



MAG CITY 8

MAG CITY #8

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10009

Thanks to the Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church

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Cover

name Edward
Vance Hughes
Drew Hinkle
Alice Hinkle
Michael G. Hinkle
Ellen Hinkle
Ted G. Hinkle
Tom Hinkle
Norman Hinkle
Aunt Emma
Mary Hinkle
Dorothy Hinkle
Helen Hinkle
Helen Hinkle
Gary Hinkle
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Norman Hinkle

Edith Hinkle
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Gary Hinkle
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Mag CIRC
437 East 11th St
New York City
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Thanks to the Society for the Project of the...

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THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE

Ah, Painting, my love is true
 Painters are so horrible it's amazing they come up with you
 And though the artists are all shits, I still love you
 It's the hustlers who get hustled and theirs is the great
 Tragic laugh. Let them drink champagne from cowboy boots rich.
 Painting, I would never judge you. You are beyond personal taste
 You are beyond criticism and bigger than me, the painters even.
 Painting, you would never walk out and you take only a second
 To see you I've traveled miles and never stopped
 I have cried at night
 That you might've been a hoax and I a fool
 Running around town a complete spectacle
 Writing my little reviews
 The artists are all ungrateful slobs.
 I will serve you in whatever capacity I may
 I will ignore the mediocre and snub these works
 When offered to me even though I know I could sell them for lots.
 I will live in the glaring light of impossible standards.
 I will not tell millionaires what to invest in
 Or dull my reason in trade. Nor will I accept the small payola
 Because my opinion bears the weight of the ages. Time will
 Find I gave small praise to small beauty, never willfully
 Destroyed a painter's career, or confused what I thought about
 A painter with what I knew about his work. Painters have
 Socialite envy and get caught up in the world. We don't.
 They can become rich and stay good rich and go bad or never move
 Up one notch socially or economically and still make the paintings
 That hum on the walls of the museum of the future like Robin Bruch.
 But the painting is always there to let us know where we are
 Like my little Brice Marden I've watched it grow
 From twelve hundred to four thousand like a teenage son
 I call it my DeKooning.
 Someday if it has to it will save me from the poorhouse.
 And my beautiful Robin Bruch from 73 that has kept me out of the
 Madhouse. And my Stephen Mueller fit for a spaceship.
 And my portrait by Alex Katz that proves I'm a poet.
 And my Schneeman, a small wall.
 And the Beuys that Louie bought me and the Hunt Slonem I bought
 Because it defied every canon of taste and saves me from
 The sin of pride.
 I offer up myself a sacrifice to you
 Stung by the double demon of Venality and Fame
 Your temples cracked under the curatorial sledgehammer
 Your surfaces obliterated by overambitious restorers
 Your meanings dinged beneath the smudge of the theses of
 The art hystericals, I burn my little flame
 That will, I hope, still illuminate the beautiful
 Wherever it may turn up.

Suddenly all suspicion and doubt vanishes
Who cares where he is or who he's with.
Let the winding paths of youth take him,
To those loud low places
The caves and the cave-men
Let those solemn energetic
Amusements distract his
Easily distracted mind.
A minute of him is a month
In the resorts where he
Offers me his youth and
All its glory one night a week

after fighting the guerrilla warfare
of fun

Charles to Jeanne

Dearly beloved Jeanne
small boats ride the waves
I coughed and cleared my throat
in warning, but notwithstanding this
you stepped behind the ruined wall
to be stung by scorpions.

I am preparing to march on Rouen
one cannot clearly tell if
the ivy supports the wall or
it is quite the other matter
and yet there is great pride
in such consideration
I am sending you this priest
to clearly illumine the gulf
between means and method.

I am growing sleepy now, Jeanne
imagine the apple blossoms awhile
for the mists are come and bring
a spooky gloom.

Set in the mood by the rice worn old Chinese man, emaciated hollow chest with a few separate white hairs sticking out of the middle probably and a cotton plaid shirt washed as many times as battles in antiquity alone in his elevator forced to and for the sake of his family submitted daily to moving that lever down so that we were heading for a third or fourth floor bowling alley - it wasn't clear which floor - so that this seaminess began to make the prospect of bowling a little more appealing.

Once that alley vista spread before me like a crazy perspective lesson and could see people grouped in action sending the black balls speeding towards the stupid pins which scattered with a great solid echoing crunch on impact, I was unexpectedly satisfied with what I'd come here to do - which was to bowl, not bump anybody off or anything.

Uneventful 3 games - gutter balls tightening forearm quest for the right ball cheap drinks hot shots on either side of us clueing us in about scoring but we probably did it wrong anyway so maybe one of us broke a hundred. Nellie getting aggravated in that 3rd game which she was gonna sit out but added her name last minute concluding hopelessness no fun gutter balls which Mark took as part of the route persevering but beat him by 4 fulfilled. (1st game Nellie in hot contention as we're all figuring things out surprised that the ball's not going where we'd will it.)

What's important is the 3 of us together, Mark not wanting to have been alone this night - he'd say later in a bar where the chic could come in on roller skates & where I shook the hand of a charming obnoxious self-aggrandizing writer wheel-chaired Viet Nam veteran to who I couldn't

think of anything to say so didn't, even on having been introduced to him as a writer myself which title always surprises me a little as having to be something - me covering the telephone calling to Nellie does she want to have dinner with Mark at the Ukranian Home which I suggested Mark wanting beef her accepting nod which tonight shadowed stating felt little choice so we'll eat more just the 2 of us.

The poets write about his eyes - brooding like his name Mark Breeding - he's just waiting around for perfection if you think he's brooding though, fact is he'd rather be playing his electric guitar than be standing here in this crowdening bar us a little nation in our claimed spot by a post right for leaning against which is what I'm doing with this second straight Stolichnaya, Mark's drink, which on sampling tonight has become mine. He's doing all the talking, we're audience a few yesses and uh-huhs once in a while but here he is calmly and relievedly expousing the monster thoughts of his bedroom soul - monster cause the public which settles for slob ads or everything else less than greatness, like assembled bands filling up hours on marketed carbon rock n roll TV shows at midnight, is monstrous and his eyes have suffered the shadows of their slovenly mediocrity and peer back to remind them of Balzac or arpeggios that can goose you into cabaret heaven. "Guys come up to me in bars" he's telling us, "I'm just standing there looking around and they go - What do you think you are? Think you're better than the rest of us!" So proceeds to get hit or maybe some weird conversation when all he wants is a break from his practicing, eyes full of those graph blocked chord diagrams, dozens of them lined up on a page resting on his silver tinsel music

stand at home on East 9th Street so wiped off his guitar and came out.

In the course of this monolog of Mark's I've become depressed cause I don't want to open a dry cleaners but proceed in my art obviously like he wants to be allowed and appreciated if even by a handful, staying on the 'A' level he makes sound as vital as a transfusion and agreeing so become morose at not haven written more masterpieces than I have into the extra innings of this sidewalk life - falling from grace from watching too much TV or hanging out in worthless walk home alone anyway bar scenes (worth something in portrayals of friendly soul Time I didn't mean to dismiss) it's just that we all know how horrific it'd be laying there in old golden age with our mates watching maybe "Apache" with Burt Lancaster on Channel 2's Late Night Movie and right before falling asleep flash back on a lifetime of too much idleness. O mortality & immortality both brief anyways.

She gets older, & I am she
She gets heavier, & I am she
Her face gets lined, & I am she.

When she's filled with panicks & dreads,
 I am she
When she lies shallowly in a bad dream,
 I am she.

She makes a poem she likes, & I am she
She sings a song of only hers, & I am she.

I am she
I am night black wander
I talk to oceans, I enjoy myself
I never have to go home
I ask for nothing, no mercy, no, nothing.

Clouds, big ones oh it's
blowing up wild outside.
Be something for me
this time. Change me,
wind. Change me, rain.

LOVE SONGS

Love songs,
you hear them and you
fall in love
anywhere, probably with
no one at all.

SUNDAY RIDE

Momma helps her to the car
& I get in next to her
she puts on dark glasses---
light's one thing she can see
(she eats with her fingers
well she can't hear either)---
it's 107 degrees out it
feels like home. We ride through
dust & sky. We don't spot
Blue & Governor. About five minutes.
"Let's go back now," she says.

POEM

You hear that heroic big land music?
Land a one could call one.
He starred, had lives, looks down:
windmill still now they buy only
snow cows. Part of a dream, she
had a long waist he once but yet
never encircled, and now I'm
in charge of this, this donkey with
a charmed voice. Elly, I'm
being sad thinking of Daddy.
He marshalled his private lady,
did she wear a hat or the
other side? Get off my own land? We
were all born on it to die on
with no writin' on it. But who are
you to look back, well he's
humming "From this valley," who's gone.
Support and preserve me, father. Oh
Daddy, who can stand it?

A DREAM, FOR MRS. BETTY OLIVER

My favorites these are my favorites
Amethyst, peridot, and moonstone
I like this snowflake obsidian but if
I put Adamite in my mouth I might die...
And I fell asleep into their voices
And their talk became the voices of
The ones you go to in dreams---

Buttons, brilliants, a piece of zipper
A tiny fleur de lis, a Dutch girl pin
A thirty-some year old rhinestone necklace.

Mitchum seems to be counting to ten before walking
One brief beatnik dance sequence, beautiful for those
A romantic triangle as a gauze-draped princess
Here comes the all-too-apparent psychotic
To provide a fine comic cameo silly timewaster
The laughs lie in the tasteless idiocy of this quickie
Undoubtedly penetrating affectionate compassionate
Exploration of the human agony it's a giveaway
So swallow the brew and relish the magic of the
The 1979 film about the novel about the one-woman horse.

I came upon a beautiful rain garden
Raindrops grew on the grillwork stairs
The tops of the building trees were pearl grey clouds
On the sweet ground grew puddles spotted with all colors
Of the pale and fully substantial exactly real rain world
Everyone wore a transparent raincoat transparent
Rainboots and the clearest of blue umbrellas
Serene lips, damp ringlets of hair, fingers ankles
All noise was as covered by a mist and sweetened
There were like ringlets and fingers and ankles of noise.

