

# Song of CHIM





I

LAND SCAPE

The three of us begin to build  
in the valley

surrounded by mountains in the west  
the sea to the east  
great river to the north  
the yangtze to the south

suddenly

in my mother's room

wearing this skin loosely for the occasion

& not by choice not yet as accident & arbitrary

I find the earth this good soil heavy with rocks  
rocks that tell how it was

& before she came

Chin Chin had it in mountains

when the air buzzed with the sound of bees

,yellow heron

,the black crane flew

the old dream precise reclaiming the history  
of it all

in Chin in Chin in this part

I come into Chin's room

in night I come into her room

sit in a stone chair

sit in this open room

the color of distance

not thinking of dying    voice buzzed    & buzzing    back again  
& forth    come into Chin  
          understanding  
          without waiting

the moon in my teeth

& not the moon

then

the moon's influence

\*

\*

\*

empty of process

seeds of wild grasses

animals come with certainty

& before Chin Chin & I set

tled in the rocks for nights

in the mountains

((cities surround us

in the mountains

in mountains find everything waiting

lick this red earth      the first  
image

reclaimed

\*

& QUICKNESS IN MOUNTAINS / REQUIRES CONCENTRATION

December

& the dead trees

-the three of us

set against the mountain



night

cold

& still

; trees along the ridge go up

as

瞳

t'ung

(just rising

the moon

comes over ,



allows

black

forms

into

herself

a country of trees

fingers in

: the three of us

apparent

in every direction



silence

the tracks  
of  
wild animals  
in the snow

a light  
in the house  
on the hill  
above  
the lake







I bury  
my face  
in her  
breasts

&

do not think  
of  
changing seasons

; I  
find  
everything  
in  
her  
waiting




before daylight  
before the minions  
&  
her work had come  
she showed herself

dancing  
on her perfect  
wooden table

by candle-light  
by moonlight

undistracted

not calmly  
in her face    nor  
in her eyes



how she moved  
round

passing the night

& through the night  
through the dance

the valley  
& the trees  
beyond the lake  
go into fog

it is a slow  
way

coming up

we left the house

for thought

walked along the road

walked past oak

, black walnut

/ bald

stark

nkd

holding down

& mountains

wordless

; not the snow

nor the fog

could stop

the movement



in that light

"Have you eaten"

animals come with certainty

rain

blows in

through the open window

&

the red deer

Chin

Chin wears her skin loosely for the

again

the old dream

& mountains

I wake her

the sea to the east

the yellow river to the north

in the south            the yangtze

the green stone of the temple of  
the east

here

before daylight    Shen Nung    up  
from the lowlands

comes to me  
with new tools

everything

is alright            or all wrong    I think right    my head in my hands  
& my hands tremble

wind blows the sweet smell of anemones

(the hand in tremble

hands shake with the gesture  
of expectation





W.B.



eye to eye

Chin Chin's eyes live over me

everything blows in through the open window

a scattering of seeds

a wind that is familiar

\*

POEM FOR PAULINE

she  
turned to me  
in her eyes  
  
turned  
in her naked  
arms

樂

lao

music as &

i came  
into her

without waiting

//////yesterday

we were eating whole sentences

-it took all attention

to as

into

her

flesh

without hesitation

came

,with no metaphor

birdsong

breaking silence

the moon's fog

falling

as quickly as it had come



barely audible

push pull the full view

(golden) valley

of the  
~~with~~ wild grasses

blowing

*a north wind blows  
seeds in a wind that is familiar*

seeds that come to me in natural dress

mulwollo \ 123))))))

& before day

before Chin Chin & I settled in the rocks

seeds of the wild grasses

\*

(~~with seed~~) I shall build      have built      a great city

in a cold season    with Chin      a great city    under

(mountains)      the Western Mountains      in this red valley

the color of distance in every direction

with seed with a dream that is older than myself

陸

Edgar

## II

### CITIES

Surplus

Laws

The Old Dream



nor time / nor space      what to do with it      I measure it

& am annoyed in the rediscovery

that one

comes two

three

& before part three, four first      second image

images reclaimed      during this fifth month      where the wine

drops to the earth      this good earth around us mountains hold

us

& the intensity

under a sky full of birds

the quick stars      are not as the great tides

the old dream tells how it is      begin to push      pull      sing time

no proof necessary

come into weather

moving      no problems

great gulps of black air begin new cities      recognizing the voice

amid the rushing of flurries      Chin brings to me

cut small branches of hazel brings to me shoots of the new year

against night      the rains      go into mountains

noting the position of the stars

- moon shines through east branches

ancients sit on that Eastern side

talking of politics

of the grasses that rise from the  
earth

where the full wine has dropped

into the early day sip wine

"Have you eaten" she asks

brings me tools to hold in the

swollen palms of my hands

words flow as the fall of water

Chin Chin comes to me from the  
water

with a happy body

as about in a shower of words      the old man comes with her

mountains to the east beneath clouds

comes with Chin Chin who brings me



A COUNTRY OF QUICKNESS

& the great herd      500 strong  
700 strong  
grazing in the yellowing grassland

an old bull  
with large tusks      purring  
among acacia trees

i look to the mountains of bodies  
the gathering of herds  
on a green savanna  
whose voices rise higher than their solitude

