INSOMANIE
DAWN COFFEE A DAY (1962)

Whipped-up/black punched holes in
gold milled brass butt/of a
lame light
rattling Mother, tell me/ya, sweet
red nothing/with a weight
and an old taste
ya me voy rattle rattle/in incandescent e-
lectricity fat/lilac lilac*
flaring various ash
behind ha ha icebox/and in the twigs
tilt Fallapart-man hillroll/cold and outside
the slowly realizing window

WHAT IS POETRY? (1976)

poetry is the (Mrs. Foos! please go to
Room 14) articulation of emotion
(Mr. Oberneier! please
go to Room 14) in graceful ways.

poetry is
(I hear people walking down the hall)
people walking down the hall
(talk back to me)

(Mr. Mook!
the phones don't work!)

(the afternoon sunlight)
(music)
(4 young ladies writing)

pie poem #5 (5-22-74)

a yellow dolphin
tore at the water surface from beneath
the gods
it was too cool
the sun too sweet beat through it
it was that tough skin between two blues
too long in the open
invented quickly by a series of viewpoints
in a range of white slices

8-27-69

the sorghum wolverine
of adjusting my image
had a box
a trifle too big to hold
they gained from five
of placid livid evening by the
wake oh you
liquid bear he thought
come & hear my early
talk preserved in oil
& played a candy record
stirred by exasperated
little cleaners we
have invited to six
dinners hello
today is the acre of lake
that melon was floating in when
we were a baby in
cracker junction
that greenish morning in the night
of the happy hour
oh!
EVERY FRIDAY

INFOLIO

NOVEMBER 72.1986

FRONT: JULIEN BLAINE & INSIDE: JACK COLLOM

SLEEP

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