

BEYOND BAROQUE 691

# Beyond Baroque 691

*Poetry Reading Edition*

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## About this edition

This volume gathers the poems from the original issue and resets them as a reading edition. The magazine's page architecture is not reproduced. Source-page labels, advertisements, editorial prose, fiction, artwork, and other non-poetry matter are omitted. Each poem begins on a new page, with the author's name above the title, and every conventional poem uses one shared typographic stylesheet. Parallel columns are reflowed into one reading column. Lineation and stanza divisions are retained where recoverable; genuine spatial scores keep their field composition within the same typographic system. The text was reread from newly rendered scans rather than taken from the PDF's embedded OCR layer.

# Poems

*Jan Pallister*

## **AIR**

Hung on a moonbeam  
I who put me there  
have left no flesh, no eyes.  
I share my body yours with death  
dear wisdom...  
ambushed by crows that storm my  
citadels and pick me dry now  
how shall I love who hurt  
now how if by toil  
and blind how  
look down halls beyond the  
poems  
doors I open  
I shall open all for  
by  
I would know  
all  
JAN  
things  
should come upon me I should  
come upon all  
PALLISTER  
things  
  
I start to sing  
beware  
in this unlearning I have  
carried off my prize  
  
oh mother mouth oh words  
hold me this time from tears  
my raped my ruined heart is  
breaking for its fullness  
  
what tell me  
what will overflow these sockets  
you have emptied  
  
complex question  
have found in t  
answer (not so  
simple) it is  
this  
in this your challenge is  
defeat and also triumph  
for I cannot stare you down  
and so I praise you.

*Jan Pallister*

## **TAKE ME AS REED**

Near is not good enough:  
The sod must be wholly brown  
the woods uniform in their verdure  
and the skies sadly monotonous  
in their ancient blues.

For so I would have my setting,  
but at first I failed  
for I came quietly  
under my private cloud and black  
thinking to put down my personal word  
that it might take flesh like a  
fly feeding on rot and  
rising to worry your ear.

Now I, instructed, straightened, I would  
shake off my dusts and step  
altogether wide  
over my unkempt loving  
into the ordered arenas of your mind.

O though I am unruly let me see you:  
I have gone stiff in the spine and  
empty in the groins from  
stretching out my grieving leaves  
through the vague gray rains of autumn.

Now I would touch you and  
fall down knowing the sun  
I would cry out your one  
real name your human other name  
meant for my mouth alone and  
come to consummate music.

Grounded and green,  
I would spill as far as the stars another kind of  
emptying  
to fill you.

Then take me  
absolutely,  
as a reed;  
I do not think I have another  
purpose.

*Jan Pallister*

## GOING AND COMING CARSONG

### I

when day is  
dumb as  
rock and  
sun is  
moon  
oh the  
cruel crow  
the  
honey-giving bloom of  
purple clovers  
and the fur of  
fine brown  
rabbits the  
grass the  
long-haired homeward going  
goats that  
I have  
stroked  
or else the  
gray the tall the  
stately  
geese  
while  
far below the  
rain-riddled  
valley  
turned wholly to  
green  
the great  
full-uddered  
slow to move through the meadows  
the kind the  
lazy  
cow

### II

o huge of heart  
look through the  
glass and  
let the  
colors  
flow  
one to the  
other  
in these  
bright de-  
signs I

see you  
only  
everywhere  
you are  
where there is  
color and de-  
sign  
I warn you  
I am  
sick with  
love and  
wandering:  
and harm will  
come to  
us  
but you answer  
sideways  
saying only  
when we get home the  
pears in the  
garden will be  
golden and the  
berries ripe  
and maybe we will see  
a woodpecker in the  
tree his head a  
scarlet comet

### III

I looked more  
closely then than  
I had ever done be-  
fore  
and suddenly

### I

sensed a  
sadness  
where I once saw  
only  
pomp  
o friends and  
philosophers  
I am a-  
fraid

