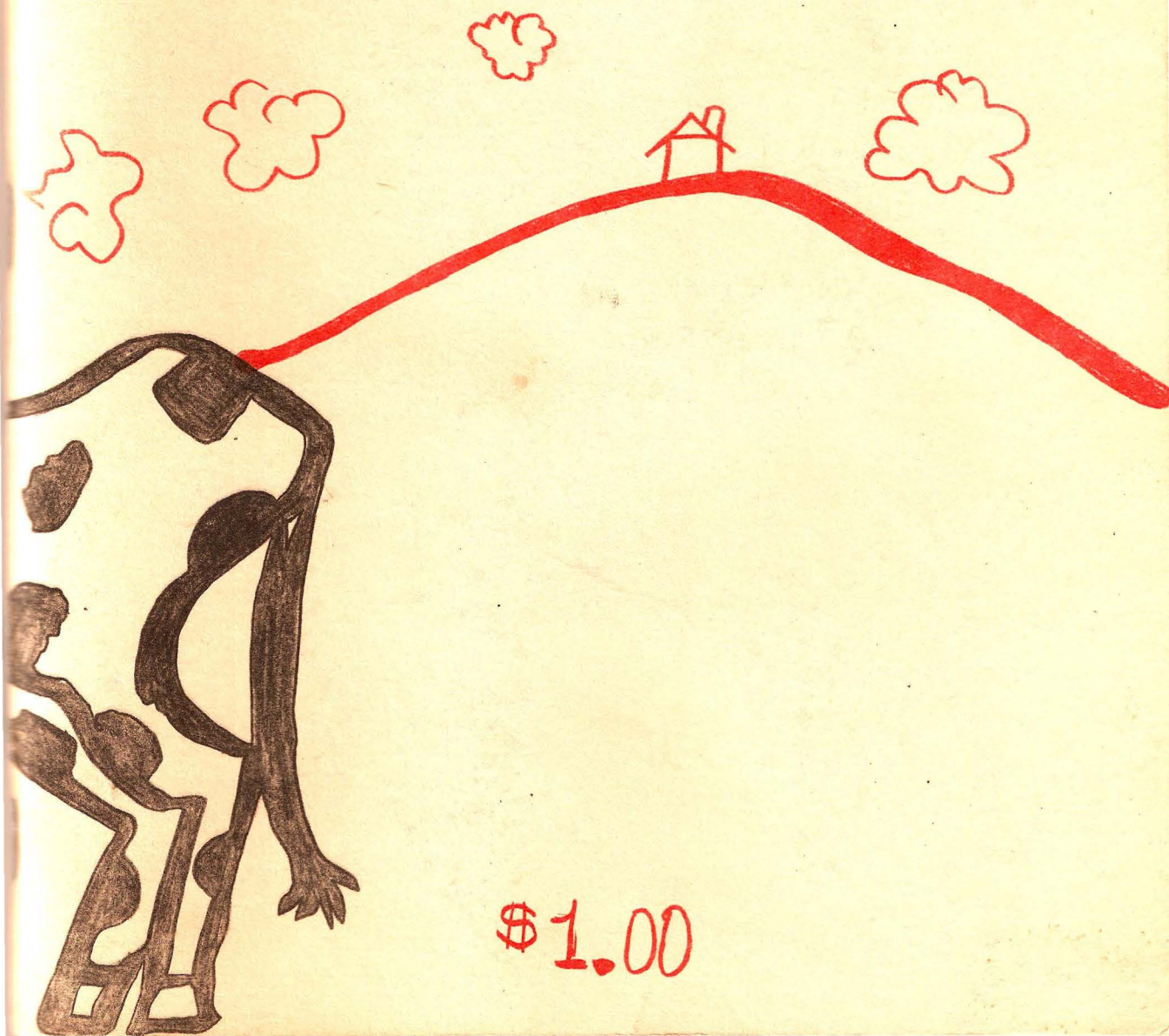


# #Two HILLS







HILLS

Number 2

ANSELM HOLLO

DEBORAH KOHLOSS

BOB PERELMAN

MICHAEL WALTUCH

JOSEPHINE CLARE

STEVE BENSON

JOHN ALTER

BOB GRENIER

Cover by FRANCIE SHAW





ANSELM HOLLO

it is possible to state the case for pigeons  
as sensibly-behaving organisms  
& against poets  
as schizophrenic humanoids

