



Volume 1



Volume 1

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James A. Gardner

Lensometer

Pop taught me today that
every lens can be deciphered
from its clock.
Sphere; the same in all directions
Cylinder; curvature yields power --

A prism deviates yield.
Convex; concave -- a dialectic.
Neither can comprise the whole:
optical center.

Neutralize a lens of unknown power --
the crossed meiers come
into focus at a point --
manipulation of light
and miraculous
of the senses;
Corpuscles, magnetic waves.
Neither can comprise the whole.

The reticle series
of concentric images a
powerdrum.
A prism deviates
light toward the base
instinct;
of the brain.

One diopter power necessary
to bridge the chasm.

Direction of displacement is
equal to base orientation
of (a prism).

Axis along flatside
to contain the virtues
where cylinder has no powers.

One power necessary to bring parallel
light rays to a focal point
at a distance of one meter.

Using the lensometer alone how many
different powers can be found in a vision?

James A. Gardner

You Ask Me Not to Judge You by These Words

"But language is a function of community,
and it can say nothing except what is held in common...
Ecstasy stands beyond the common experience. It is unity,
solitude, uniqueness: that which cannot be transferred. It
is the abyss that cannot be fathomed: the unsayable.."
--martin buber

"And those who judged were filled
with the illusion of justice..."
--a prophet, 1985

This method
 heuristic
 gave
us this box and left
 us to create
the new from it
 chaos is
 a **COMMOTION
 to know the word

 for the word burns
we form sounds we
 say
do not experience

these words burn in you
cannot be
silent you
speak the words-- flame exaltation
fires
you
are stepping out

(**COMMOTION
ek-stasis)

unsayable the saying
drifts beside you

the word that burns in me cries
in my darkness
sets me bending this bow
I say words
unsayable
the saying -- is
for you David

any word may be acrimony
THIS poem may be WAR
the word
that is sayable
may be genocide
(The Word)
may be love
is in your hands and in
the tips of your fingers

where words form first
my fingers feel no one

**COMMOTION

not this ground

**COMMOTION

not that word

I'm a man whose ears hear nothing

unsayable the saying for the
moment we are together
inner sun -- summer sky
planets 38 (north latitude)
for a moment the sky we sail
is the word 'binocular'

[you ask me not to judge you by these words]
these adventures, these freedoms
--these few words
we have in common

-I am the judge-
for these words are between us
-it is in you also to judge-

these words are a common space
we judge together
we get to share these angles
we get to measure these firing neurons
we speak the words of the infinite vision



unsayable the saying that
is inside you
my eyes see nothing but your word

[why is it you touch me with that word?]

unsayable the saying
that is you

[why is it I will speak the word that is me?]

9 April 1996

James A. Gardner

One Night in #Postmodern

"Shock brings success
Shock comes -- oh, oh?!"
--I Ching, trans. Wilhelm

Periplus, of navigation,
triumphs of words and virtues.
Series of descents, ascents
on moments of reflection.
Monument, lifetime of fortune,
light bright in the periplus.

Voyage or a record,
shakedown of the periplus.
Few known points correlated,
no one points among strangers.
Contracted climbs, and
saunters on rim of pot.

Belly dives into nowhere,
bowsprit of the periplum,
wide berth of the vessel.
Until cartography catches
exploration, hero drops chalice,
holds fast with spoon.

Navigation of polyphonous
cascades in the sundrench,
downpours non-recurring.
Light flash in the clap clap!
The heroine's best moment,
hero's cold soreness.

....shock, shock, haha!

Case matches Taishan,
numinous and heaving.
Mountain of the ardor
not mystic in #postmodern.
Shrine's last place a
congregation, some time ago.

James A. Gardner

Red Lights in San Francisco

for Roberto

1.

*8pm, beneath my window
on Guerrero St. and then
along 16th St. to Valencia
10 May, 1996*

"Wake up!" old Corona rushes
down Guerrero yelling:
"Can you stand up to 5 million years?!"
Wake up!

Wake up? I'm the night
combatant in this ongoing
insomniacathon, ch'a on the
streets past midnight
wandering for the
desaparadoes.

They've set Checks Cashed afire,
old Frank Yerby sold on the sidewalk, and
"has a daemon driven ye bitches mad?!"

All is well with the Goat Song. Corona
tarts the light. It's still Helots v.
Spartans in the neighborhood and
crepes v. burritos, it is
everyday on 16th St., San Francisco,
California.

At the New Dawn Cafe
this "mere succession of strokes,
sightless narration"
is a butch- (vegan bull)
(que?)ery
com (wet tree) bat
is a po-slam. the queer senses
trickled in first at Esta Noche,
first gaylatinodrageverythinghere
La India Bonita, Casanova, and
the thousand million words of
love, lies and deceit at
Abandoned Planet Books. The Woman's
Center mural on 18th and where Emma
Goldman never met her match.

On the 22 MUNI line, that runs
from Potrero Hill (where Kerouac
longed over the brakeyard and over
Neal,
to end
up in the Fillmore
-- spent for),

Roberto is just back from the clinic
wearing a smile on his face.
if love is love merely absent --
(and love? -- has all 'been said'")

Then Mamere was right to die of a broken heart,

and if fog rollover July like an old skeptic
with cool reversal and naive wit
what was expected and what is to come and
what will suffice and what is good need
not be revamped by the ...small red lamps
that float seaward onward.

And if...old Adonis passes you by
in San Francisco
nevermind the busted taillights
in the Avenues or shards of dreams
seen from Twin Peaks
refracted, prismatic,
the risk and flex
of matter - concave
and convex and at a distance

make for a prettier vision,

2.

3am, 16th St.@Valencia, 12 May 1996

To get a Johnny Donut
-- you must pass judgment on

Quasimodo,
abandoned in the tearless
night by Mamere and the social workers,
become the guitarist, yourself
and come with flowers to play, coins
to fill an empty chinacup

with secondhand songs, your hair,
for fingers that know never
to embrace a final chord

Roberto shivers as he walks
in the salt air to the
Mission Hotel
fleabitten room he's had alone,
since '93, over the Sincere Cafe.

Roberto, Quasimodo,
blameless, forgotten -- dance the
open thud of the bringle, untuned
one block to glazed heaven,

but life cd. end for the sugar,
or knowledge of this city,
and the resonant brangle.
(In the dark, the donut issue is seen
in a fuller light)
but it's not
Quasi who is feared
or pitied.

It is LeRoy,
daemon of defnaught
who tortures old man
Johnny with his boombox
digging for psychotic
change and the mumble, his outpatient ID card,
spent matchbook, and lint spilled
on the counter,
-- three pennies short
of a glaze.
but John Jr. is well...he's got a
fu manchu
stringing down his throat,
and Tommy Wong is
his hairdresser,
Old John
sleeps in the back,
or practices tai chi
dragons in flour circles, and
makes the reprobate glaze
in harsh fluorescence

(the donuts issue vision

3.

*9am, Valencia St., the vicinity
of San Francisco, and Earth, a place,
1 April 1996*

At the Apollonius Juice Joint
it's a healthy
planet for Ione and Rodia
wheatgrass imitative magic
restores yr. natural natural senses
so press the green to sip sip
you metabolic heart / only physic
you hydrogen oxygen carbon
of a determined ratio
--Rejuvelac, of wheat,
the fermented berry
flavored with
mint and lemon.

blech. sip sip. he begins to like it.

Not for Harmon the bookseller,
owner of Abandoned Planet two
doors down -- two kitties, Absinthe
and Absentia, marvel
the browsing bohemians.
You'll find the Arena of Masculinity
to unmask the dissociative penis
(Gear up -- old SLUGGER Afterburners on. . .
====)

you'll find also Duncan at *the clavicle*
and the great artery afterburning
Henry Miller, Emma, Buber, and Harold
Norse; all crammed, and well-stocked on
the shelves. And yes you'll note that
good Roberto plays the black Steinway
still upright in the corner. You'll
note as well there

begins a procession of
street hagglers
who even dead remembered copping a dime
who even plying cardboard
cast a shadow (all the way to North Beach
and the dream that brought
forth Quasi)
there begins the entirety of multitudes, masses,
begins B6 and B12, begins chemotherapy, begins Rock
Hudson, AZT, and purity.

Begins the road to Tiburon, to Napa, to Mendocino
" ..and sea claws gathering."

..at Coit Tower they built it..
for her love of firemen,
Lily left \$125k (1929 dollars)
WPA murals depicted California life
full-breasted women and manly
surveyors -- and in the library
scene robust, sacred, guarded.
the *buttocks* to die for.

--in a fuller light) it is both
an abandoned planet, and planet health.
donuts and tamals, crepes and burritos
vision (I aint bein sivilized.
I been there.) and particle.
-- impairment and delight.
who disappears? who gathers what?

4.

*7pm, Cafe Macondo, 16th St.,
San Francisco, 11 May 1996*

Simon Bolivar, Malcolm X,
John Coltrane, and
the committee of dissent
fine tune consciousness
on a wing understand me.
They forge base metal / supra physic /
they love Aleister Crowley, Garcia Marquez
and swarm over vintage clothes,
(hand me downs) (at Brian's store)
fluidity matched by the deeppower,
deep to the channel, they speak of
Berkeley in the 60s, and Eldridge Cleaver
before he came back to rot.
They tune to Radio X with J. and they
ARE IN
of and
search
and for
the perfect falafel.
THAT
won't find a symmetry.

"knees were holy to Greeks"
reports Professor

and Rhoda at Planet Health recommends
rejuvelac for the sacred and the berry.

In the back at Mission Grounds,
sensibility wove from the corn tamal
--carrot juice a statement
and the ch'ai, double latte
with Duncan and Kimberley,
who walks past Casanova
that was. Alchemy, was. Then, was
now, was fun, was in the sidewalk,
and the concrete of its making,
now the hands that scribbled
"Bird Lives!" on the wet slab
wreak a
poor science aye, but still a
better psychology.

ick. sip sip. he begins to crave it.

rejuvelac is the distillation.

Who disappears Roberto?
No small task to ask you. and what
of red lamps/and Adonis that

and who...
float seaward onward. It is not yr planet
alone you must carry.
What I thought could be left out?
Upward, sonnets, rave on.

Yr ignorance of..my ignorance of..
(gold) his ignorance of words
we had stolen from better people.
The sun will rise again,
and it is very late for aspirations.

The Greeks swore by their knees
thought with their hearts and lungs
..and now the sediment of these
lives is off yr/his shoulders.
Not the dissociative penis or
the arena of masculinity now
(get the Western Socialist thing)
but the sleeping fountains, crystaljet.
Even on an abandoned planet, the.

and so..What do you want of me?
Robert(o)?

I have workouts with this netlog
#channel clockwork is inscrutable,
And the log of all logs is rolling, in
my heart to say just to you
say among many things that I remember
you and still await you.
A new and vibrant journal
with Adonae, and shielding
dawn still has her tiny footsteps...

that

it is not too late for these aspirations
download me whole, strategies, disavowals
& of these lesser needs and holyholy

holy knees, this is what you always
wanted.

5.

*Dawn on 16th St@Albion,
San Francisco, 8 April 1996*

Roberto carries his blanket
into Katz's Bagels
the sweat now dried from
the surprising spring heat
mistaken for the return of cold sweats.
"Not again! I was supposed to die in 93,"
he tells me, ghost of a lover
who died still in his smile.

The pink sun lights the graffiti, be still.

Abandoned couch with no cushions
props the bones of yet another straggler
encompassed in the slamsleep
of alcoholic blackout.

Pigeons eat their morning seed
outside Dr. Bombay's bar. And the
way is my way is home is enough will

suffice, rejuvenax, Rhoda, absinthe.

Yes, it is peaceful and the newcomer Yuri looks on,
cream cheese bagel and tomato slice, and the style
of Moscow still in his clothes and the way he wears
them, rather the way they hang on Roberto too. And
fear of AIDS on his lips. I tell

Roberto:

The heat of a Kentucky summer long ago,
and children who dragged mattresses before an
only fan guarded by my brother Tim. Who watched

over me when Mother was sick, who took me to Frisch's
Big Boy for a cherry cola and brought me bubblegum 45s
from Vine Records. And Tim, who did not condescend an
eight-year-old who wanted "Poems, Prayers, & Promises,"
by John Denver, cause he heard it and cried when Bill
left for Vietnam, a place Mountbatten had probably
never been to or where was it? Sivilized? And Tim,

who dared me jump to his arms in the Fountain Ferry
swimming pool and who caught me and who did not fail
me and who taught me to swim.

The pink sun lights the townhouses of San Francisco
a finer shade of red.

(Breaststroke).