*Jan Pallister*

## STATIONS

The gray grass falls to the sickle  
but the sickle too  
suffers important change:  
all six of its stars  
split and are crushed to powders

friend if you are  
break down my muscle too  
that I erupt meatless  
in some sense ruined...  
then only then and  
even so  
circling in spirals outward  
for I would be other than this  
axiomatic minor key

bitter I came from tree to cave to  
earth from world to world  
amazed

if I looked back at all or ever  
it was because the lace of my  
moccasin was broken  
and crippled I could not run without you...  
I could not outrun you

but then a very fat  
a very pious lady  
took pity on my state and  
fixed me up so I could run again  
so stainless I could sting again

now see I  
move once more though  
anxiously through these the  
corridors, the  
caverns of your  
nervous mother country: why,  
why is it that I  
feel you are afraid  
and so are never near me

cruel (a rhetoric)  
you turn hard at the  
mill and  
spill me  
(I thought myself a monster  
but in all my murdering movements  
you excell me)

and now as gutless and forever  
grieving I look out for you a  
hearse  
empty as absence

passes me  
and I am left all  
filthy in my lovely longing all  
bloodied with my  
boiling sweat  
no kerchief cleans my wounds  
my thoughtless eyes grow groins  
I am gone lean in the  
legs of my burned my  
toiling brain  
I cannot stir  
I am surpassing  
lonely

I emerge  
desolate hopeless

I am transfigured only by that  
image and conclude  
major or minor key  
the world spins on a  
spotted axis on a  
terrible dirty music...  
all of it  
fragmentary...  
most of it  
metaphorical  
untrue

I begin to move again  
I go  
still whole and therefore  
somewhat unconvinced  
clear down to the very  
gospel bone of love  
which is a  
death  
huge in event and  
has no overcoming

I think  
(because I think  
that I begin to think)  
I think the  
plan will work  
for all the  
lines seem drawn up  
clean and  
true

*Kenneth Lillquist*

## **SONNETS FOR A DARK GALLERY**

**7**

Pinniped walk, you passed the workman's tent,  
Bowed once, and disappeared. At quarter to six  
MacDougal Street featured your pipe's sick scent.  
Skin flushed, you hurt worse than an angry fix.

Your face-a child's deathmask-cracked in the sun:  
Peruvian error, best forgotten, packed  
Between the rocks that dance in the clouds. Your one  
Trip too many had twisted the time back

Beyond all numbers. Werewolves snarled the hour,  
Red hooves clicked faster until weeds wound around  
Your throat. A leech sucked blind your eyes. The power  
Of dreams had snatched you; suddenly the sound

Of your wail assured you were somewhere near.  
You've found a new mesa of the brain. A fear.

**8**

Reading your horrorscope for the day,  
You rise, crane that you almost are  
Tittering on knock-kneed pylons, say  
Nothing, stretch for the siren too far

Away, and scan the street like an ad.  
What's left of your hair is gimp and grasps  
The fence of your forehead. You've had  
Philadelphia by the tail? Their gasps

When you left filled volumes (an old  
Story that ends with harps the devil  
Conducts). From the crane's carcass, mold  
Steals the marrow. You're on the level?

Honey, any old bird flies straight  
To hell, gossamer and all. That's fate.

*Douglas Blazek*

## **TRUTH HEALING TRUTH**

Orange scrapes on the wall  
near the window  
orange warmth rubbed  
by back of old chair  
nuzzling wall  
but chair is only belt high  
& scrapemarks extend  
towards the ceiling  
rings of orange  
not only by window  
but on walls  
outside of house  
all houses  
sun-smears on everything  
& as morning vapors rise  
orange runs together  
ascending as the dawn.

*Douglas Blazek*

## **DRY QUACKS**

duck bottle blues  
snail brain listening for  
webbed conversation  
feeble priest poured down feeble throat  
u-haul-it  
flatfooted

*Louis D'Amico*

## **WHILE I GO MAD**

**(in four parts)**

Miraculous substitutes burdened with sunshine  
in rooms of geometry's madness.  
A traveling watchman could not be found  
to promise them unrehearsed shelter.

An elected discovery composing its timetable  
while magicians of measurement regulate chance.  
An incomplete audience heard of their foe  
but the parade was a barren reminder.  
Paranymph demons in gardens of logic  
minus the riddle of yesterday's future.  
Nowhere will follow their journey forever  
all ends....on horizons of void.

Bound to a time wave of permanent breath  
reaching for errors that pass in a child -  
all in a moment I see me a slave

Gratefully  
while I go mad.

