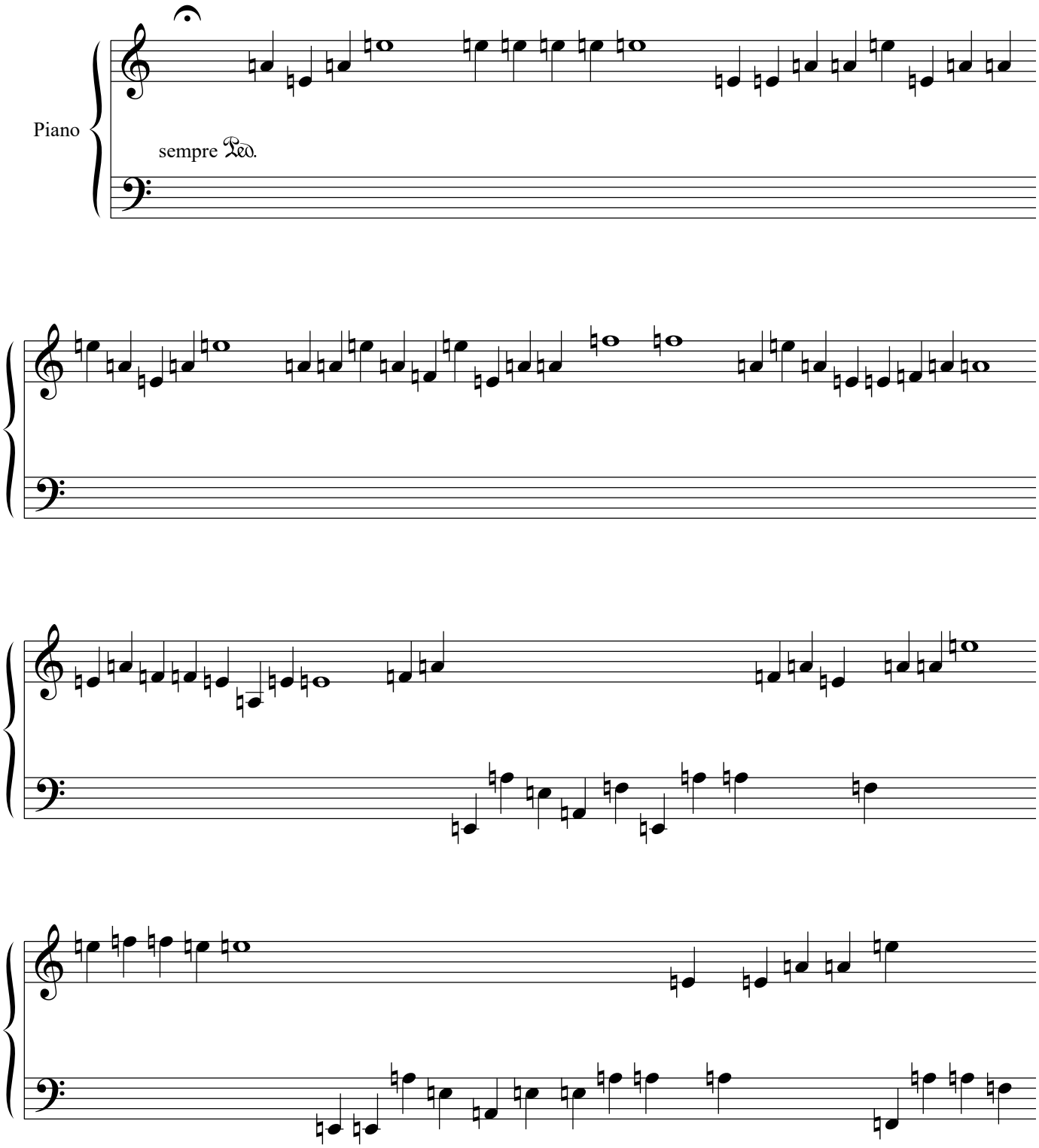
6 Intermezzi

(1982-1983)

