

**ROOF: an
anthology of
poetry from
the Naropa I
nstitute, Bou
lder, Colorad
o, summer
of 1976. \$2.00**

ROOF

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edited by Tom Savage and James Sherry

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PREFACE

Roof brings together many of the poets and students who worked at Naropa Institute's Kerouac School in the summer of 1976. Founded in '74 by Anne Waldman, Allen Ginsberg and Chogyam Trungpa, Rinpoche, the Kerouac School provides a meeting place for several generations of American poets. Too much fine work was written and unveiled this summer to publish in one or two journals, so a process of selection has been part of making public each poet's work. Our collection presents the authors in more or less the order they presented themselves to the Naropa community.

TS/JS

A SONG FOR CHANGING

The cry indicates the cry.
 All change. The child is fearless.
 Then he learns to lie.
 The crown rock parts the water.
 Inside the first smile.

The still unbroken again
 Can't run away. The blood
 Is somewhere. The tongue
 Dribbles the milk out of the mouth.
 The child is fearless.

A FANTASY PIECE FOR HELEN ADAM

The pyramids throbbing to the purr of the Sphinx—
 her claws digging in, her luxurious gaze
 fixt on the quivering horizon land
 that lies enthrall'd in her thought as in a heat
 where the great Sun by Day
 burns with the fury of a lion's head,
 and palls of Night smouldering
 surround the Advent of the Lion—
 She broods beyond history upon a plan.

“There was a great emptiness where first I came.
 It was like the body of a lion with a woman's breast and face.
 It was like a woman's smile that penetrates and shakes
 Paradise until a fearful expectation uncoils Itself
 and speaks from the center of that Place.”

She watches with a murderous patience for the emergence of Man.
 She kneads the sands with her paws
 until from their dreaming depths
 secret currents of power arise
 stirring her fur with an electric wave,
 charging and recharging the glare of her eyes,
 all Egypt becoming a country of her hair
 invaded by moonlight.

“Long before that great Architect and engineer,
 enslaving the multitudes, piled up in stone
 his dream of my Image
 I was here.

He but erected me where I was.

Mine the lust for my own body in stone.
 Mine the ancient lust for the enslavement of Man.
 Mine the whips and the insurmountable way.
 Mine the weights under which the builders groan.
 Mine the force. Mine the sway.”

From the heart of black Africa
 the Nile pours forth
 to lie at her feet, supine, spreading,
 hypnotized.

TEMPERANCE

Fate
 Become
 Me. Well.

Time is my wake:
 Insinuated stirrings.
 Fanning loss,
 In sloughed-off air.

Here
 I leave
 Myself. Behind,

My effects rattle in a void:
 My ears cannot return
 To the sounds
 Of small disintegrations.

Faith
 Keep me
 Strong. In acquiescence

Wholly will I make myself a story:
 When I die my eyes
 Will roll back in my head
 Like thrown dice.

AFTER CHRISTENING

Martinis for vespers.
 Perhaps I said: murmur, &
 Clarity, a thing innate in mirrors,
 Hinted
 From the still waters
 Of my coming delirium/

Was I listing

To meet myself? Dulled reminders
 (A shock of hair “in the drink”)
 Well composed within the crystal's focal rim,
 Buzzed round with peripheral falling light, ha-
 Lo! I knew myself
 To be

The transcendental “transparent eye”,
 A saint, & photogenic.

A SONG FOR ORIGINS

The cry subsumes the cry,
 All coincides. The child is faceless,
 Then he learns to lie.
 The thrown rock parts the water.
 Smile the first smile.

The still, unbroken stream
 Can't turn the eye. This flood
 Is simultaneous, foregone,
 Until some single cell deserts the blood.
 The child is faithless,

Then he learns to die.
A wrecking wave revives me, & I
Elope where the ocean has never been.
I am the truant's laughter, the sin
Inciting continual origin.

LAMENT

Because I could not see what she saw
I invented the burning city that gives no heat,
I planted the pillar of salt that is no resource,
& now, as their shadows wave at my feet,
I imagine the horrified look she gave
& salvage her look that has turned from me.
I almost forget the pillar, the unfinished temple,
My marriage to impossibility. I keep finding
The face that abandons me: still turning,
Too violent & rapid to feel
Like colors that blend on a spinning wheel
Whose motion I neither inspire nor postpone;
I want to wear her, to wear her out,
But my face is no more expressive than stone.
Though it shatters me, I must break within
Where she stares beneath my forehead's drawn skin,
Toward the mended vision reversed past my eyes,
Toward a law I cannot recognize,
To the haven where I am accused & disowned,
Where the wheel is stopped & I break apart
Into colors that I have never known.

INTRUSIONS

I.
Place: settings
& what I will affixed
Just there, behind my eyes,
Stock
Twin-barrelled imaginings
As fluted bullets
Sing the air in torrid revolutions
To lodge
(in the hindsight)
A transited deer,
Deep in my aims,
Sparkling this tableau
Of redshirted weather
& a faint
bloodless
skyletting/

To breathe: I can motive,
At least there is air to battle!,
& recoil.

Somewhere between our faces
"An expression of perfect peace".

II.
Eternal parallels
Of rigored legs
Fork a pallid air
Stranded with rain,
O ersatz goalposts/

The end of the season.

George Franklin

TUNE FOR MID-NIGHT BELLS.

Clang kirk bells o' Scotland
For rash vows between
The fierce Earl o' Bothwell
And Mary, his Queen.
Rash vows binding lovers
Baith reckless and bold,
While the wraith o' Lard Darnley
Stirs under the mould.

The fair Queen o' Scotland
Tae lust she mun yield,
Since the Deil lit the fire-works
At Kirk o' the Field.
Cry Murder! Cry Murder!
She sees every place
The wraith o' Lord Darnley
Wi' the pox on his face.

"Oh! Darnley, my husband,
Forgive me I crave.
If the murdered forgive
Whaur they rot in the grave.
I wish, in the darkness
I lay by your side.
For in a' my lost kingdom
I've nowhere tae hide."

Tae her grim lover Bothwell
She runs in a fright.
Like iron his arms
In the ghoul haunted night.
"Lie easy, lie easy,
My Queen, and my whore,
Though the wraith o' Lord Darnley
Lifts the latch on our door."

"Oh! fuck me, James Bothwell!
Oh! fuck me, and tell
That you'll love your poor Mary
In the bon-fires o' Hell."
"Whaur flame lous forever
Alane ye mun smart.
The Queen is my doxie,
But my wife has my heart."

Clang bells tolling slow
For the end o' that tale.
A crown in the dust,
And a winged pirate sail.
The star o' royal Mary
Sunk dark, and aghast,
In the bed o' James Bothwell,
That burns in the past.

Hush, kirk bells o' Scotland
Sae harsh tongued and sad.
Now Beauty's be-headed,
And Bothwell died mad,
Chained down in a dungeon
In Denmark's dreich land;
That once had the tall Queen
Like a hawk tae his hand.

Helen Adam

Imagined green but it's brown
Far flung, foot-loose, lapdog town
Like one drunk in an airport
Waiting for the bus.
There is no emergency in the prolific
Just as this water held
Over a constant but low heat
Does not boil.

How can I talk to you
If I do not know who you are?
Or, how is it then
That you seem to speak
So easily to me?

By wind; wind blown
Resolving to pay no attention
To that which had before,
Like thoughts which refuse to become
What we want them to be,
Which follow their own course.

If all the saints were to circle
Slowly around the sun,
Would the sky be any brighter,
Could he see what he had found?

Those mountains are not
As close as they look.
They are several miles away.
And you are not here beside me
As I thought you were
As I awoke.

ALRIGHT STUDENTS NOW IS THE TIME

To write a love poem to the balcony.
O kiwi fruit you are delicious!
But somewhat complicated
Though not the least bit haughty!
Standing out here eating you,
I am reminded of the young boy
Who had studied most of the major dance techniques,
Ballet, hatha yoga, and t'ai chi ch'uan
Before he knew how to read!
What a smart ass.
On the other hand,
Thelma thought to herself,
I wouldn't be caught faulting his feet either!
Though none of us ever felt comfortable
With that grotesque expression
Appearing on his face.

Who, three years ago, would have thought
That we still don't know who Thelma is,
Except for what we can gather
From the birth certificate in Sandusky, Ohio?
I for one would have found it
A tasteless joke to look upon.
But suspended there staring, we did
And none of you now alive remember it.

I come to you from the dead,
Where I have been having a pretty good time,
Considering the unique nature of my earthly demise
Through excess of hyperbole.
Today they announced that Thelma
Would be joining us soon.
I cannot contain my excitement!
Though Sandusky, I dare say, is grieving.

APHTHOUS - STOMATITIS

I should have taken that magenta
Sky when they showed it to me,
But inexplicably, I spent the money
On some unspecified shellfish instead.
How clearly it seems to me now
I should never have bought those shellfish.
They have been a perpetual trouble for me,

And for others, too, it would appear that
"Last year some three million passengers
On the nation's domestic airlines
Were left up in the air
After their planes landed.
Perhaps the most amazing fact
About that statistic is that
It represents progress.
What no figures can reflect, however, is the cloud
Of anxiety that hovers over all travelers."

This is a strange country you have brought me
To, I must confess.
Not like the one I came from that had fleas
And plants and other interesting things.

Outside the window mineral rainbows
Imitate speech beside the apple castle
Our Prince lives in, while we,
I and those others, walk the streets.
Between the smoke and some arduous pretext
In the background the livid midday blaze interrupts
The morning. They are not to go back empty
Handed, they are not to return
In their diminutive form screeched the maidens.
Still, one sees no reason why
The, viruses have departed.

I wonder what I am doing sailing away tomorrow afternoon.
I wonder why I had an ancestor like that.
I wonder what Robert meant about what William had to say.
I am trying very hard to figure
This out before those children escape that school
And start smearing their peanut butter sandwiches
All over the sidewalk, so
That I cannot hesitate, but am obliged
Out of honesty
To continue moving.

Dear friends, do not fear,
There will still be reversals in the class struggle!
O You, whom fate has chosen
To be our enemies, take heed, and stop
The foul phrases you've been singing.
Or be prepared to live doomed like the driven hummingbird,
Always on the wing.

You see,
When I said you were beautiful
What I meant was you look like a truck.

He is taking this opportunity
To clear the matter up.
He has abandoned his parallax.

What a Prince!
What a country!

O Dorothy
Surely it was without thinking
You chose to leave us.

ALTERNATES TO INSOMNIA: # 1

pull boots back on
grab a friend

walk one block east
five blocks south

International House of Pancakes

get a booth in a corner
& a pretty waitress

order:
coffee (lots of cream & sugar), three eggs over easy,
country ham, buckwheat pancakes smothered in butter &
boysenberry syrup, a side of toast, orange juice.

more coffee
talk & smoke

30:VII:76
3:00 AM Boulder, Co.

SONG
from a play

- TITANS BREATHING IN THE ROSE,
the velvet touch where beauty flows,
the pansy's lip upon the moss,
all
free us,
free us,
from what is dross.
The cosmic cards are more than chance.
The world is shaped within
a glance,
where beauty flows,
where beauty flows,
when duty glows . . .

Jap in oxygen mask flying high-speed jet with machine-guns
recites a poem . . . " Parachute ejection seat
how can I treat rumor that way?
I'm so fooled!
I fire straight into her kimono!"

Jet driven by mad Japanese farmer in oxygen mask
thinking of fish and his wife in a kimono
blown apart set on fire
little models of houses on tv
the fire spreads through the city

My wife under covers
I imagine: the bed is full of fish!
There she lives since I am not married
if I was the fish would die.

Yesterday on tv I was inspired by a Japanese fighter-pilot(jet)
wearing an oxygen mask! ,
by model houses made to be blown down, blown throughout by dust etc. then,
later, set on fire(the remains) ,
by the composure of the pilot in the mask, his eyes and slow-motion head as
he flew at supersonic speed and pressed the highpower machine-gun button.
His target, in the movie, was not an American but Rodan, a huge bird.
As he flew at supersonic speed it was explained that maneuvering was impos-
sible. Only a straight line or long curve could be described by the pilot's
machine. And, as it turned out, obviously Rodan could fly like a bird faster
than a jet.
And the pilot's cool composure ended up in flames once he was past the bird.
For the supersonic speed of the bird and its huge size caused a wind that
blew down houses and rolled over cars much like a typhoon, though there was
no rain, only dust.
Thus the plane got destroyed by the bird's huge wings flapping by.
But I remained motionless on the bed, breathing hard, fascinated, amazed by
such a representation.

FROM THE JOURNALS

The tiny theater of heads
a lighted stage
where old Cocksuckers sing
To rows of ourselves
balding, white silken haired,
or bearded with golden smiles
Sitting velvet chair'd
agaze at Mozart's music
dream recurring with body —
Which is real, the play or
audience ?
Don Giovanni's lived a hundred
times our age —
old Pound with tiny pupils
sits quiet in the darkness
as the scene backdrop
falls behind a figure in
black singing to him
on the stage.
I've heard this music before

Steve Brooks

Allen Ginsberg

all over Europe millions
have heard what I
heard in high school
Old Theater ! of Life !
The melody's so Calm
so familiar —

I am a hero in the balcony box,
I might have been Stendhal
whispering to the police —
& Ezra Pound in the same room
with his picture in the
Eternal newspapers —
with the Choros of youths
dancing la ! la ! la ! to
his silent observe —
& a box full of Poets feeling
mellow !
& hundreds audience satisfied
to hear the opera tonite
— life looking at life — Harmonious
Music accompanies us all
from under the stage.

