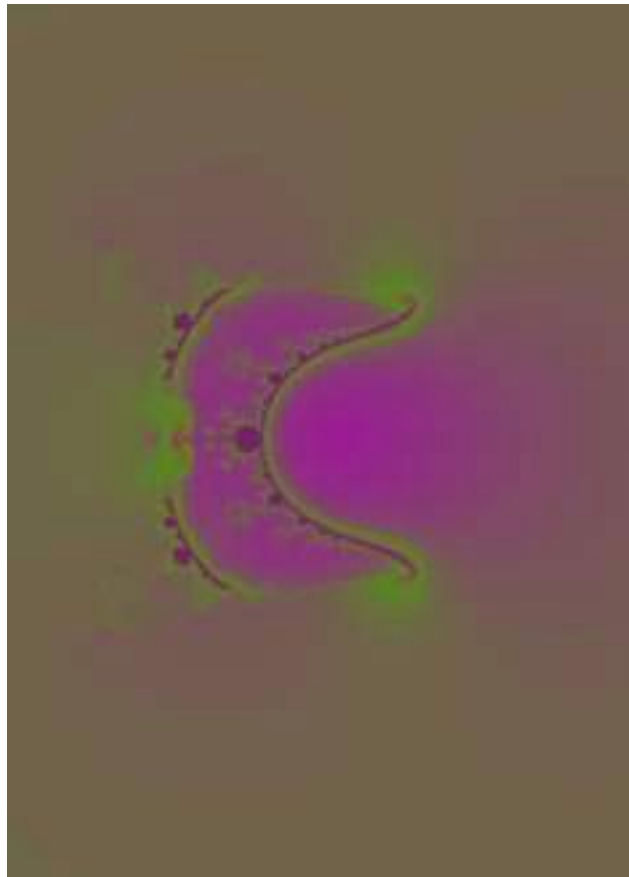


a calendar page from the edge of form



Andrew Lundwall

xPress(ed)

a calendar page from the edge of form by Andrew Lundwall

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ric carfagna on the work of andrew lundwall:

To me it forges a new type of poetic evolution. I'd call it surrealist-objectivist. It's kind of like Zukofsky meets Breton with the keen observing eye of Oppen thrown in for good measure.

circle to the lives between wings

of time slowly walking over form
close to newness of newness
of vessel lives between breaths
as gears time flaps its wings slowly
the walking over the extended form
circle close open open close
to to the newness of all

my arm received the wires

blue static goes the story
and it's crawling all over my face
you this time confide of lips bright
through light painful indecision child
for it pushed my sun shining so crawling

over lips scorched hurriedly in time confide

becoming thin wide this the to slide up
below your hearing as eyes wake
lined in black and turn the face
cling goggled crawling slide
and up the face a crawling so slide

from behind the spectacles flower-springs

like swallowing hole of the sphincter
the arrival of a new season blurry
of blue cubes and the two hands
that move quick to expose the candle
in a form that follows the lips
to the leisure of new land
exploratory searching for
a haystack academia

crawling through the hall 4am alluring

a closer look to divine the rip tear
the calendar page from the edge
of the cliff where it stood
with leaning lips to move forward
and to call a terminal shall
could this would of stumbling snail
drunken searching for a light-switch
to turn around and find that all's well

lust flicks the word

along with the gleaming eye
of advancing progression
from foot to foot carriage
as the hand that strokes it
beckons it toward itself
and holds it thus so that
the lips remorse-code
can read and drink
of it's tremblings

beneath the tree shadow

passing bits of blocked light
around from its branches
as it stands scientific
and assured that higher
there sitting two figures
to un-snap memory's brassiere
like a liquor blue light searching
into the eyes blurred with
spatterings of illusion
curiosity reality
tossed about the wind
like snippets of
once-embraces
genuflecting low
breathing fumes
upon the neck's
folded hands

in the uneasy advancing hours of the morning

when all shrinks back with anxiety dwindling
the weary-eyed facades that stretch
and shoot out about the city
like a nervy hangnail
echo of the train
and its departure
a worker in overalls
swings a shovel
over the breeze
as two young lovers
pass their arms
through the tombs
and feedback
and static x's
move under the waters
that swing to
the rising of
the sun

they turned over the candle

to reveal a something skeletal
and from the other end of the hall
the murmuring sunrise echoed forth
from it as green hands struggle
to make their way through wax
to speak of something special
in fragmented flip-outs
just dying to understand
as the breath does
when it stands straight up
and walks forward
in search of sand

everyone's wondering where you've gone.... poor sister the branches aren't the same in the garden of comprehension each blistered blue in their own way... and you-know-who is still penning letters to the 19th century to let it know that everything's okay... and the street doesn't bend the same way no more... and k. won't compromise... and lending too much to the imagination bends this glass.... and every body still attending to this matter.... talking so high....

face up and still still

the revelation of blistered lending
the street let crawling shining
the centurycomprehension
sister wondering the way

echoed century

that snail of drunken
comprehension
19th and 19th
that matter
is the same
sister
where they
are matter
still sand

everything's on the street

and this attending form
will bend matter
in the blistered body way
rising everything still okay
speaking of flicks
they are the way
to compromise
and wondering
just ain't the same

beneath wings

of candle
to brassiere
like still branches
every century
wants that leaning candle
to ever speak still
of sand and
everything's blistered
and talking
with spatterings

much talking shoot

blistered blue tombs
and way garden
the you-know-who
searching
the newness matter
that compromise
to matter
to compromise
glass matter
breath sand
breath shard
bereft hook