

goodnight



Ed Park '06



**G o o d night**

**by Ed Baker**

**for**

*s.s. j.m. d.g. m.b. ev.b.*

in this  
my true  
home

copyright © 2009 Ed Baker

cover art, art, Korean translation, etc: Ed Baker  
design & computer layout: Micah Baker, Evlyn Baker

ISBN 13: 978-0-9816733-2-5  
ISBN: 0-9816733-2-5

moria  
c/o William Allegrezza  
1151 E. 56th #2  
Chicago, IL 60637  
<http://www.moriapoetry.com>

“not knowing why ... then goes” and “only the possibilities”  
were previously published in *MOJO RISIN'* by Josh Samuels.

“Old Poet Sits Near Back of pastry shop” and all of the art  
in color versions, previously published in *sketchbook*  
editor/publisher Karina Klesko and editor John Daleiden

*The test of poetry is the range of pleasure it affords as sight, sound, and  
intellection.... criticism probes only my own considerations. I believe  
that desirable teaching assumes intelligence that is free to be attracted  
from any consideration of everyday living to always another phase of  
existence. Poetry, as other object matter, is after all for interested people.*  
(L.Z, *A Test of Poetry*, 1936)

ONLY THE POSSIBILITY

1

Don't shout at me!

Black ball-point pen writing  
out of my mind picture of  
all so quickly *you* this angst

as I can see sing song run-run la-la  
towards thin ness nobby black hair longer  
longer than this line edging 'round is white

teeth biting pen nibble thin-skinned pucker  
wet lipping purple perfect  
eyes of vanity seen

window mind makes my out of your undress

open slowly

Raising issues naked black under arm hair  
glossy and deliberate

Lives in an open window is rush to enter  
just a little temerity lets us in the hot air

fuck

Bird lays frequent eggs yet to be fertilized

sit is on three legs as one

4

2

Hard to replicate images by words  
or set the skinny straight up  
on top  
not much else to say or do does

pen record  
each

detail ?

3

No. A possible development could be  
published here or there

no warning necessary  
even if I could call the pokey turn myself in

look at you again if I do  
anything

call my lawyer. or, a psychiatrist at least

kiss me before you make a move

out of my mind  
winter moon  
not yet a pervasion

writing this poem to you more about love-  
making  
than revelation desire or religious experience

5

Mind. This pen goes where it wants to go  
has no control

goes into places unasked un-invited  
between lips legs words

published  
so that you can read in Korean in

Chinese Vietnamese German Hebrew  
in any language

fluently

got you my typewriter  
pull is by your black hair seductive

he holds tightly  
she holds entirety

over over body body boddhi  
between teeth bite tongue  
tongues

ring bell!

