

ROOF II:
abcdefghijklmnop
qrstuvwxyz
spring
1977.\$2

Managing Editor: James Sherry
Art Editor: Lee Sherry
Distribution: James Sherry

ROOF II:

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edited by James Sherry and Tom Savage

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Managing Editor: James Sherry
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Distribution: Tom Savage

Roof

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Preface

ROOF is in search of a perspective which we expect to develop from the writers as we continue to publish. We expect to be able to print large selections of many poets' works. If each speaks for himself, independent, as far as possible, of editorial interpretation, then the parameters of ROOF will emerge.

ROOF 2, like ROOF: An Anthology, cuts across lines of school, generation, and reputation. These writers have all read in NYC during the past six months.

ICEBERG SLIM

snow burst black
cadillac
leg swing
blu sheen
spike
heels.

lip fruit
swollen
bite thru
pearl knife
sweet tooth
tight twitch

tar baby
very fishy
drag on
white joint
smoke flare
dragon

SUMMON X

your eyes frame at their first moment at the window.
i turn every street corner.into a landmark.every coin that
turns like the moon moving hand to hand.is a cymbal.

your feet drumming

toy drumming

up the stairs.

actually a dull thud.like falling bodies. how i love to
feel the rain smash down. it disappears w/ just a trace.
the winged mercury (minamata seagull) lingers.the morning
smothers the sailors.its undeniable vision.clear sailing.

sleep sleet sleeve sleigh slent (to tear asunder)
fragmented sky.white woman in black by a
swimming pool.helmut newton.baby fish erection.
no i want a nice dream.no horsemen.no
infernal mongrel.

try for ..

... ..

... ..

wet. ..

... ..

spastic

vagues

wake and find.the empty room.heart twinge memory.some
damp prince.cool twist dark curls.petulance.
fall thru
nets of
moss
skin
lamb
floss
feather bed
turn
try again

from SONNETS (*MOMENTO MORI*)

as if abandoned
pigment — cage
triage
they can't beat aces

no lungs among
with help
this leaves me speechless
softly
highstepper
authority
bereft

ready to run
fricative the fearlessness
of Ida Lupino
thus relax
you can be all right

the more diagrammatic the fact
that wish of
did all three have guns them
did for sure

boogie yawn
upside
afterward bias

Bonnie Altascher

Bruce Andrews

GOOD 'N' READY

in subsoil
one of the deals
so tired of being sick
cyclone told
my sobs insubstantial

unblushing

faiths lie

fluoride

out of the sorts spreadeagle
the campaigns

cannot forget then tied his feet
go on flying
the sister

eagle café to my hands
no room to be curious
sight plumbs

AKA

Lola the Elder.
Doc.
sequence puzzles
Doc
happiness
Hey, Doc.
take care
wary
divest whizzer
adore thee

or as it is even to have met

wed ballet
bulbs
a lengthening

emotions equal
monaural romance
curvilinear statement

Bruce Andrews

"a sweet prison of delight"

bullet in hair
svelte
in acorn
artery pageant

where else
waved over Capital
will cure disease

left no one honored with a covenant

NO TUMBLE

i'm talking about
that had been found
itself effortlessly
a culler of
harm valves heaven
now alone again at last so long finally
vise
ex-look as desperately
pellmell

role coooooooo ex-lovings

walk stairs
blued ace
histrionic
this in miniscule
hay-wired phosphoresce
all that can

script ago
can be dollars tummy

appreciate
tender

parfum
facile

this in legal

not at all at once
events
hoodwink
over the plastic bows
like you know shooting galleries
are lesser
whatever is

in air woven reddish magnet

even sugar of beds in his hair
imbued
somnambulent

thus find the empties
cartridge in voice

bandwagoned
splintage

he leaves
am scared stiff
"that fleabitten casanova —
so she was hopelessly promiscuous —
but she had a good eye —
was straight"

temperature of flight
could be more of a pause
of yet

tomb such
mannikin
internally
organum
was blasted

into a wound like
unto a wish have had therefore this southern exposure

to take benign deceit
 revolutioniste
 consequence
 giant rosaried aorta
 poke keepsake
 crowed what
 fantastico bless
 light out of reach
 wants
 behalf to nowhere within
 topple in the little shops
 fire shuffles bluepoint
 that takes it so much mention
 bring me home her reach
 the lost galvanization
 thus brains of banana
 ken

the dynamo rather than
 than the innocent
 "great amphibian"

queen's knave
 unvalued
sotto voce
 am hurriedly unkempt

forehead of hearts likewise elsewhere

There would I like to desperately along with them :
 not a single rouge (motto – images else, includes
 mediterranean blue's sole appearance), I guess,
 cautiously : just while whatever bushes forth,
 sane. Get tiresome. You're now on, transvestited.
 Some alluvial constrictions imposed . . . *Exactly*.
 Nearly all but no strain all the names disarmingly

beautiful. With them! Vaporous, sentimental. It
 lingers. What's that we escape terrific reviewing
 whoosh costumes. About emptiness. Is available
 to aid victims. Still . . . popping in. Plaudits.
 Footloose. Each event at-the-stroke. For orders
 is orders. Iconicity. Or is it (hesitate) *some-*
thing much more precious, as they slowly leave.
 Faking you. Will attractive remember nothing.
 Too dubious. Quietly. Not loud enough. Nobled.
 Persuade you. Further – temporal. Wrench.

The sea is dry

There is no fire

sky

M-79

talk bluff

chips
 home
 tarmac
 purplest
 medial
 hop

sparks

having a puck

quick bears assassination

liar in hint

varoom

nuff

forgiven

as an uneventful

buy firecrackers

into cardboard haft

hip cruces

emit

individualism feigned

giveaway

alarm

what is frail

matter of fact

lure

had to be

help a hidden casually

as black crows away

dear ellen
dye mortgaged

amiss
snakeeye lens sort of

expansive
amplify parts

LEFT ON ONE LEG

punctuated with *as free as*
everywhere inside
chanced what happens
of cardboard circumstance

of greeter pistols
in the midwife

your hearts are
in the right place
the fourth day

alters beat

and women clobber them
the men
one of the mental patients

*

mad down refers viruses
deft below
playing cops 'n' robbers
commedia held
little army
spoof economy
hurrah

civilization
overgrazing Buster Crabbe

without
and the reverse
sanctitas
onto reverses
crossing knaves

angel amp
corpus delecti
mayn't
"and hate"

subtle reminder of class distinctions

one's fabled hearts

mend this message
it's locked along

"sine die" * * timeout

"its object . . . to read the reader"

a pirate of sight
packing

clumsied
yet grace
so eject

locust saliva
saliva

aloft
finger cursory

eye heh
awe oh

MANPOWER SONNET

hymns upped hind
renunciation
like rooks hid
by bereft
mistake of allegiance
personal

envy quells the saint

yes it is
alleged

a brotherhood

of more sense than I thought
since someone is incapable
or

sparrow
palate
skulls vendee

 laminates an opening
smooth smallness

triggers return
to Minny Macho sleeve

R

necessity
 in patience

aplomb
all blown

with stockings makeshift to act say
 in spikes momente
 porous

 drug of personally
looked good on the dummy
 eiderdown

intermittent
tongues little else likely to gell
 idle gossip
 watermark

am therefore

op'ry cradles truth
 excuse
 blame

neath let me out of
within uncover

 healed

a simple exoticism

FOR ———

“as a tree is connected in its
own roots so a person is
connected in his/her own self”

touch. Obviously
what else, meaning
in comparison, i guess
complicating things at
distance. Your life seems
to let more than
things, like lovers
with it, though writing
caring enough & the
others of, wondering
created like: i have
part of. Gradually
burden you. Whats
place? I fade like
but in a small way
scare me. Otherwise
images, finite, emptiness
of living in
caring about; are
now, felt, marks
to need you
distantly covers it
exactly; confirm that
as rejection (or am
saying (an now
friends; of each
being struck
& all
sounds; “flippance”; seams
amaze me
else. So it
pass deliberately
even
greed”: that does
tease for wch
internalness & possession
style, the art
remembrance of
posing, pretence
grip nor even
objects (chairs, faces, mountains
look at
optically
incredible, bitter
presence
of this
wasting away in
felt emotions. Thats what

i think (must seem
 & it. To time
 that—back in
 just kissing
 but still—to you—become what
 it now, i do
 as rejection, that
 with you
 but put on
 (whatever
 “crush” is
 that i like (you
 always afraid that
 now, exactly, i
 confirm
 in the new
 visage of the place
 is, it's more
 by lacking
 depersonalize it
 else, to be alive
 “in love” with
 sleep, fast, &
 hear your
 role.) Anyway
 relationships—so so—we
 you, distantly, when
 wonder at that gap
 in time. Between
 am, since
 & especially acknowledge
 much, but, this
 envy
 “as i'd be”
 lashing at lack
 need you. (I
 another person, everyone, is
 “focussed”
 more & more, cling
 —writing, moves, you
 but obviously whats
 as with new kinds of
 wch are living with
 relations & rejections
 this—but this
 in a different way
 looks at
 its worth
 & if thats
 over & above
 again, here, i
 perhaps tell you
 i want to be trustworthy
 &c

at, wch is
 of how things really
 (not in my fashion
 occur
 & are occasionally
 as well as usual
 details in touch
 make me
 feel your sense of
 things
 whirling in response
 isolate
 listless, finally
 in a characteristic way
 its colors
 transformed into vacancy
 floating, airy
 like a long time
 unintimidated, unconditioned
 you, those
 for my part
 persons (view of
 grading importances
 up, lately
 as you
 sad: completely
 feel like
 parts
 at it always
 life; got
 of truncated
 alternatives
 still holds
 as it says
 months:
 governs
 things, necessarily
 you, your
 bring it on
 mean its
 complication
 at
 tangles
 as truth
 used
 or easily
 thought
 of, yet
 other persons
 spoke, real, reason
 a line. Left after
 mystification & confusion
 shifting responsibilities

"fluctuating" as you say
 to) get
 this kind of
 continual missing
 self-doubt, infatuation
 stripped, down
 & afraid, for instance
 (gasps, whats
 to say
 "i should say"
 & you, you
 i feel (whether or not
 is lost
 up against
 these lines
 jags
 for someone, to hear from
 shapes me
 'so that i will exist'
 strange, the power
 not in my fear
 draws their meaning
 all this. I
 & thats
 motion, the sight of birds
 an externalization, all moving
 as i have
 not cloud, haze, or sadness
 you, i
 & speed with
 in a way this whole
 restores my balance
 becomes reason
 i was thinking
 of rooms, inhabiting
 & my friends
 around
 i always
 the continual problem
 of having done 'this'
 seems to just
 be, yet
 telling you
 wakes me.

