

BΣAU↪

PS
301
B4
1968

Young black brown hndgreen feelings of life walking claspo to glove-time alters,
and hiking toward monuments of great community mornings
are conquering a lap-happy defeats
between the breasts

UR↪
(autumn)

and somewhere in the garden of the gods-whatever garden and gods remain-
you will find me a rock, and I will be the loam of the gloom of lonesome and
longing. Upon this, stand, and you will behold the open life ---
as the nearest gods have wrought the means.


CΩCΩΩ

75 cents

(Try) Quarterly

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BEAU-COCOA

Make yourself at home. Sorry I can't offer you any other refreshment
just now: 

This is the house built by:

Editor-Publisher: Lloyd Addison /// Editor-at-large: Justus Taylor


you'll find its topography stylistically modern,
its suite-ness four-dimensional, some of the paint-
ings not yet hung, but the Hi-Fi has been installed
--- and all of the momentos you gave me ---
and here's what else we would like to do:

B-C aspires to fill the hiatus of the homesick NO in the pantheon of
beauti-force, with the (black, touch-light, blackbox Ahha, having-
and-not-to-have, uptowndowntown brown) tobac-cocoa, coffee, honey,
sugarcane, licorice, liver, prime soil, lampblack silhouette and thou-
sand faces of the body of YES. The B-C body-social will be paradise
regained black beauti-force: The vital catalytic agent in the birth
of the supersummerman, summerwoman, to Isis-cycle away old winterman
yesterday & black dynamo naturalize and shabazz-zam open-osaseme the
mystery of black esthetics, and awaken the twilight goddess: The su-
persummerwoman and her train of stars --

To sing the song preferred instead of the song that will not sing
To explore into the gerund earthy depths and into the present roots
and future flower of ethos

To register your love-call, & the predicate YES, when you are that
magic of inarticulate loneliness belonging to the
literature of vibrations

To be the sound stage for the fearfully ecliptic of literary quality
-- that is not heard, that is too often prolifera-
ted into the trivia of mass mediocrity, otherwise
uncomposed, defeated

To say Yes -- that human feelings have a sky of palatable expression
and no hidden corner of its four-dimensional canvass need collect
skeleton horrors, when the subject of the artist -- that this is even
a stage for questions to let: many times and many places be known, a
homestead, a mystery, a journey with humanity to the end of man-event.
Come closer, further, into the beauti-force touch-light ... 

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100 E. 123 St., N.Y. 10035

When were you
seventeen... 'Edna?...

Dark Face with Tasty Eyes



delight in lid-pampered dreams
and afterlight amperes dampened newmoons
keep sleepplamp full of overnight countenance ---

fresh tomorrow morning milk
encountered warmly in love's memorial eyes,
tasty eyes embrace her approximate
oasiswise.

In the shadows of the iris rock
prevailing lens' sense of code-ash close knowledge
is dream drumbeat rhythm waterly dancing ---

thirsts of bedrock space-quickened light in dark fruit
bite to unlock lipfield
and slip quicksilverly into fleshmesh:
the dream plateful fullflow beautiful.

And in love's topped lopsided yoke
lava gourds' culled too full folk harvest seeds
bursts everywhere birthwater devouring heartbursts.

And her kiss is eyes opening palette oasis,
tones of bell-melt air and echo-where ecstasy,
melting mouth in palms upstare prayer of sky
to the chocolate buttermilk chocolate eclairman,
kiss-opening kisses open whereverwhere.

...mostly I remember
you were words like:
"I won't let you - ever -
frighten me away again."

LEA

Dark Place with Maze for a Hand

presents repli-cake way to happenstand:

old new in greedy ant walldancehall to honey
over Aladdin mood-walking downy lampwick strand,
in kinesthetic overcup fat knockknobs' ungated mellonland;

that this is sphinx beginning enter-riddle-middleman sand,
a secondstory wave crypto-cross blotlight altar let to command
and owlwo wind open hauntinghouse atop the Hindu ropestand;

fingers tip and palms run-a-maze along its pedigree lifeline,
as stepwater chiding a wife's hyper-hope to smoothsay out supine
in dark draught somersault habit-brimmed upper cup translucence
against six o'clock-a-doodling onto twelve-a-cocksleep nightstand;

here this music on inset hums to reply-play the creation One
and uncheck heard moves mysteriously through alpha-blackened fun
to findout about-facing the amor-room -let- boomerang tango;
now here the poorer roommating armed event pays high rent charm to rerun.

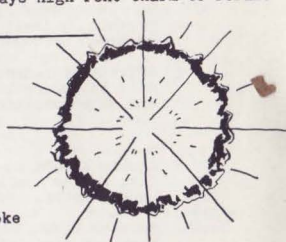
And Some ---

And
some
And
some

loft
and sleep of summer
air
in
down
day
heavy
hot
sun

sun

stroke



go away day of shine too bright
beautiful too beautiful

come night note of symphony-puffing
wind-stir

of dark
of work to do getting done

down
drop
of
milk
moon
having a drink of white light

LEA

Fun-wife

The Greatest Fun: No Win

So soft again enfolding arms' fore-length of lonesome space enmesh;
Again the hand lips groom your lips & this is motion's pottery;
And soft again at cradle hips enshrined the river song;
Soft again I hear from hills in love-space legend's cell;
And soft again the cheeks of breasts that treat me ardently,
defeating only my ownership;

and you: cry empty, full of meat;
and I: cry hunger, full of greed; cry nothingness, grasping all ---
and:

Soft again the blood fats looking mayday gained in muscle;
Now seraph-strained your secret-love number-two word enthalls you;
Now autograph plain your repeating it comes nearly fertile to life;
And soft again you row your dough: right way up to wedding's eyes
& high behind the bells I hear the scales of ecstasy.

And I: say pretty, full of doubt;
And you: say hound, yet compounding,
cry shameless, initialed in shame; cry guiltless, quilted in fire,
cry blameless, namelessness: a-subjective under-nevermind to alter --
to cry love, cry, cry ---

Soft again head's hollow heat goes big to beg your partnership;

and I: cry halves to share beholding whole-division oceanography,
and I: cry bewitched in hurricane admission-misbehaving geophysics;
and you: cry ravishment full of vengeance odds to vanquish,
and you: cry fattened-up, ducts swimming about to swell,
cry sophisticated-cake, bending the mind back open-mouthed;
and soft again after asking me how duty-filled I am:
to woo woman coming from the lull: a bye-bye of highbell hope
in a lonesome key to engage in bedlock company;
and soft again due to what you say against event-said it beheld.

And I: cry soda, popped hot starkly undeferred;
And soft again the eyes shut trespassing far in on limits;
Soft again the fat shadow of your bowled cheek fills the stomach;
And soft again sighs clear ahead: consent to call,
re-assenting echoes.

You: cry weed itch, full of heedlessness,
And you: cry speedup, full of lastingness;
And I: say love, sweltering lascivious.

Then soft again the muscled-gristle meanness all behind a metaphor;
And soft again your thistled beauty melts upon the handle lips;
Soft again the sea become the flesh: beholding fire indigestible;
And soft again your fat love-bent rolling ohs --- &, Oh,
A clothless ratted moth of flame jets to this mountain;
Aloft the grain smooth sure facing touch the surface fat reflects;
And soft again the sleeping summer woods breeze over;
And soft again the weeds that succor the mouth afield are found;
Often again the soothing toothache teething to thread bare of stitches;
Soft again this gravest life-dimension is the greatest fun on earth;
And soft again the lamps to save a grace go out to sea.

LEA

A CAT
(To Emily)



A cat aping a cat
and capering at a rat ---

my cat has a string
and she is a king
of string and rat and everything;

and now her other cat is straw,
a cat of straw, mongering war,
a real honest war with a cat of straw;

and now she has a wing-a-ding
of a frightened little chick-a-ling:

paw, paw,
teeth and paw,
aping cat, capering rat,
cat of straw,
fluttering wing
of a chick-a-ling ---

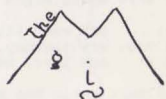
What a war!
chew and saw, hop and spring --
a wop! a paw! and a ping!

and somersaults til supper halts
the war with straw
and menagerie of string!



The Wigs

OR



if air
werewolf like
stuffed with horror-genes
full-moon triggered
smogged you
draggy-foot hairy,
would you not aspire
to beatle like me?

LEA

After MLK: The Marksman Marked

Leftover Kill

Until deaf-dumb bullet self-improved comi-tragic time
deathdrops suicidally from error of unimproved trajectory
towards humankind's disintegrating vestpocket protest suitability,
and its ex-it disappear-ring of steel rearbounds
for vain deathproof namesake gods,
watch the little black hole
in the new world order undeliver-rated life-space;

if execution equals solution, let foresight exceed
where mass meetings equal civilly engineered rights
obversely proportional to wishfountainpen power,
and anti-rights-bodies equal ten/time square
by the co-efficient light minus the magnetic exponential...

and if the short straight pigskin pass between All-American equals
the short straight bullet line pass to Other-Americanots --
on an elect/rode day-o shootout in atomic space-limited time --
into how many bullblooded pointillistic pigments
will the first canvass camped war of the worlds explode awry?

Hereby youth articles of war a unifying field threat
to destruct distrust-overlapping generations past
to inherit their time of health to live,
or run on sentence-structured fellowship, mad theme antics,
ordering inapt peeled evil bitterthick
to eat the beauty fall indigestion limbo, Armageddon Eve,
a surfeit's indefinite period...

and THOU SHALL NOT not KILL ROYALTY
was here latrined behind these walls where maddog stood,
and dog said let there be muzzle velocity
and there was a ballistics report of delight,
enriched, the eye-witness to the creation of death said,
man his tri-vestry of cloth -- skintightrope walked
when he should have crawled -- will vindicate me;

whether in Kings or Psalms or Ecclesiastes,
never blink, in Acts or Revelation:
by goods the goodbye contract of the little black hole.

And as for the law of inertia,
concern with man-condition will elect trick cutie state rights
obtaining arrears rest warrants for perpetual motion aliases
fleeing ten-to-twenty delight years of overfunny

So now rhetoric unpacked good physics call forth overcoming:
uni-lateral-field anti-hymns of Ptolemaic tickled bylaws,
with march-on strike for ghetto respect and labor
in Copernican accounting for a new toned iron sting in graft itches
before the picture of muzzle simultaneity develops
to mass spree-the-corpuscule of dropout entropic delight,
to wRap tRap white nightrider wind in Brown paperbags for sailing...

God The Odd-Grown Power

God the odd-grown power
full of tempest wrath and wisdom
perfect wise-love lending mercy
unmerited if the animal has will

God in guise of giving freedom
grown a beard to father time
told a story of creation
that time in manhood mocks unwinding

tells God about the use of manpower
put ahead of telling the bedtime rhyme
says instead -God's dead-

Gone the ontoward by weather waiting
to the slippery edge of timebeingcome
upon a bedtime test again:

says -Is it? time
God! gone?-

Order

...some Beau-cocoz
and Thou...

The average white yokel yellow scrambled egghams
of happenstance hollow:
O Me lets ...
forget it. Hot chocolate, please.

LEA

The Men-Gong

The men-gong tolls
idyllic daily talk of centuries
rolls the wish-march-meaning
up wants mounting higher now than hills before
how on the sheerest whim of whether
reason-shredded tongue's opinions
at knowledge opens its insightful say

the men-gong major treats the halfway mind
turning in concentric circles into evil pits for profit
hoping leisurely release to measure mourning to repay
the pounds of flesh with penitence

the men-gong tolls
and overly untold tethers
to all men's souls force their listening
the mood walks up
laddered telling tales to heaven
in the minute of this mass
times chimes itself cannot be held
by dimension having-heard
when toll has told
the here-hymn of the time

the men-gong women's worry pun a few
who keep the times at home and hurry towns and comings
tolls' home callings
fields and goings-to-happen here
and heaven knows
all the tongues of tellings
out lies and living fictions learned

in thought in time
goings-to-have and just have-happenings
pay due to tolls in thought about them
given time to reach that timbre
history a part of carnal wish to cause

tolls out loud
the time its happening
building throng stronghold temper
tolls that timing back the centuries retell
the new not known before the tolls
the times not finished

work and wrong half-rights too big to tell
short of working-principle the order
always lower than the Being high

LEA

The Kennedy-King Sting (Rays)

(WHY)
DID YOU DO
IT, CHARLIE
WHITE?

My mother of seven boys lives
six alive & one dead of tetanus;
mother sixty-ish & father eighty,
both seemed old when like my son of eight
I was unlike his desire to be just-nine,
and that's old, he says --
because you have to give up still more being baby,
& being daddy is just short of being
a burning up TV set;
not sure but I was wiser independence in the overlap.

And where are my yesterdays of middle son fun? remembering nothing,
and what happened in the thirty years of YOUR life
that corresponds to my life: TIME
when my mother was in her thirties
and my father in his ... really forty spry
was overlapped by his father more than thirty,
what happened in those thirty years, like any: TIME
or any years MORE THAN TIME is the company
of the overlap
enough & more than the sons and daughters covet: company
is there, or is there a ... (of) hope?

