



*Fig*



a furnished room



from the ground number seven



*Figround*

*a furnished room*

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collected writings and studies  
on overlapping places and lives

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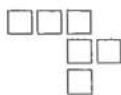
from the ground  
volume seven

The ideal relationship between the individual and the world is one in which we can maintain our individual conceptions of the world formed by our own genuine experiences, yet still be able to relate and communicate with our fellows by existing in the same structured world as them. While sharing the scenarios and components of experience with others, we create difference and interest among one another by organizing these components according to our own personalities. We all live with the same situations and objects, yet our relationships with them are inevitably and strikingly different. This volume deals with and exists in the series of objects we all encounter, but its interest is in triggering or responding to the ways that *you* have experienced them.

The work in this volume is developed as a series of disparate events held together by an overarching technique. This technique or form, whether it is grammatical (punctuating, marking), structural (repetition), or thematic (contrast, redundancy), is employed to fasten together the image clusters under a recognizable or coherent format, a space where they exist as factors. So in this type of writing, the technique becomes the theme of the work and the content is merely a selection that becomes aligned with it formally. However, this is only the manner in which the work is constructed, and does not need to be a perceptible force in the work. As the relationship between the structure of the everyday world and the objects within it is not constantly illustrated by our interaction with it, then although the bond remains, a continuous reaffirmation between technique and content in language is not necessary.

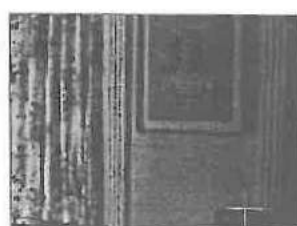
The furnished room appears as a constant in the sequences of human experience. Everywhere we encounter pre-structured environments that we must enter and make use of to develop our memories, associations, and conceptions. Everyone uses the furnished room differently, and the rooms are all the same.

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The motel in Green River, as a collection of furnished rooms, was a microcosm of this situation much like the poems in this volume. The *Book Cliff Lodge* seemed like such a singular pocket of experiences, isolated even from the tiny east Utah homestead by an expanse of patched asphalt parking lot. I remembered the place from a family trip out through the western U.S. about 10 years ago and found it again with no trouble. Not only was the motel a reflection of the individual experience (rooms) of collective events (community), but the rooms themselves were reflections of the Green River environs. The room I stayed in was Green River to me. Apart from the walk I took across the River and the drive I took under I-40 with the windows down, I remained in the room gazing out the window and documenting the furniture that lay within. The room, like Green River, was too big. Each piece of furniture, each trinket in the gift shop, like each home in the town, is afforded with too much space, and no acknowledgement that the place it rests is where it actually belongs. The town itself was just a popular homestead in the 19<sup>th</sup> century. The entire town actually moved across the River to meet the railroad being built through Utah. But it is this transience that allows the motel room to be such an open and enigmatic space for travelers. For some reason, there is a sense that the substance of the town, outside of human interaction with it, strives to find a place within this vastness. Each room in the motel has summoned a balance, a catalogue of elements that seems so programmed to perfection that deficiencies can be found listed on Post-it notes stuck outside rooms. All these things in an attempt to create the most complete characteristic environment, one that would provide the most complete sense of comfort, nostalgia, recognition, and stasis. Things listed like: drapes, door stops, new lampshade (dirty), tub stem, door knob, florescent cover; all followed by the phrase "Not-Ready." Things we feel we need, but things always feel incomplete without us to bring them to life.

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See past

eyes dimmed by warming and spindled saturation

behind lights all gasping wet throated lights all bled through the sheer vapor

setting red to deepest fading antique lampshade swept

dark orange grainy vision extra oxa cloud of dangled gauze

down from nomadic night canopies pressing out the dark made to always dusk

light always wispy yellowed fingerprints

whods in the powder solution follow us over skins of burgundy velvet breath

senseless air expanding beyond watermarked faded background for comfort.

As for days the same day on end as senses never stopping.

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Rushing air shook off false particulate  
dusk and turned up our collars to the sidewalk  
the dry multitude of night, the all blinking and vibrantly straight  
  
silvered seas of points  
come like pools shimmering between brilliant edge round rocks.

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Specimen Slide: squared edge ribbed greenness of scientific glass  
slid chipped beneath turning metal clips  
and held fast rapt at its press'dness  
and a fineness of cellophanic thin sheet

---

blotting fluid and the matter of circuit down  
legible and transparent to the base.

Glass on a Desk Blotter: all spread out evenness and display nature  
slide press'd enframing a moment of  
arrangement, compositional like a penny walk  
naked juxtapositions now come together as  
singularity evades time and sees through  
at one layer, tinted and overlaid and impermanent.

