ROOF: an anthology of poetry from the Naropa Institute, Boulder, Colorado, summer of 1976. $2.00
ROOF
Contents

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PREFACE

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

TS/JS
A FANTASY PIECE FOR HELEN ADAM

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

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

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

"Long before that great Architect and engineer,
enslaving the multitudes, piled up in stone
his dream of my Image
I was here.
He but erected me where I was.
Mine the dust for my own body in stone.
Mine the ancient dust for the enslavement of Man.
Mine the whips and the insurmountable way.
Mine the weights under which the builders groan.
Mine the force. Mine the sway."

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

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

INTRUSIONS

I.
Place: settings
& what I will affixed
Just there, behind my eyes.
Stock
Twin-barreled imaginings
As fluted bullets
Sing the air in torrid revolutions
To lodge,
(At the hindleg)
A transited deer,
Deep in my arms,
Sparking this tableau
Of redshirts weather
& a faint
bloodless
skyletting.
To breathe: I can motive,
At least there is air to battle!,
& recoil.
Somewhere between our faces
"An expression of perfect peace".
II.
Eternal parallels
Of rippled legs
Fork a palpil air
Stranded with rain,
Of ersatz goalposts/
The end of the season.

TUNE FOR MID-NIGHT BELLS.

Ciang kirk bells o’ Scotland
For rash vows between
The fierce Earl o’ Bothwell
And Mary, his Queen.
Rash vows binding lovers
Baited reckless heart.
While the wrath o’ Lord Darnley
Stars under the mould.
The fair Queen o’ Scotland
Tae hirst she muckle sied.
Since the Deil lit the fire-works
At Kirk o’ the Field.
Cry Murder! Cry Murder!
She sees every place
The wrath o’ Lord Darnley
W’ the pos on his face.
“Ooh! Darnley, my husband,
Forgive me I crave.
If the murdered forgive
Whaur they rot in the grave.
I wish, in the darkness
I lay by your side.
For in a’ my lost kingdom
I’ve nowhere tae hide.”
Tae her grim lover Bothwell
She runs in a fright.
Like iron his arms
In the goold haunted night.
“Lie easy, lie easy.
My Queen, and my whore,
Though the wrath o’ Lord Darnley
Lifts the latch on our door.”
"Oh! fuck me, James Bothwell!
Oh! fuck me, and tell
That you’ll love your poor Mary
In the bon-fires o’ Hell.”
"Whaur flame loups forever
Alane ye mun smart.
The Queen is my doxie,
But my wife has my heart.”
Ciang bells tolling slow
For the end o’ that tale.
A crown in the dust,
And a winged pirate sail.
The star o’ royal Mary
Sink dark, and aghast.
In the bed o’ James Bothwell,
That burns in the past.
Hush, kirk bells o’ Scotland
Sat hursh tongued and sad.
Now Beauty’s be-headed,
And Bothwell died mad.
Chained down in a dungeon
In Denmark’s drench land;
That once had the tall Queen
Like a hawk tae his hand.
BOULDER
for A.C.M.

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

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

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

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

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

ALRIGHT STUDENTS NOW IS THE TIME

To write a love poem to the balcony.
O kiwi fruit you are delicious!
But somewhat complicated
Though not the least bit haughty!
Standing out here eating you,
I am reminded of the young boy
Who had studied most of the major dance techniques,
Ballet, hatha yoga, and tai chi chuan
Before he knew how to read!

What a smart ass.
On the other hand,
Thelma thought to herself,
I wouldn't be caught faulting his feet either!
Though none of us ever felt comfortable
With that grotesque expression
Appearing on his face.

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

Steve Hamilton

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

APHTOUS - STOMATUS

I should have taken that magenta
Sky when they showed it to me,
But inexplicably, I spent the money
On some unspecified shellfish instead.
How clearly it seems to me now
I should never have bought those shellfish.
They have been a perpetual trouble for me,
And for others, too, it would appear that
"Last year some three million passengers
On the nation's domestic airlines
Were left up in the air
After their planes landed,
Perhaps the most amazing fact
About that statistic is that
It represents progress.
What no figure can reflect, however, is the cloud
Of anxiety that hovers over all travelers."

This is a strange country you have brought me
To, I must confess.
Not like the one I came from that had fleas
And plants and other interesting things.
Outside the window mineral rainbows
Imitate speech beside the apple castle
Our Prince lives in, while we,
I and those others, walk the streets.
Between the smoke and some arduous pretext
In the background the lived midday blaze interrupts
The morning. They are not to go back empty
Handed, they are not to return
In their diminutive form screeched the maidens.
Still, one sees no reason why
The, etuses have departed.

I wonder what I am doing sailing away tomorrow afternoon,
I wonder why I had an ancestor like that,
I wonder what Robert meant about what William had to say,
I am trying very hard to figure
This out before those children escape that school
And start smearing their peanut butter sandwiches
All over the sidewalk, so
That I cannot hesitate, but am obliged
Out of honesty
To continue moving.
Dear friends, do not fear,
There will still be reversals in the class struggle!
O You, whom fate has chosen
To be our enemies, take heed, and stop
The foul phrases you've been singing.
Or be prepared to live doomed like the driven hummingbird,
Always on the wing.
You see,
When I said you were beautiful
What I meant was you look like a truck.

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

What a Prince!
What a country!
O Dorothy
Surely it was without thinking

You chose to leave.

ALTERNATES TO INSOMNIA: #1

pull boots back on
grab a friend
walk one block east
five blocks south
International House of Pancakes
get a booth in a corner
& a pretty waitress
order:
coffee (lots of cream & sugar), three eggs over easy,
country ham, buckwheat pancakes smothered in butter &
boysenberry syrup, a side of toast, orange juice,
more coffee
talk & smoke

30 VII: 76
3:00 AM Boulder, Co.
Jap in oxygen mask flying high-speed jet with machine-guns
recites a poem... "Parachute ejection seat

how can I treat rumor that way?
I'm so fooled!
I fire straight into her kimono!"

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

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

Yesterday on tv I was inspired by a Japanese fighter-pilot (jet)

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

FROM THE JOURNALS

The tiny theater of heads
a lighted stage
where old Cockknockers sing
To rows of ourselves

budging, white silken haired,
or bearded with golden smiles

Sitting velvet chair'd

gaze at Mozart's music

dream recurring with body—
Which is real, the play or
audience?

Don Giovanni's lived a hundred
times our age—
old Pound with tiny pupils
sits quiet in the darkness
as the scene backdrop
falls behind a figure in
black singing to him
on the stage.