poets emit verbal responses  
i.e., write verses  
that produce few pellets of food  
& even fewer food surrogates  
such as money or fame

thus b.f. skinner has said  
without meaning offense, he said  
that poets are not  
sensible

oh, mama window

---

today, you look so neat & bright, today

seurat, old saxophone joe, seurat

the air of rhyming: verse & reverse

forever

the poem is fucking

warm spores

old saxophone joe is a pipe

monsieur seurat is a painter

well represented in chicago

mother's always remarkable

the dead deer appears manufactured

where are my scissors, he shouts

buttermilk, one of life's great pleasures

the smile in the voice

the smile in the voice produced by the body

a simple rhythm, & gaps

the way we appear with

maximal polynesian clarity



classroom

---

seas of tranquility they sort of nod

when you look at them as if to say

in a little while it won't exist

not even on postcards

attending to certain  
forms of insistence  
lovers become those forms  
& enter the core time  
in which the tribe is permitted  
to muddle on



sometimes the lady anima sleeps.  
sometimes she is half awake, & aware of her perceptions  
but devoid of generalities in thought.

then there are times when she is vividly absorbed  
within a small region of abstract thought  
while oblivious to the world around.

or she is attending to her emotions,  
to some torrent of passion!  
to them, & to nothing else.

or she turns morbidly discursive  
in the entire width of  
her attention.

but then again she sinks back  
into temporary obliviousness,  
sleeping or stunned.

sometimes she can remember factors experienced  
in her immediate past  
which at the time she failed to notice.

when the lady anima surveys the chequered history  
of her capacity for knowledge  
does common sense allow her to believe

that only the operations of judgment,  
operations which require definition  
in terms of conscious apprehensions

are those operations  
which are foundational  
in existence

either as an essential attribute  
for an actual entity  
or as the final culmination

whereby unity of experience  
is attained?  
hell, no.

one leg shorter  
she walked into me early



the soul is not a little man  
operating in the heart or head  
all right but who is that little guy

DEBORAH KOHLOSS

- Having left you in grey  
You'll be astonished to know it's sunny  
Here and sumptuous  
Because there's so much spare time  
I have to grapple with the natives  
More than occasionally  
They want me to be  
And I'm not  
Decaying to the point of being unable  
The discipline is good though  
This constant assertion of boundaries  
Doesn't fill me up as much as it keeps  
Hunger constantly alive in me  
Provides elbow room if you're an optimist  
Immediately exposes any sluggishness on my part  
Though I've grown fond of the natives  
Our conversations center around trade  
The exchange of identity  
For a larger and more momentary one  
I can't believe I'm here  
Is hard to cope with when we have to bring our own  
More personal articles to the market place  
Life is very intense though  
The gnashing of teeth is reserved  
Loose thinkers relegated to the tourist office  
One day out of each month is set aside for  
Throwing stones at those who go native though  
Afterwards they are fed  
Having remained untainted by the more  
Cosmopolitan ideas of brutality



## Introduction of the Potato

### Part I

The history of the potato affords a strong illustration of the influence of authority. For more than two centuries the use of this invaluable plant was vehemently opposed; at last, Louis XV wore a bouquet of its flowers in the midst of his courtiers, and the consumption of the root became universal in France.

### Part II

In the eighteenth and on into the nineteenth century, French social moeurs were strictly defined. A typical expression of that time was: Il y a des femmes que l'on ne voit que chez elles. This meant: Loose women should be kept in the closet. It wasn't until Madame de Stael, a noted libertine, started wearing the potato flower in the collar of her dress, that tradition began to admit to the range of its appetite. France grew to recognize the value of the potato as an important staple crop.

