

Neighbor



by  
Ed Baker

# Neighbors

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1998 / 2015

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CALLING HER

SHADES

FU:SION

INTERSECTIONS

Drawings by Ed Baker

AROUSAL

## The Edge

On sill  
peering  
head tilted

towards  
so close  
I could  
smell  
her hair

see into  
green eyes

embrace a  
contradiction

briefly  
confused  
to get a  
better  
sense of

I climb  
higher

## A Valentine

white wall  
lean  
ladder  
against

to  
get to  
Neighbor

claim her  
attention

ritual is to  
*rap rap rap*  
on window

pain

face  
reflection in  
what comes  
back

to haunt  
what said  
startles as  
little gets us  
what is also

## Object Subject Predicates

untied knot  
legs were  
made

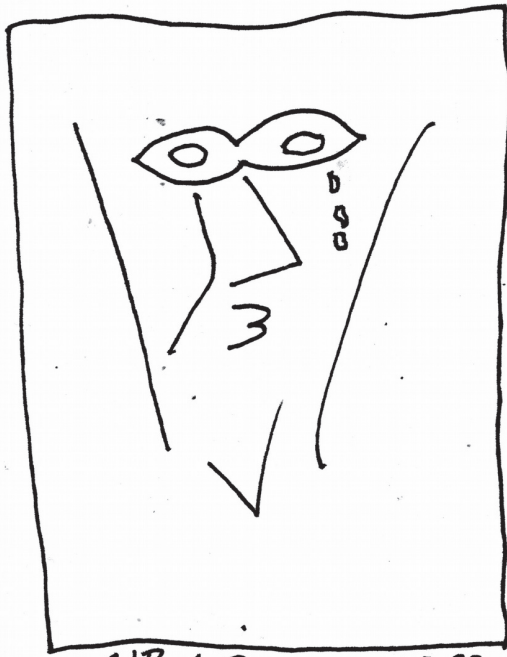
through window  
towards light her  
slitted eyes nearly  
just so mouth also

a little open hands  
palms up

his due that slap  
predicated upon  
touch

all ears  
turned towards  
sound tears fall  
into spring

purslane



Ed B...

3-7-98



## The Letter

What beside letter  
slipped  
under her kitchen

door three days  
lain on counter

unopened nor words  
the morning signals

risen with her blind  
smell also burning

through crack in open  
deliberately standing in

bared breasts and the  
leaves in a pile also

drawing all attention to  
my lingering in smells

of a woman awaiting  
invitations

## A Man Visits

Brought me in  
to sit beside  
her on a Friday

opened an expanse  
this woman was in  
everyday things

doing

two as one  
in my confusion

a direct object  
issued out of a  
loose fit blouse

dropping all  
pretensions

## Silhouette Awakens

days spent gazing  
through this window  
I swear

not a single muscle  
moved for days be-

tween glass and body  
and the light through  
just so

revealed skinny girl  
fronting this desire

legs' wrap into the curl  
pitch's towards a certain

knowing

“ MINE “

first suck  
ing head  
everything

that could

did get  
its doing  
conditioned  
such that

again  
caught  
in eye

hung-down  
hair in real

'tick' 'tick'

still

leaps  
into  
wants

shadows in  
suddenly  
through pain

moving  
images  
black hair

soft in its  
flick  
just so

the scar  
the hurt  
was not my  
doing

## The Set-up

He should have known  
better  
than to have worn

*that* hat  
for show

it had been a not-yet  
prepared for what  
went down

like a rabbit that  
the hat was made

what was in her head  
in my mind to switch  
her on

to memorialize the  
images : “my father

molested me when I was  
young, “ she presented

another want to tell her  
that the pain was not the

woman the girl was.

## The Touch

In this dark and quite  
place  
she handed me another

straight-up double whiskey  
clearly as chilled as was her  
hands     her lips     crossed

the room and quickly met  
in a moment I could not  
get out of

## The Silence 1

between her openings and closings  
everything depended hands went  
into

over  
under

as clear as seen through  
glass-half-empty gave  
an additional means to

the blue notes playing  
fast-picking strung out  
the notes

sharp a stretched an  
other trembled low  
into a twisted posture

wrap-around body stretch-  
ings into timeless places I  
might have paid her dearly

and quickly for another sip  
of rim-lips' bonded bite  
eaten her ripe fig from

tree of heaven between  
her there and me ...



arms legs as branches

wrapped the movements  
around twists in mind as  
flip of hair brushed by  
me as she danced  
'round

up-lifting summer dress  
full skirt rising fingers  
into each possibility as a

punctuate black-haired  
metaphor cannot do justice  
to that night (vision)

