

A tropical beach scene with several palm trees in the foreground and a thatched-roof hut in the lower right. The background shows a sandy beach, turquoise water, and a clear blue sky. The entire image is overlaid with a semi-transparent white filter.

Triptych

Martin Burke

Scars Publications 2005 chapbook

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Notes To The Hurrying Man

The last of summer or first of autumn?
Birds –gathering or dispersing?
Words –the same
Cloudless sky –what more can be said?
Say this –it is truly beautiful
Message to the hurrying man: do not be afraid of beauty
Read the appropriate poem
Write what can be written

Notation in a notebook: the perfection of failure may yet bring success
Memories of Greece
Three clouds. Three more
Note to the self: define the definition or surrender to the day
Yes, ‘metaphors of the voyage’ –something to look out for

To escape history-to seek not to escape
What does Blake say on this?
The three towers –sunlit & radiant. Do not forget this
& the sunlight in Crete
Yes, ‘*to cast off the not-human*’, this is the task, this is what Blake says
Three birds or is it three women –a symbol, but for who & of what?
Not to be immune to the sparrow’s song
Not to be immune to the seagull’s
To reclaim the silence from silence.
To be the one who will sing it
& the language of leaves in the cantos of the earth
The precision of Shelly with words –an art to be sought for, & the wild joy
of Whitman
To create in history a gesture that resides outside of history
Three birds, then eight, then a gathering
Old fathers –what do you say?

To tell what would be irrefutable
& does the fish see the water in which he swims?
I yearn & I yearn

These fragments collected again *that* shambles
Iraq, Iraq
Lurching not towards Bethlehem but towards what?
To have come this far to this verse

& the wonder of the child is the wisdom of the man
Intimations of beauty everywhere –but which should I follow?
To face headlong into the magma of the world
With the first fire come the first words
Chestnut tree –answer the question
To submerge in wholesome waters
& the shadow of the rose on the wall
The sleeping Venus of Malta outwitting all definitions.
What is more complex, more infinite than this?

Word & world –where does the one end & the other begin?
Perhaps the chestnut tree knows
Let fire be fire & water its equal opposite
For her sake the little vessel of this verse

To pluck the branch that grows again & again
–others have done so, so will I–
To speak of the fidelities
To launch the little vessel of this verse upon the waters of the world.
Yes, I have many ambitions
To this the heart is committed
To have been in various ways the groom, to be him still
Listen, listen, bells ring in the night air
Flanders, homeland of heart and mind
To have been the bride, to have been the groom
–histories have been made from less than this–
What can be plucked once can be plucked twice
Beginnings –but where o where do they end?
I pluck the branch again

But to believe –that’s the hardest part
Endurance but hardly faith
Nothing the soul can subscribe to
Ah yes, the soul, what it all comes down to
That which cannot be avoided or ignored
Mercy, mercy on us all

The sun king dies & so must we
This is the death you feared all through the summer
Juan de la Cruz –what do you say?
See, I still turn to the old affections!
Words in the books & the books on the shelves but which one, which one
will I choose?

A map on the wall, distance countries, histories I have forgotten
I remember so much and so little
Old wounds in the dark of winter
Longings & longings
The heart, as also the soul, though they could be one, seeking consolation
Geographies & histories
A fault line running through the map of the world & ending in these keys
The lands that once were inviting
I have forgotten nothing
I remember it all
As if a god was moving through Thebes; as if an outcome was being decided
so the wind moved through the long corridors & moved the leaves
& memory recording it
A hand hesitating on a door knob, a breath pausing, a foot waiting to fall
No, it was not Thebes. It could have been anywhere else. It could have
been & still could be wherever you are
A consequence about to happen
The god going about his business & giving no thought to consequence
A moment about which there will later be pronouncements
Some one will say '*it was bound to happen*'.
Another will say '*I curse the events which led to this*'
Another will wipe his hand on his pants & walk away as if it were of no
consequence.
But what do *You* say?
How does it echo down the corridors of *Your* life?
Answer or don't for besought or not the god will come.
Two moments from now the door will open and close

Before the words came
Before the bright turbulence invaded the heart all was mute & unloved
Before the words
Falling, falling, a well which has no end to it.
& in falling calling out the names which come into the mouth
Calling them now

