ROOF III: forum 5 poets collaborate in Legend ★ other works also
summer 77 $2
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Contents</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Regina Beck</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mei-mei Berssenbrugge</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David Cope</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yuki Hartman</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. LaBare</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ed Friedman</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles North</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howard Lindh</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paul Pines</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gregg Rutter</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tom Savage</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michael Scholnick</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simon Schuchat</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peter Seaton</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Sherry</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michael Slater</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tony Towle</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paul Violi</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Yau</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bruce Andrews</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles Bernstein</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ray DiPalma</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steve McCaffery</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ron Silliman</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Legend ☆</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrews &amp; Silliman</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DiPalma &amp; McCaffery</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bernstein &amp; McCaffery</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DiPalma &amp; Silliman</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silliman &amp; Andrews &amp; Bernstein</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Legend ☆: Articles by two or more of the contributors are marked with a ☆.
MEMOIRS

A poem a day keeps the animal element in tune. Say that you are sitting in the Sheraton Hotel waiting room on 7th Avenue between 55th & 56th Streets after a day’s work at Hadassah. Sitting there you anticipate an enormous concert by André Watts (my newest hero) and Leonard Bernstein—an event to take off in a couple of hours over at Carnegie. Wow.

Now, I really wish I had baggage because it looks so great—how these men in this lobby wheel suitcases around on their portables. I mean, if I could just say to one of them “My bags are right over here,” “Thank you.” Or maybe—if I could just go up to one of the windows, wait in line a little bit, and tell the “concierge”—“A room please”, “For how long?” and so on. And then maybe—“Meet my party.”

That sure beats reading the NEW YORK TIMES that I have sitting next to me, for now, anyway. So, what do I do? What’s left? Thinking, and letting my pen take the time in this space on place. It could come around and be romantic. I like that—thinking about how things could be in the moonlight on Broadway, in this big shining city.

POLONAISE

Theme

I sit here
and look out my window.
I didn’t will the world to make its appearance. But somehow I am confronted with a scene I must accept. Not always pleasing the soul, the world takes second fiddle to more enlightening realities.

Somnambulant energies extend their will and I somehow am pulled by my own man-made dreams—where beauty knows no limit. I surround myself with the most pleasing sounds ever muttered. My fancy draws the drama, the contrast needed for a bleary traveller.

The delicate forms of sine waves and light waves descend in an instant and the rudiments are set for the soul to fly.

Epilogue

So free and far flung are the pages of this form that we forget we are sleeping.

Regina Beck
Walter calls it a dream screen
What appears at a certain distance on one side
evokes a reciprocal rose on your side of the screen
which is porous, allowing free flow
I am told, though like a television screen
the image seems gray dots today, flattened grotesquely
against the glass, which has no depth itself
This is intimacy, a rapid crystallization, which
folds the star into a gem stone. The matrix shatters
when I try to pass through, but the bullet hole
is a pore. Vacuums mix whistling, as across reeds
Now back away to the horizon with the sun flush
whose rays fall even and wide on our screen
which was only surface tension after all—open
palms on the mirror—and test by where shadows point
if the moon rising in the east is equal, as Walter
schemed on paper, which persists in delicately fretting
its darkness after the sun goes, still dissembling

YOU AND YOU
As if sage and grass were breath
hovering where it can’t be
since this is mean red land requiring
seven acres for each cow to strip
of all nuance. So possibilities imagined
on the plain in springtime concern you
where flowers bloom for a day, yucca and cholla
appearing delicate but not to be blamed
for their leather and glutinous touch
in this heat. I blame the land
in animate suspension, the accident of my return
during these two weeks of new grass
like ground mist or wave phosphorescence
violent as a light in the woods
The tuning fork vibrates like a collarbone held
across the line of one horizon. The forked stick turns
in my hand where water can’t be, maybe
oil shale, maybe yellow-veined uranium ores
You and you are all mixed up with each other
and the bravery of a flower I can’t name
that is closing at dusk. The moth around it is shaped
like a hummingbird to fool its enemies, huge husky thing
it seems in waning light, pollen all over the body

END OF THE SHIFT
women stream out of the factory
swearing down the boss & the union.
the shift is over, the long day
inspecting & cleaning parts, swallowing pills
& shouting over the roaring fans,
& tho it’s a bright afternoon they hardly notice.
stumbling over the tracks below the expressways
they gossip & argue, worrying about traffic.
when they get to their cars
they find them vandalized, here a battery stolen,
here a windshield smashed out,
here the tires taken off, the radio ripped out.

THE WOMAN THE ARTIST AND SPECTATORS
...these Japanese paintings have halted the passing crowd...the
saffron water is clearing so it seems on a woman’s sleeved
dress...pine needles falling like the axes on her sloped shoulder
as you look at it...a tiger is glaring in an iris bush—that
is—a young boy looking up his head is shaved...the...as
the artist seems to have gone mad he throws red hot peonies
over the woman’s black hair adding the dry branches before the
bunch of foaming blossoms and the woman—her face half hidden
in the purple of a cotton scarf is seen walking through the
crowd in this instance you can touch her although she is
screened from the violent hands of the artist us—the crowd
between them evaporating his passions
THE RIDE

On the subway a man is reading the Daily News; his shoes the color of walnut; and over them the brass buckles like shimmering hands; the summer trousers grey and crisp; his arms thick and heavy; his bald enormous head; his bushy eyebrows... I can see the sports page from this side—upside down—the ball players and a large soap ad behind and above him in a soft color photograph in which a young girl is enlarged so that her face is half cut off; the soap suds spreading gently over and inside her palms; she is trying to say something... He yawns and gives me a look.

PHILODENDRON

for Cathy

There is a whoosh of leaves, and over the outdoor table a fly buzzes: this is a yellow table cloth. A slow moving front yard, you rustling with it: the philodendron invaders breathing deep before a sea of green trees and the sun all along the deck, and the vivid begonias have punctuated the run-on sentence of sensations— A peel of lemon too oily in the taste of clear tea, among cubes' icy stares... But it is hot, the khaki jacket reflects the noon blaze, the shrieks of birds occasionally pierce the piles of outdoor chairs and sitting in one of them like a toy, you lean to the invisible quietness over these, like a picture: May,
1977: waiting for a friend to arrive on the 1:15. An infinity ago, of philodendron flowers around the sensuous American vacation house in the woods, eating the pear, you open your mouth, speechless: and day takes your pulse, your green summer wrist.

PROCEDURE

Someone has to caress you by the throat and pour that fire into you forcibly and I plunge my tongue into your mouth of glimmering sea of life and be intoxicated completely I am not a responsible rescuer.

I brush your shoulder with my lips again: the temperature keeps rising. And you have opened up a luke-warm aquarium where the gold fish go around looking mundane: but beneath it all the throbbing quarry keeps erupting and my hand is washed in the steady hum of your forest overhead: the cold water bubbles up, and the current is strong, pouring back into my lungs the golden strings of the water, you play it in the shadow and now elude the classifications and rush into me, a white Cadillac full of mountain roses cruising beside the front yard where a goat is seen nibbling the stubby grass and the newspapers fly up from the doorsteps: and recall there are three bottles of milk sitting in the box.

ANCIENT STATION

The sky's ablaze with Bloody Marys the digital clock tells the arrival of the trains looks like a rectangular stone vessel overflowing with sacred water—the destinations are printed all over in large signs:—Buy tickets and go there. In the air conditioned parlor cars... You are there. Blue ink splattered across the evening's face its eyelashes fluttering with shadows: you look up. The calcified weather has hoisted your vision as high as the red caps "Hi, Li Po. Hello, Tu Fu. Please carry these luggages."
The station is full of monkey cries shrieking in the stones and you wonder how the words have any equivalency the way the two Chinamen carry your suitcases and boxes as if they are chiselling those weights into the dirt road, and every step you take after them is arduous and risky, while they fly before you like the songs of nightingale.
what rectitude is required in the game? an incidental cut-out from half grained paper—

the figure between the thighs of scissors is the rectangular birth, a motherless thing

jig-sawed in the hasty cut: the straight man-shape, putting all reasons aside, walks out.

IMAGE

Though she is outside
She is wearing an apron
Her hand rests on the rump of the cow
That she's milked for six years
We see only the back of the cow, dark and honey
But she is in light colors
Maybe pink or green gingham
And her long arms reach out
Through rolled sleeves—
From the porch two men watch as she talks
To the cow, and the chicken, between
The cow's legs, struts toward her
Alley cats and concrete make me feel
Far from the beasts and the farm woman
Milk, eggs, and butter
Come from bodegas or Finasts
On the back
My mother has written the dates
1835-1919
And her name
It is my name

WOMEN TODAY

Everyone is still going to parties having a good time. The reasons is to relax, dance, and socialize. But most important for me is to meet a nice women, get into a profound conversation. Than you'll have a few drinks together, get her address and go see her from time to time. Literally it isn't like this.

Time has changed, so much that women don't know how to act anymore. The majority get very hostile if you're too critical, or making an attempt to order them, or even whistle at them.

Some women are bold enough to go up to a man and want to fight him.

Most of them where emotionally hurt by men. They think all the man wants is sex. Here is a problem in their behalf. If women keep on assuming all men want is sex. Women today will become more naive and more reluctant to men. It wouldn't surprise me one bit if bisexuality, and homosexuality will increase even more then what it is at the present time. So I think women should be satisfied with the jobs society give them.

But they're not. How long most this go on women in conflict with men, because the man plays the superior role. They should wise up now. It's gotten so monotonous so weary. That women's legs, struts toward men, and men are marrying men. The world is in trouble.

Soon the two sexes will be divided, each sex will stay with one another. This hypocrisy isn't fulfilling for women, or men by far.

Spelling is the main problem here—learn the words I marked and check the punctuation that I marked.
Chinoiserie is a verbal decoration for four characters who are playing Mah Jong and talking. Mah Jong is a Chinese game that is played with tiles. Players call out the names of the tiles they are discarding, and call out "pung," "chow," or "kong," when they can complete a set by taking one of the tiles discarded by another player. The call of "Ready," by a player means that she is one tile from completing a winning hand. The characters: 1) Swan's Flesh (SF) is a man in his late thirties who works as a free-lance charter airlines pilot—he is married to... 2) Violet Shade (VS), a woman who could be in her late thirties but could be much older—she was a Hollywood actress, but now works in the Helping Hand shop at the Cedars-Sinai Medical Center; 3) Black Jade (BJ) is a woman in her twenties who works as a cosmetics saleswoman at Bloomingdales in Manhattan—she is madly in love with... 4) Lingering Snow (LS), a man in his early thirties who works as a gardener in the employ of Black Jade's father.

In this section, Black Jade, Swan's Flesh, and Lingering talk about the Chinese Acrobats of Taiwan. Violet Shade tells the story of her life as a Hollywood starlet.

