloud

sky

skin of wood &

the

beheathed

rain

the beheath(en)ed

the final song

the riff & rift

of noble but over long

speeches

cleaned brass affectioned

tribulations

saintly persecuted hospitalities

weep & eat

oh wise conceit

seen possible

wrath fires hidden & emoted

from the b(r)east

voice

tongue

fingers        dance

skill  
influence  
woodshedding  
unruly structured discipline  
(drafts)  
the good book(s)  
struggle to be baptized  
billow  
heritage's hymnal

rise & blow  
oh holy dope fiend  
we are tired of being  
alone