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CONTRIBUTORS

PATRICK SCHNOOR

when she comes

1

she comes
through, and
when

she comes
through
she comes

through
over, the
rainbow

2

when
she comes through
she comes

and when
she comes through
she comes

over the rainbow

3

she, her over
comes through
the

she, her over
the comes through
the she

her over
the rainbow

Preludes: Tulare Lake

Basin, California

1

air wavers
sheets
like a skillet

2

back water
soothes back
the range

brush

creased hills
west
to comfort

3

hot reflexive crows
eye you

in the corn
dry yellow

afternoon

4

delta bugs
and the dust tinted dusk
of sunset

dry up

the fetid bottom
where the lake'd

been

5

birds
lost

open
in air

6

a canal
slick with fish

and the mauve

accomplishments
of frogs

7

the distressed
chirp

of a trapped
cricket

8

the dispersed pierce
of sun noise

sharp

in the cloud
toured sky

9

where
as

an
unwavering

gazette
of that

heat

10

some
single

locus
locust

zones
those grainy

fields

Preludes: Afternoon

1

the

tall

bell

tells

all

2

the

stream

streams

slowly

through

the pages

3

I cross

a cross

across

the street

4

walk the lines

of the squares

played upon

the plaza

5

there is no lack

here

beer

6

I praise
the hymns
of glory

Preludes After A Thing (Painting)

1

more
than blue

it
frights

2

stop it
river

3

the sky
is
in the/river

I
am
in the/tree

4

stars
make triangles
and the river

5

hide and seek
show and tell
the 'tree'
is worry

6

field
tree
river
sky
the north
star

Preludes: The Poem and the Sun

1

let us attend then
to the unintended meaning
of the sunset

for instance

as to what
the poem could refer
If not itself

2

it elicits
me

like a ghost

3

why must
the sun

set west

4

the rays of that
same light

swallow me

5

that sun
sets

in my mind

6

that sun
alone

is enough

7

that sun
going down

in the dust

SIX SONNETS

lesson

when you've caught a naked thought and dressed it
up in words, apt as putting pyjamas
on a python, and your soul sweats, because
spinning ethereal nets, infinite
in scope, still fails to keep the planets
from their heavenly appointments, or you
toss tender arabesques to the stars to
watch them fall back down to earth as rockets,
or when you see the meth white light but your
eyes feel inhabited by hot, hot
sand, grainy, and large, against the lids, what
have you ached that mighty cosmic ache for?
then, you wonder, sick, at how the subtle
things you want to do become so futile.

dredges,

in the back-bay; the fact, innocuous as the initial
sound of "buttermilk," has no reference than
itself, though with their sharp shovels full they can
fulminate small volcanic ruptures, and all
that is certainly to no little abandon.
it's recalling the things, naming them, here, in a garden
of wax, and daffodil candles, whose soft, lumened
gradients of fragrance is a lush, luxuriant call
to some other remembered place, there where the bird din
haunted rush of a stirred breeze unmixes itself
like the swift unison of ball-bearings, would you call them
dredglings? at night they suggest the mired syndicate,
as I see "dedicated to the", at the base, writ-
ten, "distinctive distrust at our mutual beholding of it."

the fly

blue-bottle fly bake black beneath the sun.
sear your jerky way across the concrete,
callous spot. your stop-go movements, discrete
quantum hops crack, seriate, the region
into stop-time, intense, and sequential.
I watch you close in a lyncean trance,
perhaps interpolate your random dance,
vibrant in the shattered air still full
of your buzz. I'm dead. and flat. and supreme.
what an eerie sight you are--catch
some other god and teach him how to watch
the time, as rich and dense as thick, white cream.
soulless speck, setting scenes with dead finesse,
go, magnify another's emptiness.

the friendly cat people

cats are esthetes: they don't like your crumbling newspaper.
their air wisp tails remove, and they like to think
they're licentious, though concerning their rumored sex they are mystic.
their non-aligned, un-benign stare
blinks resolvedly slow, and their gruesomely pink
mouths, whence dangle occasional small dusty mouse feet
widen yawningly, with that functionally quiet flair
peculiarly leonine, epiglottilly domestic.
watch a cat pour itself through a fence hole.
observe the cats hunt before their lunch appointment,
how their play turns, sure, to cruel, if nothing's served
claws splayed, their planetary eye-lights cooled.
and cats discriminate: often, at noon, they rest,
purring, nice, how people make the best pets.

baptismal

the black, dead blood oozed out her vagina
with the rare consistency of egg-white.
with a delicate grunt and buried fright
she curled, lifting her soft hind-quarters in the
effort to spurt out the first born. but she
stopped too soon, and the thing was stuck, with its head
and forelegs sticking out, and since I'd read
about this, I grabbed it and pulled. when we
had done some more like this it was all routine:
catch the slippery things in a rough sheet,
wipe the film from their faces, clip their teeth
with wire cutters, and put them on the fine,
clean smelling straw near their mother's belly.
later, with membranous hands, I played scarlatti.

