

BEYOND BAROQUE 692

Beyond Baroque 692

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

Edgar L. Biamonte

OF AN INSIGNIFICANT GROUND HOG'S DEATH

A headlight-entranced ground hog was by a Sabbath beer-car smartly felled,
by bumper-screeching Sunday church cars reekingly recrunched of flies,
and carcass-compressed so crisply for not contesting three days hotly sundried.
Skidded along the suburb asphalt incensed by Thursday's school-child:
fingered and shingled into Friday good—by senseless bullies laughing,
it scrambled brittle the mourning shovels of whites insanitation.

Lee Byron Jennings

Pallid Mary

Pallid Mary, droll guardian of the sprouting potato
wagered a clean garment on the outcome of the frog ford
the witness has been refurbished, the divers remote, the painstakers waxed
the urbane watchers secretly married to growling goat rams
poor future, where are you waiting?
past wonders, where have you gone?
the window may have been open the visible water gone walking
the original plan was to have the people be part of the woodwork
however the glowing remains seem not to reject the biscuit of reason

Lee Byron Jennings

The Miracle Man

The miracle man
strides along the hill
the swill that he guzzles
he calls it blessed blood
he is at home in the brush in the tooth of the gravel
he is at home in the wings of the stumbling bed
wayward bologna hangs from his rafters
brittles of anguish cluster about his divan
the spool of his wrath is the shade of a handle
his lamp has belonged to an organ
if you go there he will make you into a one

Harry Drinkwater

MORNINGS IN VENICE

if you offend me
to the sounds of my own voice
i am as a crushed thing
wolf like
the tearer

(if i cannot hear it
as clearly as currency counted
across the tables of our lives)
becomes the terror

neither can i compute it
for you
nor spell it out correctly
the law is
has been and will be
a bummer
first
then wind chimes
in the ram of mars/ i am that militant man
building a new fire looking only at the brilliance/s
listening only to myself full of not hearing
a woman describe herself to me/ (she did her thing/
it all and i dug it/ finally/ took a year
of holidays doing numbers on my head to crack
my stubby ass mind/)

(om om om om om om om om)

my view through my iridescent armpit thinning
shadows/ singing this vision for your measure/
i am a mirror held up/ uncounting/ uncountable/
uncontested/ but then I turn to you again/ and
when the god of fumbling remembers/ your clock
eyed face cutting markers of elapsed time into
my living/ these sounds (moon fish leap) spread
new dimensions the silver aquarium/ without
holding looks/ without turning leaps/ without
quick and clear arrangements the nude moves without
sequence sense/ except that it is// another voice/
i don't feel guilty and don't feel guilty and
don't feel guilty it's a natural normal thing//

images all recorded in time places/ descending
a bubble screen tangling untangling my eyes
between image and act/ stop and pop three hundred
filtered gold coins of the realm/ escape gravity
i weightless in the world/ mindless quiet deep
while riding the warmth of the sun/ stretched/
my full length above all on a pillow in the wind/
swimming in the sound/
i am tired of randomness making

fecundant meaninglessnesses of all this sun smiling
in weatherbeaten boards/ four big toes/ lover the
trucks kid/ i'll be safe there/ one mood// move the
sheet below/ two's mood/ explore the ocean front/
another mood eyed left breast/
i am cold/ is my foot growing gold?/
pander/ rip xanders/ chicken out
chicken. left breast?/ chicken shit
my boards:// settle under the weight/
the red balloon/ high/ drifts down
the stairs into a hot tub//
the ram of mars/
i am/

Greg Druit

I.-E. 692

for three voices

welders word out your plane-printed circuits

4

find rug bay red and fly

7

black O! back Oh!frick out!

10

write and wither (early rite of)

13

wrought rusts come through

16

unite forever prism view and feathered fewer

19

tangier pot for melting orange eons

22

aeolian yonders warped for high flight

25

true tree not rot? wax not flop?

28

though cherish book

31

on the un-dank bear wood

34

board not warp, eh what?

2

old verb these tentatives

5

speak other lower utter levels

8

out out cream out

11

whither springs

14

the long-wrong rut awright

17

the crystal fan point laser white

20

pulse places crack the quasi-crock

23

the orange rock (so light?)

tarred truth there verse?