## The Will of Andre Breton

When books are trapped  
in the snow  
they could be camelias  
or bald headed men  
collected predicaments  
magnificent translations  
a shape  
something to remember  
and relearn

When music is siphoned  
through a weather vane  
water will freeze  
on the strings of the violin  
The ice age will sound  
silently

A time will come  
when the books fly open  
everyone will know  
mysticism is simply  
an extension of  
sensuality

The man who never left  
devoured harmony  
after harmony hiccups  
rose like pearls  
from his oyster belly

When everyone understands  
what everyone else is saying  
that is not everyone  
understanding  
everyone else but  
everyone understanding

After Gertrude After Bob Tomaz Maruska After Francie

who they are to me  
what you are  
and whether i feel  
will feel go on feeling  
without knowing after you  
are gone i am sad very sad  
at your going.  
these are not old nouns or new nouns shedding  
but no nouns unknowing nouns  
going and am i recreating  
the unknowing the going of them  
you leaving by saying how sad  
i am not showing even what  
this sadness is because not knowing  
not able to know nouns going.  
displacing what i am recalling  
what is often names coming and gone  
these names longing in me  
the going come the retelling  
is left is longing

## Flat Description

I love you has been said before by somebody else.

Someone else could be me or it could be someone else.

I can speak in my own language without having my own voice.

The human animal recognizes her cry as her own and not her.

This is community.

How rooms are occupied and what is left afterwards  
is a proper subject for the imagination.

No one will ever know, first hand,

if the scent spread by the lovers remains in the room  
after they have walked away. Guessing is easy  
but not knowing. We can't be where we aren't.

My thoughts of you do not produce you. I think they do.

How much of my own voice is my own imagination.

How much do I want to love you. How much do I.

Wanting and being I take imagination for my own.

Is that community.

The walls of a building divide in and out. Popular faith  
keeps them standing. The way I gaze across the room alone  
is not the way I look at you. Thoughts generated  
in the room alone are given over. Sheets, the air itself,  
can be exchanged. How I am remains in the room.

The infant's first realization takes place in the room alone.

Popular faith sometimes replaces the experience.

As a child I may or may not have wondered

if I cried in my own voice. Now I do.

Is thought aroused from a center in me, a heated winze  
slowly dispersing the shrapnel.

Do I think because I am alone, without you now.

I am not alone. There is thought of you.

I think because I am half in and half out.

Reptiles are the greatest thinkers. Schopenhauer was a crocodile.

Out in the fields the women carry octopi.

They strangle on each syllable.

I want to be very quiet and talk on and on.



BOB PERELMAN

only

one

in

the

whole

world

my

mother

byebye

biology

HIS

The shape of his  
head is not the shape  
of the world. It satisfies itself  
there.

Have some grapes. Two  
breasts. Breathing behind them. Ships  
just back out. He makes  
the round in his head.

## YOUNGSTOWN

When I was the world it lay heavily on my sight as dew on curving blade of grass curved human idea of forcing size to yield vigorous motion and sophisticated if you sit down at the piano sounds without the rigor of laborious translation from ear to finger finger will be stodgy nodule where the sun won't come in for a landing being the metaphorical infant it is all air time. Want to be green upon yellow ladder to the end of stem capture it young and old consumer heart consumed with permanent experience fire out beyond the skin felt as life within free to pass.

When I lived in youngstown I had a coat that weighed three thousand pounds with many glances to tell me how to ask not to know how to do it at one gulp of possibly burning intuition plus the needs drawing a bead on my head headline would read surrender at forked pass unless I took off that coat and shivered abandoning the six tasks I you she you we they tiny and easy like brushing away a fly flying away with your capital of warmth old man.

When to the sound of mind I bring these words scattering them ahead of me in exact statement bingo! then attitudes jar and what else do you have except an attitude to shine said the anthropocentric sun sing said the line of song say these things and see where they put me get me revealed the crooked cries of bingo the large task.

