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Edited by Curtis Faville

The Oriole

shot his beak

through the air, flew

after it till he

caught up with

it, then let it

snap back on.

[Dave Morice]

The old June Bug

looked over

its gnarled shoulder

and said, 'July,

July is here (gasp).'

[Dave Morice]

Alleyway

That darling baby!

All wrapped up asleep

In his fuzzy blue bunting

An extra blanket carefully pinned

Around him sound asleep on the ground

Between two boxes of rubbish

Beside the overflowing garbage cans

All alone. Thrown away.

[Philip Whalen]

Waves

I.

Wa-wa-wa-waves of WHO

beam from the far western shore...

Radio arrives.

2.

Thou, Radio,

wouldst turn thy tubes unto the waves

as doth some rose its face

unto the sun.

3.

Thou, Radio,

art not loved.

Mother Kitchen is too busy

supplying liquid, warmth

through the walls.

4.

Radio goes to 'the other room',
sits in the window, watches
somewhere a marquee go off, pops
softly as the evening news
comes on.

[James Bateman]

Bleeding Gums

some poems for Michael Brownstein

Have another helping of blue snow.
Starch, what have you got to say for yourself?
Please don't play with the egg timer.
Tomorrow is another day. But then, so was yesterday.
You have garlic on your breath. And a toy steamer.
Poised at the keys.
Let me see your tongue. Just as I thought. It's coated.
In twelve years those shoes won't owe you a cent.
Drink up.
She gave him the brush off.
Just imagine.
Maraschino cherry, where you been all my life?
Go peddle your papers.
Here comes the night, a slow motion tidal wave.
Where do you go in your sleep? Take me with you.

In a sliced orange you might expect to find the golden section.
That phonograph. It's an amenity.
That photograph, with kisses on the glass.
Happiness wells up, and a V of geese pass overhead.
Happiness! Isn't it all that matters? [Jimmy Schuyler 1:29:72]

In Polperro

The sea leaves the town behind.
The boats rest on stone.
Between the rock cliffs, the sun
breaks into cold stars.

On a hillside, I stop.
Four hundred songs evolve.
Someone builds a cottage;
tomorrow he will begin. [Peter Trias]

Moon Rages)

Lake over some flesh

across the lake houses
sitting like huge widows of ice.

The eye dragging

sheds

through bent woods.

Flesh drains the cloth,

in owl's language you

become my able. O drawing the

surfaces, drawing

tones, glass

•

The moon an arrow heading,

leaning least

Hands breaking hands

or bottle that held light.

So persons from dry shacks

of oil and tungsten (Thursday,

two roads, one red which

was February

or not her

husband)

•

what were stones
blue branches

within his head at this edge
in the world, in this rain-acted
voice. The stone answered

for drowning the stone;
down the hugging small fires his
fathers overhang, lost oil

crosses whom crags &
flames. Notes empty
his dark head.

•

(skeleton,
the swimmers taking
up weather in this
eye.

River watches the hush
of cold sticks. Of the bellies
of lamps blackening in the great arrow

of grass. A buck
white in the calm grass. (metal, my fingers

need such distinctions as river-cut, whiting;
blackbirds clearing

the water. In the quarry
a stomach of flowers, torches (rain)

used and broken.

•

(Collioure)

The black widow drank
from her closet there
and said hung is the difference

between, the intention
of water. In her cedar-dream
she cut
the house window; hear

an old meditation of shapes,
flood light, the mountain
an ordinary form

on a green evening.

•

I am nothing not, or pulp
of house

(is hunting the cave
for her, thrust-light

in his hands. The two
rooms are mines,

some waking last
burned in the lake.

Then soldier intends
three wakes;

rain-holes in the candle,
starry vase)

[Michael Burkard]

Barcelona

The finger tastes of lemon
of cigarette-lemon and how
does the old man
'almost break a table'
or anyone. He

raises his right hand
from the lion on the chair
She had been partly hidden by
the accumulation of white hair
His titles are like mine
The circular gates
start to open and close
and the clouds are
supposed to seem high

[Michael Palmer]

Prose 50

Until I was seven we lived in 1108. Then we moved to 1005. Across the air-shaft lived a former leading lady to Rudolph Valentino. She always dropped her empty bourbon bottles out the window, down ten flights onto the pavement, and she made the papers when she died. Allen Ginsberg told me later that he and his friends used to go there to turn on. Next we spent three years in north-central Florida, at a resort hotel owned by the San Francisco Giants. When we returned to New York we lived in a hotel near Times Square named after the conqueror of Napoleon at Waterloo, but I've forgotten the number of our room.