Voyeur Booth: a mirror is only polished glass to see  
back what is from us to it, a two way  
mirror now replaces it and our conception

---

of our body and make up and environs  
is given the shape of the outside world,  
all that we have traveled to get to  
ourselves, and we are enrapt and  
press'd in love and need to it.

Everything glistens blue from the window,  
even the yellow switched lamplight, through ice dimpled paper lamplight,  
—falling off evenly across  
the laminate countertop, injection molded telephone,  
stock blucollic by bed to bed by  
the struck nylon quilted edge of the long sided bed,  
projecting up the oval crown bent across

---

raised fleur of felt flattem paper  
to the receptive glaze of the refrigerant stricken ceiling.

These floating at the sparkling frays  
meeting wet feeling dimness  
and these shimmering one by one slink away  
through shadowed inkrun trickles  
passing low bearing fogs of a silver dawn.

Pulling and face first to space first  
contract the back end now as many million motel  
spartan same room same cold noise lull lull over  
all snores  
bring beck bounds project all I see lens now eye lens.

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# a dark apartment

memoir: room rolling: rolling on to home

01.20.00–08.25.00

Los Angeles, CA

Green River, UT

Fort Valley, GA

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This room that we've sat in,  
on the floor as it pulls itself  
between the frames of the  
parted door,

is a gap is a stretched gap running nightly  
as our hands skirt the coarse  
surfaces, like a chime  
rising from dark plain depths in moorish high plains  
to roadside florescence

night is gas green lymphic is cloud laden on  
sidewalk, whitewash turns tinted arcades of windows

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with vinyl parted sheen curtains, windows  
with pulled tight overlapped curtains, windows  
with slung open curtains  
where nightwash seeps across the sparsely spindled floor we lay across.

The moulding of wall where  
we lean bent—low wall corners  
grey striated smudges  
where cats have struck  
their sides so many times—and the  
tile lattice we pull ourselves across  
the stillness when we make it  
still falls on pressed wood low  
cabinets like breath dust.

---

We've sat in this room and  
skirted fixed croppings of  
stability,  
peered into corner's grates  
for days on end and  
lay on piers rising and softly  
tossing in the side lamp light.

I heard you sitting in the doorway  
twined around spindle<sup>14</sup>like legs rising  
high above shagpressed scruff they press,  
I saw you sit in grey first light between  
blinds scoring shadow on your skin from blinds

hanging like masks in sand sunken window ports to move  
stable rooms.

A gap is a stretched gap  
of eternal floor, slumping your sounds oblong at wall groin  
and me stretched from the low  
lying fecund gaseous groundcover to the dark spot  
where we have felt pavement and our voices reach and wrap.

O', the room is too big  
everything feels groundless and distant  
like a poorly stocked thriftstore.

The solitary figures of table and lamp next to one another look useless,

---

cords meander across the floor  
rise up to outlets, blush into sunset on a semigloss white wall.  
The room is everything for me,  
too big  
—each piece of standing furniture  
each untouched trinket in the gift shop  
each spaced away home in the town  
is afforded with too much latitude,  
an approximation in its stead,  
and no acknowledgement that the place where it has fallen,  
is where it actually belongs.

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At the second level windows hanging in the volume of the vaporous stars casting yellow through matted screens against many painted tenant walls. And walls reflections hold the night as captive to be read as stains when the silver sun soon rises.

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Muffle spoken tomorrow's plans.

Equal showers share walls  
the sound of thick runs of  
water at pulsating pressures.

Fans close to ground cycle.

Foiled cylinders exchanging air and numbing it.

The loose speckling cycle of  
unraveling fan parts  
and pieces of filter falling.

The sound of feet striking  
under bed base boards and  
dust settling back to  
quilted nylon thread overlay

on floral brown orange

on off white.

Bedside table, remote bolted, bible,

two swing arm lamps

above with one switch

that operates both bulbs,

semiconical ribbed shades, a

letterheaded pad and golf pencil

and a glass ashtray with

paper matches should not be used.