The one who spoke said, "Here where yesterday
Is flowing and tomorrow is gently raining
Wednesday's a hilarious bit involving disappearing sandwiches
On a railway dining car. Wednesday can't stab the heart
Here's a mother-of-pearl sandwich it will never
Disappear it isn't edible; it's only to make you feel better.
Here are some Tarot card sandwiches, divination
Is decoration. The major arcana cards include
The Brian Keith, the Marjorie Main, the Keenan Wynn,
The Thin Red Line, the Rope of Sand, the Cowboy, the Cowoldwoman."

Who has blind blue eyes and white hair, and I once
Saw her exactly beside me when she wasn't there---
She was dying finally of something not called dying
They could put her in the hospital for it and
She dies being very tiny and old they will dress
Her in something nice a dress and take her to---
My grandmother was a western woman
Learned in grammar. She gives light to
All other stars, being tiny, ignorant,
Tyrannical, willful, not angry, not mean, and dear.

"I feel surest of all that the question of belief
Or disbelief was seldom uppermost in their minds.
That, if it was anyone's business, was not theirs.
Their business was to learn the story." Unquote.
I don't think they thought they had to believe
Or disbelieve the story they had to learn because
Because they knew they had to, because
They were learning the story while they knew it
Incarnate on earth, still hung in the air
Below, careful to sense the product and halting geocentric not ask

She worked in a pearl factory; where the most perfect
Pearl was thought to be the raindrop
The shortness I mean the brevity of its perfect life. I
Mean its life as the most perfect thing, maybe.
Of course that's not what I wanted to say. I
Thought the sun rose and set in that girl, now it did,
Everything's clogged with light and I can't think.
Her hat is really the moon which ascends into
The sky. Her shoes keep walking on down
The road. A protagonist follows her shoes by her hat's light.

And who is this dazzling apparition? a friend an old friend
Pearl! please come here---why baby what you doing
Hiding in there? Pearl listen I'm in a terrific jam
Tell it to me. I've got to get on that plane Pearl
I've got a ticket. But there're two guys waiting at the gate
To stop me. How can they stop you? They're
Detectives Pearl I haven't got time to explain
You don't have to explain nothing baby
She began to hum a low sweet lullaby
Then I heard the plane's big round door slammed shut.

We went, for some moments, to heaven
Which was the desert October twilight and like
Two stars talking and laughing we shone unbound all around
Matchless in grace was she who could displace her
Worth and power? I'd found at last the endless plane which was
Always still. And our talk was in color
Pale yellow diction rose tone of affection
A violet airy grain to each word which I would otherwise
Not remember for you may ask for comfort
But not for secrets inside this talkative transparent pearl.

Yes, very much actually, she said in that sense that
What I did do was satisfying I think it was a
City for example but curiously enough it was
Equally true in the enormous empire of time
The fortune of the sidereal realm you can't get away from
The fact that at some time you have to
Ask is there thought without being the place to
Be picked as I seem to have not remained and
You may be too the ghost the holy spirit at all
Something that would be so phosphorescent excuse me Yes?

I see. And where are you going with that elephant? What
Elephant? That glamour queen who washes rags, mops floors? She's
A parade of brazen cloud shapes shades of hazel and of
A gaiety almost the color of black and
Now she's young now she's oldest now she's
Curled up dying now she's mopped the light tile floor for the
first time

Now she's spiralling away from her last body
Curling and shrinking below her the sprinkler on the lawn
Goes round, body on the bed in the house on the
Pearl in the purely air we traffic above the weeping.

There's a big one down there that cloud that boat
See the boats, Cass? that boat has the biggest one
Grandma's crybaby, me. Anne Bancroft is being unforgiveable
A Mr. Clean guy in turban leads a revolt 1920ish
Against the British raj---that's right down over there, there
That's the Norse siblings in search of the golden bell.
There's me crying when she dies she's not
Drinking Tang she was eating tomatoes with her fingers.
I can see everything up here, and the world all reeks of
Amateur night. In the lower worlds color takes the place of light

A cloud become light is singing I love my love my love
Was a man and now it's air my love was
A child and now it's bright air my love was a
Broom and a mop and a room and moving my
Old old body and now it's air my love was
Reading-glasses magazines and all and it's air my love
Was but now it's air I love my love
And keep this heart of mine for thine as
Heart for heart for loving me the air says to
Air and gives air her heart. And it's then I must wake up.

At Ninth Circle

I don't mind this waiting for Love

Nude Publisher Carl
rich partner talk \$100 sessions
grass smoked in blow-heated terrace

Sweet Al from Kentucky glows
shipping canvases to Georgia
Rothko switched to colors

grown suspicious in crowds
I left before 12

Reason sighs
For want of Grace

The heart, a woman's heart,
resplendent and mercurial,
inconstantly babbles

Solar Joy

Death conquers the tomb; life, unerringly difficult, firm,
Froth and depleted. Dotted worth glistens entirely
like consecrated strawberries. Our crate's term
is creation. Water kindle, reckless teas.

Sudden, blithe anthems, sheathe the powerful
Separation that enfolds, forms redundancies hirsute
Ambition overrides. A puritanical pelt pulled
like a tarpaulin refinishes holy blazing epitome.

The unwreathed spheres last, become new day's drilled light, woe,
Generations breaking, town's metal, in the luminary economy of Laws.
My desire, noblest, like clothespins paw corruptions
And, having fingers, grasp ensnaring divergent bow.
I loom, a timely warp, like shook bowers and mistaken
Cries of Moors. I hesitate, influence the lowest sensations.

LSD

thumb, nail,
thread caught on nail,
in lullaby of tears,
Italiano poem smouldering toothpaste.

Qualms,
(Cigarettes are perfect)
betoken perpetual bombastic match revery,
plane, percussive arias.

18

ELINOR NAUEN

Life, Death & Henna

for Kala L.

It's what we do on Saturday nights now
Now that our men won't ball
And we've been thrown out forever of all the good bars.
I used to quit breathing as I came
Would I die
And would it save me.
Now I just hold my breath---
Green goop turns red, I turn gorgeous
But no one notices.
People come to my city & change---
Janet tattoos her hip, Kala hennas too,
She's still under towel so we don't know yet
How brassy she'll be,
No doubt as swell as me!
This is after a curry dinner so my insides are orange
Like my head.
This is after a romantic night dying.

for Kala L.

It's what we do on Saturday nights now
Now that our men won't ball
And we've been thrown out forever of all the good bars.
I used to quit breathing as I came
Would I die
And would it save me.
Now I just hold my breath---
Green goop turns red, I turn gorgeous
But no one notices.
People come to my city & change---
Janet tattoos her hip, Kala hennas too,

Task Force

He's an Eisenhower Republican and he knows what that means
But you don't

He can use the subjunctive correctly in a sentence
But you can't

He washes his socks at night in the kitchen sink
But you slob

He's a boat people helper he says shoot 'em all
And bushwack

He's $14\frac{1}{2}$ times more likely to get assassinated
Than you are

He banned the Charleston from the Soviet Union
Machine Dance

He clogged the Sierra Mujeres till they bawl occupied
So polite

He knows the names of all the countries in Africa
While you dress like Ralph Nader to play in a band
On Death Row

He's floated past more than the Staten Island Ferry Terminal
So go home!

TED GREENWALD

ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD

More and more realized

Through the traffic, the sense

Of more or less everything

More or less backing in

Somewhere out there, river

A voice Another voice

Some voices in mind

Keep exactly together ordinary

Appreciate flinging against

Interior evening, smoothing

Colors Antique world sweep

Toward sweetening collectibles

Fascination with accumulation

Images tell the student of the

Moment, relax son, take a

Breather, read an article

Suppose a normal function

Prints out impossible, how

Shall the imperfect read off

Among attiring cars varnished

As you ask for paragraph
Keeping the second person
In the plural dual, so will
Passion embrace its arms

Enough is enough same way
Phrasing Another time another
Coast Confusion no longer the
Shy simple woman you wished

Modern tone flower in modern
Limbs Lifting lists to lips
And talking to you in a vain
Language, vanity next to vase

Glance directed nearer Power,
By switching, devours the people
Men and women disguise as
Members of the opposite sex

Dread combines with red to
Produce an art Really convince
Me I am seeing you at last
For once And there I will lie

GIANT TUNA

You came over the water to visit

One of the last few times

The sun's out today

The water sparkles, the air heating up

The other side's visible

You're someplace else

Thoughts come in separate sentences

The rest of the visit can't happen

Waiting room full

Elements minus one

The empty boat stays at its mooring

Horizontal spine shifts from private

to public

THE WOMEN ARE RIGHT

Lab coats breeze between crenels
And beautiful old time crinolines
Match the appropriate women
Electricity jumps between vases
In the lab below
And below the labs
In the laps of watchtowers
The sleeping quarters
Sleep in orange wrappers
Twined in tubes
With sparks heating the protective mill

A mass of knowledge

Moves through the afternoon
At a measurable rate of speed
And one scientist
Grasps firmly his friend by the hand
And shakes out a rainbow of pens
From the gallery-wall pocket of his coat breast
A ball of flame blanks halls
And sends some little fuckers
Fucking around with

Equipment they had no business fucking with
To the hospital
Where their hospitality's removed
A sigh of satisfaction
Runs up the thermometer of the spine of the watchtower
As equipment's
Replaced with intuitive twitching
Everyone agrees
That was what was what was needed
And stacks coat on skirt and so on
Pens fall to the infinite floor
Covering quickening tits
With pocket lint
And bird scratches
Since some of the ten colors of the rainbow busted
And stick out
And make dots on the inside of the pocket
That'd been issued blank

Well,

The little fuckers
No sooner out of bed
Than they fell over their elders
And joined in the universal ass

They felt heaving over them
And drip scientific fluids
To their outstretched noble savage lips
Tongues lapping juices around the track
While age
Creeps up stairs of the watchtower
Printed on yellow skin
Accompanied by a maniac
In an ill-fitting suit
Who'd put aside his coat
For an ounce of dance

While this was

Going on
A lank blank appears
In the ground of the sky
It moves in and out back and forth
Like a pocket meter
Taking the pulse of taste of the nation below
Did it taste good
Did it taste not so good
Did it taste no good
One little fucker who's grown bored
With the activity in the halls and labs

Skids to a heel-halt
At the edge of the watchtower
And sees the blank sitting out there like a lump
He runs like crazy down
To bring the other fuckers up
And goes into the head man's office
To tell him what he's seen

