

BEYOND BAROQUE 702

Naissance

Poetry Reading Edition

Volume 1, Number 4 / March 1971

Reset for continuous reading / magazine pagination not reproduced

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

V. H. Adair

CONFESSIOAL

anagram:

(Letter to Editor)

GEORGE DRURY SMITH

MY RUTH RID EGO'S ERG
SOUGHT GERMY RIDER
HUGGED MIRROR STYE
GYRO-GEM IS HER TURD
DIRTY

ROUGHER GEMS
RUTHY DIGS ME. ROGER!

I RUTH ORDER MY EGGS
OH RED RIMY EGG RUTS
EGGY RIMS ROUT HERD
GO. HER DRY GUMS TIRE.

GROG RIDES MY RUTHY
GRIMY RUGS DOT HERE
GREY RIDER TOGS HUM
MUTER HOGS GIRD RYE
OH I REGRET DRY MUGS
MY SHIER GUT OR DREG
GROG-RUE SHIT ME DRY.

TIDY GEMS HUG ERROR
RUTH RE-DIGS MY GORE
MURDER THIS YEGG OR
GET MIRROR SHED GUY
ME HEROD URGES GRIT!
GET DYER, HUG MIRRORS
IS THY MERGER ROUG' D?

ERR, RUE GOD'S MIGHTY
HUG--GRIM ROSTER DYE
HIS RUGGED TRY MORE
HUGE MY TERROR DIGS.

DURST MY GIG HER ORE
GO TRY? HIS RUM GREED
HUGER ROTS MY RIDGE
E.G. ROUGH-DRY MISTER
DIG GREY ORM HE RUTS.

GORY HE DRUGS MERIT
DIG GREY METRO RUSH
GO RE-HUM DIRGES TRY
GORY DIRGES THRU ME
GOD-RUG ERST I RHYME
RE-THRUM GOD IS GREY.

OY REGRET DRUMS HIM
THY GRIM SOUR GREED

HUGS GRIMY REED RUG
GREEDY RUGS ROT HIM
ORM'S HEIR, EGGY TURD
GOD IS THY UR-MERGER.

ROUGH GERMY STRIDE
HE RIGS MY OGRE TURD
ERGO MY RED SHIT RUG.
IT'S MY RUGGER HORDE!
I DRY SORGHUM EGRET
GRIST
REDO MY HUGER
DYE RUGGER SHIRT. OM !

V. H. Adair

(alias ORM)

V. H. Adair

TO BE

babe in the moon
my mother
mystery:
half a million seeds
yet I was
A BOYHOOD PEEING A RAINBOW ARC
over blood lake
dark / light
into the countdown of years
SHE CAME
GIRL IN THE MOON
BOY BECOME
MAN ON THE MOON
her vast
and I
the self-seed
solution
h i s
CONTINUE
SO HONORED

and the rainbow
boy beside

to the lost beginnings
dawnroses

circled her
one me
elsewhere also:
TO A ROSEBUSH
placenta flying

TO THE ROSEBUSH
who solved
unknowns
all but unseeable
selected
MY BECOMING
out of the moon babe
the bush
and moons back

V. H. Adair

ASPECT

Of God's bulk is precious flyshit
a marvel upon my pane of death.

1. Nativity

The inn still postulates
wassail to WASPS
out, out otherwings
(mesh barriers
busboys with spraguns)
but compost and manger
offal sanctuary wherein whereon
Lada Musca lays pearls
maggots-to-be
inheritors of the sun.

2. Fecundity

Bluebottle Bellissima!
between silent spring
and the chlordane harvest
Our Lady, Musca expresses
and her issue ditto ditto
multiple bambini of the pupa
scions and devas of the ripe air
numbering
5,000,000,000
249,000,000
999,000
831 (of these
many mutants)
from malodorous death
in dervish dances
arisen
Lord Buzzbody
ova angelica!
Blessed be the fruit
of they eggsac
Muscadonna

3. Creativity

And among them
many muralists
many masters of stained glass
pointillists upon open bibles
on many media
leaving their mark
bread, arse of the tiger, earthface.

Furthermore within apertures
both indigenous and causal
on jellied tongues

in skullpockets
limb-bones of your sons
misaid in Asian underbrush
eyesockets teeming
intimate grout
for Musca's mosaics
are bonded eggs
documenting and extolling
THE LIFE TO COME

Musca uber alles!
Squeezing the colors
through tubes ingenious
beyond patent
in ass-painting my pristine ceiling

all upsidedown! no sweat!
(tedious Michelangelo
abed on his scaffold!)

is ex cathedra filling
10 ordures instanter
a rearend rosewindow
for my panes.