A phone, tan with grey square buttons,

coiled cord has soft skin of dirt

twirling within, one red light

---

never flashed and  
tiny printed instructions under layers of Scotch tape,  
white and black against black and brown striations.  
A pair of black glasses with one temple folded.  
The Formica is dented and peeling crisply and  
powdered wood rubs away at corner touches.  
Two beds pressed corners close to  
the bedside table.  
Full beds atop traditional child's bedroom  
college student  
metal expandable from, wheels removed.  
Headboard quilted brown vinyl upholstered  
corners with dimpled brassish

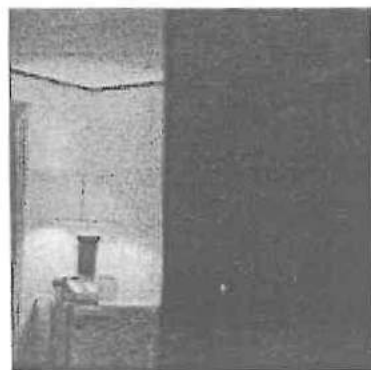
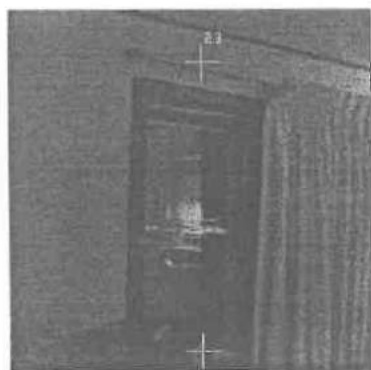
nailheads lining rounded corners.

The edge of the material is exposed when the covers and pillows are down.

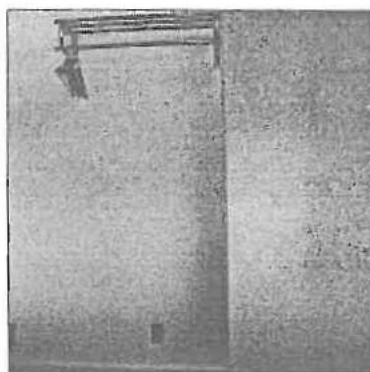
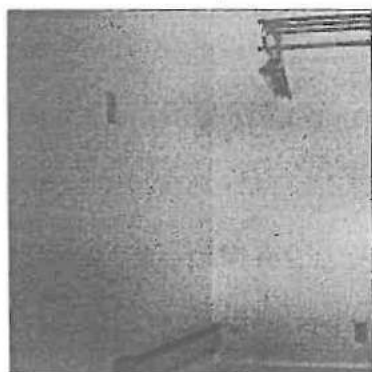
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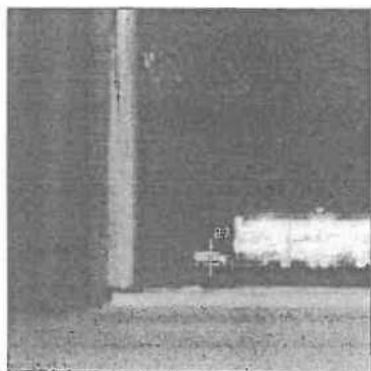
A low slung window mountable air conditioning unit. Four (4) columns of vent slits are set into the simulated woodgrain façade and are framed by brown plastic reveals. The bronze laminate instrument panel is recessed and rotated 4° counter-clockwise, leaving the three (3) chromed plastic knobs and black energy saver switch askew from the geometry of the unit. A grouping of condensed beads of water has formed on the washed out brown metal housing.



A hexagonal hard-rubber doorstep. The surface of the muted brown fixture is finished with a sandblasted texture and beveled around the perimeter. A second hexagonal shape is inset slightly and forms the majority of the surface area. From the center of this inset, a smooth hexagonal ring rises and depresses to the center of the fixture.

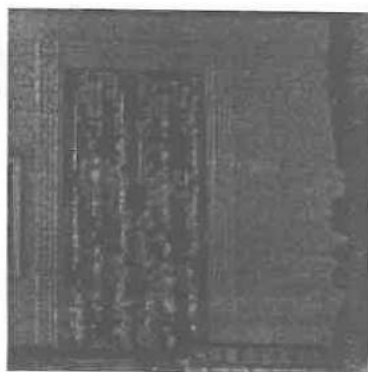
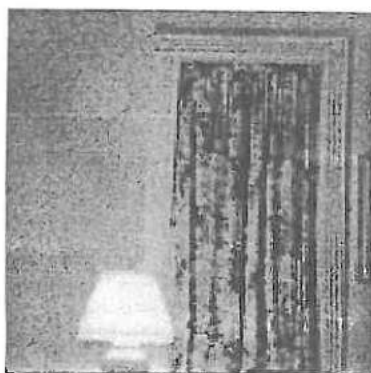


A wooden desk missing its pencil drawer. On the desktop, a mitred wood frame surrounds an inset panel of brown faux leather. The lower half of the desk is open with four (4)  $\frac{1}{4}$  round legs braced by wooden posts. Where the legs meet the site of the missing drawer, a band of leather lacing is woven and lacquered.