Jordan Davis

The Apparatus Through Which One Can View Any York

So that these are not just words and you,
Sweet and Low, will know what I mean
On any cold Saturday in August, when
Any one would be eighteen, New York is
And you are your words such as clearly,
Context, and I'm these diagrams spoken
Out about, the flowers of culture, and if
Dignity means a lot to me so does linguistics.
So do? Let's listen to the Finnish girls
As they correct our French. I like the way
You talk, omitting articles, like a Yiddish
Girl. I hear the champions del mundo talking
About themselves, in bed, in bar, the nabe,
The south, Los Angeles, et cetera, what people
Say and seem like, snappy year as evening
Comes through, the trees are different
Colors, the Louise Bourgeois show closed
And I didn't get there in time, under the
Triboro bridge a poet is jumping in the glass,
Twenty years ago a poet-entomologist jumped
From the Bourne Bridge, should a word have
Two meanings? What the fuck for
Is a line by the dead D. Boon, there are
Other people I mean. It's like when someone
Says something that surprises, is true,
The light distributes through the smoke a blank
Look chases, then see.

Robert Kelly

A Dark Mirror Scratched Despite Love's Care

1. Among the Vessels

What I did and what I thought
I was doing. Where the Plymouth
thought it was going. The hill
up the road, the old Palermo recording
of Scotto singing La Straniera,
how the world is mostly weeping,
the hill, the hard, the silent
father, the landscape below
untouchable in simple distance
blue as a pearl in no one's hand.

He did not answer. Things
don't answer. Not till we make
them speak. I had a little red book
with empty pages, I was sworn
to fill them using what was called
writing. I was a chemist, a composer
of sonatas, a classical scholar,
a detective, a beachcomber, a pianist
mostly, great tenor, conquistador,
a boy in the front seat alongside

his silent father. Vinyl weaving
seat covers old car the War was over,
there are few professions closed to desire,
I was Heidegger, I was Mahler grieving,
I was the Pope and brought Stalin to his knees.
Silence breeds talk, music breeds
interminable conversation. The father's
silence is a fire in his son, and now
the chorus out there disguised as dawn.

2. Arugula

God this is boring, all this remembering,
call it A Silence Remembered and make it
vaguely Irish, full of potted plants,
liverwurst sandwiches I detest, show tunes
whose lyrics don't stick in the mind. Fake it.
Rooms and rooms of relatives quietly
making each other uneasy. Don't you hate it
when it gets boring, and nothing happens
in a line of poetry but words, words, words?
I want every instant to be eventful, ripe

luminous confusion, a rush hour crowd
crossing Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street
like limitless shoals of mackerel
and nobody touching. I want every word
to break out in a sweat and start
babbling about its original meanings,
tell everything, break into images
and images stand up against the setting sun
talking their heads off like aunts at a funeral,
telling rosary beads and fathomless histories.

But it would be better if I were even more boring,
a bored audience is the sign of successful Art---
bored out of their skulls and plenty of silence,
plenty of time to think and think well of themselves
for putting up with such tedium in the name
of Art, and by extension feel good about the artist
who puts them through such a moral misery,
uplifted by inattention, the sheen of sleep
glimmering between the rare events. And later
the sheer release of going out into the street.

Art. Dingy classroom that sets you free at last.

3. The Coast of Opal

The trouble with dogs
is that they appear to tell the truth.
I like people around me
who seem to tell me lies.
We'll find out later which is which.

Truth anyhow's a kind of stone I guess.
Obsidian, amber. Obsidian
as if a siege
or be besieged. Dark-eyed

When a man has his back to the wall
what does he see with his shoulder blades?

Ghosts of brick, autumn sunlight,
the amber light between living and dying,
an army of jobless men walking away.

The disarray of named things
Every terror has a stone of its own—
he wants to feel her beside him
but he has no side.

*

So this north coast they call the Coast of Opal
from the Calais fogs shot

through with the flat sun of Picardy
where they tell me I come from.

In the terrible heat wave of 1992
it was cooler than anywhere in France.

An opal is a southborn air amid the mind
like a bonfire inside a glass of milk.

Names are all that matter in the world.

*

Here there stand the roadside Calvaries,
stone shrines to Jesus dying and Jesus dead

and the women stand around Him
like the Pleiades in a cold black sky.

Already His body is full of absence.
But the stone's still there. Here.

4. Nembutal

So many old names for it. Diminish
the intensity. That's what it means.
Sunglasses. Alcohol. Sen-sen
takes away the stink of cigarettes.
And I'm another. Once upon a time
there were kings amongst us
travelling incognito among the martinis
and girls in loden coats. Gentle
castile soaps hard-milled, language
does its best. To rescue sinners
from their dirty hands. Spillway
once near Florence, among pines
almost black with winter they walked
hands she said inside one another.

5. La Question

Of course dream is mostly interrogation
— the Gestapo had to come from somewhere,
things like that don't just get invented.
Question is torture. The rack of knowing.
I remember the hardest question in the dream
was when they asked Who is your favorite composer?
Somehow I said Bellini, but only after so long
a pause they did not believe me, I
didn't believe myself either. They passed
on to other certainties and pains, and left me
treasonous in dark. A favorite
is what is in your core, a color
that is more you than your skin.
What is in the middle of a man, what company

does my sleep keep, the exuberant
grieving of Palermo, yellow stone,
sun. Opera, women in trouble. Bellini.
There is only one in anybody's core,
two arms, three eyes, color of the first
shoots of young rye on the other side of winter
the one who is served by such music,
guides the rowdy silence of the heart.
I woke and guns were going off,
barely daylight, hunting season, strange
pleasures of humans, the chase
never stops, not for a minute. We think
we remember what's in the core. All we see
of anything is just sometimes
a flurry in deep bushes, a cry heard,
swift passage of a frightened bird.

Susan Holahan

The Mind-Eat-Cake Commitment News

1. THE UNENDING REVOLUTION

We who lean forward to prop our elbows
on our kitchen table: what we know we know.

We would do anything to erase from memory now
the brief reference in news from the former Yugoslavia
to a woman
forced by men who had been her neighbors
to watch her own child baked in an oven.

The shelves Father slapped up in the cellar as War (Two) started
held dented no-label cans Mother said were carrot juice. Whatever waited
inside those cans tasted like death because the radio
was always loud then about dying.

Much later when we had husbands they hooked up with
The Resistance. We couldn't resist enough. Mother said, I never
taught you
to keep your legs crossed. Father said, How do you expect
me to know
these husbands of yours if you don't hang onto them a little longer?

Some have the power of sentences, life sentences:
Even if we weren't women we wouldn't be president. We struggle
with clods.
Those of us who were pretty are not pretty. Any of us will stop work
to bring soup.
Excuse me. And some of us who married never married.
The ground of lives we're on about is no natural landscape.

It is not pretty, and some of us complain all the time about time.
My oldness makes it difficult, we'll say, but, warm and gathered,
we could look forward, some. Now we all hold onto weight
at meetings through the winter. Now all the babies have babies.

The woman with a face long as a tort claim.
I suspicion, she said. She suspicion somebody been lying to her. Loss of consor-
tium would
make anybody spit, though federal cases
are boring. Their little noses press against the glass. We claim we
seek to decrease pain, suffering and dependence
on attorneys. Our ordinary motion is faithful, the shared compulsion
to take on the whole society at once, everything racing in our head
at once. Suddenly We, down with this cold.

He peeled a coral sliver (used soap) off the blue
new soap, slam-dunked it in the toilet: I paid for it, I can
throw it away!

All these years and we were through. We wouldn't waste another word
on him. But: weather: to store a smeared plastic bag as is, hoping
smells fade over time like infatuation; to purge the bag carefully
as marriage, turning it out then hanging it in our face like
endless therapy sessions,
or finally to trash this bag empty as old hopes
to grace some glutted landfill. Indecision is ugly. Plastic
is forever.

2. THE PORTABLE MAGIC POEM KIT

We have our miner's headlamp and our hand is free. One more thing:
cloth in our pocket to keep drying our hand. These poems
have this slime on them. The more we catch,
the slimier our hand gets, until we can't grasp them or hold them.
If we pinch too hard we'll hurt them. Rupture the crop
and the poem dies.

Urging our family out of rooms filled with gray carpet. Over and over,
the way we say everything, we tell them
we have work to do, they have to go. They don't listen. They roll over
us. We push, we wheedle, we insist;
we cry, we shout. They stay. No funny story, but in our long memory
the others are still laughing, and laughing they fall back continually
into brown like petals from their center. Long ago
they feel divorced, and longing, yet they are early in their
middling ages. In their brown they wobble
twined like day-old puppies. They hug themselves
around the solar plexus. They started with their roaring
and all politics turned laughable: the politics they eat, the politics
they play in bed. We had to walk out howling. Now
from where we sit the laugh has died. Now we know
there are no divorces. Only the past is all politics.

Nobody thinks,
My life as Art—whether that leaves anything *hers* in
life or marriage—it's just—Lartigue shooting servants leaping, the woman
with her face made lace by wind; kites and “bobsleigh”
tilting, even wheels at a slant like alien creatures testing the ground
of this new world at light speed.

On honeymoon he shot Bibi on the toilet,
her leg, hip to high-heeled mule, bare. The skirt of her halter dress
bunched between her knees. Her face the face of a woman
whose husband read, to an audience

spread out before him—& enjambed in a balcony above—his poem
in which he sets her on their washing machine and
to the rhythm of the laundry fucks her good.

And in the caff we're watching, waiting for
tiffin—Was that
“muffin”?—not making ourselves understood. Words
might be worms;
no one ever understands.

Now we dash out. Uphill in dusk
we canter, sure the giggler rages after our behind.
Ask our man in the street for colors, he can tell us only
red yellow blue green orange black white brown umm purple pink grey navy
royal—did I say green?—tan olive gold
silver aqua chartreuse vermilion beige maroon.
Nag us for red-green, we say impossible, something about where
colors lie
on the wheel. Don't tell us poison ivy. That's a wash like how
alizarin crimson
failed to cover stripes on the vase we botched. What's obscene
is more like Time: Ask us what it is we can't say but
we knows it
when we sees it, like when we hear beauty's cheep,
the bird-noise flower-stems make
when male fingers squeeze them.

3. THE ELEMENT OF RISK

The poem in the meal is not curry powder
packaged like the hills in some Kipling movie, it's cardamom, chilies,
cinnamon, cloves, coriander, cumin,
fennel seed, fenugreek, mace, nutmeg, red
pepper, black pepper, poppy and sesame seed, saffron, tamarind,
turmeric: a little more of one or less of
something.

What's-his-name dug wok cooking: the heat, the speed—
On his own in our kitchen he found
our yellow adhesive slips for Errors. Under his hand, cabinets sprouted
yellow tags with FLOUR AND CEREALS up top,
SOUPS middling, RICE AND GRAINS below.
Next, on one cabinet, **SAUCEPAN LIDS!?**; on another, **18 HERB TEAS?!**
Later **FOOD CHAIN!** near the frozen meat,
THIRD-WORLD INFANTS!! by the Nestle's cocoa,
BOYCOTT!!! on a Campbell's can.

The Beast whose knuckles brushed floorstraw as she lumbered 'round her cage.
That car wasn't worth two hundred
a year ago. Now we've sunk
a couple thousand in repairs.

We once had this dog a cat
ripped open in a fight. When the vet
wanted to put him away we went ballistic
and the bills went on and on.

Toss The Beast a chicken and her black teeth stopped its squawk.

Say our old dog has a stroke, can't take herself out
to shit or piss. Before long
we're on our ass day and night, bumping down
two flights of stairs with a dizzy dog on our lap.
Those ancient summers we tossed our weight around
in a dancy, look-at-us way when we plopped on

the living-room rug to page through books fast like

We may have waves of blond hair down our back but
we are SMART.

Winter, dangling a plumb on old line, we trace saucer-shapes
in air and our cat lifts her chin off the stove to follow, head leveling
like a cobra to a flute. When cat hits floor we puts a kettle on for tea.

Winter again, some stranger cat

hunkers in snow piled on the sidewalk. This cat stirs, and gathers. The front
steps toward the street over snow humps. The back sags horribly, drags
behind. This cat stops in the road and settles. Waits.

When a howl rose from the cage that pierced your heart, you recollected
this was a human female.

Puffins, shearwaters and gulls
cry over the harbor. Here in our silence
seaweed shines with oil.

The blue pigeons of Lord Howe Island
simply paced their pigeon-jerks around
strangers. What could a visiting sailor do
but club them, break their legs, and pile them where he sat?

We'll finish eating and multifaceted topnotes, under-
tones dusky as a sparrow's belly, stay with us—then
we leave the table, and not just the meal but our life
changes in our mouth to twist around and tickle
what we had of oyster insights, our burger verities.

