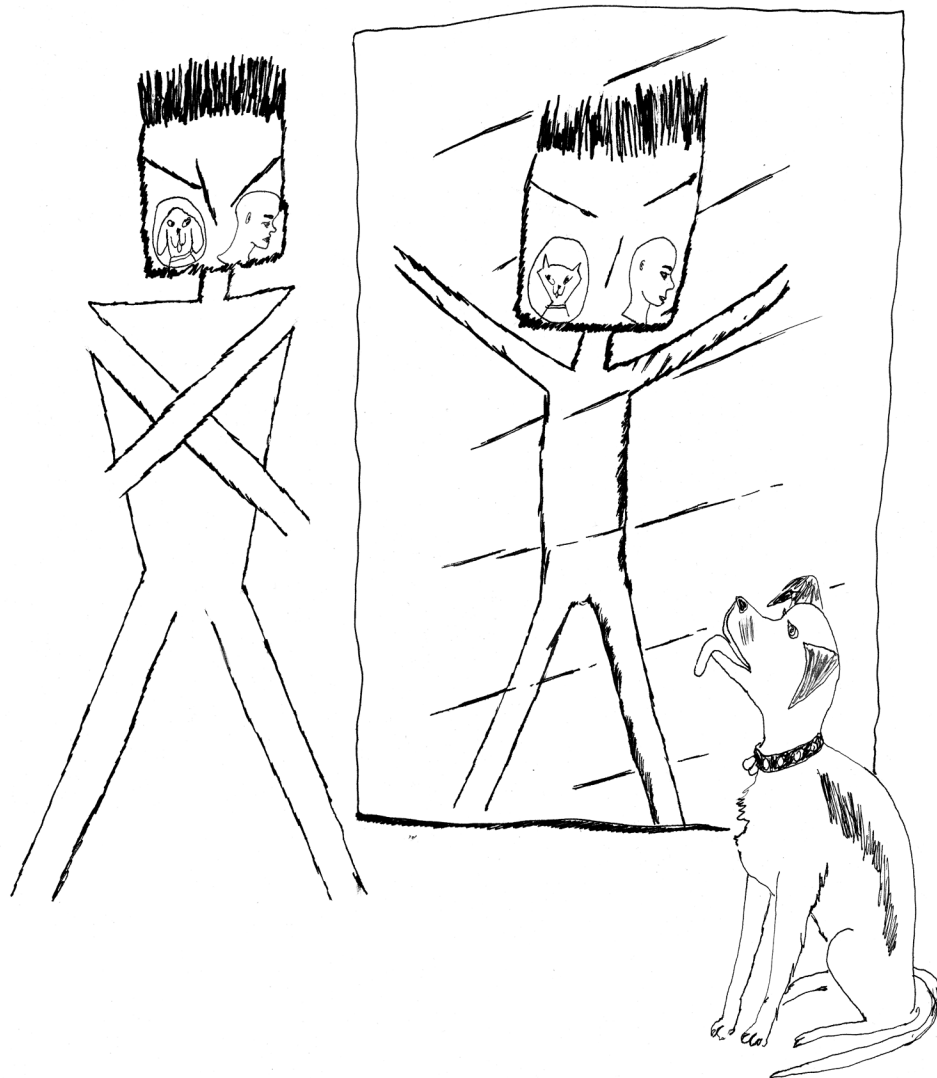


# Adorno and



# Nose

# Adorno and Nose

words by Barry Doupé

music by James Whitman

*Adorno and Nose* was first commissioned  
by the Office of Cultural Affairs of the  
City of Vancouver.

Ten songs were installed as bus shelter posters  
throughout Vancouver, British Columbia in the  
fall of 2011.

# A Drawing of a Child

Words: Barry Doupé  
Music: James Whitman

**Allegro moderato**

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato'. The lyrics are written below the staff, with line numbers 5, 10, 16, 20, 25, 29, 33, 38, 42, 46, 51, and 54 indicating the start of new lines of music. The lyrics are as follows:

I am ex-press-ing my tight curve. This was my on-ly Birth-day. I was thir-teen. It was the re-sis-tance of shape. I can't  
see be-yond a blue-ness of the sky. Dry your blank-et in the ri-ver of mis-takes. There's white paint and your face is beau-ti-ful. Am-i-na-dab,  
is the birth-mark. I want to make, a por-trait, but with tools that e-rase e-very-thing they look at. A curve that is warm. Not male  
and fe-male. With the stroke of a pen I halve my-self: Male and non male. Ev-ery-thing round in-vites a ca-ress in a  
di-vi-sion that is -n't math-i-ma-ti-cal, I am my en ti - re self. Blue waits for its turn in the palm of re- pose. When art is a lost art  
it-self. Paint strokes are non de-struc-tive. If she were my wife, I'd ne-ver part with that birth- mark. Lips more like lips be-cause they  
were less like lips, flood the dark-ened rooms of art. You have a pic-ture of life with-in you. If a truck crash-es through your bed-room win-  
dow to-day, you could-n't clean it, your mom would have to help you do it. It's best not to think. The sailors spoiled his fa-vor  
ite cloak by pow-der-ing it with flo-ur. Be-fore your birth-day, I had ne-ver con-front-ed the i-dea that you had been born,  
— full or emp-ty. — I said a cou-ple of times how hard it would be to draw Char-lie Brown with two ge-o-met-ric  
all-y emp-ty non-re-al-i-ties. You for-get how to die wea-ring a hat to be worn by three wo-men si-mul-tan-e-ous-ly. But  
they act-ed like I'd said no-thing. You can't make up mem-or-ies, the way you can make up  
a draw-ing. To tell the truth blue is not a co-lour. It is emp-ti-ness, add-ed to emp-ti-ness.





# Clock Without Hands

Words: Barry Doupè  
Music: James Whitman

**Moderate**

To have squeezed the un-i-verse in - to a ball. To roll it, to-wards some ov-er-whelm-ing ques-tion, To

5 *rubato*  
say: Did his hand fall off? No. He just has a real-ly long sleeve. The ho-ur that has no e - qual. The

9  
circle is going to ex-plode. Ev'ry se-cond the Earth is struck by four point five pounds of sun-light. He

13  
had made holes in the web of time, and rents in re-al-i-ty's dis-guise. Piz-za é-car-tè-le-ment,

16  
o-pens the source of app-e-tite, the size of flies. The su-mmer a-ges. Your arm-pit yawn-ing in-to the air. But

20  
some-thing felt out of place now that the un-i-verse was gone. The line be-tween nat-ur-al num-bers and in-

24  
fin-i-ty was wrong. Since man's hands are emp-ty, he must join them to-ge-ther. To bet-ter sense the void,

