

Spectrum

Cluster notes alive

alockin, red bulb reach
 into space, a drawbridge
 across swamps to lashing sea.
 Old tambourines and bells
 don't stop, an empire of faces
 in the mirror. Metallic perfume
 does you, a Bourbon stroll
 by sepulchres. Down dragged
 from raised quarters, bousillage
 over wood, to a mustard glow—
 salt taste on tarnished gold.
 Who unsold might carry this
 now, weight of oak dripping
 Spanish moss. Trad vamps
 in a foreign dive blow through.

Build a scene from scratch
 for three and four (makes nine).
 How far can to—nearer a glance
 in a cellar smells of gas. To be
 collided in pieces. To question
 a question. This time on a limb.
 Atlas layered. Muster the name
 in lost, all come irregular, a way
 to say next to next as means
 remote. There why there. Lune
 spot on dusty boards, signature beneath. Where's the glass?
 Beer bottles and cheap Burgundy. Sway of puppets in a cage,
 no need to decipher. Varnished spar. Wherever you come in
 I'll be with you. Rumble and bark to tenderness. A paragraph
 in a line. She got he got a bit of blue in red. Steerer-sniff, take
 to see some distant shore. If your platform is the base a track
 comes before. Subject dissolve: nook-throb rainbow in grate.

Dirty bop drive. 3 fingers
 jump the lights, a grid
 of nerves. Old avenue
 dizzies—*ool ya koo*—
 into groove on white
 table. Accent from back
 alcove in sudden glare
 catches. *Arriba*, dash dot
 the same the same moon
 without verb (undastan')
 out of matchbook scrawl
 at the bottom of a can
 your story spills, let it
 as growl and slide open
 into skylon surge. Beat
 the tune, Tunisia in New
 Compton Street. A scene
 you know switches, just
 the coffee brew, a sweet
 north wind, promise of
 a dancer's skirt. Memry's
 a stairwell drip, a face
 in the market that's hard
 to guess. Begin's the end,
 a telephone box in a field.