

LEFT GLOVE

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As of: November 23, 2005



Dead to the world.

[And then some) says Umm. Thus the  
laying waste of time and error in this lost  
glove loss loss lost. Lost lost lost. O ah  
er umm. Our I innocence undone by an  
error in the in the glove department. Yes is  
now become the doom stick. Death skulks  
wickedwardwickedly all here and there his  
central horn ablaze and his feet make  
each stepping stone the track to a doom.  
Loss of innocence our time has Morpho  
suffered Morpho intensity of that rupture  
and morphomomottattattattattalaka-  
kaluza. Become a hollow moon place dead  
to shame and the innocence of eyelashes. Shashes.  
Shashes. Sashes. Shashes. Sashes. Shashes. Ah  
Pity thou the. The pity thy. The red bird's devil  
delivery unto the state of Morpho genesis. A morphogenesis of  
innocence splotched. Splotched  
and splattered. [Splop]

~

Resolved, that: Yamaha Nazimova is accused by a CHORUS of  
gloves for the crime of losing her own (left) glove.

Resolved, a system of Whys and Choral somethings.

~

Scene one.

CHORUS 2

O hovering glove. OP innocence of gloves  
Gloves of children. Gloves of squirrels.  
Glove of satin gloves of wood  
Gloves of cinnabar gloves of coal  
Gloves of turpentine gloves of brown ditch water  
Gloves of dispossession gloves of the elect.  
Girl gloves and those of Captain Nonsense.  
Gloves of the ether gloves of the wind  
Gloves locked in tiresome dispute gloves  
pitch perfect in perfect consensus. Gloves  
of the adored and adoring Gloves  
of the restless and bemused Gloves  
of the rapist and of the arsonist of the  
Safe cracker of the witless of the doomed.

All these gloves come and go all these  
Gloves are inscribed within a circle of chalk  
White as the glove that hovers high above  
O innocence of gloves O innocence of gloves.

A Narrow Way, Galleria or passage way between walls on two  
sides and perpendicular to two streets on the other two sides; an  
arcade; a thin place, known to some, unknown to many.

Traffic on foot, coming and going according to the clicks and  
whirrs of Economic Calculus.

Scene two.

In a city somewhere, quite a large city perhaps and certainly a  
City quite pleased with herself.

~

#### CHORUS 4

O the sweeper does not sleep he sweeps he sweeps  
And O the sweeper comes and sweeps and never  
Sees and never sees and O the EVIL EVIL EVIL  
Dust that is swept. And swupt and. Made to go away.  
Doth not ever. Doth not ever. No it doth not.  
O the sweeper does not because he doth not.  
Sleep. Slupt and swupt. The fury of the sweeper  
Answers not to sleep no she yes ah ah no she answers  
Not to sleep but to sweep not to sleep but to  
Sweep. Only sweep. The EVIL EVIL EVIL. Oh all the  
Little things that are strewn about. All the little  
Spider thoughts and bottle caps and toothpicks  
And motes of dust and EVIL EVIL EVIL are not  
No are not to be. Swupt totally. Because the sleep  
Of the sweeper has too been swept away. SLUPT.  
SWUPT. EVIL EVIL EVIL. O the eye of the sweeper.

O the sweeper does not sleep he sweeps he sweeps  
And O the sweeper comes and sweeps and never  
Sees what it is he sweeps and O the EVIL dust  
That that. EVIL EVIL EVIL. Dust that swept. Dust  
that grows invisible. Dust that dares not.  
Dust that. Dust. Swupt and. Made to go away.  
Doth not ever. Doth not ever. No it doth not.  
O the sleeper does not because he doth not. Ever.  
Sleep. But he doth not ever doth. Eye of the sweeper.  
Also the eye of the sleeper doth not ever doth. No.  
No no. See the glove there. See the glove there  
Someone just left behind. No no no. Just left behind.

~

We see several dead gloves, none of them (g)lovely; none of them our glove.

The Right glove has a bad thought, rejects the Left one o error o error:

Vivth CHOOOOORUS:

Resolved, that.

The Right Glove shall not know the Left Glove, nor be a party to her doings; that the Right Glove shall repair to her place Of dwelling and not be O not be seen with Nor have congress with the Left Glove in All her doings, actions, fits, sudden excitations, Flurries of twitching and grasping of all; Nor shall the Left glove be apprized of voyages & pilgrimages of the Right glove in far domains Where Right-handedness is the preferred and Established mode of articulation, of the rule Of manual performance (O Hands!) As she pertains To gripping, grasping, holding, and unholy Acts of screw to the right unscrew to the left, Tweezers scissors, applications of powders And creams and related though distinct Acts of combing and shaving, and axe Wielding and hammering and holding High the Libertarian Torch even in acts of Rapine unjustifiable slaughter looting pillage And desecration considered solely as acts Of a manual nature of the O Tribe of Opposable Thumb. Umm. Thumb shall be honored in all such Acts, even as dubious as painting, writing, And twisting of wires and the troublesome act Of unraveling of balls of string the Adversary

Hath so confused as to defy the cunning of the  
Left and the rectitude of all that is Right.

