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GEORGE AMABILE

FIVE SKETCHES: TORONTO/MEXICO, 1968

1.

Across the sealed window
jet speed presses the raindrops
into a school of clear sperm. The heads
collect highlights, overcast
as far as the eye can see. . . .

Solid ground sinks, tilts
disappears, and there is nothing
but the close doubtful mist. Inside
three girls, tanned
and firm under crisp skirts:
They've been through this before.

And we come through
to a blue sky over the cloud fields
and cloud cities taking the light.

*Outside your window the temperature
is 63 degrees below zero. . . .
I watch the sunset burn.*

2.

Dust. Glare. The loose stones
of streets that seem about to clatter downhill
under your boots, plaster dust, pebbles,
talus eroded from adobe walls
where a burro nods
up & down, pumping its dry well.

In the *jardín*, meaningless bells
& clocks top the stones, stone chips, mortar—
those thick fronts built up
against the sun. From a distance
it seems like nothing
so much as a mirage,
the dark trees grown by invisible courtyards.

It is repaired often.
The work is difficult
intricate, rhythmical and very slow.

Perhaps the men in their straw hats
and patched clothes know
that time is never less than life itself. . . .

3.
The rough cliffs & cities
of the clouds, entered
dissolve to vast mist.
Left behind, they stand
at a distance I will never master.

In the smokeless fire
of afternoon
the white clouds gather
and grey, the air
electrifies as it cools.
The town's unglazed
ceramic textures grow diffuse.

But seeds, pellets, rosettes
of rain collect
until the dust begins to look
like topsoil. The stones gleam
amethyst & smooth coral in the aquarium light
as trickles grow to a rush of cloudy water.

Earth colours have returned
to dry walls, the once powdery doors. . . .
Can this be entered?

4.
We sit in a patio, complete
with fountain & banana trees
talking weather in three languages.

Outside the sky burns
darkens. Down by the arroyo's
viscid green, near the dump

animals raise their mixed wiry cries.
Sometimes a dog still dies, poisoned,
convulsing in the street without shame.

Electric lights come on.
They soon black out.
No one even bothers to light a match.

The host explains
"It's nothing too serious,
El cambio de la luz."

5.
Evening. A woman
carries a
pail of live coals
from the lower streets
to her taco stand in the *jardín*,
and as the wind disintegrates
dense embers, it lifts
a swirl, a comet's tail
of light fiery seeds
from a smoke-blackened pod
into a sky already thick with stars.

STAN BRAKHAGE

F Acts

I make IF of it
As I make It of it
As IF I make It
As if "as" were "A-Z"
As "it" "is"
"Is" "As"

and so for THE: Axe:

AXE: :the

S A won, mind moving now axiomatically, viz:

- (won): of script of brain, say: "gray matter".
(too): (d) scrip (of Chaucer) mine(d: bray IN as)
print(er: IMitater) a(ver((b)) as handwriting),
say: "Coll or as sociate mat."
(the re): (see) script (see Shakespeare) my(((e))nd:
"T,/ But now 'tis made an H") refer(((h))ence:
Anthony and Cleopatra, IV, vii,8) other(((X))YZ:
Zukofsky's Bottom on Shakespeare, page 33, top),
say: "Dis cull or dis A-Z ocean ma(h)."