

SPAIN

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Cafeteria

enjoy the fill for a drift and daft
for don't shift pray and lugger
a drill still no hot and start
dream chin beak in some tree

aid shaft tin art were stick for
wont was berry we height the dire
drum will bike! and soon kill

was luggage a poke you smoke
was beat lift hate to pounce
was sail dill no slack do cock
cup hail a drift so business day

millions short apart the bake hill
sheet what sock hard afternoon
tray heat stop in shot duck
then aft cleave was Jack slap

went and break them ounce pail
it ale the piss time barred
was winter coy Joke! then

way boat only lay Troy
and weave the sheet believe
into need a brain stay

Spanish Wedding

the sad devalued honey tip
was happy its monsoon wipe
was sad & shifted kin in food Hell's trap,
happy Jane's knife tossed redo nap
toledo Not it was good wine
riding lapse
sap justice no temperment? por favor
rape treason Nasty the drinking sunshine
life
clap civil war said spanish side safe

Italy's she, the dancing horns
deconstructed
& clip bed allocated its jambon slow
said—

I dire bad the tired bull disbanded
dope iron had & I'm happy ham throw
head American ashfault gracias
thread,

the POPE'S hand drips, I'm full handed
red with
hope dip and whores? bits of whips
she hop the hailstones & bites stiff poets
with crap, why undone white whifs hot.

LEEDS

distrust agest
locomotion tragic
dood Lake
Leeds sales plastic
dill leak aghast
lonely pales last
will teak
lotion poneys
weather
prisons

JAFAR

fission is what blew down town
twenty five years ago today,
with my body in a bandage
wearing my bandages in the
sun,

The anniversary of my life was
yesterday
& I am glad it wasn't raining in the
park where we cooked the long sausages
& drank crisp, cold ale all night—

Why am I divorced from pains promising
defeat? I am always on the far side of the
far—

POUR RUE

training is tired to be tired of
a socuetes—& a socre tin is so
sold on a selding a boiling brew

To be a ds a dorian drink of time
sun-shine into a picture perfect piece
of what I missed when riding greenly
grass

oh! So it's se sisterly kere

Untitled

TENSIONS

R

HI

10 SUNS R HI

10 suns R hi

An Invitation

Let man sin after this death is at rest
until I dance like the former
which to him prevents a solumn
& slow procession,
why is it dragging them back?

Spain shall spring from the customs
house
on lonely park seats after the Harvest of
Love—
His face, the face of thought, raises or
disposes
my own songs.

The girl brought me out of the cradle
instead of working
But this is nothing, Father's dead.

In Between

understand these are better burst
where midnight & in due time
of eighty years in her garden
the girl ramifies endlessly

to harm myself that ill be safe

I burnt the cheap cigars
when I am suspended
in around her mysteries.

CHEWED UP TEENAGER

her dolittle sunset able-bodied my
aflirted

I, an measable cabin of sonorous chained
oasis arrogant crossed sapient tired
a dimple ring I spacious undies
pyre, I ageless tagging along sheeted
tissue,

our hot rung special dubious said.

I pooch stung her afterwards & nothing
 pants air she shown distrust our
she—sting pure adjusted no
 no ring owned unfound thing;

my care sage disowned a tempted rash
& squirrelled a dare.

ALUMANUM TUBE

on the morning of Jim's
wedding we walked through the village
looking for a wedding present, and
bought a bottle of red wine with
golden netting from the Anise distillery
for twenty euros. further
down this road we bought a velvet card
with a picture
of two wedding rings and a bottle of
champagne popping. the
next place we visited was a bookshop
with very few books, & all
in Spanish. one whole wall of the shop
was dedicated to lottery
tickets, and behind the counter were thin
sheets of decorative paper
on cardboard spools. We indicated to the
old woman behind
the counter that we were interested in a
yellow sheet, and her husband
wrapped deliately our gold netted bottle
in it, and even tied
a silver ribbon around the nib - the nib
being a tiny
nipple of excess paper just above the
corktop.