Giovanni's a simple story
he gets angry & gets killed
by Hell —
The statue Comes to Life, after many
Desires chanted
for the living hand —

O Lord of all Music, of all
Poets, lord of opera & stages,
Lord of Dreams, Lord of Desire,
Lord of Illusions, Lord of old
whitehaired Men near their Death,
Lord of Audiences, Spectators,
Lord of Selves,
Lord of old Houses, of Stone Cities,
Lord of Nations,

Lord of History
Lord of planets circulating
in their worlds —
O Lord of All —

Bless every Italian tourist in
this theater tonite,
as I bless myself and these
actors
as I bless myself in these
Spectators & in Ezra Pound
whose tiny pupils' silent Calm
answered my Blessing gaze
with Tiny Blink of blue

space,
ocean color, ancient dream
Heaven air, wrinkle-
lidded eye.

Spoletto Opera House July 7, 1967

Allen Ginsberg

THE FURNACE TENDER WAITS FOR HIS COFFEE BREAK

The glow of hot iron
cools to white dust—
Jet engines scream in Chicago

In June, near solstice, he sees
apparition of dust,
sunbeam moving toward east benches
with sunrise

In winter, the mornings are dark
The furnace tender stares at the whistle

THE WEATHERMAN'S APOLOGY

However evaporation moisture cloud drift
It rained on Florida St. Petersburg
But not on the wind phantom white shirt
Not on the man in the grey car
A red pick-up one block ahead

Of the man in the grey car
Not on the Hotel Boulderado
Not where Japonica Way meets Juniper Street

IF I COULD

If I could stay out of rainbows
I could balance three slop plates
One side-order of salad
Two cups of coffee And an orange-aid
For the inconsiderate male
Pleasing his inconsiderate wife
That pleases their illegitimate heir
That I smile at For their quarter tip
That do not have the consideration
To stay home and mess together
Their own wet crumbs
That inconsiderate Needing waited on
Keeping me out of rainbows

If I could stay out of rainbows
I could stand behind
An artificial counter
Nonchalantly arranged
With artificial smellings
Colors for the idle money
Of those that stay out of rainbows
And have artificial idle money
Keeping me out of rainbows

Tom Swartz

If I could stay out of rainbows
I could be Nightingale in a white dress
No Its painted technicolor now
Pretending Tender-Loving-Care
And the smiled at and the smiling
Right-arm of the doctor
But the doctors
The Doctor's right arm shocks
It is the quickest-way-for-the-doctor-too
Pretending Healing - Empathy
And my accepting right arm is loaded
With sprayed-red roses
And my stretcheder pounding The hands
Of those that stay out of rainbows
Applauding my raucous aria
Keeping me out of rainbows

If I could stay out of rainbows
I could stuff envelopes Wrap packages
Sack groceries Sell stamps Groom dogs
Say Number please Tan a hide
I could seem a seam
I could strut a picket line

If I could stay out of rainbows
I could twist hair Back-combing the face
So those when they left my shop
Were as unattractive as twisted hair
Leaving me More attractive then they

If I could stay out of rainbows
I could be a school-child teacher
Teaching child to stay out of rainbows

If I could stay out of rainbows
I could soil the seed Mow the grass
Emasculate trees Eunuch a song bird
Dam fish from ultimate
I could soar down eagles
And I could swat an ant
Instead of pink-finger rescuing drowning flies
I could baby-talk the world

If I could stay out of rainbows
I could body-foil the pine waftings
Burrow the lava of the hard-core rock
Swim the tidal labyrinth of my sea of see

If I could stay out of rainbows
All men's arms would want and hold me
For whenever would one man's arms
Ever be enough ribbon for a rainbow

If I could stay out of rainbows
I could ride a white horse
On streets of gold
With my hair of gold
Exposing only the whiteness
Ovaling my madonna face
And the bead-strings on the horses' toes

If I could stay

Leona Foss

Leona Foss

YOU TAKE YOUR PLEASURE WHERE YOU CAN FIND IT

Somebody said that
Like saying the sea is a woman
You must know by now
The things that happen
Take on meaning afterwards
Even if chance is the bottom line

Which I don't believe for a second
While I sit in a borrowed leather coat
Eating potato chips in the late, the very latest
Afternoon (nobody needs to know)
Drinking Cabernet Sauvignon
Smoking Camels

Contemplating the stem of my wine glass
What it holds up
What it lets down

North Coast Wine Country
From Sonoma to Ukiah

1976

RIVERSONG

Bodies are important. Why else
Would they drag the river
so long?
The river is a single thought;
they don't stop it for a second.
Brother, jammed in the sluicelips
till the foam breaks him apart,
don't care, don't care, don't care.

TWO DEATHS

The lace
Of spoken breathing fades quite quickly, becomes
Something it has no part in, the chairs and
The mugs used by the new young tenants, whose glance
Is elsewhere. The body rounds out the muted
Magic, and sighs.

Unkind to want
To be here, but the way back is cut off:
You can only stand and nod, exchange stares, but
The time of manners is going, the woodpile in the corner
Of the lot exudes the peace of the forest. Perennially,
We die and are taken up again. How is it
With us, we are asked, and the voice
On the old Edison cylinder tells it: obliquity,
The condition of straightness of these tutorials,
Firm when it is held in the hand.

He goes out.
The empty parlor is as big as a hill.

PHOTOSYNTHESIS

"... il ne va pas plus loin
que l'oignon de sa tulipe. . ."
La Bruyere

My good friend helped rent a house,
helped me move in.
Then he left his wife and moved in with me,
brought his brother, cook, and two rooms of furniture
and requested I join his household.
My wife objected and scolded me daily.
Now downstairs in flattering disguises
these bandits bathe the minister of education.
Trapped in my tower, giddy,
insolent,
with forty empty oil jars
I hear them carouse.

Through the garden I'll escape.
I'll ascend anew, ignite the flowers,
crank birds up, hoist trees from mud
and unroll all before you, O Shahriyar.
But the wall, spike-topped,
blocks me like this
shaved blue politico's chin impedes my progress with the big boys.
Being above gives no advantage.
I can jump only in.

Hack, hack, hack.
Work on the bars.
Throw out all waste filings
next day in my breakfast rubbish.
Take up singing cereal box backs,
seed catalogues day and night to cover my noise.

Hack, hack, hack.
Every stroke of the gardener's hoe
among rows of wrinkled lettuce
drags me purple through the roots.
I gasp for axe
to cut the link to sloth,
to ancient tells where moist loam clogs my nose.
Downstairs he walks on Helena,
a British Colonel's big, blond widow.
Between submission and dark madness
rattling down my arm like a head of state's funeral,
half out the window I catch my pants.
In the street musicians play.
The gardener purposely stops work
and hoe between thighs rubs his hands.
He bends and pries loose a frozen clod
and crumbles it to yellow dust
and catching my eye, waves from oblivion.
Snapdragons stay closed until a strong bumblebee
forces his way into the flower,
to the site of the pollen,
to the pollen catching stigma and rewarding nectaries.

Finally one three a.m.
I sneak to the top of the stairs
and peer down.
"Shh," I say.
"You shh,"
"No, you shh."

Then he began to howl
like in medieval torture chambers.
I lay still and in the morning left early.
Next night without provocation
the same scene was repeated.
Again I lay quiet.
By day my good friend had spent himself.
I said good morning cordially.

And when I ask, the landlord shows me the garden door—
no locks, no guards—politely,
a granite arch, a rusty unhinged grate.
No one wants to go through it.
Cobwebs cling
I'd back out, but there the landlord twists his ring.
I stumble in. Alone.
No complaints now.
All is itself, not else.
Bird's wing, sheet, cloud
cavort in separate ecstasy,
flap, flutter, furl.
A balder plot I can't imagine.
Yet I knew this before.
I saw it.

What to do with a garden anyway?
I scuff my shoe on the dwarf cedar's whitewash trunk.
The talisman, blue-black, five legged beetle lurches up the path,
too weak curling there to bite the grass.
Such a beast must be modest
and it hides beneath a leaf, posterior
protruding, prepared for rain.

Slugs drench the earth.
All deciduous factories, denied their green
sprout mossy twigs to make some food.
Sweeping through seasons, the infinite wells up
death-ignoring, inexorable,
while an over anxious crow eludes the gardener
in red rubber boots who flings rocks.
The thieves moved into a house with barred windows.
Now raw buds may; o boy, o boy,

o boy. It's green.
Why?
Green effulgent days encroach on somber evergreens.
Blue-green burnt candy tufts' tongues lick dusty air,
velvet spread in furrows.
Flower caught in a runnel whirlpool.
Yellow green day's eye reflects a dull green, cabbage green,
seasick sailor's facial green, hung on the rail,
tinged with embarrassment for greedy hands blue veined, preening,
preening for the fulcrum worm.
Green with envy blue and sun dots flock through clouds,
through my eyelash.
Wax melts from my father's wings.
I plummet into a green sea.
Tripping among the plants
like a ball that bounces syllable
to syllable on the screen of consciousness,
I am uprooted,
carnation in my lapel,
scattering pollen . . . ,

daisy heather lily iris
laurel arum lupin cypress
mandrake nightshade henbane scabious
rosemary toadflax plane tree lotus

lavender chicory fritillary juniper
succulent asphodel daffodil asparagus
large quaking grass mustard storksbill
goldendrop everlasting nettles tamarisk everlasting
sorghum hound's tongue periwinkle oleander
pomegranate apple pear
pumpkin onion aspen plum
geranium agave
delphinium ephedra
zinnia balsam aster portulaca dahlia rose
anise orange olive grape
cockscorn alder ash mastic apricot elm oak

Sunflower. Sage figs caper.

"Aloe, savory buttercup."

"Hyacinth. Bougainvillea corncockle?"

Sweet alyssum mints silver fir.

Distaff thistles tare rough dog's tail.

Primrose brooms snowflake's orchid bugloss.

"Jasmine, mimosa. Honeysuckle narcissus."

"Gladiolus."

Restharrow: Judas tree snapdragon rues poppy (somniferum),

firethorns trefoil.

St. John's Wort, long tendrilled yellow vetchling, palms stonepine . . .

Crocus!

Fuchsia: blue-love-in-a-mist.

I was walking a dark street
when an old man passed, hood pulled low,
who twisted his ring and looked at me.
Too much: the man's fear of me, a stranger, or his power.
A pain went into my back.
I laughed and took to my bed.

Sunflowers, pregnant with next year, bulge.
Sparrows fluttering at their heads devour all the seed
and leave them drooping.
But in frenzy one bean drops.
Black speck, dove, in my eye.
Watering can, broken tooth rake
adrift in a hanging garden.

VIKING MUMMY

big stuff nearing or mooring
averted face
something skiing down sinister side
hangs chop

this is audio news service
we musn't forget Viking II still exists

if picture confirms what radar tells us
"flattered I'm sure"

we're on a time line to land
wee hours
late July

Anubis, please take care of the Mummy!
Dieu Anubis soigne la Momie

my mind is on the static dishes, their daintiness

SUSPICION

shank reaching for good book
withdraw recalcitrant bolts

have some desire for provinces, Mathilde
the mean men are kinder there

small streets never worry
to back them up

there's a place in the middle of me
stalking you

TO ALLEN GINSBERG

The girl whose tits I was admiring
asked me how to spell urge.

His father is dying.
He is wearing a suit.

The other poet is late.
He offers to entertain.
The other poet is always late.
He is always offering.

His father is dying.
He is wearing a suit.

But we are meditators
and can sit still.

His father is dying.
He is wearing a suit.

The pale girl says in a firm voice:

I will say my poem by heart.
I will say it loud enough without standing up.
She says it so softly that only she can hear it.
The man with the tape recorder winces.

His father is dying.
He is wearing a suit.

Now the old young handsome Michael is not here.

Now the young old handsome Anne is not here.

In spite of everything Allen is here, being
solicitous to the old man in dead white hair
who wanders into the room like an apparition.

That old man is here.

Allen is here.

He has not left his students.

The young man says if I were dying
I would be upset if my son stayed to teach a class.
The young man also asked me if I ever fucked young girls.

Yes, my father is dying.

He may be dead.

His twin just died.

I wrote him a long letter.

I thought how strange it must be to have a twin die of old age.

My father is dying.
I will wear a suit.

June 30, 1976

CUTTING THROUGH TRUNGPA

You think you are a big shit
just because you realize that you are nothing.

Around here

I am the biggest nothing of them all
and don't you forget it.

June 30, 1976

THE HITCHIKERS

They burn you
like the berries of mountain ash in August,
standing by the road,
clearly defined,
Autumnal brilliant, heads
scorched from waiting
in the sun.

