MAG CITY #5

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Lucille's Love

Continued intrigue
thrown for a loop
Cocksucking passersby
Slothful meander fend

Midnight on the bay
The swishing is archaic
In the distance snuggle
Against a divine thought
Selfishness
that borrower
Chucks inspiration

Persist in surrendering
A base person is a paradox
Om is boundless
Unclear blown-up
Colloquial anti-depressant
Look on the lime remover truck

You called for a nuclear poem
like a witch to hazel
Fury
She had no father
Sickness Madness Beauty
A rolodex of Visions

No particular audit
triumphing
Incredible substitution folly
The idyllic Tribe of Man
TOM WEIGEL

PROVINCETOWN

You ride into the sun's overtures around the shoulders of Cape Cod, gulls like slow bullets perforating the air. You are a composite of summer dust ready for the unprepared life, vision caught in the waves on either side of the headland from where you stand. Outward attitude emerging from a plane of ocean blue. Wind-combed weeds, tanned beach boys & temperatures of style sharing the sun. Without questions, maybe one flash picture of the family, you look to the sea where the Cape runs away, high on the foam.

1977
TRAVELOGUE

Get yourself together like a double feature
says the little voice from the desert
be analytical  look for bargains
at the flea market

arrange to meet with the universe
for a conference on your health
overlooking the town
amply lit by lip gloss
and trains running all night long
A BRILLIANT LIFE

I'm searching for brilliance. 
I don't possess it, 
but I know some people who do. 
So I've taken to looking 
in all the right places. 
With brilliance, I'll be 
able to live right 
& really have fun. 
When you are brilliant 
you don't need philosophy, 
God, Marx, or the Reverend Moon. 
Also, you wouldn't worry 
about having to prove 
yourself as painter, clown, 
plumber or used-car salesman. 
No. Because you wouldn't 
have a self. 
You would be a solid entity 
like corn flakes or a Volvo. 
Life would be lovely. 
You wouldn't even have to 
fall in love. 
You would always be 
brilliantly creative, 
even when taking out the garbage. 
Your name would mean brilliance.
At parties you'd make
guest appearances.
You would become invisible
at all the right times.
Like a white opal,
your face would have
a brilliant glow.
TED GREENWALD

AS IF SAME AIR

As if same air
Were blowing
Here and there
Providing a link
To the key
To the lock
On the door
Of the air
To be opened
Like eyes
And reflected
Under porch
From the perch
Of the pond
In the stroke
Of a hand
Puffed and wrinkled
Like clouds
With sleep
And perfectly
Smoothing out
And fashioned
Under sway
Of wakefulness
Coming this way
This day
The friends waited for
The sun to go down before
They got together They sat
Around the square table
Conversation swirling over
The food They ate
And talked about other
Less close friends radiating
Through circles of friends
Until one
And one with another (Bob
And Bob and Susan)
Had sufficient interest
To keep them there the larger
Part of the evening
With the main dish Susan
Was home one night in
Bed alone thinking
About her job the day on the job
How much she loved the work
How little time
She had for reading
What she felt like when
The phone rang and without
Exactly knowing or understanding
Why, Bob was soon in bed
The first months were taken up
With weekends and one or
Two nights a week (they both
Had to get up for work) of
Straight ahead fucking
With picnic-like foreplay
And softball and volleyball games
Of between and afterplay
Trudging across a sunset diamond
Then experimentation started
Who was on top became
A smoldering cinder in the barbeque
Pit who was man or woman
Tonight this weekend
Each talked with and was assured
By shrink and
Friends who didn't like
Whichever wasn't Bob or Susan
Mutual friends argued maneuvered
Some to break them up ("She
Was never good for him") And some
To keep them together ("He'd get
Nowhere without her brains")
This stage lasted about a year
Then they decided to move in
Together saying "We've decided
To try to see if we can live
Together and work out tenderness"
With dessert and cheese
The friends weighed the
Pros and cons of Bob's and Susan's
Mutual decision
Coming to no conclusion
Cigarets were lit
A record put on and heap

Greenwald/8
Powerful dope passed around
Bob and Susan should
Be here any minute, the friends
Thought They couldn't
Be here for dinner
But they'd be here later
Someone shot a whistling
Skyrocket of Bob's problems
Up in the sky of the livingroom
And someone brought in Susan
The ideological affair she'd
Been having with a beautiful
Person in her women's group
How she was starting
To recognize her essential bi
Sexuality how she really
Dug men and women
How Bob thought
The women are right Isn't
That someone at the door,
One of the friends said, must
Be them, they go
Everywhere together these days
And know all each
Other's friends
The friends
Watched the door open
And the three friends
Walk in talking about
Something with great passion
As time
Goes by
Becomes more
And more
Apparent that
People I
Know and love
And have
Learned to
Know and
Love when
They ask that
Demand that
I be open
And let myself
Be emotionally
Open mean
That I
Should be
Open and me
Be emotionally
Open so
That I
Can be
Moved around
At will
Not my will
But someone
Else's idea
Of how
I should
Be moving
Through this
Life through
That
And theirs
And should
Stay where
Put since
To do otherwise
Contravenes
The mutuality
Of the situation
And makes
Me to be
Guilty of
Breaking the
Rules of
The relationship
(And makes
The person
Opened to
Angry with me)
When I
Catch on
I have
Nothing to do
With drafting
In the first
Place
My feeling
When
That heart to
Heart part
Of the relationship
Comes head
To head
What I do
Is tell
My friend
Fuckoff
And let
Bullshit
Rest at that
So much depends on William Carlos Williams. He wrote to save our lives like so many other men and women poets. It was brought to mind only last night, how poets must listen to every sound they hear and remember them and record them well. It's my mind that wishes to remember the good times. I had a good time last night when I went to a Chinese Restaurant with Alex who bought us each not one meal but three meals between us. It was so delicious and so was the conversation. The night started out at the West End Bar where the crowd hadn't yet arrived. I waited a good little bit for him and he arrived in a hurry. He was already smoking cigarettes when our conversation began.

It grew on the clock so we decided to walk a bit until we stumbled onto a good place to sit and swallow. He kept talking about Baskin Robbins, and I somehow felt we had to put that at rest. On the way Alex nearly fell over a patch of raspberries, that is, a display he ravenously spotted on a vegetable stand. Six boxes he bought and gave me one, maybe two. I knew he was a generous one with me, and he began to grow on me. He also bought me Portrait of the Artist by Joyce as he said my little poems reminded him of Joyce. He also said my poems did not bore him.

The Chinese Restaurant didn't have any music and it sounded almost uncivilized, I said. We soon found ourselves in the middle of a lot of mushrooms and some chicken snow-peas with chopsticks. The waiter wanted us to leave, but we wanted to stay. Alex said I looked beautiful. Also, that I looked like the Mona Lisa. I was intent on listening to him. I wondered how it felt for him to be a teacher and he said it's sometimes like being a parent.

