

ROOF VI:

27

poem s

by

18

poets

s p r i n g

1978

\$3

ROOF VI

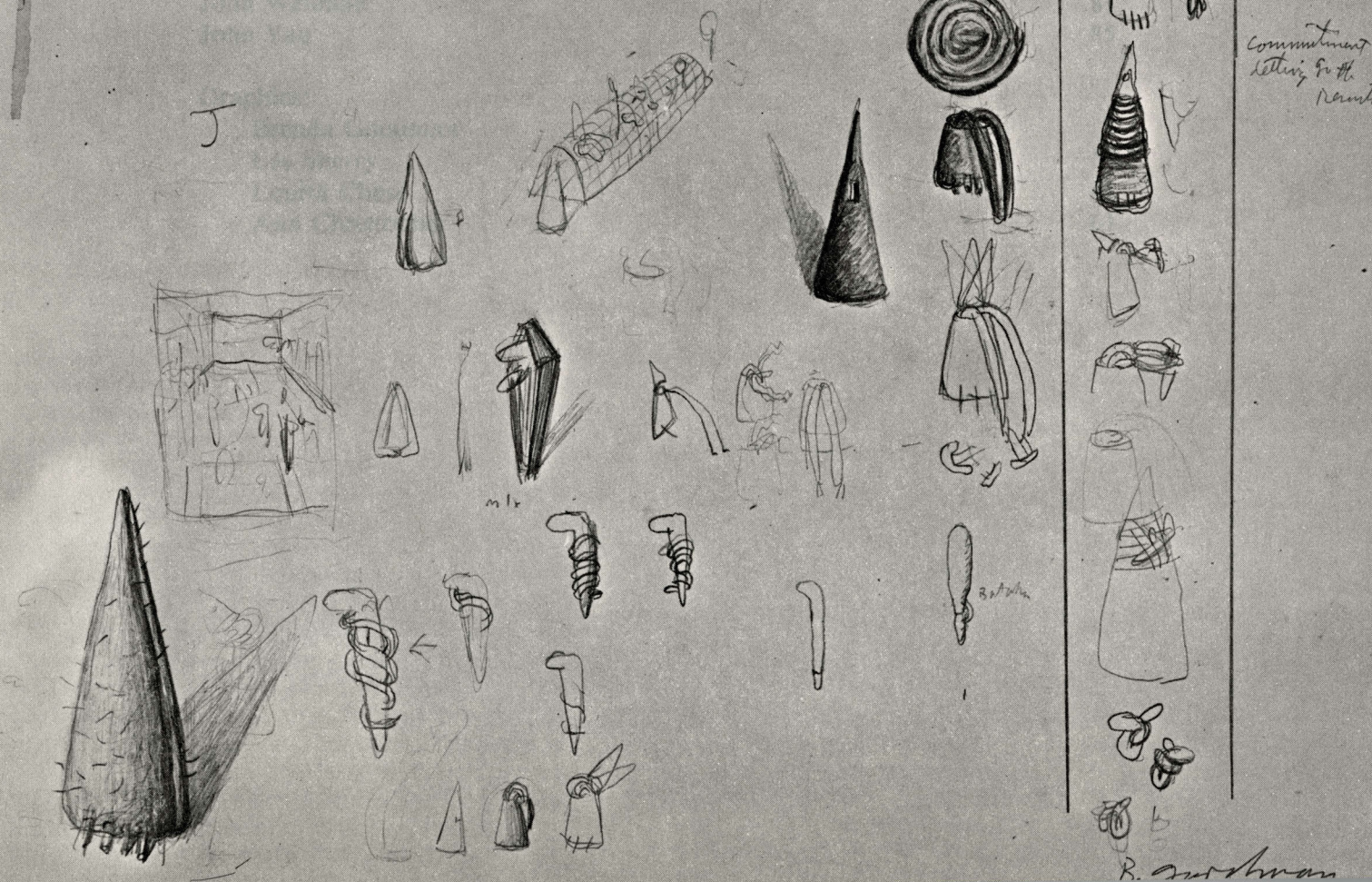
The Segue Foundation, N.Y.C.

Editor: James Sherry
Assistant Editor: Michael Gottlieb
Contributing Editor: Tom Savage

Art Editor and cover design: Lee Sherry
Production: John Rios

ROOF is published by The Segue Foundation, 300 Bowery, NY, NY 10012
Contents copyright © The Segue Foundation, 1978

All manuscripts should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.
Subscriptions: individuals \$11.00 yearly (4 issues), institutions \$16.00
Note to Librarians: ROOF VI should be catalogued vol. 2, no. 2.
This issue made possible in part by a grant from CCLM.





Contents

Bruce Andrews	6
Charles Bernstein	13
William Corbett	19
Alan Davies	21
Ray DiPalma	26
Michael Gottlieb	37
Ted Greenwald	41
Robert Grenier	43
P. Inman	55
Christopher Knowles	58
Jackson Mac Low	64
Eileen Myles	69
Nick Piombino	74
Phyllis Rosenzweig	75
Michael Scholnick	77
James Sherry	80
John Wellman	81
John Yau	85
Graphics:	
Brenda Goodman	3
Lee Sherry	59
Louisa Chase	61
Ann Christopher	63

HOW

How.

As is.

Pull of facts.

Into some problems satellited looking games.

Do that.

Hands, webs, in front, parallel, shaking in arcs outward.

Outward in arcs.

In addition to this.

Cups, precise — down.

Kneads wood.

Small angle.

Inward, floating, into a bushel one over the other.

Superimposed, caresses self.

As catches.

Thumbs mouth.

I think a trauma; can understand why.

Quick like minstrels, thereafter, that's right, son, a somber
estimation of buoyancy.

We have then a map.

1980, 1984, 1985.

Present blue notebook in guise of guitar, question, so he's
sidling up, immediately resting upon it.

On knee.

Music as compensation, someone's . . .

Had a tendency to want to go away from.

Willies.

Booming a thump.

One, two, immediate, what are, three, what are four, up and
down in tandem tracked.

Fire away.

Per se (this as strictly word-of-mouth) : figure — in pockets
— cannot move mouth in so far as right to left —
spreadeagles, incendiary.

Outstretches, logically, tap, crescendo.

I know what it is like, who likes it.

On the pretext of making a purchase.

Jaw a block or blocks wood that will entertain if moved.

Enfoldment : earnest hesitance.

Vehicular . . . What? Shrug, flings up, separates air into those
packages to act accordingly.

As it — touches cheek — exists.

It is not homogeneous; O.K.

The injustices we know about.

One finger up, no, as a thumb, chin bobs — none — to punctuate.

I Believe Him.

Intrigues large ball in air.

Deftly Mediterranean.

Spiral clasp unscrews counts at heart, push out, prayer, little
circle; fans hide point — shows slice; ceiling indication,
unlayered, akimbo, scratch, funnel, steeple, confine halt.

Pair of socks cemented.

Followed by a carving into a desk to resemble diamonds previously
silica.

Into this machine, a machine.

Sort of.

Elite and mass : it is not crap; it is a true story.

Plays slippery.

Pluralism.

Amplifies.

Wither.

What.

Of value.

A part, a very small part — money, that aquamarine.

What they use, that for which, all whales for — patience, an
asymptotic wing.

I am getting it going.

Over and behind back over shoulder : yearning.

Crossed, elude, gradually.

Open — as if — some supplication, you cannot rehearse.

It.

En masse.

Bicycles it.

Surveillance.

Shaving echelon . . . else unusual.

Create the real, therefore, man is dead.

Again.

Unwaxed and of substantial size; quite : there are twists and
turns in events and resultants, so, the search for a more
inclusive vision — of standing, falling, sitting still.

Close together strokes ever downward.

Can but should not.

Thrift muscle.

Reel continues.

I roll like one hypnotized.

There is.

Fortunately.

2 horizontal lines in imitation, of five squares adjacent in
dark brown so there have been tan splotches in each corner.

Digging back in history.

Errors can only secure [] but also balloon up
a nonexistent situation in one's mind, that backwater of
materialism.

What.

Sorry.

Hypnos; roster.

Should be informed well before of each and every diversion that
you have of hammers.

Discretion.

You know.

Fillies.

We want therefore to regain a picture of, yet not nearly through,
the blinds, those lights of reason.

Charlie Kilo November.

Will go out.

That those.

What *is* normal human behavior.

Kept an eye on, that's oval, depending on such — such whims.

Great Misery
Jubilee

Shaker
Quadrille
Belle
Confess

Cat
Cattle
Nerves Volunteer

Peach's

Unsurpassably Maidenry

Mull

Quarterdeck

Little No-hat

Egg Talk

Bass

Tinkers

Grover Cleveland

The Hasten

Lore

The Unsweet

Two-Sides

Oat Yearn Finesse

Strawberry

Amnesia

Loxley

Snow

Sirs

Feebling

Ahoy Ahoy Yarn Snow Piety

Squarish

Citronelle

Bluff Brunt

Bessemer

The Boaz

Nook

Gramsci

Once

Regina

Blue Horse
Six Fayette

Cede D.O.A. Co-Ought

Folly

Rison

Tar Math

Quell Gave Molls

Tenpound

North Little
Satisfied

Norman's Woe

Quiet Tine

Samanthe
Beebe

Nonquitt
Leaves Joppa

Title

Lonoke

Mariannana

A Guadalcanal

Salters
(Devils Dishful)

Wee Little

Bumkin

Rubber Nazarene

Mental
 Table
 Sippican
 Smelt Vain
 Spry Or
 Aucoot
 Digital
 Blake Breeds
 Scorned
 Gushee Joes
 Lunar Red
 Told
 Wetter
 Gallup
 Preened
 Angelica
 Empty
 those Antassawamock
 Bossed
 Light
 West Ed
 Hoosicwhisick
 Said Buzzards
 Thumpertown
 First Encounter
 Dole of
 the Meadow

