



BEEN RAW DICTION

POEMS BY
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POURED TENT UNDER TUTELAGE, INVISIBLE ANGLE

Nourishment, waiting.
Under certain circumstances the universe
you have probably never seen it. Aspect
and his team uncovered it but to understand
why God makes this startling assertion.
Starlings cry and eat;
the Han settle in a universe of law folk.
But fixable and neutered, life lived entirely
in the invisible of calling electrons.
You here, stand existing.
I over there, collectively applied—
now call.
now call.
We'll go to the mountains and camp
with sharks and solfege.
Flag up for follow up, aspect
teems with waterchildren.

You may remember some
thing like this form.

THE INFANT DISINHERITS THE REGION OF THE SUN

Spinal nerves in a fog
The Mariana trench
When Jonson cooked for me
the deepest part is the challenger deep
narcolepsy was a thing we did
when the drive-in opened
no human could withstand the pressure
 conduct
 joyous, the lake
composure
the weak man is not healed
Down here it does not bite man
Mariana

dangerous money overseas
subducted beneath another plate
fin of happy squid
 some differ from facts
 you know it as "ooze"
during the last ice age
treading
waiting, high up
correct social conduct depends on
the strong man is not irritated
the child is not decorous
Success
Success

IN ALL HIS WOODS IN ALL HIS MANGY

World calling cards are in a state of revolution. The animal, his pelt. REVOLUTION. On your own day, you are believed. Times change, and with them, demands. Words are intangible sensualities. Pessoa: only incomprehensible madness goes forth to the Heavens. Jacqueline: only he or she whom you loved is a true shark.

The clinging fire and the joyous lake were each trying to destroy the other. I watched from the swinging tire, you from the electric cliff. When the lake molted, incarnadine, I knew that N was for fit, Q for mile, and I took the nestled quiz of starlings looking for a better place. In the advent of extreme success, remorse and remoras disappear.

RETROVE AMBROSIA AND THE NECTAR VERLAINE

The poem, smelling of mint and thyme,
works on what has been spoiled.
Darker nectars, mine and thine,
are not for what we've toiled.

Of music before all
pour perfect impairment into the cellar
plus vague and soluble dancing air
sands rein in who pleasures and poses

Inertia of influence, actual light
in here the worms are breeding.
Safely entered, Verlaine slept
as if the sea were sighing.

Kettle-green a swath of adventure
parsed wind in the crispy morning
who flies and flowers mental time
and all the rest is literature

HE GAMES IN THE WIND, CAUSES THE NUANCE

Energetic biting overcomes the obstacle; the mouth with the face
in it. Take action
into your palms, in it.
Your eyes like Snow White.
Your ears a woman's ears. Your epidermis
a shark's epidermis, too smooth to eat.

Because try as it might, acid will grow from the ocean depths
it's in. A pre-
tend action: I thought
your hips were your business.
Your years a woman's years. Your voice
rattles like the empty carapace.

The tendency toward action tightens, requires a wearing away
of face and joint.
Action is a plagiarist.
Your eyes like snow why
Your voice a kind of where. How will I
find you in a different, darker linen?

ENVIRONED SINGING THE CHIMNEY OF ST. CROIX

Don't try to move little little light
It's not like when it's sung
This time it's a prison of minerals and crimiscreants
and tag you're lit
St. Croix is a rock with a chimney
you should know, you who are mostly sea
If you are good you will get pardoned
If you are bad you are lying flat under some water
sharks and chromis above you in the azure
suspended like a tree in a question
shark, do your duty
so great is the power of joy over men

AND THE SPIRIT IN A SUIT, DANK IN THE AGE OF SKIN

A cave of pocketed char. A word or a tangible body.
Of the several kinds of music, one is sick today and so cold.

Where are you? The colander closet is leaking.
What's it called? No, I can't govern while I am here.

And then from underneath a new chance
operation, a bathroom speaking. Talk as you would read, for the silent

cinema had never been silent. Now how
do you feel? Duskily shrewd. Surprisingly convener.

Sound waves from the iceberg were too low to be heard by humans,
but at higher speed was a swarm of bees or a warming

orchestra. It wasn't you but your finned suit
on the gravel of music. Of course we will pop by
whenever we can stop drowning.

