

SEPTEMBER 20, 2007

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The constant flows, thought, mental icebergs and hours are sound and the landscape is quartered while your ghost taps on your teeth making tinny music in your mouth because you just won't sing. Like murk will consider you part of his family, just because you have some dark inside you. Or are you going to denounce your home as a trap, or are you going to seek refuge in yourself, or when you build yourself a home you're going to build yourself a trap? And you look at me, and your ghost looks at me, and you say I'd like to be a bird, I'd rather be a bird, and your ghost doesn't say anything, there's so much ice.

## SEPTEMBER 21

Unwelcome you welcome your secrets. Your vex your box drop some toes in your shoes some thumbs in your pocket. Don't dive when you can let yourself in carefully, polish the water until it fizzes. Then a love for results but a preference for delay, an absolute fetish for delay, or to talk about talking instead of saying something you've wanted to hear everyday for the rest of your life, that and not the trap, though the trap is everywhere. Your secret elbow, the hinge which opens up like a man, an old man who won't lie to you, clearing his throat, saying that's not the espresso machine you hear, it's the waitstaff of the world in their snottiness.

## SEPTEMBER 22

What is spatial is the sun or its story, areas of where we're sleepy and we nod. The horses all green how did they get that way? Because I know where I've gone. One of many things that will love us. As law or air or footsteps, even all, even all of it baby, wear a blanket like a cape, like a disaster survivor. Then horses which press the grass down with their hooves. One of them says I'm connecting your waking life to your other waking life. In summer part of me coils, in fall I'm relieved. My wife keeps me up I keep her up we both snore. Or we talk when one of us is asleep someone is always chasing Mary she rolls over.

## SEPTEMBER 23

The argument is about rights. So I thought about fighting, and maybe politics. I had permission but my rights are worthless next to theirs. I was bad all on my own, there were bible verses predicting what God was going to do with me. Or, and or, and the light on the guardians after it was raining those rights. The way a heart separated from its body is useless to the body except as food. This argument is someone else's argument. It wants to be something other than the hole we fall into, it wants the messages you left, it wants the soldiers back from the war, it wants the ballots from Florida, and time like an asshole stomps all over it.

## SEPTEMBER 24

The wheel rolls and we tumble. In like knives and my lips cry out and who wails who devours the world with their rights. And the wheel puts you under it and pushes you down and it lifts you up and to your left you see the axle and you get pushed down again. But that means you're going somewhere, that someone's driving you, and maybe they'll stop and won't that make you happy? Or on the way up you could put a hole in the tire, you could give up your little glimpse of heaven and choose something else, you could crawl off to the shoulder of the road and pick the glass out, but you have to take me with you, promise me you'll take me with you.

## SEPTEMBER 25

It won't be smoke or a cup smashed, or considered sin. No breaths and slow breaths I used to smoke another blind part of me not even an ember the old life some furniture on the sidewalk from ikea, only supposed to get warped down by time and design. All day and over different cities, alleys, escarpments, all sorts of houses, vaults of love, we bring food over to Paz and Rafael's, trees, traffic, staying up late, one night on top of another night. The lush green hills again, the mosaic made from glass bits, which tells the story of the Indians who used to live here, we'll name a path after them, and push our kids along it too. Time is so fucking graceful.

## SEPTEMBER 26

Books that grow up and do not let us write in them or around them it is all true and therefore lying in the world lying in the ground coming back and coming around pages ink black ant colonies reasserting their priorities the opposite of light is hollow or a shutter or a breakdown sort of person the book just won't let you be in graffiti or vines from distances not out of kindness that's your responsibility if you choose to grow up choose to give up your immunities you have to keep thinking let ants in your hair let words name you the parts of you and the part of you you fought with for so long.

## SEPTEMBER 27

They won't remain just fragments, anyway the garden. I'd see it fixed, I'd get to work mending. Diego dreams of robots and different sorts of explosions, of a truck that turns into a tank and then into a man who's mastery is so complete he doesn't need either disguise or planning, he plays a game where every time he wins. I won't impersonate a man who is fleeing, I rub his little head, I make turkey burgers and I lick the gaps between my teeth in a circular fashion Diego's going to copy me. And if I'm more assertive or I'm more upstanding, or the parts of me that I regret I make right will he copy the turning parts of me?



## SEPTEMBER 28

Ray makes me think of babies, being a baby Ray makes me think. As he gets held constantly, as his dad passes him back to his mom and vice versa, and the ground is so unnecessary of course babies have flying dreams it has nothing to do with being able to fly but to always have someone carrying you. David sticks out his tongue and scrunches his eyes at the little guy, it's clear he does this all the time Ray takes it easy. His head swivels, he tries out his voice, the vowels of which are like a brook I wonder if there's a deity like him, in whose infancy his parents passed him around, which teacher later used as a parable to explain how prayer works.

## SEPTEMBER 29

I'm in a band, we turn cranks. We eat bad African food served by a waiter who stutters when he isn't talking in French. Without knives we start with our hands and fingers, we spy the pile of napkins and drink hibiscus punches, get sloppy which is good. Later Matt says there should be a card that says just keep doing what you're doing. Try to find a groove, be glad we went first, sit in a folding chair, swap instruments, play short pieces that build and lose their beats, like a kid trying on different shirts; we prefer stripes, though none of us want to go to jail. It's Chris and Lena's anniversary, they play duets, we back them, Mary hopes they'll move to Berkeley.

## SEPTEMBER 30

Fog locks the sky, it touches the hills like a swimmer and turns to lap the rest of us. The wind rises over Berkeley and we think vast thoughts; or all plants and trees roar and we say did you hear that that's the great lion's roar, who let the lions out? They should have a law against it. Or expounding universal wisdom, which just pisses everyone off when you say it, they think you're a knowitall; or the Buddhas of past, present, & future are tricycling around your feet, riding the bigwheels of the great teaching. Watching the kids play you think, too, I'm a wheel, and it's ok it's ok to go around in circles, I'm going somewhere, you're taking me there.