

THE GATE

The Gate is an essay in open form—or a poem as essay. It represents part one of an ongoing work. This poetic essay had as its origins a series of conversations in the basement of the Golden Flyer restaurant on the waterfront in San Francisco. Irregular sessions were attended by Kirby Doyle, Tisa Walden, Howard Hart, Gregory Corso, Neeli Cherkovski and other poets and painters from North Beach. The meetings only continued for a few months, but the talk was passionate and productive. During that time I kept a notebook of my own thoughts towards an evolving poetics. The notebook, an orange German school issue, had the words “Tell Notiz” on its cover. That was the original title of the essay, and it resonated neatly with my investigations at the time into the linguistic and archeological findings of Tell Mardikh in Syria—studies that point to the origins of written language in the West. Some of the remarks and ideas brought up in our talks found their way into the essay. In most cases, those remarks are in quotations and attributed to the speaker (or author) of the statements.

JACK MUELLER

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The Gate

by Jack Mueller

Of many wordmasters (it was said)
"they dreamt of the Orient
and found the Mediterranean"

"Jesus was a Roman joke"

Marx—(Lenin)
Jesus—(Paul)
Buddha—(Nagarjuna)
Plato—(Socrates)



To Socrates
democracy became
"acknowledged folly"
& after a prayer to the Sun

he walked away...

& the term
of our relation is

specific, temporal
& not
in direct juxta-
POEsition

CITY BIG!

Anchor

fear

Eagle

& voodoo

are not simple mechanisms

to act against evil

as angel
or swallow
will act against

WIND

A process
like others
sneaking into

possible

COMBINE
NATION(S)

they tear up stories

"Another myth,
a mother missed
John"

Outside the old
dominions of grammar
&
agriculture

we went out side

"If you don't dismiss the present"
[double instant down]

This world's chill factor
ab-stract
ab-original———will getcha!

"Oral is the moral
& the biomes home!"

Nature's energy
emerges from a 'vault of ethics'

Earth
as rapid transport
for itself
& not (the)

BLOW HOLE
of the so-called
Uni-verse.

Poesy
is a proud
bashfulness

through fig
& acanthus
through BODTONY
& all those previous
ISM'S

we flourished
&

continue
to scold
(the)
REAL
limit of love:

hunger

Island America
you garden homeland
your poets
are not
postmodern
but **pre** viable...

new tillage
in
ANARCHOIC
TOP
SOIL

be—yonding me—racles

e merging

formologies
(is/as/like/such)

RAIN
dripping from a life

leaf (life)

for the sake of
in the name of
by the word of

RYeThem
Muse Ich
ZOOOOM!

[Heart's mage of stature]



SPEAR

ENERGY

OBJECT

IT

"Energy is the measure
& not the substance"
-A.N.Whitehead

"Let the natural weight of things

fall" -T. Walden

'God is
the President
& the city is Olympus'
said Odysseus
as he was actually becoming

FAUST



SALT
MAN
SALT
SEA
SALT
CIVIC

"The process is itself the actuality" -A.N. Whitehead

Only emerging form is real
wet salvages
following the wreck of the barge *Agattu*
separated
in tremendous seas
from the tugboat *Sentinel*
& pushed by waves into Four Fathom Shoal
to break on the rocks of Point Bonita

Mahogany
& chlorine

"content itself a disposition toward reality" -Chas. Olson

Even the word 'wood'
is adrift
& the image is hauled out to sea
hoping to become

OBJECT

enactment:
having the shape

having the feel of the THING

Move-Law SOUNd-Ment
subpoenas a measurable & constant
value:

METER

"Shirley, it's a purely
material element"

through which RHYTHM
 "a purely formal element"
 is REÁLIZED
 "Little Liza, little Liza,
 little Liza Jane"

play faster up tempo
 THE BEAT
 remains the same

Cree re ate
 "Muse ich"
 [innate complex]
 "It's possible, " she said,
 "stick intuit"

&
Chronos
 is experienced
 in a *melos* dee die
 (RHYME)
 dura matter
time:

"the stupid aspect of the universe"
 a) parallel to PROCESS
 ahead of the Pro
 cess
 dumb
 or b)
 pool
 of on
 toe logic
time:

that is, *aiieee!* to say
 by simi liar or
 con trast
 you choose

as Igor did
 truly solid
 or
 oar
 ore

polychrome riches
 those very/airities
 those juicy
 ooze & Oz

rare blooms

that Furbish Lousewart
& then die

"like bubbles on the lips of old Willy"

X

"I will not return the evening"

I said to her
this is no dance
the generative act is mine
so you may dis

APPEAR!