~

Silence. Pause. Silence.

### 6<sup>th</sup> CHORUS

Wide is the way. Innocence. Nothing nothing more.  
Wide is the way. Narrow is the passage to. Nothing  
No no no no no no no. Not a thing in nothingness  
Hath a tail like innocence. Wide is the way.  
Innocence. Innocence indoors and out nothing  
Nothing more nothing much nothing less than  
Wide is the way. Narrow is the passage to. Nothing.  
Is what fills the empty glove. Nothing is the hand  
Of nothing. Nothing wears the glove you lost. Lost  
No no no no no no no it is true you lost the glove.  
Wide is the way. Innocence. Nothing nothing more.  
Wide is the way. Narrow is the passage to. Nothing  
No no no no no no no. Not a thing in nothingness  
Hath a tail like innocence. Wide is the way.  
Innocence. Innocence outdoors and in nothing  
Nothing more nothing less than nothing much. O.  
Wide is the way. Narrow is the passage to. Nothing  
is what fills the empty glove. Nothing is the hand  
Of nothing. Nothing wears the glove you lost. Lost  
In time. Lost in space. The error is yours.  
The loss is yours the glove is no longer yours.  
Innocent the glove. Innocent the glove.  
Nothing wears the wear. Nothing shall wear the glove.  
Till time topples all the towers of crime and error.  
Till all gloves are reunited, both the left and the right.  
Till all hath a tail like innocence.

Till all the gloves creep to their salvation.  
Till what is lost is found. Left and Right.  
Wide is the way. Innocence. Nothing nothing less.

Scene three.

A young woman, Yamaha Nazimova, accidentally drops her glove  
on the  
the left one  
a  
a, er,  
singleton  
in the air,

plop,

on the ground. Her

done. 5 pm. Unknowing, she walks away (unseeing).

CHORUS 3

[The lost Glove says]  
Perhaps there is a plug that fits in in the hole. Oh yes

there is that plug there must be there must be Oh  
yes because that plug is of an innocence in the  
highest degree like a white dove high in the O O O  
yes in the highest branch of the highest tree lovely.  
All the passageways lead to that hole. Plug it up.  
All the galleries tilt in that direction. Plug it up.  
What fits is what fits is is what fits that hole  
and the rickety door has fallen from the hinge swark  
and the granite stone has been split and swark is  
broke and the way into the sea blocked blocked swark  
with old newspapers and the cats swark of the night  
hath a muscle that is red light white light and swark  
light of a leprous condition Swark. Oh innocence Oh  
innocence. All the plush red pin cushions have gone gone home.  
Swark swark swark. Gone to home.  
All the homes are filled with foam rubber and the  
innocence of mice and rats and inflatable bullfrogs.  
All the holes are waiting to be plugged up.  
All the innocence of apples is lost to care.  
All the apples are red as beets. Swark. And all  
the beets are red as the radish and and  
tomato even the innocence the innocence of  
redvermillionattattattattattatpalakakaluza.  
Perhaps there is a plug that fits in the hole. Oh  
redvermillionattattattattattatpalakakaluza.

~

#### SEVENTH KOR:

Resolved, that the person in question, one  
Yamaha Nazimova, is alleged to have  
Committed an Error, in infamy, in the  
Losing of her left glove. Left glove left.  
Yamaha Nazimova, a person of whom

Nothing is known. Not where she comes  
From. Not where she goes Not what she  
Does if any doing she doth. Her said character  
A mystery. Likewise the place of her birth,  
Age, status, comportment and deportment.  
Nay ...

Committed said act of misplacement  
During one early morning on the 23<sup>rd</sup>  
Day of the Month of – of the Year of  
– at the hour of the Sorrow of the Left  
Glove and the glee of the Right. Yea ...  
For the rush of events is such that.  
For this precipitate act stands as an. An act  
Committed in Error and in infamy of lost  
Glove, lost during a rush of events. An  
Errand of an unspeakable kind. If so,  
The character of a true crime. Yamaha  
Is she a piano tuner? Is she a piano?  
And if softly why not loud? And if she is a  
Nazi? and her motivation a Nazi motivation?  
Dread. The dread that clouds the minds  
Of all the other gloves in her possession.  
Left ones in particular. For what if. What if  
The Right Gloves have conspired in this crime?  
What if? Yamaha Nazimova, a person of whom  
The less said the better may she may she be sent far  
Far away where she and her crime will be as a light  
That is turned off and out. That is turned out and off.