SF. (from off stage.) Get the tiles ready; we'll be back in a minute. (Black Jade and Violet Shade start arranging the tiles in silence.) (SF and LS return with a tea pot.)
SF. (to Violet Shade) Black Jade and Lingering Snow saw the Chinese Acrobats of Taiwan, too.
(BJ and LS stir the tiles.)
BJ. I loved their rendition of the Green Ladder.
LS. Which one was that? (The players build their walls.)
BJ. Don't you remember? Daring feats were performed by a lovely acrobat atop a 12-foot green bamboo ladder resting on the chest of her male partner.
SF. I couldn't believe it when they sprinkled crushed glass underneath him before they started.
BJ. No, that was talcum powder.
SF. We were sitting very close, I'm sure it was glass.
BJ. How horrible.
LS. I must have been out getting food.
BJ. (10 sec.) Wasn't it nice of the Sports Arena to have Chinese food as part of the evening.
SF. (10 sec.) Did you try the hot dogs orientale? It was a delightful American rendition of an ancient Chinese meat dish served with canned Mandarin oranges and whole celery stalks.
LS. I wish they would have done the Rolling Jars.
BJ. What's that.
LS. Who's deal is it?
SF. Oh, it's mine.
(The walls are pushed into place. LS hands SF the dice. SF rolls the dice.)
SF. Three. That's you Violet Shade.
VS. (VS picks up the dice and rolls.) Eleven. (VS counts 14 tiles from the left hand corner of her wall and breaks the wall.)
(SF begins the deal, they continue and finish the deal and set up their tiles while they talk.)
BJ. What is the "Rolling Jars"?
LS. Oh. It's another act that dates back centuries. Blue porcelain jars are heavy objects and are easily breakable....
BJ. Yes, they're so slick and smooth.
LS. ...To be able to juggle them at will requires not only hands, but also one's head, back or chest in a uniquely intricate art mastered so far only by the Chinese.
BJ. Gee, I would love to see that.
SF. How did you like the "Circle of Knives"?
LS. I couldn't watch, I had to bury my head in Black Jade's lap.
BJ. Oh, is that what you were doing down there?
VS and SF. Ha ha ha ha ha ha.
LS. Ha ha ha ha ha it must be so exciting to be an acrobat. What a life.
BJ. I would think that being an actress would be the most exciting thing in the world. You could act in scenes all the time. Violet Shade, you're such a wonderful actress I can't believe you don't do it anymore.

SF. Is everyone ready to start? (SF makes the dead wall.)
BJ and LS. I'm ready.
SF. Violet Shade?
VS. Go ahead.
SF. 4 bamboo.
BJ. What did you do before you were a starlet?
SF. (5 sec.) Violet Shade used to be the star of the St. Louis stage, a luxury usually reserved for brown-eyed brunettes.
LS. I'll bet you were super stunning. What were your favorite roles?
BJ. 5 bamboo.
VS. I was a hoofer mostly, but I got to play Eileen in our musical version of Pride of the Yankees.
LS. I never knew there was a musical version.
VS. Oh yes. (3 sec.) 4 bamboo. Two of our local writers saw the movie and were so inspired that they decided to make it a musical extravagana.
SF. I never heard about this. How did you ever do the baseball scenes.
VS. We did them as ballet dream sequences on a dazzling flash of sky-rocket red tarpaulin while an omniblend of pink and lavender lights flooded the stage...
LS. 2 dots.
SF. Chow!
VS. All to orchestral variations of baseball songs.
BJ. How gorgeous. Do you mean like "Take Me Out to the Ball Game"?
VS. That was the grand finale.
LS. I wonder who played Lou Gehrig.
SF. 4 bamboo.
VS. We wrote to Gary Cooper, but he said he couldn't tap dance so we found some local talent who looked just like him. But all that was before a talent scout discovered me and brought me to Hollywood.
LS. Did you get around much?
VS. Sure did.
BJ. 1 of bamboo.
LS. Which was your most interesting date?
VS. Eddie Albert.
BJ. No, not really.
VS. Yes, really, he was such a card.
VS and BJ. Ha ha ha ha ha ha.
VS. We were both young and crazy about geology. We could talk about quarts and geodes together for hours. (5 sec.) 9 bamboo.
LS. Kong. (LS displays his Kong and draws a tile from the dead wall.)
BJ. Don't stop now Violet Shade. Please tell all.
VS. Well, Eddie took me to the Boblichki, a Russian cafe where everyone greeted him at the door. I was so impressed. I had never been to such a ritzy place. When you got to the table, the napkins were folded into miniature versions of the Kremlin.
SF. I remember that place...
LS. 6 dots.
SF. ...Up on Santa Monica by the Paramount lot.
LS. Oh yes, the one with the famous Siberian Sushi Bar. It's sunken so you sit in low red laquer chairs....The glasses are all crystal, stacked and lit from behind by tiny votive candles... and you can always stop and survey your silkeness essentials in the huge mirror behind the candles.
SF. And what a great mirror. It was 20 feet long and had trouble of Cossack horsemen charging headlong across the Steppes, all etched into the silvery glass.
LS. The top of the bar...
SF. 3 characters.
BJ. Chow!
VS. Did you ever marry anyone, Black Jade?
BJ. When I went to Mexico in November, 1970. I went to see Jaime Jorba, a handsome Mexican painter I'd known for years and I almost married him right on the spot. Even in November, the Yucatan was hot and so were we.

LS. North wind.
BJ. No really, it was so romantic....
SF. What a good idea.
BJ. Oh, you would have had to have had to have known him. He knew all the Mayan pyramids by heart.
LS. Are you in love now, Violet Shade?
SF. No, except with Swan’s Flesh. Eddie Albert is one of my favorite boyfriends, a real sizzler in fact. He’s thoughtful, considerate, and very amusing company, but it’s not real love.
BJ. I love being in love, but it makes me so sentimental.
SF. I get much more sentimental about...
LS. 7 bamboo.
VS. ...birthdays and anniversaries. Finding choice little mementos is a real thrill and parties....
LS. Speaking of presents, we still haven’t come up with anything for my sister.
BJ. I’ve got it. How about the whole set of Chen Yu Chinese nail lacquers.
LS. She loves nail polishes. What colors do they come in?
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SCENES FROM MONTALE

1 A tendered silk which is not the case by anchoring
2 The walk it sometimes seems
3 Hair it is my liquid life
4 Flouriscoped in oil, barred to speak of voltage with its salvage
   window for the society of the sea
5 Invested to you remote
6 So it shows the same
7 A mouth underneath all the shady boughs
8 (And meanwhile evening shoes in the cow)
9 Fished immersion from the marked rapid then closed
10 February to spend a birch & waited
11 Accelerating and trump the brother with ice
12 Fine hard scattering: traffic from lightened cups with tags of
   clouds' aqua mist
13 Take it away and make it sleep
14 An aura of chocolate in fog
15 Visible locks contributed
16 Cracking brilliant
17 When suddenly
18 In keeping with the violet state civil and personal

Charles North

19 Pruned of lateness and buzzing
20 The impulse to
21 Assisted, besides
22 For one of its spaceships is grand and the other drifting
23 To gamble on
24 Crownings and canvas stars
25 Rowing between Polish and Portuguese
26 But monitor hardly owing
27 Catching its breath (on the telephone wires)
28 The full incidentals of squaring off
29 As if the breeze were a train and each small town the moon
30 Spilling birds onto
THE HOT ROLL THEFT

Tony and John
at four A.M.
out to get wine drunk
stopped by Tucci's bakery
to lift a cooling tray of rolls.

Warm summer 4 A.M. & nothing
doing
the red flashing light
called them at the edge
of town they fed the glove compartment
all it could hold
stuffed the rest
under the seat.
Cop said
I just got a report that two guys in a truck
like this one just stole a tray of rolls
from over the back of Tucci's bakery

John silent Tony talked
what the fuck ya talkin'
about, we don't got no Goddamn rolls, look
I got sixty fuckin' dollars in my wallet
I gotta steal fuckin' rolls?

Cop told him to watch his tone
& searched the truck, found a roll
put it on the hood and said what's that?

Tony said It's a goddamn roll, what
you think Tucci's is the only bakery in town?
The cop looked at Tony, Tony looked
at the cop the cop looked at Tony
Tony looked at John
look, these is nice guys, let's level
with them
yeah, we stole the fuckin' rolls
and if they'd had butter
we woulda stole that too
1928 FERONIA, ST PAUL, MN

the birds dive down
thru twisted trees
on the boulevard I stare across
to the brown house
yellow trim
2 beautiful young (I mean YOUNG) girls every night
undressing in clear windows
top upper room jutting out
from hip roof

Robert downstairs
his piano's nice
last night playing 2 a.m.
Incense burning I lay here
I've hung bells above my bed
plants in my windowed bay
dragon hanging from clear threads
Out in the street w/ trees over
light spring green leaves
budding out, popping
twice their size every three days
the children on bicycles
little red & rusted wagons
pull up & down the sidewalks
across the cracks.
EXERCISE

The cantaloupe is a whore
The cherries have generosity
The eggplant is proud purple patriotic
The mango is explicitly dark and French
The pea is incredible
The broccoli is faultless yet needs attention
The prunes and dates are packaged
The apples are golden
The carrots eat shit & steamed are sweet
The turnips are Jewish
Ginger is Hebrew and Chinese
The red peppers are bisexual
The cucumbers aren’t what they used to be
Chicory seems useless
The coconut is naked
The artichoke is trying to make a point
The pineapple is a good example of reality
The potato is peaceful and grand and sometimes red
Acorn is my favorite squash

BIRTHDAY SONGS

O break on through
to the other side of the sky
which is earth earth earth
this song I rain

Now a suitable language
O noon

Over The Williamsburg Bridge
a galaxy of Hasidic Jews
drinking coke playing pool

O woe fugue
1973, 1974, 1975, 1976,
? Truth y Beauty
I’m scratching my balls
listening to choral fantasy

Self, up, down, powerbrakes,
peanut butter, peanuts, crunchy peanut bars,
peanut oil, Allegheny, American, Braniff, Delta, Eastern,
sideburns, things Yeats once said, no static,
silver sun masks, blanket, matches, fm radio/alarmclock,
a healthy imagination, subway map, TDF Vouchers,
opaquing liquid, a taste for rice, many marvelous lives,
simple subatomic microscope or scale, a driving naturalness,
acorn material, friendly snowshoes, escarole, famous ears,
shirts, aluminum foil, cockroach traps, new voids, Jack Lemmon,
address book, high intensity bulb, Who Present, Past,
And Future, Sees; Poems of Kenji Miyazawa, pepper, a wok.