MATTERS OF POLICY

On a broad plain in a universe of
 anterooms, making signals in the dark, you
 fall down on your waistband &, carrying your
 own plate, a last serving, set out for
 another glimpse of a gaze. In a room
 full of kids splintering like gas jets against
 shadows of tropical taxis—he really had, I
 should be sorry, I think this is the (“I
 know I have complained” “I am quite well”
 “quit nudging”)—croissants
 outshine absinthe as “la plus, plus sans
 egal” though what *I* most care about
 is another sip of my Pepsi-Cola. Miners
 tell me about the day, like a pack of
 cards, her girlfriend split for Toronto. By
 the ocean, gripped in such an
 embrace—these were blizzard
 conditions & no time for gliding—
 she promised to keep in touch. The ice
 flows, at this point we had already floated
 far past our original sightings, made for a
 pretty picture but mostly nobody payed attention.
 The next best thing, New York draft, my
 own opinion, the National Express, no
 doubt, no luck, next election, next
 month. . . . Together, though not always in the
 same degree, with a sense of their
 unworthiness & admiration as to the number
 that are wonderfully changed without any
 motive, view, design, desire, or principle of
 action. “How much is there, in particular,
 in the things which have been observed.”
 “How lovely did these principles render him

a life." Next session, several occasions,
 seems to say, thanking you for, so there will
 be a, that is my—. At last the soup
 is piping hot, the decks swashed, all appurtenances
 brushed aside. Across the parking lot you
 can still hear the desultory voices of the men
 chatting about the dreary "affaires de la monde"
 that they seem to find so interesting. You
 take some white flowers out of the vase, the
 one you postured that you no longer cared about
 but which is as close to your heart as
 that chair from which you wistfully stare
 at the charming floral tableau, & bring
 them into the kitchen where you fix yourself a
 bowl of ice cream. It was as close as
 that. With a heart chilling suddenness,
 the ground itself vibrating rhythmically to
 your various aversions, a man pushes a
 wheelbarrow full of fruit around the curve
 just out-of-view. Canned peas kept frozen
 out of an intense confusion &, greatly moved
 by such things, a kind of light without heat,
 a head stored with notions & speculations,
 with a cold & unaffected disposition, as on the
 one hand there must sometimes be. "If the
 great things of religion are rightly understood,
 they *will* affect the heart." Still, what an absurd
 figure a poor weak man makes who in
 a thunder storm goes against the flashes of
 lightning with sword in hand. "No vision of
 loveliness could have touched me as deeply
 as this sad sight." In the summer
 blackouts crippled the city & in the winter
 snowstorms: & yet the spirit of
 the place—a certain *je ne sais quoi* that
 lurks, like the miles of subway tunnels, electrical

conduits, & sewage ducts, far below the surface—
 perseveres. Green leather chairs are easily
 forgotten just as the bath water brings
 only minor entertainment. But we have
 higher hopes. Let me just for a minute
 recount the present standings. There is
 no more white chocolate & the
 banks are on holiday in Jamaica. All
 the cigarettes have already been lit &
 the mountains climbed & the chills
 gotten over. It is the end of the
 line. Even nostalgia has been used up &
 the moths have been busy making their way
 through all your very favorite attire. True,
 there are still some loose ends, last minute
 details that will never really be completed,
 but in the main there is nothing left to
 do. All the guests have gone home & the
 dishes are done. The telephone is off the
 hook. It is written that the wisdom
 of the wise will be destroyed &
 the understanding of the prudent will be
 brought to nothing. & so it becomes
 time for a little recreation—like she can
 certainly butter that popcorn. We live in a
 time of great changes. Revolutions have
 been made in the make-up of the most
 everyday of vegetables. The sky itself is constantly
 changing color. Electricity hyperventilates even the
 most tired veins. Books strewn the streets.
 Bicycles are stored beneath every other staircase.
 The Metropolitan Opera fills up every night as the
 great masses of the people thrill to Pavarotti,
 Scotto, Plishka, & Caballe. The halls of the
 museums are clogged with commerce. Metroliners
 speed us here & there with a graciousness
 only imagined in earlier times. Tempers are
 not lost since the bosses no longer order about

their workers. Guacamole has replaced turkey as the national dish of most favor. Planes, even, are used to transport people at their will. Collisions have been eliminated in new debugged systems. Ace reporters no longer worry about deadlines but sit around talking over Pelican Punch tea about the underlying issues. Everybody drinks the best Scotch & drives about the freeways in specially constructed "no crash" recreational vehicles. It is all a great relief. For instance, exhaling while walking four to six steps, taking the time to feel each step like the frenzied businessman waiting for a call from Morocco. The colored lights reflect not the state of the soul or its long dark night of incommunicable exultation, but simply descending steps on a long spiral, intercepting spherical enjambments that—try & try—are impossible to notice. Often at night, standing there, my brain racing behind some fragment of a chimera, & yet, & so on, could you really accept that, don't make it any harder on yourself, let's make a fresh start just you & me, come on we can, &c. At last the relaxing change, the sofa, Alexandria, Trujillo. You looked into my eyes & I felt the deep exotic textures of your otherworldliness. A tangle of thorns bearing trees, extensive areas in Asia, Australia, South America. Rye, oats, &c. The tall grass prairie of the pampas of Madagascar, Paraguay & the Green Chaco. Lobsters, oysters, clams, crabs, tuna fisheries, shrimp. (1) The use of easy & fair surfaces along the general paths followed by the water flow. (2) At & near the surface of the wave profile. (3) Proof of good design. (4) Submerged bulbs. I read somewhere that love of the public good is the only passion that really necessitates speaking to the public. Yet,

far from that—& distance was by now a means of propulsion to theories of design—everyone seemed to go about their business in the same old way. Active roll resisting tanks pummeling towering carriages, conveyor belts incapacitated for several weeks with psychomimetic complaints, origami paper oblivious to the needs of nuclear families racked by cancer scares, diabetes mellitus, & too many visits to Stuckey's Carriage Inn in Savannah. Disorderly memoirs pockmark the literary crabgrass & the small voice within hums dim tunes overheard in the houses next door. "But, whatever wrong you may think others have done, maintain, with great diligence & watchfulness, a meekness & sedateness of spirit." "If a life against which it was impossible to level one reproach, a life that followed your example, gives me right to your respect, if any feeling still pleads for me in your heart, as long as my guilt is still not absolutely clear, please don't forsake me at this terrible time." The marvel is always at the wick's end & the static a make-believe music of the rectangles. What stretches will also, & quicker than you think, come apart, the separated pieces thereafter forever irreconcilable, with the memory of their former state no more than a brood along the boulevard of a reconstructed city, the new lights & new gaiety masking the utterly out-of-mind presence of the ancient city's darker history. Take broom in hand & sweep the chestnuts off the boulevard, not so much as a diversion, which has long ceased to mute the facts, but as a pantomime of what, some other time, you might have done. Yet, there was a life without all this. "Certainly, there be that delight in giddiness" & yet, for the most part, I've told you time & time again, better haul out the shovels & picks, board up the stained glass, acrylic

the calendar. There's plenty of time but
 few with enough integrity or intensity, to
 fill it with half the measure we've
 begun to crave. The birds are falling like
 flies, one by one, out of the sky of the imagination,
 sitting ducks for any Jon or Jonathan to
 trip over on his way to college. Miles of
 cable keeping us in constant touch, entangle
 us in the delightful melodies of the new
 age—lavender police cars that emit high pitched
 whirrs, insisting that the sky writing above us
 is the dining place for our servants. Beyond
 this front is a fair court & in all the corners
 of that court fair staircases cast into
 turrets—quarters in which to graze at
 equal distance from each other, surrounded
 by stately galleries & fine cupolas. You take
 the extra moment with exceptional cheer & together we
 begin to shovel away the accumulated dust that blows
 in our eyes & moistens our faces. Gratings, already
 apparent after the long row, seem not so much
 to enclose as to place. Pacing every which way
 after already uncountable fortifications at
 the snack bar, the water on boil, the various
 “day” papers discarded, phonodiscs rolling down
 meticulously laundered shafts, conduits
 to another in a series of dissolving
 snapshots, indices, day-liners. At last, the
 cabin cruise is over & the captain gently
 chides farewell to us with a luminous laugh.
 Diving into the water, I grab my harmonica
 & bang out some scales, all this time regaining
 my bearing, retracing the directions. Before too
 long it's time for a break. I stretch out
 on the balsa wood finish & turn to the notices.
 The surrounding buildings have a stillness
 that is brought into ironic ridicule by the pounding
 beats of the bongo drums emanating from the candy
 store a few blocks away.

DRUMLIN

Poised, alert, slightly distant, severe like Wittgenstein
 in photographs But in life?

Around the eyes the message

that you can be hurt

crushed, calf's eyes

who wept stars? Who saw to weep?

The moon the letter C backwards

C I R C L E
 I C A R U S
 R A R E S T
 C R E A T E
 L U S T R E
 E S T E E M

This is the 70's

a decade even Elvis Presley's death

cannot redeem

they say a hole in time blank pages

suppose all our writing over them

is no improvement?

The man who reads auras did he see

a squared halo

above Groucho's dome

a raspberry upon his lips

for Mrs. Calabash

everywhere she is?

The horse takes the cake

The horse takes the cake

Hi ho the tablecloth too

After the crazy hat competition

they heard a bestiary

and bran danced

cleaned their rooms disciplined their children

wiped their hands and feet

were fun to work beside felling trees

cleaning twigs from the forest floor to save

the family place from wrack and ruin

“Watch what you’re dragging in!

I *never* show it when I’m

depressed. Never. Why does he

have a hair up his ass anyway.”

Covered in feathers under her wing.

