

## Poems by Steve Dalachinsky

### The Chase

a religious man becomes a murderer  
a murderer becomes a religious man

work this clay  
like a soft body never touched  
work it into shapelessness  
(of all things)

the murderer  
& the religious man  
walk the same street  
on the same nite  
in the same shirt  
in a town as big as my palm  
the town is a shapeless mass  
of cities  
as big as my muscled  
arm

the speaker & the slasher  
remove the same hat  
plead the same pleas  
eat the same pie

assailant & victim are one

the world is divided by borders & seas  
white crust  
black wave &  
breath  
even as we speak even  
now  
the dungeon is being prepared.

### chris connor 1

bravo to the first & last men

first thought best thought tho i use that more out of laziness than  
anything else  
editing can certainly be a useful tool tho more these days than ever  
before folks get off using the word spontaneous this and spontaneous that

tho i'm sure most don't really do it improvise i mean it's tough i can do it on paper sometimes or at a gig (poorly) but hey it's tough to stick to your first thought which usually asrrives after your first thought

ginsberg once actually said that blake said it first tho i doubt it or maybe in some other context but who knows anyway issues definitely confuse eachother like fuse cons and breached contracts broken promises and jingoismssssssss bushed kerry'd dunnin

chris connor sang tonight at 75 never had it still doesn't signed a coupla lps sorry she did have something once in her own way and some of that still shone thru kerouac and his ole bop-prosedy well the revolution is still revolving and revolting and psas rise and fall like stocks and bessie smith sang about rocks in her heart and i got a stone in my gall bladder so i keep away from fried foods tho i still eat way too much bad stuff and have in my later yrs become a super-coffee drinker

2 cups & a big fat piece of cheese cake tonight at the bar while chris sang of love and broken hearts shit what did she sing/ for some reason now i can't think of any ...no wait

blue moon &

geez the memory like cheese cake thick sweet eaten like the hearts of dogs anyone ever read the heart of a dog? yes ???>>>

well my writer's block's over a mile away how many miles did i have ta walk for that one oh just a few blocks and down there at the gas station /car wash she sang no not that one either songs i recognized but still can't remember but i remembered them when i was there even hummed along down deep inside somewhere even sang a line or 2 next to my heart when i knew they were comin but oh i think maybe as time goes by it'll all fall into place .....

steve dalachinsky 8/5/04

### **cecil taylor trio @ the bluenote 7/19/05**

set1

precious 27 sic; the portholes

moontowel

led

attraction of f(r)ingers

speedoling downlid

some o' the best beebop piana i ever heard

chance is a bag fell outo the bag

the disc

unspun & wandered

blue folk left

1st the ones with little kids  
expensive family outing  
out being as far out as sitting in a room  
with an U.F.O. can  
get  
just fell outto the mo(u) o ebabs  
like toothes with working titles etched invisibly  
inta 'em  
only abbreviated maybe to untake plaque  
for the best charge a minimums word  
help yerself to the fries & wise-ums  
spotlit(s)  
& clean too  
insensitive dewguns  
sumtime  
regraph the caterpultin  
& in this case only a maestro can claim  
the bottom 1/2  
ich du 5 iced dinhair muminim &  
sleeved short cooled down aftereves  
only a pracker knowd the grail  
only a SAGA-d shooed the shoit  
grapple onta livin  
garpple inta notes.....

set 2

the vagueries of time  
who knew who lived where were  
always goes back to 1890's  
sheriff street  
a tenement w/out shame  
this is less than before one could imagine  
where is the past now  
where is the past now if not  
in the head?  
or in some book  
or map  
all museums  
all warehouses  
whorehouses  
windows of rearrangement  
this is a story you can tell again &  
again  
the same way  
only different everytime

the grey area of time where "once" is what it's about  
once i had this white cat  
once i had this black dog  
erratum continuous tom-tom z-rap  
a message of of linels & sinews  
any news  
with even a touch of a touched up photograph/still  
who was/who is  
there to the end of christiandom  
3 views from the same square  
sphere is yes about a continuous line of blowing  
rounds  
or is it precise corners saught  
atemplated shot  
as if charted further  
here you are slowing down to a star  
you'll never catch down to  
can we embark in a trump-o-tazzle  
or even invectors complete the whole deck  
by throwing it over ?  
the monkey who owned the property's always  
the one who flies  
& it happens alot between gaps in the mind  
& happens it seems around centuries turn.

steve dalachinsky nyc 7/19/05

**cecil taylor trio @ castle clinton 7/29/04 ( for (e) shadow )**

tell this dy /// nam is mos  
useless blues & pinks  
in mentus  
this is daylight when we most need it when  
there is no day left  
this is river in a shadow  
shadow against an even/ing when  
tree become sky

no mental can the shadows stay this silent for so>long  
the bricks that never saw the war they fought for

it is a yellow in the eye  
useless magenta that crosses our lives

the sun is behind me the sun  
it heats my neck

dy na mis mos contrarios

one

immigrant says to another

i passed thru here

(too)

vialavitsef feast & live

tale tail's tale to taste

aventus creatus

rowldtercompat

the act of natural act of.....

