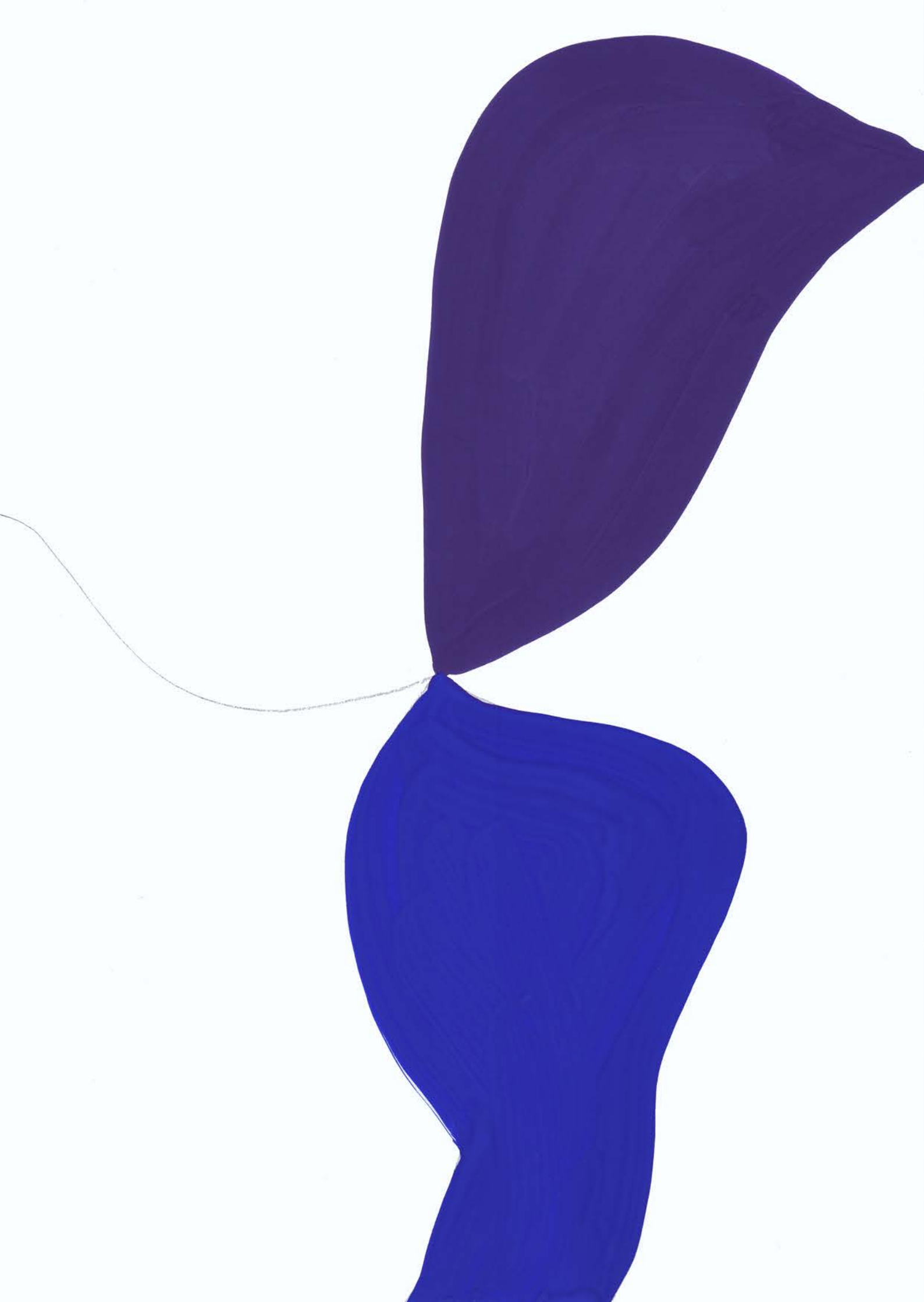


ACTUALITIES

Norma Cole
Marina Adams





*oh
live
it—*

*veer
in
air*



The Dream I Had Ended

“Now
I’m
free
of love
and of posters”

Mayakovsky
6.VI.1924

going back to an absent source, between object and score
brushing away flies with my thoughts the size of postcards burning
“three beautiful women from Prague”—I thought he said “burning”
talking about the picture

realism:--war is kind is the title of a poem the guy told me, a shell in the
kernel, those fluttering flags at the top of the tower, shadow of an arc
against the wall, sun spots on shadow wars

a woman looks at the toe of her boot inventing the present and presuming
a kind of accuracy or at least theatricality, tensions between elements
almost implausible, a fugue, a kind of authorial sampling, funnels

