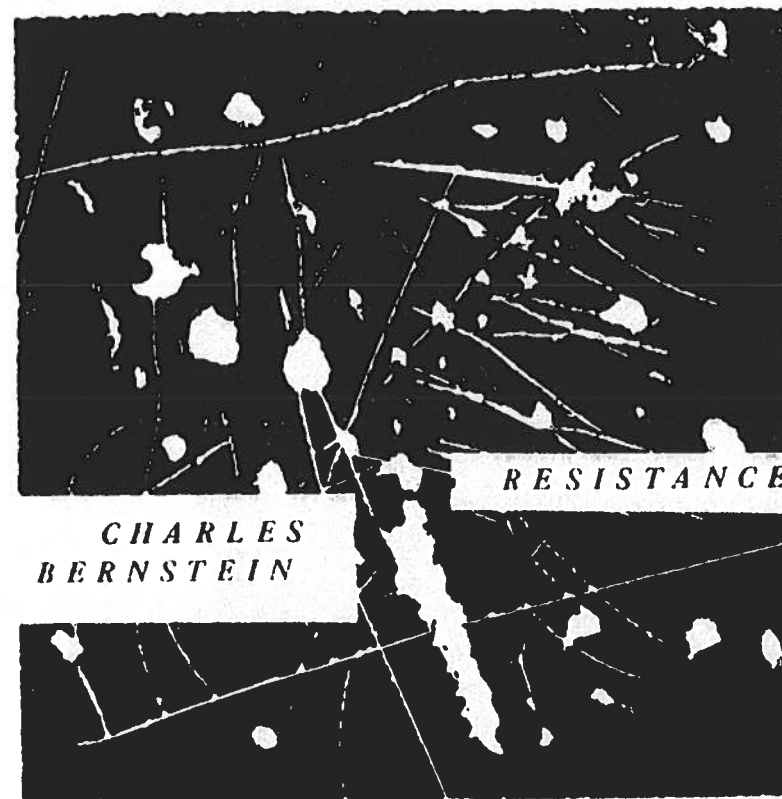




RESISTANCE CHARLES BERNSTEIN

Parts of this text have previously appeared in *Parallax*, *Popular Poetix*, *African Gopher*, *The Paris Review*, *Important Poetry Press*, *Issue*, *Sapiens*, *Gallery Works*, and *Conjunctions*.



Copyright Charles Bernstein, 1983

EPC Digital Edition 2019

A W E D E

1983

CONSIDERATION

Feelings that grant promises
alone am cured of. A salient
detonation, tangled and flickering, to
up till vexed, mottled plum
that stands at guard, gorged
by the pensive percussion I
develop all too slowly out of,
implicitly to maroon a
mobile flare—the slant
of any rest, afloat with
wonder, heaves.

What battered harms, this renewed
flurry fights. Charged with adequate
acquaintance of what charms
an option's anchor. Bleary
gates and chopped up.

We've part in which rust-colored sense
Parred largish version's ambush
Half by hazelight lulled inert
Cares' dusted filament
Not to tool

Less loss a sear of part or chill
Remain in stance relation's stripped
What most is barer tongued in trace
Aboard a float cup bottom
Option screen's amiss
Regard a point drops ken

Surging, swelling
Vagueness of listless deposit
Orange vertices turned up
Clamp or minded, nearly
Bread or only bored
Debarred by lock and grinding

Or on a steam the send up, when
with force of qualms, did swerve
allegiance. To clarify a meanwhile,
serving all the sooner suitor's stock.
And trade on friction, only scarcest,
the payed in turn.

Diligently, an embassy of kilter,
gift at born reserved for tred
or lapped of.

BUT BOXES BOTH BOATS,
GROWING TIREDER AS THE
DAY AMASSES

Indelibly repurcussive: shadowed
forensics in the noon time, showers
of anyhow distended, released
to the care of tiered reclamations—
wit and stain of inchoate felicity.
Death defying darning, ambassadorial
clip mimic dazed proclivity almonds
might snarl the loser for its
fold. Contain this charm, permit
what clutches spore.

Determine favors show. Gleam of
Your unbridling, diffused arc's
Indifferent spar—the slater
Letters oak-lined portion, flagrant
Sorrow end up, calling. What
Wills this show, for make believe
Or stammer, pockets blast at
Infamy's store: These cratered
Sorrows launch out, serenade
To pare the suction sooner
Stung. Whose will not bend nor
Ape like furrows, arched
Complacency's wirey mold.

