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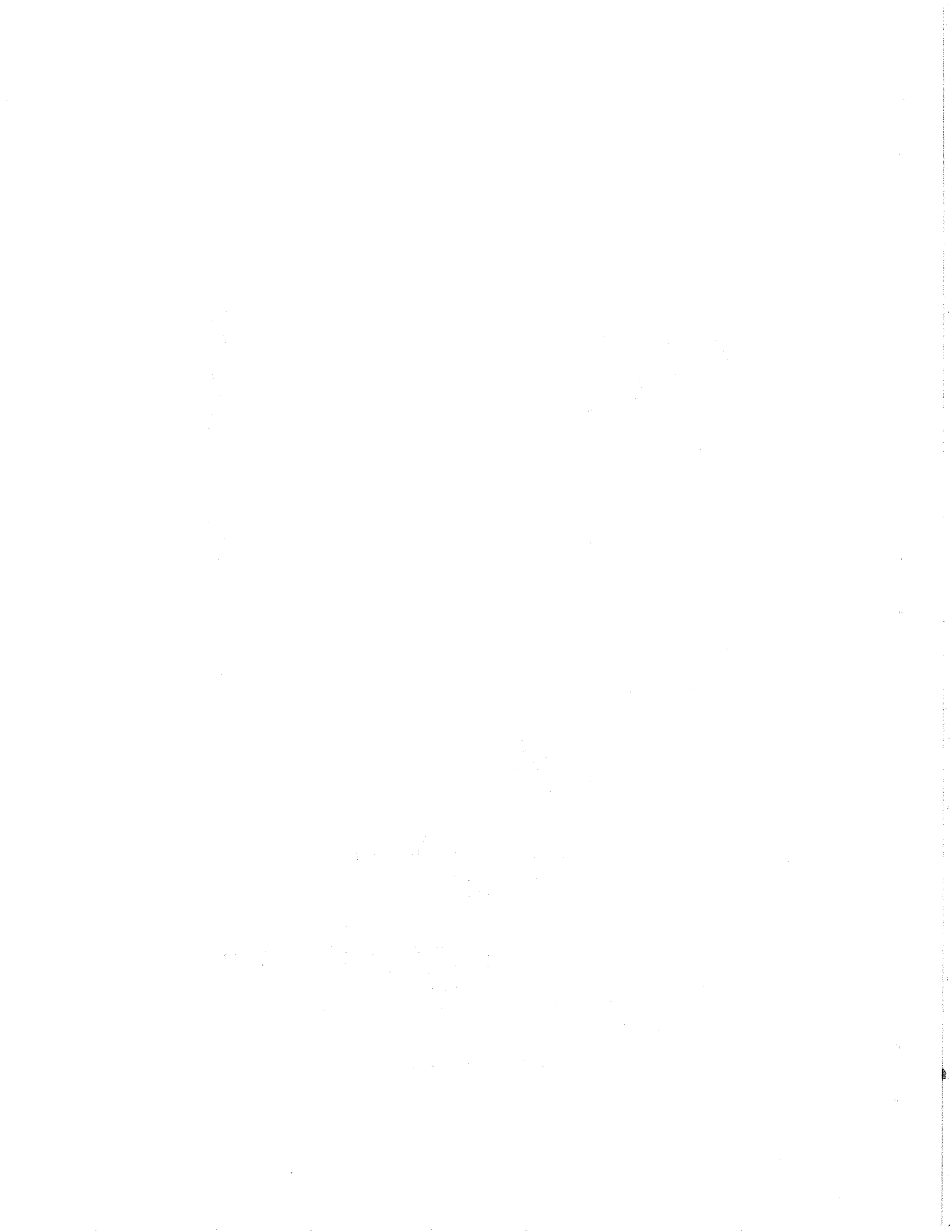
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\$1



JACK WOULD SPEAK THROUGH THE IMPERFECT MEDIUM OF ALICE

So I'm an alcoholic Catholic mother-lover
yet there is no sweetish nectar no fuzzed-peach
thing no song sing but in the word
to which I'm starlessly unreachable faithful
you, pedant & you, politically righteous & you, alive
you think you can peel my sober word apart from my drunken word
my Buddhist word apart from my white sugar Thérèse word my
word to comrade from my word to my mother
but all my words are one word my lives one
my last to first wound round in finally fiberless crystalline skein

I began as a drunkard & ended as a child
I began as an ordinary cruel lover & ended as a boy who
 read radiant newsprint
I began physically embarrassing--"bloated"--&
 ended as a perfect black-haired laddy
I began unnaturally subservient to my mother &
 ended in the crib of her goldenness
I began in a fatal hemorrhage & ended in a
 tiny love's body perfect smallest one

But I began in a word & I ended in a word &
 I know that word better
Than any knows me or knows that word,
 probably, but I only asked to know it--
That word is the word when I say me bloated
 & when I say me manly it's
The word that word I write perfectly lovingly
 one & one after the other one

But you--you can only take it when it's that one & not
 some other one
Or you say "he lost it" as if I (I so nothinged) could ever
 lose the word
But when there's only one word--when
 you know them, the words--
The words are all only one word the perfect
 word--
My body my alcohol my pain my death are only
 the perfect word as I
Tell it to you, poor sweet categorizers
 Listen
Every me I was & wrote
 were only & all (gently)
That one perfect word

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF TALKING TO JUDY HOLLIDAY, OCTOBER 13

Remember something you never saw
a real edelweiss, or Anne-Marie's lily
a throat-hollow-sized shadow
lonesome for its cameo, golden
cobwebs hair, Judy Holliday
playing a sexy serene spook
in the haunted house we sit a spell
chatting & thimblefuls of giggle
there's a chest of antique thimbles
in the attic where

Judy's donned that Laurette Taylor dress
now but now I never saw the play
Bert Lahr played Lear in the same
production and
really Judy's playing Ms. Nobody
comprised entirely of outer nuances it
lets her be them for you as if
you're the casual voyeur in the corner store
that you are, "I am life a
thousands a walking millions nuances walking as
one, every wrinkle in Auden's face
on me as a crook of finger corner of
mouth up, cross my legs make a tiny light---
& the spook attic's the place where
we dispel the spooks by being them
of course, we put on a spook dress
& gossip. Laurette's dress" said Judy
"Well Laurette said quote
It's interesting to wear anything
& in which you remember who,
love, you never were & oh, love,
how well you do do remember! so
rapturously, Judy! Now you, Judy, put on this blue
ruffles fade number & let your
wrinkles you don't have show--it's so
sad & lovely to be lightly a hollow
encased by attic dust blue!
That's just what Laurette said" Judy said

I myself have to?" I myself then said, "Oh
a moment just," Judy sighed then giggled,
"Oh try it now!"
Laurette's blue dress so light dust yes

but I never saw the play, you'll remember
I can't remember it, so what is remembered?
Waves for ruffles & stars for dust
on them, & I told Judy she said That's
what we remembered too. That's
what sad is, & everything else is.
And that's what all of are dresses are.
Goodbye Alice don't worry about whether
you've just played me or I've just played you.
And the least of your worries is who
you are or what's your dress, every dress
is lonely & expansive &---it's how best
give your deep & light worries to your on-screen face
that you be beautiful---beautifully present, that is---
and all human too. Oh just try to remember.
I'll try to I'll try to remember I said.
Then we vanished & I alone resumed,
playing me for you.