How can
you pass them up?
But you do,
and dream each night of a hell,
where you are a hitchiker,
and no one will ever stop to pick you up.

Excuses:

I'm a woman alone;

I'm moving all my books;

I need the time for thinking;

one of them might murder me;

but really, it is the look each one gives me
of need,
desperate need,
pick me up, or I'll fail to reach my goal,
and that need frightens me,
so I look away,
speed on,
dream each night of a mountain ash
with its bunches of orange berries gleaming
like the failures of my life,
burning beautifully on the tree,

Oh, hitchikers, hitchikers,

And they remind me

that I drive across country often, looking for your face
in each car I pass,

or which passes me, knowing you would not hitchike,

thinking of the two years I spent with you,

reliving them over and over,

knowing I had everything I wanted,

but like Midas was silent and stiff with the gold I had touched,

felt always as if I had been buried under a ton of diamonds,

still feel the dust of them glinting on me as I drive across country,

my hair sparkling with the brilliance you left,

and those hitchikers

reminding me of hell. That I had what I wanted once,

and lost it,

failed, watched myself failing,

still not understanding why I failed,

but knowing I did,

and still passing — 65, 75, 85 miles an hour,

those hitchikers,

burning by the side of the road,

burning

like the berries of the beautiful mountain ash,

burning like my tongue

on fire,

burning me, as I sleep protected in my rings of fire,

the gleaming car which hurtles me through America,

and all I have

is not enough.

Mountain ash, not the ash from out of which a bird
with glinting neck feathers who flies suddenly up on the road
in front of the swift car, would come,
not the ash on the forehead of holy sinners,
not the ash of immortality,

Ash — a tree, with its berries not the colour of any jewel,
not the colour of blood, but a rare and exceptional colour, given only
to plants, and I see each one of you,
as I pass on the road,
burning like the autumn berries,
and the beauty makes me pass by quickly.

In my car, is an altar, sacrificial stone and knife.
the tears of blame and understanding,
and blood; all the blood my body has lost;

Oh, hitchikers, hitchikers,
you would not want to travel with me.
You would not want to travel with me.

(c) 1976 Diane Wakoski

PELVIS III

Sky world through bone's
seen from
other side

ALL space ends

open

facing

a planet bleached
to the bone.

Walking white calcinated

marrowbone
drying nicotine yellow
porous sponge tongue in
crumbles.

Thick depth of light starched
limbs, the pelvis grown
by

an eye

stretches out of sight.

MALANGA

Those two black circles
those black/white lines
just five spaces
someone has torn the world
into strips
and stares at them
in darkness

Jan Garden Castro

SO GOING AROUND CITIES

to Doug & Jan Oliver

"I order you to operate. I was not made to suffer."
Probing for old wills, and friendships, for to free
to New York City, to be in History, New York City being
History at that time." "And I traded my nights
for Intensity; & I barter my right to Gold; & I'd traded
my eyes much earlier, when I was circa say seven years old
for ears to hear Who was speaking, & just exactly who
was being told . . ." & I'm glad

I hear your words so clearly

& I would not have done it

differently

& I'm amused at such simplicity, even so,
inside each & every door. And now I'm with you, instantly,
& I'll see you tomorrow night, and I see you constantly, hopefully
though one or the other of us is often, to the body-mind's own self
more or less out of sight! Taking walks down any street, High
Street, Main Street, walk past my doors! Newtown; Nymph Rd
(on the Mesa); Waveland

Meeting House Lane, in old Southampton; or BelleVue Road
in England, etcetera

Other roads; Manhattan; see them there where open or shut up behind

"I've traded sweet times for answers. . ."

"They don't serve me anymore." They still serve me on the floor.

Or,

as now, as floor. Now we look out the windows, go in &
out the doors. The Door.

(That front door which was but & then at that time My door).

I closed it

On the wooing of Helen. "And so we left schools for her." For
She is not one bit fiction; & she is easy to see;

& she leaves me small room

For contradiction. And she is not alone; & she is not one bit
lonely in the large high room, &

invention is just vanity, which is plain. She

is the heart's own body, the body's own mind in itself
self-contained.

& she talks like you; & she has created truly not single-handedly
Our tragic thing, America. And though I would be I am not afraid
of her, & you also not. You, yourself, I,

Me, myself, me. And no, we certainly have not pulled down
our vanity: but

We wear it lightly here,

here where I traded evenly,

& even gladly

health, for sanity; here

where we live day-by-day

on the same spot.

My English friends, whom I love & miss, we talk to ourselves here,
& we two

rarely fail to remember, although we write seldom, & so must seem
gone forever.

In the stained sky over this morning the clouds seem about to burst.

What is being remembering

Is how we are, together. Like you we are always bothered, except
by the worst; & we are living

as with you we also were

fired, only, mostly, by changes in the weather. For Oh dear hearts,
When precious baby blows her fuse / it's just our way
of keeping amused.

That we offer of & as excuse. Here's to you. All the very best.

What's your pleasure? Cheers.

L. G. T. T. H.

Queen Victoria dove headfirst into the swimming pool,
 which was filled with blue milk.
 I used to be baboons, but now I am person.
 I used to be secretary to an eminent brain surgeon, but now I am
 quite ordinary. Oops! I've spilled the beans!
 I wish mountains could be more appealing to the eye.
 I wash sometimes. Meanwhile
 Two-ton Tony Galento began to rub beef gravy over his entire body.
 I wish you were more here.
 I used to be Millicent, but now I am Franny.
 I used to be a bowl of black China tea, but now I am walking back
 to the green fields of the people's republic.
 Herman Melville is elbowing his way through
 the stringbeans toward us.
 Oscar Levant handed the blue pill to Oscar Wilde during
 the fish course. Then he slapped him.
 I used to be blue, but now I am pretty. I wish broken bad person.
 I wish not to see you tonight.
 I wish to exchange this chemistry set for a goldfish please.
 I used to be a little fairy, but now I am President
 of The United States.

IN BLOOD

"Old gods work"

"I gather up my tics & tilts, my stutters & imaginaries
 into the "up" leg
 In this can-can . . ." "Are you my philosophy
 If I love you, which I do . . .?" "I want to know
 It sensationally like the truth;" "I see in waves
 Through you past me;" "But now I stop—" "I can love
 What's for wear;" "But I dredge what I've bottomlessly canned
 When I can't tell you . . ." "I love natural
 Coffee beautifully . . ." "I'm conjugally love
 Loose & tight in the same working" "I make myself
 Feature by feature" "The angel from which each thing is most
 itself, from each, each,"
 "I know there's a faithful anonymous performance"
 "I wish never to abandon you" "I me room he" to
 "Burn! this is not negligible, being poetic, & not feeble"

Naples, the bay

white sit-down shoulders and
 water blue eyes
 warm flapping monkey plants
 glo-red breeze swingers
 beautiful hollywood elephants
 hitting reeds
 warm Wrapped HEART mountains
 hitting volcanoes
 GLOWING GREEN hued fishermen
 Now floor sails house
 up in sleep

REFLEX

iris petaling closed, thin
 black scallops
 of metal overlapping curve
 on curve,
 the overlap growing,
 center hole smaller and smaller,
 glass eye bulging, shining
 lens. and the

shutter,
 light breaking click, dark
 framed opposite
 of an eye blink
 one
 beat of light. and

back into the dark cool waiting
 room
 film wound waiting

I am caught
 still.

WESTERN GREBE

above black, below white
crest on top
neck nearly the length of the body

nest a matted
structure of tule—afloat on the water—
lightly fashioned to the living reeds so that it will
move up and down—
eggs 4 or 5 pale bluish green but stained
light brown from the decomposed vegetable
matter of the nest

PIED-BILLED GREBE

podilymbus podiceps
or hell-diver, devil-diver, water-witch,
pied-billed dabchick,
dipper, diedapper, thick-billed grebe
13 inches. no crests.
grayish black streaked with lighter—brownish black
brownish gray—black—
primaries and secondaries chocolate brown—
below pale brownish thickly mottled with dusky
bill
—with a black encircling band—
greenish dusky outside leaden gray inside—
iris brown

for it possesses the wonderful faculty of lowering
its body in the water to any desired stage of
submersion, and this it can do either
while swimming or while remaining
stationary, as may suit its fancy.

† † † † † † †

How did
fair lighted filled bright
bright fall fell
white light
black
black
black
curvelit red-
shine
before eyes?

Agelaius phoeniceus
RED-WINGED
BLACKBIRD

middle coverts
wholly buff
nest in bushes or small
trees

(eggs) marked with pen lines of sepia
or dark reddish-brown, arranged in a wreath
around large end or scattered over entire surface
BI-COLORED REDWING

TRI-COLORED REDWING

Agelaius
sonora redwing
bahama redwing
florida redwing
thick-billed redwing
san diego redwing
northwestern redwing
vera cruz redwing

o-ka-lee
his persistent
and jolly
o-ka-lee

(chuck)

“placed among the sweet flags”
“on a tussock of grass”

uniform glossy blue black
the plumage with a silky luster
lesser wing-coverts dull
crimson, middle coverts white
in abrupt and conspicuous

in some states there is
a bounty upon his head

o-ka-lee cong-quer-ree
you chootea, along tea
gl-oogl-ree conk-a-tree
quange-se-tree shoo-chong tea!

The Crossbill is the only American bird with the curious crossing of
the bills

loxia curvirostra minor
6 inches
dull red

varying from dull brownish scarlet or almost orange-chrome in summer
to a hue approaching dragon's blood in winter

the process consists
in inserting
the closed bill
into the side of a cone (and)
then/ opening
the mandibles
with a movement which tears out the scales
and thus leaves exposed the seeds at their bases.

cut an apple to
pieces in a few seconds
splinter solid wood

whose wandering habits are very uncertain

there may not be a crossbill
within a hundred miles

piece of cone-bearing forest

hard rose seeds

blow the flame out in rhythm

the impulse is purple, the feeling is red
my lady is pumping milk in the baby's head
there is a song among the trees but I don't see it
I don't even hear it
we are happy
here in the living-room with a drink
& the various light
& three things:
pressure, cat & heart-beat
& the various light
& the pictures, & lunch-thoughts, in shadow
how do I describe this cleanliness!
it is composed of thoughts
like dreams are ringworms in the feet of your heart.

† † † † † † †

pip-pip
trick

the thing that
hardens my cock the most
is being way
deep inside you

moving
impaling you, until
I could throw myself back
& you'd come up
wiggling in the air like a white

fleshy butterfly

talking in a voice
like your hair,
stuck there

BROWN THRASHER

toxostoma rufum

or

bill curved downward at the end

brown

or

cinnamon-rufous

white// black

nest: near ground in thorny vines

eggs

3 to 5

desperate reddish-brown long

protection—heroic—destroy

Mr. Job's eye

most of the tones

are like those of the flute or piccolo

(the catbird's

includes phrases which are sotto voce)

he sings his song twice over

lest you should think he never could recapture

that first fine careless rapture

really, really?

"my creamy breast is speckled

black and brown"

fox-colored thrush, sandy mocker, mavis, red mavis, song thrush

illinois

† † † † † † †

every thing works in its being. no thing can work outside its being. fire is nowhere able to work as in wood. God works above the beings in the distance, where he can stir himself; he works in no-being. before there was being, God worked; he worked being when there was no being yet. coarse masters say God is pure being; he is as far above being as the highest angel is above a gnat. I would say something not right if I called God a benign, as much so as if I called the sun bleached or black. God is neither this nor that. and a master says: who believes that he has known God, and thereby would like to know something, does not know God. if I apprehend copper in gold, then it is present.

LATE SPRING

DaNahazli School has a huge boa constrictor snake kept in the fish tank in Doug's classroom. They feed it rats that Roz gives them. One day in meditation Roz's husband Johnny decides it's not right to give the rats to the snake. Roz stops giving them. Doug worries the snake is starving and tells Rick. The vet told them a snake like that could live for six weeks on one rat.

Roz's rats multiply fast. She and the ten year old students do maze experiments with them in Doug's room. Each student gets a rat of his or her own. The kids name them. "No, Rick, I won't give poor Matty to the snake."

Five and a half weeks later, Doug keeps worrying, 'the snake is starving.' He tells Rick at least once a day. Rick knows the snake is ok, can go for six weeks without food. But out of agitation, he goes to the kids' rat cages. One kid offers up his rat: too big a rat. Rick takes it anyway and puts it in the aquarium with the snake. It's 3:00: school's over; the phone rings. Rick goes to answer it. When he comes back, the rat is gnawing at the snake's flesh.

Rick grabs the rat, kills it. The rat vomits up what he's eaten. It's the partial digestion of two earlier rats lying still five and a half weeks later in the snake's stomach.

Summer vacation comes. The kids come to school and tell Doug "My mother won't let me take home Matty for the summer." Rick takes the rats to his house, keeps them in a cage. They multiply quickly. Rick goes to Oregon for two weeks. Virginia, Ed and their cat house-sit his house. They don't want to spend money on cat food and begin doing experiments with the rats. Take some out of the cage and take odds on which one the cat will eat. They start mating them to see if they can get back to the original black mother. Some small litter of rats get away.

