

*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  
far above us -- upending their canisters of water

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