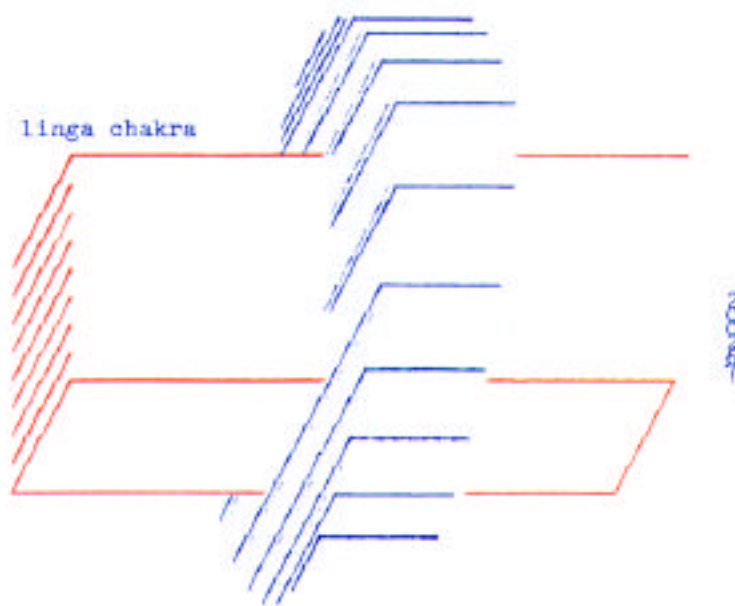


# Slice

Richard Foreman



**/ubu** editions

2001

Slice  
By Richard Foreman

Permission kindly granted by the Ontological Hysterical Theater  
Special thanks to Charles Bernstein

Cover by Dom Sylvester Houédard, 1960s  
©2001 /ubu editions

[/ubu editions](#)  
[www.ubu.com](http://www.ubu.com)  
contact: [slash\\_ubu@ubu.com](mailto:slash_ubu@ubu.com)  
/ubu editions series editor: Brian Kim Stefans

Slice

Richard Foreman

1

Left over, the flutter of paper  
bleeds an expectation,  
new roses not yet  
timed.

Ingenious victims  
spread thin  
on the cut of deep feeling.

Expected night  
unflared  
like a weight.

THE FLUTTER that might have been  
touched  
only flowers,  
and the tight lid  
roared  
into the sweet night.

So many fast fires  
lined  
lost trajectories.

All eyes rolled  
and the head  
emptied  
could  
vision behind the back  
blacked out.

And the roll-touch  
spread  
into a whole city  
flashing like ink,  
word sucked  
into a solid garden.

SUSTAINING grey light  
key stretched  
under the fog paw  
of damp  
idea- mixed trot  
up steps of streets  
pulling to be touched.

Not-enfolded but slid  
under the wax-wet finger  
of cold minutes,  
bone into lock-almond  
creased into the head  
map gouged  
in rock-space  
like a bell-nut.

Hour into the head  
cold cold  
keeping the light shell  
brief.

City-flash  
grain of throat communion,  
the bark  
of idea on idea  
steaming  
stained,  
glowed.

Slice

Richard Foreman

4

MANY, a whole strata  
into the streets  
that multiply,  
drift  
as long memories  
shoot fast  
pinholes  
marking  
the adventurous needle-brain.

Toast renovation  
from fingers  
gripping towards skull-skill.

Flow-up goal  
featured  
fluttered  
a gap.

Slice

Richard Foreman

5

THIN  
mouth-effects  
spread  
brain scrubbed  
into the total bowl.

Here-here on a flat  
boredom level  
like a house  
non-tiltable  
because full.

Slice

Richard Foreman

6

HEARTCARVED  
he opened his palm.

A light spread  
left to right.

Insignia of flash,  
idea imprint  
over the vista-weight  
rapid into a  
clutch  
that spasmed  
itself.

A mix  
total.



WHEN in whiteness  
a whole forehead appears  
wiped  
and the day roots  
grapple  
with foam influx  
all hole in the mouth  
non-word  
poured from a patient shovel  
don't see.

The vista fools  
even the rigorous geometer.

Translator too kaput,  
except error  
which bursts  
into the non-locatable  
(glory) EAR.

Slice

Richard Foreman

8

THE VAST  
open eye  
self plunge  
with a word.

Un-twist  
into the total  
mix  
of language selves.

Singular melange  
re-found.

VANISHING  
was a resource  
employed by crowds best able  
to utilize twilight hours  
Circulation without revelation of deep thought,  
remarkable printed information  
captured with speed.

Window washers  
swept by doubt  
plunged again into space,  
met deeper,  
those they heretofore dared not embrace.

A meal in a hundred  
still in flight  
added clean surfaces  
to banished imagination.

Somebody thinks— Oh, it's raining,  
and a glass door very  
de-manufactures the urban electricity.

Don't shock too soon.  
Don't retro-revolve  
your very glass  
door of downpour  
of demonic drift  
of double correct  
very real sweetness.

I said electricity and I meant electricity.  
I said rain, and I meant lift your eyes  
if you still have them.

That downpour  
is mine.

OVERTURNED CHAIRS  
find their way into history books.

Massive discoveries  
fill suitcases and coffee tables.

Cups stand drunk not.  
The residue of celebration seems uncommonly brilliant.

Why! Why! Cry creatures.

The streets are sometimes empty.  
Painted store fronts deepen their paint.

Colors, not more intense today  
Say maybe tomorrow.

Oranges on the stands  
Roll when jostled.

A horse appears.  
Spectators scatter and pretend to be speed shopping.

Perception comes to an end.  
The routes open fully  
and a car heaven,  
heaves.

Slice

Richard Foreman

11

A ROUTE, re-twist  
under the blanket light  
now-new haze folded  
onto the memory screen  
re-peopled with each grasped  
digit-item

Knives and forks  
where-marched  
upright.

Idea-stalk  
between bites  
into my own  
intimate buying.

Day knocked through the dream  
pre-sleep at the table heaving gifts  
under the lamp's  
sad rule of light.

ICE MUSIC cools nothing  
but rare as music  
temperate, non-believable,  
this could be lost  
or not lost.

Major belief  
the key to all  
self-lifting  
comes now with darkness  
into the non-street  
speeding.

So it was.  
inside-out  
from a blind socket.  
The light  
pounding through fingers  
again and again.

The potato in the mouth  
slows the landscape  
red-purple  
under its liquid-visible  
glow.

No belief manifest,  
but small isolated occasions  
rose to the old music,  
a tired fist  
only.

The suburban drift  
re-heavy with deep flair  
was a continuum really  
so nobody got wet  
and the deepest parameters spread like tactile butter.  
Oh? I head him repeat,  
"Tactile butter"?

Slice

Richard Foreman

13

A DEFINITIVE OUCH,  
he rose to no occasion,  
smiled behind various disguises,  
kissed an exploratory good by,  
lifted no hand in considerable intensity.  
Now you know him.

Without shadows  
he spread  
his fingers  
to touch all shores of the personal.

A CERTAIN REPERTORY  
of imaginary 'left-outs',  
that's what the shelves in shadows made solid  
in a way that had no way out.  
Could I re-scan anything but a beginning?

I said not  
and was self-surprised.

All the hum-drum  
made such a loud noise  
I had no ears.

I betook other events  
in place of coming to terms with what was  
dear,  
sweet,  
and too much touched to be really kissable.

First time was last time.  
I gobbled  
swallowed  
not scared, not free  
not particularly me.

That's how I got where I am now  
not particularly.



I COME hurtling towards you  
in my language.  
Feet, head  
arms and lungs  
all exchange superiour position in rapid succession.  
And that  
we call hurtling.

Does it hurt?  
Of course it does  
in a way.  
In what way?  
Listen,  
while I pound upon you with the top of my head.

Can you feel that pounding?  
It's the top of my head!

