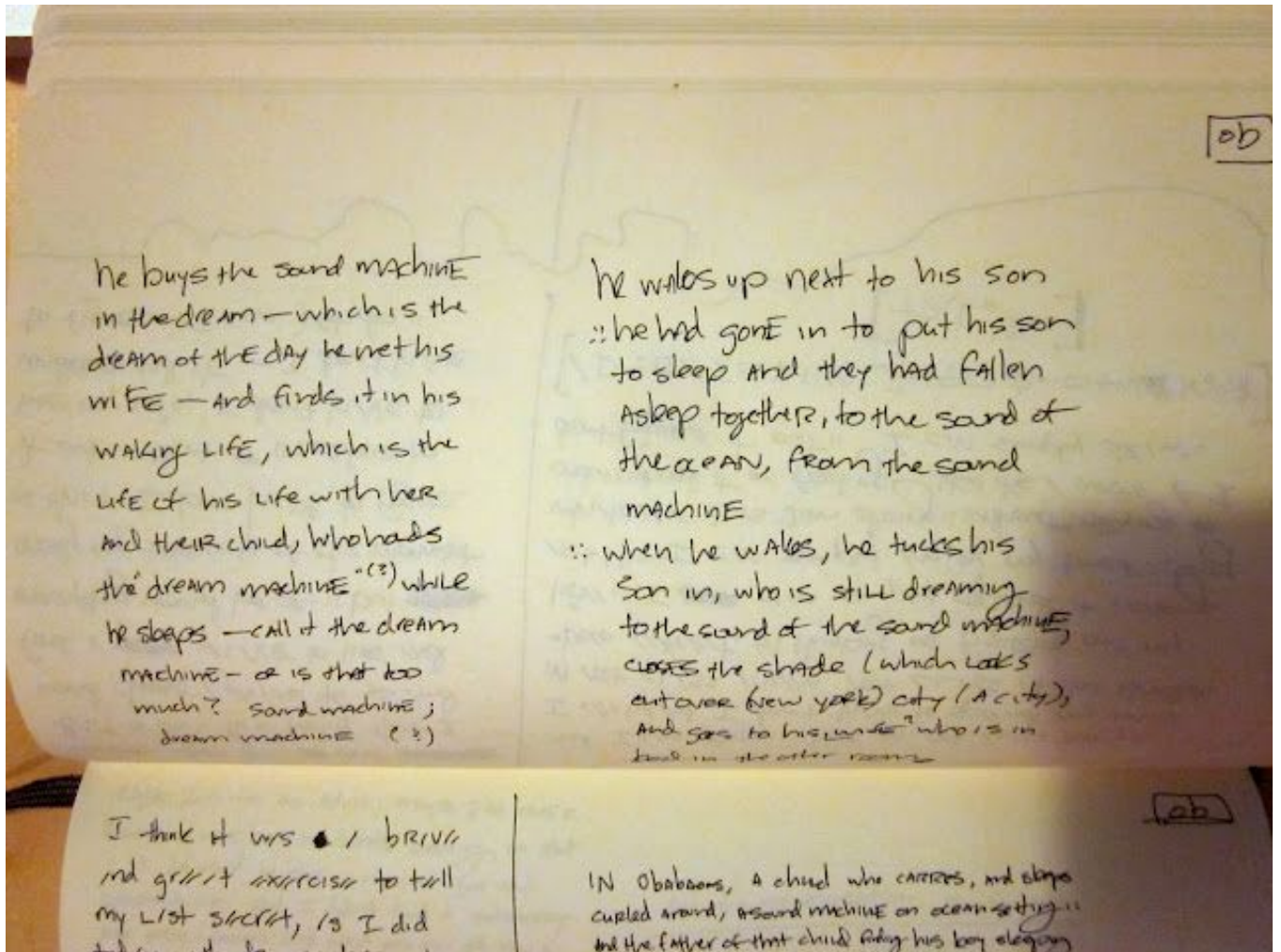


Of Bicycles and Boardwalks and Oceans and Ships notes 1

by Matthew Temple
readmybooksforfree.com



much? sand machine;
dream machine (?)

