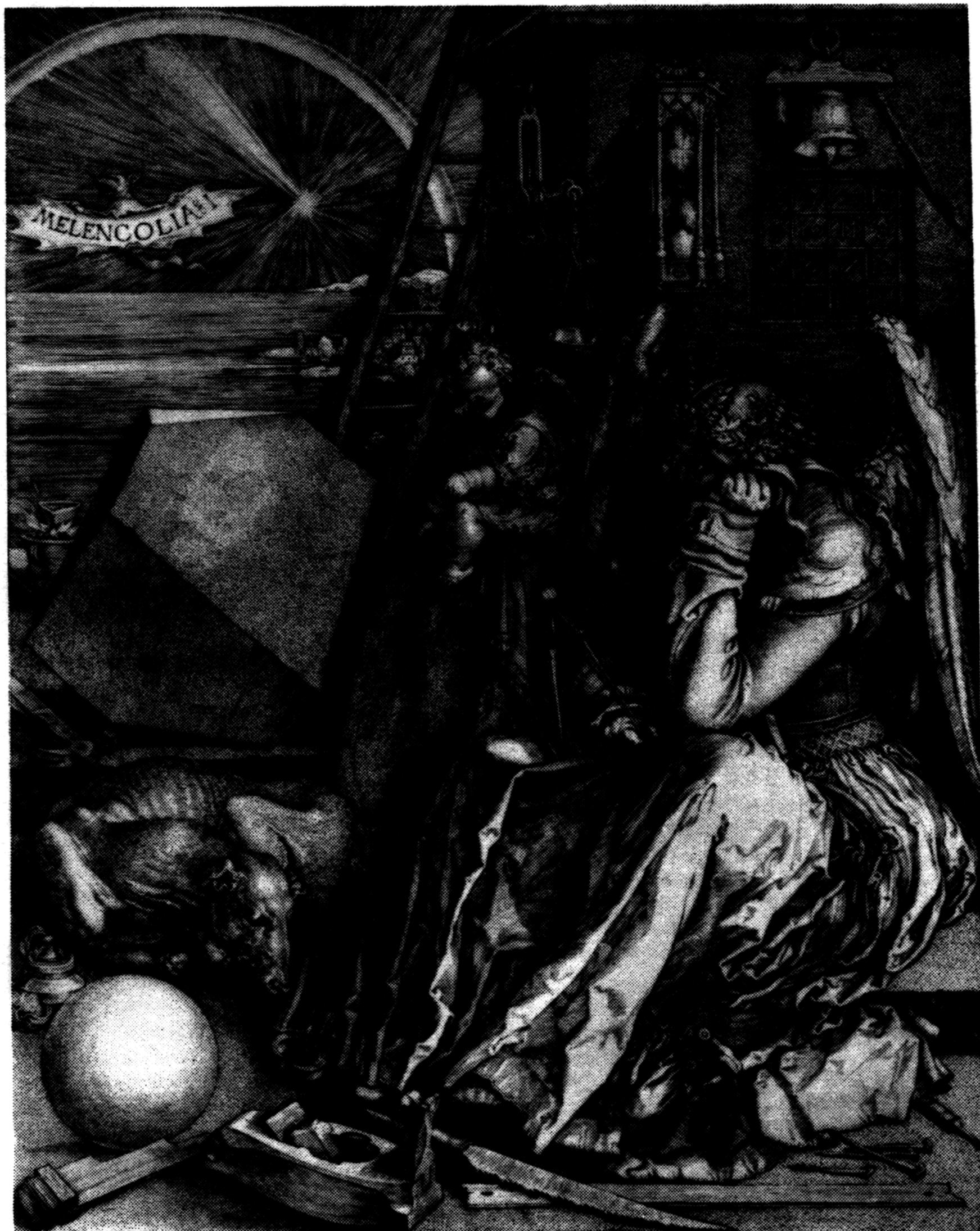
