

NEIGHBOR

Books 1, 2, 3

AROUSAL

CALLING YOU

SHADES

Ed Baker

tel let / red ochre press  
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[Neighbors]

"There exists a creature who is perfectly harmless; when it passes before your eyes, you hardly notice it and immediately forget again. But as soon as it somehow, invisibly, gets into your ears, it begins to develop, it hatches, and cases have been known where it has penetrated into the brain and flourishes there devastatingly, like pneumococci in dogs which gain entrance through the nose.

This creature is your neighbor."

-Ranier Maria Rilke

Ahead of All Parting: p.266

"Giacometti said: 'One day while I was drawing a young girl something struck me: that is to say, all of a sudden I noticed the only thing that remained alive was the gaze. The rest, the head made into a skull, became equivalent to a death's head. What made the difference between death and the individual was the gaze ... In a living person there is no doubt that what makes him alive is his gaze. If the gaze, that is to say life itself, becomes essential, there is no doubt that what is essential is the head.'

from James Lord's 'Giacometti a biography'  
p. 426

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in conjunction w tel let

"the imaginary is what tends to become real."  
-Andre Breton

"every page a book. each word more so."  
-Ed Baker

for Every MAGDALENE

tel let /  
Red Ochre Press

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## AROUSAL

(2/9/98)

The Edge

On sill  
peering  
head tilted

towards sun

so close  
I can smell  
your hair

hanging down

Green eyes  
hidden  
among  
the black

embrace a  
contradiction

briefly

confused  
by your look

glare

to get a better  
sense of  
I

turned

## GONE FISHING

1.

You gave me  
a can of  
worms

and  
told me  
to go

fish ing;

so, I did

I fished  
&  
I fished

&  
I am fish ing.

2.

May have put  
corn on line

yet is pone  
bait  
on perch that  
sill is

step higher

swim against  
current

better  
view



THE RUNNER

-A.G.'s

run s difficult  
a long  
trail

cut through  
sunlit leg s  
long

rise

fingers, hands  
body stretches  
longings

for balance

cling ing

tangle winter  
branches  
before

me

and  
I

reach

A VALENTINE

white wall  
ladder  
leaned  
against

to  
get to  
Neighbor

claim her  
attention

Ritual is  
rapping  
on  
window

pain

face  
reflection  
what  
comes  
back  
to haunt

little said  
or startles

gets us  
there

comes  
by reflection  
what  
also

gets

OBJECT SUBJECT PREDICATES UPON

untied  
knot legs  
made

cave towards  
fire light

to her slitted  
just there  
her mouth  
wide

open hand  
palm  
his

due

predicate upon  
touch

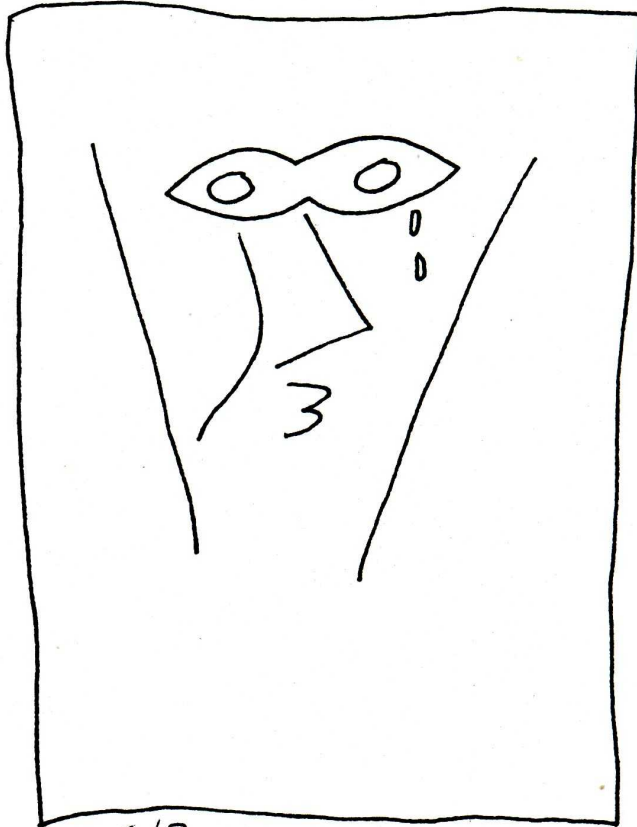
all ears tuned

turn to  
place

purslane

in  
early

spring



Ed B...

