

# Discrete Categories Forced into Coupling

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# AD notebooks

## **notebook 1: Wanderguard**

*If it has a hallway, I keep it*  
*If it doesn't have a hallway, I keep it*

*I don't go off* She sets off  
and comes back and sets off

cloak and hover   sheep together  
in hills of plastic   metal

*hand me                      your...*

arm/leg how glimmer in milk  
their sponge

cleaved clover body   over

now we get our little

airy cream

*hand me            your...*

•

*...they're dyeing me orange...is it the war?  
...when we press orange dye doo-doo into plastic thigh?*

Can't go in or out without  
him can't get in or  
out can't get  
out                    get            out

•

By “the outbreak of the definite” we refer  
to tine of fork

*& won't eat that thing called:*

(word) (word) (word)

sliding over it, pearls glistening chlorine

•

Pink and yellow shine    white passage  
exhaled and gone

## **notebook 2: radiant inklings**

She may be tipping from the sidewalk or I'm falling

Cement is under us but grass must leave it  
Pink falls, is sanded, flooded, erased and then falls again

I sandpaper my children            My son is at the edge of the sidewalk  
and would blot it roughly with a paper towel

*"...because when I'm falling, I'm doing alright...when I'm slipping, I say  
hey I'm really slipping most of the time, into that glimpse..."*

When the airplane's flying over the camellia bush

When the airplane is next to the orange tree  
it is next to the rose blue pool full of ozone

and I see no one who is me    no body swimming  
where I was, who was contained

•

The appearance of his arrival  
shimmers but the grasp of it  
separates itself from the event

The event's trajectory or possible  
history remains athletic but static  
You, yourself, may remember a map

in which the colors bear no relation  
to the terrain they represent,  
the ocean growing lighter & lighter

or its depiction (traced on thin paper)  
hangs over it, touching & leaving a smudge.

•

“If the picture has a countenance,” he said, “I keep it.  
If it hasn’t, I throw it out.”

•

Yet his desire for her presence remains in him until his arrival at which point she cannot sit still and must hurry towards a point of light at the other end of the hallway where they lead him to his brushes and this imagined light he carries in each step to her door

•

He keeps in a shut paper bag his red and yellow crayons from school weighting him down which proves the law of usefulness

### **notebook 3: taking away**

She must be

mother light  
traded in

for lover light  
god in Chicago light

Let there, let there  
be word    food    red  
& god

every Sunday  
borrowing him back

noon's chicken

over them, noodles too &  
finally alone

Lead kindly light



*I could draw a line with my crayon but the other lines are swallowing it.*

then a little humming &  
some POP sound pulls sideways  
and I'm gone

## notebook 4: the erase

he erases  
erasesher

then he

takes a little  
part

and blows it

up p p

as if she

were

floating

from a string

in a scraped patch

or

corner of

an old Fifties month

when then he  
erased up her body

which he  
has  
now entirely

re-  
placed

## notebook 5: “in spite of gradual deficits”

Through deep parabolas of air you swim up to her.  
The room says *I'm a little bit out of this world* but

you are inside her when you paint  
and you like the pink embankments of her shoulders

A certain muscular ditch is flawless between two points  
You can find both sides of her later

She gives you her colors when you scrape her down and layer her  
again with rose madder bleached by repetitions of white in the width of big

embankments, as if you thought of her  
as a road to somewhere called “dedication to light”

•

Everything sifts through the painter's torso which is central  
in spite of gradual deficits and paired helical filaments,

“like a plasterer laying thin coats of sparkling paste” incised  
with charcoal    Turning, staring at nothing, the hand holds

the hard paint tube oozing fresh pigment, stretched & trimmed  
Yet her swollen red passages in crystalline absence and array

Drawing from early numbed chatter, trailing bright ridges  
of silence    Or the lost year he tried to open her, smearing apart

Again and again pour of turpentine, plaques and tangles  
roughly proportional to loss

## notebook 6: making more white

takes little  
blows it if floating  
a string old mouth in erase  
body entirely  
parabola air you swim  
room says “this”  
but inside her paint  
pink bank of her  
muscular between two  
can find sides  
with rose scrape her down  
bleached  
in width if you thought  
a road where light  
THING SIFTS THROUGH torso  
spite of deficit helical  
laying thin coats incised  
charcoal staring  
tube oozing & trimmed  
yet swollen red absence array  
from numb chatter trail  
silence lost year open, smearing  
again pour plaque and tangle  
roughly

**notebook 7**

the track of DeKooning's hand

the track of my  
mother's hand

## notebook 8

“When you stand among the paintings,”

*(I stand among the paintings)*

“they make a sharp swerve away”

*(I swerve away)*

“from what his name attaches to”

“or a leaning into prodigality of”

*(leaning, leaning and)*

“pink and yellow hallways empty  
of the highly composed”

*(empty)*

“misogynist greens we’ve come  
to know and”

*(not, know)*

“brushwork gives way to  
bounded forms that appear to”

*(appear to)*

“be drawn and filled in as if  
mannerizing his own flesh”

*(her flesh)*

“exhaled and gone”

*(gone)*

## **notebook 9**

Disappearing lines on snow.

Pulling his stroke along the dark

granular table. Grains of going away.

Frequently dragging dust into white,

thereby folding himself into her

and leaving her.

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NOTE: This poem is for Willem DeKooning and Marjorie Fraser, stricken by Alzheimer's Disease [AD] in parallel time. Quoted passages are from Willem DeKooning, Robert Stores and Kenneth Baker.