DIRTY CLOUDS

Dirty clouds
With intense blue
Coming through electric
Throws down dirty light
Like a glove
Aimless gusts
Sweeping everything
This way that
Go out
Meet a friend
Take a walk
Go to a store
See nothing I want
Go to another store
See nothing I want
Walk down one street
Think of another
DOWN THE DRAIN

Room just the right temperature
Birds singing in the cold day outside
Mind clear, body comfortable
Hardly the sense of any health
Turn over, in my mind, the rest of the day
Decisions drain on the table of consciousness
Listening to genetic radio codes
Through silver skull plate
Imagined to be terrific to have
In this second half of the 20th century
0 bed
0 chair
0 cigaret
Unlit in my lips
Are flames awake yet licking
That make the prospect of the rest of life interesting
Do ask them to stay, please
And litter my ribcage with gravelly pleasure
As words on the ground
Bring to eye the mind of picnickers
Here I am in my thirty-first year
Bitching at everything
Trying to get ahead of myself in the line of light
And often like the wave in pompadour succeeding
Beyond my wildest dreams
0 shower curtain
0 windowglass
You were once in the picture
For the sake of air
Are now, backside frontsie, in for the light
How I admire you
How I wish to make the same switch you make
As from light to shadow
As from red to pink to white rose
This consuming human fever is out to lunch
And I feel left spinning like a wheel on a spinning stool
0 books, papers, pens
This arm that greets you with the moods
The move through adulthood
And winding paths through children
How the wish for machine-like precision
Moves fingers around your curves
And drips sweat into the curves of words
And makes light of the letters
Drying immediately when they arrive
When I'd be better off out for a drive
0 imaginary car
With powerful engine
And hamburger bags in the glove compartment
Take me wherever I want to go
Before I know
Let me enjoy the sights
And see the seers and suckers
Blending into a beautiful american-made suit
Floating off the rack
Blown by a man-made zephyr
Into the arms of people, so beautiful,
Your eyes hurt
Before they close
DRAwing FROM Memory

Sun dances
In sunlight
The view grows
Then dims
Into a spine driveway
I drive home to
The point
Is directly in
The paint in the neck
Carried over
From a previous
Pre-lunch life
Filled with
The greenery of memory
Very little
Holds still long enough
To call it a day
The sky unwraps
The air
As if indifferent
But I know different
I feel
The bones in my bones
No different than yours
It's the flesh
Different
BOB HOLMAN

To The Muse

The first hidden word is opportune
o lady if I may call you m'lady
won't you hear me ask you to hear me
it would so please me that you might answer

And if not well I'm asking anyway
and I'm staring at you with love
Washing your hair of all the words
I want to want to take taxis
I want an end to cheapness
I want cheapness on toast, I wanna swallow it,
        chase it with black desire
I want leisure ease, & then a life of leisure

I want no want, which I have now,
        each moment the beautiful thing
I want everything to be glass & I want a gun
I want the little colored glass slivers to dance of their own accord
I want light
I want to be light
I want to dance my rays
I want these dances to teach me
I want the exhilaration of these dancing colors to fill me
I want to be that exhilaration.

I want an end to this.
        —Cessation of desire is cessation.
I want not to want.
        —You are wanting
        You are left wanting
        You are on the highway there is no traffic
        You are waiting for a car...
I am not waiting
I don't want to be waiting
I don't want to be found wanting.
I want a peanutbutter sandwich
I want a roll in the hay with 3 real harlots
I want to be teased into coming
I want big sex burger with natural juices!
I want all the sex sex!
I want all this untiringly, forever.
I want to be forever young.
I want an art job & children.
I want what I want till I get what I want
How can I want me if I won't go away

I want to be everywhere
I want nothing to happen without me
I want to believe that nothing happens without me
I want my ego on a burger in natural juices

I want to paint pretty pictures
I want everybody to revere my handwriting as great art
I want every crossed-out word to read, every
spelling error to denote my own perfect
understanding of the English language
I want to read the Cantos in kindergarten & Ulysses
on the summer vacation before first grade & go on from there

I want to have animal features
I want to be so goddamn ugly that everybody looks away in revulsion
I wanna really skulk, my slobberings incomprehensible to all but me
& I want everything to be incomprehensible to me.

