

crippled symmetry

(morton feldman performed by s.e.m. ensemble@new york studio school 4/3/05)

1.

pipes

straight-arc'd
mesh of gold/afloodstars

this is why crippled the leg always tries to rectify itself
verify tolerance / total spin cluster / why do you melt of the sheen
a double-backed diamond enamored of itself
high in the low-tones
grappling w/ the whole range of whiteness?

why so many bare & pockmarked walls in a structure so filled with its own knowledge
?

purpled pumped mallets
creased blue curtains exposing the fluted pale
lowbreathing carrier of greenglassed arpeggios
what is wrong w/ this picture is there is no picture

but what is wrong with blank space repeating itself?

is blank space truly blank as blank is?

why is there maiden transfixed when there are no maidens left to transfix?

a so lid tightly a jar was this lip a crossed/out patchwork
of genocide's attempt to corrupt itself?

it self always @ the fore of my self your self by self by self one's & left everyone else be

..... damned this nagging notated pang. hands that drew the once blue silence
now emptied into emptiness. but what is so bad about blank space?
what is blank? why are these pocked & primed bare walls considered bare?
what is empty or full? what does filled with emptiness mean?

Longing?

patches & spots of color on the earth brown floor
like there a spot of red & here a spill of animal yellow&orange
i can swim thru the hole in the broken brick
gnaw thru the metal's facade
what there is is more of the same
& more of the same is what there is *but different*
a crack in the quietude a sneeze a cough a rustle a rumble a low driven mimic
a crumble of what-is-where-from
& the crippling ringing of *LIFE*

2.

an o.k. survival kit

peek into space thru doorless doorway
look around sky itself is the skylight
see streaks of pale blue on earth-colored
floor
semi-circles of off colored creams
pull back
hit your forehead with your palm
quietly
scream OH NO loudly
inside your head
wash your hands of the whole affair
as your stomach begins to rumble like a coming quake
drink turpentine
glance at yourself in the bathroom mirror
smile fleetingly
walk into a stall
sit on the bowl & wait

a mesh of starlike petals unlock themselves from their grid.....

nothing left to follow.

3. piano lays out

c

12 17 (drops off the quantum)
30 24/ 30 36

54 (?)

re mi fa circular working in *8's scale of
linearities

single
note
clusters

forced to ignore 26/26/22/36// or

42 nothing matters 48/28
mathematics reg ///

4 / 4 / 8 10 6

stered 18 - 24 < 60

fence

barelegged belch boo

tonicity

htdtAfbnmkxysu5ereNB VC567*)(*(* &%

intently listen

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water creatures

kissing even the sweat

lest we forget

we are come from

water creatures

still asiding ans

le terre - it's about gain &

loss the way calligraphy relays a

message displays

repeats

a hooping jump

a stone skipping along the surface

I a flesh & stone & cloth

it is like getting squeezing

lacing the lining dry

cleansing laundering

altering the hairline

the bark of the chicken hawk

the limitless returns

fresh-tailed buzzers

water creatures

it is

licking

leaners gleaners

chewing swallowing - even the sand that pastes our lips shut!

what planet is this?

how do we reference ourselves?

where is this point of no return?

pared down fragments.....

how is it we are walking so flatly on this round world?

empty sphere?

unloading . .

this is a planet of hurricanes

a time of decency & descent

when only the less than holy will survive –

walking this wet world filled w/thirst

clear world

blue world

brilliant decoy.

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c.b. 1

cour/core
mad cold rope
had the chills the other morning
changed notes floating
within its valued veil

i am amidst a wilted cry of all ages
a million prayers of dreaded dirt
inside the outhur
cared for like a book

i live like any other particle
within moments
lost
no matter how concrete I be
no matter
found & named

bottled up
jailed by freedom
sentenced to life
manacled to the dopey tide
blind sighted
ruined & filled w/holes

a thirsty moving river
a sad quilted emptiness
trapped w/in a manual of **HOW TO**
trapped w/in the **NOW**

c.b.2

still hand
pickled / or creamed
pinkish hand
miserably mistaken for a fish
soaring w/in fluids
of ending oceans

said helpful rather (sores)
than difficult inflicted breaths
long hot it is about water

the creature that water is

c.b.3

long term memories
begin anew within the stream
where field resides
co(m)ma ~ murderer
slibs closed glorious
pungent oil spills muffled by craters
rich in torture & racso
lies pressed i dent & drown
by.....

c.b.4

all left a frozen twaddle
pelican sealed in its own ice
lit & built up like a wall of wetness
arms pickled w/what the laborer does w/ his
labor
how important his tools must be

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plumbing
pipes
drain
toilet
stopped up

Life and What Comes After (for Paul Eluard) - steve dalachinsky

it seems
there is only
the triumph of the flesh
the sucking of the marrow
the green
the brown
the light
& the deep dark sky
filled with constellations
the conservation of sighs
wordless fatigue
& pine needles
consternation
a balding head
the red

me shave close skin blotch
lonely deer clearing crippled
you my friend a gun

birdbluesky
windsweptpetite
fall surrounding us
we crush fruit
& crack their pits
between our
teeth
beneath our feet
the souls of the nobody's
of the animal dream

we split logs
smiles falling like bark
i a handle

you a blade

breathlight

we hang

empty cisterns

on ashen branches

feel the cold

& fog the glass

& drop

slowly drop

& stamp the ground

& rub our palms

& drink our teas

& settle,

no,

huddle beside the fire
to study the baboon's heart.