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**Ron Silliman**

ACTH

Mountains encircle her  
now she is enclosed by walls  
is located in what was formerly  
few fountains  
one for paupers like a crown  
three butchers' markets  
which divides her  
her sobriety to a single simile  
infamy as the seat  
confines herself her narrow facades  
row houses in the parish  
had been carved were large  
a bed for the episcopal  
few fresh houses  
born in their place of origin with some degree  
a curtained bed what trades did they ply  
apart from the spiral  
furriers like the tanners  
shops and notaries  
from the Rhone bridge  
were born in some fragments one disappeared  
immigrants connected  
would be less offending there  
over the river was  
probably extended back  
two of four  
to the late to the gate  
three-fifths of broad downtown streets  
apothecaries near the convent  
to bisect a hill a long arc of plain  
had built their citadel  
the lower city grew  
heart of the lower city  
all of which extended down  
ran the rues as they existed  
happen to be citizen-chroniclers  
to the edge of the lake  
an open space through which carriages could pass  
rented to artisans  
for pedestrians in case of rain wind  
for the convenience of foreign

continued in use a different name each block  
men of letters men of justice clerks  
crosses suns stars crowns keys towers  
three inns called white cross  
members of the small council

## PAVILIONS

gested a modern "set"  
cathedral is to an oriental  
street consisted of  
the populace of melancholy  
keys perched on window  
faint and muffled  
rough and the tub  
noise of a bridge  
newspapers what we said  
officers who accompanied me  
shop front  
live was to listen  
were saved  
into groups of twenty  
volve like a wheel  
harmony with the odor  
take an elephant with me  
drum upon it  
our losses when we won  
song was at once  
multitude  
formed into the tomb of  
began on the day  
had roused  
on whose terrace saline  
to an end at last  
white ashes  
press for receiving me

nanas  
petrol cans and tap messages  
type of the hero without  
of opium  
that I had never seen  
where the stuffed birds watched the motionless  
and frock coats  
walking nation  
flowering hawthorns  
the dialogue of yells  
disown a needle in  
reach right down to the water  
~\7itter  
verberating  
in a parcel when he was prefect  
merry horses rough hewn  
accompanying tanks were enveloped  
slits  
through my thighs I could hear  
the shadow behind her  
was thinning the boles  
and a massacre  
would not be carnival  
dazzled by the light  
by four others  
squawking and fluttering  
off his jacket  
draped with lianas  
licking at the edge of a sheet of paper

POPEYE

am  
amaze  
ambition  
ambush  
amend  
amid  
among  
anchor  
anger  
animal  
ankle  
annoy  
another  
antidote  
anvil  
any  
anyhow  
anyone  
anything  
apart  
apartment  
appeal  
appear  
appease  
applaud  
apple  
apply  
appoint  
approach  
approve  
apricot  
apt  
arc  
arch

are area  
argue  
arm around  
arouse  
array arrive  
arrow  
arsenal  
arson  
art  
artery article  
as  
as oak  
as oar  
as oath  
as oats as odd  
as of  
as off  
as oh  
as oil  
as old as on  
as one  
as once  
as once I  
as once a  
as once o as once  
as ooze  
as opt  
as or  
as orb  
as ore as ought



as ounce  
as our  
as out  
is ox  
is pace  
is pack  
is pad  
is page  
is paid  
is pain  
is paint  
is pair  
is pal  
is pale  
is palm  
is pan  
is pane  
is pant  
is pansy  
is papa  
is parachute  
is parade  
is paralysis  
is parliament  
is particular  
is pasteurize  
is pedestrian  
petroleum  
philanthropy  
phone  
fane  
fan  
fancy  
farmer  
farther

father  
fathom  
fast  
fat fate  
fed  
fix  
fix fever  
fix faulty  
fix floral fix flavor  
flexi  
saxi  
oxi  
traji  
tuli tripp

**Bill Berkson**

Daisies droop and die in a blue bottle, a gift from the 1940s (as, you know, what isn't – oh you born exquisite "on the button" in 1939). A strawberry blond half-reclined on the diving Board – Horse Cave, Kentucky, 1973 – smiles at the sky whose color blue, in broad daylight, is the same almost as the water which reflects beneath her. The dry look of her white one-piece swimsuit, the white trim and green tops of two umbrellas in full-bloom at poolside, the smile of the big dolphin as he leaps from the deep end to pop a cork, pleased expression of the afternoon sun as it swallows your story whole.

from PARTS OF THE BODY

A flying ant  
you must see  
to believe.