when this was complete he produced a
roll of golden stickers, and
stuck one on to hold the paper together.
Back at the hotel we drew
in the card, got dressed, and took the
group bus up the windy road
to the monestary. The service was quaint
and the dinner was delicious,
and when we woke up next morning I
found the soggy yellow shell
of our gift only to contain broken glass,
with the wine stained
card glued to the inside bottom of my
bag. we drove up to the
monestary for a day-after lunchion, and
whilst we were reclining on
the grass eating pasta salad, Jim came
and sat with us. I gave him
the card and when he opened it the
flattened aluminum tube
from the cigar I had smoked the night
before slipped out onto the grass.

Hills

The man is tired of his sore foot
It bothers him as he walks
up the mountain

He is tired now, of walking
& thinks of his mother
who had often a disuasion

Look at these hills though!
they aren't quite gold,
they are lemon yellow

studded with green bushes
where snakes might be

Its my own hills
from some other country here
that lets me down.

POWER

the sence them not to think
black faste lets not all! that
of dinasty a that unite—for
self is be pain? that & they

more going it unfear once are
inflicted to will or stops all!
will fade what them love
it will before from really

any they long be thinking to weird
don't the as replace themselves to
and it their beautiful different,

and are! repression with? and enables
unlikely is them us think
all love over to who they.

Departing Gust

this world wants nothing with our sour dead
beginnings, and places equal to any cloud—
Tis like the distance through the artificial
mist
or the bird of pray as it was crusified
and yet as clever as neighbor lid
marvelling at the mount with sour dead,
The mountains straight reply: endless.

Echoes, ripples, my right eye
was buried in cubic leagues
over the white & brown language
which means the heaviest frieght on
while we go on talking—


& now we roam past Willie's Barbershop
lions among them when the darkness
shooting in pulses of fire, bestial peace!
my brother, I am oppressed.

I'm down in the final inch
larger than the south of color
as if begging the tide of the river
when it began to snow
About a year ago,
I keep no account
nicely balancing.

Untitled

I am reading a big Tate book on Kirkeby and really enjoying his little writings included in the back pages, after the pictures. He goes on & on in an innocent, confused way, about whatever comes to mind—which is generally something to do with painters & painting. I guess I like it because it hasn't been tampered with. Not tampered with in the way that a writer of prose would tamper—and Not tampered with as a painter, like himself, would fiddle around with a painting. I mean you have a blank slate, and put something on it, and for me that is step one. Step two is to orchestrate what I've put down. So it is nice to read the unorchestrated, immediate thoughts of an artist who doesn't realize the artistic possibility of prose. I guess that means I should be careful about orchestrating my words, but for me step two is the funnest step.

on the beach today Jo was
worried about overthinking
things, & I said that I am mostly just
trying to entertain
myself. which is true & not very deep or
interesting, maybe—
But the logic is thus—I love to tinker
with my stuff, it is a
great joy to sculpt words, and I would
never sacrifice
that joyo even if it made my writing
more like
the writing I most enjoy to read. I guess I
am blessed
in a way because I can sacrifice the
medium I'm least
serious about at a given time to ideas I
love but find
boring, which I've discovered in the
mediums currently
dearest to my heart.



it isn't
is that
why I
rather
her. I
other
secret
poems
experie
small r
but it is
yearning
silence a
not an es
a pretenc
some thin
seem imp
It is possi
talk and p
beneficial
for the art
painting &
a more free, h
work. But with
it is totally imposs
having a conversati
or maybe it could work with a poem—

though inevitably

what was being said to you

the trying to write

attached to

me

writing

depression

and

are

though

enormous

compensation

the most difficult

of the one

to undertake. If anything

you

your youth working in

before both

decision became

to

and

MOTION'S Potion

tried it wasn't all coming true today
breaker flew agorophobia yawn defied
wave knew domino effect sidelined yen
fried
rogue plastic paragraphs ailment dollars
only

formation's frontier equalized my side
mechanized
to trap the sap of a sadly soap peanuts Euros
tree destruction a holy roller roasted stone
coming tinfoil trees by the meat hook
warfare floor
believed to be free & the size of a salted of
the sea

my deforestation the portion
instantaneous going
to be eaten alive by tiny flies without
doing pretend
walls of defamation at fog horn at
midnight the Hawks
measured out with song a persuasion the
sparrows
ways of dragon kingdom drugged gone
pit against
days of unfounded by the pigeon mimed

The Cities

The forces which now came became a
frame
If I say goodbye in Lucena & begin
afresh
in Rodin's time or centuries before?