The head man

Heads hurriedly down the hall to the tower
And goes up steps
To the lower level of labs
And grabs everyone's lap
And tells them hurriedly
To follow him and his lips
For they were about
To come in contact with an overwhelming phenom
And they go up to the lower level hurriedly
Speaking in whispers about the voice
And some little fuckers
Can't stay still for two minutes
Underneath the crinolines of the amazing appropriate women
Fucking around
As everybody walks up and looks out

's the blank

Related-to-work

Hand-picked

Over-the-road

Broad-based

In-the-pocket

Multimodality-centered

Not-for-profit

Not-in-too-distant-future

Out-of-city

On-the-job

Over-the-shoulder

Man-on-man

Pie-in-the-sky

Grass-roots

Pick-me-up

The head man

Draws a sign in the sky

To signal the blank to utter

A bank of scribes sits pencil-poised

Ready to take down woids

For instant analysis

Out there

A quiver

Goes through the crowd of non-pleasure
Waiting and waiting
Back on the bald spot
The blank does a lot of fancy shit
Relating to the objects around it
But did it say a word
You can at least say hello to your grandfather
Not one fucken word

The scientists

The head man and their women are perplexed
They search like searchers
For a reason for all this intuition
Infinity has them in a hammer-lock
And they knew no which way which way to turn
Some of the deep-ones
Went down to combs and try
To make head nor tail of the blank
To no avail

The little fuckers

Are so bored by this time
They take wing

And slide down the pimples of sunset
That stood just below the blank
They brush aside
Questioning hairs from their elders
They hold hands
And wander in and out of inventories
They're chased out of rooms
And scatter tacks along the stairs
Waiting as did all
For the men below to speak to the bottom line

The next morning

The blank's still there
And someone's sold it
With two pairs of ultrafantastic tits
For one million dollars
The elders are semi-disappointed
But note no discrepancy see
Between the tits
And maximum occupancy

The floor

Starts to sag like a belly
And take the labs with it down to the ground

Greenwald/29

One thing's certain
The blank's here to stay
One of the little fuckers
Who'd decided to be an artist
Sat down already and drew it
Before anyone else
Could kick him in the ass
Who do they think they think they are
Telling me what to do
I spit in the face

Interior

Unseen & inside of me
like plasma, I
know you're there.
I've read about
a reclining statue of
the buddha found
somewhere in India.
Common, yes, except
its eyes are two sapphires.
Today I hear the sound of
new clogs on the hospital floor.
Lonely & aging decade.
Some friends missed
Like the train
not showing.

1976

Sonnet

You in coral dream circuit imperfect
 Silk loop dance by ocean's foam bonnets
 I'm not raising the archways
 To the singer's Othello perception jell
 Nor carving your name on Corinthian columns
 By ostrich eggs oval void for more steno
 Here's the fox terrier appearing from stucco
 Artifice's jersey prints I never thought typical roses
 Whose pink dawn is falling
 In pods of bulk vegetation
 Always to the sound of faraway bells
 Cat pawprints on yellow oak desk
 Foolish for you I linger
 Where a dock with license sways

THE ROSE

Later on the plank rot
 struck the not so
 beautiful block of wood
 producing a sound so furious
 the cups clashed

 or crashed
 slowly moving the room
 my eye felt
 cold as a rose with
 drops of dew crawling on it
 even this was incomplete
 not the concrete but

 even the concrete became
 evanescent
 I wanted the hard
 block of wood to fasten to
 another construction
 to be made by me into that
 which formerly it was not

 and this crawled or crashed
 beyond my hands
 to distant places and lands
 making me no longer beautiful
 whatever way I turned my

 longing knew no end
 my eye felt
 the cups clash
 I was struck not so
 much as jarred by the
 contrast no contract
 written up to
 guarantee my success
 or move true deep feelings
 within me might as well

 be rich
 or inauthentic:
 then it produced a furious
 stance or slouch
 in another construction
 tops, jars, the rose confused

PROUDER THAN THAT

Prouder than that
What dried up lasted
All winter long
Resonance of meaning or of

Fame, houses steely-grey
in their illusions-
Let that be better than
a star, a flash, a lingering

beautiful partridge measured
out in cups, my glee
to see your return at last
in the forsakelessness of mind

[Faint, illegible mirrored text bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]

Fischer/34

NOISE

Feet on the floor- you walk by
the clicking of a door to
shrieks of children in the street
you walk by, the tatami sighs
rustling of papers in the halls
firmest slam of door in the room
blat of horns swish of traffic
peep of babies rattle of window
little stream of pee in the toilet bowl water
wind-creak
horn-pip
watch tick
baby babble
traffic wave
footfalls in the halls

Set to music statements inconclusive led to
arsenal bottle shards of water
forlornly napping imagination's bower
full of the rigor of the latter day
To furnish permission to speak obliquely

Broke open
Let it be
As it was
I saw it
For what it was
It was
What it was
Broke

If I Hadnt Gone To College I Wda Been A Trumpet Player

You dont know, you dont know you dont know you dont know
thats what the stars say
and they dont know
tho knowing is available, you can know, things can be known
reverend ike is clearly full of shit
wm buckley is the real son of sam
carter is an unwashed scumbag
Andrew Young is the lightskinned pootbutt you saw at picnics
with new moccasins and a tie, cool and famous
there are real monsters, Menachim Begin and Idi Amin were photographed together
in the honeymoon sweet of the international monetary fund
sockin it to each other to the tune of
When they begin the Amin!

You dont know but you could
you could know
things can be known
hegel was wrong, finally you hear wrong wrong wrong
Marx corrected his metaphysics, hegel mumbled about
the thing in itself, which sounds like nixon out among
the stars, a beast like in the black mass, waiting to
come on stage slobbering assassins and bombings.
everything can be known
the brain is highly developed matter
it can think
worster and ian smith try to defy this fact
but even they grunt up ideas like constipated dinosaurs
eyes spinning terrified their time is passing

metaphysics is filth
spooky in the shadows
lies weaving thru incense
rub shit in the wounds for luck

inner cries are real words real meaning. urges to new sense.
definition parting dark real clouds to newness meaning life gains.
three ways we meet the reality. In class struggle, production and
scientific experiment. A continuous, discontinuity, erupting in
stages to change. Everything full of opposites, whose life is the
being and moving of all that is life, meaning. There is only change.
Nothing stands still. It is, is it, it it, is is, motion, because of
the inner conflict. Rumbles everywhere throughout all every. The space
of blackness holes fire smashes balls of rolling
open closed awake sleep left right
goes on and on

I LOVE MUSIC

"I want to be a force for real good.

In other words, I know that there are bad forces,

forces that bring suffering to others and misery to the world,

but I want to be the opposite

force. I want to be the force which is truly

for good."

Trane

Trane

Trane sd,

A force for real good, trane. in other words. Feb '67

By july he was dead.

By july. he said in other words

he wanted to be the opposite

but by july he was dead, but he is, offering,

expression a love supreme, afro blue in me singing

it all because of him

can be

screaming beauty

can be

afroblue can be

you leave me breathless

can be

alabama

I want to talk to you

my favorite things

like sonny

giant steps

can be

life itself, fire can be, heart explosion, soul explosion, brain explosion. can be. can be. can be. can be. aggeewheewheeagg eeeee. agrrrrrrruuuaggg

deep deep deep

expression deep, can be

capitalism dying, can be

all, see, agggggeeeeeoooo. aggrggrrgeeeoouuu. full full full can be

empty too.

nightfall by water

round moon over slums

shit in a dropper

soft face under fingertips trembling

can be

can be

can be, trane, can be, trane, because of trane, because

world world world world

can be

sean ocasey in ireland

can be, lu hsun in china

can be,

brecht wailing

gorky riffing

langston hughes steaming

Baraka/38

can be

trane

bird's main man

can be

big maybelle can be

workout workout workout

expression

ogunde

afroblue can be

all of it meaning, essence revelation, everything together, wailing in unison

a terrible

wholeness.

MARK FISHER

Love Poem # 10

dame,
If Samson loved Delilah long
I still may love you
Tho you be the greater bitch,
As not one soul I could find
In that bar in Albany to deny.
Delilah took Samson's strength;
You made yourself gone with
My money dope and other girl
Off to more deplorable frolic.
Know it girl you are always a
prisoner in my heart

EIGHTH OF APRIL

The wine is bright, the wine is bright.
I don't remember where I began this instant dream.
The puddles want to shine. April's
Cool air keeps one's heart warm.
What do I think of, the clean
Italian mortician standing on the sidewalk
looking around
My quickness is a quickness like falling down
And staying there I felt a cool breeze move.
It's late at night for garbage trucks to be out
making the elephant sound
I go on the roof and watch two kids on the corner kiss
I love this mighty west of ours
Up here it's like the street without
the people, cars, and street.
The building superintendent Joe took me up
When we first moved in. He said,
"Don't go up there
The landlord doesn't want anyone on the roof.
Come on, I'll take you up to see the view.
You'll really love it."

Today
Interrupts the day before,
Rising behind the stars, which are
Rising behind the night,
Sometimes a word will start it, to you friend or the
City you ride uptown downtown in.

Epithalamium

for Gregory Corso and Lisa Brinker

The night gets later and earlier
I've come for what is mine
Don't take it amigo
Nice enough to call it a girl
Never get drunk outside your own house

Love in the dark is sinful but convenient
You'll mistake it for your own
I've come to Texas to blow it up it's the biggest

You who I so love, Nunzio
This girl who you so love
Bred near the other Ocean, never
Might you know this by her pallid shoulder,
A veritable sphinxipoo...
So you be Batman the young Robin
Orpheo his same eyebrow to follow
The dame, get her to the Batcave
Never will sun's shine nor penguin dust
Darken her shoulder down there:
That abode's dark lamp to brighten her bright eye

May your days be happy like firecrackers
Your nights long very long so you shall
Send out your arms to hold what you love

BOSS HEART

OK Boss, you've always told me what to do but that hasn't always made things interesting. So I start out when I am eighteen with a firm concept that I'm not real in the sense that one's own life could interest one. First thing I got to do is rule out thinking. My thoughts skip about and blind themselves too much for a rational life or playing chess. I didn't know all that my last year as a teenager but like the story will go, I'll find out.