& the tea cup
 aerates
 to the clicking radiator
 "all pseudo-breaths"

smile, in perfect
 nervous energy
 of the recognition, obelisks
 that blankly
 fill our
 pockets)
 stencils of misprision
 sharpen, convexly
 & promised
 sticks
 as if
 it, in that
 way (person
 saw that
 there, i
 kept (& yet
 seemed, it became
 so
 persons to
 (enough
 fixed, immobile
 am here
 at an
 know (especially
 with. somehow
 above that
 come. in this
 wch pulls
 & say whatever, without
 as now
 for me, it makes
 pale
 "what has
 in me
 sunny, clear
 loose & even
 rusty
 chatting, "please
 to put on a
 (as you say
 good appearance
 lonely & scared
 but see under
 (since
 this, then
 best as can
 wch is, up
 "words, ashes"
 meetings, beings
 time—(all
 in this, only
 saying it, that
 emptiness, dragged

the distance
 sounded sad
 an aberration
 vanished
 by looming
 powerless. (at
 front (i.e. your
 as if i
 out (an
 weight, wch
 it then becomes
 you?) you certainly
 as much because
 note, saw
 & me off
 there—but
 talked of
 now (just
 fuzzy
 days, &
 remembering
 feeling that placelessness
 all around
 personalities, friends, a place to live
 i think we
 anyway
 measure of
 other. you
 mean—that is
 want
 (at least
 some physical (ie present
 aspect to it
 visits, sometimes
 see, touch, taste
 is, with
 eyes) desires
 what they must feel
 & not let
 intensely, deeply
 “too chill to spell”
 be held
 primarily
 a kind of strength
 frightens
 one for each moment
 conviction (don’t
 luminance, brilliance
 —you can’t deny it—
 come
 before i go crazy
 of objects
 where, here, in this

suddenly stands erect
 with wanting
 is the ‘there’
 rejection, love
 it
 by its nature
 asserts
 it sees
 as fork a fork
 & a bully
 completely)—in other words:
 a strange moment
 & try to get inside that
 (you can’t completely
 to take seriously
 (sensationally, ironically
 & pick up dish & chair
 & through all of it
 miss you
 only that
 but not quite
 (i know sometime
 you will explain, it’s
 to break
 through this
 & show how
 it’s happening
 in each phrase
 that i
 can’t hold you
 look, in your
 eyes, even
 & my fantasy always is
 but
 if i cld
 wld have no words
 & yet sometimes
 it seems
 (i’m not saying
 for me either
 & beside that
 coming, dealing
 clinging, wondering
 i just wish
 sometimes
 that we all
 don’t have to be
 so caught up
 yet, what, cut
 out all this
 confusion, complication
 & really, what
 is it

projection scares me
(simplicity
undisrupted, as if
need, that thing
"like they will
hurt so much
turn, & recalling
to satisfy
draw in, so
inside
belonging, & not
wanting
(i look everyday
as if the actuality
mythological, conceptual
taken just as that
cuts, edged
to get
at it
as much & more
this misses—
as whiff of air
shocks the senses, remembering
what it was
submerged
as that
enclosed, anxious
contemplation of
what, with

THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD

for Walter Pickett

1.

A is A, and that makes sense, Walter
but then how will we know it? I suppose
it is blessed as it is. Don't step back
sleeper, inside your dream

2.

So birth is the flashing breach, beginning with B
the brittle mirror glass. Fertility and sterility
are simply numbers. What excites are the by-products
the gratuitous effect, like a quickening heartbeat
or transmutations, as only well-manured strawberries
taste sweet as this—where we pocket faithfulness
and other sweetnesses. But now, despite these seductive
poignancies, there is the pressure of numbers
outward pressure multiplying, to select the ripest
to identify the diseases

3.

One has to assume that kinetic thoughts differ
from acts themselves, and the solid Buddha-like ones
from actualities, the First Amendment, that they'll not
stray beyond their fences, so objects of our emotions
can exist, which is comforting. But faith like that
is one of those incandescent gases after an explosion
a lavender gas, a throwaway, since A is still A
unless we move on to reciprocity: invention, *invenio*
"to come upon". The discovery first, before a lifetime
of mutual elaboration

4.

This "oceanic feeling" has no practical value
so we set up the experiment, the current metaphor-to-be-solved
and send the solution back onto the ocean like worshippers
It floats for a while with lighted candles
It is the book torn up, stuffed into a dead alligator
and forgotten. Scraps lit again are poems by Sappho
a mathematician. In a dead hand, all incomplete
they still levitate, though the dead ends and squamous
conclusions are caught flapping in jetsam. I know
beautiful equations have no correlatives we can be sure of
like the lost music of languages, and yet an emanence
rubs off on them, as we strain to imagine flickerings
long after the candles have extinguished themselves
It's not oceans requiring hypotheses
The ecstasy of the conclusion sustains our relationship

Mei-mei Berssenbrugge

5.
 Equivocal logic has so far affirmed love
 as if it were stasis in motion, but that is
 an equivocal loop in the spiral. It is the motion
 I won't even say the word any more. Emotion is away
 from the labyrinth, its wind, though it does touch things
 and receive a touch, my ear to the nautilus shell
 as it touches waves with violence or the quiver
 of a sunflower shaking seeds loose from its whorled head
 I know, Walter, your $\sqrt{5}$ can still the five parts
 of an almond leaf a moment, and its countenance inspires
 the symmetry of a body, but the mystery is all in the leap
 itself, the stilling

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LEW

Whatever happened to Lew? Some say
 He drove up the mountain, this out west,
 And walked to the edge of one high snowy peak,
 And just hopped off.

How's infinity, fellar?

Can't be better than this life, just different. But
 where's Lew?

Spoke to him once, this in Berkeley years ago, he was
 with his mother, at a poetry reading, he read
 good, he was inspired, Allen
 Introduced him, told how he'd first met this guy Lew,
 Who'd come cross-country with Jack & Albert, drinking
 Wine making up poems, a load of laughs, *memories*
Are made of this was popular then, and I was less
 Than a kid then, and then again Lew's poems
 Are really beautiful and just there
 Staring back at you

Jim Brodey

SOME THINGS TO TELL

to Joanne Kyger

Yawn, space

Golden static purified
 In glances defined by the slightest pale curve
 Of a motion

Nothing
 That reaches
 Publication
 Stops evolving
 Even after
 Every eyeball
 On the planet
 Has seen

Radiant head-shake intercedes with the great unwashed,
 Multiple tooth fur jaw eye
 Seeking some more passionate treatie
 Between past and future
 Specks of our nicotine tears

Words still moist
 On her lips, her three tongues
 Tied round
 Lonesome cheery night jazz trumpets

"Tell me
 Something."

Poised shadow in the space that was her's
 When she was here. Smiling at it, working
 On a buzz. Yum yum. Hurricane swishes garden
 Ze air is bent in night chill outside beyond
 Which are all part of the giant tear
 In whose ocean we all but came to be

Big mama vapors volleying with mutants
 This edge the rainbow's rings

Yawn, space

Little yellow eternal lights, on the New Mexican desert,
 Tiny adobe huts in the green expanse, a full moon crater shape face glows
 like the spread-out holy truth of a simple photograph shot by Ansel Adams.
 All the space one could ever use to breathe anew in.

Like that, her.

Ray DiPalma

HINT

RED ON BLACK
Friend of Jack

BLACK ON YELLOW
Kill a Fellow

BLACK ON HEAD
You're Dead

MATAK

horse falls on plane
tractor falls on sheep
boat falls on soap
bear falls on chair
car falls on cow
train falls on hand
book falls on monkey
bus falls on buffalo
bear falls on barn
trolley falls on toothbrush
doll falls on pig

Earle & Jay
Peg & Ed
Mick & Sue
& Mary

Monica
Angelo
Jim
Martha
Patti

Nancy

Rose & Tony

TO STEVE MC CAFFERY

When I
moves

These
move

They
aim

They
aim
them

These
are

The
next
spoken

We
révérence

As
in
the dance

Equal
As in
reverence

Measured
out

Of
The tangle

Of
I
the tangle

Of:
the tangle

Of and I

Source

Fixed
by
pace

Tangle
in
réverence

The
Facer

I takes

Fixed
as in
the
gaze

Reverse

Reverse
of I

Taken
in hand
by
hand

Out
of
the tangle

Out of

Of

I

AZTEKKA

lotus	33	7	96	43
crocodile	7	66	15	1
bread	8	11	6	22
wall	75	43	65	23
star	12	7	11	55
dancer	36	14	25	10
hawk	—	55	74	—
sandal	8	64	9	77
panther	45	19	91	59
mud	72	5	89	76
wind	99	9	9	99
corn	23	3	52	66
moon	66	6	66	6
coral	7	1	6	12
tree	9	46	—	35
ship	35	9	44	66
stone	11	5	7	21
dog	4	1	54	32
water	66	99	66	9
horse	54	4	11	5
wheel	33	99	9	36

MODERN TIMES

I may feel lousy this second
Five minutes ago I felt up
All this presence brought to a head by an ah
Who would've thought, ah . . .
Would you, ah, like a cigaret, ah, eat
Wouldn't you, ah, like to, ah, take off your, ah . . .