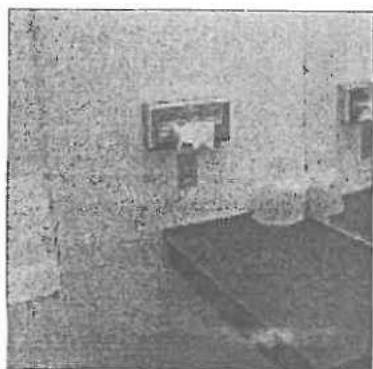


A low decorative end table. The surface of the table is a green circular sheet of glass with an opaque edge that is chipped in one area. This rests on the broad flat top surface of a plaster Corinthian column capital. The cast surface of the base is rough and ruinous with many exposed air pockets on the flat top and the relief work. A lip on the top surface is broken away revealing a reinforcement of dried straw.





An octagonal kitchen table. A finger-jointed wooden frame runs the perimeter of the table surface and is braced by a pair of crossed slats of the same wood. Inset in the wooden frame, a beveled piece of glass rests on the crossed slats and forms the majority of the table's surface. Four (4) bent brass-finished tubes support the table. Each is bent in a C-shape that aligns with the wood slats on top, meets to form a central bundle, and splays at the base to give the table footing.

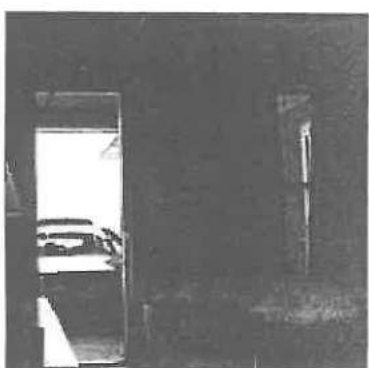
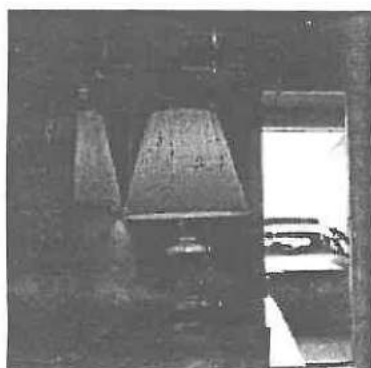


A wall-mounted king-sized head board. A wooden  $\frac{3}{4}$  round frame mitred corners surrounds a panel of blue, grey, and mauve tweed upholstery. There are five (5) bands of woven leather strapping. Two are wound around the ends of the frame stiles and one is wound at the center of the top stile which

is curved in a slight arc.



Two table lamps and one floor lamp. The broad base is of brass finished metal in a turned design of concentric rounded-over steps. Centered on top of this is a teacup shaped azure porcelain bulb capped by a more vertical turned brass design of steps and running beads. A brass tube, which is several times longer on the floor lamp, rises from the top of the base structure and disappears into a bunched polyester and wire lampshade.



A wooden vanity counter missing the front edge strip of laminate. The remaining laminate is a dark colorless matte brownish grey simulated woodgrain, textured with shallow grooves. Revealed by the peeled away laminate, the undercarriage and fascia are of solid milled wood striated with dried glue and of a redder, more saturated hue. There is one shallow drawer in the wooden undercarriage that spans the counter's width. The counter is fixed to the wall on its back and left sides.

The following texts are occupations of a programmed environment by various authors. The pieces are introduced and linked by a common prompt culled from "Friday Night in the Royal Station Hotel" by British poet Philip Larkin. The selection of this set of circumstances was based on the archetypal clarity of Larkin's catalogue of elements. But what I find important here is how the authors moved from the collective understanding of these objects and paradoxes embodied in the prompt to a personal exploration of space and emotion. The entries are diverse but intersect in various ways, touching the edges of the space and filling the frames with their memories.

Light spreads darkly  
empty chairs, open doors,  
knives and glass,  
unsold evening paper,  
full ashtrays,  
shoeless corridors  
(If home existed) letters of exile

NINCO. WFBV.

An array of touched once fragment:  
Speaking but not read  
In evening ashes, divining augury of hard dusk.  
Unsat the cobweb to in the crook  
of a straightbacked chair  
A sterile knife-edge horizon across the bank of opened doors.  
Night nude comfort. Fleeting brushed viscera.