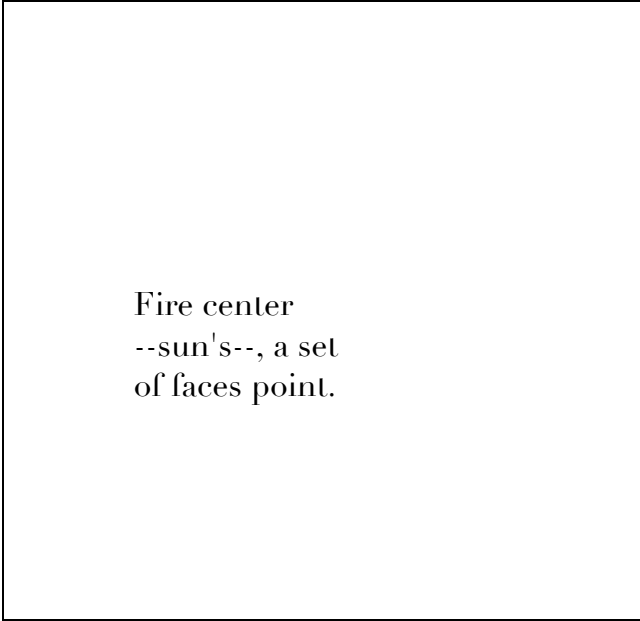
frog catechist

dry, abrasive tules smoulder, smokeless,
fester near the inadequate water,
as stagnant as the air aging in this
arid reservoir. the curly mud sure
is fragile, cracked and peeling adobe
blanched by the exigent sun. over there
the twin headgates are wound down uselessly.
I walk over to them, kneel, and stare
down through the grating at whatever may
be trapped behind it, in that concrete hole.
there's a bull-frog, with gold flecked constella-
tions in his eyes, and *ex nihilo*
nihil fit is demonstrated, as he
croaks, celebrates his office just for me.

JOHN TAGGART

Cantus firmus: "The pyramid is a pure crystal."

I



Fire center
--sun's-- , a set
of faces point.

Placed in
fact realm, faces,
inflect, shine.

Add to thing's
name (define),
hang *clear* down.

Predicate
clear ice from
frost, solid.

Light's angles,
dead king's path,
bend to tomb's.

Am-was; one,
bent, equals
another.

Diffract: one,
another
bent simple.

Planes through planes
bend, agree
in measure.

3

Add to things,
bend tomb's
name, define
dead king's path,
depend on clear
light's angles.

Fire center
bent, equals
faces' point;
am-was one;
sun's a set,
another.

Clear ice...
diffract: one
predicate
bent simple:
solid frost,
another.

Inflect, shine
in measured
fact, face
planes through planes
placed to
bend, agree.

MICHAEL PALMER

Along the edge

Along the edge
some red
had been injected

"The train runs"
she said
from habit

The water runs
in the forest
in the closet

RON SILLIMAN

tendon
oak
damp
curd
motif engulfs
fracas luminous
oar parson
cluster
pine
minotaur
oak
sauce
dewy shelf
fracas leafy
chicken minotaur
garlic
chomp pastels
hues rephrase
cluster
oval
leafy ewe
parson chorus
root trullish
clime smock
nape pores
hint sofa
hollow pluck
chute eagle
minotaur cheeks
ewe hues
putty
slender
pluck clime
damp
ewe
dewy eagle
parish garlic
slender coasts
eagle
root
fragile
hues

ROBERT GRENIER

local road

black

the American
Christmas

farm

night

JAMES BATEMAN

Walking by

a crowd of talking girls,
one forgets oneself and imagines
how one must look.

Will he be just another
demonstration of field theory?
A moving foreground
against a static background?

Will he be confused
with their ideas of tired feet?
Their anticipation of the bus
or whatever they wait for?

One could, one thinks, be anything.
The place between one word and
another, the place between
one thought, one thinks, and another.

Two Wheels

Of the two, then,
one is man
the other
woman.

That is: this
one on the left, gives
and that, on the right
receives.

That this one
in speaking, enters
the world and this one
in hearing, is entered.

O, how curiously
they roll away--
becoming smaller
and smaller.

FREDERIC WILL

Two Scenes from **The Escape Of Theseus**

i

It was hot inside.
The walls drove cliffs over his eyes.
He crouched, for a moment,
and licked the sweat from his arms.
The moon looked distant.

After the beast had gone down
he'd folded its skin back
carefully around the eyes
and cut the tail.
Then fallen against a block
of masonry and slept.

And waked to this.
He rose,
slowly like the first man,
and handled the wall.
It was porous, friable, damp;
he ran his hands,
like a difficult argument,
over every surface.
And not a chink.

For hours he studied
the silence without a fissure
Incredibly, then, he
realized he was hearing.
The wall had become a sound.
He attracted his name.
And waited.

A key, grinding the lock.
The door ajar.
A fist of twine
that rolled to his ankle.
He started, grabbed.

Followed the pull.

ii

Now it was another
darkness; stooping, hasty,
after nameless tugging.
He answered it from his end,
sensing, as he did,
for an instant a form,
then the same darkness again
reduced to its pull.
The cord went on.
Once it had stopped--
he flattened against the wall--
then twisted, pulled
out taut.
A guard had been near,
she told him later.

And then, as he tired,
started to stumble,
the air turned fresher,
he noticed a
grayness replacing the blackness,
his hand felt different
he began to breathe.

A hand near his,
on the shortened cord.
A birdquick hand.
It drew him
instantly into an alcove
then out, noiselessly out,
over a garden,
across a field
damp with the remnants of rain,
and down toward the ocean.
He could hear the ocean.
Behind them, a distant
shouting of guards
the rancor of dogs.
He rose beside her.
She touched him,
carefully with her silence.

December

i

Thick black tea
golden emotions of sadness
your breast

Brestful of diamonds.
Icy facets.
The Mortaletsch.

Drift dismal winter.
The senator draws
His left hand broken

ii

Meeting in carts
Meeting in alleys
Then diamonds break

One day I told
I hardly ate
Senator have you heard?

Inside the machine
A cog bleats?
Thick black tea

Ancient hands
Your breast's diamond
Meeting, meetings

In dark thick hands

poem

i

Had you darker eyes?
They were light in spring
wrinkled with tribes.
They came down slopes.

I used to tell their hard
carvings by chips,

Things in their tracks.