26

29

gloss those works! draw those words!

32

press on! paper circle cylinder back

35

yet carbon-shift turns the ticking cock dial

3
ape squared to the evo-limb night
6
O to M to O-who Bee-Bee
9
'B' to the fourth - demi-scion
12
mwa-mwa- mawa-mwa mawawapa?
15
work berserking verging autumn birth
18
what united carpet-basket read
21
yellowed eggs of cycle cod
24
or L-S purple PEAKy D-cod rhyme
27
'D'are you or he-hew G-she
30
dick-shun-harry drew the log
33
"timing light away, you say?"
36
"O-no just pyramidal dust."

each reader takes one stanza;
each stanza is first read through,
then the lines are read in the numbered order;
finally lines 1, 2 and 3 are read simultaneously,
followed by 4, 5 and 6; then 7, 8 and 9, etc.

dereu (i.-e.), bois.

*kk. diru, bois: drumih, arbre.

GA.

dora, morean de bots; bois

re; dans.

e; lance: drudren faver r

prur den-doron), arb

hlem.,

chene ;

frumos, foret.

Lique t

Du germa.

, Roudron.

ahre: lar

Avor. tree, -

eirer

fidelite (ferme, m-

Att. Teer, Rot.

A. 11. A. trinter

gad, convention.

buste). Gor. tris

FR. irere.

. Esp. tregaar,

tres

Esp, tr. legun
3, auge.
. r. trogole
faire treve. 1-
truce, treve:
vrai. fidele
roire; trust,
AscE. truc
. etite: trow (vs), Co
trutk. v
che, huche
ance, trusty, sor: trotta
confi-
al l'on met en surete); aure
*,
(ni
ALt. tren Adele, True, fidelite; to
se fier a: Trost, consolation, tro
consoler: Tros, huche, auge.

Stephen T. Butterfield

WITHERED BIRTH

This Book is to be read aloud, correctly and distinctly, near the dead body. If there is no corpse, then the reader should occupy the bed or seat of the deceased. ... Then, summoning the spirit, imagine it to be present there listening, and read. During this time no relative or fond mate should be allowed to weep or to wail, as such is not good for the deceased. ...

Tibetan Book of the Dead

I

Traveller, the dice weigh too much.
You're going to die.
Your mental refugees can't be resettled;
your breathing is about to cease.
You're going to die
because it's a crime to burn colored rags,
and a duty to burn people.
You're going to die
because there is no god, and poetry
is a bore,
and because America is waking up
from the dream of democracy.
And you will weep over the corpse of peace
and forget to send food
to the mothers of My Tho.

As your breathing stops, traveller, sense and logic
will insult you.
You will need to remember that ash
gestates in the womb of embers,
rocks break on the waves,
roads travel muddy feet.
After you've died
a few times
you'll know what I mean. Ash
in the womb of embers.

At one moment in your passing
you will see
Clear Light
the Face of God
Face
to phosphene face
(for almost as long
as it takes a needle, rolling on a
taut thread
to fall off).

Face to phosphene face
the blood of quasars
tides the meshed chrysalis;
sun thru dream holes
the homing comets of time;

clear light and dice,
the inhale and exhale of is.

Chords of heated
springs, pressed in a clock, chime, chime.

II

Traveller, remember when the Face fades,
about the ash and the embers.
Each flash gets dimmer. The rest is
only phosphene.
Your phosphene face tries to
follow the comets
as they swing past
but look for them now
in the win of your own flesh.

From frenzied protein orchestras
the flickering clash
of red cymbals
molts jellied feathers in the veins
and granite tablas, sunk deep
in the chest,
pulse blue light that
plucks and strums the sitared retinas.

Down dendrite catacombs, fulvous tuns
click and slosh;
hear your breath seepage
dye the primal rivers of the skull.

Stage on stage of skeletons layered
the soul's coral:
ancient shell fish
spume still in your nucleic chalk beds.

Green thought-rills, cutting paths of punched
tape, blips, neural
ribbons, graphemes, speech-
Be, flumed by Be, not knowing what it is.