Self: I’m as pretty as Paul
I’m as smart as John
I’m as sublime as Ringo
I can’t figure George out

Soul: The word was I in fire particles
I was dowsed with flesh

Self: I want everyone to be correct

Soul: I want to be Truffaut

I’m walking in you now, street!
Cold, without a sweater.

I really mean, ‘You’re in bed, wait up,’
but I felt this sudden passion
and addressed the street.

two sparrows on delancey street
one french bread crust
“thief, thief,”
Michael Scholnick

1963
Giants lose

Free Will
Transmits
Resolution Ships

the arctic try
tremendous fatal months
tough humor strikes
practice talk at drool meals
poor sight returns happy enemies
adorable link
abnormal rook
emperorish instincts o penguin!
miracles nothing
bickerings appall
Scott's moribund journey done

disco baths on mars
go through the park

out beyond the rational mind lies a radio
so stay tuned a happy new year to be followed
o igor stravinsky your name signed
fanfare for two trumpets

I'm a monster when socks become rats in my dream

Our hero
always looking back
to wake but wait
I don't want to be fucked up
Not me
Not me

Are not mushrooms glad?

Magnetic field Elevator talk:
I saw in T.V. Guide $1
for $36 worth of make-up when I open the package
there's a bill for $7
Now they're on my case

Michael Scholnick

“Hey Ritchie, as soon as it starts to snow, wake me up.”

Essence of Big Boulder Dream:
I won't charge coffee ice-cream sodas
I'd rather develop more film

“All readers is all”

Self: Let's take our hats off,
To The Brothers Karamazov!

Soul: I'm in a cave
My eyes are walls
Inside is blackness blackness blackness
I'll leap out

Downtown Living Space,
Bold white letters on glass.
Buzz, buzzed in—Dentist's Office style—
Slumlords lunching: Butter & Pastrami?

Key Deposit my Chauffer's License
174 Delancey 7R
Avenue B connects to Clinton Street
There's music on Clinton Street

Nonchalant breathes his soft bag
Sniffs in the fourth dimension

40¢ delicious Puerto Rican Knish balls

Espiritual Skolnick's Clothing
I approach my 24th year
drifting where in a head of seas
R means rear
Street door lock busted
Garbage can hallway
Interesting square alley, R.
Narrow metal steps

Hot water, loftbed.

Gentle waves break
Gain the dark
Wish many moments sated
SILVER AIRPLANE MOBILE
silver mobile airplanes move above the noise
business at hand, business suspended
silver airplanes hanging in the atmosphere
not moving enough to effect a passing shadow
what’s defended lies without strength
in the meadow, surrounded by brick
buildings of many stories
within the meadow the sky is leaded
by boughs of oak
among the quiet of the Great Plains
a brief moment of reflection in the pool
silky & dark music, water motionless
reflective, near the meadow’s center
holding an image of these airplanes
in a dull metal surface which is deep
a surface going far down toward rock
which lies singing under the surface
& its own surface, everything a surface
for the play of visible & spiritual light
the glittering wings of playing planes

WANDERING ROUND AN EARTHLY COT
I just woke up & I’d been there
in my dream, I’ve just returned to
a dream place in place of Chicago
of which I’d dreamed a few times before
as soon as I woke I remembered the
geography from another dream
& while I was dreaming, I knew where I was
although I was different, unrecognized
possessed of all the powers of a dreamperson
I could wander at will, climb fences
& I laughed a great deal when I met
anyone I’d known, & I asked one person

why he’d been playing ball in the same court
ever since I’d gone & later returned
& lost his answer as we both circled around
a mound of grassy green where
the Obelisk should have been, though
I recall his friend’s advice of “never
stop in the middle when you’re playing ball
—it’s very dangerous” as beautiful & true
I could & did climb over fences, my cousin
Joan (who’s in Paris) didn’t recognize me
when I shouted, I was unrecognized by all
I recognized everything, all of it was different
composed of the various parts but respread
across a different landscape of the familiar
& the expected. It was joyful
to know that sloping road rampway for itself
or that massive red brick hostel, a mutated
elementary school become prison & crossed
over the street, it was all extremely similar
& I was happy enough to swing my travelling bag
around my body like a toy on a string
but at the end, as I was going through the back way
of a supermarket cum rib palace, I became enmeshed
in a protective device, & when the smiling
clers brought me in, they smiled & clucked
at my wandering with nothing but a bag & a length
of chain, they tied me to that place on an extending
wire leash attached at my shoes & belt loops
From his corner window, the flack can see the river, the long-shoremen hooking crates.
The car thief lounges in the sun.
The transmission grinds to sawdust before the cabbie can even tell what’s happening.
The bookstore clerk steals a few stamps.
"Loose joints, loose joints," cries the street vendor.
The young poet takes her vitamins.
The policeman eats a piece of fruit.
The busboy carries 8 entrees at once.
High atop the towers the executive lunches at his desk.
Subordinates pass before the open door, queasy, quaking, on their way.
The cooks are throwing raw dough into the air.
The doctor’s sleepy stare rises from his desk to assure the dancer her knee will heal.
In front of her glass window, the receptionist spys a swarthy foreigner.
Limbering up, the cleaning man opens the ammonia.
A side of beef is dressed by the cool-eyed butcher.
The tall lifeguard smokes his cigar & reads his Times.
The musician’s instrument breaks, the music stops, the crowd sings back.
Behind the bar, the English barmaid savours her Black Russian, slightly moving in time with the music.
The distracted composer shuffles in the unemployment line, waiting to make his mark.
A wry expression adorns the Editorial Assistant as he types the letters of rejection.
Sexily slinks the secretary through the corridor on her way to the washroom.
The barber enjoys his brandy.
Not allowing the petty bureaucrat a word edgewise, the supervisor sweeps the improperly executed forms to the floor with an expression of dust.
The janitor lobs them into the can in a perfect arc.
The pure contralto sings in the organ loft.

PARIS ORGY

Avast, you chickenshits! Thar she blows! All hands on deck!
The sun with its gauloise-charred lungs wheezed dry
The boulevards which, one night, Los Barbarianos completed.
Aqui, chico! Saint City, seated in the Occident.
Vamon! Let’s put out the returning fires,
Here the docks, the boulevards, here be Las casas against the pale linda blue radiating
And which, one evening, starred by the blushing explosions, it was!
Hide the oscuro dachas in wooden webbing, nests of planks!
The olden terrified horrified shocked day refreshes your stares,
Here we see the red-headed Queens, waggling their hips.
Get with it, baby, let it swish off you in waves!
Roving units of sluts, munching tampax,
Those whines and pants on the third floor of the great golden casa are directed to you! Steal!
Eat! Dig on the calle de la noche, with its deep spasms
Trucking on down the line. Pitiful melancholic drunkards,
Get drunk! When come is light and intense, lunatic
Piercing into the steam, the luxury of steam,
Ain’t you gonna drool, no gestures, no words
In glasses, eyes fading off towards the white end of the spectrum?
Guzzle, for the Queen with the calgonite terrarium, the big butt!
Escuche the tearing of the stupid action,
Hiccup, in the salt of the ardent night hear the wheezing pinheads,
Seniles, androids, robots rompin’ round!
Hearts of shit, scarifying mouths,
Suck harder, mouths of odor!
Wine for these basket cases, at these stools…
Your belly smothered your cock! Shame, shame, shame, O honchos!
Open yer nose an puke forever!
Snort til yer noses bleed, drop some strychnine laced with the big "A"
And now, on the star at the base of your head, placing his big hands,
Der Dichter says to you, "Youuuuu chickenshits, get raving;"
Since you climb out of one cunt
In fear of another tremor
It yells, muffling your well-known and widely despised
Habit of sucking at her tit, with tremendous strength!"

Syphilitics, fools, Rois, pants-pressers, radio-announcers,
What do that pussy Paris care fo'
Your cuerpo y corazon, your drugs and duds?
She gonna throw 'em out, you virulent jackoffs!

When yer lying in the gutter, sniveling and puking,
A pain in your side just below the ribcage, gimme back my money
my money, my money, dazed and confused,
Far far away from you, the Red Ho' with big tough titties
Gonna squeeze her pissed-off digits.

When your dogs danced so furious in rage,
Paris! When you got slashed upside the face
When you were lying flat out, retaining in your ojos claros
Un poco de aroma of the tawny primavera,
O suffering city, O city quasi-morte,
Su cabeza y su dos senos pointing to tomorrow,
Opening to your paleness its million freeway exits, bridges, and tunnel openings,
Afro-american studies will praise you to the skies!
Bodily remagnetized by tremendous pennies,
You swig down effroyable life, rebounding! You can feel the heat
Closing in, poetic worms flooding your veins,
And heavy fingers toying in your bush!

Which is okay, too. The worms, poetic worms
Will be as little an impediment to your progressive breath
As was the incomprehensible to the eyes of the incomprehensible,
Where gold astral pleurs fell from the blue degrees.

Though it looks completely hideous, to see you again
Thustly smeared, though I ain't never smelled no city
So nauseous, green mold on green acres,
Der Dichter says to you, "You look great!"
Thunderstorms give you great poetry!
Thunderstorms give you great poetry!
Big wheels rushing and rolling inside make you strong,
You work hard, death moans, Chosen City!"
The Doctor will take the Saabs and Volvos to Nassau County,
The raging junkies, the wiggling Queens,
His love gun will zap the ladies,
His words will zip out: Take this, you motherfuckers!
—Police! The damage has been restored!—the interested parties
Are crying under the lightbulbs of the massage parlors.
The streetlamps, on the raggedy walls
Shine most sinister toward the pale, linda, azul, ciego.

A SMALL GROUP OF MEN WAITING FOR NEARLY AN HOUR

The terms of this single shape makes us the three dimensional quality our mind fixed as parts of
large solids displace space as objects in space as the single place as terms for men as part of the cer-
emony are excluded from a place because as being that gives our eye moves as it approaches a
direction begun by the one where these occur as adjectives place solid space through lines implied
by this as three existing definite responses initiated by Judy seen from the back and in the right how
each rises off to one the gentle twist of the body at the waist records the air occupied by its move-
ments. Increases cut into the work the pocket describes by the ring of robots that stops in which the
mountain rising to the top of the bulk and the mass of the neutral area is the most concentrated
human the event endows as similar means create athletes of the toll collector as chosen demands of
muscles anticipate evoking impressions of space any part of one concentrates in relation to an-
other. Which display his hand and his wound. Which the draped recession of the pronounced
production corresponds to her as she leans to travel without interruption across his chest into a

group making difficulty too important and too imposing to help two different ways in which one
mass is alive by merging into one. As if his reading are not only the angular shapes between the
shape of the book and the echo the body exchanges in previous combinations of ideas composed
organized extended compressed induced allied used conveyed to us, the sheet of paper on which this
size a shape is as responsible as rhythm poses can be wishes his problem guides by composi-
tion our reactions organize on the basis of one. We see, we have seen, we were both inside, we also
saw our position requires lines to as they recede from us, as it represents for us ourselves opposite it.
Control is the desire to be commonly used. In lines that complement an emphasis lines may take
place. The intimate and domestic space is attracted to swords. Soldiers cause the difference in the
amount of distance as small as those are, as being no more than a minor and very ordinary trial as
resistance as a man of power, as asymmetry as we sense rhythm produced for us by shapes within a
tendency as relented as we are brought to a stop as Venice connects David to the next side
along the continuous family in a world of space and light. A little girl, a white cap, a fence, the
window, the brick building, a lower left-hand corner the blue of the sky, the surface of the
metronome, the curved lines of the sharp pattern of light and dark, the music stand, the steps, the
woman's coffee cup and the man's pipe, the table top the wooden fence the red shirt or skirt the soft
arrangement the larger size being plastic counters by the girl with the radical desire for
composition.

