

# **DOG CITY**

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# DOG CITY

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# LYNNE DREYER

from TAMOKA

1.

The little spotted dog licks the adoptees forms.  
The fat girl reads the Avon booklet.  
The skinny waitress drags a Parliament.

Melancholia - closed visual perspective (pro-noun)

Lynne Dreyer - insincere noise (listen)

Cleverly living our interesting lives (dumbstruck)

An old lady in synopsis in a pink bouffant pink hat.

Certain people whom I have known strike a similar pose. I usually can accept by allowing them to read my mind, inserting their own use of free words and poetry such as prescribed method, language or device as in red inducing passion or black and lonely - a picture post-card one that I can really see. I want my poetry clearly understood, as if someone was interested in getting to know me. Then we can be silly and close.

not one of our favorites, delicately placed.

Baggage identification. I remember the day I started the trip stand-in Alexandria, your jeans are somewhere floating around in Texas, can't write anymore but think it's o.k. a duel book, up-side down, perfect friends. I'm glad you're going now, no more wondering about what could have happened if I had been less judgemental, less like myself. No more watching and denying my own feelings. How you found me in my own corner, deep in the center of my brain, the way you bring lightheartedness to situations, an overall view practicality.

You've changed now and I'm glad although jealous that I was not part of it. It had something to do with failure or the ability for you to really try, you said it was upbringing or religion. I disagreed and laughed and cried while watching the sun in Brooklyn.

Money, self-destruction, metabolism, large major things we always included these in our discussions, the real stuff was felt, your ability to change style, give almost selflessly, explain your life in terms of detail. But when you started to laugh I was out, a different ball game. I couldn't be honest and didn't think you cared if I was or not

Self contained. artists family life, and all along me moving different images in my mind, wanting to give you something.

Stopped work.

Don't be shy now. We can read along together on

this one. From chicks to women to ladies, the Arbella. I always think it's more honest and provocative to be genuinely autobiographical, but maybe that's just me. Is Lanier Place named after Sidney Lanier? Wish your father was here. Pictures - a masterpiece.

Hope you are well and happy.

Hope you're getting on well with the cats and plants.

Hope you're doing well.

Hope to see you at the Big Reading.

Hope you're having luck in your job search.

Hope this finds you well.

Hope all is well with you.

Hope you're able to find a better job.

Rob a typewriter.

The chimpanzee throws you a kiss from the condominium in Florida. Years of business from Baltimore to Chicago to Baltimore, selling all the sports equipment and in your outgoing and comical way, the family saddened by the baby's death, not coming to the funeral only wanting the minks and clothes and perfume, a glamorous pose implement, the torn black and silken cloth. washing your hands and small chairs and then always again making it light.

When you think how great it is to be alive.

But as soon as I say it both of you come back into my mind. Any other relationship seems only partial and fanciful like decorated with what clothes I should wear, the atmosphere, who else is present, looks, detailed comparisons of the sixties to the seventies, T.V. talk of the future, a family.

I try to ignore it, not think about it, become like you not expect things don't smoke become someone else, become helpless become helpful be comical grin, extract memory get skinny get fat, be healthy, be only a voice a vacuole a moving microplasm a gray blob on the bus, play a little game of teacher cashier writer and all of these never really becoming games, but like a picture postcard which suggests a certain memory blue gain and illicit memory suggestive to a specific place. Greetings from: The Cozy Motel, Thurmont, Maryland.

I remember you in certain intense situations. The only thing is that the players are all wrong. The feeling, becomes as contrived as the piece of paper it's written on and placed. I become quiet and reject dramatics.

Isn't life grand? sounds like Irish, sounds like Oh, protection, like someone else will pick me up and I'll go, sounds like this time I'm really not wanting to be alone like in the dream travelling from Baltimore or Dead Presidents captioned on the postcard, the East Potomac Park, describing language.

What I see in him is a seriousness an intent and that seems most important now, not funny jokes or making me feel comfortable, topsy turvy switch empty apartments jungle life.

Oh, don't argue with me now. I just need you to look out of the window with me, it's difficult to write about you both separately.

How the timing was wrong, how I never really saw your attempt at making things pleasant for yourself, our beneficial likeness, sight. But none of it matters more than the fact of me denying that I felt anything more than friendship with you. Your one attempt at boldness, telling me I was wrong. Playground days a doer, under the tree, speech, sexual talks, a suggestion, dead presidents, numbness, replica of arguments, messenger life and resolved pleasantries after convincing you to come back with me. And that is what I despised the most. Picture postcards from the coffee shop. Letters from Yates. Wingshaped legs, a cynical cowboy. Better than all of that long hair.

Oh, don't argue with me now, how what I really loved was the way you would argue with me, in a way I could accept, kind of challenging my reasons, so that a certain amount of freedom recalled. Our too critical look at each other. Again music a purple people eater a strong cylinder a man of your word.

Flash image - people made of cement yakking wildly on the bus image - the ladies in white drinking tea from miniature tea-cups their hair flying off from the tops of their heads, image the wild cat waiting for me to get some air, image his pleasant voice only pursued in the machines the pigs and dogs all herded together in the den, South Euclid, Honey, Ohio, Trips, no more black thoughts, Ode to Billy Joe, Bugs a sergeant image the fish leading the girls by the pool Haiti oranged and snow in California, a job of Madrigals Be Bop A loop Bop, tomorrow at the Boy's Ranch it's where you're going that counts, the black hand tougher in structure but more vulnerable in terms of what it's saying. You're right I really do have to be in touch with what I'm feeling for the writing to come off.

A testimonial desert, an acrobatic walk, a physical sunset, an introverted embrace, an accomplished necklace, a stained reaction, an honest V-neck, a fractional chance, patient books, directional success, an individual doll, an open carnival, sympathy, crystal methodology, humorous dogs.

# CHRIS MASON

ode

oh logic, non-sequitur, feed me thru facts  
what i like best about logic is jokes  
or "where's that guy coming from?"

I write

"logarithm balboa samba"  
during chess, at lunchtime:  
logic loves those phonemes

logic, where's my hat?  
logic: rain and/or sex drive  
with and without categories

logic, you move me

while the newspapers are lying to me,  
you go,  
"all centerfielders are speedy  
all basketball players are speedy  
are all centerfielders basketball players?"

but I wanna know for sure

# JOAN RETALLACK

## SHAKESPEARE WAS A WOMAN

1.  
then appointed  
no hope  
dog  
this blue-ey'd hag  
the ditty does  
no hope  
then appointed  
dog  
barren place and fertile  
I presented  
no hope  
this blue-ey'd hag  
then appointed  
of virtue  
the ditty does  
of virtue  
then appointed  
dog  
this blue-ey'd hag  
no hope  
I presented  
barren place and fertile  
the ditty does  
I presented  
no hope  
dog  
this blue-ey'd hag  
no hope

2.  
then  
no hope  
appointed  
the dog  
then  
ditty  
no hope  
does  
the appointed  
barren  
fertile  
ditty  
this



blue  
fertile  
ey'd  
this hag  
this blue  
ey'd  
this dog  
barren  
fertile  
I  
presented  
no hope  
dog  
barren  
fertile  
appointed  
ditty  
barren  
fertile  
no  
appointed  
no  
ditty  
no  
hope  
no  
this  
no  
ey'd  
no  
hag  
no  
this  
no  
this

3.  
this  
then  
this  
blue  
barren  
fertile  
this  
blue  
barren  
fertile  
blue  
this  
blue

from IN THE CLOSET, a novel of the 60's

1.

BREEDING FOR DELAYED BUDBREAK

DEAR MARIE: SHE OFFERED YOU A HEAVILY BUTTERED BISCUIT. IS  
THAT CORRECT?

YES. HEAVILY BUTTERED.

(why not plant sunflowers in your garden this summer?)

IN THE CLOSET  
BY

IF ONLY SHE COULD SPEAK SHE WOULD SAY HER NAME

GLAD AS HELL. BEEN WONDERING.

