

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 BISCAIYNE 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.