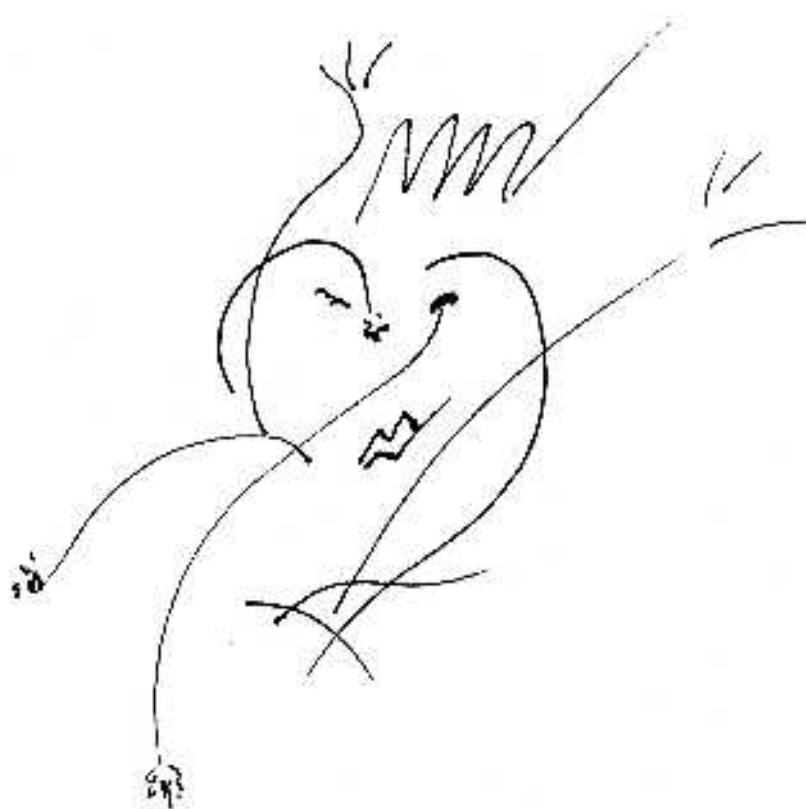


NEIGHBOR

Ed Baker

INTERSECTION

Book 5



10/18/1998-11/18/1998

4/7/2007

INTERSECTION

Intersection

should
any thing

inside
or
out

exceed
another s
expectation

just
close
window

into
neighbor s
house

line-up
to
see

along the
drive way

trail of
blood

droppin g s

fault is

of
course

mine

to
wit ness
her
going
from
the
familiar

Flower & Hudson

she gets her
skinny ass
into her new

Green Volvo

shudders as it backs
out

dry vulva

there
and
then

gone

She
left

a
scattering
of
body-parts

everywhere

splayed

It was murder!

What touched me?

her
hung-down hair

need

other

want

demand

skein s

tiny
white
breasts

what

of

is

(also)

difficult

to

handle

Re member
is

in a heap be
low
her
body

arched
above

In clay

model is
exposed

mud is luscious

eyes on table
roll among fingers

look is inviting
long winter exit

just here

as animals come
also
this far

fear the usual
slight mis-judgment
makes

each
precarious
crossing

a Star of David

instead could
chance or change
who is knowing
what who is

doing

Cracked yellow vase-

-beggars next white flower-
-fall was from her sill-
-moon through window light-
-lands on her back - on my feet-
-one leg in the air funny position-
-flower s bloom -on kitchen table-
-catches a glimpse - dashes over to-
-see and touch - "open your eyes"-

