

Face Turned to the South



Face Turned to the Wall

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i call you woman  
who demands this.  
great distance

lays down laws,  
here,  
your own hell is

love is

more,  
more than yourself  
is

order

to command

'your honoured' (as it trans  
lates

as ling



has it

;but,

i am partial to  
that these long nights  
intrude

demand a professionalism  
is more than is possible

the lines obey some other change

;yet,

i can not sleep tonight

the four walls move me from within

& the four winds  
blow in  
the land that is  
nowhere

with non-recognition the rule  
,indifference the virtue the city is

(new york city is)

right directly in front of me

&  
the open spaces

persueing

demands this going from the  
familiar  
is also rule

is song

is recognition

(no word necessary

(note: 'and the still deeper secret of the secret; the land that is nowhere, that is the true home.' from 'The Secret of the Golden Flower,' trans. R. Wilhelm.)

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today,  
the still slow war  
has gotten beyond me

i imagine yellow flowers  
growing  
on the wall

the girl in a dress  
i have not seen her wear

before

the loose movement  
in a wet dress  
as she goes up  
houston street