4. Revelation

Rheims, Ely, Amiens
Compostella to Canterbury
Coventry, Cologne

What roses in Stone
vitreous fusions
tempera
to the glory of Godsmom

outshimmer in stupendous mystery
the history of these tributes
from daily diptera?

Consensualizing through my pane
muscadorned
darkly
with
muscadoring

COME
TO
I
EYE
EYE
(SATORI OF THE MUSCADUNG)
WITH GODBLAST !
old spacemaster
galactic go-between
globaldad
flymaker
funloving multiplier

ALL
MINDLESS
ABOVE
mindless
of man

Susan Mernit

WORMS

Wet grounds crowd the pavement:
chopmeat has indeed risen.
the diced-up Christ swells in water.
why have you left me?
give me the body.
we drank the blood.

Rain on each foot has brought the
worms.
their death was crushed to the pavement
scraps form a crust.
what is the name of our entrails juices
of oozing gloss in rain.
what rhetoric is a numbered death?
what use is a worm?

we come out too.
grey flushes us into grey.
the morning.
which voice has spoken.
Darkness.
I hate them ali.

Carla Perry

Alligator Albatross

The burp that went through the filter tip left it soggy.
The belch-deaf sucked on the joints of euphoria
And forever lives the crimes of witchcraft.
This hand looks too far and at me

An alligator draws a shudder and the stone
Is continuing to drool with extinction.
Foam comes burning out of the heart
When the eyeballs fall.

The alligator part of you gives out to smoke.
I laugh up on top of an insane memory.

Jacob Kisner

D-COMPOSITION

(ankh
ankh ankh)
Egypt-Z eye bank
iris O-sigh-ris Ra ray
smile Mut N-N-Nut Nile (yea
yea yea) Gizeh Ga-Gaza strip-p-p
down B.C.: only Ammon Nefer-atmu (Ptah!)

Jacob Kisner

CAGE-GIRL

Flesh/mirrored/locked,
dream-gilded bird(cage)
out-Argus-eyed:
color-washed prismoid gape-
seed undulating swell
spasmed up-fingered sigh-
sex twang-banging ululations:
"GO-GO" CRY QUIVER-
ING LUMINOUS HARD
COCK GLASS HOUSE SHIMMY
SHINE ROCK/ROLL RAPE
BED DOWN down dilly
boy, Scheherazade.

Norman H. Russell

the earth always lies on his back
there is the mountain
there is the valley
there is the plain beyond
the earth is wrinkled and scarred
like my old face
the earth has had his battles
the earth has had his peace
the earth is as old
as me

after the years of travels
i rest in shade or sun
to suit the wish of the wind
i lie on the great old earth
i scratch his belly with my hand
for the earth always lies on his back
staring with his eyes of lakes
into the sky of his god.

my father taught me this
my father taught me this
to take my hand touch
feel the broken grass the twig
the stone the edges of the mud
footprint or the sand
how warm in the black ash
of the fire to take my hand
touch feel the earth
where they lay
then the knowledge will come into my ha
my hand will tell my eye
who has been here
when they left
where they went
my father taught me this.
the tree stands between

the groundhog takes the sky into the earth
the eagle takes the earth into the sky
the tree stands between them
the tree touches both

in the cliff a great house of swallows
it has many doors
in the earth a great house of ants
it has one door

the woodpecker comes and sticks his mouth
into the home of the beetles
in the tree are many paths
that I may never walk

coming from the earth
coming from the sky
beetles and swallows
the tree is the path between

in the stomach of the old tree
which stands by the stream
which touches the sky
a child is playing

Margaret Stetz

these are the fungus days
of you to me
and dust-close skin.

we are monuments in evening,
suns of milk white heat
sprawled in parallel orbit, velvet collisions.

was pleasure the beginning?
myths
shrink like duality, multiplicity of purpose
to one: squeeze time like an orange

between us. locked,
frozen and new,
from ascending palsies
that prick a vein
and drink, drink... i am drunk

with sweat, steaming pores.
soft tickings measure blood in my ear,
fallen snows. cup your hand.
i'm sifting through.

Operation

My tonsils and my throat
both,
gone.

No stomach here.
Removed and clear,
Front to back. I lack

my middle. Little
can be done.
i am not able
to scream, to run.

My body's sinking back into my navel,
Praise, Father, Son.

