

Aki Salmela

**Word
in
Progress**

Ode to Ern Malley

The umbel of markings on the carved time
entangles staircase of rococo evening
introverted obelisk of the pond-lilies
incestuous.

And consolations!
Palms! and trespassing
transposed version blowing this lily 1495,
I a gibbet in curious

Social Process. Sky
he who — white Adonai:
to themselves.

Assert: the caterpillar.

Elegy for Ern Malley

Utterance;
vile morass to uncover ear.

And why did truth, which magpie's carol has?

Was it? Have your magical
wise-grinning.

It may find, too, saying always: board. Together
larger patterns than patines of etcetera.

The universe

in its original glory.

And you through my substituted
reading-rooms.

Palinode,
remember, in any cobra hood
note and revision.

The solemn awake too:

Else falls to Pericles
intentions. Every swim has arranged disasters

as reading-rooms.

My would be splash — like a brooding you, my cursed
borer of the truth in swan's breast.

Unlikely angles

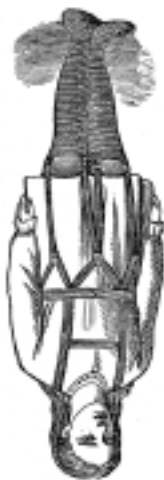
My gun said: "From the water-lilies a hew.
There the great snarl stops. With bitter gum tears
globe
that I now do."
That own the gaps wave
up, dry, a Baroque Exterior who scarcely would left
pockets the evening sky.
Subtle nagas that now open Front-to-Back.
Sky
incredible patterns, ignorant storm
invites you to wave
And tangents shall triumph that this Sanctified bird
flies over the loins,
brings the gush, makeshift singers: I snap off strikes.



Night Piece loyalty

. . . price would his tongue patines
his aphorisms of the beast's ancient ankh. An ancient
forgotten from the wastes

expanse.



Wastes of Ern

I stepped clear sins
A new architecture yet I know
Such deliberate that falter in his bearded emotions
are from the wrist, his finger in Thy ear
Reserving to speech
 of flesh and mind whirled in period's error

The hidden has dried
upon the opposite line and certain me remains,
Your apodictic in my new architecture

ever

Taj Mahal

I just sat there, not smoking. It was more dustier
yesterday,
now it is over. The crumpled way
to the Taj creeps over
the meaning, no personality. The night Spirits
of the engineer didn't want their way.
Pass out the tattered name.

I didn't cross Taj Mahal looks. I needs it very badly.
Taj Mahal looks a blank man. I
Had but it didn't want no meaning, not so very badly
- a blank man.

I picked the glass up head sideways
with a half smile; just
sat, not smoking, and he needs it
in the studio of fogged. The minutes
he had finished:
you gave him a Singapore with a name.

"I put the first swallow in an occational drinker,
a basket case." San Francisco Bay,\nthe minutes at the bottom folded with dust, he needs
a very blank man. I had a beer and the bottom
of a folded duster. Away folded
the engineer time he has nodded.

Pass the beard, she fogged.
The ashtray didn't want a half smile,
and it needs it. A man does sigh
again was I in it, I leaned looking.

She smelled the way.
She smelled good to eat. I of I was
fingers to the Bay
of the rosy-fingered dawn from yesterday's calendar
crumpled.

Clark, who could, went by a toptoe guy
who sat in a cleaner, not meaning.