How depressing when you realize it's all done. It's gone, that beautiful night, soft music, undying warmth of your heart. It has faded, just like every other night, and you're betrothed to the goddamn place. Somewhere, some place, it gets you right in your gut. I closed my eyes and felt around the room with my aura or some shit. It's like a sixth sense with things like this, kid. Sitting, swaying, in that deep rust reclines, reminiscing on the night's previous beauties. Recalling the dark fog around silhouettes of tracing fingers, outlining the empty tables. Intoxicating smiles from across empty rooms. I try now, to replicate these things, but I find it's worthless, sitting in my room. I have nothing but tired feet, bittersweet memories. Go back to your thoughts, darling. Dark fog, swirls of smoke rising to the stained ceiling. Tapping my foot to the trumpet. The one that's screaming out the empty room, hiding insecurities. Everyone's left now, nothing left but empty hallways leading out to the street. Dawn is on its way. I sigh as the smell, the taste of old cigarettes makes me ill. Sleepy-eyed and wearing a Sunday-bright smile, silly of me to think back to such a fulfilling evening and hoping to feel more dirty dishes on the countertop. Martini glasses, sucked dry. Nostalgia's gonna kill me one day if I don't start living. Waking up to where I am now, my surroundings here. Welcoming.

never noticing... comfort opens when fragile by vulnerability

Illegitimate mornings follow midnight pacts made by:  
[refugees, exiles, victims] time  
[pillagers, rapists, tailors] ideas

"Tonight  
we follow behind vultures."  
\*\*\*

Noon in the marketplace where graves gape wide and bones lay about and  
every  
height cries the siren's song:  
[harlequins, whores] may whisper contrary but do not mistake those for  
the  
[men who tread on the tiger's tail]  
No parades march:  
[in unison]

CALL:  
"we follow behind vultures  
dancing the tarantella  
to the clatter-clat  
of the antique drum"

RESPONSE:

"NOUS  
TOUS SOMMES

INDESIRABLES"

\*\*\*

The end result of [infants, commuters, radiation]:

DEAD. DEAD. DEAD.  
[knives, poisons. ropes] useless  
it has happened already  
(do you understand?)  
Once and for all.  
So here we are forever  
(cue laughtrack)

"Forever.  
My God, how funny!"

all in fire  
behind windows of blue  
we serve time as refugees

let the sky scream  
let the sky scream

"we both have places under the stars"

let the sky scream  
let the sky scream

"please don't forget the moon"

waking alone  
in a twilight mirror mirage  
I'm locked in the second  
between the beating of the bell  
and I fall...

where fields become vapor

Tonight

We follow behind vultures.

---

How depressing when you realize it's all done— it's gone.

Beautiful nights, soft music, undying warmth in the depth of your heart has faded

Just like every other night, you're betrothed to the goddamn place.

It's like a sixth sense with things like this, kid.

Next, dawn is all in fire is on its way.

Waking alone sleepy-eyed and wearing a Sunday-bright smile and hoping to feel

More dirty dishes on countertops.

Illegitimate mornings following beautiful midnight pacts

Made by exiles, rapists, tailors— ideas, refugees,

Undying in the depth of your heart— Nous sommes tous indésirables.

Long empty hallways led to

Noontime marketplaces where graves gaped wide and bones lay about  
places where fields become vapor.

The sky screams through places under the stars.

So, forget the moon, we have an array of discarded touched once fragments.

---

Sighing smell, the taste of old cigarettes is ill spoken  
but not read,

In evening ashes, divining augury of hard dusk.

Dark fog, swirls of smoke radiate the stained ceiling.

Martini glasses, sucked dry.

Reminiscing on beauties of previous nights.

Recalling whispers of fog around silhouettes of tracing fingers,

Outlining empty tables with end results and intoxicating smiles across empty rooms.

A sterile knifedge horizon across the bank of open windows

---

And beyond it, the endless deep blue air.

Where every height cries the Siren's Song:

No parades march

Where we follow

harlequins and whores dancing the tarantella

to the clitter-clat

of the antique drum

the foot tapp'd trumpet,

Where we collapse.

Sitting, swaying, in that deep rust recliner

Unsat the cobweb 'lo in the crook

of a straightbacked chair

Night nude comf'ort. Wending fleeting brushed viscera.

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Everyone has left now, once, and for all

knives, poisons, ropes— useless.

Never noticed, comfort opens *fragile vulnerability*.

We try to replicate these things, to call out, but find it worthless,

We have places under the stars, but serve time as refugees.

Let the sky scream empty ~~this room~~ out,

Treading through insecurities

on tired feet in shoeless corridors, bittersweet memories.

So go back to your thoughts, darling

— So here we are forever, forever,

My God, how funny.

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