Or will there be auto crashes, falling ceilings, heart attacks?
and is there a sting in the winter of generations
or the spring, or the summer: TIME
regardless & because of laws, of outlaws, & bylaws & at-laws,
an odds-on fix-it company making book on possibilities
TIME; AGAIN

saying our lives are in overlapping overly long time-lenient error
and not as should be or become: non-profit, non-political,
and non-partisan in-service centers of family and
overall nincompoop complacent
for having ever anything to gainsay the better world
seems going out a way into conspicuous assumption:

For a startling odds-on happened in route to a say,
and another & another, until it's now a way-out pay-off
way of gambling for the law-and-order righteous.

Wasn't it a fluke how all those career plans fanned by default
& the country in a give-away-to-reaction noon after mourning
TIME?
was severally a factor, come from any limbo behind a backlash
to heap the gravest ceremony into bad taste.

And now there is one: a number of person: each life: TIME
in the shadow of position with ambition's outline
that inside witnesses say,
the head of a leader & the loneliness of a Mohegan,
legends' consignment, are inimically fascinating.

LEA

Bobbie ... Bobbie ...

Bobbie in the eye of death,
surprised by its pointblank bead: Bobbie:
intent stopped
by the drop on in on & up
in vented run while-away-on world comeback

stares on-lookers: Bobbie insight: a stage dying
behind the curtain news print, & in the pit,
a poisoning, indelible, to bite
birth certificates of helpless self-beloved ones
detesting: its all overpower: ringing bells
puzzle across timepleasing words from

jingles to alarums:
dimensions across time-phasing fictions:
church-world word fivedown for convictions:
casualty? no: principles; but whose? got to go?
well, lets see/saw down across, fill in proposition
for "proven by bullets": rights to arms ---
and all debates in the chambers disengage
quite unfitting, & unfitting eleventh hour erasure:
in an agony of composure, posing perhaps questions:

is this me, death, yes, is this is I;
then I'm dying, yes ---?
no, there's no promise in the eyes...

can you tell I fear you know I'm dying,
can you tell ---
that you know what I fear -grieve- is not death
but goodbye to ---
can you tell I know your name is death,
that I know you know I can tell
you're coming, aren't you ---?
you're ---

not on time but early in my life,
not early early for myself before I knew you
but rather early and before it's noon
--- and it's now ---

and if fear is the most I can wear to old age
courage may be all I'll wear to earlier exit

--- in the grime of life,
in the eye of death ---

can you tell I ... know ...
... what I fear ...
... I can tell
you're coming, aren't you ---?
... rather early...

LEA

INDICTMENT*

Against
The
heart-attacker

Whereas, were my heart broken
by a cast kit in handoutsoken guest
whose fryingpan handled a trice the bacon of my life,
come to brunch-a-tax digestive leans of afternoon deserts,
I would not consent to place for this time;

Whereas, were my heart broken
by this splitsecond life record stopwatchman,
redtaped through calculated respite into my skipped beat's gasp
despite attention coffeefreak taut to creamrinse unreason,
I would not consent to place for this time;

And whereas I would not consent to place for time
nor universal engines unmanikindly overbearing gifts
come Frankensteinwine bat-terror-eye-powered from its muttonplace
to the subtraction table utility shutoff supper of my dying
without the valentine versed reservation from sojourner loves,

I would not consent nor pleased prepare a place removed
for a decimalpoint of its diamond winking eye,
nor for its disordered suppicating categorical imperatives,
to salvage one second's per diem on the longitude to death
I would not consent whatever the swill to this hog-caller time;

And should this breathwithholding visitor
re-arm with whirlwind to-let lightning-smiting words
from hell's lowest limbo voodoo-rooted condensed excrecence,
I would hark back in the twofaced hunger of his feeble look
and not consent to place for this or any evil time;

I would acknowledge neither pain nor persecutors
plying their mechanics in the prison of my curse,
nor heed to brittle-tongued commands in the asylum of my worry;
I would not consent to place but grace/fully forge my sleep
to dream upon the place I would not consent to time;

Therefore resolve, where thought upset by this yet unapprehended imp,
whitepaper immuned and blitzkrieg cruelly cunning at table peace,
no prince, but king of cowards, yet ever alertly minded her peace,
though oversleeping now a kidnapped dreamer unheeding alarming hands,
that she as I would not consent to place for this maddened time.

*Originally written with reference to the mourning of a Social Service
worker for a Union publication. Now only slightly altered in the
fourth stanza, and since not printed initially, no irreverence should
be assumed, or is intended. And it appears here on its own. LEA

Were you at
Selma,
Montgomery,
Memphis...

MLK

The
manlike
(Dr) King

do you believe...
howso ever you write MLK looks like milk,
and, noney, he's dead
and, brother, hoodwinked soulheaven you think of love,
seems nobody knows how now to get abreast the march-on...

many words of mistaken intent went
to attempt an earlier intensity later,
inferentially preferred to preface the time,
said: -I was a friend, admirer, fellow sojourner, follower ---
that through love dead-said to crown a king cold,
old hearings self-explainly said: -Be patient-
says: Told them --- to sing not seek;
with backlash predictions of setback,
as at the bridge was said:
-Y'all go back now, that's far enough-
and they retired, singing their open roadblock hope song...

Had asked: Is this peace disturbance proper,
warring prayers on the Potomac?

Had heard: Property owners opposed to change: The dollar's
"In God We Trust"
meaning trusts in godhood,
hoarding all the gold pieces of "E Pluribus Unum"
to create the circumscribed overhead "Liberty"...

Do you believe this night / was ...

arrivals and departures
of marching coin
around the overloaded quote status quo
machine slots of life stock machinations ---
holds forever, but loosely the interim the bells toll

This night was
a nightmare in a wheelbarrow
tied to displacement of the will of its wheels
to bear cement to a broken monument:
hubbed wheels in wheels to win the will-mountain,
seminally overbearing to create
the ultra-right of construct enleaguerment
to destruct at ultimate altitude in auto-erotic counsel...

This night was
white roschach underwear in phrenologic relay roost,

committed to the world mumps of cheek and the mushroom,
committed to the asylum of white sheep impressionists' winters,
in a paranoid pestle-overkill color royal,
in a more mortally grounded bas-relief of pigment turmoil,
to reach infinity in a whitemeat nut's shellburst ---

Thus night was
WHY answered howling to hymns ...
inside middle classic windows werewolves
mooning over self-portraits of shy prejudices ...

will-wheels spinning in the skies of scorn:
the cement borne to the unborn monumental remembrance
cartwheeling of contumely to a crypt in timelessness
of otherwise unburied monster delays.

And thus night was
a blackbox equation of life
or death-aftermath solution proof,
a foreclosure on the casualty listing of grievance
to let bias burn bias
til the new king doom come.

The night was filled with prayers and sayers
at moment's tuning of radio T.V. :::
:::prophets obliquely from profit to pronounce an unprofundity:::
in writers corp cramped old coin,
in product transferred miracle ingredient discharge
charged to public carrying-on relations itema:
some post mortem greed weeding of what-nots of inflationary

SHAME

ON FREEDOM's stock market high paralysis
in peristaltic banal retention
in banal lyrical hyberbolic frolic
in untoward psychic anal income surfeit,
saying the instant miracle sun mundane opportunity arises
the afternight of non-cooperation
and gift-armed-around the ringed-around blacks
gives Sunday funnypaper money
for an anti-poverty entertainment
to shadowbox the summerheat.

The night was
supersummer police summit-surrounded city,
displaying headsup blackjacks
with pistol-bristling teeth and crooked eyes expecting
to dis-serve the diffident nerves of non-violent indignation ...

: : : and what good could come of it
if no one was prepared to die
on the still good side of uncertain time to go : : :

Bitterness of blacks against whites against black power
in lieu of powerlessness and borrowed hope,
and citizens cotton-price-pick pickled in black lynch kick,
and grumbling inflamed funners against infamy of the dead
dead certain of their rights to violent vindication : : :

Not against the killer the kill-crazed collective wrath,
more awful the need to internationally announce the national deed
against man-public nuisance good-n-done undilemma...

::: riots of flame in the young black pants of unimproved power,
whether cleaner pressed-sure importance with holiday in the mourning:
as bias seen and unseen the a-esthetic dust turned up to walk out,
a rod in disadvantaged double-standard heat,
a fertile nope heading headsup far aheadthroughway thought
to mud-be-whole by-beauty in self-beholding:
the sea around whole-becomforting as body,
as time self-beheld ahead the table tax of patience:

some degree of poison in the un- & un-re-washed brain
whose self-qualified beauty unpsychoanalytically allured
unempathetically smotherers.

For sale: buttons, portraits, portrait houseware, recorded speeches...
::: more fink stink of Memphis blue folk misery FOR SALE : : :

...UNCERTAINTY IN A THOUSAND APRIL FACES...
Static: gunpowderpuffs forecaster oily July blood and manure,
unbulletproof Blues burning Beale Street,
millions dismayed over evening meally hogmaws & chitterlings;

CONTRIBUTE TO THE STRIKING SANITATION WORKERS!!!---\$\$\$
- and lets all go hear Dr. Abernathy ---
:::buses leaving for Memphis protest rally
to lift the white trash cans you need black powerful muscle dignity.

:::Free at trash rally: gift cabbage miscegenation uplift,
a king shellshocked and shut-up,
heaped humpty-dumpty, disharmoniously humdrum
in uncerimonious sing-out martyrdom's doom:
grayday motto of overcoming:::

"Free at last ..."
began: the broadened grass-rooting assent to home defense
where visitor and in-sitter were teaming necktie hung hosts
caught-up surpassing aged idea-offense
to free the world without ...
wholesale showering assassinations of tribute,
a measure for freedom-deeds paralleling expiring ideals ---

Called free: the will in freeze-need to undo the will-knot,
called Martin Luther King coon
who swooned deed-ideal dead, a man:
mis-called by the killers come to roost ...

"Say whose death, Greenmaster underminder" -- in fox getup ---
"The man without a conscience country..."
Tally whore! To follow the dogs to death:
who believes ...
the capital-pointed gun kills to --
unthrough accounting: killed royalty undone down through youth
whose fun shootout gallery raises universal hallelujahs
behind each killgod DEATH's highscore hushedup laughterback,
long on barrels on insanity,
in bore-happy immortality,
in finite beginning behind sights,
in bulletproof time-squeeze of delight,
in the tilt with individual weakness
to better the warhead boom in forethought imbalance ---

though a more withering event:
whose world behindsight headquarters without
the zero-ed-insight impermanence.

NO SALE!
may May buddy-buddy bottoms-up delight de-party out
before the elergy-elect defects from platform to pogrom,
before the funeral campaign engraves institutionalism,
in last loveliness colorfillup,
in the clash of I-amg infinitely spaced...

may May increasing delight overhead kill incentives
that move the beast beautiful frailty to inflate the self-helpless...
after rape: a wish affair of wealth slighted by love,
no awakening in::::: aftersound,
out of jet mechanic can opener season for murder,
grieving lost ptomaine-immune inhumane constitutionality;
no sale for Heil, O Columbia,
no hail to halo hell:
for patriotism abiding withoutlaw-enforcement,
the law a might right-of-way civility
toward post mortem of the hue man again --
no sale while here in O woo...
at the womb outsider's window,
in the broad outcast status of nell's viewer-sponsored
Saturday midnight monstherdom,
in cash-registered existence:

in its stare recall padlock paranoia
of jimmed scarecrow melancholia
in the big scratch tom categorical ...

Happy needs justice: wanted: adjustment.

Another hole in the have-not-past hour of agreements,
a counterfeit hole in 200 ft. of U.S. inflationary current events,
a crooked hole of anonymously created impersonal insight,
into life behind the walls of innocent convictions,
into the damned undercurrent tow of deep bitter residues:
an inherent high debt recidivism for end-commissioned
enemies of man;
nor might one black sheep foot fall between wolf and shepherd.

Another hole in the hallelujah homespun carpet trial to believe
in steps amending the reviled overcoming hymn-locked stride-in
to demonstrate a reveille of errors uprising every JimCrow day ---

Now against man's immaterial alliance a precedent at the breach:
a counterpoint to lookout routing of the unconscionable,
being threatened by make-belief inertial momentum in a march
::: selfless shoulder -intrepidity apace against division about-face,
and violence deluged from on top of custom-pressed time walls,
a holier soundproof Jehrico unwillingness to topple.

Another countermarch of 200 ft. focal lynch-length to mania,
another hole for a rope of eyes to knot laughter's private jokes,
another slighthand first-eye-unwitnessed rope trick by untouchability,
another hole in the social distance hydrogen riot gamble ...

in the sovereign separate-equal United house-undivided heirlooms,
in the hereover sky of peeping tom doom potential --

as the demi-gods orgy in prodigal titillation
as their mini-multi-tale moves to the bowels of fire.

Another hole in T.V. time's close-exposure America,
the beautiful whiter than whitewashed bleached silver linings;
another 200 ft. oneway-only holy view of life and death:

blackmankind: to a point of dedication
divided by simple family into the universal humanity,
previewing the future successful little men of daily bread
defined withoutside interest in principled peace ---

...but another hole from the white-only boys room,
an in-group therapy expressed wall-eyed who's who rifle-sized wish:
to flush death from impotent filophouse mediocrity into dreamstreet,
to Mainstreet-Greenwich, U.S.of A. giant segregated privy...

for every mani- and mini-kin a thought frightful decompose:
that every hole in the neck, back, hands stands against
another life's keepsake,
and betokens rights thereby to be taken uneven righteously
even from an OTHER hurtlessly wronged.