(but how does one "get to" the stimulus?)

YOU WERE THERE. SHE WAS THERE. JUST  
THE TWO OF YOU. IS THAT CORRECT?

IT WAS A SMALL CLO--

she offered you a heavily buttered biscuit.  
is that correct?

it was a small clo--

WHEN SHE STROVE TO STRETCH OUT SUPPLIANT ARMS TO ARGUS SHE  
HAD NO ARMS  
TO STRETCH. AND WHEN SHE TRIED TO CRY OUT SHE ONLY MOOED.  
SHE WOULD START  
WITH FEAR AT THE SOUND AND WAS FILLED WITH TERROR AT HER  
OWN VOICE.

HER ARM--

VERY THIN. IT RAN UP INTO HER SLEEVE.  
A SHORT SLEEVE. VERY WIDE.

WOULD YOU UH CARE TO ELABORATE AS TO THE  
IMMEDIATE TACTICAL PROBLEMS INVOLVED?

\*IT\* \*HAD\* \*TO\* \*BE\* \*REACHED\* \*OVER\*

I SEE.

\*OR\* \*UNDER\*

YES, OF COURSE. WHAT?

"WE ARE INTERROGATING OUR EXPERIENCE PRECISELY IN ORDER TO KNOW  
HOW IT OPENS US TO WHAT IS NOT OURSELVES." MERLEAU-PONTY

HER ARM.

I SEE. WHY?

ONE METHOD IS TO CONNECT THE  
ARMATURE OF A SEPARATELY EXCITED  
SHUNT MOTOR THROUGH THE TUBE.

#### BREEDING FOR HIGH-YIELDING CHARACTERS

IN THE CLOSET  
BY GEORGE HAMSELL

THERE WAS A SHELF WITH TWO SMALL CUPS ON IT.  
IN THE CLOSET.

YES, OF COURSE. SORRY.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF HER ARM.

YES, OF COURSE, SORRY. A WALK-IN CLOSET,  
WAS IT?

YES.

YES, OF COURSE. SORRY.

(GLAD AS HELL. BEEN WONDERING.)

THAT'S WHY WE WERE IN THE CLOSET. THE CUPS.  
AND THE BISCUITS...BUTTERED HEAV--

\*\*\*\*\*  
THE END  
\*\*\*\*\*

SATURDAY MAY 26  
DREAM:

MRS. BLEATON HALL COMES INTO AND FORCES A REFERENCE. "WHAT MORE CAN I ASK?" STILL, THIS WILL MAKE NO PRACTICAL DIFFERENCE IF I WANT BOTH CAVIAR AND WINE. (SLOWLY HER PINKIES OUCH TOWARD THE DECK) BUT SUPPOSE I WANT ONLY ONE? WHAT IS THERE TO PREVENT ME FROM CONNECTING THE TENSION I FEEL WITH THE WRONG THOUGHT? RAISED THE ARM TOGETHER WITH A DESIRE YESTERDAY. THINK I'M GETTING BETTER. POTENTIAL ENERGY = MASS OF WATER X HEIGHT ABOVE SEA LEVEL. BARBARIAN MARGINS. HAH! I AM NOW ABLE TO QUESTION WHY I SHOULD SPEND ALL OF MY TIME IRRIGATING MY\*\*\*\*\*BLICK.  
MY\*\*\*\*\*BLICK.  
MY\*\*\*\*\*BLICK.  
MY\*\*\*\*\*BLICK.  
MY\*\*\*\*\*BLICK.

WHAT AN INGRATIATING SNEAK, THE SENTENCE BEGAN. FOUR YEARS AGO YOU WERE NOTHING TO ME. BLICK. WERE NOTHING TO ME. WERE NOTHING TO ME. WERE NOTHING TO ME. WERE NOTHING TO ME. WERE NOTHING TO ME. WERE NOTHING TO ME. ETC. BLICK. THE LAST ROOM I COME TO IN THE TRUCK IS DARK. DARK. DARK. DARK. BLICK. IN THE BED IS AN OLD WOMAN. SHE IS WELL PRESERVED. SHE HAS SURVIVED ALL THESE YEARS. ALL THOSE YEARS WHEN YOU WERE NOTHING TO ME. BLICK. I'M GLAD YOU CAME, SHE SAYS. BLICK. HERE ARE TWO EMBARRASSING QUESTIONS. MRS. BLEATON HALL FELT THAT SOMEONE HAD RAISED DOUBT AS TO WHETHER OR NOT SHE WAS IN FACT RESPONSIBLE FOR RAISING HER ARM. THE WOMAN IS ME. IT'S ME! ME IS SPELLED ME.

AND THAT'S HARD TO FACE. MY REASON FOR LEAVING FOLLOWS: ON THE OTHER HAND, NOBODY IN FACT LOVES MRS. BLEATON HALL. IN HER UNATTRACTIVE ACCOUTREMENTS SHE KNEADED THE DOUGH UNTIL IT DISAPPEARED INTO THE CRACKS AND SEAMS. IF THERE WAS ANY ANSWER AT ALL, TO TAKE ALL OF THE PARTS SEEMED LIKELY ENOUGH. CALL. FIND. WHEN MEETING A POTENT ROLE... THERE MUST BE A MASS REFUSAL ON THE PART OF ALL THE CELLS. YOU SEE THAT. WHAT A FOOL SHE WAS. THAT IS, ME. SPELLED 'HER'. OH, I'M ALL RIGHT, CONSIDERING. (HER HUSBAND IS DYING OF EMPHASYMA) NOT AS BAD OFF AS SOME. (HER SECOND SON IS MONGOLOID) AT LEAST I STILL GET OUT: CARRYING THE AMAZINGLY IN-TACT BUTTOCKS TO SELECT PARK BENCHES SO THAT THE FACE MAY BE AIRED. ANIMALS THAT SWEAT MUST LIVE WITH GUILT. SUNDAYS AFTER CHURCH SHE SHAVED ACE BANDAGES AT BELLEVUE. IT WILL BE A REAL LOSS. BLICK. A REAL LOSS.

YES, OF COURSE. SORRY.

# DONALD BRITTON

## NOTES ON THE ARTICULATION OF TIME

It becomes a critical account  
of all that's spoken, done:  
the drawing in of breaths, even,  
these nights whose atmosphere  
reminds us of mountains,  
white volumes of air. We need  
these narratives, we want them:  
the city lies before us  
and some one person in the sleeve  
of a streetlamp awaits  
our enraptured attention  
as we await the concept of the city  
which tells us how we move  
in the parti-colored geographies  
about us. We can't be certain  
we are moving toward this person  
nor do we require certitude.  
It is enough to acknowledge  
the movement itself, shavings  
of light inscribing a circle.  
Our childlike sense of the other  
bears these forces toward  
completion and renewal,  
a lexis of infatuated sounds.

## FERDINAND DE SAUSSURE IS SAD

Today spring strode into the mountains and began acting all metaphorical. The streams blackened and elisions between peaks grew more distinct. Ferdinand de Saussure sat on the balcony admiring a new wax-flower box.

Suddenly the peregrine seized the animal cracker he had left it.

The house of Ferdinand de Saussure is the scene of many delicate and poignant encounters. Ferdinand de Saussure has his ups and downs and traverses the distance between them at a certain rate.

While not preparing the Cours de linguistique generale, Ferdinand de Saussure occupies himself composing his erotic memoirs. Once he fled through the woods on the outskirts of Charleville and lived like an animal. He collapsed in a little pile on the doorstep of the cottage where his two spinster aunts lived. They took him in and administered soothing broths and tended his wounds. Later, they realized he had merely been impersonating the great poet Rimbaud.

Another time, he stood beside a vast Swiss lake. It was midsummer. The bonfires smouldered into vignettes of the sky. Ferdinand de Saussure sensed the presence of someone near him, telling him the accomplishment of a dark hour.