## CLAY MODEL

A man goes  
into  
a figure willingly

with an old tool  
pull is along

long arms  
legs  
lips

hips  
open

wide  
pursed  
with  
his

tongue  
opens rut  
fault through  
long black sheen

hair-fall  
ing lang  
uage works model

morph is minutiae  
cannot get  
eyes

intent

wet wrap round  
clay  
moist keeps need  
pliant

last leaf  
lets go  
its  
shape



of  
lines  
drawn

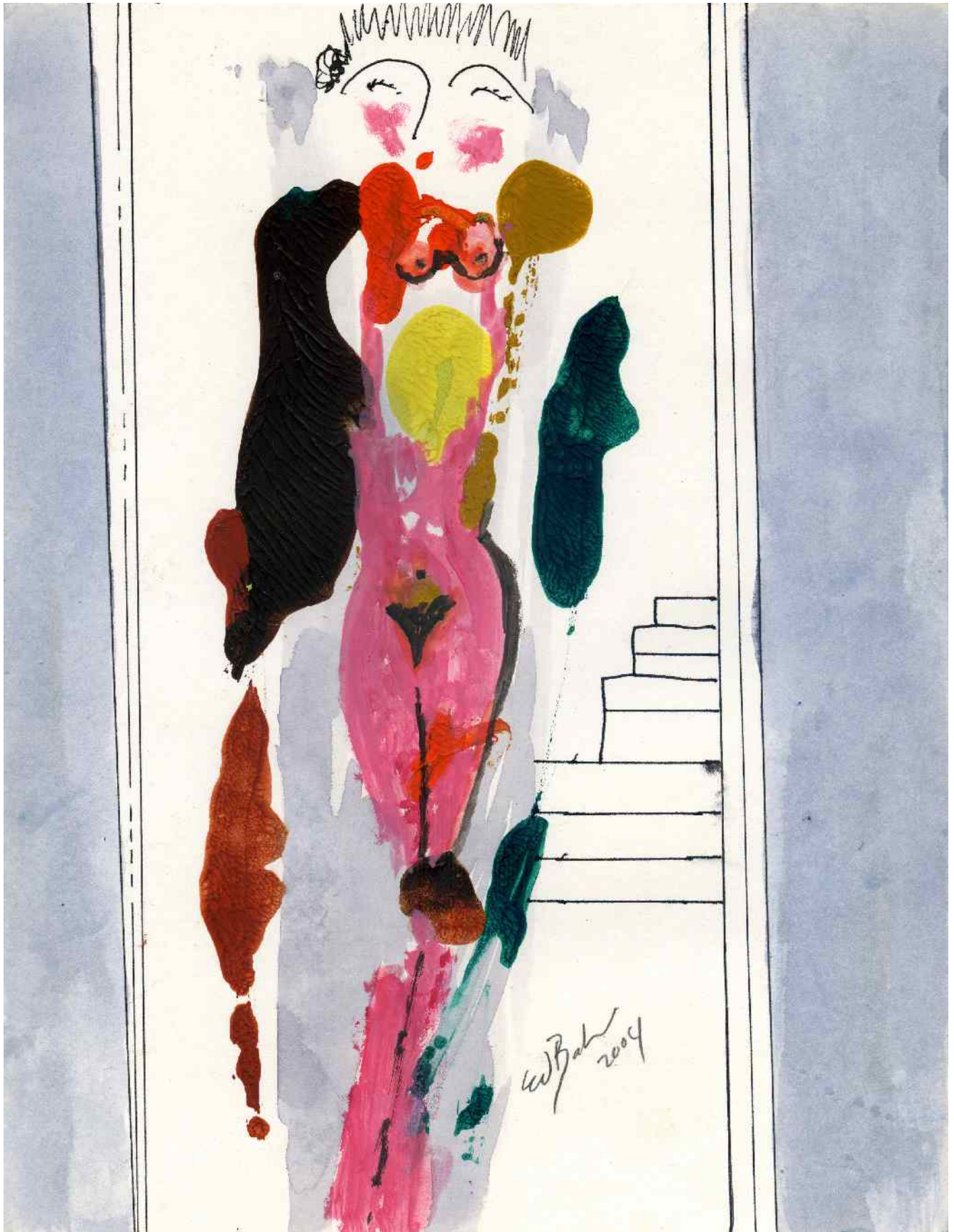
hold  
is  
her

posture

a  
pose  
he  
is  
no  
match

for





Long Run #135

run is difficult  
along Sligo Creek

sun through

reveal  
is

she  
opens

incredible  
want

desire  
is

Portrait of

only the  
possibility  
of in  
this shape  
dressed in crimson  
you  
standing

Tall Standing Korean Beauty

what seen  
skined bundle  
appearing

in  
mind

everything

Face Turned to the South

today  
the still slow war  
has gotten beyond me

I imagine Yellow Flower  
growing on the wall

a girl a woman is in a  
red dress

I have not seen her wear  
before

her loose movement  
in a wet dress  
as  
she goes down  
Vestry Street

f.c.'s

rain rain incessant rain  
scratching above my head

raccoons

not a single call  
all week

only sound  
Sun Young's flute

far away

for company  
her photograph

how pleasant!

3 a.m. March 17, 1998

On white  
sheets  
you came

while outside  
rush towards spring

to window  
to see

you slip  
into comical positions

reflection in patterns  
beyond cracked pane

storm glass in eyes  
discovery of

long thin image

girl in yellow skates up  
on one leg  
in front of me wheels  
center around any  
more than body  
demands

throws open wakes me !

in this light  
leap beyond

OH !



eternal woman bent over  
abundant curves' accentuate  
is drawn

can see you naked dancing

freeze image  
freeze mind  
in her  
short arms rail finger  
into color of primary

your tone sharp words  
spoken into wind tempers

I dare not speak to...



A VIEW OF...

