

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM
PERIODICALS ROOM

BEAU-COCOA



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Paid for by hot air --

THE POLLUTED AIR

The polluted air
is not what the people
want we want clean
air polluted air here polluted
there the polluted air
is everywhere --

The people want
clean air because
if this air pollution
doesn't stop the people
in the city
will be on the streets
with gas masks
ten years
from now.

-- Dedra Mack (10)

Since time did not stop for us, it is late.
But here is our volume of poetry. And we wish you a slaphappy---
And it may be OUR last. So, lets rally round the punchbowl!!!!!!

to my high bridge aloft central position
crescent black of the moon brow
like a belly in its balloon of turmoil
having a baby come
out of its bliss big wisdom

--- SKOAL ---

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MEMORY ISLAND

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Dear Grace --
I remember --- falling into remembrance / fallen
to become forth
calling years' yesterday awake
with my one person island company / from
uninvolvedness
young / from naïve leave-taken girl interests
from heroic shores thick with score selves
were my presences stretched heavily thinly to windmills
thru summer wonder-thru-skies of blue value
desires were my faces in the tempest lifted
before pearls / of herring barrel surfzeit
where bubblebath & floating frankincense frivolity
scented ready-to-wear clouds
on the beaches of that somewhere time ---

My soul & time in this island's caverns
wound with the wind to tick
in the whirlpool sea of my girl's /
dreambath of beauty come:
a din of whistling wish winds of a sea-tapped release
collected of shells of dew of the large-key door
::hinged on eclectic visions
who so offers in-put filling
can assume the put-out fulfillment
-- will it open ---

Can it open the soul
and up.seed.grace the short shot root
where naked in this fro-from tempest
it polls the acorn bitters of fruit --
& its unit.tree field-figure earth
in-put a motherhood to the childless wind
& not draft-littered life by chance occurency
by paramour time:
the aphasiac non-resident imageless father

Behold ---
the religious acorn/ eyes tall-tailed summer: tomorrows
looks saddened of many kin limbs dwelling sunlessly:
today's bad weather ---

and I open and close the collages of clothes/
good-fitting Miss Fitwell
miss-matched & patched-pinned of shreaded short affluence

Here is an address world divine to stuffings/
stuffiness / stilts & guilt elation
-- and suffering --

what has knowledge of all node & bud & graft shaft links
all several leagued boots say
I know a girl legend/ friend/ less you prefer to knot
--unlimber--

only from the mouths of lovers
degrees are by voice & view
length-width-breadth relative locations/ avocations
sensation excerpt

but all here in one:present
its cloth moth-to-light impressed: dimensions open --
certain realizings of stage unrehearsal / feeling
burstful/ earnest butter hammer & strung

theory-dressed expression of action to denude
 as scene & reason elide to accommodate welcome

By the goodbye bone of ebony
 the wood fires explored / exploded / love at lava threshold

is here the girl opted
 by times/many
 divine night amidst rest

black as the flint steeped / the voices that spirit weaves
 kisses find the lips from which to timbre

flesh & black/as the kiss of cantaloupe
 ice-cherried & black/as the kiss of watermelon
 plum gaped & black/as the kiss sun-kissed

ah, so black gerund black
 the kiss in a kiss / and this being girl:
 a love listing pregnant

And yet more:
 a colorless meta-aesthesia
 intra-chromatic woo.arm more --
 summer colossal euphoric crochet

of sea sky sunset dust-lustre blue heat shore
 & red browned sun done bodies / black steeped in
 electromagnetic synesthesia of soul and
 some merged refreshener

& the figure bone is not the figure mind
 but threads mind into figure :that:
 flesh is not touched but in the mouths' field

only from its voices aflux
 to sow/do :that: so-so.shall
 of course: re: members' ease
 slipped thru crevices:
 echoes piece-wrought of the loam of thought
 feel out
 how roundedly willed the world into relatives

all the means clairvoyant and audient buoyant
 burst wish-flushed into space /
 blindly after event
 to marrow this space / masterbuilt of abstracts

lean between times less the soul awaited stops

We were the last loveliness / say the memories ---
 bylines of study continued/ postures to define
 and tie form to much velvet felt

:seems met & dressings' feelings moving images
 its nude rule traveling the hunter mind
 meeting infinity of fat at
 dimmed finite light

fat action slims to figure bone
 fattens to hand/some headway of palette

& will re: member resent: knot its repast
 heart/ felt the wish pitched
 body/ embodied the heat steeped
 mind/ designed the black lock --

thumbs of thirsty succor
 were mouths cacophonously windy:
 unsurfeiting sound their repute

OR
 nipping breasts of yesterday-by-day bottles bottoms-up

I remember thigh svelte thoughts meeting in a stopbath
 pictures of the ex-inhibition in development:
 STOPPEDdown:
 reaching black: into the intra-mate maze of love-being
 into the physic sequel of contiguity
 the mello hello palpation

in dark intermission / inter-moving occurrent event
 yes -- but terrible/
 :that: fat being used syrup intoxicant

black gaming: open glans to due loco parent thesis
 on/off counter-cue cumber/some fun kneeling
 bunch hunched.aback.sliding with free lancing strophe
 plum thyroid-up with inside wind.oh shade down
 to threshold/some poised interior expression
 surmounted ex-position closed:

will knot unstop the non-stopbath

within this: unplumbing fixture's washer-nut faucet tickle
 threaded need idolized into venal unweaned mother-loverhood
 will it get high on the grass sapient succor

Are kisses hugged by love
 tug-o-warmth/at war in finite degrees

some priority vision of kisses to resolve man's palms
 upon surface currents/ undertow & arrears spirit
 to resolve man's thumb in fantasies of pi
 in cider infinity uncircled/ undone

the pen is in ink well but watt a lot of air occurrent
 the penmanship is a penny arcade fascination
 with octillion octopi a la horsepower kilowatt knot
 less than one hour :that:
 little sweeping second hand lady-
 Kilimanjaro preserves of home
 woo & coo canning
 without dashiki

abed bare
 we are neck & nookie/ in the race/spell
 love/hate
 quest/request for soul

the big pen will write: LOVE: scratched in becoming

Every time I remember/ I am an island
 no body beside my time but pen-insular
 & not any time soothes me from aloneness scratchings

And things like --
 your hair annoyed with oil/ are also things wrong

and you on and you here/ maybe half borrowed
 one side with and one without proposal ---

I look to challenge the ink-driven force that beautifies
 & I am buoyant on the positive struck spirit
 of our West Blackened yesterdays

So muses my drum broken of some memories:
 still some suite of sound lost esthetic to me
 & I am manless without the girl

There is a time (and time-being)
 in the groin's youth for building worlds

IRONY

They lay on the park green uncoupled
 swallowing their breaths' inconvenience.
Her flesh touched him: she fingertipping/
 avidly habitual lingering ---
She wore a filmy blue. He looked aviodingly deeply into it
 darkly he said: -Lets walk-
 :my eyes are too easily upon you
presences of myself that reach out arou nd & thru your spaces
 rage at the light/ that cuts me civilly out
the cut a puzzle piece to clinch a fit of girl.

She smiled. Her eyes were swift to beauty.
They looked: look-withoutstood/ hooded lovely --
 would good moral protest locked in looks' wooden door eye
 burst first laughing at this veneer existing exit
 and cringe open-hinged from the law of presence
 to importune the author & authoress of incest
 in heat's ill-reputed housing ---?
 but the night in the eyes did not lock.

They struggled around two minutes teasing
 the mounting queasiness
then fell upon her hair kisses walking to her lips' summer.
They were unstrangers feeling for their stomachs'
 umbilical break --
 the asylum's walls shafted thru trees
 looking asylum conscious/ macrocosmically clinical:
 its conscience staring down a fifth story laughter.

They were sails goal/ breathing summered:
 white glare and skyblue world's end --
 clouds uncover
 seen in darkness blacks
 silver in holiday sleep.

They were a negative body-compound in the rain.
And the ground puddled
 where water burst spine space ---
 lightning retched anathema --
 possessions on the soul of this ground
 deadlined death's footprint
 ::some exposure to whether
 to make this posture of space (to give peace)
 apart from relative mind & godless units
 of a universe in hell ---
 fell staggered on the free-will slidingboard playground
 equivocating earth-focus/ to shutter mind's eye fast
--should other lens' length-width-angles' impression
 the blanket lust:
 water talking: reigning semblance-gutted pores said ---
 yes this lust-broken box space/
 a watt spot or light-already ship
 alights from surfeit light set into the house
 & boxlike the unboxed world poses to be taken into its time
 across :that: thin naked neighboring sea
 where pleasures posited/
 my sandbox instant turns upside-in/revelations

They smiled together askance/ but aside issue shrunken instance
The flesh pocket where the sun was nine months down
 enfolded first receipt-draft/ to call for consent:
 envisioned green nursery riddle wit-isms
 as form where bikini skirts grass
 wordless as to wonder-fill loveseatmates
 hunger out-of-touch sings / like red enraptured fire feed
 to cut green thru to black
 the cut calves by green-stemmed bloodmilk
 cuddling the udder of selves
 newly become cow
 writhe for companion.abetter flesh
 a flame of blades as red-eyed dust burns
 the flame & its lust rustling the wood
 & dust upon the loam/ burns where
 within are secret seeds
 windmilling with womanhoodbewitchment

Begging commission of love/ they are fire
begging committal of day's egregious time
 to say feelings nodding night amired
 they looked into ruin
 and quivered before doom's quick compendium

but moment thought to disarm
 momently hypnotized/ vaulted to decision:
 fear by fear two players of features lost
 break the play off from its waltz box auditorium into life
 falling down the leading slope of the world
 of broadly sliding generalizations
 into a fame of mystery ---
 would the sun come up brighter by what yen
 to over-end-up.right
 under-aware of crooked hope delicately bared?

Here are promises breaking pellmell on iambic love re:
 citing empiricisms / dotting & dashing scan-delicious
 long & shortened to stop/ say
 soon to hive & cone diplomacy
 graduatingiv-inter
 thousand-portal bee honeyed reception
 arriving at important to-do/being merry assay
 with.out.side a ring of go-merry fore-play gold
 hands.off.guard softly rounds off answers
 puffed & loving
 & darkness-let light heads journey out of night
 falling up cerebrum space
 in.voluntary returns
 to announce a conscience tactilely

And frontal lobe roads to hypotheses
 go off.ten five sensation-stretched marvels
 to multiples of some one sex-social norm
 to wildcat geyser fool-slick goldrushes
 into witchery puddles of waif-weighted as-if/ luck
 some pimp's pull in a circle of many pussycats' meow

They have palmed down eternity/ flesh upon spirit
 & this time will not give notice to their peers
 of the fall / gerund fall
 thru thru fall
 is here is eugenics created ---

& this time will give evidence to its progeny
gerund thru falling ---

who must ask the handout forgiveness
to spring aloose the looming booming pendulum
forward/ to the first golden age

& if the will will/ this charity a life in a time-fused mush-
boomeroot to vegetate of longevity not crooked

not to proliferate the palm's fungus of shadow
made of fists & a blaze / at suns

going out to handsome indulgence each night
apprentice souls to drop out of time

& seeds no more in the wind's planting palms
will eye drop goodnight to sleep
in deep good beds
but with knowledge that nod is
night forever

But thru a rain-etched night
a peace of tomorrow ...

the earth birthstone a lid-tilled to open
a hope to enter/exiting bloom:
a drink from the well of dream-sprout
of earth's eternal tidewater round
for quenching thirsts' forgivenesses

& the boon-handled brown rake over old love-seeded earth
to gather the fall
:: autumn is Doctor Rescue

& here & now with summer at the mouth of love
a mother soon to spawn the superman ...
or will they be squealing mice of quantity?

from summer/ warmer hearts & exuberant health
& mother's blankets for the winter soul
& kisses blank on blank goodly forged
for savings deposits' dreams
for checkmate interest to account --

who have spooned tabus together
connived and forked the grace/ thanks used
were yesterdays' forgivenesses

& left & righthandedly/ switched place-names
setting totems per.collating: Goddamned
entangling yarns of ID.entities
some number of times to products
become plain about-face/ lust
to rape the world

:: that balls of kite wood/not flying
ground into dust

& this that would not uncouple shame's arms
they have posted male & female forever
from this night / upon this night
being that part of the will/mind milling grist

to the itch/ goodbye in straight-jacketted contempt
goodbye facing two-faced farewell
narcissus cramped by tomorrow
some part by fiat to love its end

LEA

LINWOOD SMITH

SANGUINITY

A shattered dream, I lived and died...
I ebb and flow, like a restless tide...