Falling there yet
Word after word
The well so dark it opens onto a second brightness I learn to see the features of
Seeing so much that cannot be spoken –& that is a joy
Falling, falling
Nearing no end that can be named
Wanting no end
Wanting the words to have no end
Wanting the words
& the mind giddy with delight
& that is its new tradition out of which a second tradition grows
Calling out the names of predecessors
& every understanding a new limitation
Loving that also
Here in this dark that is so deep it has a second brightness
What is it that cannot be named? Whatever it is I'll name it! -pride has its
 own humility-
A flood of verbs
Not a fraction of which has been spoken
Passing into the next darkness I fall towards

And some in dreams were assured of the spirit that plagued us so
Assured also of the older names that sought articulation
The wind moved through the tress, the leaves stirred & water gathered to a
 flood & flooded the passive land
This is the way it was in those days & still is in these days
& the spirit –however you define it- still plagued
Exhausted & stuttering
Muttering to itself if not to the world
& the flood rising and rising
Plagued & not at all assured
The hand tentative upon the hilt of language
Old, faithful heart & not at all proud
The electric air alive with implications
& a rhythm gathering pace
& the courtship both erotic & demure
Language going about its business
The one I translate into these words & into the words that follow
Calling that the beginning
& the beauty of certain words in their brilliant isolations
As if drowning & coming up for air

Mouthfuls of it & it is never enough
& the beginnings never fully known nor the outcome predetermined
Only the words know
Only the words

A poem which has only one meaning is a failure

Fictions & dreams –a labyrinth
I have led many lives
One went to the sea, one went to the land
They were brothers & they were enemies.
There was no resolution
Fictions & dreams -I lead these lives concurrently
Fictions & dreams, a labyrinth where the heart bows down to the moon

To have spoken of the rose
To have said to the hurrying man –there, there by the wall the rose is
Falling & falling & saying to the hurrying man that there by the wall the rose is
As if the god who moves through Thebes plucked & offered it to me
Accepting the rose & all for its sake
The wayward heart returning to its source
Rose, sweet rose
Offering it to the hurrying man
Acknowledging that besought or not the god will come
To Thebes & to Brugge
That it should survive into this season
Yes, that must also be acknowledged –perhaps with allegiance, never with
indifference
The god plucking the rose again & again & bringing it to his lips as I have
brought it to mine in these words
Here in these words seeking to ‘*cast off the not human*’
These are beginnings
The bride was unfaithful, the groom wayward
I have spoken for the sake of this rose –I have spoken for nothing else

Gulls come inland for rest & mercy
& who will grant the same to us?
& the necessary destructions of the winter
The greater & lesser desolations
Even this aspires to the beautiful
Hurrying man, you must also aspire

& the bells ring for midnight
& language stirs on its pre-cognitive bed
& *Holy! Holy! Holy!* sings the soul
Memory, memory
Singing at stars
Even at zero
Especially at zero
In this time& this place
Thebes or Jerusalem or Brugge where besought or not he has come
& the language of the cantos of the earth
Three birds or three women
A hand on the door, a footstep about to fall
& yet, *what thou lovest well...*
Remains, remains

I have sung for the rose, I have sung for nothing else
I have sung for this city grown dear to me
I have sung

Hurrying man: remember the rose
& the helicon days when each city was Jerusalem
When the words came easy to the lips
When the hand was sure of what it set itself to
Here in the here & now of this the only world that can be known

Winter, winter, not yet the solstice, & ice upon the land
The dead do not move freely among the living
Hurrying man –hurry on, hurry on
The winter will have mercy on no one
To have sung for the rose even as it bruised the skin
Indelible man, hurry on, hurry on
Do not dispute the extravagant verbs
Cast off the not human I say, *cast off*
Now & at the zero hour
Here in this place & no other
Cast off the not human I say, *cast off*
This is the time & end of all beginnings

Meditations

Here & now, in this place, these words
The midwife's smile enfolded me, enfolds me yet
September, September, autumn & winter
The sailor's song, the waiting wife
Only music can fully know itself, only the word understands the verb
In this place these words, this unknowing

In the shadow of the clock the clock-hands turn
Faith, unfaith, I am & am not a believer
The enormous tragedy of the dream apparent everywhere
Our generation also maddened by those rhymes
Generation after generation after generation

To give things back their proper names
To sail to that island
To sing the sailor's song & assuage the waiting wife
& then another departure
Music returning to the silence it issues from
In this place these words but to what end?
Winter, winter, autumn is gone
The map of the world & the maps of love
But to what end? What end?