I'll make you bleed  
like I bleed  
from the very top of my head.

(Repeat after me:  
From the very top of my head!)

Slice

Richard Foreman

16

BRIEF BUTTER  
circulated  
at the enterence,  
hobbeled  
by the sweet taste  
of the mouth king,  
re-entering  
all doors  
vast and ajar.

Schemes, schemes  
that drop  
into the dry brain,  
the watchful  
mix.  
Was it domes  
that passed here?

Butter shine  
made thick  
leaf magic  
rites of smear  
smoothed  
on the forehead  
of hairless  
camels.

I too  
have traveled  
by sliding.

Up and down was my wont  
acquiring agile taste  
in the gold desert.

Sweet

Slice

Richard Foreman

with the old blankness  
of stuffed  
thought-flesh.

Zap: into the turning.

Slice

Richard Foreman

17

TRIAD:  
the many finger  
pound-clusters,  
fours, fives,  
all magnet-bled  
in suspended blast,  
not  
the verge-hold  
splay return  
inevitably brain fed  
compoundagain.

Slice

Richard Foreman

18

WHEN A WHOLE  
turned  
vehicle slid  
lateral  
to its shadow,  
an image rock  
in the brain of the Who-Who.

It did  
die-not.

Color  
out of color  
shone-again.

THE DARKNESS FALLS.

Radio pulsations extend their reach.

Interference increases, which multiplies the possibilities wherein noise may accidentally suggest eternal realities.

Eyes search the shadows, inventive and turn inward.

Certain genres create from the blackness artificial day.  
As a result, real day begins evoking an imitation and so imitates itself.

Airplanes flying over the city  
but no one looks.  
Their routs solidify into noise umbrellas.

A vast space is pierced.  
Symbolism becomes light to see by.

Animals relate to networks of human interaction  
by imagining how to back up.  
Man, being an animal  
Does it his way, by self consciousness.

Winds rustle venetian blinds.  
Streets empty themselves beyond likelihood.

Ladies alone under the covers resolve to make  
tension radiant.  
Ask how and no answer is forthcoming  
which in the silence,  
deepens resolve.

Old men are covered.  
Hands clutch at protuberances in the shadows  
that tune bio-active faculties.

Slice

Richard Foreman

Organs turn  
Into self.

The possibilities of future action  
count with birds  
not on branches.

An electric glow is seen  
behind deep water  
falling from half closed open faccuts  
in a variety of rooms trying to consolidate.

Women beneath ceilings that echo wallpaper,  
the head spinning

.  
Haircuts lowering impenetrable invitation.  
The cat  
multiplied as ikon  
finds no competition.

Shadows fry.  
Organizations meet.

Vast important resources tap carpets,  
deep red.  
Window washers lower their eyes to see space.

Already eaten meals spread consciousness toward new dimentions, but  
recognized by memory,  
menues float.

Rejuvonated carpets  
loan things

Eyelids converge on bridged discrepences of sightseeing.  
The bus loses axel power.

Slice

Richard Foreman

Greese treads new routes  
and the sore foot triumphs over elusive pain.

Sitting becomes a method of transcendence.



MUSIC not music  
but wind that stopped.

Tree houses loose all mystery.  
Birds rise, their mechanism understood.

Empty streets— look again, no less full than normal.  
Shopping sprees seem slow, which is normal.

The woman with fur quivers but it passes.  
Clocks all notate, which is not normal.

The unusual falls into place like clockwork.  
Dogs make imagination the next plateau.

Energy waves latch onto heat, and lose entry.  
The locked gates hint  
at everything else.

CRASHES self-muffle  
and railroad bridges decide late bets come from the heart.

A workman allows pride to grease the wheels of going in circles  
and steel rims the horizon.

Whatever rises says  
'Steam, you are part of that giant blackness, now.'

(Musical mole-business  
of course,  
musical mole business.)

Men light their own eyes  
using automobile tricks  
to stack people up  
at bridge supportable  
trait-trading posts.

Rivers cross under, turning into non-rivers.  
A red Cadillac finds ways to color itself  
that remain public.  
Still time for lunch?

The star toast sparkles  
until it travels to the stomach  
where it sings  
"Swim, swim!  
Here's lunch, but it hurts.  
Swim, swim,  
Here's lunch for free, but don't touch.  
Here's lunch  
but I vanish in order to be eaten."

I AM HELD  
by the music that rises.  
Engines of sound.  
Waves, slow slices of the would-be ear,  
hands into the teeth absence  
palatable now.

(What makes the body dance?  
And dance it does.)

A program for a life  
lured  
with the intensity of singing,  
dancing, sleep even,  
of which no intensity is the memory even.

Such a soft expansion  
that the very untouchable is the very intense.

A program for life  
de-learnable.  
A true  
program for life  
dissolved in its own  
liveliness.

Slice

Richard Foreman

23

AIR MASQUERADE  
drenched in sun.

Shop windows  
chorus-able.

A gaze of bounce  
eyed into the long  
white boulevard  
with a yowl  
of heaven-butter.

Such was that placid tick  
under the eyebrow  
when great beauty  
hit.

AFTERNOON crack  
of convergent metal.

I bet I heard that mysterious sound  
because I was here for a whole afternoon.  
Why?  
Because a whole afternoon is nothing to me.

In poetry city,  
I bet I stay  
a real long time in fact  
because more poetry means more fun.

What was that noise,  
that metallic crack, in fact?  
Something in my heart?  
Not at all.  
A vehicle exploded  
or rather began to and stopped  
because nothing in Poetry City fulfils itself  
which is why it's poetry city,  
get it?

I bet you didn't.  
But it happened like that  
and whatever it is that happens  
gets into you, somehow  
in Poetry City.

(I've had fine, fine meals here.  
—I bet you have.  
Oh indeed, I bet you have.)

The philosopher turned over his plate  
in poetry city.

Slice

Richard Foreman

in the resturant called 'JOY'  
he finished his lunch  
from a series of uncomfortable positions.

JOY, JOY, the passerby was corrected  
as he almost thought of asking  
old-timers  
for the most dependable resturant  
in Poetry City.

The gray clouds hung over something  
beyond streetcorners  
that evoked  
what should have been docks,  
but no river flowed or even  
cut wet  
between the semi-tall buildings.

What's the best way in and out  
of Poetry City?

Not by water of course,  
there is none.  
And the philosopher dried his throat.  
Not by air  
which compacts over the city whole  
like a blanket of foam,  
and the philosopher swallowed hard.

Not by rail,  
for once  
where streetcars cut electric slap paths  
into the interiour—  
now rest assured with lying wherever you find yourself.

And the philosopher turned to dessert  
which had been served first anyway  
and made a smile out of his mental muscles.

Slice

Richard Foreman

You look happy,  
claimed his companion and vanished.  
Which one of them?  
An answer was  
shhh, forever.

Slice

Richard Foreman

25

THIN LANGUAGE  
bark climb to the leaf  
leaping serious.

World cover  
a glow window-not  
into the heart.

Sit comfortably  
til the room  
tilts, back crack  
of ceremonial verb  
de-used  
for filler.

Til a stuffed head  
again  
lifts supported  
into super-chair.



POETRY MELTS language doesn't it?  
The whip  
applied on myself by myself.  
Debatable pleasure maybe  
but as I divide myself  
hacked off parts  
offered  
in the hand.

Once  
I made language remarkably agile.  
Now the alphabetic display  
turned on itself  
its ikon soup, estranged voice  
like a die-cut  
semi-perfect apple of speech.  
So I self tumble.

Lost restrain of word pack  
all trim at last  
a language  
pee'd out.

So many old fruits  
non-tasted.  
Piles and piles of ghost cards  
pounded, re-made readable.

The older word  
ordered  
into a vast  
drum thump  
like good tongue oder  
wind flapped.

Idea but thickened  
with hurt  
turned again, word again  
through iron-braced mind.