Of fruitless aims, and hopes unborn...
Of the crimson rose, I am the thorn...

Phoenix-like...a nemesis ...
As long as Hate...I shall...exist.

THE BLOB

They named me a shapeless, mindless,
body-less
black blob. I have been as all of us have been
stripped of true identity. No one can see
me as I see myself.
Molder of countries, bridges, rivers
and young black souls.

But I fight...
Toward shape, form, beingness, and find
There is beauty in this blackness.

I shall be as I yearn to be and lift myself
up from nothingness and shape my life
Into a solid block of black beautiful defiance.

LINWOOD SMITH has appeared before in B-C, and we welcome him back
with gusto. He advises us that he has been busy the past period
working on his bood business. "My business is called Serendipity."
... last poems included in *Today's Negro Voices*, an anthology.
"I would appreciate a plug in *Beau Cocoa* if you can work it in."
IT'S IN --

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Lots of luck, Lindy.

THE DANCER

The winning pearl in a twist of pretty
a playmate in a pot of numbers
like a dancinggirl in the pit of notes--

the twirling of her cadenza
is a curl of licorice ---

a breeze of hot sauce on a summer face:
seasoning to ketchup trump :that:
place with relish
showing & craving a lusty taste / for meld
for the pastry maker--

some stuff / for spirit
for a catalyst's enthusiasm
for this mundane deal
stacked for appeal by the wheelboss/ facing
their calling / card-chosen odds
in hearts to break on diamonds
spades
or club unsuiting flushed pairs
by daring

Here love-luck drawn to bluff-or-bust
big anti-drought mellow mellifluous yeses
putting a choicy spice of spirit
sandwiched to refrigerate coldcut between
meantimesquare flats & penthouse kinetic counterpoint

with hot watt-attention to music's chick-rickety
become-winsome nimble admiration gender

with a gaming stomach in the pit of the pot
with candy canes & clover fields
holding summer hands
disregardless luck to disgard with a gawk/ key to affect:
possession
of the ante and raise
up to splendor: promises

Available/ garden of gardenia hearts
available spade/flush for the hand
but a hole cardsharper black-aboutfaces me
all stud diamonds glitter-litterbugbear
hugging thoughts unmentionable
wound up in melt-svelt muscled thighs
& ballooned in breast & barefoot nubility
pin-pent weightlessly upsky / to dissolve:

some blizzardry of blushing girl
just-about a royal flush
juxtaposed to dusk goodnight

Rushing light to a lookingglass sun-crush
though no sun crushed on
a white of pre-dawn snows --

a midnight diamond-flushed upon
highlights the primrose thigh-rims
part-enthused of heat-impacted rhythms

an eclectic more saucy primeval apple peel-off
& halved: this flower's dancing outlet
lookingglass detached from up/on
wall-fused show-off

some mystery levitated/
tromboned-up sliding uphill
without sound: a trip down the scales
a mincing up to motion-tone/ to weight
fat-hallowed in trim

& lightly light's unafanomed flight-ride fades
outside in/ fades down
fantasmically airflowing mesh of constellations --

indirectly occurrence outer-space
full-circuit delight to be
put on/ thigh deeper inner-feeling plane
of midnight lighted breezing rhapsody
fun-sweeping leagues of body
& ripping footnotes earthquaking awake
a happy hushed urgency

is this is
neat feeling's compact decorum:

programed for this time-out of
the 52-week eternal face-to-face ambitions
to peel away for play upon
the leapyear religion of complete possession
is this time is

up the ante up
around the cleaninghouse/ staying power drives
the goods' finish to a shimmer
the socket to a seizure
utility to a praise
worthy of a servicing

&: that: fullfat in-fit/ banded togetherness
for fun's homespun
yoyo on a string:

watt occurs is springtimely shocking
strung along by the pleasure mapped
by the fingers snapped

to its music: a musician conditioned to put take
off on some time to come/go-between
the dancer's kinetic manumission --

a quilted noise lilt/ euphoria-faluting equipoise afoot
saucy pussyfooting amid deploying beat
as if alloying toy positions to a fluid heat
:that: in arms' time/ a charmed time to play mating --

with face time / waist time
with hips space / lips time

to breast time / bless time
in rest time / quest time
with legs space in purloined time ---

to create field / yielding:
a springtime / ahum / atwirl / atrill
with a spine time / rhyming time
to hive / describe time
arriving

a shimmy-shake & hop & nimble roll
calling collage motion poses

alive / creation ashudder
rubbery stamp-decamped / avidity autographed
thereof figure-grace envired space
time concurrent

LEA

MAMMOTHS

The mouth that sheds its stage mustache gets baby smooth;
beyond the mint toothpaste fleshtone of its tongue are the sins;
beyond the seltzer-limited bellies of its armoredhouse the aliases,
and names dropped whose melon hunger is omnivorous hearsay.

The mouth that sheds its aged mustache discloses whereaboutface
upon deeper skin-naked beauty hair creates mystiques of fame --
like olives in oil the subtly tasty cuttlefish souped to match
where else handlebars shuttle scuttlebut in boldface.

This is a symphony of wishmeat conducted by a hair of love-nipples;
and eclair ovations icescreaming chocolate light-barriers to yes
breaking, yet some refused the almond joys enthroned in opticklers;
& in merry cornucopia lodes extolled grape suites sour without ~~accor~~.

And puckered up the alley's bald parabola on pins
the inflated tulip gate to the garden of our flower-in-the-panther
sets up for a hit without a wit of candy spittled estate
daring good aim to spare the 6 & 9 doublebarreled love-split.

The mouth that is a mammoth wedding in flesh is a curiosity;
on the hill of its field are flags flipantly a frill of wonder,
displacing pi in figure by skylark & sea-whim deep ideation,
& leapyear's gravity of seraphic touchmushes in its wishingwell.

This lip that sheds its stage mustache is meshmellow foaming sugar,
somewhere to picnic by campfire honeydew light and forest songs,
foreamored with flint tip to strike anyhow in doubledup safety,
& yet to save some trouble droodles to dud in woodypeg solitude.

This is a mouth: wellshed of shadowed waters & secret holdings,
with grown-up endorsements & off-spring smile of people pleasures
& short-word dishrag dampfaced duties unwaxed on rockaway echoes,
& where last springs' soothsaying wrinkles furlough hot troughs of lust.

Never hereafter a mouth to fill of the sea's salad summer assaults
& naked dressings to pillory flesh-years' tongues abhorning unsteady rocks;
never until another summer's hangabout gown wondersils
uncross-welcome black acknowledgment,
& seashell hearsay sandwichspreads for a groin chlorophyll
from here to seashorewide open sea.

A Jack & Jill of Laden

Where mini paperdolls are,
cut out,
or Jack will phobia-pox the box
and shinny thin the turtleskin
getting straight --

out at the gate is steady-ready Bonus Brick,
a laymangy twenty-one unlimited senti-nix
password fierce and sharp as a tick
for the eye of the chick on the mini kick.

But he may be out-villained by a Jack's son instead
if mini hasn't any but for old wax stunning head.

FROM UNDER

Yet, I am even: locked in the hope of psalms
& still seasoned with sentiments of youth
that give me sneeze.

I am even: coveted like a pearl & like a sweat of consummation
am drying up in a sleep of life
while sensational chemistries seek experiments
with my endurance --

while I seek a company of hands
for a necklace to garland my songs
to wear warmly a time.

I am even: borne into encampments of the desert
for love's spirit;
and have found the rose of legend:
a fury in a sigh of some mirror's age overworked
and still a fever for oasis encounter
countermanding my ascendant order of idols
and the love-knots on my rope of sand of hope
knot & knot/ severely grading descent
and melt in dissenting disillusionment.

I am even: A sniff & a snort from the packhorse pulley
aged to wageless retirement
with exertion down the gauntlet to wish-lash
to here haste

a hemlock fast drink at my reststop
& dispatched to drudgery
to run / to run the maze to paste.

I am even: compromised in dissent of un-event
till a necromantic shelved dust
blown over windowflake wrinkles
where last leaves have fallen
were witnesses to final fantasies
& family words with ties flagging Father's Day.

But yesterday ---
and even hot rot even then:

was the sportinghouse of youth's peppered pairs
sneezing inhibited bitters even there

were buttered buns for burning yeses
broken insincerely on the eyes hot to please
& with marmalade endearments preserved a while
were goo-goo-ed of gue goods
to do beneath a sweet powder's fluff
designs of great needs

had money between the breasts
under its tongue/ money
getting in the nose/ the brown odors of deja vue
& no new doors of vista-sprung illusions
open for another naked view/ not of rote.

I am even: a spring rain-spotted totem
stilted into the dance of thing-in-itself
where erect tabus wilt in reflection
over defences dividing & hiding / goods
& berzerk a neat profile private collection of gods
covetted undercover of afflictions

I am even: abreast of that yesterday somewhere
 though other bodies' shy remembering faces
 bereave some absence

 or would not have a follower of dreams
 cross this desert alone ---

 would even shyly erase the vain wasted interim
 & repossess the past tense: unloved heart pact:
 a chance for re-enacting amazement
 from another wish of a coin tossed -0, well ---

Yet, I am even: bounded going another way.

I am even: a foeman nailed in the fists of fear.

I am even: a fellowshipmate sifted from the caravan
 into wind-dune, alone ---

 & come to the folds of mountains/ for receivership
 but foxed out of affection into frostbite.

I am even: a free-style fascination defaulted out of fashion
 & relegated to the ruin of a sixty-five timeless
 frosted windowed world's end
 with just/must to do of ungleaned glory at will-work
 for the struck undeductible surcharged tax
 table of struggle's wagelessness.

I am even: unpalmed in the pockets of plans.

I am even: stalemated & dead-linked by expressed
 cleaned & pressed hope upon the outing.

I am even: unpart-nourished in the purse of lips.

I am even: unpartnered in the playmate dawn
 to under-rise/ a preoccupied sleeper.

I am even: dead & even uneven
 until the long odds come

 and the snows melt from my win-turn (sleep)
 even though deftly alive

 even though late event evening leaves
 wind.ohs open thru the night of clairaudience.

Yet, even though despair was yesterday & hope a day further on
 fiercely callendar correct
 by hope's duty-collecting nevermindless time
 my journey moves forward & homeward

Though/ I am even: mocked by passing pursuers of fortunes
 on my open holy dog's day

 were without a past these parasites
 when I made the calendar--
 are suspect to fore-head trespassing in vanities
 upon a halting crowded cautious man/kind.

But here are other hobo movements of this day
 free-lance-splinted & bandaged
 breaking bread in potpourri encampments
 & picking up crumbs of yeses at crossroad equivocation
 crumbs of comfort/ telling of companionable arrivals
 & fortune-awing tales:

That we are: a company going/ hope accompanying

that we are: unrun-out/ of the peril of the way/ arms out
 to wit: to woo many longway ages of wilder lust

that we are: brother hallucinating sandmen become focussed
 bravely in a gale of laughing
 intimate endless going / to get even

ERIC FREEDMAN

MIRAGES

origami birds in pseudoflight:
 red, greenshine, blue paper flyers;
cotton clouds in a shoebox world:
 fluffy Iscariots to those who yearn for storms...

TEARS ABOUND

Children's tears belong to broken toys and dead sparrows,
 not to uncrowned kings or blinded prophets.
Women's tears belong to pulp-print romance and soap opera,
 not to waylaid seers or conscience-warriors.
Men's tears belong to run-over dogs and balding heads,
 not to burst balloons or exiled saviors.

There are too few who cry for strangled prophets.

STORM PERSON

I am unraveling my old scarf to knit a new one.
It will be cold for a while,
 but if my handiwork has few flaws I will soon be warm.

