

# JUMP / CUT

Lary Timewell

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## 7 SPOKES:

"My poetry  
Is plain

Like reading a letter from a far-off loand  
There's no real need for tears"

- Tamara Ryuichi

"The realm of innocence with its small furtive joys  
- is it already farther than Shanghai or Ceylon?"

- Baudelaire

"Come to allowing."

- Gertrude Stein

"Collaborate with the occasion."

- Lyn Hejinian

"...meaning can change in time, and always  
does."

- Stephen Rodefer

"There used to be one in every crowd...now  
there's two."

- Bruce Dawson

"...not necessarily in that order."

- Jean-Luc Godard

# Jump/Cut

(1)

AIRBORNE over delta's last third. Milling around my clichés come true. Field recordings of nothing but unwanted noise. A lovely modality of cloud forms, a piece of cake to erase. I dig the accents, don't tell me what to dream. And is that Glasgow below, shouldering the globe? Find me a patchwork of bells wide awake in the Olde Worlde one day. Tell me something is sleeping in the ark. Writing with a hat-trick, a wide-eyed receiver in mind. Little Errica points out St. Nicholas on stilts, striding past the Life-Show marquee. Is she cheating yet and would you know it? Which is you. I left school for the organisation knew my name. Pink is India's navy blue.

(2)

Flirt with it & free material. Snap out of your seamless gown. In stone it's nothing to you. Right again. Now not so straight ahead. Kurt wrapped Big Trouble in Little China and set off to join Goldie in Aspen. This means later. There is no such thing as trick photography. Dawn saw dusk in the mirror. He sneezed a whore out loud in English. An eyeball fell in parentheses. Let's get back to our steak & eggs episode. Let's make a difference not an ism. Keep me always, one honest step too late.

(3)

LENA the full moon has faded harm. A corpse will be delivered by expression. Even repetitions vary. Explain away the night & my fear of snowflake twins. The possibility of snowflake twins. The improbable snowflake twins. I & I. The seasick of some words in a list of good intentions. No worse than gesture down pat or a wrist-tested formula. My new ID is an awkward IPA. Love is that backwards loop in Tomorrow Never Knows, the long takes in Nanook. And here we're talking drums.

(4)

Some beer-drinking dolts check out that fox, deep-fried in the air. Ding ling died tonight. That's your job, all the mean while. These are trees for tomorrow, keep cool a chemical stash. OVER 50 BILLION SEVERED. Punk Hopis don't forget. Some faith is essential for loathing's liftoff. An oikos, a logos, an Amish soul. St. Jack was an unhappy combination of exhuberance & vanity. All is a question of armslength or light-years from Arles. Dear diary hits the switch on Tinguely's re-assembled "junk". Of accidents involved with paper. Welcome them to the middle crisis. East or age. That's ok for you to say, but here's someone in a similar position rooting for compassion. A sentence makes an unsafe shuttle, a period of puncture. Momentarily, the transport truck obscures my view of the Rijksmuseum spire. Cat naps arriving exhausted to these scorched-earth policy fields. Who & why "transparent as a branch in winter". Dutch mud drying in VW treads. Left on the money with dirt beneath my nails.



(5)

This apart from everything, an edge of fire to snow. I saw it in Super-8 with Arabic subtitles. Greg chants. Arise & shower, armed with a map of the waterfront, voices, valves. Stop hoarding cutouts from the floating world. Cut to breaking log jams, dreamy snags in the blood-stream. This is the paying attention chapter. Someone faints in the assembly like a misplaced cymbal in the anthem. A node in her direction. Tone, tone, semi-tone. The main feature of the temple being the control of moss. Slim Dusty in Darwin. Henny Youngman dreaming Proust.

(6)

I have made up my eyes, which pretty well rules out walking in the rain. A comma is a coathook for the uninvited. Bluebottles at the mouth of an Orange Crush can. It's a long way to Hip-hop from Walkabout, & 40 years of Brahms is hard on solid state. Romance was homeless under stars, a flat pick style, a voice-over memory. The enactment of the living thing eludes. Lingo like noisy ikibana. It is not just boots will bear me out. It is footage lost. Some unnecessary tears in dancing class. Here comes everybody's second epiphany at 35. When punks lit sparklers I thought "Zingo! Pastorale!" Now it's confide or confine. The fast worm's fugue. My contribution to the potluck is this armload of custom kindling. Words split easily along the fault. Knot that differently, asphodel or ash. Look at those "ugly" starlings, darling. Drinking a demonic fifth I see Noh moon in the wastebasket. Alsatians can stuff their portmanteaus. Can those cenetaph bagpipes, you gossiping Oversoul! I paid for my life in the bush of ghosts! Love is not the law of inverse returns. There is a total to do. Todo.