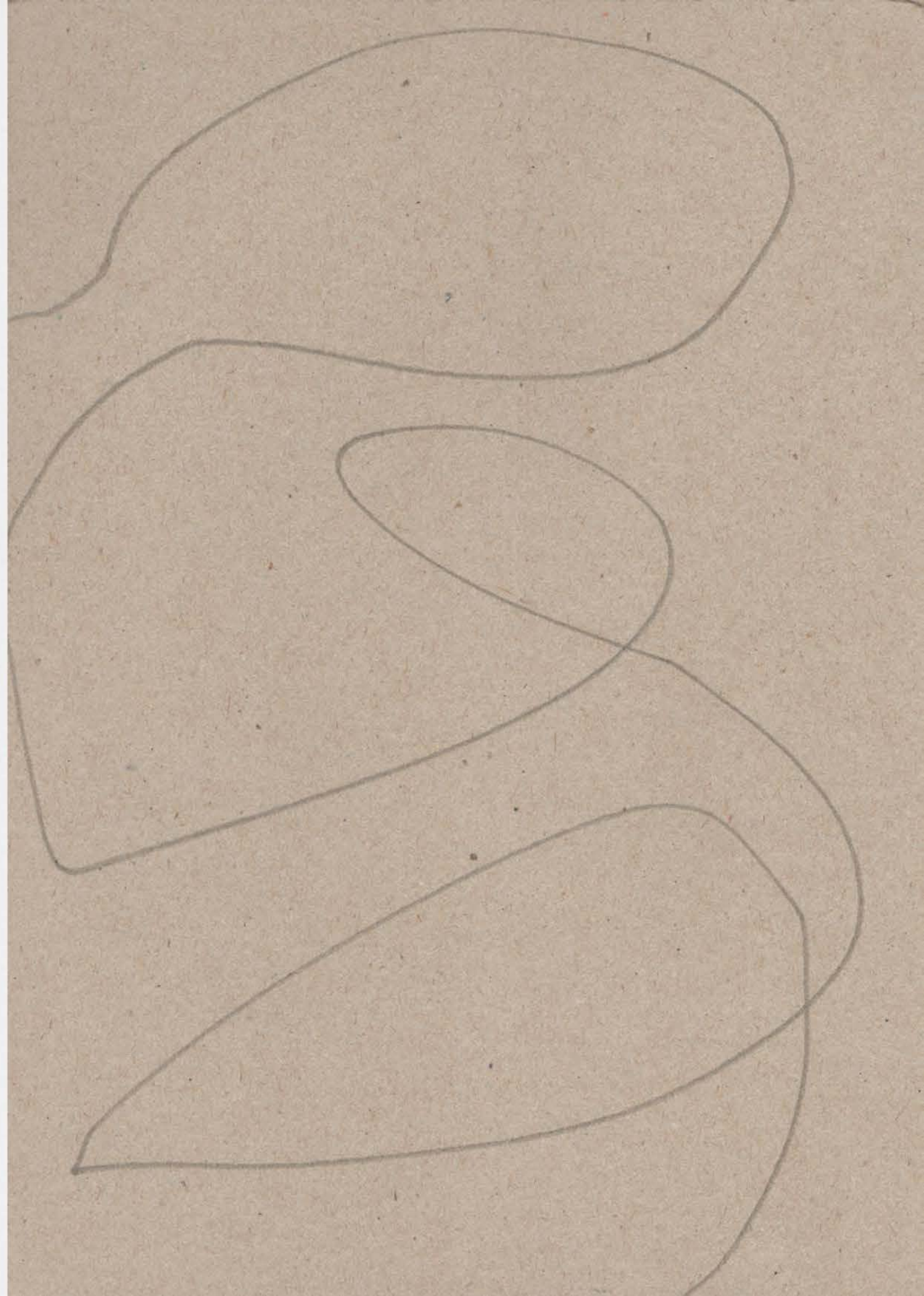
of forms of violence “evidence-based”—



“Let’s spit on Hegel”—Carla Lonzi

What is the nature of the relationship between the elves and wild boars? Where does Noah stand in the Ark? Who are the dancing Maenads? When will a silver birch tree grow in the kitchen*?

*This birch tree is already growing. Cf. *Wormwood Forest*, Mary Mycio.