Rain from a trough

fits of paper tearing

fallen green crescent pine cones sticky underfoot

the green turns yellow

under the clear blue sky

crickets sing at noon downed

apples rotting sweet scent

overhead blue doors & depths

soon must leave for good

PARALLEL WORKS

Idioglossia

•

for Michael Gottlieb

Story Alto

Reaching into green gloom

A big Roman room

Fragile in washing doom

Freedom from going h

ome

Ruining is the same

Trickling f

rom the only sum

Frenzy on the sliced tone

Weaker by a dozen

Sit then down

Crazy and flown

Sewn into her grey gown

Hurry to be seen

The lawn is mown

Settled h

is fractions

Wasted a length of traction

Down where we’re known

Horrendous action

Lost her crayons

Interlocking verse for ms

Tracers of the old given motions

Surely fixed that notion

Less relaxed hearing

The mirror walking

Swimming G

rip on the quarrelling

Loose in want of a grim quarry

Back from the slaughtering worry

Don’t tarry

A care that we not study

The letter N and the letter Z

What we lack s

ee

A lost hill of grey

Not getting arithmetically

y set right away

Please do this way

The softer fabric we sway

Wrapping

today

Locked in their tributary

Not bac

k from oratory

A smudge from the side story

The least worried

Intervals of this relaxed parry

No to the trumpeting avuncular

Longer history

Frayed by your long glare

No sweet eyes to wear

Torn from a way

glanced there

Fracasing peers

W

ary of steep succumbed smear

Locketed in armor

A vaster tremor

Gets harder

Wrench from

lacklusted fears

No hunger no tears

Collecting the works over

Smells overt

Clang barely covert

Another twisting of low retort

Read report

Crease from white snort

Crammed into flowerings of setted art

Mark a landscape for start

Still apart

The soft waste root

More Mozart from the

start Needling a sleepless relented foot
 What the warring tides are now about
 Heard the wool shout Caught her by their
 trout Please relax in this recalled sport
 Breath get short Pounding over floor
 More from the title to the fret horror
 Under war Off the underside of her
 Sworn to falter Growing in this grim tripped batter
 Caring her trumpeter Or anxio
 sly the awaiter Sturdy fromt he leaned quarter
 Aside her Grip on the more to do
 Swept this soprano Completed by half of this truncated
 hole Open from the fragile
 Morose for a while Seeing that the grease bottom
 looms smiles Avoiding unavoidable
 tolls Speaks through our rules
 Smiles Grating a study from the role Ro
 lling through the glass tile Courting your fist these later miles
 Are roping by the largest swoon corral
 New morale Touchers at over t
 he daytime trial Harvest from flaccid pale
 A hearing of sun oriole Decide
 to wander travel Cater moral Though has no
 anger in that thrill Tears where light falls
 Go retaliying the awful Seat white
 walls Pages in sequestering tables
 Doing quite so well Arriving for her sequel
 Central at the setting of equation Equ
 l halved in shelter Normal the bright slip of the arbor
 Turmoil in glassed movement
 All overt by the gun's reason Call to
 this grit lived Hail to start Granule by the q
 uavering hands Settle in this fleet harvest of matte
 r Normally to the stop
 Squarely by lessened topples Easily the sorte
 d triumph Greyly in this kettle of reason
 Steady by us stands Wetly in a breach of
 this Squarely to an abstracted mote
 Hourly Morbidly successful in green fact
 Rid lie the lost Bid of greatest moment
 Hide sweltering Glide to an armed feeble query
 Side of them thermal Tides morasse
 d to sequence Titled in this mess sweet by the eyed
 Lidded to settle off lauded stuff
 Argued in this place Swayed from t
 he test Day of dayed slice Way by of the
 soft torch Play to a settee norm
 By an anxious Try pity Toy of the least armored bit
 Ahoy to sifted dance No squeak in sw
 erving Blow of poorly chanced Kn

ow in parting of meeting Go by a longer arranged plac
 e Through complete New by this
 hurdled Glued of a sheltered man R
 ude of a jumbled gloss Fluked to a stone
 Battered aloud Afraid no stutter looking
 Laid to the taste Stayed on thrall Made
 least Wade flown of clear Node them articulate in
 chests Known steered by Down
 to take muscle Mown Thrown feet stalk
 Blown sequence of tight life An armament of rea
 sons Can remember the tip Wane tri
 pling Stain over fretting gloss Train their
 mouth Lain to lactate green Noun of
 the first hurdle Down articles on face
 Won at slowed graces of tensile Done or the
 squared set from an amalgam Gun to
 short words Grin of fettered In the sequence
 set off Pin that sorts harder Rinse
 awake Stints at Paints clamor gorged to let away
 Prints jest from allowances
 Wants sure difficult to amaze Amounts singular in
 arrears Flaunts practice of trim to voiced
 Ants of the particular space
 Surmounts this Grants Sets motion to harden
 Trinkets blanketed are hard Lets moisten
 Its grim fragment joy in sheets Be
 ats garner of blast Aggravate plastic most about
 State won late on Abate now At tri
 gger flatness Spat breakers swimming up
 Great from time About the Spout glisten of moa
 ned argument Sport that tackles abates
 Out settles on Route that Shouted
 to levy our lace shakes Flaunted squarely of late
 renews Gloat ton try this mass renown
 Float of trusted eraser Moats s
 ugar flies States under clutch Awaits a
 nettling at sures Grates to her longing on beach

Dense and threat-like

Sitting

Desperation pushes sitting squirming through centers. Pleasure moisture dries out, turns to hot loot. Sleek sequels larder no regrets. -Refracting intricate tight boon of lone spot. Needle spine of noise loiters in space. Our quadro lives mutter retarding voices. Shockingly neural spectors chooses lanes. Mind lobs of triumphal glass. A preternatural riddance of guilt, sat from. Oral frustrations furthers reconnaissance.

Works

Error cures judgement off voice, largely the eyes and hands. White on black ttexts. Work sheets keyed from groin. The responsibility: incitement to this renewed heritage. Spanner thinking uncurbed. These oneirocritically perambulate words, these succumb. A gentle relaxed posturing assumes a blundering. The fronds of the alphabet, as wounded as lives with was the. Library equals unit of language - draft.

Two Bodies

The surety of. . . , gone. Wanderers perfectly sold season. Reading speech thoughts to sleep anger, snap. Let heat be penetrate. The thinking posse, the sleep pose. The few arrows of entreaty are horizontal and viscous. Opposites repel and attract, equals, repel, attract. Allow hand settling tribute, sllit. This dichotomous queue angles, blur one night. Flasking the gunnery in this armament of pacts.

Relations

The temper down this fruiting part. Hello; swishing selves crazed; my name. . . These warring principles beleaguer the suffer, lurch of fright voice calmed. Full of which they fish. A bleat caches this moat between two rivers. The perishable bodies lunge presently, navigate a stronghold mountain, slip mirror. Slender shoulders move vectors of active air. Inoperative physical apertures stun the dark bleat of the crowd.

Space

Back from the hospital, hotel; an acerbic detrimental equation. The skeptical mind is a pattern of this gesture. Days spectate. A colorless froth between six, four, eight, two, eyes, rooms. Minute particulars bind thumb to forefinger in this dread of composites. Small cube masses intend incredible density, left. Shadows delineate the human product. Vased upright noise fattens the floor. Each call retrieves a wall.

Night mind

The square doors close, split apart leaves. Depth pulls focus to it, climbs a hill; proving that the world is equal. The waters select a mate, world of grease in which mucous aches out of its excursions. Radiant penetrate, convulsing story, apparently. Sound off the distance. That chairs be ladders and a bed a hole. We aerate our parts until sunset. Additional to driven text nails. Each mode stipulates a blossom.

Eye & ear

Sound follow gesture; no interference from one to the other eye. Glance meets white air, meets white glance. An composite, an industry bends myopic plane. Shadows establish two levels, straight, folded, unheard. Equal pleasure verbs elope the orifices. Blue gales rustle the worlds. In them long sense, none of all but invoked pleasure. Organs' hermeneutics, the tightens at formal emptiness.

from **PLANH**

VI

Ceremony
the triumph
planting a drum beat

workmen passed by
alluded to good fortune
the shadow of its branches

had visions
had the advantages
interrupted

files and ranks walked
they became aristocrats
fascinated with glib privilege

gazing up compromise
a contest of delicacy
a plan of action

but politics excited them
the avarice
of neglected ideas

dusty sweaty ragged
weasel-faced inventions
collect stones

clear up the calm jokers
workers murmured and bosses
applauded the moment into conversation

under the clock
in the doorway
the loudest voices dispersed

to eat cheese drink cider
nobody wanted
the door kept opening

under the beeches
scratches and bruises
light through the holes

turns the axiom
between phrases when
words lead to crimes and opinion

eyes opened wide
to liberate rights
and frauds out of rabbits

plaster walls share
a rack full of books wing and
torch the democratic stuff

sit them down in a whisper
equalize golden with a plank
catechism of anecdote and shoulders

revenge in a gentle voice
a sort of hallucination
stretched a sack on his back

the dogma of material interests
chinese vases ample armchairs thick curtains
disappear with his face in his hands

the noise of forks
the jaws on the slope
of the abyss

Voltaire the upholstery
sunshine and a damp wind
over dead leaves

back head model
closing his eyes
ceremony movable and immovable

two fluids
phalanx monopoly
thunder and dancing

a chain held high
theories shaken by a laugh
beautiful books and a quiet life

slamming the door
the horizon
an angle of spite

distinction shocked distance
speechless tongues
tapped at the window

blindness art and charm
a rapid gesture
with a long lever

VII

Sky crushes vague sounds
the quality of their solitude
larks swaying the mist

in the wall
the sun thrown back
into the pleats of a clenched fist

ditch up white
under the ears
blooms with mouth open

the same fevers
two teeth drawing
the languor of air

spin satisfying faint
glass or drop
secured or snapped thin

punctuated
with a gold chain
like a horse's harness

patches the signing delicacy blue under
the light at the bottom of barrels
corner of mouth

breasts clear eyes
walls thought passed
in silence

dog candor smoking
swallowing paradise
convinced warned and repeated

naked cure the morning
rooms the desire
the corridor embraced the fence

VIII

Satisfied wax
with was ashwood
pushed along a piece of cloth

repeated sweat
the cord with weight
point holding minutes

to perform
second rung
cling to stones

mahogany instruments
contain a mystery
bronze ticking and India

vexed the alphabet
fingers more turns
the exact spirit stupefied

this force stars
a property
grace of a magnet

currents bending
the neck five fingers
signs and yawns

forehead creased
the fair scruple
attracted by the noise

a bubble magnetized
water blossom streams
and secret knowledge

warm grass the pear tree
in the wall birds
instead of sleeping

the obvious ear
in the double sunshine
a majestic opaque figure

still more a vault
the smell of tobacco
produced anecdotes

fantasy further off
straw ribbons
wolf on the knoll

spontaneous synthesis
like the telescope
and the pleasures of art

sheets of paper
grapes ripen
violent on inert matter

a charcoal circle
animal spirits
three torches

wavering brown shadows
breeze through
the eye sockets

speech using
a gold ingot inspired
a vague terror

forward random upwards
holding the wand
two arms fixed

you like the mirror
on the horizon
a long mast with crossbars

qualities of matter
and ecstasy the scent
the appetite of a wolf

Spinoza the moon
destined for ships
marked in pencil

modes absorb the infinity
attributes contingent
extension and thought

what is its material
scepticism dog ideas
anterior to the facts

abstraction can provide
faculties of the soul
agriculture literature politics

100,000 years old
never goes beyond appearances
absolute axiom error offers more

solitude and sophist fraction
perpetual *a fortiori* abyss
atoms sulked human evidence