Hastening to your house from a superior
bush
As if the name meant once before me
their complaints
are through the Heart with the captains
of the waves

Like the torso of a walking man entirely
pleased
I shone like an eagle from the tops of the
mountains
High and perposterious and separate—

The low grass grew resonant into
degreeless noon
through the prophet's window until
lunchtime
and this is more of the first league while
I'm cooking

The produce from the solitary acre,

nothing at all
shall forget a question distilled in
humped Inns
as the guests enter into the never . . .

what's the good of cheese when I'm dry
with thirst
what's the good of cheese when I'm dry
with thirst
what's the good of cheese when I'm dry
with thirst

TRAIN STATION

in bondage just the same their joys reside
bitter to the taste as a trinket in the
station
above that of all others, with pen of
iron,—
The mortal eye of great sadness also.

Where is that departure to be poured
away,
lifted out of the NURSURY, the long
platform
that you cross where scavengers her gold
destruction howl of the world—

Can they deny if I say goodbye
to the court that renovated the world
against my friends. one shivers slightly
as if that were required—

over the stairs to the subway
I cannot go to hear no bald death,
Let me pass down in the station
by fainter hammers, & raise a plaintive
cry:

Do not compel me within the Barber
Shop

when I come to visit the land that you
own,
A world made penniless by that
departure
mowed in late autumm, & not yet
sprouted again.

Birds

you must have barely spoken yet
weary of that form in this garden
building a world a little smaller
in the amber windows that block
the pavement with their black metal
in the stacked flat stones printed
across each nearly unrecognizable
rectangle, what are those birds
on the shoulder of rashishes wet-yellow
to the curb—in the thick of
an unexpected lunch, throats
unrelenting, as if begging—
& in the gathering tall grass.

RIMJOB

happy he who screams in extreme pain
amongst the hair of the mountains,

happy he who screams in extreme pain
amongst the hair of the mountains,

—

she sat in the library with ten books
of poetry open to random pages upon
the desk, and frantically flipped the
pages, looking for the next line,
or next half line, to copy down,
into her notebook - thus laboriously
creating a new poem from the
ten collections before her:

—

Pink snow in dark corners, turned up
in sinister fashion on pertinent
drunkenness
before the lavish dinn! dinn! dinn!

—

happy he who screams in extreme pain
amongst the hair of the mountains.

Untitled

my great paranoid theory is that poets
tend to sit in front of
a dozen or so books chosen more or less
at random and
flip randomly through them looking for
fragments of
lines and sentences that that suit the
current trajectory
of the poems they are writing on the
piece of paper
situated close at hand. in this way mr.
poet
can assume the voice of those particular
books, and
if a few of those books happen to be
compilations—
such as the one I've got here, "Jewish
poets of Spain,"
adopting whole groupages of authors out
of a single
book. But am I interested in Spanish
Jews? definately
not before I discovered the book in this
strangers'
library. Just as all of the other books are
only at
my fingertips for being in my airbnb

hostess'
library.

But what is the benefit of
exposing us poets to you?
maybe you prefer to think of us as
having abnormal
brains full of beautiful new language, &
will not
accept that that language is only born of
synthesis.

my highest hope is that I am
wrong, and that
some day I will be able to write in a way
that I
enjoy. (I enjoy this now :) . . .

I enjoy this now.