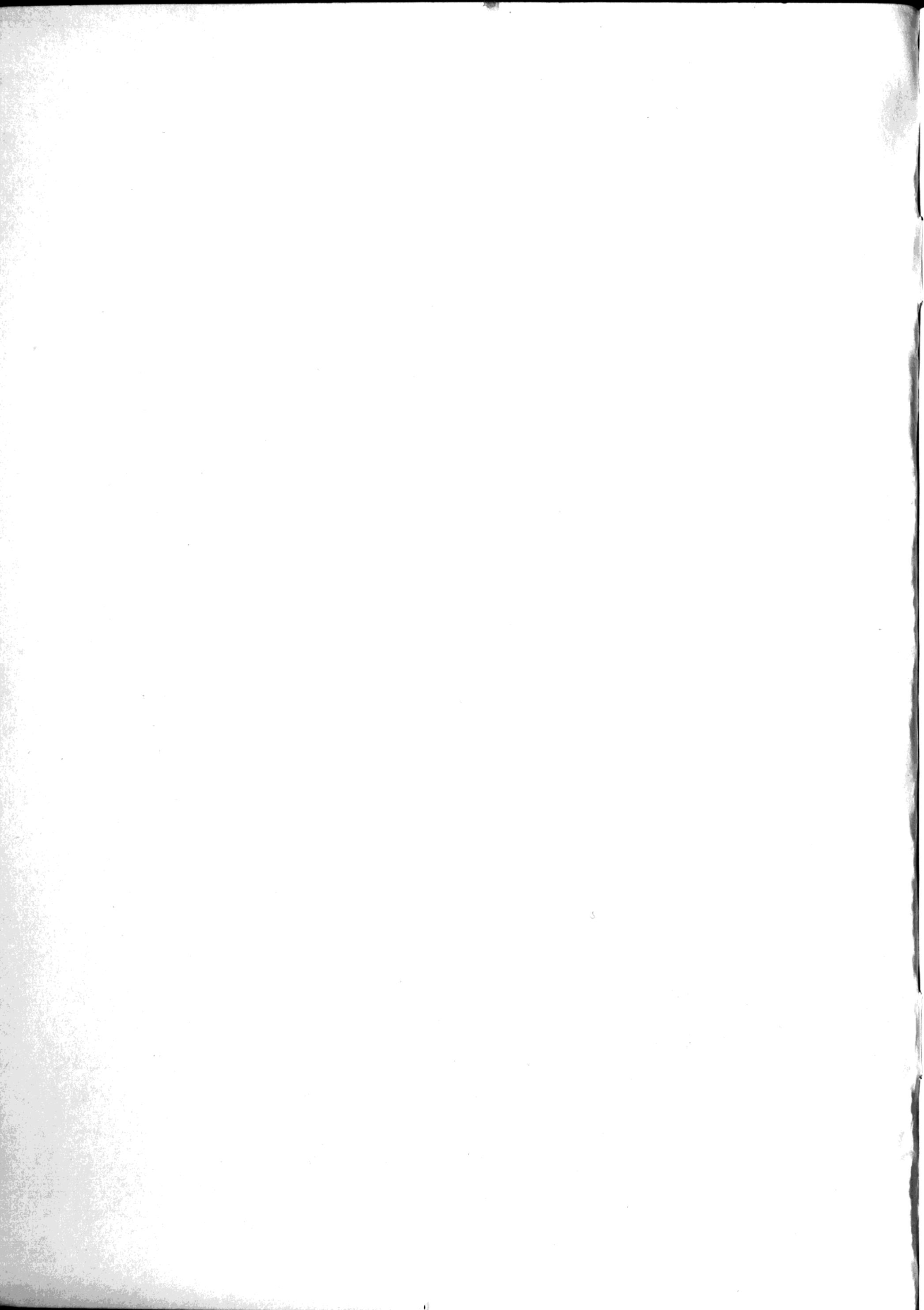