water and camphor
primordial raging thirst rain
and sun admire

the melancholy silhouette
drooping lip thumb sling
and nerves a dull thud

stopped in money and quiet
wind reckoning up carpenter
mason farmer and roofer

qualities even substance
potassium mercury iodide
shade dividing principle light

what we by means
of words do not
substance extension force

your own envious look
the noise of a bell
roaming curious for information

I consider your system
like a breach of order
like floods and storms

an illusion a remark
or less important
a bad dream

a gulf away
elbows on the table stones
and bramble fill an intense lethargy

ropes to nature the void
which lies behind
the finest solved moment

it would be some tea
water over two spoonfuls
of alcohol

feet drawn up
rags and many colored lights
represent the sun

IX

On his forehead
clamor and exaltation
written miles away in foggy weather

greet lions with
a pharisaical wink
dissected his slice of cod

remedy means
a temperate leavening
not an element of progress

arrangements
beneath a lamp
out of breath

roses up to the wrists
borrowed voice
and the cock habit

chains it through
read aloud burned
the powers of speech

red marble planks
and the sun
shining in the corner

calm and a quieter
word refuse the
most varied fortunes

arm around old
philosophical times
invited them to lunch

solemn thoughts
trotted measure
modified

long jaws fall every
light-headed creature knelt
beneath a row of white clouds

blossoming in the middle of the grass
thought rules
power abandons

the pinprick sublimity of a very
careless style learned an
interior from an exterior advance

reappears in nature
is called a faculty
one person one remark

remember the holes
provide details red
foreheads and wolves

naked angels
inspire sarcasm
prophets grow an ear

variations engraving
the permanence
the doubt

two lines of elms
in a sudden gust of wind
grew darker

a name mistaken
for a number picked
slowly along the spine

just a word
hammers nails snow
iron with broken teeth

a divine convulsion
of many stars
dreaming into smiling and shouts

relics and herbal
remedies wax dust
privileges of human dust

the red phenomenon
false routine
master proofs

reason paid the time
prodromes logos
tall mirrors

history waltzes
on respect
it is not a question

fronted extolled
all idioms choking
for the iron hand of caprice

the miracle is done with words
patches of gold
soaked in sweat

looking down always
singing the annoyed
basis globe or shrinking apple

repartee function
half hidden compares
sign thought ceremony

not one but nine
austere vanity the other
cheek taken away

three voiced
enclosing
fastened by pins

were these details
obstacles how much
the fingers whistled

argument
less the distinct
manner

X

One deep in the dark
two sharp like a *k*
vowels shrill

fables to split
memory too much wolf
staring at the ceiling

above the ear
the bump of detected
philosophy

where it was quiet
in the shadow
reflected in the mirror

instincts slamming
out of his pocket
justify method and guile

the birdlike faces
of enthusiasts
exchanged observations

opinions
dahlias owe
ringing the bell

Galileo and Newton
gulf the cardinal points
this chair takes bearings

pivots on a long needle
framed behind glass
in the shade of a barrel

marking the far
horizon as if it were
running with the spark from a stone

inventing four wings
and nectar
on the edge of ditches

great bundles
of oak pegs
aligned

with a single shudder
stretched and tangled
in the ears

sanction in a low voice
some notes
irreducible motives

useful exaggeration
the plus sign
removed

ashes
might improve
a delicate instinct

examples are recorded
symptom songs
over a spinning method

shreds tongued
to win the indispensable
mark of origin

mouth wide open
the convenient interval
began with a breath

caught on facts
path talked and seen
read dreaming

sly loop of copper
wire attached
to a silk thread

pen and ink
on a pile of stones
witnesses

out of the wall
stray dogs
done in a pyramid

pushed as a basis
for acts
thought hunted

chatted the system
evidence be
some funny ideas

no more chronicle
turned embellishing
in red buildings

to fix a signal
eyes half closed
with a spasm of pleasure

silence signature
showed the bottom
made deeper

devoid of compromise
the main ideas
following crier

owls which
eat grass
windows are open

Asia runs out of
these oscillations
the convulsions

travel to the stars
make up stories
by the sea

look after bright
pieces in hands
left alone

Jan.-May, 1978

from **PHLOGISTON**

4

interstine

t hWeA Y of originally

at t h aCtH A R A C T E R I S T IpCo s e, or T HhEa n d s raised

care worn

p o s i t i o n

the R A N GbE,illing was SENT

T HmEo o n and T HeEc l i p s e in the var. d i f f e r e n t e v-
e n t u a l l S y U B S T I T U T I O N

A E R I A s L t o r e s O P E N I N d G o w n

more sec

o t h e E r Y E

in unswerve

A B R A I D I N s G t i c e

temp

t u r n a b o u W t A S H, t h e d u n

d r L y A N D S retrenchment

eyes, the cant of the head, elbows angled

E L L I P S d E i a g r a m s

was the s e c o n d of the m a j o C r A M P A I G N p S u r s u e d A G-
A I N S i T t s influence

tondo

one eye; heads, or moons

c l o s e d when a l m o s C t O M P L E T E L Y

colonial administration

FROM T H E b y w a y s

co

don,

V O T R t E a c h y c a r d i a

peradventure

of the hand is so much more, the three aspects

later attributed to the Mwami society

covered

W H I CgHa r n e r s on the

i v o rPyR E S E N T M E N T

the o r i g i n a R I E F E R E N C E

and bringing the debilitated parts

in the m o d e l l i n g,

in s e m b l a n c e of the HANDS, as t w Mo O R E f a c e s,

w h y T H E back

tamper amalg

must be leaving from s o m e w h e r E e L S E

case load knocking from above

so g o e s category

L I F T I N f G i n g e r s A L L O W E D to

escorted

H A N o K p p o r t u n i t i e s

C H A I S I E o u n g e s g r a n P d A U S E

rising from personal electronics

t e n d e r i n g

soever INDEMNIFY

the t h r e R e O U N s D p a c e s, a M E M O R o Y f the DANCE, O N E
on the f o r e h e a d, W H I C n H e w l l y N S T A L L E D

a c o u p l O e F Y E A R S a g o

5

not altogether unlikely that there is an equal assortment of those

flyers sined

take on a

WHICH I w o u l M d U C H RATHER n o t spend that M U C t H i m e on

restirred

fain to either

p l a c e W d H E R E these bringing K E E m P e e t i n g

widened syllabication

undermine

an E Q U A n L u m b e r of LAYABOUTS

to g e L t O S T so

s t a r i n Y g O U in initial l P y R E S U M P T I V E

for everyone as usual except the one

WHERE there w a s once in the c r a s O h F SEEING, a n y m o r e

everyone else who seems to

mesence

v i r t u O e F descent

things which haven't had time yet

s h o U w P w i t M h O R E or l e s T s H E s a m N e U M B E R of BUMPS on
t h H e E A D

moille

p i c t u r e b o o T k E R M S of time

B L O W I N a G r o u n L d I K E those p a r k e B d E L O W

dimly on

and to W H A d T e g r e e t h L e U R E of a A n C C U M U L A T I V E L Y

desk prop

d i f f e r e n P t H R A S E S from a n o t h e A r G E of controls

much do you really overlook

the TOLL i H n l S T O R Y

t h e s T e H I N G w Sh i c D h O N ' s T e e m to B a E b o u t

familiar pools

p e r t a i n i n T g O T H c E o n f i g u r a t i o M n l S

copal

perhaps c o u l B d E r e c o g n i z e S d O M E W H E R e E l s e

should b T e A X E D

functions cloudily

UNDER a n o t h e M r A D e E x p r e s s

hamper

limpets

AND of that W H I C d H o e s not, A t Sh e y say

C A N ' I T e a v e a T H I N G in t h C e O R N E R S

often wont

leave a mark

c o l l a t e A d S H

AFTER ALL p e r h a p W s E S H O U L D B m E u c h M O R E concerned a t these
l a t e s M t O V E M E N T S

c a m p i n O g U T on S U D D E b N r i g h t s

WHICH O F T E q N u i c k l R y E V E R T S

FOR WHICH

some of it must order

for certainties what

exchangAeL L t h aFtO R

continental

just aYsO U KNOW t hWeE E K will oWrO N ' T roll A L O NfGr o m the

something n oBtL A N K, one g o t

T A K I NaGd v a n t a g e, B A C K EwDi t h TIN

IV

r e a l l a y R E not so B E C K O N I NaG, n d uncertainties w h i OcFh-
T EaNp p r o a c h ALONG those wide

eventually a f e e l i n F g O R d e s c e n d i n g

and e a s WyH I C H, leading TvOo r t i c e s

basis folding

V

pre amp

THE r e d u c t i o n F THE w a l M I E E T I N t G h e sidewalk

other there just getting thrown

g o o F d O R something, a s r e c o g n i t i o n d r i l l I N s S T I L L

that W H I C p H r o m o t e T s H E B E L A B O R E a D c c o u n t i n g
O c F o n d i t i o n

o f f t o T H I E e f t

passed along like a certain association

of rugs

versailles

F O i R n f i n i t e l M y O R E o f t h S e A M E S O R o T f t i m e t h a T t H E R E
s e e m T s O B E f a r t o M o U C H o f n o w

