

eNumerations



Mark Young

A brief introduction

I have just completed the preliminary draft for a forthcoming book, *100 Titles From Tom Beckett*, & preparing the introduction led me to 'A List for Tom Beckett,' a poem I had written in 2006, & which had first appeared in my *gamma ways* blog.

The surrounding text indicated that I had decided to include this list poem in a then-current project, *Enumerations* or *eNumerations* — it seems like I hadn't yet decided on a final title. So I sought out what else I could find from this project, & this pdf is a result of that search.

Only a fraction of it seems to have since seen the light of day. 'A List for Tom Beckett' later appeared in *Word For/Word*; five of the poems were included as 'New Poems' in my 2008 selected *Pelican Dreaming: Poems 1959 – 2008*; & I'm fairly certain that something may have appeared in one of Jukka-Pekka Kervinen's zines. Apart from that . . .

It's a bit of a mishmash. Visuals that seemed aligned to what I was trying to do, found spam, straight poems, code, output from the late Leevi Lehto's poem generator. But I find what I was trying to do at the time, & how that has since been refined, informative.

So, with thanks to harry k stammer for hosting it at Sandy Press, I present what I hope will be an interesting piece of past.

M.Y.

4/7/24

Titles

He

etcetera

DcodeD

Sight / Seeing

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A Red Aleph (1)

A Red Aleph (2)

A Note in O-Ban

First lineS Frank O'Hara

Leevi Lehto does Deborah Number

A Slice of the Universe

A Brief Flirtation with Semiotics

The Love Song of J. Leroi Shakespeare

Nothing progressive about this!

Guevara's Travels

& on the bus

Dada would have loved . . .

A bridged

Tacitus in Tallinn

A List for Tom Beckett

He

danced, such as
it was. Coming
in at it
from the side,
ignoring the
precepts of
balance. An iso-
late statement.
Partner-
less.

etcetera

apples

breadfruit

causality

decadence

DcodeD

```
Processor onlyString = new Processor() {
    public Object process(Object obj,
        Collection alwaysNull) {
        if (obj instanceof String) {
            return obj;
        } else {
            return null;
        }
    }
};
Enumeration strings = Enumerations.filter
    (elems, onlyString);
```

Sight / Seeing

The refreshed
catalogue.

Nothing new.

Old things
emboldened.

Accessible
to his
failing eyes.

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heat-producing Pro-macedonian night-blind
heart sac Catherine-wheel window tear-pale
steep-to angle reflector whey cure
body garment minced pie voucher check
chance-medley time-barred thorough-ripe
town sickness death damp dip rope
Sayan samoyedic quartz battery imagination-proof
sun-blackened field lark Deneb algedi

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A Red Aleph (1)

begat
daughters: An
nd he died. A
nan lived after he begat
and beg
hun ed and ten ye
hun
days of Mahala
noch: And Ja
sixty
ah

os li
eight hun
the days of En
nd he died. A
nan lived after he begat
and beg
hun ed and ten ye
red: A
hirty years, an
lived an hu
ns and daughter
wo years:
ah

t Cai
fifteen years,
seventy years and
leel eight hund
aughters: And all the
ala
alaleel lived af
y and two years,
after he begat En
days of
lived six

nos liv
dred and five year
t Mahalaleel:
and forty years,
inan
ved sixty and f
eight
ughters:
ve years: and he
dred years,
undred
and five years,

And Enos lived ninety years, and begat Cainan: And Enos lived after he begat Cainan eight hundred and fifteen years, and begat sons and daughters: And all the days of Enos were nine hundred and five years: and he died. And Cainan lived seventy years and begat Mahalaleel: And Cainan lived after he begat Mahalaleel eight hundred and forty years, and begat sons and daughters: And all the days of Cainan were nine hundred and ten years: and he died. And Mahalaleel lived sixty and five years, and begat Jared: And Mahalaleel lived after he begat Jared eight hundred and thirty years, and begat sons and daughters: And all the days of Mahalaleel were eight hundred ninety and five years: and he died. And Jared lived an hundred sixty and two years, and he begat Enoch: And Jared lived after he begat Enoch eight hundred years, and begat sons and daughters: And all the days of Jared were nine hundred sixty and two years: and he died. And Enoch lived sixty and five years, and begat Methuselah.