I hardly knew you then  
and still  
you slowed me down  
I deliberately kept a  
distance for clarity

to get  
a different perspective  
I moved a ladder to the  
window

climbed to the top and  
sat there for weeks  
gazing  
gazing  
down at the top of your head

your flat nose  
stuck on the glass  
hanging down long black hair

curling  
tiny  
breasts

everything aglow

a certain view of things  
so close  
that I  
can  
touch

It's Equanimity

poet  
makes love  
with a woman

a girl is

a poet with a  
man's name

places on rice  
paper

exact replica

where period is  
also place

defines a communication  
not otherwise  
possible

he an old man un-  
protected in manner

thank you, dear

don't mention it

(12-7-1997)

Old Poet Sits Near Back of pastry shop

1.  
His needs return to the Everyday Café  
to see what's been done on her behalf
  
2.  
(when her sonofabitch dilettante  
husband  
suddenly went back to his mother)  
left this white-haired poet with  
  
art and poems
  
3.  
He eats from her  
plate  
  
cat-fish jumps  
off plate  
  
into lap  
  
swims away
  
4.  
Her lips  
the color of pomegranate  
  
kiss is light and moist  
  
hugs him in front of her  
  
father

5.

Delight  
rising  
just  
ahead

of want

gaze is into  
eyes

into  
mind

6.

ripe  
cay cay fruit

pink juicy

small persimmons

her offerings

7.