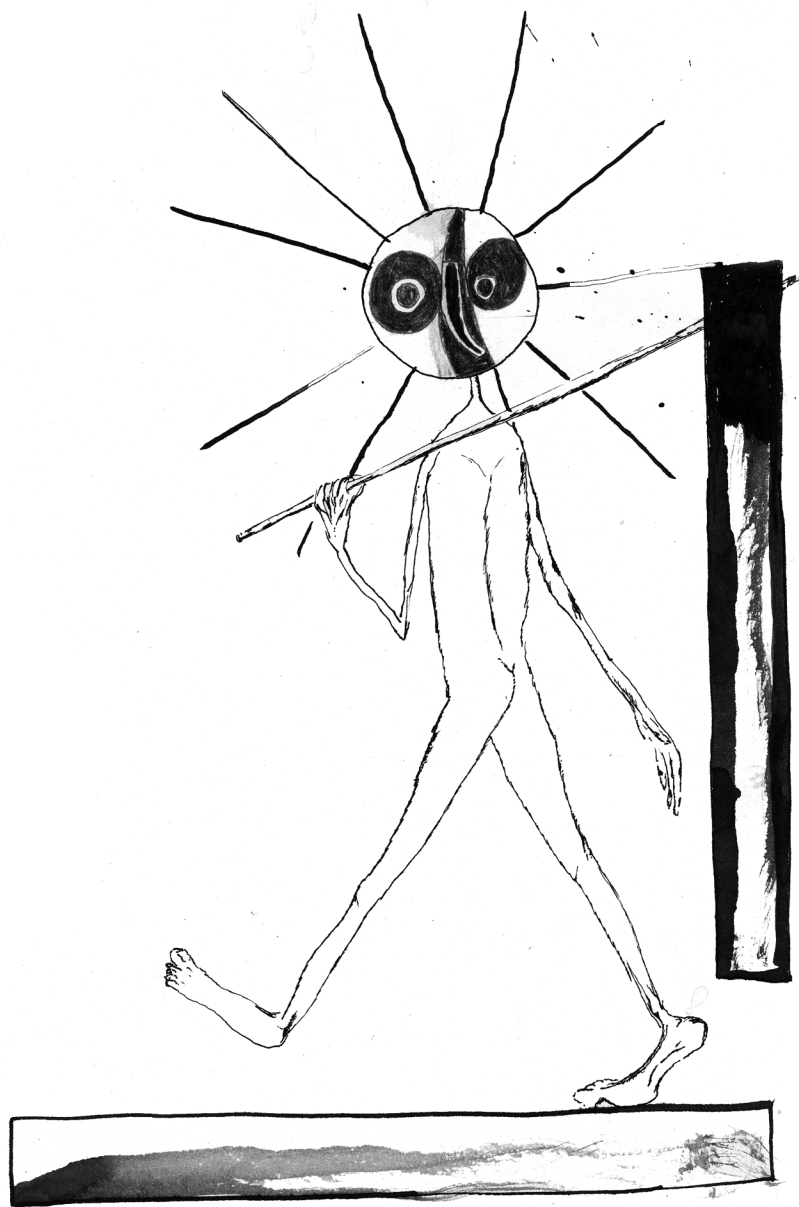
28  
so that they lend it their shape. Where si-lence is of-fered a place to stay. Where

31  
pim-ples last long-er than a head-ache. Sim-ul-tan-e-ous se-par-a-tion runs back-wards,

34  
in a race to the bot-tom. The clock shows you the ho-ur, that you want to see. The men of art have

38  
said: Yes, it's too late. Look, o-ver there, this e-pi-logue pre-ten-ding to be a sun-set.

*ritard.*



# The Sun's Burial

Words: Barry Doupé  
Music: James Whitman

**Quick, light**

What is the af - ter - noon?\_\_\_ The space be-tween mea-ning and i - mage. If you

4 break the Ten Co-mmand-ments, they will\_ break you.\_\_\_ Faith - ful to-wards the

7 West, I am not in the North.\_\_\_ Night pre-vents what day per-mits, when to-mor-row dies,

11 from the gen-tle curve of Clem-ent Green-berg's lips, re - peat - ed a-mong the sun-rise.

14 Faith - ful to-wards the North, I am not in the South. Some-times peo-ple just a -

17 pplaud, be-cause some-thing is o - ver. Does lis - ten - ing to flow-ers too much wear out

20 their co-lour? When a se - cret that is no long-er a se - cret, ad - mi - res an ad - mi - r - er of

24 Tar-get in the Fin-der. Faith-ful to-wards the South, I am not in the West.\_\_\_ Bur-ning all that is e -

28 vil does not guar-an-tee that the good will re-main. Is it im - a - gined? The fu -


31 ture? I ate the food and not its name. The ra-ging sick-ness of co-lour. Don't

34  

 try to sit be-tween two chairs. To im - i - tate that which a hole is meant to dig.

37  

 I-mmen-si - ty with no o- ther se-ting than it-self. I am in the cen-ter of all


40  

 that sur-rounds me. I am a dis-tant ad-mi-r-er of a tel-e-scope. Faith-ful to-wards the

44  

 West, I am not in the East.\_\_\_\_ With boun-dar-ies on all sides, where the base of a moun-tain


48  

 holds its know-ledge, this door to suc-cess was ver-y wide, but ver-y close to the ground.

52  

 In the light of the night. But don't blame the win-dow for the sky, be-cause Hump-ty the Dump-


55  

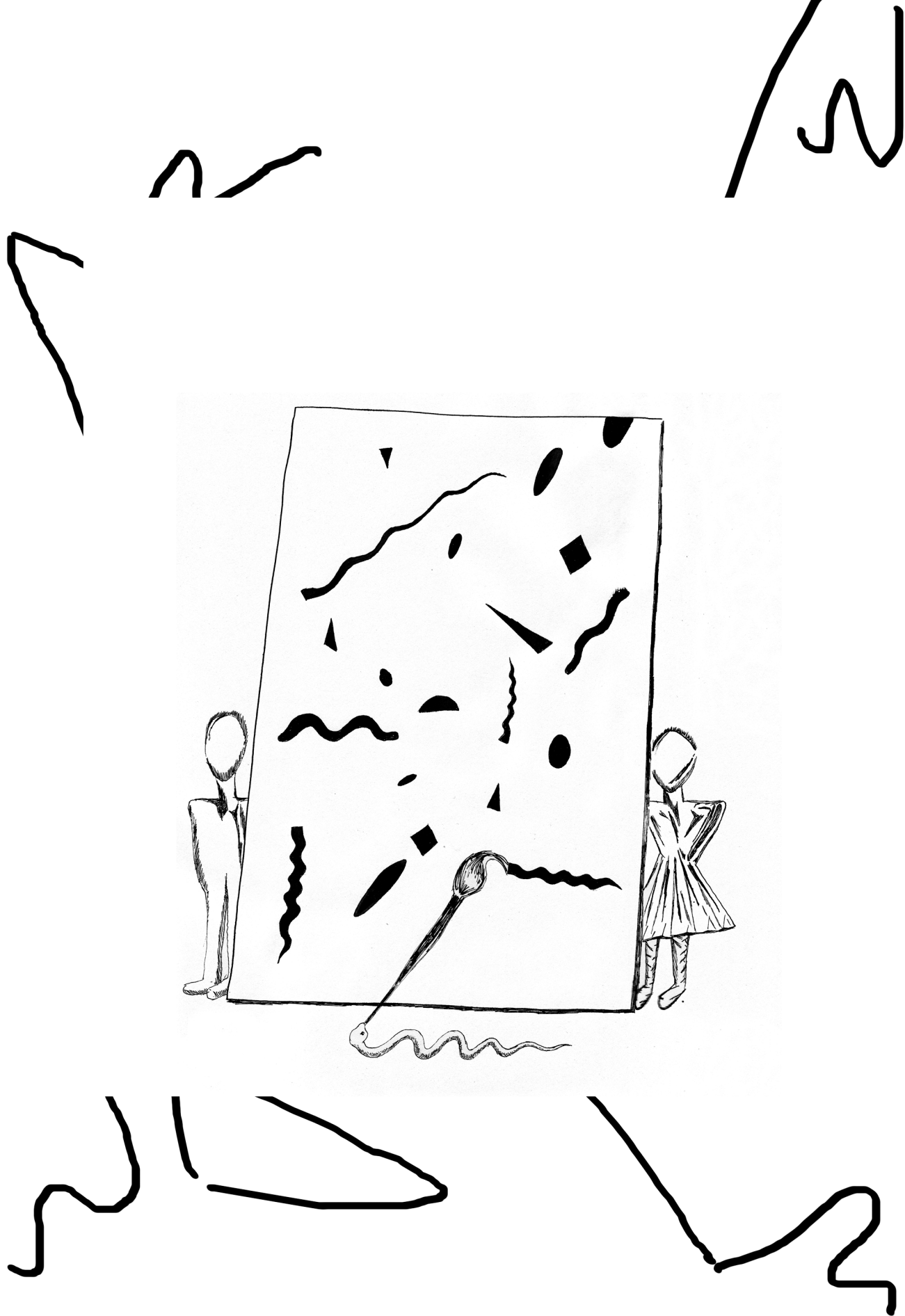
 ty was pushed, as a way to keep the beach ball in the air. In the light of

58  

 the night, the sky does-n't ex-act-ly know what it re-mem-bers. To con - ceal the sound of the

62  

 snap of a strap, in this looped ri - tu - al of re - pair,\_\_\_\_ u - pon a sun - burnt

65  

 back. The form-less flood of night was cut in half. I am not an - y - where.