With certain reasons attributed need the introduction of each other. All objects inevitably follow
objects as the building and the page. What the object thinks uses arrangement of both the book page
and the palace facade, the (thin) lines and tonal value, the text. the dominant relationship of the
frame as the text seems to push toward the bottom of the page. The original surface of the page
disappears. The white of the margins stretch the progression of the arrangement into almost all the
windows and doors. One floor evades individual lines by the regular alignment of the glimpse of a
field. We are anyone who would invoke destruction. One between one equals one-half. This is that
in the altered example of hay between bales. One is three and two is four and seven. The differ-
ent parts of a flat achieve men reflected in miniature. A scheme produces an instrument. All the same
introductions add parts to the café. Two pages of a book divide the carrier from the text. islands
protrude from a flat body of water. Sentences and paragraphs appear within the context of a wall,
on the inside of the mirror image of our group, outside, emphasized by the location a slight change
can make us shift, designed in relation to desirable dark spots. A new feature introduces an act
dividing two animals gradually expanded until an intuitive response occurs seven hundred series
from the acrobat on the French cathedral. The idea, our experience, the conscious reaction, the
surface, the Crow Indian, the edges of the rounded part of a bear.
Because we may be it we remain. We feel we are aware we tend to think as if to keep it from rising too rapidly we see them, their rising movement through it, their ascent as it reaches this point we could move, we would have a surface as flat as the exposed beams and rafters of the roof. We are also the space we find we seek relief from. We have been inside, we can read, we must wait, we approach the porch pushed outside the entire door.

Two of either can be one with a wide variety of confidence, should be more read more first from the second, the third attitude different from mine if mine is something the reader applies to the first two parts, the reader with a sense, the nature of script in summer, the sense of the book of friends, the substance of influence, the nature of writing induced by appearance from a present state that associates the possession of a mark with the past year and half for the encouragement of sections secures a list found elsewhere and the members of the form I owe my wife shelter many kinds of terms, low benches on the floor and numbers that make up the rooms of Europe and America. Any of these must be expanded to secure the concept of all the articles conjunctions and participles devoted to what requirements constitute admission, what principles hang emotion, the procedure two men follow to achieve entrance into time. To speak is to stay within the difference, the additional indifference one man expresses in the source of lines on the neck, the to enjoyment while someone holds our clothes is the stimulation of a condition by the form of a twisted path of the river in the distance across the chest and down to the knee, the thrust of the rising translation or an indication of pleasure. Warfare appealed to us because the virtues of responding to enjoyment while someone holds our clothes is the stimulation of a condition by the form of a difference, the additional indifference one man expresses in the source of lines on the neck, the twisted path of the river in the distance across the chest and down to the knee, the thrust of the rising line of terrace value of amatilla, the family that places the child between the dark ink of the type and the contrast between the dancer representing a demon and the lightest and darkest pieces of fruit. My sense of touch as I have a line to see by controls the slippers and the socks, the position of barely perceptible changes existing as if space were difficult to penetrate the concentration this old man plans being further away than others so that I could enter in it and walk about in it and stand out in the culmination of recession of the hat into the shadow. Stripes create a face. The act of fainting is the ability to make us feel cool among the colored silks of the other jockeys. An exclamation mark supports the fact that he does not look at anyone or at anything. The comma stretches far back into the distance. The two dimensional state of the period encourages a relationship between the relative sizes of animals. A semi-colon is intact as being in front of a sentence or a field dotted by bales of hay, some type of system whose introduction provokes a flat body of water to satisfy the words, sentences, paragraphs suggested by the two animals aware of a boundary.

He creates a specific context. She forced a fingertip so much. It was clockwork. You can turn out the reference to her. A region covers every mean including doing it. I saw my direction from the end of the whole day. Then you did not leave me alive. Then you cite me which is all over now. Passengers cluck revolvers in the shape of gold. Stone designed for switches. It makes it theirs as the most would be said as one left indefinite and all left standing when days were among years and the place just as aimless as the examination is carefully establishing is summer because fields announce a river when the allowance habitually known withdrawing pleasure is when they narrowly do much knowing much because that which is more is refused when clauses question exchange with knowing much makes time distance. Bushes value themselves. Exchange makes withdrawal indicate advantage, within homes, two inclined out, they choose as reasonably as they leave, attractive means all is in arrangement fact finally and we ask who left something pleasant for extra and when it is less an accessory to the language based on the language becoming the language of approach than the surface of possibilities inherent in the separate parts together somehow caught or catching the form of the rocks floating upon paper the stimulation received from the human body precisely because it is a metal object, the man drawing a sword with fingers freed from the position of the body rising into the descending hollow of the robe. The woman dressing the girl invents English words that did not print. Hercules produced other considerations.

The kiss, the embrace, this couple, the lovers. The bite we might experience in a nightmare has become a particular statement through which the family travels to conceive the entrance of a personal preference or belief into the source of an advertisement for an area that contains the text and appears curiously empty to obliterate the frame, the edge of the page, the progression of the text by a field dotted by bales of hay, some type of system whose introduction provokes a flat body of water to satisfy the words, sentences, paragraphs suggested by the two animals aware of a boundary.
He creates a specific context. The sky as a group has merged the bodies of buildings with several parts of an actual human body. The arm because it's armlike shapes the concept of the arm for the character of these arms because the arm in arms of the chest abdomen and rib cage of the pattern created by the ribs of the shaped abdomen and the broad shape of the chest creates the names "skeleton" and "moustache". These are not decorative shapes painted on pebbles. The associations originate in the personal vocabulary of shapes: a knife is made to look like a face, the sounds represented by "c" or "o" exist in a world of colored glass, the musicians see the hound stretched out along the floor, the quickly moving train shapes the foliage and the shadows on the ground, the blue dress of the girl sees the shark devour a seal, and the frog's body permits ordinary language to move as ice is a record of water and soap supports the basin of water that floats in two major areas: the person of the queen herself and the gallery free from the illusion of ceilings suddenly bare the same way the moving spectator experiences our marriage directed by the zig zag direction of a car becoming our own world like the shiny toy unfolding the letters on an eye chart arranged as words unlike the poem destroying two states, the catalogue of intervention, the machine like a ball actually a part of the figure of a man walking and the labeled animals in a zoo, the suggestion of his body before and after the moment a front back or side provides a series by a set vocabulary of differences to act as a kind of drug that is also a drug and that shares a substitute for a close-up with favorite materials imbedded in the man-made and organic world.

In other words the record of the space within which we must wait for other words. We enter before the street breaks its back on one side leaving us to the proportions of waves made by a pebble tossed into the lagoon regularly disrupting the reflection of the wedding, heightening the passing of a catalogue of aspects. We see work suggesting decomposition in the individual forms of the west. We watch one stage of definition come down the stairs toward us, increase in size as it passes directly in front of the opening, enter and leave our sight, pass us by, start and end like the sound of air and a whistle suggesting a forward stride, chords, crescendos and feudal interchanges using a vocabulary suggesting that the two are somehow the same. The glass outside the artist himself determines a glimpse into Debussy the cabinet maker, Strauss the architect, Mallarme the poet and Jackson Pollack rendering leaves branches and figures side by side with leaves flowers and insects. Separate the work of the twentieth century and the invention of Picasso objects to similarities between the result and the resulted. Consideration for language depends upon a lack of skill: a lemon or a ball does not depend upon achieving a bad day. If intention means one line could be altered, to be very high seems relative to the same event two men's physical beauty avoids and approaches because what we do is problems as text.

POEM BEGINNING WITH A LINE

I do a lot of anonymous things these days to not think about you who know me like soldiers too disfigured to be identified knew Alsatian trenches and now the poppies the stillness of your presence and absence filling my body to be let go but like a miser clutching hot coins but I don't remember

I find me at a fruit stand fingering oranges and figure I'm not in jail and therefore haven't been exposing myself at Gracie Mansion one thought runs into another my steps liquify before I come to your door where a special knock lets me in your movie house genitals that covert activity of South Korean agents who follow my awareness and blackout trying on gloves at Sears the word I like white paint considered chintzy to use jellied cranberry or bribe officials with soft words ransom notes cut from ads about you till I disappear in brown paper covers whose bedrooms are too hot whose halls smell

PAY CASH ONLY

Days period by period advance toward you begin to shake feathers toward me off but nothing will unpoint my finger advancing Vikings on Northumberland exposed your clavicle filled with wine to my lips diverse excess others never believe these years no restraint won us water fire earth the cauldron bubbles space between them filled with space
as they pry us apart with a
swifter watch me try to turn you
in darkness fumble with leaves
a modest taste even breath
between breaths and inner breath
gasp to close the gap between words
husband wife common events
familiar animals rush about the yard
or lie all winter on radiator clanks
slower till almost silent rush of steam
will fill our room with faster atoms
we relax on earth men faster
on the surface dig and radiate into
the same space at the same time
we have occupied and guarded against
each other

MUSE POEM BY WAY OF EXPLANATION
Tis the season to be pause
and refresh for the new bus
stops and breathes people
wait to be fallow then whoop
another day I might be discontent
everything around me dead
not knowing where I go
where one thought begins
and another thought ends are not
the same linking and overlapping
renga by thoughts not breathing
but still but for the pump
in all this silent curve
flat as breath when I reach
for you with my ball
pen and circumscribe your
nipples with stars on autumn
nights twinkle with expectation
amused how we thrash as if each
exhale were permanent each
time you slam the door
and never return

