

## HAIR

The hair is our last link  
with the animal  
& that it no longer  
reliably announces gender  
gives in some circles  
cause for alarm

## GOING THERE

Do not think that you can go there. That would only be fooling yourself. You can never go there because you can't know where it is you're going. The only thing you will ever know is the place you're leaving, and you'll never know that till you've left.

If you go there, be careful. Be careful that the regret -- your suddenly recognized pleasure, perhaps, in the place you are leaving -- doesn't transform the place you go to into the place you will have left. The chance of your transforming the place you've left into the place you're going to is relatively slight.

When you are there, it will seem like you've always been there, & the place you're at now will seem like a shadow. It is that, a shadow cast by the place you will be, flickering on the barely discernable screen of where you might have been.

If you go there, say Hi! to the people you meet. They'll say, Hi! So you know Dave James. How's he doing? Here, where we are, we hardly ever see him any more.

There, where you are going, the flies are thick. They will irritate the insides of your legs. They will be constantly moving. They too will be leaving one place & on their way to another. And like you they will know that all places are the same.

If you ever get there, all your experience will be real. This will be because you will notice that it's specific.

When you arrive -- or better still, while you are going -- drink alcohol. It will cause a gap in time so that the process will appear as an abrupt transformation of the present into another present. Then you will once again confront the relations between time & the mind.

When you are there, beware of the insidious pressure that the general will bring to bear on the specific, the abstract on the concrete. For when you are there you will realize that all thinking is abstract as surely as all fucking is specific. But then, you will say, how come fucking is also so abstract. This is a puzzle that will preoccupy, even obsess, you -- because you will be thinking instead of fucking.

My advice is, don't ever arrange to meet your lover there. By the same logic, don't bring anything you can't carry yourself & don't bring anything you can't easily throw away.

OK, so you've arrived, you're there. The flowers are beautiful, aren't they? Just like before. And that pond you played by as a child, isn't it there too? Can you see it? And the paper boats you sailed in that pond? Can you see them? Can you see them? Or have they been swept by the eddies across to the other side? Are they now out of reach? Are they even out of sight?

-- David James

Los Angeles CA

#### THE IDEA OF ORDER AT BISCAYNE BAY

they bussed us down  
to bayfront park  
on 1st st in miami  
to serenade the  
graduates of barry  
college who then auto-  
matically became nuns.

as any florida kid  
knew looking at the  
winding paths and  
camouflaged bathrooms  
it was a big fag park.  
they lined us up  
in front of some platforms  
in our uniforms  
and we sang as  
our nuns policed  
the lines and beamed  
at the new nuns  
who beamed back  
while perverts  
and palmetto bugs

and lost cubanos  
lurked in the bushes.

we did not sing  
beyond the genius  
of the afternoon  
and anyhow were  
there mainly to be  
impressed by the  
whole routine  
and by the bishop  
in his expensive  
mediaeval costume.

this, years  
before anita bryant's  
rage for order  
and no one thought  
to question  
the ghostly demarcations  
of a simple ritual  
public welcome.