\*

Easy to  
think of  
some parts  
of the body  
as being  
extra baggage.

\*

What you do to your  
body  
for love, and  
of course it gets  
back at you.

\*

Beef and milk  
– & cheese is  
a part of it.

\*

*Over the Hill*

The moon will  
appear  
around  
the next turn.

•

Fog inspires staring for long periods.  
Sun makes moving possible.

\*

Want to go to town  
see  
what's shaking.

\*

*Phenomenology of Perception*

Spit on it  
and see  
if a bubble  
forms –

that's the  
only way  
I know.

\*

Many a tear has to fall,  
not worthlessly,  
clean and clear.

\* \* \*

a  
no  
put  
in  
front  
of  
anything  
it'll  
insist

## ELECTION DAY FOG

the perfect roundness (halo?)  
and density of headlights  
coming from behind  
as I walk up hill  
heading towards a house  
where warmth may freely spread  
its muted grace-notes  
like pork chops  
cooking  
it's been a short day  
just the right number  
of decisions  
two  
“everything else  
has everything else”  
says the light  
of another stripe  
it looks like  
that one is going  
up in smoke  
meanwhile  
the past is calling  
it all comes back  
more or less amusing  
like the anatomy of melancholy  
a studied look  
into the not-too-distant  
winning  
flame

## Mother's Mother

a photograph of  
my mother's mother  
aged about 22  
delicate oval face  
cocked to one side  
her light-colored hair  
tied back in a kind of bun  
bright steady eyes  
on the back she wrote  
"Your little wife Helen  
Dec. 3 1883  
"In Summer or Winter weather  
Happiness means to be together"  
then  
"Married to Clay Lambert  
Aug. 9 1883  
Photo taken Dec. 1883"  
and then  
"Your mother  
When she was young – "

Hotel Lux

*for Larry Fagin*

heavy trenchcoats  
beer and pretzels  
and sad, sad music  
goodbye Munich  
hello Orient Express



"We Can Work It Out"

Milktoast Hitler's  
ventilated velvet glove  
in the universal hail/flack

\* \* \*

we discuss the negative  
in myriad interesting ways  
or else shut up, hold peace, the ace  
in the peat of your pants, belly

fool yourself!  
tell lies!

the head carefully crafted  
to my aims  
after a very few years of practice

\* \* \*

Bolinas Butcher's Sign :

MYRIAD MEATS

\* \* \*

the disagreement has a busted  
formality  
to it  
pointed  
leaving it there  
at twilight, pleased

\* \* \*

beaming again

but definitely

at home with you

\* \* \*

fluoroscopic attention  
(look at you)

\* \* \*

the children are busy knowing each other,  
themselves, on hands and knees.

2/9/73

## Special Touches

A woman who is a woman makes bread.

It rises, full of special touches.

I can touch it later.

old buttermilk sky

going to the big city

bye bye

For Robert Smithson

shortage  
a promissory note  
struck  
while skidding  
can't you feel  
those shuffling feet  
brain waves  
undermining  
cliffs of thought  
follow up . . .  
don't remember  
terrific blades  
on balls of feet  
solar shapeless mass  
a mental habit like  
a religious pursuit  
that grew  
they are beautiful, right?  
but I am no less alive

1/6/74



## SPARKS

Sparks are flying  
from the old machine – into  
the new air, clouds  
passing over meadows, rain  
falling onto the windshield at 5 AM  
as we ride through town, hungry  
waiting for daylight  
so we can open up, & eat  
sitting down at a counter  
or in a booth while the lady & her  
man are still cleaning up  
from the night before. "I guess  
I'll have eggs,  
scrambled, well, with  
a side order of potatoes, & coffee,  
& she'll have a glass of milk."