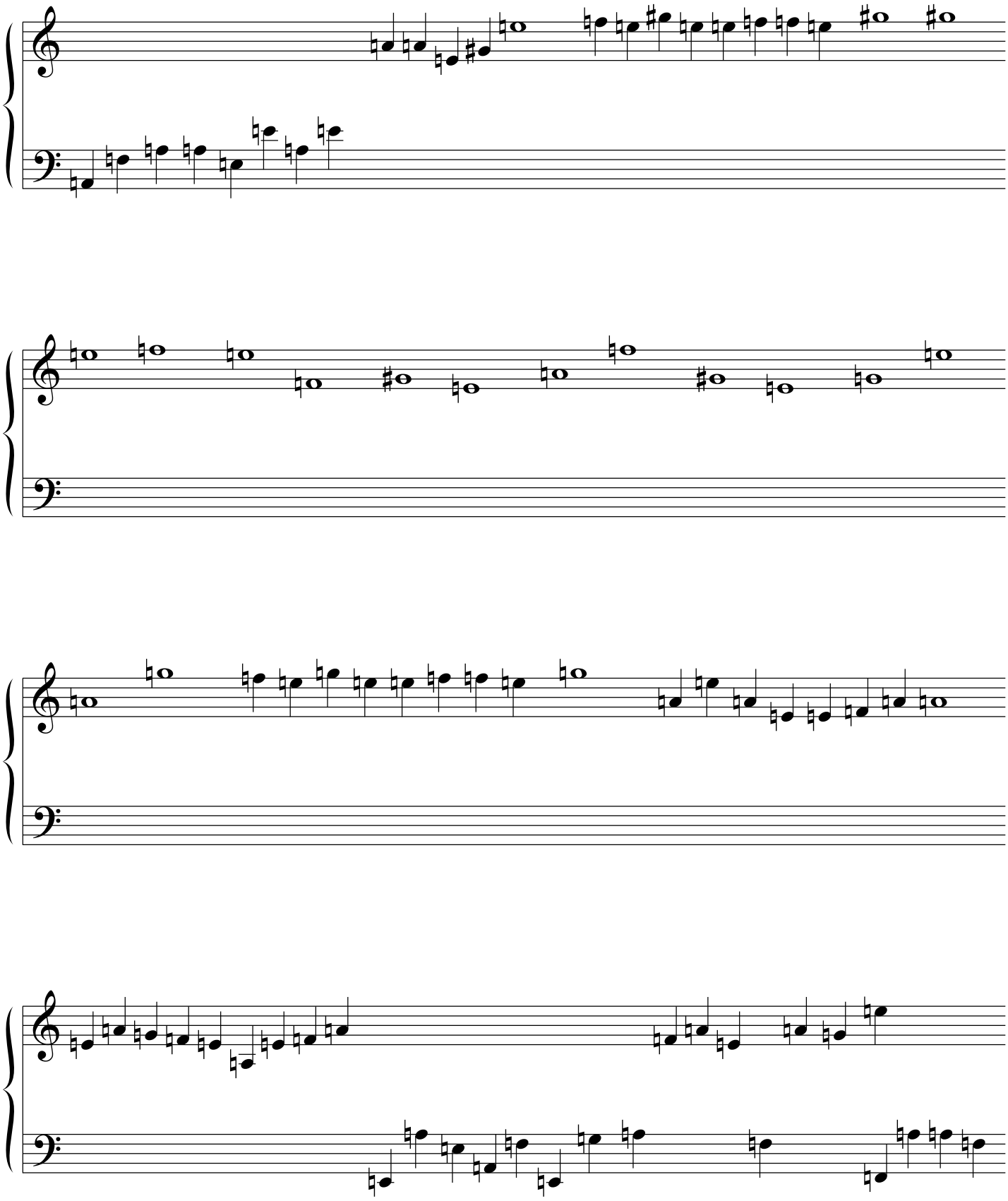
Keith Eisenbrey

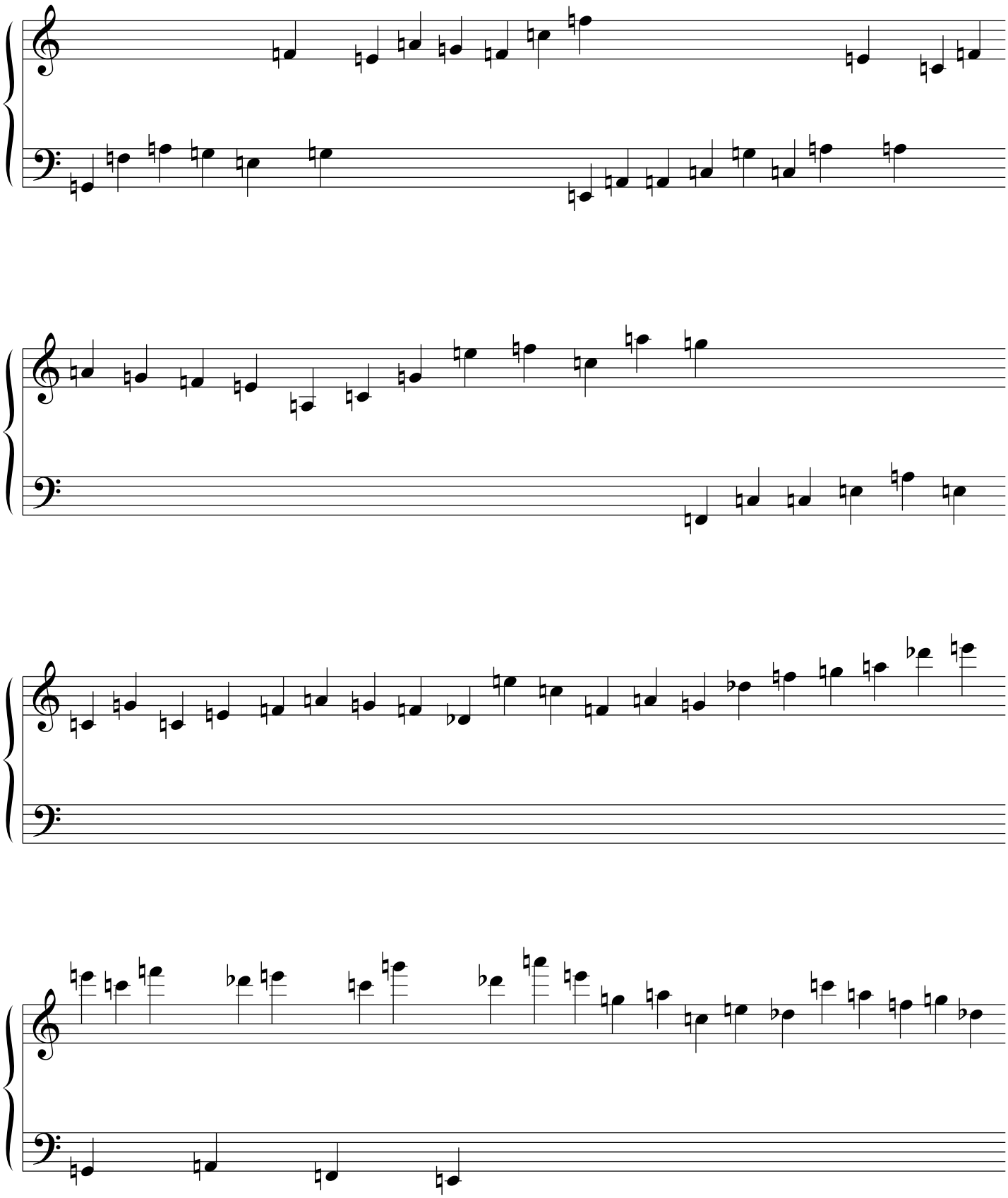
Intermezzo I

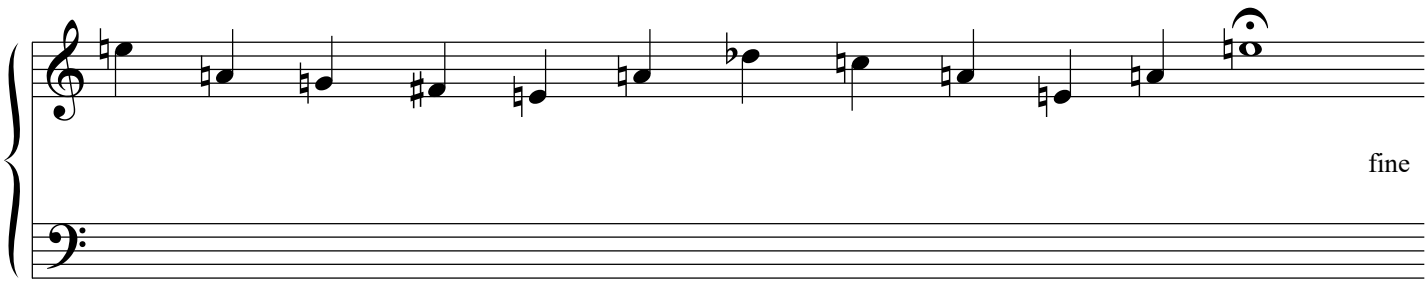
Keith Eisenbrey



October 1982, Barrytown

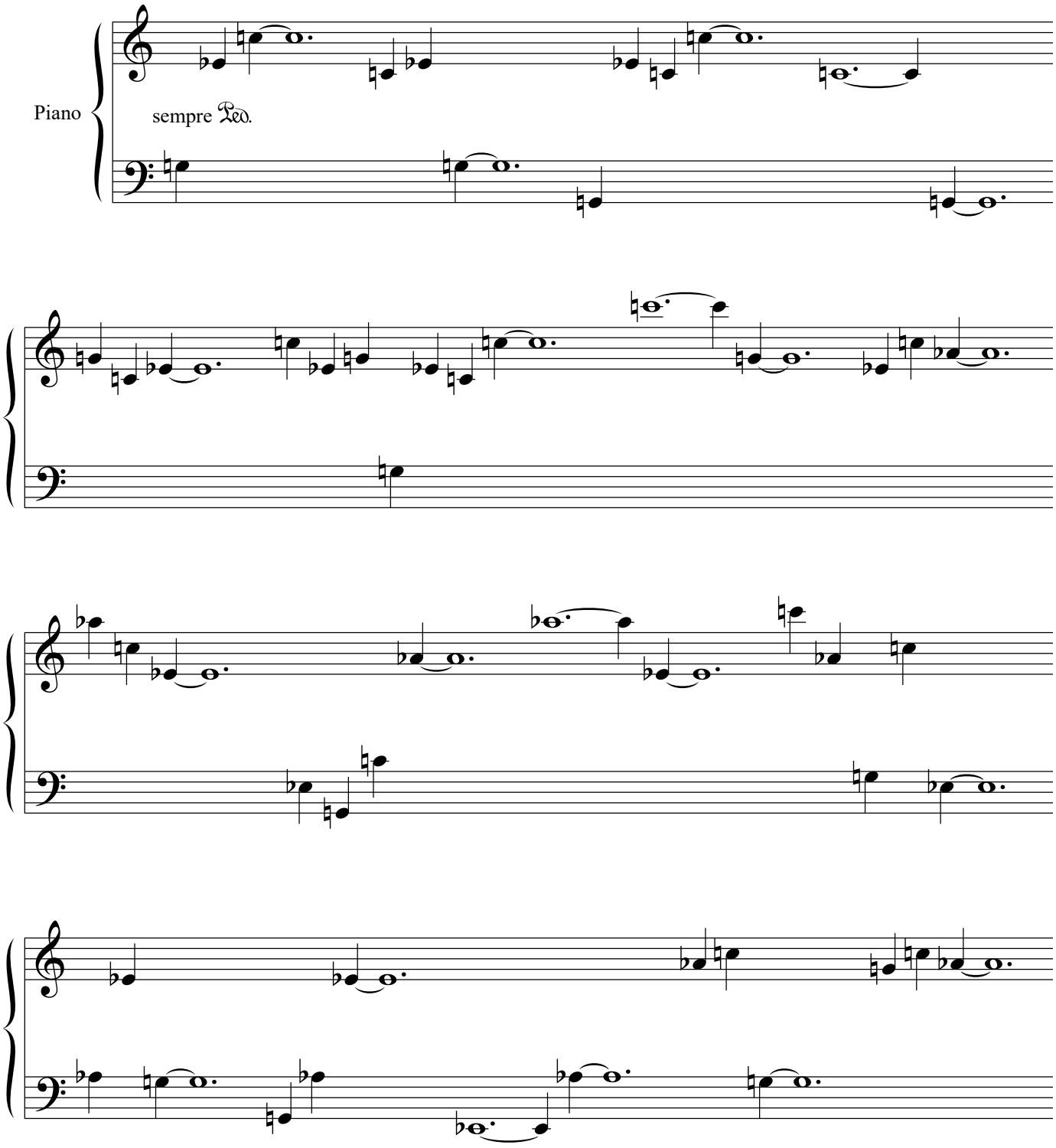




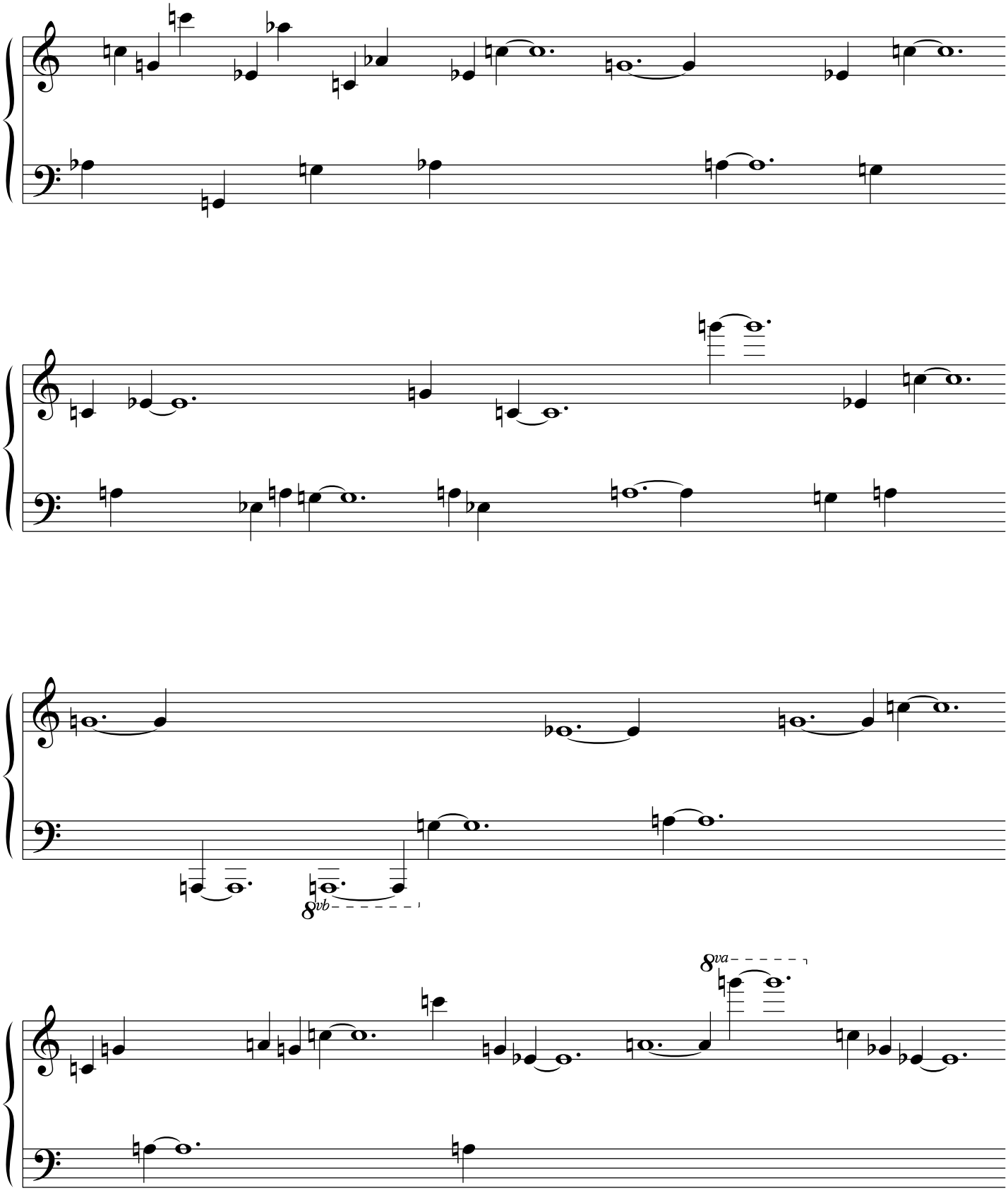

fine

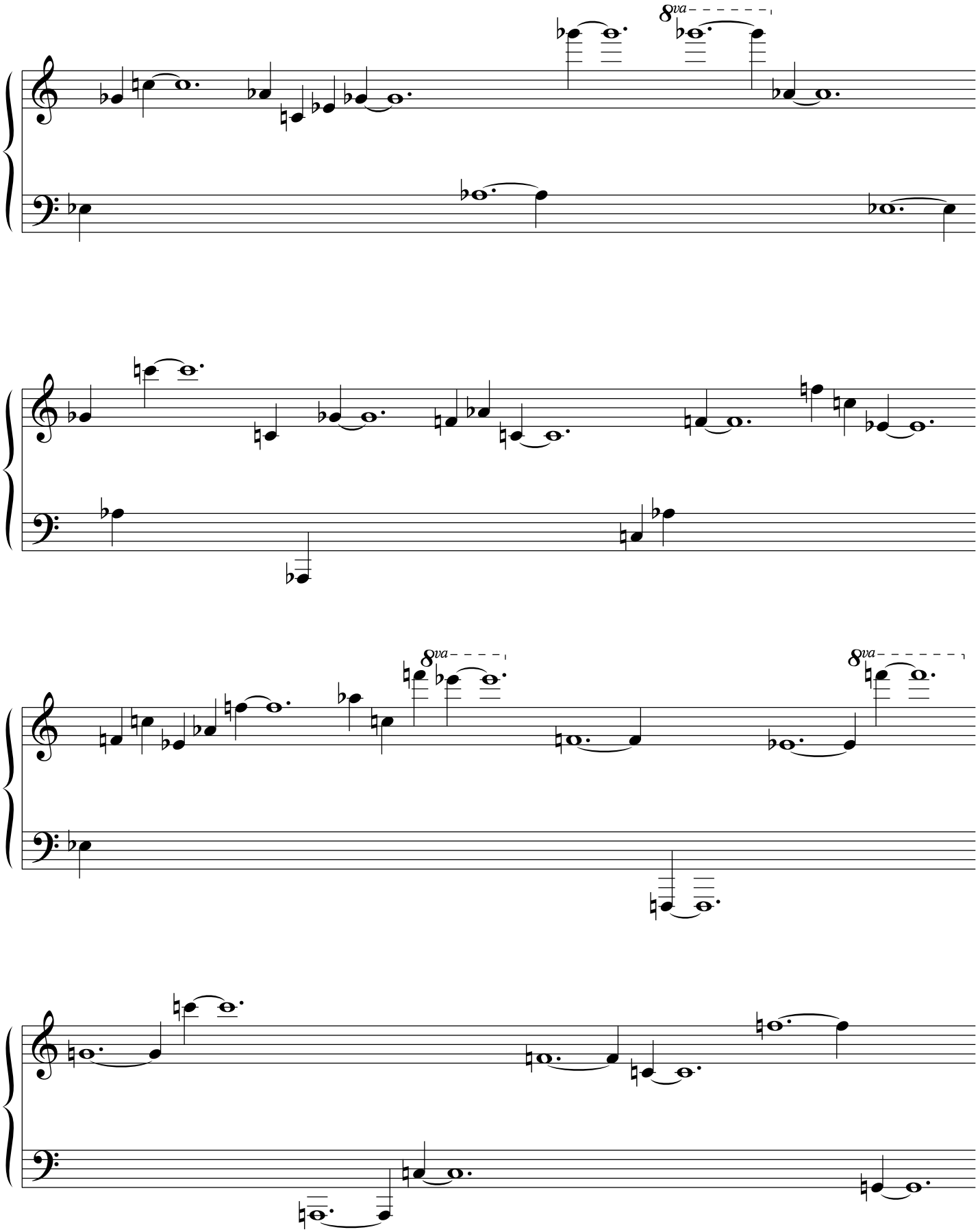
Intermezzo II

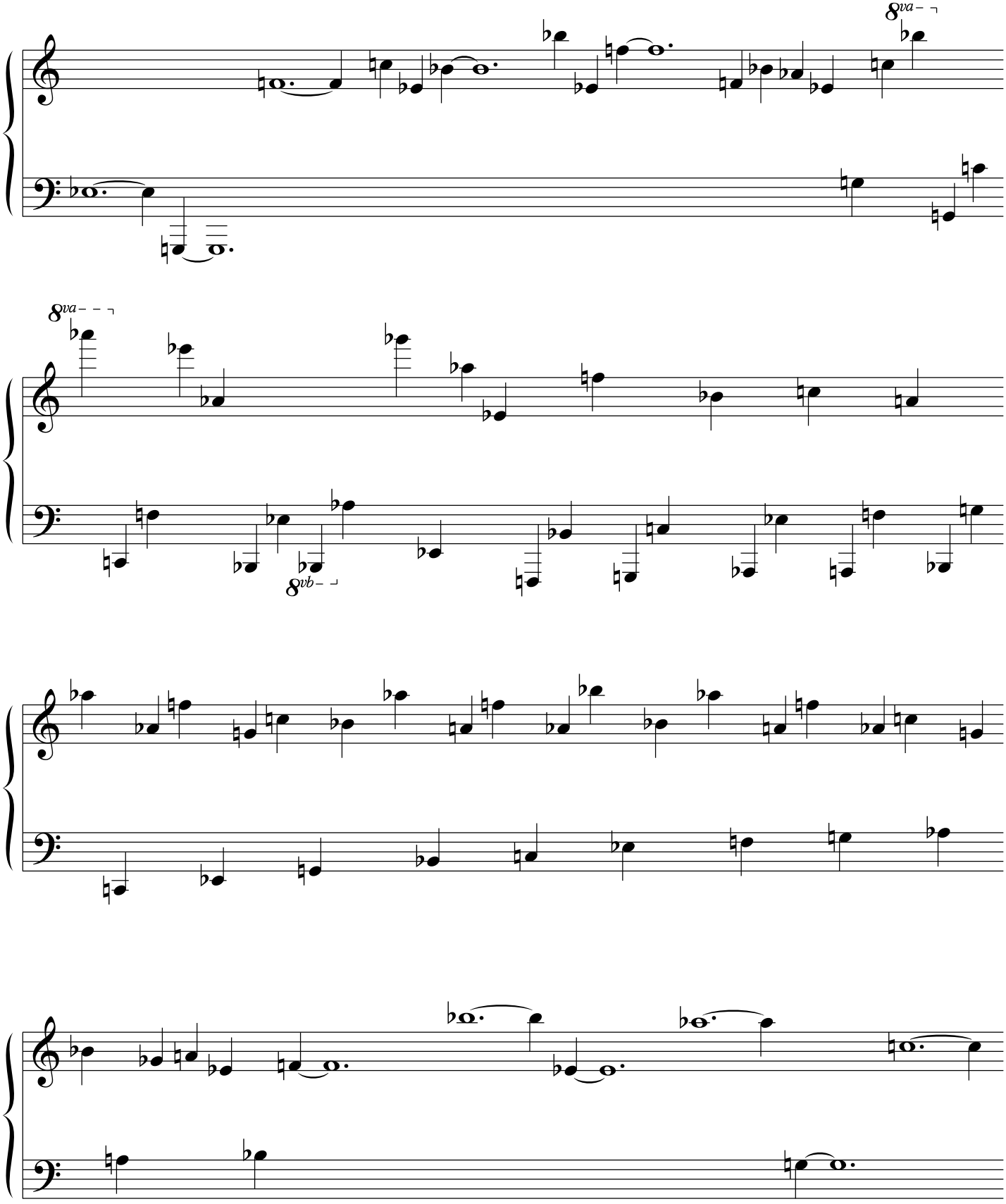
Keith Eisenbrey

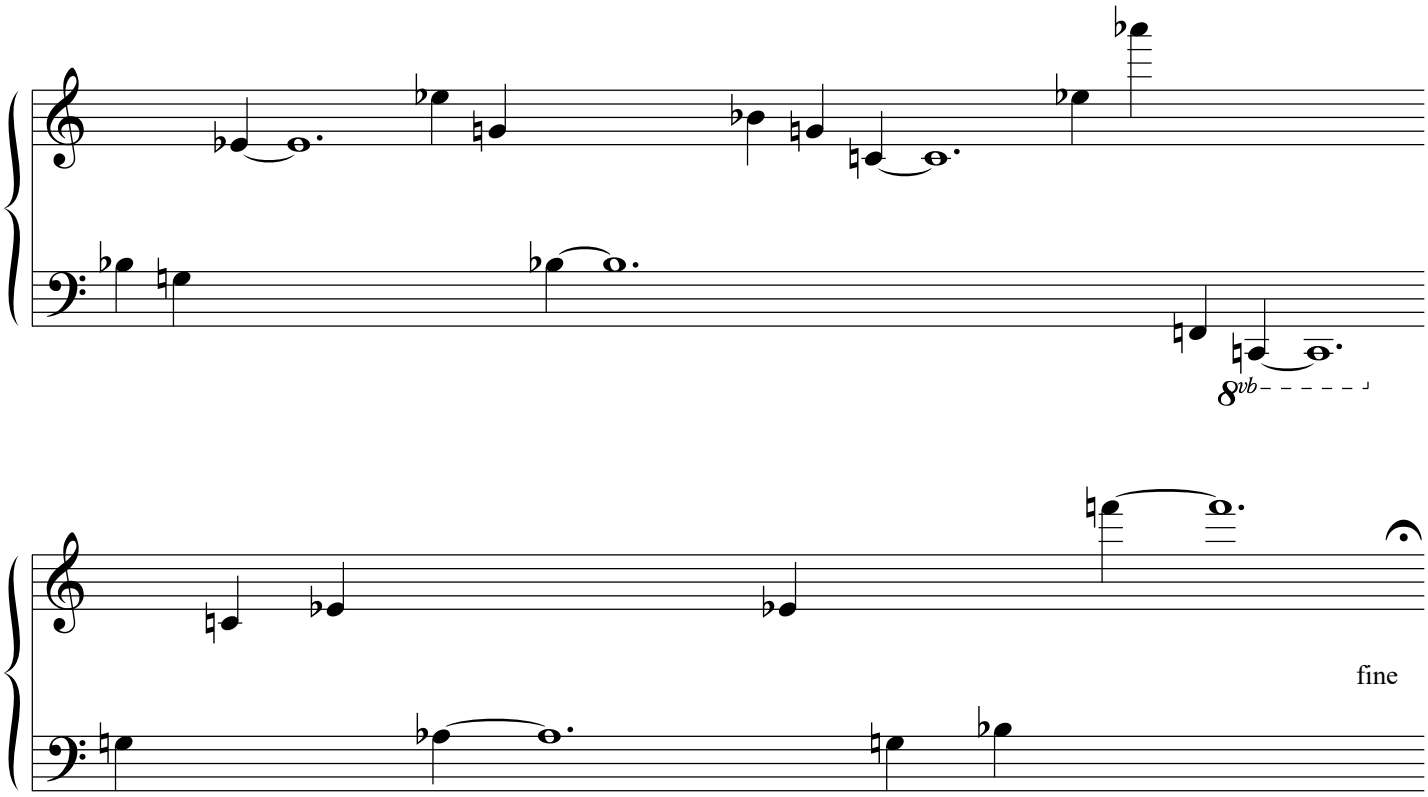


November 30, 1982, Barrytown


8vb
8va


8va
8va
8va

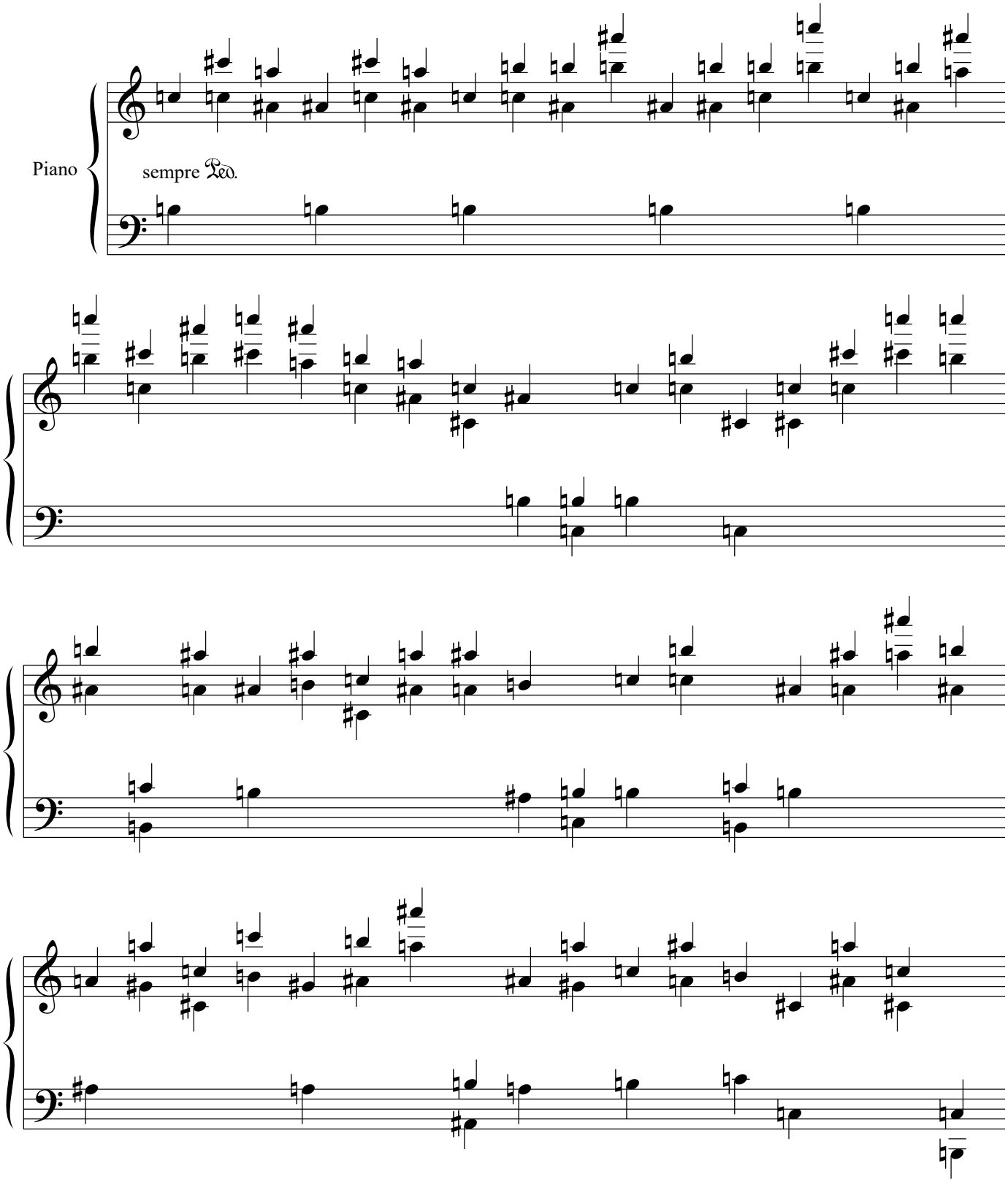

8va
8va
8vb


8vb

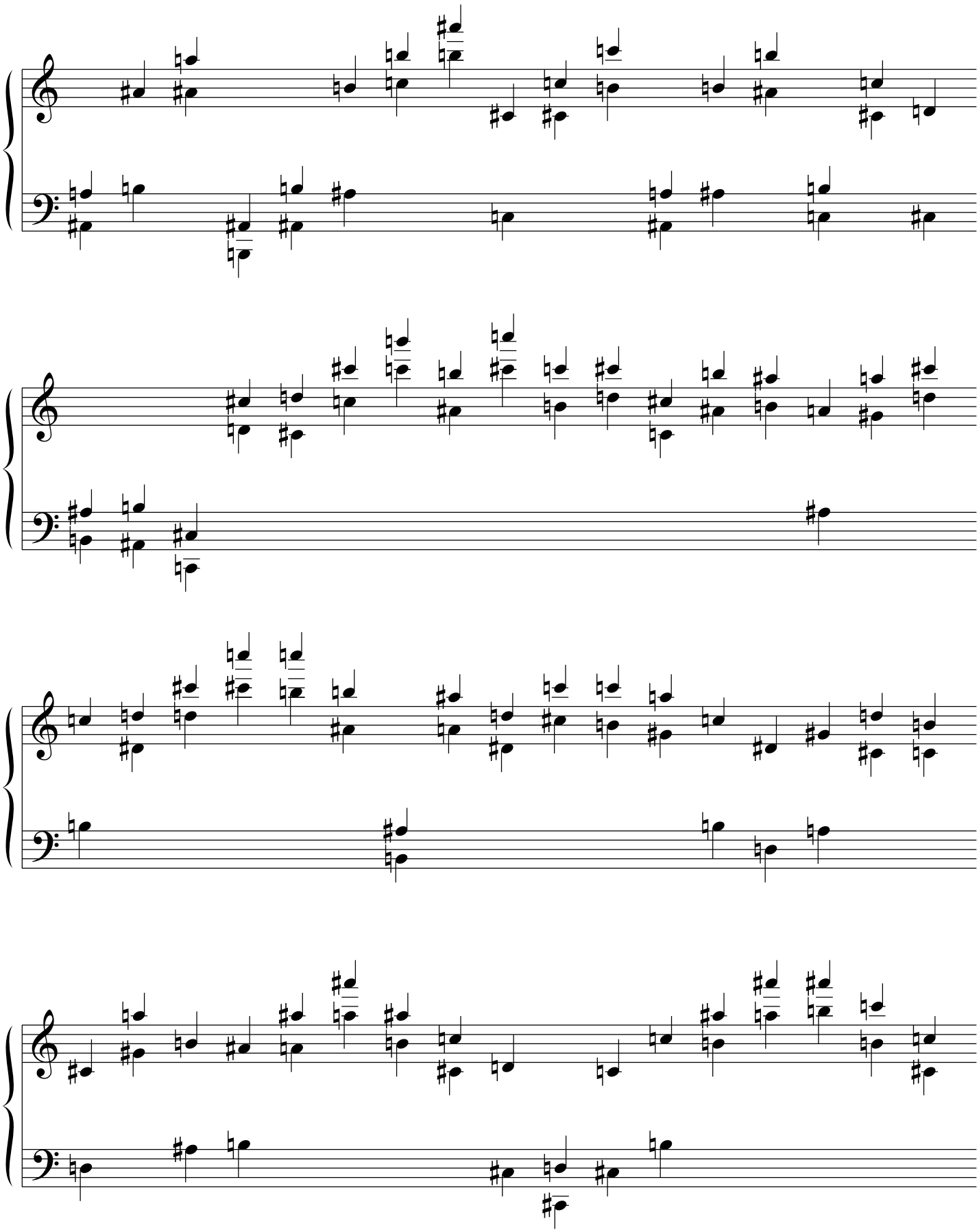
fine

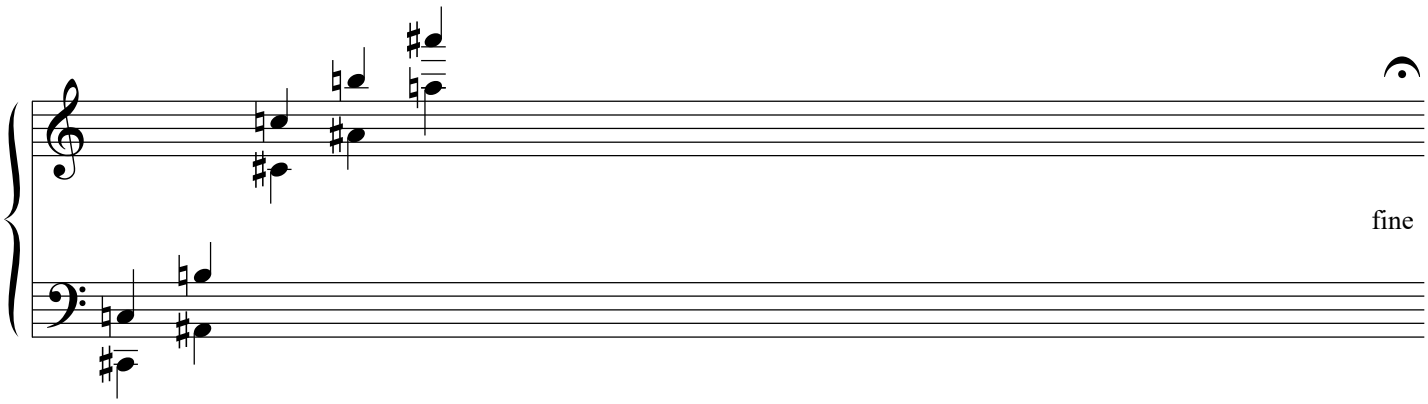
Intermezzo III