4. THE LIGHT STAYS WARM

The table sailing to the window—we'd hefted it and hurled it as tho
the loud shattering of glass might be The Point—was the one we keep
in the center of our kitchen altho it leaves no room for dancing. But the light.

In the cell in the basement now In the dark now we know we're
where we black out the window wary managing
to shelve pots of spring bulbs the watering can, the lantern,
we want to force, they sprout the sticky wooden door. Now
white and weak then flop. we know nothing
The green and tough ones rot. we ever think of forcing gives.

Remember—echoes over tile, hot chocolate spouting
into marble basins, the register with its cup for change—
prancing on the tiles with our best friend
for our sixth birthdays. Five nickels opened
a glass door. Our friend had (seven nickels) chicken salad and we told
each other no one made the splendid sandwiches on dead-
white bread—no sign of any mother's frantic hand.
Next birthday, our friend rocked hot chocolate across the table till
it spilled—then she disappeared sometime that summer.
Mother remembers learning fretfulness was a sign and sending us away
the day our friend was taken to the hospital.

What is made of memory: Thanksgiving day so cold
the frozen yard past the windows made furniture edges inside sharp. Mother
dying
in a cousin's house where we may not see her. In black satin the cousin entertains
company with funny coffin-closing gestures
she directs at us. One thing we think we do—instead of merely
thinking about doing it—is dash cold milk
at the cousin's deep jet-beaded neckline. In the net of family we dangle
helplessly, tangled hopelessly where cords intersect.

The last speaker of Cornish, Dolly Pentreath, died in Mousehole,
1777. As The Doll was going, who heard the stories no one got
unless they talked the talk? Around the time
the last dodo died, a Rodriguez ring-necked parakeet
spoke French and Flemish. No word from ring-necks for a hundred years.
No stories lately from the Abingdon Galapagos tortoise,
the dusky seaside sparrow, either of two Kauai honeyeaters
or any Mauritian echo-parakeet that may remain.

—for Marcia Holly, 1940-1990

Max Chandler

untitled dialogue

i can, with no coherence whatever,
read into what were not conceived as questions,
an English love of orthodox verse,
she, blazing green with academic qualifications.

and after that, you could give life
to illusions, namely that sin is the
only true, but slow, affirmation.
he, soberly silhouetted.

this is no wild animal, my man,
and shadows don't go there anyway.
it sounds like one of those modern psychoses,
she, yielding but more central.

and will weeping yield mended eyes?
will good old doctor time lend his arrows?
will we be fingerprinted on darkened streetcorners?
he, an eighteenth-century saint.

our dreams survive, leaded against dark matter,
and talk of icicles, infinite in their coldness,
will only serve to weaken us,
she, roughcut but wondrous.

2-21-96

H. Kassia Fleisher

Nexus of Boulderdash, July/August 1996

The work of Being Yourself:

Journey to Wholeness
Dreams for Real
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Manifest everything you want.

(man
if
est) is

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Increase your income! Attain greater levels of success!

(coring
to the
heel)

Healing to the core.

We're all giving birth to ourselves.

Do you want to sleep better, communicate effectively, be more productive,
and restore family peace?

CONSIDER MOVING YOUR BED!

(& lying in it)

Scan the aura.

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Turn stress into money -- I did!

(turn
money
into

transcenDance:

Awakening the Initiate within Us

Has spiritual emergence become spiritual emergency?

Better Sexual Loving*----

*Guaranteed!

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it's a dirty job...)

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Your hyperactive mind has run away with your soul.

(your hyperactive

has) soul

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yourself

connect

to

balancing

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Integrate personal and spiritual growth with life's mundane financial side. Organize your personal finances to help achieve
{your life's dreams and goals}

(Organize your personal goals to help achieve your life's dreams and fin...)

The work of selfing your be.

is

Holistic Financial Planning: Does the

*flow
of money
through your life
support who you are --*

and who you want to be?

Does the thought of balancing your checkbook or filing your family's income taxes drive you
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Conscious Evolution Training Schedule

(ascension-orientation train

next stop: revolution
last stop: conscious energy)

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(hypnopottamus facile)

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Do you believe you can have work satisfaction? DON'T POSTPONE SATISFACTION!

(Satisfy breath synthesis past astrology DON'T POSTPONE TEN-MINUTE)

*

Polarity

(jumbo shrimp)

Center.

We're all giving birth to our

\$elve\$.

Financial Freedom in 8 minutes a day! Take Dominion in your financial kingdom. Learn practical methods guaranteed to build wealth. Anchor specific little known wealth-building habits. Break free of self-imposed subconscious sabotage. "Financial training without a psychological foundation is like a car without an engine."

Rid your colon of toxic waste:

Have you mastered the art of

man

if

est

station

(next stop...)

yet?

Scarcity consciousness is *not* God's plan for us.

The Love Connection to
Man

if

est

station

Mastery

(, the train has now left the)

FEELING OVERWHELMED? ANGRY!? DEPRESSED? FEARFUL? CONFLICT-
ED? PAIN?
OUT-OF-CONTROL?
OTHER?

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FEELING OVERWHELMED? Scarcity consciousness

ANGRY!? FREE

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Tami Denease

Reentry

Rain

comes

rain

and I love this

pound head heart reel

and breathe with

swells that rise

in

rise rise

peak edge

hale

ex

knife white second split

edge

and break

hale

(her liquid breath floods

my bare feet)

and in again

oh the sighs!

she sighs!

wind

to walk the beach

go south

in

the face

she swells.

(voices behind me...)

"it's interesting how there aren't any houses
above that point"

(talking about Tillamook Head)

"this is where Lewis and Clark..."

How did he feel -

Clark the soldier?

Lewis the teacher?

when he saw her?

And now from here

she's distant.

I watch her like a lover
gone about her business.

my mother.

my lover.

but I've just been with her
(in her)

caresses, sandy kisses
on toes
now numb
from cold

It was the kite,
sharp blue delta,
brought me back

hair muss/tousled
(by her wind)

a flicker -
the kite.

Grace
and ugly beauty
at once -
It's all here!

here!

oh the sighs!

a trawler
works north/south

diesel trumbles lost
in her soft sigh.

She bears all

her white foam flux
spent on the littered beach

trash bits:

a purple lighter
disposable and
disposed

crushed paper cup

plastic coffee-stained lid
reaching water -
saltwaves and
the lid floats
seeming to live like
the black duck who dives under

but not knowing,

and she takes it

all.

The (slap)

disrespect of garbage
cup
lighter
bottle top
a latex glove.
nasty bloated shape

dead white -

the ugliness
dissolves.

What did they think?
Those men who rode

over mountains
dry

when they saw her crennelated bed?

the lavender smear
of sky
on wet sand?

my mother.

my lover.

in
(me rolling)
ebb & flux
hale

ex
swell roll break
hale

Nothing here
(no thing)

but she.

Brian Carpenter

Death of the Atom Smasher

Leaves of grass
 roots messages staked
 on mobs and picket sign

fields. Waving blades
of green. Backed hope of all

the world, of Washington,
the chant is Kill
 the Atom Smasher!

And children chuckle
(senators speak)
of hope that's solid
ground, beef-boned (old) boys,
and money
 now
well spent on pure

business, family
hamburger, hearts

and all that is
Untied. States
and clean polluted rivers.
In Montana

rods with flies
snap at stars.
And one boy snapped
so well he snatched
Endeavor
from orbit.

He soon received
a healthy check
which he spent
on a Physics degree.

Brian Carpenter

Mexico City: Easter 1991

Another yellow ball,
a bounce. Bounce

from mornings full
of childrenewed streets.

A sleep thru grape 5
to mango noon. Hours

from Tenochtitlan days
where eagle met snake

met cactus. Cobblestones,
the avenue of revolutionary

statues, kneeling faces
de los Santos under paper

tear and torn horizon;
two and twenty million

blessings filtered through
the cigarette of day --

wheezed-out old Sol
the evening smear. The sky

corrodes in blackwhitegrey.

Day shoves forth day.

The final fifth of Aztecs'
temple poking through

the brick of the Plaza.
The sensation of sinking in

the Ciudad this morning, the
temblor pulse; in raised

and open hands: how much
this was, how this was so,

and breath of the other, gestures
unobscured, untranslated.

Congregations, carts,
maps, diarrhetic fruit,

the many Marias, a ball,
a bounce, one dollar orange

sodas outside the Shrine
of Guadalupe, a grove of

yellow signs instructing:

<< You Are Here. >>

Spencer Selby

Spring

Plant from solid ground
over before

Cut and fill
memories come
thought cold ice
bits of brick and
concrete wall
stretch to the sky

Where a wreck is tilted
for interest
the patient foreign
must grow

Shadow off balance
missing stubborn
approach dirty
entanglement rising

Heavy feet expose the head
tomorrow today
so-called endless

Wave eastward not a tree
will live but for
denial stands out

Not up and down can touch
this dream without a laugh

Lost and found again
in need to look different
keep the season rattle
covenant

Rose red phantom
submit form heavy
bearing remains
to make it conscious

Full of waiting
offering always silent
plaintive since terminus

Getting better as
the ice melts and
your body is almost clear

Spencer Selby

Surface Dive

Cause for premature
best of regardless.
Made a mistake
when entering politics.
Heart of trade run down
by return of unreal service.

All die crime
in judging too long
as people say
is a gateway to suffering.
All music all motive
all discharge periodic.

Secret art from stomach reach
of misdirected passion.
Precious garden
sign of rotten
no word better than certain.

Not beautiful seashore feeling it.
Not finger in household
anatomy overture
seeing it.

Shows concrete anyway
proof of big-time cowardice.
Imitates childhood
to lure men away.
Keeps people waiting on
a compulsion to write down
outmoded consequence
build for today.

Work below ground
in times of flood.
Damaging bulwark
connection with the eye.
On face obsolete
the noxious spell.
On face in good taste
obscene worship
master slave relationship
always in the wrong.

Above and below
the person you become
doing one job after another.
Automatic impulse
dark night
gloomy thoughts
to express a convenient limit.

Scandal of time
complain of others
laugh to scorn
the mob overrun by
doorway's profit.

Swear you know
the singlemost goal
eaten or crucified blindness.
Desire more dangerous
than any wild beast
who believes in everyday
taken for license.

Ongoing total as
volume form
washed out in blood sublime.
Hypnotic worm
with strength to halt
crimes committed
in whose name.

Point of address
something other.
Hand to mouth
masterstroke
result of work
reaching back

that no one else can utter.

William Marsh

from Sonnets

4 Theories (answered)

(first)

If the poem is too capricious, the tendency
to disregard its meaning may eclipse
the will to exercise it -- we avoid the gym
when machines are ominous, even inert
ones, conveying our futures in slender tones --
the abstract muscle thus sweeter than the real,
whole industries prosper as we flounder --
the self-infliction of recklessness reflects
rambunctious inertia; so swallow
whimsy as meaning wills it, & arch
your back for the stringency of a felt
muscularity: body by complex / meaning
by practice -- lean
out of the art & into the action

(second)

The short version goes like this:

interrogate () without conscience --
to write what you dream authentic
challenges via 'new' languages

we are not so bound by the honest answer,
give something away, invent without mercy --
you have a number of lines, equivalent
to lives to spare / one is not real, though yours

this splits the image differential
locked in a question, but also

unities, a room with no exit:
eternal, without recourse to deception

(third)

No form freer to examine its own conditions
for being the first promise set forth --
can anything like a rhyme promote itself?
is question change or has the art of the moon
of the old order slipped another disc-over-y?
walls throughout the house will throb
before the reason for the rhythm gets through, you
like argument not intent, promote the world's
wilderness in a flower, a wishbone, a fishing net --
some say modification reacquaints the mode
with its mood / life is like that, uninspiring as a swallow
in unsurprising, unless in your agreement you augment --
no entirety like no entity, having no other form
but its own / silence the most often workable increase

(fourth)

Spare no progress: perhaps the indication
love approaches but no longer as a theme, about
how to breathe in & the word going out just
like love -- no one sleeps before this is done
prototypically like waking distinct & without hesitation --
the age is no audience to mystery, conceal this
prompting eye-contact -- what interests you
is never personal / funny how the odds are against
knowing this -- i offer you the deep sleep
eyes can't count on; we're at the point
where eyes are necessary & literal, & must
convey the immediacy (of waking, birth,
any prompting from silence) as if it were love --
which may be a sign worth looking at

