ROOF VI: 27 poems by 18 poets spring 1978 $3
Contents

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

Graphics:
  Brenda Goodman 3
  Lee Sherry 59
  Louisa Chase 61
  Ann Christopher 63
HOW

Bruce Andrews

How.
As is.
Pull of facts.
Into some problems satellited looking games.
Do that.
Hands, webs, in front, parallel, shaking in arcs outward.
Outward in arcs.
In addition to this.
Cups, precise — down.
Kneads wood.
Small angle.
Inward, floating, into a bushel one over the other.
Superimposed, caresses self.
As catches.
Thumbs mouth.
I think a trauma; can understand why.
Quick like minstrels, thereafter, that’s right, son, a somber estimation of buoyancy.
We have then a map.
Present blue notebook in guise of guitar, question, so he’s sidling up, immediately resting upon it.
On knee.
Music as compensation, someone’s . . .
Had a tendency to want to go away from.
Willies.
Booming a thump.
One, two, immediate, what are, three, what are four, up and down in tandem tracked.
Fire away.
Per se (this as strictly word-of-mouth) : figure — in pockets — cannot move mouth in so far as right to left — spreadeagles, incendiary.
Outstretches, logically, tap, crescendo.
I know what it is like, who likes it.
Bicycles it.
Surveillance.
Shaving . . . . echelon . . . else unusual.
Create the real, therefore, man is dead.
Again.
Unwaxed and of substantial size; quite: there are twists and
turns in events and resultants, so, the search for a more
inclusive vision — of standing, falling, sitting still.
Close together strokes ever downward.
Can but should not.
Thrift muscle.
Reel continues.
I roll like one hypnotized.
There is.
Fortunately.
2 horizontal lines in imitation, of five squares adjacent in
dark brown so there have been tan splotches in each corner.
Digging back in history.
Errors can only secure [ ] but also balloon up
a nonexistent situation in one's mind, that backwater of
materialism.
What.
Sorry.
Hypnos; roster.
Should be informed well before of each and every diversion that
you have of hammers.
Discretion.
You know.
Fillies.
We want therefore to regain a picture of, yet not nearly through,
the blinds, those lights of reason.
Charlie Kilo November.
Will go out.
That those.
What is normal human behavior.
Kept an eye on, that's oval, depending on such — such whims.
The Hasten
Lore
The Unsweet
Two-Sides
Oat Yearn Finesse

Strawberry
Amnesia
Snow
Ahoy Ahoy Yarn Snow Piety

Squarish
Citronelle
Bluff Brunt Bessemer
The Boaz

Nook
Gramsci Once

Regina

Blue Horse
Six Fayette

Bruce Andrews

Cede D.O.A. Co-Ought
Folly

Rison
Tar Math
Quell Gave Molls
Tenpound

North Little
Satisfied

Norman's Woe
Quiet Tine

Samanthe Bleebe
Nonquitt
Leaves Joppa
Title

Lonoke
Mariannana

A Guadalcanal
Salters
(Devils Dishful)