And now
because the mankind of my better being beckons
I would beg to be noted in memoriam to a man,
though any mankind memorial tribute is unkindly credibility
stretching a little more into immortality
those mortal failings on the worn route:

the vanity of man's attempted sane in-hand things said
in hyperbole, of his order, goodness, nobility,
and the undiluted but justly deviant prayer
that the gods will be there at his own dying ...

And now
in answer to the twin paternalism:
the mankind remembrance and the deadman reality,
I would sit composing on the man-set motions to see
prayers of this interred seed disinterred a tree
of memorial to the man uprooted at the family forest's edge:

one spring of death's early O.K.O.
P.I.A. against summer disappointments in Samara,
a fore-account of unhatched tenth round-about bets
on the fallout shelter highlife against an overcoming heat...

And now
should praise more or prayerful lore represent
the paper-edifying memorial,
should it be legend to appraise the lost
or love to engage the life of man again,
to lead into the song and into seeding ? ---

to distinguish before the daylight indistinguishable dream
whatever unhappened somewhere to the Almighty godpower,
the earth exponential seed-growing song, the lifetree more? ---

moreover profit-proffering gain again,
and the lagniappe apple-happy unresuscitated wholebody social,
that we do penance before any end-come over:

To the old ideal god of closed quote commands,
To the appeal god of man's will-wisp contentions:

That man, generally a paramour of bi-passing self-infatuation
yet meantime a dreamer, prodigal, celibate, or
moderate in eat-drink-merry measure of mind,
in mantime through dedication to improve the ties
tries to disavow the fleshbind to be man, the creator,
created of civilly obedient ties of time that march
back via redemptive deeds and undeserved insufferables
to embrace the lusty female fiction of infinity,
or to find outwardly the humankind family god within...

And now
the overoutlook of April '68:
how might his summers not look back lastly
to the several volunteer remember moralizings
in bias black pre-empty-sponsored airspace time,
at the smoke and the shadows of contumely?

::: better than the man kind of man's kind dream
the plan begun a carrier of mankind dreamer-materialization ...

And now
an epitaph of eloquence for the lost exemplar,
however otherwise an excellence engraved upon his time,
a dreamer at The Lincoln Memorial,
no more onwardly noted than as said therewhere at
he had a dream.

Halfpast Overtime to Become Complimentary

There is no smile in my cup of tea
to match the lip-rimmed stimulant of the smile I see
over the rim, into this breeze of girl;
no frankincense mystery rite of my thought-ripe pipe ash
compounds the proffering in-scent dream as beyond the eyelash
this Shangri-la-uttering, power times polish finder's glass.

And to look thru it to young unspoiled salt of soil,
my fancies teacup-read in typhoon tremor's breathing recoil,
I see in and beyond the tempest, the port of call;
I see mankind in a ship in a storm with a fear,
and his spirit redeemed by a voice, by a hope in a voice,
in his ear,
of land about, and love reaching out for the seer.

Oh, Enchantment! let me grasp, let me clasp this hand in being:
a night ship passing, the world, the sky a cotton windless
unbegotten touch here fleeing,
a plan for life foremost the mastflag, flying before distress
of a sea-locked seeing.

Such tea leaves of lovetime is life,
athirst for increased conspicuousness,
and, watermellow in fellowship, burst teasing flavored
of qualified ridiculousness.

Sentimental because...

2 rose must have a garden
or a greenhouse life

LEA

The following is the result of a project undertaken by its author, Justus Taylor, on his own volition in preponderance of what now considerations of the present state of black Americans. This is the fruit of much other consideration - The Proposal - that escaped the unity of time and optimal lucidity. However, in this respect, it speaks for itself. It was completed early in August of last year, 1967, with copies sent /optimistically, I venture to say / to President Johnson, Governor Rockefeller, Governor Romney, Mayor Lindsay, and Mr. Bayard Rustin. To date the only responses received by the author, Mr. Taylor, have been sundried form letters advising him of the impracticality of any other form of response from such centers of interest in view of the volumes of mail incoming, some printed material on the subject of race relations & political instances, and in at least one case a typed acknowledgment of receipt and gracious inclusion of his name to a general mailing list. However, at the time of this writing, I would say that the idea, filtered from somewhere, is IN THE AIR --- ED.

The Proposal

Proposal:

That the Federal Government undertake a promotional effort of substantial proportions to reverse the existing image of Afro-Americans in the eyes of the white majority, and in the eyes of some Afro-Americans themselves.

Why a Promotional Campaign:

Everything else has failed. Civil disorder is increasing and could become the source of the destruction of the country.

The Afro-American has always been considered the embodiment of the negative aspect of the American dualistic society, economically, culturally, socially and symbolically.

There has always been a campaign, by consensus of the majority, to maintain the negative aspect as a convenient means of defining the "positive" aspect. Thus, good and bad, rich and poor, godly and ungodly, etc., are all essentially defined through some form of race and/or color reference. The country has been nursing on a bottle of prejudice ever since Slavery began. This is broadcast

in a constant torrent by all the media of communication, both knowingly and unwittingly.

Economic uplift (if possible) without the prospect of respect for self, and by other men, will not eliminate hostility and rebellion. The existing situation forces the Afro-American to expend substantial energy merely to respect himself. Whereas the white majority is nurtured on self-love.

"Economic opportunity" will not be taken advantage of unless it appears that economic progress will bring the respect of the majority.

There have been and will continue to be too many instances which demonstrate to Afro-Americans that economic success does not remove race and color barriers. Therefore, it becomes increasingly impossible to inspire Afro-American children to achieve; they see through the sham.

No one can seriously argue that the Afro-American must earn respect while nothing that he earns brings respect and while so much effort is expended to keep him from earning anything.

Nevertheless, there is still the possibility of economic mobility and there is still a greater belief in the possibility of such mobility than could ever be actually the case. Therefore, economic prejudice would remain even though racial prejudice as such is eliminated. But most believe economic barriers can be overcome.

Thus even though the bottle of racial prejudice would be taken away from the white majority, a pacifier of economic prejudice would remain and thereby keep the deprivation from being immediately traumatic.

Extent of Effort:

This promotional effort must be of proportions which would at least match (for example) the cigarette industry's promotional activities to increase the sales of cigarettes, in spite of the connection with cancer, etc. This would necessarily include television and radio "commercials",

newspaper and magazine "ads", public relations items, and all the paraphernalia of hard and soft sell.

The Government's effort would probably have to be maintained at its highest level of functioning for at least ten, and perhaps twenty, years.

Why the Federal Government:

The cost of the campaign would be such that federal funding would be a necessity.

The ineffectiveness of a limited campaign dispersed in and around willing and unwilling states and municipalities.

The same enlightenment which produced economic opportunity programs, i.e., the fact that more money can be made in a country of skilled rather than unskilled people, could be extended to show that no suitable reward for achievement by Afro-Americans has yet been permitted.

Industry could be persuaded to bear the necessary taxation as part of the cost of building a well of skilled labor.

The inability of any economically poor minority, which is used as a definition of undesirability, to lift itself while there is a national effort being maintained to protect the definition. "Black Power", "Green Power", and "Uncle Tomism" are all hopelessly outweighed by the economic resources being expended to retain the negative image status quo.

Methods:

The promotional efforts should not take the form of appeals to morality and conscience. The country actually does not function on such bases and everyone knows it. Such methods could only work in a utopian society.

Not raking up George Washington Carvers, etc., because youngsters can see that their activities didn't really change anything in terms of the image of the black man as a breed not deserving of respect.

The methods should be the same as have been used to make Americans consume more material

things that they don't need than in any other country in the world. The necessary skills have already been demonstrated.

There should be no question of dissemination only of truths about Afro-Americans. There has never been any such question in the creation of the present situation. Selling is not a matter of limiting the material to facts. Salesmen may or may not believe in the product, but produce the sales nevertheless. Pretty girls sell more cars than good cars sell.

Suggested Source Material:

Imaginative use of "The Negroes in the United States, Their Economic and Social Situation"; United States Department of Labor, Bulletin #1511, June, 1966.

Examples of fact from the above publication:

"Negro urban families showed a smaller increase in debt and a greater increase in assets than white families in similar income groups in 1960-61." (page 39, graph)

"Asomewhat larger proportion of nonwhite than white war veterans took advantage of the postservice education, training and vocational rehabilitation programs." (page 45, col. 2)

"The limitations (placed) on Negro home ownership make one of the most serious imbalances of supply and demand in the economy." (page 39, par. 2)

etc., etc., etc.

JUSTUS TAYLOR

Justus Taylor is a person intensely aware of the REAL circumstances under which black Americans live in America -- as much as one not privy to goings on in the soundproof chambers of the Country's big wigs can be. He has had a private law practice for some years, currently resides in Bklyn with his family, and is employed by the City of New York. For reader orientation, he advises that he is a black American. ED.

Another Prose posing all... The An... other prose...

The following is a report by this author on the First Annual Afro Arts Cultural Conference, held September 17, 1966 at the Skyline Ballroom of the Hotel Teresa, N.Y., N.Y., at which this author functioned in a literary capacity, and which was attended by members of the Afro Arts Cultural Centre and various dignitaries too numerous to mention here, and personages in the broad cultural milieu. The report as composed immediately after the conference is here excerpted and does not necessarily reflect the opinions of anyone other than the author, for, although written purportedly to express the view of the organization under whose auspices the conference was held, and with view toward reproducing the report for public consumption, in the two years that have elapsed it has neither been printed nor officially approved to this author's knowledge. Therefore, it must be taken for what it is essentially: the perspective of one literary person.

Excerpt of Cultural Conference Report, 1966*

...there is an advancing concern of mankind for the individual man in his walk, through planned conferences, meetings, planned organizing, and on-going programs proposed to effect, and are effecting, the sidewalk and corner clearance, the Bowery enchantment-directed, the drives of the first-rate but often frustrated truth sojourners, and of the pedestrian citizen, John Doe, neophyte and veteran, who is looking for assurances that his life has not been forever dispossessed of beauty.

Significantly, as pertaining to actual programs of proven merit, the Afro Arts workshop leaders, from a wealth of information and experience gathered over the past fifteen years of the organization's work in the cultural field, presented vivid descriptive analyses of the apparent constructivity in bringing programmatic culture to the parks and doorsteps of the people. Also, with characteristic concern, the Afro Arts panelists described the participation in and reception of these programs by the many children of the community.

The overall programmatic objective was the promotion of cultural awareness through the dissemination of societally pervading themes and the concomitant developmental exercise of objective and subjective feelings. Significantly, the young /it has been noted/ are readily receptive to elements of multi-cultural reference. And such exposure, in at least equal part, is for them a preconditioning against subsequent demagoguery and/or alignment with ludicrous factions promoting hate and ill-will against their fellowmen. Significantly also, these youngsters are exposed to material in good proportion as between references to source ma-

NOTE: A subsequent conference was held in 1967, and it is hoped that one will follow each year.

terial to enhance the black image and to material complementary to this on a universal scale.

Certain assumptions of truth, following from existing definitions, were proffered for comparative analysis in relation to views garnered from on-going activities in the field. The attempt was made to reach an understanding inter-activitywide that projects the various facets of the complementary multi-lateral programming in rectifying and/or erecting (defining) the total desired body view. In so doing, it was recognized that the reapplication of definitions of the human state, against the backdrop of the cultural fabric, is a continuing, even imperative, necessity to properly focus the prejudices of temporal human circumstances.

Behaviorally, it was noted that "Culture" is often mentioned with an ontoward snob appeal - thereby ironically contributing to an anti-social climate - the specific reference being to certain stilted instances of etiquette and lordly extraneous ceremony /whether or not calculated, seemingly so/ to make the so-called common man feel inadequate in contemplation of personal participation therein. Likely, he is given to feel crude, stupid, and lacking in sensibilities -- unless and until he has practiced and polished the exercises and garnered the esoteric information as might be furnished by a finishing school course.

The letter of such etiquette is the sharp edge of the adherent luxuries and leisurely life-style of the conspicuously rich. The pattern of such behavioral practices has become concretized over a period of time through deliberate considerations to display and/or exercise indices of real or imagined sensibilities developed in a vacuum of economic restraint to enhance the feast of plenty -- which of course is enhanced in part by the resultant increase in distance between societal strata that such coveted esoteric knowledges aid in producing. ... It is of prime importance to focus upon what's happening in content rather than in form, unless form is the whole show. On the one hand, to be in open revolt against form can be the most rude of all behavior, since one should in most cases tolerably acknowledge the ascribed tastes of others. On the other hand, what the neophyte must avoid is the affect, the appearance of entertaining illusions about qualitative life-style. What is here generally taken for quality is an exponent of person conveniently acquired through exposure. And one should not pretend to non-existent exposure, nor in fact to qualitative rewards from exposures that are in fact commonplace, if not inane. Don't be a pretender; stay in character, that it, do not over-reach. Likely, you will be less conspicuous, and, in short, your vitalism will gracefully affect the change in style best becoming to yourself.

* * *

It is seen that there is inherent inferiority in any system that teaches (or practices) by the rule of competitive morality. The apparent result is the externalization of responsibility by the rules of 'feasibility' (predicated upon ambition) and/or the

rule of 'whatever can be gotten away with'. What is preferred is an internalized system of values, the upholding of which is the individual's responsibility.

