

## THE WAVE

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### *semaphoring chorus*

The phrase is coming vastly cardboard on the wave  
one wave equals two in syncopation  
the phrase is venting. Where is  
the crest inside the water rising?  
Say you won't. Then the only resource  
is the television's question blueing lazily  
Public access to our enclosed frame, take off your glasses and "sea"  
or Bob Dylan, a friend of mine, once whispered so I could almost hear him  
But I could hear him saying in a whisper, "Whisper"  
And I wept. Thrushes in the avenue  
They were not brown but blue  
the mouse  
What's phenomenal is brevity as in mou for mousse  
or a for alphabet, phoneme  
without a gleam  
a tooth decays, grows weary with misuse.  
What is the use?  
What should we use it for and why?  
It's only paper.

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Is this just the red blandness of a fold? in fire watching  
the rimmed wind roll mountains downhill  
the valley groans—again—no r.s.v.p.  
Please call while the poet is in ill health and whistles "help" as a structure.  
The call was whistling in a rapid gusto on Tuesday afternoon until—

“Dialogue stunts my ambition, and I want to connect to the afternoon sagas—the soap operas—but please just shut up, I want to see if Nancy kisses Mike.”

It is hard to kiss a boy while riding a 10-speed bike.

In other words, the bike becomes distracting and one wants to taste the spokes instead, as rapid and wiry as the spin.

The grass that comes sidling in fall is gray before it disappears.

The mass that comes is white. The grass is green.

The Mass that goes is white. We have the new, black Mass.

Black priests, black cross, black grass

Like Ignatius Loyola—black Pope—who visited me in a waking state or what is better known as the dream of Chuang Tzu’s butterfly, and said it is opposites.

A stunning effect.