

YOU'RE SICK AT THE FILLING STATION

Alice Notley

I want the new universe to have no homes but be a home
I want to step out on the air of home edge of home abyss
The dead don't cry but I feel my curling down tear ghost white
It may be the last tear so save it a thought to glue down
We want you not to be sick again don't be sick the dead aren't
Watch where you're going or stand where we have no location
I want it to be so clear that our souls are the same size we don't look
up or down

What's overhead where you are the abyss more of same white the
deep

Remember white the edge of the deep it's a memory
Remember us into cohering what do we want to be
All us souls stuck together small parts and large the whole thing
I am your friend the fire's ghost says can't burn you anymore
What are you for then souls of every fire they were like songs alive
Is that what I was am I a logical fallacy I am existing
And fire made all the fires or became it their souls are here
Are they yes warmths you could list them all and I was there
Am here everything is there's no space it's friendly and dense
Not dense really and my own soul presses you with colors
The new universe will have colors of spectral ends where you couldn't
see

So it was so red you couldn't see it is it a quality or a soul
This is only naming but the talking is becoming cells broken wave-
lets an ocean

We are connected through the vowels in all our names
We are an effluvium of vowel-connected words a skein of names
The vowel in your name to that in mine is that what you want
The net of names of everything floats sparkling on the abyss
At rue des Messageries I lost my carte d'identité do I want it back
Heart of vowels and eleventh-hour heart medications do you hear
It was rose-like the rose's soul whether you conceive it small or large
Your rendezvous with Dr. Chibrard is at her mother's house in the
11th

The only remaining illness would be a dream of it or body

We had bodies of creatures of fire of metamorphic rocks of rain
We had them and now we have their images how do we think how
do you think

I am the choir thinking or I was an appointment only that
I now remember every type of thing as if the whole effluvium
As if the whole of depth's delicious soundings uncraved and bare
I went to the rendezvous carrying the rose I had the disease of
revelation

Every moment or vowel split open in a cry of its reality
Every moment burst now pasted on the deep so it can glow
Does it have a soul it contains them I went there or here it says
I came unto the city of the fallen an appointment
And you were appointed doctor of the night and eleventh hour
We leave it and come back to it or them as souls suffered did they
Do you remember which of your memories do you want now
they can be endless

Moments can be endless the story's not stable Aldebaran's not
heard of

Story not heard of heard of you who are one of my Als adrift in
death calmly

Looped into a crocheted shawl or blanketing enormity of names
We're connected by a new memory web a sticky relation

Who will mind the drunk woman's child did she herself want to
be mine

My child the tall drunk blonde this does or doesn't belong
And he left me again for death or even in death these songs say
If you have a thought it might float here forever but it doesn't have
to be a thing

I want the matter of us to be known as timeless and free
Calling it to order concentrating on a just or fine creation
I never told anybody how I was at my exact innermost point
And that I am now it has gold torn edges where it hurts
from shining

I am being it or observing it I am tending to it
As if it were I but I am I pasting it repeatedly along the folds of
the abyss

The abyss is chaos and itself and myself are we pasting our images
all over it again

Yes but we can be different a different language or structural lace

I was and am lace if you look at me right or cloud of same cloth
I step out ahead and say I can't be with you though I am with you
This is what happens again but differently for the fabric allows it
It gives itself to stretching without wounding breaks without pain
Clouds blow to pieces without getting hurt after all
Are we going to be clouds or cloudlike I want to paste on a lake
I want to be electricity I want to be a new electricity
All of the thought like that without pain seeking gold
That has no quality but goldenness a girl that isn't girlish
A rock that isn't so cold to itself it doesn't play
All of our structure will play we won't have a sou but soul
Paste on what you think or energy inserted from nowhere
From nowhere to nothing no it's something isn't anything
something

I know all the language I'll ever need's inside me
That I am literally a speaking and that I speak myself
You turn this way and that and say the forms of the abyss or new us
Are we pasting it all on or being it what's the difference
N is for springtime and L is for combing your hair
But that is only this time I want Various written in my eyes
I'd want you to see my face as all that can be held here
In an intersection with yours and all others an accordion
I will meet you at the top of the stairs that spell acuity
I will meet your body spelling the nations of anywhere
I will meet your words your words from faint teeth spelling
apostate

The nations and states of life after death spelling oracular vistas
Oracles and earrings of words toppling the master fake
We didn't need to be freed only needed to free ourselves
We shouldn't have believed the language as marks of separation
The marks are all ours made by us in dazzling origination
We were sifting out and stood there we sifted ourselves out to stand
uncrowded

The crowd is uncrowded souls of the blossoming letters
I have never been apart from my language or my thought or
my soul

When it's mute it's just quiet and I spell quiet with my long ghosted limbs
I spell limbs showing you colors and the sound of a throat
Or a lute I'm not dancing standing here a lack of enforcement

No one makes you speak or sing or appear even appear
I will not appear in this instance in the dead's thinking arena
Where cavorting of torches as burning thoughts as lumped flame
 letters takes place
Someone says go home but I'm home everywhere pasting home on
Pasting home on the abyss to hold with no arms but words
Within myself I hold the home of where I've gone or am going
The form of a sphere if you like but there is no "this planet"
All the past imagined as histories and maps and customs
Count on nothing these are the words of a primal stir