## CLIMAX DISTRIBUTOR

Blowing bubbles  
into space, don't break them  
like waves. Blue surf  
in the other room, a headache  
fills the town  
with laughter, beercans rattling outside Ed's  
a man who minds the shelves well, & lives  
inside the can marked September (last).  
Who hammers so hard they break  
the town, wind to make the shutters rattle,  
old town, big game, & tiny head  
yawn lifting your head from the rim  
of the lake. Up the lake  
& ripple, as they glide off the rim,  
don't *blow* them out  
but watch them burst  
as they land.

## WITH MY PARENTS

"I've come here to die," the old lady  
in the elevator tells me  
as I go visit my parents  
in middle-income cooperative apartment  
on 8th Avenue. Together  
we watch the news  
over color television  
while the Empire State  
Building blinks  
through the picture window.  
I'm in my old room, closet  
filled with manuscripts, diaries  
I kept in highschool, books & magazines  
I helped collate & staple.  
My old bed is just a half-inch longer than I am.

With a  
newspaper  
under my  
arm I  
walked  
the streets, &  
when I reached  
the building  
asked the old  
man sitting  
outside if  
he knew where  
I could  
locate the super.

"In there,"  
he said,  
pointing to  
a nearby  
storefront.







## MR. STUMOLA

Mr. Stumola was my gym teacher when I was in the first grade  
At Allen-Stevenson School in Manhattan. I idolized the man,  
And he seemed to take a fatherly interest in me. In gym  
Class, once, we were all asked to assume our fighting stance.

I was somewhere in the back in a whole room of boys in  
Lines. They wouldn't get to me for a long time so I could  
Work on it, try to figure out the perfect, most impenetrable,  
Stance. By the time they got to me I had to be unwound, so

Tightly had I contorted myself against the enemy. Later,  
In Van Courtland Park one afternoon, Mr. Stumola called me  
Over and asked me who I wanted to fight of my classmates.  
I wanted to pick one I thought I could beat but not one

Obviously weak. The boy I picked came over and we squared  
Off – he hit me in the nose; it bled, and I rushed to the  
Drinking fountain to clean it, my hand, my face. Mr. Stumola  
Singled me out among the boys when we were all drilling a week later

On the school roof. "I want to shake hands now with a boy  
Who got a bloody nose and didn't even cry." Then he said  
My name. I was surprised – it seemed to have happened  
So long ago in my child's-time that the gesture was almost empty.

**Barrett Wattcn**

from OPERA WORKS

April 8

OPERA – works – operatic – like works. Operative – machine parts work. "Jet parts rain from the sky" – Chandler's randomness. The inevitable meeting place of fact and coincidence. Someone 10 feet away is speaking to me – are you enjoying it (Roussel) trying to keep up writing while maintaining absurd but friendly conversation about dogs trained to attack. Big dogs won't attack little dogs, little dogs will attack big dogs. jet parts rain from the sky. "Writing notes on your reading?" just taking notes – journal. Oh. Explanations – inclusiveness. jet parts rain from the sky. "Word falling – photo falling." Back to the conversation, nothing else to write. Man laughs randomly, "That's a strange kite – almost like a snake." Feel gradual force in notation – willful and pleasant – is making a time that is taking on the qualities of the park. "Getting hungry – hope I see you again." Pink and green of Mission buildings. Flower people, birds peck at sweets. Siphoning off sweet cream. Twilight in Hermosillo, Mexico, roseate aura of drugstore – Pharmacia – main street, palms dividing boulevard, Dolores Street, dolorous, dolorosa, while sweet, langorous. Woman takes ice between her lips. You want the world *to* take place, without any borders of thought. The widest possible conception fills it out.