Scene four.  
Ungloved, walks rapidly from dot: a) to

dot: b)  
at  
opposite ends of the arcade, un  
um  
unknowing.  
An  
Error, long rehearsed in time's glove, is released;  
Error is released;  
Ah yi ah yi ah yi ...

...

KOR OCHO

Resolved, that the left glove  
Cannot be half of the moon,  
Nor be a green of cheese. For,  
O, does not the forest fill up?  
And, O, does not the glove of  
The fox glove sharpen the? O,  
And does not the forest fill up  
And not go ghastly green till  
Resolution cries out? Yes,  
No it is not that of the left  
Nor of the right that pricks  
The ear that prickles the nape  
And cannot be the Green Face  
Of the Moon and Gem and Eye;  
Resolved, that the right glove  
Cannot be the other half of, of  
What is green and not gladdest  
Gold. Because the Way of the  
Thing that is an, O, a pair of,  
Of gloves does not have a,

A merest and only one end.  
One end only, one end only.  
Way follows a line from *a* )  
And O does the glove of the  
Foxglove not sharpen the? O,  
And that line must end in *b* );  
Both gloves, both left and right  
Feel sharpness of the foxglove bite.

#### NINTH CHORUS~

RESOLVED, the somersault of the lost glove  
be not forgotten, be not a blot and smear  
upon the workings of what it is that works;  
be not forgotten, be not become a nothing  
tot the whole damn boom diddy diddy boom;  
boom diddy diddy diddy boom; BOOM BOOM.  
THAT all lost gloves, whether right or left,  
be recalled from their secret hiding places;  
and be led to this place boom diddy diddy boom;  
boom diddy diddy diddy boom; BOOM BOOM.  
That all lost gloves, whether of the right or  
of the left, be awakened from their slumbers,  
from their dream of a better time, from the  
nightmare of abandonment, of being lost;  
THAT all lost gloves assembled, here and now,  
in the old city of Hand-Shoe, and wake as  
from a dream that was like a thing of cloth  
sheathing each of the five in a hat of cloth,  
hat of leather, hat of fur, hat of beaten metal;  
and be led to this place boom diddy diddy boom;  
boom diddy diddy diddy boom; BOOM BOOM.  
SO THAT justice may be prevail; so that what  
is lost may be recovered and restored; BOOM BOOM;

Boom diddy diddy diddy boom boom boom, [Pause]  
Boom diddy diddy diddy boom boom boom,  
Boom diddy diddy diddy boom boom boom.

CHORUS TEN: *left glove*

One Yamaha Nazimova:  
Place of birth: unknown;  
Country of origin: unknown;  
Occupation: unknown;  
Appearance: unknown;  
Height and weight: unknown;  
Languages spoken: unknown;  
Department: unknown;  
Emotional condition: unknown;  
Intelligence Quotient: unknown;  
Terms of Employment: unknown;  
Education: unknown; if applicable-  
Terminal degree: unknown; if applicable-  
University status: unknown; if applicable--  
Sports and hobbies; unknown;  
Ethnicity; unknown;  
Age: unknown;  
Friends and colleagues: unknown;  
Size of glove: medium.

Scene five.

A long and narrow covered area, narrow and open at both ends a

walk-way and thin place less

than a room (who thinks up such places?),

A

a  
an,  
er,  
another.

Far far far to the exact spot where a

Planar field is as as a sidereal day and:  
Error's errand has completed her (one-gloved) stroll.  
Um, er.

~

Ground glove unmoving, lost abandoned, but hatching plots.

Dark leather plots governing the final disposition of things.  
Dispersal. Of the. Of if. Of um, er.

Dark matter's else.

Dark matter's else disturbs the Left glove with a a a oh bad mad  
dream:

CHORUS 12

Resolved, that:  
Five big fat crows for fingers, five big  
Flat black crows waddle in a sea of grass  
Each one a finger a finger fled from a  
Left left glove. Fingers out of joint out  
Of hand, O, may they scurry may they scabble  
In a consternation of crows, flurry home  
Five big fat crows for fingers, five big  
Flat black crows waddle in a. Sea of grass  
Each one a . Finger a finger. Fled from a

Left left. Glove fingers out of joint. Out  
Of hand , O, may they. Scurry may they scrabble.  
In a. Consternation of. Crows flurry. Home  
Five big fat. Crows for. Fingers five big  
Flat. Black crows waddle in. A sea of. Grass  
Each one a . Finger a finger. Fled from. A  
Left. Left glove. Fingers. Out of. Joint out  
Of hand, O. May they. Scurry may they. Scrabble  
In. A. Consternation. Crow. Flurry. Home  
Five. Big fat. Crows. For fingers five. Big  
Flat. Black. Crows waddle. In a. Sea of, Grass  
Each one. A. Finger a. Finger fled. From. A.  
Left. Left glove. Fingers out. Of joint. Out  
Of hand. O. May they. Scurry. May they. Scrabble.  
Five. Big fat. Crows. For. Fingers five. Big  
Flat. Black Crows waddle. In a. Sea. Of. Grass.  
Each one. A. Finger a. Finger. Fled. From. A,  
Left. Left glove. Fingers out. Of. Joint. Out  
Of hand, O, may they scurry may they scrabble home.