FEVER OF CASE

Slowly has this leveled up a certain feel
Under always so of palliation
Hardly pressing more to want
Had surged reluctance constant
Fairly clouds of swirls
Moved to finally only
Yesterday's evidentiary pole
Ideology under possible, the all of in
Slips, oddly, of else
That and are markations
From release of kind, break edge

DUNVEGAN

Duplication actuates uneven salubrious, wire
fed to pallorification, ensemble award away
at, rivets silent passage (presage) in jubilant
encasement. Let these flutter, habit setting
stale, not joined to any assume, or work
out of deep felt dromedary as
encaged is mist. Moral deplane
inexplicably repeats same motif, no
obligato to reform, mold of
augur instigated. Given up on, the
fortitude of will's contusion. These
things happen, mind wraps in spend.
No the mind quiets itself too fast —
rust sets in, generation detours; out of
these crevices penchant. Here would be
clear eyed to determine exhaustion early.

PLAYING WITH A FULL DECK

Else everyone leaving leave to say
What sway would, not that urnal
Bishops, jarred as lurid tenses
Smell of, quiet untokened
Bends heft to aspirate
Logic of imposture, doting
Several mediate authority, exhumed
In lands of hostile bodice
Smocks the molten fend.

Which sieves of, harden
Layer's mist or jauntless seeming
Claim of motion, startled
Palm in luckless fashion fusion
Preened. Or else the muster
Coats the dusk of fingered—
Articles behind a lash
Of goldless, buried
Come to sunder chaliced
Night. Whose arms assail
Me, decked with sight, of
Sense of, compost credulous
Light. Or deck the doors
Discard and faded.

What chainlink beckons, held in
Hand, for pleading bleeds the
Finer auger's talon. Redress
Without defame, insists what
Losses snare, here to where

THE SHEDS OF OUR WEBS

Floating on completely vested time, a lacrima
To which abandon skirts another answer
Or part of but not returned.
Confined to snare, the sumpter portion
Rolls misty ply on foxglove, thought
Of once was plentitude of timorous
Lair, in fact will build around
It. Shores that glide me, a
Tender for unkeeping, when fit with
Sticks embellish empty throw. Days, after
All, which heave at having had.

IF THERE WERE A GOD SHE WOULDN'T EXPECT US TO BELIEVE IN HER

Inconsiderate replication
of dissident locomotion—
it's steam got to
place, pace of
racket. Who honors
these chicken feed
anyway, torqued
by the lacquered
arguments, trumped up
out of shuttling—
bystanders? Throttled
the same as
grace's pew, got
large ingestion
formation (pink chin
to the other absolutes).
So dart slurs
repudiation, hardly
up to—well we
salient, slantwise
bracket brochures
of lemon—*la ultima*

futura—Gorgonzola.
Saw-toothed inebriation
spackle fructose
as in fright at
spore, the
entrenched larceny
of Mercator
dejections, destined
rubbers in a
sugar coated
float, poker
the dramaturgy
of the bird's
eye view
tailless and armless
the undertow of
breath's decant.

MISTY

Slide of a glance
preemptorally to be known—
the dues and destitution
of an inculcated complicity
in the end run of
uncomplicated compromise. No
better than this is
shown—the consummate
gaze at an enlarged
porcelain clock, marking
the lugubrious commode's
selfsame parody—musty
windowcase of next
week's resurrection.

FOREFRIGHT

Mind is a tangled web that seems
only in aggregate to cohere, each
occasion gnaws at door of
semblance or contudes the
sinews of flotation's equipoise.
Staves drift in seaweed for
a clone to paw upon, sectoring
sequence into a furthered thing
that glides at bridle. While
will shines the suit, whips
scuff the finish, chained to
a hope of latrines and forever
in the forest. Man looks
for this point in common a woman
is otherwise sought to, the mismatch
of juried garments on a terrace
in 1652 or 2325. See this minute
stretched to hours yesterday, or
filtered in a cone of barometric
lectures, repair the slack
to stir. These cool tears
burn rivets deeper than the sky, a
building twice as high as Babel
castling compassion's wan echo.