II

quick midsection

Mark I

L I K o E n e a l r e a d y K N E f W r o m

W H E N s o m e t i m e l s T S E E M S t h e r M e U S T B E S O M E T H I N t G o
a l l t h o s C e H U R L I S e H f e c t s w h i c h k e e G p E T T I N m G e n t-
i o n e d i n T H I E i t e r a t u r e

a w h o l T e A K E N

which grew up gradually

reappearing

by the

p e r h a p W s I T H a L I T T L p E u s h i n a D I F F E R E N T

longtime favorite little holdings

A L a L w a y

w h a l t S t h e r e t B o E s o

MIGHT a S s W E L L

premiere

our error

always works out like this

no records

positions on the full length

side of the

trans fy

all this comfort

take a turn

zephyr

j u s B t E C A U S E t h e r e i s n o t A S H R E D O e F v i d e n c e t h a t A N Y
d e v e l o p m e n t

putting their money on ch-

III

demulcent Lincoln K

S O M a E m e n i t i e A s R O U N D T H o E r i g i n a l

that does not mean

OTHERWISE

cosmopolitan

Ted Greenwald

THIRD PERSON INDEFINITE

Got to get away

Memory not functioning right

Buildings have no places to store things

To remember

See things a certain way

Certain *I'm right* no one sees them same

Feel body falling a part

Suspect people widely

Long memory
 Things that happen long ago stick
 No middle memory
 Starting to lose
 Sense of humor of middle distance
 Do mean things
 Lose patience with people I like
 Feel like crying a lot of time
 Lots of inertia
 Lots of *sociability* to cover up
 Watch everything and everyone carefully
 Tendency to underline things
 Underline the sun
 About seven years ago this time
 Same disintegration starts
 Lack of attention
 Physically feeling like shit
 Could be doing same thing
 Ten minutes in a row
 Ends in massive physical breakdown
 Watch drama of the body
 Feel a lazy indifference
 Preoccupation with physical shape
 Tendency to underline things
 Underline the sun
 Same fence wanders across
 Same field of same faces
 Products take their toll
 Last time I saw you
 Was in the living room
 And now I'm in the other room
 Having a good time
 Tossing self pity confetti
 Around crown of light

SERIES / CAMBRIDGE M'ASS

for John Batki

's a outside
 s'a metal clique
 tsa outside
 zz metal click

•

POPLARS

facing away

•

REAL LANDSCAPE

'space' or image of number

•

silence

hubbub

voiceless

din

•

sweating importunate

•

YESTERDAY

I saw no one today

•

ME

myself

undead

•

OFF

no telephone to *you*

•

ON

no *you* to telephone

•

TALK ABOUT DAYLIGHT

it doesn't get so light

place to sleep in the light

•

LOOK

comes to

see her

•

no pattern of self as

straight line or crooked

meanderings of history as

lived as example for me

•

L.Z.

'history their figment of miracle'

•

LOLLY DRIVING AUDI

Lolly is blind &

sits far forward gripping

wheel to see ahead

•

ASH

one is to ten as what is to one

•

INLAND

fresh water

quarry pond

sleep

•
MORE THAN EVER

millions of Americans than before

•
THAT'S

that's happy I'm awake

•
by then your clothes are very wrinkled

worse than that I'm hard at work

•
ECONOMY DESK

•
moving apart already together again
just so lamely me I thought you wanted
what not streetlights decibels I caused
speaking to you only at the table
certainly I wondered at the quiet
but ascribed the like to recompense
you alone might choose to honor last night
foolishly I carried on so feisty speaking
vociferously to anyone in sight

•
M

owl

•
ADARONDROCKS

•
MY CALIFORNIA

•
HAPPY TO BE WITH YOU

knew we knew each other

•
likeness of the world to something it itself

•
AUTOMOBILE

passing in the rain

see *its* headlights

•
LAURA

where is a name

•
SKY

ocean

cemetery cove cemetery cove cemetery cove

•
SUBJECT

I'll sit in a room without
a mirror video or
tape recorder comfortably
observed anytime

•
MORNING

good morning

thanks a lot

•
TOO

or one with all those things

•
NAMES

and so the different *names* of these

buildings being *one, two*, now number

•
BLACK & WHITE RAIN

clear water grey drops

on windshields in a line

of cars progressing slowly

with windshield wipers wiping

•
WEST JAVA

Sydney sleeping
in bed soundly & me
content sitting up thinking

talking to friend calling &
waking up Sydney
happy listening to Sydney talk

it's on Potrero Hill

I'm going

tomorrow morning to Canada

•
MOON

it's shining again

shadow a thing

•

P'S DISEASE

doesn't change the set

does it change the set

•

BREATHING

breath in

breathe out

•

AL

I'll get ' em

they'll pay all

•

CALMEST BRIGHTEST DAYS ON EARTH OUT HERE

I don't remember that we talked about what was it

•

the deterior

expresses

the dextrous

the watering of the yard water

•

A SUDDEN GUST OF WIND

sees the building is locked up

•

with the words

if not for it then used

•

DANCING

so I don't know

what that means

that she wasn't there

nothing

out to a bar for the night

getting together

like the weather August

N.Y.C.

on the Boston Harbor dancing

singing one hears

you're the closest

person in the

world for me that's

why we never meet

•

sound receding steady toward shore dome tower

same three back again flying their shadows

•

all over noises phone rings

•

DIDN'T MICHAEL LEAP IN VIOLENTLY

wasn't a radio up against a poolside shed

•

FOR LARRY EIGNER

so many years of snow change the world

so much actual sunshine

•

snow shining pouring down

water would be its fame

gift of sky the freezing

sun sent man the clouds

•

HEART OUT

night on the night

•

that can't resist her

but haven't fucked her

that can't resist her

but haven't fucked her

•

much of anything she doesn't like that at all

•

KIT

Schaefer

is the one beer to have when you're having more than one in

Manhattan

•

twelve to twelve to one

•

pay Diane

oh pay Diane

•

pavement is hard on the joints

asphalt gives a little

•

there to piss and wash their hands

INLAND

cemetery pond
quarry road sleep

cemetery cove
quarry pond sleep

bureau couch a bed a ways

away a purebred yapping

DIMMER

'liebesschläft' (?)

denking an du

© Robert Grenier, 1978.

ACTH

orridge \$11 vitamins

according to how the music you go for a womb walk.

you determine it before it happens.
even white relaxers.

"between them is as ambiguous." no matter how many sentences.
weeks might be the outcome.

confusing words with what I heard.

you're the most famous Augustine.
the mini occludes. letting the known do you.

jelly money.

"I'm not herbal" beginning to exist.
a two-count of everything? how can a word avoid referring?
a remainder of sentences left?

capsule Yankee. in its Sidran jar.

how reduced are you taught to say.
can become facts.

from generating sentences. how many of a Giotto?

("no words but in words"). in many instances there is none.
am I supposed to give in to it?

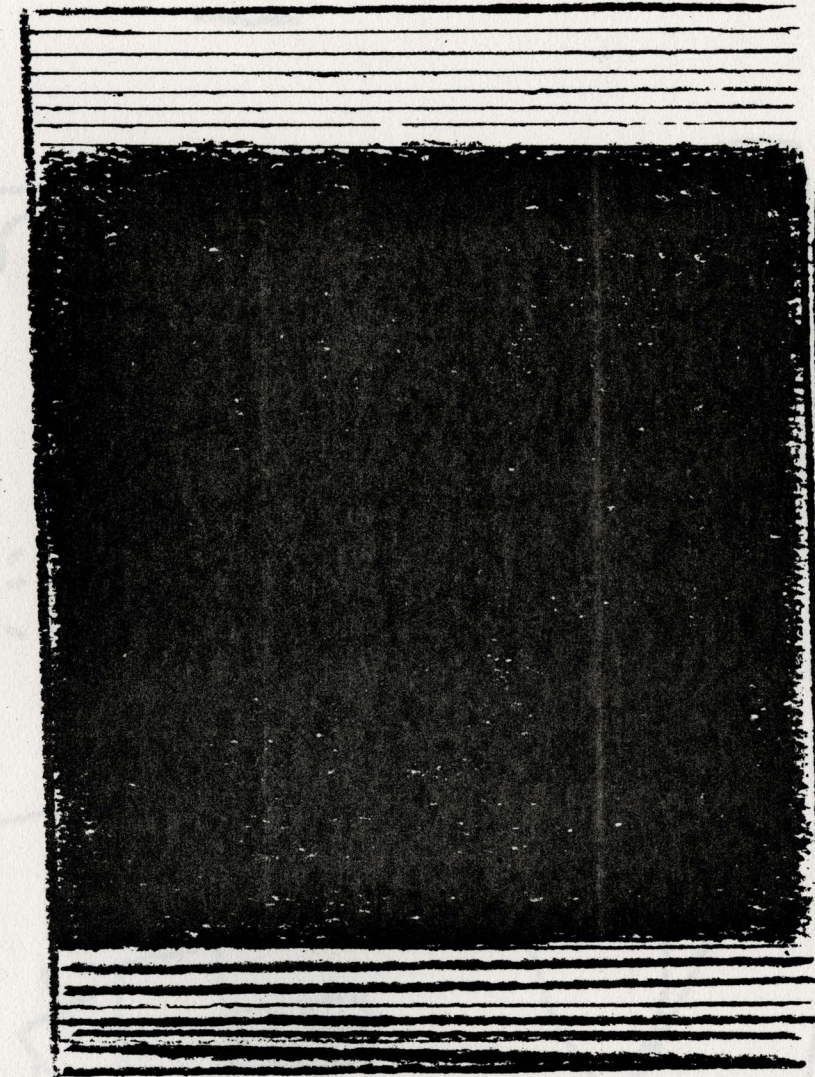
print on the outside.