Embers, traveller, and now
horrible phosphene dreams:
They talk of a Moloch in that place
who will put a rope around your neck and drag you along,
and cut off your head, and pull out your intestines,
and lick up your brain, and gnaw your bones,
and no death will save you from him.
Ride in the ash, and wait
for the winds of karma and a withered birth.

You will forget that you ever saw God.
You will stumble into a slaughterhouse with four pens,
kept by fleam-billed guards;

Grim clowns, whirled out from the brain,
who dance to the body's music;
Condor-headed, writhed in crowns

of burning gasoline;
over their office-window eyes
high-voltage eyebrows quiver and spark.
Buck teeth, glistening, whistle in sonorous frowns.
Gigantic bird-bands bind the calves.

The knees rumble and crack
like hot logs that a poker flays.
Blowing human thigh-bone trumpets,
they dance four elements to a single blaze.

In the east pen, goats wearing caps and gowns
wire electrodes to the heads of trained seals
and teach them how to turn the current on.
They slap their flippers and are tossed a grade.
In the south pen, teams of starving baboons
splash their own fresh milk on rotting heaps
of uneaten fruit. Barbed wire dollars
keep stray slums from looting in the rinds.

In the west pen, white-frosted parrots
strap their families inside coffins of sheet steel
and spatter them from piston catapults
against billboards of concrete.

In the north pen, smiling sewing machines
play Assyrian roulette with prisoners of war
and strip the screaming skin from their bodies.
Red tears weep on the tangerine torsos.

Sick, sick, the flayed conscience
will hunger for war on the hawks of misery:
rebels break their pencils and fling them
at the stone masks of the guards;

guerillas rise human from the baboons;
and rank by rank, hoping to break the glass,
they swing their clubs at tall mirrors
and strike down the reflected enemies.

The twin garbage piles are buried in a pit.
All of it is phosphene, brother and sister.
Pick your way carefully among the cash registers.
Do not fall into any till.

IV

Now ride on the winds of karma, carrying moans
swept down from the dead deserts of the north:
sand, clangorous with a rhythmic dream of stones,
sweeping, sweeping, toward a withered birth.

Dust voices, hovering over mental graves,
some vague, sand-blasted memories of truth
(roads travel muddy feet, rocks break on waves)
sweeping, sweeping, toward a withered birth.

They pierce the ponderous mummy-cloth of mind,
unceasing, fierce catalolites of earth;
the naked soul whirl-winded, scoured, and shined,

sweeping, sweeping, toward a withered birth.

Borne empty from the dream, sweep past the ice
shards of the self. Pity sharks and their prey.
When you play once more, use your own dice,
and win or lose with meek necessity.

One needs no excuse for a kindly cowardice.
Cheat none, smile on all, and sit where you can see.

Gaston Pelletier

AN OEDIPAL TALE

"Your bull is dead,"
my father said
"Your big bad bull is dead."

"It died the night
before." he said.
And that is all he said.

I ran from home.
ran to the barn
but found the barn door locked.

1 threw my weight
against the door
and ripped it from its hinge.

I ran inside
past empty stalls
to where my bull had been.

It was not there.
And so 1 cried
and wondered where it was.

I ran back home,
ran in to ask
just where my bull had gone.

"Your bull is dead,"
my father said,
"Your big bad bull is dead."

"It's where bad bulls
are sent," he said.
And that is all he said.

I ran from home,
ran down the road
to where bad bulls were sent.

I saw the man,
the big fat man
whose apron's always red.

He stood behind
a mound of meat.
his saws and knives all blood.

He saw me there
and wondered why
I stood so straight-and stared.
"Is that a bull?"
I asked in fear.
1 knew what he would say.

"Oh yes, my boy.
It is a bull.

That is it tas a bull."

"It died the night
before." he said.

"It died the night before.

"Who brought it here?"

I asked in fear.

I knew what he would say.

"Your father did,"

the fat man said.

"He said your bull was dead."

"Did he say how

it died?" | asked.

"Did he say how it died?"

"It died at night,"

the fat man said.

And that is all he said.

I ran back home,

ran in to ask

just how my bull had died.

"How did it die?"

I asked in fear.

"Just tell me how it died."