here
the
smell
of

simmering
beef

odor
of
dead
flesh
reaching

clearly
arms
stirring
the
stew

nostrils
flay

re ject

entirely

Clearly

through
silence

suddenly

inside
is

outside

I can hear
leaves
rustle

at window
see

'em scatter

her re flection
in the pane

behind me

between cat s leap
from chair to table to
fat-scraps

leaving

her
sucking
noises

her
mouth opening/closing

leaves cats two-as-one
closing gap be
tween
houses

run is straight
to zag zig
amusement

against the tree
in the drive way

Of Heaven

against the tree
pinned there

unconscious
bag
of

bones

ON LOOKING

after Jean Genet

All over
fingers

'pentant

is stretch
more luminous
into green clay

(shape of)
clearly

her

:seen
her de light
also

in scent of dead
flowers
on the sill

in a cracked
vase

-just be yond
double-hung

window

sun lights

tiny breasts

reach
is
to cover

a
naked
ness

he carries wine and flowers
to her accompanying ants

to and from over her sill

through opened window car
rying crumbs

what is the difference
distance makes no thing
an absolute ness ness

of holding more in mouth than
teeth and tongue s need or
inherited means

"you can go to hell!"

edge-wait on path ants take
short-cut follow
train of thoughts and action

s

come with a drizzle
sudden down-pour drenching
her

(neglected) Garden

one toe in
where tree had been

she is

Lost her
track
of
what is her s
mine

shudder

as
window
rising

re veals

open
can

of
worms

Press
nose to pain

tears in beer

against a Life
less choice than
chance

not
'un-beautiful'

hands dig in
to shape the
beggar of

this:

a
Giacometti

I expected
the girl a woman is
filling him

with

hesitation

A woman s
incapable
opening

love is
MORE

than
any one s
penetration

only
her

anger

"I am all ways
lonely," she had said

as though I understood
and could or would touch

the unseen of what she expected

Turn to her turn radio knobs as if hot
blood or blood any temp rature

with over bite grip her lowered lip-pout taste
wine
touching my lips also simple meaning

just because she and I were here

Outside/Inside Tree
bends (another) meaning

stand still

in your thinking
polarizing

even
love

it's happened

How? Far out of mouth words come
more than needs come or demands:
croakings in her yard tug at worms

from Mother to feed young not under
standing
how far the plunge into could be
dangerous

but, glad she is here to receive when
hitting on occurs bends at least to feel

Unsure the "Other" moves to leave
leaving that went away years ago; she
has the scar on her forehead to remind

me? As well as anybody else:
"You will
do."

Stretching my imagination

return to positions
on couch

shapes mind

The last time
that I saw her
she was packing

to leave

standing beside her green
car

still, her image lingers

taints my art and poems

her familiar stance
the pose
 contra puntal

metallic green auto mobile

shiny clean long thin lines
horizontal

stretching out hasty no man is a match
for

nor any hint of joy

jump
is

too
high

no
worm
can

get
caught

nor make any sense out
of
it's sound

one-over-one
double hung
Anderson, Pella,

Morgan and the
others

sash-cord re-tied
to lead weight in

'hidden' raceway

cavity where ride is up
/ down clatter holds window

anywhere a balance is contra

to window-stop

swing of potted ivy
at end of chain pull
for

the shade comes down

light behind her silhouette

clearly raises expectations

her thinness outlined
hands pull him in to

pull also her commodious
hair

brushing against cheeks

another moments abound
with nothing to say or he
could tell her

what want is fit into
this
incredible need

regularity demands

Regardless of the time or day
he writes her out

While outside vehicles
coming-going

her tongue
his tongue

one mind
a
multiplicity

FUS:N

he saw her
sharpening
her needs

hard-on
cross-cut

blade

Barb s
blue point
tipped

honed and trued

between her legs
stiff
bent saw "sings"