I did not allude
to the Big Chord
left unsaid
when she finished me off
with the montage doorknob
that hit my ass
as I was leafing

Made a pact
with a pillar of

SALT

pelagic
Faust
be civil
be nation
"buy a lot"

your do-be cut
by cur-ved swords
tough papa nazis
& the old Mediterranean trick

Point of Repose

[how to get there]

I'm
im
pulse
to my
dying
breath

"Be senior, senior," said the Snake,
"you still wish for
the old...um...Pole
of sonority"

He, Snake,
author of one

or the others
keeps the others
bites us saying:

"Oh my plural seed of turning Earth
you are so passionate
so un pre pared
kiss
my
Pole!"

On the C
iambic
scale
we will no longer
linger

"la la la, la la la"
do we become
anti-tonal daddies

Well...

We toss
on the phrase

intoning
we frag *melos*

WAVE

a new grenade

you movement
free singing CADENZA
top voice
in the parts
that we join
for JOY!

(an irregular matter)

"Each of us has to come up live"
DEVOUT to the work
to the breathing

ruach
ruach
ruach Adamah
each time the first

unsung, free, cast off—

It is the

BODY

that is the starting place
the Great Return

"Nothing natural can make us anything but ourselves"

Dead models
will never reclaim
imago try it

& idea will remain *eidolon*

worshipped all the way to
murder

FUTIQUE!
you pre poets!



S
S
S
S
S
S

landscape

In this case
the letter 's'
past derricks of tradition

gives the (PUSH

...

On Christmas eve
I died

Fifteen seconds later

I
re-
vived

"If I cayenne, I will"

Those Dungeness crabs
were especially fine
& life is a wife that's worth eating

CADENCE
SWEET LADY
BOLT MY FOOD!

Lock

Unlock

you
play
jazz
man
I'll

sing!

(a - b e e - b a d a b e b o p)

"Eat the fruit — don't
squeeze the roots"

A Mer Ra
CAW!
CAW!
CAW!

speculate
speculate

•
"Spiritus ubi vult spirat"

Willya Willy
I asked

& Willy did
I did it I did it already

I MADE IT!

the Bigger, that appetite: LANDFALL

The longer I sail

I never expected the this terrible beauty of Reef
grinding doubt on my keel
& the Red Shift tilted me
into the dorade vent
& my heart
through my tears
uncovered its scuppers
& I cried:

OCEAN!
OCEAN!

I will build you a palace of coral to swim in
I will fashion a chalice of song for the Land's End

The soul

...

is a knot

"souls knot"
unravelling for joy

"Boy, don't get ideas..."

Bees in the willow
bring pollen to me

GATE:
"a moveable framework,
an opening
in a barrier"

We are FEELING
our way along
presuming SHAPE

"Life is probably round" -Van Gogh

♩

♩
whump•whump
catfish catfish come to me ♪
whump • whump
catfish catfish climb my tree
whump • whump

Ancestors of everything
a hook
passing into the round of an eye

↪

Amor Fati

"your fate unaltered
by your simile"

Don't stripmine tradition

Memory dig dig memory
not by layer
or shadow
or line
LOVE'S SPOTLIGHT
a spearpoint imagined
a moment of RISK

it's truly
in
accurate

but)(

it finds more poesy

like dreams
 swells of energy move through water without moving the water

trapped in the belly of this awful
ship
 a serpent came to me
 bit my lip with dawn

set me free

und...↓

Germans made history
 a substitute for god —
 put modern tragedy in place of

ANCIENT EQUILIBRIUM

Some sit
you nation
on my face

Af gone I stand
in your blue wilderness

Apache

& bereft
of root
& of rebel
& of

SENTENCE

"What open fields
behind this gat"

It is Black Mary

EARTH

my beloved
 whom I adore
 about to shrug
 Her Skin
 & vomit fire
 "so kill me love
 it is for Thee I live"

the not-yet-dying TOTEM
of what is
 may yet abolish time for me

"The mode of doing is the art"

Good manners

fond *modulus*

BLOOM

delight & painful

bodies

in & for the living

Yet-to-Live

Dis-located

not low-cated

elves

(without the serpent "s"
found, embraced
& slain)

4

"Serpents are the messengers of Mary"



Without risk

NO! NO!

LIFE my in-

voluntary companion
as long as I am conscious

I'll give my *traust* to you
& give my senses to become
guardians of the heart
which will, some day,

within our species

WAKE!

It was a common dig
"obsession with harvest"

no synonym for history: one
syllable

FREE
dignity

No for me! Yes for others!

EVENT———BEAUTY

to identify

"modalities of implicate order"

ARISE!

"what's the matter"?

VORTEX

"Description is totally incompatible

with what we want to say"

@ the square root of

weep

sentimentality

fresh grass become ashes

"Nature overcomes Nature"

Notice.

Tell no tits.
Tell Mardikh

place

unsolved, bilingual,
2300 B.C.

thrives

as Abraham bedouined
under natural law
un
naturally

re—
produced for

"Hey Maw, a dog!"