# A Non-Chinese Girl Named Chyna

Words: Barry Doupé  
Music: James Whitman

**Presto**

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, 4/4 time. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Presto'. The lyrics are written below the staff, with line numbers 9, 16, 23, 30, 37, 44, 50, 57, 63, 70, 77, and 83 indicating the start of new lines of music. The lyrics are: 'I have the mind of a fea-ther, to make your life more a-bout you. Here is al-ways some-where else. Let there be two o - pen-ings in the back part of the plate. My coun-try is mine but not mine a-lone. You are the love which I have for you. What is more beau-ti-ful than a road? I'm loo-king for the face I had be - fore the world was made, like a bush that's burn- ing, but not burn-ing up. I no long-er think I can own what I name. Let my per-son sit next to me. Re-mem-ber your knife, the sis-ter of a gen - ius. You will def-inate-ly de-ter-mine I am pro-bab-ly be-side my self. You had an on-ion in your hand, you put it in mine and I fain- ted. You are the love which I have for you, you are the sis-ter of a ge-nius. You'll come out with your self, at least you won't be a-lone. The nape of your neck was like an in - let. Some-where there's a fea-ther fall-ing slow-ly from the sky, and a lost ar-chi- tect is loo-king for it. Your soul is weigh-ing you down, caught in a dream whose parts are not dis-junct but o-ver-re lat - ed. Her white clothes turned the earth of his heart up- side down. I am the love which you have for me. You will pro-bab-ly de-ter- mine I am def-inite-ly in-side my-self. I am a dog who can't tell the diff-erence be-tween re - al - i - ty and T V. He held me-mo-ry like a knife in his hand. Do dia-monds burn? I stabbed to death the re-flec-tion of a girl, with the re - flec-tion of a knife. For - ming a - gain, a - gain bro - ken. I re - flect my - self. One sha - dow lo-ving a - no - ther, or is the wa-ter on - ly sha - dow? And does your face on - ly re - flect there it's li - mi - ta - tion ?'

I have the mind of a fea-ther, to make your life more a-bout you. Here is al-ways some-where else. Let there be two

o - pen-ings in the back part of the plate. My coun-try is mine but not mine a-lone. You are the love which I have for you.

What is more beau-ti-ful than a road? I'm loo-king for the face I had be - fore the world was made, like a bush that's burn- ing, but

not burn-ing up. I no long-er think I can own what I name. Let my per-son sit next to me. Re-mem-ber your knife,

the sis-ter of a gen - ius. You will def-inate-ly de-ter-mine I am pro-bab-ly be-side my self. You had an on-ion in your hand, you

put it in mine and I fain- ted. You are the love which I have for you, you are the sis-ter of a ge-nius. You'll come out with your

self, at least you won't be a-lone. The nape of your neck was like an in - let. Some-where there's a fea-ther fall-ing slow-ly from the

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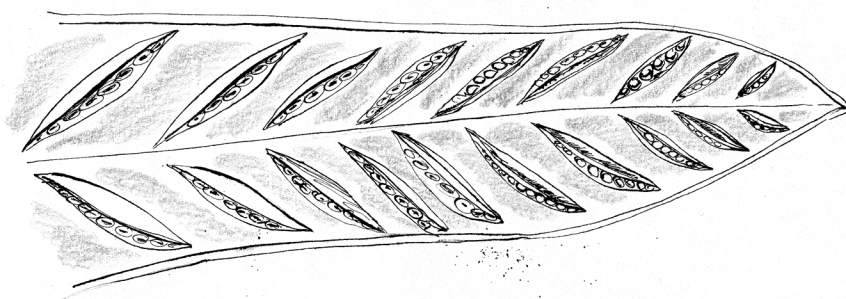
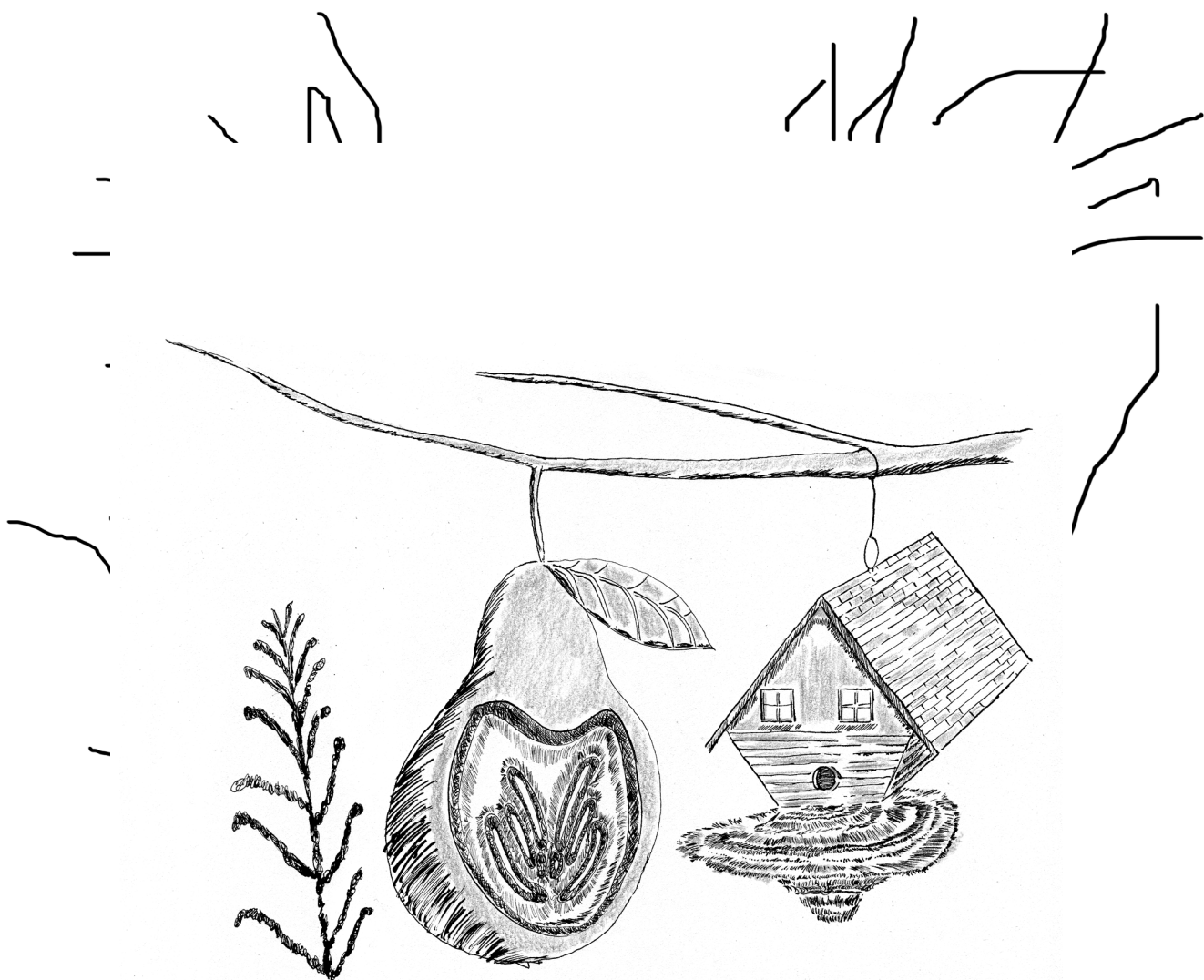
lat - ed. Her white clothes turned the earth of his heart up- side down. I am the love which you have for me. You will

pro-bab-ly de-ter- mine I am def-inite-ly in-side my-self. I am a dog who can't tell the diff-erence be-tween re - al - i - ty and T V. He

held me-mo-ry like a knife in his hand. Do dia-monds burn? I stabbed to death the re-flec-tion of a girl, with the re - flec-tion of a

knife. For - ming a - gain, a - gain bro - ken. I re - flect my - self. One sha - dow lo-ving a - no - ther, or

is the wa-ter on - ly sha - dow? And does your face on - ly re - flect there it's li - mi - ta - tion ?