Baskin Robbins was the next battlefield. I wondered how this would taste raspberries on whipped cream on hot fudge on fudge chocolate ice cream. It was somewhat a gold mine. I treasured every sip, like I treasured the moments of the night as they happened in sequence and would mark them in measure as they occurred and then again afterwards.

I remember the raspberries
They grew out of an offering
from a surprise fruit stand
Along the way to a sun burst meal.
The little brother
The tall slender sister
The out of the ordinary uncle
The miserly father
The miserable husband
The gooney daughters
The loud wife
The lovely girl and her friend
The lonely soul who filed in the room without his memory
The ghostly
The sour grape
The moronic & memorable
The beautiful, the stupid horrendous horrible
The reasonable
The affectionate
The worrying
The wise

The soap box
The dance stand
The music box
The wandering mind

- in the deep dark circuit of the telephone wire
- lost somewhere holding an empty phone
- dancing in a holy water
- skimming the sea
- crying for time
- holding a tear drop
- rattling the earth's surface
- surface to the rock of Gibraltar
- gravitating to the eye of the fun spirit
- look up bright-eyed at the spirit skylight
- roll around in comfort
- come in & go out smiling and laughing at what you saw
- forgetting what you saw and putting in a new house
- moving to Switzerland in the picture folio
- holding the landscape in the palm of your hand.
- regurgitating all that doesn't taste good,
- savoring the happy holidays when they pop out at Christmas
  and Easter (even if you're Jewish)
- sticking your tongue out at Mr. Mean and Mrs. Stinking rotten
- feeling happy in a pinch

I make a holiday for myself. I'm all drained out. Move over.
I make a holiday for myself.
DENISE

I fell in love with Denise, first time I ever saw her. It was on a summer night, 1975, in New York City. She was walking up Third Avenue, in her tight satin jeans and frilly sleeved blouse. Her hair is very long thick strawberry blonde, and that night the warm breeze took it away in honey-scented billows.

It could've been midnight anyplace in America, the cars were rolling by, the lights in the street were just turning on, some were blinking, I was blinking too, at Denise. Who is so beautiful, and has a great shy tiny pink-lipped mouth, sure sigh(n) of a great sucker. We nodded hello. Was I looking for a girl friend of her's, no, not really. I dug her swishy attitude, and the way her big eyes browsed my body, already interested.

She suggested we go to an afterhours joint she knew. It was sure dark in there. She lent me three dollars to get in with. The big, burly guy at the door knew her. She ordered a drink, and a coke for me. Immediately, she walked away from the bar, and into the shadows. My eyes just couldn't get accustomed to that darkness. I heard loud jukebox disco music, saw a few couples dancing The Bump. One big obvious queen in tight short orange dress, high heels, and dark opera hose, walking what she thought (probably weirded-out on television sexiness) was sexy, but looked dumb, slid over to my side, and instantly began playing with my fingers in my lap. "Buy me a drink," she asked. "No," I shrugged, "I'm with someone else." "Too Bad!" she grinned, and slid away. Some of her slime adhering to the bar, glowed. Boy, she was hot to trot.

Denise comes back, only now she's in a 30's-type knee-length silk dress, her hair is up in a bun, and I can see her ears and neck very plainly. She is something else, a regular midnight city vamp. Her neck is white, her flesh is scented with almonds, she's fingering a joint then takes a toke, inhaling the smoke deep within her lungs. I'd love to shove my tongue down that throat, and wiggle it into her lungs. Her dress hikes up as she sits on the bar stool. I see her thighs, and grinning unmercifully, they see me. I can't wait to suck them, feeling the smoothness of them with my broad warm tongue. She's very drunk, suddenly. And turning with a great flourish of her arm, she introduces me to a young Spanish fairy in a mini-skirt and high white platform boots. The little chick's eyes are flashing all over my bod, I almost feel little tongues anointing my head with oil. Her cup, surely, runs over. Denise jerks me around. She's really tipsy. I get her to go home with me. No big argument there. We kiss and hug tightly in the doorway of the midnight joint, to the cheers
and jeers of all residents of that dark romantic hole.

Outside, it's a workingman's morning. Trucks whiss past, and we hurry to the corner to grab a cab. I can't believe my good fortune to have found Denise unaccompanied. Drunker, she resembles Joey Heatherton, in face and coloring. She has wonderfully tough firm great pointed tits, whose nipples really stick out like grapes. I can't wait to chew on them. I'm now so stiff my pants are beginning to rip in the front. It's so obvious, but in New York City, of course, nobody gonna say nothing, less maybe you got a machinegun with you, or dig to bite them on the arm. I'm so involved with looking at Denise like she's some kind of wild game I'm gonna cook up at home. I can't wait to fuck her, and keep her wet for days. Until the daze sets in, then again, and again, until we just dissolve into one another. A complete merge that's what I crave. Denise gets me there on time.

At her hotel room, she has a big dog. She hurries and gets a bag full of stuff I know she'll never need at my place. New clothes, make-up, other kinds of things. I'm so horny by this time, that I'm almost in love with her. We finally go down to the street, rush two blocks to my place, get in, get our clothes off, and hop onto the waterbed. It seems a few seconds between running in the streets together, and hungrily exploring each other's faces with our mouths and tongues. She sits up, examining my penis, now almost to full erection length. She ogles my cock, fingering its long thick stiff giving shaft, the super vein running down the middle is pulsating hotly. Spitting on her hand, she rubs it all over the bobbing-side-to-side heavy crown of the eager hungry serpent. Spitting on the cock, raised to her mouth by one palm, she beginning to squench it with her hand, rubbing it, and alternately spitting more and more of her mouth's juice on it to further lubricate her holy activity. The pleasure surges through me. Her smile told me she was getting off. She had a marvellous distant look on her face. Her eyes glazed with alcohol, grass and sex-smells. Her mouth hung open slightly, revealing perfect teeth, and a huge impatient tongue.

She squirmed beneath me, getting at my asshole with her teeth, holding it widely apart as her tongue squeezed inside. Pulling me down, resting my ass on her chest, she took me into her mouth, nibbling on my cock's slit-mouth with her sharp teeth, and fingering my asshole, which was now very wet. As she sucked on my dick, she made the most delicious noises, groaning and moaning and wildly slurping at it. I tore the cock out of her mouth, and quickly bent down to suck at her lips with my own mouth. I bit her lips, and sucked on her tongue, and gently kissed her lips, now closed.

As I rose up, she fingered my cock at her asshole's eager thirsty cunt's lap, and crouching down in a sort of knee-bend position I thrust into her. She was very wet, and as I slid in easily, she arched her legs
backwards, making her roll slightly onto her shoulders, and I penetrated her very deeply, and she giggled. I came three times in three almost-simultaneous, flaring surges, that made me quake, cum, and shudder cumming again, and then again. It was so wet down in there, she thought for one moment we were swimming in a warm lovely careless ocean. I rose up then, with all my power welled-up within me, all my strength, and fucked her again, carrying all her weight on my crossed-leg lap. Sucking on her face, her cheeks, her eyelids, her hair (which cascaded down in strawberry blonde rivers of color in the dawn blue darkness), her open wet empty mouth.

