

Tottel's #3

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Edited by Ron Silliman

GRACE

1

a spring there
where his entry must be made

signals him on

2

the sentence
flies

isn't turned to salt
no stuttering

3

I am walking

covey in sudden flight

SIGNS

Can I trust this?

Or what the country says
by green? Miles

of avocado groves;
not monotony

but health
full rest.

THE PRINCE

That there are kinds
is his business.

He proclaims his favorite
month, his favorite stone

"...renowned for his judgement. He will choose
among these Peerless Ones."

Knowing his stuff

GENERATION

We know the story.

She turns
back to find her trail
devoured by birds.

The years; the
undergrowth

RELEASE

Finally sight
permits the random

leaning of dry mustard stalks
the broken lines

the rearrangements
of this poplar shade
on open eye —

O no need to
re-call

PROCESSIONAL

The Ideas One Loved: To Climb
To Sit Down Beneath The Tree
To Reach.

The Ideas One Loved: distinct, illumined
on a black background
like portraits of dead friends.

What tenderness!

But impulse flags.
A single truth now occupies the mind:

the smallest
distance
inexhaustible

WHAT IT IS

Looking for it.
We know what that means.

How its shape cannot be
brought to mind
until encountered.

Still we scan the brush

on rainy nights. Peer
at a lover's face
and find him out.

An outlander!

'...not it at all.'

SAVED

That job. The tabulator
empty figures
you enjoyed the rhythm of.

In heaven already?

—————

'Nothing
to speak of'
you said.
But I was driven.

I read aloud.

Old Lao-tze's quiet field
his empty rivers.

Making speech a raft