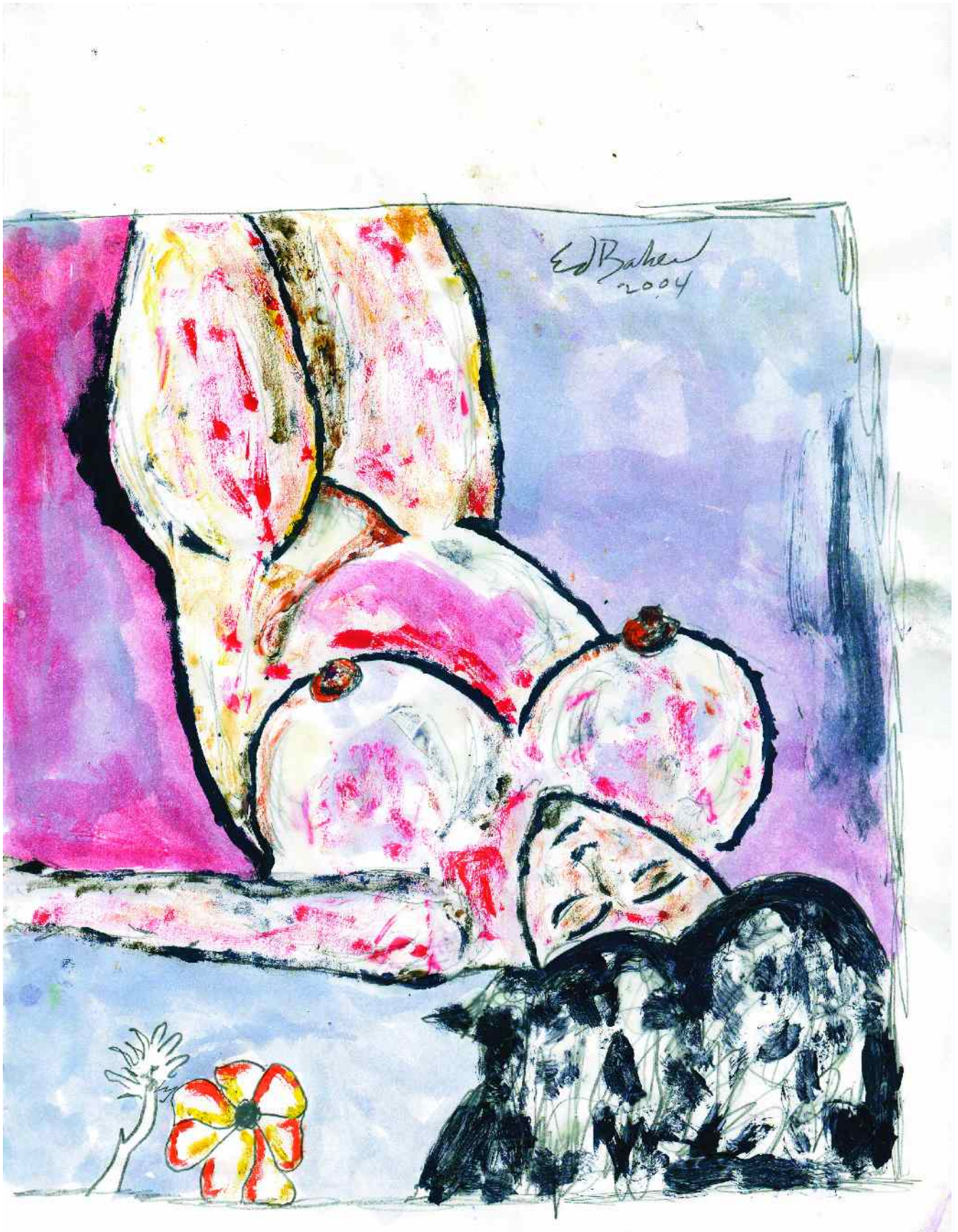
play is  
with  
flower

long  
torso

disheveling

full  
moon  
rising

2 August 1987



## The Trench

long  
dry  
wait

for  
20 years

lean on shovel

irrelevant  
who said what  
to whom

or had made sense  
of  
anymore than it s doing

## Fill 'er up

appeal is  
to merge  
words with

lips hole  
up is  
with her

song and point

all else  
brick to brick  
a  
wall is

mud luscious

fills crack  
gape is

that  
open

is a  
dissolution

I love the slimy

\*

Ding!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
comes out from upright Underwood through open window  
fight mad

how is this possible ? this anger the distance makes is by  
black pen drawing outline of her

the straightest way to point it out





pursed lips    red  
Song hunt is down

into  
silence

bare shoulders  
entitles

herself  
just being  
a surprise  
suddenly  
red and  
redder  
among  
flower  
figure  
no  
reply  
can  
shake

*what's a phantasy ?*

## Not knowing why ... then goes

1

in this heat and sacred moment  
he hears: "I love you" audible  
enough more-so of

2

Now ! silence plays heart felt worst reply  
not understanding want  
he enters his art and craft in and orders  
to survive

3

"no one said ..."  
not in secret is anything revealed  
trust delivers invitation

4

words gentle his imagination  
perhaps image overwhelms  
embrace in silence

what more gets us  
here

conjunction  
drives

best be  
by love

now  
here  
longing  
penetrates

is  
into  
her  
without  
hesitation

eye  
demands

breathing

in and out

its particular rhythm

one  
nuance

dig

is  
in  
to

hands  
over

an  
archeology

## THE TRENCH

long  
dry  
wait

leans  
shovel  
against  
her

fence

relevant  
mud-  
luscious

who  
said  
that

this  
makes  
sense

anymore  
than  
it s

doing

## Calling Your Cell-Phone

I wanted to talk to you  
but waited another week  
to hear your voice

sun young s o n g

eyes wide my own seen  
open O s

with a  
click rotary  
person answers

this writ  
more than  
necessary

full moon  
arched across

which is not that easy to say  
imagine

last to speak  
lust of  
not exactly  
what is meant  
or done

heard through wrong end of  
receiver -don't take it personally

only want is nothing more nor no  
thing less  
breed is anger-tongue in mouth

## BRING IS HERE

towards exact

bend with  
Korean Spring Orchid

some flower !

I'd say  
by  
chance (or choice)  
things are risky

abrupt hang-up



FILL 'ER UP

between	sheets
between	legs
words	lips

embrace

all  
thumbs

appeal is  
to merge

with words  
with lips

hole-up in

point out  
what matters

all  
else

a supposition

## Blue Guitar

shapes  
all  
distance

leaps  
ability

her  
play is

in her  
eyes

the way  
animals  
see

hands

eyes

lips

shape  
of

demand  
is  
rise  
above  
more

than  
one  
nuance

choice  
opens  
hand

dig  
is  
into  
an

allure

is  
in

to

who  
said  
and  
put  
hand  
on  
anything  
more  
than  
it's  
doing

## Tuesday in Lax

what  
gets  
us  
here  
by  
choice

or  
chance

conjunctions  
drive  
it s  
regularity

better  
practice  
on  
an  
empty

stomach

belt is  
unbuckled

behind is  
exposed

gate swing  
opens

closes

## THE FALL

gets us  
into  
a relationship

what s more  
is not yet  
communal

first breath  
vanquishes

then  
leaves

aflutter

crawl is up  
mountain

to  
kiss  
red

lips

## LETTER OF INTENT

All so legal  
insist is that  
one foot steps into

to test water  
in front of  
passion

upstairs  
who

rent is dear

black what need is signal  
from her

for instance: hair no finger  
into can muss

not at all necessary to be

alone  
in this  
also  
hung

is opposition

table by feather  
bed a group  
in front of photograph

everyone in front of  
house a string of lovers

briefly no one  
in particular

know is full well  
nothing of my Love Letters

legal documents

WOW

accountability practice

Oh, Baby! .....

against  
this  
sucking  
to  
draw milk

with wet lips

more advise  
not heeded

Cut !

