

*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 dwelt 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  
*dauf*, death  
*dauf*s 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  
*dauf*  
(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  
grief 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