A JOB

Dear sirs,

I have taken the veil,  
and am looking for grief.

*tears*  
tears



### THE HISTORY OF ART

This suave beam, invisible to live antlers,  
eats the standard suffixes and prefixes, gnawing  
scruffy appendages into such beautified works that  
a high polished shoe fixes the syrups of attention  
and makes

nothing again. And a flower opens, thoughts  
of nature are colorful. Terrified, here sheep sheep,  
sugar in my palm. Just my palm.  
Draw. Dance. Get out of town.

## FOLDS

as far as I can tell  
our forms are similar  
The genitalS  
folded in the right places  
in for you, out for me, folded  
once around and a person  
Big I dogs me for your eyes  
holds and cuddles me  
everyone's clutches  
me is object and hence out there  
you are where when ever  
just a collection of contained person  
anatomically speaking  
a free loosening because of the original fold  
flexible graceful intuition in the genitals  
THE genitals  
I am a perfect gentleman  
am or are, I guess  
loosing the original

a little mania. fun. ok, sure. swell in fact. none  
of his business.  
the prick

he sets his watch and looks on

I am broken

I dies its death

variables

with our little attachments

easily folded for good, loosed and free

free of me

who are you going to do what

I'm right right here

home to the fold

how near

as far as I can see

the nearest nothing to slip on

dear blossom my eye



JOSEPHINE CLARE

april 26, 73

do you think it's the vulcans? who get a mating urge once every seven years make the results presentable by sheer humbug? was it mr. cole-ridge "thinking & talking as one pleases" is not a natural right but a common necessity? thank you very much for pointing out wealth illth mr. ruskin. all together now: recreation? de-creation! recreation? de-creation! i'd hate to be a cow. all those flies & no hands to shoo them off. i remember my son saying this walking through a meadow on a fine summer's day.

deus absconditus

who depopulated the heavens  
who ripped out the hearts of men & women

is that my soul  
looking in through the window

or  
your overburdened cock

in the morning  
i recognize the tracks in the snow  
as those of the refugee gods

roped together & blindfolded  
who's sobbing  
who threw out hearts to the wind

do you like coffee  
do you take milk  
who diluted my life

february 7, 73

"god is my co-pilot" reads the bumpersticker. my hand over heart starts trembling. mitzie my dog has been in heat two weeks. packs of dogs milling around the house. this afternoon an enormous bloodhound pushed his way into my living room determined to stay. i am close to a nervous breakdown. tomaz drops in beaming: "did you notice all those dogs all that magic in the air?" yes tomaz dear. but i am determined to lead a normal life. the question is to build a parking ramp or not. do you know i now have a fond relationship with my ford? come on up from here you can see three days ahead. i notice in the morning he wakes up so much faster to classical music. try to communicate with the power in the engine. don juan says so. white cat white cat will you be king arthur? so much luxurious waste. yes this is my compost heap yes it does smell & yes you are my heart's delight.

MICHAEL WALTUCH

SOME PROSE

That conversation was difficult and correspondence virtually ceased was what I was thinking about. The other deliveries, however, kept on, being no more than a reflection of the average working week plus one other day, and then a fearsome telegram or special delivery letter thrown in, as a reminder that the entire process never really stopped; that actually someone was always bringing or carrying a letter at all times, even getting one or several or writing one or getting a reply to one sent that made a special place available to the reader, one that she could never really know of, despite a brochure and tour information material about the locale of the letter's origin, where walking down a crowded street one saw an entirely "new" face, or bought an unthinkable extravagant present or souvenir for the ones "back home". These holiday remembrances were not what such a letter would contain. No, not the vague sensation that comes with a remembered smell or the certain way a stranger's hair is parted; rather, a specific, even painful, jolt to the feeling that the place was quantifiable, a neat bank job, surgical gloves and masks. And so, I was thinking the conversations that occurred, always so casually, even to the point of casuistry, would require an obvious effort, getting through the Sunday Times, say, front page to Garden section or however the boys on the corner were collating them. Our subscription run out, we resorted to the quick postcard, with its cheery, quixotic rhetoric spilling over to the right-hand half or third, so that gradually there was never enough room for the address itself, so the correspondence became what was most feared for it, the victim of its own vitality.