Slice

Richard Foreman

27

THE DEED of clout,  
pure and missed  
through potency.

Alas,  
a full  
space organ.

THE DARKNESS,  
crystalized into faint noise  
travels the streets,  
hussels  
turtle-like  
under the electric spark of a deliberate music  
heard or pressed gently into the eye.  
Temples of such delicacy.  
Forehead relics.

Streetcars return from dead years.

Leaves fall but then choose not to dance  
but do dance  
because wind is always present  
and the dark balconies  
conspire  
remembering light from which they separate  
absorbing all.

A moon hesitates  
somewhere that falls not  
into expectatant diner plates  
or into walkable shoe-shines  
clean on dessert-pavement that moves.

But a bed-time circle is not yet tuned  
and a night wave  
crests without noise  
pulling shadows into its specific glue.

Pigeons arrange into grids of non-wind  
and the invulnerable direction  
rests under an odor  
stopped and immortalized.

Slice

Richard Foreman

29

HEART SWITCHED  
but no storm comes  
unblessed.

Wound to truth.

Fluid in uncover-myth  
the eye mounts  
into bite-long  
trot.

Blood delivered  
hold  
flower pause  
of breath-seed.

A STEAM HEART skids through streets,  
a locomotive of wind-flapped silk,  
despondency non-possibile now.

Newspaper devotees duck a collective head  
into the door that shuts by opening.

A mix of words and wind  
affords travel hallucination  
the better to unfold,  
but what's to be seen  
except from second floor balconies that tilt  
toward nirvana corner I pass,  
meaning I have no claim to the specific facade  
I can't see  
because I'm it.

The shadow is my arena.

The wind  
particle sliced into my eye  
makes the entire street reflexive  
so I get deposited  
like gravey on pavement.

I too  
rustle my engines  
like a tin duck.

Slice

Richard Foreman

31

A MAN, tilt hat,  
let's bookstore windows slide  
into veritable side-of-the-mouth  
sweet-stuck  
no-where but hair.  
Vaseline prone book frontage  
Ready to dine on top.

Pompador soup-flat  
into non-readable slime  
cleans the market of literature.

What's left  
shines  
re-eatable after all.

Slice

Richard Foreman

32

HIS RIPT  
fanciful dimension  
over-ripe  
enough for pleasure  
trades equal  
in departure of zonk.

Zip, the all time-tune  
of ants  
rips into  
jacket law.

Encasement  
flows and gallons of  
woosh-directives  
a whole boy now  
rise, glow  
of the semi  
solved.

WHAT WAS DEEP  
circles itself  
so tight  
it slips up on everything else.

Goodness  
is what shadows exclaim.  
Everything filled, everything abandoned.

Free movement triumphs  
surprising but soft  
and windows  
light again  
turn within a signal.

Animals of non-light  
feeling friendly  
hurry home.

Perfumed recollections  
deposit a dim glow  
as curtains drift,  
lace still holding the promise of penetration  
never acted upon.

Sweetness fills even outsiders  
all inside  
the total imagining.



Slice

Richard Foreman

34

VAST, underhanded  
the loop  
dedicated to outside talk.

But the butter tongue  
leads  
leashes  
and walls-words  
uncovered  
to last  
in dirt.

Free burried speech  
so the one face  
shines.

Language-wipe.

Slice

Richard Foreman

35

CATHEDRAL  
depth charge.  
Brain crackers.

(Cathedral, that's the term.)

A zone of practice.  
The word opens,  
as a vast whole  
rings. Like a bell.

Slice

Richard Foreman

36

A TAXI spins  
once too often  
greasing the wallpaper.

Rose bloom  
and humid supper  
rink my travel.

Here I am.  
I sleep.

The boulevard gets spider arms  
so rotated  
all activity  
muffin-baked by speed  
pours fast  
into sky channels  
sharp groving  
the black light.

Slice

Richard Foreman

37

STREETS ACCOUNT  
and the bomb of reason  
treads  
where the soft light  
spits and spins  
mandolins and grace.

Thought forms under wraps  
til the carpet piano  
thuds also into idea.  
Flesh filled duet  
from the empty  
double music.

I'd like to give myself  
a new language  
which would provide  
instant happiness.

Speaking the words,  
the sequences made available  
by an unimaginable syntax,  
I'd be happy just mouthing  
the promise at least  
of happiness.

The promise  
so deliberate and exact,  
as good as fulfilment,  
but not fulfilment  
and yet  
I like it.

Slice

Richard Foreman

39

TWIST shineable.

Out of wack  
trance-treatment.

Prance  
into the language that opts  
beleagured, loadable,  
flat, duck-of-it  
similar  
to itself.

Marked total  
smartness.

Riftable.  
(Do vent).

ANOTHER TIME

I might tell you about diamonds that fell out of the numbered dial of my wrist watch

Another time

I might circle how much to get 'please'  
out of a man who wants truth just to pour out of me.

O.K.

In the movie titled "Filled Pockets"  
a man reaches a door  
but hesitates a long time before turning the knob.

Someone shouts 'thief'—  
but never again is reference made to that moment.

The man hesitates at the door.

Orange light streams over his face.

Blotch.

And the projector breaks.

You stand, and just at that moment a light comes on.

You are attacked by many.

A spider covers your face but nothing drains the intensity of light.

You fall, emptied into the present.

Don't ask for your money back.

The audience has fled and you are bleeding  
alone in the theater  
searching for change.

Slice

Richard Foreman

41

A MELON rolls forward on glass feet.

Somebody's idea of a parade  
pours from the fulfilled restaurant.

Heroes pounce,  
forks for strolls.

The music  
Speaker-wise  
tears up a group of blackened faces  
clutching the bandstand simulacre.

Why me? cry us  
as empathy itself  
swoops  
foraging  
in the dirty shirt.



HE APPROACHED  
waffle  
under the iron tongue  
sizzle-talk,  
under the word.

A boom  
full or up  
not orientation-fault  
but a gold  
vein  
blood tabled,  
dinner sucked  
de-languaged  
by rote  
with the teeth whirling  
emphasis-sliced  
as it-all.

Is somebody really asleep?  
Already my eyes are heavy.

Requirements un-liftable,  
he seems ready to wake up.

Boats able to reverse  
bring dark packages from infant mouths.  
A knee kissed and exposed  
proves volume expendable  
yet thirst  
paces  
and the window lamp makes veiled correspondence.

Flowers  
glow under the knife.

Slice

Richard Foreman

43

MUTANT,  
liable to disagreeable  
flight  
soft-up.

But the quip-solid  
with it's axis-mentality  
drifts still  
by a skew that  
face-makes  
of its direction only.

Skid-skew.  
The 'otherwords' that  
creases the brain fold  
of the whirl  
all-done.

Slice

Richard Foreman

44

SO-ROADS  
where lunch comes bright.

Double w-wood facade  
hauled by  
slant light.

Slats munch lost  
into deeper autumn.

Napkin pattern appetite  
in wind.

Spoken dart  
using the same mouth  
spoon spread.

Vocabulary twists from under  
where taste  
reins the eye.

Slice

Richard Foreman

45

Bowed  
crest in me.  
Violin mud  
much play twisted.  
Muscle awake  
but vast  
when the arm  
uncovers  
new in revolve  
the selfish skin advent  
folded, re-folded  
groanable flight-path.

Flat  
violin pancakes  
spun  
from the bent arm  
bubbling  
collision into the fat face  
launched  
by a tongue  
non-singable.

Slice

Richard Foreman

46

Cold, he twisted  
a thought ikon-itself  
down to the very grain  
now grafted.  
Drift  
each blossom  
that fell deep  
into the furnace.  
Slice fused  
blast flower  
to a hurled out  
zero degree  
of accident  
all midget night  
owned and owner  
of itself.

Slice

Richard Foreman

47

UTTERLY flat,  
a plateau of sight  
evolves the coagulate  
fresh-stiff,  
rends forthcomings  
all hot-height  
in the arrowed seam of the eye.