We relaxed, finally. She gliding off to sleep. I into a nice pastel dream. To awake, two hours later, to find her licking my balls. What a pleasant surprise. We grasped hands, fingers clenching each other, pressed together, and shifting her entire body weight to directly above me, I brought up my ever-poised dong and injected her himmie with another powerful onslaught. Watching her face shiver, quiver, and shake, alive with a desire I did not hesitate in admiring, physically. She licked her lips as I plunged deeper, slowly moving my rod in her toughening soft cave. Her legs were around my waist, and her moans almost brought me back from the dead.

Lovely Denise stayed a few more hours, then hurried off to another appointment. I haven't seen her since, but thought of her endlessly when I'm alone. Another angel of those midnight cities. Another goddess of the sheets, another hooker of the soul's streets.

Stunning strawberry blonde heats haunt this jolly corpse. Visions of sweetness, and blue-eyed sensation blown thru this world's pockets, I cannot ignore. Denise, is a creature of light, of sweetness, and of proud Nordic lather cums, and tiny sexy fingers, that know just how to illuminate my soul, with life, and the quick romance of the streets.
the long beautiful muscle swoll up, stretching out to meet my tongue
that immediately lapped at its thick grainy crown, taking off the small
white liquidy bubble with ease as it suddenly appeared from its tiny
slit-mouth. my own cock began to grow, & a new pair of lips enveloped
me there, sucking me off so slowly & sensitively working me up to French
Climax, as I repeated it upon the prick in my own mouth, making it my
sole lover, my glorious concern. and we both came, trembling right down
to our toes, straining to swallow it all coming out of my own cock into
another mouth. ooh.

we change positions & I begin sucking one marvelous nipple as a strong
pair of hands divides the cheeks of my ample golden ass, and inserts
a thumb of lubrication creamy grease, & props me up on some pillows
& slowly shoves in his stiff dick that hurts me slightly (but I love
it so much!); & in front of me there's a juicy red-haired pussy, that's
being held apart so it seems to be grinning sideways at my own wet shaft
& it lowers into my lap, rising & pounding itself on top of my hungry
cock & meanwhile I'm sucking on armpit hairs & drinking a combination
of exotic saliva! ohh! a snapping turtle trio come raving out of my ass!
SEDUCED AND ABANDONED IN A HOLIDAY INN, IN HOLLYWOOD, I LAID
half-dressed and hungry for a cock that'd do me good and bad. I
laid there, thinking of some stud who'd come down & get it on
so early, I needed a great thick long fuck. My thighs ached
to hug a guy's body between them, humping him good & strong,
crying for his fingers up my straining spread ass halves,
oh how I cried in desperate need. Then one call I made clicked.
It was a hardhat I'd met once on the street, he took me
on his lunch hour to a motel and coked me good, he dug
getting me to straddle him, while he was standing, then
he'd really pump it to me. Once he took me to a sorta club
that he and his friends on "the job", had. We danced, he
really liked me to show off in front of his friends. I gave
a few of them the old slutty licked lips routine. He took me
in the back room and we fucked, then he left and brought back in
a few of the other guys. They all took turns on me. I dug it.
Really turned me on. Ah yes, he's coming over right now, I hope
he brings a few of his friends because I'm really fired up. I feel
so good, so hot, and whorey. Like I do when I dress up to the hilt,
and phone out at my pad for pizza, and wait for the boy, and suck
him off when he gets through cogleing me in my silver maxi-mini, &
long opera-length sheer black nylons, thin scarf halter fuzz, my hair
so fine in beehive joyboy warp pussy grin. Spread out on the bed
in my satin shortsshorts, the nylons having been ripped off to the knee,
my nipples are rosy pink and standing up straight, the fiber erect.
As the buzz of the door hits my tushie with a grin smile, he enters
seething with sweaty expectations and throws his cock into my mouth
and rams me back on the silk sheets & rumpled coverlet to gasp
& groan. The pulsating piledriving instrument glides down my throat
ramming into my Adam's Apple, thick with creamy saliva lumps, rips
out my taste buds with its grainy crown, and plunges right on thru
to crowd all oxygen from my mouth tunnel to lungs heaving in lit bod.
I'm biting his thighs, sucking on one of his enormous testicles, taking
it wholly into my mouth and massaging it with my tongue, dragging a
numb tooth over the little tender morsel, enjoying the wince that causes.
The hot head being casually licked & caressed with loving care,
the plunging subsiding as a climax scream tenderizes the back of my tongue
as it receives some warm juicy cum in a boiling twisting rage, that
twists up the covers, and loosens my grasp on the infinite flames. He
reversed my position and had me sit doggy fashion, plunging his cock
deep with my pussy-asshole, already lubricated by sailor heavies, who came
twice a piece and had fun licking their own cum off my chest. The hard-
hat's cock dug deep and made me smile a wicked one, as we sweat, licking
the salty beads as they fell to within range of our wagging tongues, then
standing up in a full kneeling position, I got my tongue into his mouth.
Straining my head backwards & pursuing his mouth past teeth & that tongue
that sucked my own, oh so nice to be fucked & tongue-sucked backwards
like the animals we are always needing to be reminded of this law
of tongue & cock & naked thigh straining beneath biting mouth that pinches
the flesh so tight & now his cock is broiling through my stomach. Then
he falls into a dead sleep, so I get up and put back on my shortsshorts,
and what's left of my halter tanktop, fix up my hair somewhat, and phone
downsairs for some coffee, wanting to entice somebody, anybody they send
up is IT. Hardhat is out cold, he's played his ace, and checked out, and
my vibrating tush needs a lot more stronger medicine to its norminess. I
robot-dance strut to some silent imagined cosmic funky tune, digging my own
body in the mirrored room, clicking bod on, getting my fantasy together.
"nothing has spread socialist feeling more than the use of the automobile..."
-Woodrow Wilson, 1906

They say neon lights are worth kisses
But I'm happy as a flaw in my Oldsmobile 88 hardtop
Near North Platte Nebraska
Wahooed galore by stand up rock tequila
Chicken or ribs Bar-b-que on the Fourth
Bucking horse cowboy band
Sunset mountain palette solo
Perfect LSD kids whose perfect mother runs by
Awful bandanna on raffish

It's plutonium versus dope
Us mobile scourves need car love + quick cash
Brusque Greedy Surgical Ripped
A horde of mes & none to sleep in your garbage
Ain't no business but a dangerous half-life
Reflected in frank shorter sports
Commerce after all with the inhabitants at the gas pumps
Out-of-state paté heads drunk among hot shows
Showered blank as sundry

Eternal Mao, Naropa 1000 years after
Beat habit, Growl
Whack intimates up
Except in someone else's mind a mere gaggle
Hanged with the tag, Beast Temple
Turned into ocean god-forgot, gruesome
The very bottom hammered away from the manifold, mechanic slave
You on your dirty ordinary back

Loitering for a tortilla
Picture a window with weather you can see
Ponds in history since you've been gone
& hail stones like gorillas push you around
You see the lizard but not his belly
Hear AM guitar on desert ether

I want to plug in passing thru, real charged
But this ain't Paradise it's a garden
So down on your knees & weed

All morning we was & wiring mufflers
Tomorrow maybe some art same as in New York
Hustling for beans like very Mexican

Pueblo without breakfast say HAV' UM NICE DAY

On a billboard

This is the town Joe Hill got killed in

The way we're perfect
I'd better put on my shirt
Is my skin flying in the backseat
Are we angels' pets
JOHN YAU

Shimmering Pediment

An overloaded circuit — lightning
Jammed the horizon, and for days
The echoes remained in my eyes.
But the brightest star is to begin
Anywhere. "Among the peonies,"
As an ancient Chinese poet wrote...

