

Charles Bernstein Thank You for Saying Thank You (2002/3) https://www.poemhunter.com/poem/thank-you-for-saying-thank-you/ https://beta.prx.org/stories/4073 This is a totally accessible poem. There is nothing in this poem that is in any way difficult to understand. All the words are simple & to the point. There are no new concepts, no theories, no ideas to confuse you. This poem has no intellectual pretensions. It is purely emotional. It fully expresses the feelings of the author: my feelings, the person speaking to you now. It is all about communication. Heart to heart. This poem appreciates & values you as a reader. It celebrates the triumph of the	human imagination amidst pitfalls & calamities. This poem has 90 lines, 269 words, and more syllables than I have time to count. Each line, word, & syllable have been chosen to convey only the intended meaning & nothing more. This poem abjures obscurity & enigma. There is nothing hidden. A hundred readers would each read the poem in an identical manner & derive the same message from it. This poem, like all good poems, tells a story in a direct style that never leaves the reader guessing. While at times expressing bitterness, anger, resentment, xenophobia, & hints of racism, its ultimate mood is affirmative. It finds joy even in those spiteful moments	of life that it shares with you. This poem represents the hope for a poetry that doesn't turn its back on the audience, that doesn't think it's better than the reader, that is committed to poetry as a popular form, like kite flying and fly fishing. This poem belongs to no school, has no dogma. It follows no fashion. It says just what it says. It's real.
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Bob Perelman, "Chronic Meanings"
for Lee Hickman

The single fact is matter.
Five words can say only.
Black sky at night, reasonably.
I am, the irrational residue.

Blown up chain link fence.
Next morning stronger than ever.
Midnight the pain is almost.
The train seems practically expressive.

A story familiar as a.
Society has broken into bands.
The nineteenth century was sure.
Characters in the withering capital.

The heroic figure straddled the.
The clouds enveloped the tallest.
Tens of thousands of drops.
The monster struggled with Milton.

On our wedding night I.
The sorrow burned deeper than.
Grimly I pursued what violence.
A trap, a catch, a.

Fans stand up, yelling their.
Lights go off in houses.
A fictional look, not quite.
To be able to talk.

The coffee sounds intriguing but.
She put her cards on.
What had been comfortable subjectivity.
The lesson we can each.

Not enough time to thoroughly.
Structure announces structure and takes.
He caught his breath in.
The vista disclosed no immediate.

Alone with a pun in.
The clock face and the.
Rock of ages, a modern.
I think I had better.

-1-

Now this particular mall seemed.
The bag of groceries had.
Whether a biographical junkheap or.
In no sense do I.

These fields make me feel.
Mount Rushmore in a sonnet.
Some in the party tried.
So it's not as if.

That always happened until one.
She spread her arms and.
The sky if anything grew.
Which left a lot of.

No one could help it.
I ran farther than I.
That wasn't a good one.
Now put down your pencils.

They won't pull that over.
Standing up to the Empire.
Stop it, screaming in a.
The smell of pine needles.

Economics is not my strong.
Until one of us reads.
I took a breath, then.
The singular heroic vision, unilaterally.

Voices imitate the very words.
Bed was one place where.
A personal life, a toaster.
Memorized experience can't be completely.

The impossibility of the simplest.
So shut the fucking thing.
Now I've gone and put.
But that makes the world.

The point I am trying.
Like a cartoon worm on.
A physical mouth without speech.
If taken to an extreme.

The phone is for someone.
The next second it seemed.
But did that really mean.
Yet Los Angeles is full.

-2-

Naturally enough I turn to. Some things are reversible, some. You don't have that choice. I'm going to Jo's for. Now I've heard everything, he. One time when I used. The amount of dissatisfaction involved. The weather isn't all it's. You'd think people would have. Or that they would invent. At least if the emotional. The presence of an illusion. -3-	Symbiosis of home and prison. Then, having become superfluous, time. One has to give to. Taste: the first and last. I remember the look in. It was the first time. Some gorgeous swelling feeling that. Success which owes its fortune. Come what may it can't. There are a number of. But there is only one. That's why I want to. -4-
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"CM" was written on hearing that a friend had AIDS; it is an attempt on my part to see what happened to meaning as it was interrupted. If one expects a poem to be more or less narrative, focusing sharply or softly on spots of time, "Chronic Meanings" might feel evasive. But in fact I was trying to be direct; the sentences came as matter-of-factly from my experience and imagination as I could manage. At the same time I knew I would be writing down only the first five words of each sentence, so there was a great pressure for some sort of concision, though I certainly wasn't after a haiku-like or 'poetic' compression: I wanted to feel what real-life, conventional articulation felt like when it was halted in the middle. I did work on (edit) the results to avoid habit and redundancy. As opposed to the classical received sense of poetry outbraving time,	"Chronic Meanings" seems to me to face the other way, and to try to register time's evanescence." I have an MA in Classics, but I don't think that dactylic hexameter will help any living writing. Meter's ultimately a communal thing & new noises have to be fitted to old-new ears. When I read CM my intonation is for a sentence that will continue: (can't mark this very well in email word processes) "So *shut* the fucking thing [*OFF*]" without the *OFF* being pronounced. Counting words is in a way an opposite to the sonic regularities of meter: varieties of intonation within the vernacular. Bob Perelman http://writing.upenn.edu/~afilreis/88/chronic-meanings.html
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View

By Rae Armantrout (1978)

<http://eclipsearchive.org/projects/EXTREMITIES/Extremities.pdf>

Not the city lights. We want

— the moon —

The Moon

none of our own doing!