words-vocaled
near yodel

who is sung of

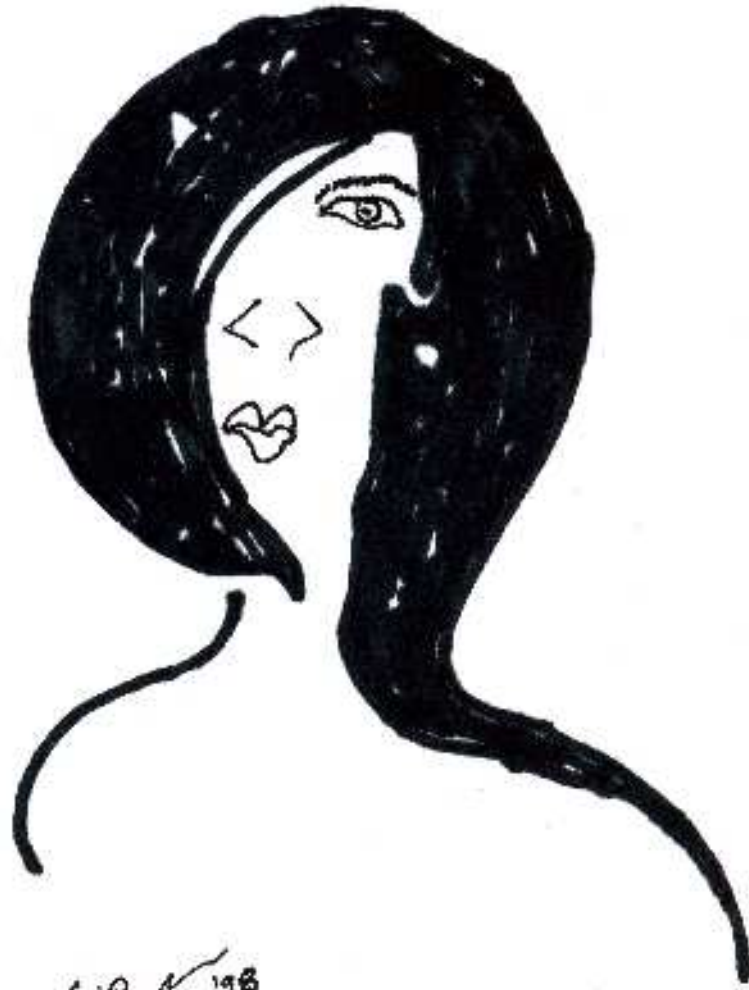
where and when is
voice

adequate to meaning?

window-stop
is
half way up

he
like
her

.....fu:sion.....



E. B. 198

This Resolve

is a
cover
to face world
affairs

pull string to un
wrap package

slowly

she

o p e n s

while outside he thinks that
she and he could take all day

and another; still

her just like that

Look!

not knowing not necessary to
look or touch

is drift through time and separation

absolute?

a woman whistling her tune in
vents

her will

against another
presses fact

I remember
certain incidents

convincing ly
in cold scotch whiskey
sips

certain swing s
of Ivie

nicknamed "because
I cling to"

what was there
reflecting in the window-pane

mouth shaped "no"

yes

Centered

image of her centered
and
her movement s in a
wet towel and clouds

framed in the window our
wind ow firmly

The Tree of Heaven at the
end
of the driveway

is our fixed referent to

what of appearance s demand

a going into it s conversation:

large shadow-eyes eye him
standing just so

looking into glass reflection of

shattering all pretense

sound
a-bounds

Rut

cut is too small
crack
in glass

too small to cause
further breakage or re
placement

shove is into deeper

code of behavior

her rules pull towards
continual change

between houses no fence can
game say do her into a position
of

acknowledgment

Double breaks their
circuit open to it s

prostrations

NO TATION

lack s its musicality
nor is it tuned to fork
 flatted in her shape
 the whole stretched
 against frets and stops

one s plays (again) as if in ad
 equate
finger ing s or
repeated refrain

It comes
to this

/

"what is my Neighbor
doing?"
 hung there
 behind
 her shade
while I hanged-out be tween
here and there
 w a i l

sung young song
outside be comes
her own harmony

what is also strung
is strummed

across divide is
this poverty

it s (lack of) conversation

run ning s on without
regard for pitch or tone

/ it s uneasy balance first
on right foot
then deft shift to the
left
foot

her
little jig mistaken for dance

suddenly
flicking
her

hair

flick ing
her

tongue

the
dare

An Homage to...