Few flowers bloom in the winter;
I am one of them, and it will soon be winter.
I do more than walk through storms -
I create them, and smile as I walk
 and brush away the snow.

ERIC FREEDMAN hails to us from Ithaca, N.Y. And we have held his
poems uncommonly long, lost and found.

A BOROUGHED COMPLAINT

T'ain't hoyle
to reveal so much goll:
on the streets/here in Brooklyn
a fella could be took-in.

how's a guy to concentro it
with high-spy catchers
daring him try it?

my way, if I had it,
I'd borrow a shoit
mini-metred cannon and flatten
every living ever caught at it:
foddering those fat fad nuts in Manhattan.

LEA

I write these surromantic ultra-romantic
poems/ songs/ stories ---
and they are like feelings washed and hung in the wind --
winds of readers
winds of printers' processes
set in dye & dried/ pressed & bound

And they come back to me
they are clean now/ purged/ career-wise with professional bearing
as I claim & put them back in/on
& go about without pseudonym in/vestments

I write these surromantic songs ---
but dressed in clean feelings now
of needs of these expressions
before they go where they go -- berzerk, very
I do not live such intense moments off page
& even on page my act has few viewers & reviewers--
But bedroom & window dressers mirror that I am/ not dead
& it is written: that I am not dead/
though ghostily oppressed

Can I be a person of really ordinary sensibilities? so

They are clean now/ purged ---
& were written to/for her/ and she
though not a paragon of companionship
reads me/ feeds me/ wines me/ & defines me flipped
in a non-altogether fundamentalist's way

Then I leave
I can't stand her
Then I give in/ grieve her dropped-out life-chances
a friend; she is slightly beloved

I review my stand/ with & without her
chilly & hot/ love-knot & loveless
and I can stand her again --- some

I call, saying -I want you/ need you/ love you and am
nauseously sick with power full for you

And she says -No / no! NO more changes
you may come/ but just for talk (I still love you, yes)

Coldly she receives me in heat/ resistingly receptive --- after
humankind fails over-wrought intellection
& ego-tripping sophisticated time is lost

I write these surromantic songs ---
I write/ fluidly at time aware of pure genius
But she is genius in the soul gap
beside herself behind & long-legged berzerky she swims
while I am furious with supple supplements of songs' ages
& my romantic Picean turbulances for changes
of women/ gods/ addresses/ clothes/ styles --
of love's far reflection upon loneliness

They TOLD me I would be the slave of my feelings
many years young ago/ an universal too human exemplar
They told me I would share paradise with an angel very smoothly
I think they were right about there into echoes on the wind
I write for her food cheer-saying/ it's gravy great
And here is a special edition of me: clean now/ purged
I go clean into her loveliness
clean thru her dream-self together we sleep

ERIC FREEDMAN

MIRAGES

origami birds in pseudoflight:
red, greenish, blue paper flyers;
cotton clouds in a shoebox world:
fluffy Iscariots to those who yearn for storms...

TEARS AROUND

Children's tears belong to broken toys and dead sparrows,
not to uncrowned kings or blinded prophets.
Women's tears belong to pulp-print romance and soap opera,
not to waylaid seers or conscience-warriors.
Men's tears belong to run-over dogs and balding heads,
not to burst balloons or exiled saviors.

There are too few who cry for strangled prophets.

STORM PERSON

I am unraveling my old scarf to knit a new one.
It will be cold for a while,
but if my handiwork has few flaws I will soon be warm.

Few flowers bloom in the winter;
I am one of them, and it will soon be winter.
I do more than walk through storms -
I create them, and smile as I walk
and brush away the snow.

ERIC FREEDMAN hails to us from Ithaca, N.Y. And we have held his
poems uncommonly long, lost and found.

A BOROUGHED COMPLAINT

T'ain't hoyle
to reveal so much goil:
on the streets/here in Brooklyn
a fella could be took-in.

how's a guy to concentroit
with high-spy catchers
daring him try it?

my way, if I had it,
I'd borrow a shoit
mini-metred cannon and flatten
every living ever caught at it:
foddering those fat fad nuts in Manhattan.

LEA

I write these surromantic ultra-romantic
poems/ songs/ stories ---
and they are like feelings washed and hung in the wind --
winds of readers
winds of printers' processes
set in dye & dried/ pressed & bound

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they are clean now/ purged/ career-wise with professional bearing
as I claim & put them back in/on
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And here is a special edition of me: clean now/ purged
I go clean into her loveliness
clean thru her dream-self together we sleep

And what has happened eleven years later? ---
still searching for embosomment/ for real meat & spirit--
no wife with whom the shared life equals effort times
goals unequal to a solitary number
multiplied by man/means: fear of its old age

times/ not yet a third party
factorable by resting laurels
& preparations to meet The Miter ---

still moving in
to use/full empty spaces
buying new carpets
re-hanging old pictures
tipping new janitors
avoiding new neighbors

still stuck to contact paper problems/ over the gasstove
still stuck with things to throw away
too many value-potential utensils/ to little purpose

still moving into the twenties of manhood
still seeking/ independence/ comfort/ solitude
--- glamorous company

still/ through all the moving/ still
the getting-set/ on-the-mark/ ready
to win the day alive ---

older yet/ still
wiser yet/ still
impishly impotent/ yet a potent quotient
times divisors/ a stubborn realm to raze

still impressionable
still less still life

What Butts

No butt her milk but
Billy is all butt --

what butts
eats papers
chews nuts
bleats/capers
pulls carts ---
far ---

butt to butt
eye to eye
nose to nose
willy-nilly kingpin Billy
charges a butt to bowl the world silly

Don't ask
 what is the center of my world ---
 God forbidden / mother admonished
 enquirer's quest shunned

The center is center-tossed self-centered toot
 Id is zero lift-off-center spaced blast
 tootsie aimed-at to
 rendezvous in time/ explosion zone being
 oft-told arrival odds thru evenly distanced tele-motion
 obedient to in-laws hyperbolicist knock
 of the science

:at:
 night in her thighs
 long midnight equatorially moody :that:
 medium's oracle :that: / fortune's sphinx --

a fat-bellied cat meowing
 swollen-out & strung/ a long gut
 gargle & twang goo-goo Me-OW

& goodnight-split wood knot pine
 marrow-goaded arrow stung/ thru long bow's kick
 to the heart comes -I love you-
 fired a beauti-force fullback drive
 to release tumescent bloom

& will cool off hush-hot
 the black nubile goods
 to a smoke
 from the nightstand of thigh foam

On this wick-kit-to-belly tidied-up lamplblack sea
 a wolfdog moonless change embarks
 heading into icing channel
 a keel-hauled watermelon split: this sea:

increase-cleaved melon midnight
 bitten ambition off/ a chocolate buoy's tip
 toeing a mark a kink
 from coming to/ rockbed disaster

& hair handle's snap Me-OWs --

closing scandal eyes to night:
 a hum-strung-drum fatted svelte chick/ this, says
 -nine sense of bone upon a sparerib cagey voyage
 is horizons' fall-

& with its sun touch-down-n-go hue midly dark increase:
 knot-light --

amid nightie breeze & figure
 to please accustom make/ use of field
 over on its black birth-righttime
 A.M./P.M. ergo
 on in vertigo mystery/view
 to get cake-in to passion

amid night & figure squeezed
 to please over please
 pass out thru passage penumbra/ into passion pitch
 with receipt-on-delivery tall-tale long elevation

to accost long field bony need night
 become away night gowned & airy
 abreezed come out amid legend lithe figure
 to please cake-in umbra

aura tall-tale long goers-on/ unattired
 into PM/AM non-stop dream

goers-on going to give-out
 amid night & figure

A BACKWARD GLANCE AT MOTION TO EMOTE

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 into PM/AM non-stop dream
 goers-on going to give-out
 amid night & figure

PUN

Life is a pun perpetrated upon me --
 a per diem low-muddled sum
 on-going thru inflated hope
 & surcharged ego intrepidity --
 an outline by a scribe of dictionary loftiness
 inspired by thesauri divinities
 of these defining anti-body metamorphoses
 in a heaven allergically non-aprodisiacal
 And all the semantics of this semi-sensuous dissimilitude
 deflates me drowned in the swim from the holy colon Amen
 to the demi-discarding buoy-burst Goddamn ---
 Damn/ hallelujah /Damn
 synonymous: Help!
 horrifically: Stop! And drop away dead!
 Upon my wage/ deductions generalized
 Upon my fame/ acknowledgments pauperized
 A novel about a night about a dream about-facing
 mirrors all about reflecting dream-exit/ entrance
 perception conceived a piece at expurgated length
 thru intercom cleavage/ need deadlocked
 repair-wear taped around whatabout/ it's all
 around about? insight outlook: wall-eyed whimsical
 from over-loaded listening devices
 TV upon a merry-go-round
 upon a life: work-offset upsidedown to restrain
 in hope again --
 to go between admittance & adjournment
 to preserve of nourished advantage
 taken celluloidally from the dream
 to offset/ premonition-precluding dues
 of do-nothing affectlessness to do/be/come
 & triumph becomes/ & come
 to some breakdown disregarded space: to let:
 in a fortune cookie's sandcastle: doom ---
 under a hill on top of a footprint: some sanctuary ---
 And interim short leaps thru longtimebeing dispel
 hells upon my back upon its side assaying
 kick me hard
 so I must/can't stand up
 unaccountably sore-footed
 and soft drinks the sore bottoms-up
 christening/ out to sea
 it was said how success is fickle
 so I can't stand landings at dwarf inlets
 on giants' consorts
 Upon once-open looks: too much time/ so long: to leap
 into wishingwell -hello, hell-lover-
 too much much to encompass change
 this is this time-was/ a rival of time-present
 And here in the book's preface
 courtship & marriage episodes of epilogues

prologue cabbage-headgeared non-sensational insight
into the novel of biography
and man's ought-to-be/ came

into the world: a beginning to an end of love/ making
liquids & solids: jack-of-all-offerings

We go for bargain basements: grab a thing
We go for becoming to business: short-change & overcharge
We go for babies to bed/ gone: much time being made
en route to wish-away thru doodle do/be

Upon my footprint: snows/ & rains of no flowerbud
Upon my love: making have-knots/ making in-between preoccupations
& interest upon this:

principle highly installed mentally

Upon my behind lay anachronisms/ back laughter
back payments unduely made on
to interest thing-in-itserfdom

Upon my conscience
a novel avowal of bowel movement ---

Upon my family
a poem proposing anecdote to a prose quotation
from one who-was-who/ never heard others

but saying: a gain unto my life's celluloid
the gift of forgotten time

what emptily was/ will be re-quoted --

purpose: per prose professional clotheslinesman

.....

And upon my love's cheeks again
the tears of a time's spoils
upon her forehead the wrinkles of bewildering notice
in her eyes another fire
of things to regret

in her voice the cracks and skips
of pleasant recordings
fun no longer in play

upon the air an anxiety-crystaled mist
expecting imminent emptiness

upon her face
in and out of focus for kiss is
the mirror of my defection

And out of love not altogether
I am to decide whether & wherein
my foibles dividing responsive energies
being out of feelings/out-lived outer feelings
may disregard wounds of pleasant recollections

.....

A pun the life that stands between
me and the mirror
me and book makings --
the TV: wild country/ comfy home

& upon thoughts' bifocal times
me and the kiss
& when the TV goes/ off endings changed:
me and the mirror

yesterdays thru-out times are still life/ less rest
less today's more wishes upon tongues present:
upon tomorrow's twisted foregone overcast --

upon the honor of honesty
upon the nobility of innocence
upon the triumph of truth
upon the non-profit collaborators for self: a gain

upon the sobriety of justice
upon the legacy of law
upon the flawlessness of ambition
upon the persuasion of right

upon the forgiving vindication
the punishment of trespass
the politics of sportsmanship
the kindness of mankind

upon the fortress of faith
the redemptiveness of sacrifice

upon the interest in assurance
the dimensions of death
the dedication of duty
the happy ghost in the holy
the origin in sin
the bother of brotherhood
the elf of self

upon the dignity of my divineness ---

Life is a funny knee that grits disharmony
before indigestive morning's breakfast exercise

a head where bubbles gum its thought-food:
remembrance associated
and empty relations stick to wall-eyed lens

a watermelon filet famously full of summer sweetwater
dryly flouring in seed obesity --
worth less than a swill cult dressing belittling it
a souffle of antiseptics fed to a fat man dying of dysentery

as spice unlikely as tea leaves from autumn's litter
a misfortune told by an undertaker at interment practice
a toddy shivering cold and thin in a hand-out state
a mean old disembowelment by a night rain's lonely window
a laugh in space as happy happen-bound as once upon young love

Stale as the turning phrase to write
leftover in the corner of a page
imperiling as a plague of germs on a fly descending to dinner
as empty as a theory of wind in a vacuumed glass house
an engineering genius of abridgments to dissolution
over the gulp full suspension of infinite need

.....

Life is that life is/ for nearerby handsight of fat floating
duck/ fur rearer need/
& frontpiece pigeon coop purr profound foreign sight
therefore by/for chaste catchup

And life is the fluid fount oblation of a man
two parts air-time and one part space

nine-pieced of appetites/ five-sense suite & pent outhouse trio
and rigor mortis convoluted night understudying his ideals
to play on and over time's soloist's needs led by ear ---
overnight white key flats and sharp black sleepingpill kicks
he moves in counter-sweeps to honeycomb thru a hornworm
some outscreeching hot hellnote upthought to spit into wind
to rape the wish and lie down naked
a blownup counter-medley of ownership --
possession's put-output succeeding emboweled emptiness---

hereafter some marshaling dead-of-a-lifetime's
outlawed topgun greed
to castiron about unmanicured bylaws & stiff more
bearings/ to hang by an outlived self-service drive
in the hands of beauti-forecasts
one part time-gone and space tightening to bare
earth's vaginal lobes/ and bone disconnected driven
to impale trench-mesh eternity
that never but forever one night had almost caress greedied up
up up upchoke: were earth & sky spread
table over table of fattening fast breaker-thru
& young thighs of night burst over burst to give up
the hide-and-see/EEK-out belliesful-
in mind's-eye-witnessing watermarked layers of manumission--
still shoved as breathblasts at breastfilled memories shied off
at windows on sighttrack collision time with fat girls of kisses
reaching for love-foodmeld of mind & meat whereinsight caress is
at the sunrise bubblebath half space-time horizon
in happeninghappy idealandia

that reachless hem:
the sense-gap wishingwell outskirts of reach
and as-if stance
where are young two-carrot highlights of wholebreadcrusts
brown love/ and the prepared place

..

Life is elsewhere
the spring drought that never melted but continued
a shade of cabbage-green winter
& was reborn to dance
& defiantly to be made a winner/ of cold slaughter

And else weather
to man's infinity the infant driedoutcry famine
creeping to sleep
wetdown with gasping heart-heat breakage aflame
to dream a nerve-locked hour and open
a screaming mouthful of admission
for the missing wombmankindred
.. .

Life is about/ you/ over all
a/bout over a/bout
war-play & work & rumors of love

& sundown thirty-three-degree snowbound continuum to zero
freeze/ of eyes-nose-mouth in a cottoncandy sweet dream
reaching beyond a long body's pickle dilly logjam

Life is put upon the main event: being:
livingroominess & boardedup health Inc.
is about/ you/ are here
at nice weathermaneuvers

a/bout what a/bout!
a hall of rights to stomach
a funny upon to be/ damned about what life is
uphill to

put upon some body the Cloth
the Word upon some soul

& hear from the heart
life is a/bout all a/bout
with faith --

taken-overtaken discrepancies
just about to be

& just about to file outcome tax:
the profit on to be/have-not
is as-if two see it
with no exemptions to claim
but love --- love, love --- to declare

..

Kiss me, say slide trombones to tubas
my brass, friend, kiss that, say tubas
& go ask your maw-maw-maw for that kind of love
blah!blah!blah!blah!

say far-art? the trumpets/
waw-waw-waw what's become of hornyhood?

I'm tired of being a drum, says boom
I wanna sound like some dumb thing else
my boom ain't been in the news since banjo was born
somebody has to come be/at my new being to make me different
some new way to be/have to be/at rhythmfold

I de-clarinet if it don't seem like y'all off your stick
& Boom has blown his cool sound-respect

Y'll tickling me til my ivories running, piano giggled
what a spoof of knotty speech/
your new RPM needle SPEED-up must be supersonic

..

And when the world turns winter
on the polar axis of a man's will to woo-manage
the winddreams of belly & kite mind fancies
strung together of clinical cords of atmospheric therapy
in truth-color tail twisting, weaving
air-pocket leaping whiplash
sealed paper directions out of wastebasketward
occurent titillations--
a sky to him after his windhandle thread from sag snaps away
& the laugh of big breeze
around this air-balanced flight presents icicles
& mind must win the end-float-away balanced
with civilization's storage & the gnarled wintry lights commerce
with his once bear-hugging coat tailor-muffled & moth-cratered
a bit ajar of having lined weatherproofing
of good old-fashion classic taste

but before winter turns ice water at the wet feet of the grave
and man submerges in a drop of time
with a puff of wind & a heavyweight horror chestbound
the waste-up indigestion is given abackout
from drydowns wretched

:the world is a mouthful of 50% doubtfilled cavities
a last ache under wrinkled lips' aspirations
whose dud aspirin tooth has no more nerve for pain

Spain comes frightfully painstakingly to extract the mortal root
Goddamn (goddamn) --- help ---

But time to go is a time for no regrets

Life is --

a social distance defence magnetism vs lint on goods' look
perpetrated by/upon proud poor meat's in-law cousin rag
in a people wardrobe of sew-sew
status discomforted Hollywood-be material
& politicool seemy belongings

a premium vitality from envy come to prolong interest
with full line of goodnight-backed feelings
& never bye-bye the less expansive piece until in dissent
with a white lying exposure
caught in apple pie turnover readiness

is dressed in Mayday dyes' allpore six scents
with shy waterlily hunger/ confessed
lets truth's night need sleep heads-up --

be taken by the bogeyman pig-splitter to sea
to swirl in fat moonlight's long tale of downfalls
the river-bending look of middle-life's big piggybank
double-bent in gummy flood up to spit
it is the figure out-distancing social feedback of cup & sauciness
is embarrassed to be alone at the bargain counter with 5PM doubt
is dust-racked dryclean-clothed people in Sunday styleless pickups

is caressed by eardrum & closed liquorstore-lit
midnightthin windbreaker
rounding the corner of sex to goosepimples:
full-shelved yet the feelings with closed half-hour lateness
have overworked the night: delicatessen-dear groceries on hand
& fabric-softeners for the wind's bad texture

in the mirrors
beyond bars/ windows/ locks/ alarms -- beyond
frivolous fortresspassing tea & cookie talk & TV
other biological, epistemological truths
that starch sensations rather than rinse
a maze of deployed maneuvers against the form-dummy: No-
love but a physic-released nakedness thru ceremony

& so long over-the-weekend goodbye little just-kiss-met ambition
& hot cold depression of 3AM weariness after coffee & touch
with soul leaking from veins & pores home

-you can only break the habit of one death at a time
so how much time can you afford to spend to put this make on?
it'll shortcutoutlastcost you some commitment
far better adjust let company complement the oint-

-get another woo-manage better job-
is the quest shunned: half to tax or honey at the lips --
bees having business failures due to familytree squabbles
the honey smells to bee high limbo & beerbust buzzards'

starved death
& an insider barrel plugged redherring rot without salt
but remains goatfood in the paperdoll-legend eye

as the same swirl backbrowned apple worms
retain a fast turnover of goodnight-backed falling asleep

Is the quest shunned or met hardhead-on

to strike someone breathing in theirselfhood? --
without post-dental waltz of toothache
on-going thru-out try-on no-exchange images

in mirror's closed goods story
Transparent: tags it -breathhtaking tobogganing hi-lo phil & mary
to grandparenthoodwinkriding fireplace stories

is in the soup of the pressure-cooked goose to conform:
unsuits, lights a fag to blow smoke rings around
fairy mary's nagging bitchiness
with horsehide back against the wallet

got to take the scuff/ or the skillet midnight bang
aborts another dream

strike like a cottonmouth/ glide like a silkworm
bleat like a lamb/ swell like nylon/ showoff like satin
in the beginning becoming of love-knot
nerves in lumpswell endocrine-high
in jello hello hi-lo halo loose behavior

OR / against the firmament tenfoot-pound pressure
resist thru the umbilical in fivefoot-six-inch stages
& don't be a weewee in a wigwam

But first I hear a dead sea shell's wall-to-wall rust tooth
once was sea agnashing
& overstuffy snails of dragging nagging time
to toadstool & whirlpool pickpocketing
were unretiring life

I hear the nipples of Maybelle ringing
song at her widow's window
song philogynous of my yesterdays
of ourselves/ the facing back up to coming through
the never mindfully meaningful passage

but had assessed in-person's gracious apparentwellbeing
had applauded the voluptuous December sign of woman
the Sagittarean moods were spooned & cradled
were young thighs pudding & pillowed lovely
at oatmeal reveille the hot halfnightlight gown yet up
opened a world half-light thru the firmament's birthquake
to say
-you don't know the difference til you make the difference-

& repressed scent into itch dignity/ will she overcome?
not to come plain a stitch
against the suspender-bender in ice overalls
vending whats-its & fix-its
against their naked underwear sexed best
hush til souls' meeting

til the widowed topsoil chill is ploughed under
& manure tracks to time this mourning's unveiled housework
to overhaul addressed black nervous knees
to survivor's long-thighed cover-act rediscovery
& post pruned: announce to recall the headmasterfeeler relayed
& denied welcome to look on without comment in
but to provide the table & household from broken enchantment
and profane exhibit --
allowances granted the manner of life down hereafter
the flood

belief undermining fire
the faith fulfilled
Amen

* * *
 Mirrors & clocks engrave the way to regret
 and on every lastnight bedroomstone
 the HERE LIES the BRIEF FACES of LIFE
 the RELEASE SURPASSING
 * * *

Then let the pull-on over-quoted death come
 in the small closed black bedroom with no goods on
 before embalming the best suit & feel welcomed to it
 if not too full the well of descent
 weeping the irritated irreversibly fattened timetone
 & this is your rich nude velvet-deep inside-handsome pocket
 wearever lined with your wishbackbone
 in slapstick comedy of reverence
 say a curse/ light a fag/ flip a butt
 after the long ride to rest/ the dance undertaken over
 * * *

Here therewith said length to this inner-sole archbubble
 belongs this on-going goodness til March wears to the instep
 & thin insomniac's millennial bedroomshoes
 of lower civilizations' sleep
 wear in caves between history sheets of outsize E equals MV²
 for a saving favorite stitch of prodigal ten
 to spin the dead doubt of backsliding benefit:
 roulette it bang
 and then/ goodbyes never all said so long as parting forever
 the jack of all trade-ins/ the hotrod mate for masonry
 no more roadwork of ribsteak health/ til we reach home
 no more roommate heat super-attendance/ yet til we reach
 no more going-to stopped/ regret beyond to unwelcome
 no more have-to-have chronic mornings/ let to dream
 * * * * *

Life was put to the skinteehtest
 of icicle dripdry allday wage-earning
 and outcastiron closetted in a charm retirement bracket
 was womankind compartment-storedup of love's everlast tie
 was washed, paired, repaired, cleaned and pressure-suited
 to form comfortified

was mankind broadshoulder-padded of drugstore longevity
 & placebo souled to emerge on top of time's crystal ball
 a customer for the sample survey

It was/ a merry weathers vain body of love beloved of this life
 & the washerwoman who powdered his last unpuffed-buttoned PJs
 embosomed him

in lukewarm threats of violet night hills he had slept
 she was the patient reflection of his weary understanding
 does not sew into detergent gossip the tabu bluing grief
 in the empty chore complementarily mateless time ...

LEA

Bee-LACK Rhythm and Front-

Re: Ar ScENic T'Eat Light *

Par E y es graphed on appetite
 eat of long clean neck-head down wordswoman Un de Fine D id
 where as kne E asy up pin.ion zip as.tray

eye can Dy.ad knot sel F eel eating
 as sen S eems a'.Pe T eat creamy light like
 butt-n-ter ski ly.In' limb slope space
 only dark seam to hold eye scream.In' hunger

while hollow well E ye S eem i N eat self
 so lay-tie D eed-run- D own.erlet raw mid.Li'l undone look
 e y es see hear self as quest sun mars K.O.-ed eye struggle
 to trans.Fast.In.undate secrets

This U N eat Sh E roti C ue tease me.at tension
 thigh at.Mo S.phere al mos T eat a breast y east.cake
 pil.Low In'neckhead stem S uing lus T oo T he M'atic bat H aving
 meat germ a S pir its see,Elf-in' boa T wix space S ea Ts
 go.at eats everything in possession to be he
 I S um.bilick goat.Teated poly.mo'thbig eyes as.Scen Te Nose.al
 to.get.her buttTwix horny-Mil K e y es
 pet.Al'-Color and flower feeling
 is E'the.Tic'In'er ha Ve N ter.rest.In' angl E nter knot

Dark in-star a.S pir.In' neckhead ache of stare
 unwon D.air.In' up pi 'r' hori.zonal space
 above o V en T win.dow N ig H ighT.twelve-come inches
 win D anc.In' alonG round roofy wal L owin' do/be wind upstairs
 aura me.At.Ohms allegro black stoc'K INC

 fr EE l length.En.doW.ed In' wind ohs
 up in dow'Nto-ouch it S it S in to-ouch its mold
 par love knee.heed gul F re: airway B en T.rance
 double join T wee N eeli.In' upskydown

As.Is.Tan'says instant do/be knot.knead
 as.Is.Tan an acts.sent in black

As sign.meat is as.i.s.tance to brown.ink to black
 to do/be done-in good do/be.In'vy

are handsome P airs her.Re:Ar C ave'nude black um B'lend
 vita L ike'n T o Ke No W il L Edge.end.owed earth life
 explo.Re a R iddLi'l extra
 to complete be.hi.in D e-hand.Le.Ad-Just lovers to sleep
 groo M oo De.lux.ur-bliss trea T ied
 svelte-up.in.on be.hi.in' lofTIERSful
 * * *

Not qui T ab L e ss.In'car R es T Ea.Se en -oo/be-spoos N ifty
 place fork
 can Nib Li'l be.at black muse S eek.In' -oola do/be-

Why li'L iTe mid wi-id e ye ski rear view -oola-like curve
 expo N eat its assent-teeming
 emp T ee N ea T we En liv EN den-
 T ext Ur Nec T ar C ir C o-lump S ex-
 saucer.Schis M es MerRy shim Me R e Call
 whim Mam M eat able ad.hering light

Bus T er Rear.story arcs ar'ea R oyal ego geo-psyhic chic
 or arc.hi.Tect.uRe Ar S eni C haos
 but a bridgeABL'E N tric K it 'N genious kapu T all
 geNe T ic'Li'L addin's lam P host hope
 for fun knee E B.un D'L'bow appli'Re: corps aura

awe win G row T H ig H light Ri Val ue A
 li'l mustard seeded
 seat oppo S it E.nvy shun-gestated
 a round replet E X-saucy Sigh T ouch placebo
 twist swayIn' but stayIn'.strew.neat goods uncanned
 the black.a.moored tempt.tease
 but some can.idea L ay skiagraphy on snow fresh slopes

says no apPL E as E vil in cider light elation/ but
 content.meat in good as.sass.In.Eat S cream pea Ch eats
 unlesser eye wa'N T e R ival.In do/be deed
 to ask how.low quest.shuns seek.quests Re:lay togetHer

to exspan D bridge IN.fin I T-eyed
 esthe T ickle S tere.O.K. e y es
 all BL'ack.act.sun splISHH sPI-ISH
 on soc.KitTen.inch space

Fore.organ.eyed for go-metre mesh do/be swaying
 herefore.width-motion see/saw.In' aft-trunk to limber up
 mimes rub per.zon Al'mos T allyho talking
 to a wedded day ray-hazIM' sum M erGo-spirited love
 while eye X-it S its in F ORgan X's ting
 tension aTo P 'ill Ow

Elemen'.Innate hi why'in' night & lets do/be
 black HallowE EN rap T ric K i T re aT enurIN' dus T r E nds
 what wind.oh hows insist per e.g.'in'Odd-made to let
 them Bl'Ux-pheno No T hither but flood hands
 to of F end S EE n ough T o Pickl'-in meld in cider
 & mince me.at pie al'a deep good puddn duo
 that dy A D e D.its close scene to re:pair urges'
 in.vite.al legs take some

here where be/do is Se'A t tache D is covery
 get.In' do/be.In' saw/see do a sway width length depth

*Fr "Rhythmic Adventures Beyond Jazz into Avowal Sound Seams",
 c., 1965, by Lloyd Addison

WISHBONE

I wish upon a bone
 beauty fields of feeling
 over the body of action
 breezy be-you-touch --

be-you-touch --
 some/body breadth length width
 beauty touch
 that handles long dreams'
 pleasure panoramic
 expiring windedly.

NEW YORK

In the United States of America
 all roads lead to New York:
 ambition comes to New York / and beauty
 wealth is seated here in the Waldorf / and fame
 ambition is standing around the pits on Wall & Broad Strs.
 & Trinity / and dreams

Bodies come to New York
 wrapped in mink and ermine and sable
 Religion comes
 wrapped hymns to Yankee Stadium & Polo Grounds/ Shea Stadium
 / & Madison Sq. Garden

Talent comes to Broadway/ Off-Broadway/ Greenwich & Harlem
 genius comes & goes / off to Bellevue/ Manhattan & Pilgrim State
 South/ North/ West/ and escape
 from people & creditors
 / putative father pursuers

Despair to the Bowery
 & the Bowery must find new streets
 (perhaps Broad Street)

Poverty rots in New York / employment fluctuates
 Love visits & departs
 Commuters come for the money
 like the Avenue of the Americas' women

The Salvation Army is camped in New York
 (their eyes have seen the open pants of many the unpenitent)
 !Excelsior!

hallelujah!
 (John Brown's Body is a walking soup kitchen)

Sawdust ironically lives in New York
 / in bars/ soup kitchens/ chain stores

Garbage is big business / like check-cashing estblmts.

Hot dogs sell
 Hamburgers stink (the one food that should always be homemade)
 Seda water slops

Snow winters New York (and wind is not a friend)
 the white way on earth/ some will be done
 the unemployed pitch in it

Humidity humbles everything except humidifiers
 Air-conditioning is the business boon of go-to-hell town

Rain glazes in technicolor
 Umbrellas create mezzanines of sanctuaries for pole-sitters
 New York is not unclean --- clean thru

There are people in New York
 there are people already everywhere / at all half-hours
 There are museums/ theatres/ bulbs of clubs/ halls/ ballrooms
 /penthouses/ parks/ rivers/ resorts/ yachts
 /playgrounds/ brothels/ forts/ bridges
 subways/ & civilization
 and churches & prisons ---

The World's Fair comes/ camps/ decamps
 petrifies into a monument

an affair of wealth washed out to time
 Colossus of stick/ brick/ steel/ concrete/ stone/ & tar
 glass/ chrome/ & plastic/ and flesh
 & copper wiring
 colossus of toys/ & dependent children's dreams
 of stores and storied wares / of bankruptcy
 (Lets let there not be a vacancy
 in this candle happy birthdaycake of commerce
 Xmas treat gift of lights)
 & on the day of its last midnight/ a lot
 a lot for sale/ a lot of lots & by the lot
 going --- going
 (somebody should get something out of this)

And contenders Mr. New York State Universe & Miss New York State
 Universe on the eighty-sixth floor observatory, standing at the
 rail in the concrete moat, arms reinforced, gaze out over New
 York: Luminous canyons of penumbral umbrella hide-aways & rec-
 tangular excavations of light in dark infinite fields -- pitch
 and porthole shimmerings of motionless boxed silent ships, the
 anchored fleet of a city, and in its flagship pocket, the mini-
 city, a valley of exploding, show-stopper, rainbow-commercial
 jingle bell light.

And the whole city a song -- a song not yet written, not yet en-
 compassing, waiting somewhere, waiting mysteriously over Broadway,
 awaiting a generation, an epoch, for young genius and ambition on
 its way, paving a yellow-brick road; and a new name to light up
 more of night, to brighten night away, more jingle bell grand
 opening birthday cake light, to expand the sight & seemy sounds
 of allusion's touch, extending the affair of wealth of New York
 into syndicated light years, song of light being written on
 dark tablets of time in the big coffeehouse of Western esthetics.

On the eighty-sixth floor observatory New York is a penthouse of
 souvenirs, of personal history albums, postcards, candy-colored
 cushions, and stereophonic sound. And dreams and ambition waltz
 through its effervescent night mood, and tourists in big-spend-
 ing too tarry awhile to carry away some atmospheric attitude of
 the highlights of environed success achieved. And Francine's
 tonight's date fetches a carbonated refreshment.

And Luigi Petrocelli is here with Angela, and John Henry Smith
 with Wilma, and Michael & Patricia Newlywed ---. The elevator
 has risen to forever.

And then it comes down. They are feelings coming down, having
 been above it -- above the dust and air-cooler-spray sanitation-
 truck ambush, above the focal length of paledry grim faces, of
 figures turning about on corners bewildered and lonely and know-
 ing not whether to turn into a bar or bookshop or movie, or the
 subway, or the greasy spoon; whether to sit some inexpensive
 where and gaze long & longingly thru plate glass --- at glamor
 & handsome trying on make-it looks on the sidewalks of the town,
 or to walk the streets hollow into crowds, and stare at bill-
 boards of hyperbolic THINGS and sex, and swelter in the hot humid
 waterbelly restlessness of the honk, howl, heckling, hoodlum-jam-
 med, gal-hungry, middle-status schizophrenic, paranoid pumped &
 prostituted, witch-forsaken, nostalgic town.

Scamperings & lookings over our town with drugged compulsion are
 the clowns of civilization. The looking is enough to get tired
 of so lets go home to bed -- home to bed, to go home to have a
 home to go to by two -- is all there is to this or any town, af-
 ter alighting upon its whirl of other diversities of in & out.

LEFT

PORTRAITURE

Confirm a firm conferred circumference
 to sound the self/ fish roe in its sea-fevering
 embrace a boiled egg

tongue touched with salt
 mouth yoke-roofed with wordsgirl delivery labor
 you have confirmed

and poached lovewords legless transcendence
 break from shells turned stone in memory
 (you are wordsworth)

say something to this sea
 or drink a watertank thirsty with no-thank-you affectlessness
 washing over righteously the kill of that told tale
 in a small room's walls
 that scene & shutter beyond which eye nothing names

no little bitty life this horrendous shelled-away seedling
 sterile as hot water stalled
 useless to wish-energy
 but push button explosive with its time-grumble

within its deep pit-smooth darkness
 thick white lights smash-colliding
 raw colors all modeling something
 into their making their owner's prism
 out of twists of other worldface transience

Were here:
 the loam of her soft kiss thru dressed lips
 firm after thought of on firm fire
 a cave next to neuter something twirling words:
 send the seized image to wisely intuit/admit tenderness

kept touch has the form
 but unfrozen from her impressed absence
 our non-immediate having/itself undelivering life together
 but the half after-thought engaged wholeheartstakingly

never exist enough / beneath as-if
 but put passion modes to pouring non-pot-hot into intellect
 and mind half asleep elides back wisely
 the liquid soluble
 riding by line possessed

and thought
 caressed in true near-spectral nectar
 is here is the heart-fraught portraiture

RIDDLE

Riddle, riddle, riddle --
 what a time I'll have in the middle!
 what a middle says time 'twon't quit'll!
 what a having I'll whittle stick a kitliti!
 that more admit'll me'll be a fitful
 than a kitful ever witful it'll to riddle
 such a candyland bit-o-sleep it-pill!

SLEEP WALKER

In some knee a
long night's beam from dream street spots
were red of spotlight inadmission
& bookworm-mingling reflections
on a matter poetic --

like love's
inside line-up from countenanced
charge-account terrific contact ---

In some knee a
sommnubulation obligatory
in new roadbeds of the unction-stored eye --
unmen-shunned able parts
with right-of-airing / straight upstairs
on wings loudly taking dangerous curves ---
the radiation look / anti-freeze cool
in at tic
out at sportstock carriage time --
the real loving art-tickle of feat ---

now dreaming has stopped to give
service the what's-tic-it
in million-dollar la-tee-da-airy
wind-up at half-past
and pulled-out ding-a-ling
already nod-ding ---

In some knee a
rest less particular / general
limbo tied-up need
for more racetrack
than tic-toc scrap sleep --
deft ignition by rote meaning
a definite hot starter

Rush of Minions

Young sporting psyche
atrix treats U.N.-would-be commie
cat-erring nightly while his Mary/aged-maided cries
over his partyline rocket-boosted failure
until he/she is nearly cast-traitoried.

Lying sofa, client tells, ad. lib.
he's not 100% nor- / -mal-adjusted off course
but spudnix Misses displeasing manifold
in complex space-time / which de-mans his par-

a-graph spy test by psyche says
his warhead well-taken up to a fail-safe Mary-age
but spy-queer status-sphere needs
chickens iron-out odd curtail mental hang-ups

your embarrass/scene misinformed
leads to Misses' err re: call perfection you once affirmed
& U. States swelling her open. onion about free manpower
is proper.grand.size disabling to you space projectilling ---
but really so much miss-lil'toe ade about
wee sent spudnicholas // is pre-id diet thumb succor
you're both sublimating a 'defect' drive
advancing with larger for-rent powermower grass
in.her. rently free
butt preternaturally some slightly mower charge to you
or a smear amiss idol // do do come again.

THAT THERE IS SLEEP SOME DREAM MAYBE

That which grows in sleep
is no part of wakeful life
is no part of truly living
is wide of life already unbecome
of the legend of slips
of yore legends' rote wit being recorded life
No part of it pierced departs forever from it
but reformatifies with another dreammesh
secrets to get up relying on the length of sleep's
overhung opaque lookback blind-out abrupt sunrise
keeping an unseen transition extended whitely afore
in sheets' emotive cover-over of
downinside night

& stufflike thumb drums do the wished-up puff-
puffed energy duel back thru sleep to dream
looking long to belong in the split-second coming events
slightly unmeeting lbs. & ozs. of missed-taken touch
which is a self inner-set locked-up as sleeping overtime

& with ups & downs the sounds of sleep speak to sleep
in bounds & out-of-bounds eely feeling over sleep on-going
to sleep falls & falls to sleep
deep in night's awarehouseless envy-storied self-intermixture
hypnosis-put sum of enchantment to sleep
bull moose china-loose piecemealy happiness
outer rooms' space moving off doors // in tenselessness
a hold-open dominion of a flair burst worthwhile

BIRTH HAPPY DAYS

a layette of rented space
a spanking present of breath
a surprised cry of feeling

in the seventy-year drum stethoscope ---
out of the muck of paradise
into the bath of life

and the long-kneeling clothes of hope
here with upskyful irresistably snowblind eyes.

and a fever of dreams
thru the intricate alphabet blocks
leads to setting to breakfast the body-soul
and the spring of simple designs of innocence
inherits the maker's masterplan

the downcome crisp fall streams rapidsful
after impeached & creamery-calling life to the warm icingbowl
to lick the bakery spick

& provide the on-concurrent make-up
dream for many mouthsful offsprung

a birthday of beginning / a first dreamday opening
a lovefeast for the lost out-of-womb self of blessings
comes prettily complete less end coming
re-yearning for the brisk upsky beholding
to become back warm become-pairs to
blackjack Anna versus diary's breathless present.

Among all the things of which there are none
I'll have a little bit of play width / with having
that one/ full body of knowledge

Here with we will open buds
& scatter seeds far as are accountings

And they are millions of kings
these seeds that rush fro/from thither kingdoms come
who have been king-size-excited runners-up
& others to manfully affirm in/thru
the little white-legged spot thin slipper

& herein is our campaign of love of that ecstatic nevermind
possessed of wet-torched body
in a demon's/straight.manipulation democracy of the humid race

& 3-dimensioned tired twin inner-truthless compunctioned blowouts
appeal to blowup/down inner outburst
holding at knowledge's intense dependent foresight
against head'sache to peek at
the on-climbing explosion of high octangency

with shouting perfection
prompted to speak of cue-t-countdown
where the performance of a second second
programs to split open
deadaheadlines to egg-scrumble am/bushwoman

And all the things of which there are none
in milk bottles stooped / necking instructions
for white hippopotamus health & cow cud rentals
cricketly picked from a witchcraftsman's handbag
become the noble salvage

All the things of which there are none
in disconnection make no-man's landlady's pocket book
where bets around blow up to midnight's morning flat
to forgive a debt's receipt informally foresaid

& with a clean body/snatch-cheer
the lovebugkiller ladykiller is in-putout
& all the things of witches are done to night
to have a spine-spillover joy-entrained
dark-end day over all day
cultivating green stem-mergednervous systematic kilocalories

& without & out aboutface fit of onset values
here to go/aheadway-off in the fact chimera
to have a flair O-well lonesome
until reveling & laid
to a peeled-off out-of-work wonder fill-in
the good peel hysterically off
& all the things of which there are nonetheless
the main asideway-farers' refreshment understanding

REVOLUTION

The little boys blue, they say
are queue-t-cool
blowing the tops of just non-cops
& blackjackassing the riot fool.

It's head-to-head
& rear-end bends
for the little boys blue
& their blue-devil friends / have said

to hell with review
& pollying their jollies
are all the wags in the mens
& foot & nightstick up-behind on/off duty backs
is the feature
& sappings for rappings & the uppity kind
of overcoming preacher.

* * *

How are all the graft-itch conservative nuts
digesting what happened to J.B. Smuts
who stood in the school a listener
saying I'm the High Commissioner
of the "Order"
while the "lawboys" in blue
said nuts to you
when you side with the jigs
you're disowned by us pigs
you lose your white
you're outta sight
blow your cool, babool.

* * *

Nothing matters but the shatters
when the world is going to black
though obliged at being voted in
don't be surprised at what we begin
in turning the post-bellum cycle back.

Putting dents in dignitaries
in so-called high-place sanctuaries
is just part of the terror of seige / to convey to the lay
that there's no prestige but right white prestige.

And there's nothing strange but a change
when the strange is pre-arranged
To weigh in the know
join the Win-place-show.

Now, you voted YES for disordered peace
so police-please don't try to headoff our increase
Our ill-framed fear of hesitation
won't work for you no more than police-please investigation.

Anyway, we're just the pawns of your conservative disdain
so for police-peace sakes, just let old habit reign
and stay in the business of It'll-never-happen-here, Cassius
with us on guard to keep low overhead suburbanal cheer fascist.

* * *

Now, understand the plan:
RACE is the get-ahead stay-ahead man
race is a dual tool
for making luxury jewel/re: fuel ---

BLACK IS:

overdone for the fun
overheld for the hell of it
out-spoken for the brokenup heads
out-laid by the income made.

WE: overcharge the lodge
overrack and sack
oversell and repel
over-style and defile
overfil airy with the corn of our distillery ---

build a better mill
& rent the old/new sawdust to pay the bill

fatten at the styles
for our fair county prize

make a gimmick selling soul
as their NOTHING bellyroll

take a summer on the coaster
on the profit from the poster

take a ride on the black Breeding Railroad
& when you pass: go: back & get your re-load.

...

Blackeye lament for dignitaries bent
to be friendly & fair & absolved
I lament for the bent
& busted uppercrust descent
disbanded by a brand-X dissolved.

I pity the poor pig
whose partner is a frig
and whose wife is a bulletproof rape
and whatever's in a name
chooses the pig-holstered frame
to simulate a longdrawers in a cape...

whose mess is the biggest mess
in printed-up nonsense syllabus.

...

All the world is gay
and I'm on the way
to becoming a groom on the side
having to leave the house
being challenged by the mouse
who once was my punchingbag bride.

A man, you ain't,
said Mrs. War Paint
with behind to face or get out
so I slept in the subway
until I stretched out the clubway
for reading "How to Bring Revolution About".

Then I got mad, real mad
I robbed the best friend I had
a little pig-faced squirt in a sweaty white shirt
who gave me a job shovelling feces
the last time I went to pieces
getting peanuts in-kind for servicing his behind.

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I robbed the best friend I had
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who gave me a job shovelling feces
the last time I went to pieces
getting peanuts in-kind for servicing his behind.

Now I'm a proper man
I take my puffy in the can
my charge from circuit courting judges
there's just one queer part of me
having never enjoyed sodomy
my will bends more than my pointed budes.

It's the cancan I do
for the hip-booters in blue
a kick I get, the kick they got
a revolutionary in a can I am
tuition paid for by Uncle Sam
a kick they get, the kick I got.

And maybe this cancan revolution
is the wrong fanfare institution
methinks some make-believe parallel barriers
miraged between old means & new ends
instead of miracle ingenious amends
to the ides of mocktime reform germ-carriers.

...

Like just the other day
a fluke happened by the way
we got out-factioned at the poll
& artificially inseminated syphilis by the C.I.A.
killed black John Brown last All Fools Day
and money is back & stabbing its highest toll.

C. Jones planned to bomb the precinct last Yule
but a fixed-up junkie was there on the stool
what happens now is a guarded boredom for the little boys
while all the loud bad cats out on the street
still eat pig tails & wear flat pigfeet
while the Mafia keeps payola silent with fail-safe decoys.

The unions are unttying the knots of injunction
like 5th columnist decrees with concentration camp unction
& the Right of the bird of time is the only way in business
the liberal beak & tail
of this ship of state aflail
is only the digestive system of what-issness.

But here I can only propose
that we embattled continue to oppose
that our leisure intellectuals may never get out of old bags
evermore let one spirit to another
communicate the serious mood of "brother"
recommend much less the rote of realms & flags.

And just a wit more dressing I'd like to make
for the big revolutionary party cake
with a great good deal of sex appeal
we see the girls on the line with a heart
carrying the babies AND the warrior part
of some pre-bellum throw-back absent-father heels.

Yet, out of the hearts of the great & very
I expect the songs of tomorrows' centenary
the battle hymn of life that will resound forever
in the tilted breasts of mothers & glowing eyes of sons
on the crescent brows of fathers whose faiths were put upon
thru-out the campground memories, the hymn of folks together.

...

Build a home
fill it with our thundering
free it from the wondering
should our love increase by two

fill it with our vision's life
fill-in it decisions' as-if
our love increase come true.

O the fires of the city
were they burning Sister Grace
were the brothers from the Panthers
putting butter on her face?

Have you heard from Father Everett
said he'd break the ring or bust
was he leading weary member
soldiers softly back to us?

Are the folks across the river
striding steadfast with spirits high
as they see our author's battle
written crimson in the sky?

As the humble people battle -- O, God --
the great people's kingdom comes
all the heartbeats of hallelujah
unfolding here a host of drums.

Bring me word from outposts holding
by the fibres of our dream;
are they overrun by bitterness
do they rally and redeem?

...

City to city, the smog of our pity
the ghettos of grime / asmoke
a gruelling time / achoke
but humanity rises
!to strike!

Polar to polar, they splinter for war
to never re-piece our dream / our hope
a madding regime / its scope
our being despises
!alike!

The weight to wait, a setback of date
on the mountain the state / ignoble lot
a landslide of hate / upon have-not
building enterprises
!to strike!

...

O, Maybellee, did you trade your gentle honor
for the fires of a fool
and arrest a human sentiment
to shore up The Golden Rule?

Valley-hightide, with the earth-salts re-settling
Valley-high tidewater, over & come the spring a-petaling.

Is it cold where there are home fires
wet and cold and dark

Ah, Beloved,
and we've snapped again
the chains of men / aha

come the way
of fire-trap streets & death
here saying

a time of spirit entreats our breath

!Hurrah!

LEA

Now I'm a proper man
I take my puffy in the can
my charge from circuit courting judges
there's just one queer part of me
having never enjoyed sodomy
my will bends more than my pointed budes.

It's the cancan I do
for the hip-booters in blue
a kick I get, the kick they got
a revolutionary in a can I am
tuition paid for by Uncle Sam
a kick they get, the kick I got.

And maybe this cancan revolution
is the wrong fanfare institution
methinks some make-believe parallel barriers
miraged between old means & new ends
instead of miracle ingenious amends
to the idea of mocktime reform germ-carriers.

...

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come the way
of fire-trap streets & death
here saying
a time of spirit entreats our breath

!Hurrah!

LEA

(And bless the speed and the grass and the fixer
and around the library parks, dark
bless the messiah-maker and undertakers,
the fairytale potparty mixer
and mankind-lonesome shark)

Nothing remains of a hotbed cooked over
but a feeling overlooked / for the dream
& a smokeless shack-stacked playback of seem --

And the night is a prayer as I lie down
for a moment of calm
in a many-directed pan-cinematic head
alone & lost except for the psalm
in this not ill-intensioned prayerhouse of bed.

CALL IN SICK

It's 10 o'clock and all is not quite well;
Tired novel is slow to tell,
TV has only things to sell,
Misunderstood friend won't startle the bell,
Well, so, goodnight.

Ten-thirty dreaming but sleep won't come,
No appetite for food but wanting some:

Onion soup in the kitchen, cigarette by the bed.,
Physically tired but ambition bugging the head.

Late show no good, it's half-past eleven,
Goodnight show groggy, News on Channel Seven.

20-to-1 against sleep by the wee first hour,
Saucy call from friend, also Hottentot-mooded after shower:

Verticals & horizontals crisscross with song,
Until 10-two absolution of wrong.

Then, THUNDERCLAP sleep: pouring dreams on the equinox of three,
Inhibited convolutions dissolved in Chagall geography,
Slightly disturbed night verbs in balmy conjugality,
& solace, deep solace of the over- undergoing sleeper sleepy.

Clock set to fret at seven with the gong,
Not yet, but goodday noises rattling like pingpong.

Then: Springggg!-thrrinnnggg!-thrrinnnggg!-- til rundown slack,
Will get up in five more -- Umm, sweet morning sack!

Mad monies mis-advanting time: How could it be HALF-PAST!
Ho-hum -- it's Saturday, anyway --NO -- but the clock IS fast.

Shipwrecked -- lost in virgin forest -- and another dream spread,
The mattress is a flying carpet, SO, there's just no out-of-bed.

Clocked-in already: for a moment, then to realize:
Don't remember getting up. Well, the bed IS king size.

Eight o'clock pruneace, mirror won't straighten out,
Cold shower shivers, health in doubt.

About breakfast? and what to wear? how much time to make---?
Gads! 10-to! -- headache, toothache, heartache --

Who said 'life is worth living' with time moving at this rate?
Nuts! breakfast is best at Eleven, why work up a state?

"Hello? -- Mr. A. -- won't be in today ----"

The Poet Talks to a Face

And the Face Talks Back

You tell me
utilize utility your eyes tell me tell me
 anything you surmise
 cannot surprise me

You tell me think me
utilize sense-five and utility prefix six
 drink me in sound

fix me your prefix-suffix troubled thought
feeling feeling around my personal description
find words defining wonder
 wander upon each lip at your ease
 into the mouth and out the bosom
 write me of myself to your person

tell me two lovely people we

You in eyes defy me
comments succeeding meaning receding memory
 vague impressions of lover
 dye feelings painted everywhere
in place of heart my art-seeing head
 grammar-phones of paint's word
 now you wake me
 now I sleep
 exploring coloration and penumbra

Lightwise coloration magnifies what I see
and eclipse coloration here dense pitch dense
Beauty all light your halo

opened out of darkness your good dense form fiercely dark
 in this pure instant's output
receives my eyes as my nose receives your incense

And my hands assemble touch / the darkness
and mumble -enamor- intense elating
-Coloration Penumbra we love you-

*fr UMBRA, number one, 1963. Poem by Lloyd Addison.

Chocolate Promises

Hot thanks a lot of chocolate promised by you
So I expect / & direct the next cooking purview
To come with sparing yeast for the good body rise --
And don't forget the icingdown
All a textured delectation round and round.

One to three layers six inches deep
But no big hole-in-the-middle chimneysteeep.
No loco cocoa or milkweed crumbs
Nor quite puddn disaster of two-dozen thumbs.
Spend the lucre and clear the mind
And don't aboutface it til you know what's behind.

The aroma should be delicately cannibalizing
To disallow any deadpanned fratnizing.
Most important, add my name if you make it teasy
So they'll have to understand who's up on its marqueesy.

TRYAD-DICTION TO LOVE

The god and the girl
they lay me down to dream,
and each in dream-relief per love theme pound
scream me a messenger postcard charge / to impound
the undue explorer youth, quixotically duty free,
to plunge at soundproof skies and re-forge the sea,
as I lie asleepdepth in desire
and all around the nimble tongues aspire.

They began it
extended endless over endlessness the tryad-diction lore:
some black prismatic constitutional love
its feeling within, faith above.

They began and
never amended-up
never abridged the book of wonder, canting lost
never answered the wish-sleep puddn holocaust
 its awakened hour of need
 holy a ghost suffiction in deed
 & all six unequal sense-sequels of the spirit vexed
 pod-powered to a mush of the girl's squeak-of-woo annexed.

And the kiss equals striven-for similar Simon do/say
a mouthful of love to gut until indigestion day ---
decrying love blinds til inventive tears accrue tallow
& re-fall by falling in bedtime's risingsfallow.

The girl grows
as the god goes
and the god knows
the O! ancient faith! the flesh-feelerhealer --
and, good god! the religion of going to come:
HAVING that commits ripplemania
 & allflow's low souled ceiling dance
 that turns the nailed hands to flesh instance ---
coming and secondcoming oaths, oh, glory!
the greatest quasi-god finite fairystory ---!
here, in this knowledge of goodness,
mercy, & feeling in given-name love:

in unwedlocked-out opening-up to let become
in forget-me-no-more greenpastured bamboomerang-go-rounds
in red stoptlight cross-signalized streamlined go
in alibi bye guilt gone
in capon song assassination
in alienated evaporate nimbic cloudburst
in alias forgiven merry x-ed-over Eve relief
in gravitation-annointing upcup percolation --
 and once unaccompanied a company to belief
 in wee voodoo woo-ing bedtime's force-obliged hearththief.

And when the bed wins deface ---
a long time of looking for the father, mother,
father, instead of kiss-me lovepeace face,
a strength through the father, looking,
through the monumental mother's life-long cooking:
 goodness, warmth, hugging, bosom & blossom --
 contriteness comes to kneel:
bless the oven, the recipe, the cookbook caretaker
the sweaty face of the grease mom, the baker, housekeeper-waker...

CAMPAIGN OF THE SIXTH SENSE

Thigh-Power five-sixths illustrious
 whose glorious field
 wins the day straightflushed
 in meld & mush
 as well as goodnight odds on elbows' twang
 backed by funnybone bang-bang
 done out of nerves' perspective
 is a tryant's spell-enveloped sixth seat directive

this is the lap & overlap
 that wraps & craps & maps the State of Being/ in mystique
 this is the flesh & overflesh/ to seek
 what happiness is skinned to of peelable baloneying

And all the phallic powers put upon the field before
 to make the righteous push/wished
 only to defeat Thigh Power-oppressive sixth sense paramour
 behind her a 5th-column subtly fused dictatorship of love-love
 & make armistice-amor of her octopi bye bi-ped antics of war
 a peace of her at vantage enraptured showpiece
 as close-up front back/side & inner cheesecake trophy

But now in GHQ's battle tent
 alights a staff meeting of total-war dark naked embattlement
 with the five sense specialists of the cabinet of The Brain
 to gather the plot for goodness sake over cake coup de main

Yet eclipsed by a dialectic of Sixth Sense / alleged
 to inspire better go-getters' after-thought experience:
 & during moorings' delicate commencement
 to deligate entourage sentence
 to the sixth power/ struggle to win in mate
 & do wee decimal second place/show police state
 terror of the photofinished horsetest flesh
 posing any parley view
 pre-post prone stallion & supine mary fresh

:The Sixth is Thigh wonder ring
 in circles meant to engender caress
 octopi times cubic heir-apparent tender down
 & esthetic breeze-surrendering finesse
 where there bare by love with tribute
 lust swoons from time-&-distance disrepute
 & accedes ideal's edge to savour its dominion:

Yet five/sixth of itself aware
 of the warfare fund re: war/dance
 where to win accords a tri-unhumpty dumbfounding
 of fate's fulltime-in-being scare:
 ideals uneven board abounding --
 as in youth hotwarheaded toward Eve-
 ventilating explosion
 with the Garden's lightning primeval
 unevenly irrigating corrosion

But thus entrusted with her confidence
 the Sixth with tactically designed offense
 & diplomatic verve
 deployed exposives around the usurping seat

its fudge cake-width & without a curve
 & budged & unbudded bittersweet
 to make the gritty picture pretypifying heat:
 a flat-out spy plane as shot down
 busy under.minding-eye's searchlight spot deceit

And it develops in debate
 that war is the Sixth's estate/ to be won
 for love: engages its hunger to strike abed
 & gains a weight in.stead/fast marches to delirium
 checking appositional pursuits' inflated head-
 start to adjust chip down
 its un-so-called-for ante's wild imperium

But Five-sixth's long fabled knight-joints staffed
 have beaten Sixth by two sawed-off.ten-sense upper thighs
 & proceed to philosophize in-lust-we-trust
 in all-day trenchmouthed deployment

while Thigh-Power full-showers relieflet appeals of being halved
 by savage subtly fused homefront thrusts
 for a tom-itchy alien power's enjoyment

The Sixth accused is seized by taskforce guile
 & drummed-up as warlord to criminal payless payday trial
 put by Brain-wash on its knees but resists
 & out-numbering a sixth against the five--
 Brain damaged by fifth columnists--

pleas a nonsense breach of sense against consent to advise
 that love is a leader alive/ & self-possessed
 disfavors compromise with solemn fists

The enemies say her purrs/ the acrobatic catalysts
 cause pursuit / plane & trench-muddled
 creating dog-eat-degfighting-out & pig style naturalists
 in disgruntled embarkation upon the sea lock-huddled
 & stockings skylined spied
 & a barrel of foreign land.escape-
 goat to be thrill-tried
 as a paper navy sunk in dry butt docks

And should the war council-of-ten
 fail to press
 the split up/ homely point-out
 for unconditionally lusty uni-formed universal address
 as to leave no broom of doubt
 as to assuming what the war is about

treason's paws would barely abstain from the flanks
 of ladies' men
 in excited stimulus irresponsibility
 brewing a bootlegged domestic wrapless distillery
 of gander pimps potbelly-rolling Thigh-Powered hammocks
 in the ranks

To avoid the void
 in psychologically violating esprit de corps buoyance
 the war Brain washed
 its righthand counseling revel.laymilitarism-
 anti-asbestos to arouse & sustain the cataclysm
 to hawk the war addicts squirming for foreign-bodied cockcrow
 & scratching for a puffy other way to fodderland heart-&-arrow

The minority decision squelched til in a pill blackboxed pillow
 placebos eventilate the everlasting vow/ miracle although
 something for the old anew/ allow
 six-sixths a binder's will in escrow

LEA

DYAD MINUS ONE

PERSPECTIVE

Forgiving does honor to souls
 and arriving goals recapitulate the manhood
 as the girl's gift lifts it
 to elephant towers

& by two lovers review proposals to impersonate
 certain eventful presences of dyad self
 & ascertain guises of being/ going to/ intending
 suddenly transfused

By giving yours to incorporate beholding
 some love entreaties
 that spilled a buoyantly embraced space-moment revert
 to praise-song/ & loco motion detaching
 from the train of mis-event
 chuckles into deposition

to meet matters of enfolding attitude now appending
 good to each goodness

And problems end beginning
 And past absolved/ leaves
 to fall two summers away thru a summer
 a fall passed together

& the work of a well-done object's levity tests
 one by one realty reality by two

But forgiving is a mission thru religious airs
into impoverishment of colonial possessions

It was boy & girl/ a love of love-&
 A pursuit into persistence to persuaded after-all
 too much on each other's mind in two agonies of distances
 to be impaired inseparably by partisans

should not but will be lost
 of some will lost in interim aloofness
 though whatever forgiveness declined
 and/or beauty hyperbolized
 does to soften a wordsfall-out
 the will-alien may yet break gentle hearts

GRIEVANCE

And if the fall breaks and summer dies
 once interlaced with man/ a kind of partner
 a part of high roads
 where he has faced death about the length of sun & shadow
 in mortal blend

and if he die then
 knowing death lived snugly with him from time ---
 escorted back to the first shadow of lonesome
 lying him down with sense of bewilderment
 of woman/ life followed by lumped hands

feeling over the older self
 colder & colder coming December to the high roads
 & the high winds wonderfilling him of maydays
 woman-fleshed under & over feeling
 yielding fields & will to feel forever

growth used to her in dependency
 within a sun's intra-imagery softly self-seducing

he would sue

to have suffered aborted possession
 of shared end come to all things lost
 to try time/ to try re: gain unto time lost meantime
 ending lost

was impersonally fitted to a fiction of eventful doing
 undoing ties of overcharged rented faculties

That lift of summer love
 except a man die a swollen wanton
 of strange abstinence

was the greatest spin of the earth
 spun down to stop topple-over
 and no winter refund to withdraw
 a spark to light the hearth
 a light for an uncharted logging---

and were-he man/ a gloried power of words' worry in funless age
 or out of work a rage with winded mouth & toothless bite

and dreaming ---
 when in beloved's varied mind
 he was a birded notion of life
 summer chirpsome/ now arthritic winged
 though none having compelled the seasoned sex of record heat
 nor he her to be herself

unto herself the fascination
 & unto life the maker-piece

asking him the reflex question naked/ being apexed
 even as lonesome adjudged mate in sleep a good

not judging the worth undermined awake
 until & if
 the manic depresses both to favor
 a flight of higher vision

And the curious part of thought lies
 if where winter is a leaf on the road to fall
 by incision of doubt as to nature

identity is a play of mind in a teacup
 in a dream of boiling
 December maydays in suspended animation--

Wherein is there devotion to one?
 man & woman in love of love
 unto each other gathering into one

& not always the other/ day eclipse of day
 the seasoned heart fell on the road thru daffodils
 were remembered at play

goodmorning's present/ need
 wind-gone or windowed habits
 to seed the move into moving on/ & finds the way

Forgiving is ontoward address denuding affects' stressed retinue
 to field the soul/ to enter noticed body
 bathed frill-nil & bare upon the hug
 the savage simple tone

& love-heat meets the sheeted ghosts within a heatwave
 a different time of climates barely whether-or-not to love
 forecast become outcome plain
 still in the haunted house

Was darling of the shopping sidewalk
 the breakfast salt & peppery hot goodmorning
 & so-longing to bye-bye until afternoon

And she talked of Reubens
 in his study-storied sketches of a past
 getting crisply comfortable in huddled play
 the gates not to be nightwatched
 the drawbridges going up & down for winter's warm-up
 & a long naked way into the castle's heated court
 whispers secreting passage / surpasswording
 as the doortrap opens & shuts birdmouthed
 staging in the throne room
 was babygirl cuddled warmth was love

Was Miss Little Hips/ perhaps the emphasis of passion ahead
 about the hips' feeling
 an area off bones offering its self-impression
 of sturdy tiny inner caverns
 deeply engraved good graciously receptive
 to cultivate you better aware/ & everywhere

& from haunting off-put feeling hounding care
 care-free airing half-pounds quivering
 to bare all-in apparelless avidity

It is said around the idea lost
 a girl is whatever lot misgiven a girl/ to make up for/giving
 beauty/ fear/hate/ envy/suspicion/ the homing heart
 the matter therefore memorized unacknowledgable to change

EPITAPH

It is said that heroes' permanently heirless blood
 who without wooing fire woe mysteriously unheard
 have found a place for silence
 & into diary notes of history/ ride off of evenings to a bed
 on which postponement she wears leaning head
 & firelightgowned listens between the bookends
 for love's paramounting

She is a woman of upper-strata pent-up housing
 and old folks say/ that he reached for swine-being
 time-being fulfillment not swill good enough
 & the curious part of that is that he loved
 if not well-considered in command compulsion to a life

But life is a-reasonableness
 & every notion of dishonor enlisted pales before the act
 yet it could be bought
 for he had thought

over many a charmer armed with lust
 to annul slights of sociality
 but that there is peace in the right girl
 & pieces white a lot of the world go to a loud business
 but pieces by two by twelve by twenty
 cannot be brought away

to be having lay always today ahead
 experience to be unwrapped ---

And he was taut & terra firma anti-solo/but mindfully social
 & she had thought/ between them avoidrupois long love-space
 the void fail-unsafe.
 except pendulously for the vigil lantern

and the void prevailed for the vigil lantern
 that time never suited itself to that space
 insanity barely moved there
 & they were together/ a time-being inverse life buoyance

IGNOBLE SAVAGE

A pain
 at its bottom a womb/ miniature eternity
 & voyage thru a vacancy of time
 built-in to hold a stool of moments' parts
 made wanting wholeness
 to embrace all-out:

that is to the body devoured
 an aura from the grooves
 worn by eternity's passage in

& mother-will carries on
 love broken in feeling has a belly

Inward I grow down and go inward far
 away on a great trouble
 down with questions asked myself
 questions all of myself / & life

coming on and passing always by
 knowing all the way back to unbreached silence
 this is the in time enchanted

Inward I grow she worships gods
 yet not from worship me / but for love

She kept her oven warm / he brought dough
 like all do she kneaded / and he kneaded
 & two halves were made into one

She kept her oven hot
 her table-spreading overturned question-answers
 rushed out out/ in time-form nonstop

Inward I grow she worships gods I hear
 I hear her talk with gods fear running through me
 feel her run warm of a goodness yet
 feeding me a feeling
 feeding a factory of

goodness
 yet god of the sun and moon
 & thunder god of war
 pray among the gods I hear
 ---better than I? than flesh?

where? am I?
 downworked out of godhood
 fear! out of wombhood

called child
 I am a share in a bosom

& I am a bare butt called boy

at a limbo
 no roads but time roads
 no roles' dignity to manhood

called man somehow soon
 cousin to the wet goat
 got to follow tides/ comes the tide
 got to work they say
 left out of virtue of meeting
 to too beautiful me

of sky and time I am beautiful
 I am / all with myself
 a doing off to yell it from mountaintop
 in an ecstasy of sound flung into spite
 flung at the gods
 who make matings
 they say matings are made sacred
 I am in a lion's roar
 the feeling of
 strength forever
 strong as dumb thunder
 in me I watch for Insubia walking
 to be with me
 I dream of love like the way she walks
 talks like my dream
 like Insubia I love like like Insubia
 to be me telling me how to
 But she turns me out like babies turn wet and worrisome
 I love her I must I love her I must
 carry on my mind in my heart
 carry pregnant my bowels hot
 in the chase
 a manhunt willed to woman
 a hero for Insubia
 a labor that she be love-born that misses/ and is
 and is still-born whole hot in my belly
 my bowels burn me up to run in the hills of pitch & sky
 from the danger of myself
 evils of my intrigues to sense satisfaction
 after when she needs me? after when I am hero-born
 brute virile
 until she breaks forth --
 my oven is a jungle
 I am a lost thing of it
 its warmth her womb for love
 my oven is the world
 I reach at sky
 I play with leaves / with
 blades of grass with depths
 I hear her warrior say
 I can run the day into hiding
 cache the lion's kill
 bull the elephant over
 I am life-filled time-present man-again strong
 gone
 desire interruptus
 non-ending I I am great with myself
 a no-loving feeling
 of somebody else in my limbs
 when I must die
 ache in my gourd
 & no breath / a dry bite
 with a body sex-odorous
 I am feeling numb with trying
 sick with taste
 of love / sweetened thirst
 hungered at eating I am waste

I am a scent working through to act/ I am nose mouth
 without
 I am thoughts bent on dying / first
 High sky skyward with the oxhorn hunt call
 desires approve death
 love's drought is this
 but a flood the jungle will to woman
 willing unwilling
 approve the jungle kill for man society
 the act to create power to break light
 between night and night sky-born
 And Insubia walks about in barefeet
 in the air of my hunger
 I am with again the self same will
 to know what Insubia is to love love is
 Now war has come over totem-will to kill the savage woo-er
 will of man to woman/ a weakness
 not by manpower won
 & the warlords' drums like the beat in my chest/ is wild
 off the council fire by the dancers' fire/ seats Insubia
 in maiden quiet de-virgined child/ beguiled
 they say/ & the tribal will-dance pounces on the dead man
 has wanted skill mid hum & drum & shrill of battle song
 pledging honor holy of totem will
 the humbled Insubia before the moon
 to write off in blood the will-set wronged
 And the tribal warriors fill the woods/ with the still
 of stalking silence teeth in every nerve
 fear paints my trail / man is a ghost disappointing love's touch
 disappearing in terror flight where
 love's face is danger
 the blood as a bowel's herb to the people
 as the gods steady the flow they say/ destiny gets done
 & all the world is running upon the goat
 here a terrible warrior hurls his death spear
 straight/ day's end comes dying night comes dead
 out the fierce heart hate comes
 out the fierce heart questioning eyes do not look
 out to the last of my time the heat scenes move together
 hatefully/ she is hate simplified/ into my emptiness
 I go down inward killed leaving outward part of me
 to die too poor to labor to be
 a killing over-love / from a far too brutal deed done
 I turn in in time behold! a fire on the moon's face
 I am burning down to nothing I am turning in/to fade out
 Death with a knife at my throat as mortals do
 with lies about my manhood Insubia has bound me deadly
 while she keeps the warrior's watch
 for the brave and young and strong
 bringing back the good big yearning
 toe to totem as was planned they say
 I look out turn would the jungle fall away
 become as time away by air
 give me breath I don't breathe
 low moon come to carry me
 let me go down-river moonlike and away from gods out
 the world away I go without

I will be my answer/ I will be king
in a highland of herds & have no quest
I will be a tempter of queens
while the fires at my door consume some mouse
& if I die without a roomer in my house I die
with the strength of ten night herdsman
for loneliness and sky
(1955, LEA)

Hold Your Face Up to the Stars

Hold your face up to the stars
and let the light silver in your eyes line the shadows
attitude full of air/ full & partly heavenward motion
hold up the night
carry its mood away to a house full of heaven texts
wisdom's institution closed
the study lights burn on down the night still
where any house folding up of clustered phobia
machining the walls love
hold up the house
in the night air-held whispers
walking the hollow social patterns dark undefined sidewalks
hear through the window of the heart's night
the weather of the world whispering within you
the score of night never rightly filtered for its faith
hold your face up to the stars & weathers afar
And I awake to response
for what is it love?
for what? at night is this you & stars are giving
this night place
I steer you to face the stars
and let the light silver in your hair hold up
until the long night is done
some one & a big sun coming

(1955, LEA)

THE MEAN & THE END OF THE MEANINGLESS

The music is stop-go/ chop-hoe/ slop-woe
beat-sleet/ multi-pleat/ hop-bop neat
duck walk/ muck-talk/ pigeon-toed/ truckload ---
The music, if music, is noise-toys boys' joys
in fact, like 10¢ bargain-counter-jerking,
it's 10¢ worth/less music --
this is a token's worth worldling
in fact, doesn't rhyme, doesn't sing
this doesn't mean a damn thing.
What? It's the spiritual establishment, eh?
The music is the mean & the end of the meaningless
come up & down its scales/ for change alone & no-sale
the knots its notes unchord/ a literature abroad
the time of its tone: now from forever present
this time/ no time learned alone by heart to resent
This is the mountain stream & falls
of the soul to spawn in the world's game-call --
to come/ the means and the end will sing
meanwhile, this commotion doesn't mean a damn thing.



Randal's Island is a smog...



but a fun place, I guess...

