DOOM CUSP

David Meltzer

Argotist Ebooks
In Memory of Wallace Berman
DOOM CUSP
Munir Bashir’s ‘ud alone
in his Baghdad studio
1987

‘Music is one
We’re all human beings
The same family
Music is for everybody’

The past that won’t
catch up to
the present

History makes itself up
until others
make it up

‘acute homesickness’
Greek: nostos
‘return home’
algos ‘pain’
Nostalgia

The retrospectives
the catalogs of old photos
of young lovelies

ME: ‘harm, oppress’
Old French, grever
‘to burden, encumber’
ME: ‘hardship, hurt, sorrow’
grief/grieve

Burden of past
Weight breaks
Down early grace of
Supple unknowing

Grow to know
Death’s musk
On the cusp

Edge of Chrysler
Deco edge
Film loop
Eternity
Freezes
Stuffed w/ death
a glut knish
unable to wish
before or beyond

Mourning is memory
a ‘withering away’
as if there’s a choice

Greaves
death’s dog food
also
bait for fish remove

Worm into words which
Wallace the bookworm
warned me against

Am in the ozone
no zone liminal
fat w/ past
bogged down
in tense present

Sink in drink
expand & shrink
(spine)gone

detoured to there
where nobody’s here
unless they’re dead

almost there

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taqsim
nonmetric
out of time
improvised
sound calligraphy

riff & ruins
run changes
the art part
afterwards
in words
nobody understands
music still
moving the body beyond

everything offered
out of heart
or broken being is
devotional
the holy holy
Ginsberg wrapped
his rapture in
essential unavoidable
connection w/out
limits or borders
out of here in flight beyond

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Pre-mortem
apprehensions
This Is Your Life
side & slide shows
collide & elide
divide the flow
into slices
chapters dice-thrown
across the page

•

Pre-Mortem
This Is Yr Life
Sally Field
==
peer -- late 16th c -- as she peered through the gloom --
partly from shortening of appear -- from L. 'equal' --
--

disappear
is how we appear
before we
vanish

Present
not necessarily a gift
stuck to clock hand
refusing to stop

No blessing
a mitzvah
to honor
to pledge chaos
as the circle
certainty spirals into
Bermuda Triangle
nobody survives

we’re laughing
Nan’s got pancreatic cancer
metastasizing everywhere
yet life means more
than death
even in dying
life won’t quit

The ‘it’that’s death
end of the line
last word

Kind age curled
in death’s rind

To the dark
a lyric spark
easily snuffed out
trapped in type

Neither lost nor found
displaced
& askew
& who are you?

Dead in an instant
others write it

Everything gets clear
Clarity is everything
Muddle's also joy
Despite all the sludge
A life moment
Is tender & kind
Raw & ruined
All ways


Rain tapdance
telegraphy


Sometimes grief is all about imagining yourself -dead


see you around

gotta get my grub
already, I smell, burnt

so much
too much

all the yes
& no &
in between

the trotting hots
& forget me nots

the noise
& ploys

still open
still a closed book

an open instant
a shut door

my yes
my no

but the vein pulse
of love beyond
this is where we are
neither lost or abandoned
nor found or retrieved but
dumbly stuck in stasis
molasses of unique idiocy

of 10,000 children sent
to Terezin
only 150 came back

The absent presence of God

History makes itself up
until others make it up

The death flow
goes
nowhere

Second hand smoke
second hand life
third hand
reality

Found this in the whirlpool:

To see us then
resistant &
glamoursly young
now dead or dying

to see is not to be
to be is not to see

to know
is another problem altogether

know no way but hobbling along onward inward

fortune cookie profound an easy gig

my love releases me realizes me as I release her

& we beyond all union won’t quit reaching out to each other gone in morning arriving in night

lover I’ve never loved but you beyond me & within me

magma burns out mouth which remains covert in the forked tongue hiss & dismiss & remiss to the constantly battered beloved

the acidity corrodes
what's left of the fullness

too easy being angry
too easy

[for Chris Moody]

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Emily D writes in a letter
now released as a poem:

There is no first, or last, in Forever --
It is Centre, there all the time --

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Time of edges
even beyond the snapshots
face falling fattening
in each continuous sequence

but how chronical
is chronology?

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no start no end
quiz kids know that
whiz wits
death defying
life denying
multitudes
know what remains
unknown &
what's up w/ that?

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psychology of biology
each lung stunned w/
certain pain & deep load
of who knows what
cancerous phlegm

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Imagined death
incapable at the moment
to greet speechlessness


Dark ain't doom
Light ain't hope
Blend 'em into mud

Create
not destroy

Affirm
not negate

have done nothing
measured it &
it doesn't add up