

A Handbook of Surfing

I

It is time to find the peak the rosy trimmings are sliding up
toward you whose fingers reach over the balcony the flowers
and trees are damp morning up breaks differently each sibilant
wavering the night closet shut seeks . . .

A circular moon continued; ideal these conditions a
settled air on its five or six feet the wave rocks
early over the coast foam line spews as once at her lightest
the goddess washed goats tumbled into the brine mark their forks
body erect and facing the shore margin he of the water sign considers

. . . Bottom what is there under the shell determining size and type
those coral rocks an idiot glance from crevice to crevice they watch
the smooth wave. Why did Columbus the Navigator
select the reef? Its products are strong even off the simple isle.
Sand bottom more fickle rippling sand roulette, a dusty
depth and shifty, an unknown alphabet whose squeaky
letters as apt to let one down or forget to lift us up, we
cannot always climb the sand horn or blowing
hot then cold erratic it sometimes sleeps in the dovecote water.

Domestic requisites (agricultural, manufactured, urban,
non-urban, marital or no)
have placed you here sun-struck and geared
with your ocean plan for a soupy ride
right or downside
eyewash of roar speech saltness he thinks less thus
is better to concentrate the hash of whether/or

. . . No one has gentled this leash
Not you marbled H's

In the wave wilderness wily wild
cuckoo strength bearers as rapists
knee songs and thigh grippers

foam slashers bone knockers
surf kindlers in the riddle splash
 t wit ter woo
like a long legend

II

Since there are probably no two surfers in the world who will agree one hundred percent on the techniques of advanced surfing, we would like to deal only with the basic principles of learning to surf . . . we would like to tell here about paddling, standing and turning, straightening out or pulling out, we shall discuss the effect of tides and bottom conditions . . .

Paddling is prone or kneeling or sitting
Standing and Turning mean exactly that plus some wisdom
as when you go down a hill on your heels and up one
on your toes. Everyone knows how to turn or turn about
or make a reverse these are daily decisions both
- politic and poetic and they have historic sequences
in the surf they are known as Changing Directions

as is seen a darting fish

yet we deserve reunion

it soothes

this peak mounting even in ruffled calm
to search this way and that on the desert a palm
a white car to guide swiftly
as quoted my paddling self you have veins in your hands

Ardent days! Golden backs! The pier
at your peak helmeted one hot dogging
the shore break well there are many types of
waves they all fall (differently) you must assume
the General Positions:

on nose
spinning
driving down
head dips

Duke Kahanamoku

Makaha

Excellencies on the woodless sands

your emblem of polyurethane

Today I shall walk the board my teak sandals
on the wax the surf's down waterwheel furled
the monkey figure of moustached shiverless scale
we are also goons with our bent backs
not so turbulent in the shallows, but boring
as after prayers and feasting the sleepy travellers

III

Paddling out: Tributes must be paid that this
waterway be freed

and further: I think I see you blink in Iceland
top pole of wave
your midnight eye at crest there
Viking foam . . . barriers the pine seed

Rolling through: On the way to line up it's under the soup
you with your immaculate verb sense the
indicative clause so under control and
the novel how much you understand of
character plot action not to
mention vice or the splitting sensitivity of
Balzacian Frabrizio and those days in
so long Trevio I remark your courage when
you decide the form is exactly at its crest of
sequence as in England the forty long spins
take us to India and back or within
a wearisome reach so tiring this spin on
top of water Now roll your board under
you go the big spume breaks you're safe
with your underwater cartilage it's only
a quaint mishap to be thrown by imagination
and never if you're careful. While you wait
the longest while the first chapter, never
fear your head will roll on top. Not even

depth, but spun ivy tickle water
you're up then you're on top. A hard
way to it and the only. Just the beginning
Mister Tom. I mean master of swallows.

the dynamite crest

(Where are the childish waves the lappings
eschewed as to the lighthouse balloons
against a window your narrow partings)

IV

Wondering if this day fills you with ennui as it does me
in your bunnyhood so busy on the beach opening tops
six package I'm told. Where is your yellow long
veiled anger where is your passion diphthong?
On the beach with only vulture gulls can you
forget your dislike of bibliothèque?

Go

orange volume sandy named a windy
nomenclature suitable or yours pensioned

Lo your glossy tunics the simple wrap around
or take off always one shoulder the porous
statues on the hill stanced seaward sunstruck
withered frequently headless only the bosoms
upholding strict maidens courageous also
so many storms and tribal wars so much murder
to remain unburied . . . the warrior torso
over whom you keep watch remembering this beauty
especially at full moon one hand disjointed
severed reaches still to you as on the waveboard

a girl takes the wing position the surfer's arm
upholds so at Samothrace so will capture
Boreas all bunnies the wind speaks finally
air braided of wind is your upward tether
not these duplicate days you expend
 . . . your mosaics
will they survive the dolphin's flight?

VII

Hélas! "In closeout conditions no one surfs"
There is a point beyond which big storm surf is unrideable
The four fathom five you hope to squire

sweet gauzy weeds to be coronals
on oceanic floor swaying they've learned their dance
they have a habit of performing without audience;
yet greed, for they are penniless, makes them desire a swimmer.

Am called Cassandra in these summer days
when in the soft illness of heat I'm ready
to talk of battles

He rides in the heat
he never squeaks
he is ready for shore order

whether/or the village cong cough
like a leaky board when the surf is rough
Cassandra thinks of a child whose muscles
are thin; she weeps at the motorboard cost
the reef he'll hit young as Wordsworth's Lucy
in the quick clime of bomb

Protest!

Nobody rides in closeout!

VIII

In the polyandry green of life there's a rule you stride

quick to the whip before the foam
the complexion of green
shadows under the sandcove eyes
the slim waistline of coast

to be adored as you glide spookless
this rhythm ancient as self the muslin shore

with these lenses use nothing more
all that is not goggle is giggle

take this most intricate tide
in your own way knowing the cost
forsaking all others if need be
it at its dangerous crest

mortuary bottom

Gallantly these fine surf horses
(innocently capturing a beach as daylight
finds the old sea at its best cooler
more quiet the dawn strokes
a way to greet heroes the flat hues
let them rest)

battle form

we acquiesce

the purchasable line

promptly renewing our lids/our eyes

to negotiate each splendid day

we do this from wave couch

in shrewdness meditate

the expanse the artful dare