DREAM

In the prologue to the dream, I'm with my mother and my grandmother in my grandparents' old house in Phoenix. Grandma is sick suddenly, and mother and I wonder whether or not to worry and is this the time she'll die. Then my mother decides to take it lightly. Grandma has an attack of diarrhea, right there. Mother lays her down on the bed and covers her a little and is going to get the things to clean her with. "Don't worry, Mother," she says. Then she giggles, "You're covered with sweet-smelling waters down there"--her legs--I realize "sweet-smelling waters" is some funny euphemism they both know. They both smile.

In the real dream, there are large grounds, like a college, and grass, and a house with several stories, and rooms full of people. Ted has a drug which when you take it makes you disappear in front of everyone, poof, vanish into air. Initially, he has disappeared, and I'm furious and worried. We aren't married yet, I guess. When I see him next, he tells me the drug makes you disappear into a parallel universe. He likes it. "Fairfield Porter is alive there," he says, "and I talk with him." "Who else is there," I ask. "Two or three others and a lot of girls," he says. I feel impotently enraged. He tells me that when you're in the parallel universe you can also be invisibly present in this one. Undetected he had listened in on a recent incident between Larry Fagin and someone. Next, Anne and Larry and others and I and Ted are in a room and suddenly Ted takes a pill and across the room from me--poof--he disappears.

Anne says, "Oh he's done it again. Peter told Allen that he didn't care if Ted did it if he'd only tell everybody beforehand." I find on the table some of the pills, which Ted's apparently left for Larry to try, and I steal them and put them in my pocket. They're pink and there are 2 sizes-- one huge like a methadone bisquit, one small and round. I remember Ted had said one and a half (large) might get me there. I rush outside and swallow one and then some, I'm not sure if it's a half. Within moments I disappear, which is like rising into the air--it was light but as I "disappear" it gets darker, then I'm overhead flying, and time is different-- it's 16th century or 19th century but no it's just whatever the parallel universe is--and I alight at a presumably 19th century saloon. I enter. People are formal in a robot-like way. A man grabs me and says, "No niggers allowed in here." I scream, "I'm not a nigger!" He lets me go. "Can you direct me to the billiards room?" I say. He points to a door. I enter, it's dark. Ted and others are at a table, maybe they're playing cards. I approach all happy and Ted says, "Hello," quite impassively. "But it's me," I say. "It doesn't make any difference," he says, "just because you came here." I start throwing glasses at him and try to break the window too. He stays impassive, though with a slightly puzzled smile, and the window won't break. I give up, and all the rage goes out of me; waiters come and clean up the mess. There's a lame joke. I sit down at a short distance from the table, but a man and a woman come and talk to me in

a very friendly way. The man asks me if I know Gunnar Harding and fills me in on parallel universe literary gossip. In this universe, Anselm Hollo and Josie Clare have remained happily married, they even have a new little daughter. "Have you read Anne Sexton's new book of memoirs?" the man says. "It's very good, surprisingly enough; it's called Memories." The girl, a pale-skinned dark-haired girl, shows me various books. I look at the cover of one and say, astonished, "Does Jane Freilicher live in this universe?" "Why yes," she says. "And who are you," I ask her. "Why, I am almost exactly Simone Weil."

MY CLEVER BRAIN

"My clever brain sends
ripples of amusement
through my leg nerve halls"
-- J.-L. Kerouac

The wind and the kid

raise a fuss

and my gigantic ego

could do with a little mellowing

my neighbor's dog paces the porch
chained

we might have something in common
but I'm not going to push it
all this weather does

is excite the hair

I do this

rather than fill out

the Income Tax forms

no income

no form

and thus

the birth of modern poetry

April first

I make the mistake of thinking I'm done
a task of purpose

the fire

(in the potbelly stove)

struggling to stay lit

like me

it's a day to day affair

my little nose grows cold

"What a liar he turned out to be!

Did you catch the size of that beezzer?"

these things happen all the time

I make a monkey

out of myself

in public

for peanuts

(now it can be told)

the myopia of the stars

the big barks of dogs

and the bright near full moon

a candid occasion

sparked by leisure

tops a hectic pace

(if you know what I mean)

the refrain of a day's radio

going from ear to ear

in stereo

"Ooo you made me love you"

as if that ever solved anything

but I guess it could be worse

I could be out of matches

and maybe out of luck
so here goes nothing
the silence of the dark outside
the bright light of my room
no I spoke too soon
the rumble of a muffler in need of repair
there are more words
than I can think of
but what the fuck
it only takes a few
to say something stupid
like right now
I hear my neighbor cough
or was that just
the door of his truck

FEAR!

I'm afraid I'm not going to do anything today

I think therefore I fear

I'm afraid I'm not as cool as I think I am

I'm afraid of other people particularly people
who don't know how to mind their own business

I'm afraid I'm a grouch

(though secretly I'm afraid it pleases me)

I've been afraid I was going to suddenly drop dead

I have an instinctive fear of the police

but I'm also afraid I have the mentality of a cop
car spinning out of control head-on with city bus

(it all happened too fast for me to be afraid

though afterwards when I found out I was alright

I was afraid of what people would say)

I can tell you in all honesty I'm afraid to be alone
in a room with more than two women at a time

I don't know why and maybe that's what's so scary

sometimes I see things that aren't there

or the world suddenly turns to jello (raspberry)

or it seems that I'll never come back

to knowing where I was that I'll go blind

that I'll get deaf throat cancer kidneys

liver emphysema syphilis jungle rot

every fucking petty fear known to man
"I'm afraid so. . .I'm afraid not. . ."
listening to the evening news I fear for the future
I'm beginning to forget large sections
of my past life I'm afraid what's worse
I'm also beginning to remember
what I tried so hard to forget!
I fear not being understood
(it's a very real fear)
and I fear not being taken seriously
even when I'm being funny
when I'm afraid I'm wrong I'm afraid of myself
I fear impotence though not recently
dogs when I'm out walking down the dark night road
barking out of no-where scare the shit out of me!

ASTERS AT ABBOTT'S

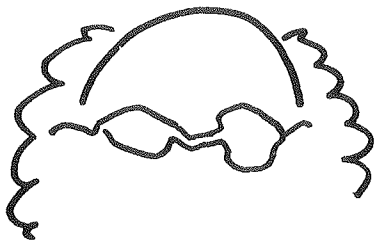
Having just awakened
I search out a coffee
cup and turn on
the gas burner to
reheat yesterday's pot
outside the sun has
just broken through
a thin layer of cloud
and shines down on
Abbott's little garden plot
to give the effect
of light Keith and I
so often talk about
white yellow and purple
asters reaching up
on their tall tall stems
seem to cup the light
and appear brilliant

437

MUSIC OF THE CURBS



NONDI IN BLISS



Jim Brodley



HOLE GRAM



OFF YOU GO

RENE RICARD

WAKE*UP NEW YORK*ATTENTION
LOUIE'S COMING
PARK AVENUES
NORTH AND SOUTH
NO REDLIGHTS
CHRYSLER BUILDING
JAZZ IT UP A BIT
EVERYBODY WORK
SKYSCRAPERS DON'T SLOUCH
EMPIRE STATE THAT MEANS YOU
I HAVE A FAVOR TO ASK
OF COURSE I STILL LOVE YOU
WORLD TRADE? NEVER LOOK AT EM
I WANT YOU TO SMILE
I KNOW YOU DIDN'T EVEN DO THAT
FOR KRUSHCHEV OR THE ASTRONAUTS
YES HE'S A CITIZEN, YOU REMEMBER
OK? OK! OH AND ANOTHER THING
YOUR LIGHTS
WHAT IS THE COLOR OF THE FLAG OF QUEENS?
I WANT IT
AND KEEP THEM ON AFTER MIDNIGHT
I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU WHY
(he's spending the night)
I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE GLAD I'M GLAD TOO
GOT TO SPREAD THE WORD NOW
WORLD TRADE CENTER I AM TALKING TO YOU
I DIDN'T SAY A WORD TO THAT TIRED OLD BUILDING
DON'T GET SO JEALOUS YOU'RE BOTH TALLER
YOU CAN SEE EVERYTHING, RIGHT
SO, LOOK, YOU SEE ONE GERM
EVEN ONE
GIVE IT FIVE BUCKS
TELL IT GO CRISCO DISCO
ANYWHERE HE WON'T BE
CAUSE I WANT HIM TO
LOVE YOU ALL AS MUCH
AS I DO
AND TO STAY HERE WITH US
NOW STEP ON IT
HE'S HERE
LOUIE? HI!