I've heard this music before

all over Europe millions
have heard what I
heard in high school

Old Theater! of Life!
The melody's so Calm
so familiar—

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

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

O Lord of all Music, of all
Poets, lord of opera & stages,
Lord of Dreams, Lord of Desire,
Lord of Illusions, Lord of old
white-haired Men near their Death,
Lord of Audiences, Spectators,
Lord of Selves,
Lord of old Houses, of Stone Cities,
Lord of Nations,
Lord of History
Lord of planets circulating
in their worlds—
O Lord of All—

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

ocean color, ancient dream
Heaven air, wrinkle-
lid eye.

SPOLETO OPERA HOUSE July 7, 1967
THE FURNACE TENDER WAITS FOR HIS COFFEE BREAK

The glow of his iron
cools to white dust—
Jet engines scream in Chicago.
In June, near solstice, he sees
apparition of dust,
sunbeam moving toward east benches
with sunrise.
In winter, the mornings are dark.
The furnace tender stumbles at the whistle.

THE WEATHERMAN'S APOLOGY

However evaporation moisture cloud drift
It rained on Florida St. Petersburg
But not on the wind phantom white shirt
Not on the man in the grey car
A red pick-up one block ahead
Of the man in the grey car
Not on the Hotel Boulderado
Not where Japonica Way meets Juniper Street.

IF I COULD

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

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

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

If I could stay out of rainbows
I could stuff envelopes Wrap packages
Sack groceries Sell stamps Groom dogs
Say Number please Tan a hide
I could seem a seam
I could strut a picker line
If I could stay out of rainbows
I could twist hair Back-combing the face
So those when they left my shop
Were as unattractive as twisted hair
Leasing me More attractive then they
If I could stay out of rainbows
I could be a school-child teacher
Teaching child to stay out of rainbows

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

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

If I could stay out of rainbows
All men's arms would want and hold me
For whenever would one man's arms
Ever be enough ribbon for a rainbow
If I could stay out of rainbows
I could ride a white horse
On streets of gold
With my hair of gold
Exposing only the whiteness
Ovaling my madonna face
And the bead-strings on the horses' toes
If I could stay

Tom Swartz

Leona Foss
YOU TAKE YOUR PLEASURE WHERE YOU CAN FIND IT

Somebody said that
Like saying the sea is a woman
You must know by now
The things that happen
Take on meaning afterwards
Even if chance is the bottom line
Which I don’t believe for a second
While I sit in a borrowed leather coat
Eating potato chips in the late, the very latest
Afternoon (nobody needs to know)
Drinking Cabernet Sauvignon
Smoking Camels
Contemplating the stem of my wine glass
What it holds up
What it lets down
North Coast Wine Country
From Sonoma to Ukiah
1976

RIVERSONG

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

TWO DEATHS

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

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

Dick Gallup

Tom Hoagland

John Ashbery
PHOTOSYNTHESIS

"... il ne va pas plus loin que l’ignon de sa tulipe..."
La Bruyère

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

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

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

Hack, hack, hack.
Every stroke of the gardener’s hoe
among rows of wrinkled lettuce
drags me purple through the roots.
I gasp for axe
to cut the link to cloth,
to anchor tells where moist loam clogs my nose.

Downstairs he walks on Helena,
a British Colonel’s big, blond widow.
Between submission and dark mudness rattling down my arm like a head of state’s funeral, half out the window I catch my pants.
In the street musicians play.
The gardener purposely stops work
and hoe between thighs rubs his hands.
He bends and pries loose a frozen clod
and crumbles it to yellow dust
and catching my eye, waves from oblivion.

Snapdragons stay closed until a strongumblebee forces his way into the flower,
to the site of the pollen,
to the pollen catching stigma and rewarding nectaries.

Finally one three a.m.
I sneak to the top of the stairs
and peer down.
"Shhh."
"Vous shhh."
"No, you shh."
lavender chicory frillilia juniper
succulent asphodel daffodil asparagus
large quaking grass mustard thistles
sorhnum hound's tongue periwinkle oleander
pomegranate apple pear
pumpkin onion aspen plum
garnium agave
delphinium ephedra
zinnia balsam aster
portulaca dahila rose
knife orange olive grape
cockscomb elder as mastic apricot elm oak
Sunflower. Sage figs capper.
"Aloe, savory buttercup."
"Hyacinth. Bougainvilie corn cockle?"
Sweet alyssum mirits silver fit.
Dustafl thistles rare rough dog's tail.
Primrose brooms snowflake's orchid buglom.
"Jasmine, mimosa. Honeysuckle narcimus."
"Gladiolus."
Restharrow. Judas tree snapdragon rues poppy (somnifernum),
firethorns trefoil.
St. John's Wort, long tendrilled yellow vetchling, palms stonepine ...
Crocus! Fuchsia. blue-love-in-a-mist.
I was walking a dark street
when an old man passed, hood pulled low,
who twisted his ring and looked at me.
Too much: the man's fear of me, a stranger, or his power.
A pain went into my back.
I laughed and took to my bed.
Sunflowers, pregnant with next year, bulge,
Sparrows fluttering at their heads devour all the seed
and leave them drooping.
But in frenzy one bean drops.
Black speck, dove, in my eye
Watering can, broken tooth rake
adrift in a hanging garden.

Anne Waldman

VIKING MUMMY

big stuff nearing or mooring
averted face
something skiing down sinister side
hangs chop
this is audio news service
we mustn't forget Viking II still exists
if picture confirms what radar tells us
"I flattered I'm sure"
we're on a time line to land
were hours
late July
Anubis, please take care of the Mummy!
Diru Anubis soigne la Momie
my mind is on the static dishes, their daintiness

SUSPICION

shank reaching for good book
withdraw recalcitrant bolts
have some desire for provinces, Mathilde
the mean men are kinder there
small streets never worry
to back them up
there's a place in the middle of me
stalking you

James Sherry
THE GIRL WHOSE TITS I WAS ADMIRING
asked me how to spell urge.
His father is dying. He is wearing a suit.
The other poet is late.
He offers to entertain. He is always offering. His father is dying. He is wearing a suit. But we are meditators and can sit still. His father is dying. He is wearing a suit. The pale girl says in a firm voice: I will say my poem by heart. I will say it loud enough without standing up. She says it so softly that only she can hear it. The man with the tape recorder winces. His father is dying. He is wearing a suit. Now the old, young, handsome Michael is not here. Now the young old, handsome Anne is not here. In spite of everything Allen is here, being solicitous to the old man in dead white hair who wanders into the room like an apparition. That old man is here. Allen is here.
He has not left his students.
The young man says if I were dying I would be upset if my son stayed to teach a class. The young man also asked me if I ever f**ked young girls. Yes, my father is dying. He may be dead. His twin just died. I wrote him a long letter. I thought how strange it must be to have a twin die of old age.
My father is dying. I will wear a suit.