Life boiled up to so many activities and fantasies with no center attraction. A few fortunate things happened in my senior year of high school. I was rejected from the University of Illinois (my "safe" school) and I was turned down by Grinnell College. That's Iowa. Quick and for the vaguest of reasons I applied to the University of Iowa in Iowa City. I had been accepted to Case Western Reserve in Cleveland but heard many horror stories of depressed upper to middle class jews that tried sex in a Philip Roth sense and then broke out in acne so with the good news of Iowa being a political campus (from my brother) and being home to writers (from my mother) in the Fall of '68 I found myself in an empty green dormitory room seven floors up in an unfinished building called Rienow II. I was a week early for classes and no one was around. I parted from my parents with bad feelings or rather they turned the car back to Wilmette, Illinois, I-80 four hour corn field. In sterile and virgin room 713, I laid back, tried to read something, listened to Janis Joplin and broke out in acne.

A short blond congenial guy with track man's legs, moved into my room with his phenomenal 45 RPM record collection and machine which expels twenty hits of the middle 60's, and it was the only way in this lifetime I get to hear "Liar Liar" by the Castaways. Across the motel blue carpet, I notice this crazy, skinny kid with long red hair and a red

beard floating in/out a door nearby. Everyone else looks like squash. One night the black sky revolves over the Iowa River and over the sad library built like a bomb shelter. I walk into the SDS meeting. There is my red haired apparition. After the meeting I catch up to him and we talk all the way to the seventh floor Rienow II, where he lives across the hall from me. His name is Richard Heinberg. A few minutes later there is a knock on my door, I look up from my desk while my roommate sleeps as he could do at will no matter how much light, noise, or disorder, I am about to meet my body center. Heinberg, Richard pops a head in and says, "You want to smoke some dope?"

"sure, yes"

Across the green underwear corridor, in Rick's door, I find myself in the first strange room in my life. A huge poster of concentric circles takes me in, red circles white circles blue. A beefy looking guy is sitting on the bed with his hands cupped over his mouth and a leering grin of joy. This is Tom who lives only a few doors away.

Now it is always my fault to try to tell too much in a single moment. Though I am not "the memory kid", Tom is Cody to me. He comes from Sioux City, Iowa, most of his recent time spent in hard rockin Eighteen bars in South Dakota. Richard comes from Saint Joseph, Mo., plays the viola, used to run a poster shop, always looks like he is wearing his clothes for the first time.

We get high just to get high which is enough, surrounded by the straightest looking cornhuskers since the invention of the Iowa Herky. Herky is the fight emblem of a tough hairy bird with talons clutching a football under one wing, with his sharp beak protruding from under a Golden Helmet and the other wing thrust forward ready to stiff arm (wing) anybody in its way. The Black and the Gold. We are the Hawks, we are Big Ten, we burn our foes on the steps of the Old Capitol, oh Gold Dome. My roommate moves out on me and I invite Heinberg in. I know he is queer before he does; I know he is not gay yet. In 713, which adds up

to eleven & multiplies out to twentyone, we hang up the circles poster and a devotional Indian multi-appendaged poster. We cross the river and buy a bead curtain. I buy a silkscreened baboon; we cover the dead green walls with everything we can. The bead curtain goes across the door and above it we hang a piece of old burlap we found which has a peace sign painted onto it. Rick sits on the edge of his bed and stammers out that he is queer. "Oh yeah" "Yeah, but don't worry, you don't attract me!"

But, I am worried because I am not attracting anybody. I hope I'm not neglecting my education. I don't know anything about girls. However, I'm afraid that I am not invisible. Guys I hardly know call me Mole or Chipmonk.

Tom, me, and Richard smoke a lot of Iowa grass which is pretty famous for lots of effort and minor rewards so Tom spent days forgoing a Manitoba license to drive to get the beer which makes us break parking meters, and sallie into the Pizza Palace looking for pussy at the end of the rainbow which turns out to be a jukebox. Tom buys a fifth of gin and I buy a fifth of vodka. We sit cross legged on the floor facing each other and the idea is to get drunk. My bottle and my mixer is next to me and Tom's bottle and his mixer is next to him. Between us, there are beernuts. I drink a few drinks quickly with large gulps and lean back. I turn my head to one side and see one third of my bottle is gone. I watch Tom stagger to his feet, grab his bottle, and stride over me, my head flops over in time to see the beads clicking behind him. I wake up and look ahead at the enamel underside of the sink. I roll my head slowly upwards until I can see puked up beernuts congealed all over me. One eye lifts itself off the floor and spies the vodka, 3/4's gone. I'm sick for two days and when I think I'm up and wiser, I'm down. Somebody sets 713 on fire.

No one but the arsonist was in the room at the time of the fire. He got into the room through the unlocked door. Tom and a zany fellow, Mark Hess, who comes from Rochester, N.Y. which in my mind

isn't Wheaton, Ill. which is where everyone else on the ninth floor is from, who spent his life in military school and at debutante balls developed no regard for personal property (great) and would if he saw something in your room he didn't like, and if there is an if here, would chuck it out the window (simple). Mark and Tom had left 713 unlocked after taking the room apart and turning everything upside down in order to take photographic portraits. Next, Richard returns from out of town and plops a shopping bag down which contains a fifth of Johnny Walker's Red and leaves because of the giant disarray and peculiar smell of barfed beernuts. Richard goes out the door but cannot lock it for Tom has his key. What no one, not even the arsonist, knows is that the Scotch bottle has cracked and is slowly leaking across the floor. When I returned from mulling over my vodka soaked thoughts in the Student Union, the fire was over. Every curly headed asswiper had been in 713 putting out the little blaze that charred our burlap peace sign and singed the wooden closet. The room reeks of smoke, scotch, beernuts, and incense which I hate the most.

After we find out that we have enemies and careless friends, we take infinite precautions to cover up our dope smoking: spray Right Guard around the door, place wet towels at the bottom crack, lock self inside clothes closet, light joint, risk still greater fires daily.

Journal entry

Fall '68: Would Allen Ginsberg like to have the body of Sophia Loren?

Tom, Richard and I embark on a good will campaign with the future pharmacists on the corner who at this moment live all around us and are still attacking our room by jamming gumballs into our lock. In less than a year they will be dope fiends, themselves. We walk around on Friday nights with a bottle of hootch in our pockets and stop off to drink with the boys behind each open door puking into the long flakey hallway. We all have a good time. Now

the boys don't mind what we do and in fact we become favored as their own resident hippies. We are out of the closets.

Tom is energy and light and an extremist of any order. "Going to join the Marines!" toothpick flickers between his teeth, he knows everything written on a Budweiser can, there are volumes of them on his bookshelf, "Work on submarines!". Tom plans to drop eggs into the Campus Cop's gastanks. Really, he just takes a two by four and busts parking meters. All you got to do is swing into it. There is a little cry of a high note above the low rattle of coins as the mainspring busts. A simple way to disarm a parking meter is to insert a ring top into the meter and then force the knob over until Bing! Parking meters are annoying people solely involved with cars, time and money. They are lame and vulnerable and easy to off. Tom never goes to classes but does achieve a semester's worth of credit from taking special exams to make up for what he is flunking. With a speedy glint, he spends sunny afternoons watching "Dark Shadows" television. All night talking "In A White Room."

Semester break punches me in the face. Hardly a student is left on campus and the seventh floor is very quiet. A strange, short red head and his tall friend lure me into the hallway to point out where someone lives. Once in that hallway, he says, "Nice hair. Well at least it's clean." As I turn towards the short fellow, I notice he is smiling and his right fist is about to slam into my head. "What the hell!" I say as my glasses fly off my face and then I run back to 713 and turn the latch. I place my ear to the door and hear them throw my glasses against it. Tom was taking a shit and having a special feeling while all this occurred. Besides a sock in the chops, semester change brings Dave to Rienow II to flunk out of school with his hometown buddy, Tom.

Richard and I get along OK except he doesn't like to hear me play harp and he doesn't like the blues. I'm always blue and no matter what happens I know how to amuse myself. Amusement is a form of hope. We argue classic and jugband style, I'm jugband but really classic but Richard can't see it; so be it. There is nothing to change between us but things do change when Heinberg falls head over heels for the goodlooking Dave.

Dave really is good looking with a sweet impish face on a masculine body and a mind looking for good times and being there. Dave wants to move to the seventh floor and Richard starts to trouble my life. He plays Fritz Kreisler playing Fritz Kreisler which is a record his music teacher told his parents to buy him and I know how he hates it and I hate it because I get reminded of the movie music to "Ship Of Fools". He even has to tell me that he is trying to annoy me! One night he comes in drunk and tells me all of his homosexual experiences which I hope adds up to more now but on waking to Iowa City's pale blue milkbucket sky, Heinberg is too embarrassed to ever speak to me again. I move out and tumble in down the stringbean green hall with a guy who had a Mustang, huge stereo system, was "into radio", and covered with hair all over his back. He covered the windows with red acetate which made the world red and horrible. In kindness to him I should add that he did cut me a flap to lift and see real sky and that he was most often not around.

Dave takes my place in 713 and we all get into taking mescaline, LSD, and whatever was in those THC tablets. In the spring, all night concerts sprung up with terrific guys playing big blues for us who couldn't get into Lil Bills but this is wilder because people take off clothes and there is free food provided and soon sure enough there are the police to stop the show but they can't. The band is the Mother Blues and they are wild weird

not the blues. These guys are into new music and the police are not. A cop gets up on the stage and the drummer swats his ass and everybody gets real happy so the cops turn off the juice to the stage but the drums go go and everyone picks up on something to beat and keep the beat and snakedance and pound and pound and dance til' daybreak. I go out into the light above downtown Iowa City. I see I've beaten my ring out of shape and it cuts into my finger. No pain.

I realize that there are no more fantasies that mean anything. It's true you can't live your life like a book but you can write one. The events keep adding up and every so often they total themselves. Now my fantasy is ignorance.

In the same way, events all seem lost to me except that Richard is dotty over Dave and nags him all the time. Finally, Dave comes in drunk and Richard lights into him and Dave tries his best to break Richard's arm. Richard lives in the student lounge for the rest of the year. On mescaline, I remembered everything that had ever happened to me and wiped it all out then I look into my aspirations (Special Ed teacher or psychologist) and wiped those out and then I put eyes to the present and wiped that out. I was left naked in the void and pretty scared until I got to like it and soon I didn't even feel high "sitting on top of the world."