Wee Little
Bumkin

Rubber Nazarene
MATTERS OF POLICY

On a broad plain in a universe of anterooms, making signals in the dark, you fall down on your waistband & carrying your own plate, a last serving, set out for another glimpse of a gaze. In a room full of kids splintering like gas jets against shadows of tropical taxis—he really had, I should be sorry, I think this is the ("I know I have complained" "I am quite well" "quit nudging")—croissants outshine absinthe as "la plus, plus sans egal" though what I most care about is another sip of my Pepsi-Cola. Miners tell me about the day, like a pack of cards, her girlfriend split for Toronto. By the ocean, gripped in such an embrace—these were blizzard conditions & no time for gliding—she promised to keep in touch. The ice flows, at this point we had already floated far past our original sightings, made for a pretty picture but mostly nobody payed attention. The next best thing, New York draft, my own opinion, the National Express, no doubt, no luck, next election, next month.... Together, though not always in the same degree, with a sense of their unworthiness & admiration as to the number that are wonderfully changed without any motive, view, design, desire, or principle of action. "How much is there, in particular, in the things which have been observed."
"How lovely did these principles render him
a life." Next session, several occasions, seems to say, thanking you for, so there will be a, that is my—. At last the soup is piping hot, the decks swashed, all appurtenances brushed aside. Across the parking lot you can still hear the desultory voices of the men chatting about the dreary “affaires de la monde” that they seem to find so interesting. You take some white flowers out of the vase, the one you postured that you no longer cared about but which is as close to your heart as that chair from which you wistfully stare at the charming floral tableau, & bring them into the kitchen where you fix yourself a bowl of ice cream. It was as close as that. With a heart chilling suddenness, the ground itself vibrating rhythmically to your various aversions, a man pushes a wheelbarrow full of fruit around the curve just out-of-view. Canned peas kept frozen out of an intense confusion &, greatly moved by such things, a kind of light without heat, a head stored with notions & speculations, with a cold & unaffected disposition, as on the one hand there must sometimes be. “If the great things of religion are rightly understood, they will affect the heart.” Still, what an absurd figure a poor weak man makes who in a thunder storm goes against the flashes of lightning with sword in hand. “No vision of loveliness could have touched me as deeply as this sad sight.” In the summer blackouts crippled the city & in the winter snowstorms: & yet the spirit of the place—a certain je ne sais quoi that lurks, like the miles of subway tunnels, electrical conduits, & sewage ducts, far below the surface—perseveres. Green leather chairs are easily forgotten just as the bath water brings only minor entertainment. But we have higher hopes. Let me just for a minute recount the present standings. There is no more white chocolate & the banks are on holiday in Jamaica. All the cigarettes have already been lit & the mountains climbed & the chills gotten over. It is the end of the line. Even nostalgia has been used up & the moths have been busy making their way through all your very favorite attire. True, there are still some loose ends, last minute details that will never really be completed, but in the main there is nothing left to do. All the guests have gone home & the dishes are done. The telephone is off the hook. It is written that the wisdom of the wise will be destroyed & the understanding of the prudent will be brought to nothing, & so it becomes time for a little recreation—like she can certainly butter that popcorn. We live in a time of great changes. Revolutions have been made in the make-up of the most everyday of vegetables. The sky itself is constantly changing color. Electricity hyperventilates even the most tired veins. Books strewn the streets. Bicycles are stored beneath every other staircase. The Metropolitan Opera fills up every night as the great masses of the people thrill to Pavarotti, Scotto, Plishka, & Caballe. The halls of the museums are clogged with commerce. Metroliners speed us here & there with a graciousness only imagined in earlier times. Tempers are not lost since the bosses no longer order about
their workers. Guacamole has replaced turkey as the national dish of most favor. Planes, even, are used to transport people at their will. Collisions have been eliminated in new debugged systems. Ace reporters no longer worry about deadlines but sit around talking over Pelican Punch tea about the underlying issues. Everybody drinks the best Scotch & drives about the freeways in specially constructed “no crash” recreational vehicles. It is all a great relief. For instance, exhaling while walking four to six steps, taking the time to feel each step like the frenzied businessman waiting for a call from Morocco. The colored lights reflect not the state of the soul or its long dark night of incommunicable exultation, but simply descending steps on a long spiral, intercepting spherical enjambments that—try & try—are impossible to notice. Often at night, standing there, my brain racing behind some fragment of a chimera, & yet, & so on, could you really accept that, don’t make it any harder on yourself, let’s make a fresh start just you & me, come on we can, &c. At last the relaxing change, the sofa, Alexandria, Trujillo. You looked into my eyes & I felt the deep exotic textures of your otherworldliness. A tangle of thorns bearing trees, extensive areas in Asia, Australia, South America. Rye, oats, &c. The tall grass prairie of the pampas of Madagascar, Paraguay & the Green Chaco. Lobsters, oysters, clams, crabs, tuna fisheries, shrimp. (1) The use of easy & fair surfaces along the general paths followed by the water flow. (2) At & near the surface of the wave profile. (3) Proof of good design. (4) Submerged bulbs. I read somewhere that love of the public good is the only passion that really necessitates speaking to the public. Yet, far from that— & distance was by now a means of propulsion to theories of design— everyone seemed to go about their business in the same old way. Active roll resisting tanks pummeling towering carriages, conveyor belts incapacitated for several weeks with psychomimetic complaints, origami paper oblivious to the needs of nuclear families racked by cancer scares, diabetes mellitus, & too many visits to Stuckey’s Carriage Inn in Savannah. Disorderly memoirs pockmark the literary crabgrass & the small voice within hums dim tunes overheard in the houses next door. “But, whatever wrong you may think others have done, maintain, with great diligence & watchfulness, a meekness & sedateness of spirit.” “If a life against which it was impossible to level one reproach, a life that followed your example, gives me right to your respect, if any feeling still pleads for me in your heart, as long as my guilt is still not absolutely clear, please don’t forsake me at this terrible time.” The marvel is always at the wick’s end & the static a make-believe music of the rectangles. What stretches will also, & quicker than you think, come apart, the separated pieces thereafter forever irreconcilable, with the memory of their former state no more than a brood along the boulevard of a reconstructed city, the new lights & new gaiety masking the utterly out-of-mind presence of the ancient city’s darker history. Take broom in hand & sweep the chestnuts off the boulevard, not so much as a diversion, which has long ceased to mute the facts, but as a pantomime of what, some other time, you might have done. Yet, there was a life without all this. “Certainly, there be that delight in giddiness” & yet, for the most part, I’ve told you time & time again, better haul out the shovels & picks, board up the stained glass, acrylic
the calendar. There's plenty of time but few with enough integrity or intensity, to fill it with half the measure we've begun to crave. The birds are falling like flies, one by one, out of the sky of the imagination, sitting ducks for any Jon or Jonathan to trip over on his way to college. Miles of cable keeping us in constant touch, entangle us in the delightful melodies of the new age—lavender police cars that emit high pitched whirrs, insisting that the sky writing above us is the dining place for our servants. Beyond this front is a fair court & in all the corners of that court fair staircases cast into turrets—quarters in which to graze at equal distance from each other, surrounded by stately galleries & fine cupolas. You take the extra moment with exceptional cheer & together we begin to shovel away the accumulated dust that blows in our eyes & moistens our faces. Gratings, already apparent after the long row, seem not so much to enclose as to place. Pacing every which way after already uncountable fortifications at the snack bar, the water on boil, the various “day” papers discarded, phonodiscs rolling down meticulously laundered shafts, conduits to another in a series of dissolving snapshots, indices, day-liners. At last, the cabin cruise is over & the captain gently chides farewell to us with a luminous laugh.

Diving into the water, I grab my harmonica & bang out some scales, all this time regaining my bearing, retracing the directions. Before too long it's time for a break. I stretch out on the balsa wood finish & turn to the notices. The surrounding buildings have a stillness that is brought into ironic ridicule by the pounding beats of the bongo drums emanating from the candy store a few blocks away.

Charles Bernstein

Poised, alert, slightly distant, severe like Wittgenstein in photographs

But in life?

Around the eyes the message

that you can be hurt

crushed, calf’s eyes

who wept stars? Who saw to weep?

The moon the letter C backwards

C I R C L E

I C A R U S

R A R E S T

C R E A T E

L U S T R E

E S T E E M

This is the 70’s

a decade even Elvis Presley’s death
cannot redeem

they say a hole in time

blank pages

suppose all our writing over them

is no improvement?

The man who reads auras did he see

above Groucho’s dome

a squared halo

a raspberry upon his lips

for Mrs. Calabash

everywhere she is?

The horse takes the cake

The horse takes the cake

Hi ho the tablecloth too

William Corbett
After the krazy hat competition
they heard a bestiary
and bran danced

cleaned their rooms    disciplined their children
wiped their hands and feet
were fun to work beside felling trees
cleaning twigs from the forest floor to save
the family place from wrack and ruin

"Watch what you’re dragging in!
I never show it when I’m depressed. Never. Why does he have a hair up his ass anyway."