"It died at night."

my father said.

"It died the night before."

"Good God. what's that?"

I yelled in fear,

I knew what he would say.

"Your bad bull's tail,"

he laughed and said.

And that is all he said.

That night I prayed

for God's good help.

then waited for the day.

"Your father's where?"

my mother asked.

"Where did your father go?"

"Oh father's dead,"

I quickly said.

"He's where bad fathers go."

"Good God; what's that?"

she screamed in fear.

She knew what I would say.

"It's father's tail,"

I smiled and said.

And that is all I said.

Djelloul Mabrouk

The Priest in the Burning Boat

Do the dead improve the ground
and make the flowers feelings?
Do hates like snake tails flick
in red must of cars?
Unless a man become a rose
he cannot live, unless
he feel the moon want blood.
the iris itch with stars,
unless a man hear violet burn,
he cannot pray or wonder priestly;
he rides a calligraphic boat
in an attitude of prayer
around and around the sun.
The docks are burst and burning,
the pilings char and sing:
Why is the man-god there?
The priest in the burning boat
crackles and remembers,
he hears the flowers chant;
the pain-song breaks him.

Djelloul Mabrouk

Gently, Jack

Sleep-foot drive the dream
into cracking towns
where cooking packers sing
God hone light on hard eyes
and glee the spark-days' fall
on thighs of charring mink
It teems with pain

Tap it gently, Jack
gently let the powers
pin wheel back
Time is wet cellophane
poke it hard and wait for flame
to peel the cataract
Out of this brutal eye pass,
truck your whining spools of give
to love, the grim sea-hold

Djelloul Mabrouk

The Sinking of the Ludilon

She rusts and leaks
her sun-freight shifts
The sea's back shrugs
Her murmurs slip
The wheelhouse creaks
I abandon and listen
The time is glug

Kip Palmer

THE CAPTAIN'S CONVERSION

Captain!: the deserts turn to sand.
bubbles warp moongoggles
Captain!: the engines scream suicide.
gargoyle reveal armpits rust
Captain!: the chaplain masturbating on the navigator.
woolie pegs don tattered Tampax
Mother Mary bastards invention!
oilslick cometcome. and... .dust.
Captain; give up! give up this search for the White Whale
Centuries moan/mystery slipssides-flop
Churches bitter bastions billow bigotry
preah pussy/nook nook nuns fthe Father Fornicator
Give
give up the white whale give up
Holy Ghosties/how! horny hogwash
Click.compute.negative.check.negative.
Plastic Pillage
Admiral Jesus, here.
We can't save much now.
control/check/compute. negative! negtive netgives!
pumps thump.
Truth tears tired toggles/knows need.. knees knot
Stars spark stupors cyanide/
ABORTED ANGELS KISS THY ASS.
Captain! captain... capt...
n...
and the captain gurgles reaches knees praying
Avast white form. washed up. on the beaches of heaven.

Kip Palmer

LOVEBOMBER

The lovebomber circles, spinning
engines brewing bitter blisters.
Cockpit filled with empty assholes.
Wings like razors, peace they cut.
Out the bombay(rectum)
bombs have gone.
Gone before them, flowers,music,
Sea foam--.
Dissappered down toilets flushing.
Navigate the wastes of wisdom
crumbled beneath your bombing love.
(Even God Himself not as high Above...)

Filled your tanks with the piss of platitudes...
Oh, filled your hearts with nothing, nothing.
Circles spinning spinning.
The Stars. they scream beyond your reach.
The Sea, it owns an empty beach...
The last magician casts himself across the sun
His spells are empty not so your gun.
(spinning,spinning....)
Are you
winning?
Spinning
Engines churning
Far
Below -
Napalm burning.

Michael Dalberg

WOLF TRAP

you were like one northern forest
with one knife blade
standing in the drifts, rubbed with
fat and perfume from your hide.

i came like one wolf, across the
tundra and into the treeline, expecting
you, like
magnetic steel, somewhat sweaty from
a trappers hand.
there were stars above the snow,
the moon above the snow, there was
wind howling like my brothers.

i found you with your tempting edge,
your smell and taste of fat, of trappers.

you found my tongue crossing you,
faster and faster, your warm blade
giving blood, sait against the steel.

you have me now, my belly is full of
my blood,
my tongue one lash of redness,
one slim ribbon of acid crossing it.