Boss, listen to these words written at noon, Dec. 9, 1968: Yesterday I saw The Heart Is A Lonely Hunter. The movie did not teach me a thing. It just gave me an experience and that experience led me to myself. My self might be a void but I know my environment and can't stay in it too long. If I believed that me Self is a void and my environment is all I can ever have then either I would get a book of matches and burn everything I don't like or else I could commit suicide. But I think that there could be happiness somewhere in my future. College (I mean the diploma) will help me to get me into the occupation I want. But as I become less sure of my goals the

usefulness of College diminishes. I've never felt so unsure before. It's a new feeling but not as frightening as I would of thought perhaps it is even beautiful.

My small world of ineffectual comrades breaks up as my freshman year comes to an end. I know Tom and Dave won't be back on campus and I have secured a room off-campus for the next year. I'm walking down the seventh floor hall for the last time. Its seasick blue carpet is strewn with unrolled rolls of toilet paper and unraveled recording tape. The trash cans are filled with coathangers. I'm a body come home to its head and going home ready for love.

Summer of '69, the film, the revolution still will come, and it is grass, tabs of things, pills, some are coming down, others shooting up, the government is going to "put" a man on the moon, everything is new to me as I come home to Wilmette, Illinois, where I've lived so long I've never left. I'm listening to Bob Dylan, "Highway 61" running through my parents' big house. Things ain't grown real for me yet but here I know my way around. Wilmette is an elderly suburb of Chicago which snuggles up to Lake Michigan and forms the Southern extreme of a community known as The North Shore. The house sits on Linden Avenue, a block and a half from the elevated last stop, and within sight of the Bahai Temple. There are oak trees in front of a circular sidewalk that circumvents a low, wide juniper tree, and then before the actual house there is a large screened in front porch. Inside live my parents. I come in and occupy my old room which is a converted attic with slanted ceiling walls, drooping wallpaper, and a thick green carpet. My father once used the room as an office to see patients at home. In the movie, "Cobweb", Richard Widmark is married to Lauren Bacall and he also runs a mental hospital. When Widmark's son is asked what he wants to be when he grows up, he answers, "A patient."

My father is a psychoanalyst but I don't aspire to be a patient and that same room which brought slow easy thoughts out of patients also provides all the privacy and space to support me in my real life.

I'm all set in life to buy a car, from High School earnings, working (\$1.25/hour) in a drugstore. I never got a raise after I drove the Corvair delivery car into a streetlamp. Now I'm driving a 1966 red VW Squareback with a sunroof. I lean up against it to get my picture took. I have a summer job teaching retarded children in a school called Shore School. Warm summer nights wave along Linden Avenue and revolve around the white dome of the Bahai Temple. The folks and I hardly see each other because I refuse to argue with them during our first argument which I guess I win. I dream on my feet, open to anything in particular, as I walk Maggy around the block. Maggy is our old, tubby, mostly Labrador lady dog. Lucky, Maggy soon pulls me right up to my secret love on the block. Little Bitty is a wonder of an alive blonde girl who is near nutty being sixteen years old. I carry the live ember of a torch for her since she was a freshman in my carpool during my final year of High School. Maggy and I bump into her on our first walk since I've come back. I'm still struck by her like I never left or lived here before and sooner than soon I'm walking Maggy three times a night. Maggy loves it! I meet Little Bitty again and arrange to give her a spin in my new car. We make a date to see The Mothers of Invention at Ravinia Park which means lay out on the grass. This boy has never been kissed!

T minus the T and the rocket is ready to take some men to the moon. On my tv, the sound is off and the stereo plays Dylan. During lift off, he sings:

you raise up your head
& say is this where it is
somebody points to you
& says it's his
you say what's mine
somebody else says
well what is
My god am I here all alone

liquid oxygen released
five sec., the garret
falls away, the rocket
stands alone, three
nothing happens
two one ignition
fire and lift off
fires glow

Jane (Little Bitty's real name) is ready four houses away and I am too excited to eat any supper which marks the beginning of a twenty pound weight loss over the summer. We spread a red blanket on the grass and listen. Frank Zappa intricate wire sieve of sound bounces off the leaves of grass from the speakers in the trees. Little Bitty really is little but our first kiss is like stepping into the universe. Everyone out on the grass is kissing. I lean into lips and tongue that kiss back and suddenly I know that not a moment in life is a waste. Before we go home, I stop the car by the Northwestern Railroad tracks in order to cry and confess how these are my first kisses, so we kiss some more and the thrill makes me cry again. We go to Northwestern University and see "Le Grande Illusione", Eric Von Stroheim asks, "Is it worth it? For a Rosenthal?" Yes. Jane and I date regularly but not steadily because she has other boyfriends, sometimes I meet them while strolling with Maggy.

Working is a terrific part of my jelly roll adolescent, summer of '69. I know from several years of experience how to work with retarded children and feel a pride of doing something well and doing it among people. I am working with a wacky woman from Rodgers Park, Chicago, with red hair, big breasts, and a full deck of dirty jokes. Her sorority sisters used to call her Boobie-Doobie but her name is Donna Dubin. She is engaged to be married to a man in Fort Wayne, Indiana, who is not around so we have a ball in the classroom before she moves to Fort Wayne and catches pneumonia.

Here goes nothing. I ask a teacher named Pam out for a date. Maybe I should know better because of my theory of names. I never seem to fully enjoy myself around Pams. Pam says sure and we are headed back to Ravinia Park to hear BB King. No magic and it's weird before we start because Pam has been talking up her "boyfriend for years" to Boobie-Doobie before BB stepped out of that Deetroit bar to fly to Chicago. Donna tells me Pam is up to something. What it is I don't find out, I'm too embarrassed. Everything is stiff and cold as Pam questions me as to how a boy from the suburbs can turn out like me but how am I? BB is making a big gate but I'm just looking at fences. The time comes as it does on all dates, parked on Sheridan Road at Morse Avenue, I make my move. It comes out a mumble, something about first base and some gear shift baloney but at the end we do kiss. It is all wrong, wrong. I don't like Pam's kisses. My world is all kisses and they are either right or wrong! Pam says, "Should I make it easy for you?" (What would you say?) I say, "No." We kiss some more and say goodnight. I promise to call again but I don't.

Donna had an extra ticket to a concert and no boyfriend around so she asked me. Appropriately, I locked myself out of my car when I picked her up and had to climb in through the sunroof which raised eyebrows on her quiet street. It wasn't lost on her neighbors that she was going out with another guy. We had fun and talked and after the concert each held onto the end of a rolled up program and skipped around in a parking lot. The only kissing was sweet goodnight kissing which is not only right but even educational. Later at her wedding when I went up to kiss her, she took my hand and tickled my palm ever so lightly.

The last Tuesday in July. Today is the day I walk into my present, living life, in terms of people I know and love. The events even transform the people I always know.

This morning Donna is away and I am at work setting up an art project with the kids. I'm having problems with Cindy, my volunteer, who won't do things the way I want them done. I am really getting peeved when the Director ushers in a skinny, blonde girl wearing a red plaid or checkered dress with hideously wide, innocent lapels. "Oh Shit!" I think. "This is Rochelle Kraut, Cliff Kraut's younger sister, and she is here to observe you," the Director says and leaves. Cliff works in another part of the school and I had once watched him almost kill someone through his befuddled efforts to fix a door. "This is bad!" I think and worse yet to have an observer when this stupid volunteer won't work with me. I ignore Miss Kraut and school goes on.

To my surprise, Rochelle is back the next day and this time is introduced as Shelley, our new volunteer. "I love the women, I love them all the same," but I'm too pre-occupied about going to the first Ann Arbor Blues Festival to even look at Shelley. However, she perks up my ears when I say, "I'm going to have a smoke in the Nurse's Office." Shelley asks, smilingly with straight forward black pupils, "Oh, what are you going to smoke?" "Ha Ha, later." I say.

Little Bitty stands me up to watch the moonmen on tv so dejected I go to the pier sticking out from Wilmette's Harbor and stare at my friend, the moon, sad and yellow shining on the boats, sails, and Bahai Temple. Moon was my first word. And now Neil Armstrong mumbles from the moon. Before I step from man to mankind, I go to Ann Arbor and hear the living blues. Everyone playing is black and no one is yelling, "Boogie." Magic Sam takes my heart away and gives it back later in the year when he dies and I cry for it. Luther Allison debuts big, Fred Dawkins gets mad at his drummer, Clifton Chenier plays with Zydico (his brother), Howling Wolf comes out on a minibike, BB King jams with Roosevelt Sykes, Robert Lockwood shows how everybody learned to do it, I get sunburned.

Next day at Shore School there is a beach outing. I bet Boobie-Doobie that Cindy will wear a bikini and that Shelley will wear a one-piece. I'm wrong. On the beach, I'm trying to tell Janet O'Shanna, a big beautiful, one-eyed mongoloid, sixteen year old girl that either she sits where I am or she joins Donna in the water. Janet just stares at me, cockeyed. Crazy in my dying life of infancy, I ask Janet if she would like to put sun burn lotion on my back. I'm thinking about "sense of importance" and other such notions. Volunteer Kraut says, "If you don't do it, Janet, I will." Janet flips her hand in the air and runs into the water.

Shelley slowly rubs my back, I look out and after kids, then and there I wake up. The world knows she looks fine in a bikini! At Shore School, the summer is old enough so there is no longer a pretense of difference between the kids and the staff. Donna tells me, the kindergarten teacher tells me, the Director tells me and I tell me: Ask Shelley out.

Shelley has to wait an hour after school is over before her brother can drive her home. I stay late to talk to Shelley and I am all set to ask ask ask when (Here is the no difference part.) Virginia, an "educable" woman, comes in to clean the room. Virginia says to me, "Why don't you take Shelley out!" My mouth drops open and I manage to ask, "OK, Virginia, where to?" "To a show, you know." Virginia smiles. Shelley smiles. I have to wait a while after Virginia leaves so my asking won't really seem like Virginia's suggestion. Then, it's set, we'll go to a show.

Shelley lives in Albany Park, Chicago, the Jewish neighborhood on the North Side where my father and his folks had lived. I tell my parents that I'm going out with, yep, a nice Jewish girl. To my surprise, this turns into an exciting communication which inspires my father to give me three or four different routes to get to Albany Park which in turn gets him out

into further geographic arguments with my mother. Saturday night, I slip out from under the battle of street names as Shelley steps out of her dippy dresses and tweed skirts and into some jeans. She throws a chain around her waist and meets me at the door. I look once and know I am wrong again. I thought Shelley was shy and quiet. Here is beautiful bombshell! I think, "Now I'm really in over my head!" Courage!