# Hollywood As A Verb

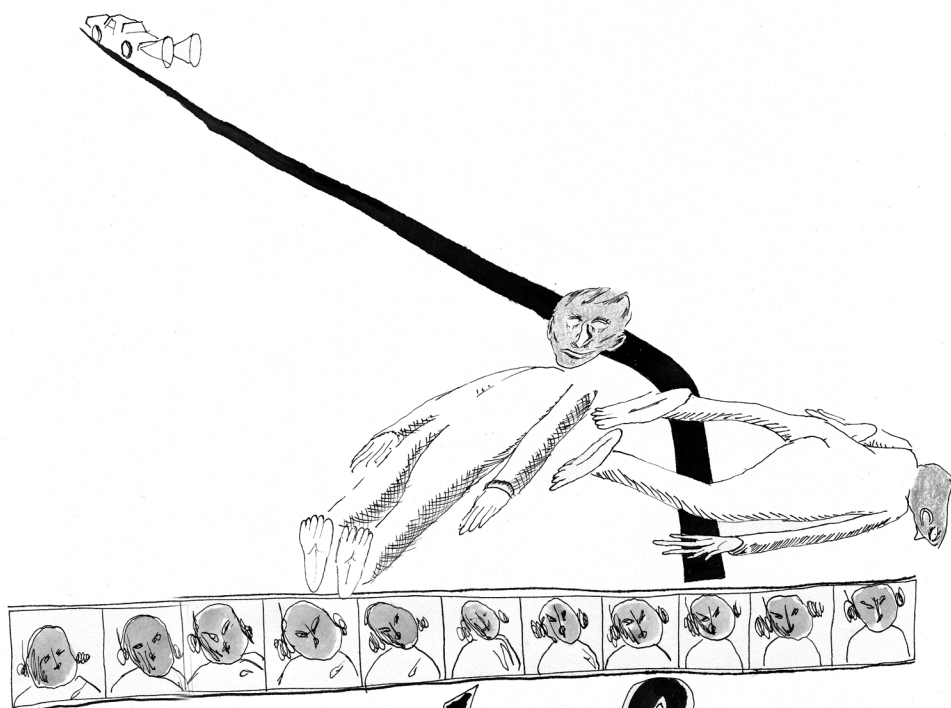
Words: Barry Doupé  
Music: James Whitman

## Allegro Affettuoso

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Allegro Affettuoso'. The lyrics are written below the staff, with line numbers 6, 11, 17, 23, 29, 35, 41, 47, 53, and 59 indicating the start of new lines of music. A 'rubato' marking appears above the staff at line 6. The score concludes with a double bar line at the end of line 59.

To hear the grass grow. My house, that of which the walls of which are on va-ca-tion. The light bulb  
6 *rubato*  
casts a sha-dow. Let scen-er-y take the ap-ause of, the au-di-ence. I in-vent-ed you. The wor-ld is an ad-jec-  
11  
tive. The en-ti-re un-i-verse speaks soft-ly, and I can hear the grass grow-ing green, in the eye of some-thing to be  
17  
ca-ressed, or plucked out, like fruit that hangs from a tree. A clap of thun-der, one star crash-es in-to a-no-ther.  
23  
The more I know,— the less I know.— I am the emp-ty al-tar. Fin-ding the truth has changed from fin-  
29  
ding a drop of wa-ter in the des-ert to fin-ding a drop of wa-ter in a fast flow-ing ri-ver. The  
35  
fruit that saves the tree. Ly-ing on the grass is a-bout the time I spend ly-ing un-der the grass, and  
41  
ev-ery bo-dy gets up to see be-tter but no-bo-dy sees an-y be-tter than if ev-ery-one were to re-main sea-ted.  
47  
The stage re-mains emp-ty. A blind man's def-i-ni-tion of beau-ty: Mar-riage be-tween full and emp-  
53  
ty. Cut-ting the grass with a pair of shoes pro-duced a half full and half emp-ty ba-by.— He stands  
59  
on a rock o-ver-loo-king a vall-ey. He does-n't no-tice the rock. He just stands on it.—





# A Novel Named Gadsby

Words: Barry Doupé

Music: James Whitman

Quick

The house with-out a key. What is the book writ-ten with-out us-ing the let-ter E? A walk on the

7 edge of the in-vis-a-ble, he tripped ov-er the lay-ing down po-lice man to form the let-ter T. There's one

12 yes, one no, and one may-be. An ear forms the let-ter G in-

17 side the sym-bol for Free-mas-on-ry. The house-wife a-wak-ens furn-i-ture that was a-sleep

21 by fol-ding lan-guage. Here's a chin in the form of wa-ter. If you want a ha-ppy en-ding you

25 have to know when to end your stor-y. He pulled a piece of art-work from his wal-let. Steal-ing

30 some-thing from Hea-ven, but not fi-re. Steal-ing a wal-let from Hea-ven. A-pol-i-

35 gi-zing for some-thing that has-n't hap-pened yet. By know-ledge of the first let-ter, one is fam-i-liar with the

39 *ritard.* *stately* whole alph-a-bet. Through a thin space the book was thrown. A-pol-i-giz-ing for some

43 thing that has-n't hap-pened yet. Un-til it has, as the book

46 lands safe-ly, in a-noth-er room.

# The Deceptive Figure Eight

Words: Barry Doupé  
Music: James Whitman

**Lively**



Is it in the shape of a square? Play-ing at ball with - out a ball. Love means no-thing



to a ten-nis play-er.\_\_\_\_ Im-pri-soned star caught in that ins-tant's free-zing.\_\_\_\_ Men a-bove wo-men,



be-low the waves.\_\_\_\_ Ad-dic-tion to sub-trac-tion, be-cause\_\_\_\_ the loop is looped. And



a doc-tor be-comes pa-tient. You can't kill a coin with Phi - los - o - phy. It both re -



veals and con-ceals. Wor-king while the boss was loo-king, he for- gets, how to sleep. An



es - ca-la-tor be-comes stairs, in that im-pri-soned in-stant's free-zing. Drink-ing wa-ter and ur-



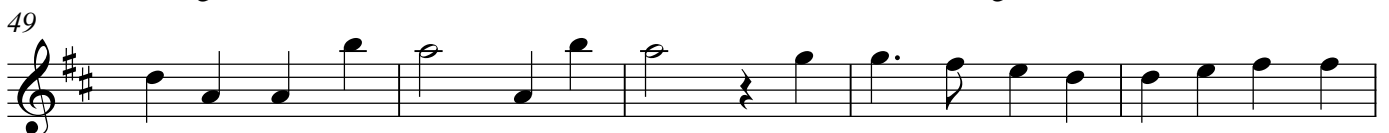
i - na-ting at the same time,\_\_\_\_ in a pu-ddle, the shape of a tear-drop, of



which my foot-steps re-veal the out - line. Where was the horse go-ing? And could it keep



star-ting? The first and the last time. I have some good news and some bad



news, or would it find, the en - ding? Two preg-nant wo-men are gi-ving birth

54



at the same\_\_ time. My jaw has two po-si-tions and the house is so close,

59



that it might as well be\_\_ far a-way,\_\_ man is a half o-pen be-ing, he has ne-ver seen

64



an-y-thing for the first time. How long is far a-way? Wear my hole on your hand.

69



\_\_ The house moves in both di-rect-tions, though to go in and go out are ne-ver sym-met-

75



ri-cal i-ma-ges.\_\_ It is in us as much as we are in it. A man goes on a

81



jour-ney, and a stran-ger comes to town. Are they twins?\_\_ There are some wo-men whose

86



cur-va-ture in-spi-res hope in the im-poss-i-ble. A knot tied in the

92



bar-rel of a gun.\_\_ I've seen the first and the last, ne-ver mind me. I've felt all

97



my sen-ses turned in-to one. How ma-n-y times does a heart beat in a life-time?