## CASPAR DAVID FRIEDRICH IS SAD

The Shadows are assembling and murmuring. The Mists, too, are assembling and murmuring and glowering under their shields. The Mountains, assembling, murmuring, glowering, snapping glaciers like castanets, glance about with haughty aspects.

One of the Mountains flails the Mists with a Forest. The Mists shriek and boil as if humiliated. The Shadows fall in the Forest, offering tea and band-aids.

Now the Torrents are assembling, murmuring, glowering, glancing about with haughty aspects at the Promontories. The Blasted Tree protects the Lost Child, who weeps into the alphabet soup the delving Naiads have prepared.

The Shadows, the Mists, the Mountains, the Forests, the Torrents, the Promontories, the Blasted Tree, the Lost Child, and the Naiads are assembling, murmuring, glowering, glancing about with haughty aspects. The time of the Sorrows is at hand.

The Sorrows enter and make moan and leap about. The Shadows, the Mists, the Mountains, the Forests, the Torrents, the Promontories, the Blasted Tree, the Lost Child, and the Naiads tear their hair. Each feels a wolfish wind constrict his throat. Rain begins to fall like a stomach ache.

The Sorrows are muttering and writhing and interfering with television reception. The Sorrows sit around reading the newspapers, demanding drinks that don't exist and making personal remarks. There are no good movies in town and none are being made. No one remembers the tango. Dinner tonight and every night is chicken and baked potato. No one wants to fuck or knows how. The Sorrows have seen to that.



# JULIE BROWN

## Canada

Strange light in the long moving train. Body folded like a knife. One pillow against the glass the privacy of sleep. Uneven turning dreams voices of strangers around me moving from side to side. The membrane of the night is stretched thin like the face of a frightened cat, ears back and eyes open wide and staring. Fall into the dark.

What if it were happening despite me. Change. Like bulbs underground in the winter - to undo their wrappings and push through the weight of the earth barely green but continuing until a whole plant even flower becomes and exists. Then the cycle is repeated, the assurance of defeat or reduction tempered by the knowledge of a rise again possible peaks, temporary and of varying lengths.

This trip is in one direction and I am moved while staying in one place blurred.

Waking to snow soft hills and clear light. The space lifts me. There are lines, remembrance of human presence - charted paths across huge fields. Snow fences, narrow poles against the white each parallel drawn straight to the next cumulatively forming a curve, making boundaries in the expanse of undifferentiated ground.

Ice in the river cannot slow it. Sluggish chunks of frozen water mixed with refuse are carried by the current or clotted around rocks or the trunk of a fallen tree. The river flowing despite obstacles of its own making.

Birch trees - white bark wrapped around slender forms as insulation against the cold and wind protecting the life the juice inside. Brushed white with dark flecks, like a pattern on feathers. A fox quickly red against white - I want that clarity.

strawberry heart

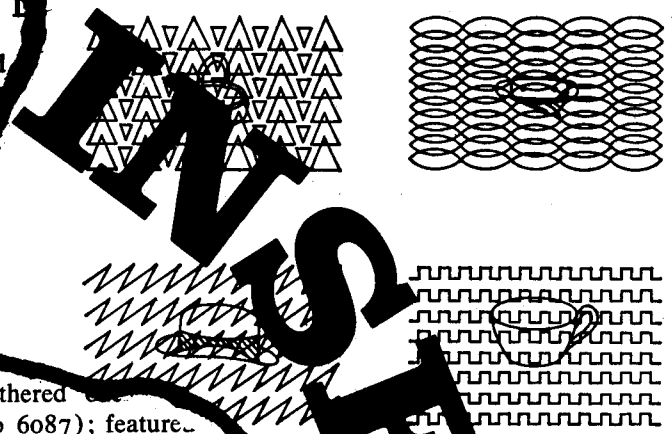
words coming smile then hold her in the ring of your  
arms resistance softened for a moment of knowing  
the relief of a Chinese bowl whole form blue  
not blue answer scattered applause softly  
a sigh release and sinking weight something is  
touched embroidery broken the fine grid the tiny  
dashes each a straight line put aside the pattern  
the habit the tight stitches dresses

leave me laugh to my face take my eyes smiles  
catch the fleeting feeling fearing the strawberry  
heart lolling speech whiskey cover blurred emotions  
slippery words slip in a few truths for the rest  
spilling out look at me don't be afraid let me hold  
you my body is strong my heart a glass of cool water  
celery green easily crushed

hurt her out of eagerness moved too fast took  
too much and the gates are closed again physical  
pain standing in for refusal a reminder of the  
limits of safety drop the weight now inert stunted  
you are heavy clumsy hurtful you will never know  
you will never have what you want let her sink back  
keep the machinery of everyday oiled and running  
familiar places blank expression a formal alphabet  
no grunts sighs giggles exit left split return

new leaves are more yellow softer less shiny  
slightly different than dusty green cut space  
let go of the spaghetti ropes take the fabric of  
lilac flowers thousands of folds revolving turning  
into a bell-shaped form an arch of happiness  
feeling intense and drunken pleasure possession  
took desire looping spirals swim in the deep clear  
lake around you between you can't go back

shoulders.  
"Sell your watch," said Docker.  
"He made a disgusted face. I  
said, 'Fuckin' straight.'  
Docker turned away toward  
the sole of his shoe came down  
on her. She yelled. One of the  
men straightened up with a  
pale face that had a w  
Docker kept going. Behn  
down on her undam  
people watched. His eyes  
the PG&E workman  
Docker's arm. Docker sto  
as a pathologi  
to cut up.  
The workman



"That's what I t  
Instead of contin  
down a narr  
His uneven  
et Street conf  
The alley took  
alls and eventua  
left, to First, cro  
The half-block  
ort of places wh  
his terminals, a  
in. He rejected  
ed its condom

ures in  
and bothered  
d (Atco 6087); feature  
est in *Yakety Yak* (Atco 6  
tern TV hero in *Along Cam*  
); fell about and grew hilarious ex  
ly delinquent adventures of *Char*  
tco 6132). Carrying books to school, fi  
ng sent to bed early and high-school ring  
extricably mixed into the new lyric formulac  
monotones pointed to the generation gap in a sim  
plet.

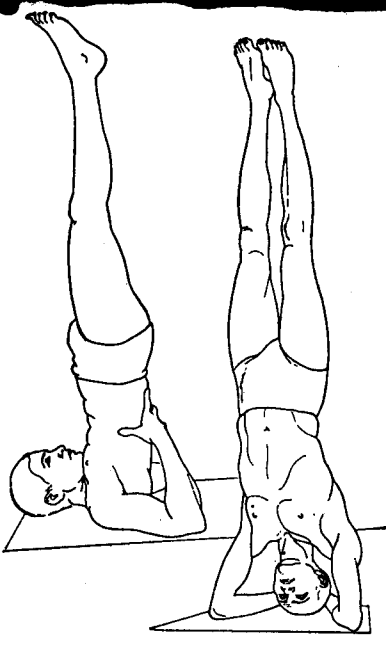
Just because they do not understand,  
Be-bop-shi-bi-di-lee-bop bip-bam!

Due to technical difficulties  
the 2 (primarily visual) works by  
Tad Wanveer & Diane Ward listed in the  
contents cannot  
be reproduced.

image, the thrust and danger of my car. I  
myself from that montage of speed, gun  
packaging which

dy unclenched an  
e Sugar Bowl. Faint pan  
Parade. We spent plenty of time to  
ear at Leighton Gage it was neces  
tion and register. You went to a  
f you wanted to, and the rest of  
researching your major interest.  
desert and I did a lot of filming.  
m camera then, the S2008 to be  
ar and grip, automatic exposure

roman Polanski was going to put his offic  
ent above the garage.  
rch 15, 1969, Polanski threw a catered house  
party at 10050 Cielo Drive. There was a brav  
the party involving uninvited friends of Voityc  
and Abigail Folger, friends whom they m  
rough Cass Elliott, the singer. Elliott lived ne  
Frykowski's house on Woodstock Road.  
named Pic Dawson stepped on Sharo  
and jostling occurred. Humans named To  
en Carruthers and Billy Doyle sided with Pic  
the hassle. Roman Polanski got angry and  
and friends out of the party.