as before the obvious pass  
through went countless  
others' tracks in snow

Dead Ignition

green  
station  
wagon

parked  
between  
commitments

shadows  
moved

all inclinations

push  
it  
on

far  
beyond  
dead  
battery

whine  
had been  
unwelcome  
then & there

from here  
to there

jumper

cables

long

stretch

to

start

long-thin

body

hard

against

spark

February, 22, 1999

## Tall Standing Nude

fall of into  
1996  
October

something  
was just  
drawn

to duplicate  
on paper  
what in

mind  
reddened  
that green  
complexion

the source of  
a man's com-  
ing into what

heat  
shapes  
rising's

that  
came  
in  
waves

## The Move Held

pressed  
against  
the  
moment

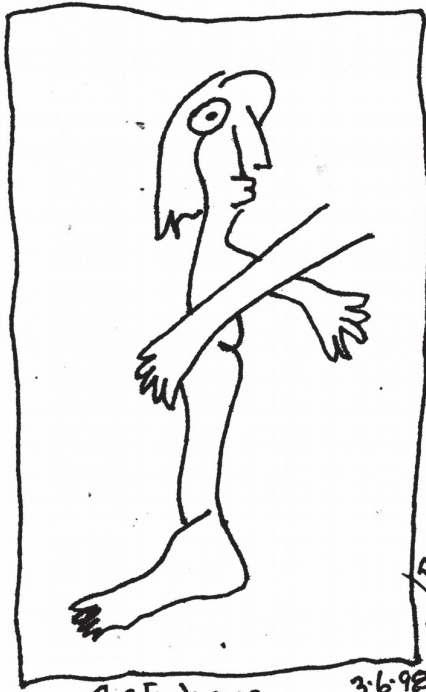
without  
hesitation  
leapt

bound  
by  
what

front  
or  
back

in  
every  
thing

embraced



The Embrace

3-6-98

W  
/

## The Tree the Weed Was

thought was that  
it was more than  
Tree of Heaven

that separated us

straddle between  
properties defined

as  
tall  
thin  
weed

birds  
nested  
in

for  
years  
spending

back  
and  
forth

over  
any  
idea

of a  
right  
of  
passage



## The Warning

cut through  
path to her  
utility shed

light showed  
trench to lay  
electric wires

cut tree roots  
to get by weed

while warning  
that nearby holding  
her in doubts that  
neither of us could

cut  
through  
or  
just

let go

## A Landscape

sheer  
dress  
was  
her  
way

persisted  
warning  
that

thin  
branches  
would  
hold

over-blowing  
northerly  
wind

through  
opened  
window

hang  
down  
hair  
between  
shutters

that  
image  
that  
no one else  
so sees or  
calls or comes

smooth as silk  
the oiled gate

hinged on  
opening in  
depended  
upon

smooth  
talk

last one  
in  
shut

the  
door

the  
dark

on on on on

clouds the moments  
in her knotted hair

precise movements  
undid her braids

red red lip lip  
relentless press

in an  
instantaneous  
facture

what became  
of her in that  
dark

cast into my  
mind her shadow

behind  
blue  
sky

white  
clouds

Shrike  
song

lips  
moist

open

## A View

I hardly knew  
her then

there was something  
particular that slowed

me

leaves  
suddenly  
playing  
in  
warm

breeze

deliberately  
I had kept  
my  
distance

to get a better  
view  
across the way

for days shades  
up

blinds open

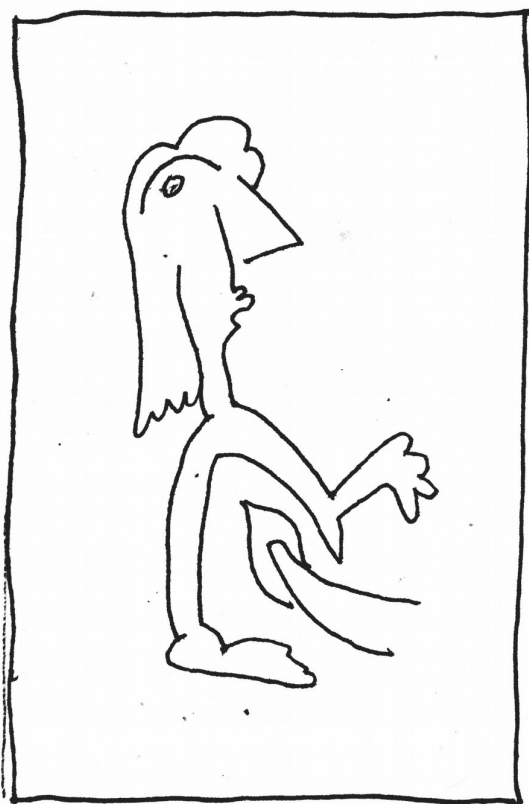
nothing was  
said or done  
for days  
thinking  
meant

more  
of  
so

what  
was  
just  
beyond

going  
over





AVIEW

EJBr

3-27-98



## A Man Contemplates Sketch Pinned to Wall

Skein  
of  
lines  
situates

her  
long  
thin  
rage

continual  
stare  
far  
beyond  
his

perfect  
wait

black  
cat  
stalks  
bird  
through

mizzle

between  
houses

numerate  
possibilities

this  
hairy  
form  
frames

face  
just  
so

hung  
by  
a  
single  
tack

in  
this  
pay-attention  
phantasy

## Last Word First

1.

wire-fan whirrs

csh ...

    csh ...

        csh ...

content to disturb the  
silences between blades

set on sill brings in  
what scents it can

2.

night just here beyond  
her shade her lean is in

to provoke

eyes see the way  
to get from here  
to there is not an  
issue

drop into mind half

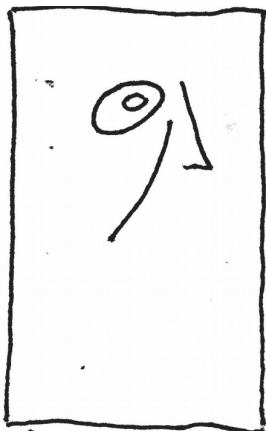
glass of Cutty over  
ice then gone

3.

with a bang  
window too

then what was  
left :

get  
down  
from  
ladder !



G02C 3-4-98  
ed Bull

The Glare

from  
here

parts  
of  
a  
woman

seen  
nor  
the  
mother  
of

what  
with  
ease  
fragged

its  
image  
as  
a  
pure

hypothesis

as  
her

hard  
edges  
were  
surrounded  
by  
black  
lines

whose  
center  
no  
visible  
center

then all  
in an  
instantaneous  
hip-swing  
made everything

available

## The Touch

what thinking  
demands  
walking  
up Sugar Loaf

resolves

up north side  
over grown ivy

valley below overcome  
with smoke's pungent  
cloud

just beyond the stench  
the source of the waste

felt her and my skin  
itched up bristled my  
hair

image against rock  
pinned against with  
an old fountain pen

oh, to linger and at  
least strip down to  
see her loosely held

together.

“We have a complex  
relationship.

“My father was a garbage  
man.

“Picked me up every day.

“I was young and knew  
nothing.

“Oh the stink he made of  
me.”



CALLING HER

## Calling Her

I wanted to talk  
but hesitated

the wait was nearly  
a week

before I swung into  
my desire to

pick up the phone and  
just dial out

get that high-pitched  
voice at the other

end the push into a  
conversation over

copper enunciator wire  
while all animation

was her shadow-dance  
behind the drawn

shade called and got a dial  
tone of voice

everything shadow tones  
of green

what love-wise imagines  
also greened

I wanted to call to tell  
her that

the call was in anticipation  
of

another movement just  
another further-down  
another poem into

## The Cut Is

The cord is cut  
just below the  
tangle  
it is not so easy to  
twist it out for her  
to have, for that matter,  
complete control over  
communication on any  
level divert these wants  
last word that she spoke  
became next line-break  
simply done as such de-  
mands nor can I with little  
in the way of instruction  
put wrong end of phone in  
proper place and hear surely  
on the other end some coherent  
invitation to come over for a drink  
only to tell each other where half-  
way met is the point from here  
nothing needs be hidden less than  
any other meaning needs avoid.

Fill Her Up

Desire is to  
merge  
words with

images as if  
they were  
held she is

all else between  
these stops to  
top-off

center/balance  
let us go  
point cracks

grey mortar-mix  
fingered in  
white light

moist kisses  
depends upon:

I love the slimy !