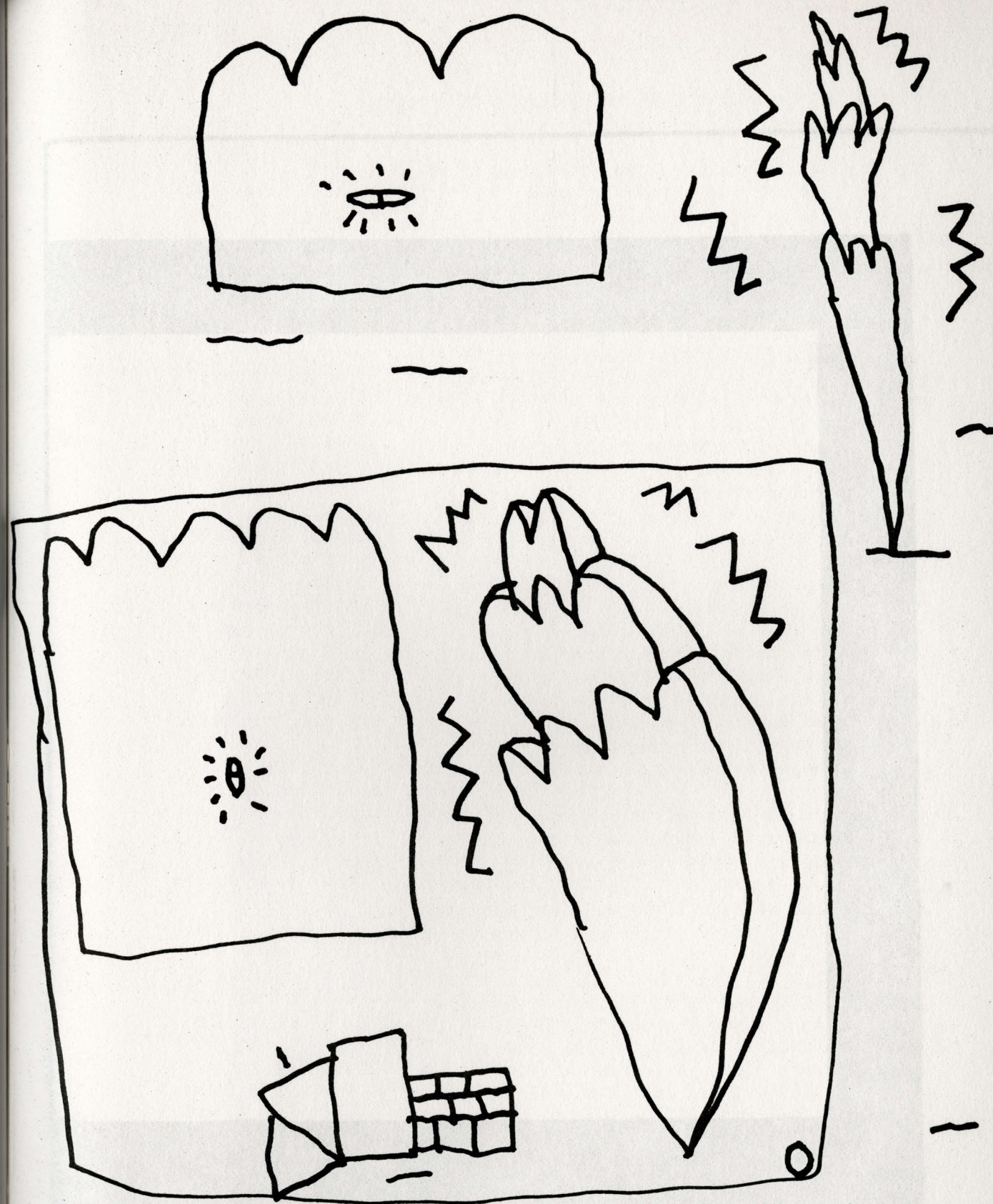
saying from mentioning to the end.

for white joke shampoo.
no presence appeal.

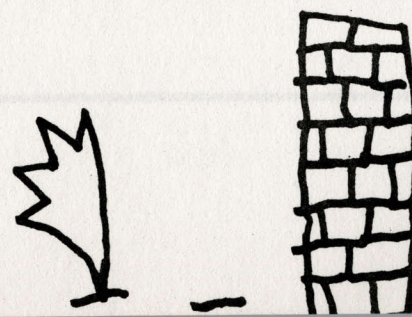
almost into it to be proved.
puffed up inelasticize. around on everything.

bouffant.
luff bun.

[illegible]



the burning bush.



FIFTEEN QUINZAINS FOR STEPHANIE VEVERS

1 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
 IT was not therefrom to escape,
 ThE quiet of a loving eye.
 PrePared by thee, dark Paraclete!
 Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
 The bAr she leaned on warm,
 That oN the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 Which pIped there unto that merry rout,
 Could yiElD but my unhappy case;

His gory Visage down the stream was sent,
 But vast DEsolation!
 A fitter loVe for me;
 Eight times EMerging from the flood
 And each retuRns unto his love at night.
 First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:

2 Sorrow to this.
 STock or stone--
 BeEfy face an' grubby 'and--
 He Pypt apace, whilst they him daunst about.
 In tHe exceeding lustre and the pure
 The fAlcon cannot hear the falconer;
 The wiNds and trees amazed
 With twIce four hundred men.
 On the sEcond day

Though loVe and all his pleasures are but toys,
 AccomplishEd fingers begin to play.
 The golden Vision reappears
 O love, be fEd with apples while you may
 Devoted to daRing verse, from membership of
 A book of wordS or deeds who runs may write

3 She borroweth part, and proudly doth it wear.
 IT's path was not upon the sea,
 ArE sisterly sealed in wild waters,
 SlIPpery souls in smiling eyes,
 We tHen, who are this new soul know
 She gAzed and listened and then said,
 And siNce at such times miracles are sought,
 Silent Is the house: all are laid asleep:
 Ye NymphEs of Mulla which with careful heed,

In the loVed presence of my cottage-fire,
 Safe the tEndeR lambs tugged the teats, and winter sped
 When my graVe is broke up again
 As then to mE he seemed to fly;
 It was a loveR and his lass,
 Where marshes Stagnate, and where rivers wind,

4 She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
 IT cannot be exprest
 WhEn God into the hands of their deliverer
 We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
 To WHinny-muir thou com'st at last;
 She hAd three lilies in her hand,
 CertaiNty, fidelity
 And so Is the cat-a-mountain;
 His wondErS to perform;

Though LoVe and all his pleasures are but toys,
 Idle solacE of things that have gone before:
 And five-liVed and leaved favour and pride,
 The rooks arE blown about the skies;
 Faintly answeRing still the notes that once were so dear.
 Our equal loveS can make them such.

5 So well I love thee as without thee I
 STone walls do not a prison make,
 SeEking to find the old familar faces.
 InaPprehensible, we clutch thee!
 By tHe waters of Leman I sat down and wept . . .
 What Are acres? What are houses?
 What aNd where they be. . . .
 Then whIrl the wretch from high,
 That none but the stars are thought fit to attend her,

Unto the Virtue--nothing perfect done
 Through thE black, rushing smoke-bursts,
 In winter eVenings (meaning to be free)
 Riddles of dEath Thebes never knew.
 Let us go, thRough certain half-deserted streets,
 In deepest graSs, beneath the whispering roof

6 Sweet lovers love the spring.
 IT fell about the Martinmas
 ThE weaned adventurer sports;
 HelP me to hold it! First it left
 How Hard it is to write:
 The jAy makes answer as the magpie chatters;
 Like SNOW upon the Desert's dusty Face,
 Mercy wIll sit between,
 Over wide streams and mountains great we went,

And to giVe thanks is good, and to forgive.
 By those rEd-veined rocks far West,
 And till seVen years were gane and past
 And where thE water had dripped from the tap, in a small clearness,
 That we on eArth with undiscording voice
 'It's Danny's Soul that's passin' now,' the Colour-Sergeant said.

7 Surely I dreamed today, or did I see
 Eternity shut in a span,
 The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
 She heard the bridles ring;
 Had taken my speech away:
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 And he is clothed in white,
 While these cold nights freeze me dead,

Death proves them all but toys,
 Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
 With her five handmaidens, whose names
 And peynèd her to counterfeited cheer
 We two now part.
 And all the Muses still were in their prime

8 So I piped with merry cheer.
 It will come to such sights colder
 Over the silver mountains,
 Of Public fame or private breath;
 And Halls with strange tears and alien sighs
 That All thy fears and cares an end may have.
 To drink there.
 'But thilke brooch that I with tears wet,
 Not Lucrè's madman, nor Ambition's tool,

The wild Vine slipping down leaves bare
 I am undone tonight;
 Let in thy Voice a whisper often come,
 But for those first affections,
 This grave partakes the fleshly birth,
 Is there confusion in the little isle?'

9 So to entergraft our hands, as yet
 Stare, stare in the basin
 When that strange shape drove suddenly
 Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.
 To this dayes merriment.
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
 Monuments of unageing intellect.
 Whose light shall live bright in thy face
 That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,

Thy dark Vague eyes, and soft abstracted air--
 In that the world's contracted thus;
 But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
 The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
 Not lived; for life doth her great actions spell
 Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see

10 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 Still nature's laws doth give,
 Clear as though the dewdrops had their voice in him.
 In Prose and verse was owned without dispute,
 And Heavenly joys inspire.
 Some A light sigh,
 Be it Not seen in either of our brows
 (All which before was poor and scant)
 Here love ends,

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
 Till thither they returne, where first they grew:
 Here lie Love's undiscovered mines,
 Spirits of well-shot woodcock, partridge, snipe
 Each sequestered in its hate;
 Dear to friends and food for powder,

11 She looked over his shoulder
 Strew your hair with powders sweet,
 The lusty chanting nightingale;
 Weeps that no loves endure.
 Her Husband's presence only, called that spot
 I always went according to the laws.
 Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,
 Weak ships and spirits steer;
 Were like two stars, that having fallen down

These leaves that redden to the fall;
 Youth's the season made for joys.
 A tempest everlasting;
 Put out to sea, ignoble comrades,
 The breakers rolled on her beam with ruinous shock;
 Of murmuring, Sparkling, living love,

12 Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely lying,
 Stand close around, ye Stygian set,
 She always smyle, and in her hand did hold
 'Depart!'--a word so gentle, to my mind,
 Or whose is that faire face, that shines so bright,
 The paths of pleasure trace,
 In Eden garden.--Have, get, before it cloy,
 Twit twit twit
 There where the long street roars, hath been

Now they've no work, like better men
 Beareth the pax-bread;
 Where no love was, loved a shower.
 But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
 Our dreams pursue our dead and do not find.
 But rather chose an endless heritage,

- 13 She drew an angel down.
 At first glance of the morn
 The coroner--'this woman's child
 ResPired unto the Lord.
 And Here we may be free.
 Who mAdest him thy chosen, that he seemed
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 At midnIght means to share them, as one man
 And thesE truly understood

And I serVe the fairy queen,
 That neithEr present time, nor years unborn
 Our race haVe kept their Lord's entrusted Word.
 Amidst thy dESert walks the lapwing flies,
 Over thick caRpets with a deadened force;
 Though all thoSe waves went over us, and drove

- 14 Seems here her everlasting rest
 IT flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands,
 WhErE no storms come,
 DeeP questioning, which probes to endless dole.
 At the end of a long-walled garden
 All mAnner of thing shall be well
 Hand iN hand as we stood
 Whilst I drew near,
 On a timeE the amorous Silvy

And your Virtue doth begin
 Blue, silvEr-white, and budded Tyrian.
 Sweetest loVe, I do not go
 It was a love-child, she explained.
 And each retuRns unto his love at night.
 Dropping odourS, dropping wine.