3 Places (moved)**(1)**

Locale is everywhere at all times your pal -
scrutiny's tailspin must fail, or investiagation
of the real has no merit - so clear it:
the beach can be read as the icon
of settlement, a readiness to shift the chief
characteristic of sand - only the novice
needs a flotation device; at last a generation
without need of alignment, whose moans are meant

We all feel deposited in some sense in some sand
& by a water-funnel otherwise not your friend -
the vortex is not creatrix but deep six - your will
may clarify this, on the back or receiving end,
 & is like locale
forewarned by wind

(2)

The rain lacks conviction, but the Furies
roll in on their carpets of igneous joy -
you want to say weather is power but thunder
intercedes (so why don't you?) - the clouds'
cannibalism escapes compassion, so
forthright your way of treating climate
as a system disclosure - the way the rain
reveals a future is imminent, though barely
alive like this no two drops
betray each other - the simile is formidable
but excessive - the depth of this sky
compassionate, too vast to be furious -
the rain fails the way humans cannot, that
gloom whose distance from earth is unmeasurable

(3)

Nights lack these lingering theses, limiting
these primitive mornings / dreams, the feverish
outliving of former days, their only interruption -
this is not waking but w(word m)aking & outlives
nothing in between, in the harrowing space between -
8:13 - the sun breaks & deposits
light in small finished refractions / suppose it's
better today in the sense that clarity outlives
its founding ambiguity, & the morning once subject
to its own recurrence becomes a dreamed occurrence -
a scene in closing seen in close; a dream
outlives itself, disconnects the primitive from its
founding thesis: nights may linger on nights
release / beginning itself an honest refraction

2 Movements (placed)**(1)**

All this pressure to occupy space -- also with money involved
My life is too crowded already
A basket of flowers would make walking from bed to shower impossible
To live here or there, under cover of various trimmings & fixtures
Dreaming cabinets whose iron screws drive slowly backwards
If you furnish the etiquette, i'll manage the door
Writing is defenseless
A fenced studio with morning light & abundant cabinet space
Dreams mislead but truth nonetheless has no followers
There's no comparison -- i continue with day as metaphor
Condition, but not so brutal as application
Arched entrances
The prudent man lives a cautious minute from the bus stop
The lyric is best suited to a more temperate climate

(2)

Why make it a baby thing -- instrumental as infantile?
Occupy the world with passion not possession
Tradition affects an easy cannibalism, assuming the likes of you
In the habit of children eating & eating children
I'll pursue the risk if you convey courage
Jointly & post-addictive, mother of convention
Likeness is neither paternal nor internal
The tricky ascendance of attributes eventually fallen
So much for the cannibal, whose issue was never flesh but kind
So much for a world of documented birth as origins
A constant pressure to formalize the outing
Ends in sentences bound but not confining
This goes on & its urgency opens the lung
Imagine a practiced maturity, once crying is omitted

2 Stories (joined)**(1)**

Obsess-at-high-altitudes came in through the door
marked eerily & with the quasi-nonchalance
of an heuristic - some-other-time appealed
to cathedral-bells to show her dedication to mystic
evasion & the moment fell silent - push-
less-buttons & even virtual-need had little time left
to complete their grappling, & so took largesse-of-evolution
to the back-alley pantheist - what's in it
for me cried seethe-in-validation & heart attack
groans filled the air - i haven't even begun
to work you out said post-emotive swell &
look-at-us-dance got tears in her eyes - some party
kept weak-in-the-knees away all night -
obsess-at-high-altitudes feigned sleep when he got home . . .

(2)

leans to lay exotic crutch beneath post-denial,
an horrific exchange may ensue or not, so
blurry is the vision - doesn't know love but thinks
a way through (exotic crutch) & takes care
(post-denial) to spot the teeniest of fractures
in the dome of his citadel sings with choral
ease, webbed breath, emphatically curved
high F's - rides the night's drifting eye

in those days of accustome trenches & well
placed drains, exotic crutch was no impediment -
nor sacrifice, as any blood-trace will point
back to the digging-blade the way his voice
in a corridor will travel, pointing back
to the love-trace, to the drift of his eye

David Hunter Sutherland

Subito

Tense the little muscles that
pour over shedding locks of
undisturbed hair and
pure and bright are the
vast energies that rise
to a setting sunset
at days start,
and days end.

Burnt magentas'
drawn like lips in silence.
Wilderness, desert, depth,
a whole canvas of fears shed to
an eternity and coined
to a calendar finishing month.

And cold,
cold the sharp porcelain of Winter
bluff and crags of
unfinished..months

Months
before Springs' navel rings to count its
rinse of tears on stone and
marauding ephesias twitch indolence in the
eyes of sudden..Life

Life,
fierce your almost
tangible bliss of
soft,
softly spoken words.

David Hunter Sutherland

Bald-Point

In spite of the
many parts moving,
rolling joints wrapping-up
Life's dull expressions in
quiet dismay.

There are
shortfalls,
hairline cracks of
sudden un-becomings,
alignments shot in geometric clarity,
to the perfect angles of
cause-effect which
balance nature on reality's Mean as
concrete actualities subsume this
fragile framework of Mind.

And Mind has
no edge against
rigorous calamity,
naked shock.

This thing is perditious
judgement goes bereft as
sadly we slip, slip, slip on
insignificant signs whose
turing valves vent in force then
bloom and
Boom! similarly
your lack of warning, bravely my refuse of knowledge
irrelevant,
its done.

David Hunter Sutherland

Eros Eluded

Vague the threat of consciousness
muffled words,
pretentious sounds,
choke-starts failing as ambitions'
misplaced hopefuls orphan-bound.

And ears that hear close in dissension,
and eyes that see cut back in spite,
as breath like stones
fall on each other
discord(cord) alibis soft lies;

Remain(main) chasten to the body
This moon heaves crescents to my side
a frailness wells is lost to recall
interned tonight;

they burn a candle
purports wind to scattered ash
seal the veil of sensuality
in mortared eyes of pebbled glass,

with skin soft paper apparition
skull like trophy on its side
shape lips, soft voice and broken symbols
fare(well) in time.

Soon, Worlds that spin,
spin in contrition
and dream like mist, like rain, subsides
as pangs like teething lose their comfort,
evade this silent passerby.

David Hunter Sutherland

Minerva In Pastel

Her dark-tweed matte lay
frame to searching eyes,
words canvas almost speak
across beige mottled isles.

of weave or hue, birth lines
A sentinel guards waste
forth form, pastel and lace.

Minerva, all we know
takes hint between each tone
sad glimpse into your smile,

and colors you..
in stray magenta's,
auburn lights descending crowns.
Life colors you,

in rouge and charpet
paramours and stifled loves,
the locket's blush on flesh cool tinder,
the song of thrush spent on a winter,
a wanton lover, near
and unheard
colors you.

David Hunter Sutherland

Nullipara

Life is
beating a fast retreat this winter
behind bluffs that bleed thin are
highs scattered behind grace,
receding, receding,
I lisp into suicide
lash out in daze,
then

Scorn these organs..
belly and groin grow
bloom on opposite walls of steel;
stuck in an off-sided game of trump.

And to soon I become loom,
hung on cottoned apparition,
eyes railline, teats votive,
fertile for a pretty boy
or a kill or
another grind of promise...
to pass me by.

*David Hunter Sutherland***Carousel**

Tour of force is a breeze
lifting the gauze
of wound cooled by contraband.
And wars' never;
and peace never,
makes mirth or

sense the ground
rising up in jump
rope
rhythm,
bleating out these
mournful skies over
hop-scotch fields,
quilted daisies,
blown crazy eights.

And hope's never;
and dreams never...
Circummure poles,

spill out from tight
circling currents of
desperate mass.

Canvas of flesh,
sphere of illusion and
lilly and cholera and laughter and bedlam,
ever-thickening yoke
hold me.

And lifes' never;
and loves' never..

David Hunter Sutherland

Empty Page

Like a medieval monk on manuscript,
or French novelist
quick and fluent maneuvers up sentence. Hind right on balcony,
sorting through pieces of colored glass,
note by note and shape by shape of
written word..

Never a writer would pen
Flaubert, Bovary, Plath whose
poisoned tongue sought immortal passage.
The engineered page

swears fanatical control,
as passion or dream - drives,
devours metaphor and

surely this outworn image
finds me lucid in it throes,
seduced to catch a feeble phrase which is
somewhat wrenched on return as

a lifetime of poise melts in
a brilliant conflagration
transcribed in sparks.

Charles Bernstein

The Throat

Behind every figure stands another
insisting to be seen; but this is just
a temporary lapse. I went toward the sign
and loaded up. It was so obvious
I didn't see why I hadn't thought of it
before. Imaginary pain began to sing
in my right leg. I turned around and looked
back. The shining silver fog
seemed to coalesce and solidify, like a
roof. Soon we were drifting
past Goethe Avenue's sprawling
stone mansions. A row of skulls
stood as bookends. I went
three blocks and passed three lamps;
but the thing I wished to say
instantly fractured into incoherence.
That was the point: the world was gone
but he was interested. And there
was envy in his irritation, just as
the edges started to melt.
A dense gauze of grayish silver light
parted as we passed through
and into it, reforming itself
at a constant distance of four
or five feet. This is where I
dip my buckets, where I fill my pen.
If the bottom of the world is its center,
then intelligence is Imagination.

For all that can be seen
is made of Fire,
a circular yellow haze burning
through the dark.
-- I walked blindly across the lawn;
then, without thinking, started
moving back through the bright vacancy.
I knew the way, I had written it.
Bones and bone fragments littered
the uncut grass. I took six slow steps
forward into a gently yielding silver
blankness that sifted through me
as I walked. She was still
wearing the blue dress in which she had
died. (Either childhood is more painful
the second time around or it's just
less bearable.) The empty bottle
and the empty glass, the dangling
gun, the words printed on pieces
of notebook paper. For all their differences,
each seemed crammed with possibilities,
with utterance. He had seen the other
side of the absolute darkness into
which Vietnam had drawn him. A meaning
seemed nearly close enough to touch.
There is another world and it's this one.
The fog made that impossible.

Peter Straub, *The Throat*, William Morrow, 1993

Christopher Ritter

Nothing God On Television

i found -a little god-
o n the side
o f(f) the road,

d u s t e d I off &
s h u f f l e d T tween 2 books

[1.) dharma bums 2.) basketball diaries]

 [burn?ing
 bake?ing
i left it in the SUN
 singEing
 sear?ing]

all day
atop the tv with
gEraLdoscreaming
aboutanotherfoun
dabort -ion

 for
 time
until i decided it was time for raisinettes and tea.
 for
 time

it looked at me with (1..2..3..) weary eyes,
thanked me for the ignorance and disappeared

(leaving behind a \$2.00 voucher for Walmart)

Christopher Ritter

Boston Repository

stand I T V D O G I look
 -ing n h a r f l upon
 e c y c a
 u -or- r o s
 u o l s
 \$7 thick Cuban Kings m o d
 that require a sl.. e m ..ow
 pull 2 appreciate them proper

& sufficent enough skill
 with an OB
 JE
 CT a
 I' l m
 VE f e soasnot 2 ruin th pull
 by heat or resin
 or by resin
 And the man says: or Time.

"Thin is in for Eastwood,"
 though I consider myself
 muchmorePractical and thus s' | Lip
 into the 75c
 | suburbs 4
 1/2'n Hour since my Scheduel a
 Can not full
 Han dle length
 just yet.

"Is there half as much flavor in the first
or twice as much in the last?"
he asks,

t'whichI
rhetoric
allyrepo
ndthatmy

Tongue is not trained
well enough yet to tell,
Not even in wines-- and at times, the miraculous
taste of life.

Christopher Ritter

Some Call It Chance

"The o'ly
Rich Men 'r
Dead Men ,"

hee said,
proving his
own [personal] sTrENgth by breA

King 2 barrels

(with
the
whites
of
his
eyes)

that sat
on the chest
of a blonde
in the mirror.

"And d'oh I
[per-sun-ly] can n't count-t
(d'1 d'2 d'3 r'more) all
thad I've met-t, I c'n safe
-ly say
thad _____Dead Men_____
'r beder offd n th'rest'vus,"

and directly after he
 p
 o
 u
 n
 d
 e can
 d o f
 his e[mpt]y Bud
 in his fore[to]
 H E A D
 for another
 feat of sTrENgth,
 which bus
 ted a weak
 a/,,rt-!!0ler*&y
 in the brain
 back of his brain which brought him
 the wealth that he spoke of.

Two men applauded his exit
 and the bartender drew him
 1 from the tap.

Christopher Ritter

Lord from Missouri

All these
 Se[Dated] girls
 that lo
 "ok" Up
 on the world
 As one CandyTrip to
 t he
 next
 m an
 i n
 line
 Seem so far
 from any-thing that I
 ever hope[d]to realize
 until raizing the good Lord from Missouri,
 And i caught a
 glimpse of't sexual
 -ity ripening in t'
 back of my car.