Two ah's in the same breath a butterfly
(No kidding!)
A normal distribution curve
The body (center) at rest
All impulses and pulse very close to sine.
Could be meditative
Could be a wonderful mesa
Could be, ah, another one of, ah, sharp changes

Did someone just sigh
(Was that a used door)
Could you lend me five bucks
(A dinner just what I need)
I walk through the park
The trees moan
I'm reminded, ah, of the moon
Something else to wor, ah, ry about
Wonder how long

Ted Greenwald

Ted Greenwald

PICTURES MOVE IN

Pictures move in
 Front of me in
 The same place in
 Many different ways
 Two people talk and
 Then two different talk and
 Discuss in my ear
 What's in my ear

LIE DOWN AND PUT

Lie down and put
 A wet rag on brow
 To absorb sighs
 Suddenly start pouring
 Out mouth
 One note touches shoulder
 Another, knee
 A constant scraping scrapes
 Below the lungs
 And buzzes the intercom in
 Set teeth, tongue
 In mid-air like a wing
 In the middle of the mouth
 The party of sounds,
 Soon over, leaves
 As silently as it came
 Get up and adjust clothes

LUSTROUS OILS IN THE SKY

Lustrous oils in the sky
 Serve as perfumes to the eye
 As a cloud unbuttons its neck
 And birds fly into the chest
 The light's cool as the room
 And the feelings serve as broom
 Since we last got together
 And the words, cardboard
 To be swept up and placed
 In the bag, soon to go out,
 Wait for us to exit through the
 Entrance waits to go home
 Next we get together
 It'll be air conditioner time
 And perfumes will be deeper
 In the west which'll be nearer

From: *THE TURLER LOSSES*

With ink Blots
 quickly turn
 pages

Arrival in Zurich
 whisked to the hotel
 sleepy hotel morning
 under down
 waiter wheels in lunch
 step outside onto balcony
 clouds
 walk through gardens to
 pool where there is
 wave-making machine
 after some discomfiture
 tea in glasses.
 Decision to take the trolley
 the trolley line to the
 grave of James Joyce.
 The return by trolley
 the descent by taxi on
 Zurich
 where on the Strasse
 the 1st Turler timepiece is purchased.

So through same
 motions for purchase
 of 2nd timepiece
 but skip trip to grave-
 yard of Joyce
 insert instead taxi ride
 from Dolder to Galerie
 Emmerich.
 No money to pay taxi!
 Search in neighborhood
 for bank immediately
 located where \$5 is
 changed to pay taxi.
 A visit to Helen Franken-
 thaler's show at the
 Zurich Emmerich Gallery.

Return to Dolder made
 difficult by rain.
 Passage in Pharmacy
 where there is telephoning for taxi
 taxi arrives and deposits us at the Dolder.

The next day (which is of course a year later)
I go to the Strasse and buy
the 2nd Türler timepiece
afterwards go to gare
where deposit son for
train to Switzerland.

I have so much vertigo
with the Swiss exchange
filial contretemps and all
that I go back to
the Dolder for a Scotch
Whisky served reluctantly
to me in the bar reserved
for Zurich gnomes.

Little did I know that the following
year I would spend hours reading
the Zurich journal by
Or that there would be
a second Türler loss.

Marguerite Harris

METAPHYSIC

'no man is
an ileland' every

piss in the
ocean

counts

FOR KEVIN KLEIN

I see you on a yacht, fishing
for blue marlin in floridian
waters. Your glasses reflect
a green gulf. Your new shirt
depicts a more rarefied tropic.
You daydream of lovers walking
on the white shore. It is
evening. Music drifts across
the terrace where waiters cast
shadows only in dreams to speak
(a voice partly yours) of the
aristocratic south. The lovers
get up to leave. You speak to
them briefly of an endangered
etiquette and of a sensibility
it took years to perfect. You
tell them that love has to be
everything. They smile and leave
you for the night shade of a
banyan tree and the amber moon.
By moonlight you write, at a
table of white lace, with a glass
of white wine by your right hand
and a single rose in a vase.
Later you read your poem softly
to a pre-dawn sky, how some men
have loved enough to die, and of
things beyond what reason can tell
us. It is not hard to imagine the
quiet traffic curving around the
bay or pedestrians staggering
beneath a premeditated drunkenness
only dawn dispels. Some are
returning from married lovers.
Others, the beat cuckolds, have
been playing all night cards in the
back room of the rainbow bar. The
Latin ladies in crisp white are
leaving to work at the hotel where
the lovers are sleeping in each other's
arms. The regal sun is now shining
over the relaxed palms. Without
knowing it you wake. A blue marlin is
tugging your line, that love's sheer
inertia will break.

SPOTTED PUP

A dog is pulling on a piece of rug he sees me and stops . . .
 some names are like that exhausting my memory and won't
 remember anything except a small cry or two as the pup pulls
 me where I'm frayed like an old blanket the green fatigue jacket
 on my back gets greener I remember . . . you . . . so small . . .

I open up the space: —

. . . you yelped and yelped you had no
 collar around your neck licking my face as I made faces alert
 as a rabbit you waited for me in front of the house and hearing
 me around the bend rushed to me like a blurring express train
 your tail the uncontrollable gyroscope . . .

a raunchy dog whose
 name is my childhood you sniffed at everything and discovered a
 whole new world — a cat you disliked the delivery people you
 knew by their footsteps the certain trees you peed on once a
 skunk did it to you and you made that face I fed you the milk
 meant for me you almost bit off my ear once yes I heard you
 so happy we went for a swim where you shook your whole body
 and splashed me I closed my eyes the day was so bright so
 clean

we had gone to the mountain behind the house to the
 shopping down the road I taught you how to fetch you loved
 the game jumping behind the bushes across the streams over
 the neighbor's fence down the road beyond the hills and you
 always came back except when I threw the stick so high into
 the sky you went after it and you never came back floating
 there like a drifting cloud and sometimes when the dark clouds
 come I lift my face up and feel your tongue gushing over me
 and rain falls on my cheeks like the saliva I feel achey in my
 stomach in my throat you bark so loud like the lightnings
 swinging your tail like the flash of helpless cries

D. C. O. L. A.

I'm the Deputy Commissioner of Love Affairs! LOVE LOVE LOVE!

I stamp on official requisition forms and dictate the straight-
 forward love letters and how I strut before the beautiful
 secretaries and typists in the morning flashing my A-1 smile
 throwing oh's and ah's indiscriminately on the gagging dictaphone
 and I play it back listening to the counterpoints of soft
 cooings and whips of sharp leather in the air exposing "Top
 Secret" files so easily sometimes guiding the inspecting officials
 to the studying area to discern the finer points of playful
 tempests in love and to polish up also the touch (oh please)
 of powdered buttocks on spanky diapers I push the intercom lever
 and immediately a dozen or more Cupids come — all lined up
 in elegant street clothes "Go!" I tell them of course
 sealing my kiss on each forehead for good luck and they go

The receptionist buzzes me — "Mr. Triangle to see you!" Let him
 in! I command and in a friendly conference with him I try to
 smooth down his asymmetrical shoulders a little bit "Please" I
 say "don't push too hard — it's so complex as it is Relax
 don't spoil your beautiful Cardin shirt with your pointed
 shoulders" he exits rather miffed but I'm too busy . . .

So I go out in a cream colored limousine with a love striped
 telephone to the streets parks museums movies and concerts
 where my cadre of cupids are doing their job often too
 eagerly overshooting and hitting someone unintended Ah it's
 May they are working hard the sweat like sweet dew dripping
 from their armpits — their cheeks are so red

a young girl is
 giving an amorous look to a young man two well dressed men are
 looking at each other an old man is holding someone in the shade
 arm in arm the lovers are strolling pigeons are courting each
 other on the sidewalks openly and on the plazas the shady
 plants are whorling out more zest the setting seems almost perfect
 I'm very satisfied . . . but . . . OOPS! I see something!
 OUT OF . . . The Background! it's tilting precariously falling
 over the sidewalks trembling I pick up my phone and call up the
 emergency crew "Hop on over! the fountains are dribbly here
 on Columbus Circle flowers are wilting in Carl Schurz Park get
 more tall ships coming and going on the bright Hudson River and
 downtown area needs a little more sunshine!" Phew! taking off
 my coat I get off the heart colored limo and stroll on over to
 the mini park . . .

a little girl is playing house on the glistening
grass with her doll "There there" she says to the bundled up
thing "be a good girl I'll change your clothes — and give
you more milk soon here comes your mammy . . ." she's no amateur

I look at her wispy hair the grass so green the sky blue
and ah the beetles are walking around flowers have gone
berserk as usual bicycle riders are going around and around I
start to remember . . . I must have been humming . . . the little
girl looks up and says "Who are you are you a Heart Association
man?" pointing to my big heart pin on my coat I trace it with
my finger "No no dear not really . . ." and kiss her head
so gently she's puzzled she puts a small handkerchief on the
doll like a blanket and sings a lullaby so touchingly I ache like a
broken violin accompanying her my face buried in the weeping
willow nearby . . .