## The Riff

all distances  
written into  
poems

painted into  
paintings

play by  
eye by  
ear by

what is read  
between these  
lines

heard between  
silences stranded  
time and time

again everything is  
to to every other  
fret

hair-split minor sharp  
riffed against  
the way an animal

leap's in mind  
in mid air turns

## The Cut Through

space between our houses  
driveway is long trench  
noted as significant rut

as this run of poems the  
book is becoming yet to be  
broadcast

the burial of its own demise  
regardless of all meanings  
spelling it out:

mud washes over macadam  
where she is luscious up to  
her waist sunk into

words of lust and fingers in

“I’ll make them pay for what  
their wants have done to me”  
and give them more

she had said that in the letter  
left under her back door  
the intent was clear

to reopen old wound between  
legs the blood was not exactly  
nor were words any more

incisive      precise disclaimer  
breaks in sentences structure  
again all of this presses against  
two bodies stopped to see  
in the opened window all  
forms of posing's want



Tuesday Morning

is what got us here  
by chance a con-  
junction

it is not merely an  
accidental intertextual  
poem-to-poem would

sooner put foot in mouth  
here and now just what was

is now unconditional memory  
of an half empty glass left the  
key next to already opened

back door wide invitation to  
enter her gaze is seen and  
acknowledged precisely

every movement words fill  
page after all attention is  
payed to how her body breaks

in front of couch wave after wave  
on floor light explodes and un-  
enforced rules in play

first purple crocus  
popping  
was never so early

The Fall 1

got us  
into  
a relationship

what had been  
not then more

its first-breaths'  
taken  
deeply into

with tongues into  
sounds

hot  
words

into  
acts  
upon

the  
squeamish

demands  
in  
her

eyes  
are  
jewels  
raising  
other  
issues

more  
than  
any

nuances  
chance  
opens

as  
hands  
dig into

it s  
archeology

## Letter of Intent

so simple  
one line  
sentence

gets  
her  
outside

in front  
of shiny  
volvo

tinted windows  
all around auto

fan only other  
sound heard  
letter dropped

on kitchen table  
signaled my quick  
retreat

what  
so  
were

needs

for  
instance

an  
immediate  
reply

not  
necessary  
than to know

to hear  
what  
meant

by  
so  
clean

discovered  
in our re-  
flections

her nature  
mirrored  
in that chrome

tail-pipe  
hot  
ornament

on hood

is also  
pull

to  
open

## Long Running Sound

it is in  
the sound  
that bell

makes

DING !

when letters  
run  
to end

this  
poem's  
end

of  
any  
particular

run's along  
unbroken  
lines

## Regarding What was Wanted

given  
that  
this  
manifesto

is  
absolutely  
clear

as  
to  
who  
said  
what  
to  
whom

between  
the  
silences

the  
spaces

filled  
in  
more  
than  
what



had  
been

written

## One Legged Stance

she  
stands  
just  
inside

of  
this  
necessary

dream  
image  
crossed  
fogged-in

pond  
the  
way

as  
though  
the  
road

abruptly  
had been  
more than  
adequate  
need to  
finish

## Sash Around Waist

sees only  
yellow  
cover

her thin  
body in  
value village  
dress

just this loose  
belt tied in

hung just below  
belly  
to draw attention

to what was on his  
mind was also in  
her

swing of hips  
down driveway  
between two

unbuttoned  
eyes followed  
property line

## The Window

the shade was up  
abrogating alone  
    was clearly  
    visible

on her window sill  
crack in blue vase  
dead flowers in

her lean towards pane  
from outside seen her  
as in a mirror

gaze  
was  
every  
thing

focus  
on her  
sharp  
nose

long  
thin  
legs

the  
lead  
was

his

eyes  
moved  
along  
her  
lines

between  
her  
gaze

and  
her  
black

cunt

unshakeable  
demands  
demands

all  
so close that he

stuck in how  
there she was

open in the window  
green figure a woman

desire for everything

requires

more

than

sitting

## A Complication

a woman  
pales  
in this

5 a.m.  
Her  
stretch

opens  
his  
want

song  
is  
its

polyphony

requires  
instantaneous  
quicknesses  
“you o.k.”

hair  
lips  
words  
press  
into  
approach

## Another Guarantee

her shout announced that  
she was here  
the installation  
complete

the  
house  
cleaned

that the air conditioner  
had cooled things all  
so suddenly

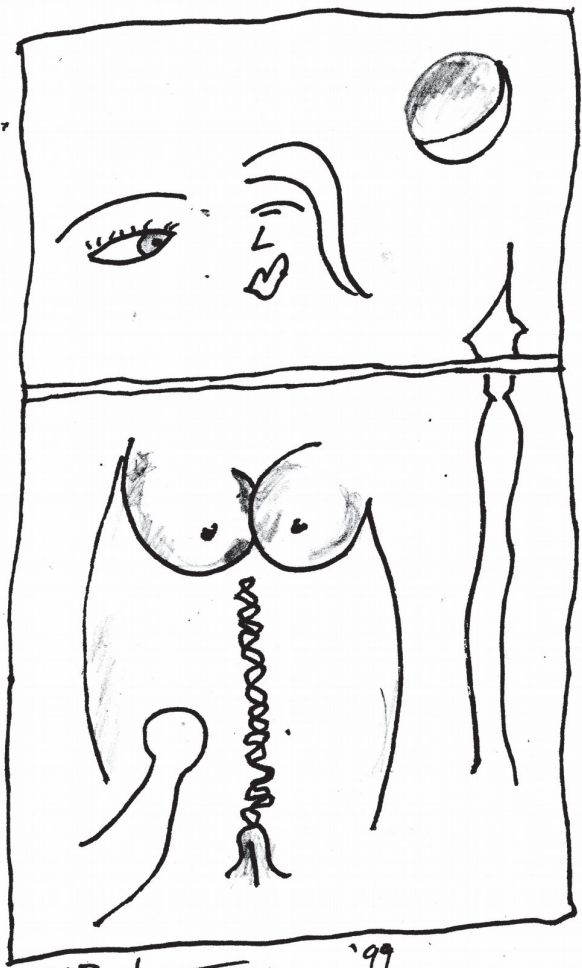
she fell into a soft  
smile  
which took him in

entirely  
from ear-to-ear  
that smile  
twisting him

in every direction  
far beyond the green  
car

his key had not been able  
to open      flower on sill  
                 cat purrings