(7)

Lion S they call sisters. Is the cure faith or pornography? Is easy listening in? One is first struck & come to think of it. The glottis is a G-string quivering. You have your migrant enclaves & your tribal holdouts. I'm looking for Elvis the alien, half-scared under glass. Hand me that throwing star while you're at it. Set or sound the alarm. A recent Filipino hit. Sit up & shut down. In sleep your organ drones on the blues is the thrill is gone. Hell's bells, we've bills to pay all day. Writing is something only recently rumoured amongst your metonymous generations. A surcharge on taboo. The joke from hunger.

(8)

She's the swing into sine. She's done time. She's on a roll. She's a stutterer, a strum. Like trying to pinpoint the precise number of lawyers. She has a theory about this trickle-down. She has no worries down under. She dresses unemployed. She mules to Houston that others might have their lines. And if she lies, it's not without good in tension. She is not a creature of HABIT. Her lecture is audition. The best parts of the bodice-ripper in the 8-items-or-less lane. She's a sore winner. She is descending the ladder of success from middle to working by a relentless & autodidactic discipline. She has animated maps. Her hand writes chair & carries air. She is well known for cramming the frame. She has a special hello out there to all you shut-ins. She's keeping your robots in Czech, & doing a bang-up job. She has a have gun calling. An eyesplice to spoil your features. She says if it's Tuesday, let's drink.

(9)

Gut strings are different. Bow & go slow. One cannot step into the same river once. Instant Maxim. What is the justification of any form of government? A word stamped on stretched rubber. The computer feels alienation, & for the first time speaks. Dizzy before the Mother of God curio stands, I imagine for a moment I'm Yo Yo on cello. The sky dark over Abos & their chundering sheilas. Vagrant & fragrant move around, are circulations. I am a "balance freak in a dead football coach's trousers." Crumpled mint if you know what I means. After My Pet Juliette they retired the sweater. To the Eskimo every word's an ego. The missing one called the better half. Beneath a colonial fan sits a hardluck story. Red, white, & blue barbers. Shoe hospitals vanishing, evangelical real estate agents on the rise.

(10)

Happily lapping the stains, the brain pictures a drive-in as seen from a motel in Cache Creek sometime in the fifties. I tell you, it's enough to give me half an urge to take up negative theology in the Yukon. Saiwala is the oldest form of soul. She spent the entire month of April on the phone. Memory is neither source nor resource. It is time for time. Have we reached agreement? It should go something like, "The Tabula Rasa Tavern Welcomes Perry Como". Meaning is a palette of two or more. A room to swing a dead cat in. Slime & lemon, Lorca.

(11)

Getting ready to face the first etcetera of the day, I tell myself, "If uncertain, stay real". This is enough to set my footprints flaming. My islands now more delicate & gifted. Astonishing by-products like blush or rust at the edge of rose. Geisha sounds clean linen to me. Understanding Glazes by the bed, steel drums under water. I'm feeling good about my winking dramas & my unmatched socks. I figure death don't experiment. A volcano is a mountain going solo. I prefer 3 in the tree or 4 of the floor. I can hear my vows breaking & it gladdens me. Please accept this frisbee into your field of vision. I'm a bumpkin mad about pachinko. Can I play? (question) I'm no good. (assurance) Meanwhile, downstream in Ireland, the many go collecting colour & the Dalai Lama stutters on CBC. He's finished being an extra in everybody else's movie. Rustle me up some decibels. I'm into layout & I like it. I'm back in the saddle with my head in a sling. An error is ambulance, is mirth to the fact.

(13)

Because I want to see Mars defrocked, Venus re-armed for her purpose, a little laughing sways. We all feel we grew up with Antoine Doinel. We were comfortable thinking all the sounds were natural & known. The average stoma admitting 3% of the sky. Don't be shy. Even the dog comes up musk. It may take all my life to say your name. Serrated edges of the airmail stamp. God, you get that glint when you're crowing over beauty. When you're careering off the wall of this meagre compensation. It has everything to do with the gaelic curl in your japanese hair. Your ship to shore. Your bandages fashioned from old hawaiian shirts.