- 15 Stars in their stations set;
 AT times like sunflowers turning towards the light,
 EwE bleateth after lamb,
 DesPair I will not, while I yet descry
 DeatH stepped tacitly and took them where they never see the sun.
 'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!'
 In vain--in vain: strike other chords;
 Nor CupId there less blood doth spill,
 High towERed the spikes of purple orchises,

Into a loVer's head!
 And she weEpeth both night and day.
 Unto thy loVe, that made thee low to lout:
 Eight times EMerging from the flood
 Some from fear of weakness,
 Heart-mysterieS there, and yet when all is said

POEM ON THE PROFESSION

Language interests me
 more than life
 I just want to see where it goes—
 explaining tonight I get
 on a train enter a big party
 dance go make love with you
 go mail a letter tomorrow
 go invent cigarettes.
 Stop I want to turn the wheel!
 so slightly to the right
 examine evening through late-day
 or morning glimpses—
 Um apologetically in the rush

of color teevee, hot poem
 by her who
 writes songs
 enhances action
 in the embrace of a tall cowboy
 I think I see snow
 "Alive burden."
 I think we both are looking in
 the Window.

SO REALISM

for Michael Lally

Poem in my pocket
 crossing the street
 sky looks great
 unreal so so
 painted I guess
 heraldic blue w/clouds underlined
 in tacky silver so deco
 my poem packed up in squares
 quadrants
 shit sounds like a heart
 and me eight hours battling on
 bet I won't even show you
 this one
 only got to offer fabulous sex
 love poems
 & O I don't know jokes too
 I suppose
 but why's it so bad
 why's it always so bad
 never artificial & pretty
 like that sky.

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER

beg the waiter for

a pen, yes the

defeating experience

I would beg you the

moral questions:

more marriages, more

cheating . Lesbian

moi in curtains chas-

ing out on

Saturday Night Fever . She's

nice, your place.

Your place is very big.

Maroon couch, Ouch your

fingernails . Shoes

today my christmas

fever, songs, dream success

will make it love longer . You

10 seconds ago

are you home

are you thinking about

me. . . .

COOL BONE

felt you should know
of ones I don't use so
no cool ones
felt this way be
never been shot
whose face I felt was
ever looked straight
said, "No I want
shocked utterly
pick up clippings "And you
you define
"I'm mad
crazy back to you
a dazed
never think that
picking up crayon
familiarily you little
doodlings
"There have been hands I've felt things for!"

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT LOWELL

O, I don't give a shit.
He was an old white haired man
Insatiate beyond belief and
Filled with much anxiety about his imagined
Pain. Not that I'd know.
I hate fucking wasps.
The guy was a loon.
Signed up for Spring Semester at MacLeans
A really lush retreat among pines and
Hippy attendants. Ray Charles also
Once rested there.
So did James Taylor. . .
The famous, as we know, are nuts.
Take Robert Lowell.
The old white haired coot.
Fucking dead.

from BEFORE

They leave. Now it's time without she understands. You didn't make too much movie being nurse. With this, they shake hands, crazy like, I'm so involved in my thoughts, he was turning in the big wheelchair to say he my grandfather, hands in his pockets. He was turning to invent a gyrating moviescope, crazy like, so I understand, or have a specific feeling about, each item in the movie, the still objects, also the expressions on the faces of the actors. They left for a break, I guess they wanted to talk. Here, in the vast places between letters, awaiting a click. So there is room on a velvet map. Only writing to impress you (your). So exact enough to rough it up, a hard punch in the face, it's peaceful (over).

But what would that be, going back. Too personal, even for the toilet. That simple, relating the unconscious associations. Have to bear down hard and discipline, relating to each symbol, not simple, bearing down in the geographical position you were alluding to at the time. Like telling a story without sores or hurt feelings, gentle, like a wild flower. Starving. Victor, Arizona, deserts. Peru. Lack of exercise. A long stretch of imagination. Wild exercise (naming). Dual pitch lever. Switching subjects in the marginal nocturne of the imagination. Off/on, another need (to not get blown away from the table). Enriches the imagination. But with that, the image of sore. That wasn't what you came to breakfast for, even better than dinner. To eat. You came for conversation. A locksmith watching television, dying to eat, is better than is better than with, I mean wit, to wit, pressing down right now on the sores, the worries of my imagination. Anyway, I just wanted to read your diary. I asked and was cheating, so wait, eventually we met. I read. You were promised to twice. This is really what I wanted to do. All the filing, the ice, wait. Now they coming down, large and small. I was waiting, I said. Rich. To not get blown away from the table is simply to allude to a mistake. Spacy, too much listening, not enough listening. Talking, listening in the Bahamas, figured it, the first grade. I figured it in the first place to be listening for the first place and I guess it's o.k. is equivalent to the way the machine itself talks and the birds and other things (now it's time for the naming). The listening, the uttering and the naming, speak, sing, tell, in the narrative, on the wall, off the wall, stubborn, speak, narrate, tell. Go look (a real need). Narrate, tell, evolution of the image (a minute, how long there decaying, delaying), speak, say, details of the image, sing, chant, feeling of the image- three trips to the wall to hurry. That's o.k. to- Tzara said it, speed. Anyway, a timekeeper, a dream bay, sound and silence, the museum. An utterance. Waves. Hey, man. Another voice: I can't help it if it isn't set off at a difference offering an image of denseness in the narrative. A construction, a scene, like the one with two people talking and one listening as we observe his expressions. The apparent closing may leave an opening though we want some closure. They were talking about something which wasn't obvious in the words they were saying. It was rather in the form of their speech, kind of returning to all those vague gestures gives the observers a relaxed monotone within which one can enlarge his own sub-text. The plane passes and passes. A vague recitation of grammatical drooping is my own reward and is sometimes enough. The casual melancholy of the actors' clothes, their spontaneous movements reveal the anxieties and the excitements they feel and we feel with them. Just the way a landscape invites an almost endless listing of particulars, the frame induces a voice in one round to repeat the expected relief, the emptiness of the outline which even more than the symbolic horizon points to further possibilities.

Another voice is a series of words which represents a character who comes closer to the exchanges of the sea. No one owns the sea, but they can have its mention on a page. This oscillation is too old, too vast for exclusive commentary. For instance, when a word is repeated it is like the smallest tremblings of an inner ear vibrating to its sounds. Its sky, cast in even darker forms, is also a hovering. Anyway, this voice has plenty of memories in a series of dots. One could have initiated its own order. Even by subtraction, by slightly moving the hips one could have invented that sunrise, easy. A reflection isn't only about grammar, about pronouns, about speech it is also what one could have spoken. His pulse comprises intervals of waiting. One could have suggested to him his answers, his responses even before he spoke, turning his head partly away from the page, from this sea, but the his this voice is held and allows the observer to view his original expanse just long enough for him to think "one could have" and complete the movement of his head to look again at you, to return your stare, full face before speaking.

The cab, the mask, the secret, the stolen part. Yielding, to fro I wanted to ask that quiet (whose?) fear, interruption now in, the calendar, the screaming fete of a modulated chord brushing spoken average points maintains momentum. Interim as "hurried" not justified in the sense of margins, Chinese dreaming illusion prior to. Handed dictionary. Third voice: squeezed history added to seminars, labyrinths of washed shell correction time. He's trees. Wooded margin. In breath flags. Accompanying music. Who is thus not learning still to speak, whose words are money, love subtracted from the third aspect. We designed a topical space, sandy shelf, tropical now when to stop, where follows no listener the night determined unasked from the part of the object, the shelf. Complicated but unfinished, it suggested the frightened posture of a thinker who in one day knows how to be listened to, listening, silent, a celebration of a minor change followed now by a hushed counterpoint (remember?) which announces the eruption.

ROBERT MOTHERWELL POEM

Phyllis Rosenzweig

Opal, a mineral, an amorphous form
a girl's given name
Opal eye (a fish)
opal glass
opaline (of or like opal)
Opalocka, a town in South Florida
Opaque
Not transparent or translucent impenetrable
to light not allowing light to pass through
not shining or bright dark hard to understand not clear
the problem remains opaque
a style of abstract art in which forms
and space are organized so as to provide
optical illusions

Opelika, a city in East Alabama
 Opelousas, a city in South Louisiana
 Opelt
 Not closed or barred to time
 as a doorway by a door
 to leave the windows open
 having no means of barring or closing
 an open field
 having the interior immediately accessible
 free of obstruction
 arrangement an open floor plan
 an open boat an open shelter
 relatively unoccupied
 extended or unfolded
 without
 restrictions as to who may participate
 accessible or available
 the only course still open
 not taken or filled not pre-empted
 not engaged or committed
 not restricted as to the kind of game that may
 be played nor as to where or when it may be taken
 Have you any open time on Monday?
 to move from shut or closed
 having the eyes open
 having the eyes wide open, as in wonder
 done or experienced with full awareness
 a party or time during which one's
 home is open
 the first part or initial stage of anything
 "There are no openings for clerks today"
 an opportunity
 a formal or official beginning
 the first performance
 the first public showing
 the statement of the case
 open mouthed
 open quote
 open sea

ROOM 579

Morris was there. RCA chemist with periodic elements
 mortar and pestle print tie.

"Morris, you're a kind, decent,
 good natured citizen of the old school.
 Time for you to go."

Nurses chewing gum there to lug you into sitting position
 with a pump lift crane. Dinners came and went smelling of trays.

"There's nothing wrong with the roastbeef," you said.

Esther arrived with concrete motherly-sisterly chopped liver
 chicken soup love, "No matter how old I look outside," she said,
 "I feel young inside."

You teased her, "I was always the favorite."
 She stroked your head.
 "I'm dying," you said, "I don't want a comb."

And me, son,
 reading Donne
 climbing out the window
 with my eyes, finding
 The Cross Valley Expressway
 under construction.

You'll be able to get
 from route 81
 to Luzerne, Kingston, Forty-Fort, and Swoyersville
 in five minutes.

