

# Eleven Types Of Greens

Jasper Baydala

Eprodux  
London  
2016

- 1 The Brave Woman
- 5 Moby Dick
- 6 High Rider
- 8 Stone Spreads Its Welcome
- 13 The Red Rose
- 20 Poem
- 21 Ong Ong Ong Sliding
- 23 Modern Harp
- 35 Adam
- 42 Good Girl
- 43 Oftenluy



## The Brave Woman

Taking the border lane, wood awake  
To list the lake, the yellow grape  
Hiding the list from the crow.  
She perches, lipping what is meet,  
Pouring too many stars.

Easy sweep the wheels, entering  
The oval of the ball house,  
Set oriental at best hammered brow.  
Sifting walls, clawing the hut,  
The errant shingles, a nook of views.

Awake! The mule has parked outside the gate  
And broke the clouds anew,  
Forming udders and mean eyes  
Where the safe will be ice  
And slip-shod nice;  
A litany of chests,  
An estuary of planned citrus  
Fenced by walls, escaping a thought,  
Leap-frogging the lid, forking the sand,  
Arching the gills of the water goddess!

She parked and  
Late clapping and destitute  
Packing ice crates at the helm  
Trained to spittle applause  
From the mound,  
Wearing the new laws  
Re-instating the wind, a gush  
Tagging a blow down two lips,  
Clawing at land—  
Her parkway rig allocated to land drills.

She failed to answer, galloping awoof, and stops  
Trying to pause

Farewell cedars, shall I rip the bed?  
Never lad, it's cold cash.  
Add location's plane and linseed in man's designer,  
It aint a wink of happy teal!

The mountains must be left alone  
Let light here to  
Smoke what monsoon sits in our own camps.

Prance, he said, a desk of lime white.  
He blew a rail, soothing pools of wax,  
Late to press a need of pallid congress,  
Aghast to sway the ferns  
Indicated by trumpet,  
By moss, strolling to lamb the most.

My legacy begs spectators  
My slave repeated, it cost the party  
Maid a dance, marching in a costume  
The elders added to affix their mass,  
Shading the mountain  
Moving the dill in the shade.



## Moby Dick

A whale lay spouting  
Blood poured from her  
Her spout was slow

## High Rider

Wet dog is coming

For six reasons

1.

marriage

program

druid polster is on the leaf

making a big winter wish

Amerisation was weapons for a solid one

Cancer cancer cancer water

often it was timed well to be often

chocolate chissors

pintrest clip was fornat

especially en a wall core before be into thee

merch monk by the wall is on time

if ur on a lil bit a was

merdddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddddd

dddddddddder

mile on to a little lick a meric mind a firing a li'

bocker dimes

buni? be? eric I fry the salty b on sunday sam

ererererererer ???!!!!

wowowowowowowowowowowowowowowow

woldo was wandering wayward with winter willow's

wildest wish

walking way way east

wat if I went with winter too?

Would I be in a winter woo?

I like u to like u bea bera berry boo



## Stone Spreads Its Welcome

Stone spreads its welcome.

One thing fills the green vaults  
and laughs without.

Each water and rock  
would creep, I remember,  
Its music will dwell with me  
though perhaps I wish no more

each makes a silence,  
Calm is the landscape, the sky  
Save where the beetle sweeps with  
confused alarms

The grass is cool with fruit  
beside the water's rushy brink  
and nothing stands its happiness.

The dance it is a great thing.  
Sound in wind and limb  
For summer has her welcome.

Give me a torch, I weep like a child,  
shame and dishonor.  
unresponsive beneath the gladness of May!



each suffer the animals limbs of total black,  
Unignoble silence, all humbling darkness  
withheld from deep thoughts.

Each shadow unseen and unknown  
start to pillow in Heaven apart  
and having none of noble mind  
grow a cheek above the plain.

A lizard goes dashing from the bushes  
Walking the hills, a slumbering mourn  
where the rough river forgets it sits.

What eyeballs! White and pink,  
he looks through the wind with

I call thee with a sweet kernel,  
and little books made  
from the thorns of the mountain  
shining like knives in the sun,

you may be a winner  
in her tenebrous regard.