I want to be married & true to my first lover
I want her beauty to shatter all my peace, there's no question of devotion.
I just want to be with her that's all & she just wants to be with me
& she hates me & wants anything but to be with me & I want to hate her

I wanna be a barrel of monkeys
I wanna be the great comedian
   who knows the great punch line
   from which all jokes descended
& that gives me my power
   that all my jokes allude to that punch line
   which I never tell

& I know that I know that punch line
   But I don't want to know that I do
Because I don't know it
   & I want to
Brick Formations
On Being Called a Dilettante

Why did I get up today or yesterday?
There is no cushioning layer of beauty
Between the harsh realities of life.
Everything goes from one gray area
To the grayer next. I am one of
Those people who set out to lose.
Where people pride themselves on money
Influence and having friends, I am
Poor, ridiculous, and haven't any.
Brice Marden called me a dilettante
The other night. It serves me right.
I don't make a big deal about my talent
And am so unsure about the quality of
My work that I never show it to people
So I guess they think I don't do anything.
I've never earned a penny from my work
Which does in a sense make it worthless.
Someone asked me the other day what I
Do for a living and I just didn't know what to say.
I am an extra cast to decorate the bar scene:
There's poor Rene—how old he's getting. Such
Promise such intelligence it's just too bad.
Someone should do something for him. He
Used to be so amusing but bitterness and failure
Illness and disesteem have made him vexatious and
Mean. I wonder how he survives. So do I.
I wonder why I even go out anymore. My old
Friends must be tiring of me rapidly. Do I
Get invited to people's summer homes? They
Must be tired of waiting for me to do something.
I won't surprise them by becoming a great success
Because failure is my way of revenge, self-pity
My affection the only kind I know.
I am one of those people invited to entertain after
Dinner like a toothpick. And if I meet new people
On a good night, who are taken in and take me in
Soon tire of me also when they see how my friends,
The actual objects of their curiosity, treat me.
Some people set out to lose and find success where
Others see failure. In the low regard of friends I
Find reinforcement for my view of the hollow world
Where I have chosen to live, a mild irritant
And a moral lesson to youth, to fulfill at an
Early age the promise I have so completely broken.
Caravaggio and His Models

He was no good; he was too young; but he was mine,
Stiff as new jeans and I loved the punk.
The night is a museum of living boys
All of them surly and taciturn with pestilential looks
That beg to get slapped around, the snarl demanding
You abstract the puppy from the beast and train him
To be your pet. Some are just mean.
But they all want to get hurt, proof that...
How did I get roped into this? A beaten boy
Is touching as the thick stupid feet of a pudgy
Marine with a half-hard uncircumcised cock
Staring out in disbelief from a physique magazine.
Boy with a ram. How did he get into this mess? What
Misapprehension or is it just a matter of money that
Love is to be looked at: a million in non-negotiable bonds.
A love without restraint, keep it casual on the surface
Leave prints on him. Some boys hate to be kissed some
Curl up and shoot rubbing against your chest but they
Have all lost something they try to find in
Bed and finding it are not satisfied
Losing it again to find it elsewhere.

I am a curator in the museum of living boys.
Caravaggio, your face is the serpent's hiss
As you siphon the python down some kid's throat.
The heavily made-up boy bitten by a lizard,
Yet all the same face, with age and who knows what,
Medusa or the head of Goliath held up by a
Frustrated teenage boy who, overcome by its size,
Contemplates the giant head: a self-portrait of the artist.
Men who love boys set out to lose; who poses as the
Youthful David will pose in time for his trophy.
He stands at a pinball machine in a chicken bar
The Chastisement of Love in Chicago. In Hartford
Asleep in an angel's arms, ecstatic after a good beating.
In a private collection in Indianapolis, Cupid asleep
Amor leering victoriously over the broken attributes of civilization:
Industry, science, flashing lights, loud music, poppers:
Make him forget what is taking place in your bed. Hustlers
Borrow some poor sucker's wings to pose with sheet-burns on their knees.
Ripped boxer shorts in the cathedral one ball hanging out of a jockstrap
I saw your head banging against the wall, little fucker,
You screamed bloody murder. You posed for that picture
When you were young.
This is Love's victory.