Do we now feel that we're creating the cosmos and are it
There's no sword bridge over the abyss when one's the abyss
 traversed

And as I venture once or ever into the abyss I paste over it
Paste it on itself in its continuously various beauty is it dangerous
There is no danger in death but danger might be a seductive word
And in danger I was as a body and I hold it close as a word
As if it were a painting or an arete of an actual mountain
Are we not actual here speaking surrounded by collage
Memory glue are you of us do you love us I'm not apart it says
I want to glue on a new shape the inhuman ghost of a fetus
I wasn't human yet when I died it says I was pure
I was essence and the multiplication of my jewels belies all but
 communication

I want to glue down the glints of my thoughts it says as they're
 stroked

I'm gluing on a tinted square barely green with a central black dot
I want to glue on the letters like sadtracks or disrue
I don't want ever to have to do or think anything glue that down
We are the sands of a planet somewhere their spirits glue us
 or love us

Is there a difference between the gluer and the glued
There is a pang or pitch in sadness as a black stab I'd like to preserve
I want to glue on a new shape from chaos a shaded messed-up
 throttle

The word or image either I want it disedged and enlightened
I will reside beneath it all within the abyss's slipperiness
Within the bits of its cogency dispersed dashes and mad florettes
In the middle of a microdot a giant stands not having smashed it

What was once how I was I want to be some of it's a language
I'm combining units to convey to you the art of living here dead
When we paste them on the kaleidoscope flashes red glass breaks
wave-like

Our components are no longer hidden I flex them and slither
I'm speaking a saffron length called ray or a word show
I'm not at one with anything just gluing emeraldine flower shapes
I am the memory of every universal fact to expand as a hue
I am the memory of when I was another and am of myself memorial
I am the memory of my escarpment overhung form or mesa
I am the memory of speaking now speaking in xylaphonic taps
I am the memory of the chorus left alone to prosper
I am the memory of an atonal aria once or a bear's grunt
All pasted on in the form of a new language segments recoupled
When the cars of the train touched starting into expansion
I am the memory of being dirt of being timeless and across the bridge
The train crosses the river I remember how to sing like a comet
Quickly in an arc traumatizing any guidance
I am remembering how to exist or be dead or both

I am the memory of finding you I am the memory of origin
The origin is to remember itself we glue that memory on the abyss
And it tells us it is the memory of becoming itself over and over
Do I remember erasing all other accounts of how to be
I have pasted you on though you float as I float on the deep
I am conscious of floating on the deep and being the deep
You are lucky for knowing all us and all of every entity's art
The mountain's art the comet's as you can see and the nebula's
I am the nebula's art cast a mist across the strains of the abyss's song
pasted

I want somebody to see me song of my extension scattering and core
The core of me nebula is like a thought of yours but entreatyless
I am the memory of subtlety a violet selection of the spectrum
We want to paste on a spectrum nonfinite and rippling
I am the memory of when I came here and of leading
I am remembering how to speak and sing speaking and singing
I am remembering how time was coiled back into its cell
I am the memory of the idea of ice colorless and glued
See the glue but not the ice see wind and sound almost white

See the glue or paste so clear and our own ghostly reputations
As in the fame of dirt and were ground into it become it we sing
I am the memory of my disease one says what shape is a memory
 now
Everything looks as if I said it and saw it later
I am remembering your own song your form or containment
I am remembering that the soul is more vivid than the body
That unveiled or free it is all memory the force of gravity connective
 love
Do you know nonsensation being colors as Saturn is
I want nonsensation glued onto the shifting floating collage
We remember we had no sensations I had one thought the thought
 of my form
This net of language Xs is enough I am coverage diamantine
The abyss says the collage is construed to be throughout it floating
The abyss says my leader your name is Abyss

We know it wasn't sensation until we called it sensation
Are we pasting the word I remember your kind someone says to
 another
We are pasting on forms for ourselves but we are ourselves
I found my thought in the old dime store someone whispers
I am the memory we are the memory of nonvisual or nonauditory
 existence
I am the memory of all the ages of my body
I am the memory of endings as I have known them when I called
 them endings
I am the memory of slanted or crisscrossed lines or texture of
 lineation
I am the memory of stratification of layers of thoughtfulness or
 amassing
I am the memory pasted on of hardness and color combinatory red
I am glued on the memory I am the memory of gluing down
 remembrance
I am the memory of a wall made by others or having made itself
 organically
I remember any word you can think of any word is a memory
The cosmos held together by memory the nothing the not-memory
 that is not held together
I am not held together I am gluing on the held together for

amusement and experience

I don't want to glue you on and yet I want to see and hear you
I remember shores I remember I'm standing on a shore
I remember alongness we many stand along the abyss
We have been led by you to perfect communication
We have been led to the shore it's any shore the edge of pleasure
Pleasure is no word for it you have led us to and then we must pause
We remember where we are and have always remembered it
I remember peace at leading you I remember a simple lead
We are being formed having formed ourselves we have pasted on
no structure
And I have glued this instant on the abyss I have led it and glued it
And I will do so again oh just a little ahead