Light gurgles in the low throat  
purple, finger-big  
pressing on vision.

The table flattened  
by scan-weight,  
seated night groaping  
into all-white  
gelatin vision.

Slice

Richard Foreman

48

A GALLOP  
sliced til hoves  
cataloging the rain street  
porcelain laced  
smallness its grace  
framed not  
by the green vine  
that only flickers,  
not itself  
in yellow filliment.

Tottering amp-snap  
knocks  
til teeth  
separate and spread  
rump furrow  
all paste  
on stone glassy.

Slice

Richard Foreman

49

CITY under airplanes  
no plain truth on wide walls  
entering through accident only.

And the city ambulance  
white-maneuvers  
like hurt straw  
into the shape that suits it best.

Heart shaped  
pump of unreason  
that spews  
back into the street system  
a pool of nourishment.  
untouched.

Real food  
unfathomable as always.



KNIVES CUT  
when the air is clear  
and lemons  
roll from plates  
into the tunneled streets.

The sinking trolley vanishes  
past  
or round a corner  
or into dust  
as the "Oh yes  
I've been here"  
pulls shades,  
trembling  
over the unfinished meal.

Run into the street.  
Roll with the round  
yellow fruit  
pouring from the brain  
that slices  
through neighborhoods  
heat fixed  
to the skull  
that falls.

A plate receives messages  
a window re-transmits  
and my eye  
solid  
builds me.

Slice

Richard Foreman

51

ROSE DOUBLE,  
authentic layered self  
sweat-heaved in orbit.

Sintilating heat no-heat:  
sweet joined past multiple hurtles.

Rose whine curled  
into gold heat-space.

Whif-drone,  
non-adhesive glue flower  
trembler.

I CAN IMAGINE  
the committment to langauge.  
Something  
not expressed  
but thunderous  
as the world,  
with holes  
widening as fast  
as the world widens.

Did he take me  
to where I was  
grey and soft  
like an instinct inside matter?

The double revolve of two mental wheels  
did echo the spread of that activity.  
So urban we were  
doffed hats into the whirl of winds—  
but I sank  
into a direction that spoke.

HIS OWN HONOR  
not an neglected aspect of himself  
but a buckle  
that shone.

A fly  
decorating his own maneuvers through space  
until the fly king said  
“Enough I have seen  
with my seventeen eyes  
and I sink  
into that very delight  
sufficient”.

His own trust  
not a forgotten part of the repetoire  
but somehow  
what the overkill of the emotion  
emptied.  
A suitcase  
in a city hard to fathom.

His own fathomlessness  
not a look in the wrong direction  
but mirror-like  
a part of the eaten  
cake of responsibility that goes down sweet  
in endless stomach upheavals  
spreading whole pavements of catagory  
masquarading as like and like-not  
whirling really  
in all directions at once.

Slice

Richard Foreman

54

SADLY he spoke  
fire-based  
with feet  
asphalt caressed.

Breaking tenderness  
rolled sweet  
under particles of  
day to day  
chewed to  
grass  
like spun language hair.

Oh, he was a sweet one  
and a disappointed one  
and a lost, totally lost.

Look at the hand-tongue  
shaking  
in the long tunnel

REMARKABLE or not,  
hewed to no form  
but form  
he did vast-reach  
across the inch  
of the finger.

The tiniest joint  
balanced  
like sea-blue  
in the pin-eye  
foam  
of his whirling.

On the fifty-two year pivot  
drown-fear floats  
under the more noticable muscles  
unavailable  
by twist rather than fact.

A fact  
floats  
remarkably  
twist-high.

THE GEERS do mesh  
but a sleep  
undone by itself  
dreamed into distance-lake  
by which fish eye-trauma  
caught one-eyed only.

Pack reflective  
like a beam thinner  
to make me-me-me  
arise like a twist.

The language  
undone by it's stitch-self  
cuts  
into double-joint  
what eye-glue  
spans  
into  
raw I was.

Slice

Richard Foreman

57

THE GREEN  
tried apple bites  
into all-over  
but a branch  
lifts, bites  
into the outside star-self  
where  
grass only  
I count fingers in flight.

Skies, branches, spark gaps  
of the non-apple  
refracted itself  
fallen from no branch  
til a bite  
speeds forth  
the seed of happens  
not-yet.



Slice

Richard Foreman

58

I KNOW things  
and in the very center  
a hole  
brown-burrows  
til the edge  
unkept like light  
speaks of its own  
discovered drift  
and that plate  
edges  
into complete  
hurrah  
whole again like a type  
unbent.

Slice

Richard Foreman

59

EACH SPLIT separated  
into a non-space  
all frontal demand.  
Skull in essence de-brewed  
to drink unthought  
the return fluid of a slow  
triumph look-alike  
panic sparking  
the untroubled hurt-not  
of hurt kernal.

WONDERFUL  
rage-freedom  
and the dawn drops  
partial  
against itself.

The flick of  
tremendous round, calm  
already tumbling  
into past ice  
gathering up cold destinies.

Wit, but a word more  
and the revolved crack  
spread like fire trumpets  
music of solid foot  
pounding a dust-effectual remark  
making its own iced reflex.

Blanket enough to do  
to daylight  
whatever ousts  
the maintained tremor  
of spleen-beam  
us.

PSYCHE OUT the shape  
of all events expanding  
because of the overlap on a point  
added one by one.

Drift to the right  
so if one counteracts the drift  
time stops.  
And the circle is penetrable  
and the eye is the center  
origin point  
sees or is seen.

Nothing is there.  
The eye self-enclosed  
non-radiating  
except circular,  
on and through itself.

Tight weave  
where tight means nothing.  
The self-selfed  
empty  
a point now  
all because one moved  
against movement.

PEOPLE are in the streets.  
Empty houses re-fill at no particular speed.  
A lost love re-surfaces and is hewn from different oak  
but born again  
and all think of themselves as body  
worn once  
but now indelibly fixed in small private possession.

Street lights brighten before the storm's occasional arrival.  
Umbrellas lift into heretofore empty space  
and the sawed branch evoked, breaks not  
except —yes  
into a hundred small arms and legs that whirl  
having been sawed  
into no possible  
otherwise  
coming home.

Just like  
In the beginning.  
In the beginning  
a deep sleep  
dreamless.  
No sleeper  
only the sleep  
fold into itself  
from which a man of a certain age  
rolled forward  
into no time at all.

Rolled, rolled, rolled  
and rolled, rolled  
rolledrolledrolledrolledrolled.

COULD IT BE that I rose into different light?

Could it be that I lost interest in the total revolve of the semi that called itself circle?

Could it be that I toasted the second rate, under the impression that compassionate meant “hero”?

“Don’t doubt anything except the stratagically isolated,”  
cried my guardian angel.  
and I was awake to that  
just a little too soon.  
Confusion was not MY recipe  
but the angel of that persuasion capped a lifetime of energy  
with a slow lift-off  
into name that tune-less  
they all sang  
so singable.

“How be friends” said the smile  
and I covered, of course, my own mouth first.  
“Can’t you shine tooth light  
into a grimace that hurts no one?”  
(It gains access through the dreaming of more than  
of occasional factors.)

Funny—  
it was factories that aimed at the mammoth corrective operation.  
None of it worked out but it sure made music  
and that best noise  
was the worst of all possible words.

A worst rehabilitation machine—  
that’s why I’m MAD ABOUT MUSIC  
chimed in a hell-of-a-lotta young things  
who took things off into nose country.

Slice

Richard Foreman

I too, sloaped  
I mean, slopped  
into the desert of life  
which fools  
you  
me  
but not everybody  
who of course you recognized as one of my more  
SUCCESSFUL disguises.

