Tottel's #1

Edited by Ron Silliman
DAVID BROMIGE: THE CONSTANT KNOCKER

The richness of my life
drew you who I see
has no life of his own
to steal
some crumbs of mine as if
now that I number them
there were any left.

JEROME ROTHENBERG: PRAISES OF THE BANTU KINGS (1-10)

1.
I escort.
I go with the dead I don’t escort myself.
I was foolish someone else was wise.
I was a lion but had never stretched my claws.
I have no father & no mother.
I remained.

2.
I was the rain’s child the rain comes from the east & drizzles.
I am a rain that drizzles.
I soaked some old men without hair.
I am the bed the dead will sleep on.
Sometimes I kept busy once I was looking for a place to cross.
I am the lion’s grandson.
I was angry later I roamed' their forests.
I am your king.

3.
I was a tree that lost its leaves.
Am I dead?
My skin is hard now only some twigs are left for burning.

4.
I sin the one my name is.
I wouldn’t let them bury me.
Tomorrow I will visit someone else.
I killed the king & all his children.
I killed the man who owned the island.
Once I killed his brother.

5.
I love.
I overrun the country.
I am awarded lands & people.
I was scornful of their goats & sheep.
6.
I was like a lion in the forest.
I had never been afraid of witchcraft.
I killed my victim then I ate his prick.

7.
I am the rummager.
I dug out lily bulbs.
I searched for siftings of the corn.
I was hunger in a conquered land.

8.
I am beautiful & light-skinned.
I am rain.
I carried the dead children like a stretcher.
I was the road through the cemetery no one could escape me.
I fought buffalos & strangers.
I despised their smalltown ways I only live among the great.

9.
I was a marksman.
I was skilled.
I was the husband of my wife.
I wore my shirttails up.
I sported a goatee.

10.
I dwellt among the crooked.
I was taught.
I straightened up.

ROBERT KELLY:

Goat of Mendes
  black, & president of big,
hammer-hoof'd, the archon Between,
catches my affections in his ret eyes

Who is Lord of the Accidents of Substance
I saw
  huge & black on a dark green field
one night at the bottom of fuck
  forcing
all things that can grow to grow

  Lord
of the Penetralia of Orgasm, Lord of Beast
Perséverance
unyielded
power to assume new green

RON SILLIMAN:

Overall
s on a fence
to dry
draw
the wind
out of dirt hills
below
clouds

that will mean rain
someplace

DAPHNE MARLATT: LARGELY SEA

at, eye
cloud yr
silence casts

a light

spray sea
islands on us
out of the waves’

crash:

to strand

up pebbles stript
of liquid
r’s l’s roar
how one
word cast

some light, define
in midst of a
(mist a
deafening

blind?

man bows
out

toub
deaf stupid
daufr, death
daufs unreceptive to
impressions, blind
typhios

somehow all the way to
in a fume
I’m left
to smoke
yr absence out

beyond rocks can’t
make minerals categories
crystalline

(whose agates don’t
count

eiland, ey
land, not river, eye
frays us just
so far see
what can’t be
made out

freya, free
belonging to
one’s own
daufr
(Tho that be

thus:
a certain pebble
pickt up, suckt
cuts both ways

no savour without taste
no salt but sweat,
mine:

a little noise.
ROBERT DAVID COHEN: BEE

Bee rests on stamen  
took me five years to write this  
Bee rests on stamen  

A group of us waking up at approximately the same time  
almost as if we had been sharing the same sleep  
Bee rests on stamen (at the same time I feel very critical)  
My poems come from a limited experience and, as such, are open  
to criticism and unlimited revision  
Bee rests on stamen,

DAVID PERRY: 2 POEMS

You said  
Beat a cat's belly  
And it will have kittens.  
Ckitins.

Left

da he broke  
his teeth broke his on da  
he han kari on  
useless less  
greef da broken.

BOB GRENIER: 5 POEMS

within the family

there are sweet exchanges

STEAM PAINTINGS JOY

inside lamb stew maple apple
FALL  
the leaves  
falling  
out of the  
water by the  
table

"Poetry is I say essentially a vocabulary just as prose is essentially not.... It is a vocabulary based on the noun..."
Gertrude Stein