Christopher Ritter

p[L]aid

b EAUTI
D K N Y
[i n e e d]
e[e v i l]
s e e l [to sustain me]
[lor d]
i [i need evil]
A n o n y m o u s l y,
A g e G i v i n g

Nothing ,
InReturn.

*Christopher Ritter***Sun Pins**

S h e	Dance
Us ed	S u n
T o	Pi ns

on the back ... of her neck

and tell me how beauty full
the Sweedish wheat fields'r
this time . of . the summer

She contInued

To tell me	strong
about raZ	winds enough
E	that
B	blew tomake
E	in udrunk
R	from
R	the on the
Y orchards	thawtt

And I Was
even more
swhen she
recreated the act before me

two jays alone in raining
g o l d

completely free of not only
interruption or
human interaction
but shoes
 socks
 pants
 underwear and all.

Chris Stroffolino

Underground Classic

Imagine a life in which just the desserts
Arrive (yes, I know this is supposed to
be an advanced class). Now chisel something
Neurotic from that pre-narcissistic stone.
This is your task (not to have tasks), to think
Of obstacles as easily rid of as they really are
In certain moods. Moods certain of uncertainty,
Of the porous walls the actor playing the phantom
Chance topples during the outtake
(of a storm scene by the subway stop)
That becomes an underground classic to pay
The rent of the middlemen I wish
To see myself as now that the autopsy
Proves what the author has died of
("refinery smoke") without proving it dead.

To rest in peace when dead you have to be
A firehouse of activity when alive.
That's probably a law of nature
But prove me wrong. Prove me nothing
But an opinion and I'll come down
From my cross for supper but only if
I can call it breakfast and only if I can
call blood wine and while you're at it
Show me how you watch the tube
Without identifying with the walking
Advertisements, the exclamation
That life truly is for some (who'd rather
play the verb-noun game than the
idea-thing game and maybe they'll get to
the blue-green-yellow, the male-female game
before noon slinks by and notes us).

Chris Stroffolino

Community Vices

The desire to place yourself
in a sink-or-swim scenario
on deck the decision boat
is but pragmatic in the oatmeal light
of the interpreters I've been "known"
to mistake for the sun.

The seeds that live in the plants
strain towards the disk of the sun
that, full of itself, spills from
the frame of fame for the sake
of selves resembling reprimands
made to break but so many bend
unlike an accident, bereft of a place
in schemes of the universe.

If we didn't look up we couldn't
climb down. The eye whose hurricane
is taken as given, if not the shiny
exoskeleton of those rotten at the core
of which we spoke at the stop pass Bliss,
is not in any middle a wall flower
couldn't occupy so you don't have
to except me to accept me
a song that couldn't be about you
were I not seen singing it for supper.

But the seeming wake-up call
seen as the putting-to-sleep
is but the spectacles we wore
out of fear of being blinded by
the community we turned our back on
when we turned our back on selves.
Then the flag points towards its own
destruction, its burning mystery
and on that snake you
might say I build my church.

Ron Silliman

from Under

for Krishna Evans

A note on the text:

Under is a booklength text. Other sections have appeared or will appear in Cream City Review, Grist On-Line, Iowa Review, No Roses Review, Object Permanence (Scotland), Proliferation, Salt (Australia), Situation, 6ix and TO. Those last two are not typos. Under is a part of the poem, The Alphabet, which has appeared in the following books: ABC, Demo to Ink, Jones, Lit, Manifest, N/O, Paradise, (R), Toner, What, Xing

Banjoes in the mist. Seen from above, lightning illumines the interior of the clouds. Cats wander slowly through the poppies in search of a place to sit. Rosebush past its bloom. I sit in a chair on the porch and write.

Slowly down the predawn street an old car approaches, the man at its wheel a not-entirely-young Vietnamese, folding newspapers with both hands as the vehicle rolls forward, the news crashing onto every third walk. At the party, two more people tell us stories about their experiences with in vitro fertilization as gradually we become aware of the size of this underground. The way jetlag makes your head feel as though it weighs 200 pounds. Why they call those faddish new corn chips blue.

Sound of the faucet, if it's the only sound in the night, is enormous. I force teachers to do pushups the way other men make war -- to exercise my faculties at large. The music of that generation will always sound sweetest. A value is not given: X, the agent, imposes a value (the value of X). Closing my eyes, concentrating on feeling the bones in my hands.

Light pulsates until it pushes back the dark, filling the room. Or, light pulsates until my eyes adjust to this degree of information. Fetal position of a man sleeping in a doorway. Gaggle of teens in the mall. When, in Dallas, a crazed gunman kills a ten-year-old who is later found to have been pregnant, narrative spills forward, forming a landscape.

In search of a face called Blippo. I write, I rise, I writhe -- conjugate the full syntagm, Red Ryder. I peruse a chart of LAN integrators, calculating fileserver-to-node ratios in my mind. It's oppressively hot as I walk from the office to the gym along an arroyo that separates the business park from the tract houses of what used to be, ten years ago, a farm town. Backlit palmtop -- we're sworn to nondisclosure.

Dream management. Cells divide, then divide again -- this is called addition. Stacks of books pile high atop the dresser, the desk, the filing cabinets, filling the house in. I imagine myself as a father, daring the fantasy to come true. At the funeral of Popeye Jackson, casket open, no sign of bullet wounds to the skull (already that's 15 years ago), the mostly black lumpen mourners filing past, the music over a shitty sound system Frank Sinatra's *I Did It My Way.*

Lone avocado in a bowl of apples looks ghastly, diseased. Both of us lying in bed sideways, spooned into one another, my hand gently on your hip, one of the most basic configurations of my life. A belief in documentation, or in the juxtaposition of eye and ear. The mall was built before the concept of the mall, so now (32 years later) it's emptying, dying, vacant units, the lone anchor tenant in Chapter 11.

Nasturtiums and milkweed. I meet a woman who's had in vitro fertilization nine times, conceiving at last on the ninth try with a donor ovum, but she seems sad, not like a victor at all. A roomful of people telling war stories, not of Vietnam or the Gulf, but of dealing with friends and family after the loss of a pregnancy, a firestorm of

unrelieved fury at well-meaning stupid attempts to cheer them up: “you can always try again” or “at least you know you can get pregnant.” We’re sitting in the shade on the lawn when suddenly the sprinklers come on. The day passes, a long day, different from any other and yet the same.

At dusk my brother comes by to explain that he’s quitting his job at the supermarket to move his wife and four small kids to Waco, Texas, to live with a Christian community there. I discover that the guy next to me in the checkout line at the drugstore is an old neighborhood kid from my youth, so we trade what-happened-to-who stories -- Larry Callais has cancer of the liver and lungs -- and I discover that this fellow, who graduated three years behind our class, but graduated, has been a janitor at the Rad Lab for the past seventeen years, a home on the El Cerrito side of Albany hill bought before prices exploded, a more settled life than I could ever have managed. My wife lies on the dark sofa, pink blouse matching perfectly the throw pillow she’s tucked under her head, watching but not watching as her niece and nephews scuttle and tumble about the livingroom, wondering, worrying about what’s going on in her own body, whether any of the seven embryo have implanted, and, if so, how and how many.

Kak vas zavoot: in the dream I’m getting answers, but they’re in Russian and I no longer remember the words for numbers. Aaron Neville’s falsetto assures that “nothing beats a Bud,” which makes me think of Williams’ “The rose is obsolete.: Very slowly I am coming to realize that middle of the century was a long time ago. The house is vacant but the sign says “Do Not Disturb Occupants.” That moment outdoors when there’s no illumination left anywhere from the sun, but it’s not fully dark yet and the streetlamps haven’t flickered on.

Some psychotic has made a vast shrine on his or her front porch: clothes, magazines, rags, paintings piled into a bizarrely careful pyramid (I recognize a *Texas Monthly*)(the paintings are primitive

Sunday seascapes, thick gray oils)(the clothes finally come into focus as men's wear, the styles typical of the 1950s) -- the door to the old two-storey wood frame house, one of the oldest in Berkeley, entirely blocked, tho from the orderly shades and gauzy curtains it appears inhabited, otherwise normal (I notice a sparrow nesting atop this curious mound). Carrot and burdock root pancake, miso soup, then muscovy duck stuffed into simmering tofu pouches garnished with baby carrots, followed with a strawberry shortbread for dessert, and a fine Japanese decaf tea called Cookija. Simple scenes had been dug into the wet plaster of the walls itself, so that the surface was the medium and not just a platform, a Buddha playing a stringed instrument in clouds or, across the room, another playing a small flute. An HCG score of 0 to 15, the doctor says, would mean we're not pregnant, 15 to 30 would mean it's theoretically possible but uncertain, 30 to 50 would be more positive, so when the nurse informs us we've scored 182, the question transforms itself from yes or no into how many. Let us imagine a new world.

At the moment when local- and wide-area-networks threaten to make floppies, which have already been reduced to the status of paper clips in most offices, entirely obsolete, the read/write optical floppy (aka the floptical) comes along, offering 127MB of storage on a single disk. We're trying to design a new migration path for the poem. Her mom's worried that, at one year, she doesn't even crawl, let alone stand. Try to imagine the generation of birds in relation to your own. Shift of light foretells the sun.

We want to go snow camping, so plan the trip by placing the photographs we will take into little piles, each stack a different day, Monterey here, Mt. Shasta there, until the photos form a circle. On a beautiful afternoon, he comes to the door wearing a bathrobe, on crutches, shivering with fever. To the writer, the reader is both real and a symbol. Addictionary. I wake exhausted.

Words warp the mind's way, tunneling towards a period. I invoke the sun, the daughter, whatever. The pun hurts. Laughter cauterizes the past. Fast food, faster digestion.

Surfboard upside down on the pale green pickup. My old friend, the banana. What is more beautiful than a cloudless dawn? Under the crown, the root of the dead tooth opened up, gum growing in, filling the gap, so that when the crown pops off in cashew chicken and he goes to the dentist, the gum must be cut away and the base rebuilt before a new crown is cemented into place. Isn't that special?

Some nights pass quickly, dreams crowded together, images jumbled, superimposed. The man with the bald head is one of two famous performance artists, but which I can't tell. "Would you like to see Venus?" Tom Mandel asks Jean Day. If hours were cogs. My father remains permanently young in that I never saw him past the age of 29.

The description of music is now performed. Your breasts begin to swell almost the instance you become pregnant, their tenderness generating a sense of personal arousal, leading, as it happens, to some sweet, torrid, languid sex, positions unheard of before, even after 12 years together of constant research. In the paper, George Bush attempts to kiss a female West Point cadet who visibly cringes. Aftertaste of anything. Cat sleeps atop the mound of plastic bags in the homeless woman's shopping cart.

Once upon a time spatializes the temporal (as would any preposition), objectifying and distancing through the indefinite article (perhaps not our time at all, but that of a parallel or even perpendicular universe). Once within time there was a young girl whose mother wished her to be a dancer, and who loved to dance, but whom the captain of the dance, Mr Ballanchine, thought too long waisted. What if, instead of video, poetry was the popular mode of documentation: we'd have entertainments such as *America's Funniest Home Poems* or *Totally

Hidden Poetry*. In right field Ezra Pound, in center Bill Williams, in

left (bantering with the Martians in the bleachers), John Lister Spicer, at first base Jack Kerouac, at second Emily Dickinson, at short Paul Blackburn, at third Bob Creeley, pitching (with both fastball and knuckler) Charles Olson, and catching (born to squat) Gertrude Stein. As you speak, the researcher keeps her mini-cassette recorder rolling.

Dear Noodle, please come.

A procedure by which they suture the cervix until the pregnancy has reached the 36th week. The icon of a paperclip indicates that files are attached to the AppleLink message. One retains the echo of a song -- in this instance, John Fogerty's *Centerfield* -- as a compulsive memory, a reminder that media are no longer discontinuous with our bodies, our minds. You are forever talking of the need to get a haircut. For several days, the clouds threaten a rain that never arrives.

Forms of (th)ought. Wind chime slows, then picks up again. Odd how in summer the days are already growing shorter. What sounds like a cat jumping from a chair wakes me, since we don't have a cat, but when I hear it again I realize it's the paperboy's delivery dropping on the walk. Because ants emerged somehow from the closet to arrive in our bed, we groaned, tore the sheets off, sprayed the closet, but for the night unfurled the sofabed in the livingroom, an adventure as if camping out.