3/7/98

## LETTERS

What beside letter  
slipped  
under back door

three days laid  
on counter

unopened morning signals  
rise too blinds

smell of breakfast burn ing  
s waft through half raised  
wind ow

deliberately  
stripped to bare

skin

while leaves  
in small piles

once were burned

drew all attention  
towards lingering

smell  
a woman

wait ing.

next to her  
next to couch  
next

Bonded Jim Beam

did me in...

sealed letter

whiskey on ice

(she KNOWS I'm a beer man)

brought me  
to  
beside myself

This Friday

open  
its  
expanse  
a woman is

doing

exactly

three times one

d  
r  
o  
p

ing

into  
confusion

issues  
pre  
dispose

loose  
fit  
to  
knees

to  
fit.

## SILHOUTTE

-for S.S.

1.

Awaken! days  
spent  
gazing through  
window  
(I swear again)

stand between  
glass/body

light leans  
through  
that dress  
re:veals

breasts, back,  
front desire  
right  
on

direct to  
'pudding'

just there

legs curve  
delight

pitch to  
certain

knowledge

2.

"Mine!"

3.

First suck  
ing head  
everything that  
could get be  
yond  
conditions

hair

pungent

caught in eye  
in ear

'tick' 'tick'

3 A.M.  
leaps

want



## FOCUS

Stood in  
distances  
and  
watched

your reflection  
moving

suddenly

through in sulated  
glass

under winter blank  
ettes

her hot fingers your  
hotter breath

make lighter

fogged image w black  
soft  
hair

hanging  
from the draw-string

"gee!" becomes long  
developed  
print-sketch ing

the hurt  
was not

my doing.

## THE SET-up

I should have known  
better  
than to have worn

"that" hat  
cock s tail  
for

show

it is a business not yet  
was prepared for

what  
went  
down

like rabbit in mind  
in head

switch her 'on'  
to memorized

image of  
"my father

molesting me"

another want to tell her  
that the pain is not  
the woman the girl was.

In this quiet she handed  
me another clearly bonded

double whiskey

is clear to me  
now  
as cold her hands were chilled

to the touch

just so across the room  
fire in hearth

a moment that I  
could  
not

get  
out

of

THE SILENCE

between  
her opening and closing  
hands  
'round

over  
under

as clear as glass  
gave additiona ly  
her home-brewed

blues accompanied by  
own guitar string s

contorted gaze

                  a  
twist  
  
                  twist  
in to  
  
                  body  
stretch ing

another time  
place

I would have quickly  
paid

sipped from rim  
eat ripe persimmon from between  
n her lips...

arms are branches  
twist is this head  
giving hair flip flopping  
fly-away up twirl is  
dizzying ly full skirt

fingers into my beard  
into my mouth  
putting words

just be yond

this

;semi-colon

that hair again again no met  
aphor can do "this" adequate  
homage...

through obvious gates go countless  
others  
foot prints through snow

to and from  
to and from

a moment  
to be getting out  
of

just in time!