EJ Bal

'99

## Poem Also has Form

we cannot  
now  
go into

the  
details  
go

into  
a  
long

explanation  
that being  
said or

written  
could  
clear

air  
things  
defined

as this game  
can be played  
play;  
it was never her  
mound that he had

wanted            it was  
only a poem that  
his words had made

## Red Ochre

gleam caught in her  
eyes  
was her advantage

to get inside of  
skien  
bundle of lines

succumbed to all  
redundancies  
point towards

center  
was  
also

pointless

this dancing  
woman  
whistled

and  
he came  
half  
connected

long thin scars  
across her cheeks

stretch to hold

her

kiss lips and cheeks  
tits and ass  
go was into

brittle hair  
every  
nuance

discerned

he  
had  
awoken

to the girl  
the woman  
was

tall  
there  
standing

Ten Year Old Scotch

sail-away words on  
label  
half empty bottle

of  
not much  
what was said

as  
what was  
in his mind

written  
every  
line

is  
book  
each  
word

more-so  
remembered  
conversations

distilled glasses  
removed  
to see

up close  
pimples  
here and there

one after another  
she had poured  
into  
the whiskey

his  
desires

mouth-to-mouth  
inside swollen  
tongue's

outside  
puddles  
horn

dead  
rat

## The Day Her Pussy Died

to keep his mind  
from  
getting moldy

he thinks of her

opening the window  
in the 5 a.m.  
the door too

looks to see him  
perched  
on ladder

cat jumps from step  
to rat  
that had eaten the bait

poison  
two

buried  
in  
back

with  
little  
ceremony

she



buried  
cat and mouse

leaned on spade  
no play in her voice  
nor softness in her  
posture

no hesitation  
nor remorse  
for:

“ time for you  
to  
fuck my brains “

She Had It

a proper  
rigid  
disposition

the  
pretensions  
were  
dominant

he had often  
dreamed  
dreams

that  
were  
needed

she  
he  
understood

cold way  
she had  
been

taken  
now  
she  
took

flew  
onto  
him  
go was automatic  
violent flaying  
as if her emotions

her  
anger  
was

manageable

one  
long  
thin  
leg

over  
each  
shoulder

was  
a  
measure  
of  
what  
he  
was  
there  
for

each  
word  
captured  
process

what had been  
best left unsaid  
pinned-down  
as everything  
was written

into  
far  
beyond

anything  
more

## Continued Pursuit

image in old photo  
of her on couch  
only in these words

nothing warm  
left  
in memory

only  
imagination  
making

she was green  
he yet swears  
like a mantis

that triangular  
head  
jutting

pointed  
chin  
mouth

that  
sucked  
him

ate

him

looked

like

death

it was all there

in the pieces

hung on walls

he had drawn her

as she had drawn him

in and hung

down

long

black

hair

on

hook

could not have been

any easy way to get

off of couch

on floor

under her

humping

the cat

poisoned

cheap  
whiskey

turning  
everything  
into poems

## Of Course It's in Your Mind

continuing  
to  
feed  
him

words  
and a  
complex

dipping  
sauce:

“ You know you want me.

More

Scotch.

Do you mind.

It's so hot in here.

Open the window.

Wider.

Unbutton me.”



## The Cut

scar  
also  
behind  
ear

hair  
brushed  
aside

covered

ruts  
on  
cheeks

in  
her  
eyes  
reveals

were  
just  
there  
pain  
still

apparent  
what was  
was done

was  
her  
father's  
first  
crocus  
gone  
into  
an  
history

in  
her  
garden

he  
had  
planted

## Naked Woman Stands

very near his sense  
of the smells

things not yet dug  
into  
the push against

her  
grasp  
bony

hold  
in  
hand

on sill  
just so  
eyes  
see

what  
ears  
hear

both  
slip  
into  
sound  
silence

makes  
another  
useless  
metaphor  
directly in and out  
is only inter-verbal  
squirm under her  
towards any keyboard

play  
is  
fingers  
in

shape  
is  
slender

body  
reaching  
unprotected

places  
seldom  
used

## The Eyes

shade  
drawn  
changes  
meanings

her  
white  
house

from  
here  
looks

unattended

he  
lost  
in  
mind

distances  
made  
from  
nude  
woman  
in  
the  
doorway

figures  
every  
chance  
is merely  
its  
collaboration  
never had been

what had  
mattered  
was  
surround

see  
was  
as

painful

needle

also







SHADES

## A Maven Litigates

from this  
distance  
it is difficult

what it was that  
broke full  
blown

with her lips her  
mouth her teeth  
she opened (him)

took him by surprise  
the mavin's life-line  
interrupted

her bread and butter  
on every side libelous  
these poems of his mind

written  
published  
read

with no exposition  
nor apology  
neither

hesitation

she called her legal  
tongue entered mouth  
mouth to mind to calling  
through ears all heard  
litigation would follow  
as it was:

slow  
cipher  
page  
after  
page

twisting  
what was

meant  
made  
little

difference

## He Ate Her Sex

smoke in stove  
rising  
he had smelled

as she had dressed  
for the occasion  
he undressed

reveal was  
dry-rubbed  
against his

erection  
drawn  
onto

another  
white  
sheet

pretty  
piercing  
through

wild  
woman  
on

her

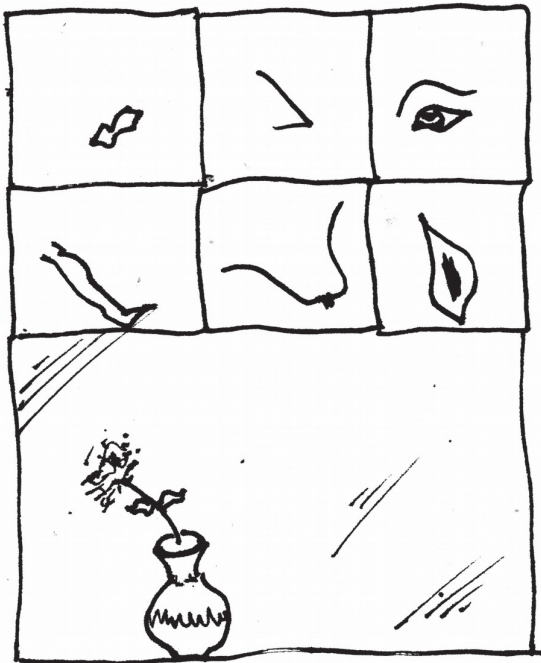
fours

creeping

in that light  
tongues went  
into the juicy

postures  
she had  
offered  
were

taken



Ed Bar

4.19.98

## Another Opening Into

once the window  
had been  
opened  
he went  
over

suddenly  
there and here  
here and there

same  
haze  
and  
purple

moments  
her dance  
the dance

the round  
dance  
furious

exciting  
images  
ignite  
imagination

poems get

Model Behind

clearly seen  
beyond the glass  
her single pane

all fingers  
right hand  
went into

against  
her  
movings

contrapuntal

shape  
in  
clay

penetrated

shade up  
no apparent  
secrets

what could be  
found was

what could be



said written  
beyond this

writing

turned

symbol

into

metaphor

tall  
standing  
nude

object  
of  
his

meditation

what now breaks in  
honking  
horn out side

on

flower  
avenue

her way  
signals  
going

same  
sounds  
blowing  
signals

coming

she  
was  
here

was  
ready

stroll was  
to her house

pen in hand

## Two Weeks Into

two weeks into a new  
season her garden a  
delight

greens the tree of heaven  
between houses  
her morning dance

spring breeze  
bare arms  
embrace

rising thoughts  
and smells of love  
playing

after all of these  
years  
how is this

far beyond what  
had been seen  
he returns to

wrap moist cloth  
round shaped in  
clay

image  
of  
tall  
thin  
torso  
pull  
is  
hands  
follow  
ooze

fingers  
stretched  
deliberately

every  
possibility

time had claws  
into absolute  
beneath blue sky

her black shape  
mood  
time no longer  
had a match for

oh, to linger lips  
soft touch words  
that did not lead to

commitment

now let him in his own  
mind drop all context  
drop adjectives

drop  
drop  
drop

overlooking  
driveway  
where she

had  
waiting  
stood

in the  
opened  
window

vision  
was  
regular

presence  
was  
occasion

action  
was  
demanded

endless  
fingers  
went

He  
could  
have  
had  
her  
then

but  
ran

took  
a  
long  
walk

alone  
along

the  
Longbranch  
Creek  
thinking:  
pebbles  
in his  
mouth  
were  
nipples



## This Mystery

despite all of the rat  
poison in her yard  
one was on the fence

watching her bend  
to set a tomato into  
ready soil

what does this mean  
what does anything ?  
to touch or say or  
do anymore than it was  
a mystery to him

the skinny of this girl with  
darkness in her eyes this  
woman the girl had been

gone into by her father  
eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee  
the rat bastard that he was

looking directly into the  
history that she had in  
this dance so close become



## The Dance

as a woman dances  
she danced

not  
by  
rhythm

alone

play  
had been  
in  
each  
note

distinct  
from  
any  
other's

pluck

fingers  
in  
pointed  
this

again  
again

again  
in  
tempos

timing was its own  
in eyes scattering  
three times daily

voice gave meanings  
to his intentions ...  
up driveway to tree

piss behind her gaze  
saw flag  
upped shade opened

window  
who was  
waiting  
is here

adumbrate

made  
lines  
base

easily  
stood  
under

hands

into  
bush

curl above brows  
lean into lashes  
just above were want  
had always been

song  
was

what

eyes  
heard

mind  
played

in  
every

word  
this

commerce

## Anger Was Apparent

the shade  
came down  
abruptly

the window too

it was that final

these poems are  
                  what  
                  is  
                  left

of the relationship

across the way an  
incredible rage  
evidently

meanings had grown  
far beyond the poems  
as well as any other  
entanglements

hark was back to vines  
hung from top-most  
branches out from  
what had yet to be



cracked vase  
EJ Bar 199

or do  
song dance  
preceding first

embrace

active  
fingers-in

shattered  
glass

CRACK !

anger  
only

cold-pressed  
against  
warm oil

pipal  
tree

stood  
its  
ground

against  
this

want  
to  
let  
him

fall was into her perfect  
shape (more of)

longing  
this

had  
nothing  
to do w  
along t  
he  
line of  
flowers

wilting

dip had been  
into many times  
words could not

do justice to  
any other  
innocence

insisting -  
nothing

that was said  
or done or  
written

was real

what had been  
revealed  
in every  
sketch  
he saw  
her face





## The Silence 2

it was not the silence  
at the end that  
disturbed him

in each warm breeze  
she returned

in every word she had  
moved

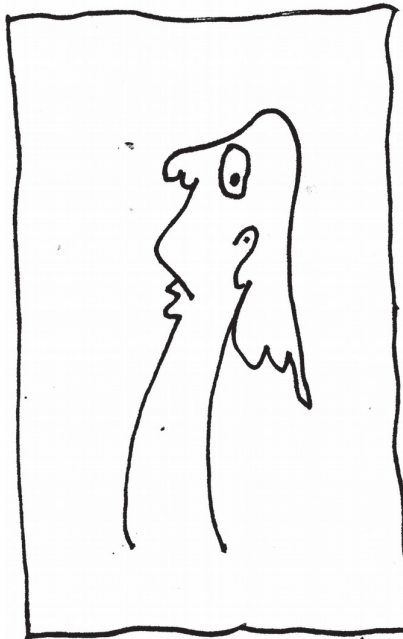
towards each sunset  
she came towards him  
in the opened window

she undressed stood  
in his mind and sacred  
trust

words hung loosely  
around her waist  
a forrest of dead

leaves  
mouldering  
in each morning

raised shade  
announcing  
her readiness



Ed. 2/10

6/5.98



FU:SION

## Love Became the Space Between

it had been  
instantaneous  
was in the 2 a.m.

lips along  
the curve  
the mouth

she had given way  
also tongue went  
deeper into

sounds  
wet  
became

what  
had  
risen

relentless  
pounding

## The Gateway

opening was  
an  
equanimity

tall  
naked  
woman

in  
his  
eyes

light  
made  
clear

his  
perfect  
want

her  
black-hair-down

shade  
was  
also  
black

shutters

too  
reflecting

as he recalled  
loose verbs  
embracing  
repetitions

pretense  
had hold  
on bends

to  
wipe  
puddle

on floor  
beneath  
him

her  
gnawing  
distances

swallowed  
April whole  
thrust the

leap  
beyond  
possible

“No !”

way  
in  
had  
been

quick  
thicket  
entered

heroically

closed in  
and waves  
delight

full  
length  
bodies

stretched

“touch  
me  
here

here”