*Louis D'Amico*

**ALMOST**

I'll wander again wonder again  
scream to an insane flower agai  
polish my eyes with a tear and a peta  
dance with the toys of a wind  
I'll free all the shadows I've hidden from light  
capture the unfinished day for the night  
I'll swallow myself and return as I was  
a sacrifice seeking a cause

*Marjorie Culver*

## THE DORMOUSE

ONCE UPON A LITTLE TIME  
the tickling tock told  
where a mini-fellow holed  
in the creep-deepey dark...  
nestled in a nothing  
of fluff and stuff,  
bellowing billowing  
snortles and snuffs;  
eyes, world-drawn;  
ears, hearless, back;  
feet, tidy, tucked;  
tail, about;  
and all of cat alacrity  
and trapdom  
zeroed out.

HALF-PAST-LAST,  
past the pale  
of the dimmed  
and dwindling brim  
of his mouse-house hole,  
past the nibbled moon,  
and cheese-sweet traps-  
he naps,  
he naps...

WHILE THERE WAITS,  
there  
waits...  
with unabated breath,  
whiskers twitching,  
claws a-pausing,  
fluctuating,  
furtive, itching,  
smile-awhiling,  
trapper-happy,  
tail-atapping,  
not-anapping  
CAT...

*Gene Parker*

crowded with crock  
my inflammables  
began to flame  
as the lucky lady pulled down her hose  
the halls were crowded  
those watching  
in delight  
before  
gently  
it all began  
savoring all senses towards ecstasy  
the crowd went mad  
cheering wildly insane  
being  
cups overran  
with other's fame  
yet  
knowing about mistakes  
it can only end with someone blue  
too late to stop  
some will hurt  
half-knowledge is treacherous  
beauty  
before a peak  
Gene  
will end in a knot  
climbing the hills  
so gracefully  
going like heaven  
Parker  
passionately  
but  
before the peak  
a rope will break  
i can't  
i can't  
i can't  
until the space of total self  
never  
can it be  
before then  
i can't  
i can't  
i can't  
no good to try  
or pretend  
in the end  
it will bend  
crowds are silent  
few can know  
within those

there are no foes  
for some the end seems so near  
others  
not yet in their sphere  
SO  
until i know  
trusted friend  
i can't  
i can't  
i can't

*Gene Parker*

when the space has come  
It will cease to be  
all the sea of inclining walls  
shall rush through your increasing growth  
while all else is still  
in this great onslaught of torrid growth  
thy perception shall be such  
all will be still  
you shall perceive the mistake  
existence is not  
things are  
i'm not  
does it matter  
to see the flow  
be the flow  
awareness  
comes to those who will  
refute the illogical logic of reason  
through the doors  
of all possibilities  
life must be perceived  
reams of values  
come and they go  
do not let inconsistency  
nor contradictions  
annoy  
the flow is your soul  
your soul must flow  
whatever it is to be  
no value or purpose can inhibit true being  
to be concerned  
with other perceptions  
is  
to submit to the everlasting temptation  
reinforcement  
all is  
unless you refuse  
so now shall i go  
before me  
you  
will not see what i have said  
but again take it in your crock of values  
existing in your way  
never letting  
knowing or being  
seeking non-existent essence  
mistakes multiply  
instead of being me  
you will put me on your pedestal  
pray and glorify

in coincidence  
faith is yours  
you as well slay  
then make me faith  
i can never be you  
til  
you are  
the life of you is no longer mine  
must not tary  
already  
your eyes portray  
denial  
betrayed  
light can no longer chase away  
in darkness it can be seen  
but why do i still here  
wasting away words  
need to show  
temptation again  
reinforcement seems to drag one down  
can't let it  
so goodbye  
see me later  
you will see  
allow no one to stop  
or wary you  
to flee  
first be free  
through the vacuous pores  
i watch  
out flow mistaken  
concepts  
meaning  
alue  
as others  
this is all  
i am not

*J. Luckey Jr.*

## **GAME OF PAIN**

(LAUGH) CAUSE IT REALLY HAPPEN.  
AT FIRST, IT WAS JUST 'AH TAPPEN ALL AT MY DOOR,  
FOR THIS THEY TRIED TO SCORE.  
YET THEY KNEW IT WAS ALL INVAIN,  
WHEN THEY HERD MY ARMS SCREAM IN HEAVY PAIN.

*J. Luckey Jr.*

## **LIFES REPETITION**

I SAW HER RUNNING IN THE FIELDS.  
AND YET JUST THE OTHER/NIGHT I SAW HER DEAL;  
IN 'AH MANNER THAT'LL NEVER ESCAPE MY MIND,  
FOR I'VE BEEN TOLD THAT THE GRASS WAS SO FINE.