.we came together  
nourished the earth  
stepped off the land  
(this good land

brought what tools  
we had  
what seed we had  
from the north



after the rains had come  
crossed the yellow river  
into bottom-land

.we moved as the rocks  
move

moved with  
our heads thrown high

the air captive of  
our voices

;the earth shook under us  
;we blasted the land for food

/for our pleasure

we shredded the baobab tree

mothers with calves  
with skin the color of this red earth  
drank  
of the cool water

.in night

we came into valleys

running green      came into stars

with big voices

heads

back again

& forth

not thinking of stopping

came into rivers

without waiting

suddenly

in this other place

/echoes of the thundering

march

the open spaces

keep reaching me

i wake

confused

& look to other times

the sea's green grasses  
when animals came with certainty

a country of quickness

here

i know the size

the season

the yellow heron

the black crane

flew





again

I turn away cities

turned inside out

cities

that live over me

come into cities with words that I use as that  
when I use Chin to wake me

to sit with the ancients with old wine with  
new Laws

that I have no use for anymore that these  
old men

( with thin beards )

are up to the building of a western wall

\*

to hear the hylas

waken

yet

there was other

music

one could

still feel the sea

(it was not a large ship

Chin wears her hair loosely

arranges petals & twigs

carefully

has brought me seed that I hold in the open  
of my hands

trembling

& before the third part of this that is

& Chin Chin the while before mountains

(( ( I look for HER again

cautiously at first

;cities that eat up the Surplus that  
grow alongside the full wheatfields

yet

no problems we have LAWS

that anticipate PROBLEMS

the color of expectation in every step



Chin Chin

on the basis of parallel lineage continues before me

or behind me

while in the valley <sup>h</sup>trobs <sup>f</sup>of trade for trade

the purchase the prices for prostitutes cities  
of Surplus

(( ( these Laws that the ancients

not even that the gift is given freely

speaking fumbles in the easy stages

simply speak

haltingly

& nothing more no more

no more that the time

for a Yellow River Farmer's Co-Op

is past due

the color of dream in every direction

:the colors are red & black

but the red is seldom so  
fresh & bright  
as it is in the western  
regions

other things begin  
that were as on all sides hard from the first part

(((it was a small ship  
that we used to do it,  
dry the octopus on the  
deck,

or go into fresh waters for  
carp  
barbels  
breams & chubs

hard to believe that the seeds of the wild grasses

the still importance of Surplus

that my needs changing needs grow deeper  
& proceed from age to age

from silence to silence the more & more of it

that selects in sudden desperation

GIRL IN THE PARK

leaves in the trees

/yet

are whole,

she thinks

it is a new season

to run the field

of green grasses

as animals run

this way , that way

as a dog runs run

(((a bird sings

(it is not these that she thinks of.

((it is that quickness settles into her

;breaks into these

long days

into nights

for nothing



.here , a saturday ,

you

have been

asked in

((in her face

the still

slow

war

/the eyes

must M U S T be kept clearr

;the idea -

//the still

slow

war

begins to emerge : LET IT

.as the green fields

a dog runs

first this way

then that way

change their colors

do change

according to the season

///& in THIS

it is a young season

it is that that country

begins to emerge

that is you

is in you

is ILLIMITABLE !

\*

.settle down

right down in it

here,

a saturday

a bird sings

catch it up

as the dogs catch it

let your roots

hang down

exposed

to the differences

D I F F E R E N C E S

///as what you are also

have been

asked

in

as

隨

Sui / Following

(((The Joyous / The Arousing)))

precise

-& not to be obscure

;though that too is another

answer



it is that in your eyes

that this green season

leaps

(((not this that you think of.

;the idea —

that abstractions

can also kill

it is that in your eyes

you have gone

from here

have gone to the Western Mountains

here, a saturday ,

& these green fields

will do

as well

(((to be rock

stop being

water

as the birds sing

sing

in vent gone



as begining part two with Old Laws  
with Surplus

& that not it at all

the proper method      the structure

a new hoe that Shen Nung has brought  
to me

& I

with determination in the eyes

(little yellow booths & flowers in the air)



the smell of the offering  
ascending  
towards the Ancestors /the  
splash of libation of wine  
on naked soil



Ed Bar