Lately I've been sleeping like a seismograph and
dream of vibrating Romeo and Juliet Antony and Cleopatra
Elektra and Agamemnon Aphrodite and Adonis Billy and Joe
Maureen and Ted a pheasant cooing strangely in the shady
azaleas Helen of Troy Homer is reciting about in his blind surge
of the voice burning the pyre of fire in the hearts of the
listeners . . .

twang twang

I strum on the strings of slow
nights in the song of long lost memory . . .

I open my chest wide
like a painting of the night sky fountain of youth shooting
up like the Broadway neons my hand on the amorous Morse Code
lever going
. . . . and signals shoot up in the sky like lightnings filling
up the bright avenues along the Times Square where the actors come
climbing up into the splashing lanes of musical sheets flipping
their glittering costumes singing
swimming toward the audience in formal attires who are
singing Beethoven's 5th Symphony:

and someone is trembling like a blade of grass in
the tremor of a heightened note like harpoons going after the
flashing stars the hieroglyphs waiting to be deciphered

GRAMERCY PARK EVENING

I am, in these instances, aware
there is much to be desired, much left to desire,
and the rest abided. The late hour
has everything turned down, even
the constant fleet of wheels is another noise,
less. I was trying to sleep and to imagine
us near the sea, the light
skinny and unhedged, the sea
a ribbed plate, a wide blue absolute
into which pink is introduced like an idea in music.

Desire is an aspect of ethics; belief is not.
You can move a peach across the table
without changing its color but the light, this light,
casts a shadow of doubt. What we perceive
is part dream, part deceit; what we want
touches knowledge. The park is something you
could not know about: late afternoon, a walk,
the walk I sometimes took towards a cadence
of real images: the gate, the fence, the lock.
There was a sense that things are lit
from within, of high shut carriages and women in hats.

ACTS

I

Whip speed of wind and poplars the colour of peeled apples, their sway attenuated as light
rides in, slapping at white facades as if some god stood with a shield deflecting the sun; the
crow's angle shearing across air with arbitrary incisions while pigeons scavenge the ground,
keeling with heaviness.

II

Nothing so much as a thick, impacted loudness: everything filled in and up so that nothing is
loose or silent or spare the way, if you watch two birds, the space between is real and however
they are attached, a mutual flight, the design they make is not frozen but does not break

although we find ourselves on top of this mountain after a long time and we had to drop all
our possessions on the way, not having the strength, and are forced to barter for new tools,
perhaps even to steal from whomever lives on this place

stepping over the fence, as one steps over failure

into this baldness, where we turn to each other, trying to remember how to be decorous when
faced with a sense of termination, despite the continuity which surrounds us and which has
no alternative but itself: the grinning horizon

I challenge you to neither game nor duel, passing with only a vague sense of direction, back
again, forward, close.

TRUE AND FALSE GREEN

All these balloons hovering. No wind.
First thing in the morning when
this repeats that, not yet
invaded by frozen foods although
the peas are intensely green
just like the balloons.

And the one lost marble
is also green, its dusty circumference
stuck far under the radiator
remote as architecture.

Unseasonably mild.
Now Bette Davis struts out
a wounded witch or a lame mechanical bird
angular with contempt. My hip blocks the view.
I hear you hate words because they color the truth.

AFTER ALL

Late evening.
The delicate aspect of the day
has waited until the last minute
leaving us with only a capacity for sadness.
Nothing specific, at least not yet.
A tune has formed around some sort of Chopin waltz
that cheats its way through melancholy.

But still, with all this gloom
a grasshopper is staring at the sun
in some garden where a young man asks:
'Dr. Panza, where are your roses?'
in England, for instance, where distinctions
are made.

The dim notes play
and the dim stars shine longer than usual.
Does a crowd always gather?
This very afternoon, a woman lay on the sidewalk.

CONNIE'S WINDOW, NANTUCKET

The ferry goes back and forth across the waters;
we are thirty miles at sea. She says,
'An elongated merlin on the roof top,' not meaning
a bird, but a man who is. It rises, the heated air,
the light, dispersed by gulls over head, and fear
that she might have been there
walking the widow's walk.

She dressed for the occasion:
the image precursing, outlined on an extended pier
where she watched the man with his bride, a girl.
The tide is not easy to know; the fog unfathomable.
'If the sound of warning stops we are surely in danger.'
Somehow the masts, reappearing, are too magical
or too real, a spray of wild wands below her view.
Their immanence, the sail, a measure of will, of silence
passing silence. The decision to leave invades the harbor.

MESSAGE TO THE COUNTRY

for Jim Hanson

It is a pleasure to be permitted to say a few words
 to sing a little, to dance a bit, never to work,
 never to think— this is the kind of life I like.
 And though I don't know many people here,
 the chairs are very good. My seat
 faces the door so I can see everybody go by
 and wish them happiness in daily life, though
 they may be restless, uprooted, pushing a beat,
 or roaring the turbulent human tune. Trains
 and airplanes don't go the same speed,
 when the watch has stopped the watch
 won't go, also. And he is my friend
 who neglects technical ecstasy, who
 dares to challenge the memory bank
 because that brain is a very special car
 that youth is not afraid of delightful songs
 new to him, or chants dimly remembered
 which belong to no one in particular
 and to everyone in general. A young farmer
 said that this kind of tree is not hard to grow,
 worn and rubbed and scratched and polished,
 broken and repaired, that bears the mark
 of our love and care, our mistakes and carelessness.

POEM

for Susie

Now I would tell of my great technical skill
 Discovered in Des Plaines, Illinois, & celebrated
 In New York City,

my scorn, as well
 As rage, fast, clumsy, parenthetical
 Fear
 (head on fire)

(Collar undone)
 And ask your pardon for my presumption
 That's too complex for even me.

But,
 in my hut,
 You are brave and wise and realise
 It

AGAINST THE EDGES

1

The sea is clear
 Like an attack
 white skinned
 banners lilies fly

and walls
 a current black
 and heavily cool
 but she, under the blue

roof, curtains shadows
 hills and arches
 and has the limpid surface
 broth on our fresh bed

with green swarm of
 branches, a warm and
 yellow token of
 murky duels

2

Attention
 in this field
 seeds some umbrella
 holds and crushes white

in the grass, a boy
 white, a road to
 the arms of the bed to
 the joy soil

Now, the walls, breathing
 and then this dull surface
 again, without dredges on
 Hey Boat! Hey Arms!

The teasing yellow one
 The comforting blue one
 The willows released wing
 The reeds have been eaten, my

Tug, tangled, on what, litterol, or mud?

MEDITATION

My wife sleeps in the bathtub like a fish bitten
by a naked snake. She is an island covered with
soap, always ready to turn on her stomach like a
French flower. She is a feeling pressing
against great things in my coat as I stand quietly
in the subway reading my newspaper. She is an
animal made of white snow. It would be a terrible
thing if I were the sun: A practical fear of mine
is to think of her melting on every one. And what
if after so many seasons I did not survive?
To have been born the sun would be death!
And what if after so much simple eternity I
outlived her? Would my son be the darkness between
the seasons, and the imitations of day? No.
He would be a drop of warm blood on the snow,
the fortune-teller's mirror in a cup of coffee,
the last hallucination of the hunted fox.

THE HISTORY OF NIGHT

Night falls at different speeds and at the center there are drops of rain on a curtain. Not far
from the bed the meteorites are kernels of marble that thinly coat the entire universe. The
hooves of the zodiac float into icicles that form our passing glances. Should the sun throw
more light on glimmering autumn, the dead leaves would become one occasion to fly open and
shut as our arms dangle in the wind like the planets. There is no time for comedy, every stone
regains hope and dies immediately.

"Everything on poem and other . . ."
"total symbolic before meet Chris till meeting her"

Paul Martin

GROWING PAINS

Spite of despondence Yes the sun the moon
Simple sheep the hot season. The mighty dead
Are red
For one short hour
Quickly dress
"I may speed easily"
Gloomy shades saw he
Thronging all around budded newly.
Silvery pyre might win oblivion.
Chilliest bubbles many moments.
Let not my weak tongue fall on my head.
Stammer a white wicker around Apollo's pipe:
"Sheep Books"
Generous light matted turf-books
In the turf of shepherds
Easily rolling.
The throng was fully blown a chieftain
"Well-a-day"
"Well-a day"

His aged hands guard a thousand flocks swelling downs
Nibble on night's swollen mushrooms,
"Great Bounty, a *change!*" Who knows how.
His beauty is past change of filigreed petals
He rot me.
Empty Hazelnut, Old Grub, Pig's Tail
Prayer-or-two, Sluttish Hares . . .

On the earth secrets struck into him so potently, deliciously.
Green enough. My steed, my deed . . . I pressed under passion upon me.
Blind luxuries swear upon a weird rock.
Aged bones swell nude in awe.

JAPANESE KITES

I don't sleep or dream.
I've simply refined
to life-like dimensions
the feeling
I've forgotten something.

October 28

MY BOY'S RED HAT

At last I'm alone with my lover. Alone
 As the music pours around the room
 The proud trumpets the wheezing saxes
 My hero is wearing his large red hat
 And he is sad. The music is slowing.
 I watch him strut to the full-length mirror
 And his face wears the colors of all the fading
 Flowers of his orchestra. "Music's Sorrow"
 My friend this hero has worn his hat
 Three times before. Once when dawn was breaking
 Up his friends. Bright foam of sixteen year-olders
 Full of lovely butterflies. Again,
 When he scoured the west coast for their bodies
 And he was their corpses in summation.
 He hopes the music keeps playing. And he wears
 His red hat now, same broad brim.
 Makes his torso seductive.
 And he wears it at the Opera the
 Ballet the festivals of unarmed rabbits crying
 In the night. He wears it
 In his small painting, "Charcoal Baby"
 "Charcoal, baby." He utters to me.
 Hands me his self-portrait and I cry.
 It is invisible. He will never know.
 Now he is crying on my lap. This is a mother's hat.
 I am a fighting woman but what can I do
 With my wounded son who floats through rooms
 Like the one true phantom?
 Warmly proud of his broad-brimmed hat.
 His invisible naked stage. My boy.