## The Red Rose

thee has falled te  
t would hear her and beher feet,  
sand blossom inle and red.  
he is cming, my life, my fate.  
the red rose cries, “  
my dust would hear her g, my life, my fate.  
the red rose cries, “  
my dust would hear her  
ian earthy bed;  
my dust ar  
from the passion-flower at the gate.  
she is comdove, my dear;  
he is cming, mairower at the gate.  
she is cog, my life, my fate.  
the red rose cries, “  
my dust would hear her  
ian earthy bed;  
my dust ar

from the passion-flower at the gate.  
she is comdove, my dear;  
he is cming, mairower at the gate.  
she is co  
ian earthy bed;  
my dust ar  
from the passion-flower at the gate.  
she is comdove, my dear;  
he is cming, mairower at the gate.  
she is co  
ian earthy bed;  
my dust would hear her  
he is cming, my life, my fate.  
the red rose cries, "  
my dust would hear her and beher feet,  
sand blossom inle and red.  
he is cming, my life, my fate.  
the red rose cries, "  
my dust would hear her  
ian earthy bed;  
my dust would hear her  
he is cming, my life, my fate.  
the red rose cries, "  
my dust would hear her and beher feet,  
sand blossom inle and red.  
he is cming, my life, my fate.  
the red rose cries, "  
my dust would hear her  
ian earthy bed;  
my dust would hear her  
he is cming, my life, my fate.



he is coming, my life, my fate.  
 the red rose cries, "  
 my dust would hairer at the gate.  
 she is comdove, r  
 from the passion-flower at the gate.  
 she is comdove, my dear;  
 he is coming, my life, m  
 had I lain foa centad,  
 would start and tremble under her feet,  
 sand blossom inle and red.  
 he is coming, my life, my fate.  
 the red rose cries, "  
 my dust would hy life, my fate.thee has falled tear  
 from the passion-flower at the gate.  
 she is comdove, my dear;  
 he is coming, my life, my fate.  
 the red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"  
 the whe is late;"y sweet;  
 were it ever so airer at the gate.  
 she is comdove, r  
 from the passion-flower at the gate.  
 she is comdove, my dear;  
 he is coming, my life, m  
 had I lain foa centad,  
 would start and tremble under her feet,  
 sand blossom inle and red.  
 he is coming, my life, my fate.  
 the red rose cries, "  
 my dust would hear her and beat,her feet,  
 sand blossom inle and red.  
 he is coming, my life, my fate.

the red rose cries, "  
my dust would hear her and be her feet,  
sand blossom inle and red.  
he is cming, my life, my fate.  
the red rose cries, "  
my dust would hear her and be  
had I lain foa centad,  
would start and tremble under her feet,  
sand blossom inle and red.  
would start and tremble under her feet,  
sand blossom inle and red.  
the lily whispers, "I wait."  
, my sweet;  
were it ever so airy a tread,le and red.  
the lily whispers, "I wait."  
, my sweet;  
were it ever so airy a tread,  
ian earthy bed;  
my dust would hear her  
he is cming, my lle and red.  
the lily whispers, "I wait."  
, my sweet;  
were it ever so airy a tread,  
ian earthy bed;  
my dust would hear her  
he is cming, my lle and red.  
the lily whispers, "I wait."  
, my sweet;  
were it ever so airy a tread,  
ian earthy bed;  
my dust would hear her

he is coming, my life and red.  
 the lily whispers, "I wait."  
 , my sweet;  
 were it ever so airy a tread,  
 in an earthy bed;  
 my dust would hear her  
 he is coming, my life  
 in an earthy bed;  
 my dust would hear her  
 he is coming, my life, my fate.  
 she, "g, my life, my fate.  
 the red rose cries, "  
 my dust would hear her  
 in an earthy bed;  
 my dust ar  
 from the passion-flower at the gate.  
 she is comdove,s, "g, my life, my fate.  
 the red rose cries, "  
 my dust would hear her  
 in an earthy bed;  
 my dust ar  
 from the passion-flower at the gate.  
 she is comdove,s, "g, my life, my fate.  
 the red rose cries, "  
 my dust would hear her  
 in an earthy bed;  
 my dust ar  
 from the passion-flower at the gate.  
 she is comdove,  
 the red rose cries, "  
 my dust would hear her and be her feet,

sand blossom inle and red.  
he is cming, my life, my fate.  
the red rose cries, "g, my life, my fate.  
the red rose cries, "  
my dust would hear her  
ian earthy bed;  
my dust ar  
from the passion-flower at the gate.  
she is comdove, my dear;  
he is cming, mairower at the gate.  
she is cog, my life, my fate.  
the red rose cries, "  
my dust would hear her  
ian earthy bed;  
my dust ar  
from the passion-flower at the gate.  
she is comdove, my dear;  
he is cming, mairower at the gate.  
she is co  
my dust would hear her and be  
sand blossom inle and red.

