Tottel’s #7

December, 1971

Edited by Ron Silliman
THE ANGEL POEM

1

the pin
threaded works a coat
prayer
to every need

the alcoholic Negro
surrounded by his daughters
in the street below

cries out, tries not, in his
drunkenness, to hurt them, cries

as his fists blunder

little arms
push up, out
from her narrow shoulders &
nightgown

appleskin cheeks
starcold eyes

blanket
a spark
in darkness

2

the tree’s hump

birthmark, turned "G",
surname
from "separation" "gypsy" and "song"
limit (Loki tricked
to drink the horn
empty it
that was the ocean

outstretched arms

Venus bone smooth
terror of seed
greenblack vapors
the natal wound

I hold yr breast in a cigarette
watch the ashes curl

to find who I am and forget

as the sun
penetrates my room

3
cigarette squeezed flat
cobra-headed

Mother & Nation
same root

in Hebrew---
made by God

I told Kinsey
no view

my parents’ flesh
proved otherwise

old friends    ardors
that gather and pass

    generation

nutrition

residue I breathe
out to the air plant

scattered
flute tones
from a puck
ered mouth

4

planets
we choose to notice

figure
the blue-black sky

[Reading Copy Only: facsimile available at http://english.utah.edu/eclipse]
seventeen
years the white
dream shattered

music
the shuttle
from lover to lover

circle
round the moon

the limp
ing man

exposes
the town

and she in angry
cries out

5

intimacy
the letters

of friendship
marketed

the city
gallery

studio walls
lined with records

micro
phones and ampli
fiers

chamber musicians
strive for ancient
harmony

violin
violin
violoncello
viola

6

leaves
animal traces
ground on which
we step

light
as thieves

ocean
relentless waves sirens

bristle of hairs
stomach
cells
selves

swollen mouth
of the Russian River

7

what we devour

biological
justice

our skins carried
for future form

poems / fish

embody
the one
body

messages
messengers

angels

1968-1971
MARCH WINDS

to hold
is it a small thing
in my hand
the bird

of Spring
no robin but a western
meadowlark

in the clump of grass
and weeds
that will become a garden

I burn the trash, the match
set carefully
(the pack exploded into flame

Friday when the poet
said "Faust" a blister

"cosmic circuit"
in black letters on the desk
a list

of little magazines, fringe
of new consciousness

The Modern Utopian
S.C.R.E.W.
Speaking of Herbs
Artery

the space-heater red hands
glowing on the porch Maria
inside with The Rainbow

distracted from the virus
our pills and diet fail to cure

and what of this
interlude before I read the torn
packet of poems sent by a girl
from England the Scientific American
and whatever else
keeps me from the bills the tedium

a kiss on the nose
Maria off to bed
with her nightly
"who knows? who knows?
nobody."

the dark absolute night
what do I see there?
the moon blackness

my self staring back
   in the window

I do not fear
   the unknown
unknowing
   but for the shadows
I name
captive
to the vanity
   I diffuse
so many stars
give audience

books I turn to again
again to read what?

A Nest of Ninnies
Technicians of the Sacred
these titles

or The White Goddess
Epitaphs of our Times

Gringos and other stories.
outside

islands of self
challenged

or at once someone else, object
of my own attentions, beloved

husband to that love
another proffers

never to be inside
more skins than one
the pupil
of the third eye
found wanting

"I want. I want." knowing
what I need to know

subject to the unrelenting
surge of one
self who
knows.

who knows? nobody.