[Reading Copy Only: facsimile available at http://english.utah.edu/eclipse] Tottel's#1

Edited by Ron Silliman

DAVID BROMIGE: THE CONSTANT KNOCKER

The richness of my life drew you who I see has no life of his own to steal some crumbs of mine as if now that I number them there were any left.

JEROME ROTHENBERG: PRAISES OF THE BANTU KINGS (1-10)

1.

I escort.

I go with the dead I don't escort myself.

I was foolish someone else was wise.

I was a lion but had never stretched my claws.

I have no father & no mother.

I remained.

2.

I was the rain's child the rain comes from the east & drizzles.

I am a rain that drizzles.

I soaked some old men without hair.

I am the bed the dead will sleep on.

Sometimes I kept busy once I was looking for a place to cross.

I am the lion's grandson.

I was angry later I roamed' their forests.

I am your king.

3.

I was a tree that lost its leaves.

Am I dead?

My skin is hard now only some twigs are left for burning.

4.

I sin the one my name is.

I wouldn't let them bury me.

Tomorrow I will visit someone else.

I killed the king & all his children.

I killed the man who owned the island.

Once I killed his brother.

5.

I love.

I overrun the country.

I am awarded lands & people.

I was scornful of their goats & sheep.

6. I was like a lion in the forest. I had never been afraid of witchcraft. I killed my victim then I ate his prick.

7.I am the rummager.I dug out lily bulbs.I searched for siftings of the corn.I was hunger in a conquered land.

8.
I am beautiful & light-skinned.
I am rain.
I carried the dead children like a stretcher.
I was the road through the cemetery no one could escape me.
I fought buffalos & strangers.
I despised their smalltown ways I only live among the great.

9.I was a marksman.I was skilled.I was the husband of my wife.I wore my shirttails up.I sported a goatee.

10.I dwellt among the crooked.I was taught.I straightened up.

ROBERT KELLY:

Goat of Mendes black, & president of big, hammer-hoof d, the archon Between,

catches my affections in his ret eyes

Who is Lord of the Accidents of Substance I saw

huge & black on a dark green field one night at the bottom of fuck forcing all things that can grow to grow

Lord

of the Penetralia of Orgasm, Lord of Beast Perséverance unyielded power to assume new green

RON SILLIMAN:

Overall s on a fence

to dry draw the wind

out of dirt hills

below clouds

that will mean rain someplace

DAPHNE MARLATT: LARGELY SEA

at, eye cloud yr silence casts

a light

spray sea islands on us out of the waves' crash:

to strand

up pebbles stript of liquid r's l's roar how one word cast

some light, define in midst of a (mist a

deafening

blind?

man bows out

toub
deaf stupid
daufr, death
daufs unreceptive to
impressions, blind
typhios

somehow all the way to in a fume

I'm left to smoke yr absence out

beyond rocks can't make minerals categories crystalline

(whose agates don't count

eiland, ey land, not river, eye frays us just so far see what can't be made out

freya, free belonging to one's own daufr (tho that be

thus: a certain pebble pickt up, suckt cuts both ways

no savour without taste no salt but sweat, mine:

a little noise.

ROBERT DAVID COHEN: BEE

Bee rests on stamen took me five years to write this

Bee rests on stamen

A group of us waking up at approximately the same time almost as if we had been sharing the same sleep

Bee rests on stamen (at the same time I feel very critical)

My poems come from a limited experience and, as such, are open to criticism and unlimited revision

Bee rests on stamen,

DAVID PERRY: 2 POEMS

You said Beat a cat's belly And it will have kittens. Ckitins.

Left

da he broke his teeth broke his on da he han kari on useless less greef da broken.

BOB GRENIER: 5 POEMS

within the family

there are sweet exchanges

STEAM PAINTINGS JOY

inside lamb stew maple apple

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FALL

the leaves

falling

out of the

water by the

table

"Poetry is I say essentially a vocabulary just as prose is essentially not.... It is a vocabulary based on the noun..." Gertrude Stein