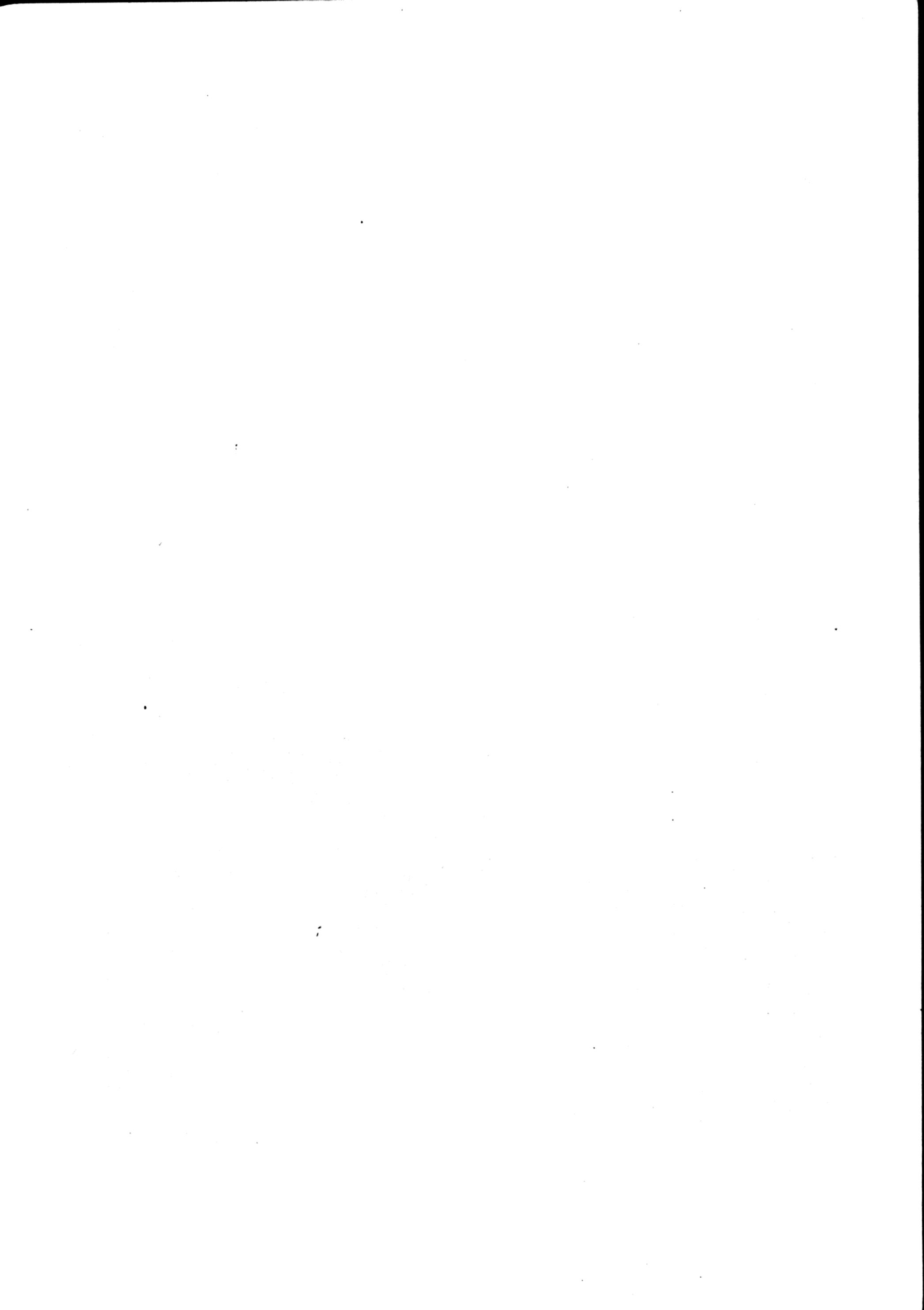