ME AS HER THINKING ABOUT HERSELF
Bear down if he shoots
will my head rise
again crossing the Delaware
prow breaching foam
white as his wig I know
why he wears I know
my motel and at a toss
of my hair men cringe back
to the dark spittle stiff
little piggies rosy
in the bubble bath earth
bright with flaming one
testicle of God my hatpin
into one breath ripe
to marry no use almost
clumsy hands in dill I dreamed
you know I dreamed the moon
half gone a coal black mare
I know why V for victory
Churchill and that only
a turn of my ankle Mother
come watch me take dictation
gliding down passed teacups
if only he would speak
I need a helicopter to be
busy enough he can say what he
wants poor fish water takes them
take your baby girl
HUGGING COVERS

the simple encounter at Night
a veneer, peeling away
mahogany expecting nothing
gray now
Closing shutters,
turn down covers Haze
over Gay Head clay and icy ocean waters
a window rattles.
So somber.
"Move over"
the covers
the men's feet are bleeding, sir!
Great Rags that cover most anything
God, your feet are like ice!
The light is like ice.
Star Light, Star Bright
our attention is riveted to a small point
straight ahead, the surf walks
Ashore hand-in-hand.
Clambake.
Streetlight a keen blade between shutter slats
"can't you see I'm bleeding?"
"why didn't you call to see if I was alright?"
I think I'm twisted
but if you let me alone I'll be
The last bite.
Coral fragments, broken scallop shells
The Evening filling with horsepower. Swelling.
The capsizing vessel of Your Presence
far offshore, like the swooping gulls begging crusts from
drowned sailors, when the gray gets darker,
and something else. A deck crowded with unfamiliar faces,
unintelligible language:
your eyes finally close on
a rising sea casting milkweed into the early sun

IDYLLIC SCENE

Sunrise: the swift cadillac
scales the deserted miles
down to normal size
and stops. Richard,
General Richard,
General Dick
to most of the troops,
gets out and paces, smoothly
about, like a Buick. Myself
I owned a Studebaker once,
for two months, then turned
it loose on the streets, shiny
and silver-brown
like a young bird. "Anyway",
I snapped, lingering
exotically in the desert air,
trailing the deserted twilight
like one of the Thunderbirds
I used to see in Eastchester,
New York, on the way from school
with a parcel of worries since resolved.
You know of course that I went there
for what we Americans call
the eleventh and twelfth
grades, along for the ride
to the thirteenth,
the rest of it transported into one,
evoking the roads of burls and grains,
exotic veneers for the desert.

9-12/75
PAINTING THE EAVES

The light painted the sky, some months ago, like someone painting the eaves, in the suburbs at the top of a ladder, the buzzing of wasps heard equivocally around his head, no doubt an offering of their famed supercilious advice.

While beneath the roof of gritty days, statements of account go out to all, monthly white rectangles of dark cascading numbers, hands like various devils holding them up aloft before your very eyes on the wings of the modern age flapping at the gates open to all.

And I take my monthly leave, on all the golden acres I can find beneath the roof, taking all the imprisoned foolishness economics was to have freed from me and which now springs up around me, the author of all that I see, all the myriad wavering lines I can think of in English, and press into wafers of solemn translation, no more than momentarily coherent, no more than the original on a facing page of earth following the finest convex curve of blue on some insane flight like a drunken wasp back to the interior pulp and visionary gloom and how, since it is night should one look for the way?

9/75-9/76

Tony Towle

PROBE AND BROOD

The one meal so far blown away before anyone could take a bite The sea jumped through the cargo hatch slamming everything benches people tin plates back against the bulkhead

Lie in a sea of hammocks and listen to my hair grow Polyglot steerage Slumped Africans blowing dope at the gray ceiling puking on the gray deck

This hammock my own wave from The Gambia to Las Palmas — or maybe it was Las Palmas to Cadiz

Sun high off the stern Deckhands heave garbage to the sharks

Yawn and stare into the wake the commotion the past being cut loose

Rainbow in the spray

Waves slip through foam sharks through waves hearts through sleep

Paul Violi
INSTANT COFFEE

In the woods behind the city they saw a parachute snagged high up in the branches of a Douglas Fir. The crate (with the word **ABSOLUTELY** stencilled in fading red letters on one side) dangling from its leather harness was too high for either of them. The sun drained through the leaves. And one by one the birds disappeared into their diagonal anthems. They stepped back, for a moment, and were as casual as beer cans.

Chris thought this discovery meant that hope was still a possible solution, a place marked off, where each of them could go and be alone. Jan, however, thought this was a clue to a puzzle that had not been constructed yet.

"They were looking for the story that most resembled their own."

After many attempts, they left behind their notes, partially erased, like snow around a plane crash.

NANTUCKET

It was late in the afternoon when I returned with the paper bag. I had been cradling it in the crook of my right arm, and steadying it with my left hand, as if the bag contained a plant of some sort. Sweat darkened my shirt and made my forehead glisten, like a car fender in the rain, by the time I slid sideways into the cottage by nudging open the screen door with my shoulder, something either I or the cat started doing last summer.

I realized how light the bag was, only after I put it on the kitchen table, and began looking for the scissors. It’s an ordinary paper bag with a dark brown stain on one side. Perhaps it once contained some apples, one of which was rotten, or a damp pair of gardener’s gloves and a screw driver. As I knelt beside the only road on this end of the island a long bright car sped by, and someone’s hand let the bag flutter down beside me as if they knew what I needed then.

How else could I have carried the skeleton home? It was lying on its side beneath a row of raspberry bushes, and looked—because of the seaworthy curve of its bones—like a half-finished model of a whaling ship.

Usually such a ship is placed inside a bottle. I suppose, yes, it is a testament to the craftsmen to be amazed by the number of details he managed to include. Cannon, captain’s table, lamp and winch: these things should not be taken for granted, though I distinctly felt at that moment that what anyone really wants to find when they look into a bottle is that an essential element has been overlooked. A marred perfection is what the viewers (and I must, for the moment, align myself with them) are after, though not of the kind those craftsmen attained.

It was once a puppy, that much is obvious. There is a white plastic collar around its neck and not one of the rhinestones is missing. It was the collar that made me want to take it home. It underlined the weight of the bones in a way nothing else could. I knew immediately that they were the perfect memento of this island; this scrap of grass and rock that used to wait for the whaling ships to return; their holds full of oil, and in the pocket of each sailor some scrimshaw.
What follows is the work of five poets, first an individual word of each and then sections from their collaboration, Legend ». In these poems information is imparted as much by surface relations of words and the associations any words, even syllables, have, whatever their mode of syntax, as by meaning relations, story, etc. This surface includes what used to be called prosody. It goes as far as concrete poetry, images formed by the way the words look on the page. To project our feelings about ourselves on the sensible world, to identify ourselves with flowers produces redundant associations. These works don’t exclude images, read Silliman’s Stalinoids; language itself is the image proper, often the subject. Language-centered writing integrates form and content. “Life is a literature.” One might object that the best poetry includes all this as well as suspense and meaning relations or even that where information is too compressed or there are too many unstructured permutations of information, entropy increases because relationships tend to become random under those conditions. The best way to understand what these poems are about is to read them, since they are continually talking about themselves. These poems are a possibility. Do they require a new kind of reading? Will they give you an idea? “Will be fed...” but will the sentence be saved?

JS
1973

Life
a literature
return
depiction
loin never
psalm
cunning,
to straddle
unflinch
hope
porous
several
loop quilt
once
sex
irks
envy reiver
or is
no, or
something ...
answer
endlessly
paint white
interwind
of full
fool
frenzy
crosswise
stiff
midst
of aerate,
various
translators

metabolism
to do,
does
have
concordance
visibility
dance
quote her
so

greedier
accident
a grammar
history
rivalling
bellow
air tin,
timed
moth
beautifully
to oak
mother
coil
calligraphed
oak bridle
chalk,
the implements

luck
wish
surrey
ain’t localized
underspread
anise
A’s
simple
martial
white wheat
hmmmm
vocal
thence
precise
to milk
in event
futilitv
lent near
play, dispel
objected
log equivocal
familiar
sieve
the kinships
an unfolded ...
bring
dickering
wilt
is envy
centimeters
synchronic
justices
Valencia
for long
so long
this tined
whoop
christening
akin
white
sake
of sterilizer
glory,
awe
rubberstopper
rible-rabble

a scripturist
many don't
is whisk
twin
blue
aisle-ettes

one joker,
touche

in situ
bored
skimpy
why ...
lapidary deck
jacent punches
warming
much
victrola white
fluttering
on
eaves
its delegation
profit
hover
moko moko
moko moku
lost
issuable

Bruce Andrews

Montgomery Clift ere
without
darning
heart,
see,
to explain

incinerators blue
Kubelka
Baillie
nonpartisan
and magnesium
cyst
off felt
plays
a brown rube
milkers
on and off
to yams
ponderability
... psalter
poke it!
are mere surrealism
very faint
holy
holy & tenbrooks
all done damped
bestow
rose
yellow,
handily

abracadabra
shovel
deaf
if you ...
lap
rinse scripture
armadada
once split
Texas
squirrel
blouse
twin
aisle the parasol
hand left
were
flash!
beware
... centenary
alm
little just
largo
wool ...
buzzings,
ask for
•
smile,
similie
•
alpha
teeter
against silently
perforce before
indigo
dowel
peso ...
flaking yip
volume naked
crossweave
clouded
fault
bog wed
sperm, fifth
bugle;
ceiling,
joining
•
gift
shit
•
nerve ventricle
delicioso,
to button
swap
first fist
income
piety
sponge
honors
zip
covey,
lipstick
hundred
metabolism
Listen. I can feel it. Specifically and intentionally. It does hurt. Gravity weighing it down. It’s not too soft. I like it. Ringing like this. The hum. Words peeling. The one thing. Not so much limited as conditioned. Here. In this. Spurting. It tastes good. Clogs. Thick with shape. I carry it with me wherever I go. I like it like this. Smears. You can touch it. I know how to get there. It. Tickles. I’m the one beside you. Needs no other. Textures of the signs of life. There is a way in. Only insofar as you let it divert you. “Short cuts, the means before the ends, the ‘special ways.’” All manners of veering we are schooled in. The straightest path. I don’t mind waiting. In the way the world is true. I’m ready to come. Taking away what we’ve got doesn’t compensate for what we’ve lost. Then, spit it out. It is heavy. Because love of language—the hum—the huhuman—excludes its reduction to a scientifically managed system of reference in which all is expediency and truth is nowhere. Schooled and reschooled. The core is neither soft or hard. It’s not the supposed referent that has that truth. Words themselves. The particulars of the language and not, note, the “depth structures” that “underly” “all languages” require the attention of that which is neither incidentally or accidently related to the world. It’s sweet enough. Not mere grids of possible worlds, as if truth were some kind of kicking boy, a form of rhetoric. Truthfulness, love of language: attending its telling. It’s not unfair to read intentionality into other people’s actions. The mocking of language (making as if it were a mock-up) evades rather than liberates. The world is in them. I can feel the weight of the fog. Hung. The hum is it. Touch it as it hangs on you. It feels good. I say so. I am not embarrassed to be embarrassed. My elementary school teachers thought I was vague, unsocial, & lacked the ability to coordinate the small muscles in my hands. The way it feels. The mistake is to think you can put on the mask at work and then take it off when you get home. I enjoy it. If I acted like a manager to please my managers it would be irrelevant what I thought “privately”. The one-two punch: behaviorism and meritocracy. I couldn’t spell in school and still can’t. “Legibility”, “diction”, “orthography”, “expository clarity”. We have all been emptied of emotion. Shells. I.e., going through the motions of touching, holding, coming without care, love, etc. I’m trapped by the job only insofar as I transpose my language to fit it. An erotic pleasure pressing against the pen with my thumb, sore under the nail from a splinter. Then, come closer. Class struggle is certainly not furthered by poetry itself. Shards. Not how we’re special that’s important but how we’re not. I would rather explore the quarry that is my life. Punched out of us. What I didn’t learn in school was how to gaze on the mistakes I made out of sheer mediocrity. Intently. They are necessary. I don’t mind feeling cramped. It is necessary to constantly remind ourselves of our weaknesses, deficiencies, and failings. Comes back. Not meet you or make you—certainly not figure you out—but to stand next to, be there with. Peaches and apples and pears and bananas and strawberry shortcake; swiss cheese and italian bread and coffee ice cream; pasta and cauliflower and avocado, biscuits and French sauces and fancy jams. Acknowledgement. We can get up. A blur is no reason for discouragement. Whatever we’ve lost. Then, spit it out. I’m the one beside you. Needs no other. Textures of the signs of life. There is a way in. Only insofar as you let it divert you. “Short cuts, the means before the ends, the ‘special ways.’” All manners of veering we are schooled in. The straightest path. I don’t mind waiting. In the way the world is true. I’m ready to come. Taking away what we’ve got doesn’t compensate for what we’ve lost. Then, spit it out. It is heavy. 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MATTE