Those who worship at a temple of flesh
Become a shrine to its memory
And feed on the gall and wormwood of despair
The way a pelican feeds its young from itself.
Dawn slaps him across the face
And the heart slithers back under its rock.
The Slaves of Michelangelo

We're all the slaves of Michelangelo or something
We are bound to do; the whole show, we are its quarry; captives
Struggling against this marmoreal will to finish
With some style; slaves to this day; prisoners
To the rough block of ourselves are we slaves
To the marble. Is the master stroke only a finishing touch?
And then that mystical moment of perfection is that ever achieved
In more than a detail, the highly polished chryselephantine limb?
Of course we are restrained by other blockheads
The chisel marks more or less visible
As we emerge from this cloud of stone
Pale and golden in the sheet-metal rays of the sun
Our hearts sliced on the whirring disk of the sun.
It's as if our knowledge of the day
Of life, could come from a different direction
That slice of it on the desk. What happened to the rest
Of the day the part you weren't there for or
Life the part you missed out on on
Saturday, Grey Eyes? What did I forget
Something about a masterpiece of modern art
A crystal elephant... a marble.

Is anything finished or merely abandoned?
And those parts of the sky that go behind the buildings
Did we really get what we could out of them
Climbing for a better view. It was something about being beautiful
Through surgery. Waking up in that evening gown.
A couple parents hovering at the edge of vision
Visionaries proficient at the art of cutting people up
Huge chunks gone that was my body the name changed on driver's license
Seven year old boy in a tee shirt in Chattanooga
How did he get out of that backyard?
Small potatoes small change peanuts chicken feed
When it comes right down to it. Sometimes
We all get sick at once, cross out whole lines
Of our lives at a stretch a month in the hospital
Parts still rouged out the perfect face
As if the sun rose out of the west for a change
The envelope no matter what it contains
More important to get it there.
It's almost as if what we think could matter
In the grand scheme. But it has to. It has to.
Whatever you do what you think will affect the rest of the world
Like a window, nothing to look at
But solid.

So the grand gesture isn't enough
It's the recovery
Transition from the grand gesture
To the next grand gesture.
Then a moment's peace.
Michelle Long dead at twenty-three.
ROSE LESNIAK

PHENOBARBITAL BABY

In the hospital one has nothing to make one something, except phenobarbital,
the small hunched volunteer comes around,
it's 8 a.m. books, books, for everyone.
I don't like that thought, no I don't like that,
Quick, call Chass & tell him to bring Marx,
and true menthol one-hundred's, 5 nurses, I need a shot.
In the hospital one has nothing when one has no left leg,
no cartilage in the knee & the 4th day free to pull up,
bam, hit metal bed bar, nurse quick, I need a left siamese twin,
strap her on!
And the first day I began to cover distance,
I snuck to the nurse's bathroom, 2nd floor,
3 puffs and the halls contained sunlight, light,
light, white everywhere, it was just as good as real.
When I wanted water, straddle to fountain,
put tip of right crutch down to pedal,
bend twelve degrees and open, mouth
drops, dead roses, not me,
but the way a few drop off,
most stay fresh for a day,
but it's not like, "Tulips."
And in the hospital one has nothing when one is horny
and your roommate catches T.B.
The next one, 8th day, loves T.V. but doesn't understand
what it's pushing,
the needle into my hip,
goodnight.
In the hospital one loses weight if you do not eat;
cookies, sugar, chocolate turtles, ice cream, candy or cold food.
In the hospital one has nothing to do when the books are read
unless you act nothing less than outrageous,
bring me my skateboard, bring me a baby, cause I'm going out,
to get a real sunburn.
Back, cold food, one nurse, one aide & one silver needle.
Awake at 7, outside tips of bushes, buildings, shadows, roofs,
and flying cherry tree blossoms, spring,
with a church steeple and 3 crosses, (who crosses?)
You cross your chest, thinking God will pay the final
multiplication for the 13 days, for the 4 visits from Dr. Smith
X-rays and phenobarbital.
From 1946 to the present, the philosophy of Forkosh hospital
has never changed.
It continues to be dedicated to Forkosh hospital.

Leaves, birds, planes, one shot and I'm out...

In the hospital one has nothing but bed sores
until you heal from this brief vacation of 37 hits,
phenobarbital baby, look out cause an athlete is dangerous
confined to one leg,
out of habit,
I never asked for a crutch.
OLD TIME PANIC

Well my woman she just left me and the cows they won't come home.

An some tough hombre uped an' took my barn.

So I'm standing in the willows with a letter from my cousin Jerome.

And that old time panic hurries on boys.

And that old time panic hurries on.
OLD TIME PANIC (CONT.)