And goes to his wife? who is in
bed in the other room.

I think it was a brief
and great exercise to tell
my last secret, as I did
today with the machine: to
have shared the deepest
secret with another human
being, was a wish and some-
thing to do: 12-2011

the suggestion being that
he and his son are
dreaming the same dream

IN Obababoos, a child who creeps, and sleeps
curled around, a sound machine on ocean setting:
and the father of that child finds his boy sleeping
that way: and somehow as a metaphor for the
ocean and his own adventures with it...

He (the storyteller) awakes from a dream obababoos,
to his child ^{sleeping and} dreaming + dream obababoos, and he
(does some mutually nonintrusive ^{act} motion to the
child while being the child's sound machine
on, to the sound of the ocean - maybe the
dad picks up the sound machine, looking,
remembering the ocean and all that it
contains, then snugly puts the sound machine
back in his sleeping child's arms, as the
child dreams..

Dream that I left my house on a bike, which affixed to it was something like a balance beam tightrope walkers use, and I rode down the courtyard and down the sidewalk and down the street and onto the boardwalk near a Santa Monica/Ocean City looking wharf, and it was beautiful, and I rode far far far down the boardwalk and it eventually turned into an impossibly long, impossibly populated, impossibly stocked buffet of shops and people and happenings, this miles-long street with bike paths on both sides, and shops on both sides, and beyond the shops on one side the ocean and beyond the shops on the other side the city, and I rode all the way to the end of the end of the boardwalk where there was a ship waiting and you entered the boarding dock of the ship through a seafood tavern, and there was a high school girl there as part of a field trip from some faraway land and she had the kind of pertness that attracts me and she had the kind of alertness that attracts me, where everyone else's normal eyes are dead and then sometimes you meet someone like me, whose eyes are alert, whose mind is aware...she was one of those, and

we talked immediately, and she wanted to see me later, and I wanted to see her later, and she was one who even if I, in the foolishness of societal politeness would have left our later meeting to chance, she wouldn't leave it to chance, and even though she didn't have a cell phone we would meet later as I would write my email on a receipt, and she was young and rebellious and showing me that the receipt I had just gotten wasn't really printed on heat-sensitive paper, but the heat-searing-looking markings on it were black instead of blue, as they should have been, indicating that this receipt was instead to resemble one that had been printed on heat-sensitive paper, and with that we went on to investigate the dots of a colon which were suspect for a different reason, and when we looked out the little window at the waiting ship and its ocean beyond, we did it at the same time, and we weren't afraid, even as we first met, to have our heads close by each other so that we could look out of the little window at the same time...and it was one of those moments and one of those energies where all at the same time we didn't mind being close because it was simply the practical requirement of looking out the window at the same time, and why should we not look out at the same time, since we were looking out at the subject of our conversation, the boat, and its leaving to take her and her classmates on the next segment of a field trip, but yet we wanted our heads to be close as we looked out the window, and we wouldn't have kept them apart even if there hadn't been any practical requirement that they be close, but yet if we hadn't have wanted to be close for any other reason than the practical, we would have been close for that reason, and not been concerned with the implications. We were that kind of people, who can unselfconsciously like or not-like each other many times throughout an interchange and our behavior be totally unchanged, totally undisturbed, by our motivations: if we liked each other as boy and girl, we would have had the same conversation as if we hadn't, we were that true. But we did like each other, and we would later act on it, we both knew. She would take my email and write me later from some overpriced internet cafe on the boardwalk, and we would meet and continue our relationship. When I woke up from this dream of bicycles and boardwalks and oceans and ships and fieldtrips and mates, I knew that starting today, in my waking life, everything would start to get better. In the waking haze coming out of this dream, I know my life hit a vertex today. Yesterday, today, was a vertex in my life, a turning point, after which the rules of progression are changed. There is a definite high school energy to this dream, and I will never be me in high school again, and do not want to be, but there are some aspects of me from that time that I know are active again now. I had to go through everything I've been through to get to be who I am on this day, and some of it

produces a me I've never been before, and some of it washes out, revealing a me I've been before. My childlike path of simplicity/abstinence with respect to addiction is part of why I can feel this way today. My intellectual and social experiences up to this point are another part of why I can feel this way. I am older than I have ever been. I am younger than I have ever been.