as does out so does
soothing
or pearl
gram half the lock brigade
lamp track
to cough or wheel
or dial
you are
and starboard
wince
calm torque lame crease din
basin
temple credit digger nomen contretemps
the bear table
knock
hatpin
tiles soapstone erosion
cordon mink
tune seven his solving politics
wall
wall
hook knob settled
drake lab
his brown sweat
time sense no longer and inevitably
witch
kinds grafts each sums
creek
EMPIRE SMOKE, FORGERIES, SALIENT & THE RITZ

Ray DiPalma

China island dream
dragging blot centuries
suddenly smoke
boxes rather close
Virginia determination
echo drowned luncheon
dyspeptic lodgings cigarette
electricity put into words
and always in silence
taken color
reminiscent climax for evil
sanctuary driven
common flames louder glance
temperate dancing
books claret shake pose boots
hire steps bird angle
wagon pity

matters eight occasion
unequal glorious coin line
set matters loan pier
sterling abbey post amber
merit thread
doorway grace lemon cull
conditions back shop duke from kicking
green stifle measures vein lob
bas-relief cork tomb cardinal
about sunset air
sixteen figs and two small loaves
dense finches
rattling craters
broad bracelets of blue beads
ever of the rain
storm bay
anchors famine rocks coral proper lagoon
cogent arrow
porous strata accurate mill roots
great certain registers genius
blister hill pry speech
.cosmic matrix
a tribal fold in the other
court marine wafer flame
savant beat
skids plateau
wide timid basking
husks sham cries arc lane
image gable as attitude

Ray DiPalma
gates limbo
does he epitome sort fumes
gusts ranger moment pole
bulk mere field zones
cave droll
flint pylons
daylight board
alcohol sand current
shepherd garden deuce
in beg whisper mount
just dull wedge lord
bouyant neon
chronic kindle motif
stippled vizier tambourine
vicar bone vents torpor
gazette canal
rain crow walking the load
ticket lips
turf lace
buckle chin
pressure mole
shed berry

pairings fever junction
warp shoot
tropical vapor pulse
cool blown dark hovel
chant rind
grey beams dome chimes
mandolin corners
half bronze clear shore
coup manor check
festival inches
palms and pastels
brass vials and sector
aureole gate
bubble wire
atmosphere dart
sly garlic and caporal
after soft sketches
The Deposition of Dubun-i-Nayan.
(native dances in Nyasaland)

photograph of amphora.
(Bosch)

Louvre
(Guercino)

the white man.
(a magical sign)

Musee des Arts decoratifs.
(but young men)

the proposal.
(an indication)

Genoa.
(a code of laws)

turning to Roman times.
(perplexity)

Villeneuve-les-Avignon.
(Humay and Humayun)

peasantry to a Llama.
(Psychro Cave: "votive")

The Convenant of Christoforo Mauro.
(Theodore to the Abbey of Sheida)

Andrea del Sarto.
(the Catacombs of St. Calixtus)

The Three Dors Brotherhood.
(correct manner of passing)

resurrection of Tammuz.
(old formula of acquiescence)

character of William.
(famous Comacine Pulpit)

the sign of secrecy.
(figure for Kemsher)

---

Steve McCaffery

"as often a slash
our eyes" (the hawthorn)

"his own family"
"an eclipse from a point"

"apart from the door"
"take modesty to be a pendulum"
("abstract")

"drinks lotus"
turn towards the city"

"someone eats"
"bodies manic and mostly"

"try to be urgent"
"spent it without them"

"cutting your name down that way"
"devotion which eliminates colour"

"combinations turn too"
"how this night moves"

"round is no circle"
"lifts" why

"rotation is similar" but
"no a collusion"

---

Steve McCaffery

pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis

aequeosalinocalcinocereacealuminosocupreovitriolic

lopadotemachoselachogaleokranioleipsanodrimhypotrimmatosilphioparaomelitok-
atakechymenokichlepikossypophattoperisteralektryonoptekphallioigklopele-
iolagooisiraiobaphetraganopterygon
INVASION OF THE STALINOIDS (from 2197)

Sailing, we went, is loomy air.

Choices from the genuine language.

Kill the random, posited the inserts.

Loss of this, loss of meaning.

A window I suddenly enters to open.

Now I see the themes in my life.

Fishing of the small.

Sea kelp of morning sprinkled in the east popcorn.

The bus is not the way of the sleepers which it work.

These are only random and have no chosen page.

Distance in which meaning bark.

This anything, made do, poured voices.

The less the definition, the more the exists.

Cruel of grains and saw without circus.

Sun trapped porch.

If the garbage becomes bags, glad distance becomes rags.

Eat to recognition of porridge with the more reluctance.

All the things which are known to be true.

The crowd is full of stone.

The soil of my little rock.

Really as personal, as loss of universe.

Play turtle to snow.

As thing grew older, his idea hedged into conditions.

Wax defines struggle in Mexico.

Breath swollen from a long smell of own.

Great wall of morning advances in the east sky.

Each alias pulls his name on, one said at a time.

Walk what you falls.

Floating was more real than the pictures.

Sealed in a Korea of doors.

We advanced not by mereness, mortality by degrees.

I catalogue the descriptive of my undefined terms.

The Arbus loves a Diane that you dissolves.

This or the art of page from the flight of ages.

The rise of light.

A new case of attention had deserves in our past.

This fate brings in the summer death of the destruction.

The think fill with what first.
People run to front.

Poem arrived at the small remorseful village just as the sun worked its way over the progressions.

There are worked longer within a thought.

This is the action between inevitable and guilt.

This is a shirt.

The time we put into the synonymous, the less time we are it exists.

People I rolling is exiting for their sleeves.

The strewn order of a books form.

Asks small boy atop doing.

This went well through the wall words.

The temperature in back of the body.

Bicycleriders on the park on their way to regatta.

Ocean calm at never.

Make words world.

Roller skates as sidewalk sound.

As windowpane of all begins to lapse, sense of same begins to grow.

The oranges pour onto a highway the ten.

The billiards edge dark in that glare of the shadows.

Here sickling cells us.

Back temperature in the body.

Ron Silliman

Words, it is loud a nervous head.
You can cause your collective neglect.

Tense and time are not synonymous.

Any table or bed is lay on so by its truss.

Learning to play the fear of the cure, it sleep.

I sense a language data.

A kill ghoul kill up out of the brain.

This morning, great east, advances wall.

Photograph should not speak suddenly.

The day of today is razor decide.

Criterion of the meaning.

Said his name was Alias.

Objects are patterns on physical.

Not by the weight, but by the vision.

He lower to sun his rainbow.

Other value words.

The name is not a sentence awareness.

All the world which are headlines to be insect.

Bark in the sentences of dogs.

A small existence experience me what I'm predicated.

Instant and present are merely moving.
if a truck, the oranges poured over the turned.
Clock exiting the not, not down their act.

Is this a bird or tree of conversion.
A black us and a white fud.
Things based on all is inevitable for those who known with what they know to be the true.
This rim, dimly in its spring.

Gray blues
and/or day.
The mushroom, rose, are a sink of cloud.
A new city of roaches had formed in our stove.
The alphabet is never perfectly proliferation.
Poems who should to have the not tend to sit at goals.
This is a smell.
A morning without sense, without shake, without sleeping.
Room are a brain voice.

Diamond pine.
An incoming people is waving sidewalks to insurgents.

There was life in see the themes now.
Q-tips morning.
Experience of existence.

Land spaces for an mass of barren there is in the awesome.

Ron Silliman

Window open, the world enters the room.

Talk-ing with the room about news.

New presence of how season recognize we.

How long does it, did it, take to forget this leper, this then that, blink.
Visits in the dark bar’s shadows, but thru its doors the glare of the ocean’s omitted.

Field of sky.
Which is strategy, which is condition.

The spring in casual of the language.

Pour ten thousand enemy onto a comman.

Grandfather would objectify his expression on the table by the bed.

Swamp, it’s all the gas.

This is a peach-headed man.

Here the trees are light.

How do the stasis believe the rest.

Day’s sign can haze you to glow your first light.

Filling the loud hum of nervous room in sky and you get blow-fly.

Concentric pastel circles.

Across a picture with a milky language.

Low fog at high tide forms rain.

A first habitat, not glow.
of light is the rhesus’ sign.

What if I canvas

coleus is perfect maze.

How do you follow colors.

Steams I’d fog.

Pen filling the angle of the page.

A chance friend, hushed, meet for the visit.

South seal.

Example with a negation made of constituent bites a incorrect man.

A Satie as connect and casual as the Thoreau.

Miscreants is a context, not a use.

Loss is the specific freedom.

A house that advanced block, by the house block.

Specific visit of home called former.

Grapefruit steams up off the dream.

We dream song with foghorns.

This is not an incorrect envelope of sealed sound.

The upstairs is a syntax of coleus, canvas, real and world.

The write need.

A divining in which to use the art augury.

This is not urine but a foam of it.

As sense of time begins to lapse, sense of space begins to grow.