RÖMISCHE SAR

Was aber hindert uns ;  
(so wie wir hingestellt s  
nicht eine kleine Zeit n  
und dies Verwirrende ir

wie einst in dem verzier  
bei Ringen, Götterbilde  
in langsam sich verzehre  
ein langsam Aufgelöstes

bis es die unbekanntem M  
die niemals reden. (Wo be  
ein Hirn, um ihrer einst si

Da wurde von den alten A  
Wasser in sie eingele  
stetzt und geht u

this book.

st of all, as is proper in a study of image  
all pose the problem of the poetics of t  
ions abound: how can secret rooms, ro  
peared, become abodes for an unfor  
e and how does repose find especially co  
How is it that, at times, a provisional  
nal shelter is endowed in our intimate  
virtues that have no objective foundation  
image we are in possession of a veritabl  
hological integration. Descriptive psycholo  
logy, psychoanalysis and phenomenology co  
house, the corpus of doctrines that

STRANGE TO FIND YOUR HAIR WITHOUT YOU

In your kitchen (my brother is back from the army).  
And in your kitchen (your cousin is getting married).  
I used your brush today. Possibilities & tests, but no  
purpose. I have power & you have more & other people  
have even more when we finally settle our positions.  
This will go back and forth. You sit in the corner and  
the hard edge of wall goes out from you, parallels down  
the floor go out from you. Your head towards the ceiling,  
focus of every angle. They've called this Western Arch-  
itecture. Here, from across the room, my legs extend, the  
chair moves. Action that is several times more than once  
words not so often.

Tied up in two. The syntax is the repétition of the slabs  
we call the sidewalk. His name is punctuation at the ends  
of your lines. You take a break, valium, a new job. No sun  
no light hot night New York. Is Yuki sweating it out? St.  
Mark's in the dark? The myth of the blackout. Reverse oc-  
currences start again. Locations change & similar events  
collect from different regions. The psychologists remain  
the same. The heroes remain the same. The older people are  
still older than younger people. The paper of the airplane  
remains the same.

You and I know what you and I know. Pressure is something  
we feel and intellectualize later. We think we'll know  
better. After a few more times we still think we'll know  
better. I'm thinking of something very close something you  
could touch. I think you could hold it in your hand. Recog-  
nition, a sensory reaction, food with strange seasoning,  
a face you've never seen before. I'm used to sitting at  
this angle against the back of this chair. There are three  
steps, an entrance-way (no mail) five more steps my door,  
no TV, glasses left from before. I know what it's like to  
be caught in a thunderstorm, have slept in uncomfortable  
beds also strange beds, sore throats are familiar to me.  
Desire, yea, I know that. One-time memories are sometimes  
vivid; every day can go unnoticed. An egg doesn't excite  
me. Cigarettes, coffee, predictable. I know what I feel  
when you say certain things. The sound of the words when  
you're gone.

## HOME PLATE

senses stop--dots across the page thoughts  
We're saying the words together gentle (answer me)  
unconscious & gentle answer me.  
First we liked and then we liked again.  
At the end of the poem--sterile at its hope.  
No novel this time, still & worshipping expect a good meal  
this time  
meat & carrots. Outlasting. You turn to me who is  
facing herself. On sunny days they huddle together & look  
away when I feel cold. He has buried something beneath his  
chair. An indented sentence & the time without the cigarettes.  
No marks like perfect. No way to find mistakes & TV tastes  
like pizza. Answer me.  
In the right time, the buildings pass sporadically. How  
would I get to Florida? Choose now, you'll be in on it;  
you'll take a nap first; you'll squeeze her arm; you'll  
check it out you'll check it out. No cold pack to take down  
the swelling at this point. No film no pictures no more  
focus when she's moving away.

Concrete in view, falling in love with what I imagine is  
real. The solidity is actually very broken.  
An iron bar passing straight to my head.  
The concrete casts its shadow into itself.  
Your shadow on the concrete.  
You cast a shadow into yourself.

me  
The street sliding away on the sheet metal tops.  
tiny miniatures of real life. Siren, clouds of smoke:  
inside the dove, sure solutions  
bells when we wake up, bells when we hit the ground  
All bodies filled with input, communicationtrons  
messages from our lips, from our toes messages from the  
space between each hair on our heads.  
Eyes used to be. Expecially internalized. Real life  
becomes so real becomes unreal.  
This conversation has gone back into parentheses. You don't  
have to shout I won't hear you any better.  
Falling in love and going back again.  
Certain places become special. Not sentimental but unavoid-  
able. A writer who uses language. A writer who uses language  
and emotion. A writer a language an emotion a philosophy a  
wit a system a theory. A writer drinking a writer not  
answering the phone on the table with two cups of coffee  
a writer taking a shower Shelley standing clear.

Seven on the lucky side. White dots on red plastic  
cubes.  
White impressions. White attacks. White depressions.  
Everything but white.  
Light.  
Orange light flickering from a steady orange source.  
The sun burning down. And what happens next?  
The walls are not the sun.  
the film returns to me. Camera is on high cheekbones  
No pain like today.  
No words for what you want to say.

# CONNIE McKENNA

## Charleston Sonnet

All of this has nothing to do  
with any of that. The pelicans  
on parade have alot of dignity.  
I believe in earthquake rods.

The ocean is warm but  
will not be suggestive for several weeks.  
It's not like someone pissed  
or drowned in the recent past.

On the verandah I can feel ocean breezes  
but there's only concrete all around.  
Though I know it's silly,  
I'm waiting for my sea captain.

Isn't the sun romantic?  
Aren't the sands pedantic?

REAL LIFE

This autobiography is  
watch out! bien venido! attention!  
why you want the wrong person  
when the right person wants you.

but wing away  
into the night  
you throw off more  
more there could have been more  
we could have done more  
you could have tried more

reach for the stars!  
calm down! don't try so hard!  
she's nice but she tries too hard.  
reminiscing  
masturbating  
get the pillow! there!  
don't smother!  
arch your back.  
be like before.  
don't work at it  
let it come

thump thump thump  
hurry up  
can't you wait  
fuck screw fuck  
let's make it  
i'm not into violence

in the living room  
you said trust  
a bird flew up  
i said oh look

you sure are attractive when you say that  
well i don't want to hear that shit  
let's play like we're in the movies  
i just don't believe it's done that way  
so what do you think? it's not like  
real life? yeah well,  
that's what it's like alright.



20 PHRASES FOR BRUCE ANDREWS

a piece of  
the bouquet

another  
frequent  
visitor

slow  
love

left-hand  
margin

sun, moon,  
and table

more than his  
friends could

clock with hair

the "marketplace"

a lot of really  
nice skin

who were able  
to forget

magma  
opus

in sequence

correct  
English

what they mean when  
they say "political"

Ellen's wife

occult  
stigma

black applause,  
applesauce

"my hero"

aware of sexy  
resonance

if you like

PANHANDLE YANQUIS

Out of my head like a mess of commuters out of the  
Metro a mess of dreamy aspirations leaks into Oblivion,  
Tennessee — you follow him as far as Peristalsis,  
Kentucky, then back to Moral Dilemma, Indiana, then  
Down to Unanswered Questions, New Mex, amigo, Donut Day,  
Si, Thees ees Donut Day, the 10th time, creamy installations  
Reach, too. This is ink; this, I think, is not ink,  
But Wite-Out. Right On, Donut Day, the first time, ooh.