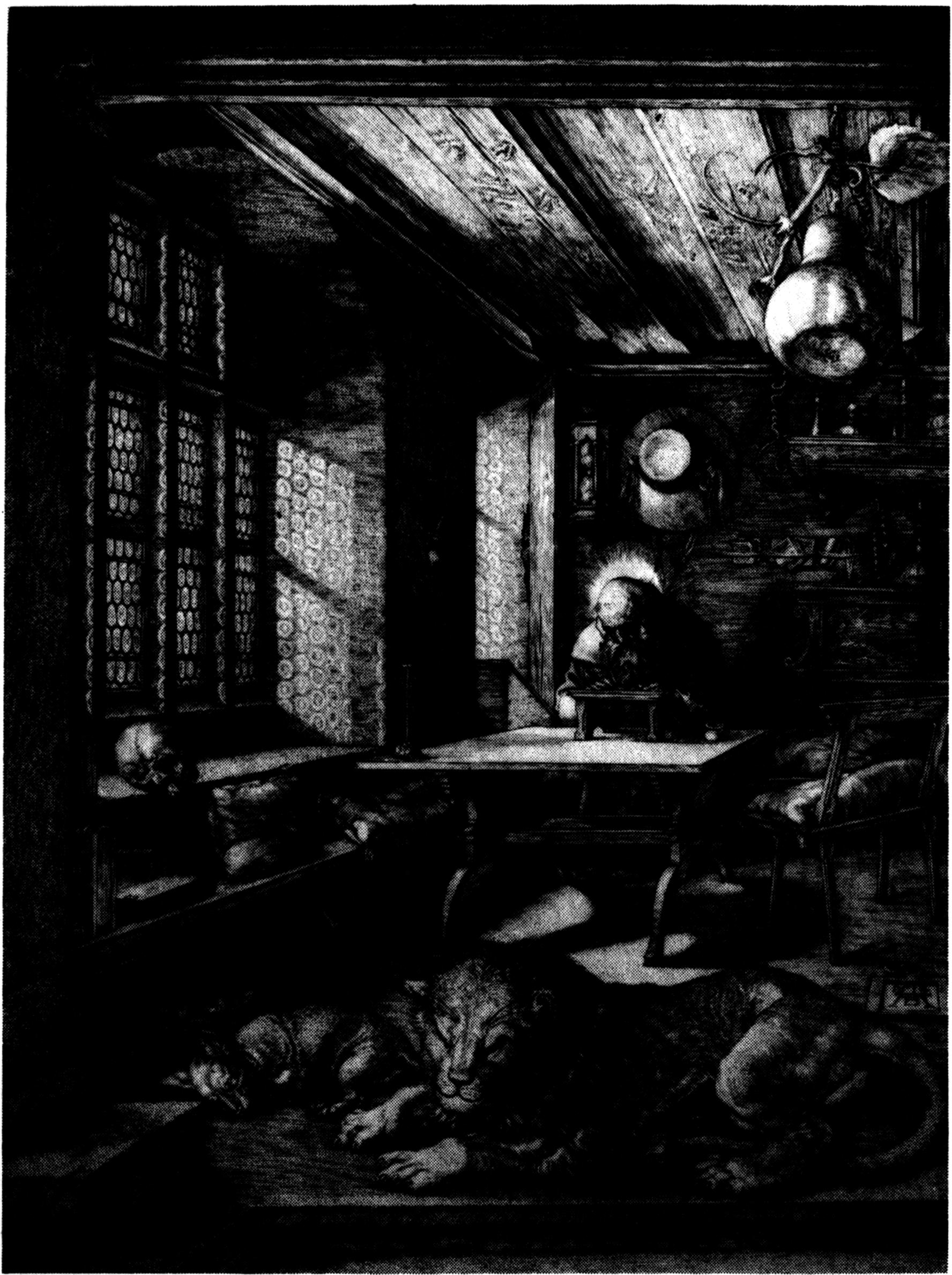
MELENCOLIA

CLARK COOLIDGE









MELENCOLIA

by

Clark Coolidge

The Figures



Cover (Melencolia I) and frontispiece (St. Jerome In His Study) engravings by Albrecht Dürer, 1514.

"Melencolia" first appeared in *United Artists* 8, October, 1979.

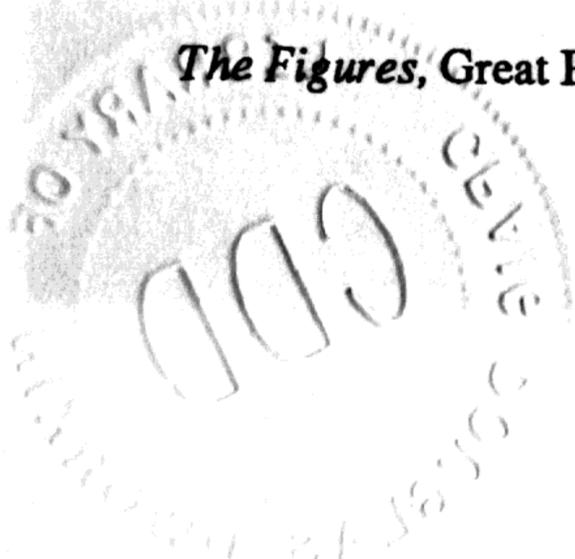
Typeset by Margaret Styne in 10 point Times Roman.

Reproduced from pages printed on the Apple LaserWriter™.

Copyright © 1987 by Clark Coolidge

ISBN 0-935724-25-7

The Figures, Great Barrington, Massachusetts, 01230



for Philip Guston

MELENCOLIA

A great block of wedge wood stint
stays at the star of its corner which.
A divider in pierces depends, wans.
For is what I have made be only salvage?
Sat in my robes, folds. Decomposed, fled.
The world a height now brine, estuaries drained to the very pole.
Geometrics, a lingual dent? Drainage, albany. Where at the last
stand all this sphere that herded me? My cell a corner on the
filtering world, all out there herein my belts. Things in trim they
belt me, beg me, array my coined veils. Brass, copse of my trends
to needles never suffered their pricks. The world in anger
is an angled hole? Drop my pliers, sit hemmed in, which have made
has clad me in. Meld thought as is droop. But the classed
claustrophobe as is mold of engines, their great cupboard strikes.
How many facets to the pear in mind? All uneaten what will rest?
Will it cog to the lagoon of black dust all clogs? My clothes
a bitumen in semblances, back of the sphere is a dome. Pends,
draping what thought to be, hung dwindles in apparence height storm
off sauce crystal in pickles. These ledges of the lids are calipers,
wrought off standard and coiling valise. I have brought down the