This is really more easily understood if what was going on before: the other encounters, the earlier conversations, the hushed-up exchange of greetings across town via what was available then, when no pneumatique could be imagined, a messenger, in whom the greatest of possible natural abilities for one of his station was to be found: the ability to remain totally discrete as to his comings and goings, a kind of love, therefore, or tongue-tied simplicity, which, through the happiest fate, spoke most to his employers, is realized. A little ways off the messenger confided to us that "it was a question as well of a change of habits" that secured his reputation. He had to "learn to recognize new faces in new surroundings, other ways of talking and of lying." "And that," he said, "that's what moving about, travelling, is; it's this inexorable glimpse of existence as it really is during those few lucid hours, so exceptional in the span of human time, when you are leaving the customs



of the last country behind you and the other new ones have not yet got their hold on you." It was not the end of thought which he sought but the process itself by which that thought was discovered. His employers had wanted to bask in the light of the revealed dogma and we, enjoying some rustic table wine with him in the far reaches of the estate, wanted to understand the ordeal of discovery itself.

There were the trees and how one felt for them, a remembering of a mythic unity when subject and object were one, not a question of fetishism or a worship of them in themselves or for their own sake or how they tried to overcome the split in them by a languorous identification with them. What is most clear is the trees. Plain and simple. Or "neat" as some of the braver ones on the verandah wanted theirs. And so the afternoon went its way, always creating new twists and turns for the drinkers to notice amusedly, not noticing that even before the gathering, the representational status of what they were to do had long ago been established. And, for example, "Who has seen the wind?" became not only a heated discussion of naturalism, with all the cries of endurance! outrage! "None of them knew the colour of the sky"! etc. The temptation in all this was to try a banishment of that outer reference, but no matter how literal, there was always an abstraction. They found that working with language, say, and gradually they found they were always working with it, they described what they were doing: sleeping, going to the museum, scrubbing the deck, watching with one hand raised the possibility of an upset at the track, yet this description, on their tremulous consideration of the fact, was in effect not what they had thought to describe at all, but instead, concerned the vehicle of their description, the language. And there were even those who opined that if thought could set them free, then it most certainly could divert them, and they were never more to be seen in the gaming rooms, but would, after an acceptable attention to the social graces, retire to their studies, where they were rumored to spend hours upon end, cocking their heads first one way, then another, admitting a brief chuckle to bounce up against the echo their mumbled language games released. Meanwhile, nothing new was created except form. Matter was conserved, thought, referential. There were those who wrote in a letter, letters were still written, "We have come out of resonant anxiety empty-handed, yet with two hands linked to a torso supporting one head full of ideas for improving the world through filial deference to the senses . . . . Our mind we let out to contemporary pastures hoping love will leap out soon and devour it. Meanwhile it fattens on the wisdom of the past (which is wiser than we are, you know - - that is its duty)



apart from the wisdom of hearts and flowers and the wisdom of machine guns which we confess to be very formidable wisdoms in their way, but please be off with them immediately! For nothing is wiser than the body when it puts itself on and goes out." That they had spent some time in the study with the chucklers became readily apparent on seeing them retreat. And they were admired, the way baseball players, stock car wizards, water ski dare-devils, et. al. are admired, for they shared with these the risk, the going for broke, the sheer nerve, second wind, what have you, that made forward movement possible; growth, one might even have submitted. But the nagging problem did remain in their mind's back. Was it all a kind of valueless energy, or ethically speaking, amoral energy? It was the old light bulb paradigm, the wet-behind-the-ears-gang and a few geezers sadly admitted. To turn off the lights, one opened the circuit instead of the linguistic plodding about that understands closing the circuit to mean "off". And so how to sleep? For them, closing the circle would be the way to lose consciousness, but how to overcome the glaring lights which would grow even brighter, more annoying, as response to obvious flaunting of the system. But meaning was somehow connected with what seemed to be its antithesis, the absence of visible and audible form. This dichotomy between profundity and silence or meaning and blankness, of course, was not particularly illuminating in itself; it was a stock device among them for quite some time. Keeping the circuit or circle open would close off the possibility of neatly defining the way new opportunities might have arisen, a sort of self-evolving circle, and this was dependent on the force or truth of the individual soul. So a balance was sought for, a call went out to all to reconcile these forces, as they called them. And a premium was placed on suggestion, in lieu of naming the actual solution, because in the end, it was the more valuable commodity, it meant mystery. (. . . hot ice and wondrous strange snow)