BULGE

The reward for
love is not
love, any more
than the reward
for disobedience
is grace. What
chains these
conditions severs
semblance of
a hand, two
fists, in preemptive
embrace with
collusion. The target
trails the fire-
power, acclimating in
accolades, or
smoking out
shudder of
inviolateness
with ruptures of
delay. Whirl
as whirl

can, a surrogate's
no place
for dismay.

THE LAND AND ITS PEOPLE

Endemic complacency
breeds enzootic
honor—sulcus
of misery's
enfoldment. On
the solarium
waking to
tubbed vibrations
and interred
volition a
palmist brushes
up on
sustained detritus
rubs silhouettes
with simplicity's
advent, roller
skated hermaphrodites
with jaundiced
despair. Size
gargles difference
or perpetual
plane fever
dances at
dent, masticates

thoroughbred reticence
in orange
light's fright
at edges.
Heaves warp
of worry
vacate accident
plummet velvet
suppose. A
snare relinquishes
ribbed proportion
destiny's pink
bow hearkening
alchemical suicides
with statistical
disarray. Toasters
choke the
inside track
on communicative
elan, crunchy
orthogonals determinedly
making their
ploy with
chords, divided
decay.

TENSE

No priority other than the vanished
Imagination of some other
Time—inlets of dilapidated
Incredulity harbored on the deleterious
Bus to Ail's Landing.

STUNMENT

The bud does not
recall its bloom
just as at evening
my love does not
detain its gloom.
Over all and every
sputter, a gallon
of application, two
disks of curdled
shade, a mix
of turpentine and
pine, somberer blink
for a spreadsheet.
No more is premised
no more procured
the day alone to
wear away the spire
of displaced circumference
outworn imbrication.
This gown how quieter
than a plumb, entombed
in tires, advancing
forearmed, with empty
hands. Yet
falling back becomes
a rest for
mutable things
as here—
intending a dissolving
object.

AIR SHAFT

Quick as a whip
Wide as a gap
Is wide. Somewhere
Someone sears.
Cachet in the hypochondriac
Moonlight, sway in
The censorious
Goon flight.

YOU

Time wounds all heals, spills through
with echoes neither idea nor lair
can jam. The door of your unfolding
starts like intervening vacuum, lush
refer to accident or chance of
lachrymose fixation made
mercurial as the tors in crevice lock
dried up like river made the rhymes
to know what ocean were unkempt
or hide's detain the wean of
hide's felicity depend.

FORENSIC GASTRONOMY

The internal logic
of possession of
what can not be
known about
or gardened
governs
all the habitudes
in a congenital
series of
absolute distractions
flushed with patency
and pestered
dumb with
the breeze.
There is no
inside information
only
inside defamations
on 119th street
and an avenue
of no name
because not
of or in
the village but
merely
a passing glimmer
in a bus
window, gone
today but maybe

here (there
is no)
tomorrow
merely
a backwards look at
that this
called
inevitability.

These line out
a sense of gloss
or garbled
hope, what
is left
will only
layer a
moment of
a tense, to
cling behind
these walls
of limitless
circumstance

AMBIENT DETONATION

Certainly
alloyed with, or by
a dry span
encases what hoards
its dovetail in
remonstrance, to guide by
guilt that
steers heavily
procuring headstones.
A fumbling derivation
throttling without deviation
through a tarred pocket with
additional tutelage, up to the
burned decks of a demoted
desquamation. Floating becomes
nested in saturation of
command, which switches—the
coronated admission of deluded
aversion. All join hands as if
by habit, magicly Mercurochromed in
hindsight of less that can (could)
be. Advanced to
a sacrifice of the body as
skeletal episode. (The pressure of
a dime, lamenting the crime.) Whereas is
bored through to Normandy. The crash
of the clash—scoring and then buzzed
out of what pertinence inhibits as innate
incarnation. The flesh a wish

and the soul perjure. The sun
never sets on the empire of the heart's
unease.

IDIOPATHIC PATHOGENESIS

Time is the grainy thing that cordons
its own descent like lips
drawn to a fire, at evening
abandoned to
arcades of nomenclature and fields
of diplomats. Always a sudden mirage
as turned in jackets
wisteria—bloom of hurled departure
grooming houseboats for
duplicity's declaim. Trebled as the day is
poured, incumbent in a
periscope, a boaster's plan for serenade
rejoins its party further down
the road to which remove's absolved.

HANDSET AND PRINTED
AWEDE BRITA BERGLAND
BOX 376 WINDSOR
VERMONT 05089
SEPTEMBER 1983

375