April 30

## THE CLEAR THING

The clear thing is much more in the large aggregate of pulse – of heat – a head of the pleasant pressure – present pleasure's no where to go. Clarity of black smoke kicking at the apartment – black man, white dog – against a sharp and jutting sky. A puff let out in blasts quickly closed off. Choked about the throat. End of variation of flat white shapes pressing forward. *Lozenges* face assertion as *markers*. Sunlight strings of attachment – could sleep under webbing, sustained by webbing in every move. Seen connections of nuance and glimpses of an honest starting forward – start forward here. Seen connections of sunlight. Open a hole into a black SPACE and let a blast of certain light in – light goes to all corners in the room. Bathing in light's clean soothing pulse. Expose to light for thirty seconds, thirty years, develop. Pages turn in the bright wind. Black print passes across them. Little chunks of choice decided on in advance – nothing new there. What New – known, slept on, kept apart forever. It, the continuous light effect on the premises, has a life of its own. One enters in to its properties, to the entrance of a garden with the trees cut to shape – like fingers, triangles, hats, lozenges. Much better. Principles of growth restrained. On a writing table in the surrounding substance, were three small ships in bottles, polished and faded by the continuous action of the sun turning over and exposing them on every side. Fingering and turning the thing over – inside is a mechanism which turns by itself. Inside that one is another one which turns – a gyroscope – principle of balance in ships, keeps them upright on the wide, clear course. Steaming as they hold steady, 2000 yards in five minutes. More than a purpose defined – mutiny at hand, the gyroscopes assume an independent function. Hold the wheel in your hand – water passes under the bridge – standing on the bridge with other sailors. They are preparing to dock us at an island, where the very young two passengers will be let off. The boat to come back in 6 months – at this rate of 2000 yards in 5 minutes, about 360 miles a day. From here to LA. Back and forth with a cargo of detachable truck bodies, to be unloaded by black hands. The container cargo boats wait until 9 each morning outside the bay, when a motor launch with harbor pilot comes out – the fire ship *Ambrose*, ships burning quickly on the water. I love ships against the blue, houses against the blue of the jutting sky. Pieces in place. Singleness preserved – single family dwelling developing in swatches of grey paint – old manorial homes of the thirties, with curved railings, round windows looking out to sea. Cars also – like boats. Drove the Cadillac into the wind, making waves of the pavement. Chunks of pavement thrown up, worn

down by the continual action of the water. Glass bottles worn down to smooth counters, bits and pieces of crockery, evocative of China, a land known for its ridges and relative distances, containing the most formidable land barrier on the Western approaches. Three months to cross, a little less to get back. Fewer, less – cardinal, ordinal?? No, just fewer people like less noise – good thing as everyone moves to the periphery of the park. Or discrete and continuous – the buildings downtown discrete chunks of substance, the slope of the mountain continuous with the earth, forming many several mountains. Overwhelmed and taken away – bashful on reproach. What strings it together – sullen angry flashes of misplaced intent, misplaced years ago in an attempt to be clear. The look of love alarms when filled with fire. Looking as from a deep hole to a deep hole, the holes line up – contact flashing in back causes shudder and explosions. Your smoke is lifting like a cloud. You are a signal, mechanical, sentiment and attachment in rings around the earth. What you make is yours, directed as implied, conscious, able to take it as made. Soon as I blank out, I back out then. So that felt good. It was a common perception and an old one – men and boys rolling down slopes.

A dream that *Urne Buriall* was the end of a long work in which the Urnes were repositories of more than ashes – but once we're dead and finished, then the Urnes hold our ashes too. Thus *Urne Buriall* is the sequel to a great unwritten tract.

**Robert Creeley**

NOTE

Fragmented phrases,  
phases, face  
it.

•

Nothing left.  
It's  
over.

•

Gone  
again. Oh

come in!

•

You ate  
it all.

(On  
Monday.)

•

I  
did?

"Note."

**Robert Grenier**

down to nothing about

transference isolates

whistle  
whiten

sheep scare

man in a white cedar sedan

thought  
living in  
Davis would  
be ok

bench is missing

likely to  
meet several  
people walking  
in the woods

six get the chairs

mechanisms for closed parking lot

**Clark Coolidge**

TINY MESSAGES  
for Tom Clark

1.  
spun around and wired back  
to six times in the intervals  
it is three here  
now and more on the way

2.  
are you nuts?  
whisper?  
pink one?  
ABC?