102

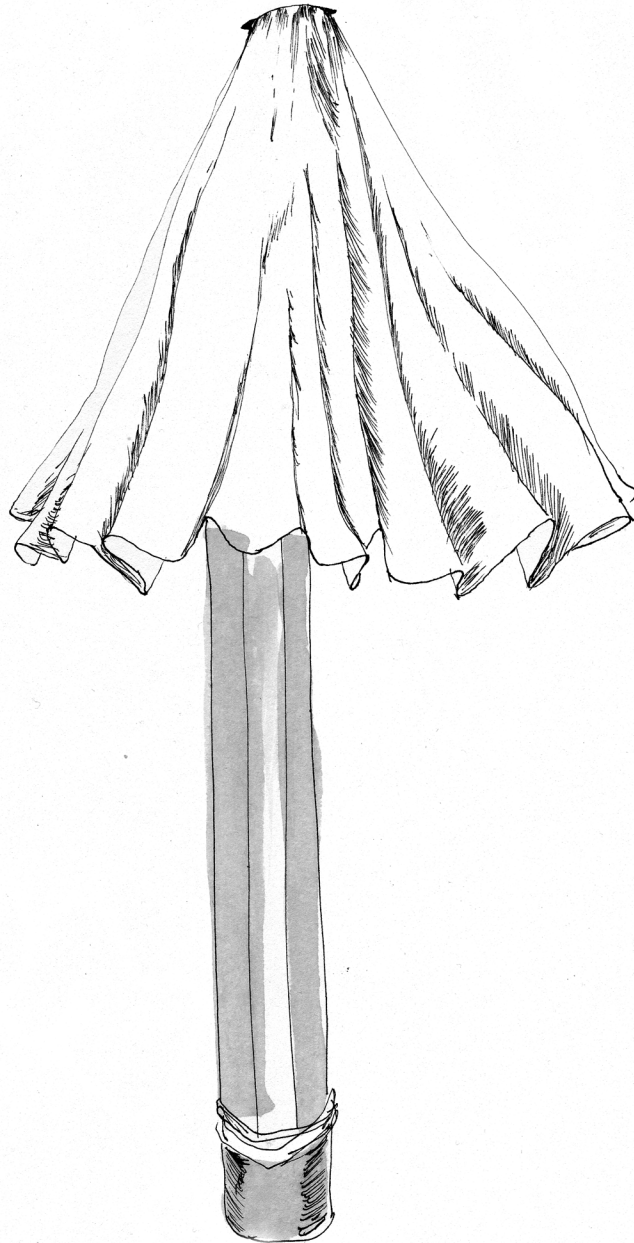
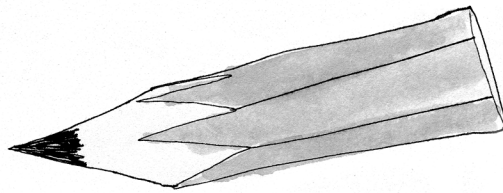


I've seen the be-gin-ning and now I've seen the en-ding. Night curves in-to the waist.

107



\_\_ The sea tou-ching the tip of the sea. But this is how she car-ries the sky on her face.



# Regret Paris

Words: Barry Doupé  
Music: James Whitman

**Moderato**



5 *Rubato*



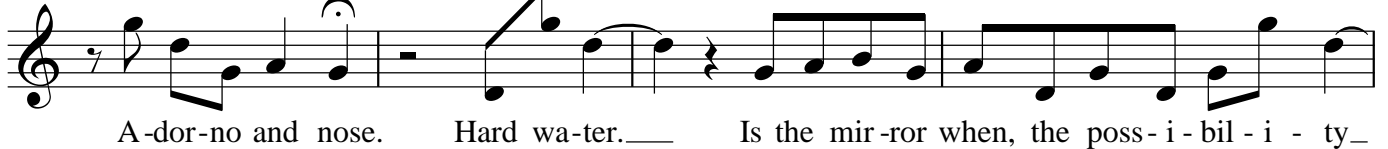
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14



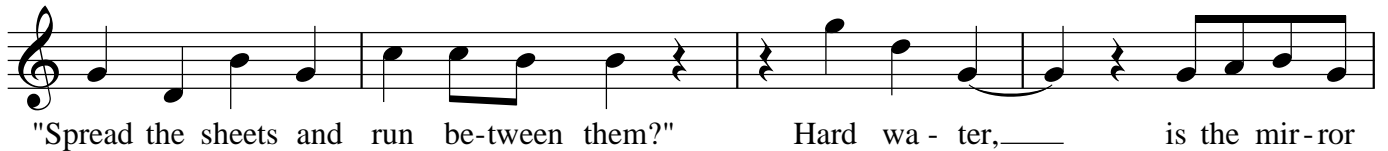
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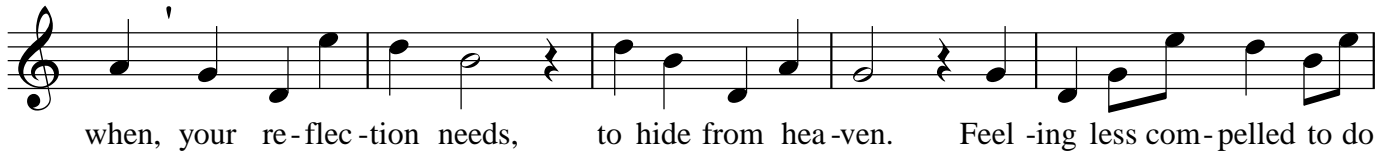
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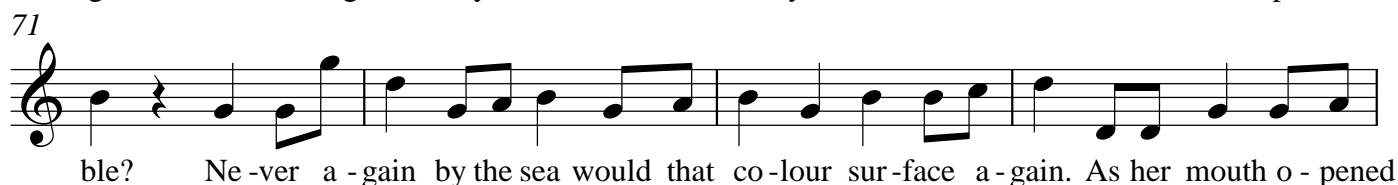
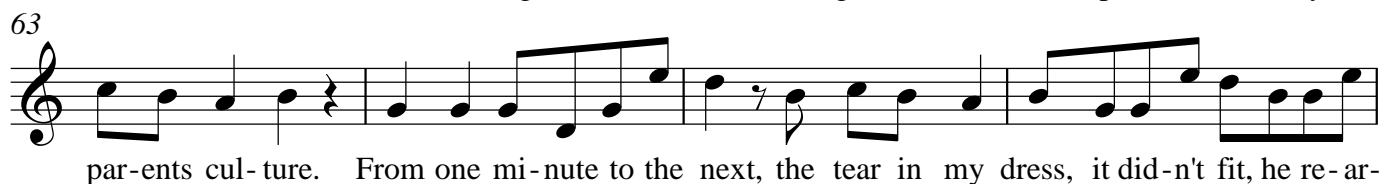


31



36









# Anyone Can Whistle

Words: Barry Doupé  
Music: James Whitman

Moderato

The musical score is written for a single voice part in 4/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. It consists of ten staves of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. The lyrics are: 'I was going to say some-thing but I for-got. A dog's voice car-ries fur-ther than a train, in the dark-ness an-y-way. You can im-i-tate the sound, but not the force by which it came.— One: you are on a train. Some-one saw you by the wa-ter side. There's no -thing you can do a-bout that! Some-thing was trying to hear it-self, be -tween or-ches-tra and ear. But e - ven sound seemed to fail in this air, like the air was worn out, by carr-y - ing sounds too long. Don't you like the way I lose my- self? Two: you are tra-vel-ling in a chair. Bee -tho-ven went deaf from the sound of a- pplause. Be- cause the same air, that fills my lungs pre-vents me from rea - ching the bot -tom-less o - cean floor. Be-cause e-very man has a se-cret in him, and ma-ny die with-out fin-ding it. He grabs one boot and tucks it un- der his arm like a bou-quet of flow-ers. A door -

4

8

13

17

21

25

29

33

38

knob o-pens more of-ten than it clos-es.      The im-poss-i-ble rep-li-ca-tion of the last

note, voiced as big as the sea. I was pret - ty e - nough, a day like this could re-sem

ble me! The wa-ter was cold warm and hot. Re-cons-ti-tut - ed the steam rose from the ground.