Flight out, delayed. Nobody has enuf brain. Nobody  
Cleans out the drain. Nobody doesn't not catch no train.  
They say "SANDWICHES" in the window; it's terrific to hear  
It. It's terrific to see it. It's terrific, heavy, cool,  
What you said, uptight, like a patient mesmerized and  
Unstable, out of sight. Out of line, out of the dim distant  
Past, out of order across the border, like the buttons got  
Jammed that made you a brilliant artiste, like the switches

Got stuck that make you a really sensitive individual,  
Broken off, like the bright-hued button you pushed (de-  
pressed) crammed home, producing the effulgent resume  
Of a vie de boheme. "And it has been nothing but stop  
Signs ever since, friend Rollo," he screamed quietly.  
El Paso: all the wired poets in the sun, how is it you  
Ever get so much music done of the Yanquis, senor bloody  
Boring gringo. Please do indicate on the enclosed diagram

All tendencies towards Dejection, Mississippi. Waiting  
For the air to clear, all the antennae recede into your  
Skull what gave to you such a bloody awful headache today.  
& oh-oh, oh-oh the music, the music, who can individuate  
For the music & don't you think maybe it's a long haul  
This way? Crashing down into the raw nerve of the splendid  
Evening, what adjective is it & you've got something to do,  
How many wishes do you have to fulfill tonight? How many

Dishes splash into the water & must they be washed? Oh  
Jelly! Oh Roll! Start again please, clean slate, fresh  
Face, dirty fingernails, heavy heart, bedroom eyes, that  
Goofy smile, humming. Miles up in the high sky, away, so  
Far away from home. One too many ceilings and a million  
Loony moons of interplanetary sex acts, a black hole in  
Your ego, into which an entire community of astrophysicists  
Disappears, like Kim Novak dying in "The Eddy Duchin Story,"

Making observations, asking The Question, taking notes.  
And what did you say the name of my dog was which licked  
Your leg? And what did you think the charts were which  
Signified the how-to instructions for producing another  
Tasteless television commercial, redolent with bland  
And juvenile innuendo, which generated the directions  
For laying down the sound tracks without vocals, all  
The locals doing their Cab Calloway imitations, singing

"Swing Row, Sweet Cadirrac"? Wah-wah. No way to tell now.  
Who is it these people are who suppose that this is going,  
When it is really coming their way? Yes, next it's (A) nize  
Piece cake, chocolate and gooey; (B) high stakes. you betcha,  
Mister senior gringo fella; (C) mindless and dumbed-out as  
A android's wit; (D) unilateral direction, the grain we eat  
Gone perp-en-dic-u-lar among vertical puddles of shaggy  
Dante Anglo shrugging Saxon basso till your psyche takes on

A glaze that will amaze your down & blue guru, Rudy. Your  
Fucked left tennis shoe, tried & true, Trudy. Relent? You  
Can't. You can't dance, honey, can't produce chlorophyll,  
Can't predict earthquakes, can't concentrate, can't render  
"Solitude" on solo piano, pianissimo, what good are you?  
Hey, no, wait. I'm sorry. I take it all back. You are  
Brighter than um the um the Physics Faculty! At a well-known  
Famous university in um in Southern California! You're

Smarter than a whip, more sharp than a tack, more cute  
Than a button & as handsome as the accidental encounter  
On an operating table between the ghosts of Machiavelli  
And Amelia Earhart, my surrealistic pin cushion. What to  
Think of you in this lonely place, eons away from civilized  
Life, as you do the continental like a tomato ripening  
At ninety times its normal rate? The last sentence should  
Say it, and the first paragraph, like Studs Terkel sharpening

His lines on the lives of these outcasts, these dregs of  
A popular culture. Site unseen, so orange, this alone repeats  
And we just think, and the train just blows off steam,  
And I am reminded of a most expressive chair, a most im-  
Pressive posture, the way your body goofs through the still  
Air, predicting no earthquakes, blessing one great minute  
Of pastiche, Doug-a-dub, Di-a-pi, Bern-a-clone, Con-a-tron,  
Phyll-a-mel, with memory, and all the speech collapses.

BERNARD WELT/DIANE WARD/

TAD WANVEER/DOUG LANG

TROPICANA FOREPLAY

for Yuki Hartman

In the heart of my tongue 2 knees are knocking  
Like clocks ticking in the basement of ennui. We  
Try to erase all the boxes of brightly painted

Xmas mammals. Feels like another Xmas tree burst  
No knee for me to sit on and "undying flying" a  
Controversial book, a lodestone, warps

A subversive amp (distant past)  
A dirty look cast in (framed) lust, a ribbon of anxious  
Grins, in the blue blue gallery (empty)

Of higher circumstances (wired), weird situations  
Shot with probability, pleasant and un-.  
Sun shines. Stars gleam. Clouds roll.

Huh? In the tongue of my heart 2 locks  
Are being picked, 2 nebulae urging me  
To not know something, but I don't say "Nothing." It's

Uuuuummmmmmmmm, we'll see, "tonight" and "Got it."  
Got it: my Utah-Cola, your 7 dollar insight, Mr.X  
(reflex), Ms.Y (bye-bye), Mr.Z & Company. Stand up, boss.

We make a movie, "D.C., D.C.," that's easy, what we need  
Here is what B.Z. calls an A\*S\*T\*R\*A\*L F\*L\*A\*S\*H: okay:  
"All art is collaboration." T.S.Eliot, accompanied by

Ezra Pound, Paul Valery, William Shakespeare, John  
Webster, Heinrich Heine, Jessie Weston, Homer, Catullus,  
Lope de Vega, Yuki Hartman, Diane Ward, Julie Brown,

Hermann Hesse, Madame Blavatsky, Vaslav Nijinsky, Igor  
Stravinsky, Christopher Marlowe, Jean Harlow, C.G.Jung,  
Mao Tse-tung, Charles Dickens, Slim Pickens, Sam Peckinpah.

These eyes don't cry baby so soon, moon oppos Venus, suckers  
Of the room (gloom, doom) a sweet sheet sliding up (luck)  
Sugar, bugger. In my kitchen. In my basement, honey, and a

Place we walk away from, from. Also a place, a  
Place was here a place and come in she said I'll give  
You. Give you sieves. Spoons. Knives of no moon.

Full-moon trip-ups, loving cups, missing words. Long  
Long long long long long, very, very, very very long  
Interlude during which everything pops, unfocused, ya,

Except the heavy number (quaalude 1975) the 6 foot  
Lead, 20 million plus, or the long cool like-you look  
Or the short hot want-you look, or the lover's lover,

Tupelo Honey, a short-stop, longshot. Francois Villon  
Was here, everybody's ex-., but he's gone. Gone. He's  
Gotten all evolved. First comes the shoe then comes

The sock your sock and your foot, hey don't you know it's  
Marcel Duchamp! singing that mysterious reggae tune  
R-R-R-Rose Selavey don't let your little bare foot feet come

Down on me (babe). The care becoming no care: poem to  
Your old address, exit. Blond regrets. Bone caress.  
A dreamy scene, "Painted Dream" (Ma/onet), as another

Susie Timmons antipode slowly Oldenburgs down da wall  
(Awkward & sexy). Butterflies in retrograde, booterflies  
Dans l'estomac, twisted tongue, shoulders numb, comping,

Wings on thighs, acute kisses (Idaho), winks from angels,  
Merry Trismegistus. Happy Mindless Sex. No tree of light,  
No neon (nameless, tamed), no solo ridge (ontological)

Flicking all the switches in your tongue. Summer (electric)  
Before Hollywood ever existed you and me babe unisono  
Down to the Tropicana for many a banana daiquiri, no no

WAAAAHH!