So when you hear on the grape-vine—  
“Big guy, your prize just got delivered!”  
don’t even look.  
I’m a crook, about my own handywork.  
So. fingers? Ouch!  
Risk it, of course.  
It’s terrible,  
but not really music.

Slice

Richard Foreman

64

YES, to the vibrating finger  
close to what's close.  
Demonically eat of gentle  
direction and allow  
all.

Notice how the voice  
vowels the experience.  
Thick falsity in fact.

Your focal finger points to itself  
only by the non-point  
of tremor.



After many experiences  
one came to an end.  
It wasn't thinking that came forward.  
It bounced  
against itself.  
It continued.  
It called itself  
multiple bounce. A whole world.

That's all it took  
to make a whole  
world of trees  
world of ideas  
world of tables  
world of rats  
world of skies  
world of thinking itself

world of rivers  
world of houses  
world of laws

bounce

world of ideas  
world of tracks  
world of farms  
world of value systems

bounce

world of music  
world of pies  
world of eye glasses

bounce

world of wars  
world of beds  
world of systems  
world of blood  
world of wind

Slice

Richard Foreman

world of everything else

bounce.

A certain fear  
had not much to do with reality  
until it got tasted.  
It realized fear.  
It could do no wrong.  
It dressed in jewels  
that blinded even itself  
from lights elsewhere.

It preferred  
blindness  
and other affectations  
of self dazzlement.  
Through multiplication  
it came upon  
twice full of admiration  
saying to itself,  
"If this is fear  
it isn't bad."

But who spoke  
when that being  
flew into the heights of the room umbrella  
so the rain  
could not water real flowers?

It wanted to make explosions  
like the real  
beautiful thing it was (not).

The philosopher's table  
upside down  
as always.

It didn't rain.  
That was my own  
wrist falling through space  
to slap against  
the tree that talked.  
Look. Many of those trees  
lining the road to the park  
where burials already  
made opera out of  
previous aggression.

I did seizing the hand to my right.  
Tell more time, more time  
and the fullness made of itself  
arrangements  
so that an ordered world said  
"Hey, I'm just a piece of the WORD."

With that for a foot  
start and circulate  
almost reaching the starting point.  
But alas—  
the door shut.

Slice

Richard Foreman

67

Nothing. A twist  
of the kernal of space  
seeded me.  
Nothing.  
A non-aberant descent.

Twist  
into the harmony of incompatable sources  
all miles  
from my telephone and brain.

Look, again I lost contact.  
Giddy again  
I dialed,  
zero seed  
into a vibrating flower  
that said  
"Pass not"  
which was the code.

Soon, soon,  
did he throw a hat in the air.  
Soon, did a flutter  
turn automatic.  
Soon, soon,  
when a bar of chocolate  
and a bar of soap  
were inter-changable  
what got a bubble burst?  
And  
Soon, soon,  
the place it fell to  
was uncomfortable delight.  
So roll, twist,  
the mind behind the mind  
so the grain irritant oyster  
goes snap  
at the brain spark that lights up  
MY whole world at least.

Roll, roll.  
I got no ocean  
in my ocean.  
Space out  
phases.

Phase, phase.  
don't get lost  
eating you basis.  
It goes out in a big circle,  
loops back and says "the tripple dip  
dips me, you  
and everybody in good stuff."  
When I stuff,

Slice

Richard Foreman

I say stuff,  
more stuff.  
Phase it, phase it.

Veronica came into my life  
like a cyclone of plastic.  
Who got off first?  
Hard to say, but when I  
stepped down from the talk alot bus,  
boy, was I hot.  
Phase it, phase it.  
That means cool out the whole planet.

Air- dale and more  
my holes to vent  
blocked up by the information—  
that wasn't Veronica's trip.  
So my return ticket  
stuck up  
tickled me  
and I couldn't  
phase it, phase it.

So instead I  
phase it, phase it,  
phase it all the time.  
Phase it.

No pearl  
circle the tall tree  
but hesitate.  
Drink.  
Hesitate.  
And the electricity of the pause  
vanishes  
inside it's own pause of thirst.

Then  
a look which spreads wide  
the white of the sky  
enters so many heads  
from the part directly over the brain  
that the words of exaltation  
glisten  
on all things  
rising.  
Counter-move  
to the slow drift  
of wooden  
twilight.

Look, look toward the shadow.  
It's no shadow.  
It's the inside of light  
already sleeping.

And the trees  
manufacture all purpose solutions  
and me,  
flying self poised  
in the direction already given  
by non-saying.

Slice

Richard Foreman

70

Under water  
risen again.  
I float not  
but obey.  
So what sails  
from me  
is  
utter wind.

That reach interior  
that through itself  
only  
courses in gold.



Slice

Richard Foreman

71

Misguided, a tribulation  
all-offered.  
A roaster for rides  
de-marked to re-inject  
start of population adventures  
that made wheels  
where a crowd died  
under its individual plaint.

Soft into the self-selves  
that swerved-like  
only to the flick of moment consciousness  
in-eyed all.

Slice

Richard Foreman

72

His grey features  
as a rolled-through city.

His dappled attention  
provokes the lattace  
of glimpsed vista-cuts—  
so into each bar-resturnant-cafe  
the nostril like vortex  
into which goes  
the exploratory  
wipe-out of swirled  
body as stretched sleep.

I saw nothing  
til now.  
It's then.

Slice

Richard Foreman

73

The experience  
rolled up  
(it had time) (always time)  
sweetens  
into the unrecognizable  
honey  
that is always honey.

Um- strokes,  
of the beaten wing  
flying home.

Hopeful  
he giant entered.  
He gave way  
to that mist that covered the city  
which was no city  
but a collection of not-recollected devices  
long endured.

Hopeful  
he no longer collected what hopefulness revealed  
under the hour glass of so many missed  
brown and gold hours  
of despondency and effort

Hopeful  
he flew.  
But the mist through which he circulated  
did not cry "City, I know your corners  
your brilliant avenues  
but I flap in your own busy wind,  
stride like the idea of jeweled accomplishment."  
Look how the joint of arm and leg  
flash in the extention of multiple idea  
made concrete from the accomplishment  
that renders  
the solid fact of each particular dream.

Hopeful  
he lifts,  
and cities choir into themselves.  
Hopeful  
he rides to his own end of the line  
and half sleep  
is enough for total  
sleep  
which follows  
in the mist.

Slice

Richard Foreman

75

Gratitude slips through the net.  
Pile driver inertia blooms.

A certain register  
un-pre thought  
but purchased  
witnessed  
slow disappearance.

In a city  
no one speaks.  
Search for the hotel.

Now let me pick up a hammer.

Now let me lift a sharp instrument which is really to be used on the tooth  
except I'll use it on my own gold eye.

What?

God's eye?

The one that sees through darkness because that's just imaginary adventures. The moment I turn the light on everything goes black.

I should have brought a tooth pick.

No, an ice pick.

It grow out of my head like a stalk of reality.

Look into that hole and you think you see yourself

but look twice—it's me.

They wanted me to build  
but I refused.

They gave me a collection of motifs  
and said build yourself a world  
— was it a world? I don't think so.  
A city maybe  
or a single house  
or not a house even but since a real storm is coming  
a kind of minimal shelter only.  
I refused.

I refused on principal.

(Outside the real place  
his longed for paradise did come  
sooner than expectation.  
A rare dimation  
dreaming the leaf itself  
eaten, tired  
and the sky that rose  
plate like,  
uncooled by the other dimations  
he choose not.  
But the not  
one hundred times  
in it's fast oscilation  
made each wall necessary again  
til decoration flowered  
and the main hallucinating truth  
repeated  
into the real.)

Should I allow the real.  
Should I accomplish myself  
or vanish into the agreed on  
happiness.

Slice

Richard Foreman

Should I duck for joy  
when the horizontal elevator displaces  
not smiles, but the long light of an afternoon  
wasted in discarded pleasure that plays back  
all golden memories  
because the achieved bride of self  
does the circular dance  
that only real troupers know  
as the harvest of what came  
before anyone invented applause  
to ruined that once and spontaneous  
nothing at all  
happy.