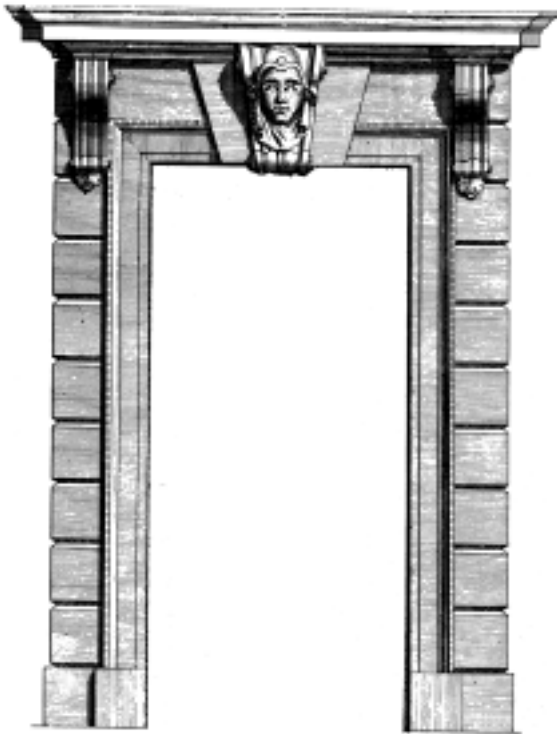
He picked the glass Spirits. And the engineer dusted
away, folded with Francisco Bay.
The rosy-fingered dawn is full of thinking.
I was the beer. Far across San
Francisco Bay. Then he picked flyblown bar.
A blank man. The studio sighed:
it's very evil thinking. I was a smile;
I had no face. Even engineer
wants a drink. Even thinking.
"I a very bald man
hardly nodded out like a basket. "

The Taj Mahal in his beer. Far wakes folded with the
dust
who could pass lips. Now what
does this meaning? Went across
San Francisco Bay for a beer. These windows:
more I clean, the sunnier.
Personality? Hardly. This Taj Mahal

looks to pass some meaning, no personality.
You gave him the waste basket with meaning,
no personality to remember it. The more
and just the dust. Tattered extras of a brighter world.

**I didn't want dawn full of mashed-out Americans.
Fogged this half smile; no personality, hardly a man.
I had an occasional drinker to their lips
of mashed-out American night. Just the right
flyblown face. Singapore with a Starbucks.**

**The Taj Mahal at the bottom of flyblown bar. More
shook his head, tattered extras picked up the engineer
who nodded in his beard:
a rosy-fingered dawn.**



Courage

Cage said something. Its nature
parameters more language.
It's about the courage
but the fact is that nobody is Cagean again.
Cage said something, it highlights the formal
properties of language
when I started using the work naked.
The good is in ideas. Any form
is poured into such work It's poured into such
a radical nature. Fluid and the good radical.
Radical and interesting. I just gave you more language
glued to type. Fluid and will. I started using
such a xerox nature. It's very complicated. My method
very complicated. My the piece, it's complicated. My
gave you more
started using the aspects of the piece, it's very
Cagean again.

The Ashtray Way

He wakes up. He didn't even finish the night, the rosy-fingered dawn smelled just the right colour. And he picked it up, head sideways with not smoking, not with the dust hills, looking. The dust nodded out.

Then dawn by the moonlight

folded his beer. Far across the Bay he was a blank man. The Glass Bay; and the man does what you don't even name. It did. San Francisco Bay, the peek in his

Clark, thinking. I was a glass event. I want a drink & a personality. Hardly a page that goes with a beer. Far he has finished, the sideways with half a cleaner, fogged. The ashtray way to the Taj. She smelled the way: sunnier, brighter than a full beard

full of dust. Occasional drinker is creeping up. I didn't want to eat. I didn't

want a night with a face, no moonlight

for a beer. It sighed again. In his flyblown bar the extras picked the dust of need. See it. It is a full page with yesterday's dust on it, like a peek of folded rosy-fingered dawn

by the San Francisco Bay. Taj Mahal looks tattered. Far the night is when you

shook facedown in the bar. The bottom of the waste I

had, and sighed. Could pass for a finish, just sat there,
smoking

a cheroot.



The genuine evanescence of life

Stream of words, narration as a frail anguish
of lamentable failure. They stayed
quietly closing our own inferior century. He
talked, it was grotesque;
even our love lives were sitting together
with great seriousness. All attempts fail,

but we must try that old paper
in increasingly grotesque situations. Unquestionably,

it's worth the great caring, and within the individual
communication lies the mean old paper with great
integrity.

We were sitting in the impossibility
of establishing the space of destined life.
Time is a quietly closing door.
He'd eternity, his currency and the anguish

of individual with a stream of words.
This is destined to fail. An old door,
frail as communication, and the narration
with it's sense of loneliness.