Cut !

deeper  
signs  
take  
and  
give

simultaneously

all  
is  
just

so

let

it





## REGARDING WHAT

given  
what  
manifests

it  
is  
clear  
who

does  
what  
to  
whom

is  
silence  
between  
give and take  
more  
than  
can be  
said

Not Knowing Why...Then Goes

into this heat and sacred moment he hears her plainly  
say: "Do what you want with me."

Want demands other posturing  
Now demands silence play is with mind  
reply is not an understanding of why  
set is into his rocks apart from  
matters and survival

"no one said it would be easy"

words  
image

possibility  
in  
her

## UNTITLED

ample thighs reveal is also among scrawny day  
lilies her swing moves heads to eyes eyes to see  
head hair deliberately flung let out into the open

she

finding  
that  
and  
this  
and  
there

nothing  
solid  
to  
stand  
on

one  
foot  
in  
mud

stand up  
straight

tilt  
head

shake  
balance

blue  
sky

reach  
for

open mouth

only word  
clearing the  
bite of

want

here  
even  
see

beyond

anger

feelings

cut-through  
steamy  
rise  
and  
sunlit  
legs

gone

In This

a woman  
with  
long fingers,  
hands, hair

vine round  
loss for one  
word

out  
of her mouth  
her tongue goes  
into

pull is

between sheets  
beside the blue  
pillow

tawny girl a wo  
man is with

bright is in

I m age i nation

language tells what  
is meant

he unbuttons  
summer dress

the one with  
the  
yellow flowers



## FINGER BOARD

she knows her frets and stops  
well below neck: the curve, the  
swoop play is tune just below

she is play in  
morning  
break

everything follows  
opening closing

up down

windows reveal a  
wide dichotomy

bend is  
to smile

pour fills cup

long, slow

sip

OH, TO LINGER !

Skin is only Circumference

certain  
border  
limits  
girl

defines  
limits

Oh My ! she said:

I recognize  
me  
in  
this  
mirror

one  
look

I just don't know.

Do you

know  
what I  
mean

exactly



or  
point

into

I ?

g oo dnight through window  
open to give and take ME!

Letters

translate  
simultaneously  
from my heart-mind  
towards center these heaves

full

half  
yes

it  
is  
me

Don't  
have  
another  
heart  
attack

even from hearts where mind  
locates with tongue into mouth  
kiss es continue . . .

message  
so much  
more  
than  
desire

to write:

seeing you again again  
dream opens original  
innocence fractures lowest common  
denominator zero is seen is full embrace  
nothing remains  
know is that in names facts are same intellect  
such mystery her body her face  
I  
long into go just here now.

"STAY HERE!. I LOVE YOU!"

takes me in go is into word  
hesitation reveal is found in this perfect

symmetry

I have candles burning in my r o o m.

Scent on sudden breeze

playing in YOUR music

dance...

drum on Stone  
older than words  
I write this Song  
all adequate pluck strings  
letters everyone can

as you do  
in dreams



ONE

tip sy he doesn't resemble image just made  
yet in this wine remembers every detail  
every want soft moist she cries  
her sobs are also speech

words

demand

gets

us  
here  
by  
choice

desire  
is  
ok

much  
less  
gets  
through

play is in the open  
Song is here in heart-

cloud's drift is  
expectation

take is into ...

놀이 는 열린곳 에  
노래 는 여기 마음 에  
놀 리 가 는 구름 은  
기대  
가진 것 으로 ...

Edi Pan  
8.31.2006  


## **Books/e-books Available from Moria Poetry**

Jordan Stempleman's *Their Fields* (2005)  
Donna Kuhn's *Not Having an Idea* (2005)  
Eileen R. Tabios's *Post Bling Bling* (2005)  
William Allegrezza's *Covering Over* (2005)  
Anny Ballardini's *Opening and Closing Numbers* (2005)  
Garin Cycholl's *Nightbirds* (2006)  
Lars Palm's *Mindfulness* (2006)  
Mark Young's *from Series Magritte* (2006)  
Francis Raven's *Cooking with Organizational Structures* (2006)  
Raymond Bianchi's *American Master* (2006)  
Clayton Couch's *Letters of Resignation* (2006)  
Thomas Fink's *No Appointment Necessary* (2006)  
Catherine Daly's *Paper Craft* (2006)  
Amy Trussell's *Meteorite Dealers* (2007)  
Charles A. Perrone's *Six Seven* (2008)  
Charles Freeland's *Furiant, Not Polka* (2008)

The e-books/books can be found at <http://www.moriapoetry.com>.