

Tottel's #4

July 1971

Edited by Ron Silliman

LARRY EIGNER:

nuggets
kernels
landing
birds
farther
 the sea shines
 space
 seasons

trees move
 air I

starlight
 reading can
 with enough glass

JEROME ROTHENBERG:

FURTHER PRAISES (1-5)

1.

I was your king but suffered for it.
None of my kinsmen suffer more.
I was the "firewood" & injured those who held me.

2.

I was like a mushroom that appears & rots.
I heard the graves rejoicing for their dead.

3.

Someone called me The Maned Lion.
I was a river that buries the dead land.
Once I was a rotten branch a bat's weight breaks.
I was sand covering the hills.

4.

I was lightfooted.
I was heedless through nights of revolution.
I was murdered on all sides of me.

I was like a drum I was a drum's voice in the night but sleeping.
I watched the poor rise up against me.
I slaughtered the guards who crossed the lake.

5.

I was the lustful woman.
I wanted a throne of husbands in my name.
Soon I would watch the world with many eyes.
Its kings look small to me.

HARVEY BIALY:

FRIDAY, DEC. 13TH, 1968, A POEM FOR
JACK SPICER)

a lame duck in the dark lay 36 eggs
God

(Plutarch called him

Horus-the-Elder

& said he was not Kosmos

but an image & phantasm
of the world to be

the invisible world is

easy

she said

easy & blind & full of electricity
full of everyone
else's arms

what did she mean

by that / do you think

she meant

one leg is over the arm of the chair
& the other is tucked
under it exposing
the lips of her cunt to your voice

the invisible world

is charged with a

charge equal & opposite to
this is probably true
the invisible world is like the old shell game
if you take your eyes off it it
gets away from you
it's like writing left-handed poems on a two way mirror.

IVEN LOURIE:

SONG

bobwhite up the hill
bobwhite cross the pond
bobwhite

JOHN GORHAM:

THE TUNNEL

One

The king & queen in the mountain.
In & out of earth.
Ladies in waiting & ladies in repose.
Her face was shining.

Drawing
pictures,
ink traces
strikes of disease by
invocation. Birds on the grass,
politics history
doesnt
repeat itself unless you let it.
Even then the walls stay down.

The land
in secret love w/ death
sucks its life to make a gift
gold

& marble by the sea.

Our lady
night beyond the stars
talks to her sister, queen in the rocks
& the kings in between them are listening.

Green sparse grass, the cities past, the bay
 this brooding
 sunlight tears
 its holes in us, we say
 Have you begun to
 love, enough,
in the way of a folly or
teaching.

Do you understand Orpheus?
Do you understand, Orpheus?
 That he
 that you
 that they wld do
that,
tear him to pieces? Singing
at last a song that
bred in love bred out of it?

 How complicated,
 that I will take
 bred for bread,
 for making
 out of breeding
 food,
the silver skin of the fish in the weir at last,
no where is anything's end.

Two

I love you baby,

thats all I

gotta say.

This time around,

this "co-respondance"

bridges the gap to.

A grey film

like smoke passes,

all blindness, this time around.

I laughed in the room,

my joke when where,

remembering the bodies of love?

Held over fire the essential appears,

out of sweet dreams of an evening.

Rhythms:

"Its just that the macabre lives less well"

a place to fill,

pain of the empty

plains we crossed.

Everyone can build their own house here

& gather fuel.

Run out of time allotted as

the rains comes down,

look for a place w/ trees he sd,

you'll find it.

This is where we've come to,

this where we've grown our plants,

made jellies glazes

pots & plates &

what to do w/ them.

A rather un-

monastic stance I thought,

hearing him speak so

long ago,

of all the changes he had been thru.

That was a complaint

who cld have made?
For love or money or
for nothing I wld stay here.

Choose, shoot
fingers out. I got you, you
pay for the drinks. Who else's panegyric as
we all are waiting for
the writing
in the polish of his boot,
the classic sendoff grips our
sense
of obligation.

Run by a clock's work lights are
swinging. Round
& round they
go, of
course nobody knows. A child, then
I had to laugh, he
looked at me, over
his fork &
giggled, grabbed
the falling yam & ate it.
Stations
into what comes next, sd
he to the cop who stopped us "I
keep busy."
Hitchhiking,
& the buzz of the morning air in cities,
if you havent made it yet or eaten,
changed the way it broke.

Prospective
glory,
touch is mortar of
this barbican-
the flowers bloom again
around it soon.

Three

Not to be a man of action.
In the desert, that is something.
Dust swirl'd up everywhere,
into yr eyes, yr nose, the record's
grooves & scratches.

Aquarian
accentuation of
the already notable
ability to divide & conquer.

Split up the proceeds & lets go,
into the night, another bank, Bonny
& Clyde, burnt
holes of the depression.

Secret
name of death is
past uprisen,
dressed for his uncanny marriage.