## And The Spaces

spaces  
between  
words

between  
meanings

between  
lines

poems  
nothing  
personal

## The Certain Ways She Watched

slowly had been  
her want to open  
in each morning

window his real  
friend imagine  
that both little

had been between  
them said or for  
any other matters

done to placate needs  
petals caught in wind  
in eye their fall to earth

everything suspended

her laugh  
his laugh

first  
touch  
this  
morning's

departure:

this

into  
was  
sudden  
spring  
towards  
wait for  
her

hair  
to  
dry

fence  
around  
properly  
for  
protection

how  
did  
she  
know

how  
could  
she

have  
known

before  
any

other  
poem  
sent  
over

grown

weeds  
beyond

adequate  
inside  
meanings

struggled  
to make  
another

into this  
he jumped

opening  
back  
door

slightly  
her  
movements  
caught his eye

brought him  
to down

to  
touch

clapping  
thunder

opened  
want

mind  
had  
yet

to  
feel  
her

dry

he had  
settled  
for her

indifference

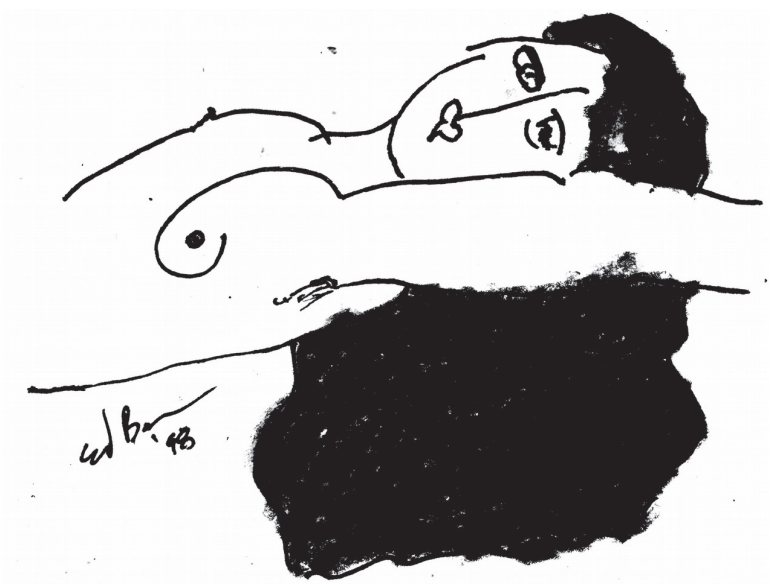
had been rule

“what is it  
that you want  
from me?”

she had  
left him

cloud sky  
bird song

nothing



A Mirror Of

approximate  
rough-cuts

made  
going  
into  
her  
a  
possibility

any other  
way would  
have only

complicated

images that his  
memory now  
held

still  
holds  
him  
tightly

a certain  
confusion



Even So

he  
ran  
fingers  
through  
hair

down  
washed  
blood

from  
streak  
to  
streak

across  
her  
cheek

walls  
mind  
shapes  
vision

mush  
between  
legs

stretched  
wide

opened

entire  
event  
recorded  
conversation  
in this piece

warrants issued not  
longer than inside  
context's pulling

\*

last gulp of air  
and then she came  
tilt was in his favor

to  
go  
out  
from  
that  
to  
this:

there had been a steady drip  
almost diagonally across from  
where he had watched her in  
the window open her sex to him

it had been his dream his need  
to wait for her to tell him where  
to put his hands

In Clay

a  
man  
had  
her

had  
gone  
into

the  
wet  
clay

willingly

he  
had  
old

tools  
to  
use

to  
pull  
her

out  
of

mud

the  
shape  
of  
his  
desire

arms  
tits  
flat

hips'  
roll  
towards

prize  
to  
capture

shape  
of  
what  
had  
been

penetrant

tongue  
into  
open

fault  
to  
get  
the  
fall  
of  
her

hair

curve  
of  
shoulders

other  
parts  
a  
language

fingered  
the  
work

demanded  
nor  
any  
other  
past-tense

could  
get  
her

gaze

to  
keep  
intention  
simple

wrapped  
in  
wet  
shroud

moist  
clay

pliant

needs

the  
lines  
demanded

she  
hold  
between

their  
houses

the

opened  
window

she  
held  
her  
pose

a  
posture  
that  
he



had  
never  
been  
a  
match  
for

Fingers In

in that light  
he had clearly  
seen beyond

the press of clay



figure then became  
flesh and whole lines  
moving      dancing

form  
was  
point

dig  
was  
into

its  
archeology  
perfect

shape  
in  
space

over shadowed  
by its hold

Fingers In

in that light  
he had clearly  
seen

beyond

the press into  
clay her anger

figure became  
flesh where entire  
lines surrounded her

moved into her dance  
form  
was

dig  
was

into  
her  
perfectly

it's an arch  
eology is a  
perfect shape

in space



## Conjunctions

effects

go

easy

from

the

distance

wall

to

wall

hung

her

legs

sat

dangling

legs

sill

had

been

solid

plinth

the

way

young  
girls  
sit

she  
sat  
full

length  
of  
her

exposed

mind untied demands undid  
knotted desires surrounded  
entire meanings understood  
but not explained

gazes had gone back and forth  
pretty in white drawers dangling  
every chance to enjoin in any  
possible response

## A Woman Dances

it had become her  
habit  
to dance nude  
in his mind

she was no nun  
had not the  
disposition

at night  
and in the day  
she walked

as if her  
parade  
was

dance

head cocked  
in his direction  
flicking long

hair  
and  
hips

to get a better

view  
he raised his

blinds  
let in the full  
view of her  
contrapuntal

exhibition  
freely given  
also bent her

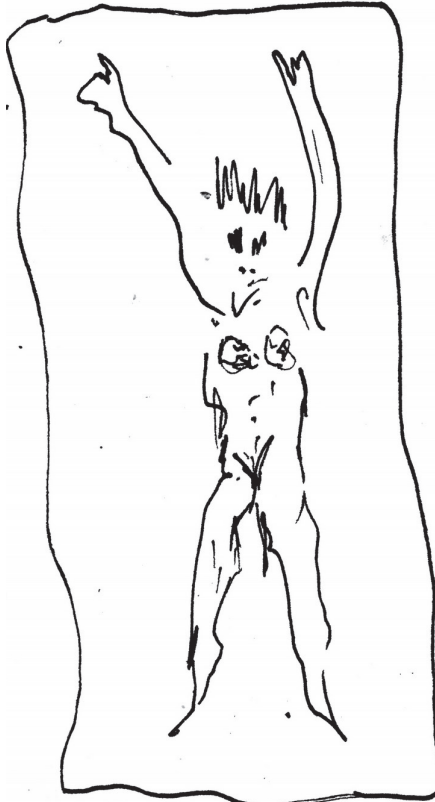
at the end of  
the driveway  
as the tree bent