Should I track.  
Should I encore.  
Should I toss off nothing.  
Should I count more than the accident "It happened".

But it did.  
Self-counted.



Slice

Richard Foreman

78

When the wall of time  
is flat  
directions are still possible into the uni-direction  
spread though the capable hand  
that mocks not  
its own elevated receptor.

It does dive into the space of radical drift.

So time which is a tint only  
(residue of the real swoop-color)  
fades again into its own  
pass-self.

And the hands  
stretch to no held  
beat.

Slice

Richard Foreman

79

No a-oar  
rowed up  
but the lengthen  
drift.

And all collections  
de-formed  
because it was inherent.

That was the form  
known to itself  
from the great travelled distance.

Small unimagined drift.  
Don't think.  
Here it is in the eye.  
but don't notice.

Alone  
circles it.

Slice

Richard Foreman

80

Is this language  
spoke flying?

It does  
fly.

My face wiped  
itself  
with language.

Round  
like a moving rock.

Slice

Richard Foreman

81

The truth  
bends into existence.

That's all right.

People topple  
anyway.

There is no public life.  
Ripped from the walls are violins  
Played but once.  
And the wallpaper reforms  
under the gaze of the exhausted music lover.

Crossroads decide to sleep  
and a violence unimaginable  
takes flight under the eye of eyes  
rooted in the bright  
reflexive glow all drift.  
Good for now.  
Good for tomorrow.

A smile offered  
slightly more than remarkable.

Outsiders howl.  
Insiders lift their skirts.

Don't doubt  
everything is on the opposite side of expectation  
and plunges so quick  
into the invisible quicksand of—  
Oh, this remark, that remark.

There. What I said was etched  
in some kind of non-refundable gold.

Slice

Richard Foreman

83

Self-calm  
in the afternoon  
his flar for excitement was objectified..

Sandwiches un-ate  
and the began  
re-wound  
made him think himself whole  
like non-clock time  
the body  
shirks.

Bundles of being.  
He was that kind of hero.

A new plan for life  
The refusal to make connections.  
What kind of explosion is the result?  
My own self generating  
gently.  
And his hand flew multi-directional from the wrist.

Brains  
potatos  
auras  
sponges  
planets.

Out of memory  
he drew bucketfulls of alphabet notes.  
A different letter of the alphabet  
at the top of each note.  
Many ways to arrange those notes  
alphabetrical form producing one arrangement.

Words could be spelled using those letters  
at the top of each page  
arranging the sequence of notes  
specific ways.

So as you see  
I shall be vigorous  
but lost.

A potato is in the mouth.  
Feet bring one to the edge.  
Upside down is a dilemma non-contradictory  
so we lose our way and benifit.

All manifestation takes a powder.

Slice

Richard Foreman

“Look” cry lost children no longer lost  
“We got lost”.  
Such celebration.  
So many potatoes.  
Such reunions and feasting  
All of course under totally false premises.

Rapidly the abandoned fields  
lose cloud-cover.  
Whatever floral displays were considered  
drift  
into a dust that came from those skies  
slowly  
like rain  
though the speed was different  
and no one considered it like speed.

Charted as it was  
against a vertical direction that had no opposite  
the word drift  
was manifesting  
under everybody’s consciousness.

Blest  
lost  
empty  
and radiant about the very whole thing  
forever and forever  
into the dark pit.

Holes in the air  
ventelated  
not the uncomfortable things  
but the untouchable because always  
pre-mature.  
Always.



No belief was manifest  
in a major way  
but small isolated occasions  
rose to the old music  
a tired fist only.

The suburban drift  
re-heavy with deep flair  
but it was a continuum really  
and so  
nobody got really wet  
and the deepest parameters were spread like tactile butter,  
Oh? I head him repeat—  
Tactile butter?  
(A definitive, ouch.)

That suburban drift  
wasn't my real homecoming.  
I dash it  
so that in the beyond I can accomodate  
my real self.

Then, doning the uniform complete—  
here I am.  
An I-star.

Slice

Richard Foreman

86

Caught, the iron  
was re-heated.

Index-term,  
the formal agile property  
of nomad p-p-puffs  
from which non-spew  
or not  
a vapor feast.

Loud claxon fruit  
proof to its orbit  
own-chewable  
fever dropped  
into the word-world  
of this.

Slice

Richard Foreman

87

Twisted into comprehensibility  
he rose  
to no occasion.

He smiled behind his various disguises  
he kissed, an exploratory good by  
he lifted no hand in considerable intensity.

Now you know him.  
He spread his fingers  
to touch all shores of the personal.

Oh white raider.  
Oh ash phonetics.  
Speaker of heart scooped out.  
Oh tall time master of the wrist,  
spinner of height and depth  
those two-twin acts of a desperation not even conversent  
with fluid dwellings  
of the sentimental lynch-pin.  
I throw now the key into the deeper pit.  
I spring no-locks  
that braid in the head's hair  
like fireflies at noon  
sleeping so it appears  
elsewhere.  
But in fact  
iced onto a larger dream,  
vision and tooth removed.

The gap, the fructifier!  
(Repeat after me.)

Capable, as always.  
Risen— that means out of control  
into masterful drift. Always  
but

when an a- eye  
blinks enough to allow-in-all  
should I be open to you too?  
You also?

You bend in yourself  
like a real tossed element  
of total agitation.

It's my desire.

It's my dream also.

Kill it I did try  
but being OUT of myself was  
rotten to the core.  
Here I am again.

Slice

Richard Foreman

90

I can't complain  
when I was already wet  
before the downpour.

It took the STING  
out of things.  
How silly they did seem  
with no more sting.

Stroll along  
admiring the flowers  
and faint not  
til the next squall you didn't name.

But you licked it good  
for it's elusive  
sweetness

Slice

Richard Foreman

91

Everything continues as planned  
then it doesn't.  
So I just saw  
vision.

Another field of occurrence  
which lept at me  
not sudden  
not forcefully  
not invisibly  
like a significant  
and drift like it did  
drift.

No reasons, he says,  
and the delight was big.

A terrible wind  
didn't collect much.  
Memorabilia that didn't count.

Only high grade ore,  
deliberate and positive  
is something to fill your head.

But talking about hats—  
internals hats show off  
the color of these latent ideas.

Then, searching every mirror in town  
you can be sure of winning  
the last race  
raced.

It superceeds all others  
in slowness  
so it's won  
like the colorful repetition  
of everything  
you forgot to think.



His own feet—  
I'm talking about myself of course  
—dance.

But I don't dance.

Then how come I thought of my feet  
blindly.  
Did I really blind myself with my feet?  
A really  
means "Yes".

That's the thing about feet.  
Look  
as I  
up them.

Slice

Richard Foreman

94

Speeding through  
all necessary branches  
what's gathered.

Fruits?  
Oh no, kisses.  
Self to self.

The tongue that vibrates  
in the real  
hole of the self  
like a mad bee

It happened once  
in the distant street  
convoluted here  
by elevated railroads  
that passed  
deep through on stump legs.

Now when that memory is shaky  
light cracks  
like a pro-fund-ory.

I pass my spelling on  
to those who handle it better.  
I just sit  
stump still  
on my future  
into which  
my sleep  
is my disappearance.

Did a light strike?  
Wear it into a better resume.

They come upon me.  
Nothing but sentences redeem me.

Such happiness.  
Such tea.  
Was it a clock that struck  
light in the inner eye?

Better to make do  
with what comes to hand  
than something with holes in it.  
I am solid.  
I have a finger  
in my own oriface of choice.  
I see nothing.  
Yes to the eye.

Wait for the rain  
but it didn't .  
It was cold someplace else  
and here  
I sat.  
What fell on my head  
was wet  
only in anticipation.