Also, in the dream, one of the young lady's classmates pointed out that I was floating some inches above the ground when I stood or walked. Riding a bicycle, a symbol of freedom for me, but also, my feet would not quite bend to gravity's will that they touch down.

book of misheard lyrics
of people on vacation
of sun
of sunlight
of brightness and beyond limitation
of sandals and bare feet
of backs and skin
of blue and wind
of flying things overhead
of people seeing themselves through airplanes
of leaving and never coming back—but going somewhere else
of how everyone who leaves one place goes to another
how one person's prison of birthplace is another's paradise

of faces made to strangers
of love
but of that first moment of love
of hair—of strands of hair
of grains of sand
of crabs
of broken shells
of crustaceans crushed from above and eaten from their shells
of tickets and passage
of empty seats where you used to sit
where someone new sits down
of breakfast
of all kinds of breakfast
breakfast is the only meal people ever eat in this book
they always meet at breakfast

of gulls
of the screeching of the gulls

of casual grief
and casual griever
in this book grief is a part of life, it is accepted, it is natural, it is normal, it is
loved and it is something everyone is doing
there are ubiquitous symbols of grieving, of black hats and sunglasses
when people go to museums in this book, when they face that which they love,
it is too great and too bright and too sad for them to face without blocking out
the light
they are broken, as a constant state
and that is beauty
that is all that was ever beautiful—the broken
All that was ever beautiful was broken.

of todays
nothing takes place outside of today
of notes received
by the wrong person
of reading someone else's love note
as though it was to me
of mis-delivered tones
of shared notes
of music, in parts, hummed and sung by [a cacaphony of] strangers
of no one person having the whole song
but of a song
sung
in parts

of ocean breezes
and thin curtains
of loose ties
and lace
and bracelets that come off
and go away
untied
there is no bondage, here, there is nothing that holds tight
no chains, only lace and faded strings

beach-dyed and sun-bleached strands
of goners
the untouchables
of terror—just—the terror of silence
and the single blink of an eye

of casual invitations—accepted
there is a hair ribbon
falling away
an ankle bracelet
never heard
and someone
who covers her ears
for sirens

of inconsequential habits that rub off
shared
in disparate contexts

who can't listen
who can't hear darkness
who censors herself
from everything that was less than
and who covers her ears and shakes her head like a child
and shuts it out
who literally puts tape over her mouth
so she will not curse

for every sacred circle
losing
and someone sitting in the sun forever
feeling it warm her
and seeing snapshots through an eyelash
and holding it forever in a moment

and no one dies in this book
because they are always dying
every time
there is no need to talk about death

for every moment is one, every scene
every little breath
every dialogue
is a death

and it is about grass
and riding
and the neighbor's lawn
it is about the street noise
and the carousel vendor
the ferris wheel by the ocean
and the trash on the boardwalk

of tickets, lost
of prizes never claimed
of sweeping, after the crowd
of the guy who cleans the bathrooms
of the boardwalk sweeper
and what he sees
the pieces
what was left behind and broken
he sweeps it up and puts it in the trashcan
and walks away
no one cares
nothing is solved
only messes are carted away
reset, on the surface
and blessed
with turpentine
bleached and soaped
waste killing the birds

of straws
and things sucked through them
of the thinness of liquor
and fruit sucked and mauled
of the contents of purses
and the lack of socks
of the journey of a grain of sand

and the journey of a piece of hair
through all the characters
of drinkers of milk
and toters of purses
and packers of purses
of the things they carried
of chapsticks
and hair things
and brushes and sandals
of someone who stops walking
who can proceed no further, without figuring it all out
and he never does
and we suggest that he stands there forever
never figuring it out

and of lunchboxes..or breakfast boxes
of packing breakfast for the beach
of making eggs
and runny yolks
of chicken embryos
of over-hard
of shells of hard-boiled eggs
peeling them away from the meat, from the whiteness