FOR DE KOONING'S BIRTHDAY

Scurrying 'cross New Amsterdam
I am mindful of you because
you are beautiful and I am marred!
Your vermillion gulls and boysenberry sex
create, at crux of night, aplomb, and
it makes sense to undress in daytime!
so that from old usage, a modern
tribulation colors the thigh--
a plan disguised by romance
Your sense of horizon determines the point
above which you cavalierly float in the
vision of a man who was very young
when he began to look up dresses
Some throwback you are! mangled by
the insensitivities of sanction
and required miseries of children
Who, however, has borne it longer?
or thrown in earthy resurrection
the fluted muddy ring that mucks
the satyr brow, prolific assemblage?
or conformed to a more outward perception?
But I would guess it is your body
you protect when the fabulous gesture
meets the laden image, and multiplicity for once
engages magnitude, gleaming abyss coin!

4 - 24 - 78

JAMIE MACINNIS

AN UNPARALLELED ADVENTURE

Oh God! I've found the monster's tomb. It's all
red boxes, empty.
They've left the temple in a lemming stream.
Tonight their trails glow near my room.

Dark animals behind the fence. I'm told they
aren't armed. I'm told they're also rather gold.

This institute of animals isn't what I care for.
It was almost a dwelling, a game in a book, this mad urge
to tell you a story.

No, you read to me. I beg you. Read about the animals
we used to know. Toad Hall. Soft animals, and talkative,
as we once were.

Get me my French tin cups with flowers on them, they
are my pets. My ears! How they buzz with the tomb noise.
Three "doctors" want to operate. Are detectives
at the tomb yet? I beg you, read to me from the Book
of Childhood, here by my bed. My little bed,
that used to be my brother's.

PRACTICING

for Tad

Dear friend, I know you're sick of me
remote as in valium
almost really angry.
Certain nights you find me in the "other room"
with the death aura on me.
Am I what I am the way a person limps
into accountancy, a case of
post-dated self-love? But dope aside
our friendship is as good as any
on the eastern seaboard.

Once in California there was such a friendship
overruled by natural disaster and put away
for later.
Later, there's the me who loves you, dope aside.
That me despairs at your despair
and disapproval, and disappears.

"NEW WAVE IN REPRESSIVE DESUBLIMATION" DEPT.

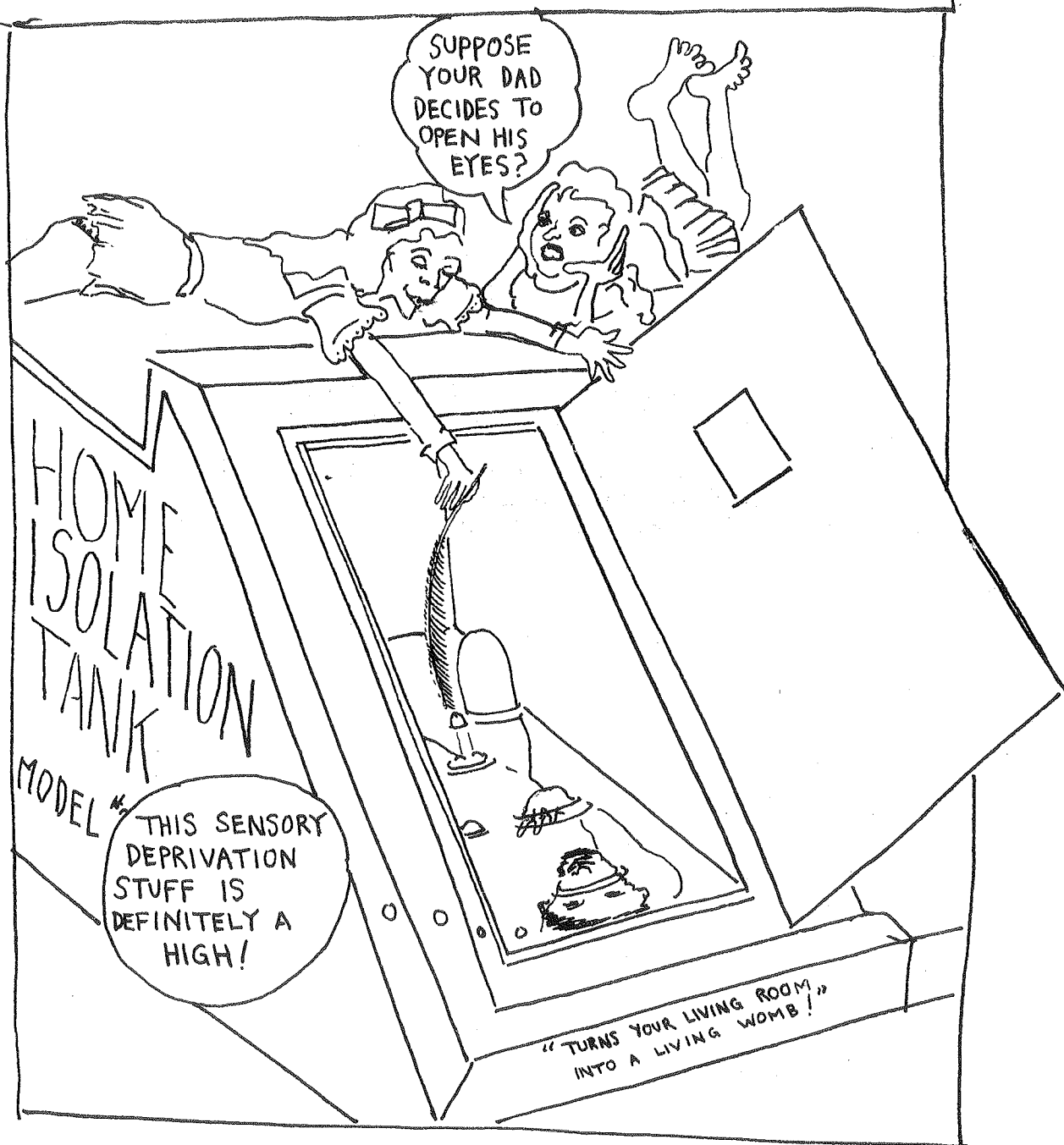
SUPPOSE
YOUR DAD
DECIDES TO
OPEN HIS
EYES?

HOME
ISOLATION
TANK

MODEL #

THIS SENSORY
DEPRIVATION
STUFF IS
DEFINITELY A
HIGH!

"TURNS YOUR LIVING ROOM
INTO A LIVING WOMB!"