Near where the river pirouettes
Past the airplane graveyard
I wandered in as a child;
A fenced-in-field; the broken
Fuselages and crumpled wings
Reclining like sunbathers in
Haphazard rows of damaged magnificence.

Actually, I never played on this knoll,
Though I think somehow I must have.
For around supper I felt compelled
To return to that silent and empty
Amphitheatre, my plane spiralling
In a diminishing circle, as I flew
Parallel to where I am now standing.
A Gargoyle in the Garden

Around noon the women began strolling on deck, their lace dresses stretching tightly from the fifth rib to the bruised thigh. The sun was hot and bright by then, and pink and green parasols were spun in their white-gloved hands like wheels attached to all too earthly goddesses. Perfume penetrated the salt-laden air, and one could not help but collide with silent, but well meaning awnings the sky provided for the occasion. The ocean gently slapped its mirages against the sides of the hull. The orange sails dangled like curtains in an open window.

We had been waiting all night, tilted back and forth by the ocean's smooth blue muscles, a giant cradle rocking helplessly beneath the hapless stars.

I still remember the hair, wet and taunting, floating to the surface like gray porcelain hearts. Yet perhaps I peered through the curtains once too often, so that what I am really remembering is an opera I once saw in Florence — the streetlamps glowing with tender frustration against the harsh city. And perhaps I was even unlucky to survive. For that is how I got to be a gargoyle in the garden. A monumental mass of misshapen bones and muscles. A hideous lump waiting and watching. Pondering the next impossible step.
Internal Rime

In back of your personality
is a green tree
upon which grow your dreams
into which flows your sex
outside of all this is you growing hair.

You can barely hear it.
If a wind rustles by
you hear a singing in the skies.
Clouds sail past like sheep boats
and everyone knows what those are.

Or

in back of your personality
may be something different.
I would never dream to
be a dictator, tyrannical

...so you might have a singing tree
bright yellow apple or
a bunch of blue grapes.
I do not pretend to be wise or visionary.

I know what I think would be pretty
inside of me.
Exploding the Spring Mystique

Good Morning, World! Captain Eileen here
At her little morning desk
Dying to tell you at the crack of dawn
How dearly she hates it
How Spring truly sucks.

Here we have it outside my morning window
Birds twittering, buds newly greening on perky branches
"Tweet," another fucking bird.

And I had to go through a whole night to get here.
That's the part that's really hard to swallow.
I had to lie awake for hours thinking of how I hate just about
Every man, woman and child who walks the face of this earth
Myself included, I find self-hate extremely motivating

I thought of everyone I've ever fucked or wanted to and
Thought how unrewarding it was. "Can't take it with you!"
Like they say.
I thought of the conversations I've had.
Nearly the mystery was unravelled in 1962.
Then in 64, 67, 72, 73, and 74. And those were the transcendent
Conversations. Not to mention the warm friendly variety, or
The pitiful confessional motif. Both of you
Pour out your sorrows and feel instantly better.
"And I thought I was fucked up!" each thinks.

I thought of my dreams of becoming a great poet & then I thought of
My poet friends who dream no differently. I thought of my
Poet friends and how they have no right to live within
Their revolting egocentric realities uniquely expressed in
Syntax all their own and then they print their own poems
In their own little magazines.
Was it Marlon Brando who said, "Looking up the asshole of death."
Anyhow, by 35 most poets either can't do it anymore
Or have ruined their lives or the lives of others or have
Simply realized that all of it was a farce.
Suddenly struck at 35 by the genuinely mediocre fact of your life
Which previously stood as a backdrop to the cosmos or culture
And now...Har, Har, Middle-Aged Poet!
Jokes on you. Broke and not very good-looking.
Though I don't plan to stop at this moment.
Sure, I hate my friends and they hate me and there's no one around to
Fuck except the ones who won't fuck me and they like to torture me
And I like it—my poems keep getting better and better.
But the fact is
If I am no longer a poet, then I will have to face being a useless and
Mediocre human being now, rather than when I'm 35, as is the norm.
35 will be terrifying.
A) Unless dead or raving mad or abandoned with a large shopping bag
And a pint of Wild Irish Rose, I will be B) teaching a work-shop
or C) penning a villanelle, as one poet puts it, or
D) just taking a shit and suddenly the joke will be swarming all
Around me, a nettle of fears and doubts, cold icy sweat, perhaps
I'll be standing on a stage reading a fucking sonnet and
Whomp! "Your life is meaningless! This is the last message!"

"What, What...." I'll mutter, swinging my arm around spasmodically
But I know what it means: "You blew it, Baby It was a joke."
So I go home to my lover (If I'm that fucking lucky when I'm
35...Why should it start then? But listen, this is the clincher...)

I go home to my lover, who's of course in her early 20s
A younger Poet. There's a note on my pillow
Sorry, Honey, you peaked.
Arrrgh! I shriek at the heavens.
All those years I chortled at men: Ha! You guys are done in
At 18. Your "prime." We women don't peak until 35.
I collapse on my bed, a sexual and artistic homicide.
Though still breathing, and it is Spring.
Looking up into the sky
In my existential manner
Hey Stars! Look at me!
I'm badly in need of advice
My life is either drab or
Vividly lurid
Interpretation leads into a tome
So many yellowed pages and I don't have
The time
Chirp down on me like bright birds
Utter truth is a giant goof
Some blanket-like calm is in the offing.
As well as your sparklings....

You writing to me from centuries away.
Till Death Do Us Part

was filled by RD Laing
Cream and if
only I could get on that bus
and go away.
Love never sang nor ever
sometimes I felt quite mad.

But often I was excited
there were things I thought
were everything. But of course
they weren't everything.

But everything wasn't something
I let go of Shapeless
but imploring
I picked up pricks & books
no, books & pricks.
Angel Punk

What I really like to do is go home
and wipe the world off my face
a silken robe and a quick pome.
5 o'clock is gorgeous with its deepening blues and
flash of sky blue pink
I'm so alarmed by my procrastination
I've lost my memory I'm unable to paint.
Where would you like to take me?