world in a cloistering pelt. It maketh wedge, to all the sameness
joins a bridge. What choice of thing for silence, sheer of
point and unencroached of plot. Onions are dim till the lights
in the ice surround are trimmed. A mind mine to bare but till dust
all is lodged. There are no lights in absolute thing? This room
the brain of beveled thinks. Rock spall till it gain meat heights?
A rim of stench, name of thing till it eat away in twining fade,
all go gold in the flats of drop. An andiron, a hand urging.
A monad, a pleistocene of gum. A crystal, third foot to each
standing man of quietest thought. A knuckle, brass and wheat wrap
of stillness. A quoit and no plating sky of semblance. Quick-freeze
python, brim raider, elephant standard, notch of whelm quease,
fronds of forks the coin of needles await and wearing brine moon
to quietest frieze the disc. House not to live but collect the
magnet fronds. My hands not to measure with they throw.
Do they see the amber will not allow but a scan to escape but
alleys the arch of dusk a mat to play and in rubber prevent all
musk and larded the stupors stand at. Musculant starers boil me
ledge and encase the crisp but mum. The rose is a jape of stone.
The animals follow to honor the sediments. I emboss when I pen but still
they escape. I lie in my cell and draw all wheat from the marrows
are a stone. The birds fly from ringing on their axes, a whole sphere
from their tones. The crash as a whole, things in their rates
mounting strains and piping extents of char and chased in tune.
My wrist here stands for a brace of coffee, I lie it all out to be.
For my lies of bronze will be stone. My laps stints of coldest
collide the shards brim to in furthest flung design. My arm
strands plumb to the deepest wells, for what are eyes. Eyes for
which whelms bend what in reachest stare. Eyes are oakness, eyes
are must, pierce in sleep, lag in ironing the pig iron pierced.
The meteoric, the thrashed in fieries, the bleated rug, the mission
pipe. Stubbed in matrix the we does not see but stuns itself

coiled and revolving they make pole of solid dome. I will laugh
at my polygonal shoes, but not now they are wastes. I will trim my
dome from walls of gut iron. Little beveled cornice irons strapped
in their tumbling ring so well I shout I might. Chair, be newel
and anoint my back. Sled of butters, stack these hills. Polecat
shunt. The lion will lie at the foot of my table I array my brains
in a lie to draw. The fluids defeat and they ring. I arrange such
measly to what mere foot of the slotting heights. And what stares
back in the rings I may sound. All my things scattered in the rinse
of a lamp they are hoarded feeble. I list and weak display my
seeming part strongs, iron lemons, painted burning skulls mathematic
tip, a metal was a jelly to my thought raided past, ruler long
stunned. Whose names throttle this cupboard but are mine? A stirring
wends its apple way, its birdy throat, its muscles roar from wood
stung strain and cellish hung. Arranged, stuck-hinged, the plutonists
deny, the hailers of planet as a poorboy shrub. I have stopped them
all a moment in my sad, my plaited noun a cramp so dense the
climbing worms will not worry it. Seal my death here. Sky shrunk
to a pin no rolling voids in a boil will scout. Light stay enough
to dim my scowl, my things to congeal no collision no array but edge in grace.

II.

The landscape in its sticks in its flatness bury me.
Greying bronze frond of light. The feet of legs that stand back
then go forward. Mesh in a boulder largeness. I will be flung kept,
the standing strings that light lists. That light is a bout with
the anarch, shearing in its shelving all that lambency and coiling
rates. The tomb is a pebble, the stars a grate. Flesh floats over the
hills, the once touched ever dents. Fire is heavier than water,
inhabits the drilling streams. Bodies are hoarded by the planet,
attuned to the cleave of mineral, chiming seed and bandageless horn.
I have gone up in herald for all my flat of tongue. Needless
is soup without angle substance. I sit in flight, plumb to any
roars. The lakes that climb, handleless.