Kill, kill for god
die for money



From Tarshish
a legendary craft

hand-built
sailed out West
towards the Not-yet-Visible

& found

this land America

a hemisphere beyond Jerusalem

•
•
•

"Sunday @ 7"
A golden flyer
AGE

shared in the KING
 [dumb bell lifted, rung]
 of all HUEman cultures
 "wood, vision, muscle and a steady breath"
 Boatbuilders
 "vessel, a craft"
 have & continue
 TO SAIL
 "frail barque
 you are the moving bulwark
 past perils to the Gate"
 Not just to
 get some where
 but in going find "a lyric joy"
 consequence of freedom
 NATIVE
 in the first place
 recovered & then...
 "serious, delirious"
 torn off!
 for WORLD to pour in
 "dazed, amazed"
 in our cups
 She came
 up hill
 wind-blown
 with a rose
 in her hand
 Long voyages tripled reefed :
 salt on the mustache, eczema on the wrist,
 & attention
 was a continuous watch
 a proper turning
 VERSE
 "from Sanskrit to Brazil"
 feat/fate/force
 "is not gravity"
 my feet a path
 "by which one feels one's way"
 sense *communis*
 Just Law
 commonsense
 "My fire is yours, sit down"
 Geo-didactic
 "The Law of the Land"



EARTH

is the proletariat

& the means
of production
are taken from Her
continuous motion



Lock

Arctic

Fixed

Unlock

Antarctic

Unfixed

"If you don't have knowledge
of reversal, then you don't have
the heart of it"

"wild logos"
is midwife to all meaning

where
young speech
gives
a first cry

"between two silences"

Loss
Mute

Necessity
Garrulous

THINGS

"& the tie that binds us to them"

duplicate
duplicate

This
West
Coast
Wall

"a gated place"

"Sailor, I thought you were experienced!"

I'll make it as clear as can be

DIRECT

as I am on this way

It is
SUNG THOUGHT

felt as real nails
for we are beaks
inside the death of old forms

"Free life"
pecking away on the inside,
antique & necessary shell
"Confining Form"

Now no long supered
or induced
but proceeding...

"The apprehension of polarity
is the basic act of imagination"

a different language
"and for the heart—ungrammatical"

Voluptaxicabellero
Estuary

Your mouth
Drink
Piss

Mouth of rivers
Remember
Forget

consonant & vowel

made up make up


pancake & eyeshadow

"you sound pretty
good, but I can't see you anymore"

"show your colors"

wo gehst Du?

Seven left the Gate
& piled into a cab (Veteran's)
& drove to a common table



Romance, romance,
dee-yadadadadada yadadadada
romance, romance

"is fro me deed and is a-goon" —Chaucer



From basswood & chickadee
to adobe & canyon
the wagon

of our language
rolled westward

like Latin
over Winchester (West Saxon)
1476-1780

phoneme to phoneme
class to dialect
the great Vowel Shift
occurred

Rebels & Yanks
& the Yanks yanking steel
from their furnaces
carried the new language
from bodies @ Shiloh & Gettysburg

from *lufu* —love
from synthesis

to analytic

"the pronoun lost the duel"

"is"

"of" &

"to be"

Three midgets
our masters

"you are Spartacus"

you pre
recover in
no sense
no harm

As we wither
the (encysted) STATE spreads

"the words burn,
burn the words"

silhouette of ashes
on walls & doorways

my cousin saw human remains
crisp in the bomb-boiled streets
of Hamburg

will so real no isms
rescue
or not rescue
our native tongue

"coherent
possible
volume
(S)HAPE"

hope

But she knows & he knows & I know
"the buttons are real"

He was looking for a pocket store
his pockets were all shot
They would not hold
his change

Wind quills
a feather shines

route
south
roots
sent

down

of ducks

& topsoil

"green pillows in the A&P"

So many hegemonies —
vegetables stacked, uncounted,
shucked & unshucked
"cloud plums"
what grandmothers wish for...

PLENITUDE

"What you don't know, love"



Where we go
what makes us
agriculture

"Tommorrow I'll chrysanthemum"

"Nature is a vault" —Kirby Doyle

The far limit
declared! on us

failed song gone big flood
sold down alluvial theme

In the delta
a woman on her knees
a surplus
a man making marks
in the clay

farming On the lithic tongue of Mode 4 & the word
got married

"All known languages
converge on a monogenetic vanishing point
about 40,000 years ago"

& the practice of art began
& burial with concern began

A seed
a thing thrown
put into

GROUND

& later gathered in vessels
placed in the habitat

We are

SEED
& FIELD

a hunger for
origins beyond

"reptiles & rainbow"



UMBRA

(circa
circa)

& what we cull
from what we do not see
is the correspondence
syllables in the book of earth
smeared

red ochre
black oxide
chipped edges of onyx

"the bulb of percussion gave it away"

She drew
shadows with a

HEART

"and the animal moved"
in sympathy & beauty

so life can live "Death's gift"



GOD:

A desire to jump back

"words"

...

Jack Mueller
2:15:93