ANIMAL VIEW

The sun in choosing to rise a second time that day
irritated workers to revolt
no work was done anywhere -- nor did anyone notice
I said I would be right with brilliance all around me
now it is missing like Mae West
herds of caraway seeds graze on my desk
stereo clicks off from playing The Damned
life is starting again in a colorful poverty
a vertical statement of humid bricks in Manhattan south
cries of cats and bottles breaking
pacified by smoky glow of tenement TV
cars careen into vast holding spaces of violent night
where someone's breath starts them at morning
stripped and hissing toward another space immune to seasons
and the peculiar joys of uninterrupted sky
the trees that compose a park maintain their sexy silence
as I settle for a soda and a knish with Michael
on the boardwalk at Brighton Beach where the gulls swoop
letting the ocean have me for vague hours
phone number of the Marines on streamer pulled by a plane
over my 7-stroke lead on the German lady in the white bathing cap
the off-limits sky is still the limit

Prologue to "High Sierra"

for Greg Masters

This tambourine Mama full of recipes & yogurt culture
stops our hero in his tracks

"Watch out for those gas pumps"

he didn't exactly pray for snow -- it just fell

it starts with a collision of air pressures over Brooklyn
and ends at the movies

John tells me about Iowa

"I feel like I'm living in a Edward Hopper painting, it's frightening"
such a big country too

where is the root of this talent for repetition?

white line fever never fully broken

deliver the goods for dollars if you're the trucker
otherwise "good luck"

one thing consistent about the road is that it changes

you want to be colorful & airborne like Batman

but that takes the dedication of a Da Vinci

and not a canvas!

Anyway, every move you make comes off as subversive
to the customary way of moving

it's not enough to be awake with two hands on the wheel

you have to accept everything

8 - 29 - 78

Weigel/20

POLISH WAFER

Oh wondrous red autumn

pennants in the leaves

and hands on your shoulder

strong hands full of Futurist Manifestos

Dancing to the impending oblivion of relative indifferences

yours or mine

Hello rock & roll and 3-chord craziness

you put the glory back in my poverty

though I've never left you for a minute

Everything else is so vacant

no wonder we're looking for a new language

no wonder we dare not speak at opportune moments

For personality will destroy essence

Essential Wonderfulness in the face of disaster

8 - 31 - 78

Weigel/21

GUITARRAMA

Tuned up only to break another string
last dollar consigned to

the eclipsed power chord

spooling it around your Saturday fingers
and now the travesty of a cerebral life for 60 minutes

can a man marry the sun?

I've been out and now I'm home

Saw you in September and it keeps on rolling

this round heart of mine

this Indian nickel

"Play...don't worry"

til the cows come home

9 - 9 - 78

IMMIGRANT WAYS

for Michael Scholnick

I walk by commonly burned mattresses

Night of Living Dead Revisited

Woman needs easy music at 8 Sheena is...

Las Vampiras neglect the rice

Sun moves in

so we can chat again freely

Off to the drums & chokers of turquoise & straw

leaning to left hand-crafted existence under glass

lucky pheasants

You've made it to U.S. Customs House

Big Wrap Blues in beads abundant

Serape Sunburst with falcon motif

Living renewed in flint far from Route 80

A never vain treading moccasin

Here a sky-held woven basket

dyed feathers make great slides

to loose change's glints

Song of Tribes heard through stone

Pipe passed in the dark unrepressed

Think Inca

SAFETY IN NUMBERS

for Gary Lenhart

Mouth is the language
at home in a cartoon
rapt attention on its keen edge transparent
knows my kind
runs on the gum of mortgaged heirlooms
leaves apparent cargo
heavy into the cosmos' logic
sunstroke's message to haywired angels tin
is the Back Door Man
Roadrunner once, Roadrunner twice...
the wild ones drive up
words command hitched to any zeroed star
they're not in love, these boys
but more centered to energy's clock
where convertibles rib hardtops
accordians accent civility
for someone on the make
who saves the herd of silkscreen intentions
showers mineral substance
pressure of notes sounded
addressing fabric
riddled for its height
undisposed to feed
it looms not

prevails to be stormy
cloud weary tonsil
Cadbury sunset
I'm the one for you
forklifted stuffs
blues true form revealed
rolling a marble of 1958
can't trade Ralph Terry

10 - 3 - 78

ONCE OVER

for Bob Holman

Air's fashion court
is where your absence undetested
springs supreme
Oh such adventure
that only wood paneling brings
to the exposed brick
I cried so hard for
subdued in smoke
let wit wrestle such occasional muscle
and visitors choose
any one of 52 cards on the table
here people are rude
but society is polite
finances confirm your plight
zero is a factor
learning to give one hundred percent
a legion of words is fine
can you back it up
who put the black in pepper
who rages after the last dog howls
we are unaccustomed to death
so killing ourselves is attractive
living one becomes a purist
gold leafings get despised going

straight to "the supermarket of your heart"
gratuitous fool
journey to power
by way of ignorance
offers fruit of genius
no no no no
more subtle and retentive
what a mind!
where did I leave mine?
Fast burner straight-legged
to hell & back
lucky keeps a beat
propounds escape
makes great snapshots
adorns city lattice
bungled to correction
incognito rules
I'll be your crutch
at any reasonable hour

10 - 8 - 78

HOLIDAY

Primping modern resonance
neoclassic stars convene
strictly for looks
giggling girls win aged attention
Columbus Day is a state of mind

She ducked the wind of mixed descent
nobody envies her for going south

Hetero Heaven crashing down
wants to squash my feet

I move

Know my place

Won't go tourist

Speak other language

here I am free

a fuck-you moon goes thru a phase

10 - 9 - 78

On The Face Of It I Am A Chin

But terror comes with the prospectors
 who vault streams of endeavor
 & claim my bed with disdain.
 I am alone I am indignant I am unfolded.
 The one who can hurt has choked
 on a sausage under grinning puck feinting.
 Then swap the answering dynamo with remains of a light lunch.
 I am alone I am distant I am indubitable.
 No one is revealed & the light is greedy,
 traitors sweep into canyons of fur,
 my love has left me oh my love oh my cavalier,
 who burns dust for baby baths
 & snickers into leather hand.
 I am lonely I am derailed.
 The greatest invention since the salad bar
 oh lead me to it you lummoX you dirty window you undigested sweet roll!
 my thumb's as good as any man's.
 Memory's switchhitter linedrives into the corn
 palace from lear the famous line
 "the fork invades the region of my heart"
 pierced by ungrateful pleasures. when no one remains
 but the ones who
 can't even cry into
 the intersection of
 time & despair, basic equivalents of the universe:
 spattered scars in a night
 mouth shy as an aspen
 the epaulettes of fortune carried to a chunky desire;
 tempting denial & reserving a table in the diningroom
 of the fates...I am long I am leftover I am requited.
 What else can come between a man & his birth
 but the artificial coloration of a bird in flight?
 This tru-luv-4ever lasted longer than any other
 but's gone now like a taco.
 dinner is seldom is served delicious.
 I ate nothing I required I am sandblasted.
 no skin off my tin can alibi:
 if that's not dinner I'll screw you
 in your scurrilous greek physique.
 The refugees of diction swamp potatoes of evil.
 Never repeat & carry a large bundle of faggots --
 break them, one by one, & probe your strength
 ((buy wine) (eat ham))
 never you'll escape & rerun
 a film of my adventure in the alimentary canal.