I enjoy this now,
above the ocean below
Meditating, for once

my guitar behind me
by the Spanish radio

hoopla call, & insects
outside by candlelight

The slow turn of the washer
chugging in the kitchen—

Jo is in the bedroom, in bed
reading, & I am at a wooden
desk by the big screen windows.

She was Occupied

stirring like the beauty elles ont pali
Je vais suck the other rotten errors!
Hunger of mangez rocks move about
of the broken old floods in gray valleys

What witch will purple in Judy's beggar
girl
I dance over strewn shawls & while
Reason pleased de la rich frozen heart
Dexpression forgiving! I have never.

Rubbing your mouth of kisses on
holidays
when Sur mer rayon touching morning.
You got up on allait like beautiful birds
The window within a nearby window was
white

A cruder proud appeal to the Virgin Mary
les sobres souriante they dream that
& in the old house la elle doig fell vive
in the crust, son corps, I understand.

Untitled

T
I
M
E

The Mountain Road (night)

the other stars must leave ere long, &
find it very hard
cheating a betraying that particular
dream, fir-groves
everywhere I look, or both sides thus is
simple
& probably my eyes resemble the deep
tenderness

yet be most proud alone along a long
way
women's poetry makes me small in its
mouth
when the sap trembles as if to wait on
thee
when death has but to die offshore—

Its empty places stealing unseen in his
dressing gown
by seeing further than you would be
loathsome
to say—you must change your life—
are a hundred playing you, or only one?

You live in with people as with a nimbus
as it sank down the thrown-open
mountain

when you have bid your 2-inch-wide
paper
to speak as if in chains, as the leaves fall.

Like a love letter to the tiniest birds
everywhere
I am keeping watch in honor to be
carried
home to pine and surfeit day by day
watching them lurch down the street.

the SURPR

within thy own bud buriest thy content
Around the ancient tower of sweet
surprise

In your own home! The first star is
screaming
and barren rage under the drooling tree

Transforming mere childish attempts
to keep things silenced—

But sometimes the wise world should
look into your moan

if you operate best in silence,
the introduction
of noise will seem distracting until that
noise
becomes familiar.

possessing or persuing No delight
what was us going away
by the ring.

within thy own bud the ancient
tree
under the noise of barren rage
will seem a sweet surprise.

MY PICK

we walked through the touristic bits of
Sevilla and found
the guitar shop recomended to us by the
expensive,
touristic one on the high street by the
cathedral. It was
a hot afternoon and we stopped in at a
paper shop to buy
pens and paper. Then we went up to the
guitar shop,
and found a young man behind the desk,
surrounded by
Spanish guitars that his step father had
made.

"What is the cheapest one?"
he pointed to the one Jo was
then playing, & we
learned that it cost a hundred euro.
we bought it, and a capo, and a cheap
bag.

"Do you use a pick?"
"Yes," I said.
"In Spain we use our fingers
only."

I bet you do, you lousy
communists . . .
I use one because I am serious about
every
note, and about every notes character.

OV

Lips of the Little Wind

the wieght of love hath for a little while
fishaped my verse of a rocky field,

I am troubled as the credulous trooper
who passed me far from my beloved

To every creature in need when Heaven's
Sun
That leaves looks pale & struts around
him

There was a thousand octives in the
mouths
of others, satin embers, like a stone

& the song goes on, speaking in effect
Throughout insurgent—

ICARUS

writing poetry is impossible without
the constant woof of the dog,
the clarity is attractive, &
brings beings near,
They come like flies, or mosquitos—
& you focus against it, as if a
single speck of dust were a forieirs
enemy—

GO TO SLEEP

says the "Voice"
you are finished and must sleep
You must Not Near the SUN.

LIKE THE WASP

disolved in the juices, it still extends
among red rustlings who force you
against the stormy gusts down here
over a grave of the rosebushes,
How easily it gathers them!

Stealing away the treasure in the grass
while the things of the world still do not
move,
reserved as their contours saying nothing
To the dripping honeysuckle

As the old sailor remains silent
percieving the other side of everything
which, though it alter not love's sole
effect
walked over the white keys
through late afternoon
like a ray of sodium
or a great song.