Diamond stickpin, silk lapels,
his bride of empty spaceswears
a robe of light's sheen
backwards.

You understand the possible this means?
Yes, we are of his train.

Momma, momma run to the door.
Little baby's very poor. In spirit? How
shall I take that, now
that the sun's come up?

Oh that the scales went flying,
look
how swift they went.

Long
one quarters of an hour spent
mastering the fine balance.

Take a little substance off, I'll.
get so tired
reaching for
& re-arranging weights. The brass
snub cones, each

smaller than the last.

That

was the die a logging method, did
you see? You

catch it there's

a limit on

such things, you've

got to act as

fast as possible. NO NO NO, HO HO HO, he

is not going to repeat himself.

Santa Claus,

this year reduced to a pink

pointed try to get the heat up, stuffed

in my neighboring mailbox.

The glossy

fields

back home in magazine land,

who never left, & yes

the little men w/in, there

must have been.

Thats for the terms of the play, the half a truth the truth shines thru-

this is a play but who cld raise the cast?

JOHN TAGGART:

WALKING AND RUNNING: A MODEL

The leg--

three jointed segments h, r, f

(a horse's hind leg

segment f, foot, the hoof)--

the leg

is attached to the body--a long rigid rod ABC

supported by two posts P_1 and P_2 , their base--

the leg is attached by a hinge.

Across this hinge and each joint

is a spring S_1 , S_2 , S_3 .

These springs tighten
when the body is pulled into position

by a wire
fastened to the hinge and stretched over
a small pulley at the top of P_2 .

If you let go of the wire--
the foot held on the base, ground
by a hook x--,
the body slides forward

the joints extend
and the hoof rises from the ground.

Or: --holding
the wire--if you release the hook,
the leg swings back

and the horse cannot walk or run.

The body moves
when the foot is on the ground, held there.

DAVID PERRY:

The chairs are sick.
The air is.
The body stands in dis

connection.

SEYMOUR FAUST:

DESIGNED FOR POTTERY

One real rose
in a glass vase
a cup of concave petals
filled level
to the vermillion ruffle of its surface
the stem makes angles in the water column
the long teardrop shaped

* * *

Yannai
from the Cairo geniza
from the past
800 different poems
like the stones of a temple scattered
reassembled
Hebrew
you sing of fields and flocks
the fields clothed in sheep and blades in dew
the farmers and the herdsman's world
as in those days they did

you were
you do emerge
from the empty spaces
the blank areas of the past
what shall we learn
what was going on
what shall we know of you

* * *

it changes lane
on the interstate
citybound on the right
southbound therefore
over 60
lights on
rocking
on its new suspension
reflections on the chrome wheels frames its lights

or traveling
across its curving windshield glass
as good
 and no better
as it has to be
as is desirable lets say
(all things considered)
in such things

* * *

remembered
names of categories
thin orange and fine orange wares
a series going back to crude beginnings
diversified diachronically
vessels with rattles in their feet
or figures moulded on them
with whistles and pictures
or portrait vases
or vessels for the interment of a child

* * *

or read Su
or anyone
and translated thru the mists
see the past emerge
the trees and plants take place
on the space of earth
the rounded boulders
the office-holder
riding thru snow
is seen by the suffering of the villagers
he offers what he can

THOMAS MEYER:

Typ.42:3

Clouds & birds draw near
 as shapes in
the afternoon. The sun on

FRAGMENT FROM GRAPH 42
of a Technographic Typography

the snow -- weak light & gray shadows
 occupy the vision I have of
the garden covered now
 in light as it fails
the afternoon:
 but what
comes forth from the old sounds but
a bride out of dark
 a father light shape
shook the trees
in the night ice
slid
from sleep into hands dream let catch,
 some one under the window
called black songs: You remember your masters
 sung
out over the hills on the run -- come now,
 come away down into rills old
words & tunes
 (the antient cast a dream can
confer or words we a children didn't know.)
For sorrow, or is it sorrel, ice in green places.
..."broken onyx"

even I can't ever get these things right
not that I can but could
once read the text right
& now

more now than ever I go to that old
book that mystery that first brought me here
 (as memory slows the line down
 & dancer's histories have
to accomodate another measure --
 slower, stranger
words, more
 syllables: comments.)

FRAGMENTS -- Mencius, maybe. No.
Flutes, carved jade screens
 (a comma has
 new elegance now.)

Fillagree (Var. of FILIGREE)

formerly beads & grains
now thin metal wires

words in chains:

Attention to the order now
a brotherhood or helm, tarn

dark pools reflect

hid in hidden words
weaves age into images now

when the cape or cap can

become the scholar's cloak

invisable but a viable
measure irregular steps
time juts & joins. I call

back: Follow me now.

As if it were the words it is.

Sour sorrow made the maiden cry

(she cut loose a dwarf in
the wood & won his favor
forever charmed, only patterns she
moved in.)