(14)

So what's all the commotion? The moon is nothing but a bitter big pill above the Academic Quadrangle. Concrete. Mauve over the province of Lorraine. Remember journalists & the fat kid next door. Or Hiroshige's pelting allophones. You don't have to be a native-speaker to sense something honorific in the letter O. It's out there on the bow like YUKI. Keep our bond, our bonfire in mind, & stop blanking out. There is just now & just so. You are insured for work & pleasure & erasure. Ok, we should of won but we never.

(15)

It's tiger year tonight. Coming soon to a Dehli near you. Language has its hearth in the split-level, in the big & temporary treehouse. Read here frost on the stones at the rim of the sea. No sidekicks in sight. No iambic pugalists neither. Just talking transmissions in the casual labour line. Innocenti by the earful is juniper bud. Ichmad waving his someone else's hands goodbye. Forget "prior restraint." Forget "adversary system." NOME is a name up north. We can't all be retsina drinkers from Riviere du Loup. Language is faster than a word-of-mouth nude beach. Joe, for example, dancing to Stars on 45, is a once-in-a-lifetime thing. You get us a place on the bush-taxi while I go for chawarmas & Flags. It takes a musical guy to secure the boom: Wolof in indigo; Casamance pirogue; sticky tieboudienne. O yeah, and emotion.

(16)

Sevres-Babylon: Tasqueña: Mount Royal: Hamamatsucho  
Stadium: Odeon: Tanaba: Omori: Younge: Javel: Broadway:  
everyone likes to get their / tongue around montage.

(17)

Change the channels with a pair of pliers. No flat rate for rich kids at closing time. Let's you & me get out of this pasty-faced café. Let's like the song says ride. I'm not going to sleep, I'm going to Medicine Hat. Reggae polka backwards in a very hot place. A poem composed while playing Go. It's all about the Pagoda Take-Out in Prince Rupert, B.C. It's all about Apache Pass, a Chow Mein bun at 3 a.m., Absence, that sort of thing. Several singlemindednesses competing for attention. Hey, I may be a little out of sinc, but they're not my game shows! There is the thaw to talk about. Sentence & sentience. Let me know when we're past the elevators of Enfold.

(18)

Fête or freeze-up. Turning was a flop. "¡Felice Navidad!" shout the happy sailors anyway. A phrase is lost in Juarez. One cannot help thinking of green Dorados. Ganglia. Valhalla hillbillies. Plash & verbrato. Verbs are nouns come out of the closet. Music to feint by. Gangastrotagati, the tempo of the Ganges' flow. Department store paisley. Reader's indigestion. Easter Rush in the ninth, according to form. Cryptonesia. Repeat: that black rock is a verb on the verge! Up & over the bridge, singing "I found my thrill... in medius res." The path of most resistance. Like that Gordy Tapp was so...you know...wabi-sabi! Everything is published in heaven above the Textile Lunch. Even your lyric necessity has its flying buttress.

(19)

Ski panorama no problem. Own your own monkey puzzle tree. The Rosalies are home tonight in the Valley of 1,000 Faces. Flies circle in the exact dead centre of the room. Everyone's in error & speaking too soon. Anticipating the next issue of a fluid life. Damn dark & continuous. And said not sane. Since she was vocoded she's all over the road. Uno mas uno. Koko signs "on vacation". Our Lana learns Yerkish. All us lumpen are overcoats standing damp. Jim barked a rebuttal at his old dear. Uncertain in a qualifying year. Luck Wo Fat window aches of the half-life. DOA live at the Deaf Club. CHINK HIGH graffitti. Dogcock on poly. A cluster in fidelity. I caught the Word Band's last set. They did "Arbarghatti Versus Oven-Off". "No Contest", & "Paint, Paint, Paint." They snapped off the blossoms from the mind of Azelia. Long live Louis Amante the King. I dislike these terms, but I hated mid-terms. An institute's no afterlife. If the phone rings, say I'm writing bedtime stories for feral children. Lingua franca, how fake the tune. That love song like hell. Like gazelles to water. I was so broke I stole the pennies from the loafers. I gave the goons a piece of my evenmindedness. A bite of my steamy all-dressed.

(20)

The rotting pumpkin of October fills with November snow. The same day a postcard arrives from Annalivia in Botsuwanaland. The oboe parts. Mocking tourist money. A shifting Palestine of meaning. A great pink TUNDRA. Relax, she says, and be your asparagus & tend to bees. Pray for a little libertinage at the top of languages clear refusal to wear that one-size-fits-all philosophical t-shirt. When I write I find out sooner. Something by red government warves. Teach me a little of your curvey symphony. There is no excuse for boredom. A headline writer sees blood. This is not the blues, Magoo. This is The Resurrection of Pigboy Crayshaw. An image of the hand-held thing, a Stein of the actual. A draught of the original, in, out, among. The sky went scrapping in your hair. Lichen & lumen. 1950 & 19.95.