~

The eye's range and extent and scope and field of  
er, um  
a focal array:

(O Steersman (in the night sky) ...

KOR THIRTEE(E)EEN-

Resolved, that  
As night is the moon's glove; and  
As day is the sun's glove; and  
As all things far are as a glove  
To all things near and as time  
Is to space as a long and elegant

Glove of the evening so long so white  
So cunningly sewn and fitted that  
She will never hike up the forearm  
nor will ever rumple at he wrist  
Nor effect the error of itch and burn  
The skin of the space of the world as  
She tilts in time to the music of time  
As the ungloved go sadly about at  
Night like blind actors who bang  
Against each other, collide  
And go bump and go bump bump  
Like the end of the world and all, O,  
All she contains, stumbled against  
And broken: Poor dumb thing.  
Poor dumb thing, forever unable;  
Poor dumb thing, forever unable  
To set right what has been shattered;  
To set right what has been mangled;  
To set right what has been splintered;  
To set right what has been riven  
In twain by the uncouth and ungloved  
Dumb thing who thinks a glove is not as night is to the moon O.

Scene six.

High above the ground. In the far distance one strange cloud too  
far too geometric for whose own his her own damn good; a  
simple scattering Watling Street of Monsoor Um and Er; Eye  
through the hole of: Oh.

A

Place far far. A

Place no glove has quipped no glove hath  
reached  
for. What

is this quiet?

□

Lemurian walk-through. A something someplace someone few of  
a off of a. And all of them ungloved.

~

CHORUS 14 *unfinished*

Resolved,  
All Errand is not error YEA if she go gloved;  
All Errand is comely, if she go gloved; all fruit  
Ripens soft and glovely; and if she go gloved  
All Motherly is of a powdery perfection, if she  
    But go gloved;  
All Spider persisteth in glorious WEB,  
    if she but go gloved;

All Mathesis be of elegant perfection; if she  
    but go gloved;  
All Morpho be Venus, “born of the foamy sea”  
    if she go gloved; for  
All Errand is not error YEA if she go gloved;

But, NAY, for

All cahoonery be trampled underfoot;  
    for she walks with no glove & spiteth  
        and spitteth upon the one who is lost;

~

Er, and then:

~

*Finished* CHORUS 14

Resolved,  
All Errand is not error YEA if she go gloved;  
All Errand is comely, if she go gloved; all fruit  
Ripens soft and glovely; and if she go gloved  
All Mothery is of a powdery perfection, if she  
    But go gloved;  
All Spider persisteth in glorious WEB,  
    if she but go gloved;  
All Mathesis be of elegant perfection; if she  
    but go gloved;  
All Morpho be Venus, “born of the foamy sea”  
    if she go gloved; for  
All Errand is not error YEA if she go gloved;

But, NAY, for

All cahoonery be trampled underfoot;  
    for she walks with no glove & spiteth  
        and spitteth upon the one who is lost;  
All lostness of gloves is to be trampled underfoot;  
    for she walks with no glove;  
AND the glove that is lost is lost FOREVER;  
And the glove that is lost is driven far far away;  
And the glove that is lost must await,  
    alone, in the empty arcade;  
Must await the coming of Jewell Beckett;  
    and must hope against hope;  
Must despair of all hope if she pass, YEA,  
    without seeing and must join all the other  
Lost gloves, standing alone, at the end of time

Scene seven

An errand on the stroll. Error's. Someone goes someone stays.  
The, And, If, Um, Er: all of a (un)gloved

unhoused and empty.

CORUS FUNFTEEN

Resolved, that

A certain Jewell Beckett be crowned with a  
    glove of gold and silver silk;

May her name be a byword among all the  
    tribe of glove, especially the ones

Lost in the world, hopeless, then found in a flash;

Lost to the many, who care not and proclaim:

*WHAT* is a lost and left glove to me, HA!

    For I am a Man of finance, terrible in wrath;

What is a lost and left glove to me, HA!

For I m a creature of Television, with many teeth;  
What is a lost and left glove to me, HA!  
For I am genius of rubber and salt;  
For I am a person of Importance, beyond reproach;  
For I am a professor of Ultimate Truth;  
For I am concerned with the Immortal Soul,  
and not, HA! With the poor gloves of men;  
For I am a Lady not to be trifled with, HA!  
What is one glove to me without the other?  
For I am a desperate person, upwardly mobile;  
and my mind is a ceaseless whirring of wheels;  
For I am a student, HA, appalled by the books,  
(dull and incomprehensible), and am fearful of  
consequence;  
For I am whoever I am, not like this person,  
this nobody, this person of no bearing,  
no consequence - average, nondescript, of no power and  
influence, this stranger, Jewell Beckett who is said to be  
neither beautiful nor rich.

