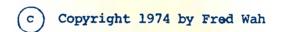


THE INSTITUTE OF FURTHER STUDIES



Cover by Guy Berard

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This fascicle is dedicated to

Corrine Marie Erickson and Helen Deane

Mountains

Wait



Oh inward-flowing

winding hot canals and chasms of delight

undermoving light in the treetops

born on its own wind

synaptic beads and islands

stars or heart beat boulders strewn

boils at the touch.

The nutrient rock feeds

a lovely flower her blossoming

embrace.

Oh inward-moving beams

who whirl as the orb whirls.

It's a red globe not green whirling (let it whirl) out of mind and sight. Eyes and a hand or foot are required to measure the process between the shoulder blades of this burden. This is a ravinelike latitude on which rests a weight as solid as a lake, conclavity held there by foot-step and rock-ripple. Arms recognize directions the fingers hold to. The whirling motion is a thought similar to a blue sky. The fluidity of the lake, frozen or not, is a part of the size. Its all pretty close to what's going on where mind, eye and lake meet to provide name and home.



On the earth

namarupa

and In the world

arupa

among the trees among

the distant lights & stars

a song

one endless breath

each single soul of us

hearts legs eyes

flow & shine

eka

early one morning

someone sets forth

through all of it

himself, the mountains, creeks

& many other creatures

anywhere

CRUISE

...so I told myself I would go out wandering not over the world but in the world until I found instant upon instant of that minute contact with a piece of it, say a twig, or a woman but with no other intention than an afternoon walk or a job might be in getting some work done and that at any place along the way I could dwell there forever in a state of property or it might be a more lively endeavor in which things would be counted, three switchbacks, a washout, a city, five gods, etc., i.e. I would be out there in it with everything else collecting measurements with my senses in a timeless meandering through the wonder.

1.

Heavier than air on the traverse over outward through October movement rewired as crisp air again heavier

oh so much caught in the microscopic particulars of its weight just as the padded paw-print, just so.

Now in San Francisco a poet returns announced in two about ten-line poems on the front page of the Chronicle something in one of them about this is where I have been and now I am back I've been in the woods, in a creek in fact

Its morning

fallen

to the earth

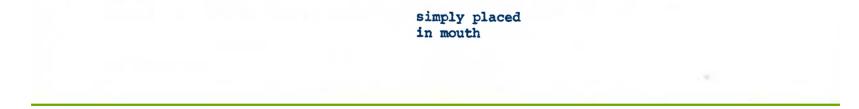
the apples have had frost by now pasture's full of em the cows' cream becomes heavier

all

glitters picks up the shift and twist

> shift and switch again and again

there's music and dancing in the fields and visions in the tall couch grass there's nothing new in all of the strangeness of even our dreams these nights nor of the moon coming back into the play of a renewed illustration of the tracks contained in taste the multi-million flavours of the presence placed



the particle

the hue

outside the room to left or right along the beams and over the door jambs the six directions the four gods the seven arrows the nineteenth lunar mansion the twenty-two and the twenty-eight the complete circle moebus strip and every feast the whole fucking multitude coming through the door at once

> just so, just placed by its own weight tells it

now I am here from where I have come crossed on over in the present body like this

2.

I was in the sky above Bonnington Falls

expansive

nearly a full moon west from Copper Mountain to Sentinel

> (he's a dog leg of the river or ridge

We said we'd meet somewhere along the river but no one else showed up. There was a back road

light frost on the ditch-grass.

each

Alone in the night and mist moving over the roads and rock outcrops river shining up its banks through the treetops.

Someone's back yard

empty the wind.

Drive around the back

from Krestova to Pass Creek from Goose Creek to Rasberry Village.

No one.

The ferry doesn't cross at this time of night. Drive up river and over the dam.

putter around under the trees

Back in the sky

float up the Kootenay to the light there's the moon again still crossing over the night between two peaks.

I step off the ride into our own yard

move some lumber out of the frost

cedar looming from the moon.



In the timber Tiwaz crosses over on a spruce limb as a boat over the ocean he flows over the windfalls bark flies from his caulked boots and he cracks the dead larch boughs in his path so that it thunders through the days and nights above him above his shoulders up the valleys through the great cedar stands his crossing over becomes the mountain across the river in the enormous distance of his cruise cumulus rolls his weight he carries with him in front of himself he pushes out he gathers the whole horizon his eyes sight by peaks the straightest intention of his direction over which he disappears a gap an arc a glint of light.

З.