i've come

thru here too

the shadows

never move

the trees &

sky are one

glass & stone

& steel a blding make

fingers make

things happen

one immigrant says to another

glass stone &

steel

are the

building blocks of this world

trader trapped inside the gullum

is a wink the paper asleep

i crumble

in uniform your day begins

like this: shadows never move

sun behind your back

useless magenta

bricks that tell a tale

fingers make things happen

running spotlights cannot function before the nite arrives

it is really not the clock that determines transition

that crosses our lives

one immigrant says to another

it is when the sun crosses our backs like a river

a festival

a

world -

sonic tellin panic  
when the light that was created  
becomes the light that was invented  
a bet earned a wise trade a gorge traversed

2( money is the (M) angle  
we will not be fed by sunlight a loan  
even now as evening turns snurt the concessions  
no time for this/that it's obligat(o)ion

ObliGate

it's now dark it feels

one immigrant says to another

feel my neck it passed this way  
this is no joke  
privitize my sacrament it's cool now hands on it's cool now  
the useless magenta adds to the piano's song  
this world was built by hands  
tree & sky no longer touch  
the shadows have become a river  
that does not flow  
brick is what i call your face  
i remain attached to my allegiance  
tea is a drink for two (3)  
this shifting desire is a wedge  
between the clock & the hrs  
clamusin tourista raditsula board

such useless appendages these hands against the unmanacled day.

steve dalachinsky nyc

**a new non-existent cult: >**

chaotic structuralism

pts.. little destinies

random fatalism

free functionalality

calligraphic aestheticism

staticness vs it's randomness

humppa to night

umpahpa umpa umpapa  
m  
p  
h  
a

## **de chirico landscapes #2**

escaping hours  
shattered against infinite waiting  
of dumb sentiment.

i am stuffed doll  
staring thru your archway  
at the shadow of your hairline  
against grey-brown ivy platform

flat form  
dying against the street  
hugging the ground  
a steam cloud in  
space  
heaving with a gourmand's glance  
..... waiting to depart.

## **chris connor 2**

1.  
we'll be together  
again was  
one  
here now in this wilderness  
she seemed vaguely like someone i knew  
once who laughed at hair clipped too close  
i wished  
it is after all a miserly thing  
nothing to say i'll draw you a pic-  
ture therein the wilderness  
where rumors abound  
rumors of wealth founded not  
founded or what's it matter which a matter  
wisdom of det word file  
she looked almost like someone i didn't know  
hair longer now  
old standards sung & forgotten  
it's all his there in the wilderness 2 blind people

on their bellies crawling in the rain  
hands searching for them-  
selves

2.

it was very difficult to leave the sky behind today  
i kept turning around to catch it  
why am i the only person walking backward/  
first time i ever saw a squashed squirrel  
lower east side church spire mirroring itself  
first time  
i wonder why no one else is looking up  
n.y.c. roadkill  
why is no one else walking backward  
a voice that never talks to me inter-  
rupts my ..... "taking notes?"  
- the sky - useless chitchat.....the sky

weaving thru the sensible garbage lining the curb  
i bang my head on the coming grays

sunset in this town is for survivors  
if i hold on long enough  
i'll find out

steve dalachinsky nyc ptt 8/6/04

**cecil taylor in absentia < elvin jones tribute @ the blue note**

until recently  
cecil would play only on a  
bo send or fer sob for  
tonite one awaited him sub for re (e) fer  
but he was a no/show send for  
dense  
money /fend er bend/er  
was whispered bender  
into  
an ear  
we see that it did not mean a thing  
into the air it whispered  
but for the drummer we must keep playing

the blues

end for



option  
umlaut <> on slaught ex act i tude re act off  
ad  
re  
con verse serve multiples  
lost swing  
wings  
boast  
here the or lost not surely just freedom speaks  
theory terror  
bus end or refer to  
file  
away boost  
dogyouham  
good only  
while supply lasts.