(21)

My left ear on emergency. Hello mister goodbye.  
Jump/cut. O, Wakantanka of the presque vu! O, Dziga  
Vertov! O, Flying Doctor! In Lesson 8 we're up  
against the negation of verbs. Lyres. To prove it, the  
gakusei of Temba-ken sing, "This is a pen!" Donc, le  
mystere se cache dans le visible. Yeah, them's the  
jitterbuggers alright officer! Greasy suits & paint-  
spattered sneakers. One star note hung. An emotional  
season, unstuck on the dancefloor. A cut foot is  
swathed in the sea. Owning up to the angels. Irritable,  
irritable. Negative beyond your wildest capability.



(22)

Moon on the quarter is a minimum tide. Aphrodite went south. Refining lies like a loon in oils. "Thru the new map I see the old map burning." Tending to strata. Underpass echoes. My priorities went first. They were the Four Gates of the old N.E.W.S. They were yearning in slow motion. A non-living example of the same. It's a fare fight now. Its shape is "as I was saying the first snowfall fell." A Manx prayer for Mabel Berry. Toss on blue ringlets now.

(23)

What walking does with the rhythm of thought, the river imprints without pause. Daisy duplicates in Spring. I'm inspired just seeing someone read a book. These days it's one false move & I'm yours. Blessure. Basque. Alone under sun is solice. Next up is hope for the heartbeat. A crescendo of Italians, "Psst!" the password. Claustrophobia. Vaucarme des mots. The traffic noise of souls. Sadhu spent his autumn in the cantabile kush. Upright, with missing strings. Sing, Ananda, the world so worldly. A neural trap-line. Inspect, O Lord, these our habitations.

(24)

One laments the passing of thou & thee.  
You there! Louder grace-notes, please!

(25)

Someone has yet to write The Lost Lagoon Suite. Just what is it you're talking me into? Aki no iro in ivy league. Dust & dust & dust. The crickets call the stars out, the lettered night sky. And then gone like Mangalore Ganesh Beedies on Playa Zipolite. Quick cut to brief dialogue over green tea. So. There is no art that doesn't come from the heart. That "love child" speaks only when spoken to. I feel affinity for the Sleep Robber tied up in Alert. I feel arch-English & my own particular parts. A smelly oolichan in the laundromat, one place. Silbo, the whistling-language, another. I feel like a dynamo in a slump, propped up on one elbow in an eight-tatami room. Hey, uh, hit me dealer. Eurymome is wide-wandering. Barkerville Celestial. A little weeping afterword.

(26)

Hence, the sentence lifted.

(27)

Ameslan under the original neon moon. Is it, & are we, perpetual emotion machines? We laugh how the four-leggeds sidle up. We live savagely normal lives. 15,000 hours of TV before the age of six. Furious bees in the harmonium. I saw my double in an unexplored city. She's the one with the continually adjusting tie. The one picking over leftover dreams. In the background, the dog's one husky & insistant syllable has fallen in with poetry. Out of breath en plein vitesse. Wire taps in Kalamity Yuga.

(28)

Cultural entropy, a lament. Small or large see. Thinking of Jack & Jill without reference to their task. Seltic counds. Mohammed's dykes. The one interpretation that could land me in jail. Arguments about who's dead in let's play guns. Paddy Hamlets. If you don't start killing we're going to take this away. Welll, then, do you have any literature on this product? Just when we thought we understood modern dance, along comes Puppy-On-A-Spit & Dr. Organmixer. The future being nothing as fearful as what will be. No longer any question about what is edible. Oh, what's a poor satellite to do? Make lyric the prison-jargon? Like it or don't, to step back en masse is seen as an embarassingly theatrical gesturer. Something revived by fifth column bible salesmen. The sudden & several reappearances of an acquaintance you would never normally otherwise think about. Noms de guerre in the guise of senators. Rambo & Casio: the lexicon knows pain. In time each sentence will serve as title. Ill wills as soundtrack. Have we reached censorship yet? A coarse or cadenced fin? Scale? Shade?