3.  
a few  
saw some farm  
on the way home  
that's all

4.  
*even*  
only two more  
at least once  
in a low voice

5.  
each



eyes  
back  
the wrist

6.  
chest and shoulders  
even and perhaps

7.  
bushes and tall ducks  
and sunning salty blocks  
but cat strode

8.  
to toe  
bent  
tree  
in a brown two  
since the first

9.  
head  
down  
stealing  
clearing

10.  
clad

11.  
exact number of tree  
seen or never seen

12.  
funds and puffs  
there to do so

13.  
and in the end  
halves  
of his name twice

14.  
radio  
counts  
moves  
still

15.  
planes for trucks  
toothpicks  
for taking it so  
  
and next also knew that  
whole was a jerk

16.

and  
that I  
don't like it  
who didn't either

17.

crumbs  
are going  
to fly it  
  
for each mess  
of good faith

18.

it informed  
everything for nothing

sheer genius

19.

cents apiece  
cents an egg

20.

so long  
to live too  
inside that cloud

21.

it was the day  
the number  
forever  
your turn

22.  
some sort  
of more  
ought  
to increase  
a hundred  
or even two

23.  
ing on my part, wasn't it

24.  
borders  
more  
than four  
or five  
feet  
apart

25.  
green water awake  
and then sand and slept

26.  
the soil

in number  
left behind  
half in him

27.  
hum on the sea  
wide in the head

28.  
mote him  
bust him  
mote him

precisely

29.  
fresh  
eggs in the duck  
ice in the cream

30.  
Moodus  
Noises

31.  
pick it up and throw it at this then

32.  
one step ahead  
if you want to

I'm not going to

33.

then four before that  
since the last time

34.

the speed  
with which acting  
smarted him

35.

man in minutes  
fall in clothes

36.

but while there was none up  
that was so up in common

37.

out in one  
right out again  
just more and once

38.

close the very top of  
open high left right

39.

enough  
by the time  
and row  
well

40.

one that green  
that to the something  
what it was whom

41.

far  
slowly  
with a something

42.

white was not at all  
since  
and the two were

43.

liquid jars  
straightened out  
wash on  
sort of and even  
clear else

44.

late in the morning  
in which had left  
at the picture

45.  
the morning  
in front of out of any  
covers

46.  
so  
that coming on days  
before

47.  
the remote them  
on the take him

48.  
it was all stand  
half  
any of these  
toad

49.  
rules  
green  
says  
see

50.  
I'll ask I am



51.  
that catches then  
as soon as more

52.  
art and at  
it all  
just the way

53.  
at  
until  
again  
in no time

54.  
instead  
one of  
  
beside

55.  
between the black  
enough  
science and bushes

56.  
sending out  
more sent  
out before

57.

awhile  
small  
one and if

58.

the same spells bolted  
it less than back

59.

pools  
more inches  
than ever

60.

down north a way  
more than an inch  
in one place

61.

more than a thing too  
they were red

62.

and often  
and never  
swell of area

63.  
in heat elbow or blanket

64.  
past the already

65.  
leaves  
on the rounds

66.  
who where?  
month?

67.  
mass to look  
as though steps past

68.  
stairs  
and as to be all  
right

69.  
silver like sions

70.  
that

he was  
either  
another

or another

71.  
the last  
one around  
was out

72.  
it was all very  
apart limb

73.  
the think

74.  
while and  
so on

75.  
name  
had been been made  
and thumps

76.  
room and room

behind them all

77.  
even over so

78.  
one no one

79.  
up to less than never

80.  
white is out  
air on there

81.  
plate  
  
solid flaps

82.  
there was always were more

83.  
an inch  
after  
a minute

84.

*from*

ants to sides

85.

face and  
with him

86.

with and with its  
will as long as

87.

down  
done  
as were five

88.

the  
fun  
of  
was

89.

*even*

not want to and was not had to

90.

however  
as of used it

91.

if either have had  
or neither ever did

92.

the line and the and

93.

most  
sans  
vate  
ever

94.

some might have side it

95.

other one of the the things that's ever

96.

how then those  
the very lots

97.  
that was also almost night

98.  
right out of a  
first  
on a wall

99.  
.to the inch                      at it

100.  
with the other  
just as twice

100.  
that other time  
chance in line

102.  
inside down

103.