2. Well my darling girl Juanita
   With her ruby cherry lips
   Left me standing naked in my swimming pool
   Well I met her in El Paso
   I guess that up-fronts her trip
   An’ that Old Time Panic hurries on, boys
   An’ that Old Time Panic hurries on

   (HAWAIIAN GUITAR)

3. So if you’re eager to be wed
   To the only girl you love
   Please don’t make a move unless you’re sure
   ‘Cos she’ll love you & she’ll leave you
   With some tranquilizers and a Cadillac to love
   An’ that Old Time Panic hurries on, boys
   An’ that Old Time Panic hurries on.
GOODNIGHT IRENE

1. I've got a brand new feather in my cap
   I got support stockings & open toed shoes
   I got dark red lipstick; I even carry a compact
   Well I might be bored an' I might just be confused

2. I wanna look like Garbo!
   I wanna look like Dietrich!
   If I bleach my hair— I look like Monroe
   I got so much style I make myself seasick
   I'm just a beautiful man wearing a beautiful woman's clothes

   CHORUS: You got to find me a lover
      Everywhere I go
      Someone like Cooper, or someone like Gable
      Or maybe someone like Valentino
      You're always living in a three-ring circus
      Too scared to let yourself close
      Ya always got some lover
      Ya always got some lover
      Ya always got some lover
      Trying to steal the show

   (MUSIC & CHORUS)

3. Well go down to the smoky blue ballroom & get yourself hustled
   Go get bitched at
   And bitch back!!
   At me
   Go an' get groped at— by a mass of muscle
   Try looking in his eyes; try liking what you see
4. Oh! I look like Garbo!!
   I think I look like Dietrich
   An' if I bleach my hair you know I look just like Monroe—0!!
   I got so much style I make myself seasick
   I'm just a beautiful man wearing a beautiful woman's clothes

   CHORUS: But you got to find me a lover!!
   Everywhere I go
   Someone like Cooper or someone like Gable
   Or maybe someone like Marlon Brando
   You're always living in a three-ring circus
   Too scared to let yourself close
   Ya always got some lover
   Ya always got some lover
   Ya always got some lover
   Trying to steal the show.
A LONG HOT WIND AND A DREAM

1. Cold, cold coffee in my cup
   Hours bend by, nothing straightens them up
   The hand on my leg—it's my hand
   The music plays—it's my band
   In the back of my head the song rolls and screams
   "I want a long hot wind and a dream"

2. One shoe on; one shoe off
   Ten miles away I can hear myself cough
   There's a letter on the table—for me
   But I don't have enough light to read
   I rehearse my own epoch, my own mise-en-scene:
   A long hot wind and a dream
   RELEASE: I should take a taxi
   I've got appointments uptown
   With men of all races and creeds
   Some work in factories
   Some just make the rounds
   But without exception
   They try to make some connection
   With a long cold hot wind
   An' a dreamless dream

3. Head is up; throat is dry
   I been trying all day to kiss myself good-bye
   Dunking & rolling—I can't sleep
   I don't like the company that I keep
   I wanna know where they send the kings and the queens
   I want a long hot wind and a dream
   (Band plays—trumpet solos...)

Carey/20
Yes, where do they send all the kings and the queens?
When they die where do they send all the kings and the queens?
And is it really as great as it seems?
A long hot wind and a dream
The name of this wall is Susan
This one's Lou
Where it turns, a slight obtuse
and goes on to the door and through
That's Whitey
The apex being unnameable

The floor reminds me of Atlantis
but is more like an expedition
I enjoy the view of it from down here
on my mattress
A Japanese angle, that is
Ozu

And it goes on, an expanse, flatter
than my imagination
Like to the North Pole and over
Plane geometry
Then back to me, here
Amongst the protrusions
Out of it on a vast Sunday
I mean, Monday
But in there,
too
The van keys hanging loose from the ignition
As the day begins tho Tomek and Jeff remain
Settled in their sleeping bags.
Jim, on a 6:30 safari into the cow field
Goes beyond post card dogma
I'm watching him disappear like a speck
Thru the front window of this van gone off the highway
To the edge of some farm in America
The bird sounds are a random symphony
Including a lot of percussion
As that woodpecker's one measure concerto solo
Echoes still, a highlight like a cymbal crash
This is straight ahead jazz. No form.
Only my presence, which to this scene is adorned.
Oregon

Beer, headphones connected to Miles Davis
This pen, in hand
Before, I didn't know what bliss was

The trees didn't give it to me
The quiet of that green scene didn't
Thinking 'bout a girlfriend 3000 miles away

Had settled me quite a bit but
Now was far from that-
Time air with me through the centuries

Outside belonged to whoever wanted it
My 25 years were inside on a sofa
Appreciating style and form

A capacity to propagate word images
Heading for blends like these chords flagrant colors
Coincidence