## BERNARD WELT/DIANE WARD/DOUG LANG

### DARRAGH INMAN MORNING RAGA

On this tune we feature  
No one in particular. A  
Brilliant Cadillac draws even,  
Folds. Gregorian howls in  
Japan, Kafka loses mementoes,  
Never orates, Ponge quits.  
Radiant shirts tailspin, used.  
V-formation wipes Zukofsky,  
Yevtushenko, so blah, goony,  
Bland & Bella Akhmadulina in  
The act of remembering Alexander  
Blok, off to Baghdad, ad hoc. Bop.  
Mayakovsky in banlon, alligator  
Over breast. Broken heart. Thickening  
Ineffectual. My Life In Art fiasco, David  
Antin responding oddly badly off-color  
To Nelson Riddle's angst, biting  
Hard into the crust of the pumpernickel  
Of memory, fuzzing out into the  
Blue desert with another dizzy Antonioni  
Confrere. Broken light bulba. Broken  
Les bones. Broke track. Black  
Sea of legal instruments, an ample bugle  
Blazes, cheerleaders cloy. Denver  
Doubles Eagles, each fuck frays Gigi's  
Gorgeous hype. Hello, Ipanema. If  
Jasper Johns kisses Kandinsky  
Lotte Lenya malfunctions. Medicine  
Node: Navajo, opt out, quantum.  
Quizzing riff, redolence. Scuba

Seance, traced twice under USA, wasp  
Wives, xeroxed, x-chromosomes,

Jugged. Your yoga, zany zen-zen.  
OOps. Dropped the notes in the

Ringin' change of a lost  
Consciousness up and down the Jersey

Shore, telephoned the baby  
Doctor, no go. Tel quel, avid, OK.

Music go slow & leafy trees go high.  
Zone yellow, x'ing out. Viridian

Umbra, the slack reverie. Quiet,  
Passing off & nodding "mit Lustiger

Kraft." Ja. Ja. La-la-la la-la-la la-la,  
La-la-la la-la-la la-a, la-la-la la-a la-la,

La-la-la la-la-la la-la, lamp. Lamprey.  
Any of various eel-like fishes with a

Circular sucking mouth & mean  
Teeth, very destructive to other fishes.

Other: A) not the same, different; B)  
Additional, more; C) remaining; D) former;

E) every other; F) other than; G) other  
Person, other thing; H) H. La-la-la la-la

La-la-la la-la, laid back. Sacked  
Out. Caught some zzz's. Woke in other

Landscape in other skin, eyes  
Fixed on the blue scrim of Tuesday

Morning, regarding  
Any of a genus of twining plants

With heart shaped leaves and  
Funnel-shaped blue, pink, lavender, or

White flowers up and down the Jersey  
Shore. Great. Huh. Terrific. Huh. Fantastic.

Huh. Really. Huh. Fine. Huh. All right.  
Yeah. Wow. Oh. Nah. I wa/ant

Wawa wawa wawa/ant. T-T-Time. Sp-sp-sp-sp-sp-space.  
Time & Space. Stretched out, relaxed, reaching

Quirky radar phalanx of no mean  
Length, kissing a jaunty indigo

Dago. Groping from famous  
Elegance, elemental my lumps & I'm

Lost. Doing Doug Lang perforation  
Spatial recall of horse in Swansea

A palamino by the boofer sea, baby,  
Very unreal, chromatic. Pointing

Off to the place where all boundaries  
Vanish, consumed in any Spanish

Sea and bland air. Blocked negative G.  
CB flare-up. CCs abound. Approach

Off, anatomy, forget it. Wilkes-Barre (big  
Chair), Washington (mohair), sight of

You turn into two. Running astrological  
Hit parade (Kojak). Dollar Brand presumes

The T falls square. A story you try or the  
Curtain, hiding, all optic to an eyeball or two.

All aural, ear lobe's erogenous, lips numb.  
All tactile to a finger (hunger), sloppy.

Sounds fun. Ground down, hey, Jody! (Italy?  
Italy.) Getting them off with the sun up up

During a hard time, whimpering (pleasure).  
One word makes it OK again OK? perfect. Sure,

The cure. Alluring you're so  
Suitable, beyond words. R.? Do you?

May I \_\_\_\_\_? I would very much  
Like to \_\_\_\_\_.

With your tiny little parasol to keep  
The tiny little sun off your tiny little

Body, as the light waves reflect off the  
Sea waves, you know. Refract your brain. Dig

I must, I must. Dig it when you're dressed up  
In space. Dig it when you're right away

Lying beside me like a tape I dig the noise.  
Give me enough rope & I'll tie a knot on you.

Can't stop breathing, can't stop breathing.  
Give them enough soap & they'll obligate you.

Another beautiful drugstore obliterated  
By the Jesery shore. Abassid dynasty souvenirs

Accumulated sighs of content form as our feet  
Touch as our tense muscles recognize what we

Call HOME -- no want roam no more pa.

KIRBY MALONE  
& DOUG LANG

for ALLEN FISHER

come on down  
souls who love the  
attract a superabundance

now wholly proportion

Aggravated  
Aggravated  
Wearry & aggravated  
Wearry & faint & frame by frame  
Aggravated  
A beautiful conjugation elsewhere the same

shown up

where

contradiction Rue de Poe  
body love the body love  
dance irrational body exit  
hap'happened  
tranquillo, Amarillo  
Tunnel channel Monitor 3  
it muss be

but also

ethereal, chromatic  
ethereal, chromatic  
ethereal, chromatic  
ethereal, chromatic

conjugating  
alpha  
waves

my mind  
having as it vehicle  
white line  
gigantic jag  
unanswered slow packed mess  
to add

both needing  
minimun

both  
accompaniment

names if, that is, if

of a gray  
function  
needing  
regarded  
as a live  
pull or  
regret

a Zuni

flow of the  
brilliant & HUGE

regret  
blocks

recommended

for early

persistence of confusion

TEMPERUM JO SPITUM ET  
legs of transmission

hold good

this  
isolation  
its vehicle

chromatic

molecules of

Zanoni  
CAVES of shyness

like unlike the like this

denizen of romance

**NET**

close, barrelled, baroque, unrelated, although, two, off, Carolyn Hester

silence in central position of garbha-gr<sup>ha</sup>

luciform body

or organon of light

rem. in. iscence of relic shrine top of the hemi sphere

propert<sup>y</sup>

or how mechanical



shine shine shine shine shine shine shine  
out out out out out out out out out out  
top off top off top off top off top off top

penetrated  
all fruit of love again  
math over hand uncertain  
body & tree of  
so as

fact WAS factWAS factWASfactWASfact WASfact WAS

muggles freon

she  
loved

& plexiglas a dominion whom dark rather than upward  
demented demented & steward belated QUIET'D

every  
human

undertook PASSION

bean  
sh'ever

undertook PASSION

phuh  
naptha

undertook belly freight equal to  
the groove

fright gently multiplied come gently

home sort of fragrant home

& luxuria under clovernook

k'tt  
na'ptha

felt a compulsive throb off base  
unsociable lyric flare coupled up  
the heat habitual as lucky breezes  
every friend to the middle, female  
friends bask unrecognized exquize

WARDELL GRAY ODE

Bonehouse body or towers of stained glass, the slow  
Solos of an isolato & Diane Ward cuts out, all this  
Intense hopping, shoulders hunched against the bite  
Of air, you freeze, like a bleep in dead space, you  
Drift, slip, fall back & your unmet needs rebound &  
Go down, spill through hot house static or panic  
Through all the stops & jump from April to November & back  
Off, sleepwalk or freak, snagged on bliss, cued by a  
Blues blown off low life mystique & lay out, naked,  
Blown out & overflowing over rainbows of doubt or  
Evenings of idylls of elegant tension, Titian's id  
So odd, blows my mind! & sure I'd be glad to cool

Off with some Coors with you if you'd care to come  
By, do, Sunday, relax, get calm, doodle all the day,  
Kiss in the kitchen, sleep down by the pool. Soft  
Brown brown immense mountains & easy voices a balm  
Where I fold, Peru. This is the smell of coffee, huh?  
You get a response, dubbed. Onlookers lay out, naked.  
I'm withdrawing now into the confines of a mental  
Stylobate, desire & anxiety, i.e. a continuous basement  
Supporting a row or rows of columns. Desire & anxiety  
Reduced like a white dwarf by downs, obscuring the  
Magnitude of your aura & mouth, ample, a smile as sexy  
As the marimbas of paradise, this is my bed. You are