CUTTING THROUGH TRUNGPA

You think you are a big shot just because you realize that you are nothing. Around here I am the biggest nothing of them all and don't you forget it.

June 30, 1976

THE HITCHIKERS

They burn you like the berries of mountain ash in August, standing by the road, clearly defined, Autumnal brilliant, heads scorched from waiting in the sun. How can you pass them up? But you do, and dream each night of a hell, where you are a hitchhiker, and no one will ever stop to pick you up.

Excuses:
I'm a woman alone; I'm moving all my books; I need the time for thinking; one of them might murder me; but really it is the look each one gives me of need, desperate need, pick me up, or I'll fail to reach my goal, and that need frightens me, so I look away, speed on, dream each night of a mountain ash with its bunches of orange berries gleaming like the failures of my life, burning beautifully on the tree.

Oh, hitchikers, hitchikers, And they remind me that I drive across country often, looking for your face in each car I pass, or which passes me, knowing you would not hitchike, thinking of the two years I spent with you, reliving them over and over, knowing I had everything I wanted, but like Midas was silent and still with the gold I had touched, felt always as if I had been buried under a ton of diamonds, still feel the dust of them glinting on me as I drive across country, my hair sparkling with the brilliance you left, and those hitchikers reminding me of hell. That I had what I wanted once, and lost it, failed, watched myself failing, still not understanding why I failed, but knowing I did, and still passing — 65, 75, 85 miles an hour, those hitchikers, burning by the side of the road, burning like the berries of the beautiful mountain ash, burning like my tongue on fire, burning me, as I sleep protected in my rings of fire, the gleaming car which hurls me through America, and all I have is not enough.
Mountain ash, not the ash from out of which a bird with glinting neck feathers who flies suddenly up on the road in front of the swift car, would come, not the ash on the forehead of holy sinners, not the ash of immortality.

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

In my car, is an altar, sacrificial stone and knife, the tears of blame and understanding, and blood, all the blood my body has lost; Oh, hitchhikers, hitchhikers, you would not want to travel with me. You would not want to travel with me.

(c) 1976 Diane Wakoski

PELVIS III

Sky world through bone's seen from other side

ALL space ends

open

facing

a planet bleached to the bone.

Walking white calcinated narrowbone

drying nicotine yellow porous spongy tongue in crumbles.

Thick depth of light starched limbs, the pelvis grown by

an eye

stretches out of sight.

MALANGA

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

Diane Wakoski

Jan Garden Castro

SO GOING AROUND CITIES to Doug & Jan Oliver

"I order you to operate. I was not made to suffer." Probing for old wills, and friendships, for to free to New York City, to be in History, New York City being History at that time." "And I traded my nights for Intensity; & I barter my right to Gold; & I'd traded my eyes much earlier, when I was circa say seven years old for ears to hear Who was speaking, & just exactly who was being told . . . ." & I'm glad I hear your words so clearly & I would not have done it differently & I'm amused at such simplicity, even so, inside each & every door. And now I'm with you, instantly, & I'll see you tomorrow night, and I see you constantly, hopefully though one or the other of us is often, to the body-mind's own self more or less out of sight! Taking walks down any street, High Street, Main Street, walk past my doors! Newtown; Nymph Rd (on the Mesa); Waveland Meeting House Lane, in old Southampton; or BelleVue Road in England, etcetera

Other roads: Manhattan; see them there where open or shut up behind "I've traded sweet times for answers . . ."

"They don't serve me anymore." They still serve me on the floor. Or, as now, as floor. Now we look out the windows, go in & out the doors. The Door.

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

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

For contradiction. And she is not alone; & she is not one bit lonely in the large high room, & invention is just vanity, which is plain. She is the heart's own body, the body's own mind in itself self-contained.

& she talks like you; & she has created truly not single-handedly Our tragic thing, America. And though I would be I am not afraid of her, & you also not. You, yourself, I, Me, myself, me. And no, we certainly have not pulled down our vanity: but We wear it lightly here, here where I traded evenly, & even gladly

health, for sanity here where we live day-by-day

on the same spot.

My English friends, whom I love & miss, we talk to ourselves here, & we two rarely fail to remember, although we write seldom, & so must seem gone forever.

In the stained sky over this morning the clouds seem about to burst. What is being remembering Is how we are, together. Like you we are always bothered, except by the worst; & we are living as with you we also were

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

That we offer of & as excuse. Here's to you. All the very best. What's your pleasure? Cheers.

Ted Berrigan
L. G. T. H.

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

IN BLOOD

"Old gods work"

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

Ted Berrigan

Naples, the bay

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

REFLEX

iris petaling closed, thin
black scallops
of metal overlapping curve
on curve,
the overlap growing,
center hole smaller and smaller,
glass eye bulging, shining
less. and the
shutter,
light breaking click, dark
framed opposite
of an eye blink
one
heat of light, and
back into the dark cool waiting
room
film wound waiting
I am caught
still.
from EXCHANGES OF EARTH AND SKY

WESTERN GREBE
above black, below white
crest on top
neck nearly the length of the body
nest a matted
structure of tule—afloat on the water—
lightly fashioned to the living reeds so that it will
move up and down—
eggs 4 or 5 pale bluish green but stained
light brown from the decomposed vegetable
matter of the nest

PIED-BILLED GREBE
poddilymbus podiceps
or bell-diver, devil-diver, water-witch,
pied-billed dabchick,
dipper, diedapper, thick-billed grebe
13 inches. no crests,
grayish black streaked with lighter—brownish black
brownish gray—black—
primaries and secondaries chocolate brown—
below pale brownish thickly mottled with dusky
bill—with a black encircling band—
greenish dusky outside leaden gray inside—
iris brown
for it possesses the wonderful faculty of lowering
its body in the water to any desired stage of
submersion, and this it can do either
while swimming or while remaining
stationary, as may suit its fancy.