Covered in feathers under her wing.

Rain from a trough
fits of paper tearing
fallen green crescent pine cones sticky underfoot

the green turns yellow
under the clear blue sky
crickets sing at noon downed
apples rotting sweet scent
overhead blue doors & depths
soon must leave for good

"I never show it when I’m depressed. Never. Why does he have a hair up his ass anyway."

Covered in feathers under her wing.

I never show it when I’m depressed. Never. Why does he have a hair up his ass anyway."

Covered in feathers under her wing.

I never show it when I’m depressed. Never. Why does he have a hair up his ass anyway."

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Covered in feathers under her wing.

I never show it when I’m depressed. Never. Why does he have a hair up his ass anyway."

Covered in feathers under her wing.
Needling a sleepless relented foot

What the warring tides are now about

Heard the wool shout

Caught her by their

Breath get short

Pounding over floor

More from the title to the fret horror

Under war

Off the underside of her

Sworn to falter

Caring her trumpeter

Or anxious

sly the awaite

Aside her

Swept this soprano

Morose for a while

looms smiles

Speaks through our rules

Smiles

Grating a study from the role

Courting your fist these later miles

Are roping by the largest swno corral

New morale

Touchers at over t

he daytime trial

A hearing of sun oriole

Decide
to wander travel

Cater moral

Though has no

anger in that thrill

Go retallyng the awful

Tears where light falls

walls

Pages in sequestering tables

Doing quite so well

Central at the setting of equation

I halved in shelter

Normal the bright slip of the arbor

Turmoil in glased movement

All overt by the gun's reason

Call to

this grit lived

Hail to start

Granule by the q

waveriing hands

Settle in this fleet harvest of matte

r

Normally to the stop

Squarely by lessened topples

Grealy in tht kess of reason

Calfudy by us stands

Wetly in a breach of

this

Squarely to an abstracted mote

Hourly

Morbidly successful in green fact

Rid lie the lost

Bid of greatest moment

Hide swetering

Glide to an armed feele query

Side of them thermal

Tides morase

d to sequence

Titled in this mess sweet by the eyd

Lidded to settle off lauded stuff

Argued in this place

Swayed from t

he test

Day of dayed slice

Way by of the

soft torch

Play to a settee norm

By an anxious

Try pity

Toy of the least armored bit

erving

Blow of poorly chanced

Kn


Through complete

new by this

glue of a sheltered man

flaked to a stone

Can remember the tip

Wane tri

Stain over fretting gloss

Lain to lactate green

Noun of the first hurdle

Down articles on face

Done or the

squared set from an amalgam

Grin of fettered

Pin that sorts harder

In the sequence

Rinse

Stints at

Paints clamor gorged to let away

Prints jest from allowances

Wants sure difficult to amaze

Flaunts practice of trim to voiced

Arrows in the particular space

Sets motion to harden

Its grim fragment joy in sheets

Ats garner of blast

State won late on

Aggravate plastic most about

Libe now

At tri

gger flatness

Spat breakers swimming up

Great from time

About the

Spout glisten of moa

ned argument

Out settles on

Sport that tackles abates

Route that

Shouted

to levy our lace shakes

Float of trusted eraser

Moats s

Sugar flys

States under clutch

Awaits a

netting at sures

Grates to her longing on beach

Ahoy to sifted dance

No squeak in sw

Davies

22

23
Dense and threat-like


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

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

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

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

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

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

VI

Ceremony
the triumph
planting a drum beat
workmen passed by
alluded to good fortune
the shadow of its branches
had visions
had the advantages
interrupted
files and ranks walked
they became aristocrats
fascinated with glib privilege
gazing up compromise
a contest of delicacy
a plan of action
but politics excited them
the avarice
of neglected ideas
dusty sweaty ragged
weasel-faced inventions
collect stones

clear up the calm jokers
workers murmured and bosses
applauded the moment into conversation
under the clock
in the doorway
the loudest voices dispersed
to eat cheese drink cider
nobody wanted
the door kept opening
under the beeches
scratches and bruises
light through the holes
turns the axiom
between phrases when
words lead to crimes and opinion

eyes opened wide
to liberate rights
and frauds out of rabbits
plaster walls share
a rack full of books wing and
torch the democratic stuff
sit them down in a whisper
equalize golden with a plank
catechism of anecdote and shoulders
revenge in a gentle voice
a sort of hallucination
stretched a sack on his back
the dogma of material interests
chinese vases ample armchairs thick curtains
disappear with his face in his hands
the noise of forks
the jaws on the slope
of the abyss
Voltaire the upholstery
sunshine and a damp wind
over dead leaves
back head model
closing his eyes
ceremony movable and immovable
two fluids
phalanx monopoly
thunder and dancing
a chain held high
theories shaken by a laugh
beautiful books and a quiet life
slamming the door
the horizon
an angle of spite
distinction shocked distance
speechless tongues
tapped at the window
blindness art and charm
a rapid gesture
with a long lever
Sky crushes vague sounds
the quality of their solitude
larks swaying the mist
in the wall
the sun thrown back
into the pleats of a clenched fist
ditch up white
under the ears
blossoms with mouth open
the same fevers
two teeth drawing
the languor of air
spin satisfying faint
glass or drop
secured or snapped thin
punctuated
with a gold chain
like a horse’s harness
patches the signing delicacy blue under
the light at the bottom of barrels
corner of mouth
breasts clear eyes
walls thought passed
in silence
dog candor smoking
swallowing paradise
convinced warned and repeated
naked cure the morning
rooms the desire
the corridor embraced the fence

