

**A SONG AT TWILIGHT
JIM DINE**

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for Asa Benveniste
1925–1990
“Foolish enough to have been a poet”

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Jewish Fate

As they say, Jewish Fate

That's the title, "Jewish Fate."

Drunk on the Holy Spirit

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Polaroids, chromogenics, gelatin silver prints

Diana and I talking about Mark Hampton's description of her fingers.

She's wearing her red shawl.

Jewish fate.

I think something else happens were I to be from it.

My big exuberance is the curse of the positive.

I don't always know about the moment.

The power—

Being human at sunset

Vibrates back, lit, and this and this

So isolated.

So violated.

A plan to pay me back involving refinancing and I must give a mere one hundred thousand dollars to tide you over, as they say, 'til the next tide of debt and fear.

You can go to jail, you know, or me or with me.

Leon's store sold plumbing supplies and tools and toilets and sinks and all kinds of little stuff like washers and nails and light bulbs.

So easy the dream

Falling toward Zion.

Always correcting and reinventing the drawing.

With you it is now, it's refinancing and the threat of paying the dollars and in a few minutes the months go by, and I know this isn't what you want.

But taxes and refinancing

The photograph of your huge shadow distinct in its hatred of goodwill and trust.

The fast payback.

A better footing for the dark shadow of the giant.

Never release me.

Don't ever. Thank you, for never releasing me.

I worked there every Saturday and every summer for ten years beginning when I was nine. They got me to sort little stuff that had been ordered to replace what had been sold. Barrels of nails needed to be opened with a steel nail claw. A metal hand really. I would put the different sizes into empty wooden bins.

From this girdle that surrounds the house, that surrounds your stomach, your hips, the formal garden, surrounding the house, the razor, the tools, the thousands of dollars shine.

On the wheels of young girls, on their leaves, their technique.

I am the willing model. It's easier to look at me than to view a stranger.

It is also possible to make me sad in my shoes with the vitriol of debt that you drown in like your lies in the jam pot, my friend, in front of the Christmas Tree.

It was very boring but it gave me time when I was nine to daydream among objects about the beauty of the white glaze on the bathroom fixtures for instance. There were paint color charts and beautiful big red bolt cutters that eventually twenty years later entered my drawings as a man.

This is all to give you the atmosphere of the place. I really want to talk about two men I worked with there who eventually, when I was fourteen, I worked for helping them load and unload trucks that came with supplies to sell and trucks taking away orders of kitchens or very heavy supplies, cast iron sewer pipe to a contractor who was building a house.

This is the picture I want.

This is the picture I want.

A debt to the work, but the work from the River Styx, mania dear, plus, and then, sleeping opposite hours. You're asleep, I'm awake, smiling, etc., the hooligan touching the blue wind, fingers, toes gone, but feet, little feet gone.

You stayed home and did not come. Your shadow was gray and small then. But in 1968, these images were trusting and the cake was very slightly taken care of.

TERRIBLE!

He's good to me. He doesn't tell me who I am. The snapshots are very focused on the picture. Not the hours and the years of trusting. The mammoth's shadow looms over the hilarious.

Joe Kibbing. Joe Kibbing was about six foot three and very thin. He was of German descent. He had been born, like my father, in Covington, Kentucky, across the Ohio River from us. He starred at a Catholic High School as a basketball player. After the army, he went to work at Mr. Morris' store. Mr. Morris was Morris Cohen, my grandfather, and owner of the store with his son. Joe was very dramatic and high strung and didn't take orders easily. And energy. Many years of energy. And scheming.

And your violence of embezzlement.

I worked there every Saturday, every summer for ten years. When I was nine, they got me to sort little stuff.

Loom over the hilarious.

High-strung and don't take orders easily.

And energy. Many years of energy.

The mélange of pain. The etchings, drawings, sculpture of my time. The paint, my heart, my brushes, my nerve ends never hear the hand in my pocket. Your hand in my pocket. The watch on my wrist so far away. The dragon sits with the devil on his shadow. Language is clear.