One places a certain brightness back of shovels that the animals
will shed and skid on their seeds. One admits to the lake of a rock
to fuck. The stains on the kingdom walls make bubbles from the
rain, one can raise outstretched and steer by. The tongue of an
ox is useful as a funnel, that it crinkles. All that touch it double.
The fan of frogs continually battering the chains from the pier,
hide therein and read. All one's muscles are a catalog of smells,
a vine of bicycles, a collapse inward on the shell of earth.
You will hear the trees as horns, consonant with their vegetative
puffs loose. Hair as a frond of meat, musical by the wood pile.
The ant emitters are stirring there, and the rock there bituminous
one must fuck to attach to use one's belt as a tongue. The river
simply coming up in one's shoes brings a smile of the hoarder.
The hills are mucous lamps that tremble. Fish plodding needles.
Earth, ash, bits, elisions of the farm run on corbels mathematic.
All these locking sponge to the tells, shearing heat from the
sites, form the spoon that loosens in shocks the cogs of a
jelly listen, spineless though spinning still.

III.

But that's somehow a failure of measurement then where do the things go. Houses with heads. The buffalo that couldn't stand up. Three heights divided by the collected horizons. A bath, and raising the hands from the blood. I couldn't tell you but the openings, sandbagged. Then they locked the worms. A sandy impasse of calipers in clusters, the archers stare down on and smirk. Below zero, the apples. The drapery loose as a fish and as censured.

How can I stand the words. All crisp and worn, so apparent their yearnings, the tears tend to settle them. The beads collect in passels of roofs. Where to stem today, how to hook a night so it corrects the danglings. And the bath has no rim. The animal throngs expressionless, though mouths and eyes require. The egg is the vessel that will fire the hanged man. Reliquary oxygen, in a reef all shone. Pie portions, pipe fitters, seed degrees of arc. The letters though all below zero hark, in their tubes salute. We have them off, we turn out our beds and face.

Bat throats to the amber wall of linked gloves. It lights, there is sprung day. Stanzas laid in candlewax throttled, a craned neck samples. Had come out of his cell thawed and stayed. Text of the right wrist. Scribed rightly that the animals all cling. They all appear of an orange never melts. As the words stand collected. The times of day amassed. Swords of aid in the face of glare thought.

They pickle overnight. In lambency jars as if I could lead my animal. Put down the pencil, what stayed. Pendulum fluids in the empty organ loft, stalactical candle case. One finger point to each and the man feels he glows. Timbers songing off the ground. Leaden lips at speed of capitol speech. This is the cockpit of the march hair, muzzle made of brads. He speaks: Long spanned the cancelable brands,

a jelly. Robs marked shout the highway. The midday is closed, arch
with no peers, syringe to the hilt. My speech was mottled with
the dusky dawns and I stormed the spot on a cow. Aviator listen.

IV.

A stone block bolted to the wood takes the cabinet.
Would be rings number themselves but are still. Could you budge
the flesh given stone enough hole. Cabbage garment pins devolve.
Are shed ensue. The apparel of works as wreckage. Though the
numbers up true. Animal sleep out.
Nothing has begun again.

The light that leaks from composition alone.
Scalded by a tentative. Expels the tiny expounds thing huge,
things made be. Any and it's large. A universe is not of use.
Done with stung with, made a blind of the constantly empties
to show. The indulge weighs. Made a past of the path on up.
Time in the middle pinch, the always pinch. I have left
the things on my table, settle them go.

He stirred the sandbox for the star field.
Gates opened in his pipes. Gates to gone nonetheless.
The glass side of the hive is throttling, boneless in flurries.
The edge between the block and the slice of grindwheel is
broughten of wood. What was the former as a smile divides and
is small in venting peels. Only one face of the crystal is flat,
dumb to the world. Sphere to the sleep of fools. Won't roll, none
of its side is flat, prevaricate. The balloon of nothing heats me.
Nothing but I hate, I am so strand. Measure me, world of planes
so light. Never to be weighed so light. I fold my elbow and
block my stump. Crystal folds fall in pins
to the floor. Of the empty clog.

Barium is the key. One of closeness the torment. Sleep is out,
adds up the sameness fields each way. Ladder propped up the shunt

to any which. Love folds the hole in the stone. Mark with the
pins that hold blocks. A glass of strong, the very night so
wells up here. Quill rolls and pen glares, the strife in here.
Star knocked off an element plain.

V.

Takes the elephant, the shrouded in casements.
Could be things mute each other as are even. Can you hedge
the skin having bone enough armature. Slippage vestment dowels roll.
Will house up true. An appearance turned out as disarray. Ways the
sleepers are ranged. Decimal leak through.
Every part had stirs beyond.

The particle that beads from motion to itself.
Illumined by a partial. Resounds the vast repels part small,
parts put by. Some and all diminish. The sum of any not in need.
Blessed with pierced by, caught a stitch in content the barrel
to dry. The pitch will emerge. Lost a patch for the score on by.
During in the settle twitch, the during inch. I will lose
the plants in my midst, hurdle what's done.