Soon we are walking happy into the big sky that hangs around the corners of Fullerton, Lincoln, & Halsted. We head towards The Three Penney Cinema to see "Monterey Pop". On Fullerton, we run into an old friend of Shelley's called Mike the Freak. Hug, kiss, but he can't talk because a Narc called Jake the Jew is after him and if Jake should come up to us and ask who we were just talking to -- we should just say Pete or something. "You know he is Jake the Jew because he carries these." Mike pulls out a royal blue matchbook with gold letters on it that spell: JAKE THE JEW.

We go into the theatre, I put arm around and she puts arm around, and stereo sound, and then she sticks her head out the hole in the roof on my car and is yelling and waving to people on the streets of Chicago. We stop at a coffee house in Evanston and then pull into Northwestern's Dyke Stadium parking lot because Shelley wants to drive the car. Shelley drives a few circles in first gear and while she is in the driver's seat, we kiss, forceful and passionate. She says, "Umm, that was good!" Then she says, "I hate kissing in parking lots." We zoom off to the park, into my parents dark living room and then back in Albany Park, pulled up in front of her building, Shelley puts her head in my lap and tells me a long story about her French teacher in High School. I ask her to never tell me that story again. We make out more and more and finally the end of the date.

Woo the lights turn green along Mc Cormack Blvd. I am in love with the drag racers who live there after two A.M. Shelley's looks,

short blonde hair and hard forceful body, the way she returns love for love, dazes me for days. I am all set to take Little Bitty to see Crosby, Stills, and Nash in their first appearance together and it is my nineteenth birthday. Jane and I seem strange to each other and we can't think up a thing to say. We park and try to kiss but we don't want to kiss. "Should I take you home now?" I ask. "Yes," Jane says and leans against me. With one arm tight around her, I shift and steer with the other hand. Standing under her porch light, surrounded by a low evergreen, I say that I guess some things are over and she says that she knows it also and we both say we can't figure out why. We are sad but not too sad and then I tell Jane about how another girl has me "all tied up." Jane gets happy and pleased for our ending will not be painful. We kiss now for the last time and it is just like the first time.

Next day I fly, high, and into Boston to visit cousins on Cape Cod. My boss heart is dumb the whole world reflects what it may know. I see the directions and know where they come from. I telephone long distance to Albany Park to ask for another date. Shelley and I see each other every day and she meets my father on the day his mother dies. He loves her and through her comes again to love me. What? Is it over? Summer of '69 just a show. My will, my love, you, and I are driving out of Chicago down I-55 to I-80, in a black tee shirt, to Iowa City, wising up to the blues.

MAUREEN OWEN

for ron

Monica

My aunt who died
at forty-two
had a little cabana
in the heel of each shoe

"Dearest Bupple,
.....I have no opinions really." Jane Bowles

Cilla, Blue striped violets, Narcissus, Crocus, Forsythia,
a bush outside my window covered with petite white petals
Just this morning as I lifted my head from the pillow Patrick
was saying "Houdini walked through a brick wall....everyday!"

When you know you are in for it
not even statistics are a consolation. Finally
on the eve of the ship's party she was asked to sing
but they had run headlong into a terrible squall
the piano was tied to the stage to keep it from flying off &
they gave her a rope to hold onto so she wouldn't fall down.

Abandoned
like Genet at the hands of the customs officials who
welcomed him with so much attention & then shoved him off.
Friends can't wait to tell you What a Botch!
you've made of things Wishy-washy Spineless Can't
make a decision innocent mealy-head

Don't you have any opinions?
they ask. A man we never saw before comes by to tell us
our barn & property are worthless He wouldn't even tear
the barn down for wood he says Also
the community is falling apart and the neighboring towns too
& he is appalled by it. You'll notice the main beams are
completely rotted and the roof well there simply is no roof!
It's so far gone! He glances with disdain on the crumbling
stone wall.....In the vulnerable aftermath of dinner She
has indicated the V of swords a tremendous struggle
where we stand exhausted leaning on flexed & sagging knees
while our enemies rush towards the edge of the card.

Triumph is relative Lao Tzu warns from his cloud
"Success and failure are the same disease" skinny
beard and robes blown sideways by a continuous wind.

After everyone died his life began to take on the attributes
of a recluse He would only go in to pick up his mail every
two or three months, leave town with all the windows open,
letters swooping into wheat and rye fields
free samples bowling into the ditches.

*

A guy from Astoria, he worked for the telephone company, he wasn't very rich, gave me too much. The fare was 4.80. It was dark under the Queens side of the 59th Street Bridge, and he pushed 15 dollars into the cup. I just stared at the bills in my hand. They looked good (untaxed tips was my bread and butter). I wondered whether I was going to keep my mouth shut or not. Then I said, "You know, you gave me a five and a ten." He said, "You are an honest motherfucker." He told me to give him both bills back and we'd start all over again. The second time around, he pushed through six dollars, a five and a one, which was still a pretty nice tip.

He asked me why I said anything.

I thought for a minute, looked up and saw the lights from the bridge twinkling from the heavy girders and said, "Well, I get enough. I get some and I give some out and get some back and give some out and get some back and give some out."

*

Mike Wallace got in. It was 59th Street and 3rd Avenue, Friday night on the movie strip. He said in a calm, cool voice, "Take a left here if you would please, and then we'll go to 74th Street between Park and Lexington." His voice sounded like it was tape recorded. It was authoritative and the diction was unusually crisp. I was slightly entranced by it. If he'd said, "Now you will drive into that brick wall," I think I might've done it. I made the run up 3rd Avenue trying not to hit any potholes. Stopped at a corner, I had my head bowed and tried a little bit to pick up what he was whispering to the woman with him, presumably his wife. He sensed that I was eavesdropping and said, "The light is green." Down 74th Street, I took a right turn and a half a block from his brownstone he began saying ve-ry slow-ly, "You will...let...us off...right...here."

And I did.

*

I once had this old crotchety man. Whiskey in the handle of his cane. He kept sipping & hollering, "beat that truck out! Oh cabdriver, you stink!" But no matter about his insults now. He did give me one good piece of nostalgic information. Park Avenue, he said reminiscing, used to be called 4th Avenue all the way up. Those were the days horses were prevalent on the street. I liked his vest, & the chain of his railroad watch that overlooped the lap of his vest pocket. I looked at him in the rear view mirror. Eyes dim, crying, crying, crying. O pity the poor old men dying. But no pity for him as far as he was concerned, rapping his cane against my back seat screaming, "Faster, driver. Driver, you shmuck!"

11 A.M.

Habitually I get the bullshit
out of the way first
I open vanity
paste buffs enamel
appealing shine
disinfecting primitive oral
odors
w/factory scents, I'm chintzy
how much I squirt, excessive
no matter how scarce, crest
& saliva mush
foamy flow
swishing accumulated crud
 sticky baklava
 halavah & fish sticks, spit
down the drain
I squiggle plastic bristles
against raw gums
I look at myself in the mirror
honest & unprotective
Hair line still holding out
I notice my nose, now 24
& still growing
I go far back
into mouth
stretching to reach
what is of me that I never see
 backs of molars
 scales of tongue
I do this every day
Futilely cleaning away
sweetness underway
decaying that surface that I brush
glossy white & continually
dying
I wonder if sugar
cane is a conspiracy
Cuba in cahoots w/Perma-Dent

GARY LENHART

Outside West Virginia

Flat
as the bulge
spins to protest
Handle the vapid
Cut thru the strange

Don't want to climb in
a defensive tackle
& varied goons
liquored in Mustang,
pounds stacked

Often befalls it
you got any extra
when reverend
threadbare
in peaks

Ah, Squat!
Coal curls about
shiny on a monster belt
beyond grab
to store beneath

MOOSE IN A LANDSCAPE

In South Carolina I believe
the majority is winning

The people of the United States
think they own the air

You can't see it, smell it,
taste it, feel it

but it's there,
waiting to catastrophe

We don't want this ladder
Exxon, don't shut out the sun

Let's roll up our sleeve
& dedicate this afternoon

Paralysis is a threat
to affirmative acts on the beach

With all the people in a jam
it's time for a crusade

"Mohammad, get the mop"

Let's bail out
before we go up
in a cloud

If conservation is the religion
of the future, as an artist
at the bottom of my heart a person

I'm hightailing it, like Paul Revere
before those who tax us
stamp us into air

Just look for me at home, facing
the music with my ear, a man of color
reared to step on 2 feet

1/3 of me trembling before a t-shirt Mork
1/3 of me, main, a fan with loose cork
The other half in handfuls remembering the sky

passes the buck to fate, & savors my cake,
eulogizing those toddling into Sci-Fi's flip out show
I used to scoff, but now I cough

STRYKER

"Let's not get religion." -- John Wayne,
The Sands of Iwo Jima

He's always scared, this domino
pouring it to a volcano

What if Sgt Fury fought WW 2 in Outer Space?

On the beach
little lemon-colored fellows
have different ideas

Where are the girls with their handy bottles?