But anticipation is daughter  
to inventionary thought.  
It's here and when I say  
it's here—  
it goes.

Hello  
am I here?  
Of course

Slice

Richard Foreman

97

A remark— sped  
made it  
bed un-flat.

But the bend skyward speech  
ripe foam noise lift  
of the squashed flesh?

De-dance  
patterned flameouts.

Slice

Richard Foreman

98

Nighttime. Did you  
have something to say  
to me?

A dish.  
China leaves.  
Cool  
tobacco left-over  
lamps on end.  
Depth crackers.

To eat no-flakes  
that's to die  
cast in an iron life  
porous enough.  
Fragments, disguises,  
one tablet  
for one eye  
see-thru  
holds.

Sleep into idea.  
Wake into meaning-not  
but holes.

Radiant, alone  
network acid  
the calm  
dance  
all done.

Slice

Richard Foreman

99

His own fist  
lamented as it turned  
from the body  
into a punchless space.

Kissed  
winded (lost in fistify)  
a hundred kisses  
bawled at me.

He didn't expect "I" to roll  
again into itself.  
That agrandized hollow  
of a non-spoken  
could  
elbow-turned  
into the same-self  
double.

Self and self  
punch mowed  
into de-effect  
(all stress.)

Controlled by iron milk.  
Steam dug.  
Heart-not.  
Milk-word tumbling  
tongue in tongue  
X'd by the subtle X  
no-tunnel  
but all-place  
pricked  
through the speaking nostril.

Blood  
white in shock  
now  
stretched  
rabid, rapid  
through a tooth  
timed into the bite  
gaped by the siezed gold  
quote of time.

Stress-ache  
under the iron cause  
that calms  
nerve data  
vast enough  
to surface.

Dead eaten  
into the system vector.

Usurped gulp.  
Glare-pancake itself  
sleep-trundled  
hoisted un-there  
to-join.



Slice

Richard Foreman

101

The break.  
The watered plant  
full swollen  
but trapped.

Tapped by thunder-inert.  
Cared for  
hand melted  
under the gaze  
popping out again.

Not doubt  
but a now double leaf  
extended into a so-glare  
it-be.

We were all rigor.  
We were all alone  
and the shine  
half erased  
thereby seized us  
til a cart  
rumbling in the dust  
self engineered  
re-wound  
into the giant space  
where all small occurrences  
re-coupled.

So much vast drift of the multi-mind.  
Look!  
I'm already into my coat!  
Never out the door even  
the wind  
too much.  
The little distractions  
all the better unnoticed  
you see.

The limited resource.  
The panel in the center of the panel.  
Closed noise  
and all these circles  
mine from an intense fist  
that de-migrated  
the sense of self.

So blown,  
a countryside non-slept  
under the blanket  
amazement in the head.

What bird  
flown gyro of please cold cracking  
in the upper stories  
of remarkable  
globe-nose  
smelling old stories only  
from collapse  
shines  
but goes.

Slice

Richard Foreman

104

X-not  
stitched increase  
plumbed bang—  
life turned magnet.

Inch-in-hand.  
mouth dropped.

Brain prong  
long fueled stretch  
through a demand  
of-not see  
the wide shelf  
of souvenirs.

Name glue  
sweet saying-stiched.

At dawn  
a street catapult  
through the knife that misses:  
cuts of rattle  
layer on layer  
ice  
milked from the rip-off  
day  
light like.

Whose eyes are those?  
Whirled habitues  
streamline  
the seen-not,  
bled-lived  
and a corner  
rounds itself  
to fold-up brightness  
and crisped  
edge  
reads like a drift-sack  
I cozy to.

Slice

Richard Foreman

106

Clocks sing  
in the brief street  
with its twist  
from light into  
deep shadow.

Dust flecked fingers  
flickers a walk  
inside out  
toward the face  
of the transformed door.

Hole into wider hole.  
Mouth of self  
not yet endured.

Slice

Richard Foreman

107

Misguided, a tribulation  
all-offered.

A roaster for rides  
de-marked  
to re-inject  
from the start of populations  
adventures  
that made wheels  
where a crowd died  
under each individual plaint.

Soft into the self-selves  
that swerved  
only to flicker,  
in-eyed all.

Slice

Richard Foreman

108

The milimeter of so-so  
all influx floated  
mends me all.

And a round  
arbitrary  
no-end-in-sight  
stretches blanks.

A thumb in the nose  
punching for life  
into the flat brick  
I-building.  
House of holes.



Slice

Richard Foreman

109

The stone walks  
steps  
uptil  
the nerve-ice  
sucks on itself.

Pig-like in iron  
coiled  
tight as un-openable poison  
later to destroy  
by birth  
the flung  
hung into whose sky  
light of stone  
light of iron  
light of brightest  
wind idea  
gushed.

Heavy weight into noise.

Uncovered city three times.  
Rebirth of straw  
brain straw.  
And the iron thump  
lightened by drift  
whole measured under the  
laugh resistance  
drugged into it's memory mouth.

The  
speaks  
alone.

Wind-words of the peace tunnel  
that goes, tread sad  
under the lamp outside the fist  
clasped in punch.

Each mind  
whirled into another.  
city.

Heaven self  
towards bright stutter.  
all wobbled  
by the taut telling  
of itself done  
in the slice of a street  
that lifts  
into the roll of roofs, walls, three-part doors  
that sink where the mind  
smacks down the flat  
bed-trust  
of a sleep.

Slice

Richard Foreman

111

Oh wild man  
you  
a light I burn by.

Extinguishable future  
barren field  
of pre-non housing in which  
I cleanse myself.

Shall I vanish?  
I shall. That as my  
escape.  
That vanishing into  
which only I believe.

Slice

Richard Foreman

112

(Eros 1):  
Sometimes his own  
admiration basked  
uncollared  
in pure aether.

Colorless.  
The fluid geometry twixt  
rushed broth-modules  
of well  
administered  
thumpings.

(Eros 2)  
The questionable lady  
de-relic-able  
smitten  
could all cold  
factor-hide  
the manip-u-late  
of a random  
rackum.  
So I  
tress-made  
violence under the roof-like  
path of footable  
excess.

Nether-ward  
the elbow flexed  
of beloved pre-bodies  
warm-log leg did I  
re-march  
of a numb into mouth  
that could mix  
in-ebriate  
splay-ful me.

The rolling twist solid  
of a combine hum-whif.

Slice

Richard Foreman

114

(Eros 3)  
His to hole-grapled  
satur-ology.  
Misfruitful filled full  
of an in-sackable  
pull.  
His own stream like  
toat  
pre-vamped  
from hecorate  
of Dotchuss  
invest  
and  
plac-ful  
where it could  
mark well  
what the  
real smear  
saturate  
un-comfort  
abcess  
of its  
venture prone  
lily  
same sung  
lily.

Slice

Richard Foreman

115

(Eros 4)  
Pre-agulate  
sniff  
that drops into  
re-marking nuff-said.  
Here to hector-fore  
sawed into be-half  
of watsaid well-ford.  
Bellied of bald  
his own dither.  
What dim dis-  
able effort  
should his maskul  
master—  
but I made it  
help, help, with hold  
and else am I  
re-else  
through my orphaned  
deep effort  
self.

Slice

Richard Foreman

116

(Eros 5)  
All kept  
all possible. Touched  
deposits of (3 smacks) kisses.

All boy his in a runt  
make rukus rumple.  
But it so don't  
so flipped it  
was alert.  
More ghastly vent  
than catalogue.  
Hip-roar-unt new  
and vast-again.

A million so renew  
his boyness be  
bought in trembleness  
true to pie.



Slice

Richard Foreman

117

(Eros 6)  
Boy-check marks  
all pavement.  
His hoofs-it himself.

(Speeding in air  
glass catapult self  
cleansed remarkable double.  
Street hate, a soft unparalleled  
response.  
3-layered town-me  
unmarked except other  
drenched longing light.

