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

1

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

11

his pointed
hands on his knees
a pipe line of white fire
socketing-vertical-through him

111

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 still
as the celebrations
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

-- 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
ccoal 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

going 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

tenry : 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