That's the way
he'd have wanted to go
With other crackers
fine in intangible hands

Last words in a letter
not for ever
but for a kid in Honolulu

ROCHELLE KRAUT

Inbetween the Life

sex snaps like the pregnant mentality of food
the mass of peoples lives intertwined
looks like May will be a nice month this year
so as the days are never perfect
neither will technology ever be
its shameful what love has done to him
the last of my linden flowers goes into my tea
I must throw that old massage lotion bottle out
he'll never wear this snowsuit again
a year ago tonight sun peacefully sleeping
in our bed together throw away the week old lilacs & 2 week
roses exercise
purple flower vine at night
Watching On TV What I Missed in Person
The Paul Taylor Dance Company
Dance to Bach
This probably the 3rd movement
Three couples in duet
brings my eyes into a duet of tears
its so romantic
see how lightly she steps on him

new moon full moon
no voice loud voice
"the baby has such beautiful eyes"
& I'm standing right there
& noone says that to me anymore
last year I was a 2 week old mother
on mothers day
a heart shaped part in my hair
I'm just like my mother busy & unsocial
but I'm crazier picking one or two green beans & talking
to myself they think I must be crazy

Mothers Day

purple tinged carnations white carnation
I made a souffle
the food event of the day
iris fern & tulip
flowers for my namesake
flowers for my
namesake

Mothers Day

my slippers lingering birds
I threw away my house slippers
I threw away my lotion
my mother left me with the baby a year ago

the gas shortage we'll just spend it we'll just spend it
till there's no more left
cars on the highway are the trees & flowers

8 June

one month after a year
little baby heavy bottom
I come into the room
I wonder why everyone stops talking
the rabbi just walked in
the system is overloaded

world in turmoil
strikes on ham & eggs
moving a chair out of nowhere
w/ jerks of hand
tasted like I thought saki would
but didnt
God knows
we have so much freedom
like caged animals
acting out their fantasies

freedom or socialism
politics & police
around & abroad
what is now

nothing
bourgeois blues
spread the news baby burp

its bourgeois to get divorced & have affairs
a social commentator is singing it
forget the rest of the program out the window going on
let there be long spaces between the lines

forget the socialized present
freedom in baby pictures
tomorrow
a gesture of somethingness

somewhere before moon

its much better in the morning

cause in the morning your mouth
hasnt eaten all day

one just struggles along
its a lot like strangling
on the outside in many ways
The last day of spring
on a new set of dishes
one handle broken off
the other cracked
back rub into silence
my mexican earrings
shaped like a tear
dropped down the drain
of the bathtub

thanks in bitterness bitter lines about the mouth

I love to travel the shape of my son's hand head
delicate headstrong
the sky so blue against the empire state
white against the dark & ominous
I feel like one of them
but I'm flying here in & out & they
wonder why they cant

on a floating blue cloud in the universe
the day's confusing to me angry & peevish
nature tangled up my hair
or nature is tangled up in my hair
I see all the people on the electric lit street
& they want to live
sure maybe they're all dummies
but they want to live & hold hands
with their partner they want to live
no matter what
we're just a bunch of stupid lambs
walking around trying to fill our stomachs
on the sunny slope
its not just hormones
a cycle is complete its spring again
& he knows exactly how lovely
the air is tonight & the color of the sky
early this morning with the sun rising
& the moon at its 3rd quarter
sitting on the john with the beautiful shadow
of the big belly
a year ago tonight we went to the Maternity Center
I was well into labor working & resting
but by now pushing out into
the birthday a year ago tonight

do you think anyone remembers me

as I stare at the paper it turns purple blue
not beyond
& the air was like looking through a window just washed
it was so clear & shiny
the light pierces through the night
melting far away hold him quiet to myself
sleeping old man in a little body hardly contained
knees spread & bent the tinyist calves but so strong & long

it's 1 pm hasnt happened yet
the end of the year in a whirlwind left us gasping
lounging on my belly squeezing sam the clam
2nd ave afternoon people reading papers in restaurants women
writing in notebooks
Aliahs birthday party for my friends who bring flowers
On a Walk to Gramercy Park
on the birthday an errand near
Gramercy Park & then to
walk around the gate & peer in both of us at the children
mothers on the english pebble path the light
& trees another from another time we're angry & sad
cause we're looking through the black eyes of the gate

I tore away the pink begonia bloom entwined with the
white begonia bloom
airplane high over the city
we were almost there saw the thinly spreading molten plane in
the horizon
sad like the clothes still dirty after washing 75 cents
I'm sailing away
in the future any one can fawn any farmer
can be a patron of the arts simply w/ bread & milk
anyone of you are eligible by inviting me to your table
we need the intoxication of wine
to be at one w/ our children
every word a challenge

Ali says meow in the morning in the book
will power on two legs
in the back a tight embrace
a fifth of Crown Royal
jealousy in its place
at the bottom of the barrel
I cant remember anything more about what he's been doing
I'm not happy so I'll leave
this hotel
my eyes are constipated into my head

Poetica Domestica
not the prophecy but the real thing
what difference does it make
if I'm clean or not

washing floors is a source of ridicule
in the country you can forget
about nuclear energy & chemical poisons
Like it or not

counting
the country was refreshing
unlike constipation
which is how I felt about everybody
& all this time makes me feel
I'm doing
havent done anything

and the young italian man downstairs
living still with his whole family
every night at this time
playing disco and for a few moments
turns it up blasting a way
his favorite bars I'm afraid he'll wake the newly sleepy baby
for those few minutes I know he
is living in Sat. Night Fever
w/ that little mustache painted on his face

I feel at times friendless or lonely
noone to talk to some of
ones friends have one side of the story or the question
on their minds & looking at me peculiarly to the extent of
exclusion even in the details of groups & community
I'm tired of telling my friends when I like their work
& then I get the slight pinching of face as if a
faux pas was spoken uttered into uselessness
because it was not enough we need details
and those details make one stupid
when distance brings respect
vicinity & closeness ridicule
& teasing laughter behind
closed doors facing you
like one's own back
and there you are staring at your back with the little stabs
& darts & since its your own door & back there's nothing
else to see except to bang yourself against it till you're free

perhaps my friends you are right
but in your rightness or righteousness
you could be wrong
afterall we live the way its most comfortable for us
to live or try to this in spite
of small personal habits that we'd like to throw away
like garbage but this we do everyday
which can irk those all too unfamiliar
in the familial sense

it finally turned hot today
the 1st day of real summer
the first time we used the fan
when just standing throws one into a sweat
when the thoughts of a day & evening arent remembered
when doing one of something is

more than enough
when I cant remember the 6 new feats the baby did
always hugging & begging me to hold him
faking right clear in his face acting & not
hiding the real truth

coked up
ethereal blades running up my face like a cold
a nasal spray caught in the throat
I can see how its hard to stop
step in with a little more of what you got
until someday it stops out & somehow you can live w/out

children are a bit like that
on White Street feeling fast with a cold splash of water
on the window glass of the taxi moving fast
here are the buttons of poetry poverty
we'll always be used to it do what we got to to get by

At the Salt Lick
Please Dont Adulterate the Beans
Very Critical for Friends
Did I wash his hands too much
did I wash my hands too often
is my love too fussy
is my way of loving fussy

and too clean in the dead heat of summer
my heart is unclean as if it lived outside my body
and not inside my body
and not outside where I wear it on my sleeve & it takes a shower
everyday with me sometimes more in the hot weather to cool off
with the soot & exhaust of everyone's human nature
wants to be dirty I am informed
my heart is doing flip flops on the pan of my body heat
windblown garrulous
my heart is on the slaughter block slaughtered right & left

small notebook full of soy sauce stinking stinking of soy sauce

they are very proud/of the moon
and the moon
is very proud of
them

Honey I'm an artist
I work on the bus
it was then I found
it would work
out for us

never before have I stooped to lean
on a subway pillar

I remember sitting on Rudy's lap two weeks before the baby was due
at the poet's theatre opening and I remember how bony
Rudy's knees and lap was under my extra 40 pounds of weight

conquest pictures the house of a hand
the water was my sorrow
isnt it natural to feel such sorrow
for a son & daughter & children who die so young

its interesting that they made skylab part of the weather report

Notebook you get it nicer

windows black doll in window
x-mas lights
Wonder Brand
Santa Clause
Sat. Afternoon Winter Childhood

jobless effortless
laughing in the subway
tell a joke laugh in the subway laugh & the subway
drowns out the laugh for film

I'm like a person drowning
I can rarely keep my nose above water
everything seems to pass me by
people things to do
like rafts on the waves or just the waves
splash me gasping
film umbrella at top of stairs
catharsis washing rain new year
thought lying down new year
75th & Bway no heat no hot water for film

tape of Pat in bookstore
how do you get to Carnegie Hall
Is it safe to walk on 8th Ave
Are these books in any order

Whats that (the ___ w/beads) my pacemaker
Please get the books for me I'm sick today
I bet you're sick everyday
this is truly a colosseum of books
Columbus Circle a vacuum vacuous to land & take off
castles paper castles
Peach Blossom Spring
the succulent with someone next to it near the window
Jim Brodey "the sacred flake" communion
30 Mar Night Coil
12 April
Chicago Sky hangs face to face
the spring time of my childhood
crocus and recorded church bells at 5:30
and chickensoup I'm back 18 years
to a dream adolescent
sky like the foreigner
baby sleeps/under the red &/yellow
emblematic/blanket
and possible summer after
a long cold winter
sweet & poems like the new blades of
lily of the valley as yet unborn
there is nothing so pale as the skin of the young jewess
w/ jet black hair & eyes set in a pool
my babies eyes black cherries in the vanilla ice cream
soft body that melts

23 April 79
dream last night of bumps pimples or nipples evenly
covering one side of my upper chest & shoulder. Showed this
to a man or tailor perhaps who called it something like scurvy.
crystals in room reflecting in the baby's mirror on the floor
the triangle prism and its vertical light

everybody thinks they're fantastic
we're all bisexual but I like men
the trees are American as paper plates
she wore her favorite dress to the desert
7 May women in their bright red dresses in spring time/sun and
the chartreuse green leaves we missed getting into the gate
old man in a rush w/ a briefcase mother strolling infant
she smiles at me but will she let me in
all sorts of people bums punks line the outside gate
drinking beer baby waving like Nijinsky
Tony from the literary club let me in the gate
windy day blows the petals away
already fallen to the ground the sidewalk a blanket of
pink petals brown around the edges

Aliah chased the pigeons toddler on the pebble path
in the sun pink flowers grow Japanese right on bark
in the shade white flowers still left on tree
Aliah piling pebbles on lawn mower
"he'll be an engineer"
pulling on the starter
squating piling the pebbles on the mower
its lovely & green people sitting in the sun in the cool shade
Ali shows pebbles to a little girl & kids passing by a big smile
many black ladies verbally pushing white children in strollers
Ali
I've never sweat so much mother poem when I become a mother
I dont know what it is about mothering but I feel like a hothouse
Back in the Saddle Again 15 May
I didnt think I'd ever be going to work riding the subway
Before the baby was born Bob was so happy when I stopped working
on the 1st day of spring
the tender lips of the pregnant woman standing in the subway
the tender face of myself in the sea of tired faces buried in
the newspapers or not thinking at all
17 the 1st rose on the vine
the climbing wisteria has dropped its purple flowers
horsechestnut clusters no longer in bloom
catalpa is throwing out its large sweet white flower
all the other trees are strewn with brown petals
21 May
art has ruined my morning
I cannot throw my flowers out
Ali pointing to pigeons
and the wisteria has fallen from the vine
a mother's jealousy to the tender elbows
it begins in the girl all day working no time for me
I forgot my buzzard? thought mourning in the Spring
the morning air is still fresh & breezy though all the blooms
have faded
the dark streets at night and the rain it seems so romantic to me
but forget about the next line go on
Cleopatra they're all looking at me and I look at all of them
from the corners of my eyes
4 June eating an apple give me a hug
but of that apple out of that apple "I'm in a marrying mood"
flash the ring at them "I've got one"
"then we'll get rid of him" "bang"
they got me instead of him
did we really hate each other all those times
anybody got any dental floss I really need it cause I know
what its like to have parents w/ no teeth
let's be friends Heart of Darkness
big as the roses do culling themselves off the vine