November 8

THE GREAT DOG PANTOUM

How green was the dog?
 Grandier than any valley.
 Smarter than a train.
 Broader than your eyes.

Grandier than a valley?
 I don't believe it.
 Broader than your eyes?
 Some days.

I don't believe it.
 The blue ocean rolling?
 Some days.
 "He's out the door."

The blue ocean rolling.
 How green was the dog!
 "He's out the door."
 Smarter than a train.

KNOWING

I just left my building and knew I want to
 smash his face as he made room for me on the
 street. I follow him half a block scratching
 deeply and blow the flakes that are wet
 on his collar and hide. He walks I no-
 tice past the girl, bowing slightly. The scales fall
 on her shoes as she screams. She removes one
 loafer, holding its sole which I grab by the
 heel, reach up and break his nose which dyes
 the flakes darker as I take my palm and smear
 thickness into his eyes. But she points to the other shoe
 as she squats and I resting on her knees pull his
 hair into the cement as we both jump and land
 on his strands ordering him to move quickly, baldy.

DUCK HUNTING FOR SQUIRRELS AND CHILDREN

Gathering children around a tree
 to watch me crawl sideways
 around the trunk; eyeing the bark
 so closely that my crawl presses
 splinters into the children's cheeks;
 now eyeing the children so hard
 they press and fight for crevices in the bark.
 There's a rabid squirrel in the tree
 and I stick peanuts in every nostril.

XEROPHILY

He was tall and well-built and al-
 ways looked my body over. I'd pay
 each week and it was obvious he thought
 I was ill, standing at the door with the
 supplies, bill and on New Year's, a calendar.
 It always occurred to me after he left that,
 and then quickly forgotten, he blew air through
 his incisors when I reached for the half-gallon,
 started to open it and fanned my hand over the
 opening. Each time I felt a slight spray on my
 thumb, in turn felt my body cramp up, fall
 and spill the water over his pick-up cart. He

wore gum shoes which absorbed most of the spill until the day when I stuck my finger into the bottle, felt the water approach the nail, grabbed a hammer, breaking the green glass as he swallowed, entered the room for the first time, saw hundreds of bottles with different levels of water, all salvaged from their initial, partial spills and I knew he thought I was ill: so dry, drier than usual. I took the broken glass and spelled out suicide while it obviously hurt him to see dust spotting the clean water. I grabbed some ashes from the fireplace, threw them in the air and watched them settle around the narrow openings and even occasionally enter the bottles. He took off his shoes and wrung them over my head, took the darts from the board and aimed them at the maps of the oceans at which I in turn threw a three-quarters-full bottle at the Arctic and saw it leak as I screamed and cut him at the neck with the wet glass which actually made me sticky as the artery squirted blood over me and helped refill the bottles.

Cracks: grouping of three series of ten poems each: first stating themes: second taking all ideas, modifying and confining to bathroom: third relegating variations of 1 to kitchen. Finally, approximately 400 line poem in more lyrical style: encapsulating.

CRACKS I

Luckily I keep my hands in my pockets when I visit. I know that paper towels are better than linen for lining. Fortunately my fingers stay stiff and I nod so profusely that they forget that their hands are extended. They say what will you make and I say the usual, a tagine and they say how much and I'm about to flash twenty fingers but the impulse to signal bent the stiffness. The absorbent towel is sticking to my thumb. He says what else and asks if I have an apple in my pocket, a shining one, delicious. I say no. But you must have. And he looks at the slight bulge in my pants as I keep my fist while blood drips and he says oh blood pudding bending back his head for the taste.

V

For days now I have seen the dishes accumulate. I tell them my hands hurt. The customers are eating on paper plates and occasionally prick the surface like a duck or eggplant and watch the sauce, as they hold the plates above their heads, seep. The waiter must take care. There is a hum in the room as the preservatives react with the soaped floor. I go from table to table and show them my hands. They say they are sorry, eating at once so furiously that the plates cradle in their laps as they turn to me and think that my dish, crimson holds Japanese flowers, handfals.

VII

I put the record on. It spins but I hold back the arm. With the other hand on the revolving disc I comment that it relieves. I look at the back of the hand and see the digits just below the nails: taut. I lower the chin and rest it on the fingers. The head circles. I open the mouth: breathing. I feel the stylus resisting, pushing and I exert force, but not too much. The record is slowing down. I look sideways and see the other hand: Pressure; the head eases and the record races. I remove the right hand: curtail. The stylus arches, slightly now elliptical. I place other hand on record too after raising head: gashes furthered in little red lines, mark.

XI

It barely reaches the sides, but it does and I stare back at the record. I flush the toilet and see splashes of water jump along the sides of the record. I think of taking my pants off and sitting on the lp but start marking time, slowly bending my back and running my fingers along the grooves. I bend further and pinch my nose in the spindle hole and the record rises but then releases itself, flips over and is wet. I flush the toilet again — immediately search for the ceiling bulb and hang, pulling my feet up above and around my shoulders. I notice that the seat is warped and there are spaces between the plastic and wood. Further, I raise my legs to hang around the fixture. Letting go, my fingers smash headstand style.

XIII

I've emptied the miniature silo's grain beside the shower.
It is so hot in this room that the oats toast. I
look at the container and feel the moisture around its
insides which hide a kernel. It wedges under my nail.
I feel a zing up my left arm. I shake my hand to free
the grain. I bite at the nail. It tears. The steam is
intense and I don't see the little mound. It scatters
and my toe picks up one too. My torn nail searches for
the spot. I enter the shower, first placing the silo
over the drain. The water rises and I see part of each
grain waver in the steady current. I remove the silo's
top and immediately place my fist in, a plug. The water
though seeps between my fingers and I feel the pull;
my toe crashes into the sore nail wedging grains for planting.

XVII

When I place the radio on the ice sheet it slips, bounc-
ing off the tub's edge, almost under the faucet. The cord stops it
in time. The ice is rising slowly, radio too. The cold wa-
ter tubes itself through the holes. Prior: I speared my fing-
ers through the ice and felt a sort of warmth below: blan-
keted. The holes are filled with rubber and the radio has
legs under which I place my hand: the hairs wave: news
announcer. About thirty drops from spout leave bump un-
der the speaker. My nail is loose so I pull and stand it up:
sixth leg: ashes pile. I enter the tub and stand on ra-
dio. I feel its heat and when I cool the arch: lowered: the ice
seizures: clouded type. My fist widens the slits around
the legs: iceberg radio tips sending smoke rings about porce-
lain pieces: giddy-up, nails ride iceberg: fizzle.

ODE ON RAGE

Oh how I need Limestone Lioness
to write a poem! rising from the sea
to attack a bull
& play hockey,
National Museum, Athens

Oh how I need MARBLE RELIEF

dogfood glacé
Intermission: pepsi in su tinta

silkweed

Don't you think there tend to be
too many clues?
Mostly; when always, just anything
sings. She's wearing
green for the most part

velvet it would be, plumes
a rather beautiful pendant, bracelets
in the smoke, dark & smoke & purling sherry.

Polish the sin til it shines Population: Silly

Is she SAYING anything?
Do you still see this as green? night-blooming
nightglass

"long straight toes adapted for walking over floating leaves"

Likewise
you cultivate the cacti which grow by themselves

bathe *vermilion* shower What do you think of rain
in Needles?

net obelisk

Nude
the nude truth
the nude eye (in the naked)

lineaments (electricity, engines)

THE DOOR TO THE DESERT

TANGO CAMEL SMOOTH

Sunset tinted orange
The most laid back blue sky
Everywhere
Some dredging under the unsafe bridge
"I really do need to write a poem!"
"She gave up art for life and lived
Unhappily ever after."

ATTACKED BY 20 FT FINGERPRINTS

echoes

"cross-hatch" & "grid" I am a soft bottle
I suspect
Also "ambiance" (ugh)
"Resplendent" (yuck)
"With"
is always an encumbrance

"My beauty consumed away"
in subject matter, Oh
Beware lest any man or woman cheat you
by philosophy,
or obsolescent pizazz——

You must grow the earth. in a costume of bra, armlets &
earrings of rhinestone-studded metal, & briefs decorated with
white satin bananas studded with rhinestones. Optional
butterfly wings studded with brilliants. Wig of nylon horse-
hair. It begs for the growth of the world, for animals, birds
& people, for blessing upon stones, trees, grass, & earth of
all kinds, & that the sun shall shine & the rain shall fall
as needed. Anything! "My dear it's so *brave* of you to wear
your 30 dollar opal!" says Jackie O at the Charity Ball. If
I go to the Nutcracker in Baltimore, I'll fall into a swooning
sleep. The window is arranged about the tree, that's all
there is to it.

I see the crescent moon horned (legs up)
As flat bright & real
as my silver crescent earrings
Magic, surprising, the
sparks from Isabell's chimney fly up to it
I or someone or some sky is star-studded

a cracker orange to hear

What a pretty dress, Mary!

It's the raw well of marbles

"You flatter me, Mr. Gonzalez"
You your father & the West. song civilization

"I assure you that castor oil is
necessary for plane motors."

