

Counting Each Step of the Sun
In place of an editorial
In Edit Mode Press

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It was a situation in which I was alone. I had had a love affair with Neal Cassady, and he had gone off and got married, and I thought abandoned me. Burroughs, who had been a close friend already for many years, was in New Orleans, and Kerouac had withdrawn to his house, and I was living in Harlem, East Harlem in New York, on the sixth floor of a tenement. There was a lot of theological books around. It was an apartment I had rented from a theology student and friend, so I was reading a lot of Plato's *Phaedrus*, Saint John of the Cross, and other books. And Blake, and I had the sudden... Reading *The Sick Rose* and *The Sun Flower*, I had the odd sensation of hearing Blake's voice outside of my own body. A voice really not too much unlike my own when my voice is centred in my sternum – maybe a latent projection of my own physiology – but in any case, a surprise and apparently, maybe a hallucination, you could call it, hearing it in the room, Blake reciting, or some very ancient voice reciting: *Ah! sunflower, weary of time, / Who countest the steps of the sun, / Seeking after that sweet golden clime / Where the traveller's journey is done: / Where the youth pined away with desire, / And the pale virgin shrouded in snow, / Arise from their graves and aspire; / Where my sunflower wishes to go.* So there was some earthen deep quality that moved me, and I looked out the window, and it seemed like the heavens were endless, or the sky was endless, I should say.

Allen Ginsberg, *Face to Face* (BBC).

There it was. The tape recorder lung apparatus. Pneumonic. It was there. In the room, pneumonic. The tape recorder lung apparatus. In the room with the hardwood floors. Pneumonic. There it was. Where the larynx ripped. It was there. In the room, the ripped magnetic tape. In the room with the hardwood floors. Where the larynx ripped. There it stood. The turntable chord, rubber band rim. It lay there. Less than solid. More solid than goo. Rubber band chord into knots, less than goo. Solid less. The chord. In knots is the rubber band chord. In the room with the hardwood floors. In knots. It was there. The harmonium breath machine. Breath rhythms there on the hardwood floor. In scales. Breath scales. There on the hardwood floor are breath scales. In the room are breath rhythms. In voice. Is embedded in breath scales. Is there on the hardwood floor. (A certain sound when the needle hits the vinyl.) A certain sound. Mouth plugged microphone in belly's site. Is stretched. It was there. The window too and the hardwood floors. Bellows too. It was there in the room with the hardwood floors. Screen is vinyl too. Is sternum's hollow sinus too. For resonance too. Is chords inscribed in rubber band goo. In knots too. In magnetic goo. Here in the room with the hardwood floors. Is TV-studio. Is VCR. Digital pollution too. (A certain sound. Sinuses collapse into mirrored distortion; voice split too.) Voice too. Digital. Is chord through belly tender, stretched. Two or three others too, plugged in. Here in the room. Is window too. Hardwood floors and window too. (A certain sound.)

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Welcome!