It opened the matrix for his stir plain.
Gash mending at his shout. Mesh to hum regardless.
The adamant core of the stair is rocking, pitched beyond worry.
The stain among the heels and rates of tapping would be
melted through a sieve. All that had been ranged upon a nonce retires
and balloons on evening wheels. But the last mask of an axis will ring,
coiled in its furls. Block to the peel of orbs. Don't occult, its
ash be tamped or not, elucidate. The sac of vacuum binds me.
Never but a grind, I grasp so conglomerate. Wobble me, plate of winds
that keen. Not for a scale so sound. I snap at the waist and
stem lost time. Dough chips light that spin to an end. On
a clastic melt.

Radiant be the step. Singular proximity the scald. White nights,
fall true as equal fields the limbs. Gaze stocking up on slots

the deepening inch. Tough melts the heart in the chest. Score with the
blades that turn worlds. A fist of blend, the vacuum tubes that
raze the walls. Glass folds and velvet stings, the points as near.
Valve head off a field as plain.

VI.

I sit in my cell and wait, that things leave.
No two are twin but moving make the very cross.
Abutment of beads on a tongue, series the mixture drool.
Appall. Sound of loosening penetrant. I sit out the school on fire.
How many sides will still. Part my tongue on the noun to its verb.
Knocks fingers to the glass huddles. Light though both ways
the same. Coffee melt a donut. Question, in passing cross,
prong a flame.

Father Paul lighted a fresh cigarette he had admired
for as long as he could from the end of his previous one.
Then he remembered.

the rooms are chosen, then they move on
the beads are wetted in the lime
the weedlot boils in the blood of one eye
the children first are cankered then they spin

there are not routes, only dials
the rocks are spun together in one ball
the laundry is of rust, the pillow shrieks
pianos all blow northward and return

must be a bath if I could find it is a map
of all the ways that center intermission
skulls are simply caps for all compression
day's light raising closets for its dark

I put up the clothes and trail the keys
that onyx knob in vacuum turns the train
pressure on the pitches swaying back again
a world without a heartbeat but it stays

Anything still is in balance. Chaos pauses. Chasm rests.
Abyss stops. Animal rolls to the limits of their blood, a
translucence. The black ash bile mouse brings a sugar
in the spectered night and the night spoils. The light
that shows you halt.

The Day of the Comet seals whole earthball in its nightside.
Even eyes stop. The hands to follow. Poised on the point
that measurement fails. To rest in whistling thought
without sleep. The angel tires, even eros slows.

A vast Pleistocene of the Imagination sphered
in one tolling of the bell. Thought at its edge is like a
sound trapped. Every fold in a clothing could be counted.
The already known it sums to every time.

VII.

I didn't want it to be seen, not even the tip of my bone.
Will be shown. Skull true. Have it blocking what can never
seem to stumble here. The turbulence gleams. Tapers to a
pocket in the cog realms. Lies in a tub that steams over into
veers. The world come semblant in a blear. Cracked as nothing
hear us set it down. A boil in abatement. Kindled rested in
vestment. A water that gleams so it does not wet the hands.
Silk hammers sleep. The color of eyes blent to a watch on
cleavage liquidic. Will stop the shown skull a node of onyx
pierces in thrall. Tongues.

The glass has run out. Sand still in balance. Polarity numb.
All but sleep. Eyes focus nothing. Rocks under ocean.
In needle scatters. Limit us.

The blank be a throttle that and leave us scattered true to
form thus as leaves. Pyres as guides. Skull churns. Remains of
breakage a doubting firm to the hold down a pit engages.
Hollow of fire a bell. Scour the lap in settles vine the brain
apparence crystal. A tolling chain of clasping doubts the brim
to sphering clad. Dates the veering file as the hour's pins.
Can never seal all ground amazement, writing bucking steering.
That rocks close ears to clocks. That clearness covers bank on
scattered others. A feather falls beyond the figured coil
the fingers fold to mean. Blinking leave it blank. Wadded in
the stinging skull interior bulbs of loose attachment scrape
the sockets trimming lamps. Light that calms in darts
that cross recross in dimming doubts that tick those lips.
Story.

In which clings pay out. The muscle in the tower. Born of funk
the sun. Lids of ice. Remain what's thought to abyss. On a
plane climb bone. Sets the balance mirrors stuff. Brims the orb.

VIII.