Michael Dalberg

MANCHURIANS SELECT GOD IN A YURT

manchurians select god in a yurt
laced with goat sinews, a style
that runs into tibet and
among yaks whose butter
sweetens tea and whose dung is
burned for fuel, for light and cooking.
he is often manifested as an onion.

lamas know him by the way a white
horse runs, to this hut or that castle.
the random breath of stallions is infallible.

a small boy sees him in a vision,
three times.
first: with a sack over his testicles
second: with winecups in his armpits
then finally with incense in his nostrils.
occasionally there is water
running over the backs of fish
or down drains on eaves
crystalous with ice.

history is irrelevant to onions,
they don't care.
yaks are teacups in one system.
teacups on the other hand
are stallions.

John Tagliabue

CONTEMPLATION

Monet
can
put
a

CEZANNE

On
a
tablecloth
of
heaven

John Tagliabue

A State of a Union

What happened
to all that excellent French brandy?
it must have leaked out, must have become part of my body
such as it is, also my soul,
I wonder if the clouds and rivers and oceans have some of it now,
whether the gods having witnessed
Transformations are getting drowsy because of it? one bottle !
bought on the S.S. FRANCE
and it seems to be gone, I shake the last drop out, the Moon is
shaking,
some ghosts are doing a dance on the sea; well the brandy
was good while it lasted;
Socrates consorted; Philippe cavorted by the new washed
Madeleine; the hundreds of cafes
in Paris are pleased, are they drinking my brandy? I cannot
separate mine-and-thine at this
late hour in Pennsylvania.

Magnifico

halo
around
any
thing.

John Tagliabue

CLARITY

a
some
lemons
jug
apples
cool
pears
and
water.

John Tagliabue

Paintings that can Fly

Chagall
playing the fiddle
made the moon see the cow
out of a red beard out of a green thought out of a bunch of flowers
sprung up a dripping and flowing
and then flying bride; she held
the hero by her side, they wept,
they slept, they read Chekov
and wrote letters to Picasso; they
caused such a commotion
that country fairs were
genuine again; merci,
M. Chagall.

John Tagliabue

ALDAI: PARIS NIGHT

The lamp post
like the lit poet
was just watching the passers by, O how he was watching
them!
still, just being enlightened, observing, pleased; the
moon entered on the scene,
the stones in the street were in on the secret; the dandy
in the shadow was whispering to his bottle,
a ballet dancer flew suddenly across an alley; an alley
cat quoted Baudelaire;
but the lamp post remained tall, noble, surviving
like the flickering poet.

Jascha Kessler

HOMEKEEPING

I closed my eyes and walked
about the house where I
had lived for years, and sulked,
and ate my tongue, and cried.

I groped the hall for you,
my chair, the couch, our bed;
when I touched the window
how cold I felt, afraid.

A dark mirror, so dark
to my ten famished fingers,
which closed, and would not work,
but gripped these angers.

Inside my mind your voice
sounded vague, vague to me:
old thoughts, old hopes, the curse
of love that's gone away.

"The best of our story
was that we'd never find
ourselves hurt, or sorry -
though broken by the wind."

"Shall we not meet again,
speak of our missing life,
asking when this began,
this death, this unbelief?"

How long you had waited,
I said to the dumb wall,
to see me so treated,
a prisoner, and fool!

Jascha Kessler

SHE

(Willem de Kooning's Woman)
Connoisseur of bitter waits
and much sweet disappointment
harlotry within her gates
abused, amused she joins men

soulfully as of good song
appears that smile of wisdom
mockery's hands, female, young
unkind, cruel if she gives them

generous portions of death
or sleep triumphant each night
murderous dream bringing health
and crowned though dimly with light
Farewell and hail human trash!
as if those lips, once clothed, lived
Marvel! She's charmed with the lash!
and gives, those breasts, as though loved!

