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Edited by Curtis Faville
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Mountains encircle her
now she is enclosed by walls
is located in what was formerly
few fountains
one for paupers like a crown
three butchers' markets
which divides her
her sobriety to a single simile
infamy as the seat
confines herself her narrow facades
row houses in the parish
had been carved were large
a bed for the episcopal
few fresh houses
born in their place of origin with some degree
a curtained bed what trades did they ply
apart from the spiral
furriers like the tanners
shops and notaries
from the Rhone bridge
were born in some fragments one disappeared
immigrants connected
would be less offending there
over the river was
probably extended back
two of four
to the late to the gate
three-fifths of broad downtown streets
apothecaries near the convent
to bisect a hill a long arc of plain
had built their citadel
the lower city grew
heart of the lower city
all of which extended down
ran the rues as they existed
happen to be citizen-chroniclers
to the edge of the lake
an open space through which carriages could pass
rented to artisans
for pedestrians in case of rain wind
for the convenience of foreign
continued in use a different name each block
men of letters men of justice clerks
crosses suns stars crowns keys towers
three inns called white cross
members of the small council
PAVILIONS

gested a modern "set"
cathedral is to an oriental
street consisted of
the populace of melancholy
keys perched on window
faint and muffled
rough and the tub
noise of a bridge
newspapers what we said
officers who accompanied me
shop front
live was to listen
were saved
into groups of twenty
volve like a wheel
harmony with the odor
take an elephant with me
drum upon it
our losses when we won
song was at once
multitude
formed into the tomb of
began on the day
had roused
on whose terrace saline
to an end at last
white ashes
press for receiving me
nanas
petrol cans and tap messages
type of the hero without
of opium
that I had never seen
where the stuffed birds watched the motionless
and frock coats
walking nation
flowering hawthorns
the dialogue of yells
disown a needle in
reach right down to the water
~\7itter
verberating
in a parcel when he was prefect
merry horses rough hewn
accompanying tanks were enveloped
slits
through my thighs I could hear
the shadow behind her
was thinning the boles
and a massacre
would not be carnival
dazzled by the light
by four others
squawking and fluttering
off his jacket
draped with lianas
licking at the edge of a sheet of paper
POPEYE

am
amaze ambition
ambush amid among anchor
anger animal ankle
annoy another antidote
any anvil any
anyhow anyone
anything apart
appeal apartment
appear appease
applaud
apple apply appoint
approach approve apricot
apt arc
arch
are
argue
arm
around
arouse
array
arise
arrow
arsenal
arsenal
art
arsenal
arsenal
artery
article
as
as oak
as oar
as oath
as oats
as odd
as of
as off
as oh
as oil
as old
as on
as one
as once
as once I
as once a
as once o
as once
as oooze
as opt
as or
as orb
as ore
as ought
as ounce
as our
as out
is ox
is pace
is pack
is pact
is pad
is page
is paid
is pail
is pain
is paint
is pair
is pal
is pale
is palm
is pan
is pant
is pansy
is papa
is parachute
is parade
is paralysis
is parliament
is particular
is pasteurize
is pedestrian
philanthropy
phone
fane
fan
fancy
farmer
farther
Bill Berkson

Daisies droop and die in a blue bottle, a gift from the 1940s (as, you know, what isn't – oh you born exquisite "on the button" in 1939). A strawberry blond half-reclined on the diving Board – Horse Cave, Kentucky, 1973 – smiles at the sky whose color blue, in broad daylight, is the same almost as the water which reflects beneath her. The dry look of her white one-piece swimsuit, the white trim and green tops of two umbrellas in full-bloom at poolside, the smile of the big dolphin as he leaps from the deep end to pop a cork, pleased expression of the afternoon sun as it swallows your story whole.
from PARTS OF THE BODY

A flying ant
you must see
to believe.

*

Easy to
think of
some parts
of the body
as being
extra baggage.

*

What you do to your
body
for love, and
of course it gets
back at you.

*

Beef and milk
– & cheese is
a part of it.

*

Over the Hill

The moon will
appear
around
the next turn.

*

Fog inspires staring for long periods.
Sun makes moving possible.

*
Want to go to town
see
what’s shaking.

*

*Phenomenology of Perception*

Spit on it
and see
if a bubble
forms –

that’s the
only way
I know.

*

Many a tear has to fall,
not worthlessly,
clean and clear.

* * *

a
no
put
in
front
of
anything
it'll
insist
the perfect roundness (halo?)
and density of headlights
coming from behind
as I walk up hill
heading towards a house
where warmth may freely spread
its muted grace-notes
like pork chops
cooking
it's been a short day
just the right number
of decisions
two
“everything else
has everything else”
says the light
of another stripe
it looks like
that one is going
up in smoke
meanwhile
the past is calling
it all comes back
more or less amusing
like the anatomy of melancholy
a studied look
into the not-too-distant
winning
flame
a photograph of
my mother's mother
aged about 22
delicate oval face
cocked to one side
her light-colored hair
tied back in a kind of bun
bright steady eyes
on the back she wrote
“Your little wife Helen
Dec. 3 1883
“In Summer or Winter weather
Happiness means to be together”
then
“Married to Clay Lambert
Aug. 9 1883
Photo taken Dec. 1883”
and then
“Your mother
When she was young – “
Hotel Lux

_for Larry Fagin_

heavy trenchcoats
beer and pretzels
and sad, sad music
goodbye Munich
hello Orient Express
"We Can Work It Out"

Milktoast Hitler's
ventilated velvet glove
in the universal hail/flack
* * *
we discuss the negative
in myriad interesting ways
or else shut up, hold peace, the ace
in the peat of your pants, belly

fool yourself!
tell lies!

the head carefully crafted
to my aims
after a very few years of practice
* * *

Bolinas Butcher's Sign:
MYRIAD MEATS
* * *
the disagreement has a busted
formality
to it
pointed
leaving it there
at twilight, pleased
* * *

beaming again

but definitely

at home with you
* * *
fluoroscopic attention
(look at you)
* * *

the children are busy knowing each other,
themselves, on hands and knees.

2/9/73
Special Touches

A woman who is a woman makes bread.
It rises, full of special touches.
I can touch it later.

old buttermilk sky

going to the big city

    bye bye
For Robert Smithson

shortage
a promissory note
struck
while skidding
can't you feel
those shuffling feet
brain waves
undermining
cliffs of thought
follow up . . .
don't remember
terrific blades
on balls of feet
solar shapeless mass
a mental habit like
a religious pursuit
that grew
they are beautiful, right?
but I am no less alive

1/6/74
Lewis Warsh

THE GREATEST MOMENT

last summer

Bustins Island

with Lee

taking the garbage out

in a row boat

into the center of Casco Bay

the boat turns over

when I step into it

garbage & oars go flying

Lee goes flying

night

when I step into it

the boat floats on top of the water

the garbage disappears if you push it under with the oar

soaked

I stand

Apart

listening to the crickets

stillness

the boat is filled with water

we turn it over

that moment & return home

Lee

to his home

change our clothes

sit by the fireside & smoke
SPARKS

Sparks are flying
from the old machine – into
the new air, clouds
passing over meadows, rain
falling onto the windshield at 5 AM
as we ride through town, hungry
waiting for daylight
so we can open up, & eat
sitting down at a counter
or in a booth while the lady & her
man are still cleaning up
from the night before. "I guess
I'll have eggs,
scrambled, well, with
a side order of potatoes, & coffee,
& she'll have a glass of milk."
Blowing bubbles
into space, don't break them
like waves. Blue surf
in the other room, a headache
fills the town
with laughter, beercans rattling outside Ed's
a man who minds the shelves well, & lives
inside the can marked September (last).
Who hammers so hard they break
the town, wind to make the shutters rattle,
old town, big game, & tiny head
yawn lifting your head from the rim
of the lake. Up the lake
& ripple, as they glide off the rim,
don't blow them out
but watch them burst
as they land.
WITH MY PARENTS

"I've come here to die," the old lady in the elevator tells me as I go visit my parents in middle-income cooperative apartment on 8th Avenue. Together we watch the news over color television while the Empire State Building blinks through the picture window. I'm in my old room, closet filled with manuscripts, diaries I kept in highschool, books & magazines I helped collate & staple. My old bed is just a half-inch longer than I am.

With a newspaper under my arm I walked the streets, & when I reached the building asked the old man sitting outside if he knew where I could locate the super.

"In there," he said, pointing to a nearby storefront.
SONNET

When you baby-sit for the night
And the baby wakes from a nap
And crawls from the crib
Into your lap, like a cat
Leaving tracks on your book
And you fling the book against the scream
Of wonder and scribble a few lines on the angry
Pad of friendship that holds your number and your
Parents' number too
To call in case of emergency
But not before
The moment of candor gets out of hand
And the baby lies beside you bursting,
And thirsty at the same time . . . .

what to do?

"GIRL STABBED DEAD . . . ."

Girl stabbed dead in
   doorway on Hudson Street, home for lunch – male
model & wife surprised
   from sleep
by intruder, one shot, another stabbed
in their own apartment, West Village residents
picketing the park
   on Sheridan Square
& Washington Square Park, too dangerous
to walk through, a 7 year old boy found dead
on an East Side rooftop, local residents
chase suspect
to police headquarters, seek
revenge, just like the movies,
while innocent suspect, disguised as a cop
is ushered into waiting car
& hustled to freedom, in broken English
MOVING ON

Each emotional outlet
    now, take it from the very top
now tell us what you mean by "emotional outlet"
    I mean:
the big winds from the ocean current, stillness
    are only words
& when she walks off the words' surface
psychically, propelling herself forward onto the rug
a real person, half blond, half sea serpent
    partially herself
    berserk
    when she walks off, casual
    as if her thoughts were only of me
not merely scratching the surface of some imagined me
    but knowledgeable about my habits & ways
& what chance has brought me to this point in time
    a tiny scratch on the planet's surface
When she forgets about the planet
    & flies off
    into another space
    I know about but don't want to think of
    it's too empty
    then I know

what I mean when the words
    "emotional outlet"
occur to me
    & I write them upon this page

Humid night air on my face
    the face of a visitor from Russia
in the stars
    a starfish floating
face UP in the waves

Give me your bathing cap
    & we'll go catch some minnows
under the moonlight
    with our feet dangling
over the edge of the pier

Aram Saroyan
MR. STUMOLA

Mr. Stumola was my gym teacher when I was in the first grade At Allen-Stevenson School in Manhattan. I idolized the man, And he seemed to take a fatherly interest in me. In gym Class, once, we were all asked to assume our fighting stance.

I was somewhere in the back in a whole room of boys in Lines. They wouldn't get to me for a long time so I could Work on it, try to figure out the perfect, most impenetrable, Stance. By the time they got to me I had to be unwound, so Tightly had I contorted myself against the enemy. Later, In Van Courtland Park one afternoon, Mr. Stumola called me Over and asked me who I wanted to fight of my classmates. I wanted to pick one I thought I could beat but not one

Obviously weak. The boy I picked came over and we squared Off – he hit me in the nose; it bled, and I rushed to the Drinking fountain to clean it, my hand, my face. Mr. Stumola Singled me out among the boys when we were all drilling a week later

On the school roof. "I want to shake hands now with a boy Who got a bloody nose and didn't even cry." Then he said My name. I was surprised – it seemed to have happened So long ago in my child's-time that the gesture was almost empty.
April 8

OPERÁ – works – operatic – like works. Operative – machine parts work. "Jet parts rain from the sky" – Chandler’s randomness. The inevitable meeting place of fact and coincidence. Someone 10 feet away is speaking to me – are you enjoying it (Roussel) trying to keep up writing while maintaining absurd but friendly conversation about dogs trained to attack. Big dogs won't attack little dogs, little dogs will attack big dogs. jet parts rain from the sky. "Writing notes on your reading?" just taking notes – journal. Oh. Explanations – inclusiveness. jet parts rain from the sky. "Word falling – photo falling." Back to the conversation, nothing else to write. Man laughs randomly, "That's a strange kite – almost like a snake." Feel gradual force in notation – willful and pleasant – is making a time that is taking on the qualities of the park. "Getting hungry – hope I see you again." Pink and green of Mission buildings. Flower people, birds peck at sweets. Siphoning off sweet cream. Twilight in Hermosillo, Mexico, roseate aura of drugstore – Pharmacia – main street, palms dividing boulevard, Dolores Street, dolorous, dolorosa, while sweet, langorous. Woman takes ice between her lips. You want the world to take place, without any borders of thought. The widest possible conception fills it out.
April 30

THE CLEAR THING

The clear thing is much more in the large aggregate of pulse – of heat – a head of the pleasant pressure – present pleasure's no where to go. Clarity of black smoke kicking at the apartment – black man, white dog – against a sharp and jutting sky. A puff let out in blasts quickly closed off. Choked about the throat. End of variation of flat white shapes pressing forward. Lozenges face assertion as markers. Sunlight strings of attachment – could sleep under webbing, sustained by webbing in every move. Seen connections of nuance and glimpses of an honest starting forward – start forward here. Seen connections of sunlight. Open a hole into a black SPACE and let a blast of certain light in – light goes to all corners in the room. Bathing in light's clean soothing pulse. Expose to light for thirty seconds, thirty years, develop. Pages turn in the bright wind. Black print passes across them. Little chunks of choice decided on in advance – nothing new there. What New – known, slept on, kept apart forever. It, the continuous light effect on the premises, has a life of its own. One enters in to its properties, to the entrance of a garden with the trees cut to shape – like fingers, triangles, hats, lozenges. Much better. Principles of growth restrained. On a writing table in the surrounding substance, were three small ships in bottles, polished and faded by the continuous action of the sun turning over and exposing them on every side. Fingering and turning the thing over – inside is a mechanism which turns by itself. Inside that one is another one which turns – a gyroscope – principle of balance in ships, keeps them upright on the wide, clear course. Steaming as they hold steady, 2000 yards in five minutes. More than a purpose defined – mutiny at hand, the gyroscopes assume an independent function. Hold the wheel in your hand – water passes under the bridge – standing on the bridge with other sailors. They are preparing to dock us at an island, where the very young two passengers will be let off. The boat to come back in 6 months – at this rate of 2000 yards in 5 minutes, about 360 miles a day. From here to LA. Back and forth with a cargo of detachable truck bodies, to be unloaded by black hands. The container cargo boats wait until 9 each morning outside the bay, when a motor launch with harbor pilot comes out – the fire ship Ambrose, ships burning quickly on the water. I love ships against the blue, houses against the blue of the jutting sky. Pieces in place. Singleness preserved – single family dwelling developing in swatches of grey paint – old manorial homes of the thirties, with curved railings, round windows looking out to sea. Cars also – like boats. Drove the Cadillac into the wind, making waves of the pavement. Chunks of pavement thrown up, worn
down by the continual action of the water. Glass bottles worn down to
smooth counters, bits and pieces of crockery, evocative of China, a land
known for its ridges and relative distances, containing the most formidable
land barrier on the Western approaches. Three months to cross, a little
less to get back. Fewer, less – cardinal, ordinal?? No, just fewer people like
less noise – good thing as everyone moves to the periphery of the park.
Or discrete and continuous – the buildings downtown discrete chunks of
substance, the slope of the mountain continuous with the earth, forming
many several mountains. Overwhelmed and taken away – bashful on re-
proach. What strings it together – sullen angry flashes of misplaced intent,
misplaced years ago in an attempt to be clear. The look of love alarms when
filled with fire. Looking as from a deep hole to a deep hole, the holes
line up – contact flashing in back causes shudder and explosions. Your
smoke is lifting like a cloud. You are a signal, mechanical, sentiment and
attachment in rings around the earth. What you make is yours, directed
as implied, conscious, able to take it as made. Soon as I blank out, I back
out then. So that felt good. It was a common perception and an old one –
men and boys rolling down slopes.

A dream that Urne Buriall was the
end of a long work in which the Urnes were
repositories of more than ashes – but once
we're dead and finished, then the Urnes
hold our ashes too. Thus Urne Buriall
is the sequel to a great unwritten tract.
NOTE

Fragmented phrases, phases, face it.

Nothing left. It's over.

Gone again. Oh come in!

You ate it all.

(On Monday.)

I did?

"Note."
down to nothing about

transference isolates

whistle
whiten

sheep scare

man in a white cedar sedan

thought
living in
Davis would
be ok

bench is missing

likely to
meet several
people walking
in the woods

six get the chairs

mechanisms for closed parking lot
Clark Coolidge

TINY MESSAGES
for Tom Clark

1.
spun around and wired back
to six times in the intervals
it is three here
now and more on the way

2.
are you nuts?
whisper?
pink one?
ABC?

3.
a few
saw some farm
on the way home
that's all

4.

even

only two more
at least once
in a low voice

5.
each
eyes
back
the wrist

6.
chest and shoulders
even and perhaps

7.
bushes and tall ducks
and sunning salty blocks
but cat strode

8.
to toe
bent
tree
in a brown two
since the first

9.
head
down
stealing
clearing

10.
clad

11.
exact number of tree
seen or never seen
12.
funds and puffs
there to do so

13.
and in the end
halves
of his name twice

14.
radio
counts
moves
still

15.
planes for trucks
toothpicks
for taking it so

and next also knew that
whole was a jerk
16.
and
that I
don't like it
who didn't either

17.
crumbs
are going
to fly it
for each mess
of good faith

18.
it informed
everything for nothing

19.
cents apiece
cents an egg

20.
so long
to live too
inside that cloud
it was the day
the number
forever
your turn

22.
some sort
of more
ought
to increase
a hundred
or even two

23.
ing on my part, wasn't it

24.
borders
more
than four
or five
feet
apart

25.
green water awake
and then sand and slept

26.
the soil
in number
left behind
half in him

27.
hum on the sea
wide in the head

28.
mote him
bust him
mote him
precisely

29.
fresh
eggs in the duck
ice in the cream

30.
Moodus
Noises

31.
pick it up and throw it at this then

32.
one step ahead
if you want to
I'm not going to

33.
then four before that
since the last time

34.
the speed
with which acting
smarted him

35.
man in minutes
fall in clothes

36.
but while there was none up
that was so up in common

37.
out in one
right out again
just more and once

38.
close the very top of
open high left right
39.
enough
by the time
and row
well

40.
one that green
that to the something
what it was whom

41.
far
slowly
with a something

42.
white was not at all
since
and the two were

43.
liquid jars
straightened out
wash on
sort of and even
clear else

44.
late in the morning
in which had left
at the picture
45. 
the morning
in front of out of any
covers

46. 
so
that coming on days
before

47. 
the remote them
on the take him

48. 
it was all stand
half
any of these
toad

49. 
rules
green
says
see

50. 
I'll ask I am
51. that catches then as soon as more

52. art and at it all just the way

53. at until again in no time

54. instead one of beside

55. between the black enough science and bushes

56. sending out more sent out before
57. awhile
small
one and if

58. the same spells bolted
it less than back

59. pools
more inches
than ever

60. down north a way
more than an inch
in one place

61. more than a thing too
they were red

62. and often
and never
swell of area
in heat elbow or blanket

past the already

leaves
on the rounds

who where?
month?

mass to look
as though steps past

stairs
and as to be all
right

silver like sions

that
he was
either
another
or another

71.
the last
one around
was out

72.
it was all very
apart limb

73.
the think

74.
while and
so on

75.
name
had been been made
and thumps

76.
room and room
behind them all

77. even over so

78. one no one

79. up to less than never

80. white is out
air on there

81. plate
solid flaps

82. there was always were more

83. an inch
after
a minute
84. 

from

ants to sides

85. 

face and

with him

86. 

with and with its

will as long as

87. 

down

done

as were five

88. 

the

fun

of

was

89. 

even
not want to and was not had to

however
as of used it

if either have had
or neither ever did

the line and the and

most
sans
vate
ever

some might have side it

other one of the the things that's ever

90.
91.
92.
93.
94.
95.
96.
how then those
the very lots

97.
that was also almost night

98.
right out of a
first
on a wall

to the inch at it

100.
with the other
just as twice

100.
that other time
chance in line

102.
inside down

103.
same

more and made

104.
door in still backs

105.
high green
light black

106.
one more
pad
near width
107. then
and then
added

108. antined

109. sank over twice a circle

110. that far enough

111. less and the lot

112. there dow up to pin

113.
never than less

114.
about even there
about that and then

115.
sin
tue
toad

116.
light
black
flats

117.
same
that same
and that right

118.
gum on out

119.
the room and hale
120. the deep there about the one

121. der blade

122. the rubber in an air

123. one more and white

124. tiny other pieces

125. brown snap
club squat

126.
bag
still
room

127.
all the time
as long as
to count
Idaho
in order

128.
can take
can time

129.
once once

130.
no and big in the down go

131.
the range
a cone

13VI-25VII  1970
Bruce Andrews

NO 127

senate subsided

water text

bleached
amorata
serf
balconies

hitcher fluid

spin
enforce snuff

reed wards
wish
place
claret
virtues

*

enkindle

sequestered bewildered
eddying
twelve cop was
cake-eaters
alkali hop

*

bayonet
treasury
scholars

*

gob
ping prow
fez chunks

*
niggered
punkin
vest
clear
epilept
annul scoops
oak
them
unanimous
organdy

*

asphodel
and yatter

hoax unsettle bays

faithful

*

tent
glaze

levity

undoing

locust ford vases bigod

*
livery jars

phrase

lean

high

astern

lobe

waist

cave

*

whoop

*

potash

oath

madder

SONG NO 151

equal charm
BEAUTIFUL HABIT for Ed and Jenny

greetings
as the door opened
ticking

please listen to this
food alone for all
the f.b.i. will continue

maybe you dozed off
i hung by that phone all night
suppose he talks

*

vida
later
aria
*

once upon a time
not looking for any thing
*

you’re on
your own
it's off
its on
*

perhaps it means
ragged like that
golda ma-yeer
pre-meer
*

Reading Copy Only: facsimile available at http://english.utah.edu/eclipse
and pour the old box
down a drain

*

too much news
said the news

*

r e o l e

*

it's us
or rust
listener

*

depth
personal
regret

looking

up

monday

*

we can save
your head or your body
we can shave

*

even
his admission
is
a subtle lie

*
in suspense
what is cut into
the smallest of the

*

grinding
to fill
a prescription
*

drum to the wobble and a roll on the sea
come to mind an article of light
distance through distance unfinished
*

piano
*

willing to believe
*

national
anthem
hearer
*

perfect rhyme to some
all cars
kept in doors
*
sophisticated
newsmen
show how
it could have been

*

retreat
from the swiss
legation

*

numbers
for an event

*

corruption
why not?

*

infinite
detail

is no more real

*

thought

against

power

*

answer
it

*

hooked
to just another
piece of' tape
hooked
to just one more
little piece of tape

*

entertainment follows
the profit
juggler

*

through words in to
no
record

*

writer
righter
riter

*

am:
i

on replay?

*

all you
do is
expand
the system

*

a polaroid
of la
with the wrong
voice print
astronaut
amazed
at what
was expected
tanks
go into
battle

*

the arabs photograph themselves
from the israeli point of view

*

looking back
looking forward

*

through
eating
biting
chewing
up to ten whole hours

*

for people
who don’t like
the real thing

*

cleverer
speaking
honestly

*

small shipments of white arms

*

some think it's to do with the line

*
no thank you
i don't play with watches

*

effective
november first

*

take it
and bake it
and wrap it
in under

*

the myth
of creation

*

now
then
charlie

*

exposes
them
to extreme danger

*

learning to see what others see
there is no superiority

*

complete with everything you see

*
mission impossible tape reading

*

*

reception

*

je ne veux pas
les biscuits chocolats

*

warp
lanes

*

a cat's concept of the mind
that could make it dance
and sing by editing film

*

mary
was assumed
into heaven

*

slowly
through the
snow they
go

*

open
pour
and
store
*
what ever
you heard
*
love in mind
sun through the blind
*
splendid
olig
*
crime the adrenal
time the pineal
*
far away
a pie
in the high
sierras
*
on trick plays
he'll use his
head, nose, eyes, face
*
with power
speeding power
slowing no
emergency
*
attached
to
awards
power
*

home work
*

met
his
match
MR. & MRS. GRIEF for Asa and Pip

scalpel
nurse

*

a flicker
book of
not noticing any thing

*

over
disc

*

many living room here

*

that's it then

*

the universe
as god's
paranoia

*

night
light

night

*

arches and a car

*
safe in the arms of who
you'll be dryer

chill
and
test

*

bend

*

a loup

*

cage face

see him puke and become a lumpkin

*

"i'll go"
"oh no"

*

hel
mut
bon
heim

*

when it's in this form

*

actual demonstration

*

w g n

television
presents
*

stammer "crewcut"
*

dyed hair
painted faces
*

put it in a form
*

try
sybil
out
William Corbett

AUCTION

Peeled logs ivory shine
before long weathered
stale looking, grey.

I could not understand
the man in the boat
his lips were burned.

Wet leaf shine
wet children gleam
tips of pine and spruce tips
chartreuse from the darker green.

Chill after sunburn
footsteps like gunshots.

Half moon's throw
across hills, down meadows.
Among the shaggy pines
darkness. The barn's
laboring shadow.
A harbor underwater
like nowhere else.

Amanda
Nightcat
shoelaces
ankles
warm
at the foot
of the bed.
Lemon cucumber flowers
tomatoes' yellow pointed
drooping flower, faint orange
glamorous flush of squash blossoms.

His brother is his son
their mother the same one.

Along the lake shore
blue gasoline trails
follow slow fishing boats.

For Adele
Before and behind
above and below
the four pointed sweet woodruff.

Hay bales, forearms
shaken trees, Joan biting
the inside of her cheek
here these physical things
uncluttered, unoffended.

One year ago. Just like
the Spanish flag with shoes on
the jokes were of sore, red assholes.

Warm wide field
soft green
our own big bed
and beneath
the delicate brain
roots of all growing makes.

Scoop the glittering water
moon lights in our hands
cool the flesh like this forever.
Black or brown clouds  
cows in the headlights  
strong, archaic heads  
their globular eyes stare.

Beet blood, beet root  
pink buds of her ass  
propped on a pillow.

_Battenville_  
Nunnelley's purple  
hot in a delicate  
steamway & Gerald's pesto  
garlic, fresh sweet basil  
waking in the window  
gold and green blaze  
sun through black locust leaves  
and know that friends  
await you when you rise.

Dense white strangling  
smoke, sizzling green trees.

Orange moon's expression  
on water, a benison  
ribs also steps to walk upon.

Gone the dandelions  
gone hawkweed crowns  
the lupin fuzzy black fingers  
black eyed suzans bleached  
white at petal's tip.

Color of moonlight on water  
pine scent  
soon we will be gone.

Spiders died in the books  
brown plump long legs  
death in the bathtub.
Not wanting summer's end
the wind to rise
the light to change.
DRUNKENNESS

What do you concentrate on
and who do you know?
Driving mother's blue Buick
over a country dirt road
the girl's huge tits, your ardor
enough to just about weep
and escape or college friendship
dull, secure and to sleep.
You did find your way home
one late summer afternoon
the shadows of green leaves
their washing sound
exquisite tender sentiment
neither here nor there.
No putting out the fire
with water pure as the rain
nor petals nor ginger ale.