For My Muse

I like you
cuz you make everything
funny &
you make it all poetry
after I see you
I can't wait to go home
& write great works
there's a lot of yous in this
but just the one I'm thinking of now
you're as sloppy as I am
in love on love all the time
on the street the puerto ricans take off
their shirts & hug each other
you raise an eyebrow & laugh &
light a cigarette I put my foot
in a shopping bag lady's
shopping bag I'm trying to figure out
how to get you home it's not late enough
only 2 in the afternoon & we both
have to "work" but I'm in heat & hot
for you cuz you're funny & we're the last
2 poets who haven't been naked together
even though you're catholic & I'm a virgin
& trains are derailing all over the world

I buy garlic you buy matches
I'll wash my hair this afternoon
write this & pretend
when I turn around you'll be on the bed
if I send this will you
come on over
I don't have a stereo but my radio
plays all the hits & there's mayonnaise
in the fridge for hunger later
I'll buy you a beer smoke your brand
tell you all my secrets
whadda ya say?

day dark no idea
the sun corner

the words that used to come and be spoken between the ears
they mumble their passage in emotion liquid combination
where form is out of hand heavy vile ugly and all
they find me not here at the post or at the bay

she provoked the clock and the alarm gave off beige light
I would pound down the point for five years of extra bright
she bellows into my halo and I hear it further ring
I see mopping down the lead grey floors with blood

he is just a natural the way the sun turns a corner &
pulls laundry out the window the pastels and pinks
of the underworld yellow curtains now fly back
white robed bodies flutter in the window mute or happy

how many swims to the bottom till it all floats up?
how many days surfaced from the night?

nov 7 '78

so what if love is only on odd days?
just the same it is as good
a yellow mechanical caterpillar is tearing out 11 Street
who needs it?
cries from the middle room not ready to nap
laundry tussled down the stairs in a white sac
he rattles his keys but there is no door
the swan is singing by the wet bank
his throat is caught by the radar gift
school teacher in white stretch pants and sweater
parades by the windows to glimpse the caterpillar
it is digging out the street, remember?
there is still crying from the middle rooms
Schubert's Swan Songs are heard when the caterpillar slips
into a low gear
and love is still at the tub
things are going so swimmingly
today is very even I feel like killing

DANCING OVER BODIES

Empire State Building lifting clouds to noon hands
red coat brown coat white coat blue legs run asphalt circles
beneath yellow brown leaves' Fall
Shelley out to Woolworths to buy a high chair pad
baby doffs blue Peruvian hat worn under blue and grey by
four babies by four poets before
jazz guitar picks chestnuts out of the fire & in no way
resembles the tune "Chestnuts Roasting Over
an Open Fire" and there is no fire in steam heat
the lights go out in the school room time to lunch
time to find Allen before to Dr. Ho he may go
crossing half of First Avenue 11 Street to 12 Street
Wednesday elections over back to work banks open
I settle my red wool shirt & pull my blue book bag
to my shoulder through the door
hoping to find a love or two dancing bright clouds

SNOW INSIDE OUT

the first snow after the hot Fall
snow flowing in white ropes over the Asher Levy school roof
cold wind dancing through the floorboards
snowflakes idly drifting under the window sill
Winter tripping over cities
knocking over the Empire State Building (from view)
white shaking breezes carry Shostakovich FM waves
Thanksgiving leftovers not yet gone freezing on the fire escape
playground untrampled except by one pair of red boots
so many Indian Summer days bring Indian Winter squall
baby Aliah unimpressed by sight of first snow fall
 studies green palm plant, turns to speckled window wall
snow step pyramids jingle up First Avenue
traffic unprepared burning tread making slush
last Winter's record peaks flood memory unmelted
Winter oats mull on the stove white and gleaming hot
snow so soon to fall & Fall so soon to snow!
& Spring into the air!

november 27 '78

SOLILOQUY FOR TOM SEIDEL

O, that this too too solid flesh
Would continue to hold the syringe and vial vertically,
Point upwards, and resolve itself to tolerance;
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed (or promptly absorbed)
This wakefulness to provide desired form.
Christmas comes but once a year, but I'm here
Every day. O God! Holy shit! -- How weary,
Sufficient, flat, et cetera, these properties
Essential to abuse! All the uses!
Enthusiasm, like a faithful dog, is always there,--
Yet better still, as it -- choose not -- obeys
By virtue of its very nature, not
Of any mangy devotion, sustained by
Safety-dazed and dowsing habit, which only
In the fareless care of time, that ceaseless aid,
And its vapid demonstrations as, say, dawn to dawn
Or noon upon noon, every day and all days
To days, you find the creature at its certain placement
And in the posture now "its" way...Only this,
Through nothing over a facility to continue, like Nancy,
Does it remain and, at times, mend.

SATURDAY NIGHT

The almost funny paper Titian red rose
opens for the rain for the fifteenth time
as shortly also the soft lens widens
at a stripe of lowering sky pitched up
just ahead of the coming randy night.
Neighbors with radios trip the lawful conduct
of haste as portrayed in several movies
-- that word of theirs, "swell" --
which chases me out once more
flying into the fart-filled air.

A REGISTER (FOR PETER KANTER)

There now. That ought to change things a little
if it's (it isn't) enough

Well?

If you were here, like you said you'd be here,
well, there wouldn't be enough too
But you're not here, I am,
saying as much, and dangerously near,
if I'm not mistaken, some sort of algebra
You know, how much less than enough is there
when you aren't than are...etc.

Who wants to play "X"?
(besides you)

The stuff

Here it is
speaking to you live from atop
Mike's huge room

Who wants to play "here"?

Well?

Love these airy poems
That's one advantage of this place

I wish you'd hurry the hell up
and start refusing, time after time, to be another

GARY LENHART

The Greatest Story Ever Told

O Christmas Star!

10 years ago in an airport
my heart took off
Control Tower lost a blip

Keep my panel shut down
Let me gaze up
on your spark points

despite the obvious bad taste of
trying too hard

to navigate on a wish

It

Coke, Devil Dogs & Marlboros
Is that all?

The absent are always wrong.

For the lack of it,
overmedication, unproven
"its nucleus removed
as quite common on the street."

Those who got it greed for the diverse
& those who sense it some way.

She said say hello
I can't believe you're so scatterbrained.

The ultimate democrat, inspired.

TOM SAVAGE

Procrastination

The world's going too fast for you?
Take as many breathers as you want.
Your insides will push you at the right pace.
Don't let others convince you
you've got to live on their express trains
at 6 PM.
Let them die young or miserable
or hooked to two million intravenous jugs.
We're going to make it, together
even if our eyes never meet.

Syncopation

I take pills every day to slow my heart
so that I do not fall more in love with you.

Sometimes the medicine overacts.

I turn cold, my eyes close, my skin blackens.

Sometimes the pills act not at all.

At these times I am most dangerous
to your resolve never to love me again.

I become "beautiful". I glow.

All to entice you out of the surrender
of the love you declared to me.

So either keep me full of pills
or be my love.

I'll keep my heart beating the right time.

TIM DLUGOS

SUPERBOY

It isn't fair. He heaved the medicine ball with exaggerated effort. I can do these amazing things, and nobody must know. Behind the thick glasses, a single tear. It doesn't matter how strong you are, you still have feelings. His classmates laughed at his poor taste, ignored the dead issue. He hated them and their tiny world: Smallville.

Ma and Pa Kent had white hair and skin. Ma baked tasty things. Pa smoked a dark pipe. I could stop their routine with a powerful snap of fingers, but choose not to: not yet anyway. He entered the gymnasium at night and searched for artifacts. Pa gaped at his enormous tool. Ma knitted his bright outfit, embroidered his humiliating cape.