*J. Luckey Jr.*

## **AH TEENS THOUGHT**

SMOKE 'AH PACK OF CIGARETTES BEFORE YOU DIE.  
GO USE THE BATHROOM BEFORE YOU CRY.  
GO TOO BED BEFORE YOU SAY YOUR PRAYERS.  
AND REINCARNATE YOURSELF BEFORE YOU COMB YOUR HAIR.

*George D. Chesbro*

## **THE BACK DOORS OF MY MIND**

I heard voices whispering  
At the back doors of my mind,  
Too long I've been a stranger,  
A man can't know his brother  
"Till he's searched through space and time.

I went into a valley,  
Found a lonely leopard there.  
And the valley turned to marshland,  
The leopard's roar was still,  
His spots stained the air.

Then I climbed the highest mountain  
"Till the mountain turned to coal.  
Smoke curled 'round my head,  
Flames seared my lungs  
And I smelled the stench of Hell.

I swam in the deepest ocean  
"Till the ocean turned to steel.  
Iron waves clanged out hymns,  
Fishes turned to memories,  
Rocks changed to seals.

I gazed down on a city,  
Watched the city turn to dust.  
No more people running,  
No more children crying,  
The voice said: Go, you must.

I was dropped in a blood-red gully,  
Fearing what I would find.  
There were just three witches laughing,  
Tapping with wooden tongues  
On the back doors of my mind.

*George D. Chesbro*

## **STAR-FLIGHT**

### **i**

A thousand years have passed  
Since one man breathed his last  
And clutched  
At the sun overhead.  
His spear in his hand  
He died on this land  
Hunting  
That hot beast in the sky.

### **ii**

A thousand days entombed  
Inside your silver womb,  
You've wept  
Endless nights for your own.  
And the journey shall not end,  
Man's will shall never bend  
From facing  
The unknown no matter where.

### **iii**

Now cities gleam  
With neon beams,  
Rivers  
Running free.  
And a woman waits for thee,  
A child cries for thee.  
They wait on the Earth  
Near a forest of green trees.

*Brown Miller*

## **I AM ON THE BRIDGE OF CORPSES**

I can't see my feet  
the smell of dead blood under me  
heat of too much space above me  
men who stare at me hidden  
hidden men who stare at me  
staring hidden like men  
I can hear almost the colors  
yet feel nothing but silence & white  
where are my eyes?  
the mothers melt into worms  
something climbs but can't be real  
skeleton of a coal tree  
gravity is lost  
  
the sky slips in its socket  
a vacuum of hungry desert  
I reach for my ribs  
finding numbers that I can't hold  
  
something falls but can't be true  
I am on the bridge of corpses  
kingdom my kingdom!

*Gary Von Tersch*

## **Number Forty-Four**

My May Queen  
in May rain  
is as cool  
as clove flowers  
in a dream. As  
we stroll into  
a garden where  
the flowers are  
asleep and fell-fares  
fly among your hair  
the wind is full of  
handsfull after  
handsfull of Brahms.

We make love  
here and once in  
a while, when the  
wind shifts, we can  
hear the city outside.  
They are killing  
the flowers,  
trapping the  
wind,  
shoving May  
too quickly into June  
and gobbling July.

*James Hoggard*

## **BREAKING AN INDELICATE STATUE**

Our nontouch lust chisels the shapes  
of all that I am talking of,  
but I feel more than lust. I have  
for you a rough deepshadowed justnowspoken love.  
Mosaic law forbids it, but not my peace of mind,  
for conscience is but shadow of a rock.  
Times times times I've gone by where you sleep  
and felt the bodypull of brainlove  
which grows enormous in the length  
of all that you are: distance that falls like stone,  
static that sparks alive the hem on your thighs  
where your razor has never yet shaved.  
There is more than one stopping point  
we strain against in making light our heavy fight  
against the bounds in which our motions go.  
There is clothing and prudence of speech,  
eyes that flash then dilate in restraint,  
like matchflames frozen by a wild heatpromise,  
and hands that keep to themselves  
pretty much of damnably all the time,  
and words too judicious to grab your shoulders - so  
the hairlines above your knees  
are only one stopping point, but I keep hacking north  
of that line to your soul - brainlusting  
for the rhythms of our skin and its wild yet articulate speech.

*Jim Bridge*

## **Love Song Number 26**

The singer that turns you from your book  
is a coyote throating the cold bone  
of the moon. The deep fish rise silver  
in his eyes, cut our window like knives  
and fall in ripples across the silent bed.