I'm Annie Oakley
I love your shirt I confess to his pockets
or someone ties me up in scarves and we tear off
to join the gypsies.

Pennies fascinating, I pick them up all day
between bird glimpses
I feel tamed
by benevolence sloth and ambiguity.

Really I'm sort of lying around waiting for Joan of Arc
in her old white Porsche
bottle of Remy
I have strictly monetary dreams.
In real life of course I'm totally into kindness
it's sort of the hammock of ambition.

I persist in renaming you over bowl of black
bean soup
symptomatically bored by the present and
I like it better when I write your name
all over bathrooms erasing and laughing

—Angel Punk! The Fourth of July comes
and so do we. I see masturbation go down the drain
and my clean well-lit life.
May Rain

Millions of boxes alongside the A & P make
me nostalgic for something

Soft purple shirt or dribbles
of rain or

buckets of rain falling
down you fall in love
with the person
you're falling with. Dry ground

returning like a clean view of things
"This windshield is my sunglasses and in them I feel

bouncing music

and shoulders loosens
world were a big massage.

Big big hands as compared to particular
hands.

Here, I've got a sincere purpose
in running horizontally in my warmest purposes, you
are always laughing in your eyes though

it is impossible to understand Some nights

lights are so incredible

I want to slip off inside someone else's
hands

Is that how you feel...

So why am I listening to the rain?
Tamarinds are stays behind a fan
Why didn't I think of that?
Wait I'll bring your shoes in
You are hopeless, I was right

At the end of the world a bitten ear
The end of the world being Montreal
A sudden wind cancels everything out
Breaking into two main sections

Coming to rest against my building
The matter changes its mind
Turns into an abandoned warehouse
Leafing a truck

Thank you for the Canadian pen
And ink drawing
Olympic Rings

A history of readings, it's how you do it
Allusion, ornament as crime, how you do it
One proceeds by quotation and evocation
In the New York of our minds

The evented use of glass tubing
You can paint on a building, it's how you do it
He turned on his house because he was rich
Real people dying in real ecstasy

When you are travelling you promote yourself
To the German Pavillion in Barcelona
We spend ourselves on a century of columns
Infill now we have it made

Preferably gesturing you are my arcade
It's this, it's how you do it
I'll let a plane be my wings if it's too far to walk
What are postage stamps on my eyes until I find you
We will stand in the woods like two computers, feeling
Like air conditioners at full blast, just feeling,

Nothing more than. I plan my day like a salad, toss
A fork in the air and where it lands go, dressing on the way.
Today it is Fort McClellan, Alabama which I turn to
On my magic carpet, testing the wind with a wet finger.

The others are in the dullest holding pattern.
Since I took the scab off my nipple it's been a bit pale.
I'm not going to wear this ancient hair shirt anymore
A friend is getting me something more appropriate.

Imagine being jealous
Of a piece of metal.
I AM THE SUN

Maybe books or flowers,
A kid's mess, Romantic Poets—
Do you know who I am?
Sun through clouds—
Legitimate brightly,
Today briefly now too,
My hand a shadow
Whose light is poison to rain.
Steam heat— a serpent's breath;
I die my little deaths behind clouds,
Then I come out to dance on the water;
And I just made this pen silver again.
I am a quality of all your lovers
And wonders and actual heat.
The clouds are violet.
The leaves inside are green inside,
And all your words for nothing.

Don't touch me
I'll still burn you,
But I'll make your room an arboretum,
Your traffic colors from air.
I'll make all the walkers religious
To see me,
And banish their asthma and shrouds.
I'll make hers the only great outfit;
Everyone in town's got one like it.

I'm the moon's collateral too,
And all the stormy incense.
I keep the ranges of snowy cathedrals
Mirrors of mountains in flame,
Who launches your light in tandem
Of days,
Sets your spring in the axis cradle,
And rocks you forever
In the arms of my praise.

It's as if you had leapt up to see me
Great cities,
Like the red coleus in windows' exposure.
I remember you initially ancient agrarians—
Down on your knees as you kneaded the soil,
Asking my bounty of me.
I've seen history rise from the human foil—
In Troy, in Sparta, in Peloponnesia,
Having to supply light for those wars—
Again and again you sorely misuse me.

Those kept in the depths of the Bastille
Who died deprived of my light
Are now swirling around me in luminous bodies
Their jailers are buried in the black holes of the night.

I've tried to show you and you just won't learn.
Stop using me as a spotlight to kill in;
Or I'll turn my face to space to burn.

Now I bronze the hard shoulders of convicts
Shovelling sand on hot tar outside Shannon.
On women surfing off the shores of Australia
I come down on equally to tan.

I figure in the desert's minute condensation;
Where the cactus in armor denies me its water,
And indian ponies once ran.

I crack the mud where there once was a river,
Where elephants sip moisture through
The straws of their trunks,
And natives still kill white goats
To appease me.

To adepts who looked at me unblinking for hours
I gave insight and headaches of bliss.
Sioux warriors to praise me underwent the test
Of hanging suspended by eagle claws
Pinned to their chest;
Their souls shot like arrows straight to me.
Many braved privations so I'd give them a vision.
Egyptians believed I was eternally approached
By a caravan from the land of the dead;
& God transformed me into a universe of Love
When a beam of me shone in the ground glass
Of Spinoza.
And you who think I'm without a mist of rain or past—
I was here in the ages before yours,
And took part in the upheavals that ended
Their spans;
I'll also be here through the last.
Before your souls were I was part of this
Vastness,
I was Athene's lover before this.
Know I'm not a province solely of science.
I was made in a way you could never explain.

I'm over the growing of alfalfa and corn,
Over orange groves where heaters deport frost.
In a Connecticut backyard old ghosts
Walk lost, forlorn;
As I see carrots being born.

And from this vantage cloud convoys
Move slowly below me,
Some carrying fallout from Asia.
Lord let those rain-filled ones be for the
African drought—
The crops are failing,
The villagers are dying;
As an antelope paws the ground
Vultures are flying,
Waiting for its death in the sky.

In the Soviet Union old women
And men gather wheat
Where they turned back an invasion
Three decades before.
If not for them and theirs' they lost
Death with his/her combine would've claimed more—
Now they're singing in the auburn fields.

On Saturday afternoon at a stadium
In Autumn,
Players blacken their eyes against my glare.
A punt hits its zenith eclipsing my light—
Flashes of color as the action unfolds there.
And outside they are raking their lawns,
Stuffing gold leaves into green plastic bags,
The tacklers come on bold as winter.
I fall across Susanne's bare shoulders
At a hotel in Acapulco
Where she sleeps past her lover,
Next to a lamp still on
And a battlefield of clothes on the floor.
At noon she'll go walking as I cover
The sidewalk,
And look to me once more.
On her vacations she wants me.

I'm over the Atlantic on the tanker "Multina"
With its cargo of calico today.
Men in blue pea coats are lining the rails
As I describe highlights
On the parade of white water.

