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.'
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