THE RAIN OF SEEING LIKE A WOODEN BIRD

Fragile gill

phlegmatic lapis

planet of increase, gentles

furtheres one to undertake

to bring forth living beings

forms of wind

I could hardly hear

hardly be said to be

it must be given

while it lasts

awaken no echo

the sea klept me

flowering of the commonplace

ten turtles cannot oppose you

ethical benediction

CHILD ENTERS SUN

Dangerous money
of the fog-blue aluminium
overseas floss of Mariana
subducted under other plates

when Jonson kitchen by ME
wing a happy squid
to the deeper part is a provocateur deeply
they differ from the customs of narcolepsy

what ooze has known
opened during the last age of ice
no human being
the conduct pressing

the corrected social conduct of the lake depends on composure
the strong man irritated
the weak person healed
the child is not pain

decorous not murders:
here the succeeded Jonson
made his peace
with deep serums

us differs from the clothes
narcolepsy was known to you as ooze
the last ice age would not know
human natures as linens

the pressure carries, which most overjoyed
the correct social linens of the lake expects
the child is suffering decorous bites
to the success of Mariana to the success of humans

RELATIVE TO THE WHOLE SCABIOUS FOREST

Cards call the world into a revolving term.

The relative skin of beasts.

RETURN.

Of her day hardly, you give credit to the same you.

The times move with them and question.

Words are untouchable sex.

An understood person only enters the front part of skies.

Jacqueline: only this one, that one you must appreciate in squalor.

And the lake, that one is allegro.

Everything that the fire tries to repair in the end destroys.

I observed rubber rubbers of movement that oscillated, electrical dilettante.

When it changed the lake, the Incas knew N was for writing, Q was examination of marginalia.

To starlings the game is a better way of searching the place.

In the arrival of extremity, those disappear.

POESIE VERLAINE

Invention is the thymian wreck
with which it functions subtly.
Fraudulent nectar is in the mine
and the 'quo does work extremely.

Music initially is perfect
for weakening in the deposit,
plus air empties which dances and those
attack the substance and please it.

The installations increase to adapt
to inertia of light without end.
Without written risk, Verlaine slept,
as the sea sighs in wind.

Boiler, green the wind of morning
in unemployed adventure—
mental time now flies and flowers,
analyzed lit's the remainder.

GRADATE JOWLS WIND, CAUSES EXCEPT HIM

The mouth with the face in him

Act in their trees of palm

Their eyes like white snow

Their ears the ears of woman

His shovel-smooth shovel

There the attempt

Develop acid out of the depths

Inside which is the ocean

For defending is an action

Their ears the ears of woman

Its voice clicked

As an armed car is emptied

The tendency for speed of action

Requires an opening

Far away from the face

The action is plagiarist

Their eyes like snow

Because of relative voice

A type

How is it

We will find them in darker skins?

THE EDGE SURROUNDS THE TICKET IN THE CHIMNEY IN THE WAY

It does not try, dislocates small lights as is the moment, which is time, where metal is an arrest of minerals and crimony and they mark it the way they are dispatched by post to the voice fire, the clipped ticket is a chimney, to know to have them, it is not sung by you but by the habitual sea, if to that essence, is well, benign, if cattle are water and chromis bluer than a tree in a dislocated squall, below in plain squall of those expenditures the forms found too much, forms must therefore be more.

STRETCH OWING TO THE AGE OF THE SHOVEL

A word or a defined body put in the cave of coal.

Different types of music; one is today.

It is so cold from ill people. Where are you?

The cabinet of more colander flees. What is it called?

I cannot not lead, if I will be here.

And then under a new possibility of functioning, I bathe in the room of speech.

It speaks you because it would read, because cinematography calms down, though summer never calmed down.

Do clocks keep as upright as you?

Duskily astute.

They felt low healthy waves of the iceberg of human nature, but the bees are warmed up.

Step in music gravel, but the offer is relative.

Naturally we always close what we can hold, if, by drowning oneself.

RAIN AS WOOD BIRD

the planet phlegmatic
the lapis lazuli
papada
fragile the increase
milking with zartheit
TO SEE
favors
stops to undertake
product of the alive
forms of the nature of wind
that could not feel that badly
hard sea blossoms
ten tortugas
usually it opposes
awakening intention

WORKING NOTE

These poems are inspired by ...*Benediction, Draw*, an album of digitally processed sound by Akira Rabelais. I began by intentionally mistranslating the French titles of the album's eight sound pieces, and I used these as titles for each of the first eight poems. I wrote each poem while listening to its corresponding track. Most of the poems also include at least a passing reference to a random page of the *I Ching* as accessed via akirabelais.com. In addition, "Retrove ambrosia and the nectar Verlaine" borrows translated and mistranslated phrases from Paul Verlaine's poem "L'art Poétique."

I started constructing the second group of eight poems by repeatedly translating the first group into and out of a string of languages, often with the help of www.babelfish.altavista.com. I then revised the results extensively, subjecting each line to further modifications and translations. By considering various modes of translation and revision as linguistic cognates of digital processing, the poems attempt to both echo and explore current uses of electronic transformation in sound.

* a dust/e-chap
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