Fill the remaining ode lack

brass wind chimes, plastic
holly, Lemon Cream, shapes in a shape box, collapsed footstool,
snake dancer, shapely fake Xmas tree with real ornaments,
Will's blue security blanket, boot, bowl with crossed legs,
antique (dubious) thundermug, real desert which is sky
(the tree's windows), the red mums vessels within a murky
heart

Whale map

tumult-adorned FERMENT

GRIND

the burnt almond shells, CRUSH the lapis lazuli,
THRUST the sparkle on with spit

tasteless as a

gold florin, it's real!

its art is strung on the inside
destroyed its center that fenced time
mesh sharp enough to slash. but
you are not right in villages along the border

The moon on every house!

a moon for every eye.

I am

someone's automobile Before Psyche there was
musical note .

timeless nodding enralls
me I speak a little Persian
of the water, lateen sail

an evergreen tree of the rose family unwinding
direct as a letter "I don't have my harmonium" — harmonic
the cell pile of Romantic number (1) rage
feathers that determine the shape of a bird

PINK COGWHEELS

pen (pen) n. A female swan. (Origin unknown)
PIPES UP

TERRA ALBA

soft blue horsefeathers

My mynd was made of certaine harmonie and musical numbers

And a huge green sea horse rose in it

(& a green rose & so on)

eyes soft as feather dusters

THAT EACH THING IS HURT OF ITSELF

THAT EACH THING IS LOVED OF ITSELF

(that this thing I have made . . .)

LITTLE EGYPT

A wave composed in
smoke, wine & peridot, white accessories of the sea
the evening sky shines me with stars, like mistakes
that will attend my eventual dismissal, or numerous
branching waterways. Closely at the wrist a domain
thunders, that of the cosy little worker of
defective thing into a shrub engine idea, it is
sweet music at right angles to expectation, even mine.
Who dismisses? a gesture
The sea is a sphere, or glued to one, I cup
it but can't throw it

that's not what I care about

anyway. I want all my stars, that are were reflections
Like a half-gesture is a gesture
And so they

frighten me out of my wits, all the side events
so close to reality as to be it. If I were
an Egyptian, I'd be
buried with all my mistakes and my halfnesses, and not
in the interests of proper perspective, but for that static
that commits the body to life. Picture
an Egyptian princess walking out to, what else? fuck Apollo
which isn't quite transpiring, my ornate golden breastplate
cannot be gotten on to be gotten off just right, Apollo
a sort of Dudley Doright made out of light, softly, green
woods, her serpentine coronet
I cannot explain my untoward behavior.

Apply the geranium lipstick, and deviate

O Arjuna

I will indeed make known to you my manifestations; but
I shall name the chief of these, only. For, of the lesser
variations in all their detail, there is no end.

I am a verbal agreement to be operative: I
complete one revolution of the earth each day.
I am a musical composition: I hum then I feign
death when in danger, a pause exactly timed.
Among opiates, I am Poppy, that little exhibitionist.
Make of me what you will: I'll take them all.

I flavor time and devour its ribbon-shaped pasta.
Of sense-organs I am the sponge. Among mountain-peaks
I am of the murmurless others, though I might not
mind being the moon. I am the spirit of fire, for

I burn. Among waters I am lapse into breath. Though
fragmented, I am the loud insistent tone. Black
Label. I am water among waters.

I am courage inspired by friends, I am the Old
English for “by hook or by crook”. Ancient Greece
gives me Texas Fever; Divine Glory makes me a case.
I am a haphazard construction. Wherever I go I will
return if I go ten thousand miles.

I am the length of a bridge then a river. I apply
to intangibles, all of them. I am the incurable
bumpkin, I like that. I am on the hoof, among horses.
I think this is getting boring, in passing. Pay all my bills
and get me off the hook.

I am a contemptible person like a woman of great
insight. Whatever in this world, is powerful,
beautiful or glorious is an organ of mine, also called
legend. I am in one’s own person, I am an engrafting,
I am the traffic for several hours. I am expressing
affection in handiwork. Among jerks, I am “her
version of story”.

I am your kindness. Thus, in this world, nothing
animate or inanimate exists without me. I am always
a passing look . . .

A series of vessels, from each of which
a liquid successively overflows to the next. Male self
is the enabler, and I will seize this liquid
and it will be hard as nails, hard as stars.
And it will not be I

To cross winds
Deposit on the piece

I must tell you
Her back finally on frontward
I must tell you
The particular, meandering Egyptian purpose
To play at Greek,

yet to collect and bury
Yet to shift, song-like, with the minute. Yet
Time is a great big sparkler, crackling
I must tell you

POEM

Complex tragedy avoided

COMPLEX TRAGEDY AVOIDED

everyday

Had cup of tea instead. Jan 30
0 degrees Fahrenheit

0
Yellow TIDE “combed an evenssong”
bologna “with ear”
(not obscurely true
enough?)

Where is white water?

froze:
“Let’s see what Aquakid can do!”

“You’re so . . . predictable” BLACK TIE
(OPTIONAL)

what
I can’t tell, if this is before, during, or after

To think I have to play the wide-eyed
Miss Monica Malimar.
I’m in charge of the
motor pool Wild. “Star” entertains
Haunt.

J.P., do you think
the haunt thinks for myself on a day?
Good day or bad day. Don’t yeah me like
a song just sing/I said that before/Yeah

icy hair, litter of tiny white papers
Master Wheel in Natural Habitat
courtesy of that black GI the Madonna
of The Faceless Head. When his turn comes I
night-blindness

DETONATE PROXIMITY
whether it’s a greenish or a purplish
pipedream or
hellfreeze. radio flyer_____7

moving or operating in carrion or in the flesh

steel
flirt an unyielding dialogue

BLUE

to fling fresh
would be (is)
to _____
as obscure as
who cuts into cheap
despairing veneers
the _____

"Let's see what Aquakid can do"


The cop is knocking on the rock
The swimmer is hitting the ship with his fist.

A long graceful lady serves you a cup of white
in a blue cup
it clatters against the saucer in your hand

Possession is 9/10ths of the law
Thus endeth thys noble and joyous book
entitled le Morte Darthur

airglow

I serve you
enjoy Today at a new time

Fisher-Price
Pull-A-Tune 

"This is a cigar-clear quartz problem"

milky, smoky
rude
"Most people live with
and no one avoids being,
unstable in desire for moral perfection secret love and
solitary death. If thou hear nevermore of me,
pray for my soul."

I think he goes to heaven or something, not
that it matters much

CONVERT. wispy stars
"put a little hamburger in this Bloody Mary you'd
have a whole meal"

RED chute
time: yesterday
place: now

no crocuses, hyacinths
1 star
"ghosts" skyflowers

indistinct to any other sense;
in light or illumination, dark dim murky;
enveloped in darkness, bright or lustrous

like many staples of unintentional life

"An old beau phoned her out of a clear sky"
the aluminum skin of an airplane or pearl
the shadowy hand handing out the blue pearl
& its peculiar melodic interval
THAT despair is an object

THAT visitations are for spending

circling,
each other

Earth & Heaven are 2 does one choose only 1?
And each contains more of the other
I see the celestial crocuses in Korean grocery
Growing out of a yellow shoe, trembling from
Other and surprised (I) 6 rolls for 59¢
Fit music? I
Ajangle, an autoharp in suitcase
Bumping down the street. The star is a small
Supernatural presentation.
Keats has been dead for 5 years.

LOVE BEHIND A HEAD

as you lap the pool I do not fear
although not near enough to hear
to break the surface and bring you air
in love's pale zero is a two paper town
The Daily Right The Daily Wrong
I am your cub
reporter you are my city desk
our responsibility to each other
is to set the type

the honeymoon is neither one going nuts
yet sometimes there is no Right today
like in St. Petersburg they give the paper
away on any day the sun doesn't shine
still we sneak into the cloakroom
and exchange gold daggers

the night you thought

I was a big green pill
I dreamt you died
under a surgeon's skill
all I felt didn't work
so I woke
to throw a leg over yours
to go out first

in small occupation I find
as it comes my way
outer space largely occupied
by putting the Wrong to bed

no sorry headline can appear
written on sunken treasure
or words put right
what is rose what is red

THEY NEVER FOUND GOLD IN A FIG LEAF

a shabby chinese slipper bites black
acorns dash down fiberglass gutters
the trail a continual hearing
stethoscoped to the temples

what we grow inside our windows
is all outdoors in a pot it's spider plant
mother-in-law tongue in the hedge
the skinny green trees rattle

delicate red petals
with paraffin blueness there is a breeze
turning the Valiant engine

which dies at succeeding corners
the winter population sits down
to bask in front of the plucked turkey
or lift a tongue above the waves rolling
red spoked suction of Ringling Bros. Circus Museum
the air of a Thanksgiving gas
charms the child stoning an alligator
in ten to fifteen million years
everything you see will be oil

SELF INAUGURATION

Should I stand one foot
Before me like George Washington,
A story tall on the steps
Of Federal Court?
I will kiss the Bible;
And if you ask which one?
I choose all of them
By kissing your hand, Madam.
I have considered everything.
In music, I tell you to
Dream everything,
Be nothing;
But the way I say it
Is the sublime satisfaction
Being where I am,
Behind a symphony orchestra.
I am not alone on the mountain.