"Oh yes, the sentence, that's what we call it when we put someone in jail."
Robert Creeley to the critic Burton Hatlen

"Nowadays, you can often spot a work of poetry by whether it's in lines or no; if it's in prose, there's a good chance it's a poem." (Charles Bernstein)

Lyn Hejinian

From: My Life (1980/1987)

<http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/hejinian/mylife/mylifetwo.html>

https://media.sas.upenn.edu/pennsound/authors/Hejinian/SFSU-1979/Hejinian-Lyn_01_introduction-comments_from-My-Life_SFSU_1979.mp3

https://media.sas.upenn.edu/pennsound/authors/Hejinian/SFSU-1979/Hejinian-Lyn_02_What-is-the-meaning-hung-from-that-depend_from-My-Life_SFSU_1979.mp3 [4]

https://media.sas.upenn.edu/pennsound/authors/Hejinian/SFSU-1979/Hejinian-Lyn_05_The-inevitable-sentiment-is-a-preliminary_from-My-Life_SFSU_1979.mp3 [7]

[29]

The windows were open and the morning air was, by the smell of lilac and some darker flowering shrub, filled with the brown and chirping trills of birds. As they are if you could have nothing but quiet and shouting. Arts, also, are links. I picture an idea at the moment I come to it, our collision. Once for a time, anyone might have been luck's child. Even rain didn't spoil the barbecue, in the backyard behind a polished traffic, through a landscape, along a shore. Freedom then, liberation later. She came to babysit for us in those troubled years directly from the riots, and she said that she dreamed of the day when she would gun down everyone in the financial district. That single telephone is only one hair on the brontosaurus. The coffee drinkers answered ecstatically. If your dog stays out of the room, you get the fleas. In the lull, activity drops. I'm seldom in my dreams without my children. My daughter told me that at some time in school she had learned to think of a poet as a person seated on an iceberg and melting through it. It is a poetry of certainty. In the distance, down the street, the practicing soprano belts the breeze. As for we who "love to be astonished," money makes money, luck makes luck. Moves forward, drives on. Class background not landscape--still here and there in 1969 I could feel the scope of collectivity. It was the present time for a little while, and not so new as we thought then, the present always after war. Ever since it has been hard for me to share my time. yellow of that sad room was again the yellow of naps, where she waited, restless, faithless, for more days. They say that the alternative for the bourgeoisie was gullibility. Call it water and dogs. Reason looks for two, then arranges it from there. But can one imagine a madman in love. Goodbye; enough that was good. There was a pause, a rose, something on paper. I may balk but I won't recede. Because desire is always embarrassing. At the beach, with a fresh flush. The child looks out. The berries are kept in the brambles, on wires on reserve for the birds. At a distance, the sun is small. There was no proper Christmas after he died. That triumphant blizzard had brought the city to its knees. I am a stranger to the

little girl I was, and more--more strange. But many facts about a life should be left out, they are easily replaced. One sits in a cloven space. Patterns promote an outward likeness, between little white silences. The big trees catch all the moisture from what seems like a dry night. Reflections don't make shade, but shadows are, and do. In order to understand the nature of the collision, one must know something of the nature of the motions involved--that is, a history. He looked at me and smiled and did not look away, and thus a friendship became erotic. Luck was rid of its clover.

Robert Grenier

From: A Day at the Beach (1984)

<https://www.scribd.com/read/268314485/A-Day-at-the-Beach>

NUNS AT SHORE

one night
one of the older
nuns looked out
into the courtyard
and saw
another nun
whom she did not
immediately know

PELICANS

Pelicans they eat fish there are fish

The New Sentence - Ron Silliman (1977)

- 1) The paragraph organizes the sentences;
- 2) The paragraph is a unity of quantity, not logic or argument;
- 3) Sentence length is a unit of measure;
- 4) Sentence structure is altered for **torque**, or increased polysemy / ambiguity;
- 5) Syllogistic movement is: (a) limited; (b) controlled;
- 6) Primary syllogistic movement is between the preceding and following sentences;
- 7) Secondary syllogistic movement is toward the paragraph as a whole, or the total work;
- 8) The limiting of syllogistic movement keeps the reader's attention at or very close to the level of the paragraph, that is, most often at the sentence level or below.

From: Writing Through Howl
John Cage (1984)

mAdness
coLd-water
fLats

thE
braiNs
throuGh
wIth
aNd
academieS
Burning
monEy

maRijuana
niGht

After
endLess
cLoud
thE
motioNless
Green
joyrIde

suN

aShcan

Brain
drainEd of
bRilliance

niGht

From: Howl
Allen Ginsberg (1956)

I saw the best minds of my generation
destroyed by **madness**, starving hysterical
naked,
dragging themselves through the negro streets
at dawn looking for an angry fix,
angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient
heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in
the machinery of night,
who poverty and tatters and hollow-eyed and
high sat up smoking in the supernatural
darkness of **cold-water flats** floating across
the tops of cities contemplating jazz,
who bared their **brains** to Heaven under the El
and saw Mohammedan angels staggering on
tenement roofs illuminated,
who passed **through** universities **with** radiant
cool eyes hallucinating Arkansas **and**
Blake-light tragedy among the scholars of war,
who were expelled from the **academies** for
crazy & publishing obscene odes on the
windows of the skull,
who cowered in unshaven rooms in
underwear, **burning** their **money** in
wastebaskets and listening to the Terror
through the wall,
who got busted in their pubic beards returning
through Laredo with a belt of **marijuana** for
New York,
who ate fire in paint hotels or drank turpentine
in Paradise Alley, death, or purgatoried their
torsos **night** after night