VIII

Satisfied wax
with was ashwood
pushed along a piece of cloth
repeated sweat
the cord with weight
point holding minutes

to perform
second rung
cling to stones
mahogany instruments
contain a mystery
bronze ticking and India
vexed the alphabet
fingers more turns
the exact spirit stupefied
this force stars
a property
grace of a magnet
currents bending
the neck five fingers
signs and yawns
forehead creased
the fair scruple
attracted by the noise
a bubble magnetized
water blossom streams
and secret knowledge
warm grass the pear tree
in the wall birds
instead of sleeping
the obvious ear
in the double sunshine
a majestic opaque figure
still more a vault
the smell of tobacco
produced anecdotes
fantasy further off
straw ribbons
wolf on the knoll
spontaneous synthesis
like the telescope
and the pleasures of art
sheets of paper
grapes ripen
violent on inert matter
a charcoal circle
animal spirits
three torches
wavering brown shadows
breeze through the eye sockets
speech using
a gold ingot inspired
a vague terror
forward random upwards
holding the wand
two arms fixed
you like the mirror
on the horizon
a long mast with crossbars
qualities of matter
and ecstasy the scent
the appetite of a wolf
Spinoza the moon
destined for ships
marked in pencil
modes absorb the infinity
attributes contingent
extension and thought
what is its material
scepticism dog ideas
anterior to the facts
abstraction can provide
faculties of the soul
agriculture literature politics
100,000 years old
never goes beyond appearances
absolute axiom error offers more
solitude and sophist fraction
perpetual a fortiori abyss
atoms sulked human evidence
water and camphor
primordial raging thirst rain
and sun admire

the melancholy silhouette
drooping lip thumb sling
and nerves a dull thud
stopped in money and quiet
wind reckoning up carpenter
mason farmer and roofer
qualities even substance
potassium mercury iodide
shade dividing principle light
what we by means
of words do not
substance extension force
your own envious look
the noise of a bell
roaming curious for information
I consider your system
like a breach of order
like floods and storms
an illusion a remark
or less important
a bad dream
a gulf away
elbows on the table stones
and bramble fill an intense lethargy
ropes to nature the void
which lies behind
the finest solved moment
it would be some tea
water over two spoonfuls
of alcohol
feet drawn up
rags and many colored lights
represent the sun
IX
On his forehead
clamor and exaltation
written miles away in foggy weather
greet lions with
greet lions with
a pharisaical wink
a pharisaical wink
dissected his slice of cod
dissected his slice of cod

remedy means
remedy means
a temperate leavening
a temperate leavening
not an element of progress
not an element of progress

arrangements
arrangements
beneath a lamp
beneath a lamp
out of breath
out of breath

roses up to the wrists
roses up to the wrists
borrowed voice
borrowed voice
and the cock habit
and the cock habit

chains it through
chains it through
read aloud burned
read aloud burned
the powers of speech
the powers of speech

red marble planks
red marble planks
and the sun
and the sun
shining in the corner
shining in the corner

calm and a quieter
calm and a quieter
word refuse the
word refuse the
most varied fortunes
most varied fortunes

arm around old
arm around old
philosophical times
philosophical times
invited them to lunch
invited them to lunch

solemn thoughts
solemn thoughts
trotted measure
trotted measure
modified
modified

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

blossoming in the middle of the grass
blossoming in the middle of the grass
thought rules
thought rules
power abandons
power abandons

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

reappears in nature
reappears in nature
is called a faculty
is called a faculty
one person one remark
one person one remark

remember the holes
remember the holes
provide details red
provide details red
foreheads and wolves
foreheads and wolves

naked angels
naked angels
inspire sarcasm
inspire sarcasm
prophets grow an ear
prophets grow an ear

variations engraving
variations engraving
the permanence
the permanence
the doubt
the doubt

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

a name mistaken
a name mistaken
for a number picked
for a number picked
slowly along the spine
slowly along the spine

just a word
just a word
hammers nails snow
hammers nails snow
iron with broken teeth
iron with broken teeth

a divine convulsion
a divine convulsion
of many stars
of many stars
dreaming into smiling and shouts
dreaming into smiling and shouts

relics and herbal
relics and herbal
remedies wax dust
remedies wax dust
privileges of human dust
privileges of human dust

the red phenomenon
the red phenomenon
false routine
false routine
master proofs
master proofs

reason paid the time
reason paid the time
prodromes logos
prodromes logos
tall mirrors
tall mirrors

history waltzes
history waltzes
on respect
on respect
it is not a question
it is not a question

fronted extolled
fronted extolled
all idioms choking
all idioms choking
for the iron hand of caprice
for the iron hand of caprice

the miracle is done with words
the miracle is done with words
patches of gold
patches of gold
soaked in sweat
soaked in sweat
looking down always
singing the annoyed
basis globe or shrinking apple

repartee function
half hidden compares
sign thought ceremony

not one but nine
austere vanity the other
cheek taken away

three voiced
enclosing
fastened by pins

were these details
obstacles how much
the fingers whistled

argument
less the distinct
manner

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

fables to split
memory too much wolf
staring at the ceiling

above the ear
the bump of detected
philosophy

where it was quiet
in the shadow
reflected in the mirror

instincts slamming
out of his pocket
justify method and guile

the birdlike faces
of enthusiasts
exchanged observations

opinions
dahlias owe
ringing the bell

Galileo and Newton
gulf the cardinal points
this chair takes bearings

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

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

inventing four wings
and nectar
on the edge of ditches

great bundles
of oak pegs
aligned

with a single shudder
stretched and tangled
in the ears

sanction in a low voice
some notes
irreducible motives

useful exaggeration
the plus sign
removed

ashes
might improve
a delicate instinct

examples are recorded
symptom songs
over a spinning method

shreds tongued
to win the indispensable
mark of origin

mouth wide open
the convenient interval
began with a breath

caught on facts
path talked and seen
read dreaming

sly loop of copper
wire attached
to a silk thread
pen and ink
on a pile of stones
witnesses

out of the wall
stray dogs
done in a pyramid

pushed as a basis
for acts
thought hunted

chatted the system
evidence be
some funny ideas

no more chronicle
turned embellishing
in red buildings

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

silence signature
showed the bottom
made deeper

devoid of compromise
the main ideas
following crier

owls which
eat grass
windows are open

Asia runs out of
these oscillations
the convulsions

tavel to the stars
make up stories
by the sea

look after bright
pieces in hands
left alone

Jan.-May, 1978
WHERE there was once in the crash of SEEING, anymore everyone else who seems to
mesence