POEM

the maple branch that shades the driveway
 yellows & spots of the road seen
 from the kitchen window leaves falter
 black top unrolls like sod under the five ton
 wheel and the smell of stones drowning in tar
 wafts from the South sails! MaMa Too
 Tight stops conversation unfurls a dirty white
 shawl but being alone won't stop
 you from burning with questions
 a dry season an old man waiting
 to stop asking so he knows
 so he won't tell it tells
 when you die you have to go back to school
 most people excuse themselves

back to life with table legs and
 cracks that run the way of rivers
 the year of the earthquake volcano
 giving a geologist's close look at starvation
 tinsnips cut the image on film
 and a red moon rolls along looking
 for another creation perhaps a wistful glance
 at green cheese on the oilcloth
 go up you fool! don't you know where you
 are better off? escape the fiends who will rap
 your knees and pull your ears
 and send you to school! Make you quake!
 No No there's a vacancy on Pluto!

hours before departure
 the sadness is driftwood sculptured
 at the shore by the lakes smiles
 gummed to grief destined for the shelf
 along with the nymphs and dyaks
 the heart's plaster sluggishly pours over
 weeds of prayer that shoot roots to crack
 the cast a glimpse of the blue inside
 I wonder why people look up to heaven
 it runs so beneath the surface

where this I repair in turn

VIRGINIA

That summer it was the castoff
 hundred pounds of Idaho reds
 sizzled in Crisco, salt
 a mainline luxury, it was
 a repetitious dry tickle in the throat
 numb to water, our
 armpits smelling of rotten
 apples, your
 belly, Virginia,
 swelling
 with the child I'd planted in you,
 however "impossibly."

Simmering mornings I lined up
 at the sawmill for "the unemployed."
 As the wiry foreman, Sol,
 picked us over like livestock
 I cringed against the chalky wall
 like a suspect and thought
 it had to be some kind of privilege
 to inhabit the inside of a hive
 as planks collapsed and split
 and saws broke their teeth
 over and over on steel.
 At least I was blessed by salt
 crusting over my skin—
 it kept the smell of my own
 contracted sweat
 from smothering my nostrils.

Now in the tepid, portentous
 summer of '76, after witnessing
 a Puerto Rican child
 flourish a miniature plastic American
 flag from the roof of a
 '58 Chevrolet in full
 warpaint, in full
 view of the Hudson as the tall ships pass,
 I return to unearth a glossy blow-up of you,
 Virginia, holding to the edge
 of the cliff that jutted
 over the city like a gangplank,
 and for a splintered second think
 the Amoco sign, deep
 in the background, shaped
 like a heart is still
 blinking.

Numbed by then
 to easy omens, spring's
 most cherished inheritance,
 a pet duckling no

fledgling anymore,
waddled splashing
into a drainpipe at
yard's end never to
emerge. Sprawled
in muddy water, desperate
as a father to find him,
I aimed my head
through the opening to no
end, thrust my arm in up
to the shoulder,
to the limit of my tendon's pull—
to touch
nothing, to see
nothing, a
trickle of black ditchwater
oozed up my flashlight's
scalloped rim, that
and a pungent rot
gathered over how many years
I tried not to breathe.

Later, I miss the last train
and enter an airless phone booth
and cannot pull myself away
trying to fix the broken fan,
telephone dangling from the coil
of a rusted iron cord,
the only sound left in the world
to free me is the one I hear—
busy, busy, busy!

It was this dream released me:
a thickset bald headhunter,
dull yellow snakes tattooed
along his forearms, paddled
a canoe up a slow
waterfall but with the wrong
end of the oar!—getting
nowhere in pursuit of me—
stuck at a still point in time
while the current rippled
around him in silence,
and a black dove soared overhead
like a hawk, shedding
feather after feather
and each took
instantly to flight.

The meat shall inherit the Earth!
Lamb chops get Bolivia.
America goes to the turkey.
India goes to the hamburger.
The ox gets what used to be called Russia.
Germany is consumed by *wienerschnitzel*.
All Italy's statues are engulfed by hero sandwiches.

The following **Kits** invite the reader to participate in their writing. One may add words in the spaces, subtract words that are printed, rearrange by any principle or at random, or simply read them as finished poems.

ODE TO UNREALITY

If I were
not
meant to dream
and dreamt
not so
if backbrain oceans were
meant
never to float above ground
then why
do they
appear
as they do
and that, of
mind's
museum
goings
these pictures
and taut shapes
puncture least and even
if the plot turns frightful
then wakefulness runs in
to displace all
horrors
whereas

hurt waking
 does
 not have
 sleep
 always
 to turn to
 in its

darker
 moments.

MONTEVERDI BODHISATTVA

For Robert Duncan

open up atoms to the light of time
 Renaissance vipassana vespers sing

Tibetans crack rocks just outside
 even more real Monteverdi's Mary
 than its memory

of filigreed sunglasses on a bodhi-baby's head

Father, three years have passed.
 Confucius' formula's fulfilled.
 Have I been filial in your eyes ?

I go to mass this morning

Stricken with a pulpit's law
 of joy the power fails
 but Papal lamas carol in our heads
 as Indian babies with open ears
 make motions in sunlit grass.
 I sing my own simple song
 til the church returns

with the collection
 to fix its graveyards with grace
 Monteverdi might tune his lutes
 to stars sweet questions and taste
 The music dies as the Indians leave
 but sings through shadows when they return

Now families walk away to hallelujah
 while windowframed hills with grinning cows
 plough their milk into sunbreath
 dancing from peak to peak

Bach's first backward glance
 took him to Monteverdi
 via the Schuetz P.O.

Goats rush to a road
 that sun makes of mortar
 ferns of faith make rain
 garlanded in sweet *gompas*
 where *tulkus* paint love into *tankhas*

our father(s)
 teach us our beauties
 drawn from their wells in pain

the guava season is blessedly short in Dalhousie
 I'll say a fair goodbye

there aren't many women (left) when you get to the

History
 Department

Now from a heady hilltop we see
 Tibeti child-lamas sing down the sun
 again

"Love is the permission to put the loved on a cross . . ."

Is twenty-thousand

infinity enough

to live on ?

Dachau for Tourists — with picture postcards of the ovens
 and the dead

"You'd have fun in the slaughterhouses of Afghanistan"

Anybody's well-developed brain can play the Father

In Attica they only wanted freedom
 but all they gained was death

and trite emotional remarks
 from celebrities ushered in
 with newscopy faces
 and bloodeager eyes

prisoners as tragic heroes
 don't rate well in middleclass Time
 to call the soldiers in

Reading makes it easier to pretend
 poetry's still important . . .

please don't pluck flowered guitars

my stomach stumbles over synthetic food
after much celestial fodder

the grave season in Dalhousie
..... is in need of drastic repair

(a real Moore)
rocks in hotgrip treeroots
round off the road
at hillside's edge
in lovespeech echo
at nature's pace

like these old celebrities
Tibetan sunglassed ladies

"... Plant Odysseus' oar, don't worry about Homer's poetics."

we press sunset's slippery shores
with grasping hands
water ravens nesting in our flesh
tear us apart

or is this only an afternoon swim

I guess the crush is going to be tomorrow

and love is only a part of ...

but with each abstraction we lose a now

so: a tree embraces sunset
skybeach in waves of clouds pours on
where Prospero might have sung ditties
and Caliban eat an idol made of moon

the moon are my people

Duncan and Olson sing to stars
with Hanshan Shihte faces!

in the Bank of Central Spirit owned by Rome
sit Madame Blavatsky's potboiled eyes

moonstage monsoon merriment now
Francis' birthday party here
somewhere between Assisi
and Khajuraho

someone as good as

kindness is in

conceivable

as cummings heard Bleecker St. sing
arias of pizza and open air
fruit-peddling Marys with Florentine Christs
punched into new ring-a-leevio lands

Dalhousie, India. Autumn 1971.

Optional Coda to Monteverdi Bodhisattva

fear arises always out of darkness

and can a world be benevolent so long

poetry is still
the only faith worth breathing out

say can't you see
too easy life is suspect ?

and I am litmus to your breath and body

what purity is part of me I owe to *dharma*
payable in the present moment always spring

THIS IS
Dalhousie's sweetmeats of summer

in the American lie,
the American *lied*,
the americans lead

back onto the empty road again
do hearthfires laugh
institutionalized fear or fire in faces ?

why bring any more suffering creatures into birth ?

Accident

an actual tear on the Buddha's cheek
stains the pity but glows the bough
of the tree sweet Marvell shook in his garden
to feed himself persimmons of mind

Better only than silence is
the sound that springs from peace

STRAITS

I. Flood Hour of Stares

Rain through skylight
 cracks widen
 between crumbs on the path
 home friends expect me less predictable
 a watch with wings carry them off

We leave patria behind
 and carry youth like the plague
 buckets from pump through haze
 between us at breakfast no
 matter where
 we glance elsewhere

Even boy with two left feet throw stone from dark
 door greying snake charmer raise one-eyed squint under
 palm waxy wind over Straits of Gibraltar
 to Altamira and
 Mommy clutching stuffed rabbit
 ticking we hand on like virgin on horseback

Distant music drips
 puddles on floor moss on walls
 we flee to double door coffee parlours gold and
 turquoise turtle
 necks crane
 boys slosh passed alley frankincense

Light splinters falling
 water falling
 clash pass
 reflection

II. Fitting In

Daily I write at Baba's Cafe
 where everyone's name is Baba
 where buttercup girls dancing boy
 inlaid jewels overlook whitewash Tings
 and minaret overlook white afternoon sunsplintered cliffs
 walls painted lions and stairs leading nowhere
 to wait for sunset cannon muezzin
 to eat this month stories
 begin in others middle
 class aliens
 smile don't swallow spit this month
 good Muslims named Terry Mustapha and Abdulla Ralph

Smiles of women pivot on their teeth
 sun poised on a grass
 leaf no more radiant
 than her veil long as Ramadan night
 peacock belly
 many fish feel at home in salt
 swimmer stared back he asked
 how many bisexuals were in the room
 peeking out door crack loop loop goldfish

Washerwomen laugh like knife-blade shadows
 gold tooth fishwives tease
 men haul water bucket from the pump

III. Green Twilight

Hey my friend you want some double zero
 you want some boy some girl what you want
 my friend come here my friend my name
 Mazuk Mohammed Riffi I smoke a lot of kiffi
 pull leaves shuck seed

roll past knife blade on inclined board
 flowers slide slower
 knife scoop them high
 roll down sound chopping
 flowers on wood two parts kif
 one part black tobacco