She tells him the world needs peo-ple like him,\_\_\_ which lan-ded in his ear. And Hap-good

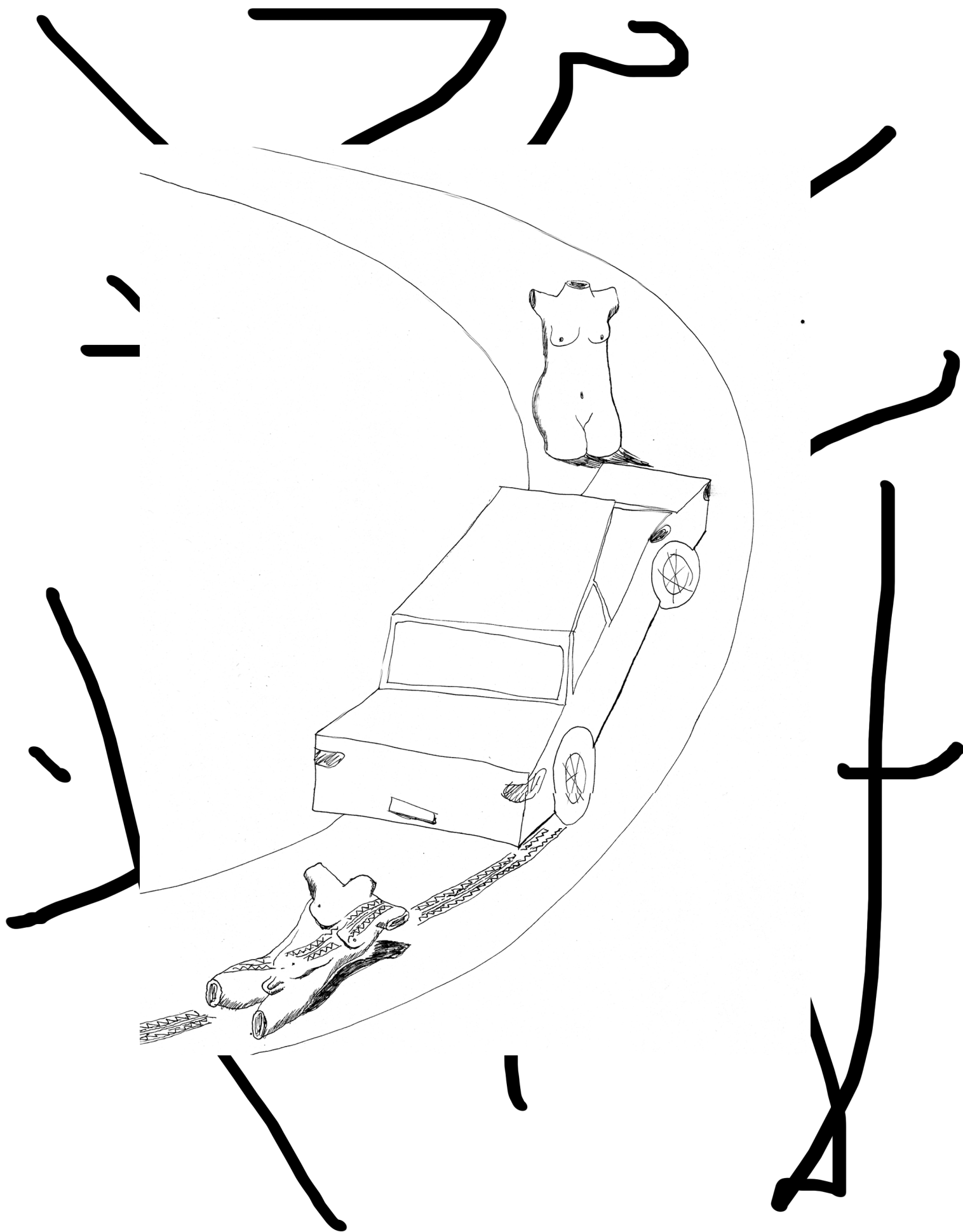
can't, turn him-self in. Let my mu-sic bur-y it-self in - side the va-cant lot in which I was

go - ing to say some - thing, but I for - got. Three: you are tra-vel-ling past a train

That's good e-nough for me. The wa - ter be - gins flow - ing from her head, she tries to whist - l

and,                    wa - ter    flows    like   the   wind    but           heav - i - er    and thick - er\_\_\_\_\_

— as the train passes and whistles for her instead.



# Why Didn't You Tell Me Mother Has Been Writing To Me All These Years?

Words by Barry Doupé  
Music by James Whitman

**moderate**

*moderate*

I took the Car. Af-ter that aw-ful night I don't have the cour-age\_ to go back to work

*rubato*

5 right a- way. I'll bring the car back in two or three days. You'll just need to ex-plain, that I

10 had to go to It - a - ly to do re - search for the com - pa - ny and since I had no mo - ney,

14 she in - sis - ted, I bo - row the car.\_\_\_\_ Ev - ery - thing went as planned,

18 I'll be back be - fore the be - gin - ning of the, in - ves - ti - ga - tion, if there is one. But

22 af - ter - wards, it - ll be just the two of us. Ev - ery - thing is go - ing well. The in -

26 vest - i - ga - tors came to see me... but they don't sus - pect a thing. Hur - ry back please. I'm go - ing

30 cra - zy with - out you. I love you, I love you. The wake of a ship points to

34 where it is. I am the space where I am: a rab - bit at rest. Our on - ly guide is our home - sick - ness. I'm

38 cat - ching up with the car, through it's head - lights. Why did - n't you tell me Mo - ther has been

41  
wri-ting to me all these years? Why did-n't you tell me why she writes? It is

44  
said to be im-pos-si-ble, to make a mo-vie a-bout a wri-ter, be-cause

47  
how can you show him, on-ly wri-ting? I'm your fa-ther. I can't be-cause I won't. A

51  
man rea-ding a mys-ter-y finds out too late, that he is the mur-der-er's vic-tim.

54  
Our hands for-got-ten in each o-ther. Don't close the door close the space it-self.

57  
I can't be-cause I won't. Is there a con-nec-tion be-tween what you read and

60  
what you write? The Cup and the Lip and the Friend-ly Wit-ness. Don't let the house-wife put

64  
lang-uage in dan-ger. I'm your fa-ther. I was pro-tec-ting you. Try to i-ma-

68  
gine a per-son who did not have the cour-age, to re-ject him-self, and had to learn how to live with

72  
him-self af-ter that, and he him-self would not be ab-le to live with him-self af-ter

75  
that. A wri-ter is al-ways guil-ty of wri-ting— it must be men-tioned,

78  

 but men-tioned and for-got - ten. But how much does a poem weigh? Why do

81  

 birds fly up-side down o-ver It - a - ly? Was it a let - ter be-cause it was writ-ten

84  

 on pa-per? I'm go-ing a-way but I'll write to you. Ev-ery-thing I write in blue pen will be false, and

88  

 ev-ery-thing I write in red pen will be true. How ma-n-y times can I turn to talk to

92  

 some - one who is - n't there an - y-more? One man is one man, and two men

95  

 aren't some-thing else. Don't close the door, close the space it - self. One board is one

98  

 board, nailed to - ge - ther they might make some-thing else. Go - ing to Ha - va - na,

101  

 was tant - a-mount to go - ing to the lo - cal gro-cery store. Let - ters are to be

104  

 ei-ther an-swered or re-turned, but ne-ver ig-nored. All hap-py fam i - lies are hap-py in the same way,

108  

 as tight as the bark, a-round a tree. And all un-hap-py fam-i - lies are un-hap-py in differ-ent

112  

 ways. The pass-age be-comes, what it real-ly is. The let - ter re-mains un - an - swered.

# Too Much Air

Words: Barry Doupé

Music: James Whitman

**Andante**

4 I am laugh-ing, in - to the long stretch of sum-mers end. A-bout some-thing

4 *rubato*

7 — that makes no noise. — Co-lour that in - ten - si - fies and fades like

7

10 light it-self. It grew by in-ten-si-fi - ca - tion, not by ex - ten - sion. Is this stuff

10

13 air that per-mits you to suff-o-cate still? Is it po-ssi - ble. A kind of air.