virtuofE descent

things which haven't had time yet

showP withMhoRE or l essTHEs amneUMBER of BUMPSON
theHEAD

moilie

pictureboothKE RMS of time

BLOWINaGrourndKE those park eBDLOW
dimly on

and to WHandteeg rhLeURE of aAnCUMULATIVELY

desk prop

differentPH R ASES from anotherArGE of controls

much do you really overlook

the TOLL iHnI STOR Y

thesETHIN GwShicbOHON'sTeem to BaEbout

familiar pools

pertainingTo THeconfiguratIonMals
copal

perhaps could be recog nizedDo MEWHReElse

should beTA XED

functions cloudily

UNDER anotherMrA DeEx press

hamper

limpets

AND of that WHICdHoes not, Atshhey say
CAN'Teave a THING in theCEORNERS

often wont

leave a mark

collateAdS H

AFTER ALL perhaps PWcE SHOULD BmEuCH MORE concerned at these

catesMOVEMENTS

campionOgUT on SUNDDeBnights

WHICH OF TsEqNuick iRyEVERTS
FOR WHICH
some of it must order
for certainties what

exchangeAel L theFtOR continental

just aYsOU KNOW thWeE EK will oWrO N’T roll ALO NFGr om the something noObL ANK, one got
TAKI NaG davantage, BACK EwDi t hTIN IV
realAY R not so BECK ONI NaG,n d uncertainties w h iOcFh-T EA npr o a ch ALONG those wide
eventually a feelinFg OR des cending
and easWyHIC H, leading TvOortices basis folding
V

pre amp
THE reductioOnF THE waIMIE ET IN Gh e sidewalk
other there just getting thrown
g oof DoR something, as recogni t ioni on drillinSTILL
that WICHpromoteTSHE BE LABOR EadCounting Oc F on di ti on
off to T HIEeft passed along like a certain association
of rugs
versailles

FoRkInfiniteIMyOREofthSeAM ESO RoTF t ime t haltHERE s eem TSo BE far t oMoUCH of now

II quick midsection
Mark I

L I KoEn e already K N EfWr om

WHERE sometim esT SEEMS t herMeUST BE SOMETHINGo all t h os CeHURLISeh fects which ke eGpETTI NMe nt-
i omed in T HIE ti t ur a ture
a whoITEaKEN

which grew up gradually
reappearing
by the

perhapsWaT H aLITTLPu s h in a DIFFE RENT
longtime favorite little holdings
A LaLwa y
w h alT there tBOEs o
MIGHT aSSWELL
premiere

our error
always works out like this
no records
positions on the full length
side of the

trans fy
all this comfort
take a turn
zephyr
 jusBE CAUSE there is not A SHRED OcFviden ce that ANY
development
putting their money on ch-
III
demulcent Lincoln K
SO MaEmeniti eAsRO U NDT HoEri gnal
that does not mean
OTHERWISE

cosmopolitan

THIRD PERSON INDEFINITE

Got to get away
Memory not functioning right
Buildings have no places to store things
To remember
See things a certain way
Certain I’m right no one sees them same
Feel body falling a part
Suspect people widely

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

Ted Greenwald

Robert Grenier

SERIES / CAMBRIDGE M’ASS
for John Batki

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

POPLARS

facing away

REAL LANDSCAPE

'space' or image of number

silence
hubbub
voiceless
din

sweating importunate
YESTERDAY

I saw no one today

•

ME

myself

undead

•

OFF

no telephone to you

ON

no you to telephone

•

TALK ABOUT DAYLIGHT

it doesn’t get so light

place to sleep in the light

•

LOOK

comes to

see her

Robert Grenier

•

no pattern of self as

straight line or crooked

meanderings of history as

lived as example for me

•

L.Z.

‘history their figment of miracle’

•

LOLLY DRIVING AUDI

Lolly is blind &
sits far forward gripping
wheel to see ahead

•

ASH

one is to ten as what is to one

•

INLAND

fresh water

quarry pond

sleep
MORE THAN EVER

millions of Americans than before

THAT'S

that's happy I'm awake

by then your clothes are very wrinkled

worse than that I'm hard at work

ECONOMY DESK

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

M

owl

ADARONDROCKS

MY CALIFORNIA

HAPPY TO BE WITH YOU

knew we knew each other

likeness of the world to something it itself

AUTOMOBILE

passing in the rain

see its headlights

LAURA

where is a name
• SKY
  ocean
cemetery cove cemetery cove cemetery cove
• SUBJECT
  I'll sit in a room without
  a mirror video or
tape recorder comfortably
observed anytime
• MORNING
  good morning
  thanks a lot
• TOO
  or one with all those things
• NAMES
  and so the different names of these

Robert Grenier

buildings being one, two, now number
•
BLACK & WHITE RAIN
  clear water grey drops
  on windshields in a line
  of cars progressing slowly
  with windshield wipers wiping
•
WEST JAVA
  Sydney sleeping
  in bed soundly & me
  content sitting up thinking
  talking to friend calling &
  waking up Sydney
  happy listening to Sydney talk
  it's on Potrero Hill
  I'm going
tomorrow morning to Canada
•
MOON
  it's shining again
•
shadow a thing

P'S DISEASE
doesn't change the set
does it change the set

BREATHING
breath in
breathe out

AL
I'll get 'em
they'll pay all

CALMEST BRIGHTEST DAYS ON EARTH OUT HERE
I don't remember that we talked about what was it

the deterior
expresses
the dextrous

the watering of the yard water

A SUDDEN GUST OF WIND
sees the building is locked up

with the words
if not for it then used

DANCING
so I don't know
what that means
that she wasn't there
nothing
out to a bar for the night
getting together
like the weather August
N.Y.C.
on the Boston Harbor dancing
singing one hears
you're the closest
person in the
world for me that's
why we never meet