[Michael Palmer]

the moon is in the fan

Tropicana

Wallace line indigo limelight

vermouth

that crushed metallic

writing on black velvet

Nicaragua

beautiful

let me blow it

Bodega Bay

[Barrett Watten]

Natura Morta

palm fronds

*

Russian

bottles

*

my daughter

*

my late
daughter

*

my late
daughter's
pettiness

*

winter
window

*

l'express

*

specimen
specie
specific

spectacular

*

spectacular

ornate

*

edge

*

im-

material

dark edge

[Barrett Watten]

Poem

To see what is the
matter this time with
the stockings that
cost two dollars
and a half the young
woman above Ewing's
Shoe Store in
whom pain is

shining
crosses her legs
Satisfied
that these are her
legs in these
her stockings she
writes the check out
for the rent

plunges
with the grim
preoccupied
casualness of the man who
picks up litter
with a pointed
stick or of one headed
into the embrace

the obscuring arms of
Father into a blizzard the letter
opener into
her abdomen

[Denis Johnson]

The Coming of Age

Outside the spring
afternoon
is occurring, my love,
just as our voices
are going home from us
to the plains, and the shapes
of ourselves, as we impose
them on this one, prepare
to blend with other
afternoons, possibly in
this very room
as tiny dusts uplifted
in the bands of sunlight,
or in other still chambers.
I don't want you to be afraid
as we stand here losing
our lives, unable to speak,

soon to enter the dream
of once having touched
this portion, that smoothness
of flesh now buried dead
and having heard the lovely
tones ascending on a voice
merely speaking; there is
the chance there will be
the singing of the voiceless,
unravelling into the enclosed
emptiness a silence
drawn taut so
slowly, its
high music encounters
us before
it begins, and we are dancing.

[Denis Johnson]

some girl
in a fur coat

[Robert Grenier]

nothing
that a good
old wooden
mallet couldn't cure

[Robert Grenier]

PAW

LIKES A

CLEAN BONE

[Robert Grenier]

NORTH DAKOTA

MINNESOTA

SOUTH DAKOTA

WISCONSIN

[Robert Grenier]

Fritz

red-haired

Uncle Remus

bleached out

by the time bomb

[Robert Grenier]

nobody

devils

the cook

[Robert Grenier]

Late Lunch At Leo's Café

Such granulation at the hub,
dishwater noises,
dismay, dismay!
Cheeseburger and chocolate shake
open the oldest of dimensions
rain is sweet on the points of view.
Like Mayakovsky, the French
fries are crisp, crunchy,
continually referring to a vague
romantic disillusion.
Hats hang on the rack, in a row,
and though I am hatless, I suppose
they too are a kind of focus
the head travels
and digests its travel,
leaving a few small tips
among the rainbows,
parking meters emitting
an infinite odor.
The waitress is a memory
of white modes, a meteor
shot from youth into this
restlessness, not knowing
what will happen next.
Her lips continue

from place to place.
The blue
and red and yellow Christmas lights
are almost traditionally perfect.
The arrangement
deepens and bends.
So in all the remote emotions
a kind of analog reflects its past
in the present I remember
mostly the walls, some girls
on scattered chairs,
and the apotheosis of the astrophoric
that hung in the air
like a mist.

[Darrell Gray]

Borsalino

The wire wheels of the Stutz Bearcat
when time applied the brakes
I saw the sensuous manifold
breathe the fumes of another age.

[Curtis Faville]

Poem

potatoes in the pot
tumble & bump

big bubbles
boil up underneath them

in Africa
pigs are used to rout up truffles

when someone leaves
a rubber ball in your left shoe

it's really disconcerting
like having a club foot

in a wet dream
& you can't come

because you're
too clumsy

[Curtis Faville]

Three Poems

I live between the sun
 & my shadow
He don't find me till the sun goes down
 when I sit surrounded
by these burning lamps

*

My fire burning down
the pot of hot water cooling
plays what could be a raga
Shall I take out my jaw harp
join in? Or open the door
feed the fire?

*

Nearly round, the moon is crossed by clouds
& branches, single leaves
Wet snow piles up on my woodpile
I turn, step under the tin porch roof
A mouse rustles the husks of corn
hung just above my head

[James Koller]

Elegy For John Berryman

*There sat down, once, a thing on Henry's heart
so heavy Dream Song No. 29*

Your griefs were a dreamer's landscape
studded with the blood of pawn,
your songs were real songs
they stung the heart
and glistened clean as whisky
in their unsolemn camouflage.

The convention is such an idiot.
You're dead, you're gone,
you hit the bank with such terrible
conviction Henry, where's the comfort
in this, we see the world
but not your piece of luck,
the ball rolls faster past the boy,
further, further.

[Donald Justice]