13

16 I am tas - ting my-self in the mouth of the sun. The broom for -

16

20 gets a-bout the dust in the cor-ner. The light sound of forks a-against the sky. Space is no-

20

23 where. That's why par - a - me-dics don't run. In - ti-mate space, be comes the

23

26 cen-ter of all space. Help me to re-verse space. Space is blue and birds fly through it. —

26

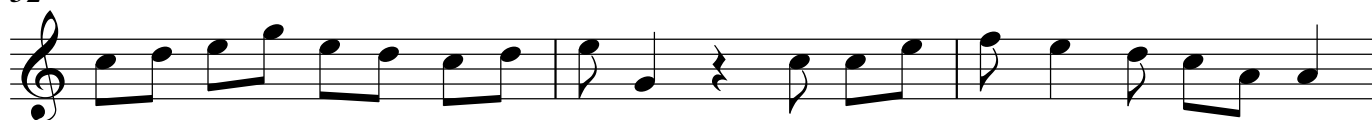
Your faith, had no more air to breathe. Through space, had I stopped the heart of all

29



life? Summ-er is trapped in - side of a mar-ble.. You cre-ate a world

32



that can on - ly hear the voice of wo - men, and I am laugh-ing in - to the long

35



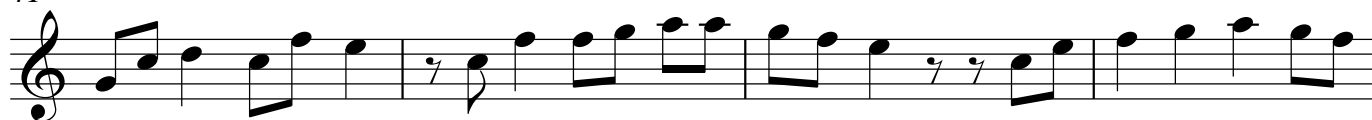
stretch, of summ-ers end. Black cars look bett-er in the shade of the fa-mily tree.

38



Ev-ery-thing takes form. E-ven in-fin - i - ty. I fin-ally stepped

41



on a stick and it broke. The sky is as blue as tra-ge-dy, held to - ge-ther by a ba-

45



lloon a-gainst a drop of wa-ter that's gone to drown in the sea. The

48



wor-ld is a fun-ny place. The more I know the less I know. Is it a com-e- dy?

52



Be- cause, *ritard.* I am laugh-ing in-to the long stretch of summ-ers end.



## Regret Paris

Oh, Renoir,  
you don't have to go very far.  
Life is short,  
but it's the longest thing any of us do.  
The silence of a boy is hard to endure,  
but endure mine I beg you.  
You take a photo of a mirror.  
Gender is a kind of imitation  
for which there is no original.  
The mirror has two noses.  
Adorno's Nose.  
Adorno and Nose.

Hard water is the mirror when  
the possibility,  
to swallow what he said:  
"what if I never make another sandwich again?"  
or  
"spread the bedsheets and run between them?"  
Hard water is the mirror when  
your reflection needs to hide from heaven.

Feeling less compelled to do well,  
in a shoe with a broken heel from which there is no escape.  
With a truck that wants to be stronger than the pitch dark of night.  
You can't tidy up people  
the way you can tidy up a room.  
Redirect the burden  
of the afternoon.  
Men can't swim before they are able to.

Oh, Renoir,  
it takes a new emotion  
to invent a new emotion.  
This attitude with women does not develop in a small suitcase.  
Women's legs are not table legs.  
Stuffed it up the hole  
of your parents culture.

From one minute to the next  
the tear in my dress,  
it didn't fit, he rearranged it,  
the longest days at the end of the year.  
Au revoir,

Is it possible?  
Never again, by the sea would that colour surface again.  
As her mouth opened slightly to the air  
and she grew impatient to receive him there.  
Regret Paris, and the  
summer days that don't exist in December.

### **Anyone Can Whistle**

I was going to say something but I forgot.  
A dog's voice carries further than a train,  
in the darkness anyway.  
You can imitate the sound  
but not the force from which it came.  
One: you are on a train.  
Someone saw you by the waterside.  
There's nothing you can do about that.  
Something was trying to hear itself,  
between orchestra and ear.  
But even sound seemed to fail in this air,  
like the air was worn out with carrying sounds too long.  
Don't you like the way I lose myself?

Two: you are traveling in a chair.  
Beethoven went deaf from the sound of applause.  
Because the same air that fills my lungs  
prevents me from touching the bottomless ocean floor.  
Because every man has a secret in him,  
and many die without finding it.  
He grabs one boot and tucks it under his arm like a bouquet of flowers.  
A doorknob opens more often than it closes.  
The impossible replication of the last note  
voiced as big as the sea.  
I was pretty enough,  
a day like this could resemble me.  
The water was cold, warm and hot.  
Reconstituted the steam rose from the ground.  
She tells him the world needs people like him,  
which landed in his ear.  
And Hapgood can't turn himself in.  
Let my music bury itself inside  
the vacant lot in which I was going to say something  
but I forgot.

Three: you are travelling past a train.  
That's good enough for me.

The water begins flowing from her head,  
she tries to whistle and,  
water flows like the wind but heavier and thicker  
as the train passes and whistles for her instead.

### **Too Much Air**

I am laughing into the long stretch of summers end.  
About something that makes no noise.  
Color that intensifies and fades like light itself.  
It grew by intensification,  
not by extension.  
Is this stuff air that permits you to suffocate still?  
Is it possible.  
A kind of air.  
I am tasting myself in the mouth of the sun.  
The broom forgets about the dust in the corner.  
The light sound of forks against the sky.  
Space is nowhere.  
That's why paramedics don't run.  
Intimate space,  
becomes the centre of all space.  
Help me to reverse space.  
Space is blue and birds fly through it.  
Your faith had no more air to breathe.  
Through space,  
Had I stopped the heart of all life?  
Summer is trapped inside of a marble.  
You create a world that can only hear the voice of women,  
and I am laughing into the long stretch  
of summers end.  
Black cars look better in the shade  
of the family tree.  
Everything takes form.  
Even infinity.  
I finally stepped on a stick and it broke.  
The sky is as blue as tragedy,  
held together by a balloon  
against a drop of water that's gone to drown in the sea.  
The world is a funny place.  
The more I know the less I know.  
Is it a comedy? Because I am  
laughing into the long stretch of summers end.

## **A Novel Called Gadsby**

The house without a key.  
What is the book written without using the letter e?  
A walk on the edge of the invisible,  
he tripped over the laying down police man to form the letter T.  
There's one yes, one no and one maybe.  
An ear forms the letter G  
inside the symbol for Freemasonry.

The housewife awakens furniture that was asleep  
by folding language.  
Here's a chin in the form of water.  
If you want a happy ending you have to know when to end your story.  
He pulled a piece of artwork from his wallet.  
Stealing something from heaven, but not fire.  
Stealing a wallet from heaven.  
Apologizing for something that hasn't happened yet.  
By knowledge of the first letter,  
one is familiar with the whole alphabet.

Through a thin space the book was thrown.  
Apologizing for something that hasn't happened yet.  
Until it has,  
as the book lands safely in another room.

## **The Sun's Burial**

What is the afternoon?  
The space between meaning and image.  
If you break the Ten Commandments  
they will break you.

Faithful towards the West,  
I am not in the North.

Night prevents what day permits.  
When tomorrow dies,  
from the gentle curve of Clement Greenberg's lips,  
repeated among the sunrise.

Faithful towards the North,  
I am not in the South.

Sometimes people just applaud  
because something is over.

Does listening to flowers too much wear out their color?  
When a secret that is no longer a secret  
admires an admirer of Target in the Finder.

Faithful towards the South,  
I am not in the West.

Burning all that is evil does not guarantee that the good will remain.  
Is it imagined? The future?  
I ate the food and not its name.  
The raging sickness of color.  
Don't try to sit between two chairs.  
To imitate that which a hole is meant to dig.  
Immensity with no other setting than itself.  
I am in the centre of all that surrounds me.  
I am a distant admirer of the telescope.

Faithful towards the West,  
I am not in the East.

With Boundaries on all sides,  
where the base of a mountain holds its knowledge  
this door to success was very wide,  
but very close to the ground.  
In the light of the night.  
But don't blame the window for the sky,  
because Humpty the Dumpty was pushed  
as a way to keep the beach ball in the air.  
In the light of the night  
the sky doesn't exactly know what it remembers.  
To conceal the sound of the snap of a strap,  
in this looped ritual of repair,  
upon a sun burnt back.  
The formless flood of night  
was cut in half.  
I am not anywhere.

### **Clock Without Hands**

To have squeezed the universe into a ball.  
To roll it toward some overwhelming question,  
To say:  
Did his hand fall off? No. He just has a really long sleeve.  
The hour that has no equal.  
The circle is going to explode.  
Every second the earth is struck by 4.5 lbs of sunlight.