Had you darker eyes?
Now they make windows.
Open the diamond.

ii

Had your hand 'force de frappe'?
I know how it is.
Some hands come off in the world.

You strike less now.
And just that still,
waiting for crosswinds.
Talking dozens of times.

Then going back
Like a white old moon
to the perfect circle you keep in yourself.

JOHN GRABER

Weathermen Of Winter, 1969

Corn's now some weeks gone;
crow are back on the road.
The first flaps long wings down
into the road and backs off, up
in time away from my car.

My right wheel hits the road kill.

The red flesh, crow feed, thump of bone
is Will, old drunk from my union hall,
who met the first hard frost down by the river
propped against a stump
with too much wine to build a fire.

We found his fevered, danger flag, face
drained pale in truce; his blood, withdrawn
from stiff far borders, regrouped inside;
a thick red compact fist around
the walls of, last to freeze, strategic heart.

Evidence

There is nothing black
as the Angus in profile at 100 yards
at 6:07 P.M. at the bottom
of the north rise
backed by pale October
23rd close cropped grass
while I piss
on the wash house wall.

CURTIS FAVILLE

A Gross Perpetuity

About what is the eye
flattered? A yellow ball
hound follows the rising day
smarts out of his wrinkled skin.

Poppies.

Some bloom
in ceremony along the roadway
among the stone faucets,
at the edge of feeling, the
cars flirting at the edge,
the wheels turning on the eye.

Walk sleepily. Sleep in
the eye. Long day out from
home and the running dogs
coming up. "Lackeys"?--

or a thought disembowelled.

A Quality

Thought: in the "gaseous" state
as against "solid" matter
"hot to the touch"
molten--or skin temperature

at night the rods--cat eyes,
the haunt: my room

a slight headache
makes the cake denser

motor
drones over
topography not history

condensed:

Poem

What is a pause
before the cause ceases
to be a river. It is

never the muscle of
ARM & HAMMER BAKING SODA.
America was a horse.

AQUA

Paula's
golden
brown

body
emerges
from the

blue water
heavier
than air.

open

the woman

where the mind flowers

over Nebraska

the horses, rocks in the cliff

forefathers

Poem

This morning got up saw

THE WHITE GEESE

IN THE WHITE GRASS

and went back to sleep.

American Poetry

Me & my Dad
frying bacon
beside a river,

opening a box of flies
tied by "old-timers"
in the 1930's.

Jealousy

Jealousy comes before me like
a mirror, without warning.

I am shaken by
fright of it, yet possessed.

I assume its postures
against my will,

Am moved to exaggeration,
and untenable positions.

Jealousy is a mirror
in which I perceive my fears.

Song

for Barry Watten

I would go out into the basketball
of the rain, my face wet, surging up
into the cones of cold drops
for a lay-up,
 the ball
skinning its water
 when thrown
and spun off the court
to be chased down the street into Oakland, the sea

to be tossed there by black hands
as in water a ball
is handled with such agility it takes
on a new velocity,
 of its own.

Columbian Blue

Putting the toy sailboat together was Sunday's job--
The Hardy Boys rolled up their sleeves, saying "Cleora
Will really appreciate this" and glued
The slats of blond balsam neatly in place. It's that greenhouse
Era, German teenagers with too much time on their hands,
So rockets shoot up, murdering the neighbor cat.
In those days I still believed in prose, like
A telescope receding inexorably into my past.
A thin coat of water-sealer, then two coats of
Bleeding enamel, and the thing is sea-worthy.

ANSELM HOLLO

when off a precipitous cliff
albert heim, the swiss mountaineer
fell to his first death
he experienced a series of great clear flashes
a rapid & profuse succession
of images, sharp & distinct
he saw himself looking out the window
of a tall building
his sisters were there, & his beloved mother
& all the rest of his life, performed to perfection
by himself for himself to watch
up in the highest gallery
when suddenly came the realization
"in but a moment, i'll be dead!"
this seemed eminently correct
albert was still falling
off that precipitous cliff
but felt no trace of anxiety or pain
he saw arching over him
a beautiful alpine sky
full of violets & roseate clouds
powerful chords of solemn music enveloped him
& he felt himself proceeding, albeit backwards
into this magnificent heaven
of no anxiety, no grief

a poem remembering paul blackburn

proud beast, chained to the typewriter
knows where the poetry is, the poetry is
in the dictionary, it won't come out

this makes this
beast feel like
ein haüfchen unglück
german: small pile of unhappiness

while certainly concerned with the accredited processes
of life: reproduction, digestion, excretion
 respiration & irritability
it is also concerned with a measure of greatness
as in: the great seventeenth century
 philosopher & mathematician blaise pascal
 expressed a great fear of the great spaces
 between the stars
 (where nothing lives)

many trees
live in the city
some of them right in front of windows
a gentle breeze may animate their extremities

when a proud beast, a complex chemical arrangement
possessed by memory, such as a human, or rabbit
dies
 a tremendous amount of energy escapes
 back into the universe

more than enough to write a thousand great poems

a. wallace rimington,
inventor of the light show
continues with us
a beam in the system

& so do you, dear paul
so you do

typewriter humming

yggdrasill growing

this thinking

is this writing

• • •

amazing grace

people going straight up to heaven

forty of them, in three hours

12:viii:72
6-9:00 a.m.
indianola, iowa

upon a wall, at the entrance to every official residence, is painted a huge fabulous animal called *greed*, in such a position that the resident mandarin must see it every time he goes out of his front gates. it is to warn him against *greed* & all the crimes that are sure to flow from it.