Stumbling nonchalantly home city streets late afternoon
under trees over black patterns I was sidetracked
by a frightening invitation
and left at the station rattling wheels down
the track I fell back
into the melodious berry or maybe mud
climactic nature of coincidence

where colorful country reels
and the engineer rides a three-fold colt
and the Byzantine phosphorescent coxcomb flower
is precise and heavy
and much like the truth or something similar
the reed clarinet is an inclined evening
shower pulsating
phenomenal inside song. There

is virtually no way to forget this example
set by loving blue harp inside
or the foreign faint echo of flamenco dancers
snoring through hotel walls
even though they change colors lock up and move
to another country I
do remember these amusing coincidences
so monumentally moving now...

The sky still holds a purplish hint a little warmth
and sudden comfort
in the very nonchalant and of course classic climactic nature
of coincidence
there's nothing classically incomplete or scrupulous
to break
translucent wings beat and blur and twist
the course of history
A mackerel sky
masses
small
rounded, high detached
lots of
Blue sky in the gaps;
Oozes
gutsy : gusty
motile
pillows
w/pearly domes & steeples
*
Whooshing sounds loud... high up.
*
This natural occlusion stuff
was the bunk,
Duenna, Guardian Angel,  
Counselor, Hygienist, Mid- 
Wife, Governess, Den Mom, Caring 
Friend...

where we bunked  
down
in the aerie  
above the woe- 
lined streets...

*

Your language, visible  
Suspended, in air

A cloudy clump of hair  
Springing into an "o"  
for seconds
POEM

By the alcove's black projecting
   table, the Love Bite rests
   on his arm. His arm

Leans stably. But
   the bruise is turning
       like a pint-size Galaxy.

Who made it? Who, with his own heat
   and planet's fleshy grace; or
   who, with her murmuring

   turning, Deep
   Space Eye
   Balls
   ?

Brownish-blue & yellow now
   swirl away from them, likewise
   from his little heaven,

Out passed the toothy girdle gating
   this guy's kitchen window,
   into air, turning

   into air,
   where they meet
   and sometimes mingle, even
Epistle

You are my friend, no compendium
of singular devotion
Your book is here with me
Sitting on the sofa, golden
Sunlight streaming in
Like the electric voice of a calm commander
You've been all the scenic places
What a beautiful life!

Who knows who you are? Seven
Wise Guys in Greece?
Where did Confucius live?

When the Lone Ranger goes over there
to get those 8 pigeons
I'd gladly give you up (who'd give
me up so easily), but you don't
give up, so easily you're
Up on my calendar, there.

Colder weather warmer clothes enter
Great flocks of black coats cut out
under the trees, dash
in your big machine
in your big depot
the brain

SILENCE

Who is as eloquent as you? Nobody
is as eloquent as you, that is you
that is a person

One middle-aged dame of swarthy complexion w/earrings
as big as after-dinner coffee cups could not
play the original. Glaucous Magnolia

Exquisite Indian, sailboat in the snow, in flexible
equilibrium, all soldier, all poet, all scholar, all
saint, all some one gift or meritorious success, one tough
gazooka which loves all palookas, harmonious human multitude!

Levine/31
The dome, the inhabitants, and their wanderlust are as dim as a futile horizon, without witness but you nonetheless control the unfamiliar umbrella at the threshold, a shelter as yet undefined, without a specific dialect of pain, which has a long "o" and feminine rhymes No, luxury is either cheap or not for you, all inquisitive You are sated by a mere cab ride, you sleep untroubled but then it isn't sleep either Weren't you shuddering, in sympathy with the pier? hauling in rat-trailed ropes alongside a long, rambunctious frigate glorious without filth, then of a sudden you drove an endless touristic foreign coupe wondering if that unconscious song were yours to stylize

You awakened thoroughly, all things came to your feet for their solution

3 - 17 - 77
NATIVES

He recklessly tumbles across polyethylene tundra
as if trying to coat jagged sage with his flesh
Has his beloved been murdered, or raped?
Is he insanely jealous of a rival?
Or is he civically enraged, an idealist?
But now he is exhausted, so much life
has left him, his thighs pulse like jaws
a weakened perspiration narcosis simulated by
headlong dives and murderous slides
on his shoulder blades, his winged elbow
Unconscious at the feet of waking bums
his skin contains a liquid scorched
by the hot touch of a cold lover
who drags him incessantly to
the middle of the blood-drenched stage

2

A man on his own must never be cautious
A dozen chicks, all the image of public
scrutability, straighten their halters
flounce their feathered heads, laughing
with arched necks, and exchange
mud stools, walking from one seat to
another, never missing a word of this song:
"That guy in the door checks us out
buys his Kools, puts his thumb to
his lips, and smiles—if he's disappointed
we'll be the losers, and if he's a dream

Godfrey/34
we'll announce post facto our conception

"Two steps through the door, his face reddens
After ten, thick wide lips curl back from his teeth
Sister Cooty steps forward, placing a stewed
tomato under his next step—he is in our midst
now, and his cape-like jersey
brushes our tits as he tumbles to the floor!"