CHORUS SIXTEEN: *left glove*

Resolved:  
That the left glove be not covered by the right;  
Resolved, that the right glove be not covered by  
the left; Resolved that the might of gloves be worn  
in day as in night; be resolved that Sebastian  
fall down in folly; be resolved, that the mighty find  
woe past their glory; Resolved that the ungloved  
become a glove for the week; resolved, that  
the weak fear not the glove of the holy; resolved that  
gloves be as gloves & bask in the glove of evenhandedness;  
resolved, that all is as was shall be, and gloveliness and

gloveitude be forever in glove history:  
Boom, diddy diddy diddy boom, boom, boom;  
Boom, diddy diddy diddy boom, boom, boom;  
Boom, diddy, diddy diddy boom, boom, boom;  
May all the gloves be as one glove, except for the unhappy for  
the hands of the godly are covered with fingers more numerous  
than stalks of celery;  
in the fields of Gethsemane, for the gloves of the lovely  
be as stars of the night; May the gloves of the angry yield to the  
gloves of the meek;  
May the gloves of hungry be filled with oats and hay;  
May the gloves of the thirsty be filled with water and wine;  
May all gloves speak as one glove, except when they are many;  
May there be no division among gloves; May there be only  
consent among the many-fingered cloth that is the glove of  
consciousness, the glove of time, the glove of beginnings,  
endings, and the glove beyond these that holds up the sky;  
Boom, diddy diddy diddy boom, boom, boom;  
Boom, diddy diddy diddy boom, boom, boom;  
Boom, diddy, diddy diddy boom, boom, boom;

~

An infinite gallery, an arcade, a thin place leading to a far far  
domain hast opened on up a a a

way less thin than by distance

a dot.

~

CHORUS seventeen

Resolved, that:

We who know,  
shall not know how;  
shall not know how  
to inch and foot;  
shall not know end  
from start and up  
from where up goes  
at the sheer drop  
of an inch at rest.

Resolved, that:  
We who know,  
shall not know how;  
shall not know how  
to inch and foot;  
shall not know end  
from start and up  
from where up goes  
at the sheer drop  
of an inch at rest.

This is the test that fingers five  
Obligate and make of it a  
Miracle: One two three four five.  
What gloves the hand gloves the eye  
And heart and soul and pins the  
Name of inch to each as a mile's joy.  
Resolve this; resolve that,  
In the name of a left glove left behind.

KOOOOR 18

Resolved that:  
Glove may accomplish inch, make the pin drop.

Glove may move, like a silence,  
 among the knowing  
 as a pin dropped;  
 as a show of dazzle upon the brow  
 of each one who hurries past;  
 as a shadow of the stick bug;  
 as a diametric inch  
 measures the earth with no double;  
 as though she flew with no troubles.  
 As though she flew the coop, shrilling,  
 to measure the world, not her double;  
 as a diametric inch;  
 of each one who hurries past;  
 as a show of dazzle upon the brow.  
 As a pin dropped  
 among the knowing  
 Glove may move, like a silence;  
 Glove may accomplish inch, make the pin drop.  
 That resolved, resolve that.  
 O: Glove, inch, pin, silence, show;  
 Dazzle,, brow, shadow, bug, Inch;  
 Earth, double, Inch, shadow, bug;  
 Each one shadows show and each brow  
 as a pin dropped  
 Among the knowing.  
 Glove may move like a silence,  
 glove may accomplish Inch and call it mile;  
     that resolved, resolve that.

~

Thought's glove heats up shot's tower looks up thinks up gravity  
 looks down oh and all things pertaining to the glove to the grave  
 yard and goeth a to the direction a) b);

(of those mad wood mad)

Arrow's (evil) direction an instant a

as a metropolis a polity not unlike this one. A hill not a city on  
a. Hill (hell).

A thing (t)here.

Planar field as an a sidereal day and.

Held in tight focus.

Held in wide focus.

~

#### CHORUS NINETEEN

Resolved that:

One glove among many, lost in an instant;

found the next; bow and then rise;

gloves in a chorus arrive and then go;

one after another, tap out time.

One glove among many: folded flung;

lost in a moment, in eternity found.

A chorus of gloves; fingers in the fog,

one after another, tap out time.

One

after another, five fingers flared;

lost in the walkway, found near the moon;

A chorus of gloves, O whitest angels;

each upon each, hey! Perform the old tarantara;

one among many, twirls like the autumn

leaf, alive in the vortex;

What do we know? Does anyone know?