Summer

Evelyn Thorne

DO NOT WORRY ABOUT THE OCTOPUS

but the little girl is not
innocent neither vermicelli
nor tape worms can injure her

calculus esoteric equations
logarithms 4th & 5th dimensions
none of these can harm her

if you could persuade her
to discard those heavy clothes
you would discover

birth marks and cryptic tattoos
on the softest parts
or her seashell body

so do not worry about the octopus
nor the shattered pentagram nor
the transfusion of belladonna

but do not deprive her of the black
fruit she holds or alter her eyes focus
that would destroy her

Lyn Hejinian

NAMES OF MOTELS

A -1

Alfa Inn

Alpine

Amazon

Bay Bridge Downtown

Golden Gate

Juice & Crackers

There are people

who own these places, and name

them, and people who stop

there, to get som rest

Golden Gate

Golden Gate

Golden Gate

Travelodge-at-the-Airport

Travelodge-at-the-Wharf

Names of Motels

Arise, bottom bruisers

of Brazil, the expedition has almost gone

In Our Concrete Fireproof Garage

Zumclutt

The arias

John

that spiritual fiddlings make

Add Eucalyptus, Shaggy Tree

Zyx

Bach Baliogee

Tattata Tattata and Took Wing with the Fruit

General Specific and Private Public

Blue

Mary Anne Fusco

Concrete/Pure Sound/Mellifluent the Solid Line/&/Real

MOTEL

Paull

'Dada' is Hindi

for either 'elder brother' or 'grandfather'

Rhinoceroses in This Worl

Fog

And she was constantly talking

'The duke did this...'

about a duke.

'The duke did that...

But when someone spoke to her about this duke,

she answered, 'He is no longer a duke,

he has been named

a count. '

Vuts

Doug in the Deeps, and Diane

... there is more love in electricity
and steam than there is in chastity
and the refusal to eat meat
The Weed Garden
whhHI i shhHiIshh
The Ultimate Biology
Nicki Haller
Crayon
Mal Salter
Xac Xac Xac Xac Xac Xac Xac
Too much thanks
is like a curse. I sit here
with my delights
He's the Brother Georgie
She is Jody and Ree
Dish haunted o
The Sea, eh? Plenteous Wet
Pegaway Pegaway Pegaway
Greta Shapiro
Me Mither Irish Eskimo
The Heart of the Family
Andre Breton flicked his whip at the mind
MOTEL

David Lunde

Videur

Floating bone
the navigator
navigator of wind, des os
des os de vent,
wind-bones, bones of the air:
You,
blind shot in the shell,
blind broken feather
chamber of lead, videur
videur de vent, heavy
gutter of wind,
taut finger, masked
eye at the sight,
videur,
videur de volailles,
emptier of birds:
consider, consider

Steve Russo

ON DUND HILL FAIR

Since the skies red the soul
Slow sleep slowly
The grace of Mooned beams
Creep, not stream glorious
To the take
of
tomorrow.

So creature
to be
Scratching:
mean franklin
Image
gathering
Clouded clothed
dressed for death

Baking apples in pig's snout.
The warmth
is flamed:
Flayed flesh:
foreign:
fear.

John Simmons

we smelled of blood
upon only withdrawing
from the intruder
full-cycle.

Liquid the dog
slides through my fingers
toward a limestone moon
at rest
at my feet.

Steel the grass
slides through my feet
as I draw blood and water
higher up my legs
draw sun and temples
on my arm.

Dream of me once
I spoke to the cement
between logs of the empty house

Speak of me twice
and forget

I knew the moon
the sun and the temples.

Blood-bathed we came hone.
Ten bodies are lying behind
the first civilian spoke
as his eyes drew cross-hairs
all over the city
he was not speaking to
all over, spider-webbing
the woman's face.

She only asked
Who comes home?
It did not matter.
We smelled of blood.

No one dares sleep
I hear them speak as they move
carrying all they own
through fields
plowed and unlit
stubbled and barefoot.

Fish move forward occasionally
to breathe.

Do not molest them.

The man fished like a bear

Three hundred dollars to molest them.

Still the man fished like a bear.

The stream is too shallow.
Fin and orange stripes
break the air.

Roe falls into leaves
on a silt delta.

And still the man....

But it doesn't matter--
barefoot he walks through the grass
collecting blood deeper on his feet.

And of course the fish move forward
occasionally
to breathe.

The man swims through algae
that rises full-cycle
pregnant with air
to seed and fall
for fish to feed later--
later, for now they seem intent
upon only withdrawing
from the intruder
full-cycle.