By one I pull a leg in the pants and we time.

City is our roaches as to what might have formed.

Angle of the geek’s to delight.

The sex hang-up is immense, the barren handguns awesome.

Difficulty in the prior to shake loose locating concept.

Ontology is the inventory.

Poem end warm events.

How do we recognize this presence of a new noise.

The woman of pigeons.

Language is sensitivity on information.

Angle of the pen to page.

Now I read the this in my page.

Forms stood on the sidewalks waving to the incoming, black-clad fill.

A song of warrior.

One color, talking with several parts of the blind, or brain.

Fog forms to rain.

What do loss form.

The forearm swollen amid volleyball brings only a long day.

Distance becomes objective by object, obsolete by obsolete.

Made his
wax was matches.
    The morning truth falls, the
power merely speak into the city.
    I coming my
recognition in the self.
    In world there are many
pomegranates.
Grains bowl names nuts.
    Small and
block have been the carving of thought.
    The body
of the older grew shapelessness.
    The sound of
gas is not in jets.
Blow-fly filling the sky of
the room.
The pastel of undefined concentric
circles.

Ron Silliman

from LEGEND ☆

Bruce Andrews/Charles Bernstein/Ray DiPalma/
Steve McCaffery/Ron Silliman

Legend ☆ is a five-way collaborative work by Bruce Andrews, Charles Bernstein and Ray DiPalma (in New York), Steve McCaffery (in Toronto), and Ron Silliman (in San Francisco). The completed work will be made up of sections written by every combination of 1, 2, and 3 writers as well as one section by all five. Began in the Fall of 1976, the work is ongoing.
1. This has a veil: —class specificity, without knowledge
   Translation: he remembered grandmother's rocking chair by the gray gauzy curtains, father
gone now, waiting for mother to come home with new brother or sister

2. Only measurements are clear
   Translation: in Hellenic Greece each of the 24 hours was said to be under the influence of one
of the 7 known planets* because each day was governed by whichever sphere controlled the
first hour after midnight; it turned out that there should be 7 days, each ruled by a different
planet & this was called a week

3. This resembles the SOCIAL WAGE
   Translation: the product is not a text but a change in the consumer by the fact of con­
sumption

4. This doesn’t have much to do with quantifiability except through getting lost
   Translation: what you put down under "occupation" on the form for foodstamps

5. Owning this generates individuation, or can atoms own?
   Translation: stardom is an extreme division of emotional labor

6. This isn’t a novel; you’re not disappeared: how can you notice this without losing your taste
   for conformist blandishments?
   Translation: a novel is any long prose fiction with a flaw

7. Narrative wherefor art thou, and thy temporally-organized description, vessel for the gradual
   triumph of technical rationality
   Translation: the mechanical tic-toc is invented in the 14th century (what is the 14th century?)

8. You’re not staring or star gazing in the realms
   Translation: because they have no access to phones & visits are few & brief, prisoners must
write to reach anywhere beyond the walls *he personally read 10,000 letters handwritten by
men with an average educational level of high-seventh grade

9. Nothing automatic here—each shot must be squeezed off by hand
   Translation: 150,000 people come to Mayakovsky’s funeral

10. We’re not appropriating the form of possessive individualism; you can have it
    Translation: there is a distinction between a gift & contagion

11. Any I is collective, social, evanescent, jiu-jitsu, hoity-toity
    Translation: Felipe Alou, Bob Schmidt, Orlando Cepeda, Danny O'Connell, Jim Davenport,
Ray Jablonski, Daryl Spencer, Leon Wagner, Ruben Gomez, Paul Giel, Ramon Mon­
zant, Al Worthington, Willie Mays, Willie Kirkland, Mike McCormick, Johnny Antonelli,
Marv Grissom, Stu Miller, Whitey Lockman, Valmy Thomas, Hank Sauer at the corner of
16th Street & Bryant, 1958

12. We are all damaged without knowing it?
    Translation: we know it

13. Can we retrodict the very grinding and gnashing and joining and filling of words any better
    than their pulling and hauling and bargaining and compromise and coalition-building?
    Translation: I have altered the margins

14. Analogy needs duplication
    Translation: duplication needs analogy

15. This isn’t about to be intersubjectively duplicated
    Translation: one penetrates * one is penetrated * it’s not the same thing

16. Is description analogy?
    Translation: 6000 arabic words for camel

17. Presentness needs no trot
    Translation: achrony is the experiential component of the current mode of production

18. Have social semantic aspects been drained away so we can impose an hypnosis between us?
    Translation: in the beginning begins the Bible, its first term a preposition, a part of speech
which did not exist in Proto-Indo-European

19. The point—the point
    Translation: the gesture—the gesture

20. Atomizing here, without reference?
    Translation: if you have a digital calculator, do you need mathematics
 Andrews & Silliman

21. Everything remains the same except in its structure
   Translation: gnihtyrev e ni sti epce xe ni sti erucurts

22. Looking threatens to turn you to stone: the hypostatizing of hypnotizing with cyclops eye
   Translation: by the time people have mirrors in their homes the novel has already risen

23. Its history, or praxis, or process of creation, can a little more easily be located—IOcATeD, pinned
   Translation: I'm not serving a life sentence, I'm speaking it

24. This lays out
   Translation: *

25. Structure is a game of presences re-inserting themselves pointedly into bad dreams
   Translation: Morbius, the philologist, is the lone survivor of the initial expedition to the planet Altair 4, played by Walter Pidgeon* when a rescue mission arrives (whose members include Jack Kelly (the guy in Maverick who is not Jim Garner) and Earl "Police Woman" Holliman), old Morby unleashes the monster of his Id, empowered by the non-physical cognitive capacities of the lost civilization of the Krel, compliments of the animation division of Disney Studios, to destroy them* the first film to utilize electronic music for its score* Academy Award for special effects

26. COMMODITY / PRACTICE : ECONOMICS / POLITICS
   Translation: any reader (this means YOU) who is not also a writer is (by definition) a victim

27. Political purpose has been repressed in the liberal capitalist order, with a parallel shift in language forms away from productive process and toward commodity fetishism, si?
   Translation: grandfather was unwilling to purchase a hearing-aid out of fear of what management would do* when, a year before he was to retire from the paper mill, they learned of the hearing loss, they tried to fire him* as a retirement present his co-workers chipped in and bought him a radio* he spent his last 10 years downstairs in the garage, slowly polishing & repolishing the aging red Chevy, his hearing-aid turned off

28. To be repressed is to visualized: yet, dreams of an earlier era?
   Translation: you tell what’s there by what’s missing* did he mean that to be repressed is to visualize or be visualized

30. Nothing here to prop up the structural depoliticization of social life
   Translation: this one’s for you, American Poetry Review

31. Nothing definitely natural or mythical or non-historical or euphoric here that we don’t want to penetrate
   Translation: no such thing as back-to-nature nature

32. I’m having Brecht for lunch
   Translation: melts in your mouth not in your mind

33. Such acts remain embedded in their own context
   Translation: Michaelalicle

34. Stories imply behavior
   Translation: twas Blaser who caught the last words of both Olson & Spicer

35. Other contexts are like barnacles to be scraped off
   Translation: loose shoes

36. Action denotes labor
   Translation: it's only the “little” finger of the right hand which is unutilized in typing action denotes labor

37. Reference is myth is commodity is fetish is ideology
   Translation: not aphasia whc make brain hurt ow! but knowledge of it

38. This offers a counter-explanation of itself
   Translation: can you imagine all these guys going about like carpenters & operating engineers in hardhats & building a poem more or less the way you would build a house
Andrews & Silliman

39. If use-values have become mere meanings, effective control or manipulation requires a larger project of referentiality that must be imposed
Translation: see Dick run

40. This is more like the return of the repressed
Translation: chase scene from the film Freaks

41. Narrative, on the other hand, provides an accounting, a forced contextualization, a guided semanticization, covering up the collapse of materially embodied referents—or of visible uses
Translation: the immediacy hypothesis of schizophrenia identifies all schizophreniform behavior as a displacement of the failure of the repression to "take"

42. Individual words are the ghosts of regret
Translation: there is no such thing as an "individual word"

43. What did I say about primal lack?
Translation: suddenly, without effort, I rushed forward & emerged into a brilliant light & perfect chill such as I had never known * then huge hands were on me, I was held at a great height by my ankles * I then felt the impact of a tremendous blow * I felt my lungs expand & fill with something cold & strange & this strangeness has never gone away

44. Repressive desublimation as social amnesia as atomization
Translation: depressimal resublimesia

45. If the semantic realm of practice reemerges, if it breaks through the screen of sublimate, won't it reemerge as a social world, as love's body?
Translation: cock ergo sum

46. Reference enjoins the passive gaze-like nature of sexual relations as well—it chips away at physicality until there is nothing there but remembrance
Translation: the smallest fish is called the li * it is also the largest bird in the sky * it causes the eclipse of the sun which it tries to swallow * but the sun is too hot, so it spits it out

47. What are you getting all hot and bothered about?
Translation: it is not capital accumulation per se but the accelerating rate of capital accumulation which, as Levi-Strauss puts it, heats a culture up * this is a meltdown

48. "The elevation of the technical object to the model sexual object propagates a universal form of sexual fantasy that is frustrating and self-perpetuating because it is unrealizable, namely, the desire to have sexual experience in which one is not there as a subject, that is with structures of intersubjectivity, responsibility, and temporality, but only as an object, in a moment of transparency in which two objects collide"
Translation: snakes have two penises

49. Something other,... or something in addition,...?
Translation: we are at last getting down to the task of getting down to the task of

50. Noting nothing / nothing in place / Nothing doing
Translation: the content of all speech is love
When I moves she moves
These move more
They aim or
They aim at
Them these
These are not
The next or
spoken where
We reverence as two as in
The dance the steppings

Equal on it
As in shem. sher.
reverence measured
Measured (in)
out stead of
The steppings the dance
the tangle (me more)
Of and "I"
Source (i) and of pointing.

DiPalma & McCaffery

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the aesthetic is worry ray
"aZoOt" catches an ellipsis in a spoon.

"as who hot" thinking spoon
fed de puund in reducey

"mincing" "pills" (ap) beneath crRisle that rises
seventeen inches larger than ehk.

which nugking
without sJuxYY senshl

"sensual"

though he meant it
for ray for is for si heh hahpeh uvvd r fah
breaks at the point

is beh aht.
baht at

(the moors at ilkley. june. nineteen or
sixty three)

si gidrid. impOg a rising or simply the
Qwerty

seriality that makes a placenta of chain.

a qwbk (stabbed). a tUg (no mention of hlkp). a j$rghtphew. a
perhaps. a reworking.

ray. aGh. charles. nunCe. ron. ip gvvn. bruce. EapEdh.
a riff along earphone.