I wonder what the silk can ladder, reach unaided the fold to
spherest heights. On which sleep will the balance hammer.
Where the bell made an animal sphere all gleam. Foot of a compass,
standards lapping. A pin is a hole to the blackness, almost a
basalt in its abutment. Though in folds of certain silks
in blades then basalt feathers. Stains in sand of a thought's
hours brief as an animal's ladders. Elbow in throttle of silk
end a lamp.

How in key of hole the sand rule the ocean. Darning needle fly,
compass feather blocks. Learning lamps a circle domes the wreck.
No matter the block my head stands in sigh. A trumpet pins the
animal to the glass, the breath tipped in sleep. Then the tower
rises, ground of sand to number in the silvers. The animal ladder
stings the bell, then in sliver touch of thought the whole raft
collapses. I am down, I am long, I am instead.
Inside of a world the hours hammer out. The sky has been
stripped back in, thus its stripes to the eyes. What is thought
of as mind remains tolling, dark after dark. For an eye we land
a coil of thoughts. The other is the nether well. If I orb my
will I gleam bereft of strength. The sands string longer than
the scale my thought puts by. Its holes strike clear, my hope.
But clarity is a heap dissected, remains its separate clanging
ends. May the pile bring rest. May the mess ring peace.
Light scowls. Pearl clings.

IX.

The man on the tower somewhere along the climb has lost his name, somewhere among the other names for things. He raises his arm, hand in a line, bones extended, and points in a clamp on space. Then allows the arm down, at the rate the sun leaves the zenith. Thus is the dream struck, a flash braked to a shift, and he lies again in the night among things. Nameless the nearest twitter, the furthest chime around. His life is there and he stands, gains purchase on the crevices they hold between them. The interior of the tower is a beacon of jet, whistling 'round the throngs it contains. He has locked his throat, for he fears to add objects to the limitless. A man without words or a name in a spire of things. The confusion they are his thought. Now the man in the tower sinks to a seated clasp, his mind coiled with all its surrounds. Thinks, to rest is to make a clot? And the things in shifting arrays chatter back. His arms are leaded to his sides. His mind a fold of stinging stuff. Rank rocks, pearl veers, knobs of pumice afloat in smarting glass. Vegetables in hoards, creaking tongues. Mice, a gleam, singeing signs on butcher blocks. The carol of pests, the fifes of ant bands, the rule of stales. Machines run on glycerine, the glands of tolling elves. There is nothing to interiors but bouncing ash. Agates out of kilter and streaming, filming clouts. Adrift in an organ of something's lightless glare, doubt-dried, dreamless, locked in ponders his skull hammers. Along with all he has no name, and doubtless is to blame.

X.

That the stone is a false one. Having been tuned,
sliced into sides, a pair of one half dozen of the other.

An octave with additional lip.

Canting the world on its corners.

For a thread to lie must be flatness surrounds.

His head must be diving over it. All in a parcel, diurnal,
timed only by the absence fingers. There are tables here,
once where what trees and bend. Throngs of needle flying
backwards into that horn once styled to rest. Envelops
statements for months. Only the thumbs to agree, their spheres
full of flecks to magnet. Consolation is only an echo.

Contemplation as in its echos loses force. The way opens.

But the stillness to prise what open. An array is gateless.

At which object the angel stalls. Or can it be said that a ladder
once leaned has gone open. The traveler in his blinded writing snarls.

The thought said to move vast blocks will not itself move.

Though the still block speeds the thought. Mystery is repellent?

The tongs lie open beneath the clothing curls.

One wall of the chasm become a ball, the other a wheel.

Thought is the friction raised by stalled things?

This white sheet is a lid, as even in sleep will become image-fouled.

Only the saints have no use for lids. Even curling, the world
lies open to the plains of construe. Ever held with stuff,
one's rest is a wreck.

But the sea like the mind owns no lid.

The port side of the garment lit by the moon.

So we are swayed by things more thoughtless than in tune.

The bat knows, and the dog. But the child does not, goes ahead,
that it writes.

To write blind sometimes I wish. How many hollows would one meet,
would then ring. So very every particle, one to kneel to.
But now how the world be museum of the world.
Praying for but a nail to fall.

That the stone is a near one.
Turned on its faces, a pair of three a half dozen of five.
To be a rhombus it must spin, the least its top must.
In dream the properties of facets separate, lock lacking
purchase, dole. Each new world launched in such collapse.
The nut then turns and unfurls the boat. The brought to
its brink. The mastication of numbers.
The threads one to sleep.
In a thrall to throngs throw open the diving world sheer to doubt.
The goading extant, to work.

• • •

MELENCOLIA

CLARK COOLIDGE

\$3.50

ISBN 0-935724-25-7