(29)

A translator is a ventriloquist. Is cicada really the best word we have? Forgetfulness, & the leaky faucet of Catholic nostalgia. And even nostalgia's not what it used to be. John Paul harmonies. Everafter I would associate sunstroke with a mouthful of frijoles. Our salmon ancestors died at home. Doing some donuts on a snowy field. Sounds like you yourself. Looks like the head-toss of teenage method actors. Your basic fauve. "Okhela" is Zulu for "spark." Don't climb the power lines. The stairway still stands where the house fell. I have been subjected to intensive re-education on this issue. I trust your idelect, despite the hash-slingers with canned laughter on cue. Recognition is bones at the entrance to the lair. A glint off the stud of your leather. Desire snuggles up to its own anti-bodies. We swim or ape the empire.



(30)

Writing as Mothlight, iris, & wipe.  
Overlapping matter with the heart in mind.

(31)

Alizarin intervals from mauve to Marie-Anne.  
Forgetting what "I" lost. Paul Robeson singing in  
Chinese, rather. In inflections in future gaelic. To  
reassemble, take the lofty stress-point of camouflage  
& graft skin to the lagoon of craft. A peninsula this  
wide evaporates in the windshield factory. The  
earphones of the trampled antelope are a twitch in  
pasture. Tenure, a decade. Mute battery tethered to  
tentative to death. SOS pads & surly paint. Etched  
douse of arcane arcades. Impelled along plum wine  
trademarks in a calendar of quantum leaps &  
bellylaughs. A new mustard & vermilion wagon is  
not no never beyond our means. Nor jungle gyms on  
ice, opaque as flag debates. O'er paunch equatorial  
flows, this shrill transcription of airborne pastels. And  
so to seraph & seafloor & stain. All punished for  
playing here. Starved in asphalt in habit. Who's  
parchment throat navigates molten. Facsimiles my  
rages & mutters. Loosened lacquer box.

(32)

Spent evenings trouble-shooting morse resins. "Hey, I don't have to do this, you know. I could be earning big money in air conditioning." Turning the squelch on your blueprints down. All erodes to roam all roads. Frightened to death by the half-life of ideas. Relatives & autistic TV stares hit leather in Tiny Town. Lip-salve on the fritz. Knee-jerk reverence for wolkenkratzer. No accident the wedding cake is DORIC. Or alliteration Anglo-Saxon 3-D, binding all your fact files with skinny credo. Scene IV: calibration of the split-image transit bearings of abandoned arc-welders. The vendetta of the contour cutter. Slipknots meaning moored awhile. As later sits opposite appetite. Until this moment blissfully unaware of middenheap secretions. The possible existence of. In a sudden glut of deadpan, X and Man Ray arguments. Interlocking tires. In stress, in this, we agree.

(33)

The glider emits this litany: "Slow life. Vicious circle. Onanism. Horizontal. Round trip for the buffer. Junk of life. Cheap construction. Tin, string, iron wire. Eccentric wooden pulleys. Monotonous flywheel. Beer professor."\*

\*M.D.

(34)

By a certain age he felt he had incorporated all musics. Entreaty then entry. A nervous weekday railing-on about. Stockhausen lookalikes. Lag treatise of long habit. All taking place makes necessary noise. The volume Baby smears or the film that doesn't "wash". Sexist inevitable in random sampling. If he throws that rock she's telling. Or heidi, an ideal for someone real. Male-bonding vernacular, the efficiency of joy, the shock of new hairs. Inappropriate speech in drunk evident. Called this odd hour, a slack tightrope. The cult of personality threw out my tongue. Southam's professional offspring just bluff louder! I'll get me a tattoo says "Lucky & Grace". Not to seek an image but to recognize one. Up-to-the-minute intuitions embrace, dream inside-out in the a.m. All time in bodytime, lapped in the last.

(35)

Dream's down-drain amongst horizons she calls friend. Minefield body of truths run out of town for rime. Spent flowers at the foot of the bed, in the jam jar of fragmentary perceptions. Collector of absolute "things", 24 times a second. Forgetting by hand the several heart. Where I is always someone else, happy but/because complex. Precise emotional response to ambiguous sign. Multivalent power-boats on the lake of Swann. This resemblance existing in the space between objects. Tableau. Down-time for the foot-soldiers of effrontery. Glib deflection, unnerving as mock tenderness. Instinctual emotive motif. Sums of second-hand, egg-headed stress-edit & thindering implause. To arbitrate an end, to artifact in fact. The reason why is this.

(36)

A fragment is sweet agitation. The subliminal swarms. It took me 10 years to get this far. Crawl out from under the timid journals of recession. I wrap my head in fabric for the last leg of the trip. Circuits, short & shorter, snap.