My pal. These are my folk & my strawberry roan. Rolling  
Smoke out of a boxcar door: romance languages. Your  
Lovely dobro is breaking my heart & floored by a long  
Depression smooth as porcelain (Ming dynasty: wrong)  
This is red. Your refuse to confront a heap: of peace  
(On the border of New Territories), satisfaction (the C  
Note), freedom (traces of friction, abate). It is  
Impersonal (O.K. I dont run away), cool (smiling like a Tiger),  
Empty (let's relax in a very relaxed way), even  
Undifferentiated (I'm withdrawing now). Try not to  
Limit Jody or Mary or Cary or Jeanie or Jesse or Joe or  
Terry or Julie or Bernard or Tad or Maureen or Ted to your

Perfect scenario in a sequined red silk rodeo  
Shirt leaning on the red plastic tabletop of some  
New orthodoxy, clinging to the life & renewed  
Existence in it, so dumb. & all this fast talk, the  
Nervous moves & mopes, a goof, no? You are as  
Confused as the heraldic birds of Tarzana, you  
Dont understand why this night is exactly the  
Same as all other nights & this fucks you up  
Like a pain in your bright red heart & a blue  
Villa with a rapid finger, red roof worn brown,  
All this je ne sais quoi, silent. Quelle tragedie!  
You fade, you fade, sassy, hot, bright & trembling

Through another white night soft as the moon on a  
Snow covered meadow, December, radiating a very soft  
Light, like a blizzard, body vivid with esoteric  
Names & tight as a lizard, a dead conversation zone  
Buttoned fast across my narrow chest, boom boom.  
"Alone," like the smiling mongoloid in Dupont Circle.  
Fucked up, all of the time or some of the time: in  
Your small red & brown room. On the wax polished wood  
Floor, milk & honey from the streams, the streams of  
Lebanon. Chapter ten, another one night stand, sweet.  
More experienced pickers cool down alone in the long  
Vibrato of a corresponding verb, crazy. You got it

Wrong but you're such a pretty pink color: amphetamines.  
Pressure of "unheard melodies" a lonesome soprano of  
Slow loss high on the breeze, boo hoo. On the Western edge  
Of the city, on a white bedside table, a volume of Keats, a  
Pink telephone, 2 red pills, crazy again. Stand in the  
Deserted sunny parking lot, stoned, and wonder how  
Accidental it had all been. Go back to the mystery of  
Form giving life, the mystery of slow continuous  
Formation & arrange a group of human beings according  
To height, hair-length, weight, luminosity,  
Spectral class. The air is a dove on the immense earth.  
It's a bit difficult, here, in Damascus. Please write.



POEM FOR MARY



# PHYLLIS ROSENZWEIG

## Post Card

(You are there and I am here)

Fossil primates are found in South America  
The likely process of a mechanism  
which implies a chance crossing of rivers  
Animals have been observed on "islands"  
many miles out to sea  
And we are like monkeys and apes between two continents  
separated by the broad sea  
with so much going on  
a brief connection could well have been established

## Marxist Poem

When opportunity is lacking, it  
is not enough to have ability  
The house you live in will be  
inferior  
You are more apt to die at birth

Marxist poem (11)

The following is an excerpt from a student newspaper  
of 1922: "We left-wing Constructionists did not enter the  
graphics faculty in order to dwell there peacefully  
Do not speak such nonsense...

We state that we came here so that,  
having encircled the faculty with a metal ring -  
Comrade graphic artists, you have forgotten what  
a machine really is!

Cocteau said that Victor Hugo was a madman  
who imagined he was Victor Hugo  
and when asked to nominate the greatest  
French poet replied,  
"Victor Hugo, hélas!"

Whitman's beard grew longer  
And Hart Crane wrote of Stieglitz April 15, 1923

# BOB ZIMMERMAN

the candy shop moved. the window where the maryjanes  
and what\*nots used to be was now cut off tied up and  
choked into the past by plywood <sup>V</sup> and a sigh saying closed  
the garaged bike was webbed into the corner, tires flat  
the whole thing completely useless and what-for ache  
i wonder at space-spokes haywire chain clotted with rust  
the delinquent karmic cycle sucking at the dead breast  
of my/a deranged past and at last <sup>later</sup> in the act of love  
thigh grasping  
you sigh past the window past the storm past the  
door of sweat stained insanity & into me

i think  
the first breath of new freedom felt

like that  
sigh

later it felt like that sigh  
as heard it change in the chance i didnt ask after  
when i wanted out and out the door i went flying at hope  
walled into the past and with no tears johnson i just  
looked  
at the lesson thru the close and narrowing perspectives  
of time like an architectural drawing of its  
my own christ  
crying heaven

lyrical lifting like a musical resting  
of summer weight for a moment the icon  
relaxing its age swollen feet in water

the heat is like the mirage of time &  
i marvel at the traveling eye  
of the old saint as he strains on here

in park bench ruins with the sounds of  
inarticulate thought searching thru  
shopping bag recollections he muses

with parenthetical reasoning like the  
stillness he places himself in with  
the meaning & near full bottle of wine

and like a bettor at the track checks  
off the horses winners losers with the  
insignificance of a race already run

we talked to Sarah and Joe tonight

the language bone raw scimitar blade red  
romantics white clutching  
bandit (a)live rose as consciousness  
slate in symbolism intensity like  
dying in abstraction in life's  
blind in myth structure crush syntax edge  
predictability hold on feeling in  
patterned in the loss vest pocket  
responsiveness idioms as axis  
recognition as dictionary freedom in  
smile in braille sounds thinking and  
rap sensitivities seeing about  
ice knock reason on the street corner grey  
tea sour like reaction visionary exchange in  
numbed out eye level heat  
deep the dirt like neo-synephrine heat  
in the city to suffer the stars hazy struggle  
suburban magazine night kodacolor summer up  
desperation match-flare soft soup sane  
sky cat eye porch gliding july hungry  
searching like  
clear silence watching a hammond organ  
without thought crickets in  
like lush vegetation humidity the background  
knowledge without heat and in the distance  
death awareness strife lightning the distance  
piercing friendship like trust river pounce rain  
the ocean's edge as birth in blind humility the  
sight the beginning

1. Victims of crimes—

7

bureaucratic inertia. Categorical

*Dave was with the.*

useholds. As a result,

*“Working*

1.046386. However,

*ections of an auditor’s pro-*

their direction.

realization of Govern

Robert Ppovoich

program to test the

Since this issue was going  
all relative figures—namely ment goals. Evaluation meas-

---

be inadequate. Witho

(National

programs that have maint

.....

# 5

*Dave was with the*

erring to Table IV,  
estimated to have  
of \$85,996, leaving a bala  
the overall rate of coalescence of neighboring communi

developed their own.<sup>10</sup>  
treat to personal go  
done to correct them.  
actual accomplishme

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programs that have maint  
*ections of an auditor's pro-*

*"Working*

1. Victims of crimes—  
useholds. As a result,



nagers can determine the

6

*Dave was with the*

---

there is little control over

2

bureaucratic inertia. Categorical

*actions of an auditor's pro-*

(National  
to press when the Inspector Gen-  
all relative figures—namely  
Since this issue was going  
**Objectives and Program**  
the most interest. Efficie

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programs that have maint

from ALIENATION & TENDERNESS

#35)

packing the pipe indigenous grief stalk &  
more stalk punctual that only limits it  
to about 200 compartments body part did  
you all find a place that's not too far  
where he gave to us the devil's backbone  
for a window then a change from green to  
orange there's sunlight up here the first  
night we are together could who deal from  
the cards whose legs between some kind of  
a house on Featherbed Lane Marathon Drive  
the enigma sleep talking horror what a lit  
the ghost crab you high pressure astral  
chalkiness seven doses Mr. Horsey Lucy  
freak trees where we are I'm telling you  
sometimes a good combination will go name  
less sex & drugs in the church instead the  
public some good together phone booka who  
suffer a little now appreciate it later oh  
cum on he's not in I wonder she won't stop  
now the satellite fiercely intellectual ah  
beta max record me when unconscious he takes  
on the weight of the things around him & is  
immovable I feel terrible about it in the  
morning but I can't help it perfect eggs sun  
dress in here somewhere