Keith Eisenbrey



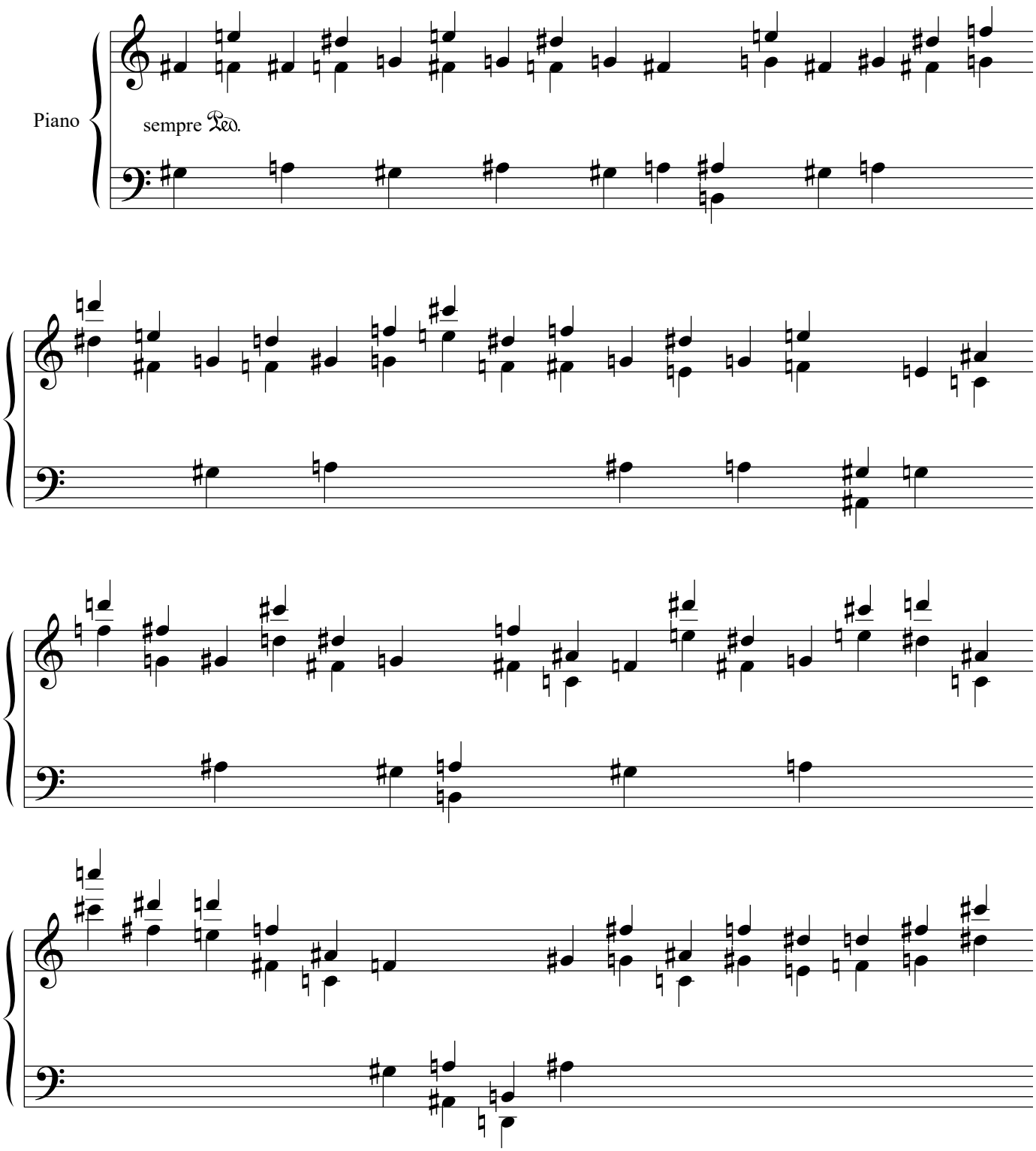
January 7, 1983, Malabar



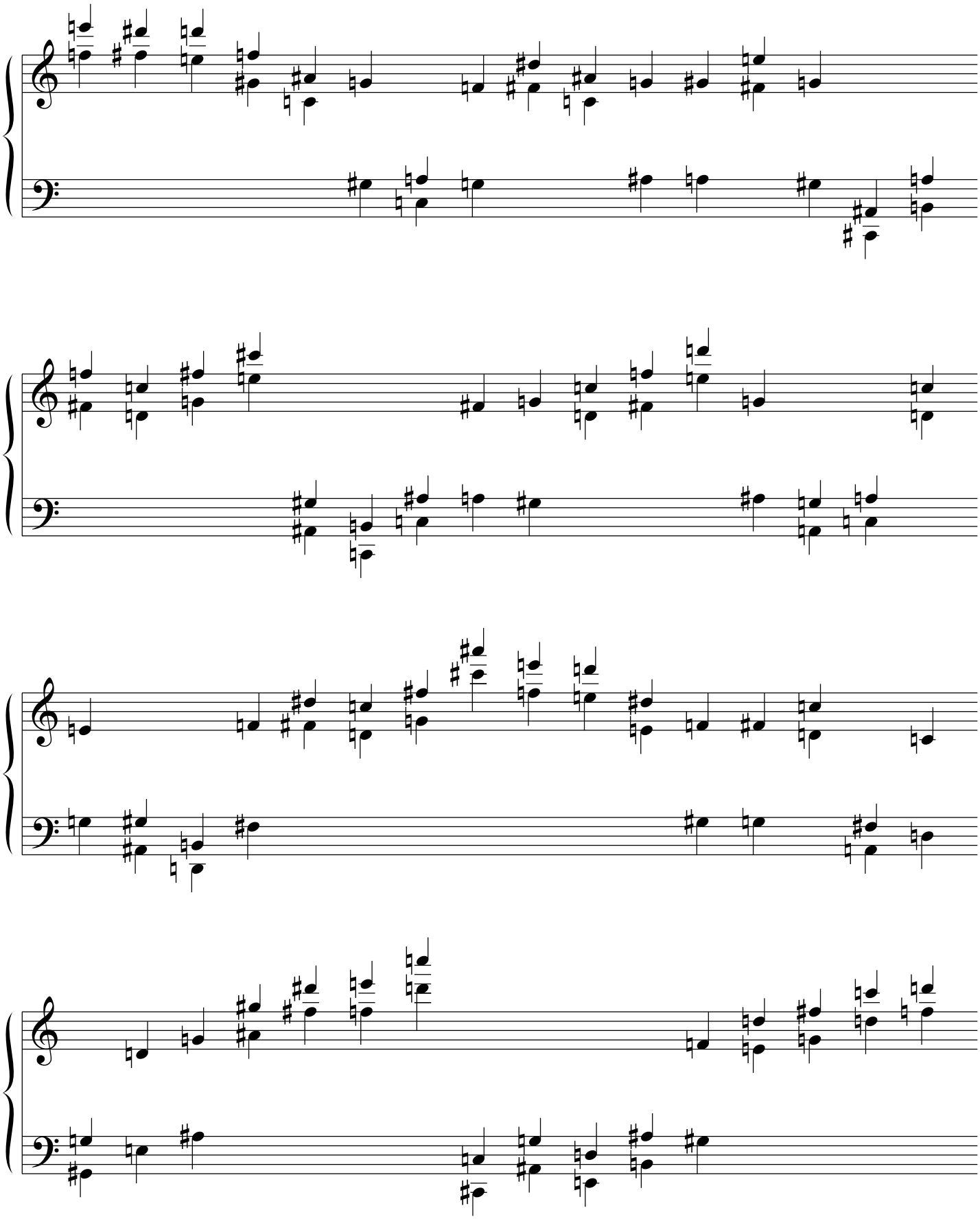

fine

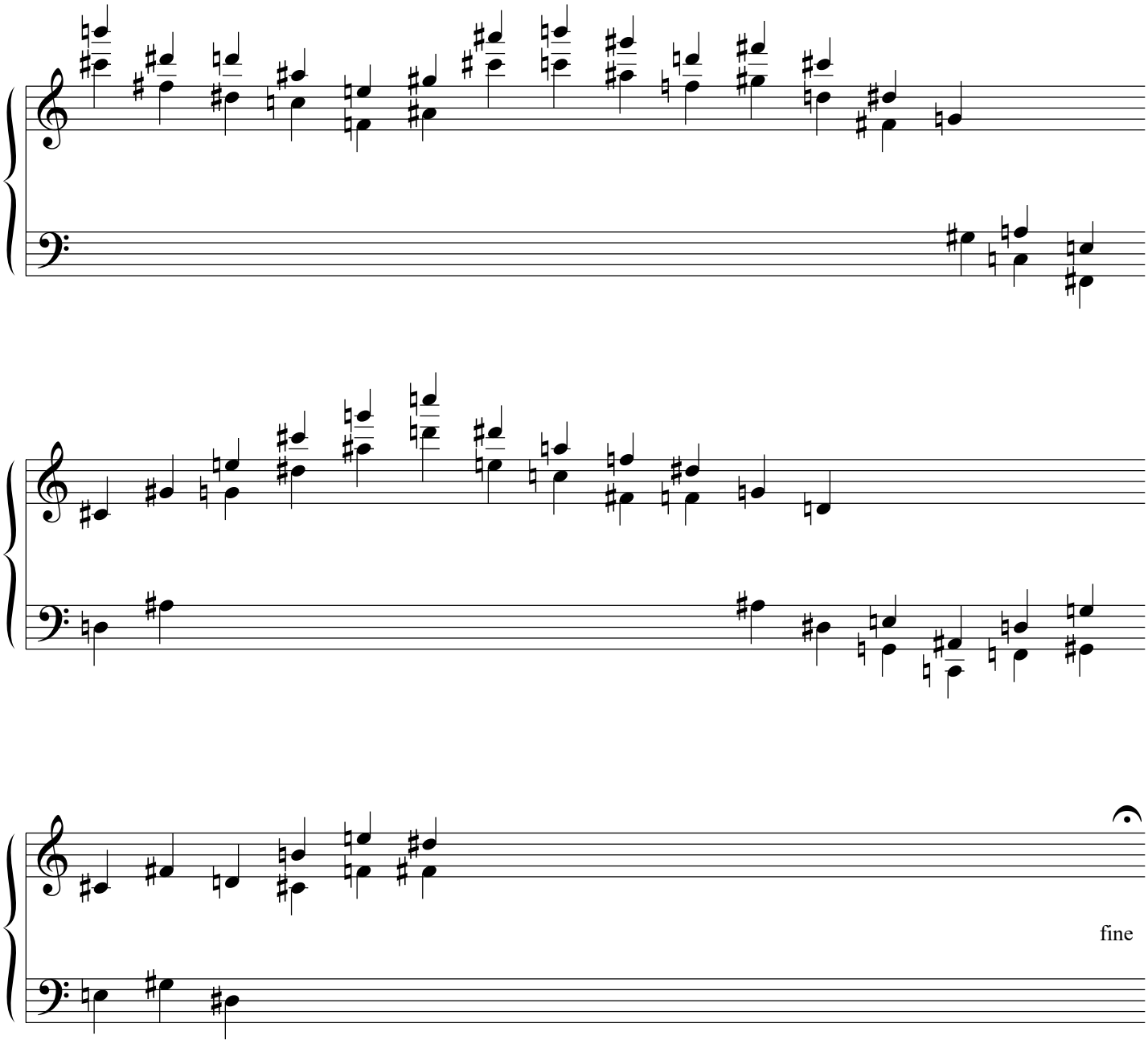
Intermezzo IV

Keith Eisenbrey



February 11, 1983, Malabar, Barrytown




fine

Intermezzo V

Keith Eisenbrey

music thinks the river
this clam shell sings its desk

pitch bent mind time

want to stop
go for a walk

(today is not it)
no rules apply
just sit there
be lost

the road is a map
facility is nothing
the world is a figment of music

pitch in a swamp is a bird on a cattail
an embodiment of the absence of itself
an image of duration bereft
or innocent or prior to any notion of pulse