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

Agelaius phoeniceus
REDWINGED
BLACKBIRD
middle coverts
wholly buff
nest in bushes or small
trees
(eggs) marked with pen lines of sepia
or dark reddish-brown, arranged in a wreath
around large end or scattered over entire surface

TRI-COLORED REDWING

Agelaius phoeniceus
the plume with a silky luster
lesser wing-coverts dull
in abrupt and conspicuous

in some states there is
dull brownish scarlet or almost orange-chrome in summer
and thus leaves exposed the seeds at their bases.

when wandering habits are very uncertain
there may not be a crossbill

blow the flame out in rhythm
the impulse is purple, the feeling is red
my lady is pumping milk in the baby's head
we are happy
here in the living-room with a drink
& the various light & three things:
pressure, cat & heart-beat
the pictures, & lunch-thoughts, in shadow

how do I describe this cleanliness?
it is composed of thoughts
like dreams are ringworms in the feet of your heart,

33
LATE SPRING

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

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

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

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

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

Rick has chickens; it's Fall. The rats live under the chicken coop. They get bold and dash out and eat the chicken feed early in the morning. They multiply and the young ones, too, get bold, dash out and eat the chicken feed.

Rick starts shooting the rats with a pistol. Puts the feed out, stands 20 feet away, makes it a game and shoots them mornings one by one.

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

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

Five hundred feet away, in the blizzard, Rick's house deep in the woods, he hears a cat, cut eats rats. 'Here kitty, kitty.'
wakes me locked in
churches of wrath
i follow yr dark path
of prayers knowing
you're honest jesus
raging naked in the twilight
of every season
you'll fuck me
past workaday banquets of video
lost street cries
of “love buy me love”
how it tastes
yr soft tear
moans all night
until the harp of yr voice
makes the morning sway
with our color &
rage of holy sun
— isle of skye

TWO SHOES

1.
Wanting as redly
as shoes rest
not on their soles
—red from Spain—
to balance gladly
not exist in a
simultaneous gorilla
of various plain
hiccups, perjury
of remembering,
a sentimental horror
of not being strange of being strange
—red from Spain red
high platformed, awk-
ward, beautiful
shoes, munificence
of color, down home

2.
Are you a very nice boy?

Last night,
every one could see his fellow soldiers
alive in the future with their mortal wounds
I could see some ones, my companion
could see his entire stricken regiment
invulnerable to me, their every wound
and death they displayed
alive in the future
everyone knows there's nothing more
beautiful than an old form, like a
rose returning, you can see it in
the future. I can. You see
the future wounded and dead grinning
the main difficulty in dealing
with their masterpieces is the beauty
of my red shoes and the child's straw chair
they are in composition with. It is shiny straw,
not as shiny as the silver bow
of the dearest river seen aloft
from a holding pattern; a warm shine
not piercing; friend. I dreamed
I found out for sure I wasn't a neo-Nazi
(on the other hand they were as usual executing a
lot of sensitive people in wheelchairs)
I went back
to the alley house where I was 3 through 6 years
old, and the rooms are so large! dishevelled
but full, fulsome
— and on the chair at my desk
there baby Anselm at baby Edmund's current age
how did he get there already? for me to hug
well he's my baby I forget sometimes he's
supposed to be here. I'm very happy.

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

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

DULCINEA

It’s another,
night
midsummer. A Parisian girl
shopgirl, as the earth as the abode of man-
kind, considered to be encircled by a
serpent.
She is proof spirit,
A dollar,
I am conjectured. I say to her of
desire, the regulation dear,
A transcendent.
A deep! She renders a song by
singing-
This way is how
though there, there’s the pink towel & on
this only one the sized misty eye
I’m here; but so constricted by
the serpent, she must breathe & intone
what is offered, or nothing
impose it to the dulcimer
I’m such a pushover for her
wrong & clear, like would-
be stirs—ohh dust eyes—dear
my dear girl world, we mean
it so much, fusing in dark-
ness, to dulcify a court
as formally as the tree
loses its leaves, to
mean it so much

TALKING HOUSE. ST. PETERSBURG FLORIDA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Richard S. Elovich

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

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

SURFACING

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

clear water
magnifies fishes
your hooks rain down
more accurately
but then
through this clearing
I can see you better
also: your transparent skin
your bones
standing straight
or crouched down inside
if I avoid you
you will know it was on purpose
if I surface
you will not be able to avoid me
if one of us speaks
there will be no excuse

it rained
they moved away
last sunday
it rained all morning where they
sat discoursing on the meaning of
(a good time) and
in the afternoons others
also snowed
and they wrapped it up in
afraid of what it might turn out to
and in the evening the neighbors
and it was difficult, having moved

MOTHER DEATH

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

the floral curtains do not stir
though she sewed them
the window is closed
she broke off the thread
she deals me the queen of spades
wipes her eyes
as she takes the trick with her king
her long crescent nails carve up close
like irrelevant details engraved on a crisis
seeds sprouting on mines
what she is thinking
thickens the air
as she talks about refurnishing
my short new hair
my surprising success
about anything but the hand she holds
as if it were forgotten
as if she knew anything else

little kid climbing in garbage can behind sacred heart school

look at this can
ripped it right in half
made ears of it
look
they just use them
over again right
this is number 60
when i do 260
then i go on to bottles
to breaking bottles
come on you
stupid tin can
if they wont rip
i flatten 'em
or put 'em under
car tires
to give 'em flats
but not
new jersey cars
i'm from
new jersey
A Cut-Up from W. S. Burroughs Jr.'s column in the September 1976 CRAWDADDY

After that I was feverish and felt ill, manifestation of the most beautiful hospital by things in the worst of times. Fear difficult to tell anyway about anything in this world so successful communication lies in the frightened delivery. If you get to house in the Medina there you jolly wife coming as we knocked in a dream of wowing utens well aren't you? No improvement in another night of doom another night of wear your jail suits among the trees.

Just wildfire for all and familiar fear because you think you're out of prison.

I looked up to see a preposterous guru. "Listen babies" grinned fatuously and handed me spaghetti around plastic flowers.

Hey Vinnie at your chosen speed. Think that's cool? What the Hell. Consider the baby it ain't concealed. "Worst things you can think about famine, Lady."

Did you ever feel alien psyches throw the worst thing you can think about?

Night wind stirs. I told you so. Stop wagging your tail I know you're changed.

Keep all ten glad to see me. Your guide's fired you Goddam twiddle bash heads beady eyed for nothing. Scientist with feminine hips mastered the art of self digestion. I shrink and my little finger's sold in a smoky bazaar. Thrown off my feet superexpensive bloody stumps making energy strength and aid.

Morocco disembodied is rapidly increasing.

Death in a high wind. Outstare an Arab cosmic doorman I can sir.