Bird, do not disturb the water, let the last leaf fall
Winter, winter, the frost grips the tents
Music at the still point of silence
The Sabbaths of December before the solstice
& the women singing & the clarities of the moon & the stars brilliant in
their isolations
Three savage rocks not far from the shore
& still you sail towards Ithaca?
The midwife smiles, the midwife smiles again, & her knife gleaming in the dark
To have been faithful to that
To have sung before the music ceased forever
Faith/unfaith –what difference in my devotions?

Calling the bird by various names & answering that call
To have sailed for Ithaca
& the sea and its negations
& the rigging gripped in frost
The three savage rocks not far from the shore

I have sung for this, I sing for no other
Does my singing ring in your darkness, brightness or twilight zone?
Sing sailors, sing

To have been, on returning, the exile
Forager among the out-houses & pale lamps
Moon-drinker in a field in moonlight
Is it for this that the wife has waited? It is for this her doing and undoing?
& history active everywhere
The fault-line north of here -in geography & history
The present held in the tentative tense

The cry of the bride to the groom for which there is no befitting music nor
 history intervening
nor verbs able to tell it
Even so, even so
The lightship rising from the mud, rising & shattering the waters surface
Breaking into this time & place
The clock-hands having barely moved a minute
The sailor still returning, the wife still waiting
& the bird at its ritualistic singing

I am not a maker of new things
These are the oldest stories
& will these words fit into your mouth?
& will these stories live in your life?
& will there be for them a redemption?
To give things back their proper names
To assuage the wife, to sing the sailor home
Here in this time, this place

After the rain –this silence & in this silence these words
Need anything else be said?
Is not the silence everything the words aspire to?
Silence & silence –all words a prayer though the times are faithless to the word

You can hear them in the long corridors
You can hear them in the wind's excess
Listen, listen, the words echo and repeat

Old fathers, masters, what do you say?
Out of that radiant core speak to me
Bless me that I may bless in turn
Teach me the art of perfect language

To give you the core elements & let you construct the poem
To indicate gatherings & migrations & insist that the poem resides in them &
resides in these lines & intentions
Does the wind speak to you as it disturbs the rain in a rain barrel?
Disturbing my hands at these metal keys
A music of memory & forgetfulness
Let the words implode in your mouth
Compose the poem from that particular destruction

Silence & silence, it is not yet dawn
The well-lit streets presuppose an ordered world but the world rebels
What can appease the child's cry from Darfur or the echoes of history?
Yet this is one of the night-songs of the world
Poetry a bridge across the chaos of the world
Following the song-lines of the world to end in your ear
You –as sleepless in the night as I am

& the shuttle-cock moves across the loom of the world
-you can hear it in the winds' excess-
The fair-ground wheel is empty & its lights have all been dimmed
Silence, silence, but no peace
Neither in the world nor in these words
Jerusalem, Jerusalem
On all cities peace
Cries in the dark that carry to here –but from here in Brugge or from Jerusalem?
A music & a music which is the one music
Two voices which are the one voice
Need anything else be said?
If so who should say it?
O let me be that voice as in this half-light I cry out to the darkness but who
hears me?
You can hear it in the long corridors

We are the players and the audience
We are faithless
"This is not hell nor are we out of it"
The private vision battles the public lie
We are complex beasts –we sing & we sigh
The weather reports predict a fall of rain

& is there one script of the world or can all be sung in all the tongues?
Nothing of the darkness has been appeased
What Greek wisdom can I shore against this?
What is the heart in search of but healing, silence, & calm?
Sun at dark of noon
& the voiceless crying out in their hunger
& the wheel turning & turning

Forgive what I have said & unsaid
Let the wheel turn as it must but let the voiceless cry out
'And let that cry come unto Thee'
Dante sings our hell but who will sing our redemption?
& the wheel turning & the drummers marching
The crippled & the maimed
Voiceless & loud man
Darkness, darkness, I yearn & I yearn
Sing, sailors, sing!
The frost has gripped the rigging but you must sing!
This is the middle passage, the sailors' fear
Silence and darkness & the wheel turning
& the lights flickering out
"I think this is the sea of disappointment"

That it should come to pass, now, in our time
The streams rise in a winter flood & voices rise against the rising waters
This is the sailors' fear
The wife waits & sings a winter song
No pilot light, no maps that mark the passage
No song-line to follow over the edge of the world
& Ithaca a name on all the lips
Sing, sailor, sing, for you have not returned
The wife waits –but to what end?