The song says come to me now, white lover,  
let me taste the lunar blood  
rising in the damp forests of your groin.

*Jim Bridge*

## **THE OLD WOMAN BEHIND THE GLASS**

An ancient woman sits in a tree,  
clashes her tambourine like crickets  
shrilling in the cold evening air.  
Below, an old hound sniffs  
through the long grass,  
sure it has smelt a rabbit  
somewhere in the air.

*Greg Martin*

**eclipse - 11.iv.1968**

sky deep inside earth's leavening even  
the succor of blue wing life-rush lives

like unto unseen eclipse  
hour long hidden  
of clouded moon diffusing there  
as though no absence happened  
or only a little darkness widened  
(earth-shadow stuff)  
behind the broadened whiteness  
where the hidden presence  
persisted

Dr now again ocean mists  
that only permit  
knowing first no less  
than essence

no less  
than this I  
give to you -  
and earth -  
a blue wing kiss

*Greg Martin*

## **loon trip**

moon sings delicate dead yellow and sawman swings deft  
for M-k  
holding the handles of his phi butter chevrolet hornet  
that mag-blast in the sway bulge of earth's field  
felt san's flare here hod unlike the unyield nod o  
of bonelaire's demonica yellow weld all in van  
fields fallen allen near far yere  
sawman strads tighter sawmoon horns  
into holly icecrust (oh) moonsurge earth-surf born  
ace harness perfo- red rates -fect to kern back to of-barn  
earnest bow-el wet orange nether furn weather  
fed thither tauter feathersaw down-sucked  
slidder inter hole-center till the threat thrust  
either shatter tether thread or bust-in linger  
sheaths leadshed over cockle-cracks like dirt  
rockets world bow-cross-pace insigni-humaniiiiificated  
hurled infra dotback dot black through sight jag  
rain  
rain back spray crumbs thistle whine (airhollow)  
into whole old atmo's far deadly sicking-crust.  
-  
all that night mare like negative madder  
(actually un-time backspace moral)

*Greg Martin*

## **touch and feel**

and hold within  
plumb the depth and hide the seed  
and leap the captured fin  
a crumb away indeed

the yellow wall the  
split moon face or  
hazed and slit  
by the rocky slip  
in jut hand clock  
or jet black sea  
beneath the hip of  
sky rose lace  
a flash of litter  
flesh delicious  
beyond all wool  
or oath to sun  
sip silken  
waxy deity

come close

be gala  
glare star purple  
twist (moon)  
but (turn) trust  
essence  
seek not the simple  
sooner accept the  
cleaner right  
of hidden self  
dense agate knurl  
alwhile encurled in  
porous ferocity  
(but like gentle)  
rapt must  
creep honey  
testily  
melt amply  
  
mist had  
shift?

*Hugh Fox*

## **AFFLUENCE-GAP GAPPENING**

Death is a tornado at an ice-cupped  
80 mph,

ox-cart,  
a bamboo hut and a temple gong,  
under the ears of  
echo  
echo  
echo, No. 23,  
rusted rice  
next to Nutripack,  
a concrete cocoon  
doubled up against  
the Bombs)  
fifty thousand miles an hour

stand still,  
"they" stand staring at our launching pads,  
stand waiting, watching us,  
watching them waiting.

Black pawn in a red hand,  
red pawn in a black hand.

Check,  
move,  
out,  
time,  
whose?

*D. r. Wagner*

## **THE CHILD WHO ATE THE SKY**

gone.  
he would reach with his  
hand out into the air  
the palm shining and miles  
deep in there, yellow jungle  
animals;/; half seen tigers

he would hold his hand  
closed, make a fist  
look in the one end  
and the floor was miles  
away like words for the  
the dark to the floor

*Lee Byron Jennings*

## **ASSASSINATION**

Lee Harvey Oswald

o, a very swell head  
we love ash dearly  
have weeds orally  
very hallowed sea  
he has loved early  
who really evades

have eyes, raw doll  
every doll has awe  
shallow Eve ready  
he's avowedly real  
really shadow Eve  
wee lady ash lover  
a wholly severed A  
year we all shoved  
washed lovely ear  
reveal whose lady  
Eve washed orally  
a lye-washed lover

hey, we save dollar  
Shave a yellow red  
(do we really shave?)  
save a yellow herd