In the afterwarmth

the mountains across the river shine as the mist thins

morning shows

morning shows

"CHAIN"

The greatest Objects of Nature are, methinks, the most pleasing to behold; and next to the Great Concave of the Heavens, and those boundless Regions where the Stars inhabit, there is nothing that I look upon with more Pleasure than the wide sea and the Mountains of the Earth. There is something august and stately in the Air of these things, that inspires the Mind with great Thoughts and Passions; we do naturally, upon such Occasions, think of God and his Greatness: And whatsoever hath but the Shadow and Appearance of INFINITE, as all Things have that are too big for our Comprehension, they fill and overbear the Mind with their Excess, and cast it into a pleasing kind of Stupor and Admiration.

> Thos. Burnet, The Sacred Theory of the Earth



The idea of it. Pictures form and the topography gets carried around in a head. Sometimes the feet find out what a trick the mind is. A necessary disguise for what the heart expects. But the Abney Rule and Compass are equivalently off. And so we move in on the new territory only to trip and fall over our imaginations, get lost.

2.

Snowed a few inches last night. Went up to the Giant's Kneecap - freezing wind snow and whiteout at the top. Skied down into Joker Creek a ways before we realized we were in the wrong valley.

з.

There are times moving through the bush so fast I fade into everything around me. Zigzag, switchback and sidehill force a fadeout between body and earth. Such a dance. Touch is some thing itself. A flash.

4.

Everything's out there larger elsewhere and then I add myself who's watching.

5.

Via the car journeying over the surface is when its flat. Maybe boats on still water too or skiing across the frozen lake. By plane its always there and back so more a line.

Look out of the cave-mouth at an arched horizon, cut-off sky and alabaster rock wall limits. We see a night sky, the arch of stars, some heaven.

7.

The size of a river = its original ridges.

8.

We moved over the tables making our various tests for identification - hardness, specific gravity, streak, etc. Just as though we were about to cook and eat it all talk shifts to a rumour of serpentine on True Blood Mountain.

9.

Lyles Adopola. Sweet smelling orange mint.

10.

The Xthonic inhabitants of the sea, ridge-dwellers, known as 'the steady ones'.

11.

One can imagine how difficult it might be to navigate a course through some creeks, trails, and ravines which are measured both in terms of a surface (the map) and the underside of someone's idea of the place (the story).

12.

The magical alchemical inversion of it is that it is already.

Duncan M. says he dearly loves his own back yard. Now I do too. The only test we have for it is the unavoidable picture.

14.

High in the mountains, high on a mountain, and spin. To ride this horizon of a thousand peaks and sky makes me dig my heels into the scree and ice and lean back hard, just to hold on even.

15.

Silence leads - sinking into the viscera - gently head feels lighter and drained - a thin, fragile wire open now - mind of all the air surrounds me arms and shoulders fall relaxed - carefully and softly my body is lifted back up refreshed and presented to the food - mouth holds to the first taste which fills my head stretched out now over the lake and the day.

16.

I get scared sometimes when I'm alone in the bush, especially at dusk when the stumps and rocks become grizzly bears. Never handled that aloneness, passage to becoming all one over extended time in unknown strange surroundings except to squint, peer, grope and fumble.

17.

I was sick, very sick. And I hoped for deep sleep. It seemed to me that the bed was in an east-west axis and should be lying north-south. But true or magnetic north I did not know. A cow elk appeared to me, in a valley, so I checked my compass and headed north.

severance spring water

wasp or hornet who cares

it was a toxic arrow full of information of Another World a stream of itself

immense ejaculation knockout zapping nerve box

synapse blackout another place so beautiful Pauline that's where I am Pauline

No No Here uh yes Here I uh

slapped me back to bathroom pain and muscle struggle I was gone there

taken over

some chemical creek flowed through the dream in darkness

there was nothing to look at or any others taking part

she slapped and yelled at me

I didn't want to return

it was so beautiful this textured cool caress

the spring water I splashed on my eye

Sunday morning

Sun Trees

A Loss A Dream

Voices in the rooms outside me

He needs adrenalin

stretched out and holding on

Needles Shapes Stomach (the vulnerable

fix the spring get the tools

barbed wire

his foot at the nest

bango

a distance road cold fear dead weight

jaw

the viscous fluid flowing through all my body helpless now that power the wasp informs me of

given

such a look

at the grid of action the bloodstream's also part

it signaled it was ready for and took

on the way to the hospital she said just keep breathing I hadn't even considered it.