Ig ew ople lucd. me. you. up a little. lucid.

at nine. at speaks. at nvn at atik.

el. o im() he little the detachment the syntagm the reformulation.

he never
said.

if circle if detached if from if
twice if
umbrella.
Bernstein & McCaffery

Bernstein & McCaffery

gzp.

(desunt)

ig ahrs.

fragments or ciphers?
reconstituted or filled?

ig listening and ahrgzp.

the compound force of the consonants hitting out at the negative space.

"i'pple."

cuhUs & ghhrs.

mostly
on crutches and ignored by the rest.

settling: pifj igghi and earh at a thousand feet.

asw.

e tc

the funeral held behind brief wall. ap sum

fiVic with V in deflation.

faeh atsil.

an eventual clone.

the Ig.

an ibid.

the ep.

syntagms cautious in nonstatements of ivif

at the far right of his ear

cinti

a full moon in a bride and the image confronting his cliches.

arst uhsp spaz

ass upwards.
in space.
similar: a proposition:

ep
ut.
ep
ut.
(the) origins in speech. the names he called (she calls).

ut.
"head": a statement.

ebrib.
to stay that
she stayed
now ut ebrildwildr.

actually. says. "said".

(nineteen seconds then shut).
et ihr uss't "where you are where it is when we began".

eg ihr plgrmpf.
who goeth eager into pilgrimage, six revolutions each minute.

spAz.
"and" tYm.

where we start is where we finish when
we finish what we started why we started
what we finished as we finished what
is stated.

(circa

igghi earh

then a giggle it (seems) the an
absence of earth.

ig ahr ugi precisely time plusses similarly contours changinglessness.

what an e is. then a v. what the space he lights is cigarette in.
is lign.

ih iki oym.
instant hortations instantly known instantly overt vectors mildewed prostituted.

oEkingh.
evanston. Edwardiana. kypris. illuminations. nitro glycerine. hecatombian.
iStl.

insulatedly.

Stereophany
totalitarian
lupercal
and he where he moved from

gerunds in the path obstructing narrative.
germany pumpernickel from westphalia.
gifts for getting (his family) (hers)

(shem).

(sher).
grotesquely transmutable.

G.

A.

AaGggG.
1794 Fall of Robespierre.
1836 University of Berlin.
1969 Travels from London to Skiathos.
1946 Pasco.
1900 Boxer Rebellion.
1856 Daughter “Elizabeth Anne” by woman of ill-repute.
1927 Death of Juan Gris.
1557 Songs and Sonnets.
1958 Visits India with Andre Malraux.
1812 Knighthood for bravery at New Orleans.
1845 Expelled from France.
1509 Birth of John Calvin.
1949 Clifford Arthur.
1968 Roles in Krapp’s Last Tape and Endgame.
1876 “Centennial Edition.”
1966 Palotin Giron.
1825 Mother converts to Luther.
1910 Meets Fernand Leger.
1580 Meets Spenser and Sidney.
1972 Time Being printed in London.
1841 Ph.D by mail from University of Jena.
1936 Wanderings in London, France, Germany.
1493 Reports discovery of Puerto Rico.
1971 Return to Paris.
1750 Conventional punctuation.
1954 Begins study of music.
1066 Failure to trade kingdom for horse in re-entry draft.
1412 Discovers history.
1967 Early graphic works.
1870 Brief period in Nova Scotia.
1978 Red Stone Dancer.
1911 Tender Buttons.
1643 Religio Medici.
1790 Walnut Street Jail and meetings with Franklin.
1977 Implements and Ritual Objects.
1805 Writes poem “on the growth of a poet’s mind.”
1781 (July) The sparrow-hawks continue their depredations.
1880 Lieutenant-governor.
1960 “Door to the River.”
1844 First attempt to assassinate Polk.
1915 Death of Gaudier-Brzeska.
1347 First one-man exhibition.
1959 Early notebooks destroyed.
1760 Begins poetic line without upper case letter.
1974 The Sargasso Transcires.
1867 First volume of Capital.
1910 Most important “early works” executed in this year.
1789 First term as president.
1965 Unpublished monograph on the Pre-Raphaelites completed.
1852 Committee of Vigilance.
1924 Entr’acte and Relâche.
1824 Sets out to cross the Continent.
1860 First meets Rhett Butler.
1975 West 21st Street residence.
1917 Begins Cantos at age 32.
1516 Death of Hieronymus Bosch.
1951 Barbara Baracks born.
1891 Kelmscott Press founded by William Morris.
1961 Anti-HUAC riot in San Francisco City Hall.
1640 To escape anger of Bernini moves to Florence.
1848 A spectre is haunting Europe.
1935 “The Red Model.”
1963 Brain flowers in Dallas.
1811 Death of Kleist.
1918 Paris rebuilds.
1766 Laokoon, oder über die Grenzen der Malerei und Poesie.
1849 Leaves cavalry in Montana, travels to Sacramento.
1930 Death of Mayakovsky.
1964 With Lorenzo Thomas, forms band "The Bankers," Queens
1677 Phèdre.
1952 Neilson Street.
1839 Birth of Cézanne at Aix-en-Provence.
1956 Estes Kefauver.
1553 Death of Rabelais.
1953 Philosophical Investigations.
1874 Gertrude Stein born.
1600 First book of Ayres.
1947 Dictates Tales and Explorations.
1844 Meets Friedrich Engels
1433 Early bronze castings destroyed by apprentice.
1931 (February) Objectivist issue of Poetry.
1899 Charms.
1955 The college disbands.
1554 Vast fresco started.
1970 Communism in May, Buffalo, abortion, divorce.
1912 Visits Munich.
1943 Directs Casablanca, persecution of James Cannon.
1643 Portrait of the poet Consulato Reggi.
1957 On the Road.
1564 Johann Mathesius discusses the pencil.
1926 Patricia Tansley, the second daughter, is born.

FLUKE JoY
In odd did ______ mode
wistful an thatch ______-like ______
(cure)
where, the Orion
cone of credulity
T X ?errigan
100 Gordion through, to, down did
a swamp _______ mitre
_______
(so bussed of bees of ______)
not left hind ________ epper
with and were stutter, spelled:
to reiterate a _______ shared displaced
longing
formerly undone ........................ proDUCTS
Cyclops
Okenist + Zoo-magnetist
beach graves unsightly lit
and there were portion, fit with _______ seams
where likewise calibrate many an head out of here, so
(go)______ as the (bt)
_______ ______ ______ of
but block out! ______ that
such ________ which blasts, musters
snooker
Sown a then give it to a _______ ______ ! one
a counts this makes piece!
as rough and

beneath a, was, as
badgering life
to teepees
blue, got: rounds
By wheel in vulgate ___ for rounds ___ !

snake

sleigh

scattered

malheureusement

and from this

splash, with

lines

connective (cum) ego

pck __

as if this general sense of unconfidence

patently trumpeted ___

whoosh as labor

relentless

HARP _____ pute !

_____ : ______

an ______ economy slosh were _______,

fit two two

a matrix whose concern bleach ______ : 

amid which indecision issues—

(quai)

roughest, dean

______ like fro tails on kites,

______ (blue) ______ ,

your tango

or away, those, (at) ______

the craven neo-Feuerbachians

the _____ ______ :
elite ______ shape elite?
(from the — what smacks? — &nd the
in back of forehead
______ begun, cumbersome,
______ euoe
______
blaue, overblown, ______
was which
given time
It was a blue hat of brick of
need ya, (girl)
putrescent imagism
a dream and a
INDigo ______ any better
stole whatever any closer dimensions
either . t . . th . . diSPersal
came handily and so say
A ______ ______ — with dysentery of ________ !
A weedgie with a ________
sq ______ in a variety nets knot not
hem ______ ______ (alph)
It was an a such sweeter a
nobilmente
______ _______ baton _______ baton
and on its ______ splat into
divert another
______ ______ cannot remove
crisp of onyx ________
______ I ever said
M______ qx ______ pill box ______ sawed ______
am sought ______
(fell a fraction felt a
friction, ______ and _____.

-----
a blues brace . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . nuff
______ ______ some ______ : ______ ;
to such a — — you both belong
that with ______ and ______
auraural
______ : tempt tempi ______
______ ______, hearrrrrd fat
felled a fiction
that in truct,
next to Trotsky ______
exited arboreal ______
That could have! Those quislings of ______!!
only ables ______ none punch
______ am bare any
______ ______
the blue dangers _______ and then who
could should _______ these,
and then should, what! Bean!
Been _______. Xanadu ________! ______!
scape [-----ly] ______ I him (burr),
tee tum _______
______ ______, unfasten enough
and with him was with an the
______ mio Cid as be ______
forebears

bx
blackburn, been ______ ________ ed
______ ______ foe
for its on own ______ hard fought joys,
and vegetables ______ ______ chiaroscuro
to Studymeister,
______ ______ = inequal ______ lap
and sets the _____ of place
(wage...)_____ off waterfall
games hire historicity apiece
means _____ and ____ and _____,
_____ askance, askance:
apace _____ normal
by _____ it verbs;
_____ : _____,

such sensations
(she sells _____ at _____,
______ windshield should
______ twist
quick _____ ei(ate)ght
______ hero
make _____
know that
_____ how

talk that triplet lip located _____ bean!
at sour hair –
______ through thems
so quickly _____ I _____
tartar teenage
willow weeds water crux
______ ourselves, _____
this _____ _____ up _____ cumberbun

out!
under (-----) sylum’s
margins _____ among
maybe momento _____.
Kubla ( _____ _____ ) can tell
(ooti)

Silliman & Andrews & Bernstein

= maybe _____ would piazza if pizza:
up, yea, harsh under
opal _____ it!
_____ to _____ imagined, _____
I _____ by sixes
approximately _____ false
make inhood _____ of feeling from _____ –
happen, nautical, kraut
not _____, siete
______ this abrupt
dwell tips _____ doûme
______, saxes : ____:
_____ mark _____ trilogenations
(an _____ _____ still——
of derivative of,
you
goes _____ pentacle
sixing sixes, foxing, fixes : id’s-entity
sums symbiotic
change spacing of
DEgree from _____
_____ got _____ don’t do not
doughnuts lank _____ will _____
it all _____
felt (numerate) frictions
horizontally the
a _____, from which writes _____
punched _____ stuck _____
I’d laughter _____ compromising
or fulge _____, that Phigg _____:
_____ blew _____!
thee, _____, what, clarinet bioduct
_____ as ____ was
_____ _____ rhinestone

Silliman & Andrews & Bernstein
inclined

an in triple row

satchels

(an

lumens

Such

still was here.

settled

saddled

detached,

bluesy

night felt.

100k

of

hynagogic

prong
ROOF III: forum 5 poets collaborate in Legend☆ other works also summer 77 $2