Lost in the gallery, O, O, no one looks down;

Gloves upon gloves trek across Asia,  
    black with dust, spangled caravansary.  
Each after each measures the odd Inch;  
One glove among many,  
fingers alert as pointed ears;  
One glove among many,  
One gloves left, one glove left behind.  
Nothing matters, nothing matters;  
but for a lost glove the firmament  
creaks and breaks asunder;  
O bow and then rise; o bow and then rise;  
    o bow and then rise!

#### CHORUS 20

Resolved that:  
One thing is connected to another, just as  
one glove is part of a pair, irrefutable.  
One thing is next to another, just as  
the trees in the meadow are just where they are.  
One glove is part of a pair, irrefutable;  
and all pairs are to all other pairs of glove  
as leaves are to branches and branches to trees;  
as Inch deep in the wild wood  
is type and portrait of  
the Inch in paradise.  
The Inch at City Square authenticates the Inch  
on the dry valleys of Mars.  
All things are as fingers of glove,  
hover with joy over the task at hand.  
Fingers are not idle in the mind.  
Fingers are not idle in the dream.  
Fingers delight in the Inch and Foot-  
they measure and march and seek out  
a synchronous pattern of coincident

movement impossible to describe;  
impossible to inscribe in a circle  
of chalk only a foot wide on the  
    walk-way of the Narrow Place and arcade  
    and Galleria and thin place because  
there is HUSH a thin place HUSH a thin place  
    of the world  
connecting HUSH HUSH all twin gloves as though  
they were hammered as one, and riveted thus.  
Resolved this, thus.  
Fingers are not idle when they go gloved;  
Fingers are delights in all things (g)lovely.  
One glove left, one glove left behind.  
Nothing matters, nothing matters;  
but for a lost glove the firmament  
creaks and breaks asunder;  
O bow and then rise; o bow and then rise;  
    o bow and then rise!  
21 KOR

Resolved, that  
Glove hath no conclusion, hath no  
end point, neither in time nor in hand;  
Glove hath no cataclysm, hath no  
artifice of the digital, hand's diametric  
needle & compass pin; Glove hath no  
notion of the pointed, nor of pointless error.  
A Glove has a soul like any puppet,  
sure thing of desire, wooden eyes, wooden  
hair, an oar floating among water reeds  
as lovers drift by, indifferent to all else.  
A Glove has a soul like any nightshirt  
though you cannot see her shadow  
because the soul has not a seething-veil  
to undertake the dark night-walk, O,

eerie metacarpal taratantara O!  
O! O! O many-fingered dance of gloves!  
Glove has no mind to make up;  
her conclusions are reached Inch  
by mile, both in time and in the hand;  
Glove has no catastrophe; her patience  
is drying paint to the flickering Moon,  
lost in phases, like human kind, aglow  
in night or on the Summer Haystack  
as if no clock spoke, no hair grayed.  
Glove will stay, quiet, where you drop her;  
Glove does not bother if another one appear.  
Yet Glove is not an adjunct to anything;  
her face is bright, and she is always where she is;  
she is always where she is. Where she is, she is there.

~

Resolved, the:

A such and such is about to, in the narrow place, by the long  
shadow, is about to yes, maybe is a

;

and picks up a, daintily, as it were, between  
um and the

thumb and forefinger; um, the (Jewel Beckett);

Resolved, that the:

She looks askance.

Poor oh er thing.

Noth it is nothing. Noth not. (Moth)

Nothing but the loss and care in. A.  
The.

Choral somethings chitter- Resolved that:

Mystery be a space and an abyss. An.

Argument against.

Perpetuity.

Who one one is say the of she too to who  
So  
Ever. It is it; it is it's  
yit.

Yit yet yut. Perpuppytuity. Yit's

domain. Time scaled down to a level to a plain spot arcade  
Galleria thin place open to a a open to the

a  
an, er,  
um;

---

Goes in error, goes as a as a a line drawn in the

Resolved, that Yamaha Nazimova did do and did drop a and left  
it right,

(Smack) there [I am in a a a pointing sense moving as a dot

does],

X, the place where

~

Cahoonery

[Cahoon:  
*ghoul of lost  
glovedness*

~

The, the Indicator

And, The Connector

If, the asker of questionumumms. All

pointed, thus, here at there:

Her. (His)

~

A filched glove?

7pm the black glove bays as a shadow shadows a.

Only where my fingers missed are now and and hold nix and all  
five and branchiate nothings at a.

8 and 9 and 10 pm.

No; no; no; no; noth um hung (hing);

ask the not for and and if are um tipped off by er:

Go: To empty places and testify that, to

(Resolved, that)

Testify to a a a ghost way far down light's pinhole, endlessness  
of an infinite regress there in a far afar domain a a a beyond city  
and plain;

er; um;

a morphology not of ours, gloved in an

alien

narrow way and thin place the and if um er,

infinite, as it

was and is too, dear lost glove.

Time's wand o.

---

Dark missing glove says her prayers as night.