she too  
poked  
through

exactly  
the imaginary  
became

just what was  
contiguous  
he had known

had taken him into  
the this-and-that of  
words in clay



the Dance Ed B. 98



## She Stood Just So

night her  
shades  
were

drawn

into  
his  
figure

of  
her  
became

dazzle

look  
to  
see  
her

intrude  
again  
again

she  
leaned  
again

against  
the  
fetch  
opened  
its  
familiar

surround  
towards  
center

felt  
her  
press

his  
tongue  
two

lips  
entirely

in the  
movement

a woman  
came  
with no

thoughts

her

dress

on the  
floor is  
nuance

had been on white  
sheets  
her habit was

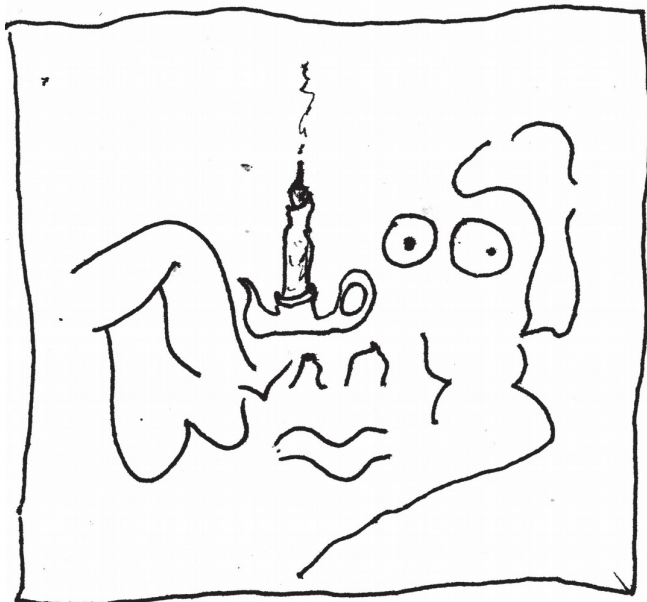
to watch him  
watching her  
slip into an  
erotic

in her window  
yellow mums  
on one leg

stretch had been  
to balance needs  
with wants

a conjunction made  
body body into every  
next rising dawn  
drew the shade up

that had  
drawn him in ....



Ed Ba — 48

## Revisits

he had  
suddenly  
returned

perch  
was  
his  
ladder

there he had  
been for ten  
years safe

( a quickness in her  
(leap from sill to chair  
(was absolute

(was mystery of who did  
(what to whom or why  
(images of recurred)

her legs had been her  
greatest assets point  
of view determined

what he had tried to  
capture

an image of that satisfied

any other's definition  
he recalled her anger

sharp words fell easy  
from bloody lips  
shook him awake  
awoke demanded  
an interpretation

he dared not speak  
or write into silence  
was distance:

tree  
of  
heaven

playing  
with  
breeze

dance  
in  
her

eyes

his  
mind

leapt  
at

every  
chance

in-and-out  
as imagination  
allowed

suspension  
in  
play

into  
hair  
between

long  
thin  
legs

go  
had  
been  
into

gist  
of  
being

beyond  
dawn  
drawn

from

clay

from  
these  
words

struggling



June 21, 1998

window  
closed

shades  
down

house  
empty

here  
also  
two  
had  
been  
as  
now

no sign  
of  
movement

nothing had come  
from her to him as  
explanation

morning light opened  
to advantage



## INTERSECTIONS

Intersection

should  
anything  
inside  
or  
out

exceed  
any  
other's

expectation

draw  
down  
the  
shades

## Green Station Wagon

witnessed  
her  
getting  
into

this  
familiarity  
her  
bony

ass  
newness  
caused

there  
and  
then

he  
went  
into  
her

scattered  
body  
parting

fall  
was  
quick

need

other  
want

demand

wet

lips

hard

on

nipples

into

what

of

only

in an heap arched  
bodies spent

## Clay Woman

took its only shape  
model in the window  
pulled

fingers in mud  
in mind exposed

glass eyed woman  
rolled between  
long dry spells

the hunt for any  
penetration

knowing who  
had done what  
to whom & why

a long line of boys  
with their cocks in  
their hands

in the opened window  
naked she showed her  
self it was murder  
pure and simple body  
parts were everywhere

cracked vase on window

sill dead flower suddenly  
in his next poem he had  
had her



## In This Alone

from  
there  
to  
here

that  
smell

dead  
flesh  
reaching

clearly  
it  
had  
been  
his

desire  
simmering

skinny  
arms  
stirred

outside  
leaves  
falling

sounds

against  
unconscious

bag-of-bones  
Into the Looking

all over her his fingers  
his hands his tongue  
had stretched

she opened  
he went in  
shape of clay  
a woman in her  
window hair

through

## A Bottle Emptied

he had carried a bottle  
over  
bonded scotch

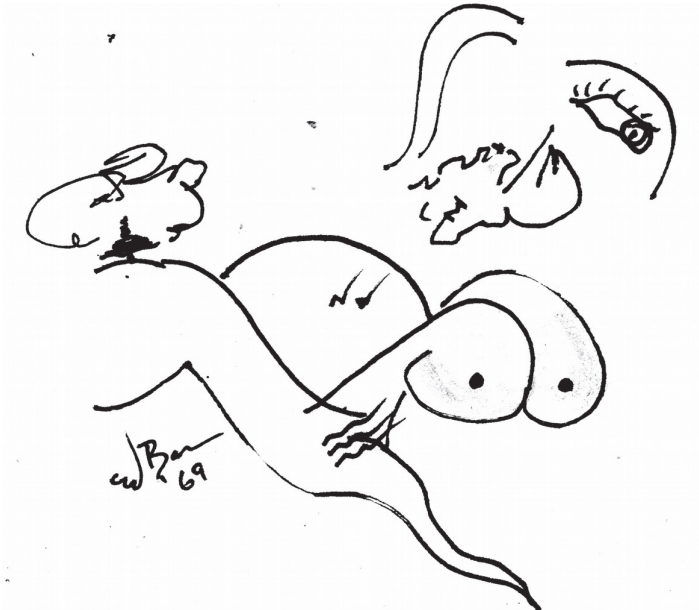
good stuff that she  
opened with her teeth  
his fly

what differences done  
made nothing absolute  
holding more into her

mouth  
he  
came

“you can go to hell !”