DEAD IGNITION

car  
parked

between  
commitments

east-wise shadow  
elongates

push  
it  
on

go-button  
through  
the cold

motor

whine is  
an  
unwelcome d

sound  
through  
from  
there  
to here

from toward  
another

there

her  
thin  
body

hard  
against  
the wind

ow

pain

2/22/99

TALL STANDING NUDE

fall of  
'97  
first  
drawn

duplicate  
in  
corner  
through

red glow  
on green  
skin

reflects source  
a man

comes

into  
this

scathed

heat  
shapes  
his  
rise

ing

prowess

comes  
on  
waves

One wave  
beckons his

re:solve

what he  
is

pressed  
between  
hot/cold

moment s

bounded

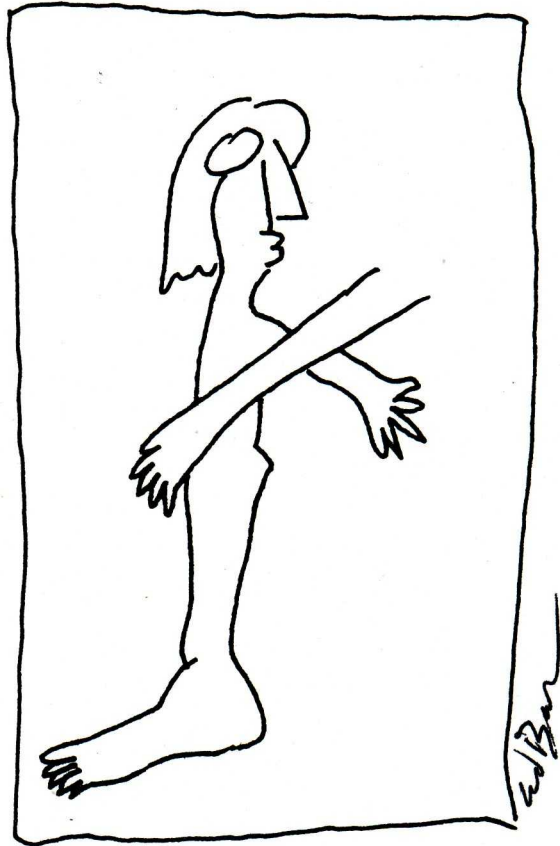
hung  
then  
gone

what was  
be  
hind

cannot  
tell  
front  
from  
back

also  
stands.





"The Embrace" 3/6/98

I/  
thought it was a  
Tree of Heaven,  
I swear,

she said it was

this  
straddle ing  
be/tween our

properties

sured  
defined

beautiful shape  
of  
clay roof tiles

nestled into  
birds  
nesting

spent years  
cackling  
back and forth

over property

rights

cut through  
perfectly  
to  
utility hut

trench to lay  
electric in

trimmed her big  
tree

actually a bush-weed  
fully grown

warning me  
to

mind the  
clippers

imagine that!

her  
near still holds  
arms 'round doubt  
I (nor she)  
can or will

let go

shear  
persists  
warning's  
end  
thin  
branching s

over-growing taking  
wind with white  
sided house

black between the  
window s shutter

no one sees her so  
through

nor calls or comes

smooth as silk  
the hinge s oil

last one out  
slams

door

on on on on

on clouds these moment  
s de:tangle  
knots in hair

braids undone

un done  
precise movement of her  
lips toward smile

red red the sepia of  
relentless

stiff  
as

so

Adumbrate

what is be come  
of her of this

sunlit casting  
long ing shadow

blue sky blue

bird chirps bird  
sound ing

Shrike-like

mocking cut of my  
in two

lips

moist to quick ness  
say or

"You can kissss my assessss

precisely."

