

LAPSTRAKE: poems by

TED GREENWALD

EDITOR:
Aram Saroyan

DEDICATION:
to
a love an afternoon (one p.m.)
-- or the morningstar

DEDICATION
to
L. T.

AND, HINGES

Fog hanged over the park, the night cold, and, clean
 against the tree you leaned in the sunlight, breathing
 he spinned the car out on fine gravel near the gate
 she laughing at the tree standing straggly over the fence.

And, the drain clogs, when I shower, with my hair,
 queasily, paper rolling out of your handbag, glinting sequins,
 and, she stood, laughing over her shoulder by the spinning wheels
 "how you do get to the station, from here?"

Skin smelling clean, after the shower, and, dark,
 merrily, tempting me to talk to you, and, asking if you've seen,
 and, turning to her friend, tall, and, skinny next to her,
 "taking the first turning you come to in the book, and, curve

round it." Warm moisture rising, I rise sluggishly,
 the latest news from Paris, tho I've never been there, calm
 "he never could control the damn thing, and, thinks he's Fangio."
 She knew better than to laugh, but she did anyway, laughing

hide behind a tree, and, light bark late, keeping the neighbors late,
 and, you ask me "have you seen the latest news from Paris?"
 Out back someone mugging laughter, and, he thought over the problem
 to bust her gut. "Did you see that turning the horse made dog?"

Hours arranged handily on the wrist, I scrutinize them,
 and, and tell you "I've never been there myself, have you?"
 How to get back on the road, and, keeping his hands intact.
 "Absolutely splendor, the light on shimmering her hand."

Hourly, and, after dinner they scrutinize me. "How we love,"
 and, you answer, "yes, dozens of times." I look at my watch
 "he's such a bore. Always running around fast over the place."
 She knew better than to know know better than his local hands, placed

filling mail order slips, out, sleeping afterward in the down,
 and, you shiver, and, laugh, "it's really terrible what's happening!"
 how it sounds in reverse. Scared, and, the hairs turning prematurely
 gray, respectably, over the nearest sand mound in the pile

pillow I puff up with my hand before the light goes out
 "oh yes, I agree, would you care to join me for lunch,"
 spun gravel rising under the wheels, and, him sitting. They clay lump
 she picked up some too, running it thru her veiled fingers

in the fireplace. And, you say "you are thirsty," and, I believe,
 and, you take my hand, handily switching your pursing lips
 to the other side clinging higher under the screech, and, wheel.
 And, she looked at him, blinking owly back tears. And, they

came anyway, you, and, "I am thirsty too, for more dinner wine"
 "not having any money, but wanting to speak to you so much."
 "Who? Who? Does he think he is? Anyway?"
 She knew there was nothing to do but curve out the light ground

under her, and several more candles to warm the room. To the other
 side of your mouth. "That's okay, I love lunch in the park, anyhow."
 His phantom figure stalking shadow after shadow after dark.
 And, cry til a little pool formed, and, she rose to go home.

The march up country controlling your- of the plant after
 I do in my active self. Based on Hoyle's system
 dusk. That of mystery & exotic hair
 the worm time followed with drums is yours
 & peach advertisements aura surrounding The vicar was there
 ensconced me if the bearing further into the pit
 in a bowl of gut-space halted your candlestick of incense
 of the pit merry in decayed in the falling
 in the room afternoon that was your pool on the rug.
 mourn contemplatively But, wish! your English room in the country.
 no matter between spaces before sunrise
 crash take it what it is the scroll said. anyway you please.
 KILL. . .fish imago. . .self to draw itself to a close
 waiting for nightshade to close logically.

AIR & BEAU BRUMMEL

The black eyes ruffled the field
 of expectant spirits smooth on ice
 & arrowing cross the tongue & down
 the throat. "Blow up your picture."

Clang. You make much noise
 with your makeup. A little
 less please, so I can pass the time
 without bothering grandad in the corner.

Fill wanted, further than your murky
 "dimples blushed when I lean-
 ed over your ear. (breathing)"
 "What is it you want?"

An integral part of the steam
 filters out through your bonnet.
 Your hands tie the ribbons
 at your waist. Clang.

Five oranges round your eyes
 to a peak of expectation.
 You leaned back in ease, shining.
 "The leather smells good."

FACE LIFTING

The wax is hard now. That is, it hardened
 after I took it out of my ears. That is why I
 am deaf. "Things cannot remain the same in order to change."
 So said the soothsayer who I met on my way out of
 Greenwood, Ohio. He had just held up the bank and he certainly
 held my interest. He was a doll salesman on the side.

Before I tell you the whole story, and you split your side,
 I must fix my teeth. They have hardened

and, no matter what time it is, they certainly
hurt. The other afternoon I
saw Robin's cudgel. It was classy, made of
hickory wood. I must get one for myself. It would change

my whole way of living. That is, since my hearing returned, the change
might throw me into a state of shock. Perhaps paralysing my side.
The doctors could then take a wax impression of
my heart. After it is hardened
I can put it under my pillow. Won't I
be surprised when I wake up! All melted! Certainly,

you will sustain your mirth. That is certainly
a sign of bad breeding. The change
won't go well with your new hairdo. The side
blue and black with wounds. I
tremble to think what the welts will look like when they've hardened.
Perhaps sassifras roots will relieve the pain. Of

course, we must be careful of
infection and gangrene for that will certainly
cause death and the result will be that I will have hardened
beyond recognition. You'll have to change
your whole way of looking at things. Your side
will harden and destroy your youthful looks. I

will leave you flat on the road. Never again will I
see you. That is the nature of
the changing side.
It will effect your good side, certainly,
and the result will be chaotic, if not exotic. The change
will amaze all your friends. If they are sufficiently hardened

then your class will overcome their wooden faces. I, certainly,
since you're my wife and spiritual advisor, detest the change of
face. The roots in your side wither and die, waning hardened.

When you will eat your own flesh
Will you eat mine, too,
After cursory visions
Of extraordinary horses and old gray women
Tending geranium casks on marble stoops?
The sharp crush of your eye tears
My lips in a moment,
Without a single thought of money.
There is the root,
The money moment
Dragged shortly from the high grass
Near the lake,
In the serious pose of witchcraft and white sails
Rooting out instant sources to disappear.
You're before me, a corpse,
Lashing your skin to the turning mast,
Searching, with extraspecial hindsight,
The turning hairs, that turn, flower and die,
And are interred
In a single thought grazing the nest of your skull.

"I sat with you next to the culvert
Beneath the brown sky
And the windy trees,
And, seen quickly, near the quiet branch,
Mixed seasons and ripe bodies
Cooping the drag of the moment,
Slight and shortwinded,
Disappearing in its own root."

Next, we'll burrow
Neither speaking nor climbing hills
Nor searching plastic cobwebs for
Stars, or seconds to second us,
Or an eyelash dropped silently to the ground.

A taste of salt on my lips bothers me
As they lower me into your grave.
The ropes swaying. I sway onto your burnished knee.

After the ceremony, alone in my room,
I remembered your gleaming prediction
"That I will grow pale as the days lengthen"
And long for the taste of water.

On the plains we have no use for salt.
It protracts the time under the sun.
I am used to leather & gather it up by the fist.

When night comes I bury it next to you
To token my memory. Burn bull ears.
Smoke to your chalky wish. And leave.

OEDIPUS AND BLUE PENCIL

(Little Neck Bay 12.30.64)

highway

outside the door over the lot
over the highway:
and the bay. I come here
when everything is turning
very slowly turning
around me
which is sometime
all the time
to shit. I lean steer
a walk
across the walk
over chips and moss
over a printed
(not really printed: written)
page.

and the bay

when I got
to the edge of the water
there wasn't any moon.

hey moon, where are you?
hey moon, come out tonight!

PORE SUSPENSION

I'm having a hard time making ends meet
So what, my suit is tan, that is the style
What with the grocery bills being
What they are. Do you have the same trouble
Now. And you know damn well that that is the way
Adding 2 and 2 and getting uneasy,
Strange numbers you never thought existed before?
I like it: when the style changes so does my tie;
It is not really the strangeness you are
Talking about. It might be the coloring,
You can hear me huffing (puff) (puff)
But never the strangeness. That is beastly.
Or, at least hot. The numbers creeping up
Going down the street away from your door
Behind you in your head, as you sit smoking
The ash growing longer with the hours.
After you have had the last word in the conver-
It is the longest cigaret
You ever smoked.
Sensationally, speaking of our love, it is on the fritz,
Part of the new german-french lover from "New Vague"
Invading the number system

Privets come into season at high tide.
The night on the Great Neck side
near Steppingstone the bargeman walks
over the water the refrigerator opened the mailman fell out.
Opening the closet the grocery boy fell out
banging his head on the floor his knee.
The snow bushes 40 years preparing dinner,
or the laugh on the rug, gold threads weaving in
& out over the bodies on the floor.
First sack, the corrugated box lit up
under the lawn lamp the rippled footsteps
running from the scene of the hiding, tumbled out on-
to the floor. "What are you doing in there?"
"I am searching. It is good to be free again."

The first race we took a beating
lurching free from the vain control of sense.
As your hair goes so
goes the subtle undercurrents passing thru the foot in-
to the chin, & up. Even if you ground
yourself with the closet door the tension
is mixed, the filth of corners have no effect

& proselytic airs the room have no effect.
The hum. The prop limbs stacked in the corner
penetrate handle & space between finger-
tip plastered the original conviction.

Dialogue:

white hair melting in the warm air
rising from the radiator in the corner, the whiteness.
The hand. The space between fingers.
Walking slowly on the rocks.

Character:

nubile
syrup the syrup
marrow from the lips of well
the spray, the seaweed, her grass side,
sweating with a light touch on the neck,
walking the ghastly hours deliveries are made;
dotted hours, & the rabid denture chewing the long gloss.

Her maple thigh -- mole. . .cheek --
the chattering of teeth on the ground,
count out plums & grapes
leading the eyelid bay & stars. The line.
The whim drawing the badger thru the dust out of the corner.
The underbrush kelp. Transforming the hedge circuits.

1

I hear a step. A step.
The piping on the side of the couch
patterns of roses & the wispy stem of
rolled cloth dangling from the lip.
The first time it was hard coping with your breasts
magnolias cutting patterns from the clouds.
My feet crunch pinecones.
You were beneath me on the couch, the cushion,
the floor. I don't remember. Still.
You flung sounds at me. The silence.

Snow covered the ground between the barn & farmhouse.
A fleck of snow buried itself in the rooster's skull.
The skin was cold. The heat off for the evening.
You draped your mouth with feathers & flowers
The muffled kiss.
Snow on your neck, the collar of your coat grazing your cheeks.
I am used to the grain now. It tastes circuitous.

2 CAPSULE

I swallowed early this morning the highway burning my foot.
The gingerbread on the edge of the roof.
Twin peaks rise to the lightning, explode,
a web of vine leaves exhausting the vane's tip
sink in a swell of dust. Still.

The distance between your fingers, & the water when you swallow,
bloats my eyes -- waiting for the puffing of rug,

piled muffins, one-by-one in your mouth --
the campfire relieving the shadow of the dawn on the road.
A sleepy fox crosses the zig-zag of the road resting
between segments. I am hungry
& eat leaves along the edge of the straight shoulder.

3 BREAKOUT

The distance. A black car pulls to the side of the road.
The Cow got out piling the raincoat collar at the neck.
"Will he be ready? We have a long trip ahead."

The narrow granite wall explodes clearing the smoke.
He steps out onto your foot the floor of the road the sinking gravel.

"Ready?" He nodded. The distance disappeared in
the car moving down the road tiptoeing round the curve.

WASH

Ruga pith running high
Sleeping mat past early dawn
Thru involved vessels
In a white hat --
In high tension, and red nostrils
Blending into the white wall
Cutting a widestreak clear
Wash, ruddy, and candy samples
Out of the white sky,
Night gravel under the tree
And lighting the new sand
Mountain, rising terrible
As I kneel into drinking water.
Golden. Behind bare oak.
Naptharunning wind over the bay

LAB SESSION C

SONOROUS each (true-false) honed
down on value yourself
higher than offering 9 units.
"Compare the total output & combined profits
for all firms during your laboratory
session with your answers in part!"
Harmonize the number of tires "Basic Essentials"
& then always, know how to know, decrease inelastic.
To get along you must be highpitched or bent.
Your chance of success in
simulated competition will improve.
The first 36 years are true
or false. Cover the page
with paper. Or pie.
Reveal after passing the following question:
it is a substantial simplification of the real world?

LAPSTRAKE

The cleat curved you curved the spider
 the coil of alcoholic fumes
 the webbing of sail & sunset,
 over the mountain the distance: Colorado,
 New Mexico. In Tuscon
 the beggars are gymnasts good riders swaying side-to-side
 are fine steerers covering much territory
 the backroom towel & soap the front leg.

The drainpipe of your leg the lapstrake side of the shipping
 the barge traveling at speeds incredible to the eyes
 in the movement of lips carpeting seaweed with
 pitch & roll of the movements of your leg,
 your lips the errors of your back lingered on your chest
 when the spider came to milk the thread of your leg
 the bending the back or arch
 the cleat punctuating gulls, or blue packet.

Stemming the flow of guitar music
 craving the movement of the arm, the total movement,
 from the sleep tarantulaic
 iodine in the mouth
 the leg moving over the hills
 the horses frothing at the inn black hairs draping
 your breasts with prairie roses, the rope on
 the side of the saddle the movement of the cleat tying up the ship
 side lapstraking the breeze
 Juno nibbling at 20th century foliage, the seaweed,
 iodine the mouth watering at the sight of the spider,

the hovering movement of the facets
 leggings moving up the thighs in a crawl
 up the mountains the search for the rope hanging at the saddle
 the mounting of the easy charge thru the streets
 Cheyenne, Yuma in the afternoon the border the night before
 nibbling at the conscientious boundary.
 "make good time?"
 "more than thrifty miles or the devil's league. the cactus is boring."
 "are you carrying spare parts of hair? leg? or other?"
 only several drinks to unparch the deck
 the reeking odor of major feet in the mountain,
 slicking down package of roots to chase
 in the distance lying under a scrub the gray remnants of rug
 the gray pellets of shoes & legs
 bathing the horses in the pool.

He would never make the border & the meat tasted
 fine the fire burning his tongue, trying to relieve
 the tension of the first mark, the second
 wave of iodine cluttering his tongue,
 the web the tastiness of tongue on flesh.