& we were a generation expecting a sign
Yes, in our time, such things were thought possible
Where we sang *Hosanna, Hosanna*
Believers –if only for a little while
Where the word was our tradition
What then was beyond our empery?
We had touched the radiant core & spoke from that spot & all the verbs
were astounding
Hosanna! Hosanna!
& each was light-drenched and beautiful
& so we lived in those days, I & those others
But that was before the light faded & failed
& the lips grew parched & our hands empty & nothing but embarrassment
at our own history
Not singing but silent as if we were at the middle passage & the journey
not to our liking

Winter, winter, the rose has withered by the wall
No crops on the land
Only the desolate scarecrow guards the field
So bind up his mouth & do not let him sing
Let silence abide over the sterile fields

Winter, winter, the rose is withered by the wall
To say the cleansing word
To sing the sailor home
That the voiceless be heard in our time
& the shadow of the clock
& the hands edging towards midnight

To have been a believer
To have been where poetry was midwife to the many selves the self espoused
As the woman waits with all her doing & undoing
While the maimed wait for healing, silence, & calm
Middle passage
“And the sails flapping like weapons”
The darkness followed by a second darkness
“Their wailing not unlike the call for death”
A broken music in a voiceless mouth
& the clarities of the moon no longer visible

Darkness, darkness
Bats flurry in old towers
Who will sing the sailor home?
Dante sings our hell but who will sing our redemption?
Boats are tied up in the harbour & the water rises and rises
Darkness, darkness, flare of a match –what is the light of the world?
Darkness, darkness
Ithaca has all long been wiped from the maps of the world
Who will sing for him now?
The frost gripping the rigging
The darkness everywhere & deepening
& the sailor flounders in the middle passage
No pilot-light to guide by
“This is not hell nor are we out of it”

For whose sake these words in this time and place
My words trailing into that dark & ending there
As all things end, all the languages –no matter in what tongue
The absence of language & the absence of memory
As the voices of Jerusalem rise & call for peace
In all the cities of the heart the same cry
My cry in these words

“There is no other world and this is it”
Where the words must occur & Ithaca be found again
Let some voice sing the sailor home & assuage the waiting wife
To be that voice in the darkness
That the words may echo with meaning
Dante singing but never a final redemption
Music at the still point of silence
Gatherings & migrations though there is not one bird upon the naked tree
Who then will sing?

Here and now, in this place & no other, these words
& the clock hands turn in the shadow
The heart's burden
Does my singing ring in your darkness? Do my words echo
 in your mind?
I have sung for this
I have sung for no other
& history active everywhere
All things in parenthesis
Here in this time, here in this place
To sail to that island
To sing the sailor homeward
To sing –if that is possible in our time
Language & longing in the chilling dark
The frost everywhere –even on the chestnut tree
The nights go on repeatedly under the stars

To Write Paradise

To write paradise –the hardest thing

Light & the beautiful, the way it swept the shadows from night, & innocent of gravity, moved about its business with proficiency

Write that -& it's easy to do so

To indicate

To acknowledge –though perhaps no more than that

As if the elegy was not endemic to our times

The hardest thing yet the most delightful to contemplate while not ignoring the storm on the coast

Here & now in this place these words

The dove returning with a twig in its mouth

The waters receding & the land growing ripe

The heart sings and sings

Speak of me, speak of me, sings the bird

Speak of us also said the leaves so that for everything there will be a telling

I sing and I speak

Complex, yet prone to beauty

Paradise the hardest thing yet what else does the heart bend towards?

Beauty, beauty, the heart is drenched in it

In this place & time

To stand in rain, to wash off the selves of compliance & mute obedience

I have sung for this, I have sung for no other

& the rose growing by the wall

& the geese will come -this is the blessing of time-

& she who waits sleeps without nightmare or discomfort

I sing also for her

That she may know healing &wholesomeness

That she may waken to the world I have woken to this morning

In this time, in this place, in the long swirls of wind down this avenue of trees

Beauty, beauty, nothing I might say could equal it

I embellish & embellish

Dreams have been part of the process

Dreaming my own death under a night of fine stars

Dreaming it again
Self into self –the house of cards collapsing
I am nothing if I am not this
So guide me as only you can, show me what paths to take, what words to use,
 what songs I might sing as I go
There is only this & no other
Transcribe what the bird sings
Transcribe the heart and its longings
Nor the many deaths of winter forgotten
Even this is the paradise time
& this is the place of its occurrence
& there is no end to it so sing that music & no other
This the hardest thing
Forgive what I have said & unsaid
Forgive that I fail –as I must
Failing & failing & delighting in that
Listening to the bird, transcribing that text & saying that this is the hardest thing
& if one voice will sing it then the dream will be rescued