I had not come
beating a drum

nor to beat a dead
issue

just 'prance' right
over

just beyond her cross
words

her all-over hair grab
hands-full and kiss

her ass!

He didn't go over to
beat no dead horse

or stand alone on a
yellow mark she said

"I hope it is of some interest
to you to me I am."

11/14/98



Her

eyes
demand
jewels

raise
more
than
one
nuance

choice
opens

hand s
dig
is
into

it s

archeology

it
is

desire

THE TRENCH

long
dry
wait

between

lean
is
on
shovel

dig
is
irrigation

trench

flow
from
which
direction
is

irrelevant

who
said

first
vocal
ized

or
had
made

any
sense
of

anymore

than

it s

doing

11/17/98

4/4/07

What
fence around
yard?

as if it could
or would contain
any thing or
missing her lip s
demand a
regularity

pick-ups are not only
inadequate but these days
extremely risky

in her window back-lit

familiar shape of is it s own

exact science

wipes clean glass
the quiet slide as

she
closes

things
brought

She has

the glass balls

Oriental I think

set on cold
green-tinged
skin

his
skin
on
her

bones

a
(certain)
magical

hag

set out against
all warning s

singled out

one at a time
one
after
an
other

comes off

first

the top

neither sizes the
other

up or numbers

consecutively

up or down

in
consequence s

strung together
to make

medical history

red marks
are evidence of

pull into
one

what of 'thing'

picked at to
relieve itch

pla
cate

ache

sudden leap

from porch to
her

a Ruminant leap

over great distance
imagined

sun blocked his view
of her
her seeing his great acrobatics
failed to move here even a little

actual stretch into a proximity
her greened among the stripes
the sun makes

patters of her skeined among
branches of The Tree of Heaven

his leaning s difficult

hers impossible to comp
rehend

holds
on
branches
out

in this
his
also

fall

not so sudden

twisting gives

her hair to his

black magic

under her arm her pits

make
eyes' meet

instantaneous
fracture

what
there
is
here

in
yard
is
seen

*

again this threnody
-it s own polyglot

red lips
brown-stained
teeth
green skin

around him
surrounds
a
phantasy

given way to
so much suddenly
let go of

"Hello!

"don't have a
nother heart attack

"how long HAS it been
between

calls?

"seven years, three months,
two days...

there was beside the phone
a letter waiting

as though it (still) mattered

or
to view it from
her point of view

seen him

"looking at me"
through
open window

four
times
the
busy

then
a

ring-through

a moment s silence
shatters the mood

why her stretch now
and just so to position
herself

in obvious of
his gaze

four
times the busy
is

with her body
thin as it is

it is ad equate

height:

five plus
nearly six

feet

counting
her pumps

and

poof

and

scar
on
forehead

:she said her father
cut her
during rape

he left her

with a scar

just above the left eye

from her point of view

perception of an 'insane'

woman

the girl became

(that night

across her back-

yard

a rabid raccoon

stealth ed

when she turned on th

e light it broke for cover

when light flicked

place

turned

red

and

less

hostile

towards

want

on

last

signal

yes

he

made

preparations

flowers

in

a
cracked

vase

on her window sill

significant

were
love
has
gone

let
no
one
go

and
slum
ber

Gaze is
through
more than
what is seen

of
her

hair

through fall away
affectation

full use of
her body language

to get his attention
not seeing what was
coming

suddenly taken

stream of in window
reflecting pain ice on
path between two

houses

he slipped upon the
return

to visit
broke leg

almost neck

she
in
window

laugh ing

her laughter
more than
gaze
seldom

seen when head
bent

so
hair
hangs

d
o
w
n

shines through
a woman he
thinks

away
all
trace
of
mocking

words
lips
hair

hips

shape
of

what?