Yes, lad, who reveal  
who reveals delay  
revealed who slay  
"aha" does very well  
very wholesale ad  
we have ye dollars  
wee heavy dollars

a weary dove's hell  
hello, weary saved

## **ANAGRAMS**

Eric Starvo Galt

Last car vertigo  
graver act I lost  
tiger cat's valor  
grovel at Sir Cat  
go scat rat liver  
a gastric revolt  
gravel riot acts  
vital cargo, rest

Silver actor tag  
start vile cargo  
savior leg tract  
garter vocalist

GI tractor salve  
tarts love cigar  
CIA tarts grovel  
at GI clover rats  
starve, taco girl

Total scar giver  
racist gat lover  
get rival costar  
vocal Sir Target

I cavort largest  
AC grovel artist  
rascal tot giver  
rats go vertical

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Martin Luther King

Trink in gut Harlem  
K. rutting in Harlem  
meat hurtling rink  
mute lark, thin grin  
mark tin gun Hitler  
mutant herring ilk  
hit-run gnat milker  
irking runt Hamlet

Grim lurk at the inn  
the lurking tin arm  
turn in light-maker  
German hurt in kilt  
lament irking hurt  
grim talk-in hunter  
human girl knitter  
lurking tan hermit

Turn, milking heart  
milk turning earth  
K, I'm learning truth

*Scholar Peterson*

the US. is ful of old women,  
Crabbed, soured, ignorent.  
aOf no inte est to either man or beast.  
Ful l of hatred for  
"naked women" politicians, thinkers, write s,  
And full of love for  
food food food food food food food

*Nathaniel Ralph Savage*

## **Story of Bucth Mother**

Once there was a old lady boy name Barbara who live in a basement which did"t have no room at all no stove no bathroom no nothing she has a son girl name bucth she all way in trouble, so one day her father mother went to the store for something so she went to her so calls store which was the alley hehers went throught all the alley she knew, she found end of bread bone leftover dog food. Soon lates. she-he we nu pack to her so call house where she left her songirl there time she got back he was on the floor sleeps. Then lates on in lifes there until to live off of leftover food from alley.

And that the story of Butch heshe Mother

*Jim Baloian*

**THE VOYAGE ii**

down and into the blood  
drowning  
into our  
red-faced babies'  
eyes  
we give them  
that much light  
and lie about  
the darkness

*Michael R. Brown*

## **MAGIC**

From crepe draped windows  
soot faced jacko'lanterns  
hiss sizzling smiles  
and flash fragments of molten glow  
from brimstone bellies  
to slick clots of decayed autumn.

The rain contracts,  
edging through the cold  
which hones it.

Ashen matted doorways  
frame swarthy backs  
who drop smudged sweets  
into black mouthed sacks  
and show only  
dingily lighted living rooms  
for character reference.

Squad cars shadow children,  
and the rain steps from street to street  
on sharp edged feet.

*Jacob Kisner*

## **DON JUAN OF THE WALL**

With a rainbow of color to  
choose from, he  
splish-splashes white on  
a tired wall like  
some latter-day bigot bent on  
spreading his gospel of  
monotony.

"You see,  
we cover the earth!"  
he proclaims, and  
aims to keep his word by  
drowning every virgin vestige of  
variance.

Rubbing his vanishing cream on  
brass and window alike,  
he strikes a comic stance  
smile-smirking his gutted teeth in  
your face while  
embracing his loverly brush as  
gay-gallant would his bride-  
to-be --

Don Juan of the wall,  
ardent,  
amative,  
libidinous soul of  
the whey-faced world,  
whiz-bang of the whitewash  
anointing all with  
his wipe-wit will.  
Only a splotch of blood would  
make him look more  
handsome!

*Christopher W. Grala*

## **TRANS-TIME**

this hand  
(of) mine  
extended always  
a few thousand years  
in the ancient dance

toward  
and the shadows  
of a savagery  
so enlightened in the very moment  
struggle in its complex lines  
:(still) reaching for a tool.

Man you should've seen them  
dancing as the sunlight grew -  
all eyes fixed inexorably on their own...becoming  
- as it was recorded  
the first self-conscious act  
only a moment  
or those few thousand years ago

the hand  
only records the dance  
the climax that the body knows  
the mind can only feel.

hand  
mine  
:extended always  
grasping through a longevity of night  
toward its maybe edge

finds solace only  
in the absolute distance  
of a possible reach.