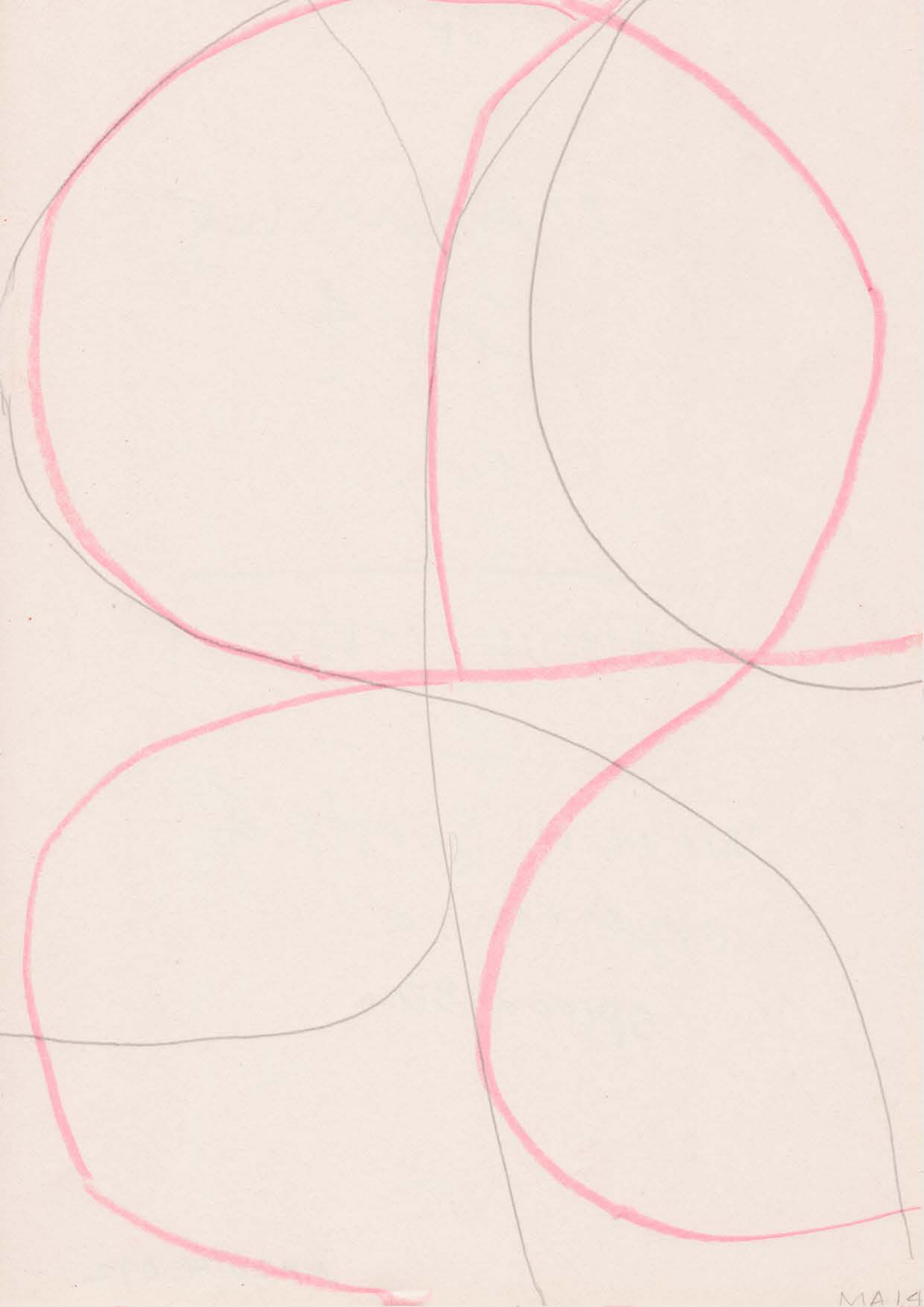


A planet
away from
shanty town,
signature soup,
the heat
comes on,

a car goes by,
you're smarter
than the
two of
us, "you
Earth I love,"

"you my
bright particular,"*
little gold
leaves, the
reality of
a laugh

*James Schuyler



"we're all guests of experience"

says Pasternak. Step away when the song is about to fall into the air. Everything gets short like those old etchings. Complete in your mind the balcony of history. Her white blouse untucked in this heat, car keys glittering in his hand as he walks away. A man falls onto the deck, hit but not sunk. He sits on the chair, looking over at the other chair. When we consider history—be quiet! Redeemable, we will get you a new dream. My memories, I leave them to you.