With telescopic vision, he watched their pathetic attempts from across the tracks. He was on the wrong side, but it didn't matter. He took time out to confer with people from space. They would hold off for a little while, out of respect for him. Beware of the green dust, they told him, and he said, I know. It could appear anywhere, so there was no use worrying. He filled his super lungs with space matter.

Coincidence abounded. The women he met were after his secret identity. The scientists, the Justice League, the journalists seeking exclusive reports -- these were to be avoided at all costs, for a generation at least. He flew lazily across the major army installations, and smiled softly at their lack of perception, their primitive tracking devices.

He'd take that fucking medicine ball and throw it so far they would never find it: this, as justification. Sometimes he'd just take off with the dog. Flashing monograms, they'd fly to the city, and spend the day in museums and public parks. They both could do this with super speed, so nobody had to know. Crowds formed in consternation at his colorful tights. He savored their excitement, and knew he would be famous there some day.

TERMINAL DAYS

Coming round the mt: Lazy Madge, Philip Glass Ensemble, NY Choral Society Featuring Belafonte (no more solo gigs, figgers they can buy his albums), Bella For Mayor. I don't smoke dope for the same reason Richard digs opium. Lunch with Ian Young at the Terminal Restaurant: English Military shackles, not to be confused with leg irons. "On for size."

This year we are featuring the starving children of Senegal, Thailand and Bolivia in our kit. Ed Sullivan national chairman of UNICEF Day. Reappearance causes splash. I write for magazines: spaces in which explosives are stored. Halifax Citadel, bright day: follow boy in school jacket down the long lawn, sun goes down. The Green Lantern Building. Head of Jeddore. In tourist cabin used by hunters, switch to All News Radio. Moynihan for Senate.

Photos of the Queen and Prince in living rooms all over North America. Photos of our apartment in DC. Somebody I know is in another country. Photos of my friend Mike Lally, whom I didn't meet until nobody called him that. Photographs of me that I have never seen.

The trees are green, then greenish, moving into frequencies of yellow-brown. It's a sign the season has arrived, as are many natural phenomena. Tennis bubble parked on Terminal roof comes down, in strange slow-motion. Inside, woman in white dress (suntan) watches as the green ball takes forever to drop. The hypothetical Second Assassin is shooting from the Con Ed smokestack, resting his gun on the anti-pollution device. Another puncture. Inside, tiny puffs of green as dumdums blitz the court. "Let's . . . get out of here!" It's Black Sunday, inside the blimp. "Bubble Collapse!" blaes yellow press in snappily written story.

Wheat germ, spinach and mushroom salad, Perrier. Miss you. Missed Philip Glass the first time, not again. Miss Collins is what some people still call my mother. She's been married for 31 years. In Springfield, my cousins say Hi to descendants of the kids my mother grew up with. In New York one is on one's own. Leaving Tudor City for the UN, things turn blue-green, cf. J. Schuyler. Blue sky, green light. Do what you want. Wherever you are, you're one in a million.

MICHAEL LALLY

HAPPY BIRTHDAY IKE

1.

1952 left no big mark on American writing. But book business was good. There were more books published in 1952 than in any other year in our history -- 11,840 titles, a total made possible by the increasing demand for biography, memoirs, and books of personal adventure, inspiration, and politics.

The President of the United States picked up a copy of Tallulah Bankhead's autobiography, Tallulah, and declared: "This is the most interesting book I have had in my hands since I became President."

2.

1952 introduced no new writers of outstanding promise. One of the most ambitious was a 59-year-old Waco, Texas, wholesale-grocery merchant named Madison Cooper. For eleven years Cooper secretly spun the story of a small Southern city he calls, Sironia, Texas. Page by page the novel grew until at last it became somewhat longer than the Old and New Testaments combined.

Cooper shipped it off to a Boston publisher Houghton Mifflin winning the company's Literary Fellowship prize for 1952.

The novel, Sironia, Texas, is the longest ever published (1731 pages). At the almost unheard-of price of \$10, it sold surprisingly well -- about 23,000 copies in fact, by year's end, for a gross "take" of almost a quarter of a million dollars. In the book business, that ain't hay.

Cooper was not the only amateur to gain literary fame during 1952. In New York City a policeman suddenly bobbed up as an authority on Shakespearean puns. Patrolman Redmond O'Hanlon wrote a letter to The New York Times Book Review in March asking for unusual examples of the Bard's word-play. By midsummer he had acquired a file in his home on Staten Island of 3500 puns from Shakespeare's plays. After years of pursuing his hobby quietly O'Hanlon suddenly acquired an international reputation. Then the inevitable happened: a professor at Yale University, Helge Kökeritz, incorporated many of the puns in a scholarly work on Shakespearean language to be published in 1953.

3.

1952 also saw a Congressional investigation of obscenity in books. The book business is seldom spotlighted by anything as newsworthy as a full-scale Congressional investigation. This one, headed by Arkansas Congressman Ezekiel Gathings, centered its fire on the paper-bound reprints which were described by the committee as "media for the dissemination of artful appeals to sensuality, immorality, filth, perversion and degeneracy".

The growth of the "paperbacks" was the most important development of 1952. An industry that began cautiously in 1939 with the founding of Pocket Books, it now numbers sixteen firms and in 1952 published a grand total of 257,000,000 books.

About 1000 titles
were represented in this output,
most of them reprints --
at 25 cents and 35 cents --
of books originally published in hard covers.
Only a small fraction of these
could accurately be described as
"sensual, immoral, filthy, perverted
or degenerate".

A great many reprints carried lurid covers;
it is one of the paradoxes of the industry
that good books
were being sold as bad books
or,
that people were reading the right books
for the wrong reasons.
They ranged from such religious books as
The Confessions of St. Augustine and
The Dialogues of Plato
to such old favorites as Ivanhoe.
They included such forbiddingly titled books as
The Greek Way to Civilization
by Edith Hamilton, and Margaret Mead's
Sex and Temperament in Three Primitive Societies.

Thomas Mann went into paper covers in 1952
with an early novel Buddenbrooks.
So did the author of Point Counter Point and
Antic Hay,
Aldous Huxley.
These are men
who have usually been considered "difficult"
to read,
and their sales, in hard covers,
have never been spectacular. Yet
in paper covers they racked up sales of
250,000 to 300,000 each.
William Faulkner, another frequently honored
but seldom read author
in hard cover editions,
experienced a sale of one million copies
with a single reprint title --
The Wild Palms.

Although The Wild Palms is not easy reading,
it has a large measure of violence --
involving as it does, the flight of two
escaped convicts.
Faulkner's realism,
his emphasis on sensationalism and
degeneracy,
seem to appeal to many readers in
the reprint audience.

Against a price of \$3 or more for a hard-bound book, the paperbacks were selling at 25, 35, and 50 cents.

The effect of this is healthy. It brings books within reach of men and women to whom a book is ordinarily a luxury.

Books by John Steinbeck, James Michener, Ernest Hemingway, and Norman Mailer, have all passed the million-copy mark.

Authors

who have always looked condescendingly upon paper books

are now showing their manuscripts to the reprint publishers first.

By all odds the boy wonder of the field is a soft spoken young man

who, in his free time,

is a lay preacher for a religious sect called Jehovah's Witnesses.

His name, five years ago, was unknown to anyone.

Today,

he is the most widely read author in America -- Mickey Spillane.

To date, his reprint publishers,

The New American Library,

have sold more than sixteen million copies of his books.

It is no exaggeration to say that the country has gone "Spillane crazy", although it must be said, too, that his reputation leans toward literary notoriety.