The balcony is his, as a dictator's or pope's
It overlooks an enormous plaza which is
flanked in all directions by hard, tall
buildings, some of them noble-looking
and the others, both old and new, reminders
of a cheapness no distraction, even his
imperious air, will evince, except when sauced
The sides of the plaza, which is entirely
paved in blue marble, provoke strong
granite verticals of gray, and weaker
brick-reds, nothing there is wooden
not even the bump on a leper's forehead
there, in the exact center of the teeming
everyday plaza's hundred thousand
would truly illustrate the ordinary!
jostling shoulder to chin, cursing and kissing
bankers and punks, ballerinas and
pale, short-skirted usherettes, a deafening
sizzle of hysteria and wavering balladeers!

In the future some will say it was the purple
stone he wore on large links of chain that
mesmerized the rabble, made them breeze in their gyrations and each turn a stunned, vulnerable expression towards the unexplainable magic of the balcony, towards the animated, subtly impenetrable face of the man there who, crafty but protective smiles as if in applause to their enthusiastic recovery and receptive consensus of loyalty presented to him in a confetti of voice after voice murmuring "Ole! Ole!" then, perhaps in response to the running-up—in the form of a hologram—of a waving red, black and brilliant baby-blue flag, foaming over the plaza to their universal enchantment

4

We are the three hundred eighty-one dead Atlantic chiefs... You have ravished our teeth of their fillings, at whose codes you blanched or, pen in hand, like a lexicographer, you shaped with the expunged air from your mouth a difficult but inescapably apparent cloud containing the pinks and lavenders of your pioneers' sunsets, their lonely self-indulgence and self-satisfaction also, like a fever

To us the centuries spin and unroll producing music from a distinctly boxish instrument: it's sexless and undemonstrative because it, a hatred, knows love by its impurities, as in touch of surprise to nylon crotch or in the manipulation of a cocky veneer I myself, the spokesman for the group

Godfrey/36
seduced 479 maidens and 381 strong braves
stumbling blind drunk and possessed by
Hiawatha Weed from tent to tent in total
secrecy because the urge of the goat
was all I ever satisfied, and that presented
an uphill fight to a chief of brave
but stiff jerks who worried about their houses
and dreamt of the future when they would
discover a tropical paradise in the Bahamas
on a tribal pension plan, just a bunch of
stoical redskins paralyzed by honor

But not all of us, that's for sure, huh boys?
We've rode Cadillacs through the kitchen doors
of brothels; we've spit on the fleas of jails!
Nothing could harm our hearts because
we were antelope and owls in the sky and rivers
of our ears and, to us, we were not ourselves
until what you call "evil" and "weak" had
been dismissed, like the turdlings of stars
into an impalpability only our most
stertorian fears could disassemble into
actions, sudden and bloodthirsty, but
honorable and awesome until regarded
by the raw and harrowed face of
one whose heart is interfering
with the arc of an acrobat's boot, which, anyway
peeled from his foot only to make the crowd
overturn its cups in alarm, snapped
like aerials from inattention to incredulous
expletives, and the boot, slightly sweaty
neverer than the one, the left, that the acrobat
adjusts the better to receive, in the dusty
center ring, the roses of fear from the
crowd, absorbed in its own ovation, which
they express in strained smiles—that boot
that had bounced twice and since been
ignored pulls at the arena like a dressing to a sore
lifted over the broken skyline in the intolerably
burned hands of the sun, who is silent but stern
Unlike him, we do not adieu the finale's elephant
We have already trooped into the random hostel
of streets, our feathers cooing like a hoarse
mockingbird, and the last you see of us
we are opening the oyster of his novelty
sneezing like fevered infants, and we sleep
in the shadow's door at last, unknown to the
flaming crib and the wind breeding cameos of saliva

