

Tottel's #2

March, 1971

Edited by Ron Silliman

DAVID PERRY: TO A BIRD SHADOW
S.L.

we re
covered each
other with
out eve
r here
ring who was
spoken or
touching one
ly our own il
lustrations and I
loved u lie
ka bird shadow.

CHARLES STEIN: PRINCELY SPINES OF WHITE FIRE

i

Eyes not this way not that
shoot cold truths

his body
thronged white angelic orders

threatens the town

the pines

the moon locked

fire forms

pre-human

ii

his pointed
hands on his knees

a pipe line of white fire

socketing-vertical-through him

iii

if you listen
at all

no gods.

It is too cold, really.

The magician dreams

soothful-rock-sobbing

to the wall

iv

knots . dark carbon . darkstones.

Black

winds do
do this. toss

the fibers of thought through each narrow hallway.

White
owls perched
in radiant lodgings
as the celebrations still
shuttle by.

v

In the center of the oak
bark-charges rub body surface.
The mind is free.
The eyes--
cold-char-abysmal.

vi

We are making
it up
always. Even

most locked
with mind
attending Stone.

KEN IRBY: THREE INTERLUDES

.

Misty, misting rain and gloomy
but very green under the walnut tree
and in the eaves gutters next door
wild oats and wild barley

up again

What gods -- no, servants of the
god

of rain
-- upending their canisters of water
far above us

the god directs above them
or in us
Name : Rain
said with the reverence
of an initial capital
as an initial intake of breath
and pause, before saying

For the season of wet
that has come again
to renew us

.

(The new grass)

It makes me float within
my lungs a bubble island
and all the rest of me as well
connected bubbles
my head
again across that unknown neck
where the breath rushes and expels
great little roarings of the
cavern
down to the inner lakes of stillness
dark, and bottomless?
and the thicket of the brain
lights in the fog or dark
the wills of the wisps
lying at the edge of the country
beyond me

.

Full Moon

I watched you rise over the Berkeley hills tonight
just at 5 o'clock, coming out for the bus home
you were just at the edge of the hills, coming up in mist
flushed with the marriage in us
who look up suddenly and see you

O Moon, when I can no longer see you I can still feel you
high over Orion now

riding and married to me
over and over again in this eternal distance

-- 30 Nov-4 Dec 68

DAVID GITIN: 4 POEMS

POEM

birds
color the sky
beyond the door

the stone
lions

the museum
parking lot

POEM

Bar Mitzvah, manhood
read
its character

fugitive
without vowels

THE JANITOR

all that strives
the ash
outside the door

the big tree
in front of my house
cut down

roots
exposed
clutch stones
for balance

friends
forms of friendship, love
that powers blood
 shadows
I bring to others

the promise

thick smoke
curling in air

"RELATED TO THE SEA"

homage to John Marin

1

the sea
mark where the eye
collects form

black squiggles of lead mountain
red ored peaks

a village the face of sky
Deer Isle a church and sails

autumn trees
one two three three two one
two one three

"paint wave a-breaking on a paint shore"

2

blue bridge
 redeye sun
 white waves on sand

a city
 automobile fish
 in a welter of coral

MIKE DOYLE: *ALEXANDER UL*

yanovs bomb was a
fizzer. Phut.

"...the attempt's
failed, that's
all there is to it".

Mother's
gallowswalk
homily: "Have
courage. Have courage.

B - Rother!

DAPHNE MARLATT: GIFT: CARIBOO HANGING
(*freewheelin' frank* in mind)

ponderosa age
brush & pine
for water
cattle come down to

blacks & browns low
mosses
withered woven
whole

clump into
home spun

This woman shd
his) brush
hair down her back 'n
wear that
kind of fabric con
tact feels for

"Nostalgia
for the early
days" made

him fire four
footed scratcher
pawer
power of more

primitive time's
revenge

where dignity stoops
low

thus hole
holes in the wall
eyes do chink out from

a heave of crown?

weed bound no doubt
moose)

WHOSE

ponderosa pine or sage
pines for naming?

MICHAEL TORLEN: DOCKERS

i

to a
-ness
stunning
black/dark
as/into
coal in the holes
cold heads carry
wedgeshaped
tunneldown
formine.

ii

numberless
a huddle
wooden/wooden planks
the dock lumps
collect
mats, paper, cordage, cabbage
(barnacles)
warf rats
gnaw at
sea level.

ROBERT KELLY: A LANYARD FOR IRBY, THAT TRAVELLING MAN

near by
grass

getting out
to
look

or piss
top
of the pass

a new
valley

& not
my business
is my business
like a bee

needs
no names,
No-Name
eats nectar

brown grass, less
green than
some
hands could cover

Who knows
eats this

DAVID MELNICK: THE REGULARS

my royal tables
taste

of.
breathe
cannot weep. clocks.

know the slowest

clocks
in the universe. ocean
know the parts of
you're the least conscious of, grace you cannot observe

close my eyes in every room
to yr absence

moon
truth, desolation or horse.

how can we shun it?
sits and weeps
ashes words rocks mice

structure
its variations and delight
weary days, fear of natures law

coral---
| & |
---gold

tear the branches
three weeks of space, three weeks of space & labor
the German

Why do we mouth?
what word, what day,
appetite,
neighbor.
least of all "your family"
a curve of silk
hangs in the palace window
your torso. your thigh.

Why, now, at the end of his life, a new dimension?
all those rites, her intense delight.

I was walking. you were.
the careful blade between
truth
canyons
&
hysterical brainings.

this was not easy, this wasting, crowding, a row of chambers,
the ring on the floor, the flight.

Where was the night I

lavas, bombs, pumice
over April or Daisy and
sea blue bruise a fine
corpus in the sexual palace angel alienate
angel
alienate from inches & tongues

when you look for matter you can only begin
after 'life' has turned it self
out & framed an area of action apart and

strange.
to recapture.

(easy & familiar.)

the plastic telephone, and the plastic
table

readiness to flatter if
by the skin that speaks the soft hello

D ALEXANDER: POEM

sediment
wld break
unexamined on my tongue

on, yr tongue
wine
varietal of this place

brown, dense as being

of eyes
clouded the
lens thick the
eye
looms

domelike, or
made
frm heaps of rounded water

to set movements appropriate to yr coming

I have askt that you come here
less of understanding then enterd an

entry : gate plac't to be
not gone thru but filld an

into

wch accepts.... wch takes
that offerd

or covers
or lines w/ crust of hard coating

that song
adequate to

be sung