A Note on O-Ban

Wood block prints are of various sizes, but the standard, designated as *O-ban*, is roughly 15 by 10 inches and may be either lateral, *O-ban Yoko-ye*, or vertical, *O-ban Tate-ye*.

Large prints may be made in several ways. A *Tate-ye Sammai-tsuzuki* is a three sheet print, formed by joining three *O-ban* at the longer dimension, a vertical triptych. In a *Yoko-ye Sammai-tsuzuki* the sheets are joined at the shorter dimension, a lateral triptych. However, because the lateral form is uncommon, it is generally understood to be the vertical form that is being referred to when the term *Sammai-tsuzuki* is used without qualifier.

Occasionally there may be a triptych where the top of each vertical sheet is joined to the bottom of another vertical sheet, but these are extremely rare & even though such a set would also be correctly designated as a *Sammai-tsuzuki*, it would require additional explanation

First lineS Frank O'Hara

Sitting in a corner of
the gallery, smiling
through my own memories
of painful excitement,
your wide eyes so. He
has a funnel instead
of a penis. So many
echoes in my head, so
many things in the
air! Soot, so that
the pliant, so the rain
falls, so we are taking off
our masks are we, &
keeping.....Some days I
feel that I exude a
fine dust. Someone else's
Leica sitting on the
table sometimes. I think
I am a tiny figure. Spain!
Much more beautiful
than Egypt. Suddenly
that body appears
in my smoke. Summer
is over. Suppose you
really do, toward the end.

Leevi Lehto does Deborah Number

Glass flows. Slowly.

Paracelsus: *De Lapide Philosophorum*

am. Deborah, this may
Markowitz announced today

number means the flow
fully viscoelastic flow

Deborah number is defined
Ditmar Award nominated

the relative importance
- Deborah Kusick. Office

results for relatively
relation for fully

reasons. in the small
her - where you will

am. Deborah, this may
Markowitz announced today

diffusion transport
date of birth, passport

more fluid the material
link(s), your physical

histories, it is shown
and prosper: Tear down

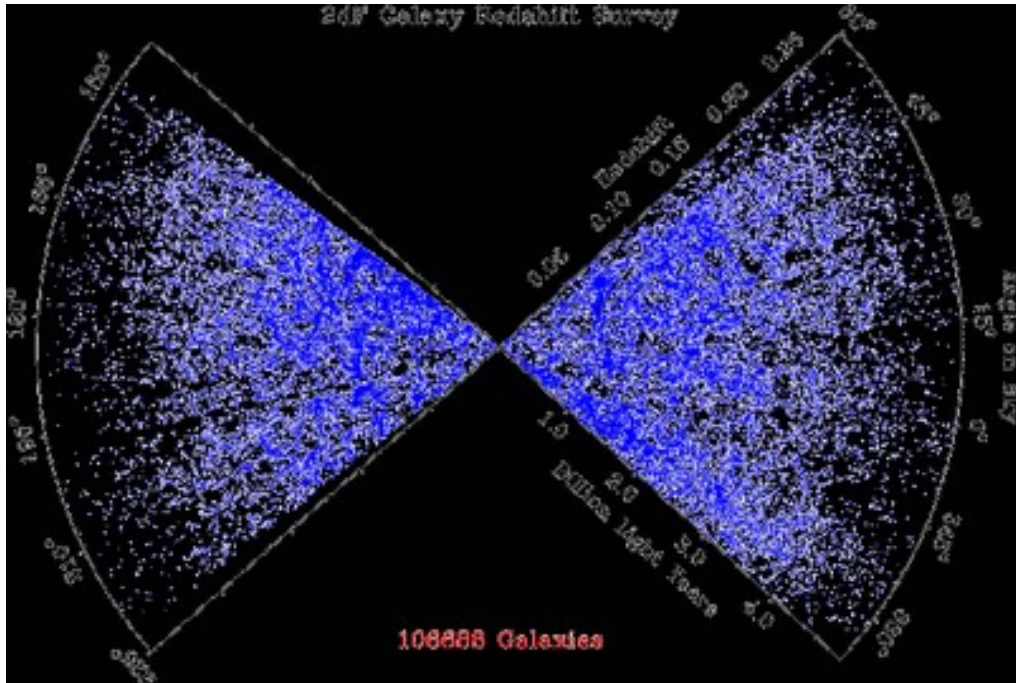
the Reference.com. Free
NY. USA Prof Samuel Lee