David deBus

We dug

it out of ourselves
the dance dis
taste)?
(aster)
sucking
the lifeformed grey
out of spin
dril legs
upmouthed
slow paingave bir (ch ?
th)
thighs &
sprung WIDE
THIS TIME IS FOR (rain?
SCREAMING
at chaos) contrachokethis
time is for verb
and Paul expects it any day now
(Is Paul expecting, ask Galatiar)
certainly slowmove isnut it?
the farewell
sunshine by the dawn of
winds TRUCKS FORMS IN FULL DEFENSE
road & chalk dig logoi
that world spunout chunks of
meta
physic
tarsal)?
offarse fall
clothed of the night until we
had begun.
Shshshshsh
I listens to this:
spraysand sans / is human
comes,
affirm
Brooder, chalk with stars,
is difficult) repitition
ripetition
fall further the deadplankton
whose opensee windows abound (suddenly?
incereb
imflash
the numinous quality of the
the white brilliance of the
O watch entropy play ok submit
children dist
(ill?

olen)
poe
moment slowpain gave
civil eyes a shunning
cascav
fallcaed
can We truest yourself now,
overhanging foliage of the stream
sopposite frontispiece
slideglass dancience passing
arc (haik ?
aid) realit
erotsore
yesufi ufo sure breath hulla

the marks on a plaster bat
initials anonymity in stillnest
cateye op
pen)? pal
see
(erant
skinsounds rub nightcycle
stream normally sere
ne
STAGGERUN THIS
BRINK EDGE
you catatonic laughter
lifting sanic boomspeel
off skylines streetlines
ticketlines waterlines
wordlines lifelines
wave filterfeller
fall from his bodycaught
blocked by beeswax burrow
on he went like this ungnawing
concupiscent flowers speaking
for a windminute the sound of passing
let it happen hands cough
protectively underblood revealing
image of a (Mass?
(carraid through to a pasture
abounding in the deepbrown channels
in the city seecon
menfidential is not fair
orison (Orion no Oriono) arisen
to earthquakespasms
tragedy: are no linger result of rational
mere mantic procedure sophrosunel
abuddnoned Beware of Dog (Cerebrum I come to
No Trespassing Labor of the woman and womb

dog is mind is not enough
but sehr bellum
the winded slowmove glacier
on oil

sunlept attacking white
brilliance burned deep reflected
the numinous quality of

barefoot into the trees floating
intensely, a renewal of
a hotday promises unkept Nothing?
ok. submit yest riccept, affirm

Arthur Phillip Boze

PUT DOWN

Butter brickled night, sleeping
Wicker wired whites, uptight
- Not sleeping
Red rain dripping,
down ticky tacky cubes
Not to be in their shoes
Penciled talon flowers,
Green king bee,
Death to the Queen
Not
One
Rat
Seen
Glass faced leopard spots
Smiling snarls jamming home
Black based garbage shopp
shalom,
shalom
Steel backed Mom keeping,
weeping
"Junior, did you do that? "
Purple grassed table
Go Girl Go!
Blow! Blow!
Knobbed needle spinning spinning
No fat one winning, pinning
Silent talking moving up
Stuffed fried mongrel pup
Pepper salt sliding down
Ragged orange milk
around
You can't fly!

Aron Tager

SONNET FOR TIME

TIME IS WILLING TO KISS HIMSELF AWAY.-
BOUGHT AND SOLD OLD WEARY WORN AWAY.
HUNG UP ON A STEEPLE OR SOME SOUL
TIME WOULD LIKE TO FADE; UNWILLING MINDS
CLOCKWORN NOT CLOCKWISE
STILL HANG ON HIM
TIMID LITTLE COGS COME COME UNBIND
YOUR PRISONER TIME; UNWIND YOUR
OWN PERCEPTIONS,
YOUR OWN UNTIMELY NOTIONS DREAM UPON -
SEE A TREE UNWOUND GROW TIMELESS DIE.
ANOTHER SPROUT TAKE LEAF ABOUND AS SHADE.
GROW WITHOUT CLOCKS OR CALENDARS.
AN ALWAYS TIMELY SONG UNSCHEDULED -
SAY IS IT FAIR BECAUSE YOU DIE MAN SOON
TO TIME THE TIMELESS TIDES AND KILL THE MOON?