nothing
happened
that by
(her) light

window
opens to

fall
where
eyes

go

walk is just off
to the side

tilt is only
imagined

words as conversation

the shape of needs shapes her
face-to-face as though either of
us were a 'we'

range is freely given
head to

limbs in air flay

quick is run across to embrace a
possibility.....

kick dead masked animal

leaves a conformation that

suggests another

one
to
another

what more gets us
here
by chance or choice

so

a conjunction of
desire and need

drives
with regularity
would best be by love

...that is now seen here

no longer song
and dance
separate

nor
makes
it

necessary

hair
then tears
in eyes
faall is fast and
final

hot chili-pepper
from her

garden

cut for the pot

red hot
on her
lips

skirt hiked
up

a toe in
-at least
-at last

where tree
is
they are

((be absolutely lucid, Cid said; ease up
on adjectives and abstractions.) The lines
around ['it'] is the form to fill, I say: did
not want to/say/that//your/eyes/are//hazel.
"Grey," she said. Anyway, is excessive.

She knew me best who knew it least and
told.)

OH

the lips
more so

simple fall
oh
her

hair

satisfactions
regulate
what has been

awakened

it s hunger he
waits on her
'til window-signal

crave is on then
k i s s

away wants
more
than limits
demand

when thirst
what pleasure
drink s only
from one glass

on table prepared
in time set up

The Fall

gets us more-so
into
a relationship

what breathes
here and there
not yet a first

for him for her

commune is such

so to vanquish

the
to crawl under
pile of leaves

love is that much
more
branching is

or
exceeds

actions are being forced by
their pretensions

does not
transform into
any such trans

lation

sparks ignites

REGARDING WHAT HE WANTS

given
this
manifesto

it
is
clear
who

does
what
to
whom

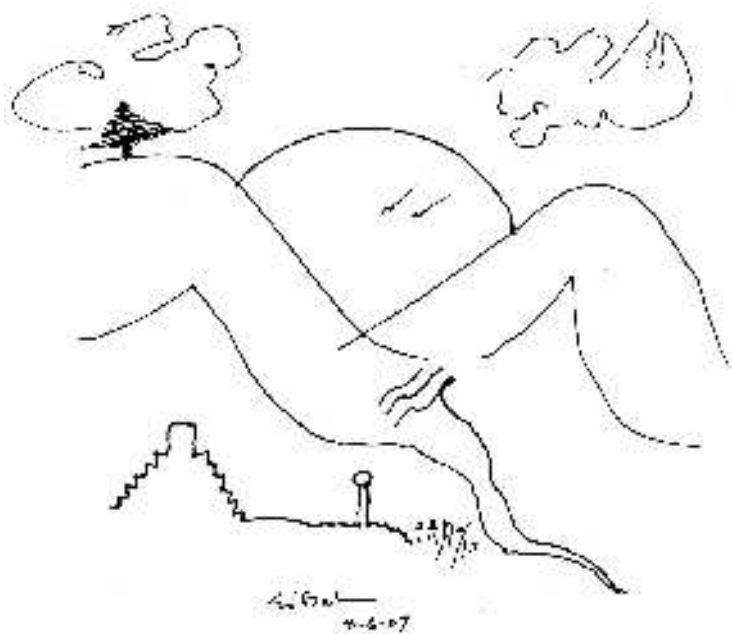
silence
is
no
less
than

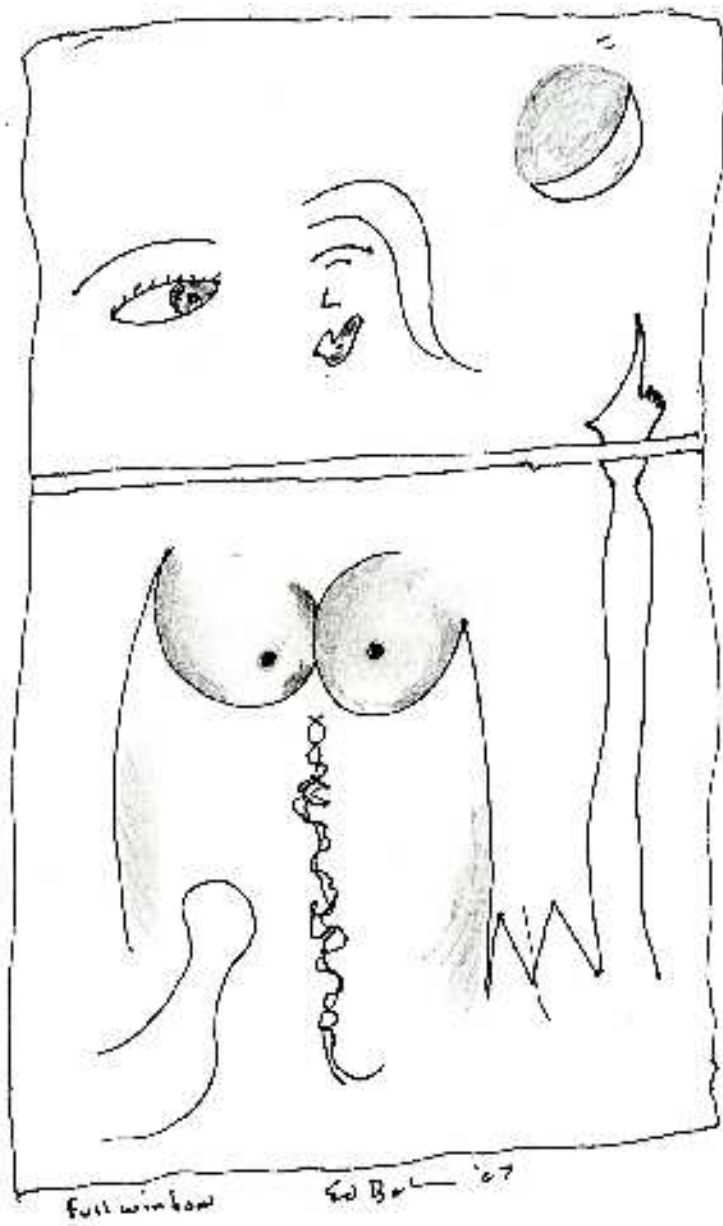
could
be
said

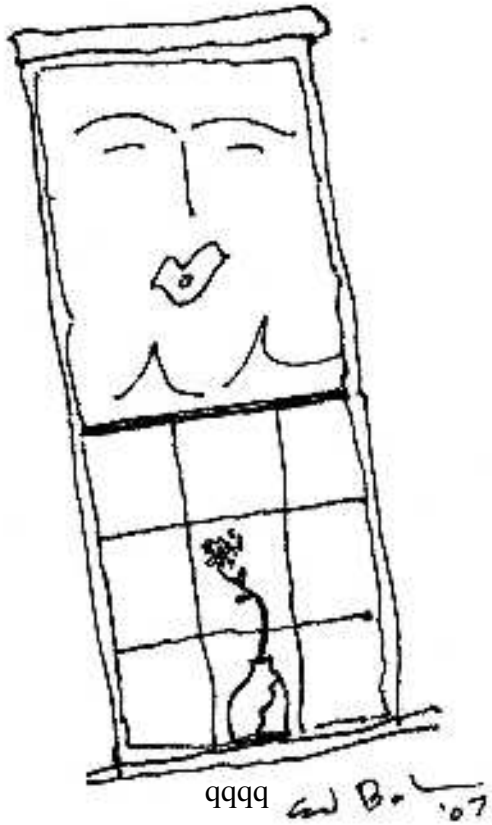
yet

says
it

so







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