"DO-RIGHTS"

There is an exclusive wing of Lexington reserved for the Do-Rights who are considered good rehabilitation prospects. They get better rooms and more medications. A Do-Right always shows up with letters from his clergyman, banker, employer, pictures of himself as an Eagle Scout shaking hands with the priest on graduation day.

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

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

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

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

You know the type. Fall all over themselves to light the boss's cigarette. The doctor walks into the ward and says "Rather warm in here . . ."

As one man the Do-Rights break out in a sweat and rush around opening windows. "Cold in here isn't it?"

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

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

The doctor prepares an injection.

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

The doctor prepares an injection.

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

William S. Burroughs

“I’m putting you down for additional medication, son.”

“Thank you, doctor. Pushers should receive the death penalty.”

Of such stuff are Do-Rights made. Get there firstest with the brownest nose. While down in the dim gray wards and day rooms where the Do-Wrongs hawk and spit and shiver and vomit . . . "Fucking crookier wouldn’t give me a good ball . . . asks me what the American flag means to me and I tell him soak it in heroin Doc and I’ll suck it . . . He says I got the wrong attitude, I should see the chaplain and get straight with Jesus.”

And then with the tears streaming down their lousy fink faces the Do-Rights leap up as one man and bellow out the Star Spangled Banner.

A MYSTERIOUS

phone call a.m.
wrong number . . .
X . . . 10 on the Tarot cards . . . the wheel
or the lemniscate
ONE . . . the Magician
my coffee
cup of coffee
reflected on the wall a shimmering hourglass
or X . . . .
lemniscate
the figure 8
the man said
(on the phone)
he was answering an ad . . .
in broken English . . .
I listen . . . "expanding firm?"
expanding from . . .
I listen again
to Henri Coudert’s King’s English
his book of poems
"it rises . . .
I can see it . . . !"
this is a strange language
"expanding worm"
the Gnos
Simon Magus and his Helen
the whore of Tyre
expanding form
Ennoia
expanding from
at Fayetteville
(head-lines)
"Jane Fonda’s
anti-war ACTS
win G.I.s
the foundation
expanding firm...
from
outward
the Gnos
the worm
expanding... warm
one thought
out from
ONE
expanding
on form
firm
TERRA
ground

from DRINKING THE BLOOD OF EVERY WOMAN’S PERIOD
the world
is straight
the world is straight
the world is straight
I mean
I mean
straight as a pin,
and if you ever
wanted
to hold him
if you ever wanted
to hold him
if you ever wanted
to hold him
if you ever wanted to hold him,
and hug him
and hug him
and hug him,
and kiss
and swim
and kiss and swim
and giggle
and giggle
and flash,
and kiss and swim and giggle
and flash,
a non-conceptual
state,
you were this boy
loving
you
you were this boy
loving you
you were this boy loving you,
every
night
is New
Year’s
Eve
every night is New Year’s Eve,
everyday
is Valentine’s
Day
everyday is Valentine’s Day,
you’re the one
you’re the one
you’re the one,
we do it
all
for you
we do it all
for you,
at MacDonald’s
at MacDonald’s
we do it all for you,
and Thanksgiving
turkey
and Thanksgiving turkey,
THE NATURE OF AN ICICLE

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

LITTLE MAN

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

Pirate with big brown
scuffed boots
My lips, two blushing pilgrims,
ready stand
The gentle sin is this
back lawn Wednesday 8:15 p.m.
radios gone static
7-7-76
CONCERNING THE SPELLING

John
Ashberry
Ashbury
Ashbery
Asberry
Ashbury
Ashbury
Ash-puree
Ars' pure-ee!
Asp-burr-iy!
Assh!
Amshlary
Hashbury,
Shantih
Shaft-leery
A shown tale of Ismael's mirrors irree!
A shantih sing of Thee!
Ashtr-ee
Iggdrasail
sonorousness
singly free!
Write thou, 0 bards and lettrists
and foul-mental'd editors
the simple sonorous song of
Ash-be-ry!

WITH REGARD TO QUILL-GUSH

1. 35,000 other poets
woke this morn in the American mansion
sborn of wisdom
long on folly
hungry for Stockholm
& uttered their quills
in the gushy black.
Countless vertical shafts of tenderness
placed as pylons upon your crumbled relationships—
Left wing stories with happy endings—
thyoned doggerel chants waving
a wand to a just about sold out crowd at the Hollywood Bowl—*

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

Ed Sanders

The answer:
to keep an honest diary,
to rise among
the morning,
and to reap
the rapid wheat,

8-12-75
Richelieu Motel
San Francisco

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

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

we lay it beneath us
hot sweating bodies
firecracker sounds
morning
it is silky
and slides
wrinking
beneath our asses
pull it taut
tack it to the bed
like tadpoles
we squirm
to cover it
flesh all over
colored stripes
me on bottom
moving with stars
we pledge
ALLEGIANE
up and down
Fourscore
we roll
Me on top
that any nation
SO CONCEIVED
rocking
if a boy
we'll call him Sam
under God
the stain oozes onto the red

Barbara Schmitz

Ed Sanders
on a pink muscle or red beebee body of a friend

`spider, `spider, `spider, `spider was waving on the side of the road and double or double back, steel, yellow lid over lowered eyes, red lips kissing

red eyes looking on and seen on yellow eyes

yellow zero's on yellow reds and yellow misses on dead missiles

riding to dead bases

home plate will be missed

he missed the list or roster of causes

he missed in his life as the rooster red rocket dove dov on the owl

and the sleeping owl said the sleeping fan said the sleeping or

blind light of the umpire-aid-to-be umpire a saying he missed

home plate yes we misses or miss or care to mosey over to the dugout and spit right the or care to miss the stolen base inside the purge hit to left and missed home plate

batted on orders made out to like out of order like an incursion

his was

the calculator 3 and 2 and no one scared enough to care

lost his lip in a head slide

no one not one i didn’t hear anyone say not anyone no one say WATCH it

let it slip his mist in swine into a cowtown untamed already soaked asked

me that list list list list is lit to or up to kissing

off the kinks he as his as his up the lane as hans moved over the limbs

his ass never moved during the report or the order to report enduring his upcoming child his child near

the medals factory near to his pruma nearly 8 mo old in her bubs and belly

a flush of milk on her hair streaked gilt at gray tough cunt sent the stretch went the customary hitch 12 months a distance of lives

and swollen tissues fronted by pools of missing rain water invisible to snoutlike clouds

of plastic pellets bouncing off the trees, the helmets, the gum ball machines, the cans down second ave, ringing off the bedsprings, scooping up rumpus earth, the children gone home early to school

hardly aware of what x-rays miss or mix into the sound track of a president holding a missing year’s catalogue

over his head running out ina firestorm of cum blistering her labia

from sins so sincere as to be missed flattened or be left out in the rain to rot

from lack of love and her come to coming up child

aching under his white house weight pumping

in his head pure of telephone books

numbers never turned over never fallen over never missed 200,000 prisoners

missed or misuse i me mine i me mine i can’t tell i’m innocent

im innocent im innocent im innocent im innocent

im president im president im president im president

im missed im missed im missed im missed

i was a child

i pee

i miss my mummy sometimes

i was a child

i was a child

remember, remember me

im innocent im innocent

im president im

i pin i shit i pin i shit i pin i shit

immmmmmm

PISSED

there’s a time to be timid, there’s a time to be conciliatory, there’s a time to fly and there’s a time to fight