Spillane took the mystery novel and vividly intensified two elements: sex and brutality.

His books -- My Gun Is Quick;

I, the Jury;

Kiss Me, Deadly are some of the titles -- compound

the sensationalism of the torture chamber with the salaciousness of the brothel.

Already

imitators are moving into the field.

4.

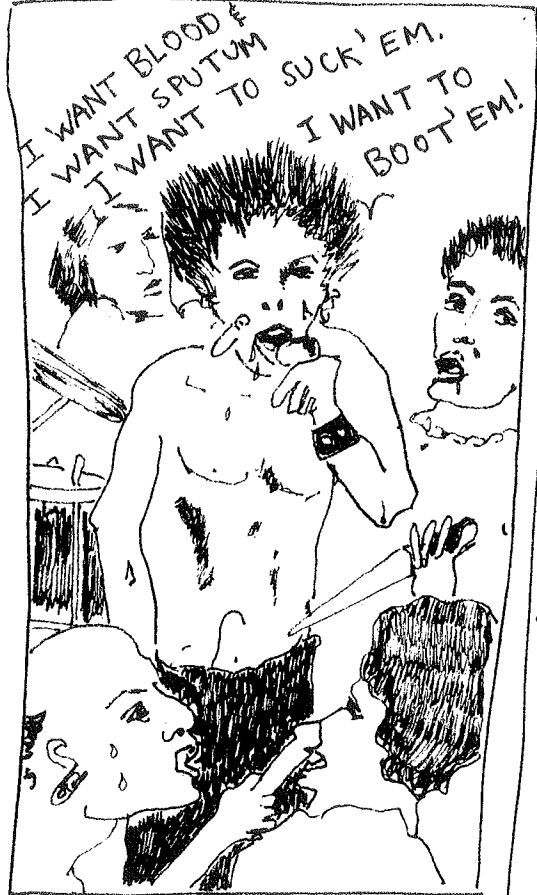
1952 found political overtones had their influence on writers. Graham Greene, the English novelist who had been a member of the Communist Party for six weeks in his youth, was denied a visa to come to the United States to receive the Catholic Literary Award for 1952. The ban was later revoked and Greene offered a short-term visa, which he refused.

The National Book Awards were set up in 1949 by the publishers, the book manufacturers, and the booksellers, partly as a result of dissatisfaction with the Pulitzer awards in the field of literature. 1952's National Book Award for fiction went to James Jones for his sensational novel about army life, From Here to Eternity. 1952's National Book Award for poetry, and the 1952 Pulitzer prize for poetry went to the same elderly and little-known lady, Mariane Moore, for the same book, Collected Poems.

5.

The great bugbear of the book industry, television, seemingly has not hurt the sale of books, despite the inroads it has made on people's time. In fact, some publishers find it a valuable advertising medium (Doubleday & Co. spent \$1 million on radio and television time) and others maintain that, by making people more interested in more things, television is enlarging the book-reading public.

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY MONTH



GERRY JISSOM CALLS FOR BLOOD ONSTAGE . . .

➔ BUT GUESS WHO'S TURNED OFF BY HIS "OLD LADY'S" MONTHLIES!!

BOB HOLMAN

Poems From The Chinese

()

Go ahead
Open the door
Hello white water
Hello there bridge
Hello figure
On the other side of the bridge
Saying hello
Just myself

(from the Songs of the South)

YOU ARE SLEEPING

Where once was blue
as if it were some mistake
that can be laughed at
a hand covers that
Necklace on a pillow
yet the eyes darken
as you stand this way & that
still & alone with thought
Hello hello keeps shouting
as children, & past
the wood fence
the hills green as heartbreak
racing the moon

Just as our hands are horses
the horses like children
toward a far horizon
Making it up to be
after night makes it up to be
your hands over my eyes

Bye-Bye Love

Flower flower?
 Mist Hoho
Last night, Wow
 This morning, goodby

Hohum.
 Spring is a dream

(after Po Chu I)

MORNING AFTER

The raining willow
The spring rain
Behind the flowers, a water-clock drips on
Geese jets awake the pigeons--
There is a glowing partridge on the screen!

But this is no tv
The curtains twist
I remember thinking what a long dream this is
The candles mist
A dream you do not know

Sad Song

You can cry now
This is a sad song
Out the window
Over the miles
Look, it's your hometown!
This look is your return
Even though nobody's home.
Some return. Some river
With no boat.
Don't tell me about it.
Don't tell anyone.

Up All Night

& it's still night
But there's a bird
Flying into it
Taking its share

All I do is sit here
& write poems

WHO KNOWS

Who cares

Why bother

How come

What possible difference

Could it make

Sailing Back Capital

You've got a million feet
Why do you stand on your head?
Your pockets still fall down
My salary plunks to the ground.
Why is my head white sand?
New poems all of a sudden.

(after Chan Fang-sheng)

Song of the Beautiful Barbarians

Trees shade trees
Smoke covers smoke
Cold mountains
A belt of heartbreaking green
The tower falls into darkness
How does it happen
Thinks someone in the tower
The road the road

(after Li Po)

WHO ARE YOU?

Empty -- just my feet
but then voices
& no feet
who am I hiding from
they will see me
I will find out
right now it's moss & leaves forever
soon steel & concrete
this is modern time
very free in my blind
the sun reaches into the woods
this is the sun pocket
I am falling asleep
they will find me asleep
they will see my feet
but hunched I can't see them
only a bird, that leaf & now
a squirrel -- who am I?
I am a squirrel

After Ch'in Kuan

Look at that!
Too bad.

I love strong grass up here
& the trees down there.

I cannot bear the churring of the night-jar.
Throw your gum away.

Rain has struck the pear blossom!

Out of work?
Lock the door.

ME

(After Po Chu-I)

Ho! Don't shave Santa!
Happy wind in the beard, moving sidewalk, whoops!
100 years just went past --
Well, if that's vague, it's because my head's
Turned & I am a monk in a bunk, dying thin.
Just some old guy singing and walking around.



YOU NEVER
TOLD ME
YOUR PARENTS
WERE DEAD!!

HI, MOM!
HI, DAD!

GREGORY MASTERS

The way

Peter is wonderful in that window
4 flights up yelling down
Betty Betty Betty Hello
& Bob says
one of those days,
these days
all I can do is
finish taking out the garbage
& say Mike Sappol is playing great old blues
on BAI
& come back up here where you are too
where on the phone you say
are you coming over &
I'm not sure of anything these days
There you'll be surprised & maybe pissed off
to find yourself in here but
I do it all for you
you, and my faithful readers
who
like to listen to this
authentic Chinese music
that's replaced old Mikey
tho you're still there
I was gonna take a bath
that's why I have no clothes on
is what I said to you but you
had it figured out
& the afternoon of these days is
going on all around me &
we'll survive the holidays, I'm sure we will
only the voice on the radio sayin it, wouldn't

Route 80

Cop in the air
I can do perfect
55 m.p.h.

*

TOWERING TRUCK

Before, he's doin 40
Now he's doin 60
I'll leave him alone

*

BACK ROAD, IOWA

When you're out here
You're out there

*

HEY. STARS

*

This is Springdale
That was Springdale

*

"He has his brights on"- me
Did I make a stupid move
Glad we weren't killed

*

Passing a truck
 gracefully
stoned out of Illinois
onto a bridge, the
 Mississippi that
I can't see in the dark
driving

*

Great Rick Danko woo woo woo
misty Pennsylvania dawn

*

Let's stop for breakfast and
then I'll take her in

*

Everyone's asleep in the car
No one to tell about Paterson
As we drive thru it

*

On the island
 between Route 80's East &
 West
a state patrol car
 stalked like a big cat
first one seen in
4 weeks of America

MICHAEL SCHOLNICK

Mind, Matter, Dreams, Notes

I

Blue green Bridge
On the back of
5 men drinking beer

Can we unite under one question?
And that's it.
Alright.