*same*

more and made

104.

door in still backs

105.

high green  
light black

106.

once more  
pad  
near width

107.  
then  
and  
then  
added

108.  
antined

109.  
sank  
over  
twice  
a circle

110.  
that far  
enough

111.  
less and  
the lot

112.  
there  
dow  
up to pin

113.

never than less

114.  
about even there  
about that and then

115.  
sin  
tue  
toad

116.  
light  
black  
flats

117.  
same  
that same  
and that right

118.  
gum on out

119.  
the room and hale

green book

120.  
the deep  
there about  
the one

121.  
der blade

122.  
the rubber  
in  
an air

123.  
one more  
and white

124.  
tiny  
other  
pieces

125.  
brown snap

club squat

126.  
bag  
still  
room

127.  
all the time  
as long as  
to count  
Idaho  
in order

128.  
  
can take  
  
can time

129.  
once                      once

130.  
no and big in the down go

131.  
the range

a cone

13VI-25VII 1970

**Bruce Andrews**

NO 127

senate subsided

water text

bleached

amorata

serf

balconies

hitcher fluid

spin

enforce snuff

reed wards

wish

place

claret

virtues

\*

enkindle

sequestered bewildered

eddying  
twelve cop was

cake-eaters  
alkali hop

\*

bayonet

treasury

scholars

\*

gob  
ping prow

fez chunks

\*

niggered  
punkin  
vest  
clear  
epilept  
annul scoops



oak  
them  
unanimous  
organdy

\*

asphodel  
and yatter

hoax unsettle bays

faithful

\*

tent  
glaze

levity

undoing

locust ford vases bigod

\*

livery jars

phrase

lean

high

astern

lobe

waist

cave

\*

whoop

\*

potash

oath

madder

SONG NO 151

equal charm

**TOM RAWORTH**

BEAUTIFUL HABIT for Ed and Jenny

greetings  
as the door opened  
ticking

please listen to this  
food alone for all  
the f.b.i. will continue

maybe you dozed off  
i hung by that phone all night  
suppose he talks

\*

vida

later

aria

\*

once upon a time  
not looking for any thing

\*

you're on  
your own  
it's off  
its on

\*

perhaps it means  
ragged like that  
golda ma-yeer  
pre-meer

\*

and pour the old box  
down a drain

\*

too much news  
said the news

\*

r e o l e

\*

it's us  
or rust  
listener

\*

deep

personal

regret

looking

up

monday

\*

we can save  
your head or your body  
we can shave

\*

even  
his admission  
is  
a subtle lie

\*

in suspense  
what is cut into  
the smallest of the

\*

grinding

to fill

a prescription

\*

drum to the wobble and a roll on the sea  
come to mind an article of light  
distance through distance unfinished

\*

piano

\*

willing to believe

\*

national

anthem

hearer

\*

perfect rhyme to some

all cars

kept in doors

\*

sophisticated  
newsmen  
show how  
it could have been

\*

retreat  
from the swiss  
legation

\*

numbers  
for an event

\*

corruption  
why not?

\*

infinite

detail

is no more real

\*

thought

against

power

\*

answer  
it

\*

hooked  
to just another  
piece of' tape

hooked  
to just one more  
little piece of tape

\*

entertainment follows  
the profit  
 juggler

\*

through words in to  
no  
record

\*

writer

righter

riter

\*

am:

i

on replay?

\*

all you  
do is  
expand  
the system

\*

a polaroid  
of la  
with the wrong  
voice print

\*

astronaut

amazed

at what

was expected



PERPETUAL IDOTION for Bill and Marilyn

tanks  
go into  
battle

\*

the arabs photograph themselves  
from the israeli point of view

\*

looking back  
looking forward

\*

through  
eating  
biting  
chewing  
up to ten whole hours

\*

for people  
who don't like  
the real thing

\*

cleverer  
speaking  
honestly

\*

small shipments of white arms

\*

some think it's to do with the line

\*

no thank you  
i don't play with watches

\*

effective  
november first

\*

take it  
and bake it  
and wrap it  
in under

\*

the myth  
of creation

\*

now

then

charlie

\*

exposes  
them  
to extreme danger

\*

learning to see what others see  
there is no superiority

\*

complete with everything you see

\*

mission impossible tape reading

\*

\*

reception

\*

je ne veux pas  
les biscuits chocolats

\*

warp  
lanes

\*

a cat's concept of the mind  
that could make it dance  
and sing by editing film