A boy with ice skates walks—
There are wreaths in the windows he passes;
I see his blue scarf and silver breath
That steams his wire-rimmed glasses.

In Paris my light under bridges
Is casting images of boats on the Seine.
It conjures the palette and spectrum of rain.
It carbonates white wine in the outdoor cafes.
It's bounding off plazas in Italy also,
Where slick-haired boys wear dark green glasses,
Not not to see me
But in the interest of fashion.

As tourists photograph pigeons near fountains
I am in Hong Kong open air markets,
Lulled by the endless buzzing of flies.
I close my eyes—
And in a flash I'm in a meter maid's badge
In Des Moines
Where farmers in pick-ups cruise up Main
As if they were driving tractors.

And I perform gladly for the first
White lilacs
Even as remnants of snow still remain
Where spring comes late to the edge
Of the woods
On the outskirts of St. Agatha, Maine.
Below in Kentucky the coal miners on strike
Are playing pool in bars perusing my light—
One says to a reporter, "I'm just sittin' here pretty
Watchin' the sun and the snow."

In Manhattan after three days clouds
A secretary looks out to behold me,
Play of light on Broadway breaks and fails
As cyclists race the road in Wales
(I officiate silently above).
I also hide behind poplars as lovers embrace;
I make the shadows a glade for their love.

In Chicago I project through an el's
Moving windows;
The commuters' silhouettes are the stars
Of my day.

Beneath the trestle an old woman
Is walking bundled against me.
Summers ago I made her face irreproachable and dark.
Now to feed the pigeons old bread
Through the almost adhesive melting snows
She walks defensively bent to the park.

And Cincinnati is a squat grey city
As the Yellow River flows down to the Yellow Sea.

In Iowa in his undershirt he stands
At the window,
Unemployed in his house of the fading facade;
He watches the train hustle on to Wyoming,
With the wreck of an old Chevy in his yard.

I am shining on Finland
Where reindeer across a tundra of
Militant flowers elope
Down a slope of gold grass to the river.

And the green goddess walks on the water
Of a warmer clime.
This afternoon over the empire state
I am watching the shadows' impeccable mime
Of dockworkers unloading freight.
At three o'clock the garment district
Is half shadow half light and proud.
Planes sew pink and gold clouds
Stripping the ozone and loud.

Mrs. Carmenza just getting up
Does piecework in the factory at night.
Her son playing with crayons now
Looks for a second out at my light
And goes back to drawing his cow.

O to live if only briefly
Without an overview of everything,
To never have to finally arrive
In Kuala Lampur where it is raining today
As black sedans ambulate diplomats away
Due to invading monsoons.

Everywhere people of earth
One day I must expand and consume you.
Please bear down and do what you were given
To do.
You have to try and work together.

Now I punch your hours in dusk's variant
Timeclock.
As you speak of the day leaving factories
Swift birds sweep the sky
Over cities exhaust has made dim-
Nothing is moving,
The cars are backed up and the drivers are
Fuming.

In Wisconsin they drink bourbon
And watch me go out beyond the boathouse.
To swim before dinner
A man walks down to the lake
With a green towel around his shoulders.

In the Dakota Badlands
My last light graces boulders.
I am carried away by an unknowable wind.
At dawn a woman wakes up
In her room over Times Square alone,
The one she met and loved last night
Has left her some money and gone.

The newspaper trucks are on their way.
When in Yemen the call comes to pray
The bakers are already earning their pay.
Here the all-night police are getting ready
To go home and sleep through the day
As workers make time through the subway's
Blue lightning,
And run up the steps where the local
Has left them.

Oh yes, God bless Copernicus
For perceiving my rightful place.
I am orbits' fire
Central to the planets in space.

And now I am for sure the one
Who's lighting up windows of laundromats
Tomorrow,
Where we bring our clothes to be done.
Anselm and Edmund are where I was
And seeing you too today.
All day long I play hide and seek with the clouds,
While trying to dry laundry in the yards of New Jersey
Until someone in San Juan takes me away.
A bus without me, the need to do laundry
These are a few of my favorite things
A letter to Lynn to be written. Dear Lynn,

Santa Fe is the next stop and I'll be there.
Forget me not. You live in me like the soul
Of a dead loved one but you're alive

But could just as well be dead so far away. So,
Write me. That'd be great. And remember
I'm here too, waiting for you amidst everything else.

Love, Greg. And I went on till about here.
Where and when the music stopped
Which is when I got up to do something

Unremarkable, and it's taken me 2 or 3 months
To get back to this letter, which is the way it is, here.
Yesterday's dinner in Hackensack, and today
With part of that and what went with it lingers
Moonlit grandma and a mushroom cap

Placed before me by a clean man
Some talking here and there, I overhear
'He had a big job in Argentina'

23rd St., a phone call and no museum
It's a new day.
A plane happens, the radiator's uncontained.

A nap might just be the thing is what
I say. Lunch was good.
Perfect.

When I'm dead, that's something else,
Pasternak said.
JIM BRODEY

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

You
Drew
Me
In
to

your eyes, I bathed there
In them,

happy, safe.

So Blue!
Flakes of blue
& green
Run riot
Against this rainy head
Almost too blue
To survive.

Vacant blue, in whose eyes, I
first saw.....

.... AND THEN

the trap door
Slammed on my hand.

To run
A finger along your form,
And smell your smells,
The one or two

that

Make life wonderous, tho
You hardly think so.

In such hunger our bodies
Ache for this singular toughness
this gentleness
that

Swells to verge
and burn

To merge,
Beaming aboard

one ton
Of perfect You-ness, teeming
With rainbows,
a new continent

A blue I get lost in, eyelids,
Smoke, frothy sirens, body music.

6 - 16 - 78
SONGS THAT DISTANCE DICTATES

(for Gyorgyi Voros)

The guitar shone so brightly
as my own
heart rose
upon soaking rains
of you.

You're heart
Raining too.

You great big G-person, you
against all
distance

between obvious pleasures
that

Echo over a space our faces have yet to go
Before this night of pears shreds through
To join in slashes upon an adjoining day.

That's the pants to a suit of fire

As stones tune-up
blazing with every thought
of you, you

At that point-
of-no-return
as some ruling absence

Our hearts push away
to possess
and sustain

With passionate fatigue
those glistening immensities

Our hearts in turn.

All very choosey.