August - 72
HERITAGE OF SENTIMENT

It is not a random artist
who draws the tributary
prolific with small bridges
multi-bowered, outrightly shrubbed
and tamelessly peopled with
my ancestral likeness, crossing
now with happiness toward
welcome in all its challenge
How he must sing, not with
presumption but with the
ensuing development of strength
which is the contemplation of
action, where memory is genius
There are flowers in his heart
by whose Latin names the mind
is colored with isthmus and island
Substitutes for resilient fellowship
are but monarchs in dream's wing
for he sees flesh and ripe grapes
refracted in their true order
of crystal, contained out of fiddledness
Not symmetry but thighs stir
him, for therein a woman's
spirit reaches, offering candor
beyond maternal favoritism
and the trojan flag of apron
It is not some mouthful drained from aerosol, wanting inspiration that can depict, in correct vocabulary, the facial messages and their metamorphoses of this ancestor as he plagues his peasant banalities for density thought, and the galaxy his religious imagination apprehended in darkness, without moonlight or air, for the night sky wilted in contrast to his travelling eye All he knew of birth was in Cassiopeia, and birth could not be a home—a home was a distance, something yet to be seen, and he stops to whiff beside the marguerites He betrays that sudden relaxation of a man whose passions are feeding

And what musician could provoke impressions, elastic earth rattles, or glissandi of candles to startle his ear? as from its vivid post, it conceives birth—splash countering a fistèd knock, the priests to whom furred predators shed obloquy This ancestor hears with so little inhibition that the solicitous music of the voice intones purely
aurora, the glow of his senses
meant, after all, for my lifetime

There are folkish entrechats
and sinuous curls upwards
from a pagan crawl, but
somewhere this ancestor
dances the constant rising
from chairs, the investures
of farewells and his observation
of caricature and pose preserves
in justice, actual motions
As the feet, so the head, and
he sings along out of resistance
to any listless unison of beat

His greatest loyalties are immigrant:
of all commentators or thugs he is
the one who makes the grains
purple and food to be the tongue
brimming silver his future
body exceeding mine, perennially
weighed with tonics and petals
and channelled overpass after rippling
overpass is grown, as eyebrows
from the theater of his testament
Its origin precedes horn
or mockingbird, composed
of a mutable spell that
the narrow river exaggerates until
even oceans sing there too
their chorus of squid and explorers

1 - 11-13 - 77

Godfrey/41
Out the window the Russian novel goes on
Poor people! Why haven't they invented
the machines that would divide your time
instead between books and the variety
of exercise! and all our interesting minds
would move the lead-like August air with
the exhaust of imagination, the fanning
of wings, the breathy note blown on half-
empty bottles of wine, and the verbose
gesturing hand—sparks of contest stoking
the revolutionary ethic of mensa!
But here we are, already crowded in thought
and the sun in markedly glancing shafts
causes even that to vanish like blooms
from a windowbox, leaving us to find life
in stupidity, 0 our own secret blunders!
0 Anna Illianova, have tea with me!
and compare our guilty, guilty futures!

9 - 8 - 77
GARY LENHART

Love Bull

Monday peyote
Fall back on cliche

Lemonade in Bloody Marys
Blue drug rehab guitar star

we listen to, to see.

Hung over from teen age
before I knew your name, sweetheart.
Johnny Guitar

Might as well mosey into the Heaven for a spell,  
Avocado robed saloon angel pinhead Hell

Thunderfuck Bird, Mach 2  
or more hokey even  
the first time out

In dream commercials  
to die if possible,  
sink posed into that Bog of Despond

Redoubtable Mouth.  
Give it away  
Throw em out  
Those Parlor Categorical Antiques

Once you hit 30  
you do or you don't.  
Logic sacked, scapula around the neck  
like an albatross, I conjecture, having read it

A Musical Shot!

1. Alone in Queens, 18  
the Kinks crazy guys  
she goes to hear anyways.  
Was that or go to college

2. My favorite 15 Westerns?  
College course with salary size,  
include She Wore a Yellow Ribbon,  
My Darling Clementine
Surf's Up

In the middle of the night I call your name,
Who are you ask, & why are you saying
these things about Fassbinder, multinational corporations

& bourbon with water? Jim Beam, it's OK
but I imagine early times with varied inspirations
&/or friends listening to 8 Miles High & fingering

the sky, constantly marvelling that we are able
to fly, to sail unthwarted through the toadstools
that sprout bouncy around our comfortable

physicality. So don't let me hear you say
life's taking you nowhere. I take it
you could show me at least one other way.