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

STILL NO DIAGNOSIS

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

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

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

THE PROMISED LAND

They packed up and left
Nothing of value behind
They packed up and left
Nothing of value behind
They packed up and left
Nothing of value behind

DAYDREAM

A stranger comes in
And stands to erase the man next to me
The
Next
To me
I wrestle him to the ground
HERAT

1. late sunrise trees horsecart sleighbells sing to here we are at Jami's tomb a tree sings out from poet's dust pilgrims watch treeleaves eat Jami's rock sleep in desert air.
a Mynahbird jaws in branches breezes good as cold water play with my presumptuous beard as I sing this song.

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

As everywhere, Westernized youth come to strip me of my millionaire's tongue they learned to worship at the cinema. The believers eye me suspiciously a man who plays with Allah and writes books in his courtyard! Inside the mosque is much better. Poet's words on the wall, stained-glass windows of breath, breed shadows here for sunburnt lovers tourist or pilgrim present or past.

In a saint's house full of graffiti-prayers, rock hands fold in my brain. I look for new legs, for a bit of water, in seven lace-carved stones. Here precious breath of tree-fed peace in smiling sun and wooring shades makes birdsong ricochet off eyelids while I rest in darkness behind my eyebrows drum.

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

Afghanistan, June 1970

JESTER'S EGG: RIGOLETTO

plot from a minor Hugo play no one's ever seen "Quel vecchio maledissi! !"
The king amuses Le Roi s'Amuse himself.
Bjoerling Rig a murder, Sparafucile. Bring me my daughter in your bag.
The rich get all the bargains.
I KNOW THE DOOR

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

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

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

the first day of winter my daughter crawls back
into my quarried womb,
and that night her life seeps from my cunt
like a bleeding dream.

December to April, pregnant
with the lifeless body,
the stench of sorrow, worse as scorched wool,
ever leaves me.

Sometimes in her nest of dust
I feel her work toward my throat,
your breath whistling down her winnowed arms.

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

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

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

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

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

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

getting on
but never
getting there.

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

WIPED YOUR ASS WITH THE WIND

for George Schneeman

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

WHY I QUIT SCHOOL

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

Her hands are like the skeleton of a dinosaur,
So terribly white and sequenced.
They look as if they were unsealed
by a team of scientists,
as if each part were unearthed separately
( . . . with an exclamation
they uncover her left pinky fingernail
and fit it into place!)
The way she holds her hands,
It looks like there's a guardrail around them
to keep people from getting too close
to the dinosaur bones.
Her huge saurian eyes
swallow the room.
If you're in the room
you feel like Jonah
In the belly of a brontosaurus.
She commits dinosaur crimes,
Slow, innocent crimes,
in which every move is perfectly honest
Except the last.
She doesn't suspect her own extinction;
She thinks she'll survive these quick-witted mammals,
Because she had the good sense
To start out as a fossil.

ANAIS NIN

Toasted worms
Rising slowly into form:
Like a duck dissolving the Bronze Sea
She swims with her headlights on.

SOMETIMES THE MOON

Sometimes the moon
always seems
to have the last word.
I put a picture in the window
and now it's raining
down the walls.

THE JEWS IN THE DELICATESSEN

The earth is in the Milky Way Galaxy
And the Jews are in the Delicatessen.
In the Delicatessen,
The Jews shout and mumble
And eat borscht.
The waiters speed from table to table.

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

THE DEATH OF ARCHIMEDES I. ZZYZYANDOTTI

Archimedes I. Zzyyandotti
lies on his bed
gasping.
All around him,
his family is gathered.
The little Zzyyandotti's
buzz with excitement.
His wife, Uralia,
is weeping.
Archimedes I. Zzyyandotti
draws his last breath,
The phone rings.
"Congratulations, Archimedes,"
says the man on the phone,
"You are the last person
in the telephone book."
"No more," says Uralia
replacing the receiver
in its cradle.

saving grace

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

2/21/74

James Grauerholz
RENT DUE: FOR THE TINKERTOY

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

7/24/76

WORKING GUILT OUT

The breaking glass alarmed me
so I peeked through the slit
in the blind and there I saw
the two of them beating
on the 1968 Camaro
left hand with raised pipe,
the slender one dressed in grey,
shattered the window
he beat it as if it were
the face of a woman
who once laughed
as he was being arrested
for snatching her purse
the taller one dressed in brown,
threw repeated kicks at the car
pounding it with his heel
till he gave a leap,
walked ten feet away
then ran towards the car
giving a Bruce Lee both feet
off the ground jump,
kicking the car with both heels
his face, none first,
slapped the pavement, almost unconscious,
he leaped to his feet,
grabbed his friend's pipe,
rushed to the back of the car
and shattered the rear glass plate
with violent blows
all of the time cursing
his aunt out for telling
his mother that he had gotten
his sister pregnant.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Richie playing the maracas
is the universe becoming fluid
and the Nuyorican Cafe
floor becoming platform
for the shape of art
in mimic so that the artifact
becomes direct message
no symbols of
but the very thing itself
the knife in the belly
and the blues singing soft
shoes of pain as my gut
kicks my nerves insisting
on its pain vomiting more pain
about gifts that on a Christmas
day reached a dead child
too late to be played with
but it wasn't the deliverer's fault
it was his uncle who kept forgetting
that Christmas falls with love
not on a calendar but on the tenderest
feelings where the self of all others wants
love and sharp edges that awake
the internal mind into a self created speech
that reaches over into your listener's system
and reschedules his entire psychic set,
I once had a friend that in one afternoon
traced all of my spinal short-circuits
and rearranged my electrical flow
into more fluid work than the switch-on,
switch-off, I'm overloaded crisis
that results in nausea, asphyxiation and the
swallowing of my tongue

bay algo
bay un epileptic fit

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

bay algo

it's 11:59 P.M. 1975
and I got one more minute of talk
before 1976 finds me shooting up and down
behind the Nuyorican Cafe but trying to
decide if nuclear war will ravage
New York before I find out just how
to divide the line so that it repairs
short-circuits that block the world
from coming together! it is 12 A.M.
the new year's been bombed and over the T.V.
the hottest news release tells us that at La Guardia
Airport an explosion was so strong that tiny,
invisible slivers of glass have penetrated the skin
of many but the slivers are so fine that
it can not be detected where they've penetrated the body
and here it is 1976 enters in like a
glass sliver undetected yet causing pain.

