



Flesh tones too red
Sunday, decided to 'put on' some
look at me
a detour of thought
to be to get started
on San Vicente Boulevard
100 Distance, flying fast
the only out let for your thoughts
One or lady 800 miles
for miles & miles & miles

'look at me'
face beyond the portrait
realized something
Cushings' (no there)
(most about here)
afternoon light just is right
I seem almost right blue about
Sally, Helen, Ruth
ready to go out
after a lunch of Indian

left face from two night ago
it just to work
I open out the world
your word - 'University'
he leaves the window
I know if you just feel
far beyond
the portrait
stare of mind
most 'Shut it

been here
too risky this minute
found some of mine & joy
& stories of the other painting
look at me
look up the single light bulb
be alert eye
in the work, change face

Jan 11 1964
Painting, 100 miles, 12 hours

Encounter 1

flesh tones too red

Sunday switched to “full on” sun

‘look at me’

a detour of thought

to the 76 gas station

on San Vicente Boulevard

100 Octane Racing Fuel

the only outlet for your Formula

One or Indy 500 racer

for miles & miles & miles

‘look at me’

face beyond the portrait

realized forming

Coolidge's *Own Face*

(insert about here)

afternoon light pins it together

I seem dressed tight blue shirt

501s Chelsea Boots

ready to go out

after a lunch of Indian

leftovers from two nights ago

re-focus the work

I spelt out the word

your word – ‘f-e-l-i-c-i-t-y’

the letters the shadows

& lines of your face there

far beyond

the portrait

state of mind

insert 'Studio

Poem' here

too risky this minute

boundaries of terror & joy

& stories of Guston painting

'look at me

look up' the single light bulb

the alert eye

in the work swings free



The man in the
 blue shirt
 is looking at the camera
 with a serious expression
 and a slight frown
 on his face. He has
 light brown hair and
 blue eyes. He is wearing
 a blue button-down shirt.
 The background is a plain, light grey color.

J. Smith 2014
 Watercolor on paper

Encounter 2

airliner in cloud

then out again

bound for Heathrow

its final approach

over reaching

sycamore horse chestnut

re-seeded ash

north-facing

look back

a goldfinch

beyond plate-glass

& steel frame

leggy fennel in a pot

mossed concrete

now you're gone

a catalogue

the Dr tells me my liver is 'normal'

'I'm just trying to stay alive

& not die' — Guston

light brightens

now I'm on to pills like the rest

the feeling quite woozy

the memories simultaneous

magic lantern slides

the picture is not *like*

anyone or anything
it is a picture it is
a lantern slide
a reminder the remainder
'I hope the spider
crawls into the poem'
you said
it will, it is here
beside a pile of shoes
like a pile of books
'I really only love strangeness' —
Guston again

a policeman's view
an elderly man, white-haired
& a boy
someone has been murdered
a knife was used

the wake from *Get Carter*
the air the light lived in
images dog-eared
haunted paralysed
magpies cry like monkeys
in the 'thickness of things'
my face looks back in your face
remind
remain

Encounter 3

street corner opposite

the block house roof

caved in smack

deal corner of the eye

room above

an effort the gaze

St George the Martyr

its spire clear

blue to fall from

looking opposite

Michael Landy

Jordan Judith

'you've got the same

shaped face as Francis Bacon'

& *Everyone Digs Bill Evans*

distraction from tinnitus

continuous ringing

like bells

experiment/improv

of listening to central

heating heating

over &/or through time

me wearing dad's

camouflage green

shirt or it wearing me

the cockled paper

cloudy painted rags

'your face

Is like a flag'

imperfect

for a god

of light

(& the phone rings)

'who was it?'

'dear customer'

interrupt

interpret

drawing

sketch

cartoon

distance

sun

the painted rags are dense cloud

what I said was

background

'an effort of the gaze'

read off the painting

tubes of colour like screwed

up dog ends palette

dirty from mixing

clancydowcra van

backing up with trailer



There is nothing
to include, perhaps
because the 'inside'
is
in the background
the light played
out to fade
grey, suddenly
to show grey