Thoughts as form -- but that's too organic, a term with very distinct connotations if we say of an alcoholic, "he sounds organic," implying irreversible brain damage, not unlike the word *symbiotic*, which to naturalists implies a balance but to therapists describes a hopelessly destructive family system.

At 39 she returns to the United States with exactly \$11 to her name,

without children or any current relationship, uncertain as to whether she should be a film editor or a restaurant manager, uncertain even over whether this is just a visit and she might return to Melbourne tomorrow. Donor dot, the pink circle on a driver's license that indicates disposition of usable organs. The drawing indicates how best to look at this rough lot of compost piles and weeds, as the garden-to-be. To an outsider, these clouds would suggest a summer rain. Get another linguist!

The alarm rings when you least expect it. We're making our escape thru a panel in the wallpapered kitchen that leads down a stairway to large, empty basement (lots of good storage space here I tell myself) but over the doors and windows we find myriad beams, infrastructure of a monstrous add-on deck, blocking our own departure -- I try crawling through, two cats watching and hissing, crawling toward the largest gap in the beams until I realize finally that I'm stuck.

The forum of a question. Aftertaste of curried duck. It's filler time. This is how I remember your text. Vegetables simmer in broth.

A bit much (a byte map). Overheads on a screen in a darkened hotel meeting room. I shut my eyes and listen to Edit Piaf sing *Vie in Rose* which, although I can't make out the lyrics, seems to be the saddest song I know. On the radio, Timothy Leary speaks of "the glorious revolution of virtual reality." Next slide, please.

The contest of hummingbirds. To build a placenta. Twice in the night the burglar alarm malfunctions. The incline press.

The image on the screen is not triangular exactly, but rounded on one end, the slice of a pie, gray, grainy, two dimensional, with two dark spots, each the shape of a pinto bean, resting side by side in the womb, and within each a little white pulsing, infinitesimal two-chambered heart, the doctor noting that the one on the left is

slightly elongated, the heart beating slower, saying “I don’t know if that means anything, or if it means it’s not doing as well and you might lose it,” no sign of an ectopic anywhere, the young resident increasing the magnification so that now the heart’s pulse is a burst of white within these two shadowy beings, and then the examination’s over, the two doctors slip away and we’re alone in the little room and you reach up and I hold you, sobbing together complicated sobs of relief and anxiety all at once, you sitting on the edge of the examination table, feet dangling in the stirrups covered with potholders, between the cracks of the venetian blinds the glimmer of a June rain on Golden Gate Park.

When words collide. Think of paragraphs as bricks. The table solid in the next room, untroubled by ontology. Rabbit made of yarn sits atop the bookcase. Balinese wood duck.

“Stalin was interested only in the perpetuation of power and he killed 60 million, more victims in his own country than any other leader in this century,” Misha speaking quietly, very matter-of-fact, though all of the other conversations in the room have stopped, “so just imagine what Trotsky, who was more ruthless and who was truly interested in world domination, would have done.”

Pete Landers

Consume

Cacique Hatooy:

*Perhaps this god of theirs
will hear our prayers.*

And he danced around
the basket of gold
until he fell exhausted . . .

[The Destruction of the Yndies, De Las Casas]

Unicellular:

when is food body

(at, in, through cellwall)?

What point restraint hindrance freedom chaos?

many none

in nutshell

make kingdom, levy taxes,

balance budget

(by osmosis).

Spent before had;

when mine, not mine?

Capital I love you.

I'm in a state.

gold fell

around danced

basket gold

exhausted gold

fell danced

basket around
exhausted around
danced exhausted
exhausted exhausted
danced fell

Property: predicate--
physical sense,
mine thought.
Car my predicate? I
the planet's? Air Quality Index:
fair-to-moderate -- inhale --
carbon monoxide, sulphur dioxide;
elements unite (*el puebla unido*)
at valances
to immobilize (*no puera divido*)
my P-250.

Cigarette break -- coke and smoke --
choice (at least) or will.

My planet! Mine! Mining gold --
Rheingold lined the *debir*
(*& de Arte Chemica*).
Temple plated, whole temple.
Admiral (The) in Cibao.
No locus.

Karen said:
*When you live in 'em you stop
seeing the icky things.*

danced gold
 danced basket
 fell danced
 exhausted exhausted
 basket exhausted
 fell around
 gold danced
 fell basket
 danced gold
 around basket

Barbecue in every backyard
 to cook Yndians --
 extract teeth, gold.
 Depopulation? No. Objectify.
 Object if I subject it.

Gold labor *in abstracto*?
 Commodity?
 Former no delta in supply;
 decreased value:
 latter delta exchange potential --
 a kind of longing.

Fort Knox,
 Forty-niners,
 the goose.

*Persons who die on the job
 are requested to fall over
 as it is becoming increasingly
 difficult to tell the
 live workers from the dead.*

Wedding ring.

exhausted around
basket gold
exhausted danced
around basket
fell fell
exhausted basket
exhausted danced
around basket
danced around (1,2)
fell danced

Kapitals from head
to headstone.
Signmaker on Broadway --
he'll put his own name
up there, someday; have
his wife take a picture of
him putting on

the last letter,
& first (give'm credit)
plots -- ordinal.

Quantity a quality (to
judge your workers by, eh?
Invariably, minding p's and q's.)
Exchange value for current interest
(too easy) quick rich --
tibar, moonrocks
can be accumulated.
Interest rates the thing.

exhausted around
 around gold
 danced danced
 basket basket
 gold gold
 basket exhausted
 basket gold (3,4)
 gold danced
 around gold
 exhausted gold

Color: light's quantity.
 Au, #79, mass: 196.967,
 three in the valance.
Aurum vulgi,
Lapis invisibilitas
 (now antimatter).

NOTICE

(large in red letter)
 Today our representative called
 and no one was at home.
 Since your acct. # _____
 is in default, you must call
 or stop by our office to
 prevent further action.
 Please contact:
 Name: _____
 Tel. # _____
 (form 2-441)

danced fell
 danced gold
 exhausted exhausted
 exhausted danced
 exhausted gold
 gold around
 basket exhausted
 fell fell
 gold basket
 gold fell

Compubank is coming --
 total consolidation.
 No credit? See the mob!

The man who caught
 the golden fish.
 Moctezuma II in the temple --
 plumed serpent.

gold danced
 danced danced
 gold around
 around exhausted
 danced gold
 danced basket
 fell exhausted (5,6)
 . . .then threw it to the river.

Comfort:
homeostasis.

Linda Reinfeld

Case Pieces

1. American Antique (1725-1755)

It was during these years that the S-shape
reached its pinnacle--whether
introduced
as a dragon's foot holding a jewel

found in the Far East by Dutch explorers,
or as a doe's foot, pied de biche,
legstook on
the line of beauty. Long after

the death of Anne, the so-called Queen Anne style
appeared: the cabriole shape,
echoing
everywhere, signified movement.

Motifs included the stylized scallop
and the acanthus leaf--star
or compass
inlay, Baroque orchestration,

and large case pieces, adorned with bonnets,
broke free from geometric
constraints, flowed
freely into their surroundings.

2. Etude (July 1932)

An outstanding case was that of an American woman of thirty years of age whose derangement was due to childbirth: it was my great desire to note the extent of her agitation. In trying numerous pieces, it developed that the Rachmaninoff Prelude in G Minor aroused the most hideous shrieks from this woman, and all through the performance of this composition she pleaded with the doctor and nurses to have me stop playing this particular piece. I carried on the performance until I concluded it was the agitated rhythm that produced her condition, and then I played the Spring Song by Mendelssohn which developed a most serene mood in the patient and calmed her completely.

3. In the Woods (China 1921)

Mulberry. Utility. A peaceful hamlet.
 Plantain. Sadness and grief. A heart tightly rolled.
 Willow. A prostitute, or any very frivolous person.

Already, by the end of the song, I have forgotten my feelings.

Linda Reinfeld

Color by Number

1.

Consider the problem of green as a primary color:

I am ever here and there, picking and culling,

Or building walls about wild life preserves.

"Dese Arab no know how to keep hotel."

We agreed to leave,

At day break found ourselves just entering the mountains.

The sensibility is Victorian, not Romantic.

Pale olive of morning.

2.

The sky is lighter than the white paper--

Sharper than stars, needles of blue spruce.

3.

Black is okay,

But the ways were fertile to ourselves, she said, that's something else:

High yellow, cafe-au-lait, chocolate, purple.

4.

How does one deal with a person undone by grief?

Bruising lips against the collar of a loved one,

Signalling (possibly to the wife of the loved one)

Sexual territory...

He takes up the pitfalls of "la grandeur."

5.

Rosemary-Orange

Oven-Dried Tomatoes

page 98 (Copy)

6.

It took out a yellow pad and made a list of things to do--

Pretty soon I will be someone looking through water.

Henry Gould

from *In RI*

from 2.1

...When he left Lonsdale (approx.1847), he took with him an acorn which grew on the Catholic Oak, and carried it with him until he arrived in England, where it was planted. From it a fine oak tree sprang and is now flourishing.

So we have these few shards of information
about a reclusive contemplative
agricultural religious
pioneer, first settler in Boston,
first apple orchard in the New World.
And we know
his books and writing were burned in war
and his bones dispersed by commerce
and neglect
and time.

And we want to know, Mr. Bones -
what does all this history
have to do with us?
We have our own history
which grinds our bones in the streets
day after day,
and here you are talking again,
and here we are listening,
your listeners,
your audience, listening,
not speaking, the door

closed.

Between the first and the second coming
they say history is a kind of
 waiting around;
what meaning it may have is supplied
by our mistakes, the knowledge
 we come to finally
is knowledge of our own blindness,
the maps we try to decipher
 blend with the lines
around our eyes, tell-
tale crows' feet, dry
 streambeds flowing
across our foreheads.
And the tragedies you relate, Mr. Bones,
 in act one
of your very local epic,
are tragedies, now, mostly,
 for the poor reader
trying to understand
what mysterious well-being or luck
 or status or inheritance
allows you, Mr. Bones,
to relate all this with such
 relentless insouciance.

The final meaning of all this is:
this is the end.

 You can't get at him.
History will not provide the key, will not
restore the lost time of that
 quiet man,
speechless, at the edge of the field,

at the edge of day.
Only a
BLACK STONE on a
WHITE STONE or
small white
stone where
Blackstone
might have been.

What have you to say, Mr. Bones?

Well, how about this: I say
these notes you read are the notes
of William Blackstone.

I
am William
Blackstone.
2.17.96

2.2

A green mist over all the trees.
Light green, eyes clear,
mottled, mild air
all the way
to horizon's rim.
Prospect Park.
Roger Williams leaning
over his pedestal, arm
extended, hand
extended. Benediction,
grace.

Eyes clear.
Celandine.

Then back to the library.
Back to the Rock.
What if
William Blackstone
emerged then
from the burning?

>From the boredom.
Sleep of books
and rustling,
dry bones
ready
for fever.

To stand in the green mist
of Paradise
like suddenly
awakened
stones.

4.29.96

John Geraets

Common KinDness

An aBout faCe hinDers Earlier eFForts baGs MicHael Insisted aJour-liKe reaLity
Mouthing aNother smOoth graPe Quotient aRrested suSpect tacTfully Under
oVary saW cruX Yield oZ.

Betsy aCtual arDor strEtches Feel aGhast agHast dellicious Jump aKvavit
aLlowed balMy News bOth opPosite parQuet Real eState tiTle vagUe Venue
sWears anXiety swaY Zap wAit.

Cattle aDage clEft fieFdom Gain aHoy gaIn projected Kind aLight beMoan beiNg
Other aPplicant acQuisition teaR Sampling aTtempted trUst delVe Workaday
oXen trY jazZ Account oBoe.

Defer mEant deFy tarGeted Honesty rIsen doJo perK Lament aMong daNk
monOpoly Perks aQua paRcel queSt Tribulation's rUbble reVere avoWal Xoff
tYpify biZ aurA Bend aCtual.

Even aFter beGotten botH Ingress aJar caKe wilLingness Much aNother anOther
pulP Quick bReak reSpect neiTher Under aVenue noW coaX Your oZone chArt
barBiturate Carpet _adieu!_

Found aGainst beHest graIn Jelly OK hoLe deeM Nuptual tOpographical
toPographic misQuote Restaurant aSphalt kiT inqUisition Virtual sWim boXlike
buoY Zoloft bAlance taBlet cliCk Danger tExt.

Gas aHead walf conjectural Kids sLightest arMs staNd Ordinary aPpeal
acQuired souR Sour aTtitude caUsed heaVenly Woven _ix_ saYings braZenly
About aBout taCtfully renDer Everyone aFterward.