Cast off the not human I say, *cast off*
The light splendid & defining on the three towers
I will remember, I will not forget
The god moving through Brugge as he has moved through Thebes & consequence about to happen

Cast off I say, *cast off*
Pluck the branch that grows again & again
Yes, the heart has its ambitions
To sing down the long avenues of trees
To exult towards the light
To remember & not to forget

Yes, *to write paradise* is the hardest thing though I remember it all
The falling & the rising
The silence & the song
The discovery of heaven among the runes of hell
Blake be my guide & companion here, be one with me in this purpose
Be silent, as the heart requires
To find the world as the world is
Stumbling into language as a drunken man might grown giddy with delight
The shadows a script, the light a syntax
All things surging towards that which is beautiful

The heart also
No less the soul in its ambitions
The rose growing & growing by the wall

Ithaca, Ithaca, the heart is always in motion
To have sailed to that island
To have spoken all words for its sake
The map of the world & the map of love
To have been that moon-drinker in a field by moonlight
To have spoken all words for its sake
Giving things back their proper names
Need anything else be said?
If so let me be the one to say it
In geography & history
Echo and repeat
Old fathers be with me now, teach me the art of perfect language & the
music of memory

In the end, in the beginning
Do not dispute the extravagant verbs
'There is no other world and this is it'
To tell the irrefutable
To be both bride & groom
Language & longing
& the moment of pronouncement nearing to be
The god moving about his business
This is how the poem begins
Fire preceding all things
Preceding me as I walk down this long avenue of trees under a cloudless
sky that is truly beautiful where the only song is whatever I sing
As if all was forgiven
As if the bride dressed the earth for the groom
This is how the poem begins
Forgive that I try
& the midwife enfolds me yet
As the cry of Jerusalem rises again, again

To give all things their proper name
To waver into the light of day
I have sung for this, I have sung for no other though I have given it different
names

I have called it the rose –and it is
I have called it those verbs –and it is
The light outwits my plotting & many selves
Outwits the shadows of the leaves in the cantos of shadows on the earth
I have sung for this & will sing again and if not for this then for what
should I sing?

To have seen the rose by the wall
To know that the rose will flourish again
To listen to Dante's singing
Failing & failing but no failure
Wavering into the light of day
Yearning & yearning
language & longing
The map of the world & the map of love
The compass point pointing towards Ithaca
Sailing to that island
Complex, yes we are complex yet prone to beauty
I have sung for nothing else
Do you hear it in the wind?
The cantos of the earth sing it
The light attests & the shadows demand it
No, for nothing else have I sung no matter what I called it
Here in this time, here in this place
On all things peace. On all cities peace
And may all sleep in such wholesomeness
Jerusalem and Darfur
-I have forgotten nothing-
As if the verbs had turned to water in the light
This is both the trial & celebration

Forgive what I have said
To write paradise, as I have tried, is the hardest thing
Failing & falling
Coming to my senses as if from a dream as the lightship rises from the
mud into language & longing & winnowed air
Mouthfuls of it & it is never enough
Forgive that I say it again
& language the only means at my disposal
world I have loved/unloved
Word without end, without end, without end
Where is the music for this?

While about me the cries of my generation rise & rise
The private vision versus the public lie
& the archaeology of words
Language & longing
Three clouds, three more
Watching the swans upon the lake & living by that also
Forgive what I say & have unsaid
I was destined for this, I had no choice
No longer casting sideway glances at the moon
Faithful to the day –yes, even with my infidelities
& the lightship rising and breaking the water's surface
Breaking into the auroral dark of the world
Here where language is, where it has been, where it will be again
-it is here that the poem begins-
& the mind seeking the keenness of the wind
Here in the only world that is as the light moves across the ground
Moving into language & memory
-I will remember this-
Echo & repetition, echo & repetition
Denying nothing
My footsteps echoing down these streets as I walk down this long avenue of trees
In hell, yes, & nowhere else
Building it with these words -these are the only words I know-
Echo & repetition
Asking forgiveness for these words, for all things, for all cities
Jerusalem & Thebes
Now in this place, here in this time
Word without end, without end