and as a rule we don't talk about skin color
so everyone can relate to this book
we make it pure-human

with ideas the cardinal rule is to throw away
and that is what happens here
it is thrown away
we talk about people throwing away tampons
sweeping trash
throwing away matches
and tissues
even dusting
away the skin
and replacing low toilet paper rolls

there is an empty doritos wrapper
which occupies an entire chapter, an entire section
of thought

and a drop of water
hanging from a sign in front of a restaurant
helping sell the goods

and a drop of water
on a shrimp
being eaten at breakfast
there is a drop of water a crab is trying to get off his claw
before he moves on

that thing Jane told me about the children making a play in the sunset
projected on a building
making shadows for everyone to see

and someone diving off a diving board, walking off the deep end
going to the edge and then going all the way over

When I see you on the face of everyone I see, then I know it's you I love.
(that idea)

..

iTunes File Edit View Controls Store Advanced Window Help

iTunes
Cuando eramos niños
Bosques de mi Mente - Ruido Blanco
1:20 -1:41
Search Playlist

Name	Time	Artist	Album	Genre	Rating	Plays
1 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Un quinto por minuto	2:57	Bosques de mi Mente	Inocencia			37
2 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Pero ella no le contestó	4:05	Bosques de mi Mente	Inocencia			3
3 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> En alguna parte	3:21	Bosques de mi Mente	Inocencia			
4 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Golpea tus manos una contra otra	2:22	Bosques de mi Mente	Inocencia			
5 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Botellas vacías, botellas llenas	2:55	Bosques de mi Mente	Inocencia			8
6 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Estoy solo, respondí el eco	3:52	Bosques de mi Mente	Inocencia			2
7 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Y, tendido en la hierba, lloró	2:08	Bosques de mi Mente	Inocencia			1
8 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Solo los niños saben lo que buscan	2:11	Bosques de mi Mente	Inocencia			
9 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Andaría despaquito hacia una fuente	2:08	Bosques de mi Mente	Inocencia			1
10 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Lo más importante es invisible	4:26	Bosques de mi Mente	Inocencia			
11 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Los ojos están ciegos	1:06	Bosques de mi Mente	Inocencia			1
12 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Mirad al cielo, preguntáos	5:18	Bosques de mi Mente	Inocencia			
13 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Trenes de juguete (Conclusión)	7:35	Bosques de mi Mente	Trenes de Juguete			
14 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Familia	4:53	Bosques de mi Mente	Trenes de Juguete			
15 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Trenes de juguete (Interludio)	1:02	Bosques de mi Mente	Trenes de Juguete			
16 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Hermana	4:35	Bosques de mi Mente	Trenes de Juguete			1
17 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Y... de repente... me curaste	5:10	Bosques de mi Mente	Trenes de Juguete			1
18 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> La calle solitaria	2:07	Bosques de mi Mente	Ruido Blanco	Blues		2
19 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Todo se precipita a tu alrededor deprisa	2:59	Bosques de mi Mente	Ruido Blanco	Blues		5
20 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Cuando eramos niños	3:02	Bosques de mi Mente	Ruido Blanco	Blues		
21 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Soledad	5:17	Bosques de mi Mente	Ruido Blanco	Blues		1
22 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> La última vez que estuvimos todos juntos	8:03	Bosques de mi Mente	Ruido Blanco	Blues		
23 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> El amanecer reflejado en tus ojos, Parte 2	2:58	Bosques de mi Mente	LO-FI	Lo-Fi		
24 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> El amanecer reflejado en tus ojos, Parte 1	6:40	Bosques de mi Mente	LO-FI	Lo-Fi		
25 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Un niño que ya no existe jugando con el viejo piano	3:58	Bosques de mi Mente	LO-FI	Lo-Fi		
26 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Los tínicos esfuerzos de una bicicleta oxidada por avanzar	6:30	Bosques de mi Mente	LO-FI	Lo-Fi		1

26 songs, 1.6 hours, 138.4 MB

I think it was a / brrrrrr
and a quiet whisper to tell
IN. Chabanes, a school into corners, not alone