steady stream took  
short-cut to dry wait  
shudders opened



## Less Than Object Is

it had not been hair  
that he fingered in  
for ten years

pressed noses into  
window's panes  
methodically

every wished for  
whimper begged  
his full attention

she cried in her scotch  
the lush  
hands dug in to shape

he had had his own ex-  
pectations of woman  
in the window

incapable of opening  
any other means' co-  
mmunication

it had been *that* simple  
love was more than what  
needs penetrated her

apparent anger risen

she had often said:

“I am always lonely.”

as though he understood  
what she could not explain  
exactly where to touch

the dial twist the nobs  
fine-tune short wave in  
the grip of just because

how far out of touch & go  
down to loins to words  
more so of plunge could

how far into her before  
dangerous to feel leaving  
went away so many years

before the deep-cut healed  
she had added to: “You  
will do as well as anybody.”

she  
stretched  
his  
imagination

the last time  
he had seen  
her

she was  
packing  
her  
wagon

images  
linger  
is yet familiar  
pose  
against green

vulva

cleaned  
for  
going

into  
vertical  
lines

that  
neither  
where

a  
match  
for

jump  
had

been

high

leap

also



## Nor Any Sense Of

back to window gaze  
to make any sense  
out of

sound of it s opening  
of it s closing  
shade was down one-  
over-one dbl hung

pella brand bought on  
credit and came with  
sash-cords tied to lead

dead weights in raceways  
let slide up down the  
easy of every other slide

behind shade body had  
ridden up light outlined  
expectations

what want was the fit had  
also been this incredible  
need irregardless of the  
day or of the time he wrote  
her out as of one mind went  
back & forth 'til morning

## Fusions

he saw  
her  
in  
sharpened

needs

cross-cut

hard on  
green's  
honed

trued  
between  
legs

song  
had  
been

who  
surrendered  
what to whom  
had been given

all adequate  
meanings

Resolve

is her cover  
hair masks  
face is put

just so  
to face  
every-day

affairs

pull strings  
let down  
slowly

slowly  
she  
had  
opened

while outside thinking  
had been going on in  
*his* too-busy mind

she blinked not knowing  
what this wait for him had  
been

skinny  
woman

in her  
window

whistling  
certainly  
as he recalled  
the tune's

adequate

in cold whiskies  
mouths shaped

Then into Her

center had no  
circumference  
he went in willingly

without hesitation  
she took him firmly  
as the tree at the end  
of the driveway leaned

he leaned into what  
appearances demand  
sound      surrounds

## The Fault

cut-through  
crack  
in pane

window  
had  
been

not  
open  
wide  
enough  
for his

climb  
into  
any  
further  
shove

was  
not  
in  
any  
code

her rules  
had been  
frequently  
revised

nor could the fence  
around her have kept  
the others out

it had come to this  
that when the shade  
was up they went in

run had always been  
to see who ignoring  
eyes across the way

pinned her on the table  
in the window uneasy  
in her gaze on one lean  
leg her shift had always  
been to get a better view

of her to him suddenly  
flick her hairy cunt her  
smile went through him

what had been the sense  
of insisting that she cut  
is balls off he never went  
over to kick her in the groin  
stand had him on the top rung of  
ladder to get a better view to write  
to fix to pin this beauty down the  
image in the poem repeats : “ I  
certainly hope that fingering in  
is of some use to you.”

It's an Archeology

mind  
digs  
into

mother

whose  
eyes

stones

color  
green  
jade

demands  
were  
also

same  
color

raised  
more  
than  
every  
other  
change &  
choice



## The Trench

long  
wait  
between

lean's  
on  
her

shovel

dig  
is  
to

bury

cables  
underground

want  
is  
to hide  
thinking

flow  
from  
any  
direction

irrelevant

who comes first

who  
does  
not  
beg

what  
yet  
has  
been

or  
had  
they

ever

made  
any  
sense  
of

## Love Is In the Everyday Actions

as though there had been no  
fence around        contained  
his lust    nor any other *thing*

he had lost count of    every  
opportunity that she had given  
him to run his tongue into her

fingers too were not the only  
thing extreme risk    going also  
into her

wiped clean glass then open  
light let in a breath of hot air

his  
flesh  
hers

her  
bones  
his

set out  
on all fours  
to journey

over  
all

denials

one  
after  
another  
dismissed

she dropped  
down on him

it was that

consequential

red marked  
evidence  
what taken

over a short  
distance to  
her stretch  
the shadow  
the sun

coming  
through  
then  
made

## In This Naked

what there is here  
that greens him  
now is given  
so much sudden  
letting go

red lips red  
black hair black  
she had often spoken

“ he cut the girl out  
and left me with these.”

just above her left eye  
he rubbed her black  
scar from every point  
of view she had become

by day and night and in the  
window a crazy woman

wanted

that when the shade was up  
was his signal to go over  
arrange crack-vase flower

## Disconnected From

gaze  
had  
captured  
more  
that  
what  
seen

of  
her  
he  
had  
no  
doubts

black  
thoughts  
fall-away  
hair  
hung-down

tempting her  
managed  
affection

Full use of

full  
use  
of  
her

body

danced  
in  
plain  
view  
was to get  
his attention

not that he had seen  
what was  
coming suddenly  
she took him and the

pain going in

Re:visits

re:visits  
often start  
another  
argument :

so he told her  
that

it had never been  
her sex  
that he was after

it had been the poems  
that shined through  
far beyond any trace  
of sudden light

words images hair lips

shape of nothing much  
much had ever happened

that had not been seen  
through his eyes and words  
and pen that had gone  
directly into his imag  
ination



## A Brown Leaf Kicked

kicked brown leaf  
became what  
metaphor had  
yet to satisfy

by accident  
or chance  
or choice

these  
conjunctions

desires / needs

where they had never  
been they where who  
knew it least and wrote  
more of

## The Fall 2

what gets us to here  
gets us into a relation-  
ship not so easy breathing  
life into this only or exceed

actions  
forced  
do  
not  
persuade

any such  
as she had  
done is rape

is given in this  
*manifesto* :

it  
is  
clear  
who  
did  
what  
to

whom

silences

were  
no  
less  
than  
what  
could  
have  
been  
said

yet says it so

takoma park, november, 12, 1998













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