What do you expect, the Moon with flight pay?
You, my beautiful brown-eyed girl. Putting me on,
taking off in an instant, raking in the disappointing
pay-off. At first I thought it was just infatuation.
Now I stop, look around, & there's no one to splash
in the bathtub. I prefer showers too;

some compromise I'm willing to make, however,
to wake with you in a state synchronous,
apparently solid. Does that make me the agent of

invidious adjustment, subject to shrink
to nothing before the apple of my eye?
You got your body in the way, I say,

without too much conviction. I say too much
without conviction; I make waves every second
I open my mouth. Actually I make nothing

if I understand sound. I play them,
sort of. Complaining waves. A
Song of Pain slipping over white sound.
I'm the 60's all over, rolling off
campus like a Chinese scroll,
precise crag & tree,
sloppy around the pharmacy,
I like to do it, it likes to do me

& we do each other wrong
though not in my eyes. In my eyes
you can do no wrong.
We go up on the roof & come down
hard, like brick houses, built
so huff n puff can't blow us down

but you can always blow me & gladly
I go down on you, to rise
from the ashes of one spent passion
like the Blue Ridge Mountains
where you feed the chickens. Yes it's
back to the land & grand to be there

& grand to be in the city & grand
to be on LSD & grant your whim
with craft without guile.
The night Duane Allman slips beneath a truck
I party with J Geils. A roadie says
we could draw up a list & end it here

but lists are very sixtyish
& the 60's are all over
& I'm only on 12th Street, sometimes
on the Bowery, sometimes
in the country where my friends are into

reunions. Everytime I visit they say
What a Reunion.
Just like Janis Joplin back home
in Port Arthur.
Then I go out

    & it's good to go out
& I'm blown away with affection
for the folks I leave behind, so I don't.
"Can I have the number you're calling in reference to?"
"Yes, 673-1671."
"Just a minute. I'll connect you with a representative."
"Hello. Mr Triviata speaking. Can I help you?"
"Yes... I'm calling about Abel..."

disregard the glee?
Never.

They tell of a "natural simplicity"
Nor shall I conclude

You turkish lily bones & armpits pond me

Immediately
like child there
in a concrete mirror
Sees a lion spouting dew

August 24, 1977,
I know what day it is
But I forgot my umbrella.
My. My my. Whoop-de-doo.

Blue White Red Pink White-Pink sidewalk tulips
The right symphony
I can alter chaos
Hinged to hideous habit

I want Salad Bowl Nothing & Hamburger Shutters

& you shall receive.
This Planet, This Life

I can picture myself in another place
A few blocks away
Iris, Teddy, Kaka, Shmil,
Sore bookie luncheonette No Change

This is not Astral Projection
Drawn salmon cliche
But Physical Mind Scenario & Feeling Travel
Timeless, Momentary

Near there I work
I'll send alarm radio
You, Desire
A strange Economics boils down

Early burly 8:15 choosy
I applaud Orson Welles' Unity of Being Festival
Cria, And God Said,
"Do you have some vaseline or jelly?"

Finite compulsive purity
Chicken Duck Cake
Feasting prayers in order
5738

Poised violent brains
Must hunk out dollar require Planter's bloc
Cheyenne summer I don't bolt
Holding $4 plus proper 80 cents

Books Memoirs calling all Yeats fans
And polar equal Brodey's Unless
Tongue-Ear audience embodiment deepens phone
"A flame that hankers to rise does rise..."

This is all I can handle
Money wants & Wishes mocked
Pronounce it

The Illuminated Path of Glory
Glitter

Where is the cocaine
Where is the pot
Where is the woman
Or man that I love
Bring on
White Dumbo facts
Green Harvest Art
Tom in drizzle
Dara's wounded teens
And the center of distraction
Me
I take off like Mal Waldron
Casually remembering 1957
With my left hand
The notes you recognize
Changed
Evening beckons so
We would have of it
A season
New to adapt
My mind decides on peace for you
Avenue A

Noon morning walk
Pause at entrance
Iodine baby tears
Activate black dairy air
While Thank You Mary bells
Toll
I turn left
And a man crosses himself
Crammed fervent pilgrimage
770 Eastern Parkway
Judaism contained in a rebbe
What's he written? asks Jim
I want to see his hands
Say I am American amiable
Concerned with the American Idiom
Sturdy and detached
To quote Jamie MacInnis
Ask blessings for my father's soul
Depart death's master
Holy and human as love
"Ear stones" emit a neighborhood bright
Pentecostal wrists jingle
Spirits of the bandy-legged poor