Hands mIrror beJewelled darKness Lip iMmediate suN choOse Parts eQual
reRun gueSt Trail bUt loVer groWs Xanthippe's sYmbol diZzy becAuse Because
aCtion diD indEed Flare aGain.

Indigent IJo baKery full Method aNus toOk proPer Quaver aRt arSe carT
Uppermost aVoid taWdry priX You'll EZra trAck carBuration Carburettor aDo
frEed cheF Got cHief.

Jubilant oKay fiLter humMed Nobody nObody paPer eloQuence Robustness aS
waTer strUck Virtual sWallow laXative claY Zealot bAnner taBles cloCked Daily
nEeds saFely agoG Hip tIp.

Kind eLevator meMentos bleNd Ornamental oPulence reQuire choRes Steadily
aT stUrdy deriVe With oXalotyl saY buzZ Abject oBject beCause budDies
Existence aFter toGether ougHtn't Irja's aJangle.

Lilt aMong toNgue bebOp Prose iQ taRget bluSter Tiger tUmescent reVival
waxWorker Xylem cYber ooZe ashAmed By aCcrued boDy defEcts From
iGnorant beHemoth ethIcs Jawbreaker iKons.

Moreso iN trOuble carPet Queue aRrested hiS tooTh Until eVery boWtie aseXual
Yonder aZure trAgedy cluB Can't iDentify idEntity theFt Got tHe weIrdest
project Kingdom aLoft.

Nobody nObody imPresses bouQuet Randy aSpect unTil embUing Vibrant tWo
TeXanbraY Zipzip tAil reBound traCk Dirt sEen reFlected touGhest Hard dIgits
adJusted bloKes Lollies Mule.

Obnoxious aPostle coQuettish staRs Stars sTars stUttering valVes When eXcellent
asYmetry buzZes Ataboy aBove taCtful conDuct Each eFflux arGued bigHeaded
Instead eJect coKelike calLed Mainly iNdeed.

Pit eQuipment oaRs oarS Try nUptial feVer vieW Xystus zYgote biZarre ideA But
aCcept unDress endEavor Florist aGgressive hoHum frall Jerk aKimbo loLita's
tumMy Nuisance dOldrums.

Querulous cRab inStallation tatTle Uxorious aViary toWard hoaX Yes iZar grAnt
stuB Crucial aDdition evEntually shiFt Greed sHout shIt trajectory Kidney
aLmighty duMmy bluNt Oblong oPening.

Rest uSurp arTless tenUre Veer tWin taXis varY Zoological dAft saBle stoCk Drop
heFty heFty budGet Handles bi-coJones beaK Lonely aMulet woN thrOUGH Paltry
eQuity.

Sultry iTeration poUt leaVes Window eXternal daY blaZe Addendum EBerhard's
baCk graDually Earnest eEffect reGain bothH Indians oJibwa caKe buiLd Most oNe
roOt peoPle Quite aRound.

Type fUel feVer draW Xmas eYes gaZe finAlly Bullshit aCtion reDone
intErpreter's Foolhardiness aGreed beHest dillgent John aKin ilLicit filM
Nimble sOak opPortunist briQuet Rust aSkin.

Unbelievable aVailable byWay coaX Yonder tZut boAt aboB Crisis oDyssey
brEthren coiFfure Grab wHile whlle triJet Kilns gLow toMorrow towNs Offer
aPartments liQuid stoRm Still aTtempts.

Velvet aWash seXual graY Zebra bAth daBble broCade Damp pEst effort
gadGetry Harvest mInor inJury broKe Loose aMusement baN tycOons Put
eQuitable arRivals kisS Themselves pUrposefully.

When oX heY booZe An aBle roCoco tedDy's Eye aFter reGret tryHard Ignorant
aJoint awKward lolLop Motion aNnual upOn proPonent Queer iRrelevant
suSpect umpTeenth Utopia aVailable.

Xenophobe tYpe LiZ catApulted Begging aCritically arDent darEd Filial
 iGnorance beHaved acritically Judgement _KKK_ deLineate beaMily Northward
 nOrthward poPeye lacQuered Restorative iS biTs undUe Veracity _aW!_

Young oZena flApped booBs City aDepts adEpt fluFfy Grade sHe'd blInd ninJa
 Kick aLlowed amMunition worN Over aPparel loQuacious swiRl Sensations aT
 boUgh craVing Willowy eXistence.

Zonk tAblet imBibe talCum Dream fEver leFt agoG Her mInd inJection folKs Life
 eMulates saNitory oppOrtunity Proving eQuanamity's naRrow seaSonal Tenure
 mUstn't coVer sloW Xerography bY.

Coda:

An Betsy Cattle Defer Even Found Gas Hands Indigent Jubilant Kind Lilt Moreso
 Nobody Obnoxious Pit Querulous Rest Sultry Type Unbelievable Velvet When
 Xenophobe Young Zonk.

George Bowering

SPRING 1972 . Vancouver

I've had Brückner's
third symphony out of the jacket
for days, but never
get the chance to play it.

Weed, moss-weed,
root tangled in sand ,
puddles at shortstop
make my footing something

other than baseball. My
mother & I took Gumpy
for a long walk in the buggy.

I hardly saw my mother & daughter,
but rather Honus Wagner at short,
a devout music of stumpy flesh.

George Bowering

SUMMER 1972. Vancouver

He begins to despair of seeing
serious critics in his life
time for his life's
work.

The reviewers chase after
a major writer among old hacks
back east, or coo excitedly
after a personality.

Oh, depend on it,
he writes of serious, maybe eternal
concerns that vex & charm
the human mind, but no commentator
notices.

They cluck over the subject
of the apparent state of his emotions.

One might as well despair
or pose for front porch snapshots
with the Greeks across the street.

If it looks as if nothing will develop,
get together again, take another,
that's the Greek way. Regret nothing.

Bob Harrison

3 Untitled Poems

fell without its white anchor. placed
facet by zero, a wing frosted
Top of a number. slashed eyelash
displaced front to back in holding
the block let heavy undone. pustule
correspondences dash Kerouac's wood
settings, bottled after mirrors crawl
out of the pocket wood. quick dozens
telescope dirt, she calls. pathway lung
dressed a thin skin, with unmovables
Outside under grid locked promises.
gravel hung i was below the bridge

mountain page less Off, the string
rock pressed toward my thumb. eyes
revolve paper stops, under it hued like
a doorway. clipboard amens fused
into it, lake driven toward concrete feet
pressed sand over walls. face hooked
to the end of a line, water soaked slash
on top of E, next to the bridge light man.
there's uneven dents placed after "I'm
a white box." pop-up scarred over
dried deltas, dog whit over candles. a
spine left out cracked smallness, pants
under the jag. what's the shadow road
cashing you 'bout? corners arrow
each other on my thin bell, children fused
straight-up airholes on two's table tool

look at me and say, "page break."
out of the picture. in a few blocks
seen by train sight, colored bullets
on vinyl. the one ocean, wings
covered in shit. grasses blurred
into glass. stones become SIDE if
there's enough choice to be without
description. coined phrase of
memory. what's left to the tooth?
an inch brings its lead pipe
along voices. washed, in a turn
of cotton, its O foam crews about

Michael Leddy

For Ben

Buy lunch. Get lunch xeroxed. Get
milk and bread if it snows. It does!

And then

your teeth are falling out! Exactly this morning!

Michael Leddy

A Foggy Day

Rectangular pieces of fog.

Bent mis-
shapen sketch of fog.

Unrealistic
moony fog.

The fog of
accomplishment. (Sleep)

Michael Leddy

Complete Piano Music

The fan freshens the apparel props.

A flavour about to be
disguised. Gone.

That vase really does have no water
in it. It paled.

"The what?"

"I'm lost without my monocle."

Michael Leddy

May Song

You know how when you open a door there's a room? And
insufferable furniture? It's one more time of year,
like the fact of a nickname. Don't give your right name, no no no.

*Greg Beaver***Assembly Line**

"I h(yOu)pe the true o(fiNa)le is out there
somewhere along this line I you work."

mass-produced frenetic searching for the certain idiom to fill the void left by
no t h i n g not h i n g no t h i n g not h i n g no t h i n g....
my job is simple to inspect and reject to be inspected and rejected by whom?

he	she
I work this you	line along I you work
love was ice once	just women who you I work

(next unit)

fetching, and pure	hi! you I work I you work
I think	blue shadow hides no--you I work!
sleek, and soft too	you I work I you hurt nothing
there's always a backhook	in my you back work hook always
God, you're beautiful	in my you back hook worm always
what? where are you..	next my you back taken work always
I'm so confused	bye go you back hook gone always

"The he(ll)art you sho(o)w flushe(s)s from (t)the
deep, impenetrable cauldron that is you"

I work this you	line hello dolly I work you
I'm hurt now but	line heLLo dolly I work you I
but	line gotcha I you work

(next unit)

this one is different	I speak you clear almost ly work I
she likes me!! [I think]	backhook you mine shhh work always
no flaws: inspector #I	backhook you but shhhh work
If you want todo something	backhook no clear I not bad work always
again just call me, ok?	hook in back move on bye bye bye
what? I..	((me))

Greg Beaver

Dusk

Act I.

by the midafternoon
trees hibernate in stands by the empty road.
they infect the parched air,
dusting the green resentment that frantically flees the wind
forlorn and naked
between the toothless sockets
amputated branches once rotted in.
the patience imploded upon the patient solvent in
this place
the pages faded, timeless mummification
of the once past.
the three o'clock soil saturated in its
un-ness
the tan plain's cilia beyond licks the barren forest
ssensually within

i know this
is the edge of
it all in here...
The resentment wafts
over the damned, cramped
in their prefabricated hovels
hiding from the yellow clock with
no hands who burned the meaning from the soil of their land.

They crawl from the screen doors
and only then do I realize
the nature of the tripwire
that I thought held the patio up.
you know - with the forgotten water stains
In castrated glory,
their cold steel eyes stare at me with
one
dark and perfectionist gesture
veiling the madness of interchangeable oblivion
no use - stay what her logged fingers graze

-deceased washing towns-

just beyond the fused shadow of life's nuclear reactor
they shout, exhaling their venom with freakshow wrath at twilight
jerking the tarantella of the inhibited vegetable

(whispered)

perhaps it's because I'm behind the orange line
((((shhhh, if you stand still, it disappears!))

I decide.

It'd be best if I walked away, down the logger's beach
down to the plastic restaurant trailer with the dingy gray table
sitting underneath its majestic spindly umbrella
that used to boast skin, but now convulses like a helicopter
in the wind that is kicking up this infernal dust
right now.

Is that it?
the dust?

Maybe I should ask these two women who whisper almost inaudibly
and gleam with purity
misunderstanding
in the same breath what always addles me in this situation.
Maybe I should read this dissolving poem in my hands to them!