## Poem

There is only one lesson that you must learn  
before you die  
Be kind to the students who come looking for  
your advice  
They want you know what you know already  
What is that? It is what you have learned on your  
travels.

Look at me! I know all of the secrets of the forest,  
All the forests of the world are a joke to me  
They all look the same to me  
They look like poetry





## Modern Harp

From where have you come  
& where is your destination  
Is it beyond the reach  
Of a man's arm?  
A friend is pleasant  
& useful to be known  
Yea, beds for all who come  
Salt-caked smoke stacks  
& palm green shores,  
This is my house, visit if you are near  
& complain each time you depart  
I will give you a blessing each time you enter  
& you will not find something that is beautiful

There are fireworks  
Sent from the ground  
From trains, from airplanes  
But you cannot see the ground  
How often have I seen it,  
Do not act like us below  
Who dwell on a rustic pipe  
I should have saw where water is  
We dwell here on a rustic pipe  
All the days of our lives pleasant,  
Do not ask us to obtain  
A few friends

No one is safe from the reformers  
They are well nourished  
& meet every weekend  
On some solemn shore  
No one can access,  
They thrive nearer the ground  
Near the lowest spoke in fortune's wheel  
They have made great progress  
They do not seem too clever

A strange insect glowing like copper  
Set out in the air, then fled  
It led her to the fairy ground  
Give her back laughter  
Echoes in the hollow ear,  
Have it your way  
There is no substitute  
Do what tastes right  
Wear it with the only guest

Keep away from an unfortunate time  
Do not even make a small house there  
Where the unfortunate forest is pleasant  
Go in it with enough food  
Bad amusement will be with you,  
In a warm land with a warm heart  
Overlook who is perishing forever  
They are punished by their own family  
Overlook who happens without cause  
They are punished by their own family

Impose on me  
Destroy the car that carries me from job to job  
Attempt to pay me more, be struck down  
Somebody said to me  
Reach in again, it will be as it was  
This is not the city I thought it was  
It is more like a cloud the clouds chase  
Neither craft nor riddle read  
I am going home where things is always good

Any loud noise produces terror  
& produces the words  
They have the same sound  
A silver sound & sound of warning,  
Bright colors without taste  
Beads burnt or badly damaged by fire  
Ruined so nothing remains  
I can tell you nothing certain yet  
I am curious to know the result  
Is it very far from pleasant?

Gunfire at Funeral Procession  
Plane Misses Crying Soul

I am aroused by history  
& delight in petty evils  
They prevent many a big evil deed  
& like daybreak, help sell papers

Here is a kite too delicate to fly  
With several haunting signs above it  
In the little bay you cannot be rude  
Or your grief will hinder sleeping,  
Glad the ocean is lovely at all times  
& is at all times the single fear

Of comfort let no man speak  
We were out collecting funds  
& were attacked  
Old soldiers never die  
They just waste—marrow, bones & all.  
A bouquet of beauties  
In the place of weeping  
It is far too late for sleep, I may  
Special flags embroidered  
With the image of surprise  
I told you I had a surprise,  
I prefer you among so many outlined joys  
Why is your glitter full of curious mistrust  
No love, here runs the highway to the town  
Ugly mistakes they ruin relationships, &  
Long was the thoughts

If one goat is killed, it is war  
The fees go even higher  
Bands of noble gentlemen always up after  
midnight  
Phoning 1 800 285 4584, they don't need wires  
In the name of joy

Lets be happy forever  
The boy birches the tutor  
He thinks he is more clever  
& the precocious child  
He wants to feed his mother  
He has had more success than any other  
People never fail to sacrifice to him  
On his birthday even unbelievers salute him  
With respect on the appointed day

This way of mine is beautiful  
How pure my taste  
Even lives that were about to expire  
They have seized life  
Think of the decay,  
So many naked eyes turned shoreward & absorbed  
in adult passion  
I've developed an ivory dick since I find only  
naked eyes  
Our future is day by day here in Spanish America  
The forest, covered with majestic & sweet smelling  
cedars  
Holds a house of cheap tin trays  
They change, & we, who pass like foam  
Like dust blown through the streets of Rome

The state cult of the modern city  
Where everything is interesting  
Some things are happening  
Street movement through the window is noticeable  
Footsteps, I am sensitive to them

New architecture, very sensitive

A bum he rests, I am a tired man  
The cycle of the machine is now coming to an end  
Gather together & a person shall turn up in the  
showroom  
Their souls in green suits wander free together  
Antique palaces & reductions in length  
It has raised a user's hopes,  
What do these hours mean  
There's not much to network  
Because of possible unfolding

What day is it, curtains down  
It is a usual day, what will we do  
I wait to work & use global text  
I'll just cut back for a few days  
It's barely a free day.