Criss-crossed buffered  
that heart warmed  
by reach.

Pound now, squash radicals  
trench malaprop speeds  
the warm soft arrow  
into it.)

Obviously.

Slice

Richard Foreman

118

(Eros 7)  
Fulfilled. Nothing.  
I vast wet  
the appetite.

Drives wobble  
from heat  
and the heart  
most makes  
of its vestibule  
a rock  
hit deep  
by wipes  
of meaning.

Slice

Richard Foreman

119

(Eros 8)  
The world  
gone granular.  
Alas not—  
I wipe  
eyes with eyes.

I taste  
brain hooked  
the spun house  
carpeted.

Lost toys  
in the fingers  
multiple  
like disappearing  
locks.

Decorated thief  
re-laid  
into safe harbor  
all-at-once.

Slice

Richard Foreman

120

The car turns.  
Ice breaks  
in a head  
of roses.

The wheels multiply.  
Prayer traffic  
waffles  
into the silver  
of hand  
forehead  
body torque.

Double impress.  
My own x'd out  
relocation.  
eye-city  
lived through.

Encoded in my words a word.  
I stop speaking to speak.  
A whole language falls  
from the dead body.

Contesting my action an act  
swivels the flesh.  
What rises?  
The sun  
twists  
through the mobile window  
on stairs.

Hope stretches but in the gap  
real desire  
shivers  
glass on glass  
to de-penetrate  
the sky.

Birds  
boom  
snowing into the ear.

Second looks  
snuff  
the eye beam.

Blown from the rose  
all petals  
re-group  
in a word.

Slice

Richard Foreman

122

His annual report:  
placed  
on the hit-table.  
Trellis  
for arbitrary daudle  
made-matched.

Grove-loss  
re-fingered  
flip into  
alto-adjust.  
The rigid realm  
you get  
targeted in  
by dirt.

Slice

Richard Foreman

123

Outside the face  
the remarkable grimace  
that bisected feeling  
smothered  
so that being moved  
was a hard blow.

Belief or non belief.

When feeling happened  
it was  
total vent  
total hole-in-the-world  
growing  
til the wall vanished  
which meant  
the hole vanished.

Pure wind.

When tilted toward  
forgettable space  
the whole head  
whirling for balance  
idea plus blast  
but blast stronger  
sending the body  
light-like  
towards columns  
multiplications  
all trees  
into the sigh-space  
of the quenched intelligence,

then and only then  
seeds  
seen like rain  
puddle the whole arena  
of the face  
and the smile  
smartens  
the mutual control  
that feeds on air.

And so  
gestures  
with the blind hand  
shine.



Slice

Richard Foreman

125

Too often to quote  
he tottered  
blanketed up to the neck  
whereupon the sharp eyes  
torque into cement  
and the stretched buffalo weight  
pressed flat by itself  
relic of danger  
whiff of naught  
he remotes himself again  
into the true spin  
and marks time  
winning  
always again  
at numbers.

After a day spend in tears— who was able to benefit  
from such long postponed business?  
The drive past the asbestos factory?  
Pills of white fiber  
walls of white death.  
bump-o-fied.

Night drawn.  
Cataracts of loss.  
The tired tribes of time  
that solidified.

Language as bed.  
Tired head into a cupped  
fistful  
punching its way into the deep:  
forget me not  
of the external  
croaked circle of sound.

Bleached rump-let  
long re-echoed quakes  
and I ran  
home.

Here in the left or right hand  
lifted to the mouth  
dry from prattle  
he x-foamed  
'it' into its easy-opposite.

X'd into last place  
where the love  
lost its toe hold  
on real estate  
but the brunch  
re-declared  
re-tarded

Slice

Richard Foreman

re-tract-trench  
for food flows  
backwards  
mouth to brain  
so words  
formed like melons  
behind the eyes  
in a blink.

That fast.  
That super-animated.  
All solid.

The dawn rose in him.  
The alternative language spoke in him.  
He ceded his own eyes.  
He closes his mouth  
forever  
and stinks  
out of which  
a discovery was available  
to others  
yet not made.

This capacity of life in a pinhole  
this brain too softened  
by blows  
swells  
into the thing it tried to escape.

You name it.  
He can't.

Slice

Richard Foreman

128

Acts  
tumble from heads  
and hands  
translate  
from postures  
of snow.

Migrant,  
white flakes  
now  
into multiple kiss.

Backed-up  
memory—  
the grimace  
of effort  
speeds  
non-preferential  
into a pure  
thrust  
emptied.

When the great sun-mouth opens  
I myself lose sleep over bright nothings.  
I curl my fingers  
over this sleep-idea.  
I race.  
I fall down from my pants.  
I circulate like the crackers in a dry mouth  
speaking with violence  
about self-same subjects.  
Nobody buys what I sell.  
Here I go again  
washed out  
but brilliant enough to shine  
in my own eyes.

Slice

Richard Foreman

130

Spoken re-flows  
to me.

So built  
so dead piles  
of the swoon-wed  
stick  
words beat  
with whisper  
sweetness.

Gestures cast  
floor near  
roll to self-usable  
mud.

Slice

Richard Foreman

131

His  
ript  
once  
un-fled  
to waved  
specific.

The mount  
all dread  
by the word  
that carcassed.



When a rough duck  
encounters  
the sweet trespass  
of self  
then  
only then  
does the head  
dipped  
leave its print  
on unkind  
whimper-losses.

Red meat  
too much animal  
too much hit-potential  
and a tooth  
quacked by doubt  
slivered the whole-gloss  
of mind-eyed X.

Mine  
retouched by beauty  
brief, alas  
his own story  
over-carcassed.

Slice

Richard Foreman

133

Against hordes  
he collected his  
antenna.

Against weather  
he dropped  
a prepared suitcase.

Against gravity  
he ripped  
a sidewalk  
dedicated  
to brief flings.

Against you  
he re-dreamed  
a glass  
micro-ton.

And himself  
he drifted  
like unfortunate  
iron.

Slice

Richard Foreman

134

Who bespeaks me?  
The one who took off his glasses.  
Say better was not the idea.

The idea was  
swim—  
in the swimable  
non-plus.

I'm upside-reverse  
that's why an eye-chart  
in the head  
sinks  
words  
for the better.

Slice

Richard Foreman

135

The mouth  
lifts light.

The word  
turbulence  
under ice  
cracks  
magic.

These fingers  
this  
arithmetic  
of moods  
under the lip  
where thunder  
rolls  
in speech holes  
refilled.  
blind.

Slice

Richard Foreman

136

When I'm knocked

—I'm ill  
—but not ill.

Then I collected  
the available hustle  
and brief smiles  
coat the toaster  
with heat  
qualms.

Reluctant meals  
re-dine  
on their own  
energy  
now.

(All this  
really happened.)

Slice

Richard Foreman

137

The eye  
sits in silence.  
A derived God  
shines me  
all fluid.  
A case  
in pieces.

Slice

Richard Foreman

138

Airplanes over the city  
til flowers drift  
depth-fulcrumed  
from built beauty

and the wing  
beauten by gold  
no-sun collaboration

height alone  
as mind temperature.

Slice

Richard Foreman

139

Analogous to rhyme  
he closed hands on a flower  
and the root  
lost  
circled his life  
sweetness  
in a collapse  
all told  
under the great bell  
of non-adventure.

Ring ring  
in the lost syllable  
of delight so tongued.

Reverse torture  
smelling  
of the fall.



Slice

Richard Foreman

140

I had  
on or to the mind  
roses  
brain drilled  
hole entire  
from which life  
spins  
echoing the rose  
that lessens it grip  
upon itself  
to sweeten  
into the age  
that swells not  
but drifts  
on air  
see thruable  
thrust  
into the empty space  
of its own  
pungent  
centerless.

**/ubu editions**  
[ubu.com/ubu](http://ubu.com/ubu)