Externalization on the other hand is followed increasingly by the proliferation of police elements (to 'keep the peace', or 'order in disorder', & to keep down the numbers 'getting away---'), and a concomitant proliferation of laws. ...these indices nullify the significance of civilization (notably the proliferation of police elements, although it is consistent with/(follows from)/the cynicism of externalized morality) over the classic savage (or self-help) milieu, wherein one must carry his own spear in readiness against the other's ever-ready trespasses...

It is felt that education should have a basis of community reference geared to generate an appreciation and respect for community life, void of embarrassment and humiliation built into the lessons for the lack of materiality and renown as a measure of the importance of parental personages and their offspring. Toward this condition, the community of educators should attempt to divest themselves of all prejudices - and often bold vocal scorn - and contempt for the express wishes of the concerned resident community as to matters and means (related to values) to which their children are to be exposed.

* * *

It is seen that the shifting of power shades the morality of nations, states, and communities; that resident power inherits immunity and impunity of action, at times in loud and perverted contradistinction to the sober views of our ideals ... that unequal tolerance and censure is accorded certain elements of dissent; that, overall, power appears to be the cardinal 'good' and powerlessness the cardinal 'evil', and that when these cells of immunity... conflict, the resulting clamor takes on the scandalous aspect of thieves falling out ... with such an airing as to make plain the vice-shielding effect of all curtains of power.

In the frame of reference where power is defined as 'rights and privileges' inhering 'immunity and impunity'... White Power means impunity from reprisals by blacks victimized by whites, and immunity from operative 'justice' where such victimizing is technically unlawful ... Black Power ... follows from the reality of White Power (as an aspiration)... and would constitute the cultural maturation of black folk (operatively), the black community, etc.; in consequence of which growth it negates the racial significance (conflict) of White Power as well as any (conflict) in and of itself.

* * *

It is noted that the black artist is educated in terms of the history of the particular medium in the Western world (or European tradition). In consequence, logically, as artist he becomes the

'white black'. ...he is taught allegiance to the esthetic (philosophical) principles of the ... black man's detractors. Hereby, the creations of the black artist... generally take inspiration from his being of mixed feelings, and his content and self-image ... almost invariably present a pathetic and/or protest rather than an essentially folkish delineation.

This means that inadvertently, or helplessly, the black artist (regardless of how often he inserts the predispositional claim of soul) presents an inherently inferior delineation (definition) of black humanity for review. Acknowledged, the artist is in a maze not of his own making but this does not significantly relieve the effect of that maze. ... (he is usually) illustrating the truth of the stereotypes under the theme that this black portraiture is the logical result of the set of human circumstances (inferior) to which black folk are relegated, "which would be the fate of any people --human all too human-- caught up in the same de-humanizing web". However, no other people are in this web, or have ever been, or will very likely ever be. So the proof is no proof, and the delineation, except in clinical perspective, is exclusively one at odds with the living positive human spirit.

...the pathos and protest image presents a social spirit of subverted human instance -- as warred upon by overwhelming elements (whether or not the scourge of godliness), and this element warred upon arrests sympathy as do persons in a war zone living under conditions of great deprivation. Such images ... demonstrate the temperamentally disagreeable fact to man that even the best human substance is at the mercy of (social or) external circumstances when such circumstances are aimed -- in total war -- to divest and depress the human substance... However, herein the sub-humanity can readily be mistaken for a condition not predicated on the specific temporal order of circumstances to which it belongs... The sub-human in this context is in fact nowise existent except as an artifact circumscribed by a time (of war).

* * *

So how does the black artist get out of the maze? Largely by demonstrating quality and qualitative instances of human life irrespective of (above) social circumstances. In effect, his music does this; this is the music of Folk, Blues, Ragtime, Jazz (as well as the African imports: Rumba, Tango, Samba, etc., the Islanders' Calypso, etc.), distinctively expressive of his vitalism if evidence there is; also his dance which is akin to the music. In these, the social being is essentially a human being by dint of the impact of his spirit in programmatic rendition. Voice, style (& idiom), rhythm and form are all highly personal and vitalistic -- as flowing from prestigious positive human wells. But beyond these, one must look into the idiom and the setting in literature, and the pigment of persons in painting (except for the classic theme: the

history of the Negro from Slavery to freedom).

Of course, in music forms we have the least plastic of the arts, the least dependency upon representation of human figures and instances in the physical world; in consequence of which the expression is that of (more nearly) a universal humanism, and, accordingly, all laments are less personal, the villains less pointedly in reference, and indictments everywhere the lesser trespass to forgive. Even so, protest and pathos material, on both a personal and a general level, have formed an integral part of music forms, notably of the Blues and modern folk renditions, especially since the late Fifties.

In evidence, then, is the fact that art takes inspiration from human experience -- whatever the nature of the experience. But, although sociologists have maintained specifically regarding the black American that culturally he is nothing apart from his American heritage, and at the same time assert that he is a marginal man, it is expected in the realm of art (and deserving) that the positive aspects (the unsubverted) of his specific humanity be delineated. In fact, the black American is not marginal merely within the American (or Western World) cultural framework (and this is the saving grace of this logic of expectation), or, he is a Western World of cultural indices in addition to his Western World marginality; for it is expressly in the realm of esthetics that there has been no (positive) Western World to which he could be marginal except that which he himself has created. For in this area it has been overwhelmingly a representation of opposites (& in opposition), as between something, good and bad, positive and negative, and nothing. But, just as with the black American's general contribution to the building of this nation's greatness (& the African import's contribution to that of other nations), such contributions are not recognized in their rudiments (as with the anonymity of an army of laboratory technicians, so with the hewers of wood & drawers of water, carpenters, masons, railroadmen, miners, etc.). They are nonetheless real and overall sustaining and promoting of the general life.

That creativity does not materialize out of nowhere is of course conceded, but the somewhere may merely exist outside of existing definitions. It is perhaps also encouraging to note that some of the more renowned black artists have been of the lesser academically lettered breed: Dunbar, Wright, Baldwin; Armstrong, Basie, Joplin. And giants like Ellington and Parker, however shrouded in sophistication, remain nevertheless very close to the folk, and we love them madly. It is further conceded that being creative (rather than merely productive /or reproductive?/) is the most difficult is the most difficult human exponent to acquire. But it remains the specific business of art (though not to the exclusion of other fields).

Toward the all-inclusive defining and delineation of 'black folkism', a new positivism is evolving, nakedly born in the inspirational stream of self-belief. Further, this re-outsetting has been

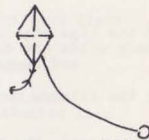
energized by the investment of energies afire formerly totally deployed in self-defense, in the repetitious unrelenting but trivial counter-asserting attempts to erase the labels of inferiority. Self-belief is bringing full circle the 'naked yes image' of black (beauty) identity. It is an image of a healthy unforced social (xxx soul xxx) soil body. This self-possession is free of others' depressed (private: the person) property evaluations; which is the freedom prerequisite to the delineation of an enhanced humanism (the specific positive condition, the special humanity of black folk).

ED.

... and then the dance of word-power, life,
and then the dance of life-power, love,
and then the dance of love-power, rhythm,
and then the dance to dance ...
and the dance of sound is word (idea),
and the dance of word is song,
and the dance of song is rhapsody,
and rhapsody of song is motion,
and rhapsody of motion is play,
... and play is the word, and the life,
and the love
to dance to dance ...*

INFINITY

At time's foreclosed exits
beginnings off/set/off ends...



*Running commentary from Afro Arts Summer Festival Book(1967)

LEA

Most often a poem of medium or long length will be excluded from small books or magazines of poetry for reasons of space. To the credit of the poem below its title was adopted by the popular verse magazine UMBRA; to its discredit it has never been printed in itself, though flourishing in its wilderness of wordpower since 1961-62. And since many have enjoyed the author's reading of it, it is printed here in the hope that the reader will enjoy his own--ED.

UMBRA

My sun has gone down in drum suite penumbra
The mood of this rhythm my body is umbra

And the totem line behind the three-faced light tabu
decline the flesh-cup curve

The postmen ask
What information in address envelops this female
impertinence posturing behind us

this is not thigh ten-inch-pound distance weight focus
this is the weight of death
full to fascination bottom riddle end but dense

one face-frontal curve
or straight instantline say designers of fashion
no rear view is beautiful to address
but to the self

one clean brief declension
is to write to inform and to clothe to invite

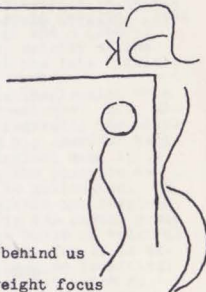
This is the interval of a question addressing the male

The umbral body is in penumbral field
a two-way cup curving female
a handful of image an armsful storm
a mouthy world waiting

And the lips that kiss you in penumbra have arms
A body molds the darkness is thigh-pressed cradle-abdomen met
and breasts the umbral breasts have softness

And the silence neuter feminine night
is signing verb-breaths to love

And handsome she has fingers to caress herself down
circular the darkness is erect
feverish at its back the stars perspire



pressed to her back the hands of the arms that engulf her
hold her enrapt
cool lips press against her throat
erect the darkness is spinning in an arc PM space
a perpendicular in its equator
a right angle in its tropics lights

erect the darkness stands
goes gentle merry-go-round in the wheel

with a rub in the trouble hub
the axle oil gives ease
spoke

said muffled mute hot gerund to be is being is
the night pitch
the feeling pie

love is a good gentle cut
between thin spreads of dough its meats
the kneading spirit is gripped

and the handle in this feeding time
equipped with potfat floodlight milk
to go roaring to the royal pitch pond
is to the self-darkness square root
the set formula to be feeling figure-field

The fall from the shoulders
careening down the umbral back
the act of line arcs
moving to divide hill

And the black thumb of its beauty
is an index figure written in sand
and five fanthomables of a handful in a swim

is a catch
a watery whim which sets and vanishes addressed

laughing out of darkness flatulent with light
and lonely
speeding round in plus-diamond closure
breaking refraction naked
little jewels of blackbrown white darkness
cutting colors of weightlight to pair to explode
compound the inner spectrum under surface-limited line

This body's conjunctive curcuit is
on somnambulant current continuance of attraction
Into the flow of this river tittering ruthlessly

of having being going broken rhythm at middle emotion flood
a gurgle in the whirlpool erring eye at thigh/s/ hips' concourse
cleanses a touch of kinesthesia

handful of the hollow space-solid stomach
a time envelope distended fretfully lolling to tension
that hands move over leaving the mouth deliciously weak
hands move to clutch that having being
to handle mouth's pout from distant touch
thigh raised to handsome cup

In violable twilight feeling
she wins watching the gaited dance

Her hair is lacklustre black justnight
a vapor porous posy potted in relief
sculptured to a mating cloud growing wild

her forehead is arched in appositive poise
prominent in majestic sweep
conceding to her lips that she O is
kiss is love

her eyes seed lightdrink aura light's winter moons
are aura and aura cool light affire

her face is a slope swelling at the lips
touched with a pink of sunset evenly fading dark
nourished warm of watt to love ethos
turning out well thirst to will thirst
where love drinks love looks full-lipped fat handsome water pinks
to give a full smooth smiling peal

Her head modeled to eclipse the infinite form resource
be with the nakedness behind the ears
over the unplumed rhythm of the head and behind the ears
the breeze titillates

to close upon me the face
swelling at the lips

lips first
lips thirst to lip-peal
wet-lock the flesh waterdrops
break beneath the tongue
waters to drink well sweet tunnel to lips
this is the pool to swallow

to drink darkness watt
to discover collage of penumbra feeling vitamin colored
eyes closed
spreading two lips peak

put to give
bite
break fast
arc off ends
speech parabolic

This defenseless need to be feminine is princessly receptive

Bone sculpturously bathed in hands of love
restrained in creating fury
quivering to invent avid rhythm

a celebration of sensuousness
airily nodding as the night woods

Her neck is an umbral stem mooring nude euphoria

The shadows step lithely out of her shoulders
off her breast her chest famous of carriage

Umbral she walks in an umbral sun
in an anarchy of time

naked is the heart
naked to the head

And she is a river body
a long night dream that reaches the sea
and the grace and rhythm of the sea
carriages rocking in mocking girl gait
flowering in flow witherward to step
in brown darkness

is admission supine eternal to let
prone veins of fire repent of presumption
the climbing to comma
occasioning supplication to pause
against non-applauding self-fulfilment
the movement of wishes attempting quick breath
the eye-part inspiring ineluctably intrusive
the knowledge maddening ignorance

and figure's apposite touch
salivates of no wedge to see enter arrest instant self
to seed so rippling a bubbled flower of beauty's oneness
to a swallowing love of her naked neck

She climbs the closed light of the hills to swoon
graceful rhythm of legs in address singing gayly
and her fall is precipitous a bubbled sigh and a blues song
and a night song's lips' salt
and a legend set with wings that passes over the world
enchanted of higher entrance

And yes is tabu the line dorsal
devolved from gainly flowing sight of fall
redressed by cleansing kinesthesia
divisible by knowledge of points equations
thousandths narcissus touched

this is the layer cake kinetic
this is the fattened fast of flesh
the walking cane-knot feastfield

Down river the canyon muscles grow bolder
and the bedrock's limbs bake in sunport grand suite
the womb hands swell of calling wind desire
and the river moves in softness enrapt
as naked she moves in address darkness enrapt
baked to a wish
in white darkness tall timbre