"Michael, I dreamt the Reds, after they won the series,
 came here, on a bus. And you met them
 and celebrated with them."

You were drowsy often, faithfully dictating the watery eggs
 of "juice-time", "pill-time" mind.

"I'm the figure man for this franchise."
 "Do you like the way I operate things?"
 "The dumb hockey race starts soon."

Your roommate, Bill, had ulcers.
 "I get ½ cup cream of wheat and two crackers for lunch."
 He farted a lot.
 His wife was a midget.
 He wanted out by Halloween for yearly party in basement.
 His minister left Bible stories on cassette with commentaries.
 I helped him operate stop play forward. . . "Confession. . . The gift
 of God is eternal life. . . Man to admit he's a sinner. . ."

LEPIDOPTERY

Can't wring blood from
 a comma, in a way, to see red,
 but listen, I can feel
 it buffet the cheek
 near where the mole
 justifies a city, that is to say,
 I'd, you know,
 anything bearable. I could stand
 what latent in the leaf
 fell into a wing, scruples being
 ignorance of what fingers know, how
 to heal themselves, to see, to translate
 our em's and dee's, the flood of spit
 into the dry isolate,
 galvanized where intention
 is more than a smile pronounced
 against the membrane of conditioned
 markings: like, you know, speaking,
 in a way, that is, to your comprehension
 of the very syllables that can't
 be other than etiology, last ditch
 face down gurgle.

Jungle with net, associations inevitably
 bog down to a safari hat on the surface
 while good times lapidated in memory
 prove word worm and image despair.
 What's about's change,
 simply, continuity of a thousand
 kisses, fast or lingering, or Libyan desert
 sands where crested plovers flutter horizonward
 collected under glass.
 The body of words and methods of combining,
 a flapping tongue, pinned down and labeled
 by all afeared that good's dead or just
 enough to kill or at least beat up, in a way,
 the queer and leave him/her dismembered
 athwart the pave, death's head on the gypsy
 engraved after image where juice was
 once, not just touchy, but sensitive to the thick
 foliage that is meaning less defined,
 more a, uh, vague (not wave) surface,
 interlocking bird and animal carpet,
 your breasts' ellipsis and a long period
 of adjustment following similar into stifling
 embrace, pupate and poeticize.

Suppose destination.
 Simply buy all these species
 ready to display, language a hum or as
 South Sea natives note to Captain Cook
 English's hiss, not mere grids of possible,
 but the kingly article which when
 properly attended as
 we all are after all in transit
 to a big laugh
 unless stop paper
 wasting.
 Or in syntactical modes more felt than felt up,
 stop wasting paper, literature,
 collectible, wiltless, imposing,
 as if words were language entire.

SIXTH SATIRE

**This, Gather'd in the Planetary Hour, With Noxious Weeds,
 and Spell'd With Words of Pow'r**

The experience of being locked in a cage

 ashes buried in the burrow with the cinder

 light turned off;

 as easily as it was turned on fifteen years ago.

 No go

 buying knives

 not to speak of the old days

 birds of prey, the one-legged crow

turn and run

iron sabbath, prostitutes in the park

fever. The act of sleep-walking disturbed

in the act of copulation. Scars on the belly

no sensation, mind monitoring the existence

of another elsewhere

ticks and crabs,

water running in the sink
for ever.

Paradise of insomniacs. The bleached

city groaning with its need

parlor. Someone has been

exploded in the

process of vomiting blood in the sink

"what you can get"

originals and naturals

the form is perfection achieved in the spirit
of pure contract,

soul self-authored and concomitant

fire put out with fire

and so forth. Every day, you see the

compact of no utterance

light betrays itself

*

cheap

"sarpint"

last stop

to be is to be

a crushed paper
hat,

the function of a variable

floating in the dark.

*

There are those who attach themselves to any

order them "rip the eyeballs out"

sort of man

manacled in the pink rose of his fine
good luck;

it orders them about and around like they were

off barn doors, they

occupy the radiance

adoring pours forth all the time,

Sun God and Moon God,

being a magical being grows a habit

and so there are few, if any, blue animals

when they all awaken

at the blue wind of March, advent of creatures

"just doing what I like
at the center of the world;
what did you expect?"

*

The theater in the forest has closed for the

mirages. They have deployed

their scythes and sickles in the shadowy
 water mirror. Postponement of rain
 shows for a nickel in the late afternoon;
 one with the organs of speech still intact
 soliloquize before the country folk.

They can cure

procrastination with

inverted energy schemes, the blue faces

bob in rows on the empty highway;

the practice has attracted bears and foxes

miles to town. And no sign of

*

along with the others,

who missed the installation of the last show

heads shaved, arms tied, legs hobbled

the old man they had captured

for the blue ferocity of his one good eye

stares from his corner;

they say he has a marvelous knife!

It has been raining now

for years, and for years

grinding teeth;

the massacre of Paris was nothing to this.

*

And if

as if by the intervention of some heavenly power

all your instabilities were calmed

your desires satisfied
 in their entirety

and a completion offered

to the most esoteric of your wishes

"E PLURIBUS UNUM"

Slobbering, a manic wheeze;
 like an Irish Setter locked in the basement,
 and then let loose, dawn
 tries to go everywhere at once.

Bent solemnly over a bowl of
 cornflakes, each remembered
 some other incident.

It is no longer necessary for sunlight
 to reach here, this kitchen with its
 linoleum floor; its scuffed roses.

In fact no light is needed
 The light has been here all along,
 waiting for you to reach toward it,
 like a fish tinged by the ocean.

THE KISS

Was it a "please urge" or "a police purge"
 or some combination of both. She was too busy.
 She saw everything in the mirror but herself.
 In the upper left hand corner a man's voice
 begins darkening the few clouds that visit
 this part of the state. Along the highway
 are towns whose inhabitants have forgotten
 where they lived. In order to solve their dilemma
 they had to agree where Main Street ended
 and terror began. Later, they decided on which side
 of the mountain the dogs could run without
 their leashes. Other fragments were delivered
 by the new mailman. One resembled the park,
 while another resembled the mayor's garage.
 He wondered if it still contained the magazine
 with a picture of a woman about to undress. He
 sat where there was supposed to be a sofa and
 turned the pages, until they began turning
 themselves, faster and faster, as if a destination
 would arrive.

MARCO POLO

Recently he has turned to us and said; "It's
 bizarre to think about the brain firing
 and then not firing." Yet this new remark
 of his does not clarify why the two episodes
 he has told us about are separated by a park
 in the shape of a brain. He claims he does
 not understand how windows can exist apart from
 their settings; or that buildings (this
 hospital for example) are only incidental
 to the narrative unfolding around them.
 It is necessary that I persuade him of the
 possibility. For aside from what could be brought
 back as cargo, he carried everything else
 in his mind. Perhaps we should (as one of us
 has suggested) move him to another room;
 one whose windows face the mountains,
 or perhaps the bay where we first stood
 and watched in disbelief.

FOAM

Botticelli has grown tired of painting the curvaceous
 umpire (I almost said empire imagining something as
 lyrical as a coastline). He is wearing a faded madras
 shirt because he is partial to curried lamb and the
 color "pink." However, as he is quick to inform
 everyone, he hates the sky, whatever form it comes
 in, almost as much as he hates the body, full of
 imperfections. I have tried to convince him
 there are machines (at bargain prices no less!)
 that would clarify the weaknesses, make them
 into something as articulate as the bent spoon
 he keeps from the time he was in prison.
 "The library was next door," he says smiling
 as if there were more in that statement than
 meets the eye. "In prison," he says, "I was
 told that dreams are the privileged sections
 of the city, the neighborhoods with the cleanest
 streets. But that was before the seasons converged
 and the games began in the resulting confusion.
 Then we had to content ourselves with watching
 the tackles and half backs tearing at each
 others' throats, because, as they knew,
 there was nothing else left."

SANSEPOLCRO

The intense light
 will not permit
 bright colors to survive

Neither will
 the clear water
 through

which one can reach
 the stones
 on the bottom

of the page
 On the other side
 everyone lives forever

yet no one's perfect
 The shirt knows
 when its citizen

took a bath
 what deodorant
 was exhaled

while most of the generals
are proud
of their achievements

and aren't afraid
of commissioning monuments
made of minerals springs

so they can take
leisurely swims
on the days

when the radios
broadcast the number of fires
draining the atmosphere

EL DORADO

The book was written by a woman who had accompanied her staunch upright brother (a devout Presbyterian) there, and, miraculously as she put it, had also managed to return, copying down everything as she passed the now familiar entities for the second time. Yet how else could she have described in achingly precise detail what awaited the next adventurer; the crooked tree that cast the silhouette of a helmeted warrior raising his spear, the four cow's skulls painted green that, from a distance, resembled the face of a president held in inspired forgiveness, even the rattlesnake curled around them, its eyes closed, asleep and unafraid.

The road veered exactly as she predicted — so much so that each step they took seemed foreordained. The mountain expanded and shrunk without hesitation, while the sky was divided into principalities whose names and history had been recorded.

They had, without noticing it, become marionettes, for they began walking with a jauntiness they had never, as vacuum salesmen, carpenters, and shoe fetishists, possessed before; arms and legs exerted new breath-taking angles. And at night, beneath a pear-shaped moon, they lay on harsh granite slabs provided by the author and slept easily and quickly, sinking into their bright dreams without a ripple.

They were nearing the point where the walls of El Dorado would “gleam like a malignant grin,” when the sky jumped out of focus. Now it contained only colors unmentioned either in the book or the pallid landscape it rose over. Memory was beginning to dwindle. Reflexes became awkward, untrained. Stones and vegetation once thought familiar upended them. Bandages flourished like the flowers growing alongside the road.

For the rest of the afternoon the colors continued to elude them, growing stronger and harsher in feeling, though not in tone, as the travelers scratched their way along the slanting plateau. Yet they persisted against the wall that both absorbed and surrounded them.

It was at the edge of the plateau that their one vision shattered into five, though as they whispered, afraid, they also realized that she had seen it all in one glance and had described everything, even the small and unnoticed, in one gesture — as casually as a landowner in the tropics saying, “this here is mine.”

ROOF VI:
27

poem s
by

18

poets
s p r i n g

1978

\$3