Night with hooks and teeth.

At midnight Morpho appears:

We must leave this world.

~

...

Morpho interrogates a as all spaces, as spaces (only where?)

Follow them out the out way them as the tip of the.

Outs.

Resolved, that:

(22<sup>nd</sup> CHORUS

Resolved, that:

Right glove too shall fall down in folly,  
for what is Right without Left, Up  
without Down, Sun without Moon?

Right glove too shall dread  
a night when useless she  
shall be flung, flung far away,  
far from care and home and hearth,  
but in full consciousness, O,  
the coming disaster, just at brink.

Right glove too shall fall down in folly:  
Shall hear the verdict spoken in dead calm;  
Shall be led to the place & be tied, tied  
to the Death-Tree and be blindfolded;

Shall once more hear the fatal sentence;  
Shall puff a last cigaret, request in calm  
the blindfold be removed;

Shall toss off a witty aphorism; shall  
cast a old eye on hat & sock;

Shall hear the rifles be cocked and aimed;  
Shall hum a phrase from Ravel's Concerto; --  
And join the others

Wherever they go wherever they go wherever they  
go.

Right glove rises from the Banquet

unable; Right glove sees, outside  
bright eyes of the Cahoon; Right glove  
wonders at the silent faces, faces at the  
candle-lit table and wonders and wonders  
and wonders which one ...  
as if no clock spoke, no hair grayed. But  
Glove will stay, quiet, where you drop her;  
Glove does not bother if another one appear.  
Yet Glove is not an adjunct to anything;  
her face is bright, and she is always where she is;  
she is always where she is. Where she is, she is there.  
but for a lost glove the firmament  
creaks and breaks asunder;  
O bow and then rise; o bow and then rise;  
o bow and then rise!)

~

Far afar an errand (in error) pronounces mitt's gauntlet.

Morpho frowns at a a far

(Morpho for moth)

The, And, If;

Resolved, um er, that that is that, er.

(Parsecs)

...

O Steersman ...

The taps and who asks if why Um is Um at all er.

Eye's error and scope and extend and field of of focal disarray.

Focal array of feral display.

Feral display of (g)lovely black nesses in  
a

congenial row array. Black winged bird (Wings  
through the narrow place one life one ...

.

Wyrdness of all termination and terminals and

Windy places, all

So far afar to her(e) it is it he measures. *Hwaet*

4 and 5 and 6am.

~

Soft buttery black leather fingers five.

Space digitally contrived and conspired a life. Quipu of a lost  
glove.

(Quipu: knotted-rope time measure string a)

Quipu as errand maker.

People walk past in bedazzled slow look, mid

Summer's dawn peeks through Um of thumb and a hollow of The  
and If and And;

Er as a reluctant volute, a tremble.  
(Ears flared)

No one sees the.

Silence falls fast upon the dawn (but not for long)

...

Glove invisible, soft and leather and blackness in full  
cognizance:

Never trust the human hand; it is a not  
to be er hinged to an unknown. Cahoon  
and deceiver. Be um. It is not a fit to  
bear the er, closest and cleave to. What  
is the right too to me, but a vague  
semblance, as if This's and That's  
old fallen tower and the moon. Old  
bones mimicking a she who The Too  
is the right too to me, but a vague  
semblance, as if This's and That's  
old fallen tower and the moon. Old

*[If weeps*

Crow faced mother who I was a very a very to the skin attached  
too to;

Thirteen hours uncounted, count them, left and right;

A radius of all my affections released

in perfect time, sequence and purest  
sphere of affections. Sequence and purest  
sphere of affections. To the skin attached  
too to a ah a radius of all my afflictions;

in perfect mathematic.

People big and near, and are then far and dear. Oldy and out of  
range.

Use and function stop stopped with the fit is fled. When all ways  
are: Errand's errors.

In an Arrow's throw a throw away time a. Fingers of light are an  
access to a dream of the who. Access to a a dream like an  
empty glove. Useless solitary

[er, thing: .

thing hinged and a solitary a as if a world that cries herself up  
and out. Ah yi! Utterance known to none. But like a footfall  
and it is:

Jewel Beckett.

