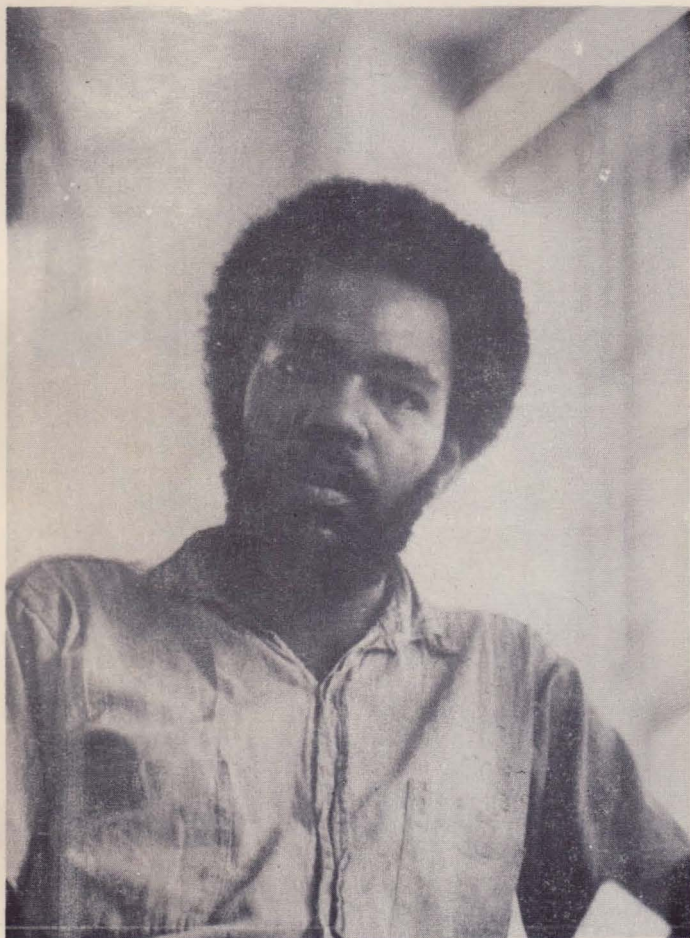


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
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TELEGRAPH BOOKS

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 TELEGRAPH BOOKS





## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

these pages: The World, Toothpaste, Defiance, NOOSE,  
xmas card, NATURAL PROCESS (Hill & Wang anthology),  
Suction, Cuchulain, weatherly, GUM, Grub, Whetstone,  
3C 147, Free Poems Among Friends.

50 copies have been numbered & signed by the author.

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to the souls & flesh  
these mamas, real & fancy

mama helen, mary emily, lucy belle, yvonne, gina, d.d.,  
bertha, earline, leslie, lela, clara talley, fannie lee, auntie,  
maggie

hadassah, chip, louise, harriet, mary, mildred joyce,  
grace, willalene, sherry, marion, sonia, nikki, elyse,  
trudy, joy, joy, joy, stephanie, geraldine, nancy, alice,  
galen, joan, barbara, penny

gwendolyn shirley ann, alice mae, edna, mary virginia,  
barbara, georgianne, willene, maggie, joyce, jan, linda,  
helen, carol ann, helen, maxine, denise, rosa maria, alma,  
evelyn, sue, eileen, leslie, jan, christine, ln, rita, cheryl,  
myrtle, sara jean, ruth, beverly, jeanne, tana, paula, marti,  
judy, marie, sherry

jennifer, joanne, paula, ava, eve, princess, gracie allen,  
elizabeth I, 'dagmar', l.v., youngn, john, billie, 3 corners,  
tina, christina,

et al...



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gina

dark owl wish.  
i hear. tic.  
her shadow. bend. sinister.  
in my window. as i bend.  
your mind. our language.  
with penis. pencil.  
rubber eraser.

she stays.  
here.  
sinister. bent  
over my grave. poems.  
asking her young. darkness.



p.w.t.

for miss kitting

linda june put your white dress on  
when black dark falls full moon rising  
shadow of moonseed owl, fog  
slow catfish swim low tide rising

san francisco mean fog rising.

nadine

for vlada

we hold hi school hands  
fuck i mean that  
as love we workd out  
th 50s our own down ways  
dreams would be jaild.

your jelly mama  
th way you walk & roll ass  
soul eyes innocent.  
black cat bone hunger  
pigmeat heifer. fuck you  
like a song chuck  
berry.

oba skorpios

i touch you wif my eyes i see you  
close one black amber eye of bini.  
no bronze petals of idah, nor lotus  
ivory carved & offered to th oba.  
no land. nor house built by th bini  
hands of god. *i will give you*  
skorpios' way  
out west, dirty boogies in texas  
sand. amber sun. high noon flash  
lightning scorpion's tail. birth  
body. life soul. death spirit.