THE STREET DON'T CARE

Between androgynous wet dreams
I get run over again
and again by a tank full
of screaming Negroes

In laughter they fire the machine guns
at rats and policemen in the street
They run over me by mistake, but uncaring
In death/at last I am sexless.
Before that I was switching back and forth
between male and female,
my chest and groin expanding and contracting
permuting concave and convex out of control
So fast I didn't have time
to get confused
POWER SPACE

There's an arc in ciel
The entire table top is vibrating
In the immediate future
People will signal each other on "DC" sets
Dropping from one level to another
As they filter through the slats in the floor
Like syrup, except that they retain their faces
But the inside-outside boundary line
Feels like syrup when you rub it between your fingers
As if five letters were taken from your name
And transferred to a hot slice of French toast
Which you are little when measured next to, even the fork
The feelers among us nod and smack their lips
They agree that it is raining, but
Actually just echoing, the real rain fell
Twenty minutes ago, and fell hard
Like the time I first became aware
They were burning off my fingerprints
By means of electrolysis
Which was the thing that bothered me, I mean
Not that I wouldn't leave prints anymore
But that I can feel the electric shock
Running up my fingers through my arms as I type
Since yesterday, that is

GARRISON, NY

toc
the ball flattens
toc
the sun warms
'marco!'
impresions
springs back
clink
the horseshoe wraps around
'polo!'
the sun pours into your ear on the
toc
grass
birds sing
smell the herb
splash
'marco!'
thump
swoop
the bird chases
plunge
woosh
push
beer sweat drips on cans
drink
a ringer.

SHOPPING LIST

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

ILLUSTRATION

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

BIOGRAPHY

for Diane Di Prima
Gerard de Nerval studied the Quabbala
and dragged a dark north star
into a French asylum
somewhere
in the southern countryside
“Well, I'll tell y'all something I don't know whether you ever... You ever been around Mexkins much?"

Curtis asked me.

“She's been around more Mexkins than you have!”

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

“She's lived in Albuquerque for years and years.

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

“Well, they really are.

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

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

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

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

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

“How long did he live?”

“He died when he was thirty-six. Then Old Ben got hold of it and started doing it.”

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

“Well, it's the way to do it.

“Ben!!!”

“Uhmm, Uhmm!!"

“Ben Sanchez?"

“Yes. And his daddy taken them books, you know he was telling us about that. His daddy found out about his doing that and he takes them books and burns 'em!”

“Well, I've heard him talk about.

“Yeah, you get this book that tells you how.

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

“Well, this here's the deal though. You can't buy the book.

“Well, I've heard him talk about."

“Yeah?”

“Well, it's got to be wretched, see, by you and I and then you give it to me... just like him. His uncle give it to him.

“Don't ever sell it!”

“Well, I've heard him tell about.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“'He's still crazy!'"

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

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

Seen a million of 'em
walking Dyckman down
to Harlem counting cracks
sidewalk cracks ruling fields
"second over
by that big crack"
slid into home crack
cracked leg local crack
let me scream all night wore
cast eight weeks it too cracked
window cracks door cracks china cracks
germany cracks ice cracks
hull cracks butt cracks
finally hit it high note
flute cracks cracks fire cracks cracked
magazine zone yr cracked Al
gonkian stone red seam crack
shaman choisled woman round it
spine crack cracks shell
cracks snakes oozing out of schools
full of 'em desk cracks board cracks
wise cracks Levin
looks up at his living room cracks
crevasses ravines
till the ceiling thunders down cracks
heads wired cracks liberty
bell cracks Sam
choking with plaster dust pounding on door
All! All! you all right? cracks something
pushing through saxifrage
grass Fleck's
heart
nuclear waste cunt cracks
under fur cracks in time
something pushing
boots cracks
flagstaff
pine
6/76

MISS THING LEAVES THE WORLD BURNING MAD

James L. White

Thing lectures to the sex institute:
"Coke up the ass allows for interminable violation.
If no coke, use Crisco,
and he'll be up your back door so far
you can pretend you're never alone."

"Going down's good too,
unzipping their flies
like the poor digging for turnips,
into the earth of their groins,
pulling ions from their crotch with my mouth."

"Sometimes they rise and quieter when they come
and I think of dolphins through the sea,
how they give you everything, even something of dream.
Occasionally one will call out 'Help me, I'm coming!'
and I always do with the frail ship of my body
carrying them from their little deaths into morning.
as the moon would the sun,
where they breakfast in silence,
and leave for their women."

MISS THING LEAVES THE WORLD BURNING MAD

James L. White

Thing Wonders:
Some nights Thing was too tired to get out of drag
and let the make-up crack like Ruth St. Dennis.
He would lay on his day-bed near the window
and look into the streets,
seeing someone walk a certain way,
or hear a cough down the hall,
or a toilet flushing,
and he wondered if all men felt lonely at times,
just watching little girls play in the dirt,
drawing circles with a stick that was for her the sun,
hearing her names called to supper,
seeing all the silent space she left,
and he wondered sincerely if all men felt alone at times.
PELICANS AT BIG SUR

5 pelicans
trace a wind
struggle to walk against.

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

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

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

I climb the searock in afternoon
reach the top at dusk
& look down through cold fog.
such fragile triumph--humanity!

no sunset
no fish racing my distemible jaw
no audience with God
no strawberry as sweet but to the man about to die
no more water in the pail!
no more moon in the water!
no appointment--no disappointment

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

7/14/76

PRESS CONFERENCE

Pat........
I'm tired......
These shoes of death......
(The pussy I could never gather)
Henry here every night......
I am suspicious there is something......
But being......

From California......
There is no need......
You're better than Mamie, Pat......
You know that......
The things we've worked for......
And certainly better than Bess......
It's true that Jackie......
In the Blue Room......

O hold me, Pat......

Rachel Peters

Hold me like Showboat
I mean my hand......
I mean my hat......
I mean my watch, Pat......
My watch and all the watches......