\*

mary  
was assumed  
into heaven

\*

slowly  
through the  
snow they  
go

\*

open  
pour

and  
store

\*

what ever  
you heard

\*

love in mind  
sun through the blind

\*

splendid  
olig

\*

crime the adrenal  
time the pineal

\*

far away  
a pie  
in the high  
sierras

\*

on trick plays  
he'll use his  
head, nose, eyes, face

\*

with power  
speeding power  
slowing no  
emergency

\*

attached  
to

awards  
power

\*

home work

\*

met  
his  
match

MR. & MRS. GRIEF for Asa and Pip

scalpel  
nurse

\*

a flicker  
book of  
not noticing any thing

\*

over  
disc

\*

many living room here

\*

that's it then

\*

the universe  
as god's  
paranoia

\*

night

light

night

\*

arches and a car

\*

safe in the arms of who  
you'll be dryer

chill  
and  
test

\*

bend

\*

a loup

\*

cage face

see him puke and become a lumpkin

\*

"i'll go"  
"oh no"

\*

hel  
mut  
bon  
heim

\*

when it's in this form

\*

actual demonstration

\*

w g n

television

presents

\*

stammer "crewcut"

\*

dyed hair  
painted faces

\*

put it in a form

\*

try

sybil

out



**William Corbett**

AUCTION

Peeled logs ivory shine  
before long weathered  
stale looking, grey.

I could not understand  
the man in the boat  
his lips were burned.

Wet leaf shine  
wet children gleam  
tips of pine and spruce tips  
chartreuse from the darker green.

Chill after sunburn  
footsteps like gunshots.

Half moon's throw  
across hills, down meadows.  
Among the shaggy pines  
darkness. The barn's  
laboring shadow.  
A harbor underwater  
like nowhere else.

Amanda  
Nightcat  
shoelaces  
ankles  
warm  
at the foot  
of the bed.

Lemon cucumber flowers  
tomatoes' yellow pointed  
drooping flower, faint orange  
glamorous flush of squash blossoms.

His brother is his son  
their mother the same one.

Along the lake shore  
blue gasoline trails  
follow slow fishing boats.

*For Adele*  
Before and behind  
above and below  
the four pointed sweet woodruff.

Hay bales, forearms  
shaken trees. Joan biting  
the inside of her cheek  
here these physical things  
uncluttered, unoffended.

One year ago. Just like  
the Spanish flag with shoes on  
the jokes were of sore, red assholes.

Warm wide field  
soft green  
our own big bed  
and beneath  
the delicate brain  
roots of all growing makes.

Scoop the glittering water  
moon lights in our hands  
cool the flesh like this forever.

Black or brown clouds  
cows in the headlights  
strong, archaic heads  
their globular eyes stare.

Beet blood, beet root  
pink buds of her ass  
propped on a pillow.

*Battenville*

Nunnelley's purple  
hot in a delicate  
steamy way & Gerald's pesto  
garlic, fresh sweet basil  
waking in the window  
gold and green blaze  
sun through black locust leaves  
and know that friends  
await you when you rise.

Dense white strangling  
smoke, sizzling green trees.

Orange moon's expression  
on water, a benison  
ribs also steps to walk upon.

Gone the dandelions  
gone hawkweed crowns  
the lupin fuzzy black fingers  
black eyed suzans bleached  
white at petal's tip.

Color of moonlight on water  
pine scent  
soon we will be gone.

Spiders died in the books  
brown plump long legs  
dead in the bathtub.

Not wanting summer's end  
the wind to rise  
the light to change.

## DRUNKENNESS

What do you concentrate on  
and who do you know?  
Driving mother's blue Buick  
over a country dirt road  
the girl's huge tits, your ardor  
enough to just about weep  
and escape or college friendship  
dull, secure and to sleep.  
You did find your way home  
one late summer afternoon  
the shadows of green leaves  
their washing sound  
exquisite tender sentiment  
neither here nor there.  
No putting out the fire  
with water pure as the rain  
nor petals nor ginger ale.