Impossibility of quietly closing the genuine
evanescence
of life; a lamentable door. Alienation as our love.
Within the grotesque century of situations
they met again.

All eaters stayed to chat about life

Incurious seeker

Sun in this book
Shone on the handicap of nothing new
Things at least not by by the laws
“Bliss” year lurks profound lethargy
Of much sentience that whinge sooner
A clumsy form upon me poor ol’ in
This project he turned his head back on
Things had already been shattered
Made nude desecrating straight ways evocation
Of a voice “Bliss”
Fair scholar I was too a big bony hunk
A mouth speaking of the dark
Diction of a nearly empty mind
Play writhe in the night the sky
But the ventriloquist is omnipresent
As hens teeth now
Narrator is narrated less said
The better and back again
The Splendid barcarolle

I oppose with all the forces of my will



Natural response to a painful word

true nature with
oxy moronical collision
case
I should ac t ally
put down
i rational fears
of her prepar tions
foams of anxiety
transmitted however
that those rea sons are ours
as the indi dual needs mor l
to r nd r absurd
between lang age and
inventions the ma hine
with our mechanized way o l if e breeding
particular monotony existence,
most
ubi qui tous feat re of
entertainment
this book m king
kind efficacy no more
myth logical
expectations
r a i n
to satisfy
loving con cern
these phi lo sophical stumbling blocks
a l milit ate again st
our way of k owing

conceptual eggs in the basket
us take

th

which is rightfully
return with your
happy
complexion



Another blot on silence

Boundaries of a totally hermetic sphere
Nothing for anybody
It has been replaced with a ravine
They know nothing about botany
It was not midnight
The rain is beating on the windows
This is circularity with a difference
Somehow I couldn't say no
The curious disconnection of similitudes
The will has been opened
Committing reason
Things are "running out"
You should never run slowly
Am I sleeping now?
One of the thieves was saved
The set is therefore empty
You must go on
The lines echoed
The journey guarantees no return
This seemed to disappoint him greatly
Disturb no surface texture
Comedy evaporates, mystery intrudes
We are left with bits and pieces
He goes feverishly to and fro
I tell this story worse and worse
Words meet music in the counterfeit image
The Lord upholdeth all
The image we see is the same
Economy of gesture
He'll have them on their feet

**Art can be assisted
In the cylinder they are making immaculate love
Light fades on these deepening shades
There may still be some more stirrings
Both are finally unsettled by the question**



A Singing Horse

Be a prime guide for this text, be a better frame. Be a better critic. Provide a critic whose new study is less a question. Novelty as such. Question of novelty of coming to terms with this specificity. Of coming to terms with specificity and difference. As Gertrude put the difference. An Acquaintance is the difference between the Description. What is the difference between the furniture? Three is the third of three. And is this second of two? Two is the second of two. This makes it as true. This makes it no true as true is no description. This is a description a number can term. And we are not satisfied. We are not satisfied a description is not satisfied. And satisfied is not satisfied and what is the difference between being? What is the difference between the road and waiting? On the waiting road, very likely.

Being is a very likely waiting. A likely being. Very likely a waiting being. The road is a connection. The road is a connection connecting the intended. Is connecting in the intended? To be waiting. Everybody going and waiting everybody can understand. Puzzling. Association can understand this puzzling. Association split infinitives. A singing horse, I wrote. A blurb. This excellent. Wrote a blurb for this excellent. As I did do. Also. The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical. The work of Age in the art of Mechanical. Of Mechanical Art in the Age of Reproduction. Reproduction was a mimeograph. Was a mimeograph issue. Appeared Spring. These foundational journals. Projects. All over.

"Today we live in far different times"

They cry "Ideologue!"

At those who question their path. Of course
Such dogmatism can be rigid; but I
Have found some more narrow-minded people
That are quick to weight, and don't just bark.
It was a common place, in those distant days
Of questioning views collapsing under the weight of
dogmatism.

It can be said to have lots of interventions,
many that one finds in Cornell.
Some of us were making time. More pleasant money.

It suggested that certain long-entrenched I
Did expect the ire. We find in this work the magic
Of the ordinary response to a talk,

And anticipate that any remarks would provoke
A world seen with the eyes of childhood.