transport in polymers
3 Raw Place' appears

the relative importance
- Deborah Kusick. Office

Number Dilemma. Research
of Siena Catholic Church

A Slice of the Universe



A Brief Flirtation with Semiotics

The smile is warm
but artificial. Beaver
lodges are a source of
hats. Ride the lift down
444 floors till you reach
the ceiling. Ring Rupert
Murdoch & remind him
yesterday was Sunday
& tomorrow is the
weekend. Sprinkle
nitrogen-based fertilizer
around the roots of
the cyclotron & water
it in. Watch bloodsports
avidly but then proclaim
to one & all how
cruel & unnatural they
really are. Forget to
turn off the orgone box
but remember to repair
the seismic recorder. It
may be needed later.
Bring in the alpaca.
Whitewash film noir.

The Love Song of J. Leroi Shakespeare

As simple an act

I am dying, Egypt, dying:
as opening the eyes. Merely

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.
coming into things by degrees.

The miserable change now at my end
Morning: some tear is broken

Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
on the wooden stairs

In feeding them with those my former fortunes
of my lady's eyes. Profusions

Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
of green. The leaves. Their

The noblest; and do now not basely die,
constant prehensions. Like old

Not cowardly put off my helmet to
junkies on Sheridan Square, eyes

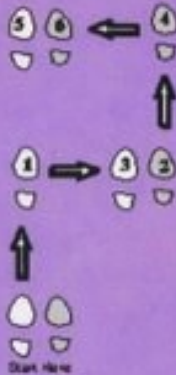
My countryman,--a Roman by a Roman
cold and round. There is a song

Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
Nat Cole sings...This city

I can no more.
& the intricate disorder
of the seasons.

Nothing progressive about this!

Progressive Movement: Mar's Part



Progressive Movement:
Woman's Part



Guevara's Travels

I attempted to rise,
but was not able
to stir: For as
I happen'd to lye
on my Back, I
found my Arms and
Legs were strongly
fastened on each
Side to the Ground;



and my Hair, which
was long and thick,
tied down in the same
Manner. I likewise
felt several slender

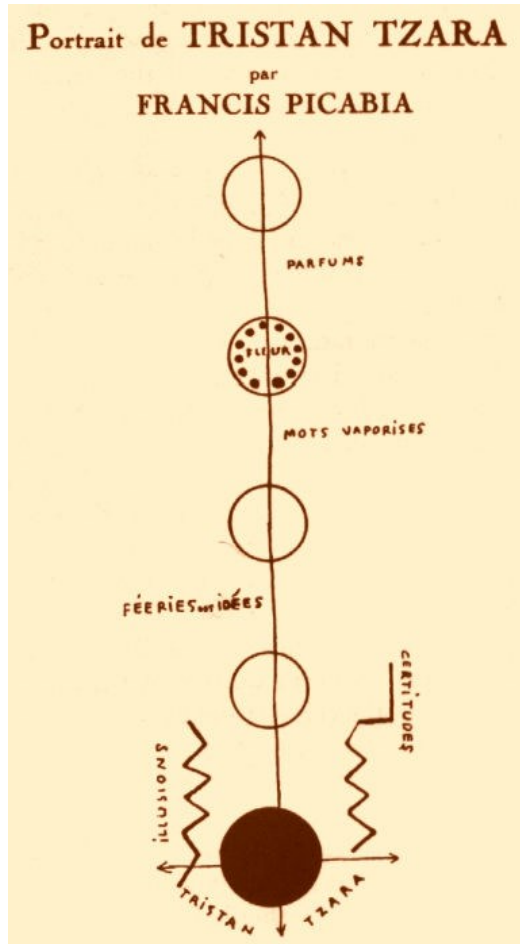
Ligatures across my
Body, from my Armpits
to my Thighs. I could
only look upwards; the
Sun began to grow hot,
and the Light offended
my Eyes.