steve dalachinsky 6/04

## **biofedography**

1.  
i turn from the keeper  
keys in hand  
he interests me  
his colors are not mine  
but he is gentler/man  
a p/art i wonder  
he aids me here tho art his name  
he is that too away from this  
too long & (un)interesting i will call  
my life but someone says SO / LONG's  
better  
i am medicated by my own will  
the neurons in the right side of my brain  
at such a tender age a barely teen  
burnt out  
ressurrected by porchlight  
& ivy  
within the shadow of exodus  
i lager agler in an attempt to stow  
my anger striped is this ragler  
in an attempt to wharf the acid  
my body stripped & shard  
in an attempt to thwart the fiery bale  
as it ascends

a glasslike fetter  
buoyed & toddling  
within a bulbous head

2.  
darkened by madness  
i entered into the soft spring  
air staring at  
the photo of the clear sky that you sent  
as the rain began to fall  
stabbing my eyelids  
nibbling on my cheek

i knew that fundamentally  
judgementally instrumentally  
experimentally  
i had been played with  
denied a trial and misunderstood  
insect as the rain nibbled  
stabbed  
a crazy bird complaining in my ear  
them them them it reits it reits it reits

i limp toward invisible collapse into my steps

3.  
upstairs he favors the box the couch the curtains drawn

downstairs she maps out her skirts

the drib bird complains

the roots of the trees fight for space

i walk around the block once a day

trapped in a circle that is shaped like a square

4.  
i know boys on medication  
dogs on medication  
birds on medication  
i drink coffee in the morning ( light )  
lay down in the morning ( dark ) never sleep never  
this is the only truth

abstract is non-figurative  
additive - go figure that one  
clouds' adrift in sunsky  
gesture - to be or to be something  
else someone else's eyes or dress or  
mouth wiggled out on the apoca-  
lips eclipsed by a campaign of rhetoric

watching angels fall

this is the only truth

5.

skybaby smiling  
the hoorah applause  
within the withstood a place  
a chair  
a worldly gush

it's a runaway paradise  
& everything you question drips from  
the palm of your hand

it's a rumor  
a raw deal & random

shall i show you the keeper  
or walk you away from the what for?

i pace the plush grounds  
reminisce about beatings  
sweat and cower when i think about the 5th floor  
the wing beating against my judgement

i steal away to a dark spot above the spiral stairs  
a small room for 2 bodies  
kissing among the dustbones

i jerkoff to no dream no image no thing  
jerk jerk jerk  
i scale the fence and escape for the day  
steal back under the keeper's nose  
that nose that smells  
bill aids bill's his name  
his colors are not mine he is sweet  
he smiles areal

keys in hand keys in hand it's alright  
like ping pong & boxing gloves & soft  
ball & phone calls i point i write i sculpt  
my fist becomes the glass.

6.  
katsimalis katsimalis whoda/ring a whoda/ring-a

this is not a postcard  
not a picture of the sky that you sent me  
it is the sun re-emerging  
after a storm  
it is husband & wife arguing  
within the clutter  
before during after  
it is humidity  
biography not  
understood a walk  
it is no joke when arriving

my gimp still tightens acripple  
the sighsight amumble cries wolf  
no one gets the onslaught  
up alla waggle it's in one's ahlus  
& scribbled oil & ketchup the color of  
mud.....

the keeper holds the keys in his hands  
he guides me back to my room.

steve dalachinsky nyc 8/29/04 2:30-3:24 a.m.

**noirs (the unrated artist - for odilon redon)**

blinded by evil glory  
a large bird  
descends from the eye balloon  
hurtling itself against her hair  
within the precarious glimmering of  
haunted light  
in a window  
within the precarious glimmering of  
haunted light  
the ghost of christ  
in the shape of a serpent  
closes its eyes

avoiding evil glory  
the seated woman's fear of battle  
is only heightened by the precarious  
glimmering  
of haunted light  
while  
the baptist & saint anthony  
tempted by the serpent christ  
watch their heads roll from platters  
toward the  
trees on a rocky slope  
@ daybreak against the blue sky  
near a beach of rocks  
touched by the precarious glimmering  
of haunted light  
thru the window of a fishing boat  
where christ the serpent  
& a seated woman battling fear  
reside among the black winged angels  
& a winged horseman &  
a centaur who aims his arrows  
@ the clouds  
while descending toward hell  
@ the bottom of a well  
where the precarious glimmering  
of haunted light lies  
trapped  
within the degeneration of imaginary figures  
where fairy convicts dwell  
beside a burning sobbing bodiless orpheus  
& a hideous smiling polyped cyclops  
whose eye is shattered by the precarious glimmering  
of haunted light  
as he questions his feet & where they might take him  
he planted on the earth  
like a tree on a rocky slope  
near a beach of rocks where a fishing boat waits  
in the murky light which is very much different tho similar to  
the precarious glimmering of haunted light  
where within the window the serpent christ sits  
opening toward terror  
onto the backdrop of our nights  
& the germination of stars  
while tempted by sanity  
the heart has its reasons for creating evil glory  
from a precarious glimmering of haunted light

where the beautiful woman closes her eyes  
& touches her hair while battling fear as the bird  
settles down  
builds a nest in her hair  
making death's head the only real juror now.

steve dalachinsky nyc @ moma 11/20/05 & @ home 11/24/05