

*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 wheel 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.)