Peter Wild

Loaves

The eye knows
what lights
lie behind the hill
scheming.
he dusts his boots
fills his pockets
with leather cigarettes

how they thrash and wail,
young coyotes over blood.
their tails whip through paper,
over salt flats, over irrigation
ditches, hiding in plants,
licking their rifles. he
takes strength from the broken
slag, eats cactus.

until there is no bombardment.
the swans turning into water,
boys creep into their loaves.
places that preserve their housetops.
he goes down fat, jaws
and rims beaded, pictures
of himself on all six pockets. and the
air rushes in from every point, from hen houses,
to cover where he was.

Peter Wild

For the Dean

Stretched on a branch I am dying.
below on the lawn that goes away like a sea
the lions grip the clocks and my testicles
like a comic book.
all through the midnight I listen to my blood
dripping on the leaves.
toward morning it stops.

some people say this is
expected and good;

at any rate by noon I am romping
transparent and full of slings,
arms flailing, skin pulled over my head.
the water
burns through my veins,
as it nests in yours
with great stillness.

Johnjon

Scream, laugh, and cry
my child of the storm
take off like a rocket in space
your eyes are of fire to
scorch what is born
and you burn thru the
passage of time

Turmoil has persisted
in forms now insane
and the tone is beginning to change
all that once grew in forests of green
and traditions that children once knew

But temples are built
to the goddess of fright
with her wings set afire against thought
and society's trash
smolders silent in ash
from contentment our fathers have sought

And dead sheep
stacked in piles
build walls against guilt
while painted images dance haughty in blood
as religious fed cults
stand bronzed on tall stilt's
while the congregation lies in puddles of mud.

Yet -- you still kindle the fires
my child of the storm
you scream change, but won't stand alone
and the tide passes by
ideals that will die
as they exist thru the
passage of time.

Thomas Fitzsimmons

only the dog
she seemed to know the way
& the hour
could only comply
took the leash
the bird
followed the hound ranged
alongside pears waited
but did not
plump
interrupt
feeling them
selves too weak to risk
confrontation
though I might fall if all
else failed
eat the bird
or failing that the dog I
no I did not ever
never
consider the girl
must insist on that
your peace of mind
did admittedly symbolically
take diverse parts of her
but I was
into my mouth
merely being playful
she understood
only the dog
remained unconvinced
listening to his teeth

I
she

I

I
for

I

&

Paul Vangelisti

MOTORCYCLE POEM # 2

What good is my sorrow,
an ear for the color
of the wind,
for metal wings of birds
rushing through windows
of the night?

I am having this sorrow
removed, tucked
in a motorcycle
frame and reved up as high
as the Eiffel Tower.
Imagine all the world
records that will fall, how
efficient
such a tiny engine
must be.

Malcolm Woodall

here and now
part the ways
of the world
engulfing sanity
while its counterpart
flees
backward and forward
one and the same
seizing an instant
ubiquitous backbone
of a stooped stranger
in the nocturnal
period between the
wave and the wave
the stranger septimes
against the wind
where a preterit
bird glides in the
sunsets blackened face
reaching eyes
above the burning
water a thousand fish
with lifted fins
skim the surface
of a reason for being
undulating
below one earth

below roots
suck the earth dry
sprouting tributaries
as membranes of a lung
take and move up

the surface spreads
a point to start from
looking up openly
when punctured
by a new born face

one moon
one earth
one man looking
from a tongue of land
an inlet where the sea
meets its beach
different still from
the root and the surface
man studying his distance
and conclusion
connected nowhere
but in the mind

Malcolm Woodall

the gossamer poet

For days I fragiled
about the gossamer poet
too heavily carpentering tender
equipment scaffold sweating
togethering truthful props alone
tiring busy crossing banging nailing
adjusted high about his personal corner
till one day he climbed too sectioned higher
frescoing scathing scolding words too soon
he fastly even brushed one
in my envious
yet already tearful ey-
ing him topple
shattering in the laughing crowd absorbed.

SOUND HAPPENING FOR TWO VOICES (AN EXCERPT)

Toby Lurie

MERRIMENT

Mer - ri - ment	- ri	mer ^{F77} - ri - ment	F ⁷ mer ri
			ri- ment
mer ri ment	F ¹⁷	ment ^{r?}	
F ^{A>} ment	ment ^{>P}	mar -	7 ment
ment mar	ment		
mar - y	F		ment?
		mani mar.	F= 7 F7 7 ment ma
	=7	ri - ment	FT mer - ri
	re din	mer ri - ment	F ⁷ mer ri
ment mar	to crese	re - mar - ry	mer - ri - ment
). mar	ment		mer i li: ment
F re mar	mer	mar - y	
mer ri - ment	F ^{re -} mar - ry	- ment	
ment mer - ri	ment mer - ri	ment mer - ri	ment mer - ri
ment - ri	ment mer - ri	ment mer - ri	ment mer - ri