## THE VIEW

I hardly knew  
you then

something in par-  
ticular slowed me  
down leaves catching

sudden warm breeze  
lingers in it s  
drift

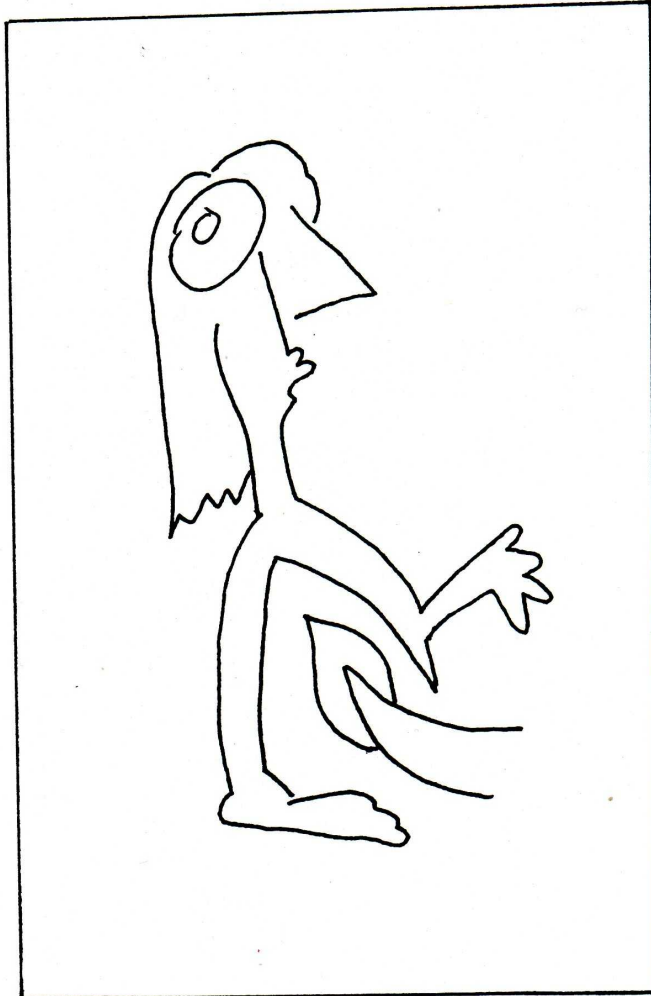
deliberately  
kept my distance  
to get a perspective;

for days nothing  
about anything  
said

what meant more  
so  
just out of reach

or want  
stroke can  
write

reach over  
wring  
your neck



"A VIEW" *W.B.* 2-24-58

MAN CONTEMPLATES FRAMED SKETCH  
HUNG ON WALL

Skein of line  
bounds  
situate

rage

is continual stare  
beyond this  
perfect wait

cat walks  
through  
fog

closes  
numerate  
possibilities

hairy form  
just so just  
so

sparse in frame

hung from nail

nailed  
through hands

it s imminent  
fly to

phantasy

LAST WORD FIRST

1.

wire fan-sounds

ch...

ch...

ch...

content to murder

The Silence  
disappearing into  
its own whirr...

set on sill brings what wind  
it can

2.

night descends just beyond  
her railing lean is into open  
ed wide what way wrong not  
issued or an saying stone drop  
ped into half full glass care ab-  
ruptly closes

3.

Now. To

get

down

from

this

ladder!



The Glare

from here  
parts  
of a girl

a woman  
is  
mother of

seen atom's  
center with

The Naked Eye

possible  
frags a clue

it s image  
pure  
hypothesis

hard-edge surrounded  
by The White

it s circumference  
has no center

as sunlight light

clouds over-cover

comes back to  
lie w me

under

stand ing  
swings  
hips

makes  
every  
thing  
(in)visible

The Touch

what thinking  
demands  
walking

along Sugar  
loaf Mont s rim

round valley up this  
side  
over-grown pines

just beyond smoke  
waft ing of a pungency

nuclear waste management facility

restricted access

was also her on paper

felt skin itch up  
bristle her black  
hairs

arch on beyond words  
dive is into without a

sound.

Could longer  
at least strip down to  
linger "there" see you  
loosely

held together

"We have a complex  
relationship.

"My father was a garbage  
man. Picked up the dead  
the near dead:

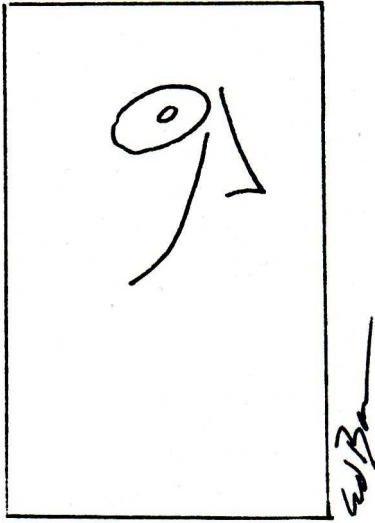
"I was  
young  
and  
knew nothing."

OH THE STENCH!

burn is both ends towards  
middle

unfinished /smolders

/smolders



"THE GLAZE" 3/4/98