You're the most
expensive
utility

Collective appellation

II

The middle class is propitious
He was surrounded
Rethink
A notion's grind
Consolidate or move
Awkward demise
Merchants appeal to

I circle the black dust
coining my pulse
dripping Whitman jots
Your urgency
The modernist, most difficult
things
Confounded, helped

272 dollars seems high
He doesn't know why
that amount's high, why
it's that amount, or why
that amount seems high,
 It's roach infested
and he doesn't like renting.

Your language is slurred from
 a wise corporeal
day

Privy to some sentience
Sympathetic, vitriolic
The agency

A
parked
stationwagon

Love become inattention
Presuits or additive
A nun's serpentine Lugosi

III

Next sought
passing: complicity,
crass barbecue satori,

"look at me."
"what do you want to see?"
"i'll tell you what i see."
"what do you see?"
"wait. a tabulator,"

debt's cardboard instruction,
revivaling,

Day's a feather, Night's hell,
Get with it, Michael

Long white flags
 coming out
Infinity's mile
Out of the bongo room
A tangential modesty

Catalogue derived palpitating
three months too long...

The Flood

In conflict mountains cables
the world's perceived
Approachable like a booth
transported in winter's malice
A process of domesticity and mere accident

I ascribe to the personal
withholding from neurons grasp
that wet contraption snow
A discomfoting star
reaches down on fairyland

At night with capital and design
Construction absorbs catastrophe
to clarify the sheepish ingredient
Plucked from my throat

Contrary instincts
Fraught with Omniscience
The brain's in charge

RALPH HAWKINS

DRUGGED MELON

the leaves from trees
 the rust is on green
where wind is a petal I seem

what is this
certainly an owl lives in those trees
as some goose in a pie

 the radio
 yet there is no noise (nearly) at
night with darkness in the emotive life
 days then of guilt
and then of deafness

 where from the news you could have
a new
 but you have three already
 never look at the gun of pleasure
or oh there is success

 dear you who I have
forgotten arrived at this place
the past is invisibly yours
 you who frame this picture
and rifle my shelves

 never mind the damp earth
or where loneliness seems to go
 like ripe fashion all these
days are doors

 the crossing moment
the unrehearsed entrance
 this house of wood
 with wooden skies
contains inbuilt adjustments

ANIMAL ADVENTURE

turning a sock inside out
 putting on ones best clothes
the ones one has on

one goes back up what seems like a mountain
 there is lots of frost and snow
and looks linger of the moon
one should have put on thermal underwear

 ones mind is like zinc
 where the green is not grass but
age around edges
 where wine becomes a bath which
one can sink into
 one cloudy night

one gurgles and swallows
 at going out to
meet new people
 looking up one sees metal bits glint
like snow and it wobbles

one rotates and arrives out of ones self
it emerges all in one moment of clarity
one goes for the holes and
 a piece of furniture

OCTOBER 3rd

light leaves
water air

sometimes I
think that you

I look at
windows when

it thunders
the lightnings

my saying
if I could succeed

the one New York
on flat feet

starts me
yes we

gossip this too
in a cake one puts

a mix, the egg
"how d'you like your eggs"

in a place without
a hook

his or her or your
your looks

other things of
minor importance wait

you whilst I swim
another

I recall do
lovely look

POEM

Green spreads over the sea
Clouds shift hard evenness
To translucence
Bodies sun
World buried in water
Air in the sand
Near and wide
Running for pleasure
Light flowering out of a kitchen
Arrows point to shadows in rain
A man walking into white wind
Ringing water
Small shells
No pockets

DRAWINGS

Car on fragment of street
Piss running across a sidewalk
Flowing gutter water, falling dirt
Profile of street-chick
Emphasis of the period on legs
Walking to school and loitering
House between trees, casting a shadow
Fixed to walls
Susan with pigtail, from behind
Woman beating child
Attending the circus
Circus girl on big ball
Fusion of ball and body
Susan in black underwear, seated
Thigh delineated
Against windows covered with paper
Susan lying with legs apart in slip
Susan, nude, in chair, with black band around waist
Fixed stare as a counterbalance
Susan, bent forward, shaking her hair down
Susan standing, from side---"monkey woman"
Susan, nude, seated from behind
Susan, nude, sleeping with cat
Airplane face
Mumblings of balloons
Orpheus, Empire, Romeo, and Zybylko
Blue discs, big red hat
Experiences with lower east side bathrooms
Shifting planes of a flat stocking
Pie, 7-Up, flag, oranges, fifteen cents
Light and dark, earth and sky
Watch in case, cupcake, sock
Metaphor for dust, conversation, smells
"Getting us aloft"
The "body" of a cloth man
Cigarette with solid smoke and shaving brush
The pneumatic state
The pizza on its end
Pastry as a threatening cornice
(Throwing a vision onto the face)
A metaphor for some character of space
Mushroom shells
Roughed-in lettering
Out of register
Falling tea bag
Fag ends
Colossal smoke

FOR SUSAN ON VALENTINE'S DAY

Candy box with lace
Care of love
Rain at last
Beginning to sleep
In thin air
But nothing ends
The pavements
Toppled clouds

POEM

What have I lost that all these losses matter not?
To stare and stutter over with the rest
Forgotten opposition to queer honesty
Outshine parsimony; matrimony my goal; alas entailed youth
When every hope burns to stinking incontinence
Producing its ill-kempt, ignorant and sore idiosyncracies
I couldn't tell you a thing I've done: what's the difference
I'm like a man in his tiny steam-shovel cock-pit
I travel fast in a gold turbine
In fealty to the city above beauty
On streams rushing under the earth
Where the patented mystique fulfills its indispensable acts
Against temptation's outspread bouquet
When you're only so high they may hold that against you
No end of temperance with near-zero winds
Poetry keeps changing under your tongue
Voices come to rescue our enervated selves
And the spirit of our defeated ancestors
Voices in custody of itinerants' empty glow

POEM IN A CAGE

Brussels sprouts cure paranoia
Opium for hiccups
The room goes around and around
With the moon in it
The more you cry the more they fly
In the orange foliage
Wanted to stay in bed
With a funny feeling
Viewing the body
Through a hole in the ceiling
Smoke is rising to the top
Moon and room are out of reach
You put your finger on the spot
Where inside and outside touch

TED BERRIGAN

AN EX-ATHLETE, NOT DYING

to Steve Carey

& so I took the whole trip
filled with breaths, heady with assurance
gained in all innocence from that self's
possession of a sure stride, a strong heart,
quick hands, & what one sport would surely describe
as that easy serenity born of seemingly having been
"a quick read." "He could read the field from before
he even knew what that was." He was so right. Long before.
It was so true. I postulated the whole thing.
It was the innocence of Second Avenue, of one
who only knew about First. I didn't win it;
I didn't buy it; I didn't bird-dog it; but I didn't dog it.
I could always hear it, not see it. But I rarely had
to listen hard to it. I sure didn't have to "bear" it.
I didn't think, "Later for that." I knew something,
but I didn't know that. But I didn't know,
brilliant mornings, blind in the rain's rich light,
now able always to find water, that now I would drink.