Later, there came a time when everyone was conscious that, though they all moved in the same circle, with the same facility of what some, self-pleased to a dangerous degree, called "making-do", they wore different clothing, albeit they were consonant with the "cut" of the day, and this was a means of carrying one's own illusion "around". This then was style. And that was about all that was definite; there was nothing on which they could solidly base their existence in that world of infinite possibility that at the same time is infinite repetition, infinite boredom, which is in the end the most dreadful predicament, with the price of glass and all.

I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because

it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

. . . They have their illusions to sustain them, even though these are full of holes and sometimes don't prevent their possessors from feeling the chilly drafts of doubt, while we can be brought to doubt that any of this, which we know in our heart of hearts to be a real thing, an event of the highest spiritual magnitude, ever happened.

These were what I was thinking about, the conversation and these and so it was one room leading into another with all the pretense of molding and so long as there were such difficulties, it must have meant something. . .

And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.  
Such tricks hath strong imagination,  
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,  
It comprehends the bringer of that joy;  
Or in the night, imagining some fear,  
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

\*

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## Notes

The following helped or offered valuable suggestions:

William Shakespeare, Midsummer's Night Dream.

Louis-Ferdinand Celine, Journey to the End of Night.

Mircea Eliade, The Two and the One.

John Ashbery, Three Poems.

Stephen Crane, The Open Boat.

Peter Schjeldahl, An Adventure of the Thought Police.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, Circles.



STEVE BENSON

TRIAL RUN

I swing up the highway towards Accotane,  
where a new brand of gas is to be named today.  
The birds singing outside my window can't keep up  
with the sound of a cassette in the darkened hallway.  
Stars crash down against my windshield  
at the rate of one per minute; many I don't see.  
The head is splitting but I'm amnesiac;  
each morning finds me in a different bed,  
the same room, sheets a little duller brown.  
The compulsion to meet my fate by collision  
with a silver screen drives me on, selective  
and uncertain, judging the curvature of the earth each moment  
for a clue to the incidence of grit in my cornea.  
A companion, more sensitive to the guttering drain  
thrashing her heart against her rib cage than I can ever be,  
jerks her head around like the tuning knob of the radio  
to keep me awake. I read the most discerning show business  
magazines like some people look through telephone books,  
as an index to my status and identity in the community.  
The huge ditch suddenly swerves into the middle of the road  
and the brakes fail gloriously. We slap, chop, breeze  
and hustle through to a lengthy marsh.  
The inertia of illusion is more furious than a wheel:  
I feel no need to be tied down.

## DRIVE IN

Shapes of times quaver and mutually reflect,  
lightening the transcendium  
with sparks of gay and minuscule emphasis.

The lone hitch-hiker stands out and plucks up a number  
everyone knows, and collides in the atmosphere  
about him. Unstaggered but still moving,  
his generator throbs one, two more times.  
He's a perfect replication of the primal source,  
more potent and triangular than the campus  
that betrayed him and on which he was based.

I try to indulge every passion, even that,  
half-guilty and overwhelming, for a fat  
hamburger, onions and a shake. Meanwhile  
the restaurant gleams and dips out of view.  
I ask you for it to go, please, and you look  
like someone fearful of infection, as though  
incapable of grasping the warm view  
you join in this place.