or maybe not.

~~~~~

fallow thoughts slink away from all of us with ears against their heads  
to keep the wind that assails them from impregnating their inner ears  
  
with the dusk that bleeds from the skeleton  
  
of my dreams.

## Act II.

"but I can't seem to get this image of two men holding the other's  
2 foot long phallus (which looks like a balloon) out of my head."

Where from  
Where from do  
from do these  
Where from do these grotesques flee, that cavort in my skull  
that glut?  
and shall we fear the light of day, but only on Sundays?  
da..  
(we all know that the secret to porridge lies somewhere within there  
between

how revolting.

at least their middle class salon faces North.

I liked the painting on the wall, too. The dying woman looks like  
her scanty features only appear because the darkness can't suck all  
of the light off of her pale skin without creating a cavity

an adolescent might scrawl in to dissolve

"Washington D.C.? What does that mean? I don't remember anything  
about

D.C. in this one."

it's washing away in this time-lapse phoTograpHy. WashEd away  
by ivory adrenaline capsules.

why is Her hair sO straight? it was cuRly tonight, she must have  
had it done up befoRe . I wONdeR

if

she'll understand this.

Before the bodybag

falls

*Greg Beaver*

# Unmetered for free on our knees!

~~

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.c~~

/~/~

sacnerator

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icANDCOVERge

ityfuelsmycryo

Sheila E. Murphy

Beneath His Eyes

In his presence, I make insignificance or nothing, as if fulfilling what he hints at will mysteriously please him. He rehearses even practice sketches of incompetence his mind continually gifts me. What resemblances do I fling into the curvilinear relationship we have. Bright lights the opposite of water shrink the priest in him. He seeks mild interruption of the darkness by a pious candle next to which he traces with mild energy the fingers of his hand. Beneath his eyes, my spirit tries to sit still. The mood ring of munificence arrests fictitious bodies I have brought to the equation. How my breathing argues in a way he does not hear. A history a hiding from the would-be monks what I would like to surface and discuss. In his parking lights my skin sallows in answer to his cavernous appearance. What is it he would rather I not say that I'll rehearse forever keeping still. Adjectives that rhyme with words like timing want to kiss my eyelids shut. I just read the co!

ver

story on emotional intelligence. How do you know the difference between your IQ and religion. Basking the way pears do in the noonday sun how fragrant they always become how subtle. The reach toward them and battle may negate ambition more than the true taste of the pears. When he leaves the room it is as though he's still there. I prove he is exactly as he was.

Sheila E. Murphy

In the Decade of My Forties

Things (torrential) volume past before I have the chance to feel them.
Also, I am wrestling with technology supposed to be such lingerie.
The personality of sky remains difficult to summarize.
I look impenetrable, someone told me (someone I can't quite believe).

When atmosphere becomes Floridian I almost wince.
Daytime slopes into a memory of shoe leather's splitting open
On account of moisture that spoils the threads inside of cloth.
What possibly could cover all I need to hide from an invasion of
unconscious.

Games pasteurize opticians, manufacturers of synthetics, and police.
Dreamed ascendancy transcends even the leafiest of summers,
Swaddling clothes foretelling of the decimation of a monarchy
Lodged within a buried system that denies its potency.

More of the river starts to make sense.
Less of the chimes prefiguring the calm that prayer becomes
Sure of itself as definite articles unhooked from nouns with egos
That require an entourage during the plainest of daytime happenings.

*Sheila E. Murphy***Letters to Unfinished J.****23.**

He wanted me to fasten on erasure of a sweetness that he thought I saw throughout the random winter. Prayer not different in his mind from bluebells gathered accidental instances of growth (after the seeds' tasting of soil). He projected me into a quivering that lacked rigor. Then snipped off contact, silverfine blue thread accommodating shorter distances between us. What was left to leave out saying anymore, with habit systems carved into established space. Precision the memento carved initials in a tepid looking block, foundation of his house. No house of mine lacking in shelfspace and continuance. Film, its own justification lacking choreography. I did not promise to delete the beauty key to earn a realism that he might confer on me. Whatever sifts its way through blinds of the selection process in a human mind becomes an instance of the deity.

24.

In a little while I will be wanting to neglect something. That's mercy for you. Sibilants and cheese and saucy looking pie prints all along confessionals equivalent to handiwipes. Instinct reminisces prettily. Prawns full grown elicit feedback on the numbskulled moderato legions of eighth notes aspiring to be whole tones. Ministers of holographic space warm the confetti pool before it's tossed into tiny chits without immunity to ridicule. All the coughing noise lacks grammar, taste, and gentian violet. Pluck and whimsy brighten claustrophobia alert to thumbs. Within my grasp are seeds of prayer. Within my grasp, long noise of yawning. Piracy infects the tear ducts. Promise me you'll toss a world my way, negotiable as skin. That's my mood on diction. Same thing as the water and the jar, inseparable. Twin reeds like to play at tethering known melody until it frills the place with overtones. What are monikers equipped for. Not formation of a shephard's pie. The rhe!

tori

c accomplishes this "waves of grain" behavior and mentality. All of us swaying to breeze understood as grammar. Perfectly informed. Perfectly splintered well within a grasp. How handsome seeds are likely to become. What hasps these instants are. What bread.

Sheila E. Murphy

Replacement Therapy

Factual impossibility n'existe pas, hair and fiber plaintive likelihood that match the footprints glove and catechism. Merchant marine stuffed dreams portion control voila the trumpet lily craft at least is accurate approval rating. Perversioned femininity results in witch hate churned to hunt midwifery snubs function of male pro who clubs to death. What is a village sans suspicion and love quarrels the small doll hanging to remind of what is sacrificed and how. Insurance painted full fledged safety handsaw juxtaposed with birch pine applewood what choice have we the mind. Package the sentiment and brain without reason a fifth suspect taken from bed chemistry resorts to witnessing without an action. Neighbors mourn the pierced humanity what is the quotient of most makeshift hollows do we dance how long? Wet blanket, skilled at being just that muted kind of absence no skin power anymore the stones unblurred. Prerogative amends still warm leggings a day off empty ice cube!

tray why don't you tell your side. Replacement therapy yawns back in response to various projections sufficiently like arrows accused therefore of simple nounliness instead of acts. Quizzical white bombs lose momentum in the industry involved with motor voter energy and maintenance besides the tepid few investments. Ornaments are best blessed papally mouthful of cotton speak your enviable piece and hear replies. His funeral mahogany repealed an era we had pitted against eras yet to come watch me erase myself. The winded Olivetti I'm accustomed to having train me falls into a coma whether I am listening or not. Maternity was not an option just devotion fastened to a pale blond former prince now doing time for earlier mistakes. She wears her hair half missing I can read her voice long distance like a palm located within weather. What I am good at habitually returns to center stage becomes prerequisite for ever

ybody's welfare where I am profound returns. Chemlab under the direction of one Mr. G. remained my favorite pigtail place maturity a most rehearsed condition. She dithered around the cabin with a plastic bag collecting cups and glasses from the dissatisfied faces misnamed "guests." His idea swelled into my own thought that I watched and watered and reported on till he was interested again.

Sheila E. Murphy

Resist Temptation

So with movement of the earth and lineage. I influence her in unexpected ways, campaign in the direction of the skid. What is self-sufficiency. Maid's quarters happen to be blind. I wish people on board would not cough. People I already do not wish to know. Speaking a language I could claim at first then half retrieve. Why do you think they call it language arts. The word escondido masks what we are in actuality considering. During recovery I have ample excuse to cush and call it health advisory. The chief as large as a blockade sat and discussed the wafer of discernment bloated in deliberate tubs of milk. Plus how he met his wife her age station in life the near miss of their meeting. Retrospect. When I arrive home there's the possibility of a hot shower or a bath. Longevity a privilege sinks into the space of ample mattress. We are past the season that allows white shoes. I think her voice so pale would match some golf shirts I have known. Men will be una fra!

id of her for years. We're moving now not having left the ground. Churning the way the disk in my computer spins on command supposed to mean something. Alamagordo splits its seams while no one watches. Kind of you to fetch me from the airport. A function of my age to own resiliency alert to weather. This of course of function of long naps ahead of the maturity. And vitamins and protein during youth. The timely bonding with blue jeans and flannel that I mostly have not seen since. Metal isn't always heavy take aluminum. She asked me to subtract distractions from my resume my speech my life.

Hoping that I would convey consistency and not terrify those temporarily owning capacity to make and flake decisions. Soften what needs softening. Resist temptation to admit dissolve in the conundrum.

Sheila E. Murphy

Self-Portrait Number Twelve

Pond glass like no repertoire of masks

(Faceless with thought momentum)

Photographs blend with first impression courage

Visitation rights to inner quiet (alimony God receives)

Coins come to fruition judgeless

Listen to the bird events unsafely sketch grace notes

Across a spiral pad, a globe

The white dishtowel of weather signaling

The disposition of the day, mealtime

Conducted amid knotty pine

And smell of clover

Elm trees, patches of remote cloud,

A midpoint of conversation (mist unto the eye)

Left staring at the sentence this pond is

(Anything can happen, be captured and defined)

Crosshairs attest to scenery

Of mountain air, crisp stream, endpoint

(Pond, unruffled, flag in absence of a wind)

Sheila E. Murphy

Siphon

Taste negotiates the airspace between weaves in costume. Homonyms play havoc with the seasoned monsters. Pray for smoke to dress itself. The sugar beets are drying pulply. Haberdash defies the need for equal signs. You could tell the man had failed to work all summer. Pitchpipes come natch so I say nirvana weans me of division problems. Whoever claims to be bored is also right (wing). Prove your worth without announcing what you don't like. Is this any way to treat your ladle full of Brach's. Motets resemble gambling rings. The color photograph of Janis Joplin spat so vividly from the leisure page I had to make my cereal the focus. Which lighthouse is for sale and why. Bedspreads make good bernooses. The lassie seemed jim dandy to his pace. He claimed a steadfast view of her and skipped rocks toward the islands. I baptise thee. A code is spelled l-a-c-k-l-u-s-t-e-r. Kick I need (something to watch). Would someone please explain to me the rationale for stripp! ing paint from weather when we're on the brink of frying. Lavelier mikes miss the point. Thud power resonates to throatback in the room's rear. Spare tires cough themselves to sleep. The only good snake is a form of jewelry, shoes, or figment. Tricky things like martyr to be crossed. How many rooms are clean where is your name tag did you vote are you bilingual. Forty-five records in vogue again. The TV must be emptied on command. Shake loose the bag of rub ber stamps and say you unconditionally agree with me.

*Fred Muratori***from A Civilization****XIV**

Ideas of ideas,
like unlabeled
aluminum cans,
shelf on
inscrutable shelf:
we know them
when we think them.
Insight lofting
like a feathered question,
esophageal plummet
through possible deaths
and after-deaths.
Dense closets
of approach, cellars
of revised assumptions.
We sure can
pile it up, arrange it,
undermine and
reinforce it.
Stones cannot be
stones, else why
so common?
Same for birds,
the varied lilacs,
moonlit evergreens,
hands making signs
in contextual air,
interpreting,
there to be thought.

XIX

Against some limits
desire retracts, e.g.
:maybe she's married.
:the account is overdrawn.
:too many innocents
would die.
:an ice storm is coming.
:their army is five times
the size of ours.
:I just can't bring
myself to do it.
:they'd send my ass
to prison for life.
:maybe I'd live
to regret it.
New limits are born
as the old ones shrink
in the rearview.
So long, suckers.
The big life straight
ahead, just beyond
the buttes and mesas,
the scalable peaks,
is never closer,
never farther than
the last diner
mistakenly passed.
Next chance, please,
another exit
from what you know
toward wha you hope
will lure you edgeward.

XXVII

From a parked car,
two men watch
another man, hands
in the pockets
of his hooded coat,
his warm breaths
ragged nebulae.
He bobs and jiggles,
glancing right and left,
as the two men
discuss football
and load their pistols.
Above the city, so far
above, Icarus has lost
his wings. He burns
up in the atmosphere
before anyone sees him.
Machines the size
of planets rotate
glumly over the poles,
photographing ice.
Below, the great plates
shift slowly north or south
as if in sleep.

michael coffey

Cassie Pickett's Molasses Cookies

one half cup sugar
one teaspoon cinnamon
half cups of ginger, salt, mix together.

one half cup shortening
one egg (not necessary to break)
half cup molasses, quarter cup
cold coffee.

teaspoon soda
two cups flour.

mix all together and bake
at 375 degrees, 12 minutes, as Florence wrote.
Anything with molasses is likely to burn
quicker than without, so I use 350
and watch them.

michael coffey

Speech

Like a madman rattling around with a hammer
gonging on the pipes then sprocketing like a ratchet-wrench
against the deep-down corroded metal of the boilerplant
the sound comes up and seems so near
as clear as nickels or dice knuckled in a cup
over there, beneath the sill?

where an age-old radiator squatly anchors
its regiment of iron-shouldered fins
insinuating in fits of steam more profound percussions
to come, and they do come, bolt and ball-peen sharp
detonations
bright and laughable, promising heat.

michael coffey

The Wind

Not kites, the wind didn't lift
like some magical loft as a kid
we didn't do kites in the spring
we fished?

it, more the wind, howled
in the evenings or just at dawn

and pulled us or scared us
from beds or back into cars?

metal punged by its blows
and rattling; even the covers fled
the wind soaring as a thing that reads
other things like fingers braille?

the what, the trees, the barn door
waving as, wording as, wind does

leaving a speech across the grass
that the day can see or the crows.

Steve Carll

Don't Die Without Telling Me Where You're Going

Spirits may as easily be lost:
confused by pain of life
one might turn from its light
and seek another way to the living,

crossing next to indistinguishable
borders of film,
dream and electronic intuition,
exiled from reality and trying to escape to it

as the semiotician hangs his sign out to dry,
left in the dust of auroras when they
at the last chose even tears.

Steve Carll

Sopynje

Song from the forks of loss.

Steve Carll

The Time of Yellow Grass

Two figures from the otherworld intrude simultaneously--
the shadow of the fool returning, and that of the corpse.
Yellow grass at the cave's mouth
turning "grave" into a whisper.
Eaglesshade. A broom of rushes.
Corpse brought in, the fool chased out.
Even the animals wait.

Alien, infidel, just as the accursed birds.
Lie down with his quiet shattered return.
The animals inhabit this world as another.
The millstone turned with care.
This tribe itself an oblique alterity in the mountains.

The woman's lamentation is bringing each world home.
Fool, gluing together broken, earthen pots.