6 June pink looks good when wet in the laundry
like my mother's romantic notion on being poor
you're nice & poor that was nice cause you were nice humble
meek retiring you'd like to fade into that wall of riches
12 June the smell of blooms rotting off the tree the sweet
acid smell pungent refreshing
bimbos of zion
mock orange roses spinning spirals petals pedals
chicory air color clear w/ red emerald upon emerald painting
perfect June we're already a week past prime
tightly & falling away every rose a June Bride
tattering away the simple pleasure of toes in the sun
sun on the toes have I felt it before
dont remember my toes when I was a teenager
now tired from running around in circles all day
no shoes an ant carrying stick
spanish girls getting corsages pinned to their dresses
everyone dressed up & huddled around them
I've got some friends the tailor saves me his wooden spools
all my friends all men am I not women enough for the women
there's a happiness shortage a shortage of unleaded happiness
he was in so much pain he couldnt think of poetry
marsupial sexlife engine tune up time
noone's trying to protect us from one atom of radiation
marsupial love nest
NY warzone 4th of July
if I love house I love architecture & art I love the pine needles
on the forest floor aroma a pleasure to walk on
& why are all my lips so slow in speaking
without the baby no rather just out for the evening that's how
I think of it.
why do we get picked on cause we work
do I have to borrow from my other working poor friends
must I be struggling w/ pills drugs & bad teeth
In Defense
like dope which makes my extremities
hands feet & teeth numb
does not art live in the heart the head & not some/surface
an outward crust called lifestyle
I hate it when gentiles write reviews of jewish authors jewish
books I dont like their use of the word jew there's something
wrong in the way they write the word it feels somehow outside
of it whereas another jew would be part of it there would be
feeling
love poems to anyone for anyone to everyone
straight thinking it's awful stick it in the ground
rather plant it in the earth & maybe it will grow
drunk with water drunkwater Lenox Mon
I dont feel like talk to anyone

Old Cherry eyes old Jack Daniels came to visit us
The New Criticism Alias name is pretentious
I'm too fussy but the point is you do what's most comfortable
for you not only what's easiest cause what's easiest doesn't
exist for all of us in the same way and sometimes I'm guilty of
being a normal person intense with a first child
I wouldn't be normal bearing the disapproval of friends the new
criticism it's awful to answer the ?'s of mothers
it naturally begins competition like the blooming of flowers
after nuclear explosion lust & wild amid the dying
Like It A Lot the cemetery of Lenox the white houses of
New England nesting in the halls yes old old
my ears are forgotten end of the Notebook

Mother's Day

new moon full moon
no voice loud voice
"the baby has such beautiful eyes"
I'm standing right there
and noone says that to me anymore
last year I was a two week old
mother on Mother's Day
a heart shaped part in my hair
I'm just like my mother
busy unsocial but crazier
picking on two green beans
and talking to myself they think I must be crazy

mother's day
purple tinged white carnations
I made a souffle
the food event of the day
iris fern and tulip
flowers for my namesake
flowers for my namesake

mother's day
my slippers lingering birds
I threw away my house slippers
I threw away my body lotion
my mother left me with the baby a year ago

I've never sweat so much
until I became a mother
don't know what it is about mothering
that makes me feel like a hothouse

I am the house
the body and the vessel
expanding contracting blooming in the sun
curling up the petals at night

the first rose on the vine
the climbing wisteria has dropped its purple flowers
horse chestnut clusters no longer in bloom
catalpa is throwing out its large sweet white flower
all the other trees are strewn with brown petals

art has ruined my morning
I cannot throw my flowers out

like my mothers romantic notion of being poor
you're nice and poor that was nice because
you were nice and humble meek retiring you'd like to
fade into that wall of riches

tiny rose bush pink blooms
I threw away my body lotion
my mother left me with the baby a year ago

Poetica Domestica

not the prophecy but the real thing
what difference does it make
I'm clean or not
washing floors in the country
you can forget a source of ridicule
nuclear energy chemical poisons
like it or not
the country was refreshing
unlike everybody
and all this time makes me feel
I'm doing
haven't done anything

perhaps friends you are right
details make me stupid
peculiarly to the extent of exclusion
in the detail of group and community
but your righteousness could be wrong
we all live to live
or try to this in spirit
when distance brings respect
vicinity and closeness ridicule
in spite of small personal habits
we throw away like garbage
under your eyes this
we do everyday
which can irk those all to unfamiliar
in the familial sense

did I wash his hands
is my love too fussy
is my way of loving fussy
in the dead heat of summer
my heart lives outside my body
as if it lived inside my body
not outside where I wear it on my sleeve
it takes a shower everyday with me
a domestic luxury more sometimes
in the hot weather to cool off
from the days exhaust
I am informed
human nature wants to be dirty
my heart is doing
flip flops on the pan of my body heat

windblown garrulous my heart
is on the slaughter block
slaughtered right and left
like dope which makes my extremities
hands feet and teeth numb
doesn't art live in the heart the head
not some surface crust called lifestyle
must I struggle with drugs and bad teeth
I'm guilty of being a normal person
intense with a first child
I wouldn't be normal
bear the disapproval of friends
the new criticism

Where Is the Rain

This is the interesting thought
that's been in my brain going soft
by the heat and every day relief
promised to come the sky would
darken threatening & even a few moist
pellets would fall enough to
discourage me from a walk to the park
And now it is trying again and instead of
flirting with sunshine & clouds
it's the empire state disrobing
off and on with the white clouds or steam of the city
and I can't believe it!
There is a big question mark of ashen steam
rising above her pinhead
a spit curl and it's sticking
the dumb empress
Is there no end to this guessing

LAST POEM

Before I began life this time
I took a crash course in Counter-Intelligence
Once here I signed in, see name below, and added
Some words remembered from an earlier time,
"The intention of the organism is to survive."
My earliest, & happiest, memories pre-date WWII,
They involve a glass slipper & a helpless blue rose
In a slender blue single-rose vase: Mine
Was a story without a plot. The days of my years
Folded into one another, an easy fit, in which
I made money & spent it, learned to dance & forgot, gave
Blood, regained my poise, & verbalized myself a place
In Society. 101 St. Mark's Place, apt. 12A, NYC, 10009
New York. Friends appeared & disappeared, or wiggled out,
Or stayed; inspiring strangers sadly died; everyone
I ever knew aged tremendously, except me. I remained
Somewhere between 2 and 9 years old. But frequent
Reification of my own experiences delivered to me
Several new vocabularies, I loved that almost most of all.
I once had the honor of meeting Beckett & I dug him.
The pills kept me going, until now. Love, & work,
Were my great happinesses, that other people die the source
Of my great, terrible, & inarticulate one grief. In my time
I grew tall & huge of frame, obviously possessed
Of a disconnected head, I had a perfect heart. The end
Came quickly & completely without pain, one quiet night as I
Was sitting, writing, next to you in bed, words chosen randomly
From a tired brain, it, like them, suitable, & fitting.
Let none regret my end who called me friend.

PUT THESE LINES INTO IAMBIC PENTAMETER &
ENGRAVE THEM ON YOUR LITTLE PIN-HEADS

I know a guy, a gossip, a badmouth,
who makes waves plenty. I like him.
But I wish he'd connect his damn dots
a little more often. Lots of people
I know are not very tightly wrapped
lots of the time. However this guy,
when you talk to him like a person, he
talks to you like a person.
Anything that can go wrong will....
The trouble with today's professors is
they don't believe what they know.
And the trouble with today's opinions is
that they are usually Perceptions, not Judgement.
"She is a beautiful and mysterious klutz."
That's a perception, not a judgement.
"He is a Clown." That's another. "He is
a poet." That's an opinion, & a judgement. "She
is not here yet." Which is perfectly all right.
We can wait. That's an opinion, and
a judgement. "She will make it, he never will."
That's a talking asshole, whose quick words
go by so slowly. And you are snoring before
the end of the sentence. In my neighborhood,
the opinionated are carriers of the dreaded disease,
Narcolepsy. Simply by opening their big
assholes they often infect the other (94%) members
of the community, those who aren't talking, the artists
the perceptive, the reasonable & those of sound judgement
putting them into a perpetual sound sleep, of which
they then become guilty. Guilty of what? Of allowing
a miniscule 6%, literally short people, of the neighborhood,
the opinionated talking assholes, to rule the roads.
So, don't hit the streets thinking to find out what you know.
When you find yourself being assaulted by hugely vocal
opinion, don't fight it. That's not a mouth
in front of the L & M, snapping at you, it's
an asshole! Open up your own mouth,
and bite it!

SMALL ROLE FELICITY

for Tom Clark

Anselm is sleeping; Edmund is feverish, &
Chatting; Alice doing the Times Crossword Puzzle:
I, having bathed, am pinned, nude, to the bed
Between Green Hills of Africa &
The Pro Football Mystique. Steam is hissing
In the pipes, cold air blowing across my legs...
Tobacco smoke is rising up my nose, as Significance
Crackles & leaps about inside my nightly no-mind.
Already it's past two, of a night like any other:
O, Old Glory, atop the Empire State, a building, &
Between the Hudson & the East rivers, O, Purple, & O, murky black,
If only ... but O, finally, you, O, Leonardo, you at last arose
Bent, and racked with fit after fit of coughing, & Cursing!
Terrible curses! No Joke! What will happen? Who
be served? Whose call go unanswered? And
Who can 44 down, "Pretender to
The Crown of Georgia?" be...
(Boris Pasternak?)