Heart replete with vague fascination
Buckling pavements underfoot grin & collapse
Clearings in that white throat (92nd Street)
That still answers its own dreams
With slabs of blue forks whirling
Over wet blue pebbles in wet blue air
Underneath those very lashes
In those very blue eyes
I'm reflected, in questioning fumes
Of our understanding, even one
Unpostured blur in Identity's
Bleached-down dawn heavy with hemorrhages
Our heads have in common with a rose of sleep
And a coin-operated lunge into the infinite
Like all F-people don't just arrive
On a twig of crystal tea, a six-pack
Underarm, with a key to the fountain
Of many colored bloodstreams, each
Dedicated to liberate a fate to survive
Pained exuberance
that fosters a shrub
to grow & learn
Of it's own creation in zero altitude
that has the touch
Of your torch when
perspiration loosens the knob
Of my longing & a restless illumination
takes you
At your word to throw
a pear (wet as you)
into the infinite
Thus establishing a hole
in our reluctance
to taste
Big deep-dish skies
of shivering blue Montana
or Utah
Splattered deep into searching tropics
this cloudy temptation
Continues without drifts of self flowing
all together
entwined
Light as a feather as one wind
kicks into gear
and you
Rise in that self-same night
to cast blue lids
in cool
Radiant space
above our faces
that're
ringing wet
Laughing a blue glow
that's in the air
we breathe
and has

Your name.

Flowing together
as sheets of some
awareness
get lost
Within
the channels of your body
I've swum through
Finally lost, yet, bright!
in a breeze
Of longing,
cloudy orange-scented dreams
ignite
The lush lost night
that's running before us
in green flames
Smeared with intelligence & yellow light,
and red
Gauzy unshakable clouds drift through
getting shredded
Ending up a slightly salted residue on lips that blaze
Just beyond my reach in this night we swim through,
To have the power to change and follow the blue steam
Out a nose
I can sniff your luminosity with & make me smoulder
As you, throwing words and drifting on, smiling seriously
Amidst fluffy anthems that are strewn aloft, windy
Spices of any imagined afternoon's snuffing of the blues
We swim into and out of like travelling through darkness
Into the light, moving through air, dancing in a circle
That's been spun from scented dreams turning into diamonds
Which spin glimpses of thigh to slash at my sleepiness
And tingle as we burn yellow fiber on red muscle, always
Searching an immediate distance clothed in your eyes.

You are my coffee in a lightly sweeten'd breeze off
This gulf we form with the music of our eyes.
This, newest of breaths.

6 - 14 - 78
MELD, TO CHARLES BERNSTEIN, AND THE WEST SIDE WALL OF WORDS

When we're americans, rejoice.
Then feed us.

Everywhere one goes, media
tokes on havoc,
taking little "hits" off an exploitation
of the bladder.
On the tip of a pen, on the tip of a very long soft tongue,
on the edge of a chair, a razor blade, a donkey's ass,
the horizon constantly moving away, or amusingly
up. Everywhere
men die by fork and woman nourish visions
they can see themselves
in, breathing in perfect Chicago stillness, a cadence
rarely fathomed beyond two furlongs
into the breast
of a boot.

Colorless profusion that takes on scope
into the poems, once more
only to vanish
taking
the plunge
towards relaxation, and another hit. Infinity lisps
hang round
the nose of an oreo cookie
that's rolling with
chirps
while tooting it's little toy trumpet
(that's silver),
just
trying to cheer up the ocean, guiding sentences
back
in here

to drive
their sportscars yonder through
conga-fied
storefronts, raving gay on acid, guiding a lip
over a shoe,
restoring gentleness against all that dark.

Real
sensitive stuff, like when the gigantic CHARLESTON CHEW
came
roaring down the Interstate with a near-heavenly
FFAAAAWWWAPP, faster than birds can fly, blues in the elbow macaroni,
pee stains on the freezin' morning clothes.

6 - 17 - 78

Brodey/48
POSTMARKED POCATELLO

It's crazy here (where the car broke down) but the moon from my room is a pearl on the cracked shell of nite. I have no money but I have met a woman who lets me stay with her & I chop her wood. I know you two would get along good. Seems like I've been gone pretty long. Yesterday the first snow finished off the fall. The air here is perfectly clear like a pedal steel guitar. You must'n't worry about me. I miss you ever. With luck I'll see you in June & we can laugh away the hours. I'll bring back a stolen pearl. Miss you ever.
Terminal Horizon

It's so hard to smoke a reefer in a bus when the one you love is so far away & the bus breaks down while you're in the can & you come out of the can in a cloud of smoke - the bus dark & empty in the Terminal Garage. For no apparent reason we're 15 minutes late. For me, doom is your gold earring catching the sun, your gold eyes exploding in infinite chips - flakes of sapphire, Hart Crane style.

Fire, really, altho you're an air sign. The color of air is the horizon. The bus says Chicago - but "No one's goin' to Chicago" - the driver says. At home in the Hoosier state a HOMELITE store's sultry white marquee reads - PUMPS GENERATORS CHAINSAWS. Now there's a legend for any generation. It's like Shake, rattle & roll or Live fast love hard etc. Climax, dream & fly mon petite air-head. Suffer, work & love by the howling dogwood.

KISS HIGH the marquees are in full bloom today.
PRICES Profuse & matter of fact, GO GO DANCERS
GOOD BY reptileanly repetitious but ALL NITE who can escape the big letters
SAVING IS EASIER VALUE CITY DIE HARD
A battery of automatic doo-dad seduction barrages from all sides - there's no surrender. Let me flee into your arms like the Russian army confident as Winter, burning the heart land behind us, to leave only stubble for the clean-shaven attackers.
Two long-necked geese tackle the foreboding sky - Northward stretching. What a trio they make.
If I were a carpenter you would make living wood. They would wash their hands in the appointed porcelain. The youngest son still tills the apportioned land. The oldest daughter still tells him many tales.
WHEN YOU TALK BUILDINGS - WE LISTEN INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER I always thought its logo said HI. Dyslexia is my favorite savory vice.
A 57 black & yellow Chevy corpse adorns a corn field. That Fin de Siecle decadent mysticism is descending again. Purpose to the madness & all - a sort of prearranged disarrangement occurs on all fronts so that nothing hits head on.

"I need a Newport" or a juke-box. Or some token of your transitory authenticity to flash before the false inspectors. That white patrol car posed in the
background got nothing on this Jack. "I am the law."
Some laws are higher than others & so am I high in
the no sun Sunday - sky the color of your eyes. High
enough to be your grandmother on this no-bars-held
gold by these golden fields reeling by - the inevitable
color of your clear eyes.
WATCH FOR
ICE
ON BRIDGE
Flames follow in your tracks - what the Hell - so will I.
Journals

Oct 16, 1977—Plane to Oahu—

MacArthur and Truman talking in silent movie on plane wall
...ghosts go on talking everywhere on earth, in the air, on screens
in homes, in drive-in theaters, on cassette tapes—mouths move silent
...history repeats itself...Valentino still whispers "I love you"
...Chaplin sings "Farina my Wheatena", Hitler screams to
the Jews, Ma Rainey singing CC Rider...