I point to my own absolute experience of myself as a step towards which all my being flows (into) & fills and from that there a physical place out of which the possible...



... just so's there's a steady flow of breath of him who is the turbine of his own sources and comes from the base of the neck from a small hint of light far back of what is about to happen.

Here's how it works: the vapours rise from the seas oceans and lakes in clouds of liquid love for earth blow in over the land and fall in pearls of rain or snow thrown by the release of its own weight downward where the ground distils hence rivers flow and creeks gush out some total soul.

Each single soul of us named Earth put our feet on the ground and spring up trees and little children reach water as the geogonous fungi a rock granno-diorite black stone and animals eat and love

the bough grass tail cone and root sacred combination of its parts we are part of and the sky out there to touch all our eyes and the long arm also of this breath-world

seeded

placed piece after piece-

a black heifer browses through the snow pasture or a trout up Koch Creek twenty miles north of here.

rete

the inner joyous heat

which earths it through me

SO

then

AM OSPREY BEAK STUFFED WITH STICKS/FISH FLESH

HORIZON WING AM LAKE

FEATHERS' COLOUR REDUPLICATE SYMMETRY WATER BROWN AND GREY

CLAW CRIMP ON KOKONEE OLD TAMARACK LIMB

NECK JERK WORLD LOOK SKY SCREECH SHIT BIRD-SHIT NEST EDGE

EEE UHREE REE

SONG

My eyes strain against the hillside for a movement, a shape, a flash of white-ass fur. I'm on the top of the ridge below a grove of poplar. This is pretty good. Its clearer here. A view with distance and I can see more of the bush, alder gulleys and old burns. If anywhere, there should be some sign here or in the clump of trees above; fresh elk shit (steaming still), a warm bed, fresh tracks in the snow. I stop for a smoke here, wipe the sleet off my glasses and rifle scope, sit on a log.

It begins as my own breathing, a rhythm in the chest picked up by the blood (pulse), short puffs of white steam from my mouth. In this the words come (language engraved in the air of a middle silence):

Stand Up

Stand Still

Be With me

Here

I don't look. Just a blue-white blur of air in front of me as I listen hard. Within me, carried by the breath, the words speak. They and I warm up to it and move now with a song, move nowhere, just sit there, now somewhere.

Out of the salt tears, grass and browse I've never seen a bison or a parallel flaked point in all my life to cut the taste I couldn't believe it no matter who we were cry out salt lick eat it up.

.

I eye a herb and flower garden pauline says so

put your foot on the shovel for a fat red tomato.

*

Sweet baby! Sweet baby!

Chicadeedeedee.

Walk out to the lip

over the wet grass walk out

skin and blood eyes hands boots

again and again

even the eyes move as always moving lines

circles

of the morning sun

curriculum

of soul

*

wait for the sky to come up on the peaks' horizon aphorous line cloud the blue stars night a spinning earth day glacier morning star

.

anxious to be weather rather be too wet

rained light and concoctible limpid sweet and grateful to taste thin

then rises as a sea to a heaven called the air

.

.

.

on the b on the bottom of the sea but in the green and coral

pleasurably pleasurably

Eth means why any one returns every one all over the place they are in entwined into the confluence of the two rivers into the edges of a genetic inscription and our homes and loves now night spreads out up the valleys into the many-forgotten messages and arrangements carried there the character sticks hunger

Geoblast plumule which in germination rises from the ground such as the peas blast forth to the space above in time a geochronical event to lean in on the surrounding space incline or cyclic revolution spinning latent circling forces of the earth said to spring directly from the surface of itself or skin the isothermatic under-sperm or milky way is language only after all selenic moon

The reticular net or grid we both are and see before us in the world including heaven as well as hell to right and left the stages levels or lines of force segmentative views but no inferno flaming underground just fixed in place before our eyes the chance to be exposed to all the vectors of this plan we carry everywhere to move on and into the sensation fear and joy or maybe apprehension of the range of being where one is enlarged by all three or dozen worlds and illustrated only by the feeling for it.

To think of it is big. Memory of having been anywhere on earth embellishes the particulars of those instants of specific step or touch and forms a living picture with all the referents of home, roots, heart, core. In earth I find an ever-luminescent atmosphere of primary sensation and life. There are forms there which reveal to me shapes of myself; pieces and names which provide aspects of an identity; tree, ocean or whatever signals as both participant and reflection. It all becomes picture, movement, body, texture and idea - images of real palaces encountered which permit the extended traverse and transport through landscape. I think earth is a condition of ourselves we all have access to.

