

CEDAR SIGO

STRANGER
IN
TOWN

CITY LIGHTS
SAN FRANCISCO



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CITY LIGHTS SPOTLIGHT

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This book is for my family

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CONTENTS

Prince Valiant	1
Lisbon	4
Daybreak Star	6
Speedway	9
Seriously Underdressed	10
Port Orchard	12
Live at the East	14
John Altoon	17
Stranger in Town	19
Showboat	26
Notes on Joan Crawford	28
Song	30
Greensleeves	31
My Drawings	34
Portrait of Sara Bilandzija	35
Poem	37
A Gallows Garden	39

The Secret Ceremony	42
Coliseum	45
Villon	47
\$\$\$Expensive Magic\$\$\$	50
London, London	54
Morning Train	56
The Emerald Tablet	59
Simple Gift	62
The Sun	65
Music for Torching	69
Untitled (Nijinsky)	79

PRINCE VALIANT

Your first presence
is that of a con man
down on his luck.
You cross on the ferry
and return
as it gets dark.
Heating a pair
of candlesticks
to warm the studio
I was to live
quite comfortably
at the end
of each needle
to receive my ghost
I took out
a writing room also
among derelicts
who would pay
unwittingly
the highest prices

besides the apartments
for their dry cleaning
and drinks,
TOP OF THE MARK
soiled by each groom
till I reach the morgue,
One we can lean on
in our ascension
to heaven
to CHINA FIELDS
and the cufflinks
You had better
recognize
It was more
of an open invitation
and should
he care to appear,
good thing it was recorded.
His walking seaside,
His being punished
for talking Indian.
A bronze bust
soon to be unveiled

in PIONEER SQUARE
The greatest
of all features
in its design . . . Mercy
the brass ring
and clear purple tomb
in a door knob.

LISBON

I get so
tired at times
and thank

all of
the pills
for being

themselves
and the men
I thank as many

as I bring
to mind again
Fine lines

wander the top
of the stairwell
also in my place

A gaslight
desk set
stagecoach

Blueprints
for imperial
washrooms

Arrows longing
for the
other bank

DAYBREAK STAR

Twice wrongly accused
I had wandered into the booth
to be alone,
Every morning
the black sunrise,
gay shame awards,
I write more letters
suspicion is heightened
by the wording
& my ability to relax.
I shall be made
thy music
since I shut the doors
on this
holy room,
just got a big fine
leather chair
& copy of FORTUNE
(I've worked all my life.)
had stumbled off

from the lighthouse
 & had my choice
 more rooms
than I had time,
 It was one of my best comes
 Identical
 To such new luxury
 the marsh banks
keep it small, I appreciate
 its stable & its manor
 its drowned exile, flight
to what restless longing
 The films and tapes
 & cinemascope
I screened all together
 & typed out a list
 THINGS I FIND EXTINCT
The audience, my own
 a higher order
 with whom
I would consent to learn
 read, converse, never this building
 a replica world.

This is my test
of the ink, the privacy
in composition prized.

SPEEDWAY

FOR JOHN WIENERS

I cut out the “Heart with Snowflake”
Myself but it is not mine, Forget
This bloody coat bloody shirt, I
Think it is the writing that makes
Me sick, The scores and scores of
Incidental music, this nosebleed all
Spring all wet, I’m positively angry
with the Impertinence of it! I’m
Sewing up the kinks in this film, I’m
Trying to! I’m trying to burn a light
Between, There’s a light and I cable
my voice on it but it rips when I trace
Anything! WORKS ON PAPER, THE SHIP
OF DEATH “Oh build it!” Sings the
Heart, “My coat would be so bloodied
I could wiggle out of my coat!”

SERIOUSLY UNDERDRESSED

Acid washed

Jeans, bitten down

Fingernails, I've been

Uptight all

This week wishing

Invisibility,

Scented tissue

I can tease

Into flowers, same

As ever My heart-

shaped collapsible

Locket is still

Missing & I miss

Wearing it open,

I remember a black

Fog inside so

Combed through, trapped

And willingly

Shining me on