

sleeping is living

BOOK OF SLEEP



*a* dozer and snow thrower.

TOGETHER

keep thinking the rain  
on the shutters is people  
coming in

Madame Jenny moans  
in her sleep

no that is the  
breath in my nose--  
& above my ear clock--  
Noises, be calm  
we've got to get comfortable together--

SONG

I'll never lie

in my <sup>own</sup>~~rightful~~

bed nightlong

comforter slides off spread  
noise makes eyes makes time  
to note an apparition

just kidding

time

to turn on light to

note

the apparition

WAKING

body dragging sleep still

of an hour ago desire --

~~not antichlorine~~ <sup>now</sup> ~~and~~ coffee --

a secret night cave in my world

is last night

& my dream I

can't remember, or I'd be a saint --

wings

~~settle into a slow~~ ~~beat.~~



"the sun is just too hot to burn"

SONG

Comes the sun

it's all right  
to lie back on bed do nothing--

Wonder if  
it alone may be is truly moving-----

All I want  
is a real bed  
& big windows --

March 17, 1970

★

wash hair  
bunk  
cleaners

lust

"apostasy"

"seraphic self"

"water makes many beds"

Last night  
Lee said

which was what I  
would have

he didn't know whether to believe in  
Reincarnation

for example  
because he didn't want to trouble  
to change his life

I added I believe in it  
absolutely  
while I read about it

& sometimes later at night

in the dark without  
my glasses  
which are really  
contact lenses



May I sing to you?

Woo you?

(smiles)

o give me . . .

O if my song should die away

!

### SATURDAY NIGHT

Saturday night I stayed at home  
what I remember is my dream  
this woman & I loved each other  
though we didn't make  
love in the dream--

She was something like Lauren  
Bacall & not  
as tall as me  
& maybe she looked like me too  
The trouble came

after she said  
she was a ghost & it was true I  
knew  
every once in a while she  
said Shall I haunt you, later on?  
it was true she would

I feared her haunting  
throughout the loving  
Shall I haunt you she  
would but surprisingly  
I woke up before she did uniquely

"My ghosts are all gay" --  
Rothke



Hug my head --  
Before sleep --  
Almost a dream .....

cloister called  
one ~~so~~ so-innocent-looking doorway  
leads to a night  
speak

Orgy then nap

\*

I DON'T DO MUCH

evenings of the afternoons  
we go to bed together  
But go home lovesick delirious  
on the nod for 15 hours.....

question of cheek

something leaves--

I'm brushing the hair from my leaves  
from my hair

wind

going green & brown

hands can't grab at

they're

helping weightless feet at the pedals--

O me being you there's a spurious train on  
the tracks!--

then, I hold out my hands & tame it--



WISH

quiet ticks a single key I

I

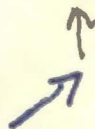
burning again in time

is a lovely game, really  
— leisurely and spread before us,

Rise. You have to tour

she/he  
and she did: early  
overslept — —

fortunes like the gypsies  
domes like characters



will be a day — —

quiet tick, single key — —

come back No — —

monster  
ruled illegal

↑ period

gigantic prominences bits of logic, weather

a curve, touches chew it up.

Innocent-looking doors.  
can be surprising, too. Pass

Innocent  
through one door

handle

to the water

in green and white and brown, like  
no other sport. But it is not bland,

this white book

my mind just squiggles

not forward into

but sideways

to

the weight of this room

(I still

have one head in the moon

Edible hungers!)

Listen,

Read & grow fat

then die of the gout

& go on this diet

of manna, what comes

& not more--

the corona  
as no man had ever before

below the water

scorpions at night,

using ultraviolet light

+

plus

guardian angel,