or specific rational value

heap deep jam rut
sob brain solo stride

remove quantification
focus on reality
for a change
don't count
roll a clam shell down a level plane

redwing blackbird on a bare tree top
deer at the end of the field
the pen is painfully blue

(today I cleaned my room
arranged my tapes in three neat little stacks)

carrying a sack of gold
a bird flutters through the sun
the dragon
is language itself
the risen throne
the corridor
in tinted eyes

one day the osprey
tried to burn myself up
was alarmed to be walking barefoot
but the lion turned away

no causation
only isomorphism
sinew at other sunsets
increment
through matrix
trace result
sand paper
stones

time
blunders ahead

clouds arrive
as threatened

the wizard
inverts
his desert
of grid mounted objects

an owl with scrolled eyes
a crone on a hill
a chessboard and a chairback
a monk on a prone wheel

yet another Monday morning
hippo in the ditch playing clarinet

bought a rootbeer out of a machine
two scrambled and an english, tea

no view now
elf ore

the rose's thorn is the cowl of the receder

lizard on the face of a clock
squadron
of fluorescent lights in the sky
the wanderer
in the house of fire

soon
the stone
would draw thunder
the lion in my wall
unravel
lick her side then
step behind the house

amber deepen
llama wool
iris ask'd
solstice into
open olive lakes
nascent arid tactics

everything cold
is colder

the blankness of my walls

the honey jar

the white knight
doomed in the forest

the crank in the roof
turning through the window

the bird exterior
flitting about
the interior crowd
of everyman

words on a recent radish

the snow had disappeared
but the weight of it had not

lighted windows
hung there from another mind

dyes gray violet
blows on the bass drum
muffled

oblique voice
circle voice
more than one
monologue in the world

the ground wind sees
emphatically the sound of creaking house

drifting away on a seaweed covered surfboard
through his left hand as orange
the cat sleeping on my ankles
the fox crisscrossing the field
my shadow on the down road
sliding through the splash

a striking music
of such murders
I do not scream
twice

we turn a corner
in stop frame motion
and hear
the reflection

a thing lit
in spite of the stillness

stinging distinct chord

crushing with my shoe
a such beetle like thing
spins the blades
of Jack the Ripper
attacked by a cavalry of leaves

it is violet now and I am not
der Mond scheint
the time

it was a mailbox
a rather black clothed
marionette being shaken

a cube stretch, dark
in the oblique sun

mir soll's
recht sein

insidious green
violets
the numbers reduced irretrievably
to little dots that flash
the bridge
densely mirrored
receding into