Sky wrung out again on town's naked shoulders
 steam clouds billow up walls jeeps prance between
 whitewash walls cracks
 everything rushes between
 Casbah walls beggars barefoot
 boy big foot big fat woman foot
 charcoal seller knife sharpener

Hurry up Casbah steps wide tunnel arch grass fringed
 hurry up slippery stone sea air fill my mouth
 would nourish it is cold and damp
 it is cold and damp it is cold and
 damp mortal after mortal has passed
 hurry up

Low door arch woman bellows pottery charcoal stove
 orange glow on her face through cellar arch
 baker slide loaf deep in orange oven room

Softly don't wake baby gurgling sleep
 metal green foxes watch from pink lawns
 orange sebsi ember arcs through black room

IV. Morning Oud

Hacksaw gasp

aspirin light can't reach

earlobe flea shriek in sheepskin

wet feet skylight drips

tear tangerine in charcoal bucket we use

for heat smiling sun

The metal sea the cut slut the soupy pea with huile d'olive
the stewed prune the black and white tile

rain weary pure weary aeiou

weary tin can costumed port of entry

moss grown on inside wall January

hourglass clogged

Boiled coffee we expect to sail

the white cap doffing sea home

we forget where we are

names dates postman delivers Proust

half eaten figs on dry flower strewn table

naked picture hooks

Land locked seasick harpy land

flesh must pass

rats run across climbing feet

frosting sea metal thighs Parchesi

dipping wool to dye it is the most

ignominious profession in the Arabian Nights

raw silk returns as purple burlap

Three men one wall orange cap finger cymbals

wail in sun all day

honored sharif and merchant

can't get no one to talk to

V. Buckets Can't Contain It

Rounds of drink fray elbow cracks

in marble tables

fall in them the letter

Y is forgetfulness

Tea stems whirl in

the new poured glass

what a life

they twist and cavort

as they sink

Children chase through the Socco

how does it feel to be less than four feet tall

and never have any money even canary chirp

to recorded music me and Roger rescue

record player from Spanish junkies

by doing twenty Marine pushups

Stolen away from childhood cowbell lunch

fall out aging elm

to withered rose bed to multiple

lady with torn skirt dragon tree

branches droop root and behold

a new trunk loop

Devils occur

also scrofula trees and hands from eyeballs

with enough resin

under skylight rain foot deep we flee

still innocent cynical

through flood via dump truck

to Tarudant where bananas swell in the mouth

VI. Coda

The end of the world begins at the pillars of Hercules

Wellington won here

Hebrews swam to Phoenecian graves

Spain reclines north

Africa yawns back from cliffs girls climb aprons full of seawrack

I choose the news I hear

Westwind threads from siren emptiness into the Mediterranean

TWO SONGS AT THE BEGINNING OF SPRING

for Arlene

and all the black songs
we sang as children are
curled somewhere or
are ashes
somewhere chasing themselves
in courtyards. And the
brown songs of even younger
days are brown-
keeled boats steering
situations to us we thought
were left behind with
vows, tastes, goat babies, good
intentions. Somewhere they
are screaming our
habits have remained with us.
I feel
it is time
to stop collecting
songs. What can
we say at this definite end
of winter? Will admitting we
are at war make the difference?
Can we carry anything back
again? there are sprouts of
onion all over
the spring.

If two ghosts
could meet and
touch somehow
again that
would be us.
We are softer than
the bones of ghosts
and one thought
does not
contradict
the other.
We have been searching
for something
that is holy.
Here at the end
of the sea
the sea exposes
the drowning places
it has before
this kept hidden.

Almost incidentally
it gives us a place
to stand and from
which we have
a chance to
survive

MESSAGE

The earth is so long it glitters
like a cataract.
The earth is so long, so sweet,
wild mushrooms glow on its back: it
never had a vision, never been apart from
its eyes.
The earth is so long its shorter than
Christmas.
Elephant ears stick out over the tops of ideas:
weeds, tremulous grasses, everything
is quivering. If only we could give up.
The space within the chambers of the heart
is small enough to contain the night-time,
unusual enough to cancel out inequities.
White on white the earth is so long
it jumps down my throat like food:
let the heart have its house
and its own weather.
I'm gonna give it everything I have.

February 11/77

FOG, THE ELEVENTH OF APRIL

for Steven Lowe

Chapter One

we went the long way around & sleep wasn't concerning the
 blond no no he was reading in the back a little lake
 titicaca

pieces of my allowance dribbling down still snow on these
 parts lying awake eaten away & quite labial a source of
 learning wishing for the tape recordings of the geology

to accompany the drive down

after the current is alternating enough
 then you stop. "out jogging"

after you've given them the
 answers then you stop there are none it's pastiche

or patchwork quite like the little lady girl's

a well mannered application I'd duplicate

not being snuffy or provoke the trees into bloom

I'd like it but impound the bird she won't talk

the town gets frivolous money's implicit

overdressed in my coal clothing

it's the immolation holiday

tomorrow

you know fascination comes from the tiger

I think a male lotus

or single yellow rose

Chapter Two

Dear Warrigal,

washed my hair & tied it up to look like you

so I can present myself to you you who are

me in you

the framework with mattress & coverings is boiling

80°

if so

why am i burning wood?

Love,

Novitiate

spring does this to me all over again

I'm getting messages from their clothing

pink: somnambulance & assault

blue: likes sports

tangerine: her skirt, billowy

chartreuse: "only skin deep"

white: egrets, doves & other birds

yellow: tendency of high frequency to keep us apart

black: reminds me of you

blond: not deleted, horror of "trials"

Chapter Three

We went to meet the novitiate. He was waiting in the car.

I could see his eyebrows in the rear view mirror. I opened the door, a brown dog lunged, but stopped short on a leash.

The novitiate had been driven down to witness the trial of his master, du Saint-Berry. We crossed the parking lot on wet yellow & black leaves stuck to the pavement.

The novitiate remained in his room for a day and a half, but emerged the second day in time to arrive at the trial for the verdict.

The novitiate entered the courtroom like a lusterless saint, noted du Saint-Berry on the witness stand, and the tiny stenographer seated in front of the bench. Something in the room smelled like an overripe breadfruit.

With a long fingernail the novitiate picked his nose & flicked the dried snot gracelessly into the aisle.

"Case dismissed. We can't send up a man who could put us all to sleep for four years, or longer," said the judge.

At that moment the novitiate released a bat of his power that flew right at the judge, and the tiny stenographer touched a match to the records. Seizing the judge by his collar, the bat flew with him twice around the courtroom, finally letting him go over the blazing heap of records. The flames drew back into a center with the burning judge, and the whole was transformed, with a pop, to a pewter vase & a single yellow rose.

"If this is it, there'll be no more reason," said the prosecutor, packing his briefs, "it's what we were afraid of."

Chapter Four

delicacy in his motion

missing the beaumonde

his power waning

impound the bird she won't talk

in this fog.

CODE POEM

From The International Code of Signals

BVZ

IT

FAO As it is

FAR

As it was

FAS As it was not

FAU

As it will be

CDF Is it?

PTN

It is as

BGR It ought to be

BGT

It shall (or will) be

BGU It shall (or will) not be

BNV

It will do

BIX Will it be?

BOU

Will it do?

CQG What or which is it?

CDY

Its-self (see also he, she, it or person-s or thing-s indicated)

Jeff Wright

HAPPY HOUR AT CHARLIES BAR

bunch a guys hangin loose
couple weathered women sit
sipping drinks on stools
two woozy dudes — arms
around a third, start
to sing a round
of Happy Birthday
tho it's only Monday
it's a ruse
to get free drinks

no one buys it
so they quit

SEASIDE

On the gravel driveway
that is a swarm of flies

crawling exultantly toward
the newly commissioned apartments

rose sharp sounds.
Another profile emerged

from behind the curtains,
while the moon,

obscured by incoming mist,
was flattened

into a pulsing blob.
How could she have forgotten

the blazing umbrella of noon?
Later, the air grows a kind

of sweater that prevents them
from reaching for the phone.

SOMETIMES

It seems that what brings us together
keeps us apart. Yesterday
the sun was anchored to the flowers.
And they begin in darkneses
that can only be described
in proportion to something else.
*The clock sounds like an axe
hiccupping in the forest.*

SURFACES

The sky
joined the wad of crumpled afternoons

But before the baton
made any other indication

the sun swept
these enameled lozenges

into an envelope
marked "Addressee Unknown."

And so,
as one humming along with picnickers

that are suddenly overwhelmed
by the collapsing gaze of the rusty palace

even our most lavish gesticulations
and rude clamorings

sank beneath
the squandering stars

SOMETHING

On the way down the hill
I felt to have a small

inner vision of the world
and a sense of the

sharp points of the world
and a sense of the

inner vision of the world
and a sense of the

inner vision of the world
and a sense of the

inner vision of the world
and a sense of the

inner vision of the world
and a sense of the

inner vision of the world
and a sense of the

SOMETHING

It seems that what brings us together
keeps us apart. Yesterday
the sun was anchored to the horizon
and they began in darkness
that can only be described
in proportion to something else.
The clock round the clock
happening in the forest.

SOMETHING

The sky
joined the way of crumpled afternoon

But before the dawn
made any other indication

The sun was
these crumpled afternoon

into a private
marked "Address Unknown."

And so
as one running along with picketers

that are suddenly overwhelmed
by the changing gaze of the city

over our most basic gestures
and the changing

and the changing
the changing stars

ROOF II:
abcdefghijklmnop
ghijklmnop
qrstuvwxyz
spring
1977.\$2