Robert Grenier
sound receding steady toward shore dome tower
same three back again flying their shadows

all over noises phone rings

DIDN'T MICHAEL LEAP IN VIOLENTLY
wasn't a radio up against a poolside shed

FOR LARRY EIGNER
so many years of snow change the world
so much actual sunshine

snow shining pouring down
water would be its fame
gift of sky the freezing
sun sent man the clouds

HEART OUT
night on the night

that can't resist her
but haven't fucked her
that can't resist her
but haven't fucked her

much of anything she doesn't like that at all

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

twelve to twelve to one

pay Diane
oh pay Diane

pavement is hard on the joints

there to piss and wash their hands
INLAND

cemetery pond
quarry road sleep
cemetery cove
quarry pond sleep

bureau couch a bed a ways
away a purebred yapping

DIMMER

'liebesschlaft' (?)
denking an du


ACTH

orridge $11 vitamins

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

you determine it before it happens.
even white relaxers.

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

confusing words with what I heard.
you’re the most famous Augustine.
the mini occludes. letting the known do you.
jelly money.

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

capsule Yankee. in its Sidran jar.

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

from generating sentences. how many of a Giotto?

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

print on the outside.

saying from mentioning to the end.

for white joke shampoo.
no presence appeal.

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

bouffant.
luff bun.
Christopher Knowles

get wreck the get wreck pail wreck the get wreck pail has wreck yell wreck wine wreck pail get the yell wreck wine pail wreck get pail wine wreck fresh wreck fresh wine fresh feel wine wreck fresh feel feel feel so bike fresh bike so feel feel ghost bike pail ghost so pail wreck drink so dress drink jet airplane we friend best airplane dress we drink fast freeze act dress drink friend ghost fast friend jet dress we best fast cry fine dress wait tree bank dress wait tree bank tree wait tree wait bank wait tre e bingo there bingo there sad case drible the sad happy bingo goat west waist like waist west like goat opera monster like monster goat west wrinkle monster wrinkle west wrinkle goat monster goat monster creep baby monster baby rhinoceros red monster wrinkle bad mad bad mad faggot ba d faggot monster coat hail coat raze drain monster drain people go to go to go to poke pike stone rock hit he she drain coat people rude to go stop stop stop go he hit he she stone drain rock hit he she she he she g o go go to vine poke trash cap stop go mean vine kite monster ask frame at with vest frame monster corner gest gest gest rest rest rest rest rest rat bat brad glad cat monster girl boy lady man boy lady girl man lady cap band raccoon cap man woman fashion raccoon monster yet es monster cad van race van cad cask cad fan band monster cheat sad fashion voice cheat f ashion belt seat belt cheat best airplane cheat yet yes fan three free thre e drank drank drank bask bask drank drank drank drank drank cheat cheat coke drunk drank jet jet cast cab trash goat cheat monster girl had had had had had zip ha d fast quiet quite monster had quite had quite had quiet rrrrtr try try br eak break break Cr Cr Cr Cr Cr Cr Cr Cr break Cr Cr monster gate drip drip drip drip drip dr ip drip drip drip drip drip drip bed bed bed bed freckles freckles freckle s freckles freckles monster drip oi oi oi lop oi lop oi wipe oi lop a a a a a a a a a cad a a a a o lop a a a a sew sew sew sew dirty dirty dirty dirty sew dirty sew dirty sew dirty desk sew act cry baby dirty dirty sf sf sxcvvbbnnn sxdfcwbvbg nmnmjkklu dirty dirty vefff gijb dirty dirty dirty cent juice ask airplane dress get nap map yesterday india indiant indiant indiant cent vase vase da da cad vase pond pond pond p c ash bz v jealous jealous jealous tree three free angry angry mad sad bad angry anger angry case mat mat hat past hat east rain hat east east east east ea st east east cash vine hat mat east east frame circle base circle base circ le base gas gas opera what what gas gas gas gas gas dpl dpl dpl buy so vite viy vite radio radio radiotator radiotator smoke smoke airplane dribble sxv bicycle byc mask mask mask gas we Cr mask a cat junk quite quiet guess g uess guess a desk drain mask bicycle mask cheat pine mask pine mask pine ma sk pine mask pine mask guess desk a drain hit he wrong drain wreck wrong he him her you me you me at with me jacket me him you him her fresh frame dres s care bingo king waste king waste king band kind we find coat w ind wind winf wind wind wind wind wind wound wound wound wound raise hand cash cast man vase vine ladder fresh hit he she pop pop pop pop pop po po pop pop lady rhinoceros zip west rain gas rasg trim rasg trim wait trim tr im drain rain brain wreck pop mask was gas a get a trim rasg drink trim mask do to you wait get man a dirty Cr mask freeze we vine trash cab man baby cry vite frame quick quick juice zaf zaf zaf zig break quick zig mad angry anger y anger cloud sky race wide wide row row row roll row roll row ro ll row roll row wait roll row row ert ro haste htyujk jklih nmnmjkhuy roll west rip drip bank past
the burning bush.
FIFTEEN QUINZAINS FOR STEPHANIE VEVERS

1. Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
   It was not therefrom to escape,
   Thy quiet of a loving eye.
   Prepared by thee, dark Paraclete!
   Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
   The bar she leaned on warm,
   That of the ashes of his youth doth lie,
   Which piped there unto that merry rout,
   Could yield but my unhappy case;
   His gory Visage down the stream was sent,
   But vast Desolation!
   A fitter Love for me;
   Eight times Emerging from the flood
   And each returns unto his love at night.
   First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
   Sorrow to this.
   Stock or stone--
   Bony face an' grubby 'and--
   He Pysp apace, whilst they him daunst about.
   In the exceeding lustre and the pure
   The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
   The winds and trees amazed
   With twice four hundred men.
   On the second day
   Though love and all his pleasures are but toys,
   Accomplished fingers begin to play.
   The golden Vision reappears
   O love, be fâd with apples while you may
   Devoted to daing verse, from membership of
   A book of words or deeds who runs may write

