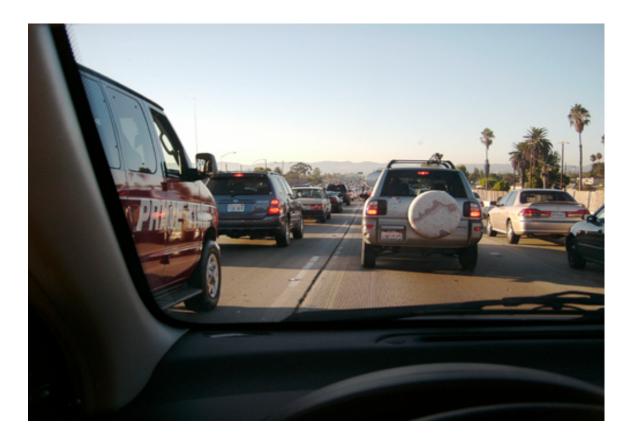
# Myles/Driving

#### **Eileen Myles**

I was leaving my job at UCSD and I gave a rather moving speech to a small crowd who had come to the going away party. I bought a little recorder to have in my pocket. I had some purpose for recording my own remarks like I thought of it as related to something I was working on or would be working on. I thought I might use it for a novel I would write in the future about the academy. I was bugging myself for art. But the little recorder didn't do what I intended. I don't know if I knew how to run it. After that I started occasionally flipping it on when I drove to LA from SD and vice versa. It was fun. I had no idea if anything had recorded until I visited the gathered family of Susan Bee and Charles Bernstein last summer in Provincetown and all of them except for Susan knew how to turn sound files into something I could hear. It happened.

Earlier—a few years ago—I was caught in a park in SD without pen and notebook and left a poem on my cellphone. I called it in. So I've been imaginatively involved with the idea of transcripton since then. Really always. I use a digital camera a lot, or did, and would compose texts as I walked and thought that it felt like a fleshing out of the idea of a poem as a score. A talky instead.



# #1 (with music)

This is the emerging possibility of writing this way down a thimble of a street with a cake of a view bushy imported trees & the pop music given to me by some young person in fact the one person I know

### #2

Those cars enter like a spider drizzle

look at me sun drenched black

using my foot instead of my toes for a change I count this road I read that chain where you sit down is easier fat than fast food what do you know red trucks with their hiccup front grant wood roads I know you're not a microphone I know you're god I know what catches me & stops me all the time

and fills the rest and fills the bill and swells and comes down

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#3 (Peach...)

My need to meet the new technology head on

Tommy's restaurant

San Clemente State Park

a red car zipping past a lump of cheese

wall they built for some purpose to look like the houses they built overhead

peach! peach! peach!

## #4 (PALM TREE)

I use my nail to write the pressure of my hand

I mark time by palm trees that <u>are</u> and live next to one that that was

a tall brown dead stick poking the sky that I use as a marker to say turn here

right now

# #5 (DRIVING)

Driving wiving with the land

### #6 (EILEEN...)

that ride took at least an hour longer than it usually does

big brown clown mountains to my left the last part of the trip here is wide open sky and I forgot this and I forgot that and in my freedom I forgot why I leave Eileen, I leave my name.

## **#7 (DARK WATER)**

big parkways so disturbing to me some cars seems to erupt from the the tar itself they seem to pull themselves up from below the surface of the land though I don't think land. I mean something flat, something black almost like a water that we're on though a dark water that holds us.

## #8 (CAR CAMERA)

my bullet regular my two-fisted slim little gun of a man

now to touch a button and turn the entire outside of my car into a camera so that everything that's going on out there could be coming in could be held and recorded cause I don't want to point the camera

I want it to be as open as I am

what's moving <u>be</u> the thing that holds it all I think that dot is me

ferris wheel, bridge, trusty grey & pink scarves of secondary color decorating the light blue but as we know darkening sky.

# #9 (DESTROYING US)

I don't mean to romanticize this thing that's destroying us all I would happily drive more than two hours no I would drive...

romanticize this thing that's destroying us I would drive a couple of hours for friendship.

### #10 (BALL)

Is there anything about oil we don't know already like we're driving on our own limited past something that's ancient like the history of this ball we're driving these cars on the fluid of everything and everybody that ever was here we're draining that to just get around

and it's nice that I could feel around in the dark to say these things to touch a button to make it light and then go out

# #11 (THE LINES)

We're both here in the dark and I can't feel you

I don't know what you're saying

just stay in your lines

## #12 (MAN'S BEAUTY)

we go this way and you go that

things are a lot better for us now

a man's beauty remains the one thing you are absolutely not allowed to discuss

it's not a subject he'll tell you so his beauty winds up being like that of god

you can be yammering outside of the castle god's not going to come out just so you can see what the

<u>oh shut up</u>