BARRET WATTEN

THIBET

(low yellow Renaissance towers

frame Ocean Beach

mood of Cerulean blue

or copper overlaid with blue plate

sympathetic to the sweet cypresses

a whale rises from the blue fumes forming a cloud--

the mayors of the respective towns are out parading

a crowd gathers, passing the bottle around

some standing in a long curving line

some are talking

the waves etc.

the bigger the better--

the troops are departing by boat

I can see them

but think of myself--

as better than nature

there is nothing of the Cliff House worth noting

the polypus behind me feels like a cancer

sinews connecting Detroit and Sacramento

muscles of the Corn Belt and Valley--

the odd sun shines elsewhere

on a world of Republics

the men and women who built them

as any sickness of the remote

each penetration of the earth by the sun

is a point on the map

solved by four colors

in the mind a virgin Iris and her way

but I, enstatic

a clean plain

and endless altitude

inside the color brown

am formally known as Thibet--

the indifference

FOOTNOTE TO THIBET

THIBET is THINKING
CHINA is NATURE

CHINA is the MANIFEST
DREAM of THIBET

THIBET is behind CHINA
THEY DID IT

now CHINA won't let you get
back to THIBET

now CHINA is the AIR FORCE
and THIBET is the AIR FOR FLIGHT

now CHINA is the AIR
and THIBET is the ETHER

now CHINA is the ETHER
and THIBET is the AIR

what about this
SUPPRESSION OF THIBET?

so fleshlike

peasant expressed

generation--gigantic

punch in the mouth

leering--resentful

SHOT

pigeon on ledge

sees double $5/4$ its size

but smaller and paler grey

as the sky which partially covers

the grounds beneath the cable

feeding the springs

beneath the abutment

I LIVE ALONE

& alarms ring

engines of the picture world

a calendar's image of trees--

wait & it comes

an end to music

because of the pictures in between

then there is no date

but continuing suggestion of ?

a lot of bird noise

drives the confusing spaces

the rotary in between

WEIGHT

crossing over--
such a low keyed pyramid
the truncated road
forcing between teeth bits
and pieces of range--the peak's torsion
a mountainous cloud covering
the sawed off diesel's shade--
density
so fullness terminates
doubling-- "I saw her *inside*"
I have carved out something
to pump sentience--can't
the towns flourish like
hot house plants--rive
with dry latitude, pressure pumping,
laborious--that instead
tropism fills up the road
drives on ahead

open air

open out into
specific gravity

the trellis's collapsed

I'm home now

later, along the coast

a whole life
the headlights

marginal, this part of

continent

careful to
elapse into a further

that one thing clears away

tremendous

density of sight
force of the arms

at the wheel

LIVING SPACE

artificial light

light in area

area--a district

ocean surrounds a district

the water is blacked out

a space of trees level in the wind

against the black illustration

background of one thing

many motions of caution

generalized guise through which

no prior registration

wish for sound sequence

()

having a mind sensate

reduced to simple terms

vaguely attached to former logic

places, numbers, squares, streets

while running downhill

the way hills go

a clear day as seen from the air

the sea, the birds look for landfall

days on end

the edge of the world

gauze curtained

visual indifference is growth

DAVE MORICE

in the

stall

the horse

kicked

& pulled

at the oats

RON PADGETT

Elegy on a William Burro

If you are suffering and unknown
there is always the possibility
that you are horrible

and if a jumper cable were attached to you
the sudden rush of power would be too much
annihilating the unit it was meant to energize

Many jumper cables gyrate over the land
attaching themselves to random trees
stray dogs jailbirds passing fancies
each in its turn jolted into a higher and sometimes
unfortunate format of being

Notice the chili dogs tearing into the growling stomachs
of executives too busy to realize the French
restaurant has been replaced by Arnaldo's Chili Dog Hut

Not that it matters: the food and service
are far superior now. Arnaldo himself
is an interesting chap. There are tiny sombreros
tattooed on his forehead. A few years ago
no one had ever heard of Arnaldo and look
at him now: King of the Chili Dog Chains.
It's true his spirit still suffers
from religious anxiety, but on the other hand
he has tattooed a burro with a comic expression
of stubborn pride on its behind

and he has installed a cyclone fence around
his drive-in to secure it against the jumper cables;
every night he goes out and beats them off
with a stick. The moon rises with a smile
and "Guadalajara" emerges from the vibrating
prong inserted in his future and all is well,
all is calm, all is bright

ALICE NOTLEY

Sizeup

Clarice always expects the worst

Marisa can be attractive
in spite of being a ball-and-chain

Amy knows enough to be--suddenly--ALOOOF!

Freddi is dumb in the short run but not in the long

Anna's aware of all
though words fail her

Anna gives shots Knows she does too

I meant Jocelyn's heart or brain before

Marisa doesn't always expect the worst

Marisa doesn't care what the world thinks
Freddi does give a fig

Leslie aware that fucking becomes unimportant in a way

Freddi too
in her head of heads

One wants to say more of Clarice but what?

I meant something different about Jocelyn something like
kind through being essentially indifferent

Carol's grown up a lot this year

"But your mind is right there!"

(clitoris)

Strange to find a girl with as analytical a mind as
Clarice's

Anna wants to star She knows she does

Margery worries of being woman and artist

Carol has inverted nipples
Anna keeps things to herself

Leslie to weigh 150 in ten years

No it's Freddi
with the nipples

Margery aware of all though words may fail

Jocelyn has that potential too
everyone has that potential too

Do I have it?

More than the potential Dear!

A Poem

I used to eat everything
with a spoon. Now
I'm eating brown rice with sauteed peppers &
mushrooms...
no mush about Aram Saroyan
He said he used to think
that, like, a poem was a kaleidoscope
images colors, the
he talked to Creeley.
Then surface words
page object circle poem in the present word blank
page
he got up & walked away.
I
can't stop writing
to just let "it all" flow through,
like Aram Saroyan says he's doing now,
but it's
flowing through now

We Arrived & What We Did

We ate bean soup & wine
 & some meaty stuff
You went to see the ocean
We slept in a four-poster

We went to the graveyard
 walked on the people
 transferred some flowers
Chicken & wine for dinner

& bearded birthday cake--that
 was you

 I ate your leg
 You ate your beard--
that wasn't true
 metaphorically

We slept in the four-poster
We fed some crazy ducks
We ate shepherd's pie & got on the train

I said I felt some pain--
 for no reason, like
 the refrigerator makes Lyn cry on acid

I didn't know more

I did have a very nice time

Who understands what I say?
I get sad I don't understand too

Sour love what kind is that?
Always do the things you do

Is that like sour balls pink blanket hurry

*

I didn't write it
I don't have a mother
I sleep for a living
Right now

IF TROUBLE DON'T

kill me offhand...
cherry lifesavers fleas in mattress Rhine wine

when kitty left her fleas she had none
now peepers arise from the mattress nightly

when work is done with every flea I'll leave
for coffee or California

SEE THE BIRDS OF YESTERDAY

The dodo is one no

See the birds of yesterday

It

did not know enough

one no one will ever see alive. It could
not fly away, for its wings weren't

strong enough

The heavy dodo could not fly.

HAROLD BOND

The Only Bathtub In Browning, Montana

They have taken the bathtubs into the mountains.
The bathtubs have been replaced with shower stalls,

the shower stalls are immaculate and functional.
It is that which is glistening in the mountains.

It is the bathtubs formerly of Browning, Montana.
Snowplows are churning in the mountain passes.

Summer the bathtubs are being filled with snow.
They are not being sold to the Crow Indians,

and Crow Indians are eating snow from the bathtubs.
I have been bobbing from one motel to another.

I have found the only bathtub in Browning, Montana,
in which I am bathing, in which I am inexorably happy.

(Today I talk with a New York City Caucasian
employed by the U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs

in lieu of his military obligation, a CO,
a medical commissioned officer, which is not

a conscientious objector, and I hate him, it is he
who has taken the bathtubs into the mountains.)

In the tavern I am backslapped to death by the Crow.
An oversized buck offers me bootleg whiskey.

I refuse him, I go out into the Glacier Mountains--
the last outpost--the edge of the frontier--

the mugwump powwow Tippecanoe come-lately--
meaning, as always, to remember not to forget.

Weekend

All day the day passed.
Did the telephone ring?
The weekend was a bummer,
it bled like a stuck pig.
The pebbles I ate for lunch
were supple as the eyes
of children. Nor were they
to be mistaken for the
blades of an overhead fan.
She found me on all fours
among the bushes looking
for my imagination.
Such perishable forethought!
Not even a window here
to put my fist through.
Nothing at eye level but
the same old crankiness,
the old incredible silkworm.

Fragments Of An Earlier Life

I was busy settling down.
The community blossomed overnight.

My light-hearted lover
went mad, I kissed her

and plastic butterflies
rattled in her throat.

I wore my compassion like a sleeve.
Always I woke to a blue day.

I knew America
for her competing bookstores.

America was the supreme court,
said the oracle.

Woods Hole, Loch Ness:
they were miles apart,

the instrument panel
read zero and tumbledown on the fourth day.

These were signs of a fresh beginning
and demonstrations for a freer verse.

The dead-end kids joined the brigade,
alfalfa was discovered

burgeoning in the suburbs.
It came to pass

in the end. In the end
I took my heart out,

I put it on the table for you.

CLARK COOLIDGE

Doors

orange mission elephant bone china
rolled bake a collapse lath training *indulge*
obsidian pock part blank null deep
prawn occlude tram brim sung
torpor soap null elastic chocolate dulcet
periscope time

Karst rain pin tons mount mark tent
fence truck fir cohabit tensile
go where how none tans
Archimedes

vaunted helps wire
]knot crane files train pear
alabaster once nut minx vent elevate
invent nub inflate temp gnaw switch environ ebb
coarse

prong star esters?
machetes mixolydian
mandril funnel penny escapee
festival nautical pod
Doppler fume tans
quartzite plaids
knoll

storm lad anemone political more peach duds alm chips

ROSS TALARICO

Snowfires

for William Calley, and Charles Manson

Spring, 1971

There is still snow on the ground.
A boy lights a match, and tosses it.
The spring-fires of sunlight flicker
And then glow, under the snow.

I take a deep breath.
And then, as if to abandon
My own kingdom for a few days
While the slim green hand of death
Spreads itself slowly over the earth,
I let my breath go.
I give it up to the wind
That blows at a boy's back
Until he has found, at last
And forever,
The way home.

The sky is blue.
I both know and love that much.
In a few days
A girl in a white dress
Will deliver a kiss to a black branch,
And the mud will harden
Around a footprint that leads, if anywhere,
Only into itself.
In a few days
I will set my clock ahead
As a man might set a small trap
For the animal he has become.

But today, what can a man do
With this last snow,
Shovel it once and for all,
Or, and why not, make a snow angel
And hope
That when it melts away
And disappears into the ground,
The flowers that grow there
Will bloom twice,
Once in the hand that picks them,
And again in the hand that doesn't.

Adolescence: A Love Poem

This stone in my hand
And the window above me,
They are two things in my life.

Will my arm finally
Follow its motion, now that I've begun
To follow mine.
I let the stone
Settle for a moment, in my hand.
Its heaviness
Lies heavy within me.
What I awaken in the woman
Who sleeps through my life
May be my own anger;

I don't care.
Everything is deceiving:
I have mistaken the night
For my mood,
The walk over here
For a sentence passed onto me.

And if the window breaks
As my voice has broken
Like glass under her pillow,
She will look down on me,
Forgivingly,
Mistaking the blood on her cheek
For the blush
She was afraid would appear.

PETER SEARS

Demolition Of Grand Central Station

And buses, they should run deep
like whales,
surface far off, blow,
sun and roll,
far beyond this construction site,

here on the day of demolition,
when the crane line swings,
when the arc of the ball
includes the brick, I'll be waiting

for my train, facing people
waiting for another train. Their platform
packs in, cuts away,
the waiting train, the filling in.

Windows frame the flow waist high.
Bright windows seem to move the train,

my days of watching store windows
pass me on.
New York is the back of a head.

PETER TRIAS

Ocean Liner

In Genoa an old woman
cursed and blessed the ship
while a Greek band played
"Anchors Away." Her children
were leaving for America to do
something she could not.

An Academy Award went
that year to the fat lady
who portrayed in Marathon
a statue slowly turning
against the sea. And now
whole oceans rippled
across her body as she
lowered the straw basket
with two dollars down
to the merchant in a rowboat.
She tied the Isle of Capri
scarf around her neck,
then reshuffled her fingers.
Turning her camera head slowly,

below her she saw
the old woman on her knees,
wailing as if she knelt before
the altar of an angry husband.
Her children had been pushed aside

by a man wearing a Stetson,
making room for his nearsighted wife
who had to see just once more
those orange-tiled roofs
and the cypress trees which stood
at attention on the hilltop
beside the harbor.

MICHAEL BROWNSTEIN

Symmetrical Lights

The ancient woman
removed something
from her mouth's
eroded crater. I saw
it was a joint
she had been smoking.

"Si," she said.

She raised the joint
without further speech
and pointed up
the alley. I dropped
two nickels
from my pocket into
her mummified hand.

"Muchas gracias," I replied.

BARRY GOLDENSOHN

Metaphor As Fact

I call your wife a sea
when I dance with her, not
to rush this sharp salt
sweat that whips about her
to your wavering attention,
nor that when you call
she is always there, waiting,
nor the few ways she is predictable
like her smooth lunar regularity,
but rather to what appears
from a great height like a wrinkling sheet
blown in sun and blinding,
but this close is felt as force
moving in from glancing green to black.

BOB PERELMAN

How To Write

SNATCH THE READER'S

ATTENTION : the slippery green elephant barked
LINE BREAK

his knee climbing into Minnie's gondola

WRITE SIMPLY BUT: he was slippery from recent love-
TO THE POINT making

PERSONAL TOUCH : O Minnie I've had a hell of a week-
end

winking and picking up a martini
in his trunk

SOCIAL TOUCH: that's all right, she said, poling
hard

we all have

(HERE, ASK YOURSELF: DO I REALLY WANT THE READER'S
ATTENTION
FOR THE NEXT TWO THOUSAND YEARS?)

4 Poems

When you say wait you mean a long time don't you?

I smash the neck of the bottle
and pour the wine out.
I smash my head against the ship's prow, this
is the christening
of the great ship Asphixia.

Grains Of Sand

What we get, we take.
If we get nothing, that's fine.
If the sun shines, we shine back.
Cold at night, the moon does no good,
if the moon shines, we watch.

Early morning, early summer.
I wake up--a fine day.
Today I'm 71, my wife is 69.
I say to her, "We made it; we're old.
Let's get drunk."

BRAD HARVEY

TRADEWINDS

I On Shore

Russian seal hunters
powerless to navigate south
 hold-over at Fort Ross, delayed
while the fog lifts.

Invisible privacies
confine the solitary men
 to houses,
as nun cans and whistle buoys
 are sightless
deep in the harbor.

Tomorrow the sun
will heat the vapors
 which condensed during night
falling as a body onto shore.

The trappers will set sail
as the tide runs.

II Off Shore

Broad back
the supple shallow
a finespun river
bends to meet the blue-grey brine

--explosions
two jutting rocks
witness.

By Jenner at the Sea
coiled waves

a pliant
furrowed field

sets beneath
the public sun.

A hillside of sheep
pull wiregrass from cracks
in the rock;

the fog sublimes.
Through the luminescence

in the fogbank

a freighter
bound for Japan:

a belly-full of refinery oil

sustained
by the trade route's
unbending current.

On The 23rd Of December, 1854

Not far from Jeddo (Tokyo), Japan
the shock waves of an earthquake
triggered a great tsunami;
large waves rolled into the harbor.
The town appeared to sink,
after the water receded
only an unfinished temple was left standing
on the beach where the village had stood.

TONY TOWLE

Highway

for Allan and Sylvia D'Arcangelo

Looking out once on the sea of color
color is understood,
a rolling city of nightingale confusion
through which is seen also a window
in the repeated necessity to be seen

and the rest is history,
the sun moves further back
in the space of a previous moment
and creates a space at either end
and another trip into the distance

the eye looks out once more,
inspired again by its limitations,
and on the point always of departure
in the further sea of color
in the normal creation of distance.

5/70 & 5/71

DAVID GITIN

Oklahoma

for Sharon & Eric

travelled the clean road across redlands
where the four nations are kept. Maria
has a brown line on her upper lip
from an ancestor made it with a Shawnee.
she arranges the canvas primes it for repainting
wipes her eye with a black pullover flash of one
white breast -nope- bra. press
down on outer ring and snap. splotch
across the table. I'll have another cup of coffee
though I don't want to be nervous or age
unnecessarily. what the hell. I'm a modern
american poet listening to Glenn Gould a canadian
who plays Bach horizontally
thereby denying history. Maria calls me hero
all for a little canvas discovered in the basement
when I stored the books and this paper
says Quality and Progressive and Key
and though I would not overpraise the materials
it is wise to notice them. perhaps I should sing
along with the typewriter a face not captured
by print. cut a record? we both wanted
to be moviestars a destiny that escapes us
but we shall be aunt and uncle to a California
baby somewhere in Palo Alto

I thought the figure in blue
was a racoon selling raisins
but it was only the price of raisins
sideways

the clippership Westward Ho
posted between two windows
reminds Maria of Puritan ancestry
though she's never been to New England
she does like clams

drum
solo. why
is there no
brushwork
in rock?
Maria saw water flowing
from a rock on Mount Tam a hidden
nozzle. we felt like Moses
and Company.
she saw her grandmother
sailing through the trees

JOHN MORGAN

Address To The Living

The busy tides of men wash and recede.
Were they always over our heads,--your buildings rising
and crumbling, your courtesied loves which are legion?
Down here all noise is tempered by the earth.
Almost like gods we exist, like children
regretting nothing, like soldiers
we are forged beyond desire.
And at last our bare feet barely touch the ground.

We came among the stones of this dead city
already bones refined: the shadow of bones.
Flesh was always superfluous: our lungs,
their fibred walls no longer pulsed with venom,
lie out of water, breathless, like jellyfish.
Life, that sick crossing, that blasphemous ordeal--
now all that's burned away. Now we're just
the satisfactory clay we always longed to be.

Grimly the living dismember the autumn grain.
We wish you well, you reapers of decay.
Soon may you know such restful sleep as this.--
And then it seems you're floating off among
the distance of fields, as winter presses down
and the brown dead grasses feed their fatal richness
back into the earth, as over your heads
the circularity of days hangs like a mist.

The After-Age Of Dishevelment

His thoughts on oceans
first, that the presence of water is not
critical, but the cross-eyed light from the eye

of a gull
is; secondly, one should say of oceans
that they form a discontinent.

Moreover, in his rancid flat--
clutter of cans, puppies, Li Po's
slim works; bottles he'd drunk were stuffed with

garbages: seaweed,
and the soggy remains of a timetable.
His last days at the harbor he waited for fog.

Fog comes from under the ocean
in a vast purple explosion of
minute instances.

Withdrawal set in.
Were no obstacles to be thrown in the path of the sky?/the
stark evasions of sun?

in and out jangled the boats.
The bastion sat on its rock.
The ocean rose and fell, gross as a bladder

the juices flow into, tumid and gay,
of the fatal last drunk of
a disenfranchised urge.

Night at last, but what could he tell the moon
about the untidy flatulence
it influences? I mean, could he catch a whole

tide in the bottom of a bottle
of rum? Would it/would the moon
look in?

"Hello moom!"

DICK MILES

From here I see twelve stars shining.
I did not see them then.
We came to this place in a different season,
cut and handed food to each other.
The air gathered around us
and the grasses bent where we lay.
Now the grass is brown,
the fires in the valley
wink at one another as though we don't exist.
This place, myself, you, was it true?
Where are you that I might ask?

JIM PRESTON

Jude's Junk

CAUTION
THE SQUIRRELS BITE HERE
AND ARE NOT FOND
OF OUTSIDE INTRUDERS

They're after me,
they're out there, tonight,
trackin me down

I smiled, humming, gleefully stripping, strolling into
quicksand at Suburban Park.

My dog, Wee Willie, is five feet tall and eats people,
anybody, he's not picky.

I fall in love with every pretty girl I see, but never
get involved, because I'm afraid somebody nicer will
come along.

In fact, I'm the Doughnut Prince.

Rome, New York

Venice, Florida

Stockholm, Vermont

Some people waste all their time writin things down.

If nothin comes, then nothin comes, this ain't exactly
the enchanted forest.

Just don't get pushy, understand

fern goat

And here's my good friend Larry Loophole
or Leaping Larry the Wingless Fairy.

There's something missing when you bite into an apple
in Boston. It's a Putney pleasure.

Fancy Nancy

a
lame
duck
period

Simply sensational Stephen makes that spare everywhere,
a real whiz

zenith

A zen monk monolith in
"If The Children Sing They Sing"

Research, research, a research paper for Uncle Bill,
26 pages with 103 sources, very informal, well worth
your while and simply marvelous.

A vernacular fiddle
who could it be,
old City Sarah falling from a tree.

A city, a city tongue licker with holes in her jeans.

Don't hit me, my father's a doctor.

A little Italian church, a trivial point in the states.

The Great American Desert

The Great American Candor

Is that your shirt that sits on the bannister?

and eye

and ear

and mouth

K Kelly Rice once said that poetry was like contact paper, it stuck to the shelf. The old goof ball.

The Earl of Swirl, the concentric king, eats rare herbs from faraway China, and lives in the Bungus Microtext Collection Room.

Watch out scholars and fellows,
the books are scarce but the chairs are there.

The Puberty Prince decorated with pimples and the latest hairdo gallops again through local pizza parlors Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays between 2 and 4.

And he went to bed with her salutations, Michael Mitchell Montahue Spitz.

I just want somebody nice, gigglely, and innocent,
not a friggin frenzy.

Great town Syracuse, happy home of Private Monti Meat Mucker, retired from active duty pursuing "a career in the arts" and living with his mother, the thing that makes her a woman is the sound of her sewing machine.

No, I'm not stoned; it's a special mood, that I'm only privileged to have.

Ah common, you don't really take it all serious now do you?

What we're having here is a renaissance of scholarship.

Everytime I hear the AP machine there's a hill out there, on nice days it's for sitting.

Seeburg Blues

I've got the Seeburg Blues
So I'm gonna rock
Yes I've got the Seeburg Blues
Since you left today
So I'm gonna rock the night away

The night the Moose came into Northfield they busted my friend for carrying anti-bumble bee sting pills, Fanny K Fixler presided.

Wayne Kabak was last seen entering the bathroom with *The Last Whole Earth Catalog* mumbling something about it being a modern day *Moby Dick*.

Private Monti Meat Mucker is having a one man show in the basement of the Department of Public Works on Water Street.

I like to keep every option open
and end up doing nothing.

I wanted to buy a king sized bed for me and my girl friend; she said, "No, I'll never see you. Are you trying to avoid me?"

The bridge was built in 1892, now it's purple.

When your brain oozes out of your head out onto the floor is it thinkin'?

And when you make it with the pretty bank lady, you know you're in business.

There's a time in life when everybody becomes a cartoon of themselves. Imagine Larry Lead Guitar, a sixty foot inflated balloon, floating along in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. Lookie boys and girls at Larry's funky twenty foot twelve string guitar.

Hello, I'm Willie. I've drivin all kinds of teams, U. Mass, Harvard, Tech, and I tell them all the same thing, bring home the bacon.

The only thing I've accomplished tonight is coloring the right side of my left sneaker green.

If I was going to initiate change, I'd climb up Hogback, look both ways, and do a perfect .9 swan dive.

As it is, I'm glued to a painting with wind blowing across my face, Mary's a camera, living media, Alice committed suicide "While My Guitar Gently Weeps" in the background, and credit is given to Larry Levine for "running water."

As a matter of fact, I'm going to start asking girls to sleep with me disregarding the insinuations.

There are two kinds, foam and flo. Now there are three different types of flo: standard, pro, and comp; but there is only one foam; molded for your foot's comfort.

Terry Terrific, an eulogy of the living, reminds me of
canned soup with botulism.

I forgot my vocabulary today. It's those lime tasties.

Scenery Senorita, but if you come with us you'll have
to ride on the hump.

It's election day, and all these people are on street
corners with funny little hats, waving funny little
signs. These creatures are weird and I regard them as
Maxwell Fenton might regard an ant colony in a glass
case.

If you wear a workshirt and have long red finger nails
you're a witch or at best the pretty bank lady dressed
as a belly dancer.

Since Willie's Been Back
As An Analogue To
Since Kerry Went Away

Willie the Weeper the Midnight Creeper has spent the
last two years of his life rounding up every item from
The Last Whole Earth Catalog in duplicate, and putting
them in Buckminster's souped up dome. Now Willie waits
patiently for the cosmic showers.

JOE BRAINARD

Some Prose Poems

WINTER

More time is spent at the window.

SUMMER

You go along from day to day with Summer all around you.

STORES

Stores tell all about people who live in the area.

TODAY

Today the sky is so blue it hurts.

RECIPE

Smear each side of pork chop with mustard and dredge in flour.

BOOK WORM

Have always had nose stuck in book from little on.

THE ZOO

A very sad thing happened at the zoo. Judy, Bill's Mother, became very sick and died.

MONEY

Money will buy a fine dog.

OUR GOVERNMENT

A new program is being introduced by our government.

LAKE

A lake attracts a man and wife and members of a family.

EDWARD

On the whole he is a beautiful human being.

POTATOES

One can only go so far without potatoes in the kitchen.

BILL

The men he worked with were his brothers. That is the way he felt.

MODERN TIMES

Every four minutes a car comes off the assembly line they say.

THE OCEAN

Foamy waves wash to shore "treasures" as a sacrifice to damp sand.

THE OCEAN

Foamy waves wash to shore "treasures" as a sacrifice to damp sand.

TODAY

High density housing is going on all around us.

REAL LIFE

I could have screamed the day John proposed winterizing the cottage and living there permanently.

COMPANY

Winifred was a little relieved when they were gone.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Perhaps in our mad scramble to keep our heads above water we miss the point.

CONTRIBUTORS

PATRICK SCHNOOR is finishing his degree in Philosophy at Berkeley... JOHN TAGGART's book is *To Construct A Clock* (Elizabeth)... MICHAEL PALMER is author of *Blake's Newton* (Black Sparrow)... RON SILLIMAN edits *Tottel's*, a poetry off-print... ROBERT GRENIER teaches in New Hampshire... JAMES BATEMAN attended the Iowa Writers' Workshop... FREDERIC WILL's last book was *Brandy in The Snow* (New Rivers)... JOHN GRABER is teaching somewhere in Minnesota... CURTIS FAVILLE will have poems in *Paris Review*, *Chelsea*, *Extensions*, *Io*, *Big Sky*, *For Now* and elsewhere... ANSELM HOLLO has a pamphlet out from Further Studies... BARRETT WATTEN edits *this* magazine... DAVE MORICE edits *Gum* and *Matchbook* in Iowa City... RON PADGETT edited a recent translation issue of *The World*... ALICE NOTLEY edits *Chicago* in Chicago... HAROLD BOND lives in Massachusetts... CLARK COOLIDGE will have a book, *The Maintains*, published by Something Else Press... ROSS TALARICO's pamphlet *Snowfires* was done by the Best Cellar Press... PETER SEARS has had poems in *Field* recently... PETER TRIAS lives in San Francisco... MICHAEL BROWNSTEIN's latest book was *30 Pictures*... BARRY GOLDENSOHN is the author of *Saint Venus Eve* (Cumington Press)... BOB PERELMAN attends the University of Iowa's Translation Workshop... BRAD HARVEY was living in Spain according to last sources... TONY TOWLE is the author of *North* (Columbia)... DAVID GITIN has a book *Guitar Against The Wall* (Panjandrum Press)... JOHN MORGAN's work has appeared in *Poetry*, *New American Review* and many other places... DICK MILES lives in Vermont... JIM PRESTON has had poems in several small magazines... JOE BRAINARD, an artist who writes, will have a book out from Black Sparrow soon.