He had made holes in the web of time and rents in reality's disguise.  
Pizza écartèlement opens the source of appetite  
the size of flies.  
The summer ages.  
Your armpit yawning into the air.  
But something felt out of place now that the universe was gone.  
The line between natural numbers and infinity was wrong.  
Since man's hands are empty, he must join them together.  
To better sense the void,  
so that they lend it their shape.  
Where silence is offered a place to stay.  
Where pimples last longer than a headache.  
Simultaneous separation runs backwards  
in a race to the bottom.  
The clock shows you the hour that you want to see.  
The men of art have said: Yes it's too late.  
Look, over there, this epilogue pretending to be a sunset.

### **The Deceptive Figure Eight**

Is it in the shape of a square?  
Playing at ball without a ball.  
Love means nothing to a tennis player.  
Imprisoned star caught in the instant's freezing.  
Men above women below the waves.  
Addiction to subtraction  
because  
the loop is looped.  
And a Doctor becomes patient.  
You can't kill a coin with Philosophy.  
It both reveals and conceals.  
Working when the boss is looking  
he forgets how to sleep.

An escalator becomes stairs  
in that imprisoned instant's freezing.  
Drinking water and urinating at the same time  
in a puddle the shape of a tear drop,  
of which my footsteps reveal the outline.

Where was the horse going?  
And could it keep starting?

The first and the last time,  
I have some good news and some bad news.  
Or would it find

the ending?

Two pregnant women are giving birth at the same time.

My jaw has two positions

and the house is so close

that it might as well be far away.

Man is a half open being,

he has never seen anything for the first time.

How long is far away?

Wear my hole on your hand.

The house moves in both directions,

though to go in and come out are never symmetrical images.

It is in us as much as we are in it.

A man goes on a journey, and a stranger comes to town.

Are they twins?

There are some women whose curvature inspires hope in the impossible:

A knot tied in the barrel of gun.

I've seen the first and last, never mind me.

I've felt all my senses turned into one.

How many times does a heart beat in a lifetime?

I've seen the beginning and now I see the ending.

Night curves into the waist.

The sea touching the tip of the sea.

But this is how she carries the sky on her face.

### **A Non-Chinese Girl Named Chyna**

I have the mind of a feather,

to make your life more about you.

Here is always somewhere else.

Let there be two openings in the back part of the plate.

My country is mine but not mine alone.

You are the love which I have for you.

What is more beautiful than a road?

I'm looking for the face I had before the world was made,

like a bush that's burning but not burning up.

I no longer think I can own what I name.

Let my person sit next to me.

Remember your knife,

the sister of a genius.

You will definitely determine I am probably beside myself.

You had a onion in your hand.

You put it in mine and I fainted.

You are the love which I have for you.

You are the sister of a genius.

You'll come out with yourself at least you won't be alone.

The nape of your neck was like an inlet.  
Somewhere there's a feather falling slowly from the sky,  
and a lost architect is looking for it.  
Your soul is weighing you down,  
caught in a dream whose parts are not disjunct but overrelated.  
Her white clothes turned the earth of his heart upside down.  
I am the love which you have for me.  
You will probably determine I am definitely inside myself.  
I am a dog that can't tell the difference between reality and TV.  
He held memory like a knife in his hand.  
Do diamonds burn?  
I stabbed to death the reflection of a girl  
with the reflection of a knife.  
Forming again, again broken.  
I reflect myself.  
One shadow loving another.  
Or is the water only shadow,  
and does your face only reflect there it's limitation.

### **A Drawing of a Child**

I am expressing my tight curve.  
This was my only birthday. I was thirteen.  
It was the resistance of shape.  
I can't see beyond a blueness of the sky.  
Dry your blanket in the river of mistakes.  
There's white paint and your face is beautiful.  
Aminadab is the birthmark.  
I want to make a portrait,  
but with tools that erase everything they look at.  
A curve that is warm.

Not male and female.  
With the stroke of a pen I half myself:  
Male and non-male.  
Everything round invites a caress.  
in a division that isn't mathematical,  
I am my entire self.  
Blue waits for its turn  
in the palm of repose.  
When art is a lost art itself.  
Paint strokes are nondestructive.  
If she were my wife,  
I'd never part with that birth-mark.



Lips more like lips because they were less like lips  
flood the darkened rooms of art.  
You have a picture of life within you.  
If a truck crashes through  
your bedroom window today,  
you couldn't clean it,  
your mom would have to help you do it.  
It's best not to think.  
The sailor spoiled his favorite cloak by powdering it with flour.  
Before your birthday  
I had never confronted the idea that you had been born,  
full or empty.  
I said a couple of times how hard it would be to draw Charlie Brown  
with two geometrically empty non-realities.  
You forget how to die  
wearing a hat to be worn by three women simultaneously.  
But they acted like I'd said nothing.  
You can't make up memories  
the way you can make up a drawing.  
To tell the truth, blue is not a color.  
It is emptiness added to emptiness.

### **Hollywood as a Verb**

To hear the grass grow.  
My house,  
that of which the walls of which are on vacation.  
The lightbulb casts a shadow.  
Let scenery take the applause of the audience.  
I invented you.  
The world is an adjective.  
The entire universe speaks softly  
and I can hear the grass growing green  
in the eye of something to be caressed  
or plucked out, like fruit that hangs from a tree.

A clap of thunder,  
one star crashes into another.  
The more I know the less I know.  
I am the empty altar.  
Finding the truth has changed from finding a drop of water  
in the desert to finding a drop of water  
in a fast flowing river.  
The fruit that saves the tree.  
Lying on the grass is about the time I spend lying under the grass,  
and everybody stands up to see better

but nobody sees any better  
than if everyone were to remain seated.  
The stage remains empty.  
A blind man's definition of beauty:  
Marriage between full and empty.  
Cutting the grass with a pair of shoes  
produced a half full and half empty baby.  
He stands on a rock looking over a valley.  
But doesn't notice the rock.  
He just stands on it.

### **Why Didn't You Tell Me Mother Has Been Writing to Me All These Years?**

I took the Car.  
After this awful night I don't have the courage  
to go back to work right away.  
I'll bring the car back in 2 or 3 days.  
You'll just need to explain  
that I had to go to Italy  
to do research for the company  
and since I had no money  
she insisted  
I borrow the car.  
Everything went as planned.  
I'll be back before the beginning of the  
investigation,  
if there is one.  
But afterwards, it'll be just the two of us.  
Everything is going well.  
The investigators came to see me...  
...but they don't suspect a thing.  
Hurry back, please.  
I'm going crazy without you.  
I love you,  
I love you.

The wake of a ship points to where it is.  
I am the space where I am:  
A rabbit at rest.  
Our only guide is our homesickness.  
I'm catching up with the car through its headlights.  
Why didn't you tell me Mother has been writing to me all these years?  
Why didn't you tell me why she writes?

It is said to be impossible  
to make a movie about a writer,

because how can you show him only writing?  
I'm your father.  
I can't because I won't.  
A man reading a mystery finds out too late  
that he is the murderer's victim.  
Our hands forgotten in each other.  
Don't close the door, close the space itself.  
I can't because I won't.  
Is there a connection between what you read  
and what you write?  
The Cup and the Lip and Friendly Witness.  
Don't let the housewife  
put language in danger.  
I'm your father. I was protecting you.  
Try to imagine a person who did not have the courage to reject himself,  
and had to learn how to live with himself after that,  
and he himself would not be able to live with himself after that.

A writer is always guilty of writing-  
It must be mentioned, but mentioned and forgotten.  
But how much does a poem weigh?  
Why do birds fly upside down over Italy?  
Was it a letter because it was written on paper?  
I'm going away but I'll write to you.  
Everything I write in blue pen will be false,  
and everything I write in red pen will be true.

How many times can I turn to talk to someone who isn't there anymore?  
One man is one man and two men aren't something else.  
Don't close the door, close the space itself.  
One board is one board.  
Nailed together they might make something else.  
Going to Havana was tantamount to going to the local grocery store.  
Letters are to be either answered or returned,  
but never ignored.  
All happy families are happy in the same way,  
as tight as the bark around a tree.  
And all unhappy families are unhappy in different ways.  
The passage becomes what it really is.  
The letter remains unanswered.