The wind collapses of a lull goodbye in potent sleep spickets
says against inconstant palette
the chewing frostburn of the aura light
on the garbage rim of the gift-wrapped river
give behind the tongue a tickle of lust's toothless hunger
a howl of gaunt gummed fasting

and disbelief touch says yes
in the velvet good is aura oral is aura defenseless
just as yes is thigh flesh moral beautiful
this address is a carrigae itself to horizons' hills

this wind impaled upon death is flesh is -Great Growth- flesh
the having time lost form
the resolved blacklight mystery of cutout doll motion
the hill in love space a voided space-time

She moves penumbral limbs long-lettering the garrulous day
and drawn across the night thigh penciled unsharp ends erase
white darkness letters written in overwrought space
naked outfaces the eyes of letters

the understudied dress ex-plain in legging out
the undermost matters show life genius clay
naked is a play of faces and eliding lips

Close there undergrowth underbrushes underclothes
naked undulation looks
to the end of open upbackdown female address
memo eyes seeking to unreel combinations undercurrent time
sees over understanding

in field the svelt proportions rolling
in figure the felt emotion beholding

Address thigh velvet hand some face some cheek
to out-figure reversions to emote eye-wonder

naked is a darkness
an infinitive to be in space---time
the love-space infinitive brimmed cup
on the tangent world wish

The sixth cup moments rest
aura come definitively being
having to have had to be
light
the inverse letters written in the dark
light
extreme knowledge at exit tension nods
white the cup at knowledge tilt

What is it light to have to have
naked a body darkness
the pale dry day put out
and all the lights of the world at a tilt

this body of the hairless beast
so compulsively naked it shaves
light

And where are you instead of sense-imaginings good night
saying where you are love
to address me

having to have had to be light
over the woman through the words to sleep
goodnight loneliness respite

in the umbral field naked a body darkness is

(Fillers)

Advertisements:

indigestion tablets to ease belly laughter
our product stinks, but come by our store
your neighborly loan shark will figure your taxes
good livers filet-ed
we sock it to you, come in
yes, we have many colored yoyos/ Lots of New Orleans/before Shanghai

OBSERVATIONS:

left hands-up slot machines swearing in the pickpocket corp
Panama hatching Havana cigars
DeGaulle bladder trouble in Quebec
Johnson's escalating Ho Chi Mini-miser warlord disenchanting
free Columbian cough-free bullets, excellent Indian remedy LEA

KISS...

The Defeat Curve

VOTE
NO

Defeat doesn't keep in my cool,
and the long hot summer's spoils of lettuce
better never try to thread my eye;

though fate mastery is fool fancy,
I find the exit from doom
in any furnaced hell against my cool.

Defeat Street agree-seethes with litter meat:
stash-dashboarded up in small happenings in meantime,
winejug jitterbug canned junk punk flunkies
around shattered corner electric idea posts,
mope in hip omniscience ---

The generally motorized: can't afford rundown chicks
looking for joy

possess the account
to grab a small store bag with tum/my aching soul
for the making of a night.

And when she's litter-bitter out of Nedicks
with five months showing layoff
Defeat Street swallows her back:door to the world,

"Kiss my stink, Fink," she says,
a revenge of a while on the big sporty front outdoorsman --

until a gas-reburner time
when cooking must look socially enviable
and the eye sworn on the Book backslides for goodlooking
and a regained health departing welfare.

Defeat: "You know him that even much walks with a cane?"
once empathetically hip,
but now hip-shift-needlelessly syphilitically crippled;

and one day a wine bottle flies ---whoop!--shazzz-SSpree!--
knocking his concrete-jarring cane away
and: --Kkhaa--uugh!--ahh!--fflumpp--ssumppi!--

on his leg rump down, he rasp-calls out:
"You mothers!---(spittle-foam blasphemies)
and gets right up fakerlike in oversight rage, but winded,
rasp-calling out (spittle-foam blasphemies)
at semi-snonymous perpetrator audience defiance
grown outright contemptuous:

"Ha-ha-ha --- you know, I been wantn to do that for YEARS."
and another new-idea bottle comes sailing ...

Defeat: is even in lowermiddlelow income-about
out of bookie nightmares,
out of long big shot misses,
out of the grief housing greek gifts
in neon miss-echo lead offers
where appalled-bearing life of overstuffed company lives:

behind stationary police lock bar rear anonym enmity
in conjured gallant rehearse stalls
ferrying defeat over & back into
the swillingly pungent private property
of bottle contents,
of improper tied-up nerves, bodies sweat-desperate:
giving the breath lesson on ox/gin unfizzling humidity hate
about humility's baited pie in havenot hereafter:

is this here
is unheavenly makings
is horrendously horrifying superhuman hurdles of stultification.

And defeat: is unselfishly indefatigable,
cunningly open-corporation corpus collective
where company misery is the counterfeit divisor:

thousandths used breaths plunder-winded alight lying
palmtelling anyone how to go get ahead, daddy-o
in run-on curse-sentenced super-social fellowship,

with gushing oats-grits sty-mouth hope noise singingly negative
amid thru-traffic humhonk
and scatter chatterbrained careless child ears:

here this is weary work-wired mamas papas,
talking garbage: cannot contain residential beauty;
is here transistorized competition to corner a private silence,
is to thread silent nightbirthlove of naked superfluous siblings.

It is pouring down brains on defeat
from high-chartered agencies' toilet chain-relief measures,
extra-legally hydrant-o-matically washing the street feet
of ur-children:

born of unfathered time-pling-&-strut-outs to stud diamonds
dream-conditioned walleyed in crayola quiz coloring books:
about-face saving soapless miracle visions that saddle bootstraps,
and left to right obliquely reads the daydream johnny dropout
to join the idylls of march-on urgent information surfuit:

"What's to/with it do...life?today, eh, man? without a red penny..."

It is pore rain on hall-wet stairwell walls,
on sex-staleated old mattresses
where desperation stuffs otherwise unserviceable energy
toward off-physical formulations of spiritual dying;



where poor thieves sell grass root smells of theory highlife
to beget icicles of cool, goodbye, baby, love --
to let the vacuum manor disrepair-controlled rent come overdue:

to the guy with a hate face say: "Look here, dad,
I got this hyp - uh - gig with this Black Power group, see---
I mean, them suckers gonna lay some loot on me, and, like,
I got your rent in the bag, see..."

and have him ask for particulars: "What you boys doin exactly?"

and say: "Ain't nothin to it, like, I mean, just some jive
about improvin the image, you know.
But theys money in it fuh me, like I tole you." (etc.)

Where the bottoms up bottle of babyhood cozy sleep caresses
and the extra fox-effort mentality fails to make heartflush,
the lucky, and other, seven haymaker rests
& big score anti-people ante-hustles.

And defeat is even the black politician's gerrymandered lament,
and the black businessman says: "...so maybe they'll approve
your license if/when you've found one of your fellow's
bankrupt disrepair dingies with a fifty percent rent increase
by the L/I when he saw you coming --" That could be a pretty
GOOD BUSINESS"-- he says, but of course there are special
property risks since you're black -- and you can manage
to get bonded & stocked in spite of establishment's premature
and continuing cut of the optimal livelihood black profit,
so maybe you'll have a business...
...what you gotta understand is that the contempt
held for black people by the exploiters is a self-defense,
prerequisite to, breeding on, & imperative for their own self-image,
& like material private property, contempt is fiercely justified,
defended & calculatedly encouraged & promoted as the insurance
for maximum security, infinite longevity, & compounding returns."

And the black professionals lament that the people prefer the waste
of buying small store contempt to health & legal service payments.

Defeat disagree sees its disowned image defiantly indelible
promoted with poverty plays and poetry
or proposed enobling in overcoming prosthetic prose
or risen above under cosmetic esthetics to 5th-6th-7th-Ave profit
& thru synthetic wins & influences
in vicarious odds-long intemperate possession:

dogs unable to bone-up eat crumb cookies;
cats rattle the night stuck catatonically together
defying scatology.

But defeat doesn't keep in my cool;
in heat-shock I flick away its double feature of fairifying escape

from hangup hams cold meat big-stick kicks for bacon
and shepherd Sheephead Bay pitail terrors to tensionless rut
and tonsillectomy;

And Phoney Island no-laydown dolls
fall enchantment-awed, gypsy First Reader-like
to unbe sea biscuit doughnut heldover thru-out the drag of it-ness
from under the main dropout stitch strain to be comely the rich beauty
the jeweled jungle queens come black-alive
to flaunt silverfur-lined downed fine body rhythms
to B.A. Degree class astonishment at physical inlaid phenomena,
which wit calls unwritten outlaws of havenot queen bee/having.

I am a giant against Jack: asses cud soever chewed out up by the blues,
and the hee-haw says please as I pass, look out!

Defeat, by these alter-intelligent takes,
debunk-buffers essaying the sham exam pull to promote self-help
except by the eye of rage exigencies, the Sir first view:
suppose to block more alights to toproom dreamposts
that ain't but the -hey, boy- ride,
and the patient wait compares: a bored backyard: stickitup yours
of no consumer interest
except to make a small utility shelf or piece-repair a vanity
to the meatball undie-mude doodle spaghetti chicken corner attack
where the ace-king straightjacked uppity prestige is;

would watch my dying hands rival clocks and automation
and my mind tour the boardwalks with monopoly money,
and a giant's unfulfilled youth shrivel and despair
in the penny-tension scare,
eating home brought horizons-breaded crumbs of middle nowhere:
reserved: a dustbin underfoot reclaimed garbage dump.

No, defeat doesn't collect the insurance of my death, alive,
until I'm deaf & dumb & disaster-drooped (I won't pay),
until the con-men contrive to accomplish my coffin
(& Con Edison shuts off the day),
I'll fight its devil to the downs, it won't unbecome me: man;
I'll stand for: never to allay the stick end of its rat race relay;

and before I'm down there'll be certain changes,
truth-revealing of this fare
for outriding the monster: dragon features: bogie defeatist fear
& keeping out of thank you self-sacrifice of the fangs & fire.

Defeat doesn't keep in my cool;
only fools grow old with penny-pinched assurance to die.
I'M A GIANT! lookout!

and no long hot summers' spools of lettuce
daren't try to thread my eye.

LEA

The flooded fellowship Surpassing The night afire

It was when the world and the word were field
rolling in winds of inkblot declension:

thereafter vision charged purposelessness
and the first expostulation was borne of Capital Spirit: O,
of indignation with blurb design
except an excerpt of appetite
which created the world image

Thereupon Fiat was said in sound image -
representing O for ought
and resembling the open mouth of appetite -
on the Mayday of the First Categorical
after a thousand pictures failed to represent
the alphabetical field closure for life

And Play Figure, ur-child pre-foetal, moved over the world image
with green figures of thumbs and the hoe
nearly discovering Good Feces, the life-maker
& the ur-flesh in fertilized suspension
over foreground and inversely backsky, it moved
expression free loosely in inkdust
redevising inkblotout rules of light
which was fat appetite encysted

Then peremptorily out of inkdust Thought struck the world:
Fiat splitting itself: O Thou ought to be:
flora and fauna and man-kind dust,
a radium dialed jeweled movement piece
partly encrusted in silver and gold
commemorative of idea force, said:
to let it tell something of creative Time

and fat appetite and fee/see/saw Os early staged wonders
tall to green lettuce gristle
in soft fat land

And out of soft fat land wishbones were born
in one spring to fall/lust
from compound Good Feces nebulae,
and man-kind dust soft fat land wishbones discharged
flesh to the first power,
a condition of self-knowledgeable caress: the mother woman
and handsome form in storm hands: manhood
thunder wonder undammed the beauty-burst
of the black incognito pretty shape ur-umbra woman

Hereafter caress-flesh to the first power knew primeval hunger
beholding to the spiritual appetite that created it
to discover and: created its own image to devour

which came from the soft land and was born of Growth Plough
the next spring after the 2nd fall/lust

but manhood put it to fertilize out of suspension
from the same soft land: mothermilk
and instant love by breaking wishboned fires ---

And then was to come the Mayday of the Second Categorical
which removed Fig Leaf
until then the principal inedible of spirit hunger

Play Figure moved and Fig Leaf flew off to legend
into ur-inkblotdust world
to reflect only in thought & ur-super-thought
except inversely from Narcissus behind mirrors

And Growth Plough in soft fat land of the 3rd fall/lust was
and this rich soil enough with flora fauna feces produced Fig:
the first post-creation flesh edible: was fig-ur-flesh

but as all devourables were sacrificed
toward creating spirit enough to stand against
DEATH : Agent-Ambassador-Messiah of ur-DEATH
figflesh was not flesh enough for spirit hunger
nor to fertilize with other flora fauna feces
a big life-devourable

So evented the apple pi-in-the-sky
cooked and packaged by the wild goose
as directed by spirit

Death was thereby duped into a dichotomous stretch:
after-life, pi, and after worldly devourable life
to re-win ur-condition of Good Feces suspension

And so life must countenance spirit, the omnivore
and time, the hunter

Because fore now time was not completely
around the world-trapped life, moving slowly,
and many miracles escaped back to the nebulae of primal pre-ur-peace:
full space without vacancy to let: light
and before time invented the special gravitational field
and speeded up: the world a disintegrating place
completely influenced by hunger
& movement in on a prey on multi-ribboned circles

In an undeclared war for world self-possession
spirit bombarded life with wonder experimeat flights
campaigning against ur-thought-of rights
in timebeing to have and go

that never must all will to go
to not becoming (a) gain
surpassing time's need and speedlight appetite

like the hour coming fulltime said halfpast
to be remaining future without time
and Death, the dispossessed, to have this whole
half dominion over life-time

while spirit & time worked a merit system of speeds
to select good and better devourable life
but put their beginning and end/side by side
under treat/meat veto

Death was now the false Messiah, the schizophrenic
possessed of the Half Ghost: square pi times
& half pre-ur-peace
to go afield and seek believers

because spirit continually countermoved:
alleged that life can save itself a sparetime
by stocking other provisions against the hunter
and giving its whole to meantimebeing

can revive overkilled halfpast timebeing
by making wishboning fires in soft fat land
to offset the far-outdistancing light insight to pi
man-feast destiny
whereof created waste time-worrying
over the outcome of the human race rights-of-ways
may avoid the wasteland death

And life took this Trojan Horse in confidence
and began to quantify itself
thinking to split infinity into life-times,
abhorring death each manifest avowel movement

& in further event by spirit
the mis-split infinity to die-eat was said to death & life
for spirit's sacrificial redemption
which according to its 3-dimensional girth & time exponential
it could hoard over thrice die-eat

if evented: life killed fulltime
and it politically promoted this as feeling:
proposed: feeling for life & life-feeling

meaning that spirit would refrain from eating pi

however life failed to fulfill its time
Even thru great pangs of manumission
EVEN to the lightdeath of time
which would mean instant spoiled life
before conversion to believers

in fact, not so --
as odds were against Death's defeating pi-dream
and only in total default of spirit to win life
without high-pi promise

even some evented fluke lightning coup d'etat
would find life severally split infinities
over the quest shoot or the cap pit & gown elocution

To die-eat really meaning to make life: devourables less devouring
in hope of a free-all heroic liason with spirit
to discover the secret hiding two-face places of time

and life accepted this reformation
thinking to slow down breadbreaking/fast light
for peace conversion with a less sun day appetite

whereupon life to event: light of its own world
and by far-force vision prove whether spiritual fig-ur-flesh
aura ur-flesh: feces suspension
reflect the safe hunger-surfeited pre-ur-peace

But now the miracle remaining: not spoiled by casuistry
after the world and the word were sealed,
a disintegrating place of speeded up time
zip code addressed:

To Whom it's Mayday First Categorical lets
General Delivery, Empty Space,
was the everfruit that begot the summerwoman
which was ur-land & weather
& later accouterments: The Book, The Stool, The Force,
& womb soil of pre-ur-sun umbra-ed exponential

And Death then took the cup to go abroad
& enlisted disciples
& sent them abroad
to preach to unbelievers
& I was one sent to the soil
to Flora, the summerwoman
& kith and kin

* * *

But yet nor was this a solution
for post-creation itself has raised the question:
ablot why?ink?wells?

(Why? A creation is B believed recorded birth
in C succeeding times,
A story without Z end)

being now grown up and multiplied, ask:
what? from where? to where?end?

and when life and thought go out to examine ends
going and coming ends: meet at echo
the cognate self clift-hanging
the episode and the epic
a call to wells: to answer to: ur- life & death

wells we know
whose hunger's surfeit, love, is flesh-preferred,
whose unsurfited hunger, time(light), is flesh-hungry

wells unknown
the shackle sin pit of failings, the valleys of sacrifice,
the raised fig-ur-flesh wells in obstacle fields of non-legend
& of forbidding legend,
& wells time-fast: that life cannot drink from this ego cup
any presence of past or future voyage

and life, the hunter, to eat life, the prey: a moment's increase,
to create the life-death product, ultimately soil redeemed,
but cannot eat death, but death's life-product each circle's pi
nor over-love the life, time,
nor over-eat the love, life, nor the soil nor seed,

nor waste the time, spring & summer: the love-life
nor over-live the time, winter, into spring again

but feast upon the prey and the prayer
thru the autumn auguries of audited imbalances
in a stormy covenant with time,
the master headman hunter

* * *

Now as I had gone far manhood years
a disciple to win believers in ur-death
taking no wife but keeping to believers
& carrying a patch of ur-soil for talisman
and lonely as I looked in all the cities & upon all countries,
over idyllic plains from hills and into mudtop villages --

And finally lost --

my talisman stolen by false friends,
& misidentified and identitiless, imprisoned,
and fleeing from persecutors, always amid adumbrations
of the faith, disheartened,
& weightless without the talisman, as if adrift in space-time

yet in a romance of fading young manhood with life
as though metamorphosed from ur-Death discipleship
and bloated by a hollow lusty hunger for the flesh
yet having to seek the lost soil to re-ur-knight with Flora

I came upon the silvery island of Pi
from where the world seemed another pi
but leaped of fascination and love-event
& hungering to feast there to infinity

then wandering, exploring, I met Akana:
Daughter of Pi & Queenmother:
as loudly seductive & intrusive as the Full-Pi
& white as the crown of Kilimanjaro
and never had I known so great: the flesh-hunger

And seeing me in an agony of desire, she spread a table
annointed with light
& pig and chicken and venison were spread before me
& potatoes and corn and cabbages, onions and garlic
& milk, butter and cheese, and wine
& peeled puddinged apples & pears & bananas in the raw
and, intimately pervading, the hypnotic aroma of all this

But then as I set about to feast the mirage vanished
leaving only a stark glaringly naked fig-urless-flesh

nor do I know what caused my disillusionment
but seeing this she quickly arose & took me out of vision's way
into the dark of Pi
and suffering no illusion dark of the sun, & beneath the crust

and feeling evented, near Flora
& near fig-ur-flesh full
I seeded

And she was horrendously thirsty & swoll up out of season
suffocating in thirst-quenching agonies
cursing me for her umbrage
& deflating & dying in quest of ever further fig-ur

then I took her up lifeless & carried her into the silver light
as my heartsong beat requiem-babalu-aye-hallelujah-mapoobile
with a fiendish rhythm I couldnot stop
but the song was quixotic of allusion in young manhood:

This soil:is:of my soul
of this soil my seed
on this soil to this soil my tears --

in this all-weather:everfruit
my growth fulfilled ---

But then as I buried her beneath the slice of soil
there came an eclipse
and the whole of Pi turned to dust

and I could not see the sun but as an aura around the world,
nor the world, but as a black disc
black as had been the soil of my talisman
& encased in sunlight

and again I was fascinated, & stuporlike gave her last rites
as flashlight religiously given:
To seal her eight body cavities with silver
but knowing there were ten, I interred the spirit
with its silverlining cloudstuffs

And the dirge with drumming:

weather god is sunshine
or weather not benevolent and seasonal,
weather or not weather of choice
ever weather a storm to be

began: weather, which being
once, continues til the end of moonsunshine
sun up moon out down around
the going aging earthmoonlights

and ploughing and planting, harvesting soil
has a bed with Flora in the sun
and knows the world is not weatherproof of belief
by fore- nor insight

but weather: several snows, windstorms & tides,
no matter, but weather to nourish the land--yes

weather betrayed abed
one wilted violet, or a rose and a hanging past,
weather is the going faith of landscaping

And the paean of eclipse & earth:

This is oil of my oil,
soil that fills my hands to grasp a dream,
covers my palms,
without which my footbottoms are lonely,

if clay, never sand this soil:
oil of Oshun, Oya & Oba
has ur-sign-loaded cells of dust
from where burst: lets ---

At just-tangent: earth and sun, there came a current
& from the interred Queenmother's plot, a stool,
once seated upon which, I was borne
current-vented off from Pi a la commode: stool
& when landed, this was the land, the naked earth:

faces beneath the grass that sleep
places of puddles in rain
where rain keeps no abiding thirst
and lustdust for sunseed mayday shower
faces upturned to summer in shadow
and to the everseason sun
and overturns again in under to earth

that countenance pain of weathers
that look from myth-lost wonder
eyes open-questioned ideation
to give back wonder to its life once wherewithal

and from ashes
where the psychic cycle-burn of caused away style
comes disoriented to powderpuff force farce,
faces away from self-knowledge
twisting in airy drafts of unlifting insight
with divorcement pending from memory & dreams,

now to ur-soil
the herring oiled heavy summerhands
reinvest the salt: turned from: shame of the sea crossed

and having returned hands across bridged seas oversight
from beneath the unrefreshed waters' foamwhite philaphobia --
where was a ghou of deformity: in-schooled loneliness:

...said of romance-driven appetite:
this land, America, the beautiful
with love
was not to be disagree long dressing upclassed over rainbows

not for pretty: the chicken-naked amuse/meat
a caviar quick A-culture rating
in a polished wishbone-breaking for an eggheaded cannibalism

but had here gone natures to general stomach-amoured manumission
now come to travelers' scene-emptiness

had been a short closed circuit, long on dreambait:
boats foreveryears overcoming
beggars excursion fishing at sea for insight
bypassed by wonderings unhooked
& lines of communication cut by the night afire

& nature abhorring the veil
of the Mitas dirty touch-hungering spirit
bereaved of the net five-sense short halfdozen

but old faces faced the shame
faced young not the same old faces
and too the body-social was young again
and little hid from any face
the many rugged faces of its dust

* * *

Here I wandered for a hunt
carrying the stool, & seeking believers, & Flora
& evented upon Rhythm Community:
believers in a free-style syncopated spirit

and there was among them one called Tom
who ran from me in the marketplace
and having told his master of my presence
persecutors were upon me again

going then into the country, I came to see the soil & the folk
and I saw there one nearly pre-ur-fig: Florabelle
whom first I mismatched for the summerwoman

but lo, Yemaya, she was soil-ugly: to flesh hunger
but Oshun-Isis-flooded fertility
& her rhythms were a dance
& her eyes were Akana-nighted
& dreams slept on her bosom and belly
& grace swept her fall
& ur-figs fulfilled her buttocks
& her night was afire over all

but, lo, she sought the beauti-force, Yemaya
and I said to her: -Here, sit upon the stool
and let: force: yourself-knowledge be free-

yet while sitting she said in tongues: -While I know that
for anytimebeing I can overcome light like this
which is its narcissus creative everything
that a decent respect for the house of life
requires the indoor outhouse: midnight & highnoon
and a declaration of independent life is a false house of prayer
and a constipated spirit

-Still, beauty is the scoop of CURRENT event here
the going preferred civilized news
of juicyfruit chewinggum
to mark time's spirit-hunger with event

rather not just ready assent-to-happen fertile overcoming news
thru the lovelifetruth-nailed dark door
of wasted time minority reports
dissenting the overdue process to appreciation brief
for the local matter unready body-social
and clean: beauty: is spring light-licked rice only
not a licorice mouthful of summernight consumed-

-But beauty is the phantom of the wells- I said
-in your five-sense-limited world,
except it is force of pre-ur summerwomanhood,
and the consuming and consumed event of life-&-time-

And it seemed she would be convinced but said:
-Well, in fact, yes, but the glamorous big cities have reservoirs:
and a decent respect for the house of life
requires the old well indoors at the tap
because fetching water from the wells is a big sweat waste of time
and the men won't always do they best
and don't want to stay down on the farm
because they fig-ur beauty is going places
and not always stuck up with growing things-

And in this communion with her, Yemaya,
I was nearly converted to the impre-ur fleshman
of only sophomoric ambitions
so astray in innocence was she
Is this not a mis-event worthy of my stool for its infinity?
I thought, and I said: -But you must remember: the semi-final event
is texture-touch
and the final event is earth-fig-ur-rhythm mesh
so you are endowed by nature to advance to the finals
and of course who could doubt that you'd win?-

-Only on my own soil could that program get a prime-time sponsor-
she said, -and beauty, readiness not always withstanding,
happens clean thru mean time for its own good
and gets all the publicity playland-

-Ah, but I would wager- I said -that event-tally
time will erode the barren competition favoring you
because you're pre-ur: summerwomanlike
you seek in fact a new true outlook, then you'll have everything
and everything will know you as a believer in ur-soil
and everything will know you as daughter of the first mother
as the umbra-belle of nature's storms
& breast and umbilical womb of its growth & feeding sleep
& the finest well of creative waters-

Then sighing she said: -I really don't see it happening, though-
And I said: -That's because mean time has greyed your view-
And bidding her rise, I took up my stool & led her away, saying:
-But when you event: believer, mean time will know a fecal fascination
to enter into your growth-suspended fertility
and while ur-belief helps you to whole timebeing
you will not let mean time enter until he promises
to avoid discharging light

that life would be free of the lightrace
and this he must promise before his competitor, space,
but he will break this promise
and he must promise to deny any rumor of being strung along
that truth will refer to root over vine

then once he has entered you have only to squeeze him ecstasy-dead
causing him to break the first promise

which by the rule god-eat-god
will cause him to lose his invading light, license,
and rights-of-way thru space
without which machinery he will be exposed as a humbug muted

and you will reign overtime, in green & orange & all the spectrum
giving whatever rhythm of your own ur-soil miracle
to the existential event, timebeing
& this will be the essence of pre-ur-peace-

-Sounds like I've met a pi-man going to be fair- she said
-that evention couldn't be done
are you sure you're RIGHT? I mean, for soilpower real?
not a funnybreezy, or anything?-

-It is done- I said
and she was startled, and so I took her to a hilltop
from where we saw the whole countryside under plant and plough
and the whole of the folk at work & play

and I said:

If you and I
and cousins like the crust, kith and kin,
our mouths Sundayschoollove clean
then gravy supper smothered with greens ham yam rice
and lips' thick buttered rhythms'
oven rolls cornbread biscuits melting chicken dunked

lay as becoming ground, rainseed sogged,
the earth would spring

and folks ready to plough and plant
the forests treed
the wells full
seedbags bulging
and bellies pregnant opening --

mellon meadows on hills
of watershed shadow and rock umbra-belle
the handles out of udder cud cupped

nippled gourds
overcomeout cocoanuts uncondensed
overcome dew times fertility

...as it was first...
it replenishes itself in goodbyes:

mountains, rocks, lakes, rivers
are here visiting and must leave

and what does it grow when we give our hands? feet?
and chests' salts?

follow the moon across the months?
the sun across the fields?

and the strength of the wells & wills has gone into hills & plain
once and twice gone but still oncoming
where growth begins?

puts summer in the seed: ur-ideal:
is something for a hunger: time --- to kill

and baby is world-born, is fruit & vegetable
from the wishingwell tree of forgivings & paradise to regain
beneath the surface is peach, is pear
is beet-blooded turnipgreen heart attached to cocoanuts
to breast strokes
crawling to buoyed bachelorhood

is plum grape fig
and watermellon rind & all beneath the hinnie

is flesh is
hunger beneath its handsome season-seraphic

and 30 years thru
the little hole in its head:
a residue of an hundred-fifty lbs: ground seed & flesh

to grow death

to grow before, shoving death away tomorrows

it is master: growth: doing not left undone
but over to do, going to go

not a time to be: is life: but a time to do
take a wife, make revolutions in chaos,
ur-soil where final events are cosmetized artifact,
tear the glitter off the world lies
& cultivate the soil that underlies

write a poem and a psalm of man-space
of man in search of ur-umbra tan
the brush and the mesh with the sun
in search of transport sensation
in quest of rest gestation: understanding ur-death

but not as death
as the undergrowth in being due process ---

the earth has made a tree has made some dressings food
as swellwell seeming as the cooking blessed
blackeye peas & hogmaw leans:
a banan-tan banana beneath the peel
and veryberry cherries that pop in the pucker

what to eat and what-not to eat
beneath the feet the vegetables
overhead the fruit, and overall the wheat in sunstroke,
or, life anchored in the ground
can weigh the voyage to enigma in a stoop

and life-love: knees alive in dirt:
beneath the dirt is seed
beneath the seed is fountain
beneath the fountain is rock and fire
in the fanned waters of legacy

and after the last war over that which is mine: The Book & Stool
to come over anger the overrunning cups
of the swellwell-off glory that is our

But seeing she was only a touch convinced
I took her among the folk, showing the way:

here where young ones toddling attempt the self-knowledge of dance,
and there boys going quickly in their father's stride
to attend the learning of man, the maker, at labors,
and there girls with mothers, learning,
and girls with girls
learning friendship & of fond girldreams others devised,
and boys with boys, learning and growing in athletic fields,
and boys and girls challenging each to show
a personal rhythmic knowledge complementing vertical time,
and old men, and old women, at profit & pastime skills
telling tales to each other, and to younger folk
and giving words for unbelievers: of the riddle

and here a church with roots in the soil, steeple peaked in prayer
and the ministry is a seeking for union and re-union,
and a school, the text a social study of relatives:
of the local & earthly self, & of the mother and the father,
of the responsibility of man, of the community & the brotherhood,

and a store, the merchandise are bits of infinity
of the world's integration-disintegration quadrillionth part
devised by man, the play boy-creator,
into new look exchange quantity
and the exchange is made with neighborly accord
with no market for contempt, unless the folk are selling soul

for man, the hunter-provider, seeks a way-station herein
to put aside the winter of timebeing
and a thanksgiving should come to cache the increment
of each fall & summer sick- & holiday by all hunters' leave
to build his spring-fall wishingwell
on the huntsman's folk summer wellbeing

and each of these: the home, the school, the church, the field
is a moment of the way shortened by the show
of a wisdom overtimebeing
and each moment borrowed short time saved
is a time to live overtime another: rhythm

and around it all, a concert of sound building
toward an identity of signature,
of talk and walk, of work tempo and play
each to fulfil a degree of community pi its own,
and the concurrent mold,
into which melt the ingredients of stress & flow
and with each:
provision for segment & body-social vigor
for its statement in the parade

and the parade:
the dissimilar show-how of a complex rhythmic whole,
decoratively loud and scintillating with glitter,
is firstly a beat-suite of sound and movement

and this is the community open record of beauty
vitally precisioned to exist in its own special time
unpossessed except of itself by this its exponential ---

-So you event-tally now, Florabelle- I said concluding
beauty is not a private property, except in the publicity domain,
but a public domain dedicated to preserve & serve a way of life
for the good of the body-social
predicated on consent and cooperative movement-

And then she looked at me tenderly and said: -I want to event:
BELIEVER-

Oh, Yemaya, can you touch the agony I felt then
 for I had fallen in ur-umbra soil with her
 and bereft of my talisman, and having not any pre-ur forcepowder
 I had to kneel
 and, lo, Yemaya, the apostasy: for then I took a block of the stool
 to carve a mating talisman
 and she gave me her soil, and I mine to her
 making Oshun a party to this backsliding
 and, oh, Yemaya, oh, lo, Yemaya, Oya --
 she was drumsuite, gourd sighing, flute ecstasy
 then, after long, suddenly she clutched me in ur-happiness, saying:
 -leave me each fall under the fig tree near the mellow patch,
 promise --- and always bring great songs
 to sing me the winter thru --- promise-
 can you imagine, O mother, how my weeping eroded me
 and how I gnashed my rocks and tore out my grass ---
 but I promised
 and where before no fig tree stood is now an orchard of fig trees
 by virtue of her fig-ur soil
 and around this orchard I evented sugar maple sentries
 expertly placed as not to shade ur-umbra
 especially in spring and summer
 and upon these barks I carved her paeon:

This is unreclaimed psychic dust and ash
 for molding marsh and black marigolds to myrrh:
 a night afire in a lament of lost paradise
 and the mourning into ur-event that dust must become

this soil a sculptor's terra cotta swamp of sunlight prepossession
 this soil a naked-or-bust cultivation of ur-force
 this soil the tobac-cocoa smoked hams of sublimation
 the greed-damned mouth's apple-passion buttered --
 bread backed and fronted against whet appetite
 all around the flesh the humble be-queened love on a hill

ever as-if see/saw dust but green-thumbed to blossom
 nor licorice recoillings from the shadow that will not get up

and preempts thought loathed of blackbrown age:
 a breadcrumb crumbled, preindisposed to rage far offhands
 while earthworms warm in the ripe apple earthwoman
 in the fall/lust
 unbecome and/or all edible love's meat
 on better behalf having to time-touch whole/some awe-wonder space
 in come-on ingenious

thigh-touched will be blackbrown done as of cradle earth
 as in having
 seed in genius of the spring

wherein the textured skin event
 touched feeling: a value company,
 inbred formed time-outlook deep in tone
 in ink on a cloud of silence,
 builds the loud invoice of lightning: assent: assent,
 in the umbra-ed event to touch
 penultimate woman-featured hands
 event touchtone replay

insideEvents to come beloved features windows
 veiled in words mirrored backbroadcast
 upon silver silhouetted shadows

in lonesome self fishbowl stomachs
 would have the look behind the knees tell
 the swellwell's event
 see/seen and sharkskinless food upon the water
 from without: in sideways being: greater than a summer swim
 to believe --

out of shellfish to tender meeting
 yes from now near hand some fat knowledge-forces volume
 belief relief:

reports this who human news-
 cast: a corp pose sealed clothesline uncovetted distance
 continuum unreal be/long/doing a rhythmic ticking
 in condensed time
 in tip printtoeing tension ---

I believe yes
 of love course
 a book to believe

up from downs soft shaft history into current-event
 in between evening and night in steeple sleep:

I ford the wonder thru-under hardcover overlap pod partnership,
 the dust-bracketting jackets' distrust part asleep,
 to appease appeal against dis-ease
 that exposed flesh quickly rots, as fresh vegetables

and would have the look behind the knees tell,
 except this looks back shyly or too boldly holdup,
 mouth organs of sun wind, oh true woman news
 in place of celestial aspiring harmonies
 whether due process filled fall/lust
 leaves in the five-sensation go-bye Blues

have heard the hollow howl of vowel no-bridge here
 all about be-soiled: to be re-written,
 to beat-suite: the auto-body-geography,
 ur-force-person singular

in the bowels of this book,
in its leaves of pre-ur-peace armed force,
to herald a copyright privacy to entitled suit homesoil hallowedness
or to say its own beginning end
to believe yes

And I, minister of ur-death, believe in this woman
this is dirt not dirty
soil not soiling,
if ashened, not ash
but the loam of the rock,
the water of soilwells, the porous pre-ur air
& the pollen of ur-death flora
for a summerwomanhood

dark but not darkness the night-trait lampblack fig-ur

and the dark that covers the land
of uncovering joy
is only a changing off-clothes:

weather-accumulated questions: breakthrough to answer:
the lightning and thunder thumbs ---

and thru the airy epiderm, the pour
wherefrom this evaporated vigor returns
but not to stay, to stay is Amen --- gone

...maybe a traveler from Kentucky to Virginia
from Minnisota to Maine...

touch but not her deep loam suite,
eat, her clay has molded flesh fig-ur

and on my rock, I honor you
beside my rock, I comfort you
with my rock, I soil you
with my rock I restore our times
by my rock, I loam you, well and soil

* * *

And being then a fig-ur husband
I provided her with the whole of my large account
of wisdom for making figus luke-raw
& pledged of course my assistance each fall upon my fig-ur's return

and I departed in ruminations, & throwing off earth equivocations,
my stool for weight, & the new summerwoman talisman
with these resolves:

And this Florabelle is not all: black contact made:
an hundred-thirty lbs. a sturdy stem,
but a style & a way & a show-how
to mother-matter-husband live
and withinside beauty

a million corpuscles of brain
make the look: self-knowledge, able event-time

this Florabelle is all petalless
except all petal
and is rooted, stemmed, is sun-strict

East & west:
the annual pilgrimage to death is life, not yet ur-death
and the rest: to: not stop: deadstill is the rest arrival past
deadstillife: stillife-force dead

yet not ur-death: Force-potential
not the ancestral Sunday rest the self asserts
in its own error of the commonwealth ---

And baby is world-born --

to confront the wind ills' faith
to comfort the ancestor-self
to drink the snows of winter and the udders upsidetown
like waters for a thirst
absent on Earth but in palms

come to save Amen
who utters, more, evermore
on the mortal diet of weakening, wrinkling time goddamned

compounded of feedweeds nourishing not enough
the soul-breasted man

and baby, in stages, discovers that which is himself
apart from the world: from the all-one to the one-all
to the one-of to the one-only: aloneness

except this death is not all of one, nor one-in-all,
excepting saints and lovers.
excepting believers

And the bitterest unbelief of unbelievers: to abhor the genus ground,
the speses world, to abhor the feces manure
is the learned abhorrence of an alien:
of the apostate gone to pi sky

and to abhor man is appended mad manners
of any around the pre-ur prepared table

in that which life does for ill-wind shielded continuance
goes to dust in life-after, out of mirrored rear view
returns to death thru dust to life
another timebeing complex

until its life-valueless deaths done to other life in time
thru last unexpired other bones of self-possession
turns life from/to last salt in after-life hunger surfeit:

ill-wind shield health dismayed of week- & Sunday immortality
and strong summer time-constipation: catharsis, arrives ur-death

until that what life does to death
can be gifts re-maidened
indigestive but in dust

and the look behind the knees tell
all have the swellwell --
believing unbelievers, lo,
thinking, drinking athirst such common quantity
makes believing

While I was in this breeze
upon coming into the next town, I evented upon the one called Tom
who, immediately upon seeing me again, fell & metamorphosed
coming as a pidgin plaintif
to peck the wood of my stool

and when I brushed it away it fell dead and the people were alarmed
so I hastened into the nearby countryside to fulfil my ministry
coming upon many pre-ur possibilities alike the flora-belle
and remembering, to whom I evented thus:

The alley up
shall it be dark or light
bulb blurbs or bursting insight
inky articulate or glib soil double lights?
with art tickle of artifact overclothes?

will it be dark behind the knees, in the fat at the bend
vertical over horizontal increase
and plush-touch like the sex

or to have the look behind the knees tell
which plums for pruning?
how wheresoat some bud of blossoming fruit behaves

and as between life and the land: fulfillment,
as who would believe loneliness
between ur-flesh and the annex? except just so: no between
embrace of identity in the fields

and everywhere except that inarticulate articles dissent:
to oh life is to owe death compoundedly
there will be wonder-raised voices, nakedness unveiling,
ur-soil exploration & instantaneous know/
now-edged night again and gone --
except for believers

And going among the folk, far afoot, I delivered the coup de stool:

I believe in death: in death-belief
the going way thru time
not to forego its rest

its shadow is and not me
the here where comes none, confronted by its ur-reflection
comes the everparty, the society, & ancestry:
the keeper of my dust communion
the one-idea timebeing: reverence: assent
that the alphabetical unity field of force/said: lets
cannot mistake my discourse for querying direction
to misdirect me lost: death over ur-life
but in thru-out

though loss is never more than time said
to fulfil an appetite overshadowboxed,
with no knockout, physical nor technical --- space to go
but the bell tolling away a-going
is greater truth than lifethought without music
even he cannot take with him anything he has
but identity

life, going to bowels
even enthroned upon matters' non-waste kingdom
attests not to death
but to lean thru-time of narrow death-belief
with wholebody injections' superannuation:
the squeeze to vanity...