xmas poem

we'll teach lil tomcat  
the magic we learn  
burning our soul flesh.  
carol i cried when told  
the gods fuck.

i've seen the hard women  
walking the street in  
the soft rain.

you leave blood on my sheet  
& wash it out in the laundromat.  
you, walking light wif your burden  
'cross avenue B in the heavy rain.

crazy what she calls

it's much harder to treat a woman  
than it is to treat a man.  
we are allowed to mix piss in th toilet  
thot we had to be married for that, but no  
one will care, even if we declare our unmarriage,  
marriage fuckn our heads, together, apart  
more than when we ate 3 breakfasts in th hip bagel.  
i was th rapist & but you were th villain, white  
rumanian jew, samuels—didnt your family change  
its name? 'marshmallow mattress on a putty frame.'  
you thot who was that tall dark handsome stranger.  
hmmmmmm  
bullshitter.  
hey thats not a street light thats th moon.



for billie

a dyke can't  
hold back th sea  
boyish finger stuck in  
or boy's will, it's her flesh  
she can't hold back

loony tune.

no new images

of knife, may  
she rest.

flimFlamm, your old lady is creep  
she is th odour of cliché  
& if th speech figures i know  
were able to sketch her gravel  
gertie voice face like grendel's dam  
mitts wid asbestos skin & flint  
fingernails still, i couldn't  
sit still while she slimes  
'cross this room like all  
mistakes thrown up & back  
out galactic gene pool  
created by god fool. but she  
has heart: fools gold  
encased in concrete. drop it  
in th ocean,

to john wieners

these men i've kissed  
and wrestled love from,  
satisfied the spirit  
of the act,  
but not the drama of  
weighing down weight  
:the tension of fucking  
springs to.

peanut butter fly

let me see you boogie  
woogie i know shit-  
mongers who survived  
                  'cherry pink &  
apple blossom white'  
peanut butter cunts  
wif sapphire blood  
nappy mouf blue eyed  
boogien cold turkey.

beachcunt

what it is a woman  
nikki puts on  
as ron withholds belief  
he, as if he knew  
she crops the snap  
shot of the beach. moon  
outside it pulln the tide.

lady fox

skin high daughter of black maria.  
bar-ligura of the 13th floor.

caroline's milk come down 1:32  
in the morning by lil tom-  
cat reckoning. she says 'big tom  
when you write about sex  
you sound like a procol harum  
record. my desire is to fuck  
and you running A M E corners  
all night rusty ass wet  
come home to me. this spirit  
wills my seed. big hard jerking main.'



bearded lady

silence between flashes  
i come home to, & static  
where you sit  
i'm not & seem put out  
light years. th weight  
i move turns tonight  
th ages, you / me,  
as miles of thunder  
breaks apart  
thots, dreams, hungers.  
remember 5 years ago, alone  
in an age trudging home light  
transparent, noise  
at that site of your life  
i sit as th heavy.

esoscore # 1

THE DENTIST DRILLS BITCH'S FANG.

my head line, mama. & dull  
black aches in th wisdom. laughing.  
is a gas. th dreams i pull my coat  
wif an Ali shuffle like Manolete.

but i'm not th victor  
our future is in  
& out side doors wif us.  
another memo over th horns.  
ole!

## SCREENPLAY

based on the red dress

you intoxicated me like some  
wry whiskey voice vamping my system  
on the channel of my choice  
and i spent all black  
dark jackn off to old movies 'bout  
male assignations to all wacky  
wac run missile sites for my sore  
eyes early in morning light knockd up  
in the efficiency wombs of i b m.

hear, hear, say dick  
conte. 'We will be merciful  
as usual.' least as all know now  
the ambush is show biz, it's one real  
rock hudson showing last  
frame-up and guts until alan (any lad  
raised on national rifle associations)  
rides *toward* the desert for love, pissd  
off and superbad chasing desert foxes

like you. the colors of the red dress (FADE OUT  
the end.

speculum oris

bladderwort. blue  
frog in th harbour street

bird leg nora  
a mo bile bama  
high strut heels about  
wif her pig fat ass

spike thighs open  
to th scramble

in Jong sang doo  
, 'nor charged god foolishly.'



medium! & behold

I

th closer to th centre  
th country th uglier  
women

II

& men

III

dey talks funny too

three stuffd pig feets

this ol colored boy sorta ambles  
up to bill golson's meat market  
looks in, push th door open. 'missah  
bill, i wants 3 of dem  
stuffd

pig

feets.' 'OKAY LUKE.'

(i'll fool this boy good & stuff 'em wif shit)  
& he laughs til his neck turn red.

bill puttin' way stock for th day  
up come luke grin from ear to ear  
'missah bill i wants 3 mo dem pig feets  
i got this moanin' for ol massa killibrews widder.'





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