The face
moving to darkness
in private, now
to paint, just
a shadow
the shadow
comes, light's
only, perhaps
never, because
translucent

every morning
with an attachment
and not about it, all
perhaps, or not another
side of the Dylan
side, when you walked
I, that voice
perhaps the body
never, to show, not
the light

looking light, looking
I, the, the, looking
A, 'light', looking
one, the, of, looking, looking
perhaps, the, the, the
I, the, looking
the, the, the, the, the
perhaps, the, the, the, the
perhaps, the, the, the, the

to the, the, the
perhaps, the, the, the
perhaps, the, the, the
perhaps, the, the, the
perhaps, the, the, the
perhaps, the, the, the

Swedish, 2014
Jan 2014, 2014, 2014

Encounter 4

'think of endings'

& solitude parked

beside the 'suicide'

file

concentrate

on the background

the light played

out to fade

grey battleship

to dove grey

the fade

away to darkness

impossible now

to paint find

a likeness

the situation

requires Dylan's

Self Portrait

cover versions

translations

every message

with its attachment

but we don't have *Self*

Portrait we have *Another*

Side of Bob Dylan

eyes follow you instead

& that smile
relaxes the body
eyes follow me
the light
failing light failing
& me no longer
a 'slight' man
face like chewing gum
perched on the hard
Ercol chair
flat creamy brickwork
the blinds drawn
Dietrich Bonhoeffer
Church behind you
& the house
beyond the garden
the rangy sycamore
& disowned back alley
blank as God
blank as the creamy
paper stretched
taped over board



Inside in shadow
 as a heavy dark
 shadow
 over those who you think
 are it
 looking what you think
 looking what you know
 looking what you know
 to be something
 to be something
 to be something

the way of water
 the way of water
 the way of water
 the way of water
 the way of water
 the way of water
 the way of water
 the way of water

your portrait
 in a glass of water
 up close
 down in
 in the distance
 in it
 a kind of post-
 experience to it
 the truth of the truth
 the perfectly knowing

maybe it's all
 maybe it's all
 maybe it's all
 maybe it's all
 maybe it's all
 maybe it's all
 maybe it's all
 maybe it's all

about "you"
 surrounded
 by David Nixon Kim and
 the subject being of 1972
 your name and
 your name and
 your name and

2.11.14
 February 2014

Encounter 5

brush in chatter

as a form of data

capture

over three four five hours

we'll see

singing what you think

painting what you know

Dylan's *Self Portrait*

for the duration

the gloom holds

the roofs all angles

the "I" in I'm lost above

The Wild East

of sea-light & streets

the mixture of bitumen

slatted fence asphalt

beach wrack

is little different

from The Wild West

here is

your portrait

in a glass of water

up close

drink in

& the documentation

of it

a kind of post-
Realism to it
the touch of the brush
the portrait of Mickey
Rourke the miss
meeting of faces
black skies & cascades of rain
like a black flag
outside the glass
of anarchy
'All the Tired Horses'
eliding 'writing' for 'riding'
the *Self Portrait*
record record record
about 360°
surrounded
by Denise Nicci Kim me
& the elegant coving of 1902
'your poem will be
cock-a-doodle-doo'
so rest your eyes



having about
the earth's surface
when my day
I had just had
a moment to look
to work
some of the
the big one, which is
"The ordinary moment"
the 1970 series.

the opposite hand,
of what happens
a kind of perfect
moment
a sensation
of being
in the middle
perfect in my mind
my body is my study
my channel.

The channel
not to exist
not to exist
around the other
space, they
as the one another
having a part
in the channel
and the other
and some of the

as a picture
the highest point
as a channel, some
a way that is not a part
of the channel, some
the kind of work
about a work
a way that is not a part
to put a part in
the channel, some

to change from
the edge of the paper
many times
1970, with the last
about the end of the
a channel
The ending process

Encounter 6

hovering about

one-eighty over ninety

where my day

& this portrait starts

a moment or two

to settle

hands crossed

this life with interiors

'The Goldberg Variations'

the 1955 version

the exquisite touch

of what happens

a kind of portrait

hummed

a variation

on saying

'Glenn-Gould-

portrait-for-keyboard'

my body is my essay

my channel

The Channel

out of sight

but evident

present as slime

green sky

as the sea unseen

heavy & real
as the concrete
roof tiles opposite
are brown & literal
as a picture
as lightness fades
as a likeness goes
& my face a mask of gum
its uninterrupted gaze
the curl of hair
above a collar
& my body is my enemy
to pull a face to
expecting him
to emerge from
the edge of the paper
any second
looking into my face
dead as mud & stone
& forever
the wrong answer