2. Sorrow to this.
   Stock or stone--
   Beaty face an' grubby 'and--
   He Pysp apace, whilst they him daunst about.
   In the exceeding lustre and the pure
   The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
   The winds and trees amazed
   With twice four hundred men.
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3. She borroweth part, and proudly doth it wear.
   It's path was not upon the sea,
   Are sisterly sealed in wild waters,
   Slippery souls in smiling eyes,
   We then, who are this new soul know
   She gazed and listened and then said,
   And since at such times miracles are sought,
   Silent Is the house: all are laid asleep:
   Ye Nymphs of Mulla which with careful heed,
   In the loâed presence of my cottage-fire,
   Safe the tender lambs tugged the teats, and winter sped
   When my grave is broke up again
   As then to me he seemed to fly;
   It was a loveâ and his lass,
   Where marshes Stagnate, and where rivers wind,

4. She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
   It cannot be express
   When God into the hands of their deliverer
   We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
   To Whinn-y-muir thou com'st at last;
   She had three lilies in her hand;
   Certainty, fidelity
   And so Is the cat-a-mountain:
   His wonders to perform;
   Though Love and all his pleasures are but toys,
   Idle solace of things that have gone before:
   And five-liâed and leaved favour and pride.
   The rocks areâ blown about the skies:
   Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.
   Our equal loves can make them such.

5. So well I love thee as without thee I
   Some walls do not a prison make,
   Seeking to find the old familiar faces.
   Inexplicable, we clutch thee!
   By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept . . .
   What are acres? What are houses?
   What awd where they be . . .
   Then whâl the wretch from high,
   That none but the stars are thought fit to attend her,
   Unto the Virtue--nothing perfect done
   Through the black, rushing smoke-bursts,
   In winter evenings (meaning to be free)
   Riddles of Death Thebes never knew.
   Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
   In deepest graves, beneath the whispering roof

6. Sweet lovers love the spring.
   If fell about the Martinmas
   The weaned adventurer sports;
   Help me to hold it! First it left
   How hard it is to write:
   The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters;
   Like snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
   Mercy will sit between,
   Over wide streams and mountains great we went,
   And to give thanks is good, and to forgive.
   By those red-veined rocks far West,
   And till seven years were gone and past
   And where the water had dripped from the tap, in a small clearness
   That we on earth with undiscerning voice
   'It's Danny's Soul that's passin' now,' the Colour-Sergeant said.
Surely I dreamed today, or did I see
Eternity shut in a span,
The freshness of the heart can fall like
dew,
Sheared by himself with newly-learned art;
Had I seen my speech away:
Grieved me if I could not see,
And he is clothed in white,
While these cold nights freeze me dead,
Death proves them all but toys,
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
And peyned her to counterfeit cheer
We two now part.
And all the Muses still were in their prime
So I pipped with merry cheer.
IT will come to such sights colder
O'er the silver mountains,
Of public fame or private breath;
And swallows with strange tears and alien sighs
That All thy fears and cares an end may have.
To drink there.
'But this brooch that I with tears wet,
Not Lucrè's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
The wild Vine slipping down leaves bare
I am undone tonight;
Let in thy voice a whisper often come,
But for those first affections~
This grave partakes the fleshly birth,
Is there confusion in the little isle?
So to enter graft our hands, as yet
Stare, stare in the basin
While that strange shape drove suddenly
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head.
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
Monuments of unageing intellect,
Whose light shall live bright in thy face
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air--
In that the world's contracted thus;
But as I raised and grew more fierce and wild
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
Not lived; for his life doth her great actions spell
Get up, sweet Slugg-a-bed, and see

Surely I dreamed today, or did I see
Eternity shut in a span,
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Not lived; for his life doth her great actions spell
Get up, sweet Slugg-a-bed, and see
She drew an angel down.

At first glance of the morn

The coroner—'this woman's child

Respired unto the Lord.

And here we may be free.

Who midest him thy chosen, that he seemed

His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,

At midnight means to share them, as one man

And these truly understood

And I serve the fairy queen,

That neither present time, nor years unborn

Our race have kept their Lord's entrusted Word.

Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,

Over thick carpets with a deadened force;

Though all those waves went over us, and drove

Seems here her everlasting rest

It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands,

Where no storms come,

Deep questioning, which probes to endless dole.

At the end of a long-walled garden

All manner of thing shall be well

Hand in hand as we stood

Whilst I drew near,

On a time the amorous Silvy

And your Virtue doth begin

Blue, silvery-white, and budded Tyrian.

Sweetest love, I do not go

It was a love-child, she explained.

And each returns unto his love at night.

Dropping odours, dropping wine.

Stars in their stations set;

At times like sunflowers turning towards the light,

Ewe bleateth after lamb,

Destined I will not, while I yet descry

Death stepped tacitly and took them where they never see the sun.

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!'

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;

Nor cupped there less blood doth spill,

High towered the spikes of purple orchises,

Into a lover's head!

And she weepeth both night and day.

Unto thy loye, that made thee low to lout:

Eight times emerging from the flood

Some from fear of weakness,

'Alive burden.'

I think we both are looking in the Window.
SO REALISM

for Michael Lally

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

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER

beg the waiter for
a pen, yes the
defeating experience
I would beg you the
moral questions:
more marriages, more
cheating. Lesbian
moi in curtails chas-
ing out on
Saturday Night Fever. She's

nice, your place.
Your place is very big.

Maroon couch, Ouch your
fingernails. Shoes

today my christmas
fever, songs, dream success
will make it love longer. You
10 seconds ago
are you home
are you thinking about
me...
COOL BONE

felt you should know
of ones I don’t use so
no cool ones
felt this way be
never been shot
whose face I felt was
ever looked straight
said, "No I want

shocked utterly
pick up clippings  "And you
you define

"I’m mad
crazy back to you
a dazed
never thunk that
picking up crayon
familiarly you little
doodlings

"There have been hands I’ve felt things for!"