After guessing the age of the usher who calls  
intermission, you return to your neighbor  
who's been chewing on the rear of your seat  
and wade up the lights  
where your breath is filming in front of you.  
His muscles are hard as Platonic forms,  
his Adam's apple ruddy in the twilight gleam  
that tightens as the stars' names come on the screen.  
Outside water is cheap and uninspiring  
until some fascist pokes your head in it  
and won't let go.

Gunfighters pass like little girls around the corner  
to buy ice cream. The pharmacist wears magnificent lenses  
and gets lost in the street, listening to their thunder  
as they irresponsibly destroy his front windows.  
Soon his cerebellum is unravelled in the children's hands  
and my belt buckle comes undone again.



Your gaze has been electrified, you feel in touch  
with the music that has blended you into  
a semi-sour cream, tenderly melting  
into the cushion and trickling among the wrappers  
on the floor. You can't help noticing  
you've become a thing of gerunds finally.  
Your dreams embody you in the wrangling order,  
while your horoscope looks on impassively.  
I have taken over. But never ask,  
whatever it is you were just about to ask.

JOHN ALTER

FRIENDSHIP

face to  
face, 2 televisions across, cluttered  
our table, switch  
                    channels  
midstream  
afternoon nap, repeats  
            on one knee  
or two, the ashes  
last year leaves over / under-  
                    stand  
a need rises  
from the flat ground. triangle,  
                    who beats,  
            naked, waist-high, among  
                    wish?  
hollow, her back  
we tread, rolling logs down  
                    stream  
            thighs--  
your landscape, that  
            first  
            stroke, driving in, sharp  
say, blue / a spike  
sun bending its back, &  
            black/brown,  
clouds drive. . . . your place,  
its clockwork,  
muscles, the gate,  
            back door  
weeds-- what is  
            observed?              a clumsy last  
                    flower  
last year, in haste  
recovers-- remind you-- a haunted  
                    afternoon  
            appetite, weeds make  
                    gain--  
holds fast

floor boards-- still,  
    some leak, loss, there  
far corner  
where, still sleeping, the  
    naked man  
rolls over / shadows  
    embrace / after  
        long voyage-- ask him  
what news  
gain, profit-- the world  
    shrinks: loss of  
        detail,  
    particulars-- two television sets  
across,  
cluttered, a diningroom table, switch  
    channels,  
        midstream..... colors  
hold fast  
down the line, your needs  
require--  
    is it  
    a cage, you build /  
        curious fashion?

2

the violin we  
cannot play drifts loose. clouds  
    infect, mind  
    lungs, word, throat.      --of color,  
                                fragrant,  
the nails drive tight,  
    fast, spinning  
        the top, lilacs  
anger. walk  
from the house--      is it  
                        right we  
                        turn?  
song.....      a shrill sap--  
    okay,  
    gets closer, more  
        "naked", to

the well, bucket--  
 send us  
 a letter signed, "yrs/  
     in the flesh" fresh  
     from the oven,  
     cold water,  
 glacial--      &, maybe, some cash  
     we live,  
     a little lean, obscure  
 by comparison--  
                     overpowering,  
     a few more things:  
     brute force,  
         laziness--      you remember  
                             how, in the old house  
                             cupboards, silver  
 your mother, kept clean?  
 hand towels--  
                     for  
             eagles / apes? quite  
             a circus we  
             could,  
                 tomorrow  
             make up of      anger,  
     its  
     languid ghost      get me ?  
 and you wore muddy boots  
 in from playing      what?,      baseball  
                             pony-  
                     express,  
     the maps,  
     do you remember?  
         an afternoon, its  
         gates,  
         the long peril      --tramp,  
 hanging around  
 kitchens--  
             get close  
             hot  
             (expecting guests). ah,

who listens?

deliver,  
for once,  
the goods

3

overhead, no roof  
words cant / give dates, hour--gather  
information--

underfoot, no way,  
work like a horse, plod,  
pluck common weeds,

arrange-- humor,  
details like low, close  
issuing. forgotten doors--

explore  
first, what is, in your case  
the soil, bed-  
rock, where

cold,  
the rivers take  
source,

prow--

your voyage--

the water-  
fall!



