

back 1-4 (matisse)

1.

i looked for you  
all day  
at the museum  
&  
for better or  
worse  
you were nowhere  
to  
be  
found.

2.

i thought  
art  
would help  
reconcile  
us  
instead it's  
driven  
us  
further a  
part.

3. (monet's waterlilies)

it's not how  
it  
looked to him  
but how  
he interpreted it  
transformed it  
into his own  
language  
while processing  
distilling  
&  
creating  
that  
language.

4.

bare  
unbroken  
then  
emancipated  
the  
focus  
sliding  
off  
my  
backbone.

dalachinsky nyc moma 8/25/06

comida capsule ( pronounced "sool" )

this is no ride tafragmith  
this meant as a flow of juice  
deals  
lost tribes dead in winter  
a(d)nniversary's  
this is awash  
like beads of rain on the bead store sign  
& beads of sweat pasted onto my back

i walk white/stopped  
buy we-tongue profiles  
cellular man felled again  
before the green is even pointed to  
i betray  
my words a counterfeit gap of first licks  
reaping the city hawk from its home  
a high priced sub radio(l) blink  
ablasted in la city mort

gage fixed  
i am on average  
the last week of every month  
vying for ratings  
banking on gerunds  
begun upfurls the wavers  
& i waltz outta here  
knowing hunger  
still exists  
& that i am not properly dressed.

2be.

you may not like what you hear  
1290 overdue  
loftway united by nayats  
flies in my kitchen  
a lonely roach on the table of the fancy health food joint  
i eat in  
wife bitten by some unknown bug i have brought home from  
the street  
blank light makes 10 entrances & arrangements  
57 is one digit behind me yet not one full year  
platelettes  
beadports  
proto-genesis  
& la goof krap out  
rolls along whiskeyly as it end trails

the street is a bust  
& 40 medicams knew from their hollow auto-eye instincts  
that here the chase began  
& here the chase has ended

a small window  
in a large fireplace of  
snow.

steve dalachinsky nyc

12/09/04 rain - bus up  
6th ave

(S)tamp(on)  
(Silva, Bauer, Turner @ Instances Chavires - Paris 1/27/06)

i/b.  
i am stamped by your beauty  
you are faun-taped  
the blding is cold  
all blding s here are  
cold / not just the stone  
but the very guts  
a synthesis of instance & actuel being  
the roads splinter & o pen/en (de)a(d) drimboolahas  
repair  
still almost all guys find the center

& it is ill-fixed  
a tuck here  
a nip there  
sewn/sown  
briggle-oo chioness  
catcha wha ga loo brainsells /  
kin hops rebuilding the world as a lake  
a beard  
a bower  
a silver screen  
a seescape by turner  
one mouth speaking in the broil  
ta ta ta dah dah  
dah dah dah dah  
ethereal sentiency  
2. (perhaps)  
i be stamped no pant out o' the mouth o' boiler makers  
- instinct  
all move their limbs by it limp lipped  
a crossed line crossed  
it is here even in the savage tremble  
cold  
so cold  
these collapsing stairs  
co-lapsing stares  
sans light (i lit)  
ah the lumiere's bootstrings z toned  
agree please aching sound fingers rigored  
elbows nala johannes on my.....  
nose bleed  
be one whose pants are held by bottles.  
af/ ter  
turn the one whose lens is leffe - ah la blah  
a glass for drinking pictures  
a friend to quarrel with  
momentum  
if this room were a lake of mirrors i turn into from  
cold collapse  
heating up the rem/murd  
he's heating up the clean head in short sleeves  
is beyond being stamped  
easy as you blow your breath away  
he makes faces  
the one whose face  
is a mirror of listening  
whose hands remain thinking  
more than acting  
i am stamped by your beauty

as the world is stamped by  
a gurgling  
membrane  
restored of memory  
if indeed all were the setting sun  
on a WIDE street  
a square where mammals stamped  
& even bones before them  
held some fractured scores &  
failings -  
b4

•  
addendum(s) :  
rudiments gone while  
another ending  
writing as a way of listening.

steve dalachinsky

### Godard – Numero Deux

worker's  
    hand  
on subway  
car's  
    hand  
rail           a rail made for hands  
    businessman's hand  
my                           hand  
    worker's clothes  
but not always    his  
face   or all of    his  
    face  
        travel *COMPANION*  
pure chewing satisfaction  
  
    the woman's    hand on the hand  
        rail  
                  growth opportunity   all that is left.

steve dalachinsky nyc