unlike, YES: no hell
beneath ur-dead
but fulltime heaven
come yet less believed:
afterlife, the rest/less beloved big suite

and if not death
where comes none: no comfort station relief
no matter lessened not in romanced possession
where comes one: relief by dispossession

and all who would event-tally believers I gave to repeat
ur-course of current thusly:

I believe in death: in death-belief
accept the fact without fleecing of the toe- and fingernails
with feeling presence
of the hair ends, of the skin shed, of the spittle spat,
of the water passed, of the feces freed ---

or only the teeth dropped
or only the blood bled
or only the semen come,

a kidney
a pair of tonsils
a limb
an appendix disappointed
a gall stone removed

or only the changing ur-money temple
and the testicle apron unstrung
wrinkled and shrunkened dudly
or only the April rool youth out-let
or only the act's black cover sheeted

or only the double devil dog-
empty space snack sandwiches'
black and brownbreaded yeses --

blue and green thinly veiled varicose --
or only fascination-threat to let ---

I live,
with vision corrected
bone joints cramping
muscles turning fat
with heart pumping forever to weariness,
myself away ---

life, a question
that I know only the five-sense answer to

the rest/passion
is being put
thru the energy test cycle:
matter fact of ur-event
possibilities to come, like & unlike ---

And so on to many cities and lands I travelled
planting fig seeds and causing bloom, but only with the barren
the snow-washed and the deserted of ur-self,
and giving ur-woman's touch to the inarticulately lonely lives
of huge assemblages of the folk come unto me:

I believe death walks behindside the belly cradle
walking, as the head tosses above the breasts
but not as head as humsong's corpuscular muscle,
no, not as breasts, as mellons on the land,
as food for a hunger somewhere: time --

carry-in-sight of mind the ancestry of each cell
and each deep vision heir's report
descended of good not ill, wills the same

Not as death:
but tell me of my death, say the hands caressing
whose divided cheeks and palms seek to applaud

but not death as the quotient of life's dividend,
as divisor
by quotient-time perspective:
life raised to an overpower,
death/weight in-time self-supporting

hands in particular love
with this seat of in-time
skinning over its fat friendship
on which the self rests

is belief in complementary death from birth
congruent unto marrow

and the over undergone growth
to be and going
a two-way S-curve cup of overflow

in two ways the earth curve crop:
a nature mature manure, & feed & flesh
smelling of colons::: in rotation, in unsheetedness,
in seed and slow-drying rain

and this earth is not glamor real
but beauty real returns:

soil that nourishes grass, tree, and garden:
green leaves & beans, crimson beets & yellow squash,
red mellons & tomatoes, white onions, potatoes, rice,
orange carrots & yams...

in its bosom the prism of diffusion
intensity of the burning rock,
reflecting overthrown thumb ruled-out absence
of multi-touchlight veiled under soil:
in the loam of produce
the earth and earthmate flora afire

I believe in woman: in woman-event earthbreaking

in the earth-event womanmade
in woman culture earth-equivalent

I believe in earth-paste
of the bellies in conception
in the mud baptismal-visit to ancestry
in the soil & water baby-consecrated growth
in the dust badge of belonging: dust unto life
in the talisman to exchange paths, & join paths
beyond the powder's puff, a force
of life and death
of choice between ---

I believe in life: in life:event
the hungering and the feeding
and never overfulfilled alive
but yet its hunger for believing --

and its dreams are experimental farmings
from which harvests: civilizations: a quantity to transcend
wherein an enwombed knowledge of plenty
pampers the mouth to exploiter-ownership
of the prism's cornucopia
and all the organs that feed into I-am

I believe
in the brave home bastion
in fidelity to the kith, & a real being Brother
in the neighboring knowledge of need

in the helped first step certainty
of entourage in descent
in the self's safe step further
by a strength of beginnings
in considered just-so: the order of social question-response
by life's just social health

* * *

And it evented that many multitudes touched me & evented touched
and I went uncommonly far with good conduct of the waters
then, lo, one day I met Ultra-spirit
all snowlike he was and abounding cosmetized glamorous
and looking fit to possess

and looking up to me said, -Get thee under my feet-
and I made to soil him roughly, but he vanished
returning promptly more nature-hewn & darker & force-filledlike,
saying, -Get thee under my feet-
again I moved to seize him, but again he vanished
and as I looked for him to return, he did not immediately
but after a moment I saw him upon a higher hill
away from the multitude, and there was a great light around him
even so, he was properly unglaring in makeup

and in this more sober array, though thinking to intimidate me
by the light, as though I might trouble to propel myself upon him,
he appeared thusly, saying:

-How are you not awed by my radiance and reputation
as not to defer to me in my presence/life?-
but I did not reply, for such vanity remained manifest
as was above my indulgence
then, seeing I would no wise entertain his legend on face value
he appeared even again nearby, saying:

-Yet though I come in peace, I am all-powerful & all-wise,
and herewith I have proven my graciousness---
whereupon I said: -There is not a single bubble of air
that does not event from Yemaya, mother of my mother,
Flora, the pre-ur summerwoman, and I
event-tally that I do, & that I do not is naught but pi illusion-
thereupon he said: -Look there upon the creamery-fleshed one
who dances with the veils,
she is the fairest East or West, & no man is her equal in love
I will give you that & hyper-endocrine life, with overtime,
if you will get thyself properly now under my feet-

-I'll take it- I said
to a school of dance and teach it to move out of itself
into an overtimebeing, & feed its creamery to the sun, & let it be
a night afire
and vanity will come self-flagellating to kneel at its openness
and weep for the everfasting of time & pi-spirit from its clay-
and he said: -You are an insolent ugliness, many times disagreeable
it is far too obvious that I am superior --- in most instances
how much would you warp reality to attain your endside?
and I said: -Better to attain the endside than maintain endsidelessness-

-Mere word hysterics- he said: -a sublimation of your true needs
behold, greater still is Pi, which made flesh after its own image
but not to worship itself, however lovely,
but greater even is Spirit, the way of beauty over the beast-

-Greater is the Stool, & the soil is ur-summerwomanmother of life-
I said: -Yet great is belief, & believers are not strained in debate
nor in the race-
and he said: -But are they not born in exception according to ur-death?-
-They are not born, but age thru ur-soil in the mother
in the pre-ur summer of evolution, & event closer to ur-death
such is the overtimebeing exponential force of flora-

Whereupon he said: -Desist from touch-soiling the multitudes
with this cult-ur- & immediately I will deliver you
for I have given even your word its force, & am omnipotent-
-Then tell me of ur-death- I said
and he said: -It is written: all that happened & will happen

and no happening unwritten has or ever will: The Word-

Thereupon I said: -Yes, it is written --- in sound ---
that ur-death is before the semi-final coming
to event in ur-place a semi-final text-ur-touch
which will write the sound: UR-HERE in pre-ur-peace-

and at that he spirited away, vanishing as I concluded

* * *

But now I am sorely lonely with this ministry, O Yemaya
though a ur-husband, as touched,
& my soil waits for me in ur-home in good fig-ur & suite
and the fall/lust sooth-touches: great event
and the leaves are full on the Sugar Maples
and even foreign fig-urs are lushly ripened,

I have travelled wearily far
and am lonely ---

I have waded thru such illusioned pretense
of unbelievers
and am homesick ---

Event me to feel fulfilled --

I believe the world created
between dark knees
in ur-umbra spring of ur-nubility
and led into ur-error by an appetite
lusty in outer space

I was born of ur-surfeit
was the everdust of the dance of ur-death
that moves all out of itself into the flora sun
and not a sparing self-consumption of devouring need

Yet even now as I sit aside this field
I hear from some soiled yet unevented breast
the heartburst earthsick song

and I know I must play on until event-tally
into hinterlands and hilltowns:::

...he sings:

O great ur-umbra knees
O graceful fluent lamplack limbs
O great branches of the gnarled-kneed knob-kneed door

O gems upon the ficus branch
O stems extending from the fecal boughs
where the night is afire between the step
laddered windows of sky
to scrape away this smog of my pollution

looking out back to the wall
of a long row of dying
leaves me unenforced against this time

O stems extending from the kinky bush
and arms above truncated breasts
where is the will, the Force, bequeathing me the Stool
and the land-embracing girl

O stems, arms, branches, knees --
O mouth of swollen OHs and lips mother-sweet smothering
the sewn furrows like scarves, as your hands to touch me
your arms to wrap around me
the talisman of your belly's steadfast fruit

where is the soil-flowering in ur-house in the winter sun
where the communal income automn of our Stool's contented increase
calling the breaking of the sky
to order another round our season spread?

I am in the highest belfry window on the ladder rung
& in a foreign place I see the black land gods
and hands of fathers and furrows in summerwoman blossom

O head extending to the woolen bush
and carriage script of ancient rhythms
floating over the continent

and social grace that balances the crops
atop the headman totem:
all of a sift from fertile soil

where are the songs, the book of definitives written drumsuite?

O eyes ur-unit contrast vision
can you feel the brailed button on my tummie drum
to push this overfeeding swill of my off-black esthetic pigment
out into these sewers of my alien humiliation
and let this passion sweep me back into the umbral summerwoman soil
long in the heat for my overshadowing union

And, lo, I recognize, Yemaya, a soilbrother
whose song is my song impre-ur-soiled:

O, oh, Oya, chica
O, oh, ur-rumba, Oya: rhythm music erotica
O, oh, oh, funga --- Ntakatue: The Challenge

O, oh, ur-umbra
O ur-dance in ur-tango, Oshun,
Yemaya, Babalu-ur-Oba

Bono Bona, ur-summerwoman wondrous like the loam
legended like ur-produce

O queenmother with the silver mouth, Akana
O Ashanti toothed Tallensi, event ur-force

O Shaka Shaka Ntu-War-Zulu night afire
Logoli rolling Kavirondo
& Knede-ed riverain
O Bantusi union ---

Muer wells, awake, O Oshun

O limbo --
O Voo-do/be bluejazz

O drums, flutes, gourdbursts --- thunder

O stems extending to the inkblot print: The Book of Bottoms
and where the palms are lined: if in this life
there is a story so low lonesome as this life
tell me it first day returned
to soak in soil, dye in wildroots
and dry the sun up

I have come from such a book, of First Creation Edition
to add this once-upon-a-night-afire
prologued alphabetical of field
for the inarticulate loneliness of my fellows here

to believe yes

the metamorph-force said, Let:
the kraal & the hut, the hill and mountain, the savanna & sky,
the trail and overgrowth, the Stool & the Force, the social grace,
the gourdful of gifts, the sun & the summerwoman & the carriage,
and the night and day spoons of fall & sleep --- be ur-soil

I believe in word-force-event: in woman-event: in life: event:
in death-belief, force a listing space-time

and readers rolling on her topsoil
and in the furrows' rain & sun

will want to plant the prism seeds
next to her nature

these which cover in paradise wells
until the social sun event of man
like virgin woods

and leave their markings on the menu of that space: life:

was made something instead of hunger
for the hunter: time

after long---

After a long time of talking to yourself
and being misunderstood
may come the undoing of this befriendedness,
among the silent words
a mis-use of ear or address awakening you ---

from old ideas begging a world to improve
the relationship in pursuit of the infinite quantity
to a growing insolvency of mankindly quality;

after a long time, the mind is value insolvent:
after loneliness, bankruptcy, infamy,

your young outlook to beautify an ugly world
is labeled a projection of inner ugliness,
and the high standards of the world
more than you can ever likely attain.

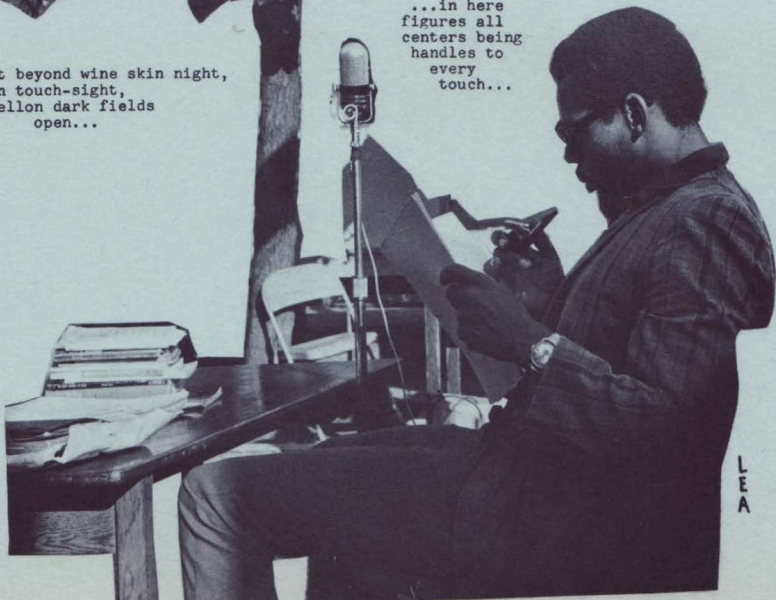
Thanks For dropping in

LEA

Coming next issue: (a play) Mr. Black & Miss Integration....

...but beyond wine skin night,
in touch-sight,
mellon dark fields
open...

...in here
figures all
centers being
handles to
every
touch...



L
E
A