[Each page of "city set" is affixed to a thick, black, rectangular board, which doubles as a percussion instrument. The performer, dressed in black, is spotlighted from behind, back to the audience. The set may also be accompanied by alto or soprano sax improvisation and/or a dancer silhouetted behind a scrim. The dance should incorporate stiff rectangles framing sheets of paper that can be quickly torn away and crumpled. Asterisks indicate variable length pauses, to be determined improvisatorily.]

WELCOME—

section of black rubber stitched with shiny two-toned brown shreds of plastic—
like bits of audio tape, like dead cartoon grass?

* diamond-tipped needle pushing up onto red-spinning center—
at the end of sound,
dropping back into the static grove,
over and over...

* tide drained

* when we used to have records

* "Go here":
wind in dead palm fronds
"rattling"

no more needles
just pinch the skin

[percussion]
neon signifying "Paradise"—
out there out there—
Attn.:—
gas burning soprano wilderness—
ripwake of bullet—
"Love"
wind whipped thought scraps.
In here, your words screw wall to wall—

night speeding E-motion,
breaking at tranquilized plazas of monotony;
miniature synchronized explosions,
warning warning warning,
recursive sequences,
missed signs.
a you turn...

strip down ice tea on the
i (ce)scream iiireeescape
televised love illumination
nights?

dot.

sweating emanations in celestial gridlock
up here up here
we real climate control
our voices permute through
various stages of post-recognition,
vibrate in
ideal air

sleepers molded into sleepers

sky lids

Horn man lay out!

"Half-real
We blow the sentence pure and real"

ghost rattle radiators
money card banking full of neon and begging
in mid July freeze
drop out of digital transmission space
just look OUT
thermo-sealed image screens—
the urban hyperreal:
steel rims and rain
asphalt trucking concrete barriers
rot stink and tarspit sidewalks:
tall buildings which leap ambulance flash
Supers roaming streets
Lavazzi

eating tongue in basements;
families hung alive between walls
according to contract.
tier on tier fronting corridors
of cry shop beg rusheat
sleep curse shit kisswander
strollbaby mug make a deal
sex watch color coordinate appointments
pisspants poverty buy buy buy scream’n
die plentitude and fix toilets?
Egghhh...! [percussion] AAhhooo...!
Arrrooo...! AAhhooo...!

* so, can we meet sometime for coffee?

**

[scat]
I see
ghosted pen and writing pad in public
window—
everything out there
walking planted speeding rubber locked
to signs crawling reeling
through chest head notebook
kneepoised; someone, or you, blond hair
knotdrawn, gazing through her(your)elves—
my eye faint bull’s-eye
superimposed on mimosa
body, irongrated...

substantial bodies, we could touch;
scrubbing through
equidistant reflections.
sun flare
in upper window.
slow tidal shift
of glass between panes,
sleight of eye.

It’s a matter of resonance,
distinctions.
say Savannah—
built on the dental edge
of Manhattan:
some trees shadow play on
sidewalks after rain;
long legs diaphanous skirt lick
super model tan tone
Samannah—
magnolia breeze
sleep pace
marsh freeway...
Mansattan:
lost muttering into his beard,
secondhand Alligator,
passing below my window seat,
sinks into shade saddened sidewalks...
winter evening.
it comes wrapped in paper.
my eye swims...
in the street,
a man zips candlelight into his coat.

Somewhere
whirlpools of jazz fingerings of steam
behind glass.
Blend
cigarette butts, crumpled bags, an elbow,
black tar of sputum, holey sole
knuckles of excrement.

To get out, got to...

buildings etched out of sky
blonde hair blowing in wind, street in shade
puzzle piece of dark brick facade
city’s not safe—
architectural negative.

streets alive
with the speeding differential of dreams.

heads packets of illusion and perceptions—
of vowels, wind scattered;
twist and shift in each other’s arms;
brown chest rhyming chocolate legs—
June dusk choreography.

*  
across the river
sun setting
behind condominiums
in a halo of flame.

*  
heyhiok!

[scat]
ginger river
wake walk
rail slide ride
hey tide!
ball park run shorts
blanket grass dog whistle
wine high cinder laughter—watch...
here no let me...
grip figurenotes
gnat flit
lost a spoon,
or toon,
and dusk reading scat fish
through screen-less bright light
over there...
floating houses lock out.

kiss the asphalt.
those your blade feet
yeeaaah!
ducks eat bagels.
leafy sky
spice you.

*  
Horn man lay out.

"That’s what we’re trying to tell’em,
man,
There aren’t any angels except when
You and me blow’em."

*  
pigeons flock
to an old man
with a bagful of crumbs
paradise needles.
no fronds fall.

HOME