Joe's older brother, who we all called "Bud," his real name Marcellis, was the head salesman at the store. He came to work there as soon as World War II ended and never left, a soft-spoken, intelligent man who, had he had an education past High School, might have been a lawyer or a surgeon. He was the older brother and very dignified.

Back to Joe.

Joe was stressed. He felt stressed by every order he was given. Plus he had a problem with hemorrhoids so there was sometimes blood on the seat of his khaki wash pants.

Intense and dark so that's not good enough to photograph the crib.

It looks dark, too.

What's cremating about that?

Why people are not very interested in?

Your job's making the big shadow to look over the girl's shoulder.

Life's ass.

A good bite.

You are nice and terrifying. I embarrass nice people. You were nice too and scary. The fullness of me in the Holy City. Chanson de Noël.

Chanson de Noël.

Chanson de Noël.

Chanson de Noël.

Look now, a complete mirage. The Holy City, the perfect carnage, and you lay blame on my feelings and not on your lying fingers in the black back pocket of the old warrior.

Joe of course worked right through the hemorrhoids. No one mentioned it to him because how could you then? But for me it was a mystery that held my eyes, this blood suddenly appearing and no one asking about it. Anyway, he was the head shipping clerk.

But the feet, the little feet are gone.

The hooligan poverty.

The rhythm of the rag. Oh rag. Oh southern uncle. Do the spit. Do the money lender.

There was a man he worked with called Willie Tapp. Willie was younger than Joe so when I met him, he was probably twenty-two. He had been a track star in High School, and quit, came to work at this store. He was short and lithe. I could see how fast he must have been in the dashes.

Claude Poussin up on the Janiculum. They try to invent.

Not aligning a magic landscape.

We had Rome for a minute in a mirror, an accurate difference in a world of drawing. My eyes, my eye, my eye now tearing, now tearing and sad for the years I was blind to the shadow of your objects.

Tapp, he dressed elegantly like a lot of black guys did then for a guy loading trucks and handling greasy tools and heavy boxes. He was very zoot suit, pegged pants and always a fancy shirt. He was a desperate alcoholic and reeked of cheap whiskey. This handsome, lovely man showed up for work drunk on Saturday, but managed to perform most times. I saw Mr. Morris send him home when he couldn't walk, but he was a jive artist and he hid his high fairly well.

Tapp called Morris' son Leon, his "lopsided cousin." I said, "Why Tapp? Why do you call him your lop-sided cousin?" He said, "Because his wallet's in the back right pocket and it's so full of money it made him lopsided."

Like an alchemist

Geppetto bites the talking stick.

Love and grief.

Christ and Venus.

I thought this was great.

Mr. Lopsided was a mean fool anyway.

Cracks in the shadow.

Bleeding in the vein.

I hear it.

I hear it. It's an image, the sculpture, as an image, that's what I mean.

Christ and Venus. He is the man. She's gone to Japan.

Three ex-votos do their job. She's gone to Japan with Hadrian holding himself like the man who carved him.

I went to blow glass. Ex-votos from red dye and sand. Cracks that will move and bleed like bleeding veins eventually. To dream among the votive objects, arranged

by chance in beauty, your birth, the rebirth of the familiar face and a sense of fun and fear at finding things she most cared about removed as liquid waste.

Chainsaw, a chainsaw, dear old friend on top of the world. The dust from the cuts. The foot-long log, kicking back at my face. Feral, feral, razor, tools, the dollars shine on the wheel. Carved with a chainsaw, cast in bronze, painted with lead, glazed over with black, the palm of my hand like ink on the wood cut.

The dust from the cuts. The six-foot long log kicking back at my face.

As if it were the first time, each person so nice, so unique in that year, open to spending and bringing a narcissistic brain to my pocket. Kicking back at my face.