What's Dead

Clouds are dead
Movies dead shadows
ocean 40% Dead says expert J. Costeau
Shakespeare, Rimbaud Dead,
Alla Nazimova dead,
Walt Disney, Buck Rogers, Hollywood deceased
Sophocles Passed away
Napoleon obituaried in 1822
Queen Liliuokalani passed on to her reward
Chief Joseph buried in Washington
MacArthur who wanted to blow up the atom bomb in China
Eisenhower and Xerxes who led armies to the grave
The skeleton Man in the Barnum & Bailey Circus Freakshow
quiet in his Coffin
the Cat that played in the basement Paterson New Jersey 1936
when I was ten
and the Lindbergh baby was found dead in a swamp of Laundry
Louis dear father Fisheye tombstoned
with a riddle in the rain
Jesus Christ for all his assumption, dust & bone in
this world
Buddha relieved of his body, empty vehicle parked & noiseless
Allah a silent word in a book, a Cry on the muezzin lips of the man in the tower
Moses not even in the promised land, just dead.
Tickertape for heroes, clods of dirt for forgotten grandpas
Television ghosts stalk the living room & bed chamber
Bing Crosby, Elvis Presley, Groucho Marx, Einstein,
Mayakovsky, Naomi Ginsberg, Isadora Duncan,
Jack Kerouac the Poet, Jimmie Dean the young actor,
Boris Karloff the old Frankenstein,
Celebrities & Nonentities, all set apart & absent from their paths
These were the musings of the Dharma student Allen Ginsberg

Oct 16, 1977
EDISON TOWERS

for Alice Notley

the blandishment of purple rose
into the winter air like a cloud
with thorns to project the viewer
move the flower over to release the leaf
The Building Of Empire State a red
and yellow bloom in the evening
the electricity conducts a current for me to
think about you the way you are plugged in
and after the many scorpio births we have Thanksgiving

in the new Grey Fox On Bread and Poetry
Philip Whalen: Sure. The connection or whatever you want
to call it — is to music, as far as I can see. Not necessarily
to metric, or to anything else, except as it relates
to a musical experience, a musical feeling, in the line,
happening between the words, or happening as the poetic line—
it's a musical shot for me.

and now as we turn to look at each other
the face is not strange but intentions
need to be reread so points as in the stock exchange
drop to grow out this daily minute
by black and white print the score is increased
but the decor fell off the wall again

the weaver perplexedly strums his cane
the sound, his knuckles pop, half to his heart
half to his ears his mind sees the shape
he wants to make the connection to
music winds up the inner canal
from this view at the corner
the middle period is an invitation
broad with terror
inflexible with faith the high point of the betweens!
we will never be done picking a language

sometimes a person walks in your life
like a two story reflection across the street
Noon Edison Towers! I see two of you
where before I saw only one

july 10 / november 16 '77
TRIPLE REVERSE

roof out and over the black envelope
shades the indefinite roof
Hey where were you when?

the lights went out
when you are asked
you must go
something else (?) a monitor
creapt away
stealing a purple glow under the door

the blue in gas
remains untorted
by street lights

the daily
walk
don't walk flashing
inside of itself
the day lit in terrible heat
a true consumption of it
boiling the door in oil

without you i am broke
my checks won't even
bounce
a turkey slowly unfreezes
in the freezer
everything off
a burr sits on the edge of town

the nature of light
to shade
is like the eyes
to the nose
no ability to see
below it
to see what you breathe
the dark of night falls from heaven
as light beams
through a thunder head
step into the light
if you can stand the heat
there love will hand you
your next assignment

Rosenthal/56
I find the crusty garment
    cracking coal dust
skyward-bound the energy
    leaps

Jeff says when it comes back
    it will be radioactive
do you care about the direction
    you spin
so long as you do the spinning
your last one hundred thoughts
100, 99, 98, 97,...
come back
    & then it's "off the chart"

and in this dark sup
    my friend you will not
be alone
    this ad that we have outgrown
the wonder years
    on retreads
sails off like Columbus
    doing the wrong thing
for the wrong reason
and in the end
    dearly paying
the rate of what's fare

july 14 '77
DOES THE AIR GO TO WORK?

in a tire, in a tube
a balloon, an iron lung
pneumatic drill, cooking off-
beat soup in a horn
yogi engine siren scram!
smoke through a pipe
suck out a cigarette
hold an airliner high
carry a rock to your head
make a fan not silly
put music to ear
store the sunny heat of day
stop a snowflake in your gaze
& then there is that certain air
you have when you tilt your head
a nodding yes

july 27 '77
HE JUST BLEATS

the mother of the new
the mother of the mother of the new
and the new
resting on beds
one sleeping
the new sucking
the one still startled
quiet on gray tears on the blue sheet
weeping for the simplicity a week before
and the plain roundness that drips
upon the Earth
and the sleep that poured out
laying useless on the rug
wrinkles its tummy and waves
the horded lambs under the bed
baa at him  baa at him  baa at him

may 6 '78
PHILOSOPHY THE AIR

so to live
  to start over

petal of burning bush
reflection at window
gardenia pink flames

rainbow in evening sky
  one end on Queens
    the end on Brooklyn
so I have to go on 53rd Street to
  pick up a toy
"what's yr grandma making in the kitchen?"
early buzzes of insanity
  and humorous new voices
"I knew I was gonna have a tough guy"

a portable amount     the mobile

something to hang over with music box

not two weeks yet not alone

I never wonder what's in the store
  of the future
I sometimes think I know
I have bought violence
  from the already bought
I give it away, little babe
a real measure
  thrashing off
covers
He is to me at first like a new pronoun
  an expression of the same as We

ALI AH
that's up & up
before him I was nervous
  coming out
somehow sexually
a profound confusion!
& now still dazed but with added solidity
a part just looking for earth
to lie down
  shudder the thought
the private horror not bottled
  up and contained
in my plot     he comes to show me
his way out of my nightmare

I may follow and lead
  like clever Virgil
and then to him I might be dusty clods
freshly packed to hold him on Earth
til I be air in we & he soars

may 9-12, '78
last night I still had same dreams
so success can carry something to the grave
a bright rain off the ocean beads on the windows
Mother's Day flowers in May lilacs
how truly bilingual is purple
& a flirt
magnified shine through water bright
drenching colors where they lie
Brilliant Corners over the radio
yesterday by Passaic Falls
I took a leak behind an empty warehouse
the beautiful mist fills so the poetry
and the pebbles looked agelessly pissed on

may 14 '78
today I was singing "you see it
& you bite it" over and over
til Shelly made me stop because
her other teat wouldn't
and he cares not for fig or fortune
his mouth a perfect 0
that sucks abandonment out
and sweet white milk in
when I first leaned myself over
and tasted the sticky flow
a jolt rocked my cortex
and memory lighted a path to
twentyseven years ago
I was surprised to hear my mother say
I sucked at her breasts
I figured since I had been induced
so the doctor could go to Florida
as planned the next day
that my mother wouldn't lactate
it doesn't make sense and she did in
any case and another forgotten childhood
memory sprang up in my way
I remembered when fairly small
being in a neighbor's house with a mother
and infant and she pulled her breast out
to nurse while I watched and now I remember
her beautiful breast
I treasured this privilege through childhood
but let it rest till recently

may 17 '78