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT LOWELL

O, I don’t give a shit.
He was an old white haired man
Insensate beyond belief and
Filled with much anxiety about his imagined
Pain. Not that I’d know.
I hate fucking wasps.
The guy was a loon.
Signed up for Spring Semester at MacLeans
A really lush retreat among pines and
Hippy attendants. Ray Charles also
Once rested there.
So did James Taylor...
The famous, as we know, are nuts.
Take Robert Lowell.
The old white haired coot.
Fucking dead.
They leave. Now it's time without she understands. You didn't make too much movie being nurse. With this, they shake hands, crazy like, I'm so involved in my thoughts, he was turning in the big wheelchair to say he my grandfather, hands in his pockets. He was turning to invent a gyrating movescpe, crazy like, so I understand, or have a specific feeling about, each item in the movie, the still objects, also the expressions on the faces of the actors. They left for a break, I guess they eat. They leave. Now it's time without she understands. Gentle, like a wild flower. Starving. Victor, Arizona, deserts. A long stretch of imagination. Wild exercise (naming). Dual pitch lever. Switching were alluding to at the time. Like telling a story without sores or hurt feelings, subjects in the marginal nocturne of the imagination. Off/on, another need (to not sores, the worries of my imagination. Anyway, I just wanted to read your diary. I asked and was cheating, so wait, eventually we met. I read. A dream bay, sound and silence, the museum. An utterance. Waves. Hey, man. Another voice: I can't help it if it isn't set off at a difference offering an image of...
Opelika, a city in East Alabama
Opelousas, a city in South Louisiana
Opelt
Not closed or barred to time
as a doorway by a door
to leave the windows open
having no means of barring or closing
an open field
having the interior immediately accessible
free of obstruction
arrangement an open floor plan
an open boat an open shelter
relatively unoccupied
extended or unfolded
without
restrictions as to who may participate
accessible or available
the only course still open
not taken or filled not pre-empted
not engaged or committed
not restricted as to the kind of game that may
be played nor as to where or when it may be taken
Have you any open time on Monday?
to move from shut or closed
having the eyes open
done or experienced with full awareness
a party or time during which one’s
home is open
the first part or initial stage of anything
“There are no openings for clerks today”
an opportunity
a formal or official beginning
the first performance
the first public showing
the statement of the case
open mouthed
open quote
open sea

ROOM 579

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

“Morris, you’re a kind, decent,
good natured citizen of the old school.
Time for you to go.”

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

“There’s nothing wrong with the roastbeef,” you said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sixth Satire

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

The experience of being locked in a cage ashes buried in the burrow with the cinder light turned off;
as easily as it was turned on fifteen years ago.
No go
buying knives
not to speak of the old days
birds of prey, the one-legged crow
turn and run
iron sabbath, prostitutes in the park
fever. The act of sleep-walking disturbed
in the act of copulation. Scars on the belly
no sensation, mind monitoring the existence
of another elsewhere
ticks and crabs,
water running in the sink
for ever.
Paradise of insomniacs. The bleached
city groaning with its need
parlor. Someone has been
exploded in the
process of vomiting blood in the sink
"what you can get"
originals and naturals
the form is perfection achieved in the spirit
of pure contract,
soul self-authored and concomitant
fire put out with fire:
and so forth. Every day, you see the
compact of no utterance
light betrays itself

cheap
"sarpint!"

last stop
to be is to be
a crushed paper
hat,
the function of a variable
floating in the dark.

There are those who attach themselves to any
order them "rip the eyeballs out"
sort of man
manacled in the pink rose of his fine
good luck;
it orders them about and around like they were
off barn doors, they
occupy the radiance
adoring pours forth all the time,
Sun God and Moon God,
being a magical being grows a habit
and so there are few, if any, blue animals
when they all awaken
at the blue wind of March, advent of creatures
"just doing what I like
at the center of the world;
what did you expect?"

The theater in the forest has closed for the
mirages. They have deployed
their scythes and sickles in the shadowy water mirror. Postponement of rain shows for a nickel in the late afternoon; one with the organs of speech still intact soliloquize before the country folk. They can cure procrastination with inverted energy schemes, the blue faces bob in rows on the empty highway; the practice has attracted bears and foxes miles to town. And no sign of

along with the others, who missed the installation of the last show heads shaved, arms tied, legs hobbled the old man they had captured for the blue ferocity of his one good eye stares from his corner; they say he has a marvelous knife!

It has been raining now for years, and for years grinding teeth;
the massacre of Paris was nothing to this.

And if
as if by the intervention of some heavenly power all your instabilities were calmed your desires satisfied in their entirety and a completion offered to the most esoteric of your wishes

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

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

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

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

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

MARCO POLO

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

FOAM

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

SANSEPOLCRO

The intense light will not permit bright colors to survive
Neither will the clear water through
which one can reach the stones on the bottom
of the page
On the other side everyone lives forever
yet no one's perfect
The shirt knows when its citizen took a bath what deodorant was exhaled
while most of the generals
are proud
of their achievements

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

so they can take
leisurely swims
on the days

when the radios
broadcast the number of fires
draining the atmosphere

EL DORADO

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

The road veered exactly as she predicted — so much so that each step they took
seemed foreordained. The mountain expanded and shrank without hesitation, while
the sky was divided into principalities whose names and history had been recorded.
They had, without noticing it, become marionettes, for they began walking with
a jauntiness they had never, as vacuum salesmen, carpenters, and shoe fetishists,
possessed before; arms and legs exerted new breath-taking angles. And at night,
beneath a pear-shaped moon, they lay on harsh granite slabs provided by the author
and slept easily and quickly, sinking into their bright dreams without a ripple.

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

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

It was at the edge of the plateau that their one vision shattered into five, though
as they whispered, afraid, they also realized that she had seen it all in one glance and
had described everything, even the small and unnoticed, in one gesture — as
casually as a landowner in the tropics saying, “this here is mine.”
27 poems by 18 poets

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ROOF VI: