

# P H E N O M E N A

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## CONTENTS

THE PRELUDE	1
THE DROP OF BLOOD A Poem-play in Music Form to be set to music	8
OF ANGELA	32
THE EXONERATION	45
AFTERWORD	52
AUTHOR'S NOTE	54

## ERRATA

Page 1	(1)
Page 8	Barringtons
Page 21	vilified
Page 24	spectred
Page 32	He suffered the stake of it.
Page 34	Laird rose where he'd sat alack in a bar.

## THE PRELUDE

Upthundered a continuum. Over  
The "horizon" of the seeming ether,  
Endless afar, came swift, streamed, surrounded  
Bloom of prodigious light. Horror'd  
On the God Knows, thousands of ere,d  
Through unknown, forward'd an anxiety  
Of lightnings. On looms of space set together,  
The threaded wound up  
An impulse from whose sudden of extremes  
A now lone blur made a haunt of journey.

Van'd over clouds another's fulling beam  
Eyghty syx thousand immediate -  
(And like a set to go places hawk.)  
Through flung space approaching, the source of it.  
A million-medusa'd sun shone, coiled with  
Deliberately snake, rolled outrages  
Of fire. At a rate too ghastly swift,  
Traversing everything  
Wonderous, both maddened their courses: in war  
Over the multiple, fierce hair-raised stars!

Rolls of an upheaps of helpless thunder  
Woe'd in a void. A math of Probables,  
Through pained ether, long-voyaged a stress  
Of blear. Through thickets of gas passed vague Yt.  
Fathoms rose. The love it excruciated:  
Let the unheld in the abyss. As of cosmic,  
Eagles of baffled harsh hurricaned it  
And off rushed crazily  
Into out-deep, flung from through the utter.  
So small with conflagrated head, one of  
The nine, and looked to roar out of the night:  
A lonelied glow in the immense, exiled  
Nynety-two myllyon miles

(2)

Being is appalling. Not as appalling  
However, as Not-To-Have-Been. Inertia  
'Death,' Night, Space, Time greatly Gravity  
Aspects of a mysterious, realming  
Substance? Thus in Not-Having-To-Be-More,

The thousand – length'd luminous hideoum,  
From whose head of bloom,  
The striking of flames conspicuously  
Adder'd in a gloom.

Scorch scathed scorch and an extreme of huff  
Sky'd away. Some half-sobbed guttural horror  
Strangled hushed gasp. Movement sinuous'd  
The over. Twisted ups and black woofs  
Monstrous'd. Then an incredible light leer  
Shone from a wold hugely outsky.  
Spectral together  
Slowed up. Stared 'eye' of soon the world watched.  
High up obscured.

That not far catastrophe, the moon,  
Roundly more pain-faced than as now,  
Had undergone a sudden sheer collapse,  
For as the densing earth shouted nearby,  
The unwonted came close and so hugely  
Vagueing itself to kill, struck it upon  
With a murderous blue.  
Meanwhile the here heaved up, rolled over  
And was rolled into.

On the instant, a look of grey, very'd  
Terribly in heart of sky, starked through black.  
As if in consequence of it, ooze moiled  
In upcurls, scroll of scroll extricated.  
There rose stupendous out of the thick lush,  
A black shock. Vaunted up basalt  
Bold'd bluffs in boom.  
Unable to contain it shrieked to earless,  
And the gum, lightning'd, now flaky,  
Rolled or hill'd itself  
Away, in (comparatively) more ease,  
Gall, as with wound.

Cruels paused in a lapse of undertaking.  
Sores of phosphorescence lay bare. Shadow'd  
Against bulk, bulk, or some unhallow'd rut  
Room'd long an agony of staggering  
Cracks, lit with reflection. Awhile lightnings  
Etched murky. An aside of wind, gust'd  
A moment like terrestrial admonition,  
Soft'd to nobody.  
The lo and behold of an ominous drawn  
Shadow, spread at the bottom of a brawn.

That voluminous thigh rounded: strength'd on  
The landscape, and narrowing, loomed its up.  
Throttled at the brink, grand of its pout's gruff  
Sovreign'd over underneath. Its mutter  
Was huged the earth over. Now and again  
Illumination savaged out of it,  
The sky spanned with its red reign. Smoke ruffled,  
Vulturing from the cone.  
Then through the congested, a million'd blaze  
Blank'd around. Suddenly dimension'd thunder!  
Thousand'd up mountains  
Through spew, turned at a relative stance  
Like a slow show theatreing to view.

(3)

Outspread wearied into the far. Over  
It came the fate of a shadow, coming  
On a length'd glum. One way at heaven  
And the amounted gloomed itself in rounds  
Of noiseless commotion. The black angried  
To a pall of the world; made the scene  
Judgmented of mood and remained so  
Hundreds of doles.  
Slept unnamed years of contemplated wold.

Very quietly, the sorrowed-for-it,  
Leaked, weakly, tears. A like catacombs abode,  
The future of which influenced thus,  
Would certainly drear and have made a  
Medusa stone, for around heaved high,  
Melancholy, jaggy and upshook  
Cold, clammy, dark, loomed like a ship's deck:  
Rained on weaving  
A dismal fabric, of hollow appall,  
Of an occasional forlorn echo  
Miserying it all.

An alack'd sky could not have wept enough.  
In stretch of the imagination,  
For things to come. Sluice: miserably  
On like coffins of stone. For example:  
You have heard dun sewers gurgling? Thousands  
Of immensities under, petulances  
And grievances made funerals the die.  
III centuries huged by.

III centuries, and the heavying rain

Monotonous'd along the tragic rock.  
IV centuries, and a sudden break-open  
    Thundered forth an "atlantic" the way  
Symphonies breadth their most music.  
    Banged the sodden, the vast'd dounpour!

As with a tear off (as if) of what it wore,  
    The at last out-of wind  
Made maze of the panic rain and hazed it  
With scurry. It fierced, tearing its twisted hair  
Through the sky. Shrieked up and up - fled  
    Madly over the mountains.

Cliff as if of abrupt hurry, stalked to  
    A thousand high and violently sharp'd  
In deluge precipiced. Continuous roar,  
    Ledged waters, fallen below, joy'd up  
With a swell of exclaim, open-armed  
    Into pools. Out'd domains of weird'd  
Agitate flow, made something shrine of  
    The far off. An eddy  
Foamed in hysteria or the against a wall,  
The futiled laps, repeated recoil.

All in all, the undulating moils  
    Moving ponderously, river'd around  
Through dolorous grands and tristful, or came  
    Out of a cavern with a forth - gigantic  
Troubling and surfing. Or sometimes between  
    The uprears, majesty'd somberly  
Like throngs of the ghosted mysterious,  
    Rolled lakes came to utter;  
A consternation of a fall running  
    Slant and so deep and magnitudinously,  
It seemed to contain everyplace. Ponds, pools, plash  
    Colossal'd into it with a sway  
Of the surrounding. From the basement of  
    The primordial welled the evermore  
Roared ocean: a commencing of black drench  
    Basked under savage sky.

## THE DROP OF BLOOD

A Poem-Play in Music Form to be set to Music

### ACT I Scene 1

A LIVING ROOM: Left stage has an archway that leads backstage. A couch sits to the foreground somewhat. Behind it is a tall window with heavy drapes. A staircase ascends at near center stage toward right stage. It achieves a railing at its summit that traverses over right stage. Fore-ground at right stage is a small desk with a mirror over it. Several objects of glass are arranged on the desk. One is a crystal vase of water holding a plant of delicate tendrils. Entrance.

Time: Evening. The wife on the couch closes book. She is a woman aged 59. Enter The Husband. He is a young man in his early twenties.

#### THE WIFE

My headache, that of old, so long severe?  
The harsh of it is in advent again.  
A footfalling persistence in my ear.

#### THE HUSBAND

Late verys at the gate. I have to hurry.  
I promised to drive the Barrington's with me to the party.

#### THE WIFE

At what o'clock shall I expect you back?

#### THE HUSBAND

Sleep when sleep comes to you. I will be late,

Exit Husband. The wife rises. Crosses to window. Watches. Sound of automobile motor. Departure.

#### THE WIFE

I'll draw the drapes together,  
Make tea, then, to bed a little after nine.

The stage grows dark. At the desk a red glow begins to burn.

VOICE

I rest myself.

THE WIFE

A drop of blood!

BLOOD

I was bled in hurried yesterday.

THE WIFE

I cut me in the kitchen while cutting cake. I  
Sat here distressed. A - a strange weary upon me solemnly falls.

BLOOD

Truth suspicions you for the worse!

THE WIFE

Since you presume to speak what will you speak?  
None, of dreading for a woman happy as I am.  
Contentment in me has a balm'd incline. I'll  
Draw the drapes together;  
Make tea and to bed after nine.

BLOOD

An all of weary for a woman such as you are.  
Harsh is in ere; rain will cold; joy be far ago'd.  
Glad violins toward irritable break of key.  
There's fear and unsure for you woe'd

THE WIFE

These drears for me? A woma happy as I am,  
Loved by a husband young in love's extreme?  
Wrinkles eschewed, ever smiling I am  
Above all, flexible, un with any jealous mean'd,

BLOOD

When in a summons to a word of thought you've had;  
Or when with do or don't do a low call  
Who'd from the no telling of where  
Is downstairs'd and upstairs'd within the hall  
Expect me!  
In the headache that so long severes!  
Expect me!  
A footfalling persistence inside your ear!  
A doubt, a truth, a suspicion for the worse!

Wind rushes through room. Wind chimes tinkling.  
The red glow smokes and disappears.



THE WIFE

Gone! but its luminous is in my eyes!  
Sleep. I wish to sleep.  
Sleep comes to a woman happy as I am.

The Wife reclines upon the couch as the stage lights dim.

Scene II

A metropolitan park. The Husband and a young woman enter. There is a Fountain of Inevitable Fate. Beside the Fountain is an apple tree wanting in height. On its bough sits a white Bird of Suspicion. Fountain and Bird are surrounded with the Leaves of Emotion. The Husband and The Young Woman are seen in pantomime as they embrace.

FOUNTAIN (voice echoes as in cave)

My cold arounds them with persistent monotone,  
My not more than a far delve's downpour lones.  
I'm the alas of a vessel that often holds  
Lovers briefly reflected in a marble mold.

BIRD

I am the looking down on love that guilts,  
Paled suspicion, blear on conscience's leaves.  
I, impetuous'd through every sky, ill  
Such desire as that of love that would be free!

LEAVES (verse choir)

On pendulous branch of suspense we hark,  
Over furtive and swift or stark.

BIRD

Ruffle crosses my back.

LEAVES

Wind wraiths its lo on us! They kiss!

FOUNTAIN

Moon of embarrassment comes cool'd out!

Music accompanies The Husband and The Young Woman. They walk slowly deeper into the Park.

Scene III

Setting as in Scene I. The Husband comes downstairs.  
He is dressed in business suit; has overcoat on arm  
and carries a traveling bag. He stops at phone. Is  
about to dial. Enter The Wife. He does not dial.

THE HUSBAND

There is thick of a business in New York.  
Somebody phoned. I'll be away a day -  
Business mechanics and all that is in work.  
What's to be done and said I do and say.

I am taking the car for to and fro.

THE WIFE

The Dr. etched to me his frown's concern, darling,  
Prescription shadowingly ink'd as such.  
- when you go there is shudder of the loom of lone  
I believe no warm's fireplaced below -  
- perhaps - I wondered if you - must you go?

THE HUSBAND

I may take Kempton Rd. And take it west  
By Hampton Shore. That will be best.

THE WIFE

At what when shall I expect you back?  
As the weekend lacks?

THE HUSBAND

Sleep when sleep comes. I'll be late.

Exit the Husband. The Wife rises. Stands at window.  
Sound of automobile motor. Departure

THE WIFE

Wash away the gleam of the drop of blood?  
I sought to. I dared not do so. Low call,  
Who'd from the no telling of where it did,  
Downstairs'd and upstairs'd in the halls.

As in a summons to a word of thought I'd had,  
A suddenness of white appeared and fled.

Anxieties for a woman as happy as I am?  
I have secure sure about as in bank.  
Glad violins. All's concord here and calm  
Contentment's best's here. What save thanks?

Striking of clock. Stage grows dark. Chimes tinkle.  
Red glow appears on desk.

BLOOD

I'm under the ink set where I've rested two days!

THE WIFE

There is thick of a business in New York.  
Somebody phoned. Could he've harrow'd by no?  
There is a mechanics of business in his work.  
What's to be done he does. Where to be gone he goes!

BLOOD

There is unquestionably "business" in New York.  
Hush! Somebody phoned today. Have I no faith?  
What's to be done he has to do and say.  
He has the car for to and fro.

THE WIFE

Obscene little drop of blood!

Is a woman happy as I am to be anxious?  
Loved as I am by a husband young and dream?  
I am content. I have money and above all  
I am flexible un with jealous'd fiend!

BLOOD

You are once on whom time's more merciless.  
Path's sinuous is spread before you in eclipse.  
You are the years of up coming down now.  
A shut through which direction's ceased:  
The yearn'd and of which some wish blown  
The exhalations as in rooms where all is gone!

THE WIFE

Listen, from once, once more can surely come;  
Time's merciless may be temperanced some;  
Path's sinuous straightened be; shut ajar'd;  
Years up kept up; vanish endowed,  
And yearn 'can have fresh through it blown  
The inhalations of become!

BLOOD

I see, you have abundant hope and faith!

If you have nothing you have faith. Alack!  
It becomes hectic. Leave it to Catholics.

THE WIFE

I have no fear of debts to what may harm!  
Back to my heart if my heart has bled you!

BLOOD

When in a summons to a word or thought you've had,  
Dizzied appear has flared and fled:  
Or when which do or don't do a low call  
Who'd from the no-telling of where,  
Is downstairs'd and upstairs'd within the hall,  
    Expect me!  
In the headache that so long severs;  
    Expect me!  
A footfalling persistence inside your ear!  
A doubt, a truth, a suspicion for the worse!

Wind rushes through room. Wind chimes tinkle. The  
red glow smokes and disappears.

Scene IV

Setting same as in Scene I. The stage is dark. Sound of  
furious rain outside of draperied window. Red of the drop  
of blood begins to glow. Lights suddenly go on at top of the  
stairs as The Wife in pajamas and robe descends stairs.

THE WIFE

He hasn't come back!  
Sunday he said. It is and old. How dark!  
If this hundredfold of raining would slack!  
I'm forest'd in leaves of nervous hark.

His thick of business in New York has not thinned down;  
Clause in contract, perhaps, or statistical err:  
Perhaps the car needed a checking beyond bounds,  
Or rain wrought on the road too wet a dare.

Could he be agony'd and in a hotel ails,  
Where management is harsh and bellboys lax?  
Could he have headlight'd on too black a trail?

He should have after'd his leave by phonecall.

BLOOD

(with insidious laughter)

They will return, poor happy as you are!

THE WIFE

I do not believe "They" Business thicks in New York:  
Business mechanics that are in his work.

(Sound of automobile turning in drive)

I hear him returning summer with car. Listen!

BLOOD

She has been subtled back. Were they together long?

THE WIFE

Who together long?

BLOOD

"She" with whom he's been away?

THE WIFE

Why, he has been away alone. I'm not anxious.

Woven of our feelings can't be shred.

Wisdom I have. He has youth infatuuous.

These alchemize in the crucible of us wed.

BLOOD

Ask for his billfold! And what of his bag?!

THE WIFE

Oh what's in that? I tell you I will not!

(Enter The Husband)

Honey, (he embraces her lightly) your returning unfolds  
glad:

More even than news of being heir to some estate:

War's end like; like ill become the well

Like religion that suddenly elates!

THE HUSBAND

The way a clock excruciates delay from you, you

From whom and comfortable only a fool 'would stay!

THE WIFE

I'll fill the tub with a fresh pastel of a bath.

THE HUSBAND

Not now. I want to rest.

(The Husband hurries upstairs to bed)

THE WIFE

What do you say to it? Where is it now,  
That heath of affection or moonlit vow?

BLOOD

Happy as you are, he's a prevaricator!

THE WIFE

Why would he wish to leave me in vanish!  
What have I done? What have not been? What cannot be?  
And 'she' with whom he is supposed away?

BLOOD

She's one upon whom time has scarcely come.  
Path's sinuous spreads before her all illumine.  
She is but one year over a chiffon of twenty-one.  
Direction promises but more her bloom.

THE WIFE

Insidious! I cannot believe it!

(Then in quick decision The Wife seizes the crystal vase.  
Casting the plant off she pours water upon the blood. Hiss  
and a gasp. Smoke. Wind.)

No more of you!

(The Wife having wiped away the blood feels drowsy)

What is it about sleep  
Within the head that leaves it helpless lie?  
The cease, the lapse the overwhelm  
Of some nox of eternity.

(She approaches the couch)

ACT II

Scene I

(Living room as in Scene I, Act I. Phone rings. Enter The Wife)

THE WIFE

Hello. Hello. No reply. (replaces receiver on hook)

(Enter The Husband with golf clubs and accessories)

I had as joyous on the terrace where we lunch,  
Delicate tremulous of flowers plucked.  
Italian blue Imperiatas, and the dutch  
Silverware. To whatever were you rushed?  
Not golf? Why did you not ask me to go?

THE HUSBAND

It bores you. Remember you told me so? Were any phone  
calls for me?

THE WIFE

Tell me how I am loved by you?

THE HUSBAND

(half hearted)

My love mosts for you. If a sunset's eye sought you,  
And a pool in faced admiration lay,  
Or wind backward and forward woo'd  
I would say, "Go on! She loves me. Not all she may!"

THE WIFE

Love for you mosts in me! - a woman happy as I am.

Were I the sick and doctors forecast my death each hour;  
Had I a frail breath to breathe with the eternal lower,  
I believe were I of your coming miles but told  
I might hold and - (phone rings) I'll answer.

THE HUSBAND

(rushing to phone)

I will. (on phone) Ex. 4. Glendyr. (pause) Gone!

THE WIFE

(clock strikes)

Why, its half spell of eight o'clock.  
I've reserved a trinket'd table at the Le Chateau.  
Wear I've prepared. How's my hair? I've a splendid frock.  
What sudden of befall? Your frown's low?

THE HUSBAND

Wait till tomorrow, dear. Tonight however - I -

THE WIFE

(silent a moment)

A reason? Any reason? Make me believe!

THE HUSBAND

Business stacks about the office. Late lights:  
Statistics; burn of cigarettes to think;  
Tonight's involuntary doom!

THE WIFE

(thoughtfully to herself)

Late light; statistics; thoughts and cigarettes.  
But why by you must all this work be met?

THE HUSBAND

Pardon me this time now, will you darling?

(The Husband goes upstairs. The Wife approaches the desk  
of the drop of blood)

THE WIFE

There was the thick of business in New York.  
Somebody phoned. Could he've harrowed by no?  
There are the mechanics of business in his work.  
What's to be done he does. Where to be gone he goes.

Anxieties for a woman as happy as I am?  
I have secure sure about as in bank.  
Glad violins. All's concord here and calm.  
Contentment's best's here. What save thanks?

Tonight a world of business at the office looms  
Late light; statistics; burn of cigarettes to think;  
Tonight's involuntary doom.

(Husband comes downstairs donning overcoat)

What when shall I expect you back?

THE HUSBAND

Sleep when sleep comes. I must be late.

(Exit The Husband)

(Scene Park. Fountain, Bird and Leaves. Enter Husband.)



He consults his watch. Lights cigarette and waits.)

LEAVES.

His mystery'd tall's approach is by.  
Shall we suspend it in a hush?

FOUNTAIN

No. Be a perpetual sound, as I intone,  
The ceaseless monotonous of undone and done.

(light appears on Leaves. Bird sits with red eyes)

BIRD

Ruffle crosses my back. She comes no doubt!

LEAVES

Wind wraiths its lo about!

FOUNTAIN

A moon's embarass comes out cold!

(Enter The Young Woman. The Husband receives her  
in embrace.)

THE HUSBAND

I got the signal. One ring. No reply!

THE YOUNG WOMAN

I rang before but she was there close by.

LEAVES

There's the furious of a thrall.  
Falling rises and rising falls.

BIRD

I hear an agonying violin break it all.

THE HUSBAND

My wife wakes up nights in stark's bed.  
Suspicion's phosphorescence on her dreads.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

Our lies! Our beauteous now atrophies!  
My husband has his lamp lit of suspect!

THE HUSBAND

That fool!

(they embrace. There is a summation of quiet music of

grim presage)

Scene II

(Living room. The wife is at desk that held the drop of Blood. She examines her face in the looking glass as if without apprehension)

THE WIFE

Waked me have morning's of blued breath, but death's  
Youth has not horror'd in my mirror with a sketch!

Do not wait for me whoever you are mellow with years:  
Do not wait for me to be with you at doom's hearth -  
The "dear dead days beyond recall" let keep their dearth.  
Go ladies and have grand funerals.

Not that a woman happy as I am waxes anxious  
I am loved by a husband young and dream,  
To whom I'm companionable and vivacious,  
Yet that he'd speak to me directly all I seem!

Confess, he might, that I have no years stress  
About the cheeks, about the eyes, about a fifty-nine  
year brow.  
He should once but consider how I look my erst  
I wish to hear spoken these things I know.

Ask him how I am. How worth. My blood lies  
But my husband shall speak the truth.

(The Wife, taking her purse, after preparations, applies make-up. The powder she applies is uneven and caked upon her face. She pencils her eyebrows. Uses eye shadow ridiculously black. With rouge achieves a vivid red. Completed, The Wife slowly turns o audience. Her face is like a mask from a Japanese show.)

He'll exclaim his delight's astonish.

(Combing her hair down she attempts the careless look of former years. There is the sound of his cars arrival in the driveway.)

Confetti of lilies innumerabled blew:  
A small music'd laughter: The veil and whey;  
Our once wedding day!

(She turns on a lamp near sofa. Sits alluringly. Takes up magazine.)

He may find me more rare mood'd from now.  
I have been usual and dull at his expense -  
Too much foregone the salons and dressmakers that endow  
Fortunate women with a beauty more intense.

(Enter Husband. Places bag on chair. Overcoat over bag.)

I want to talk to you.

(The Husband looks upon The Wife. For a moment he is confounded. He draws near her. Pause.)

Remember now? Fashionable?

THE HUSBAND

(recovering)

That needs a better judge.

THE WIFE

You did not exclaim in delight's astonish -  
- Please speak - I wish to know - praise or admonish.

THE HUSBAND

It doesn't matter what I say. Rest I do need.  
I've had a disappointing day.

(The Husband with abruptness leaves. He goes upstairs. The Wife very slowly takes out a pocketbook mirror.)

THE WIFE

When I would first have washed away the blood,  
I sought to, but dared not do so. Low call,  
Who'd from the Id of but my fears I heard  
Upstairs'd and downstairs'd through the hall.

Fear! Aghast of its white plumed and fled  
As in favor of a truth that bled.

Before me? - is it - is it in eclipse?  
The years do they - ? Do I ill see what is at stake?  
The truth for pity's sake!

No he did not exclaim in delight's astonish.  
His delight is weary!

ACT III

Scene I

(Park. Fountain. Leaves.)

FOUNTAIN

A lilac'd dangerous is on me in foretell.  
Spectres of hue, twinkled of sinister, abide.  
Restless despoil serpents when I would lull,

LEAVES

We eagerly await the lovers who must hide!

FOUNTAIN

Obscened; my transparency blood'd;  
Reverberated with vile; murder, rape, shoved  
Beneath my stones; truth in my beauty villified:  
Truly, these are the phenomena of man's love,

LEAVES

We cannot be at peace as a corpse fatal'd is.  
Response, apprehension seizes us through.  
Bloodshed confounds us, we are happy at a kiss.  
How's to be cold, immovable like you?

FOUNTAIN

Wise, I think. Stone more olds.

LEAVES

Is old wise?  
And consciousness be living young fool  
Always - fool, wise, are they -

(Enter Bird upon bough as glow)

BIRD

Love! Without suspicion, I tell you, it can't thrive!  
Hush!

(Enter Husband. Looks at watch. Is perturbed. Sits on bench. Looks left and right in expectation of the Young Woman.)

He will lone it tonight. Locks stop her.  
Let no hinge creak in her house or coat leave hook.  
She nervouses around the upstairs of her room.  
Her husband hoaxes downstairs with a book.

His lamplit of suspect has scared in cracks.  
Phonecalls, his, jangle the day at fake hours.  
Her terror of that bedside sphinx has her nervewrack'd  
Home nights, by her he sits fix'd: scowls.

Excuses she frails. Perhaps they'd fool fools.  
Him? No, no. Experience is graph'd on his brow.  
When she would flee he's above, below, round about!

FOUNTAIN

Is it in the human phenomenon?  
I mean some pure maximum tenderness?

LEAVES

How should that not prove colorless?

BIRDS

Now, how the wife excruciates beside the clock.

FOUNTAIN

This urge of yours to spy!

LEAVES

Now how does she?

BIRD

She makes housework: straightens the straight: Sweeps swept:  
A maid did all there was to do.

That violin is not so concord there, but flats!  
Nor is secure sure around as in bank;  
And mine shall have the nest contentment had.

(The Husband rises. He consults his watch. He sits again.  
His agitation increases. Stage lights fade slow.)

Scene II

(Living Room as in Act 1, Scene I. Glum heavys upon the  
stage. Enter Husband. Closes door with extreme care.  
Moves over to the phone. He dials. Unbeknown to him The  
Wife comes out on the landing overhead. Faint red of light.  
It falls upon the old of her face.)

THE HUSBAND

Is he near? No? Where were you? Alright I hope?

(pause)

I could have sworn I saw you as surely as leaves.  
I waited as within a graveyard for a ghost.  
Fleet reflected thicket'd as through sieve.  
I was questioned by a cop at his post.

(pause)

Keep alert at the lock. Pillow the phone!

(pause)

My wife? Lies enamel me! Oh I still wear well!  
But a blood of suspicion's in her deep.  
Swifts of fear's illumine, pallor her, and tell  
Like a sun-dial the left-half shadow's sweep.

(pause)

We have to have money! Have to, or what's Brazil?  
What Italy? France will be what to us?  
Let's let decision be gavel'd, lady:  
Her money or your husband's we must have!

(pause)

Tomorrow - nine o'clock - the Park?  
Fountain as usual -

(hangs up)

(As The Husband completes his call, The Wife, turns on chandelier. Husband adjusts himself. Wife descends stairs very deliberately)

THE WIFE

Business at the office has taken hold, I thought.  
I read for an hour. Famished I ate.  
Supper of yours, sumptuous'd, colds on the plate.

THE HUSBAND

Yes, Yes - I, that is, business did take sudden hold.

THE WIFE

(after pause)

Who was it called?

THE HUSBAND

I don't think I want any. Rest I do need.

(He kisses her quick. Walks firm upstairs. He reaches landing.)

THE WIFE

Who called?

THE HUSBAND

Albert. About reports, etc.

(Exit Husband. The Wife moves to desk that held the drop of blood.)

THE WIFE

Now it was not blood that spoke? Nor low call.  
No swoon robed briefly through the room.

(Music)

Scene III

(There is enveloping mist in Park. Night is pale with its distant accumulation. Shape is somewhat distinct and dark against it. Fountain is dark. Tree is dark Enter Husband. Enter The Young Woman. They embrace. She breaks from it in distress. As The Young Woman speaks, another woman's figure comes and sits on a bench in the shadows, behind a bush. Wears low wide-brimmed hat, etc.)

THE YOUNG WOMAN

Something must be done! I'm specttred from house!  
Fugitived in a last o'clock as before dead:  
In fray of a coat, hair in tempest, on wrong blouse;  
Like a furious suicide out of a bed.

I can't bear him anymore. From his grill of teeth,  
Spites of harsh! Bang-the-table he swears.  
He falsehoods, furtives keys, spies, swills drink,  
Bluebeards into my bedroom nights: glares!

THE HUSBAND

Without money can beyond be ours?

THE YOUNG WOMAN

But with it will irretrievable knell?  
Done things' sound numb our ears deaf to more?

THE HUSBAND

Without money beyond's not ours. We have to have money.  
Poor is a foreswear to only tragedy.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

Isn't love ours? Is there beyond love? Not to me!  
If we could fresh to somewhere's towers!  
Love ours some second-hand, gas-filled car!  
Just as you are; as I am, coats ajar.

Let's abandon money without a word.

THE HUSBAND

Darling, that's a child's talk.  
Let's think, now. Come. I have her car.

(Exit The Husband with The Young Woman in haste.  
Then from the bench The Woman that sits behind  
bushes watches them leave. Slowly turning. The  
Wife moves as Leaves shake, violently Fountain  
pours thunderously.)

Scene IV

(Living Room as in Act I, Scene I. Small lamp is lit.  
Enter Wife from vigil in Park. Stands at desk that held  
blood. Removes hat. Sits.)

THE WIFE

I've seen them. My lustred year'd up by lies,  
Watered out in an hour! The castled of it  
Came monstrous'd down in towers.

At what o'clock did I expect his hollow back?  
Did I expect that to come back that has not been?  
I mean his affections that I thought young and dream.

Them. No, I'll never stop seeing them! "She"!  
She, with whom he has been away. How it pains me!  
"Why he has been away alone," I told the blood.

Then there's been auction of the heart here.  
Fragment and half and lax fill the room.  
Calendar of an end's down, done with wear.

If I could be to them hanged man to a conscience  
Could make their world too sorry to commence:  
Be a dome over their realm more than obnoxious.

That same, solemn weary is falling on me  
The overwhelm of some subsistent eternity.

It would mean much to go out, out on the stair!  
That exquisite of stairs - !  
I shall have to do without proper stairs -

(She takes the crystal vase. Breaking it suddenly,



stiffly near the floor, she applies a piece of it to her wrist. A flash of red. Wind hurries everything blown.)

BLOOD

I fall to the desktop! To the chair! To the floor!

THE WIFE

Will you speak now to a woman unhappy as I am?  
Murderers of unsuspection! If they kiss  
A blood lipstick off her lips bitter his!

BLOOD

From once, once more can come. Listen! Hear me!

THE WIFE

Too late, blood, I have 'killed' myself. Thank God!

BLOOD

Unhappy as you were, where's brave? Let truth's egg hatch!  
Be morning'd against moon'd.

THE WIFE

I am the once upon whom time has merciless'd;  
Paths sinuous spreads before me in eclipse.  
I am those years of up come down -  
- Shut through which direction's ceased:  
The yearn'd, blood, of which he wished blown,  
Exhalations as when all is done and gone!

BLOOD

Then so were you and I spoke so to you.  
A hope is hectic little looking back.  
It more aheads, before you as hope ought to.

THE WIFE

I am turning, blood, upon my mind's rack.  
He had no business in New York.

BLOOD

Eat the fruit of a season brilliant'd anew:  
Let hued be hearted: and. cast away wax  
And wire and paper, creams and hair.-dos etc.,  
The latheriques and mascara let lack.  
Go out on the over where the wafting is.  
Let the unlie of daylight's cosmetic fix aged.  
Young and dream are memories of the wast.

THE WIFE

Too late, blood. I cannot be assuaged.

BLOOD

Let reason pure vengeance like milk on wine!

THE WIFE

Too late, blood. I have not the time.

Things have extremely like a head of tree,  
Innumerable impenetrable intricacies,  
But profound, that move of an arm,  
In a Fate's calculus, with worlds conforms.

Inertias have tremendous'd their dark.  
Between them as they are opposed,  
Elasticity of being to and fros.

There is no fooling now. I feel its rue!  
What are the dynamics of Will as true?

BLOOD

Things with extremely like a head of tree -  
Innumerable impenetrable intricacies -  
Profound are that move of an arm  
May, in Fate's calculus, worlds transform!

THE WIFE

How violently I have spoken and clearly  
For qualities, quantities that were here.  
I've made motion'd contours, images, dreams;  
What I'd be; what do; what wanted my life to mean.

I must forsake them then I gather  
For the considerables of unforeseen?  
But there be some among the low, still plumed  
Who feel, at last, doom is doom!

BLOOD

Inertias that tremendous'd their dark?  
Between them as they are opposed  
Th'elastic being grows and grows!

THE WIFE

Too late, blood, for what may I trust or do  
The moving contour, will, is the object of a fool?

BLOOD

Stop me! I fall upon the rug, - tablelegs!

I am profused too to the dregs!

THE WIFE

I hear him returning like a hoodlum in car. Listen!  
She has been subtled back. They were together long.  
The woven of our feelings was but shreds.

BLOOD

Wisdom you have. He has youth's infatuous.  
There could have been no alchemy in the crucible  
of you wed.

THE WIFE

Welcome him with unfolding rage?

BLOOD

No, - Oh, stop me! I'm everyplace!

(To music, glooming music, she approaches the couch.  
A mantle clock strikes now a long line of reverberations  
while the blood shows luminously. Lying resignedly  
upon the chouch she seems to lapse. Sudden harsh, the  
music ceases. Enter Husband. There is uncustomary  
hush. Ghastly air agitates the room. The Husband be-  
holds his responsibility. Music. Husband at the  
couch examines The Wife.

THE HUSBAND

Not dead. Beyond be ours? Here is how,  
Though it will be spending blood.

(Phone rings. Husband replies quickly)  
(on phone)

Is he near? No. I just got back. Listen!  
Beyond, is ours, not without money. Listen please!  
Fate didn't die in Greece.  
She's lying here in her blood lagoon'd!  
Not dead, but dying! By her own hand - No!  
Call whom? - No, no! - Call? Listen  
What irretrievable? Numb whose ear?  
Deaf to more? In heavens name why?!  
We didn't kill her! Call? Call? Call? O stop!  
Get packed. Beyond is ours. I know  
We have to have somebody's money?  
To save her life now would be killing ours!

Listen! -

(He presses button furiously) She hung up! (He hangs

receiver on hook. Takes it off again. Dials fiercely.  
After several rings there is an unexpected answer.)

Hello - ! (he hangs up horrified) He has come back!

There is a thick of business in New York, I'll say.  
I'll say somebody phoned. I have been away a day.  
Business mechanics that are in my work.  
On returning I'll say, My wife? My darling sweet wife?!  
What made her do this? And this way!!

(He hurries upstairs)

BLOOD

Arise! Stop me!  
Should you die for such as he?!!  
Get up!

(The Wife, with extraordinary purpose lifts herself from  
the couch like a ghastly spectre. She stands, a stature of  
blood. Now from a cabinet, slowly, she produces a pistol.  
Returning to couch, slow, she lies down again. Husband  
hastens downstairs with his overnight bag. Glancing at  
Wife he reaches door.)

THE WIFE

Now what o'clock shall I expect you back?

THE HUSBAND

(startled turns back)

Darling, I - I thought you - you slept I - I

THE WIFE

Ha! Sleep, when sleep comes. Will you - ah, yes, -

THE HUSBAND

Of course late, I - I will be late -

THE WIFE

Take Kempton Rd. and take it west by Hampton Shore?

THE HUSBAND

A - that - that's it. That's best. I - I -

THE WIFE

There is a thick of business in New York?

THE HUSBAND

Somebody phoned. I could not harrow no.

THE WIFE

The to be done, you do? Where to be gone, you go?  
Pray tell me what of her?

THE HUSBAND

“Her”?

THE WIFE

She with whom you’ been away?

THE HUSBAND

Why I have been away alone!

THE WIFE

Come. Here. Look!

THE HUSBAND

Blood! Oh darling what is all this blood?  
What have you done? Blood. Blood.

THE WIFE

I am dying. Save me!

THE HUSBAND

Save you?

THE WIFE

Yes, dear. Love for you mosts in me. Save me!

THE HUSBAND

I - I

THE WIFE

Do not hesitate, Stop the blood!

THE HUSBAND

Too late, Oh how I wish I could stop it?

THE WIFE

Isn’t love ours? Is there beyond love? Not to me!  
We have MY money! MY business! MY house!  
MY everything! Beyond is ours! Say so, darling. Say so!

THE HUSBAND

Damned heinous vicious old fool!

BLOOD

Stop me!

(The Husband leaps up. Takes up bag. Reaches door.)

THE WIFE (aiming pistol)  
How without money will beyond be yours?

THE HUSBAND  
Listen, dearest! Listen. No! - I admit -

BLOOD  
If but either of you might stop me!

THE WIFE  
Let us spend blood!!

(With which she lets the pistol fire! While The Husband Aghast, takes a seat fatally wounded and in shock, The Wife commences to talk in a falling whisper -)

You know, dearest, since I found you, set you a business, loved you, I have learned something in effect, horribly religious: We don't know exactly what we do ever because we're not big enough or small enough. It's a shame to make so many mechanical right mistakes - I say its such a shame - it's -

(her hand drops pistol)

(the luminosity of blood, grows dark)

(stage grows dark as the Husband's corpse slumps on the desk)

O F   A N G E L A

1

She could not be said to have been loving ever.  
Laird was under toleration. She stood  
Upon, and left his amazement admiring,  
And what to do, to and fro in a passion for her.  
An expression as of exciting flowers around her  
She came morning in a heart's room to him  
But an anguish of arms and of fingers  
After'd her. She martyr'd Laird to love of her  
He suffered the stake of her

One night he stood at the threshold of Angela.  
Utter frightened from her. Shapely in apparel  
Angela lay on a lounge. She seemed costly.  
Her caress of voice warmed through.  
She forwarded her arms with hands of tense fingers.  
And then it could have been tides in to Laird!  
She drew dangerously up. He'd have drowned of her.

"Something about you, Angela," he said.

She gestured for some receptacles, "Want a  
brandy?" she asked.

In an assault of lustres and hair she moved  
Trailing to a gilded table.  
Sweetly her lips smiled back.  
Down her eyelids.

Laird said eager near the stream of her,  
"You are really beautiful, you know?"  
She knew, she said, and gave him a brandy.  
He set it down. He said, "Angela, I -"  
He retrieved the drink.  
(Her necklace overinsisted) So suddenly  
She laughed. Her laughter even was like harp,  
But to fool a suitor laughed there.  
How she extremely laughed!

"Angela! Stop!" -  
he said and then with the unthinning of the sensed -  
(his reposed straight a death of born flowers fragranced  
his aghast at it silent)

She rose with underneath of sex: the under drummed:  
Her glister, smoothing from a thigh;  
Bosom challenged from her.

2

One moving night Laird entered happily.  
She was in the bathroom. Her negilgee, interesting,  
Along'd: precipitated at the breasts,  
hurried together with waist clasped up:  
In her hand, a cigarette.

Now she turned off. She waited for one thought more of:  
The vex of her forehead said so.  
With face arch, she began to scorn him with falsehood.  
"I had gone to bed. What is it?" she asked.  
He said faintly, "Nothing," for it was the tempest of it  
that swept the bank of rocks - Angela rocks! -  
and he, a storm swept lap in a sea.  
She, stone, passed him with disgust he could have  
borne perhaps in Doom.  
"Angela -"  
"Yes? What now?"  
"Who is it?"  
"What are you talking about?"  
"What do you want? A king?"  
"You dream too much," she said.  
"Angela, they say dreams give man his nobility."  
"Is that what you call it, "nobility"? Listen, what's  
this "Rilke" to me, or somethin' or other in Paris?  
Just shit. If it's the 'age of reason' I don't  
give a damn! Here it is straight: You make me dull,  
positively ill! You just don't move me. We can't  
possibly marry. That you could've thought it!  
I've told you the truth. So! You always talk about the truth. Shock!  
Don't you? I deserve thanks really, don't I?"

Suddenly, he swept a crash off the table  
In a calamity of rage. She, stood head up,  
Teeth gritted together. He fierced.

"You want a brute!" he said. "Some brute!!"

She came around and in an ash tray  
Anger'd her cigarette to pieces.  
"SO WHAT!?! Ha! It's not you! Understand me.  
You're a bore! A goddamned bore!!!



She went scorning up some steps. To Laird:  
Crash of hatred with which the room  
Seemed to begin to break! A colossal blar  
Blinded. Twisted up'd. Up fell  
Shock!  
Laird went into the night's out deep.

3

In damp of a year, Laird declined:  
He sat hand bang'd on a table:  
Cruel'd by Angela. (Say whatever,  
He felt through a succession of shadows  
Enough of stark to enter a seminary  
Or dread off for the blur, London,  
Or give to Angelas the Kingsbury.)  
A neurotic rain uttered despairs, fled away!  
Or droop'd sky farewell'd over;  
Night consoled him with tomb'd look.  
He thought of revenge: a suffering Angela;  
Borne up she'd be funeral'd away.  
Someone would bewail her? And who?  
Her 'brute' ah yes, and how vainly!  
Bury her.  
Laird rose where he sat alack in a bar.  
He returned to his hotel.  
In a year's dissipation Laird heard  
That Angela 'loved': pouring profuse  
Cream affection on some - some 'brute'!  
Memories, perceptions seemed to begin, to twist;  
Violenced feelings configurated; visual shook.

4

Laird heard of marriage in the wake of Angela:  
She would marry. She would marry some "Joe".

Eight o'clock: Laird had on, had fastened up  
And drawn and situated and placed together.  
Ready, he came downstairs: estated.  
Ring excited from his finger that final'd with the door key.  
Goodevening was abroad, metropolis'd.  
He entered expanse of his car.

They were together, Angela and Joe.  
Angela opened the grey of her door.  
At the incredible return of Laird  
The violin'd of Angela off-key'd. Terrible the music!  
"Angela - I -"  
"Oh -"  
(she the 'murderess': Laird was the  
returning cadaver  
ungraved, thunderstriking the old threshold)

"If it isn't 'Jesus'" she said, but forced.

Laird moved in sepulchr'ing the room.  
His intricate of hands, gloves that "corpsed,"  
Shuddered forth. She seemed confused.

"My fiance is in the room. Come and meet him,"  
she said.

So said, and Laird adjusted himself  
He had come from the 'tombs' to meet him.  
His "murderess" went appalling to the archway  
Beautiful'd ahead. The stunning length of her  
Staged suddenly, she said, "Honey -"  
and she introduced him to Joe.

Joe rose as if he had come from the ring.  
His enginery advanced. His hands as if  
Reached for a shot-put. He said "Glad to know ya, fella."  
His heaved chest fortress'd.  
The proportion under'd and the rounds of his thighs  
Wrestled. Laird extended a hand, "So you're Joe.?"

"This is 'Jesus' honey," said Angela.

Laird didn't impress Joe as Jesus.  
"Jesus?" he laughed. He was amused.

"He was always talking about the soul and stuff -  
the mind, and quoting," said Angela.

Laird inquisitived about. "This wedding, Angela, I -"  
Came Angela casting her spell over the strength of Joe:

"Isn't Joe a honey?" she asked.

At length, the eye of Joe fascinated by the ring  
on Laird's finger, "Is that real, fella?"

Angela unraveled, the fringe of her agitated.  
“He has more jewelry than I have!”

“He’s doin’ alright,” said Joe.

Now with a sudden flower of heart,  
Laird unfingered the ring; he cast it to Joe.  
“Examine it closely. Quite the gift, eh?”

“Here’s who you oughta marry, honey.  
Some guy with loot.” Joe said.

Here it was that Angela looked sudden a cloud.  
Laird breathed in the expanse of that.  
Was Joe dead out of it? Fine! No money!  
“What’s your profession, Mr. - a -? Laird asked.  
“I don’t have a profession les’ts eat an’ sleep.”

“Oh - ! - not the sports field? I - ”

“I’m not in anything just yet. I - a - ”

“You mean to marry Angela I understood - ?”

With a flourish of anger, Angela:  
“This is no quiz program, for God’s sake!”

“Oh, sorry Angela, I - sorry, Joe -”

“Fella to me it don’t matter. Okay.  
Anybody can ask me anything,” said Joe.

Angela rose like a smoke. An around music  
Streamed up from near. She folded her arms.  
Moving over to a table, Angela harsh’d off the radio.  
And said, “Don’t tell our business, Joe.”

“ o sure, honey,” said Joe.  
And then stranded his bark of arms for her.  
They were the boughs. His grasp of hands  
Wandered upon the smooth of Angela,

Subtled and kissed upon, she smiled at Laird.  
Through Laird, a dark swift flew  
Aghast and an extreme of waves  
Terror’d between - raved violently  
Upon shores in deep.

Then sudden'd a conviction and a plan to Laird  
In a way-laid of love's darkness, heathers of mysteries!  
Fantastic irresponsible realms of never before to Joe!  
Laird brought down like narcotic sleep  
A dream. At last Joe sank. A failed Angela  
Heard:

“Joe, friend, let me make you a loan. A friend  
of Angela's you know?”  
(Angela all unrigged, her thoughts like weathered rag -  
She would have said but doubted what.)  
“Oh Joe, honey some meantime job would work better.  
Won't you get your inheritance soon?”

“Inheritance?” Joe asked. “Oh, yeah!”

At once Angela saw with conviction Laird's apt.  
Laird rose and as he rose, from Angela  
Up stark bloomed a plume of loathing.  
She knived murderous sentiments at him,  
But Joe, not without warm handclasps  
Drew back Laird's stay, talking, talking -

“Come see me, Joe,” Laird said.

5

Thursday was borne coffined over, that with a  
command of rain!  
Laird thinned through the white of a breakfast.  
A long garden from his window, trembled avault.  
A tall of a doubt of uneasy trees, forecast.  
The expected of Angela, he thought, was Joe.  
Something was noe about him for Angela  
Had let, he suspected, her furious pulse  
Be entree for more blind erotic folly.  
Laird suspicion'd that matrimony had sought Joe  
And that Joe had not sought it: Matrimony:  
Dull frame the thought to Joe: a Sahara:  
A dry of moils and deception or mirage!

Once more at his grand piano Laird  
Schumann'd over the keys. Dissonanced to a forte.  
With the Funf Klavierstucke of a later day,  
He struck upon his new purchased Webern.  
Es to Fs assembled sparely over, F sharp  
then down to G natural,  
Laird thought to turn. There stood Joe.

Laird said:  
“Well, well you did come, Joe.”  
And so began some vague under extrication.

Here Laird said: “Let me hang up your jacket.”  
He unveiled the statued. Joe seemed gladiatorial.  
It was Rome. Into the Colosseum Laird cast roses?

It was a stage of an evening.  
Laird was, to say, master of ceremonies.  
So he set up props; gave voice to his Stromburg Carlson;  
While his wines and whiskies glistered together.

“Say, Jesus, you’ve got a lay-out! Some pad!”

Laird said: “Dispense with Angela.”  
“o sure - I mean, how do you mean - ?

“The name ‘Jesus’:  
It meant to Angela the antithesis of Angela. I  
Say that in a man, compassion or the tender  
Or intellect birthed disdain in the mind and heart of her.  
You comprehend me, Joe?”

“o sure -” (and here passed a shadow)

Laird sat conspicuously, his ringed hand  
rather lounging, variously impression’d.  
Soon with (as if) drawing low the shade,  
concentration upon the real matter.

Laird said: “Joe, how do you figure getting married?”

Here with a bang of violence, Joe got up.  
To and fro with a misery of hands  
He anguished around and back, “I’m screwed up,  
That’s all!”  
Laird rose then to be sun upon him.  
He said, “Is she pregnant? You can tell me.”

“I need money. I need that loan. Can you help?  
I’ll do anything, anything you ask.”

“I knew you would, Joe. I think I can help.  
I will explain. But drink something - a little brandy?  
At these times, Joe, we drink brandy.”  
(An image of a bust of stone of Angela  
Broken among some things in dust.)  
“Suppose” Laird said “you marry Angela.

But in a gust of a pretended fury, cast her against?

Abandon her?

Tell her, tell her that you can cast her off.  
Desperately she will court arraign you.  
You will be summoned; opposed with jail;  
Receive commands for support of her, her child,  
A proportion judged to be paid by you,  
Small, relative to your small means. Come back.  
Come back to me. We will go, say, to France.”

“Leave the country? Never come back?”

“No, no. I’ll pay the keep of Angela. I  
Have favors to ask you, Joe. Do I make myself clear?  
The money yours?”

Here a hung of silent.

“Do you see, Joe?”

What does Angela do?”

“Let me tell ya: Angela likes whit I like. I  
Thrill her. She’s gone on me.”

“And you?”

“I’m gone on nobody!”

“That I admire”

“I’d love a horse for some loot. For Chris’ sakes  
I just don’t want brats! Now take you: I  
Can double on one. What’s your favor?”

“Time, time,” said Laird.

“Say you’re alright,” Joe said. “Come here - I like you -”

6

The axe fell.  
A bound went up from it within some hearts.  
False emphases married! -  
Too many times thought to be love!  
Laird wrote pity on his Tablets for Joe,  
To Angelas, he was Assyrian or as in Spain

Sat in inquisition to them and at them fell  
Judged of a gavel.  
Against them he could have orated a Cicero!

7

Outside, the condoling season drab'd.  
Horror of sunset stealth'd through the oak's boughs;  
A few yews hung in a grave of the mind's eye.  
Fate haunted across. To the west, corpses.  
Sunk in a sigh the whole nauseous red.  
It swept Laird appall. He rose up.  
Frantic the boughs at his window.  
Away went through the air,  
And a sun's hideous dying left the gutters to filth.  
Old cans abject'd. By-ways whimpered.  
Coming, the death fall of the night sky.

"All done!" Joe said. "I beat her ass."

He poured out of the jug of matrimony.  
It shadowed emptily. Now Laird approved  
What he made seem Everests of wisdom.  
They would shove the straightened New York  
Behind, and on the uncoil of the sea's career  
Hugely farewell!

9

The Liner colossal'd out of New York,

10

When they had visited, the advent of return unbreath'd:  
A furious return that brought down  
A sweep of Joe's increasing gruff.

Months of enough of Joe began, "- gimme the gold."  
he said.  
"You're drunk."

"Who 'sh drunk? The loot, gimme th'loot! Hell!"

“Go sober up”

“I said I wan’ loot - you want Angela to know  
‘bout this, eh? Huh? Eh? Huh?”

“Sober up, ” Laird said. “I don’t care where.”

Joe came and surrounded

“ – crazy’s hell, but it’s luv, yes, sh ish oo oo  
come on why’n sh’

okay, lemme sleep so ish slp

oo slp

In a room, into the night, Laird flung open a window.

Entered a thing! - the wind of commingling

Fugitived through the chamber with omen.

The dim spectacle of the city was far blur.

On the mourn of the lake, dreaded in shuddered bass,

Lightning murkied. Sudden music trembled

Around the death croak of a fog horn’s low.

As that ominous O’ came from afar, Laird thought of Angela

That washed ashore the relics of a love.

Was he impassive?

He was done, all-all was- a stage lit with The End.

Goodnight was to be said.

He revived a moment.

Streamed over a field of things suddenly

A fresh of verdancy. And it was probably better

That, after all, he had delivered her from Joe.

Vengeance grown hollow.

He should never have so embarked.

11

From that time till last of their nights

He held Joe scoffed angularly:

Heartfelt declined:

His coffee drunk at a lone of table at breakfast:

Under closed door light to Joe at dark

Certained that Laird read his new edition of Ouspensky

And would be for a night’s ensue,

Oyster’d in his bedroom.

Or if having pleasures planned, Laird forwith’d,

Scroll’d in dinner eight looking a stone’s indifference:

Very silently at a mirror something-or-othering!

Joe sat a blunder, midst in beer bottles,

Filthyng his swears.

Then lastly with bang Laird resounded away,

Windswept by the vacant of revenge



One night after a symphony,  
i.e., the wonderful metaphysics, music, Laird  
Adjusted the fixture of his lock with key.  
He entered. The apartment fatigued with Joe  
Who sat among beer bottles, naked!  
“I waited for you, you bastard you!” said Joe  
And saying, his summed frame arose, sexforth,  
And with terrible abandon, about things bloomed  
A foul thick cloy, surrounds of stinking drink.

“Please, Joe, we’re done! Completely done!” Laird said.

So as if by the just phallic, stages would glow,  
Brilliances beam over again, Joe began to horror -  
Slut himself in a lewd-like agony.  
Grisly disgust upscared in Laird,  
And his eye terror-fixed, looked at the misery of it!  
He could hardly have hated more!

“Why don't you go?”

“TO MY WIFE, ANGELA?!!!”

“I don't care where!”

Again Joe heaved nauseous plus of his pulsing lips.  
Whose was revenge? thought Laird.  
All Angela! Whose irony? Whose devilish monstrous?!  
Joe upshred Laird's apparel: engagement throed -  
when suddenly

somebody!

Whether fear, passion or furious'd overdosed  
And palpabled the fancy, who could have told?  
But how a little-hand'd knocking at the door  
Ghastlied around!

Laird asked,

“Who's there?” He received no answer.

To his alack the door had not been fast'd  
It was hurled as if with the fierce  
Horrible ire of a Fury

“ANGELA!”

Joe exclaimed, “Angela - how? - !”  
Wherewith she entered and slammed the door.  
“I've found you both.” she husk'd.

And since differences can apart violently  
Once lovely Angela had become the hell of her dream heaven!  
A rasp, as her mouth of curses angled awry.  
The vein adders gruesomed over the loathing face.  
Eyes stark, the unkept of her hair, the remaining haughty,  
Hideous'd together! But her body!  
There must be an Albright!  
Her dimensions mosted, troubled to montrous,  
For the womb, all plump  
Made aspect a ghastly assortment of blobs  
Squabbled in a plastic!

Through grill teeth, Angela, "And I thought you a man!  
Anyway, that makes hell of a little difference to me now.  
This makes a difference: Every expense necessary - I  
Mean the cost of the baby - you'll pay!  
I'm yours and you'll pay my keep.  
You'll pay and pay!  
You've got until Friday to send me my money  
Or I'm downtown and you to jail!  
As or YOU, I COULD KILL YOU, YOU FREAK."

Joe turned abruptly, "You said you was payin' Angela -  
Payin' like it was me? You said, you remember?"

"You have been drinking it up Joe."

With having entered and explained herself  
Angela screwed ajar the door twisting its knob.  
Her snarl just illumned in the deep,  
Abyss'd stairway, terribly chalk'd

"Listen! Angela! Hey!" and Joe hurriedly throve  
naked after her.  
Their discussion languaged out of crude.  
Scorpion'd of the names shocked black  
The vain of the silence. Contention came to woe.

"I'm trying to explain," said Joe.

Upon which there was violently sheer after shriek  
A moment of appall - horrible thuds - a failed gasp  
silent -  
          everything silent.

Laird reached desperately to phone as Joe  
Asundering the cord, "Don't do that! Damn!  
Don't just stand there! She fell!"

Angela lay like so much thick despond.  
A forever hushed her. To this glum business on his stairs  
Laird came slow, verdict'd at heart.  
She lay looking a shock  
As for waxworks grisly ready.  
Rared for a time out of a universe's insensibility  
Phenomenons briefly excite, illumne and go.  
Brevity, we've been taught, is, God  
Permitting, "soul of wit." Angela was dead.

"I tell you that I am determined to call them Joe.  
I believe it's done. Angela's killed."

Joe, trouser'd, his coat on'd, cried, "Lie about me?!"  
I'll be far - "

"Let's lock this, Joe - lock our door -"

"What? - unlock - why you! - unlock the door!"

"We're together, Joe. We'll tell our story together, Joe.  
When the police -"

Joe edged off bottle's glass with crash.  
He furious'd huff, meaning to blood.  
Sudden'd upon Laird lay hold of iron.  
Stark of a lamp fell in perplex.  
Static'd, its flash was shadow!

Laird gaunt'd up in twist's shrill,  
Violently excruciated hand to brow  
That, faced, looked crudely gored.  
He collapsed with a gasp. Bled.

Joe, with key, shook in escape the lock.  
His blood's glee shrieking behind, disparaged the stairs.

There, all hush, lay Angela.

Joe stood in an immense of fate.  
Scare, like a dark bird on a bough  
Watched him. The dismal of such bird  
Doled upon the full womb of Angela.  
Drum as if to dement him plumbed his brain.  
From his dead responsibilities he fled!  
Fled the convolving determined dread of rounding womb!  
Fled as the mists of dawn reached bluely around houses!  
Ghosted avault under a dawn moon!

## THE EXONERATION

### SCENE I

(Police station, local. Barren, small. Few chairs. Desks. Dull window. Descending stairway, left stage. Policeman sits at desk: is youthful: shirt sleeves rolled up: reads a book. Sound of voices. Enter 3 policemen and a detective with a prisoner.)

COP I

I broke up their clam'd jaws  
How I made that last guy  
Gush up. Bammed the plump  
Blood banged slap.

(Prisoner is brought over to desk across from Cop of Desk)

COP I

Rest your ass.

(Detective opens big book. Consults with Prisoner. Cop I takes off coat. Walks over and hangs it on chair back, stops at desk where Cop of Desk reads.)

COP I

Hey Jake! (to other cop) Book headed enough, eh?  
Always got a wise-like spread open page.  
But he don't sack, eh Jake?  
Likes his Nightschool.

DETECTIVE

(pushing hat back  
and leaning back)

Now you tell us about your dubs  
And where you pool hall with'm  
Where you dropped the gun  
That killed Levsky.

PRISONER

I ain' know'd the guys I tell ya!  
I ain' been in no Candy Shop.

DETECTIVE

We don't wanna hafta unlock  
Our little dark door'd room

Our prepared sleeves up.

PRISONER

I ain' know'd the guys I swear!

COP I

We've asked ya. Next its do.  
Me and Murby and other guys  
We nabbed him beautifully  
And we didn't have a book.  
We ain't teachin' the Law.  
GUST GUTS ERST'S MUCK  
GOT TO CRUMBLE'M CRASH  
PULP OR SCRAPE CRAMMING  
KNOCK COCKEYED! GUSH UP  
BLOOD BANG PLUMP

COP OF DESK

We have Quaker'd jails:  
Franklin'd penalties:  
Emerson'd justice.

COP I

Ask me. I say that those old  
Had what it takes. Ask!  
GIVE'M THE WHACK I'D  
SET TEN ON AND WHAM  
BLUNT BELOW A BACK  
SWEAT SOPS BLOOD EKES  
FLESH OFF!

COP OF DESK

You're sick Hartley.

DETECTIVE

Where you hang out with'm?  
Where you dropped death of gun  
That killed Levsky?

PRISONER

I never seen Levsky's.

DETECTIVE

Give'm a chance to tell.  
Sudden 'm by scruff  
Then give 'm hell.

PRISONER

I never seen Levsky's

DETECTIVE

Why we're gonna hafta unlock  
Our dark door'd little room  
With prepared sleeves roll.

PRISONER

I never know'd them. I  
Wont on no robbery.

COP I

So we hafta crack ya?!

PRISONER

I ain't killed nobody!

DETECTIVE

You did the shootin' huh?  
Who are the other pals?

COP OF DESK

We've Quaker'd jails:  
Franklin'd penalties:  
Emerson'd justice.

(Cops and the Detective hustle prisoner  
downstairs left stage)

SCENE I I

(Cop of Desk stops reading. Looks at Wrist-  
Watch. A cop comes up from downstairs.)

COP OF DESK

What are those crazy guys up to?

THE COP

Hartley's all bull'd up  
Like he's seen the red.  
Or as if in a last round  
About time for the bell.

COP OF DESK

How's the prisoner?

THE COP

I've got guts for a wow  
But there's too far.  
It's all sex'd up.

(ring of phone)

COP OF DESK

I'll get it. Yeah. ( )  
say that again ( )  
) yes, they got back ( )  
) downstairs -

THE COP

What's up? (pause)

COP OF DESK

(hanging up)

They've got the man that killed Levsky.

THE COP

Now that's nice don't cha think?

(Hartley and Murby come up from downstairs)

HARTLEY (or Cop I)

Remember that last one gush?  
I BROKE THE JAW. BLOOD BANG  
PLUMP. He opened up.

DETECTIVE

But go easy. That guy's done!

COP OF DESK

Hey Murby, Hartley, go easy.  
They've got the guy.  
Just had the call.

HARTLEY

Listen: I'm Hartley  
On the force for fourteen years  
Know it up, down and up  
Up, down. I ask you:  
WHAT GODDAMNED GUY?

COP OF DESK

Have it your way.  
The murderer of Levsky  
That's what guy, Hartley!

HARTLEY

Can't remember Levsy.  
Can you, Murb? Him below:  
He attacked me and Murb'  
Murb' didn't he attack's?

DETECTIVE

Okay. Hartley. I get you. Yes!  
But enough. This time's two:  
It'll suspicion us!

HARTLEY

See, I had to hurt back.  
Why I had to. See now?  
See why? He attack'd us.  
And I couldn't -  
I couldn't let him attack us? Could I?

COP OF DESK

Let me go understand.

HARTLEY

Learn somethin' for God's sake!  
HOW TO CRACK BLACKJACK!  
GET GUTS UP!

(Exit Cop of Desk downstairs)

DETECTIVE

We'll call Doc Lenkin.

HARTLEY

Lenkin knows how to talk.

DETECTIVE

(on phone)

Emergency. Dr. R. R. Lenkin.  
Police call 4th precinct.  
(to Hartley) for the captain?

HARTLEY

Well, we were bookin' m -

DETECTIVE

He reached, reached for your gun  
You brain'd his thick

HARTLEY



and still

He came loony -

MURDERER OF LEVSKY

Anybody'll do, fellas.

COP I OF SEVEN

We found papers, money all  
And on these guys. Levsky's  
Wallet, his watch -

HARTLEY

Scientific I guess?  
Look, I can tell. "Intuition."  
Tells me. Tells Murby. Tells.  
Then I UPBLOOD FLESH I  
CRACK BLACKJACK, WHACK  
AND WHUP

DETECTIVE

Let it sleep, Hartley.

COP I OF SEVEN

I said on the phone, we've got the guys.

A COP

Ah, what the hell.

(Noise and a gasp behind. They turn. The  
prisoner, a horror, has come up out of the  
dark door'd room. There's blood. Stagger-  
ing department. Cop of Desk follows.)

Who th' !

COP OF DESK

He's not dead for you:  
Dead or jaw-broken.

HARTLEY

There's your murderer there!  
He killed Levsky! I'D MAKE'M BLAB  
GUSH UP BAMMED SLAP  
GUST GUTS ERST' SMUCK  
GOT TO CRUMBLE'M CRUSH  
PULP KNOCK COCKEYED  
GIVE'M THE WHACK I'D  
SET TEN ON AND WHAM

BLUNT BELOW A BACK  
SWEAT SOPS BLOOD EKES  
CRACK BLACKJACK WHACK  
AND WHUP

COP OF DESK

We've Quaker'd jails:  
Franklin'd penalties;  
Emerson'd justice  
There is nothing for Amos to tell.  
Can you make it? (prisoner nods)

(Ring of phone. Cop of Desk exits slowly with  
Prisoner)

COP

Hey Murby! Doc Lenkin.  
Name of guy on slab?

DETECTIVE

Fuck that.

## AFTERWORD

Because it is the usual misfortune of writers who have not achieved large reputations to be accused of belonging to every "school" or influence of current interest when they (the writers) antedated a "school" or influence, I think it would be worth mentioning that the devices, ideas, etc. of the works herein were in effect in Mr. Atkins' poems as early as 1946-47-50 (e.g. Experiment View magazines, Beloit Poetry journal et. al.) Conservatism dominated contemporary American poetry through the 50's prior to 1956. A perusal of poetry publications during that period in conjunction with a perusal of publications in which Mr. Atkins' poetry appeared, reveals that he remained one of the very few consistently experimental poets. Even in cases where his devices seem eclectic there is a consolidation of direction, aesthetic and imagination quite beyond the aimless eclecticism that prevailed. In short, Mr. Atkins has been, as nearly as any poet has been during the past decade, perspectively original. He made articulate use of such devices as typography by combining it with a tone of elevation, and a meticulous relation to the poem's subject as in the following excerpt from "Lisbon," published in Free Lance, 1952.

oneE very huGe To W'erE dged  
 C On vent s an'K/ ill 'd  
 multituDes per at En  
 trance of horror  
 o theR ush

specifically applicable to the earthquake, or again in Beloit Poetry Journal (1957) in which he describes the broken images of a dream

Then lis Ten! o'c Lock'd in I  
 Am on g St ones of lost  
 Moon ru sHeDi s mal l ight

This is progressing consolidation. Not satisfied with any one course Mr. Atkins set out upon a different course with a most surprising device: a resuscitation of the apostrophe employed to specify a bold distortion of the

verb (a neglected and almost forgotten instrument of narration) but in the case of Mr. Atkins' poetry based soundly on psycho-logic: a distinction of prefix and noun almost ignored by many (see Saturday Review September 1957 in which Mr. Atkins' letter to editor suggests "intuitive modulation"). So calculated is the choice of intension behind the grammatical manipulation that one occasionally fears that the "modulation" might break.

For many, accustomed to prosaic reticence, so-called "sincerity", "insights" passing as subject matter, so-called "evenness" of line as a "good ear" (too often a dull "ear") Mr. Atkins' poetry may hold little interest. Interest, will belong to those who would agree that by invention and ingenuity, Mr. Atkins raises a "good ear" into an artistic one, and thereby has written some of the most singularly effective poems published during the 50's.

In 1955-56 Free Lance published his "Psychovisualism." It is worth remarking that this "music" space theory of eye and brain was prior to both space-age and the Beats (who finally took the Russian "nik" and became Beatniks). Admirable for its terminology, the theory (painstaking research notwithstanding) was poetically Disposed, introducing again, something not currently on the scene, particularly around 1955-56, i.e., scientific aesthetic for technique in art.

Mr. Atkins may be deceived occasionally by a desire to do something "else" perpetually, but there is no question of his having a disposition toward perspectives fruitfully original.

The poems in this chapbook, though far from newly written, have not appeared in print. Other poems of Mr. Atkins can be found in Experiment, Voices (1950); Beloit Poetry Journal (1951, 52-57; Western Review, 1953-54; Free Lance, 1952-60; Ohio Poetry Review, 1958; Hearse, 1958-60; Anthology of World Poetry (Munchen: Carl Hanser Verlag, 1954); Botteghe Oscure, 1955, and any no longer published.

Casper LeRoy Jordan  
Chief Librarian  
Wilberforce University  
Editor, Free Lance

## EGOCENTRICAL PROJECTION AS OBJECT IN EP PERSPECTIVE

Egocentrism need not be a preoccupation with “self” (also an object) in any ethical sense, but in a mechanical sense. An artist preoccupied with the neuro-psychophenomena of ego is no less capable of contributing vitally than an artist preoccupied with “other people” or social problems. To be thus preoccupied in the latter way to the exclusion of egocentrism, tends toward uncreative realism. Realism in the sense of a “disposition to think (perceive) or act in the light of things as they are” is unprogressive, dull. No definable contribution is effected. The intention in the created DESIGNED IMAGINATION is obstructed.

Ep (egocentric phenomenism) is an objective construct of properties to substantiate effect as object. A poet writing such a poetry decides to avoid what he considers a questionable emphasis on “insights” about and into equally questionable “experience” as subject-matter. He opposes making this a substitute for DESIGNED IMAGINATION, which seeks to achieve a non-representationalism, so to speak. He creates an experience evolved independently of the stimuli that emanates from “real” as experienced by himself. This is why assertion through ARTIFICE is necessary to organize what may be called CONSPICUOUS TECHNIQUE. This acts as the experiential for the imagined (imagined not “experienced” by author or “believed” nor out to convince the reader). A technique should not serve meaning but rather meaning must not only be but SERVE technique.

R. A.