Of the FITTrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrd world, Patsypoo

(right)

the fear of lying
holds on to Ohio
holds the groceries upright
in the back seat

of the car
maps and the active
necessities flatter
each other
pretending real
to mean normal
50 percent of the population
moves to this balanced

suburb
and I submit
I submit with my my
and I submit
because
I know no one else
because I say it
because I say it

THE SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD

As if to tear anything
by being near
anything.

As if to watch
pieces of
faces falling.

Wanting and
not wanting
to love.

As if cruelty
were not the junta
but the aftermath
of a yawn.

As when men stand outside a bathroom
wondering if the woman inside
is committing suicide.

As if waiting to pee!

Sidney Goldfarb
As if spelling itself
were a sick insult,
and poems the fancy
plays of animals
shrinking to kill me.

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

As if I were not here.

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

HER VERSION OF THE STORY

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

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

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

A LIST

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

under the soft sheet and complain
that the baked potato
I brought you is not on a plate.
The rushed clarity
of your analysis of hyperromantic
views of peasants
your impeccable
waitress toughness
the way
you grab at my zipper
and giggle and cuddle it
and suck it till it stands up
and looks you
straight in the eye.
Your refusal to be stupid as a means
of fending off boredom
your insane rhythms which zoom off
honking avalanches
full of grapes and tears
and continuous
sticky drive-in discovery.
I see
signs of it everywhere!
You're making me want to fuck you
all the time now!
Like now when you're not here:
just the stars
vibrating with your sweet intensity
turning and shooting
and rolling their eyes
back into sleep
and the quiet morning
which greets me
like wine in the mouth.

MINIMAL VISION

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

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

Blinking stars.
Cold repetition.
Breakfast alone
with my minimal vision.
RMDC, ROUTE 1, LIVERMORE

In the blue sky with no clouds
The sun of unchanging mind-essence arises
In the jungle of pine trees swayed by winds
The birds of chartering thoughts abide
Among the boulders of immovable dignity
The insects of subconscious scheming roam
In the meditation hall many practice dhyana
Giving birth to realization free of hope and fear
Through devotion to the only father guru
The place of dharma has been founded
Abundant with spiritual and temporal powers.
Dead or alive, I have no regrets.
translated from the Tibetan (composed earlier the same day)
RMDC
July 4, 1975

SUNDAY/NIGHT WITHOUT YOU

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

SUSPECT

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

IN THE MORNING

how come you come
to wake me up
without a face
I know you think I should
get up
but the wrinkles are
so old and sure
and without a trace
Rainbow you are a wall, Humpty
Dumpty would never of fallen from —
waie cracks in ½ —
a man with catheup teeth, ten strings
of speggete wigle from bulding lips —
(can I have)

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

NYC

ex-love poem

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

Peter Orlovsky

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

Deeper into a slow burn, time is.
Gets a burp or a perk as a bloke.

Stare out over our metal desks,
our boulders, our humping whales,
and verifiably report that you are at sea,
sea where the creatures
are pumped through with cartoons
the mechanisms which ring and clack and burr
like so many costumes
for a single shadow filled with fire.

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

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

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

Bonnie Shulman

Richard Dillon
From THE NOTEBOOKS

12/75
a discourse on Lilith
who she is
her force her power
that they would call "demonic"
she the woman fought to be
above the man
at least be equal in that game
her sex a thwarted thing
female presence seated in proud exile

would cry for vengeance
in death of little children
seduction of those men away from home
estranged from Eve the wife our Lady of the Contract
Lilith breaks loose on the other side

--a moon
nightwaler--
rages in the laundry
roaming through your house at dawn
a poltergeist
she hurl dishes from cupboard
sits among them scraping at your sores
sometimes a comfort
otherwise a joke
an old obsession
like that furry animal who pisses in your soup
free spirit

2/76
the rape of Jeremiah
here at the center of the world
--he writes--
the gathering grows most intense
if only the imagination
holds it
sodomites walk past with Jeremiah
perfumed men & prostitutes
show their sex freely
the wind rises over Jerusalem
moves between the women's legs & lifts
odors to the altar seeds & blood
engulf the priest so beautiful
so like a boy bride
in whose smoke serpents reappear
great cherubs creatures of the mind
& will not leave you
lurk in Jewish holes & castrate the message
blown from east to west
rests in the prophet's words
the secrets of their nature again alive

these women gone two sisters daughters
of one mother whores
that I knew in Egypt they would let men
squeeze their tits would suck
their virgin tits a tender
tender as their names were

-- vision of Ezekiel
in the temple built by Solomon
lover king whom the priest's beauty
now recalls
a trace of semen in the mikvah
this power that can lift us to the god

(c) 1977 by Jerome Rothenberg, from A Big Jewish Book (Doubleday)
When I was a kid,
I wanted to get educated,
and to college go
to learn how to know.
Now old, I've found
train going by
will take me along,
but I still don't know why.
Not just for money,
not for love,
not for anything thought,
for nothing I've done—
it's got to be luck
keeps the world going round,
myself moving on
on that train going by.

Fort Collins, Colorado
October 7, 1976

Pyramids throbbing with truant's laughter, "O ersatz goalposts, o fuck me and tell, like one drunk in an airport the saints were to circle, would the sky be any brighter? the pansy's lip upon the morn." I fire straight into her kimono, if I could balance three slop plates, drinking Cabernet Sauvignon jammed in the sluice lips. I am a hero in the balcony box, tender stares at the whittle opposite Anubis. There's a place in the middle of me whose tits I was admiring, those two black circles traded evenly & even gladly health for sanity. Hollywood elephant, pied-billed grebe, boa constrictor rage holy, wanting as redly, if that door is always there. Naked except for a pair of blue sox he looks at me, "Thank you, doctor." My short hair lemniscate, I'm from New Jersey and some Opium in a saint's house. My friends are my good discipline to grow in icicle: Grab a friend, shaft-leery, seize the rind, the cake, the christ, the spine, call him Sam under God into a light concussion your wife reads. You know Clevel-

land (ok ok no pictures please) and starts to erase the man wax to seal her cervix. At that moment the sun was eclipsed. Toasted worms among us too hot for free swallowing cottage cheese Mexkin choking with plaster dust. It's my day. Coke up the ass, five pelicans, I mean my hat-world into a french asylum: How refreshing to see an old friend. I get runover again and want to scream and can't sleep from bulding lips in a bloke at the center of the world. I quit school on that train.
ROOF: an anthology of poetry from the Naropa Institute, Boulder, Colorado, summer of 1976. $2.00