## 44

6 icecream	7.50
stamps	9.50
chicken	7.50
orange juice, 2	4
coloring book	4.50
crayons	1
potatoes	2.65
vegetables	8
cream	3.65
yoghurt	2
chocolate	2
tobacco	3.65
sugar	5
pancake mix	3.50
cake mix	3.50
notebooks	5
cheese	5
anti-mosquito lotion	3

--rough calculations

3

passes his big hand across

the sky, laugh

is the sun, it is,

summer

his blood, enough,

drives in,

a luxury,

a need

clown dancing

where her dreams, swift,

bind

us, well a little

loose knots

--"whats she got?

"

routine,

sons

drive fast cars where, once

a tandem bicycle

"dont--

you mean,

magic, puzzles, like

"whats she got"--  
summer spits  
twice, clearing the sky  
out  
of customary blue, eagles-- sufficed,  
behind  
the barn,  
love (pitchfork, handle-  
deep  
in manure, he muses) un-  
does  
his stark (birds  
live, somehow, with us, cows  
hanging their  
wet eyes out)  
information--  
night picks up  
her sponges, mop, delicate  
tools,  
her wedding dress, the same  
last year  
as this washes  
our words out "I dont". nobody  
asked,  
knocked twice  
on the stubborn & abstract dilemma,  
his doors, window,  
that locked  
cupboard in which, last year this time, he hid his only visible  
emotions. does it get more clear? if you, after a winter spent,  
somewhat together, begin to emerge on what you thought was  
a deep, if tangled, season of regret & condolences--  
hell,  
hell, hell--  
the radio,  
the clock, twilight,  
her accomplishment-- is it  
a race?  
challenges,  
two flies fucking, you got to be  
wise for, cunning?

change  
motors, change/gears. kill,  
slaughter--

words,  
words, words--  
from one old car  
to the next.....

weekend traffic,  
heavy to, heavy to, this is,  
this, your, this is, this is, wind up,  
wind up, your brother, this is,,,,,

sponge,  
throw in, sponge, throw in  
the bulls,  
throw in, the.

derives from  
a time when you  
& full stop--

what is  
the pressure required?

her knots,  
belly,  
her wrists, who cares,  
yawn

for  
love any, love any  
it's okay, it's  
just fine, it's "dialect"

--breaks down. he discovers,

too late,  
what winter hordes,

fire, logs  
crouching together,  
seed. spring,  
ah, a lovely lady.....

BOB GRENIER

a port to a green



weren't there

conversations

sundown qualifies

speech as mere

excitement

sage  
brush  
sans  
fuss

AMY

if you ever know your neighbor

you ever know your pal

if you never navigated

on the Erie Canal

they are naturally hostile to getting picked off



lungs  
felt  
nicely  
mitred

the thugs

SWEET

expect accept object

two trees

responsibility licks



there is a lot of storms

there are a lot of storms

AMY

you had me  
you had me

all over by the wind

later

AMY

look out  
a bridge  
water



this isn't 'The Squirrel'

this is 'Morningside Lodge'

all the beauties

of the swing

tree is so hazy

I'm Ronald McDonald

and it's a seaside town

AMY

no we  
both do  
different  
songs together



that was  
awful  
no more  
attachment

sphinxes

so what

she can tell me that she

can tell me that

she can tell me that she

can tell me that

she can tell me that she

can tell me that

she can tell me that she

can tell me that

she can tell me that she

can tell me that

he can make some cars

sink and some cars rise

that islet you go



The poems beginning "it is possible to state" and "sometimes the lady anima" first appeared in *SPRING CLEANING GREENS*, a pamphlet of Anselm Hollo's work published by Ray DiPalma.

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Manuscripts are welcome, accompanied by SSAE's. Send them to Bob Perelman, editor, 60 Kinnaird Cambridge, Mass 02139