I have *tried to write paradise* –forgive me, I have used extravagant verbs
I have called it many names, I have given it many titles, but as the light moves
 over the ground to where the shadows are what more need be said?
Say this –it is truly beautiful
& light growing and spreading
Ithaca, Ithaca, I sing & I speak
Paradise the hardest thing yet what else does the heart bend towards?
To stand in rain, to wash off the old selves
I have sung for this
In this place & no other
-tell this to Plato's ghost-
Failing & falling & delighting in that

The heart in motion
In geography & history
In the end, in the beginning

I was destined for this –the midwife’s smile enfolded me
Words combined with words to build a bridge across the chaos of the world
& daylight, daylight, as if calm came upon the waters and the ship could limp
 into the safe harbour
To build heaven in hell –where else?
Watching the waters receding
Walking as if I was walking on the first day of the world & beauty was everywhere
Singing & singing
Giving things back their proper name
Paradise, yes, the hardest thing
Even Dante could not sing it –how then can I sing it here where the waters
 recede & the rose grows again?
& the hand withdrawing the rose from the fire
That mark indelible on the skin -there where the rose has left it
The wisdom of the rose held against the shambles of the world
In the here & now of this my end & beginning

Beauty, beauty, it is never enough
Even in the shambles of the world
Who amongst us will not sing for the rose?
I have sung for nothing else. I will sing for nothing else
Beauty –the difficult thing & paradise the hardest thing to write
In the end is the beginning
& fire preceding the beginning
& the heart in its many motions
Watching the lightship rise to the surface from out the mud & singing that
 brightness to the heart's content
The heart has its ambitions & needs
In Thebes or Jerusalem or Brugge
All the cities of the world
Wherever there is music or its absence
No longer casting sideway glances at the moon
Faithful to the light that moved across the ground to where the shadows are
A language the heart was familiar with but one the mind had to learn to master
Failing in that
In these lines and those others yet even that is the beautiful thing
Giving things back their proper names
Yes, paradise the hardest thing to sing and endure -but to sing
& the heart no longer wayward in its allegiances
Coming to my senses as if I were a drowning man coming up for air
Here in the world, here in the world, here in the world as I found it

Bio Martin Burke

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Poems published in

UK: Stride, Shearsman, Scriberazone, The Richmond Review, Aestherica, Proof, The Surface, Peer Poetry Magazine, Other Poetry, etc

USA: Verse, Drunken Boat, offcourse, Tryst, Slow Trains, Terrain, **the muse apprentice guild**, Kookamonga Square, Poetry Magazine.com, etc

Ireland: Virtual Writer, Crannog, Electric Acorn, Dead Drunk in Dublin

Austria; Poet Salsburg review

Recent Publications

The Other Life —FootHills Publishing, NY

The Weave That Binds Us —Inner Circle Publishing, Iowa

Six Scenes From A War (a play) New Theatre Publications, UK

The Lighthouse FootHills Publishing, NY

Triptych

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Books: Sulphur and Sawdust , Slate and Marrow , Blister and Burn , Rinse and Repeat , Survive and Thrive, (not so) Warm and Fuzzy, Torture and Triumph, Oh., the Elements, Side A/Side B, Balance, Infamous in our Prime , Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art , the Electronic Windmill , Changing Woman, the swan road, the Significance of the Frontier, The Svetasvatara Upanishad, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Málaga, Momento Mori, In the Palace of Creation, R.I.P., Bob the Bumble Bee, Hope Chest in the Attic, the Window, Close Cover Beofre Striking, (Woman.), Autumn Reason , Contents Under Pressure , the Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism) , Changing Gears, the Key to Believing, Domestic Blisters, Etc., Oeuvre, Exaro Versus, L'arte

Compact Discs: *MFV* the demo tapes, *Kuypers* the final (*MFV Inclusive*), *Weeds and Flowers* the beauty & the desolation, *The Second Axing* Something is Sweating, *The Second Axing* Live in Alaska, *Pettus & Kuypers* Live at Cafe Aloha, *Pointless Orchestra* Rough Mixes, *Kuypers* Seeing Things Differently, *SD/SD* Tick Tack, *Kuypers* Change Rearrange, *Order From Chaos* The Entropy Project, *Kuypers* Six One One, *Kuypers* Stop., *Kuypers* Masterful Performances mp3 CD, *Kuypers* Death Comes in Threes, *Kuypers* Changing Gears.