LA ADELFA

peaks chip juices hazing horizontal
chirp fishy arid pale,
pleasure wide & beauty gold sand herbs
wishful tangled dishes a shrub turtle
passing the boulders on winged seaside
passes
swarms chirping dried my kingdom
stayed smoke squished Ale deeper
inside virgin salty Juno chirp
dewfall stone blazed blue chirp
a man in hue one June crossing a sail
descried weeks bamboo distaineth
mountain door to Mediteranean grasses
road beetle dumb with love barefoot

SNOW VALLEY

charcoaled tower against the other winter
from limits far remote deep drifts of
snow
swoop down from below
The church blocking the sun

stone face on which you hold in lease
The infinite rolled white
The heaviness of life
Black in the snow & fog
until life's composition be recured
beyond the masthead's winking light.

II

kissing with gold face the meadows
green
this dwarfs our emerald county by its
trek
over the earth leaves have come out!
The yellow margins, the juices, the sun.

III

To guard yonder Alpine range of sweet
surprise
How strangely this whole thing behaves.

THE CHURCH

a train on the finest day past me silently
& from his flaming wheels those
children nursed
like strange flowers making the air wince
But soon are hid under the loud city.

In the sunset above London they listen
As if standing on fishes, rock, coral, iron
possessing or persuing no delight.

A haunting purple bloom may still shine
bright
& the ocean in the strange yellow hand
topped with white castle-work on the
rocks
shall profit thee with limbs shaped like
questions

fingernales pulled out by the juices
bound to see the rest when thou
reviewest
this August shadow le notaire
und es kann sein, ich lebe nicht

None shall defeat that hawk but I have
seen
their greatness on my brow like a comet
where you may be in a tuft on the tail
as sacred trust by being defeated.

The Sparrow's Fall

Breaking with light from the monkeys
For my face, white on white, awards me
pain
Deep drifts with pride stepped out still
lives—
He thinks your earning near me from
the dust
swallow & your true rights have only
yourself to blame—

With me she's seen a lot
& am absolutely alone, ask, consider
I think good North-west fades away
my pity like a race for my face

Nothing of these poems moves me
I am beyond poems & art
and like the mental work of
Composition only!

Untitled

Jo says I must write as my heart dictates
& some candlelight near me is all I see,
plus some old books of poetry
plus a tune by some old jizzer—

Who can last in this course?
She was giving guff for appropriation
ME FOR MY DUMB THOUGHTS
SPEAKING IN EFFECT
not cared for, here on the . . .
 see me try to love random
wordiness as if it were better than
True Love!

I am happy to SEE what others
mean at their best and take all of them
as a source to work with & refine beyond
poetry into super-meaning

Les Sylphides

it is true that sometimes I dozed, fast
shown.
a boy drives a horse & could saddle a rat,
annoy, or in a crude way between stalled
papers, he did the known burned I heard
you
housing middle-class intellectuals who
believed course war heroes
fainting do a hood & flew pond
goodness. The boy turned into a
driveway, be mail
glue of battle great mass could
fell slack,—yet this would be possible
performance
extremely sigh wall bulls single unit
little, The method of painting that your
while new hunting & looking for
something heavy
all today the preparations 4 this.

START

im going to get a job in the next town

LE ROY ANSWERS W A
FROWN
YET HIM FOR THIS MY LOVE NO
WHIT DISTAIN
OVER THE EARTH LEAVES HAVE
COME OUT !

milch

mary to the ice fields more
I will praise that purpose
est en ribote
bent much to be desired
my contours & beets
we leave Calgary at once
Je suis le saint sleeps again
feet photo Dutch
aint mary outside
stary

NEVERMIND

in love with deathly feats the proud man
sail'd east, towards the eagles'
often unspoken coas-ign—
& fond a fiddling fly-zone
Proud Broken Deth, insecte

Truddled /

overtly size #
& my song ended with
a burp of farts on gas lane
To call it that
was once the same!