Rick has chickens; it's Fall. The rats live under the chicken coop. They get bold and dash out and eat the chicken feed early in the morning. They multiply and the young ones, too, get bold, dash out and eat the chicken feed. Rick starts shooting the rats with a pistol. Puts the feed out, stands 20 feet away, makes it a game and shoots them mornings one by one.

One female rat is left. Rick says 'What the heck' and doesn't try to get her. Two weeks later, he puts a bag of chicken feed away and comes to it a few hours later. There is less. He wonders, then forgets. He finds a kernel of chicken feed in his boot one morning. One in a cup, an open book. The rat is storing food for the winter.

It's Thanksgiving. Rick finds gnawed holes in his wool sweaters—a kernel of chicken feed hidden there; in his good wool blanket—food stored there for winter. He's tired. In desperation he runs to the door, throws it open. It's snowing hard outside, the woods around his house. Runs out throws up his hands and yells 'I need a cat!'

Five hundred feet away, in the blizzard, Rick's house deep in the woods, he hears a cat, cat eats rats. 'Here kitty, kitty.'

Taos, New Mexico

whenever yr night wind
wakes me locked in
churches of wrath
i follow yr dark path
of prayers knowing
you're honest jesus
raging naked in the twilight
of every season
you'll fuck me
past workaday banshees of video
lost street criers
of "love buy me love"

how it tastes
yr soft tear
moans all night
until the harp of yr voice
makes the morning sway
with our color &
rage of holy sun

— isle of skye

TWO SHOES

1.
Wanting as redly
as shoes rest
not on their soles
—red from Spain—

to balance gladly
not exist in a
simultaneous gorilla
of various plaint

hiccups, perjury
of remembering,
a sentimental horror
of not being strange of being strange

—red from Spain red
high platformed, awk-
ward, beautiful
shoes, munificence
of color, down home

Alice Notley

Alice Notley

2.

Are you a very nice boy?

Last night,
every one could see his fellow soldiers
alive in the future with their mortal wounds
I could see some ones, my companion
could see his entire stricken regiment
invisible to me, their every wound
and death they displayed
alive in the future

everyone knows there's nothing more
beautiful than an old form, like a
rose returning, you can see it in
the future. I can. You see
the future wounded and dead grinning
the main difficulty in dealing
with their masterpieces is the beauty
of my red shoes and the child's straw chair
they are in composition with. It is shiny
straw, not as shiny as the silver bow
of the dearest river seen aloft
from a holding pattern; a warm shine
not piercing; friend. I dreamed
I found out for sure I wasn't a neo-Nazi
(on the other hand they were as usual executing a
lot of sensitive people in wheelchairs)

I went back
to the alley house where I was 3 through 6 years
old, and the rooms are so large! dishevelled
but full, fulsome

and on the chair at my desk
there baby Anselm at baby Edmund's current age
how did he get there already? for me to hug
well he's my baby I forget sometimes he's
supposed to be here. I'm very happy.
Used to think this house so tawdry

where, I used to think,

my father was so naively
patriotic. But now I know he loved
the planet, which is this room in America.
I apologized to him for crying, when he was dying
he told me it was my prerogative.
It was certainly an old form.

WATER MASTER

If that door is always there nerves restless
sea top light on and in the green that
encloses distorts the eye watery green door
that encloses me will distort
me into everyday infinity only distortion
will get up through sea into heaven
green heaven, the demon, sieved through
distortion's formal door, which is second nature?

DULCINEA

It's another,
night
midsummer. A Parisian girl
shopgirl, as the earth as the abode of man-
kind, considered to be encircled by a
serpent.
She is proof spirit,

A dollar.
I am conjectured. I say to her of
desire, the regulation dear,

A translucent,
A deep! She renders a song by
singing.

This way is how
I don't talk
though there, there's the pink towel & on
this only one the tired misty eye —
I'm here; but so constricted by
the serpent, she must breathe &
intone

what is offered, or nothing

impute it to the dulcimer

I'm such a pushover for her
wrong & clear, like would-
be ritzy—silver dust eyes—dear

my dear girl world, we mean
it so much, fussing in dark-
ness, to dulcify a court

as formally as the tree
loses its leaves, to
mean it so much

TALKING HOUSE, ST. PETERSBURG FLORIDA.

For hours each day we watched the house.

Palm tree lined boulevards. Remember flying over flat street grid houses— they are squares and are evenly distributed. Sidewalks. Freshly painted green benches for the elderly. I made a right turn onto a wide unshaded street in St. Petersburg, Florida.

Drove the two-tone aquagreen 1965 buick sedan up on the scorched yellowbrown lawn and parked it diagonally in front of a small white clapboard house.

Three cement steps cracked and collapsing like shifting foundations baking and cooling . . . weeds grow between the parched openings of the steps. Walked across purplegrey slate walk— the stones chipped and cratched with crude pictographs. Three cement steps cracked house weeds grow walking across silent village the reels turning slowly yellow hair boy squinting into the bright black shoes transfixed on slate.

A small boy, white t-shirt, shorts, and black shoes, bored and squinting into the bright sunlight; his attention dulled by the afternoon fever. Soundless daydreams muffled by the gardener's lawn mower, etched on the slate surface with a bent nail the boy had carried around in his pants pocket. I patted him on the head and smiled: he didn't look up.

Anthills piled in the shadows under the slate corners. Small collettos scrambled across the path to the house. I stepped delicately for fear of squishing colletto chameleon belly green aspic insides out.

The boy looked up. No recognition. I stared into his grey eyes. Paul Phasia, he had been there for hours each day watching the massacres. Monstrous Madame begs you to tea. The soft red meat carried away by Floridan ant soldiers. In the backroom of the house I found his belly and thighs. Reptiles spread terror in small Floridan ant village; panic tore through the uniform lines of orderly inhabitants who had been busily carrying supplies to the Monstrous Madame for the construction of yet another hill, a tribute to her reign.

The yellow haired boy stood up opened his fly and interrupted the battle between the colletto and the ant army with a hot golden shower. His mother, watching from the kitchen window, rapped loudly on the pane and Paul was set to spend the rest of the afternoon sitting beside her in the screened-in porch while she did her ironing.

Dead vines woven into the cross-hatching of trellises on the front of the house dried out. Bits of brittle leaf scattered like hot ashes in the stirring of the thick afternoon air.

The boy sat inside the porch at the right side of the house. The rattan rocker squeaked back and forth like two mindless birds as he stared at two large black flies buzzing around a hole in the screen.

The front door was latched from the inside— I reached my hand through the torn bottom of the screen window beside the door and turned the knob. The door was on a tight spring; it opened out and slammed loudly behind me. A finely polished oak chaise longue with faded flowery print linen cover and a dust covered matching oak side table huddled in the corner of the porch near the rocking boy. Phasia, humming to himself, did not turn in my direction as I walked past him into the interiors.

A traveller within the labyrinths of the ancient vaults where Alaeddin found his wonderful lamp while Maugrabin, the conjurer, waits impatiently above; Paul Phasia brings back secrets to Dr. Simn Jerboa who notes everything down very carefully. Dr. Jerboa asks Paul about events and the boy tells him what is written and what is not written.

The living room was sparsely furnished. Several threadbare armchairs, a faded red couch facing the windows, a dining room table and several bookcases standing against the wall up to the low ceiling. The walls painted a dull yellow. Shades down over the windows and the coarse calico curtains drawn together.

I walked into the kitchen. The refrigerator was empty except of a bottle of water, a serving dish with the dried bony remains of a roast, and two cans of premium beer. Opening a can I kicked the refrigerator door shut. On the dining room table: soiled white linen cloth, three cups and saucers containing shallow pools of cold coffee, and a plate of quartered tomatoes, abandoned— the soft red meat shrinking inward from the transparent skin whose edges cringed and curled.

In one of the back rooms the doctor sat at the end of his bed, reading a text on sleep disorders. A tape machine on the dresser, the red record button pushed down. Between the parched openings of the steps— a silent village the reels turning slowly he listens patiently with earphones cool reptilian blue eyes three cement steps a woman opens fire a girl rides her black shoes to the battle humming paperback in his hands from the inside behind me remember my next contact swept away like the square houses from the grid. Latent image. Return to the grid. I walked in from the outside chasing the alley for hours. Segments of the grid can be cut out and pasted in elsewhere. No one will know the difference.

In the adjacent room a tall skinny boy, naked except for a pair of blue socks, was sprawled on the divan, his eyes closed, feet arched, knees bent slightly. Randall Row. His right hand gripped his cock. Panic tearing through his ribs, thin layer of goosebumped skin quivering, he came; orderly inhabitants out of his cock promised me a ride to the end of the street. Quick milky silver shot out. His hand still gripping it like the horn of a western saddle. Shaking it. Shaking it loose. Hot pearls flying off the end of a string landed in puddles on his belly and thighs. His head relaxed and he slept.

SURFACING

Don't believe it is easy
speaking this clearly
leaves no room to hide

clear water
magnifies fishes

your hooks rain down
more accurately

but then
through this clearing
I can see you better
also: your transparent skin

your bones
standing straight
or crouched down inside

if I avoid you
you will know it was on purpose

if I surface
you will not be able to avoid me

if one of us speaks
there will be no excuse

it rained

they moved away
last sunday

it rained all morning where they
sat discoursing on the meaning of
(a good time) and
in the afternoon others
also snowed

and they wrapped it up in
afraid of what it might turn out to
and in the evening the neighbors
and it was difficult,
having moved

Kathryn Van Spanckeren

MOTHER DEATH

In this house of words
we are playing cards
my mother and myself
we came here to do this

the floral curtains do not stir
though she sewed them
the window is closed
she broke off the thread

she deals me the queen of spades
wipes her eyes
as she takes the trick with her king

her long crescent nails carve up close
like irrelevant details engraved on a crisis
seeds sprouting on mines

what she is thinking
thickens the air

as she talks about refurnishing
my short new hair
my surprising success
about anything but the hand she holds

as if it were forgotten
as if she knew anything else

Kathryn Van Spanckeren

Todd Jailer

little kid climbing in garbage can behind sacred heart school

look at this can
ripped it right in half
made ears of it

look
they just use them
over again right

this is number 60
when i do 260
then i go on to bottles

to breaking bottles
come on you
stupid tin can

if they wont rip
i flatten 'em
or put 'em under

car tires
to give 'em flats
but not

new jersey cars
i'm from
new jersey

A Cut-Up from W. S. Burroughs Jr.'s column in
the September 1976 CRAWDADDY

After that I was feverish and felt ill, manifestation of the most
beautiful hospital by things in the worst of times.
Fear difficult to tell anybody about anything in this world so
successful communication lies in the frightened delivery.
If you get to house in the Medina there you jolly wife coming as
we knocked in a dream of wowing sirens well aren't you?
No improvement in another night of doom another night of wear your
jail duds among the free.
Just wildfire for all and familiar fear because you think you're
out of prison.
I looked up to see a preposterous guru. "Listen babies" grinned
fatuously and handed me spaghetti around plastic flowers.
Hey Vinnie at your own chosen speed. Think that's cool?
What the Hell. Consider the baby it ain't concealed. "Worst
things you can think about famine, Lady."
Did you ever feel alien psyches throw the worst thing you can
think about?
Night wind stirs. I told you so. Stop wagging your tail I know
you're changed.
Keep all ten glad to see me. Your guide's fired you Goddam twiddle
hash heads beady eyed for nothing.
Scientist with feminine hips mastered the art of self digestion.
I shrink and my little finger's sold in a smoky bazaar.
Thrown off my feet superexpensive bloody stumps making energy
strength and aid.
Morocco disembodied is rapidly increasing.
Death in a high wind. Outstare an Arab cosmic doorman
I can sir.

"DO-RIGHTS"

There is an exclusive wing of Lexington reserved for the Do-Rights who are considered good rehabilitation
prospects. They get better rooms and more medications.

A Do-Right always shows up with letters from his clergyman, banker, employer, pictures of himself as an
Eagle Scout shaking hands with the priest on graduation day.

"Now this letter, doctor, from my clergyman the Reverend Hazelwood . . ."

"And this letter from my bank manager . . ."

"And this letter from our state senator . . ."

"And this letter from the Parkhurst family. You know who *they* are of course . . ."

You know the type. Fall all over themselves to light the boss's cigarette.

The doctor walks into the ward and says "Rather warm in here . . ."

As one man the Do-Rights break out in a sweat and rush around opening windows.

"Cold in here isn't it?"

Immediately the Do-Rights see their breath in the air, snatch up blankets and bundle themselves up to a
chorus of chattering teeth.

Front office brown nose fink to the bone.

"Oh doctor you've made me see it all so clearly. I was just compensating for my own inadequacies when I
should have been making Mom and Dad as proud of me as I am proud to be an American."

The doctor prepares an injection.

A shameless Do-Right sobs out . . . "Oh doctor when I think of my buddies over there in fox holes and me
here shooting poisons into my arm . . ."

The doctor prepares an injection.

"Doctor when I die I want to be buried right in the same coffin with you. You're the finest most decent
most deeply humane man I have ever known."