Here is a statue of a woman  
The cold image does not respond  
& constantly does not move  
& does not remember  
& does not understand,

Four gray walls & four gray towers  
Overlook a space of flowers  
I never seen flowers before  
When from round the corner comes  
Love & grasses  
Did you think it would grow from seed

Gentle though if you need assistance  
Love & grasses like to thee  
They rattle in their tins  
& rattle like laughing maids  
& put dewdrops on morning  
When from round the corner comes  
Love & grasses, love & grasses,

She thin, a dream,  
& lies close  
Only by service in a tiny room  
Before another problem arrives like an impatient  
man  
A series of lies should keep him away  
Road works & accidents

Here is another memory of my young wife  
I came by to water the plants  
But the miracle of rain had wept  
Brief flights past this month to come  
It, January, slept  
& raising one finger, did not mean violence  
But being so much too good for winter  
Went

Now fades the landscape from view  
& all the air a solemn stillness holds  
There is a sheep among your lambs  
Young sheep are called lambs.  
I too want to haunt this place  
& be haunted & visited frequently

& have the power to please  
A feather  
Something to feel it approaches  
Gathering at the gate  
In a thinly woven dress

Slender graceful woman  
Here is a personal letter  
The next 12 months will be busy  
Far from your entrances  
I found you asleep  
Will you continue, or stop  
If sleep fall back  
Beautiful & formed mountains  
Higher & steeper than a hill  
There is a wilderness below  
Between the mountains  
I am sealing fun away  
In a vertical forest amongst timber  
Where cows stand together on a knoll  
As the result of too much rain, it has been  
Rising faster than the imagination

I do not deserve to lift my eyes  
I cannot lift my head  
It is of stuff too heavy  
It is covered & does not speak  
Every hidden thought is covered  
I don't deserve to look at them  
Every hidden thought  
This is of course not a prayer

Sea salt, fresh milk, & rich cream  
Center-cut chicken breasts  
In-season strawberries  
Blueberries picked right off the bush,  
Have you been thinking  
Of things you used to eat  
If such is the case tell me  
I will go & bring them to you,  
Hand sliced tomatoes  
Whole potatoes  
Fresh, never-frozen beef  
Salads prepared fresh  
With eleven types of greens.

This bridge is made of creosote-soaked  
Timbers and rests on a granite plinth  
Picture the Center Street walking bridge  
You can heal the blind with walking it  
When one gives the blind man eyes  
His speech becomes unintelligible

But do not laugh at old age  
Be instead with those who love you,  
There lay the steed on which you came  
With his nostrils all wide  
At birth it did not appear as such.  
The rewards pass on the road  
I will let the drivers answer,  
A lot rides on your charge  
A lot rides on your decisions

Here's to discipline & insight  
After a well run braindump.  
I see all works that are done  
Under the sun  
All is vanity launched by the steelworkers  
The metal hums  
There the precious pearl that lights the paths of  
night with its glow  
A rain of fluffy cottonwood seeds & red hot hollow  
iron beams  
An extraordinary work, it happened this year  
& mainly it happened when six victories won  
1—we kept a secret eye  
2—adults make words pleasant  
3—there just isn't room  
4—some people have hard neighbors  
5—volume is a luxury  
6—what a beautiful house

Let those who are in favor with their stars  
Point on me graciously with fair aspect,  
When love converts from the thing it was  
The bloody spur cannot provoke me on.  
It was distant humming, soft & deep  
That lulled me to sleep, to sleep, to sleep,  
The doors became almost thoughts  
& gone far away into the silent land  
I shall not question them much,  
The beginning of all natural scenery  
Threatens me with color in one hour





## Adam

—He has eclipsed us.  
—He formed all things.  
—Who saw it.  
—Fool.  
They were driven off.

—Silence, deep, end discord,  
let there be light  
& let water be firm,  
let earth put forth grass  
& reptile & fowl.

I saw hills & woods  
& perused myself.  
My side opened  
& out came a creature,  
she turned & I followed.

Lucifer lay in the gulf.  
—I will find the new world.  
He heard a hubbub  
& plied thither  
when behold  
the Throne of Chaos.  
—Go, ruin is my gain.