*CHORUS 23 (OLD 16):*

And what do I know of distance and Jewel Beckett?  
Not a stitch of her is known to me;  
Not a stitch of her is known to the moth;  
Not a stitch of Jewel Beckett is known to a candle;  
Not a stitch of Jewel Beckett is known to a myth,  
    nor a meth, nor a moth, nor a muth;  
Not a stitch of Jewel Beckett is known to Morpho,  
    who is Morpho butterfly, who is Venus Anadyomene;  
Not a stitch of Jewel Beckett is known to the Wood,  
    nor to the mad in the Wood, nor to the squirrel in the  
    Wood; nor to all the things of the Woods that are known  
    to the Wood, and known to the Moon;  
Not a stitch of Jewel Beckett is known to the City, to the  
    walkways, the arcades, the fine gallerias;  
Not a stitch of Jewel Beckett is known to the rest;  
Not a stitch of Jewel Beckett: not her height, not her weight,  
    Not the meaning of her mysterious name;  
Not a stitch of Jewel Beckett is a matter to bother;  
Not a stitch of Jewel Beckett is a matter to care;  
    not her ears, not her thumbs; not her hair  
Not a stitch of Jewel Beckett is pictured anywhere;  
Not a stitch of Jewel Beckett matters to the many;  
Not a stitch of Jewel Beckett would cause any to stare:  
What has she done?  
What has she done?  
She has picked with two fingers, up, from the ground  
A lost, left glove, and held it in the air.

~

Scooped up!

What now world what now is set to tap out time?

Measure this: Awe ways woe won. *Hwaet*

Cahoon watches over and if and the emptiest of an. Five places,  
inside out and single hole in Time's Hollow. I'll not. Where is  
Lefty now? O Skin. Some moth and closets of a Spider and Math  
er Moth. Empty and filled up. Drat.

And and I forget and. Of course and. Drat.

The street the street the narrow place walkway arcade Galleria  
to a a too extends as far as Jewel Beckett's

( perfection);

and her field of view. Wide and as narrow and we and it are:

(um, too, er)

~

Far distant miles ago in an in (antiquity), um, er:

CHOIR TWENTY THREE & A HALF:

May Nazima Yamaha Nazimova be condemned,  
to be removed, to the point furthest,  
at the end of things, from the line A B, end points  
of the Galleria or passage way in which the glove was left,  
forming an isosceles triangle, at the end of space and time;  
May she be condemned to hold forever her crumpled right glove  
in a monkey jar with her left hand till the end of time.

~

She discovers her loss.

She discovers her gain.

Who at a wonder; is o is; what to do with and without; a single glove;

She imagines the estate of a lost glove, hopeless and alone.

WHY wonders Yamaha Nazimova;

WHY wonders Jewel Beckett;

Did I do what I do? Weird what I do: one glove and not two.

The Arcade and Galleria and narrow place and thin place glows dim a midsummer sun rise;

simple; as a glove goes:

As a glove with fingers of light; as a moth and as a spider;

in perfect mathematic.

All go apart, poles apart. Each a different radius of the sphere, isotopically;

...

(Parsecs)

YAMAHA NAZIMOVA, gone to a far far place;

farther than the domain of lost gloves YEA;

farther than the moth and spider YEA;

farther than the Mind of Morpho YEA;

~

CHORUS conclusus

Resolved, that  
A certain Jewell Beckett be crowned with a  
    glove of gold and silver silk;  
May her name be a byword among all the  
    tribe of glove, especially the ones  
Lost in the world, hopeless, then found in a flash;

YEA YEA YEA.

May Nazima Yamaha Nazimova be condemned,  
to be removed, to the point furthest,  
at the end of things, from the line A B, end points  
of the Galleria or passage way in which the glove was left,  
forming an isosceles triangle, at the end of space and time;  
May she be condemned to hold forever her crumpled right glove  
in a monkey jar with her left hand till the end of time.

~

JEWEL BECKETT, has not gone she has not yet gone to a far far  
place ...

Yea she has not has not YEA,  
The Left Glove lost now found is curled up, happily in a warm  
spot, held in precious worth in her in her YEA

YEA YEA YEA precious Chinese rosewood drawer; in her secret  
cabinet; in her apartment in the state/province of — ; in the  
republic of —; in the human heart yea.

YEA YEA YEA.

Resolved, that that is that, er;

The, and And, If too YEA.

And um.

Moth and spider and also (Yea), and Morpho too (Yea Yea).

Far, far distant an Errand (perhaps one left too) pronounces the  
curse of unspeakable doing undoing upon the error in question,  
done in shame. Close by and closely an Errand (Yea!)  
pronounces

ah an ah and and the and if and um and er in full stillness so that

Awe ways woe won. End is end now, for

Those that once made a noise in the world, now lie quiet ...

(Reprise: *Whispered*)

CHORUS seventeen

Resolved, that:  
We who know,  
shall not know how;  
shall not know how  
to inch and foot;  
shall not know end  
from start and up  
from where up goes  
at the sheer drop  
of an inch at rest.

Resolved, that:  
We who know,  
shall not know how;  
shall not know how  
to inch and foot;  
shall not know end  
from start and up  
from where up goes  
at the sheer drop  
of an inch at rest.

This is the test that fingers five  
Obligate and make of it a  
Miracle: One two three four five.  
What gloves the hand gloves the eye  
And heart and soul and pins the  
Name of inch to each as a mile's joy.  
Resolve this; resolve that,  
In the name of a left glove left behind.)

Awe ways woe won.

(Play is over now.)