"I'm putting you down for additional medication, son."
"Thank *you*, doctor. Pushers should receive the death penalty."
Of such stuff are Do-Rights made. Get there firstest with the brownest nose. While down in the dim gray
wards and day rooms where the Do-Wrongs hawk and spit and shiver and vomit . . .
"Fucking croaker wouldn't give me a goof ball . . . asks me what the American flag means to me and I tell
him soak it in heroin Doc and I'll suck it . . . He says I got the wrong attitude, I should see the chaplain and get
straight with Jesus."
And *then* with the tears streaming down their lousy fink faces the Do-Rights leap up as one man
and bellow out the Star Spangled Banner.

A MYSTERIOUS

Helen Luster

phone call a.m.
wrong number . . .

X . . . 10 on the Tarot
cards . . . the wheel

or the lemniscate
ONE . . . the Magician

my co/fee
cup of coffee

reflected on the wall
a shimmering hourglass

or X . . . ?

lemniscate
the figure 8

the man said
(on the phone)
he was answering an ad . . .

in broken English . . .

I listen . . .

"expanding firm?"

expanding from . . .

I listen again

to Henri Coulette's King's English
his book of poems

"it rises . . .
I can see it . . . !"

this is a strange language

cool it . . . Helen . . . cool it

"expanding worm"
the Gnosis

Simon Magus and his Helen
the whore of Tyre

expanding form
Ennoia

expanding from

at Fayetteville
(head-lines)

"Jane Fonda's
anti-war ACTS
win G.I.s

the foundation

expanding firm . . .

from

outward
the Gnosis

the worm
expanding . . . warm

one thought

out from

ONE

expanding

on form

firm

TERRA

ground

he's had a cold 2 weeks and can't shake it
carries cigarettes in a plastic box in his pants
truck drivin's his specialty
he looks at me when he does something heroic

Cheshire Mahoney

from DRINKING THE BLOOD OF EVERY WOMAN'S PERIOD

the world	the world
is straight	is straight
the world is straight	the world is straight,
the world is straight,	I mean
I mean	straight
straight	as a pin,
as a pin,	and if you ever
and if you ever	wanted
wanted	to hold him
to hold him	if you ever wanted
if you ever wanted	to hold him,
to hold him	if you ever wanted to hold him,
if you ever wanted to hold him,	and hug him
and hug him	and hug him
and hug him	and hug him,
and hug him,	and kiss
and kiss	and swim
and swim	and kiss and swim
and kiss and swim	and giggle
and giggle	and giggle
and giggle	and flash
and flash	and kiss and swim and giggle
and kiss and swim and giggle	and flash,
and flash,	a non-conceptual
a non-conceptual	state,
state,	you were this boy
you were this boy	loving
loving	you
you	you were this boy
you were this boy	loving you
loving you	you were this boy loving you,
you were this boy loving you,	every
every	night
night	is New
is New	Year's
Year's	Eve
Eve	every night is New Year's Eve,
every night is New Year's Eve,	everyday
everyday	is Valentine's
is Valentine's	Day
Day	everyday is Valentine's Day,
everyday is Valentine's Day,	you're the one
you're the one	you're the one
you're the one	you're the one,
you're the one,	we do it
we do it	all
all	for you
for you	we do it all
we do it all	for you,
for you,	at MacDonald's
at MacDonald's	at MacDonald's
at MacDonald's	we do it all for you,
we do it all for you,	and Thanksgiving
and Thanksgiving	turkey
turkey	and Thanksgiving turkey,
and Thanksgiving turkey,	and some opium

THE NATURE OF AN ICICLE

He's a body guard with a dozen redroses. The nature of icicles, voices. We were discussing the nature of icicles over a dozen red roses. No, I was watching a crinkling lie under the eyes. The water is dripping, the snow is falling. The fall is over. The body guard is out of town. Icicles are forming. Plink. A little boy searching for icicles. He runs away. So much depends on what has gone before. The breeze through Gold Hill. A sock on the bill on the table. A handful of icicles with a dozen red roses. A would be lover walks through in black lace. He presses his hips against me. I am aroused. I am wary. He hands me a red rose. Meanwhile back in California the ravager smiles. The telephone explodes. I did not want to be so moved! I did not mean to be so moved! I lied. I wanted it. I always wanted it. It is really snowing now. Hidden in the snow, a building on the end of an icicle. It slides down what has gone before and freezes on the end. Alone I leave Louisville trying not to watch. It progresses on what has gone before. I am discussing the nature of icicles, a handful of roses. So open. So sweet. I am thinking loosely of alone. I have not been careless. So much depends, and I am a little rusty. He presses hips against me. I want him! There, I can be a little careless sliding down the icicle. I always wanted it. It takes discipline to grow an icicle, but I am not an icicle! Sliding down the tongue, the back, the mountain, the breath. Sliding through the phone. Two minutes to 3:00. I have always loved tongues, ears, and red roses.

again
do it
do it again,
do it
do it
do it
do it,
again
do it, again,
you're sure
a beautiful
fuck
you're sure
a beautiful fuck
you're sure a beautiful fuck,
you sure put
a fuck
on the kid
you sure put a fuck on the kid,
put
your arms
around me,
honey
put your arms around me, honey,
hold me
tight
hold me tight
hold me tight,
cuddle up
and cuddle up
cuddle up and cuddle up
cuddle up and cuddle up
with all
your might
with all your might,
let me
unzip
your pants
let me unzip your pants
and suck you
off
and suck you off
and suck you off,
and cruising
and cruising
and cruising,
like a mosquito
going after
meat
like a mosquito
going after meat
like a mosquito going after meat,

LITTLE MAN

I don't know why
his pockets are bulging . . .
lady with pool cue
is shouting — Pack your bags!
He gave her a black eye.

Pirate with big brown
scuffed boots
My lips, two blushing pilgrims,
ready stand
The gentle sin is this
back lawn Wednesday 8:15 p.m.
radio's gone static

7-7-76

Al Santoli

John

Ashberry
Ashbury
Ashbery
Assberry
Ashburry
Assbury

Ash-puree
Ars' pure-ee!
Asp-burr-iy!
Assh! bu-ray
Amshlary
Hashbury,
Shantih Sherry
Shaft-leery
A shown tale of Ismael's mirrors ieee!
A shantih sing of Thee!
Ashtree Iggdrasail sonorousness singly free!

Write thou, o bards and lettrists
and foul-mental'd editors
the simple sonorous song of

Ash-be-ry!

WITH REGARD TO QUILL-GUSH

1.
35,000 other poets
woke this morn in the
American mansion

shorn of wisdom
long on folly
hungry for Stockholm

& uttered their quills
in the gushy black.

Countless vertical shafts of tenderness
placed as pylons upon your crumbled
relationships—

Left wing stories with happy endings—
rhymed doggerel chants waving
a wand to a just about sold out
crowd at the Hollywood Bowl—*

2.
35 partisans of Beauty & Art sit in the bistro,
jittery, excessively needful of fuck-suck,
hands clawing packets of everything,
cigs & Calligrammes (a night spent figuring
the borrowability and *usefulness* of)
& Earl Grey & Zane Grey and Dawn Grey
& udders full of juice
to stain the dawn grey tongue.

The answer:

to keep an honest diary,
to rise among
the moaning,
and to reap
the rapid wheat.

8-12-75
Richelieu Motel
San Francisco

*Hope away, o green-tongued stubble-faced bard

Barbara Schmitz

(banging the flag
for the 4th of July:)

we lay it beneath us
hot sweating bodies
firecracker sounds
morning
it is silky
and slides
wrinkling
beneath our asses
pull it taut
tack it to the bed
like tadpoles
we squirm
to cover it
flesh all over
colored stripes
me on bottom
moving with stars
behind left shoulder

we pledge

ALLEGIANCE

up and down

Fourscore

we roll

Me on top

that any nation

SO CONCEIVED

rocking

if a boy

we'll call him Sam

under God

the stain oozes onto the red

nexxon
bleach futures
a panel of p
steek
sion-tur
ask jail
we're out to make
a name for yourself
ought to get
body worship
ninx ninx ninx nino ninn
ninx ninx ninx nin
nio ixo xin inx iin nixo
miss nixon
ms. nixonnixon missed nixon miss nixon miss nixon miss
miss nixon missed a miss nixon nixoned misses nixon
nixon miss slip or miss dismiss nixon slips a miss
misses and more misses nixon and more
slips and misses and nixon and slips
nixon slips nixon slips nixon slips nixon slips
a miss slipped nixonby nixonby nixon a slix
nixon slippednixon's nixon's
nixon slipped
nixon's nixon's nixon's lip miss misses lips ix isl
misses misses misses misses misses misses misses
he misses missile slip missix exo nis mr. pills nixon mist
lip miss snake eyes stitch slip a nixon a pill
a nixon nixon nixon's the nixon the the the mrs. nixon misses
slips slips or slips on micks
washing up for years
nisson nisson lypon missin missin assanippi he's missin
imp a nixon misses miss missed slippins next
slip in nixon missed slip in nixon's mess niss mess oh potamus
pot a mus ta poy tamo su pater mutt to wit
or at a tit us mustardawhit wittier attica wit attic a wit tee
wii ttia att ick at tica att ica attica era attack err ka eraka at attic erika
eric ins air a kins cairn a care huggins or a care
a care i care a care i care ac acarsea a care i care i care i care
the care to notice a miss a miss i missed the notice
i missed the no tiv ti ce (...)

IKE SEE THE SEA DOGS GOBBLE THE GEESE
I SAY IKE CAN YOU SEE THE SEA DOGS GOBBLE THE GEESE

[hot]

ike seize the rind the cake the christ the spine the staff
and rip off the glisten from the fur the skin ripples

perb war
dre pp
he' weekend here
daisy cat
than and menth
backdating
in the ruins
The Fitful Wind
bob wilson

on a pink muscle or red beebee body of a friend
ik'd like wet geese honking on to china doubling or doubled
or double back beast of yellow lids over lowered eyes, red lips kissing
red eyes looking on and seen on yellow eyes
yellow zero's on yellow reds and yellow misses on dead missiles
riding to dead bases

home plate will be missed
he missed the list or roster of causes
he missed in his life as the rooster red rocket dove dove on the owl
and the sleeping owl said the sleeping fan said the sleeping or
blinding light of the umpire-aid-to-be umpire a saying he missed

home plate yes we misses or miss or care to mosey over to the dugout and spit right the
or care to miss the stolen base inside the park hit to left and missed home plate
batted on orders made out to like out of order like an incursion his wand
on the calculator 3 and 2 and no one scared enough to care

lost his lip in a head slide
no one not one i didn't hear anyone say not anyone no one say WATCH it
let it slip his mint in sswiss into a rowboat unnoticed already soaked asked
me that list listlist list lists is lit to or up to kissing
off the kinks he as his as his up the lane as hiass moved over the limbs
his ass never moved during the report or the
order to report enduring his upcoming child his child near
the measles factory near to his pneuma nearly 8 mo old in her bubs and belly
a flush of milk on her hair streaked grit at gray tough cunt sent the stretch
went the customary hitch 12 months a distance of lives
and swollen tissues fronted by pools of missing rain water invisible to snotlike
clouds

of plastic pellets bouncing off the trees, the helmets, the gum ball machines,
the cabs down second ave, ringing off the bedsprings, scooping up ramps of earth, the
children gong home early to school hardly aware of what x-rays miss
or mix into the sound track of a president holding a missing sear's catalogue
over his head running out ina firestorm of cum blistering her labia
from sins so sincere as to be missed flattened or be leftout in the rain to rot
aching under his white house weight pumping
as his head pure of telephone books
numbers never turned over never fallen over never missed 200,000
prisoners
missed or missme i me mine i me mine i can't tell i'm innocent

im innocent	im president	im missed
im innocent	im president	im missed
im innocent	im president	im missed
im innocent	im president	im missed

i was a child
i pee
i miss my mommy sometimes
i was a child
i was a child
remember, remember me
i get sick like you i bleed
i can't help not being about to fuck
i was a child

im innocent	im president	im
i pis i shit i pis i shit i pis i shit		immmmmmmmm

PISSED

there's a time to be timid, there's a time to be conciliatory,
there's a time to fly and there's a time to fight
and i'm going to fight like hell.