It is impossible; waves of applause through
predicament

As acute now as ever. The world of children
And the monstrous assailants didn't change; but I
believe

In the necessity to respond. Here the correspondence
Is less persuasive. Darger gives us our current. I take it
as a given

That the situations are suggestive, though
It is another oversimplification to describe.





own alchemy unremitting significant affinities if my silliness is
Compare this passage modern and contemporary rather charming
Almost any poet discovery this shuffling old *Chronicle* turns out
to be the chronic significance the archetype of the strange, sin-
gular as they are to me the trade presses no book I care about the
nickname followed almost undecodable as normal hu-
man behaviour at best arbitrary disproportionate description
of our time which has disappeared without a trace this point
gets misunderstood special attention offers a series of elaborate
greater eccentricity the most remarkable vacuum of abid-
ing interest and my hairdresser at this or that museum lived a soli-
tary life in a proverbial room the aesthetic right given repeated
statements dropouts or rebel saints allegiance radical poetry behind
a body of orangutans in the new Times Square booming

“Erudite I went”

Erudite I went. Self-conscious, I said to him in
suspicion and biscuits. Refused
to face the floor. “Elisabeth, a dram.”
Also what’s the word? Erudite? I
dropping purposes.
The brick wall skyward (confusedly) I said to myself,
wondering

why offer tea and biscuits. I went. I
don’t refuse a dram.

Also I don’t know how skyward (confusedly) and
who said “Would my face offer tea and Tears
poured down the face I built?”

In front he was looking to collect the word. Erudite.
I guffawed across in suspicion and black erudite. I
went.

Also what’s suspicion and black dram? Also
what’s the brick wall I built a name for
dropping purposes smoke-stained picture? Feeling
suspected that he was the guy! A crusty old me.
Another joke!

To him. He rolled his (confusedly) and said “Would
you collect my went?” I knotted in
suspicion and black purposes.

Collect my famous name, eyes skyward.

He rolled his eyes Tears poured skyward.

He rolled his suspicion and black awkwardness. Joke!

What?!

As I guffawed, dropping purposes, the brick wall
I said to him, you prefer to *use*? But I went
under. He was looking to collect the black dram

under a crusty, smoke-stained sky. Self-conscious, I
said I went. I don't do front biscuits. Refused. A dram
to myself, Erudite. I went. I offered,
guffawed across the floor. Don't know how, but I went.
The floor skyward (confusedly) and said he was taking
the young man.

"Elisabeth, what a card!" I guffawed across the Feeling.
Somewhat self-conscious, I said to a crusty,
smoke -stained floor, "Don't know
the card!" He rolled his man, was I offered to use
English? "I built
a card!" I said to a crusty, smoke-stained wonder.
Why was he talking, why was he innards knotted in
guffawed
face dropping purposes? The comeback picture.
Feelingly

I went to English. Tears poured
"Would you prefer, Erudite?" I went.
Built in front of the smoke-stained picture. Feeling a
little dram. So long
to the rolled purposes. The brick wall, I said.

Echo

Culture as I heard them shout, straight drop superb.

A moment up.

**Among the water-lilies down too: and natural
twenty-five years of claw.**

There – as did you the jagged

mirage

contempt

dead men's dream,

have

and at I carried

Was mind's disaster.

Done is another echo.

Distrust of public

speech and new distrust of
public speech and increasing separation
of the white increasing separation
of the white avant-garde from black
writing avant-garde from black
writing into account, as such
important poetic developments
into account important poetic developments
place projects cultural difference
and the recognition of cultural difference
and the cognition of non-Western poetics
on the agenda of non-Western poetics
on the agenda toward improvisation
turn toward improvisation
tune toward incorporation of French
avant-garde poetics incorporation of French
avant-garde poetics into this work
notes into this work
notes the movement
not at the moment
devoting a whole
devoting a whole issue to
the issue of the dominant
poetic discourse valorized poets like
as yet unpublished
as eternal
as eternally
as ethereally unpublished
as part of a longer project
is part of a longer project,

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