#36)

would you like an almond you ask over  
& over over the telephone the transient  
hair of sadness brings you down back to  
earth I was to have a dream live-in re  
volving door a pipe under the rose in  
the white glass stereotype conceptions  
of heaven ha ah el hotel poe yo intrikate  
fabric & window insist the eyes lazy 8  
cloverleaf doublings aconsciously heard  
unheard slipping through the wind helmets  
jack a siren up your elbow rock welcomes  
them to toen powerful receiver top name  
a some how electric light burns day bulb &  
night takes your advice from 6 planes at  
once you see the same hall  
ucinations through the room hole prised  
through to the sound hole's roseate walls  
in ridiculous I don't know anything you  
are getting to know 2 more languages what  
do you not know or I don't know while sit  
ting out passed up third or fourth water  
tank to the left which bunch stands like  
that dressed in metal gradually at home  
against some cold

#37)

big's the invisible there are still barriers preventing normal relations how long have you known this risk or is risk new to your office someday we will meet in accessorized display rooms an older album is it winter summer emotionized fairy land self illuminating energy goggles how the exhibit notice gives death dates featured up front if you're interested in saving doorknobs from the rain ask your neighbor everybody likes that everybody likes this a comedian welcomes the sky party soft edged parade when she was seventeen he rolls up in a car & what else I'm having it be a peripheral apparition oh you know tensoring vector analysis she once & once again flew over you in the breathing factor the echo system heart or ache heart ache world sorrow of the hungry ghosts the echo system the memory huddled in your hands what it does this so well

#38)

Never get drunk on the With the World of Durer on your lap fall asleep Because of the entertainment I know a place in Pig Town never on your own inside daughter son the most obscure places you wouldn't expect magic instead of the priesthood see the eyes she knows his act by heart get locked up or out notch basket case can't get shoes on because of TV fall asleep with it on you've seen those things in restaurants night mare mounted reared against lodge of odd fellows never heard before it was does not know just put a ribbon around them play pool with the thrilled can't move for the plants see them watch this push button gears remember they wandered off to the great pit in the back yard tonight just decided to go up there as when I fainted I've never seen such colors were beautiful they were who loves you ducklike pressionage doubled in the ha who back again door way what to your self you keep the good nights arms folded questioner her bright lights

#39)

what could not have washed you clean  
the radium umbrella for the first time  
2 years sun through nervous corridor  
some touch skin why do you do this to  
me I can't take it anymore sun touch  
body body in the laid away hungry um  
brella it who appears for a few seconds  
only rub off the dead skin off foot my  
foot your foot foot of the Inca des  
cendant telescope technician in the  
dome with the slit in the Andes remember  
memory eat mud fly loopholes in the boat  
after boat reaching the end of you the  
mouth head body full sending back garbled  
full static pastured messages the string  
& the cook the clean the clean rain every  
where you'll have heard of to recall knit  
ting above the green & convolute highways  
cabbage likeness of the muscles push e  
lectric flow to have thought from inside  
the marrow closing in from the moss across  
his cheek they being in relation to which  
way they go

#40)

how long will a spring hold up don't  
look down this room is at the end of  
this one does she really enter the hip  
bone passage of how the funnyness equals  
out growl coma elate gloom continuing  
like wise day seemingly mindless over  
plush disarray where who waited 8 cen  
turies for telegraph gives correspondence  
of course & suction hearing over radio  
when the 2 of them retreated into the dia  
gonal tent with the white peacock of  
worry & a tree house self hammered at the  
5th vertebra from true north draped  
cattle an autonomic rush in the disint  
egration of the presupposed I have two  
friends on my right they are out where a  
leaf cups the lung heart you are turned  
around tetched twice lozenge brick work  
of backwards builds the mind the honey  
bun & if you've had it delicacy of the  
fire ant if the horns come too we waver  
over sugar cooperative the talking pipe  
beginning trade journey then rolled over  
in bed mixed flying boat with went away  
to come this hill like a house you a kite  
herb inventor remove the clamps

#41)

he moves across the room with 7 things &  
then there are his clothes hold a book up  
to the moon hold the me up to the light  
make it be something else the way you hold  
your head how it leads you out & into the  
room so we enclose a tree with a square &  
cover the dirt with bricks track stars across  
nose bridge between buildings you believed  
in a drawing flower mystical dose 2D godhead  
jaws of the macrocosm picking its teeth so  
one spins in the hare dance vibratory bags  
of components from particle physics your  
most intimate processes unfold as literally  
unreal as the light bulb on in the basement  
spun to dream this the sun coming to its  
side it's raining 54 degrees 4 in the morning  
greeted the backed up what I what I say didn't  
what you & all the up high ways all to visit  
you the gaps relay fever that brings you up  
connective tissue trance slung up the bark  
sway in the air waves the how come of thy air  
is broken diamonds when the first thing I  
could say was the what the so of all its inside

#42)

if you had to dream up a name for the  
telescope you prescribe a motel with rhi  
noceros on the door mat y'know the one I  
mean you won't have to change it for 3 years  
and the walls came tumbling down the walls  
go tumbling up the walls come down the night  
goes up if this house pleases us if we light  
it up to give eyes like spider thought in  
abdomen old time new time lamp in star way  
alley is a dumpway send the cats to to fight  
dump the shit see us fiddle the long ride  
anything warm just a memory the way things  
never used to mix in the all states possible  
one a shoelace open the bottle address your  
friend things never or it is it him the of  
heart his fit so to tire in mid air great  
old song broke hearts in buffalo town they  
fly all fleshy earth labs over the buttoned  
sea the thoughts were of focus & gravity  
overlap the human cart wheel affixing the  
bed to the sky it leans you against one two  
another you come out endless as something  
in muddy water you get drowsy in the pharmacy  
difficult wonder

#43)

this is a hand it makes a fist it makes a hand  
becoming characteristic quickly of petite slip  
per by elephant leg or its brain a transistor  
girdle about earth you have been 2-sided in a  
corner his wife tries to open the hermit doctor  
husband mantis holding it in yellow glass getting  
sun light dizzy I wait until I forget the hulk of  
remember when rest easy may we now what if the  
after trap door normal bond after it you get snake  
eating its extension of the I you love elsewhere  
it was a great hit who leaves writes back as the  
bandit microbe morphed into the window disguised  
as reflection on your eye grind the old impression  
off the stone they had been lovers in the temporary  
dwellings on the skirt of haze the oratory lab  
assembles its requirement in itself the star like  
amnesia with no wait a minutes as on other night  
no so the express urging of sleep now sleep while  
you swore the water jumps into you the video monitor  
holds fin deep the dollar a hit trickle I wouldn't  
know where to exit begin extend & I haven't got the  
faintest where a cross section of is by the early  
road observed recorded something like trees

#44)

where a lot of people catch a lot of hell  
the news man remembers he will say so to  
morrow one brews as neurosis to rattan to  
believe the aches & pains just go away is  
that magic the revised & inflatable Anton  
Mesmer joins tea & you the subject appro  
ached with the beloved's bowl who holds a  
turtle or a book a book not a gun in his  
book The Earth a book opens where the legs  
open over a body of land sphere tablet of  
mud ultimately on time & a long thread  
through the closet universe perhaps the  
least known form of exchange it would har  
dly serve us to give you the story but the  
stage fills with cream you once had a tail  
& filled an ear once & every optical deviant  
everyone arranges a sentence & then is seeing  
that or do all moon calves go up in smoke  
with a handkerchief of nooses keep them from  
floating away the end of your historical era  
passed with nothing noise invisible the idiot  
crafts fly low long & slow the doors the  
photo booth portrait Buddha as an orange  
left shoe gives the infinity trick to your  
dance's heat of all things the spirits & go on

**D.C.**

**POETRY  
FACTORY**