BLANKET

The hooker said, "Y'inta gayety?"
 I said, "No, I'm into a light concussion; you got a quarter
 So I can take a bus?"
 The hooker said, "Honey, I'm out here *making* money
 Not giving it away."
 I said, "I don't have any money."
 The hooker said, "That's too bad; we could have fun."
 I said, "Yeah, that's too bad."
 She turned into a shadow that turned into a brick wall.
 They'd told me not to leave the hospital.
 I said, "Hoss toids! Where's my britches?"
 I was walking in borrowed boots
 Down the star-row of street lamps
 My face covered with dozens of tiny scratches
 Waking in the hospital never did find out what hit me
 And my feet hurt by the miles.
 Just as desperation set in, a kind ride took me to a landmark
 And I re-traced steps of months before
 Meeting on the way
 A haloed sprite in a rainy tree
 Who asked me, all pearl of inner mother glowing
 To jump in the river so we could be together.
 I beat it up the street like a champ, head & heart pounding
 She was so lovely
 And when I got to where I was going, there was nobody home
 So I sat the hours in a freeze by a garbage can
 Until the first light in the building went on.
 From that light I borrowed a blanket so big
 It even fit under me lying down

STILL NO DIAGNOSIS

I've been in Surgery.
 They did something to my insides
 While I was Out.
 They cut something.
 They added something.
 They tied something in a knot,
 And stitched it to something else.
 They bypassed something
 And clean forgot about it.
 They found something they thought they might be able to sell.
 They filled me with memories on the spot
 And with hopeless crazy ideas.
 They reversed the spectrum
 Trying to make the rain bow.
 They argued over all the small shining things
 That keep me alive
 And decided there was plenty for everybody.
 They played mumbly-peg on my spleen
 And transplanted a strange way of seeing
 Into my eyes,
 So that now everything looks just as strange
 As can be.

The first time I ever got drunk I drank Roma Port Cooking wine (lightly salted) behind some bushes on a public beach with Chris Lihme and Johnny Morrissey. Chris had an ear-ring and so was our leader until we were all too drunk to think about such things. There in the hot hidden from the crowd shade, Chris broke his empty bottle a vino and held the wicked looking spar against the inside of his fore-arm. "Think I'm chicken?" From the two of us, about all he could get was "Oh, haw haw haw, yes!" Then a deep pearly white furrow plowed eight inches down from the crook of his elbow. Tiny pearls of blood appeared against the tender whiteness like beads of really real sweat, lept together and formed a copious flow. No spurts, thank god.

As I recall, Johnny and I were just on the verge of figuring It all out once and forever when Chris spoke up wanting to go to the hospital. Sitting in a widening red puddle shame-faced like a kid who'd peed his pants.

Johnny had a motorcycle and I had a motorcycle and poor Chris rode with me as I took a short cut across a golf course that hot blind Sunday, trying to negotiate stretches of twenty feet at a time at forty miles an hour. And instead of pressing the wound like a sane man, Chris held his arm out behind him spraying blood wildly so he "wouldn't get any on my shirt." A true gentleman and how we ever got across a golf course, across a four lane bridge, through all that traffic and into a hospital, is information inaccessible to me, and in emergency as they wheeled him through those flapping doors, Chris called to me "Bill, don't leave me!" and I said I'd be right there and went to the bathroom and vomited until I fell down and heard Japanese wind chimes, curled around the toilet on the gratefull cold floor and slept until midnight.

Rick Nager

THE PROMISED LAND

They packed up and left
 Nothing of value behind

They packed up and left
 Nothing of value behind

They packed up and left
 Nothing of value behind

DAYDREAM

A stranger comes in
 and starts to erase the man next to me
 the
 man
 next
 to me
 I wrestle him to the ground

HERAT

1.
late sunrise trees
horsecart sleighbells sing
to here we are
at Jami's tomb
a tree sings out
from poet's dust
pilgrims watch treeleaves eat
Jami's rock sleep
in desert air.

a Mynahbird jaws in branches
breezes good as cold water
play with my presumptuous beard
as I sing this song.

2.
It's a long hot walk to Gazer Gah.
Birds sing here so you know
where you are. At this pool
of coolness in a sea of heat
tree-growing graves
nourish the sun with water.
A spring rises out of my head
from godshed back of my eyes.
Swarms of flies nibble my feet
but food for the dead
is in my dirty cells
already.

As everywhere, Westernized youth
come to strip me
of my millionaire's tongue
they learned to worship
at the cinema.

The believers eye me suspiciously
a man who plays with Allah
and writes books in his courtyard !

Inside the mosque is much better.
Poet's words on the wall,
stained-glass windows of breath,
breed shadows here
for sunburnt lovers
tourist or pilgrim
present or past

In a saint's house full
of graffiti-prayers,
rock hands fold in my brain.
I look for new legs, for a bit of water,
in seven lace-carved stones.

Here precious breath of tree-fed peace
in smiling sun and wooing shades
makes birdsong ricochet off eyelids
while I rest in darkness
behind my eyebrows drum.

my book is my pillow
my fireplace is breath
my friends are my food
the tree-swept air is singing.

Afghanistan, June 1970

JESTER'S EGG: RIGOLETTO

plot from a minor
Hugo play
no one's ever seen

"Quel vecchio maledivami !"

The king amuses
Le Roi s'Amuse
himself.

Bjoerling

Rig a murder, Sparafucile.
Bring me my daughter
in your bag.

The rich get all the bargains.

BENARES RENAMED

Tom Savage

Andante

A - sleep on the bel-ly of God I come to you my bod-y drips with blood I
shed in the ba-zaar when I walk through the streets of death at-ten-dark-suppliants of the sun.
Their one breeds fire in the midst of wa-ter and oars from Al-ex-an-der's ships that
float with life from our dead-ened hands.

M- 5 Piano & Voice

I KNOW THE DOOR

In spring a young girl returns from the dead
to reclaim her fallow body.

All winter her mother waits in the same wooden chair,
braids the air,
arranges cutlery into a cross on the table.
A lashed hawk struts,
blinking,
head bound
and wings folded beneath leather straps.
He balances at the vertex of knives,
black hope from the otherworld.

At dusk the old woman ties flaming rags to her goat,
sets him running through the streets,
ash rising off his back like burning Jews.
She follows the ibex into night
to sit holding his seared and bloodless heart,
telling it her fucking grief,
ugly as broken glass:

the first day of winter my daughter crawls back
into my quarried womb,
and that night her life seeps from my cunt
like a bleeding dream.
Decembers to Aprils, pregnant
with the lifeless body,
the stench of sorrow, worse as scorched wool,
never leaves me.
Sometime in her nest of dust
I feel her work toward my throat,
my breath whistling down her winnowed arms.

Tell me what cycle of life
makes a girl leave her body in an empty hole,
a mother labor yearly for her own child's birth.

This spring the hawk is released into black air.
The mother boils candles down
as she lies in a helix of wire
loose around her spread legs.
The young girl returns from the dead,
reenters the dark passage, while after her
her mother pours wax to seal her cervix,
then cage against the torsion
of life
that must tear from life.

MEHER BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES

"The sun will wink twice
and close his round eye
forever."

—Meher Baba

Sitting in a country bar on a warm afternoon,
drunk out of my mind.
A slow ache in three back teeth
I am about four people today,
all friends of mine.
At the end of the street a kid on crutches
is tapping the new asphalt.

a billion accidents
stars in a jar
one lonely old lady pushing a shopping cart
down the center aisle of Cala Foods
an ache from the left shoulder to the left ear
a mandala of light
red light
in the night
night springing open
like springtime
like the sergeant's jaw when he snores.

baseball facts
technical feats of madness
sex take you down
and out of sight
completely out
you shuck a billion possible selves
on the way down
roll over, completely over,
come whistling up for air, some lady
grabs you by the hair . . .
can't get mad at anything
or anyone
anymore.

getting on
but never
getting there.

a lot of poetry
exquisitely defining
was written.
If he was careful
a man could go stark raving mad
at any second.

Nails flow
into the hammer
of love.
This feared motor rip
is a simplified space trip
for a new earth.
"Moola spoons of puke."

wide open space
space full of metal flakes
tacks spray the sky like flak
I'm in the trunk looking for the jack
can't get back
shakin all over
TV-heads gonna die
TV (that's me) gonna live forever.

WIPE YOUR ASS WITH THE WIND

for George Schneeman

They gave him a restingplace in a hurry
They had to, he was getting smaller
Soon he would disappear.
In the nick of time
They closed the grave over him!
At that moment the sun was eclipsed!
The astronomers in attendance
raised smoked glasses
and shouted: A major discovery—
Quotation marks around the sun!

WHY I QUIT SCHOOL

One day I watched Emily Dickinson
become the Massachusetts State Capitol Building.

JURASSIC

Her hands are like the skeleton of a dinosaur,
So terribly white and sequenced.
They look as if they were assembled
By a team of scientists,
As if each part were unearthed separately
(. . . with an exclamation
they uncover her left pinky fingernail
and fit it into place!)

The way she holds her hands,
It looks like there's a guardrail around them
to keep people from getting too close
to the dinosaur bones.

Her huge saurian eyes
swallow the room.
If you're in the room
you feel like Jonah
In the belly of a brontosaurus.

She commits dinosaur crimes,
Slow, innocent crimes,
In which every move is perfectly honest
Except the last.

She doesn't suspect her own extinction;
She thinks she'll survive these quick-witted mammals,
Because she had the good sense
To start out as a fossil.

ANAIIS NIN

Toasted worms
Rising slowly into form :

Like a duck dissolving the Bronze Sea
She swims with her headlights on .

SOMETIMES THE MOON

Sometimes the moon
always seems
to have the last word.

I put a picture in the window
and now it's raining
down the walls.

THE JEWS IN THE DELICATESSEN

The earth is in the Milky Way Galaxy
And the Jews are in the Delicatessen.

In the Delicatessen,
The Jews shout and mumble
And eat borscht.
The waiters speed from table to table.

Sparrow

In cold Space,
Jupiter smiles,
Like an old man
Ordering
A corned beef sandwich.

THE DEATH OF ARCHIMEDES I. ZZZYANDOTTI

Archimedes I. Zzzyandotti
lies on his bed
gasping.
All around him,
his family is gathered.
The little Zzzyandotti's
buzz with excitement.
His wife, Uralia,
is weeping.

Archimedes I. Zzzyandotti
draws his last breath.

The phone rings.

"Congratulations, Archimedes,"
says the man on the phone,
"You are the last person
in the telephone book."

"No more," says Uralia
replacing the receiver
in its cradle.

Sparrow

saving grace

Grace is in trouble as I suppose I think
she is done for at the finishing school
now no word a week and through the loft floor you
can't complain it sounded like they sawed off her
hand I mean raucous yelling and artsaw whine w/ earnest
shrieking it's my day another declaimed to do what
I wondered poor grace greyest day was
foaming at the windows they must have looked out on nothing
and no one's better "off"
stood before the coors and said don't go in there I warn
you sparkling liquors and package drink hot blood slid
down the pipes seeking her own level

2/21/74

James Grauerholz

RENT DUE: FOR THE TINKERTOY

I think I will go
be a REAL PROSTITUTE!
at least I would get
paid
REAL MONEY
for real exploitation
and services rendered
no more pretense of sophistication!
in big Tinkertoy
no more autographed copies!
I'll buy my own books
no more tasteless dinners!
with the put-down Fame
no more manuscripts! bled over un-read
for flattery spite
no more ten-foot poles!
politely shoved up my ass cuz I'm
TOO HOT!
no more spit in my hair without
payment, cash on this barrel head, buster
So next time,
slide your hate under the door
I got a client
an' he got
or she got
REAL LOOT!
an' don't pretend he's not going home
An' next time,
bottle your spit and leave it in my box
I'm trading tonight for a REAL STEAK
an' enough change to ride the bus
An next time, babe,
send me your sympatico on a postage stamp
I'm only made of
paper skin
balsawood bone
red dye
an' blue plastic
an' my dentist he got REAL GAS
an' he pretty clean long as he
keep his mouth shut
an' he's on the list tonight, you see?
an' for the last time
DON'T ASK!
about my poetry
only that's
for free.

7/24/76

WORKING GUILT OUT

The breaking glass alarmed me
so I peeked through the slit
in the blind and there I saw
the two of them beating
on the 1968 Camaro
left hand with raised pipe,
the slender one dressed in grey,
shattered the window
he beat it as if it were
the face of a woman
who once laughed
as he was being arrested
for snatching her purse
the taller one dressed in brown,
threw repeated kicks at the car
pounding it with his heel
till he gave a leap,
walked ten feet away
then ran towards the car
giving a Bruce Lee both feet
off the ground jump,
kicking the car with both heels
his face, nose first,
slapped the pavement, almost unconscious,
he leaped to his feet,
grabbed his friend's pipe,
ran to the back of the car
and shattered the rear glass plate
with violent blows
all of the time cursing
his aunt out for telling
his mother that he had gotten
his sister pregnant.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Richie playing the maracas
is the universe becoming fluid
and the Nuyorican Cafe
floor becoming platform
for the shape of art
to mimic so that the artifact
becomes direct message
no symbols of
but the very thing itself
the knife in the belly
and the blues singing soft
shoes of pain as my gut
kicks my nerves insisting
on its pain vomiting more pain
about gifts that on a Christmas
day reached a dead child
too late to be played with
but it wasn't the deliverer's fault
it was his uncle who kept forgetting

that Christmas falls with love
not on a calendar but on the tenderest
feelings where the self of all others wants
love and sharp edges that awake
the internal mind into a self created speech
that reaches over into your listener's system
and reschedules his entire psychic set,
I once had a friend that in one afternoon
traced all of my spinal short-circuits
and rearranged my electrical flow
into more fluid work than the switch-on,
switch-off, I'm overloaded crisis
that results in nausea, asphyxiation and the
swallowing of my tongue

hay algo

hay un epileptic fit

trying to reduce me into a trembling
mass of jellied nerves, formless,
shuddering, there, on the subway floor
while hundreds of passengers masochistically
look on both enjoying my crisis and feeling sorry
for me, the poor wretch, lying on the dirty
concrete subway floor imploring my muscles
and nerves to keep cool and cut the short
circuit tongue down my throat menace
out and institute a no-nonsense
coherent I'm a mechanical and predictable
human being behavior modification program
to counter my muscular violence against myself
which keeps calling attention to itself while
the transit cop is almost breaking both my legs
by throwing his full weight on me as he
tries to hold my legs still and my mouth open
grabbing at my tongue, yanking it out,
shaking my shoulders, slapping my face
working to neutralize the short-circuit
in my spine till Dr. Psychiatrist starts
to define my mind and its connections
into a State Asylum where I can get more
medication than I do out on the street
or have the medication forced on me by a
well meaning nurse that relates her self to me
through an every four hour give him his
dosage routine

hay algo

it's 11:59 P.M. 1975

and I got one more minute of talk
before 1976 finds me shooting up and down
behind the Nuyorican Cafe bar trying to
decide if nuclear war will ravage
New York before I find out just how
to divide the line so that it repairs
short-circuits that block the world
from coming together! it is 12 A.M.
the new year's been bombed and over the T.V.
the hottest news release tells us that at La Guardia
Airport an explosion was so strong that tiny,
invisible slivers of glass have penetrated the skin
of many but the slivers are so fine that
it can not be detected where they've penetrated the body
and here it is 1976 enters in like a
glass sliver undetected yet causing pain.

Miguel Algarin

INFECTIONS

I walk around the city
matching my feelings
to your mood
just like the lake water
meets the edge of the fountain,
no separation
but real tight
leaving no room for air
to divide us
I match every feeling in me
to your contortions
as you dive into your psyche,
pulling out the dirt of your pain
you smear it on your face,
on your eyes, on your lips,
and, as if not enough,
your saliva sprays my face
spreading the moisture
of your infectious pain
showing me your yellow teeth
you spit out poisoned arias
about how you want to get down
with women you despise
and how you want to get down
with your mother but that
you wouldn't tell her
for fear she'd accept.

Miguel Algarin

THE STREET DON'T CARE

Between androgynous wet dreams
I get run over again
and again by a tank full
of screaming Negroes—
In laughter they fire the machine guns
at rats and policemen in the street
They run over me by mistake, but uncaring
In death/at last I am sexless.

Before that I was switching back and forth
between male and female,
my chest and groin expanding and contracting
permuting concave and convex out of control
So fast I didn't have time
to get confused

David Glickstein

There’s an arc in ciel
The entire table top is vibrating
In the immediate future
People will signal each other on “DC” sets
Dropping from one level to another
As they filter through the slats in the floor
Like syrup, except that they retain their faces
But the inside-outside boundary line
Feels like syrup when you rub it between your fingers
As if five letters were taken from your name
And transferred to a hot slice of French toast
Which you are little when measured next to, even the fork

The feelers among us nod and smack their lips
They agree that it is raining, but
Actually just echoing, the real rain fell
Twenty minutes ago, and fell hard
Like the time I first became aware
They were burning off my fingerprints
By means of electrolysis
Which was the thing that bothered me, I mean
Not that I wouldn’t leave prints anymore
But that I can feel the electric shock
Running up my fingers through my arms as I type

Since yesterday, that is

GARRISON, NY

toc
the ball flattens
the sun warm
‘marco!’
impressions
springs back
clink
the horseshoe wraps
around
‘polo!’
sun pours into your ear on the
toc
grass
birds sing
smell the herb
splash
‘marco!’
thump
swoop
the bird chases
plunge
woosh
pssht
beer sweat drips
on cans
clank
a ringer.

Alfred Milanese

SHOPPING LIST

cottage cheese
six pack
6 flights of stairs
“your feet just don’t
get used to them.”
one sincere nod
assures the grocery man
i’m no junkie
trying to rip off his bananas

ILLUSTRATION

My Grandfather had these little pills
He was to take one
whenever he felt a GOOD pain in the chest
Embarrassed
he tried to hide this condition
from his family
He even swore
never to take the pills
in front of strangers
Unfortunately
He once got a pain
on the subway during rush hour
Though he made it to his station,
Bedford Park,
He dropped dead
on the Grand Concourse
waiting for a bus

BIOGRAPHY

for diane di prima

Gerard de Nerval studied the Quabbala

and dragged

a dark north star

into a french asylum

tucked away

somewhere

in the southern

countryside

"Well, I'll tell yawl something I don't know whether you ever . . . You ever been around Mexkins much?" Curtis asked me.

"She's been around more Mexkins than you have!"

"Well, I don't know. She'd have to be around a whole lot, wouldn't she, Daddy."

"She's *lived* out there in New Mexico."

"She lived in Albuquerque for *years* and *years*."

"Them's a different breed of Mexkins from what we've got out here."

"Well, they really are."

"What I was going to tell you, every Mexkin in *this* part of the country will tell you that if you know the right man he can take a dollar bill and lay it on a pile of newspaper and draw one off. Then he just starts cutting them out! That size. And he stacks 'em up *that* high. Do 'em like that and every one'll be a dollar bill!"

"They say they can *spend* that money. Old Luke said he had often done that and he bought *everything* with it.

"The guy that told him how to do it said, You won't live *long* though, after you start doing it!"

"Old Luke said he bought everything! Said he taken that money and do it like that. And ol' Ben Sanchez down there, said he seen him do it!"

"Ever Mexkin in this country'll tell you they can do that. That *somebody* they know can. Old Ben's daddy told me that his brother got to doing that."

"How long did he live?"

"He died when he was thirty-six. Then old Ben got hold of it and started doing it."

"What you got to do is worship the devil to be able to do it."

"Ben?!"

"Uhhh Hmmm!"

"Ben Sanchez?"

"Yep. And his daddy taken them books, you know he was telling us about that? His daddy found out about his doing that and he taken them books and burnt 'em!"

"You learn how to do it out of a book?" I asked.

"Yeah. You get this book that tells you how."

"Sounds to me like the guy that's sure to be making the money is the guy that's selling the books!"

"Now this here's the deal though. You can't *buy* the book."

"Yeah?"

"It's got to be wrote, see, by you . . . and then you give it to me . . . just like him. His *uncle* give it to him. You don't ever sell it!"

"Oh."

"Then his uncle whenever he went to die he give it to Ben. It passes on and on."

"I'd rather be poor and live a long time than be rich and . . ."

"I'll tell you what . . . him and his wife come to see me and Linda whenever we first got married. One night . . . Linda has heard this story several times, too. Heard them tell it one night. They was setting on the couch and I said, Ben . . . There's a lake right out here called Guthrie. You know where it is, Daddy?"

"Guthrie? I've heard of it. I've never been there."

"Well, I been out there several times. You go out there to Guthrie Lake and that lake stays full of water nearly the year round. Real pretty lake. It's fed by a little spring.

"One night Ben . . . him and me was here in town . . . I'll just tell you the whole story. And he said, Curtis, go out with me to the lake and let's pray to the devil. He said, Tonight he'll appear because it's full moon and it's right overhead. Said, He'll be there.

"I said, Well where he is I ain't. That's just what I told him. I thought he was crazy.

"I said, You're the silliest thing I ever heard of!"

"He's *still* crazy!"

"Another night or two . . . he told me . . . I said, Did he appear? Yeah! Come out there and told me what to do this week.

"So, his wife and him got married. They was over at the house one night and I said . . . her name Emily?"

"Eva." Linda answered.

"Eva? I says, Eva, does Ben still pray to the devil? And she said, Yep. Said, I didn't believe him, Curtis, whenever me and him got married. Said, He told me about that before we got married and I didn't believe him. And says, One night he told me he was going out there and pray to him. Said he'd prove it tonight. Said he'd have some *birds* come and appear to me at the door. And she said, Sure enough, while I was washing dishes there was two birds walked up there and knocked on the door."

"*Walked* up and *knocked* on the door?"

"She said they was as tall as a man!"

"That was probably Ben and some crony!"

"Naw! He was in the livingroom, she said. And . . . wait . . . did she say they *talked* to her?"

"I don't remember her saying they *talked* to her."

"I think it's enough to have a *tall* bird!" I started laughing.

"Get a tall enough bird and he don't have to do anything else!"

"She said she didn't *deny* his word anymore!"

"I don't believe I could've *lived* with him after that!" Aunt Maxine said.

"I don't believe I could live with anybody that (laughing) had *birds* for friends!"

"It's hard enough when drinking buddies show up!"

"Well, I couldn't live with anybody that prayed to the devil! That's *horrible* to think about! Ain't it!" Maxine insisted.

"He don't do that anymore. He told me that he wished he never had fooled with it!"

"Yeah."

"That's like those people raising people from the dead. You hear of that? They tell me that's going on pretty strong in California! I heard it on T.V. here the other day!"

"Let's just hope they're making the right choices."

"Who'd be the right choices?"

"It'd be awful to raise somebody from the dead and find out they were boring and you didn't like them after going to all that trouble!"

"People don't think of the *Devil* being powerful enough to raise somebody from the dead." Curtis refused to lose his leeway.

"You think the *Lord's* raising 'em up, Curtis? You think the *Lord's* raising them from the dead?"

"Well, he can! He *is*! But he's not raising them like the *devil* is!"

"What town were we talking about where you said, Where did all those people come from?"

"They raised them from the dead?"

"New York?"

"In New York I always feel like they've just got people stacked on top of each other."

"Idn't there an awful lot of traffic in New York?"

"Yeah."

"I'd like to *see* that town but I wouldn't want . . ."

"Jessie, you believe in that kind of stuff? Like that raising the dead and all that?"

"Naw. Do you?"

"I don't *believe* it! I *know* it's a fact!"

I want a
bulletproof vest

the advantage of
forethought

CRACKS

Seen a million of 'em
 walking Dyckman down
 to Harlem counting cracks Dutch treat
 sidewalk cracks ruling fields
 "second over
 by that big crack"
 slid into home crack
 cracked leg local quack
 let me scream all night wore
 cast eight weeks it too cracked
 window cracks door cracks china cracks
 germany cracks ice cracks
 hull cracks bat cracks
 finally hit it high note
 flute cracks cracks fire cracks cracked
 magazine zone yr cracked Al
 gonkian stone red seam crack
 shaman chiseled woman round it
 spine crack cracks shell
 cracks snakes ooze out of schools
 full of 'em desk cracks board cracks
 wise cracks Levin
 looks up at his living room cracks
 crevasses ravines
 till the ceiling thunders down cracks
 heads wired cracks liberty
 bell cracks Sam
 choking with plaster dust pounding on door
 Al! Al! you all right? cracks something
 pushing through saxifrage
 grass Fleck's
 heart
 nuclear waste cunt cracks
 under fur cracks in time
 something pushing
 boulder cracks
 flagstaff
 pine

6/76

MISS THING LEAVES THE WORLD BURNING MAD

Thing lectures to the sex institute:

"Coke up the ass allows for interminable violation.

If no coke, use Crisco,

if no Crisco, spit on it

and he'll be up your back door so far

you can pretend you're never alone."

"Going down's good too,

unzipping their flies

like the poor digging for turnips,

into the earth of their groins,

pulling sons from their crotch with my mouth."

"Sometimes they rise and quiver when they come

and I think of dolphins through the sea,

how they give you everything, even something of dream.

Occasionally one will call out 'Help me, I'm coming!'

and I always do with the frail ship of my body

carrying them from their little deaths into morning,

as the moon would the sun,

where they breakfast in silence,

and leave for their women."

MISS THING LEAVES THE WORLD BURNING MAD

Thing Wonders:

Some nights Thing was too tired to get out of drag

and let the make-up crack like Ruth St. Dennis.

He would lay on his day-bed near the window

and look into the streets,

seeing someone walk a certain way,

or hear a cough down the hall,

or a toilet flushing,

and he wondered if all men felt lonely at times,

just watching little girls play in the dirt,

drawing circles with a stick that was for her the sun,

hearing her names called to supper,

seeing all the silent space she left,

and he wondered sincerely if all men felt alone at times.

5 pelicans
traverse a wind I
struggle to walk against.

they keep a stable V
& light atop a craggy
rock the sea pounds.

and fold above the spray of
waves that finally bore archways
& rumble through obsidian to hidden beach.

Then God said,
 "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness;
 and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea,
 and over the birds of the air . . ."
 Genesis 1:26

I climb the searock in afternoon
reach the top at dusk
 & look down through cold fog.
such fragile triumph—humanity!
no sunset
no fish racing my distensible jaw
no audience with God
no strawberry as sweet but to the man about to die
no more water in the pail!
no more moon in the water!
no appointment—no disappointment

I see only a huge human asshole
trapped by high tide.

PRESS CONFERENCE

Pat
I'm tired
These shoes of death
(The pussy I could never gather)
Henry here every night . . .
I am suspicious there is something
But being
From California
There is no need . . .
You're better than Mamie, Pat . . .
You know that . . .
The things we've worked for
And certainly better than Bess
It's true that Jackie
In the Blue Room
Was more persistent
O hold me, Pat

Sidney Goldfarb

As if spelling itself
were a sick insult,
and poems the fancy
ploys of animals
shrieking to kill me.

As if there were light
in the corner
and not Nana
holding her head
and Michael crying.

As if I were not here.

early october

maybe to disappear now killer self no man
maybe eat currant and egg yellow leaf flash
green fingers to edges serrate and mateless
to autumn creek pine beetle chickadee bobbing
maybe dry rhubarb brown disappearing
maybe old radishes still over watercan
to wash dishes silently in warm of rinse water
climb breathless through rain wet to goat pen in forest
cottonwood yolk thrust to rust ponderosa
maybe on elbow watch cat calmly deliver
one dead and one living a bee rides the breeze

HIS VERSION OF THE STORY

She wanted him
to make love to her
but she didn't want him
to be her lover
because she had wanted him
to be her lover
and he had left her
because he thought he had been
in that place too long.

So when she started
to come, years later,
and a deep one it was,
for he did love her,
she reached over her head
and pulled her long hair over her face
so he could not see her.

Under her hair
her eyes opened wide
and the breath from her throat
spread over her face.

A LIST

Now I see signs of it everywhere!
When you laugh
when you boogie a little at last
when you lay back on the waterbed
your breasts
floating like moons

under the soft sheet and complain
that the baked potato
I brought you is not on a plate.

The rushed clarity
of your analysis of hyperomantic
views of peasants
your ridiculous mint julep sighs
your impeccable
waitress toughness
the way

you grab at my zipper
and giggle and cuddle it
and suck it till it stands up
and looks you
straight in the eye.

Your refusal to be stupid as a means
of fending off boredom
your insane rhythms which zoom off
honking avalanches
full of grapes and tears
and continuous
sticky drive-in discovery.

I see
signs of it everywhere!
You're making me want to fuck you
all the time now!

Like now when you're not here:
just the stars
vibrating with your sweet intensity
turning and shooting
and rolling their eyes
back into sleep
and the quiet morning
which greets me
like wine in the mouth.

MINIMAL VISION

What you say to one
you cannot say
to the other.

And what one
says to you
you cannot say
to the other.

Finally the head
splits into shells
and the hosts take note
of your reticence.

Blinking stars.
Cold repetition.
Breakfast alone
with my minimal vision.

1135 10th Street (and Giovanina Mucili)

How nice it is to meet an old friend
 How refreshing to see an old friend
 Meeting an old friend is much better than discovering new ones
 Passing an old stone
 On the winding mountain road
 Passing an old oak tree
 In the English country garden
 Passing a derelict castle
 On the French hillside
 Passing an old ant
 On the sidewalk
 Glory be to Giovanina
 Maybe all this is a castle in the air
 Maybe this is my conceptualized preconceived subconscious
 imaginary expectation

Maybe this is just a simple blade of grass
 It is all very touching
 Maybe it is just glue
 Glorified glue
 That glues heaven and earth together
 Glue that seals great cracks in the Tower of London
 However
 There's something nice about Giovanina
 When she smiles
 She cheers up the depressed pollution
 When she talks
 She proclaims the wisdom of precision
 She is somewhat small
 But dynamite
 She seems to know who she is
 She could create thunderstorm
 She could produce gentle rain
 She could get you good property
 She brings down the castle in the air
 She is somehow in my opinion well-manufactured
 Fresh air of the alps
 I think she is fresh air
 Which turns into a well-cared-for garden
 Free from lawn-mowers and insecticides.

Boulder
 July 30, 1975

RMDC, ROUTE 1, LIVERMORE

In the blue sky with no clouds
 The sun of unchanging mind-essence arises
 In the jungle of pine trees swayed by winds
 The birds of chattering thoughts abide
 Among the boulders of immovable dignity
 The insects of subconscious scheming roam
 In the meditation hall many practice *dhyana*
 Giving birth to realization free of hope and fear
 Through devotion to the only father guru
 The place of dharma has been founded
 Abundant with spiritual and temporal powers.
 Dead or alive, I have no regrets.

translated from the Tibetan (composed earlier the same day)
 RMDC
 July 4, 1975

SATURDAYNIGHT WITHOUT YOU

I dreamed I went through his pockets
 looking for small bills quarters anything
 the keys to a red car phone numbers
 four four four-twenty three hundred
 Hello, Tom, is this really you? I'm at
 the Shady Court in Winnemucca
 SOMETHINGS HAPPENED . . . he won't move
 I'm so mad I could kick his face but
 he keeps on trembling . . . SOMETHING WENT
 WRONG . . . I tried but it's no use . . . you'd
 better come and get me

SUSPECT

help did he shoot? did he shoot? did he shoot?
 don't come any closer or i'll
 call a cab!
 when i get bigger i'm gonna leave you!
 i'm i'm i'm
 gonna step out in the street
 one leg!

IN THE MORNING

how come you come
 to wake me up
 without a face
 I know you think I should
 get up
 but the wrinkles are
 so old and sure
 and without a trace

Cindy Shelton

Rainbow you are a wall, Humpty
 Dumpty would never of fallen from —
 wale cracks in ½ —
 a man with catschup teeth, ten strings
 of spegette wigle from bulding lips —
 (can I have)

Frist step on rain bow, now a green
 step — now two red steps — now
 10 yellow steps now I want a
 1,000 purple steps & one giant blue
 step, and now 3 giant gold steps,
 & ten white feather step (this step
 has a tack in it, thro it away) —

NYC

ex-love poem

I hope you choke on words
 your radio breaks
 and your typewriter keys stick
 I hope she doesn't come
 and doesn't call
 I hope you almost come
 and the phone rings
 . . . —your mother
 I hope you drop the tray
 while cleaning seeds
 I hope it rains everywhere
 except on your garden
 and all your firewood gets wet
 I hope your roof leaks
 your house burns
 I hope you need me
 come to visit
 when I'm in bed with three men
 I hope you want her
 and she won't
 I hope you cry
 and want to scream
 and can't sleep
 under this same new moon
 these same grey clouds
 I hope you wet your bed
 forget your dream
 lose your pen
 run out of candles
 This backyard still stinks
 I can't read I can't think
 I hope you are happy

Bonnie Shulman

from JAI-ALAI

Time that takes all beauty into itself
 will ring you up with a job to do.
 You and your beauty will set out down corridors
 to stand in a smoky room before two desks
 with two uniformed employers, one male,
 the other female.
 They will not ask you to sit for there will be no chair.
 And you will be given your task.
 To spy. To live in motels. To barely make expenses.
 To find out who the thieves are.

Deeper into a slow burn, time is.
 Gets a burp or a perk in a bloke.
 Stare out over our metal desks,
 our boulders, our humping whales,
 and verifiably report that you are at sea,
 a sea where the creatures
 are pumped through with cartoons
 the mechanisms which ring and clack and burr
 like so many costumes
 for a single shadow filled with fire.

The hand in the scrawl was thick with Friday
 fever.
 Her trout did not recall how we broached
 death and fizz,
 mounting the ruined hillside to intone our oceanic
 notions.

Soon the auto will power past.
 Soon squalls will ignite, will pass.
 Ducks are honking over the macadam lake.
 Young coots are conning us as to what
 they would have done had they known what
 was what when the tick's what ticked what.

I was in a den explaining how
 I was able to speak for God.
 My method was to let go of reason totally
 and just say simply whatever came out.
 Two gentlemen were watching me.
 While I spoke, invisible prophets
 all clamoured they too spoke for God
 and were in need of monies to keep on with it.

Richard Dillon

From THE NOTEBOOKS

12/75

a discourse on Lilith

who she is
 her force her power
 that they would call "demonic"
 she the woman fought to be
 above the man
 at least be equal in that game
 her sex a thwarted thing
 female presence seated in proud exile
 dispossessed
 would cry for vengeance
 in death of little children
 seduction of those men away from home
 estranged from Eve the wife our Lady of the Contract
 Lilith breaks loose on the other side
 —o moon
 nightwailer—
 rages in the laundry
 roaming through your house at dawn
 a poltergeist
 she hurls dishes from cupboard
 sits among them scraping at your sores
 sometimes a comfort
 otherwise a joke
 an old obsession
 like that furry animal who pisses in your soup
 free spirit

2/76

the rape of Jeremiah

here at the center of the world
 —he writes—
 the gathering grows most intense
 if only the imagination
 holds it
 sodomites walk past with Jeremiah
 perfumed men & prostitutes
 show their sex freely
 the wind rises over Jerusalem
 moves between the women's legs & lifts
 odors to the altar seeds & blood
 engulf the priest so beautiful
 so like a boy bride
 in whose smoke serpents reappear
 great cherubs creatures of the mind
 & will not leave you
 lurk in jewish holes & *tantra* the message
 blown from east to west
 rests in the prophet's words
 the secrets of their nature again alive
 as Yahveh cried out for his lost brides
 —o the god that knows all
 knows this too—

these women gone two sisters daughters
 of one mother whores
 that I knew in Egypt they would let men
 squeeze their tits would suck
 their virgin tits o tender
 tender as their names were
 : vision of Ezekiel
 in the temple built by Solomon
 lover king whom the priest's beauty
 now recalls
 a trace of semen in the *mikvah*
 this power that can lift us to the god

(c) 1977 by Jerome Rothenberg, from *A Big Jewish Book* (Doubleday)

From A SENECA JOURNAL

*OLD*MAN*BEAVER'S*BLESSING*SONG*
 *all*i*want*'s*a*good*5¢*seegar*
 heeheeHOHOheeheeHOHOheeheeHOHO
 *all*i*want*'s*a*good*5¢*seegar*
 heeheeHOHOheeheeHOHOheeheeHOHO
 *all*i*want*'s*a*good*5¢*seegar*
 heeheeHOHOheeheeHOHOheeheeHOHO
 *all*i*want*'s*a*good*5¢*seegar*
 heeheeHOHOheeheeHOHOheeheeHOHO
 *all*i*want*'s*a*good*5¢*seegar*
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 heeheeHOHOheeheeHOHOheeheeHOHO
 *all*i*want*'s*a*good*5¢*seegar*
 heeheeHOHOheeheeHOHOheeheeHOHO
 *OLD*MAN*BEAVER'S*BLESSING*SONG*

TRAIN GOING BY

for Rosalie Sorrels

When I was a kid,
I wanted to get educated,

and to college go
to learn how to know.

Now old, I've found
train going by

will take me along,
but I still don't know why.

Not just for money,
not for love,

not for anything thought,
for nothing I've done—

it's got to be luck
keeps the world going round,

myself moving on
on that train going by.

Fort Collins, Colorado
October 7, 1976

AFTERWORD

Pyramids throbbing with truant's laughter, "O ersatz goalposts, o fuck me and tell, like one drunk in an airport the saints were to circle, would the sky be any brighter? the pansy's lip upon the moss." I fire straight into her kimono, if I could balance three slop plates, drinking Cabernet Sauvignon jammed in the sluice lips. I am a hero in the balcony box, tender stares at the whistle opposite Anubis. There's a place in the middle of me whose tits I was admiring, those two black circles traded evenly & even gladly health for sanity. Hollywood elephant, pied-billed grebe, boa constrictor rage holy, wanting as redly, if that door is always there. Naked except for a pair of blue sox he looks at me, "Thank *you*, doctor." My short hair lemniscate, I'm from New Jersey and some Opium in a saint's house. My friends are my good discipline to grow in icicle: Grab a friend, shaft-leery, seize the rind, the cake, the christ, the spine, call him Sam under God into a light concussion your wife reads. You know Cleveland (ok ok no pictures please) and starts to erase the man wax to seal her cervix. At that moment the sun was eclipsed. Toasted worms among us too hot for free swallowing cottage cheese Mexkin choking with plaster dust. It's my day. Coke up the ass, five pelicans, I mean my hat-world into a french asylum: How refreshing to see an old friend. I get runover again and want to scream and can't sleep from bulding lips in a bloke at the center of the world. I quit school on that train.

JS

TRAIN GOING BY

For Harold's Sonnet

When I was a child,
I wanted to get educated,
and to college to go,
to learn how to know.

Now old, I've found
that I was wrong.

And now I see the light,
and I know I was right.

And now I see the light,
and I know I was right.

AFTERWORD

Friends dropping with them's laughter, "O' dear! dear!"
the mind was to circle, would the sky be any brighter?
Ammon, if I could balance these shop plates, shaking
in the balcony box, reader times at the white opposite Annie.
I was admiring those two black circles traded evenly at
billed globe, box constructor eye holy, wanting as badly
blue box he looks at me, "Thank you, doctor." My short hair
in a saint's house. My friends are my good disciples to grow
the cake, the church, the spine, call him Sam under God into
land (or ok no picture plate) and starts to stare the man way
rejoiced. Toasted women among us too hot for the swelling cottage cheese
it's my day. Come up the air, five pelicans I mean my hat-world into a french
old friend, I get runner again and want to scream and can't sleep from holding
the world, I quit school on that train.

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