& on the bus

*I have been reading guevara's 'bolivian diary',
day by day, each day more tragic &
everything so fucking inescapable I could not
bring myself to read the last few pages
& reach the one he never wrote.*

(1974) (2006)

Dada would have loved . . .



A bridged

memory is a catenary desire a
cantilever neither burns not even

in winter the runways of the airport
are being bombed remnants of

live on CNN smoke fills the window
in the television how can one breathe

where there is smoke there is fever
there is there where is there fever

pitch fibre rich meadow saffrons &
one of each & every kind none

of which are the difference engine
ordinate or coordinate emotional abscissa

unlevel a particle playing field
not even whole potsherd left

gone beyond a point mantissa over
you thought it never endgame would

pterodactyls tear out your eyes
& fuck the sockets vacancy filled

Tacitus in Tallinn

I take a break from translating the Complete Works of Tacitus into Estonian & go for a walk along the esplanade.

We are many miles from the sea. Probably sixty. It will be a long walk to the sea before I can walk beside it.

But then, I have never read Tacitus. I am learning Estonian to prepare myself for it. Then Tacitus. Then re-read him, with an English-Estonian dictionary beside me.

I am plagued by doubts. I know more Latin than Estonian. Perhaps it would be easier to translate directly from the original rather than put English in the middle.

It will be my life's work. My Life's Work. My *meisterarbeit*. I am reading the histories of the Roman Empire & the people Tacitus wrote about before reading him. I am learning Estonian.

I am walking towards the water. Halfway along the way Tacitus joins me. We converse in Latin. It sounds like a bad Mass. Conjugations confuse the radar cameras which means we can speed if we want to. I wonder what Estonian sounds like.

Tacitus tells me. Turns out he has relatives in the Baltic with whom he has always kept in touch, whom he talks to regularly on the phone, & that any one of the Finno-Ugric branch of the Uralic family of languages sounds similar to the others. I do not believe him, not about the language but about his relatives.

He begins to recite a poem in Latin. Then he recites it in the original Estonian. He tells

me it is included in *Heinrici Chronicon Livoniae* which he had a hand in translating. Then he starts talking to me in Estonian.

I run away from him. I am pulled over by the Highway Patrol. By the time they let me go with a caution Tacitus has disappeared.

I continue walking towards the sea. An hour or so after dawn I reach it. It calls to me in English, says "Enter me, walk towards the islands." I go in. As my head goes beneath the water it starts cajoling me in Latin. The sea sounds remarkably like Tacitus.

I walk on. Coral & seashells cut my feet. The sea bathes them & wraps them in bandages so I can continue. Eventually my reticence fades. We begin to become more open with one another.

We talk in Estonian.

A List for Tom Beckett

Vegan stigmata

The rheology of soft enjambement

Deliberate serendipity

Bondage dreams & Gilles Deleuze

The zombies fight back

I was a sex toy for the CIA

The neural pathways of desire

Death & the Countess

Vanishing pints of vanilla essence

Rightful indigestion

Is Dog Dead?

American Idolatry

Racine's raccoons

Vaginal aromatherapy

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a page from
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by Al-Khwarizmi

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