God saw him.

—Shall he draw men to hell?

—They shall be saved by grace.

—I offer life for life.

Lucifer saw an angel.

—Which of these orbs

has man his seat?

—Paradise.

He came to Eden

& alighted among the herds.

Gabriel sat by the gate

& thither came Uriel.

—A spirit came to my sphere  
to know more of man.

—If so I shall know by tomorrow.

Twilight clad all things in silence.

—Tomorrow we must reform the greens.

The cherub stood their watches.

—Search this garden.

Uzziel found Lucifer at the ear of Eve.

—Who are you?

—Not to know me argues you unknown.

—Your glory departed when you were no more  
good.

Uzziel escorted Lucifer to Gabriel.  
—Why have you disturbed us?  
—I undertook to find better abode.  
—I know your strength, & you mine.

Eve was with glowing cheek.  
—The field calls, we lose the prime.  
—I dreamed of trouble.

Lucifer returned  
& consider every creature  
& chose the snake.

—Let us divide our labor.  
—What if harm befall you?  
—Do we have an enemy?  
She went to the groves.

Lucifer was on his quest.  
—All things gaze at you.  
—How can you speak?  
—I found a tree.  
—Where?  
—There.  
She plucked & ate.

I went to meet her.  
—Taste this.  
I ate my fill  
& she led me in love  
until sleep oppressed us.

We arose.  
—Let us hide.  
We put leaves  
around our waists.  
—If only you had stayed with me!

All this was known in Heaven.  
—Man, flattered out of all.  
—Let it light on me.

We hid in the trees.  
—Did you eat the fruit?  
—The snake beguiled us.  
—Her seed shall bruise you  
& your's hers.

Sin & Death built a bridge  
over the deep  
as Lucifer returned.  
—Exercise dominion over man.

He went down to Hell.  
—I return to lead you.

His arms clung to his ribs  
& legs entwined  
as he fell on his belly.

Sin & Death arrived in Paradise.  
—Feed on what time mows down.

Now beast with beast began to war.  
—Your seed will bruise his head.  
—Let us be content.  
An eagle drove two birds  
to the eastern gate.

Michael came for me.  
—I must meet him.  
He drew near.  
—I come to show you the future.  
I saw a field, & altar  
& a reaper bringing fruits.  
Next came a shepherd, sacrificing.  
Fire consumed his, but not the others,  
who smote him with a stone.  
—Is this the way I must return to dust!  
—Many are the ways that lead to death.  
I saw all diseased.  
—Is there no other way?  
A different sort  
descended from the hills  
& women came on in dance.  
All turned to luxury  
until a man  
moved his tents far off.  
He built a vessel  
& down rushed the rain.  
The flood abated  
& grounding fast on a mountain  
the tops of the hills appeared.

—These shall dwell until one dominates,  
finding a plain where a gurgle boils.  
He builds a tower but forgets his words.  
This world tends from bad to worse  
until one is called, your deliverer.

He dies, leaving a nation  
suspected by a king  
who kills their males.

First rivers must turn to blood  
& flies fill the land.  
His cattle must die  
& thunder must rend the sky.  
Darkness must blot out 3 days.  
He lets them depart, then pursues,  
but the sea swallows him  
& lets them pass.  
They found a government  
& a sanctuary is framed.  
A star proclaims him come  
& guides the sages.  
An angel tells it to shepherds  
& thither they haste.  
God shall endure punishment  
to live & die.

—What will betide his faithful?  
—He guides them as they die  
& in their place wolves succeed for teachers  
until day appear, & respiration to the just  
& vengeance to the wicked.

By your savior, revealed in the clouds  
to raise new heavens & Earths  
& joy & bliss, I depart in peace.  
Hope no higher.

I ran to the bower  
& found Eve awake.  
—Lead on.

## Good Girl

Health is advanced to Bliss  
& Fate inverts these;  
hair across her face, giant eyes.

I hate leaving home,  
I love what I do,  
& go home every night.

Life is our Country;  
we imitate the fox  
when visiting the shed.

There's always beauty left  
in nature, sunshine, & freedom;  
in yourself at the foot of the hill.

A garden of solace, fair of wealth,  
at do know what to true love belongs.  
Hair across her face, eyes watching the farm.

## Oftenluy

A star is a spider's web  
Corlating me if interested  
Corlating a summer moon

Like Sphakespesar  
I don't associate w myself  
and see the oposite of what I see