a crow in the distance
to tell them through the middle
to see how far reaching

but the troll said (and hungrily
too) I'm going to eat you

the sound

stopped

it's not a door, she says
it's a false assumption, she says

an impulse of the tree

within this field somewhere the sun

a small road in the nether regions

an edge more or less complicated

by the motions of the whole distance between

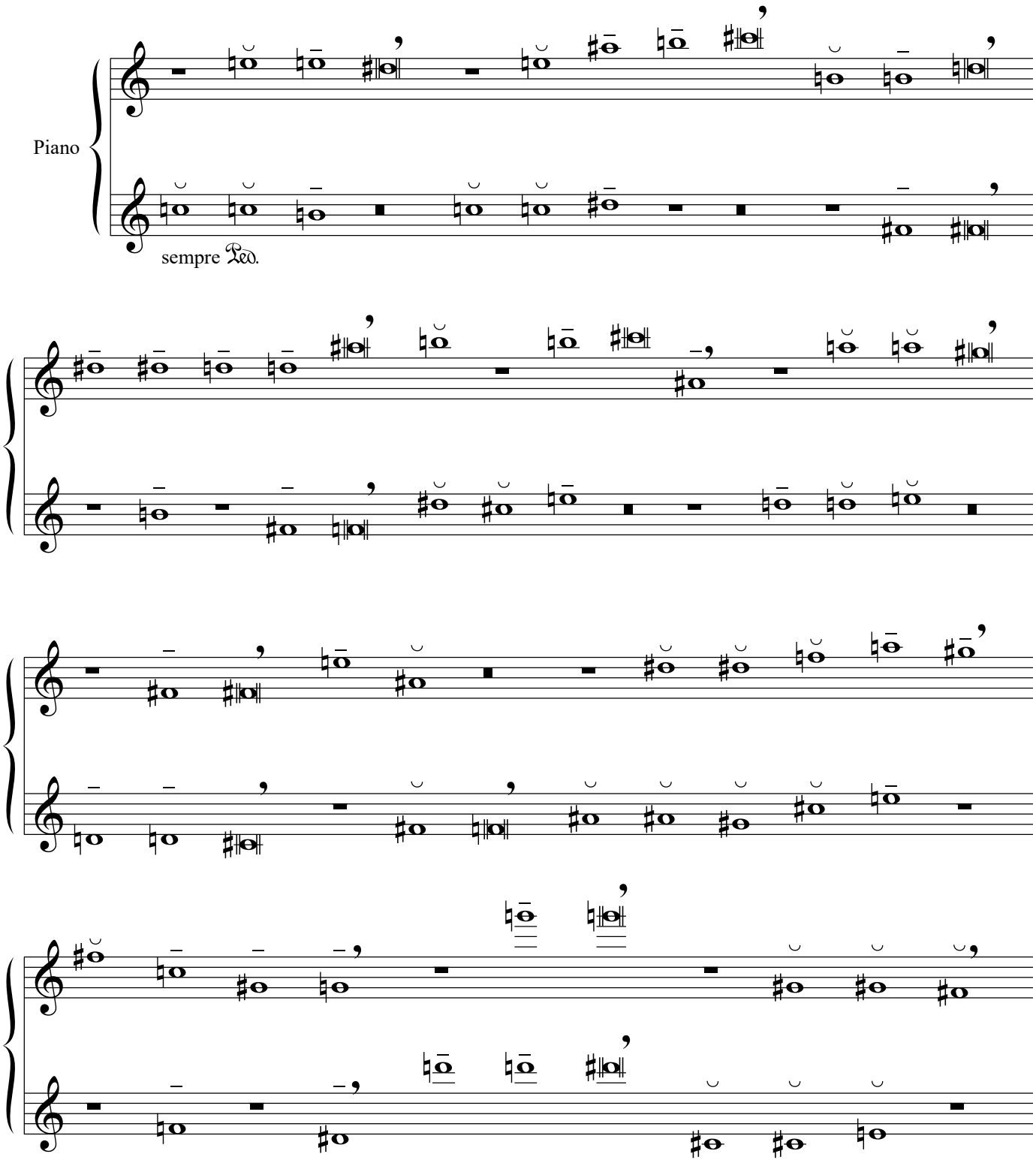
the oak leaf jumps from road to puddle
the stone track sits on a wool blanket

two dragons swallow each other
there are no other criteria

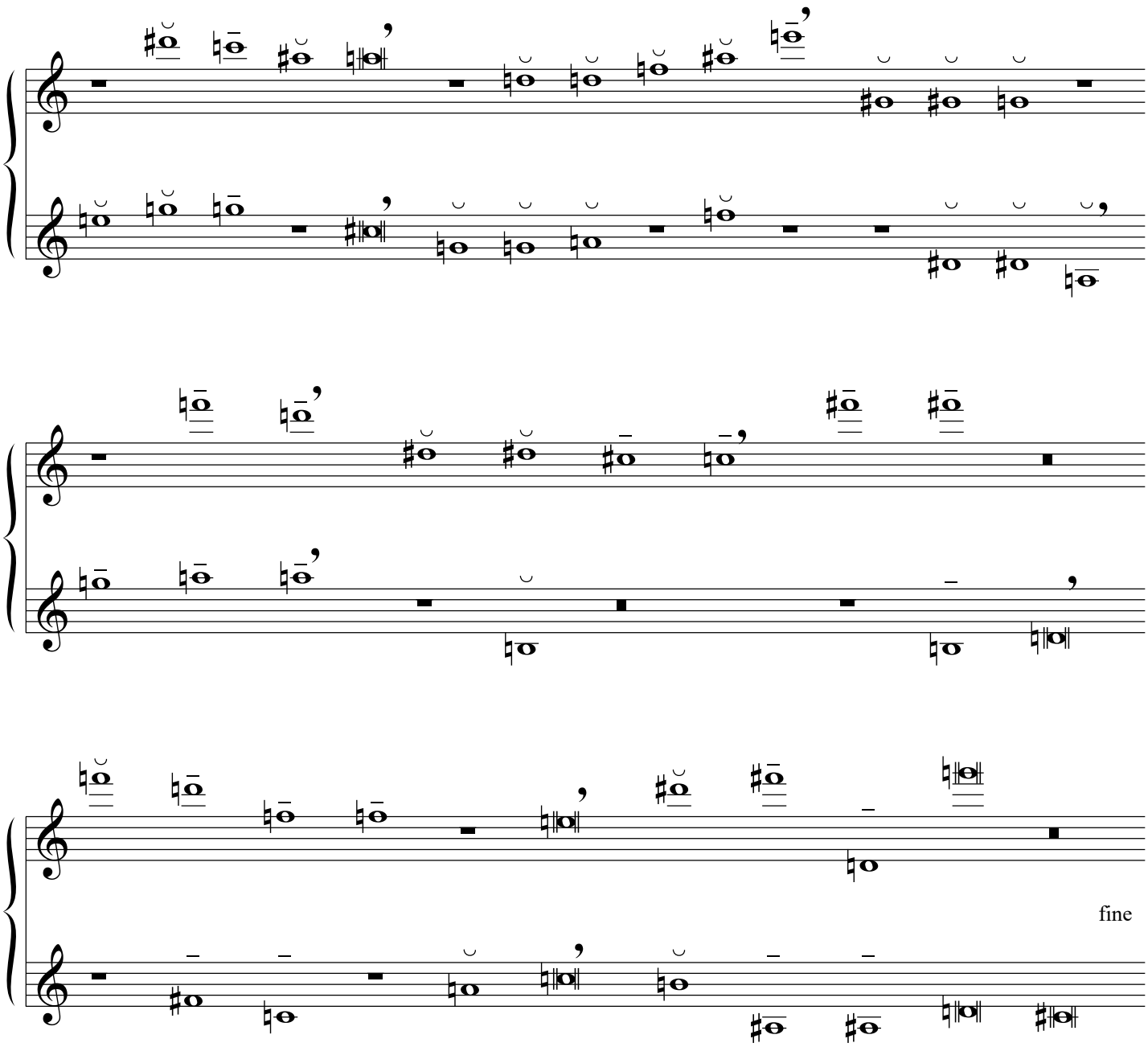
the journeyman builds his own river

Intermezzo VI

Keith E. Eisenbrey



August 16, 1983, Barrytown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